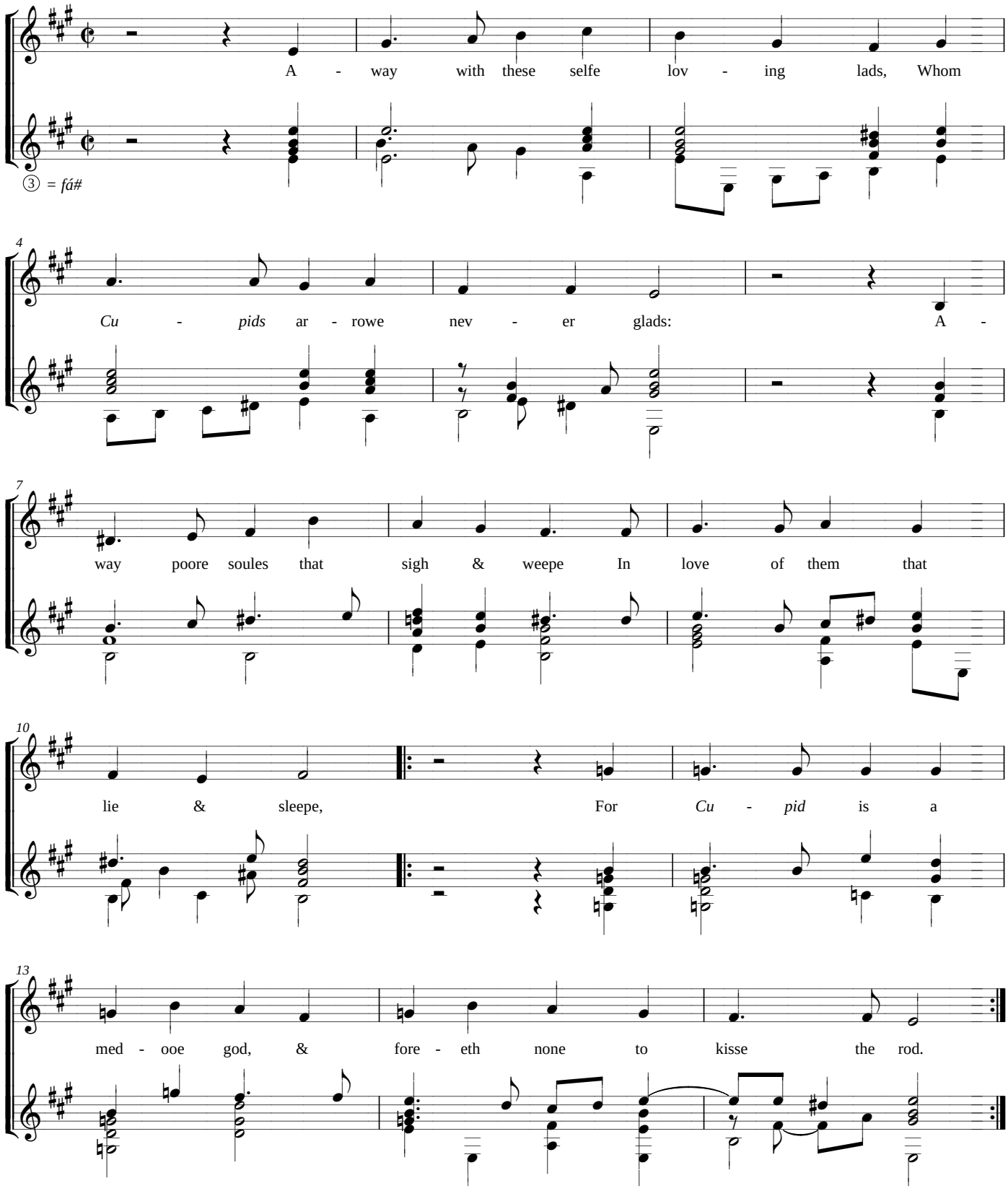
Away with these selfe loving lads

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

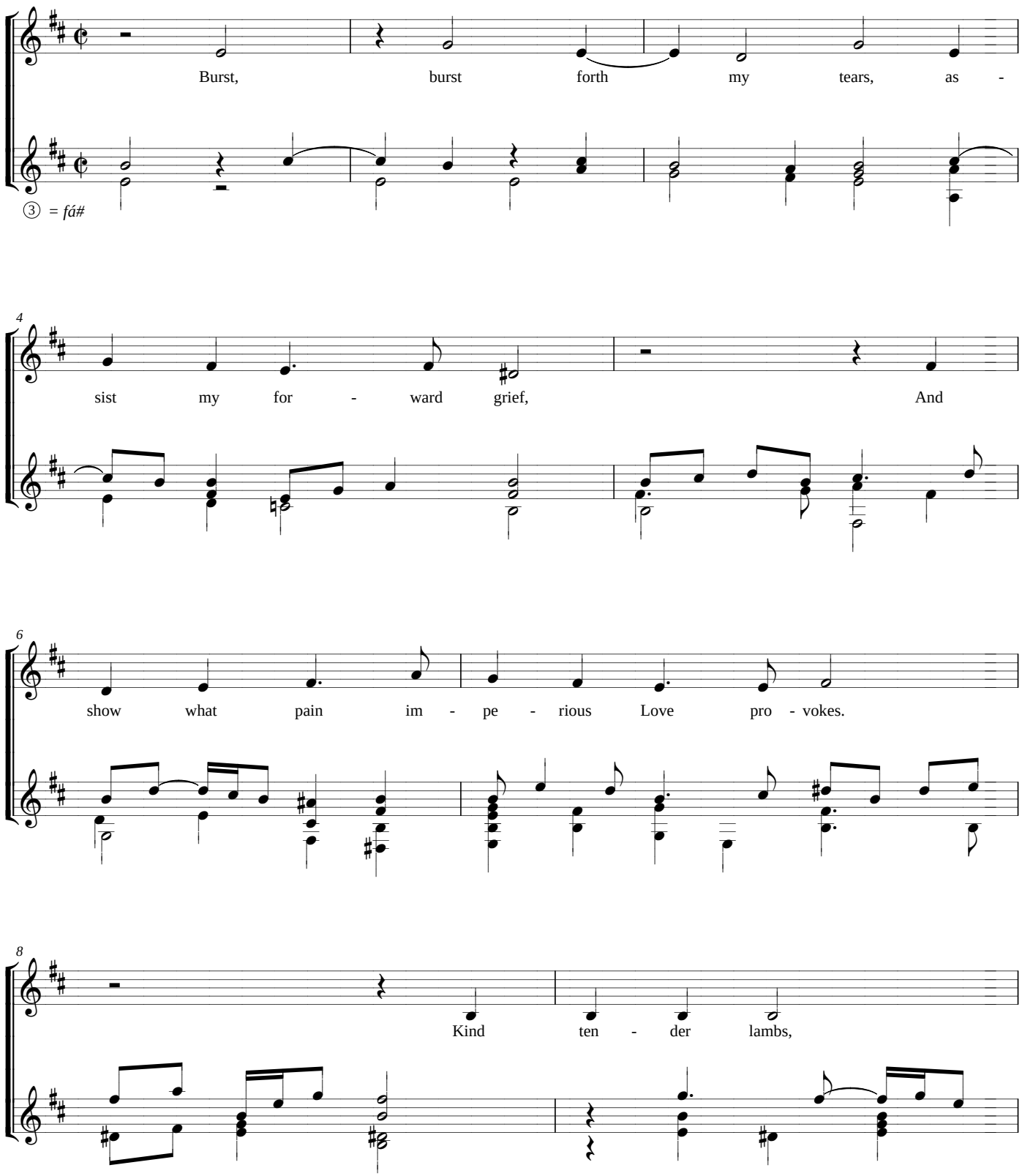
The First Booke of Songs (1597)

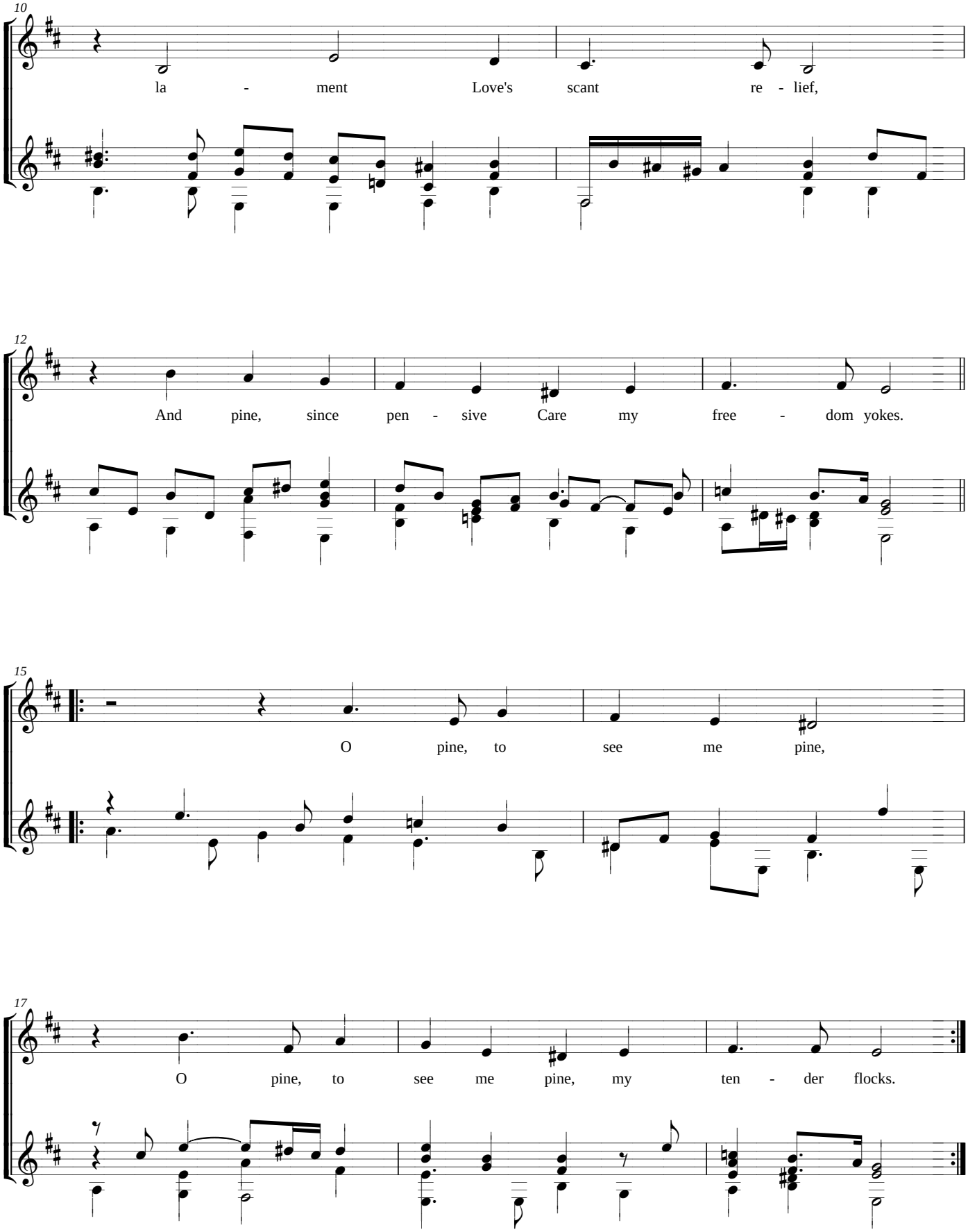


Burst Forth, My Tears

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland
The First Booke of Songs (1597)



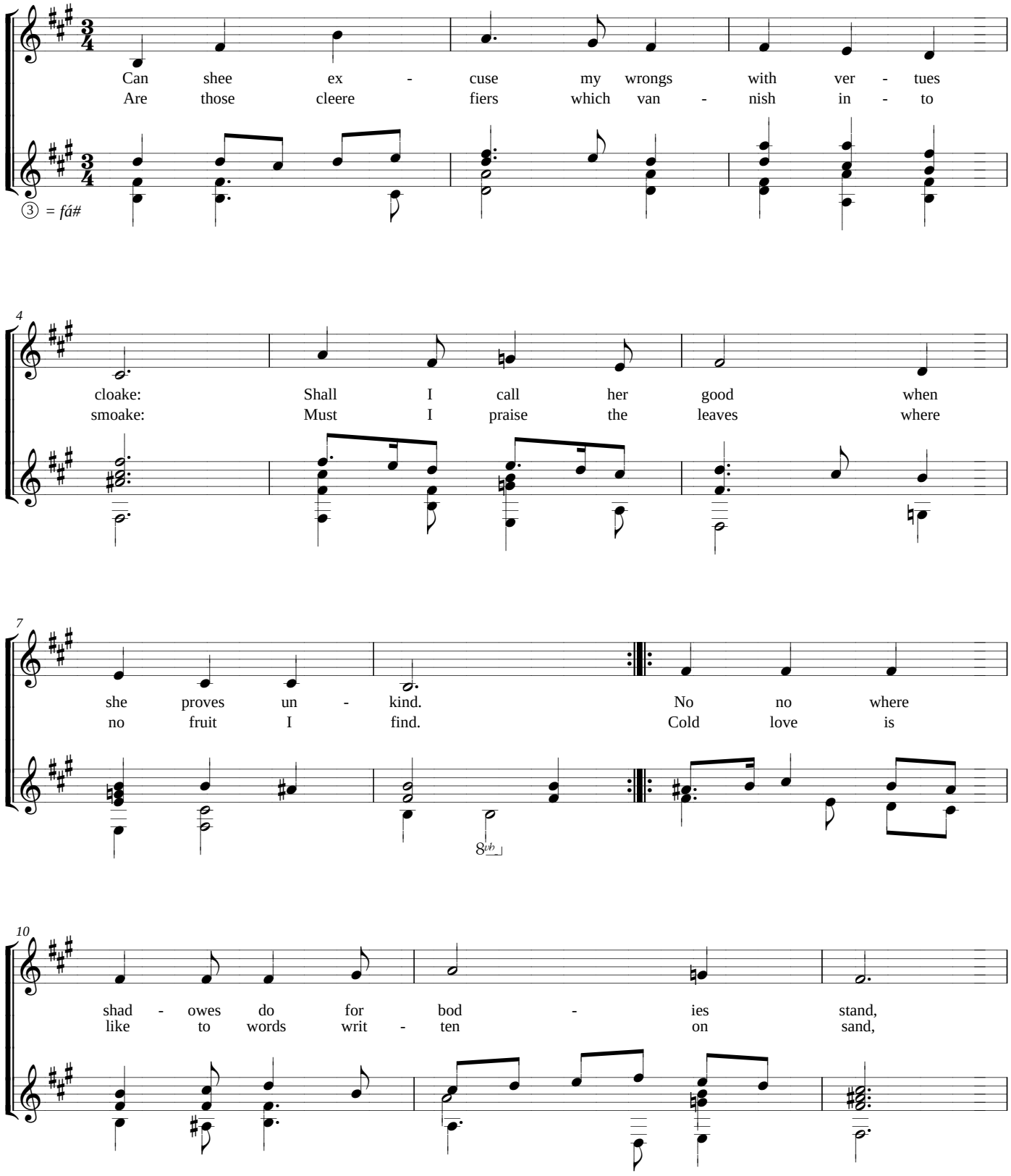

10
la - ment Love's scant re - lief,
12
And pine, since pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes.
15
O pine, to see me pine,
17
O pine, to see me pine, my ten - der flocks.

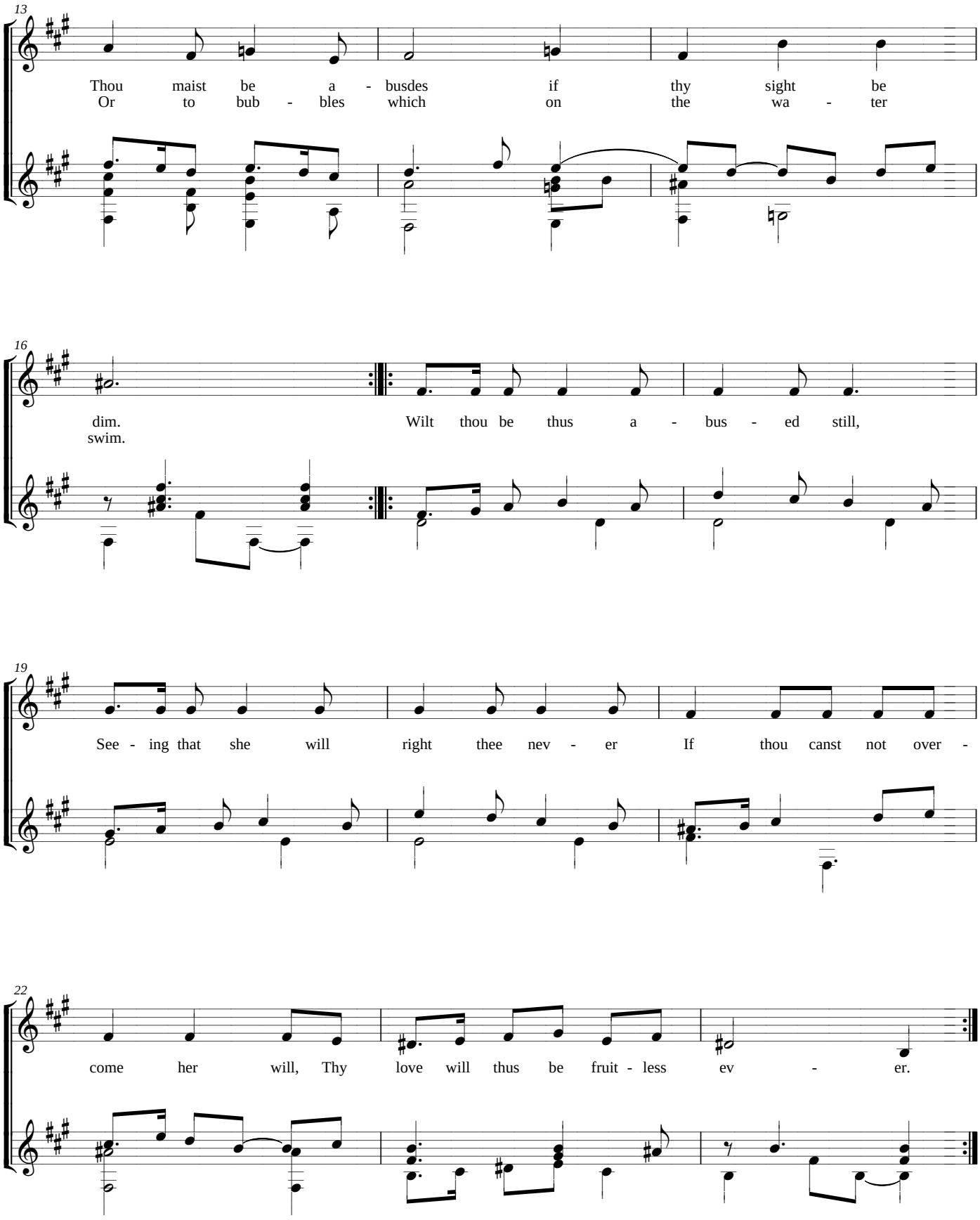
Can Shee Excuse My Wrongs

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

The First Booke of Songes (1597)



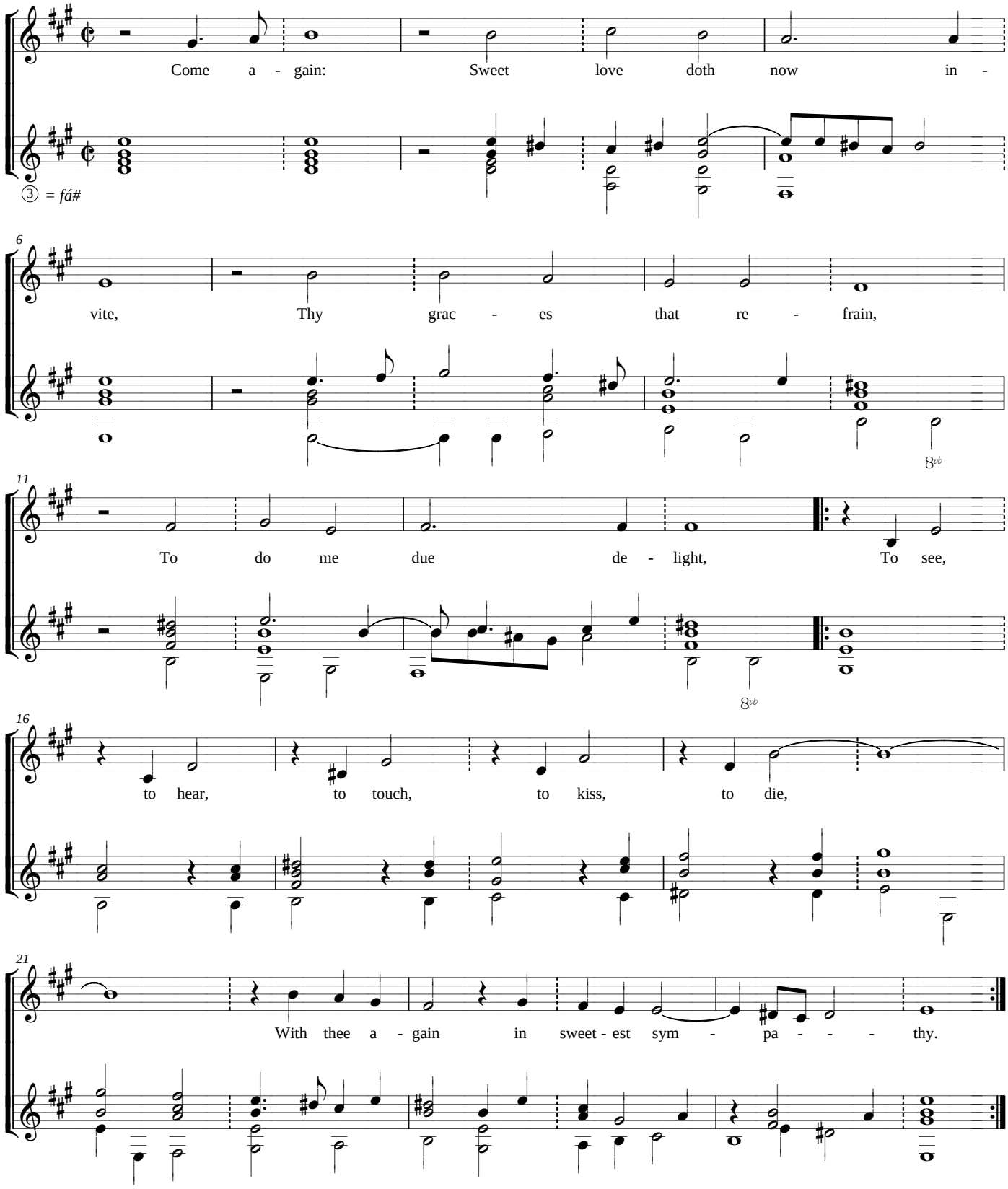

13
Thou maist be a - busdes if thy sight be
Or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter
16
dim.
swim.
Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still,
19
See - ing that she will right thee nev - er If thou canst not over -
22
come her will, Thy love will thus be fruit - less ev - er.

Come again: Sweet love doth now

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

The First Booke of Ayres (1597)

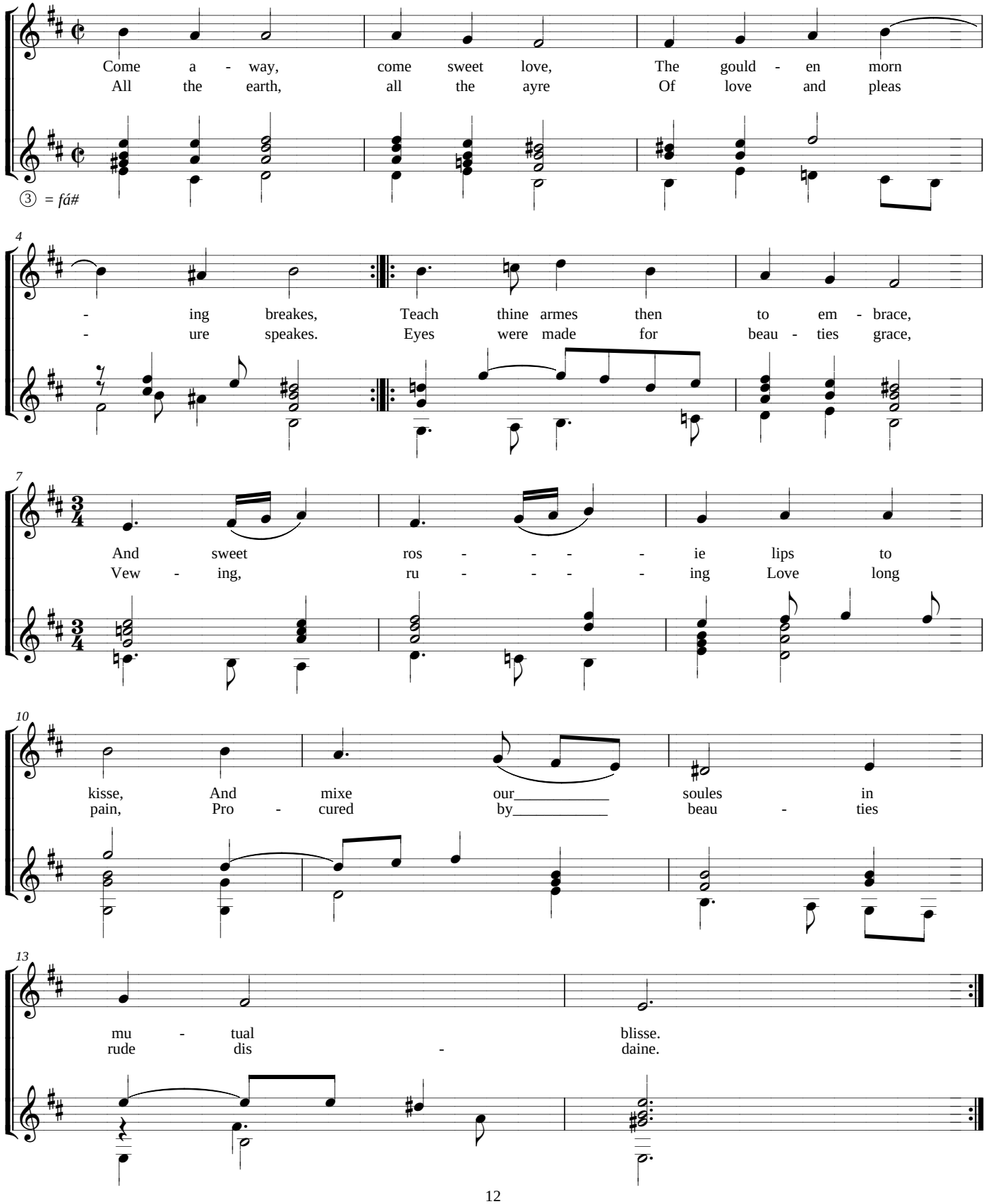


Come Away, Come Sweet Love

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

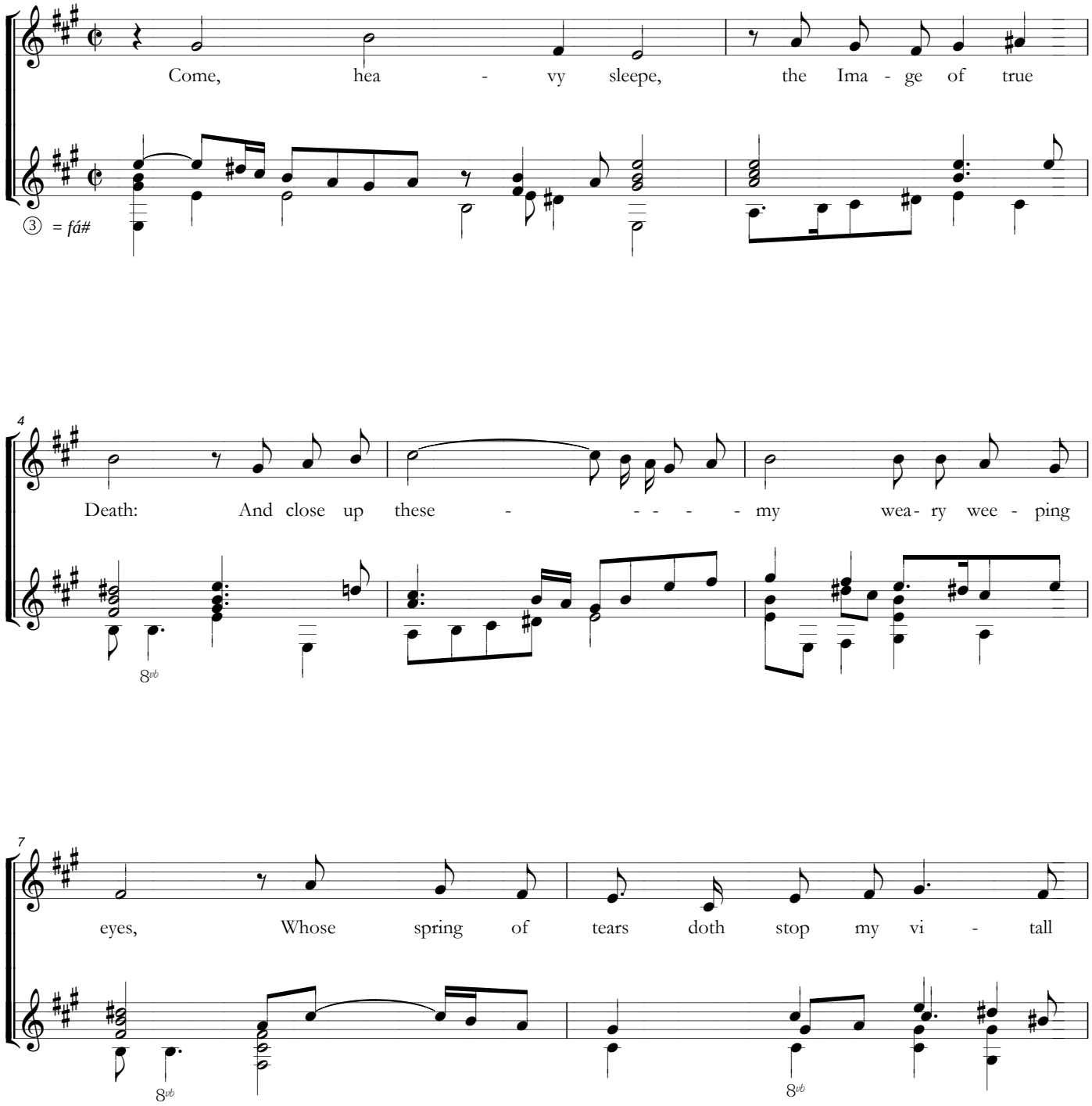
The First Bokke of Ayres (1597)

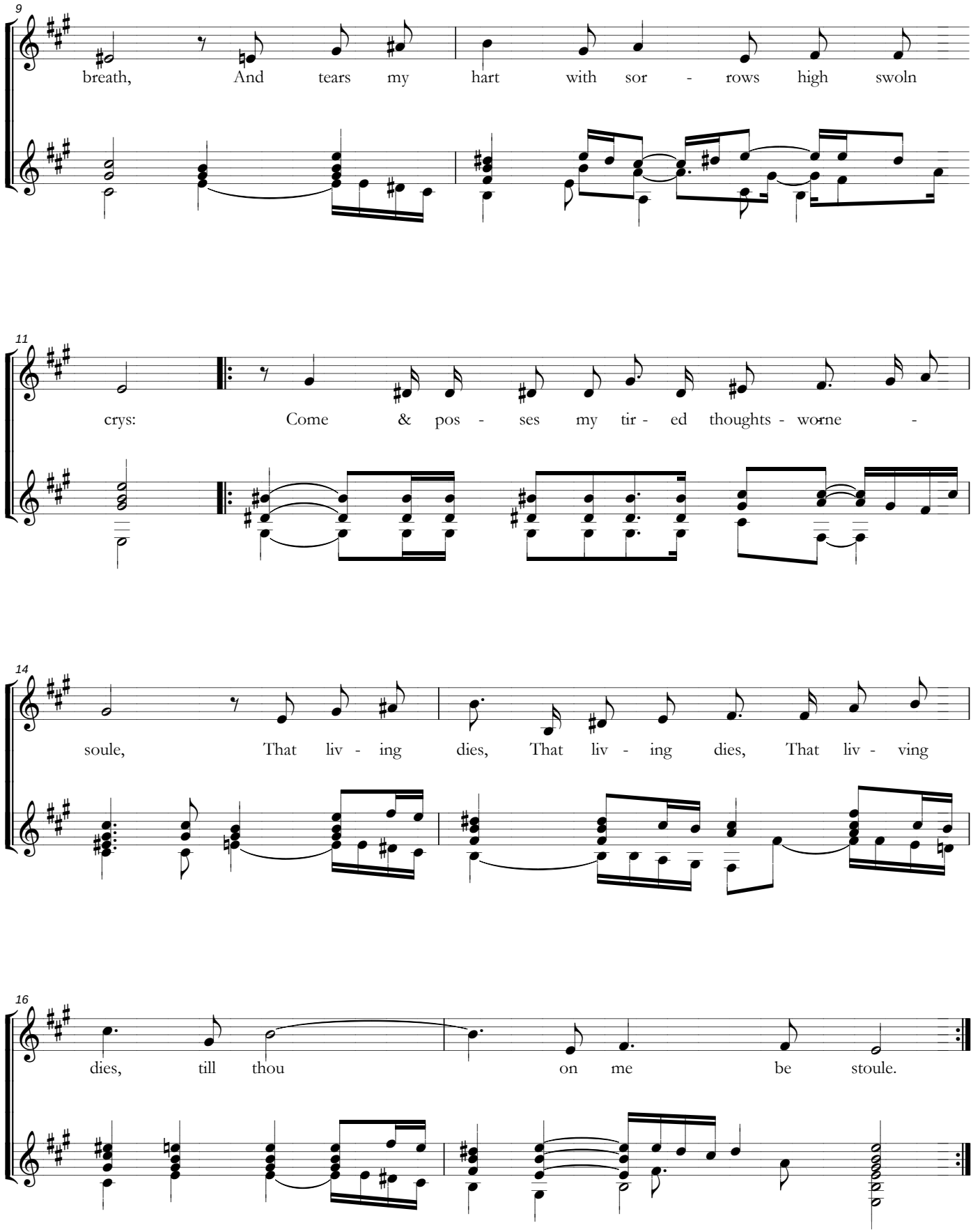


COME HEAVY SLEEPE

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland
The First Booke of Ayres (1597)

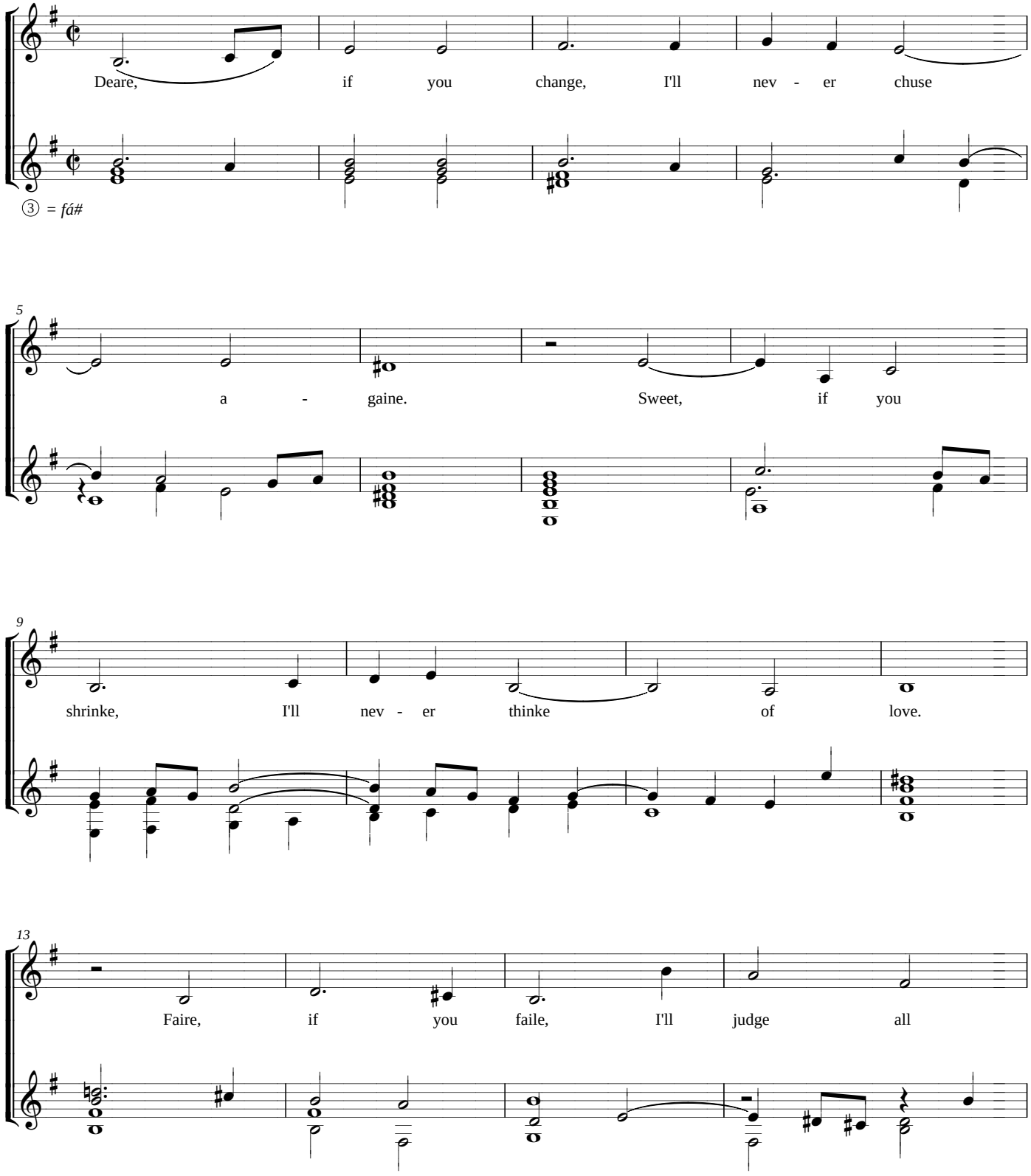


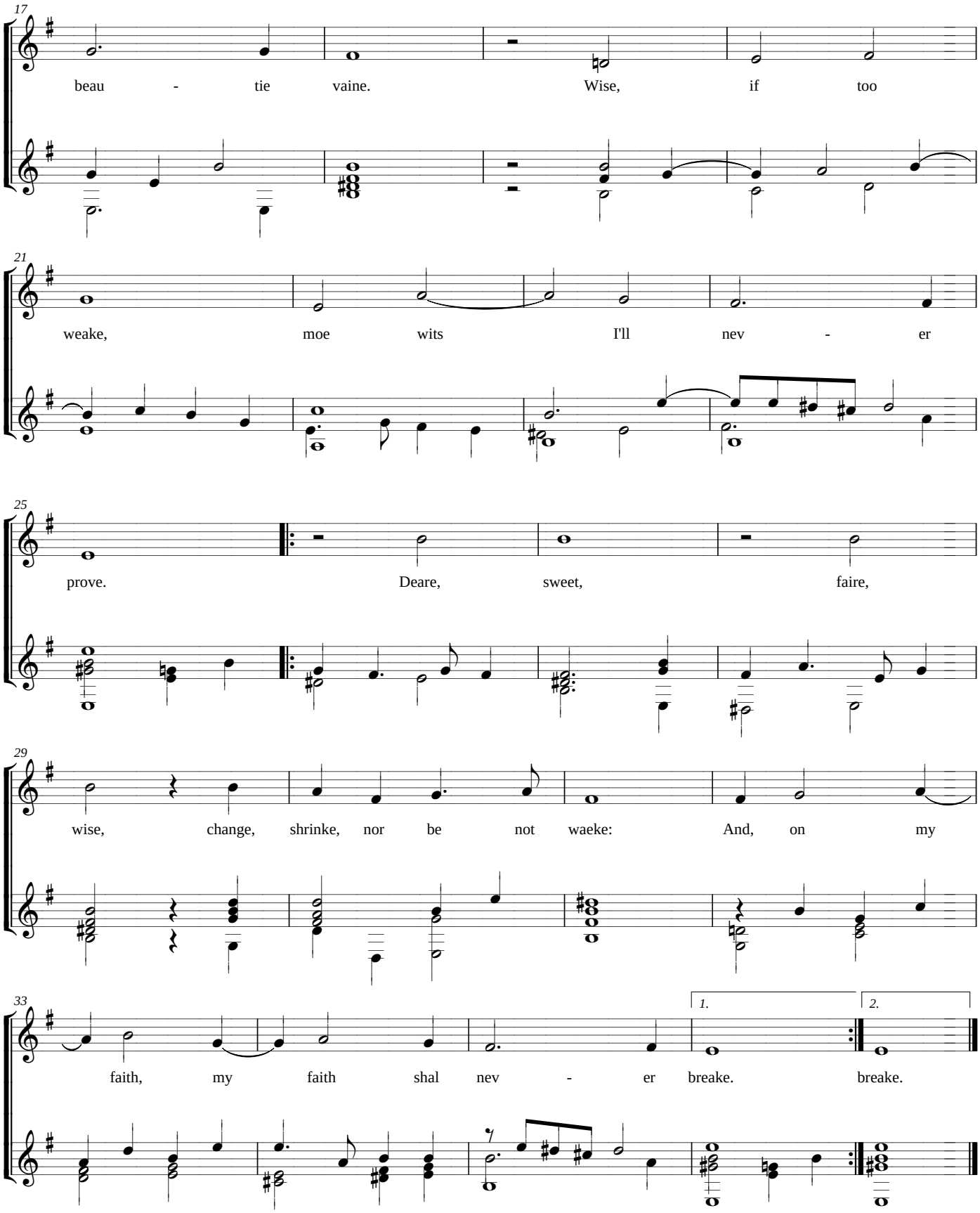

9
breath, And tears my hart with sor - rows high swoln
11
crys: Come & pos - ses my tir - ed thoughts - wo-rne -
14
soule, That liv - ing dies, That liv - ing dies, That liv - ving
16
dies, till thou on me be stoule.

Deare, If You Change

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland
The First Booke of Ayres (1597)



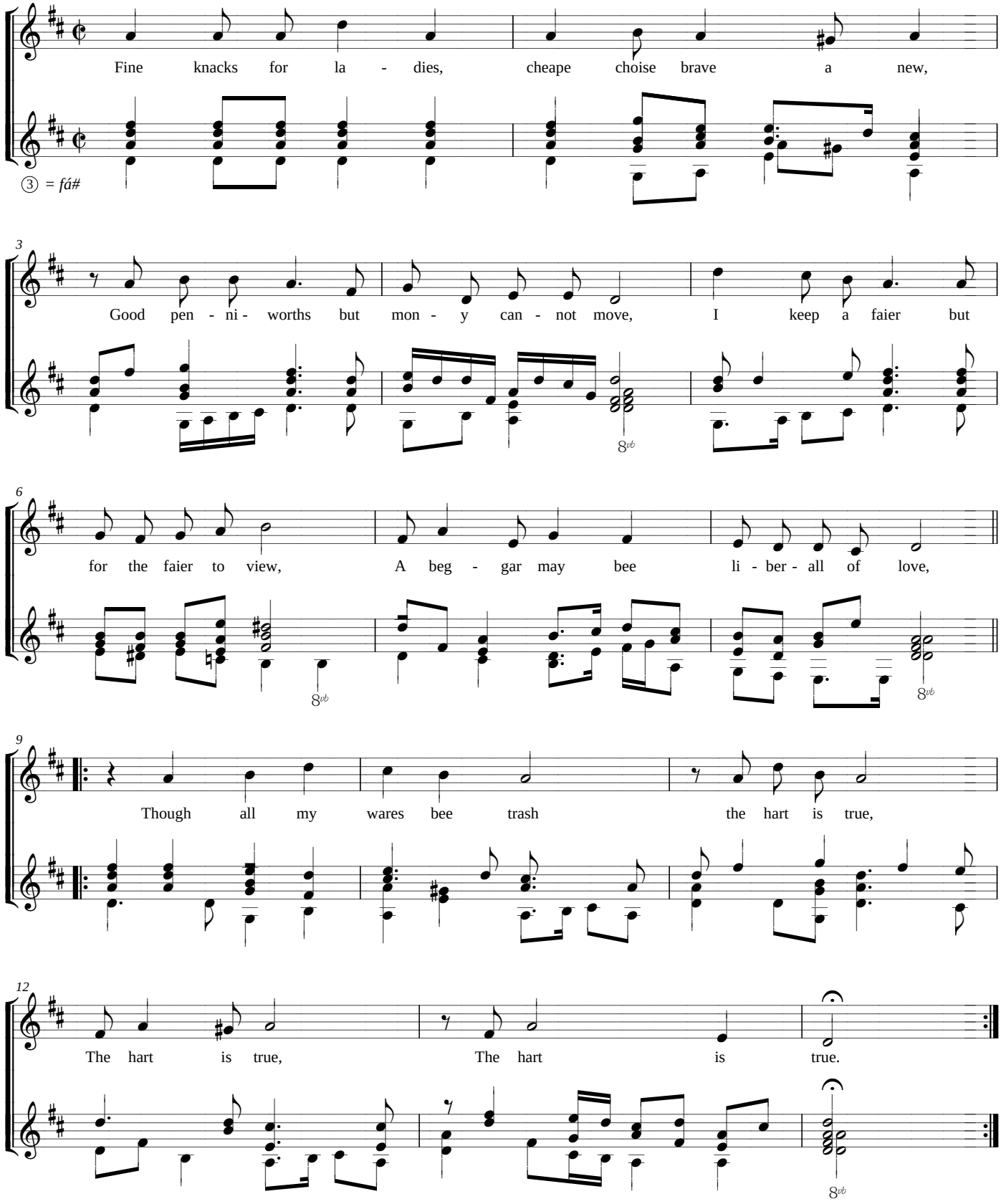

17
beau - tie vaine. Wise, if too
21
weake, moe wits I'll nev - er
25
prove. Deare, sweet, faire,
29
wise, change, shrinke, nor be not waeke: And, on my
33
faith, my faith shal nev - er breake. breake.
1.
2.

Fine knacks for ladies

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

The Seconde Booke of Songs or Ayres (1600)



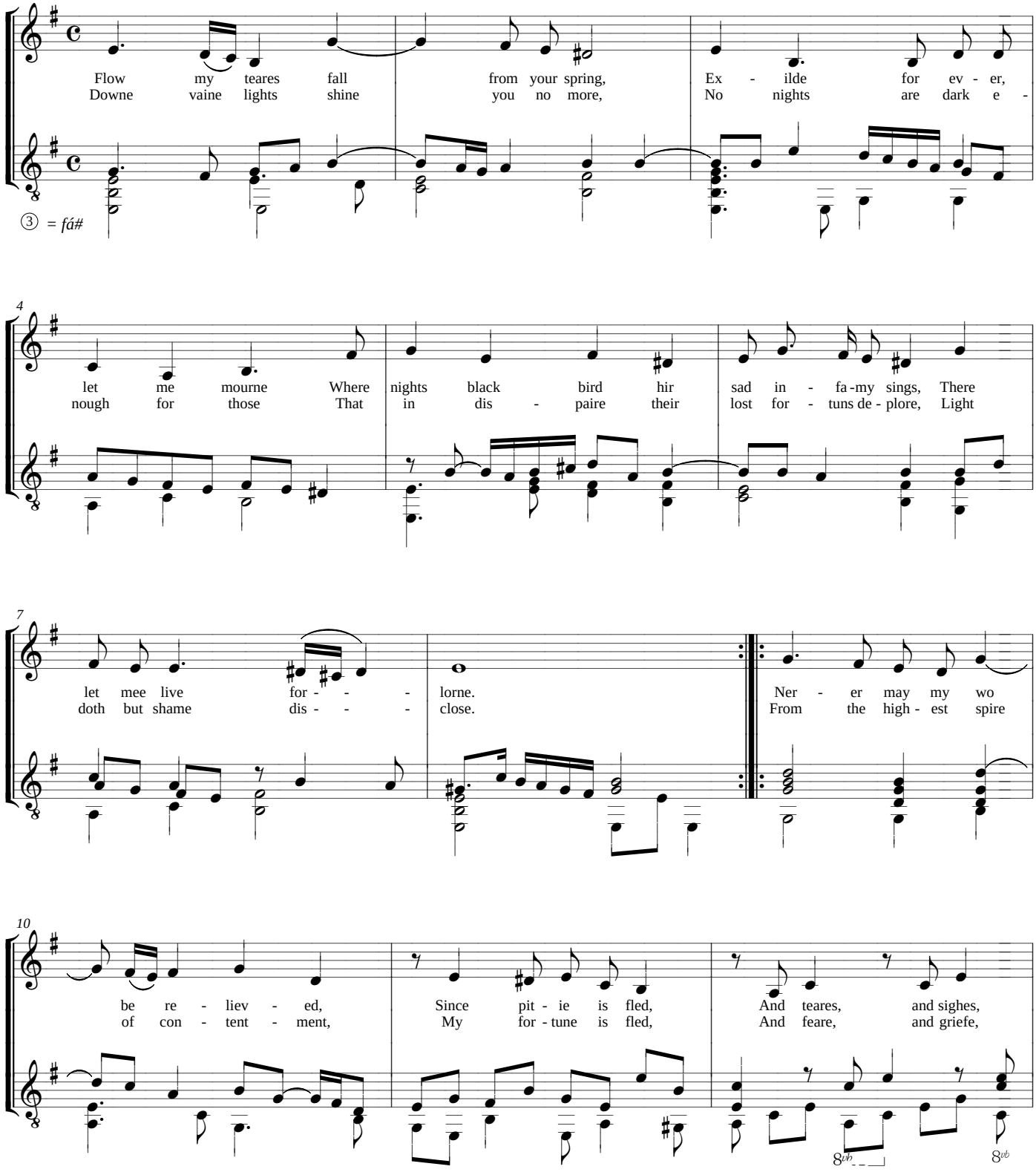
FLOW MY TEARS

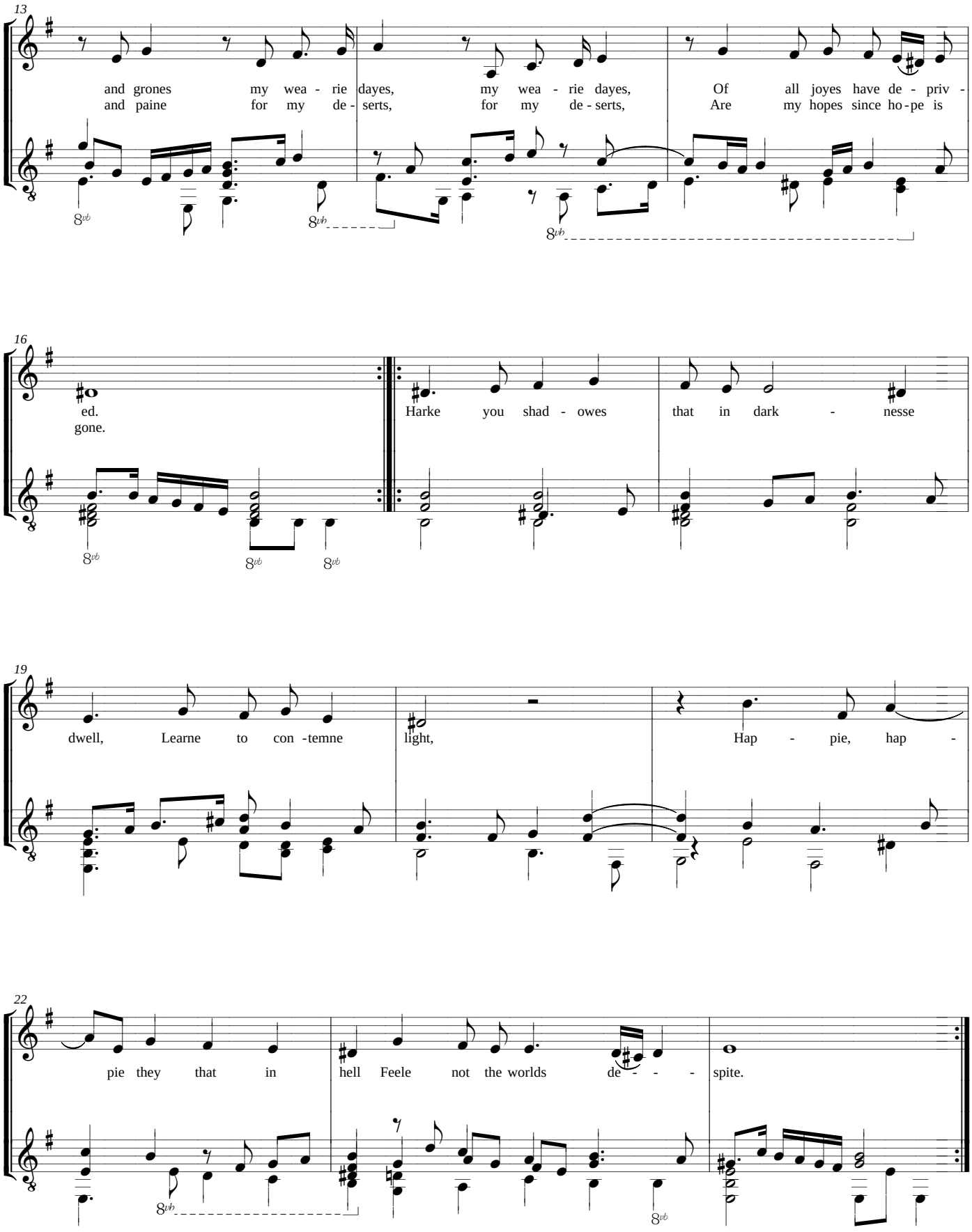
(Lachimae)

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

The Second Book
of Songs or Ayres - 1600




13
and grones my wea - rie dayes, my wea - rie dayes, Of all joyes have de - priv -
and paine for my de - serts, for my de - serts, Are my hopes since ho - pe is
16
ed.
gone.
Harke you shad - owes that in dark - nesse
19
dwell, Learne to con - temne light, Hap - pie, hap -
22
pie they that in hell Feele not the worlds de - - - spite.