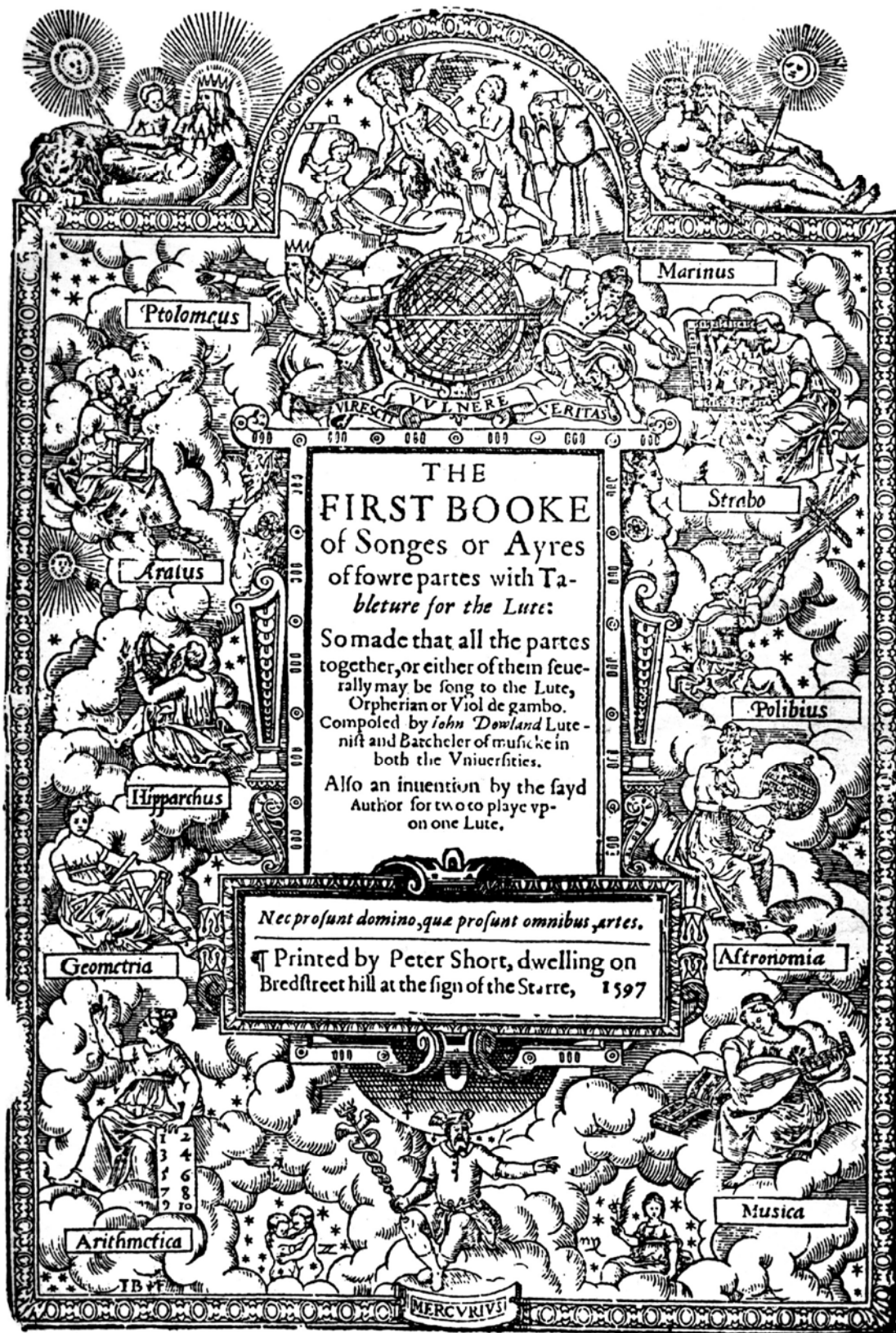


# John Dowland

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES



Ausgabe für Klavier und mittlere Stimme



Notenedition GanzOhr

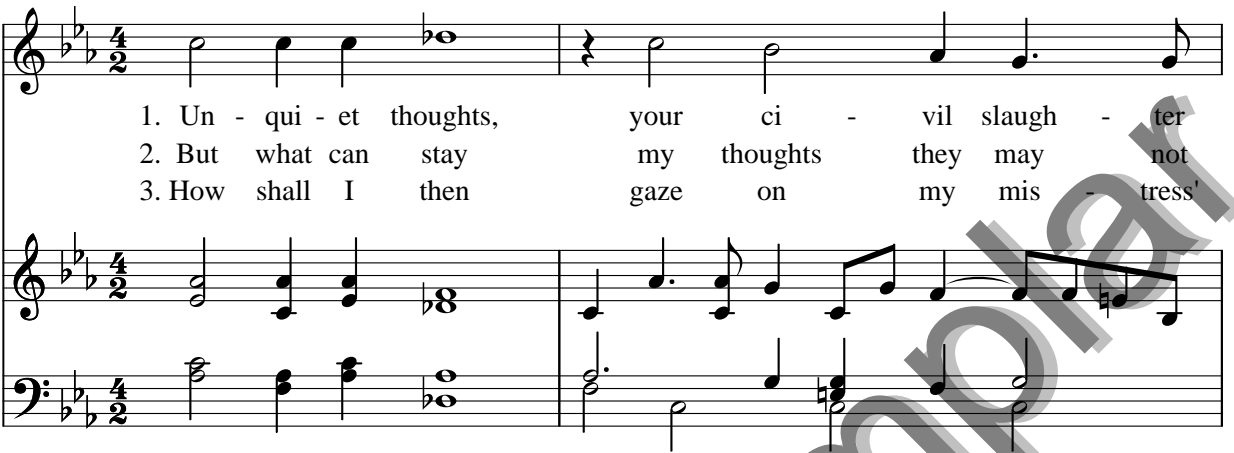
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# UNQUIET THOUGHTS

John Dowland

Gesang

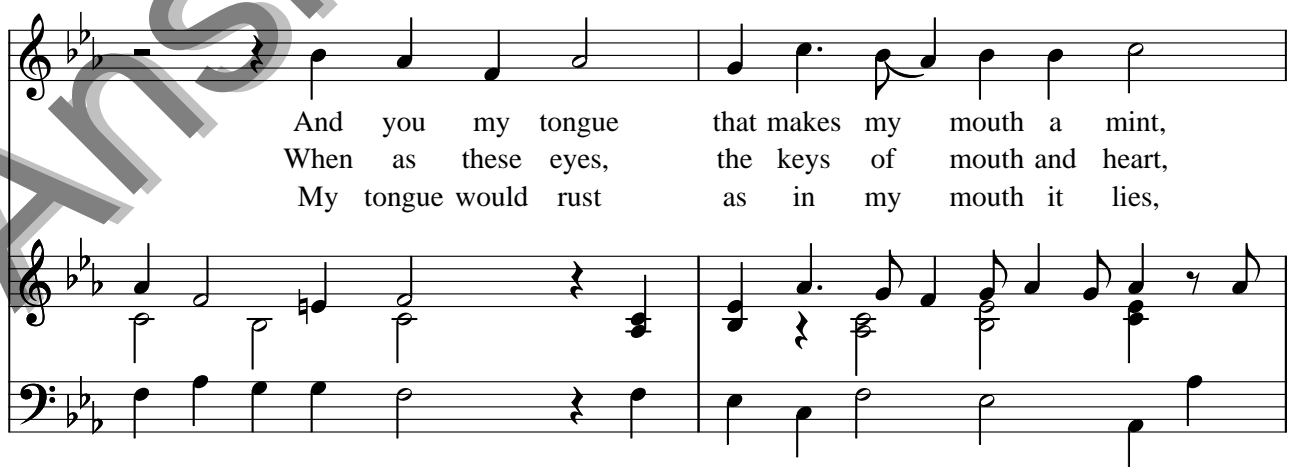


1. Un - qui - et thoughts, your ci - vil slaugh - ter  
2. But what can stay my thoughts they may not  
3. How shall I then gaze on my mis - tress!

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

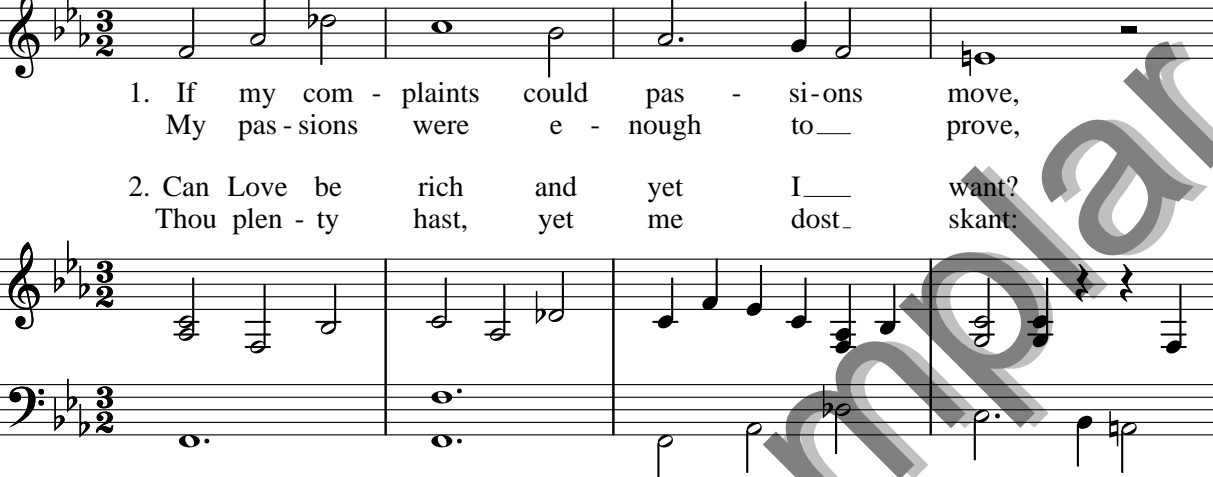
cut the string, I'll cut the string that makes the ham - mer strike. strike.  
 thoughts, and words, so thoughts, and words and looks shall die to - gether. gether.  
 turns my eyes, which turn my eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire. fire.

# IF MY COMPLAITS 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,

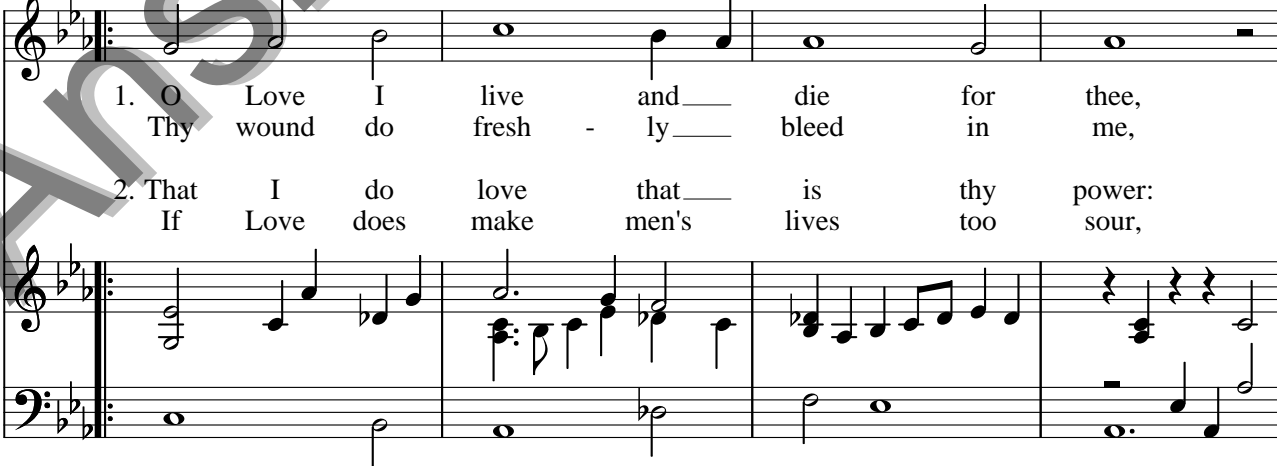
2. Can Love be rich and yet I want?  
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost skant:

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 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

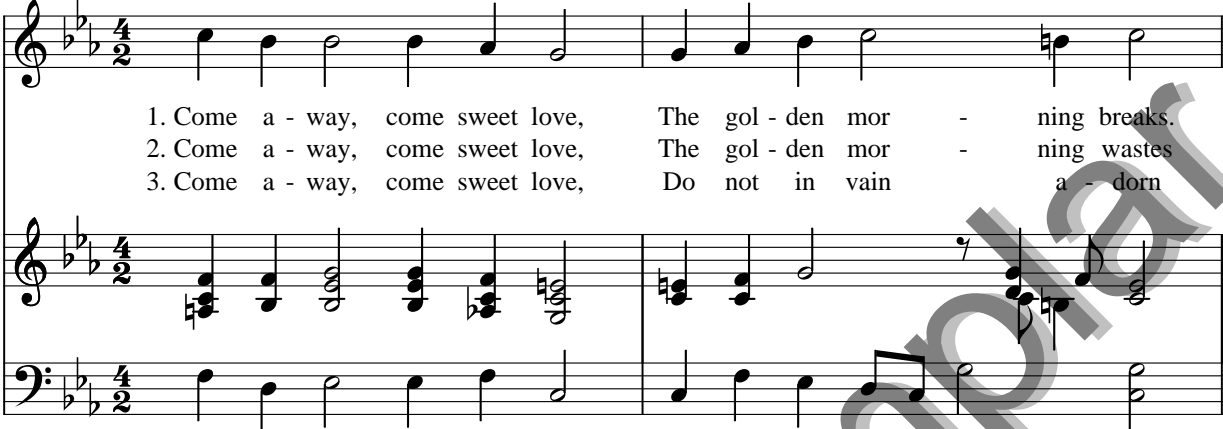
To see,    to hear,    to touch,    to kiss,    to die, \_\_\_\_\_  
 I sit,    I sigh,    I weep,    I faint,    I die \_\_\_\_\_  
 Her smiles    my springs,    that makes    me joy    to grow \_\_\_\_\_  
 To see    the fruits    and joys    that some    do find \_\_\_\_\_  
 Her eyes    of fire,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

# COME AWAY, COME SWEET LOVE

[Not fast]

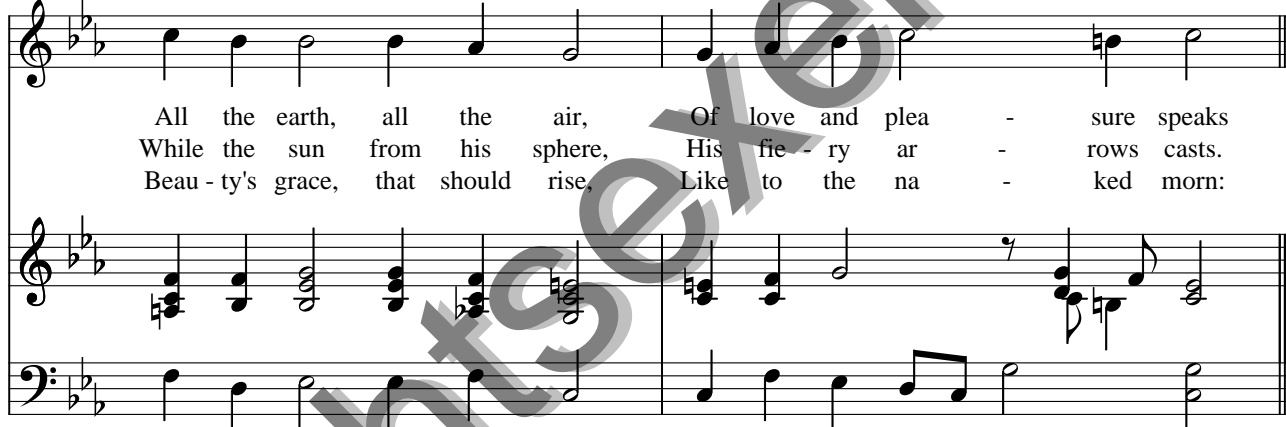
John Dowland

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 - -