

The Third and Last¹ Booke of Songs or Aires 1603

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 1603, 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. In this book the (printer's) use of spelling is often even more wayward than that found in Dowland's previous volumes. **Revised and Updated 23/01/2009**

1 Farewell too faire.

Farewell too faire, too chaste but too too cruell,
Discretion never quenched fire with swords:
Why hast thou made my heart thine angers fuell,
And now would kill my passions with thy words.
This is proude beauties true anatamy,
If that secure severe in secrecie, farewell, farewell.

Farewell too deare, and too too much desired,
Vnlesse compassion dwelt more neere thy heart:
Love by neglect (though constant) oft is tired,
And forc't from blisse unwillingly to part.
This is proude beauties true anatamy,
If that secure severe in secrecie, farewell, farewell.

*Farewell, you who are too beautiful; too chaste, yet too cruel.
Good sense² has never quenched fire with swords. Why have you made my heart serve as
the fuel for your anger? Why do you wish to kill my passion with your words?
This, then, is the true dissection, or analysis of (women's) beauty, that though she be
carefree³, she will be strict (when one loves her) in secret. Farewell.*

*Farewell, you who are too dear, and too much desired. If only (the emotion of) compassion
could live closer to your heart. Love (even though it be constant) is often crowned⁴ with
neglect, and forced to depart unwillingly from happiness.
This, then, is the true dissection, or analysis of (women's) beauty, that though she be
carefree, she will be strict (when one loves) in secret. Farewell.*

¹ 'Last' is used here in the sense of 'latest', not 'final'.

² As well as 'good sense, prudence, sound judgement, discernment and awareness, *Discretion* also had the (now obsolete) meaning of 'disjunction' or 'separation'.

³ Secure often means 'carefree, careless or overconfident' at this date. '*But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes*'. –Dryden, translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*, Sixth Book.

⁴ 'tired' here probably means 'attired', - crowned with a head-dress or hat, rather than 'weary'. (For the same usage, see also 'tired with annoy' in 'What if I never speed', no. 9)

2 Time stands still.

Time stands still with gazing on her face,
Stand still and gaze for minutes, houres and yeares, to her give place:
All other things shall change, but shee remains the same,
Till heavens changed have their course and time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and downe, blinded with her faire eyes,
And fortune captive at her feete contem'd and conquerd lies.

Whom fortune, love, and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love and time, I honour will alone,
If bloudlesse envie say, dutie hath no desert.
Dutie replies that envie knowes her selfe his faithfull heart,
My settled vowes and spotlesse faith no fortune can remove,
Courage shall shew my inward faith, and faith shall trie my loue.

Time⁵ stands still, gazing upon her face. You too should stand still and gaze because minutes, hours, and even years 'give way' to her. Everything else will change, but she remains the same⁶ and will do so until the heavens have changed their passage (direction), and (the personification of) Time himself has forgotten his own name. Cupid hovers up and down, blinded by her fair eyes⁷, and (the personification of) Fortune is taken captive and laid at her feet, despised⁸ and conquered.

She whom (the personifications of) Fortune, Love (Cupid) and Time attend upon, I too will honour with my own fortunes, my love and my time. If the lifeless (personification of) Envy says that Duty (faithful service, loyalty) has no reward or worth, (the personification of) Duty will reply that Envy well knows for herself that he (Duty) has a faithful heart. My declared vows (of loyalty) and unblemished faith cannot be elevated to any higher state by mere fortune⁹, because my courage shall display my inward faith, and that very faith shall prove the truth of my love.

⁵ *Time: Both the personification of, and time itself. Like many of Dowland's songs, 'Time stands still' invokes the presence of several personifications (Time, Love, Fortune etc.), almost as though they are intended to appear as characters in their own right, represented in a masque or courtly 'dumb-show', but it is not known whether any manifestation of these figures, or dramatic context was intended for the performance of such a relatively short song. Emma Kirkby wrote that: "...perhaps (...) one could see in Dowland's song a version of the picture found in the Flemish emblem books, of Time transfixed by the dazzling face of his own daughter, Truth".*

⁶ *'Semper Eadem' always/still the same was Queen Elizabeth's personal motto. See also: 'Say Love if ever thou didst find'*

⁷ *Compare with the image of the blinded Cupid who receives his sight from the Queen in the next song 'behold, a Wonder Here'.*

⁸ *Contemn (to despise) is now obsolete (except in the form 'contempt'), but should not be confused with 'condemn'. Dowland sometimes uses both words in the same poem, as in 'If my Complaints' (First Booke, no.4).*

⁹ *Both the personification of chance, or luck, 'Fortuna' and chance itself are probably meant here.*

3 Behold a wonder here.

Behold a wonder here
Love hath receiv'd his sight,
Which manie hundred yeares,
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beames infused be
By *Cynthia* in his eyes,
At first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weepe
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleepe,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powrefull is the beautie
That Love doth now behold,
As love is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

This Beautie shewes her might,
To be of double kind,
In giuing love his sight
And striking folly blind.

Behold, here is a wonder - Blind Cupid has regained his sight; his eyes have not seen the light for many hundred years.

Such beams (of light) have been poured¹⁰ into his eyes by Cynthia¹¹. At first they made him to see, then they made him wise¹².

Cupid now will weep no longer for those that laugh, nor will he wake for those that sleep, nor sigh for those that smile. (He will no longer interfere in the lives of those who ignore him).

So powerful is the beauty that Cupid now sees (the Queen), that he is bound to obey her, he is bound to perform duties that are neither blind nor bold¹³.

This beauty (the Queen) demonstrates that her power has two effects – it has restored Cupid's sight, and in turn, struck (the personification of) Wantonness (or Evil)¹⁴ blind.

According to Edward Doughtie¹⁵, this song may have formed part of 'A device made by the Earl of Essex for the entertainment of the Queene' (in 1595). In this 'device'¹⁶ a blind Indian prince was presented to the Queen who miraculously restores his sight, after which he is revealed to be Cupid.

¹⁰ Now obsolete Jacobean meaning of 'infused'.

¹¹ Cynthia = the Moon. One of the names associated with the goddess Diana, after her birthplace on Mount Cynthus. Diana and Cynthia are names used to flatter Queen Elizabeth 1 in poetry of the late 16th century.

¹² Probably both senses of 'wise' are intended – wisdom and 'made him realise how this change happened'.

¹³ Unlike his previous 'duty' which he performed brazenly and blind.

¹⁴ These now obsolete meanings of folly are probably intended, rather than foolishness. See *Achan wrought folly in Israel*. Joshua. vii. 15.

¹⁵ Edward Doughtie: 'Poems from the songbooks of John Dowland', Harvard thesis 1963, quoted in Diana Poulton's 'John Dowland' page 277.

¹⁶ Now obsolete definition: A spectacle or show.

4 *Daphne* was not so chaste.

Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing,
Soon begun Love with hate estranging:
He that to day triumphs with favors graced,
Fals before night with scornes defaced:
Yet is thy beautie fainde, and ev'rie one desires,
Still the false light of thy traiterous fires.

Beautie can want no grace by true love viewed,
Fancie by lookes is still renewed:
Like to a fruitfull tree it ever groweth,
Or the fresh-spring that endlesse floweth.
But if that beautie were of one consent with love,
Love should live free, and true pleasure prove.

Even Daphne¹⁷ was not so innocent when she underwent her transformation, for Cupid (by his spiteful actions), ensured that from henceforth love and hate became opposites.

He who this day is successful in love, encouraged by his mistress' favour, will, before night-time, be cast down again with her contempt.

Yet women's beauty is pretence, and all of their suitors are seduced by the 'false light' that shines from their treacherous fires¹⁸.

Beauty never needs any assistance when viewed by a true love, for love, and fancy (liking) is always renewed and inspired by a fair appearance.

Love continues to grow like a flourishing tree, or the spring waters that endlessly flow¹⁹.

But if (the personification of) Beauty could only reach complete agreement with Love, Love would be able to live free, and prove to be a pure pleasure.

The Apollo and Daphne story is revisited in Dowland's song no. 6, 'When Phoebus first did Daphne love'

¹⁷ The story of Apollo and Daphne is told in Book 1 of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. After defeating the Python, Apollo chided Cupid for playing with a bow and arrow, an instrument of war. Cupid punished him by wounding him with a golden arrow to inspire love for the water nymph Daphne (who was sworn to virginity), whom he then shot with a leaden arrow to incite hatred. Apollo pursued Daphne, but as he came close to catching her near to the riverside, she appealed to her father (the river god, Peneus), to help her, so he transformed her into a laurel tree. Apollo adopted the bay laurel as his sacred tree, and swore to use his power of eternal youth to ensure that the tree would always stay green. See also no.6, 'When Phoebus first did Daphne love'. Robert Spencer pointed out that: "Every Elizabethan schoolboy would have known this story from the original telling in Ovid's latin, and in reading Arthur Golding's translation of 1567".

¹⁸ Their eyes.

¹⁹ The tree and spring of the Daphne story are alluded to once again.

5 Me me and none but me.

Me me and none but me, dart home O gentle death,
And quicklie, for I draw too long this idle breath.
O howe I long till I may fly to heav'n above,
Unto my faithfull and beloved turtle dove.

Like to the silver Swanne, before my death I sing :
And yet alive my fatal knell I helpe to ring.
Still I desire from earth and earthly ioyes to flie,
He never happie liv'd, that cannot love to die.

O merciful (personification of) Death, strike down only me; do it quickly, for I am now weary of drawing breath. O how I long to be able to fly to heaven above, and meet again my faithful and beloved turtle dove²⁰.

Like the swan²¹, I too shall sing just before my death, and whilst I am still alive I shall help to ring my own funeral knell

²⁰ Turtle doves traditionally mate for life, and are used poetically as emblems of constancy in love.

²¹It has been suggested that some references to 'the dying swan', and other 'coded' ideas in lute songs may refer to the Earl of Essex, who had been executed for treason in February 1601. (Lillian Ruff and Arnold Wilson, "Allusion to the Essex Downfall in Lute Song Lyrics" Lute Society Journal 12 (1970): 31).

6 When *Phoebus* first did *Daphne* love.

When *Phoebus* first did *Daphne* love,
And no meanes might her favour move,
He crav'd the cause, the cause quoth she
Is, I have vow'd virginitie.
Then in a rage he sware, and said,
Past fiftene none but one should live a maid.

If maidens then shal chance be sped
Ere they can scarsly dresse their head,
Yet pardon them, for they be loth
To make good *Phoebus* breake his oth.
And better twere a child were borne,
Then that a god should be forsworne.

When Apollo began to love Daphne, and could not win her favour by any means, he begged her to tell him the reason (for her disdain). The reason (she said), is 'I have sworn to remain a virgin'. Then Apollo, angered, declared that past the age of fifteen, no girl (apart from one²²) should remain a virgin.

If virgins, therefore, are likely to 'flourish', almost before they are old enough to need to cover their hair,²³ forgive them, for they are merely unwilling to make Apollo appear to break his oath! And it is surely better that a child were to be born (of one who has lost her virginity) than that a god should be denied.

²² The exception being the 'Virgin Queen' Elizabeth. This tactful insertion was not made by Dowland as was previously supposed, since it occurs in other sources of the poem.

²³ Although women in the 17th century were expected (by the Church) to 'dress' their heads at puberty, most children (of both sexes) wore some form of head covering from an early age. Married women kept their hair long in Tudor England, usually hidden in a bun under a coif, and other headdresses, ostensibly as part of religious observation (1 Corinthians 11:5). The display of long hair was regarded as a sign of a virgin, and would be seen symbolically flowing freely for the last time (in public) at that woman's wedding, signifying the ending of her sexual availability. The higher one's social status, the more hair was often visible below the chosen head-covering, however, as Elizabethan and Jacobean portraits confirm, and the long, free-flowing hair depicted in pictures of women in masque dress (to say nothing of exposed breasts) depicting nymphs or personified characters displays the license and daring of the court in such private theatrical productions.

7 Say Love if ever thou didst find

Say love if ever thou didst find,
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one,
And what should that rare mirror be,
Some Goddess or some Queen is she,
She, she, and onelie she,
She onely Queene of love and beautie.

But could thy firy poysned dart
At no time touch her spotlesse hart,
Nor come neare,
She is not subiect to Loves bow,
Her eye commaunds, her heart saith no,
No, no, and only no,
One no another still doth follow.

How might I that faire wonder know,
That mockes desire with endlesse no
See the Moone
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so;
So, so, and onely so,
From heaven her vertues she doth borrow.

To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe,
That can command affections so :
Loue is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no queene of love but she,
She, she, and only she
She onely queene of love and beautie.

Tell me, Cupid – did you ever find a woman with a constant (faithful) mind?

(Cupid replies:) Only one.

And what kind of woman, what precious mirror (reflecting one's own constancy) is she?

Is she some goddess or queen? This woman, alone, is surely the only queen embodying love and beauty.

And could your (Cupid's) flaming 'poisoned' (with love-inducing 'venom') arrows never hit her untainted heart? Nor even come near to it? No, for she is not to be a 'subject' (i.e. under the dominion) of Cupid's bow; her eye can encourage her, but her heart repeatedly says 'no'²⁴.

How can I recognise that rare wonder (the constant woman, immune to Cupid), who laughs at desire by constantly saying 'no'? (Cupid replies:) Look to the moon,²⁵ which, although it changes, yet is 'still the same'²⁶, for so is she, who obtains her virtues directly from heaven²⁷.

Then Cupid, give to her your bow and arrows, that can so influence our love, for you (Love/Cupid) are now free!²⁸. Free too, are her thoughts, that have conquered you, for there is no queen of Love but she, the only queen of love and beauty.

²⁴ Elizabeth 1 famously refused every one of her suitors.

²⁵ Diana/Cynthia; moon-goddess names associated with Elizabeth.

²⁶ Another reference to *Semper Eadem*, Elizabeth's motto.

²⁷ i.e. She has been ordained to rule by God.

²⁸ Redundant.

8 Flow not so fast yee fountaines.

Flow not so fast yee fountaines,
What needeth all this haste,
Swell not above your mountaines,
Nor spend your time in waste,
Gentle springs freshly your salt teares
Must still fall dropping from their spheares.

Weepe they apace whom Reason,
Or lingring time can ease:
My sorow can no season,
Nor ought besides appease
Gentle springs, &c.

Time can abate the terrour
Of everie common paine,
But common griefe is errour,
True griefe will still remaine.
Gentle springs, &c.

Do not flow so quickly, you fountains (of my tears); why must you flow so fast? Do not flood these very mountains (where I weep), nor waste precious time itself. You gentle springs, your salt tears must still continue to fall, dropping from their spheres (my eyes²⁹).

Those eyes weep quickly that (the personification of) Reason (common sense) or passage of time cause to cease, but my sorrow is such that even a season, or any other period can be long enough to cheer me. You gentle springs, your salt tears must still continue to fall, dropping from my eyes.

Time can ease the fear of all everyday pains, but everyday grief is only an illusion, for true grief will always remain. You gentle springs, your salt tears must still continue to fall, dropping from my eyes.

²⁹ Concerning this song Robert Spencer wrote : "It may seem quite bizarre to the modern listener that the singer should address the whole poem to his own weeping eyes, but this only serves to show us how self-centered and self-exploring renaissance man could be". The same could also be said of number 15, 'Weep you no more sad fountains', the first verse of which has close similarities with this (notably the rhyme of 'fountains' and 'mountains').

9 What if I never speede.

What if I never speede, shall I straight yeeld to dispaire,
And still on sorrow feede that can no losse reparaire.
Or shall I change my love, for I find power to depart,
And in my reason prove I can command my hart.
But if she will pittie my desire, and my love requite,
Then ever shall she live my deare delight.

Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee,
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

Ofte have I dream'd of ioy, yet I never felt the sweete,
But tired with annoy, my griefs each other greeete.
Ofte have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorne.
But Love aims at one scope, and lost wil still returne:
He that once loves with a true desire never can depart,
For *Cupid* is the king of every hart.

Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee,
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

*What (will happen) if I never succeed (in my love), shall I immediately give in and despair?
Shall I continue to feed on my own sorrow, (an action that) cannot repair any loss?
Or shall I choose another love, and thus prove I have the power to leave her, and, by my own
reason, prove to myself that I can still command my own heart?
However, if she will take pity on my desire for her, and requite my love, she will for ever live
as my dear delight. Come³⁰, whilst I have a heart to desire you, come, for I will either love or
regard you with wonder³¹.*

*I have often dreamed of joy, yet I never experienced the sweetness,³² but vexed by her
annoying refusals, my griefs 'meet each other' (come one after another). Often I have
abandoned all hope of success, like a wretch cast down by fate, but Cupid aims at one
target,³³ and even if it (both Cupid's arrow and love itself) is 'lost', it will come again.
He that has once loved with true desire can never leave his beloved, for Cupid is the king of
every heart. Come, whilst I have a heart to desire you, for I will either love or regard you with
wonder.*

³⁰ Robert Spencer noted that: "The gasping rests surrounding the repeated word 'come' show that the sexual meaning was the same then as now".

³¹ Meaning of 'admire' at this period.

³² Although he appears to be referring to his mistress' favour, this suggests sexual gratification as well.

³³ A meaning of 'scope' at this date. "Your scope is as mine own, So to enforce or qualify the laws As to your soul seems good". (Shakespeare, Measure for Measure 1:1).

10 Love stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine.

Love stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine:
Love would have said that all was but vaine,
And Gods but halfe divine,
But when Love saw that beautie would die:
Hee all agast, to heav'ns did crie,
O gods, what wrong is mine.

Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine,
Fell from his eyes, like raine in sunshine
Expeld by rage of fire:
Yet in such wise as anguish affords,
He did expresse in these his last words
His infinite desire.

Are you fled faire? Where are now those eies
Eyes but too faire, envi'd by the skies,
You angrie gods do know,
With guiltles bloud your scepters you stain,
On poore true hearts like tyrants you raine:
Unjust why do you so?

Are you false gods? Why then do you raine?
Are you iust gods? Why then have you slaine
The life of love on earth.
Beautie, now thy face lives in the skies,
Beautie, now let me live in thine eyes,
Where blisse felt never death.

Then from high rock, the rocke of dispaire,
He falls, in hope to smother in the aire,
Or els on stones to burst,
Or on cold waves to spend his last breath,
Or his strange life to end by strange death,
But fate forbid the worst.

With pity mov'd the gods then change love
To Phenix shape, yet cannot remove
His wonted propertie,
He loves the sunne because it is faire,
Sleepe he neglects, he lives but by aire,
And would, but cannot die.

Cupid stood amazed at sweet (personification of) Beauty's pain (after he had shot her with his arrow). Before he had witnessed this, Cupid would have said that what he had done was nothing, and that the gods were only half divine anyway. But when he realised that Beauty would now die, he cried unto the heavens 'O gods, what a wrong I have committed' (in my task as god of love).

Then, Cupid's tears (born from thoughts of salt brine) fell from his eyes like the rain in sunshine, expelled by a raging fire. He expressed his last words, his unending desire, in such a manner as his anguish would allow:

"Are you now fled, beautiful one? Where now are those eyes that were too fair, that were envied by the heavens themselves? You angry gods³⁴, you know that you have stained your sceptres with innocent blood (by killing Beauty and others). You reign over unfortunate true hearts like tyrants. Why do you do this, unjust gods?

Are you then false gods? Why then do you reign?³⁵ Are you righteous gods? Why then have you slain the life of (me) Love upon the Earth? O Beauty, your face now lives in the skies. Beauty, let me now live in your eyes, where happiness never felt the pain of death".

Cupid then threw himself from the high rock of despair, falling in the hope that he might suffocate in the air as he fell, and either smash his body on the rocks below, or drown in the cold waves, thus ending his unusual³⁶ life with an unusual death – but Fate did not permit this worst ending to happen.

Moved with pity, the gods themselves then transformed Cupid into the Phoenix³⁷ (though they could not alter his customary attributes). In his new form (as he did when god of love) he loves the sun³⁸, because it is beautiful, he takes no sleep, and eats no food, but rather lives upon air itself. He still longs to die, but cannot³⁹.

³⁴ Presumably, Cupid includes himself in his complaint against the gods' use of their powers.

³⁵ As in the 'rain' in the second stanzas, spelt here as 'raine', but 'reign' is intended in stanzas 3 and 4.

³⁶ One of several meanings of 'strange' in the 17th century.

³⁷ The mythical Phoenix was reborn through fire: when it became old it made a nest which it set on fire. The phoenix was consumed in the flames, but then reborn out of the ashes. It was renowned for never being observed to eat. The Phoenix legend originated in India, and was common among the Egyptians, the Greeks, oriental cultures, and during mediaeval times. I have been unable to trace any other source for this story of Cupid transformed into the Phoenix, which must be the poet's own invention.

³⁸ Because of its continuous renewal the Phoenix is associated with the sun, which dies every night but is re-born each morning.

³⁹ He remains immortal.

11 Lend your eares to my sorrow.

Lend your eares to my sorrow
Good people that have any pitie:
For no eyes will I borow
Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty:⁴⁰
Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming,
And tell foorth my grieffe which here in sad despaire
Can find no ease of tormenting.

Once I liv'd, once I knew delight,
No grieffe did shadowe then my pleasure:
Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beauties sight,
I ioyed alone true heavnly trasure,
O what a Heavn is love firmly embraced,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes bosome ever placed.

Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of love could no time enter:
Such of life reape the poorest part
Whose weight cleaves to this earthly center,
Mutuall ioies in hearts truly united
Doe earth to heavenly state convert
Like heav'n still in it selfe delighted.

*Lend your ears (Listen) to my (song of) sorrow, all you good people that have any pity.
I shall not borrow any (weeping) eyes, for my own will enhance my sad song.
Sing then, my voice, though you are crude, like my poetry, and recount my grief, which here,
in sad despair, cannot find any ease from its torment.*

Once I seemed alive, I knew delight, and no grief cast its shadow on my pleasure. I was favoured with love, elated by the sight of beauty (my beloved). I alone enjoyed a truly heavenly treasure. O what heaven is is a love that is firmly embraced! Only such a (heavenly) power can set delight permanently in the heart of (the personification of) Fortune.

That heart is frozen, cold as ice, which no thought of love could ever enter – they reap the poorest part (of the harvest of life) whose weight (of sorrow) clings⁴¹ to such an earthly (base, heavy) centre. But shared joys, in hearts that are truly united, convert our life on earth into a heavenly state, a heaven that is always delighted in itself.

⁴⁰ Ditty = a poem intended to be sung

⁴¹ The modern meaning of 'cleave', to cut and divide is not intended here.

"My bones cleave to my skin". Psalms. cii. 5.

"The diseases of Egypt . . . shall cleave unto thee". Deuteronomy. xxviii. 60.

12 By a fountaine where I lay.

By a fountaine where I lay,
All blessed bee that blessed day,
By the glimring of the sun,
O never bee her shining done
When I might see alone
My true loves fairest one,
Loves deer light,
Loves cleare sight,
No worlds eyes can clearer see
A fairer sight none none can be.

Faire with garlands all adresst,
Was never Nymph more fairely blest,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may she ever blessed be,
Came to this fountaine neere,
With such a smiling cheere,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that see
Such a heavenly sight as she.

Then I forthwith tooke my pipe
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And upon a heav'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome, faire Queene of May,
Sing sweete aire,
Welcome faire.
Welcome be the shepherds Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.

As I rested, near to a fountain⁴² (most blessed be that day), at the time of the fading of the sun (O never let her shining cease) this was the time when I might see my own true love, my fairest one, the dear 'lamp' of love and the clear vision of love itself. No eyes in the world can (ever wish to) see a clearer or fairer sight, for no fairer can exist.

O fair one, all dressed with garlands – there was never a nymph more blessed with beauty. You who are blessed in the highest degree, may always be blessed! She came near to this fountain with such a smiling expression,⁴³ Such a face, such grace, happy are those eyes that see such a heavenly sight as she.

Then, without delay I took out my shepherds' flute (which I did wipe clean), and upon this heavenly ground,⁴⁴ which is found in the grace of beauty, played this roundelay: 'Welcome fair queen of the May, sing sweet air,⁴⁵ Welcome, fair one, welcome be our 'queen of the shepherds', the glory of our (Arcadian) grove.

⁴² A spring at this date.

⁴³ One of the 17th century meanings of 'cheer'

⁴⁴ Punning with the musical sense of the word 'ground'.

⁴⁵ Punning with both senses of the word 'air'.

13 Oh what hath overwrought.

O what hath overwrought
My all amazed thought
Or whereto am I brought,
That thus in vaine have sought,
Till time and truth hath taught,
I labor all for nought.

The day I see is cleare,
But I am nere the neere,
For grieffe doth still appeare,
To crosse our merie cheere,
While I can nothing heare,
But winter all the yeare.

Cold, hold,
The sun wil shine warme,
Therefore now feare no harme.
O blessed beames,
Where beautie streames
Happie light to loves dreames.

*O what has wearied and exhausted my bewildered mind?
To what end have I been brought, I who have searched in vain?
Until Time and Truth have taught me (this my lesson) my previous efforts have all been for nothing.*

The day that I now see is clear, but I am never any nearer (to my happiness), for (the personification of) Grief is still present, to counter any merrie expressions. At present, I know⁴⁶ nothing here, but Winter all the year round.

O Coldness, stop! The sun will shine warmly again – therefore fear no harme. O blessed beams (of the Spring sun), where Beauty⁴⁷ shines, the happy torch to dreams of love.

⁴⁶ Now obsolete meaning of 'can', preserved today as the Scottish 'ken'. The line does not mean: 'I can hear nothing'.

⁴⁷ Personification of Beauty (Aglaia) and/or the beloved.

14 Farewell unkind farewell.

Farewell unkind farewell, to mee no more a father,
Since my heart holdes my love most deare :
The wealth which thou doest reape, anothers hand must gather,
Though thy heart still lies buried there,
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome my love, welcome my joy for ever.

Tis not the vaine desire of humane fleeting beautie,
Makes my mind to live though my meanes do die.
Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my dutie:
Love, not in the bloud, but in the spirit doth lie.
Then farewell, &c.

Farewell, unkind one - you are no longer (as dear as) a father to me, for my heart holds my lover to be more dear. The wealth that you might have 'reaped' (my worth) another will gather up⁴⁸, even though my heart still belongs with you. Then farewell, and welcome my love, my joy for ever.

It is not the foolish⁴⁹ desire for transient human beauty that so makes my mind wish to live, even though my 'wealth'⁵⁰ dies because of this. Nor do I snub Nature, even though I go against my filial duty, for love does not live solely in ties of blood, but in one's own soul. Then farewell, and welcome my love, my joy for ever⁵¹.

⁴⁸ Reaping means to cut the crop at harvest (a task performed in Tudor England by men with scythes); gathering is the task of collecting up the cut crop immediately afterwards as sheaves (a task performed by women).

⁴⁹ Now obsolete meaning of 'vain'.

⁵⁰ 'Means' = wealth, or worth, presumably meaning the singer will lose her dowry.

⁵¹ This song appears to have been written for inclusion in a play (or possibly a masque), and describes a woman leaving her obstinate father to marry her true love, aware that by this action she will be cut off from her financial support and family. Diana Poulton and others have noted that this song fits the situation of Jessica's elopement from her father Shylock in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice (1596/7), but there is no evidence for its use in the printed editions of the play.

15 Weepe you no more sad fountaines

Weepe you no more sad fountaines,
What need you flowe so fast,
Looke how the snowie mountaines,
Heav'ns sunne doth gently waste.
But my sunnes heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping.
That nowe lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleepe is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets :
Doth not the sunne rise smiling,
When faire at ev'n he sets,
Rest you, then rest sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

*Do not weep any more, you sad springs (my eyes), why do you flow so quickly?
See how the snow capped mountains are only slowly (gently) melted by the Sun.
But my 'sun's'⁵² heavenly⁵³ eyes do not see your weeping (O my eyes), for they (her eyes)
are now softly sleeping (and therefore unaware of my sadness).*

*Sleep is a form of 'restoration' (restoring to harmony), – a type of rest that is born of peace,
for does not the sun rise again, smiling, even though he set the previous evening? Rest then,
my sad eyes, and do not melt with your weeping, whilst she lies softly sleeping⁵⁴.*

⁵² My beloved's eyes. Lovers are often described as 'sun', i.e. the brightest object in the poet's sight.

⁵³ Perhaps we are meant to imagine his beloved's eyes are blue, like the heavens.

⁵⁴ As with no. 8 'Flow not so fast ye fountains', this poem is addressed to the singer's own eyes, though the object of the poem is actually the sleeping beloved.

16 Fie on this faining.

Fie on this faining,
Is love without desire,
Heat still remaining
And yet no sparke of fire ?
Thou art untrue, nor wert with fancie moved,
For desire hath powre on all that ever loved.

Shew some relenting,
Or graunt thou doest now love,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts prove ?
Yeeld, or confesse that love is without pleasure,
And that womens bounties rob men of their treasure.

Truth is not placed
In words and forced smiles,
Love is not graced
With that which still beguiles,
Love or dislike, yeeld fire, or give no fuell,
So maist thou prove kind, or at the least lesse cruell.

*Fie upon this pretending! Can there be any love without desire?
Can there be any heat without any spark of fire?
You have been untrue (to me), nor were you moved by my love (fancy), for true desire has
power over all that ever loved.*

*Show me that you are sorry for this, or admit that you do love me now. Shall two consenting
hearts not find any comforts? Yield to my love, or admit that love itself is without any pleasure
for you, and that women's so-called 'generosity' deprives men of that which they most desire,
their treasure.*

*Truth is not to be found in (false) words and enforced smiles. Likewise, love is not
ornamented with that which deceives. Either love me or dislike me – give me some of your
'fire', or else do not give (my love) any fuel. That way you may prove to be kinder to me, or at
least less cruel (than you are now).*

17 I must complaine, yet do enioy my love⁵⁵

I must complaine, yet do enioy my love,
She is too faire, too rich in beauties parts.
Thence is my grieffe for nature while she strove
With all her graces and devinest artes.
To forme her too too beautifull of hue,
She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I agriev'd then wish she were lesse faire,
That were repugnant to my owne desires,
She is admir'd, new suters still repaire,
That kindles dayly loves forgetfull fires,
Rest iealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,
She hath more beautie then becomes the chast.

I must complain, even though I enjoy my love. She is too beautiful, too endowed with the attributes of (the personification of) Beauty herself. This is the reason for my grief, for because (the personification of) Nature worked upon her with all her (Nature's) graces and most divine art, and shaped her as one far too beautiful of quality, but she then found that she had no more time left in which to make her constant.

Should I then, In my affliction, wish that she was less beautiful? No, for that would be repellant to my desires. She is admired, and new suitors continue to collect around her, which, everyday, fan the uncaring⁵⁶ fires of love. Rest you, my jealous thoughts, and resolve yourselves finally, for she has more beauty than is appropriate for one who is chaste.

⁵⁵ This poem is by Thomas Campian, whose own setting appears in his Fourth Booke of Ayres, no. 17. Campian and Dowland were evidently on friendly terms, as the former contributed an epigram to Dowland's *First Booke* of 1597. Robert Spencer wrote: "When Campian printed his own musical setting of *I must complain* in 1618 he wrote: 'Some words are in these Bookes which have been cloathed in Musicke by others, and I am content they then served their turne; yet give mee now leave to make use of mine owne'. Judging by his own restrained setting, he probably thought Dowland's a bit over the top, but today it is Dowland's music that appeals to us more than Campian's".

⁵⁶ This is the sense of 'forgetful' used here, rather than 'apt to forget'.

18 It was a time when silly Bees could speake

It was a time when silly Bees could speake,
And in that time I was a sillie Bee,
Who fed on Time until my heart gan break,
Yet never found the time would favour mee.
Of all the swarme I onely did not thrive,
Yet brought I waxe and honey to the hive.

Then thus I buzd, when time no sap would give,
Why should this blessed time to me be drie,
Sith by this Time the lazie drone doth live,
The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the butterflie,
Mated with grieffe, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complained unto the king of Bees.

My liege, Gods graunt thy time may never end,
And yet vouchsafe to heare my plaint of Time,
Which fruitlesse Flies have found to have a friend,
And I cast downe when Atomies do clime,
The king replied but thus, Peace peevish Bee,
Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

*There was once a time when lowly bees were able to speak,
And at that time I was a humble bee,
Who fed upon the thyme⁵⁷, until my heart began to break,
Because I never found that the thyme would favour me (by being my food).
Alone, of the whole swarm, I did not grow (succeed),
Even though I brought wax and honey to the hive.*

*Thus I murmured⁵⁸, complaining that the thyme would not yield me any sap⁵⁹.
Why should this blessed thyme be dry to me,
Since from this thyme, the lazy drones (my inferiors) obtain their food,
As do the wasp, the worm,⁶⁰ the gnat and the butterfly?
The equal of (the personification of) Grief, I knelt upon my knees,
And complained, thus unto the King⁶¹ of the Bees.*

*'My Lord, may the gods grant that your time may never end,
I pray you, grant me leave to tell you my complaint concerning thyme,
Which has proved to be a friend to mere worthless flies,
And yet I am thus cast down, whilst the very tiniest of insects do prosper'.
The King replied simply this: 'Silence, fretful bee,
You are obliged to serve the thyme, not the thyme to serve you'.*

⁵⁷ The word 'thyme' is spelt 'time' every time in the printed song, even though the meaning, as far as the 'bee' conceit is concerned is always the herb, 'thyme', but both words were pronounced identically (similar to modern 'tame') in the early 17th century, and, as E.H Fellowes remarks, '... the play on the words *Time* and *Thyme* will be obvious'. This poem circulated widely before Dowland set it, and appears to have a direct connection with the disgraced Earl of Essex, which makes the appearance of this politically sensitive song in this book, published in the last months of the Queen's life, somewhat surprising, especially after the flattering nature of some of the other 'Elizabethan' songs in the volume.

⁵⁸ Buzzed = murmured, associated with rumour and complaint. Shakespeare, in *Henry VIII* speaks of: "A buzzing of a separation / Between the King and Katherine"

⁵⁹ Sap: "a watery solution of sugars, salts, and minerals that circulates through the vascular system of a plant".

⁶⁰ Shakespeare uses 'worm' to mean bug, microbe and germ, rather than earthworm.

⁶¹ Robert Spencer relished suggesting to students and audiences "how thrilled Dowland and his contemporaries would have been had they known, as we do now, that there is no 'King' of bees, but only one Queen bee".

This knowledge, and the name 'queen bee' did not enter the English language until 1609.

19 The lowest trees have tops.

The lowest trees have tops, the Ant her gall,
The flie her spleene, the little sparke his heate,
And slender haire cast shadowes though but small,
And Bees have stings although they be not great.
Seas have their source, and so have shallowe springs,
And love is love in beggers and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the foords,
The diall stirres, yet none perceives it move :
The firmest faith is in the fewest words,
The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they love,
True hearts have eyes and eares, no tongues to speake :
They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

*Even the lowest trees have tops, the ant has its gall⁶²,
The fly has its liveliness,⁶³ the small spark spark has its heat,
And fine hairs (of our heads) still cast shadows, even though they are so thin,
And bees have stings, even though they are not big creatures.
Every sea has its source, as do the smallest springs,
And love is still the same for beggars as it is for kings.*

*Where bodies of water appear the most calm, they are deepest⁶⁴.
The sundial moves, yet no-one actually sees the movement.
The most secure love requires the fewest words,
For the turtle doves cannot sing, but yet they love⁶⁵.
True hearts have eyes and ears, but need no tongue to speak it,
They hear, see, sigh – but then they break.*

“Everything in creation, no matter how small, has its own defining qualities, and love is ours – it is a ‘constant’ for mankind.

True (though secret) love is deep and unchanging, though not openly demonstrative, but it is ultimately vulnerable”.

⁶² Gall: “An excrescence of any form produced on any part of a plant by insects or their larvae. They are most commonly caused by small Hymenoptera and Diptera which puncture the bark and lay their eggs in the wounds. The larvae live within the galls”.

⁶³ ‘Spleen’ (to Shakespeare) can mean: temper, spirit, passion, irritability, malice, bad temper, eagerness, spirits, impetuosity, amusement, delight, merriment, impulse, caprice and whim. (www.shakespeareswords.com)

⁶⁴ The English proverb ‘still waters run deep’ is referred to here, meaning: “Do not be deceived by appearances.

⁶⁵Such devoted love does not need to be constantly spoken.

20 What poore Astronomers are they.

What poore Astronomers are they,
Take womens eies for stars,
And set their thoughts in battell ray
To fight such idle warres,
When in the end they shall approve,
Tis but a iest drawne out of love.

And love it selfe is but a ieast.
Devisde by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neast,
And lay it in fooles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be flidge ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheeles,
While wit cannot perswaded be
With that which reason feeles :
That womens eyes and starres are odde,
And love is but a fained god.

But such as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their sight :
But leave them to their studie still,
To looke where is no light.
Till time too late we make them trie,
They study false Astronomie.

They are poor astronomers (those poets) who describe womens' eyes as stars, And use the imagery of warfare to describe the pursuit of love, Because, eventually, even they will have to admit that it is all only a game constructed around love.

Love itself is only a jest, devised by foolish minds, which is intended to capture the imaginations of the young (like stealing an egg from a nest), and place this 'egg' in the beds of fools. This 'egg' (of the jest of love) may then be 'hatched' in the eyes of the young (and beautiful) so that it may mature just enough (be fledged ['flidge'], i.e. develop flight feathers) to fly the nest before it has gained wisdom (of experience and older age).

But still it is a joke to see how wit (poets' use of metaphor and imagery) may be so contrived that it 'runs on wheels',⁶⁶ and that wit cannot be persuaded by (the simpler approach of) reason (common sense), which tells us that womens' eyes and starres are not the same thing, and that Cupid is only an invented, false god.

But as for those who so desire to always 'run' insanely with such ideas, I am not capable of persuading them to see more clearly. I will leave them to their 'effort' of trying to discover that which is not there (to look in the dark). Eventually, when it is too late for them, Time will make them realise that they study a 'false astronomy' (i.e. their picture of the universe, and how love works is a false, constructed one).

"Those poets who use excessive imagery in elaborate love poetry waste their time"⁶⁷.

⁶⁶ Uses excessively elaborate 'metaphysical' imagery or conceits.

⁶⁷ This must, of course, be intended to be ironic, because the poet (Dowland?) has used several different contrived images in a poem which purports to condemn elaborate imagery!

21 Come when I cal, or tarie till I come.

Dialogue.

(Cantus Prima)

Come when I cal, or tarie till I come,
If you bee deafe I must prove dumb.

(Secunda Pars)

Stay a while my heav'nly ioy,
I come with wings of love,
When envious eyes time shall remove,

(Cantus Prima)

If thy desire ever knew the griefe of delay,
No danger could stand in thy way.

(Secunda Pars)

O die⁶⁸ not, ad this sorrow to my griefe
That languish here, wanting relief.

(Cantus Prima)

What need wee languish ? Can love quickly flie :
Feare ever hurts more then iealousie.

(Both)

Then securely envie scorning,
Let us end with ioy our mourning,
lealositie still defie, and love till we die.

⁶⁸ Surely a misprint for 'do'.

Dialogue

(Cantus Prima) Male voice (?)⁶⁹

*Come to me when I call you, or wait there until I come to you,
But if you are deaf (to my call) I shall prove to be as one who is dumb (because you do not wish to hear me).*

(Secunda Pars) Female voice (?)

*Wait there a while, my heavenly joy,
For I shall come to you on the wings of love,
When (the personification of) Time shall remove all those envious eyes (of other suitors or observers).*

(Cantus Prima)

*If your love for me really knew what grief your 'delay' causes me,
Surely no danger would stand in your way?*

(Secunda Pars)

*Oh, do not add that sorrow (your grief) to my own grief,
For I, too, waste away here, needing relief⁷⁰.*

(Cantus Prima)

*Why do we need to waste away? Cannot love (Cupid) fly quickly?
This fear (of your procrastination⁷¹) hurts me more than the pain of jealousy.*

(Both)

*Then, since we are secure in our love, we will scorn (the personification of) Envy,
We will end our unhappiness with our mutual joy,
We will continue to defy (the personification of) Jealousy, and love until we die.*

"Come to me, and relief my desire for you, do not continue to make me wait for you.
Yes I shall, for we are secure and constant in our love for each other".

⁶⁹ This short song, which is 'theatrical' in style, may have originated in a play or masque. I suggest that it is more appropriate that *Cantus Prima* is the 'male' voice, as he is instigating the plea to his (initially) cautious lover. However, the second lute accompanying *Cantus Secunda* is tuned a fourth lower than the *Cantus Prima* lute, and the vocal range of *Cantus Secunda* clearly corresponds to an alto voice. This is not, in itself, evidence that *Cantus Secunda* was intended for a male alto (which would be odd – the man would then be the more cautious reluctant lover, and there is no evidence that this dialogue is intended to have a comic effect), because *Cantus Prima* could easily be sung by a tenor at the lower octave, which Dowland may have considered a performance option – he cannot have expected all his treble or 'high' clef songs to be only sung by soprani. If the song did originate in a dramatic context, and this dialogue was sung by two self-accompanied singing women, this would not have seemed at all unusual at this period. It should be noted that since Dowland provides tenor and bass (male) parts to the final 'chorus' of this song, he presumably intended *Cantus Prima* to be a female (player and) singer, as was *Cantus Secunda*, playing a 'low' transposing lute.

Because modern lutenists nowadays use 'low' transposing lutes to accompany modern falsetto countertenors or male altos, we should not assume that this was the case in the early 17th century, because surviving musical examples implying such a lute transposition are incredibly rare. In fact, this very rarity actually confirms that any such transposition was unusual, and was probably created for specific voices or occasions. Despite popular modern practice, and the sole contemporary reference to a 'countertenor' (whatever that meant in the early 17th century – it is not automatically a falsettist) in a description of a masque by Campion (a masque is, itself, a relatively unusual context), there is no evidence whatsoever that falsettists ever sang downward-transposed lute songs to a lower-tuned lute before the year 1952 (when the great Alfred Deller made his first recordings to the lute with Desmond Dupré), or that falsettists even existed as solo voices outside of court and chapel choirs before the time of Purcell. Despite being widely accepted by the musical listening public as one of the authentic 'early music voices', and the often beautiful and sometimes moving results, countertenors (falsettists) in lute song appears to be a completely modern 'aberration'.

The countertenor 'sighting' mentioned above : " ... Song was sung by an excellent countertenor voice, with rare varietie of division." (Thomas Campion, A Relation of the Late Royall Entertainment .. at Cawsome-House, London, 1613). I do not deny that the term or even the voice (whether produced falsetto or high tenor), called countertenor, existed at this time, as the term is used for choir altos long before this date, but the very fact that this voice range was singled out for mention in the above description actually suggests that it was a rarity in such musical performance, and worthy of comment. Soprano and tenor voices are seldom noted or commented upon, after all.

⁷⁰ Ostensibly, 'relief of her unhappiness', but the sexual meaning is implied.

⁷¹ The act of procrastinating: 'putting off, delaying or deferring an action to a later time'.