

Oh what hath overwrought

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Cantus

Oh what hath o - ver-wrought my all a - ma - zed thought, or
 where - to am I brought, that thus in vain have sought, Till

Altus

Oh what hath o - ver-wrought my all a - ma - zed thought, or
 where - to am I brought, that thus in vain have sought, Till

Tenor

Oh what hath o - ver-wrought my all a - ma - zed thought, or
 where - to am I brought, that thus in vain have sought, Till

Bassus

Oh what hath o - ver-wrought my all a - ma - zed thought, or
 where - to am I brought that thus in vain have sought,

Lute

Lute tuning: G, c, f, a, d', g'

time and truth have taught, I la - bour all for naught. The

time and truth have taught, I la - bour all for naught. The

time and truth have taught, I la - bour all for naught. The

I la - bour all for naught. The

10

1. | 2.

day I see is clear, but I am ne'er the near, For
 grief doth still ap - pear, to cross our mer - ry cheer, while

day I see is clear, but I am ne'er the near, For
 grief doth still ap - pear, to cross our mer - ry cheer, while

day I see is clear, but I am ne'er the near, For
 grief doth still ap - pear, to cross our mer - ry cheer, while

day I see is clear, but I am ne'er the near, For
 grief doth still ap - pear, to cross our mer - ry cheer,

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I can no - thing hear, but win - ter all the year. Cold, hold,
 I can no - thing hear, but win - ter all the year. Cold, hold,
 I can no - thing hear but win - ter all the year. Cold, hold,

I can no - thing hear but win - ter all the year. Cold, hold,

the sun will shine warm, there - fore now fear no harm.
 the sun will shine warm, there - fore now fear no harm.
 the sun will shine warm, there - fore now fear no harm.
 the sun will shine warm, there - fore now fear no harm.

O bles-sed beams, where beau-ty streams, hap - py hap-py light to love's dreams.

O bles-sed beams, where beau-ty streams, hap - py hap-py light to love's dreams.

O bles-sed beams where beau-ty streams, hap - py hap-py light, hap-py light to love's dreams.

O bles-sed beams where beau-ty streams, hap - py hap-py light to love's dreams.

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

e *e* *f* *e* *e* *c* *b* *a* *a* *b* *b* *b* *b* *b* *a* *b* *a* *a* *c*

c *c* *d* *f* *f* *a* *c* *c* *b* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *a*

Source: John Dowland, *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires* (London, 1603), no.13.

I.6.4: *hath*

IV.12.2: *all*