

XI. If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past

Arranged for Recorders

John Dowland

S
If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol - lies past, And smoakes of

A
If fluds of teares could — cense my fol - lies past, and smoakes of

T
If fluds of teares could cense my fol - lies past, And smoakes of

B
If fluds of teares could — cense my fol - lies past, & smoaks of

Lute

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

6 8
sighes might sa - cri - fice for sinne, If gro - ning — cries might salve

6
sighes might — sa - cri - fice for sinne, If gron - ing cries might salve

6
sighes might sa - cri - fice for sinne, If gron - ing cries might salve

6
sighes — might — sa - cri - fice for sinne, if gron - ing cries might salve

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

XI. If fluids of teares could cleanse my follies past

11 8
 my fault at last, Or end-less mone, for er - ror par - don win,
 11
 my falt at last, or endlesse mone for er - ror par - don winne,
 11
 my fault at last, Or end-les mone for er - ror par - - - don win,
 11
 my fault at last, or endlesse mone for er - ror par - - - don winne,
 11
 c a a d c a c c c c d c c e b c a h g c
 a a d c a c d e a a a c c d a h f e
 b c e c b c c b c e e g c

20 8
 Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e - ver mone, mine er - rors,
 20
 Then would I crye, weep, sigh and e - ver mone, myne er - rors fault,
 20
 Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e - ver mone, Mine er-rors, mine er-rors,
 20
 Then would I crye, weep, sigh and e - ver mone, myne er-rors, myne
 20
 a c a a f e c c d a
 c d d d a c a c c c d a f c
 e a c e a c e a c d e a c
 a a e a c e e c a d c

XI. If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past

25 8
 fault, sins, fol - lies _____ past and gone.

25
 er - rors fault, sinnes fol - - - lies past and gone.

25
 faults, sins, sins, fol - lies past and _____ gone.

25
 er - rors, faults, sinnes _____ fol - lies past and gone.

25
 a

c	d	c	d	a	a	c	c	a	e
	d		c	a	a	d	e	d	e
e	a		c	e		e			e
		c							c

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
 I see my favours are no lasting flowers,
 I see that words will breede no better good,
 Then losse of time and lightening but at houres,
 Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,
 That favours hopes and words, can blinde no more.