



Lovesongs

nach Liedern von John Dowland (1563-1626)
(Gabriele Hasler voc, comp, arr; Roger Hanschel asax,
comp, arr) - FOOLISH MUSIC, 2003 (FM 211 003

Can He Excuse my wrongs? | Text: John Dowland

Can he excuse my wrongs with virtue`s cloak?
Shall I call him good when he proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no, when shadows do for bodies stand
Thou mayst be abused 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 he will right thee never?
If thou canst not overcome his will
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Come Again: Sweet Love Doth Now Invite | Text: John Dowland

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.

Gentle love, draw forth thy wounding dart
Thou canst not pierce her heart for I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
did tempt while she for mighty triumph laughs.

Dear, If You Change | Text: John Dowland

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 her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn.
Heaven her bright stars through earths dim globe shall move.
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flame be born.
Air made to shine, as black as hell shall prove.

Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air
The world transformed shall view
Ere I prove false to faith or strange to you

Go, Crystal Tears | Text: John Dowland

Go, Crystal tears like to the morning showers
And sweetly weep into thy ladies 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

My Thoughts Are Wing`d With Hope |

Text: George, Earl of Cumberland

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 in feet
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.

Weep You No More, Sad Fountains | Text: John Dowland

(Air)

Weep you no more sad fountains
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heavens sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping
That now lies sleeping
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling
A rest that Peace begets:
Doth not the sunrise smiling
When fair at evening he sets.
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes.
Melt not in weeping.
While she lies sleeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Who Ever Thinks or Hopes Of Love | Text: Fulke, Lord Brooke

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:
Or who, beloved, 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,
With dark clouds of an earth quite overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant nonour armed
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,

Looking on me let him know love's delights
Are treasures hid in caves,
Are treasures hid in caves but kept by sprites.

Rest awhile | Text: John Dowland

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 heavenly light I see
Be as dark as hell to me

If I speak my words want weight
Am I mute, my heart does 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 feigned be
Let this heavenly 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 murdring eyes
And if it proves unkind to thee
Let this heavenly light I see
Be as dark as hell to me