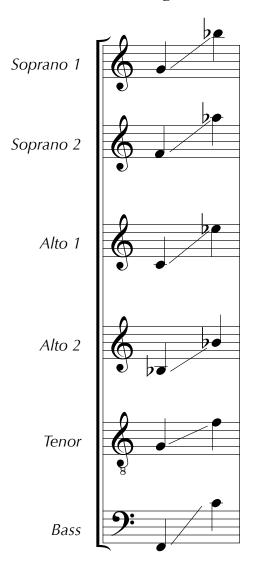
Vocal ranges:



I saw my lady weep, And sorrow proud to be advanced so. In those fair eyes, Where all perfections keep.

Her face was full of woe, But such a woe, believe me, As wins more hearts, Than mirth can do with her enticing parts. —Lyrics by John Dowland

In a piece such as this, in which each part often enters independently, it is difficult to notate dynamics, especially since a lot of them are written into the piece, created by the voicings.