Row well, ye mariners

As one without refuge

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics from A Handful of Pleasant Delights, 1584

Setting by Steven Hendricks

As one without refuge, For life doth please with panting breath
Too little is my skil, By pen (I saie) my love to paint, And
All Musicks so solemn found, Of song, of else of instrument: Me
As nature hath you deckt, with worthie gifts a - boue the rest, So

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

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 will, Lo, this is she that might me kil:

Playford Dances and Ballads page 110

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

D G G D G D G D G 

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

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 lookes, 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 girl.