

XIII. Now cease my wandring eies

Arranged for Recorders

John Dowland

S
Now cease my wand - ring eies, Strange beau - ties to ad - mire,
In change least com - fort lies, Long joyes yeeld long de - sire.

A
Now cease my wand - ring eyes, strange beaw - ties to ad - myre.
In change least com - fort lyes, long Joyes yeld long de - sire.

T
Now cease my wand - ring eyes, strange beaw - ties to ad - myre.
In change least com - fort lyes, long Joyes yeld long de - syre.

B
Now cease my wand - ring eyes, strange beaw - ties to ad - myre:
In change least com - fort lyes, long Joyes yeld long de - sire.

Lute

T
c d c a a d c d a d c a a c
d d c a d c a b a b c a a
a a c c a c
B
a

6 8
One New fayth hopes one new love, joyes, Makes our fraile plea - sures e - ter - nall,
New hopes one new loves, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,

6
One New fayth hopes one new love, joyes, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,
New hopes one new loves, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,

6
One New fayth hopes one new love, joyes, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,
New hopes one new loves, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,

6
One New fayth hopes one new love, joyes, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,
New hopes one new loves, makes are our still with plea - sures e - ter - cli - ning,

6 8
d f c d d a a d d c a c d a
f c e a c c a c d a c a d a
d c d c a a c d a c d

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The musical score consists of six staves. The first five staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, Bass) and the sixth staff is the keyboard accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'And Un - - - in to sweet deepe - - - nesse a - - - prove. noies.' The score includes measure numbers 8, 10, and 10. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

One man hath but one soule,
 Which art cannot divide,
 If all one soule must love,
 Two loves most be denide,
 One soule one love,
 By faith and merit united cannot remove,
 Distracted spirits,
 Are ever changing & haplesse in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath given,
 All beautie to impart,
 Aswell in earth as heaven,
 But she hath given one hart,
 That though we see,
 Ten thousand beauties yet in us one should be,
 One stedfast love,
 Because our harts stand fixt although our eies do move.