



THE
FIRST BOOKE OF
SONGS OR AYRES OF
four parts, with Table-
ture for the Lute.

SOMADE, THAT ALL THE
parts together, or either of them
seuerally, may be sung to the Lute,
Orpherian, or Viol de gambo.

Composed by JOHN DOWLAND,
Lutenist and Bachelor of Musick
in both the Vniuersities.

Also an inuention by the said Author
for two to play upon one Lute.

Newly corrected and amended.
John Metcham. C.

Nec profunt domino, que profunt omnibus artes.
Imprinted at London by Humfrey Lownes,
dwelling on Bredstreet-hill, at the signe
of the Starre. 1613.

Ptolomeus

Marinus

Strabo

Amatus

Polibius

Hipparchus

Geometria

Altronomia

Arithmetica

Musica

MERCVRIVS

Not to stand too long vpon my trauels, I will only name that worthy Master *Giouanni Croce*, Vicemaster of the Chappell of S^t. Markes in Venice, with whom I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now readie to practise at home, if I may but finde encouragement in my first assayes. There haue bene diuers Lute-lessones of mine lately printed without my knowledge, false and imperfect; but I purpose shortly my selfe to set forth the choylest of all my lessones in Print, and also an introduction for fingering, with other bookes of songs; whereof this is the first: and as this findes fauour with you, so shall I be affected to labour in the rest. Farewell.



THO. CAMPIANI Epigramma de instituto Authoris.

*Famam, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Musica dat sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis sonos;
Quas & delicias præbuit auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.*



A Table of all the Songs contayned in this Booke.

VNquiet thoughts.	I.
Who euer thinkes or hopes of loue for loue.	II.
My thoughts are wingd with hopes.	III.
If my complaints could passions moue.	IIII.
Can the excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V.
Now, O now I needs mult part.	VL.
Deare if you change Ile neuer chuse againe.	VII.
Burst forth my teares.	VIII.
Goe cry stall teares.	IX.
Thinkst thou then by thy fayning.	X.
Come away, come sweet loue.	XI.
Rest a while you cruell cares.	XII.
Sleep wayward thoughts.	XIII.
All ye whom loue or fortune hath betrayd.	XIIII.
Wilt thou vnkinde thus reaueme of my heart?	XV.
Would my conceit that first enforst my woe.	XVI.
Come againe: sweet loue doth now inuite.	XVII.
His golden locks time hath to siluer turnd.	XVIII.
Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX.
Come heauy sleepe.	XX.
Away with these self-louing lads.	XXI.
A Galliard for two to play vpon one Lute at the end of the Booke.	



Qui et thoughts your ci uill laughter sine, and wrap your

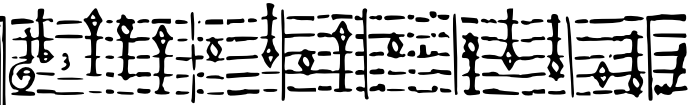
wrongs within a pensive heart: And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, & stamps my

thoughts to coine them words by art, Be still: for if you ever do thelike, Ile cut the

string. ii. that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
 When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and hart,
 Open the locke where all my loue doth lie,
 Ile scale them vp within their lids for ever:
 So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

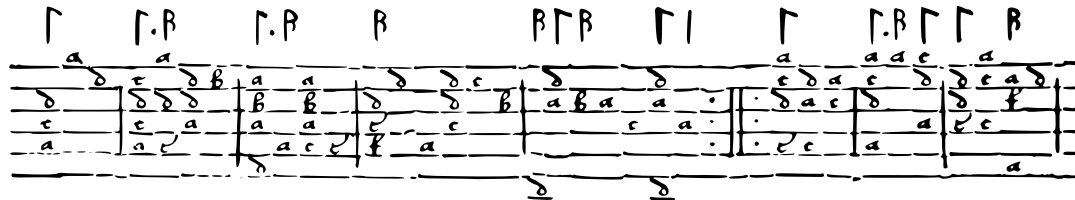
How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eyes?
 My thoughts must haue some vent: else hart wil break,
 My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speake,
 Speake then, and tell the passions of desire,
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.



Wake sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne- ver absent dies, now liue for e- uer



absence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only her selfe hath see- med
in her eyes, whence came my first an- noy. Despaire did make me with to



faire: she only I could loue, she only draue me to de- spaire, when she vnkind did proue.
die; that I my ioyes might end: she only, which did make me flie, my stare may now a- mend.



If she esteeme thee now aught worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which so despaire hath proued.
Despaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vnconstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.
If thee at last reward thy loue,

And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raids vp from deep despaire.
And if that now thou welcom be,
When thou with her doest meet,
She all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more sweete.