

Were every thought an eye

ton original

Extrait de « A Pilgrimes solace » publié en 1612 par John Dowland (1563-1626)

Were ev - e - ry thought an eye, ——— And all those eyes could
fires — do in - ward burn, ——— They make no out - ward

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff brace on the left. The music includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the first measure.

5
see, ——— Her sub - tle wiles their sights would be - guile, And —
show. ——— And her de - lights a - mid the dark shades, Which -

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It starts with a measure rest of five measures, indicated by a '5' in a box above the staff. The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

1. 10. 2.
mock their jea - lou - sy ——— Her grow — De - sire lives — in her
none dis - co - ver, growths — is un -

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It features a first ending bracket with a '1.' above it and a second ending bracket with a '10.' above it and a '2.' below it. The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

15

heart, _____ Di - a - na in her eyes. _____ 'Twere vain to wish women-
- seen, _____ Yet ev - 'ry day it grows. _____ So where her fan · cy is

1. true, 'tis well, If they prove wise _____ The knows. _____
set it thrives, But how none

2.

20

Such a love deserves — more grace, Than a tru - er heart that hath no conceit, To make

25

use both of time and place, _____ When a wit hath need _____ of all his sleight —

Were every thought an eye,
And all those eyes could see,
Her subtle wiles their sights would beguile,
And mock their jealousy.

Her fires do inward burn,
They make no outward show,
And her delights amid the dark shades,
Which none discover grow.

Desire lives in her heart,
Diana in her eyes.
'Twere vain to wish women true, 'tis well,
If they prove wise.

The flow'rs growth is unseen,
Yet every day it grows.
So where her fancy is set it thrives,
But how none knows.

Such a love deserves more grace
Than a truer heart that hath no conceit,
To make use both of time and place,
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

Si chaque pensée était un œil,
Et si tous ces yeux pouvaient voir,
Ses ruses subtiles tromperaient leur curiosité
Et riraient de leur jalousie.

Ses feux brûlent en elle-même,
Ils ne sont pas ostentatoires,
Et elle se plaît au milieu des nuances sombres,
Où nul ne peut les voir grandir.

Le désir vit dans son cœur,
Diane dans ses yeux.
Pourquoi souhaiter la vérité de la part d'une femme,
Si elle prouve qu'elle est sage.

La croissance des fleurs est invisible,
Pourtant, chaque jour elles grandissent.
De même, là où sa fantaisie est de mise il prospère
Sans que nul ne sache comment.

Un tel amour mérite plus de considération
qu'un cœur plus vrai qui n'a aucune vanité.
Pour servir en lieu et en heure
quand un esprit a besoin de tout son entendement.