

Stay time awhile thy flying

transposé un ton ↓

Extrait de « A pilgrimes solace » publié en 1612 par John Dowland (1563-1626)

Stay time a - while thy fly - ing, Stay and
For Fates and friends have left me, And of

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line with a half note G3 and a treble line with a half note G4.

5
pi ————— ty me dy - ing. Come, come close —
com ————— fort be - reft me.

The second system starts with a measure rest of 5 measures. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass and quarter notes in the treble.

10
— mine eyes, bet - ter to die bles - sed, Than to —

The third system begins with a measure rest of 10 measures. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the previous system.

live, than to live thus dis - tress - - ed.

Stay time a while thy flying,
 Stay and pity me dying;
 For fates and friends have left me,
 And of comfort bereft me.
 Come, come close mine eyes, better to die blessed,
 Than to live thus distressed.

To whom shall I complain me,
 When thus friends doe disdain me?
 T'is time that must befriend me,
 Drown'd in sorrow to end me.
 Come, come close mine eyes, better to die blessed,
 Than to live thus distressed.

Teares but augment this fewell,
 I feed by night, (oh cruell)
 Light griefs can speak their pleasure,
 Mine are dumb passing measure.
 Quicke, quicke, close mine eyes, better to die blessed,
 Then here to live distressed.

Temps, ô suspends ta course
 Prends pitié de mon agonie.
 infortuné, sans bourse,
 Tous mes amis m'ont trahi;
 Approche et ferme mes paupières lourdes,
 A ma détresse ne soit pas sourde.

Qui entendra mes malheurs,
 Quand mes amis m'ignorent ?
 Qui éteindra ma douleur,
 O, amie que j'implore ?
 Approche et ferme mes paupières lourdes,
 A ma détresse ne soit pas sourde.

plus je songe à mes peines,
 plus les larmes me viennent,
 triste et sans complaisance,
 j'attends ta délivrance..
 Accours et ferme mes paupières lourdes,
 A ma détresse ne soit pas sourde.