

XV	10	Cantus	1	# om.	XVIII	11	Lyra	1	G	XIX	8	Lyra	6	# om.
XVI	7	Lute	7	#	XVIII	11	Lyra	2	e	XIX	14	Lyra	6	# om.
XVI	10	Lyra	2	g om.	XVIII	11	Lyra	3	b b	XX	8	Lute	8	b om.
XVII	5	Lyra	14	# om.	XVIII	13	Lyra	2	a om.	XX	11	Bass	3	b om.
XVIII	8	Lute	9	a	XVIII	21	Lute	11	b om.	XXI	5	Lute	11	eb'

Song Lyrics

I. Loue wing'd my hopes

Loue wing'd my hopes and taught me howe to flie
 Farre from bafe earth but not to mount too high,
 for true pleasure
 lives in meafure,
 which if men forfake
 Blinded they into follie runne, and griebe for pleasure take.

But my vaine hopes proude of their new taught flight,
 Enamour'd fought to woo the Sunnes fayre light,
 whose rich brightnesse
 mooued their lightnesse
 to aspire fo hye,

That all forcht and confum'd with fire, now drowned in woe they lye.

And none but loue their wofull hap did rue,
 For loue did know that their desires were true,
 though fate frowned,
 and now drowned,
 they in forrow dwell,

It was the purest light of heauen, for whose fayre loue they fell.

II. My loue bound me with a kifse

My loue bound me with a kifse,
 That I should no longer stay,
 When I felt fo sweete a blifse,
 I had lesse power to part away,
 Alas, alas, that women do not know,
 Kifses makes men loath to goe.

Yes she knowes it but too well,
 For I heard when Venus doue
 In her care did softlie tell,
 That kifses were the feales of loue,
 Oh mufe not then though it be fo,
 Kifses makes men loth to goe.

Wherefore did she thus inflame,
 My desires heat my blood,
 Instantlie to quench the fame,
 And starue whome she had giuen food.
 I, I, the common fence can show,
 Kifses make men loath to go.

Had she bid me go at first
 It would nere haue greued my hart,
 Hope delaide had beene the worst,
 But ah to kifse and then to part,
 How deepe it strucke, speake Gods you know
 Kifses make men loth to goe.

III. O how my thoughts doe beat me

O how my thoughts do beate me,
 Which by deepe sighs intreat thee,
 Hey ho, fie fie, what a thing is this
 Thus to lie still when we might kifs,
 And play, and foole
 Heere in the coole
 Of the stillest cleereft sweetest euening,
 Philomel did euer choose for finging.

See how my lips complaine them,
 Thy lips should thus detaine them,
 Aye me harke how the Nightingales,
 In the darke each to other to cals,
 Whilft thou, O thou,
 Dar'ft not avow,
 The enjoying of the truest pleasure,
 Loue did euer hoord vp in his treasure.

III. Dreames and Imaginations

Dreames and Imaginations
 Are all the recreations absence can gaine me.
 Dreames when I wake confound me,
 Thoughts for her sake doth wound me left she diddaine me,
 Then finging let me lie,
 Or thinking let me die, / since loue haue flaine me.

Dreames are but coward and doe,
 Much good they dare not stand too, / Asham'd of the morrow,
 Thoughts like a child that winketh,
 Hee's not beguiled that thinketh, / Hath peir'ft me thorow,
 Both filling me with bliffes,
 Both killing me with kifses, / dying in forrow.

Dreames with their false pretences,
 And thoughts confounds my senses, / In the conclusion,
 Which like a glasse did shew mee,
 What came to passe and threw mee / Into confusion,
 Shee made mee leaue all other,
 Yet had she got another, / This was abusio.

V. Me thought this other night

Me thought this other night,
 I saw a pretie sight that pleaf'd me much,
 A faire and comly maide
 not squemish nor afraid to let me tuch,
 Our lips most swetly kifsing each other neuer misfing
 Her smyling lookes did shew content
 And that shee did but what shee meant.

And as her lips did moue,
 The eccho still was loue, / loue loue me sweete,
 Then with a maiden blufh,
 Instead of crying pifh / Our lips did meete,
 With Muficke sweetely founding,
 With pleasures all abounding,
 We kept the burden of the song,
 Which was that loue should take no wrong.

And yet as maidens vse,
 She seemed to refuse, / The name of loue,
 Vntill I did protest,
 That I did loue her best, / And so will proue.
 With that as both amazed,
 Each at the other gazed,
 My eyes did see, my hands did feele,
 Her eyes of fire, her breft of steele.

Oh when I felt her breft,
 Where loue it selfe did rest, / My loue was such,
 I could haue beene content,

My best bloud to haue spent, / In that sweete tutch.
But now comes that which vex vs,
There was a bar betwixt vs,
A bar that bard me from that part,
Where nature did contend with art.

If euer loue had power,
To fend one happie houre, / Then shew thy might,
And take such bars away,
Which are the onely stay / Of louses delight.
All this was but a dreaming,
Although another meaning,
Dreames may proue true, as thoughts are free,
I will loue you, you may loue mee.

VI. Who fo is tide

Who fo is tide must needs be bound,
And he thats bound can not be free,
Who fo is lost is hardly found
And he that[s] blind is hard to see,
Who fo is watcht with jealous eies
Must sit vp late, and early rise.

He may well write that cannot come,
And fend his eyes to plead his case,
He may well looke that must be dum,
Vntill he find both time and place,
He that is tyde to houres and times,
Though not himselfe may fend his rimes.

What hap haue they who doth abound,
With all things that the earth doth beare,
And yet for want some time doth found,
Breathing a life twixt hope and feare,
Alas poore foule my case is such,
I want my will, yet haue too much.

I would, but dare not what I would,
I dare, but cannot what I dare,
I can, but must not if I could,
I can, I must, I will not spare,
I write no more, but shall I come,
I faie no more, but closely mume.

VII. Fie fie

Fie fie fie, what a coile is heere,
Why strive you so to get a kifse,
Doe, doe what you will,
You shall be ne[er]e¹ the neere,
Had I been willing
So to be billing,
You had preuailed long ere this,
Sweete, stand away, let me alone,
Or els in faith, Ile get me gone.

Come come come doe you not percieue,
I am not yet dispos'd to yeeld,
Staie staie staie but a while,
My loue will giue you leaue,
This my denyall,
Is but a tryall,
If faint desire will flie the field,
Whoop looke you now, I pray be still,
Naie then in faith doe what you will.

VIII. Beauty stand further

Beauty stand further,
Repine not at my blaming

1. never

Is it not murther
To fet my hart on flaming
Thus hopeles to take
Bare fight of such a glorie
Doth tempt me to make
My death beget another storie,
Then pitie, pitie me leaft some worfe thing ensue it,
My deaths true cause will force thy gilt to rue it.

Is it not better,
To loue thy friend in good sort,
Then to be debter,
For kindnesse name to report,
If you had the leffe,
For this rich mercie lending,
Then should I confesse,
No thrift were in such spending.
Oh pittie me, the gaine shall be thine owne all,
I would but liue, to make thy vertues knowne all.

IX. Now what is loue

Now what is loue I pray thee tell,
It is that fountaine and that well,
Where pleasures and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps that fancefing bell²
That towles all in to heau'n or hell,
And this is loue as I heare tell.

Now what is loue I praie thee saie,
It is a worke on holy daie,
It is December match't with Maie,
When lustie blood in fresh arraie,
Heare ten monethes after of their plaie,
And this is loue as I heare saie.

Now what is loue I praie thee faine,
It is a Sunne-shine mixt with raine,
It is a gentle pleafing paine,
A flower that dyes and springs againe,
It is a noe that would full faine,
And this is loue as I heare faine.

Yet what is loue I praie thee saie,
It is a pretie shadie waie,
As well found out by night as daie,
It is a thing will foone decaie,
Then take the vantage whilst you maie,
And this is loue as I heare saie.

Now what is loue I praie thee show,
A thing that creepes it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one a thing for moe,
And he that proues shall find it so,
And this is loue as I well know.

X. Loues God is a boy

Loues god is a boy,
None but cowards regard him,
His dart is a toy,
Great opinion hath mard him,
The feare of the wagg
Hath made him so bragg,
Chide him, heele flie thee
And not come nie thee,
Little boy, pretty knaue, shoote not at randome,
For if you hit mee flauie, Ile tell your grandome.

2. A small bell rung at the Sanctus: after the Reformation, it was rung to hurry latecomers to services after the steeple bells had stopped.

Fond loue is a child,
And his compasse is narrow,
Yoong fooles are beguild
With the fame of his arrow,
He dareth not strike,
If his stroke do mislike,
Cupie doe you heare mee?
Come not too neere mee,

Little boy, pretie knaue, hence I befeech you,
For if I you hit me flauē, in faith Ile breech you.

Th'ape loues to meddle,
When he finds a man idle,
Else is he a flurting,
Where his marke is a courting,
When women grow true,
Come teach me to fue,
Then Ile come to thee,
Pray thee, and woo thee,

Little boy, pretie knaue, make me not stagger,
For if you hit me flauē, Ile call thee begger.

XI. Ouer these brookes

Over these brookes trusting to **cafe mine eies**,
Mine eies euen great in **labour with her teares**,
I laid my face **wherein there lies**,
Clusters of **cloudes, which no funne euer cleeres**,
In **watry glasse, my watry eies I see**,
Sorrowes ill **cafed where sorrowes pointed be**.

My thoughts imprifoned in my secreet woes,
With flamie breathes, doe iffue oft in found.
The found to this strange aire no fooner goes,
But that it doth with Ecchoes force rebound,
And make me heare the complaints I would refraine,
Thus outward helps my inward griefes maintaine.

Now in this fand I would discharge my mind,
And cast from me part of my burdnous cares,
But in the fand my tales foretold I find,
And see therein how well the waters fares,
Since streames, ayre, fand, mine eyes and eares conspire,
What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire.

XII. Whither runneth my sweet hart

Whither runneth my sweet hart,
Stay a while pree thee, / Not too fast,
To much haste / Maketh waste,

But if thou wilt needes be gone,
Take my loue with thee
Thy minde doth binde me to no vile condition
So doth thy truth preuent me of fuspition.

Go thy wayes then where thou please,
So I by thee / Daie and night
I delight / In thy fight,

Neuer grieffe on me did feaze
When thou wast nie mee.

My strength a[t] length, y scorn'd thy faire co[m]mandings
Hath not forgot the prife of rash withstandings.

Now my thoughts are free from strife,
Sweete let me kisse thee, / Now can I
Willingly / With to die,

For I doe but loath my life,
When I doe misse thee,
Come proue my loue, my hart is not disguifed,
Loue showne and knowne ought not to be despifed.

XIII. Once did I loue

Once did I loue, where now I haue no liking
Like can I not for thee was neuer louing.
Once did I proue, but then put by my striking
Strike nill I now though thee were euer prouing,
To proue or strike, it now rests at my will,
To make me loue or like, tis past her skill.

Rest in vnrest, was once my chiefest pleasure,
Please will I now my selfe in her disquiet,
Bad for the best I chose at wanton leasure,
Ease bids me now to brooke a better dyet,
Rich in content I rest to see her playing,
Whose best at best is bad, not worth the gaining.

XIII. Faire women

Faire women like faire Jewels are,
Whose worth lies in opinion,
To praise them all must be his care
That goes about to win one,
And when he hath her once obtain'd,
To her face he must her flatter
But not to others least he moue their eies.
To leuel at her.

The way to purchase truth in loue,
If such way there be anie,
Must be to giue her leaue to roue,
And hinder one by manie,
Beleeue thou must that she is fayre,
When poysoned tongues doe sting her,
Rich Jewels beare the selfe fame hew,
Put vpon anie finger.

The perfectest of mind and shape,
Must looke for defamations,
Liue how they will they cannot scape,
Their persons are temptations,
Then let the world condemne my choyse,
As laughing at my follie,
If she be kind the selfe fame voyce,
I spred of the most hollie.

XV. Daintie darling

Dainty darling, kinde and free
Fairest maide I euer see,
Deare vouch safe to looke on me,
Liften when I sing to thee,
What I will doe / with a dildoe,
Sing doe with a dildo.

Sweete now goe not yet I praie,
Let no doubt thy mind difmaie,
Here with mee thou shalt but staie,
Onelie till I can displaie,
What[...]

Quicklie prithee now be still,
Naie you shall not haue your will,
Trow you men will maidens kill,
Tarrie but to learne the skill,
What[...]

Prettie, wittie, sit mee by,
Feare no cast of anie eye,
Wee will plaie so priuilie,
None shall see but you and I,
What[...]

XVI. My loue is neither young nor old

My loue is neither yoong nor olde
Not fiery hot nor frozen colde,
But fresh and faire as springing brier,
Blooming the fruit of loutes desire,
Not snowy white, not rosie red,
But faire enough for sheepeheads bed,
And such a loue was neuer seene,
On hill or dale or country greene.

XVII. Loue is a bable

Loue is a bable, / no man is able
To say tis this or tis that
Tis full of passions / of sundry fashions
Tis like I cannot tell what.
Loutes fayre i'th Cradle, / Foule in the fable,
Tis eyther too cold or too hot,
An arrand lyar, / Fed by desire,
I[t] is, and yet it is not.

Loue is a fellowe, / clad oft in yellowe,
The canker-worme of the mind,
A priuie mischiefe, / And such a flye thiefe,
No man knowes which waie to finde.

Loue is a woonder, / That's here and yonder,
As common to one as to moe,
A monstrous cheater, / Euerie mans debter,
Hang him, and so let him goe.

XVIII. Arife

Arife my thoughts and mount you with the funne,
Call all the windes, to make you speedy winges,
And to my fairest Maya see you runne
And weepe you last, while wantonly shee finges
Then if you cannot moue, her hart to pittie,
Let oh, alas, aye me be all your dittie.

Arife my thoughts no more if you returne,
Denied of grace, which onely you desire,
But let the Sunne your winges to ashes burne,
And meete your passions in his quenches fire,
Yet if you moue fair Mayes heart to pittie,
Let smiles, and loue, and kisses, be your dittie.

Arise my thoughts beyond the highest star,
And gently rest you in faire Mayes eye,
For that is fairer than the brightest ar[e],
But if the frowne to see you climbe so hye,
Couch in her lap, and with a mouing dittie,
Of smiles, and loue, and kisses, beg for pittie.

XIX. Did euer man

Did euer man thus loue as I,
I thinke I was made / for no other trade,
My minde doth it so hard apply,
And all fond¹ courses else doth flie.
Vndooing were a pettie care,
Loofing my best hopes, / In their largest scopes,
Two louing when I doe compare,
Me thinks I could as trifles spare.

1. Self-indulgent, trivial

All my fad thoughts, though wide begunne,
In her still doe meete, / Who makes thinking sweete,
And then to me againe they runne,
To tell me all that they haue doone.

Thus doe I spend my dayes and houres,
In a pleafant round, / Where true ioyes are found,
And there alone my foule deuours,
All loutes deare foode with longing powers.

A heau'n on earth is loue well met,
There is more content, / Then can well be spent,
When in two fruitfull hearts 'tis fet,
Which will not bee in eithers debt.

XX. To figh and to be fad

To figh and to bee fad,
To weepe and wish to die
Is it not to be mad,
If not hypocri[fi]e?
Men of this fort
Are womens sport
Beauties alluring lookes rob wife men of their reason,
That they speake nought at all, or speake all out of [f]eason.

Haue all men eyes to see?
And haue none wit to know?
Blossomes commend no tree,
Where neuer fruit did growe,
Disire doth blind
A louers mind.

He sees and doth allow that vice in his beloued,
Fro[m] which no woman can be free or be remoued.

Let euerie thought of loue,
Mixt with a world of feares,
At last themselves remoue,
Oh let confuming teares,
Life blood distill'd
No more be spill'd,
Since all that scape the fall of womanish reiecting,
Must yet be subiect to the pride of their neglecting.

XXI. Come forrow come

Come forrow come, sweet scayle,
By the which we ascend to the heau'nly place
Where vertue fitteth smyling
To see how some looke pale
With feare to behold thy ill fauoured face
Vaine shewes their fence beguiling,
For mirth hath no affurance
Nor warranty of durance.

Hence pleafures flie, sweete baite,
On the which they may iustly be said to be fooles,
That surfet by much tasting,
Like theeues you lie in waite.
Most subtille how to prepare fillie foules,
For sorrowes euerlasting.
Wife griefes haue ioyfull turnings,
Nice pleafures ende in mourninges.