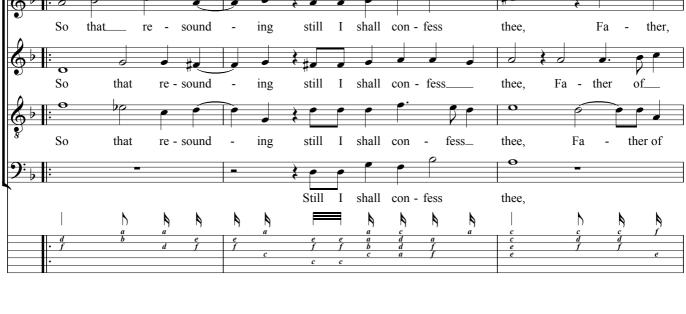
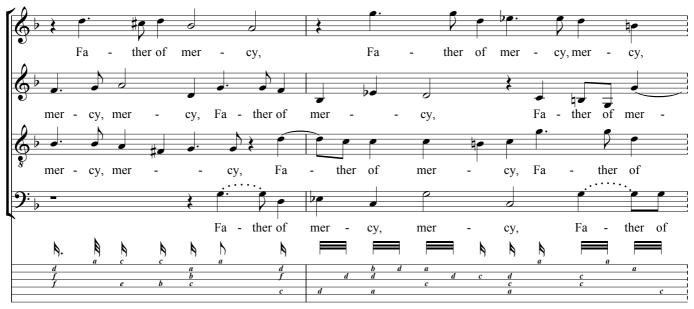
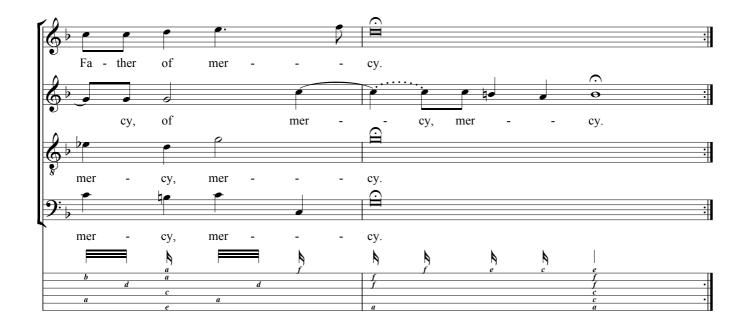
Where Sin sore wounding











Where Sinne sore wounding, daily doth oppresse me, There Grace abounding freely doth redresse mee: So that resounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy.

Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee, Yet Grace amending, since I doe repent mee, At my lives ending will I hope present mee cleare to thy mercy. The wound Sinne gave me was of Death assured, Did not Grace save mee, whereby it is cured: So thou wilt have mee to thy love inured, free without merit.

Sinnes stripe is healed, and his sting abated,
Deaths mouth is sealed, and the Grave amated,
Thy Love revealed, and thy Grace related
gives me this spirit.

Source: John Dowland, A Pilgrimes Solace (London, 1612), no.17.

IV.12.3: flat supplied by lute tablature

III.16.2: no tie to 3

IV.17-18, II.20: ties in source (here represented by dotted ties) are assumed to apply to instrumental performance

III.17.3-4: sharp misplaced before 3

II.17.7: minim

II.19.3: dotted minim