

Clear or Cloudy

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres (London, 1600)

Canto
 Cleare or clou - die sweet as A - pril show - ring, Smooth or frow - ning so —

Alto
 Cleare or clou - die sweet as A - pril show - ring, Smooth or frow - ning so is hir

Quinto
 (Empty staff)

Tenore
 Cleare or clou - die sweet as A - pril show - ring, Smooth or frow - ning so

Basso
 Cleare or clou - die sweet as A - pril show - ring, Smooth or frow - ning so

5
 — is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smi - ling like milde May all flow - ring, When

face to mee, Pleasd or smi - ling like milde May all flow - ring,

(Empty staff)

is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smi - ling like milde May all flow - ring, When skies blew

is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smi - ling like milde May all flow - ring,

skies blew silke and med - owes car - pets bee, Hir spee - ches notes of —

When skies blew silke and med - owes car - pets bee, Hir spee - ches notes of that night

(Empty staff)

Of that

silke blew silke and med - owes car - pets bee, Hir spee - ches notes

When skies blew silke and med - owes car - pets bee, Hir spee - ches notes

10

that night bird that sing - eth, Who thought all
 bird that sings, Who thought all sweet
 night bird that sing - eth, Who thought all sweet
 of that night bird that sing - eth, Who
 of that night bird that sing - eth, Who thought all

sweet yet jar - ring notes out - ring - eth. *Hir -eth*
 yet jar - ring notes out - ring - eth. *Hir -eth*
 - *Who thought all sweet* yet jar - ring notes out - ring - eth. -eth
 thought all sweet yet jar - ring notes out - ring - eth. *Hir -eth*
 sweet yet jar - ring notes out - ring - eth. *Hir -eth*

Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde,
 In best attire of compleat beauties height,
 Hir love againe like sommers daies bee dimde,
 With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,
 Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and head in Skies,
 Gently thundring, she lightning to my eies.

Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,
 In weedes as into hearbs and flowers,
 And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
 Some haply seeming and some being yours,
 Raine on your hearbs and flowers that truely serve,
 And let your weeds lack dew and duely starve.