

Resolution of the Canon on the opposite side

Musical score for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The lyrics are: "Praise God up on the lute and vi... ol." The score is written on three staves with a treble clef and a common time signature.

The Tectry of No 10 is by Sir Phil. Sydney, in his Arcadia, and that of No 18 is by Fulke Greville Lord Brooke

No 2 is the celebrated Song called "Carryme" mentioned in the play of "No wit, no helb like a woman" by Mr. Middleton (who died in 1627) "Then prayest Dowland's Carryme to thy master?"

THE
SECOND BOOKE
 of Songs or Ayres,
 of 2, 4, and 5 parts:
 With Tableture for the Lute or
 Orpherian, with the Viol
de Gamba.
 Composed by JOHN DOWLAND Batcheler
 of Musick, and Lutenist to the King of Den-
 mark: Alto an excellent lesson for the Lute
 and Bale Viol, called
Dowland's adieu.
 Published by George Eastland, and are
 to be found at his house, neere the greene dragon
 and Sword, in Fleetstreet.

LONDON:
 Printed by Thomas Este,
 the assignee of Thomas
 Moxley, 1600.

TO THE RIGHT

Honorable the Lady Lucie

Comptesse of BEDFORD.



*U*xcellent Ladie: I send vnto your La: from the Court of a forreine Prince, this volume of my second labours: as to the worthiest Patronesse, of Musicke: which is the Noblest of all Sciences: for the whole frame of Nature, is nothing but Harmonie, as wel in soules, as bodies: And because I am now remoued from your sight, I will speake boldly, that your La: shall be vntankfull to Nature hir selfe, if you doe not loue, & defend that Art, by which, she hath giuen you so well tuned a minde.

Your Ladship hath in your selfe, an excellent agreement of many vertues, of which: though I admire all, Yet I am bound by my profession, to giue especial honor, to your knowledge of Musicke: which in the iudgement of ancient times, was so proper an excelencie to Women, that the Muses tooke their name from it, and yet so rare, that the world durst imagin but nine of them.

I most humbly beseech your La: to receiue this worke, into your fauour: and the rather, because it commeth far to beg it, of you. From Helsingnoure in Denmarke the first of Iune.

1600.

Your Ladships

in all humble deuotion:

John Dowland.

A.ij.

To the right Noble and Vertuous
Ladie, Lucie Comptesse of
BEDFORD.

G. Eastland. To I. Dowlands Lute.

Let us arise and charme the aire,
Yntill a thousand formes see beare,
Coniure them all that they repaire,
I nto the circles of hir care,
Euer to dwell in concord there,

B y this thy tunes my haue access,
Euen to hir spirit whose showing treasure,
D oth sweetest Harmonie expresse,
Filling all eares and hearts with pleasure,
O n earth, observing heavenly measure,
R ight well can shee iudge and defend them,
D ebat not of that for shee can mend them.

To the curteous Reader.



Entlemen, if the consideration of mine owne estate, or the true worth of money, had prevailed with me, about the desire of pleasuring you, and shewing my loue to my friend, this second labours of Maister Dowland, (whose very name is a large pteface o. commendations to the booke,) had for euer laine hid in darknesse, or at the least frozen in a colde and torrene country. I assure you that both my charge and paines in publishing it, hath exceeded ordinary, yet thus much I haue to assure mee of requital, that neither the work is ordinary, nor are your iudgements ordinary to whom I present it, so that I haue no reason but to hope for good increase in my labours, especially of your good fauours toward mee, which of all things I most esteeme. Which if I finde in this, I meane shortly (God willing) to set at liberty for your seruice, a prisoner taken at *Cales*, who if hee discouers not something (in matter of Musicke) worthy your knowledge, let the reputation of my iudgement in Musicke aunswere it. In the meane time, I commend my abient friend to your remembrance, and my selfe to your fauorable conceits.

George Eastland.

From my house neere the greene Dragon
and I word in Fleetstreet.

A TABLE OF ALL
the Songs contained in this
BOOKE.

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FINIS.

B.

To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.

I.

CANTO.

Saw my L^{ady} weep, and forrow proud to bee ad-uan-ced for
 in those faire eies, ij, where all perfections keepe, hir face was full of woe,
 full of woe, but such a woe (beleue me) as wins more hearts, then mirth can doe, with hir, ij,
 in-ty-ling parts,

Sorrow was there made faire,	O fayrer then ought ell,
And paison wifeyears a delightfull thing,	The world can shew, leaue of in time to grieue,
Silence beyond all speech a wildome rare,	Inough, inough, your ioyfull lookes excell,
Shee made hir sighes to sing,	Tears kills the heart beleue,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse moue,	O stiuie not to bee excellent in woe,
As made my heart at once both grieue and loue,	Which onely breeds your beauties ouerthrow.

Saw my L^{ady} weep, ij,
 and forrow proud, to bee aduanced
 in those fayer eyes, ij, wher all perfections keep: Hir face was full full of
 woe, But such a woe, as winnes more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir intling parts,

Low my teares fall from your springs, Exilde for e-uer: Let mee
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are daik e-nough for

more where nights black bird his sad infamy sings, there let mee live for
those that in dispaire their last fortunes deplore, light doth but shame disclose.

Neuer may my woes be re- lieued, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones
From the highest spire of con- tentment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieft, and paine

my wearie dayes, ij, of all ioyes: e- de- pri- ued.
for my de- ferts, ij, are my hopes since hope is gone.

Hearke you shadows that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Happie, happie they

that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Hap- pie, happie they

that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Hap- pie, happie they

that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Hap- pie, happie they

that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Hap- pie, happie they

BASSO.

Low teares from your springs, Ex- lid for e- uer let me mourne wher
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark enough for those: that
night's black-bird his sad in- fa- my sings, ther let me live forlorne.
In dif- pair their fortunes de- plore, light doth but shame disclose.

LACRIME.

Ne- uer may my woes, my woes, be re- lie- ued, since pit- tis fled, and teares, and
From the high- est spire, high- est spire of contentment, my fortunes throwne, and feare, and
sighes, and grones, my vwe- ry dayes, ij, all ioyes haue de- pri- ued. Hark that in
griefe, and paine, for my de- ferts, ij, are hopes, hope is gone.
darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, wappy- ij, they that in hell feele not the worlds dri- pte.

that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Hap- pie, happie they

S

Orow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,

to a woefully, wretch-ed wight, hence, dis- paire with thy tormenting feares: doe not, O doe not my heart poore heart affright, pittie, ij. ij.

ij, ij, ij, help now or neuer, mark me not to endlesse paine, ij.

alas I am cōdemn'd, ij, I am condemn'd e-uer, no hope, no help, ther doth re- maine, but downe, down, down, down I fall, ij. downe

BASSO.

S

Orow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares, lend true repentant teares, to a woefully wretched wight, Hence hence dis- paire, with thy tormenting feares, ij.

Oh do not my poore hart my poore hart affright Pittie pittie help now or neuer, make mee not to endlesse paine, ij. alife I am condemn'd, condemn'd euer: ij.

I am condemn'd euer, no hope no help ther doth remaine, but downe d. d. d. d. I fall, but downe d. d. d. d. I fall, downe & a- rise, downe and a- rise, I neuer shall, but downe d. d. d. d. I fall, but downe d. d. d. d. I fall, downe & a- rise, downe & a- rise, I neuer shall, I neuer shall.

III.

CANTO.

Ye not be- fore thy day, poore poore man condemned,

But lift thy low lookes, ij. from the humble earth, Kisse not dispaire & see sweet

hope con- temned: The hag hath no delight, but mone but mone for mirth, O

fyre poore fond- ling, ij. sic sic bewilling, to pre-

ferue thy self from killing: Hope thy keeper glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and will not see thee,

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BASSO.

III.

Ye not before thy day poore man condes d, but lift thy low looks
thy lookes from t' humble earth, kisse not dispaire &
see sweet hope cōtemned: The hag hath no delight but mone but mone for mirth, O fyre
fyre poore fondling sic sic bewilling, to preferue thy selfe frō killing, Hope hope thy keeper is
glad for to free thee, and bids thee goe and will not see thee, fyre thee quickly from thy wrong,
so since endes his willing song.

hye thee quickly from thy wrong, so since endes his willing song.

D.

CANTO.

Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled, what heauen then go-uernes earth,

none, but hell in heauens stead, choakes with his mistes our mirth. Mourne

mourne, looke now for no more day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they

may in darkenesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, must needs change our delight, that

thus the Sunne, ij. the Sun should harbour with the night.

BASSO.

Mourne daies with darknesse fled, What heauen then gouernes earth, O
 none but hell in heauens stead, Choakes with his mistes our mirth. Mourne
 looke now for no more day, nor night but that from hell, Then all must as they may,
 In darknesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, must change must change de-
 light, That thus the Sunne should harbour with the night.

V.I.

CANTO.

Imes eldest sonne, olde age the heire of ease, Strēghs foe, lous woe, and foster

to deuotion, bids gallant youths in marshall prowes please, as for him selfe, hee hath no earth-ly

motion, But thinks fighes, teares, vowes, praies, and sa-cri-fi-ces, As good as shewes, masks, iustes, or

tilt de-uis-es. But thinckes.

V.I.

BASSO.

Imes eldest sonne olde age the heire of ease, strengthes
foe, lous woe and foster to deuotion: Bids gallant youths in martial
prowes please, as for him selfe he hath no earthly motion, but thincks but thincks fighes
teares, vowes, praies, and sacrifices, as good as shewes, masks, iusts, or Tilt deuises. But thincks.

Second part.

VII.

CANTO.



Then sit thee downe, and say thy *Nunc Demittis*, with

De profundis, *Credo*, and *Te Deum*, Chant *Mis-re-re* for what now lo fit is, as that,

or this, *Para-tum est cor meum*, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,

thou canst not please hir with a better part. O that thy

BASSO.

VII.

Second part.



Then sit thee downe and say thy *Nunc de-mittis* vvith *De profundis*,

Credo, and *Te deum*, chant *Mis-fer-re*, for vvhat now lo fit is, as that

or this, *Paratum est cor meum*, O that thy Saint vvould take in worth thy heart, thou canst

not please hir vvith a better part. O that thy

Third part.

VIII.

CANTO.



Hen others sings *Venite exultemus*, stand by

Venite exultemus

Venite exultemus

and turne to *Noli emulari*, For *quare fremu- e-runt vlc oremus* *Vivat*

Noli emulari

quare fremu- e-runt vlc oremus

Vivat

E-li-za, *Vi- nat E- li- za*, For an *anc mari*, and teach thofe fwains that

E-li-za

Vi- nat E- li- za

anc mari

lives about thy cell, to say *A- men A-* men when thou doft pray fo well.

A- men A-

A- men

Here endeth the Songs of two parts.

Third part.

VIII.

BASSO.

Hen others sings *Venite exultemus*, stand by and turne to *noli*

Venite exultemus

Venite exultemus

to *noli emulari*, for *quare fremuerunt vlc oremus*. *Vivat E- li- za*, *Vi- nat E- li- za* for an *anc Mari*, and teach thofe fwaines that lives a- bout thy cell: to fing

noli emulari

quare fremuerunt vlc oremus

Vivat E- li- za

Vi- nat E- li- za

anc Mari

anc Mari

Here endeth the songs of two parts.

IX. CANTO.

P Raise blindnesse eyes, for seeing is deceit, Be dumbe vaine tongue, words are but
 flattering windes, breake hart & bleed for ther is no receipt, to purge inconstancy from most mens
 mindes. And so I wacke amazd and could not moue, I know my dreame was
 true, and yet I loue.

And if thine eares false Harolds to thy hart,
 Conuicy into thy head hopes to obtaine,
 Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,
 Now loue is art that wanted to be plaine,
 Now none is bald except they see his braines,
 Affection is not knowne till one be dead,
 Reward for loue are labours for his paines,
 Loues quiner made of gold his shafts of leade,
 And so I wacke, &c.

P Raise blindnesse eyes, for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flattering windes,
 breake hart & bleed, for ther is no receipt, to purge inconstancy from most mens mindes.
 And so I wacke amazd and could not moue, I know my dreame was true and yet I loue.

P Raise blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine
 tongue words are but flattering wyndes, break hart and bleed for there is no receipt,
 to purge inconstancy from most mens myndes. And so I wacke
 amaz'd and could not moue, I know my dreame was true, and yet I loue.

P Raise blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flattering windes,
 breake hart & bleed, for ther is no receipt, to purge inconstancy from most mens mindes. And
 so I wacke amazd and could not moue, I know my dreame my dreame was true and yet I loue.

To Maister Hugh Holland.

X.

CANTO.

Sweet woods the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how
 much doe I loue your so- li- ta- ri- nesse. From fames desire, from loues delight retir'd, In these sad
 groues an Hermits life I led, And those false pleasures which I once ad-
 mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, ij I dead, To birds, to trees, to earth, im-
 part I this, For thee lesse se- cret, and as fence- lesse is.

Experience which repentance onely brings,
 Dath bid mee now my hart from loue estrange,
 Loue is disdaind when it doth looke at Kings,
 And loue loe placed base and apt to change:
 Ther power doth take from him his liberty,
 Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die.
 O sweet woods, &c.
 O how much, &c.
 You men that gae false worship vnto Loue,
 And seeke that which you neuer shall obtaine,
 The endlesse worke of Sisyphus you procure,
 Whote end is this to know you true in vaine,

Hope and desire which now your Idols bee,
 You needs must loose and feeble dispaire with mee,
 O sweet woods, &c.
 O how much, &c.
 You woods in you the fairest Nymphs hate walk'd,
 Nymphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Loue,
 You woods in whom deere louers oft haue talk'd,
 How doe you now a place of mourning proue,
 Want'd my Mistres faith this is the doome,
 Thou art loues Childbed, Nurtery, and Tombe.
 O sweet woods, &c.
 O how much, &c.

Sweet woods the delight of solitarie, O how much doe I loue your
 From fames desire, from loues delight retir'd, in these sad groues an Hermits life
 I led, I led, And those false pleasures which I once admird, with sad remembrance of my
 fall, ij, I dead, to birds, to trees, to earth, ij, impart I this, for
 thee lesse secret and as fencelesse fencelesse is.

To Maister Hugh Holland. X. BASSO.

How much doe I loue your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.
 From fames desire, from loues delight retir'd, in these sad groues an
 Hermits life I led, I led, And those false pleasures which I
 once admird, with sad remembrance of my fall, ij, I dead, to
 birds, to trees, to earth, ij, impart I this, for thee lesse secret and
 as fencelesse fencelesse is.

Sweet woods the delight of solitarie, O how much doe I loue your solitari- nesse.
 From Fames desire, from loues delight retir'd, in these sad groues an Hermits life I led, I led,
 and those false pleasures which I once admird, with sad remembrance of my fall, ij, I dead, to
 birds, to trees, to earth, ij, impart I this, for thee lesse secret and as fencelesse fencelesse is.

G.

XI.

CANTO.

L f fluids of teares could cleane my follies past, And smoakes of sighes might fa-
 cri- fice for sinne, If growning cries might false my fault at last, Or endlesse more, for
 error pardon win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and euer more, mine er-
 rors, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
 I see my favours are no lasting flowers,
 I see that words will breed no better good,
 Then losse of time and lightening but at houres,
 Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,
 That favours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

figh and euer more, mine errors, i), faults, sins, follies past and gone.

L f fluids of teares could cleane my follies past, and smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne, If
 growning cries might false my fault at last, or endlesse more for error pardon winne, Then would I cry, weepe,
 figh and euer more, mine errors, i), faults, sins, follies past and gone.

BASSO.

XI.

L f fluids of teares could cleane my follies past, & smoakes of sighes might
 sacrifice for sinne, if growning cries might false my fault at last, or endlesse more for
 error pardon winne, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh and euer more, mine
 errors, i), faults, sins, follies past and gone.

XI.

TENORE.

L f fluids of teares could cleane my follies past, And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne, If
 growning cries might false my fault at last, Or endlesse more for error pardon win, Then would I cry, weepe,
 figh and euer more, Mine errors, i), faults, sins, follies past and gone.

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XII.

CANTO.

Ine knacks for ladies, cheape choise braue and new, Good penniworts but
 many can-not moue, I keepe a fairer but for the fairer to view, a begger may bee liberall of
 loue, Though all my wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart
 is, true.

Great gifts are giles and looke for gifts againe,
 My trifles come, as treasures from my mind,
 It is a precious Iewell to bee plaine,
 Sometimes in shell th'orient pearles we finde,
 Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine,
 Of mee a graine,
 Of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laes & glones,
 And diuers toies fitting a country fairer,
 But my hart where duty serues and loues,
 Turtels & twins, courts brood, a heavenly pater,
 Happy the hart that thinkes of no-remoues,
 Of no remoues,
 Of no remoues.

traff, the heart is true, ij,
 moue, I keepe a fayer but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberall of loue, though all my wares be
 The knacks for Ladies, cheape choise, braue and new, good penniworts, but many cannot

ALTO.

XII.

traff, the heart is true, ij,
 moue, I keepe a fayer but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberall of loue, though all my wares be
 The knacks for Ladies, cheape choise, braue and new, good penniworts, but many cannot

XII.

TENORE.

Ine knacks for Ladies, cheape choise, braue and new, good penniworts but many cannot moue,
 I keepe a fayer but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberall of loue, though all my wares
 be trash, the heart, the heart is true, ij, is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.

XIII.

CANTO.

Ow cease my wandring eyes, Strange beauties to admire, One faith
In change least comfort lies, Long Ioyes yeeld long desire. New hopes

one Ioue, Makes our fraile pleasures e-ter-nall, And in sweetnesse proue.
new Ioyes, Are full with sor-row decli-ning, Vn-to deepe a- noyes.

One man hath but one Ioue, Which art cannot deuide, If all one soule must Ioue, Two Ioues most be denide, One soule one Ioue, By faith and merit vnitid cannot remoue, Distracted spirits, Are euer changing & haplesse in their delights.	Nature two eyes hath giuen, All beautie to impart, As well in earth as heauen, But she hath giuen one hart, That though wee see, Ten thousand beauties yet in vs one should be, One stedfast Ioue, (moue. Because our harts stand fixt although our eyes do
---	--

Ioue makes our fraile pleasures eter-nall, and in sweetnesse proue.
Ioyes are full with sor-row decli-ning, vn-to deepe a- noyes.

Ow cease my wandring eyes, Strange beauties to admire, One faith one
In change least comfort lies, long Ioyes yeeld long desire. New hopes new

ALTO.

XIII.

BASSO.

XIII.

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange beauties to admyre:
In change least comfort lies, long Ioyes yeeld long de- sire.

One faith one Ioue makes our fraile pleasures e-ter-nall, and in sweetnesse proue.
New hopes new Ioyes are full with sor-row decli-ning vn-to deepe a- noyes.

XIII.

TENORE.

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange bew- ties to admyre, One faith one
In change least comfort lies, long Ioyes yeeld long desire. New hopes new

Ioue, ij.
Ioyes, ij.

makes our fraile pleasures eternall, and in sweetnesse proue,
are full with sorrow declining, vn-to deepe a- noyes.

H.ii.

XIII.

CANTO.

Ome yee heavy flates of night, Doe my fathers spirit right,
 Sound- ings balefull let mee borrow, Burthe- ning my fong with forrow, Come for- row come
 hir cies that fings, By thee are tur- ned in- to fprings.

Come you Virgins of the night,
 That in Dirges had delight,
 Quier my Anthems, I doe borrow
 Gold nor pearle, but founds of forrow:
 Come forrow come hir cies that fings,
 By thee are tourned into fprings.

Ome come yee heavy flates of night, doe my fathers spirit right, foundings balefull
 let me borrow, burthening my fong with forrow, Come forrow come come hir eyes that fings, by thee
 are turned, are turned in- to fprings.

Ome come yee heaue flates of night, Doe my fathers spirit right, Soun-
 dings balefull let mee borrow, Burthening my fong with forrow, Come forrow come
 hir cies that fings, By thee are turned in- to fprings.

Ome come yee heavy flates of night, doe my fathers spirit right, foundings balefull Let me
 borrow, burthening my fong with forrow, Come for- row come hir eyes that fings, by thee are tur-
 ned, are turn'd into fprings.



XV. CANTO.

Hire as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled,

Quiring faith with foule disgrace, Vertue seruice thus neglected, Heart with for-
rowes

hath in-lected.

2 When I swore my hart hir owne,
Shee disdaind,
I complained,
Yet shee left mee ouerthrowen,
Careles of my bitter groning,
Ruthlesse bent to no relieuing.

3 Vowes and oaths and faith assured,
Constant cuer,
Changing neuer,
Yet shee could not bee procured,
To belecue my paines exceeding,
From hir want neglect proceeding.

4 Oh that Loue should haue the art,
By surmises,
And disguises,
To destroy a faithfull hart,
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their friends as foemen.

8 For my hart though serat nought,
Since you will it,
Spolie and kill it,
I will neuer change my thoughts,
But grieete that beautie ere was borne.

5 All in vaine is Ladies loue,
Quickly choofed,
Shortly loofed,
For their pride is to remoue,
Out alas their looks first won vs,
And their pride hath straight vndone vs.

6 To thy selfe the sweetest faier,
Thou hast wounded,
And confounded,
Changes faith with foule dispaier,
And my seruice hath enuied,
And my succours hath denied.

7 By thine error thou hast lost,
Hart vntained,
Truth vntained,
And the seruice that loued most,
More assured in loue then many,
More dispised in loue then any.

Musical notation for the Tenor part, including a large decorative initial 'W' and lyrics: "Hire as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quiring faith with foule disgrace, Vertue seruice thus neglected, Heart with forrowes hath in-lected."

Musical notation for the Bass part, including a large decorative initial 'W' and lyrics: "Hire as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quiring faith with foule disgrace, Vertue seruice thus neglected, Heart with forrowes hath in-lected."

Musical notation for the Tenor part, including a large decorative initial 'W' and lyrics: "Hire as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quiring faith with foule disgrace, Vertue seruice thus neglected, Heart with forrowes hath in-lected."

XVI. CANTO.

W Ofull heart with griefe oppressed, Since my fortunes most distressed, From my loyes hath mee removed, Follow those sweet eyes adored, Those sweet eyes wherein are stored, All my pleasures best beloved.

Fly my breast, leave mee forsaken,
 Wherin Griefe his feate hath taken,
 All his arrowes through mee darting,
 Thou maist liue by hir Sunne-shining,
 I shall suffer no more pining,
 By thy losse, then by hir parting.

W Ofull heart with griefe oppressed, Since my fortunes most distressed, From my loyes hath mee removed, Follow those sweet eyes adored, Those sweet eyes wherein are stored, All my pleasures best beloved.

W Ofull heart with griefe oppressed, Since my fortunes most distressed, From my loyes hath mee removed, Follow those sweet eyes adored, Those sweet eyes wherein are stored, All my pleasures best beloved.

W Ofull heart with griefe oppressed, since my fortunes most distressed, From my loyes, my loyes hath mee removed, Follow those sweet eyes those sweet eyes adored, those sweet eyes wherein are stored, all my pleasures best pleasures best beloved.

XVII.

CANTO.

Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, Of loue and lo-uers wrong,
Since loue and Fortune will, I honour still, your faire and lovely eyes

Vn- to the fairest lisse, That trode on grasse, And thus began his song,
What conquest will it be, Sweet Nymph for thee, It I for sorrow dye. Reflore, reflore my

hart againe, Which loue by thy sweet lookes hath laine, Least that infort by your disdain, I sing,

Eye fy on loue, ij. it is a foolish thing.

My hart where haue you laid O cruell maide,
To kill when you might saue,
Why haue yee cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or graue.
O let it be intombd and lye,
In your sweet minde and memorie,
Least I rebound on euery warbling string,
Fye fy on loue that is a foolish thing.

My hart where haue you laid O cruell maide,
To kill when you might saue,
Why haue yee cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or graue.
O let it be intombd and lye,
In your sweet minde and memorie,
Least I rebound on euery warbling string,
Fye fy on loue that is a foolish thing.

Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, of loue & louers wrong, vn- to the fairest lisse,
Since loue and fortune will, I honour still, your faire & lovely eyes, what conquest will it be,
that trode on grasse, and thus began his song, Reflore reflore my heart a-
sweet Nympe for thee, if I for for-row dye.

BASSO.

XVII.

A Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, of loue & Since loue and fortune will, I ho-nour still, your faire & lo-uers wrong, vn- to the fairest lisse, that trode on loue-ly eyes, what conquest will it be, Sweet Nympe for Reflore reflore my heart a- grasse, and thus began his song, thes, if I for for-row dye. gaine, which loue by thy sweet lookes hath laine, least that infort by your disdain, I sing, fy on loue fy it is a foolish thing.

TENORE.

XVII.

A Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, of loue and louers wrong, vn- to the fairest lisse, Since loue & fortune will, I ho-nour still, your faire and lovely eyes, what conquest will it be, that trode on grasse, and thus began his song, Reflore reflore my heart a- sweet Nympe for thee, if I for for-row dye. gaine, which loue by thy sweet lookes hath laine, least that infort, infort by your disdain, ij. I sing fy fy on loue, fy fy on loue it is a foolish thing.

XVIII.

CANTO.

F Action that euer dwels, In court where wits excells, hath set de-
 fance: Fortune and loue hath sworne, That they were neuer borne, of one a-
 liance.

- 1 Fortune sweares, weakest harts
 The booke of Cupids arts
 Turne with hir wheele,
 Sences themselues shall proue
 Venture hir place in loue
 Aske them that feele.
- 2 This discord it beget
 Atheist that honour not
 Nature thought good,
 Fortune should euer dwell
 In court where wits excell
 Loue keepe the wwood.

- 3 So to the wood vvent I
 With loue to liue and die
 Fortune forlorne,
 Experience of my youth
 Made mee thinke humble truth
 In desert borne.
- 4 My faint is deere to mee,
 And lone hir selfe is shee
 Lone faier and true,
 Lone that doth euer moue,
 Passions of loue with loue
 Fortune adiew,

and loue, hath sworne, that they were neuer borne, of one a- liance.

F Action that e- uer dwells, in Court where wites excells, hath set
 de- fance, fortune, and loue hath sworne, that they were neuer borne, of one a- liance.

BASSO.

F Action, that euer dwells, in Court where wites excells, hath set
 de- fance, fortune, and loue hath sworne, that they were neuer borne, of one a- liance.

XVIII.

TENORE.

F Action, that euer dwells, in Court where wits excells, hath set de- fance: Fortune and
 loue, hath sworne, that they were ne- uer borne, of one a- liance.

XIX.

CANTO.

Hall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I proue? Shall I

strive to a heavenly loy, with an earthly loue? Shall I thinck that a bleeding hart or

a wounded eie, Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes to at-taine fo hie.

2 Silly wretch forsake these dreames,
 of a vaine desire,
 O bethinke what his regard,
 holy hopes doe require.
 Favour is as faire as things are,
 treasure is not bought,
 Favour is not wonne with words,
 nor the will of a thought.

3 Pittie is but a poore defence,
 for a dying hart,
 Ladies eyes respect no mone,
 in a meane desert.
 Shee is to worthe far,
 for a worth so base,
 Cruell and but just is hee,
 in my iust disgrace.

Iustice giues each man his owne,
 though my loue bee iust,
 Yet will not free pittie my grieffe,
 therefore die I must,
 Silly hart then yeeld to die,
 perish in dispaire,
 Witnesse yet how faire I die,
 When I die for the faire.

figh can ascend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at-taine fo hie.

Loye, with an earthly loue, shall I thinck that a bleeding hart, or a wounded eyes, or a

Hall I sue shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I proue, shall I strive to a heavenly

XIX.

BASSO.

XIX.

Hall I sue shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray shall I proue,

shall I strive to a heavenly loye with an earthly loue: Shall I thinck, th

that a bleeding hart or a wounded eyes, or a sigh, can ascend the cloudes

to at-taine fo hie.

XIX.

TENORE.

Hall I sue, shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I proue, shall I strive to a heavenly

Loye with an earthly loue, Shall I thinck that a bleeding hart or a wounded eyes, or a sigh

can ascend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at-taine fo hie.

XX.

CANTO.

for
Indings in fields:
Ive shall finde a
better dattie.

Offe not my soule, O loue twist hope and feare,

Shew mee some ground where I may firme-ly stand or fure-ly

fall, I care not which a-peare, So one will clofe mee

in a cer- taine band. When once of ill the viter- most is

known, The strength of for- row quite is o-uer throwne.

known, The strength of for- row quite is o-uer throwne.

known, The strength of for- row quite is o-uer throwne.

Take mee Assurance to thy blisfull holde,
Or thou Despaire vnto thy darkell Cell,
Each hath full rest, the one in ioyes enrolde,
Th'other, in that hee feares no more, is well:
When once the vitermost of ill is knowne,
The strength of forrow quite is ouerthrowne.

The end of the foure parts.

the strength of forrow quite is ouerthrowne.

When once of ill, the vitermost is knowne, ij.

I care not which apeare, so one will clofe mee in a

by hands, or surely fall, ij.

Offe not my soule (O loue) twist hope and feare, shew mee some ground where I may firme-

ALTO.

BASSO.

XX.

Offe not my soule: Shew mee some ground where I may firme-ly stand, or

surely fall, ij.

I care not which apeare, so one will clofe, ij.

When once of

will clofe mee in a certaine band.

ill the vitermost is knowne, the strength of forrow quite is ouer throwne.

The end of the foure parts.

XX.

TENORE.

Offe not my soule, (O loue) twist hope & feare, ij. Shew mee some ground

where I may firme-ly stand or surely fall, or fall, or surely fall, I care not which apeare, ij.

so one will clofe, mee in a certaine band. When once of ill, the viter-

most, when once of ill the vitermost is knowne, the strength of forrow quite is ouer throwne,

M.

Let larring notes out ringeth.

XXI.

CANTO.

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing, smoth or frowning fo is hir

face to mee, Pleas'd or smiling like milde May all flowering, When skies blew filke and me-
dowes
carpets be, Hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth, Who thought all
sweet yet larring notes out ringeth.

Hir grace like Iune, when earth and trees bee trimde,
In best attire of compleat beauties height,
Hir loue againe like sommers daies bee dimde,
With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,
Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,
Gently thunding, the lightning to mine eies,

Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weedes as into heards and flowers,
And fees of feruice diuers sorts in fowing,
Some haply ferming and some being yours,
Raine on your heards and flowers that truly ferue,
And let your weeds lack dew and duely ferue.

notes of that night bird that singeth, who thought all sweet, yet larring notes out ringeth.

XXI.

BASSO.

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing, smoth or frowning fo is hir face to mee, pleas'd or
smiling like milde May all flowering, when Skies blew filke and meadowes car-
pets be, hir speeches
notes of that night bird
that singeth, who thought all
sweet, yet larring notes out ringeth.

XXI.

TENORE.

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing, smoth or frowning fo is hir face to mee, pleas'd or
smiling like milde May all flowering, when Skies blew filke and meadowes car-
pets be, hir speeches
notes of that night bird that singeth, who thought all
sweet yet larring notes out ringeth.

BASSO.

Owlands adew.

FINIS.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the Bassoon part of the piece 'Owlands adew'. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a large 'D' time signature. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with the word 'FINIS.' written vertically at the end of the staff.

Dowlands adew for Master Oliver Cromwell.

FINIS.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the piece 'Dowlands adew for Master Oliver Cromwell'. It is a multi-staff score, likely for a lute or guitar, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notation is dense, featuring many beamed notes and rests. The piece ends with the word 'FINIS.' written across the final staff.

Handwritten notes:
 (Part not by Cromwell)
 Cromwell
 16. 11. 1607