

What is it that this dark night

Thomas Morley

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Who is it that
 Why, a-las, and
 Well, in ab-sence
 But time will these
 What if you new
 But the rea-son's
 But the wrongs love
 Peace! I think that
 Well, be gone, be

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this dark night,
 are you he,
 this will die,
 thoughts re-move,
 beau-ties see,
 pur-est light,
 bears will make,
 some give ear,
 gone, I say,
 who is it that
 why, a-las, and
 well, in ab-sence
 but time will these
 what if you new
 but the rea-son's
 but the wrongs love
 peace! I think that
 well, be gone, be

this dark night Un- der my
 are you he? Be not those
 this will die; Leave to see,
 thoughts re- move; Time doth work
 beau- ties see? Will not they
 pur- est light Bids you leave
 bears will make Love at length
 some give ear. Come no more
 gone, I say, Lest that Ar-

r a r a e p r a a a r d r a
 a a e e p r a p d r b a r a
 r e a r e e r r a r d r r r e b r e b
 r

win- dow plain- eth? It is one that
 fond fan- cies chang- ed? Dear, when you find
 and leave to won- der. Ab- sence sure will
 what no man know- eth. Time doth as the
 stir new af- fec- tion? I will think they
 such minds to nour- ish; Dear, do Rea- son
 leave un- der- tak- ing. No, the more fools
 lest I get an- ger. Bliss! I will my
 gus' eyes per- ceive you. O un- just- est

a a a r a a a
 a a r a e p b d
 r a p r a r e b d b r d a r a r
 r

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from thy sight Be- ing, ah, ex- il'd, dis-
 change in me, Though from me you be es-
 help, if I Can learn now my- self to
 sub- ject prove; With time still th'af- fec- tion
 pic- tures be, Im- age like of Saint's per-
 no such spite; Ne- ver doth thy beau- ty
 it doth shake In a ground of so firm
 bliss for- bear Fear- ing, sweet, you to en-
 For- tune's sway, Which can make me thus to

Figured Bass:
 r a b d a b a b d | f e a d | a r r d a r | r d a b | f e d b
 a | r | a | a

30

dain- eth Ev- 'ry o- ther vul- gar light. light.
 trang- ed, Let my change to ru- in be. be.
 sun- der From what in my heart doth lie. lie.
 grow- eth In the faith- ful tur- tle- dove. dove.
 fec- tion Poor- ly coun- ter- feit- ing thee. thee.
 flour- ish More than in my rea- son's sight. sight.
 mak- ing Deep- er still they drive the stake. stake.
 dan- ger; But my soul shall har- bour there. there.
 leave you And from louts to run a- way! way!

Figured Bass:
 r a r d b r | d d a a | a b r a b r | r d a a e d | 1 a a | 2 a
 a | f d b a r | b r a b r | a r r | r b d | r r
 a | a | r e b r | a r | r r e | r r | a