



THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS

Gathered from amongst the
finest songs, ballads and ayres
devised by sundrie authors

by Steve Hendricks.

Lute Edition



Elizabeth the Queen

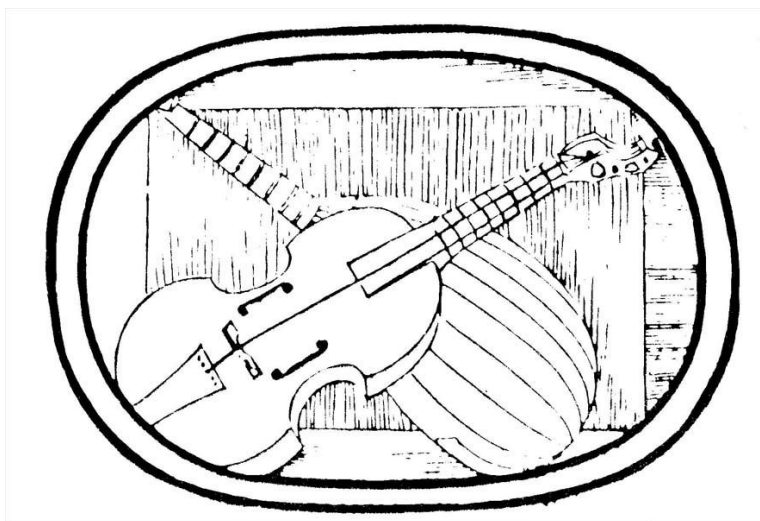


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SONGS**

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Lute Edition

Steve Hendricks



Steve Hendricks Music
San Diego

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For information on corrections, updates or other editions, please contact steve@stevehendricks.com, or visit stevehendricksmusic.com.

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This book and the accompanying volumes present songs predominantly from the British isles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With few exceptions, the songs are secular in nature.

These songs originally appeared in manuscripts or publications as part songs, madrigals, lute songs, or ballads with tunes indicated only by name.

I have harmonized and set tunes, as well as converted lute songs to part songs or songs with instrumental accompaniment. Therefore, many of these settings are unique to this collection. I hope liberties I have taken will be forgiven.

Editions of this book include an ensemble edition for voices and instruments, a keyboard edition, a lute edition and a Renaissance guitar edition. The lute edition presents the original lute parts for the lute songs and part songs where available, as well as new lute parts where none existed before. Some of the keyboard pieces are based on originals, although most are newly written by me, as are the Renaissance guitar parts.

Chords have been added for the melodies as an aid to accompanists.

The original spellings and punctuation have been preserved where possible. If a word is not immediately identifiable, try sounding it out. Most of these songs predate dictionaries and standardized spelling.



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An Amorous Dialogue between John and his Mistris.

Being a compleat and true Relation of some merry passages between the Mistris and her Appren-
tice, who pleas'd her so well that she rewarded him with fifty broad pieces for his pains.

Here by this Dialogue you may discern,
While O d Cats nibble Cheese the young ones learn.

To the Tune of, Packingtons Pound, or, what should a young woman &c. or, Captain digby.



Come John sit you down, I have something to say,
In mind I have kept it this many a day;
Your Master you know is a fool and a dot,
And minds nothing else but the pipe and the pot:
Till twelve or till one he will never come home,
And then he is so drunk that he lies like a stone:
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
But a woman will have it if 'tis to be had.

As true forsooth mistris, the case is but hard,
That a woman should be of her pleasure debar'd:
But 'tis the sad fate of a thousand beside,
Or else the whole City is foully belid:
There is not a man among twenty that chafers,
Nor ten in fifteen that do lye with their wives:
Yet still you had better be merry than sad,
And take it where ever it is to be had.

But John, 'tis a difficult matter to find,
A man that is crusty and constantly kind:
An ins of court gallant he cringes and bows
He's presently known by his Darts and his bows:
And though both his cloaths and his speeches be gay,
Yet he loves you but onely a night and away:
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
Yet a woman will have it, if 'tis to be had.

What think you of one that belongs to the Court?
They say they are youthful, and good to sport:
He'll present you with bracelets, and jewels, and rings
With stones that are precious, & thence hee brings:
Or if you are not for the Court nor the town,
What think you forsooth of a man with a gown?
You must have a Gallant, a good or a bad,
And take it where ever it is to be had.

anonymous lyrics c.1643?
 from *Rump: Or an Exact
 Collection...*, 1662

A la mode de France or the French Report

tune is "Nonesuch" from
The English Dancing Master,
 1651, John Playford (1623-1686)

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a guitar accompaniment with chords and tablature. The chords are indicated above the vocal line, and the tablature is shown on a six-line staff below the vocal line. The lyrics are written in a mix of English and French, reflecting the 'Nonesuch' style of the original song.

System 1 (Measures 1-5):

Chords: Am Am Dm Am Am E Am Am Dm Am Am Am Dm Am

Lyrics: Me have of late been in Eng - land Vere me have seen much sport, De rais - ing of de
 A vise man dere is like a ship Dat strike up - on de shelves, Dey pri - son all, be -

System 2 (Measures 6-10):

Chords: Am E Am Am Dm Am Am Em G Am Em Am E Am Em

Lyrics: Par - lia - ment Have quite pull'd down de Court, De King and Queen dey se - pa - rate And
 head and vip All vis - er dan dem - selves; Dey send out men to fetch deyr king, Who

System 3 (Measures 11-15):

Chords: G Am E Am Em G Am Em Am E Am Em G Am E Am

Lyrics: rule in ig - nor - an - ce, Pray judge, ye gen - tle - men, if dis Be à la mode de Fran - ce.
 may come home, per - chan - ce: O fy, fy, fy it is be gar, Not à la mode de Fran - ce.

Dey raise deyr Valiant Prentices,
 To guard deyr Cause with Clubs,
 Dey root deyr Bishops out of doors,
 And Preash demselves in Tubs,
 De Cobler and de Tinker too,
 Dey will in time advance,
 Pox take dem all, it is (Mort Dieu)
 Not a la mode de France.

Instead of bowing to deyr King,
 Dey vex him with Epistles,
 Dey furnish all deyr Souldiers out
 With Bodkins, Spoons, and Whistles,
 Dey bring deyr Gold and Silver in,
 De Brownists to advance,
 But if dey be cheat of it all,
 'Tiz a la mode de France.

But if when all deyr wealth is gone,
 Dey turn unto deyr King,
 Dey will make all amends again,
 Den merrily we will sing,
 VIVE LE ROY, VIVE LE ROY,
 Vee'le Sing, Carouse and Dance,
 De English men have done fort Bon,
 And a la mode de France.

from Margarat Ker's manuscript,
Eu De.3.70, c.1600, & the Thomas
Wode partbooks, 1562-c.1592

Adeu, O desie of delyt

verses 1-2

Alexander Montgomerie
(1536-1609) & Andro
Blackhall (c.1540-1598)

F F C Gm F C B^b F C B^b F

A - deu, O de - sie of de - lyt; A - deu, most ple - sand and per - fyt; A -
Al - beit my bo - dy be ab - sent My faith - full hairt is vi - gi - lent To

5 Gm F C sus4 C F F C Gm F C B^b F C B^b

deu and haif good nicht. A - deu, thou lus - ti - est on lyve; A - deu, suete thing su -
do you ser - vice true. Bot, when I hant in - to the place Whair I wes wont to

10 F Gm F C sus4 C F F B^b F

per - la - tyve. A - deu my lamp of licht! Lyk as the lys - sard
sie that face, My do - lour does re - neu. Then all my ple - sur

14 Gm Cm B^b C G^{sus4} G C F B^b F Gm Cm

does in-deid Live by the ma-nis face, Thy beu-tie lyk-wyse suld me feid If
is bot pane My cairs they do in-cres. Un-till I sie your face a-gane I

19 B^b C G^{sus4} G C F Dm B^b F Dm Gm F B^b C^{sus4} C

we had tyme and space. A-deu, nou, be treu nou, Sen that we must de-
live in he-vy-nes. Sair weep-ing, but sleep-ing The nights I o-ver-

24 F C F Dm B^b F Dm Gm F B^b C^{sus4} C F

pairt. For-get not, and set not at licht my con-stant hairt.
dryve; Whiles murn-ing, whiles turn-ing With thogh-tis pen-si-tyve.

Adeu, O desie of delyt

verses 3-4

F F C Gm F C B^b F C B^b F

Som - tym Good Hope did me com - fort Say - ing, the tyme suld be bot short Of
O la - dy, for thy con - stan - cie, A faith - full ser - vand sall I be, Thyn

5 Gm F C sus4 C F F C Gm F C B^b F C B^b

ab - sence to en - dure. Then Co - rage quick - ins so my spreit When I think on my
hon - our to de - fend; And I sall sure - lie, for thy saik, As doth the tur - tle

10 F Gm F C sus4 C F F B^b F

la - dy suet. I hald my ser - vice sure. I can not plaint of
for her maik, Love to my lyf - is end. No pene nor tra - vell,

14 Gm Cm B^b C Gsus4 G C F B^b F Gm Cm

my es-tait. I thank the gods a - bove; For I am first in hir con-sait Whom
feir nor dreid Sall caus me to de - sist. Then ay when ye this let - ter reid, Re -

19 B^b C Gsus4 G C F Dm B^b F Dm Gm F B^b Csus4 C

both I serve and love. Hir frein - dis ay wein - dis To caus hir to re -
mem - ber hou we kist; Em - brac - ing, with lac - ing, With o - thers tei - ris

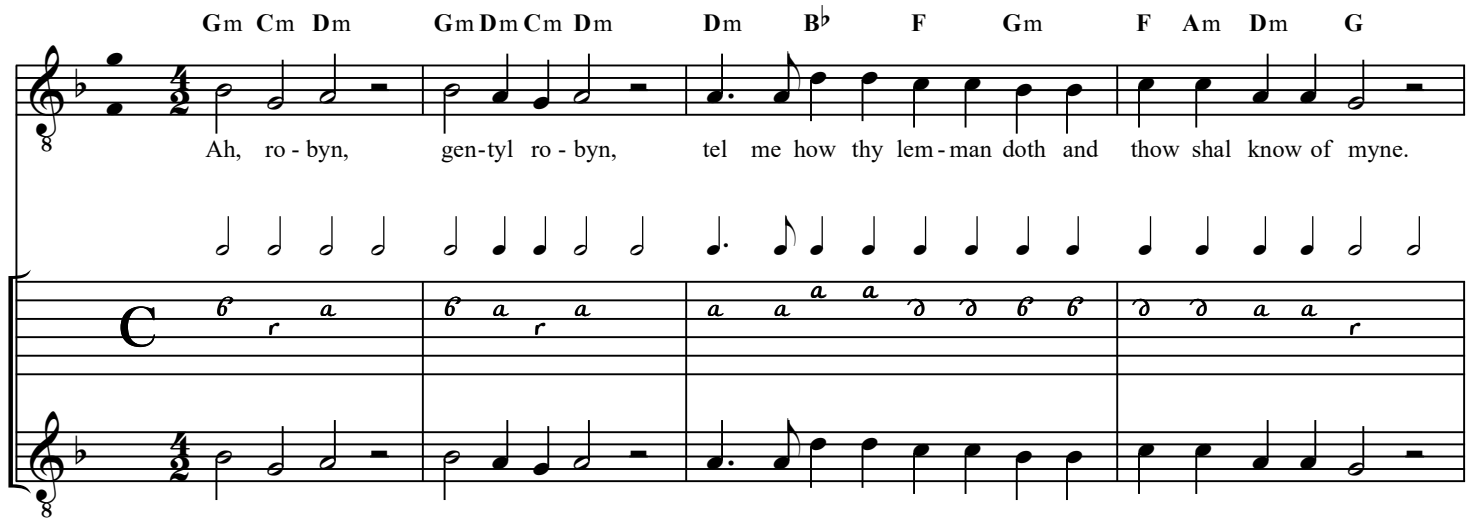
24 F C F Dm B^b F Dm Gm F B^b Csus4 C F

vok; Sho by - dis and sly - dis No more than does a rok.
sueet. Sik blis - sing in kiss - ing I quyt till we tua meit.

Ah, robyn

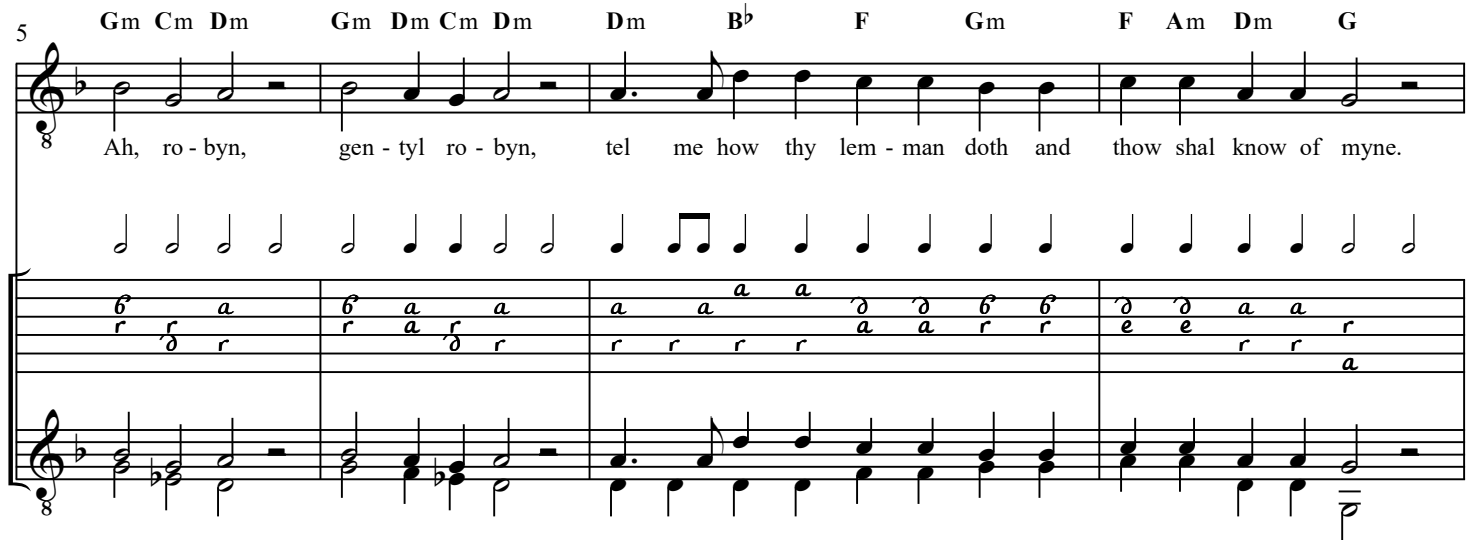
Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542)
& William Cornysh (1465-1523)

Gm Cm Dm Gm Dm Cm Dm Dm B^b F Gm F Am Dm G



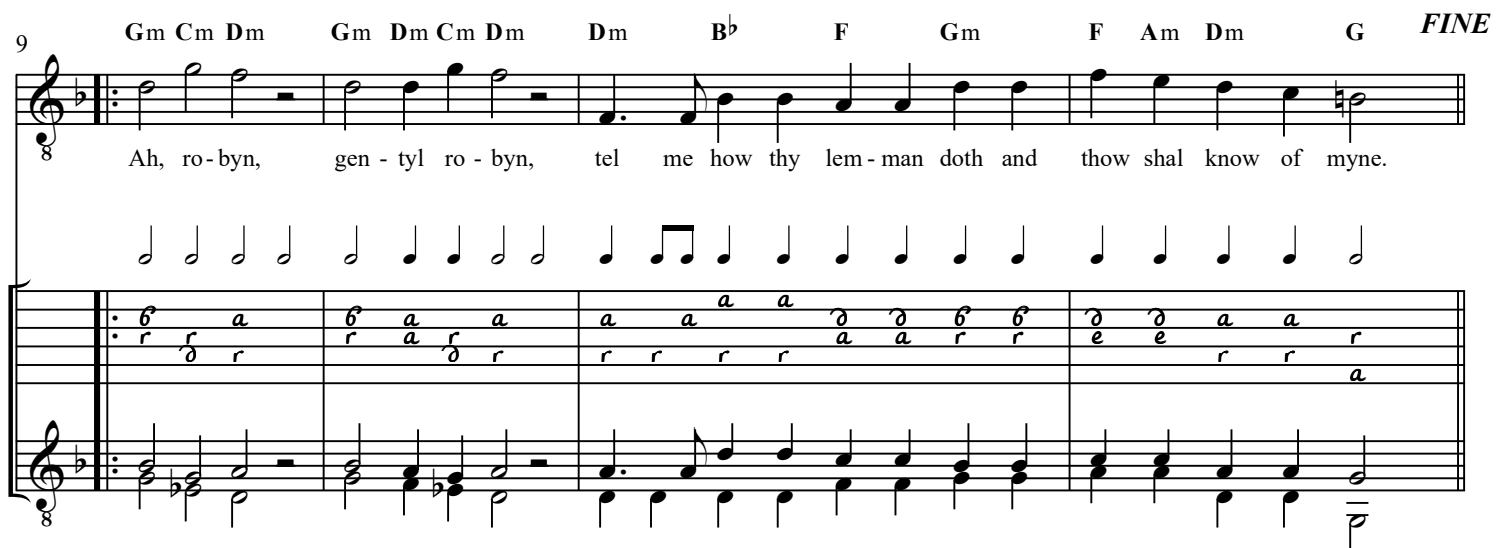
Ah, ro - byn, gen - tyl ro - byn, tel me how thy lem - man doth and thow shal know of myne.

5 Gm Cm Dm Gm Dm Cm Dm Dm B^b F Gm F Am Dm G



Ah, ro - byn, gen - tyl ro - byn, tel me how thy lem - man doth and thow shal know of myne.

9 Gm Cm Dm Gm Dm Cm Dm Dm B^b F Gm F Am Dm G *FINE*



Ah, ro - byn, gen - tyl ro - byn, tel me how thy lem - man doth and thow shal know of myne.

13

Gm Cm Dm Gm Dm Cm Dm

My la - dy is vn - kynde I wis a - lac why is she so? She
I can not thynk such dou - byl - nes for I fynd wo - men trew In

16

Dm B \flat F Gm F Am Dm G

louyth a - no - ther better than me well and she yet she will say no.
faith my la - dy lovith me well she will change for no new.

Thou art happy while that doth last
but I say as I find,
That woman's love is but a blast
that turneth like the wind.

If that be true yet as thou say'st
that women turn their heart;
Then better speak of them thou may'st
in hope to have thy part.

Such folks shall take no harm by love
that can abide their turn;
But I alas can no way prove
in love but lake and mourn.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm
this lesson learn of me:
At other fires thyself to warm
and let them warm with thee.

lyrics by M. Osb[orne?]
 (dates unknown) from a
 broadside ballad, 1568

Alas, my harte doth boyle

tune is "Damon and Pithias"
 from the same broadside
 ballad, 1568

Dm C Gm Dm A sus4 A D Dm A C#dim A E sus4 E A Dm

A - las, my harte doth boyle, And burne with - in my breste: To
 My loue is set so suer, And fix - ed on thee so: That

6 Gm C Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm A Dm A sus4 A D Dm

showe to thee, myne one - ly deere, My sute and sure re - quest. My
 by no means I can ab - staine, My fayth - full loue to showe, My

10 Gm Cm Eb D G Am D G D

loue no tounge can tell, No pen can well de - scribe;
 wound - ed harte thier - fore: To thee can for helpe doth crye:

14 C G D G Dm A Dm Gm Dm Gm Asus4 A D

Ex - tend thy Love for loue a - gaine? dye.
 Ex - tend thy loue for loue a - gaine, dye.

Although the Gods were bent,
 With greedie mynde to flaye:
 My corpes with cruell panges of death,
 And lyfe to take awaye.
 Yet should my faythfull harte,
 At no tyme from thee flye:
 Show loue therfore for loue againe,
 Or els for loue I dye.

Ye though eche soule were formde,
 A Serpent fell to be,
 My corps to slay with bloody wounds,
 And to deuower me.
 Yet would I be thine owne,
 To loue full hartelye:
 Extend thy loue for loue againe,
 Or els for loue I dye.

Ye though the earth would gape,
 And swallowe me there in:
 And that I should tormentyd be,
 In hell with euery syn.
 Yet would I be thy owne,
 To saue or els to spyll:
 Show me therfore lyke loue againe
 Or els thou dost me kyll.

Although the sun were bent,
 To burne me with his beames:
 and that mine eyes throw greuous pangs,
 Should send forth bloody streames.
 Yet would I not forsake,
 But styll to thee woulde crye:
 To shoue me loue for loue againe,
 Or els for loue I dye.

Ye though the Lyon were,
 With gapinge gredye Jawe:
 Readye with rygorus raggye teeth,
 My fleshe to teare and gnawe.
 Yet would I be thine owne,
 To serue most earnestlye:
 Extend thy loue, for loue againe,
 Or els for loue I dye.

Finis, q M. Osb.
 Imprinted at London, in Fletstrete,
 at the signe of the Faucon, by
 Wylliam Gryffith, 1568.

Ye though ech sterre were tournd,
 Untyll a fiery darte:
 And were all ready bent with payne,
 To perce throwe out my harte.
 Yet coulde I not forsake,
 To loue thee faythfullye,
 Extend thy loue for loue againe,
 Or els for loue I dye.

Ye though the fishes all,
 That swymes in surginge sease,
 Should swallowe me with gredy mouth,
 Yet could thee not apease.
 My earnest harte to thee,
 To loue entyerlye:
 Extend thy loue, for loue againe,
 Or els for loue I dye.

anonymous lyrics
from a broadside ballad,
1620?

All Trades are not alike in show

tune is "The Clean Contrary
Way", from Cambridge
University MS Dd.6.48.

Gm Gm D Gm F Gm D

ALL Trades are not a - like in show, All Arts doe not a -
The Cour - tier woes, his ser - vant does, Farre more then he can
The Tay - lor sowes, the Smith he blowes, The Tink - er beates his

4 G B \flat Cm B \flat F

gree: All Oc - cu - pa - tions gaines are small, As
answer, The Ba - ker weighes with false es - sayes, The
pan: The Pew - terer ranke, cries tinka tanke tanke, The A -

7 B \flat F Gm Cm Gm D G

heere they all shall see, As heere they all shall see.
Cuc - kold's turn'd a Monster, The Cuc - kold's turn'd a Monster.
pothe - cary ranta tan tan, The A - pothe - cary ranta tan tan.

4. The Bricklayer high doth rise to flye,
The Plummer oft doth melt,
The Carpenter doth love his rule,
And the Hatmakar loves his felt. And the, etc.

5. The Weaver thumps, his olde wife mumps,
The Barber goes snip snap,
The Butcher prickes, the Tapster nickes,
The Farmer stops agap. The Farmer, etc.

6. The Curryer toyles, and deales in oyles,
The Cobler lives by his peece:
The Chamberlaine cheates with musty meates,
And doth the Countrey fleece. And doth, etc.

7. The Carter whips, the Begger ships,
The Beadle lives by blowes,
Yet whores wil be whores at honest mens doores
Disphight a'th Beadles nose. Disphight a'th, etc.

8. The Broome man cryes, mayd servants buyes,
And swaps with him for wares,
The Countrey asse doth to the Cosse,
Sell Orchards full of Peares. Sell, etc.

9. Some Schoole-masters teach beyond their reach,
The Mason deales with his square,
The Fletcher doth nock, and workes by the clock,
The Beareward lives by his Beare. The, etc.

10. The Grosers pates 'bout thinges of weight,
Is often troubled sore,
The Taylors yard is seldome marde,
Tho it measure many a score. Tho it, etc.

11. The Iron-monger hardly deales,
All Fruterers loose by'th rot:
The Hagler buyes and lives by lyes,
The Drunkard plyes the pot. The, etc.

12. The Collier swears heele loose his eares,
But he will falsly deale:
And such are glad as mand the Pad,
For trifles for to steale. For trifles, etc.

13. The Budget-maker oftentimes,
Doe deale in brasen nayles:
And Tradesmen store, turne Porters poore,
When other trading failes. When other, etc.

14. The Water-man will carry Nan,
For two-pence crosse the River:
Yet this heele say, if she cannot pay,
Her passage free heele give her. Her passage, etc.

15. The Glover pokes, the Gallant smoakes,
Yet lives in Tradesmen debts,
The Drawer thrives by honest wives,
The Cheater lives by bets. The Cheater, etc.

16. The Cooke doth broyle, the Fencer foyle,
The footman he doth sweat:
And Apple-John doth usher Nan,
And she gives him a heate. And she, etc.

17. The Ostler rubs, the Cutler scrubs,
The Semsters deale in Ruffes:
The smoakie man with his small cole pan,
Maintained is by puffes. Maintained is, etc.

18. The Chandelors deeds great pennance needs,
And Faggots they doe beare:
The Vintner draines, yet makes no frayes,
The Begger is voyde of care. The Begger, etc.

19. The Morris dance doth bravely prance,
And about the Countrey goes:
And May-poles hie shall mount to the' skie,
Despight of the Hobby horse nose. Despight, etc.

20. Dissentions seede, the Parators neede,
And Scoulds him money give:
And if there were no swaggering Whore,
The Pander could not live. The Pander, etc.

21. Thus all arise by contraries,
Heaven send them crosses ten:
Unlesse they all both great and small,
Doe live and dye honest men.
Doe live and dye honest men.

FINIS.

Printed at London for J. Trundle.

anonymous lyrics
 from a broadside ballad
 printed between 1672 and 1696

An Amorous Dialogue

between John and his Mistris.

tune is "Packington's
 Pound" from various
 sources c.1596

Chords: Gm Gm D Gm D Gm B^b F

1
 Come John sit you down, I have some-what to say, In my mind I have kept it this
 Tis true for-sooth mis - tris, the case is but hard That a wo - man shou'd be of her
 But, John, 'tis a dif - fi - cult mat - ter to find A man that is trus - ty and
 What think you of one that be - longs to the Court? They say they are youth - ful, and

2
 a a e a r a a

3
 a a r a r a

4
 ma - ny a day; Your Mas - ter you know is a Fool and a Sot, And
 plea - sure de - bard: But 'tis the sad fate of a thou - sand be - side, Or
 con - stant - ly kind; An inns - of - court gal - lant he crin - ges and bows, He's
 giv - en to sport: He'l pre - sent you with brace - lets, and jew - els, & rings, With

5
 a a r b a b a a r e a a r r r a

6
 a a a r

7
 minds no - thing else but the Pipe and the pot. Till twelve or till one he will
 else the whole Ci - ty is fou - ly be - ly'd; There is not a man a - mong
 pre - sent - ly known by his Oaths and his Vows, And though both his cloaths and his
 stones that are pre - cious, & twen - ty fine things; Or if you are not for the

8
 b a a r a b a r r a a r b a r a

9
 a a r b a

10 Dm A Dm Dm A Dm A Dm A D Dm

nev - er come home, And then he's so drunk that he lies like a Mome, such
 twen - ty that thrives, Not ten in fif - teen that do lye with their wives; yet
 speech - es be gay, Yet he loves you but one - ly a night and a - way; such
 Court or the town. What think you for - sooth of a man with a gown? you

13 B^b F Gm D Gm B^b F Gm D G

us - age as this would make an - y one mad, but a wo - man will have it if 'tis to be had.
 still you had bet - ter be mer - ry than sad, and take it where ev - er it is to be had.
 us - age as this would make an - y one mad, yet a wo - man will have it, if 'tis to be had.
 must have a Gal - lant, a good or a bad, and take it where ev - er it is to be had.

No John, I confess that not any of these
 Had ever the power my fancy to please;
 I like no such blades for a trick that I know,
 For as soon as they've trod they are given to crow;
 Plain dealing is best, and I like a man well,
 That when he has kiss'd will be hang'd e're he'l tell:
 My meaning is honest, and thou art the Lad,
 Then give it and take it while 'tis to be had.

You quickly may learn it, my Johnny, for Thus,
 Before you proceed we begin with a buss;
 And then you must clasp me about with your arm,
 Nay, fear me not Johnny, I'll do thee no harm:
 Now I sigh, now I tremble, now backwards I lye,
 And now my dear Johnny, ah now I must dye:
 Oh! who can resist such a mettle some Lad,
 and refuse such a pleasure when 'tis to be had.

Some Prentices use it, forsooth, I allow,
 But I am a Novice and cannot tell how:
 However, I hope that I shall not be blam'd.
 For to tell you the truth I am somewhat asham'd;
 I know how to carry your bible to Church,
 but to play with my mistris I'm left in the lurch;
 Yet if you can show me the way good or bad,
 Ile promise you all that there is to be had.

A mistris so noble I never will leave,
 Twere a sin and a shame such a friend to deceive;
 For my master's shop no more will I care,
 Tis pleasantest handling my mistris mare.
 A fig for indentures, for now I am made
 Free of a gentiler and pleasanter trade,
 I know when I'm well, I was never so mad
 to forsake a good thing when 'tis to be had.

And I war a maydyn

verses 1-2

8

F C F Gm F B^b F E^b Gm D

And I war a may - dyn, as ma - ny one ys,
When I was a wan - ton wench of twelve yere of age,

5

B^b F B^b F C Gm Am Gm F Dm C F

For all the golde in Eng - land I wold not do a - myss.
Thes cowr - ty - ers with their a - morus they kynd - yld my cor - age.

And I war a maydyn

verse 3

F C F Gm F B \flat F E \flat Gm D

8 When I was come to the age of fif - teen yere,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major) and a common time signature. It contains the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature, containing a lute tablature with letters 'a', 'r', and '6'. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line. The system is numbered '8' at the beginning.

5 B \flat F B \flat F C Gm Am Gm F Dm C F

8 In all this lond, now - ther fre nor bond, Me - thought I had no pere.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It contains the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a grand staff with a common time signature, containing a lute tablature with letters 'a', 'r', and '6'. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line. The system is numbered '5' at the beginning.

Aprill is in my Mistris face

Gm Am D Gm Am D Gm Gm D D Gm Cm D sus4 D

A - prill is in my Mis - tris face, A - prill is in my Mis - tris face, my

ᵹ r a r a a r a e r e a a a a a e

6 Gm Am D Gm Am D Gm Cm D Dm Gm

Mis - tris face. A - prill is in my Mis - tris face, And lu-ly in hir eyes hath

a r e r e a r r a r r a r a r

11 D Eb Bb F Gm Cm Bb F sus4 F Bb

place, And lu-ly in hir eyes, hir eyes hath place. With

e r a r e a r e a r e a r e

16 F B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat F sus4 F B \flat F B \flat Gm

in hir bo - some, with in hir bo - some, is Sep - tem - - -

22 Gm D Dm F Cm E \flat

- - - ber, But in hir heart, But in hir heart hir heart, a could De-

28 B \flat Gm D sus4 D 1. G Gm Dm 2. G

cem - - - - ber. But in hir heart, ber.

Arise, arise, you drowsy maiden

verses 1-2

1

G G D G Dm G C G

A - rise, a - rise, you drow - sy mai - den; A -
 Be - gone, be - gone, you'll wake my fa - ther; My

3

G D G G D G D

rise, a - rise, it is al - most day; O come un - to your
 mo - ther too, she will quick - ly hear. Go tell your tales un -

6

G C D G G C G C D G

bed - room win - dow And hear what your true love do say.
 to some o - ther And whis - per soft - - ly in her ear.

verses 3-5

G G D G Dm G C G

I won't be gone; I love no o - ther. You
 Now when the old man heard them talk - ing He
 Turn back, turn back, don't be called a ro - ver! Turn

3 G D G G D G D

are the girl that I do a - dore, It's I my dear who
 nim - bly stepped right out of bed, And put his head out
 back, turn back and sit by my side! O wait un - til his

6 G C D G G C G C D G

loves you dear - ly; The pains of love have brought me here.
 of the win - dow. Poor John - ny dear was quick - ly fled.
 pas - sion's o - ver, And I will sure - - - ly be your bride.

anon. broadside lyrics,
1619-1629, revised in
Select Muscull Ayres, 1652

As I walkt forth

verses 1-2

Robert Johnson
(c.1560-1633)

Chords: Dm, A, Dm, B \flat , A

As I walkt the forth Mea - - - one dow Sum - mers she day, walk,
Then round the Mea - - - one dow Sum did she walk,

Chords: F, C, Dm, F, C, F

to view the Mea - dows green & gay, a
Catch - ing each Flo - wer by the stalk, Such

Chords: C, C \sharp dim, Dm, A

plea - sant Bo in - - - wer the I es - pied
Flowers as in the Mea - dow grew,

As I walkt forth

verses 3-4

Chords: Dm A Dm B \flat A

The When she had of filed the her sweetest pron scents full

4 Chords: F C Dm F C F

She Of bound such a green about things with as knot she ty could Bents, cull; And The

7 Chords: C C \sharp dim Dm A

as green she leaves bound serv'd them her up for in her Bands bed

anonymous lyrics from *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584

As one without refuge

A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully sheweth

tune is "Row well, ye mariners"
from *The English Dancing Master*,
1651, John Playford (1623-1686)

G D G D G C G D G

As one with-out re-fuge, For life doth pleade with pant-ing breath And
Too lit-tle is my skil, By pen (I saie) my loue to paint, And
Your gleams hath gript the hart, a-las with-in my cap-tiue breast: O
As na-ture hath you dect, with wor-thie gifts a-boue the rest, So

5 D G D G C G D G

ru-ful-ly the Iudge, Be-holds (whose doome grants life or death), So
when that my good will, My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint: Sith
how I feele the smart, And how I find my grief in-creast: My
to your praise most great, Let pi-tie dwell with-in your brest, That

9 G D G Am G D G D G Am G D G

fare I now my one-lie Loue, Whom I ten-der as Tur-tle Doue, Whose
both the meanes do faile there-fore, My loue for to ex-presse with lore: The
fan-cie is so fixt on you, That none a-way the same can do: My
I may saie with heart and wil, Lo, this is she that might me kil: For

13 G D G D G G D G D G

ten - der looks (O io - ly ioy) Shall win me sure your lo - uing boy:
 tor - ments of my in - ward smart. You may well gesse with - in your hart:
 deer vn - lesse you it re - mooue: With - out re - dresse I die for loue,
 why in hand she held the knife, And yet (for - sooth) she saued my life.

17 G D G D D Am G Am G D G

Faire lookes, sweet Dame, Or els (a - las) I take my bane:
 Where - fore, sweet wench, Some lou - ing words, this heat to quench
 La - ment with me, Ye Mu - ses nine, where e - uer be,
 Hey - ho, dar - ling: With lus - tie loue, now let vs sing,

21 G D G D D Am G Am G D G

Nice talke, coy - ing, Wil bring me sure to my end - ing,
 Fine smiles, smirke lookes, And then I neede no o - ther lookes.
 My life I loth, My Ioies are gone, I tel you troth.
 Plaie on, Min - strel, My La - die is mine one - lie girl.

lyrics by Thomas Deloney
 (d.1600) from *The
 Garland of Goodwill*, 1592 or 3

As you came from Walsingham

verses 1-3

music from various
 sources c. 1600

C G C F C C G C

As you came from Wal - sing - ham, from that ho - ly land,
 She is nei - ther white nor brown, but as the hea - uens fair:
 She hath left me here a - lone, all a - lone as vn - known:

5 G C Am Em A D A E A

Met you not with my true loue by the way as you came?
 There is none hath her form so di - uine on the earth, in the ayr.
 Who some - time lou - ed me as her life, and call - ed me her own.

9 Am C G C Am E Am Em G C

How should I your true loue know, that hath met many a one,
 Such an one did I meet, good sir, with an An - gell - like face:
 What is the cause shee hath left thee a - lone, and a new way doth take,

a r a a r e r a a a

13 G C Am Em A D A E A

As I came from the ho - ly Land, that haue come, that haue gone?
 Who ap - pea'd like a Nimph, like a Queen, in her gait, in her grace.
 That some - time did thee loue as her self, and her loy did thee make?

a a r a r e r a e r e e a r e r

lyrics by Thomas Deloney
 (d.1600) from *The
 Garland of Goodwill*, 1592 or 3

As you came from Walsingham

verses 4-5

music from various
 sources c. 1600

C G C F C C G C

I haue lou - ed her all my youth, but now am old as you see:
 Such is the loue of Wo - men kind, or the world so a - bused:

a

5 G C Am Em A D A E A

Loue lik - eth not the fall - ing fruit, nor the with - er - ed tree.
 Vn - der which ma - ny child - ish de - sires, and con - ceits are ex - cused.

a

9 Am C G C Am E Am Em G C

For loue is a care - lesse child, and for - gets pro - mise past,
 Yea but Loue is a du - ra - ble fire, in the mind eu - er burning:

13 G C Am Em A D A E A

He is blind, he is deaf, when he list, and in faith neu - er fast.
 Neu - er sick, neu - er dead, neu - er cold, from it self neu - er turning.

The Ash Grove

G G G Am D G

Down yon - der green val - ley where stream-lets me - an - der, When twi - light is
Still glows the bright sun - shine o'er val - ley and moun - tain, Still war - bles the

7 C G Dsus4 D G G G

fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly rove; or at the bright noon - tide, in
black - bird its note from the tree; Still trem - bles the moon - beam on

12 Am D G C G Dsus4 D G

so - li - tude wan - der, A - mid the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash Grove. 'Twas
stream - let and foun - tain, But what are the beau - ties of na - ture to me? With

18 **G G D C G D G**

there, while the black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I first met that
 sor - row, deep sor - row, my bo - som is lad - en, All day I go

23 **Em D A sus4 A D G G**

dear one the joy of my heart! A - round us for glad - ness the
 mourn - ing in search of my love; "Ye ech - oes! O tell me, where

28 **Am D G C G D sus4 D G**

blue - bells were ring - ing; Ah! then lit - tle thought I how soon we should part.
 is the sweet maid - en?" "She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

Awake sweet loue thou art returnd

verse 1

F B \flat F B \flat F B \flat F B \flat C F C F

A - wake, sweet loue, thou art re - turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne - uer ab - sent dies, now liue for e - uer

4 C F C F B \flat F C F

ab - sence mournd, liues now in per - fect ioy.
in her eyes, whence came my first a - noy.

7

C Dm G C Dm F C G C F F Gm F C

On - ly her selfe hath see - med faire: she on - ly I could loue,
Des - paire did make me wish to die; that I my ioyes might end:

a r a a a r a e r a a e r a a e

10

F Bb Am F G C F Bb Gm C F

she on - ly draue me to des - paire, when she vn - kind did proue.
she on - ly, which did make me flie, my state may now a - mend.

a r a r a a r a e r a e r a e

Awake sweet loue thou art returnd

verse 2

F B^b F B^b F B^b F B^b C F C F

If she es - teeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieue thy
Des - paire hath pro - ued now in mee, That loue will not vn -

4 C F C F B^b F C F

loue hence - forth, Which so long des - paire hath proued.
con - stant be, Though in vaine I loued.

7

C Dm G C Dm F C G C F F Gm F C

If she at last re - ward thy loue, And all thy harmes re - paire,
 And if that now thou wel - com be, When thou with her doest meet,

a r a a a r a e r a r a e r a a e

10

F Bb Am F G C F Bb Gm C F

Thy hap - pi - nesse will swee - ter proue, Raisd vp from deepe des - paire.
 She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy ioyes more sweete.

a r a r a a r a e r a e r a e

Awaie with these selfe louing lads

verses 1-3

G G C G D G C G C

A - way with these selfe lou - ing lads, whom Cu - pids ar - row
 God Cu - pids shaft like des - ti - nie, Doth ey - ther good or
 My songs they be of Cyn - thias praise, I weare her rings on

a a a a a a a a
 r r r r r r r r
 a a a e a r a r e r a

5 D sus4 D G D D F G D

ne - uer glads: A - way poore soules that sigh & weep, in
 ill de - cree: De - sert is borne out of his bow, Re -
 ho - ly dayes, On eue - ry tree I write her name, And

a a a a a a a a
 r r r r r r r r
 a a a a a a a a

9

G C G D Em D B \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat

loue of them that lie and sleepe. For Cu - pid is a
 ward v - pon his feet doth goe. What fools are they that
 cue - ry day I reade the same: Where ho - nor, Cu - pids

a a r e a e a a
 r a r a r e r a a
 a a a r e r a a a
 a a a a a a a a a a

13

B \flat F Gm Cm Gm D sus4 D G

me - dow God, And for - ceth none to kisse the rod.
 haue not known That loue likes no lawes but his owne?
 ri - uall is, There mi - ra - cles are seene of his.

a a r r a a a a a a a a a a
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
 a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

Awaie with these selfe louing lads

verses 4-5

G G C G D G C G C

If Cyn - thia craue her ring of mee, I blot her name out the
The worth that wor - thi - nesse should moue Is loue, which is the

5 D sus4 D G D D F G D

of the tree. If doubt do dar - ken things held deare, Then
bowe of love, And love as well the Fo - ster can, As

9

G C G D Em D B \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat

wel - fare no - thing once a year: For ma - ny run, but
 can the migh - ty No - ble - man: Sweet Saint, tis true you

a r e a e a e f a a

r a r a r e r a a

o

13

B \flat F Gm Cm Gm D sus4 D G

one must win, Fools one - ly hedge the Cuc - koe in.
 wor - thy be, Yet with - out loue nought worth to me.

a o r r a o b o a f e a

a a a r a a r r e a

o

Baloo baleerie

Scottish traditional

F F F C F F

Ba - loo ba - lee - rie, ba - loo ba - lee - rie, ba -

5 F F C Am F

loo ba - lee - rie, ba - loo ba - lee.

F B^b F C

Gang a - wa' pee - rie fair - ries, gang a - wa' pee - rie
 Doun come the bon - ny an - gels, doun come the bon - ny
 Sleep saft my ba - by, sleep saft my

a e r a *a r a b* *e r a*

12 F B^b B^b F C Am F

fair - ries, gang a - wa' pee - rie fair - ries Frae oor ben noo.
 an - gels, doun come the bon - ny an - gels Tae oor ben noo.
 ba - by, sleep saft my ba - by, In oor ben noo.

a b a r a a *a r a b* *a a a e* *r a r a* *a*

anonymous lyrics from a
broadside ballad, c.1675-1690

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line that often moves in parallel motion with the vocal line. The score is divided into systems, with measures 1-4, 5-8, and 13-16. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some lines starting with a measure rest. The piano part includes chord symbols (D, G, A) and fingerings (a, r, e, b) for the right hand. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

System 1 (Measures 1-4):
Vocal: All in the mer - ry month of May, When green leaves they was spring-ing, This
2.He sent his man un - to her then, To the town where she was dwel - lin': 'You
Piano: Chords: D, D, D, D, A. Fingerings: a, r, e, b.

System 2 (Measures 5-8):
Vocal: young man on his death - bed lay, For the love of Bar - bara Al - len.
must come to my mas - ter dear, If your name be Bar - bara Al - len.
Piano: Chords: G, D, D, G, A, D. Fingerings: a, r, e, b.

System 3 (Measures 8-12):
Vocal: 3.So slow - ly, slow - ly she got up, And slow - ly she came to him, And
4.He turnd his face un - to her then: 'If you be Bar - bara Al - len, My
Piano: Chords: D, D, D, A. Fingerings: a, r, e, b.

System 4 (Measures 13-16):
Vocal: all she said when she came there, Young man, I think you're a dy - ing.
dear,' said he, 'Come pit - ty me, As on my death - bed I'm ly - ing.'
Piano: Chords: G, D, G, A, D. Fingerings: a, r, e, b.

16 **D D D A**

5. If on your death - bed you be lying, What is that to Bar - bara Al-len? I
 6. He turn'd his face un - to the wall, And death came creep - ing to him: 'Then a -

21 **G D D G A D**

can - not keep you from your death; So fare - well,' said Bar - bara Al-len.
 dieu, a - dieu, and a - dieu to all, And a - dieu to Bar - bara Al-len!

24 **D D D A**

7. When he was dead, and she laid in grave, Then death came creep - ing to she: 'O
 8. So this maid she then did dye, And de - sired to be bu - ried by him, And re -

29 **G D D G A D**

mo - ther, mo - ther, make my bed, For his death hath quite un - done me.
 pent'd her self be - fore she dy'd, That e - ver she did de - ny him.

anonymous lyrics
from a broadsheet
ballad, mid 17th C.

The Batchelors Delight

tune is "The King's delight" from
The Dancing Master, 1665,
John Playford (1623-1686)

The world's a blis - ter sweld with care, much
Whilst A - dam was a Bat - che - lor, in
Samp - son, they say, was a cham - pion stout that
Job was a man that o - - - pen lay un -

3 like un - to a bub - - - ble, Where - in poor men tor -
E - den he did tar - - - ry; It is an E - den
fill'd the world with won - - - der; The proud Phi - lis - tians
to the spight of the De - - - vil, Who took his goods and

6 ment - ed are with wo - men and with trou - - - ble,
u - pon earth to live and ne - ver mar - - - ry:
he did rout, his blows did sound like thun - - - der:
sons a - way, but could we count him ci - - - vil

8

G G D G D G C G

And eve - ry one that takes a wife, Adds toil and sor - row
Oh then what cause have we to grieve, To think u - pon our
But when he did court the false Dal - li - la, The wick - ed whore did her
Be - cause he left him still his nurse? Oh no! he left her

12

F D G C D G D G

to his life, and makes his bur - den dou - - - ble.
mo - ther Eve; Who made us all mis - car - - - ry!
him be - tray, and so he was brought un - - - der.
for a curse: she was his great - est e - - - vil!

Marriage is honourable indeed,
but tell what's house-keeping?
It makes the good man's pockets bleed,
his purse is alwaies weeping:
Nay more, hee's alwaies full of care,
Whilst he that is a Batchelor
Is fast and soundly sleeping.

Though he hath been at work all day,
as hard as he is able,
Yet when he comes home, without delay
she bids him rock the cradle;
And if he doth the same refuse,
The durty quean will him abuse,
and beat him with the ladle.

And therefore I will single live,
in spite of lust and passion;
Pure virgins good examples give,
and worth our imitation.
For before matrimony arose,
The mode of wearing yellow hose
and horns were out of fashion.

A froward woman takes delight
to see her husband vexed;
Both morning, evening, noon and night,
the poor man is perplexed:
She brawls and scoulds, she frowns & pouts,
And, to her speeches, scoffs and flouts
are ever more annexed.

Man is a little world of himself,
and therefore wanteth nothing;
He needs not care for worldly pelf,
so he have food and cloathing;
And marriage is a fickle thing,
Which sometime doth in love begin,
and often ends in loathing.

And lastly, to conclude my song,
vain joy is but a bubble.
A double heart, and a double tongue,
hath fill'd the world with trouble;
And therefore to avoid all strife,
'Tis best to lead a single life,
we will have nothing double.

lyrics from an anonymous
broadside, late 17th C.

The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia

tune is "Parson upon Dorothy"
The Dancing Master, 1652,
John Playford (1623-1686)

Gm Gm F Gm Cm F Gm

There was a Shep - herds Daugh - ter came trip - ping on the way, And
Good - mor - rowe to you, beau - teous Maid, these words pro - noun - ced he, O
The Lord for - bid, the Maide re - plyd, That such a thing should be, That

5 Gm F Gm Cm F Gm

there she met a cour - teous Knight, Which cau - sed her to stay: Sing
I shall dye this day, he said, If Ive not my will of thee: Sing
e - ver such a cour - teous Knight should dye for love of me:

9 Cm F Gm Dm Gm Dsus4 D G(no3rd) Gm

trang dil - do, sing trang dil - do, sing trang dil - do lee. Sing

13 Cm F Gm Dm Gm D sus4 D G(no3rd)

trang dil - do, sing trang dil - do, sing trang dil - do lee.

He took her about the middle so small,
and laid her on the plain,
And after he had got his will,
he took her up again:

What hath he robbed thee of, Sweet-heart,
of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gay gold ring
from off thy finger small?

Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt,
these words then answered she;
But I must have your own body,
so the King hath granted me:

Now you have had your will, kind Sir,
and put my body to shame,
Even as you are a courteous Knight,
tell me what is your name?

He hath not robbed me, my Liege,
of purple or of pall,
But he hath got my maiden-head,
which grieves me worst of all:

A Shepherds Daughter as I was,
you might have let me be,
Id ner a come to the Kings fair court
to have cravd any love of thee;

Some do call me Jack, Sweet-heart,
and some do call me John,
But when I come to the Kings fair court,
they call me Sweet William:

Now if he be a batchelor
his body ill give to thee,
But if he be a married man
high hanged shall he be:

He set her on a milk-white steed,
and himself upon a gray,
He hung a bugle about his neck,
and so they rode away:

He set his foot into the stirrup,
and away then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
and ran close by his side:

He called down his merry men all
by one, by two and by three;
Sweet William usd to be the first,
but now the last comes he:

But when they came unto the place
where marriage-rites was done,
She provd herself a Dukes Daughter,
and he but a Squires Son:

But when she came to the broad water,
she set her breast and swam;
And when she was got out again,
she took her heels and ran:

He brought her down full forty pound
tyd up within a glove,
Fair Maid, I give the same to thee,
and seek another love:

Now you have married me, Sir Knight,
your pleasures will be free;
If you make me Lady of one good town,
Ill make thee Lord of three:

When she came to the Kings fair court,
she knocked at the ring,
So ready was the King himself
to let this fair Maid in:

Oh, ill have none of your gold, she said,
nor ill have none of your fee,
But I must have your fair body,
the King hath given me:

Accursed by the gold, he said,
if thou hadst not been true,
That should a parted thee from me,
to have changd thee for a new:

O Christ save you, my gracious Leige,
your body Christ save and see,
You have a Knight within your court
this day hath robbed me:

Sweet William ran and fetcht her then
five hundred pound in gold,
Saying, Fair Maid take this to thee,
thy fault will never be told:

Their hearts being so linked fast,
and joynd hand in hand,
He had both purse and person too,
and all at his command:

lyrics by Alexander Montgomerie
(1545?-1610?)

Before the Greeks durst enterpryse

verses 1-2

adapted from a keyboard setting
in Margarat Ker's manuscript,
Eu De.3.70, c.1600

Chords: F, B \flat , Dm, C sus4, C, F, Dm, Gm, F

Vocal line: Be - fore the Greeks durst en - ter - pryse To Troy - es
Then did they send the wys - est Greeks To Del - phos,

Guitar tablature: 6, a, r, a, a, r, a, a, r, a

Bass line: F, B \flat , Dm, C sus4, C, F, Dm, Gm, F

3 Chords: B \flat , F, Gm, D sus4, D, G, F, B \flat , Dm, C sus4, C

Vocal line: town in armes to go, They set a coun - sell sage and
whare A - pol - lo stode; Wha, with the teirs up - on thair

Guitar tablature: a, a, b, a, a, r, a, a, r, a, a, r, a

Bass line: B \flat , F, Gm, D sus4, D, G, F, B \flat , Dm, C sus4, C

6

F Dm Gm F B^b F Gm D^{sus4} D G C

wyse cheeks A - pol - lo's an - sueir for to know Hou they suld
 And with the fy - rie flammes of wood And all such

9

F C Dm B^b C F B^b F C Dm B^b C F

speid and haif suc - ces In that so grit a bu - si - nes.
 rites as wes the guyse They made that grit god sa - cri - fyce.

lyrics by Alexander Montgomerie
(1545?-1610?)

Before the Greeks durst enterpryse

verses 3-4

adapted from a keyboard setting
in Margarat Ker's manuscript,
Eu De.3.70, c.1600

Chord progression: F, B \flat , Dm, C sus4, C, F, Dm, Gm, F

Vocal line:
When they had end - it their re - quests And so - lemn -
Whilk an - sueir maid thame not so glad That thus the

Lyrics: r a r a

Chord progression: B \flat , F, Gm, D sus4, D, G, F, B \flat , Dm, C sus4, C

Vocal line:
ly thair ser - vice done And drunk the wyne and kild the
vic - tors they suld be As ev'n the an - suer that I

Lyrics: a r a a r a r a

6

F Dm Gm F B \flat F Gm D^{sus4} D G C

beists, A - pol - lo made them an - sueir soon Hou Troy and
 had Did grit - ly joy and com - fort me When, lo! thus

9

F C Dm B \flat C F B \flat F C Dm B \flat C F

Tro - jans haiv they suld To use them hail - ly as they wold.
 spake A - pol - lo myne: All that thou seeks, it sall be thyne.

Begone, sweit night

verses 1-3

Anon.

C C sus4 C F C Dm C G sus4 G C C Am D

Be - gone, sweit night, and I will call thee kynd! Where does thou
A - rise, bright day, it's time to claim thy right; Dis - perse the
Stay, gen - tle night, lest thou be more un - kind To leave us

6 G C G C Am G C F C

dwell, since not up - on mine eyes? It's more nor tyme that
cluids, and with thy gold - en beams Both com - fort me and
lan - guish, who en - joys our love! Go not a - way, bot

11 F C G sus4 G C C Am D G C G C A sus4 Am G

I my wayes sould find. Be - gone! and when thou comes a - gain, come twyse.
strick the churl - ish night That wold not go nor yeeld me plea - sant dreames.
keip us here con - fin'd, Nor part us from those plea - sures which we prove.

17 C Am Dm G Dm F E sus4 E A D

A - way, a - way! For I must go and meit my love
 A - ryse, a - ryse! And with thy gold - en fing - er point
 Bot stay, ah, stay! For I must go and leave my Love

23 G D sus4 D G C D A D C D

at the peip of day. Bot thou to Death are too, too neir of
 me to where scho lies. Teach me bot once and set me in hir
 at the peip of day, But if thou do, re - turn so soon a -

28 Em G D G G Am C G sus4 G C

kin To come and go as thy de - syre hath beine.
 sight That I may know who yeelds the great - er light.
 gain That our de - sires feel not the day's dis - dain.

Begone, sweet night

Anon.

verses 4-5

C Csus4 C F C Dm C Gsus4 G C C Am D

Let ne - ver ris - ing to day be - reave thy right Who will be -
But if thou wilt to day re - sign thy due And so di -

6 G C G C Am G C F C

tray thee with his gold - en beams. Let us en - joy thee
vorce me from my dear - est dear In se - cret si - - - lence

11 F C Gsus4 G C C Am D G C G C Asus4 Am G

still, sweet gen - tle night That we may sur - feit in those plea - sant dreams.
sall my heart goe rue Wish - ing the day war done and I were there

17 C Am Dm G Dm F E sus4 E A D

Ad - vise, ad - vise And ne - ver let the light of day
Where she, where she And I might spend the si - lent night

23 G D sus4 D G C D A D C D

show where that she lies. But if thou do, or set me in hir
where we went to be, Where pratt - ling day dare ne - ver more ap -

28 Em G D G G Am C G sus4 G C

sight There is no doubt she gives the great - er light.
peir Nor yit pre - sume to wrong my dear - est dear.

Behold a wonder here

verses 1-3

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

G G Em D sus4 D G C

Be - hold a won - der here Loue
Such beames in - fus - ed be By
Loue now no more will weepe For

4 G Am E A

hath re - - - ceiu'd his sight
Cin - - - thia in his eyes,
them that laugh the while,

6

D G C Am

which ma - nie hun - dred, hun - dred, hun - - - dred
 As first haue made him see, haue made him
 Nor wake for them that sleepe, for them that

8

D G C D sus4 D G

yeares, hath not be - held the light.
 see, And then haue made him wise.
 sleepe, Nor sigh for them that smile.

Behold a wonder here

verses 4-5

G G Em D sus4 D G C

So powre - - - full is the beautie That
This Beau - - - tie shewes her might, To

4 G Am E A

Looue doth now be - hold,
be of of dou - ble kind,

6 **D** **G** **C** **Am**

As loue is turn'd, is turn'd, is turn'd to
 In gi - uing loue his fight, his fight, his his

8 **D** **G** **C** **D sus4** **D** **G**

dutie, That's nei - - - ther blind nor bold.
 fight And stri - - - king fol - ly blind.

lyrics by Sir Thomas Wyatt
(1503-1542)

Blame not my lute

verses 1-3

setting adapted from "Mes pas semez"
from *Second livre de Guitarre*, 1556
Adrian Le Roy (c.1520-1598)

D D Gm F B \flat F Gm

Blame not my Lute for he must sound Of this or that as li - keth
My Lute, a - las doth not of - fend, Though that per - force he must a -
My Lute and strings may not de - ny But as I strike they must o -

4 D D Gm F B \flat F E \flat Cm

me; For lack of wit the Lute is bound To give such tunes as plea - seth
gree To sound such tunes as I in - tend, To sing to them that hear - eth
bey; Break not them then so wrong - ful - ly, But wreak thy - self some o - ther

8

D G F B^b F G D G^m F

me; Though my songs be some - what strange, And speak such
me; Then though my songs be some - what plain, And touch - eth
way; And though the songs which I in - dite Do quit thy

6 r a 6 b a 6 a r a a b d b r a 6 b r a 6 b r a

11

B^b F E^b D G G D E^b C^m D G

words as touch thy change, Blame not my Lute. Blame not my Lute.
some that use to feign, Blame not my Lute. Blame not my Lute.
change with right - ful spite, Blame not my Lute. Blame not my Lute.

6 a d 6 a d 6 a a r a r a a b d b r a 6 a d 6 a d a r r r d r r r d r r a a

lyrics by Sir Thomas Wyatt
(1503-1542)

Blame not my lute

verses 4-6

setting adapted from "Mes pas semez"
from *Second livre de Guitarre*, 1556
Adrian Le Roy (c.1520-1598)

D D Gm F B^b F Gm

Spite ask - eth spite, and chan - ging change, And fal - sèd faith must needs be
Blame but thy - self that hast mis - done, And well de - ser - vèd to have
Fare - well, un - known, for though thou break My strings in spite with great dis -

4 D D Gm F B^b F E^b Cm

known; The fault so great, the case so strange; Of right it must a - broad be
blame; Change thou thy way, so evil be - gone, And then my Lute shall sound that
dain, Yet have I found out for thy sake, Strings for to string my Lute a -

8

D G F B^b F G D Gm F

blown: Then since that by thine own de - sart My songs do
 same; But if 'till then my fin - gers play, By thy de -
 gain: And if, per - chance, this se - ly rhyme Do make thee

Tablature: *a* *b* *r* *a* *a* *b* *a* *a* *r* *a* *r* *a* *b* *b* *r* *a* *b* *r* *a*

11

B^b F E^b D G G D E^b Cm D G

tell how true thou art, Blame not my Lute. Blame not my Lute.
 sert their won - ted way, Blame not my Lute. Blame not my Lute.
 blush, at a - ny time, Blame not my Lute. Blame not my Lute.

Tablature: *a* *b* *a* *b* *a* *b* *a* *a* *r* *a* *a* *b* *b* *b* *a* *a* *b* *r* *r* *b* *r* *r* *a* *r* *r* *b* *r* *r* *a* *a*

lyrics from an anonymous
blackletter ballad, 1634

Blew Cap for me

tune is "Blue cap" from
The English Dancing Master,
1651, John Playford (1623-1686)

C F C F B^b F

There lives a blithe Las - se in Fauke - land towne, and that
But her re - so - lu - tion she had set downe, and that

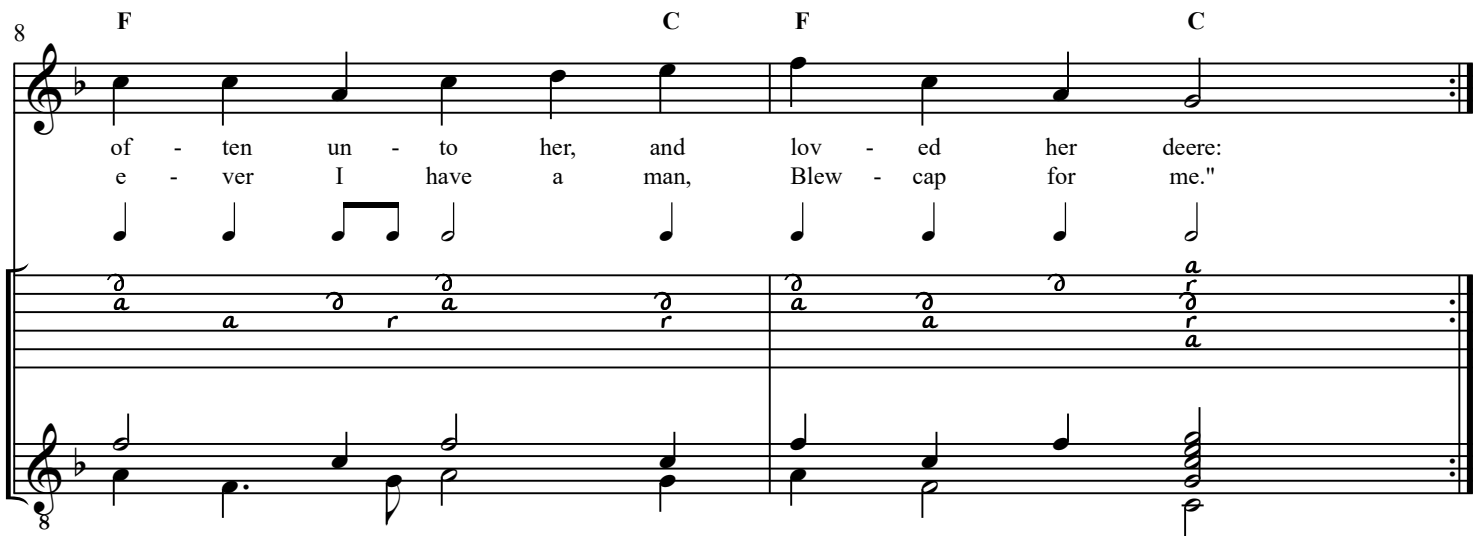
3 F C G C

shee had some sui - tors, I wot she not how ma - ny;
shee'd have a Blew - cap gif e're she had a -

5 C F Gm F B^b

An En - glish man, when our good king was there, Came
But still she re - plide, "Sir, I king pray let me be; Gif

8



of - ten un - to her, and lov - ed her deere:
e - ver I have a man, Blew - cap for me."

A Welch man that had a long sword by her side,
red prites, red Tublet red Coat, & red Peard,
Was make a creat shew with a creat deal of pride
and tell her strange tale that the like was nere [heard]:
Was reckon her pedigree, long before Prute,
No body was by her that can her confute:
But still she replide, Sir, I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man. Blew-cap for me.

A French-man that largely was booted and spurd,
long lockt, with a Ribon, long points and breeches.
Hees ready to kisse her at every word,
and for further exercise his fingers itches:
You be pritty wench Mitris, par ma foy,
Be gar me doe love you, then be not you coy:
But still she replide, Sir, I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.

An Irish man with a long skeane in his hose,
did tinke to obtaine her it was no great matter,
Up stayres to her chamber so lightly he goes,
that she nere heard him untill he came at her:
Quoth he I doe love you, by fate and by trote,
And if you will have me, experience shall shote:
But still she replide, Sir, I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.

A Dainty spruce Spanyard with haire black as jett,
long cloak with round caps, a long Rapier & Ponyard
Hee told her if that shee could Scotland forget,
heed shew her the Vines as they grow in the Vineyard.
If thou wilt abandon this Country so cold,
Ile shew thee faire Spaine, and much Indian gold,
But stil she replide, Sir, I pray let me be.
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
a proper tall gallant with mighty mustachoes:
He weepes if the Lasse upon him doe but frowne,
yet hees a great Fencer that comes to ore-match us.
But yet all his fine fencing could not get the Lasse,
She denyd him so oft, that he wearyed was:
For still she replide, Sir, I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.

A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,
whose cheekes did resemble two roosting Pomwaters:
To this Cany Lasse he his sute did advance,
and as taught by nature he cunningly flatters:
Isk will make thee, said he, sole Lady oth Sea,
Both Spanirds and Englishmen Shall thee obey,
But stil she replide, Sir, I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for mee.

These sundry Sutors, of seuerall Lands,
did daily sollicite this Lasse for her fauour;
And euery one of them alike vnderstands
that to win the prize they in vaine did endeauour:
For she had resolued (as I before said)
To haue bonny Blew-cap, or else bee a maid.
Vnto all her suppliants still replyde she,
"Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for mee."

At last came a Scottish-man (with a blew-cap),
and he was the party for whom she has tarry'd;
To get this blithe Bonny Lasse 'twas his gude hap,
they gang'd to the Kirk, & were presently marry'd.
I ken not weele whether it were Lord or Leard;
They caude him some sike a like name as I heard;
To chuse hime from au she did gladly agree,-
And stil she cride, "Blew-cap, th'art welcome to mee."

Blow thi horne, hunter

verses 1-4

William Cornysh (d.1543)

8 C C C Dm G C

Blow thi horne hun - ter and blow thi horne on hye. Ther
Sore this dere stry - ken ys, and yet she bledes no whytt. She

5 Am G Am F G Am Em Am D G

ys a do in yon - der wode; in faith, she woll not of dy. Now
lay so fayre, I cowde nott mys. Lord, I was glad of it. it.

9 F C G C F Dm C G C

blow thi horne, hun - ter, now blow thi horne, jo - ly hun - ter.

13 C C C Dm G C

8 3.As I stod un - der a bank the dere shoffe on the mede. I
 4.There she gothe un - der se ye bank nott. how she gothe over the playne. And

17 Am G Am F G Am Em Am D G

8 stroke her so that downe she sanke, but yet she was not dede. Now
 yf ye lust to have a shott, I war - rant her bar - rayne.

21 F C G C F Dm C G C

8 blow thi horne, hun - ter, now blow thi horne, jo - ly hun - ter.

Blow thi horne, hunter

verses 5-8

William Cornysh (d.1543)

8 C C C Dm G C

5. He to go and I to go, but he ran fast a - fore; I
6. To the co - vert bothe thay went, for I fownd wher she lay; And

5 Am G Am F G Am Em Am D G

8 bad hym shott and strik the do, for I myght shott no mere. Now
ar - row in her hanch she hent; for faynte she myght nott bray.

9 F C G C F Dm C G C

8 blow thi horne, hun - ter, now blow thi horne, jo - ly hun - ter.

13 C C C Dm G C

8 7.I was wer - y of the game, I went to tavern to drynk; Now
 8.Here I leve and mak an end, now of this hunt - er's lore; I

17 Am G Am F G Am Em Am D G

8 the con - struc - cyon of the same what do yow meane or think? Now
 think his bow ys well un - bent, hys bolt may flye no more.

21 F C G C F Dm C G C

8 blow thi horne, hun - ter, now blow thi horne, jo - ly hun - ter.

lyrics by Clement Robinson
 (fl. 1566-1584) from *A Handefull
 of Pleasant Delites*, 1584

Calen o Custure me

anon. tune from setting by William
 Byrd (1542-1623), from Fitzwilliam
 Museum MU.MS.168 , c.1562-1612

G C G Am E A

When as I view your com - ly grace, Ca - len o cus - tu - re me, Your
 Your pre - tie mouth with di - uers gifts, Which
 Your voice so sweet, your necke so white, Your

5 G D G D G G

gold - en haies, your an - gels face: Ca-len o cus - tu - re me, Your a - zured veines much
 dri - ueth wise men to their shifts: So braue, so fine, so
 bo - die fine and small in sight: Your fin - gers long so

10 C G Am E A G D

like the skies, Ca - len o cus - tu - re me, Your sil - uer teeth, your Christ - all eies.
 trim, so yong, With heauen - lie wit and plea - sant tongue,
 nim - ble be, To vt - ter fourth such har - mon - ie,

15 G D G G C G Am

Ca - len o cus - tu - re me, Your Cor - all lips, your crim - son cheeks, Ca - len o cus -
 That Pal - las though she did ex - cell,
 As all the Mu - ses for a space:

20 E A G D G D G

tu - re me, That Gods and men both loue and leekes. Ca - len o cus - tu - re me.
 Could frame nor tel a tale so well.
 To sit and heare do giue you place.

Your pretie foot with all the rest,
 That may be seene or may be gest:
 Doth beare such shape, that beautie may
 Giue place to thee and go her way:
 And Paris nowe must change his doome,
 For Venus lo must giue thee roome.

Whose gleams doth heat my hart as fier,
 Although I burne, yet would I nier:
 Within my selfe then can I say:
 The night is gone, behold the day:
 Behold the star so cleare and bright,
 As dimmes the sight of Phœbus light:

Whose fame by pen for to discriue,
 Doth passe ech wight that is aliuie:
 Then how dare I with boldned face,
 Presume to craue or wish your grace?
 And thus amazed as I stand,
 Not feeling sense, nor moouing hand.

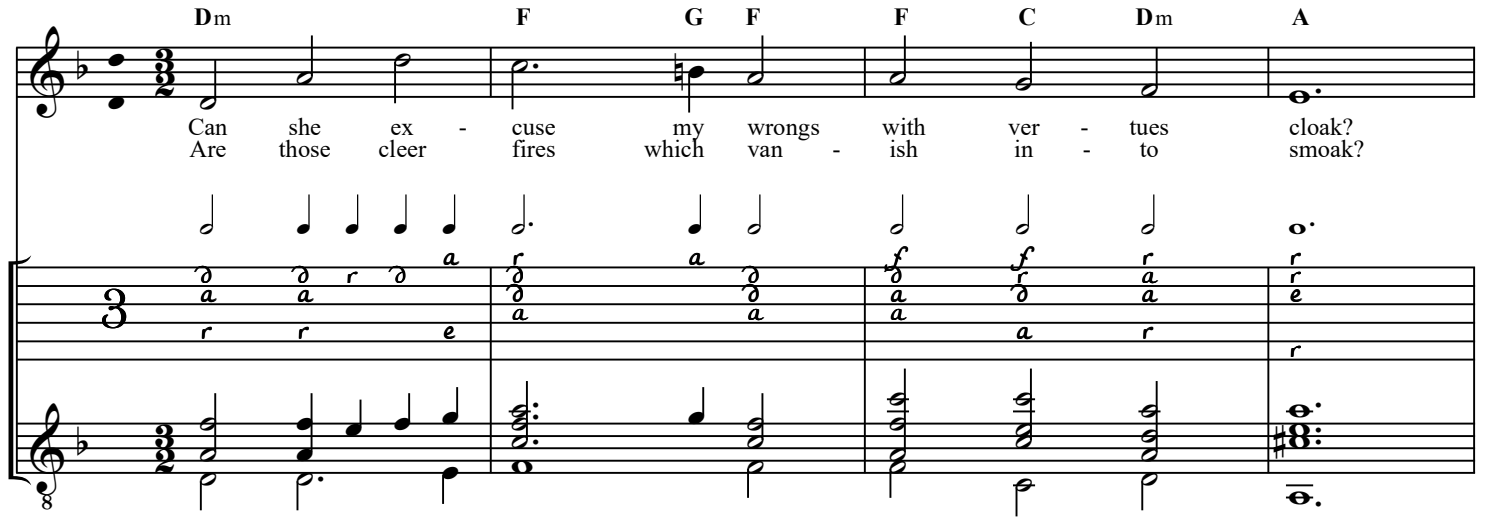
My soule with silence moouing sense,
 Doth wish of God with reuerence,
 Long life, and vertue you possesse:
 To match those gifts of worthinesse,
 And loue and pitie may be spide,
 To be your chief and onely guide.

Can she excuse my wrongs

verse 1

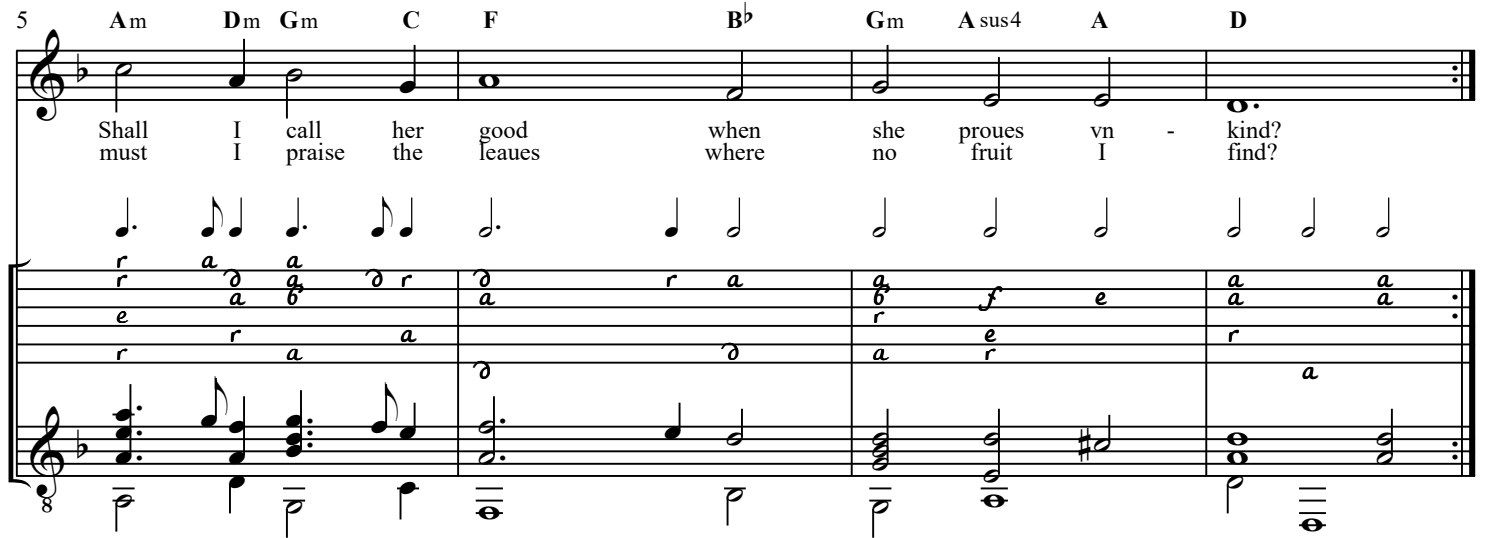
Musical score for the first system, measures 1-4. Chords: Dm, F, G, F, F, C, Dm, A.

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with ver - tues cloak?
Are those cleer fires which van - ish in - to smook?



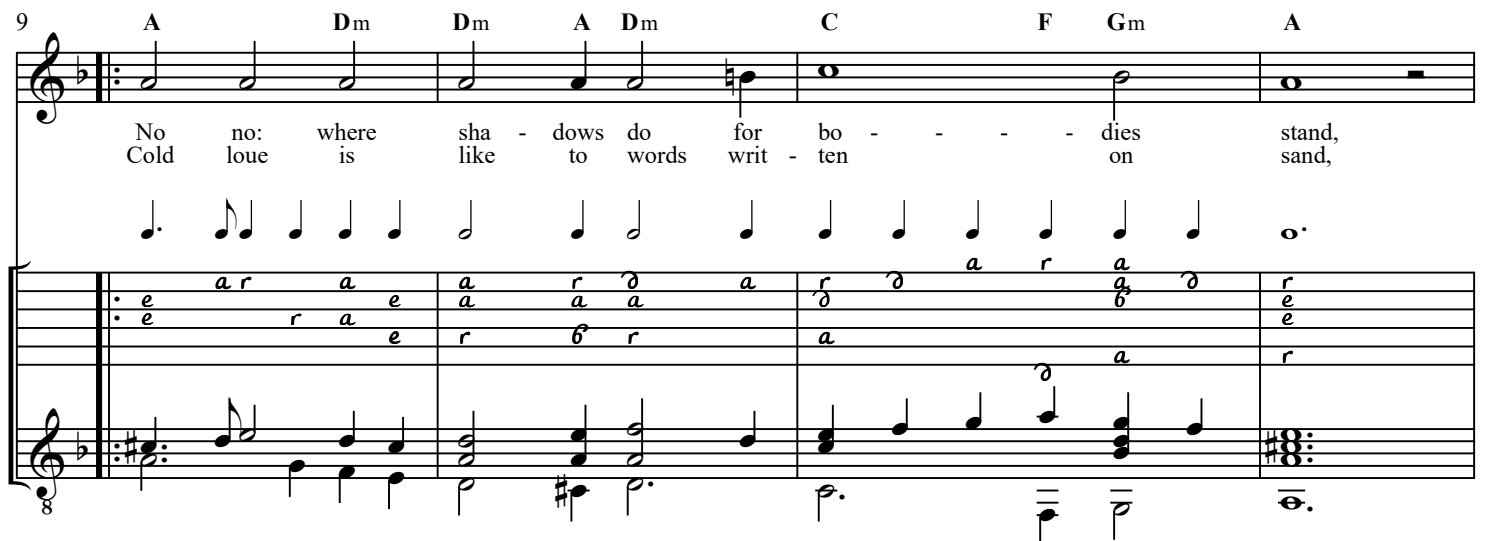
Musical score for the second system, measures 5-8. Chords: Am, Dm, Gm, C, F, Bb, Gm, A sus4, A, D.

Shall I call her the good leaues when she proues vn - kind?
must I praise the good leaues where she no fruit I find?



Musical score for the third system, measures 9-12. Chords: A, Dm, Dm, A, Dm, C, F, Gm, A.

No no: where sha - dows do for bo - - - dies stand,
Cold loue is like to words writ - ten on sand,



13 Am Dm Gm C F Gm A B^b A

thou maist be a busde if on thy sight be dim.
 or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

17 F Dm F F Dm G Em G G Em G

Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee ne - uer?

21 A A Dm A D G A D

If thou canst not ore come her will, thy loue will be thus fruit - les e - uer.

Can she excuse my wrongs

verse 2

Musical score for the first system (measures 1-4). The score includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with figured bass, and a lute part. Chords are indicated above the vocal line: Dm, F, G, F, F, C, Dm, A.

Chords: Dm, F, G, F, F, C, Dm, A

Vocal lyrics:
Was I so base, that I might not as de-
As they are high, so high is my my de-
pire
sire:

Musical score for the second system (measures 5-8). The score includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with figured bass, and a lute part. Chords are indicated above the vocal line: Am, Dm, Gm, C, F, B^b, Gm, A sus4, A, D.

Chords: Am, Dm, Gm, C, F, B^b, Gm, A sus4, A, D

Vocal lyrics:
Vn - to those high de- ioyes which she holds from me?
If - she this de - nie, what can gran - ted be?
be?

Musical score for the third system (measures 9-12). The score includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with figured bass, and a lute part. Chords are indicated above the vocal line: A, Dm, Dm, A, Dm, C, F, Gm, A.

Chords: A, Dm, Dm, A, Dm, C, F, Gm, A

Vocal lyrics:
If she will yeeld to that which rea - - - son is,
Deare make me hap - py still by gran - - - ting this,

13 Am Dm Gm C F Gm A B^b A

It is rea - sons will that love should be iust.
 Or cut off de - layes that if that die I must.

17 F Dm F F Dm G Em G G Em G

Bet - ter a thou - sand times to die, Then for to liue thus still tor - men - ted:

21 A A Dm A D G A D

Deare but re - member it was I Who for thy sake did die con - ten - ted.

The Carmans whistle

C G D G Am G D G

In a plea - sant mor - ning in the mer - ry month of May,
Come - ly was her coun - te - nance and love - ly was her looks,
At length she changed her smiling with a sigh - ing song,
My fa - ther's rich and wealthy and hath no child but I,

5 C G D G Am G D G

A - mong the fruit - ful mea - dows a young man took his way;
See - ming that wan - ton Ve - nus had writ her in her books.
Be - wai - ling her bad for - tune that was a maid so long:
Yet want I still a hus - band to keep me com - pa - ny.

9 Dm C Dm C Dm C Dm G C

And ga - zing a - round him what plea - sures he could see,
Many a smir - king smile she lent a - midst those mea - dows green
For ma - ny are much youn - ger, quoth she, hath long been wed,
My years are young and ten - der and I am fair wi - thal,

13 F C Dm C F C Dm G C

He spied a pro - per mai - den un - der an oa - ken tree.
 The which he well per - cei - ved yet was of her un - seen.
 Yet do I fear that I shall die and keep my mai - den - head.
 Yet is there now a young man will com - fort me at all?

The young man which listened
 and mark'd her grievous moan,
 Was sorry for to see her
 sit musing all alone.
 He nimbly leapt unto her
 which made the maid to start,
 But when he did embrace her,
 it joyed her woeful heart.

Fair maid, quoth he, why mourn you?
 What means your heavy cheer?
 Be rul'd by me, I pray you
 and to my words give ear.
 A pleasant note I'll tell you,
 your sadness to expel.
 Good sir, how do you call it?
 The truth unto me tell.

'Tis call'd the carman's whistle,
 a note so sweet and good,
 It will turn a woman's sadness
 into a merry mood.
 Good sir then, let me hear it,
 if it be no harm.
 Doubt not, quoth he, fair maiden,
 I'll keep you in mine arm.

But first, let me entreat you
 with patience to attend
 Till I have brought my music
 unto a perfect end.
 If I may hear your whistle,
 quoth she, I will be still,
 And think so I molest you,
 'tis sore against my will.

When he to her had whistled
 a merry note or two,
 She was so blithe and pleasant
 she knew not what to do.
 Quoth she, of all the music
 that ever I did know,
 The carman's whistle
 Shall for my money go.

Good sir, quoth she, I pray you,
 Who made this pleasant game?
 Quoth he, a youthful carman
 Did make it for his dame.
 And she was well contented
 with him to bear a part.
 God's blessing, quoth the maiden,
 light on the carman's heart.

For never was I pleased
 more better in my life
 Than with the carman's whistle
 which pleaseth maid and wife.
 And sir, I do beseech you,
 however I do speed,
 To let me hear your whistle
 when I so stand in need.

Quoth he, farewell, fair maiden,
 and as you like this sport,
 So of the carman's whistle
 I pray you give good report.
 Good sir, quoth she, I thank you
 for this, your token pain,
 But when shall we, I pray you,
 meet in this place again?

Quoth he, at any season
 by day or night,
 Command the carman's whistle
 for pleasure and delight;
 And count me slack and slothful
 if twice you send for me.
 I'faith, then, quoth the maiden,
 I'll give thee kisses three.

Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring

verses 1-2

1

G D G D Em B

Cleare or cloud - ie sweet as A - prill showr - ing,
Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde, In

3

Am G Am G D G

Smoth or frown - ing of so is hir face to mee,
best at - tire - ing of com - pleat beau - ties height,

5

C G Am E sus4 E Am

Pleasd or smil - ing Pleasd like milde May all flowr - ing, When
Hir loue a - gaine like som - mers daies bee dimde, _____ With

7 Am D G D D sus4 D G D

skies blew silke and mea - - - dows car - pets bee, Hir
 lit - tle cloudes of doubt - - - full con - stant faith, Hir

a *r* *a* *e* *r* *a* *a* *r* *e* *r* *a* *e* *f* *f* *e* *a* *a*

9 Em A D D Am C G

spee - ches notes of that night bird that sing - eth, Who thought all
 trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies, Gen - tly

a *a* *e* *r* *e* *a* *r* *a* *r* *a* *r* *e* *a* *a* *r* *a*

12 G D Am C G D sus4 D 1. G D 2. G

sweet yet iar - ring notes out - ring - - eth. Hir eth.
 thun - dring, she light - ning to mine eies. Hir eies.

e *f* *r* *r* *a* *f* *r* *a* *r* *a* *r* *a* *a* *r* *e* *e* *a* *a* *r* *r* *a* *a* *r* *r* *a*

Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring

verse 3

G D G D Em B

Sweet som - mer spring that breath - eth life and grow - ing,

3 Am G Am G D G

In weedes as in - to hearbs and flowers,

5 C G Am E sus4 E Am

And sees of ser - uice di - uers sorts in sow - ing, Some

7 Am D G D Dsus4 D G D

hap - ly seem - ing and some be - ing — yours, Raine

9 Em A D D Am C G

on your hearbs and — flo - wers that true - ly serue, And let your —

12 G D Am C G Dsus4 D 1. G D 2. G

weeds lack dew and due - - - ly sterue. Raine sterue.

Come again: sweet loue doth now inuite

verses 1-3

G G C G Am G

Come a - gaine: sweet loue doth now in - uite,
Come a - gaine that I may cease to mourne,
All the day the sun that lends me shine,

a a a e r e a f e r e a
r r r a r r r a

4 G Am G D D G A sus4 A D

thy gra - ces that re - fraine, to do me due de - light,
Through thy vn - kind dis - daine: For now left and for - lorne,
By frownes do cause me pine, And feeds mee with de - lay:

a r e r e a a e a a f e r e f e
r r e r f e r a r r

a a r e a a e r a

8

G C Am D Bm Em C D G

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die,
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
 Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to grow,

8

11

G Am G C D G C Em D sus4 D G

with thee a - gaine in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
 In dead - ly paine and end - lesse mi - se - rie.
 Her frownes, her frownes the win - ters of my woe:

8

Come again: sweet loue doth now inuite

verses 4-6

G G C G Am G

All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
Out a-las, my faith is e-uer true,
Gen-tle loue draw forth thy woun-ding dart,

4 G Am G D D G A sus4 A D

My eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de-light,
Yet will she ne-uer rue, Nor yeeld me a-ny grace:
Thou canst not peerce her heart. For I that do ap-proue,

8

G C Am D Bm Em C D G

To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts,

11

G Am G C D G C Em D sus4 D G

And marke the stormes, the stormes are mee as - signde.
Whom teares, nor truth, nor truth may once in - uade.
Did tempt while she, while she for tri - umph laughs.

Come away, come sweet loue

verses 1-2

G C F F Gm D D Gm Dm A sus4 A D

Come a - way, come sweet loue, the gol - den morn - - - ing breakes.
Come a - way, come sweet loue, The gol - den mor - - - ning wastes,

5 G C F F Gm D D Gm Dm A sus4 A D

All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and plea - - - sure speakes.
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - - - rowes casts:

9 Bb F Gm D Eb Cm F Bb

Teach thine armes then to em - brace, and sweet ro - - -
Ma - - king all the sha - dows flie, Play - ing, stay - - -

12 **Gm F B^b F D Gm Gm D sus4 D G**

sie lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu - tuall blisse.
 ing in the groue, To en - ter - taine the stealth of loue.

15 **B^b F Gm D E^b Cm F B^b**

Eyes were made for beau - ties grace, View - ing, — ru - - -
 Thi - ther sweet loue let vs hie, Fly - ing, — dy - - -

18 **Gm F B^b F D Gm Gm D sus4 D G**

ing loues long paines, Pro - cur'd by — beau - ties rude dis - daine.
 ing in de - sire, Wingd with sweet — hopes and heau'n - ly fire.

Come away, come sweet loue

verses 3

G C F F Gm D D Gm Dm Asus4 A D

Come a - way, come sweet loue, Do not in vaine a - dorne

5 G C F F Gm D D Gm Dm Asus4 A D

Beau - ties grace that should rise, Like to the na - - - ked morne:

9 Bb F Gm D Eb Cm F Bb

Lil - - - lies on the ri - uers side, And fair Cy - - -

12 Gm F B^b F D Gm Gm D sus4 D G

prian flowres new blowne, De - sire no beau - ties but their owne.

15 B^b F Gm D E^b Cm F B^b

Or - na - ment is nurse of pride, Plea - sure — mea - - -

18 Gm F B^b F D Gm Gm D sus4 D G

sure loues de - light: Haste then sweet — loue our wish - ed flight.

Come gentle herdman sitt with me

a dialogue

G D G D G

Come gen - tle herd - man sitt with me
Where I haue framed my som - mers bower
For Daph - ne ev - er once a day

3 Am E A Am G

and tune thy pipe by myne heare un - der - neath this
of prooffe for Phe - bus beames and deckt it by with
Those flow - ry bancks doth walk And in her bo - som

6 G D G C G D G

wil - low tree to sheild the hot sonne shyne.
many a flower sweet seat - ed by the streames.
bears a - way The pride of many a stalke.

But leaves the humble hart behind
As should her garlands dight
And shee sweet soule the more unkind
To set trewe love so light.

Yet though that others bears the bell
As in her favor blest
Her shepherd loveth her as well
As those whom shee loves best.

the answer

9 G D G D G

A - las poore pas - tor nowe I fynde,
 If dain - ty Daph - ne's looks be - sot,
 To love so sweet a nymph as she,

11 Am E A Am G

Thy love is lodgd to highe That on thy flock thov
 Thy doat - ing heart's de - sire, Be sure, that far a -
 And look for love a - gain, Is for - tune fit - ting

14 G D G C G D G

hast no mynde But feedst a wan - ton eye.
 bove thy lot Thy lik - ing doth as - pire.
 high de - gree, Not for a shep - herd's swain.

Wherefore I warn thee to be wise;
 Go with me on my walk,
 Where lowly lasses be not nice;
 There like and choose thy make;

There truest lasses been to get
 For love and little cost:
 There sweet desire is paid his debt,
 And labour seldom lost.

Come heauy sleepe

verse 1

G G D^{sus4} D G C Em G C^{#dim} D

Come heauy sleepe, the Image of true death;

8 G C C G Am G G C

And close vp these my weary weeping

13 D Am Em Am Em B E

eies, whose spring of tears doth stop my vi-tall breath;

18 G C#dim D G C Em Dsus4 D G B B

And tears my hart with sor - rows sigh swoln cries: Come and pos - ses my ti - red

23 E Am E G C#dim D G Am Dm

thoughts worne soule, that liu - ing dies, that liu - ing dies, that liu - ing

28 E G G D G Dsus4 D G

dies, till thou on me be stoule.

Come heauy sleepe

verse 2

G G D^{sus4} D G C Em G C^{#dim} D

Come sha - - - - dow of my end and shape of rest,

8

Detailed description: This system contains the first seven measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are 'Come sha - - - - dow of my end and shape of rest,'. Below the vocal line is a guitar accompaniment with two staves. The first staff shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the second staff shows a bass line with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal staff: G, G, D^{sus4}, D, G, C, Em, G, C^{#dim}, and D.

8 G C C G Am G G C

Al - lied to death, child — to his blacke - fac't

8

Detailed description: This system contains measures 8 through 12. The lyrics are 'Al - lied to death, child — to his blacke - fac't'. The musical notation continues with the vocal line and guitar accompaniment. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal staff: G, C, C, G, Am, G, G, and C.

13 D Am Em Am Em B E

night: Come thou and charme these re - bels in my breast,

8

Detailed description: This system contains measures 13 through 17. The lyrics are 'night: Come thou and charme these re - bels in my breast,'. The musical notation continues with the vocal line and guitar accompaniment. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal staff: D, Am, Em, Am, Em, B, and E.

18 G C#dim D G C Em Dsus4 D G B B

Whose wak - ing fan - cies doe my mind af - fright. O come sweet sleepe; come or I

23 E Am E G C#dim D G Am Dm

die for _____ euer: Come ere my last, come ere my last, come ere my

28 E G G D G Dsus4 D D G

last, sleepe comes, or come neuer.

Francis Beaumont (1584-1616)
& John Fletcher (1579-1625),

Come hither you that loue

The Captain; or The Town Miss, c. 1609-12

Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633),
Edinburgh Univ. Library MS Dc.I.69,
Songs in the hand of Edward Lowe

G C G G D C D

Come hi-ther you that loue, & heare mee that singe of
Come hi-ther you that hope, and you that cry, leave

Lute (SH)

5 G A D Am D G D C

Joies still grow - inge greene Youth, fresh strength, & lus - tye as your pride - - of
off com - plain - ing, Youth, strength, and beau - ty, that shall ne - - ver

L.

9 D C D sus4 D G G C A D A

spring & eu - er blow - inge, Come hi-ther youths that blush & dare not
dye, are here re - main - ing. Come hi-ther fooles, and blush, you stay so

L.

13 G D G C D D G Am C Am

knowe what is de - sire, and And olde men worse then you, that can - not
 long from be - ing blest, And mad men worse then you, that suf - fer

L. *a r e r d e e e a r r r d*
e r a r r a r a r

8

17 E Caug Am E A C G G C D G

blow wrong, one sparke of fire. rest. And with the power of my En - chant - inge
 Yet seeke no rest. And in an hour, with my en - chant - ing

L. *r a a r r e e e a r e a r e a*
e a r e r a e r a r e a r a

8

21 D G G D G D C G G Dsus4 D G

Songe boyes shall bee a - ble men & old & ould men maids younge.
 Song, You shall be e - ver pleas'd, and young and young maids long.

L. *e a a a r e r a a a a*
r r r b r r a e a r r b r a

8

lyrics by Christopher Marlowe
(1564-1593), from
The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

Come liue with me and be my Loue

The Passionate Sheeheard to his Loue.

melody from William Corkine
(fl. 1610 - 1617)
Second Book of Ayres, 1612

Am Am Dm Am E Am

Come liue with mee, and be my loue And we will
And wee will sit vpon the Rocks, See - ing the
And I will make thee beds the of Roses, And - ing the
A gowne made of the fi - nest wooll Which from our

6 C F G C C G

all the plea - sures That Val - lies, groues,
Sheep - the heads feede - theyr flockes, By shal - low Ri - uers,
thou - sand fra - grant poesies, A cap - low of flo - wers,
pret - ty Lambes we pull, Fayre li - ned slip - pers

11 Dm Am E Am Dm Am E A

hills and fields, Woods, or stee - pie moun - taine yeeldes.
to whose falls, Me - lo - dious sing Ma - dri - - - galls.
and a kirtle, Im - broy - dred all with leaues of Mirtle.
for the cold: With buc - kles of the pu - rest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheeheard's Swaine shall daunce and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy mind may moue;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

lyrics by Sir Walter Raleigh
(1552-1618) from a broadside
ballad, 1619-1629?

The Nymph's Reply

Am Am Dm Am E Am

If all the world and loue were to young, And truth in
Time driues the world flocks and from field to fold, When Ri - uers
The flowers doe fade and wan - ton of fields, To wa - yward
Thy gounes, thy shooes, thy bed of Roses, Thy cap, thy

6 C F G C C G

eue - ry and Sheep - hears tongue, These pret - ty plea - sures
rage and Rocks grow cold, And Phi - lo - mell be -
win - ter rec - ko - ning yeeldes, A bon - ny tongue, a
ki - rtle, and and poe - sies, Soone breake, soone wi - ther,

11 Dm Am E Am Dm Am E A

might me moue, To liue with thee, and be thy loue.
com - meth dombe, The rest com - plaines of cares to come.
hart of gall, Is fan - cies spring, but sor - rows fall.
soone for - gotten; In fol - lie ripe, in rea - son rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can moue
To come to thee and be thy loue.

If youth could last, and loue still breede,
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my mind might moue
To liue with thee and be thy loue.

Come Love lets walk

verses 1-3

Anon.

Gm D Gm F B \flat B \flat F Gm

Come Love, lets walk in yon - der spring Where we shal hear the
 In yon - der dale grows fra - grant flowrs With ma - ny sweet and
 Be - hold the Nymph with all her train Comes trip - ping through the

4 F sus4 F B \flat Gm D Gm F B \flat

Black - bird sing, The Ro - bin red - breast and the Thrush
 sha - dy bows, A pear - ly brook, whose sil - ver streams
 park a - main And in this Grove she here will stay

7 **B^b** **F** **Gm** **F sus4** **F** **B^b** **F** **B^b** **D**

The Night - in - gale in thorn - y bush. The Ma - vis sweet - ly
 Are beau - ti - fi'd with Phe - bus' beams, Still steal - ing through the
 At Bar - ley - break to sport and play, Where we shall sit us

10 **Gm** **D** **Gm** **D** **Gm** **D** **Gm** **Cm** **D** **G**

ca - rol - ing; This to my Love, this to my Love con - tent will bring.
 trees so fair Be - cause Di - a - na, be - cause Di - a - na baths her there.
 down and see Fair beau - tie mixt, fair beau - tie mixt with mo - des - tie.

Come Love lets walk

verses 4-5

Anon.

Musical score for the first system of the hymn. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a guitar accompaniment, and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor). The guitar part is in the key of G minor (Gm), D, Gm, F, Bb, Bb, F, Gm. The piano part is in the key of C major (C). The lyrics are: "All her de-light is, as you see Here for to sport and
And there by Ma-gick Art she wrought Which in her heart she

Musical score for the second system of the hymn. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a guitar accompaniment, and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor). The guitar part is in the key of F sus4, F, Bb, Gm, D, Gm, F, Bb. The piano part is in the key of C major (C). The lyrics are: "here to be, De-light-ing in this sil-ver stream
first had thought By se-cret speed a-way to flee

7 **B^b** **F** **G^m** **F^{sus4}** **F** **B^b** **F** **B^b** **D**

On - ly to bath her self there - in Un - til Ac - te - on
 Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be. Thus whilst he view'd Di -

10 **G^m** **D** **G^m** **D** **G^m** **D** **G^m** **C^m** **D** **G**

her es - py'd Then to the thick - et, then to the thic - ket she her hyed.
 a - na's train His life he lost, his life he lost her love to gain.

lyrics by Alexander Montgomerie
(c.1550-1598) from Margarat Ker's
manuscript, EU De.3.70, c.1600

Come, my Children dere

verses 1-3

Anon. melody from
Margarat Ker's manuscript,
EU De.3.70, c.1600

G G D G G D G D G

Come, my Chil - dren dere, drau neir me, To my Love when that I sing; Mak your
O my Lord and Love most lo - yal, What a prais does thou de - serve! Tho' thou
Whill I did be - hold the fa - vor, Of his coun - te - nance so fair, Whill I

5 G D G Am D G Dsus4 D G C

ears and hairts to heir me, For it is no eirth - ly thing, Bot a
be a Prince most Ro - yal, With thy An - gels thee to serve, Yit a
smel - lit the suet sa - vor Of his gar - ments rich and rair, 'Oh' I

9 G Dm C G G G C

love poor said, Far a - bove Cre - a - ture 'If I had O - ther Thou hes To my lov - es all, lo - vit al yon I say, thy lyfe; Prince of Glore! Which is Thou didst For my

Figured Bass: a r d a, a, e a, a r e r a, e a, a r a, a r a

13 G Dm C Am D G D sus4 D G

sure chuis chose To in - dure The re - fuis Wold I lose When as all things shall de - cay. Of the world to be thy wife! O - ther loves I lovd be - for!

Figured Bass: a d r d a r a, a r d a r r a, e a a, a

lyrics by Alexander Montgomerie
(c.1550-1598) from Margarat Ker's
manuscript, EU De.3.70, c.1600

Come, my Children dere

verses 4-5

Anon. melody from
Margarat Ker's manuscript,
EU De.3.70, c.1600

G G D G G D G D G

Whill I did these word be - syd me With a se - creit sigh con - fess, Lo, my
'Now thou hes that thou de - sy - rit, Me to be thy Lord and Love, All the

5 G D G Am D G Dsus4 D G C

Lord and Love e - spyd me, And dreu neir me whair I wes; Then a
thing that thou re - quy - rit To thee heir, I do ap - prove; Yit a -

9 G Dm C G G G C

ring gane, Did he thring For my pane, On my fin - ger, that was fyne; 'Tak', quod On - ly this I crave of thee; For my

a r d a r a e a

a r d r a e a r a e a a r a a

8

13 G Dm C Am D G D sus4 D G

he, pairt 'This to the, Keep my hairt For a pledge that I am thyne. As a vir - gin chast to me!

a d r d a r a a r d a r r a e a a a a

e r a r a r e a r a

lyrics by Wylliam Birche
(fl.1558-1571)

Come ouer the born Bessy

A Songe betwene the Quenes maiestie and Englande.

tune from Cambridge University
MS Dd.2.11, c.1585-95,&
the Welde Lute Book, c.1600

F F F G D G

E:Come ouer the born Bes - sy come ouer the born Bes - sy Swete Bes - sy come o - uer to me And
E:I am thy lo - uer faire hath chose the to mine heir and my name is me - ry Eng - lande There -
E:La - dy _____ this long space have I lo - ued thy grace more then _____ I durst _____ well saye Ho -
E:Dere La - dy we do know how ti - rauntes not a fewe Went a - bout for to seke thy bloude An

5 Am G Am Am G Am G D G F

I shall the take and my dere la - dy make Be - fore all o - ther that e - uer I see. B:My
fore come a - way and make no more de - laye Swete Bes - sie give me _____ thy hande. B:Here
ping at the last when all stormes were past for to see this ioy - full daye. B:Yet
con - trarie to right they did what they might That now bare two faces in one hood. B:Then was

9 F F G D G

thinke I hear a voice at whom I do re - ioyce and aun - swer the now _____ I shall Tel
is _____ my hand _____ my dere lo - uer Eng - lande I am thine both with mind and hart For
my lo - uer Eng - land ye shall _____ un - der - stand how for - tune on me _____ did lower I was
I car - ied to Wod - stock & kept close un - der lock That no man mighte with _____ me speake And

13

Am G Am Am G Am G D G

me — I say who biddes me com a - way and so ear - nest - ly doost — me call.
 euer to en - dure thou mai - est be sure Un - till death us two — de - part.
 tom - bled and tost from pil - lar to post and pri - so - ner in — the Towre.
 a - gainst all reason they ac - cused me of treason And ti - ra - bly thei did me threate.

r a r d r a r a r a r e r a r e a a a
 r e a r e a r r r r a a

E: Oh my louer faire my dearlinge and mine heire
 Full sore for the I did lament
 But no man durst speak but thei wuld him threat
 and quickly make him repent.
 B: Then was I deliuered their hands, but was faine to put in bands
 And good suerties for my forth comminge
 Not from my house to departe nor no where els to sterte,
 As though I had ben away runninge.

E: Why dere Lady I trow those mad men did knowe
 That ye were doughter unto Kinge Hary
 And a princesse of birth one of the noblest on earth
 And sister unto Quene Mary.

B: Yes, yet I must forgeve al such as do live
 if they wil hereafter amend
 And for those that are gone God forgeve them euery one
 and his mercy on them extend.

E: Yet my louer dere tell me now here
 For what cause had ye this punishmente
 For the comons did not know nor no man wuld them shew
 The chief cause of your imprisonment.

B: No nor thei them self that wuld have decaid my welth
 But only by powre and abusion
 Thei could not detect me but that thei did suspect me
 That I was not of their religion.

E: O cruell tirauntes and also monstros gyauntes
 That woulde such a swete blossome devour
 But the lorde of his might defended the in right
 And shortened their arme and powre.

B: Yet my louer dere marke me well here
 Though thei were men of the devill
 The scripture plainly saith al thei that be of faith
 must nedes do good against euill.

E: O swete virgin pure longe may ye endure
 To reigne ouer us in this lande.
 For your works do accord ye are the handmaid of the lord
 For he hath blessed you with his hand.

B: My sweete realme be obedient to gods holy commandement
 and my proceedings embrace
 And for that that is abused shalbe better used
 and that within shorte space.

E: Dere lady and Quene I trust it shalbe sene
 Ye shall reigne quietly without strife
 And if any traitors there be of any kinde or degre
 I pray God send them short life.

B: I trust al faithful herts wil play tru subiects parts
 Knowing me their Quene & true heir by right
 And that much the rather for the loue of my father
 That worthy prince King Henrie theight.

E: Therefore let us pray to God both night and day
 Continually and never to sease
 That he will preserve your grace to reigne ouer us long space
 In tranquillitie welth and peace.

Both: All honor laud and praise, be to the lord god alwaies
 Who hath all princes hartes in his handes
 that by his powre & might he may gide them aright
 For the welth of all christen landes.

Finis. Wylliam Birche.

God save the Quene

Imprinted at London by William Pickeringe
 dwelling under Saynt Magnus church.
 W.P.

Anon. lyrics from *The golden garland of princely pleasures and delicate delights*, 1620

Come, sweet love, let sorrow cease

tune is "Bara Faustus Dream"
from Paris Bibliothèque Nationale
MS Rés. 1186, 1635-1638

Gm D Gm Am D G Gm Dm F Eb D

Come sweet Loue, let sor - row cease, va - nish frownes, leaue off di - scen - tion:
Win - ter hides his fros - ty face Blush - ing now to be more view - ed:
See those bright sunnes of thine eyes, Cloud - ed now with black dis - dain - ing,
Then sweet loue dis - pearse this cloude, That ob - scures this scorne - full coy - ing:

5 Gm D Gm A dim D G Gm Gm Dm F

Loue warres make the sweet - est peace hearts v - ni - ting
Spring re - turn'd with plea - sant grace, Flo - raes trea - sures
Shall such storm - y tem - pests rise, to set loues faire
When all crea - tures sings a - loude, fill - ing hearts with

8 Eb D F Bb F Bb

by con - ten - tion. Sun - shine fol - lowes af - ter raine
are re - nu - ed: Lambes re - ioyce to see the Spring,
dayes a rayn - ing: All are glad the skies be - ing cleare,
o - uer ioy - ing: As eu - ery bird do choose her make,

11 **B^b** **C** **D** **Gm** **D** **E^b** **D** **G**

Sor - rowes ceas - ing: this is pleas - ing All proues faire a - gaine
 Ship - ping, leap - ing, sport - ing, play - ing Birds for ioy do sing,
 Light - ly ioy - ing, sport - ing, toy - ing, With their loue - ly cheare:
 Gent - ly bill - ing, she is will - ing Her true loue to take:

15 **F** **B^b** **F** **B^b** **B^b** **C**

af - ter sor - row soone comes ioy Try me, proue me,
 so let the Spring of ioy re - nue, Laugh - ing, coll - ing,
 but as sad to see a shower, Sad - ly droop - ing;
 with such words let vs con - tend; Wo - ing, do - ing,

18 **D** **Gm** **D** **E^b** **D** **G**

trust me, loue me This will cure an - - - noy.
 kiss - ing, play - ing, And giue loue his due.
 lowr - ing; powt - ing; Turn - ing sweet to sower.
 wedd - ing bedd - ing, And so our strife shall end.

Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton

Thomas Campion
 (1567-1620)

verses 1-2

Gm D Gm Cm D Gm D Eb Dsus4 D G

Come you pret - ty false - ey'd wan - ton, Leauē your craf - ty smil - ing:
 Soon - er may you count the starres and num - ber hayle downe pour - ing;

5 Gm D Gm C D Gm D Eb Dsus4 D G

Thinke you to es - cape me now With slip - p'ry words be - guil - ing?
 Tell the Os - iers of the Temmes or Good - wins Sands de - uour - ing.

9 D Dm A Gm A Dm Gm Cm Gm

No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, When you got loose you
 Then the thicke - showr'd kis - ses here, Which now thy tyr - ed

12

D Gm D Gm Am Dm B \flat

fled a - way: But since I haue caught you now, Ile
lips must beare; Such a har - uest neu - er was so

15

E \flat Cm Dsus4 D G Gm

clip your wings for fly - - ing: Smo - th'ring kis - ses
rich and full of plea - - sure; But 'tis spent as

18

Am Dm B \flat E \flat Cm Dsus4 D G

fast Ile heap, And keepe you so from cry - ing.
soone as reapt So trust - lesse is loues trea - - sure.

Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton

verse 3

Gm D Gm Cm D Gm D Eb Dsus4 D G

Would it were dumb mid - night now, When all the world lyes sleep - ing;

5 Gm D Gm C D Gm D Eb Dsus4 D G

5 Would this place some De - sert were, Which no man hath in keep - ing.

9 D Dm A Gm A Dm Gm Cm Gm

9 My de - sires should then be safe, And when you cry'd then

12 **D Gm D Gm Am Dm B \flat**

I would laugh, But if aught might breed of - fence Loue

15 **E \flat Cm Dsus4 D G Gm**

one - ly should be blam - ed; I would lieue your

18 **Am Dm B \flat E \flat Cm Dsus4 D G**

ser - vant still, And you my Saint vn - nam - ed.

anonymous lyrics
from a broadsheet
ballad, 1619-1629?

Complaine my Lute

tune is "Hearts ease" from
The English Dancing Master, 1651,
John Playford (1623-1686)

Gm Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D Gm

Com - plaine my Lute com - plaine on him that staves so long a - way, He
Peace lyre my peace, it is not so, he will by and by be here: But

5 Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D Dm

pro - mis'd to be here ere this, but still un - kind doth stay. But
e - very one that is in Love, thinks e - very hour a yeere. Harke,

9 F F C F Gm D Gm Cm D Dm

now the Pro - verbe true I finde, once out of sight, then out of minde: Hey
harke, me thinks I heare one knocke run quick - ly then and turne the locke, Then

13

F B^b F Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm D G

hoe my heart is full of woe, my heart is full of woe.
farr - well all my care and woe, farr - well all my care and woe.

a b r a r a r a r a r a r a

Come gallant now, come loyterer,
for I must chide with thee:
But yet I will forgive thee once,
come sit thee downe by mee,
Faire Lady rest your selfe content,
I will indure your punishment,
And then we shall be friends againe.

For every houre that I have stayd,
so long from thee away,
A thousand kisses will I give,
receive them ready pay,
And if we chance to count amisse
againe wee'le reckon them every kisse,
For he is blest that's punisht so.

And if those those thousand kisses then,
we chance to count aright
We shall not need to count againe
till we in bed doe light:
And then be sure that thou shalt have,
thy reckoning just as thou shalt crave.
So shall we still agree as one.

And thus they spent the silent night,
in sweet delightfull sport,
Till Phoebus with his beames so bright,
from out the fiery port
Did blush to see the sweet content,
in sable night so vainely spent,
Betwixt these Lovers two.

And then this Gallant did perswade,
that he might now be gone:
Sweet-heart, quoth he, I am afraid,
that I have stayd too long.
And wilt thou then be gone, quoth she,
and will no longer stay with me:
Then welcome all my care and woe.

And then she tooke her lute in hand,
and thus began to play,
Her heart was faint she could not stand,
but on her bed shee lay,
And art thou gone my love, quoth she,
complaine my Lute, complaine with me
Untill that he doth come againe.

lyrics from *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy* Vol. IV, 1719, by Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723)

The Country Man's Delight

tune is "Sellenger's Round" from Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612, set by Wm. Byrd (1542-1623)

G G C G C G C G

In Sum - mer time, when Flowers do Spring, And Birds sit on a Tree; Let
Our Mu - sick in a lit - tle Pipe, That can so sweet - ly play: Whom

5 G C G C G C G

Lords and Knights say what they will, There's none so Mer - ry as we; There's
we do hire from Whit - son - tide, Till lat - ter Lam - as - day: On

9 C G G D G

Will and Moll, Here's Harry and Doll, With Bri - an and bon - ny Bet - ty; Oh,
Sab - bath - days, And Ho - ly - days, After Even - ing - Pray - er comes he: And

13 C G F G C D G D G

how they did jerk it, Ca - per and ferk it, Un - der the Green - wood Tree.
 then they did jerk it, Ca - per and ferk it, Un - der the Green - wood Tree.

a r a o a r a a e a r a a a
 o r a r a e r a e r a a
 a r a r a e r a e r a a

8

Some play us Adam and Eve, says Dick,
 What's that, says little Pipe?
 It is the beginning o'th' World, quoth Dick,
 For we are Dancing-ripe:
 It's that you call,
 Then have at all,
 He plaid with a merry Glee:
 O then they did jerk it,
 Caper and ferk it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

No time is spent with more content,
 In City, Court, or Camp;
 We fear no Covent-Garden Gout,
 Nor Pickadilly Cramp:
 From Scurvy we
 Are always free,
 And evermore shall be;
 So long as we Whisk it,
 Frig it and frisk it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

From thence we go to Sir William's Ground,
 And a Rich Old Cub is he;
 And there we Dance around, around,
 But the Devil a Penny we see:
 From thence we get,
 To Sommerset,
 Where Men be frolick and free:
 And there they did jerk it,
 Caper and ferk it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
 Like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs;
 We have no twinge to make us cringe
 Or crinkle in the Hams:
 When some Disease
 Doth on us seize,
 With one Consent go we;
 To Jigg it and Jirk it,
 Ca-per and Ferk it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, and Whitsun-Ales,
 We Dance a Merry fit;
 When Susan sweet with John doth meet,
 She gives him Hit for Hit;
 From Head to Foot,
 She holds him to't,
 And Jumps as high as he;
 O how they do spring it,
 Flounce it and fling it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

When we're well fir'd, and almost tir'd,
 That Night is draw-ing on:
 And that we must confess (as just)
 Our Dancing day is done;
 The Night is spent
 With more content,
 For then we all agree;
 To Cock it and Dock it,
 Smock it and Knock it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

from *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to
Purge Melancholy, 3rd Edition*, 1707,
by Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723)

The Cries of LONDON. The Second Part of the Traders Medly

Dm A Dm Gm A D Dm

Come buy my Greens and Flowers fine, Your Houses to adorn; I'll
Here's Sa-lop brought from Fo-reign parts, With dain-ty Pud-ding-Pyes; And

5 Dm A Dm Gm A D C

grind your Knives, to please your Wives, And brave-ly cut your Corns: Ripe
Shrews-bury-Cakes, with War-dens bak'd, I scorn to tell you Lies: With

9 F F Dm A Dm A Dm

Straw-berries here I have to sell, With Taffi-ty-Tarts and Pies; I've
La-ces long and Rib-bons broad, The best that e'er you see; If

13

Dm A Dm A Gm Dm Gm A D

Brooms to sell will please you well, If you'll be-lieve your Eyes.
 you do lack an Al-ma-nack, Come buy it now of me.

The Tinker's come to stop your holes,
 And Sauder all your Cracks;
 What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,
 And choice of Sealing-Wax:
 Come Maids bring out your Kitchin-stuff,
 Old Rags, or Women's Hair;
 I'll sell you Pins for Coney-skins,
 Come buy my Earthen-ware.

Come buy my Honey and my Book,
 For Cuckolds to peruse;
 Your Turnip-man is come again,
 To tell his Dames some News:
 I've Plumbs and Damsons very fine,
 With very good mellow Pears;
 Come buy a charming Dish of Fish,
 And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,
 Here's Custards of the best;
 And Mustard too, that's very new,
 Tho' you may think I Jest:
 My Holland-socks are very strong,
 Here's Eels to skip and play;
 My hot grey-pease buy if you please,
 For I come no more to Day.

Small-coal young Maids I've brought you here,
 The best that e'er you us'd;
 Here's Cherries round and very sound,
 If they are not abus'd ;
 Here's Pippings lately come from Kent,
 Pray taste and then you'll buy;
 But mind my Song, and then e'er long,
 You'll sing it as well as I.

Old Suits or Cloaks, or Campaign Wigs,
 With Rusty Guns or Swords:
 When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,
 I never take their words:
 Your Chimney clean my Boy shall sweep,
 While I do him command;
 Card Matches cheap by lump or heap,
 The best in all the Land.

Come taste and buy my Brandy-Wine,
 'Tis newly come from France:
 This Powder now is good I vow,
 Which I have got by chance;
 New Mackerel the best I have,
 Of any in the Town;
 Here's Cloath to sell will please you well,
 As soft as any Down.

Work for the Cooper, Maids give Ear,
 I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails:
 And if your sight it is not right,
 Here's that that never fails:
 Milk that is new come from the Cow,
 With Flounders fresh and fair;
 Here's Elder-buds to purge your Bloods,
 And Onions keen and rare.

lyrics by Arthur Halliarg
 from a broadside (1601-1640?)

The Cruell Shrow: or, The Patient man's Woe.

tune is "Cuckolds all a row" from
The English Dancing Master, 1651,
 by John Playford (1623-1686)

Chords: G G C G C G C F G C G

1 Come, Bat - che - lers and Marr - ied men, and lis - ten to my song, And
 She ne - ver linnes her baul - ing, Her tongue it is so loud; But

5 G C G C G C F G C

I will shew you plaine - ly, then, the in - iu - ry and wrong That
 al - waies shee'le be rail - ing, And will not be con - trouled: For

9 F C G C F G C

con - stant - ly I doe sus - taine by the vn - hap - py life, The
 shee the bri - ches still will weare, Al - though it breedes my strife; - If

13

F C G C F G C

which does put me to great paine, by my vn-quiet wife.
I were now a bat-cheler, I'de neuer haue a wife.

8

Sometime I goe i'the morning
about my dayly worke,--
My wife she will be snorting,
And in her bed she'le lurke
Vntill the chimes doe goe at eight,
Then she'le beginne to wake;
Her morning's draught, well spiced straight,
To clear her eyes, she'le take.

As soone as shee is out of bed
Her looking-glass shee takes,
(So vainly is she dayly led);
her morning's worke shee makes
In putting on her braue atyre,
That fine and costly be,
Whilst I worke hard in durt and mire,--
alacke! What remedy?

Then she goes forth a gossiping
amongst her owne comrades;
And then she falls a bowsing
with all her merry blades.
When I come home from my labour hard,
then shee'le begin to scould,
And calls me rogue, without regard,
which makes my heart full cold.

When I come home into my house,
thinking to take my reste,
Then she'le begin me to abuse
(before she did but iest),
With "out, you raskall! You have beene
abroad to meet your whoore!"-
Then shee takes vp a cudgel's end,
and breaks my head full sore.

Thus am I now tormented still
with my most cruell wife;
All through her wicked tongue so ill,
I am weary of my life:
I know not truly what to doe,
nor how my selfe to mend;
This lingring life doth breede my woe,
I would 'twere at an ende.

That some harmlesse honest man,
that death did so befriend,
To take his wife from off his hand,
his sorrowes for to end,
Would change with me, to rid my care,
and take my wife aliue
For his dead wife vnto his share,
then I would hope to thriue.

But so it likely will not be,
that is the worst of all!
For, to encrease my dayly woe,
and for to breed my fall,
My wife is still most froward bent-
such is my lucklesse fate!-
There is no man will be content
with my vnhappy state.

Thus to conclude and make an ende
of these my verses rude,
I pray all wiues for to amende,
and with peace to be endude.
Take warning, all men, by the life
that I sustained long,--
Be carefull how you'le chuse a wife,
and so I'le ende my Song.

anonymous lyrics
from a broadside, 1638

Cuckold's Haven: or, The marry'd man's miserie

tune is "The Spanish Gypsy" from
The English Dancing Master, 1651,
by John Playford (1623-1686)

C C F C F G

Come, Neigh - bours, fol - low me, that Cuc - kol - li - zed be, That
Though nar - row - ly I doe watch, and vse Lock, Bolt, and Latch, My
For now the time's so growne, men can - not keepe their owne, But
They haue so ma - ny ways by nights or else by dayes, That

5 C G C F C C G C

all the Towne may see our sla - uish mi - se - rie:
wife will me o're match, my fore - head I may scratch:
e - very slaue, vn - knowne, will reape what we haue sowne:
though our wealth de - cayes, yet they our homes will raise:

9 C C F C Gm F G C C F C G C

Let e - very man that keeps a Bride take heed hee bee not hor - ni - fy'd.
 For though I wait both time and tide, I of - ten - times am hor - ni - fy'd.
 Yea, though we keep them by our side, we now and then are hor - ni - fy'd.
 And ma - ny of them take a pride to keepe their Hus - bands hor - ni - fy'd.

O what a case is this:
 O what a grieft it is!
 My wife hath leam'd to kisse,
 And thinks 'tis not amisse:
 Shee oftentimes doth me deride,
 and tels me I am hornify'd.

And be we great or small,
 we must be at their call;
 How e're the Cards doe fall,
 we men must suffer all:
 Doe what we can, we must abide
 the paine of being hornify'd.

The more you haue intent
 the business to preuent,
 The more her mind is bent
 your will to circumuent:
 Such secret meanes they can provide
 to get their husbands hornify'd.

What euer I doe say,
 shee will haue her owne way;
 Shee scorneth to obey;
 Shee'll take time while she may;
 And if I beate her backe and side,
 In spight I shall be hornify'd.

If they once bid vs goe,
 wee dare not twice say no,
 Although too well we know
 'Tis to our grieft and woe:
 Nay we are glad their faults to hide,
 though often we are hornify'd.

For if we them doe blame,
 or tell them of their shame,—
 Although the men we name
 with whom they did the same,—
 They'l sweare who euer spake it ly'd.
 thus still poore men are hornify'd.

Nay, you would little thinke
 how they will friendly link,
 And how they'l sit and drink
 till they begin to wink:
 And then, if Vulcan will but ride,
 Some Cuckold shall be hornify'd.

If I my wife prouoke
 with words in anger spoke,
 Shee swears shee'll make all smoke,
 and I must be her Cloake:
 Her basenesse and my wrongs I hide,
 and patiently am homify'd.

All you that single be
 avoid this slauery:
 Much danger is, you see,
 in womens company;
 For he who to a wife is ty'd
 may looke still to be hornify'd.

A woman that will be drunk,
 will eas'ly play the Punck;
 For when her wits are sunk
 all keyes will fit her Trunk:
 Then by experience oft is tride,
 poore men that way are hornify'd.

When these good Gossips meet
 In Alley, Lane, or Street,
 (Poore men, we doe not see't!)
 with Wine and Sugar sweet,
 They arme themselues, and then, beside,
 their husbands must be hornify'd.

Yet must I needs confesse
 (though many doe transgresse)
 A number numberlesse
 which virtue doe possesse.
 And to their Husbands are a guide,—
 by such no man is hornify'd.

Thus honest men must beare,
 and 'tis in vaine to feare,
 For we are ne're the neare
 our hearts with grieft to teare:
 For, while we mourne, it is their pride
 the more to keepe vs hornify'd.

Not your Italian Locks
 (which seemes a Paradox)
 Can keepe these Hens from Cocks,
 till they are paid with a Pox:
 So long as they can goe or ride,
 They'l haue their husbands hornify'd.

They who are of that race,
 this Ditie, in any case,
 Is not to their disgrace;
 they are not for this place:
 To such this onely is apply'd
 by whom good men are hornify'd.

The darke is my delight

lyrics by John Marston
(1576-1634)

G G D G Am Em E A D

The darke is my de - light, so is the Night - in - gales; my

5 G C G D Am G Am D sus4 D G

mu - sick's in the night, so, so is the night - in - gales;

8 G D G

my bo - die is but lit - tle, but lit - tle, but lit - tle,

11 Am E A G C

so is the night - in - gales, I love I love to sleape a -

Figured bass notation: $r a \flat r a \flat$, $a e$, $a \flat r a r a$

Figured bass notation: $r e$, r , a

14 Am D G G D

gainst a - gainst the prick - le the prick - le, so, so doth the night - in -

Figured bass notation: $\flat r e r e r$, $a r a r a r \flat$, $a a e r e a r$

Figured bass notation: $r r$, $a a$, $a r r$

17 G Am G Am G D G

gale so, so doth the night - in - gale.

Figured bass notation: $e a e r a r e$, $a a e$, $a a$

Figured bass notation: $a r$, $e e r$, $r r r$

lyrics by Thomas Deloney
(d.1600) from *The
Garland of Goodwill*, 1592 or 3

the Death of Rosamond, King Henry the seconds Concubine.

tune is "Confesse his Tune" from
The English Dancing Master, 1651,
by John Playford (1623-1686)

Dm A Dm Gm Dm F Gm Dm Gm A

When as King Hen - ry rul'd this land, the sec - ond was of that name,
Yea Ro - sa - mund, faire Ro - sa - mond, her name was call - ed so:

5 Dm A Dm Gm Dm F Gm Dm Gm A

Be - sides the Queene he deere - ly lou'd a faire and Prince - ly Dame.
To whom Dame E - li - nor the Queene, Was known a cru - ell foe.

9 Am Dm Am Dm Gm F C F F Csus4 C F

Most peere - lesse was her beau - ty found, her fa - uour _____ and her face:
The King there - fore for her de - fence, A - gainst _____ the _____ fu - rious Queene,

13

F C Dm F Gm Dm Gm F Gm A Dm A D

A sweet - er crea - ture in this world, did ne - uer Prince em - brace.
At Wood - stocke build - ed such a bower, The like was ne - uer seene.

For why, the Kings vngracious sonne,
whom he did high aduance:
Against his Father raised warre,
within the Realme of France.
But yet before our comely King,
the English land forsooke:
Of Rosamond his Lady faire,
his farewell thus he tooke.

For at his parting, well they might
in heart be grieved sore:
After that day, faire Rosamond
the King did see no more.
For when his grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone:
Queene Elinor, with enuious heart,
to Woodstocke came anon.

But when the Queene with stedfast eyes
beheld her heavenly face:
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
That rich and costly be:
And drinke thee vp this deadly draught
Which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall:
And pardon of her Queene she crau'd,
for her offences all.
Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamund did cry:
And let me not with poyson strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a cloister bide:
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wide.
And for the fault that I haue done,
though I were forct thereto:
Preserue my life, and punish me,
as you thinke best to do.

And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there:
And downe along her louely cheekes,
proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious Queene
Therewith appeased be:
The cup of deadly poyson fil'd,
As she sat on her knee.

She gaued this comely Dame to drinke,
Who tooke it from her hand:
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand.
And casting vp her eyes to Heauen,
She did for mercy call:
And drinking vp the poyson then,
Her life she lost with all.

And when that death through euery limbe,
had done his greatest spight:
her chieftest foes did plaine confesse
she was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intomb,
when life was fled away:
At Godstow, neere to Oxford Towne
as may be seene this day.

lyrics by Alexander Scott
(c.1515-1583) from the
Bannatyne manuscript, 1568

Depart, departe

verses 1-2

music from British Library Add MSS
33933, St. Andrew's Psalter *aka* the
Thomas Wode part books, 1562-c.1592

Gm D E^b Dm Gm Cm

De - parte, de - - parte, Al - lace, I must de -
Now must I go From sicht of hir sueit

2 D Gm D E^b F Gm Cm D sus4 D

parte face, From hir grund that hes my hart With hart full
The grund of all my grace And so - ve -

4

G Gm Dm E \flat B \flat Gm F Cm

soir, A - gains my will in deid And can find
 rane. What chains that may fall me Sall I ne'er

6

D B \flat F Gm F Gm Cm D sus4 D G

no re - meid, I wat the pains of deid Can do no - moir.
 mir - ry be Un - to the tyme I see My sweet a - gane.

lyrics by Alexander Scott
(c.1515-1583) from the
Bannatyne manuscript, 1568

Depart, departe

verses 3-4

music from British Library Add MSS
33933, St. Andrew's Psalter *aka* the
Thomas Wode part books, 1562-c.1592

Gm D E^b Dm Gm Cm

I - wat not whair I wan - dir heir and
A - dew sueit thing My joy and com - fort -

2 D Gm D E^b F Gm Cm D sus4 D

thair, ing, I weep and sichts rycht sair With pain - is
My mirth and sol - les - ing Of erd - ly

4

G Gm Dm E^b B^b Gm F Cm

smart. gloir: Now Fair must weill, I my pass la - a - way In wild and
 gloir: Fair weill, my la - dy bricht And my re -

6

D B^b F Gm F Gm Cm D sus4 D G

wil - sum way, Al - lace this wo - full day We suld de - parte.
 mem - brance rycht, Fair weill and haif gud nycht, I say no moir.

anonymous lyrics from a
broadside printed between
1674 and 1679

Diddle diddle

Or, The Kind Country Lovers

tune from *Nursery Rhymes*,
c.1846, by E. F. Rimbault
(1816-1876)

F F B \flat B \flat

I heard one say, did - dle, did - dle, since I came hither
Call up your Maids Did - dle, did - dle set them to work,
I heard a bird Did - dle, did - dle sing in my Ear

5 F F B \flat F C F F

That you & I did - dle, did - dle, must lie to - gether, Let the birds
Some to make Hay, Did - dle, did - dle some to the Rock. Some to make
Maids will be scarce Did - dle, did - dle, the next New year. For young men

10 F B \flat B \flat F F

sing, Did - dle, did - dle and the lambs play; We shall be safe Did - dle, did - dle
Hay, Did - dle, did - dle, some to the Corn Whilst you and I Did - dle, did - dle
are Did - dle did - dle too wan - ton grown That they n'er mind Did - dle, did - dle,

15 B \flat F C F F F B \flat

out of harms way. La - ven - ders green, Did-dle, did-dle, La - ven - ders
keep the bed warm.
which is their own.

20 B \flat F F B \flat F C F

blue, You must love me, Did-dle, did-dle cause I love you.

Down in the Dale Diddle diddle where flowers do grow,
And the Trees bud Diddle diddle all in a row,
A brisk young man Diddle diddle met with a Maid,
And laid her down Diddle diddle under the shade.

Where they did play Diddle diddle and kiss and Court,
Like lambs in May Diddle diddle making fine sport.
There lives a Lass Diddle diddle over the Green,
She sells good ale Diddle diddle think what I mean.

Off have I been Diddle diddle with her i' the dark
But I have n'er Diddle diddle shot at the mark.
But now my Dear Diddle diddle have at thy bumm
For I do swear Diddle diddle now I am come.

I will be kind Diddle diddle until I dye,
Then prithee love Diddle diddle my Dog and I.
For thee and I Diddle diddle now are all one,
And we will lye Diddle diddle no more alone.

anonymous lyrics from a
broadside printed between
1671 and 1704

The downfall of dancing

OR, The overthrow of three Fidlers, and three Bagg-Pipe-Players

tune is "Robin Goodfellow",
aka "Dulcina" or "As at noon"
from various early 17th C. sources

C C F C Dm C G C F G C G D G

Three Pi - pers, and three Fid - lers too, they all be - lon - ged to a Gang, One
Quoth she, the plea - sure doth ex - cell, there - fore play me the o - ther strain, He

5 C F C C F G C G C G C G

Fid - ler had a Wife 'tis true, and she as good as e'er did twang: One Pi - per
pleas'd the Fid - lers Wife so well, — she they must needs as go too't a - gain: The Fid - ler

10 G Am C C F C C Dsus4 D G C G

he, most Craf - ti - lee, did give the Fid - lers wife a fall, With her con -
mis - sing him so long, he step - ped home to give a call, Where sud - den -

14 G Am C C F C C G C

sent, then too't they went, to play the Game at Up - tails all.
 ly he did e - spy, the Pi - per playing at Up - tails all.

This did the Fidler so provoke,
 and all his Senses did surprise,
 Then giving him a sturdy stroak,
 a dreadful Quarrel did arise:
 Thus blow for blow, then too't they go,
 the Fidler he was stout and tall,
 Then with a stroak, his Pipes he broke,
 for playing the Game at Up-tails all.

Tush Husband, be not in a Rage,
 I strive to Mollifie your mind,
 Let reason now your wrath asswage,
 for he has bin to me most kind:
 I do profess, in my distress,
 his Love and kindness was not small;
 Sweet Husband dear thou need not fear,
 I scorn to play at Up-tails all.

Why should you be in such a heat,
 dear Husband I was in a Sound,
 He came to feel my Pulses beat,
 as I lay panting on the ground:
 Then why shouldst thou this Quarrel make,
 to fight and chase, and fret and brawl,
 I do protest 'tis your mistake,
 to think we play'd at Up-tails all.

And when they were in this debate,
 the rest of all the tribe came in,
 He did to them in brief Relate,
 what he before his eyes had seen,
 He then did rave, and cal'd his Slave,
 and thus from words to blows did fall,
 A bloody fray, was there that day,
 for playing thus at Uptails all.

The Pipers took their Pipers part,
 and shook the Fidlers by the Cloak,
 They with a bold undaunted heart,
 did deal them many a sturdy stroak:
 Their Cloaks they tore in this uproar,
 as they in this confusion fall,
 The Fidlers wife did cause the strife,
 in playing a Game at Uptails all.

The Pipers and the Fidlers Maul,
 and now begins the Revel rout,
 The Fiddles flew in pieces small,
 and Bagg-pipes they did flye about,
 Those haughty fools, did break their tools
 their Crouds and pipes in pieces small,
 And she this while did stand and smile,
 to think of the Game of Uptails all.

At length this did subdue the pride,
 of all this cross confused crew,
 The Room bestrew'd from side to side,
 with pipe and broken Fiddles too:
 So now this rout, and dreadful bout,
 did prove the Fidlers fatal fall,
 And Pipers too, and all the Crew,
 did curse the Game of Uptails all.

Those Pipers and those Fidlers they,
 yea, every man and Mothers son,
 Had never an Instrument to play,
 those creeping Curs are all undone:
 And now too late, they curse their Fate,
 they tare their hair and fret their gall,
 For in this fight they are Ruin'd quite,
 and Swear they'l ne'r play Uptails all.

Early One Morning

The Lamenting maid & the Answer

F F B \flat Gm B \flat C

Ear - ly one mor - ning, just as the sun was ri - sing,
How can you slight a poor girl that loves you,

5 F F B \flat Gm C F

There did I hear a fair mai - den say,
False heart - ed young man tell me for why,

9 C F B \flat F C Gm F Gm F

Cry - ing O Cu - pid, O give to me my lo - ver, Send
What was your fool - ish no - tion to plow the ra - ging o - cean To

13

F C Gm F Gm F Gm B^b C F

to — me my sai - lor, or else — I shall die.
leave — me a sigh - ing this ma - ny long day.

Down in the meadows, and sweet shady bowers,
They can witness the vows to me you made,
Go false hearted pretender, don't you remember,
Before you went to sea, my poor heart you betrayed.

How can you slight a poor harmless maiden,
How would you like for to be served so,
The seas you are ranging, your mind always changing,
You ever more are seeking for beauty that's new.

And when you have ranged the world all over,
The truth of my love you surely then will find,
Some they will cheat you, and false hearts will meet you,
But my Love to you is of the purest kind.

Should you fall in love with a false hearted woman,
Perhaps she may slight you and treat you unkind,
Anguish, grief, & sorrow, they will bid you good morrow,
The truth of a lover you surely then will find.

ANSWER to the Lamenting Maid.

Who's that I hear making such lamentation,
Surely it is the voice of my love,
I'll be no longer cruel unto my dearest jewel,
But constant and true like the turtle dove.

Though I've been plowing on the wide ocean,
For honour and gold to bring to my dear,
Now the wars are over, I'll be no more a rover,
For a sailor's heart is ever sincere.

Though I have rang'd and have seen many a fair one
And many have sought my heart to invade,
The truth I discover, I ne'er sought a lover,
For 'tis you alone the conquest has made.

Why does my fair one then sit hesitating,
Let us go to the church, where I'll make you my wife,
I am no pretender, my heart I'll surrender,
Then take it in keeping and bless me for life.

lyrics by Clement Robinson
 (fl. 1566-1584) from *A Handefull
 of Pleasant Delites*, 1584

Fain would I haue a pretie thing

tune is "Lusty Gallant" from
 the William Ballet lute book,
 Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593

Dm Dm G Dm A Dm D G A D Dm

Fain would I haue a pre - tie thing, to giue vn - to my La - die: I
 But faine would I haue a pre - tie thing, to giue vn - to my La - die: I

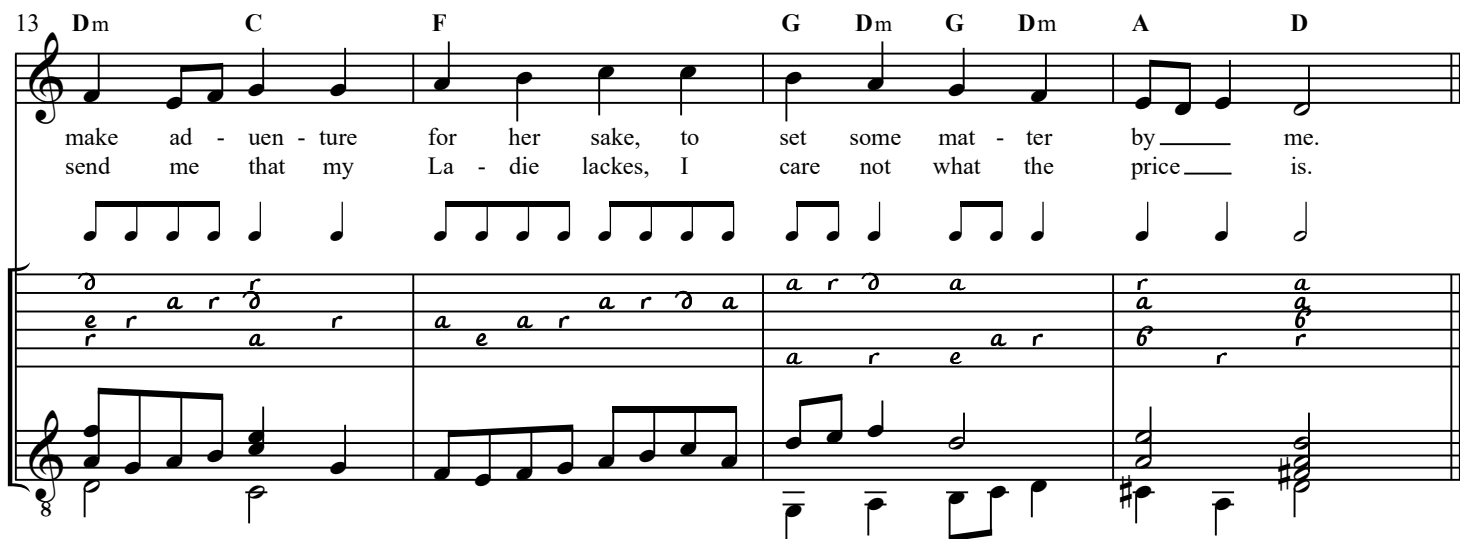
5 Dm G Dm A Dm D G A D

name no thing, nor I meane no thing, But as pre - tie a thing as may — bee.
 name no thing, nor I meane no thing, But as pre - tie a thing as may — bee.

9 Dm C F G Dm G Dm A D Dm

Twen - tie ior - neyes would I make, and twen - tie waies would hie — me, To
 Some do long for pre - tie knackes, and some for straunge de - ui - ces: God

13 **Dm** **C** **F** **G** **Dm** **G** **Dm** **A** **D**



make ad - uen - ture for her sake, to set some mat - ter by ___ me.
send me that my La - die lacks, I care not what the price ___ is.

3. Yet faine would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.
I Walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in euery corner seeking:
The pretie thinge I cannot meete,
thats for my Ladies liking.

4. But faine would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.
It is not all the Silke in Cheape,
nor all the golden treasure:
Nor twentie Bushels on a heape,
can do my Ladie pleasure.

5. But faine would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.
The Grauers of the golden showes,
with Iuelles do beset me.
The Shemiters in the shoppes that sowes,
they do nothing but let me:

6. But faine would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.
But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it.
I could for Money buy it than,
and say, faire Lady, take it.

7. Thus faine would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.
O Lady, what a tricke is this:
that my good, willing misseth:
To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady missheth.

8. Thus faine would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.
Thus fain wold I haue had this preti thing
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I said she harme, nay I ment no harme
but as pretie a thing as may bee.

Faine would I my loue disclose

verses 1-2

Thomas Campion
(1567-1620)

G D G D C F G D C D G D

Faine would I my loue dis - close,
Yet, O yet in vain I striue,
Aske what hon - our might de - nye;
To re - presse my school'd de - sire,

5 G D G D C F G D C D G D

But both loue and her I lose From my mo - tion if shee flye.
More and more the flames re - uiue, I con - sume in mine owne fire.

9 F G D Dm Am G C Dsus4 D G D G

Worse then paine is feare to mee, Then hold in fan - cy for though it burne;
 She would pit - ty might shee know, The harmes that I for her en - dure:

13 F G D Dm Am G C Dsus4 D G D G

If not hap - py safe Ile be, And to my clos - tred cares re - turne.
 Speake then, and get com - fort so, A wound long hid grows most re - cure.

Faine would I my loue disclose

verses 3-4

by Thomas Campion
(1567-1620)

G D G D C F G D C D G D

Wise shee is, and needs must know, All th'at - tempts that beau - ty moues:
Wo - men court - ed haue the hand To dis - card what they dis - taste;

5 G D G D C F G D C D G D

Fayre she is, and hon - our'd so, That she sure hath tryed some loues.
But those Dames whom none de - mand, Want oft what their wils em - brace't.

9 F G D Dm Am G C Dsus4 D G D G

If with loue I tempt her then, 'Tis but her due to be de - sir'd.
 Could their firm - nesse iron ex - cell, As they are faire they should be sought;

13 F G D Dm Am G C Dsus4 D G D G

What would wo - men think of men If their de - serts were not ad - mir'd?
 When true theeues vse false - hood well As they are wise they will be caught.

Faine would I wed

Gm F Gm D

Faine would I wed a faire yong man that day and night could please mee,
When my mind or bo - dy griued that had the powre to ease mee.

5 Bb Cm D Bb F Gm D sus4 D G

Maids are full of long - ing thoughts that breed a bloud - lesse sick - nesse,
And that, oft I heare men say, is one - ly cur'd by quick - nesse.

9 Gm F Gm D

Oft I haue beene woo'd and prai'd, but ne - uer could be mou - ed;
Ma - ny for a day or so I haue most deare - ly lou - ed,

13

B^b Cm D B^b F G^m D^{sus4} D G

But this fool - ish mind of mine straight loathes the thing re - sol - ued;
 If to loue be sinne in mee that sinne is soon ab - sol - ued.

17

G^m F G^m D

Sure I thinke I shall at last flye to some ho - ly Or - der;
 When I once am set - led there then can I flye no far - ther.

21

B^b Cm D B^b F G^m D^{sus4} D G

Yet I would not dye a maid, be - cause I had a mo - ther:
 As I was by one brought forth I would bring forth a - no - ther.

anonymous lyrics from
a broadside (1601-1640?)

Faire Angell of England

the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London

by King Edward

tune is "Bonny sweet Robbin"
from several late
16th c. sources

1 Dm Dm A Dm Am Dm Dm

Faire An - gell of Eng - land! Thy beau - ty in most bright Is
The Tur - tle, so true land! and chast in her love, By

a r a e r a a a a
r r r e r r r r

5 Dm C Am Dm Am Dm A Am

all my heart's trea - sure, my ioy and de - light; Then
gen - tle per - swa - sions her fan - cy will move; Then

a r a r a r e r e r
r a r e r r r r

9 D Am G Am Dm

grant me, sweet La - dy, thy true Love to be, That
be not in - treat - ed, sweet La - dy, in vaine, For

e a d a d r d a a
r r a r a r r r

13

Am Dm Gm A sus4 A D

I may say wel - come, good for - tune, to me.
Na - ture re - quir - eth what I would ob - taine.

What Phenix so faire, that liveth alone,
Is voved to chastity, being but one;
But be not, my Darling, so chaste in desire,
Lest thou like the Phenix, do penance in fire.

But alas! (gallant Lady) I pittie thy state,
In being resolved to live without mate;
For if of our courting the pleasure you knew
You shall have a liking the same to ensue.

I grant faire Ladies may poore men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list:
A King may command her to lie by his side,
Whose feature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,
But print in thy bosome the words I have said:
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The faire Maid of London's answer

OH wanton King Edward thy labour is vaine,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine,
Which getting thou locest, and having dost wast it
The which is thou purchase is spoild if thou hast it:

But if thou obtainst it thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing yet quite am undone,
But if of that Jewell a King doe deceive me,
No King can restore though a Kingdom he give me.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
They win not a woman unless she consent;
Who, then, can impute to a man any fault,
Who still goes uprightly while women doe halt.

'Tis counted kindnesse in men for to try,
And virtue in women the same to deny;
For women inconstant can never be prov'd,
Untill by their betters therein they be mov'd.

No, no, my old Father's reverent teares
Too deepe an impression within my soul beares;
Nor shall his bright honour that blot, by me, have
To bring his gray haire with grieffe to the grave.

Come rather with pittie to weepe on my Tombe,
Then, for my birth, curse my deare mother's Womb,
That brought forth a blossome that stained the tree
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Faire in a morne

verses 1-2

F C F B^b C F C G Am

Faire in a morne oh no fair - est morne was eu - er morne so
But of the earth oh no earth - ly Sunne, and yet no earth - ly

4 G sus4 G C F C F B^b C F

faire, crea - - - ture, When as the sun, but was not the same that
There stode a face was ne - uer face, that

7 C G Am G sus4 G C F

shin - ed in the ayre, And on a hill, O
car - ried such a fea - - - ture, This man had hap O

10 **B^b** **C** **F** **Gm** **Am** **F[#]dim** **G** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **G**

fair - est hill, was neu - er hill so blessed, There
 hap - pie man, no man so hapt as he, For

14 **C** **Dm** **C** **F** **Dm** **C** **F** **B^b** **F** **C sus4** **C**

stoo - de a man was neu - er the man for no man so dis -
 none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to

17 1. **F** **Dm** **Am** **Dm** **C** **F** **Bdim** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **G** 2. **F**

tressed. There tressed.
 see. For see.

Faire in a morne

verses 3-4

F C F B^b C F C G Am

And as he be - hold this man be - held, he that saw so faire a
For joy where of he made such mirth, that all the world did

4 G sus4 G C F C F B^b C F

face, The which would daunt the fair - est here, and
ring, And Pan with all his Nimphes came forth, to

7 C G Am G sus4 G C F

staine the bra - uest grace, Pit - tie, he cried, and
hear the Shep - herds sing, But such a song song

10 **B^b** **C** **F** **Gm** **Am** **F[#]dim** **G** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **G**

pit - tie came, and pit - tied for his paine, That
 ne - uer was, nor nere will be a - gaine, Of

14 **C** **Dm** **C** **F** **Dm** **C** **F** **B^b** **F** **C sus4** **C**

dy - ing would not let him die, but and gaue him life a -
 Phi - li - da the shep - heards Queene, and Co - ri - don the

17 1. **F** **Dm** **Am** **Dm** **C** **F** **Bdim** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm** **G** 2. **F**

gaine. That gaine.
 swaine. Of swaine.

anonymous lyrics from
a broadside, 1616

The famous Rattketcher, with his trauels into France, and of his returne to London.

tune is "The Jovial Tinker"
aka "Tom a Bedlam,"
from several 16th c. sources

Am Am E Am E B dim C G C

There was a rare Rat - catch - er Did a - bovt the Coun - try wan - der, The
Up - on a Poale he car - ryed Full for - ty ful - some Ver - mine: Whose

5 C F G C G C Am E Am E sus4 E Am

sound - est blade of all his trade, Or I should him deep - ly slaun - der: For
cur - sed liues with - out any Kniues, To take he did de - ter - mine.

9 C Dm C F C C F G C

still would he cry, a Ratt tat tat tat, ta - ra Rat, ta - ra Rat, eu - er. To

13 C F G C G C Am E Am E sus4 E A

catch a Mouse, or to ca - rouse, such a Rat - ter I saw ne - uer.

r a r a r e
 a r e a r e

In London he was well knowne:
 In many a stately House,
 He layd a Bayte, whose deadlye fate,
 Did kill both Ratte and Mouse.
 And still would he cry, a Rat, etc.

But on a time, a Damosell,
 did him so farre intice,
 That for her, a Baite he layd straight,
 would kill no Rats nor Mice.
 And still would he cry, a Rat, etc.

And on the Bayte shee nibbled,
 so pleasing in her tast,
 Shee lickt so long, that the Poyson strong
 did make her swell i' th' wast.
 And still would he cry, a Rat, etc.

The Rattlers out of France To London.

In France when he arrived,
 the heat so much perplext him,
 That all his Pouch did swell so much,
 and Poyson so had vext him.
 That scarce could he cry, a Rat, etc.

At last, as Witches common,
 must use anothers ayding:
 So did this Ratter, tell the matter
 to another of's owne trading.
 And then did he cry, a Rat tat tat, etc.

Who using many Simples,
 to quench his fiery burning:
 Did make him daunce cleane out of France,
 And home hee's now returning.
 And still doth he cry, a Rat, etc.

He, subtilely this perceiuinge,
 to the Country straight doth hye him,
 Where, by his skill, he poysoneth still
 such vermine as come nye him.
 And still would he cry, a Rat, etc.

He was soe braue a bowzer,
 that it was doubtfull whether
 He taught the Rats, or the Rats taught him,
 to be drunke as Rats together.
 And still would he cry, a Rat, etc.

When he had tript this Ilande
 from Bristow vnto Douer,
 With painefull Bagge, and painted flagge,
 to France he sayled over.
 For still would he cry, a Rat, etc.

At Dover he arrived,
 and Kent hath had his cunning:
 The Maydens Lappes like poisoned Rattes
 repent his backe-home coming.
 For still doth he cry, a Rat, etc.

At Gravesend 'mongst the Maydens,
 Greene sicknesse reign'd so briefly,
 None could have cure, but such as sure
 would take his Potions chiefly.
 And still doth he cry, a Rat, etc.

When backe he commeth home-ward,
 obserue his Flagge bepainted
 With Mice and Rattes, and with Poulcats,
 if you will be acquainted,
 And heare him to cry, a Rat tat tat, tara Rat, ever:
 To catch a Mouse, or to carouse,
 Such a Ratter I saw never.

Farewel dear loue

verses 1-3

by Robert Jones
(fl.1597-1615)

Gm D B \flat F Dm Gm C D F B \flat F B \flat

Fare - wel dear loue since thou wilt needs be gon, Mine eies do shew my
Fare - well, fare - well, since this I finde is true, I will not spend more
Ten thou - sand times fare - well, yet stay a while, Sweet kisse me once, sweet

7 Gm C Dsus4 D G F C Dm A Dm A Dm Edim A D

life is al - most done. Nay I will ne - uer die, So long as I can spie,
time in woo - ing you: But I will seeke els - where, If I may find her there,
kiss - es time be - guile: I haue no power to moue, How now, am I in loue?

13

B^b F C Gm Dm F

There be ma - ny mo Tho that she do go There be ma - ny
 Shall I bid her goe, What and if I doe? Shall I bid her
 Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one, Wilt thou needs be

a r a a a r d f r
a r e a a r e a r e a r e a

16

Gm D Dm B^b C D Cm Dsus4 D G

mo I feare not. Why then let her goe I care not.
 go and spare not, O no no no no I dare not.
 gone? oh hie thee, Nay, stay and doe no more de - nie mee.

a d r a d r a a a e d
r a r e a a r d r r r a

Farewel dear loue

verses 4-5

Gm D B \flat F Dm Gm C D F B \flat F B \flat

Once more fare - well, I see loth to de - part; Bids oft a - dew to
What shall I doe? my loue is now de - parted, Shee is as faire as

7 Gm C Dsus4 D G F C Dm A Dm A Dm Edim A D

her that holdes my hart: But see - ing I must loose, Thy loue which I did chuse:
shee is cru - ell harted: Shee would not be in - treated, With praiers oft re - peat - ed:

13 **B^b** **F** **C** **Gm** **Dm** **F**

Go thy waies for me, Since it may not be, Go thy waies for
 If shee come no more, Shall I die there - fore, If shee come no

a r a a a r a
a r e a a r e a r e a

16 **Gm** **D** **Dm** **B^b** **C** **D** **Cm** **Dsus4** **D** **G**

me, but whi - - - ther? Go, oh but where I may come thi - ther.
 more, what care I? Faith, let her go, or come, or tar - ry.

a a r a a r a r a a e a
r r e a a r r r a

lyrics from a broadside
c.1633 by Martin Parker
(c.1600-c.1656)

A Fayre Portion for a Fayre Mayd or, The thriftie Mayd of Worstersheere

tune from *Wit and Mirth, or Pills
to Purge Melancholy*, 1719-1720,
by Thomas d'Urfey (1653-1723)

Chords: G G D G C Am D C

Now all my friends are dead and gone, a - las! what shall be - tide me? For
I scorne to thinke of po - ver - ty, or want - ing food and cloa - thing; Ile

5 C D G C D G

I, poore maid, am left a - lone, with - out a house to hide me: Yet
be main - tain - ed gal - lant - ly, and all my life want no - thing; A

9 G C D A D G Am Am D G

still Ile be of mer - ry cheere, and have kind wel - come eve - ry where. — Though
fro - licke minde Ile al - wayes beare, my po - ver - ty shall not ap - peare, — Though

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (treble clef) and a keyboard accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems, each with a measure number (1, 5, 9) at the beginning. The lyrics are placed below the melodic line, with syllables aligned with the notes. The keyboard part consists of a right-hand part (treble clef) and a left-hand part (bass clef). The right-hand part often plays a simple harmonic accompaniment, while the left-hand part provides a bass line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are in a traditional English dialect, reflecting the broadside ballad style.

13

G C Am D C Am D C G

I have but a Marke a year, and that my mother gaue me.
I have but a marke a year, And that my mother gaue me.

Though I am but a silly Wench
of cuntry education,
Yet I am woo'd by Dutch and French,
and almost every nation:
Both Spaniards and Italians swear
that with their hearts they love me deare:
Yet I have but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

The Welch, the Irish, and the Scot,
since I came to the Citie,
In loue to me are wondrous hot,--
they tell me I am pretty:
Therefore to live I will not feare,
for I am sought with many a teare;
Yet I have but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

This London is a gallant place,
to raise a Lasses fortune;
For I, that came of simple race,
brave Roarers do importune;
I little thought, in Wostersheere,
to find such high preferment here:
For I have but a Marke a yeare,
and that my mother gaue Me.

One gives to me perfumed Gloves,
the best that he can buy me;
Live where I will, I have the loves
of all that doe live nigh me:
If any new toyes I will weare,
I have them, cost they ne're so deare,--
And this is for a Mark a yeare,
and that my mother gaue Me.

My fashions with the Moone I change,
as though I were a Lady;
All quaint conceits, both new and strange,
Ile have as soon as may be;
Your courtly Ladies I can jeere;
In cloaths but few to me come neare,
Yet I have but a Marke a year,
And that my mother gaue me.

I'th pleasant'st place the Suburbs yeelds
my lodging is preparèd;
I can walke forth into the fields,
where beauties oft are airèd;
When Gentlemen doe spy me there,
some compliments I'me sure to heare;
Though I have but a marke a yeare,
and that my mother gaue me.

Now, if my friends were living still,
I would them all abandon,
Though I confesse they lov'd me well,
yet I so like of London
That, farewell! Dad and Mammy deare,
and all my friends in Worstershire
I live well with a marke a yeare,
which my old mother gaue me.

Now, blessed be that happy day
that I came to the Citie!
And for the Carrier will I pray,
before I end my Ditty.
You Maidens that this Ditty heare,
Though meanes be short, yet never feare,
For I live with a Marke a yeare,
Which my old mother gaue me.

Fine knacks for ladies

verses 1-2

F F F B^b C Gsus4 G C

Fine Great knacks for are lad - ies, and cheape, choise, braue and new,
Great gifts are lad guiles and and looke for gifts a - gaine,

5 F B^b F B^b Dm Csus4 C F

Good pen - ni - worths but mo - ny can - not moue,
My tri - fles come, as trea - sures from my minde,

9 B^b F Gm D Gm Cm D

I keep a faier but for the faier to view,
It is a pre - - - cious le - well to bee plaine,

13 F C B^b Dm Am Gm F Gm F

a beg - ger in may shell bee li - be - rall of loue,
Some - times in may shell th'o - ri - ents pearles we finde,

17 F Gm Dm C G C F B^b F C

Though all my wares bee trash, the hart is true,
Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine,

23 F Dm C F Am F Csus4 C F

the hart is true, the hart mee is true.
of mee a graine, of mee a graine.

Fine knacks for ladies

verse 3

F F F B^b C G^{sus4} G C

With - in this packe pinnes points la - ces & gloues,

The first system of the score features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. Below the vocal line are two staves: the top one is guitar tablature with letters 'a' and 'r' on the lines, and the bottom one is lute tablature with letters 'a', 'r', and 'e' on the lines. Above the vocal line, the chord progression is indicated as F, F, F, B^b, C, G^{sus4}, G, C.

5 F B^b F B^b Dm C^{sus4} C F

And di - uers toies fit - ting a coun - try faier,

The second system continues the piece, starting with a measure rest for the first measure. The vocal line and tablatures follow the same format as the first system. The chord progression is indicated as F, B^b, F, B^b, Dm, C^{sus4}, C, F.

9 B^b F Gm D Gm Cm D

But my hart where due - ty serues and loues,

The third system continues the piece, starting with a measure rest for the first measure. The vocal line and tablatures follow the same format. The chord progression is indicated as B^b, F, Gm, D, Gm, Cm, D.

13 F C B \flat Dm Am Gm F Gm F

Tur - tels & twins, courts brood, a heauen - ly paier,

17 F Gm Dm C G C F B \flat F C

Hap - py the hart that thincks of no re - moues,

23 F Dm C F Am F Csus4 C F

of no re - moues, of no re - moues.

I saw my Lady weepe

verses 1-2

by John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Am F Em F Dm E Am E Am Esus4 E

I saw my La - dy
So - - - row was there made

6 Dm C Em Dm Am Bm E Dm Am Em F Dm G C

weepe, and sor - - - row proud to bee ad - uan -
faire, And pas - - - sion wise, teares a de - light -

10 Gsus4 G C C F G C G E A D B E

- - ced so: in those faire eies, in those fair
- - full thing, Si - lence be - yond, si - lence be -

14 Am Gm Dm B^b Gm A sus4 A D B B C Em

eies, where all per - fec - tions keepe, hir face was full of woe,
 yond all speech a wis - dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing,

18 Am Em B E A Bm A D C aug Am Esus4 E

full sighes of woe, but such a woe (be - leeue me) as wins more hearts,
 to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad - nesse moue,

22 F Am Em G C G F F G F Dm E

then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in - ty - sing and parts.
 As made my heart, my heart at once both grieue and loue.

I saw my Lady weepe

verse 3

Am F Em F Dm E Am E Am Esus4 E

O fayr - er then ought

6 Dm C Em Dm Am Bm E Dm Am Em F Dm G C

ells, The world can shew, leaue of in time

10 Gsus4 G C C F G C G E A D B E

to grieue, I - nough, i - nough, i - nough, i -

14 Am Gm Dm B^b Gm A^{sus4} A D B B C Em

nough, your ioy - full lookes ex - cells, Teares kills the heart be - lieue,

18 Am Em B E A Bm A D C^{aug} Am E^{sus4} E

heart be - lieue, O striue not to bee ex - cel - lent in woe,

22 F Am Em G C G F F G F Dm E

Which one - ly breeds your beau - ties, beau - ties o - uer - throw.

Flow my teares

Am F Dm E Am C Dm E sus4 E

Flow my teares fall from your springs, Ex - ilde for e - uer: Let mee morne where
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e - nough for those that

The first system of the musical score for 'Flow my teares' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is the lute tablature, and the bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: Am, F, Dm, E, Am, C, Dm, E sus4, E. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

5 Am G E F Dm E C Dm E sus4 E A

nights black bird hir sad in - fa - my sings, there let mee liue for - lorne.
in dis - paire their last for - tuns de - plore, light doth but shame dis - close.

The second system of the musical score continues from the first. It consists of three staves with the same layout as the first system. Chord symbols are: Am, G, E, F, Dm, E, C, Dm, E sus4, E, A. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

9 C Dm Bdim C Am E sus4 E Am Dm A sus4 A Dm F

Ne - uer may my woes be re - lie - ued, since pit - tie is fled, and teares, and sighes,
From the high - est spire of con - tent - ment, my for - tune is throwne, and feare, and grieffe,

The third system of the musical score continues from the second. It consists of three staves with the same layout as the first system. Chord symbols are: C, Dm, Bdim, C, Am, E sus4, E, Am, Dm, A sus4, A, Dm, F. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

13 Am C G Bm Dm F Am E Am F E

and grones my wear-ie dayes, my wear - ie dayes, of all ioyes haue de - pri - ued.
 and paine for my de - serts, for my de - serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.

17 E E Am E sus4 E Am G C F E C Em

Harke you sha - dows that in dark - nesse dwell, learne to con - temne light,

21 Am G#dim Dm Am Em F E C Dm E sus4 E A

Hap - pie, hap - pie, they that in hell feele not the worlds des - pite.

Fortune my Foe

Dm A Dm A Dm C Dm A

For - tune my Foe, why dost thou frown on me
For - tune hath wrought my grief & great annoy,

5 Dm A Dm A Dm C Dm A

And will thy fav - - - our ne - ver bet - ter be?
For - tune hath fals - - - ly stoln my love a - way;

9 F F F B \flat F C

Wilt thou I say, for e - ver breed my pain,
My love and joy, whose sight did make me glad

13 C Am Gm Dm Gm A sus4 A D

And wilt thou not re - store my joys a - gain?
Such great mis - for - - - tunes ne - ver young man had.

Had fortune took my treasure and my store,
Fortune had never griev'd me half so sore,
But takeing her whereon my heart did stay,
Fortune thereby hath took my life away.

Then I will leave my love in fortunes hands,
My dearest love in most unconstant bands,
And onely serve the sorrows dew to me,
Sorrows hereafter thou shalt my Mistris be.

Far worse then death my life I lead in woe,
With bitter thoughts still tossed too and fro.
O cruel chance, thou breeder of my pain,
Take life, or else restore my love againe.

No man alive can Fortunes spight withstand,
With wisdom, skill, or mighty strength of hand;
In midst of mirth she bringeth bitter moan,
And woe to me that hath her hatred known.

In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep;
In vain mine eyes refrain from quiet sleep,
In vain I shed my tears both night and day,
In vain my love my sorrows do bewray.

If wisdoms eyes had but blind Fortune seen,
Then had my love, my love forever been;
Then, love, farewell, though Fortune favour thee,
No fortune frail shall ever conquer me.

The Ladies comfortable and pleasant Answer

Ah silly soul, art thou so afraid?
Mourn not my dear nor be not so dismayd.
Fortune cannot, with all her power and skill,
Enforce my heart to think the any ill.

Pluck up thy heart, suppress with brinish tears,
Torment me not, but take away thy fears;
Thy Mistris mind brooks no unconstant bands
Much less to live in rueing fortunes hands.

Blame not thy chance, nor envy at thy choice,
No cause hast thou to curse, but to rejoice,
Fortune shall not thy joy and love deprive,
If by my love it may remain alive.

Though mighty Kings by fortune get the foyl,
Lossing thereby their travel and their toyl;
Though fortune be to me a cruel foe,
Fortune shall not make me to serve thee so.

Receive therefore thy life again to thee,
Thy life and love shall not be lost by me,
And while thy heart upon thy life do stay,
Fortune shall never steal the same away.

For fortunes spight thou needst not care a pin,
For thou thereby shall never loose nor win;
If faithful love and favour I do find,
My recompense shall not remain behind.

Live thou in bliss and banish death to Hell,
All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel;
As thou doth wish, thy love agrees to be,
For proof whereof behold I come my self to thee.

Dye not in fear, nor live in discontent,
Be thou not slain, where never blood was ment,
Revive again, to faint thou hast no need,
The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.

Fortune ys fickle

verses 1-2

Anon.

F C F B \flat Cm B \flat F B \flat E \flat B \flat A dim

For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir pow - er ys
And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She brings - menne

6 B \flat E \flat C G C F C

mic - kle in eache de - gree: And with hir scep - ter
un - der ad - ver - si - ty: She rocks hir cra - dle,

11 C Gm C F F B \flat F C F B \flat C sus4 C F

she makes him bet - ter and this man grea - ter of gowld and fee.
which is un - sta - ble, And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - ty.

verses 3-4

17 F C F B^b Cm B^b F B^b E^b B^b A dim

She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She rules _____ al
As zeale most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At neede aye yow

Figured bass: a a a a a a b b a a a b b a b a r a

22 B^b E^b C G C F C

mat - ters as wynde _____ wave - ringe, She laughes, she lo - wres,
kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried, Hir mirth is mad - nes,

Figured bass: a a b r r r a r a r a r a r a r a r a

27 C Gm C F F B^b F C F B^b C sus4 C F

she shines, she sho - wres, Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.
hir joye is sad - nes: Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.

Figured bass: r a r a a a a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

Fortune ys fickle

verses 1-2

Anon.

F C F B^b Cm B^b F B^b E^b B^b A dim

For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir pow - er ys
And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She brings - menne

6 B^b E^b C G C F C

mic - kle in eache de - gree: And with hir scep - ter
un - der ad - ver - si - tye: She rocks hir cra - dle,

11 C Gm C F F B^b F C F B^b C sus4 C F

she makes him bet - ter and this man grea - ter of gowld and fee.
which is un - sta - ble, And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - tye.

verses 3-4

17 F C F B^b Cm B^b F B^b E^b B^b A dim

She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She rules al
As zele most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At neede aye yow

22 B^b E^b C G C F C

mat - ters as wynde wave - ringe, She laughes, she lo - wres,
kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried, Hir mirth is mad - nes,

27 C Gm C F F B^b F C F B^b C sus4 C F

she shines, she sho - wres, Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.
hir joye is sad - nes: Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.

anonymous lyrics from a
broadside, 1569

Good Fellowes must go learne to Daunce

verses 1-2

music is "Ronde V" from
Danserie, 1551, by
Tielman Susato (c.1500-c.1561)

G D Am G C D G Am Em G

Good fel-lowes must go learne to daunce, the bry - deall is full nere a;
The Bryde-grome would giue twen - tie pounde, the ma - riage daye were paste a;

5 G C Am C D Bm F G Dsus4 D G

There is a brall come out of Fraunce, the tryxt ye harde this yeare a;
Ye knowe whyles lo - uers are vn - bounde, the knotte is sly - per faste a.

9 G C Am C D Bm F G D4/3sus D G

For I must leape and thou must hoppe, and we must turne all three a;
A bet - ter man maye come in place, and take the Bryde a - waye a;

13 G Am C Dsus4 D G G Am C Dsus4 D G

The fourth must bounce it lyke a toppe, and so we shall a - gree a;
 God send our Wil - kin bet - ter grace, our pre - tie Tom doth saye a.

17 G Am C Dsus4 D G G Am C Dsus4 D G

I praye thee Myn - strell make no stoppe, for we wyll me - rye be a.
 God Vy - car axe the banes a - pace, and haste the ma - riage daye a.



Good Fellowes must go learne to Daunce

verses 3-4

music is "Ronde V" from
Danserie, 1551, by
Tielman Susato (c.1500-c.1561)

G D Am G C D G Am Em G

A bande of belles in Baude-rycke wyse, woude decke vs in our kynde a;
Drawe to daun-cinge neygh-boures all, good fel-low-shyppe is best a;

5 G C Am C D Bm F G D^{sus4} D G

A shurte af-ter the Mo-ryce guyse, to flounce it in the wynde a.
It skylles not yf we take a fall, in ho-no-ringe this feste a.

9 G C Am C D Bm F G D^{4/3sus} D G

A wyf-fler for to make the waye, and Maye brought in wi-thall a;
The Bryde wyll thanke vs for oure glee, the worlde wyll vs be-holde a;

13

G Am C Dsus4 D G G Am C Dsus4 D G

Is bra - uer then the Sunne I saye, and pas - seth round or brall a;
 O where shall all this daun - cinge bee, and in Kent or at Cot - solde a?

17

G Am C Dsus4 D G G Am C Dsus4 D G

For we will trype so tricke and gaye, that we wyll passe them all a.
 Oure Lorde doth knowe then axe not mee, and so my tale is tolde a.



lyrics by Thomas Lanfiere (fl.c.1680)
from a broadside, 1682?

The Good Fellows Frolick

tune is "The health" from
The English Dancing Master,
1651, John Playford (1623-1686)

G G D G Am C G D

Here is a crew of jo - vial Blades That lov'd the Nut - brown Ale: They
See how the jol - ly Car - man he doth the strong Li - quor prize, He

5 C G D G F C D G D G

in an Ale - house chanc'd to meet, And told a mer - ry Tale: A
so long in the Ale - house sat, that he drank out his eyes: And

9 G D G Am C G D

bon - ny Sea - man was the first, but new - ly come to town; And
gro - ping to get out of door, (Sott like) he tum - bled down, And

13

C G D G F C D G D G

swore that he his guts could burst, With Ale that was so brown.
there he like a mad - man swore, he lov'd the Ale so brown.

a e a a e r e e r a e r a r a

The nimble Weaver he came in,
and swore he'd have a little,
To drink good Ale it was no sin,
though't made him pawn his Shittle:
Quoth he, I am a Gentleman,
no lusty Country-Clown,
But yet I love, with all my heart,
The Ale that is so brown.

Then next the Blacksmith he came in,
and said 'twas mighty hot;
He sitting down did thus begin,
fair maid bring me a pot:
Let it be of the very best,
that none exceeds in Town,
I tell you true, and do not jest,
I love the Ale so brown.

The prick-louse Taylor he came in,
whose Tongue did run so nimble,
And said he would ingage for drink
His Bodkin and his Thimble:
For though with long thin Jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
Of Ale that is so brown.

The lusty Porter passing by
with Basket on his back,
He said that he was grievous dry,
and needs would pawn his Sack:
His angry wife he did not fear,
he valued not her frown;
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the Ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
most heartily he laugh'd,
Crispin was ne'r so boon as he,
tho' some Kinn to a Crown;
And there he sate most merrily
with Ale that was so brown.

But at the last a Barber he
a mind had for to taste;
He called for a pint of drink
and said he was in haste:
The drink so pleas'd, he tarried there
till he had spent a crown;
'Twas all the money he could spare
for Ale that is so brown.

A Broom-man, as he passed by,
his mornings-draught did lack;
Because that he no money had
he pawn'd his shirt from's back:
And said that he without a shirt,
would cry Brooms up and down;
But yet, quoth he, I'le merry be
with Ale that is so brown.

But when all these together met,
oh what discourse was there!
'Twould make ones hair to stand an end,
to hear how they did swear.
One was a fool and puppy-dogg,
the other was a clown;
And there they sate, and swill'd their guts
with Ale that was so brown.

The Landlady they did abuse,
and call'd her nasty Whore;
Quoth she, do you your reckoning pay,
and get you out of door:
Of them she could no money get,
which caused her to frown;
But loath they were to leave behind
the Ale that was so brown.

Notes

• “A la mode de France, or, the French Report” – The melody is “Nonesuch” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). The ballad was probably written in 1642 or 1643 when the Queen was in Holland raising money for the English civil war. No broadside edition has survived, but it was included in *Rump: Or an Exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs Relating to the Late Times. By the Most Eminent Wits, from Anno 1639. to Anno 1661*, 1662. The accent of the speaker is supposed to be Dutch. All five verses are presented here.



The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

vip = whip

be gar = by God

preash... in tubs = preach standing atop tubs

Brownists = people who believed in interpreting the Bible themselves

done fort bon = done very well

• “Adeu, O desie of delyt” - The music by Andro Blackhall (1536-1609) is an adaptation of a popular melody, “The Banks of Helicon.” Lyrics are by Alexander Montgomerie (c.1540-1598) from Margarat Ker’s manuscript, Eu De.3.70, c.1600. The tenor and soprano lines are switched from the original tenor song setting in the Thomas Wode partbooks (1562-c.1592), also known as the Saint Andrews Psalter. These part books were copied by Thomas Wode (fl. 1560-92), who was Canon of Lindores Abbey through 1560, then Vicar at St. Andrews in Scotland from 1575. The originals are located in the following manuscripts:

Cantus 1 (GB-Eu La.III.483.1)

Altus 1 (GB-Lbl Add.33933)

Tenor 1 (GB-Eu La.III.483.2)

Bassus 1 (GB-Eu La.III.483.3)

Quintus 1 (IRL-Dtc MS 412)

Cantus 2 (GB-Eu Dk.5.14)

Altus 2 (US-Wgu MS 10)

Bassus 2 (GB-Eu Dk.5.15)

All four of the original verses are included here.

The lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations based on the original part song with the tenor and top lines swapped.

desie = daisy

on lyve = alive

lyssard = lizard

live by the man's face = live by beholding man's face
 feid = feed
 set ... at lycht = undervalue, treat lightly
 when I hant into the place = when I frequent this place
 sair = sore
 but sleeping = without sleeping
 the nights I overdrive = the nights I pass laboriously
 her freindis ay weindis = her relatives think
 bydis = stands fast
 maik = mate
 pene = pain
 teiris = tears

- “Ah, robyn” (originally “A robyn gentyl robyn”) is a dialogue set by William Cornysh (1465-1523) from the 16th century manuscript known as the Henry VIII manuscript, British Library Add MS 31922, c.1510-1520. The second and third lines of the setting are in canon. Only the lyrics of verse 1 are underlaid in the manuscript. Verse 1 is probably by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542) from his poem, while verses 2 and 3 are taken directly from Wyatt’s poem. I have added punctuation throughout and have changed *a* to *ah* in the title and lyrics. Even though it converses with the singer, the robyn is a bird, rather than a person.



The lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations based on the original song.

lemman = sweetheart
 wis = know
 lake = lack

- “Alas, my harte doth boyle” is subtitled “A Newe Ballade of a Louer extollinge his Ladye.” The text and melody are from an Elizabethan broadside by M. Osb[orne?] dated 1568. This is almost the only Elizabethan broadside printed with music, according to Claude Simpson in *The British Broadside Ballad*, 1966. As printed, the melody requires a lot of guesswork and alteration to fit the lyrics. The name for this tune is given as “Damon and Pithias.” This tune is designated in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, as the music for a ballad beginning “You Ladies falsly deemd,/of anie fault or crime,” was also used for other songs from 1566 and circa 1570. All of the original 9 verses are included here.

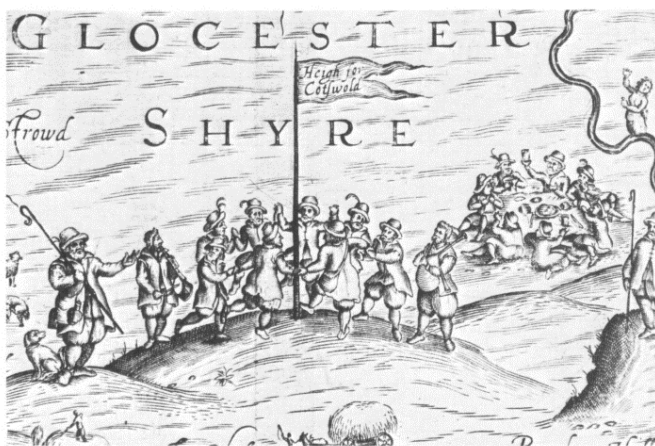
The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

untyll = into

- “All Trades are not alike in show” is a broadside ballad labeled “A merry new catch of all Trades,” perhaps from 1620, that lists many occupations of the time. The tune called for is “The cleane Contrary way”, from Cambridge University MS Dd.6.48. That version of the melody does not fit the lyrics very well, so I have removed one repeat and two measures from the music. All of the original 21 verses are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- essayes = weights
- tinker = repairer of pots and pans
- pewterer = a person who works in pewter
- apothecary = druggist
- mumps = grimaces
- Tapster nickes = bartender adds to the bar tab
- beadle = church officer
- Broome man = door to door salesman
- Cosse = broker
- Fletcher doth nock = arrow maker puts a groove in an arrow for the bowstring
- Collier = coal miner
- Mand the pad = command the road (a highway robber)
- Porter = baggage handler
- Ostler = person who tends horses
- Cutler = knife maker or seller
- Chandelor = dealer in supplies, often soap or candles
- Faggots = sticks
- Frayes = quarrels
- Parator = officer of a court
- Pander = pimp



- “An Amourous Dialogue between Iohn and his Mistris. Being a compleat and true Relation of some merry passages between the Mistris and her Apprentice, who pleas'd her so well that she rewarded him with fifty broad pieces for his pains.” - The anonymous lyrics are from a broadside ballad printed between 1672 and 1696. The tune is “Packington’s Pound,” which survives in numerous settings dating from as early as 1596. “Packington’s Pound” was the most popular tune for ballads in the 16th and 17th

centuries, with over one hundred ballads calling for it. Verses 1-5, 8, 9 and 12 of the original 12 are included here. I have capitalized *I'm*, *I'me* and *I'le* in the verses for clarity.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

mome = fool
buss = kiss

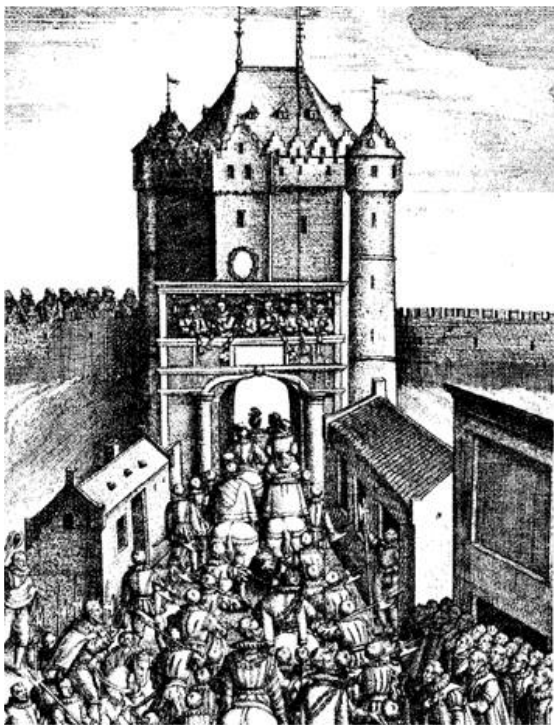
•“And I war a maydyn” is a part song from British Library Add MS 31922, the Henry VIII manuscript, c.1510-1520. I have moved the tenor line to the top staff, as it is the melody. All 3 verses are included here.

The lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations based on the original song.

And I war = when I was

•“Aprill is in my Mistris face” is from *Madrigalls to foure voyces*, 1594, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603). There is only a single verse.

The lute tabulation of the bottom 3 parts is from BL Add. MS 15117, c.1614-1630. The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations based on the original song.



• “Arise, arise, you drowsy maiden” is an English folk song collected by Cecil Sharp (1859-1924). It is a dialogue between a suitor and his love. I have harmonized it and set it as a part song for four voices. All of the original verses are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “As I walkt forth” was a broadside ballad from c. 1619-1629 with the title “The deceased Maiden-Louer” and a continuation called “The Faithlesse Louer”, with 18 verses in total. A new tune was written for the ballad by Robert Johnson (c.1560-1633), who was a lutenist for Queen Elizabeth and wrote songs for some of Shakespeare’s plays. Johnson’s version was printed as melody and bass line with only 4 verses in *Select Musically Ayres,*

and Dialogues, 1652, by John Playford (1623-1686). It was later printed with a different bass

line in *The Treasury of Musick: containing ayres and dialogues to sing to the theorbo-lute or basse-viol*, 1669, also published by Playford. The song also appeared later in other collections. All 4 verses from *Select Musickall Ayres, and Dialogues* (with small lyric changes from the *The Treasury of Musick* version) are included here.

The alto and tenor lines of the four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “As one without refuge” is subtitled “A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity.” The tune is “Row well, ye mariners” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686), although I have adapted parts from the setting in *Schoole of Musicke*, 1603, by Thomas Robinson (fl.1589-1609). The anonymous lyrics are from *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584. Verses 1-3 and 6 of the original 6 are included here. The second verse appears to rhyme “lookes” with itself.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

sith = since

- “As you came from Walsingham”- The lyrics are by Thomas Deloney (d.1600) from *The Garland of Goodwill*, 1592 or 3. The song begins as a dialogue between an old man and a traveler returning from a pilgrimage to the city of Walsingham. The song then becomes a discussion of the nature of love. The tune has survived in several settings, including a keyboard setting by William Byrd (1542-1623) in BL MS Mus. 1591, *My Ladye Nevells Booke*, 1591, where it is titled “Have with yow to Walsingham.” Verses 1-8 and 10-11 of the original 11 are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.



- “The Ash Grove” is a traditional Welsh song.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Awake sweet loue thou art returnd” is a part song from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626).

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Awaie with these selfe-louing lads” is a part song from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626).

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

foster = forester, woodsman

- “Baloo baleerie” is a traditional Scottish lullaby. “Baloo” is the Scottish word for lullaby, and “baleerie” is a made up word. “Peerie” means small. A “ben” is a small inner room. A translation to modern English might be “Go away, little fairies from our room. Come down, fair angels, to our room. Sleep softly, my baby, in our room.”

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Barbara Allen’s Cruelty” is a ballad, first mentioned in 1666, whose lyrics survive in several 17th century blackletter editions. The printed versions do not indicate any tune, therefore I used the tune traditionally associated with the ballad. Verses 2, 3, 6-9, 13 & 15 of the original 15 from the broadside of c.1675-1690 are included here. The full title of this version is “Barbara Allen's Cruelty: / OR, THE / Young-man's Tragedy. / With Barbara Allen's Lamentation for her Unkindness to her Lover, and / her Self.”



The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “The Batchelors Delight being A Pleasant new Song, shewing the happiness of a Single Life and the miseries that do commonly attend Matrimony” - The tune is “The King's delight” from *the Dancing Master*, Second Supplement to Third Edition, 1665, by John Playford (1623-1686). Lyrics are from an anonymous broadsheet printed for Francis Grove (1623-1661). Of the original 16 verses, 1-4, 7-9, and 14-16 are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

pelf = wealth, money
 yellow hose = a sign of jealousy
 horns = a sign of being cuckolded

- “The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia: / A new Pastoral Song of a courteous young Knight, and a supposed Shepherd’s Daughter of / Arcadia, in Peloponnesus” - The tune is “Parson upon Dorothy” from *the Dancing Master*, 2nd edition, 1652, by John Playford (1623-1686). A broadside version of the lyrics was licensed in 1624, but the very similar version used here is from later in the 17th century. There is a traditional version of this song known as “The Knight and Shepherd’s Daughter” (Child no.110). Verses 1-8, 10-19, and 22-27 of the original 27 are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

wode = wood
 sith = since
 purple = the color of royalty
 pall = cloak, clothing or a royal robe

- “Before the Greeks durst enterpryse” is a song adapted from a keyboard setting in Margaret Ker’s manuscript, Eu De.3.70, c.1600. The musical authorship is anonymous while the lyrics are by Alexander Montgomerie (1545?-1610?). A setting of the tune appears in William Mure of Rowallan’s lute-book, c.1615. The bottom voices were reconstructed from the lute tablature printed in *Musica Britannica*, vol. XV, 2nd ed., 1964, edited by Kenneth Elliott. All 4 verses are included here.



The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

speid = prosper
 guyse = custom
 suld = should
 wold = would
 whilk = which

- “Begone, sweit night” is from MS. Panmure 10 in the National Library of Scotland (Duncan Burnett’s music book), c.1610, and William Stirling’s cantus part-book, 1639. The second part beginning “Stay gentle night” is a reply to the first part. All 5 verses are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

scho = she
 war = were



• “Behold a wonder here” is a lute song for one voice from *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires*, 1603, by John Dowland (1563-1626). To make a part song version, I utilized the lute part to create the other vocal lines. All 5 verses are included here.

The alto and tenor lines, bass line underlay, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “Blame not my lute” is subtitled “The lover's lute cannot be blamed/though it sings of his lady's vnkindness.” The lyrics are by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542), poet and ambassador for Henry VIII. Wyatt’s poems were not published until 15 years after his death, in *Tottel’s Miscellany*, 1557. The musical setting uses the folia ground bass pattern

and is partially based on “Mes pas semez” from *Second livre de Guitarre*, 1556, by Adrian Le Roy (c.1520-1598). All 6 verses from the poem are included here.

The adaptations for ensemble, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

mome = fool

desartt = abandonment, or deservedness

• “Blew cap for me /Or,/A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing,/Shee'l have bonny blew-cap, all others refusing.” The tune is “Blue cap” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). The ballad was registered and issued by Thomas Lambert in 1634. Included here are all of the original 10 verses.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

wot = know

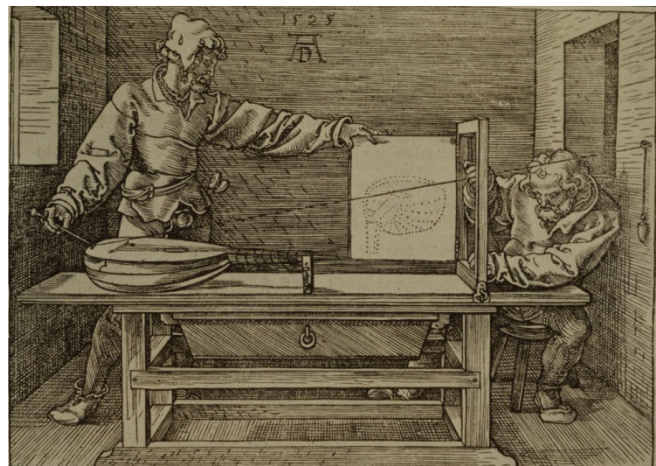
gif = if

Tablet = doublet, jacket

Peard = beard, perhaps?

Long before Prute = (no idea)

Confute = prove wrong



par ma foy = by my faith
 be gar = by God
 skeane = knife or dagger
 trote = truth
 Ponyard = a dagger
 Pomwaters = pomegranates
 ken = know
 caude = called
 sike = such
 Kirk = church
 Leard = an owner of a Scottish estate



• “Blow thi horne hunter” is a part song by William Cornysh (d.1543) from British Library Add MS 31922, the Henry VIII manuscript, c.1510-1520. The melody is in the middle line, so I have swapped the placement of the top 2 lines in this edition. I also added an optional third line.

The optional third line, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

shoffe = *unknown*
 mede = meadow
 hent = held

• “Calen o Custure me” – The lyrics by Clement Robinson (fl. 1566-1584) are from *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584. A version of the song is bound together with William Ballet lute book, Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593. It is the earliest known annotation of an Irish song. According to Breandán Breathnach in *Folk Music and Dances of Ireland*, 1977, “Calen o custure me” is a corruption of *Cailín ó Chois tSiúre mé* (I am a girl from the Suir-side). In a poem beginning *Mealltar bean le beagán téad* (a woman is wooed with a few strings) found in a late seventeenth-century manuscript from Fermanagh, *Cailín ó Chois tSiúre* is mentioned with the names of other songs, the singing of which, the poet declares, would have been a more profitable occupation for him than writing poetry. All of Robinson’s lyrics are included.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations based on the setting by William Byrd (1542-1623), Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612.

• “Can she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake” is from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626). This song is about a lover questioning whether his beloved can excuse her withholding of sexual favors by claiming herself virtuous (the wrongs are done to him, not by him). The tune was originally a lute solo by Dowland called “The Right Honourable Robert, Earl of Essex, his Galliard.”

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard adaptations are my creations.



- “The Carmans whistle” – The music is based on the William Byrd (1542-1623) keyboard setting from *My Ladye Nevells Booke*, 1591. The song is mentioned in *Gerileon of England*, 1592, as “odious and lasciuious ribauldrie.” The lyrics were copied circa 1580-1590 into the Bodleian Library MS Rawlinson 185. All 13 verses are included here. Carmen were known for the tunes they whistled, although the title does suggest a double entendre.

The four part adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring” is a part song for 5 voices from *The Second Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1600, by John Dowland (1563-1626). The fourth line is labeled “For a treble Violl” and does not enter until near the end of the song.

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard adaptations are my creations.

- “Come againe: sweet loue doth now inuite” is a lute song as well as a part song with 4 vocal lines by John Dowland (1563-1626) from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597. This song is a perfect example of the oft-used double meaning of “to die” as “to achieve sexual climax.” In the original, the stanzas after the first (the only stanza underlaid in the original), are numbered 2, then 1-4 again.

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Come away, come sweet loue” is a part song from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626).

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Come gentle herdman sitt with me” is a lute song from BL Add. MS 15117, c.1614-1630. It is a dialogue wherein a shepherd and a herdsman discuss the shepherd’s hopeless love for Daphne. Only a single verse of the herdsman’s reply survives in the manuscript, but more verses survive in *A Poetical Rapsody*, 1602, by Francis Davison (1575?-1621?). The tune given in the manuscript is that of “Goe from my window”, first registered in 1588, although a moralization appeared earlier in *A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs*, 1567. The simple tune was a favorite for variations, with more than a dozen surviving lute versions, a fantasia by Orlando Gibbons, and keyboard variations by Thomas Morley, Thomas Mundy and William Byrd. The herdsman’s answer is given in the lute manuscript with a melody which works as a descant to the original melody. I have used that harmonization as the alto line of the shepherd’s

verses. I have included all verses from the manuscript, as well as verses 2, 3, 5 and 7 from *A Poetical Rapsody*.

The tenor and bass lines, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

Phebus = the sun
Dight = prepare
High degree = nobility
Swain = suitor
Mayke = mate (check spelling and position in list)

• “Come heavy sleepe” is a four voice part song from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626).

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

fac’t = faced



• “Come hither you that loue” - The music is by Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633) from the Edinburgh University Library manuscript Dc.I.69, “Songs in the hand of Edward Lowe.” The melody and bass lines are given in the original manuscript. In the Drexel Ms. 4257, there is another setting with a second verse of lyrics. Lyrics used here are by Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625) from *The Captain; or The Town Miss*, c. 1609–12; printed 1647.

The alto and tenor lines, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “Come live with me and be my Love” – The lyrics to “The Passionate Sheeheard to his love” by Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) were first printed in Shakespeare’s *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, and then in *England’s Helicon*, 1600. The lyrics were printed with “The Nimphs Reply” by Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) on a broadside entitled “A most excellent Ditty of the Louers promises to his beloued.” The earliest surviving source for the melody is William Corkine (fl. 1610 - 1617) in his *Second Book of Ayres*, 1612. John Donne wrote a parody of “The Passionate Shepherd to his love” and “The Nymph’s Reply” entitled “Come live with mee, and bee my love,” about fish. All 6 verses of Marlowe’s and all 6 verses of Raleigh’s are included here.

The four part adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

yeeldes = yields, presumably a garden or grove
kirtle = loose gown

swaines = country gallants
Philomell = nightingale

- “Come Love lets walk” is from British Library Add MSS 33933, the Wode or St. Andrew's Psalter, 1562-c.1592. The manuscript was collected by Thomas Wode (d.1592). I have converted it to a part song for 4 voices. All 5 original verses are included here.

The four part adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Come, my Children dere” is a poem by Alexander Montgomerie (c.1550-1598) from a hand-written volume of his poems called Margarat Ker's manuscript, EU De.3.70, c.1600, where its first stanza is underlaid to a melody. All 5 original verses are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

refuis = rejected
chose = choice
thring = press



- “Come ouer the born Bessy” is a dialogue between Bessy (Queen Elizabeth I) and England. The lyrics are by William Birch (fl.1558-1571). The broadside was entered in the Stationer’s Register to W. Copland in 1558-59 and to Pickering on 4 Sept. 1564. The music is adapted from lute versions in the Cambridge University Dd.2.11 manuscript, c.1585-95, copied by Matthew Holmes, and the Welde Lute Book, c.1600. I have capitalized “Bessie” and “Bessy” throughout, although they were never capitalized in the original. I have changed “what art thou that biddes me come away” to “who biddes me come away” in the first verse. “E:” in the lyrics indicates England, and “B:” indicates Bessy, Queen Elizabeth. All of the original 11 verses are included here.

The four part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

born = brook

- “Come sweet Loue, let sorrow cease” is a broadside ballad of before 1609 beginning “When of late I sought my bed.” It was printed beginning with the third verse in *The golden garland of princely pleasures and delicate delights*, 1620, by Richard Johnson (1573-1659?). The tune called for is Bara Faustus Dream. For sources, I have used versions from Paris Bibliothèque

Nationale MS Rés. 1186, 1635-1638, for keyboard and *Tablature de Luth, intitulé Le Secret des Muses*, 1618-1619, by Nicolas Vallet (c.1583–c.1642), for lute. All of the four verses in *The golden garland...* are included here.

The four part setting, lute adaptation, Renaissance guitar and keyboard adaptation are my creations.

make = mate

- “Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton” is a lute song for soprano, tenor (labeled “altus”) and bass voices by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) from *Two Bookes of Ayers, the Second Booke, Light Conceits of Louers*, 1613.

The adapted alto line, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

osiers = willow trees farmed on river banks, with dangerous, underwater roots

temmes = Thames river

Goodwins Sands = 10 mile sand bank in the English Channel submerged at high tide and famous for thousands of shipwrecks

dumb = silent

- “Complain my Lute” is a ballad with lyrics from an anonymous broadside from 1619-1629?, although it was probably written before 1600. The tune is “Heart’s ease” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686), The tune is referenced in *Misogonus*, II, ii, attributed to Laurence Johnson (c.1560-1577). All 8 original verses are included here.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “The Country Man’s Delight” – The tune is “Sellenger's Round” from William Byrd's setting in Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612. “Sellenger’s Round” is also named “The beginning of the world” (which is the tune called for by the dancers in the song lyrics), in the third edition of John Playford’s *Dancing Master*, 1657 & 1665. The lyrics are from *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy* Volume IV, 1719, by Thomas D’Urfey (1653-1723). Included are verses 1-4, 10 and 12-14 of the original 14. D’Urfey printed a different tune for the song.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

Merry = lusty

ferk it = dance or jump



Whitsun ales = picnics to raise money for churches by selling specially-brewed ale,
 completely suppressed by the Puritans by the 1640s
 Covent-Garden Gout, Picadilly Cramp = the pox
 frig it = to wriggle, tickle or masturbate
 smock it = to consort with women
 meads = meadows
 crinkle in the Hams = symptom of the pox, soreness in the legs causing a bent posture

• “The Cries of London” - “The Second part of the Trader’s Medley or, the cries of London” is from the 1707 edition of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, although the tune given was probably an older popular dance tune. This song is one of many popular songs recollecting the many cries of London street peddlers. The earliest known example is found in "London Lyckpenny," a poem by Dan John Lydgate, a Benedictine monk of Bury St. Edmunds, who flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century. “The Traders Medley: or the Crys of London,” presumably being the first part of this song, was published in 1694 in *The Midship-Man’s Garland*. Verses 1-3 and 7-12 of the original 12 are included here.



The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

salop = a hot drink
 wardens = baking pears
 damsoms = a type of plum
 coney = rabbit
 elder-buds = buds from the box elder tree
 pippings = small apples

• “The Cruell Shrow” – The full title is “The Cruell Shrow: or, The Patient man's Woe./Declaring the misery, and the great paine,/By his vnquiet wife he doth dayly sustaine.” The tune is “Cuckolds all a row” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). The lyrics are by Arthur Halliarg from a broadside (1601-1640?) printed in London for Henry Gosson. Included here are verses 1-6 and 12-15 of the original 15.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

linnes = ceases
 bowsing = boozing
 forward = unreasonable



- “Cuckold’s Haven” – The anonymous lyrics are from a ballad licensed in 1638, whose full title is “Cuckhold’s Haven: or,/The marry’d man’s miserie, who must abide/ The penaltie of being Hornify’d:/ He unto his Neighbours doth make his case knowne,/ And tels them all plainly, The case is their owne.” The tune is “The Spanish Gypsy” from *English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). All of the original 19 verses are included.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

hornify’d = horns symbolized being cuckolded
 punck = prostitute

- “The darke is my delight” is a song setting for single voice and 4 viols from British Library Egerton MS. 2971, c.1610-1620?. The single verse of lyrics is by John Marston (1576-1634). The song alludes to the mistaken idea that nightingales sleep next to a thorn (“a prickle”). I have adapted the song for 4 voices.

The adapted alto and tenor lines, lyric placement under the bass line, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “The Death of Rosamund” – The melody is “Confess (his tune)” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). Lyrics are by Thomas Deloney (d.1600) from *The Garland of Goodwill*, 1592 or 3. Included here are verses 1, 3, 6, 17, 19-24 of the original 24.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

bower = abode



- “Depart, depart” –The lyrics are by Alexander Scott (c.1515-1583) from the Bannatyne manuscript, 1568, National Library of Scotland MS Advocates 1.1.6. The song refers to the Battle of Pinkie in 1547. It is a monologue for the Maister of Erskyn, lover of the widowed Queen Marie of Guise. The music is from the Thomas Wode partbooks, 1562-c.1592. The tune is probably French and may have been used for a song in *Ane Satyr of the Thrie Estaitis* in 1540. Verses 1-3 and 6 of the original 6 are included here.

The lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

most = must
of deid = of death
sicht = sight
fall = befall
unto = until
wat = know
wilsum = dreary
wucht = wight
makand = making
thirlit = pierced
compleit = at an end
sollesing = solacing
erdly gloire = earthly glory



• “Diddle, Diddle” – the lyrics are from a London broadsheet ballad printed between 1674 and 1679 for F. Coles. The tune called for is “Lavender green.” The first 4 lines of the first verse are used here for a refrain. Verse 1, with the latter half of verse 3, and verses 4, and 6 to 10 of the original 10 are included. Music is from E. F. Rimbault’s *Nursery Rhymes*, c.1846, which states under the song title,

*With sly insinuations he perswades her
And by the bands of Love, along he leads her.
Relating pleasant stories for to bind her
And all to make her unto him prove kinder.
And so in Love at last they live together
With pleasant dayes enjoying one another.*

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “The downfall of dancing; OR, The overthrow of three Fiddlers, and three Bagg-Pipe-Players, Who Lately broke all their Fiddles and Bagg-pipes, and Tore their Cloaks; so that they are utterly ruin'd: All this was done in a fearful Fray, when one of the Fiddlers catch'd his Wife with his Fellow Bagg pipe player, at Uptails all. To the Tune of, Robin Goodfellow.” - The lyrics are from a broadside ballad printed between 1671 and 1704. All 10 of the original verses are included here. The tune called for, “Robin Goodfellow” was earlier known as “Dulcina” or “As at noon” and is from various sources of the early 17th century, including the Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612, where it is called “Daunce.”



Up tails all = a popular song from Queen Elizabeth's time alluding to sexual intercourse.

The 4 part adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- "Early One Morning" is an anonymous broadside titled "The Lamenting Maid" from circa 1813, although versions of the folk song were published as early as 1787. It is about a lady lamenting her sailor's absence and the sailor's happy return and marriage proposal.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- "Fain would I haue a pretie thing" is by Clement Robinson (fl. 1566-1584) from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584. The tune is "Lusty Gallant" from the William Ballet lute book, Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

fain = happily
Shemitors = Jews

- "Faine would I my love disclose" by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) is a lute song for three voices from *Two Bookes of Ayres, the Second Booke, Light Conceits of Louers*, 1613. I have added an optional second line.

The optional alto line, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.



faine = happily
clostred = cloistered
recure = recovered

- "Faine would I wed" by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) is a lute song from *The Third and Fovrth Booke of Ayres* (c.1617) for one voice and bass viol with lute or orpharion. The music consists of 3 variations over a ground bass.

The 4 part adaptation, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

faine = happily

• “Faire Angell of England” is a blackletter ballad (1601-1640?) about the “Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London by King Edward,” referring to Edward I (1239-1407). The earliest extant copy of this ballad was issued by Henry Gosson (fl. 1603-1640). The ballad is to the tune of “Bonny sweet Robbin,” a very popular tune of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Verses 1-4, 9, 13-15, 20-21, 23 and 25 of the original 26 are included here.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “Faire in a morne” is a lute song from *the First Booke of Ayres*, 1600, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603) for lute, voice and “base viole.” The lyrics are by Nicholas Breton (1545-1626), somewhat altered from the version published in *England’s Helicon*, 1600, where it is named “Phillida and Coridon.” All 4 verses from Morley are included here, although there are more verses in Breton’s poem. I corrected “There stoode a man was never man for **no man** so distressed” to “... for **woman** so distressed,” as it appears in *England’s Helicon*.

The 4 part adaptation, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “The Famous Ratketcher, with his travels into France, and of his returne to London” is a blackletter ballad printed in 1616. The tune is “The Jovial Tinker,” also known as “Tom a Bedlam,” which appears in several sources from the seventeenth century. Included are verses 1-2, 6-9, 11-17 and 24 of the original 24.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

mercuries = the poisonous plant *mercurialis perennis*

cantharides = Spanish fly beetles, an aphrodisiac

roseaker = arsenic

greene sicknesse = Chlorosis, a disorder of females after puberty where they get the desire to eat things that are not food

• “Farewel dear loue” is a lute song for four voices from *the First Booke of Songes & Ayres*, 1600, by Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615). This song is quoted by Sir Toby Belch in Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*, Act II, scene iii, lines 89-105. All 5 of Jones’s original verses are included here.

The keyboard setting is from Paris Bibliothèque Nationale MS Rés. 1186. The Renaissance guitar part is my creation.

• “A Fayre Portion For A Fayre Mayd/OR,/The thrightie Mayd of Worstersheere,/Who liuves at London for a Marke a yeare;/This Marke was her old Mothers gift,/Shee teacheth all Mayds how to shift.” is a blackletter ballad written by Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656), licensed in 1633. The tune called for is “Gramercy penny.” The tune was printed with an updated version of the lyrics in *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719-1720, by Thomas d’Urfey (1653-1723). Verses 1-7, 12-13 and 15 of the original 15 are included here.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

Roarers = noisy street bullies
importune = burden

• “Fine knacks for ladies” is a part song from *The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres*, 1600, by John Dowland (1563-1626). It is a salesman’s song listing all his wares for sale. All verses are included here.

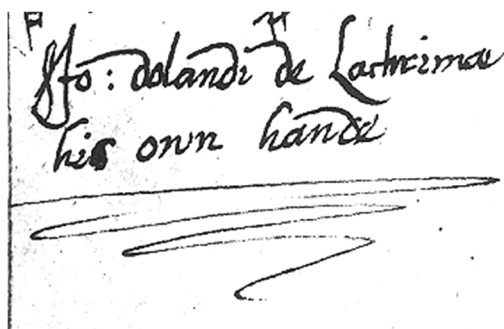
The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

removes = departures, separations



• “I saw my Lady weepe” is a lute song for cantus and bassus voices by John Dowland (1563-1626) from *The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres, of 2, 4, and 5. Parts: With Tableture for the Lute or Orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba*, 1600. The song is dedicated “To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.” I have created the two inner lines from the lute part and have underlaid the verses to create a four voice part song. In his modern study entitled *Dowland, Lachrimae (1604)*, Peter Holman suggests that, falling just before “Flow my teares” in Dowland’s second book of songs, it was meant as an introduction to that song. As such, it was to be performed immediately followed by “Flow my teares,” where the first chord is a natural resolution to the last chord of “I saw my Lady weepe.”

The adapted alto and tenor lines, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.



• “Flow my teares” is a song originally for cantus and bassus voices and lute from *The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres*, 1600, by John Dowland (1563-1626). In the part song presented here, the two inner vocal lines are derived from the lute part and from the five part instrumental version in *Lachrimae or Seaven Teares*, 1604. Dowland never set the lyrics under any lines except the soprano and bass – the underlay here is my own. The melody by Dowland

was originally written as a lute solo known as “Lachrimae,” which means “tears.”

The adapted alto and tenor lines, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

dispite = despite, scorn

- “Fortune my Foe” - The anonymous lyrics are from a broadside ballad first licensed in 1565-6, but popular well into the 17th century. There are several settings of the music including one for lute in the William Ballet lute book, Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593, and a keyboard setting by William Byrd (1542-1623) in Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612. Verses 1-5, 8, 10-15 and 19-22 of the original 22 are included here.

The 4 part adaption, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

bewray = divulge, accuse
careful = worrisome
speed = succeed



- “Fortune ys fickle” is a lute song from the Dallis Manuscript, Trinity College Dublin MS. 410/1, 1583. All verses are included here. I added a repeat of the latter half of the song.

The 4 part setting, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

mickle = great, large
gatters = gathers
now is straigest yours,
Sans stay quaveringe = *unknown*
No howdle tho yow hipper = You don't get a hold
even though trying (“to hip” is a term for a
wrestling move)



- “Full fathom fiue” - The music is by Robert Johnson (c.1560-1633). It was sung by Ariell in *The Tempest*, c.1603, 1.2, by William Shakespeare (1564-1616). The lyrics are a mixture of those given in *the First Folio* and those from a manuscript in the Folger Shakespeare Library. The music is from John Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660. I have here converted it into a part song for 4 voices, with an optional fifth voice.

The part song adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

Full fathom five = five fathoms deep

- “Good Fellowes must go learne to Daunce” is a blackletter ballad printed in 1569. Years earlier, William Parsons (fl. 1545-1563) wrote a version for 4 voices that is not particularly suitable for a popular ballad, and there is no tune indication on the broadsheet. There are 7 verses on the ballad sheet, but the last 3 are a different song unrelated to the first 4 verses. I have set the lyrics to the dance “Ronde V” from *Danserie*, 1551, by Tielman Susato (c.1500-c.1561). Verses 1-4 of 7 are included here.



The lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

brall = Bransle, a dance
 tryxt = trickiest
 slyper = slippery
 axe the banes = ask if any impediments to the marriage exist
 bauderycke = a belt worn from shoulder to hip
 moryce = Morris, a dance with bells
 wyffler = an attendant who clears the way for a procession
 round = a circle dance

- “The Good Fellows Frolick” – The lyrics are from a Blackletter ballad, 1682 (?), by Thomas Lanfiere (fl.c.1680). The full title is “THE Good Fellows Frolick, Or, Kent Street Clubb. Good people all come mind my merry tale, And you shall hear the vertue of good Ale, Whose charming power some mens humor hitts, It robs them of their money & their witts: For he in time will surely money lack that minds his belly better than his back.”

The tune is “The health” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). All 11 verses of the broadside are included here.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

Shittle = weaver's shuttle

prick-louse = derisive name for a tailor

the gentle craft = shoemaking

Crispin = shoemaker (St. Crispin is the patron saint of shoemakers)





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The First Booke of Songs
Lute Edition