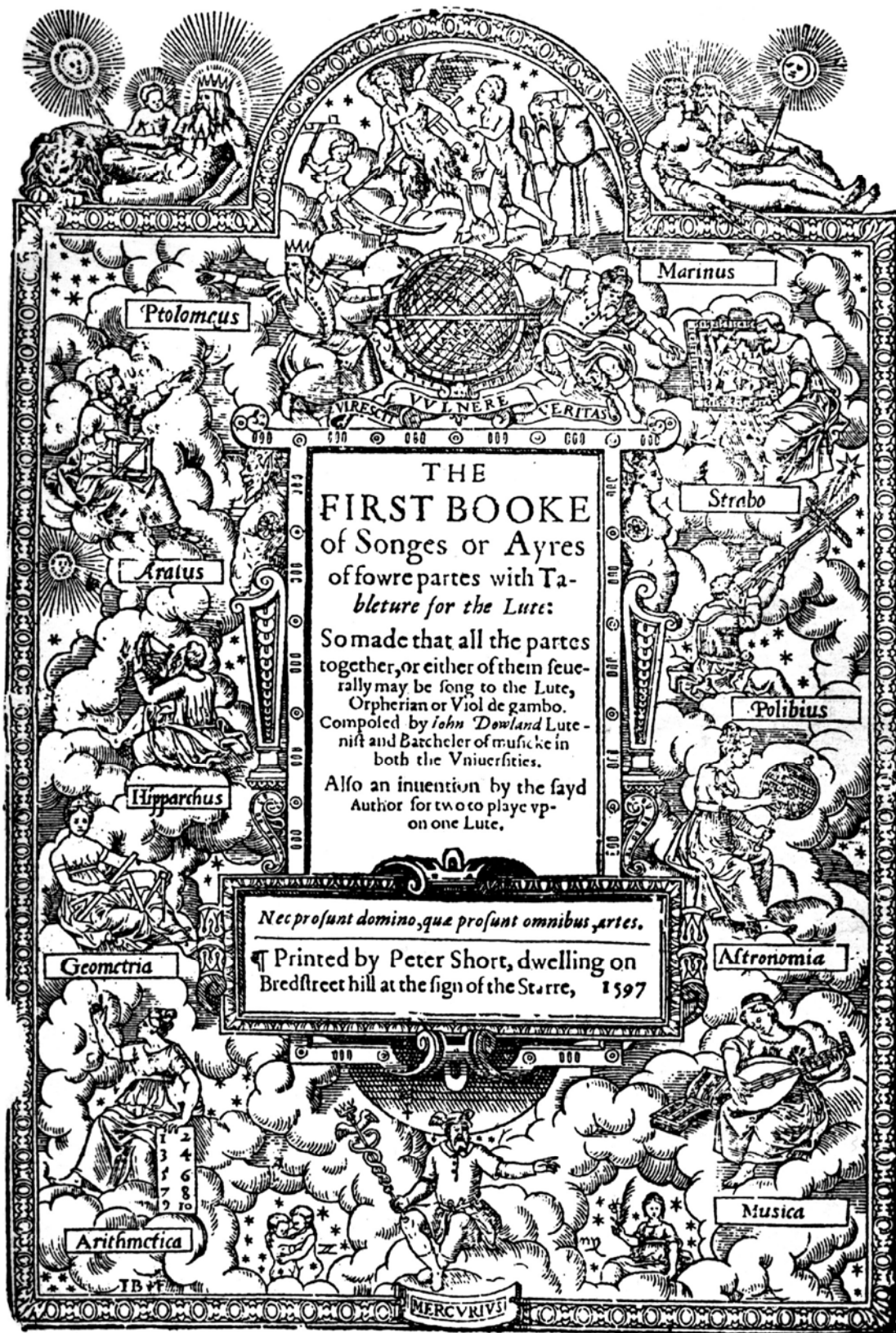


# John Dowland

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES



Ausgabe für Klavier und hohe Stimme



Notenedition GanzOhr


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# UNQUIET THOUGHTS

John Dowland

Gesang

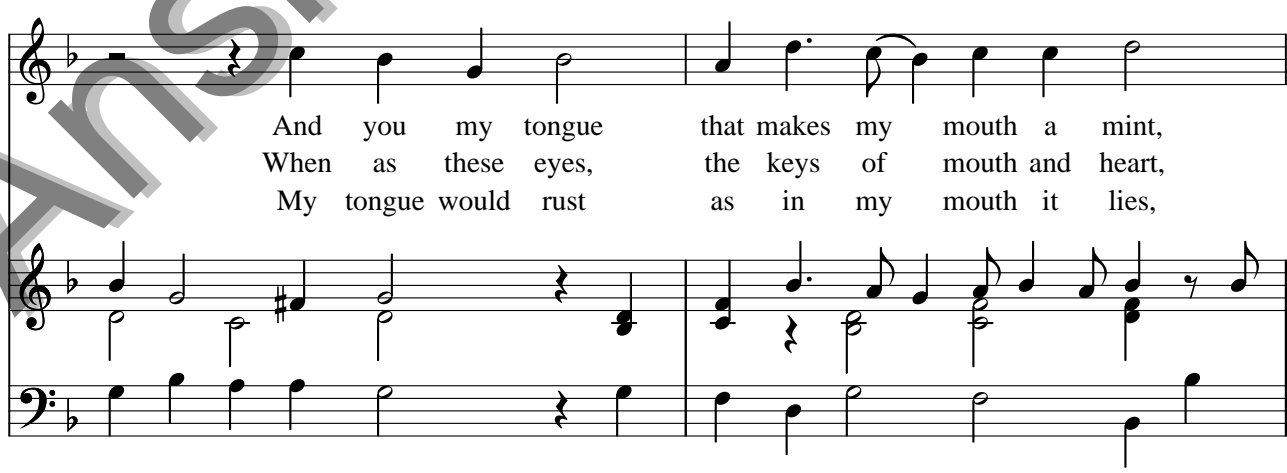


1. Un - qui - et thoughts, your ci - vil slaugh - ter  
2. But what can stay my thoughts they may not  
3. How shall I then gaze on my mis - tress'

Klavier



stint, An wrap your wrongs with - in a pen - sive heart:  
start, Or put my tongue in dur - ance for to die?  
eyes? My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.



And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,  
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,  
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,

And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,  
 O - pen the lock where all my love doth lie;  
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.

Be still for if you ev - er do the like, I'll  
 I'll seal them up with - in their lids for ever: So  
 Speak then and tell the pass - ions of de - sire; Which

cut the string, I'll cut the string that makes the ham - mer strike. strike.  
 thoughts, and words, so thoughts, and words and looks shall die to - gether. gether.  
 turns my eyes, which turn my eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire. fire.

1. 2.

# IF MY COMPLAINTS COULD PASSIONS MOVE

[Captain Digorie Pipers Galliard]

John Dowland

Gesang



1. If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons move,  
My pas - sions were e - nough to prove,

2. Can Love be rich and yet I want?  
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost skant:

Klavier

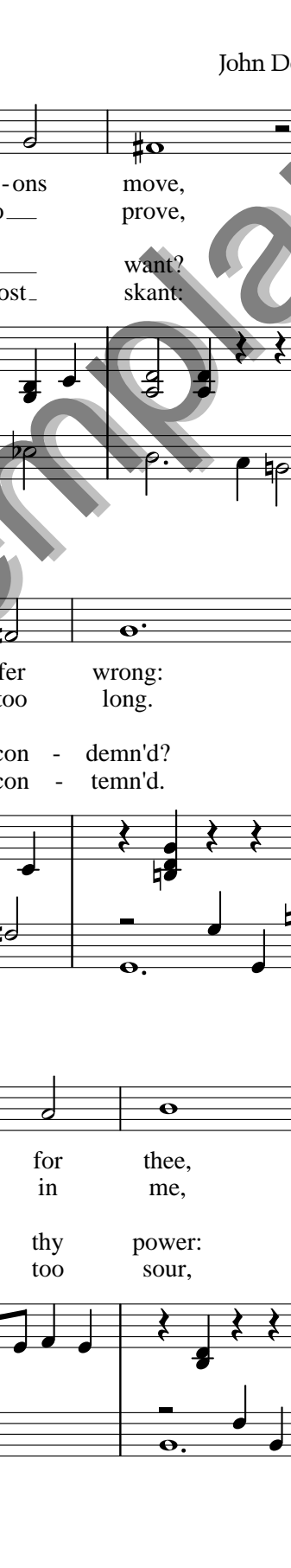
or make Love see where - in I suf - fer wrong:  
That my de - spairs had go - vern'd me too long.

Is Love my judge, and yet I am con - demn'd?  
Thou made a God, and yet thy power con - temn'd.



1. O Love I live and die for thee,  
Thy wound do fresh - ly bleed in me,

2. That I do love that is thy power:  
If Love does make men's lives too sour,



Thy grief in my deep sighs still speak:  
 My heart for thy un-kind - ness breaks:  
 That I de - sire that is thy worth  
 Let me not love, nor live hence - forth.

1. Yet thou dost hope when I des - paire,  
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair,  
 2. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,  
 May here de - spair, which tru - ly saith,


And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.  
 Yet for re - dress, thou let'st me still com - plain.  
 That you that of my fall may hear - ers be  
 I was more true to Love than Love to me.

# COME AWAY, COME SWEET LOVE

John Dowland

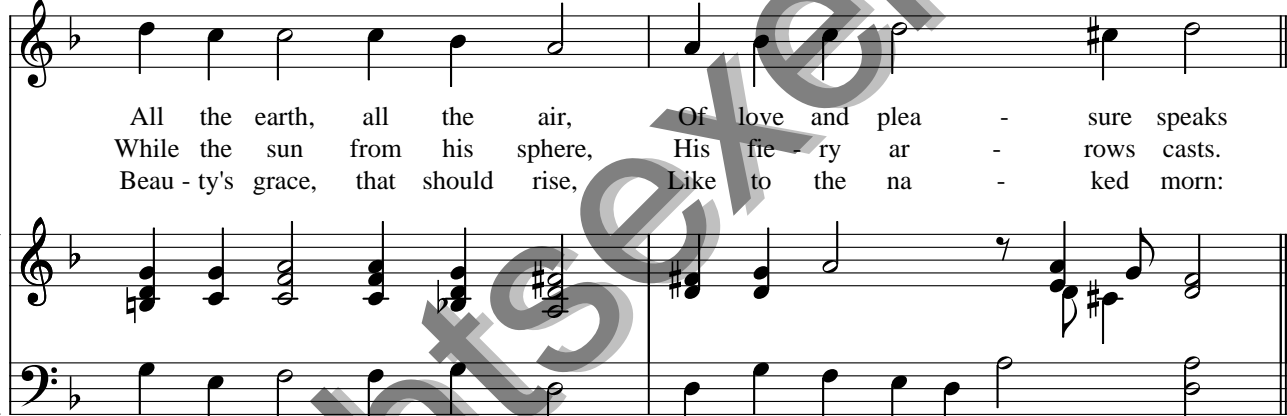
[Not fast]

Gesang



1. Come a - way, come sweet love, The gol - den mor - ning breaks.  
2. Come a - way, come sweet love, The gol - den mor - ning wastes  
3. Come a - way, come sweet love, Do not in vain a - dorn

Klavier



All the earth, all the air, Of love and plea - sure speaks  
While the sun from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - rows casts.  
Beau - ty's grace, that should rise, Like to the na - ked morn:



1. Teach thine arms then to em - brace, And sweet ro - -  
Eyes were made for beau - ty's grace Vie - wing, — rue - -  
2. Ma - king all the sha - dows fly Play - ing, — stay - -  
Thi - ther sweet love let us hie, Fly - ing, — Dy - -  
3. Lil - lies on the ri - ver's side. And fair — cy - -  
Or - na - ment is nurse of pride, Plea - sure, — Mea - -

# COME AGAIN: SWEET LOVE DOTH NOW INVITE

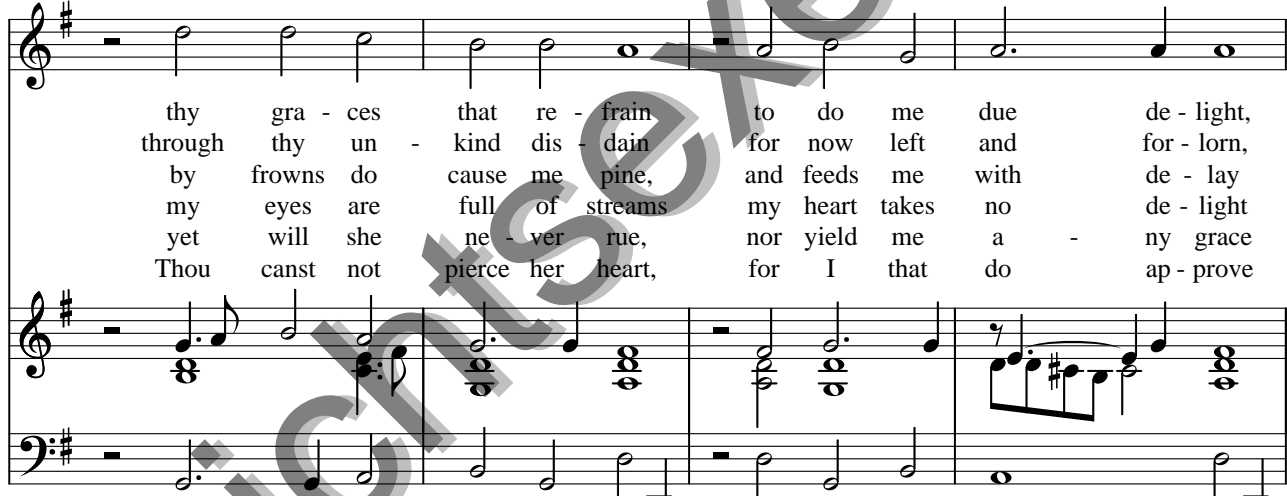
John Dowland

Gesang




1. Come a - gain sweet love doth now in - vite,  
2. Come a - gain that I may cease to mourn  
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine  
4. All the night my sleep are full of dreams  
5. Out a - las my faith is e - ver true  
6. Gen - tle love draw forth thou woun - ding dart

Klavier



thy gra - ces that re - frain to do me due de - light,  
through thy un - kind dis - dain for now left and for - lorn,  
by frowns do cause me pine, and feeds me with de - lay  
my eyes are full of streams my heart takes no de - light  
yet will she ne - ver rue, nor yield me a - ny grace  
Thou canst not pierce her heart, for I that do ap - prove



To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, \_\_\_\_\_  
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die \_\_\_\_\_  
Her smiles my springs, that makes me joy to grow \_\_\_\_\_  
To see the fruits and joys that some do find \_\_\_\_\_  
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made \_\_\_\_\_  
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts \_\_\_\_\_