

# Praise blindness' eyes

transposé un ton ↓

Extrait de « The second book of songs » publié en 1600 par John Dowland (1563-1626)

Praise blind - ness' eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit,  
And if thine ears, false Her - alds to thy heart,  
Now none is bald ex - cept they see his brains

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and a bass line.

5

Be dumb vain tongue, words are but flat - t'ring winds, Break heart and bleed for there  
Con - vey un - to thy head hopes to ob - tain, Then tell thy hear - ing thou  
Af - fec - tion is not known till one be dead Re - ward for love are la -

The second system continues the piece, marked with a square containing the number 5. It maintains the same musical structure and key signature as the first system.

is no re - ceipt, To purge in - con - stan - cy from most men's minds.  
art deaf by art, Now love is art that want - ed to be plain,  
- bours for his pains, Love's qui - ver made of gold, his shafts of lead.

The third system concludes the piece, ending with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features a final cadence in the bass line.

10

*Lenvoy*

And so I watched a - mazed and could not move,

*Lenvoy*

I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

Praise blindness eyes, for seeing is deceit  
 Be dumb vain tongue, words are but flattering winds.  
 Break heart and bleed for there is no receipt  
 To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.

And if thine ears false heralds to thy heart.  
 Convey into thy head hopes to obtain.  
 Then tell thy hear ring though art deaf by art,  
 Now love is art that wanted to be plain.

Now none is bold except they see his brains  
 Affection is not known until one be dead  
 Rewards for love are labours for his pains.  
 Love's quiver made of gold his shafts of lead.

And so I watched amazed and could not move,  
 I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

Priez yeux aveugles, car voir est tromperie  
 Soit muette langue vaine, les mots ne sont que vents flatteurs.  
 Ils brisent le cœur et le font saigner car il n'y a pas de recours  
 Pour purger l'inconstance de l'esprit de la plupart des hommes.

Et si vos oreilles, faux hérauts pour votre cœur .  
 Transmettent dans votre esprit l'espoir de réussir.  
 Alors dis-leur de se faire sourdes,  
 Tant l'amour est un art qui voulait être clair.

Oui nul n'est courageux, sauf ceux qui voient que de leur cerveau  
 L'attachement est inconnu jusqu'à la mort.  
 Les récompenses de l'amour sont travaux pour ses douleurs .  
 Le carquois de l'Amour a transmué en or ses flèches de plomb.

Et ainsi j'ai regardé étonné et n'ai plus pu bouger,  
 Je sais que mon rêve était vrai, et je suis encore amoureux.