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CLASSICS



JOHN DOWLAND

FIRST BOOKE OF SONGES OR AYRES

GRACE DAVIDSON SOPRANO
DAVID MILLER LUTE

JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626)

FIRST BOOKE OF SONGES OR AYRES

1	Unquiet thoughts	[3.24]
2	Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love	[2.31]
3	My thoughts are wing'd with hopes	[3.24]
4	If my complaints could passions move	[3.21]
5	Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?	[2.49]
6	Now, oh now I needs must part	[3.58]
7	Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again	[3.16]
8	Burst forth, my tears	[5.02]
9	Go crystal tears	[3.19]
10	Think'st thou then by thy feigning	[1.56]
11	Come away, come sweet love	[2.17]
12	Rest awhile, you cruel cares	[3.53]
13	Sleep, wayward thoughts	[3.40]
14	All ye whom love or fortune hath betray'd	[4.10]
15	Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me of my heart?	[4.07]
16	Would my conceit that first enforc'd my woe	[5.07]
17	Come again, sweet love doth now invite	[4.35]
18	His golden locks time hath to silver turned	[3.32]
19	Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd	[2.20]
20	Come, heavy sleep	[3.42]
21	Away with these self-loving lads	[2.55]
	Total timings:	[73.21]

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First Booke of Songes or Ayres

The public sensation when John Dowland's *First Booke of Songes* was published in 1597 must have been akin to that which greeted the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* album in 1967. It was a publishing smash hit, reprinted five times, in 1600, 1603, 1606, 1608 and 1613. Lyrics from the songs were quoted in stage plays and several of the songs entered the ballad tune repertoire. *Can she excuse?* and *Now, Oh now* were popular beyond England, and have surviving lyrics in Dutch; *Come again* appears with Italian lyrics in one Continental source. *Can she excuse* morphed into the English country dance *Excuse me*, heard in New York as late as 1767.

Dowland's *First Booke* ushered in a craze for lute songs; 21 composers produced between them 35 books of 'ayres' over 25 years. The English lute ayre, like the plays of the contemporary playwrights (Dowland, born in 1563, was just one year older than Shakespeare) can be seen as one of the pinnacles of the English Renaissance. If the aim of Renaissance humanism was to express the human condition in all its variety and drama, a single voice

gently supported by the lute was a perfect vehicle in that endeavour.

What is so good about these songs? The opening comparison with the Beatles is just, for Dowland's ayres and the best songs of the 1960s share two particular strengths: an outgoing, magpie-like eclecticism, and a beautiful sense of balance between the different elements that make up a song. Just as the Beatles embrace such diverse influences as American R&B, the string quartet, the high Bach trumpet and the Indian sitar, so Dowland incorporates all the musical forms of his day: the French *air de cour*, the Italian madrigal, dance music, the English partsong, the viol consort song, Italian recitative – all melded together in a beautiful new synthesis, and with melody, harmony, rhythm, counterpoint and words all in perfect equipoise, and with the drama of a story usually told in the first person. These things cannot always be said of, say, the (earlier) songs of Byrd, where counterpoint predominates and the lyrics can be pious and moralistic, or (later) the art songs of the cavalier composers, which only sketch out the simplest accompaniments, and are often weaker melodically than the ballad or dance tunes of their own day – at least until Purcell came storming onto the scene.

On this recording David Miller plays two lutes, one tuned in G and the other a tone lower, in F. Printed lute ayres were almost always scored for a lute nominally in G; 'nominally' because they can be transposed up or down to suit the singer simply by playing them on different sized lutes. Judging from surviving instruments it seems that English pitch in Dowland's time was a tone lower than today. The common or garden workhorse 'tenor' G lute of the Renaissance was a larger instrument than ours, tuned to (modern) F, which makes the top Gs sometimes encountered here decidedly more comfortable to sing.

The opening song, *Unquiet thoughts* is passionate, and yet a charmingly modest apologia for Dowland's whole endeavour. The lyrics explore the question of whether the lover should vocalise his or her own feelings – in the end the lover must speak: 'My thoughts must have some vent, else heart will break' – so too the singer must sing and the composer must compose. In *Who ever thinks or hopes of love* we move into a minor key for the first of many songs of an unhappy but resolute lover, given to self-dramatisation. This is one of only perhaps five songs in the book whose author is known; the poet here was

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Dowland has matched the symmetrical, rhetorical structures of the poem with music which seems foursquare at the outset, but has a surprise high leap in the second section, up to the word 'me', as the singer reveals his or her own predicament. *My thoughts are wing'd with hopes* sets a lyric (whose authorship has been hotly debated) to a beautiful galliard tune, which had another life as an instrumental piece, *Sir John Souch's galliard*. Again we hear some dramatic high Gs, suggested by the image of climbing to the heavens. The moon as a metaphor for a lover who is both changeable and changeless is in other songs – and perhaps here? – used to refer to Queen Elizabeth. *If my complaints could passions move*, is another song on a galliard – this time named after a pirate, Captain Digory Piper, who died in 1590, so like some of the other galliard songs, may have been an early work. The symmetrical rhetoric of the lyrics is matched by answering phrases in the music, but lovely touches include the passionate rising opening figure, the modulation from G minor to Bb major in the second strain where the singer addresses his lover directly, and the bass line dropping out at the opening of the third strain to give a sense of suspense. The gloriously passionate

Can she excuse my wrongs, a hit in its day, is another galliard, but it overcomes a potential limitation of the dance-form song – that the tune can become a metrical straitjacket – by quickening the rhythm as the song progresses. The words seem to be by the Earl of Essex, framed as a love song, but expressing his tempestuous relationship with the Queen, and the accompaniment of the last strain incorporates a popular song, *Shall I go walk the woods so wild?* alluding to the Earl wandering the woods of his estate at Wanstead during an exile from Court. In fact the tune was only publicly named *The Earl of Essex's Galliard* after both the Earl (executed for a madcap coup attempt in 1600) and the Queen herself had died. *Now, oh now I needs must part*, one more galliard, was another contemporary hit. The tune is called the *Frog galliard* and if the words seem sadder than the (major key) music, it has become traditional to associate the song with Queen Elizabeth's valediction to her 'frog' the Duke of Alencon, after their marriage negotiations broke down – an occasion for sadness perhaps but not a broken heart. In that case the date of 1581, when Dowland was only 18, might cast doubt on his authorship of the melody, but we will never know. After this suite of dance-songs, *Dear, if you change* opens a

series of more freely composed works. Dowland again matches the music to the rhetorical structure; after a series of 'if' clauses, an 'imperative' to his mistress, '*Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak*' is set to a clarion high E, while the last line has a wonderful syncopation. The same music works for the second verse, where the list of 'ifs' is replaced by a list of impossible things that will happen before the singer's love proves false. The next two songs *Burst forth, my tears*, and *Go crystal tears* introduce the motif for which Dowland was most famous, that of falling tears – he sometimes signed his name 'Jo: dolandi de Lachrimae'. The first of these two songs is pastoral in its imagery, and the second is Petrarchan. The pastoral world of sad shepherds sighing for fair shepherdesses was still a novelty in Dowland's time; invented by Theocritus and Virgil in antiquity, the pastoral mode had been popularised by Sidney and Spenser in the 1570s. The slow alternating lute and voice notes at the beginning of *Burst forth, my tears* really do sound like tears struggling to burst through, while at the opening of *Go crystal tears* (certainly inspired by Petrarch's *Ite caldi sospiri*) the repeated falling quaver figure likewise evokes trickling tears. Three of the songs in the collection are

about sleep; two of these, *Think'st thou then by thy feigning* and *Sleep, wayward thoughts* are a sort of pair about a woman watched in sleep, perhaps inspired by Propertius (1.3); in the latter she really is asleep but in the former (with perkier, quirkier music) she is only pretending. In both, the singer contemplates but recoils from the idea of meddling with her in her sleep – Dowland generally eschews bawdiness. *Come away, come sweet love* is a song of passionate entreaty, and the erotic temperature is high; the tempo is restless, and breathless – literally, there are no rests in the voice part – and the successive changes in rhythm heighten the effect of panting desire. The imagery seems to come in part from Propertius (1.2) praising his naked mistress. *Rest awhile you cruel cares* brings us back to a more courtly kind of love – a relief after the desperate lust of the preceding song – the lover declaring his torments, his dilemmas and the truth of his avowals; the name of Laura reminds us again of Petrarch. *Sleep wayward thoughts*, our second song about a watched sleep, is more demure than *Think'st thou then by thy feigning*; Dowland uses symmetrical phrases to emphasise the paradoxes of sleep contrasted to wakefulness, and as elsewhere, plays with the different

meanings of the word 'love'. *All ye whom love and fortune* is structurally similar to *Who ever think or hopes* or *Dear, if you change*, with four 'all ye's instead of four 'who's or four 'if's in the first half; the 'hook' once again is the second half, with a technical display of a rising chromatic vocal line, in contrary motion against a falling bass line – most effective. *Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me?* is a song of parting, but the impression of sadness is dissipated by the singer's relentless begging for parting kisses, and Dowland has responded to this ambiguity in his setting with a quick tempo and rhythmic game playing. *Would my conceit* is not what it seems; the opening and closing sections are transcriptions of the madrigal *Ahi dispietate* by Luca Marenzio, a composer whom Dowland idolised – Dowland wrote only the middle bars. *Come again, sweet love* is a masterpiece, and today probably Dowland's most famous song; with its beautiful flowing major key melody, and unforgettable ascending musical figure in the second half, depicting rising emotion. Probably it is two songs; the first two verses make a logically symmetrical pair, while verses 3 to 6, actually numbered 1 to 4 in the original print, in a slightly different meter, are addressed to the audience, not to the lover. *His golden locks*

is a Court song, sung before the Queen at the retirement of the 'Queen's Champion' Sir Henry Lee, in 1590. The memorable image 'His helmet now shall make a hive for bees' comes from emblem books of the time, symbolising peace after war, ultimately going back to the Greek Anthology, moreover – a musical pun – all Sir Henry's songs begin on the note B! *Awake, sweet love* is one last galliard song, with a melody as lovely as Dowland ever wrote. The words seem convoluted; the person singing seems to change during the song; this is part of the Renaissance genre of the dialogue between the lover and Love; the word 'returned' in the first line has the sense of requited or reciprocated. *Come, heavy sleep* is a masterpiece, with its slow opening phrase, which lands so peacefully on the tonic on the word 'sleep', and its rising and falling motifs evoking contrasting images of pain and peaceful slumber. The abrupt key change on the repeat also seems to evoke insomnia; while the repetitions of 'that living dies' are a gift to any singer. *Away with these self-loving lads* sets words by Fulke Greville. The lines about carving Cynthia's name in the trees are a direct quotation from Propertius (1.18); this would call to the mind of the educated Elizabethan Propertius' long and tempestuous

relationship with his muse. The conclusion is that the poet won't waste his life mourning for love that is not returned – which wittily undercuts the kaleidoscope of passions in the preceding 20 songs!

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TEXTS

1 Unquiet thoughts

Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:
And you, my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,
Be still: for if you ever do the like,
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,
Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,
Open the lock where all my love doth lie;
I'll seal them up within their lids forever,
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?
My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.
Speak then, and tell the passions of desire;
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

2 Who ever thinks or hopes for love

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:
Or who, belov'd, in Cupid's laws doth glory:
Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
Who by this light god hath not been made sorry:
Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,
With dark clouds of an earth, quite overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidd'n,
Or humble faith in constant honour armed,
Can keep love from the fruit that is foridd'n,
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,
Looking on me let him know love's delights
Are treasures hid in caves but kept by sprites.

3 My thoughts are wing'd with hopes

My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love.
Mount, Love, unto the moon in clearest night,
And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
In earth, so wanes and waxeth my delight.
And whisper this but softly in her ears:
Hope oft doth hang the head and Trust shed tears.

And you, my thoughts, that some mistrust do carry,
If for mistrust my mistress do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,
As she doth change and yet remain the same.

Distrust doth enter hearts but not infect,
And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she for this with clouds do mask her eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain,
Thoughts, hopes and love, return to me no more
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

4 If my complaints could passions move

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong,
My passions were enough to prove
That my despairs had governed me too long.
O Love, I live and die in thee;
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me;
My heart for thy unkindness breaks.
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress thou let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
Is Love my judge, and yet am I condemned?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant;
Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemned.

That I do live it is thy power;
That I desire, it is thy worth.
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you, that of my fall may hearers be,
May hear Despair, which truly saith,
I was more true to Love than Love to me.

5 Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?
No, no; where shadows do for bodies stand,
That may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.
Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire,
If she this deny, what can granted be?
If she will yield to that which reason is,

It is reason's will that love should be just.
Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that die I must.
Better a thousand times to die
Than for to love thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

6 Now, oh now I needs must part

Now, oh now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart:
Joy once fled cannot return.
While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove,
Love divided loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once,
I loved thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie.

Till that death doth sense bereave,
Dear, if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn
Whom you might have joyed ever;
Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him Despair doth cause to lie
Who both liv'd and dieth true.

7 Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again.
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love.
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:
and on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with flow'rs shall sooner heaven adorn,
Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe
shall move,
Fire heat shall lose, and frost of flames be born,
Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:
Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transform'd shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

8 Burst forth, my tears

Burst forth, my tears, assist my forward grief,
And show what pain imperious Love provokes.
Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief,
And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.
O pine, to see me pine, my tender flocks.

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,
At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks;
But Mercy sleeps while deep Disdain increase,
And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom yokes.
O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.

Like to the winds my sighs have winged been;
Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks:
I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.
O ruthless rigour harder than the rocks,
That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

9 Go crystal tears

Go, crystal tears, like to the morning showers,
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast,
And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,
So let your drops of pity be addressed,
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restless 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.

10 Think'st thou then by thy feigning

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
Sleep, with a proud disdain,
Or with thy crafty closing
Thy cruel eyes reposing,
To drive me from thy sight,
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing.
And while sleep feigned is,
May not I steal a kiss,
Thy quiet arms embracing.

O that thy sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving:
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumph'd boldly
In beauty's sweet disgrace:
And liv'd in deep embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Should then my love aspiring,
Forbidden joys desiring,
So far exceed the duty
That virtue owes to beauty?
No Love seek not thy bliss,
Beyond a simple kiss:
For such deceits are harmless,
Yet kiss a thousand-fold.
For kisses may be bold
When lovely sleep is armless.

11 Come away, come sweet love

Come away, come sweet love,
The golden morning breaks;
All the earth, all the air
Of love and pleasure speaks.
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss.
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
Viewing, rueing love's long pains,
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet love,
The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fiery arrows casts,
Making all the shadows fly,

Playing, staying in the grove
To entertain the stealth of love.
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Winged with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come sweet love,
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise
Like to the naked morn.
Lilies on the river's side,
And fair Cyprian flowers new-blown,
Desire no beauties but their own;
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure, measure love's delight.
Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight.

12 Rest awhile, you cruel cares

Rest awhile, you cruel cares,
Be not more severe than love.
Beauty kills and beauty spares,
And sweet smiles sad sighs remove.
Laura, fair queen of my delight,
Come grant me love in love's despite,
And if I ever fail to honour thee,
Let this heav'nly light I see
Be as dark as hell to me.

If I speak, my words want weight,
Am I mute, my heart doth break,
If I sigh, she fears deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speak.
Cruel unkind, with favour view
The wound that first was made by you,
And if my torments ever feigned be,
Let this heav'nly light I see
Be as dark as hell to me.

Never hour of pleasing rest
Shall revive my dying ghost,
Till my soul hath repossessed
The sweet hope which love hath lost.
Laura, redeem the soul that dies
By fury of thy murd'ring eyes,
And if it proves unkind to thee,
Let this heav'nly light I see
Be as dark as hell to me.

13 Sleep, wayward thoughts

Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Let not my Love be with my love diseases'd.
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless fear,
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires,
The glories and the beauties that appear,
Between her brows near Cupids closed fires.
Thus, while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:
Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppress'd:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

14 All ye whom love or fortune hath betray'd

All ye whom Love or Fortune hath betrayed;
All ye that dream of bliss but live in grief;
All ye whose hopes are evermore delayed;
All ye whose sighs or sickness wants relief:
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
But still in vain: for none my complaints will rue.
Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

15 Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me of my heart?

Wilt thou unkind, thus reave me
Of my heart, and so leave me?
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

Hope by disdain grows cheerless,
For doth love, love doth fear, beauty peerless.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

If no delays can move me,
Life shall die, death shall live still to love thee.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

Yet be thou mindful ever
Heat from fire, fire from heat none can sever.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

True love cannot be changed,
Though delight from desert be estranged.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

16 Would my conceit that first enforc'd my woe

Would my conceit that first enforced my woe,
Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,
Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so
Which now are such as nothing can release:
Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
And eke whose hell reneweth every hour.

Each hour amidst the deep of hell I fry,
Each hour I waste and wither where I sit,
But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,
My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
Whose hope is such bereaved, of the bliss,
Which unto all save me allotted is.

To all save me is free to live or die,
To all save me remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I must abandon, I,
Sith Fortune still directs my hap a slope,
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.

17 Come again, sweet love doth now invite

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 day the sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay;
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow;
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

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 are me assigned.

Out alas, my faith is ever true;
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace.
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

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.

18 His golden locks time hath to silver turned

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned.
O Time too swift! Oh swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth are flowers
but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love are roots and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's sonnets turn to holy psalms.
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are Age's alms.
But though from Court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well.
Curst be the soul that think her any wrong.
Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

19 Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd

Awake, sweet love, thou art returned,
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.

Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live for ever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.
Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love,
She only drave me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die
That I my joys could 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.

20 Come, heavy sleep

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries.
Come and possess my tired thought-worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to Death, child to his black-faced Night;
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
O come, sweet Sleep, come or I die for ever;
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never.

21 Away with these self-loving lads

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.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
Doth either good or ill decree.
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his feet doth go.

What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own!

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise;
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And every 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.

GRACE DAVIDSON

"Grace Davidson has one of the most beautiful and pure soprano voices on earth." Eric Whitacre, composer.

"Grace Davidson sings with gorgeous purity and warmth and hits some extraordinarily ethereal high notes." Classic FM

Grace has been delighting audiences and winning wonderful reviews ever since her emergence as a soloist.

Born in London, she studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music and won the Academy's Early Music Prize. Having graduated, she sang with most of the leading Baroque ensembles, under the batons of such as John Eliot Gardiner, Paul McCreesh, Philippe Herreweghe and Harry Christophers. Her discography includes a decade of recordings made with The Sixteen, on many of which she features as a soloist - notably in Handel's *Jeptha* as 'Angel' and in *Dixit Dominus*, in Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*, his *Pianto della Madonna* and the *Lutheran Masses* of Bach. On BBC Radio Three's 'Building a Library', her singing in Fauré's *Requiem* (with the

London Symphony Orchestra, Tenebrae and Nigel Short conducting) was reviewed by Richard Morrison quite simply: *"Grace Davidson's Pie Jesu is matchless"*

More recently, Grace's performances have extended into the worlds of contemporary classical and classical crossover music. Her exceptional purity of tone has resulted in a number of recordings with prominent film composers. Max Richter chose her for his *Sleep*, *Woolf Works* and *Memoryhouse* recordings with Deutsche Grammophon. *Sleep* has now been performed all over the world with Grace, just in the last year, singing in New Zealand, the USA, Germany, Amsterdam and Paris.

She lives near Cambridge with her husband and two children.

For more information, please visit:
www.gracedavidsonsoprano.com



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DAVID MILLER

David Miller is a long established soloist and well known as an accompanist and continuo player on lute, theorbo and early guitars, flourishing in both the early music world and the mainstream musical scene. He performs and records with all the principal English period instrument orchestras and with many of the finest ensembles, appearing at numerous prestigious European music festivals.

David's musical focus is as a soloist and accompanist. Over the past twenty years he has enjoyed collaborations with many other solo artists, including singers Paul Agnew, James Bowman, Michael Chance, Charles Daniels, Grace Davidson, Emma Kirkby, Elin Manahan Thomas and Stephen Varcoe, harpist Frances Kelly, violinists Bojan Čičić, Rachel Podger and Elizabeth Wallfisch, fellow lutenist Jacob Heringman, and Arab singer and oud player Abdul Salam Kheir.

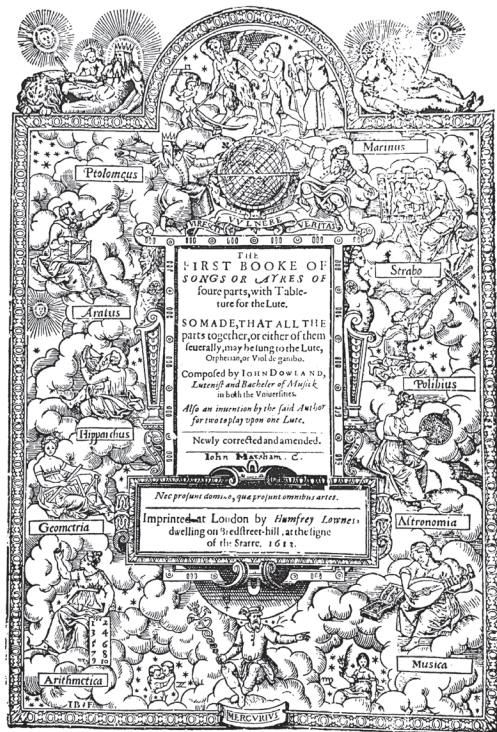
Among numerous recordings are several CDs of English songs and lute music, including Dowland discs with both James Bowman and Charles Daniels, as well as the complete works of John Danyel with Nigel Short. He

has recorded consort music by Dowland with Concordia and The King's Singers, and lute works by Francesco da Milano on Concordia's *Titian* disc. As a member of *I Fagiolini* he included solo lute works by Holborne and Byrd on their *Triumphs of Orianna* disc. David's award-winning disc with Elin Manahan Thomas – *Ravish'd with Sacred Extasies* – features devotional songs by Dowland, Campian, Humfrey and Purcell, as well as rarely heard lute and theorbo music by John Lawrence and John Wilson.

His latest solo album, *The Famous Weiss*, features music by the great Baroque lute virtuoso Silvius Leopold Weiss. It received enthusiastic reviews, including: "*an exceptionally engaging recording ... what wonderful expressiveness and musical intelligence David Miller brings to this music*" (Lute News).

David has performed at Dartington since the mid-1990s, and he continues to inspire the younger generation of lutenists in his teaching role as professor of lute at the Guildhall School.





The frontispiece to Dowland's 1597 publication of the First Booke of Songs or Ayres

Instruments

7 course lute in 'G' by Martin Haycock, 1992

7 course lute in 'F' by Michael Sprake, 1979

Recorded in Ascot Priory, Berkshire, from 26-28 April 2016

Producer – Nigel Short

Recording Engineer – Mike Hatch

Recording Assistant – George Collins

Editor – Robin Hawkins

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