



Songs of Passion – lyrics

Dowland “Come Again”

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 steams.
My heart takes no delight.
To see the fruits and joys that some do find.
And mark the storms are me assign'd

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 d tears more hot than are thy shafts.
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

Dowland “Semper Dowland semper dolens”

Instrumental piece

Dowland “Go crystal tears”

Go crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast
And as the dews revive the 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 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

Dowland “Frog Galliard”

Instrumental piece

Dowland “Now o now I needs must part”

Now, o 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 do sense bereave
Never shall affection die

Sad despair doth drive me hence
This despair unkindness sends
If that parting be offence
It is she which then offends

Dowland “Lachrimae Antique”

Instrumental piece

Dowland “Sorrow stay”

Sorrow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,
to a woefull wretched wight,
hence, dispaire with thy tormenting feares:
O doe not my poore heart affright,
pitty, help now or never,
mark me not to endlesse paine,
alas I am condemned ever,
no hope, no help ther doth remaine,
but downe, down, down I fall,
and arise I never shall.
Wilt thou be thus abused still,

Dowland “Earl of essex his galliard”

Instrumental piece

Dowland “Flow my tears”

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

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

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

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.

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

Dowland “King of Denmark’s Galliard”

Instrumental piece

Dowland “Can she excuse”

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.

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 I die 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.

Purcell "If love's a sweet passion"

If loves' a sweet passion
Why does it torment?
If a bitter, oh tell me
Whence comes my content?

Since I suffer with pleasure
Why should I complain
Or grieve at my fate
When I know 'tis in vain?

Yet so pleasing the pains
So soft is the dart
That at once it both wounds me
And tickles my heart

I press her hand gently
Look languishing down
And by passionate silence
I make my love known

But oh! how I'm blest
When so kind she does prove
By some willing mistake
To discover her love

When in striving to hide
She reveals all her flame
And our eyes tell each other
What neither dares name

Purcell "Strike the viol"

Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.
Sing your patroness's praise,
In cheerful and harmonious lays.

Purcell "O solitude"

O Solitude My Sweetest Choice
Places Devoted To The Night
Remote From Tumults And From Noise
How Ye May Restless Thoughts Delight

O Heavens! What Content Is Mine
To See Those Trees Which Have Appeared
From The Nativity Of Time
And Which Have Survived
To Look Today As Fresh And Green
As When Their Beauties First Were Seen

O How Agreeable A Sight
Those Hanging Mountains Do Appear
Which The Unhappy Would Invite
To Finish All Their Sorrows Here
When Their Hard Fate Makes Them Endure
Such Woes As Only Death Can Cure

Oh How I Solitude Adore
The Element Of Noblest Wit
Where I Have Learnt The Wise Man's Lore
Without The Pains To Study It

For Thy Sake I In Love Am Grown
With What Thy Fancy Does Persue :
But When I think Upon Mine Own
Dear Lord! I Hate It For That Reason Too
Because It Needs Must Hinder me
Dear Lord! From Seeing
And From Serving Thee

Purcell “An evening Hymn”

Now, now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah!

Purcell “Chaconne from the Fairy queen”

Instrumental piece

Purcell “O let me weep”

O let me weep, forever weep.
O let me forever weep!
My eyes no more shall welcome sleep:
i'll hide me from the sight of day,
And sigh my soul away.
He's gone, his loss deplore;
And i shall never see him more.
O let me weep! forever weep!

Purcell “Now the night is chased away”

Now the Night is chased away,
All salute the rising Sun;
'Tis that happy, happy Day,
The Birth-Day of King Oberon.

Let the Fifes, and the Clarions, and shrill
Trumpets sound,
And the Arch of high Heav'n the Clangor
resound.

Purcell “Dido and Aeneas Overture”

Instrumental piece

Purcell “Ah Belinda”

Ah! Belinda, I am pressed
with torment not to be confessed.
Peace and I are strangers grown,
I languish till my grief is known, yet
would not have it guessed.

Purcell “Echo dance of the furies”

Instrumental piece

Purcell “Thanks to these lonesome vales”

Thanks to these lonesome vales,
these desert hills and dales,
So fair the game, so rich the sport,
Diana's self might to these woods resort.

Purcell “The Witches’ dance”

Instrumental piece

Purcell “When I am laid in earth”

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me
On thy bosom let me rest

More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest

When I am laid in earth, May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate