

John Dowland  
(c. 1563-1626)

# *Dowland Songs*

5 sange fra Dowlands  
'Books of Songs or Ayres'

Arrangeret for SSA af  
Morten Ahti Lyng

# COME AGAIN

John Dowland  
First Booke of Ayres, 1597

Arr. for SSA: Morten Ahti Lyng

SOPRAN 1

1. Come a gain, sweet love doth now in-vite Thy gra-ces that re -  
 2. Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn Through thy in - kind dis -  
 5. Gent - le love, draw forth thy wound ing dart, Thou canst not pierce her

SOPRAN 2

1. Come a - gain sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra-ces that re -  
 2. Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn Through thy in - kind dis -  
 5. Gent - le love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart, Thou canst not pierce her

ALT

1. Come a - gain sweet love doth now in-vite Thy gra - ces that re -  
 2. Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn Through thy in - kind dis -  
 5. Gent-le love, draw forth thy wound ing dart, Thou canst not pierce her

6

S.

frain To do me due de - light, To see, to hear, to touch,  
 dain; For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep,  
 heart; For I, that do ap - prove By sighs and tears more hot

S.

frain To do me due de - light, To see, to hear, to  
 dain; For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I  
 heart; For I, that do ap - prove By sighs and tears more

A.

frain To do me due de - light, To see, to hear, to  
 dain; For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I  
 heart; For I, that do ap - prove By sighs and tears more

10

S.

to kiss, to die with thee a - gain in  
 I faint, I die in dead - ly pain and  
 than are my shafts, did tempt while she for

S.

touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain in  
 weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly pain and  
 hot than are my shafts, my shafts did tempt while she for

A.

touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee, with thee a - gain in  
 weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly pain, in pain and  
 hot than are my shafts, my shafts did tempt while she, while she for

13

1. 2.

S. sweet-est sym - pa - thy. sweet-est sym - pa - thy.  
end - less mi - se - ry. end - less mi - se - ry.  
scan - ty tri - umph laughs. scan - ty tri - umph laughs.

S. sweet - est sym - pa - thy. sweet - est sym - pa - thy.  
end - less mi - se - ry. end - less mi - se - ry.  
scan - ty tri - umph laughs. scan - ty tri - umph laughs.

A. sweet - est sym - pa - thy. sweet - est sym - pa - thy.  
end - less mi - se - ry. end - les mi - se - ry.  
scan - ty tri - umph laughs. scan - ty tri - umph laughs.

3. 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 assign'd.

4. 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.

# ME, ME AND NONE BUT ME

John Dowland

The Third and last Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1603

Arr. for SSA: Morten Ahti Lyng

SOPRAN 1

1. Me, me and none but me, dart home, O gen - tle death,  
2. Like to the sil - ver swan, be - fore my death I sing;

SOPRAN 2

1. Me, me and none but me, dart home, O gen - tle death,  
2. Like to the sil - ver swan, be - fore my death I sing;

ALT

1. Me, me and none but me, dart home, O gen - tle death,  
2. Like to the sil - ver swan, be - fore my death I sing;

6

S.

and quick-ly, for I draw too long this i - dle breath,  
and yet a-live my fa - tall knell I help to ring.

S.

and quick-ly, for I draw too long this i - dle breath,  
and yet a-live my fa - tall knell I help to ring.

A.

and quick-ly, for I draw too long this i - dle breath,  
and yet a-live my fa - tall knell I help to ring.

12

S.

O, how I long till I may fly to heav'n a - bove, un -  
Still I de-sire from earth and earth - ly joys to fly, he

S.

O, how I long, I long till I may fly to heav'n a - bove, un - to my  
Still I de-sire from earth, from earth and earth - ly joys to fly, he ne-ver

A.

O, how I long till I may fly a - bove, un -  
Still I de - sire from earth and joys to fly, he

18

S. - to my faith-ful, un - to my faith-ful and be-lov-ed tur - tle-dove.  
ne-ver hap-py liv'd, ne-ver hap - py liv'd, that can-not love to die.

S. faith - ful, my faith ful and be - lov - ed tur - tle - dove.  
hap-py, ne - ver hap - py liv'd that can - not love. to die.


A. -to my faith - ful and be - lov - ed tur - tle - dove.  
ne - ver hap - py liv'd that can - not love. to die.

# PRAISE BLINDNESS EYES

John Dowland  
The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres, 1600


Arr. for SSA: Morten Ahti Lyng

SOPRAN 1




1. Praise blind - ness eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit,  
2. And if thine ears, false Her - alds, to thy heart  
3. Now none is bald, ex - cept they see his brains,

SOPRAN 2



1. Praise\_\_blind - ness eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit,  
2. And\_\_ if\_\_ thine ears, false Her - alds, to thy heart  
3. Now\_\_ none is bald, ex - cept they see his brains,


ALT



1. Praise\_\_ blind - ness eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit,  
2. And\_\_ if\_\_ thine ears, false Her - ralds, to thy heart  
3. Now\_\_ none\_\_ is bald, ex - cept they see his brains,


5

S.



Be dumb, vain tongue, words are but flat - t'ring winds, Break heart and  
Con - vey un - to thy head hopes to ob - tain, Then tell thy  
Af - fec - tion is not known 'till one be dead, Re - ward for

S.



Be dumb, vain tongue, words are but flat-t'ring winds, Break heart and  
Con - vey un - to thy head hopes to ob - tain, Then tell thy  
Af - fec - tion is knot know 'till one be dead, Re - ward for


A.



Be\_\_ dumb, vain tongue, words are but flat - t'ring winds, Break heart and  
Con - vey\_\_ un - to thy head hopes to ob - tain, Then tell thy  
Af - fec - tion is not known 'till one be dead, Re - ward for


10

S.




bleed for there is no re - ciept, To purge in - con - stan - cy  
hear - ing thou art deaf by art, Now love is art that wan -  
love are la - bours for his pains, Love's qui - ver made of gold,

S.



bleed for there is\_\_ no re - ciept, To purge in - con - stan - cy  
hear - ing thou art\_\_ deaf by art, Now love is art that wan -  
love are la - bours\_\_ for his pains, Love's qui - ver made of gold,

A.



bleed for there is\_\_ no re - ciept, To purge in - con - stan - cy\_\_  
hear - ing thou art\_\_ deaf by art, Now love is art that wan - ted  
love are la - bours\_\_ for his pains, Love's qui - ver made of gold, -

Lenvoy:

15

S. from most mens minds. And so I watched a-mazed and could not  
 ted to be plain,  
 his shafts of lead.

S. from most mens minds. And so I watched a-mazed and could not  
 ted to be plain,  
 his shafts of lead.

A. from most mens minds. And so I watched a-mazed and could not  
 to be plain,  
 his shafts of lead.

20

S. move, I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

S. move, I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

A. move, I know my dream was true, and yet I love.


# WHAT IF I NEVER SPEED

John Dowland

The Third and last Booke of Songs or Ayres, 1603


Arr. for SSA: Morten Ahti Lyng

SOPRAN 1




1. What if I ne - ver speed, Shall I straight yield to des - pair, And still on sor-row  
Or shall I change my love, For I find power to de - part, And in my rea-sons  
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, Yet I ne - ver felt the sweet, But ti - red with an -  
Oft have I left my hope, As a wretch by fate for - lorn, But Love aims at one

SOPRAN 2




1. What if I ne - ver speed, Shall I straight yield to des - pair, And still on sor-row  
Or shall I change my love, For I find power to de - part, And in my rea-sons  
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, Yet I ne - ver felt the sweet, But ti - red with an -  
Oft have I left my hope, As a wretch by fate for - lorn, But Love aims at one

ALT




6

S.




feed, That can no loss re - pair? 1. But if she will pi-ty my de-sire and—  
prove I can com-mand my heart? 2. He that once loves with a true de-sire ne -  
noy My\_ griefs each - o - ther gree-te.  
scope, And lost will still re - turn.

S.



feed, That can no loss re - pair? 1. But if she will pi - ty, pi-ty, pi - ty my de-sire  
prove I can com-mand my heart? 2. He that once loves with a, with a true de - sire—  
noy My\_ griefs each - o - ther gree-te.  
scope, And lost will still re - turn.

A.



1. But if she will pi-ty my de-sire, and my  
2. He that once loves with a true de-sire, ne-ver

11

S.



— my love re - quite, Then e - ver shall she live my dear de - light, Come,  
- ver can de - part, For Cu - pid is the king of eve-ry heart,

S.



and my love re-quite, Then e - ver shall she live my dear de - light, Come, come,  
ne - ver can de-part, For Cu-pid is the king of eve - ry heart,

A.



love re quite, Then e - ver shall she live my dear de - light, Come, come,  
can de-part, For Cu-pid is the king of eve - ry heart,



16

S. *come, come while I have a heart to de - sire thee, Come,*

S. *come while I have, I have a heart \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ de - sire thee,*

A. *come, while I have a heart to de - sire - thee,*

19

S. *come, come for ei - ther I will love or ad - mire thee.*

S. *Come, come, for ei - ther I will love \_\_\_\_\_ or ad - mire thee.*

A. *Come, come, for ei - ther I will love or ad - mire thee.*

# O SWEET WOODS

John Dowland  
The Second Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1600

Arr. for SSA: Morten Ahti Lyng

SOPRAN 1  
O sweet woods, the de-light of so - li - ta - ri ness, O how

SOPRAN 2  
O sweet woods, the de-light of so - li - ta - ri-ness, O how

ALT  
O how much do I

6 **Fine**

S. much do I love your so - li - ta - ri - ness. 1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re -  
3. You men that give false wor-ship un - to  
4. You woods, in you the fair - est Nymphs have

S. much do I love your so - li - ta - ri - ness. 1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re -  
3. You men that give false wor-ship un - to  
4. You woods, in you the fair - est Nymphs have

A. love your so - li - ta - ri - ness. 1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re -  
3. You men that give false wor-ship un - to  
4. You woods, in you the fair - est Nymphs have

12

S. tired, In these sad groves an Her - mit's life I led,  
Love, And seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain,  
walked, Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to Love,

S. tired, In these sad groves an Her-mit's life I led, I led,  
Love, And seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain,  
walked, Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to Love, to Love

A. tired, In these sad groves an Her - mit's life I led, I led,  
Love, And seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain,  
walked, Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to Love, to Love,

17

S. And those false plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With  
The end - less work of Sisy - phus you pro - cure, Whose  
You woods in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How

S. And those false, those false, false plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With  
The end - less work, the end - less work of Sisy - phus you pro - cure, Whose  
You woods, you woods in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How

A. And those false, those false, false plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With  
The end - less work, the end - less work of Sisy - phus you pro - cure, Whose  
You woods, you woods in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How

22

S. sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To  
end is this: to know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope  
do you know a place of mourn - ing, mourn - ing prove, Wan -

S. sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To birds,  
end is this: to know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope and  
do you know a place, of mourn - ing, mourn - ing prove, Wan - stead,

A. sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To birds,  
end is this: to know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope and  
do you know a place of mourn - ing, mourn - ing prove, Wan - stead,

27


S. birds, to trees, to earth im - part I this, For  
and de - sire which now your I - dols be, Your  
stead, My Mis - stress' faith, this is the doom, Thou

S. to trees, to earth, to earth im - part I this, For  
de - sire which now, which now your I - dols be, Your  
Wan - stead, My Mis - stress' faith, this is the doom, Thou

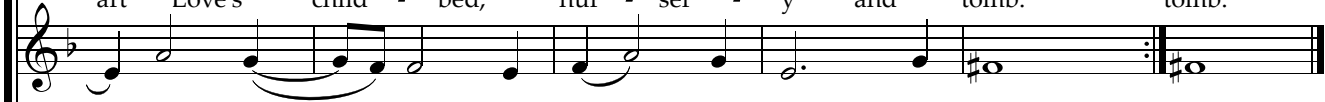
A. to trees, to earth, to earth im - part I this, For  
de - sire which now, which now your I - dols be, Your  
Wan - stead My Mis - stress' faith, this is the doom, Thou

D.C al fine

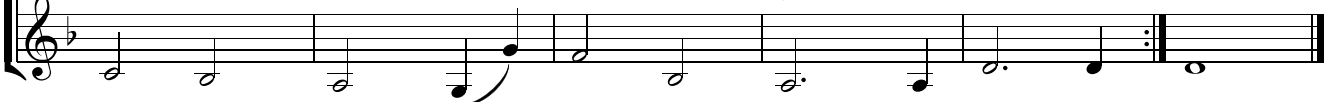
33

S. 

she less se - cret and as sense - less is. is.  
needs must loose and feel des - pair with me. me.  
art Love's child - bed, nur - ser - y and tomb. tomb.

S. 

— she less — se - cret and — as sense - less is. is.  
— needs must — loose and feel — des - pair with me. me.  
— art Love's — child - bed, nur - ser - y and tomb. tomb.

A. 

she less se - cret, — and as sense - less is. To is.  
needs must loose and — feel des - pair with me. Hope me.  
art Love's child - bed, — nur - ser - y and tomb. Wan- tomb.

2. Experience which repentance only brings,  
Doth bid mee now my hart from love estrange,  
Love is disdained when it doth look at Kings,  
And love loe placed, base and apt to change:  
The power doth take from him his liberty,  
His want of worth makes him in cradell die.

*O sweet woods...*

*Note: Man kan vælge at undlade gentagelsen fra t. 26 i versene. På samme måde kan man vælge kun at synge refrainet 'O sweet woods' som indledning og afslutning af hele sangen.*

*Note: One may choose to omit the repetition from bar 26 in the verses. In the same way one may choose only to sing the refrain 'O sweet woods' in the beginning and at the end of the entire song.*