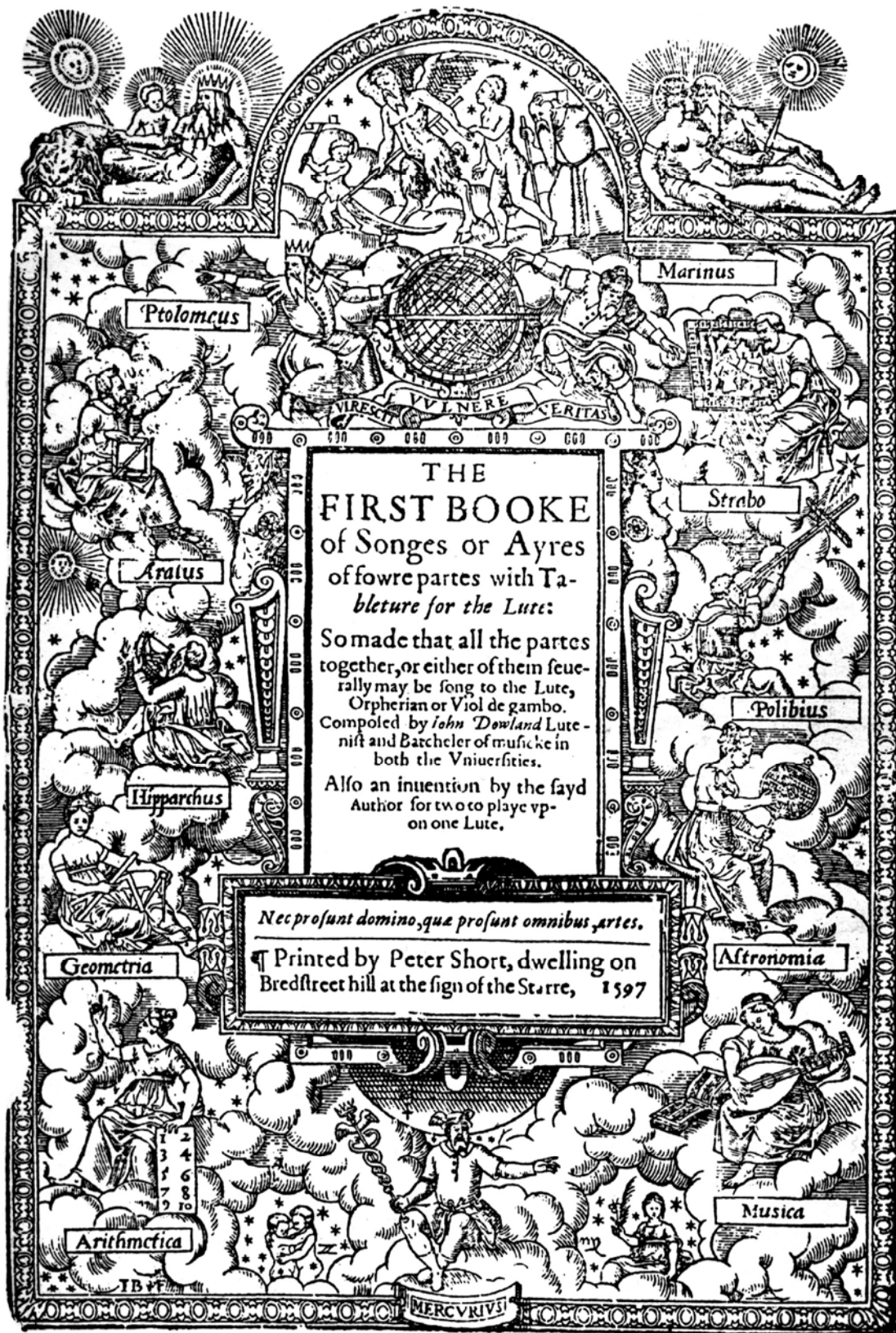


John Dowland

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES



Ausgabe für Klavier und sehr tiefe Stimme



Notenedition GanzOhr

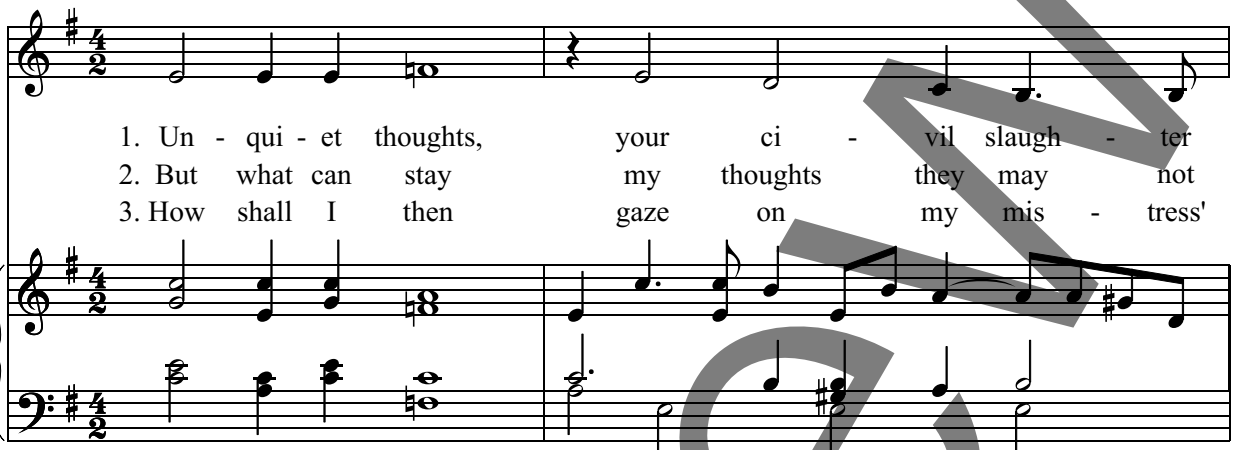
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UNQUIET THOUGHTS

John Dowland

Gesang

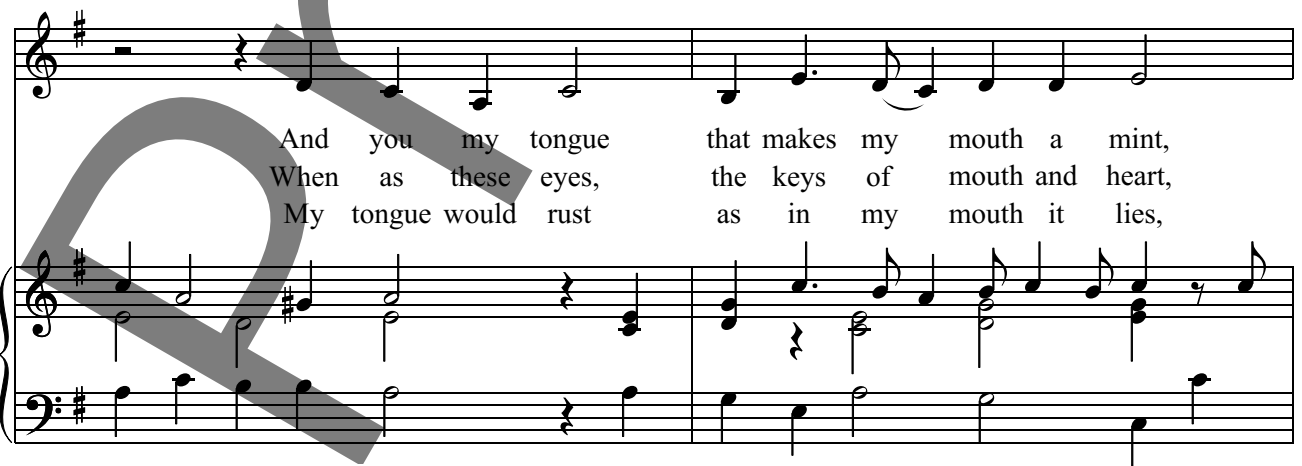


1. Un - qui - et thoughts, your ci - vil slaugh - ter
2. But what can stay my thoughts they may not
3. How shall I then gaze on my mis - tress'

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.

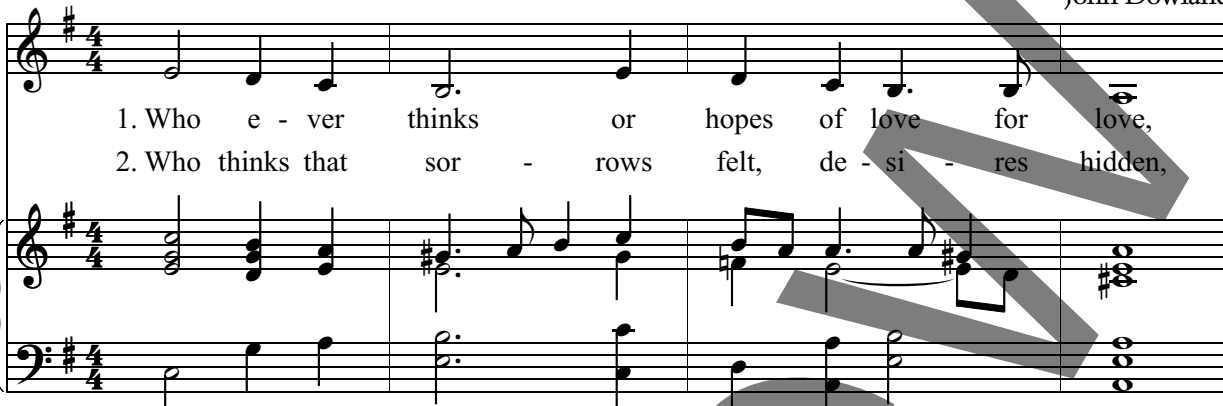


And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,

WHO EVER THINKS OR HOPES OF LOVE

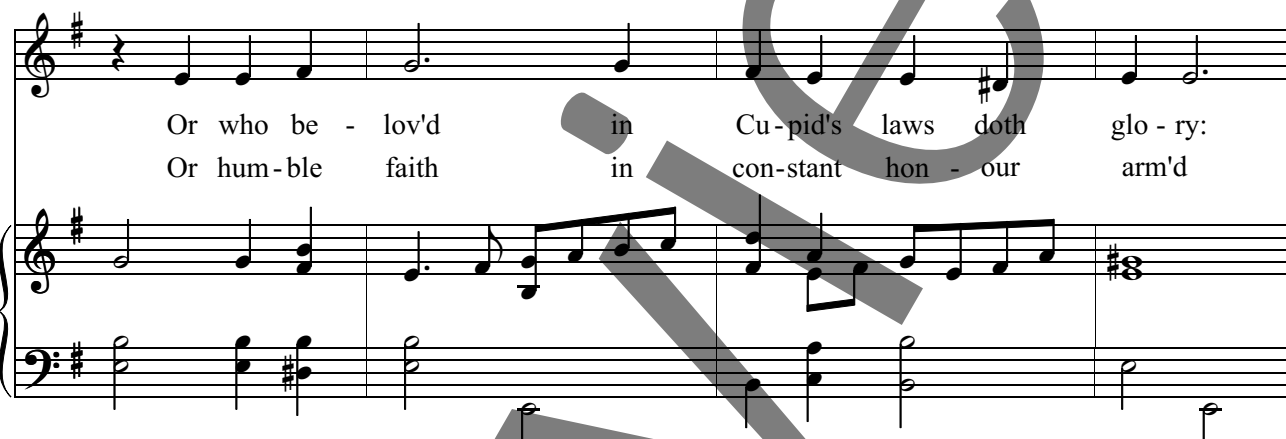
John Dowland

Gesang

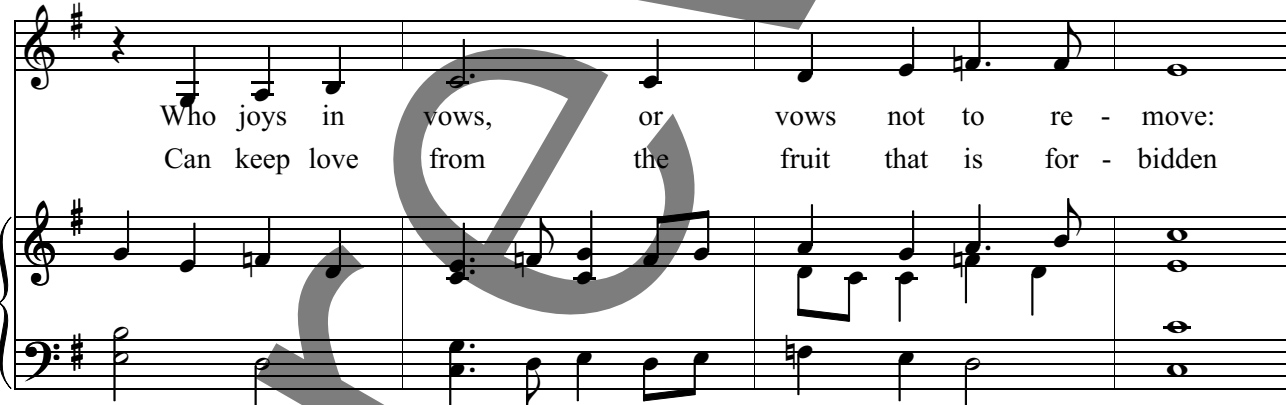


1. Who e - ver thinks or hopes of love for love,
2. Who thinks that sor - rows felt, de - si - res hidden,

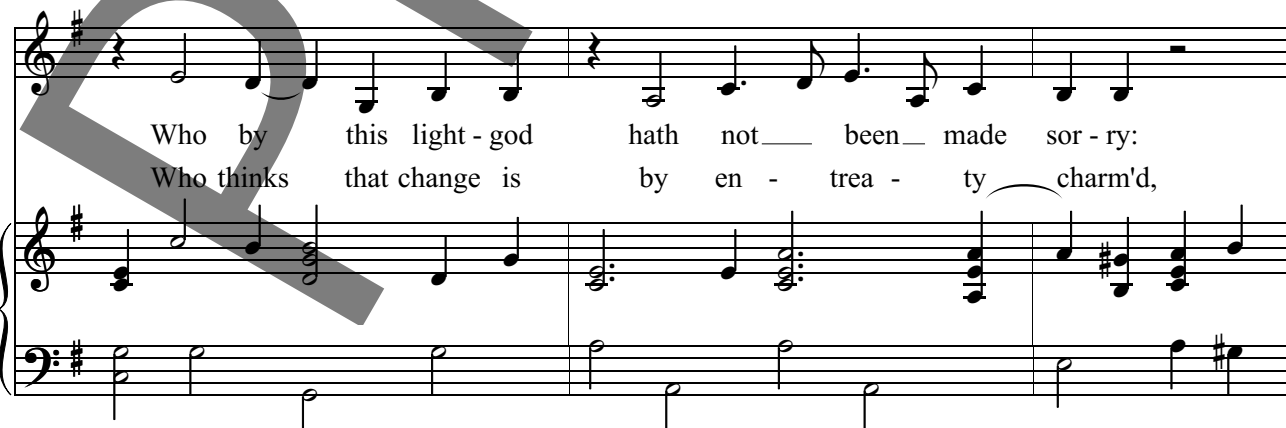
Klavier



Or who be - lov'd in Cu-pid's laws doth glo - ry:
Or hum-ble faith in con-stant hon - our arm'd



Who joys in vows, or vows not to re - move:
Can keep love from the fruit that is for - bidden



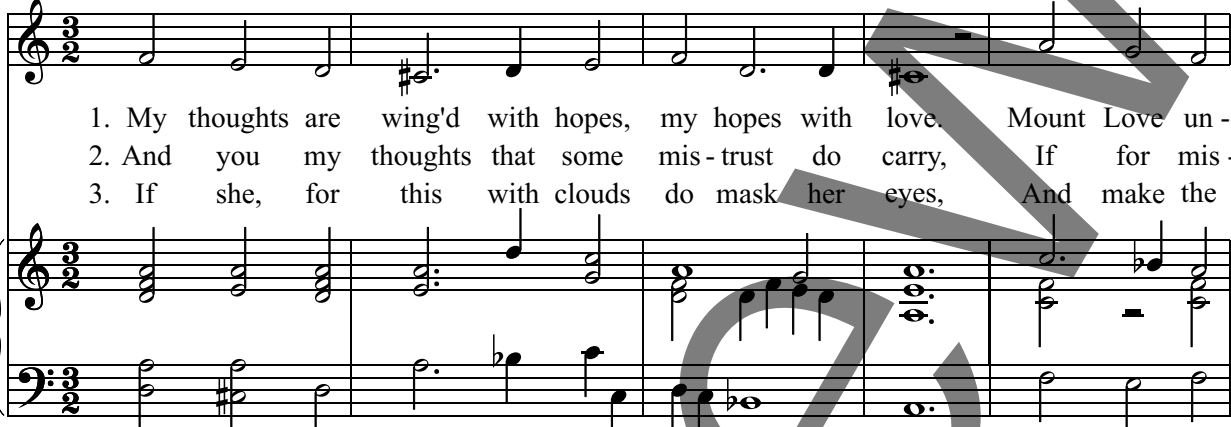
Who by this light - god hath not been made sor - ry:
Who thinks that change is by en - trea - ty charm'd,

MY THOUGHTS ARE WING'D WITH HOPES

[Sir John Souch's Galliard]

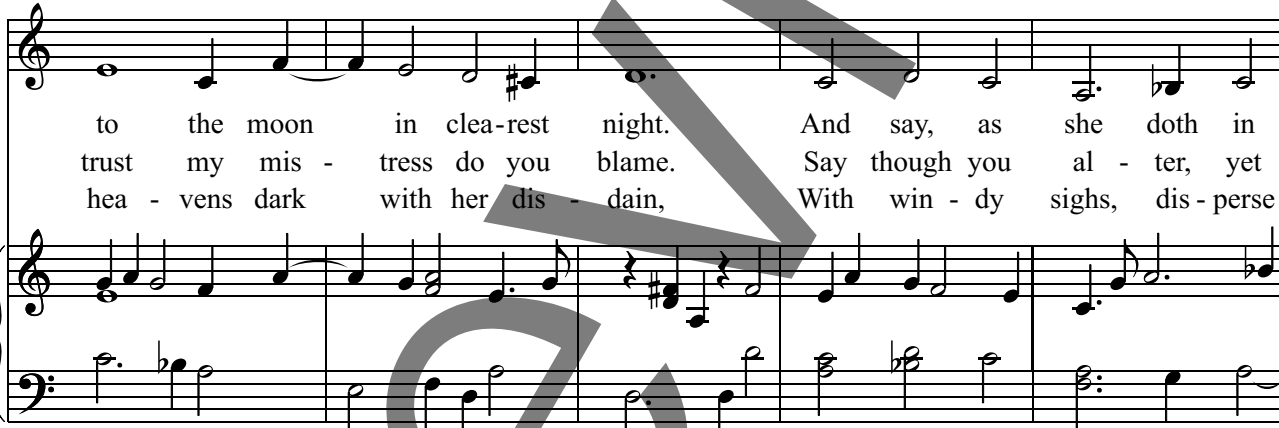
John Dowland

Gesang



1. My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount Love un-
2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do carry, If for mis-
3. If she, for this with clouds do mask her eyes, And make the

Klavier



to the moon in clea-rest night. And say, as she doth in
trust my mis-tress do you blame. Say though you al-ter, yet
hea-vens dark with her dis-dain, With win-dy sighs, dis-perse



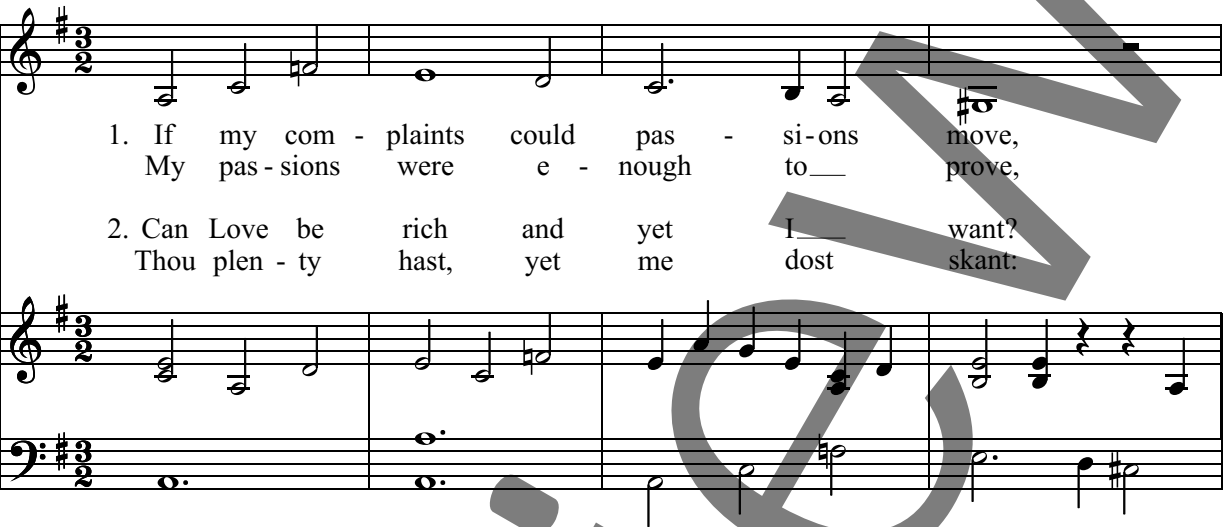
the hea-vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-eth my de-lights:
you do not vary, As she doth change, and yet re-main the same:
them in the skies, or with thy tears dis-solve them in-to rain;

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,



CAN SHE EXCUSE MY WRONGS?

John Dowland

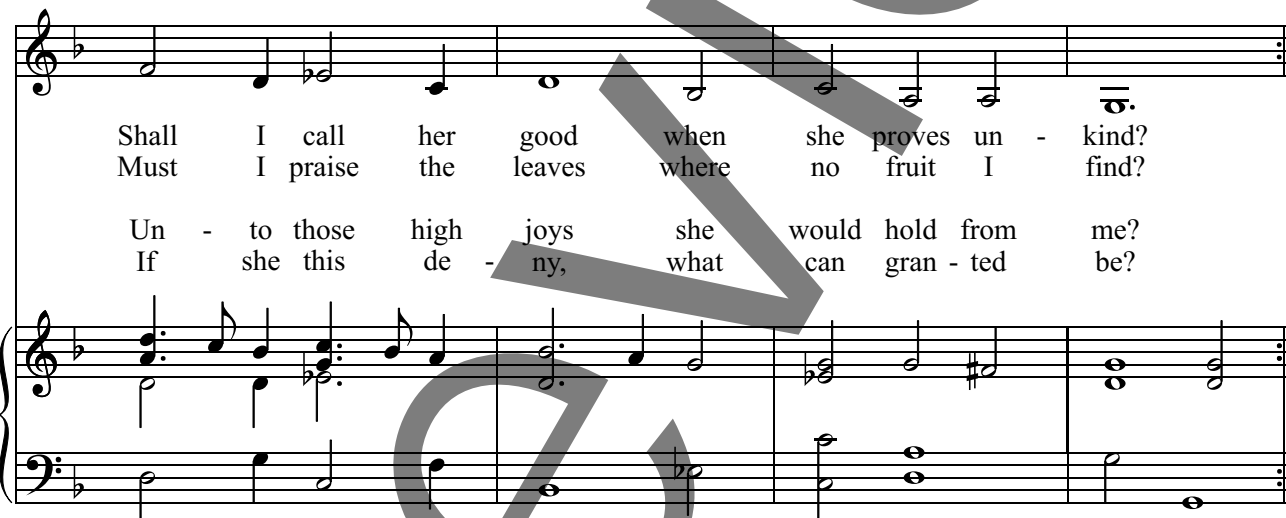
Gesang



1. Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with Vir - tue's cloak?
Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke?

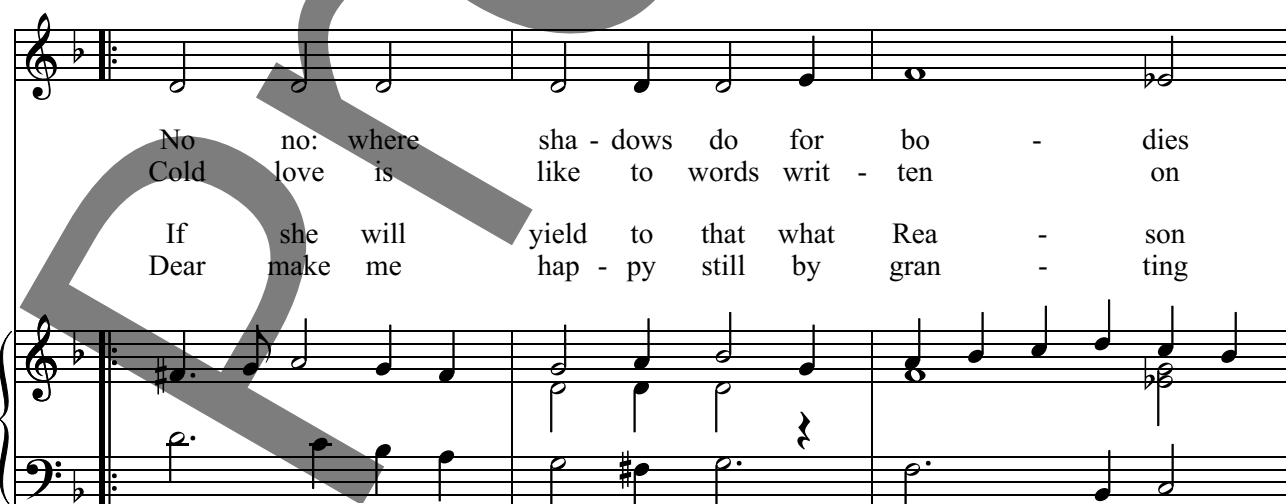
2. Was I so base that I might not a - spire
As they are high so high is my de - sire:

Klavier



Shall I call her good when she proves un - kind?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

Un - to those high joys she would hold from me?
If she this de - ny, what can gran - ted be?



No no: where sha - dows do for bo - dies
Cold love is like to words writ - ten on

If she will yield to that what Rea - son
Dear make me hap - py still by gran - ting

NOW, O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

[The 'Frog' Galliard]

John Dowland

Gesang

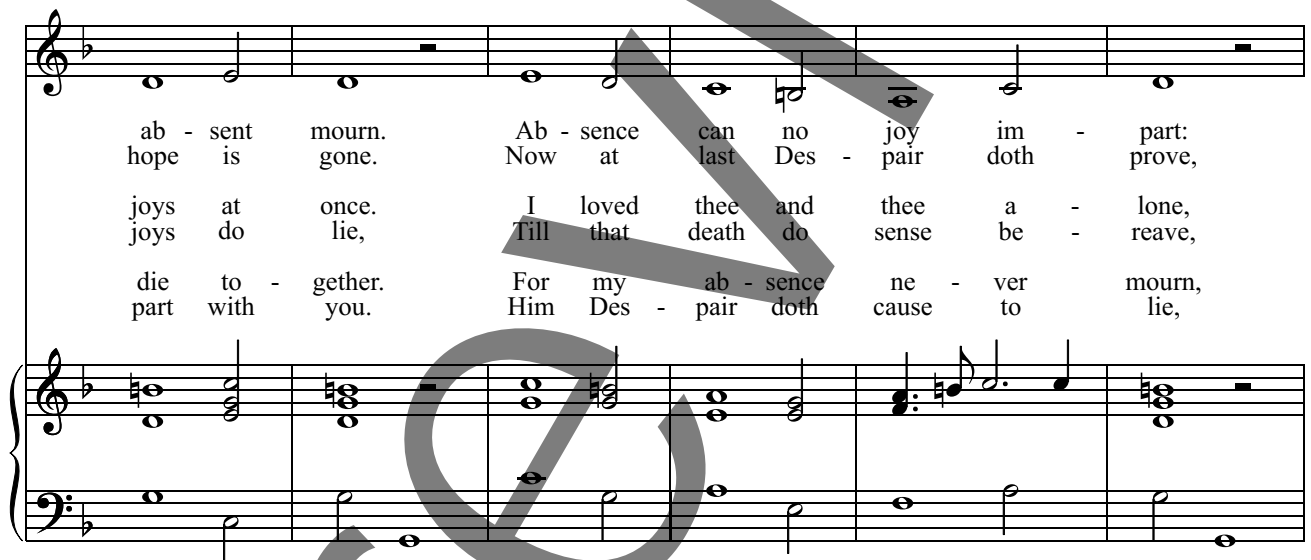


1. Now, o now, I needs must part, Par - ting though I
While I live I needs must love, Love lives not when

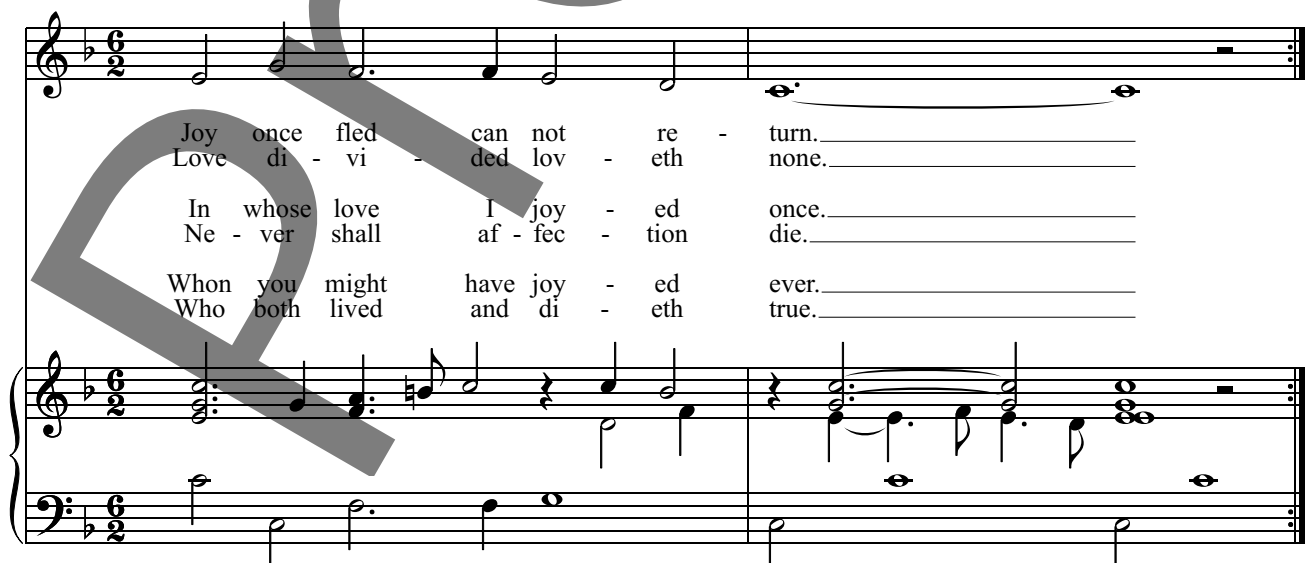
2. Dear, when I am from thee gone, Gone are all my
And al - though your sight I leave, Sight where - in my

3. Dear, if I do not re - turn, Love and I shall
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to

Klavier



ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
hope is gone. Now at last Des - pair doth prove,
joys at once. I loved thee and thee a - lone,
joys do lie, Till that death do sense be - reave,
die to - gether. For my ab - sence ne - ver mourn,
part with you. Him Des - pair doth cause to lie,



Joy once fled can not re - turn. _____
Love di - vi - ded lov - eth none. _____

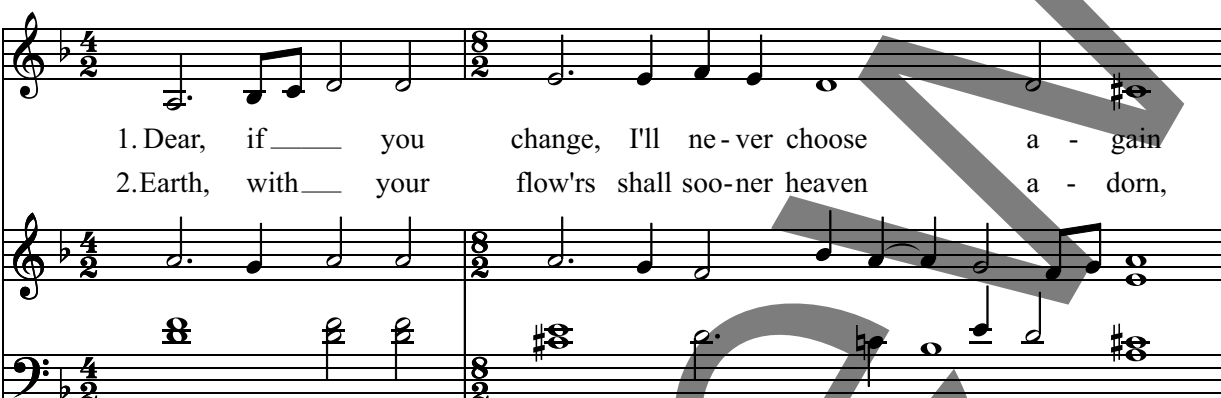
In whose love shall I joy - ed once. _____
Ne - ver shall af - fec - tion die. _____

Whon you might have joy - ed ever. _____
Who both lived and di - eth true. _____

DEAR, IF YOU CHANGE

John Dowland

Gesang



1. Dear, if ___ you change, I'll ne-ver choose a - gain
2. Earth, with ___ your flow'rs shall soo-ner heaven a - dorn,

Klavier



Sweet, if you shrink, I'll ne - ver think of love.
Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move,




Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beau - ty vain.
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born,

BURST FORTH MY TEARS

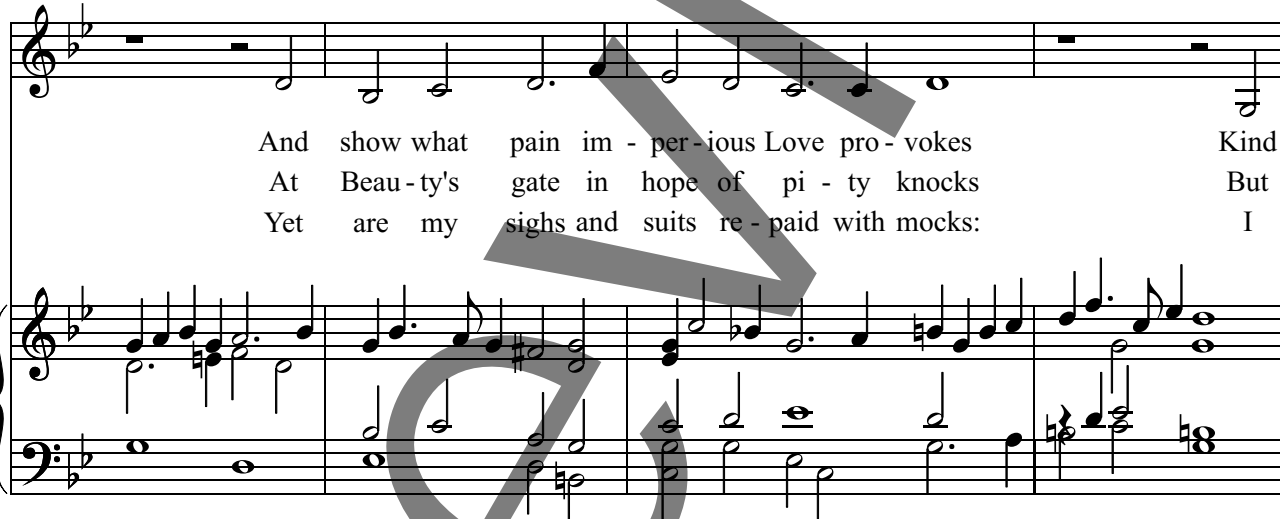
John Dowland

Gesang

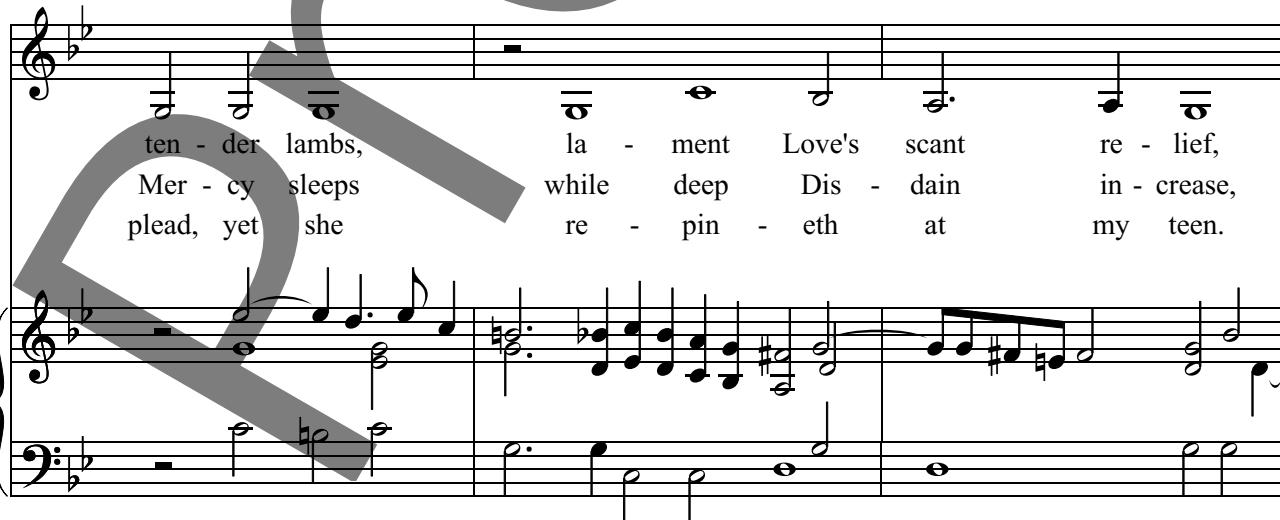


1. Burst, burst forth my tears, as - sist my for - ward grief,
2. Sad, sad pi - ning Care, that ne - ver may have peace
3. Like, like to the winds my sighs have win - ged been.

Klavier



And show what pain im - per - ious Love pro - vokes Kind
At Beau - ty's gate in hope of pi - ty knocks But
Yet are my sighs and suits re - paid with mocks: I



ten - der lambs, la - ment Love's scant re - lief,
Mer - cy sleeps while deep Dis - dain in - crease,
plead, yet she re - pin - eth at my teen.


GO CRYSTAL TEARS

John Dowland

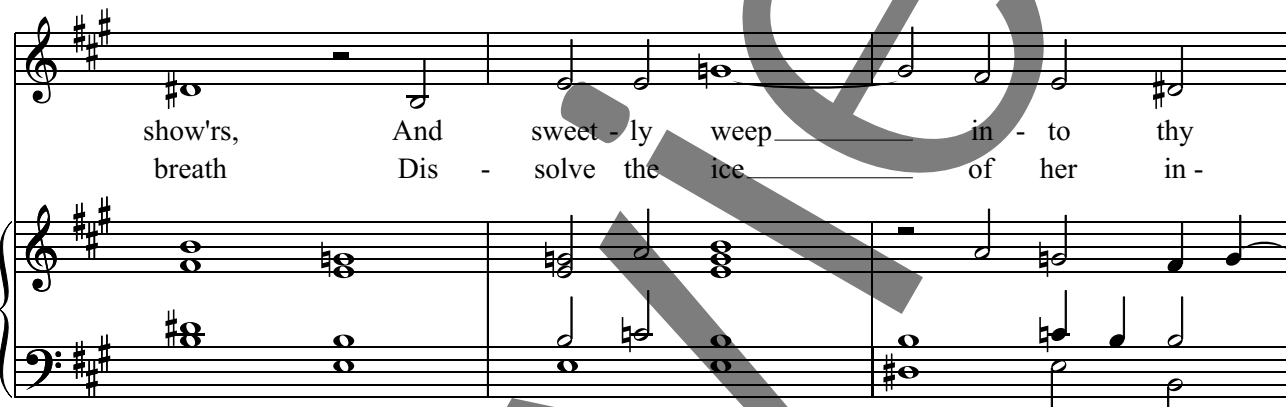
Gesang

1. Go crys - tal tears, like to the mor - ning
2. Haste rest - less sighs, and let your bur - ning

Klavier



show'rs, And sweet - ly weep in - to thy
breath Dis - solve the ice of her in -



la - dy's breast And as the dew's re -
du - rate heart Whose fro - zen ri - gour



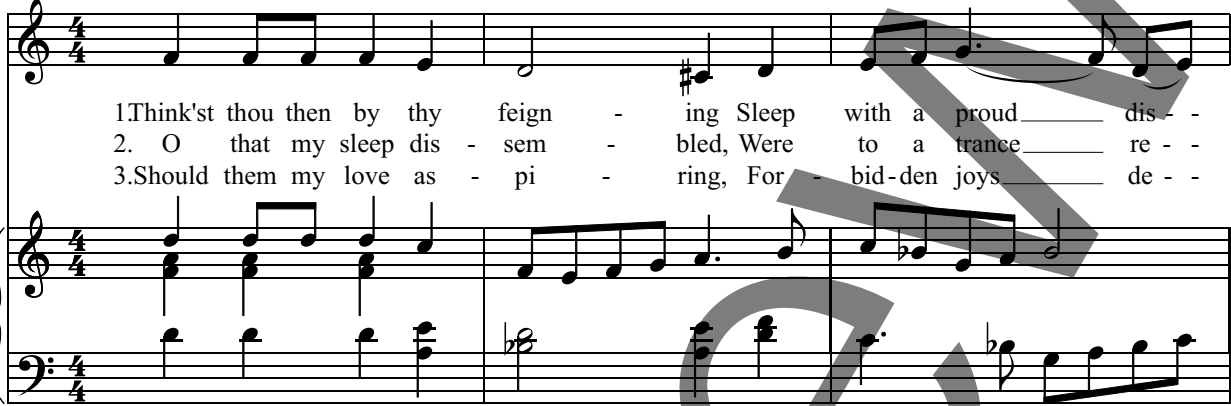
vive the droo - ping flow'rs, So let your drops of pi - ty be ad - dress'd,
like for - get - ful Death, Feels ne - ver a - ny touch of my de - sert,



THINK'ST THOU THEN BY THY FEIGNING

John Dowland

Gesang

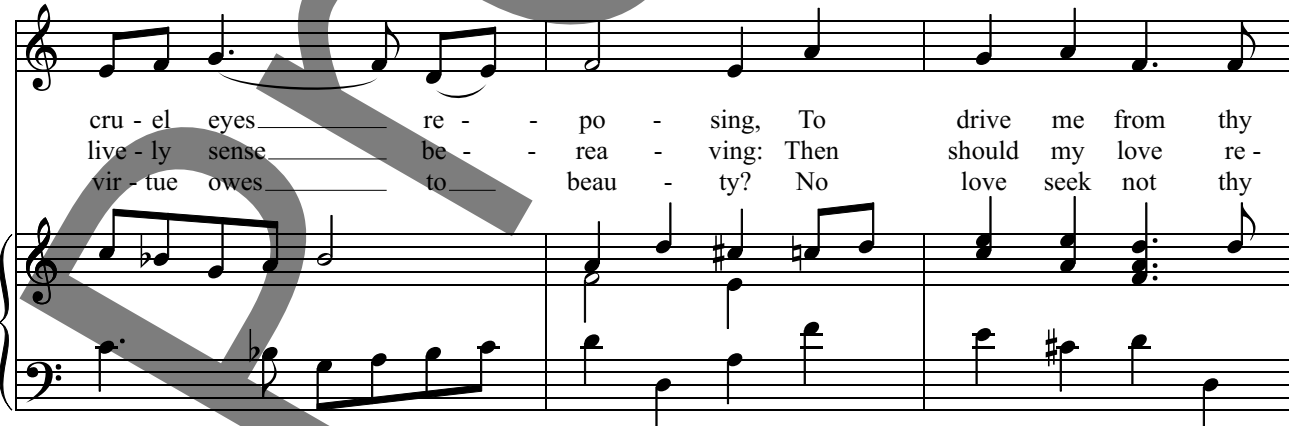


1. Think'st thou then by thy feign - ing Sleep with a proud dis - -
2. O that my sleep dis - sem - bled, Were to a trance re - -
3. Should them my love as - pi - ring, For - bid - den joys de - -

Klavier



dain - ning Or with thy craf - ty clo - sing, Thy
sem - bled Thy cru - el eyes de - cei - ving, of
si - ring So far ex - ceed the du - ty That



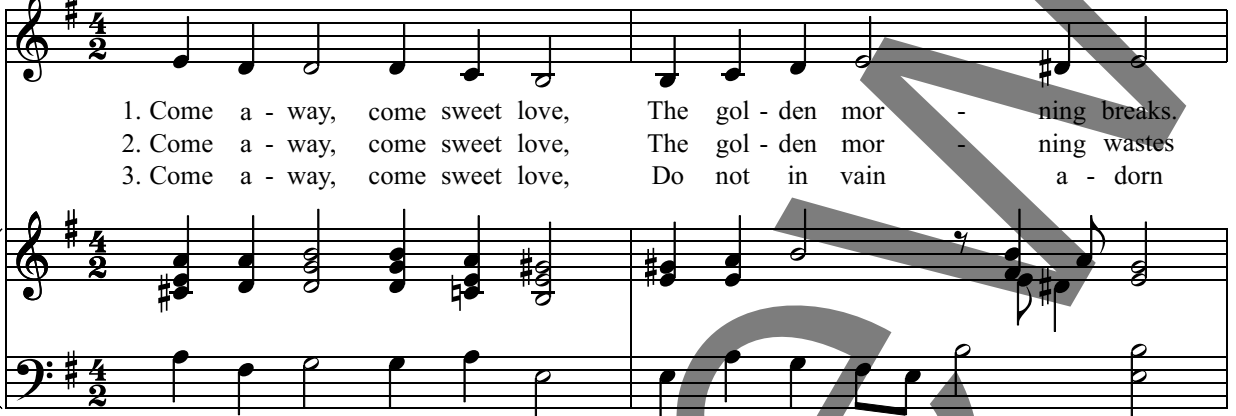
cru - el eyes re - - po - sing, To drive me from thy
live - ly sense be - - rea - ving: Then should my love re -
vir - tue owes to beau - ty? No love seek not thy

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 - -

REST AWAY YOU CRUEL CARES


John Dowland

Gesang



1. Rest a - while you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than
2. If I speak, my words want weight, Am I mute, my heart does
3. Ne - ver hour of plea - sing rest Shall re - vive my dy - ing

Klavier



love. Beau - ty kills and beau - ty spares, And sweet smiles
break, If I sigh, she fears de - ceit, Sor - row then
ghost, Till my soul has re - pos - sess'd The sweet hope

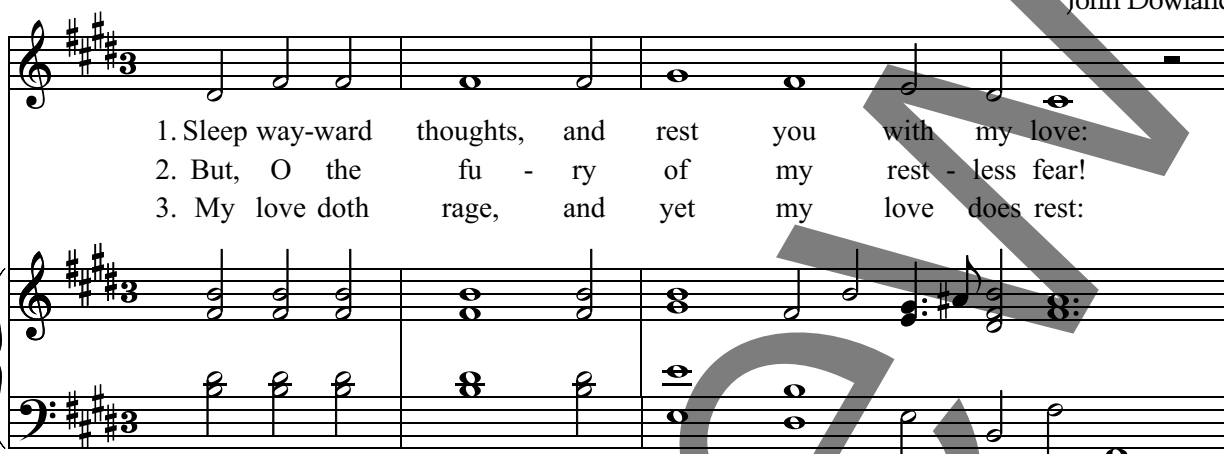


sad sighs re - move: Lau - ra, fair queen of
for me must speak: Cru - el, un - kind with
which love hath lost. Lau - ra re - deem that

SLEEP, WAYWARD THOUGHTS

John Dowland

Gesang

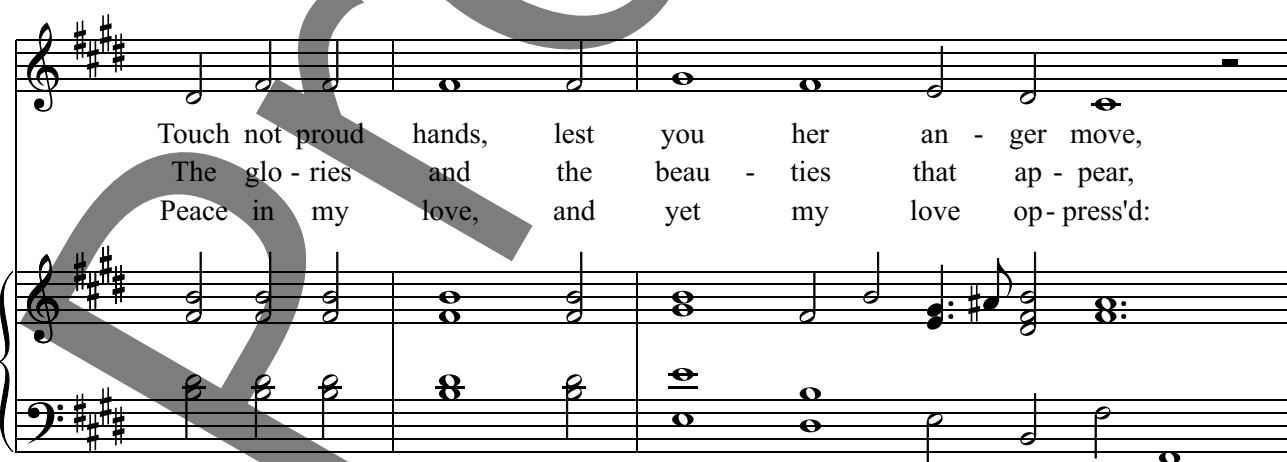


1. Sleep way-ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
2. But, O the fu - ry of my rest - less fear!
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love does rest:

Klavier



Let not my Love be with my love dis - eas'd
The hid - den an - guish of my flesh de - sires!
Fear in my love, and yet my love se - cure:

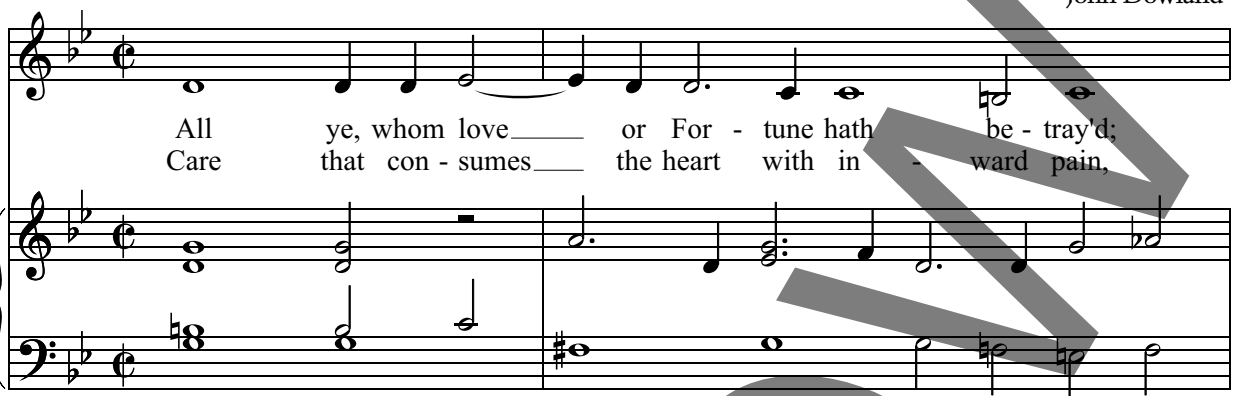


Touch not proud hands, lest you her an - ger move,
The glo - ries and the beau - ties that ap - pear,
Peace in my love, and yet my love op - press'd:

ALL YE, WHOM LOVE OR FORTUNE

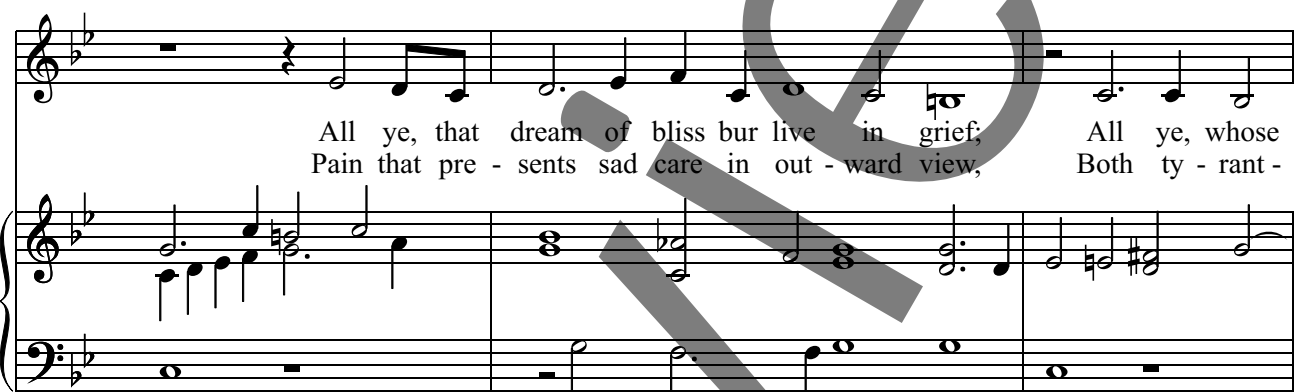
John Dowland

Gesang



All ye, whom love or Fortune hath be-tray'd;
Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,

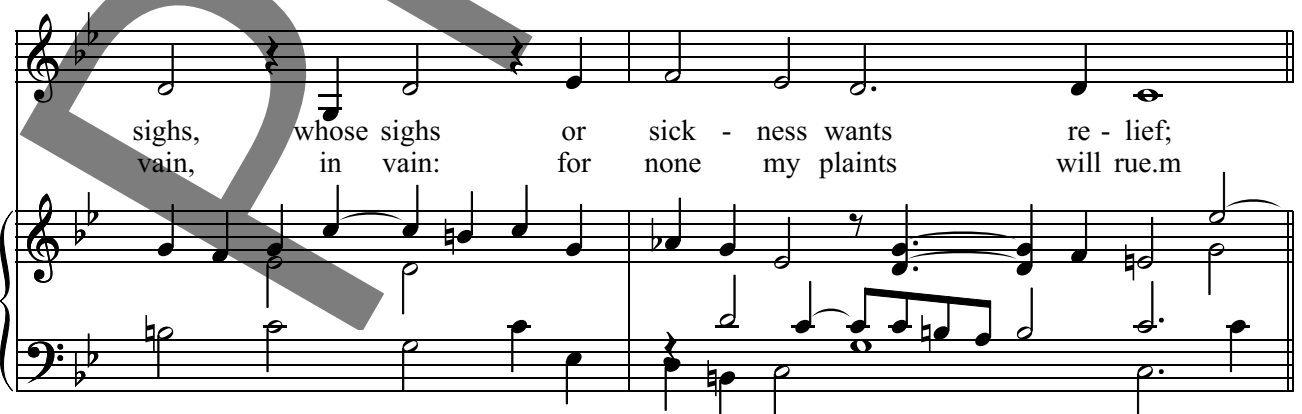
Klavier



All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief; All ye, whose
Pain that presents sad care in outward view, Both tyrant-



hopes are ever more de-lay'd; All ye, whose
like enforce me to complain; But still in



sighs, whose sighs or sick-ness wants re-lief;
vain, in vain: for none my plaints will rue.

WILT THOU UNKIND, THUS REAVE ME?

John Dowland

Gesang

1. Wilt thou un-kind thus reave me Of my heart of my heart
 2. Hope by dis-dain grows cheer-less, Fear does love, love does fear,
 3. If no de-lays can move thee, Life shall die, death shall live
 4. Yet be thou mind-ful e-ver Heat from fire, fire from heat
 5. True love can-not be chan-ged Though de-light from de-sert

Klavier

and so leave me, and so leave me?
 beau-ty peer-less beau-ty peer-less.
 still to love thee. still to love thee.
 none can se-ver, none can se-ver.
 be e-stran-ged, be e-stran-ged.

1.

me?
 less
 thee.
 ver.
 ged.


2.

Fare-well! Fare-well! Bur yet or ere I

WOULD MY CONCEIT

John Dowland

Gesang



1. Would my con - ceit, that first en - forc'd my woe, Or
2. Each hour ad - midst the deep of hell I fry, Each
3. To all save me is free to live or die, To

Klavier

else mine eyes which still the same in - crease, Might
hour I waste and wi - ther where I sit: But
all save me re - mai - neth hap or hope: But

be ex - tinct, to end my sor - rows so,
that sweet hour where in I wish to die
all per - force I must a - ban - don, I

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 _____

HIS GOLDEN LOCKS

John Dowland

Gesang



1. His gol - den locks Time hath to sil - ver turn'd
2. His hel - met now shall make a hive for bees,
3. And when he sad - dest sits in home - ly cell,

Klavier

o time too swift, o swift - ness ne - ver cea - sing,
And lo - ver's son - nets turn to ho - ly psalms
He'll teach his swain this ca - rol for a song,

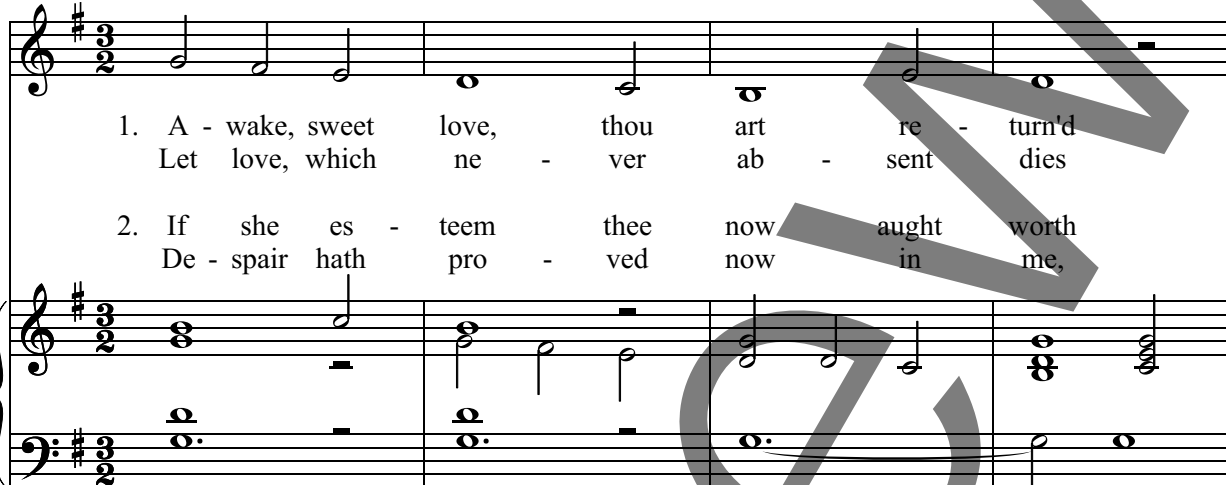
His youth 'gainst Time and Age has ne - ver spurn'd,
A man - at - arms must now serve on his knees,
Blest be the hearts that wish my So - vereign well,

AWAKE, SWEET LOVE, THOU ART RETURN'D

[Galliard]

John Dowland

Gesang



1. A - wake, sweet love, thou art re - turn'd
Let love, which ne - ver ab - sent dies

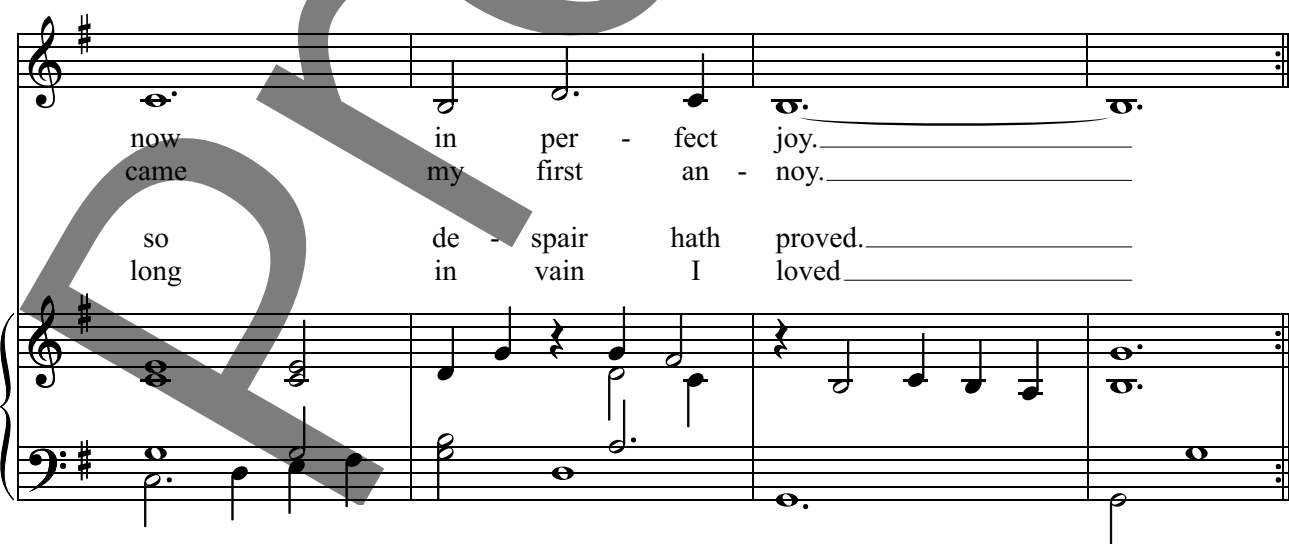
2. If she es - teem thee now aught worth
De - spair hath pro - ved now in me,

Klavier



My heart, which long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives
Now live for e - ver in her eyes, Whence

She will not grieve thy love hence - forth, Which
That love will not un - con - stant be, Though



now in per - fect joy. _____
came my first an - noy. _____

so de - spair hath proved. _____
long in vain I loved. _____


COME, HEAVY SLEEP

John Dowland

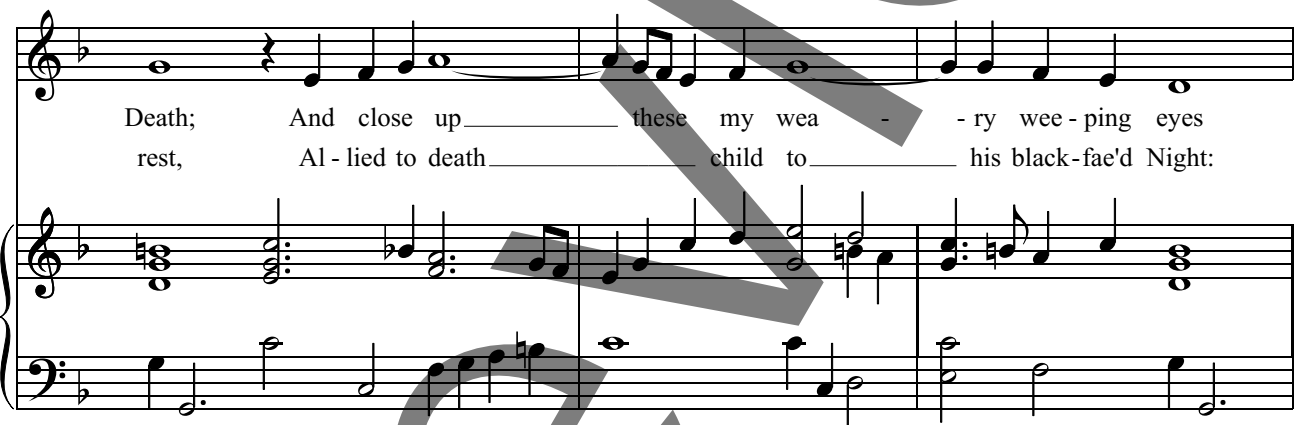
Gesang

1. Come hea - vy Sleep the im - age of true
2. Come sha - dow of my end and shape of

Klavier



Death; And close up _____ these my wea - - ry wee - ping eyes
rest, Al - lied to death _____ child to _____ his black-fae'd Night:



Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi - tal breath,
Come thou and charm these re - bels in my breast,



AWAY WITH THESE SELF-LOVING LADS

John Dowland

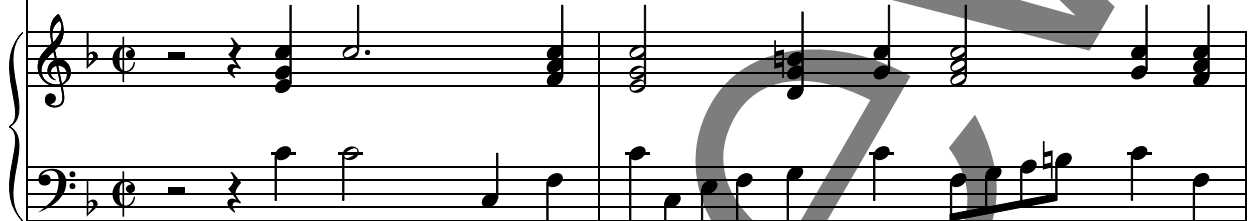
[As fast as possible]

Gesang



1. A - way with these self - lo - ving lads, Whom Cu - pid's ar - row
2. God Cu - pid's shaft, like des - ti - ny, Doth ei - ther good or
3. My songs they be of Cyn - thia's praise, I wear her rings on
4. If Cyn - thias crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
5. The worth that worth - in - less should move is love, which is the

Klavier



ne - ver glads. A - way poor souls, that sigh and weep, In
ill de - cree: De - sert is born out of his bow, Re -
ho - li - day. On ev - ery day I write her name. And
of the tree. If doubt do dar - ken things held dear, Then
bow of Love; And love as well the for - ster can. As



love of them that lie and sleep. For Cu - pid is a
ward u - pon his foot doth go. What fools are they that
ev - ery day I read the same: Where Ho - nour, Cu - pid's
well fare no - thing once a year: For ma - ny run, but
can the migh - ty nob - le - man: Sweet saint, 'tis true you

