Love those beams that breed, all day long
I quench with floods, floods of tears,

Love those beams that breed, that breed all day long, breed night.

Love those beams that breed, floods of tears, floods of

Love those beams that breed, all day long, floods of tears,

Lute tuning: (D), G, c, f, a, d', g'

breed, and feed, this burn ing:

breed, and feed, this burn ing:

breed, and feed, this burn ing:

breed, and feed, this burn ing:

But a las tears cool this fire in vain, in vain, The more I quench, the

But a las tears cool this fire in vain, in vain, The more I quench, the

But a las tears cool, tears cool this fire, in vain, in vain, The more I quench, the

But, but a las tears cool this fire in vain, the more I
Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, this burning:
Love I quench with flouds,
flouds of teares, nightly teares and mourning.
But alas teares coole this fire in vaine,
The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

Ile goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell:
For I am deceiv’d and bereav’d of my life, my jewell,
O but in the woods, though Love be blinde,
Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde.

Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppressed,
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redressed.
Come at last, be friendly Love to me,
And let me not, endure this miserable.