

XV. White as lillies was hir face

John Dowland

S

1. White as Lil - lies was hir face, When she smi - led, She bee -
 2. When I swore my hart hir owne, Shee dis - dain - ed, I com -
 3. Vowes and oaths and faith as - sured, Con - stant ey - er, Chang - ing dis -
 4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur - mis - es, And dis -

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Lute

a a a c e a e a a a a

T	a	a	a	c	e	a	e	a	a	a	a	a
A	b	b		d	b	f	e	b	b		b	
B	c					c	e	c		c		a
B	a		a	d	c	a		a	a	a		d

8

gui - led, Quit - ting faith with soule dis - grace, Ver - tue ser - vice thus ne -
 plain - ed, Yet she left mee ov - er - thrown, Care - les of my bit - ter -
 nev - er, Yet shee could not bee pro - cured, To be - leeve my paines ter -
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d c a d a c a a

e	d	d	a	d	a	e	a	a	a	a	d	a
f	b	b	d	b	f	e	c	c	d	b	a	d
e			a	c	e	c	c		b	c		
c	d	d			c		a	d	c	a		d

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glect - - ted, Heart with sor - - rows hath in - fec - ted.
 gron - - ing, Ruth - lesse bent - - to - - no re - liev - ing.
 ceed - ing, From hir scant - - neg - - lect pro - ceed - ing.
 wom - en, Should re - - ward their friends as foe - men.

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 gron - ing, Ruth - lesse bent - to - no re - - - liev - ing.
 ceed - ing, From hir scant - neg - lect pro - - - ceed - ing.
 wom - en, Should re - - ward their friends as - foe - men.

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 gron - ing, Ruth - lesse ruth - lesse bent - to - no re - liev - ing.
 ceed - ing, From hir scant from hir scant - to - ne - - - glect pro - liev - ing.
 wom - en, Should re - ward should re - ward their friends as foe - men.

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 gron - - - ing, Ruth - lesse bent - - - to - - no re - liev - ing.
 ceed - - - ing, From hir scant - - - neg - - - lect pro - ceed - ing.
 wom - - - en, Should re - - - ward their friends as foe - men.

e d a a c d d c a a
 f d b d b a b d f e c e a
 e a d c a a e c
 c d a a c a c a

5. All in vaine is Ladies love,
 Quickly choosed,
 Shortly loosed,
 For their pride is to remove,
 Out alas their looks first won us,
 And their pride hath straight undone us.

6. To thy selfe the sweetest faier,
 Thou hath wounded,
 And confounded,
 Changles faith with soule dispaier,
 And my service hath envied,
 And my succours hath denied.

7. By thine error thou hast lost,
 Hart unfained,
 Truth unstained,
 And the swaine that loved most,
 More assured in love than many,
 More dispised in love than any,

8. For my hart though set at nought,
 Since you will it,
 Spoile and kill it,
 I will never change my thoughts,
 But grieve that beautie ere was borne.

Notes:

1. The source for this edition is John Dowland's "The Second Book of Songs or Ayres, of 2, 4, and 5 parts." Printed by Thomas Este for Thomas Morley, 1600.
2. Words are spelled as they appear in the edition of 1600. Obvious printing errors have been corrected.
3. The key signatures are as they appear in the original.
4. Additional bar lines have been used.
5. The original is laid out for a group of singers/players around a table, with the words of the first verse under the music of each part. The remaining verses are printed out once, separately.
6. There are discrepancies between the lute and voice parts, e.g. at bar 3.
7. Songs numbered I to VIII are two-part songs.