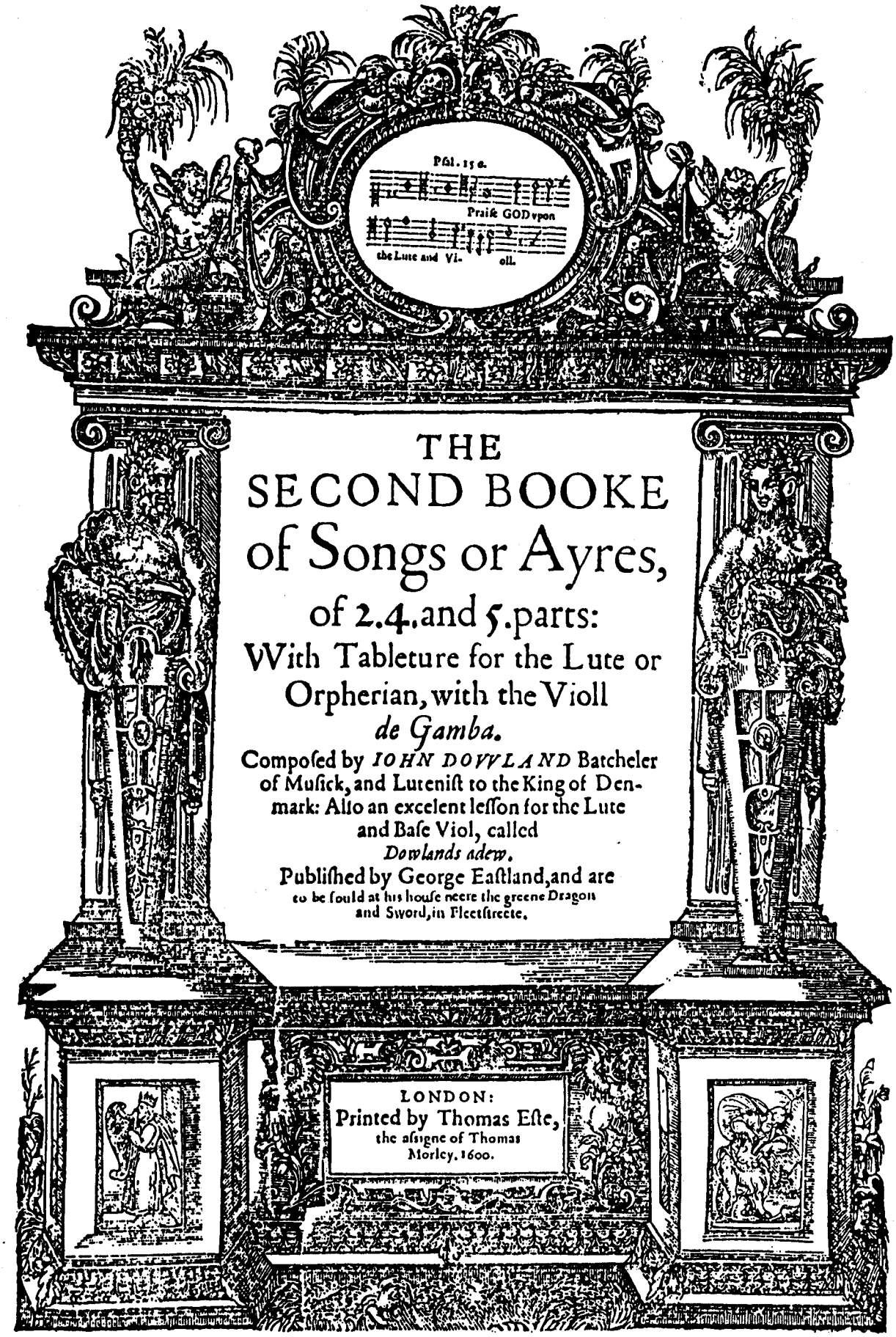


THE SECOND BOOKE of Songs or Ayres,

of 2.4.and 5.parts:

With Tableture for the Lute or Orpherian, with the Violl *de Gamba.*

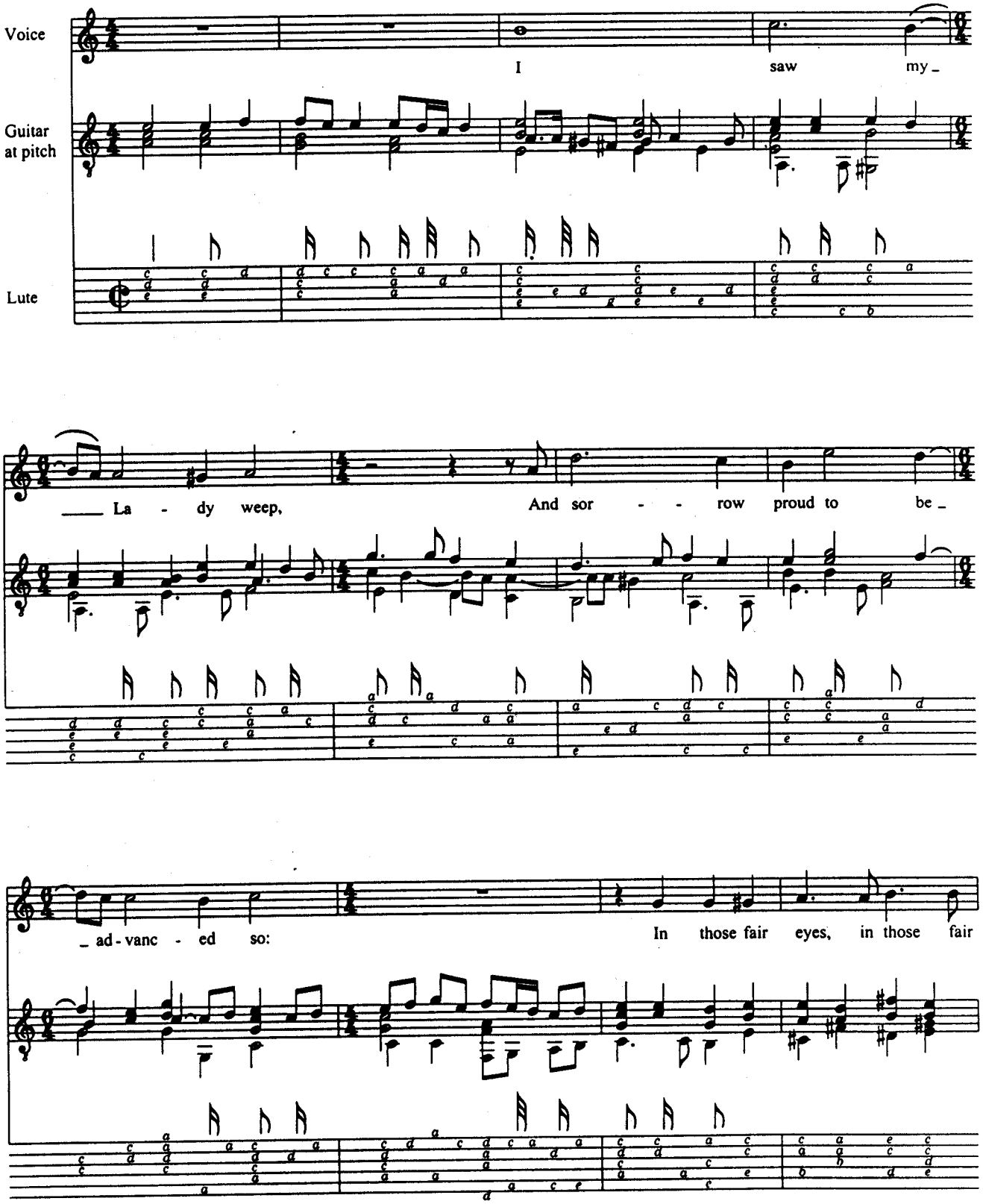
Compoſed by *IOHN DOVVLAND* Batcheler of Muſick, and Luteniſt to the King of Denmark: Alſo an excelent leſſon for the Lute and Baſe Viol, called *Dowlands adew.*

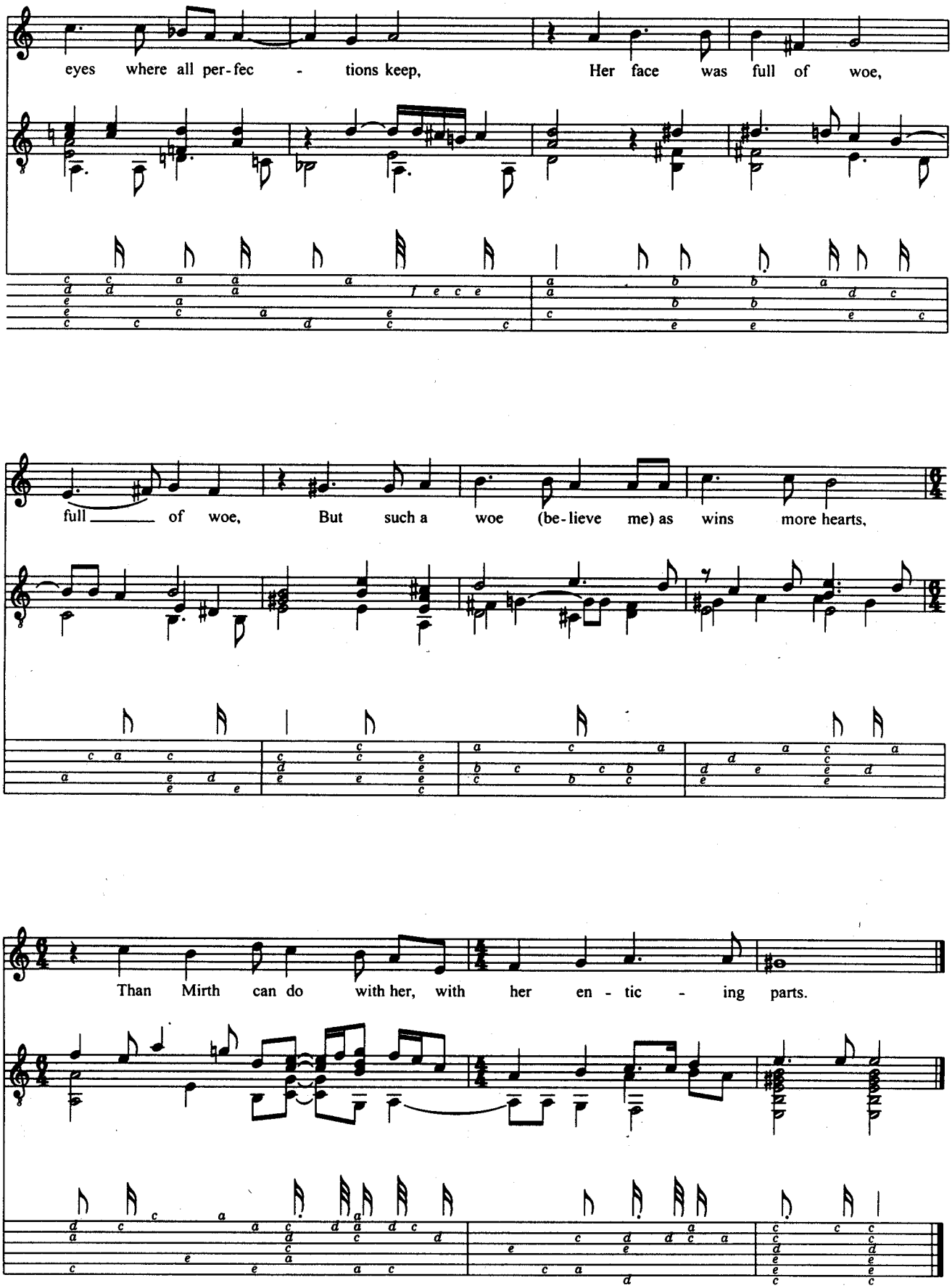
Publiſhed by George Eaſtland, and are to be ſould at his houſe neere the greene Dragon and Sword, in Fleetſtreete.

LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Eſte,
the aſsigne of Thomas
Morley. 1600.

I. I saw my Lady weep

To the most famous, Anthony Holborne




eyes where all per-fec - tions keep, Her face was full of woe,
full ___ of woe, But such a woe (be-lieve me) as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her, with her en - tic - ing parts.

1

I saw my Lady weep,
And sorrow proud to be advanced so:
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep,
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

2

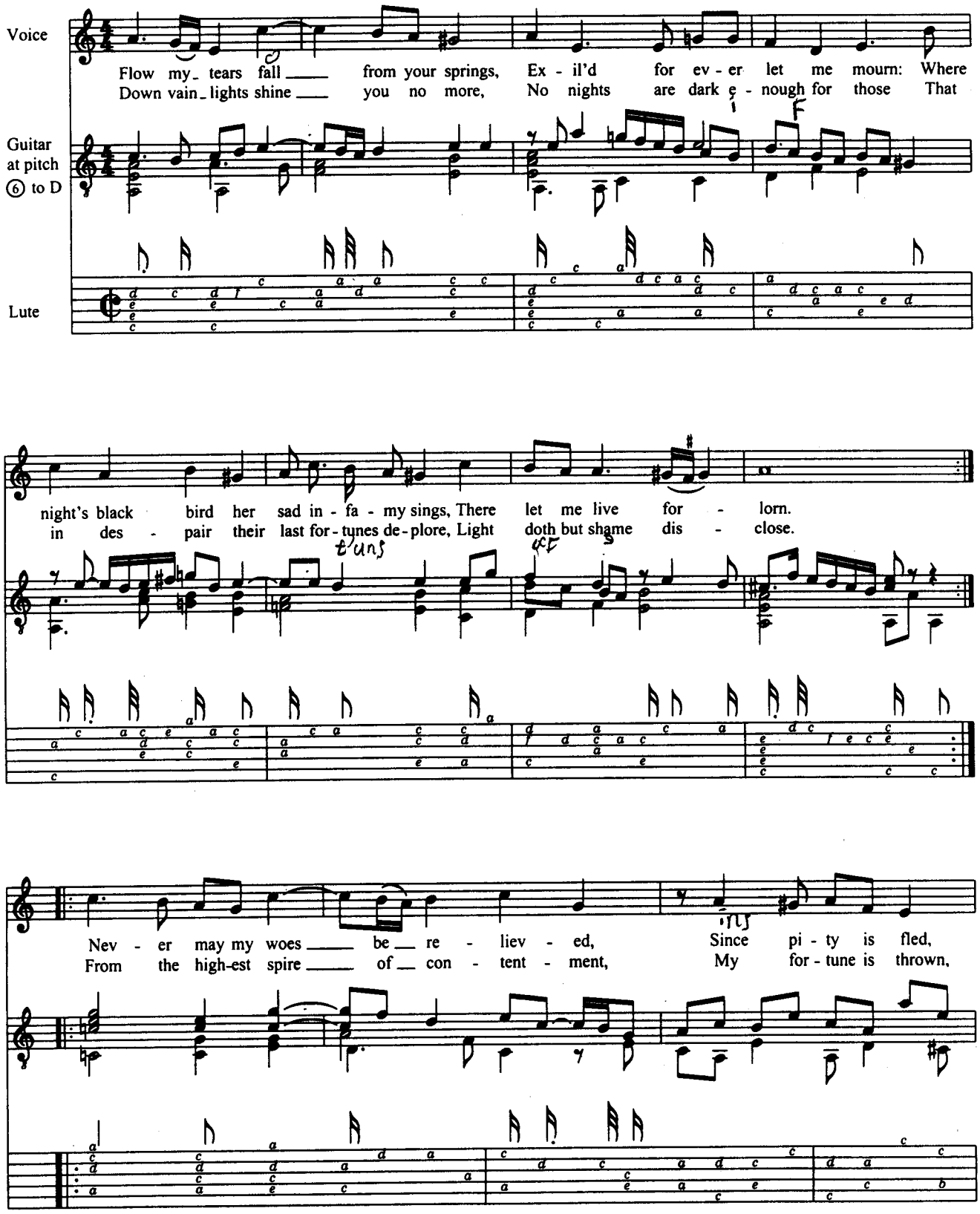
Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion wise, tears a delightful thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

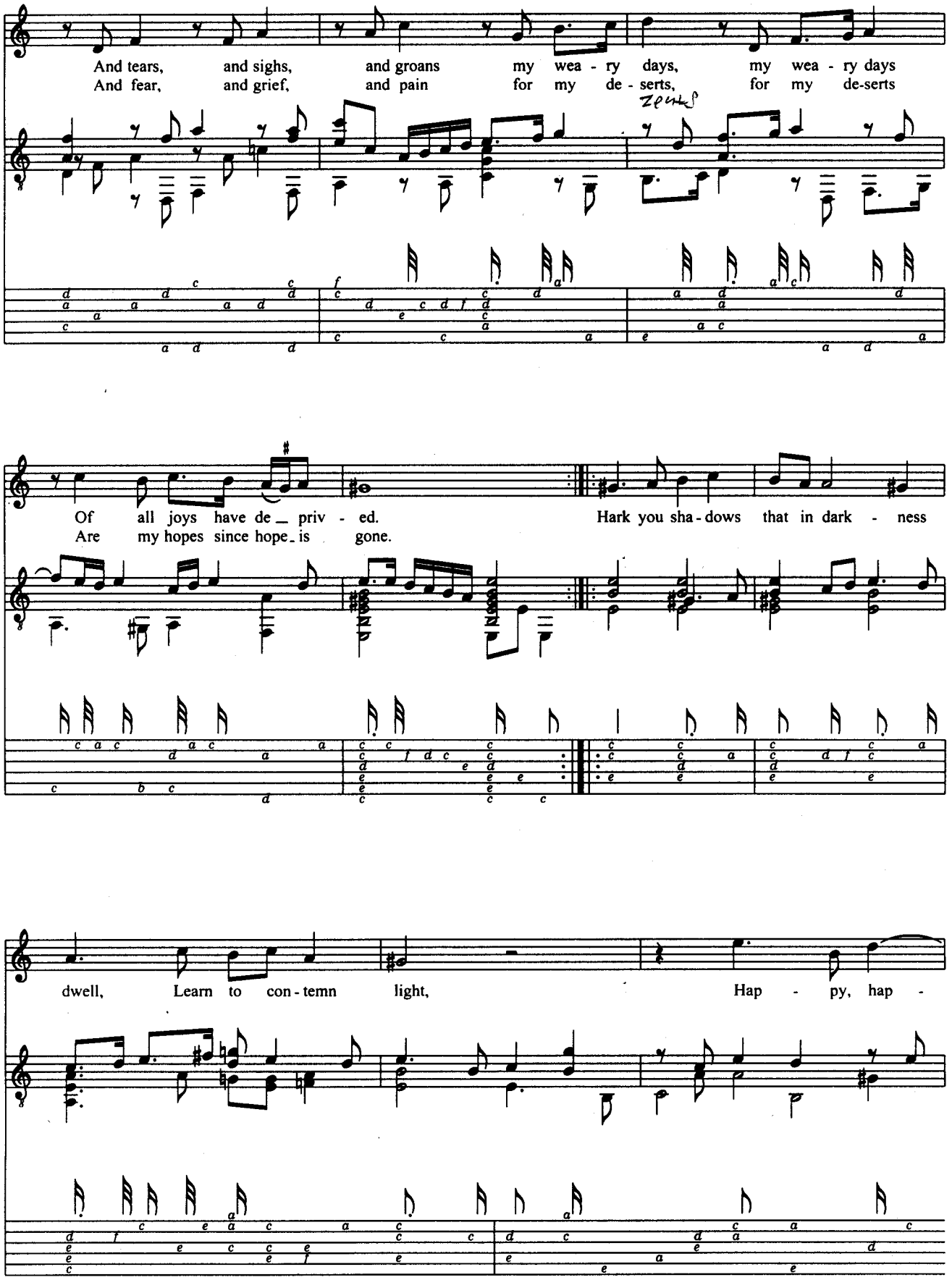
3

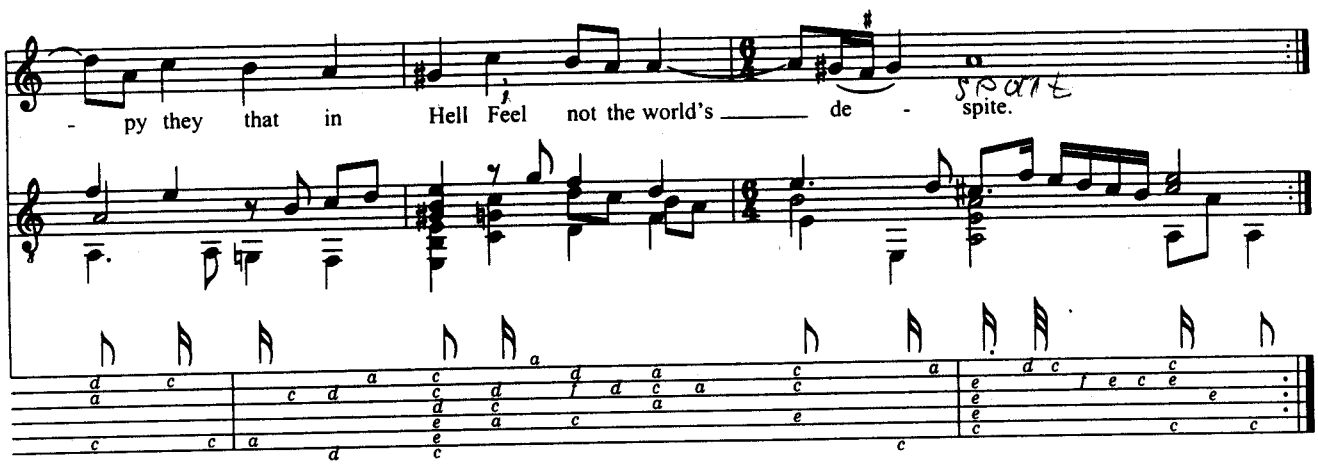
O fairer than aught else,
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve,
Enough, enough, your joyful looks excels,
Tears kills the heart believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae




And tears, and sighs, and groans my wea - ry days, my wea - ry days
And fear, and grief, and pain for my de - serts, for my de-serts
Of all joys have de_ priv - ed.
Are my hopes since hope_ is gone.
Hark you sha - dows that in dark - ness
dwell, Learn to con - temn light, Hap - py, hap -



1

Flow my tears fall from your springs,
Exil'd forever: let me mourn
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

2

Down vain lights shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclose.

3

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled,
And tears, and sighs, and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

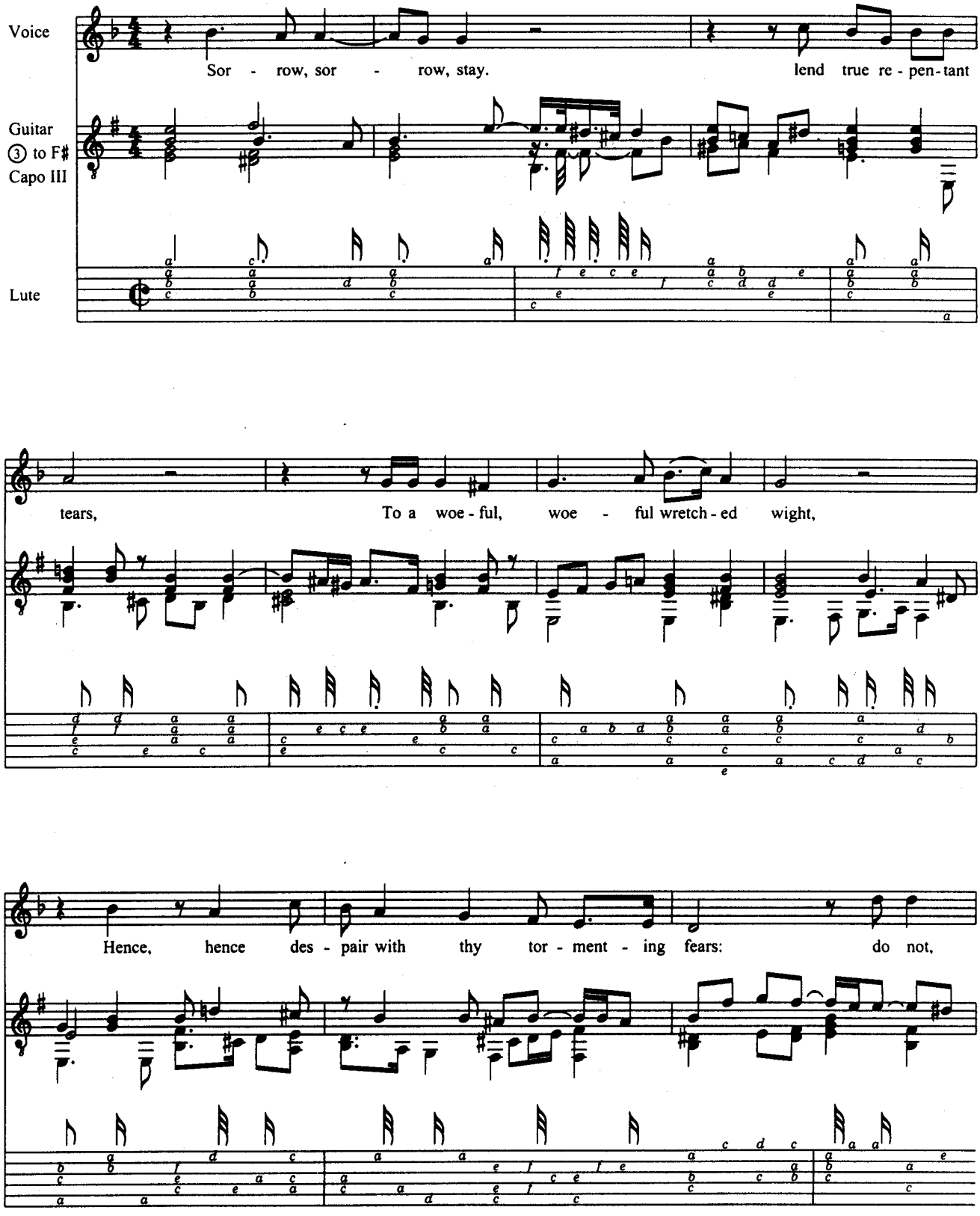
4

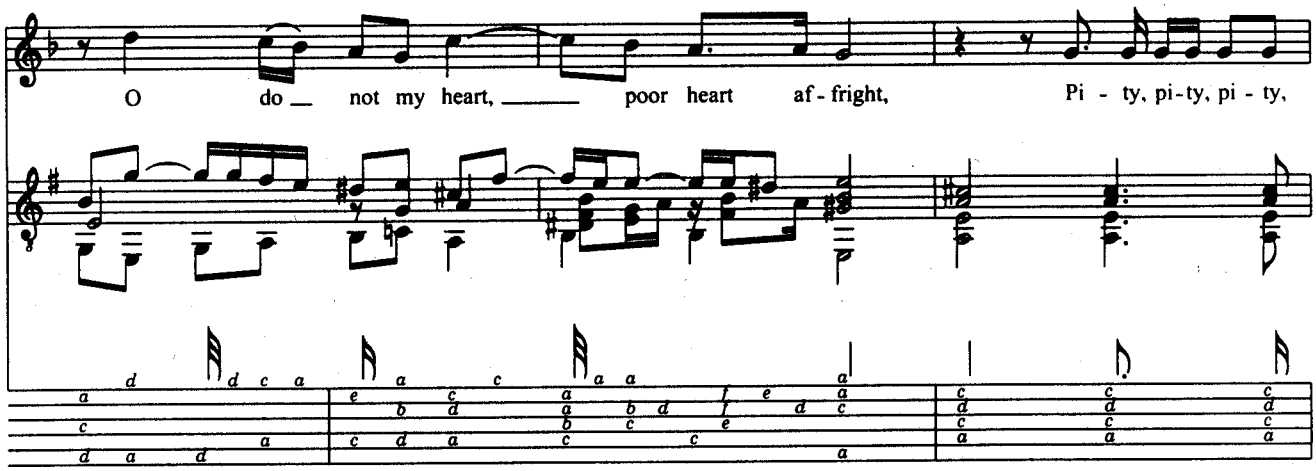
From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is thrown,
And fear, and grief, and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes since hope is gone.

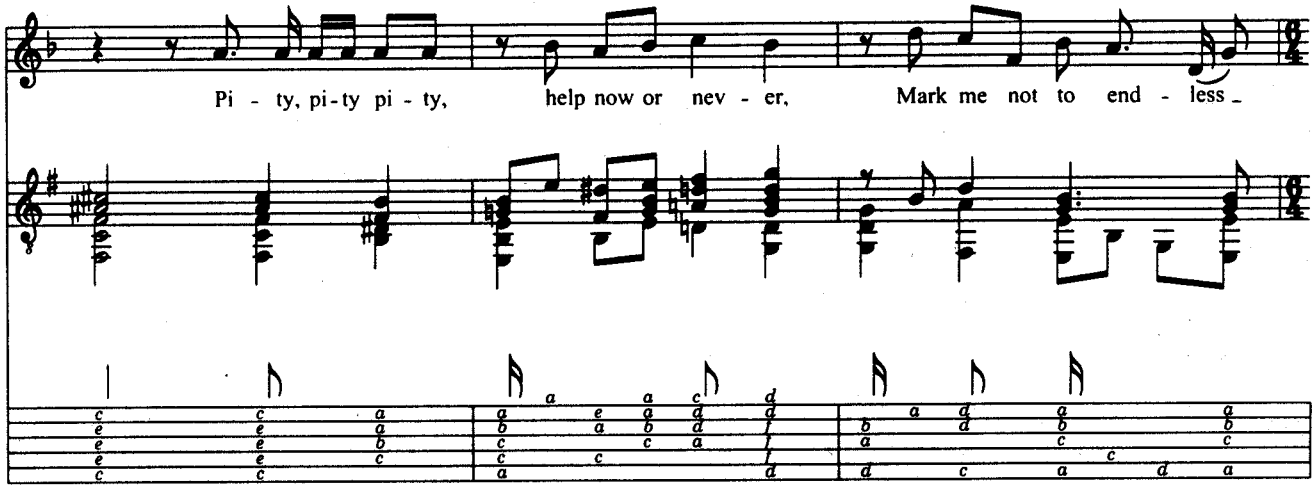
5

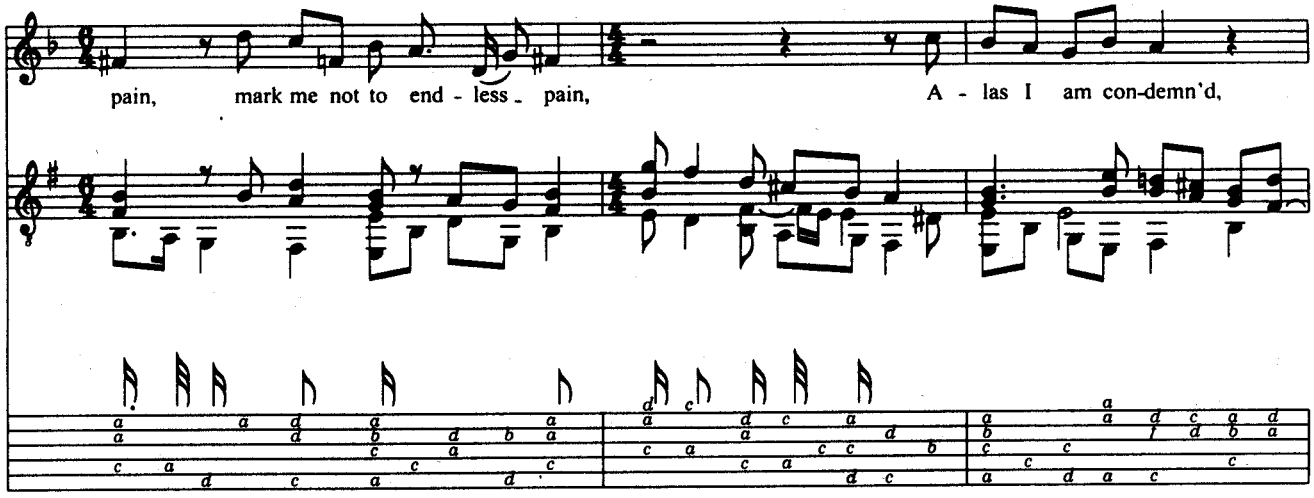
Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in Hell
Feel not the world's despite.

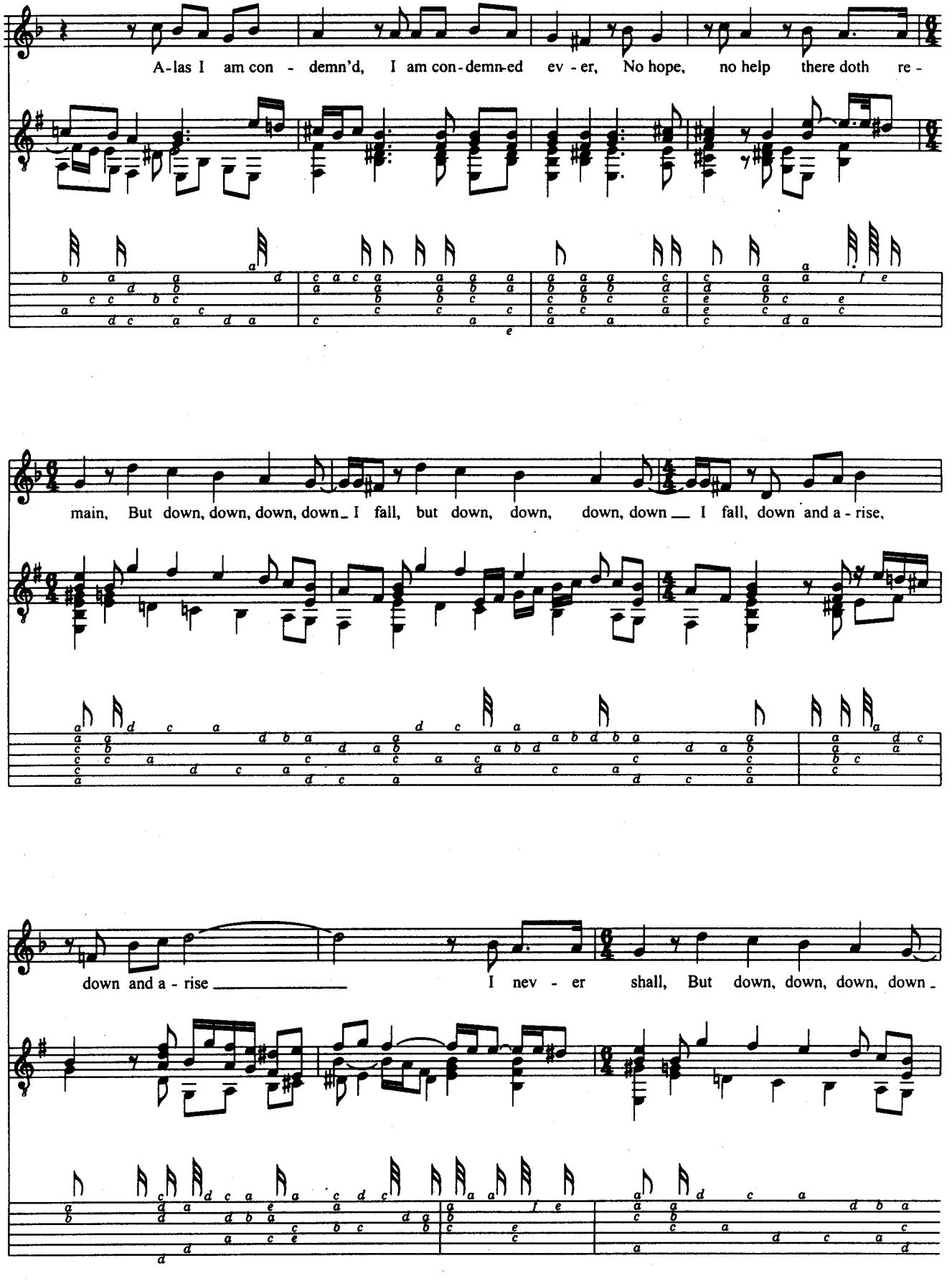
III. Sorrow, stay

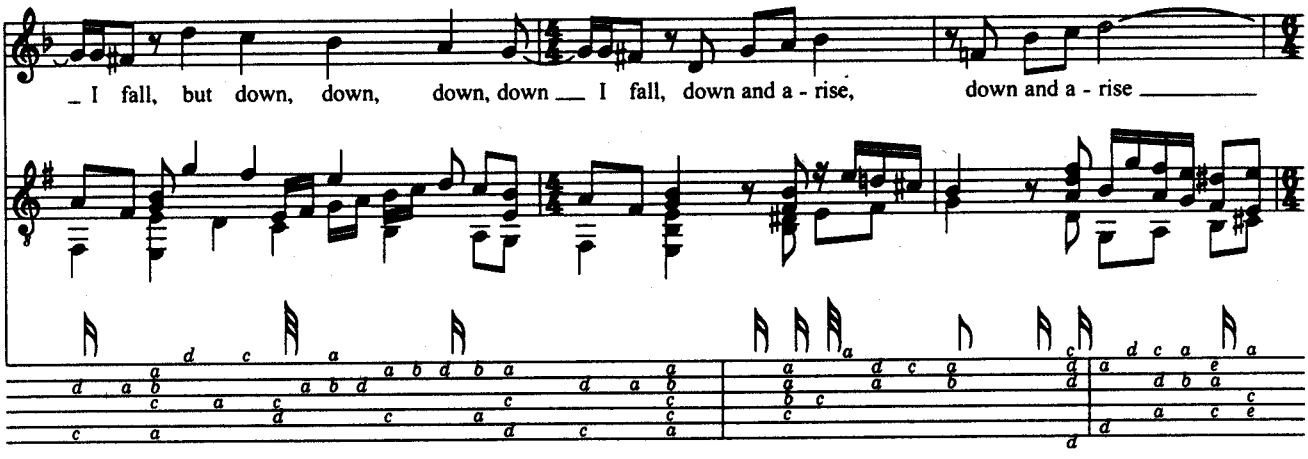


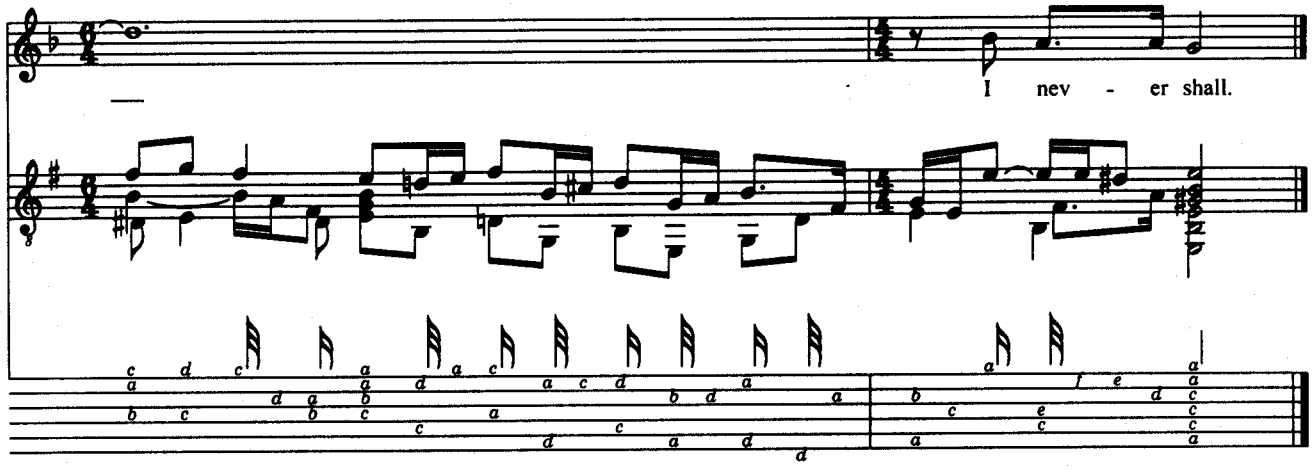

O do not my heart, poor heart af - fright, Pi - ty, pi - ty, pi - ty,


Pi - ty, pi - ty pi - ty, help now or nev - er, Mark me not to end - less


pain, mark me not to end - less pain, A - las I am con-demn'd,

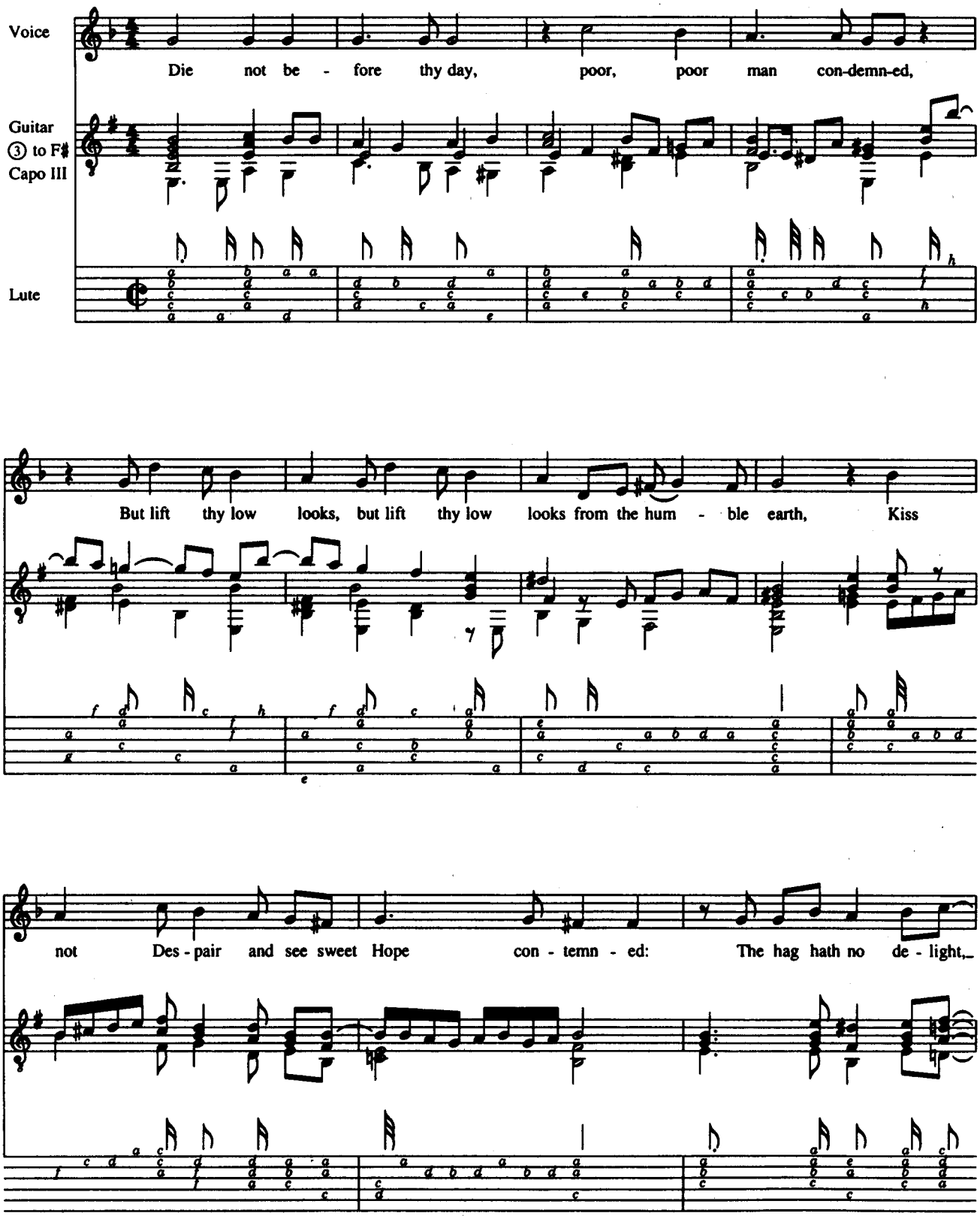

A-las I am con - demn'd, I am con-demn-ed ev - er, No hope, no help there doth re -
main, But down, down, down, down_ I fall, but down, down, down, down __ I fall, down and a - rise,
down and a - rise _____ I nev - er shall, But down, down, down, down_

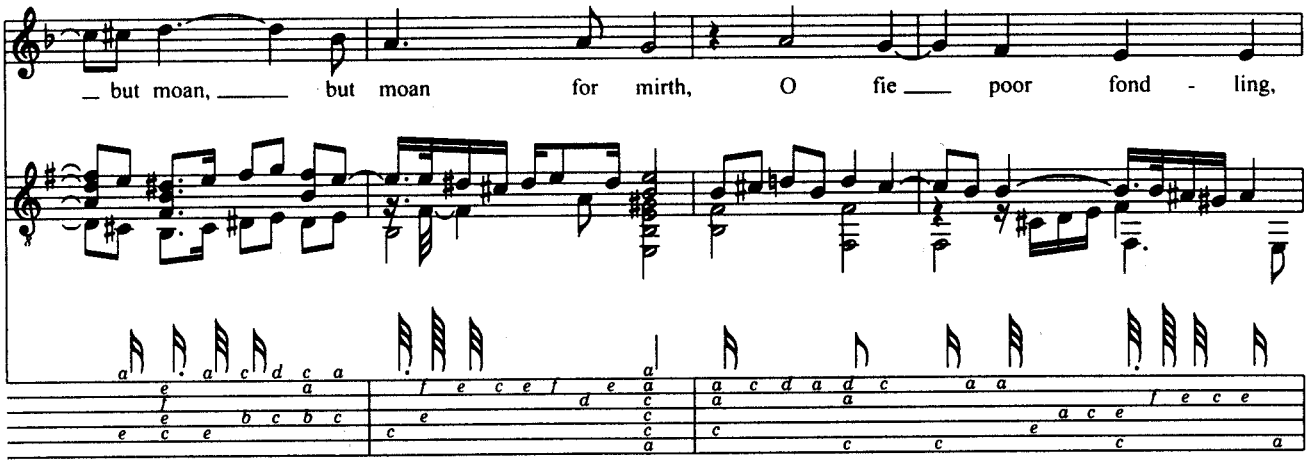


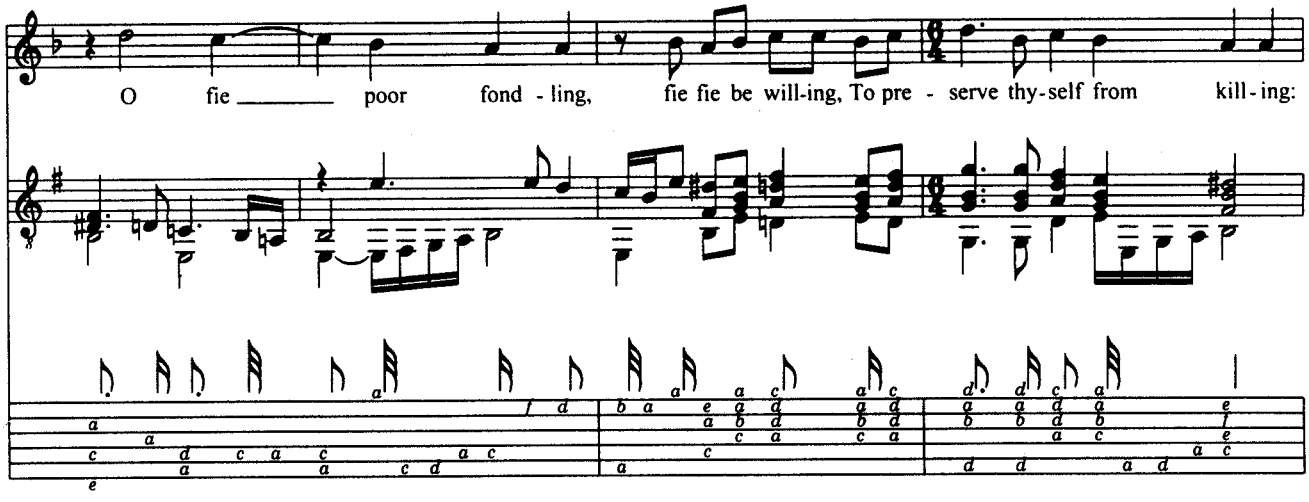


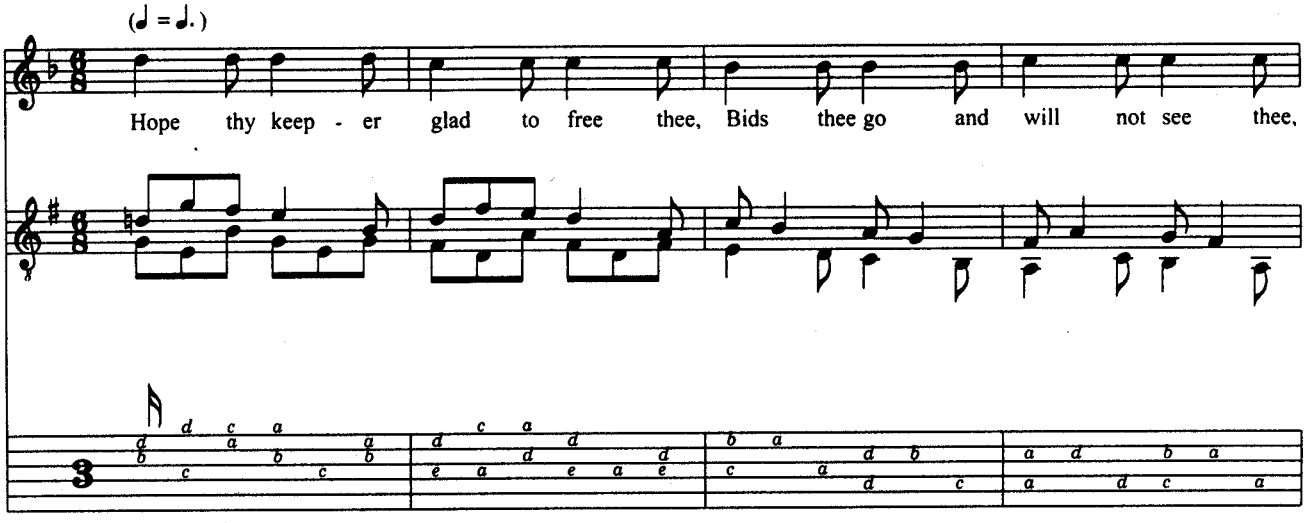
Sorrow, stay, lend true repentant tears,
To a woeful wretched wight,
Hence, Despair with thy tormenting fears:
O do not my poor heart affright.
Pity, help now or never,
Mark me not to endless pain,
Alas I am condemned ever,
No hope, no help there doth remain,
But down, down, down, down I fall,
And arise I never shall.

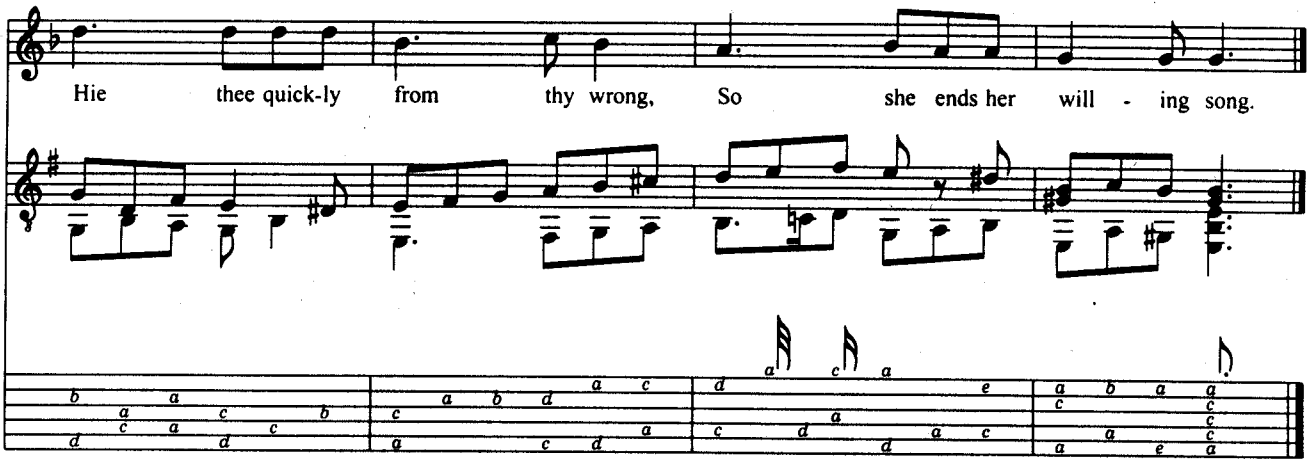
IV. Die not before thy day




_ but moan, _____ but moan for mirth, O fie ___ poor fond - ling,


O fie _____ poor fond - ling, fie fie be will-ing, To pre - serve thy-self from kill-ing:

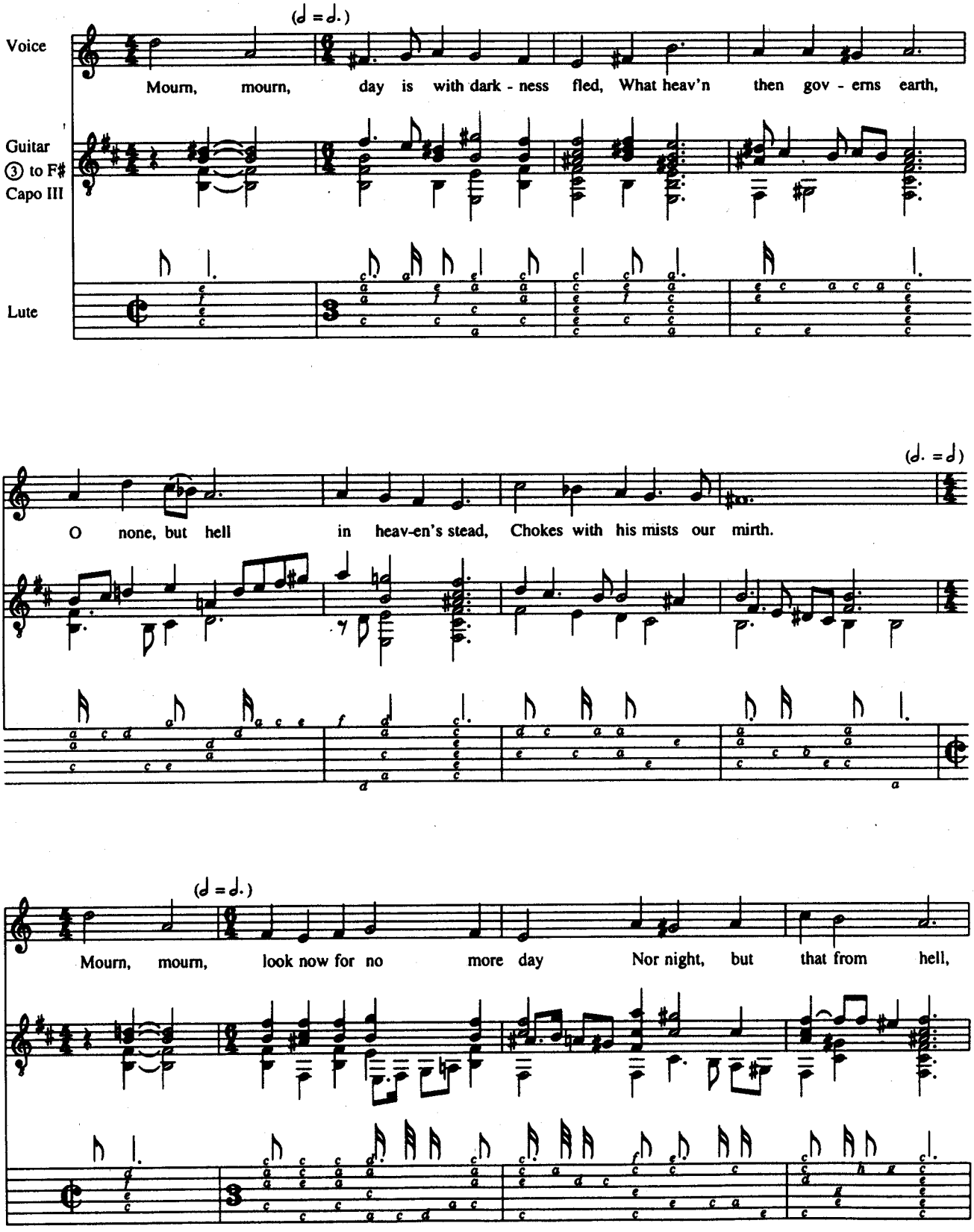

(♩ = ♩.)
Hope thy keep - er glad to free thee, Bids thee go and will not see thee,

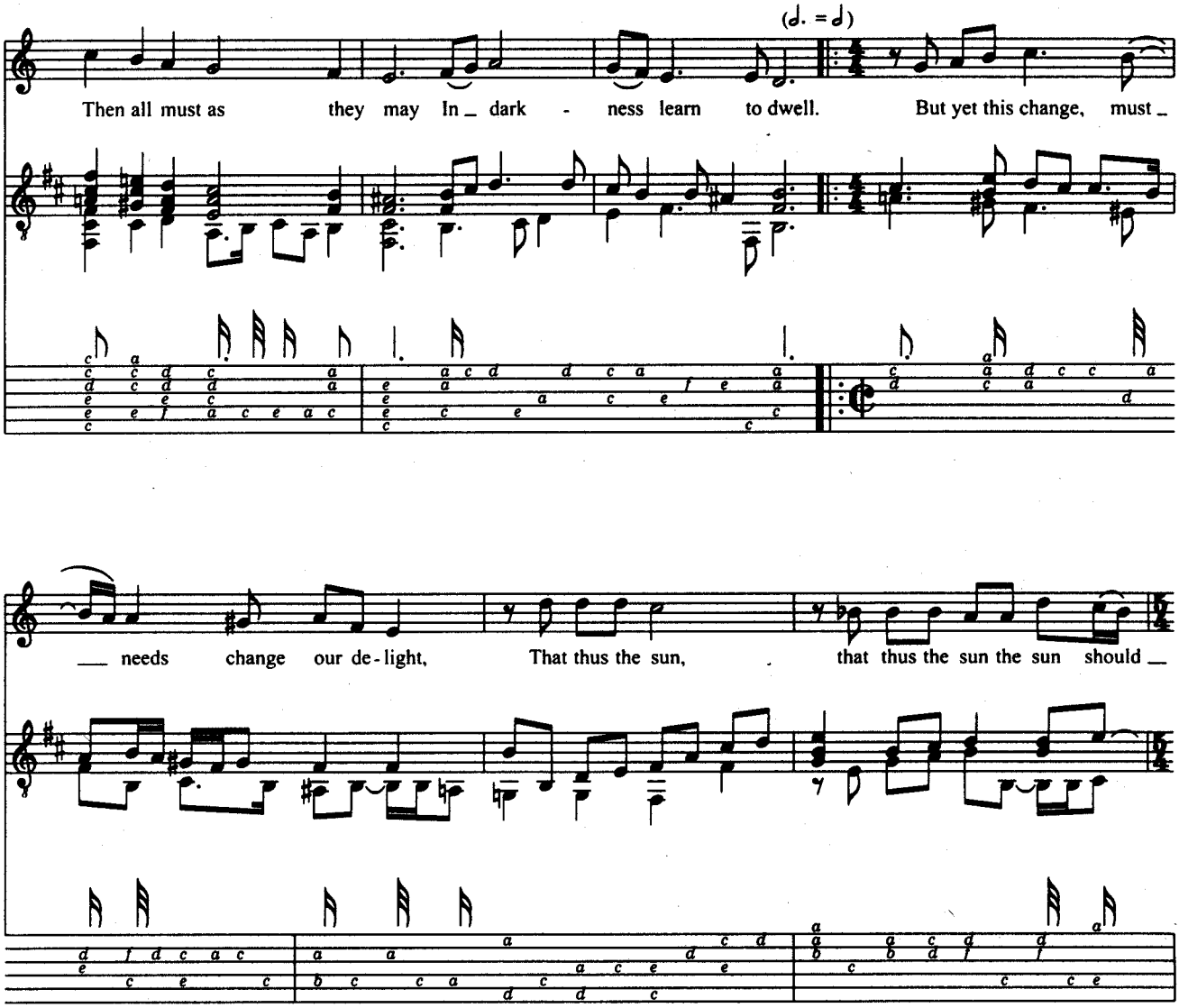


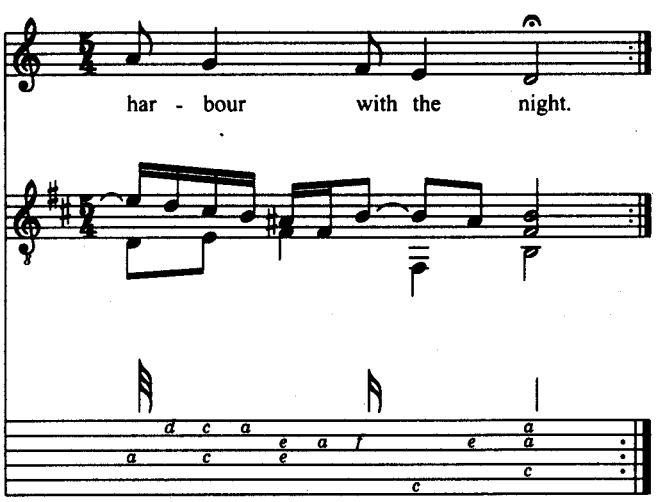
Die not before thy day, poor man condemned,
But lift thy low looks from the humble earth,
Kiss not Despair and see sweet Hope condemned:
The hag hath no delight, but moan for mirth,
O fie poor fondling fie be willing,

To preserve thyself from killing:
Hope thy keeper glad to free thee,
Bids thee go and will not see thee,
Hie thee quickly from thy wrong,
So ends her willing song.

V. Mourn, day is with darkness fled



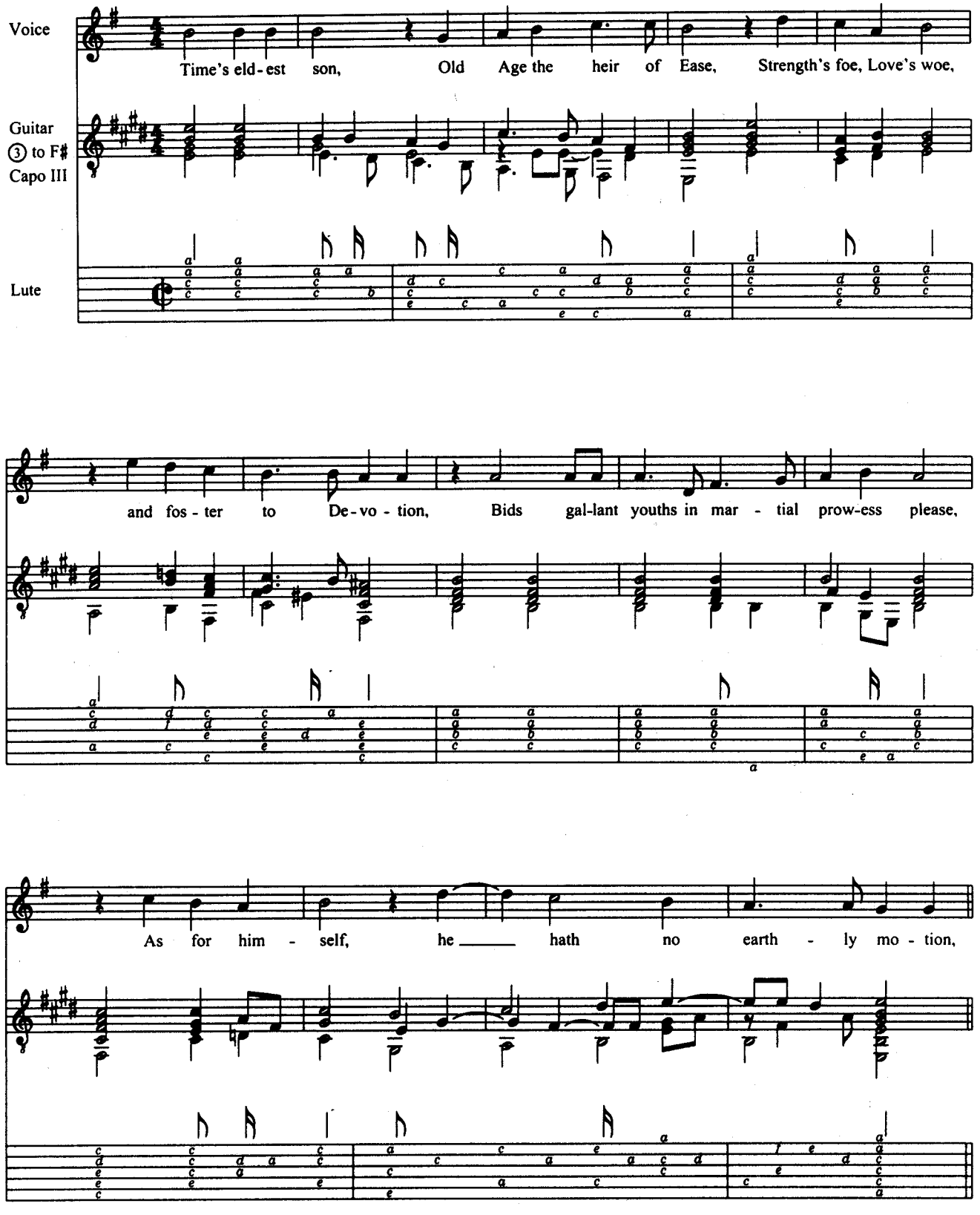


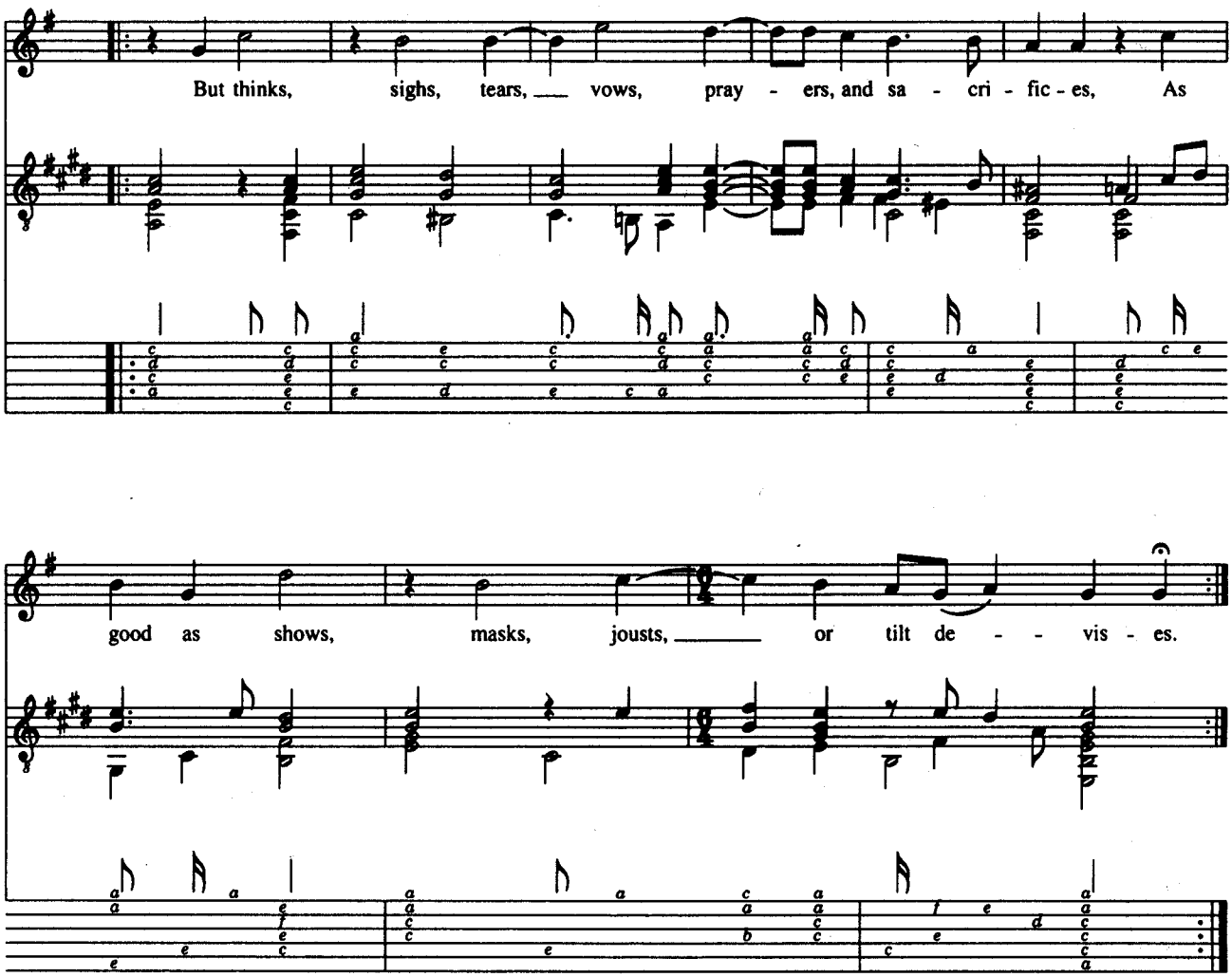


Mourn, mourn, day is with darkness fled,
What heav'n then governs earth,
O none, but hell in heaven's stead,
Chokes with his mists our mirth.
Mourn, mourn, look now for no more day
Nor night, but that from hell,
Then all must as they may
In darkness learn to dwell.
But yet this change, must needs change our delight,
That thus the sun should harbour with the night.

VI. Time's eldest son, Old Age

(The first part)





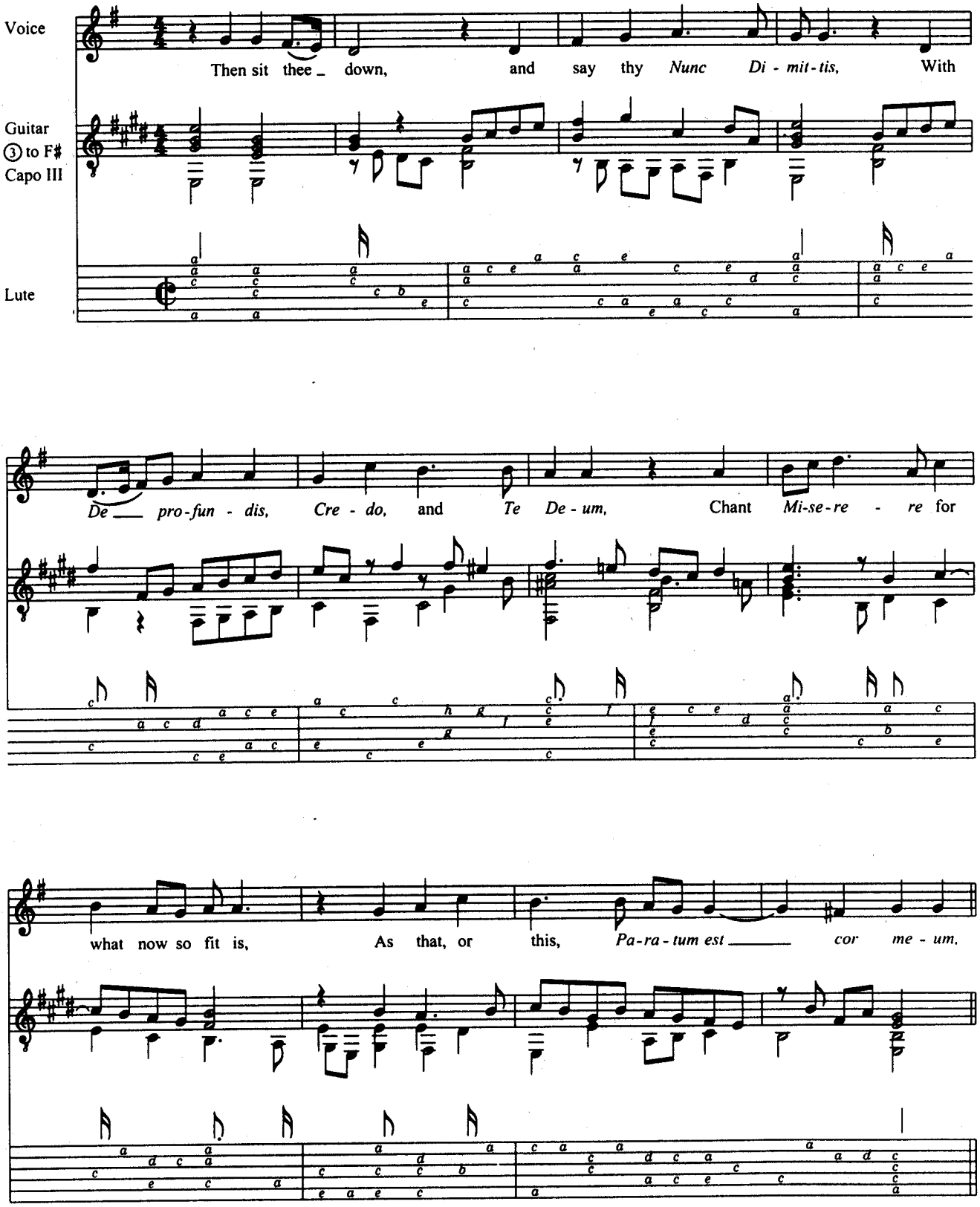
I

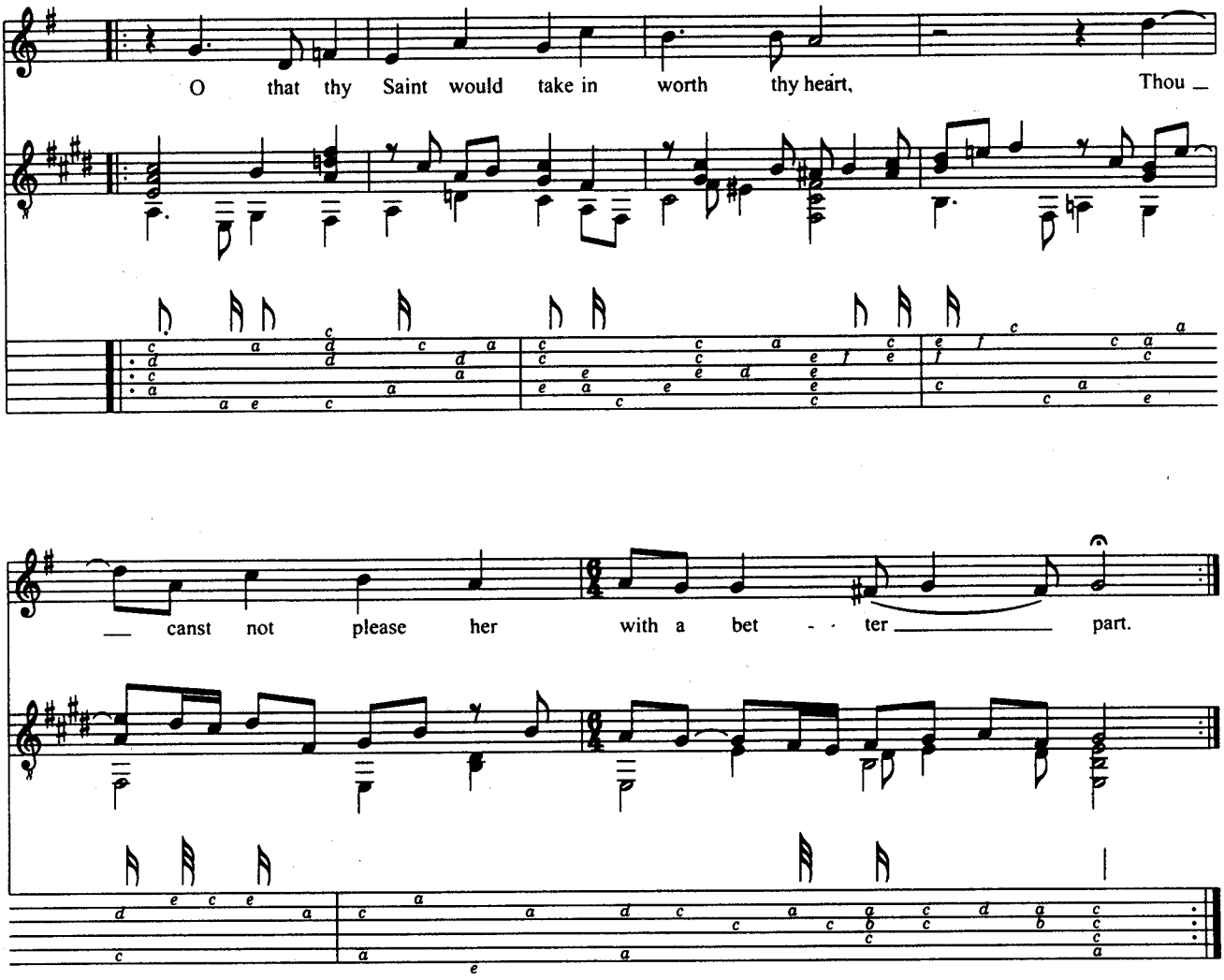
Time's eldest son, Old Age the heir of Ease,
  Strength's foe, Love's woe, and foster to Devotion,
Bids gallant youth in martial prowess please,
  As for himself, he hath no earthly motion,
But thinks, sighs, tears, vows, prayers, and sacrifices,
As good as shows, masks, jousts, or tilt devises.

Editor's note: This song and the following two are treated as a through-composed sequence. They form a single whole.

VII. Then sit thee down

(The second part)



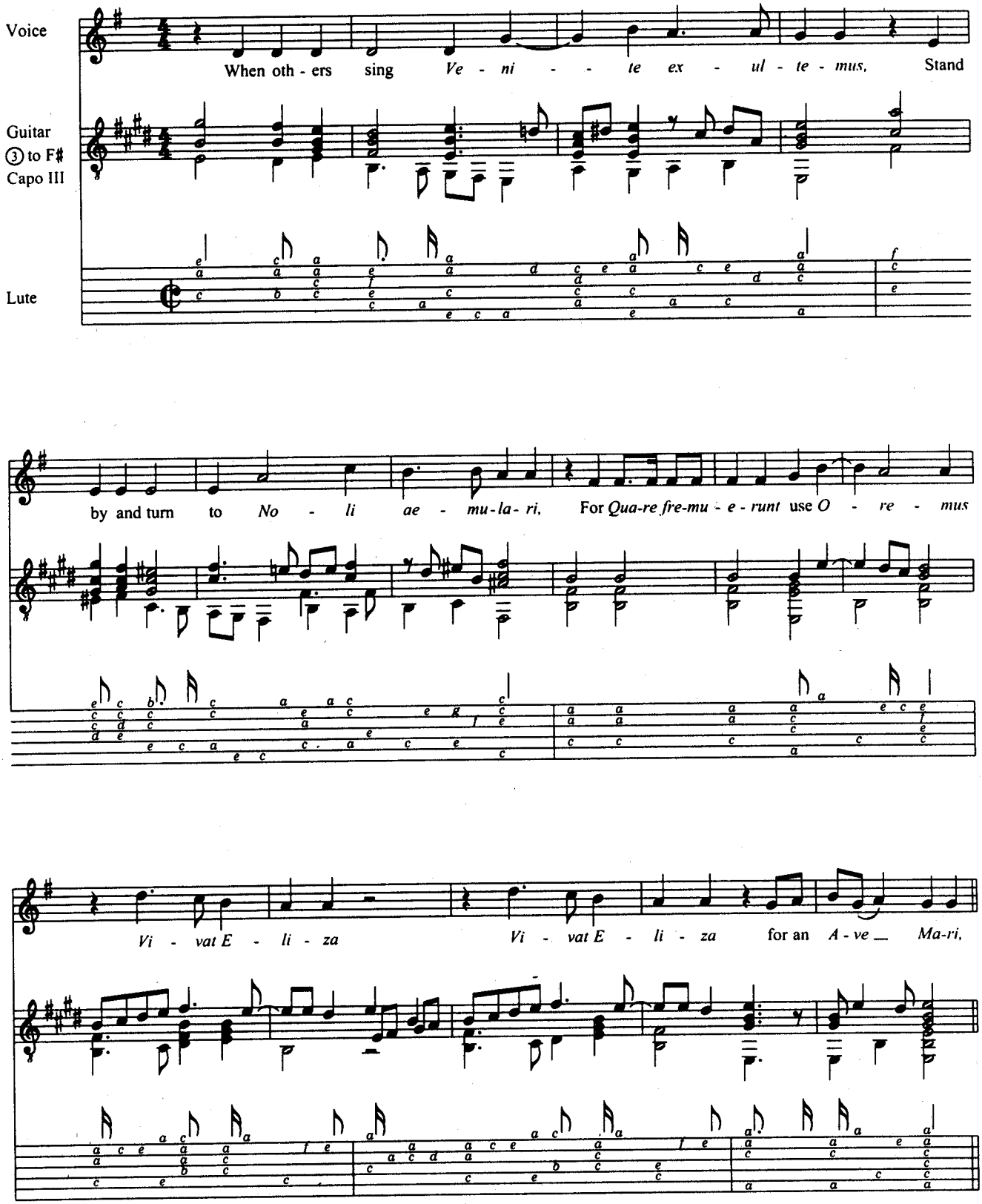


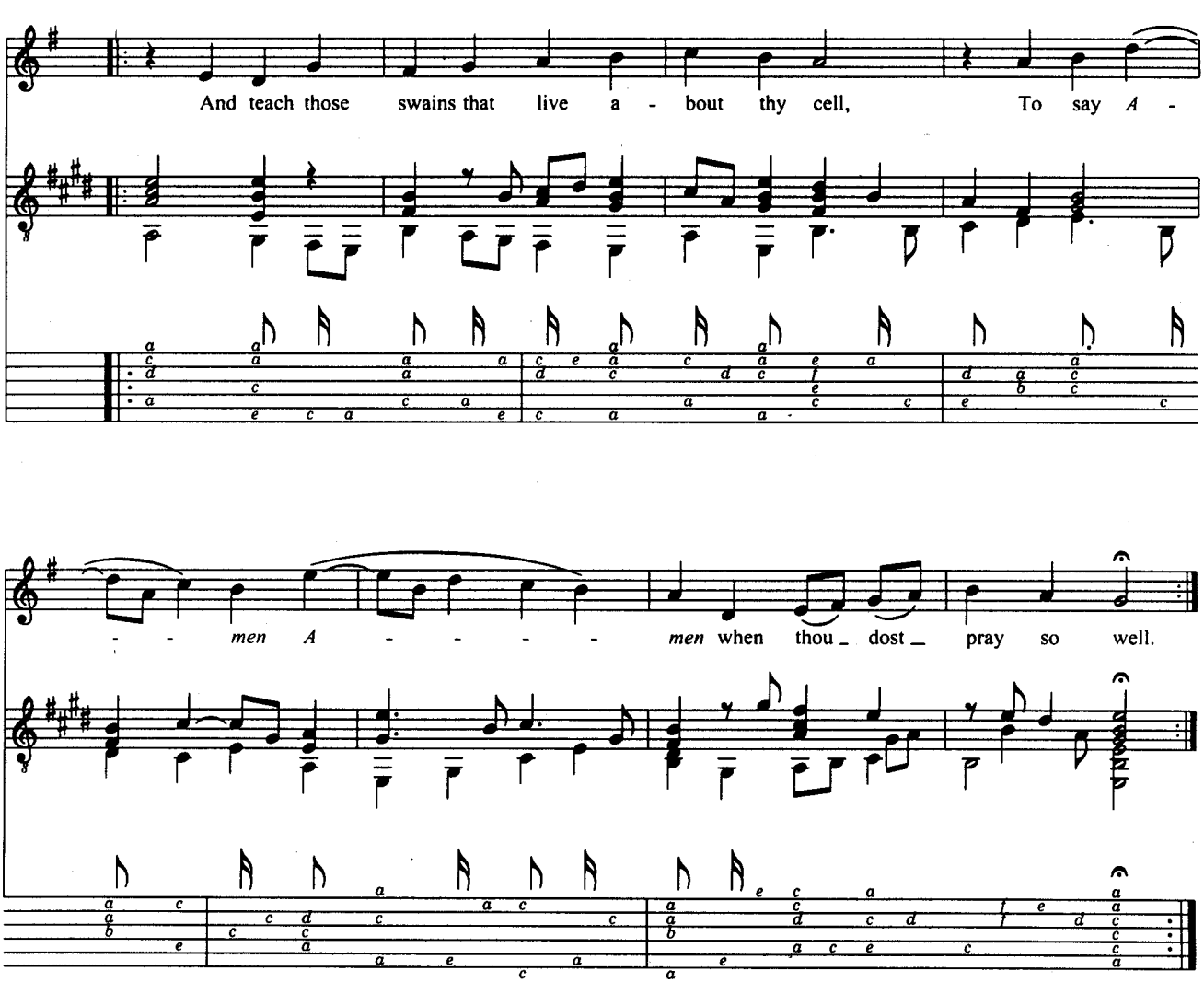
2

Then sit thee down, and say thy *Nunc Dimittis*,
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 heart,
Thou canst not please her with a better part.

VIII. When others sing *Venite*

(The third part)

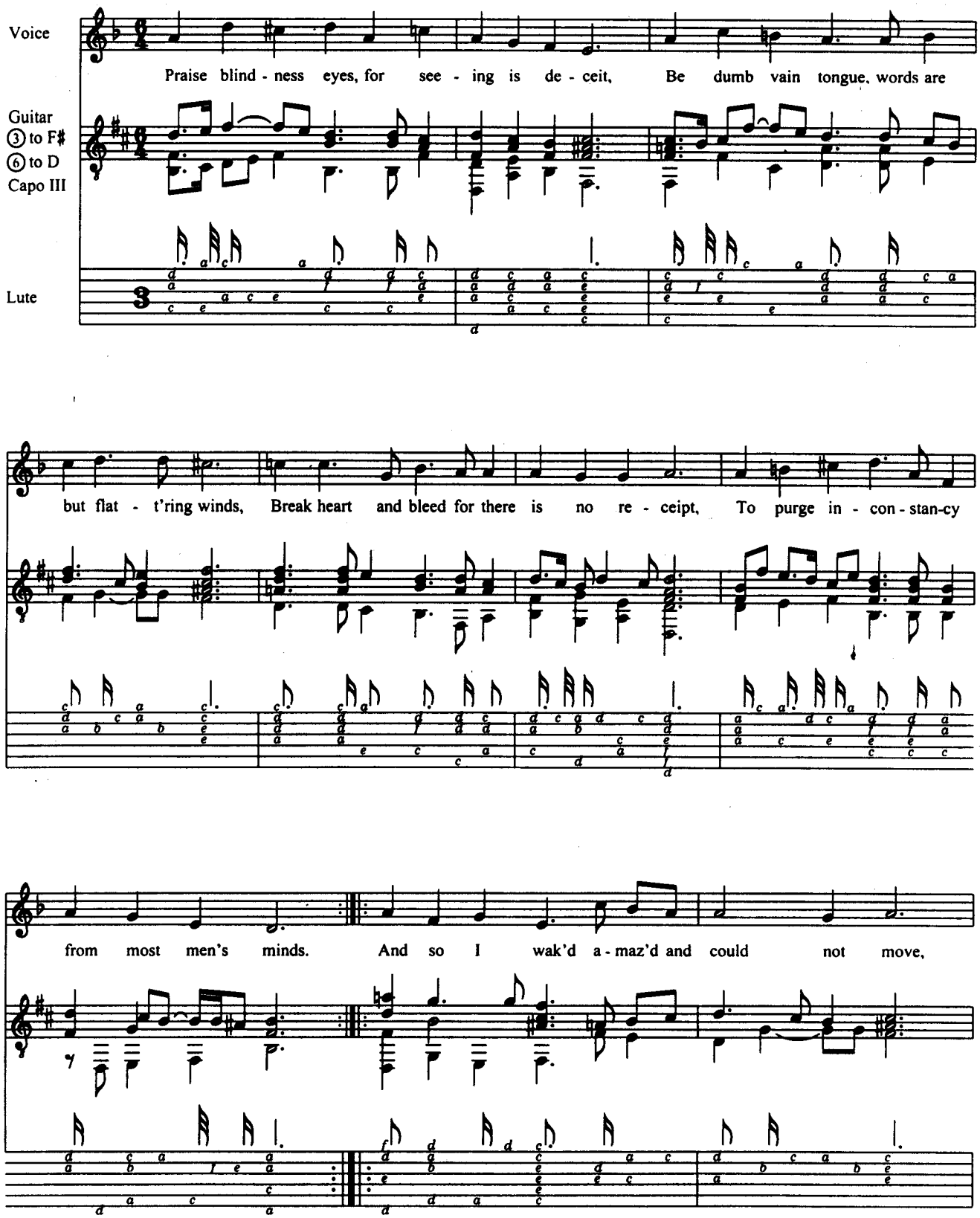


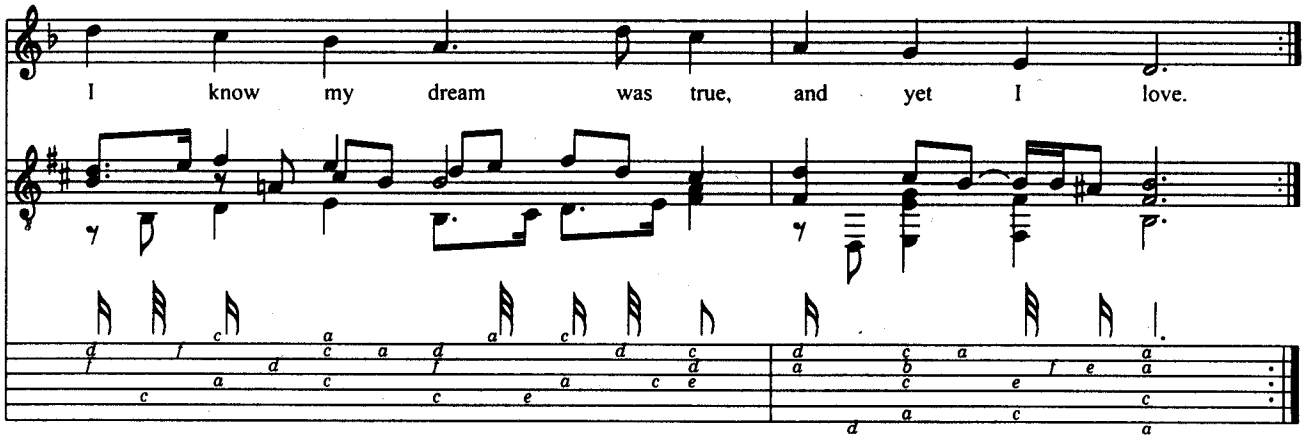


3

When others sing *Venite exultemus,*
Stand by and turn to *Noli aemulari,*
For *Quare fremuerunt* use *Oremus*
Vivat Eliza for an *Ave Mari,*
And teach those swains that live about thy cell,
To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

IX. Praise blindness eyes





1

Praise blindness eyes, for seeing is deceit,
Be dumb vain tongue, words are but flatt'ring winds,
Break heart and bleed for there is no receipt,
To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.

2

And if thine ears false heralds to thy heart,
Convey into thy head hopes to obtain,
Then tell thy hearing thou art deaf by art,
Now love is art that wonted to be plain.

3

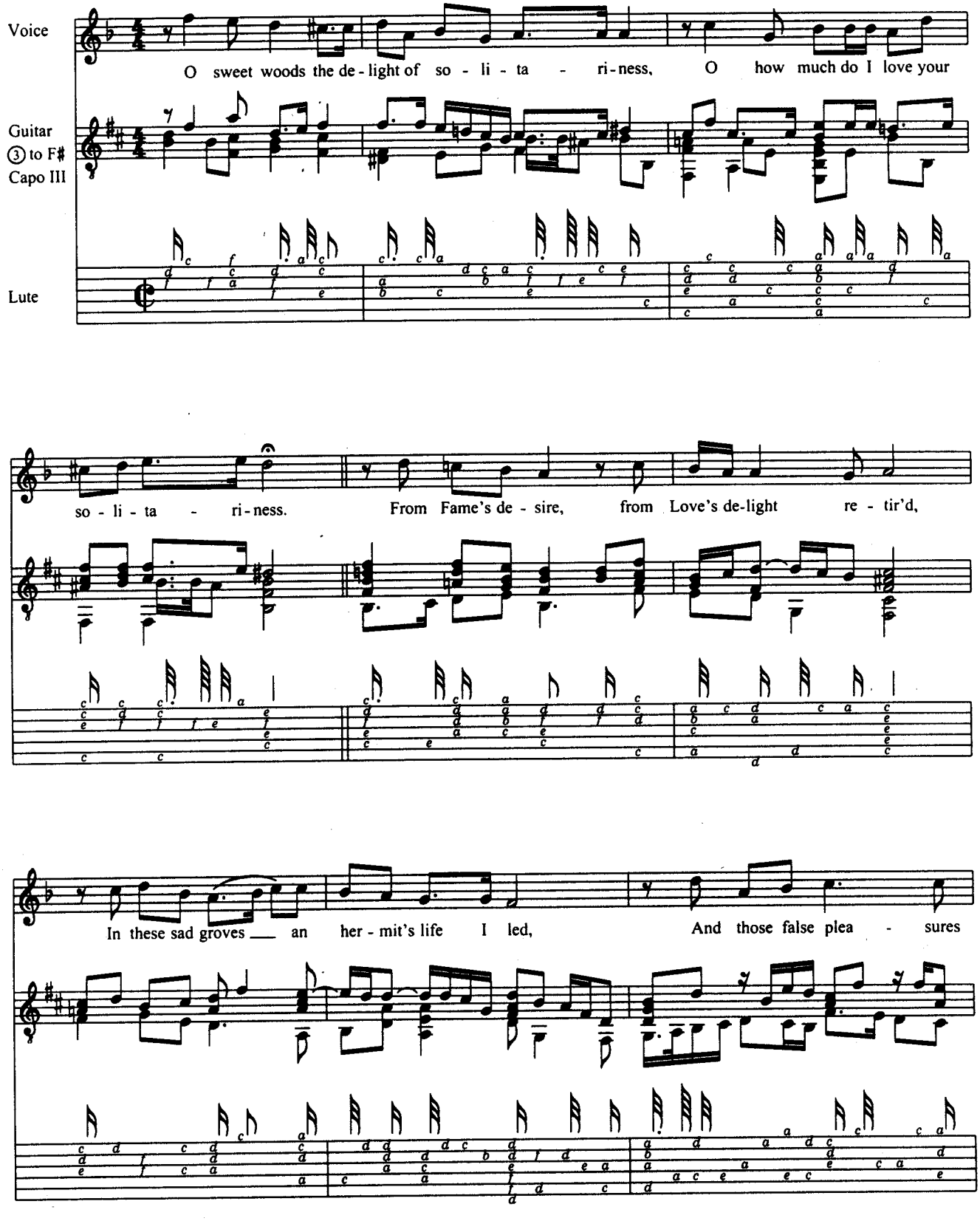
Now none is bald except they see his brains,
Affection is not known till one be dead,
Reward for love are labours for his pains,
Love's quiver made of gold his shafts of lead.

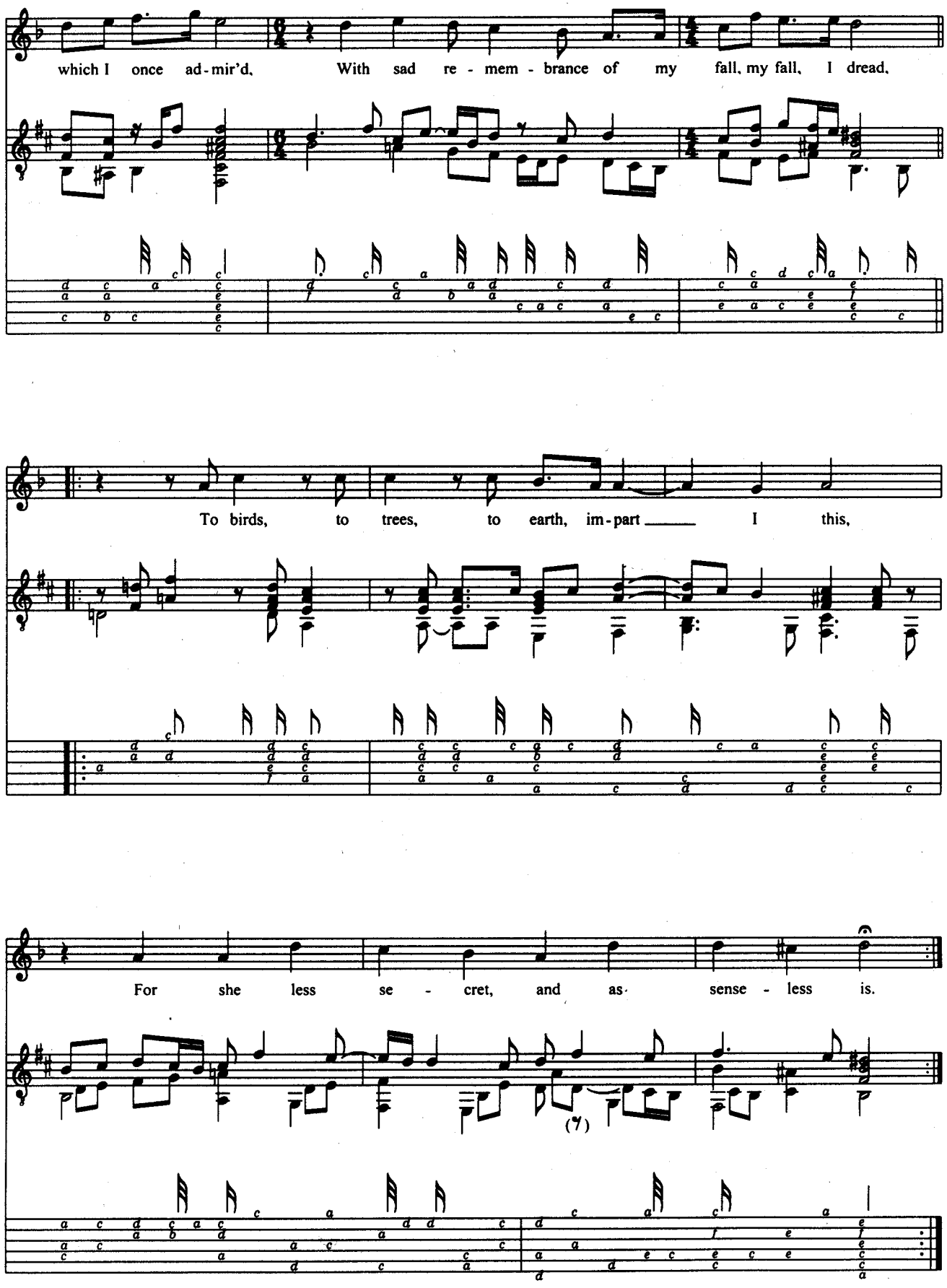
L'envoy

And so I wak'd amaz'd and could not move,
I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

X. O sweet woods

To Master Hugh Holland




which I once ad-mir'd, With sad re-mem-brance of my fall, my fall, I dread,
To birds, to trees, to earth, im-part I this,
For she less se-cret, and as- sense-less is.
(7)

1

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

From Fame's desire, from Love's delight retir'd,
In these sad groves an hermit's 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 she less secret, and as senseless is.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

2

Experience which repentance only brings,
Doth bid me now my heart from love estrange,
Love is disdain'd when it doth look at kings,
And love low-placed base and apt to change,
Their pow'r doth take from him his liberty,
Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

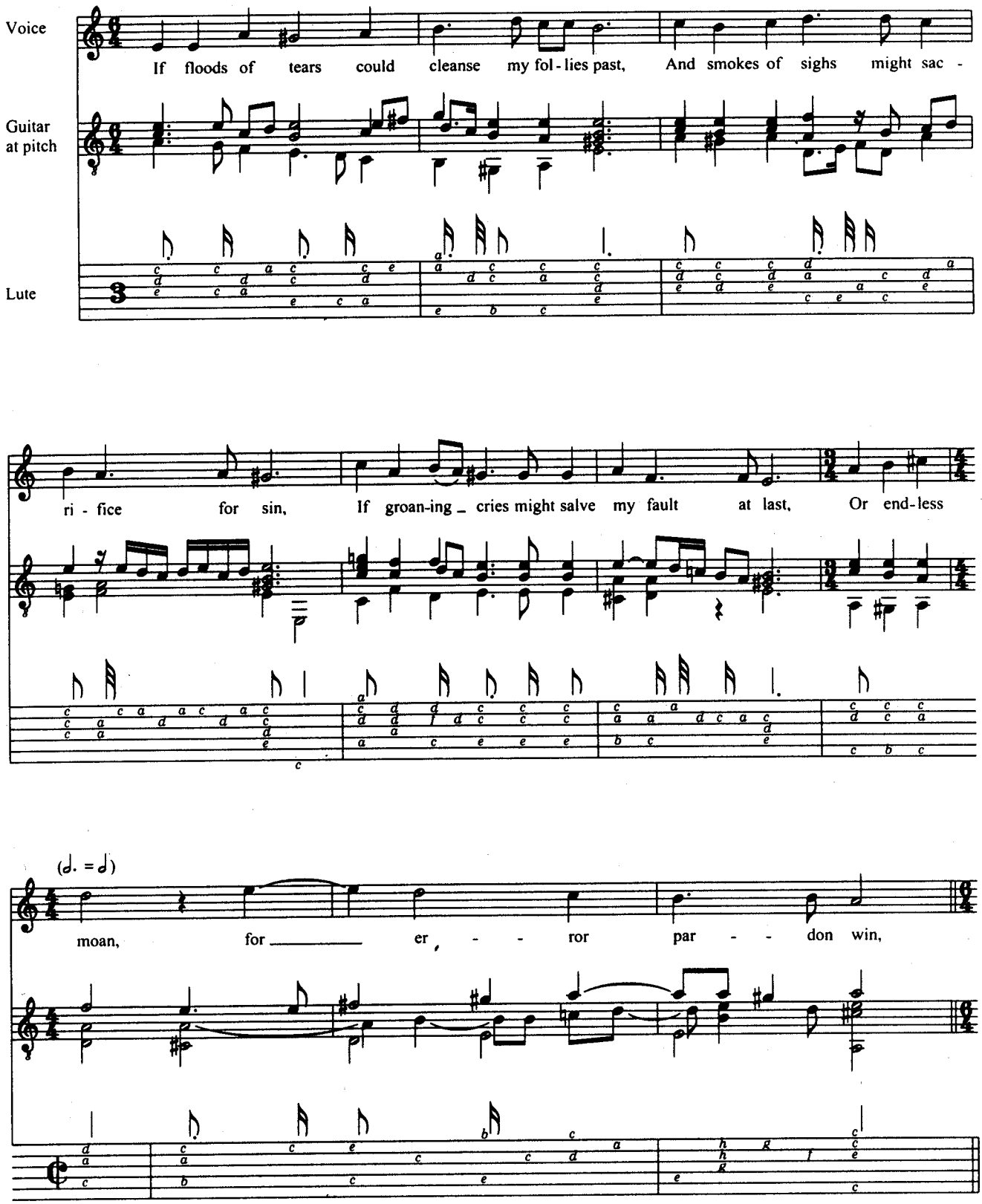
3

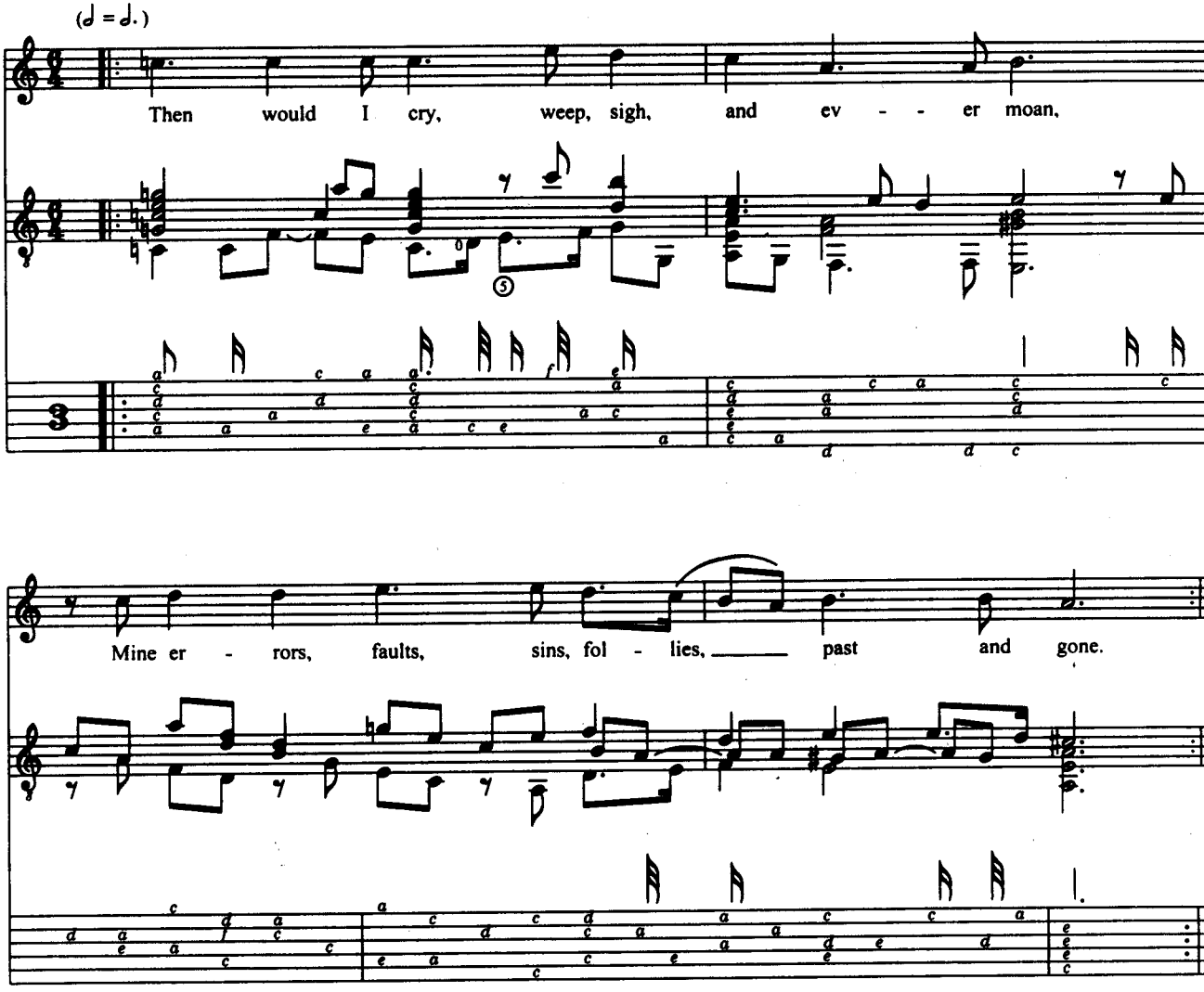
You men that give false worship unto love,
And seek that which you never shall obtain,
The endless work of Sisyphus you prove,
Whose end is this to know you strive in vain,
Hope and Desire which now your idols be,
You needs must lose and feel despair with me.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness.
O how much do I love your solitariness.

4

You woods in you the fairest nymphs have walk'd,
Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to love,
You woods in whom dear lovers oft have talk'd,
How do you now a place of mourning prove,
Wanstead my mistress saith this is the doom,
Thou art Love's childbed, nursery and tomb.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

XI. If floods of tears





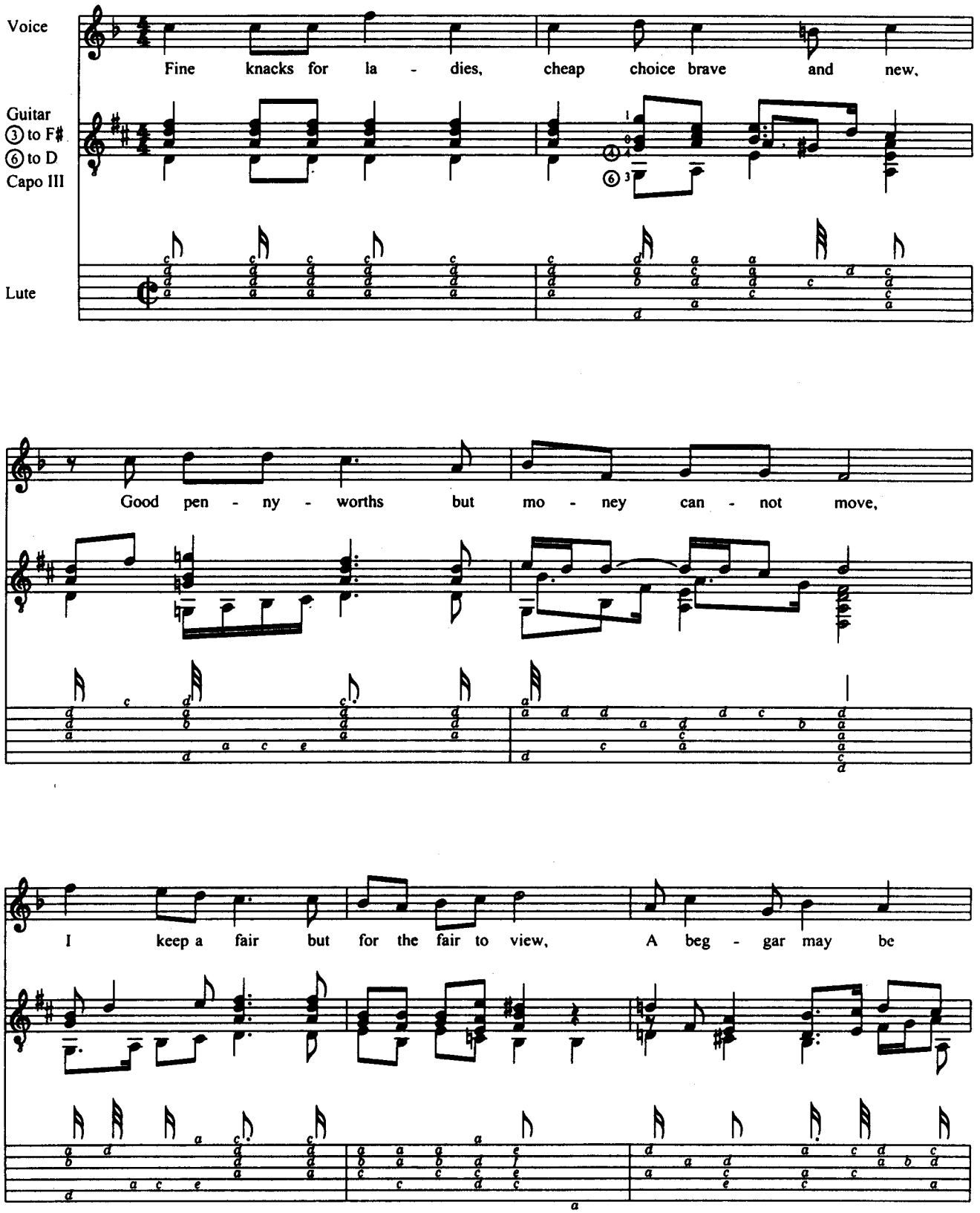
1

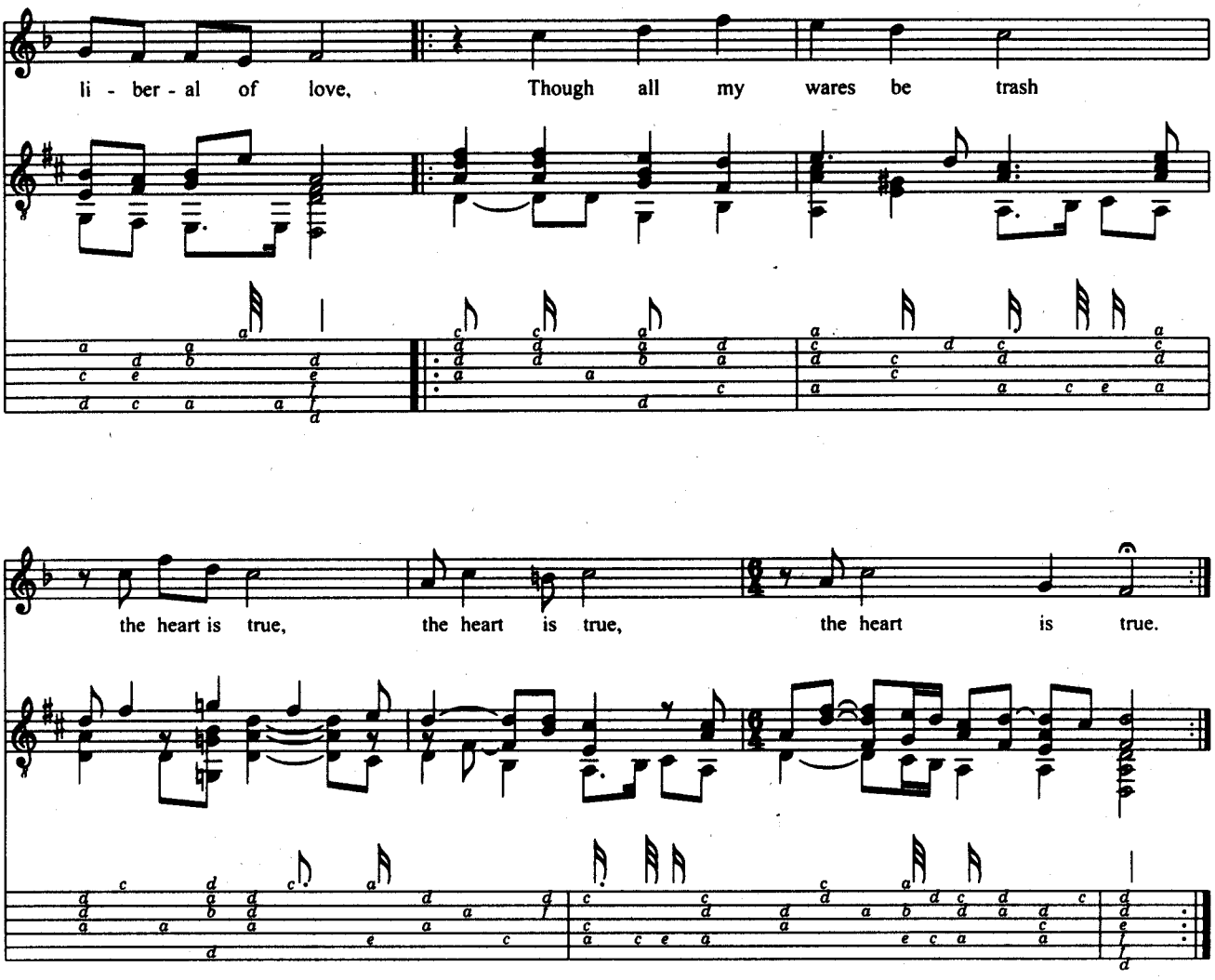
If floods of tears could cleanse my follies past,
And smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin,
If groaning cries might salve my fault at last,
Or endless moan, for error pardon win,
Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever moan,
Mine errors, faults, sins, follies, past and gone.

2

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
I see my favours are no lasting flow'rs,
I see that words will breed no better good,
Than loss of time and light'ning but at hours,
Thus when I see, then thus I say therefore,
That favours, hopes and words, can blind no more.

XII. Fine knacks for ladies





1

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap choice brave and new,
Good pennyworths but money cannot move,
I keep a fair but for the fair to view,
A beggar may be liberal of love,
Though all my wares be trash the heart is true.

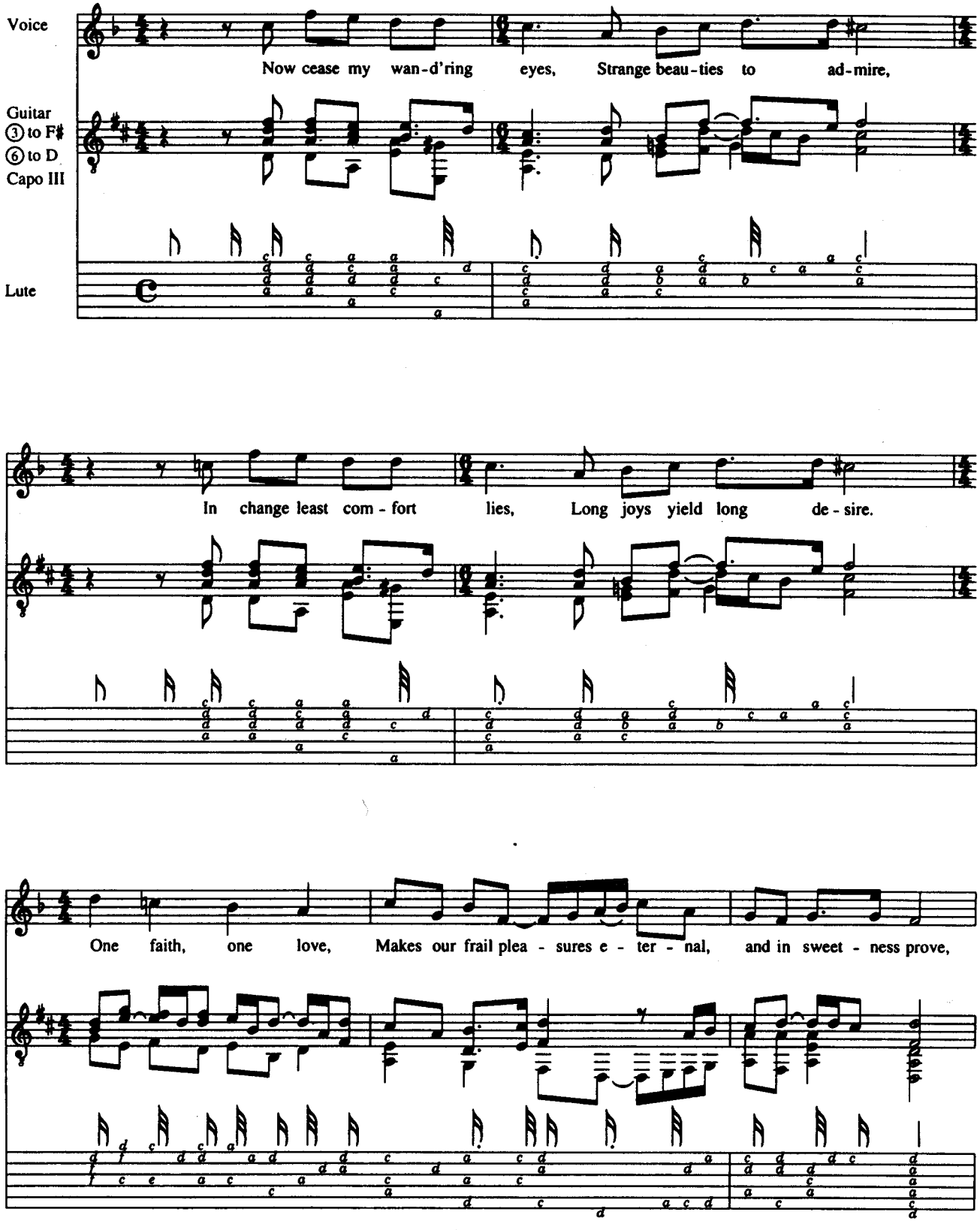
2

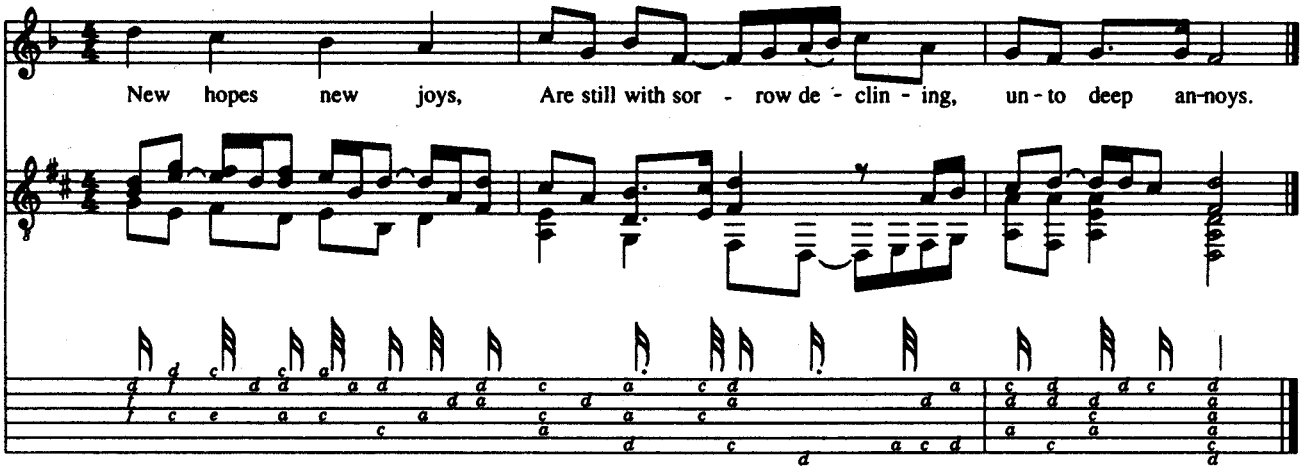
Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again,
My trifles come, as treasures from my mind,
It is a precious jewel to be plain,
Sometimes in shell th'Orient's pearls we find,
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

3

Within this pack pins points laces and gloves,
And divers toys fitting a country fair,
But in my heart where duty serves and loves,
Turtles and twins, Court's brood, a heav'nly pair,
Happy the heart that thinks of no removes.

XIII. Now cease my wand'ring eyes





1

Now cease my wand'ring eyes,
Strange beauties to admire,
In change least comfort lies,
Long joys yield long desire.
One faith, one love,
Makes our frail pleasures eternal, and in sweetness prove,
New hopes new joys,
Are still with sorrow declining, unto deep annoys.

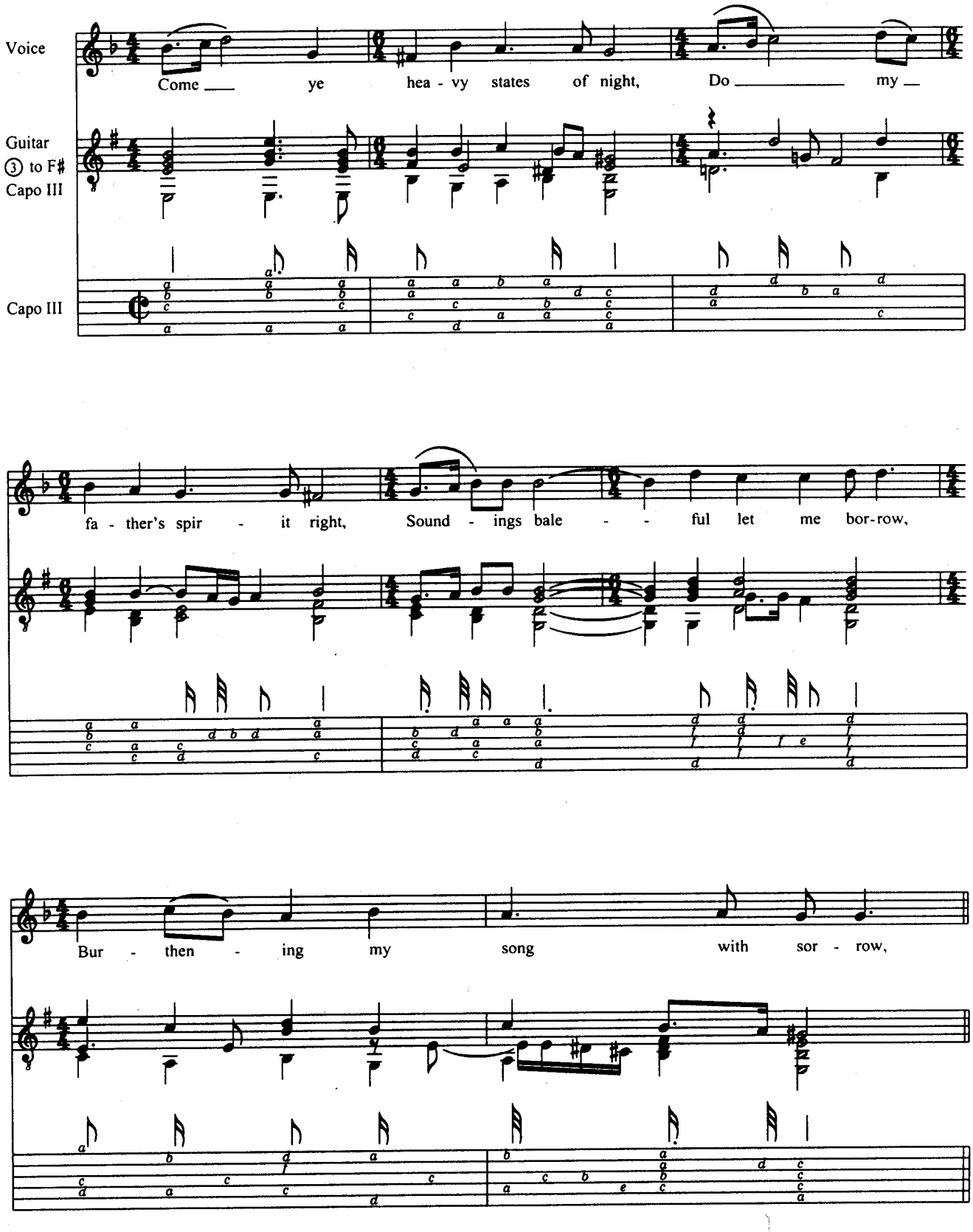
2

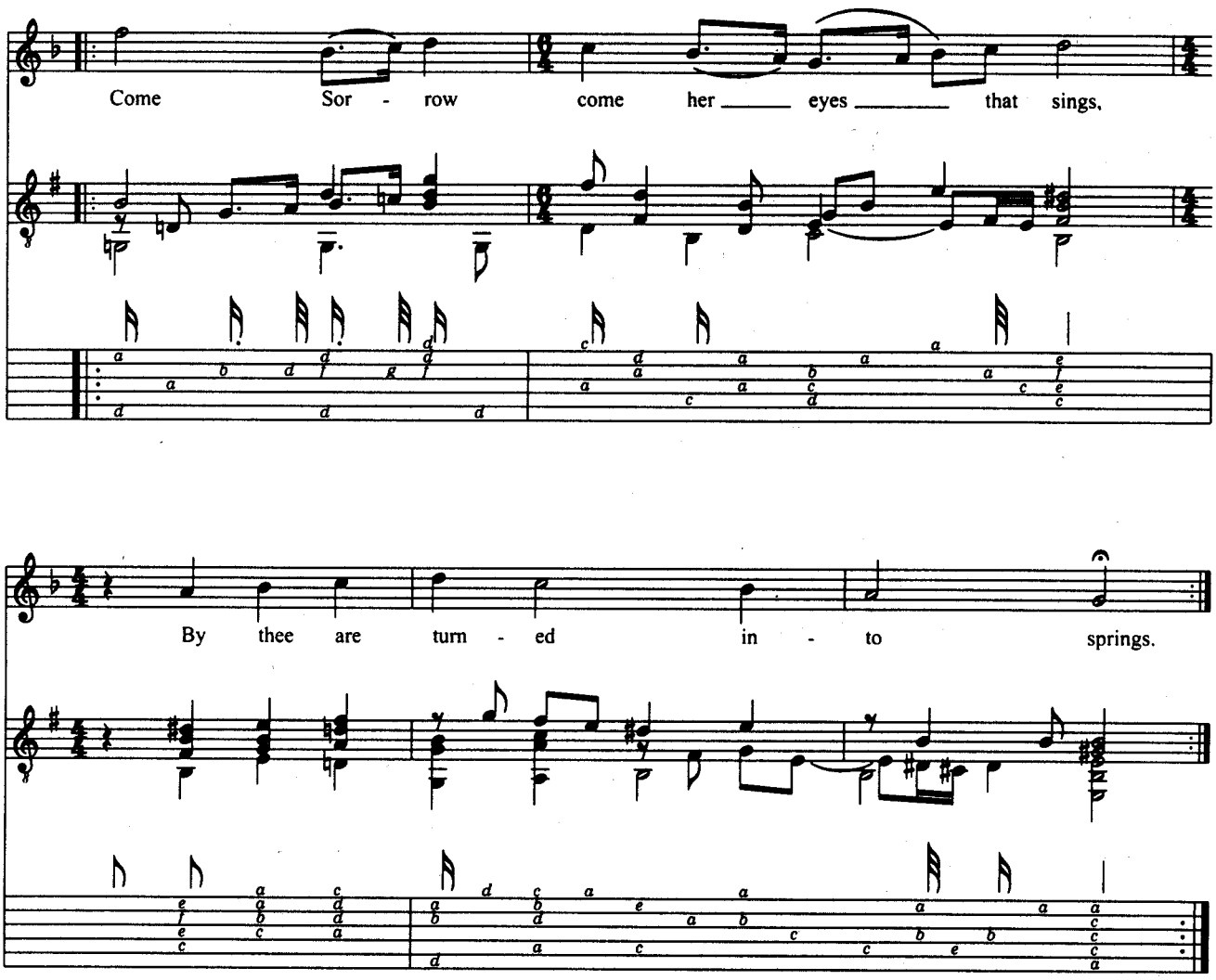
One man hath but one soul,
Which art cannot divide,
If all one soul must love,
Two loves must be denied.
One soul, one love,
By faith and merit united cannot remove,
Distracted sprites,
Are ever changing and hapless in their delights.

3

Nature two eyes hath giv'n,
All beauty to impart,
As well in earth as heav'n,
But she hath giv'n one heart.
That though we see,
Ten thousand beauties yet in us one should be,
One steadfast love,
Because our hearts stand fix'd although our eyes doth move.

XIV. Come ye heavy states of night





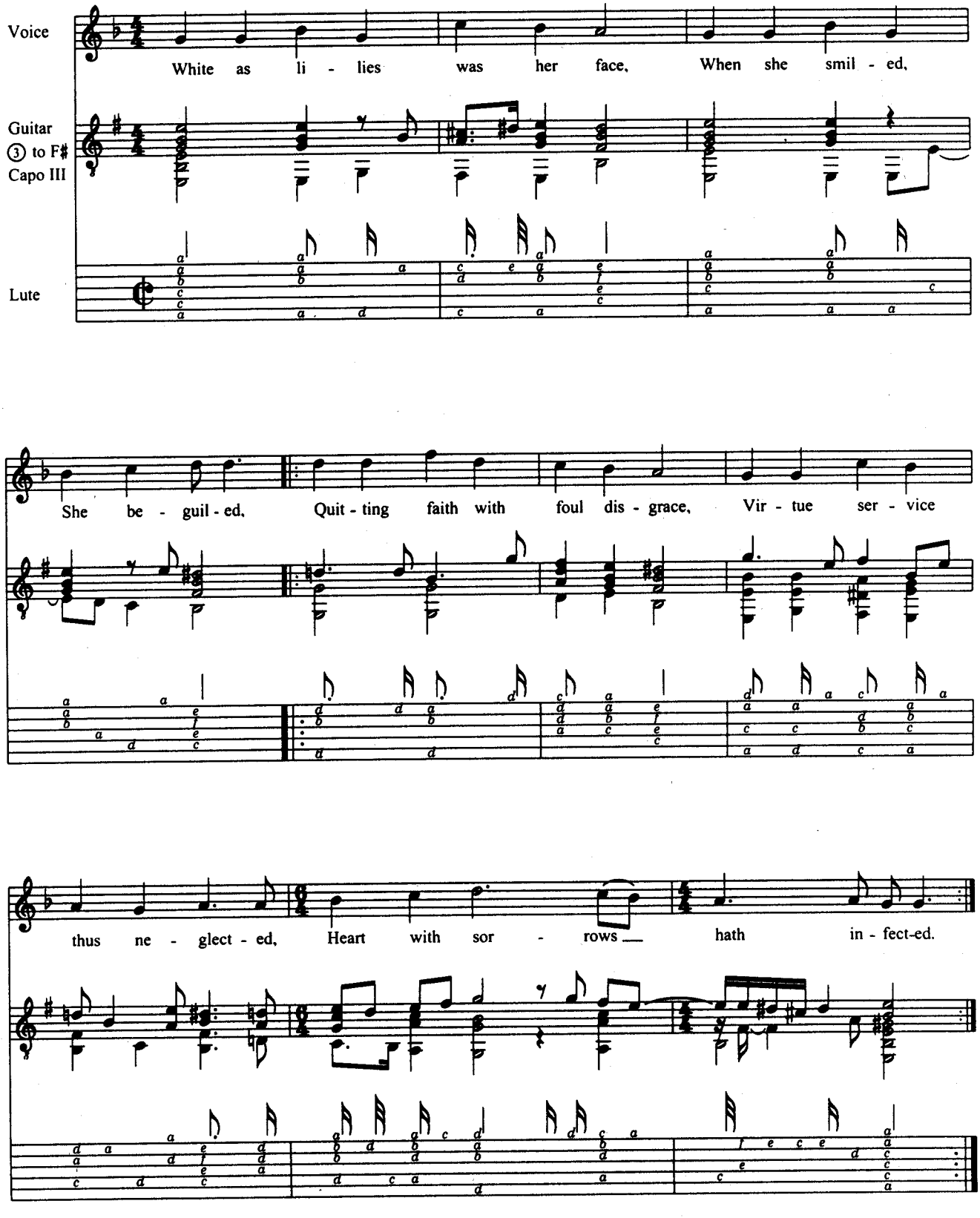
1

Come ye heavy states of night,
Do my father's spirit right,
Soundings baleful let me borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow,
Come Sorrow come her eyes that sings,
By thee are turned into springs.

2

Come you virgins of the night,
That in dirges sad delight,
Choir my anthems, I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow,
Come Sorrow come her eyes that sings,
By thee are turned into springs.

XV. White as lilies was her face



1

White as lilies was her face,
When she smiled, she beguiled,
  Quitting faith with foul disgrace,
  Virtue service thus neglected,
  Heart with sorrows hath infected.

2

When I swore my heart her own,
She disdained, I complained,
  Yet she left me overthown,
  Careless of my bitter groaning,
  Ruthless bent to no relieving.

3

Vows and oaths and faith assur'd,
Constant ever, changing never,
  Yet she could not be procur'd,
  To believe my pains exceeding,
  From her scant neglect proceeding.

4

O that love should have the art,
By surmises, and disguises,
  To destroy a faithful heart,
  Or that wanton-looking women,
  Should reward their friends as foemen.

5

All in vain 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.

6

To thyself the sweetest fair,
Thou hast wounded, and confounded,
  Changeless faith with foul despair,
  And my service hath envied,
  And my succours hath denied.

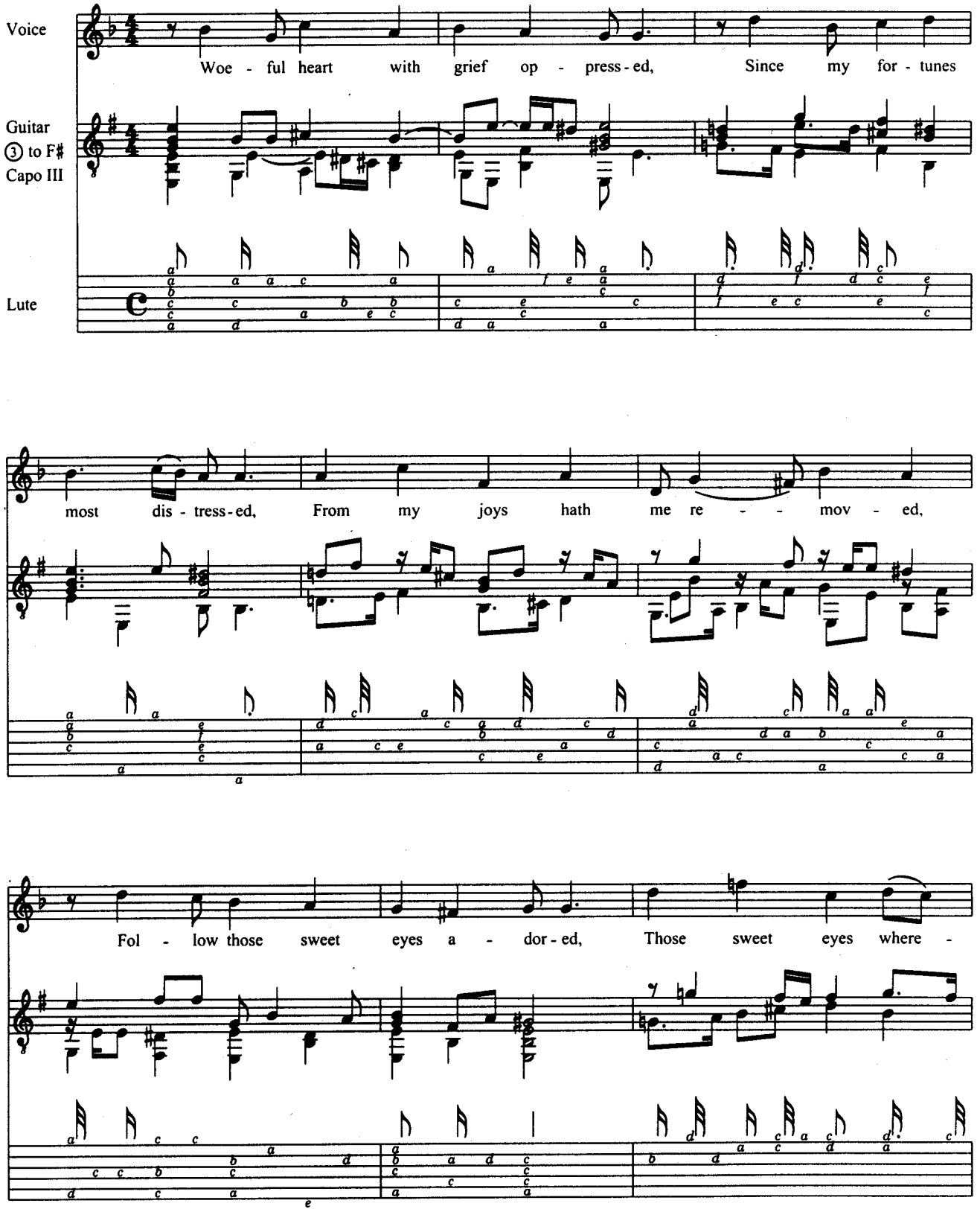
7

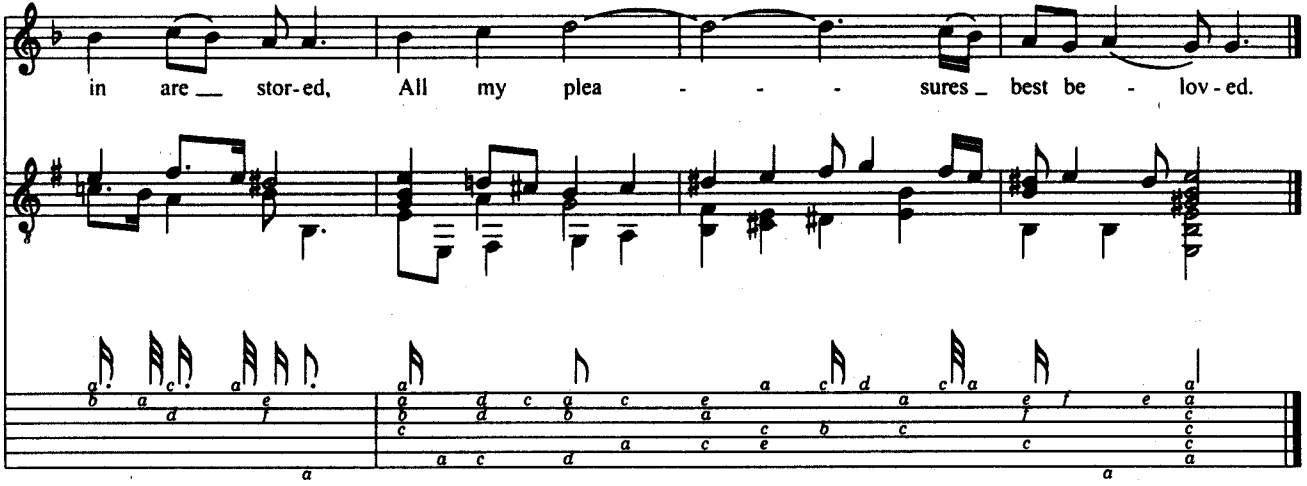
By thine error thou hast lost,
Heart unfeigned, Truth unstained,
  And the swain that loved most,
  More assur'd in love than many,
  More despis'd in love than any.

8

For my heart though set at nought,
Since you will it, spoil and kill it,
  I will never change my thoughts,
  But grieve that Beauty e'er was borne.
  [A fifth line does not appear in the original.]

XVI. Woeful heart





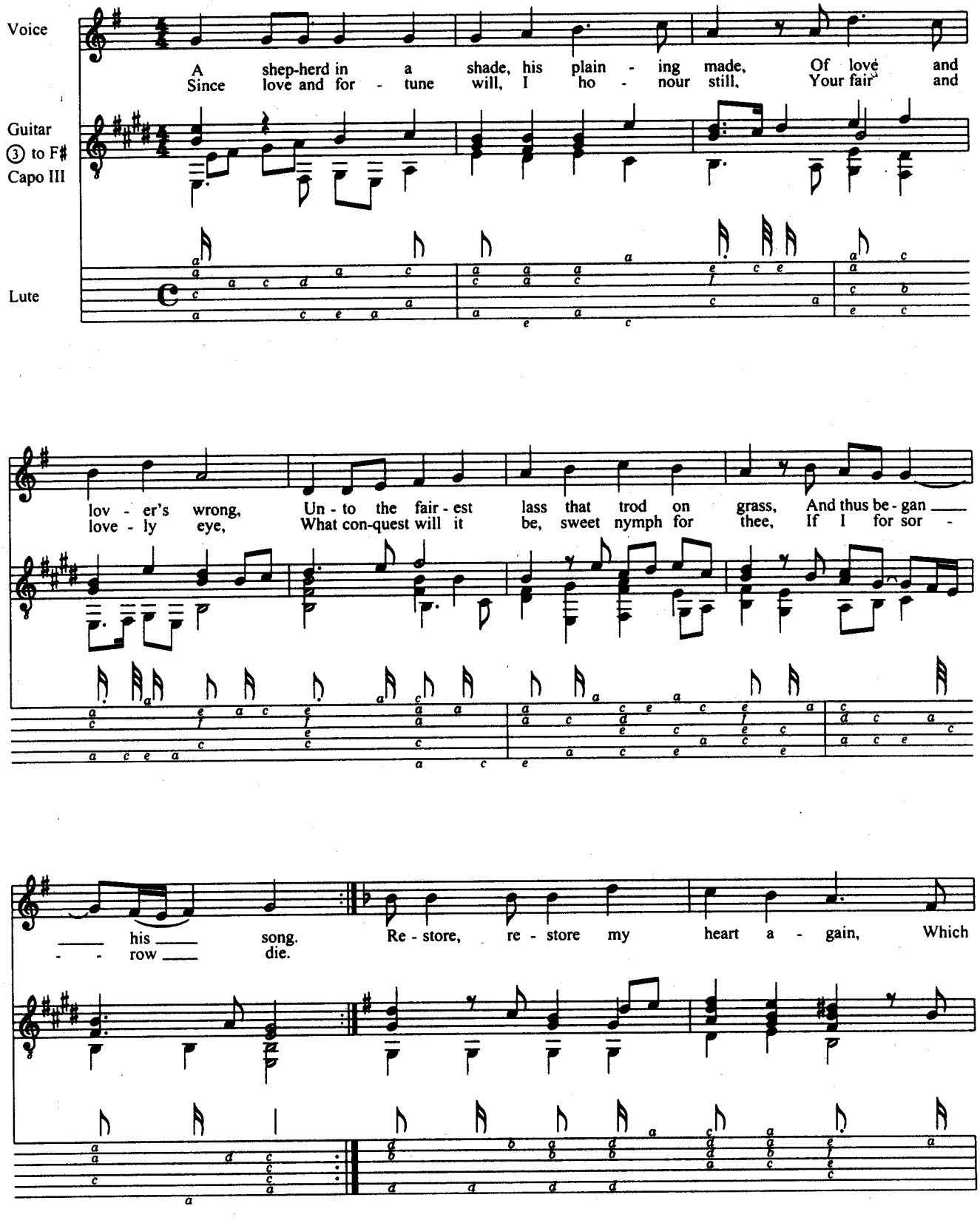
1

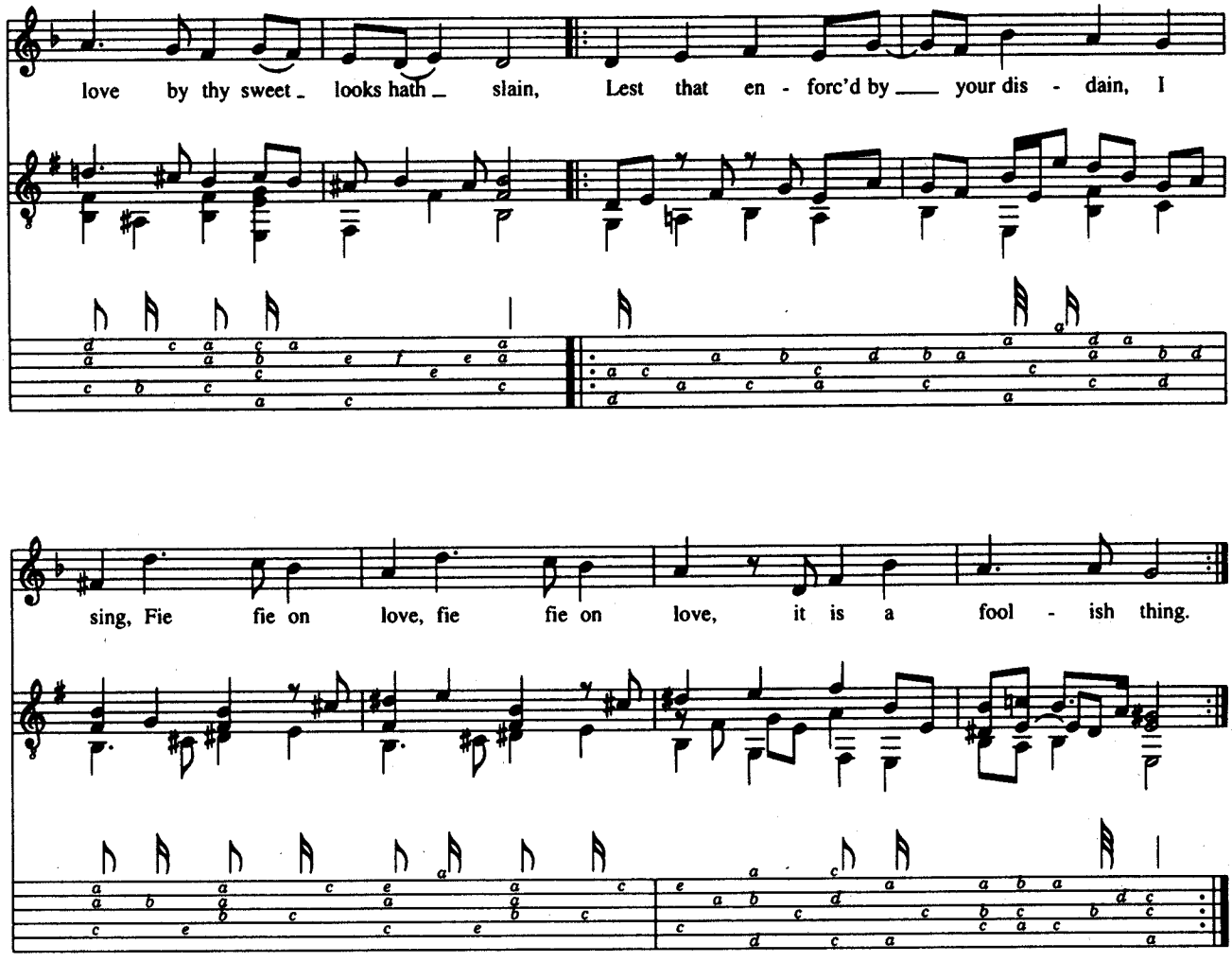
Woeful heart with grief oppressed,
Since my fortunes most distressed,
From my joys hath me removed,
Follow those sweet eyes adored,
Those sweet eyes wherein are stored,
All my pleasures best beloved.

2

Fly my breast, leave me forsaken,
Wherein Grief his seat hath taken,
All his arrows through me darting,
Thou may'st live by her sun-shining,
I shall suffer no more pining,
By thy loss, than by her parting.

XVII. A shepherd in a shade





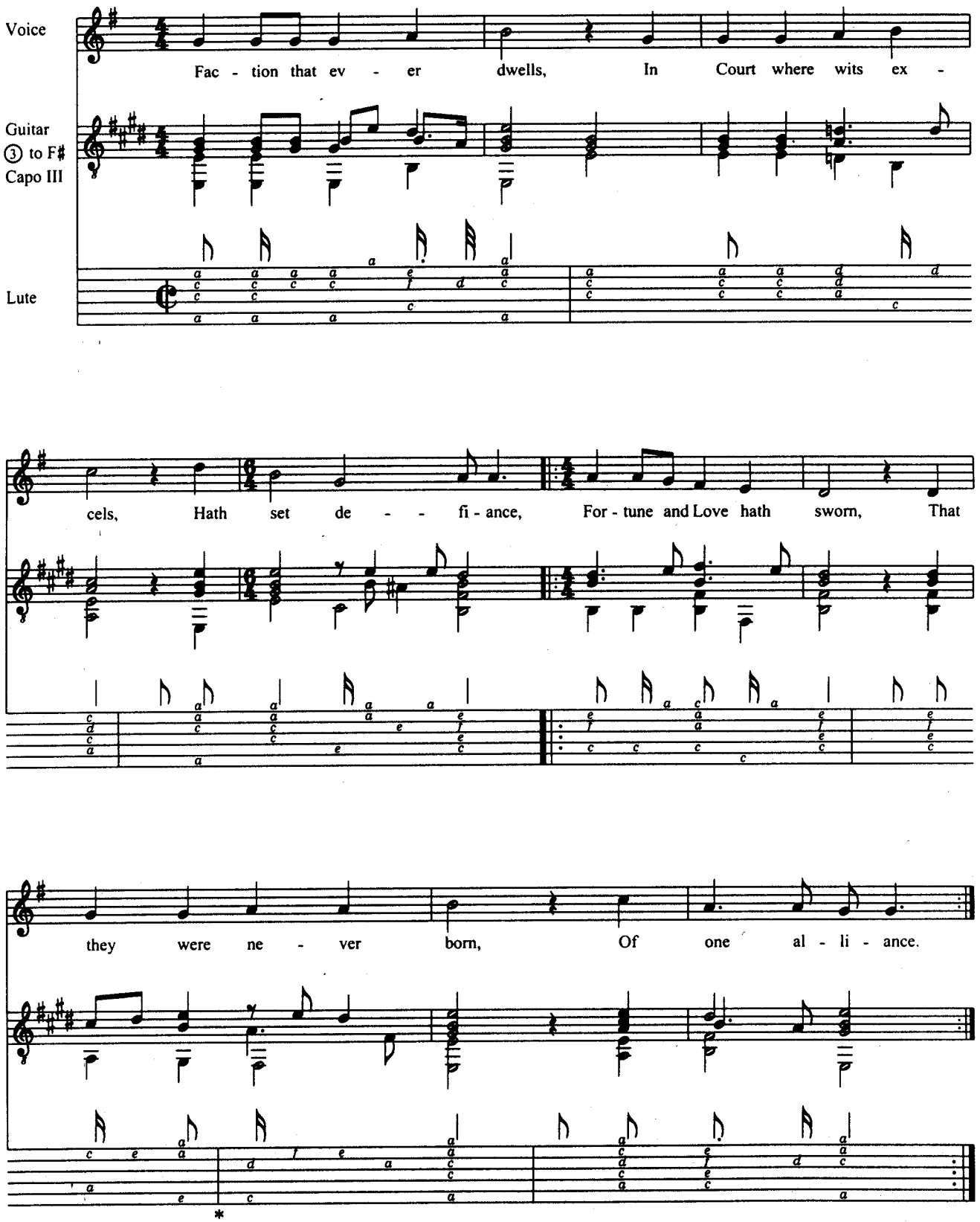
1

A shepherd in a shade, his plaining made,
Of love and lover's wrong,
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
And thus began his song.
Since love and fortune will, I honour still,
Your fair and lovely eye,
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph for thee,
If I for sorrow die.
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that enforc'd by your disdain, I sing,
Fie fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

2

My heart where have you laid, O cruel maid,
To kill when you might save,
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave.
O let it be entomb'd and lie,
In your sweet mind and memory,
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
Fie fie on love, that is a foolish thing.

XVIII. Faction that ever dwells



* no barline in voice

1

Faction that ever dwells,
In Court where wits excels,
  Hath set defiance,
Fortune and Love hath sworn,
That they were never born,
  Of one alliance.

2

Fortunes swears, weakest hearts
The book of Cupid's arts
  Turn with her wheel,
Senses themselves shall prove
Venture her place in love
  Ask them that feel.

3

This discord it begot
Atheist, that Honour not
  Nature thought good,
Fortune should ever dwell
In Court where wits excel
  Love keep the wood.

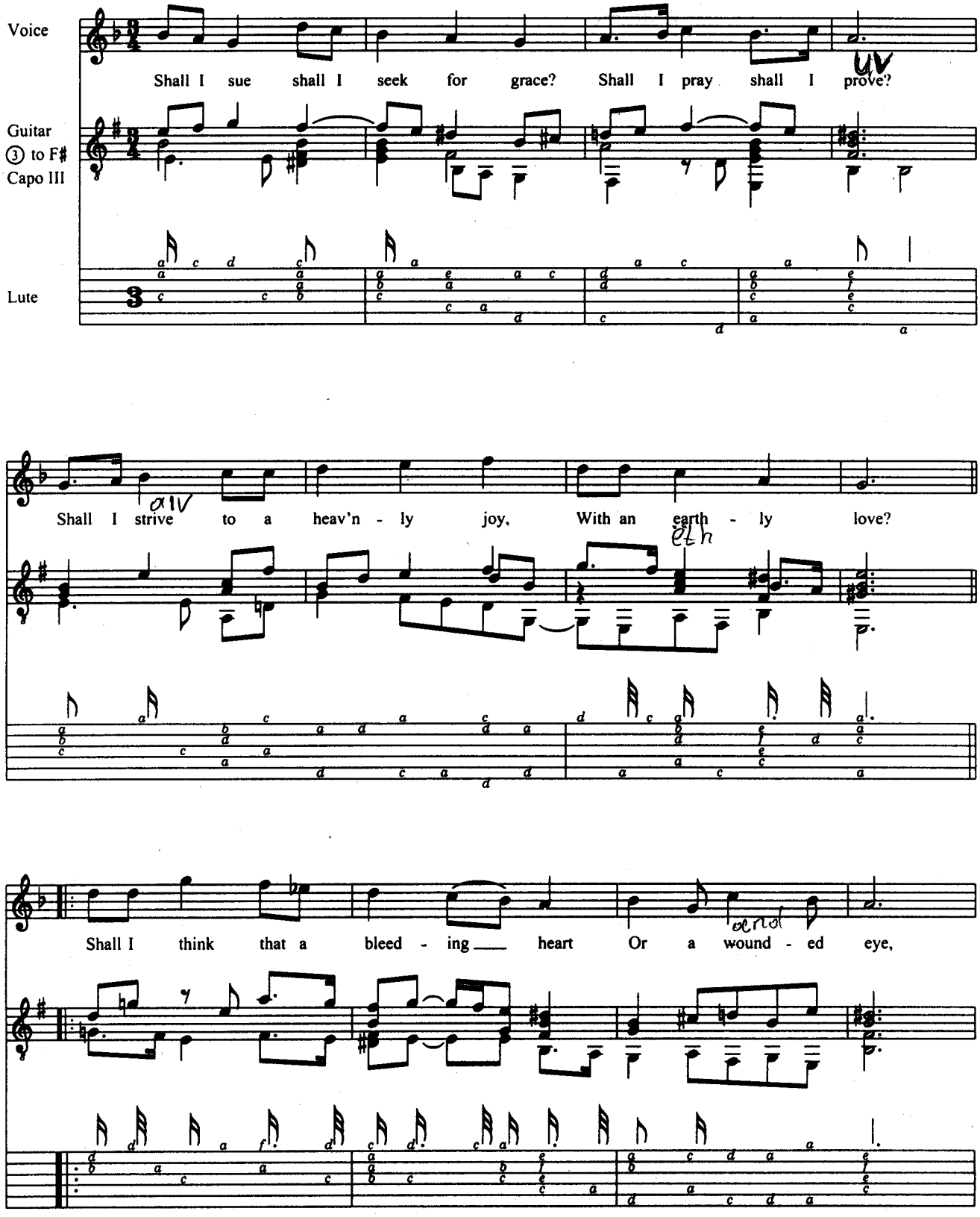
4

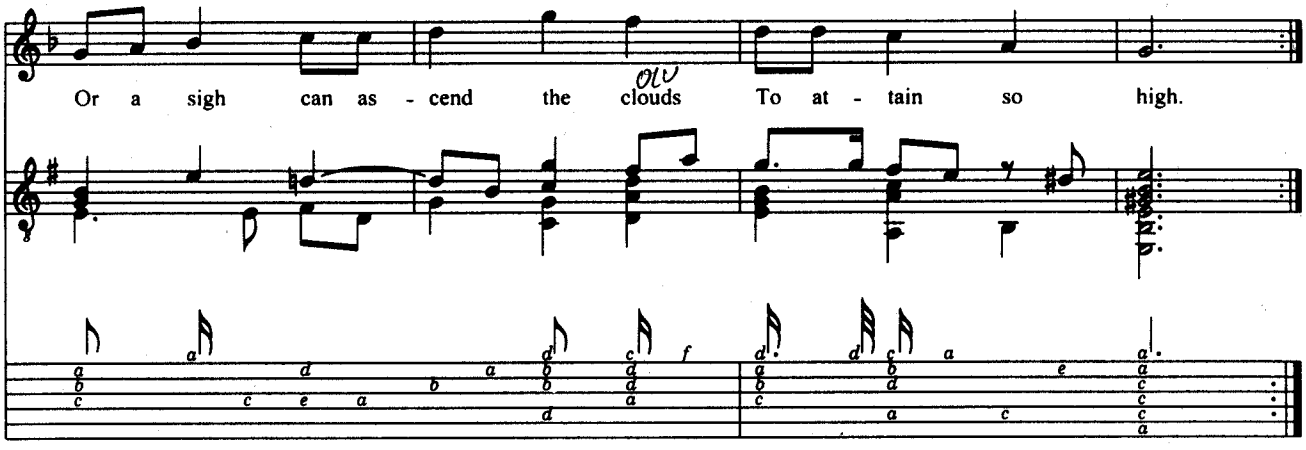
So to the wood went I
With Love to live and die
  Fortune forlorn,
Experience of my youth
Made me think humble Truth
  In desert born.

5

My Saint is dear to me,
And Joan herself is she
  Joan fair and true,
Joan that doth ever move,
Passions of love with love
  Fortune adieu.

XIX. Shall I sue





1

Shall I sue shall I seek for grace?
Shall I pray shall I prove?
Shall I strive to a heav'nly joy,
With an earthly love?
Shall I think that a bleeding heart
Or a wounded eye,
Or a sigh can ascend the clouds
To attain so high.

2

Silly wretch forsake these dreams,
Of a vain desire,
O bethink what high regard,
Holy hopes do require.
Favour is as fair as things are,
Treasure is not bought,
Favour is not won with words,
Nor the wish of a thought.

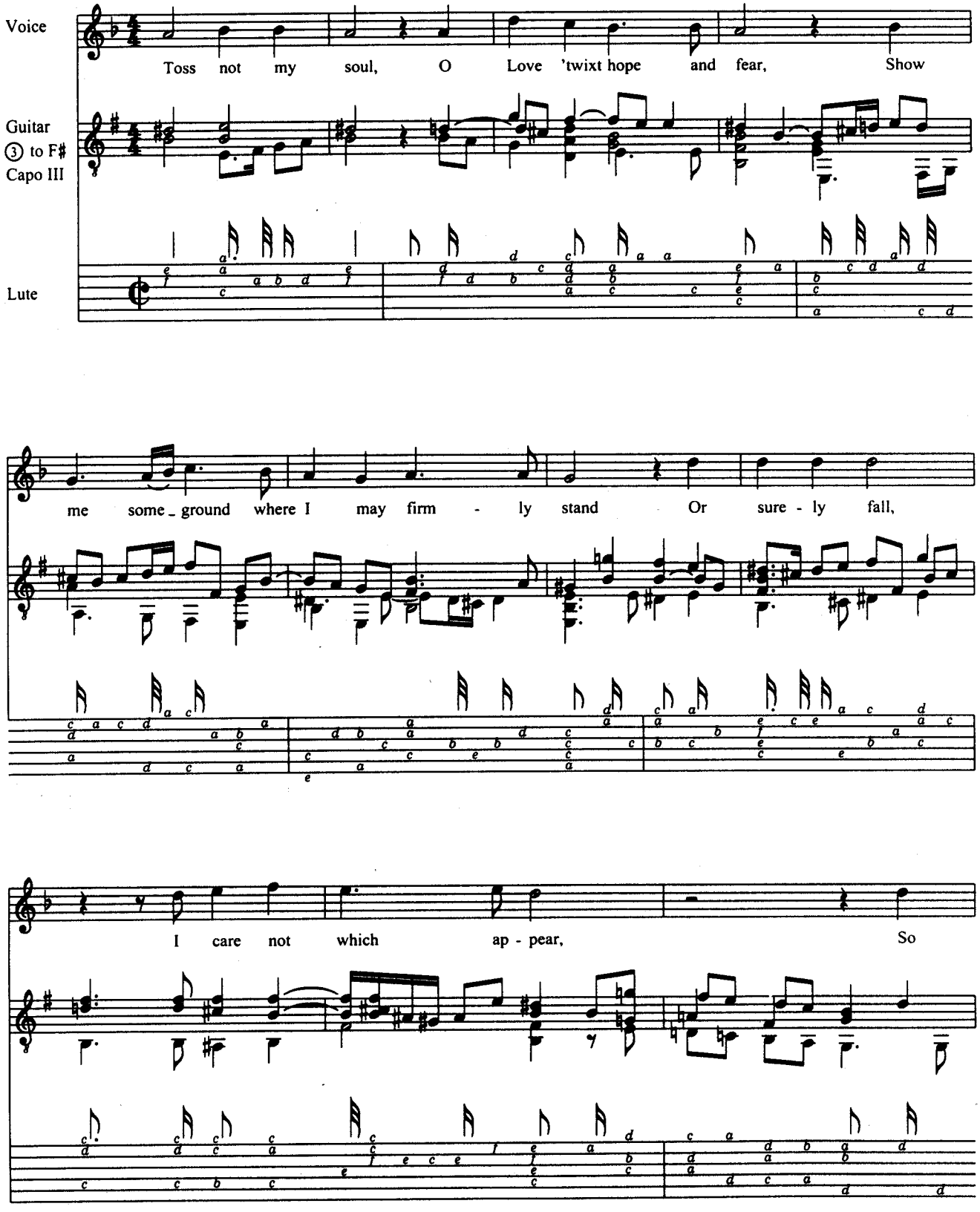
3

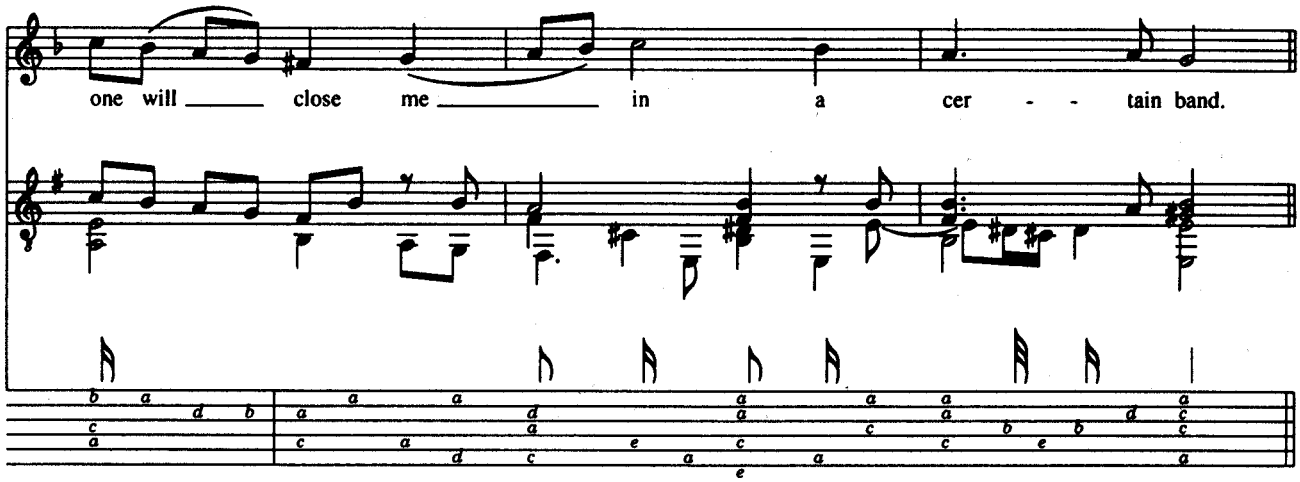
Pity is but a poor defence,
For a dying heart,
Ladies' eyes respect no moan,
In a mean desert.
She is too worth fair,
For a worth so base,
Cruel and but just is she,
In my just disgrace.

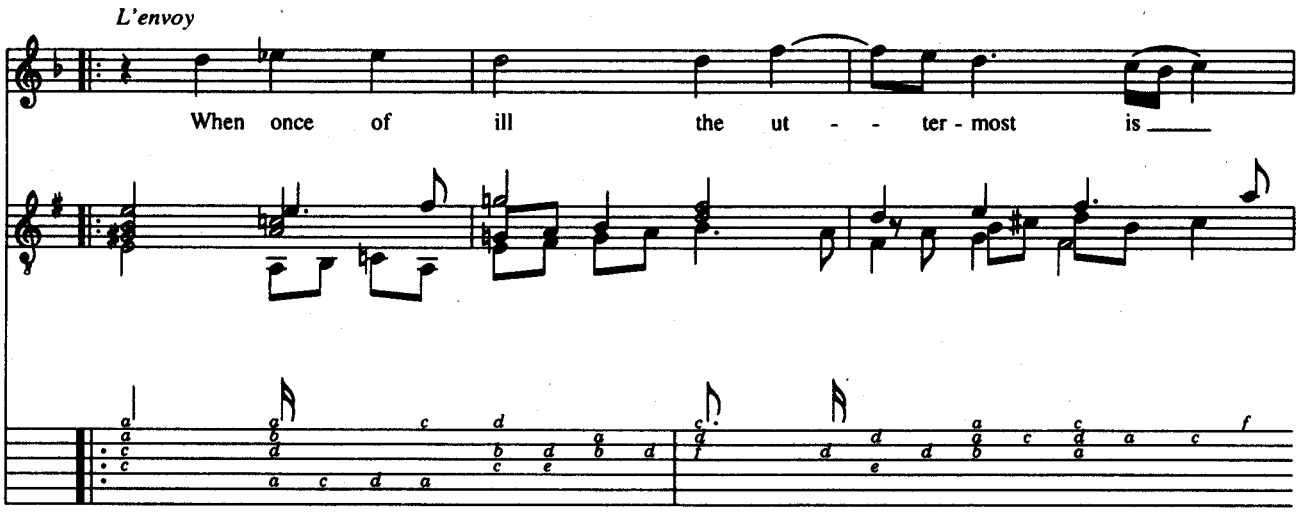
4

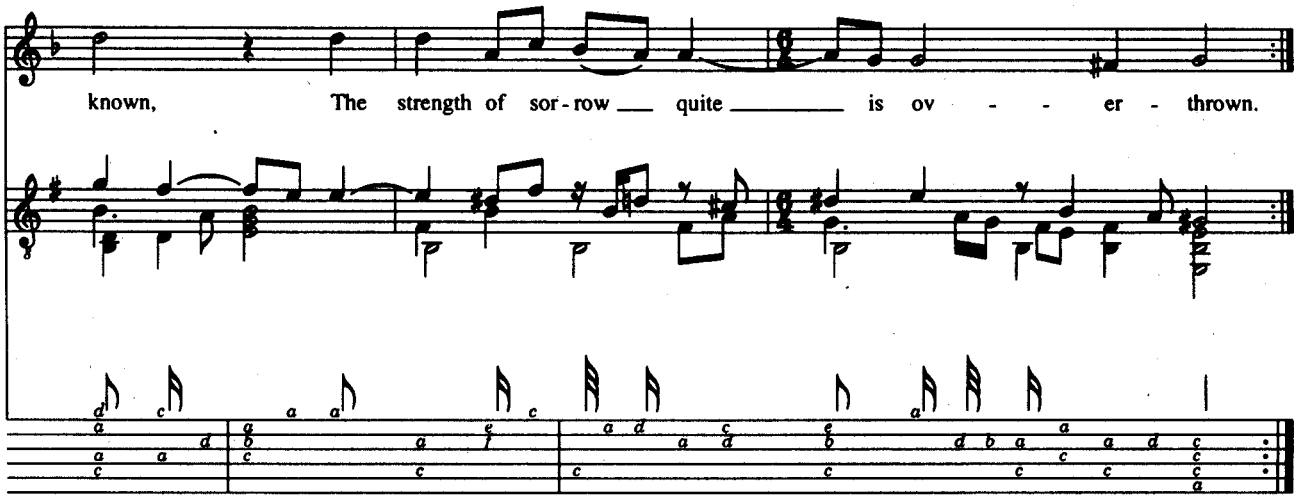
Justice gives each man his own,
Though my love be just,
Yet will not she pity my grief,
Therefore die I must.
Silly heart then yield to die,
Perish in despair,
Witness yet how fain I die,
When I die for the fair.

XX. Toss not my soul




one will close me in a cer - - tain band.


L'envoy
When once of ill the ut - - ter - most is


known, The strength of sor - row quite is ov - - er - thrown.

1

Toss not my soul, O Love 'twixt hope and fear,
Show me some ground where I may firmly stand
Or surely fall, I care not which appear,
So one will close me in a certain band.

L'envoy

When once of ill the uttermost is known,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

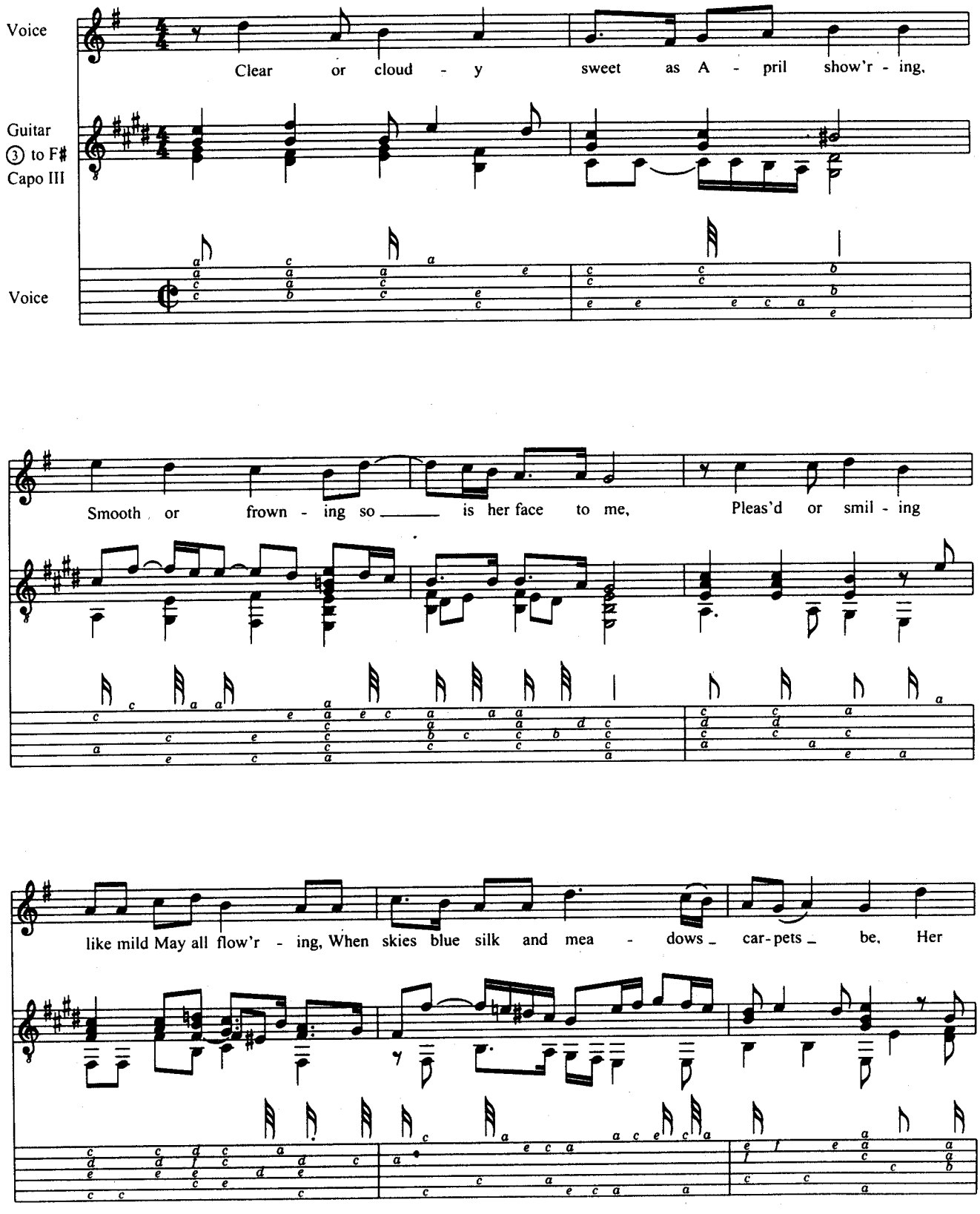
2

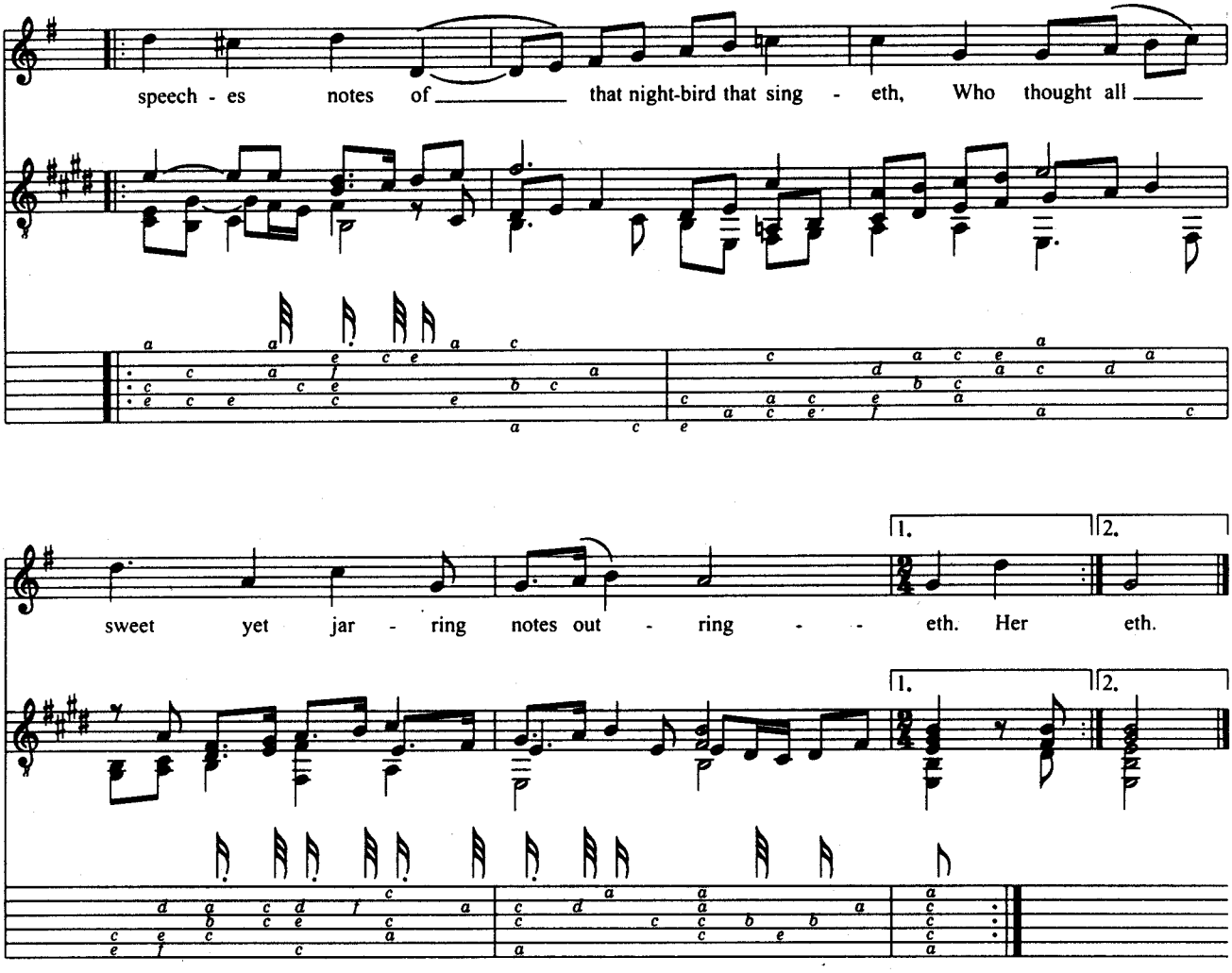
Take me Assurance to thy blissful hold,
Or thou Despair unto thy darkest cell.
Each hath full rest, the one in joys enrolled,
Th'other, in that he fears no more, is well:

L'envoy

When once of ill the uttermost is known,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

XXI. Clear or cloudy





1

Clear or cloudy sweet as April show'ring,
Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring,
When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,
Her speeches notes of that night-bird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes out-ringeth.

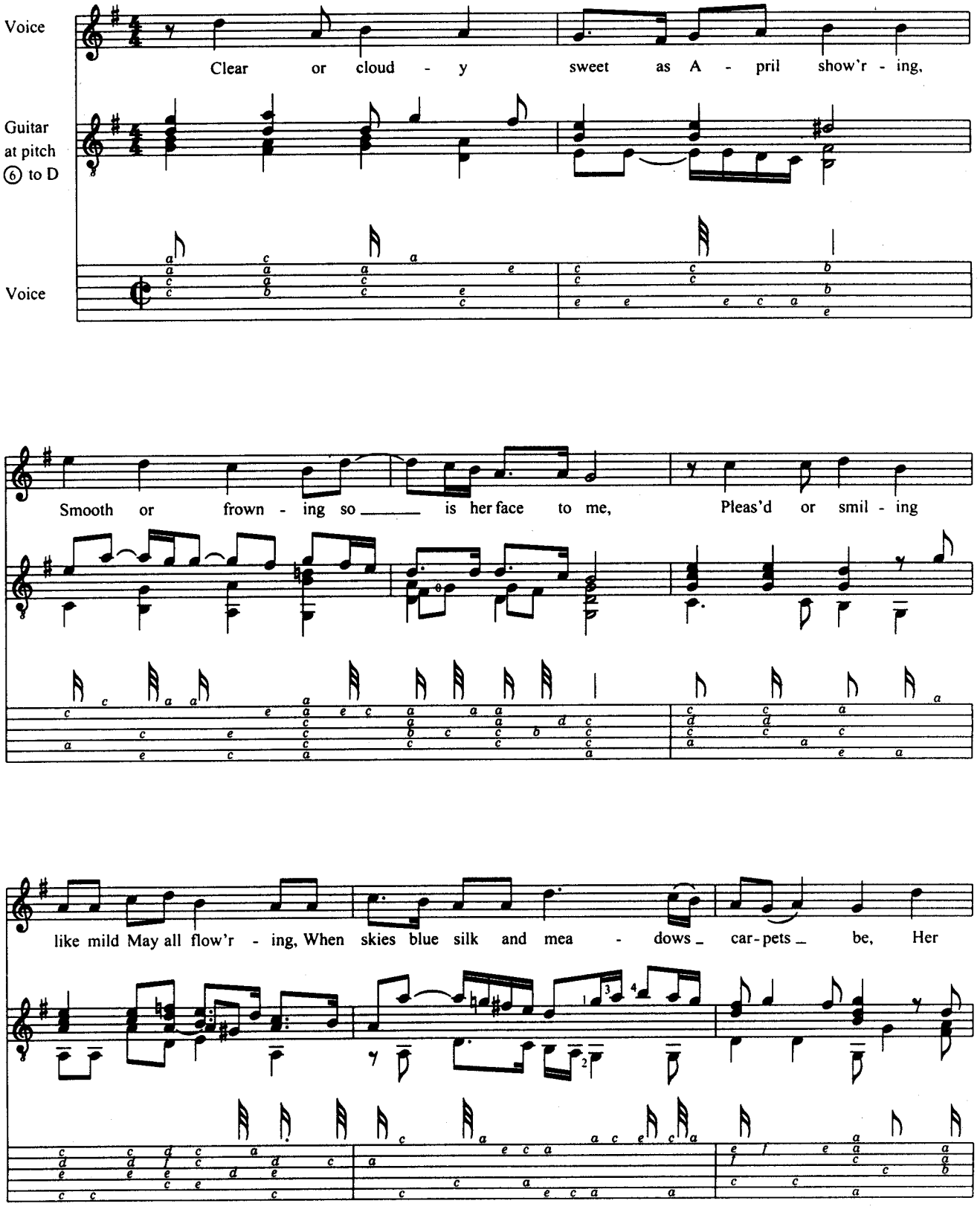
2

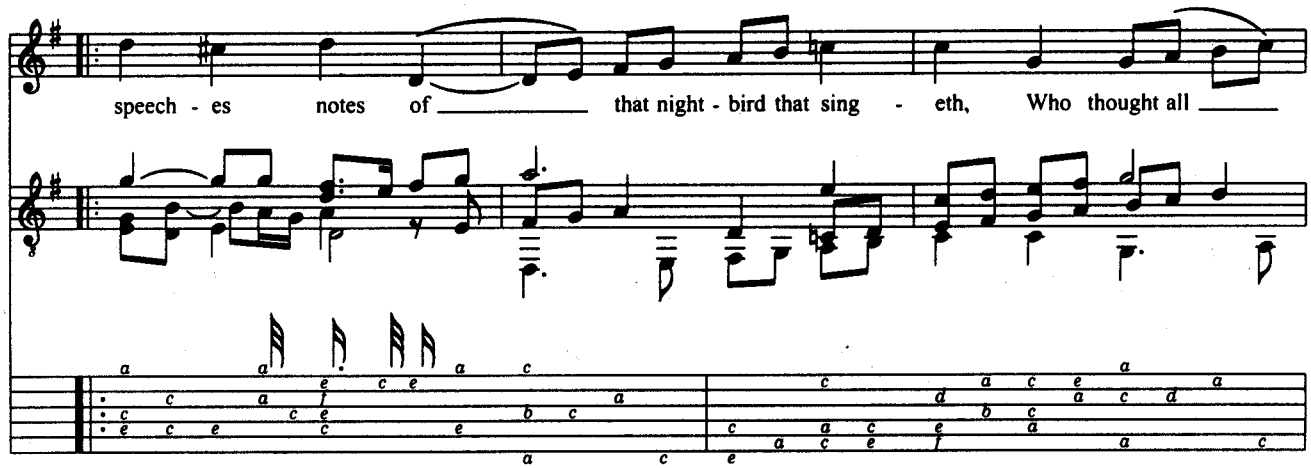
Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimm'd,
In best attire of complete beauty's height,
Her love again like summer's days be dimm'd,
With little clouds of doubtful constant faith,
Her trust her doubt, like rain and heat in skies,
Gently thund'ring, she lightning to mine eyes.

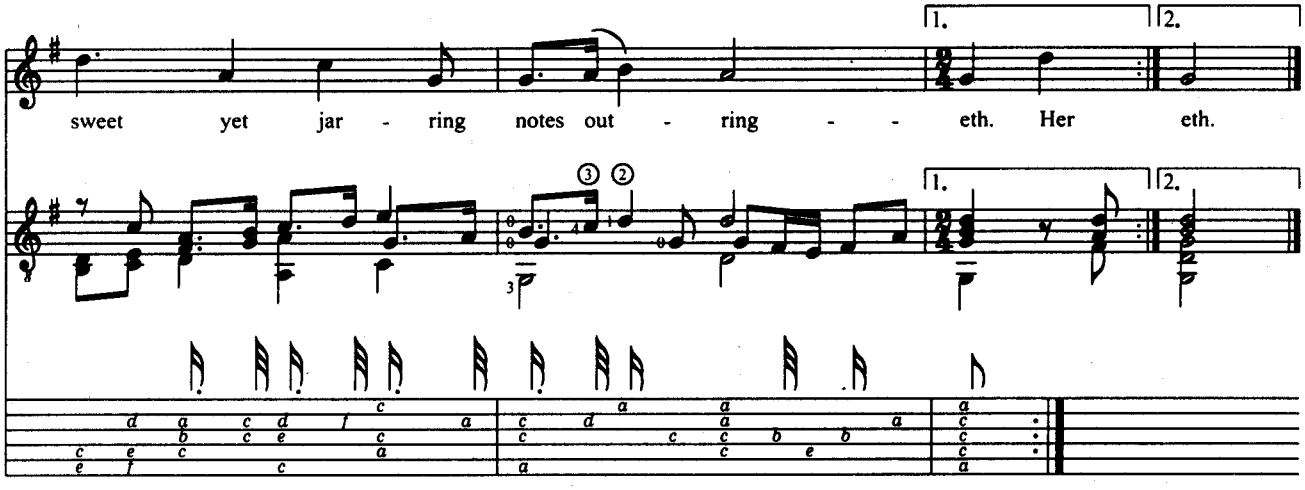
3

Sweet-Summer-spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weeds as into healing herbs and flow'rs,
And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming and some being yours,
Rain on your herbs and flow'rs that truly serve,
And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.

XXIa. Clear or cloudy







1

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Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring,
When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,
Her speeches notes of that night-bird that singeth,
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And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
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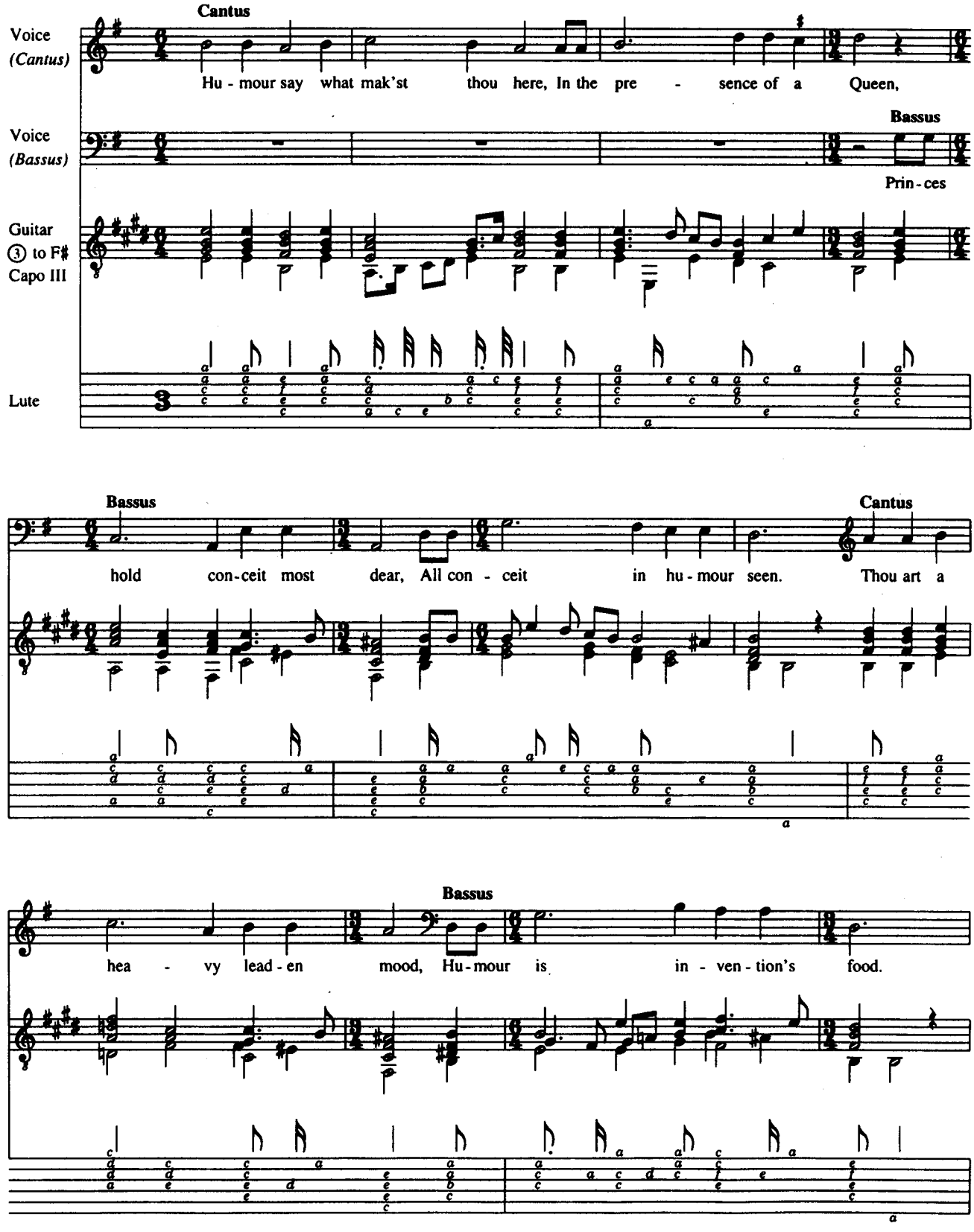
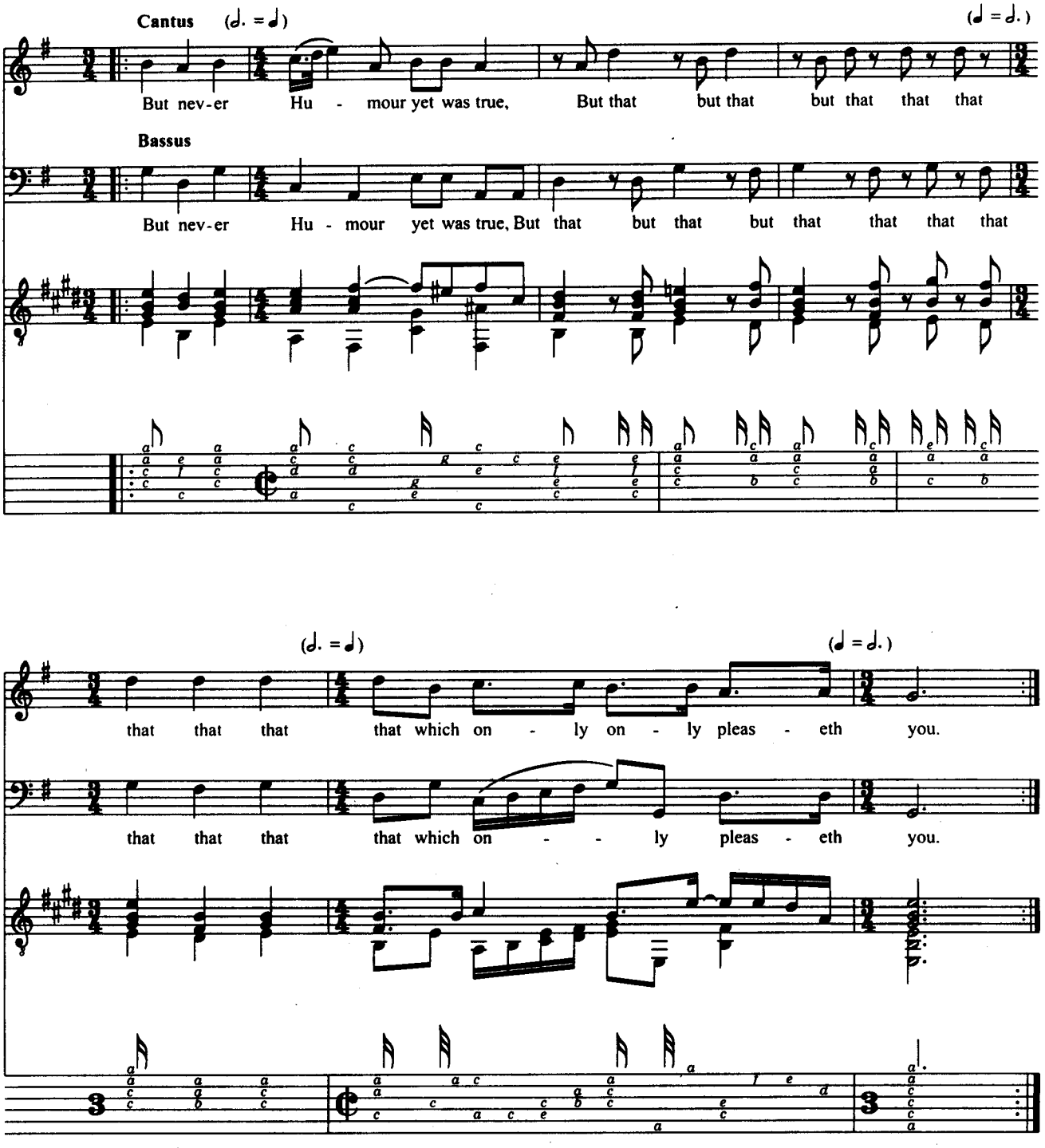
Rain on your herbs and flow'rs that truly serve,
And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.

XXII. Humour say what mak'st thou here

a Dialogue





1

Cantus: Humour say what mak'st thou here,
In the presence of a Queen,
Bassus: Princes hold conceit most dear,
All conceit in humour seen.
Cantus: Thou art a heavy leaden mood,
Bassus: Humour is invention's food.
Both: But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you.

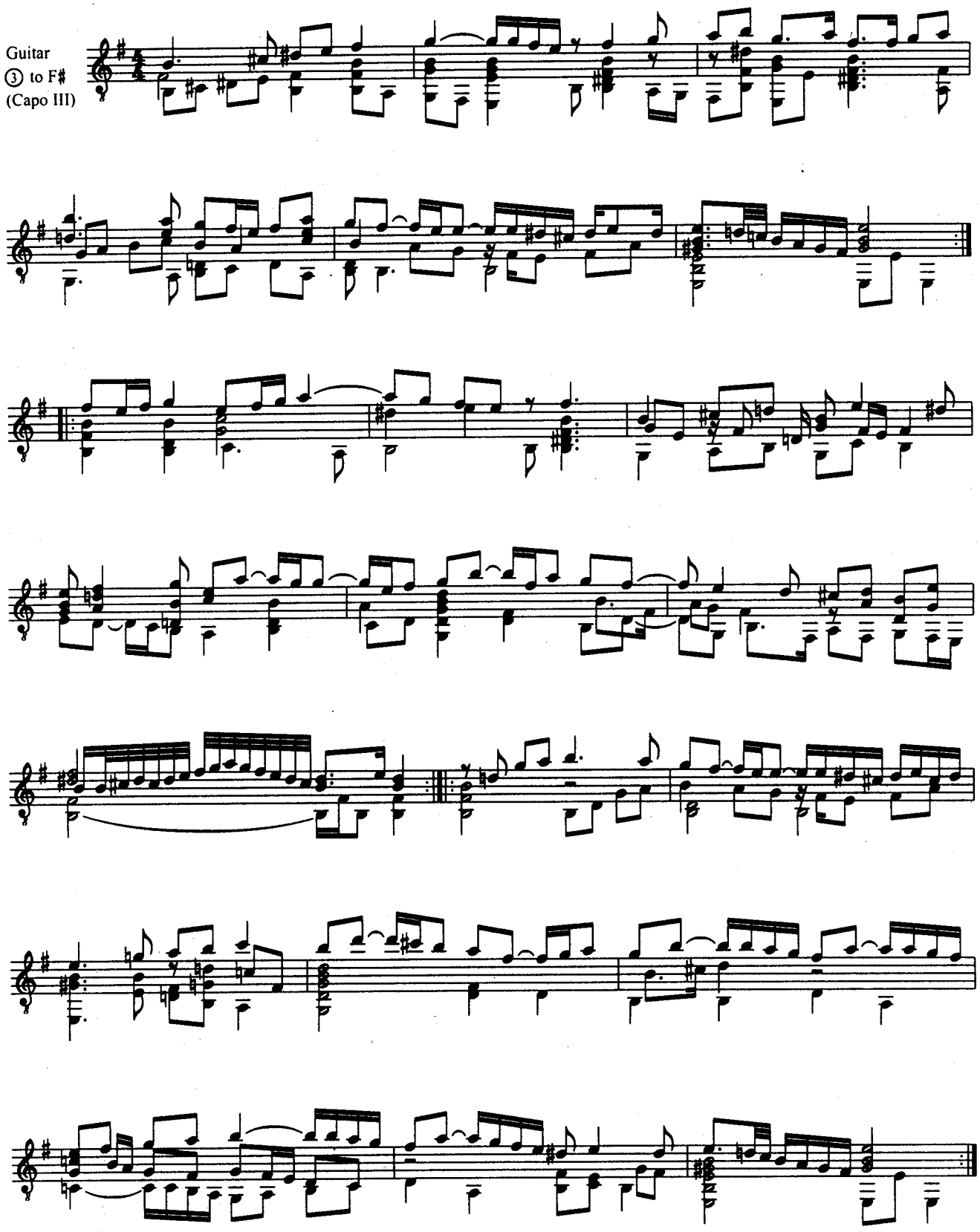
2

Cantus: O, I am as heavy as earth,
Say then who is Humour now.
Bassus: I am now inclined to mirth,
Humour I as well as thou.
Cantus: Why then 'tis I am drowned in woe,
Bassus: No, no Wit is cherish'd so,
Both: But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you.

3

Cantus: Mirth then is drown'd in Sorrow's brim,
O, in sorrow all things sleep.
Bassus: No, no fool the light'st things swim,
Heavy things sink to the deep.
Cantus: In her presence all things smile,
Bassus: Humour frolic then awhile.
Both: But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you.

Dowland's adieu for Master Oliver Cromwell



END OF EDITION