

IX. Praise blindness eyes

John Dowland

Arranged for Recorders

S
Praise blind - nesse eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit, Bee dumbe vaine

A
Praise blind - nesse eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit, be dumbe vaine

T
Praise blind - nesse eyes for see - ing is de - ceit. be dumbe vaine

B
Praise blind-nesse eyes for see - ing is de - ceit, be dumbe vaine

Lute

T	d	a	c	a	d	d	c	d	c	a	c	c	c	a
A	a				f	f	d	a	d	a	e	d	f	
B	c	e	a	c	e	c	c	a	c	e	e	e	e	e

d

6 8
tongue, words are but flat - tering windes, breake hart & bleed for ther is no re - ceit,

6
tonge, words are but flat - tering windes, breake hart & bleed, for there is no re - ceit,

6
tonge, words are but flat - ter-ing windes, breake hart & bleed, for ther is no re - ceit,

6
tonge words are but flat - tering wyndes, break hart and bleed for there is no re - ceit,

6

d	d	c	a	d	c	a	c	c	c	a	d	d	c	d	c	a	d	c	d
d	d	a	b	b	e	d	d	f	d	d	a	b	c	e	d	f			
a	a	c			e	a	a	e	c	a	c	d	a	f					

d

IX. Praise blindness eies

Lenvoy:

to purge in - con - stan-cy from most mens mindes. And so I wackt a - mazd and

to purge in - con - stan cy, from most men's___ mindes. And so I wackt a - mazed and

to purge in - con - stan-cy from most mens mindes. And__ so I wackt___ a-mazd

to purge in - con - stan cie from most mens myndes. And so I wackt a - maz'd

c a a d c a d d a d c a a f d d c
 a a d c f f a a b f e a d a c e d a c
 a c e e e e e b e e e c
 c c c c

d a c a d a c

Lenvoy:

could not move, I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

could not___ move, I___ know my dreame was true and yet I___ love.

and could not move, I know my dreame my___ dreame was___ true and yet I love.

and could not move, I know my dreame___ was true, and yet I love.

d c a b e f d c a d c d d c a b f e a
 a b b e f d c a f a c e a c e a
 c a c c e e e e e e e e e e
 c c c c c c c c c c

d a c d a c

And if thine ears false Haralds to thy hart,
 Convey into thy head hopes to obtaine,
 Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,
 Now love is art that wonted to be plaine,
 Now none is bald except they see his braines,
 Affection is not knowne till one be dead,
 Reward for love are labours for his paines,
 Loves quiver made of gold his shafts of leade.
 And so I wackt, &c.