

**S O N G S**  
**FOR THE LUTE VIOL**  
**and Voice**

**Composed by I. Danyel**

**1606**

**20. Now the Earth, the Skies, the Ayre**

Now the earth, the skies, the aire,  
And all things faire,  
Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,  
Whil'st the returning spring,  
Ioyes each thing,  
And blasted hopes renewes.  
When onely I alone,  
Left to mone,  
Finde no times borne for mee.  
No flowres, no Medow springs,  
No Bird sings,  
But notes of miserie.