WEEP, O MINE EYES

JOHN BENNETT

Weep, O mine eyes, and cease not,
Alas, these your springtides, methinks, increase not.
O when, O when begin you
To swell so high that I may drown me in you?

Madrigals à 4 (1599), xiii

Faced with such a poem, Bennett could hardly avoid referring to the melody of Dowland's Lachrymae, yet the disarmingly passionate plea brings forth a setting whose sensitivity is characteristic of Bennett alone. As his admirer Ravenscroft said (preface to the Brief Discourse): 'the very life of that passion, which the ditty sounded, is so truly expressed, as if he had measured it alone by his own soul, and invented no other harmony than his own sensible feeling in that affection did afford him'.





(27)

