





Welcome black night Hymen's fair day,
Help Hymen Love's due debt to pay,
Love's due debt is chaste delight.
Which if the turtles want tonight,
Hymen forfeits his deity,
And Night in love her dignity,
Help, help black Night, Hymen's fair day,
Help Hymen, Love's due debt to pay.

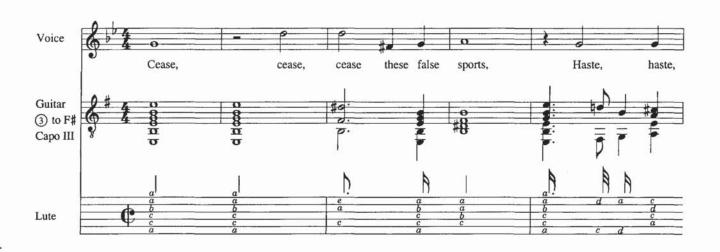
Hymen, O Hymen, mine Of treasures more divine, What deity is like to thee, That freest from mortality?

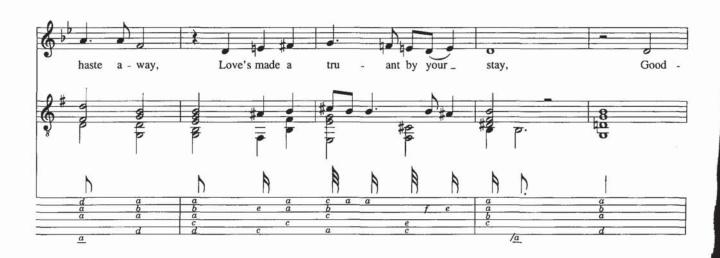
2

Stay (happy pair) stay but a while,
Hymen comes not, Love to beguile,
These sports are alluring baits,
And sauce are to Love's sweetest cates:
Longing Hope doth no hurt but this,
It heightens Love's attained bliss.
Then stay (most happy) stay awhile,
Hymen comes not, Love to beguile.

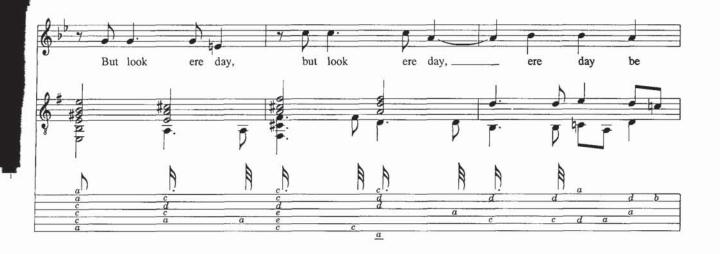
Hymen, O Hymen, mine Of treasures more divine, What deity is like to thee, That freest from mortality?

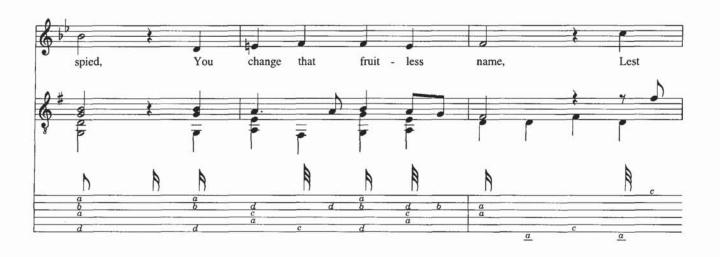
XXI. Cease these false sports



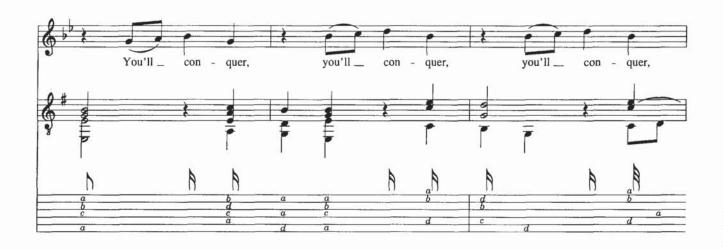


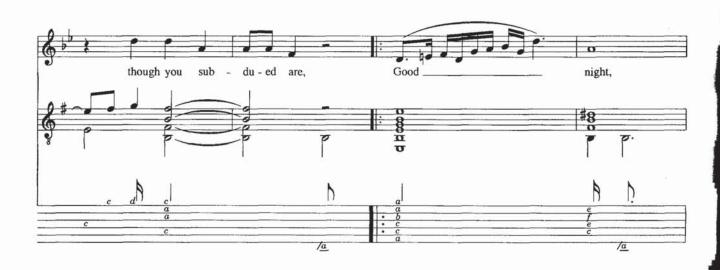


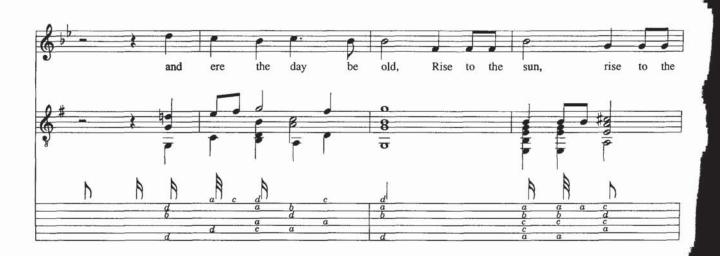


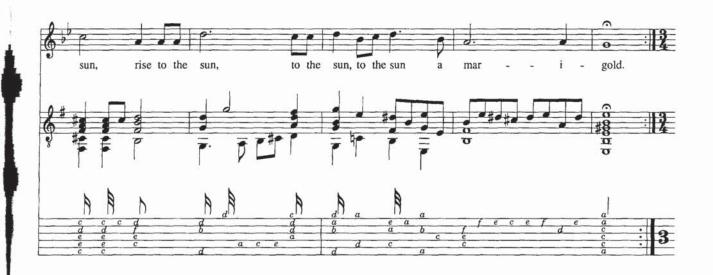
















Cease these false sports, Haste away,
Love's made a truant by your stay,
Goodnight, yet virgin bride,
But look ere day be spied,
You change that fruitless name,
Lest you your sex defame,
Fear not Hymen's peaceful war,
You'll conquer though you subdued are,
Goodnight, and ere the day be old,
Rise to the sun a marigold.

Chorus

Hymen, O Hymen, bless this night, That Love's dark works may come to light.

Far from triumphing Court

Lyrics by Sir Henry Lea

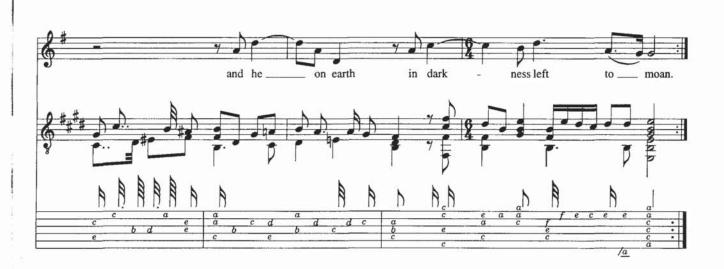












Far from triumphing Court and wonted glory
He dwelt in shady unfrequented places,
Time's pris'ner now he made his pastime story,
Gladly forgets Court's erst afforded graces.
That Goddess whom he serv'd to heav'n is gone,
And he on earth in darkness left to moan.

2

But lo a glorious light from his dark rest
Shone from the place where erst this Goddess dwelt
A light whose beams the world with fruit hath blest
Blest was the knight while he that light beheld:
Since then a star fixed on his head hath shin'd,
And a Saint's image in his heart is shrin'd.

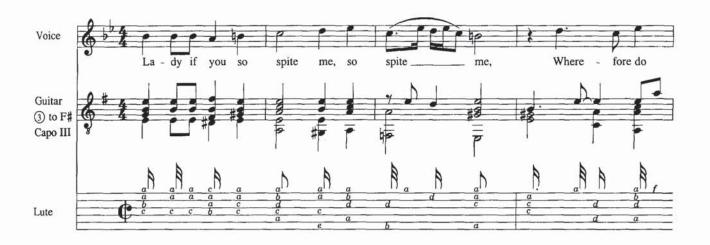
3

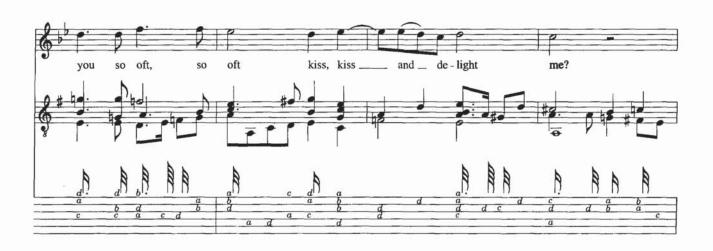
Ravish'd with joy so grac'd by such a Saint,
He quite forgat his cell and self denaid.
He thought it shame in thankfulness to faint,
Debts due to princes must be duly paid:
Nothing so hateful to a noble mind,
As finding kindness for to prove unkind.

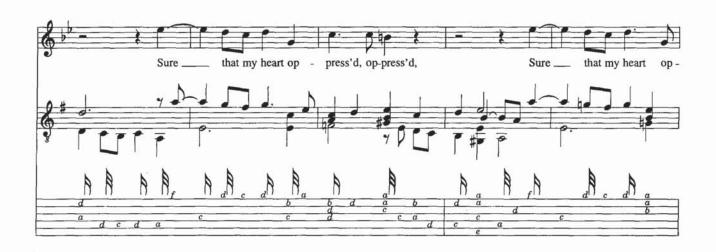
4

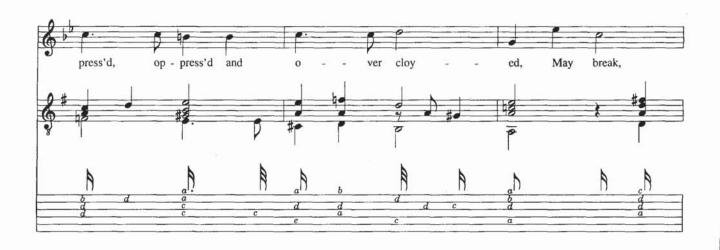
But ah poor knight though thus in dream he rang'd,
Hoping to serve this Saint in sort most meet,
Time with his golden locks to silver chang'd
Hath with age fetters bound him hands and feet,
Ay me he cries, Goddess my limbs grow faint,
Though I Time's pris'ner be, be you my Saint.

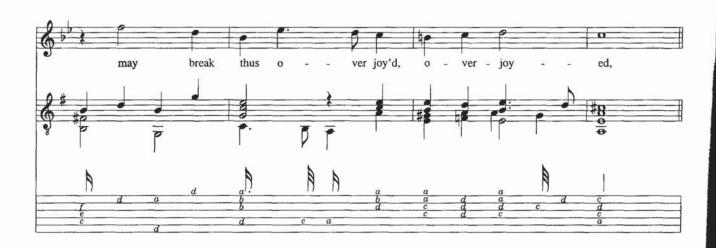
Lady if you so spite me

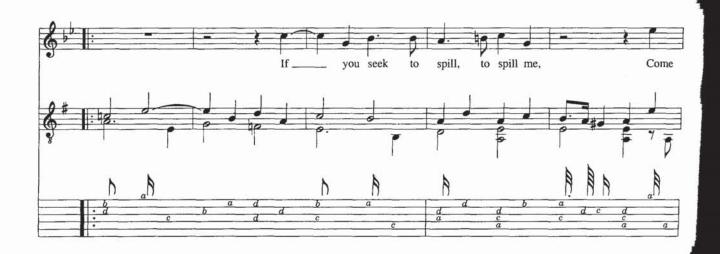












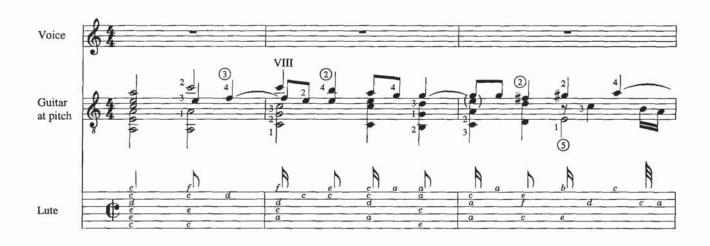


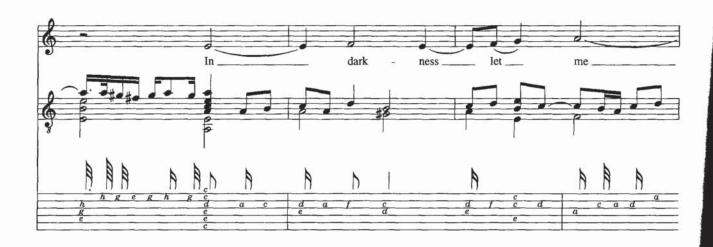


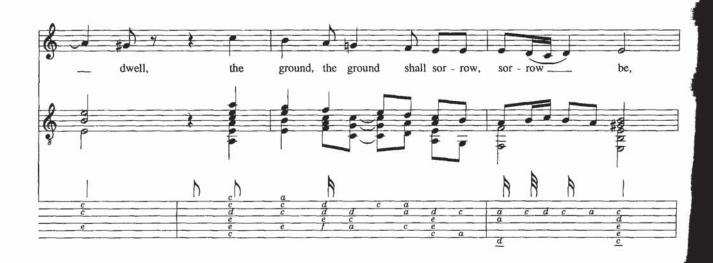


Lady if you so spite me,
Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me?
Sure that my heart oppress'd and over cloyed
May break thus overjoyed?
If you seek to spill me,
Come kiss me sweet and kill me.
So shall your heart be eased,
And I shall rest content and die well pleased.

In darkness let me dwell

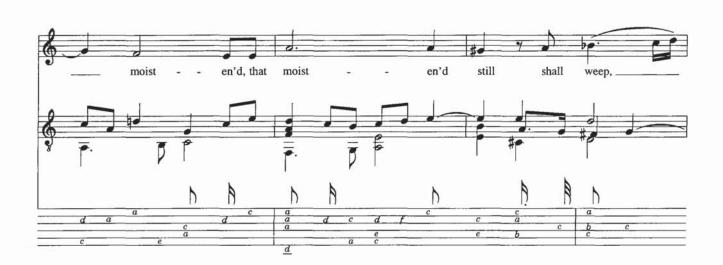




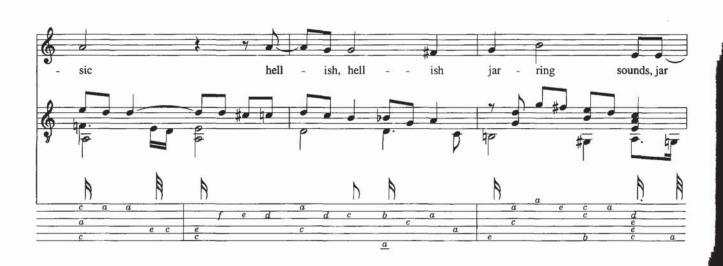


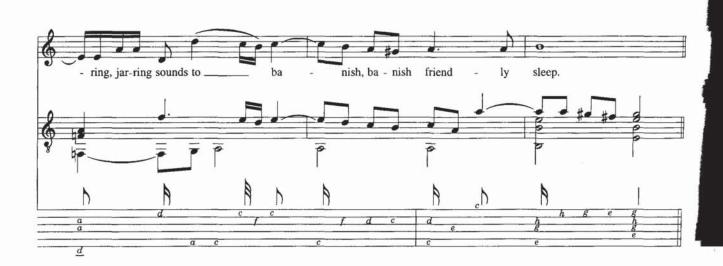


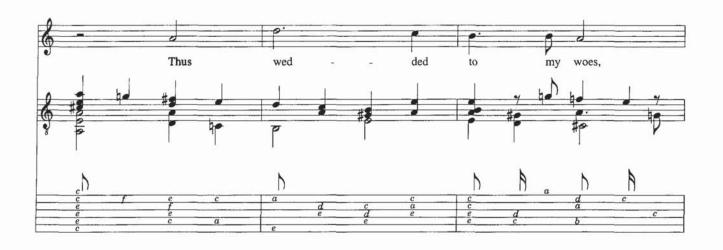


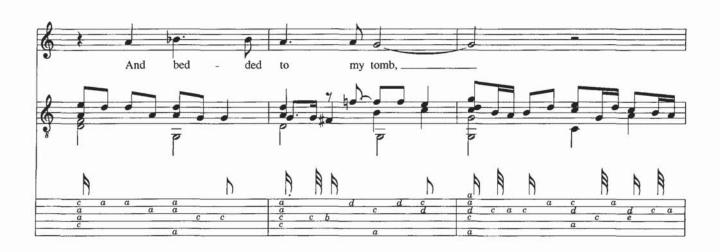
















In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me.
The walls of marble black that moisten'd still shall weep,
My music hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded to my tomb,
O, let me, living, living, die, till death do come.
In darkness let me dwell.