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The Old English Edition. No. 1.

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# MASQUE

IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF

## LORD HAYES (1607).

THE WORDS BY

### THOMAS CAMPION,

THE MUSIC BY

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

EDITED BY

G. E. P. ARKWRIGHT.

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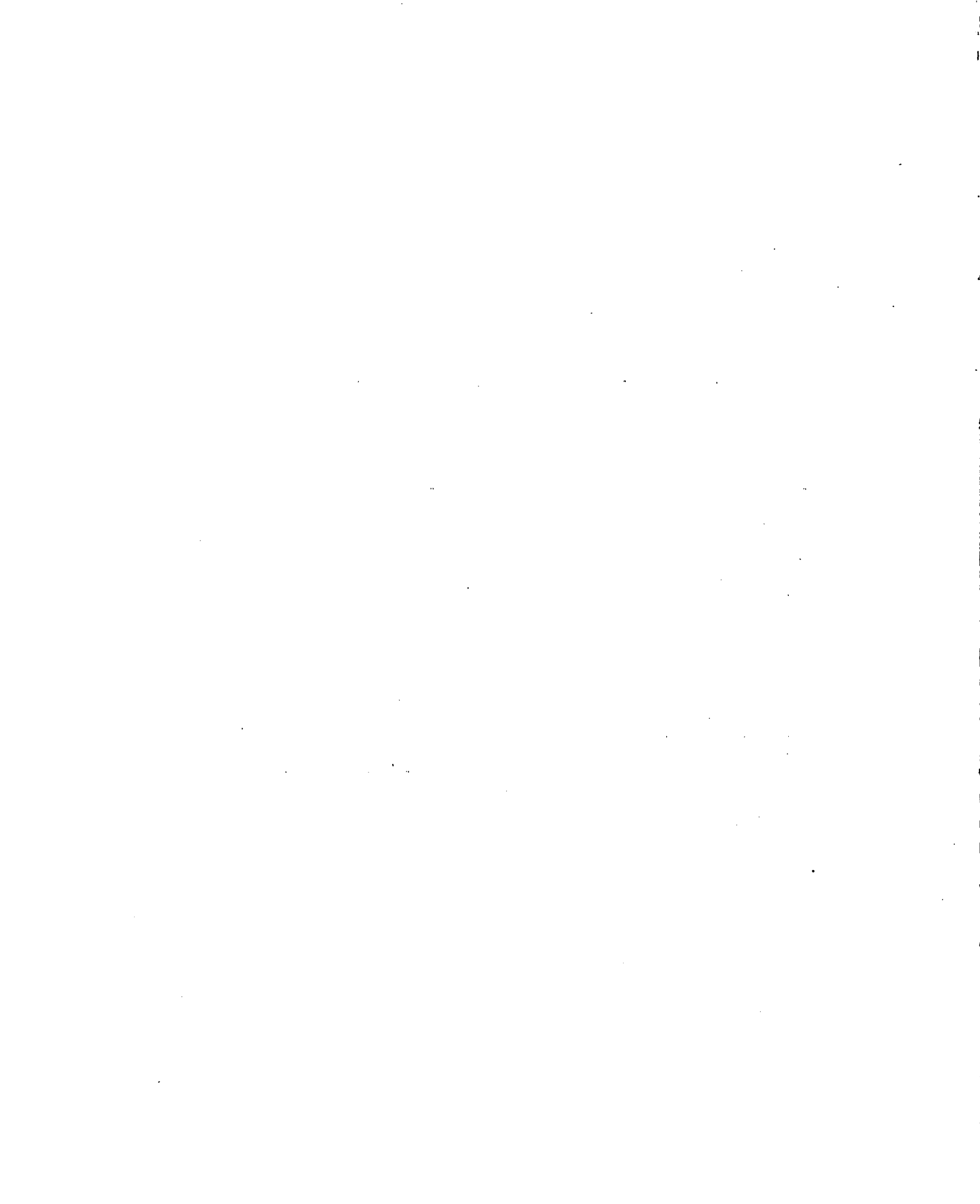
## Preface.

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THE object of this Edition is to present in an accessible form various works by English composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which would otherwise be difficult to obtain. It is intended to reprint a selection from the music hidden away in public and private libraries, which is almost unknown, except to antiquarians and collectors of rare books.

The original harmonies will be preserved in every case.

Each volume will be accompanied by Introductions and Biographical Notices, with references to the authorities whence information is obtained. A few brief Notes will also be added.



# Masque

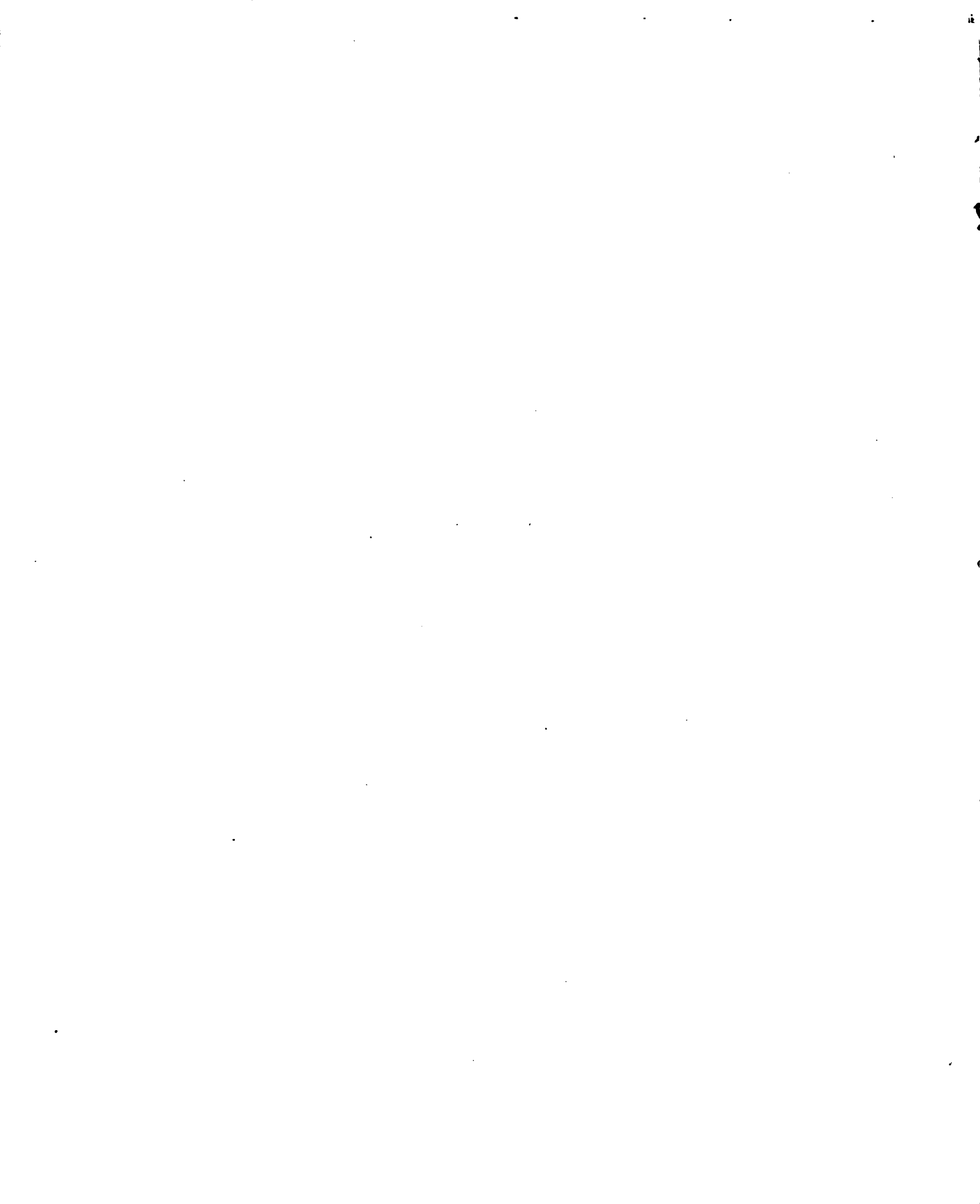
IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF

LORD HAYES (1607).

THE WORDS BY THOMAS CAMPION.



- |                                     |   |   |   |                  |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|------------------|
| 1. NOW HATH FLORA ROBB'D HER BOW'RS | . | . | . | <i>Campion.</i>  |
| 2. MOVE NOW WITH MEASUR'D SOUND     | . | . | . | <i>Campion.</i>  |
| 3. SHOWS AND NIGHTLY REVELS         | . | . | . | <i>Lupo.</i>     |
| 4. TRIUMPH NOW WITH JOY AND MIRTH   | . | . | . | <i>T. Giles.</i> |
| 5. TIME THAT LEADS THE FATAL ROUND  | . | . | . | <i>Lupo.</i>     |



# Introduction

To No. i. of the Old English Edition.

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THE music of the "Masque in honour of the Marriage of Lord Hayes," or rather so much of it as has been preserved, is to be found in a volume of which the full title is here given, in modern spelling:—

"The Description of a Masque Presented before the King's Majesty at Whitehall on Twelfth Night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes and his Bride, Daughter and Heir to the Honourable the Lord Denny, their Marriage having been the same Day at Court solemnized. To this by occasion other small Poems are adjoined. Invented and set forth by Thomas Campion, Doctor of Physic. London. Imprinted by John Windet for John Brown, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet street. 1607. 4to."

The songs are arranged to be sung by a single voice to the accompaniment of a lute and bass-viol: the latter instrument generally playing the lowest note of the lute part. Of the first song, however, an alternative arrangement is given for three voices (soprano, tenor, and bass), as it was actually performed in the Masque: though then it had a more elaborate accompaniment of two mean [tenor] lutes, a bass lute and a deep bandora. The second song was originally sung by two trebles and two basses, accompanied by the same instruments. The three remaining numbers (as the old edition states) were "devised only for dancing, yet they are here set forth with words, that they may be sung to the lute or viol."

When the Masque was presented an orchestra of considerable size was employed. The musicians were divided into three groups or consorts, placed at different parts of the stage. On the right hand of the dancing-place "were consorted ten musicians with bass and

mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, and an harpsichord, with two treble violins: on the other side, somewhat nearer the screen, were placed nine violins and three lutes, and to answer both the consorts (as it were in a triangle) six cornets and six chapel voices were seated almost right against them, in a place raised higher in respect of the piercing sound of those instruments." There were also hautboys concealed in the scenery at the back of the stage. The music throughout is described with great minuteness, and it is plain that as much care was given to the music as to the scenery and dances.

[The Masque is reprinted in Bullen's edition of Campion's Works: also in Nichols' "Progresses of King James."]

Sir James Hay, Lord Hay, the bridegroom in whose honour this Masque was given, was a Scotchman of good family, who came to England with James I. He had commended himself to the King's favour partly by his scholarship, and partly by a "notable gracefulness in his behaviour." In 1606 he was created Lord Hay in the Scotch peerage, and, by the King's intercession, obtained the hand and fortune of Honora, the only daughter and heir of Edward, Lord Denny. She did not live long after the marriage; and in 1617 he married again, this time the daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. His advance was very rapid; he was created at short intervals, Baron Hay of Sawley, Viscount Doncaster, and Earl of Carlisle. Clarendon describes him as a man of great natural ability, who might have distinguished himself in public life, if he had not preferred to win notoriety as a spendthrift and man of pleasure. He filled several offices at the court of James and Charles I., and was Ambassador at different times to France, Germany, and Spain. He was one of the most recklessly extravagant men of his day, and, in spite of large and numerous gifts from the King, "left not a house, nor an acre of land, to be remembered by." He died in 1636, and was succeeded by this son by his first wife, with whom his titles became extinct.

[An account of Lord Carlisle is given by Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," Book I. See also Doyle's "Official Baronage of England, 1886."]



**Biographical Memoir**  
OF  
**DR. THOMAS CAMPION.**

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THOMAS CAMPION was admitted as a member of Gray's Inn in the year 1586. He was probably born about twenty years earlier, though the exact date of his birth is not known. It is not necessary to suppose that Campion ever intended to be called to the bar. Hentzner, in his diary, referring to the Inns of Court, says, "In these Colleges, numbers of the young nobility, gentry and others, are educated, chiefly in the studies of philosophy, theology, and medicine,—for very few apply themselves to that of the law." [Translated in Rye's "England as seen by Foreigners, 1865," note 154.] At any rate he adopted Medicine as his profession, and after studying at Cambridge, took his degree of M.D. He first calls himself Doctor of Physic in 1607.

Campion is first noticed as a poet in 1593, in the Prologue to Peele's "Honour of the Garter." In the following year he wrote a song for the "Gesta Grayorum," a Masque presented before Queen Elizabeth by the members of Gray's Inn. [Reprinted in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth." The song is in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody, 1602."] In 1595 he published a volume of Latin Poems, which was afterwards reprinted, with additions, in 1619. In 1601 appeared a "Book of Airs," to which half the music was contributed by Philip Rosseter; the rest of the music and all the poetry being written by Campion. This was followed in 1602 by "Observations on the Art of English Poesy," a work directed against the use of rhyme in Poetry. This treatise was answered by Daniel in the same year. Ben Jonson also wrote a "Discourse of Poesy," directed against both Campion and Daniel, which was never printed.

In 1607 Campion published the description of the Masque which

he wrote for the marriage of Lord Hayes, of which the music is reprinted in the present volume. After this he published nothing for six years. In 1613, however, appeared his "Songs of Mourning," for the death of Prince Henry, for which John Coprario (or Cooper) wrote the music; as well as three Masques. The first of these was the Lords' Masque, written for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine: the music of one song, by Campion, has been preserved. The second Masque was written for the Queen's entertainment at Cawsome (or Caversham) House, near Reading, "in her progress toward the Bath." The third was produced at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with the notorious Countess of Essex. If Campion wrote any music to the last-mentioned Masques, it is no longer extant. There is no reason to suppose that the "Masque of Flowers," presented by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn at Somerset's wedding, was by Campion, though it is sometimes ascribed to him. His next publications were two undated "Books of Airs," probably to be assigned to 1613; and the third and fourth "Books of Airs," published about 1617. The third book is dedicated to Sir Thomas Monson, who had been imprisoned in 1616 on a charge of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. While in the Tower Campion attended him as physician.

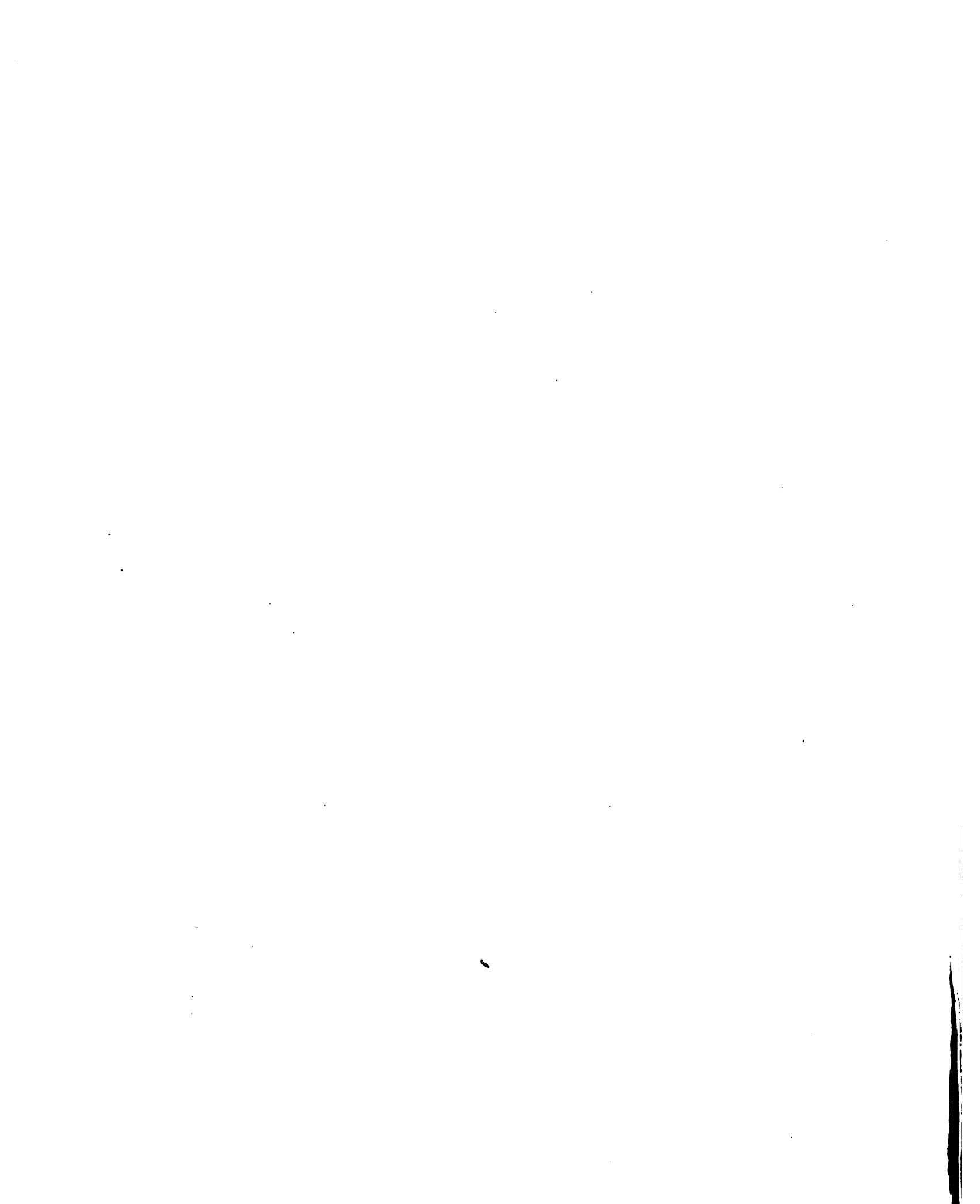
In 1617 the King visited the Earl of Cumberland at Brougham Castle; it is possible that Campion may have had some share in the production of the entertainment prepared for the occasion. The music (which is to be found in Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, 1812, vol. ii. p. 150) was written by George Mason and John Earsden.

Campion's last publications were a treatise on Counterpoint, long a standard work on the subject; and the new edition of the Latin Poems already referred to. He died in the beginning of the year 1620.

[This account is taken from the article "Campion," by Dr. Jesopp, in the Dictionary of National Biography: and the memoir by Mr. A. H. Bullen, prefixed to his edition of Campion's works, 1889. For an account of the poetry of Campion, see Bullen's "Lyrics" and "More Lyrics," from the Elizabethan song-books, 1887 and 1888.]

# Songs.





## Song 1.



Now hath Flora robb'd her bow'rs  
To befriend this place with flow'rs :  
    Strow about, strow about!  
The sky rain'd never kindlier show'rs.  
Flow'rs with bridals well agree,  
Fresh as brides and bridegrooms be :  
    Strow about, strow about!  
And mix them with fit melody.  
Earth hath no princelier flow'rs  
Than roses white and roses red,  
But they must still be mingled :  
And as a rose new pluck'd from Venus' thorn,  
So doth a bride her bridegroom's bed adorn.

Divers divers flow'rs affect  
For some private dear respect :  
    Strow about, strow about!  
Let every one his own protect :  
But he's none of Flora's friend  
That will not the rose commend :  
    Strow about, strow about!  
Let princes princely flow'rs defend.  
Roses, the garden's pride,  
Are flow'rs for love and flow'rs for kings,  
In courts desired and weddings :  
And as a rose in Venus' bosom worn,  
So doth a bridegroom his bride's bed adorn.

## Song II.



MOVE now with measur'd sound,  
 You charmed grove of gold ;  
 Trace forth the sacred ground  
 That shall your forms unfold.

Diana and the starry Night for your Apollo's sake  
 Endue your Sylvan shapes with pow'r this strange delight to  
 make.

Much joy must needs the place betide where trees for gladness  
 move :

A fairer sight was ne'er beheld or more expressing love.

Yet nearer Phœbus' throne  
 Meet on your winding ways,  
 Your bridal mirth make known  
 In your high-graced Hayes.

Let Hymen lead your sliding rounds, and guide them with his  
 light,

While we do Io Hymen sing in honour of this night :  
 Join three by three, for so the Night by triple spell decrees,  
 Now to release Apollo's knights from these enchanted trees.

## Song iii.



SHOWS and nightly revels, signs of joy and peace,  
Fill royal Britain's Court while cruel war far off doth rage, for  
ever hence exiled.  
Fair and princely branches with strong arms increase  
From that deep-rooted tree whose sacred strength and glory  
foreign malice hath beguiled.  
Our divided kingdoms now in friendly kindred meet,  
And old debate to love and kindness turns, our pow'r with double  
force uniting ;  
Truly reconciled grief appears at last more sweet  
Both to ourselves and faithful friends, our undermining foes af-  
frighting.

## Song iv.



TRIUMPH now with joy and mirth!  
The God of Peace hath blest our land:  
We enjoy the fruits of earth  
Through favour of His bounteous hand.

We through His most loving grace  
A King and Kingly seed behold,  
Like a sun with lesser stars,  
Or careful shepherd to his fold:

Triumph then, and yield Him praise  
That gives us blest and joyful days.



## Song v.



TIME, that leads the fatal round,  
Hath made his centre in our ground,  
    With swelling seas embraced;  
And there at one stay he rests,  
And with the Fates keeps holy feasts,  
    With pomp and pastime graced.  
Light Cupids there do dance and Venus sweetly sings  
With heavenly notes tuned to sound of silver strings:  
Their songs are all of joy, no sign of sorrow there,  
But all as stars glist'ring fair and blithe appear.

## Notes.

*It has not been thought necessary to point out corrections of what were obviously misprints in the old edition, which seems to have been carelessly printed.*

**Song i.** Zephyrus and two Sylvans sing this three-part song in the Masque. In the 5th and 6th bars of the tenor voice part, the old edition omits to mark the f#.

The last five bars of the song are repeated in the lute part, but are not so marked in the voice part, in the old edition.

**Song ii.** 2nd verse, 4th line. There is a reference to the country-dance called the Hay, or Hays. [Described in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," II. 629.]

Bars 13 and 21. The old edition reads f q as the last note but one of the bar in the bass of the lute part.


**Song iii.** Bar 4. The last two quavers in the right hand of the accompaniment are not in the old edition.

Bar 8. The old edition reads



Bar 17. The original reading is



**Song v.** Bars 12 and 19. The old edition has  in the melody as the last notes of the bar.

Thomas Lupo, who wrote the 3rd and 5th songs in this Masque, was one of the musicians in the service of Prince Henry, and afterwards of Charles I. He was still living in 1641. [Grove's Dictionary of Music.]

Thomas Giles was brother to a better known Nathaniel Giles, who was master of the children of St. Paul's, and afterwards organist of the Chapel Royal.





# Song I.

Now hath Flora robb'd her bow'rs.

T. CAMPION.

Now hath Flo - ra robb'd her bow'rs To be - friend this place with flow'rs;  
Di - vers di - vers flow'rs af - fect For some pri - vate dear res - pect:

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, The sky rain'd nev - er kind - lier show'rs.  
Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev' - ry one his own pro - tect:

Flow'rs with bri - dals well a - gree, Fresh as brides and bride-grooms be;  
But he's none of Flo - ra's friend That will not the rose com - mend;

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, And mix them with fit me - lo - dy.  
Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let prin - ces prince - ly flow'rs de - fend.

Earth hath no prince - lier flow'rs Than ros - es white and ros - es  
Ro - ses, the gar - den's pride, Are flow'rs for love and flow'rs for

red, But they must still be ming - - led: And as a rose new  
kings, In courts de - sir - ed and wed-dings: And as a rose in

pluck'd from Ve - nus' thorn, So doth a bride her bride-groom's bed a-dorn.  
Ve - - nus' bo - som worn, So doth a bride-groom his bride's bed a-dorn.

## Song I.

Written for three voices.

Soprano.  
Now hath Flo - ra robb'd her bow'rs To be-friend this place with flow'rs;  
Di - vers di - vers flow'rs af - fect For some pri - vate dear res - pect:

Tenor.  
Now hath Flo-ra robb'd — her bow'rs To be-friend this place with flow'rs;  
Di - vers di-vers flow'rs — af - fect For some pri - vate dear res - pect:

Bass.  
Now hath Flo - ra robb'd her bow'rs To be-friend this place with flow'rs;  
Di - vers di - vers flow'rs af - fect For some pri - vate dear res - pect:

LUTE.

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, The sky rain'd nev - er kind - lier show'rs.  
 Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev' - ry one his own pro - tect:

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, The sky rain'd nev - er kind - lier show'rs.  
 Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev' - ry one his own pro - tect:

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, The sky rain'd nev - er kind - lier show'rs.  
 Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev' - ry one his own pro - tect:

Flow'rs with brid - als well a - gree, Fresh as brides and bride-grooms be;  
 But he's none of Flo - ra's friend That will not the rose com - mend;

Flow'rs with bridals well a - gree, Fresh as brides and bride - grooms be;  
 But he's none of Flo - - ra's friend That will not the rose com - mend;

Flow'rs with brid - als well a - gree, Fresh as brides and bride-grooms be;  
 But he's none of Flo - ra's friend That will not the rose com - mend;

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, And mix them with fit me - lo - dy.  
 Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let prin - ces prince - ly flow'rs de - fend.

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, And mix them with fit me - lo - dy.  
 Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let prin - ces prince - ly flow'rs de - fend.

Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, And mix them with fit me - lo - dy.  
 Strow a - bout, strow a - bout, Let prin - ces prince - ly flow'rs de - fend.

Earth hath no prince-lier flow'rs Than ro - ses white, and ro - ses  
Ro - ses, the gar - den's pride, Are flow'rs for love and flow'rs for

Earth hath no prince-lier flow'rs Than ro - ses white, and ro - ses  
Ro - ses, the gar - den's pride, Are flow'rs for love and flow'rs for

Earth hath no prince-lier flow'rs Than ro - ses white, and ro - ses  
Ro - ses, the gar - den's pride, Are flow'rs for love and flow'rs for

red, But they must still be ming - - led: And as a rose new  
kings, In courts de - sir - - ed and weddings: And as a rose in

red, But they must still be ming - - led: And as a rose new  
kings, In courts de - sir - ed and wed - dings: And as a rose in

red, But they must still be ming - - led: And as a rose new  
kings, In courts de - sir - - ed and wed - dings: And as a rose in

pluck'd from Ve - nus' thorn, so doth a bride her bride - groom's bed a - dorn.  
Ve - - nus' bo - som worn, so doth a bride - groom his bride's bed a - dorn.

pluck'd from Ve - nus' thorn, so doth a bride her bride-groom's bed a - dorn.  
Ve - nus' bo - som worn, so doth a bride-groom his bride's bed a - dorn.

pluck'd from Ve - nus' thorn, so doth a bride her bride - groom's bed a - dorn.  
Ve - nus' bo - som worn, so doth a bride - groom his bride's bed a - dorn.



# Song II.

Move now with measur'd sound.

Move now with mea-sur'd sound, you char-med grove of gold, Trace  
Yet nea-rer Phoe-bus' throne Meet on your wind-ing ways, Your

forth the sa-cred ground That shall your forms un-fold. Di--a-na and the  
bri-dal mirth make known In your high-gra-ced Hayes. Let Hy-men lead your

star-ry night for your A-pol-lo's sake En-due your Syl-van shapes with pow'r this  
slid-ing rounds and guide them with his light, While we do I-o Hy-men sing in

strange de-light to make. Much joy must needs the place be-tide where trees for glad-ness  
ho-nour of this night: Join three by three, for so the Night by tri-ple spell de-

move: A fair-er sight was ne'er be-held, or more ex-press-ing love.  
crees, Now to re-lease A-pol-lo's knights from these en-chan-ted trees.

## Song III.

Shows and nightly revels.

LUPU.

Shows and night - ly re - vels, Signs of joy and peace, Fill roy - al  
Fair and prince - ly branch - es with strong arms in - crease From that deep -

Bri - tain's court while cru - el war far off doth rage, for ev - er hence ex il - ed.  
roo - ted tree whose sa - cred strength and glo - ry fo - reign ma - lice hath be - gui - led.

Our di - vid - ed king - doms now in friend - ly kin - dred meet, And  
Tru - ly re - con - cil - ed grief ap - pears at last more sweet, Both

old de - bate to love and kind - ness turns, our pow'r with dou - ble force u - - nit - ing.  
to our - selves and faith - ful friends our un - dermin - ing foes \_\_\_\_\_ af - fright - ing.

# Song IV.

Triumph now with joy and mirth.

THOMAS GILES.



Tri - - umph now with joy and mirth! The God of peace hath  
We en - joy the fruits of earth Through fa - vour of His

blest our land: We through His most lov - ing grace A  
boun - teous hand: Like a sun with les - ser stars Or

king and king - ly seed be hold fold: Tri - umph then and  
care - ful shep - herd to his fold:

yield Him praise That gives us blest and joy - ful days.

## Song V.

Time, that leads the fatal round.

LUPO.

Time, that leads the fa - - tal round, Hath made his cen - tre

in our ground, With swel - ling seas em - bra - ced; And there at one

stay he rests, And with the Fates keeps ho - ly feasts With

pomp and pas - time gra - ced. Light Cu - pids there do

dance, and — Ve - nus sweet - ly sings With

heav'n - ly notes tun'd to sound of sil - ver strings: Their

songs are all of joy, no sign of sor - row there, But

all as stars glist' - - ring fair and blithe ap - pear.

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