

JOHN DOWLAND

A Pilgrimes Solace.

Wherein is contained Musicall
Harmonie of 3. 4. and 5. parts,
to be sung and plaid with the Lute
and Viols.



PERFORMERS' FACSIMILES
NEW YORK

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A Pilgrimes Solace.

Wherein is contained Muscicall
Harmonie of 3. 4. and 5. parts, to be
sung and plaid with the Lute
and Viols.

By *John Douland*, Batchelor of Musicke in
both the Vniuersities : and Lutenist to the
Right Honourable the
Lord Walden.



LONDON:
Printed for M. L. J. B. and T. S.
by the Assignment of
William Barley.



T O T H E R I G H T H O^{norable,}
THEOPHILVS, LORD VV ALDEN, SONNE
AND HEIRE TO THE MOST NOBLE, THOMAS, BARON
OF WALDEN, EARLE OF SVFFOLKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE
OF HIS MAIESTIES HOUSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST
Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maicsties most Honourable
Prinie Counsell,

Most Honoured Lord:



S to excell in any qualitie is very rare, so is it a hard thing to finde out those that fauour Vertue and Learning; but such being found, men of Iudgment are drawne (I know not by what Sympathie) to loue and Honor them, as the Saints and Soueraignes of their affecti-
ons and deuices: wherefore (most Worthy Lord) your Honor being of all men noted (as natural borne heire of your most Renowned father and mother) to be the onely and alone Supporter of goodnes and excellencie, knowne to none better (vnles I should be the most vngratefull of all others) then my selfe, who am held vp onely by your gracious hand; for which I can shew no other meanes of thank-
fulnes then these simple fruits of my poore endeauors which I most humbly present as a publike pledge from a true and deuoted heart, hoping hereafter to performe some-
thing, wherein I shall shew my selfe more worthy of your Honorable seruice. In the meane time you shall haue a poore mans praiers for your Lordships continuall health and dayly increase of Honor.

Your Honours

humble seruant

IOHN DOVLAND.



TO THE READER.



Orthy Gentlemen, and my louing Countrymen; mooued by your many and fore-tasted courtesies, I am constrained to appeare againe vnto you. True it is, I haue lien long obscured from your sight, because I receiued a Kingly entertainment in a forraine climate, which could not attaine to any (though neuer so meane) place at home, yet haue I held vp my head within this Horizon, and not altogether beene vnaffected else where. Since some part of my poore labours haue found fauour in the greatest part of Europes, and beene printed in eight most famous Cities beyond the Seas. viz: *Paris, Antwerpe, Collein, Narenburge, Franckfort, Liepsig, Amsterdam, and Hamburge*: (yea and some of them also authorized vnder the Emperours royall priuiledge,) yet I must tell you, as I haue beene a stranger, so haue I againe found strange entertainment since my returne; especially by the opposition of two sorts of people that shroude themselves vnder the title of Musicians. The first are some simple Cantors, or vocall singers, who though they seeme excellent in their blinde Diuision-making, are meere ignorant, euen in the first elements of Musicke, and also in the true order of the mutation of the *Hexachord* in the *Système*, (which hath ben approued by all the learned and skilfull men of Christendome, this 800 yeeres,) yet doe these fellows giue their verdict of me behinde my backe, and say, what I doe is after the old manner: but I will speake openly to them, and would haue them know that the proudest Cantor of them, dares not oppose himselfe face to face against me. The second are young-men, professors of the Lute, who vaunt themselves, to the disparagement of such as haue beene before their time, (wherein I my selfe am a party) that there neuer was the like of them. To these men I say little, because of my loue and hope to see some deedes ensue their braue wordes, and also being that here vnder their owne noses hath bene published a Booke in defence of the *Viol de Gamba*, wherein not onely all other the best and principall Instruments haue beene abased, but especially the Lute by name, the words, to satisfie thee Reader I haue here thought good to insert, and are as followeth: *From henceforth, the statefull Instrument Gambo Violl, shall with ease yeeld full various, and deuicefull Musike as the Lute: for here I protest the Trinitie of Musike, Parts, Passion, and Denision, to be as gracefully united in the Gambo Viol, as in the most receiued Instrument that is, &c.* Which Imputation, methinkes, the learned sort of Musicians ought not to let passe vnanswered. Moreouer that here are and daily doth come into our most famous kingdome, diuers strangers from beyond the seas, which auerre before our owne faces, that we haue no true methode of application or fingering of the Lute. Now if these gallant yong Lutemists be such as they would haue the world beleue, and of which I make no doubt, let them remember that their skill lyeth not in their fingers endes: *Cucullus non facit Monachum*. I wish for the Honor therfore and generall benefit of our Countrie, that they vndertake the defence of their Lute profession, seeing that some of them aboue other, haue most large meanes, conuenient time, and such encouragement as I neuer knew any haue, beleue me if any of these obiections had beene made when those famous men liued which now are thought worthy of no fame, not derogating from these skillfull men present; I dare affirme that these obiections had beene answered to the full, and I make no doubt but that those few of the former time which liue yet, being that some of them are Batchelors of Musicke, and others which assume vnto themselves to be no lesse worthy, wilbe as forward to preferue their reputation. Perhaps you will aske me, why I that haue trauailed many countries, and ought to haue some experience, doth not vnder goe this busines my selfe? I answere that I want abilitie, being I am now entered into the fiftieth yeare of mine age: secondly because I want both meanes, leasure, and encouragement. But (Gentle Reader to conclude, although abruptly) this worke of mine, which I here haue published, containeth such things as I my selfe haue thought well of, as being in mine opinion furnished with varietie of matter both of Iudgement and delight, which willingly I referre to the friendly censure, and approbation of the skilfull: hoping it will be no lesse delightfull to all in generall, then it was pleasing to me in the composition. Farewell.

Your friend
John Dowland.

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D Ifdaine me still, that I may euer loue.	I
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F f N f S.

I.

As heate to life so is desire to loue,
and these once quencht both life and loue are gone.
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue moue,
like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.
Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,
Loue surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

As heate to life so is desire to loue,
and these once quencht both life and loue are gone.
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue moue,
like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.
Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,
Loue surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

ALTS.

I.

D

Ifdaine me still that I may euer loue: For who his Loue enioyes can loue, can loue no more.

The warre once past, with ease men cowards proue: And ships retournde, doe rot vpon the shore. And though thou frowne, thou art most faire, most faire, And still Ile loue, Ile loue though still I must despayre.

BASSVS.

I.

D

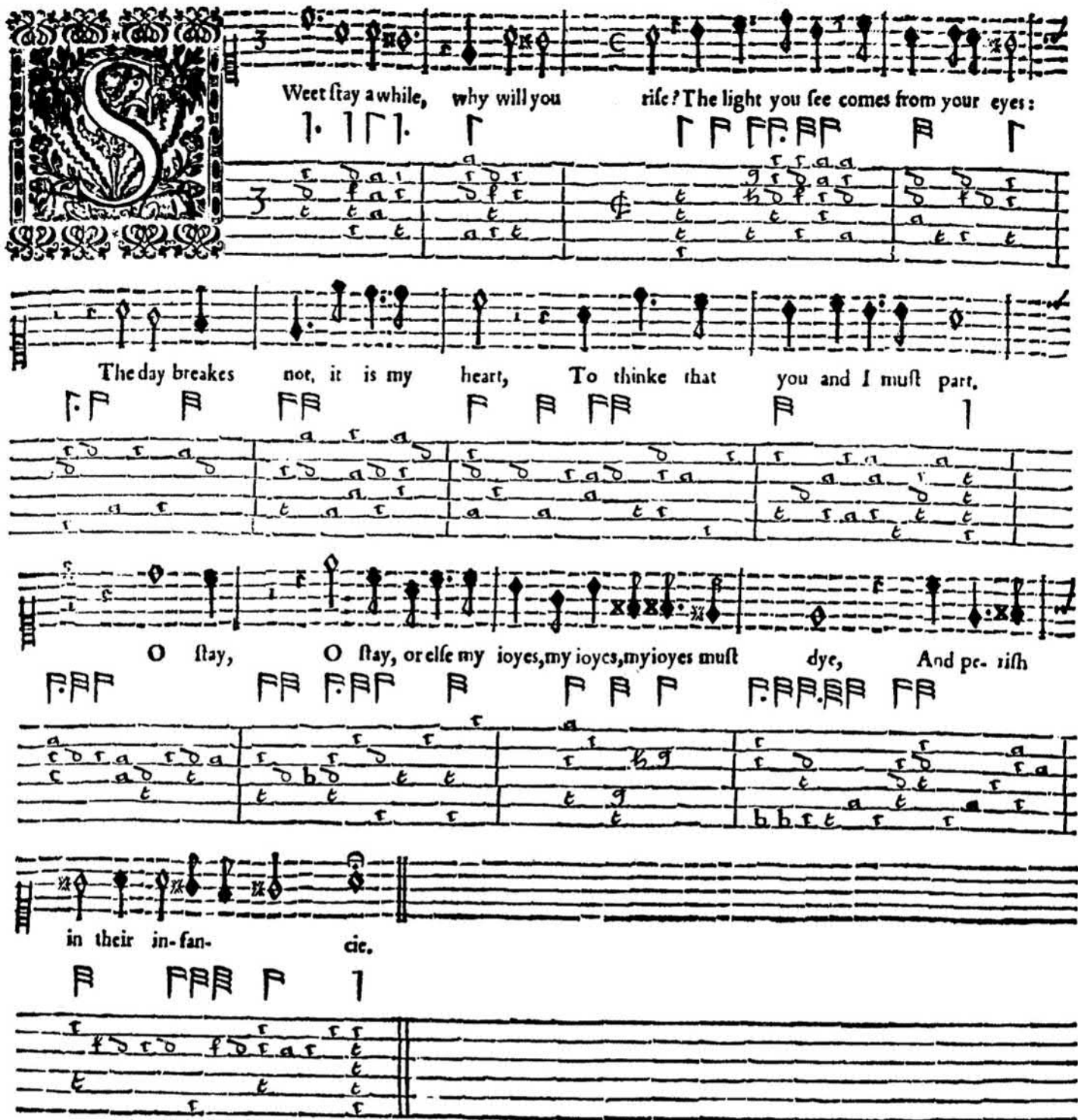
Ifdaine me still that I may euer loue: For who his Loue enioyes, can loue, can loue no more. The war once past, with ease men cowards proue: And ships retournde doe rot vpon the shore. And though thou frowne Ile say thou art most faire, most faire, And still Ile loue, though still I must despaire.

TENOR.

I.

D

Ifdaine me still that I may euer loue: For who his Loue enioyes can loue, can loue no more. The warre once past, with ease men cowards proue: And ships retournde doe rot vpon the shore. And though thou frowne, Ile say, Ile say, thou art most faire, most faire, And still Ile loue, and still Ile loue, and still Ile loue, Ile loue, though still, still I must despayre, de- spayre.



Weet stay a while, why will you rise? The light you see comes from your eyes:
 The day breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I must part,
 O stay, O stay, or else my ioyes, my ioyes, my ioyes must dye, And per- ish
 in their in- fan- tic.

Deare let me dye in this faire breast,
 Farre sweeter then the Phoenix nest.
 Loue raise desire by his sweete charmes
 Within this circle of thine armes:
 And let thy blissefull kisses cherish
 Mine infant ioyes, that else must perish.

ALTS. **II.**

S Weete stay a while, why will you rise? The light you see comes from your eyes: The day breakes
 breaks not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I must part. O stay, O stay, or
 else my ioyes must dye, my ioyes must dye, And perish in their infancie.

BAS SVS. **II.**

S Weete stay a while, why will you rise?
 The light you see comes from your eyes: The day
 breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you, that
 you and I must part. O stay, O stay, or
 else my ioyes, my ioyes must dye, and perish
 in their infancie.

TENOR. **II.**

S Weete stay a while, why will you rise? The light you see comes from your eyes: The day breakes
 not, it is my heart, To thinke that you, that you, that you and I must part. O stay, stay, stay, O stay, stay, stay, or else my
 ioyes, my ioyes must dye, must dye, dye, my ioyes must dye, And perish in their infancie.

CANTUS.

III.

O aske for all thy lone, and thy whole heart t'were madnesse, I doe not sue, nor
can ad- mit (fai- rest) from you to haue all, yet who giueth all hath nothing to im-
part, but sad nesse.

He that receiueth all, can haue no more
then seeing.

My Loue by length
of euery houre,
Gathers new strength,
new growth, new flower.
You must haue daily new rewards in store,
still being.

You cannot euery day giue me your heart
for merit :

Yet if you will,
when yours doth goe,
You shall haue still
one to bestow :
For you shall mine when yours doth part
inherit.

Yet if you please, Ile finde a better way,
then change them:

For so alone
dearest we shall
Be one and one,
an others all-
Let vs so ioyne our hearts that nothing may
estranger them.

BASSVS. III.

O aske for all thy loue, and thy whole
heart, t'were mad- nesse: I doe not sue nor can ad-
mit (Fairest) from you to haue all, Yet who
giueth all, hath no- thing, nothing to im- part
but sadnesse.

TENOR.

III.

O aske for all thy loue, and thy whole heart, t'were madnesse: I doe not sue, nor can admit
(Fay- rest, Fay- rest) from you to haue all: Yet who giueth all, giueth all, hath nothing to im- part but sad- nesse.

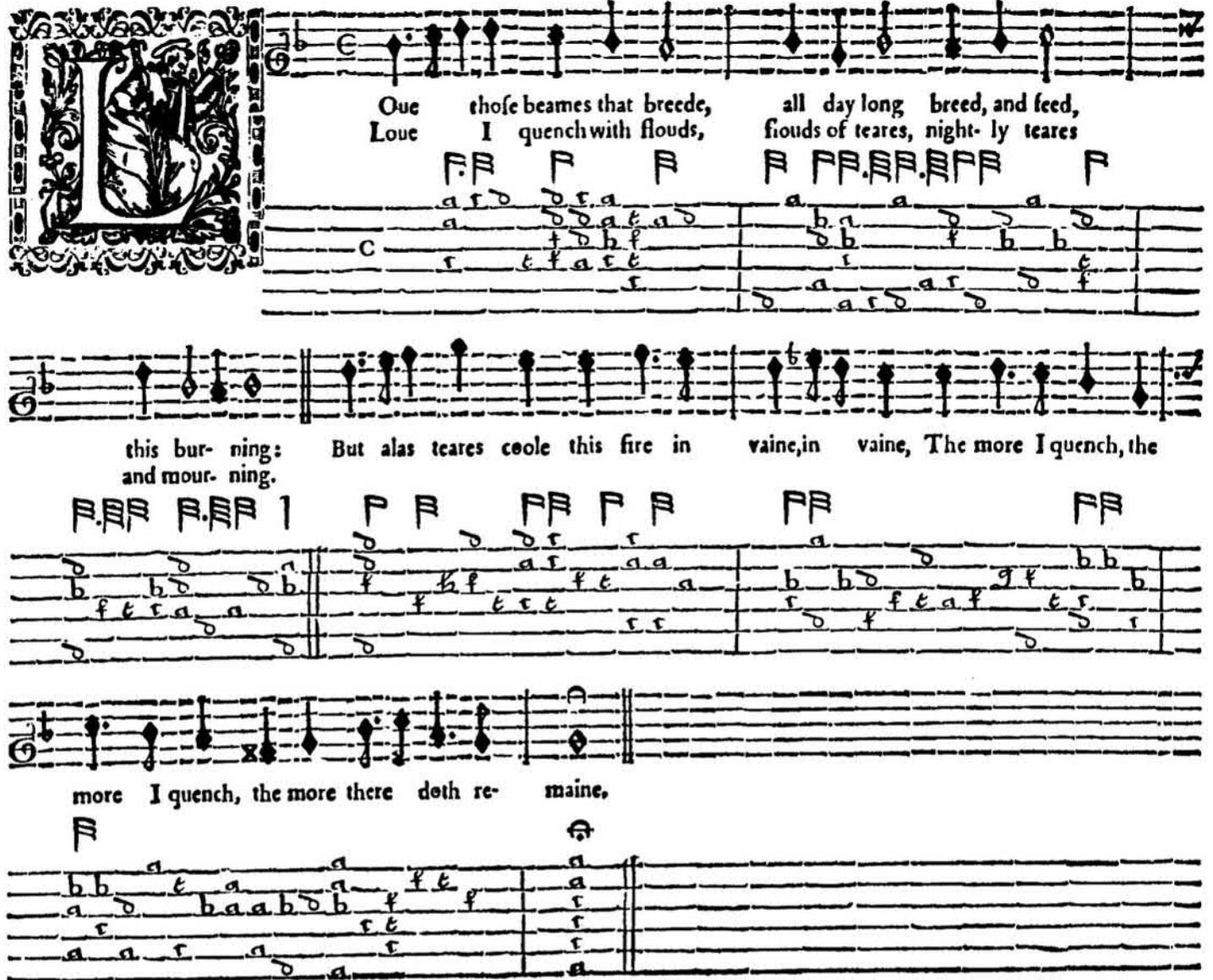
ALTVS.

III.

O aske for all thy loue and thy whole heart, t'were madnesse: I doe not sue, nor can admit
(Fayrest, fayrest) from you to haue all, Yet who giueth all, gi- ueth all hath nothing to impart but sadnesse.

CANTVS.

IIII.



Oue those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed,
 Loue I quench with fouds, fouds of teares, night-ly teares

this bur-ning: But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the
 and mour-ning.

more I quench, the more there doth re- maine,

He goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell :
 For I am deceiu'd and bereau'd of my life, my iewell,
 O but in the woods, though Loue be blinde,
 Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde.

Loue then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppressed,
 Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redressed.
 Come at last, be friendly Loue to me,
 And let me not, endure this miserie.

BASSVS. IIII.

L One those beames that breede, all day
 Loue I quench with flouds, flouds of
 long breed, and feede this bur-
 teares night- ly teares and mor-
 ning: But, but alas teares coole this fire in vaine, the
 more I quench, the more, the more there doth
 remaine.

TENOR.

IIII.

L One those beames that breede, all day long
 Loue I quench with flouds, flouds of teares, breed, and feed, and feed this burning:
 night- ly, night-ly teares & morning.
 But alas teares coole, teares coole this fire, in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more I quench, the more, the
 more there doth remaine.

D

ALTS.

T

One those beames that breede, that breed all day long, breed and feed this, this bur-
 ning: Loue I quench with flouds, with flouds, flouds of teares, night- ly teares, teares and mor-
 ning: But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

CANTVS.

V.

Hall I strue with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceiue not due re-gard?
Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse anguithumst re-ueale:

P.P.P I P.P P.P.P I.

Shall I speake, and ney-ther please, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though
Shee a-lone my wound shall know, though shee will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and

P.P P P.P.P.P P I I I P.P I

a while de-why may not laid, shee our pa-tience pro-uing. O that times O sweet Loue,
why may not shee leave off her frow-ning?

P.P.P I P.P.P P.P I P.P.P.P I P.P I

strange ef-fects could but make, but make her lo-uing. I woo'd her, I lou'd her,
help her hands my af-fe-cti-on crow-ning.

P.P.P.P P.P.P P P I P.P I P.P I P.P

and none but her ad-mire. O come deare ioy, and an-swere my de-fire.

P.P.P P I P P P.P.P P P I

S

Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceive not due regard? Shall I speake, and ney-ther
 Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an-guish must reueale: Shee a-lone my wound shall
 please, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though a while de-laid, our patience pro-uing, O
 know, though she will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may not she leaue off her frow-ning? O
 times, strange times, strange times, strange ef-fects, could but make her lo-ving. I wo'd her, I wo'd her, and none
 Loue, help Loue, help her hands, her hands my af-fe-cti-on crow-ning.

but her ad-mire. O come deare Ioy, and answere, answere my de-sire.

BASSVS. V.

TENOR. V.

ALTS. V.

Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-
 Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse
 ceive not due regard? Shall I speake, and ney-ther
 an-guish must reueale: Shee a-lone my wound shall
 please, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end,
 know, though she will not heale. Stormes calme at last,
 though a while de-laid, our patience pro-uing. O that
 and why may not she leaue off her frow-ning? O sweet
 times, strange ef-fects could but make her, make her lo-ving.
 Loue help her hands, my af-fe-cti-on crowning, crowning.
 I, I wo'd her, I wo'd her, and none but her admire, O
 come deare Ioy, and answere my desire.

S

Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceive not due regard? Shall I speake, and ney-ther please,
 Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an-guish must reueale: Shee a-lone my wound shall know,
 nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though a while, a while de-laid, our patience, patience pro-uing;
 though she will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may, why may not she leaue off, leaue off her frow-ning?
 O, O that times, that times, strange, strange times, strange ef-fects, could make her, could make her lo-ving. I, I wo'd
 O, O sweet Loue, sweet Loue help, help Loue, help her hands my, my af-fe-cti-on crowning.
 her, I wo'd her, and none but her ad-mire, O come deare Ioy and answere, and answere my de-sire.

V

Ere eue-ry! thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-till
 Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make no out-ward show. And her de-

wiles their sights would be-guile, and mocke their ielou- sie. De- sire liues in her heart, Di-
 lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dis- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- seene, yet

a-na in her eyes. Twere vaine to wish women true, t'is well, if
 every day it grows. So where her fan- cy is set it thrives, but

they proue wife. Such a Loue deserues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make
 how none knows,

vfe both of time and place, When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

BASSVS.

VI.

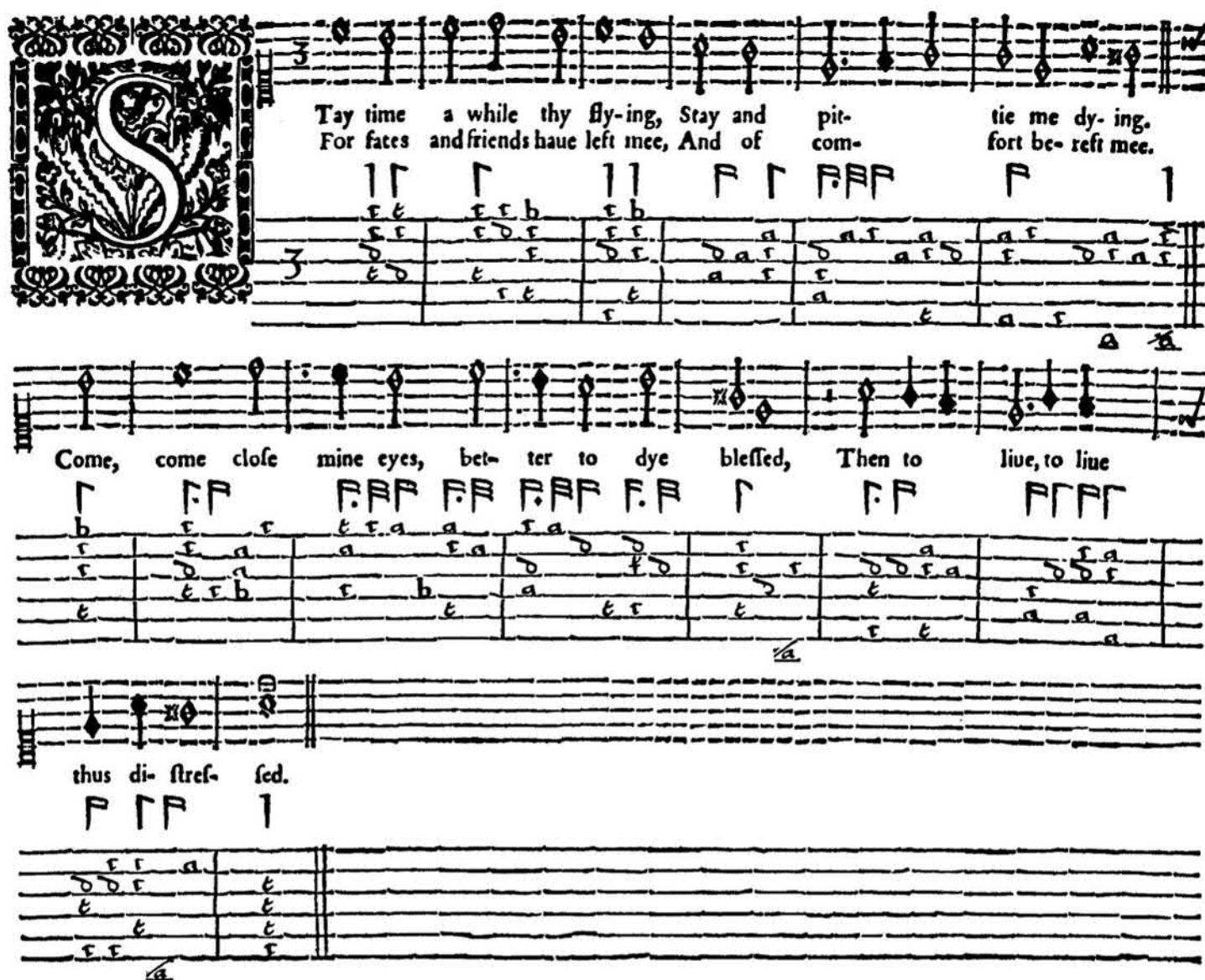
VI.

TENOR.

VI.

ALTS.

VI.



S Tay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay and pit- tie me dy- ing.
 For fates and friends haue left mee, And of com- fort be- refi mee.

Come, come close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue

thus di- stres- sed.

To whom shall I complaine me,
 When thus friends doe disdaine mee ?
 T'is time that must befriend me,
 Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.
 Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
 Then to liue thus distressed.

Teares but augment this fewell,
 I feede by night, (oh cruell)
 Light griefes can speake their pleasure,
 Mine are dumbe passing measure.
 Quicke, quicke, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
 Then here to liue distressed.

ALTS. **VIL.**

S

Tay time a while thy fly-ing: Stay, and pit- tie me dy- ing. Come, come, come, close,
 For Fates and friends have left me, And of com- fort be- ref- t me.
 close mine eyes, better to dye blessed, Then to live, to live thus distressed.

BASSVS. **VIL.**

S

Tay time a while thy fly-
 For Fates and friends have left
 ing: Stay, and pit- tie me dy- ing. Come,
 me, And of comfort be- ref- t me.
 come, close, close mine eyes, better to dye
 blessed, Then to live, to live thus distressed.

TENOR **VIL.**

S

Tay time a while thy fly-ing: Stay, stay, and pit- tie, pit- tie me dy- ing. Come,
 For Fates and friends have left me, And, and of com- fort, com- fort be- ref- t me.
 come, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed, Then to live, to live thus distressed.

CANTVS

VIII.



Ell me true Loue where shall I seeke thy being, In thoughts or words, in vowes or
 promise making, In rea- sons, lookes, or pas- sions, ij. neuer seeing, In men on earth, or wo-
 mens minds partaking. Thou canst not dye, and therefore li- uing, therefore living tell me where is thy seate, is thy
 seate, thy seate, Why why, doth this age expell thee?

2 When thoughts are still vnscene and words disguised;
 vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt:
 By passion reasons glory is surpris'd,
 in neyther sexe is true loue firmly set.
 Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and promise broken
 Made true Loue flye from earth, this is the token.

3 Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
 since truth and falshood liue like twins together:
 Beleue not sentie, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or finalling,
 both Art and Nature's forc'd: put trust in neyther.
 One onely shee doth true Loue captiue binde
 In fairest brest, but in a fairer minde.

O fairest minde, enrich'd with Loues residing,
 retaine the best; in hearts let some seede fall,
 In stead of weeds Loues fruits may haue abiding,
 at Haruest you shall reape encrease of all.
 O happy Loue, more happy man that findes thee,
 Most happy Saint, that keepes, restores, vnbindes thee.

ALTS. **VIII.**

Ell me. Thou canst. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there-fore, therefore living

Repetition.

tell me, tell mee, where is thy seate, if. why doth this age expell thee?

BASSVS. **VIII.**

Ell me true Loue.

Thou, thou canst not dye, and therefore

living tell me, tell mee, where is thy seate, thy

seate, where is thy seate, why doth this

age expell thee?

TENOR. **VIII.**

Ell me. Thou canst. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there-fore living, there-

fore li-ving tell me, tell mee, where is thy seate, thy seate, why doth this age, ij. expell, ex-pell thee?

Repetition.

G

Oe nightly cares, Goe nightly cares, the

enemy to rest, Forbear, forbear a while to vex my grieved sprite,

So long, so long your weight, so long, y^e. your weight hath lyne vpon my breast,

that loe I liue, that loe I liue, y^e. of life bereaued quite,

O giue me time to draw my weary breath, Or

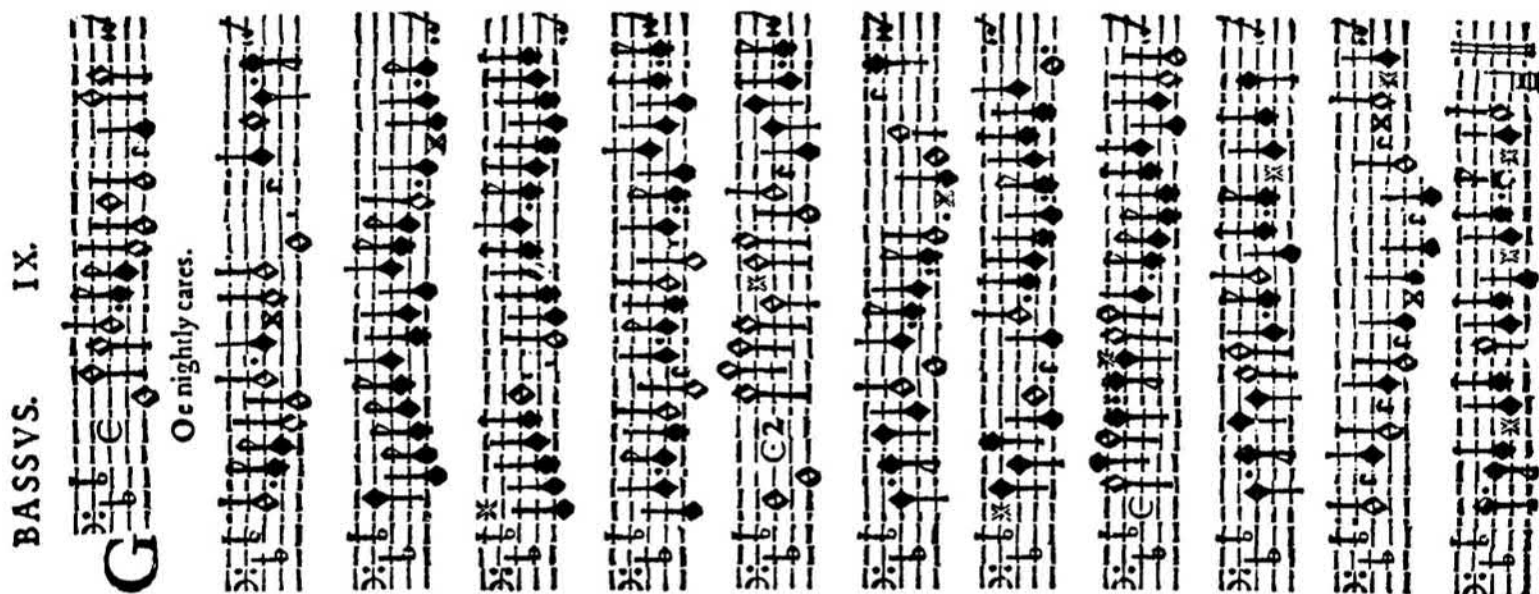
let me dye, as I de- fire the death.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a large 'G' time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features a variety of note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers. The lyrics are: 'Oe nightly cares, Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest, Forbear, forbear a while to vex my grieved sprite, So long, so long your weight, so long, y^e. your weight hath lyne vpon my breast, that loe I liue, that loe I liue, y^e. of life bereaued quite, O giue me time to draw my weary breath, Or let me dye, as I de- fire the death.'



IX.

CANTVS.



BASSVS. IX.



False world farewell the enemy to rest,
now doe thy worst, I doe not weigh thy spight:
Free from thy cares I liue for euer blest,
Enioying peace and heauenly true delight.

Delight, whom woes nor sorrowes shall amate,
nor feares or teares disturbe her happy state.
And thus I leaue thy hopes, thy ioyes vntrue,
and thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.

CANTVS. To my louing Country-man Mr. John Forster the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland. X



From silent night, true re- gifter of moanes,

From faddest Soule consumed with deepest sinnes,

From hart quite rent with sighes, with sighes and heauie groanes, My way- ling

Muse her woe, her woe, her wofull worke beginses.

And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,

And to the world brings tunes of sad despayre, Sounding nought else but

The musical score consists of seven systems of staves. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a lute line with tablature. The lyrics are written in a mix of early modern English and Latin. The tablature uses letters (a, b, c, d, e, f, g) to represent fret positions on the lute strings.

CANTVS.

X.

BASSVS.

X.

Rom silent.

sorrow, sorrow, nought else, ij. but sorrow, nought else but sorrow,

griefe and care, and

2 Sorrow to see my sorrowes cause augmented,
and yet lesse sorrowfull were my sorrowes more:
Griefe that my griefe with griefe is not preuented,
for griefe it is must ease my griued sore.
Thus griefe and sorrow must but how to griue,
For griefe and sorrow must my cares relieue.

3 If any eye therefore can spare a teare
to fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,
O let that eye to this sad feast draw neere,
refuse me not my humble soule beseekes:
For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept
Were now too little had they all beene kept.

G



Affo vita mia, mi fa morire, *Laffo* vita mia

mi fa, mi fa morire, *Crudel*, *crudel* amor mio cor con-

sume, *Da* mille, mille, mille ferite, *ij.* mille, mille feri- te,

Chemi fa *ij.* *ij.* morir, morir, *Abi* me, *Abi* me, *Deh*, che non mi

fa morire, morire, *Deh*, che non mi fa morire, mi fa morire, *Crudel*, *ij.* a-

mor, *crudel*, *cru-* del, *ij.* amor, mi fa soffrir mille mar-

Five staves of musical notation. The notation is dense with many notes, suggesting a fast or complex piece. A large 'L' time signature is visible on the right side of the fifth staff.

CANTVS.

IX

BASSVS. XI.

Ten staves of musical notation for Basses. The notation includes various note values and rests, with a large 'L' time signature on the first staff.

Three staves of musical notation with lyrics in Latin. The lyrics are: *tire. mille, mille, mille mar-tire. mi fa sofrir milla martire. mille, mille, mille, ij. mille, mille, martire.*

mi fa so- frir mille, ij. mar- tire, marti- re.

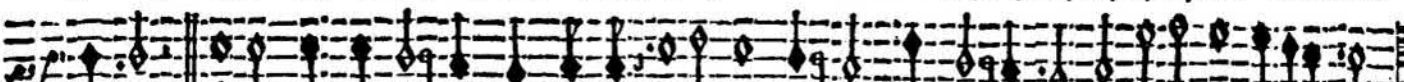
G 2

N this trembling, trembling
shadow, cast from those boughes which thy wings shake,
Farre from humane troubles,
hu- mane troubles, troubles plac'd: Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, Dark-
ness, ij. from my minde then take, For thy rites, thy rites none
may begin, Till they feele thy light, ij. with- in.

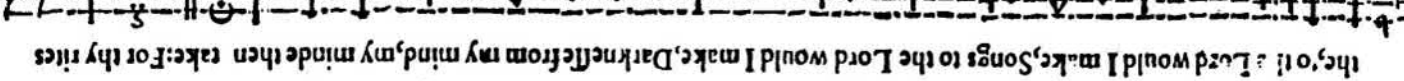
As I sing, sweete flowers Ile strow,
from the fruitfull vallies brought:
Praising him by whom they grow,
him that heauen and earth hath wrought,
him that all things framde of nought,
Him that all for man did make,
But made man for his owne sake,

Musicke all thy sweetnesse lend,
while of his high power I speake,
On whom all powers else depend,
but my brest is now too weake,
trumpets shrill the ayre should breake,
All in vaine my sounds I raise,
Boundlesse power askes boundlesse praise.

none none may begin;ly rises none may,none may begin,I'll they feel;they feel;ly high wisdom. Songs,&c.



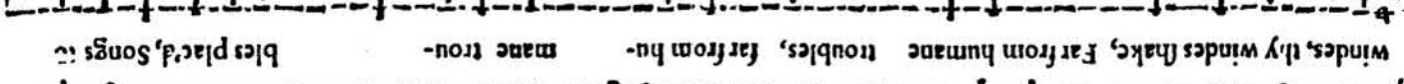
 In this trembling, trembling sha-
 dow, In this trembling, trembling shadow, cast from those boughs which thy



 N this trembling, trembling sha-
 dow, In this trembling, trembling shadow, cast from those boughs which thy



 winds, thy winds shake, Far from humane troubles, far from hu-
 mane trou- bles placed, Songs to



 the, or I - Lord would I make, Songs to the Lord would I make, Darkneſs from my mind, my mind then take: For thy riles

·IIX

ALTVS.

BASSVS. XII.

I N this trembling, trembling shadow, cast
from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes
shake, Far from humane troubles, humane
troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, (o the Lord (songs) would
I make, Darknesse from my minde, then
take: For thy rites none, none may begin, thy rites none
may begin, Till they feele, they feele, thy light with-
in. Songs, &c.

TENOR.

XII.

IN this trembling, trembling sha- dow, In this trembling, trem-bling sha- dow, cast from those boughes
which thy windes shake, cast, cast from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes shake, Farre
from hu- mane trou- bles, humane troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, to the Lord
would I make, Darke- nesse from my minde, my minde then take: For thy rites, thy rites, none may begin, thy
rites, thy rites none, none may begin, Till they feele thy light, thy light with- in. Songs, &c.



F that a

sinners sighes be Angels foode, Or that re- pentant teares be Angels wine,

Ac- cept O Lord in this most pensive moode, These hearty

sighes and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with Peter forth

most sinful- ly: But not as Peter did, weepe, weepe

weepe, weepe bit- ter- ly.

If that a sin-ners
fighes be Angels food,a sinners fighes be Angels food,Or that re-
pentant ieares,repentane ieares be An- gels wine,be Angels wine,Acepte O Lord,O Lord in this most penſiue,penſiue mode,
Theſe hear- ly ſighes,and dolefull plaints of min; That went with *Peter* forth,i;
moſt finful - ly:But not

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a repeat sign followed by a double bar line. The melody is written in eighth notes, starting on G4 and descending stepwise to D4. The lower staff contains a bass clef and a common time signature (C). It begins with a repeat sign followed by a double bar line. The bass line is written in eighth notes, starting on F3 and ascending stepwise to B2.

as *Peter* did,not as *Peter* did,*Peter* did,wcep, did,wcep,wcep,wcep,wcep, wcep,bil-ter-

ly. That went,&c

ALTVS.

III X

BASSVS. XIII.

I F that a sinners signes be
Angels food, sighs be Angels food, Or that repentant tears be
Angels wine, Accept O Lord O Lord, Accept O
Lord, in this most penſiue moode, Theſe hearty ſighes
and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with *Peter*,
with *Peter* forth moſt ſinfully: But not as *Peter*,
Peter did weepe, did weepe, did weepe, weepe,
bit-ter-ly. That went, &c.

BASVS.

xiii.

TENOR.

XIII.

F that a sinners fighes. a sinners fighes be Angels foode, fighes be Angels foode, Or that repentant teares, re-
pentant teares be Angels, Angels wine, Accept O Lord, accept O Lord in this most penfue moode, this most,
most penfue moode, Thefe hearty fighes, and dolefull, dolefull plaints of mine, That went with Pe- ter forth,
with Pe- ter forth most finfully, finfully : But not as Pe- ter, not as Peter did, Peter did, weepe,
Peter did, weepe, weepe bitterly, weeps bitter- ly. That went, &c.

CANTVS. The first Part.

XIII.



Hou mightie God, that rightest every wrong,

Listen to patience, Listen to patience, Listen to patience,

patience in a dying, a dying, ij. song. When Iob had lost his Children, Lands, and goods,

Patience, patience as- swa- ged his excessive paine,

And when his sorrowes, his sor- rowes, sor- rowes came as fast as floods, as floods,

hope kept his hart, his heart, his heart, till com- fort came againe, till comfort came a- gaine, came a- gaine.

BASSVS. XIIIIL

TENOR. XIIIIL

ALTVS. XIIIIL

Hou mightie God that rightest
 every wrong, every wrong, Listen to patience, to
 patience, li- sten to patience in a dying,
 dying Song. When Iob had lost his Children,
 Lands, and goods, Patience, pati- ence affwa-
 ged, patience affwaged his excel- siue paine :
 And when his sorrowes came, sorrowes came as
 fast as flouds, Hope kept his heart, ij. till
 comfort came againe, And when, &c.

Hou mightie God that rightest euery wrong, eu- ry wrong, Li- sten to patience, to patience,
 Listen to patience, ij. Listen, listen to pa- tience, patience, in a dying, dying Song. When Iob had
 lost his Children, his Children, Lands, Lands and goods, Pa- tience affwaged, ij. affwaged his
 excefsiue pain, pain, excefsiue paine, And when his sorrowes came, and when his sorrowes, his sorrowes came as fast, as fast as flouds,
 Hope kept his hart, his hart, til comfort came againe, till comfort, comfort came again. And when his sorrowes came as fast as flouds,

T

Hou mightie, mightie God, that rightest euery wrong, Listen to patience, listen to
 patience, to patience in a dying, dying Song. When Iob had lost his Children, Lands, and goods, Patience af-
 faged, affwaged, patience affwa- ged his excefsiue paine, excefsiue paine :
 And when his sorrowes, his sor- rowes
 came, and when his sorrowes, his sorrowes came as fast, as fast as flouds, Hope kept his hart, till comfort came againe,
 till comfort came againe, comfort came againe, againe. And when, &c.

CANTUS. The second Part, XV.



Hea Davids life by Saul was often fought, Davids life by Saul, by

Saul was of-ten fought, And worlds of woes, worlds of

woes, of woes did compasse, compasse him a- bout, about, On dire reuenge he neuer,

neuer had a thought, a thought, But in his griefes, but in his griefes, his

griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him out, Hope still did help him, help him out.

ALTS.

XV.

Hen Davids life, Davids life by Saul, Saul was often fought, And worlds of woes did compasse him, i. But in his griefes, his griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him out, On dire, &c.

BASSVS.

XV.

Hen Davids life, Davids life by Saul, Saul was often fought, And worlds of woes, worlds of woes did compasse him about, On dire reuenge he neuer had a thought, But in his griefes, i. his griefes, Hope still did help, help him out, On dire, &c.

TENOR.

XV.

Hen Davids life by Saul, Davids life by Saul was often fought, was often fought, Davids life by Saul was often fought, often fought, And worlds of woes, of woes, did compasse him about, did compasse him about, On dire reuenge, i. hee neuer had a thought, had a thought, he neuer had a thought, But in his griefes, in his griefes, but in his griefes, his griefes, but in his griefes, Hope still did help him out, Hope still did help, did help, help him out, On dire, &c.



Hen the poore Cripple by the Poole did lye,

Full many, many yeeres in mi-se-ry and paine, No sooner hee on

Christ had set his eye, But hee was well, hee was well, was well

and comfort, comfort came a-gaine, a-gaine. No David, Iob, nor Cripple in

more grieve, in more grieve, Christ giue mee patience, patience, and my

Hopes reliefe.

ALTS.
XVI.

When the poore, poore Cripple by the Poole did lye, Full many yeeres, many, many yeeres in misery and paine,
No sooner he on Christ, on Christ had set his eye, But he was well, he was well, but he was well and comfort came againe, hee
was well, and comfort came againe. No David, David, Job, nor Cripple, in more Griefe, in more Griefe, Christ give
me patience, patience, and my hopes reliefe, my hopes reliefe, my hopes reliefe.

BASSVS. XVI.

Hen the poore Cripple by the Poole did
lye, full many yeeres in misery and paine,
No sooner he on Christ, on Christ had set his eye,
But hee was well, hee was well, and comfort came againe,
and comfort came againe. No *Da-uid, Ieb nor Cripple*
in more grieffe, Christ giue mee, giue mee patience,
Christ giue me patience, and my hopes reliefe,

TENOR. XVI.

Hen the poore,poore Cripple by the Poole did lye, full many,many yeeres,ij. in mis-
ry and paine,ij. No sooner he on Christ had set his eye, ij. had set his eye,his eye,but
he was well,he was well,and comfort,comfort came a- gaine,comfort came a- gaine.No Da- uid, no Iob,nor Cripple, nor
Cripple,Cripple in more grieve,in more grieve,Christ giue me patience,giue me patience,pa- tience,and my hopes re- liefe.



Here Sinne fore woun-

ding, daily doth oppresse me, There Grace a- bounding, Grace a- bounding

freely, freely doth re- dresse mee: So that resounding still I shall confesse thee,

Father, Fa- ther of mercy, Father of mercy, mercy Father of mer- cy.

Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee,
 Yet Grace amending, since I doe repent mee,
 At my liues ending will I hope present mee
 cleare to thy mercy.

The wound Sinne gaue me was of Death assured,
 Did not Grace saue mee, whereby it is cured:
 So thou wilt haue mee to thy loue invred,
 free without merit.
 Sinnes stripe is healed, and his sling abated,
 Deaths mouth is sealed, and the Graue amated,
 Thy Loue reuealed, and thy Grace related
 giues me this spirit.

ALTS. XVII.

Here sinne fore woun- ding, fore woun- ding daily doth oppresse me, there
 Grace abounding, abounding, Grace abounding, freely, freely doth redresse, redresse
 mee: So that resounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy, mercy, cy, Father of mercy,
 cy, So that, &c.

BASSVS. XVII.

Here sinne fore wounding, wounding,
 There Grace abounding, abounding, free-ly,
 freely doth redresse mee, freely, free-ly doth redresse
 mee: Still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy,
 mercy, Father of mercy, mer- cy. Still I, &c.

TENOR. XVII.

Here sinne, where sinne fore woun- ding, fore woun- ding daily doth oppresse me, there
 Grace abounding, Grace a- bounding, freely, freely doth redresse me, freely, freely doth redresse, doth re-
 dresse mee: So that resounding still I shall confesse thee, Fa- ther of mercy, mer- cy, Father of mer-
 cy, Father of mercy, mercy. So that, &c.

MY heart and tongue were twinnes, at once con- ceived, Th'eldest was my
heart, borne dumbe by desir- nie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet
strung and tunde to play hearts har- mo- nie. Then this be sure,
since it is true per- fection, That ney- ther men nor Gods,
nor Gods can force af- fection.

Conclution.

Conclution.

Both knit In one, and yet a sunder placed:
what heart would speake the tongue doth still discover.
What tongue doth speake is of the heart embraced,
and both are one to make a new found Lover.
New found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
whose wordes are deedes, but wordes, nor deedes regarded.
Chaste thoughts doe mount and flye with swiftest wings,
my loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.

neither men nor Gods, men
nor Gods, that neither men nor Gods, nor
Gods can force affection.

Then this be sure, be sure, since it is true perfection, That
to play hearts harmonic.

Conclusion.

nie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts becaude: Yet strung, strung and tunde to
play, strung and tunde

Y heart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceived, Th'eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by deli-

ALTS. XVIII.

Y heart and tongue were twinnes at once
conceived, Th'eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by de-

stinie, The last my tongue of all sweete, sweete ioyes becaude,

Yet strung and tunde, and tunde to play, to play harts

har- monie.

Then this be
sure since it is, it is true perfection, that ney- ther
men, neither men nor Gods, nor men nor Gods, can
force, can force affection.

Y heart and tongue were twinnes at once con- ceived, Th'eldest was my heart, my heart borne dumbe
by destinie, The last my tongue, of all sweete thoughts, sweete thoughts be-ca- ued, Yet strung and tunde to play,

Conclusion.

to play hearts harmonic.

Then this be sure, this be sure, since it is true, it is true perfection,

That neither men, ij. neither men nor Gods, nor Gods can force affection.



P merry mates, to *Neptunes* prayse, Your voyces high aduance: The watric Nymphs shall

dance, and *E-* oles shall whistle to your layes. Stereman, how stands the winde? What course?

no worfe, and blow so faire, Then sincke, sincke, sincke, sincke despayre, Come solace to the minde,

ere night we shall, we shall the ha- uen finde. O happy, hap- py dayes, who may con-

taine, but swell with proud dif- daine, when seas are smooth, sailes, sailes full, and all things, all things please?

Conclu- sion. The golden meane that con- stant spi- rit beares, in such ex- treams that ner pre- sumes nor feares.

Conclu- sion.

ALTS.

Happy, happy dayes, who can containe, but swell with proud disdain, when
 seas, when seas are smooth, sailes full, and all things please?
 The golden meane that
 Conclusion.

XIX.

constant spirit beares, In such extremes, that not presumes nor feares.

BASSVS.

North, North-east, Full South South-west.
 O happy dayes, happy dayes, who can containe, but swell with proud
 disdain, when seas are smooth, sailes full, and all things please?
 Conclusion.

Dialogue.

The golden meane that constant spirit beares, In such
 extremes that not presumes, nor feares.

XIX.

Stay merry mates, proud *Neptune* lowres,
 Your voyces all deplore you,
 The Nymphes stand weeping o're you :
 And *Eolus* and *Iris* bandy shewres.
Mr. Boates man hale in the Boate.
S. Harke, harke the ratlings,
M. Tis haile.
S. Make fast the tacklings.
M. Strike saile.
 Make quicke dispatches,
 Shut close the hatches.
 Hold sterne, cast Ancour out,
 This night we shall at randome floate.
 O dismall houres,
 Who can forbear,
 But sinke with sad despaire.
 When seas are rough, sailes rent, and each thing lowres.

CANTVS.

Happy dayes, who may, who may containe, but swell with proud disdain, when seas are
 smooth, sailes full, and all things please?
 Conclusion.

XIX.

The golden meane that constant spirit beares, In such
 extremes, that not presumes nor feares.

Hymen, O Hymen, myne of treasures more di- vine, what di- e- tie is like to thee, that freest from mor- ta- li- tie.

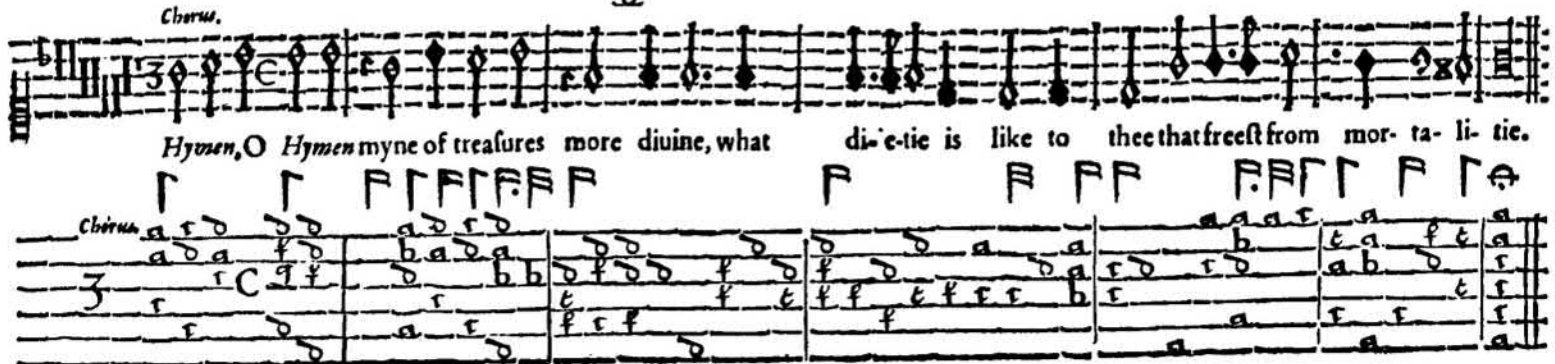
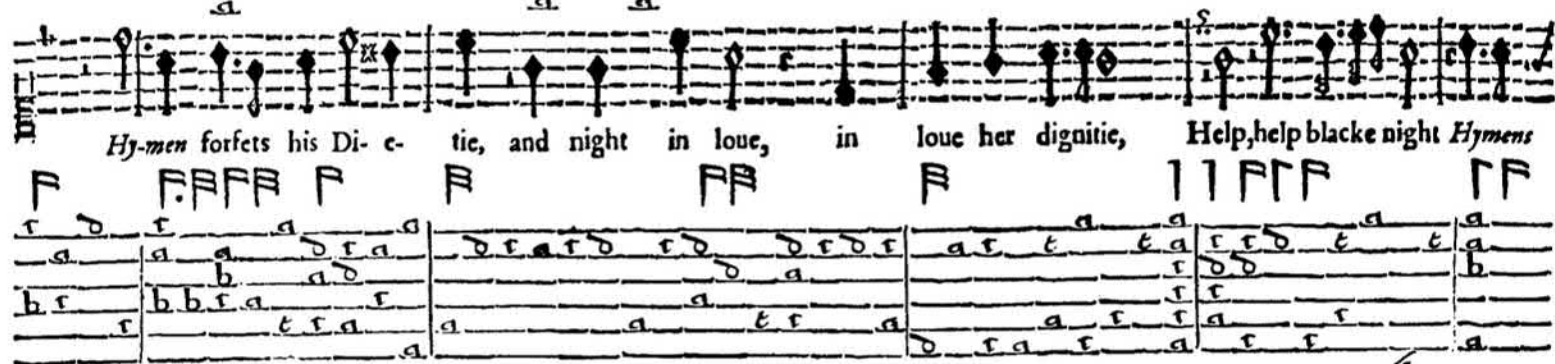
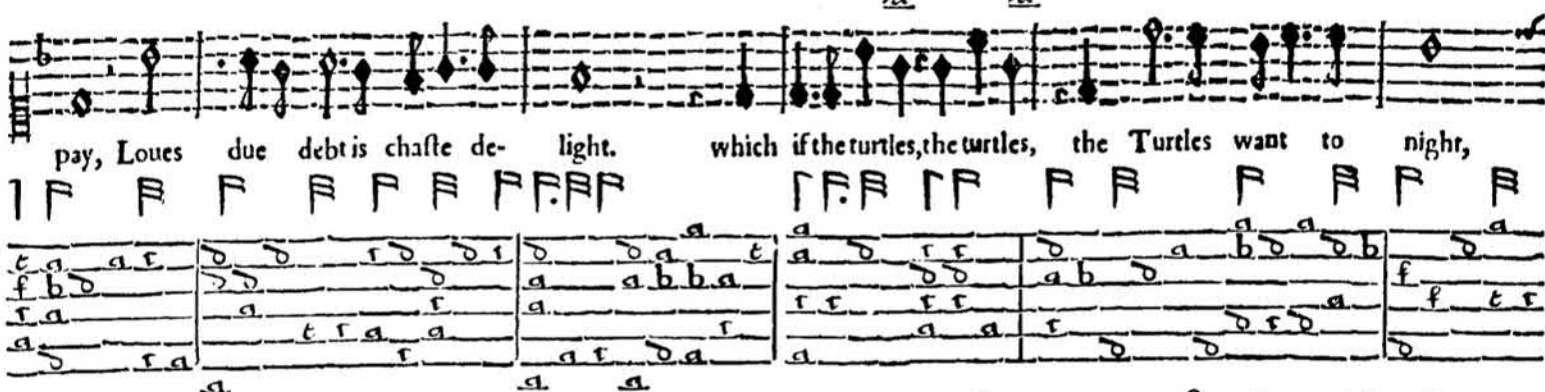


XX.

CANTUS primus.

CANTUS secundus.

XX.



QUINTVS.

XX

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen, myne of trea- sures more diuine,

what di-e-tie is like to thee, that free- est from mor- ta-li- tie?

BASSVS.

XX.

Chorus.

Hymen, O

Hymen, myne of treasures more di- uine, what

di- e- tie is like, is like to thee, that free- est from

mor- ta- li- tie?

Stay (happy paire) stay but a while,
Hymen comes not, loue to beguile,
These sports are alluring bailes,
And fawce are to Loues sweetest Cates:
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It heightens Loues attained blisse.
Then stay (most happie) stay a while,
Hymen comes not, Loue to beguile.

TENOR.

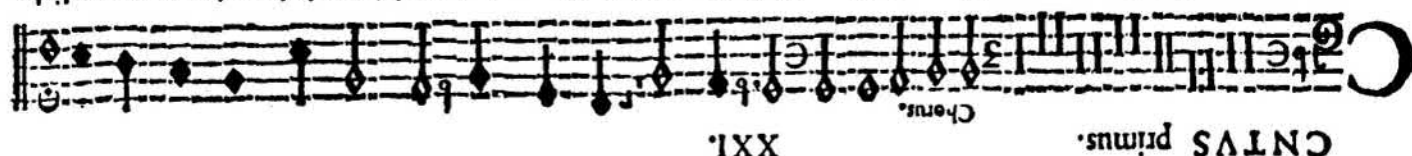
XX

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen, myne of treasures more di- uine, what di- e- tie,

what di-e-tie is like to thee, that free- est from mor- ta-li- tie?

Eafe, &c. Hymen, O Hymen, blesse this night, that Loues darke workes may come to light.



XXI.

CANTUS primus.

CANTUS secundus.

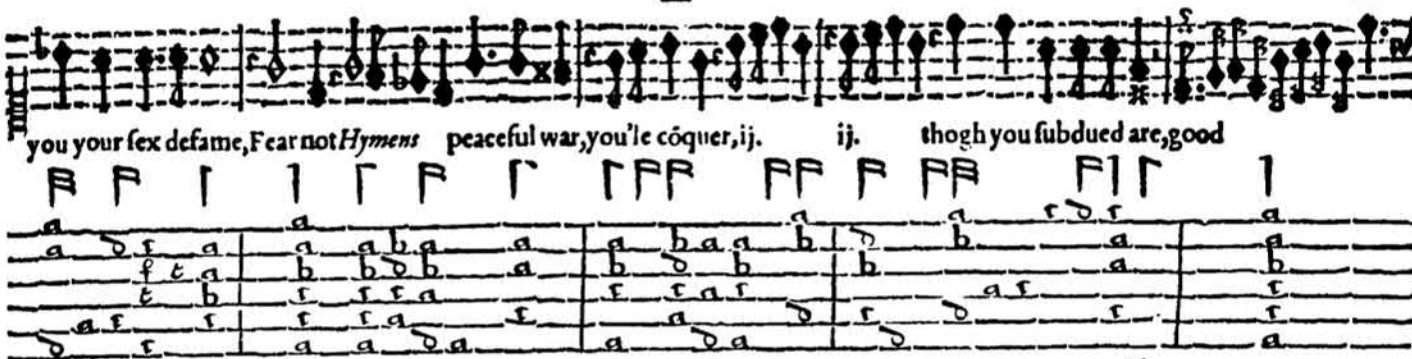
XXI.



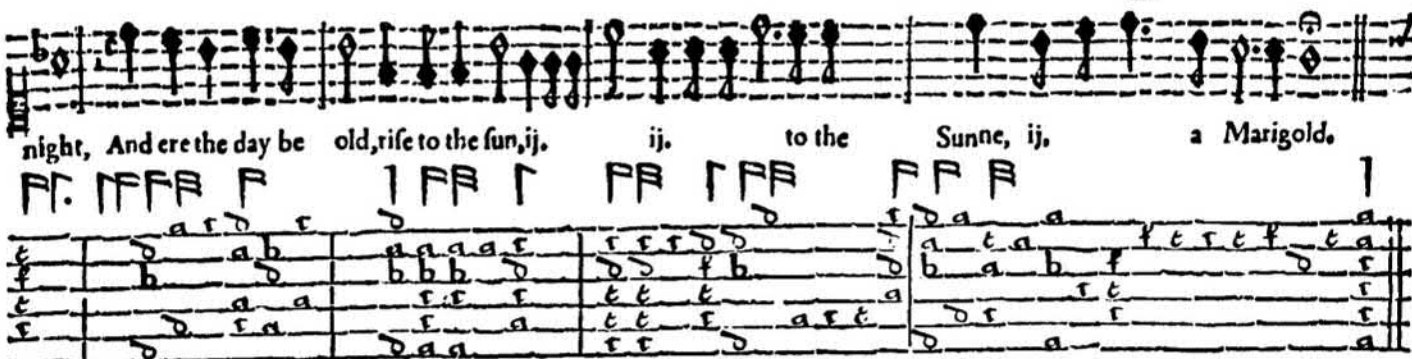
Eafe, cease, cease these false sports, Haft, haft, haft away, Loue's made a trewant by your stay, Good, night,



good night yet virgin, virgin Bride; but looke ere day, ij. ere day be spide, You change that fruitlesse name, least



you your sex defame, Fear not Hymens peaceful war, you'le coquer, ij. ij. thogh you subdued are, good



night, And ere the day be old, rise to the sun, ij. ij. to the Sunne, ij. a Marigold.



Hymen, O Hymen, blesse this night, this night, blesse this night, that Loues darke workes may come, may come to light.

QUINTUS.

Eafe thefe falfe.

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, that Loues
darke workes, ij. Loues darke workes may come to light.

XXI.

BASSVS.

XXI.

Eafe thefe falfe sports

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, that
Loues darke workes, ij. Loues darke, workes darke
workes may come to light.

TENOR.

XXI

Eafe thefe falfe sports,

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, this night, that Loues
darke workes, Loues darke workes, that Loues darke workes may come to light.

XXII.

Galliard to
Lachrima.

Handwritten musical score for 'Galliard to Lachrima'. The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Above the staves, there are several groups of letters (A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z) and some numbers, which appear to be a form of shorthand or a key signature. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The final measure of the last staff is marked with a double bar line and the word 'FINIS'.

FINIS.



DOWLAND J. - A PILGRIMES SOLACE



REF FOUR:
PF195

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