



Ptolemy

Marinus

THE
FIRST BOOKE OF
SONGS OR AYRES OF
foure parts, with Table-
ture for the Lute.

Strabo

SOMADE, THAT ALL THE
parts together, or either of them
seuerally, may be fong to the Lute,
Orphetian, or Viol de gambo.

Artus

Composed by JOHN DOWLAND,
Lutenist and Bachelor of Musick
in both the Vniuersities.

Polibius

Also an inuention by the said Author
for two to play vpon one Lute.

Hippocrates

Newly corrected and amended.

John Mawham. C.

Nec profunt domino, quae profunt omnibus artes.

Geometria

Imprinted at Loudon by Hamfrey Lownes,
dwelling on Bredstreet-hill, at the signe
of the Starre. 1623.

Astronomia

Arithmetica

Musica

MERCVRIVS

I. Unquiet thoughts

Voice

Un - qui - et thoughts, your ci - - vil slaugh - ter

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

stint, And wrap your wrongs with-in a pen - sive heart: And you my tongue

that makes my_ mouth a mint, And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,

Be still: for if you ever do the like I'll

cut the string, I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike. strike.

1

Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint,
 And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:
 And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,
 And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,
 Be still: for if you ever do the like,
 I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

2

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
 When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,
 Open the lock where all my love doth lie;
 I'll seal them up within their lids forever:
 So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

3

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?
 My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.
 My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.
 Speak then, and tell the passions of desire;
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

Let him see me e - clips - ed from my

sun, With dark clouds of an earth, with dark clouds of an

earth quite ov - er - - run. run.

1

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:
 Or who belov'd in Cupid's laws doth glory:
 Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
 Who by this light-god hath not been made sorry:
 Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,
 With dark clouds of an earth quite over-run.

2

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
 Or humble faith in constant honour arm'd,
 Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,
 Who thinks that change is by entreaty charm'd,
 Looking on me let him know, love's delights
 Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites.

III. My thoughts are wing'd with hopes

Sir John Souch's Galliard

Voice

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Mount Love un - to the Moon - in clear - est night And say, as she doth in

the hea - vens move, In earth so wanes and wax - eth my de - light:

And whis - per this but soft - ly in her — ears,

Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed — tears.

1

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.
 Mount Love unto the Moon in clearest night
 And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
 In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:
 And whisper this but softly in her ears,
 Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed tears.

2

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry,
 If for mistrust my mistress do you blame,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,
 As she doth change, and yet remain the same:
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
 And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

3

If she, for this, with clouds do mask her eyes,
 And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
 With windy sighs, disperse them in the skies,
 Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain;
 Thoughts, hopes and love return to me no more
 Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

IV. If my complaints could passions move

Captain Digorie Piper's Galliard

Voice

If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons move, Or make Love
My pas - sions were e - nough to prove, That my des -

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

see where - in I sur - fer wrong: O Love, I live and
pairs had gov - ern'd me too long. Thy wounds do fresh - ly

die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks:

Yet thou dost hope when I des - pair,
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair,

Figured Bass:
 d / a c a / b c b d c a / c

And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
 Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

Figured Bass:
 a d c c a a b d a a b a d a a c a a

1

If my complaints could passions move,
 Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:
 My passions were enough to prove,
 That my despairs had govern'd me too long.
 O Love, I live and die in thee,
 Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
 Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
 My heart for thy unkindness breaks:
 Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
 And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
 Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

2

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
 Is Love my judge, and yet am I condemn'd?
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
 Thou made a God, and yet thy power condemn'd.
 That I do live, it is thy power;
 That I desire it is thy worth.
 If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
 Let me not love, nor live henceforth. *hers*
 Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
 That you that of my fall may hearers be
 May hear Despair, which truly saith,
 I was more true to Love than Love to me.

V. Can she excuse my wrongs?

The Right Honourable Robert Earl of Essex, His Galliard

Voice

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with Vir - tue's cloak?
 Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke?

Guitar at pitch

Lute

Shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no: where sha - dows do for
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ -

bo - dies stand, Thou may'st be a - bus'd if thy sight be dim.
 ten on sand, Or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, See - ing that she will right thee ne - ver?

* a c d a a d d c a a d c d a c c a d c a

If thou canst not o'er - come her will, Thy love will be thus fruit - less ev - - er

e a c d f c f d f e c a a a a a a e c e b c e c c c

1

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
 Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
 Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
 Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
 Cold love is like to words written on sand,
 Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
 Seeing that she will right thee never?
 If thou can'st not o'ercome her will,
 Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

2

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
 Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
 As they are high, so high is my desire:
 If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield, to that which Reason is,
 It is Reason's will that Love should be just.
 Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
 Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die,
 Than for to live thus still tormented:
 Dear, but remember it was I
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

* The melody in the accompaniment is from the popular Elizabethan song "Will ye go walk in the woods so wild?"

VI. Now, O now, I needs must part

The Frog Galliard

Voice

Now, O now, I needs must part, Part - ing though I
 While I live I needs must love, Love lives not when

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
 Hope is gone. Now at last Des - pair doth prove,

Joy once fled can - not re - turn. Sad des - pair doth
 Love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.

drive me hence, This des-pair un-kind-ness sends. _____ If that

part-ing be of-fence, It is she _____ which then of-fends. _____

1
Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart:
Joy once fled cannot return.

While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove,
Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

2
Dear, when I am from thee gone,
Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.

3
Dear, if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn,
Whom you might have joyed ever.

Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him Despair doth cause to lie,
Who both liv'd and dieth true.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie.
Till that death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

VII. Dear, if you change

Voice

Dear, if — you change, I'll ne-ver choose — a - gain. Sweet, if you

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

shrink, I'll ne-ver think — of love. Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all

beau - ty vain. Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll nev - er prove.

Dear, Sweet Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:

And, on my faith, my faith shall nev - er break. nev - er break.

1

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again.
 Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love.
 Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.
 Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
 Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:
 And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

2

Earth with her flow'rs shall sooner heaven adorn,
 Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move,
 Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born,
 Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:
 Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transform'd shall view,
 Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

VIII. Burst forth, my tears

Voice

Burst, burst forth — my tears, — as - sist my for - ward grief, And

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

show what pain im - pe - rious Love pro - vokes. Kind

ten - der lambs, la - - ment Love's scant re - lief,

And pine, since pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes. O pine, to

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "And pine, since pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes. O pine, to". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the figured bass with notes: c a c e a, a a b a b a a, b a a d c, a a b a d b a, a c a d c, a c e c c, a b e c a, a c b a d b a, c b a c, a d c a.

see me pine, O pine, to see me pine, my ten - der flocks.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "see me pine, O pine, to see me pine, my ten - der flocks.". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the figured bass with notes: b a b a, c a d e c e a, a a a a, b a a d c, b c c, a c c, a d c, a a c d, a a b a d c, a b a d c, a c c, a c a.

1

Burst forth my tears, assist my forward grief,
 And show what pain imperious Love provokes.
 Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief,
 And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.
 O pine, to see me pine, my tender flocks.

2

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,
 At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks;
 But Mercy sleeps while deep Disdain increase,
 And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom yokes.
 O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.

3

Like to the winds my sighs have winged been;
 Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks:
 I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.
 O ruthless rigour harder than the rocks,
 That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

IX. Go crystal tears

Voice

Go crys-tal tears, like to the - morn - ing show'rs, And

Guitar

③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

sweet-ly weep in - to thy la - dy's breast. And as the dews re -

vive the droop - ing flow'rs, So let your drops of pi - ty be ad - dress'd,

X. Think'st thou then by thy feigning

Voice

Think'st thou then by thy feign - - ing Sleep with a proud _____ dis -

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

dain - - ing, Or with thy craf - ty clos - - ing Thy

cru - el eyes _____ re - pos - - ing, To drive me from thy

sight, When sleep yields more de-light, Such harm-less beau - ty grac - ing. And

while sleep feign - ed is, May not I steal a kiss, Thy qui-et arms em - brac - ing.

1

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
 Sleep with a proud disdain,
 Or with thy crafty closing
 Thy cruel eyes reposing,
 To drive me from thy sight,
 When sleep yields more delight,
 Such harmless beauty gracing.
 And while sleep feigned is,
 May not I steal a kiss,
 Thy quiet arms embracing.

3

Should then my love aspiring,
 Forbidden joys desiring,
 So far exceed the duty
 That virtue owes to beauty?
 No Love seek not thy bliss,
 Beyond a simple kiss:
 For such deceits are harmless,
 Yet kiss a thousand fold.
 For kisses may be bold.
 When lovely sleep is armless.

2

O that my sleep dissembled,
 Were to a trance resembled,
 Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
 Of lively sense bereaving:
 Then should my love requite
 Thy love's unkind despite,
 While fury triumph'd boldly
 In beauty's sweet disgrace:
 And liv'd in sweet embrace
 Of her that lov'd so coldly.

XI. Come away, come sweet love

Voice

Come a - way, come sweet love, The gold-en morn - ing breaks. All the earth, all the air,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

(♩ = ♩.)

Of love and plea - sure speaks. Teach thine arms then to em - brace, And sweet - ro -
Eyes were made for Beau-ty's grace, View - ing, - rue -

sy lips to kiss, And mix our — souls in mu - tual bliss.
ing love's long pains, Pro - cur'd by — Beau - ty's rude dis - - dain.

1

Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning breaks.
 All the earth, all the air, Of love and pleasure speaks.

Teach thine arms then to embrace,
 And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
 And mix our souls in mutual bliss.
 Eyes where made for Beauty's grace,
 Viewing, rueing Love's long pains,
 Procur'd by Beauty's rude disdain.

2

Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes.
 While the Sun from his sphere, His fiery arrows casts.

Making all the shadows fly,
 Playing, staying in the groove,
 To entertain the stealth of love.
 Thither sweet love let us hie,
 Flying, dying in desire,
 Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

3

Come away, come sweet love, Do not in vain adorn.
 Beauty's grace, that should rise, like to the naked morn.

Lilies on the river's side,
 And fair Cyprian flow'rs new blown,
 Desire no beauties but their own.
 Ornament is nurse of pride,
 Pleasure, measure Love's delight,
 Haste then sweet love our wished flight.

XII. Rest awhile you cruel cares

Voice

Rest a - while you cru - el cares, Be not more

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

se - vere than love. Beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares.

And sweet smiles sad sighs re - move: Lau - ra, fair queen of

my de light, - Come grant me love in love's de - - spite,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "my de light, - Come grant me love in love's de - - spite,". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the figured bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

And if I ev - er fail to hon-our thee, Let this hea - ven -

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "And if I ev - er fail to hon-our thee, Let this hea - ven -". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the figured bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

ly light I see, Be as dark as hell to me.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, with lyrics: "ly light I see, Be as dark as hell to me." The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the figured bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

1

Rest awhile you cruel cares,
 Be not more severe than love.
 Beauty kills and beauty spares,
 And sweet smiles sad sighs remove:
 Laura, fair queen of my delight,
 Come grant me love in love's despite,
 And if I ever fail to honour thee,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

2

If I speak, my words want weight,
 Am I mute, my heart doth break.
 If I sigh, she fears deceit,
 Sorrow then for me must speak:
 Cruel, unkind, with favour view
 The wound that first was made by you,
 And if my torments feigned be,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

3

Never hour of pleasing rest,
 Shall revive my dying ghost.
 Till my soul hath repossess'd
 The sweet hope which love hath lost:
 Laura redeem the soul that dies,
 By fury of thy murdering eyes:
 And if it prove unkind to thee,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

XIII. Sleep, wayward thoughts

Voice

Sleep, way-ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

love be with my love dis - eas'd. Touch not, proud hands, lest

you her an - ger move, But pine you with my long - ings long dis - pleas'd.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sor - row for her sake: So sleeps my

love, _____ and yet my love doth wake.

1
Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Let not my love be with my love diseas'd.
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

2
But, O the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear,
Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

3
My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
Fear in my love, and yet my love secure:
Peace in my love, and yet my love oppress'd:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

XIV. All ye, whom Love or Fortune

Voice

All ye, whom Love ___ or For - tune hath be - tray'd; All ye, that

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

dream of bliss but live ___ in grief; All ye, whose hopes are ev - er - more de - lay'd;

All ye, whose sighs, whose sighs, or sick - ness wants re - lief;

Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man.

That sings my sorrows, that sings my sorrows like the

1. 2.
dying swan. swan.

1
All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betray'd;
All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;
All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief;
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

2
Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
But still in vain: for none my plaints will rue.
Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

XIVa. All ye, whom Love or Fortune

Voice

All ye, whom Love — or For - tune hath be - tray'd; All ye, that

Guitar at pitch
⑥ to D

Lute

dream of bliss but live — in grief; All ye, whose hopes are ev - er - more de - lay'd;

All ye, whose sighs, whose sighs, or sick - ness wants re - lief;

Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,

That sings my sorrows, that sings my sorrows like the

dy - - ing swan. swan.

1
 All ye, whom Love or Fortunes hath betray'd;
 All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
 All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;
 All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief;
 Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
 That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

2
 Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
 Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
 Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
 But still in vain: for none my plaints will rue.
 Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
 My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

XV. Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me

Voice

Wilt thou, un-kind, thus reave me Of my heart, of my heart,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

and so leave me, and so leave me? me? Fare - well: Fare - well, But yet or e'er I

part (O cru - el) Kiss me, sweet, kiss me, sweet, sweet my jew - el. Fare - jew - el.

1

Wilt thou unkind thus reave me
 Of my heart, of my heart, and so leave me?
 Farewell: Farewell,
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
 Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

2

Hope by disdain grows cheerless,
 Fear doth love, love doth fear, beauty peerless.
 Farewell: Farewell,
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
 Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

3

If no delays can move thee,
 Life shall die, death shall live still to love thee.
 Farewell: Farewell,
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
 Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

4

Yet be thou mindful ever,
 Heat from fire, fire from heat none can sever.
 Farewell: Farewell,
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
 Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

5

True love cannot be changed,
 Though delight from desert be estranged.
 Farewell: Farewell,
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
 Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

XVI. Would my conceit

Voice

Would my con - ceit, that first en - forc'd my woe, Or else mine

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

eyes which still the same in - crease, Might be ex-tinct, to end — my sor - rows

so, Which now are such as no-thing — can re - lease:

Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,

And eke whose hell re - new - eth ev - 'ry hour.

1

Would my conceit, that first enforc'd my woe,
 Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,
 Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so,
 Which now are such as nothing can release:
 Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
 And eke whose hell reneweth ev'ry hour.

2

Each hour amidst the deep hell I fry,
 Each hour I waste and wither while I sit:
 But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,
 My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
 Whose hope is such, bereaved of the bliss,
 Which unto all save me allotted is.

3

To all save me free to live or die,
 To all save me remaineth hap or hope:
 But all perforce I must abandon, I,
 Sith Fortune still directs my hap a-slope.
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
 But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.

XVII. Come again

Voice

Come a - gain: Sweet love doth now in - vite,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Thy grac - es that re - frain, To do me due de - light,

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, _____

With thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - - pa - - thy.

1

Come again:
Sweet love doth now invite,
Thy graces that refrain,
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

2

Come again
That I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain:
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly pain and endless misery.

3

All the day
The sun that lends me shine,
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay,
Her smiles my springs, that makes my joys to grow,
Her frowns the Winters of my woe:

4

All the night
My sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams.
My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assign'd

5

Out alas,
My faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears, nor truth may once invade.

6

Gentle love
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not piece her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

XVIII. His golden locks

Voice

His gold-en locks Time hath to sil-ver turn'd.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

O Time too swift, O swift-ness nev-er ceas-ing! His youth 'gainst Time and Age

hath ev-er spurn'd, But spurn'd in vain, youth wan-eth by in-creas-ing.

(♩. = ♩)

Beau - - ty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fad - ing

seen: Du - - ty, Faith, Love are roots and ev - er green.

1

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
 His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn'd,
 But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing.
 Beauty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fading seen:
 Duty, Faith, Love are roots and ever green.

2

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lover's sonnets turn to holy psalms:
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers which are Age's alms:
 But though from Court to cottage he depart,
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

3

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
 Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
 Curst be the soul that think her any wrong.
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your bedesman now that was your knight.

XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd

Voice

A - wake, sweet love, thou art re - turn'd:
 Let love, which nev - er ab - - sent dies,

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 ⑥ to D
 Capo III

Lute

My heart, which long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now
 Now live for - ev - er in her eyes, Whence came

in per - fect joy. _____ On - ly her - self hath
 my first an - noy. _____ Des - pair did make me

seem - ed to fair: She on - ly I could love, She on - ly drive
wish to die; That I my joys might end: She on - ly, which,

Figured bass: *d a c a d c c d d a a c d a c a d d a a b d a a*

me did to des pair, When she un - kind now did prove.
did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.

Figured bass: *c d c a d c a a d d a a d d a d c b d d a a*

1

Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live forever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.
Only herself hath seemed fair:
She only I could love,
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die;
That I my joys might end:
She only, which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

2

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov'd.
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harms repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her dost meet,
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

XX. Come, heavy Sleep

Voice

Come, hea - - - vy Sleep the im-age of true Death;
 Come, shape of rest and sha-dow of my end

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

And close up these my wea - - - ry weep-ing eyes: Whose spring of tears doth stop my
 Al-lied to De - - - ath child to his bla - - - ck-fa'd the black-fa'd Night Come thou and charm these re - - - be

vi - - - tal breath, And tears my heart with Sor - - - row's sigh - - - swoll'n cries:
 in my breast Whose wa-king fan-cies do my mind aff- - - right

Come and pos-sess my tir - ed thoughts, worn — soul, That liv - ing dies, that liv - ing
o come sweet sleep or I die fo - - ve: come ere my last sleep comes, come

dies, that liv - ing dies, till thou — on me be stole.
ere my last sleep comes, or come or come the never.

1
 Come, heavy Sleep the image of true Death;
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes:
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
 And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries:
 Come and possess my tired thoughts, worn soul,
 That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

2
 Come, ⁴ (shadow of my end,) and ² (shape of rest,) ³ ²
 Allied to Death, child to his black-fac'd Night:
 Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
 Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
 O come sweet Sleep, ~~come~~ or I die forever:
 (Come ere my last sleep comes) or come ^{the} never.

XXI. Away with these self-loving lads

Voice

A - way with these self - lov - ing lads, Whom Cu - pid's ar - row

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. The voice part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "A - way with these self - lov - ing lads, Whom Cu - pid's ar - row". The guitar part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lute part is on a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The guitar and lute parts consist of chords and single notes.

nev - er glads. A - way poor souls, that sigh and weep, In love of them that lie and sleep.

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. The voice part continues with the lyrics "nev - er glads. A - way poor souls, that sigh and weep, In love of them that lie and sleep." The guitar and lute parts continue with their respective parts, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature.

For Cu - pid is a mea-dow God, And forc-eth none to kiss the rod.

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. The voice part continues with the lyrics "For Cu - pid is a mea-dow God, And forc-eth none to kiss the rod." The guitar and lute parts continue with their respective parts, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature.

1

Away with these self-loving lads,
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.
 Away poor souls, that sigh and weep.
 In love of them that lie and sleep.
 For Cupid is a meadow God,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

2

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
 Doth either good or ill decree:
 Desert is born out of his bow,
 Reward upon his foot doth go.
 What fools are they that have not known
 That Love likes no laws but his own?

3

My songs they be of Cythia's praise,
 I wear her rings on holidays,
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same:
 Where Honour, Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

4

If Cythia crave her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree.
 If doubt do darken things held dear,
 Then well fare nothing once a year:
 For many run, but one must win,
 Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

5

The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, which is the bow of Love;
 And love as well the for'ster can
 As can the mighty nobleman:
 Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
 Yet without love naught worth to me.

