

Thoug your strangenes frets my heart


From "a Musical Dreame"

or The Fourth booke of Ayres... 1609

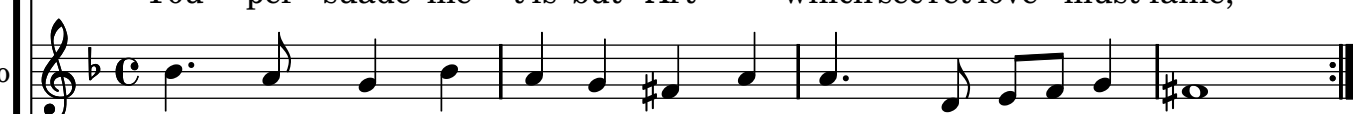
Robert Jones

Edited by A. Stenberg

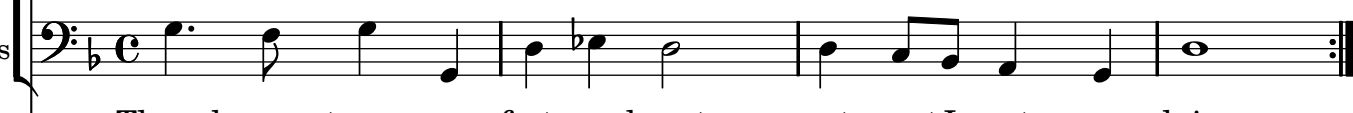
Soprano



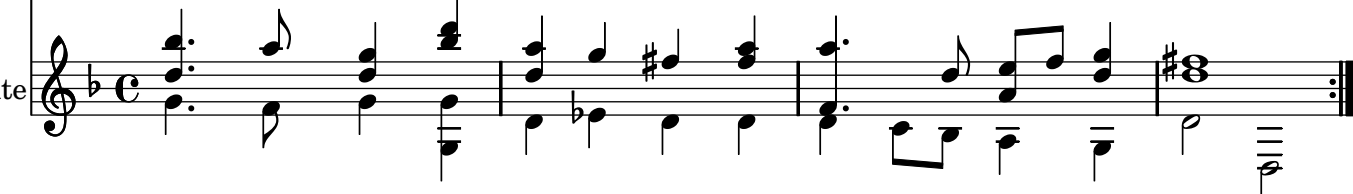
Alto



Bass



Lute



Though your strangenes frets my heart, yet must I not com-plaine,
You per - suade me t'is but Art which secret love must faine,

5



if an-oth-er you af - fect t'is but a toy to a-voide suspect,



if an-oth-er you af - fect t'is but a toy to a-voide sus - pect, Is this



if an - oth-er you af - fect t'is but a toy



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Is this faire ex - cu - sing. O no, O no, O no, O no

faire ex - cu - sing. O no, O no, O no, O no O

to avoide suspect, Is this faire? No, O no, O no, O no, O

16

O no, no, no, no, no all is a - bu - sing. O no, O no,

no, no, no, no, no all is a - bu - sing. O no, O

no O no all is a - bu - sing. No, O no, O

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O no, O no O no, no, no, no, no all is a - bu - sing.

no, O no, O no, no, no, no, no all is a - bu - sing.

no, O no, O no O no all is a - bu - sing.

2.
When your wisht sight I desire,
Suspition you pretend,
Causesse you your selfe retire,
Whilest I in vaine attend,
Thus a lover as you say,
Still made more eager by delay,
Is this faire excusing
O no, all is abusing.

3.
When an other holds your hand,
Youle swear I hold your heart,
Whilst my rivall close doth stand,
And I sit farre apart,
I am neerer yet than they,
Hid in your bosome as you say,
Is this faire excusing,
O no all is abusing.

4.
Would a rivall then I were,
Some else your secret friend,
So much lesser should I feare,
And noe so much attend,
They enjoy you every one,
Yet must I seeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excusing,
O no all is abusing.