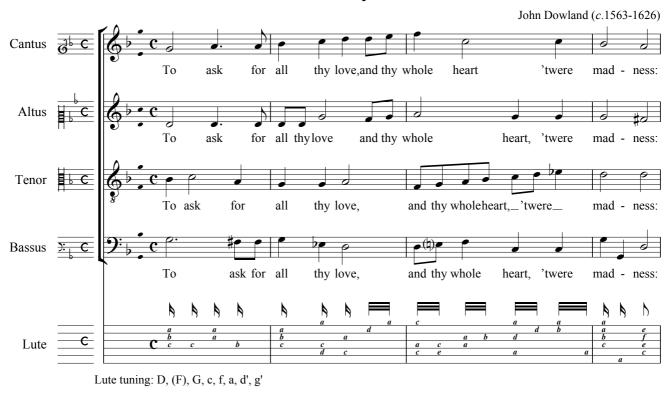
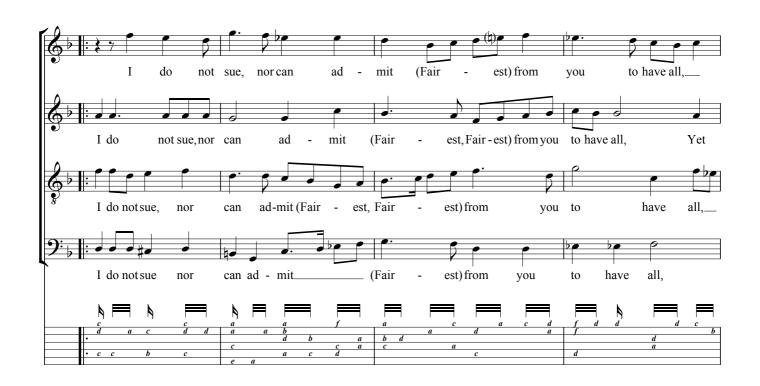
## To ask for all thy love







To aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were madnesse, I doe not sue, nor can admit (Fairest) from you to have all, yet who giveth all hath nothing to impart, but sadnesse.

He that receiveth all, can have no more then seeing.
My Love by length
of every houre,
Gathers new strength,
new growth, new flower.
You must have daily new rewards in store, still being.

You cannot every day give me your heart for merit:

Yet if you will,

when yours doth goe,

You shall have still

one to bestow:

For you shall mine when yours doth [hence de -] part inherit.

Yet if you please, Ile finde a better way, then change them:

For so alone

dearest we shall

Be one and one,

anothers all -

Let us so joyne our hearts that nothing may estrange them.

Source: John Dowland, A Pilgrimes Solace (London, 1612), no.3.

I.8.1, IV.8.1-2: flat supplied by lute tablature.