

# Tell me true Love

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Cantus

Tell me true Love where shall I seek thy be-ing, In

Bassus

Lute

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

10

thoughts or words, in vows or pro-mise ma-king, In

rea-sons, looks, or pas-sions, or pas-sions ne-ver see-ing, In men

20

on earth, or wo-men's minds par-tak-ing? Thou

canst not die, and there-fore liv-ing, there-fore liv-

canst not die, and there-fore liv-ing, there-fore liv-

30

- ing tell me where is thy seat, is thy seat, thy seat?

Why, why doth this age ex - pel thee?

40

Cantus: Thou canst not die, and there-fore liv - ing, there-fore liv -

Altus: Thou, thou canst not die, and there - fore, there - fore liv - ing tell

Tenor: Thou, thou canst not die, and there - fore liv - ing, there - fore liv - ing

Bassus: Thou, thou canst not die, and there - fore liv - ing tell me, tell

Lute

- ing tell me where is thy seat, is thy seat, thy seat?  
 me, tell me, where is thy seat, where is thy seat,  
 tell me, tell me, where is thy seat, thy seat,  
 me, where is thy seat, thy seat, where is thy

Why, why doth this age expel thee?  
 why doth this age expel thee?  
 why doth this age, why doth this age expel, expel thee?  
 seat, why doth this age expel thee?

Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being,  
 In thoughts or words, in vowes or promise making,  
 In reasons, lookes, or passions never seeing,  
 In men on earth, or womens minds partaking.  
 Thou canst not dye, and therefore living tell me  
 where is thy seate, why doth this age expell thee?

Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,  
 since truth and falshood live like twins together:  
 Beleeve not sense, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or smelling,  
 both Art and Nature's forc'd: put trust in neyther.  
 One onely shee doth true Love captive binde  
 In fairest brest, but in a fairer minde.

When thoughts are still unseene and words disguised;  
 vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt:  
 By passion reasons glory is surpris'd,  
 in neyther sexe is true love firmly set.  
 Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and promise broken  
 Made true Love flye from earth, this is the token.

O fairest minde, enrich'd with Loves residing,  
 retaine the best, in hearts let some seed fall,  
 In stead of weeds Loves fruits may have abiding;  
 at Harvest you shall reape encrease of all.  
 O happy Love, more happy man that findes thee,  
 Most happy Saint, that keepe, restores, unbides thee.

Source: John Dowland, *A Pilgrimes Solace* (London, 1612), no.8.

- IV.8:  $\sharp$   $\cdot$  d  $\cdot$
- Lute.10.1, f string: f (= b flat)
- Lute.19.5: diapason a (= F)
- II.42: there fore
- II.50.1: sharp
- III.54.3: sharp