

Second Booke of Songs or Ayres 1600

The original erratic punctuation has been retained, all dittos ignored, and first letters of words capitalised when at beginnings of lines. As with the First Booke, I have used the original printed spellings (of 1600), 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 25/01/2009

1 I saw my Lady weepe.

To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.

I saw my Lady weepe,
And sorrow proud to bee advanced so:
In those faire eies where all perfections keepe,
Hir face was full of woe,
But such a woe (beleeve me) as wins more hearts,
Than mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.

Sorrow was there made faire,
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
Shee made her sighes to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and loue.

O fayrer then ought ells,
The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,
Inough, inough, your ioyfull lookes excells,
Teares kills the heart believe,
O strive not to bee excellent in woe,
Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

I saw my Lady weep¹, for my advances of love towards her caused her much sorrow; there were tears in those fair eyes, wherein all qualities of perfection are kept. Her face was full of sadness, but it was such a sadness (I assure you), as could incite more love for her than all the encouragement that (her) gaiety and laughter could ever inspire.

Her sorrow was thus made beautiful, and her tears of suffering seemed as a delightful thing to me. Her silence was beyond description, a rare lesson. She made her sighs appear to sing, and because they could move (affect) all living things by their sweet sadness, it made my heart both grieve and love at the same time.

O, you who are fairer than everything else the world has to show, stop your weeping before you start to grieve in earnest, for you have wept enough; your weeping will surely spoil your beautiful looks. Believe me, tears will kill the heart itself, therefore do not seek to become the most miserable person that it is possible to be, because it will only lead to the ruin of your beauty.

¹ Robert Spencer wrote: "Both music and words parody Alfonso Ferrabosco's madrigal *Vidi pianger*, which Dowland could have known from Yonge's *Musica Transalpina* of 1588".

It has been suggested that 'The Lady Musick' is the lady being observed, but there is no evidence for this attribution, and the only reference to music in the song's text comes in the 'singing sighs' of the second verse, but this is presumably a reference to the 'affect' of her sighing. .

2 Flow my tears fall from your springs.

Lacrime

Flow my teares fall from your springs,
Exilde for ever:² let mee morne,
Where nights black bird hir sad infamy sings,
There let mee live forlorne.
Downe vaine lightes shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in dispaire their last³ fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclose.
Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pittie is fled,
And teares, and sighes, and grones my wearie dayes,
Of all ioyes have deprived.
From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is throwne,
And feare, and griefe, and paine for my deserts
Are my hopes since hope is gone.
Harke you shadowes that in darcknesse dwell,
Learne to contemne light,
Happie, happie they that in hell
Feele not the worlds despite.

Now flow, my tears, fall from your source (my eyes), for I am exiled for ever (from my beloved or from God?) Let me mourn where the black bird of night⁴ sings of her own sad dishonour - let me live there, forsaken.

Be dim, you futile sources of light, do not shine any more, for no night can be dark enough for those (such as me), that in their despair lament their latest misfortunes, for light only reveals (them and) their shame.

Never may these my woes be relieved, because all compassion has left me, and tears, sighs and groans have taken away all joy from my life (my weary days).

My fortune has been cast down from the highest pinnacle of happiness, and fear, grief and pain are my reward, now all hope is gone.

Hear me, you departed spirits⁵ who live in darkness; learn to have contempt for light itself. Happier than I are those that are in hell, for they cannot feel the loathing of the world.

² Though printed as a colon, this should probably be 'sung' as a comma, so as not to break the phrase.

³ Latest, rather than 'final', as in Dowland's 'Third and Last Booke of Songs'.

⁴ 'Night', here may be Nyx, the Greek goddess of the night, mother to the twin brothers Hypnos (Sleep) and Thanatos (Death). (See also 'Come heavy sleep' in the First Booke of 1597). Her 'black bird' may, therefore be one of her attributes, although I can find no evidence for this. In fact, Nyx was usually represented in art as being black and winged herself. Dowland's sources for mythological figures such as personifications of Night, Envy, Virtue etc. that occur throughout the songbooks are very difficult to identify.

Anthony Rooley, in a 1983 article (Early Music) relates this image of 'night's black bird' to Hermetic philosophy, stating that "This worldly experience is hell, it is not possible to descend lower. [...] Even the light of this creation only discloses shame – the archetypal shame symbolised by a black bird living off its own young." He illustrates this with a reproduction of a powerful 15th century illustration from *Aurora consurgens*, a medieval treatise on alchemy in the Zurich Zentralbibliothek (which can be seen at <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Aurora-heramphrodites.jpg>, and several other sites associated with Alchemy, which he describes as: "The androgyne and night's black bird, the visual image recalled in *Flow my tears* and the Hermetic view of man's condition". The full extent of Dowland's use of imagery derived from Hermetic philosophy and neo-Platonism is a subject for much further investigation.

If we choose to look for an actual black bird, the nightjar (*caprimulgus europaeus*) is the only black-coloured nocturnal bird in Britain, and has an eery, chilling cry. As with the cries of owls, there was a widespread belief that the 'churring' calls of the nightjar were bad omens foretelling death, and the myth that nightjars steal milk from goats was widely believed in the 17th century. Perhaps this 'theft' is the 'sad infamy' referred to. Alternately, Dowland may be referring to the owl, whose 'blackness' may refer either to the bird's being hidden from view, or the suggestion that the bird is 'black' because it heralds bad tidings. Owl legends abound in Britain, mostly associated with impending death or 'dishonour', such as the loss of virginity. Perhaps Dowland is simply suggesting that, in his melancholy, he too should inhabit churchyards, traditionally the haunts of both types of bird.

3 Sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares.

Sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,
To a woefull wretched wight,
Hence dispaire with thy tormenting feares:
Doe not, O doe not my heart, poor heart affright,
Pitty, pittie, pittie, help now or never,
Mark me not to endlesse paine,
Alas I am condempned ever,
No hope, no help, ther doth remaine,
But downe, downe, downe, downe I fall,
Downe and arise I never shall.

Stay, O (personification of) Sorrow⁶, and grant genuine remorseful tears to me, an unhappy wretched creature. Begone, O (personification of) Despair with your tormenting fears, and do not terrify my poor heart. O (personification of) Pity, help me now, or else never; do not consign me to endless pain. Alas, I am condemned for eternity! There remains no hope or help for me, therefore I will fall down and down (in my wretchedness), and never arise.

⁵ 'Shadow' often means 'ghost' in literature of this period, as do 'shade', 'sprite' and 'image'.

⁶ Ania.

4 Dye not before thy day.

Dye not beefore thy day, poore man condemned,
But lift thy low lookes from the humble earth,
Kisse not dispaire and see sweet hope contemned:
The hag hath no delight, but mone for mirth,
O fye, o fye poore fondling, fye be willing,
To preserve thy selfe from killing:
Hope thy keeper glad to free thee,
Bids thee goe and will not see thee,
Hye thee quickly from thy wrong,
So shee endes hir willing song.

Do not die before your time, poor condemned man, but lift your gaze from the ground. Do not embrace (the personification of) Despair⁷, and view (the personification of) Hope as contemptible. The demon⁸ (Despair) offers no delight, and only moaning in place of laughter. Oh fie, poor 'abandoned child'; fie, and agree to prevent your 'self-slaughter', for (the personification of) Hope, who watches over you will be happy to release you; she commands you to go forth, and will not watch you depart. Hasten from the wrong that has been done to you, and thus she (Hope) will end her 'willing'⁹ song.

⁷ The presence of 'Despair' in this song, printed immediately following 'Sorrow Stay' suggests that it may have been either written as or deliberately placed there in the book as a 'reply'. I can trace no classical deity or personification of Despair.

⁸ 'Hag' is used almost exclusively to mean witch, or ugly old woman nowadays, but meant female demon or spirit at this date

⁹ 'Willing' is used here in the sense of 'that which she wishes you to do'.

5 Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled.

Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled,
What heaven then governes earth,
O none, but hell in heavens stead,
Choaks with his mistes our mirth.
Mourne, mourne, looke now for no more day
Nor night, but that from hell,
Then all must as they may,
In darknesse learne to dwell¹⁰.
But yet this change, must needes change our delight,
That thus the Sunne should harbour with the night.

Mourn, for now the day is fled with the approach of darkness. What 'heavenly light' now governs the earth? Why, none, for the darkness of night is like hell in the place of heaven, and chokes our laughter with his dark mists. Mourn, and do not seek for any more day, or even night, but only the darkness of hell. We must remember that, inevitably, we will learn to live in darkness (after we die) Thus it is inevitable that this change to darkness must cause us to reflect, to change our perception of pleasure (by considering our own mortality), because we realise that the sun itself (life) shelters with the night (death).

¹⁰ See also Dowland's 'In darkness let me dwell' included in Robert Dowland's 'A Musically Banquet' of 1610.

6 (Part 1) Times eldest sonne, olde age the heyre of ease.

Times eldest sonne, olde age the heyre of ease,
Strengths foe, loves woe, and foster to devotion,
Bids gallant youths in marshall prowes please,
As for himselfe, hee hath no earthly motion,
But thinks, sighes, teares, vowes, praiers, and sacrifices,
As good as showes, maskes, iustes, or tilt devises.

The oldest son of (the personification of) Time, which is old age¹¹ – the heir to ‘ease’ (rest, comfort), the foe of (youthful) strength, the misfortune to Love, and the nourisher of devotion (i.e. prayer), now bids chivalrous youths to please (the Queen) with their martial prowess, but he (the poet, Lee, still perceived here as ‘Old Age’) has no impulse here on earth, but now considers that the sighs, tears, vows, prayers and sacrifices (of a devotional life) to be as good as (planning the) designs of courtly shows, masques, jousts or tilts (sporting combat).

7 (Part 2) Then sit thee downe and say thy *Nunc demittis*.

Then sit thee downe and say thy *Nunc demittis*,
With *De profundis*, *Credo* and *Te Deum*,
Chant *Miserere*, for what now so fit is,
As that, or this, *Paratum est cor meum*,
O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,
Thou canst not please hir with a better part.

Therefore, sit down and say your prayers; ‘Nunc dimittis’¹²; along with ‘De profundis’¹³, ‘Credo’¹⁴, and ‘Te Deum’¹⁵, sing ‘Miserere’¹⁶ (which is now so appropriate¹⁷), as is ‘Paratum est cor meum’¹⁸. Oh that my ‘saint’ (the Queen) will accept the offering of my heart, for I cannot please her with anything better.

8 (Part 3) When others sings *Venite exultemus*.

When others sings *Venite exultemus*,
Stand by and turne to *Noli emulari*,
For *quare fremuerunt use oremus*
Vivat Eliza, for an *ave mari*,
And teach those swains that lives about thy cell,
To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

*When others sing ‘Venite exultemus’¹⁹, I (the poet, Henry Lee) should counter this with ‘Noli emulari’²⁰. Instead of ‘Quare fremuerunt’²¹, I should chant ‘Oremus’²² and *Vivat Eliza*²³ rather than *Ave Maria*, and teach those rustic servants that live around my retirement ‘cell’, to say ‘Amen’, when I do pray so well.*

¹¹ Old Age (Geras) was actually the son of Nyx, goddess of the night by Erebus, the personification of darkness and shadow, not Kronos (Time).

¹² *Nunc Dimittis*: Lord, now lettest thou the servant depart in peace (Luke 2:29–32)

¹³ *De Profundis* (Psalm 130)

¹⁴ *Credo* (I believe in one God - Book of Common Prayer 1549)

¹⁵ *Te Deum* (We praise thee O God)

¹⁶ *Miserere* (Psalm 51- Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness)

¹⁷ Presumably because Lee is sad about his retirement.

¹⁸ *Paratum est cor meum* (Psalm 107 - My heart is ready)

¹⁹ *Venite exultemus* (Psalm 95 – Come let us raise a joyful song)

²⁰ *Noli emulari* (Psalm 36 – The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes)

²¹ *Quare fremuerunt* (Psalm 2 – ‘Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?’)

²² *Oremus* (‘Let us pray’)

²³ *Vivat Eliza* (Long live Queen Elizabeth) rather than *Ave Maria* (Hail Mary, full of grace). i.e. you should counter the Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary with praise for the Protestant ‘Virgin Queen’ Elizabeth.

Dowland's setting of 'Times eldest sonne', along with 'His Golden Locks' (First Booke no. 18) was probably performed at the retirement ceremony of Sir Henry Lee (1533-1611), who was Master of the Ordnance to Queen Elizabeth 1. Lee became the Queen's champion in 1580, and was appointed master of the Royal Armouries in 1580. Lee organised the Accession Day tilts (jousting tournaments and feasting) held annually on November 17th – a holiday celebrated in England for over a century after her death. Lee retired as Queen's Champion in 1590, and these songs probably formed part of the elaborate retirement pageant. This poem was almost certainly written (or commissioned) by Lee himself, as was 'Far from triumphing Court', set by Dowland and included in Robert Dowland's 'A Musically Banquet' of 1610 (no. 8.)

9 Praise blindnesse eies for seeing is deceit.

Praise blindnesse eies, for seeing is deceit,
Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flattering windes,
Breake hart and bleed for ther is no receipt,
To purge inconstancy from most mens mindes.

And if thine eares false Haralds to thy hart,
Convey into thy head hopes to obtaine,
Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,
Now love is art that wanted to be plaine.

Now none is bald except they see his braines,
Affection is not knowne till one be dead,
Reward for love are labours for his paines,
Loves quiver made of gold his shafts of leade.

Lenvoy:

And so I wackt amazd and could not move,
I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

Praise blindness, my eyes, for the power of sight is deceiving. Be dumb, my useless tongue, for words are merely flattering wind, break, my heart, for there is no recipe²⁴ that can purge inconstancy from the minds of most men!

And if your ears should mis-report what they hear to your heart, putting false hopes (of winning her) into your head, tell your sense of hearing that you have chosen to appear deaf, just as love is an 'art' yet pretends to be simple and uncomplicated.

For, as the proverb states, 'no-one is bald unless one can see his brains'²⁵, and no-one is appreciated during his own lifetime. The price paid for loving is laborious effort, for though Cupid's quiver is made of gold, his arrows themselves are made of lead²⁶.

L'envoy²⁷:

And so I waked, amazed at what I had dreamed, paralised by my realisation that, despite the fact that I know that those cynical ideas I experienced in my dream are true, yet still I am able to love.

²⁴ 'Receipt' can also mean 'recipe' at this date.

²⁵ This proverb 'not to believe someone is bald until one sees his brains' was used in the 17th century to suggest that a doubting person was being 'wilfully obstinant', i.e. would not believe something unless it was proven far beyond all doubt. (Tooley: *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the 16th and 17th centuries* (1950)

²⁶ In the myth of Apollo and Daphne, Cupid has arrows of gold to inspire love, and lead to incite hatred.

²⁷ Envoy – "An explanatory or commendatory postscript to a poem, essay, or book; - also in the French form, l'envoi". (Webster's)

10 O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse.

To Maister Hugh Holland.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse,
O how much doe I love your solitarinesse.
From fames desire, from loves delight retir'd,
In these sad groves an Hermits life I led,
And those false pleasures which I once admir'd,
With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread,
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For shee lesse secret, and as sencelesse is.

Experience which repentance onely brings,
Doth bid mee now my hart from love estrange,
Love is disdain'd when it doth looke at Kings,
And love loe placed base and apt to change:
Ther power doth take from him his liberty,
Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die.

O sweet woods ,&c.
O how much ,&c.

You men that give false worship unto Love,
And seeke that which you never shall obtaine,
The endlesse worke of Sisiphus you prove,
Whose end is this to know you strive in vaine,
Hope and desire which now your Idols bee,
You needs must loose and feele dispaire with mee.

O sweet woods ,&c.
O how much ,&c.

You woods in you the fairest Nimphs have walked,
Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love,
You woods in whom deere lovers oft have talked,
How doe you now a place of mourning prove,
Wansted my Mistres saith this is the doome,
Thou art loves Childbed, Nursery, and Tombe.

O sweet woods ,&c.
O how much ,&c.

O sweet woods, you are the delight of my solitude,

How much do I love your solitude.

Removed from the desire for fame, and from the delights of love (at court),

I led the life of a hermit in these sad groves;

And now, those false pleasures which once I regarded so highly, I recall with dread, remembering my fall (from grace with my beloved). To the birds, the trees and the earth itself I will tell this, for she is less secretive, and just as unfeeling as they are.

My experience, such as comes only from regret, now commands me to make my heart a stranger to love. Love²⁸ is spurned when he 'aims too high', and when love sets his sight too low, it is debased, and may easily change. Women's power deprives the young love god of his liberty (to act), and her (my mistress') lack of worthiness causes Cupid to die in his cradle.

²⁸ As usual, both the emotion of love and the figure of Cupid are probably intended here.

You men that falsely worship Cupid, and seek that which you can never obtain, are performing a similar never-ending task to that of Sisyphus²⁹, and ultimately, you will realise that you struggle in vain. (The personifications of) Hope and Desire, who are currently your idols, you must relinquish, and feel despair along with me.³⁰

You woods, in whom the sweetest nymphs have walked; Nymphs, the sight of whom made all hearts yield to Cupid; you woods in whom noble, worthy³¹ lovers have often talked, How much you now appear as a place of mourning to me. O woods of Wanstead³², my mistress tells me that this is her judgement³³, my fate; for you (the woods) are the child-bed, nursery and tomb of love.

²⁹ Sisyphus was a king, punished by the gods for hubris, cursed to roll a massive boulder up a steep hill for eternity, only to watch it roll back down again each time he neared the top.

³⁰ 'Prove' (at the end of line 17) is misprinted as 'procure'(which makes no sense) in the surviving copies. 'Prove' is the best contender to match rhyme, metre and sense.

³¹ One of the (now obsolete) meanings of 'dear'.

³² Wanstead, formerly in Essex, now part of Epping forest, was the seat of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the long-term favourite of Queen Elizabeth 1, and later became the haunt of Leicester's stepson, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, to whom this poem is often attributed.

³³ As well as 'fate', doom can also mean 'judgement' at this date, though both senses are probably intended.

11 If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past.

If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past,
And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne,
If groning cries might salve my fault at last,
Or endles mone, for error pardon win,
Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and ever mone,
Mine errors, faults³⁴, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
I see my favours are no lasting flowers,
I see that woords will breede no better good,
Then losse of time and lightening but at houres,
Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,
That favours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

If it were possible that floods of tears might erase my past mistakes, and that the smokey mists of my sighs could compensate for my sins; If my cries and groans could heal my faults once and for all, then I would cry, weep, sigh and moan all of the time, lamenting my past errors, faults, sins and mistakes.

I see that my hopes must 'wither in the bud', and that even my best qualities are as short-lived as the life of flowers. I see that my mere words (of complaint) will not give birth to any better state than all the wasted time and light I have lost, except for those spent in prayer³⁵. Thus, whilst I look, I can also say that that which favours hopes and words can no longer blind me (to the truth).

³⁴ Given as 'fault' in Canto and Alto parts, but printed (surely correctly), as 'faults' in Tenore and Basso parts.

³⁵ Hours (the canonical hours) are the the seven stated times of the day for Christian prayer and devotion. Like several of Dowland's songs, It is possible to interpret this song as either religious or secular in subject.

12 Fine knacks for ladies, cheape choise, brave and new.

Fine knacks for ladies, cheape choise brave and new,
Good penniworths but mony cannot move,
I keepe a faier but for the faier to view,
A begger may bee liberall of loue,
Though all my wares be trash, the hart is true.

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' orient³⁶ pearles we finde,
Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laces & gloves,
And divers toies fitting a country faier,
But my³⁷ hart, where duety serves and loves,
Turtles and twins, courts brood, a heavenly paier,
Happy the hart that thinks of no removes.

I (a 'pedlar'), have fine small goods for ladies: cheap, rare, exciting and new. They are good value for money, though money alone does not motivate me. I hold back my finest goods for only the fairest to see, for a 'beggar' such as I can easily afford to be generous in dispensing his love. Even though all my goods-in-trade are really worthless trash, my heart is true and constant.

Those great gifts (such as wealth) are deceptive, and you should look for other qualities, for, in my case, even my most trivial cheap 'goods' are, in fact, 'treasures' that come from my mind (i.e. wit). It is a rare and valuable thing to appear plain and simple, as I do, for sometimes we find the bright, shining pearl inside the coarse shell (of the oyster). My quality of 'stock' (wit and charm) is such that, whereas you may take a whole 'sheaf' of others, you need only to take a 'grain'³⁸ in weight of me!

Though here, in my pedlar's bundle, I carry a stock of pins, aiglets³⁹, laces and gloves, and various trivial small goods suitable for a humble country fair, my heart (because I serve both duty and love equally) carries constancy, as is embodied by the turtle doves⁴⁰ and the famous twins⁴¹, the offspring of Zeus (who also represent duty and love) - truly a heavenly pair. Happy is the heart that thinks of no higher state⁴² (than one who serves with such constancy).

³⁶ Orient meant bright and shining in the 17th century: "We have spoken of the cause of orient colours in birds..." (Bacon – Natural History 1607); "...He offers to each weary traveller/ Orient liquor in a crystal glass." (Milton - Paradise Lost 1667). 'Orient', as here, may simply be a misprint for 'orient'. Diana Poulton asserted that "Orient is a good Elizabethan word, the superlative of orient.." (John Dowland, p. 267, 1982), though I have not been able to confirm this. The word is not used anywhere in Shakespeare.

³⁷ The original printed copies give: 'But my hart...'; not 'in my hart', as is given in all modern printed editions (following E.H. Fellowes). 'My' can easily be sung to the two notes as Dowland probably intended without inserting an extra word. The poet is saying that his heart is constant, like the turtles and twins, not that they are 'in his heart'.

³⁸ A grain was traditionally the smallest unit of measured weight, based upon a grain of wheat.

³⁹ Pointed metal end-tags for laces.

⁴⁰ Noted for mating for life, and displaying constant affection.

⁴¹ Castor and Pollux, the sons of Zeus and Leda ('courts brood' – Zeus seduced Leda in the form of a swan). The key element of the twins' myth, as far as this song is concerned, relates to the filial love and constancy demonstrated by Pollux when Castor was mortally wounded - Pollux was given the choice of elevation to Olympus, or of giving half his immortality to his twin, the latter of which he chose. Zeus placed Castor and Pollux in the heavens as the constellation Gemini – 'a heavenly pair'

⁴² 'Removes' means an elevation of status at this date - see also no. 15 'White as lillies'

13 Now cease my wandring eies.

Now cease my wandring eies,
Strange beauties to admire,
In change least comfort lies,
Long ioyes yeeld long desire.
One faith one love,
Makes our fraile pleasures eternall,
And in sweetnesse prove.
New hopes new ioyes,
Are still with sorrow declining,
Vnto deepe anoies.

One man hath but one soule,
Which art cannot deuide,
If all one soule must love,
Two loues most be denide,
One soule one love,
By faith and merit united cannot remove,
Distracted spirits⁴³,
Are ever changing and haplesse in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath given,
All beautie to impart,
As well in earth as heaven,
But she hath given one hart,
That though wee see,
Ten thousand beauties yet in us one should be,
One stedfast love,
Because our harts stand fixt although our eies do move.

Now cease, O my wandering eyes, from gazing upon the beauty of others (than my mistress), for there is no comfort to be gained from change, and a love that has existed for some time only serves to increase desire (for the beloved). One faith, one constant love makes our fragile pleasures seem to last for ever, and are proven by their sweetness. New desires and new pleasures sorrowfully descend into deep frustration.

Each man has only one soul, which no skill can possibly divide. If each of us may only love one 'soul' (person) at a time, then it is impossible to have two loves. One soul, one love united by faith and 'desert' (that which is deserved, good or ill) cannot aspire to a higher state (remove). Those whose spirits are disordered are always indecisive, and therefore always unlucky in their pleasures.

Mother Nature has given us two eyes, enabling us to see all the beauties upon the earth, as well as those in heaven, but she has only given us one heart, which means that although we may see ten thousand beauties, yet, in our hearts, there should only be one (object of our love). One steadfast love, because although our eyes may move, yet our hearts are 'fixed'.

⁴³ As in much Tudor church music where the (now) two-syllable word 'spirits' is set to only one note, it should probably be sung as 'sprites'.

14 Come ye heavy states of night.

Come yee heavy states of night,
Doe my fathers spirit right,
Soundings balefull let mee borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow,
Come sorrow come hir eies that sings,
By thee are turned into springs.

Come you Virgins of the night,
That in Dirges sad delight,
Quier my Anthems, I doe borrow
Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sorrow:
Come sorrow come hir eies that sings,
By thee are tourned into springs.

*Come, you dark spirits of the night; show respect to my father's ghost.
I shall sing only sad music, loading my songs with sorrow.
Come, (personification of) Sorrow, for the eyes of she that sings are turned by you into wells.*

*Come you virgins of the night⁴⁴, who delight in sad dirges, and join these my 'anthems'.
I borrow neither gold nor pearl⁴⁵ (for my mourning), only the sounds of sorrow.
Come, (personification of) Sorrow, for the eyes of she that sings are turned by you into wells.*

⁴⁴This may simply mean attendants upon the personification of Night, the goddess Nyx again, or perhaps refers to owls, or even the nightjar. This song appears to come from a masque or drama, so these 'characters' may originally have been represented literally.

Robert Spencer suggested that "The 'Virgins of the Night' bring to mind the foolish virgins of Matthew XXV, and 'gold nor pearl' the 'goodly pearls' of Matthew XIII, 45 – a tenuous connection, but if right, it suggests that 'my father's spirit' is the Holy Ghost and that the song is about seeking the Kingdom of Heaven". He added that "The declamatory opening must have been suggested by the music of Caccini".

⁴⁵ Elizabethan and Jacobean mourning jewellery traditionally incorporated gold and pearls.

15 White as Lillies was hir face.

White as Lillies was hir face,
When shee smiled, she beguiled,
Quitting⁴⁶ faith with foule disgrace,
Vertue service thus neglected,
Heart with sorrowes hath infected.

When I swore my hart hir owne,
Shee disdained, I complained,
Yet shee left mee overthrown,
Careles of my bitter grieving⁴⁷,
Ruthlesse bent to no relieving.

Vowes and oaths and faith assured,
Constant ever, Changing never,
Yet shee could not bee procured,
To beleeve my paines exceeding,
From hir scant neglect proceeding.

Oh that Love should have the art,
By surmises, And disguises,
To destroy a faithfull hart,
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their friends as foemen.

All in vaine is Ladies love,
Quickly choosed, Shortly loosed,
For their pride is to remove,
Out alas their looks first won us,
And their pride hath straight undone us.

To thy selfe the sweetest faier,
Thou hast wounded, And confounded,
Changles faith with foule dispaier,
And my service hath envied,
And my succours hath denied.

By thine error thou hast lost,
Hart unfained, Truth unstained,
And the swaine that loved most,
More assured in love then many,
More dispised in love then any.

For my hart though set at nought,
Since you will it, Spoile and kill it,
I will never change my thoughts,
But grieve that beautie ere was borne.
To murther faith with froward scorn.⁴⁸

⁴⁶ Although 'Quitting' (abandoning) is given in the printed copy, 'quiting' (repaying) seems a more likely reading.

⁴⁷ 'Groning' in the original, but grieving must be the correct reading to rhyme with 'relieving'.

⁴⁸ This last line is missing in the original printed copies. The copy of the book from St. Michael's College, Tenbury gives the hand-written addition: 'And so I'll live as one forlorn', which was adopted by E.H. Fellowes in his published versions (*Stainer and Bell*), but this is probably no more than a poor attempt at supplying a final line by an early owner of that particular copy. The version given in John Forbes' *Songs and Fancies* (1682) is: 'To banish love with froward scorn', but the Margaret Wemyss manuscript (dated 1643) that came to light as recently as 1981 (*Early Music*, July 1981, 338-9.), and which includes accurate versions of songs by Morley, Campion and Dowland, gives the line as I have included it here. The stronger word, 'murther' (murder) fits the angry tone of the final stanza (which already mentions 'killing' in the second line of this verse) much better than 'to banish faith' as given by Forbes.

Her face was as white as the lillies, but when she smiled she deceived me, repaying my loyalty with foul disgrace, and because the service that is due to Virtue was neglected, my heart was infected with sorrows.

When I swore that my heart belonged to her, she rejected me, and though I complained to her, she left me cast down, caring naught for my grief, ruthlessly determined not to relieve my pain.

Despite my vows and pledges of constant, unchanging love, she could not be persuaded to believe my extreme pains, which were the direct result of her deliberately meagre attention - amounting to neglect of me.

How sad that Love (Cupid) also has the skill to destroy faithful hearts by conjecture and artful pretences⁴⁹, or that women who appear playful and inviting should reward their friends by treating them as enemies.

Womens' love is all in vain, they choose hastily, then quickly dispense with us. For their desire is always to aim for a higher state, and although their beauty at first attracted us, their vanity causes our downfall.

But, by doing this you have only wounded yourself, sweetest fair one, and exchanged my unchanging faith with foul despair, for you have begrudged my devoted service, and denied me any relief.

This error of yours has lost you my faithful heart and my spotless loyalty, and the 'servant' that loved you most, who was more confident of your love than many such are, is now more despised in love than any other.

As for my heart (though little I value it), since it is your desire, destroy and kill it, for I will never change how I feel, but rather grieve that ever a such beauty was born, who could murder such loyalty with her stubborn scorn.

⁴⁹ As well as meaning pretence, 'disguise' was another term for a masque or masquerade.

16 Wofull heart with griefe oppressed.

Wofull heart with griefe oppressed
Since my fortunes most distressed,
 From my ioyes hath mee removed,
Follow those sweet eies adored,
Those sweet eyes wherein are stored,
 All my pleasures best beeloved.

Fly my breast, leave mee forsaken,
Wherein Griefe his seate hath taken,
 All his arrowes through mee darting,
Thou maist live by hir Sunne-shining,
I shall suffer no more pining,
 By thy losse, then by hir parting.

Oh my sad heart is oppressed with grief, because my unhappy fate has removed me from my joy. O heart, follow those sweet eyes that I adore, wherein are stored all my most beloved pleasures.

Fly from my breast, O heart, leave me as one forsaken, for (the personification of) Grief has usurped your place, shooting all his arrows through me. O heart, you may live in the sun-like warmth of my mistress. Thus, I shall suffer no more in lamenting your loss, than I shall by my mistress' parting.

17 A Shepherd in a shade his plaining made.

A Shepherd in a shade, his plaining made,
Of love and lovers wrong,
Unto the fairest lasse, that trode on grasse,
And thus beegan his song.

Since love and Fortune will, I honour still,
Your faire and louely eye,
What conquest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee,
If I for sorrow dye.
Restore, restore my hart againe,
Which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine,
Least that inforst by your disdain, I sing,
Fye, fye on loue, it is a foolish thing.

My hart where have you laid O cruell maide,
To kill when you might save,
Why have yee cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or grave.
O let it bee intombed and lye,
In your sweet minde and memorie,
Least I resound on every warbling string,
Fye fye on loue that is a foolish thing.

A shepherd in a shady place made his lament of Cupid, and the wrongs that are done to lovers, addressing the fairest young woman ever to tread the (Arcadian) grass. He sang:

"Because it is both Cupid and Fortune's will, I shall still honour your fair and lovely eyes, but what victory will it be, sweet nymph, if I die of sorrow for the love of you? Bring back to life my heart, which was killed by your sweet looks, lest I am compelled (by your scorn) to sing: 'Fie upon love – it is a foolish thing'".

"Where have you buried my heart, O cruel maid, killing me when you might have saved me? Why have you thrown my heart away as being a worthless object, not even allowing it a tomb or grave to lie in? Oh, let my heart be entombed within your own mind and your memory, lest I sing out with every warbling string of my lyre: 'Fie upon love, which is a foolish thing'".

18 Faction that ever dwels in court.

Faction that ever dwels,
In court where wits excells,
Hath set defiance,
Fortune and love hath sworne,
That they were never borne,
Of one aliance.

Fortune sweares, weakest harts
The booke of *Cupids* arts
Turne with hir wheele,
Sences themselves shall prove
Venture hir place in love
Aske them that feele.

This discord it beget
Atheist that honour not
Nature thought good,
Fortune should ever dwell
In court where wits excell
Love keepe the wood.

So to the wood went I
With loue to live and die
Fortune forlorne,
Experience of my youth
Made mee thinke humble truth
In desert borne.

My saint is deere to mee,
And lone hir selfe is shee
lone faier and true,
lone that doth ever move,
Passions of love with love
Fortune adiew.

Contention (dissension), which always lives in the court (where wit is valued), has divided opinion. Fortune and Cupid⁵⁰ have sworn that they were not born of the same parents.

Fortune swears that what we perceive as the actions of Cupid upon weakest hearts are, instead, turned upon her wheel. Our own senses shall test the place of (the personification of) Venture (Chance) in love for themselves – ask of those that feel.

This disagreement gave birth to (the personification of) Unbelief, who, naturally, honours neither of these deities (Fortune and Cupid), so Nature herself thought it best that Fortune should always dwell in the court (where wit is valued), and Cupid should keep to the woods.

Therefore, I went to the woods, to live and die with Cupid, and Fortune was desolate. The experience of my youth led me to think that simple truth must be born in forsaken places.

My beloved now, is dear to me. Her name is Joan – Joan fair and constant. Joan who always excites the passion of Cupid by her love. Therefore, farewell Fortune (and the court).*

The poet willingly exchanges the atmosphere of court, with all its intrigues, for the simpler, rustic life. The identical sentiment is expressed in the final stanza of *Campion's 'Jack and Jone'*, First Book, 1613, no. 20.

⁵⁰ The poet seems to have taken liberties with Greek mythology for the purposes of his conceit; Tyche, goddess of fortune (Fortuna) was the daughter of Okeanos and Tethys (or Zeus in some versions), whereas Cupid (Eros) was born of Aphrodite (Venus), or Nyx (night) in some myths.

19 Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace ?

Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace?
Shall I pray shall I prove ?
Shall I strive to a heavenly loy,
With an earthly love ?
Shall I think that a bleeding hart
Or a wounded eie,
Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes,
To attaine so hie.

Silly wretch forsake these dreames,
Of a vaine desire,
O bethinke what hie regard,
Holy hopes doe require.
Favour is as faire as things are,
Treasure is not bought,
Favour is not wonne with words,
Nor the wish of a thought.

Pittie is but a poore defence,
For a dying hart,
Ladies eies respect no mone,
In a meane desert.
Shee is to worthie far,
For a worth so base,
Cruell and but iust is shee,
In my iust disgrace.

Iustice gives each man his owne
Though my love bee iust,
Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe,
Therefore die I must.
Silly hart then yeeld to die,
Perish in dispaire,
Witnessse yet how faine I die,
When I die for the faire.

*Shall I plead, shall I hope for pardon (or favour), shall I pray, shall I try to justify myself? Shall I attempt to obtain a joy like that found in heaven with my earthly love?
Shall I believe that my bleeding heart, my 'wounded look', or even my sighs can ascend to the heavens, to gain something so high?*

Foolish, wretched one – leave these dreams of an unattainable desire. Remember what high respect is required for such lofty desires. Favour is as fair as it gets, True treasures are not bought, and favour cannot be won with mere words, nor unspoken wishes.

Self-pity is a poor excuse for one's dying heart. Women's eyes do not respect any complaint from such a base suitor. She is too worthy to be valued as lowly as that, and though she is cruel, she is also just towards me, in my due state of disgrace.

(The personification of) Justice⁵¹ allows each man his freedom, and although my love is true, yet she will not pity my grief - therefore I must die. Silly heart of mine, yield to death, and perish in despair; yet notice how eagerly I die when I die for one so fair.

⁵¹ Dike.

20 Tosse not my soule.

Tosse not my soule, O love twixt hope and feare,
Shew mee some ground where I may firmly stand,
Or surely fall, I care not which appeare,
So one will close mee in a certaine band.
When once of ill the uttermost is knowen,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrowne.

Take mee *Assurance* to thy blisfull holde,
Or thou *Despaire* unto thy darkest Cell,
Each hath full rest, the one in ioyes enrolde,
Th' other, in that hee feares no more, is well:
When once the uttermost of ill is knowne,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrowne.

Oh Love⁵², do not pitch my soul between hope and fear. Show me either some place whereupon I may stand firm, or else where I may fall – I care not which, so that I may be enclosed within the 'band' of either (the personifications of) Hope or Fear⁵³. Once we have learnt the worst that can possibly befall us, the power of sorrow is completely overcome.

Take me, O (personification of) Assurance, unto your happy stronghold⁵⁴, or else (personification of) Despair, take me unto your darkest cell. Each of these choices means complete rest – the one is embraced by joys, the other, if one no longer has fear, is also comfort. Once we have learnt the worst that can possibly befall us, the power of sorrow is completely overcome.

As with the penultimate song of the First Booke, *Come Heavy Sleep*, it is possible to consider this song as perhaps having a religious meaning.

⁵² Cupid.

⁵³ That I may join the 'group' of either Hope or Fear.

⁵⁴ 'Holde' probably means stronghold or cell, with overtones of 'embrace' in this context.

21 Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing.

Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing,
Smoth or frowning so it is hir face to mee,
Pleasd or smiling like milde May all flowring,
When skies blew silke and medowes carpets bee,
Hir speches notes of that night bird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes outringeth.

Hir grace like lüne, when earth and trees bee trimde,
In best attire of compleat beauties height,
Hir love againe like sommers daies bee dimde,
With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,
Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,
Gently thundring, she lightning to mine eies.

Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weedes as into hearbs and flowers,
And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming and some being yours,
Raine on your hearbs and flowers that truely serve,
And let your weeds lack dew and duely sterve.

My mistress' face can appear bright and clear, or clouded; as sweet as the showers of April, and either smooth or frowning. She can be pleased, or smiling like the mild May with its flowers, when the skies appear as blue silk, and the (flowery) meadows are like rich carpets. Her words, however, can resemble the song of that nocturnal bird⁵⁵ which (although it thinks its own notes are sweet), sound as jarring notes to us.

Enjoying my mistress' favour is like June, when the earth and the trees are decorated in their finest 'garments', the height of beauty, but her love can also produce shadows (of doubt, which 'lour' or frown on my constancy), just as on a summer's day small clouds may appear. Her trust and her doubting (of me) are contrasts, like the rain and heat from the skies, gently thunderring in the background - but she is like summer lightning to my eyes.

The spring, like the summer, that breathes life and inspires growth in (unwelcome) weeds as well as (deserving) herbs and flowers, and which takes notice of all the various crops that are sown, some of which (the weeds) appear randomly, and some of which are deliberately planted by you (herbs and flowers). May it rain on those herbs and flowers that loyally serve you (such as I, your lover), but let your weeds (your less deserving suitors) be deprived of dew and starve.

⁵⁵ Probably the nightjar, as may be intended in 'Flow My Teares' (no. 2), which is known for its eery, jarring 'churr' cry, or possibly the owl, whose cries presage death in British folklore.

22 Humor say what makst thou heere.

A Dialogue.

Voice 1

Humor say what mak'st thou heere,
In the presence of a Queene,

Voice 2

Princes hould conceit most deere,
All conceit in humor seene:

Voice 1

Thou art a heavy leaden moode,

Voice 2

Humor is invencions foode:

Chorus:

But never Humor yet was true,
But that which onely pleaseth you.

Voice 1

O, I am as heavy as earth,
Say then who is Humor now.

Voice 2

I am now inclind to mirth,
Humor I as well as thou.

Voice 1

Why then tis I am drownde in woe,

Voice 2

No no wit is cherisht so,

Chorus:

But never Humor yet was true,
But that which onely pleaseth you.

Voice 1

Mirth then is drownde in sorrowes brim,
Oh, in sorrow all things sleepe.

Voice 2

No no foole the light' s things swim,
Heavie things sinck to the deepe:

Voice 1

In hir presence all things smile,

Voice 2

Humor frolike then a while.

Chorus:

But never Humor yet was true,
But that which onely pleaseth you.

Voice 1 *(Personification of the four) Humours, tell me, what are you doing here, in the presence of a Queen?*

Voice 2 *Royalty values metaphors (wit) especially dear, for all invention can be seen in Humour.*

Voice 1 *But you are a heavy, leaden humour (serious mood)*

Voice 2 *Humour is the food of Inventio.⁵⁶*

(Chorus) But no Humour was ever faithful except that which pleases you.

Voice 1 *Oh, I feel as heavy as earth, so tell me, which Humour am I now?*

Voice 2 *I am now feeling mirthful, I am Humour as much as you.*

Voice 1 *Why then, I am drowned in woe.*

Voice 2 *No, you cannot be, for Humour is so cherished.*

(Chorus) But no Humour was ever faithful except that which pleases you.

Voice 1 *Mirth is now drowned in sorrow, for all things sleep in sorrow.*

Voice 2 *No, no, fool – the lightest things can swim, whilst heavy things sink to the bottom.*

Voice 1 *In her presence⁵⁷ all things do smile.*

Voice 2 *Then Humor can frolic a while.*

(Chorus) But no Humour was ever faithful except that which pleases you.

⁵⁶ Inventio is the system or method used for the discovery of arguments in Western rhetoric and comes from the Latin word, meaning "invention" or "discovery". In this context, Invention means the original idea, the first step in creating a text.

⁵⁷ The Queen's.