

BEDLAM
Debut Album Texts
Translations by Kayleen Sánchez

O lusty May
Anonymous

O lusty May with Flora quene
The balmy drops from Phebus schene
Preluciand bemes before the day,
Be that Diana growis grene
Thru' glaidness of this lusty May.

Than Esperus that is so bricht
Till wofull hairts castis his licht
With banks that blumes on ev'ry brae,
And schurs ar sched furth of thair sicht
Thru' glaidness of this lusty May.

Birdis on bews of ev'ry birth
Rejosing notes, makand thair mirth
Rycht plesandly upon the spray,
With flurissings our field and firth
Thru' glaidness of this lusty May.

All luvaris that are in cair
To thair ladies thay do repair
In fresch mornyngs befoir the day,
And ar in mirth ay mair and mair
Thru' glaidness of this lusty May.

Of all the monthes of the year
To mirthful May there is no peer
Hir glistning garments are so gay.
You luvars all mak mirrie cheer
Thru' glaidness of this lusty May.

O lusty May, with Flora queen,
The balmy drops from Phoebus bright
Sunshine's beams before the sunrise,
Be that Diana makes everything green grow,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

More than Hesperus that is so bright
Into woeful hearts casts his light
With banks that bloom on every hillside,
And shores are divided out of sight
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on boughs of every kind
Rejoicing in song, making their gladness
Right pleasantly upon the spray,
And flourishing our field and sea
Through gladness of this lusty May.

All lovers that are in care
To their ladies they do return
In fresh mornings before the day,
And are in happiness ever more and more,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Of all the months of the year
To mirthful May there is no peer
Her glistening garments are so gay.
You lovers all make merry cheer
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Flora: Goddess of flowers and springtime.

Diana: Goddess of the hunt; associated with the forest and woodland creatures.

Hesperus: Personification of the evening star.

Lyk as the dum Solsequium
Alexander Montgomerie

Lyk as the dum Solsequium
With cair ou'rcum
Doth sorrow when the sun goes out of sicht,
Hings doun his head
And droups as dead
And will not spread
But louks his leavs
throu langour of the nicht,
Till folish Phaeton ryse
With whip in hand
To cleir the cristall skys
And licht the land;
Birds in their bour
Luiks for that hour
And to thair prince ane glaid
goodmorou givs,
Fra then that flour
List notto lour
Bot laughs on Phoebus
lousing out his leavs:

So fairs with me
Except I be
Whair I may see
My lamp of licht, my Lady and my Love.
Fra scho depairts
Ten thousand dairts
In sindrie airts
Thrills throu my hevvy hart but rest or rove.
My countenance declairs my inward grief.
Good hope almaist dispairs
To find relief.
I die, I dwyne,
Play does me pyne,
I loth on ev'rything I look, alace!
Till Titan myne
Upon me shyne
That I revive throu favour of hir face.

Like the sad sunflower
With care overcome
Doth sorrow when the sun goes out of sight,
Hangs down his head
And drops as dead
And will not spread
But locks his leaves
through languor of the night,
Till foolish Phaethon rise
With whip in hand
To clear the crystal skies
And light the land;
Birds in their bower
Look for that hour
And to their prince a glad
"Good Morrow" gives,
From then that flower
Lifts not to lower
But laughs on Phoebus
loosening out his leaves:

So fares with me
Except I be
Where I may see
My lamp of light, my Lady and my Love.
From her depart
Ten thousand darts
In sundry arts
Thrills through my heavy heart but rest or rove.
My countenance declares my inward grief.
Good hope almost despairs
To find relief.
I die, I dwindle,
Play does me pain
I loathe everything I look, alas!
Till Titan mine
Upon me shine
That I revive through favor of her face.

Phaeton: Son of the Greek god Helios. Phaethon took his father's (the god of the sun) chariot that carried the sun. He was so reckless with the sun chariot that he nearly burned the earth. Afraid of what might happen to the planet, Zeus threw down a thunderbolt and killed Phaethon so that the chariot could be returned to Helios.

Phoebus: Phoebus is another name for Apollo Helios, Greek god of the sun.

Titan: In Greek mythology, Titans were the first deity race. The second generation of Titans included Helios.

Give Beauty All Her Right
Campion

Give beauty all her right;
She's not to one form tied:
Each shape yields fair delight
Where her perfections bide.

Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends,
Some smelling lips and red:
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.

Meadows have flow'rs that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flow'rs of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime,
She visits every ground,
And favors every time.

Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sov'reign is as sweet and fair.

Evin dead behold I breathe
Alexander Montgomerie

Evin dead behold I breathe!
My breath procures my pane;
Els dolour, eftir death,
Sould slaik when I war slane:
Bot destinie's disdane
So span my fatall threid,
Bot mercy, to remane
A martyr quick and dead.
O cruell deidly feid!
O rigour but remorse!
Since thair is no remeid,
Come patience perforce.

The Faits, the thraward Faits,
The wicked Weirds hes wrought
My state of all estates
Unhappiest to be thogt.
Had I offendit oght
Or wroght aganst thair will
Bot mercy, than they moght
Conclude my corps to kill:
Bot as they haif no skill
Of gude nor yit regard,
The innocent with ill
Ressaves the lyk reward.

Yit tyme sall try my treuth
And panefull patient pairt
Tho love suld rage but reuth
And death with deidly dairt
Suld sey to caus me smairt,
Nor fortunes fickill wheill:
All suld not change my hairt
Whilk is als true as steill.
I am not lyk an eill
To slippe away and slyde.
Love, fortune, death, fairweill
For I am bound to byde.

Even dead, behold, I breathe!
My breath procures my pain;
Else pain, after death,
Should slobber when I would be slain;
But, destiny's disdain
So weaves my final thread
But mercy, to remain
A martyr quick and dead
O cruel, deadly feud!
O chill of remorse!
Since there is no remedy,
Come patience, by force.

The Fates, the twisted Fates
The wicked Fates has wrought
My state of all estates (mental state)
Unhappiest to be thought [of].
Had I offended
Or worked against their will
But mercy, than they might
Conclude to kill me:
But since they have no skill
Of god nor regard,
The innocent with ill
Receives the like reward.

Yet, time shall test my truth
And painful, patient part
Though love should rage, but despair
And death with deadly dart
Should they cause me pain,
Nor fortune's fickle wiles:
All should not change my heart
Which is as true as steel.
I am not like an eel
To slip away and slide.
Love, fortune, death, farewell
For I am bound to abide.

My bailful briest
Anonymous

My bailful briest in blood all bruist
And all my corps, alace, in pyne
That heart and mind they have no mychte
To use themselves as they wer mine
My body does but daily dwyne
In deadly woe without offence.
My sickness hes no medicine
Since I must pass from hir presence.

Uncertain of the time and place
When that we tuo sall meit again;
No force of all that, give her grace
Wold once relieve me of my pain.
Alace! fair words are bot a trane
And feids my body bot a space.
Without good hap time's spent in vain.
I say no more, bot oft, alace!

And yet suppose my heart were free
At libertie but any pain,
It were impossible for me
Bot home it wold return again
To hir with whom it did remain
Above all earthly wight onlyfe.
Sueit heart, relieve me of my pain.
Relieve me, or I end my life.

My tormented breast, all bruised in blood
All my whole body – alas! – in pain,
That (my) heart and mind, they have no might
To use themselves as they were mine.
My body fades away, day by day,
In deadly woe, without any reason.
My sickness has no medicine
Since I must leave her presence.

Uncertain of the time and place
When we two shall meet again;
No strength at all, except for her grace
Would [at] once relieve me of my pain.
Alas! Fair words are empty,
And feed my body little.
Without good cover, time is spent in vain.
I say no more, but often, “alas!”

And yet, suppose my heart were free,
At liberty from any pain,
It would be impossible for me,
But home it (my heart) would return again
To her, with whom it remains
Above all earthly souls.
Sweet heart, relieve me of my pain.
Relieve me, or I end my life.

How shall a young man
Anonymous

How shall a young man best redress his way?
With my whole heart
I sought thee night and day.

If he conform his heart to God's command,
And stedfastly unto his precepts stand.

Observe his Laws, adhere unto his will,
Retain the good,
Refuse that which is ill.

Grant the good Lord his Laws not to withstand,
That I may be one of his blessed band.

O dear, that I with thee might live
Campion

O, dear, that I with thee might live,
From human trace removed:
Where jealous care might neither grieve,
Yet each dote on their loved:
While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased:
But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

Why should our minds not mingle so,
When love and faith is plighted:
That either might the other know,
Alike in thee delighted?
Why should frailty breed suspect when hearts are fixed?
Must all human joys of force with grief be mixed?

How oft have we ev'n smiled in tears
Our fond mistrust repenting?
As snows when heav'nly fire appears,
So melts love's hate repenting.
Vexed kindness soon falls off, and soon returneth:
Such a flame the more you quench, the more it burneth.

View me, Lord, a work of Thine
Campion

View me, Lord, a work of thine,
Shall I then lie drown'd in night?
Might thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so (is sickened)
On the poison'd baits of sin
That I strange and ugly grow
All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me Lord that I may kneel
At thine altar pure and white

They that once thy mercies feel
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Wordly joys like shadows fade,
When the heav'nly light appears,
But the cov'nants thou hast made
Endless, know not days, nor years.

In thy word Lord is my trust,
To thy mercies fast I fly.
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet thy grace can lift me high.

Author of Light
Thomas Campion

Author of light,
Revive, my dying sprite,
Redeem it from the snares of
All confounding night.
Lord, light me to thy blessed way,
For blind with worldly vain desires,
I wander as astray.
Sun and moon,
Stars and underlights I see,
But all their glorious beams and mists
Are darkness being compar'd to thee.

Fountain of health,
My soul's deep wounds recure,
Sweet show'rs of pity rain,
Wash my uncleanness pure.
One drop of thy desired grace,
The faint and fading heart can raise,
And in joy's bosom place.
Sin and death,
Hell and tempting fiends my rage,
But God his own will guard,
And their sharp pains and grief in time assuage.

In a garden so green
Anonymous

In a garden so green in a May morening
Heard I my Lady plean of paramours.
Said she, my love so sweet,
come you not yet not yet?
Heght you not me to meet amongst the flowrs?

Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
I love my lusty love,
Elore Lo.

The skies upspringis, the dew down dingis,
The sweet larks singis their hours of prime.
Phoebus upsprentis, joy to rest wentis
Lost my intent is and gone's the time.

Then to my lady swyth
did I my presence kyth,
Saying, my bird be blyth, am I not yours?
So in my armis two did I the lusty jo
And kisst her tymis mo
then night hes hours.

Yet for your courtisie banish all jealousie
Love for love lustily do me restore!
Then with us lovers young
true love shal rest and ring,
Solace shal sweetlie sing forever more.

In a garden so green, in a May morning,
Heard I my lady's plea of love.
Said she, "My love so sweet,
come you not yet, nor yet?
Bid you not me to meet amongst the flowers?"

Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
I love my lusty love,
Elore Lo.

The skies upspring, the dew drops down,
The sweet larks sing their hours of prime.
Pheobus upsprings, joy has gone,
Lost mine intention is, and gone's the time.

Then to my lady swiftly
did I my presence make,
Saying, "My bird, be glad, am I not yours?"
So in my two arms did I the lusty sweetheart
And kissed her times more
than night has hours.

Yet for your courtesy, banish all jealousy
Love for love lustily restores me!
Then with us lovers young,
true love shall rest and ring,
Solace shall sweetly sing forever more.

The time of youth
John Fethy?

The time of youth sore I repent
Remembering how it was spent
To grieve my God omnipotent
I took no cure.
When he to me had riches lent
I thought me sure.

Spending my time in vanitie,
Having no thought Christ dyed for me
Nor yet that I myself should dye
I took no thought.
All vice men might well see
That e'er was wrought.

To serve the flesh I thought it best
As long as youth did with me last,
But to my God now I protest
Before I die.
My soul with him in heav'n to rest
Eternally.

Great thanks be to his Majestie
That time and space hath lent to me
Of all my youth and fantasie
For to deplor,
Wherefore I think his face to see
Into his Glore.

Into a mirthfull May morning
Anonymous

Into a mirthful May morning
As Phoebus did upspring
I saw a May both fair and gay,
Most goodly for to see.
I said to her, Be kind
To me that was so pynd
For your love truly.

First, therefore when I did you know
You thirl'd my heart so low
Unto your Grace;
But now in case
Banisht through false report:
But I hope and I trow
Once for to speak with you
Which doth me comfort.

Wherefore I pray have mind on me
True Love, where ev'r you be:
Where ev'r I go, both to and fro
You have my heart alright.
O Lady! fair of hew
I me commend to you
Both the day and night.

Since Fortune false, unkind, untrue
Hath exyl'd me from you
By sudden chance I shall advance
Your honor and your fame
Above all earthly wight
To you my truth [troth] I plight
In earnest or in game.

Into a mirthful May morning
As Phoebus did spring up,
I saw a May both fair and gay,
Most good to see.
I said to her, "Be kind
To me, that has pined so much
For your love, truly."

Then, when I first saw you,
You thrilled my heart that was so low
Unto your grace;
But now, in fact,
Banished through false report:
But I hope and a trust
[That] once more I will speak with you
Which comforts me.

Why – I pray, think of me,
True love, wherever you may be:
Wherever I go, both to and fro
You have all of my heart.
O, Lady! fair of hue,
Remember me kindly
Both the day and night.

Since the false, unkind, and untrue Fates
Have exiled me from you,
By sudden chance, I shall advance
Your honor and your fame
Above all the unfortunate souls on earth.
I pledge my loyalty to you
Sincerely or in jest.

Remember me my deir
Anonymous

Remember me, my deir,
I humbly you requier
For my request that loves you best
With faithfull hart inteir
My hart sall rest
Within your breist.
Remember me, my deir.

Remember me, deir hart
That of pains hes my part.
Your words unkind sinks in my mind,
And dois increase my smart;
Yet shall ye find me true and kind!
Remember me, deir hart.

Remember me in thrall
Ready whan I do call.
With true intent I do consent
Hart, mind, body and all
Ne'er to repent, bot stand content.
Remember me in thrall.

Remember me, my dear,
I humbly ask of you
To grant my request, that loves you best,
With my whole and faithful heart.
My heart shall rest
Within your breast.
Remember me, my dear.

Remember me, dear heart
That of pains has my part.
Your unkind words sink into my mind,
And increases the pain;
Yet, you shall find me true and kind!
Remember me, dear heart.

Remember me as a servant,
Ready whenever I am called upon.
With true intent I do consent
Heart, mind, body and all –
Never to repent, but stand content.
Remember me as a servant.

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