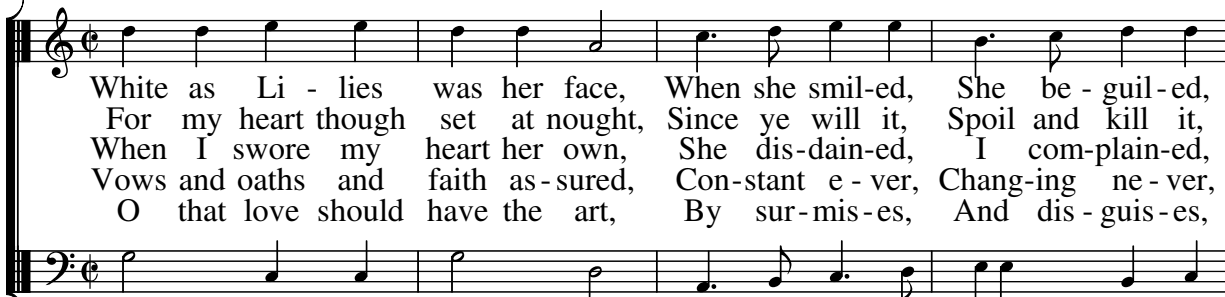


White as lilies

Thomas Morley

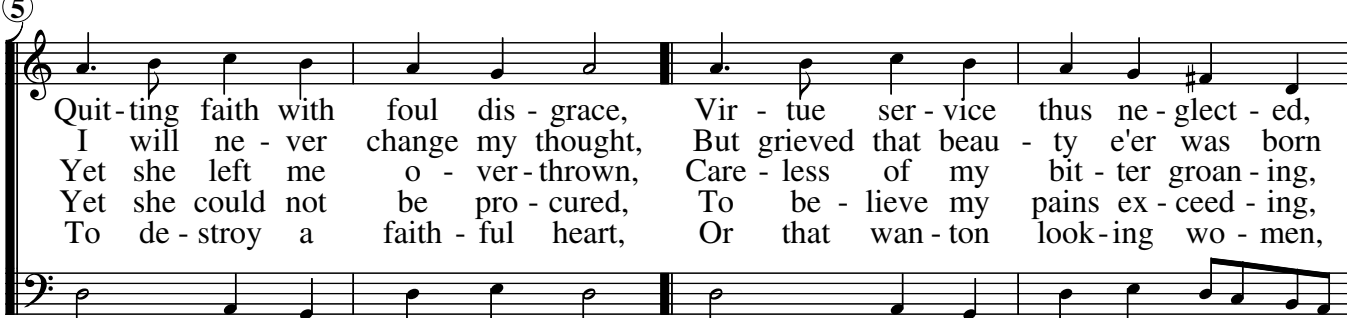
Cantus



White as Li - lies was her face, When she smil-ed, She be - guil-ed,
For my heart though set at nought, Since ye will it, Spoil and kill it,
When I swore my heart her own, She dis-dain-ed, I com-plain-ed,
Vows and oaths and faith as-sured, Con-stant e-ver, Chang-ing ne-ver,
O that love should have the art, By sur-mis-es, And dis - guis-es,

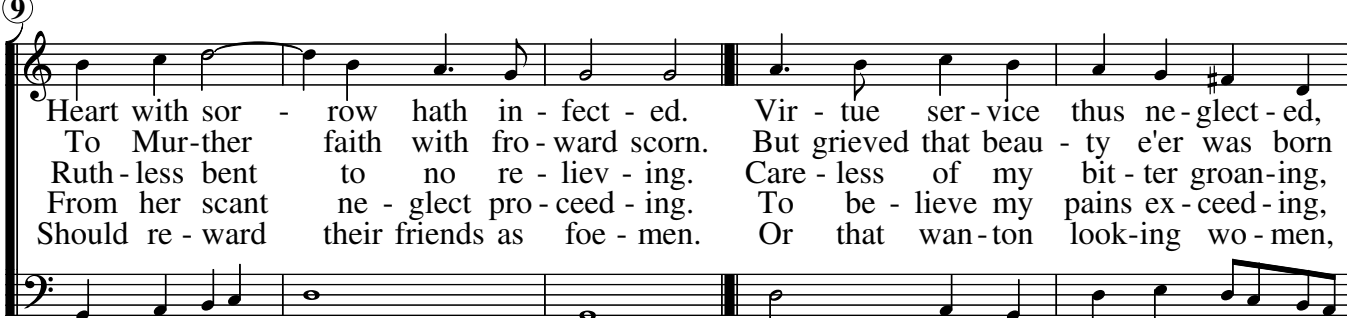
Lute

5



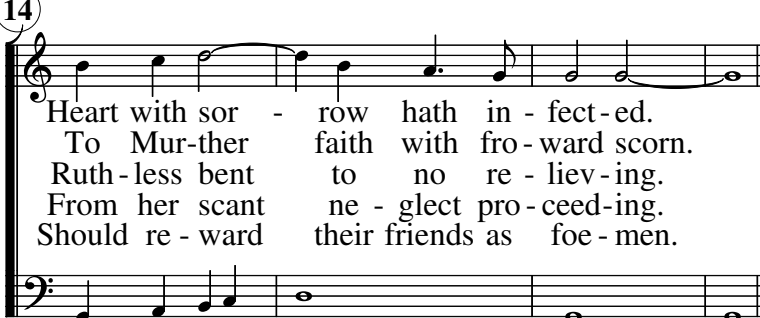
Quit-ting faith with foul dis - grace, Vir - tue ser - vice thus ne - glect - ed,
I will ne - ver change my thought, But grieved that beau - ty e'er was born,
Yet she left me o - ver-thrown, Care - less of my bit - ter groan - ing,
Yet she could not be pro - cured, To be - lieve my pains ex - ceed - ing,
To de - stroy a faith - ful heart, Or that wan - ton look - ing wo - men,

9



Heart with sor - row hath in - fect - ed. Vir - tue ser - vice thus ne - glect - ed,
To Mur - ther faith with fro - ward scorn. But grieved that beau - ty e'er was born
Ruth - less bent to no re - liev - ing. Care - less of my bit - ter groan - ing,
From her scant ne - glect pro - ceed - ing. To be - lieve my pains ex - ceed - ing,
Should re - ward their friends as foe - men. Or that wan - ton look - ing wo - men,

14



Heart with sor - row hath in - fect - ed.
To Mur - ther faith with fro - ward scorn.
Ruth - less bent to no re - liev - ing.
From her scant ne - glect pro - ceed - ing.
Should re - ward their friends as foe - men.