

Go crystal tears

*A concert of lute songs featuring Dowland, Danyel, and Ravenscroft
Wednesday 11th May 2022, 8pm | Trinity Chapel
Augustin Cornwall-Irving - Lute | Alex Thow - Countertenor*

Come again:

Sweet Love doth now invite,
Thy graces that refrain,
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again

That I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain:
For now left and forlorn,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the night

My sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams,
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms to me assign'd.

Gentle Love,

Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that do approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

John Dowland

Awake, sweet love! Thou art return'd,

My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live forever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.

Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love,
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die,
That I my joys might end,
She only which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee, now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov'd.
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not inconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.

If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harms repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be
When thou with her dost meet,
She, all this while, but play'd with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

John Dowland

If that a sinner's sighs be Angel's food,

Or that repentant tears be Angel's wine,
Accept, O Lord, in this most pensive mood,
These hearty sighs and doleful plaints of mine,
That went with Peter forth most sinfully,
But not as Peter did, weep bitterly.

John Dowland

Thou pretty bird, how do I see

Thy silly state and mine agree,
For thou a prisoner art
So is my heart.
Thou sing'st to her, and so do I address
My music to her ear that's merciless.
But herein doth the difference lie,
That thou art grac'd, so am not I;
Thou singing liv'st,
And I must singing die.

John Danyel

Me, me and none but me, dart home, O gentle Death,

And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath.
O how I long that I may fly to heav'n above,
Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove.

Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing,
And yet alive my fatal knell I help to ring.
Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly,
He never happy liv'd that cannot love to die.

John Dowland

Why canst thou not, as others do

Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so,
Smile, but not in killing wise.
Arm not they graces to confound:
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view,
And not find my heart oppress'd.
Oh, be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.

John Danyel

Weep you no more, sad fountains;

What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping softly,
Now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that Peace begets
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at e'en he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping softly,
Now softly lies sleeping.

John Dowland

Behold a wonder here –

Love has received his sight,
Which many hundred years
Hath not beheld the light.

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

So pow'rful is the beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As love is turn'd to duty
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind,
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.

John Dowland

Go crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs,

And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast.
And as the dews revive her drooping flow'rs.
So let your drops of pity be address'd
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste, hapless sighs, and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
Whose frozen rigour, like forgetful Death,
Feels never any touch of my desert,
Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

John Dowland

Away with these self-loving lads,

Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep
In love of them that lie and sleep!
For Cupid is a meadow god
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise;
I wear her rings on holidays,
On ev'ry tree I write her name,
And ev'ry day I read the same.
Where Honour Cupid's rival is
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year!
For many run, but one must win;
Fools, only, hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, which is the bow of Love.
And love as well the foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
Yet without love naught worth to me.

John Dowland

There were three Ravens sat on a tree,

Down-a-down, hey down, hey down.
There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
With a down.
There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
With a down, derry, derry, derry,
down, down.

The one of them said to his mate:
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

Down in yonder green field
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

His Hounds they lie down at his feet
So well they can their Master keep.

His Hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.

Down there comes a fallow Doe
As great with young as she might go.

She lift up his bloody head
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her back
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time.

God send ev'ry gentleman,
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down.
God send ev'ry gentleman,
With a down.
God send ev'ry gentleman,
Such Hawks, such Hounds, and such a Leman,
With a down, derry, derry, derry,
down, down.

Thomas Ravenscroft