8. Since first I saw your face

Thomas Ford

Alto 1

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'd to hon- our and re- nown yee. If
If I ad- mire or praise you too much, that fault you may for- give me, or
The sun, whose beams most glo- ri- ous are, re- ject- eth no be- hold- er, and

Alto 2

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'd to hon- our and re- nown yee. If
If I ad- mire or praise you too much, that fault you may for- give me, or
The sun, whose beams most glo- ri- ous are, re- ject- eth no be- hold- er, and

Tenor

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'd to hon- our and re- nown yee. If
If I ad- mire or praise you too much, that fault you may for- give me, or
The sun, whose beams most glo- ri- ous are, re- ject- eth no be- hold- er, and

Bass

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'd to hon- our and re- nown yee. If
If I ad- mire or praise you too much, that fault you may for- give me, or
The sun, whose beams most glo- ri- ous are, re- ject- eth no be- hold- er, and

5

now I be dis- dain- ed, I wish my heart had nev- er known yee. What
if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then just- ly might you leave me. I
your sweet beau- ty past com- pare, made my poor eyes the bold- der. Where

now I be dis- dain- ed, I wish my heart had nev- er known yee. What
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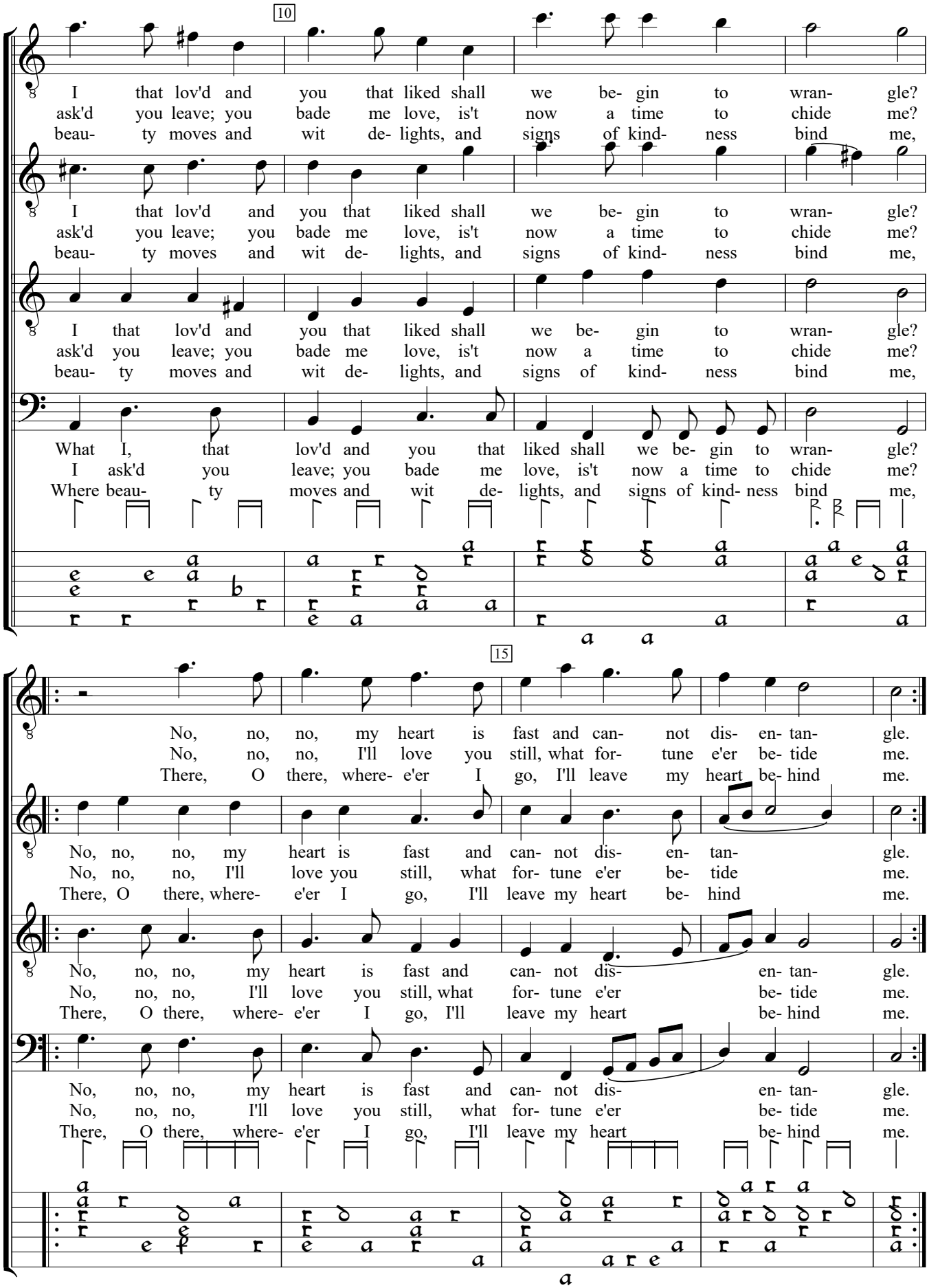
your sweet beau- ty past com- pare, made my poor eyes the bold- der.

Musicke of sundrie kindes (1607), #8. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.


10
I that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to wran- gle?
ask'd you leave; you bade me love, is't now a time to chide me?
beau- ty moves and wit de- lights, and signs of kind- ness bind me,
I that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to wran- gle?
ask'd you leave; you bade me love, is't now a time to chide me?
beau- ty moves and wit de- lights, and signs of kind- ness bind me,
I that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to wran- gle?
ask'd you leave; you bade me love, is't now a time to chide me?
beau- ty moves and wit de- lights, and signs of kind- ness bind me,
What I, that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to wran- gle?
I ask'd you leave; you bade me love, is't now a time to chide me?
Where beau- ty moves and wit de- lights, and signs of kind- ness bind me,
15
No, no, no, my heart is fast and can- not dis- en- tan- gle.
No, no, no, I'll love you still, what for- tune e'er be- tide me.
There, O there, where- e'er I go, I'll leave my heart be- hind me.
No, no, no, my heart is fast and can- not dis- en- tan- gle.
No, no, no, I'll love you still, what for- tune e'er be- tide me.
There, O there, where- e'er I go, I'll leave my heart be- hind me.
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