

Sweete Kate of late ran away and left me

From "a Musical Dreame"

or The Fourth booke of Ayres... 1609

Edited by A. Stenberg

Robert Jones

Soprano

Sweete Kate of late ran a-way and left me
A bide I cride or I die with thy dis -

Alto

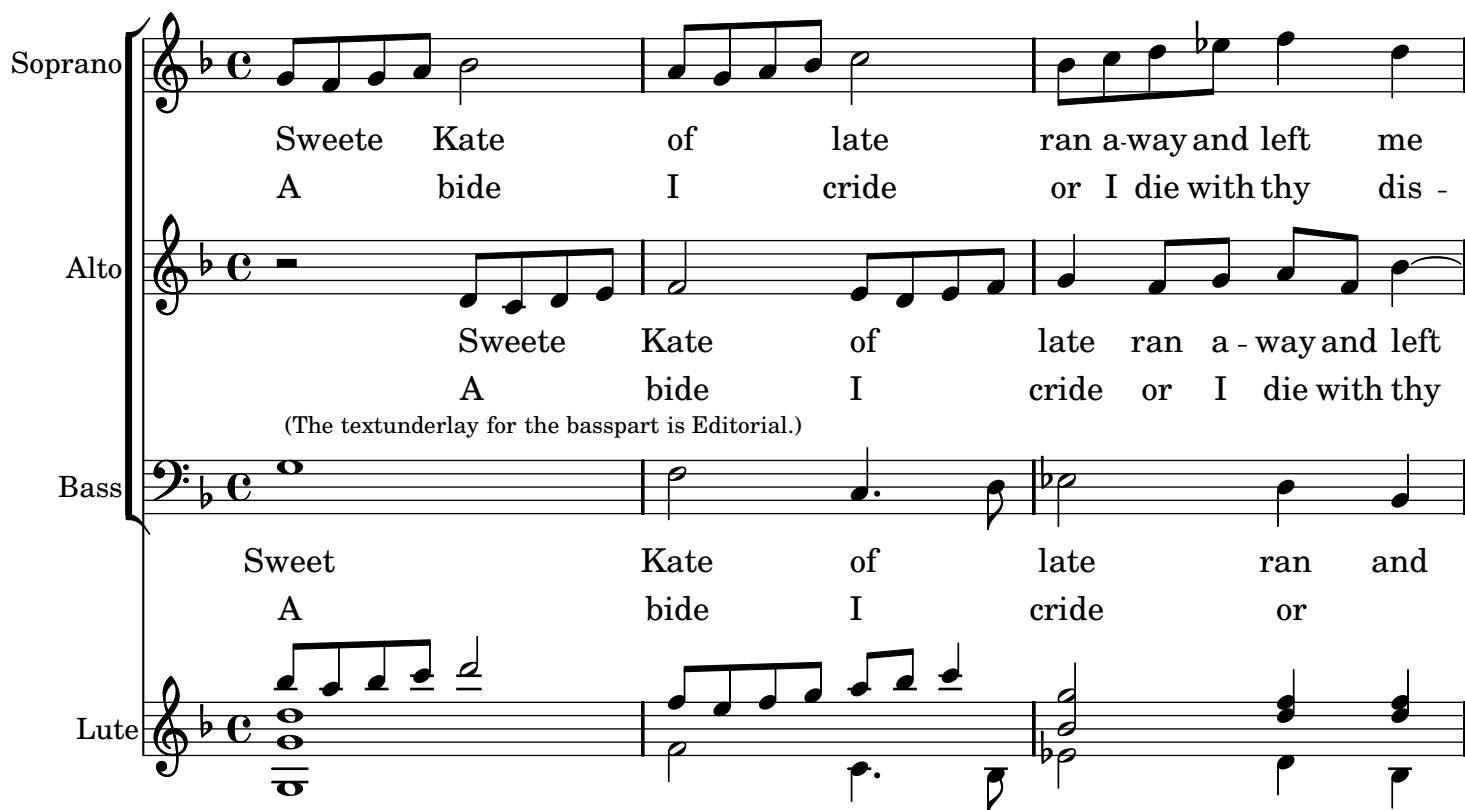
Sweete Kate of late ran a - way and left
A bide I cride or I die with thy

(The textunderlay for the basspart is Editorial.)

Bass

Sweet Kate of late ran and
A bide I cride or

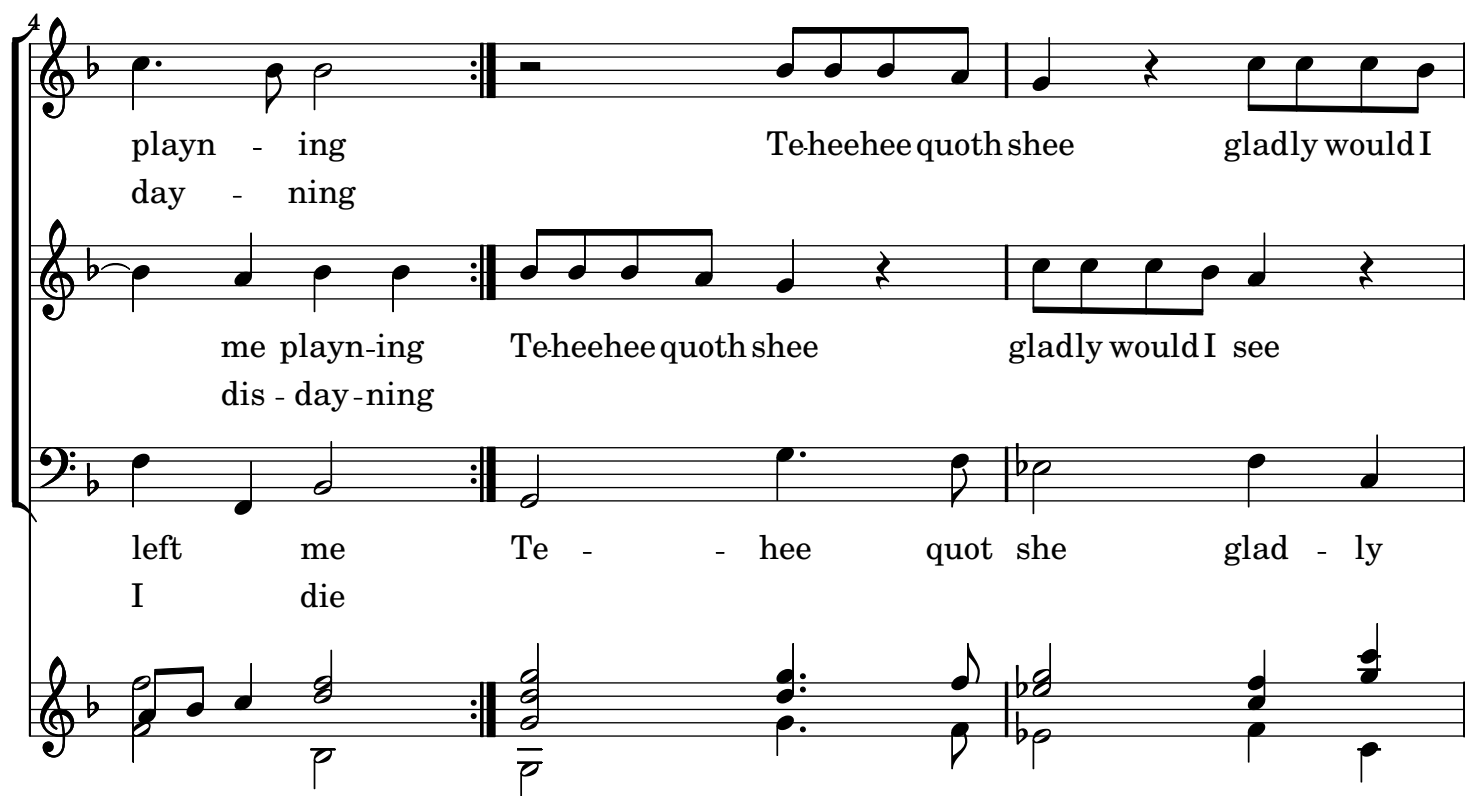
Lute



playn - ing Teheehee quoth shee gladly would I
day - ning

me playn-ing Teheehee quoth shee gladly would I see
dis - day - ning

left me Te - left - hee quot shee glad - ly
I die



7
see a-ny man to die with lo - ving Newer an-ny
a-ny man to die with lo - - - ving Newer an-ny yet
would I see a - ny man die lov - ving Ne'er a - ny

10
yet died of such a fitte Neither have I Feare of pro - ving
died of such a fitte Neither have I Feare of pro - - - ving
died of such fitte, Never have I feare of pro - ving.

2.
Unkind,
I find,
Thy delight is in tormenting,
Abide,
I Cride,
Or i die with thy consenting.
Te hee hee quote she,
Make no foole of me,
Men I know have oathes at pleasure
but their hopes attaind,
They bewray they faind,
And their oathes are kept at leasure

3.
Her words,
Like swords,
Cut my sorry heart in sunder
her flouts,
With doubts,
Kept my hearts affections under
Te hee hee quoth shee,
What a foole is he,
Stands in awe of once denying,
Cause I had inough,
To become more rough,
So I did, O happy trying.