

A Pilgrim's Solace 1612 and A Muscull Banquet 1610

The original erratic punctuation has been retained, all dittos ignored, and first letters of words capitalised when at beginnings of lines. As with the other Dowland books, I have used the original printed spellings of 1610 and 1612, chiefly for the benefit of singers who wish to employ 'Elizabethan' pronunciation - the edited and updated spelling given in all modern published editions virtually precludes this. **Updated and revised 05/12/2009**

1 Disdaine me still, that I may ever love.

Disdaine me still, that I may ever love,
For who his Love inioyes can love no more.
The warre once past with ease men cowards prove:
And ships returnde, doe rot upon the shore.
And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire:
And still Ile love, though still I must despayre.

As heate to life so is desire to love,
And these once quencht both life and love are gone.
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue move,
Like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.
Laugh at my woes although I ever mourne,
Love surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

Despise me for ever if you will, yet I will love you for ever, for he who 'possesses'¹ his love, can never love anyone else.

Once the war is over, men who are discharged² (from the army) will often prove to be cowards, and neglected ships that are beached may rot upon the shore³.

But although you frown at me, I shall still say that you are the most beautiful, and still I shall love, even though I must despair.

Just as heat⁴ is essential for life, so is desire essential to love; if either heat or desire are extinguished, both life and love are gone.

Do not let either my sighs or my tears move your virtue – and do not, like base metals, melt⁵ too easily.

You may laugh at my woes, even though I constantly mourn, for love feeds us to excess with rewards, and his very 'nurse' is your scorn⁶.

¹ 17th century meaning of 'enjoy', not the modern definition 'To receive pleasure or satisfaction from'.

² 'Ease' here means discharged, or 'stood down' from the army. England had no standing army until 1645 when Cromwell established the 'New Model Army'. Prior to this date, English armies were raised on an 'ad hoc' basis, and disbanded once war was over.

³ Although you discard me, I shall be constant, and not just 'drift away' or 'fall to pieces'.

⁴ In the 17th century, men were considered hotter in bodily temperature than women.

⁵ A 'base metal' in the 17th century meant a common and inexpensive metal such as lead, which melts at a significantly lower temperature than precious metals such as gold. The goal of the alchemists was the transmutation of base metals into precious metals.

⁶ 'The more you mock me, the more I shall love'.

2 Sweete stay a while, why will you rise ?

To my worthy friend *Mr. William Iewel*
of Exceter Colledge in Oxford.

Sweete stay a while, why will you rise ?
The light you see comes from your eyes:
The day breakes not, it is my heart,
To thinke that you and I must part.
O stay, or else my ioyes must dye,
And perish in their infancie.

Deare let me dye in this faire breast,
Farre sweeter then the Phœnix nest.
Love raise desire by his sweete charmes
Within this circle of thine armes:
And let thy blissefull kisses cherish
Mine infant ioyes, that else must perish.

*My sweet, stay here with me a while, why do you wish to rise and leave me (here in my bed)?
The light that you see (and mistake for the dawn) comes from your eyes,
It is not the day that breaks— it is my heart, when I think that you and I must part.
O stay with me, or else my (new-born) joys must die, and perish in their infancy⁷.*

*Dear one, let me die⁸ here in your beautiful breast, for here it is far sweeter than the
Phoenix's nest⁹. Let love raise¹⁰ desire with his sweet charms, whilst I lie wrapped in your
arms. And let your blissful kisses nourish¹¹ my (new-born) joys, which otherwise will die.*

This erotic song is frequently attributed to John Donne, and the first verse was included (with minor differences¹²) by E.K. Chambers in his *Poems of John Donne vol. 1* in 1896, though it is not included in the definitive edition of the complete Donne poems edited by A.J. Smith (Penguin 1971). The misattribution to Donne of the poem that Dowland (and Corkine) set probably arose because it appears to be a very loose re-working of the opening lines of Donne's 'Break of Day':

'Tis true, 'tis day ; what though it be?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?

The version of the text that Dowland used also appears, set by Corkine, in his *Second Book of Aires* of 1612. The subject of the poem is also reminiscent of the famous lines in *Romeo and Juliet, act 3 scene 5* :

Juliet Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Romeo ... I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Juliet ...Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
Romeo ...I have more care to stay than will to go:
 ...How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

⁷ As everyone would have been all too aware in the early 17th century, infant mortality was very high indeed (at 40%).

⁸ The sexual sense of 'die' is implied here.

⁹ The Phoenix died in its own nest, which combusted and consumed the bird with fire, prior to its rising from the ashes.

¹⁰ As well as the sense of 'increase my passion for you', the poet's physical arousal is implied.

¹¹ Suckle, feed - 17th century meaning of 'cherish'. The allusion to breasts is unlikely to be accidental.

¹² Stay, O sweet, and do not rise / The light that shines comes from thine eyes / The day breaks not, it is my heart, /Because that you and I must part. / Stay, or else my joys will die./ And perish in their infancy.

3 To aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were madnesse.

To aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were madnesse.
I doe not sue,
nor can admit
(Fairest) from you
to have all, yet
Who giveth all hath nothing to impart, but sadesse.

He that receiveth all, can have no more then seeing.
My Love by length
of every houre,
Gathers new strength,
new growth, new flower.
You must have daily new rewards in store, still being.

You cannot every day give me your heart for merit:
Yet if you will,
when yours doth goe,
You shall have still
one to bestow :
For you shall mine when yours doth part inherit.

Yet if you please, Ile finde a better way, then change them :
For so alone
dearest we shall
Be one and one,
anothers all.
Let us so ioyne our hearts that nothing may estrange them.

*If I were to ask to have all of your love, it would be madness.
I do not plead, nor can I, fairest one,¹³ be allowed to have all your love from you, for whoever gives their all, in fact, has nothing to bestow but sadness.*

[javascript: doPostBack\('ctl00\\$ContentContent\\$GridView2\\$ctl02\\$LinkButton1',''\)](#) He who receives all can have no more than he sees, but my love increases by every hour that passes, and gains new strength, new 'growth' and new 'flower'. While you live, you must have new rewards to offer (your lover) every day.

You cannot give me your heart every day as a reward. Yet, if you wish it, when your heart has 'departed' (left me for someone else) you will still have a heart to stow away¹⁴, in fact, because when yours 'leaves', you shall inherit mine.

Yet, if you wish, I will find a better way rather than exchange our hearts, for, dearest, we shall be as one, and be everything to one another. Let us then join our hearts so that nothing may separate¹⁵ them.

¹³ Admit = consent, allow.

¹⁴ Bestow, besides meaning 'give' and 'grant' also meant 'store away' and 'accommodate'.

¹⁵ Alienate.

4 Love those beames that breede.

Love those beames that breede, all day long, breed, and feed, this burning :
Love I quench with flouds, flouds of teares, nightly teares, and mourning.
But alas, teares coole this fire in vaine,
The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

Ile goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell :
For I am deceiv'd and bereav'd of my life, my iewell.
O but in the woods, though Love be blinde,
Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde.

Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppressed,
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redressed.
Come at last, be friendly Love to me,
And let me not, endure this miserie.

O Cupid, those beams (from my beloved's eyes) that continually breed and feed this burning that I feel!

*I extinguish them (O Cupid), with the nightly floods of my tears and my mourning.
But, alas, these tears are all in vain, for the more I attempt to extinguish (the burning), the more there still remains.*

I shall go to the woods, and, all alone, complain, o cruel one, for I am deceived (by you, Cupid), and robbed of my very life, and my jewel (my beloved). But though Cupid is blind, even in the woods he has his spies that will discover my secret haunts.

*O Cupid, I must then yield to your power, oppressed by your power and your malice, for I now see that my sorrows (alas!) cannot be remedied.
Come, therefore, Cupid, and be friendly to me, and do not let me endure this misery.*

5 Shall I strive with wordes to move.

Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes receive not due regard ?
Shall I speake, and neyther please, nor be freely heard ?
Griefe alas though all in vaine, her restlesse anguish must reveale :
Shee alone my wound shall know, though shee will not heale.
All woes have end, though a while delaid, our patience proving :
O that times strange effects could but make her loving.
Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leave off her frowning ?
O sweet Love, help her hands my affection crowning.
I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her admire.
O come deare ioy, and answer me my desire.

Shall I struggle to move her with words when my actions do not receive the respect they deserve?

Shall I talk (to her) and neither please her, nor be allowed to speak freely?

Her uneasy distress must reveal my grief, which is all in vain,

She alone will know of my 'wound', though she will not heal it.

All woes have an end, though sometimes they take time to ease, testing our patience.

If only these strange effects of time could make her loving (towards me).

Storms always calm eventually, so why will she not cease her frowning (towards me)?

O sweet Cupid, help her to be able to¹⁶ crown my affection.

I courted her, I loved her, and still revere¹⁷ none but her.

O come dear joy, and answer my desire.

¹⁶ Hands - 'Have to do with'.

¹⁷ 17th century meaning of 'admire'.

6 Were every thought an eye.

Were every thought an eye, and all those eyes could see,
Her subtil wiles their sights would beguile, and mocke their iealousie.
Wher fires doe inward burne, they make no outward show.
And her delights amid the dark shades, which none discover, grow.

Desire lives in her heart, *Diana* in her eyes.
T'were vaine to wish women true, t'is well, if they prove wise.
The flowers growth is unseene, yet every day it growes.
So where her fancy is set it thrives, but how none knowes.

Such a Love deserves more grace,
Then a truer heart that hath no conceit,
To make use both of time and place,
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

*If every thought were an eye, and all such eyes could see,
Her subtle tricks would deceive their sight, and laugh at their jealousy.
Where 'fires' burn inside us, they make no show upon the outside,
And her pleasures (which are concealed from view), which none know of, do grow.*

*Desire lives in her heart, and Diana (the huntress) in her eyes,
It would be vain to wish that women could be true, it is enough that they be wise.
The growth of the flower is so slow that it cannot be seen, yet it grows more every day.
Similarly, wherever her current fancy¹⁸ is set it succeeds, but no-one knows (or sees) how.*

*Such a love deserves more respect than a more faithful heart that has no imagination,
To make use of both time and opportunity;
Whereas a wit needs all his trickery.*

¹⁸ Whim

7 Stay time a while thy flying.

Stay time a while thy flying,
Stay and pittie me dying.
For fates and friends have left mee,
And of comfort bereft mee.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then to live thus distressed.

To whom shall I complaine me,
When thus friends doe disdain me ?
T'is time that must befriend me,
Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then to live thus distressed.

Teares but augment this fewell,
I feede by night, (oh cruell)
Light griefes can speake their pleasure,
Mine are dumbe passing measure.
Quicke, quicke close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then here to live distressed.

*Stop, (personification of) Time, from flying past for a while,
Stop, and take pity on me, one who is dying,
For my fortunes and friends have abandoned me,
And robbed me of comfort.
Come, (Time) close my eyes,¹⁹ it is better to die blessed²⁰ (by your hand)
Than it is to live in such distress.*

*To whom shall I now complain
When friends thus despise me?
It is (the personification of) Time that must now befriend me,
And take away my life, for I am drowned in sorrow.
Come, (Time) close my eyes, it is better to die blessed (by your hand)
Than it is to live in such distress.*

*My tears only add to this fuel (as 'food' for my misery)
I feed (on this fuel) by night, O cruel one.
Lesser griefs (than mine) are able to 'speak freely' (be discussed),
My griefs are so many that one cannot measure their quantity, and are unable to speak
(cannot be told).
Quickly, (Time) close my eyes, it is better to die blessed (by your hand)
Than it is to live in such distress.*

¹⁹ Kill me.

²⁰ Forgiven, suggesting the Christian forgiveness as part of the 'last rites', although 'Time' is normally a classical personification, not Christian.

8 Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being.

Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being,
In thoughts or words, in vowes or promise making,
In reasons, lookes, or passions never seeing,
In men on earth, or womens minds partaking.
Thou canst not dye, and therefore living, tell me
Where is thy seate, Why doth this age expell thee.

2 When thoughts are still unseene and words disguised,
Vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt:
By passion reasons glory is surprised,
In neyther sexe is true love firmly set.
Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and promise broken
Made true Love flye from earth, this is the token.

3 Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
Since truth and falshood live like twins together:
Beleeve not sense, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or smelling,
Both Art and Nature's forc'd: put trust in neyther.
One onely shee doth true Love captive binde
In fairest brest, but in a fairer minde.

4 O fairest minde, enrich'd with Loves residing,
Retaine the best; in hearts let some seede fall,
In stead of weeds Loves fruits may have abiding;
At Harvest you shall reape encrease of all.
O happy Love, more happy man that findes thee,
Most happy Saint, that keepes, restores, unbindes thee.

*Tell me, true Love (Cupid), where should I look to find your dwelling place?²¹
Shall I look in thoughts (reflections), or words? In vows or promises that are made?
Shall I look in pleas, looks, or blind passions?
Shall I look for your lodging in men here on earth, or is it made known²² in women's minds?
You are immortal, and therefore, since you are alive, tell me
Where is your dwelling? Why does this lifetime cast me out?*

*Whenever thoughts remain unseen, and words are disguised,
Then vows are not held to be sacred, nor are declarations²³ regarded as binding.
The splendour of such pleading is bewildered by passion,
For true Love does not live in either sex.
Feigned thoughts, false words and broken promises
Made true Love fly away from here on earth – this is the sign*

*Arise, then, my thoughts, for there is no dwelling here for you.
For truth and falshood live together like twins.
Believe neither your senses; not your ears, eyes, your sense of touch, taste or smell.
Both knowledge and nature are unnatural; do not put your trust in either of them.
There is only one, she who holds true love captive within her fair breast, and within an even more
beautiful mind.*

*Oh most beautiful mind, enriched by being the 'residence' of Love,
Employ the best (of Love), but allow some of the 'seeds' (of love) to fall (to the earth
(So that) instead of weeds, Love's fruits may live there,
And at 'harvest', you shall benefit from (reap) the value of them.
O happy Love, but more happy man that discovers you,*

²¹ As well as existence, and life, being meant dwelling or lodging in the early 17th century.

²² Partaking.

²³ Promises. Declarations of love. Obligation.

And most happy beloved that keeps²⁴, reinstates²⁵ and releases you.

9 Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest.

Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest
Forbeare a while to vex my grieved sprite,
So long your weight hath lyne upon my breast,
That loe I live of life bereaved quite,
O give me time to draw my weary breath,
Or let me dye, as I desire the death.
Welcome sweete death, Oh life, A hell,
Then thus, and thus I bid the world farewell.

False world farewell the enemy to rest,
Now doe thy worst, I doe not weigh thy spight :
Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,
Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight.
Delight, whom woes nor sorrowes shall amate,
Nor feares or teares disturbe her happy state.
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy ioyes untrue,
And thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.

*Go, you worries of the night, you enemy to my rest,
Cease for a while to torment my grieved spirit,
Your weight has lain upon me so long
That, lo, I am quite robbed of my life.
O give me time to draw my tired breath,
Or let me die, for I now wish for death.
Welcome, sweet (personification of) Death, Oh my life is a hell.
So thus I bid the world farewell.*

*Farewell, false world, you enemy to my rest,
Now do your worst, I do not consider your spite.
I live for ever blessed, free from your cares,
Enjoying peace and true heavenly delight.
A delight that neither woes nor sorrow can dismay.²⁶
And neither fears nor tears shall disturb that happy state (of delight).
And thus I leave your hopes (O world) and your untrue hopes,
So thus I bid the world, again, farewell.*

This song is written in a stave headed 'Altus', and though it is within the range of most altos, it is often in the higher part of what we now call the alto register. Dowland's altus parts (in the four-part settings) are often quite low-lying, whereas this is clearly a song for a soloist, with a wide range.

Although this is probably a 'masque song', I do not think that we can conclude that this piece is intended exclusively for a male alto. See the notes to no. 21. 'Come when I cal, or tarie till I come' in the Third Booke.

The next two songs, which also feature instrumental parts are written within the same range, and the same clef, although the next example, no.10 'From silent night' calls its voice part 'Cantus'. In this case, this does not automatically mean that that song is therefore for a soprano, since the range is predominantly low.

²⁴ Retains, houses.

²⁵ Have one's titles returned.

²⁶ Amate = To dismay; to dishearten; to daunt. "The Silures, to amate the new general, rumoured the overthrow greater than was true". Milton.

*To my loving Country-man Mr. John Forster the younger,
Merchant of Dublin in Ireland²⁷.*

10 From silent night, true register of moanes.

1 From silent night, true register of moanes,
From saddest Soule consumde with deepest sinnes,
From hart quite rent with sighes and heavie groanes,
My wayling Muse her wofull worke beginnes.
And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,
Sounding nought else but sorrow, griefe and care.

2 Sorrow to see my sorrowes cause augmented,
And yet lesse sorrowfull were my sorrowes more :
Griefe that my griefe with griefe is not prevented,
For griefe it is must ease my grieved sore.
Thus griefe and sorrow cares but how to grieve,
For griefe and sorrow must my cares relieve.

3 If any eye therefore can spare a teare
To fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,
O let that eye to this sad feast draw neere,
Refuse me not my humble soule beseekes :
For all the teares mine eyes have ever wept
Were now too little had they all beene kept.

*Out of the silent night, which is the true record of all moaning,
From the saddest soul that is burning with the deepest sins,
From a heart that is completely torn apart with sighs and heavy groans,
From all these, my wailing Muse begins her sad work,
Bringing tunes of sad despair into the world,
That sound of nothing else but sorrow, grief and anxiety.*

*You should sorrow to see the cause of my sorrows made greater,
Yet be less sorrowful that my sorrows were more.
You should grieve that my grief is not prevented with grief,
For grief alone can ease my pain of grief.
Thus grief and sorrow care only for the act of grieving,
For grief and sorrow alone can relieve my anxiety.*

*If any eye can, therefore, spare to shed a tear
To fill the well that must wet my cheeks (with tears)
Let that eye draw closer to this sad feast (of mourning)
And my humble soul beseeches you not to refuse (deny) me (your tears).
For all of the tears that I have ever wept
Would still be too few, had I kept them all.*

²⁷ This does not imply that Dowland considered himself Irish - he was born in London. In the preface 'To the Reader' at the front of this very book, Dowland begins: 'Worthy Gentlemen, and my loving Countrymen', - and he was certainly not expecting to sell the book exclusively in Ireland. Although *countryman* meant then, as now, 'native of a country', *country* itself usually meant 'district, region or quarter', and the meaning that Dowland was trying to express is probably 'neighbour'. '*Loving countryman*' probably means no more than 'good friend and neighbour'. He may even have added this reference to Forster being a merchant to avoid confusion with any other John Forsters (still a common English name, spelt as either Foster or Forster) who were living in or near Fleet Street. It should also be noted that although Forster is described as a '*Merchant of Dublin in Ireland*', this does not mean that Forster was Irish, any more than the Archbishop of Canterbury is a native of Canterbury!

11. Lasso vita mia mi fa morire

Lasso vita mia mi fa morire,
Crudel amor mio cor consume da mille ferite,
Che mi fa morir, Ahi me, deh che non mi fa morire.
Crudel amor, mi fa sofrir mille martire.

*Leave me, life, you make me die,
Cruel Cupid consumes my heart,
A thousand wounds
Are killing me,
But ah! Cruel fate, I do not die,
Cruel love makes me suffer a thousand torments.*

(Translated by Jill Nott-Bower)

Robert Spencer described this song: "As well as being a very moving song, Dowland intended it as a display of his composing ability (in the manner of a fugue on BACH) by punning musically on the syllables la, so, mi, fa re, and then transposing the hexachord from starting on C to G and then F. One in the eye for the "simple Cantors, or vocall singers, who though they seem excellent in their blinde Division-making, are meerly ignorant, even in the first elements of Musicke, and also in the true order of the mutation of the Hexachord in the systeme...yet doe thesefellowes give their verdict of me behind my backe, and say what I doe is after the old manner"²⁸

²⁸ These last four lines come from Dowland's preface 'To the Reader' at the beginning of *A Pilgrim's Solace*.

12. In this trembling shadow.

In this trembling shadow, cast
From those boughes which thy wings shake,
Farre from humane troubles plac'd :
Songs to the Lord would I make,
Darknesse from my minde then take,
For thy rites none may begin,
Till they feele thy light within.

As I sing, sweete flowers Ile strow,
From the fruitfull vallies brought :
Praising him by whom they grow,
Him that heaven and earth hath wrought,
Him that all things framde of nought,
Him that all for man did make,
But made man for his owne sake.

Musicke all thy sweetnesse lend,
While of his high power I speake,
On whom all powers else depend,
But my brest is now too weake,
Trumpets shrill the ayre should breake,
All in vaine my sounds I raise,
Boundlesse power askes boundlesse praise.

(As I sit) in the fearful shadow of this tree²⁹, whose boughs are shaken by your winds³⁰ (O God),

Located far from human troubles, I will sing songs to the Lord.

Take, then, this darkness from my mind, for none may begin your rites³¹ until they feel your light within.

Whilst I sing I shall strew sweet flowers, brought from the fertile valleys.

And praise God, by whose grace they grow.

God who made heaven and earth, who made everything from nothing,

He who made all things for mankind, but made man for his own sake.

Lend me all your sweetness, O music, whilst I sing of his high power,

That authority upon which all others depend.

But my breast (my lungs) is now too weak (to do this),

For the sound of shrill trumpets should split the air (in his praise).

I raise my (feeble) sound in vain, for power without end demands praise without end.

²⁹ The poet is presumably beneath a tree in a wilderness.

³⁰ Cantus part has 'wings', the other four parts give 'winds', which is the more likely reading.

³¹ To perform acts of worship.

13. If that a Sinners sighes be Angels foode.

If that a Sinners sighes be Angels foode,
Or that repentant teares be Angels wine,
Accept O Lord in this most pensive moode,
These hearty sighes and dolefull plaints of mine.
That went with *Peter* forth most sinfully,
But not as *Peter* did, weepe bitterly.

*If the sighs of a sinner are the food of angels,
And repentant tears (of a sinner) are their wine,
Then accept, O Lord, in most sorrowful³² mood,
These devoted³³ sighs and sorrowful lamentations of mine,
Which went forth (the sighs and lamentations) like those of (Saint) Peter³⁴ did,
Without my having repented of my sins,³⁵
But unlike Peter, did not weep bitterly.*

³² Early 17th century meaning of 'pensive', rather than the modern 'thoughtful'.

³³ Early 17th century sense of 'hearty'.

³⁴ St. Matthew 26:75 "And Peter remembered the wordes of Iesu which sayde vnto him: before the cocke crowe thou shalt deny me thryse: and went out at the dores and wepte bitterly". (Tyndale translation – the version of the New Testament most likely to have been known and used by Dowland).

³⁵ Early 17th century sense of 'sinfully'.

14. Thou mighty God.

Thou mightie God, that rightest every wrong,
Listen to patience in a dying song.
When *Job* had lost his Children, Lands and goods,
Patience asswaged his excessive paine,
And when his sorrowes came as fast as flouds,
Hope kept his heart till comfort came againe.

*You mighty God, who rights every wrong,
Listen to my dying song of patience.
When Job had lost his children, his lands and all his goods,
His patience soothed his excessive pain,
And when his sorrows came as fast as rushing waters,
Hope kept his heart (faithful) until comfort came to him once more.*

15. When Davids life by Saul was often sought.

When *Davids* life by *Saul* was often sought,
And worlds of woes did compasse him about,
On dire revenge he never had a thought,
But in his griefes, Hope still did help him out.

*When David's life was continually in danger from the wrath of king Saul,
And his many woes seemed to surround him,
He never had a thought of seeking revenge.
For, in the depths of his griefs, again, Hope helped him out.*

16. When the poore Crippe by the poole did lye

When the poore Crippe by the Poole did lye,
Full many yeeres in misery and paine,
No sooner hee on Christ had set his eye,
But hee was well, and comfort came againe,
No *David*, *Job*, nor Crippe in more grieffe,
Christ give mee patience, and my Hopes reliefe.

*When the unfortunate paralytic lay by the pool,³⁶
Who had spent many years in misery and pain,³⁷
As soon as he had set eyes upon Christ,
He was made well, and was restored to comfort.*

*Neither David, Job, nor the paralytic had more grief than I,
Therefore, Christ, grant me patience, and the relief of Hope.*

³⁶ John 5:7 The sicke answered him: Syr I have no man whe the water is troubled to put me into the pole. But in the meane tyme whill I am about to come another steppeth doune before me.

⁸ And lesus sayde vnto him: ryse take vp thy beed and walke.

⁹ And immediatly the man was made whole and toke vp his beed and went. (Tyndale version)

³⁷ Thirty eight.

17. Where Sinne sore wounding.

Where Sinne sore wounding, daily doth oppresse me,
There Grace abounding, freely doth redresse mee :
So that resounding still I shall confesse thee,
Father of mercy.

Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee,
Yet Grace amending, since I doe repent mee,
At my lives ending will I hope present mee
cleare to thy mercy.

The wound Sinne gave me was of Death assured,
Did not Grace save mee, whereby it is cured :
So thou wilt have mee to thy loue inured,
free without merit.

Sinnes stripe is healed, and his sting abated,
Deaths mouth is sealed, and the Grave amated,
Thy Love revealed, and thy Grace related
gives me this spirit.

*Where sin, which grievously wounds, daily oppresses me,
There, (God's) abundant grace willingly relieves me,
And thus, I shall resound, continually acknowledge you as the
Father of mercy.*

*Though (my) sins that do offend you, daily torment me,
Yet, your grace will forgive me, since I repent of them,
And at the end of my life, I hope will present me,
Free from sin, by your mercy.*

*The wound that sin gave me would certainly have led to my death,
Had not (God's) grace saved me, and by this same grace, cured me.
By this I shall be accustomed to your love,
Freely, without demands.*

*The weal³⁸ of sin is healed, and its sting is subdued,
Death's mouth is sealed, and the grave is dismayed.
Your love is revealed to me, and your related grace
Gives me this courage.³⁹*

³⁸ Raised mark on the skin raised by a whip or blow.

³⁹ Spirit, at this date, could mean: *disposition, temperament and frame of mind*, as well as *vital power, energy and vigour*.

18. My heart and tongue were twinnes.

My heart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceived,
Th'eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by destinie,
The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaved :
Yet strung and tunde to play hearts harmonie.

Both knit in one, and yet a sunder placed :
What heart would speake the tongue doth still discover.
What tongue doth speake is of the heart embraced,
And both are one to make a new found Lover.

New found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
Whose wordes are deedes, but wordes nor deedes regarded.
Chaste thoughts doe mount and flye with swiftest wings,
My love with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.

Conclusion:

Then this be sure, since it is true perfection,
That neyther men nor Gods can force affection.

*My heart and my tongue were like twins, both conceived at the same time.
The elder of these was my heart, which destiny decided should be born dumb⁴⁰.
The second born was my tongue, which was robbed of all sweet thoughts,
Yet it was strung and tuned (like a lute) to play the music of the heart.*

*Both (heart and tongue) were bound in one (body), but yet they were divided.
What the heart wished to speak, the tongue would then reveal,
And what the tongue speaks is cherished by the heart,
And both come together to create a freshly made lover.*

*Freshly created, and only found in gods and kings
Whose words are deeds, yet neither their words or deeds are respected,
Pure thoughts rise and take flight on swiftest wings,
Rewarding my love with pain, and my pain with loss.*

Conclusion:

*This, then, is certain, for it is very perfection,
That neither men nor gods can command desire⁴¹.*

⁴⁰ Dumb = incapable of speech, not stupid, or ignorant.

⁴¹ Diana Poulton wrote that 'There can be little doubt that this is the setting [of this text] used at the Sudely (castle) masque in 1592'. see *John Dowland* p. 311.

19. Up merry mates, to *Neptunes* prayse.

(Master) **Tenor:** Up merry mates, to Neptunes prayse.

Your voyces high advance :

The watrie Nymphs shall dance,

And Eolus shall whistle to your layes,

Stereman, how stands the winde ?

(Stereman) **Bassus:** Full North, North-east,

Tenor: What course ?

Bassus: Full South South-west.

Tenor: No worse,

And blow so faire,

Then sincke despayre,

Come solace to the minde,

ere night we shall the haven finde.

O happy dayes,

Who may containe,

But swell with proud disdaine,

When seas are smooth, sailes full, and all things please ?

Tenor: Stay merry mates, proud Neptune lowres,.

Your voyces all deplore you,

The Nymphes stand weeping o're you :,

And Eolus and Iris bandy showres.,

Boates man hale in the Boate.

Bassus: Harke, harke the ratlings,

Tenor: Tis haile.

Bassus: Make fast the tacklings.

Tenor: Strike saile.

Make quicke dispatches,

Shut close the hatches.

Hold sterne, cast Ancour out,

This night we shall at randome floate.

O dismall houres,

Who can forbear,

But sinke with sad despaire.

When seas are rough, sailes rent, and each thing lowres.

Conclusion:

The golden meane that constant spirit beares,

In such extremes that nor presumes nor feares.

Master: Arise, good shipmates, and loudly raise your voices in praise of Neptune.
The nymphs of the waters will dance, and Aiolus⁴² will whistle, accompanying your songs.
Steersman, what direction does the wind blow from?

Steersman: Full north north east.

Master: What course (shall we take)?

Steersman: Full south south west.

Master: If it blows no worse, then my despair shall sink, and comfort come to my mind.
Before nightfall we shall find the haven.

O happy days, who can refrain from swelling with proud disregard,
When seas are smooth, the sails full, and all things pleasant?

Master: Wait, good shipmates, proud Neptune frowns,
Your voices now lament,

The nymphs are standing weeping over you,
And Aiolus and Iris⁴³ exchange showers.

Bosun, haul in the boat⁴⁴

Steersman: Hark hark – the rattling sound!

Master: It is hail!

Steersman: Make secure the rigging!

Master: Strike the sails!⁴⁵

Make it so quickly.

Shut the hatches tight.

Secure the stern (the rudder), haul in the anchor,

Tonight we shall float randomly (out of control).

O disastrous time!

Who can maintain control,

We must now sink in sad despair.

When the seas are rough, the sails torn and everything is dark and threatening.

Conclusion:

The 'golden mean'⁴⁶, the middle way, is to maintain a calm temperament, between these two extremes –neither presume (that all will be well, and take good weather for granted), nor continually fear (worry).

⁴² God of winds.

⁴³ Iris: the Greek Rainbow goddess.

⁴⁴ Lifeboat, a smaller vessel towed behind the ship, liable to sink in rough seas.

⁴⁵ Take the sails in for duration of the storm.

⁴⁶ 'The perfect moderate course or position that avoids extremes; the happy medium'. The concept of the "golden mean" played an important role in Aristotle's ethics. He believed that moderation between two extremes was the key to acting and living virtuously.

This song was, presumably, written for inclusion in a masque or other form of entertainment.

20. Welcome blacke night.

Welcome blacke night, *Hymens* faire day,
Help *Hymen* Loves due debt to pay,
Loves due debt is chaste delight,
Which if the turtles want to night,
Hymen forfeits his Dietie,
And night in love her dignitie.
Help, help, blacke night, *Hymens* faire day,
Help *Hymen* Loves due debt to pay.

Stay (happy paire) stay but a while,
Hymen comes not, love to beguile,
These sports are alluring baites,
And sawce are to Loves sweetest Cates :
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It heightens Loves attained blisse.
Then stay (most happie) stay a while,
Hymen comes not, Love to beguile.

Chorus:

Hymen, O *Hymen* myne
Of treasures more divine,
What dietie is like to thee
That freest from mortalitie ?

*Welcome, black (personification of) Night,*⁴⁷ *the 'daytime' for Hymen,*⁴⁸
Enable Hymen to pay the debt that is due to Cupid.
This debt is innocent 'delight' (i.e. the groom's 'enjoying' the bride's virginity),
*Which, if the newly married couple (the 'turtle doves') fail to accomplish tonight*⁴⁹,
Then both Hymen will relinquish his divinity, and Night will forfeit her dignity to Cupid.
Therefore, help Hymen to pay this debt to Cupid.
Hymen, O Hymen, store of treasures more divine,
*What deity is like you, who frees mankind from (their own) mortality?*⁵⁰

Wait, happy pair, wait for a while,
Hymen does not appear here in order to cheat Cupid.
These amusements are tempting traps,
And are like sauce to Love's sweetest delicacies.
Craved desires do no more damage than this,
They heighten the (finally) attained bliss (of consummation).
Then wait, most happy pair, a while,
Hymen does not come to cheat Cupid.
Hymen, O Hymen, store of treasures more divine,
What deity is like you, who frees mankind from (their own) mortality?

⁴⁷ Nyx, goddess of night. Perhaps Night was even depicted as a black-faced masque character as well as being merely referred to.

⁴⁸ God of marriage.

⁴⁹ This song, and its second part *Cease these false sports* probably formed part of the wedding celebrations of Dowland's patron, Lord Howard de Walden on his marriage to lady Elizabeth Home in 1606, shortly after her birthday. She was twelve years old. Despite the explicit and erotically charged text, the consummation of the marriage did not actually take place until 1612. A contemporary recorded: "The Lord Walden that hath been now a goode while wedded to the lord of Dunbar's daughter, was not bedded with her till the last weeke, and that by special commandment". This type of arranged marriage was not at all unusual in the 16th and 17th centuries.

⁵⁰ By helping the act of procreation.

21. Cease these false sports.

Cease these false sports, hast, hast away,
Love's made a trewant by your stay.
Good night, good night, yet virgin Bride,
But looke ere day, ere day be spide.
You change that fruitlesse name,
Least you your sex defame,
Fear not *Hymens* peaceful war,
You'le conquer though you subdued are.
Good night, and ere the day be old
Rise to the Sunne a Marigold.

Chorus:

Hymen, O Hymen, blesse this night,
That Loves darke workes may come to light.

*Stop these false entertainments, hasten away,
Cupid is made to appear negligent by your delay.
Good night, O bride who is still a virgin,
But you must ensure that before the light of the following morning is seen,
That you have changed that useless name (of virgin),
Lest you disgrace the female sex.
Do not be afraid of Hymen's peaceful war.
You will 'triumph', even though you are 'defeated'.
Good night, and before the next day is old,
Rise towards the sun like the marigold⁵¹.*

*Hymen, O Hymen, bless this night,
So that Cupid's 'dark works' may come to light.*

⁵¹ "Marigolds are known as 'Sun's flowers' or 'Summer's Bride' because they open at dawn and follows the sun's course across the sky, spreading their petals to receive the light and closing again at sunset". From Joanne Asala: *'Celtic Folklore Cooking'* .

Three songs from Robert Dowland's *A Musically Banquet*⁵² 1610⁵³

8 *Farre from triumphing Court*⁵⁴

For one Voice onely to sing.

Farre from triumphing Court and wonted glory,
He dwelt in shadie unfrequented places,
Times prisoner now he made his pastime story,
Gladly forgets Courts erst afforded graces,
That Goddesses whom hee servde to heav'n is gone,
And hee on earth, In darknesse left to moane.

2 But loe a glorious light from his darke rest,
Shone from the place where erst this Goddesses dwelt,
A light whose beames the world with fruit hath blest,
Blest was the Knight while hee that light beheld :
Since then a starre fixed on his head hath shinde,
And a Saints Image in his hart is shrinde.

3 Ravisht with ioy so grac't by such a Saint,
He quite forgat his Cell and selfe denaid,
He thought it shame in thankfulnessse to faint,
Debts due to Princes must be duly paid :
Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde,
As finding kindnessse for to prove unkinde.

4 But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame he ranged,
Hoping to serve this Saint in sort most meete,
Tyme with his golden locks to silver changed
Hath with age fetters bound him hands and feete,
Aye mee, hee cryes, Goddesses my limbs grow faint,
Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.

⁵² 'Banquet' at this time did not mean 'great feast with many courses' as it does today, but rather 'refreshments', or 'a light meal'.

⁵³ 1610 was a significant date for published music. Another famous 'collection' was published in Venice the same year.

⁵⁴ This poem was written or commissioned by Sir Henry Lee, the retired Queen's Champion (see also *His Golden Locks* in Book 1 and *Time's Eldest Son* in Book 2), several years after the death of Elizabeth, and records the visit made to Lee at Woodstock in 1608 by the new King James and Anne, his queen. The new queen gave Lee two presents: a jewel to wear in his hat and a miniature of herself which he pledged to wear next to his heart. Lee died in 1610, the same year as the publication of *A Musically Banquet*.

*Far from the pageantry of the court, and customary glory,
He lived in shady unvisited places.
He is now the prisoner of Time, his previous delights⁵⁵ are now no more than stories,
He has willingly forgotten the Court with its former supply of honours.
That goddess (the Queen) whom he served, is now gone to heaven,
And he is left here on Earth, to moan in darkness.*

*2 But lo! A glorious light interrupted his dark rest,
Shining from that place where formerly that goddess lived.
A light whose beams have blessed the world with fruit.⁵⁶
Any knight who saw such a light would have been blessed.
Since that time, a star⁵⁷ that is fixed upon his head has shone,
And a 'saint's' image⁵⁸ is enshrined in his heart.*

*3 Ravished with joy at being so honoured by such a 'saint',
He quite forgot his 'cell' and disowned his retired state.
He considered that it would be shameful to faint in gratitude,
For debts that are due to royalty must be duly paid.
There can be nothing so hateful to a noble mind
As discovering that an act of kindness has been unkindly dismissed.*

*4 But Ah, poor Knight! Even though he roamed in dreaming,
Hoping to serve this 'saint' in the most appropriate way,
Time, that has changed his golden locks to silver,⁵⁹
Has also bound him hand and foot with the 'fetters' of old age.
'Ah me!' he cries, Goddess, my limbs now grow weak.
Even though I am now Time's prisoner, I pray you, be my 'saint'.*

⁵⁵ Pastime = pleasure, delight, enjoyment, not the modern sense of 'hobby'.

⁵⁶ 'A Heavenly light whose beams have brought benefit to the world', i.e. suggesting that the Royal couple are like a new sun.

⁵⁷ The jewel that the Queen gave Lee, to wear on his hat.

⁵⁸ The portrait miniature of Queen Anne that Lee wore next to his heart for the rest of his life.

⁵⁹ Lee references his earlier poem, set by Dowland as 'His Golden Locks' in Book 1, no. 18

M B 9 Lady if you so spight me

Lady if you so spight me,
Wherefore do you so oft kisse and delight me ?
Sure that my hart opprest and overcloyed,
May breake thus overioyed,
If you seeke to spill mee,
Come kisse me sweet and kill mee,
So shall your hart be eased,
And I shall rest content and dye well pleased.

*Lady, if you so despise me,
Why do you, still so often kiss and delight me?
Be certain that my distressed heart, that is over-filled
May break from so much excess of joy.
If you intend to destroy me,
Come, kiss me, my sweet, and kill me.
Thus will your heart be comforted,
And I shall rest contented and die⁶⁰ well pleased.*

⁶⁰ 'Die' here is obviously intended in its sexual sense, which fits with the use of the word 'spill' earlier in the poem.

M B 10. In darknesse let me dwell

In darknesse let me dwell the ground shall sorrow be,
The rooffe Dispaire to barre all cheerfull light from mee,
The wals of marble blacke that moistened still shall weepe,
My musicke hellish iarring sounds to banish friendly sleepe.
Thus wedded to my woes and bedded to my Tombe,
O let me living die, till death, till death doe come
In darknesse let me dwell.

Let me live in darkness. The ground⁶¹ of my dwelling shall be sorrow,
The roof (of this dwelling) shall be despair, to block out all happy light,
The walls will be of black marble, that, already moistened, will 'weep'
even more (with my tears).

My music shall be hellish, discordant sounds, to prevent my peaceful sleep.
Thus, 'married' to my woes, and 'put to bed'⁶² in my tomb,
O let me die even whilst I live, until death comes.
Let me live in darkness.

John Coprario's 'Funeral Teares' of 1606 contains a setting of this first verse, plus a second stanza. Below follows selected extracts from the sleeve notes to The Consort of Musicke's 1981 recording of Coprario's 'Funeral Teares for the death of the Right Honorable the Earle of Devonshire. 1606' (Decca DSLO 576):

"Sing lady, sing thy Dev'nshires funerals,
And charme the Ayre with thy delightful voyce,
Let lighter spirits grace their Madrigals,
Sorrow doth in the saddest notes rejoyce.
Fairest of ladies since these songs are thine,
Now make them as thou art thy selfe, devine.

The devoted servant of true
noblenesse, John Coprario."

Thus John Coprario personalises his dedication of the 'Funeral teares' of 1606, the first true song cycle in the English Language. The characters involved in this elegaic cycle were two of the most renowned and colourful members of the Court at that time: Charles Blount, eighth Baron Mountjoy and Earl of Devonshire (1563-1606), and Penelope Devereux (1563-1607), later Penelope Rich, finally Blount, sister of the Earl of Essex (...)

John Coprario's song cycle was composed for Penelope, to ease her grief and to console her spirit. The purpose of the work is cathartic: Penelope's distraught grief (all of the poems are written in the first person, and may even be by her) is transmuted through emotional outburst, guided by the disciplines of poetry and music, to a wholehearted acceptance of the glorious life hereafter. It is ultimately a confirmation of faith.

There are many similarities in the unfolding of the cycle to the meditation sequences of St. Ignatius Loyola, whose 'Spiritual Exercises' of 1548 had spread throughout Christendom by the end of the century (...). It is a personal variation on the meditation sequence, intended for Penelope's use, and made public in print to help clear Blount's name (...)

The sense and organisation in 'Funeral Teares' is subtle and skilful. Throughout there is a play on the word 'joy' (referring to Blount's title 'Mountjoy'), and throughout Penelope is speaking (...)

The heart of the cycle lies at stage four, a distraught cry from the heart, the fullest outburst of grief:

"In darkness let me dwell (etc) "

Here, in lavish detail, continued in a second stanza, is the living tomb in which the widow desires to languish. It is Penelope's monument erected to her grief. These famous words were also set in part by John Dowland.

(from notes by Anthony Rooley)

There can be little doubt that the setting by Coprario (of which both verses of 'In darkness' forms the 'heart of the cycle', and which was clearly written expressly for this sequence) must, therefore, pre-date Dowland's setting, and confirms that the 'dwelling' referred to is a black marble tomb, albeit a symbolical one.

⁶¹ Dowland describes a 'dwelling', but it is clear that he is describing a tomb, specifically, a black marble one, such as can be seen in many English churches. Unlike white marble, because of its colour, polished black marble can give the appearance of 'moistening', and one can sometimes notice a fine film of condensation.

⁶² 'Bedded' here mirrors 'wedded', and also means 'to have sexual relations with', i.e. in the sense of marriage.

Coprario's (Penelope Rich's(?)) text:

*In darknesse let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The rooffe despaire to barre all chearefull light from me,
The walles of marble black that moistned stil shall weepe,
My musicke hellish iarring sounds to banish friendly sleepe.
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tombe,
O let me dying live till death doth come.*

*My dainties grieffe shall be, and teares my poisned wine,
My sighes the aire, through which my panting hart shall pine:
My robes my mind shall sute exceeding blackest night,
My study shall be tragicke thoughtes sad fancy to delight.
Pale Ghosts and frightful shades shall my acquaintance be:
O thus my haples ioy I haste to thee.*