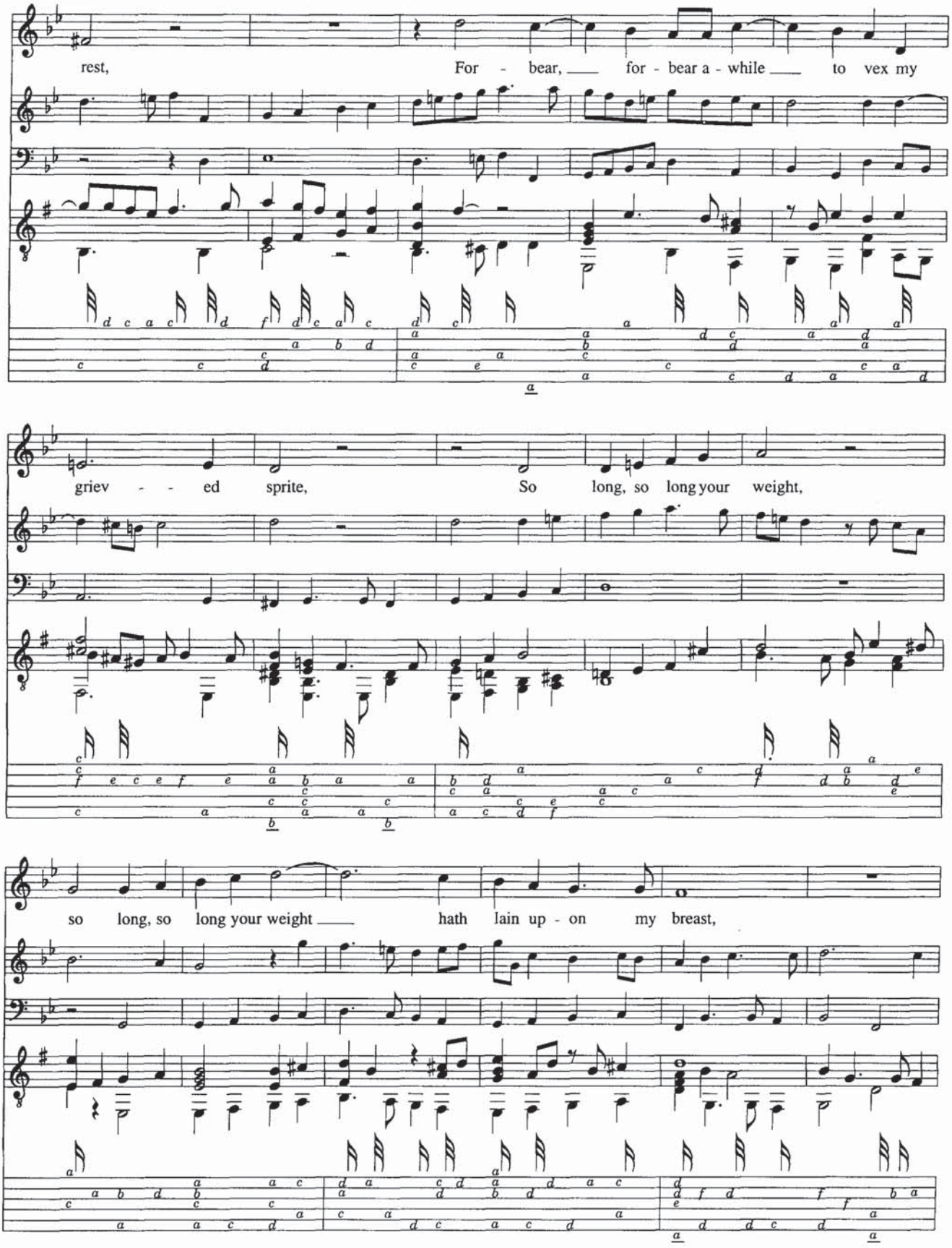
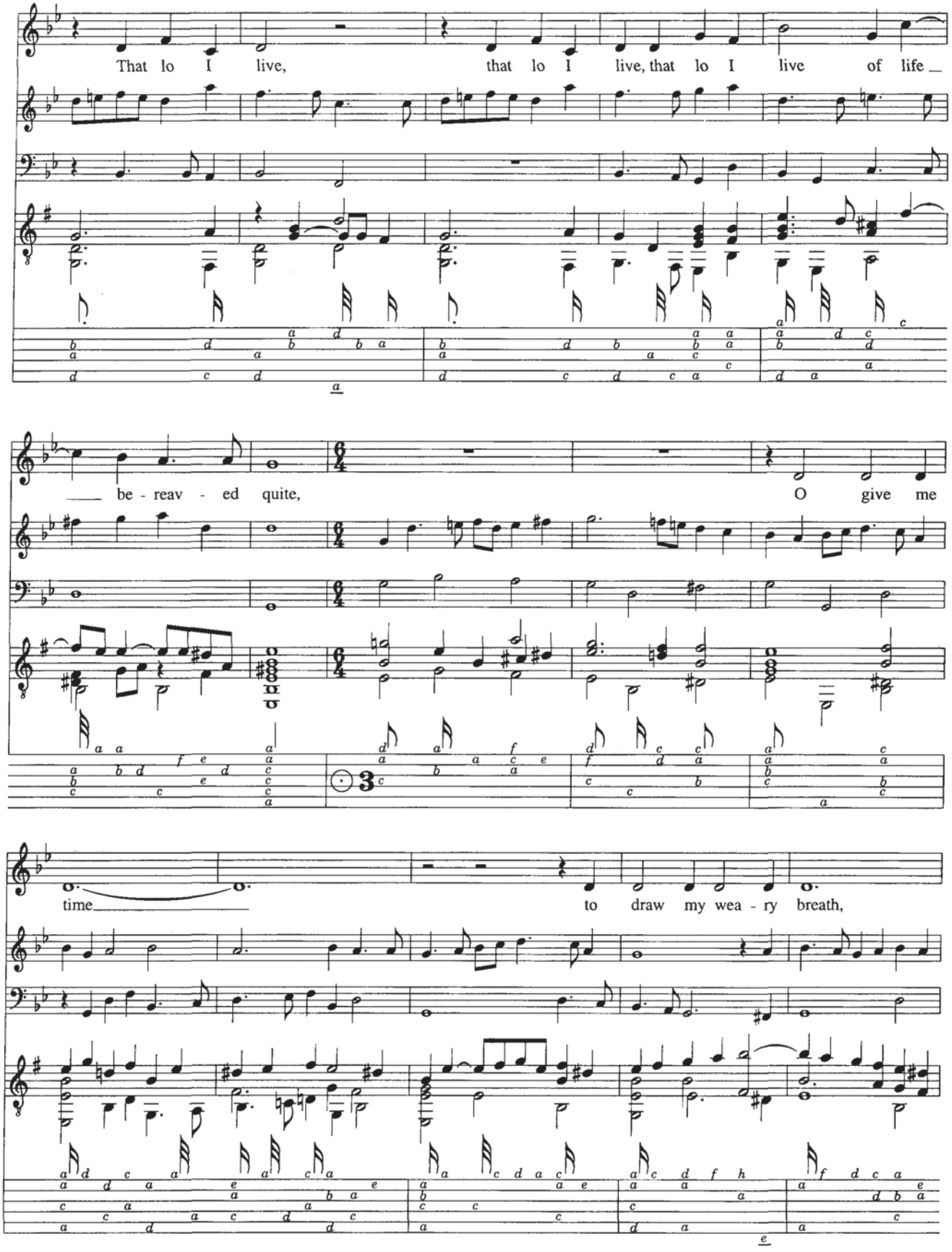
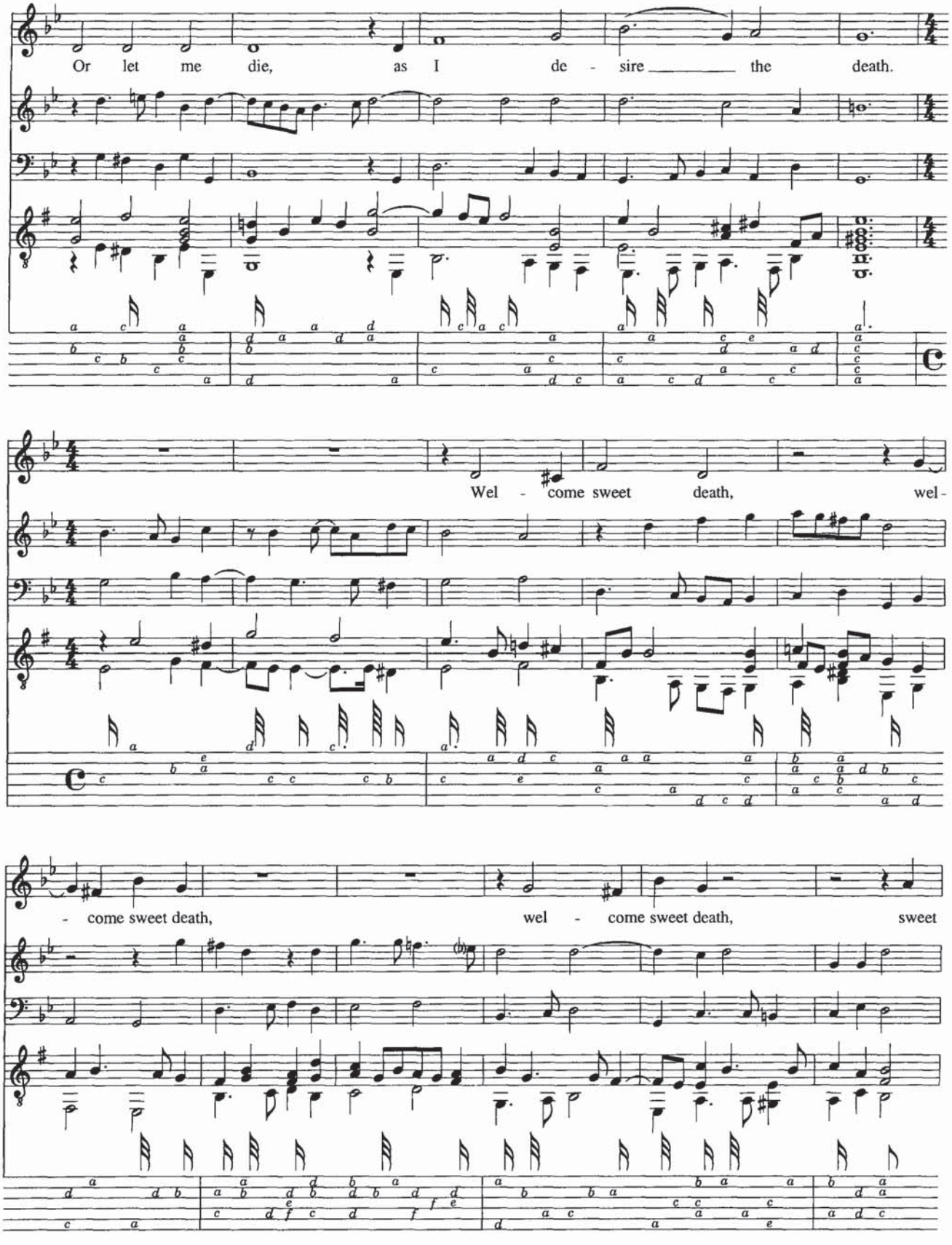
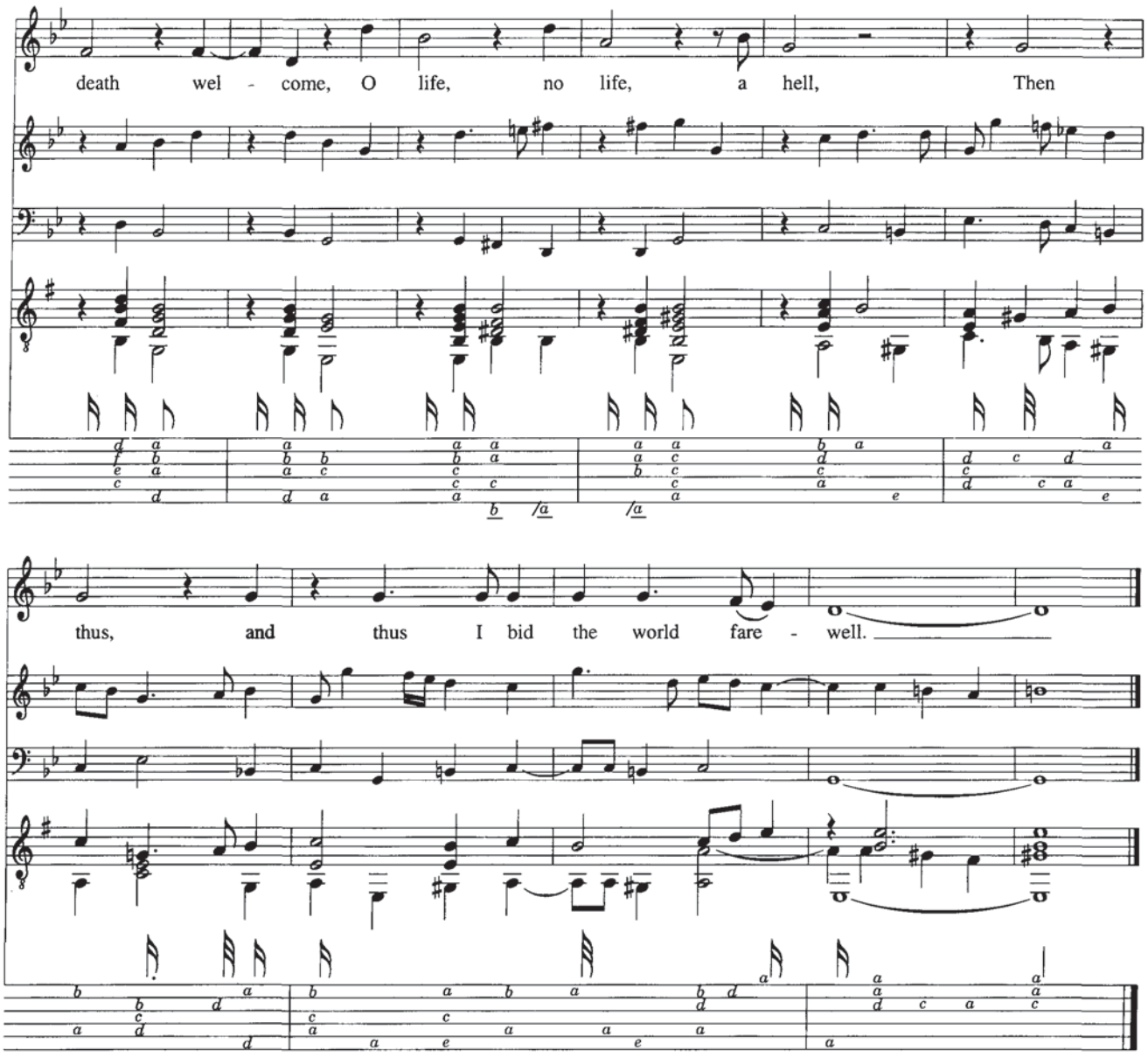

rest, For - bear, for - bear a - while to vex my
griev - - ed sprite, So long, so long your weight,
so long, so long your weight hath lain up - on my breast,


That lo I live, that lo I live, that lo I live of life _
_ be - reav - ed quite, O give me
time_ to draw my wea - ry breath,


Or let me die, as I de - sire the death.
Wel - come sweet death, wel -
- come sweet death, wel - come sweet death, sweet



1

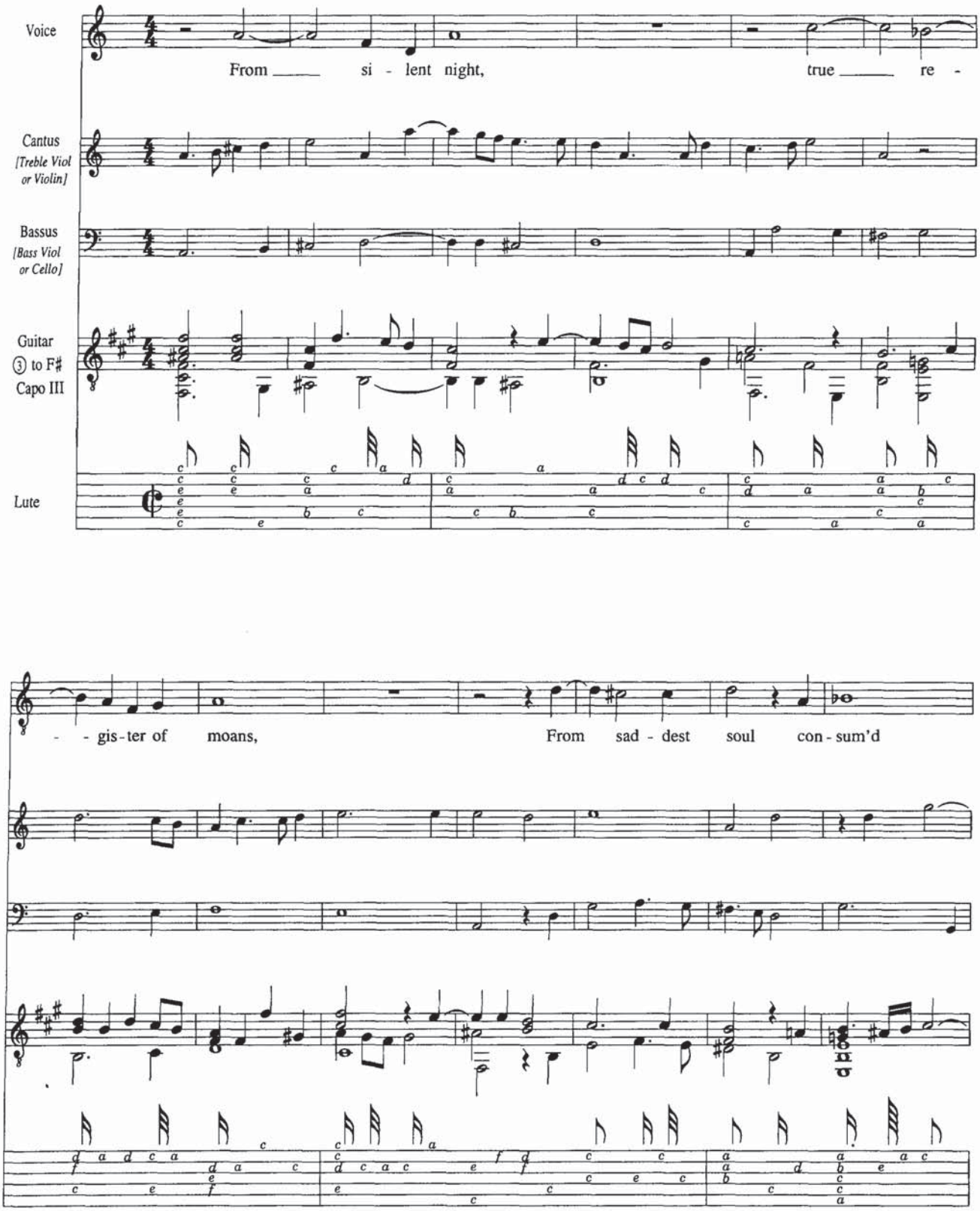
Go nightly cares, the enemy to rest,
Forbear awhile to vex my grieved sprite,
So long your weight hath lain upon my breast,
That lo I live of life bereaved quite,
O give me time to draw my weary breath,
Or let me die, as I desire the death.
Welcome sweet death, O life, no life, a hell,
Then thus, and thus I bid the world farewell.

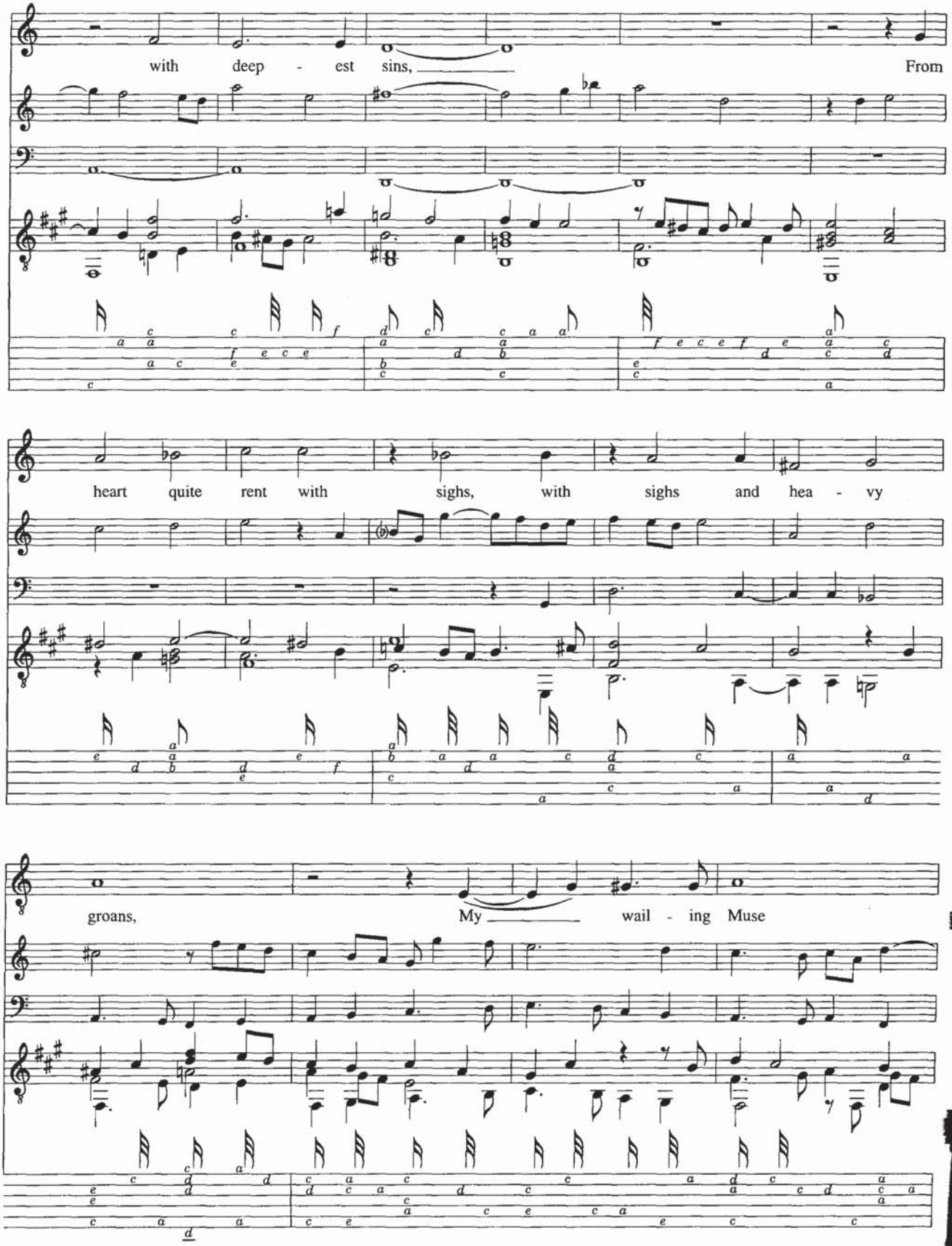
2

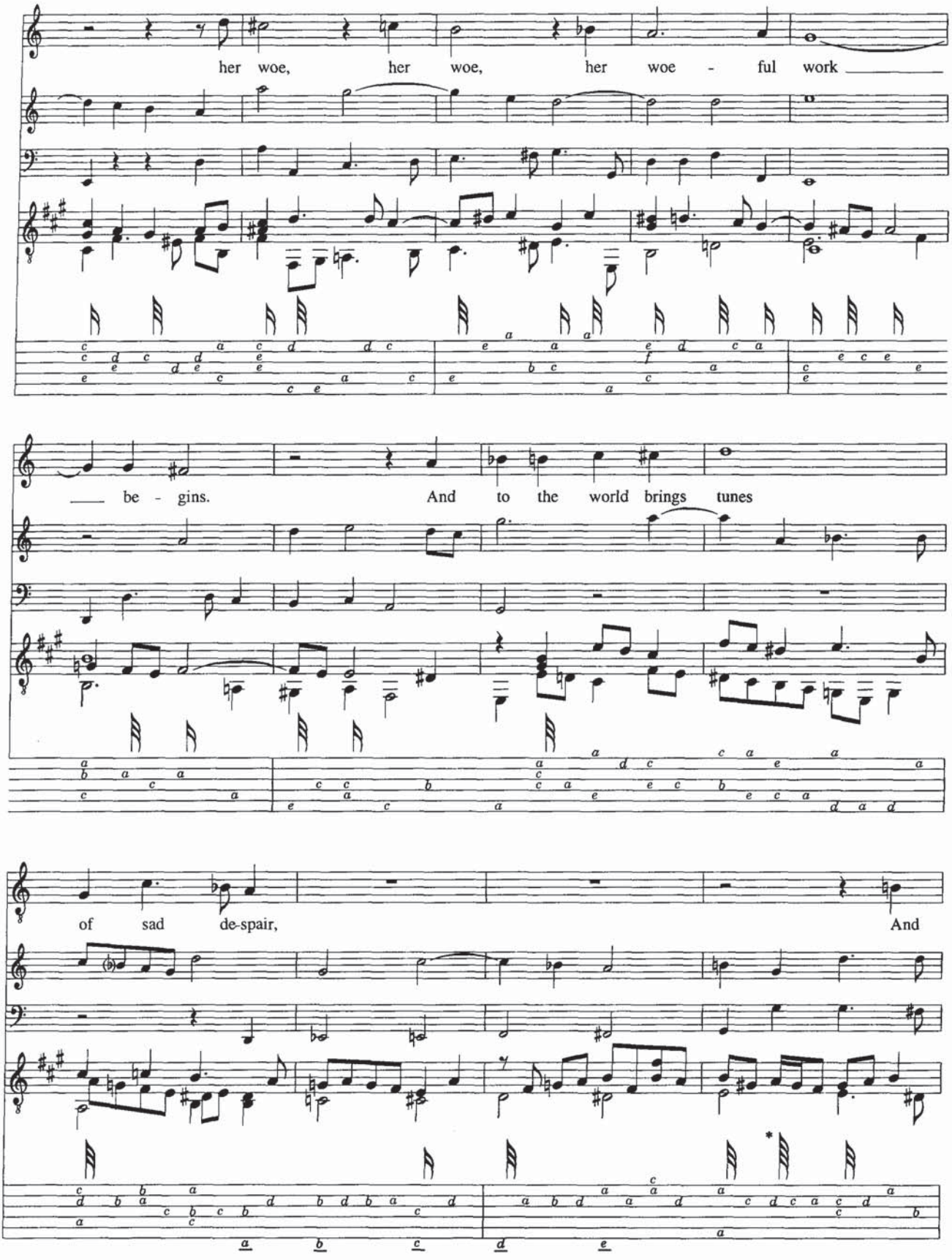
False world farewell the enemy to rest,
Now do thy worst, I do not weigh thy spite:
Free from thy cares I live for ever bless'd,
Enjoying peace and heav'nly true delight.
Delight, whom woes nor sorrows shall amate,
Nor fears or tears disturb her happy state.
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joys untrue,
And thus, and thus vain world again adieu.

X. From silent night

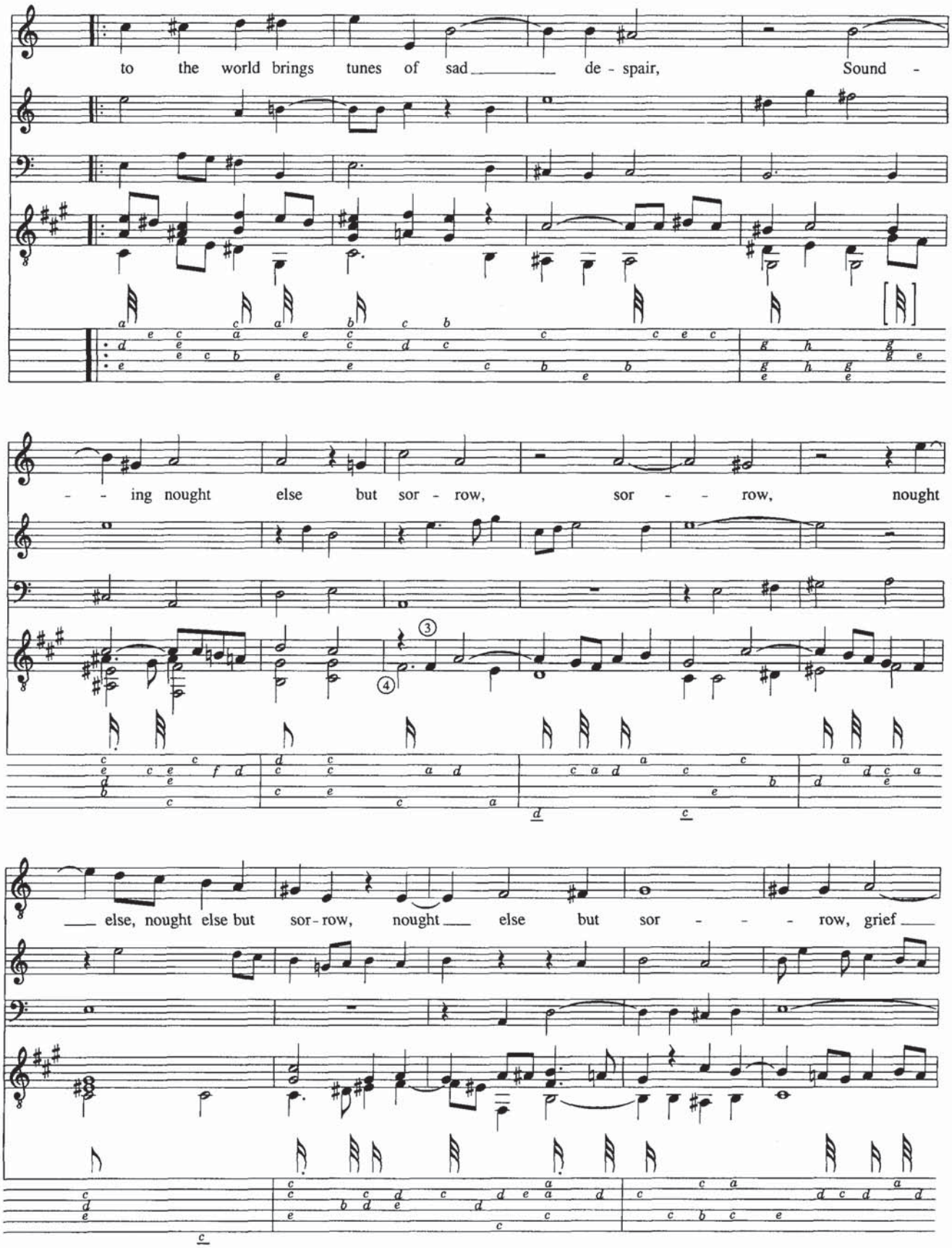
To my loving Country-man *Mr. John Forster* the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland

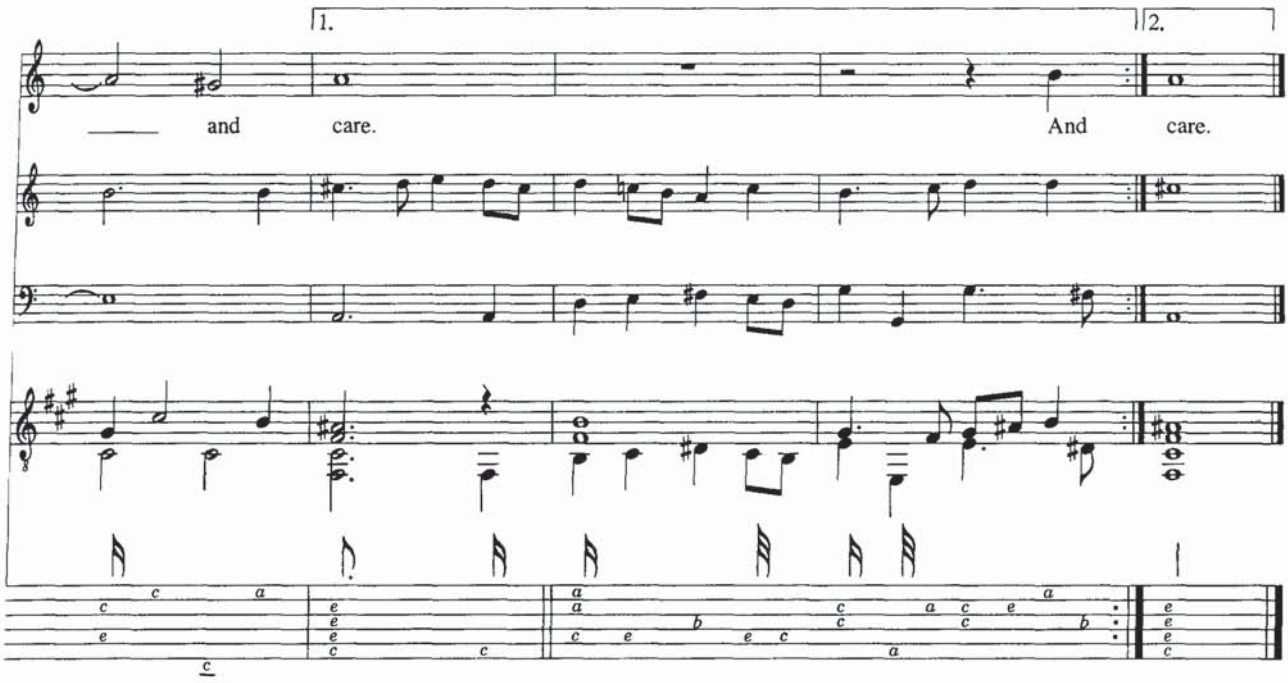



with deep - est sins, From
heart quite rent with sighs, with sighs and hea - vy
groans, My wail - ing Muse



* The rhythms are erratic in the tablature.


to the world brings tunes of sad de - spair, Sound -
- - ing nought else but sor - row, sor - - row, nought
else, nought else but sor - row, nought else but sor - - - row, grief



1

From silent night, true register of moans,
From saddest soul consum'd with deepest sins,
From heart quite rent with sighs and heavy groans,
My wailing Muse her woeful work begins.
And to the world brings tunes of sad despair,
Sounding nought else but sorrow, grief and care.

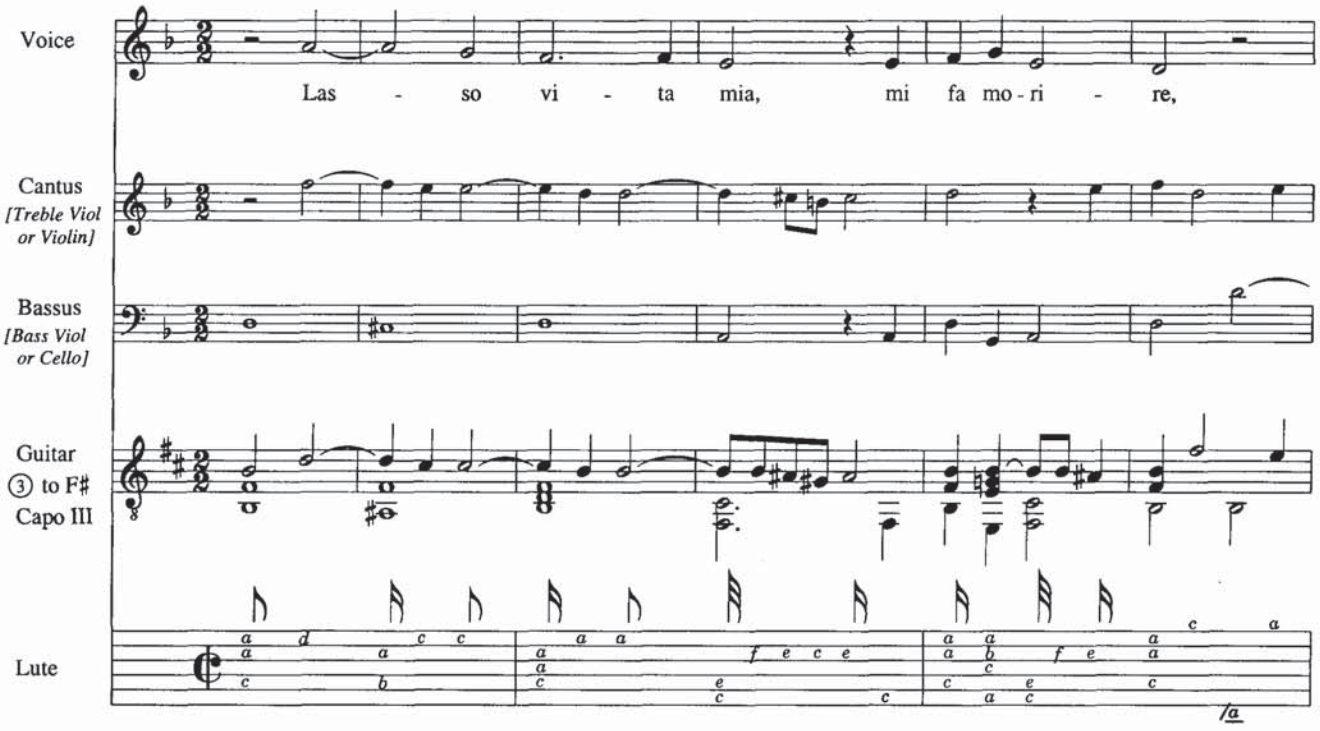
2

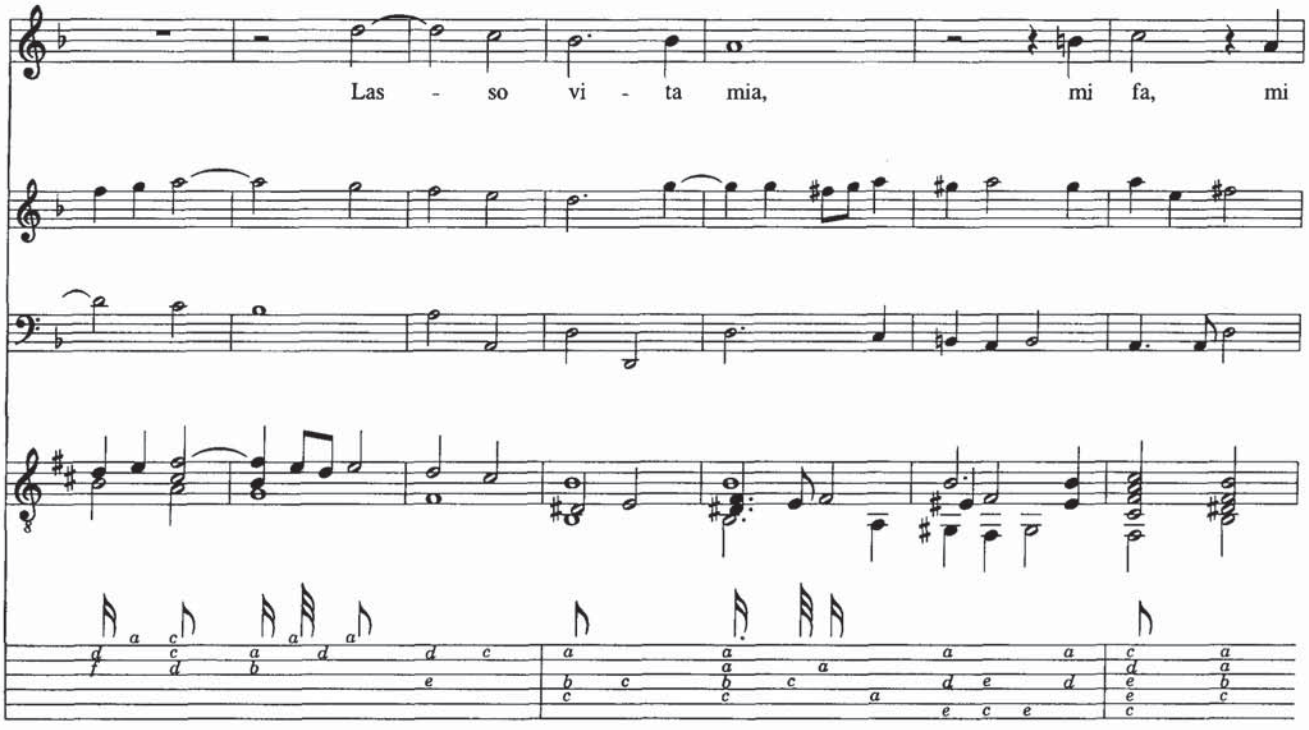
Sorrow to see my sorrow's cause augmented,
And yet less sorrowful were my sorrows more:
Grief that my grief with grief is not prevented,
For grief it is must ease my grieved sore.
Thus grief and sorrow cares but how to grieve,
For grief and sorrow must my cares relieve.

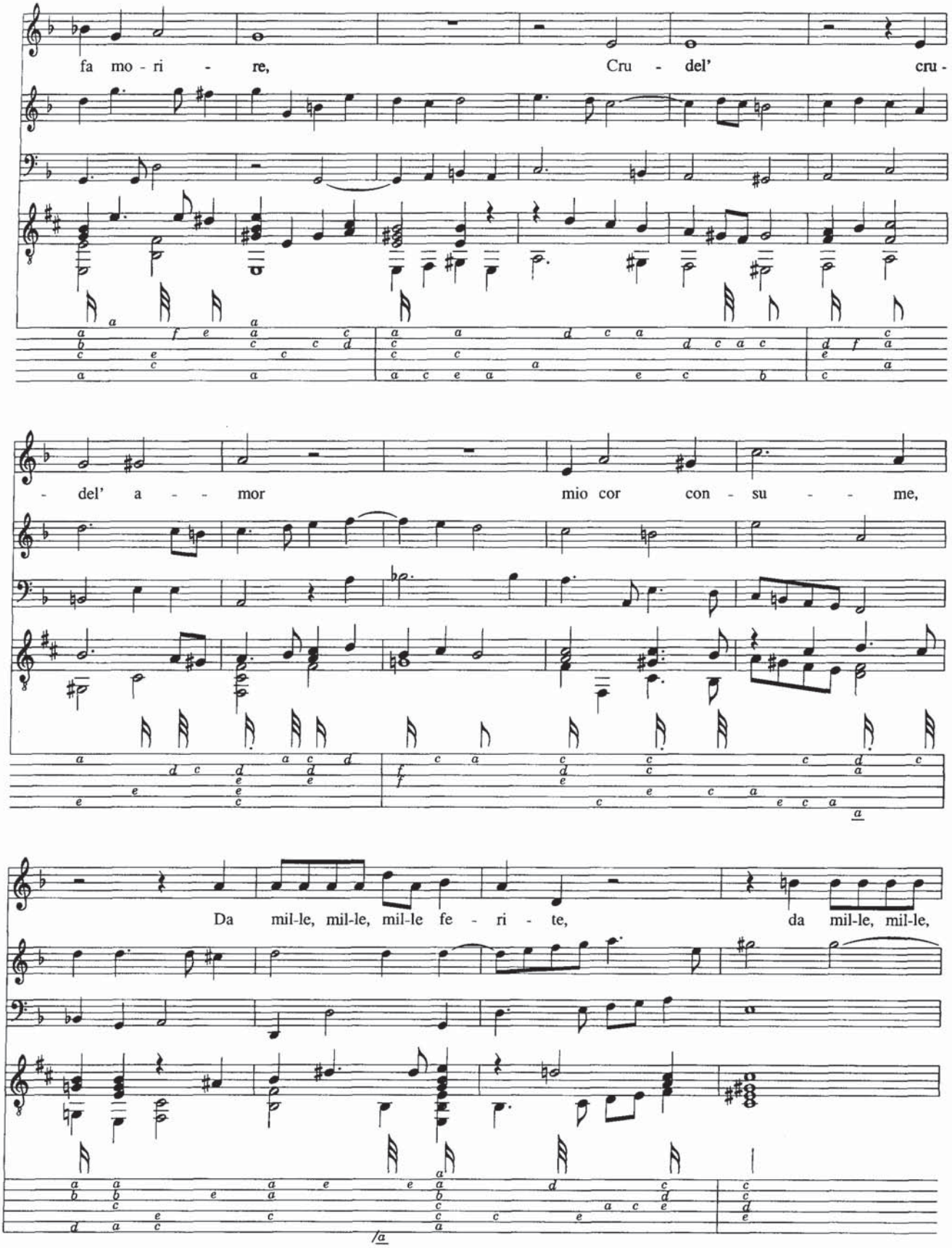
3

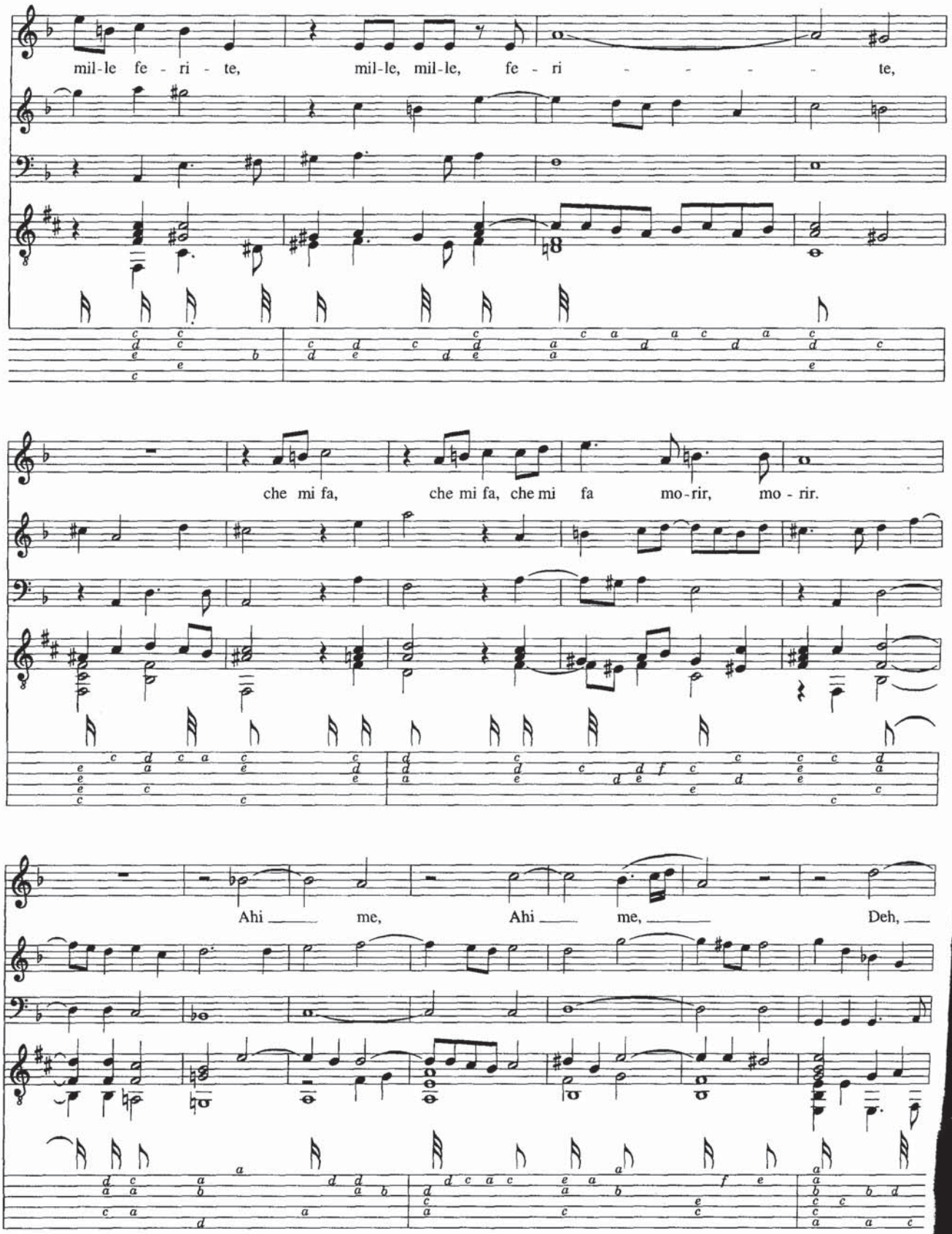
If any eye therefore can spare a tear
To fill the well-spring that must wet my cheeks,
O let that eye to this sad feast draw near,
Refuse me not my humble soul beseeks:
For all the tears mine eyes have ever wept
Were now too little had they all been kept.

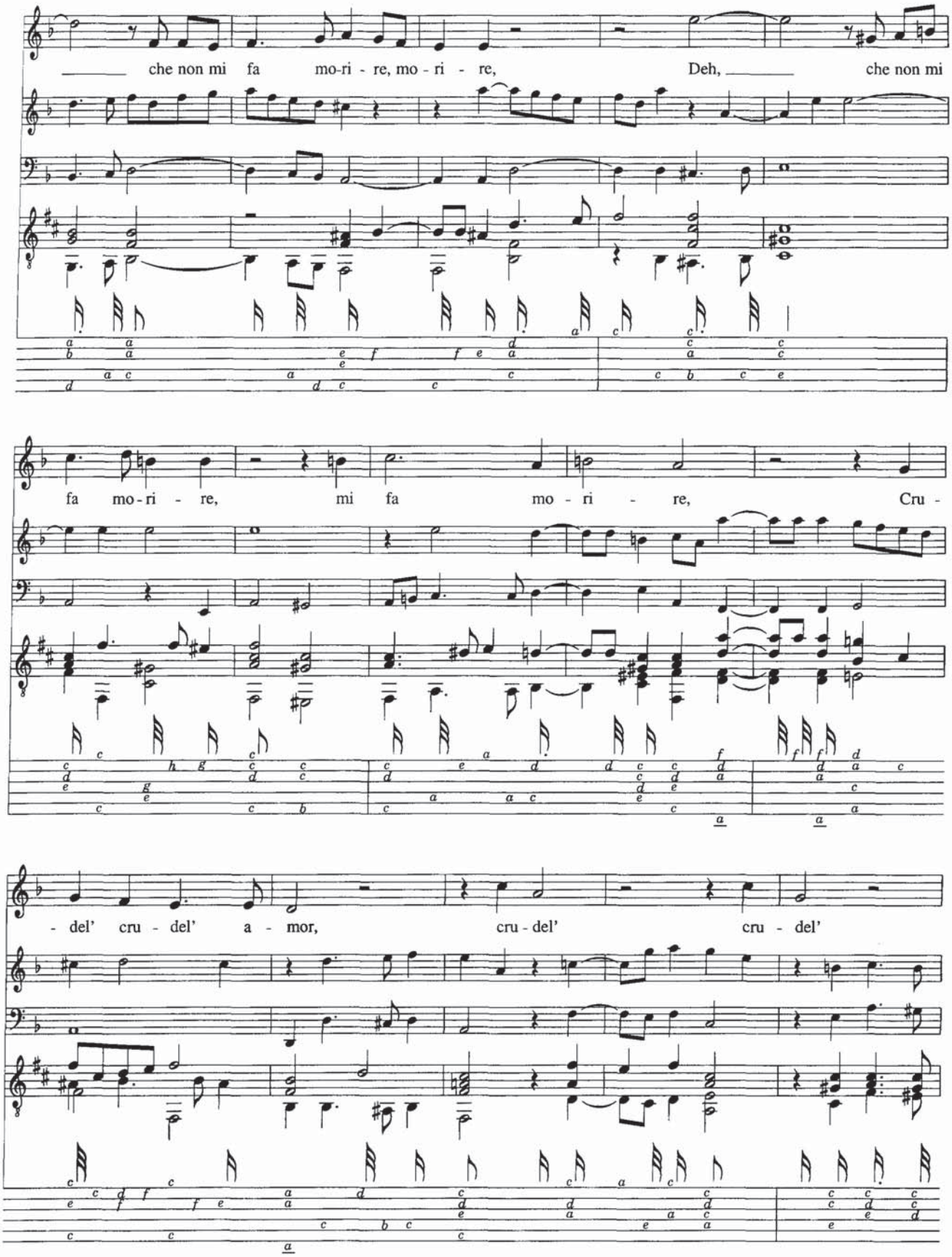
XI. Lasso vita mia

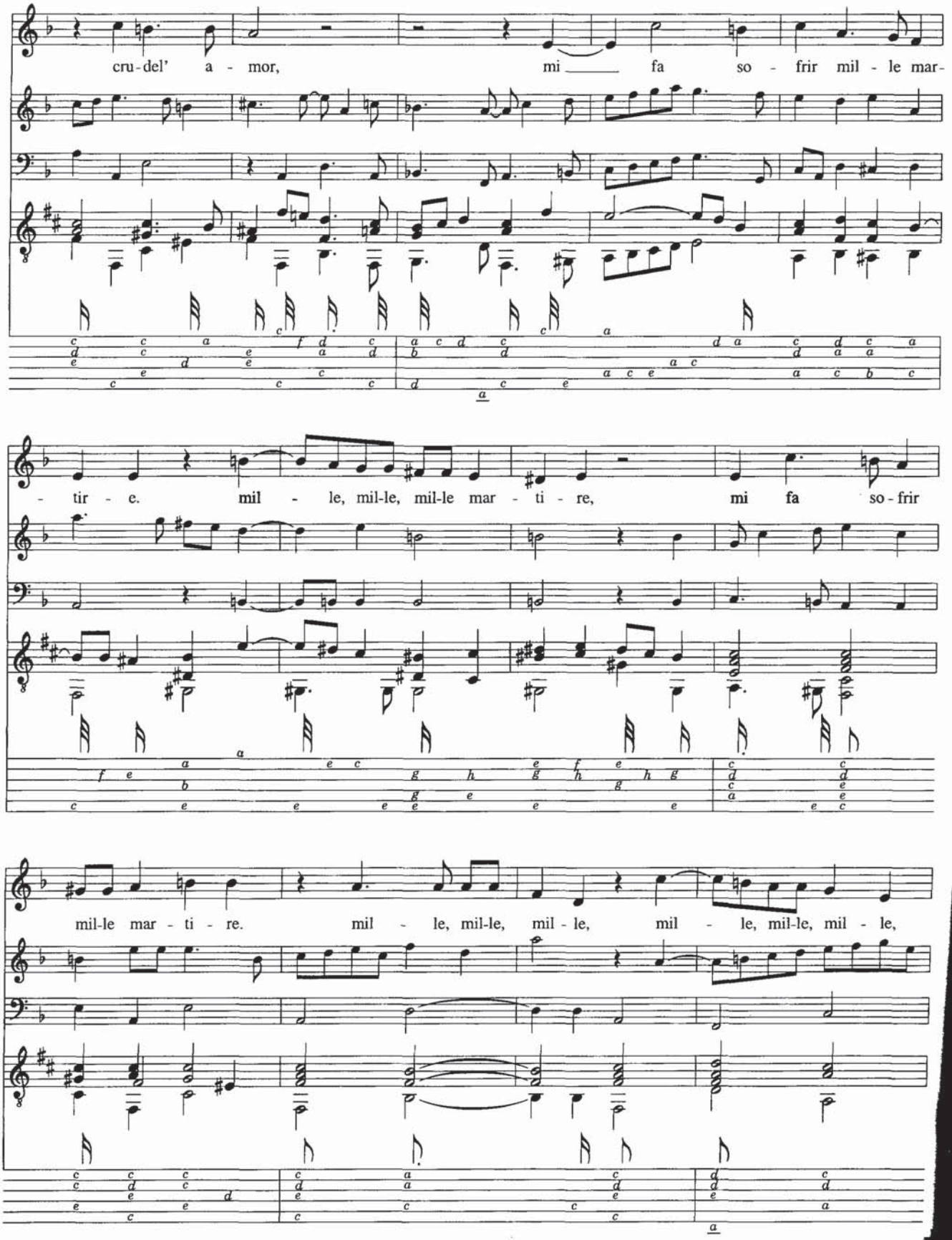


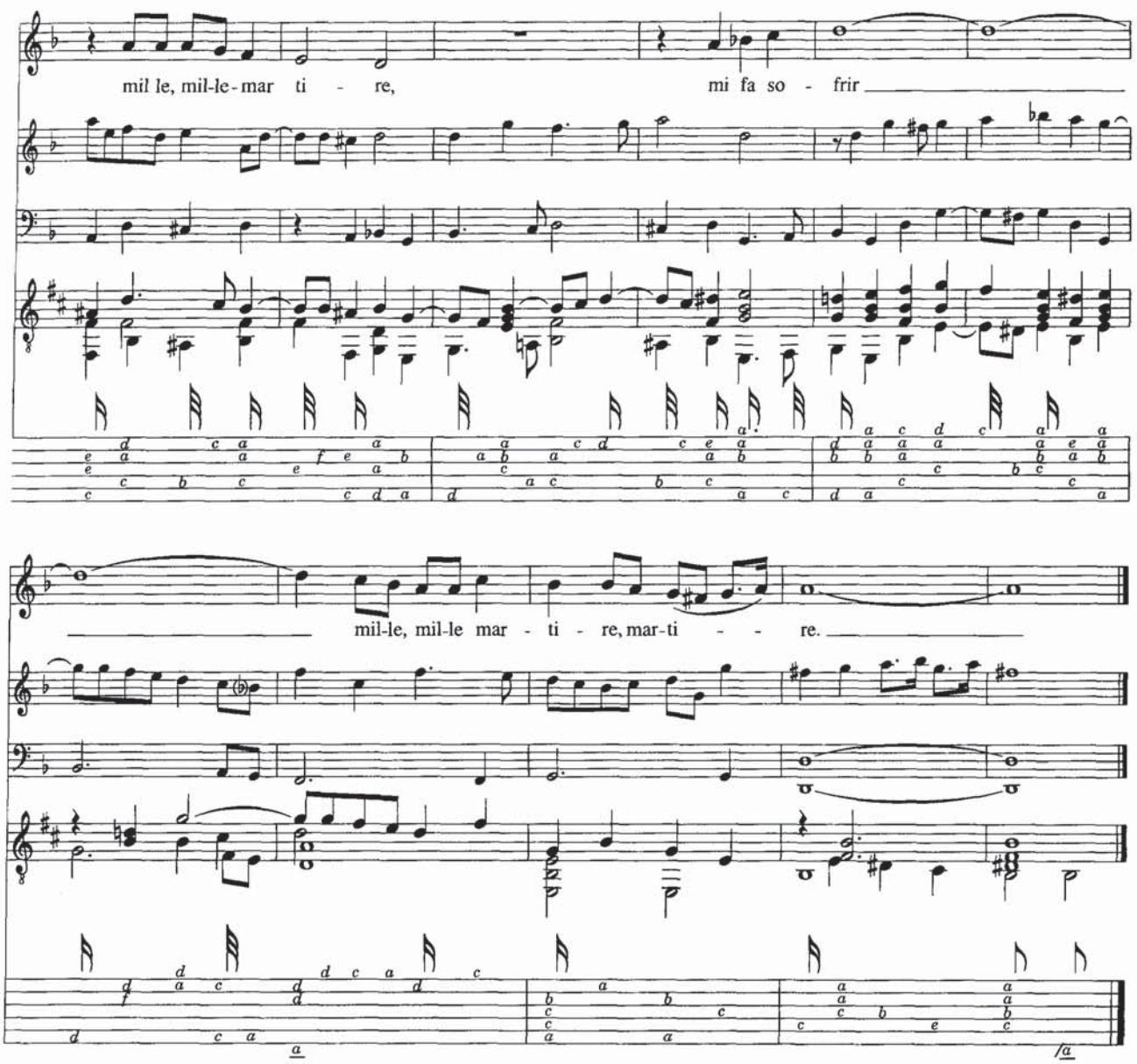



fa mo - ri - re,
Cru - del' cru -
- del' a - - mor
mio cor con - su - - - me,
Da mil-le, mil-le, mil-le fe - ri - te,
da mil-le, mil-le,


mil-le fe - ri - te, mil-le, mil-le, fe - ri - - - - - te,
che mi fa, che mi fa, che mi fa mo-rir, mo - rir.
Ahi me, Ahi me, Deh,

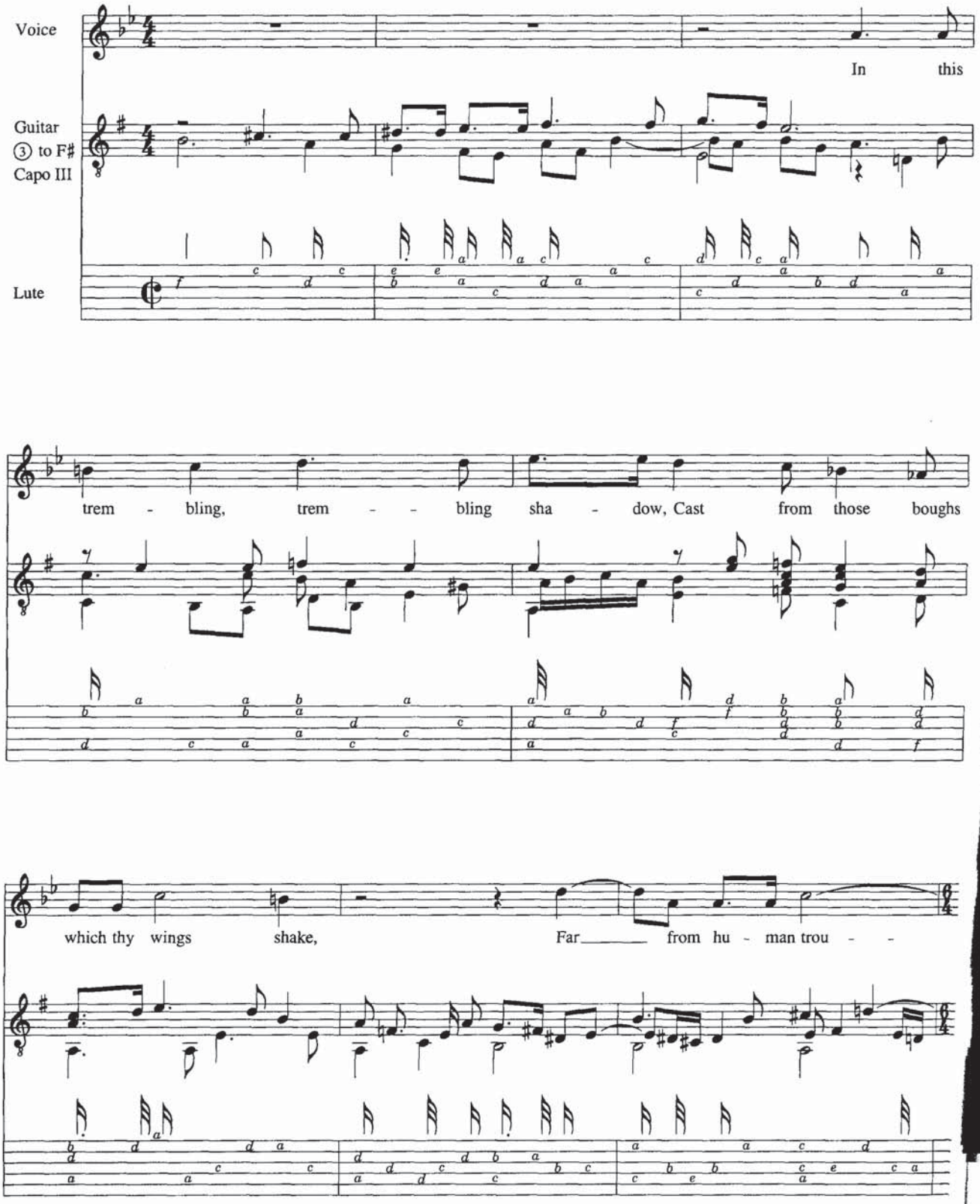

che non mi fa mo-ri - re, mo - ri - re, Deh, che non mi
fa mo-ri - re, mi fa mo - ri - re, Cru -
- del' cru - del' a - mor, cru - del' cru - del'

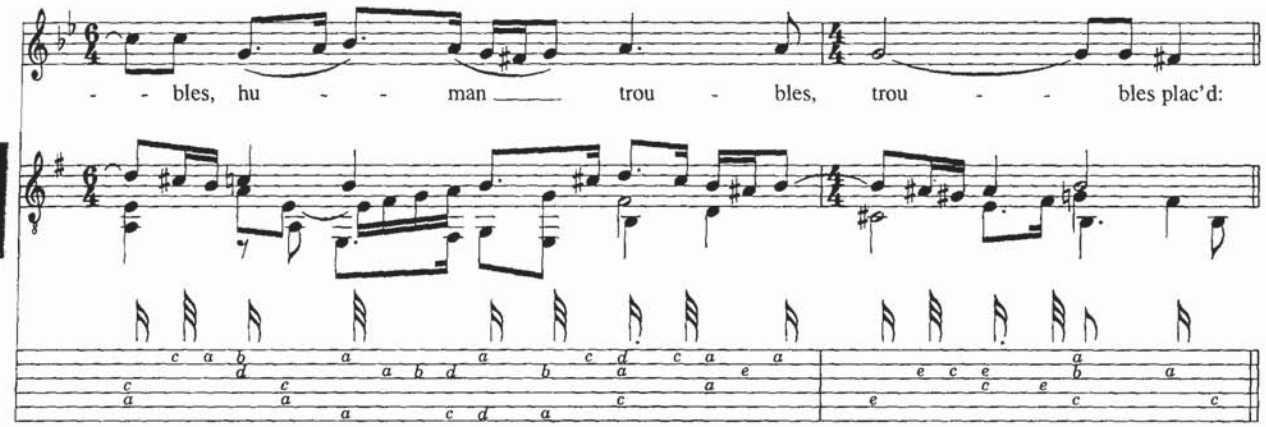

cru - del' a - mor, mi fa so - frir mil - le mar-
- tir - e. mil - le, mil-le, mil-le mar - ti - re, mi fa so - frir
mil-le mar - ti - re. mil - le, mil-le, mil - le, mil - le, mil-le, mil - le,

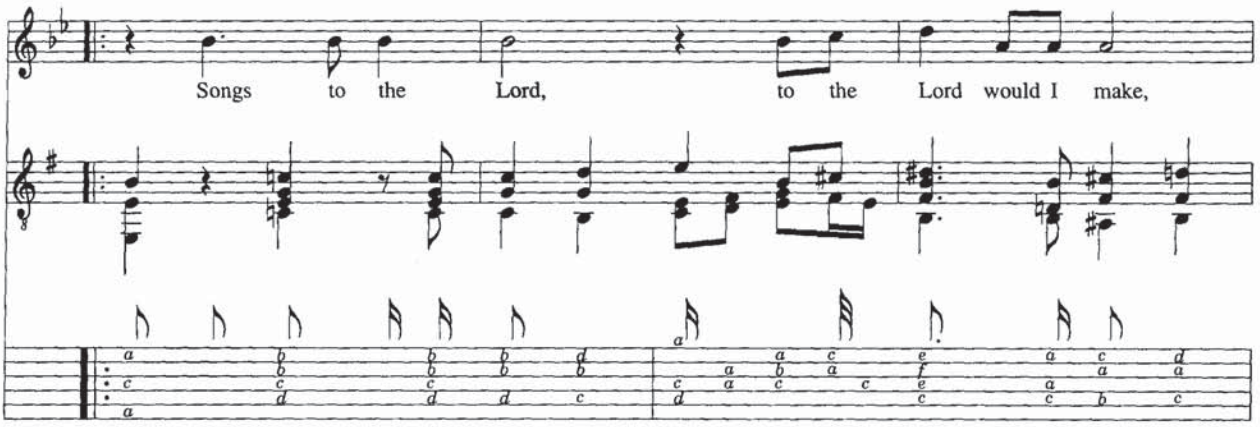


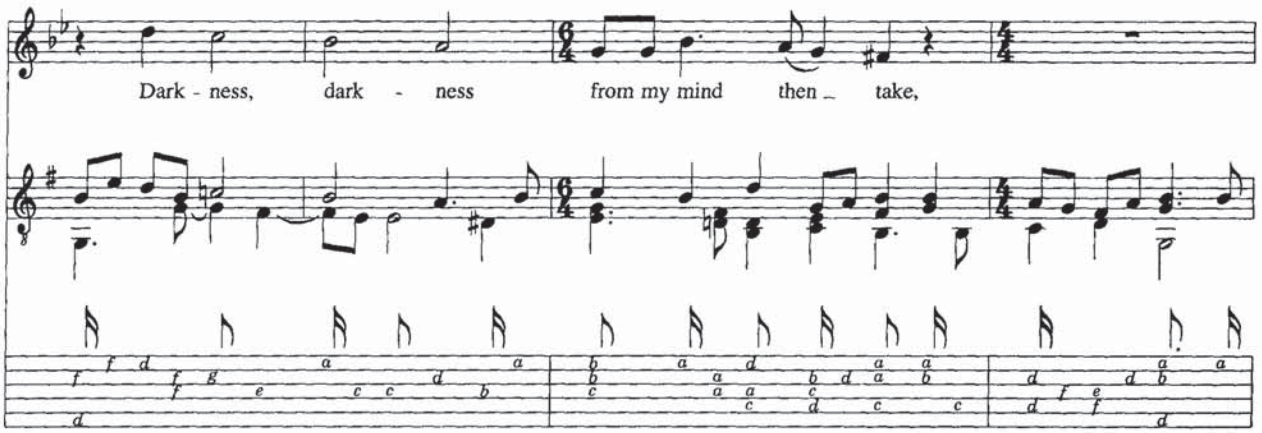
Lasso vita mia, mi fa morire,
Crudel' amor mio cor consume,
Da mille ferite, che mi fa morir.
Ahi me, Deh, che non mi fa morire,
Crudel' amor, mi fa sofrir mille martire.

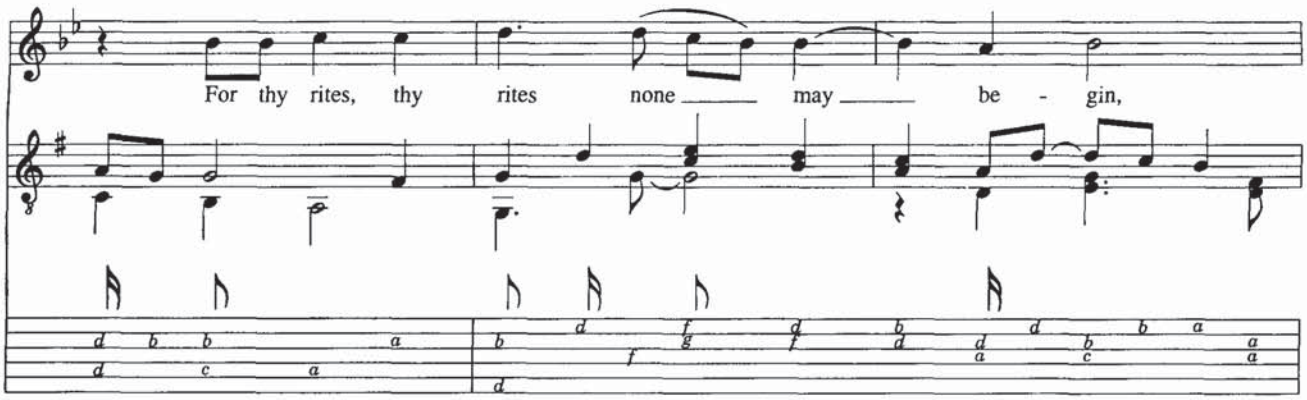
XII. In this trembling shadow

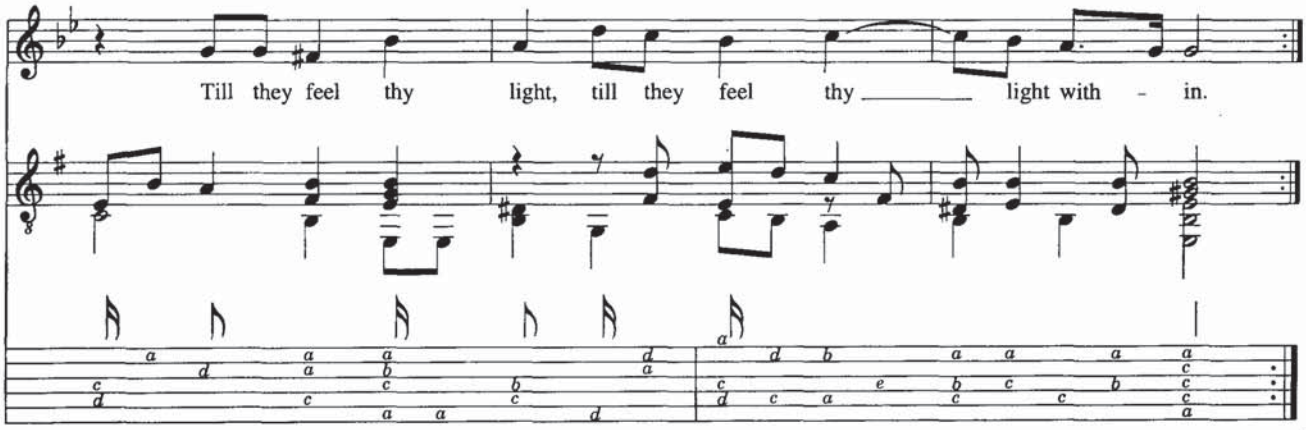



- - bles, hu - - man trou - bles, trou - - bles plac'd:


Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make,


Dark - ness, dark - ness from my mind then take,





1

In this trembling shadow,
Cast from those boughs which thy wings shake,
Far from human troubles plac'd:
Songs to the Lord would I make,
Darkness from my mind then take,
For thy rites none may begin,
Till they feel thy light within.

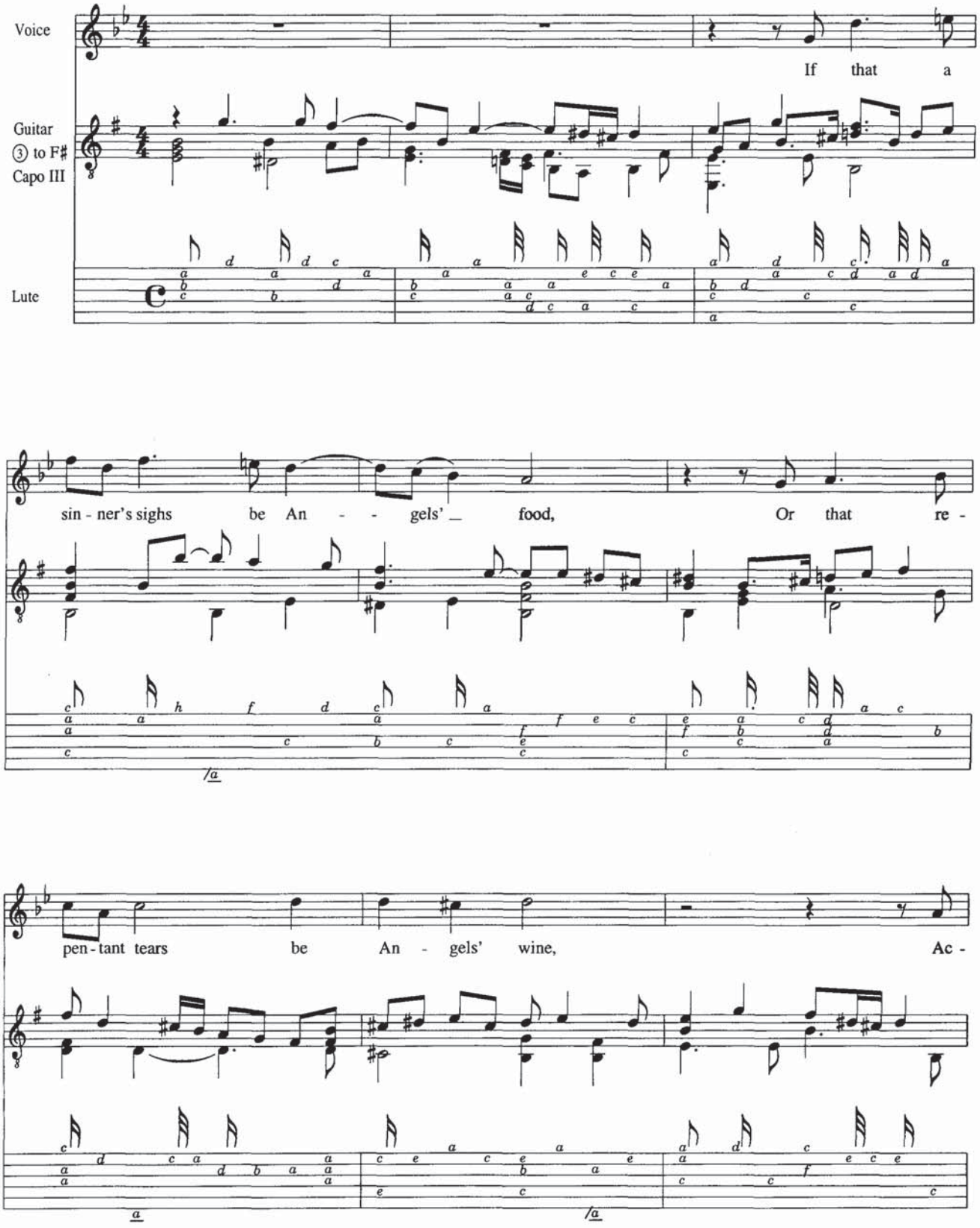
2

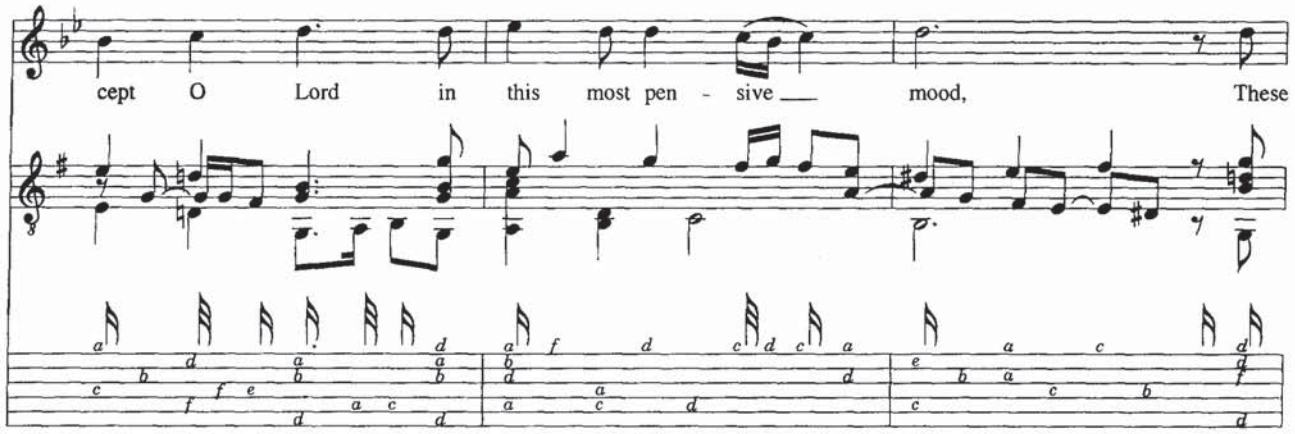
As I sing, sweet flowers I'll strew,
From the fruitful valleys brought:
Praising Him by whom they grow,
Him that heav'n and earth hath wrought,
Him that all things fram'd of nought,
Him that for man did make,
But made man for his own sake.

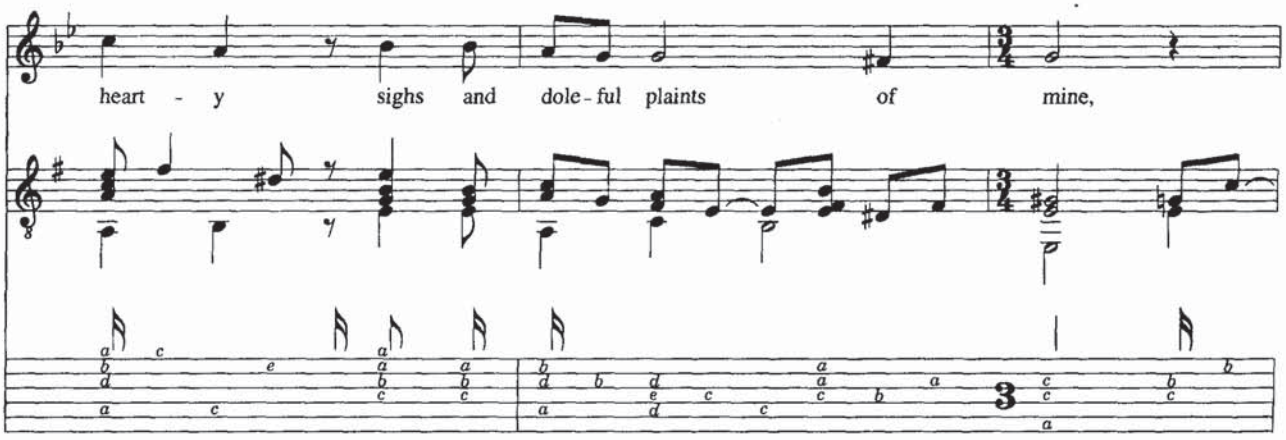
3

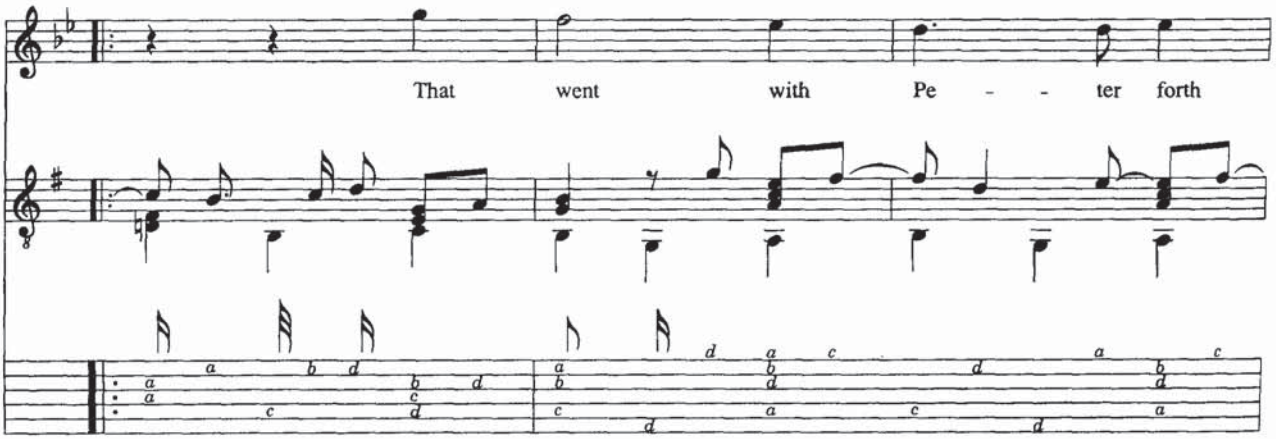
Music all thy sweetness lend,
While of His high power I speak,
On whom all powers else depend,
But my breast is now too weak,
Trumpets shrill the air should break,
All in vain my sounds I raise,
Boundless power asks boundless praise.

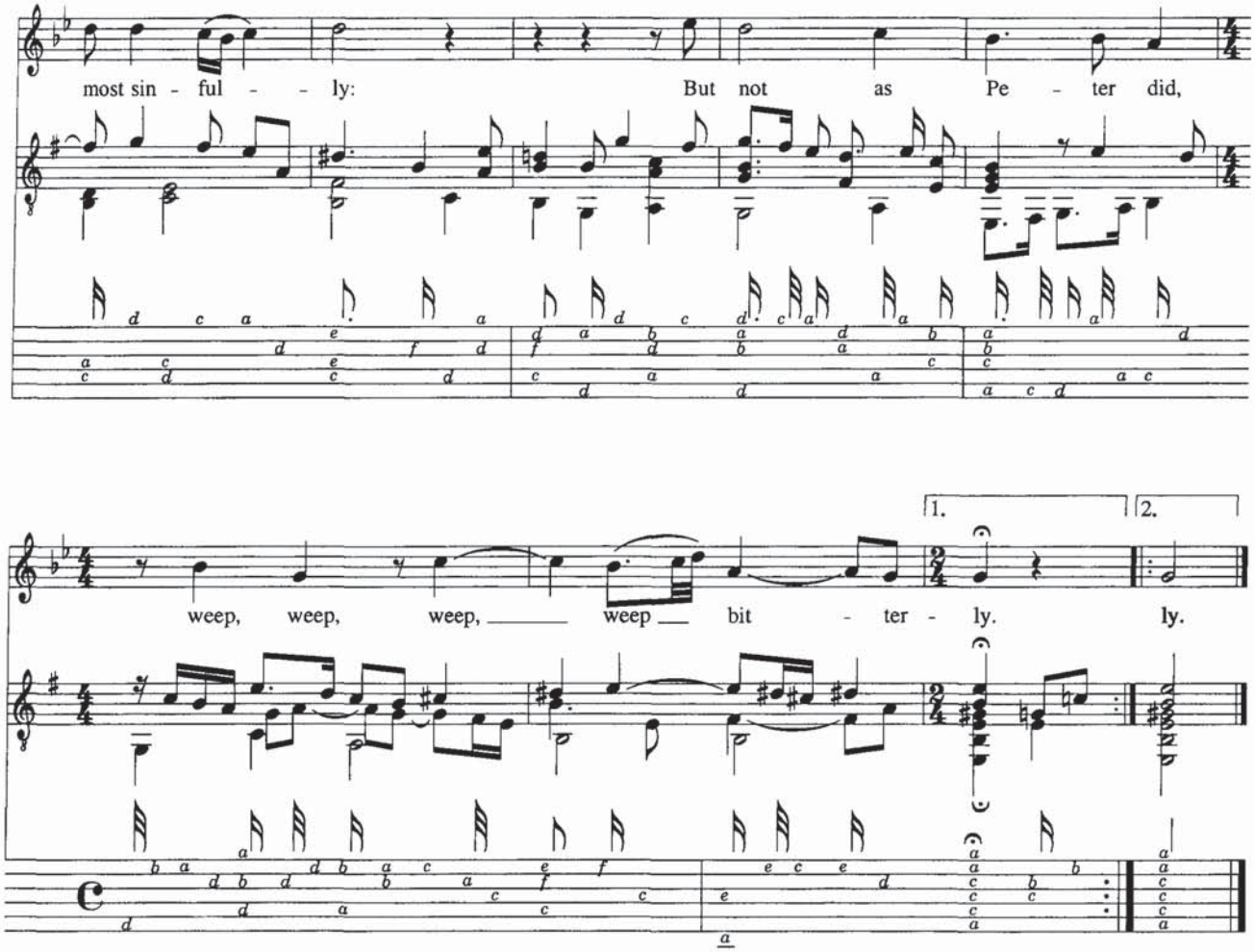
XIII. If that a sinner's sighs




cept O Lord in this most pen - sive mood, These


heart - y sighs and dole - ful plaints of mine,


That went with Pe - - ter forth



If that a sinner's sighs be Angels' food,
Or that repentant tears be Angels' wine,
Accept O Lord in this most pensive mood,
These hearty sighs and doleful plaints of mine,
That went with Peter forth most sinfully:
But not as Peter did, weep bitterly.