

At her faire hands, how have I grace intreated

Private Musicke. Or the First Booke of Ayres and Dialogues, 1620, No. 9.

Words by Francis or Walter Davison published in *A Poetical Rhapsody* (1602-1621), a collection edited by Francis Davison (c.1575-1621)

Martin Peerson (c.1571-c.1651)

Cantus

Contra-Tenor

Tenor

Bassus

At her faire hands, how have I grace in - treat - ed, With
How of - ten have my sighes de - clar'd mine an - guish, Where -

5

C

CT

T

B

pray - ers oft re - peat - ed, Yet stil my love is thwart - ed, Heart let her goe, let her
in I dai - ly lan - guish? Yet doth she still pro - cure it, Heart, let her goe, let her

10

C

CT

T

B

goe let her goe, for shee'le not be con - vert - ed, Say shall she goe, O no, no, no, no, no, O
goe let her goe, for I can - no en - dure it: O no, no, O O no, no, O O no, no, O O no, no, O

16

C

CT

T

B

no, no, no, no, no She is most faire though she _____ be mar - ble heart - ed
She gave the wound, and she _____ a - lone must cure it.
no, no, though she be mar - ble heart - ed
and she a - lone must cure it.
no, no, though she be mar - ble heart - ed
and she a - lone must cure it.
no, though she be mar - ble heart - ed
and she a - lone must cure it.