

XII. By a fountain where I lay

Voice

By a foun - tain where I lay, All bless - - ed
 By the glim - m'ring of the sun, O nev - - er

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

be that bless - ed day, When I might see a - lone
 be her shin - ing done,

My true love's fair - est one, Love's dear light, Love's clear sight,

No world's eyes can clear-er see, A fair-er sight none, none can be.

1
 By a fountain where I lay,
 All blessed be that blessed day,
 By the glimm'ring of the sun,
 O never be her shining done,
 When I might see alone
 My true love's fairest one,
 Love's dear light,
 Love's clear sight,
 No world's eyes can clearer see,
 A fairer sight none can be.

2
 Fair with garlands all address'd,
 Was never Nymph more fairly bless'd,
 Blessed in the high'st degree,
 So may she ever blessed be,
 Came to this fountain near,
 With such a smiling cheer,
 Such a face,
 Such a grace,
 Happy, happy eyes that see
 Such a heav'nly sight as she.

3
 Then I forthwith took my pipe
 Which I all fair and clean did wipe,
 And upon a heav'nly ground,
 All in the grace of beauty found,
 Played this roundelay,
 Welcome fair Queen of May,
 Sing sweet air,
 Welcome fair,
 Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,
 The glory of all our green.

XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

1. 2.

Voice

Oh what hath ov - er - wrought My all a - maz - ed thought Or sought, Till
 where-to am I brought, That thus in vain have

Guitar
 (3) to F#
 Capo III

Lute

Time and Truth hath taught, I la - bor all for nought. The day I see is clear, But
 grief doth still ap - pear, To

1. 2.

I am ne'er the near, For cheer, While I can no - thing hear, But win-ter all the year.
 cross our mer - ry

Cold, hold, the sun will shine warm, There-fore now fear no harm.

O bless-ed beams, Where beau-ty streams Hap-py, hap-py light to love's _____ dreams.

Oh what hath overwrought
 My all amazed thought
 Or whereto am I brought,
 That thus in vain have sought,
 Till Time and Truth hath taught,
 I labor all for nought.



The day I see is clear,
 But I am ne'er the near,
 For grief doth still appear,
 To cross our merry cheer,
 While I can nothing hear,
 But winter all the year.

Cold, hold, the sun will shine warm,
 Therefore now fear no harm.
 O blessed beams,
 Where beauty streams
 Happy, happy light to love's dreams.

XIV. Farewell unkind farewell

Voice

Fare - well un - kind fare - well, to me no more a fa - ther,

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

Since my heart, — my heart holds — my love most dear: The wealth which thou dost reap an -

o - ther's hand must ga - ther, Though my heart, — my heart still — lies bu - ried there,

Then fare - well, then fare - well, O fare - well,

Wel - come my love, wel - come my joy for ev - er. er.

1. 2.

1

Farewell unkind farewell, to me no more a father,
 Since my heart holds my love most dear:
 The wealth which thou dost reap another's hand must gather,
 Though my heart still lies buried there,
 Then farewell, O farewell,
 Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

2

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty,
 Makes my mind to live, though my means do die.
 Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty:
 Love, not in the blood, but in the spirit doth lie.
 Then farewell, O farewell,
 Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

XV. Weep you no more, sad fountains

Voice

Weep you no more, sad foun-tains, What need you flow

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

so fast? Look how the snow - y moun-tains,

Heav'n's sun doth gent - ly waste. But my sun's heav'n - ly eyes View

not your weep - ing. That _____ now lies sleep - ing, that _____

Figured Bass:
 b a a a h c c f a a d d a a
 a e a a h h a d d d a c

— now lies sleep - ing, Soft - ly, soft - ly, now soft - ly lies _____ sleep - ing.

Figured Bass:
 b a a d b a a d d f d a a a
 a e d e f c c a d f b a a
 a d d a c d a c a

1

Weep you no more, sad fountains,
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains,
 Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heav'nly eyes
 View not your weeping.
 That now lies sleeping,
 Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

2

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that Peace begets:
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at e'vn he sets,
 Rest you then, rest sad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping,
 Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

XVI. Fie on this feigning

Voice

Fie on this feign - ing, Is love with - out de - sire,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Heat still re - main - ing, And yet no spark of fire?

Thou art un - true, nor wert with fan - cy mov - ed,

For De - sire hath pow'r on all that ev - er lov - ed.

1

Fie on this feigning,
 Is love without desire,
 Heat still remaining,
 And yet no spark of fire?
 Thou art untrue, nor wert with fancy moved,
 For Desire hath pow'r on all that ever loved.

2

Show some relenting,
 Or grant thou dost now love,
 Two hearts consenting
 Shall they no comforts prove?
 Yield, or confess that love is without pleasure,
 And that women's bounties rob men of their treasure.

3

Truth is not placed
 In words and forced smiles,
 Love is not graced
 With that which still beguiles,
 Love or dislike, yield fire, or give no fuel,
 So may'st thou prove kind, or at the least less cruel.

XVII. I must complain

Voice

I must com - plain, yet do en - joy, en-joy my - love,

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

She is too fair, too - rich in Beau - ty's parts. Thence is -

my grief for Na - ture while she strove With all her gra - ces

XVIII. It was a time when silly bees could speak

Voice

It was a time when sil - ly bees could speak, And in that time I

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

was a sil - ly bee, Who fed on thyme un - til my heart 'gan break,

Yet nev - er found the time would fa - vor me. Of all the swarm I

on - ly did not thrive, Yet brought I wax and ho - ney - to the hive.

1

It was a time when silly bees could speak,
 And in that time I was a silly bee,
 Who fed on thyme until my heart 'gan break,
 Yet never found the time would favor me.
 Of all the swarm I only did not thrive,
 Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.

2

Then thus I buzz'd, when thyme no sap would give,
 Why should this blessed thyme to me be dry,
 Sith by this thyme the lazy drone doth live,
 The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butterfly,
 Mated with grief, I kneeled on my knees,
 And thus complain'd unto the king of Bees.

3

My liege, Gods grant thy time may never end,
 And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of thyme,
 Which fruitless flies have found to have a friend,
 And I cast down when atomies do climb,
 The King replied but thus, "Peace, peevish bee,
 Thou'rt bound to serve the time, the thyme not thee."

XIX. The lowest trees have tops

Voice

The low - est trees have tops, the ant her gall, The

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

fly her spleen, the lit-tle spark his heat, And slen-der hairs cast

sha - dows though but small, And bees have stings al - though they - be not great.

XX. What poor astronomers are they

Voice

What poor as - tro - no - mers are they, Take wo - men's eyes for stars

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

And set their thoughts in bat - tle ray To fight such i - dle wars,

When in — the end they shall ap - prove, 'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

1

What poor astronmomers are they,
Take women's eyes for stars
And set their thoughts in battle ray
To fight such idle wars,
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

2

And love itself is but a jest
Devis'd by idle heads,
To catch young fancies in the nest,
And lay it in fools' beds,
That being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes,
They may be fledg'd ere they be wise.

3

But yet it is a sport to see
How Wit will run on wheels,
While wit cannot persuaded be
With that which Reason feels:
That womens' eyes and stars are odd,
And Love is but a feigned god.

4

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight:keep
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light.
Till time too late we make them try,
They study false astronomy.

XXI. Come when I call

a Dialogue

[for two voices and two lutes]

Voice I

Come when I call, or tar - ry till I come, If you be deaf I must prove dumb.

Guitar I
③ to F#
Capo V

Lute I

Voice II

Stay a-while, my heav'n-ly joy, I come with wings of love, When en - vious eyes Time shall re - move.

Guitar II - without Capo - ③ to F#

Lute II*

Voice I

If thy de - sire ev - er knew the grief of de - lay, No dan - ger could stand in thy way.

Guitar I - Capo V

Lute I

* Lute II is a bass lute tuned a 4th below Lute I.

N.B.: The entire song has been transcribed a tone higher than the original edition.

Voice II

O do not add this sor-row to my grief That lan - guish here, want - ing re - lief.

Guitar II - without Capo

Musical notation for Guitar II, without Capo, showing chords and melodic lines.

Lute II

Musical notation for Lute II, showing fret numbers on a six-string staff.

Voice I

What need we lan - guish? Can — Love quick-ly quick-ly fly: — Fear ev-er hurts more than jea - lou - sy.

Guitar I - Capo V

Musical notation for Guitar I, with Capo V, showing chords and melodic lines.

Lute I

Musical notation for Lute I, showing fret numbers on a six-string staff.

[Turn...]

Voice I

Voice II Then se - cure - ly En - vy scorn - ing, Let us end with joy our mourn - ing, Jea - lou - sy still de - fy,

Then se - cure - ly En - vy scorn - ing, Let us end with joy our mourn - ing, Jea - lou - sy still de - fy, And

Guitar I

Lute I

Guitar II

Lute II

And love till we die.

— love till we die.

Voice I Come when I call, or tarry till I come,
If you be deaf I must prove dumb.

Voice II Stay awhile, my heav'nly joy, I come with wings of love,
When envious eyes Time shall remove.

Voice I If thy desire ever knew the grief of delay,
No danger could stand in thy way.

Voice II O do not add this sorrow to my grief
That languish here, wanting relief.

Voice I What need we languish? Can Love quickly fly:
Fear ever hurts more than jealousy.

Both Then securely Envy scorning,
Let us end with joy our mourning,
Jealousy still defy,
And love till we die.

* Added by the editor. The tablature is erratic in the original edition.