

Row well, ye mariners

Aß one without refuge

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics from A Handful of Pleasant Delights, 1584

G D G D G C G D G

As one with-out re- fuge, For life doth pleade with pant - ing breath And
 Too lit - tle is my skil, By pen (I saie) my loue to paint, And
 All Mu - sicks so - lemnn found, Of song, of else of in - stru - ment: Me
 As na - ture hath you deckt, with worth - ie gifts a - boue the rest, So

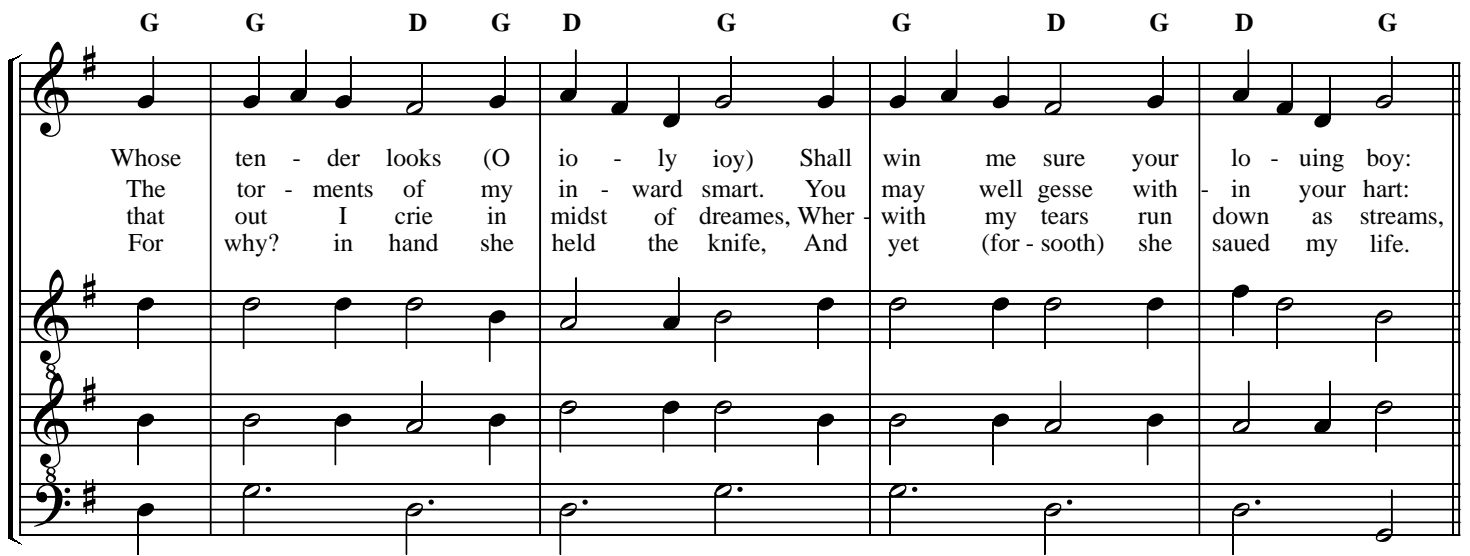
D G D G C G D G

ru - ful - ly the Iudge, Be - holds (whose doome grants life or death),
 when that my good will, My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint:
 thinks they do re - sound, with dole - ful tunes, me to la - ment,
 to your praise most great, Let pi - tie dwell with in your brest,

G G D G C G D G G D G C G D

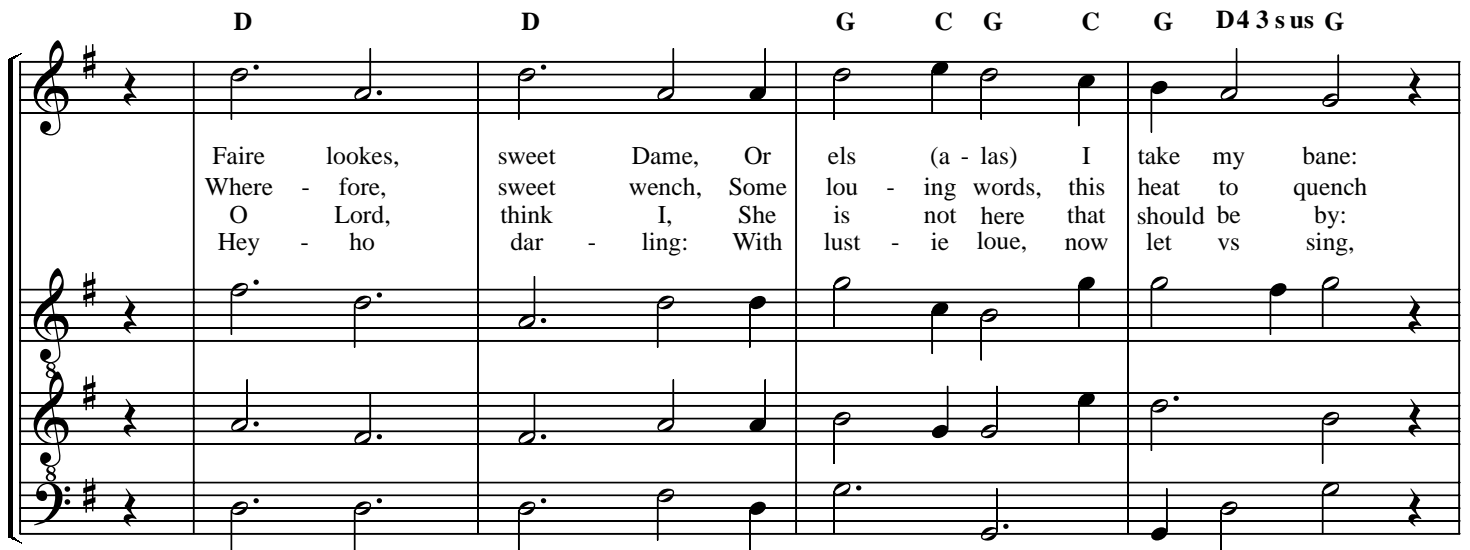
So fare I now my on - lie Loue, Whom I ten - der as Tur - tle Doue,
 Sith both the meanes do faile there - fore, My loue for to ex - presse with lore:
 And in my sleep vn - sound, a - las, Me thinks such dread - ful things to passe:
 That I may saie with heart and wil, Lo, this is she that might me kil:

G G D G D G G D G D G




Whose ten - der looks (O io - ly ioy) Shall win me sure your lo - uing boy:
 The tor - ments of my in - ward smart. You may well gesse with in your hart:
 that out I crie in midst of dreames, Wher with my tears run down as streams,
 For why? in hand she held the knife, And yet (for - sooth) she saued my life.

D D G C G C G D4 3 sus G



Faire lookes, sweet Dame, Or els (a - las) I take my bane:
 Where - fore, sweet wench, Some lou - ing words, this heat to quench
 O Lord, think I, She is not here that should be by:
 Hey - ho dar - ling: With lust - ie loue, now let vs sing,

D D G C G C G D4 3 sus G



Nice talke, coy - ing, Wil bring me sure to my end - ing,
 Fine smiles, smirke looks, And then I neede no o - ther lookes,
 What chance is this, That I em - brace that fro - ward is?
 Plaie on, Min - strel, My La - die is mine one - lie girle.