

Chapter Twenty Five - "30 Elizabethan Songs - With Documentation"

Light of Love

(Also Lightie Love)

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References:

Secondary Sources:

Simpson B285, Livingston # 156, Ward

Literary References: Alluded to in Shakespeare *Two Gentlemen of Verona* I, ii.; *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, iv.

Music:

c. 1600 Ballet's MS lute book p. 103, and *Net Luitboek van Thysius* no. 382 "Engelsche Volte".

Words:

BM Huth, *A collection of 79 black-letter ballads*, "[A very proper Dittie: To the tune of Lightie Loue](#)."

Also, Shirburn MS, "The poore people's complaynt, Bewayling the death of their famous benefactor, the worthy Earle of Bedford" (Died 1585). Bedford was described as "a person of such great hospitality that Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of him that he made all the beggars."

-Clark, Shirburn

Ballads

Deloney ballad in *Strange Histories: The Doleful Lamentation of the Lord Matrevers*, calls for this tune. (*Deloney died in 1600*)

Commentary:

Lightie Love was a period expression which dismissed a girl's seriousness. To say she only had "Lightie Love" was to say she was only a tease, or a gold-digger, or worse.

The dolefull lamentation of the Lord Maitreues,
and Sir Thomas Gurney, being
banished the realme.

Cant 9.

To the tune of Light of Loue.

A Las that euer that day we did see,
that false smiling fortune so ficke should be,
Our miseries are many, our woes without end:
to purchase vs fauour we both did offend:
Our deedes haue deserued both forrow and shame,
but woe worth the persons procured the same,
Alacke, and alacke, with grieve may vve cry,
that euer vve forced King Edward to dye.
The Bishop of Hereford, ill may he fare,
he vvrot vs a letter rare
To Kill princely Edward: feare not it is good,
thus much by his letter vve then vaderstood.

F 3.

But

Strange Histories: or.

But curst be the time that we tooke in hand,
to follow such counsell and wicked commaund,
Alacke and alacke, with grieve we may crye,
that euer we forced King Edward to dye,

Forgiue vs sweete Saniour this amnable deed,
which causeth with forrow our harts for to bleed
And take compassion vpon our distresse,
put farre from thy presence our great wickednes
With teares all bedewed for mercy we cry,
and do not the penitent mercy deny.
Alacke, and alacke, with grieve we may say,
that euer we made King Edward away.

For this haue we lost our goods and our land,
our Castles and Towers so stately that stand:
Our Ladies and babies are turn'd out of doore,
like comfortlesse caitiues both naked and poore,
Both friendlesse and fatherlesse, do they complaine,
for gone are their comforts that should them maine.
Alacke, and alacke and alas may we cry, (taine
that euer we forced King Edward to dye.

& while they go wringing their hands vp & downe:
in seeking for succour from towne to towne
All wrapped in wretchednesse do we remaine,
tormented, perplexed in dolour and paine,
Despised, disdaind and banished quite,
the coaste of our country so sweete to our sight,
Alacke, and alacke alas may we cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Then

Song: and Sonnets:

the farevell faire England vvherein vve were borne
our friends & our kindred will hold vs in corne,
Our honours and dignities quite haue vve lost,
both profit and pleasure, our fortune hath crost,
Our parkes and our chafes our mansions so faire
our Iems and our Ieyxels most precious and rare,
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may vve cry,
that euer vve forced King Edward to die.

Then farevell deere Ladies and most louing vviues
might vve mend your miseries vvith losse of our liues
Then our silly children vvwhich begs at your hand
in grieve and callamities long should not stand:
Nor yet in their Country despised should bee,
that lately was honored of euery degree,
Alacke, and alacke, and alas we may crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

In Countries vnknowne we range roo and froo
cloying mens eares with reports of our vvpoore
Our food is vvild berries, greene banks are our beds,
the Trees serue for houles to couer our heads,
Broune bread to our tast is dainty and svvete,
our Drinke is cold vvater rooke vp at our feete:
Alacke, and alacke, and alas vve may crie,
that euer vve forced King Edward to die.

Thus hauing long vvandred in hunger and cold,
despising liues fatery, most desperate and bold:
Sir T. Gorney tovvard England doth goe,
for loue of this Lady distressed vvith vvwoe.

Saying

Strange Histories: er.

Saying how happy and blessed were I,
to see my sweet Children and wife ere I die:
Alacke, and alacke and alas we may cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

But three yeares after his wofull exile, (guile
behold how false fortune his thoughts doth be-
Comming toward England, was tooke by the way
and least that he should the chiefe murderers bewray
Commaundement was sent by one called Lea,
he should be beheaded foorthwith on the Sea,
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he crie,
that euer we forced King Edward to die,

Thus was Sir Thomas dispatched of life,
in comming to visit his sorrowfull wife:
Who was cut off from his wished desire,
which he in his heart so much did require:
And neuer his Lady againe did he see,
nor his poore children in their misery,
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he cry,
that euer we forced King Edward to dye.

The Lord Matreuers (the Story doth tell)
in Germany after long time did he dyvell,
In secret manner for feare to be seene,
by any persons that fauoured the Queene:
And there at last in great misery,
he ended his life most penitently,
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he say,
that euer we made King Edward avay.

FINIS.

British Museum, Huth Collection, *A collection of 79 black-letter ballads*,
"A very proper Dittie: To the tune of Lightie Loue.

A very proper Dittie:
To the tune of **Lightie Loue**.

*Leaue lightie loue, Ladies, for feare of yll name,
And true loue embrace ye, to purchace your Fame.*

By force I am fixed my fancie to write,
Ingratitude willeth mee not to refraine:
Then blame me not, Ladies, although I indite
What lightie loue now amongst you doth raigne.

Your traces in places, without outward allurements,
Doth mooue my endeauour to be the more playne:
Your nicyns and ticings, with sundrie procurementes,
To publish your lightie loue doth mee constrayne.

Deceite is not daintie, it coms at eche dish,
Fraude goes a fishyng with frendly lookes;
Through friendship is spoyled the seely poore fish,
That hooer and shouer vpon your false hookes;

With baight you lay waight, to catch here and there,
Whiche causeth poore fishes their freedome to lose:
Then loute ye and floute ye, wherby doth appere
Your lightie loue, Ladies, styll cloaked with glose.

With DIAN so chaste you seeme to compare,
When HELLENS you bee, and hang on her trayne:
Mee thinkes faithfull Thisbies be now very rare,
Not one CLEOPATRA, I doubt, doth remayne;

You wincke and you twincke, tyll Cupid haue caught,
And forceth through flames your louers to sue:
Your lyghtie loue, Ladies, too deere they haue bought,
When nothyng wyll mooue you their causes to rue.

I speake not for spite, ne do i disdayne
Your beautie, fayre ladies, in any respect:
But ones ingratitude doth mee constrayne,
As childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect;

For proouing in louyng, I finde by good triall,
When beautie had brought mee vnto her becke,
She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,
And, shewyng her lightie loue, gaue mee the checke.

Thus fraude for frendship did lodge in her brest;
Suche are most women, that, when they espie
Their louers inflamed with sorowes opprest,
They stande then with Cupid against their replie;

They taunte, and they vaunte; they smile when they vew
How Cupid had caught them vnder his trayne;
But warned, discerned the prooffe is most true
That lightie loue, Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

It seemes, by your doynge, that Cressed doth scoole ye, --
Penelopeys vertues are cleane out of thought:
Mee thinkes, by your constantnesse, Heleyne doth rule ye,
Which both Greece and Troy to ruyne hath brought.

No doubt, to tell out your manyfolde driftes,
Would shew you as constant as is the sea sande:
To trust so vniust, that all is but shieftes,
With lightie loue bearyng your louers in hande

If ARGVS were lyuyng, whose eyes were in nomber
The peacockes plume painted, as writers replie,
Yet women by wiles full sore would him cumber,
For all his quicke eyes, their driftes to espie;

Suche feates, with disceates, they dayly frequent,
To conquere mennes mindes, their humours to feede,
That boldly I may geue arbittrement,
Of this your lightie loue, ladies, indeede.

Yet men that are subiect to Cupid his strooke,
And therin seemeth to haue your delight,
Thinke, when you see baight, theres hidden a hooke,
Whiche sure wyll bane you, if that you do bight:

Suche wiles and suche guiles by women are wrought,
That halfe their mischefes men cannot preuent;
When they are most pleasant vnto your thought,
Then nothyng but lightie loue is their intent.

Consider that poyson doth lurke oftentye
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne,
And fayre wordes paynted, as dames can define,
The old prouerbe saith, doth make some fooles faine!

Be wise and precise, take warning by mee;
Trust not the crocodile, least you do rue;
To womens faire wordes do neuer agree,
For all is but lightie loue, this is most true.

ANEXES so daintie example may bee,
Whose lightie loue caused yong IPHIS his woe;
His true loue was tryed by death, as you see,
Her lightie loue forced the knight therunto;

For shame then refrayne, you ladies, therefore,
The cloudes they doo vanish, and light doth appeare;
You cannot dissemble, nor hide it no more,
Your loue is but lightie loue, this is most cleare.

For Troylus tried the same ouer well,
In louyng his ladie, as Fame doth reporte;
And likewise Menander, as stories doth tell,
Who swam the salt seas to his loue to resorte,

So true, that I rue such louers should lose
Their labour in seekyng their ladies vnkinde,
Whose loue thei did prooue, as the prouerbe now goes, --
Euen very lightie loue lodgde in their minde.

I touche no suche ladies as true loue imbrace,
But suche as to lightie loue dayly applie;
And none wyll be griued, in this kinde of case,
Saue suche as are minded true loue to denie;

Yet frendly and kindly I shew you my minde;
Fayre ladies, I wish you to vse it no more;
But say what you list, thus I haue definde,
That lightie loue, ladies, you ought to abhore.

To trust womens wordes in any respect
The danger by mee right well it is seene,
And loue and his lawes who would not neglect,
The tryall wherof most peryllous beene?

Pretendyng the endyng if I haue offended,
I craue of you, ladies, an answeare againe;
Amende, and whats said shall soone be amended,
If case that your lightie loue no longer do rayne.

Finis.

By Leonarde Gybson.

Imprinted at London, in the vpper end of
the Fleetlane, by Richard Jhones; and are to be
solde at his shope, ioyning to the South-weste
Dore of Saint Paules church.

(dated to 1570 by a stationer's register entry)

Light of Love
1570

Voice

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Light of Love' (1570). It consists of two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, stepwise fashion. The lyrics are: 'By force I am fixed my fan cie to write In grat i tude will eth me not to re fraine Then'. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: 'Blame me not la dies though I ___ Indight What light ie love now a mongst you ___ doth raine.' The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The score is enclosed in a rectangular box.

C Em F G C Em F G C

By force I am fixed my fan cie to write In grat i tude will eth me not to re fraine Then

F C F G C Em F G C

Blame me not la dies though I ___ Indight What light ie love now a mongst you ___ doth raine.