

# I Loathe That I Do Love

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## References:

### Words

"I lothe that I did loue" in Tottel's *Songes and Sonettes written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other* edited by Richard Tottle (Apud Richardum Tottel. 1557. Cum priuilegio.) This is a poem by Lord Vaux.

"The Lover Complayneth of his Lady's Unconstancy" from *A gorgeous Gallery, of gallant Inventions. Garnished and decked with diuers dayntie deuises, right delicate and delightfull, to re- create eche modest minde withall. First framed and fashioned in sundrie formes, by diuers worthy workemen of late dayes : and now, joyned together and builded up : By T. P. Imprinted at London, for Richard Jones. 1578.*

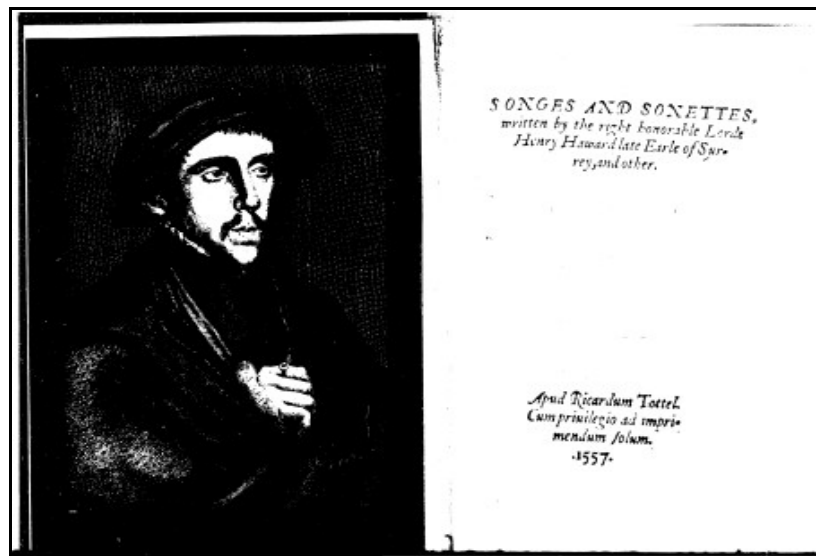
### Tune

According to Chappell, (PMOT I, 216) it was "written in characters of the times...on the margin of a copy of the Earl of Surrey's poems, in the possession of Sir W. W. Wynne."

Simpson says, "A copy is preserved "in the library of Arundel Castle" as No. 11, on p. 154. It is believed to have originated in the latter half of the sixteenth century."

### Commentary

Here's the author of the first set of words. I always thought he looked like Bob Denver on "Gilligan's Island", but gloomy.

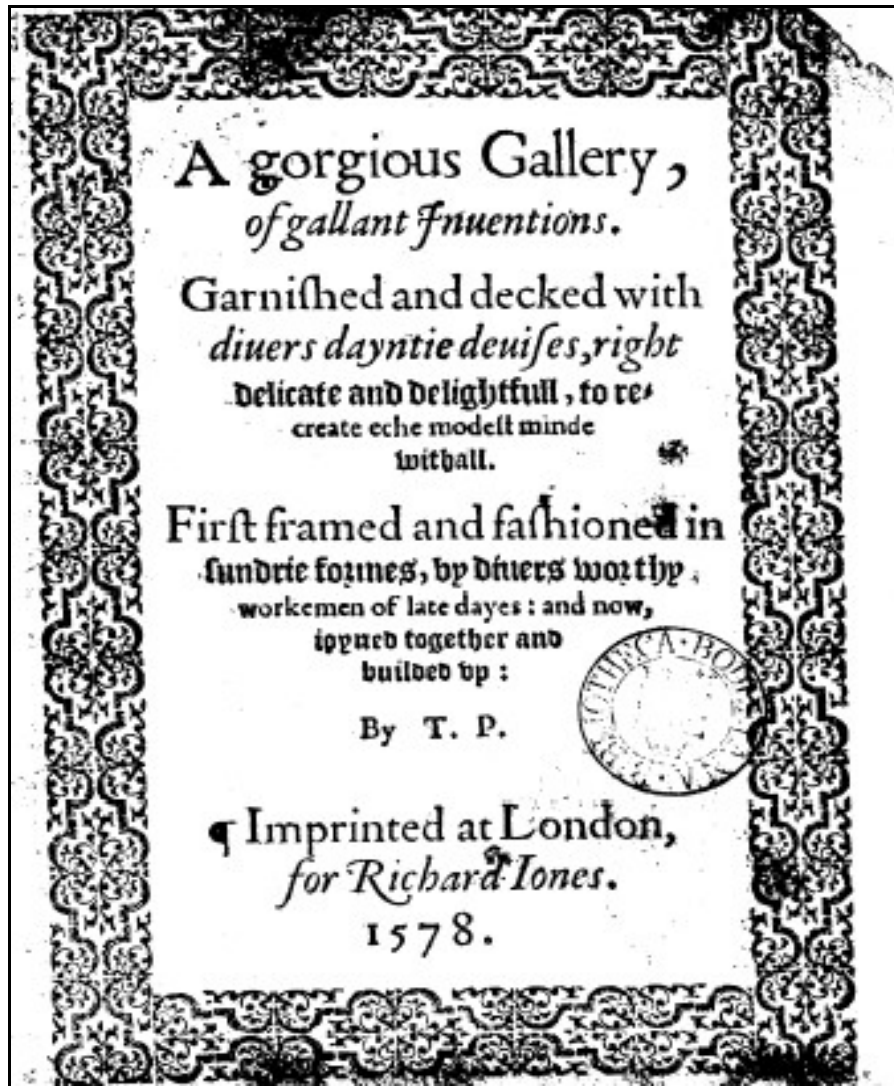


# I lothe that I did loue

*The aged louer renounceth loue.*

<p>Am            C G Am I Lothe that I did loue,     C            G            C In youth that I thought swete: Am C        G        Am C        G As time requires for my behoue Am                    G            Am Me thinkes they are not mete,</p> <p>My lustes they do me leaue, My fansies all be fledde: And tract of time begins to weaue, Gray heares vpon my hedde.</p> <p>For age with stelyng steppes, Hath clawed me with his cowche: And lusty life away she leapes, As there had bene none such.</p> <p>My muse dothe not delight Me as she did before: My hand and pen are not in plight, As they haue bene of yore.</p> <p>For reason me denies, This youthly idle rime: And day by day to me she cries, Leaue of these toyes in time.</p> <p>The wrinkles in my brow, The furrowes in my face: Say limpyng age will hedge him now, Where youth must geue him place.</p> <p>The harbinger of death, To me I see him ride: The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath, Dothe bid me to prouide.</p>	<p>A pikeax and a spade, And eke a shrowdyng shete, A house of claye for to be made, For such a gest most mete.</p> <p>Me thinkes I heare the clarke, That knols the careful knell: And bids me leaue my wofull warke, Er nature me compell.</p> <p>My kepers knit the knot, That youth did laugh to scorne: Of me that clene shalbe forgot, As I had not ben borne.</p> <p>Thus must I youth geue vp, Whose badge I long did weare: To them I yelde the wanton cup That better may it beare.</p> <p>Loe here the bared scull, By whose balde signe I know: That stoupyng age away shall pull, Which youthfull yeres did sowe.</p> <p>For beauty with her bande These croked cares hath wrought: And shipped me into the lande, From whence I first was brought.</p> <p>And ye that bide behinde, Haue ye none other trust: As ye of claye were cast by kinde, So shall ye waste to dust.</p> <p><i>by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, 1577</i></p>
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Here's the original of our second set of words.



¶ The Louer complayneth of his Ladies vnconstancy  
to the Tune of I lothe that I did loue.

You graues of gristy ghosts     I hate this lothsome life  
Your charge fro coffins send     O Atropos draw nie,  
Fro roying rout in Plutoes colts     Untwist þe thred of moystall strife  
You Furies vp ascend.     Send death and let me die.

You trampling Steades of Hell     For Beauties faynted trope  
Come teare a wefull wight,     Hath made my cares assay,  
Whose haples hap no tongue can     And sickenes with her did cope:  
The pen can well enight. (tell     To sordege my whole decaye.

¶ ¶

## The gorgeous Gallery

By faith alas I gaue  
 To wight of Cressids kinde,  
 For steadfast loue I loue did craue  
 As curtesy both binde.

In her the like consente  
 I saw ful oft appear,  
 If eyes be iudge of that it mento  
 My cares haue power to heare.

Shee like wife troth both plight  
 To be a constant loue,  
 And prone her self euen maugre  
 A faythfull tartle Danc. (spight

Yet woozdes bee turnd to winde  
 A new found gest hath got  
 The fozt. which once, to vnder  
 And win I planted that (mine

But lo a traemans minde  
 Cloakt hole with deepe decept  
 And driuen with euey gale of  
 To bite at feather bayt (winde.

Her friend that ment her well  
 Out of concept is quite,  
 While other beares away y bell  
 By hitting of the white.

For when bewitch shee had  
 My minde that erst was free,  
 And that her cumly beauty had  
 My wounded hart agree.

In this our wauering age  
 So light are womens mindes.  
 As Aspen leafe y stil doth rage  
 Though zole calme his windes.

And set on fancies loze  
 As world can witnesse beare,  
 No other saynet I did adoze:  
 My Ioule any whear

No place hath due defart  
 No place hath constancy (start  
 In eueri mod their mindes back  
 As dayly we may see.

He will, no too, or smart  
 Could minde from purpose set,  
 But that I had a lasons harte  
 The golden fleese to get.

What paps old glue them fob  
 What weue sutch webs of too  
 What beast is of so cruell mod  
 That countes his friend foz so :

He foz my part I swore  
 By all the Gods aboue,  
 I neuer thought on other fere  
 My sought foz other loue.

Yet women doo reward  
 With cares the loning wight  
 They constancy no whit regard,  
 In change is their delight.

You

## of gallant Inuentions.

You gallant youths therfoze  
 In time beware by mee  
 Take heed of womens subtil loze,  
 Let mee example be.

F I N I S.

## The Lover Complayneth of his Lady's Unconstancy

*From: A gorgeous Gallery,  
of gallant Inventions.  
Garnished and decked with  
divers dayntie deuises, right  
delicate and delightfull, to re-  
create eche modest minde withall.*

*First framed and fashioned in  
sundrie formes, by divers worthy  
workemen of late dayes : and now,  
joyned together and builded up : By T. P.  
Imprinted at London, for Richard Jones.  
1578.*

Am            C G Am  
You graves of grisly ghosts  
          C            G        C  
Your charge from coffins send  
Am C        G    Am C        G  
From roaring routs in Pluto's coasts  
Am    G            Am  
You furies up ascend

Her freind that ment her well  
Out of conceyt is quite,  
While other beares away the bell  
By hitting of the white.

For when bewitch shee had  
My minde that erst was free,  
And that her cumly beauty had  
My wounded hart agree.

I hate this lothsome life  
O Atropos draw nie,  
Untwist the thred of mortall strife  
Send death and let me die.

In this our wauering age  
So light are womens mindes.  
As Aspen leafe that stil doth rage  
Though aeole calme his windes.

You trampling steeds of Hell  
Come teare a wofull wight  
Whose haples hap no tonge can tell  
Ne pen can well endight

And fixt on Fancies lore  
As world can witness beare,  
No other saynct I did adore:  
Or Joole any whear

For Beauties taynted trope  
Hath made my cares assay,  
And ficklenes with her did cope:  
To fordge my whole decaye.

No place hath due desart  
No place hath constancy  
In eueri mood their mindes back start  
As dayly wee may see.

My fayth alas I gaue  
To wight of Cressids kinde,  
For stedfast loue I loue did craue  
As curtesy doth binde.

Ne will, no wo, or smart  
Could minde from purpose set,  
But that I had a Jason's harte  
The golden fleese to get.

In her the like consente  
I saw ful oft appear,  
If eyes be judge of that it mente  
Or eares have power to heare.

What paps did give them food  
That weue sutch webs of wo  
What beast is of so cruell mood  
That countes his friend for so:

Shee likewise troth doth plight  
To bee a constant loue,  
And proue her self euen maugre  
spight  
A faythfull turtle Dove.

Yet woordes bee turnd to winde  
A new found gest hath got  
The Fort, which once, to undermine  
And win I planted thot

But lo a woman's minde  
Cloakt hole with deepe deceyt  
And driuen with euery gale of winde,  
To bite at fresher bayt.

Ne, for my part I swere  
By all the Gods above,  
I never thought on other feres  
Or sought for other love.

Yet women doo reward  
With cares the louing wight  
They constancy no whit regard,  
In change is their delight.

You gallant youths therfore  
In time beware by mee  
Take heed of womens subtil lore,  
Let mee example bee.

FINIS.

On the following page we have from Tottel's "*Songes and Sonettes written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other*" edited by Richard Tottle (Apud Richardum Tottel. 1557. Cum priuilegio.) Another set of words, but to the same tune.

*The Lover, having sustayned overmuch wrong at his ladyes hands wisheth speedy death.*

¶ The Lover, having sustayned overmuch wrong at his  
Ladyes hands wisheth speedy death.

<b>T</b> oo feeble is the thread	A greater griebe be not begonne
That holdeth mee in lyfe,	To last thereafter still.
What if it bee not succoured	
Short end that stint the stryfe.	For after death, if strife
	Should still my life pursue,
For though the spindle ronne	What the doth death but breed a
To draw the thread on length	Of mone & mischeefe new? (life
Alas therby what hold is wonne	
If it be weake of strength	Wherfore if nordes thou wilt
	Thy spindle spin no more,
How can it have ayde	But y this thred with spoyle bee
Since rigor is so rife, (thread	Which led my life before. (spilt
In her whose handes to cut the	
Cause cruelly the knife.	Provide then for the nonce
	Provide for mee the best,
Whose edge of Envy hard	That I may dye at once
In Venus forge hath wrought,	From all thy mindes dured.
Wherby his deth is thus preferd	
Whose life offended nought.	And let not presente death
	Prefer an after paine,
But sithe thy cheefe delite,	But let the paines pas with my
My cheefe delightfull so,	And not revive againe. (breath
Is with such wrong to work the spite	
With speed come end this wo.	For thus by this yon shall
	Two things at once fulfill,
And when my death hath done	I shalbe free that have bin thrall:
My duty at her will,	And you shall have your will.

FINIS.

Too feeble is the thread  
That holdeth mee in lyfe  
That if it bee not succoured  
Short end that stint the stryfe.

For though the spindle ronne  
To draw the thread on length  
Mas therby what hold is wonne  
If it be weake of strength

Or how can it have ayde  
Since rigor is so rife,  
In her whose handes to cut the thread  
Gave cruelly the knife.

...

Whose edge of Envy hard  
In Venus forge hath wrought  
Wherby his deth is thus preferd  
Whose life offended nought.

But sithe thy cheefe delite,  
My cheefe delightfull so,  
Is with such wrong to work the spite  
With speed come end this wo.

And when my death hath done  
My duty at her will,  
A greater greefe be not begonne  
To last thereafter still.

For after death, if strife  
Should still my life pursue,  
What then doth death but breed a life  
Of mone & mischeefe new?

Wherfore if nordes (norms) thou wilt  
Thy spindle spin no more,  
But that this thred with spoyle bee spilt  
Which led my life before.

Provide then for the nonce  
Provide for mee the best,  
That I may dye at once  
From all thy mindes dured. (?)

And let not presente death  
Prefer an after paine,  
But let the paines pas with my breath  
And not revive againe.

For thus by this yon shall  
Two things at once fulfill,  
I shalbe free that have bin thrall:  
And you shall have your will.

FINIS.

Here's my version, using the *Gorgeous Gallery* words.

**The Lover Complayneth of his Lady's Unconstancy**  
To the tune of - *I Loathe That I Do Love* - Simpson B216

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Voice

Am C G Am G C G C  
You graves of grisly ghosts your charge from coffins send

Am C C G Am C G Am Am G Am  
from roaring routs in Pluto's coasts you furries up a scend!