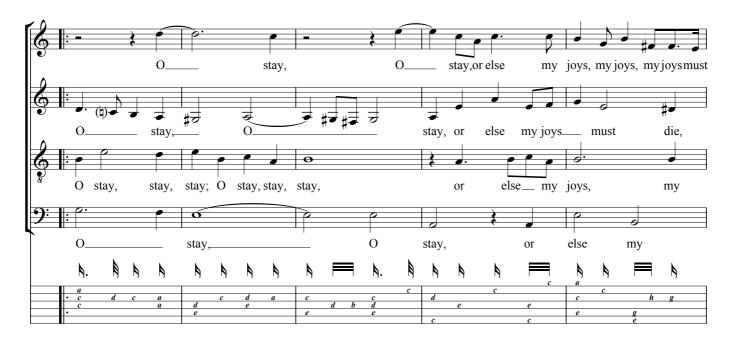
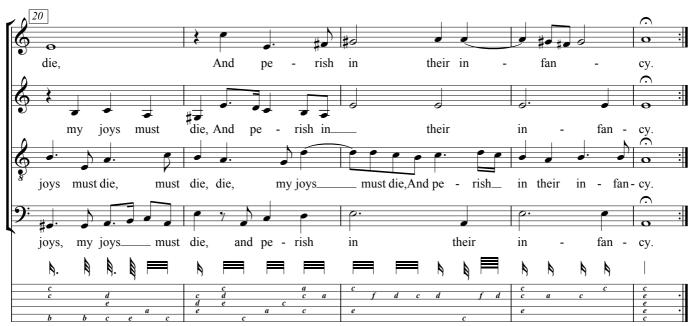
Sweet stay a while To my worthy friend Mr. William Jewel of Exceter Colledge in Oxford John Dowland (c.1563-1626) $[o \cdot \rightarrow o]$ Cantus Sweet The stay a while, why will you rise? Sweet while, will The stay a why you rise? c#p Tenor Ο, Sweet while, why will rise? The stay a you Bassus 0 will rise? The Sweet while, why stay a you h h > h 1 A A Lute tuning: (D), G, c, f, a, d', g' 10 The it is light comes from day you see breaks not, your_ eyes: my day_ your light you see comes from eyes: The breaks, breaks_ not, is my_ 0 from The it light you see comes day breaks_ is my your_ eyes: not, 0 light from your_ The day breaks not, it is you see comes eyes: my h ١. A A A heart, To think that and I part. you must #0 To think I heart, that you and must part. heart, To think that that you, that you I you, and must part. think To that you, that and heart, you must__ part. A

а





Sweet stay a while, why will you rise? The light you see comes from your eyes: The day breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I must part. O stay, or else my joyes must dye, And perish in their infancie.

Deare let me dye in this faire breast,
Farre sweeter then the Phoenix next.
Love raise desire by his sweete charmes
Within this circle of thine armes:
And let thy blissefull kisses cherish
Mine infant joyes, that else must perish.

attrib. John Donne (1572-1631)

Source: John Dowland, A Pilgrimes Solace (London, 1612), no.2.

5: ts **c** (voices), **¢** (lute)

I.19.6: redundant sharp (= natural)