

Select English Songs and Dialogues

of the 16th and 17th Centuries

BOOK I

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CLOSED
SHELF

PREFACE.

SUCH editions as this ought not to be required. If the musicians of our time were able, as they should be, to perform from texts which, in the golden age of English Music, everybody could understand, the mere printing of unpublished works, or reprinting of the published ones would be sufficient. But we live in a period of transition; interest in secular music older than the eighteenth century is only just awakening, and whilst very few as yet can read the originals written in Lute tablature, or with accompaniments to be filled up according to rules whose practical application is rarely understood, there are many who thoroughly enjoy this music, when they hear it properly performed. This edition, it is hoped, will prove useful, since it very faithfully represents the mode of performance adopted by one who has devoted much of his energy to the study of this early music with the object of presenting it in accordance with the intentions of its composers.

The Lute is the best instrument to accompany these songs, specially the earlier ones; but a real sixteenth or seventeenth century Lute is now so rare that the average musician need hardly hope to meet with one. The Virginals, Spinet and Harpsichord are, however, no longer impossible to procure in playable condition, and when a Lute cannot be obtained they are the best instruments to use in accompaniment. A Harp, a Guitar or an early Piano will also do tolerably well; but a modern Piano is the worst possible instrument to use, its heavy, dull tone being quite out of sympathy with the music. Still, even on a modern piano, those who have never had an opportunity of hearing this music upon the instruments for which it was written will find it well worthy of their interest.

The words, always beautiful, sometimes perfect examples of what songs should be, ought to be foremost in the performer's mind. They should be clearly pronounced and intelligently spoken. This being done will greatly help to discover the right style of the music, which is, mostly, only an illustration of the words.

The first song, "*My lyttell prety one*," is from a MS. in the British Museum, where it is given with its accompaniment fully written for the Lute in tablature. It has been here left practically untouched, the chords having only been made a little fuller, as they naturally would be when performed upon a keyed instrument. Before and after the words "*with a beck she com'st anon*," a very characteristic figure of two several bars in duple time is given to the accompaniment, which charmingly illustrates the gait of the "*lyttell prety one*" coming to the beck. This exquisite little song was printed in Chappell's "*Old English Popular Music*"; but, even in the revised edition of that work, published as recently as 1893, the editor has not scrupled to remove the two bars alluded to above. He has also replaced the perfect original accompaniment by commonplace four-part harmony, thereby rendering his version useless to those who wish to get a correct impression of the composer's meaning.

No. 2, "*As I walk't forth*," was first published in "*Select Musick Ayres and Dialogues*," printed in London by John Playford, in 1652; but, from its style, it is certainly older, and must date from the beginning of the century. The words are very beautiful and touching in their sadness; to sing them with the deep expression, coupled with the perfect simplicity they demand, is no easy task.

No. 3, "*Have you seen but a whyte lillie grow*," is from a MS. in the British Museum, where,

like No. 1, it appears with a complete Lute accompaniment in tablature. It is now published for the first time. The words occur in Ben Jonson's play "*The Devil's an Ass*," first acted in 1614. In the first edition of that play, published in 1631, this particular stanza is not given. It appears first in 1640, after Ben Jonson's death. One version, however, differs in one important word from the published text, which gives "*Have you seen but a BRIGHT lillie grow*," instead of "*a WHYTE lillie grow*." The last line of the poem proves "*whyte*" to be the correct reading.

The single full chords of the accompaniment sound very unlike the counterpoint of three or more parts usual at that time in England, and recall the figured basses of Caccini's "*Nuove Musiche*," which had been published a few years previously in Italy.

Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, are all taken, like No. 2, from the first edition of Playford's Ayres, where they are given with a single bass note, upon which the accompaniment has to be built.

In the first verse of No. 5, "*Bid me but live*," the published version of Herrick's words gives "*thy PROTESTANT to be*," instead of "*thy Votary*," found in Playford's. The words of this song, and of No. 9, "*Gather your Rosebuds*," have been set to music by many composers, up to our own time. A study of the best of these later settings will show how inferior they are, from an artistic point of view, to the original ones; there, music and words, prompted by a similar feeling, faithfully reflect the mood of the time at which they were written, and exemplify the style which gave to that mood its most perfect expression.

ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

October, 1898.

The First Song

Words & Music

Anonymous, c. 1550.

Lightly. My lytell prety one,

my pretie bo-ni one: she is a jol-lie one and gentle as can be.

With a beck she com'st anon, With a wink she will be gone,

no doubt she is a-lone of all that e-ver I see.

The Second Song.

Words & Music

Set by Rob. Johnson.

C. 1610.

Slowly.

As I walkt forth one

Summers day To view the meadows green and gay, A pleasant Bower

I es - pi - ed, Standing fast by the Riv - er side; And in't a

may - - den I heard cry: A-las a - - las, ther's none ere lov'd as I

Then round the meadow did she walk,

Catching each Flower by the stalk, Such Flow'rs as in the Meadow

grew, The dead man's thumb, an hearb all blew; And as she

pul'd them still cri'd she: A-las, a - las, ther's none e're lov'd as I.

The Flowers of the sweetest scent

She bound a - bout with knot - ty bents, And as she bound them up in

Bands, She wept, she sigh'd and she wrang her hands: A - las, a -

- las, a - - las cri'd she A-las, a - - las, there's none ere lov'd as I.

When she had fill'd her apron full

Of such green things as she could cull; The green things serv'd her for her

bed, The Flowers were the pillows for her head; Then down she

lay'd her, Ne're word more did speak, Alas, alas, with love her heart did break.

The Third Song

Words by
Ben Jonson

Music Anonymous
1614.

Have you seen but a whyte Lillie

grow be-fore rude hands had touch'd it; Have you mark't but the

fall of the snow be-fore the Earth hath smucht it Have you felt the

wool of Beaver, Or Swans down e-ver; Or have smelt of the

Bud of the Bryer, Or the Nard in the fire, Or have tast-ed the Bag of the

Bee: O so whyte, o so soft, o so sweet, so sweet, so sweet is

shee! O so whyte, o so soft, o so sweet, so sweet, so sweet is

shee!

The Fourth Song.

Words by

Robert Herrick.

Set by

Henry Lawes.

Published 1652.

About the sweet bag of a Bee, Two Cupids

fell at odds, And whose the prit - ty prize should bee they vow'd

to aske the Gods: Which Ve-nus hear - ing thith - er came, And for their

boldness stript them, and ta - king thence from each his flame, with rods

of mirtle wipt them; which done, to still their wan-ton cries, and quiet grown

sh'ad seen them, She kist and dri'd their dove - like eyes, and

gave the bag be - - tween them.

The Fifth Song.

Words by
Robert Herrick

Set by
Henry Lawes

Published 1652.

Bid me but

live and I will live Thy vo-ta-ry to be; Or bid me

love, and I will give a lov-ing heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kinde, A heart as sound-ly

free, As in the world thou canst not finde, That

heart I'll give to thee. Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, And

hon - our thy de - cree, Or bid it lan - guish quite a - - way, And

it shall do't for thee.

p

Bid me to weepe, and I will weepe, While I have eyes to see;

Or ha-ving none, yet I will keepe A heart to weepe for thee.

f

Thou art my love, my life my heart, The ve - ry eye of mee,

And hast com-mand of eve-ry part, To live and dye for thee.

The Sixth Song.

Words by
Robert Herrick.

Set by
Henry Lawes.

Published 1652.

A-midst the mir -

- tles as I walke, Love, and my sighs thus: En - ter - talke;

Tell me, said I, in deep dis - tresse, Where I may finde

my shep - ard - esse. Then fool, said love, Know'st thou not this,

In eve-ry thing that's good she is; In yon-der Tu -

- lip go and seeke, There thou shalt finde her lip and cheeke

In that in - am - - eld Pan - sy by, There shalt thou finde

her cu - rious eye; In bloom of Peach, in Ro - ses bud,

There wave the streames of her blood. 'Tis true, sayd I

and there - up - on, I went and pluckt them one by one,

To make of parts a u - ni - 'on, But on a sud - daine all was

gone. At which I stopt,

said love these bee, Fond man re - sem - - blan - ces, of thee;

For as these Flowers thy joy must dye, E'vn in the

Slower.

tur - ning of an eye. And all thy hopes of her must

wi - ther, As do these flowers when knit to - ge - ther.

The Seventh Song

Words by
Sir John Suckling

Set by
William Webb.

Published 1652.

Moderately fast. Of thee, kind boy, I aske no

red and white to make up my de-light, no odd be-coming graces, black eyes, or little

know not what's in faces. *faster* Make me but mad e - nough, give me good store of

slower. love for her I court, I aske no more, 'tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as that we Beau - ty call, 'Tis mere couze - nage

all; For though some long a - go likt certain colours mingled so and so,

faster.

That does not tie me now from chu-sing new, if I a fan-cy

take to black and blew, that fan-cy doth it Beau - ty make. 'Tis not the

meate, but 'tis the ap - pe-tite, Makes eat-ing a de - light; And if I

like one dish more than an- other, that a Phezant is, What in our matches, *faster.*

may in us be found. So, to the height and nick We up be

bound, No matter by what hand or trick.

The Eighth Song

Words by
Sir John Suckling.

Set by
Henry Lawes.

Published 1652.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking 'Fast,' is placed above the piano part. The lyrics 'I am con - firm'd' are written below the vocal line.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'a woman can, Love this or that or a - ny man, This day her'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'love is melt - ing hot, To mor - row swears she knows you not;'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'Let her but a new ob - ject find, And she is of a - - - no - ther'. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines in both hands.

mind; Then hang me, la-dies, at your doore If e'er I doat up - -

- on you more. Yet still I'll love

the faire one, why? For no-thing but to please mine eye; And so the

fat and soft skinn'd Dame I'll flat-ter to ap - - pease my flame,

For her that's mu - si - - - call I long, When I am sad, to

sing a Song: But hang me, la - dies, at your doore,

If e're I doat up - - - on you more. I'll give my fan - -

- cy leave to range Through every face to find out change:

The black, the brown, the faire shall be, But ob-jects of va-

- ri - e - ty; I'll court you all to serve my turne,

But with such flame as shall not burne: For hang me, la-dies,

at your doore, If e're I doat up - - - on you more.

The Ninth Song.

Words by
Robert Herrick

Set by
William Lawes

Published 1652.

mf

Gather your Rosebuds while you may, Old

mf

Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to mor-row

f

will be dying. The glorious Lamp of Heav'n the Sun, the higher he is a

f

getting; The soon-er must his race be run, And near-er he's to set-ting.

p

That age is best that is the first, while

youth and blood are warmer, Expect not the last and worst, Time still suc-

f

-ceeds the former. Then be not coy, but use your time, While you may go

marry, For having once but lost your prime, you may for e - ver tarry.

The Angler's Song.

*for one or two Voices.**Words by
Isaak Walton.**Set by
Henry Lawes.
Published 1669.*

Man's life is but

vain, for'tis sub-ject to pain and sor-row, And short as a Bub-ble;

'Tis a Hodg Podg of businesse, and money and care, and care and money, and

trou-ble. But we'll take no care, when the

Repeat soft.

Weather proves fair; Nor will we vex now though it Rain; We'll ban-ish all

sor-row and sing till to - mor-row, And an-gle and an-gle a - gain.

Repeat soft, but sing the last four bars loud

PHILLIS. *p* I prethee

The First Dialogue.

CLORILLO.

Words Anonymous.

Set by
Nicholas Lanear.

Published 1652.

keep my sheep for me: Clor-il-lo wilt thou, tell? *mf*

First let me have a

p *mf*

p If thou a while but to my lit -

kiss of thee, and I will keep them well.

p

- tle flock will look thou shalt have this im - - broidred skrip and sil - ver hook.

No o-ther fa-vour or re-ward I crave, but one poor kisse.

A kisse thou must not have. Such enticements Maids must

and why?

fly: this Gar-land thou shalt have of Ro - ses and of Lil-lies

nor

skrip nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest Phillis, do I require, To kisse thy

Take then a kisse and let me

fresh and Ro-sie lip is on - ly my des - ire.

goe, till I re - turn thy care up - on my flock bes - - tow.

f Sweet, sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just de -

Sweet, sweet, is that kisse that doth with true and just de -

-sire as much an - o - ther give, as to it - self re - quire.

-sire as much an - o - ther give, as to it - self re - quire.

The Second Dialogue.

Words by
Thomas Randolph

Set by
John Jenkins

Published 1669.

NYMPH. *p*

Why sigh'st thou,

SHEPHERD.

Shepherd? This passion is not common: Is't for thy kids or Lambkins?

f
For a woman.

p

How fair is she that on so sage a brow, prints low'ring looks?

f
Just

Is she a Maid? or Widow?
such a toy as thou. What man can answer that?

p *f*

What then?
No. I know not what: Saint-like she looks, a Sy-ren if she

p

If she be fickle,
sing: her eyes are stones; her mind, Her mind is ev - 'ry - thing.

p *f* *tr*

Shep-herd leave to woe, and fan - cy me.

No, no thou art wo - man

But I am constant. Bright as the morning.

too. Then thou art not fair. Wav - -

What grows upon this cheek? Come taste a kiss.

- ring as the air. A pure carnation. O

f O sweet O sweet temp - ta - tion.

sweet, O sweet, O sweet temp - ta - tion. O sweet, O sweet temp - ta - tion.

f

p Ah love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? Where Cupid

Ah love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? Where Cupid lays the

p

mf lays the siege the Town must yield. He

siege, the siege the Town must yield. He warms the chiller blood, he

mf

warms the chiller blood with glowing fire.
 warms the chiller blood with glowing fire. *ff* And thaws the I - cy frost of

ff And thaws the I - cy frost of cold de - sire, The I - cy frost of
 cold de - sire, of cold de - sire, The I - cy frost of

cold de - sire.

cold de - sire.