

## **Texts for the HP Chamber Concert, May 8, 2024**

### **Go, crystal tears**

Go crystal tears, like to the morning showers,  
And sweetly weep unto thy lady's breast,  
And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,  
So let your drops of pity be addressed:  
To quicken up thoughts of my desert,  
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

### **Now, O now**

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.

### **Ye sacred Muses**

(An elegy for Thomas Tallis, died Nov. 23, 1585)

Ye sacred Muses, race of Jove,  
Whom music's lore delighteth,  
Come down from crystal hea'vns above  
To earth, where sorrow dwelleth,  
In mourning weeds, with tears in eyes:  
Tallis is dead, and Music dies.

### **Sweet, they say such virtue lies in your lips**

Sweet, they say such virtue lies in your lips,  
That who so tasteth their sweet poison,  
Kindly wasteth, and of the infection dies.  
Never stranger death than this,  
No more kinder kind of killing,  
Where the lips, like turtles billing,  
Slay by wonder of a kiss.  
Since the virtue then is such,  
Of your mortal kisses giving,  
That they kill and yet leave living,  
Wounded only by a touch:  
Kiss me many times, sweet Jane,  
That I may thus oft be slain.

### **When May is in his prime**

When May is in his prime, then may each heart rejoice,  
When May bedecks each branch with green, each bird strains forth his voice;  
The lively sap creeps up into the blooming thorn;  
The flow'rs with cold in prison kept, now laugh the frost to scorn;  
All nature's imps triumph while joyful May doth last:  
When May is gone, of all the year, the pleasant'st time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue. May breeds and brings new blood,  
May marcheth throughout every limb, May makes the merry mood.  
May pricketh tender hearts, their warbling notes to tune;  
Full strange it is, yet some we see do make their May in June.  
Thus things are strangely wrought while joyful May doth last;  
When May is gone, of all the year, the pleasant'st time is past.

All ye that live on earth and have your May at will,  
Rejoice in May as I do now, and use your May with skill.  
Use May whiles that ye may, for May hath but his time;  
When all the fruit is gone it is too late the tree to climb.  
Your liking and your lust is fresh while May doth last:  
Take May in time; when May is gone, your pleasant'st time is past.

## **No Life Left for Me**

He who has endured hardships with me

He now has gone to the fate that awaits mankind

Day and night, I have wept for him

For what if he had risen at my cries?

Six days and seven nights I waited

Until a worm crawled out of his nose

Since he has gone

There is no life left for me.