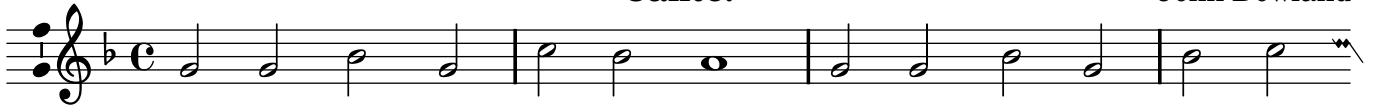


XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Canto.

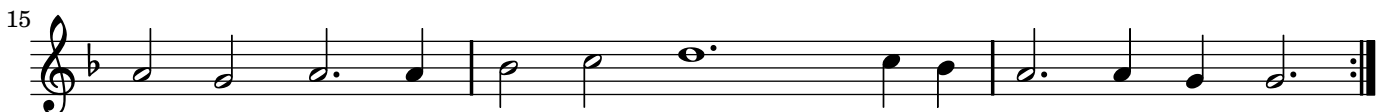
John Dowland



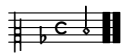
1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
 2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
 3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
 4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
 5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
 6. To thy selfe the sweet-est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
 7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
 8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice
 stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-



thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rows hath in- fect- ed.
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect proceed- ing.
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,
 tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Alto.
(1)

John Dowland



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
6. To thy selfe the sweet-est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and

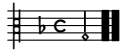


guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice
plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my
ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my
guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton
loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their
found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice
stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in
kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-



thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rowes hath in- fect- ed.
bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.
paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.
look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.
looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.
hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,
tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.

⁰Facsimile has a quarter note here.



XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Tenor

John Dowland



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
6. To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice thus
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my bit-
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my paines
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton look-
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their looks
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice hath
 stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in love
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau- tie



ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rowes with sor- rowes hath in- fect- ed.
 ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to, bent to no re- lie- ving.
 ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect, ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.
 ing wo- men, Should re- ward their, re- ward their friends as foe- men.
 first won us, And their pride hath, their pride hath straight un- done us.
 en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
 then man- y, More dis- pised in dis- pised in love then an- y,
 ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie, that beau- tie ere was borne.

