

# X. Thinkst thou then by thy feigning

The First Book of Songs or Ayres  
 Text: Anonymous

John Dowland (1563-1626)  
 ed. Daniel Thomson

CANTUS [Soprano]

1. Thinkst thou then by thy feign - ing, Sleep with a proud dis - dain - ing,  
 2. O that thy sleep dis - sem - bled, Were to a trance re - sem - bled,  
 3. Should then my love as - pir - ing, For - bid - den joys de - sir - ing,

ALTUS [Alto]

1. Thinkst thou then by thy feign - ing, Sleep with a proud dis - dain - ing,  
 2. O that thy sleep dis - sem - bled, Were to a trance re - sem bled,  
 3. Should then my love as - pir - ing, For - bid - den joys de - sir - ing,

TENOR [Tenor]

1. Thinkst thou then by thy feign - ing, Sleep with a proud dis - dain - ing,  
 2. O that my sleep dis - sem - bled, Were to a trance re - sem - bled,  
 3. Should then my love as - pir - ing, For - bid - den joys de - sir - ing,

BASSUS [Bass]

1. Thinkst thou then by thy feign - ing, Sleep with a proud dis - dain - ing,  
 2. O that my sleep dis - sem - bled, Were to a trance re - sem - bled,  
 3. Should then my love as - pir - ing, For - bid - den joys de - sir - ing,

LUTE

5

S.

Or with thy craf-ty clos - ing, Thy cru - el eyes re - pos - ing, To drive me from thy  
 Thy cru - el eyes de - ceiv - ing, Of live - ly sense be - reav - ing: Then should my love re-  
 So far ex-ceed the du - ty That vir - tue owes to beau - ty? No, love seek not thy

A.

Or with thy craf-ty clos - ing, Thy cru - el eyes re - pos - ing, To drive me from thy  
 Thy cru - el eyes de - ceiv - ing, Of live - ly sense be - reav - ing: Then should my love re-  
 So far ex-ceed the du - ty That vir - tue owes to beau - ty? No, love seek not thy

T.

Or with thy craf-ty clos - ing, Thy cru - el eyes re - pos - ing, To drive me from  
 Thy cru - el eyes de - ceiv - ing, Of live - ly sense be - reav - ing: Then should my love  
 So far ex-ceed the du - ty That vir - tue owes to beau - ty? No, love seek not

B.

Or with thy craf-ty clos - ing, Thy cru - el eyes re - pos - ing, To drive me from thy  
 Thy cru - el eyes de - ceiv - ing, Of live - ly sense be - reav - ing: Then should my love re -  
 So far ex-ceed the du - ty That vir - tue owes to beau - ty? No, love seek not thy

Lute