

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

19. Vp merry mates, to *Neptunes* prayse.

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Your voyces high aduance :

The watrie Nymphs shall dance,

And *Eolus* shall whistle to your layes,

Mr. Stereman, how stands the winde ?

S. Full North, North-east,

M. What course ?

S. Full South South-west.

M. No worse,

And blow so faire,

Then sincke despayre,

Come solace to the minde,

ere night we shall the heauen 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.

S. Harke, harke the ratlings,

M. Tis haile.

S. Make fast the tacklings.

M. Strike saile.

Make quicke dispatches,

Shut close the hatches.

Hold sterne, cast Ancour out,

This night we shall at randome floate.

O dismall houres,

Who can forbear,

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 extremes that nor presumes nor feares.