

ROBERT DOWLAND: A MUSICAL BANQUET THE SCHOOL OF NIGHT

ROBERT DOWLAND: **A MUSICALL BANQUET**

THE SCHOOLE OF NIGHT Maria Skiba & Frank Pschichholz

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THE SCHOOLE OF NIGHT

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Am 27. August 2020 traf sich die **SCHOOLE OF NIGHT** zu einer Séance, um mit **SIR ROBERT SIDNEY**, dem Widmungsträger des **MUSICALL BANQUET** zu sprechen. **DWILLER BROUGHTBY** als Medium stellte die Fragen.

Sir Robert Sidney: Was wollt ihr? Wer seid ihr? Ich muss mich erst umziehen. (Sidney erscheint in einem hellgrauen Businessanzug, weißes Hemd, hellgraue Krawatte – alles sehr teuer.) Die Schoole of Night, aha...soll ich mich rechtfertigen, dass ich kein diehard war? Wenn ich geahnt hätte, was mich hier erwartet, vielleicht hätte ich anders gehandelt, vielleicht auch nicht. Immerhin habe ich länger auf der Erde gelebt als die anderen. Meinen youthful toys hat es gefallen. Also legt los, warum habt ihr mich gerufen?

Dwiller Broughtby: Können Sie uns etwas zu Robert Dowland sagen?

R.S.: Ich war sein godfather. Er war ein guter Lautenspieler, ein bisschen nervös, kein Wunder bei dem berühmten Vater, der der beste Lautenspieler seiner Zeit war. (ruft): „Imitate hys Vertues, Exercyses, Studyes, and Accyons; he ys a rare Ornament of thys Age, the very Formular, that all well dysposed young Gentylnen of ouer Court, do form allsoe thear Maners and Lyfe. Ons agayn I say imytate hym! Bei dem Vater...na, und was soll ich sagen – bei dem Bruder.

D.B.: Wie kam das Musicall Banquet zustande?

R.S.: Ich wollte etwas Wertvolles; für die Ewigkeit. Für euch, dass ihr euch an mich erinnert.

D.B.: Habt ihr die Liedtexte verfasst?

R.S.: Ich ... habe sie ausgewählt und Robert gegeben.

D.B.: Warum so melancholisch?

R.S.: (Sidney stöhnt, verschwindet für einen kurzen Moment und kehrt an den Tisch zurück.)

Ich sterbe. Begrabt mich mit meiner Laute. Es ist vorbei, es ist aus, es ist tot. Es wird nicht mehr gekämpft, nicht mehr geliebt, nicht mehr gebetet. Masken, was für Männer. Erinnert ihr euch

an die Umbettung? Was für ein Gestank! Niemand traute sich, etwas zu sagen. Es stinkt immer noch und hört nicht auf zu stinken. Meine Lanze gleicht einem Strohalm und die Battaile beherrsche ich nur noch am Kartentisch. Was soll das alles? Masken statt Musik. Bald wird ein König die Gitarre spielen, und er stinkt nach Knoblauch und lässt den Musiker das „Gefühl“ erfinden. Tot ist die Zeit.

Ich wäre lieber ein diehard gewesen, aber auch ich hatte eine große Zeit. Die Briefe erreichten mich täglich. Die Worte, die Kunde von dem größten Wunder, welches unsere Welt je sah. Dieser wahnsinnige Mut, diese Vision für eine neue Welt. Was für ein Kriegsherr! Wir hatten ihn und wir hatten unsere Sonne. Dann gingen beide unter, erst er und mit ihm sie. Wer wird uns je solch ein Licht zurückgeben? Er wird auferstehen, er soll leben! Das ist doch die einzig verbleibende Hoffnung. Was sind wir denn hier? Jeglicher Sinn ist uns genommen, die Welt ist die Hölle!

Vor allem die Hölle der Langeweile, der gepflegten Langeweile. Irgendwann kommen sie: die gesammelten Werke gedrucktes, gepudertes, gezuckertes Zeug.

Ich: „And yourself, my lord, what do you mean to do? The house is to be blown up with gunpowder unless you yield.“

Er: „We would sooner fly to heaven!“

Das waren die letzten Worte zweier Freunde. Whyte aber riet mir schon vorher ab, mich zu sehr auf ihn zu verlassen. Große Männer hätten große Dinge im Kopf. Die Nähe zu den Kleinen hat mir ja auch nicht geschadet. Es wird eine Zeit kommen, in der Soldaten Könige sein werden. Einer wie mein Bruder. Ich hatte sie alle überlebt. Whyte riet mir, mich von Essex fernzuhalten. Ich bekam mein Pöstchen und die große Langeweile kehrte ein. Das ist der Preis für politische Klugheit.

D.B.: Bedeutet das, dass für Sie die Zeit unter Elizabeth die bessere war?

R.S.: Die Sonne vereint sich mit der Nacht.

D.B.: Wie geht es Essex?

R.S.: Was denkt ihr? Vereint mit der Sonne. Meistens aber mit Frances in Wanstead. Denkt über Europa nach. Unterschätzt diesen großen Mann nicht! Ein friedliches Europa ohne Vorherrschaft einiger weniger Länder. Größe. Wenn er die kleinen Diktatoren hier sieht, wie sie versuchen, „ihr Volk“ zu manipulieren, wird ihm ganz schlecht.

D.B.: John Dowland hat zur gleichen Zeit gelebt wie Sie. Hatten Sie ein persönliches Verhältnis zu ihm?

R.S.: Ja, das kann man sagen. Er hat, so wie ich, immerzu versucht, nach England zurückzukommen, aber Elizabeth wollte uns nicht. So war er in Kopenhagen, ich in Vlissingen und Lesieur half uns, den Kontakt aufrecht zu erhalten. John war ein Lachrimae. Wir waren Essex' Männer. Holborne, Hales, Batchelar, Tessier, Martin – viele Musiker gehörten zu diesem Netzwerk. Ja, John und ich, wir waren befreundet. Nachdem er sein Pöstchen hatte, brachte er auch nichts mehr zustande. Er schrieb das letzte Lautenlied.

D.B.: Meinen Sie In darknesse let me dwell?

R.S.: Das ist Lee. Sein Schwanengesang.

D.B.: Aber Sir Henry Lee schrieb doch nur den Text zu Farre from triumphing Court.

R.S.: (Schaut verdutzt) Die drei Lieder gehören zusammen: Farre from triumphing Court, Lady if you so spight me und In darknesse let me dwell. Alles Lee. Er baute sich 1610 seine Gruft und wollte von John Dowland noch ein Triptychon. Motivisch miteinander verknüpft, so wie Dowland das eben immer so machte. (singt im Bass: and he on earth, and he on earth, o let me living die...) Da steht nie ein Lied für sich allein. Also: Immer schön zusammen lassen, die drei Lieder. Lee konnte plötzlich wieder laufen, nach dem Besuch von Anne. Er bekam fast rote Lippen und hat seine Lanze gesucht. Hard again! Dieser Mann hatte Contenance und viel Humor, und er ließ

sich das beste Lautenlied aller Zeiten schreiben. Well done.

D.B.: Sie haben aber auch eine prächtige Galliard von John Dowland bekommen.

R.S.: Oh, yes. Far beyond my reach. I didn't even try. Aber einige von euch spielen das Stück sehr schön, wie ich gehört habe.

D.B.: Wie kamen die Airs de Court in die Sammlung?

R.S.: Bei Elizabeth war ich Spezialist für französische Affären. Ich zog mit Henry nach Paris ein. Ich ritt ihm immer hinterher – meistens ein paar Tage zu spät.

D.B.: Und die spanischen Lieder, die Musik eurer Erzfeinde?

R.S.: In Flushing handelten die Menschen mit den Spaniern. Wir waren mit den Menschen nicht verfeindet. Ich sollte zwar die Schiffe im Hafen versenken, tat das aber nur sehr halbherzig. Es gab Austausch von Mensch zu Mensch. Ich habe spanische Gedichte übersetzt und natürlich auch ihre Musik gehört und gesammelt. Albert und Isabella hatten einen völlig verrückten Lautenspieler, einen Italiener. Der hat dann irgendwann all seine Lauten verkauft und nur noch spanische Gitarre gespielt. Wirklich coole Musik hat er auf dem neuen Instrument erfunden.

D.B.: Über die italienischen Lieder brauchen wir nicht zu reden. Die waren doch absolut modisch.

R.S.: Sicher, aber ohne Essex hätten sie nicht unsere damals rückständige Insel erreicht. Selbst Robert tat sich noch schwer mit dem Basso Continuo. Er wollte alles in Tabulatur setzen.

D.B.: Sir Robert, was bedeutete das Musicall Banquet für Sie?

R.S.: Eine Erinnerung an eine gelebte große Zeit. Essex, mein Bruder Philip, Cumberland, Lee – die letzten Ritter. Elizabeth, unsere Sonne, unsere Diana. Das war die Zeit, in der wir wirklich lebten, und diejenigen, die – wie ich, und auch John Dowland – überlebten, blickten mit großer Trauer auf diese wilden Jahre.

D.B.: Wie bewerten Sie diese „wilden Jahre“ aus Ihrer jetzigen Perspektive?

R.S.: Es ist eine kurze Zeit, in der wir auf der Erde wandeln. Werft nur einen Blick auf den Mond, und ihr werdet das Streiten lassen. Macht euch keine Sorgen, hier ist alles gut. Vivino felici.

On 27 August 2020 the **SCHOOLE OF NIGHT** met for a séance to speak with **SIR ROBERT SIDNEY**, the patron of the **MUSICALL BANQUET. DWILLER BROUGHTBY**, in his role as medium, asked the questions.

Sir Robert Sidney: What do you want? Who are you? I must dress first. (Sidney appears in a light grey business suit, white shirt, light grey tie – all very expensive). The Schoole of Night, aha... should I warrant I were no diehard? Had I guessed what here awaits me, perhaps I would have acted otherwise, mayhap not. At the least, my span on earth was longer than others. My youthful toys enjoyed it. So I pray you, why did you summon me?

Dwiler Broughtby: Can you tell us something about Robert Dowland?

R.S.: I was his godfather. He was a good lutenist, a little nervous; scarce a wonder, his renowned father being the best lutenist of his age. (Exclaims): "Imitate hys Vertues, Exercyses, Studyes, and Accyons; he ys a rare Ornament of thys Age, the very Formular, that all well dysposed young Gentylnen of ouer Court, do form allsoe thear Maners and Lyfe. Ons agayn I say imytate hym!" With such a father... nay ought I say with such a brother.

D.B.: How did the Musicall Banquet come about?

R.S.: I desired something worthy; for eternity. For you, that you remember me.

D.B.: Did you write the lyrics?

R.S.: I... selected them and gave them to Robert.

D.B.: Why so melancholic?

R.S.: (Sidney groans, disappears for a brief moment and returns to the table). I am dying. Bury me with my lute. It is over, it is done, it is dead. There is no more fighting, no more loving, no more praying. Masks, what men. Remember the reburial? What a stench! Nobody dared speak. It still stinks and will not stop stinking. My lance is like to a straw and the only combat I truly graspe is a clash at cards. What is the aim of it all? Masks instead of music. Soon a king will strum an air, and he reeks of garlic and permits the musician to concoct the "feeling". Time is dead.

I would fain have been a diehard, but I too had an exalted time. Letters reached me daily. Words, news of the greatest wonder our world has e'er seene. This insane courage, this vision for a new world. What a man of warre! We possessed him and we had our sun. Then both fell, first he and, with him, her. Who will e'er vouchsafe us such a light again? He will rise once more, he shall live! This is but th' only hope remaining. Wherefore are we here? All is seized from us, the world is hell! Especially the hell of boredom, sophisticated boredom. At some point it will come: the collected works – imprinted, powdered, sugared stuff.

I: "And yourself, my lord, what do you mean to do? The house is to be blown up with gunpowder unless you yield."

He: "We would sooner fly to heaven!"

Those were the last words between two friends. Whyte, however, had already counselled me not to depend on him overmuch. Great men would have great things on their minds. Being close to the little ones also did me no harm, though. There will come a time when soldiers will be kings. As one like my brother. I have outlived them all. Whyte had advised me to stay away from Essex. I got my little sinecure and the great tediousness came. That is the price of politic cunning.

D.B.: Does this mean that, for you, the time of Elizabeth was better?

R.S.: The sun becomes one with the night.

D.B.: How is Essex?

R.S.: What think you? United with the sun. But most oft with Frances in Wanstead. Ruminating on Europe. Do not underestimate this great man! A Europe at peace without the supremacy of a few states. Greatness. When he sees the little tyrants here trying to manipulate “their” people, it pains him greatly.

D.B.: John Dowland lived at the same time as you. Did you have a personal relationship with him?

R.S.: Yes, you could say that. He, like me, had tried without surcease to return to England, but Elizabeth wanted us not. So he was in Copenhagen, I in Vlissingen and Lesieur helped us maintain our acquaintance. John was a Lachrimae. We were Essex’s men. Holborne, Hales, Batchelar, Tessier, Martin – many musicians were part of this web.

Yes – John and I, we were friends. After he had achieved his small position at court, he too produced nothing of note. He wrote the last song for lute.

D.B.: Do you mean In darknesse let me dwell?

R.S.: That is Lee. His swansong.

D.B.: But Sir Henry Lee only wrote the poem to Farre from triumphing Court.

R.S.: (Looks puzzled) The three songs belong together: Farre from triumphing Court, Lady if you so spite me and In darknesse let me dwell. All Lee. He built his tomb in 1610 and wanted another triptych from John Dowland. Motifs linked with each other, just like Dowland had always done. (Sings in a bass voice: and he on earth, and he on earth, o let me living die...)

There is never a song that stands alone. So: always keep them together, these three songs. Lee was suddenly on his feet again after Anne’s visit. His lips got almost red and he was looking for his lance. Hard again! This man had countenance and was in great good spirits, and he had commissioned the best lute song of all time. Well done.

D.B.: But you also received a magnificent Galliard from John Dowland.

R.S.: Oh, yes. Far beyond my reach. I did not even try. But some of you play the piece very beautifully I have heard.

D.B.: How did the Airs de Court come into the collection?

R.S.: During Elizabeth’s reign I was a specialist in French affairs. I had entered Paris with Henry. I always rode behind him – usually several days too late.

D.B.: And the Spanish songs, the music of your arch-enemies?

R.S.: In Flushing the people traded with the Spaniards. We were not enemies of the people. I was supposed to sink the ships in th’ harbour, but I only did that half-heartedly. There was an exchange from person to person. I translated Spanish poems and of course I listened to their music and collected it. Albert and Isabella had a complete loon of a lute player, an Italian. On some occasion he had sold all his lutes and now played only Spanish guitar. He devised some remarkable music on the new instrument.

D.B.: We don’t need to talk about the Italian songs. Though they were absolutely the fashion then.

R.S.: Truly, but without Essex they would never have reached our, at that time so backward, island. Even Robert still had difficulties with the basso continuo. He wanted to set everything down in tablature.

D.B.: Sir Robert, what did the Musicall Banquet mean to you?

R.S.: A memorial for a great time lived. Essex, my brother Philip, Cumberland, Lee – the last of the knights. Elizabeth, our Sun, our Diana. That was the time we really lived, and those who survived – like myselfe, and John Dowland too – looked back on those wild years with great sadness.

D.B.: How do you rate these “wild years” from your current perspective?

R.S.: It is a brief span in which we tread the earth. Cast but a glance at the moon and you will cease thy strife. Forfeit thy cares, all fares well here. Vivino felici.

1

**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT
LISLE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO THE QUEENS
MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE, HIS GALLIARD.**

Iohn Douland. Batchelar of Musick

2

**MY HEAVY SPRITE OPPREST WITH
SORROWES MIGHT**

*The Right Honourable George Earle of
Cumberland*

MY heauie sprite opprest with sorrowes might,
Of wearied limbs the burthen soare sustaines,
With silent grones and harts teares still com-
plaines,
Yet I breath still and liue in lifes despight.
Haue I lost thee? All fortunes I accurse,
bids thee farewell, with thee all ioyes farewell,
And for thy sake this world becomes my hell.

3

**CHANGE THY MINDE SINCE SHE DOTH
CHANGE**

*The Right Honourable Robert, Earle of Essex:
Earle Marshall of England*

CHange thy minde since she doth change,
Let not Fancy still abuse thee:
Thy vntruth cannot seeme strange,
When her falshood doth excuse thee.
Loue is dead and thou art free,
She doth liue but dead to thee.

Whilst she lou'd thee best a while,
See how she hath still delaid thee;
Vsing shewes for to beguile,
Those vaine hopes that haue deceiu'd thee.
Now thou seest although too late,
Loue loues truth which women hate.

Loue no more since she is gone,
Shee is gone and loues another:
Being once deceiu'd by one,
Leaue her loue but loue none other.
She was false bid her adew,
She was best but yet vntrue.

Loue farewell more deere to mee
Then my life which thou preseruest:
Life all ioyes are gone from thee,
Others haue what thou deseruest.
Oh my death doth spring from hence
I must dye for her offence.

Dye, but yet before thou dye
Make her know what she hath gotten:
She in whom my hopes did lye,
Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten.
She is chang'd, but changed base,
Baser in so vilde a place.

4

O EYES LEAUE OFF YOUR WEEPING

O Eyes leaue off your weeping,
Loue hath the thoughts in keeping,
That may content you:
Let not this misconceiuing,
Where comforts are receiuing,
Causles torment you.

Cloudes threaten but a shower,
Hope hath his happy houre,
Though long in lasting.
Time needs must be attended,
Loue must not be offended
With too much hasting.

But O the painfull pleasure,
Where Loue attends the leasure
Of liues wretchednesse:
Where Hope is but illusion,
And Feare is but confusion
Of Loues happinesse.

But happy Hope that seeth
How Hope and Hap agreeth,
Of life depriue me,
Or let me be assured,
When life hath death endured,
Loue will reuiue me.

5

GOE MY FLOCKE, GOE GET YOU HENCE

Sir Phillip Sidney.

GOE my Flocke, goe get you hence,
Seeke some other place of feeding,
Where you may haue some defence,
Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keepe no measure.
Merry flocke such one forgoe,
Vnto whom Myrth is displeasure,
Onely rich in measures treasure.

Yet alas before you goe
Heare your wofull Maisters story,
Which to stones I else would shew,
Sorrow onely then hath glory
When tis excellently sorry.

Stella, fayrest Shepherdesse,
Fayrest but yet cruelst euer.
Stella, whom the heau'ns still blesse,
Though against me she perseuer,
Though I blisse inherit neuer.

Stella, hath resused mee:
Stella, who more Loue hath proued
In this Catiffe hart to be
Then can in good to vs be moued
Towards Lambe-kins best beloued.

Stella hath refused mee
Astrophel, that so well serued,
In this pleasant spring (*Muse*) see
While in pride Flowers be preseru'd
Himselfe onely Winter-starued.

Why alas then doth she sweare
That she loueth mee so deerely,
Seeing mee so long to beare
Coales of Loue that burne so cleerely,
And yet leaue me hopelesse meerely.

Is that Loue? forsooth I trow
If I saw my good Dogge griued
And a help for him did know
My Loue should not be belieued
But hee were by mee relieued.

No she hates mee (*well away*)
Fayning Loue, somewhat to please mee,
Knowing, if she should display
All her hate, Death soone would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then my flocke now adew,
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly *Stella* meet with you,
Tell her in your pittious blaying,
Her poore slaues iust decaying.

6

O DEERE LIFE WHEN SHALL IT BE*Sir Phillip Sidney.*

O Deere life when shall it be,
 That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
 And in them thy minde discouer,
 Whether absence hath had force,
 Thy remembrance to diuorce,
 From the Image of thy Louer?

O if I my selfe finde not,
 By thine absence oft forgot,
 Nor debarde from *Beauties* treasure:
 Let no Tongue aspire to tell
 In what high I shall dwell,
 Onely Thought aymes at the pleasure.

Thought therefore will I send thee,
 To take vp the place for mee,
 Long I will not after tarry:
 There vnseene thou mayst be bolde
 Those fayre wonders to behold,
 Which in them my hopes doe carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
 Enter brauely euery where,
 Seize on all to her belonging:
 But if thou wouldest guarded be,
 Fearing her beames, take with thee,
 Strength of liking, rage of longing.

O my Thoughts, my thoughts, surcease,
 Your delights my woes increase,
 My life fleetes with too much thinking:
 Thinke no more, but dye in mee
 Till thou shalt receiued be
 At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.

7

**TO PLEAD MY FAITH WHERE
FAITH HATH NO REWARD**

*The Right Honourable Robert, Earle of Essex:
 Earle Marshall of England*

To plead my faith where faith hath no reward,
 To moue remorse where fauour is not borne:
 To heape complaints wher she doth not
 regard,
 Were fruitlesse, bootelesse, vaine and yeeld
 but scorne.

I loued her whom all the world admir'de.
 I was refus'de of her that can loue none:
 And my vaine hopes which far too high
 asspir'de
 Is dead and buri'd and for euer gone.

Forget my name since you haue scornde my
 Loue,
 And woman-like doe not too late lament:
 Since for your sake I doe all mischiefe proue.
 I none accuse nor nothing doe repent.
 I was as fonde as euer she was faire,
 Yet lou'd I not more then I now dispaire.

8

IN A GROVE MOST RICH OF SHADE*Sir Phillip Sidney*

IN a groue most rich of shade,
 Where Birds wanton musicke made,
 May then in his pide weeds shewing,
 New perfumes with flowers fresh growing.

Astrophell with Stella sweet
 Did for mutuall comfort meet,
 Both within themselues oppressed,
 But either in each other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care
 Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
 But her sight his care did banish,
 In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while,
 But now teares themselues did smile,
 While their eyes by Loue directed,
 Interchangeably, reiected.

Sigh'd they had: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt,
With Armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.

Their eares hungry of each word
Which the deare tongue would afford:
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake:
Loue did see his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in Loue and wonder.

Stella, soueraigne of my loy,
Faire Triumphres in annoy:
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, load-starre of desire.

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skyes,
Whose beames when they are once darted,
Loue therewith is straight imparted.

Stella, whose voice when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breake:
Stella, whose voice when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is,
Writ the Characters of blisse:
Whose sweet face all beautie passeth,
Saue the minde which it surpasseth.

Graunt, O graunt, but speach (alas)
Failes me, fearing on to passe:
Graunt to me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground hee then did stay)
That not I but since I proue you,
Time and place from mee nere moue you.

Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome apt for it:
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,
These Birds sing, now vse the season.

This small winde which so sweet is,
See how it leaues leaues doth kisse,
Each tree in his best attyring,
Sence of Loue to Loue inspiring.

Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sincke,
And if dumbe things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie?

There his Hands in their speech faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine
But her hands his hands compelling,
Gaue repulse, all Grace expelling.

Therewithall, away she went
Leauing him with passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

FARRE FROM TRIUMPHING COURT*Sir Henry Lea*

Farre from triumphing Court and wonted glory,
 He dwelt in shadie vnfrequented places,
 Times prisoner now he made his pastime story,
 Gladly forgets Courts erst afforded graces,
 That Goddesse whom hee serude to heau'n is gone,
 And hee on earth, In darknesse left to moane.

But loe a glorious light from his darke rest
 Shone from the place where erst this Goddesse dwelt
 A light whose beames the world with fruit hath blest
 Blest was the Knight while hee that light beheld:
 Since then a starre fixed on his head hath shinde,
 And a Saints Image in his hart is shrinde.

Rauisht with ioy so grac't by such a Saint,
 He quite forgat his Cell and selfe denaid,
 He thought it shame in thankfulnessse to faint,
 Debts due to Princes must be duely paid:
 Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde,
 As finding kindnesse for to proue vnkinde.

But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame he ranged,
 Hoping to serue this Saint in sort most meete,
 Tyme with his golden locks to siluer changed
 Hath with age-fetters bound him hands and feete,
 Aye mee, hee cryes, Goddesse my limbs grow faint,
 Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.

10

LADY IF YOU SO SPIGHT ME

LAdy if you so spight me,
 Wherfore do you so oft kisse and delight mee?
 Sure that my hart opprest and ouer-cloyed,
 May breake thus ouerioyed,
 If you seeke to spill mee,
 Come Kisse me sweet and kill mee,
 So shal your hart be eased,
 And I shall rest content and dye well pleased.

11

IN DARKNESSE LET ME DWELL

In darknesse let mee dwell,
 The ground shall sorrow be,
 The roofe Dispaire to barre all
 cheerfull light from mee,
 The wals of marble blacke that
 moistned still shall weepe,
 My musicke hellish iarring
 sounds to banish friendly sleepe.
 Thus wedded to my woes,
 And bedded to my Tombe,
 O Let me liuing die,
 Till death doe come,
 In darknesse let mee dwell.

12

SI LE PARLER

Airs du Court.

Si le parler & le silence
 Nuit à nostre heur esgalement,
 Parlons donc ma chere esperance
 Du cœur & des yeux seulement:
 Amour ce petit dieu volage
 Nous apprend ce muet langage.

Que le regard vole & reuole
 Messenger des nos paßions,
 Et serue au lieu de la parole
 Pour dire nos intentions.
 Amour.

Mais si quelque ame est offensée
 De nous voir discourir des yeux,
 Nous parlerons de la pensée
 Comme les Anges dans les cieux.
 Amour.

Ainsi par un doux artifice
 Nous tromperons les courtisans,
 Et nous rirons de la malice
 De mile facheux mesdisans,
 Qui n'en scauront pas d'auantage
 Ignorant ce muet langage.

CE PENSER QUI SANS FIN**TIRANNISE MA VIE***Airs du Court.*

CE penser qui sans fin tirannise ma vie,
 Se montre tellement contre moy coniuré,
 Que tant plus ie m'efforce à dompter son enuie,
 Et tant moins à mon bien ie le voy préparé.

I'ai quitté la beauté dont il a pris naissance,
 Esperant par l'oubly ses charmes decevoir
 Mais ie trouue à la fin que la veüe & l'absence
 Sont tous deux differends, & d'un mesme pouuoir.

I'ay maintefois iuré du change faire espreuue
 Pour faire qu'un dessein fust par l'autre deffait,
 Mais à toutes les fois, außi tost ie me treuue
 Infidelle en parole, & fidelle en effect.

I'ay des plus fiers dedains la puissance empruntée
 Pour repousser le trait dont i'ay le cœur atteint,
 Mais plus ie recognois par leur force domptée
 Ma douleur veritable & mon remede feint.

Ainsi donc combatant le mal qui me possede
 Sans voir par ces moyens ses tempestes calmer,
 Ie me vay consommant dans mon propre remede
 Comme vn Vaisseau qui brusle au milieu de la Mer.

Voilà comme en viuant en toute seruitude
 Ie nourris vn penser dont l'impiteux effort,
 Se monstre en mon endroit si plain d'ingratitude,
 Qu'en luy donnant la vie il me donne la mort.

14

VOUS QUE LE BON HEUR R'APPELLE

Airs du Court.

VOus que le bonheur r'appelle
A un seruage ancien,
Mourez aux peids de la belle
Qui vous daigne faire sien.

Glorieuse en vostre perte
Honorez vostre vainqueur,
Qui vous a la porte ouuerte
De la prison de son cœur.

Heureux venez vous donc rendre
A celle qui vous a pris,
C'est honneur de ce voir prendre
A qui tient tout à mespris.

Ainsi vostre ame reprise,
Finis toute liberté:
Glorieuse est l'enterprise
Qui guide à l'éternité.

15

PASSAVA AMOR SUARCO DESSARMADO

Espagnol.

PAssava amor su arco dessarmado
Los. oios baxos, blando y muy modesto,
Dexava m'ya atras muy descuidado.

Quam poco espacio pude gozar esto,
Fortuna, deembidiosa, dixo luego:
Teneos, amor porque vays tan presto.

Boluio de presto ami el nigno ciego,
Muy enoiado enversé reprehendido
Que no ay reprehension do sta sufuego.

Ay prados, bosques, selvas, que criastes,
Tan libre coracon como ero el mio
Porque tan graue mal no te estoruastes.

16

STA NOTE MIEN YANA

Espagnol.

STa note mien yaua,
Call inferno mesctana my nandaua,
Non per ly mei pecate,
Ma per uider chi fanno lyny.

Standola mi pareua
Chi nel medso Plutone ses sedeua
Tra qui Spiriti infernali
Chi donno l'alma tanti stragi mali.

17

VESTROS OIOS TIENEN D'AMOR NO SE QUE

VEstros oios tienen d'Amor no se que,
Que me yelan me roban me hieren me matan
a fè,
Porque me mirays con ta aflicion,
y almi coracon me aprisionays,
Que si vos me mirays yo os acusare.

18

SE DI FARMI MORIRE*Italien. Dominico Maria Megli.*

SE di farmi morire,
 Con crudeltà pensate,
 Certo che u'inganate.
 Cha da la crudeltà nascono lire,
 E da lire lo sdegno,
 Che scaccia Amor,
 Dal suo superbo regno.

19

DOVRÒ DUNQUE MORIRE?*Giulio Caccini detto Romano.*

DOurò dunque morire?
 Pria che di nuouo io miri,
 Voi bramata cagion de miei martiri
 mio perduto tesoro
 non potrò dirui
 pria ch' io mora io moro?
 O', miseria in audita,
 Non poter dir a voi
 morro mia vita.

20

AMARILLI MIA BELLA*Giulio Caccini detto Romano.*

AMarilli mia bella,
 Non credi ò del mio cor dolce desio,
 D'esser tu l'amor mio,
 Credilo pur, è se timor t'assale,
 Prendi questo mio strale
 Aprim' il petto, è vedrai scritto il core,
 Amarilli è 'l mio amore.

21

O BELLA PIPIU*Italien.*

O Bella pipiu, che la stella Diana,
 Chi parinansi de la mia patrona,
 mi regina, dolce mia more,
 pieta, cor mia pieta, non piu dolore
 bene mio caro, Core mio bella,
 tu se la mala morte mio
 la frets a chi mi pas il core.

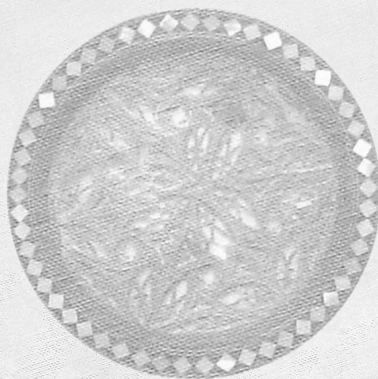
THE SCHOOLE OF NIGHT

To lay up some honey in the house of learning and fame – das könnte man wohl als Ziel und Antrieb der **SCHOOLE OF NIGHT** benennen. Wie wohl dem Honig überhaupt keine melancholischen Eigenschaften zugeschrieben werden – Timothy Bright: „Honie hath no melancholy disposition at all.“ – ist für die Schoole das Ausloten der Melancholie in der Musik eine Art, ihre gefährlichen Seiten zu bannen. Wer jemals mit Melancholie behaftet war, weiß, welche zerstörische Kraft in dieser Disposition schlummert. Die geniale Melancholie, wie sie so gerne beschrieben wird, ist ja nur ein sehr kleiner Aspekt dieses Monstrums. Wenn Du im November um vier Uhr morgens aufwachst und die Welt um Dich herum zusammenbricht, wenn Du kaum mehr atmen kannst und spürst, dass Du nicht mehr die Kraft hast, auch nur einigermaßen zu funktionieren, dann hat das Monster Dich in seinen Klauen. Was machst Du dann? Phillip Sidney schrieb einst an seinen Bruder Robert:

„Now, sweet, brother ... increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times.“ Robert Sidney schien in der Tat seines Bruders Rat gefolgt zu sein, war er doch Patron des Musicall Banquet, das sein Patensohn Robert Dowland zusammenstellte. „And for thy sake this world becomes my hell“ – das ist nur der Anfang von tieftraurigen Texten, die im Banquet zu finden sind. Sämtliche Schattierungen der Melancholie sind in dem Buch versammelt, „till death doe come, In darknesse let me dwell“. Sobald man aber anfängt, die Musik zu spielen und sich tief mit den Texten auseinandersetzt, verschwindet die Melancholie und man geht gerichtet und guten Mutes in die Zukunft. Das ist die Magie des Banquets, die ganz praktisch funktioniert. „... the assay is taken before, they shall not need to feare poysoning.“, schreibt Robert Dowland in der Ansprache an seine Leser. So können auch wir sagen: Wir haben es probiert, es ist ein wirksames Gegengift.

THE SCHOOLE OF NIGHT

*To lay up some honey in the house of learning and fame - this could well be the purpose and inspiration of **THE SCHOOLE OF NIGHT**. Although honey is not attributed any melancholic qualities – Timothy Bright: „Honie hath no melancholy disposition at all“ – for the Schoole, fathoming out melancholy in music is a way to overcome this humour's perilous sides. Anyone who has ever been afflicted with melancholy knows what destructive powers lie dormant in this disposition. The inspired melancholy, as it is so often described, is after all only a very small part of this monster. When you wake up at four o'clock in the morning in November and the world around you is crumbling, when you can hardly breathe and feel that you no longer have the strength to live at all, then the monster has already caught you in its claws. What do you do then? Phillip Sidney once wrote to his brother Robert: „Now, sweet, brother ... increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times.“ Robert Sidney seems to have followed his brother's advice, as he became the patron of the Musicall Banquet, which was put together by his godson Robert Dowland. „And for thy sake this world becomes my hell“ - this is only the beginning of deeply sad poems that can be found in the Banquet. All shades of melancholy gather in this book, „till death doe come, in darknesse let me dwell“. Yet as soon as you begin to play the music and you engage deeply with the words, melancholy goes away and you enter the future with good spirits and good fortune. This is the magic of the Banquet, which indeed has a very practical effect. Robert Dowland writes in his preface to the readers: „... the assay is taken before, they shall not need to feare poysoning“. Thus we too can say: yes, we have tried it, it is an effective antidote.*



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