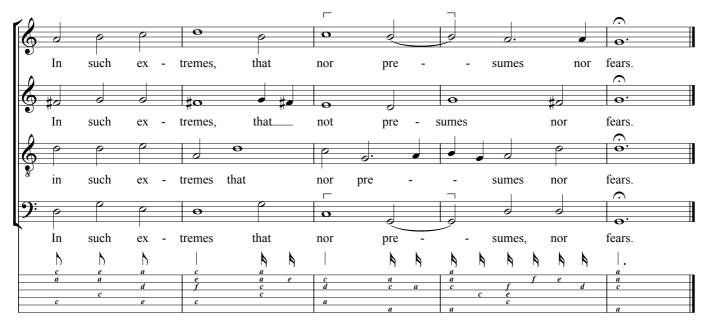
Up merry mates, to Neptune's praise







Up merry mates, to *Neptunes* prayse,

Your voyces high advance:

The watrie Nymphs shall dance,

and Eolus shall whistle to your layes.

Stereman, how stands the winde?

Full North, North-east.

What course?

Full South, South-west.

no worse,

and blow so faire,

Then sinke despayre,

Come solace to the minde,

ere night we shall the haven finde.

O happy dayes,

who may containe,

but swell with proud disdaine,

when seas are smooth, sailes full and all things please?

Stay merry mates, proud Neptune lowres,

Your voyces all deplore you,

The Nymphes stand weeping o're you:

And Eolus and Iris bandy showres.

Mr. Boates man hale in the Boate.

Harke, harke the ratlings,

'Tis haile.

Make fast the tacklings.

Strike saile.

Make quicke dispatches,

Shut close the hatches.

Hold sterne, cast Ancour out,

This night we shall at random floate.

O dismall houres,

Who can forbeare,

But sinke with sad despaire.

When seas are rough, sailes rent, and each thing lowres.

Conclusion

The golden meane that constant spirit beares, in such extreams that nor presumes nor feares.

Source: John Dowland, A Pilgrimes Solace (London, 1612), no.19.

Subtitle "Dialogue" above Altus and Bassus parts The Conclusion should be performed after the second verse only

Lute.1.1: dotted minim

Lute.3.1: f string a (= f)

IV.12: minim rest only

IV.17: d

Lute.29.1: diapason /a (= D on 8-course lute)

II.32.3: sharp supplied by lute tablature

IV.32.3: no tie