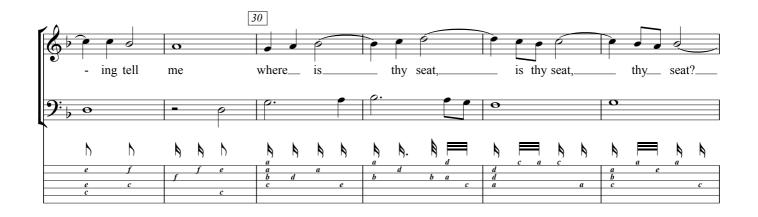
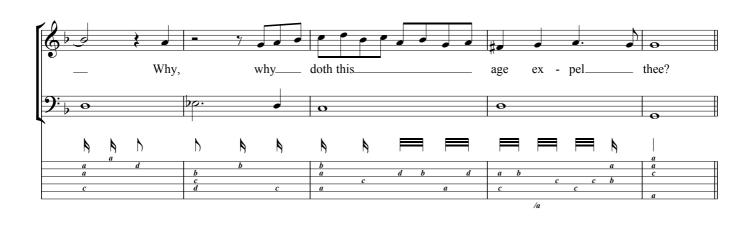
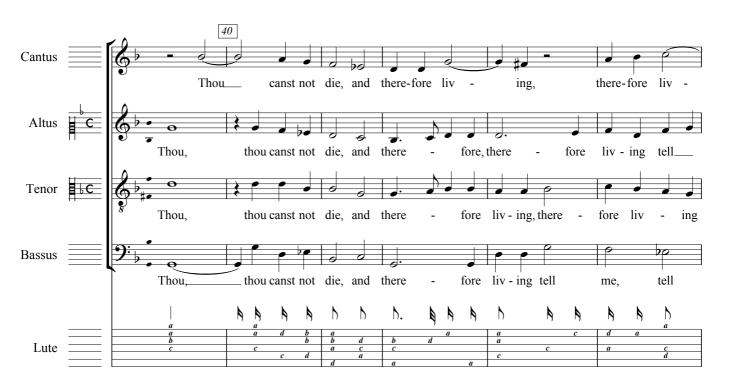
Tell me true Love

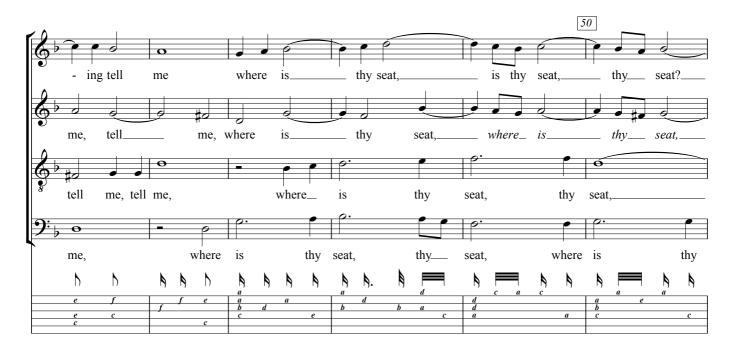


© David Fraser 2008, distributed according to the terms of the CPDL Licence (www.cpdl.org)











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?

When thoughts are still unseene and words disguised; vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt:
By passion reasons glory is surprised, 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.

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.

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 keepes, restores, unbindes thee.

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

IV.8: f# J. d J

Lute.10.1, f string: f (= b flat) Lute.19.5: diapason a (= F)

II.42: there of fore

II.50.1: sharp III.54.3: sharp