

# What is it that this dark night Thomas Morley

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Who is it that  
 Why, a-las, and  
 Well, in ab-sence  
 But time will these  
 What if you new  
 But the rea-son's  
 But the wrongs love  
 Peace! I think that  
 Well, be gone, be

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this dark night, who is it that  
 are you he, why, a-las, and  
 this will die, well, in ab-sence  
 thoughts re-move, but time will these  
 beau-ties see, what if you new  
 pur-est light, but the rea-son's  
 bears will make, but the wrongs love  
 some give ear, peace! I think that  
 gone, I say, well, be gone, be

this dark night Under my  
 are you he? Be not those  
 this will die; Leave to see,  
 thoughts re- move; Time doth work  
 beau- ties see? Will not they  
 pur- est light Bids you leave  
 bears will make Love at length  
 some give ear. Come no more  
 gone, I say, Lest that Ar-

win- dow plain- eth? It is one that  
 fond fan- cies chang- ed? Dear, when you find  
 and leave to won- der. Ab- sence sure will  
 what no man know- eth. Time doth as the  
 stir new af- fec- tion? I will think they  
 such minds to nour- ish; Dear, do Rea- son  
 leave un- der- tak- ing. No, the more fools  
 lest I get an- ger. Bliss! I will my  
 gus' eyes per- ceive you. O un- just- est

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from thy sight Be- ing, ah, ex- il'd, dis-  
change in me, Though from me you be es-  
help, if I Can learn now my- self to  
sub- ject prove; With time still th'af- fec- tion  
pic- tures be, Im- age like of Saint's per-  
no such spite; Ne- ver doth thy beau- ty  
it doth shake In a ground of so firm  
bliss for- bear Fear- ing, sweet, you to en-  
For- tune's sway, Which can make me thus to

Figured Bass:  
a b d a b a b d | e e a d | a r d a r | d d a b | f e d b

30

dain- eth Ev- 'ry o- ther vul- gar light. light.  
trang- ed, Let my change to ru- in be. be.  
sun- der From what in my heart doth lie. lie.  
grow- eth In the faith- ful tur- tle- dove. dove.  
fec- tion Poor- ly coun- ter- feit- ing thee. thee.  
flour- ish More than in my rea- son's sight. sight.  
mak- ing Deep- er still they drive the stake. stake.  
dan- ger; But my soul shall har- bour there. there.  
leave you And from louts to run a- way! way!

Figured Bass:  
r a r d b r | d d a a | a b r a b r | a d a a e | 1 a a | 2 a