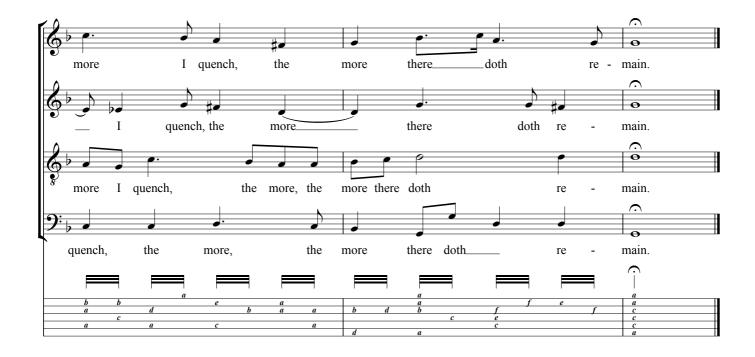
Love those beams that breed





Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, this burning: Love I quench with flouds, flouds of teares, nightly teares and mourning.

nouds of teares, fightly teares and mourning

But alas teares coole this fire in vaine,

The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

Ile goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell: For I am deceiv'd and bereav'd of my life, my jewell, O but in the woods, though Love be blinde, Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde.

Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppressed, Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redressed. Come at last, be friendly Love to me, And let me not, endure this miserie.

Source: John Dowland, A Pilgrimes Solace (London, 1612), no.4.

IV, first line (to 3.2 inclusive): incorrect F4 clef.

IV.4.3, 5.6: flat supplied by lute tablature.

III.7.2: flat in ks not corrected.