


Four Arms, Two Necks, One Wreathing

Ayeres or Phantasticke Spirites no. 14, 1608

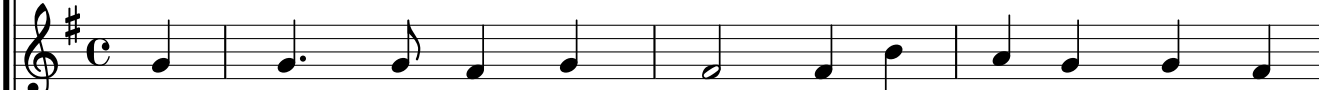
Thomas Weelkes

Soprano




Four arms, two necks, one wreath - ing, two pairs of lips, one
The thought of this con - founds me, and as I speak it
Bad sto - machs have their loath - ing, and O this all is

Alto



Basso



4

S



breath - ing. Fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la
wounds me.
no - thing

A




B




10

S




Two hearts that mul - ti - ply sighs in - ter-change - a - bly. Fa la,
It can - not be ex - press'd, good help me while I rest.
This so with grief doth prove, re - ports oft turns in love.

A



B



15

S
fa la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa

A

B

18

S
la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

A

B