

Since first I saw your face

Adapted for recorders

Thomas Ford (? - 1648)

Soprano

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To ho - nour and re -
 2. The Sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be -
 3. If I de - sire or praise you too much, That fault you may for -

Alto

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To ho - nour and re -
 2. The Sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be -
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Tenor

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To ho - nour and re -
 2. The Sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be -
 3. If I de - sire or praise you too much, That fault you may for -

Bass

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To ho - nour and re -
 2. The Sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be -
 3. If I de - sire or praise you too much, That fault you may for -

4

S

- nown_ you; If now I be dis - dain - ed I wish My heart had ne - ver known_ you.
 - hol - der, And your sweet beau - ty past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the bol - der:
 - give_ me; Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, Then just - ly might you leave_ me.

A

- nown_ you; If now I be dis - dain - ed I wish My heart had ne - ver known you.
 - hol der, And your sweet beau - ty past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the bol - der:
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T

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 - give me; Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, Then just - ly might you leave me.

S

What I that loved and you that liked, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?
 Where beau - ty moves and wit de - lights, And signs of kind - ness bind me,
 I asked you leave, you bade me love; Is now the time to chide me?

A

What I that loved and you that liked, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?
 Where beau - ty moves and wit de - lights, And signs of kind - ness bind me,
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T

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 Where beau - ty moves and wit de lights, And signs of kind-ness bind me,
 I asked you leave, you bade me love; Is now the time to chide me?

13

S

No, no, no! My heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
 There, oh there! Where e'er I go I leave my heart be - hind me.
 No, no, no! I'll love you still, What for - tune e'er be - tide me.

A

No, no, no! My heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
 There, oh there! Where e'er I go I leave my heart be - hind me.
 No, no, no! I'll love you still, What for - tune e'er be - tide me.

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