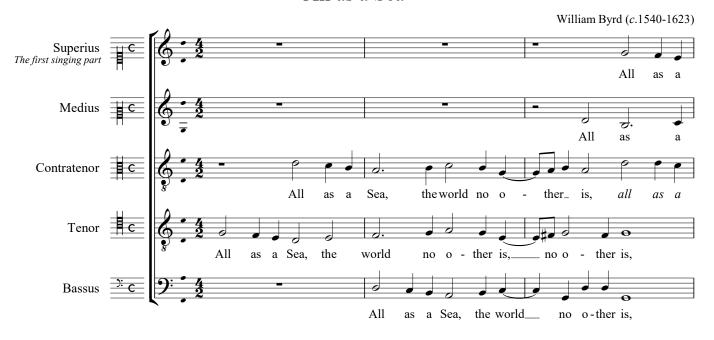
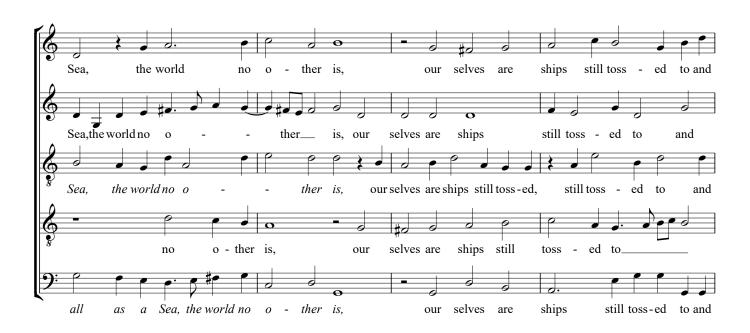
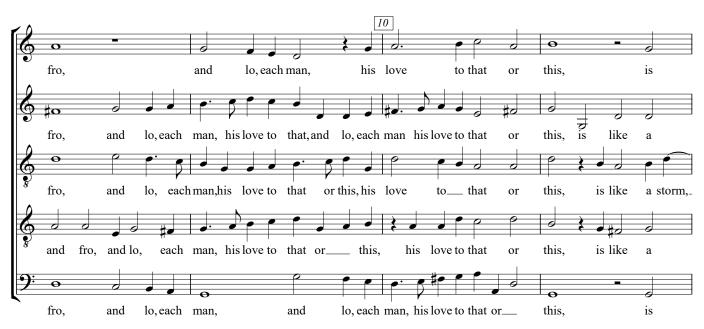
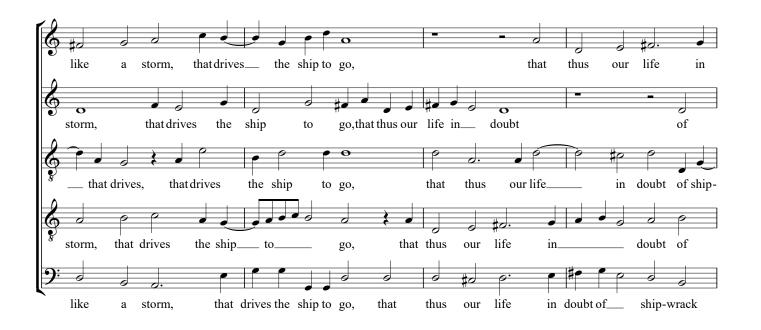
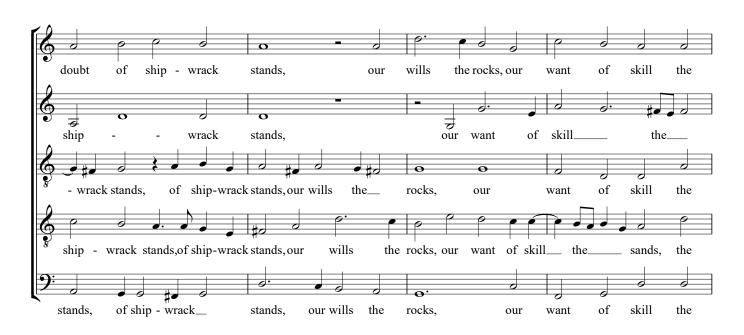
All as a Sea

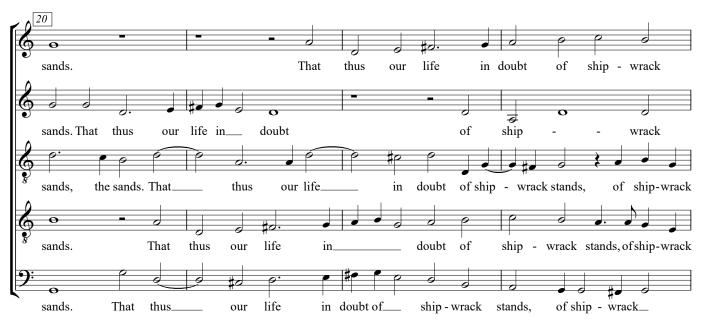


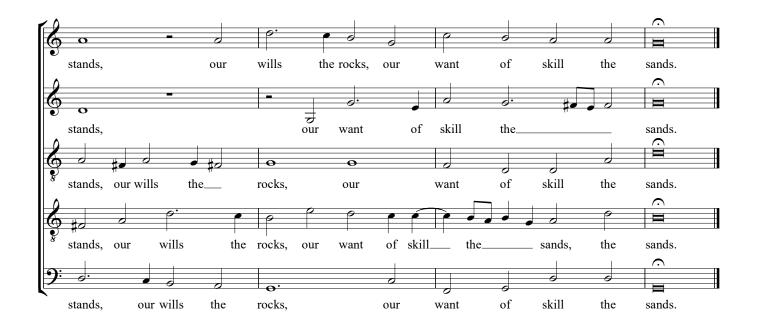












- 1. Al as a Sea, the world no other is, our selves are ships still tossed to & fro, and loe, each man, his love to that or this, is like a storme, that drives the ship to goe, that thus our life in doubt of shipwrack stands, our wils the rocks, our want of skill the sands.
- 2. Our passions be Pirates still that spoyle, and overboard cast's out our reasons fraight: the Marriners that day and night doe toyle, bee our conceits that doe on pleasure waight: pleasure Master doth tirannize the Ship, and giveth Vertue secretly the nip.
- 3. The compasse is a minde to compasse all, both pleasure, profit, place and fame, for naught: the windes that blow men overweening call, the Merchandise is wit full deerely bought: tryal the Anker cast upon experience, for labor, lyfe and all a doe the recompence.

Source: William Byrd, Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie (London, 1588), no.28.

Part of my complete edition of the published vocal works of William Byrd made available through the Choral Public Domain Library (http://www.cpdl.org). For general editorial notes, please visit my user page at http://www.cpdl.org/wiki/index.php/User:DaveF.

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