

I. Farewell too fair

Voice

Fare - - well too fair, too chaste, but too too cru - el,

Guitar at pitch

Lute

Dis - cre - tion nev - er qench - ed fire with swords:

Why — hast thou made my heart thine an - ger's fu - el,

And now would kill my pas - - sions with thy words.

This is proud Beau - ty's true a - na - to - my, If that se -

cure se - vere in se - - cre - cy, Fare - well, fare-well.

1

Farewell too fair, too chaste, but too too cruel,
 Discretion never quenched fire with swords:
 Why hast thou made my heart thine anger's fuel,
 And now would kill my passions with thy words.
 This is proud Beauty's true anatomy,
 If that secure severe in secrecy,
 Farewell, farewell.

2

Farewell, too dear, and too too much desired,
 Unless Compassion dwelt more near thy heart:
 Love by Neglect (though constant) oft is tired,
 And forc'd from Bliss unwillingly to part.
 This is proud Beauty's true anatomy,
 If that secure severe in secrecy,
 Farewell, farewell.

II. Time stands still

Voice

Time stands still with gaz - ing on her _ face,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Stand still and gaze, for min - utes, _ hours _ and years, to her give place:

All o - ther things shall change, but she _ re - mains the same,

Till hea-vens chang - ed have their — course and Time hath — lost his — name.

Cu - pid doth hov - er up and — down blind - ed with her fair eyes,

And For-tune cap - tive at her — feet con-temn'd and — con - quer'd lies.

1

Time stands still with gazing on her face,
Stand still and gaze, for minutes, hours and years, to give her place:
All other things shall change, but she remains the same.
Till heavens changed have their course and Time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and down blinded with her fair eyes,
And Fortune captive at her feet contemn'd and conquer'd lies.

2

When Fortune, Love and Time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time, I honor will alone,
If bloodless Envy say, Duty hath no desert,
Duty replies that Envy knows herself his faithful heart,
My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove,
Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.

III. Behold a wonder here

Voice

Be - hold a won - der here Love

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

(♩ = ♩)

hath re - - ceiv'd his sight,

Which ma - ny hun - dred, hun - dred, hun - dred, years, Hath

not be - held the — light.

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

1
Behold a wonder here
Love hath reciev'd his sight,
Which many hundred years,
Hath not beheld the light.

2
Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

5
This Beauty shows her might,
To be of double kind,
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.

3
Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

4
So pow'rful is the beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As love is turn'd to duty,
That's neither blind nor bold.

IV. Daphne was not so chaste

Voice

Daph - ne was not so chaste as with she was chang - ing,
He that to - day tri - umphs with fa - vors gra - ced,

Guitar
③ to F#
⑥ to D
Capo III

Lute

1. 2.

Soon be - gun Love with hate e - strang - ing: Yet
Falls be - fore night with scorns de - fa - ced:

is thy beau - ty feign'd, and ev - 'ry - one de - sires, Still the

V. Me, me, and none but me

Voice

Me, me, and none but me, dart home O gen - tle — Death

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

And quick-ly, for I draw too — long this i - - dle breath:

O how I long till I may fly to heav'n a - bove,

Un - - - to my faith - ful, un - - - to my

faith - ful and be - lov-ed tur - - tle - dove.

1

Me, me, and none but me, dart home O gentle Death
 And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath:
 O how I long till I may fly to heav'n above,
 Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove.

2

Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing:
 And yet alive my fatal knell I help to ring.
 Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly,
 He never happy liv'd, that cannot love to die.

Then in a rage he sware, and said,

Past fif - teen none, none but one should live a maid.

1

When Phoebus first did Daphne love,
 And no means might her favor move,
 He crav'd the cause, the cause quoth she
 Is, I have vow'd virginity.
 Then in a rage he sware, and said,
 Past fifteen none, none but one should live a maid.

2

If maidens then shall chance be sped
 Ere they can scarcely dress their head,
 Yet pardon them, for they be loath
 To make good Phoebus break his oath.
 And better 'twere a child were born,
 Than that a god should be foresworn.

VII. Say Love if ever thou didst find

Voice

Say Love if ev - er thou didst find, A wo - man with a

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

con - stant mind? None but one. And what should that rare

mir - ror be, Some God - dess or some Queen is she? She, she,

she, she, she, she, and on - ly she, She on - ly Queen of love and beau - ty.

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

1

Say Love if ever thou didst find,
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one.
And what should that rare mirror be,
Some Goddess or some Queen is she?
She, she, she, and only she,
She only Queen of love and beauty.

2

But could thy fiery poison'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near
She is not subject to Love's bow,
Her eye commands, her heart saith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another still doth follow.

3

How might I that fair wonder know,
That mocks desire with endless no?
See the Moon
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so;
So, so, so, and only so,
From heav'n her virtues she doth borrow.

4

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,
That can command affections so:
Love is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no Queen of love but she,
She, she, she, and only she,
She only Queen of love and beauty.

VIII. Flow not so fast ye fountains

Voice

Flow not so fast ye foun - tains, What need - eth all this haste?
Swell not a - bove your moun - tains, Nor spend your time in waste.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Gen - tle springs, gen - tle springs fresh - ly your salt tears

Must still fall drop - ping, must still fall

drop - - ing drop - - ing, drop - - ing, drop - - ing,

fall drop - - ing from their spheres.

a b c d a b c d a b c d

a b c d a b c d a b c d

a b c d a b c d a b c d

1

Flow not so fast ye fountains,
What needeth all this haste?
Swell not above your mountains,
Nor spend your time in waste.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

2

Weep they apace, whom Reason,
Or ling'ring time can ease:
My sorrow can no season,
Nor aught besides appease
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

3

Time can abate the terror
Of every common pain,
But common grief is error,
True grief will still remain.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

IX. What if I never speed?

Voice

What if I nev - er speed? Shall I straight yield to de - spair, And
Or shall I change my love? For I find pow'r to de - part, And

Guitar
(3) to F#
Capo III

Lute

still on sor - row feed That — can no loss re - pair?
in my rea - son prove I — can com - mand my heart.

But if she will pi-ty my de-sire, and my love re - quite, Then ev - er shall she

live my dear de - light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de -

sire thee. Come, come, come, for ei - ther I will love or ad - mire thee.

1

What if I never speed?
 Shall I straight yield to despair,
 And still on sorrow feed
 That can no loss repair?
 Or shall I change my love?
 For I find pow'r to depart,
 And in my reason prove
 I can command my heart.

But if she will pity my desire, and my love requite,
 Then ever shall she live my dear delight.
 Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee.
 Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

2

Oft have I dream'd of joy,
 Yet I never felt the sweet,
 But tired with annoy,
 My griefs each other greet.
 Oft have I left my hope,
 As a wretch by fate forlorn,
 But Love aims at one scope,
 And lost will still return.

He that once loves with a true desire never can depart,
 For Cupid is the king of every heart.
 Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee.
 Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

X. Love stood amaz'd

Voice

Love stood a - maz'd at sweet Beau - - ty's pain:

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Love would have said that all ____ was but vain, And Gods but half di - vine.

But when Love saw that Beau - ty would die: He all a - ghist, to

heav'n's — did — cry, O gods, O gods, what wrong is mine?

1

Love stood amaz'd at sweet Beauty's pain:
 Love would have said that all was but vain,
 And God but half divine.
 But when Love saw that Beauty would die:
 He all aghast, to heav'n's did cry,
 O gods, what wrong is mine?

2

Then his tears bred in thoughts of salt brine,
 Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine
 Expell'd by rage of fire:
 Yet in such wise as anguish affords,
 He did express in these his last words
 His infinite desire.

3

Are you fled, fair? where are now those eyes,
 Eyes but too fair, evied by the skies,
 You angry gods do know,
 With guiltless blood your sceptres you stain,
 On poor true hearts like tyrants you reign:
 Unjust why do you so?

4

Are you false gods? why then do you reign?
 Are you just gods? why then have you slain
 The life of Love on earth.
 Beauty, now thy face lives in the skies,
 Beauty, now let me live in thine eyes,
 Where bliss felt never death.

5

Then from high rock, the rock of despair,
 He falls, in hope to smother in the air,
 Or else on stones to burst,
 Or on cold waves to spend his last breath,
 Or his strange life to end by strange death,
 But Fate forbid the worst.

6

With pity mov'd the gods then change Love
 To Phoenix shape, yet cannot remove
 His wonted property,
 He loves the sun because it is fair,
 Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air,
 And would, but cannot die.

XI. Lend your ears to my sorrow

Voice

Lend your ears _____ to my sor - - - row
 For no eyes _____ will I bor - - - row

Guitar
 ③ to F#
 Capo III

Lute

Good peo - ple that have a - ny pi - ty: Chant _____ then my voice though
 Mine own shall grace my dole - ful dit - ty:

rude like to my rhym - ing, And tell forth my grief which here in

(d. = d.) (d. = d.)

sad de - spair Can find no ease _____ of tor - ment - - ing.

1

Lend your ears to my sorrow
 Good people that have any pity:
 For no eyes will I borrow
 Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty:
 Chant then my voice though rude like to my rhyming,
 And tell forth my grief which here in sad despair
 Can find no ease of tormenting.

2

Once I liv'd, once I knew delight,
 No grief did shadow then my pleasure:
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with Beauty's sight,
 I joy'd alone true heav'nly treasure,
 O what a heaven is love firmly embraced,
 Such pow'r alone can fix delight
 In Fortune's bosom ever placed.

3

Cold as ice frozen is that heart,
 Where thought of love could no time enter:
 Such of life reap the poorest part
 Whose weight cleaves to this earthly center,
 Mutual joys in hearts truly united
 Do earth to heav'nly state convert
 Like heav'n still in itself delighted.