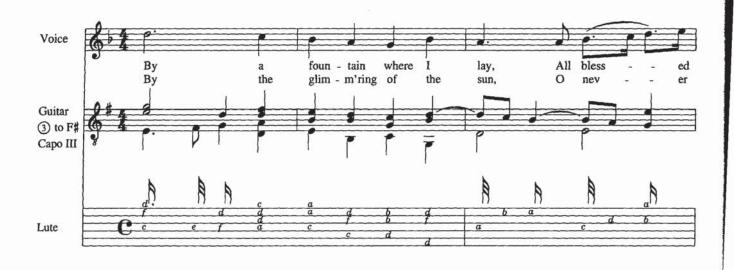
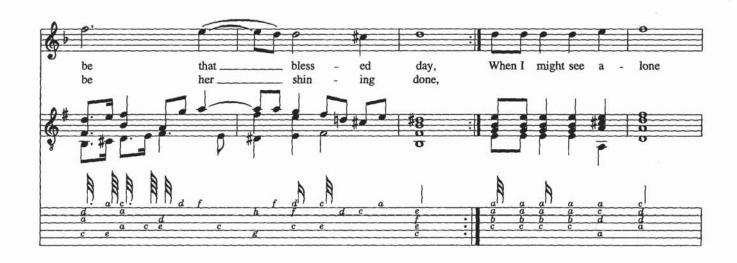
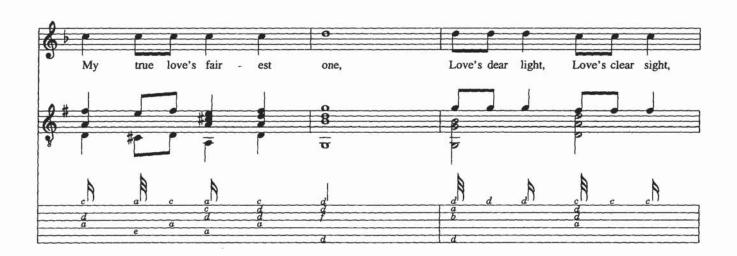
# XII. By a fountain where I lay









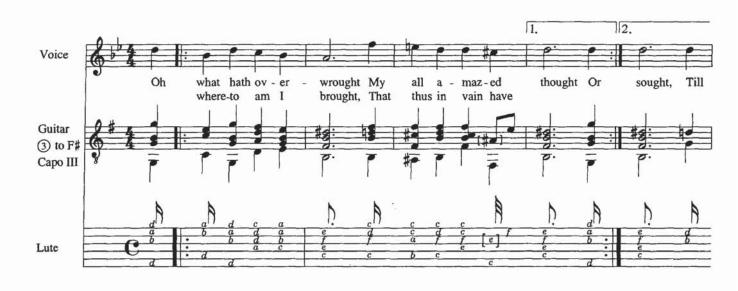
I
By a fountain where I lay,
All blessed be that blessed day,
By the glimm'ring of the sun,
O never be her shining done,
When I might see alone
My true love's fairest one,
Love's dear light,
Love's clear sight,
No world's eyes can clearer see,
A fairer sight none can be.

Fair with garlands all address'd,
Was never Nymph more fairly bless'd,
Blessed in the high'st degree,
So may she ever blessed be,
Came to this fountain near,
With such a smiling cheer,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happy, happy eyes that see
Such a heav'nly sight as she.

3

Then I forthwith took my pipe
Which I all fair and clean did wipe,
And upon a heav'nly ground,
All in the grace of beauty found,
Played this roundelay,
Welcome fair Queen of May,
Sing sweet air,
Welcome fair,
Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,
The glory of all our green.

### XIII. Oh what hath overwrought











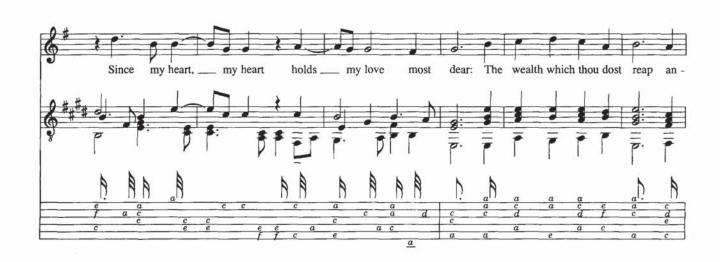
Oh what hath overwrought
My all amazed thought
Or whereto am I brought,
That thus in vain have sought,
Till Time and Truth hath taught,
I labor all for nought.

The day I see is clear, But I am ne'er the near, For grief doth still appear, To cross our merry cheer, While I can nothing hear, But winter all the year.

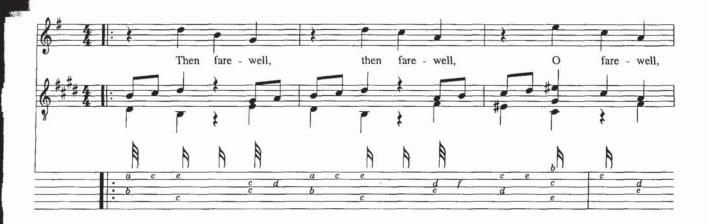
Cold, hold, the sun will shine warm,
Therefore now fear no harm.
O blessed beams,
Where beauty streams
Happy, happy light to love's dreams.

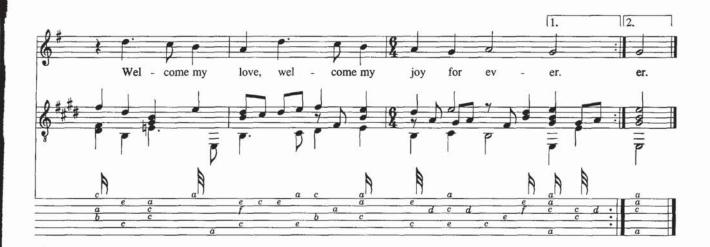
#### XIV. Farewell unkind farewell









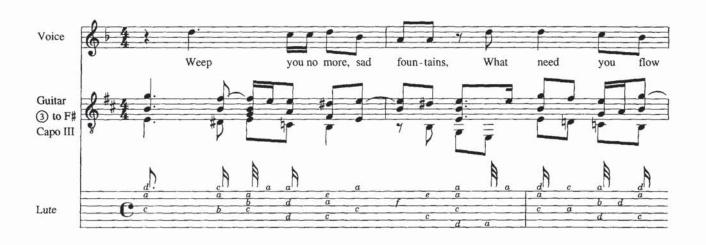


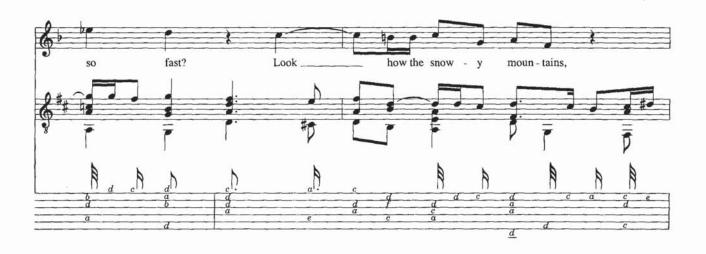
Farewell unkind farewell, to me no more a father,
Since my heart holds my love most dear:
The wealth which thou dost reap another's hand must gather,
Though my heart still lies buried there,
Then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

2

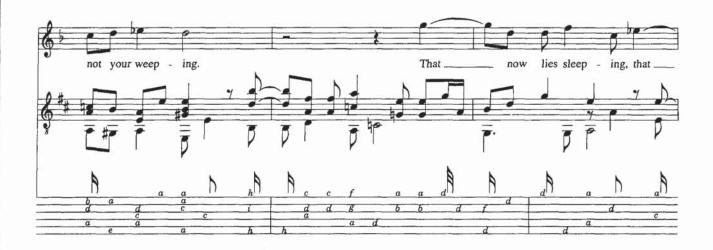
Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty,
Makes my mind to live, though my means do die.
Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty:
Love, not in the blood, but in the spirit doth lie.
Then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

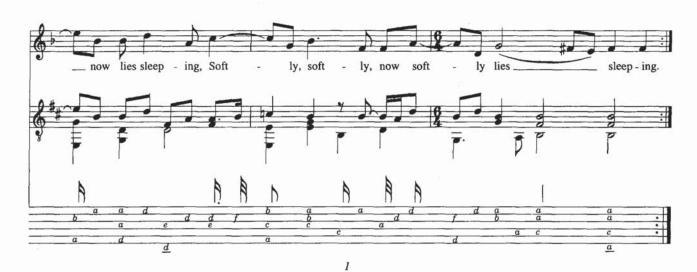
### XV. Weep you no more, sad fountains











Weep you no more, sad fountains, What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains, Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.

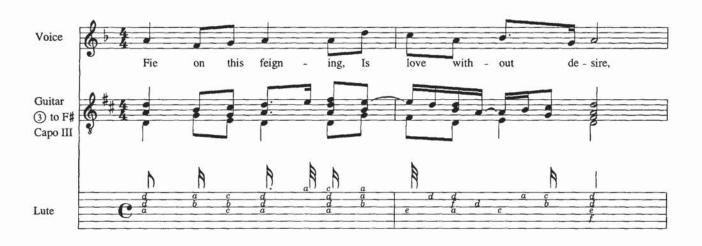
But my sun's heav'nly eyes View not your weeping.

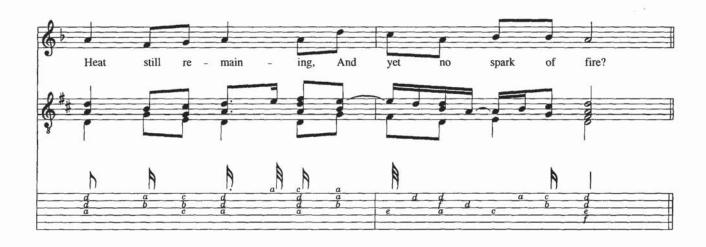
That now lies sleeping,
Softy, now softly lies sleeping.

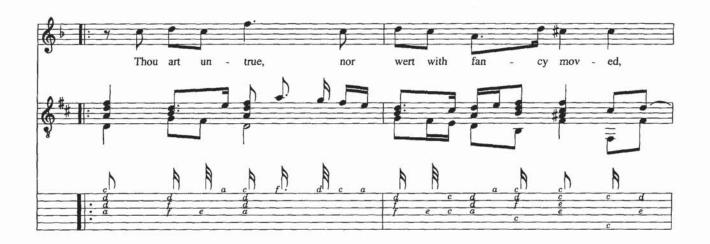
2

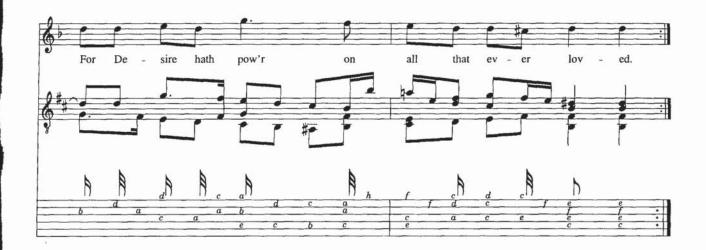
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that Peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at e'vn he sets,
Rest you then, rest sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

## XVI. Fie on this feigning









Fie on this feigning,
Is love without desire,
Heat still remaining,
And yet no spark of fire?
Thou art untrue, nor wert with fancy moved,
For Desire hath pow'r on all that ever loved.

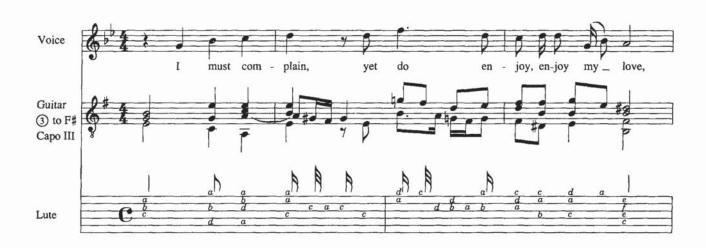
2

Show some relenting,
Or grant thou dost now love,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts prove?
Yield, or confess that love is without pleasure,
And that women's bounties rob men of their treasure.

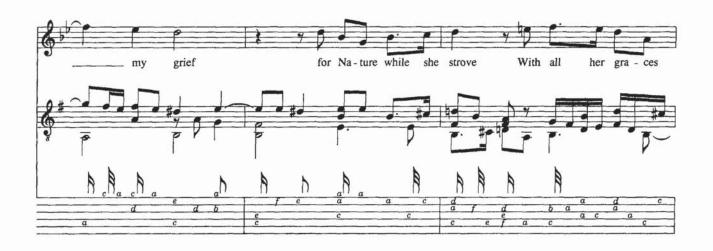
3

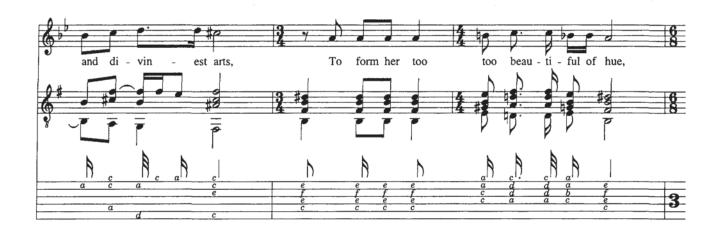
Truth is not placed
In words and forced smiles,
Love is not graced
With that which still beguiles,
Love or dislike, yield fire, or give no fuel,
So may'st thou prove kind, or at the least less cruel.

### XVII. I must complain









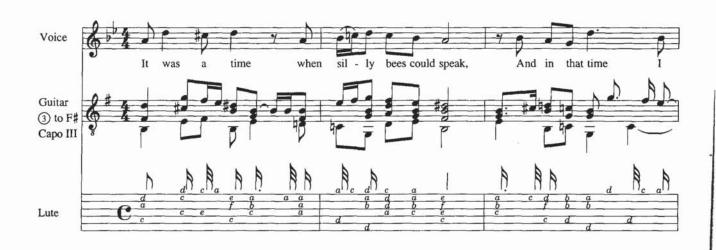


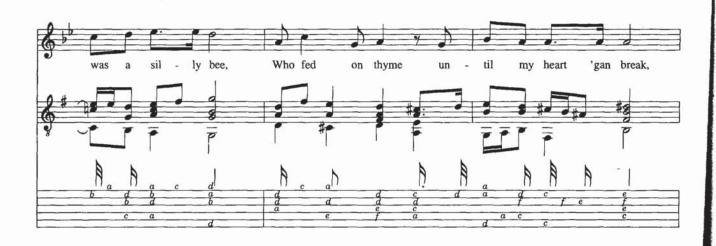
I must complain, yet do enjoy my love,
She is too fair, too rich in Beauty's parts
Thence is my grief for Nature while she strove
With all her graces and divinest arts,
To form her too too beautiful of hue,
She had no leisure left to make her true.

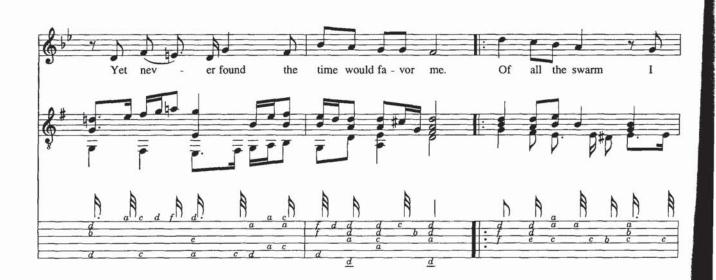
2

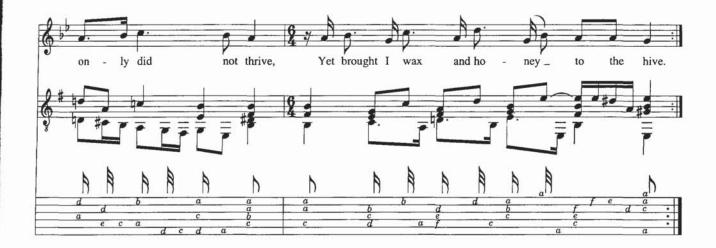
Should I aggreiv'd then wish she were less fair,
That were repugnant to my own desires,
She is admir'd, new suitors still repair,
That kindles daily Love's forgetful fires,
Rest jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,
She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

# XVIII. It was a time when silly bees could speak









I

It was a time when silly bees could speak,
And in that time I was a silly bee,
Who fed on thyme until my heart 'gan break,
Yet never found the time would favor me.
Of all the swarm I only did not thrive,
Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.

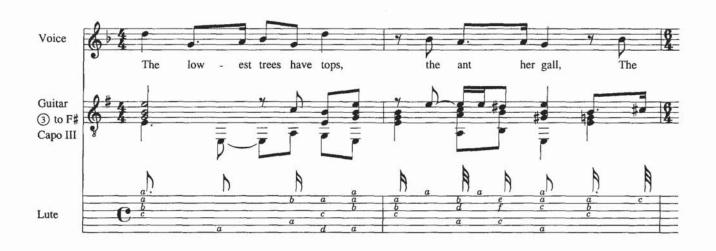
2

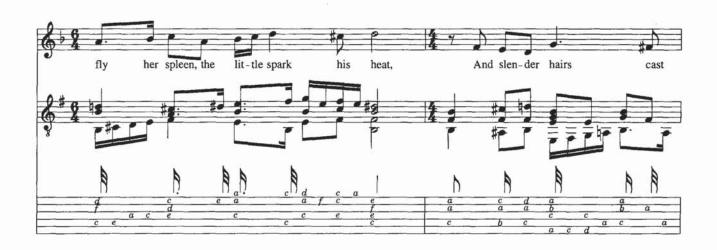
Then thus I buzz'd, when thyme no sap would give, Why should this blessed thyme to me be dry, Sith by this thyme the lazy drone doth live, The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butterfly, Mated with grief, I kneeled on my knees, And thus complain'd unto the king of Bees.

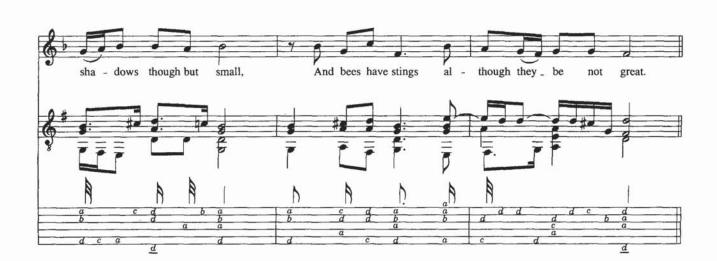
3

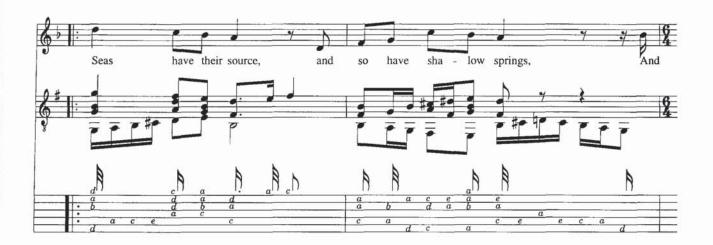
My liege, Gods grant thy time may never end,
And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of thyme,
Which fruitless flies have found to have a friend,
And I cast down when atomies do climb,
The King replied but thus, "Peace, peevish bee,
Thou'rt bound to serve the time, the thyme not thee."

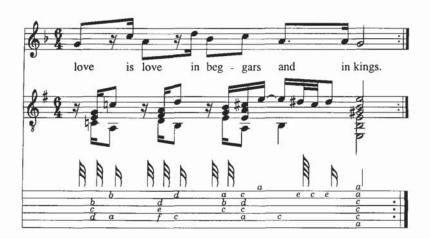
## XIX. The lowest trees have tops









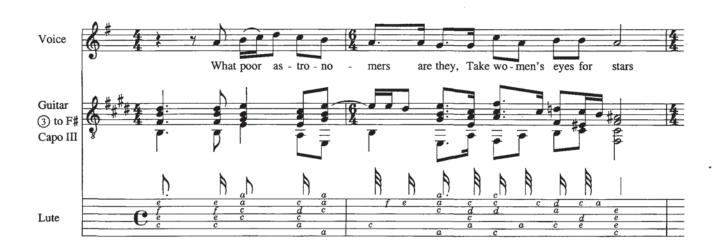


The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark his heat,
And slender hairs cast shadows though but small,
And bees have stings although they be not great.
Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs,
And love is love in beggars and in kings.

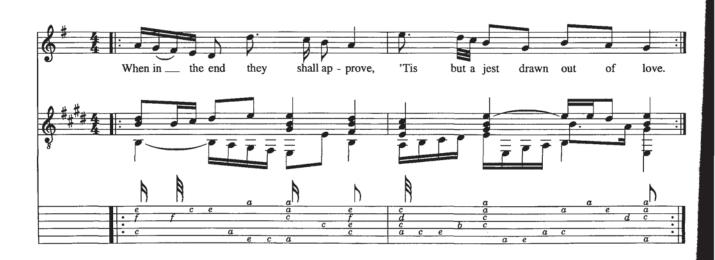
2

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the fords,
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmest faith is in the fewest words,
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love,
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak:
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they break.

#### XX. What poor astronomers are they







What poor astronmomers are they,
Take women's eyes for stars
And set their thoughts in battle ray
To fight such idle wars,
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

2

And love itself is but a jest
Devis'd by idle heads,
To catch young fancies in the nest,
And lay it in fools' beds,
That being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes,
They may be fledg'd ere they be wise.

3

But yet it is a sport to see
How Wit will run on wheels,
While wit cannot persuaded be
With that which Reason feels:
That womens' eyes and stars are odd,
And Love is but a feigned god.

4

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight:keep
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light.
Till time too late we make them try,
They study false astronomy.

#### XXI. Come when I call

a Dialogue
[for two voices and two lutes]







\* Lute II is a bass lute tuned a 4th below Lute I.

N.B.: The entire song has been transcribed a tone higher than the original edition.





[Turn...]





Voice I Come when I call, or tarry till I come, If you be deaf I must prove dumb.

Stay awhile, my heav'nly joy, I come with wings of love, Voice II When envious eyes Time shall remove.

Voice I If thy desire ever knew the grief of delay, No danger could stand in thy way.

Voice II O do not add this sorrow to my grief That languish here, wanting relief.

What need we languish? Can Love quickly fly: Voice I

> Fear ever hurts more than jealousy. Then securely Envy scorning,

Both

Let us end with joy our mourning,

Jealousy still defy, And love till we die.

<sup>\*</sup> Added by the editor. The tablature is erratic in the original edition.