

JOHN DOWLAND, FINE KNACKS FOR LADIES  
 (The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres, 1600, no. 12)

Canto  
 Fine knacks for la - dies, cheape choise braue and new,

Alto  
 Fine knacks for La - dies, cheape, choise, braue and new,

Tenore  
 Fine knacks for La - dies, cheap, choise, braue and new,

Basso  
 Fine knacks for La - dies, cheap, choise, braue and new,

Lute  


Realization of Lute Tablature  


5  
 Good pen - ni - worths but mon - y can - not moue, I keepe a faier but  
 good pe - ni - worthes, but mony can - not moue, I keep a fayer, but  
 good pe - ni - worthes but mon - y can - not moue, I keepe a fayer but  
 good pe - ni - worthes, but mon - y can - not moue, I keepe a fayer, but

Lute  


Realization of Lute Tablature  


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for the fairer to view, a begger may beeli-be-rall of loue,  
 for the fayer to view, a begger may beeli-be-rall of love,  
 for the fayer to view, a begger may beeli-be-rall of love,  
 for the fayer to view, a begger may beeli-be-rall of love:

Tablature:  
 a b a a a a e | d a d a c d b c | a d a a |  
 b a b d f | a a d a c a b d | d d b d |  
 c c c c e | a c a c a a | c e |  
 c c d c | e c a | d c a a f |  
 a

Though all my wares be trash the hart is true,  
 though all my wares be trash, the heart is true, ij.  
 though all my wares be trash, the heart, the heart is true. ij.  
 though all my wares be trash, the heart is true, is true, the

Tablature:  
 c c a a a c d d c a | d c d c d c d | d c d a d c a |  
 d d d a b d a | d c c d c d c d | d d a b d c a |  
 a d a a c | a c a c e a | a a b a e |  
 d c | a c e a | d e

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the hart is true, the hart is true.

ij. is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.

heart is true, ij. the heart is true.

*d a d c c d d a a b d c d a d c*  
*a c a c e a a e c a a*

Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts againe,  
 My trifles come, as treasures from my minde,  
 It is a precious lewell to bee plaine,  
 Sometimes in shell th' orient pearles we finde,  
 Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine,  
 Of mee a graine,  
 Of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laces & gloues,  
 And diuers toies fitting a country faier,  
 But my hart where duety serues and loues,  
 Turtels, & twins, courts brood, a heauenly paier,  
 Happy the hart that thincks of no remoues,  
 Of no remoues,  
 Of no remoues.