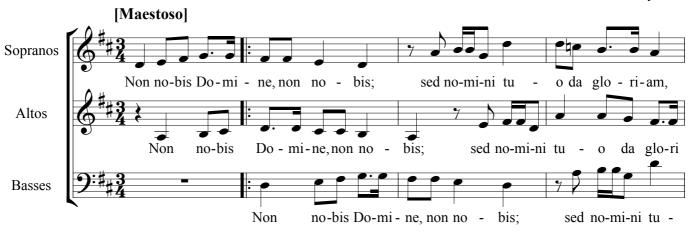
NON NOBIS, DOMINE

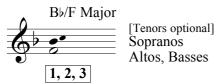


Anonymous

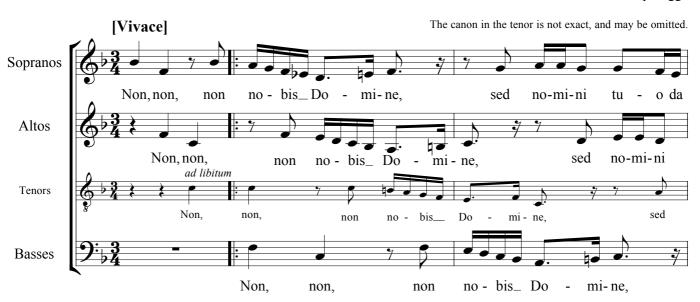


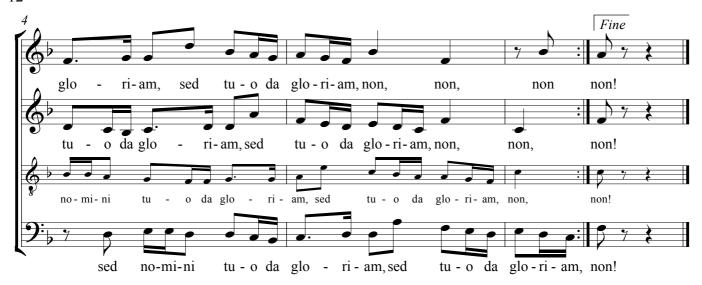


Not to us, Lord, not to us; but to your name be glory. The attribution of this canon to Byrd is spurious.



Philip Legge



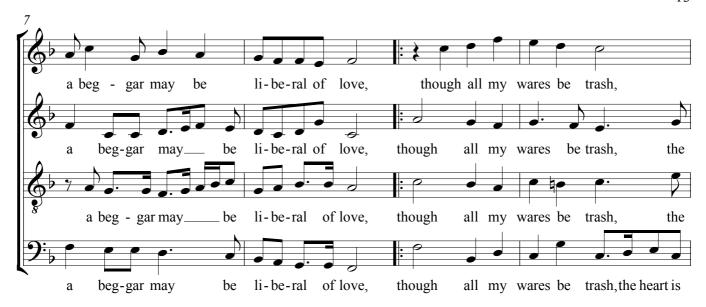


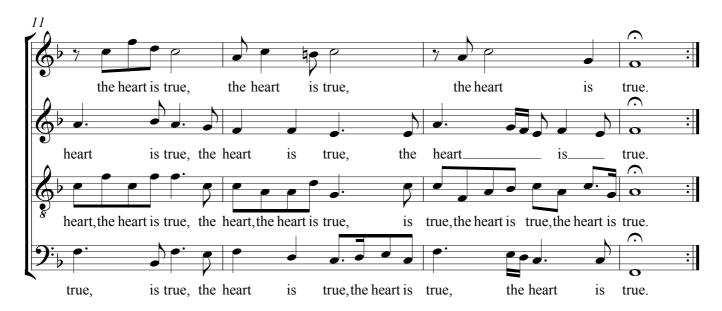
FINE KNACKS



John Dowland







- 2. Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again, My trifles come, as treasures from my mind, It is a precious jewel to be plain, Sometimes in shells the orient pearls we find, Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain, Of me a grain, Of me a grain.
- 3. Within this pack pins, points, laces and gloves, And diverse toys fitting a country fair. But my heart where duty serves and loves, Turtles, and twins, courts brood, a heavenly pair, Happy the heart that thinks of no removes, Of no removes, Of no removes.