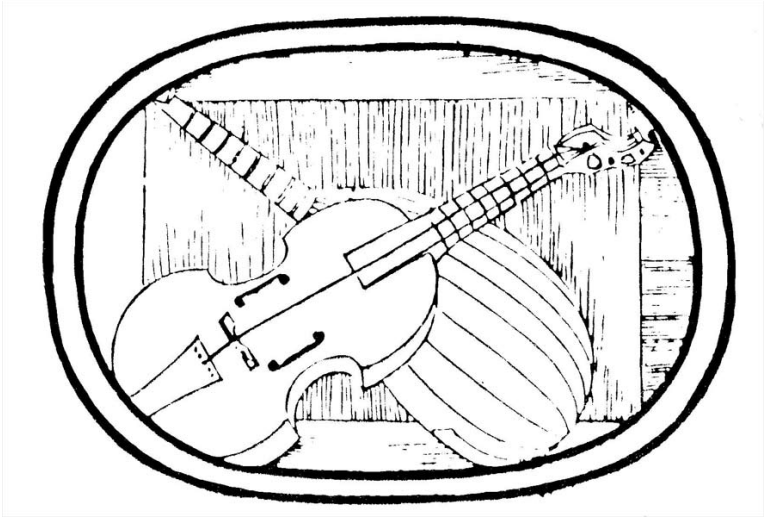
ye Weſtminſter Waits Playbook

Gathered by Steve Hendricks

ye Weſtminſter Waits Playbook

Steve Hendricks



Steve Hendricks Music

San Diego

The Westminster Waits reside in the Windmasters' Hill Barony (Chapel Hill, NC), within the realm of Atlantia. They are long time friends of the author of this Playbook and appreciate the work and dedication that has gone into compiling this set of music. The Westminster Waits welcome anyone that enjoys the camaraderie of playing multi-part music, played on period instruments. Please reach out to Nicholas and Jenny Trent (Dave & Maureen Martinez) at 512-750-2030.

ye Weſtminſter Waits Playbook

2 part

A la mode de France	1	La Caccia	18
Abergenny	2	Cuckolds All a Row	20
Adson's Sarabande	3	Daphne	22
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3 Part

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4 Part

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Fine Knack for Ladies 120
Flow My Tears 122
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Full Fathom Five 126
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Lady Hunsdon's Puffe 160
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Margot labourez les vignes 166
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Tant que Vivrai 212
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When Laura Smiles 216
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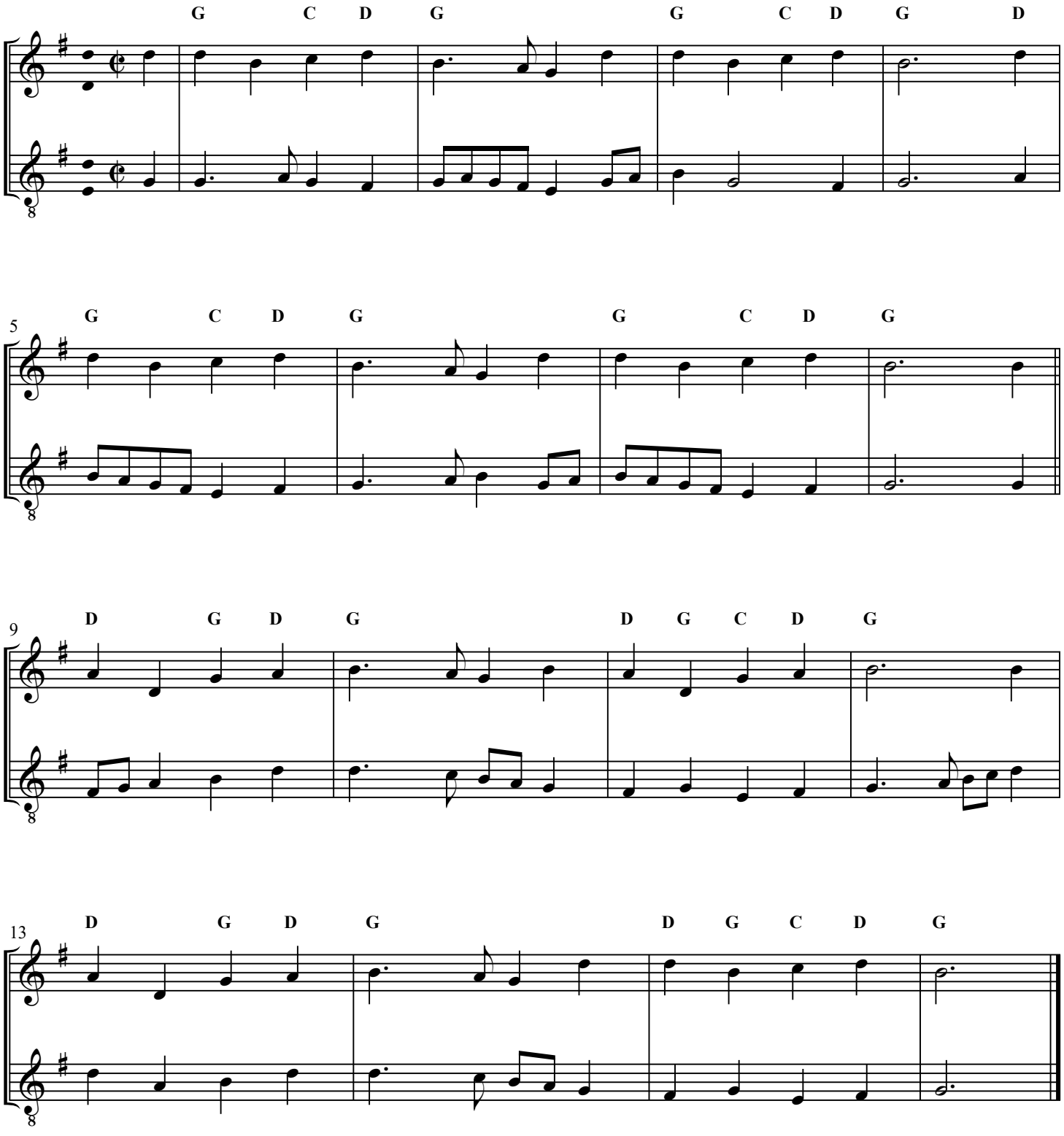
Music for Two

A la mode de France

John Playford, 1651

duet



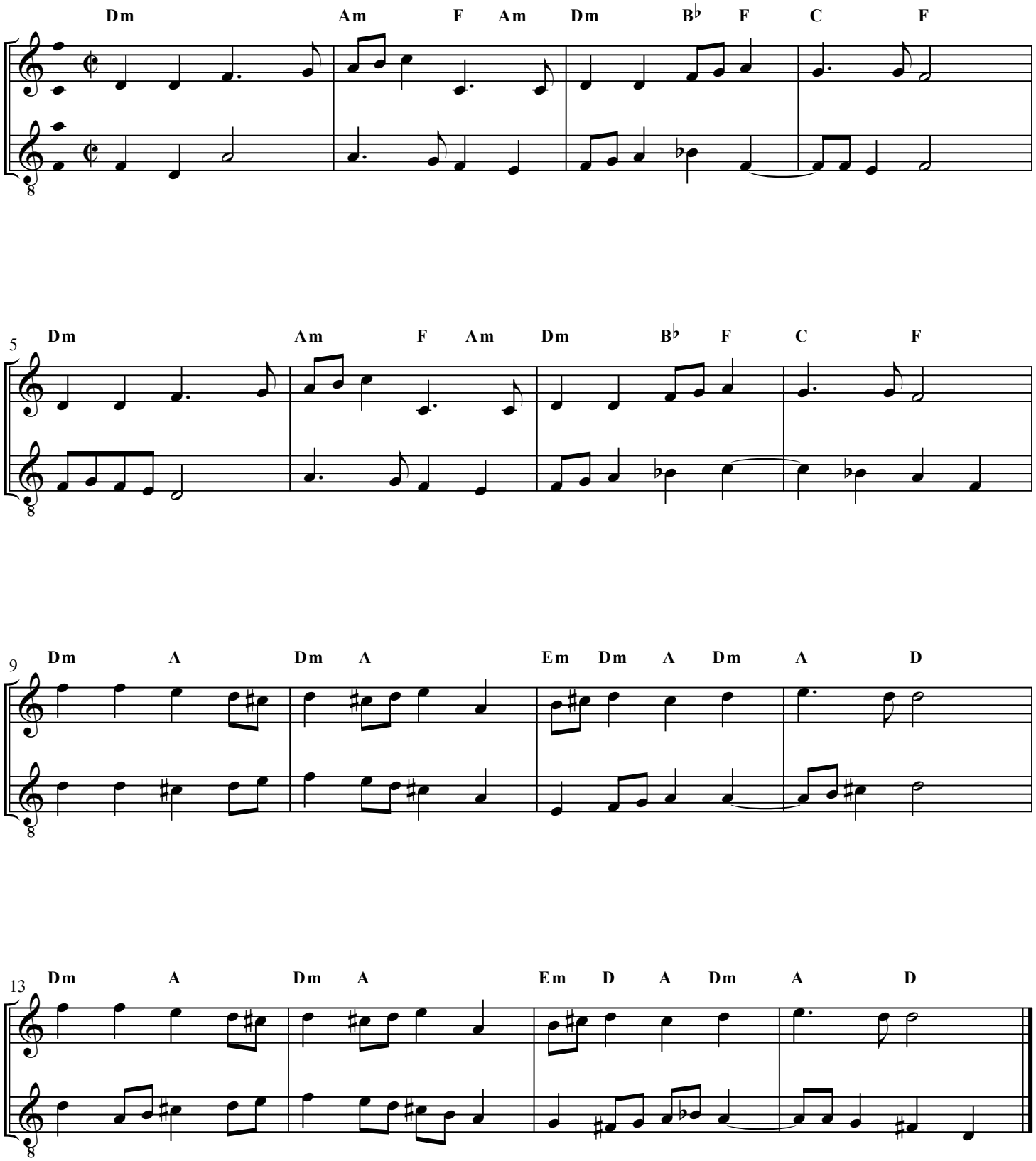
Setting by Steve Hendricks

for the dance: 7x

Abergenny

duet

John Playford 3rd ed., 1657 & 1665



original is a 4th higher
Setting by Steve Hendricks

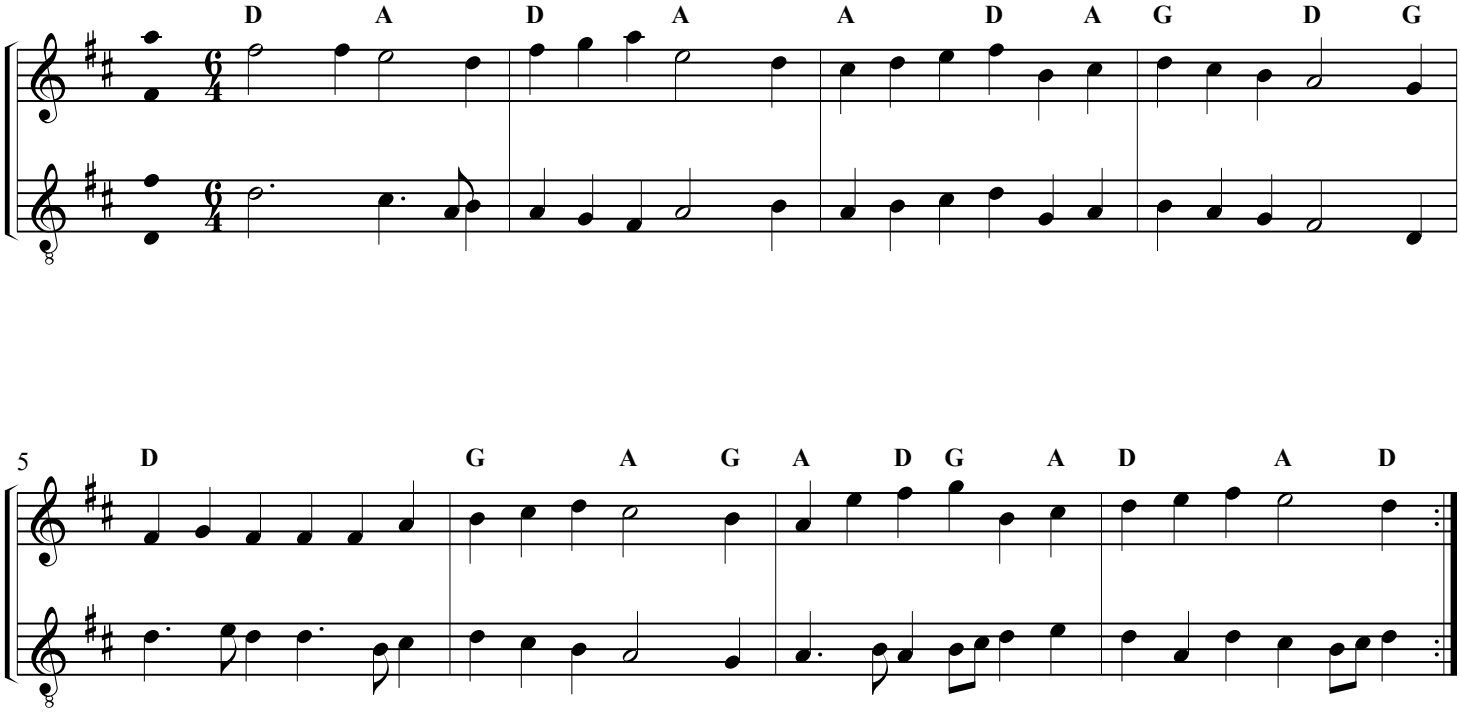
for the dance: 4x

Adson's Saraband

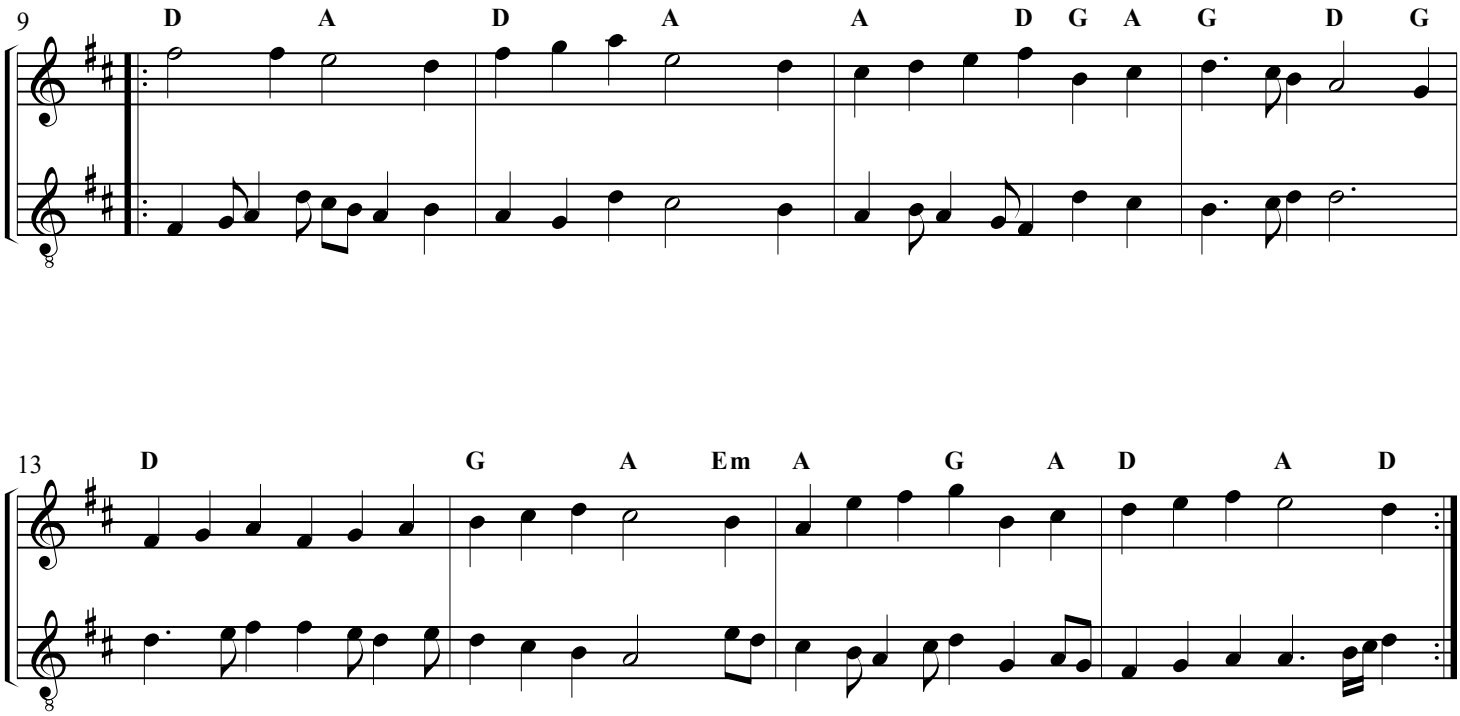
duet

John Playford, various editions

1651, 1st edition



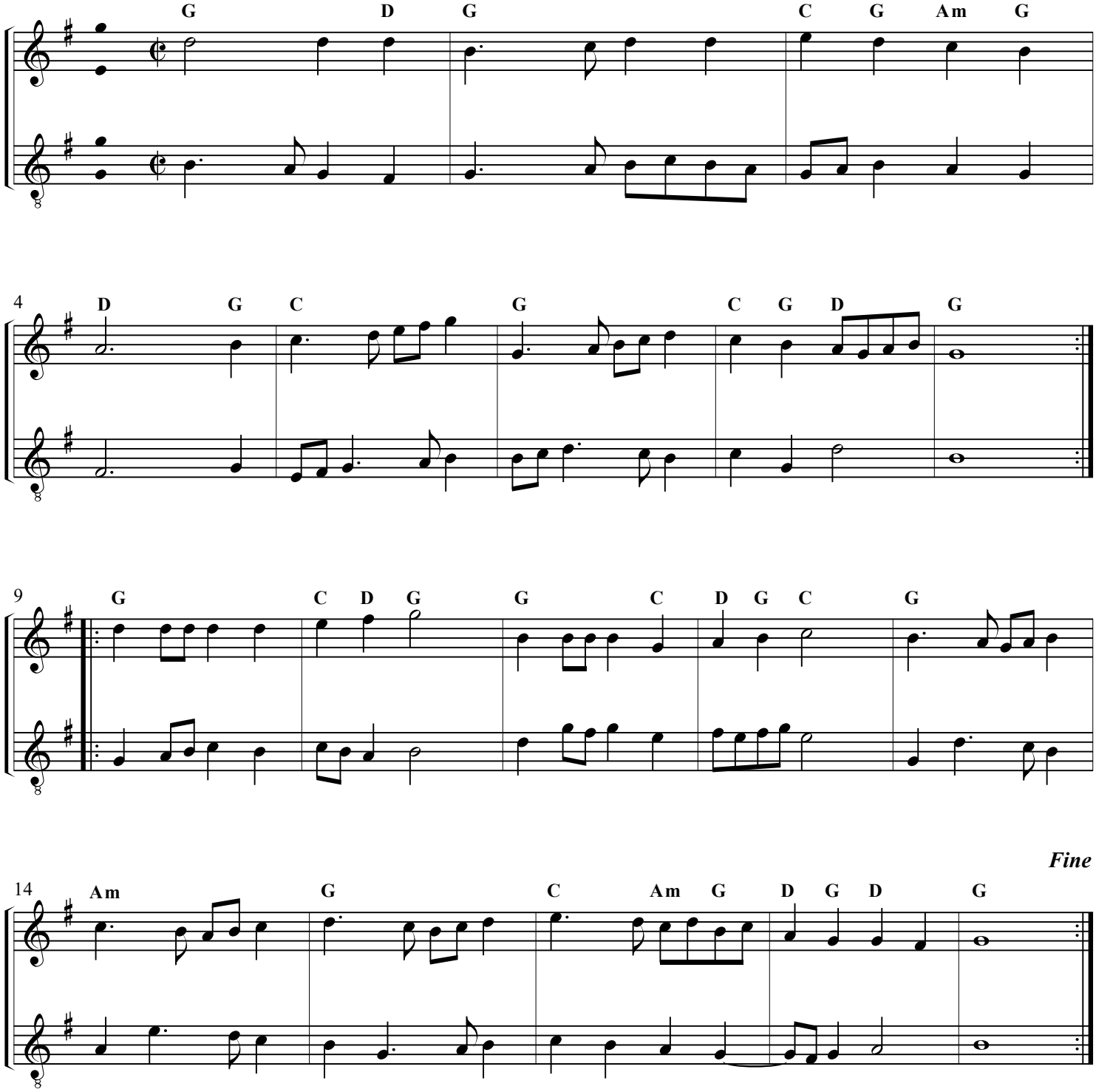
1665, 3rd edition



All in a Garden green

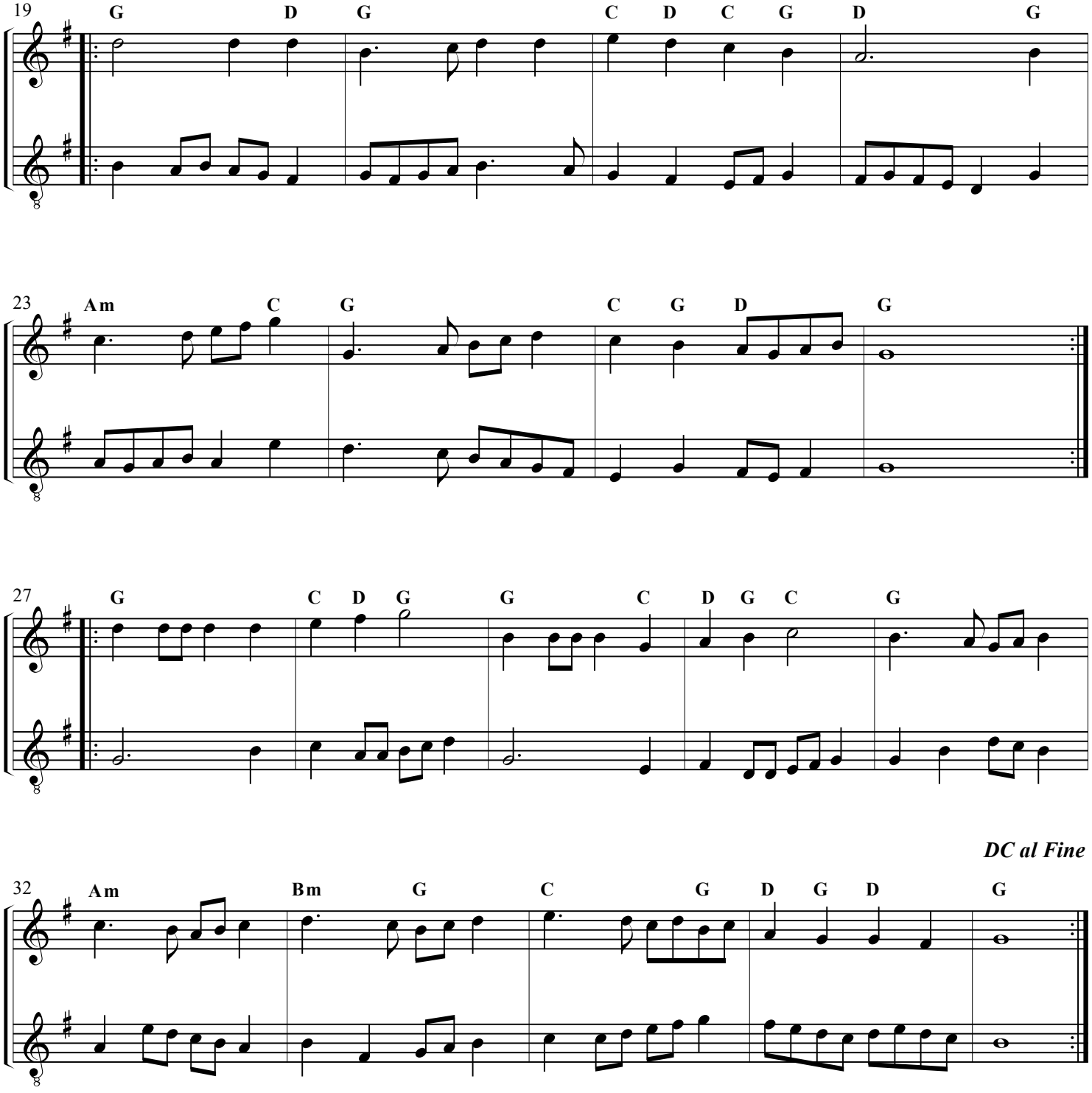
duet

John Playford, 1651



setting by Steve Hendricks

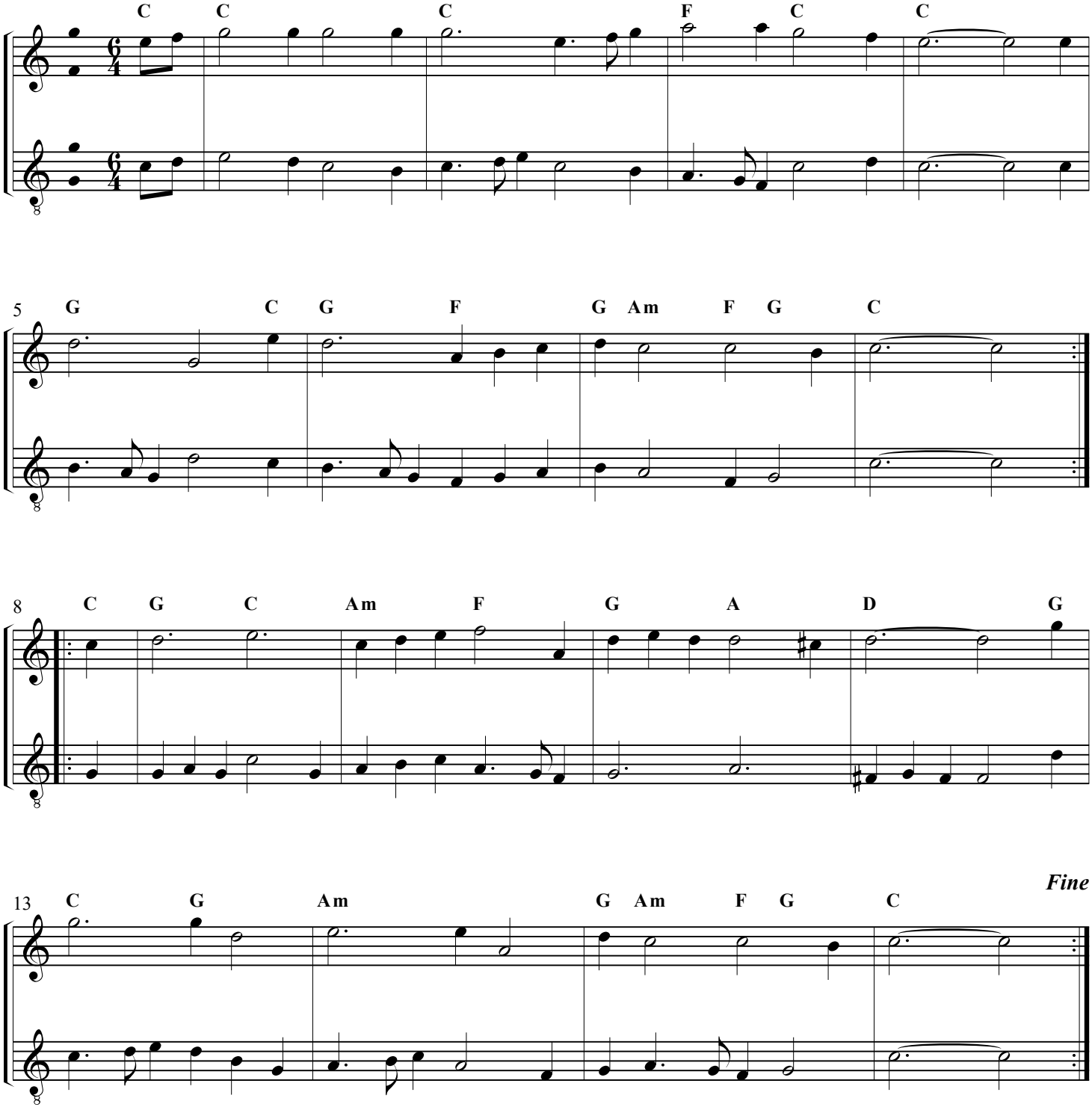
for the dance: as writ (3x AABB)


19
G D G C D C G D G
23
Am C G C G D G
27
G C D G G C D G C G
DC al Fine
32
Am Bm G C G D G D G

Althea

duet

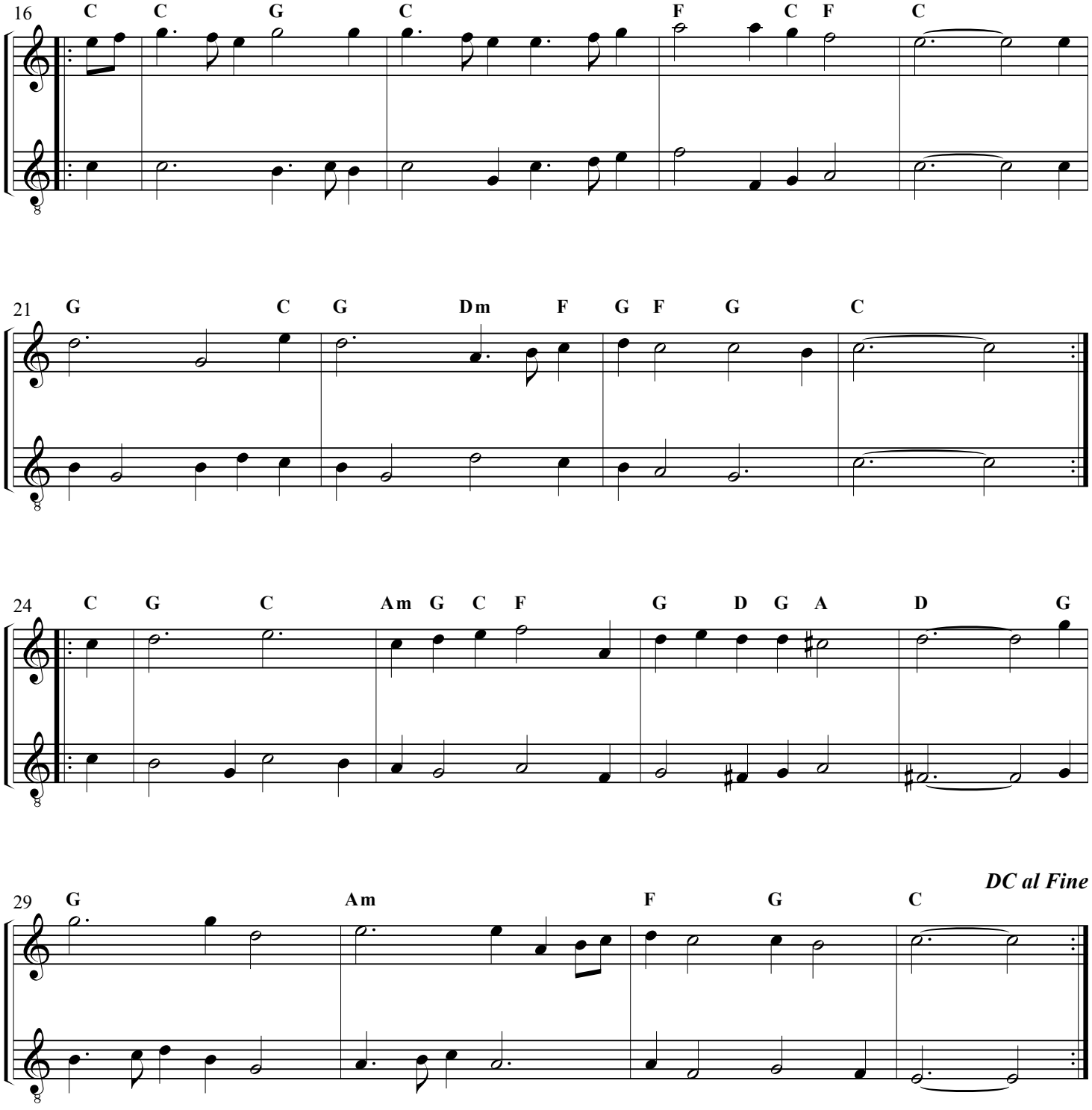
The Tunes of the French Dances..., 1657



Setting by Steve Hendricks

for the dance: as writ (3x AABB)

a variation

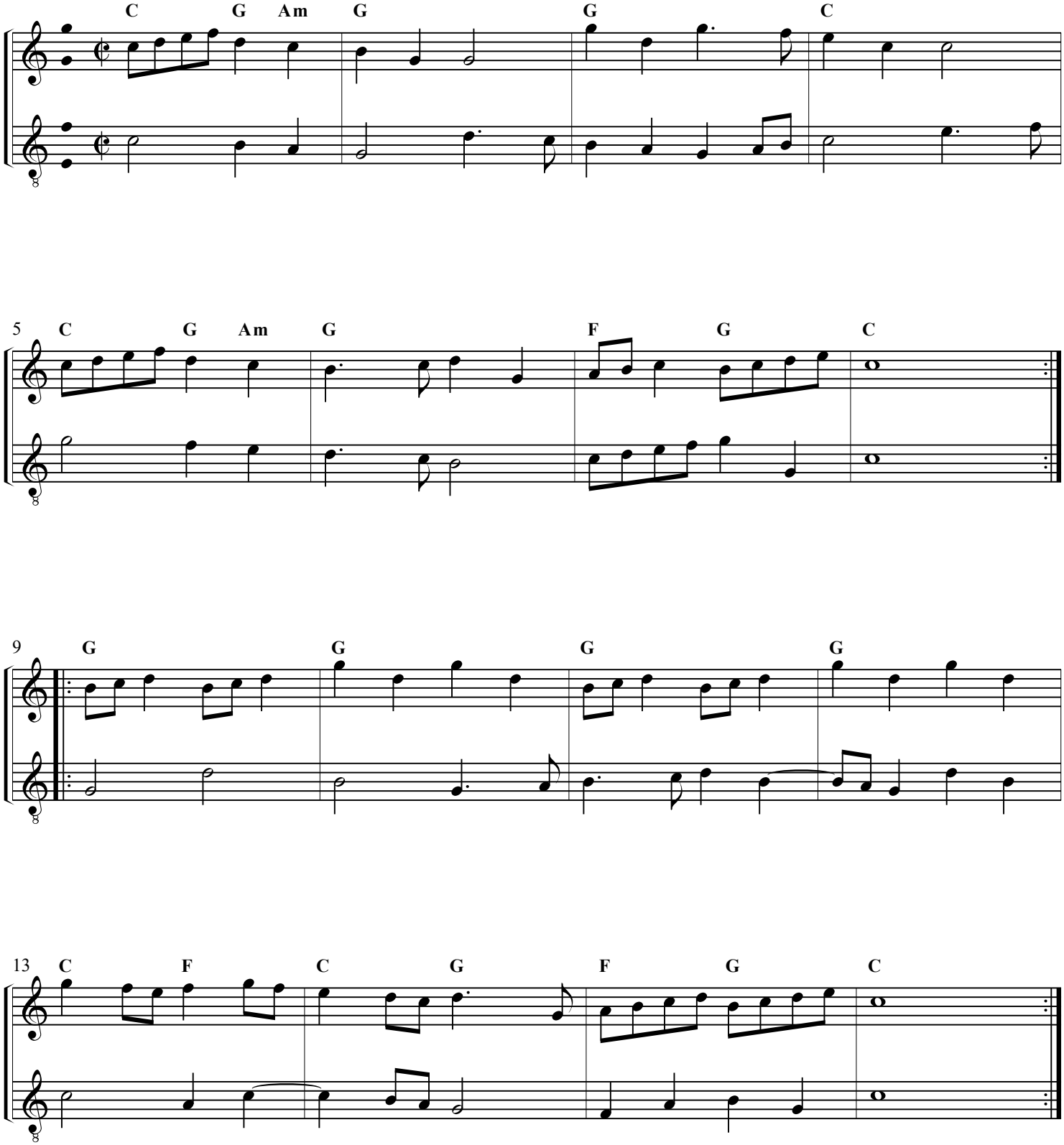


DC al Fine

Argeers

duet

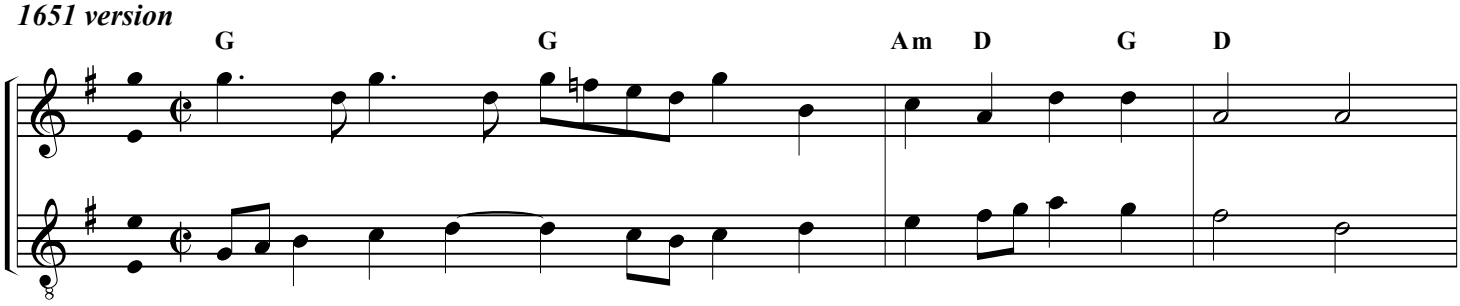
TEDM, 1651

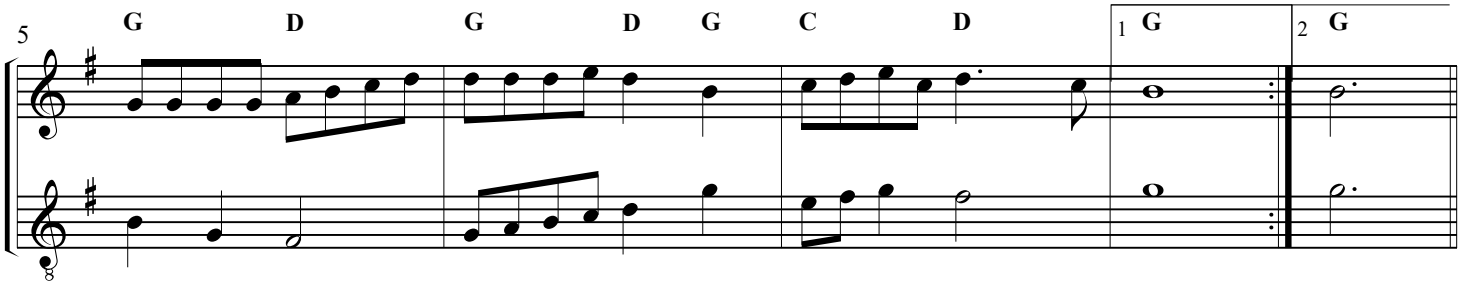


The Bath

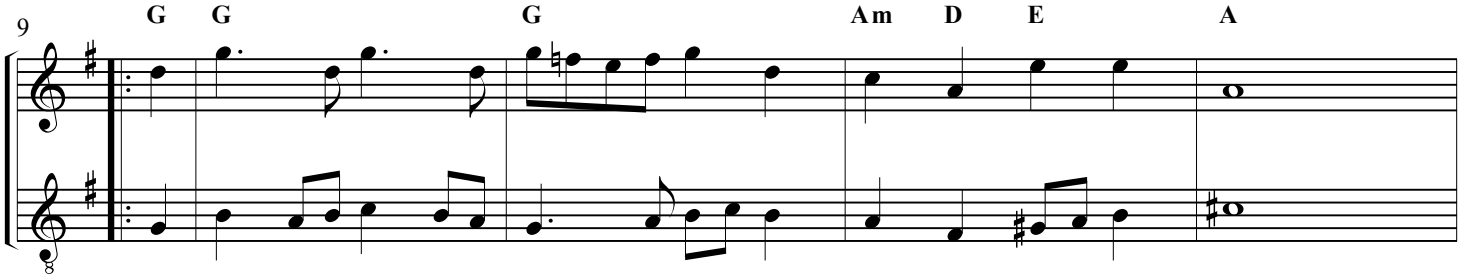
duet

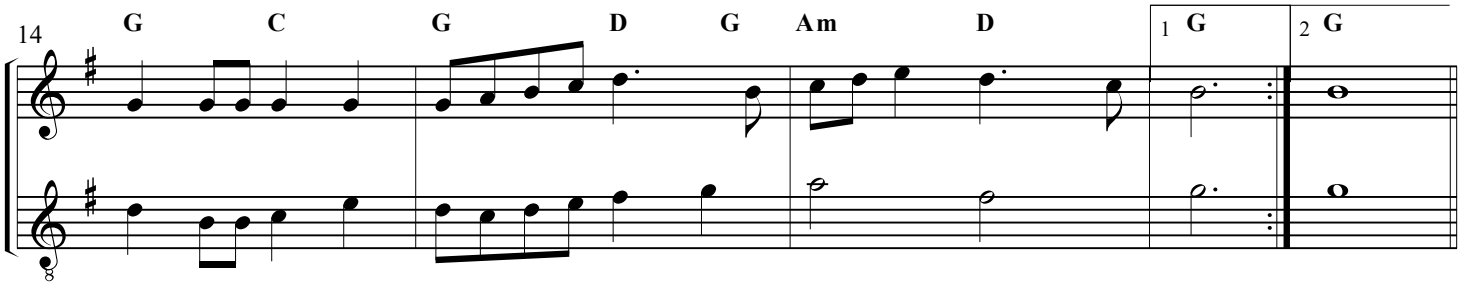
1651 version





1652 version

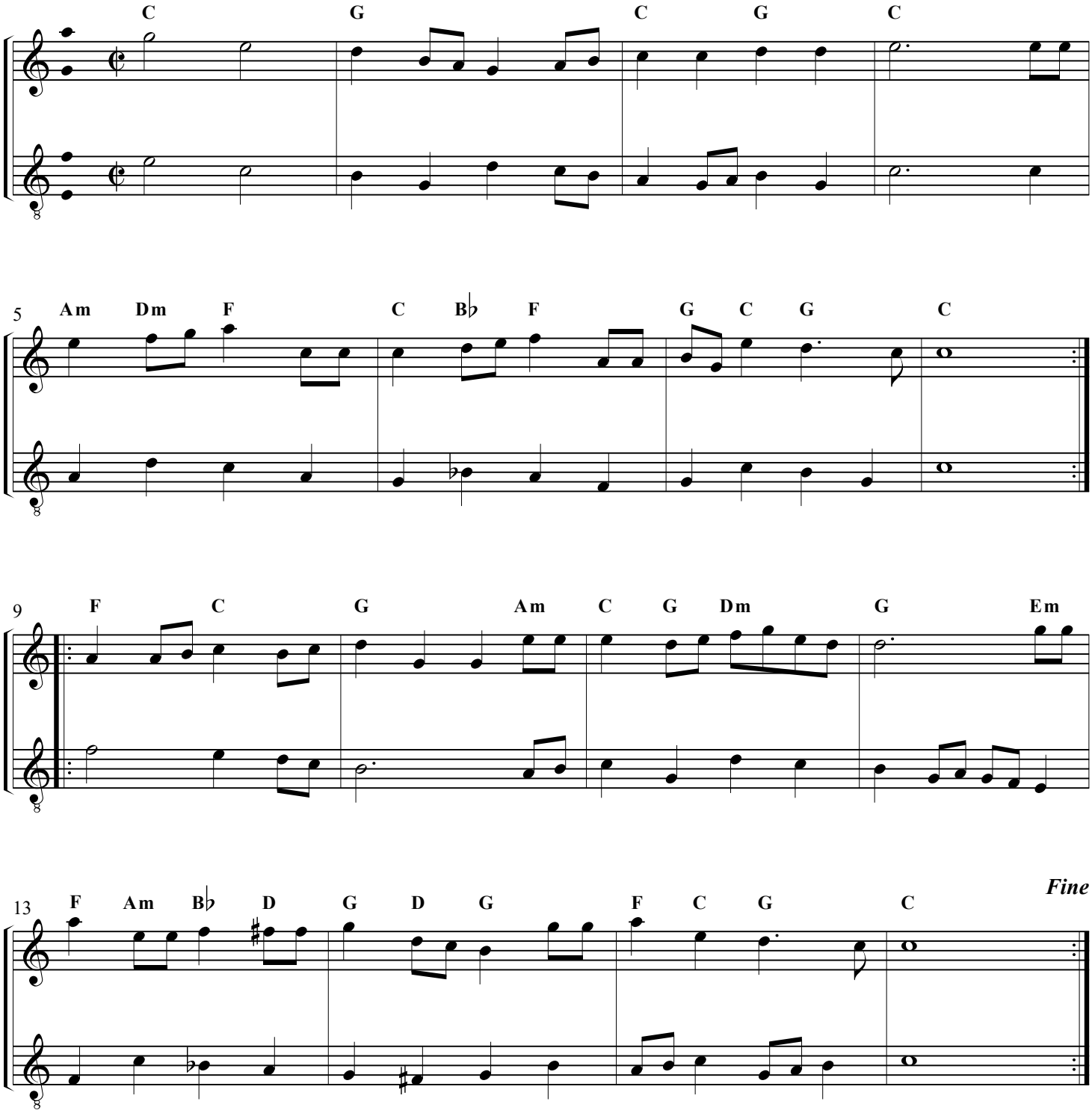


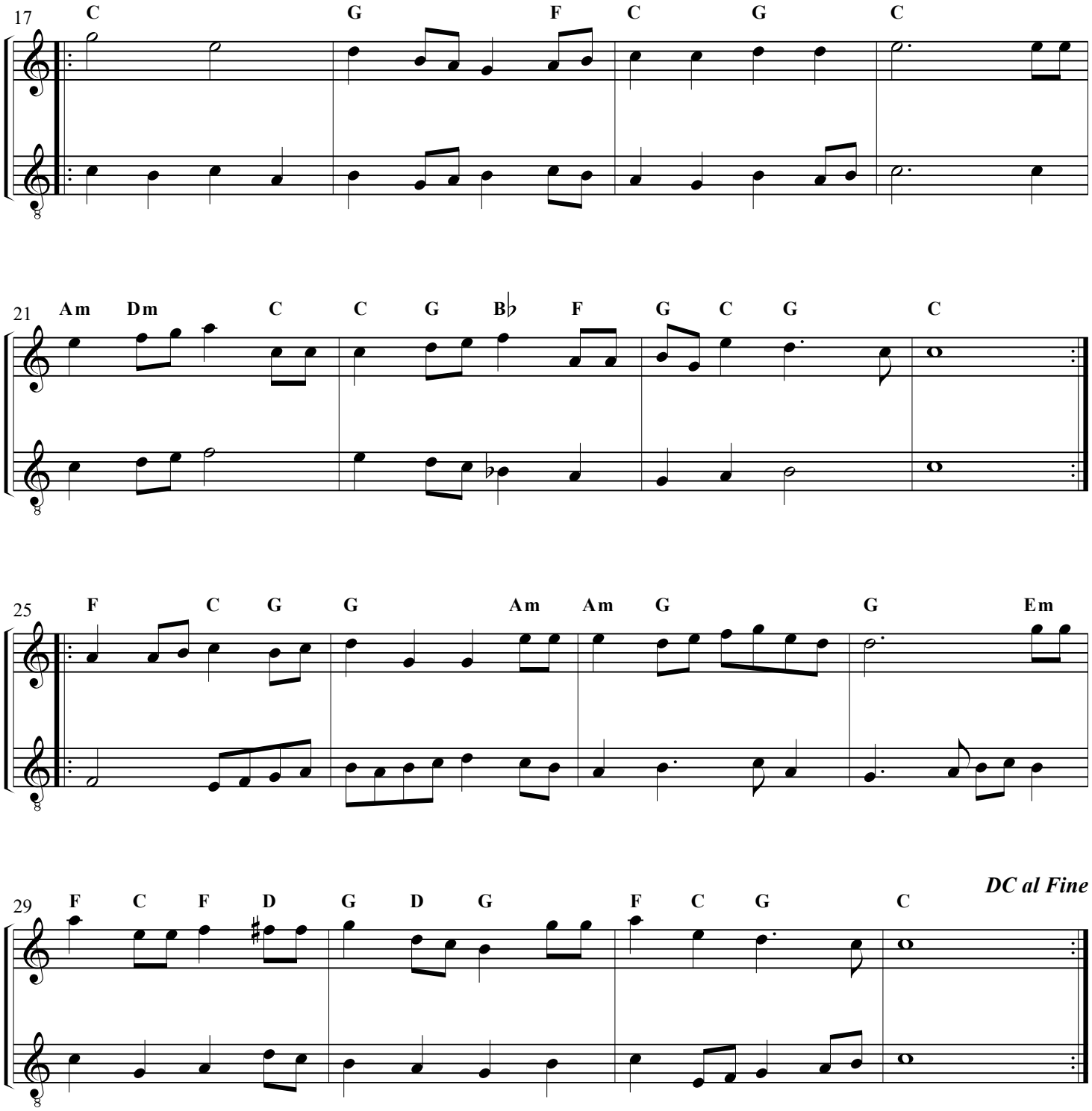


Aye me *or* The Symphony

duet

TEDM, 1651

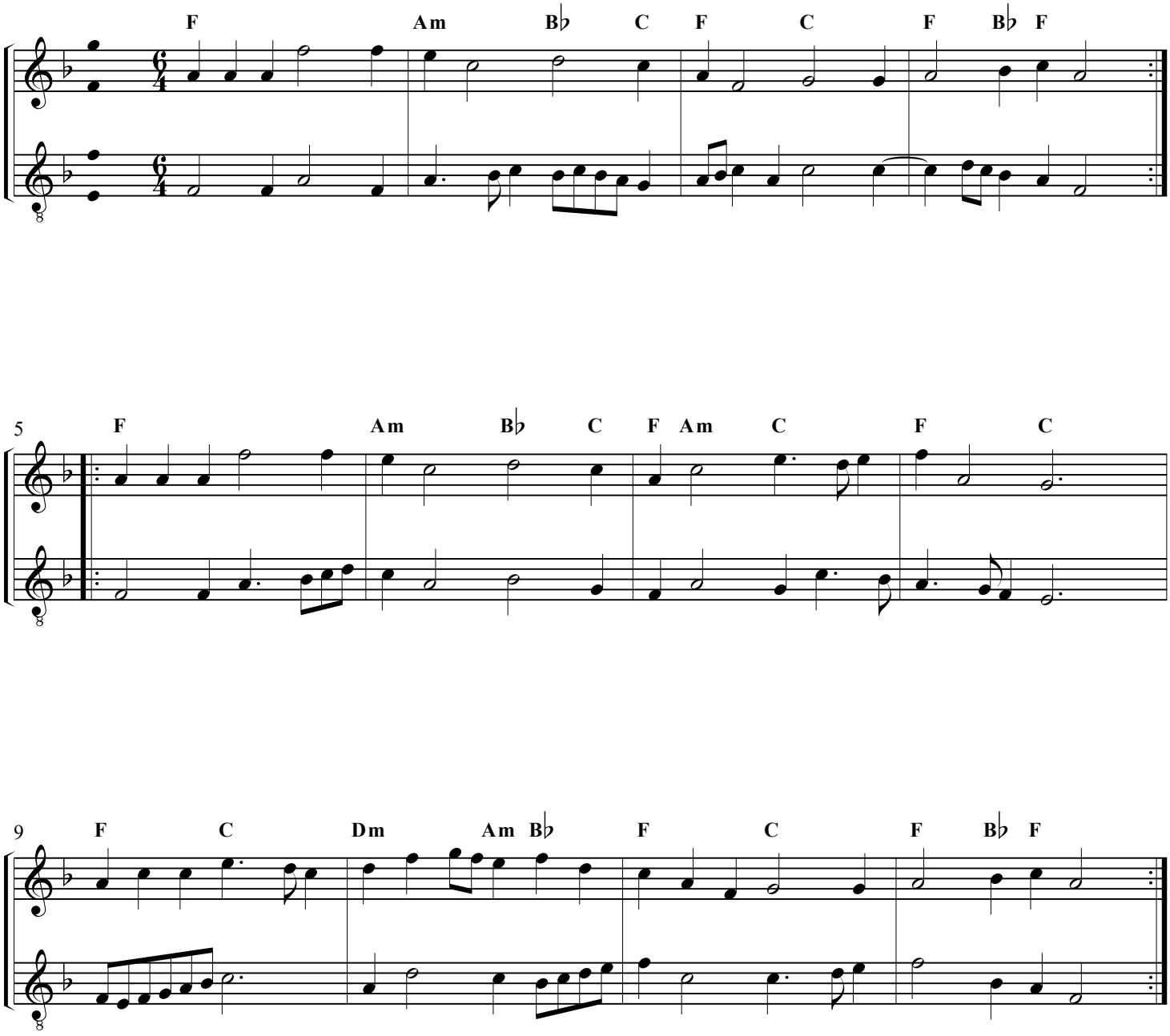



17
C G F C G C
21
Am Dm C C G B♭ F G C G C
25
F C G G Am Am G G Em
29
F C F D G D G F C G C
DC al Fine

The beggar boy

duet

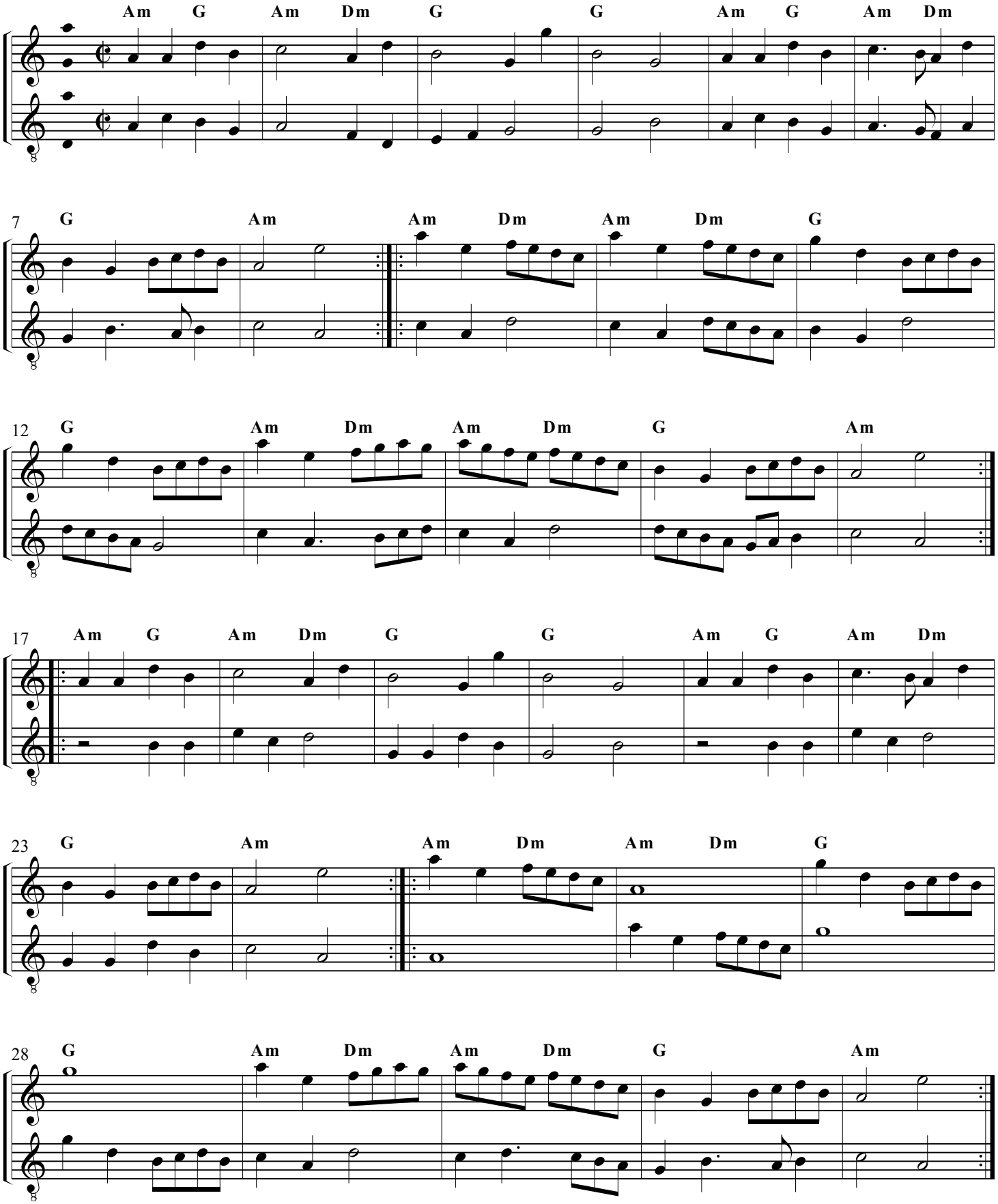
TEDM, 1651



Black and grey

duet

The Dancing Master
7th edition, 1686



Setting by Steve Hendricks

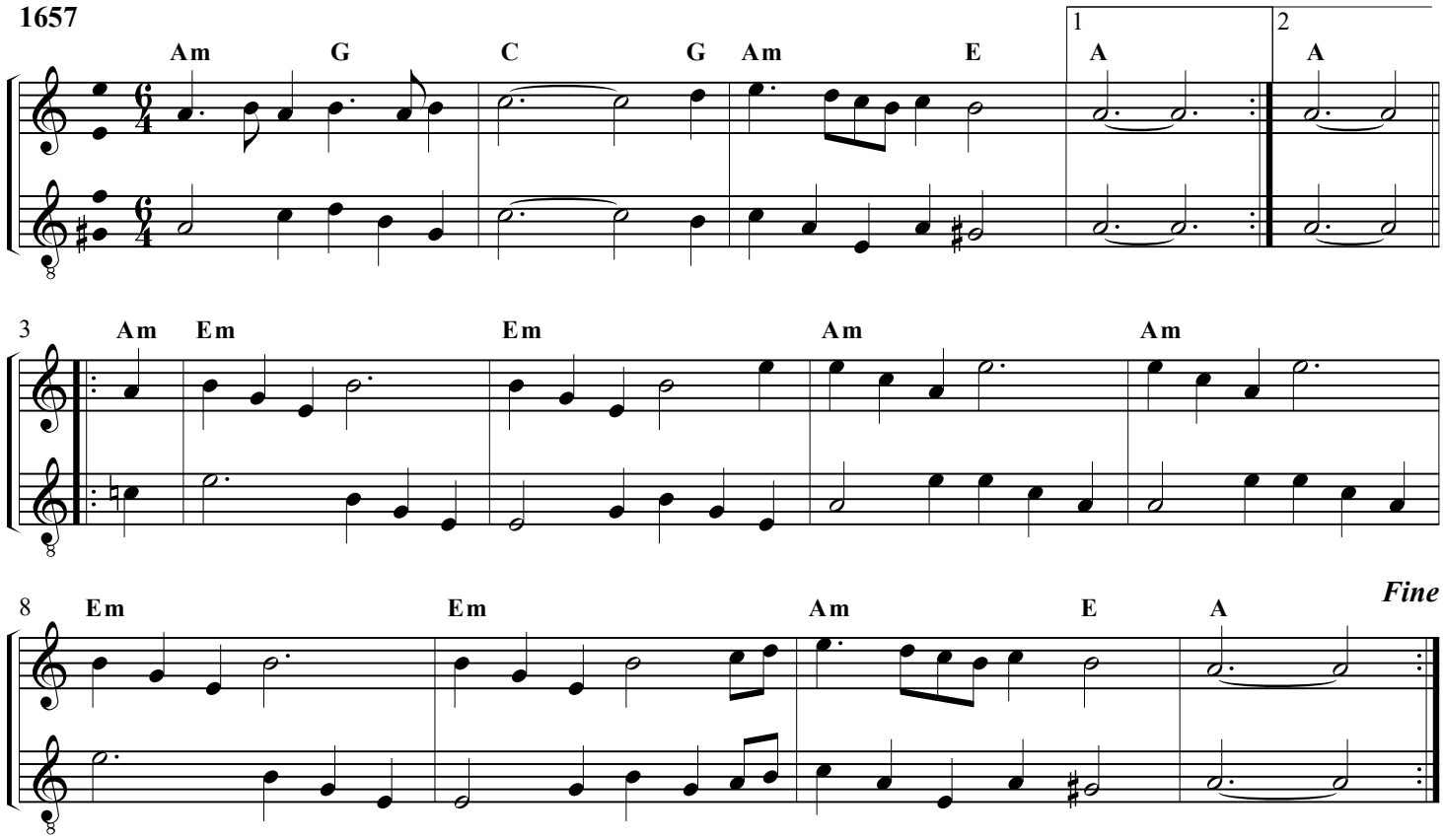
for the dance: repeat as needed

Black nag

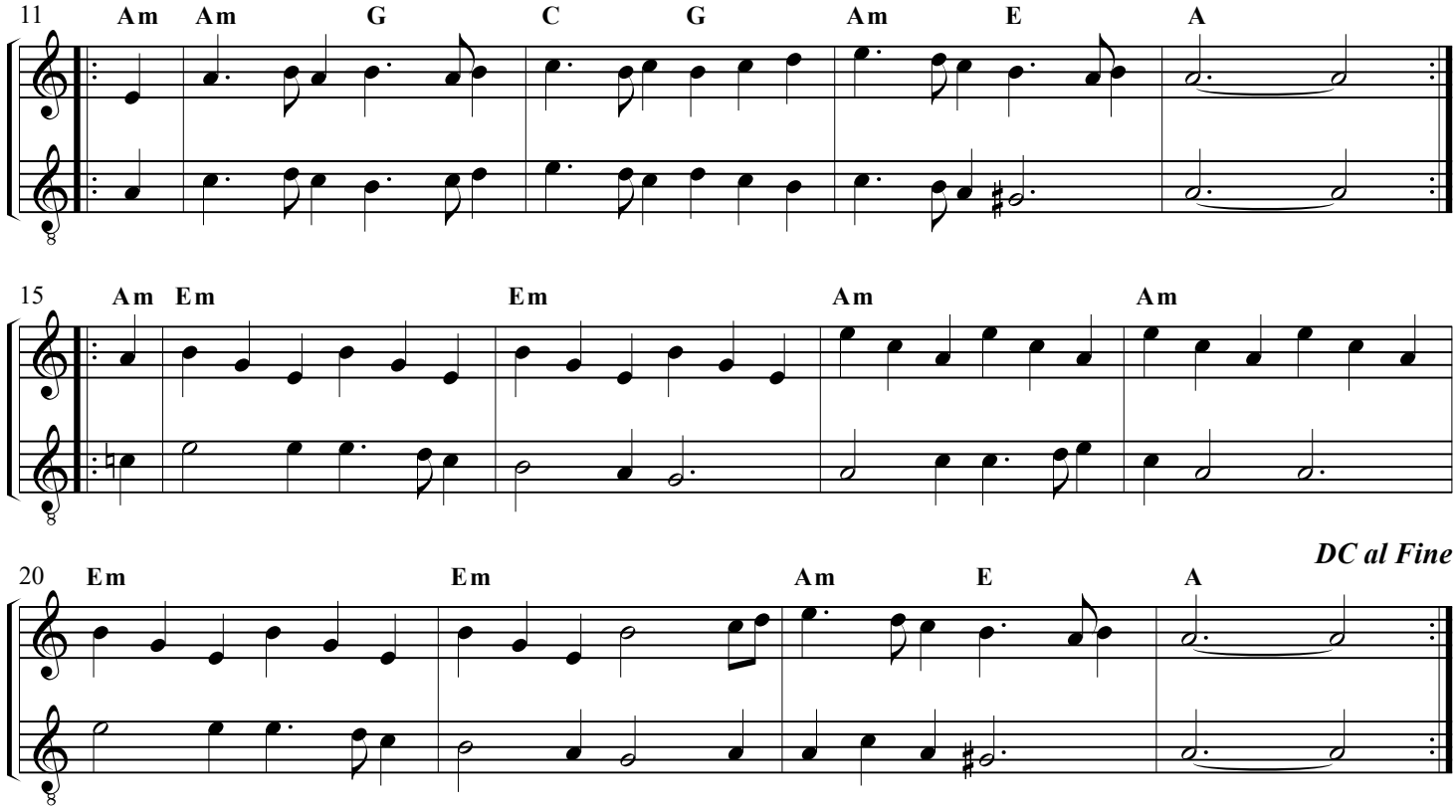
quartet

the Dancing Master
3rd & 4th Editions
1657 & 1670

1657



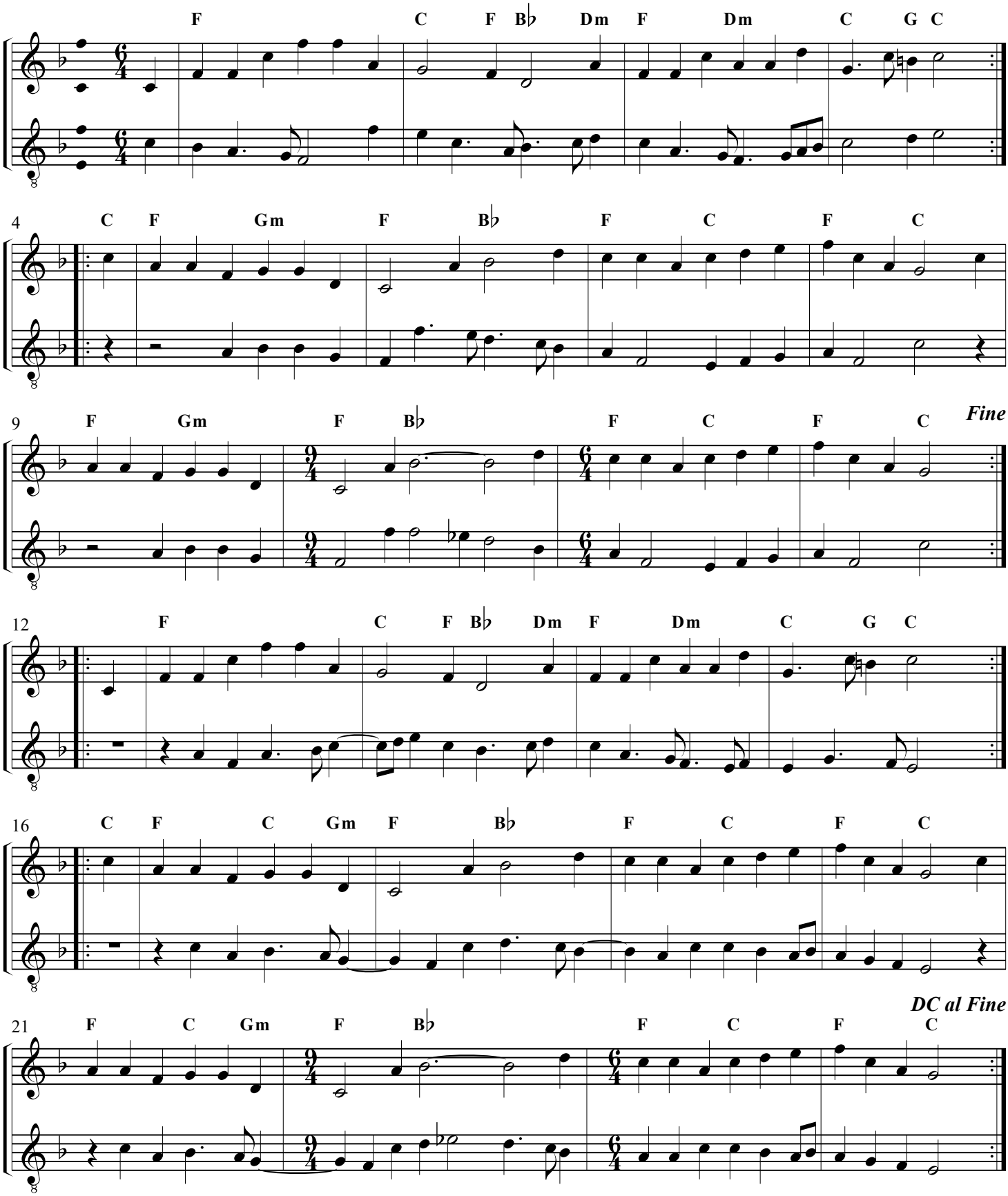
1670



Blue cap

duet

TEDM, 1651

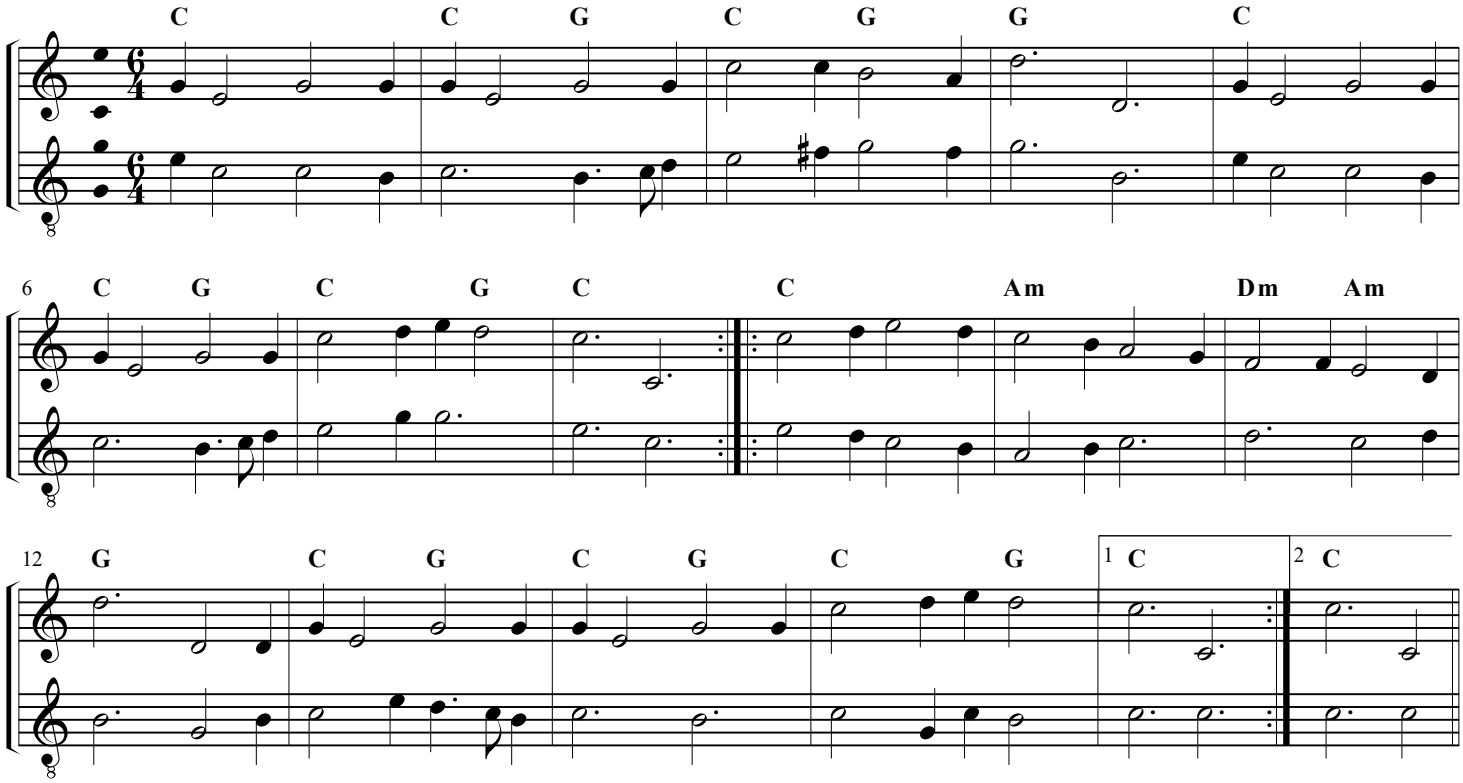


Boatman

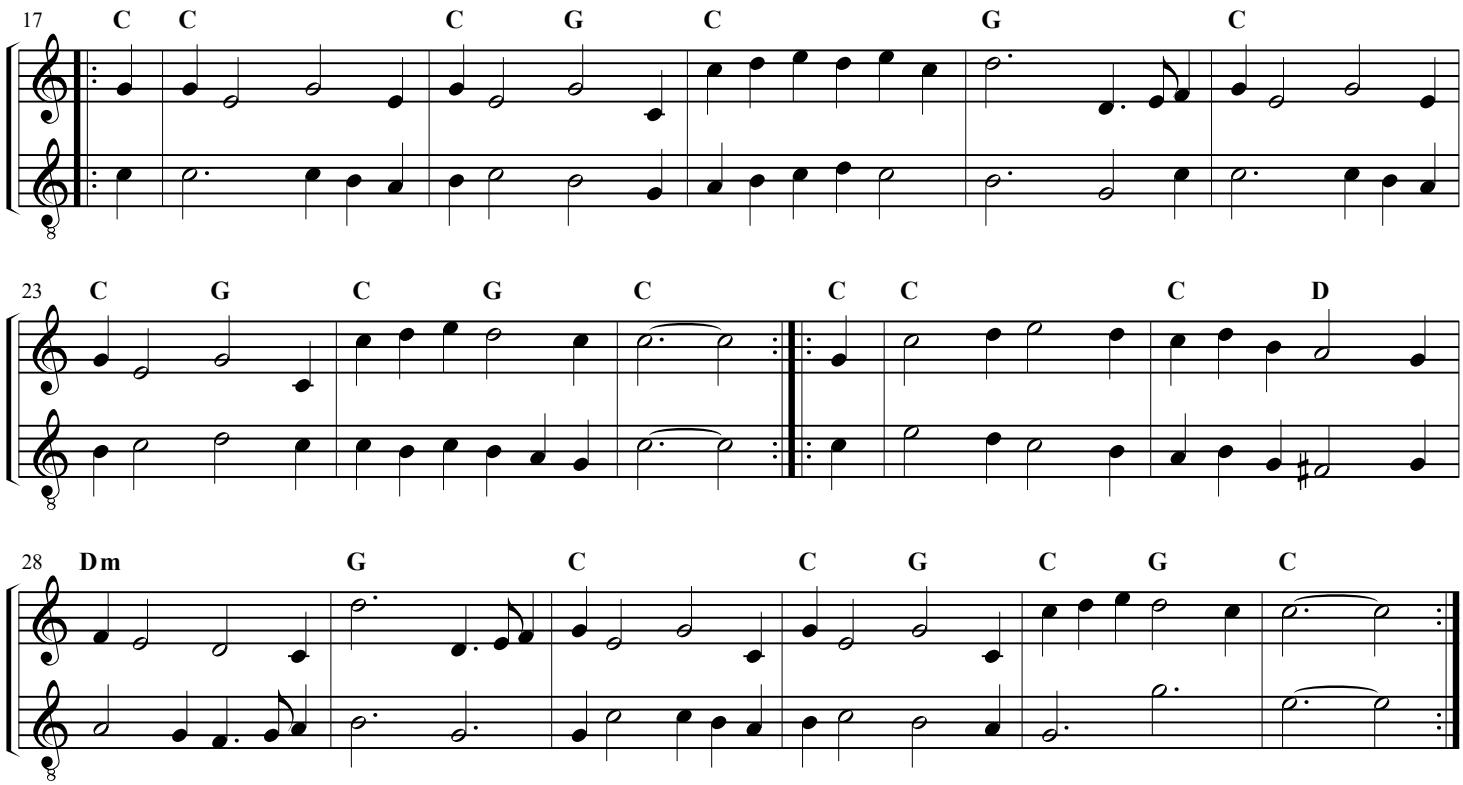
duet

The English Dancing Master, 1651 and 1652

1651 version



1652 version

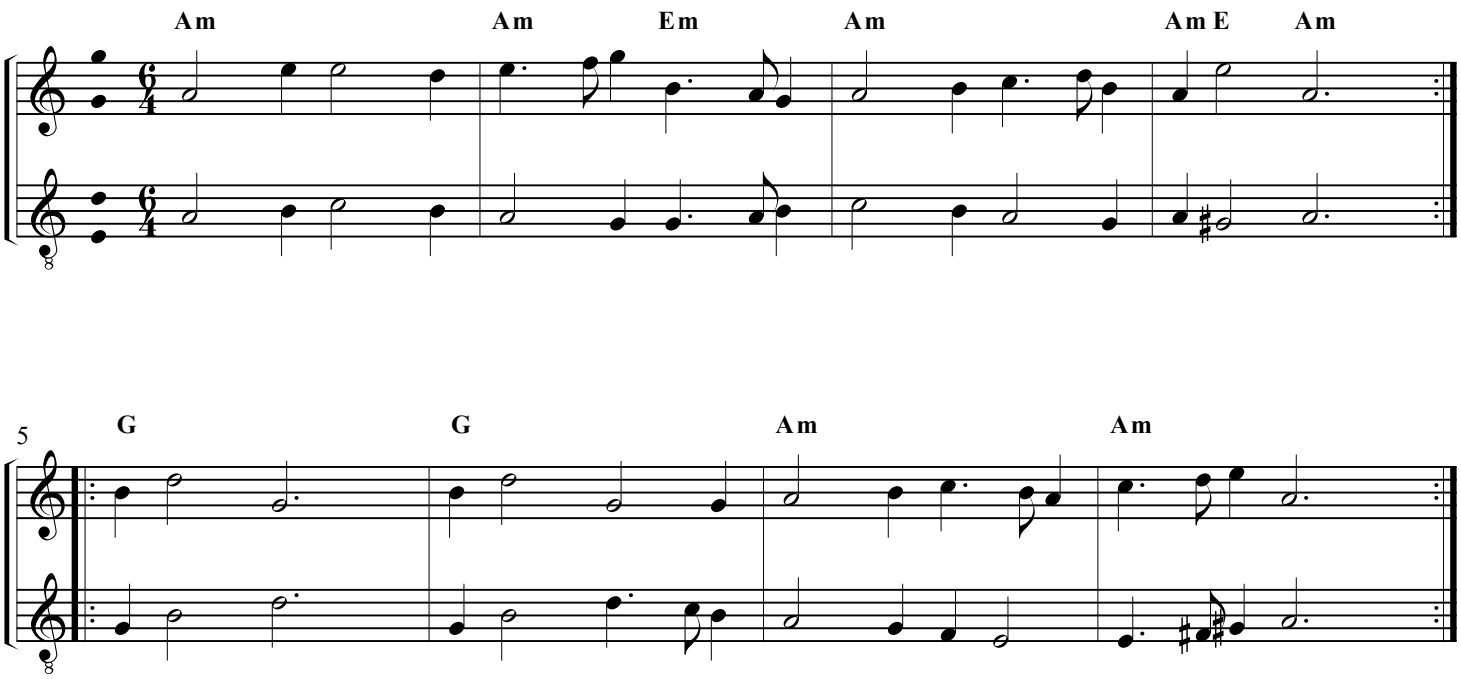


Bobbing Joe

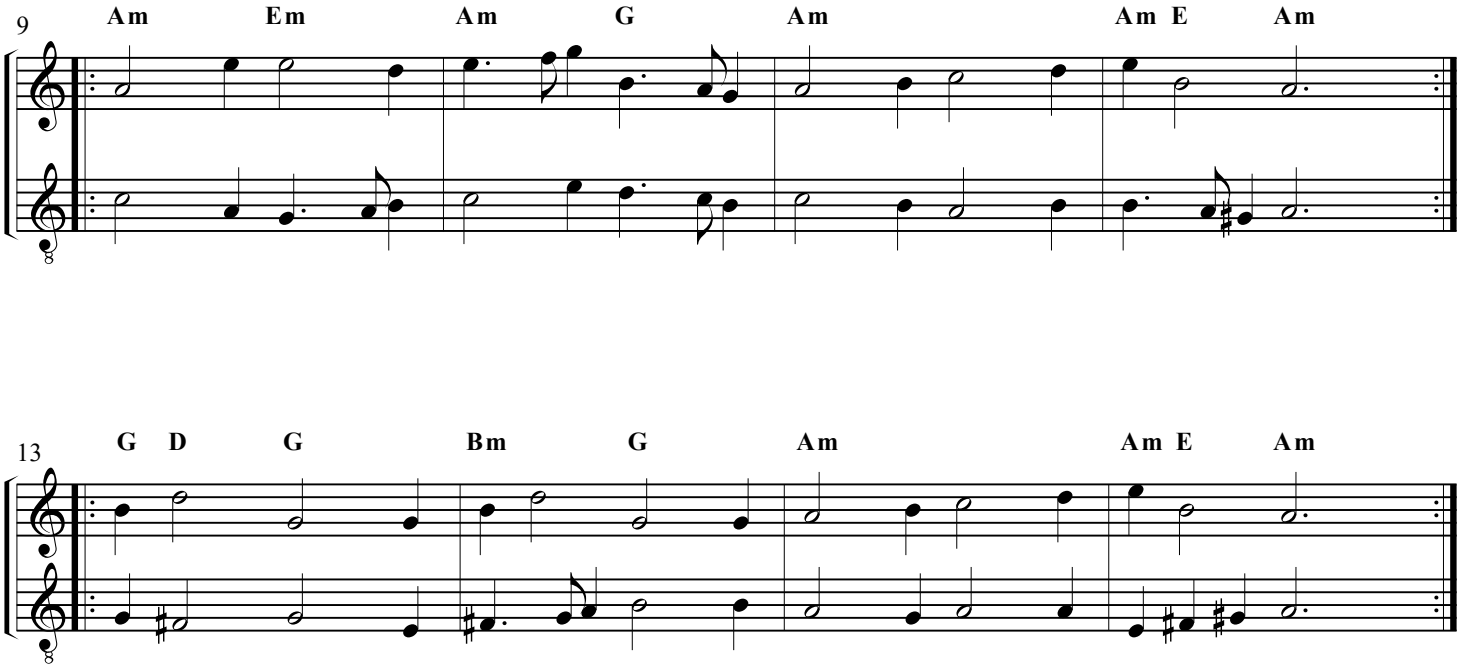
duet

The English Dancing Master, 1651 & 1670

1651 version



1670 version



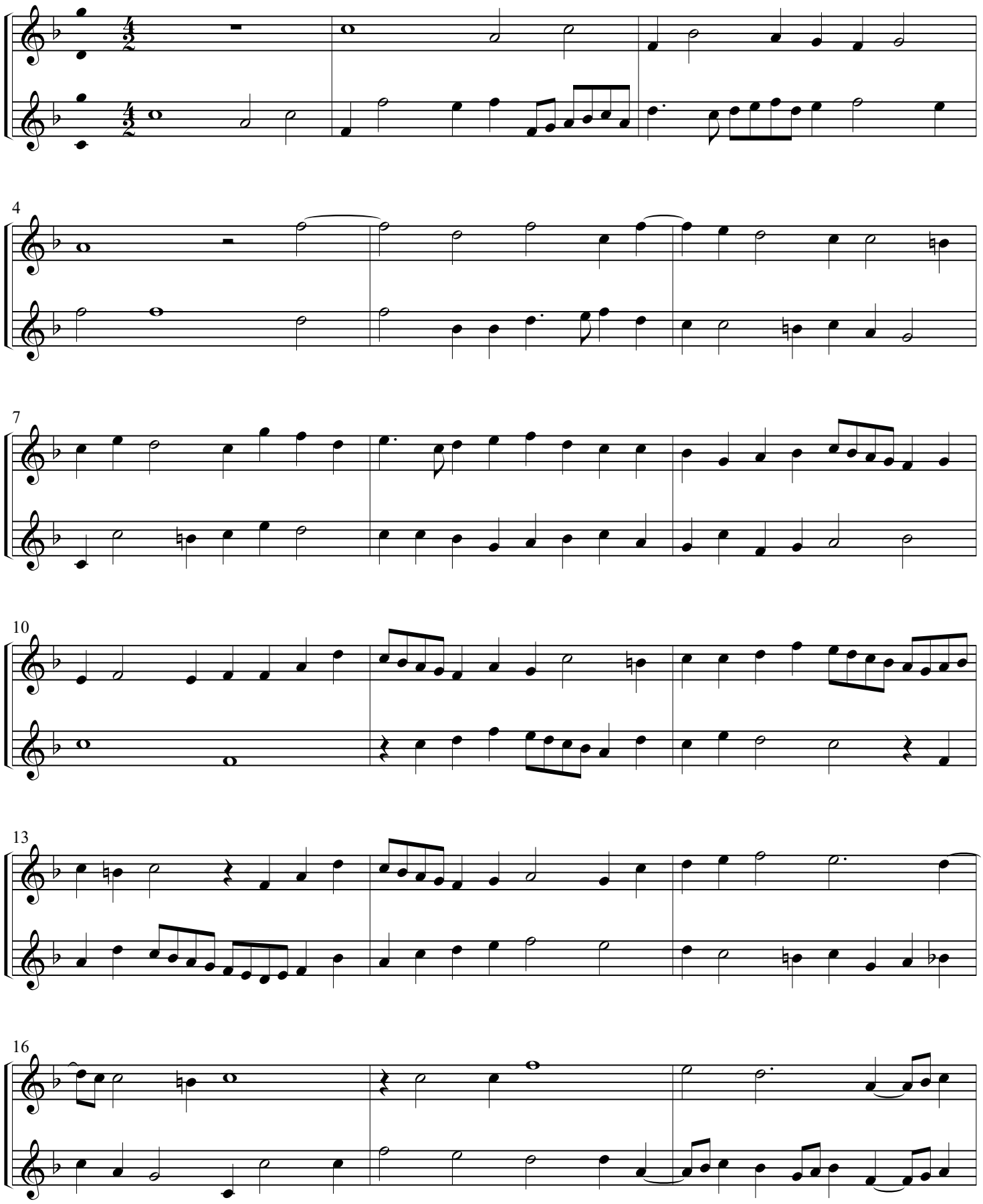
Setting by Steve Hendricks

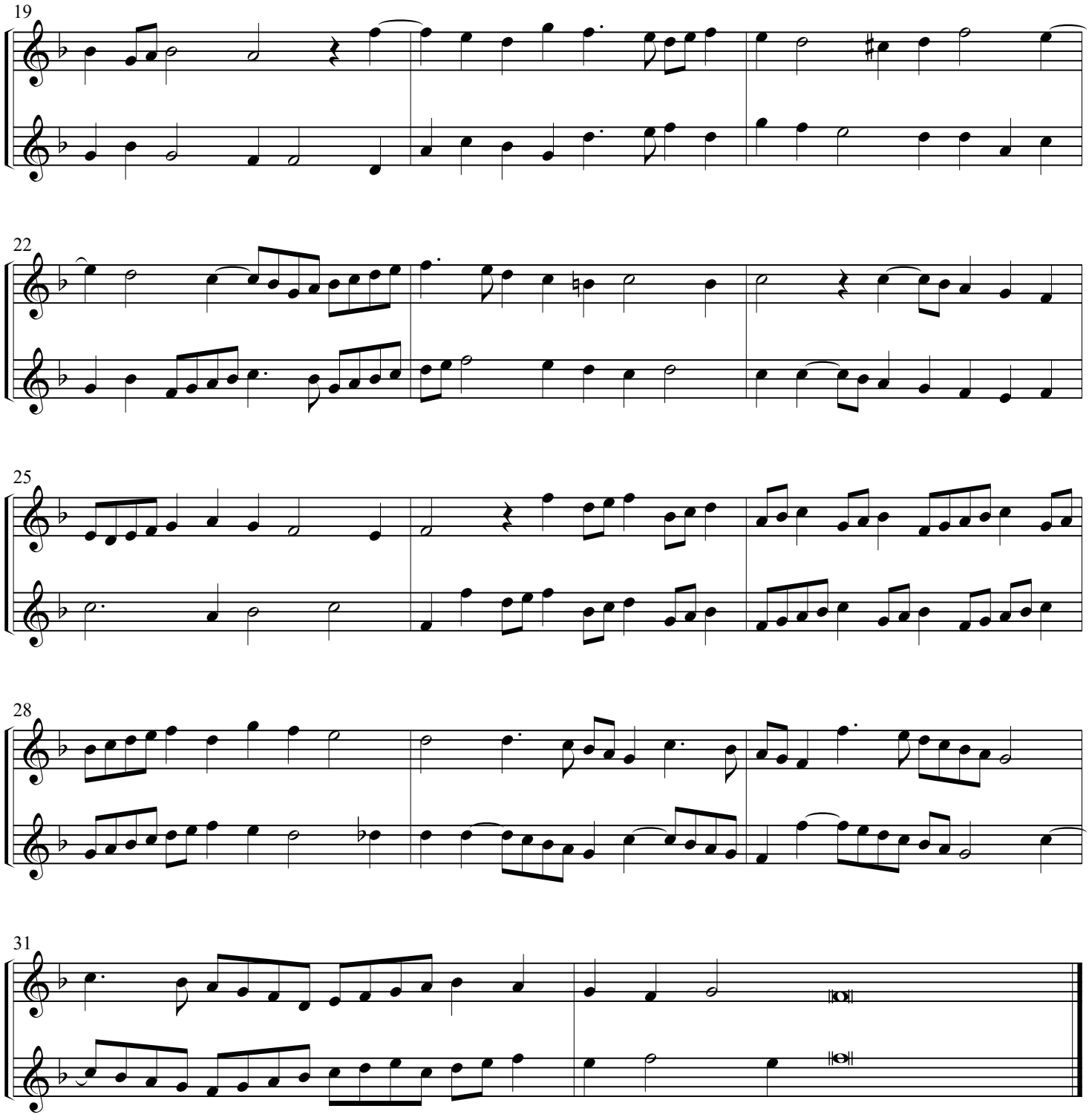
for the dance: repeat as needed

La Caccia

"The Chase"

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)
The first booke of canzonets to two voyces, 1595

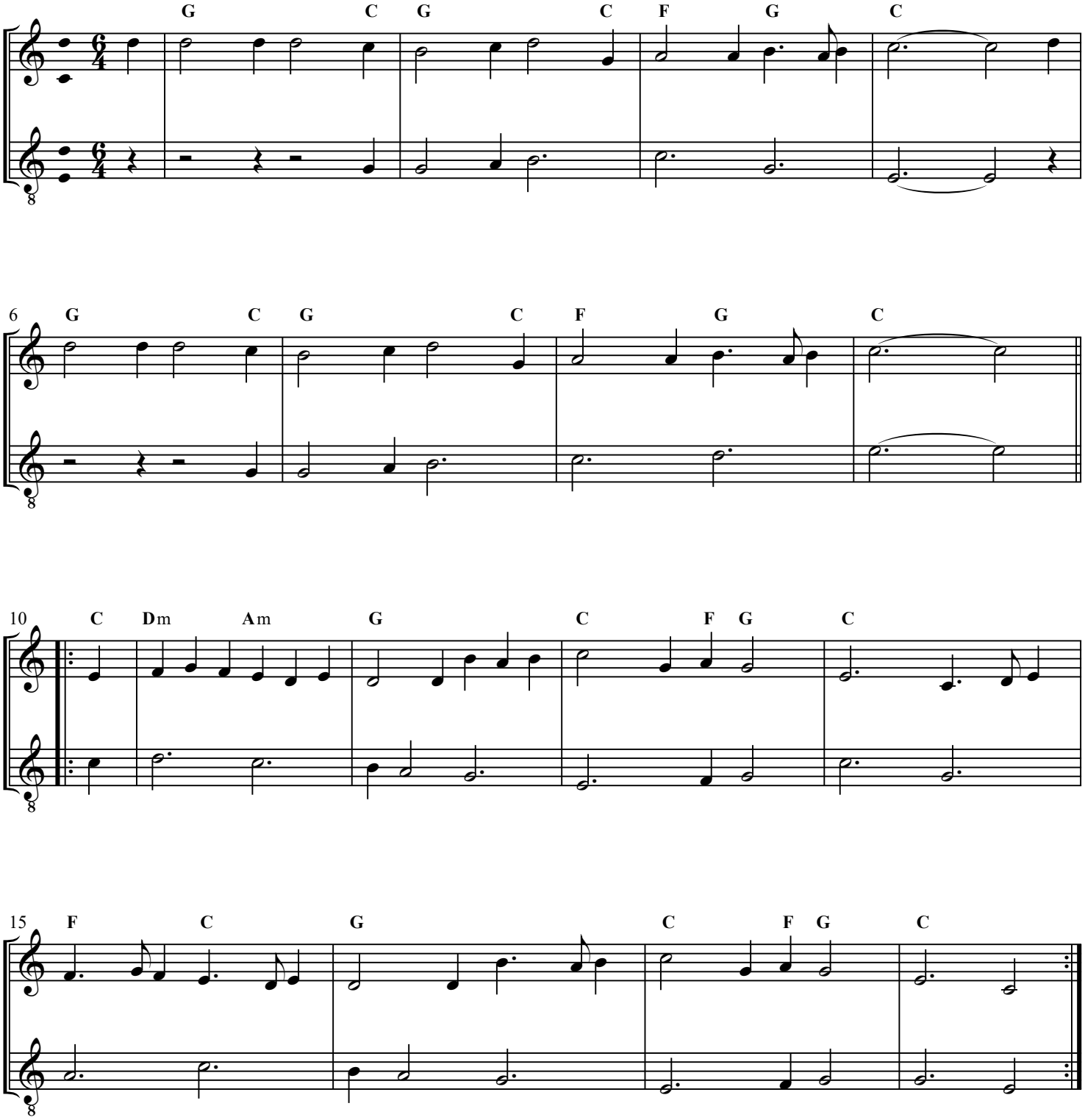



19
22
25
28
31

Cuckolds all a row

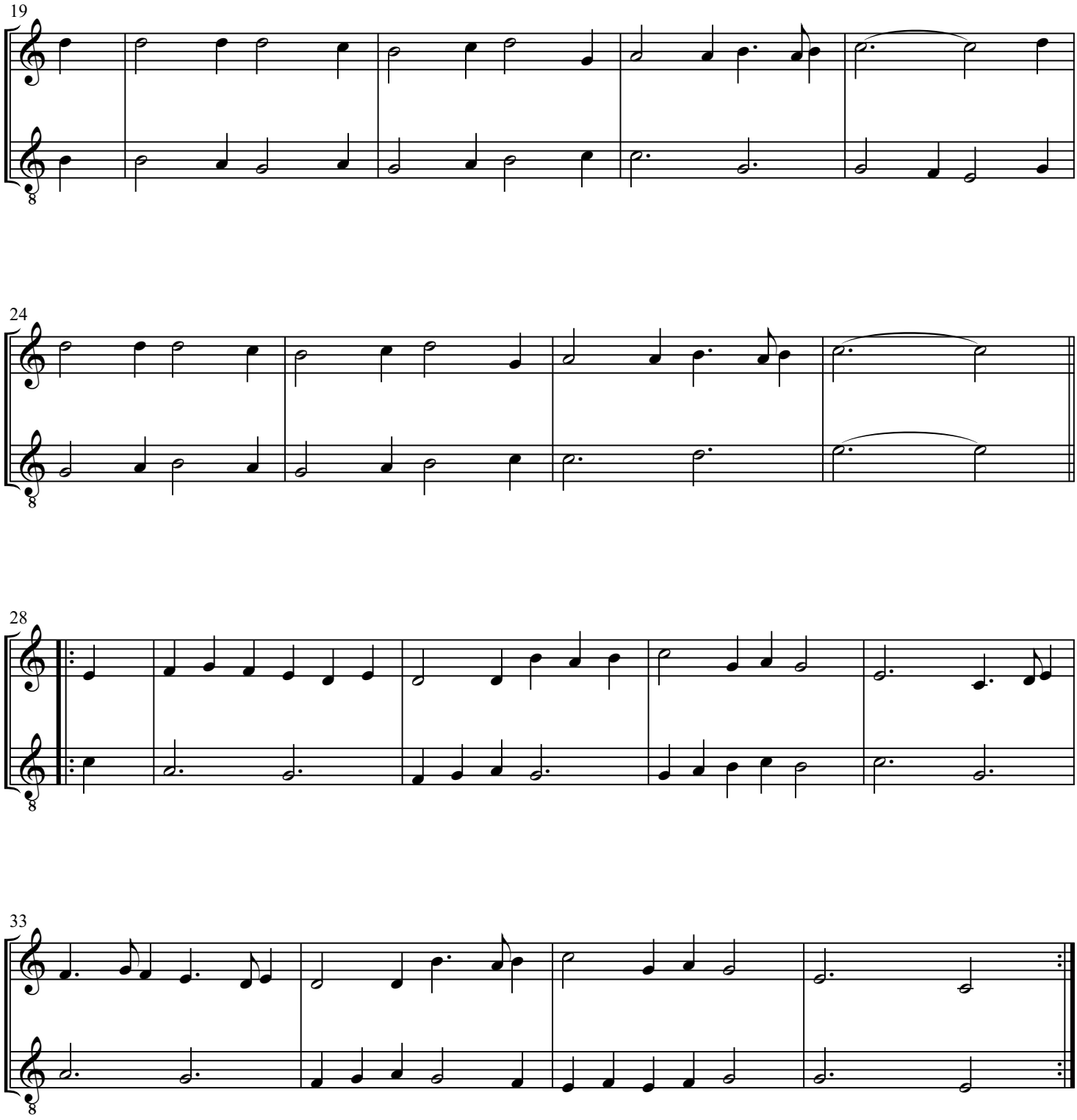
The English Dancing Master, 1651

duet



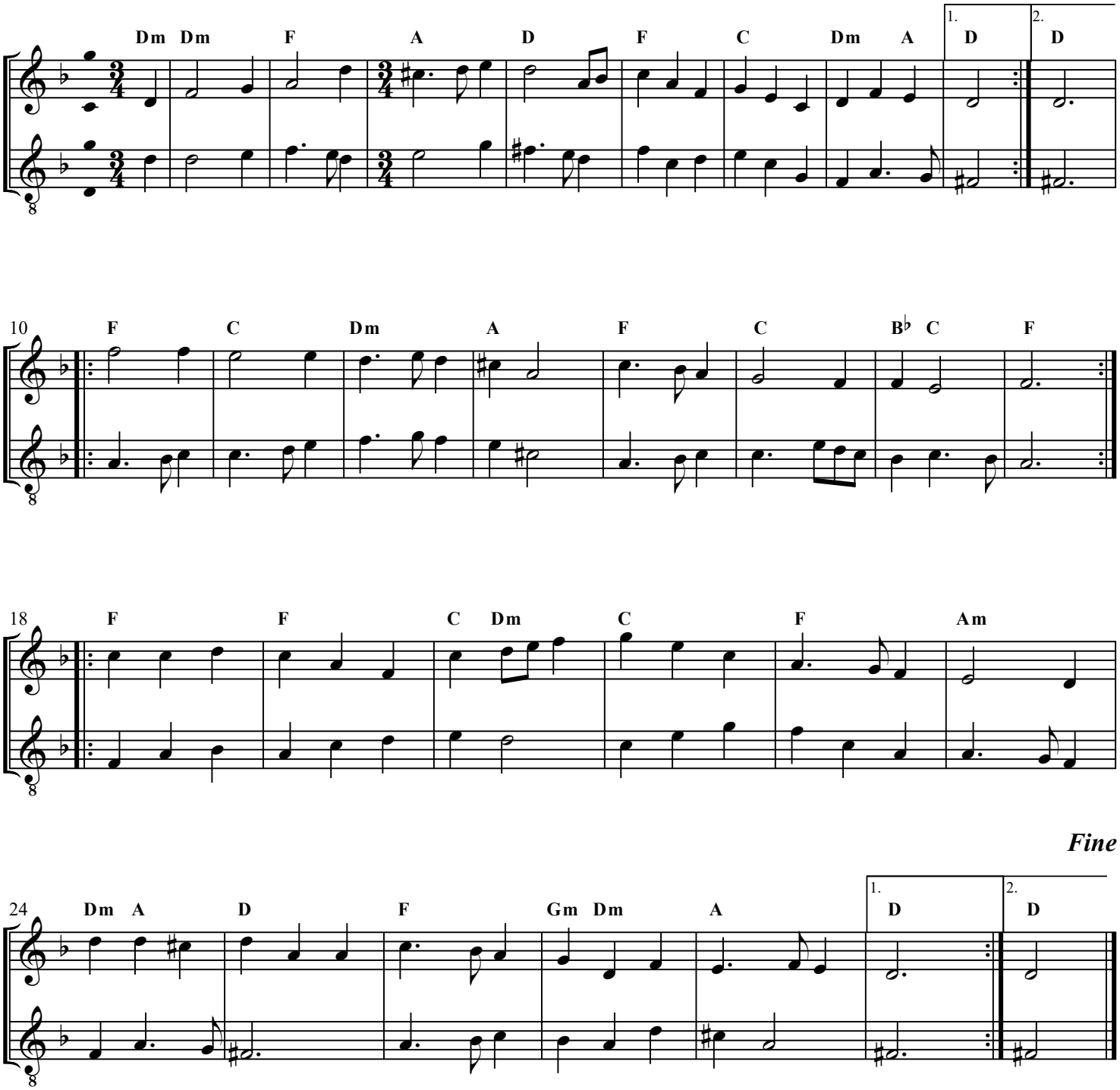
Setting by Steve Hendricks

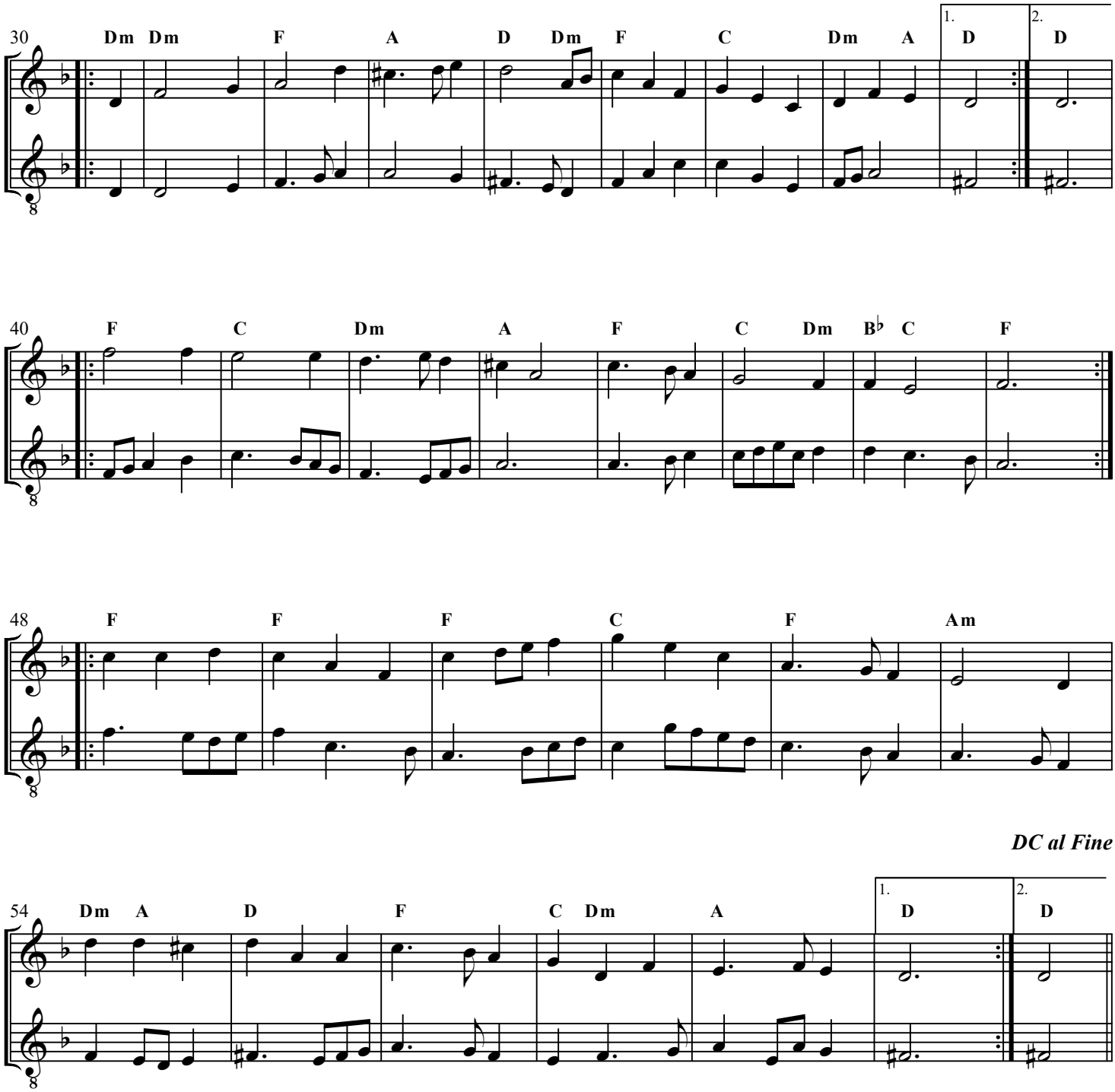
for the dance: 3xABB


19
24
28
33

Daphne

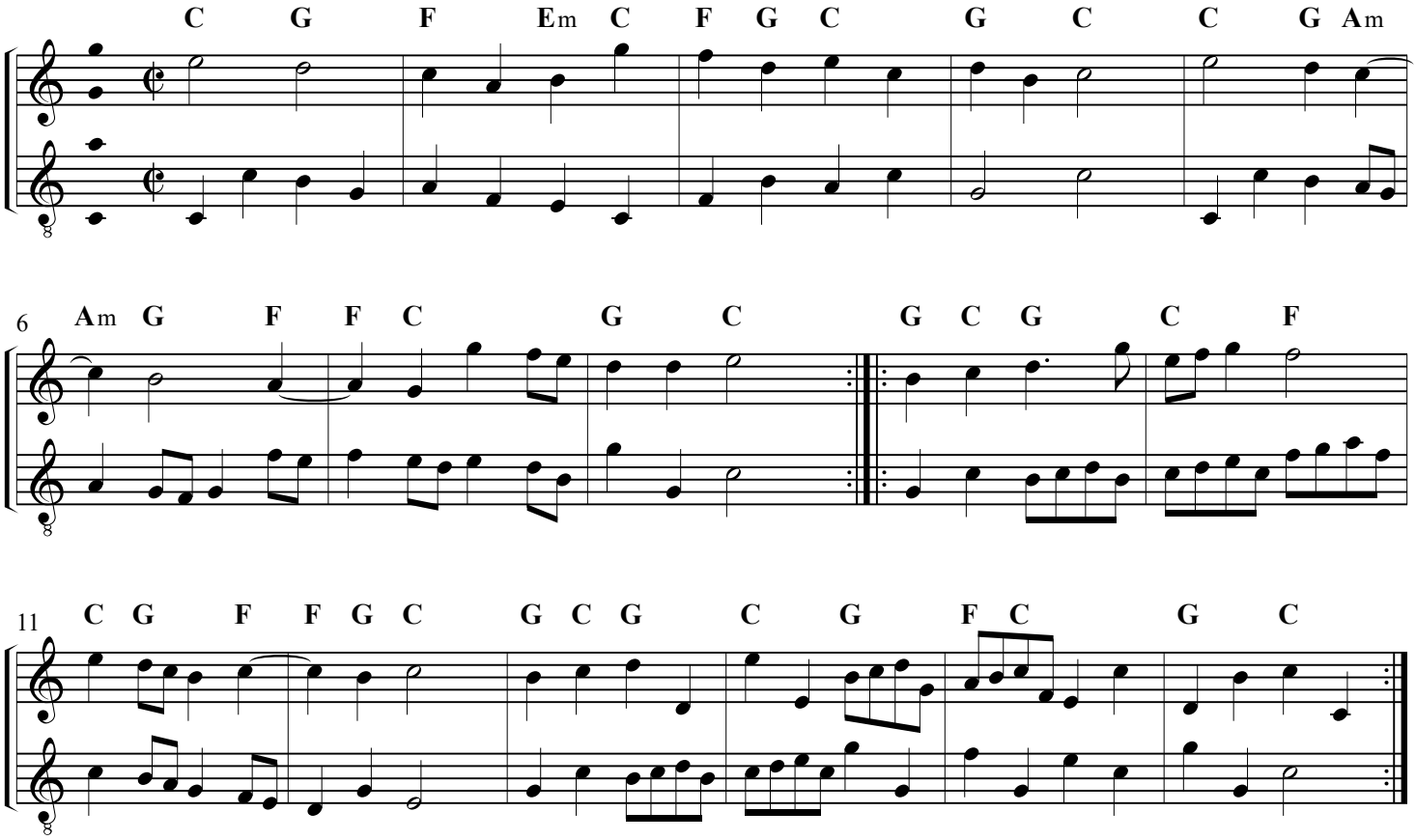
Duet


Dm Dm F A D F C Dm A
1. D
2. D
10
F C Dm A F C B♭ C F
18
F F C Dm C F Am
Fine
24
Dm A D F Gm Dm A
1. D
2. D


30
Dm Dm F A D Dm F C Dm A
1. D
2. D
40
F C Dm A F C Dm B♭ C F
48
F F F C F Am
DC al Fine
54
Dm A D F C Dm A
1. D
2. D

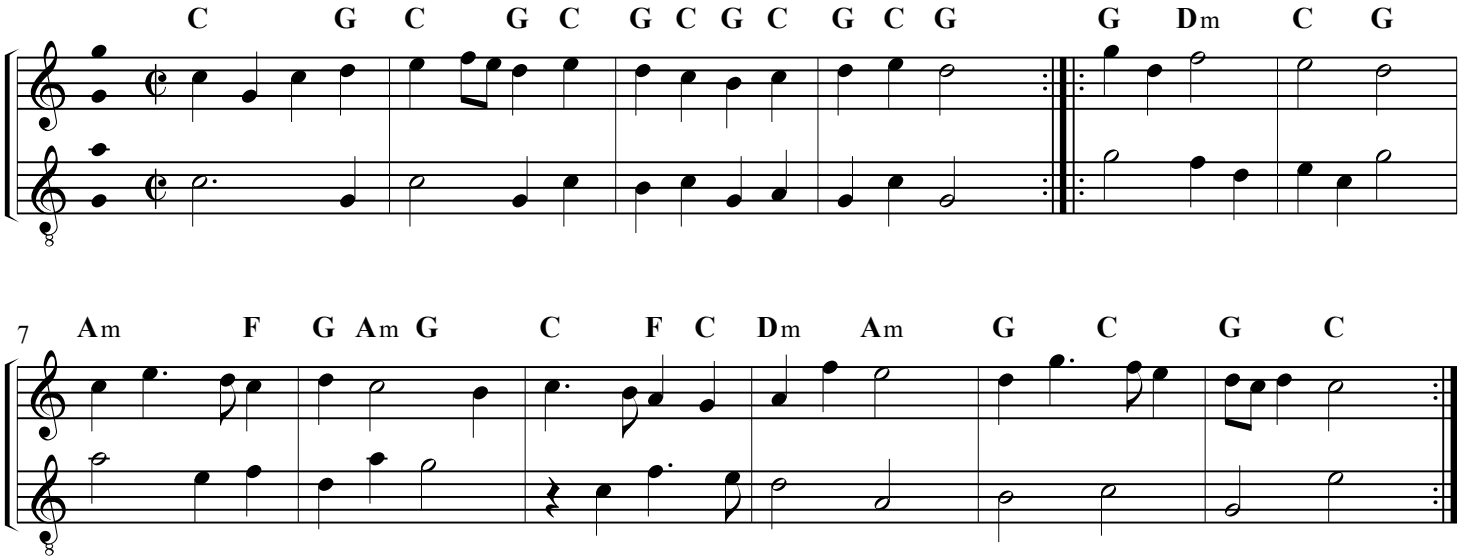
Dowland's Almain

[John?] Dowland



(Mistresse Nichol's) Almain

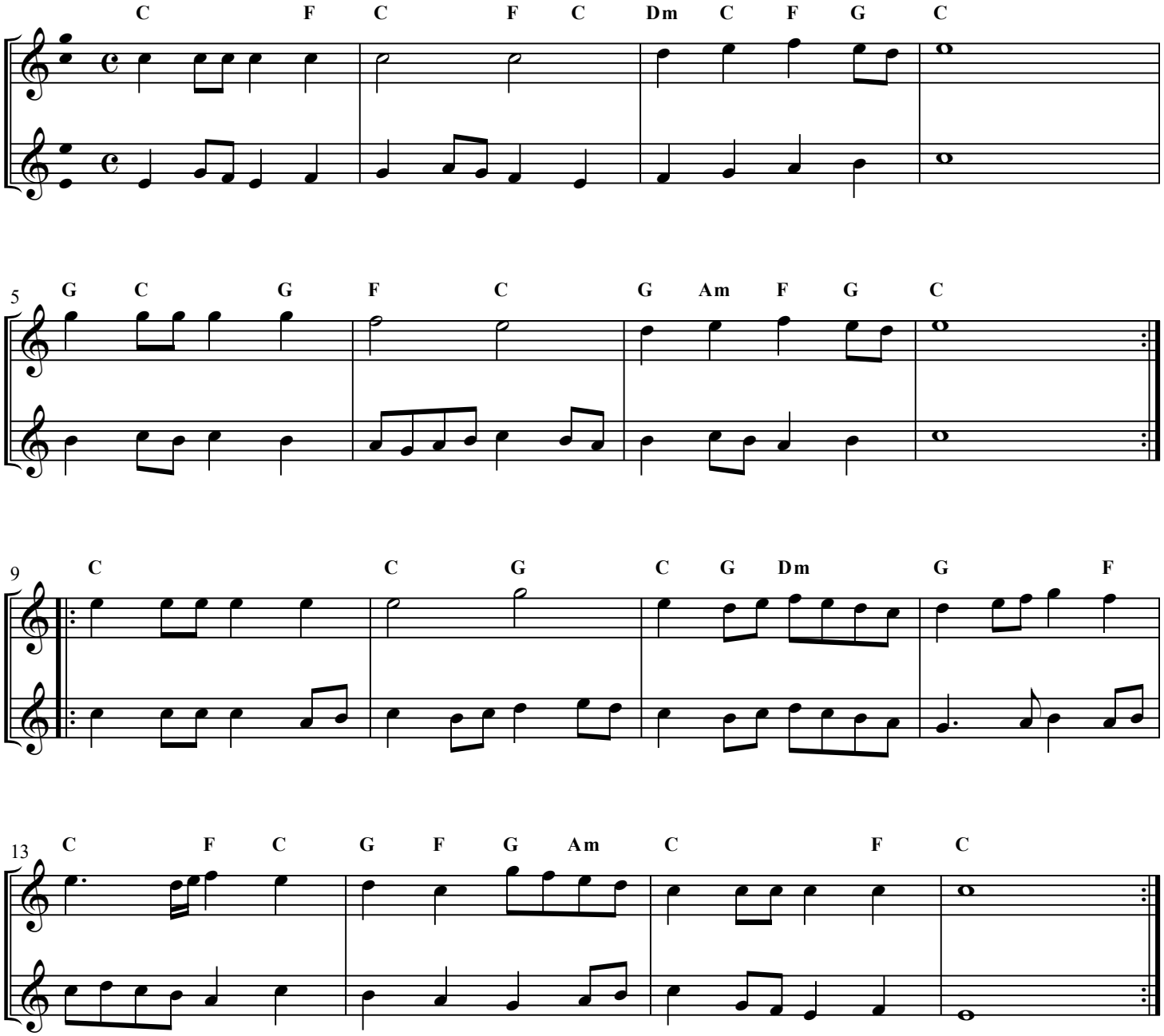
John Dowland (1563-1626)



The Duke of Larrains March

Duet

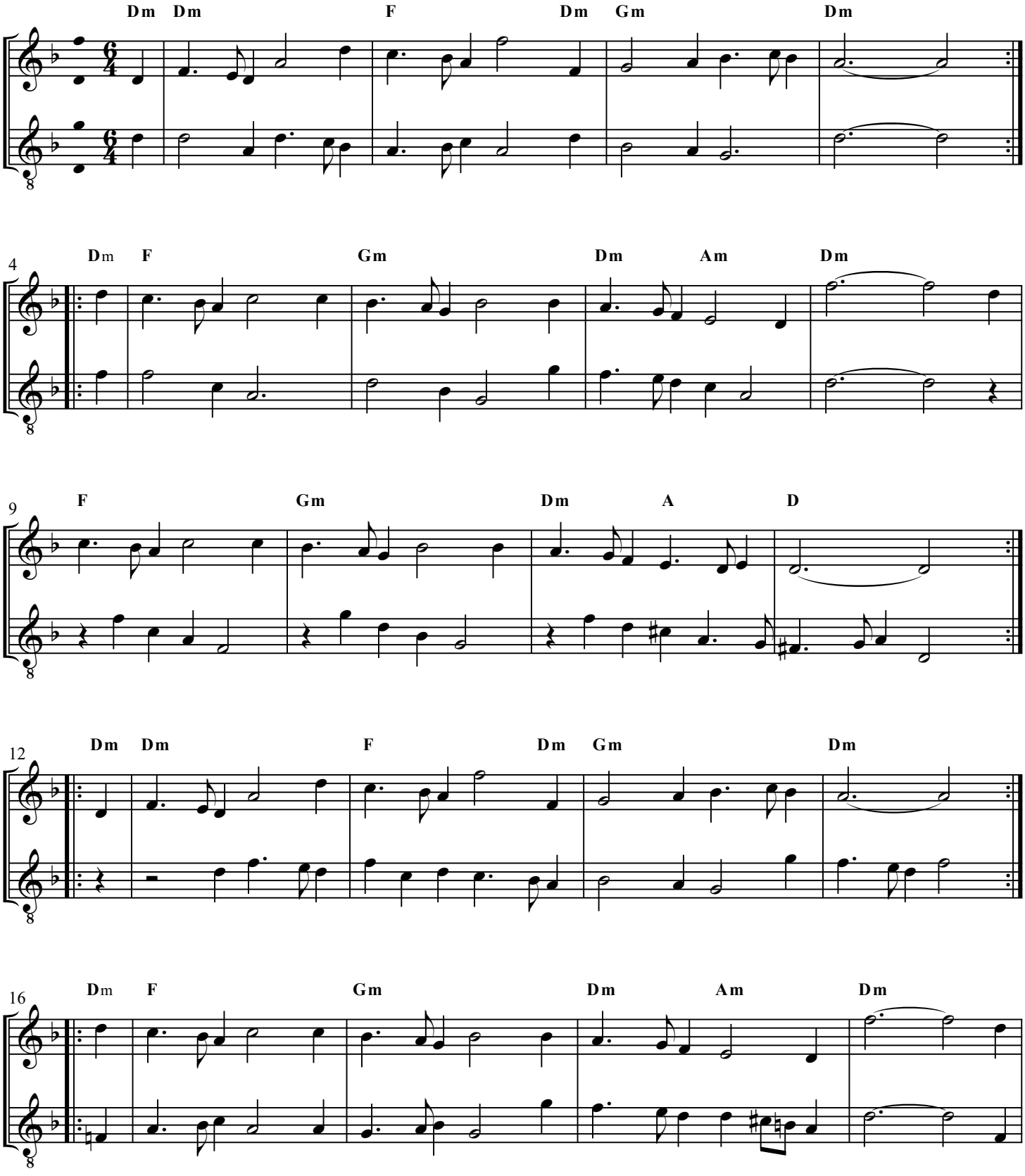
John Playford, 1651

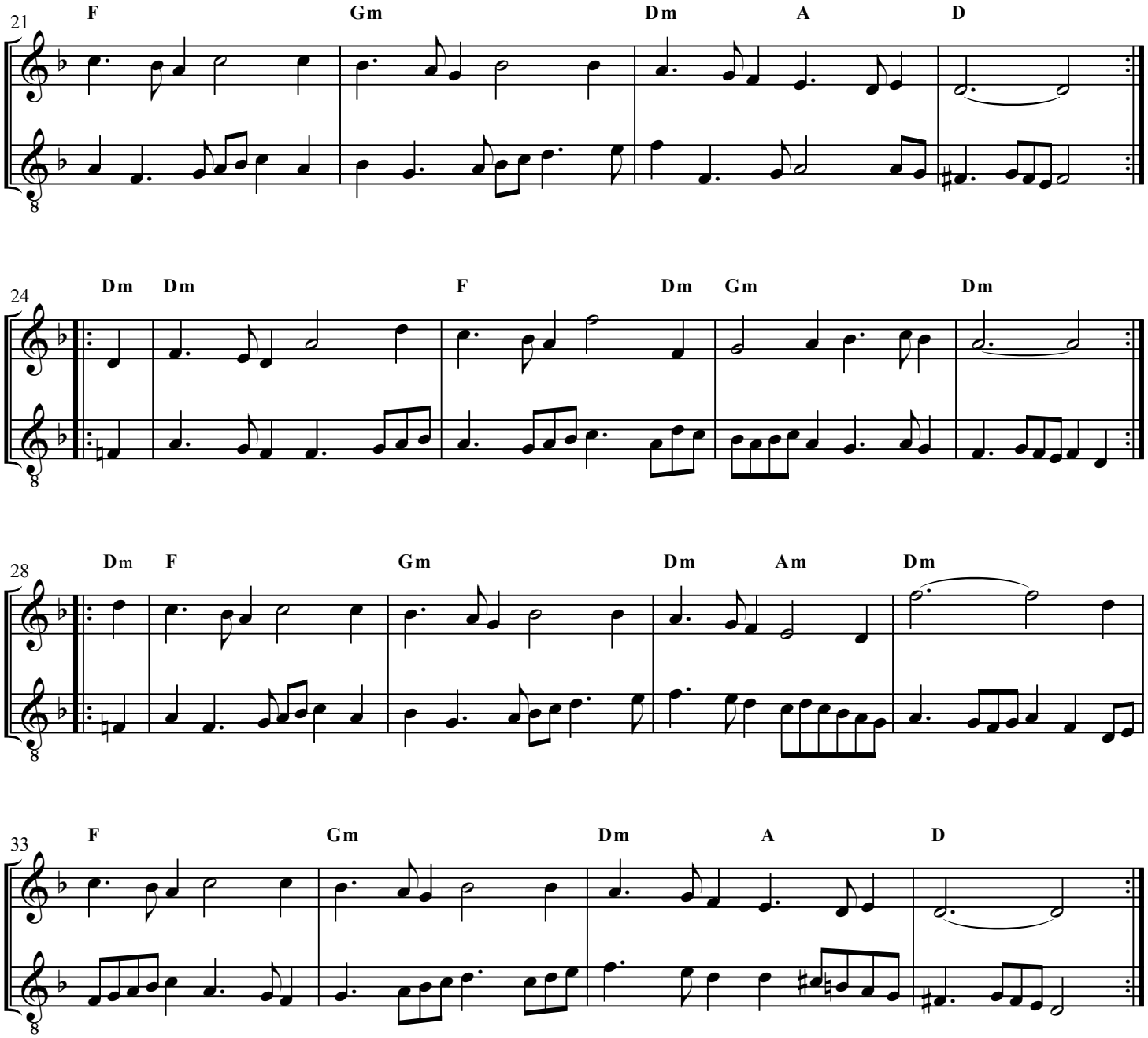


Drive the Cold Winter Away

duet

The English Dancing Master, 1651

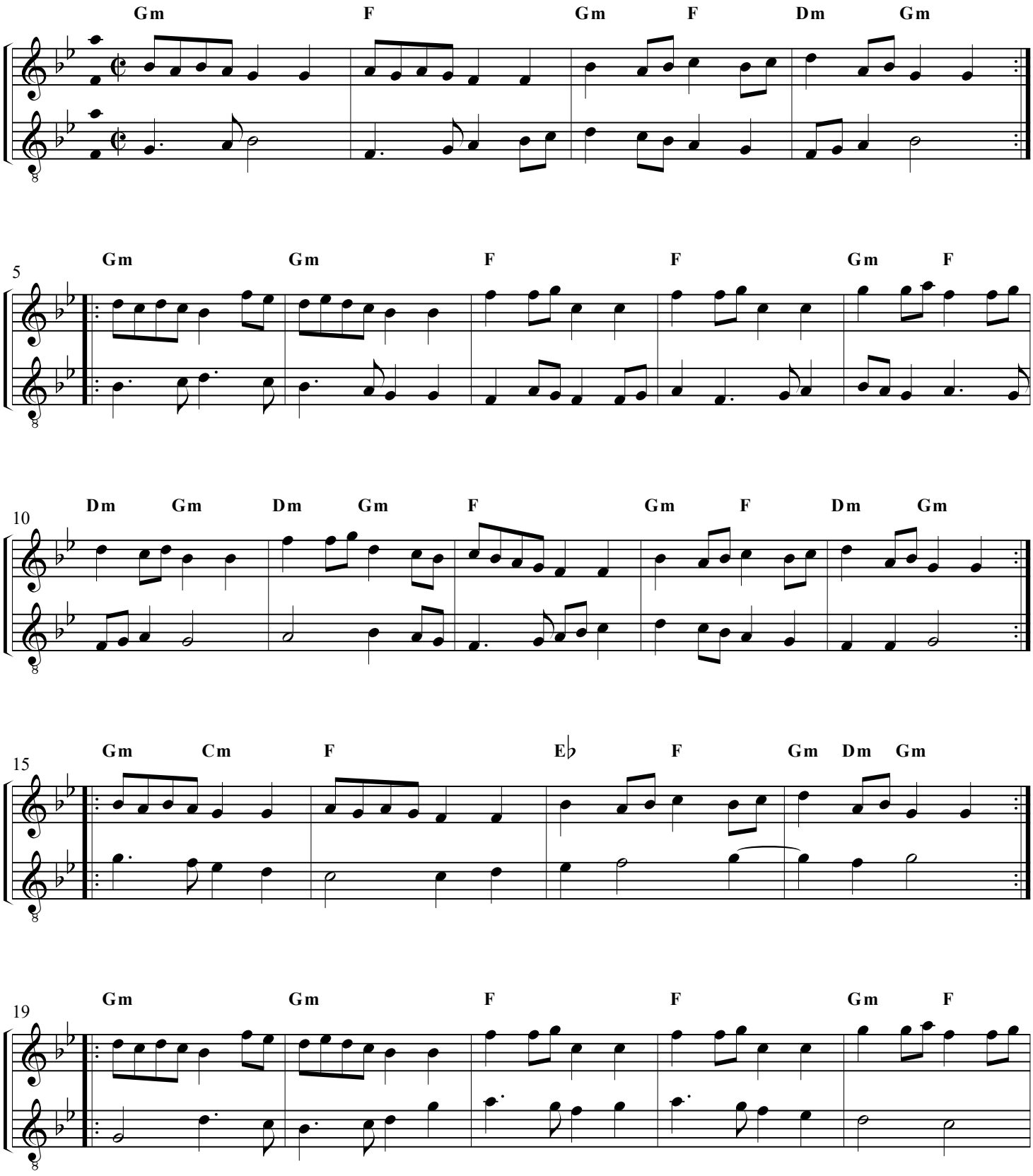


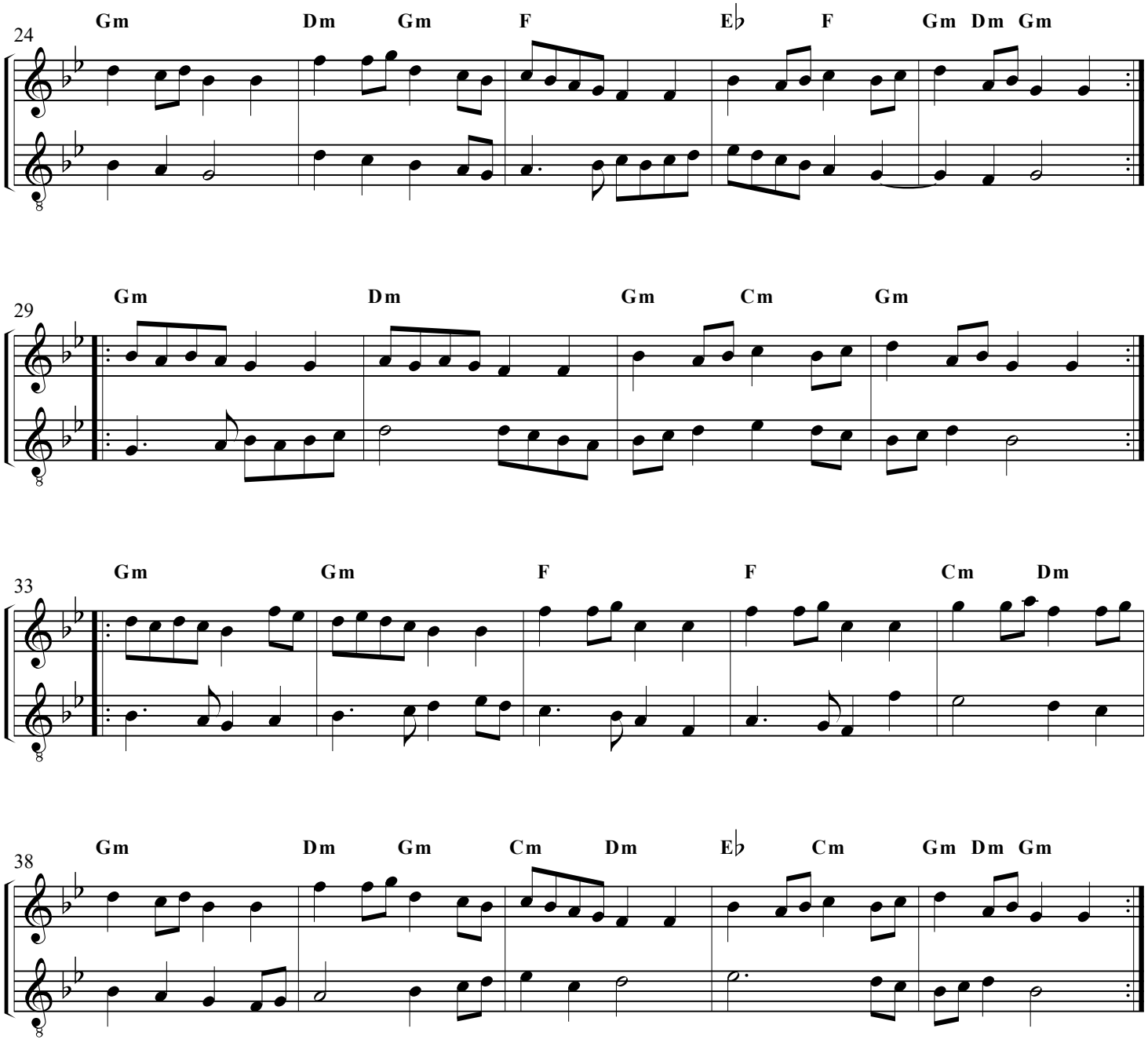

21
F
Gm
Dm
A
D
24
Dm
Dm
F
Dm
Gm
Dm
28
Dm
F
Gm
Dm
Am
Dm
33
F
Gm
Dm
A
D

The Glory of the west

duet

John Playford (1623-1686)
the English Dancing Master, 1651

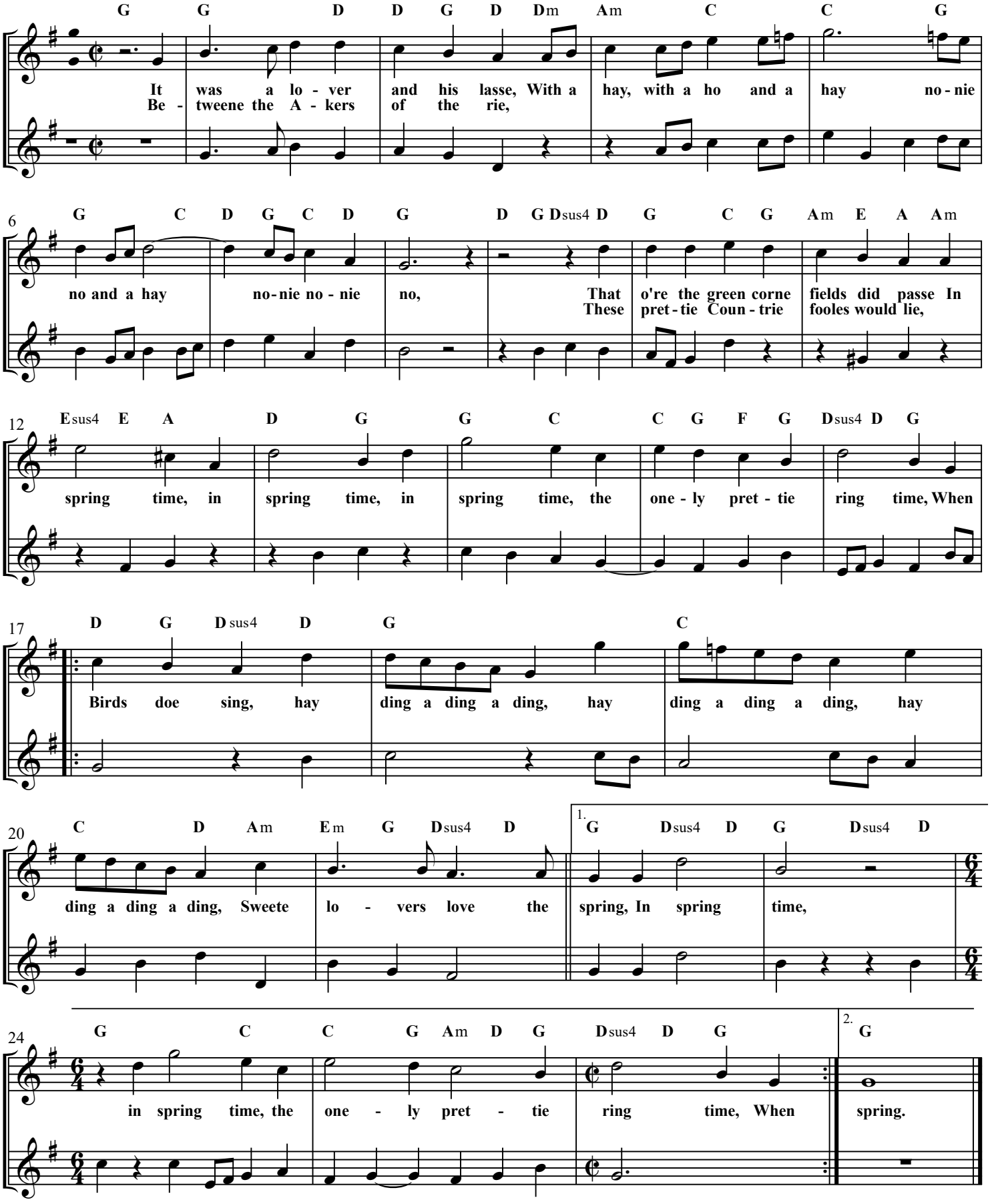



24
Gm Dm Gm F E♭ F Gm Dm Gm
29
Gm Dm Gm Cm Gm
33
Gm Gm F F Cm Dm
38
Gm Dm Gm Cm Dm E♭ Cm Gm Dm Gm

It was a lover and his lasse

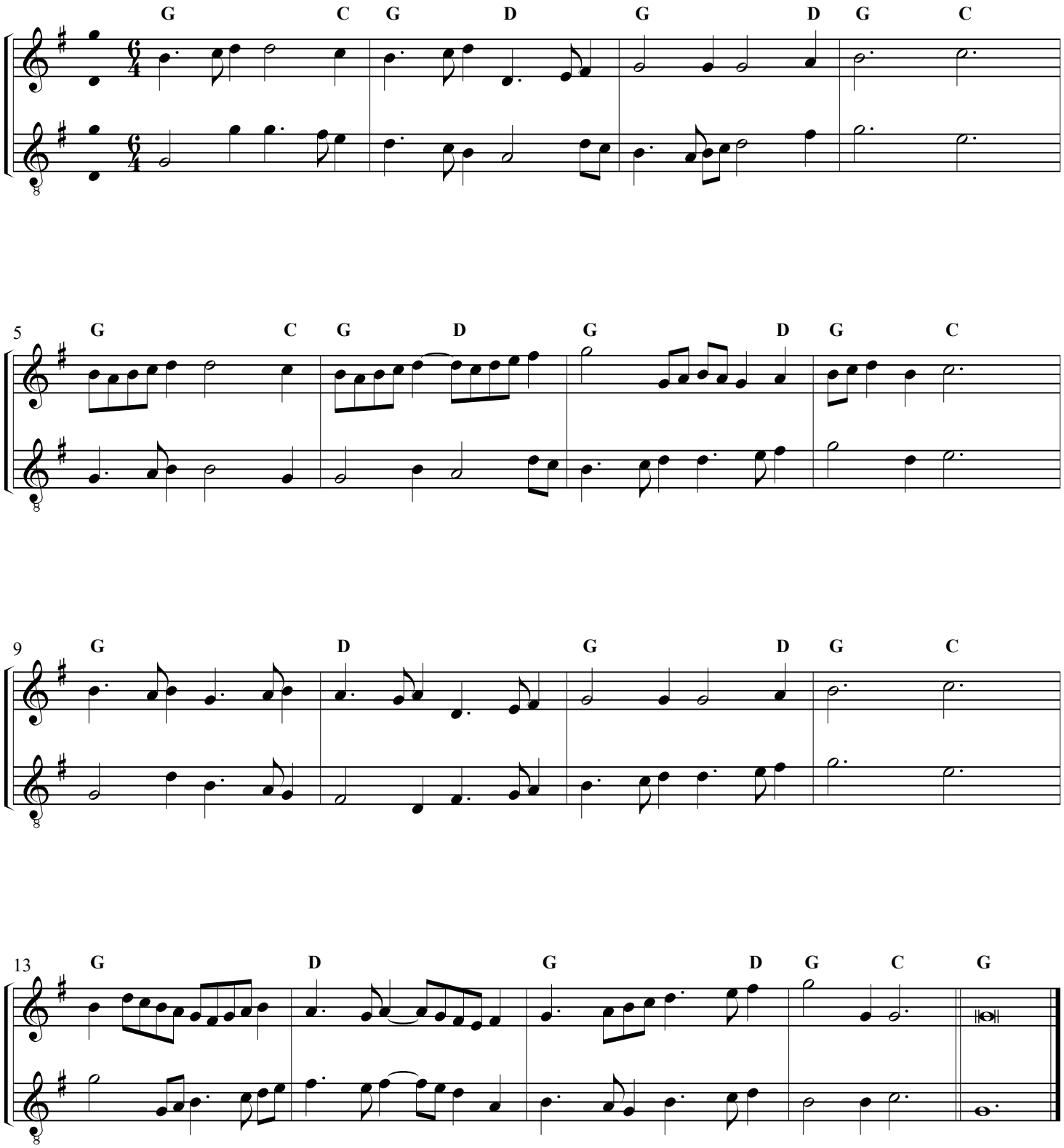
verses 1-2

lyrics: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
music: Thomas Morley (1558-1603)
the First Booke of Ayres, 1600



The London gentlewoman *or* The hemp dresser

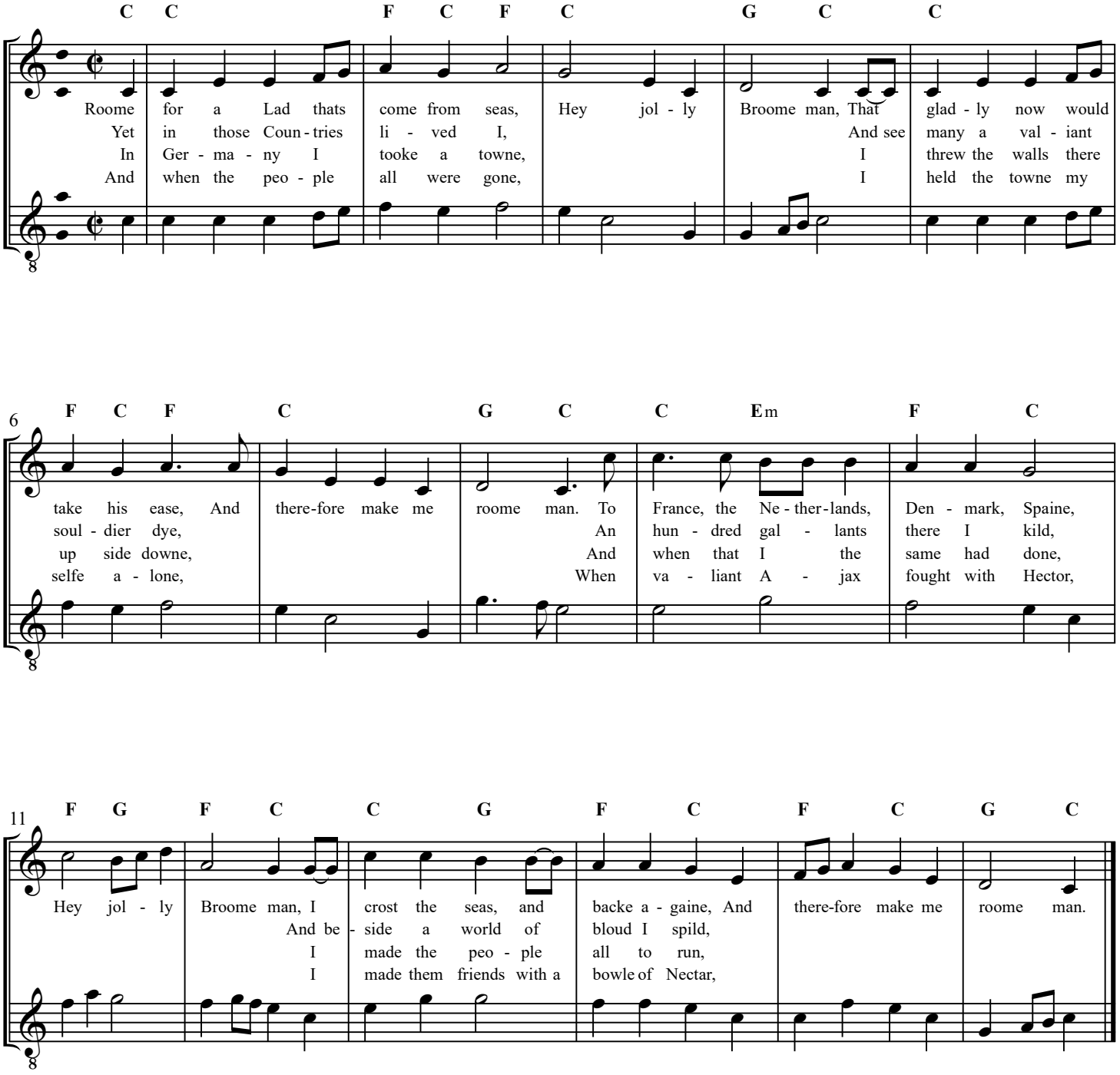
John Playford, 1651

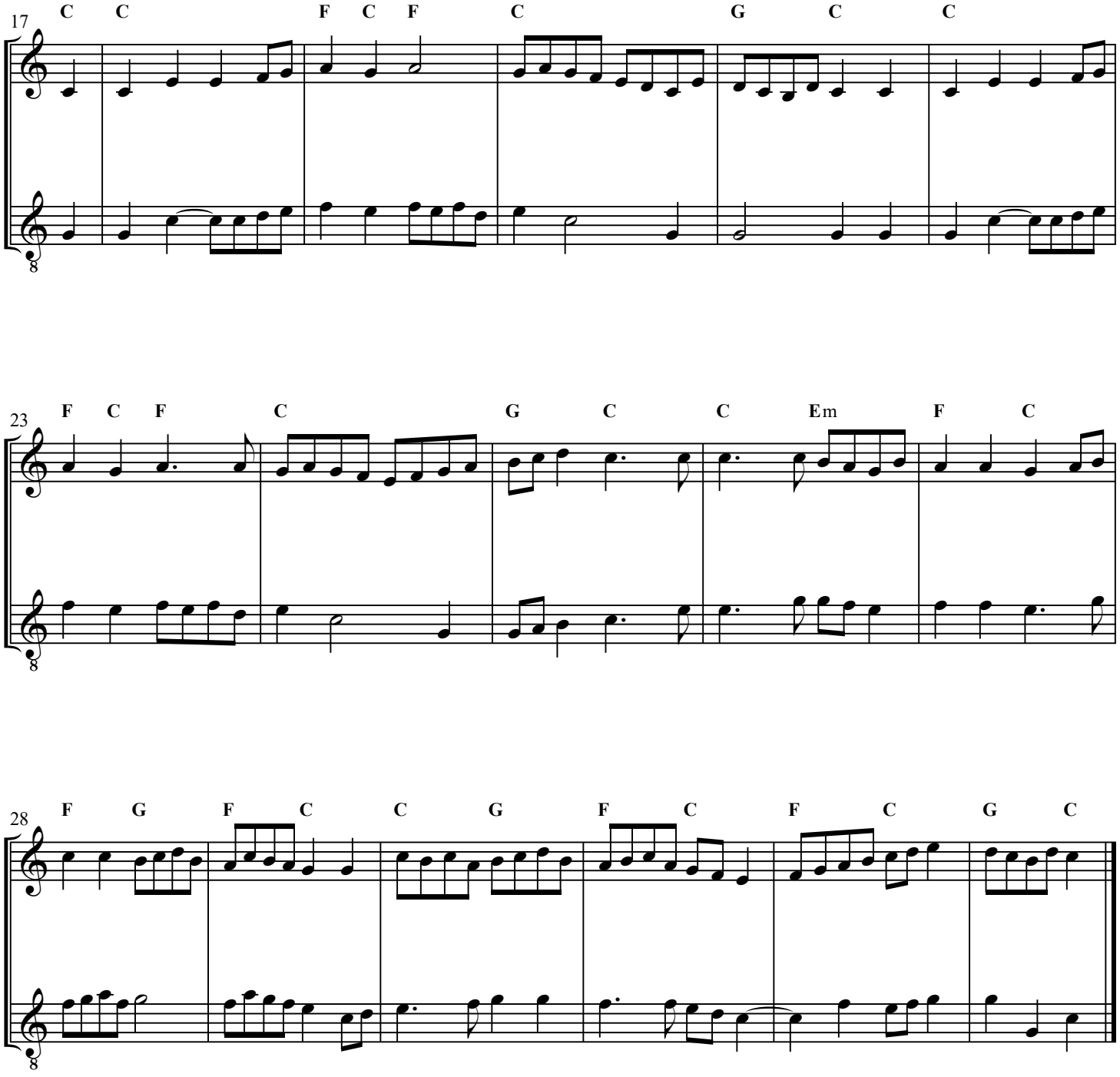


Setting by Steven Hendricks

The Joviall Broome Man

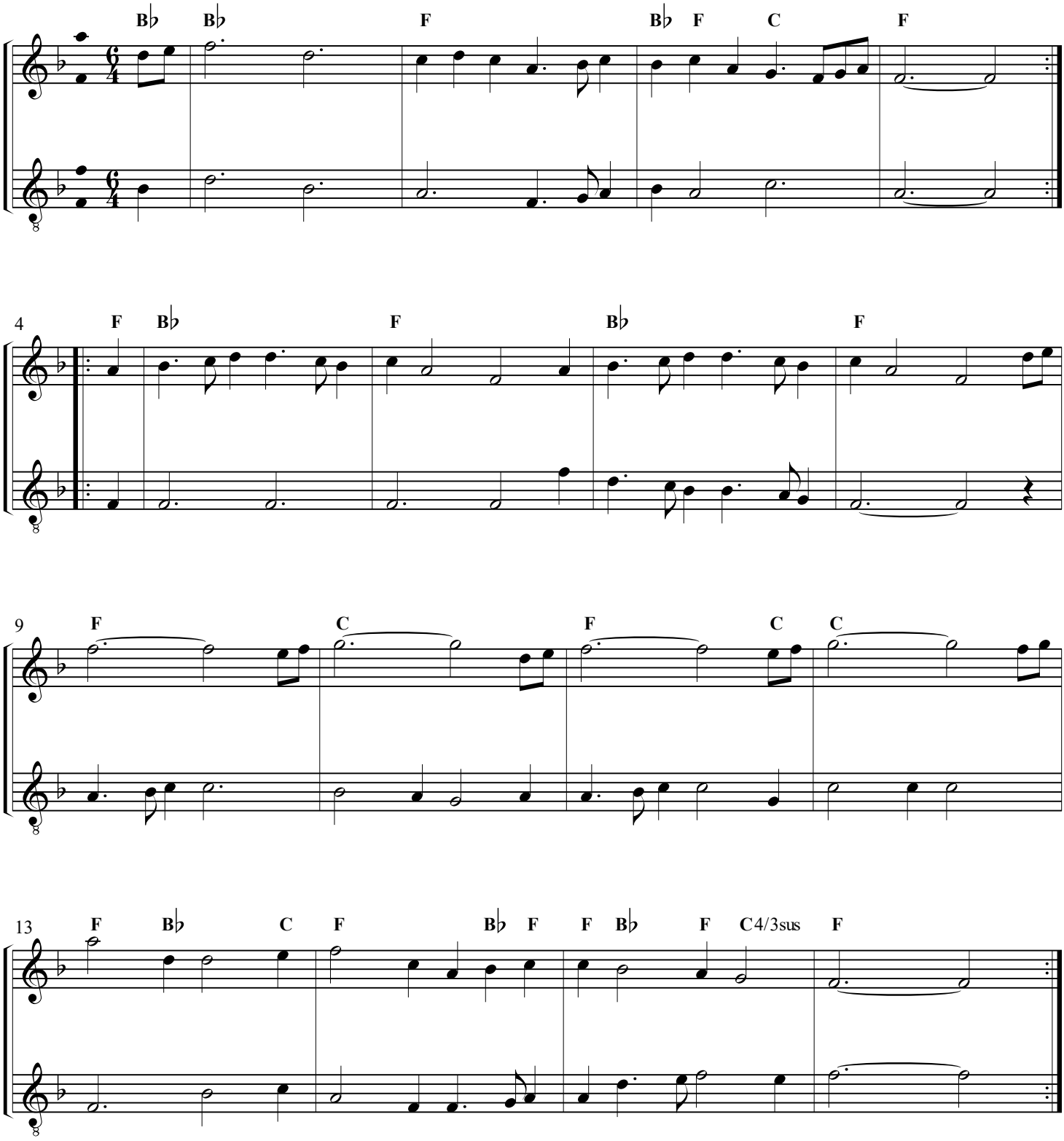
lyrics: Richard Climsell




17
C C F C F C G C C
23
F C F C G C C Em F C
28
F G F C C G F C F C G C

New bo-peep

John Playford, 1651



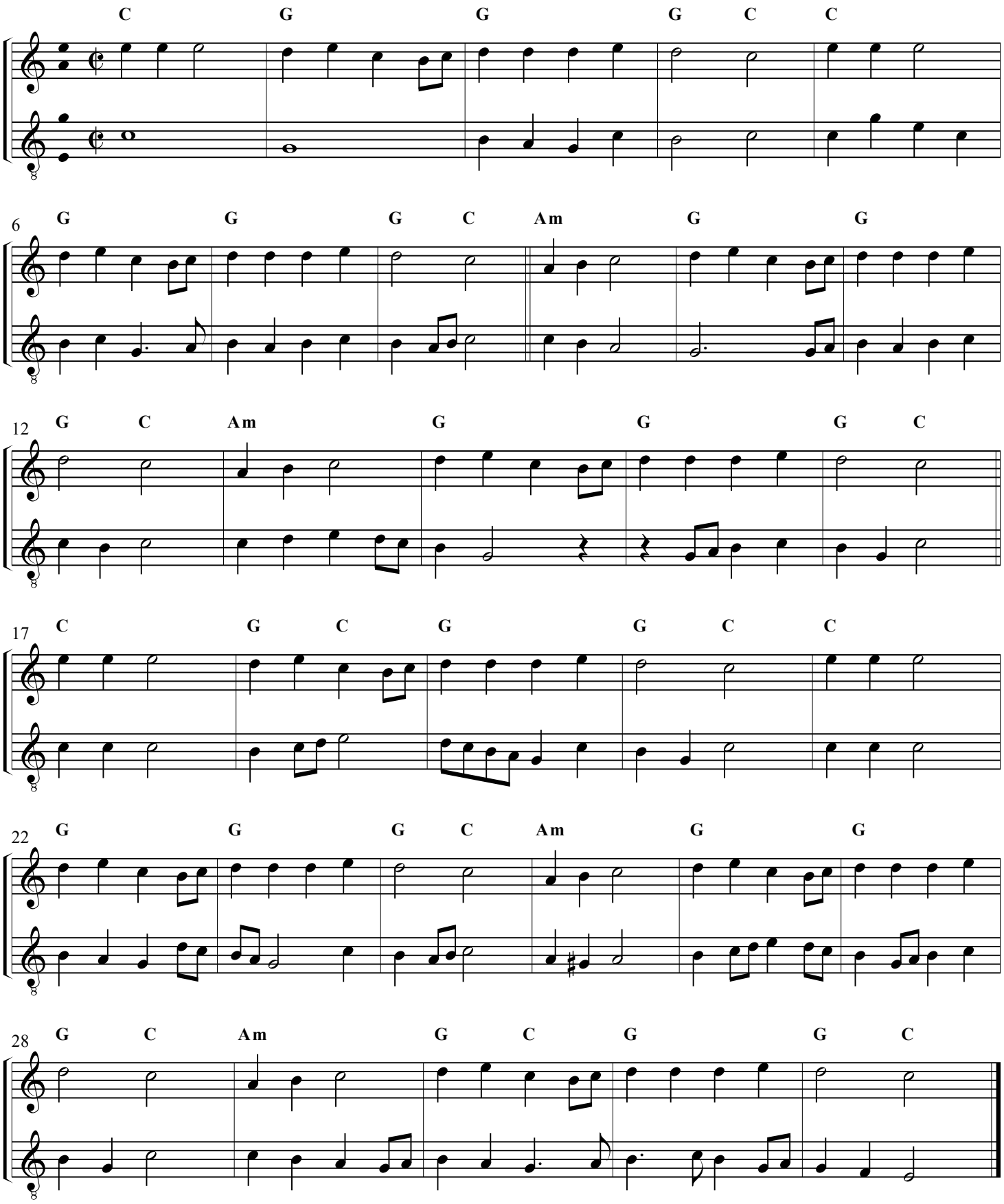
Originally a step higher
Setting by Steven Hendricks, 2023

for the dance: 3x

Once I loved a Mayden faire

duet

melody from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651
John Playford (1623-1686)



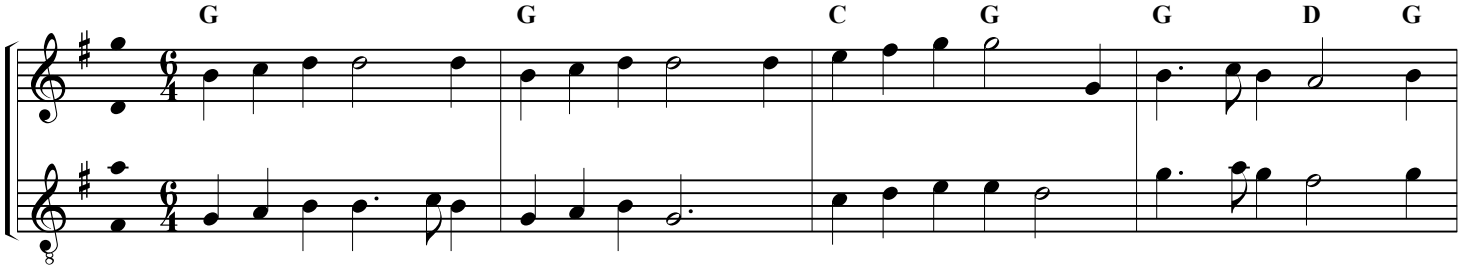
setting by Steve Hendricks

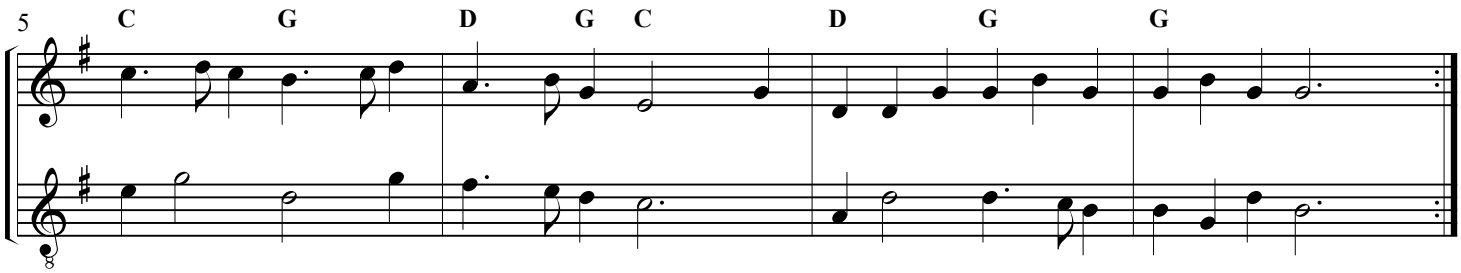
top margin = 1.25
2-4 margin = 1.7

Skellamefago

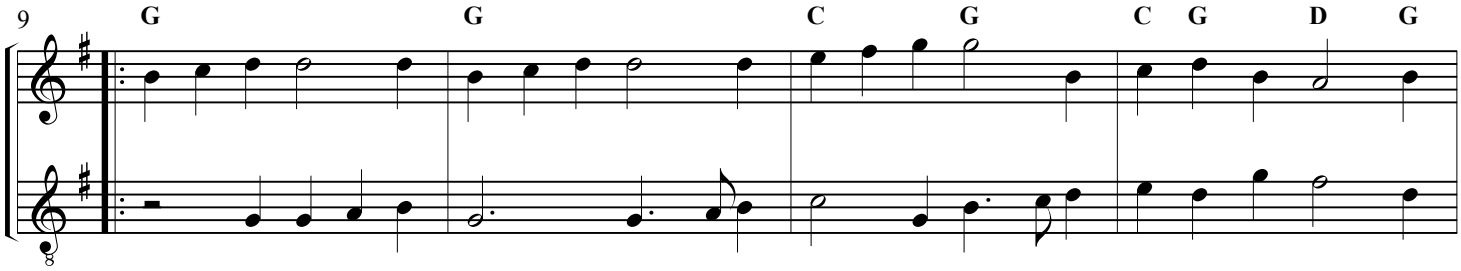
Duet

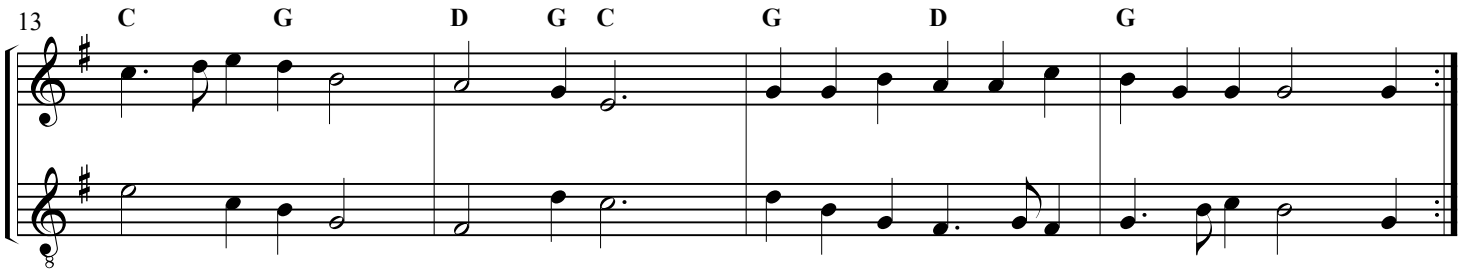
the English Dancing Master,
1651 & 1652





1652 Version





Setting by Steve Hendricks

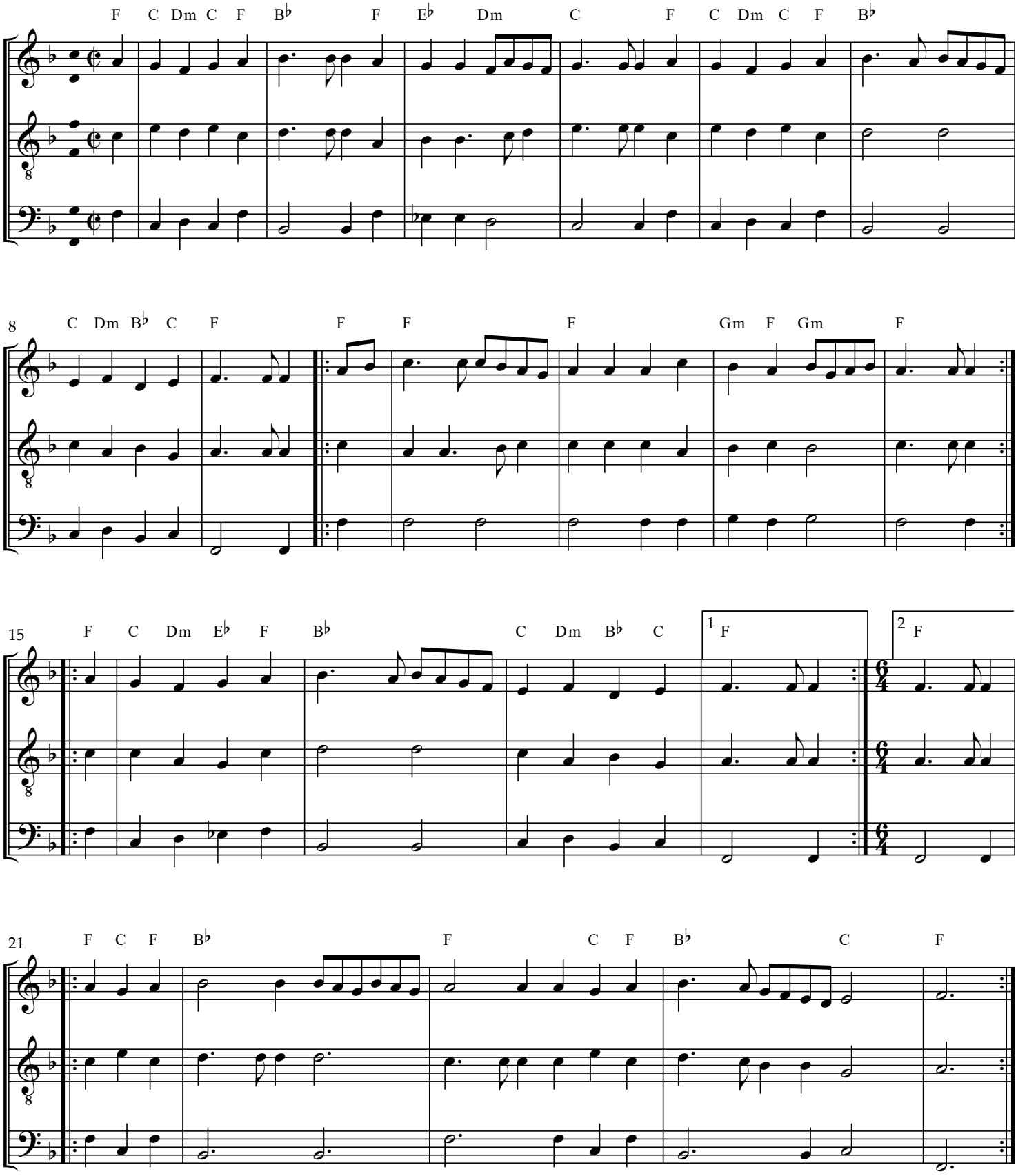
for the dance: repeat as needed

Music for Three

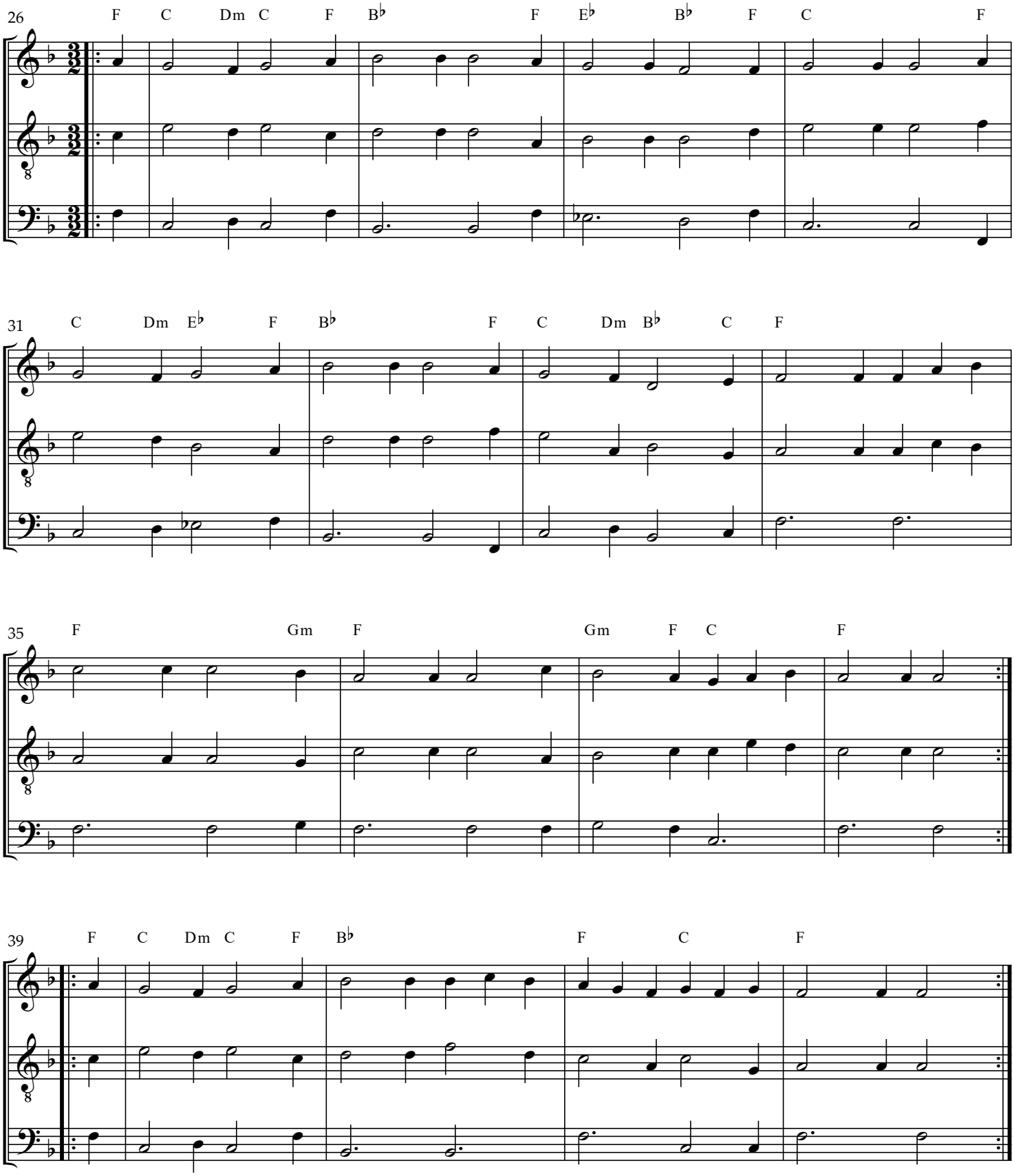
Amor Costante

Constant Love

Fabritio Caroso
(b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)
from *Il Ballarino*, 1581



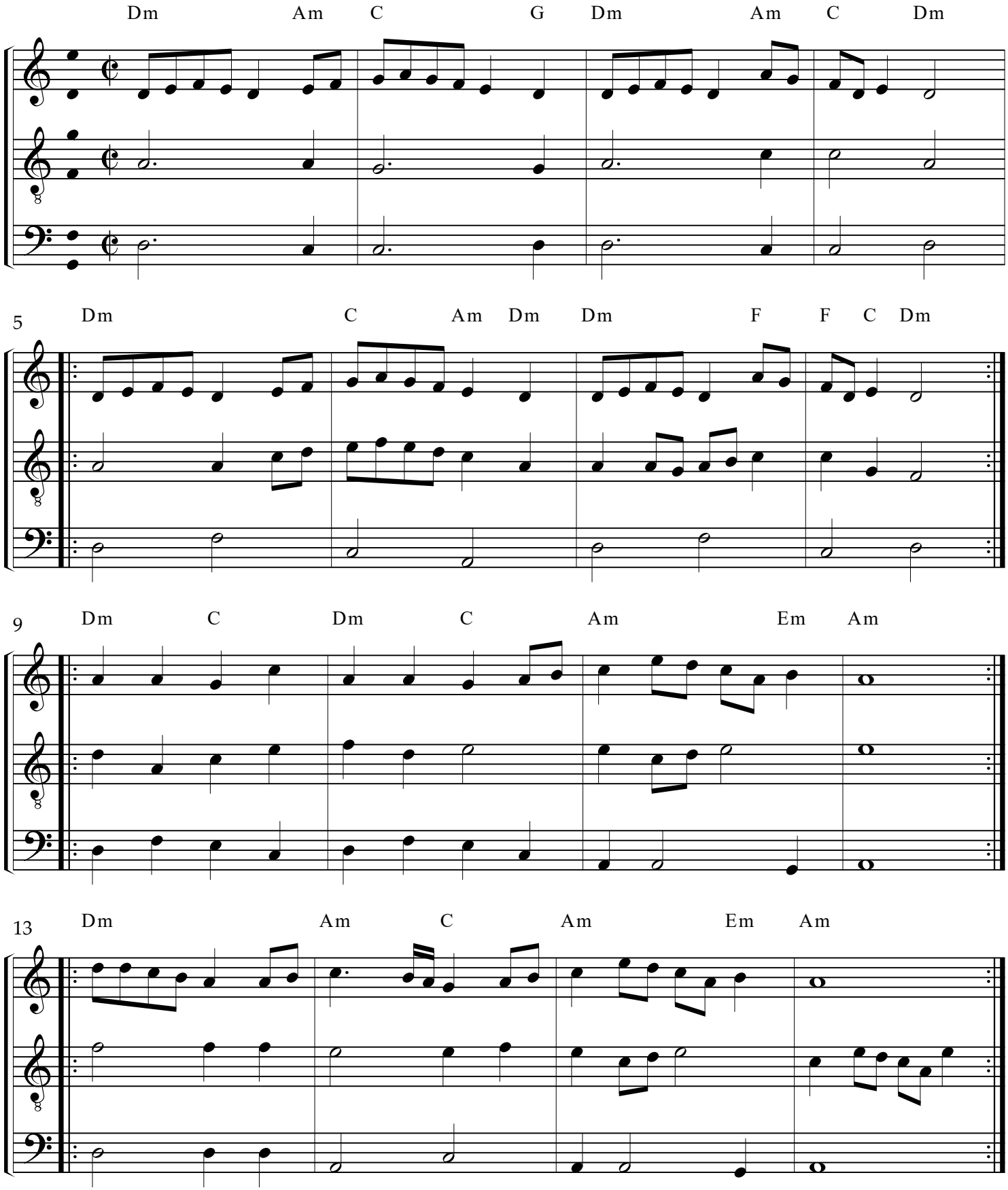
Sciolta


26
F C Dm C F B♭ F E♭ B♭ F C F
31
C Dm E♭ F B♭ F C Dm B♭ C F
35
F Gm F Gm F C F
39
F C Dm C F B♭ F C F

Amoroso

Lovingly

Domenico da Piacenza (d. c.1470)
from *De arte saltandi e choreas ducendii*, c.1420



17 Dm C Dm C Dm C Dm

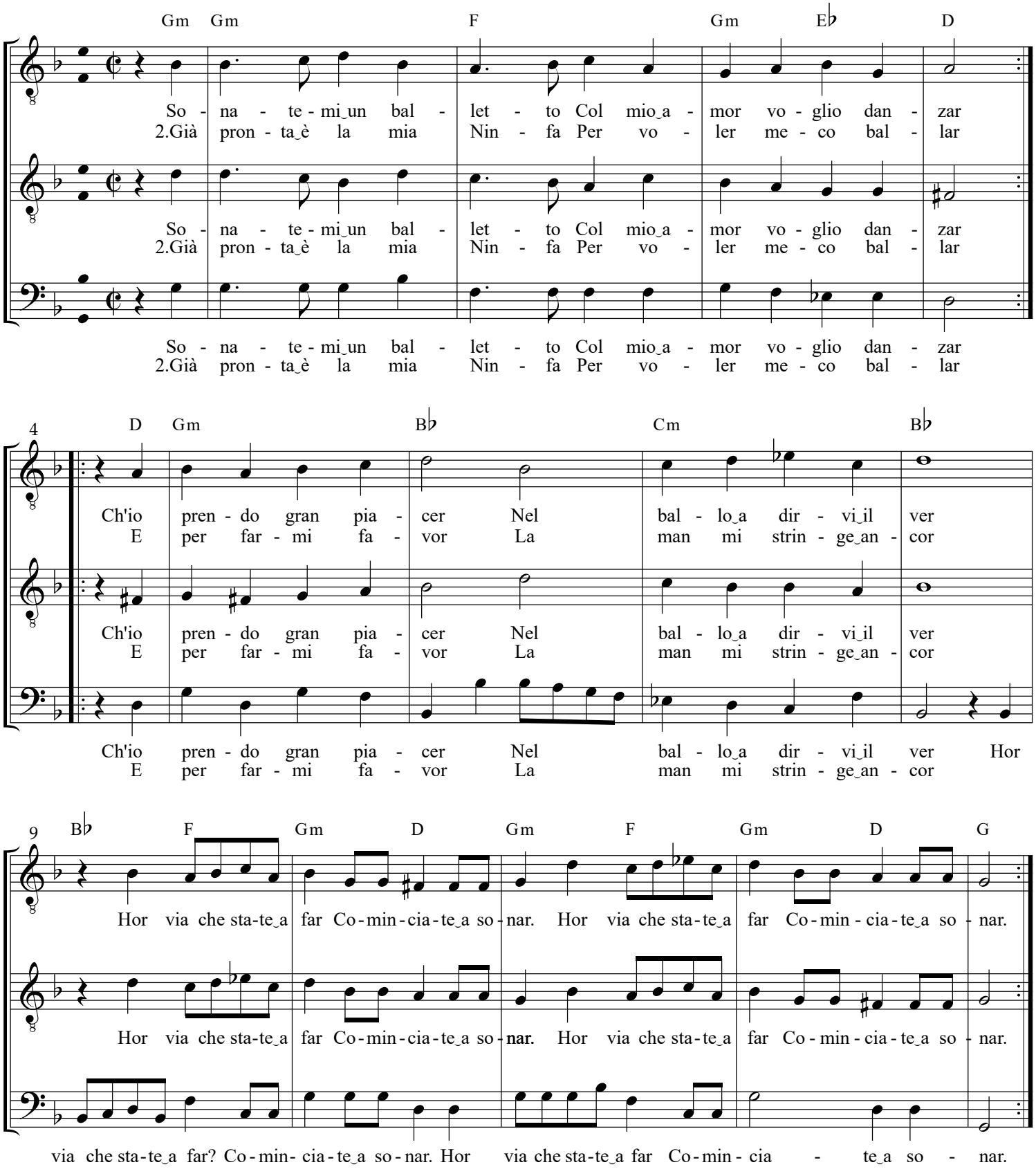
20 C Dm Dm Am Am C Dm

23 Dm Am Dm C Dm

Il Ballerino

The Dancer

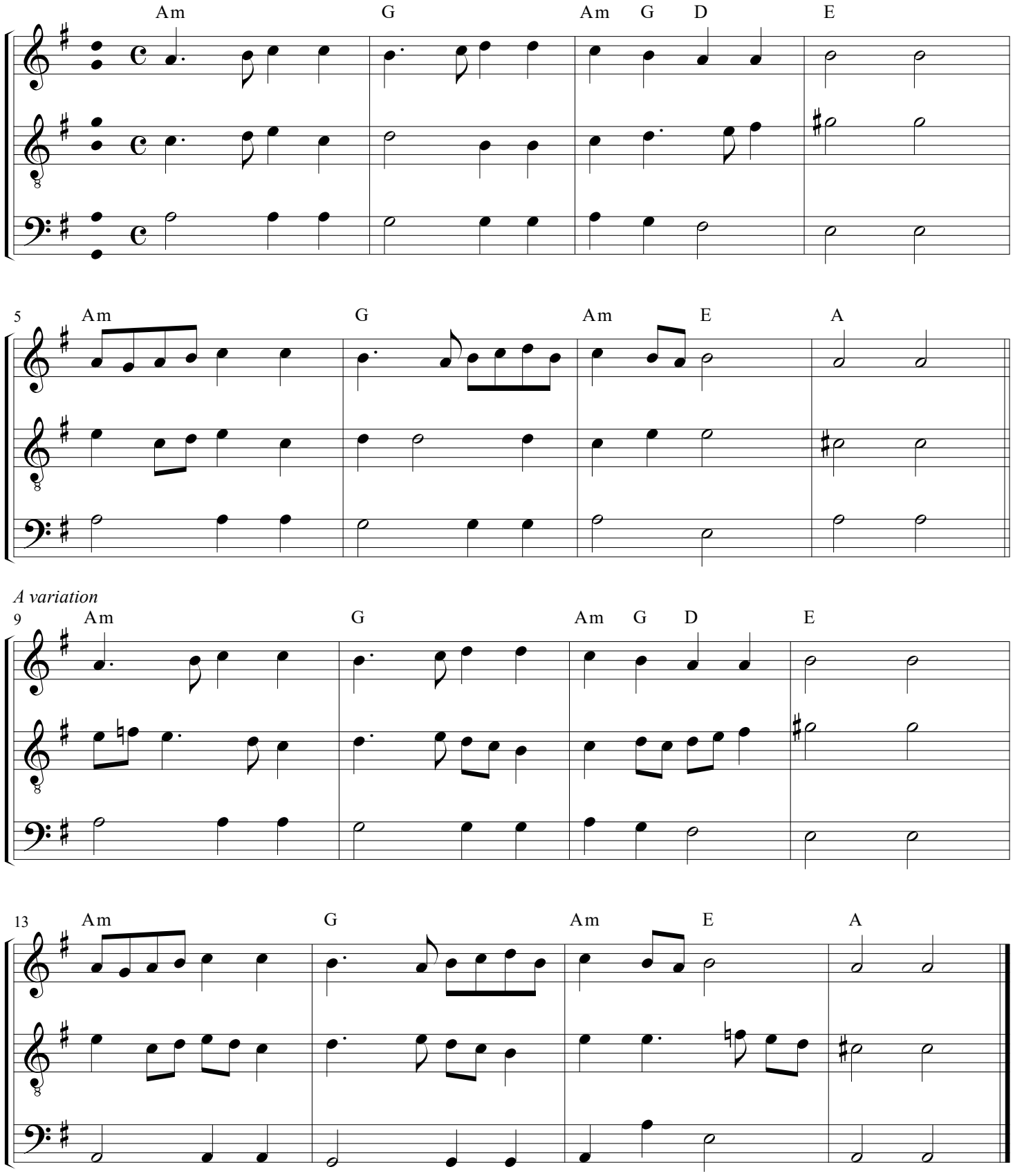
Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi (c.1554-1609)
Balletti a tre voci, 1594



Ballo del Fiore

Dance of the Flower

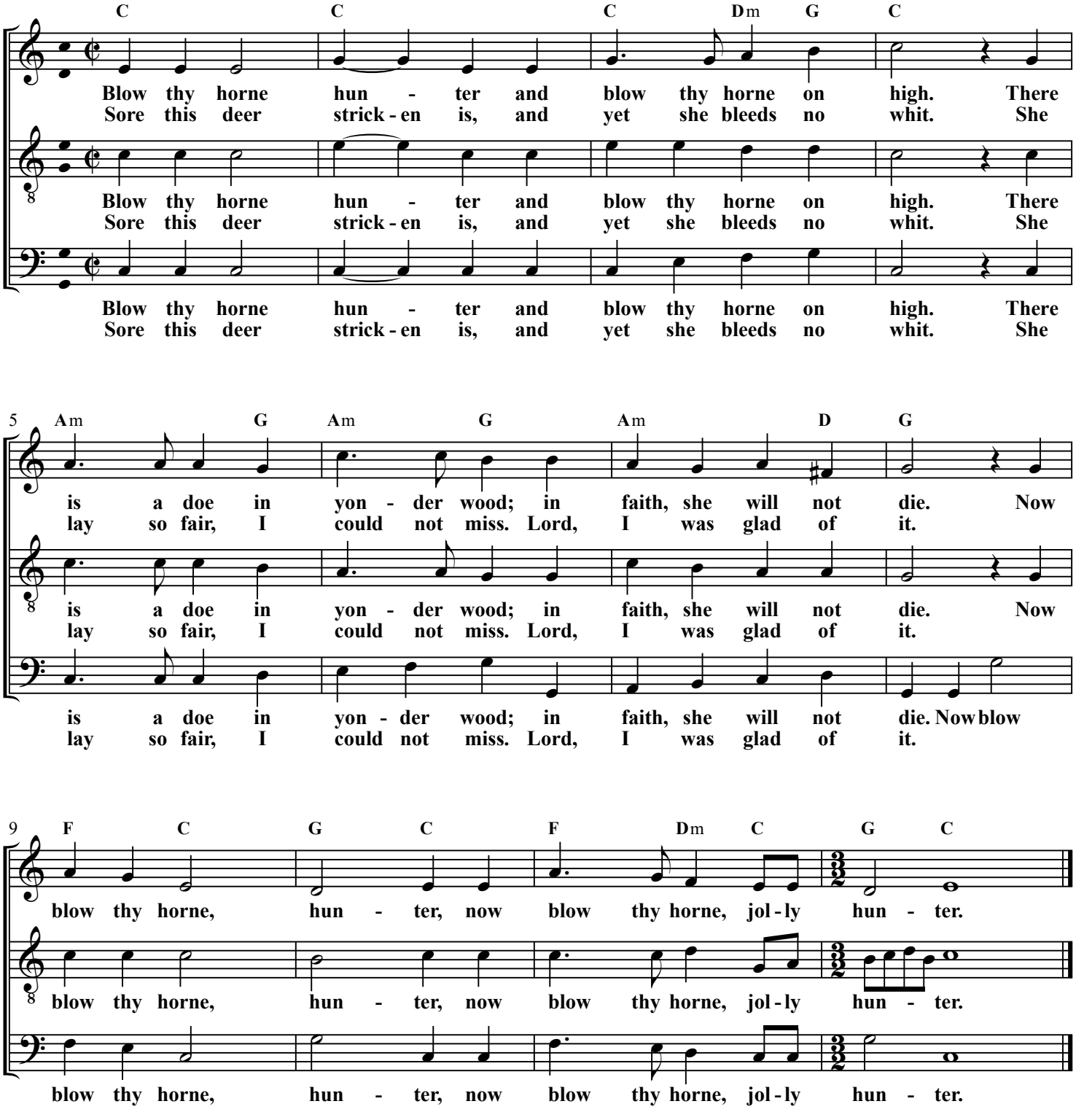
Fabritio Caroso
(b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)
from *Il Ballarino*, 1581

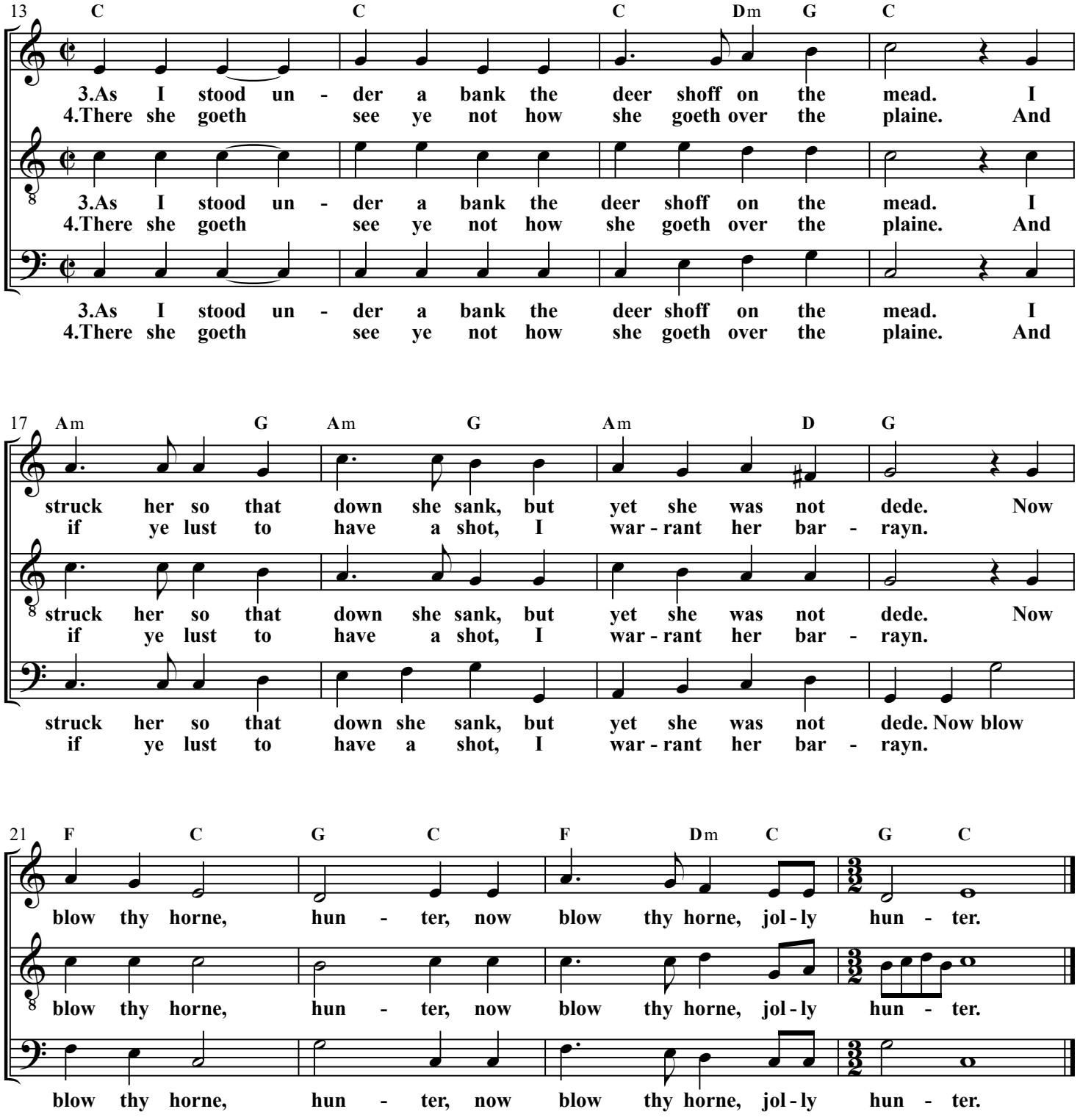


Blow thy horne, hunter

verses 1-4

William Cornysh (d.1543)
from British Library Add MS 31922,
c.1510-1520

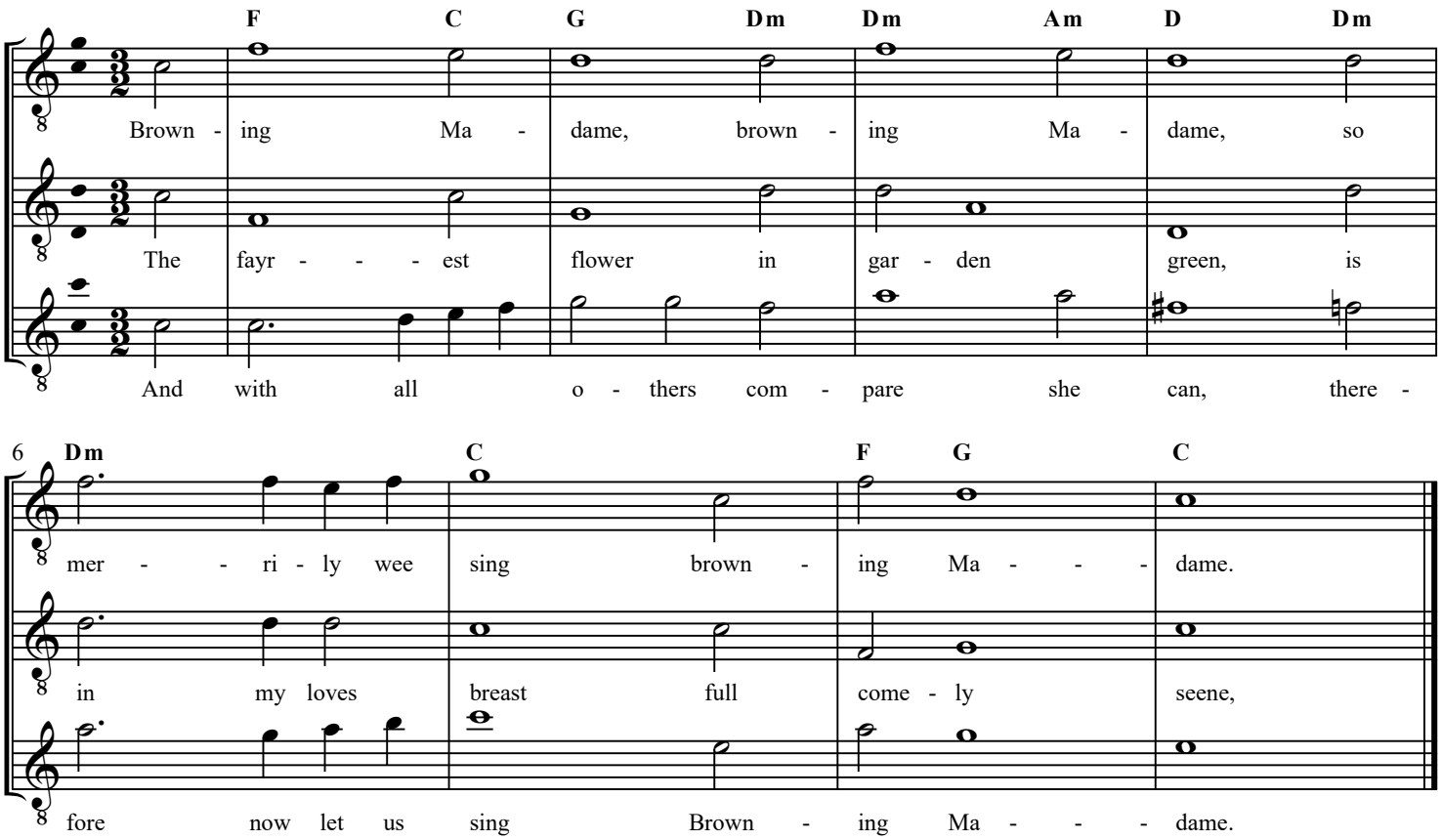



13
C C C Dm G C
3.As I stood un - der a bank the deer shoff on the mead. I
4.There she goeth see ye not how she goeth over the plaine. And
17
Am G Am G Am D G
struck her so that down she sank, but yet she was not dede. Now
if ye lust to have a shot, I war - rant her bar - rayn.
21
F C G C F Dm C G C
blow thy horne, hun - ter, now blow thy horne, jol - ly hun - ter.

Browning Madame

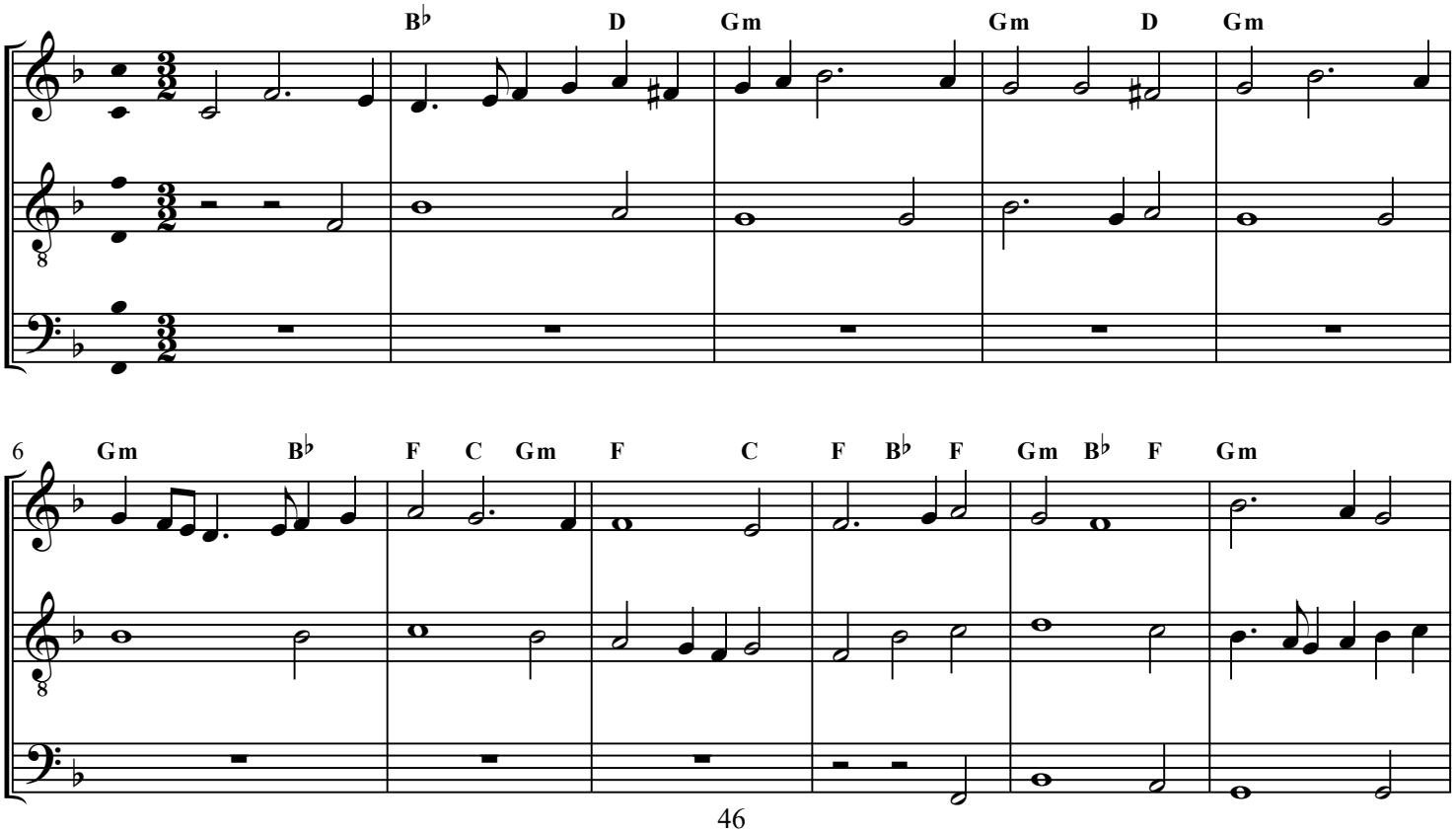
a Round or Catch of 3. Voices

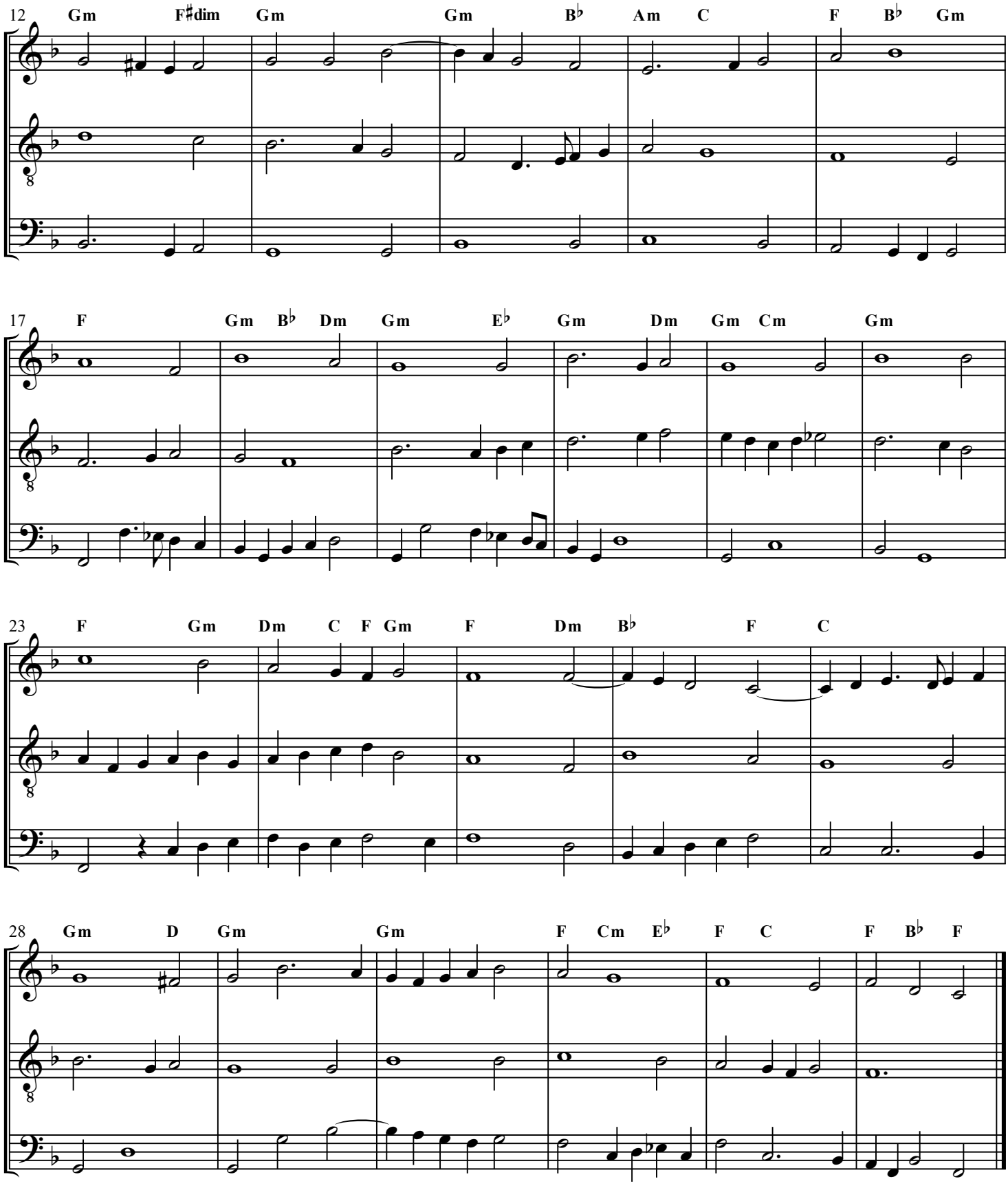
Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)
Deuteromelia (1609)



Browning (excerpt)

Elway Bevin (c.1554-1638)
Christ Church Ms. 979-983, 1570s

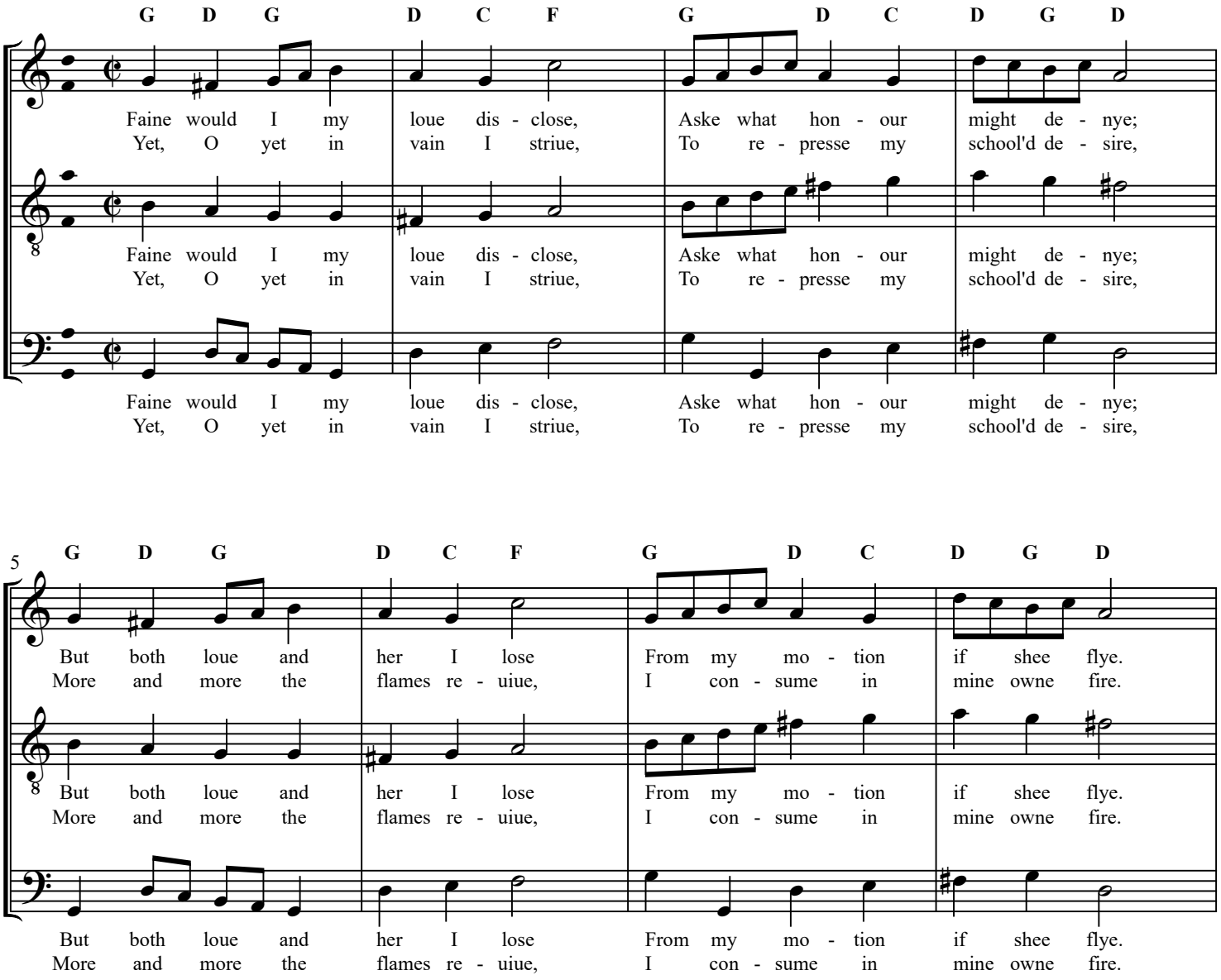


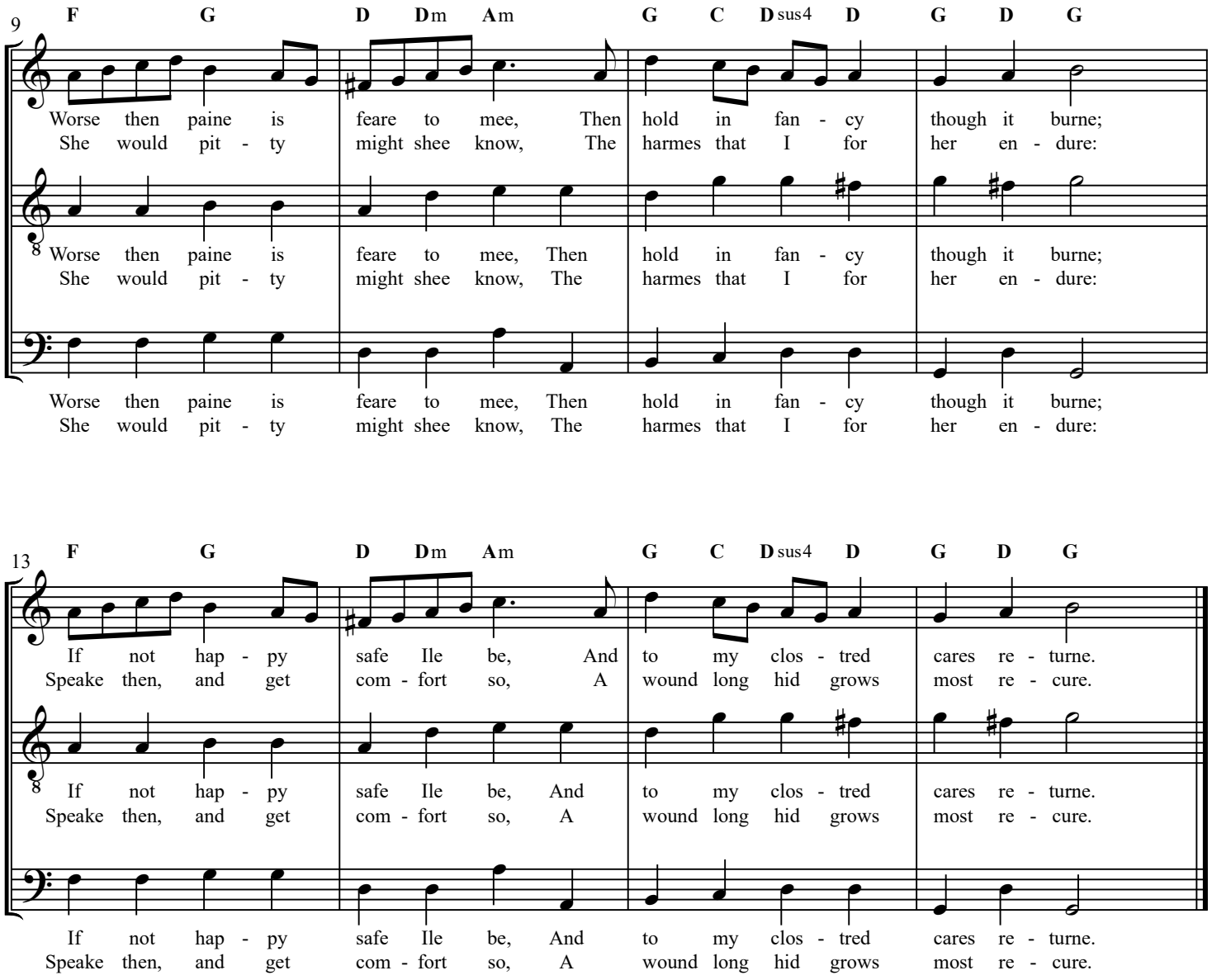

12 Gm F♯dim Gm Gm B♭ Am C F B♭ Gm
17 F Gm B♭ Dm Gm E♭ Gm Dm Gm Cm Gm
23 F Gm Dm C F Gm F Dm B♭ F C
28 Gm D Gm Gm F Cm E♭ F C F B♭ F

Faine would I my loue disclose

verses 1-2

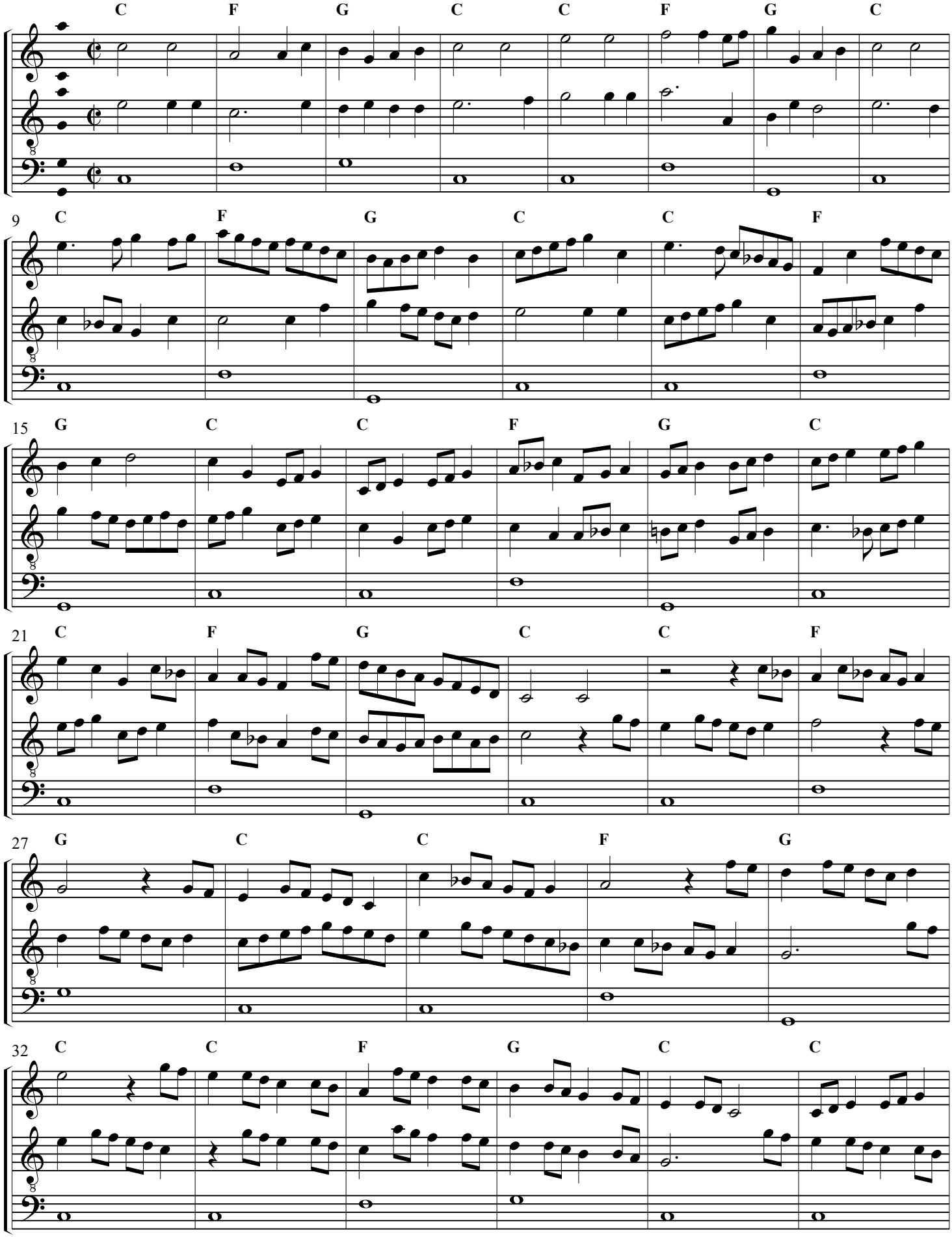
Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
from ***Two Bookes of Ayers***, 1613

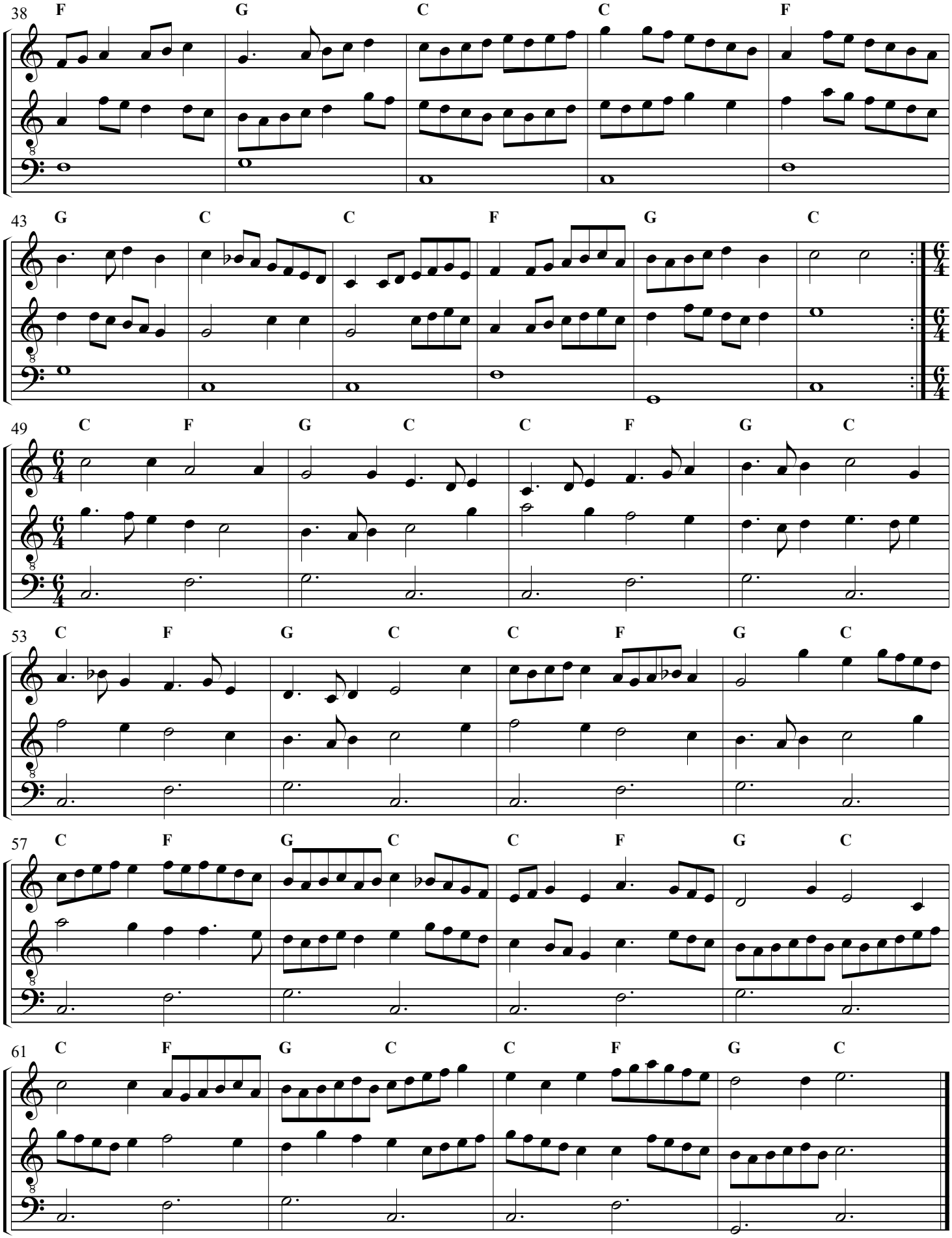



9
F G D Dm Am G C Dsus4 D G D G
Worse then paine is feare to mee, Then hold in fan - cy though it burne;
She would pit - ty might shee know, The harmes that I for her en - dure:
Worse then paine is feare to mee, Then hold in fan - cy though it burne;
She would pit - ty might shee know, The harmes that I for her en - dure:
Worse then paine is feare to mee, Then hold in fan - cy 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.
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.
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.

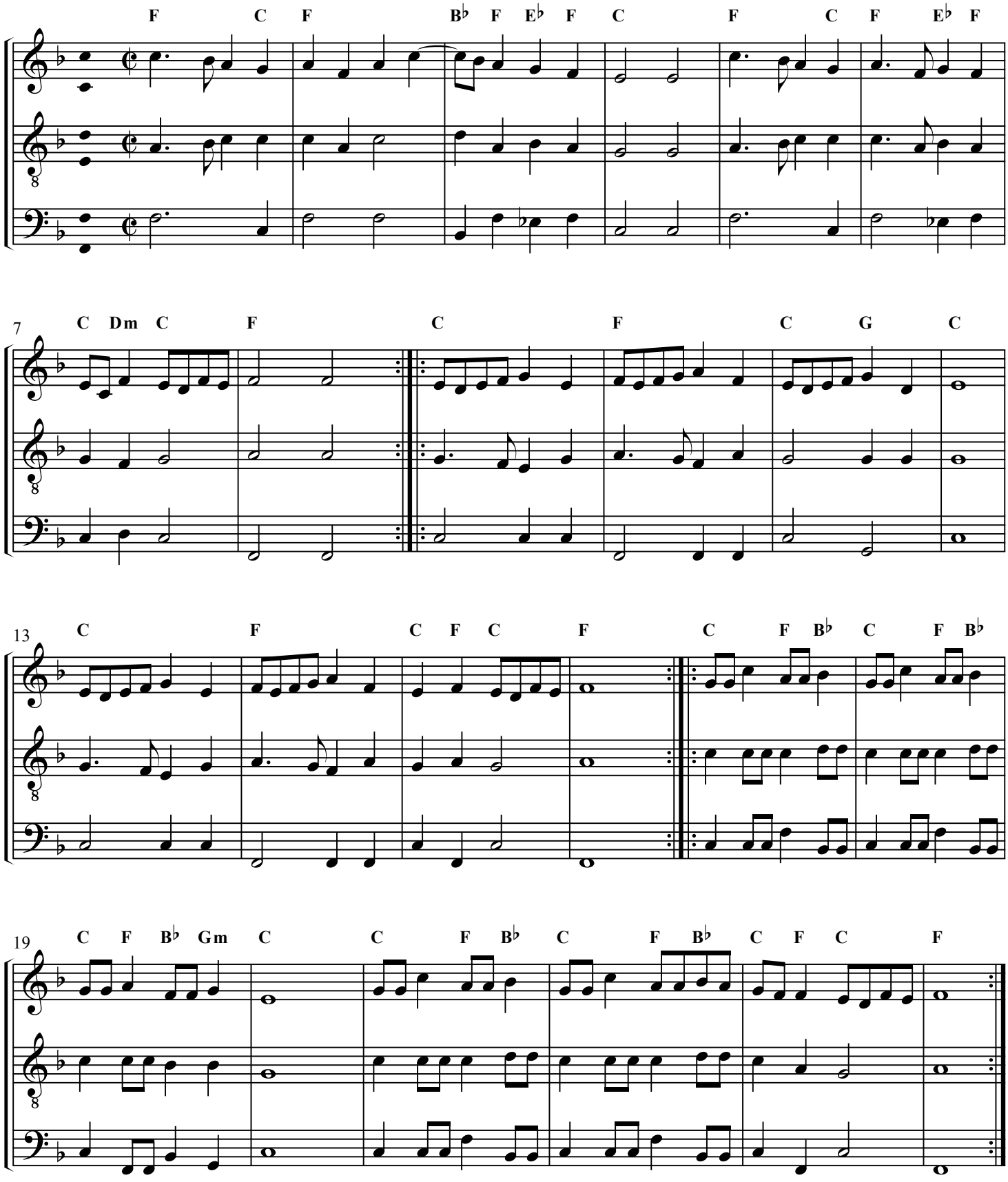
The Jewes Dance

Richard Nicholson (fl. 1595; d. 1639)



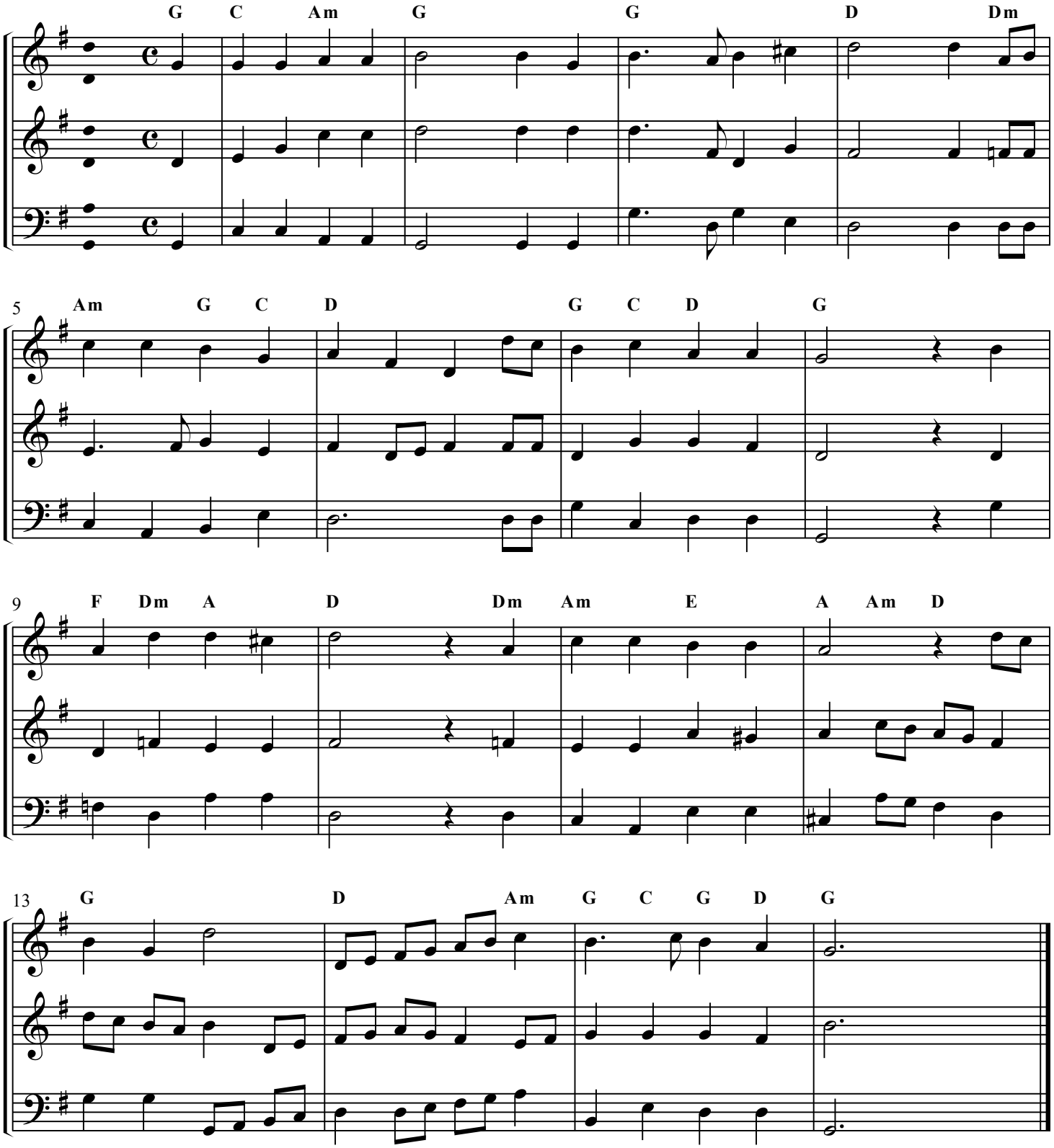

38
F
G
C
C
F
43
G
C
C
F
G
C
49
C
F
G
C
C
F
G
C
53
C
F
G
C
C
F
G
C
57
C
F
G
C
C
F
G
C
61
C
F
G
C
C
F
G
C

The Kyng's Pavyn



Now is the month of Maying

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

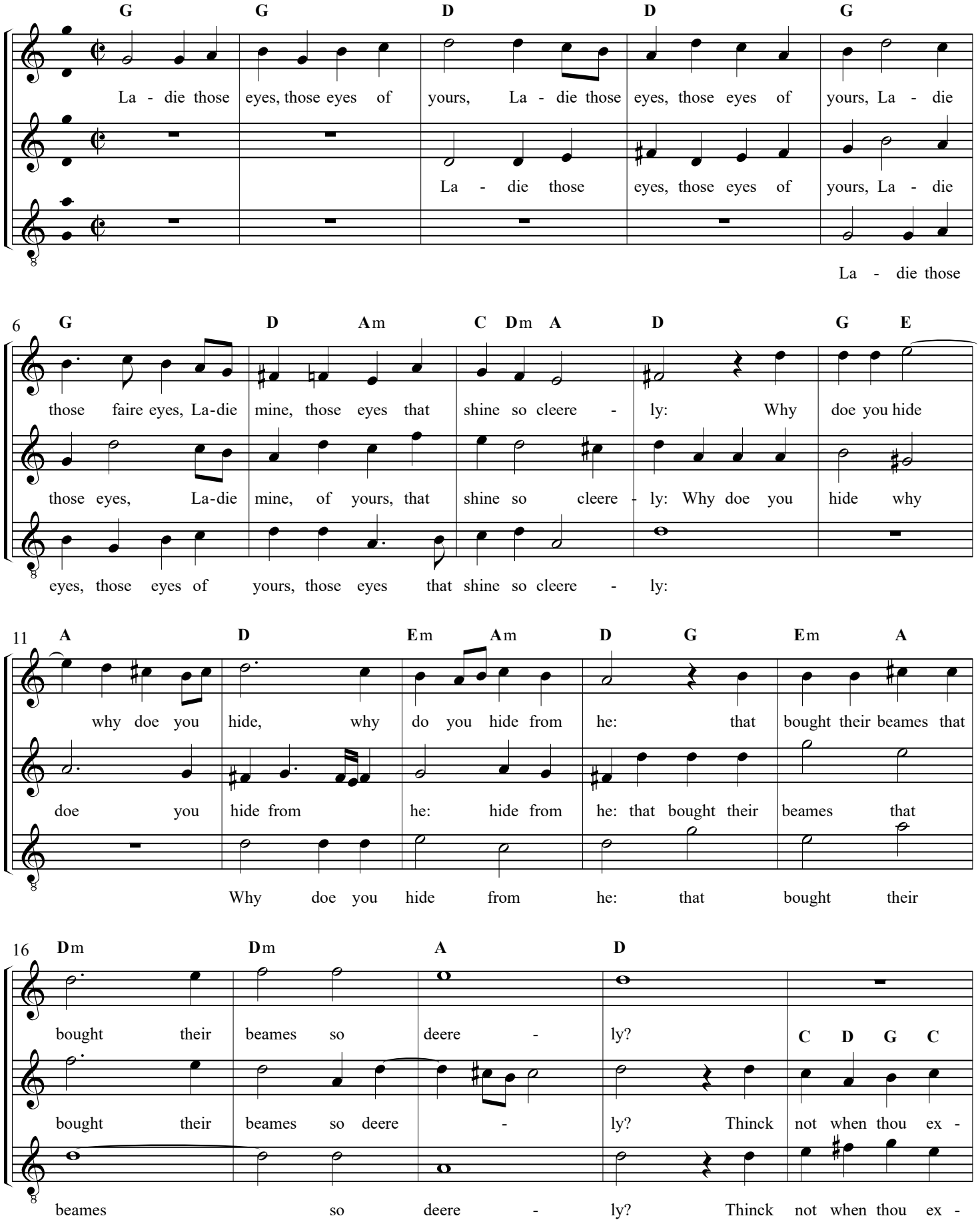


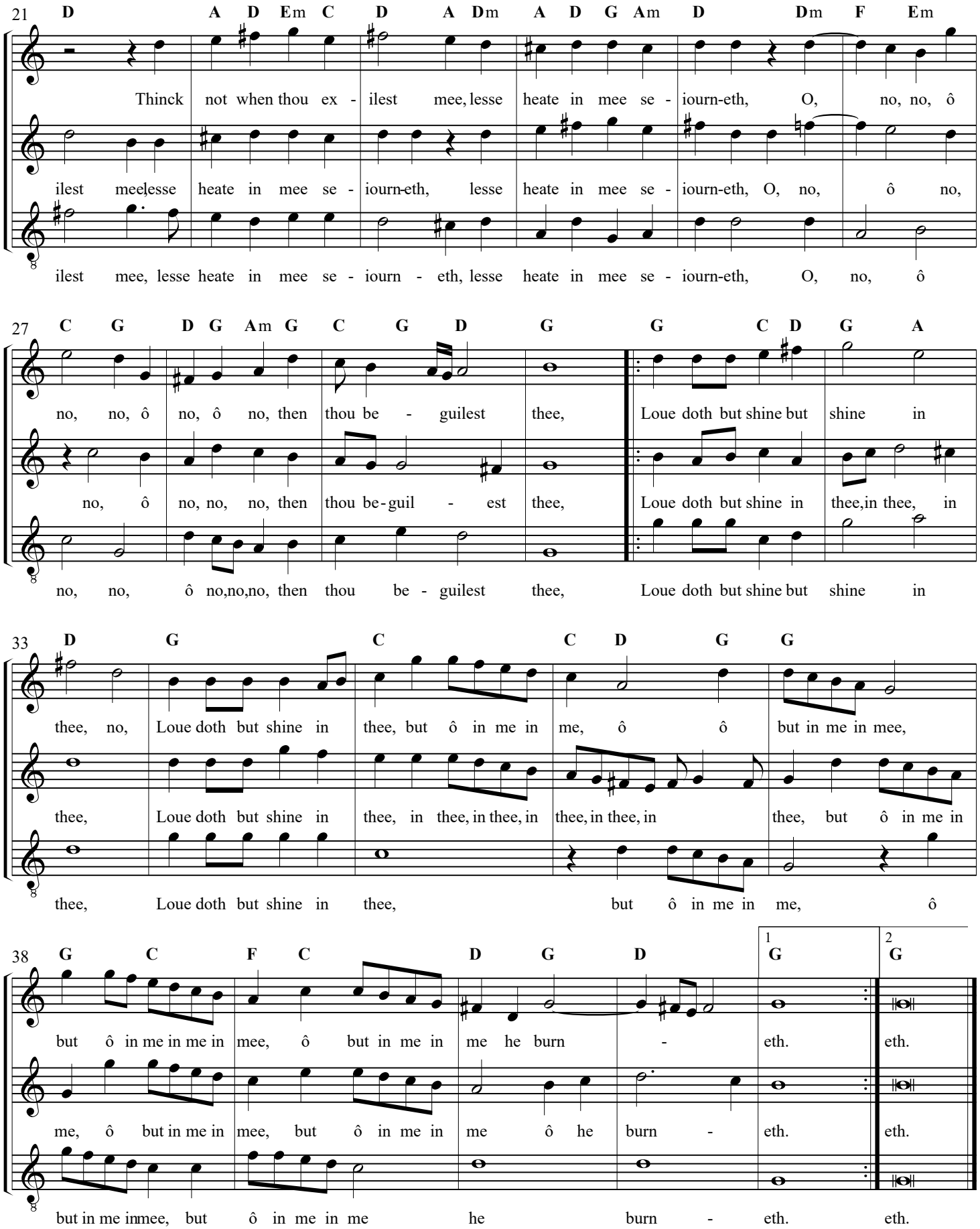
adapted by Steve Hendricks

Ladie those eyes, those eyes of yours

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

Canzonets. Or little short songs to three voyces, 1602

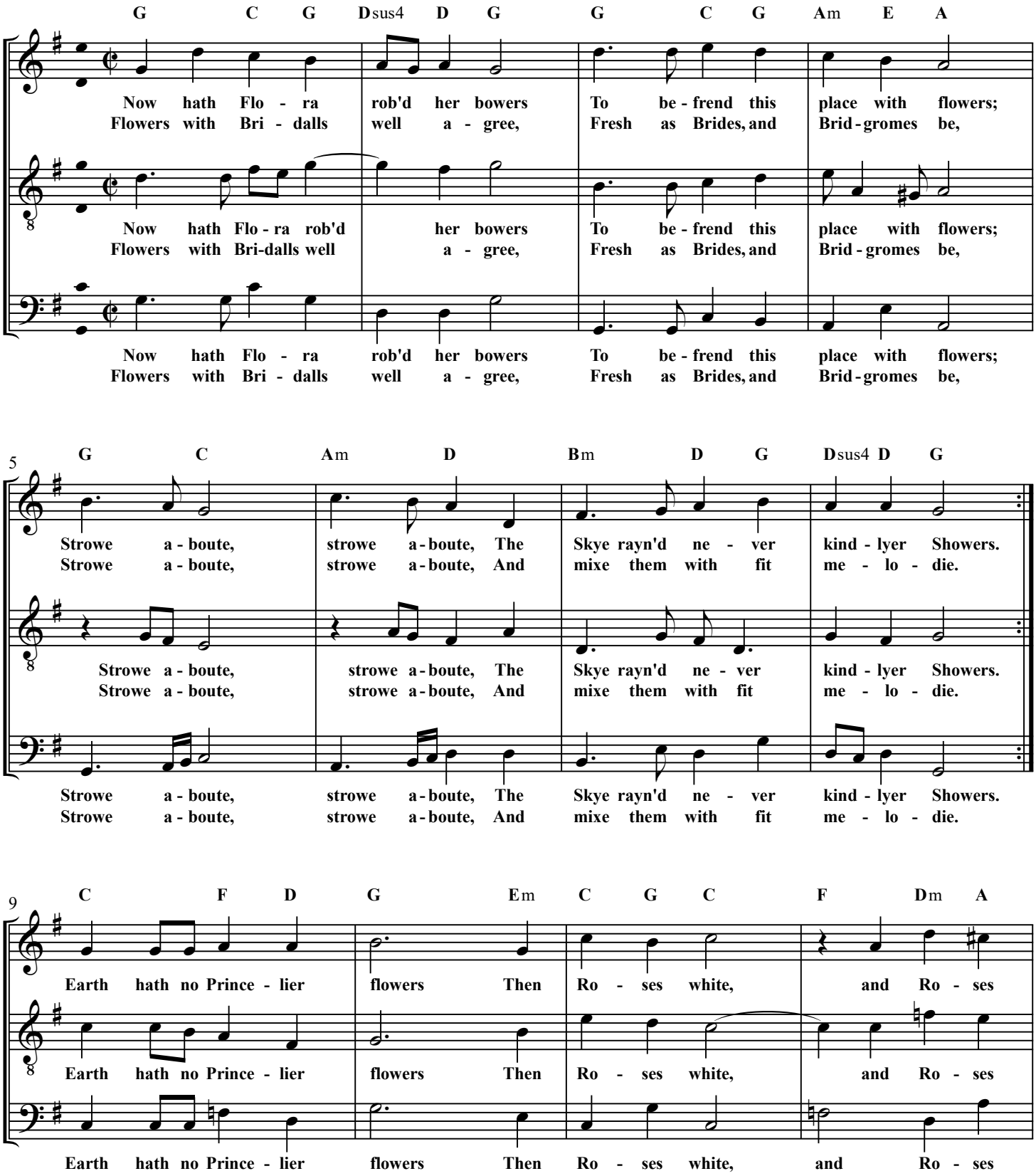


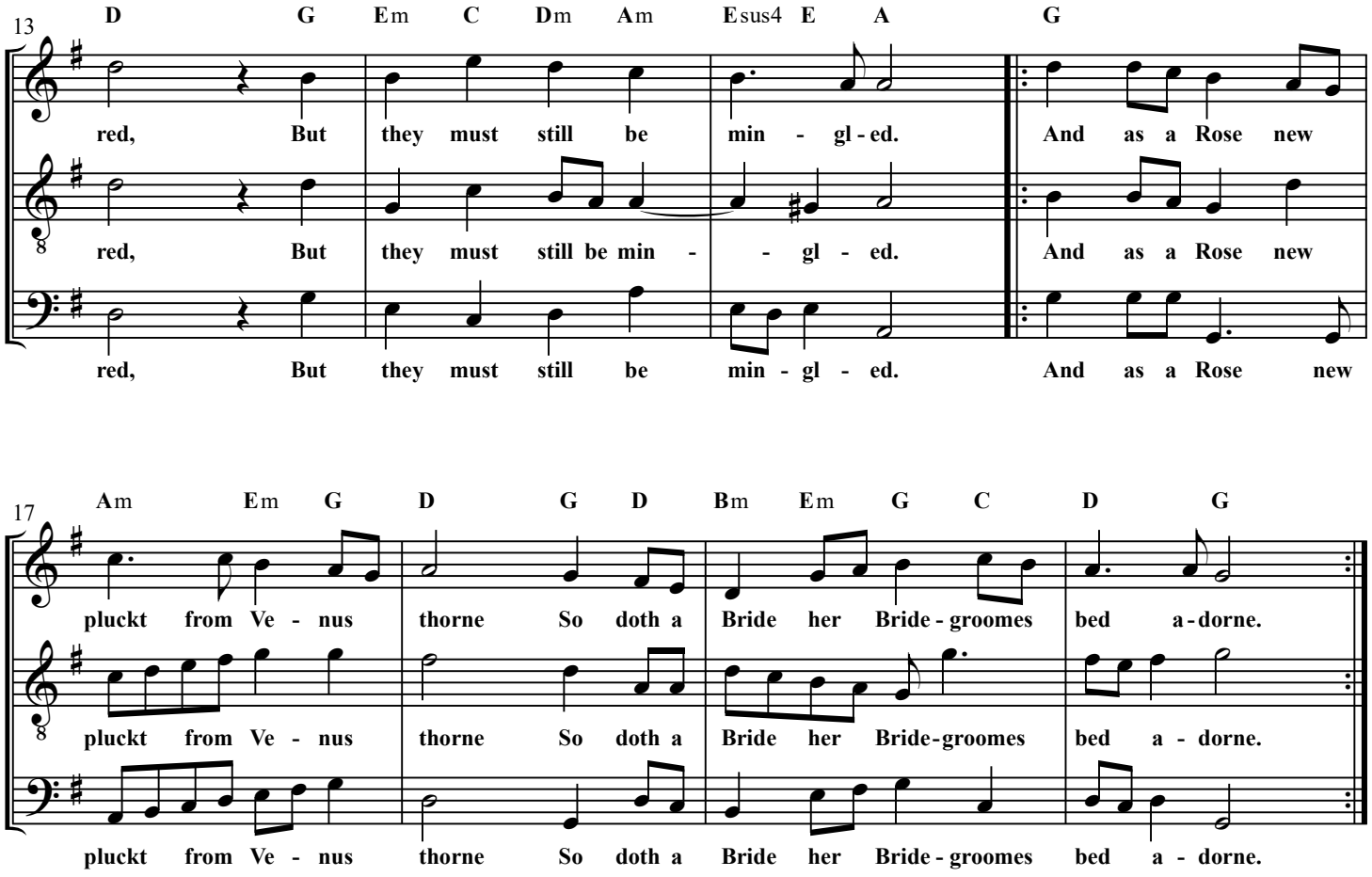

21
D A D Em C D A Dm A D G Am D Dm F Em
Thinck not when thou ex - ilest mee, lesse heate in mee se - iourn-eth, O, no, no, ô
ilest mee, lesse heate in mee se - iourn-eth, lesse heate in mee se - iourn-eth, O, no, ô no,
ilest mee, lesse heate in mee se - iourn - eth, lesse heate in mee se - iourn-eth, O, no, ô
27
C G D G Am G C G D G G C D G A
no, no, ô no, ô no, then thou be - guilest thee, Loue doth but shine but shine in
no, ô no, no, no, then thou be - guil - est thee, Loue doth but shine in thee, in thee, in
no, no, ô no, no, no, then thou be - guilest thee, Loue doth but shine but shine in
33
D G C C D G G
thee, no, Loue doth but shine in thee, but ô in me in me, ô ô but in me in mee,
thee, Loue doth but shine in thee, in thee, in thee, in thee, in thee, in thee, but ô in me in
thee, Loue doth but shine in thee, but ô in me in me, ô
38
G C F C D G D
1 G 2 G
but ô in me in me in mee, ô but in me in me he burn - eth. eth.
me, ô but in me in mee, but ô in me in me ô he burn - eth. eth.
but in me in mee, but ô in me in me he burn - eth. eth.

Now hath Flora rob'd her bowers

verse 1

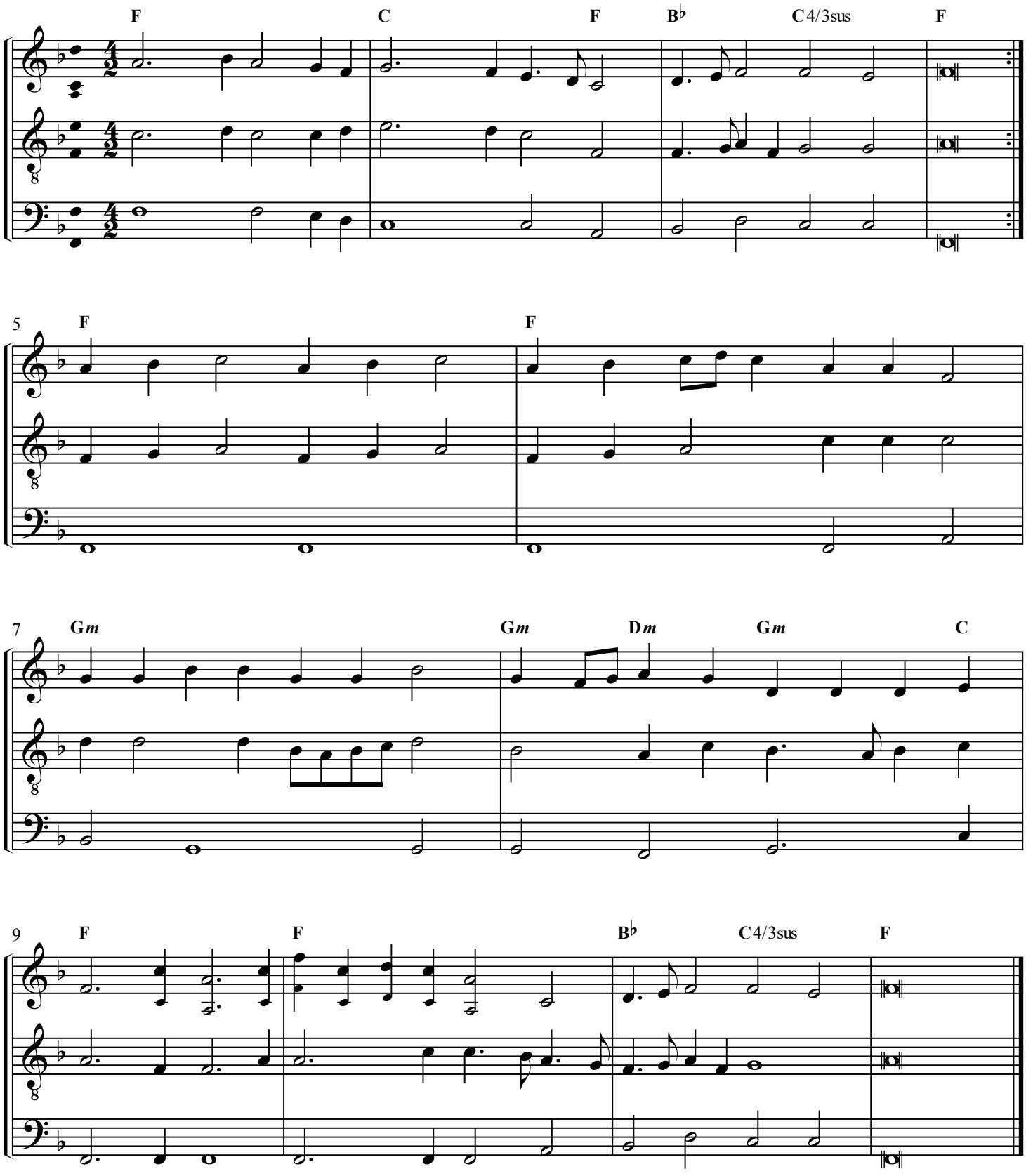
Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
The Discription of a Maske …, 1607




13
D G Em C Dm Am Esus4 E A G
red, But they must still be min - gl - ed. And as a Rose new
red, But they must still be min - - gl - ed. And as a Rose new
red, But they must still be min - gl - ed. And as a Rose new
17
Am Em G D G D Bm Em G C D G
pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride - groomes bed a - dorne.
pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride-groomes bed a - dorne.
pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride - groomes bed a - dorne.

Nutmigs and Ginger

Anon.



Adapted by Steve Hendricks

Beatrice: The fault will be in the musicke, cosin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for hear me Hero, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantasticall) the wedding, manerly modest (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.

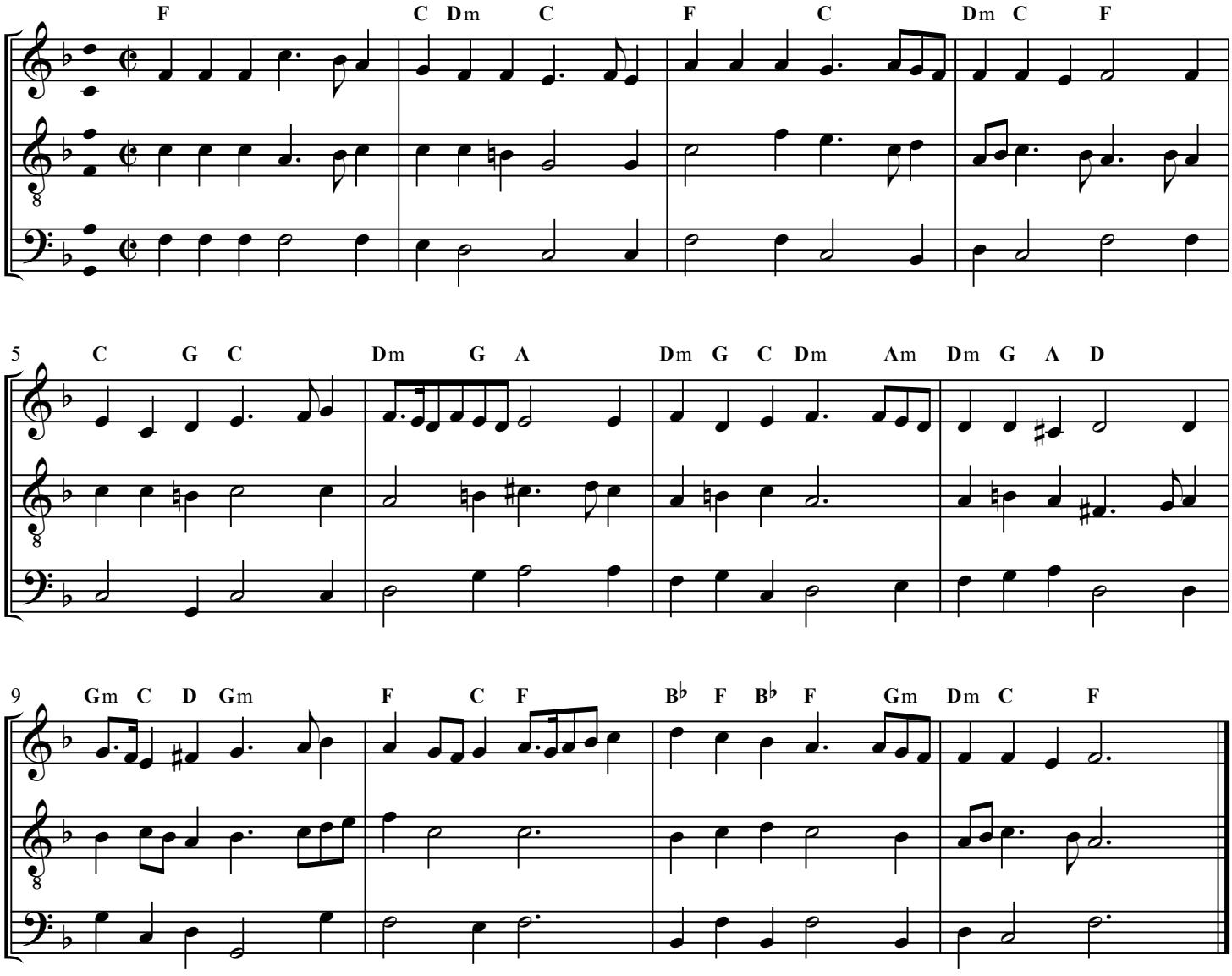
Much Ado About Nothing II, 1

Sir Toby Belch: Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a Jigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard.

Twelfth Night 1.3

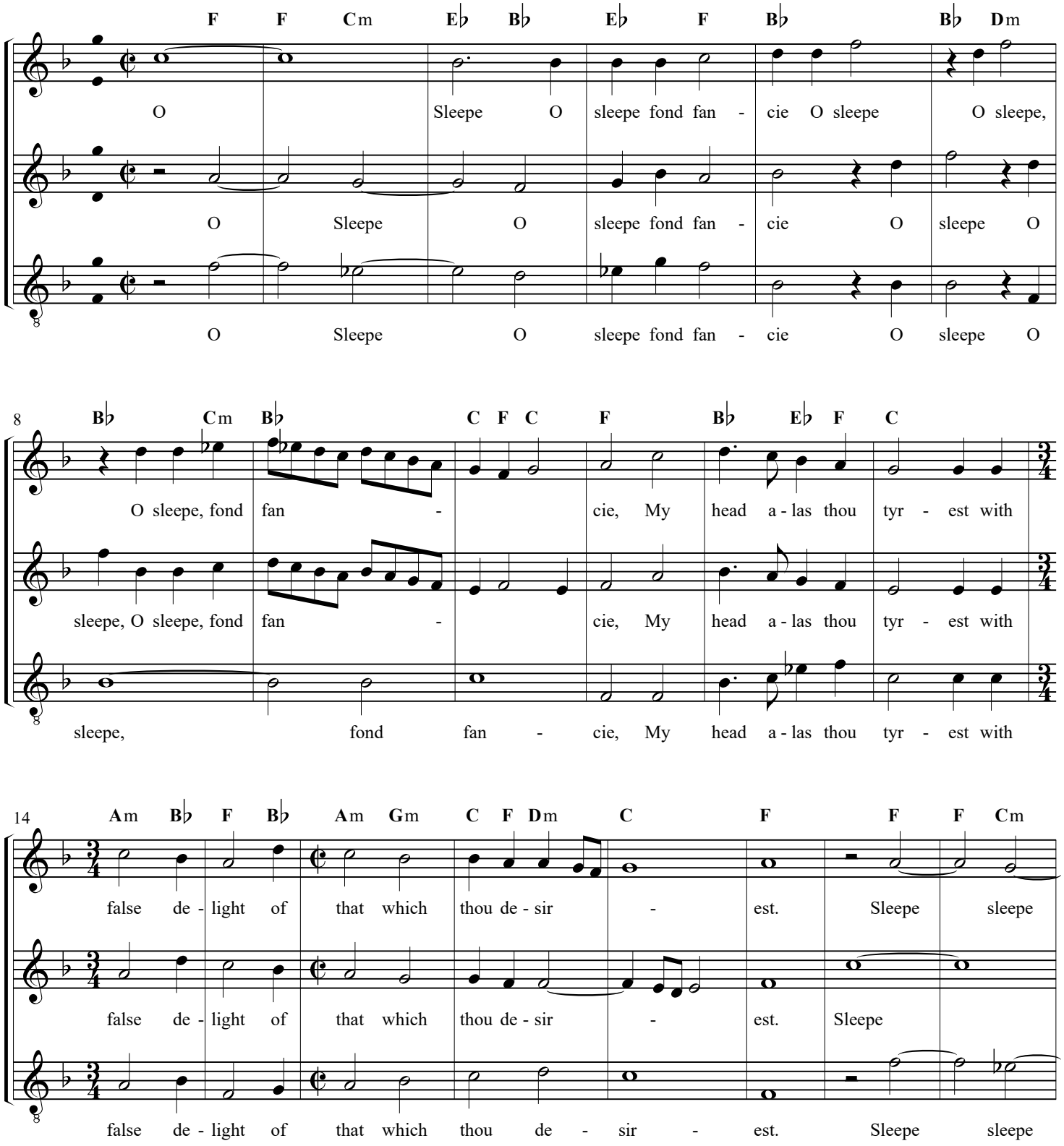
Sinkapace Galliard

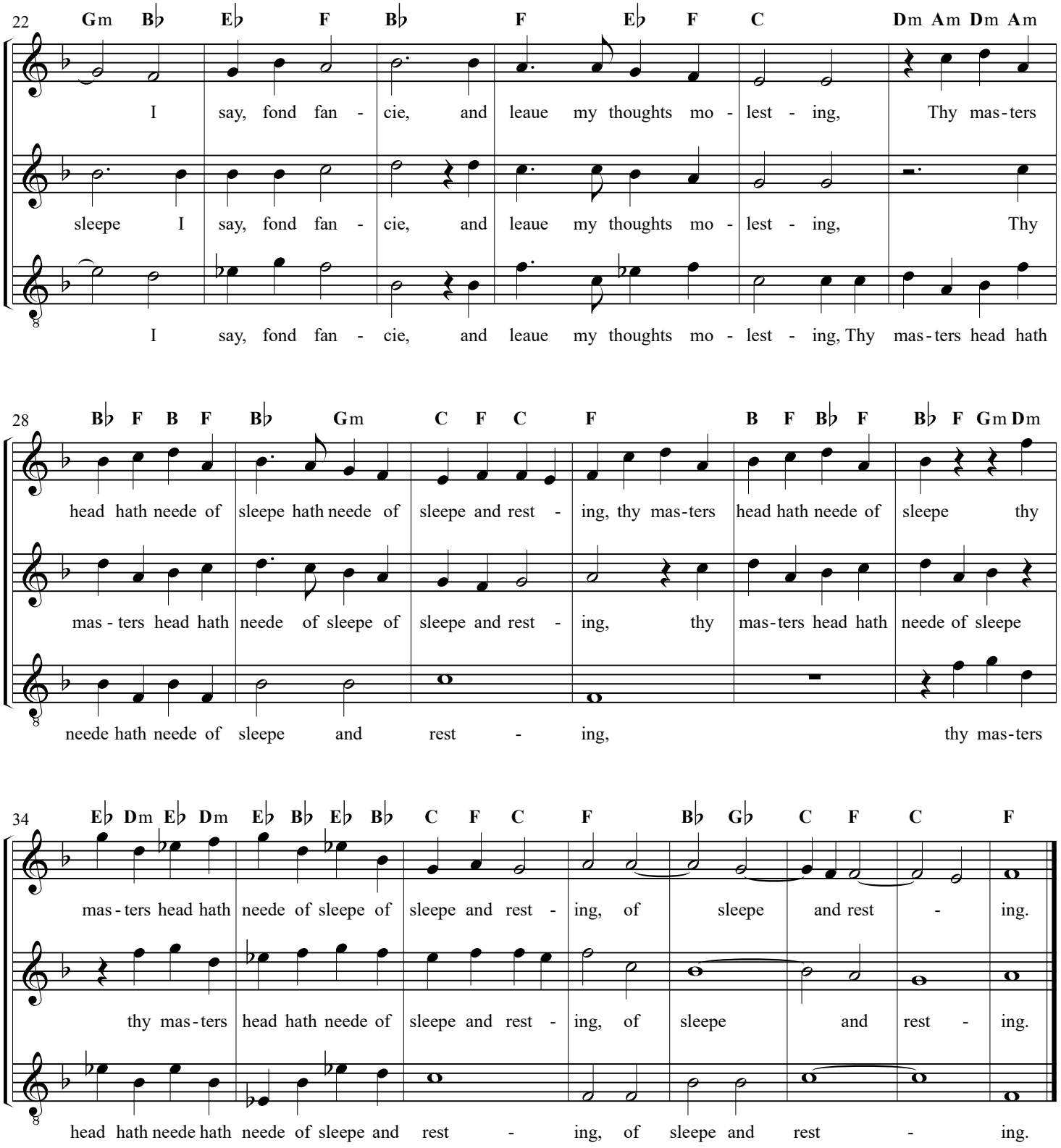
from the William Ballet Lute book MS



O Sleepe fond fancie

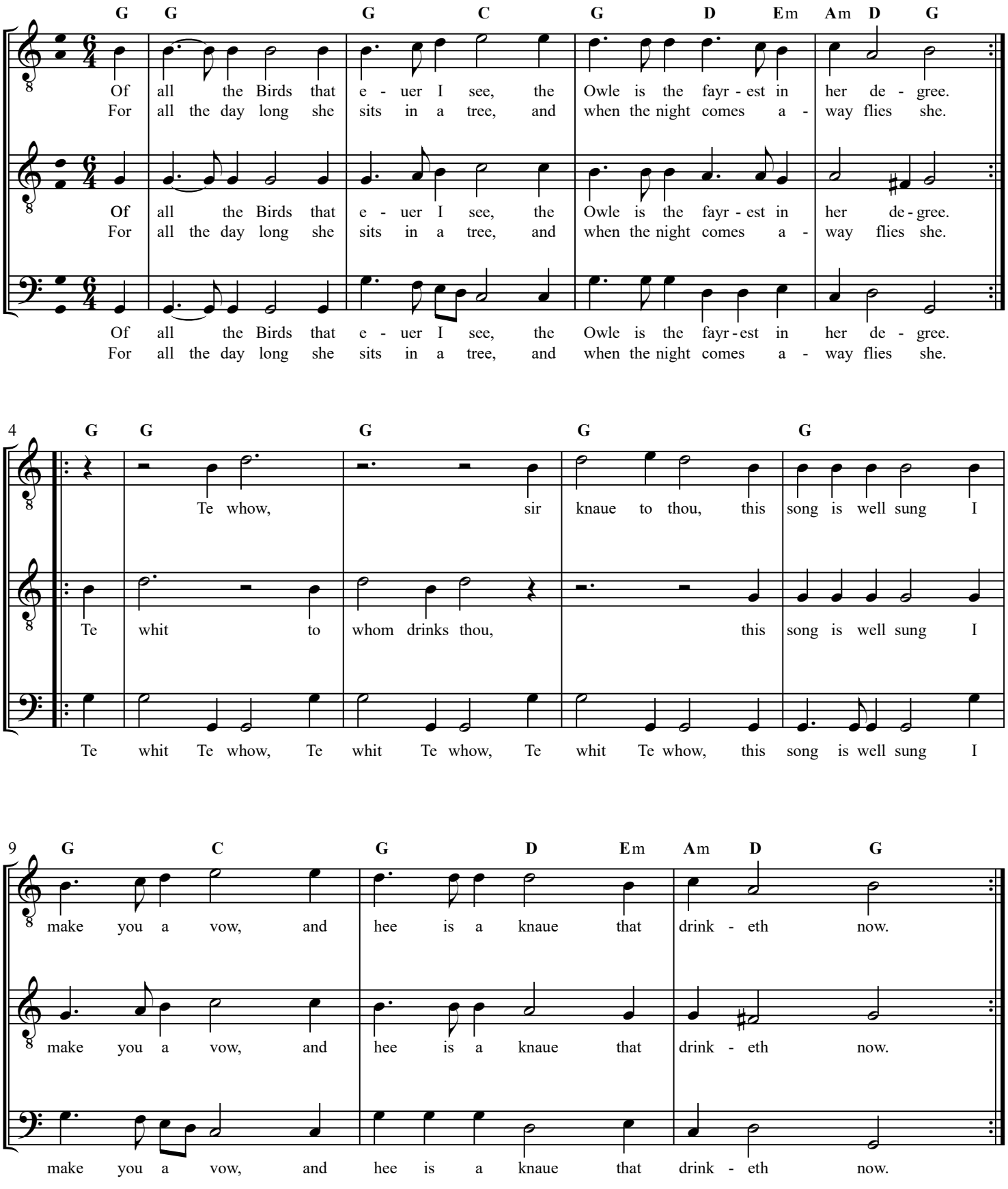
Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

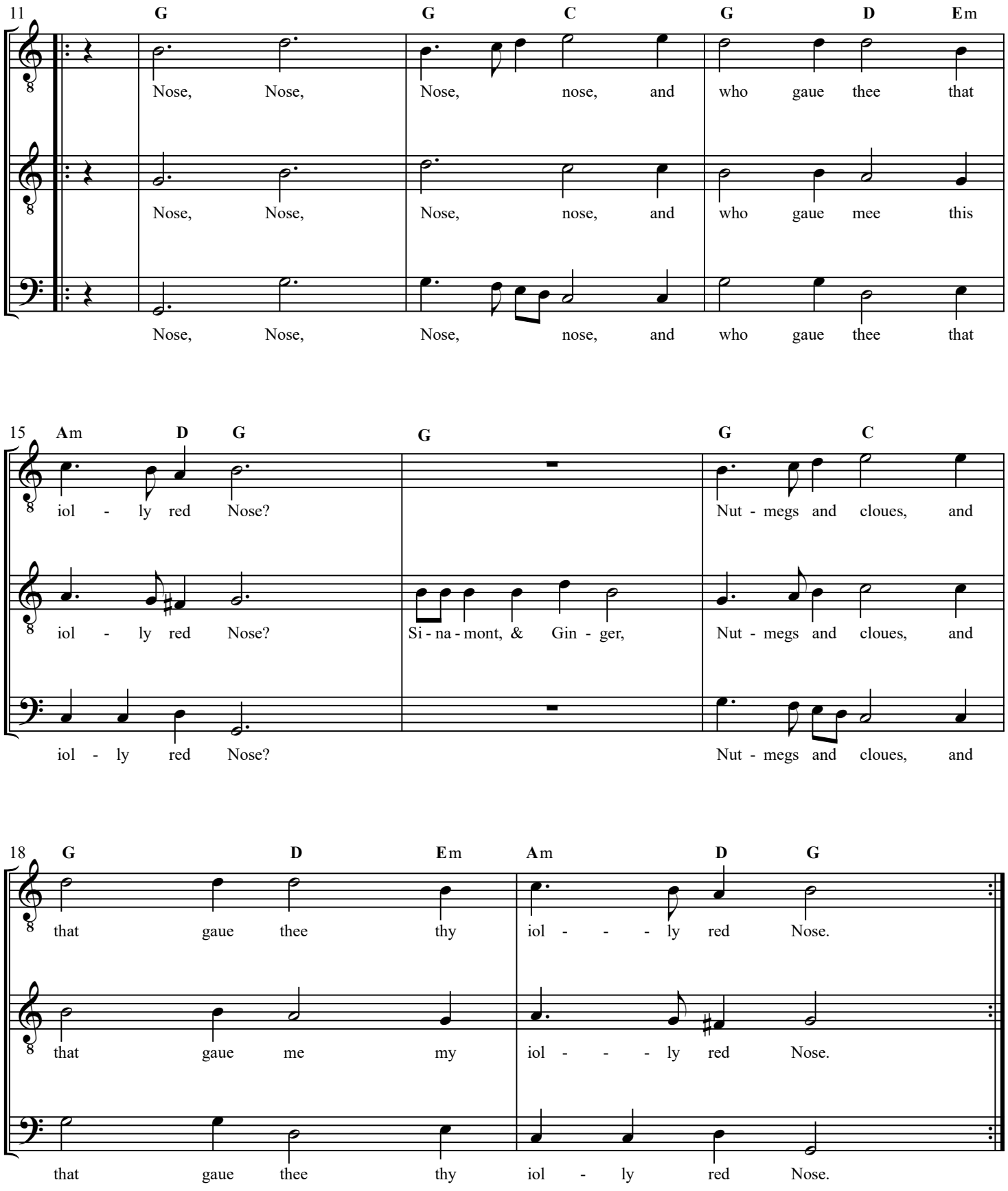



22
Gm B♭ E♭ F B♭ F E♭ F C Dm Am Dm Am
I say, fond fan - cie, and leaue my thoughts mo - lest - ing, Thy mas-ters
sleepe I say, fond fan - cie, and leaue my thoughts mo - lest - ing, Thy
I say, fond fan - cie, and leaue my thoughts mo - lest - ing, Thy mas-ters head hath
28
B♭ F B F B♭ Gm C F C F B F B♭ F B♭ F Gm Dm
head hath neede of sleepe hath neede of sleepe and rest - ing, thy mas-ters head hath neede of sleepe thy
mas - ters head hath neede of sleepe of sleepe and rest - ing, thy mas-ters head hath neede of sleepe
neede hath neede of sleepe and rest - ing, thy mas-ters
34
E♭ Dm E♭ Dm E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ C F C F B♭ G♭ C F C F
mas - ters head hath neede of sleepe of sleepe and rest - ing, of sleepe and rest - ing.
thy mas-ters head hath neede of sleepe and rest - ing, of sleepe and rest - ing.
head hath neede hath neede of sleepe and rest - ing, of sleepe and rest - ing.

Of all the birds that euer I see

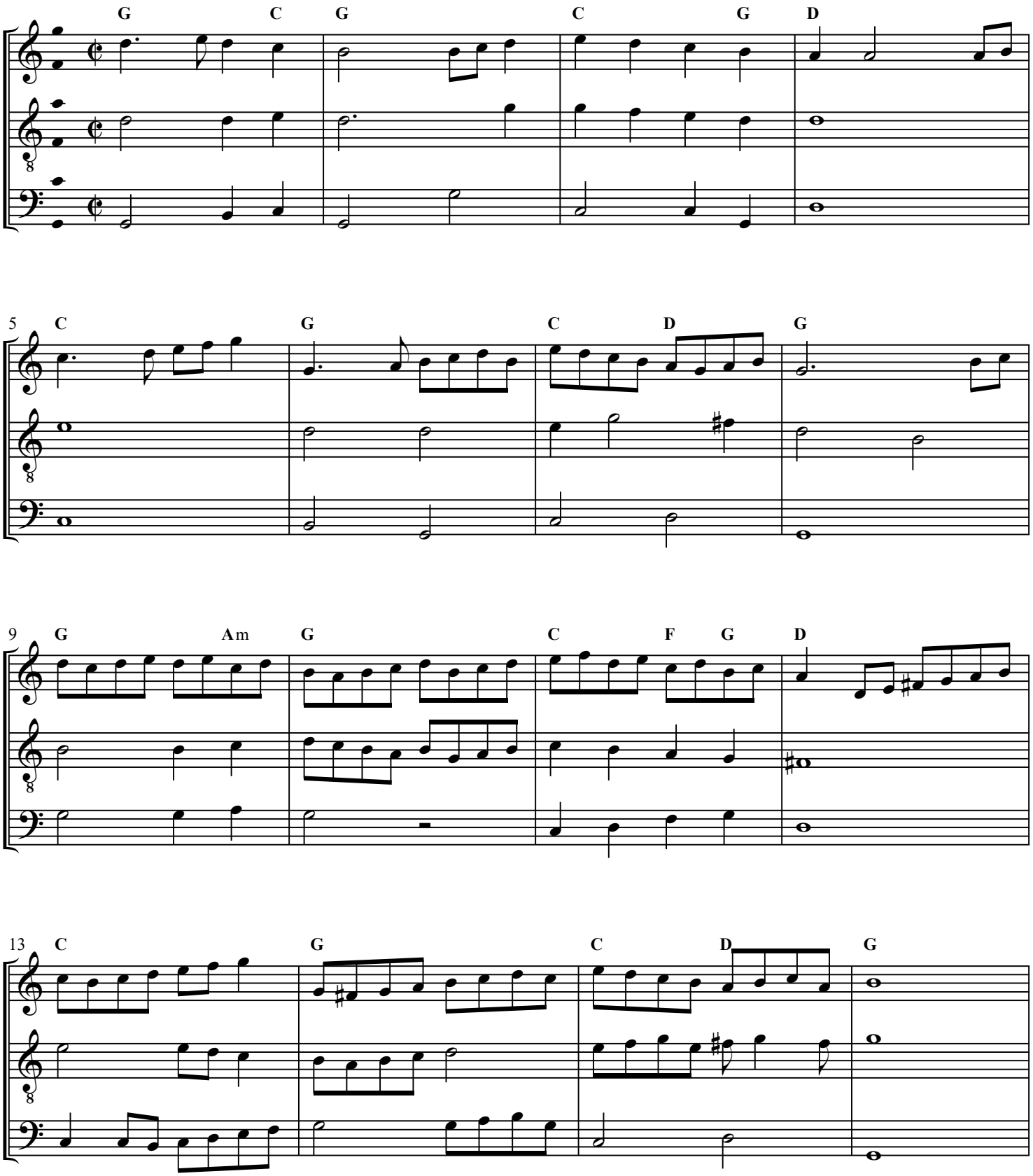
Deuteromelia, 1609
Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)

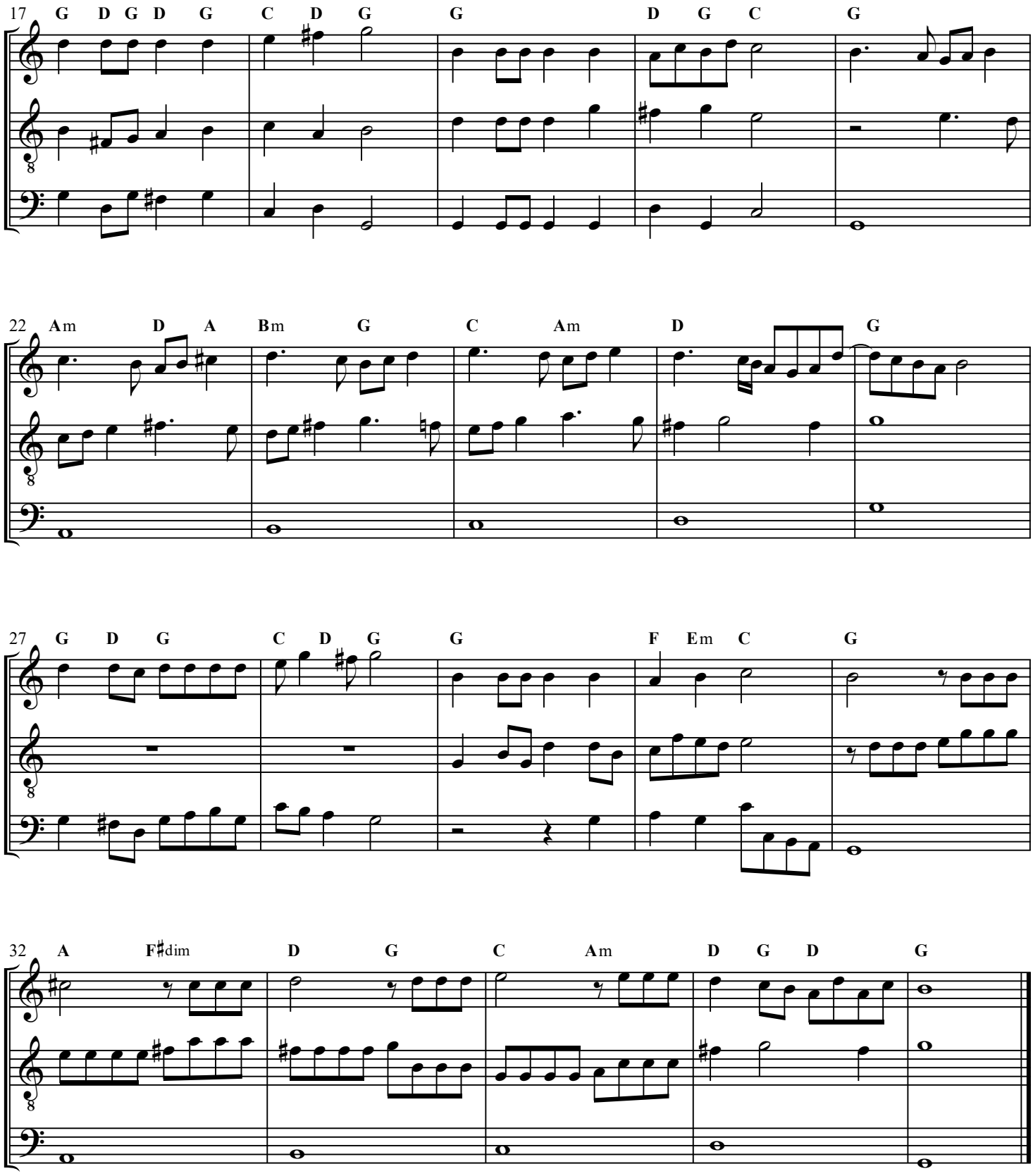



11
G
G
C
G
D
Em
Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gaue thee that
Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gaue mee this
Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gaue thee that
15
Am
D
G
G
G
C
iol - ly red Nose?
Si - na - mont, & Gin - ger,
Nut - megs and cloues, and
iol - ly red Nose?
Si - na - mont, & Gin - ger,
Nut - megs and cloues, and
iol - ly red Nose?
Nut - megs and cloues, and
18
G
D
Em
Am
D
G
that gaue thee thy iol - - - ly red Nose.
that gaue me my iol - - - ly red Nose.
that gaue thee thy iol - ly red Nose.

Onder een Linde Groen

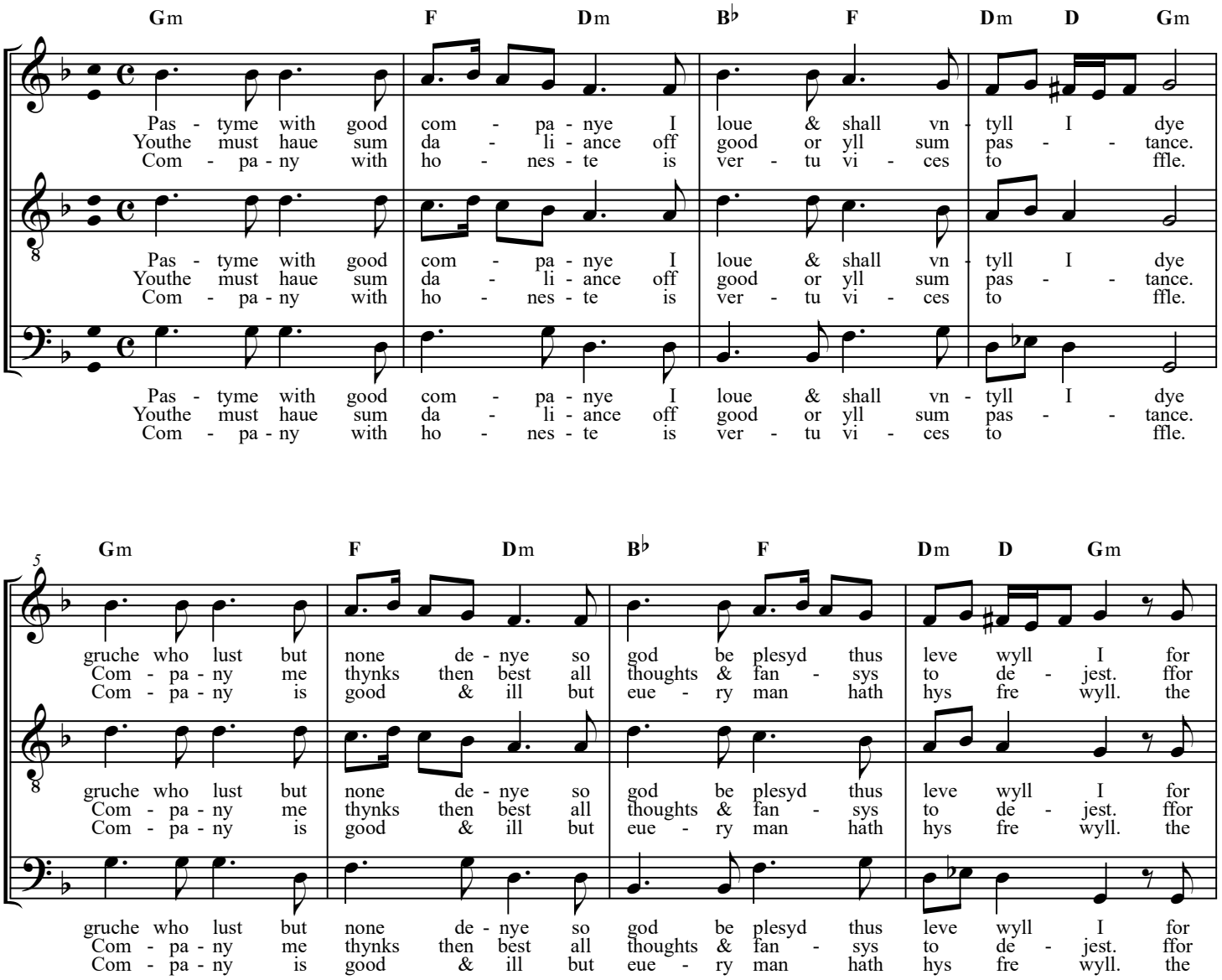
Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck
(1562-1621)

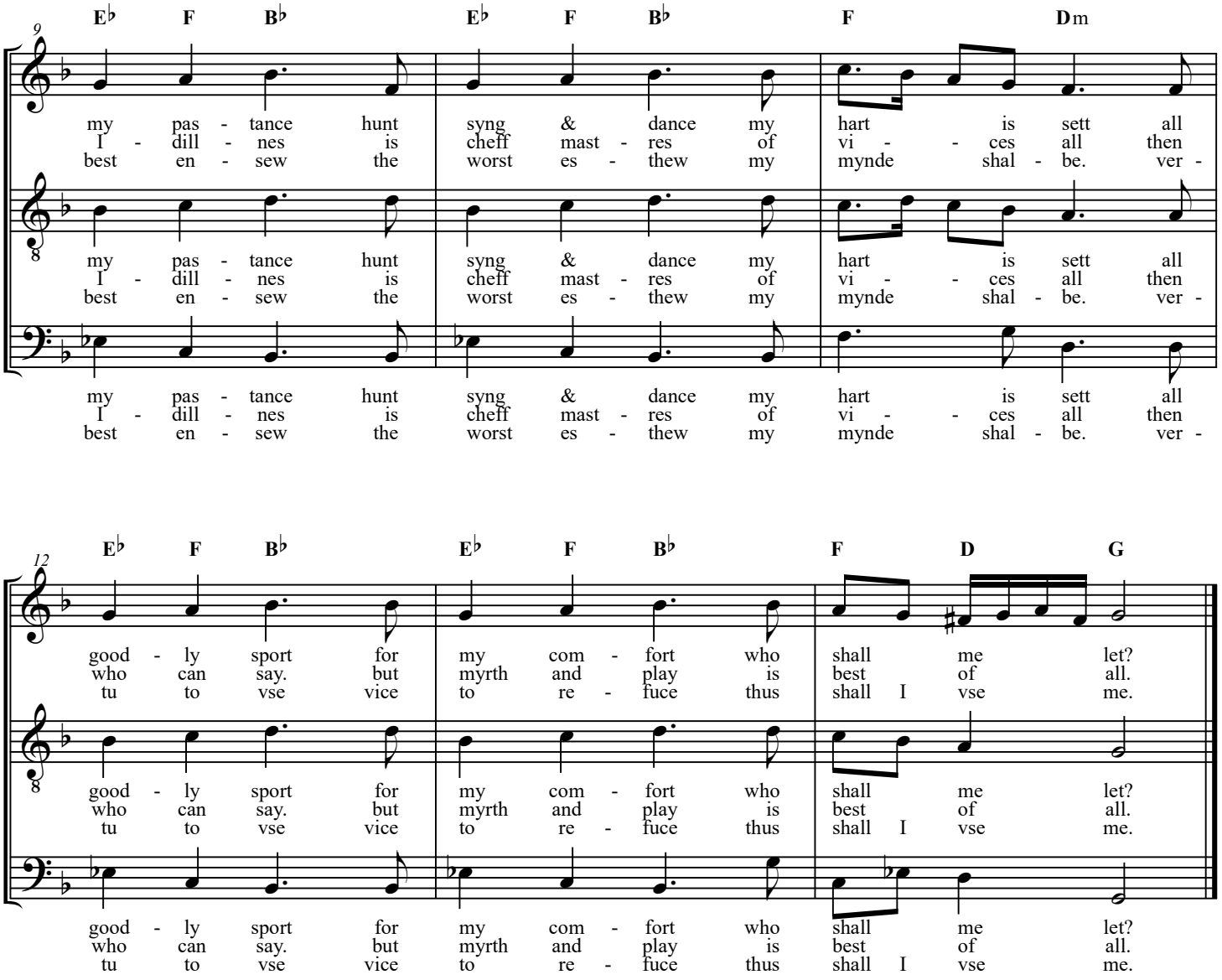



17
G D G D G C D G G D G C G
22
Am D A Bm G C Am D G
27
G D G C D G G F Em C G
32
A F♯dim D G C Am D G D G

Pastyme with good companye

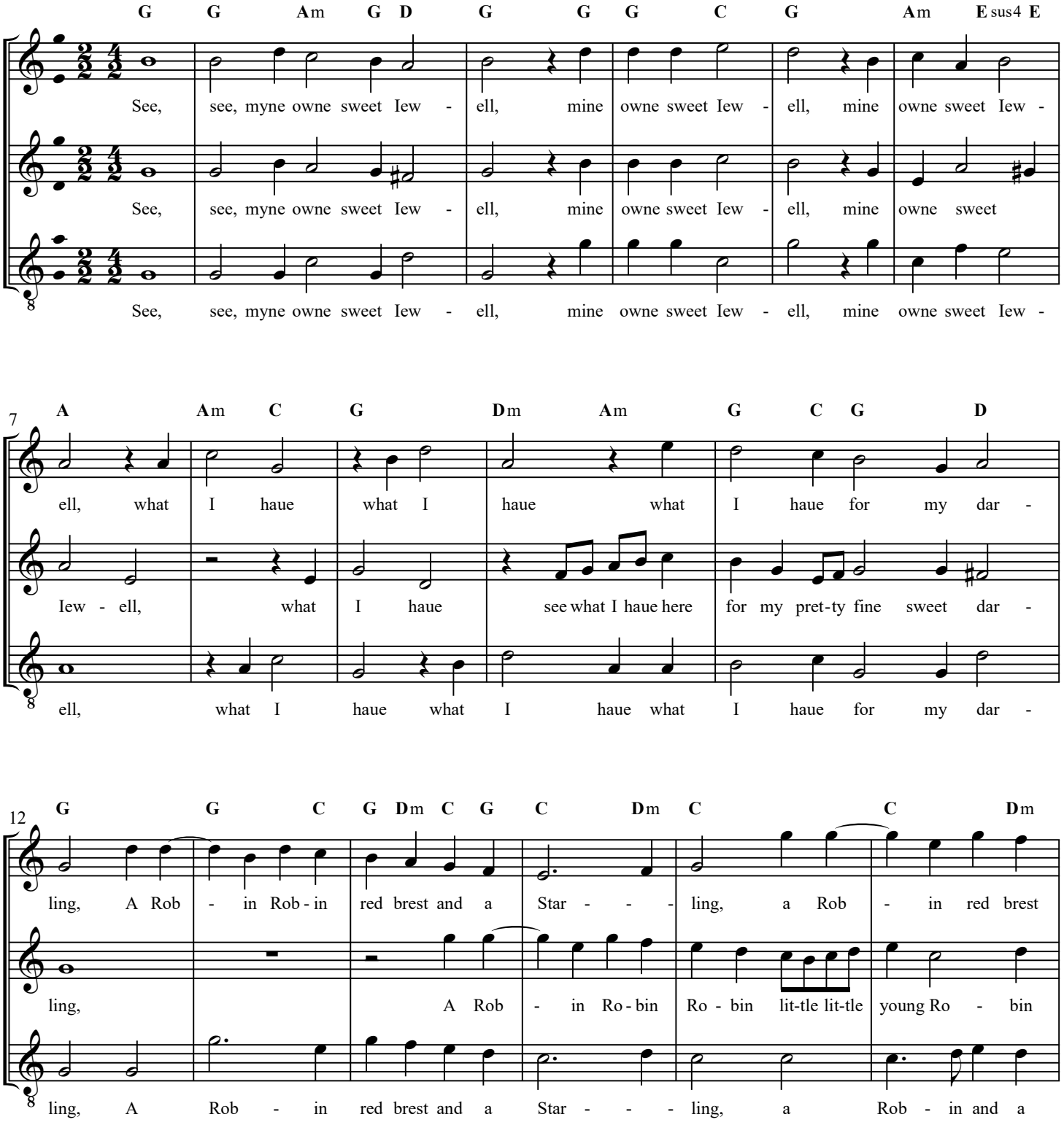
King Henry VIII

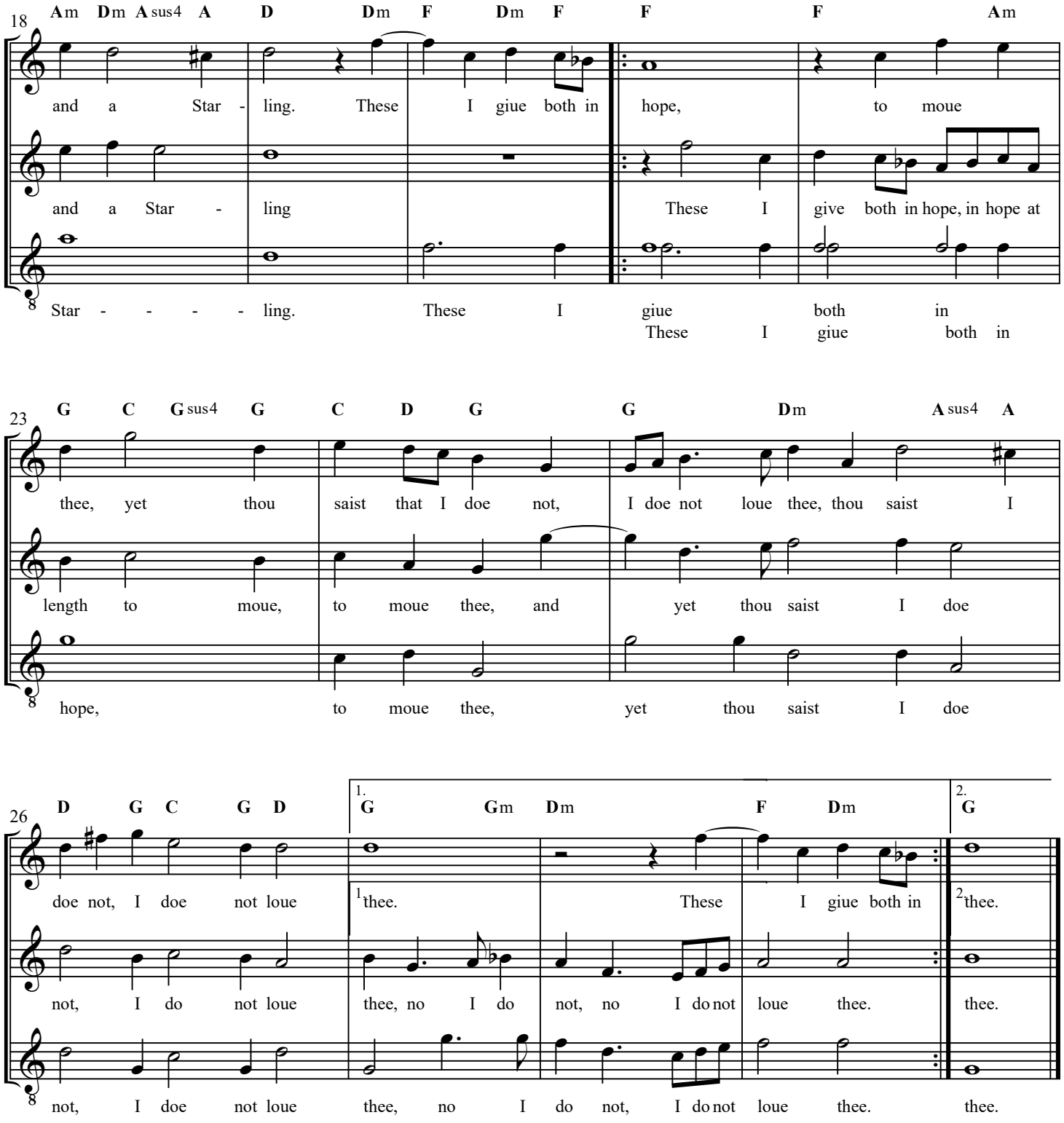



9
E♭ F B♭ E♭ F B♭ F Dm
my pas - tance hunt syng & dance my hart is sett all
I - dill - nes is cheff mast - res of vi - - ces all then
best en - sew the worst es - thew my mynde shal - be. ver -
my pas - tance hunt syng & dance my hart is sett all
I - dill - nes is cheff mast - res of vi - - ces all then
best en - sew the worst es - thew my mynde shal - be. ver -
my pas - tance hunt syng & dance my hart is sett all
I - dill - nes is cheff mast - res of vi - - ces all then
best en - sew the worst es - thew my mynde shal - be. ver -
12
E♭ F B♭ E♭ F B♭ F D G
good - ly sport for my com - fort who shall me let?
who can say. but myrth and play is best of all.
tu to vse vice to re - fuce thus shall I vse me.
good - ly sport for my com - fort who shall me let?
who can say. but myrth and play is best of all.
tu to vse vice to re - fuce thus shall I vse me.
good - ly sport for my com - fort who shall me let?
who can say. but myrth and play is best of all.
tu to vse vice to re - fuce thus shall I vse me.

See, see, myne owne sweet Jewell

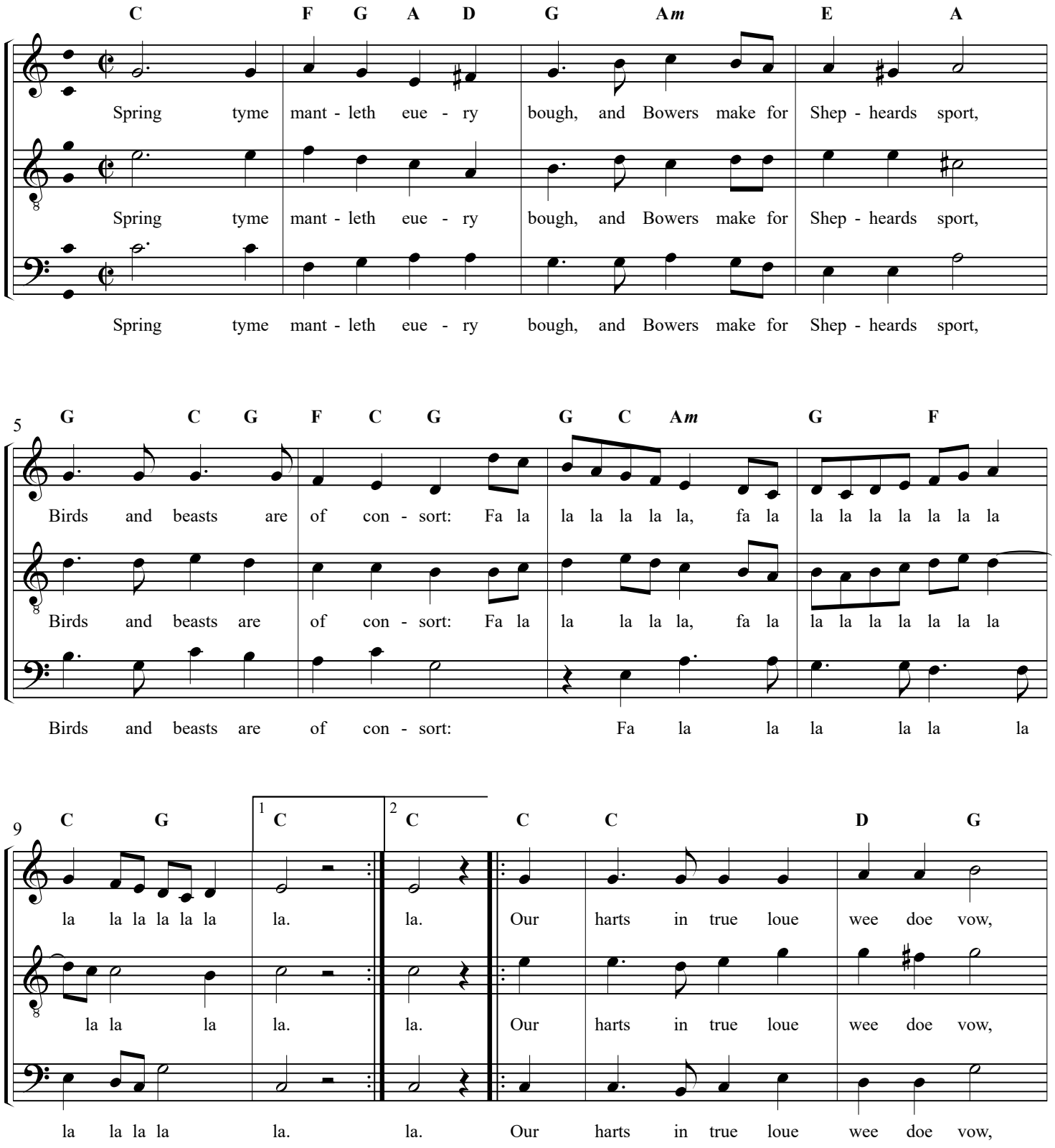
Thomas Morley
(1558-1603)

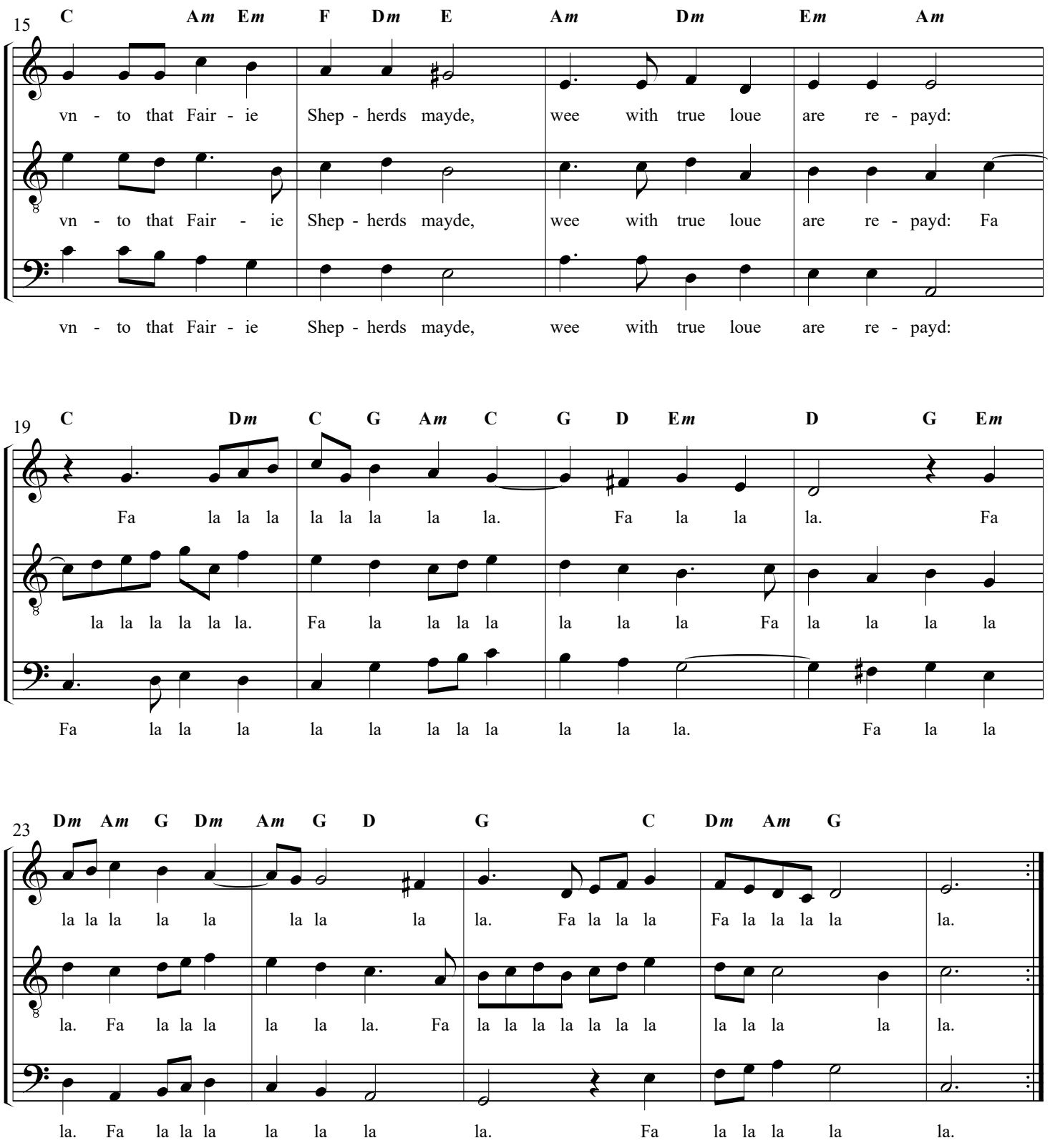



18
Am Dm Asus4 A D Dm F Dm F F F Am
and a Star - ling. These I giue both in hope, to moue
and a Star - ling These I give both in hope, in hope at
Star - - - - ling. These I giue both in
These I giue both in
23
G C Gsus4 G C D G G Dm Asus4 A
thee, yet thou saist that I doe not, I doe not loue thee, thou saist I
length to moue, to moue thee, and yet thou saist I doe
hope, to moue thee, yet thou saist I doe
26
D G C G D
1. G Gm Dm F Dm
2. G
doe not, I doe not loue
1 thee. These I giue both in
2 thee.
not, I do not loue thee, no I do not, no I do not loue thee. thee.
not, I doe not loue thee, no I do not, I do not loue thee. thee.

Spring tyme mantleth euery bough

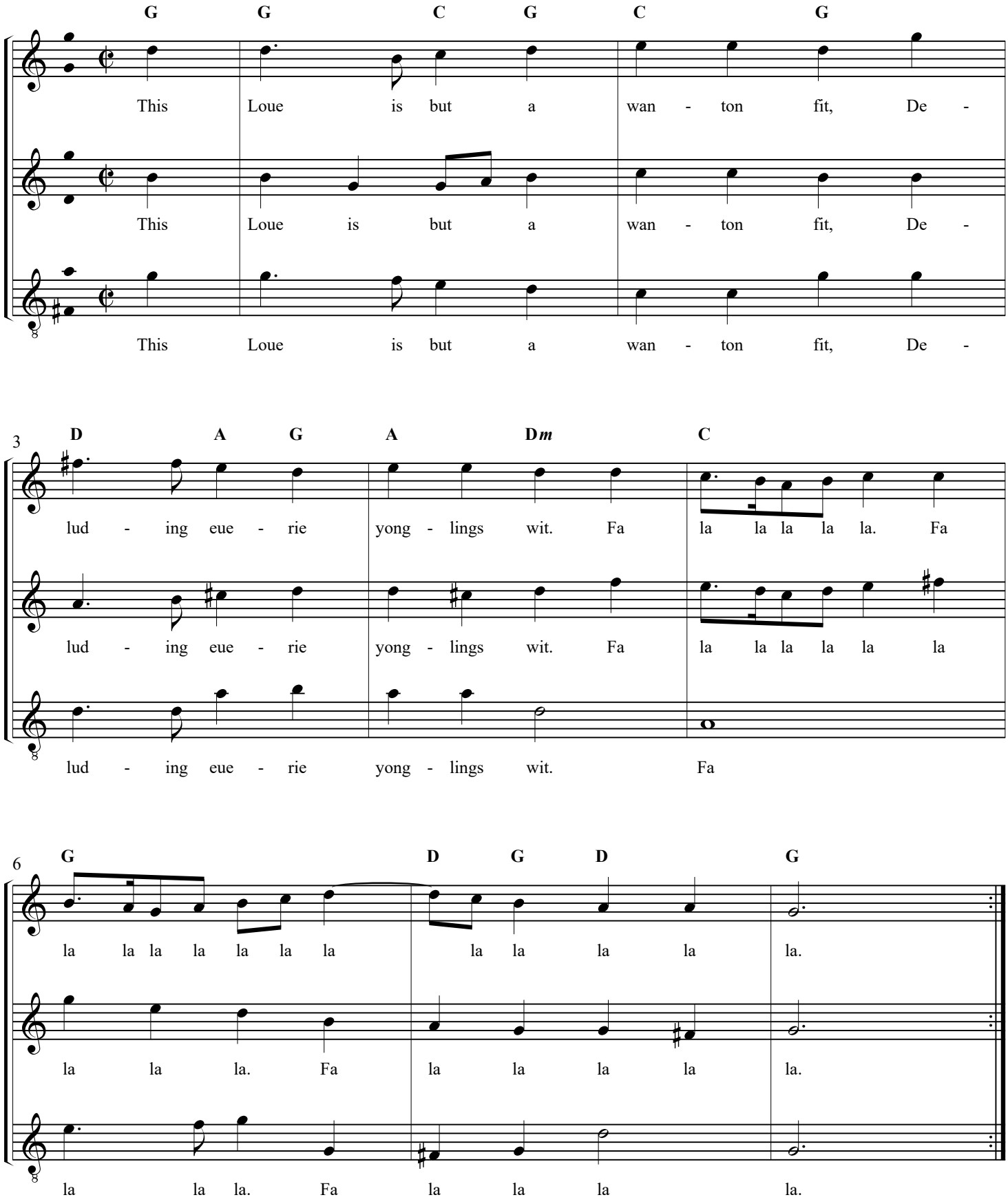
Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

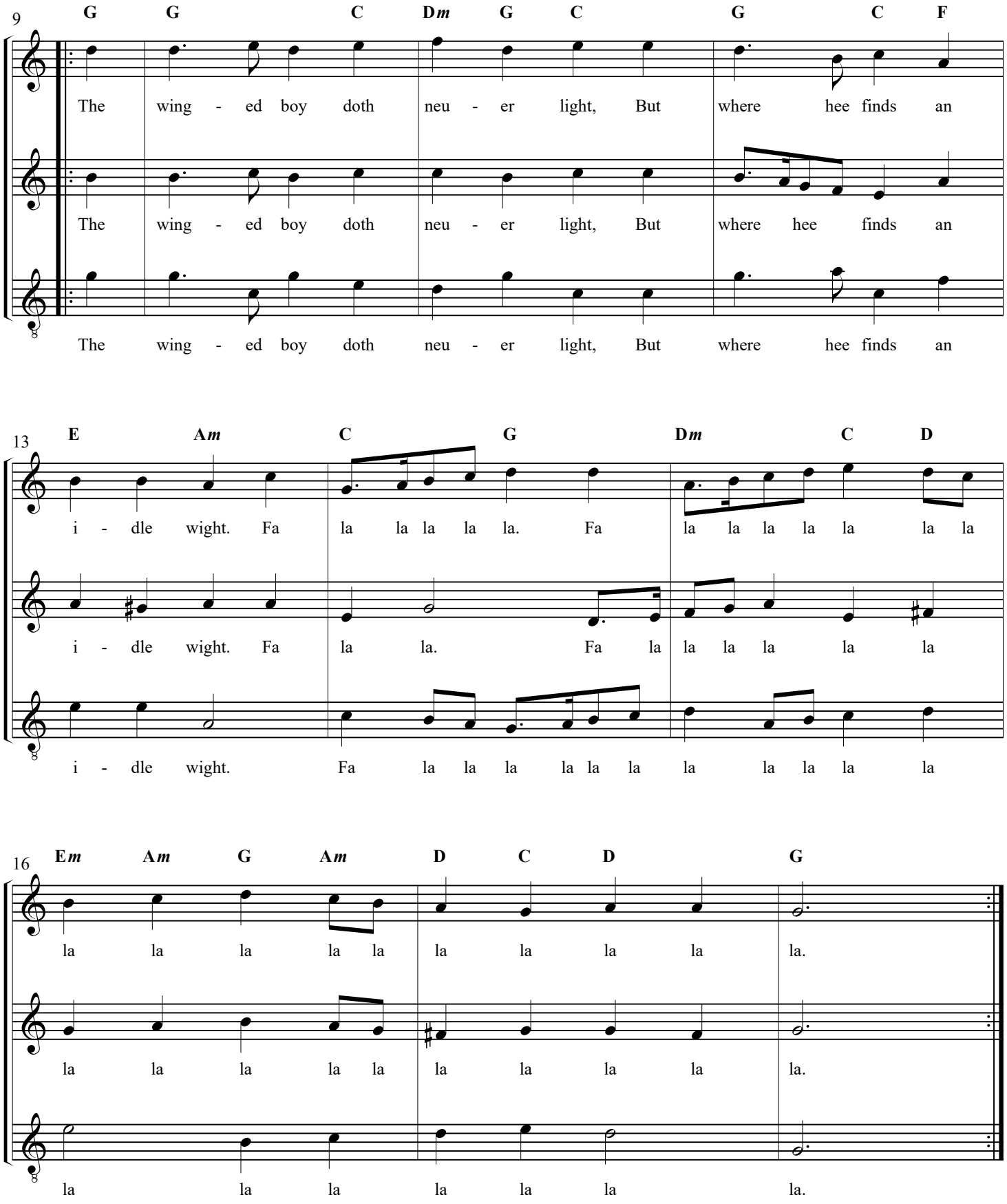



15
C Am Em F Dm E Am Dm Em Am
vn - to that Fair - ie Shep - herds mayde, wee with true loue are re - payd:
vn - to that Fair - ie Shep - herds mayde, wee with true loue are re - payd: Fa
vn - to that Fair - ie Shep - herds mayde, wee with true loue are re - payd:
19
C Dm C G Am C G D Em D G Em
Fa la la la la la la la la. Fa la la la. Fa
la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la Fa la la la la
Fa la la la la la la la la la la. Fa la la
23
Dm Am G Dm Am G D G C Dm Am G
la la la la la la la la. Fa la la la Fa la la la la la. la.
la. Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la. la.
la. Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la. la.

This Loue is but a wanton fit

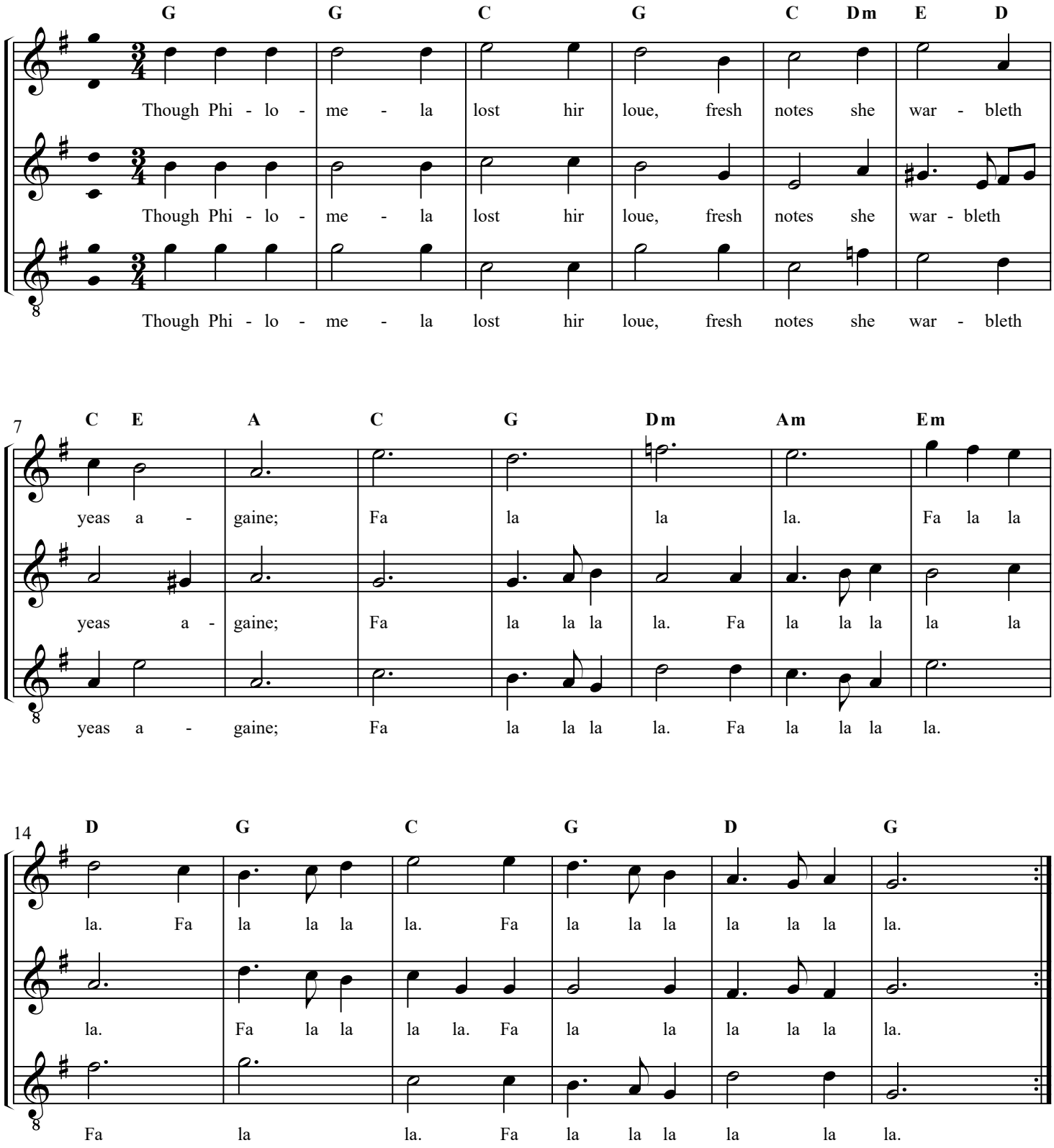
Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

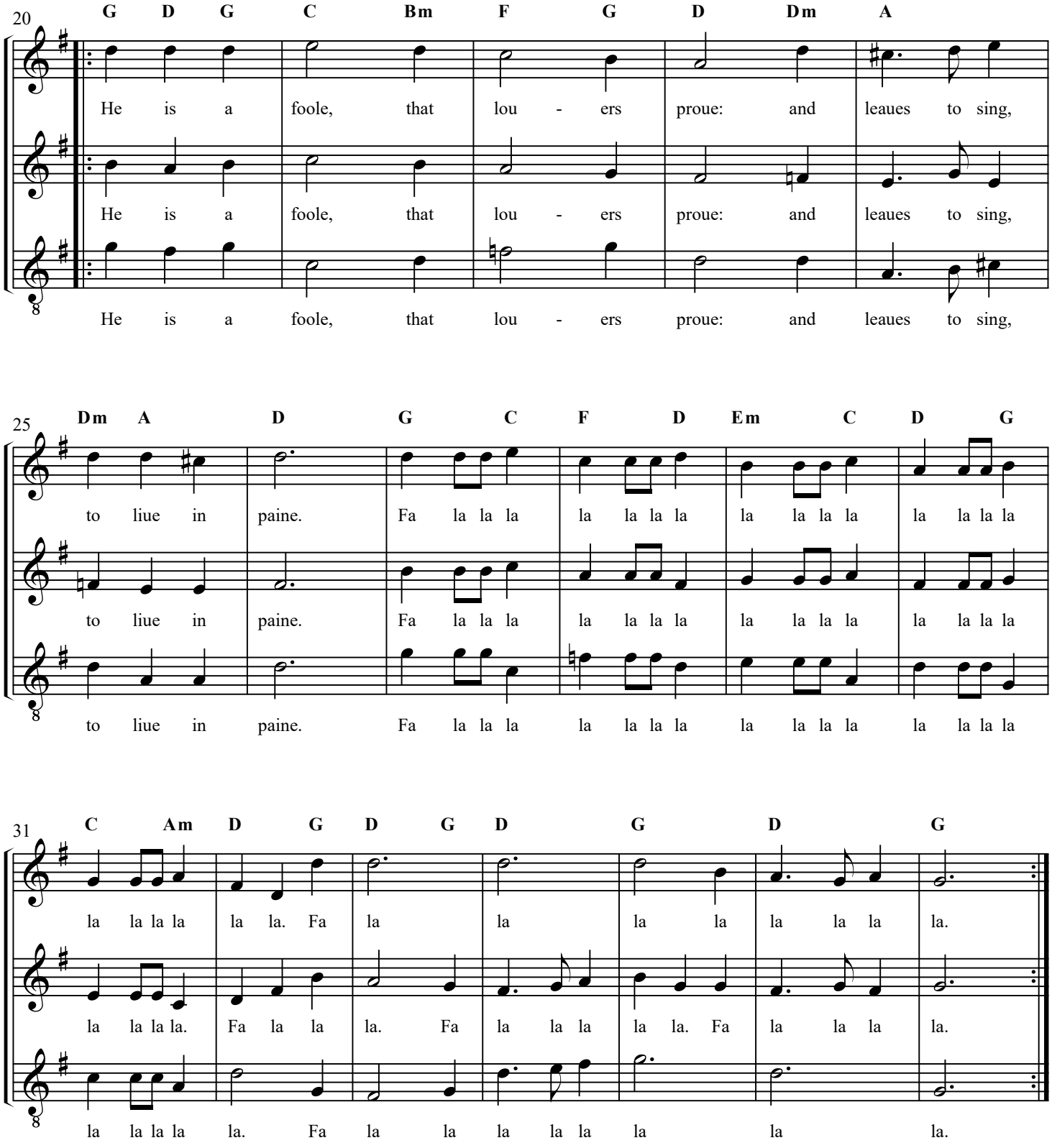



9
G G C Dm G C G C F
The wing - ed boy doth neu - er light, But where hee finds an
The wing - ed boy doth neu - er light, But where hee finds an
The wing - ed boy doth neu - er light, But where hee finds an
13
E Am C G Dm C D
i - dle wight. Fa la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la
i - dle wight. Fa la la. Fa la la la la la la
i - dle wight. Fa la la la la la la la la la la
16
Em Am G Am D C D G
la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.

Though Philomela lost hir loue

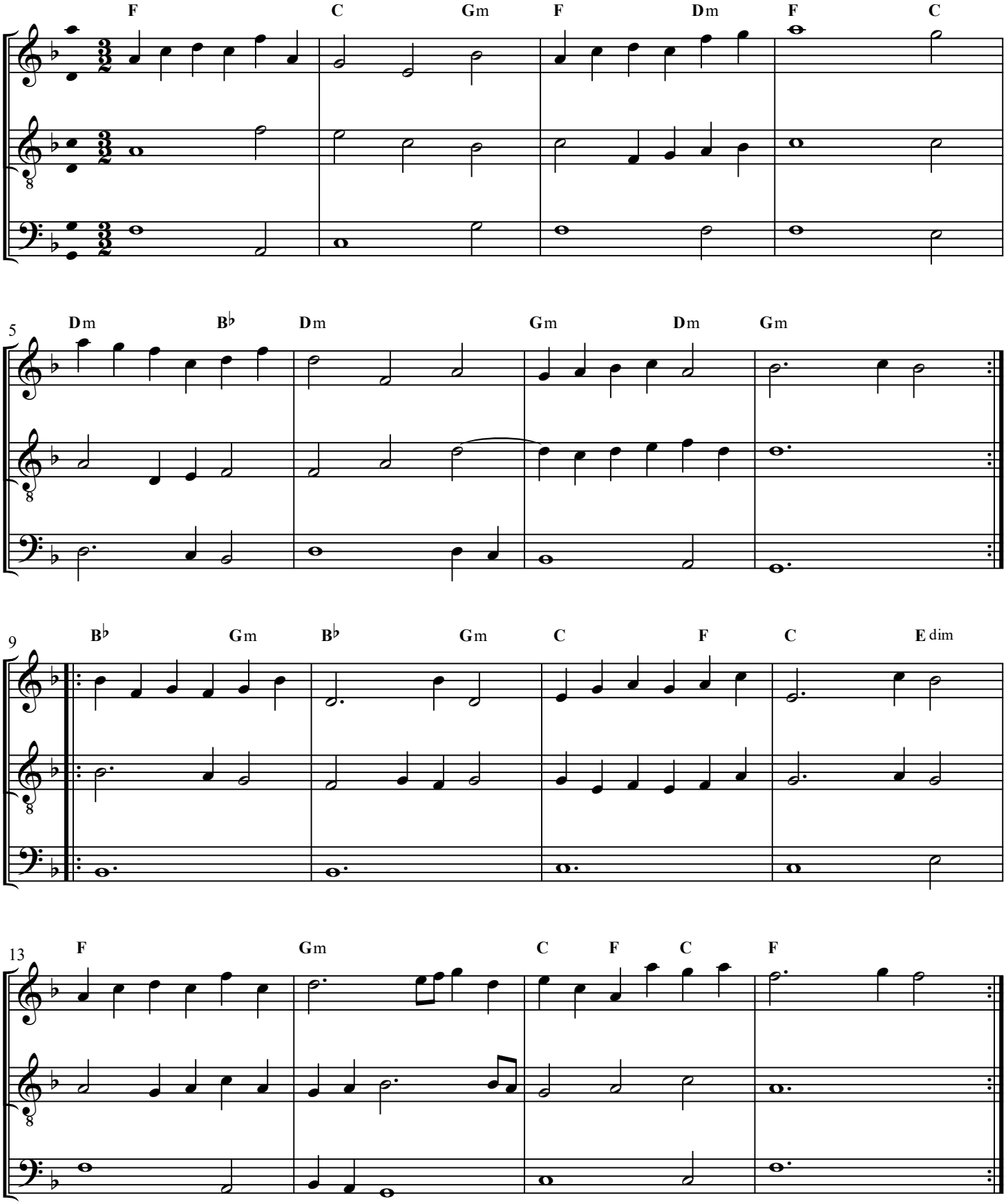
Thomas Morley (1558-1603)




20
G D G C Bm F G D Dm A
He is a foole, that lou - ers proue: and leaues to sing,
He is a foole, that lou - ers proue: and leaues to sing,
He is a foole, that lou - ers proue: and leaues to sing,
25
Dm A D G C F D Em C D G
to liue in paine. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
to liue in paine. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
to liue in paine. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
31
C Am D G D G D G D G
la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la la.
la la la la. Fa la la la. Fa la la la la la. Fa la la la la.
la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la la.

Well Hall

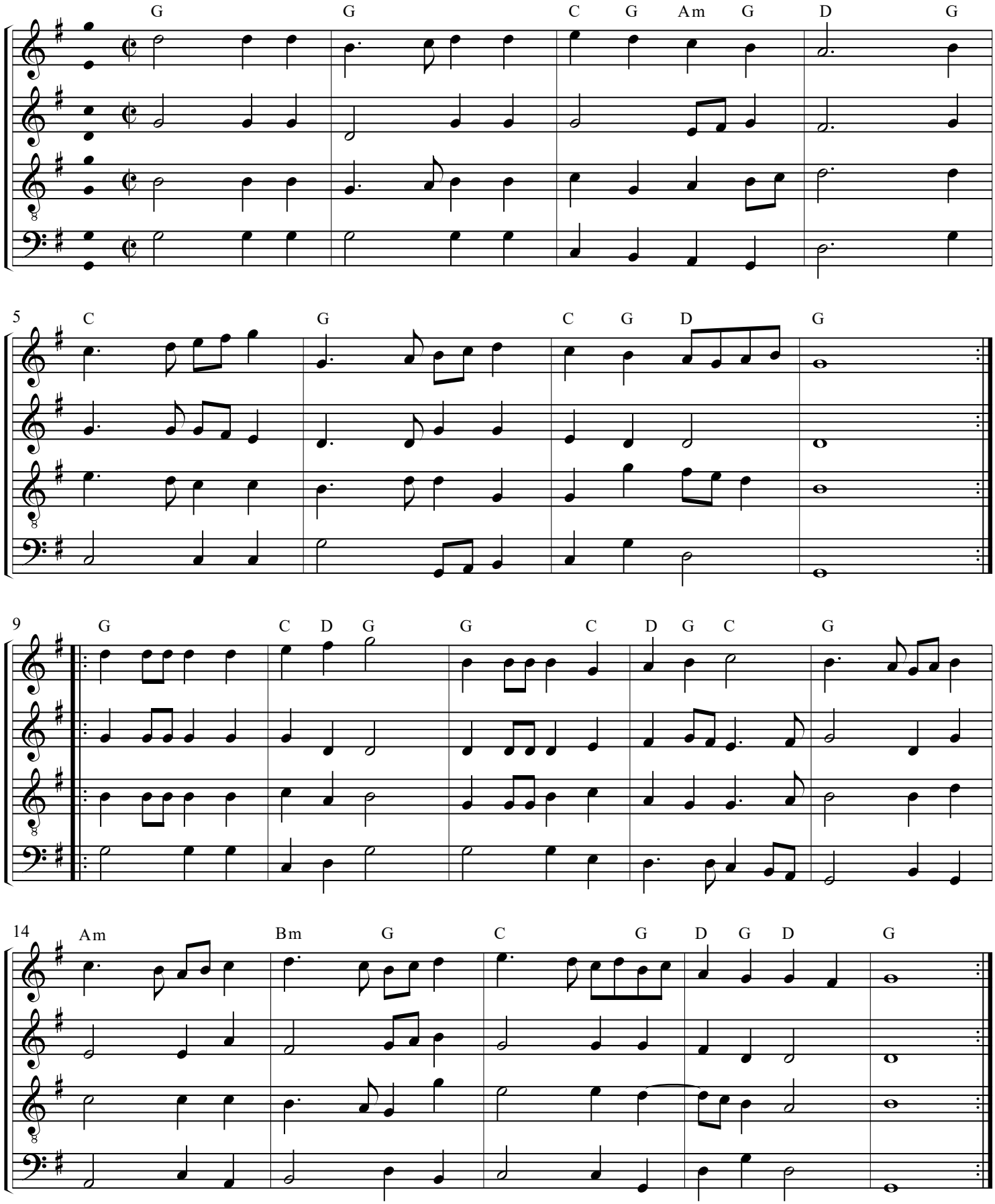
from ***The Dancing Master***,
supplement to the 6th edition, 1679,
John Playford (1623-1686)



Music for Four

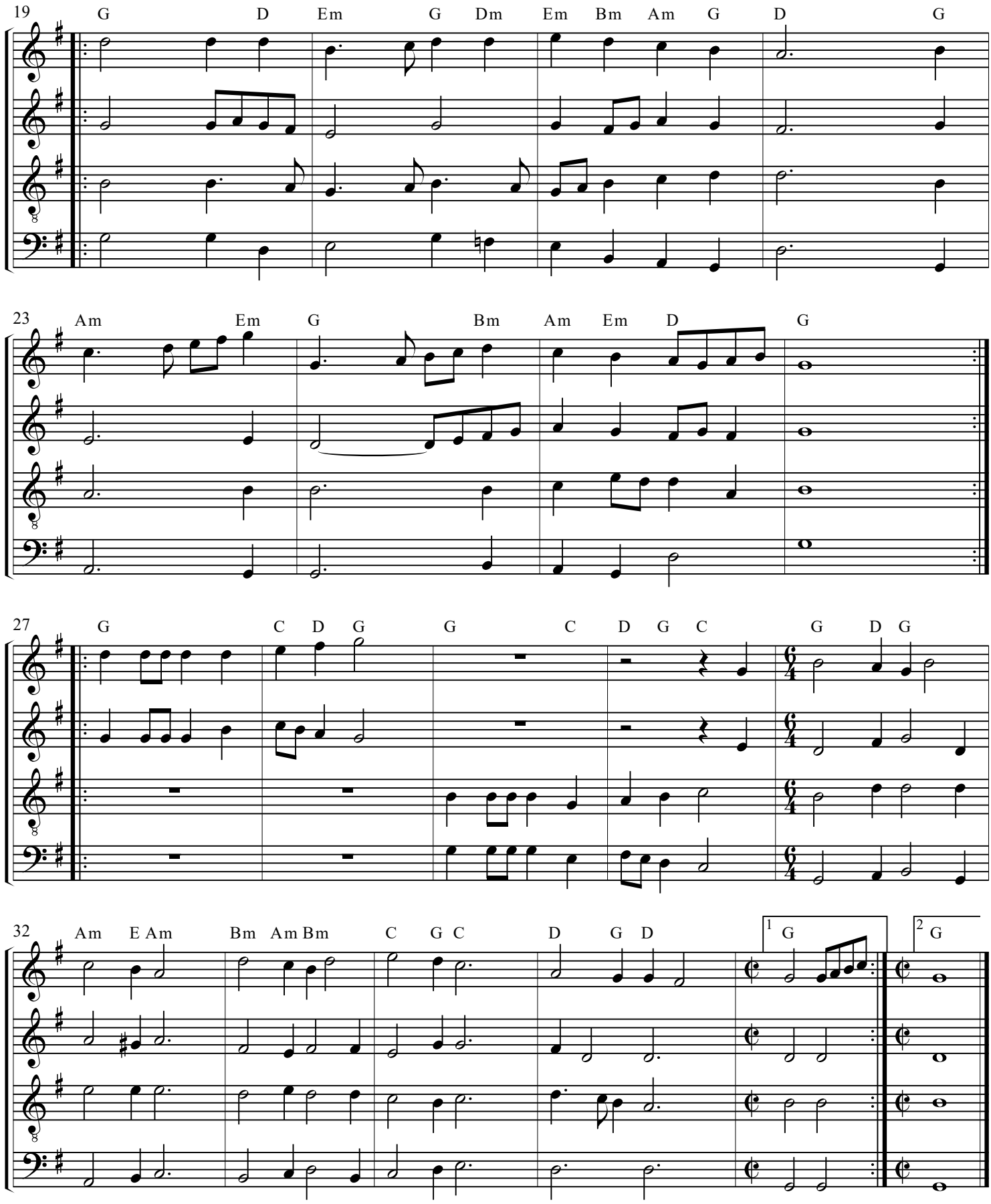
All in a Garden green

John Playford (1623-1686)
The English Dancing Master,
1651



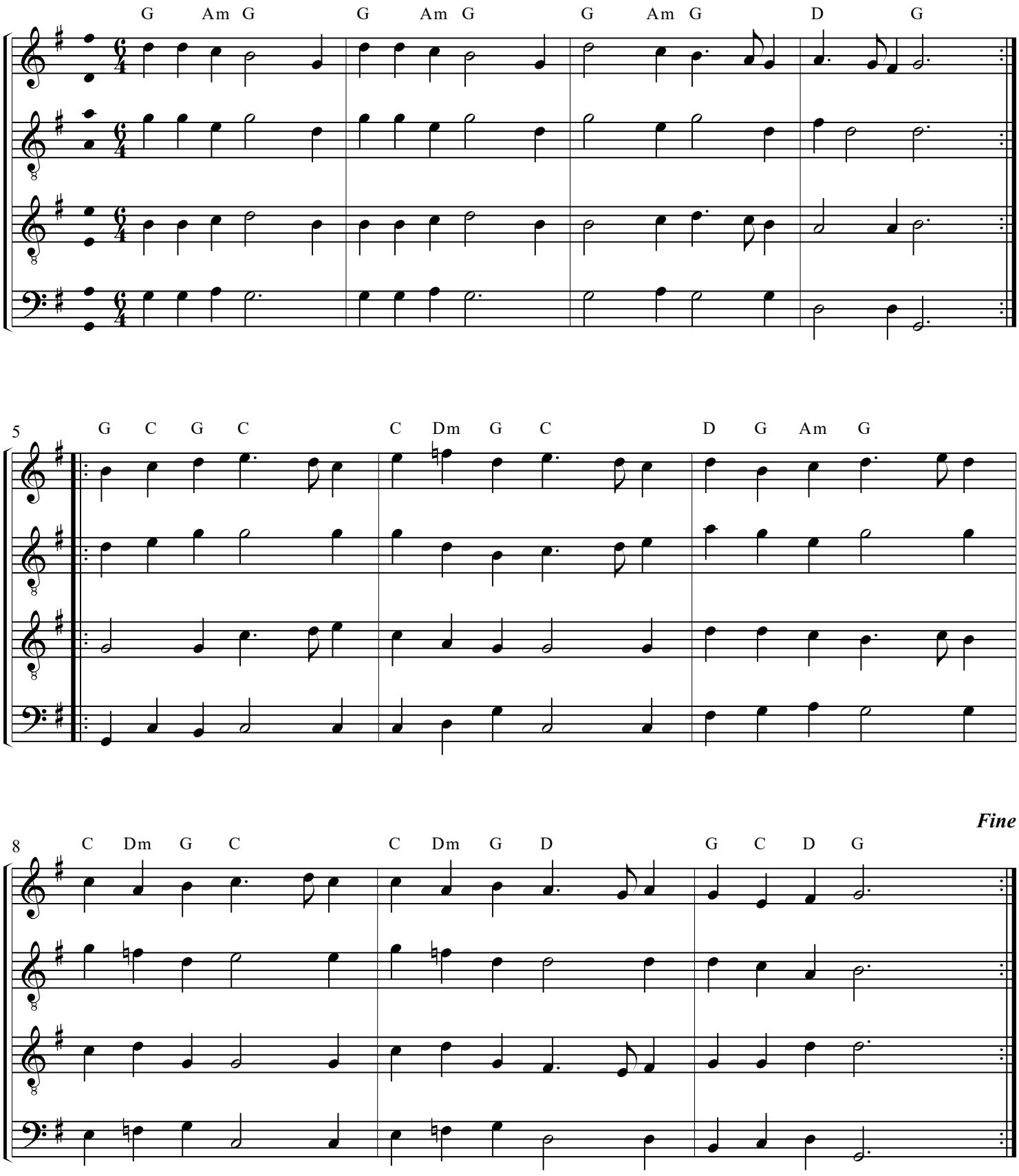
setting by Steve Hendricks

A variation

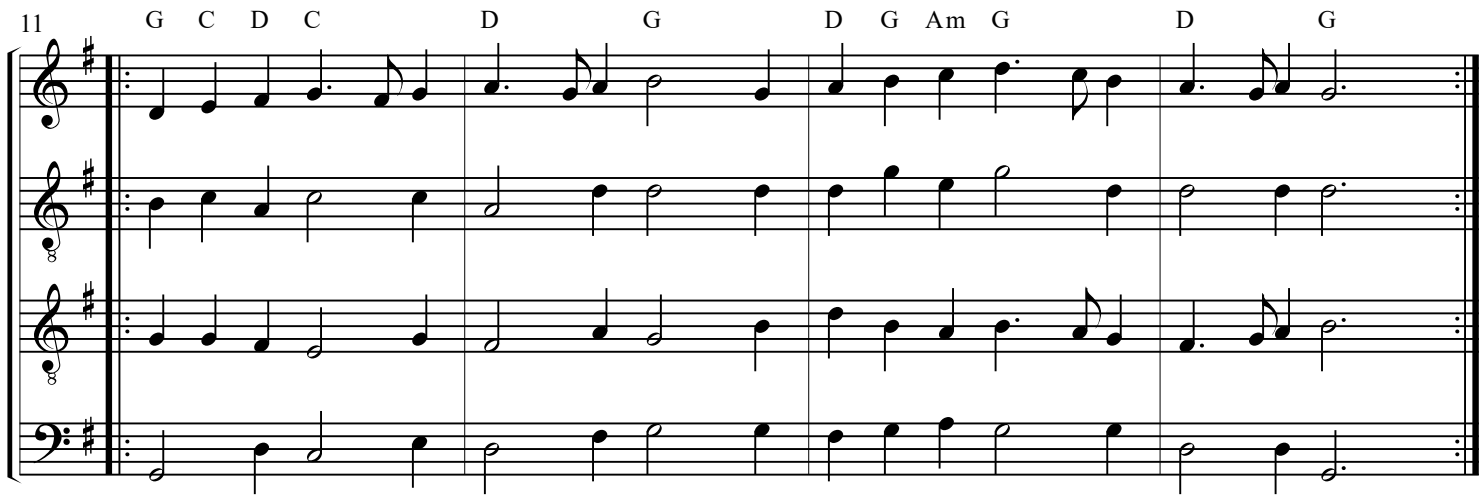

19
G D Em G Dm Em Bm Am G D G
23
Am Em G Bm Am Em D G
27
G C D G G C D G C G D G
32
Am E Am Bm Am Bm C G C D G D
1 G
2 G

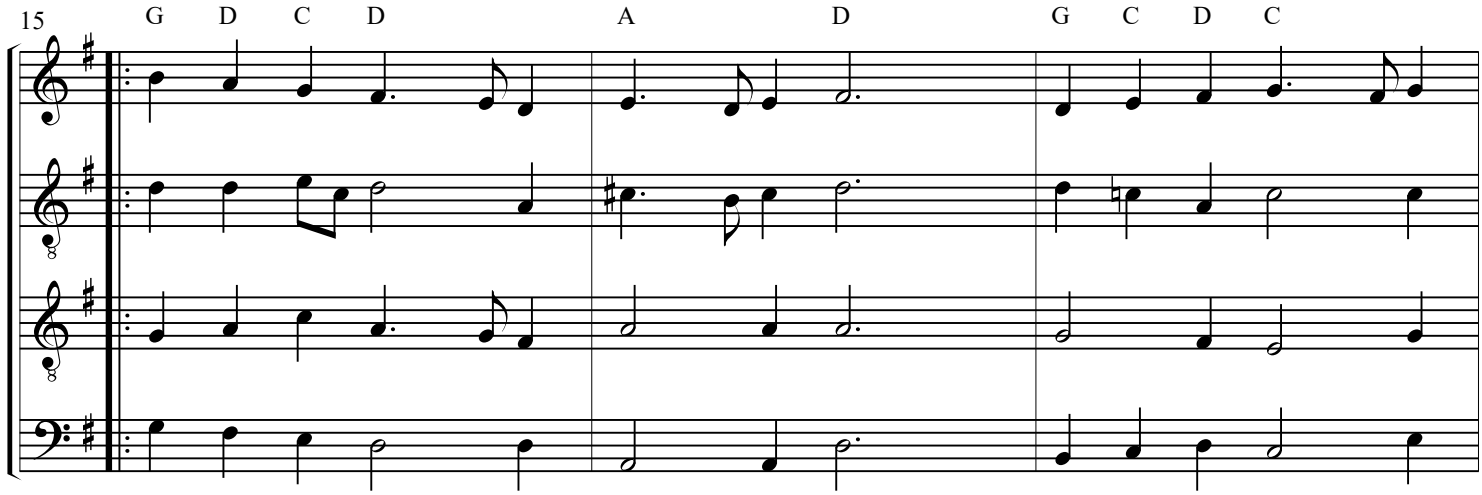
Alta Mendozza

Cesare Negri
(c.1535-after 1604)
from *Le Gratie d'Amore*, 1602

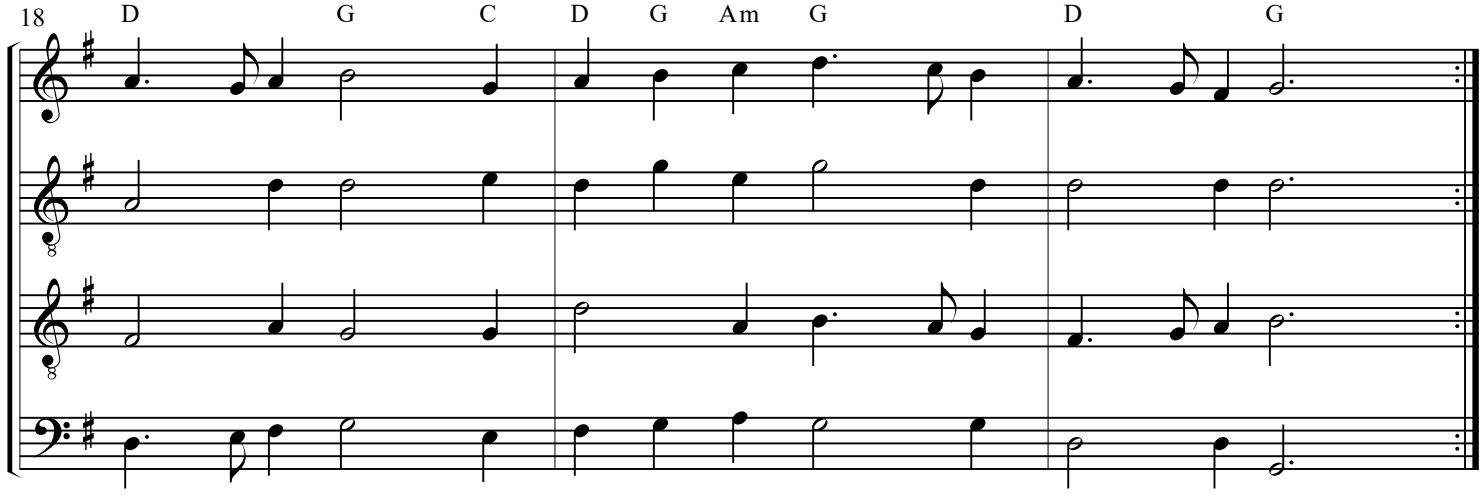


adapted by Steve Hendricks





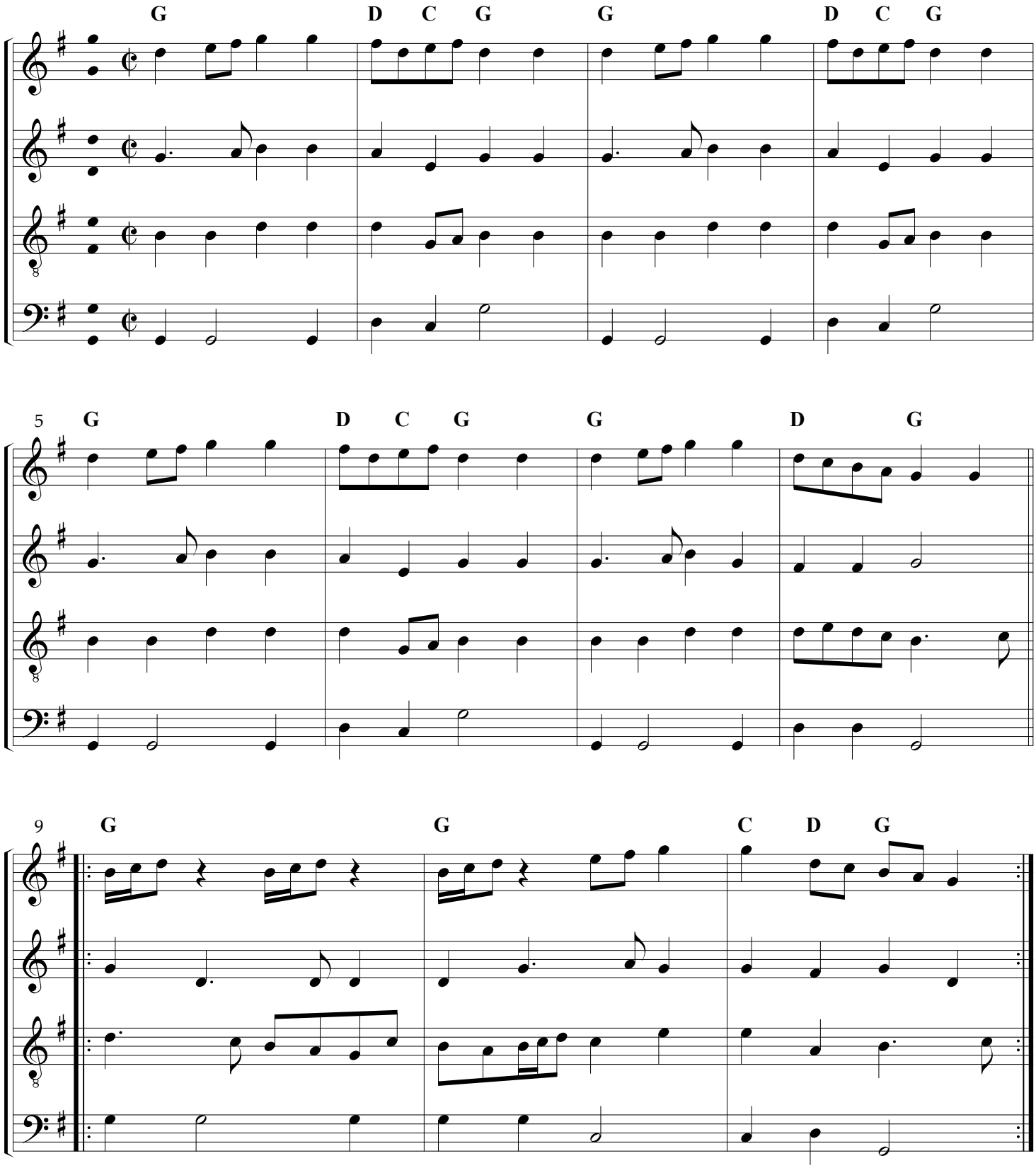
D.C. al Fine

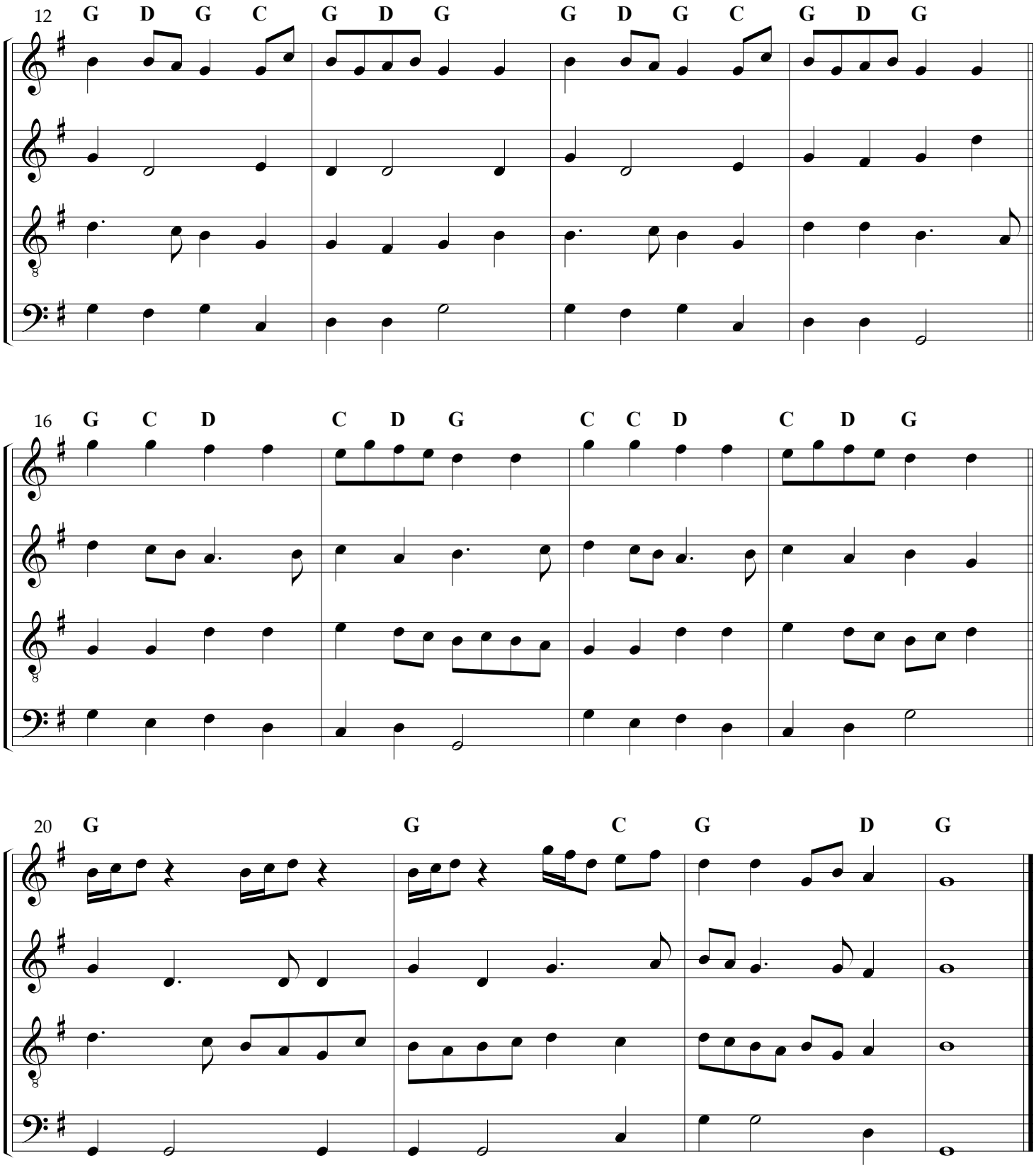


Anello

Ring

Domenico da Piacenza (d. c.1470)
De arte saltandi e choreas ducendii, c.1420

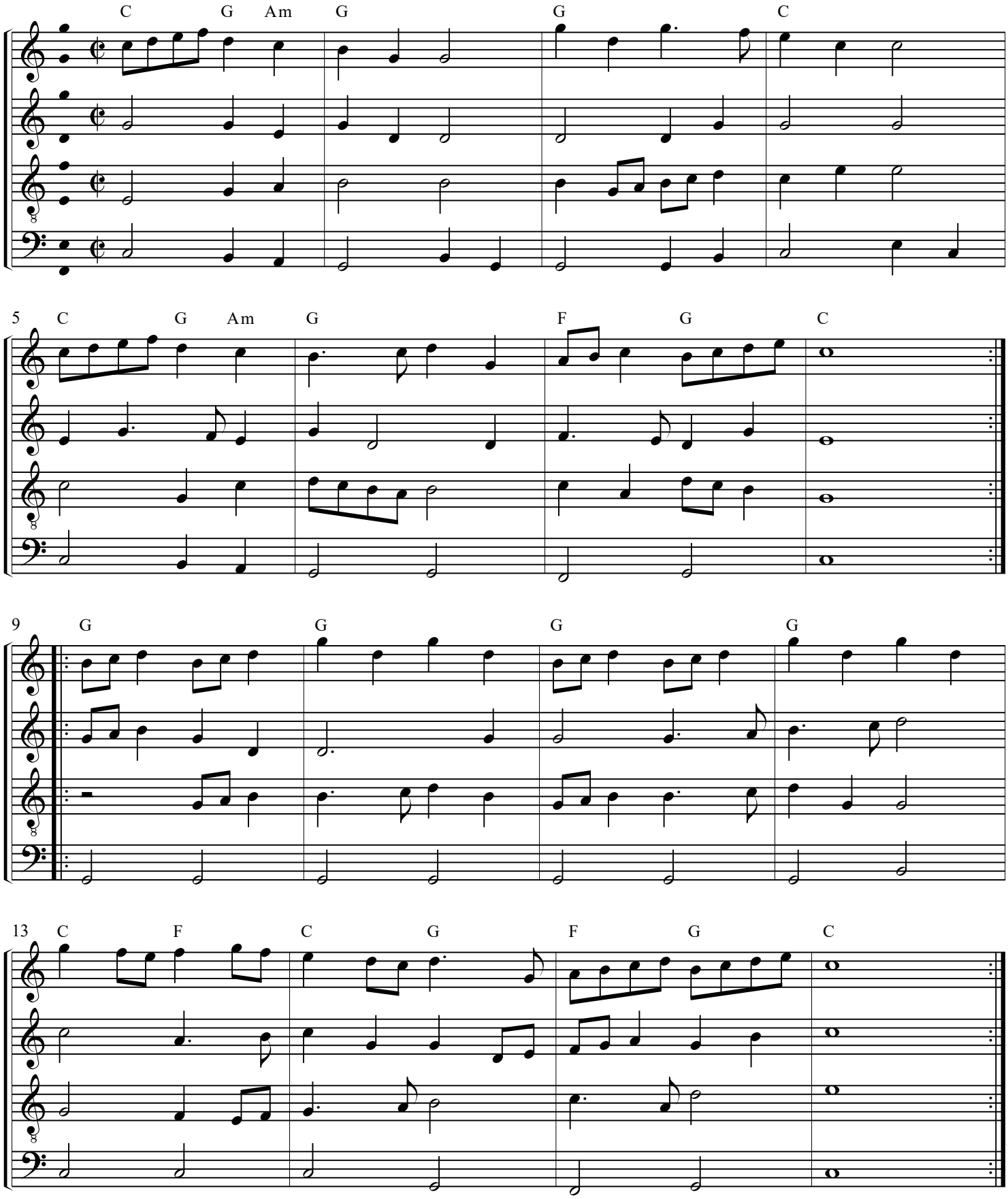



12
G D G C G D G G D G C G D G
16
G C D C D G C C D C D G
20
G G C G D G

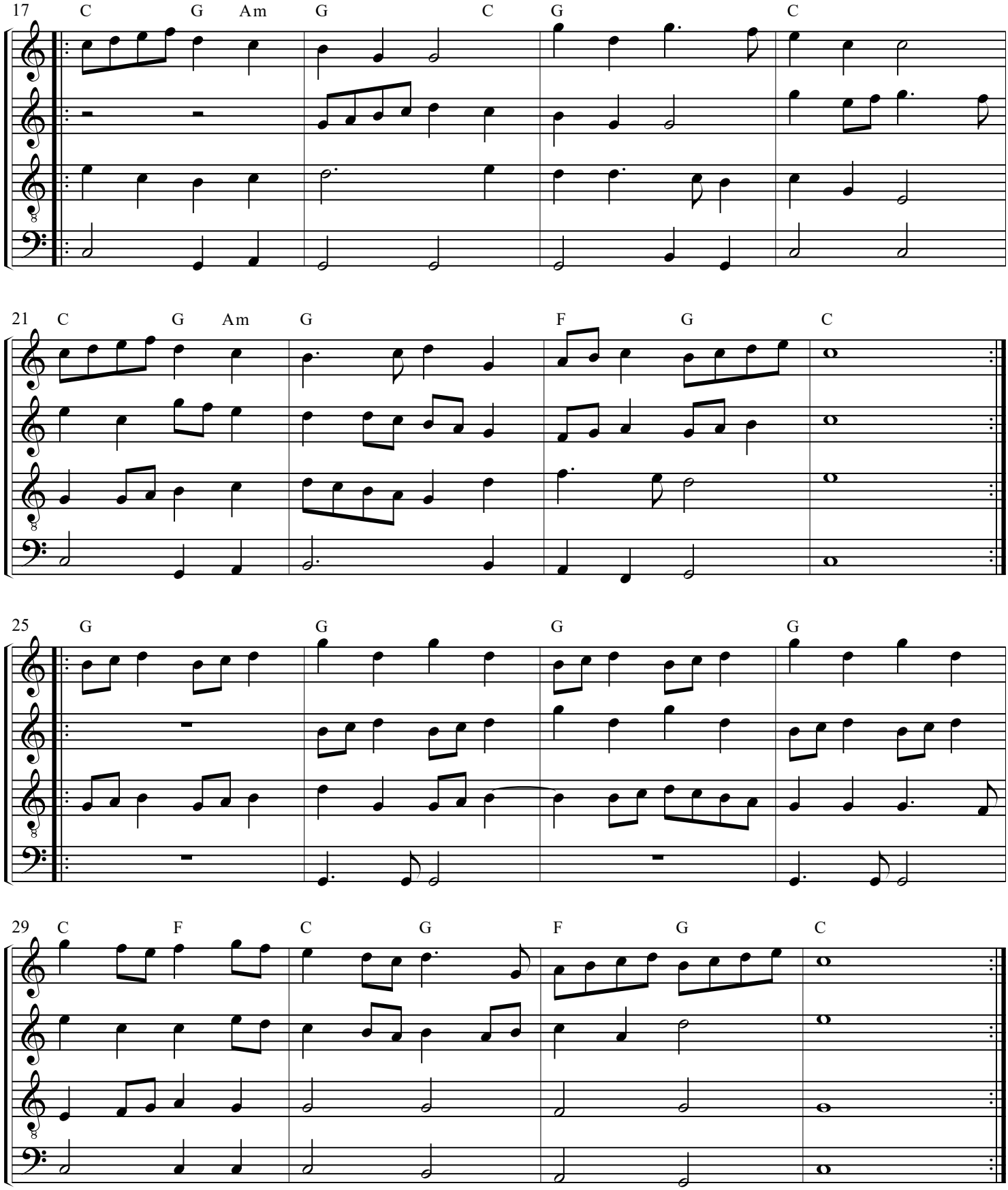
from *The English Dancing Master*,
1651

Argeers

John Playford
(1623-1686)

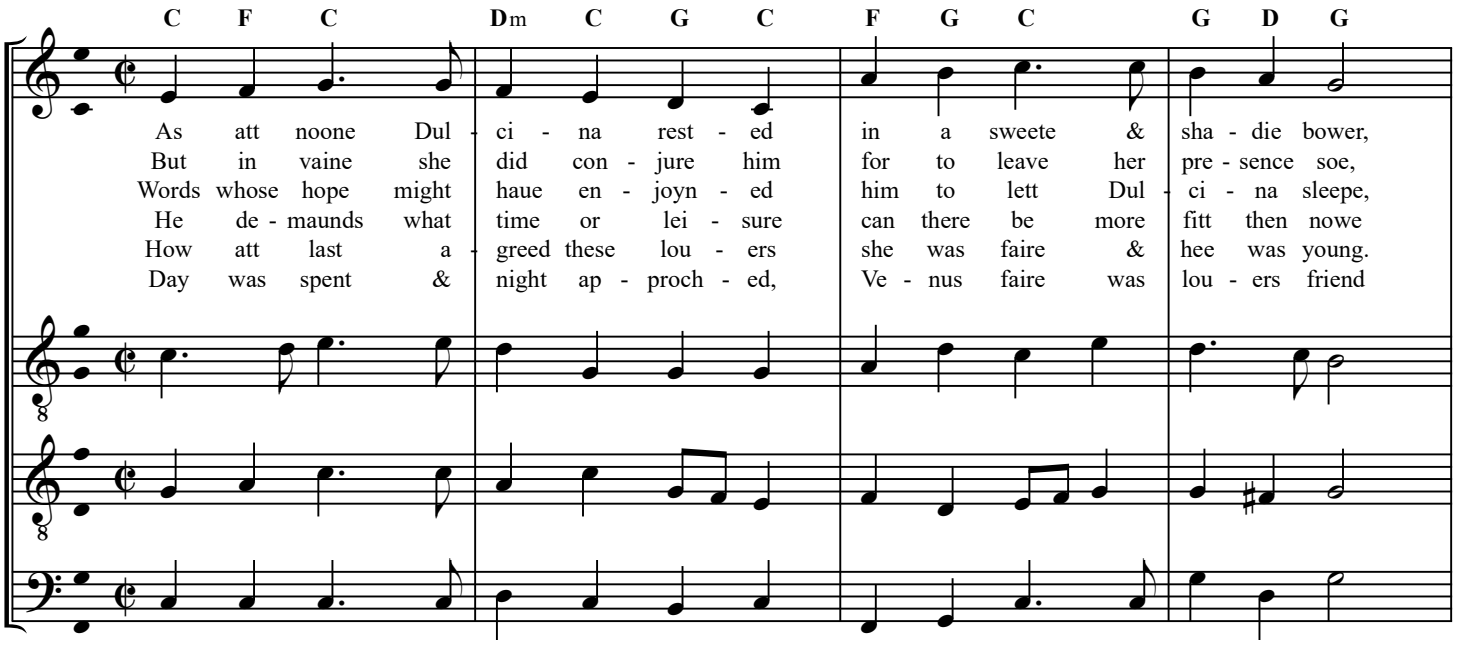


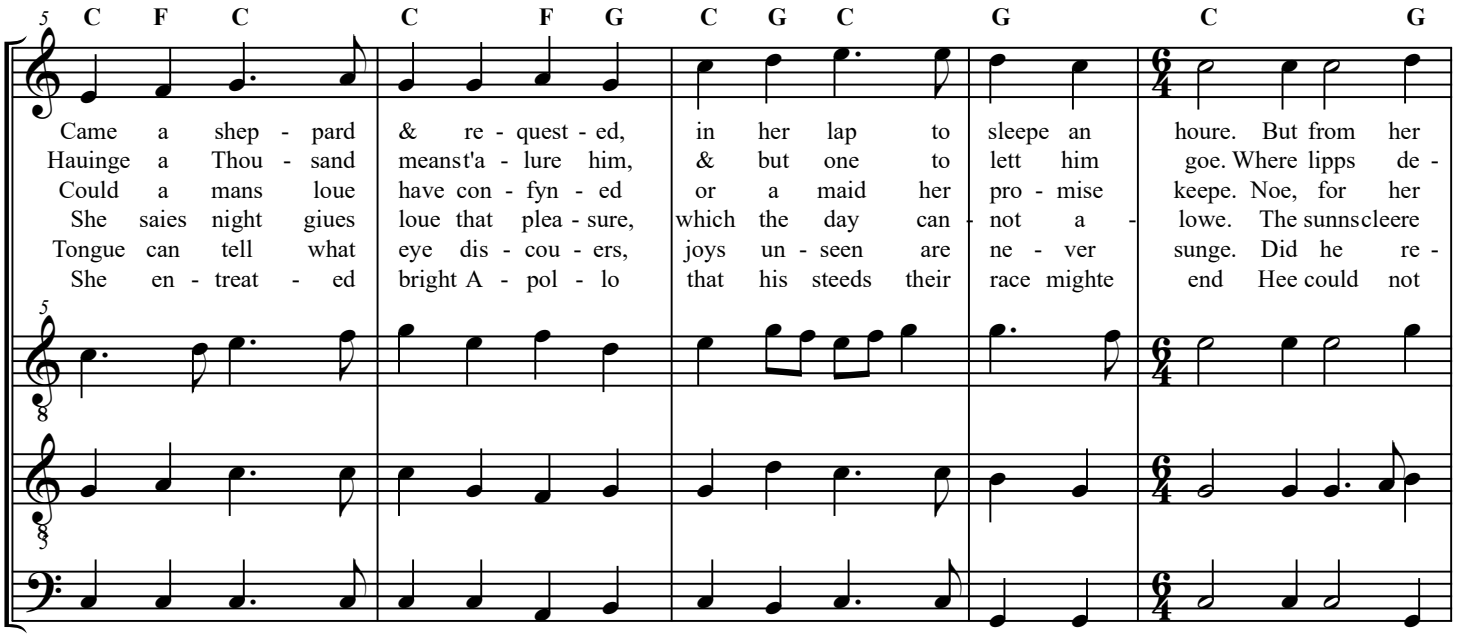
setting by Steve Hendricks

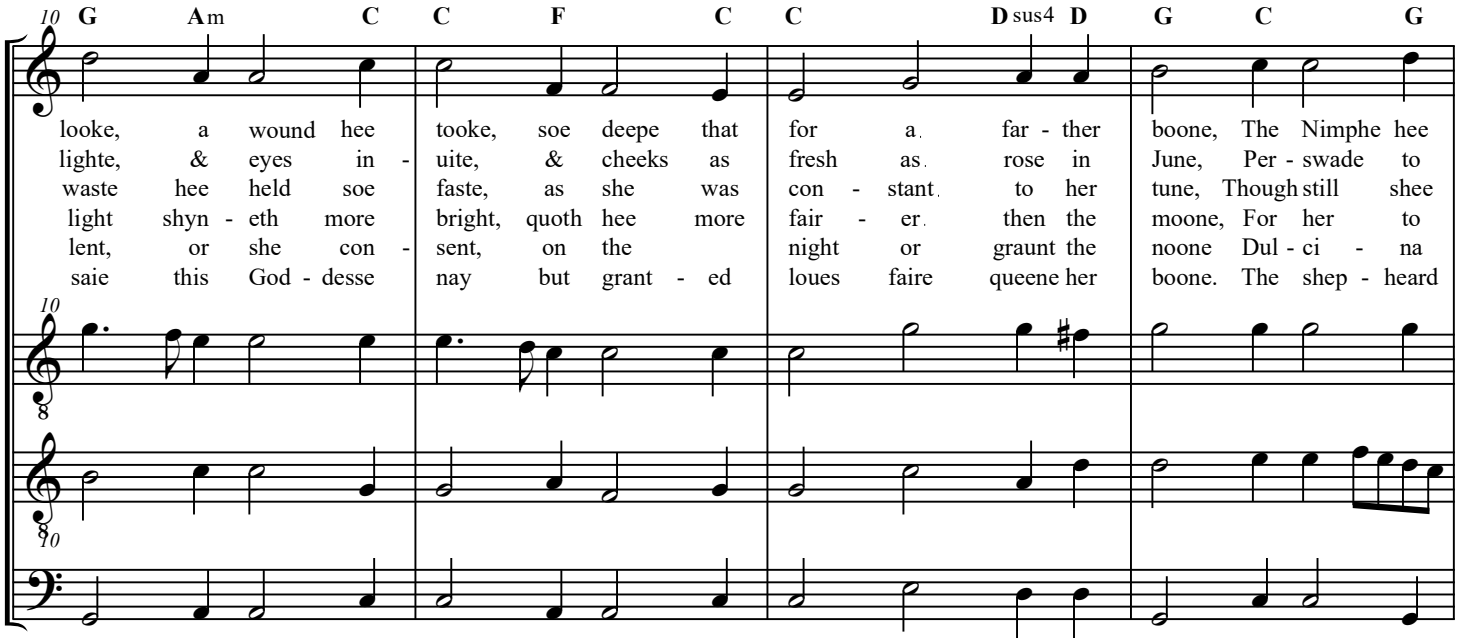

17
C G Am G C G C
21
C G Am G F G C
25
G G G G
29
C F C G F G C

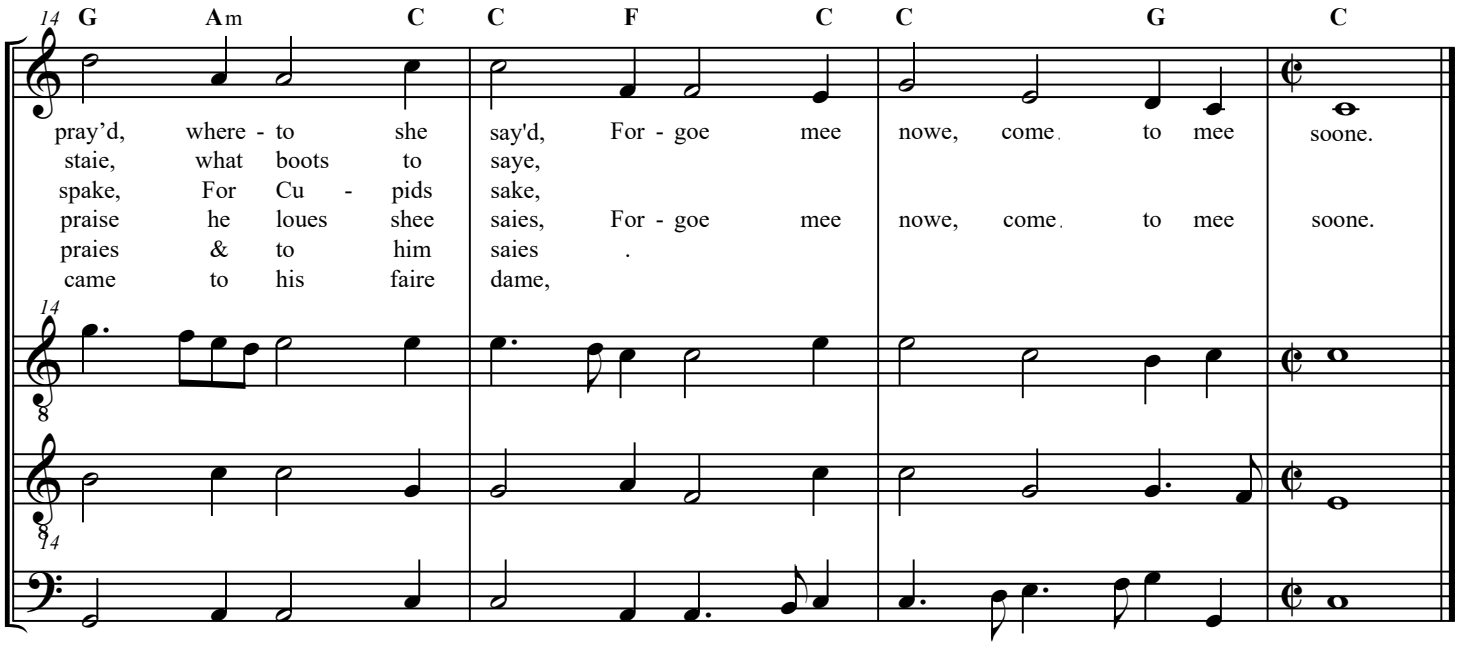
As att noone Dulcina rested

Anon.



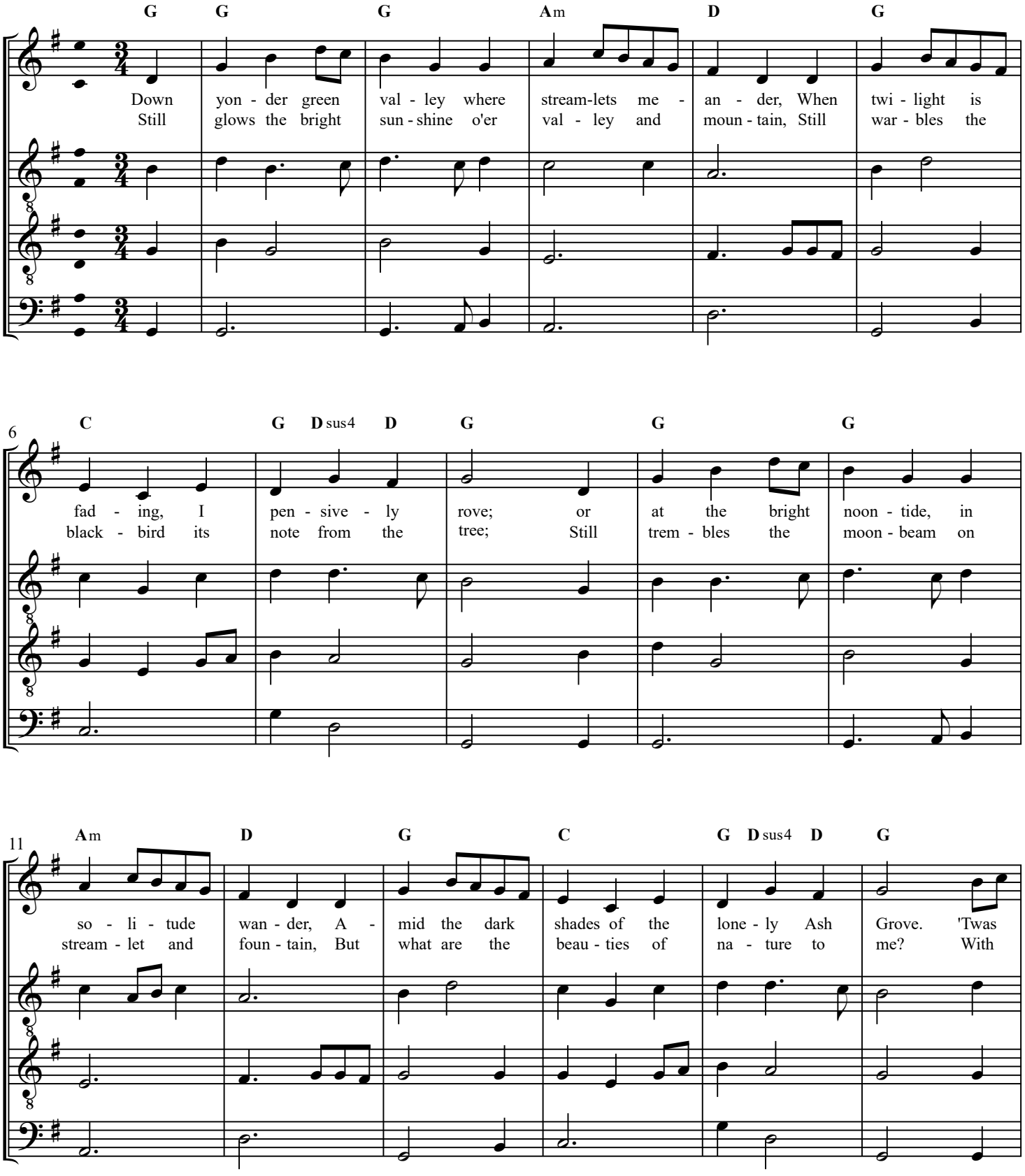


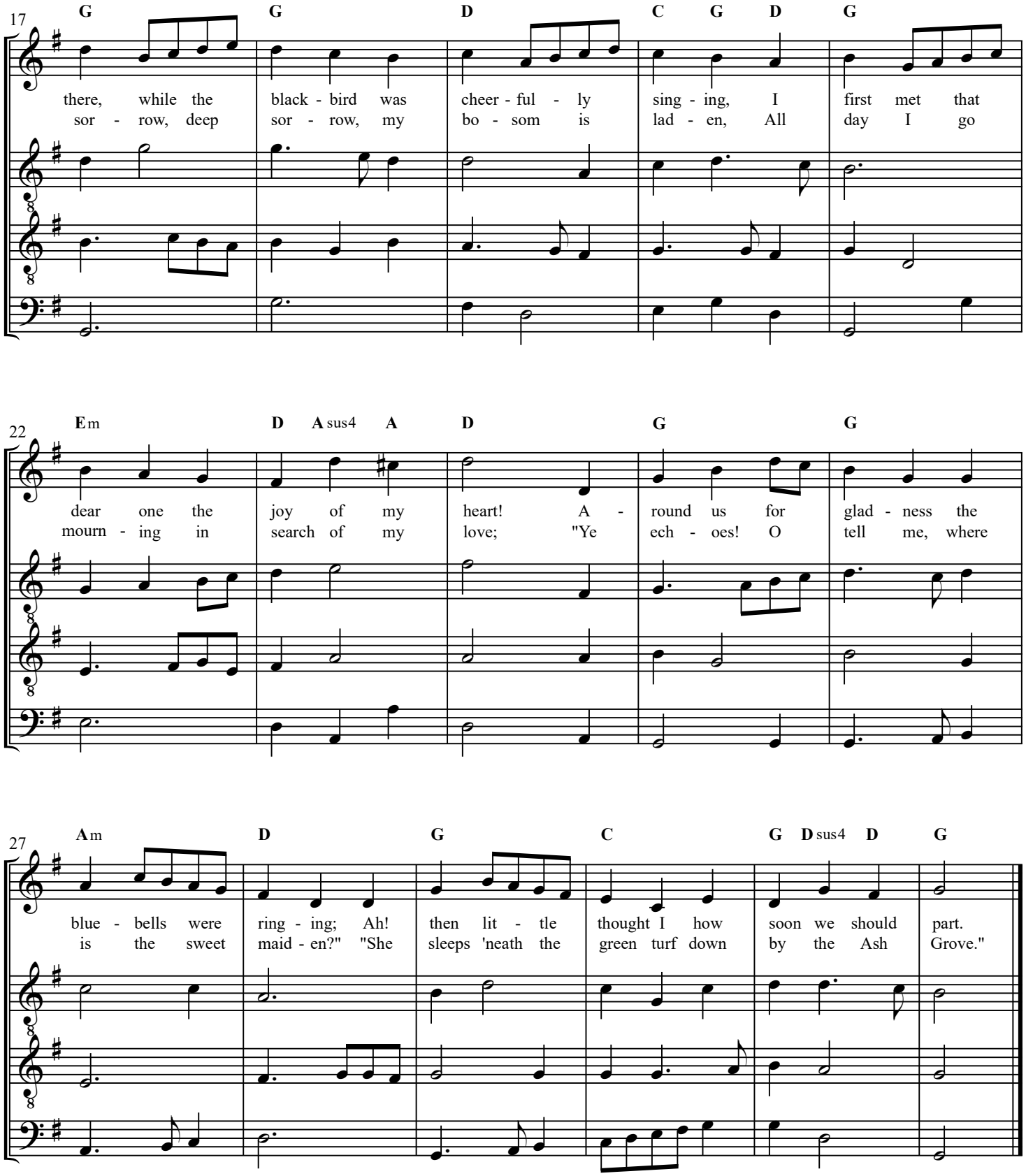

10
G Am C C F C C Dsus4 D G C G
looke, a wound hee tooke, soe deepe that for a far - ther boone, The Nimphe hee
lighte, & eyes in - uite, & cheeks as fresh as rose in June, Per - swade to
waste hee held soe faste, as she was con - stant to her tune, Though still shee
light shyn - eth more bright, quoth hee more fair - er then the moone, For her to
lent, or she con - sent, on the night or graunt the noone Dul - ci - na
saie this God - desse nay but grant - ed loues faire queene her boone. The shep - heard


14
G Am C C F C C G C
pray'd, where - to she say'd, For - goe mee nowe, come to mee soone.
staie, what boots to saye,
spake, For Cu - pids sake,
praise he loues shee saies, For - goe mee nowe, come to mee soone.
praies & to him saies .
came to his faire dame,

The Ash Grove

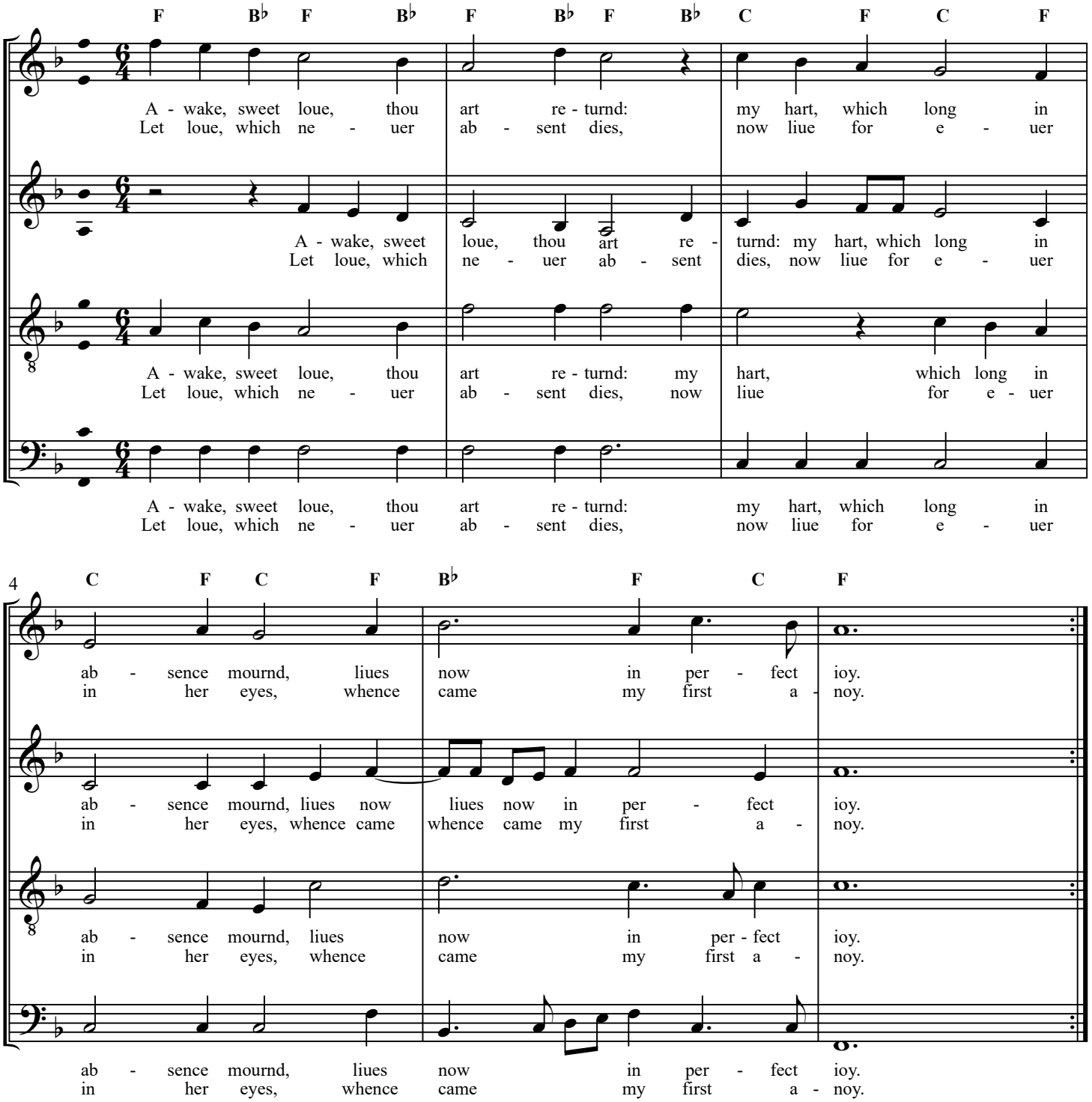
Welsh traditional

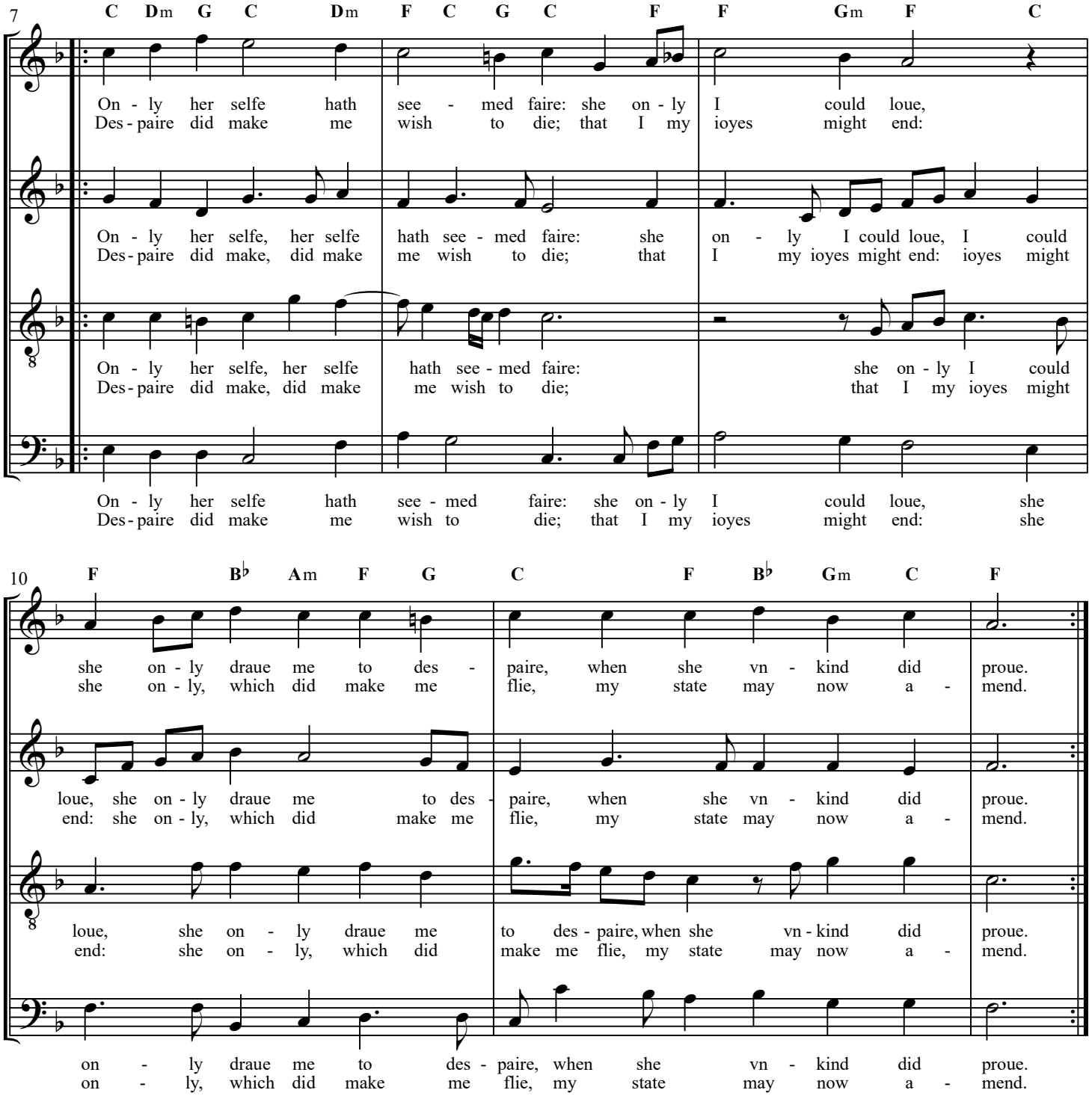



17
G G D C G D G
there, while the black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I first met that
sor - row, deep sor - row, my bo - som is lad - en, All day I go
22
Em D Asus4 A D G G
dear one the joy of my heart! A - round us for glad - ness the
mourn - ing in search of my love; "Ye ech - oes! O tell me, where
27
Am D G C G Dsus4 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

John Dowland (1563-1626)
the First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597



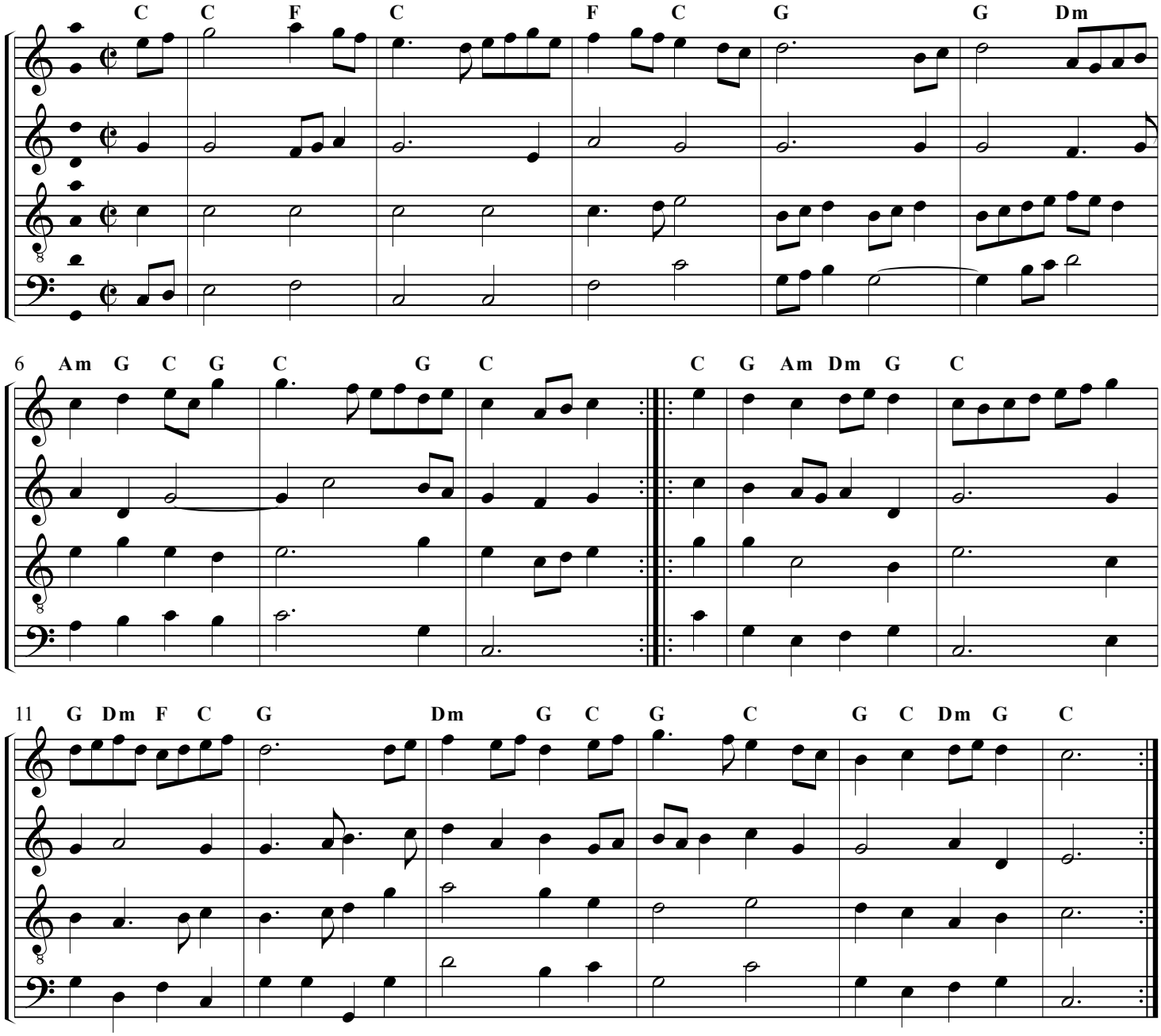


If she esteeme thee now ought worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
  Which so dispaire hath proued,
Dispaire hath proued now in me,
That loue will not vnconstant be,
  Though long in vaine I loued.

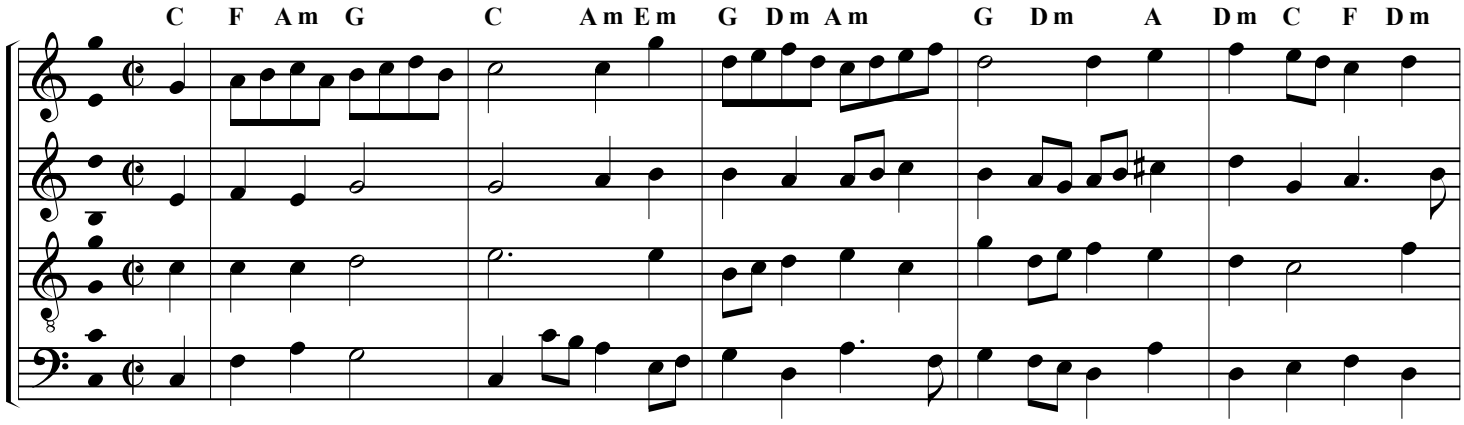
If she at last reward thy loue,
  And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse wil sweeter proue,
  Raisde vp from deepe dispaire.
And if that now thou welcome be,
  When thou with her dost meete,
She al this while but plaide with thee:
  To make thy ioyes more sweet.

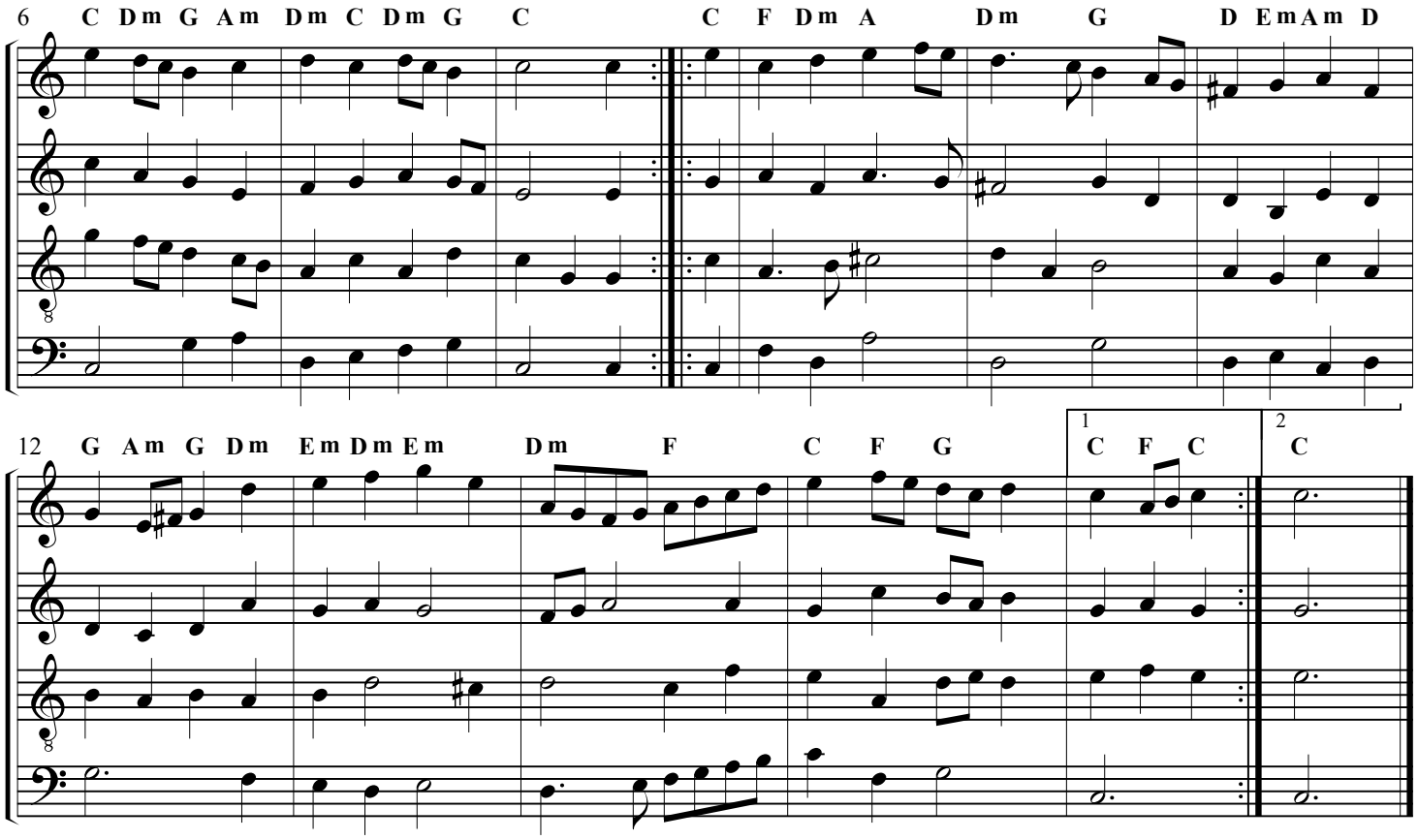
Ballet des Baccanales (CCLXXVIII)

Michael Praetorius (c.1571-1621)
*Terpsichor*e, 1612

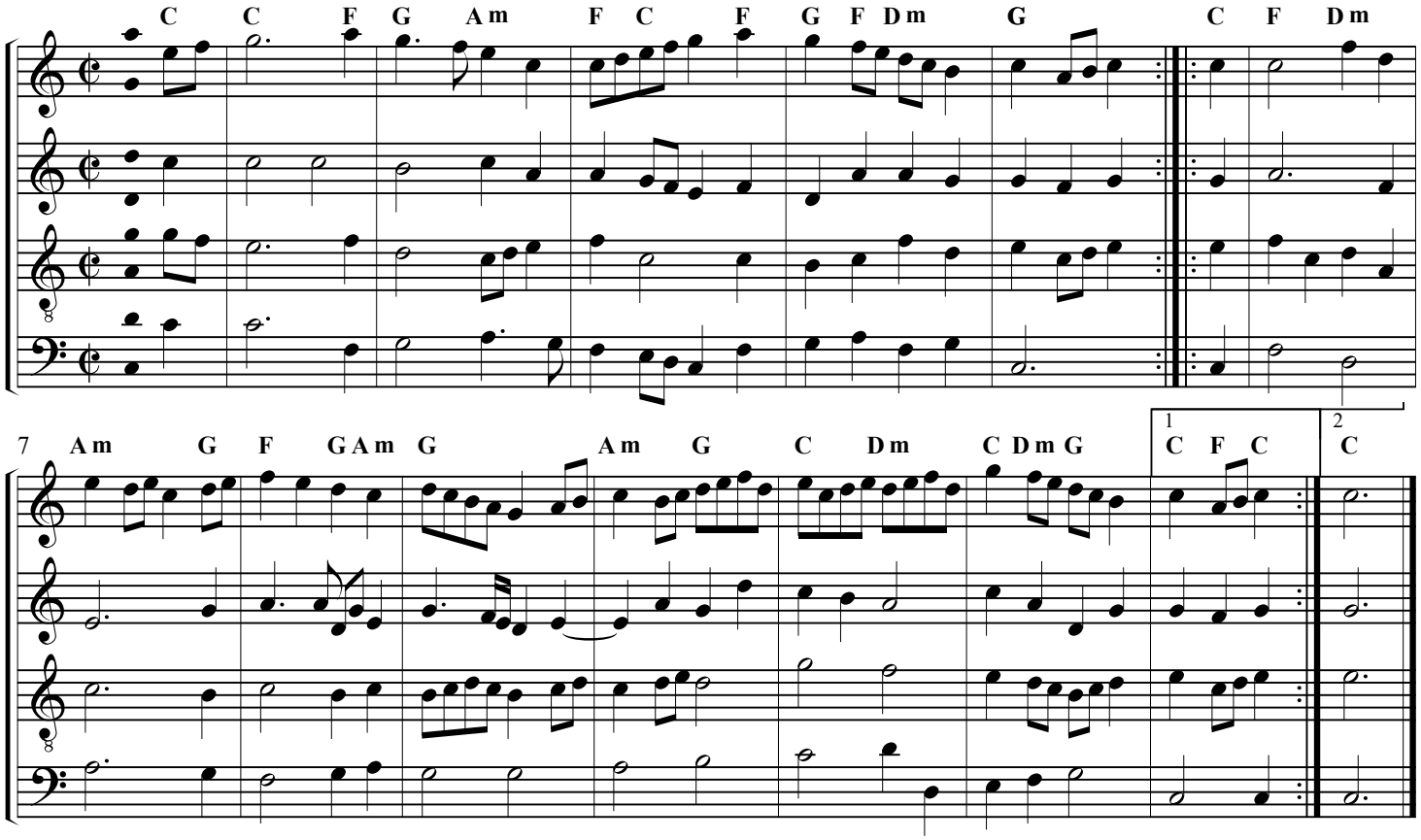


Ballet des feus (CCLXXIX)





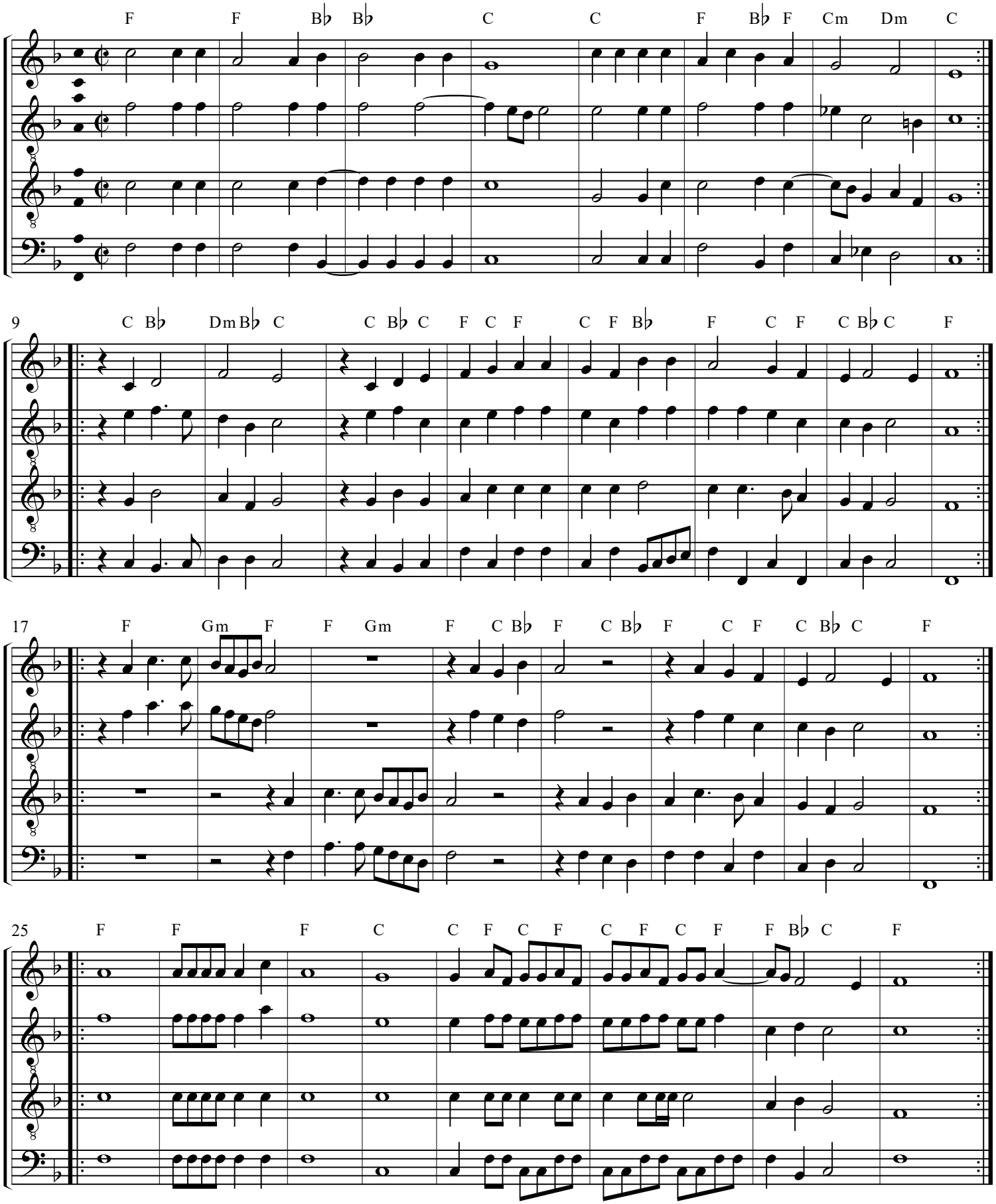
Ballet des Matelotz (CCLXXX)



La Battaille

Pavane V

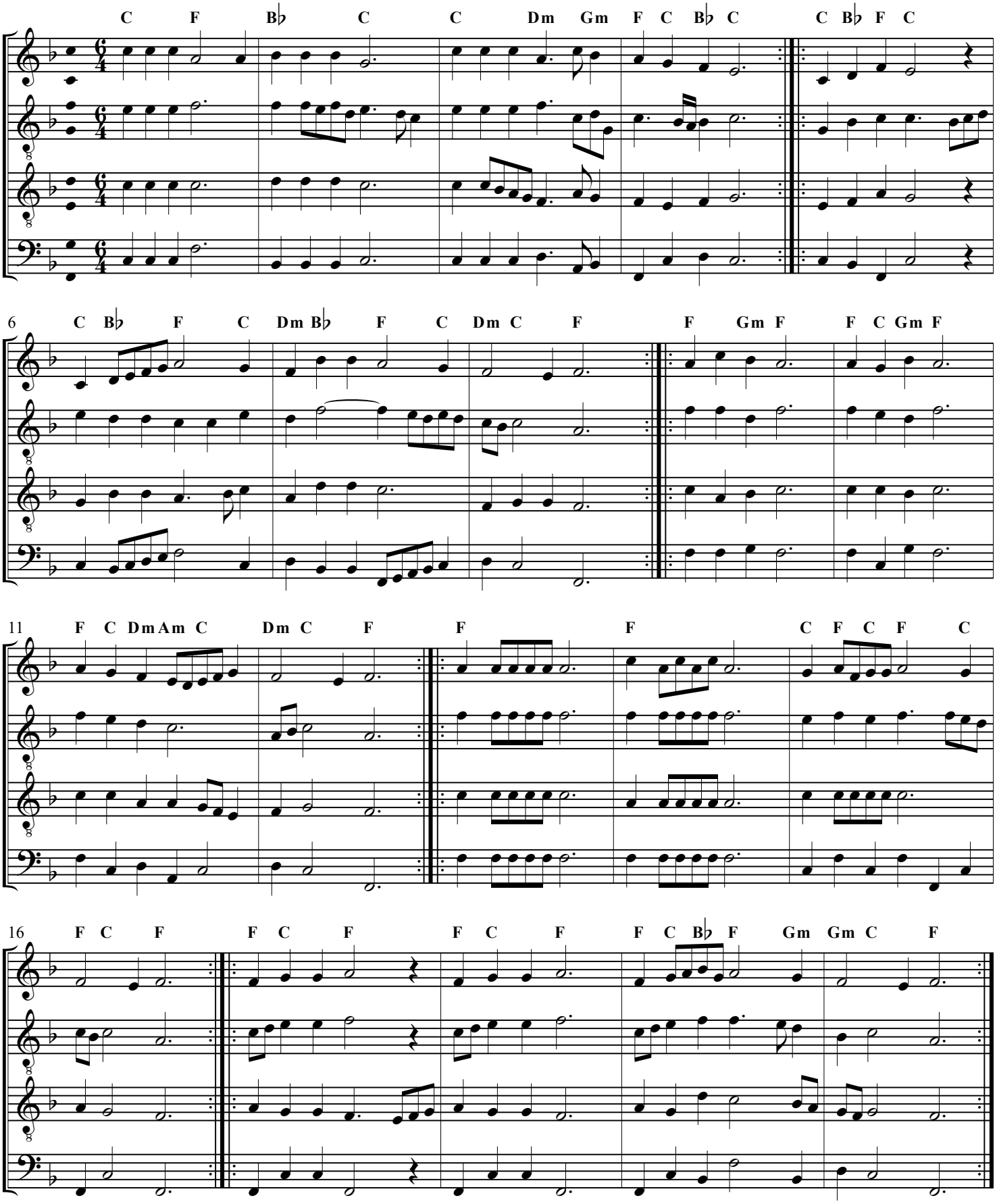
from ***Dansery***e, 1551
Tielman Susato (c.1500-c.1561)



Fourth system:(c.1495-c.1562)

Galliard de la Bataille

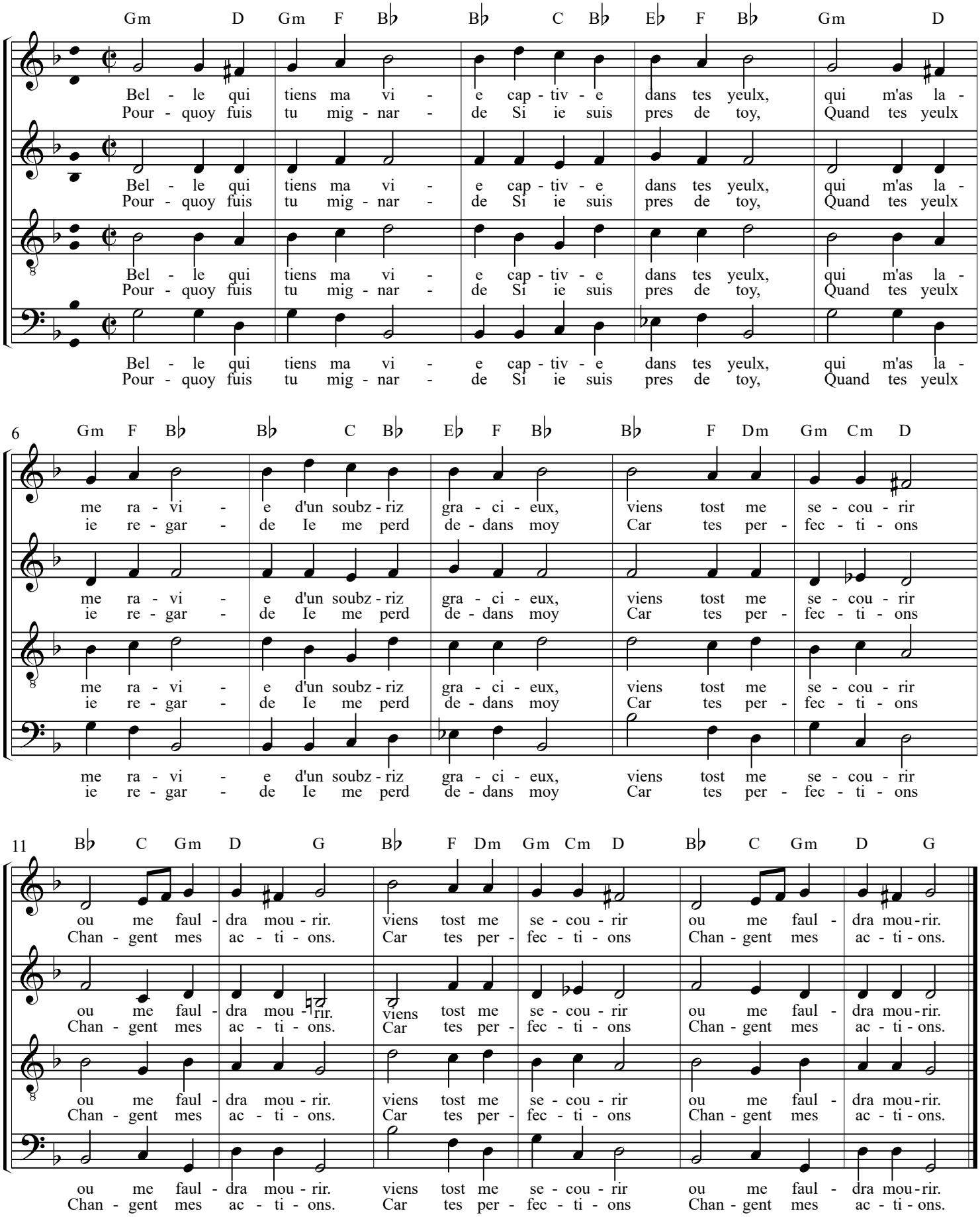
Pierre Phalèse (c.1510 - c.1573)
& Jean Bellère (1526-1595)
Recueil de danseries..., 1583



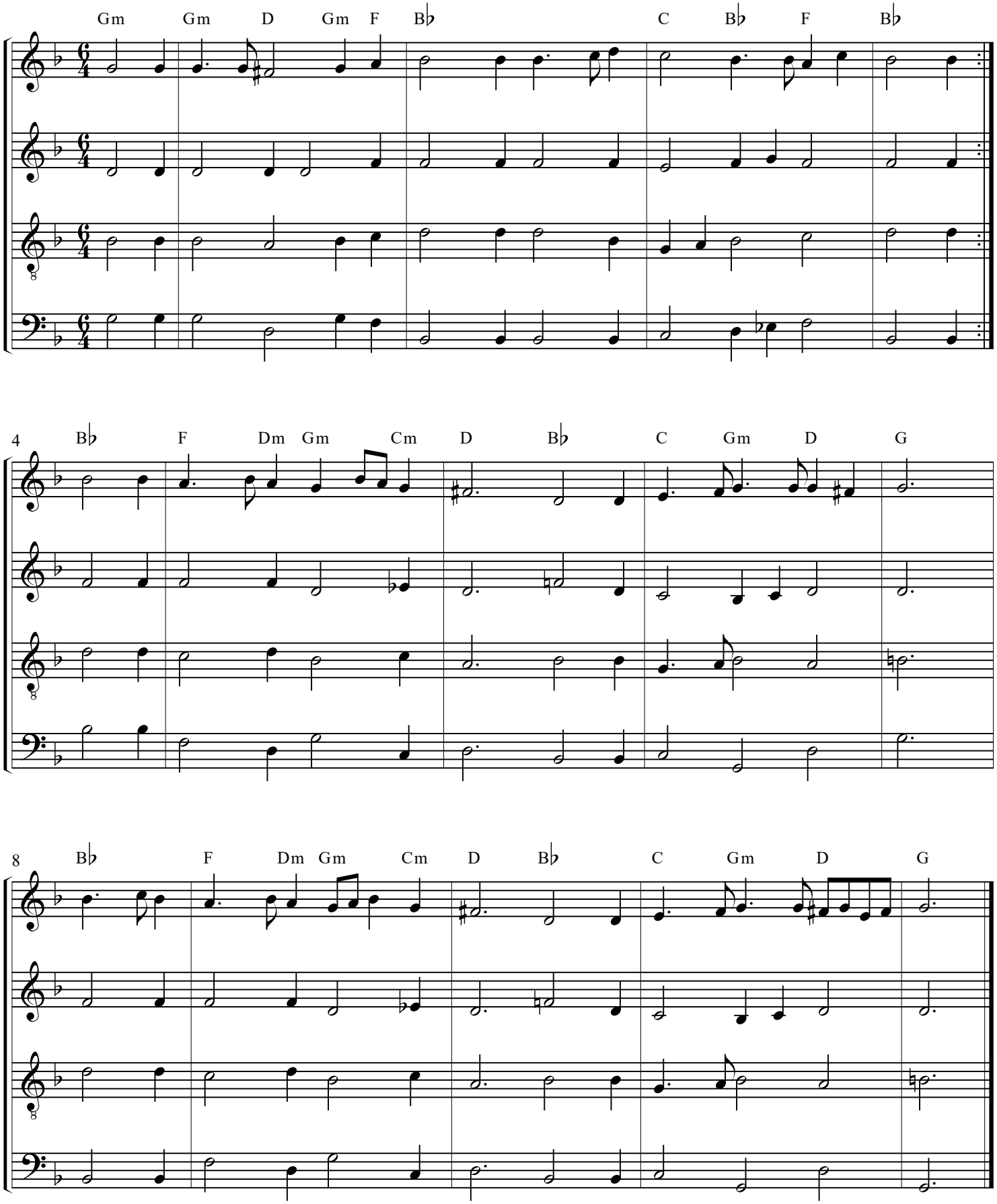
Pavane Belle qui tiens ma vie

Beauty who holds my life

Thoinot Arbeau (1520-1595)
Orchesographie, 1589

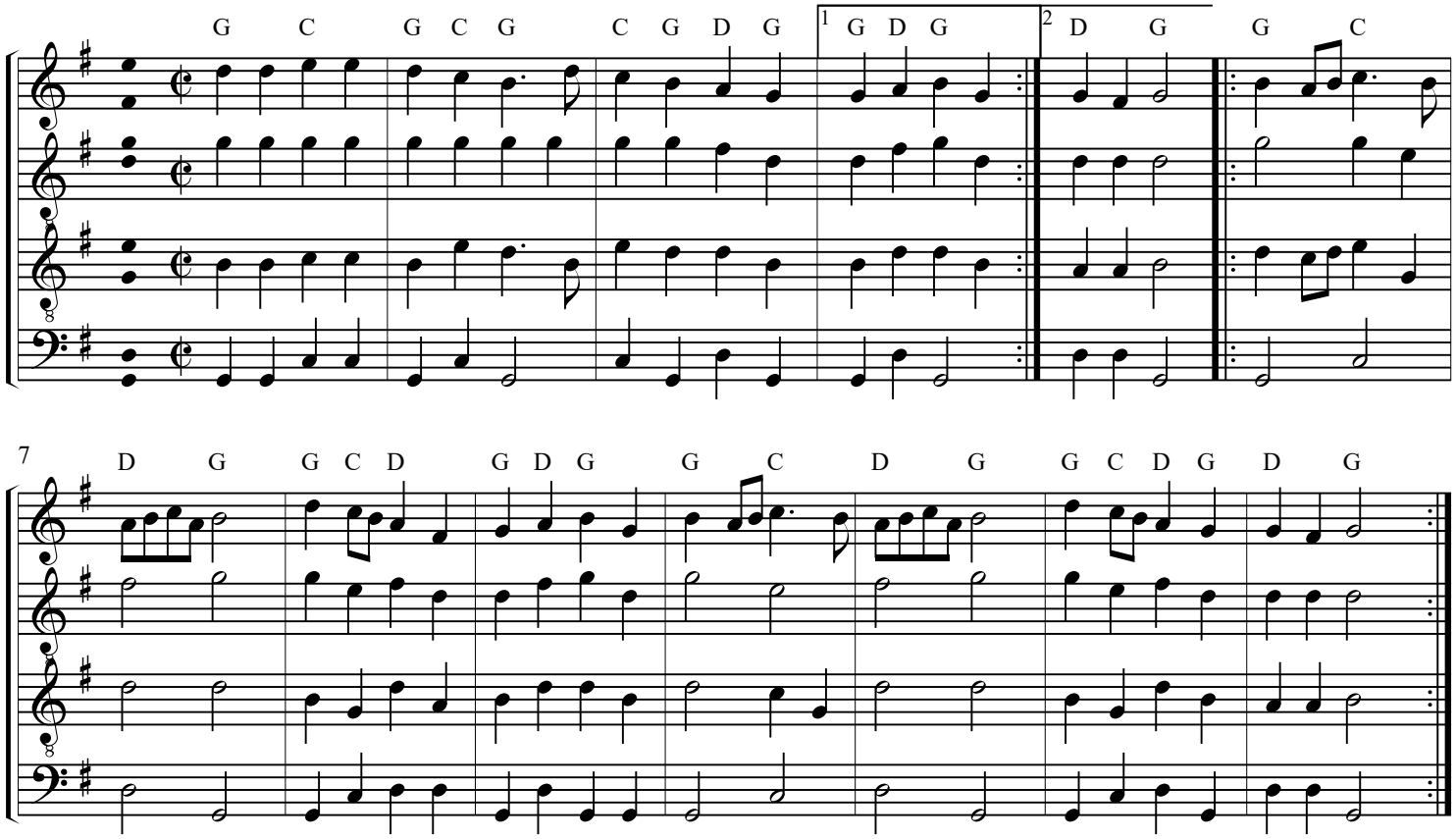


Gaillarde sur le pavane



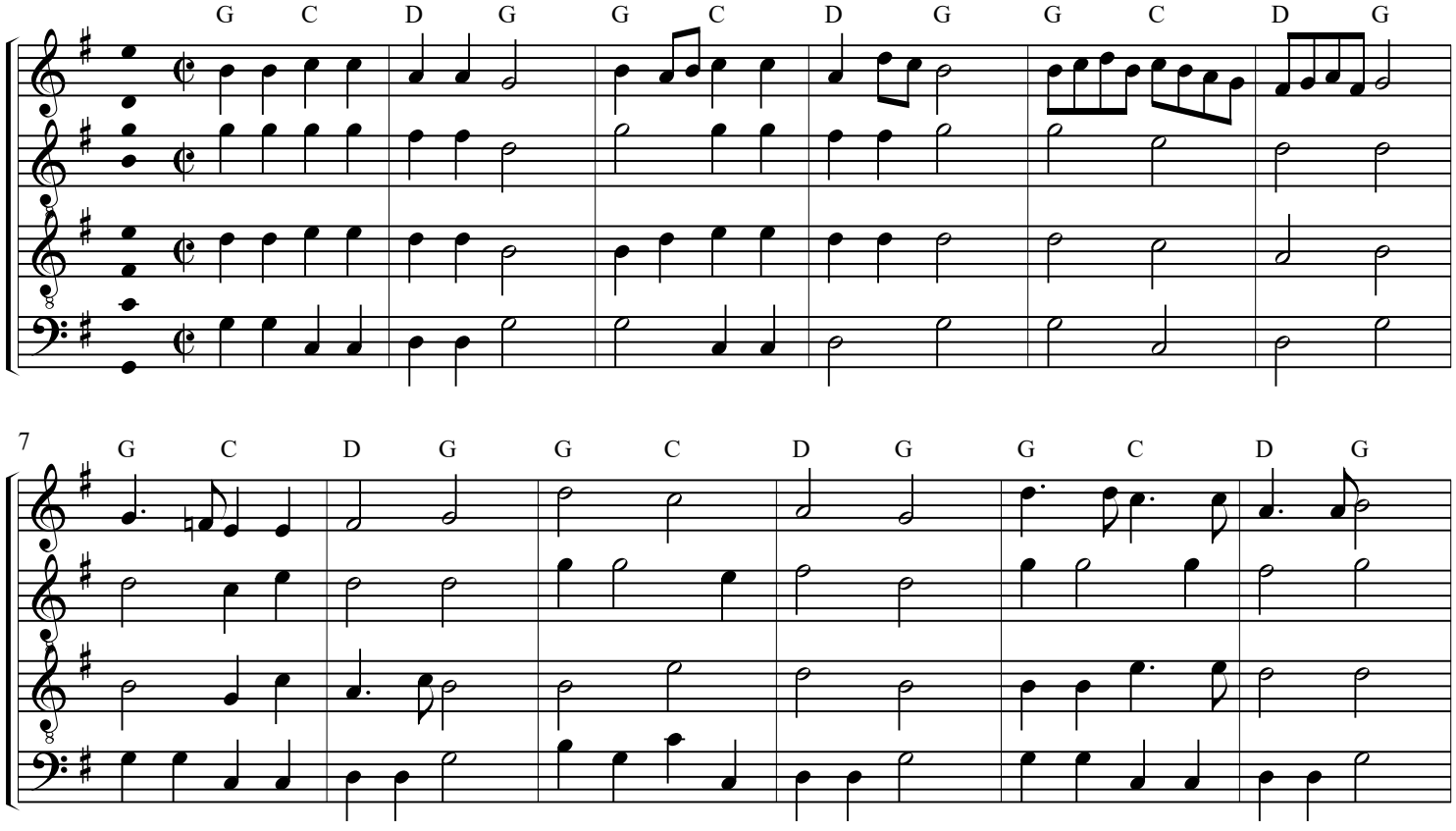
La Bergamasca

Gasparo Zanetti (fl.1626-1645)
Il Scolaro, 1645

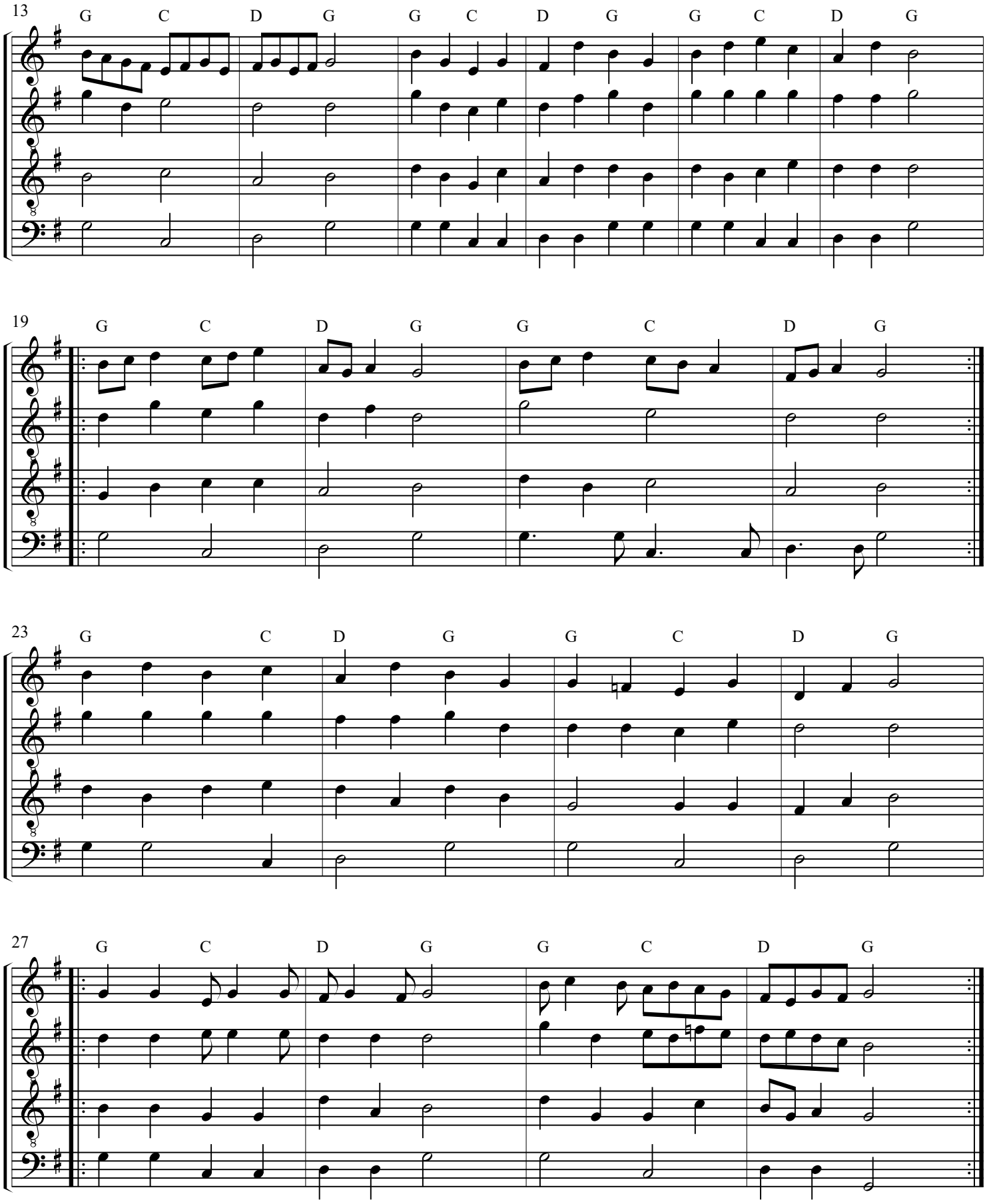


Moresca Quarta detta la Bergamasca

Giulio Cesare Barbetta
(c.1540-c.1603)

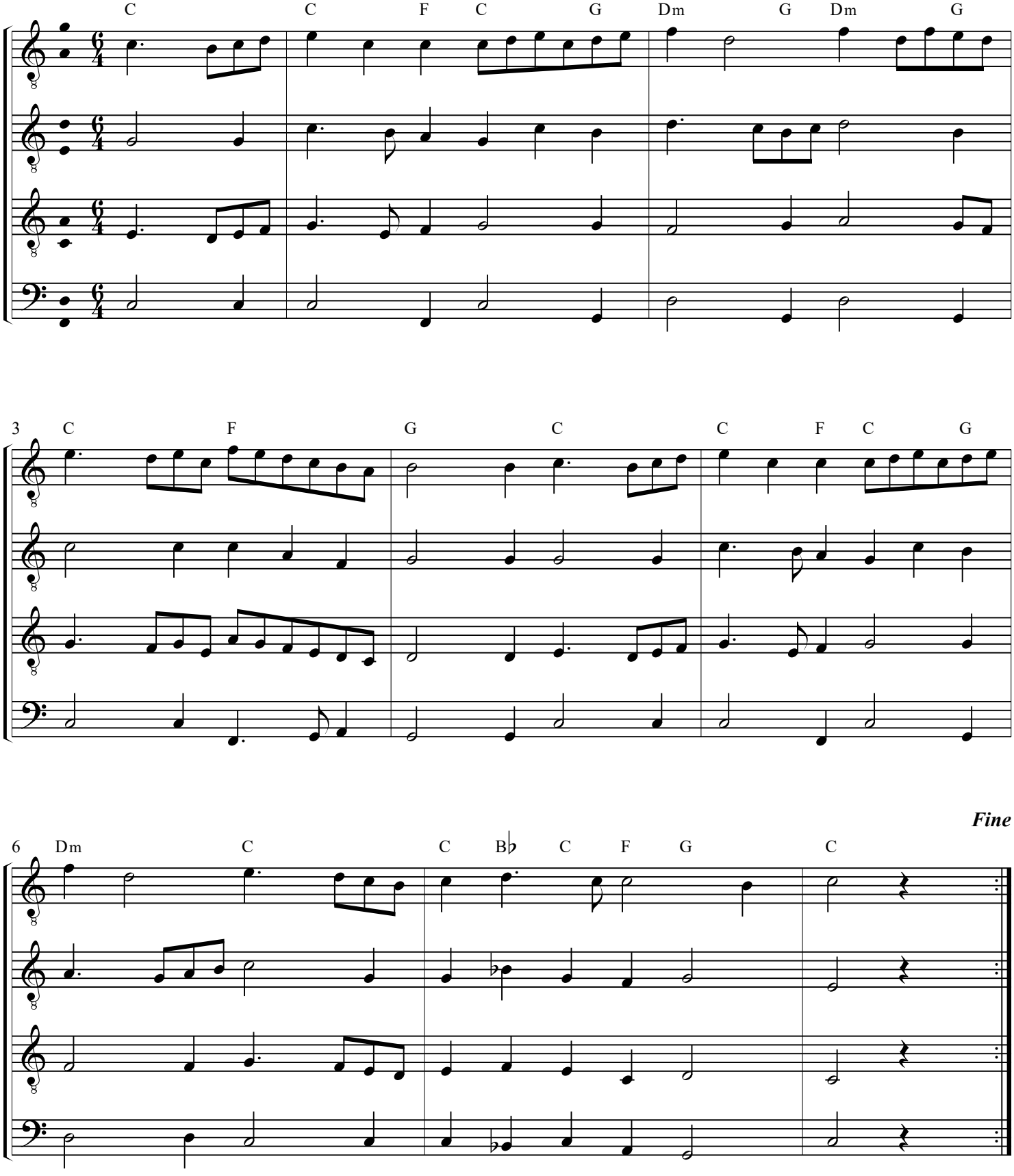


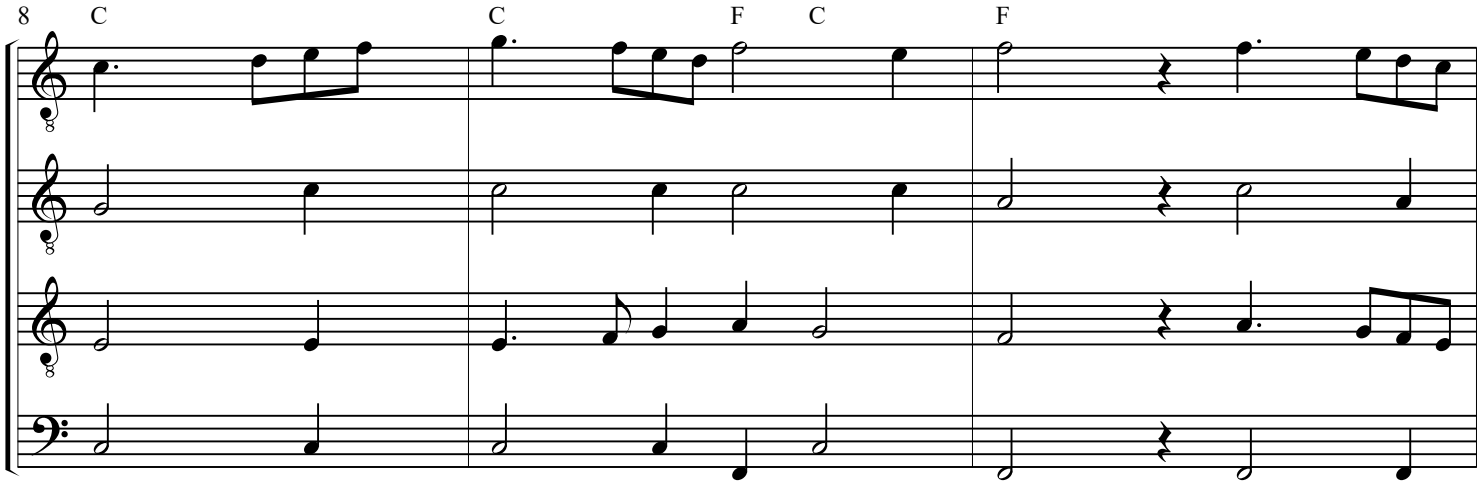
Moresca adapted by Steve Hendricks

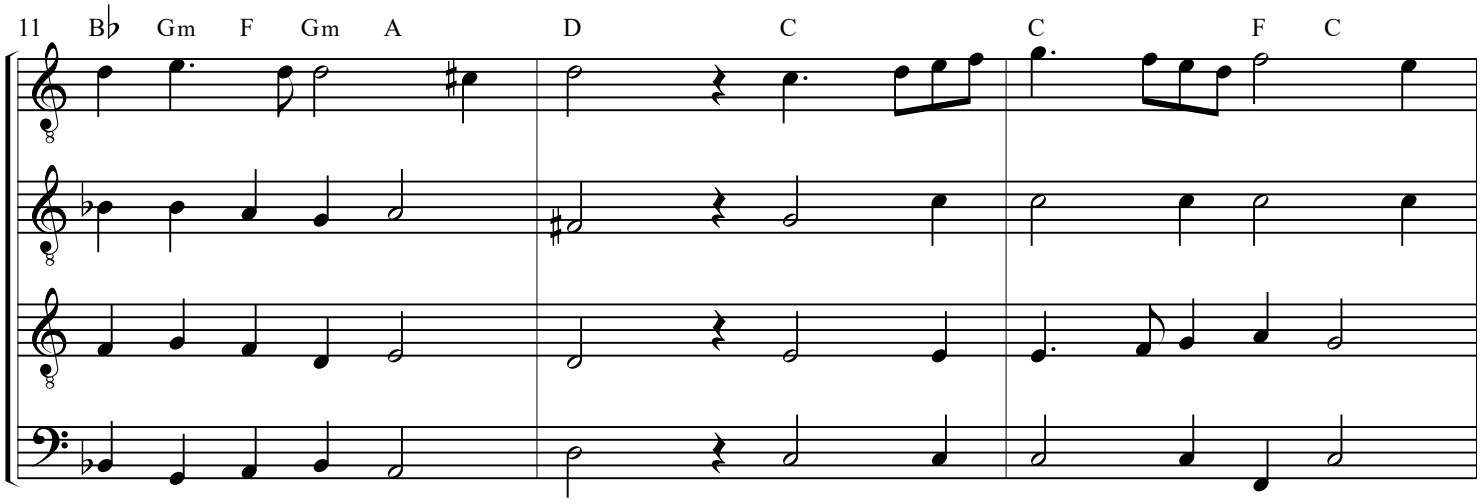

13
G C D G G C D G G C D G
19
G C D G G C D G
23
G C D G G C D G
27
G C D G G C D G

Bergerette Sans Roch

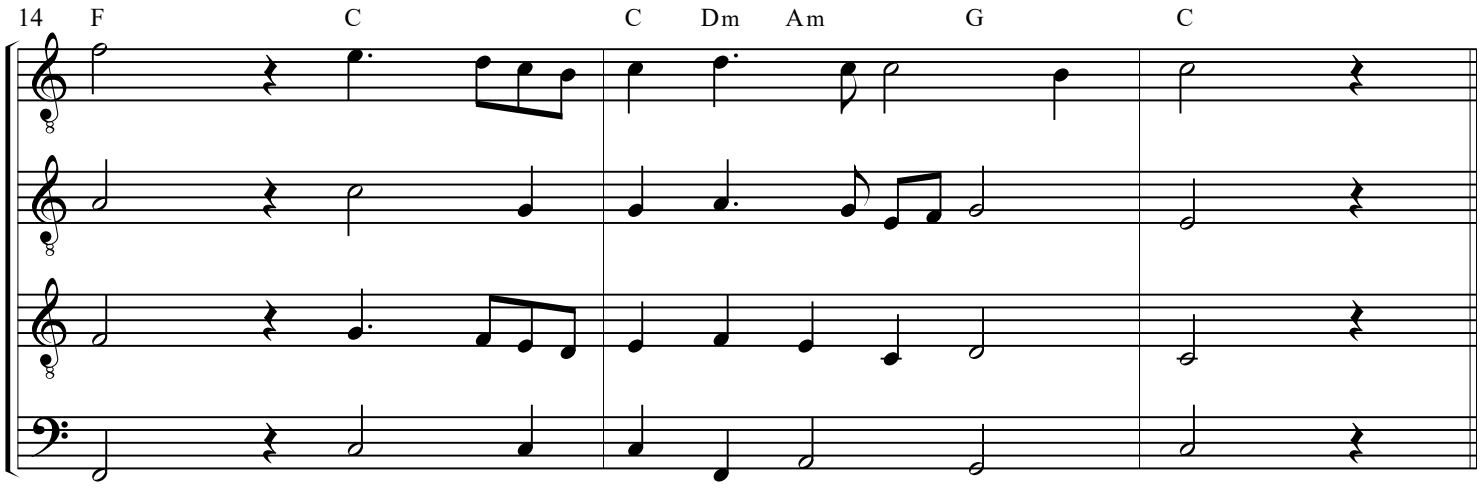
Tielman Susato
(c.1500-c.1561)
Danserye, 1551







D.C. al Fine

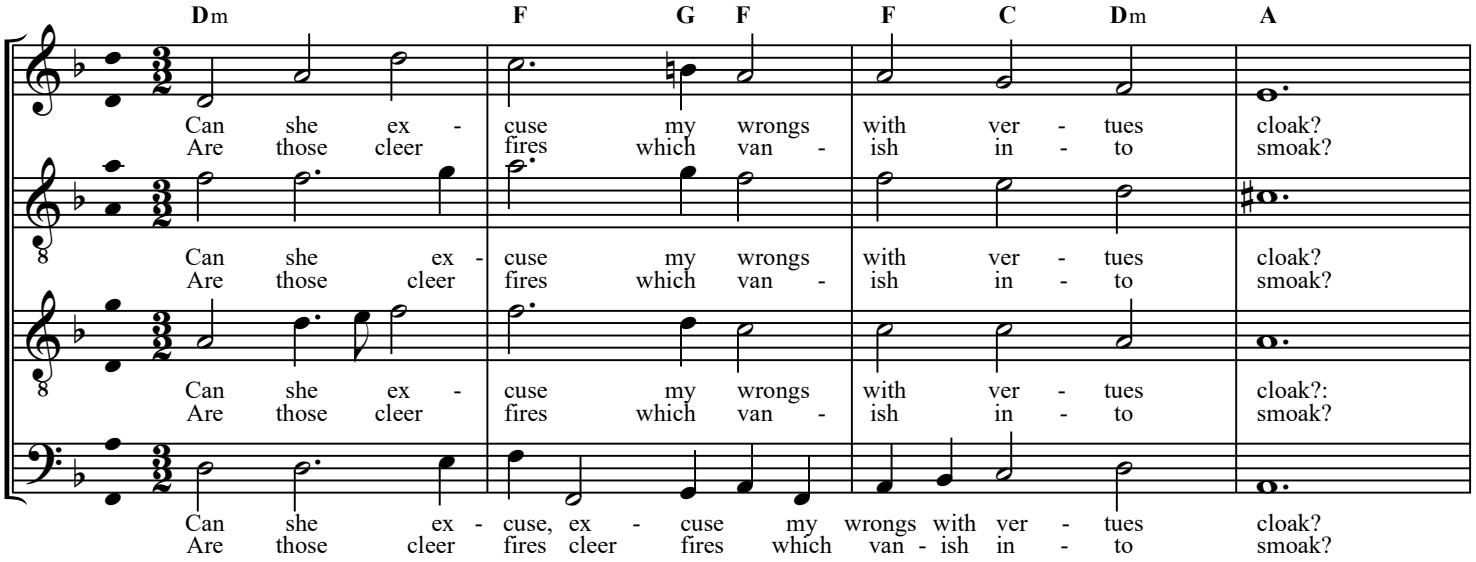


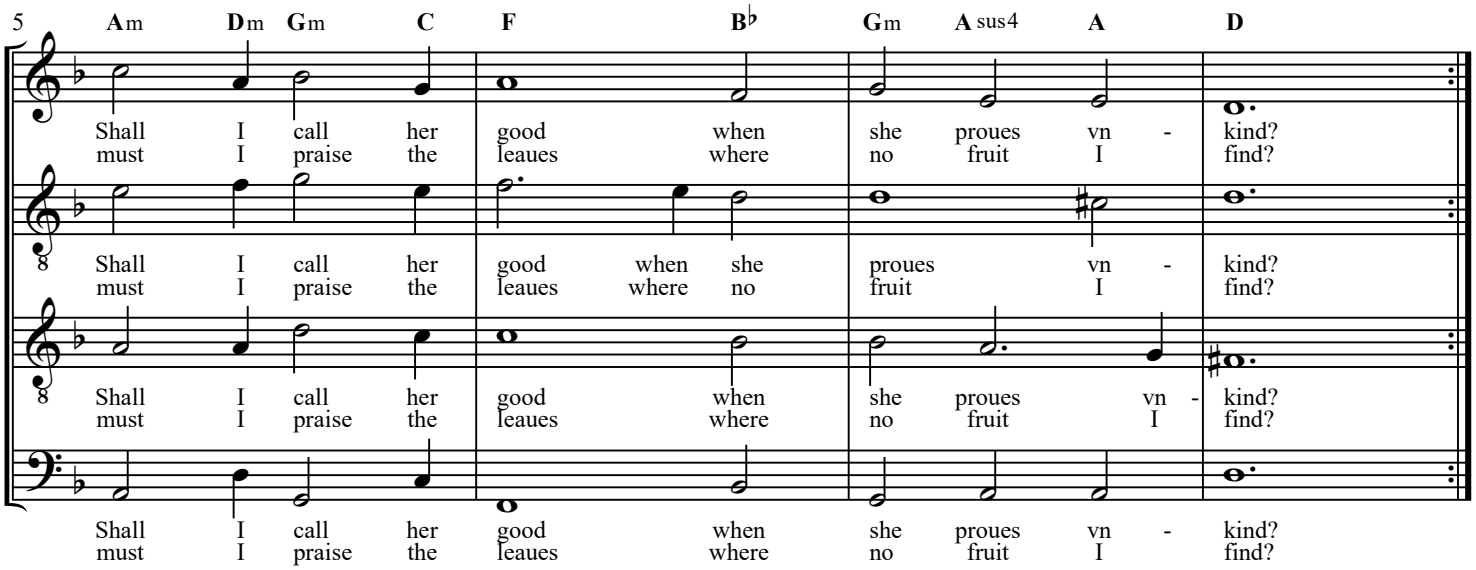
from ***the First Booke of Songes or Ayres***, 1597

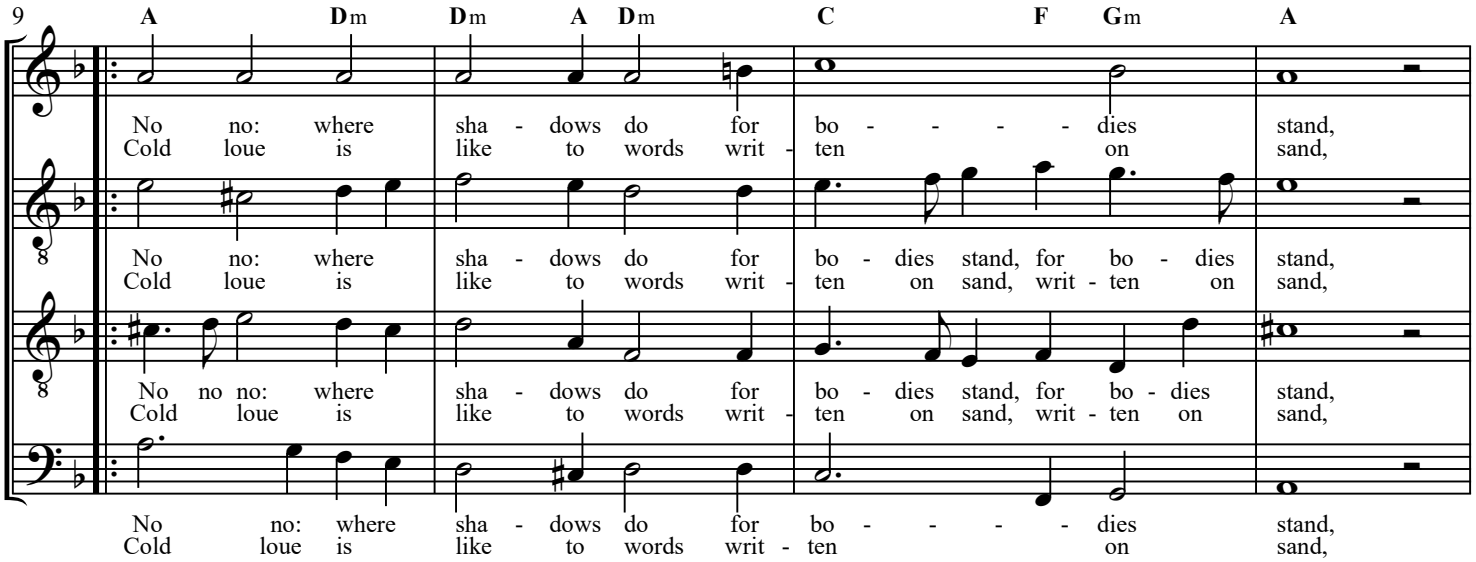
Can she excuse my wrongs

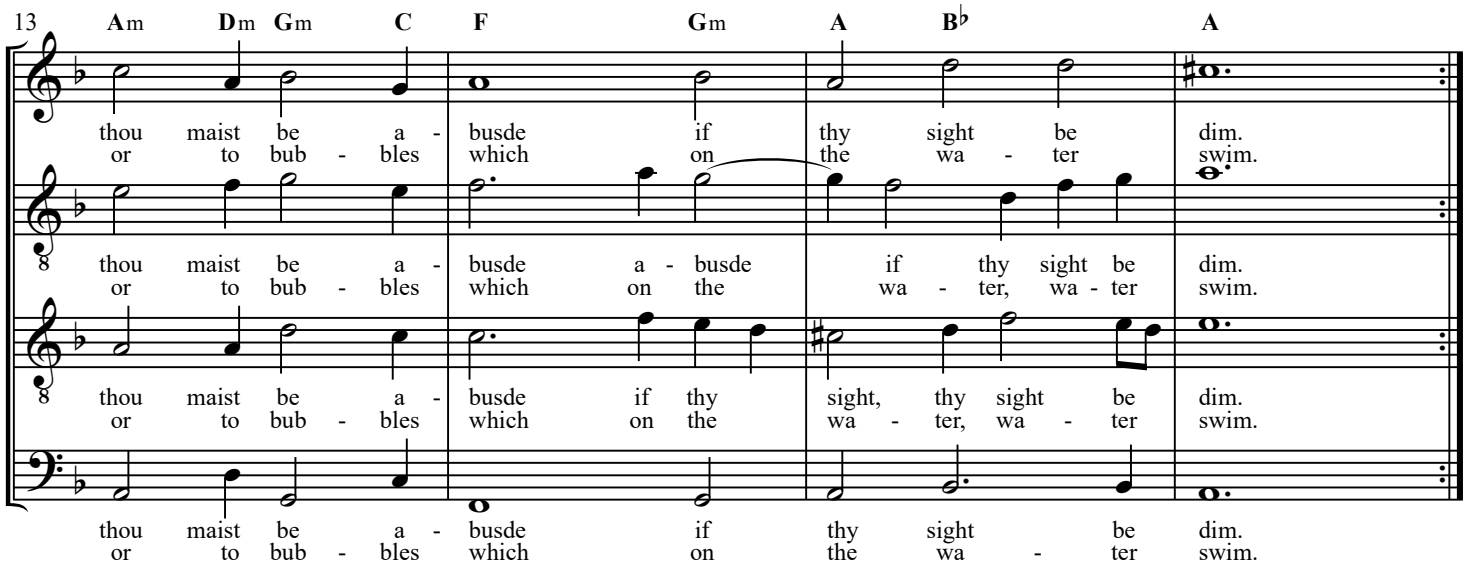
verse 1

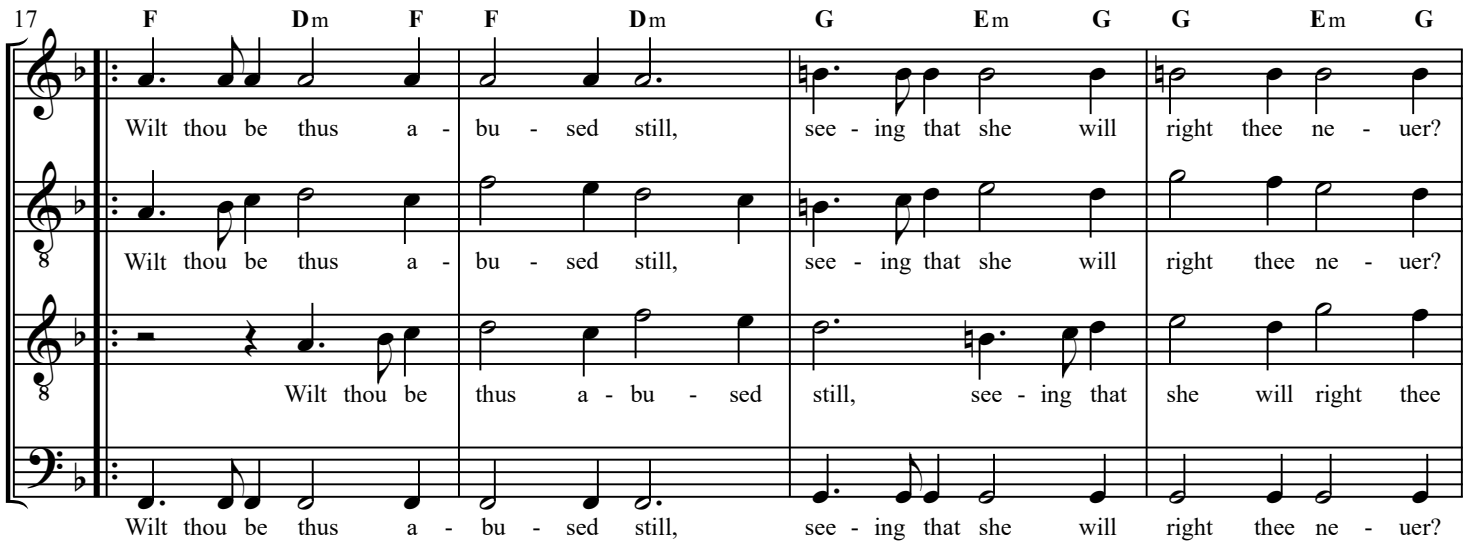
John Dowland
(1563-1626)

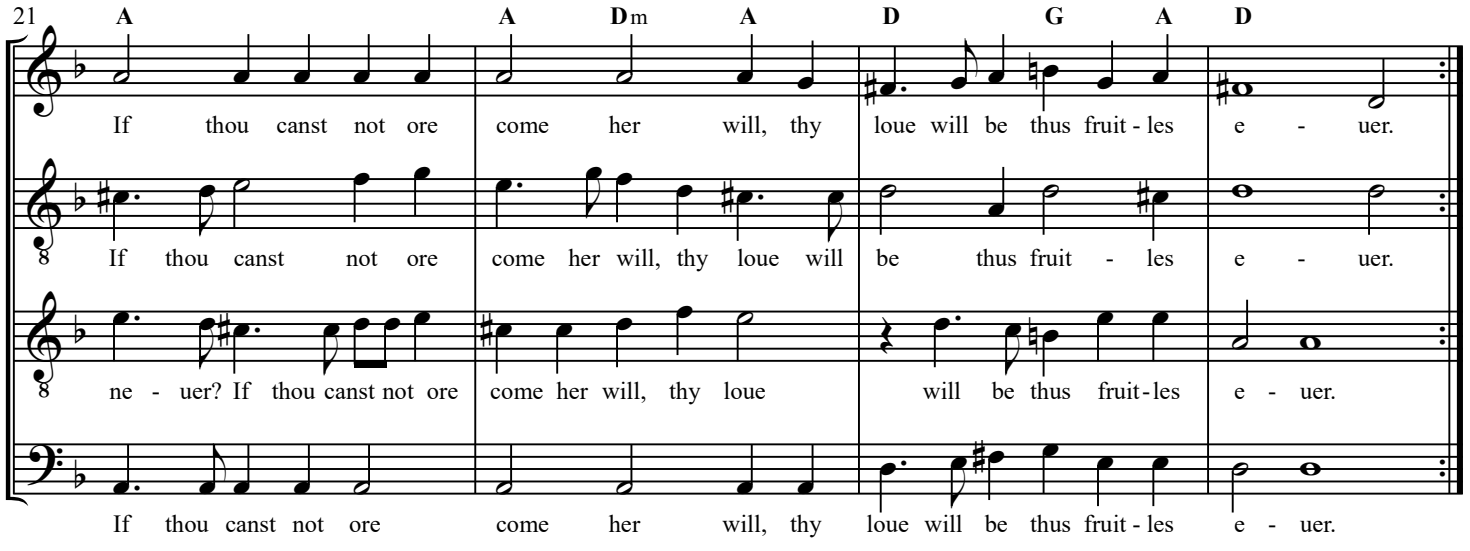







13
Am Dm Gm C F Gm A B♭ A
thou maist be a - busde if thy sight be dim.
or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.
thou maist be a - busde a - busde if thy sight be dim.
or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter, wa - ter swim.
thou maist be a - busde if thy sight, thy sight be dim.
or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter, wa - ter swim.
thou maist be a - busde if thy sight be dim.
or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

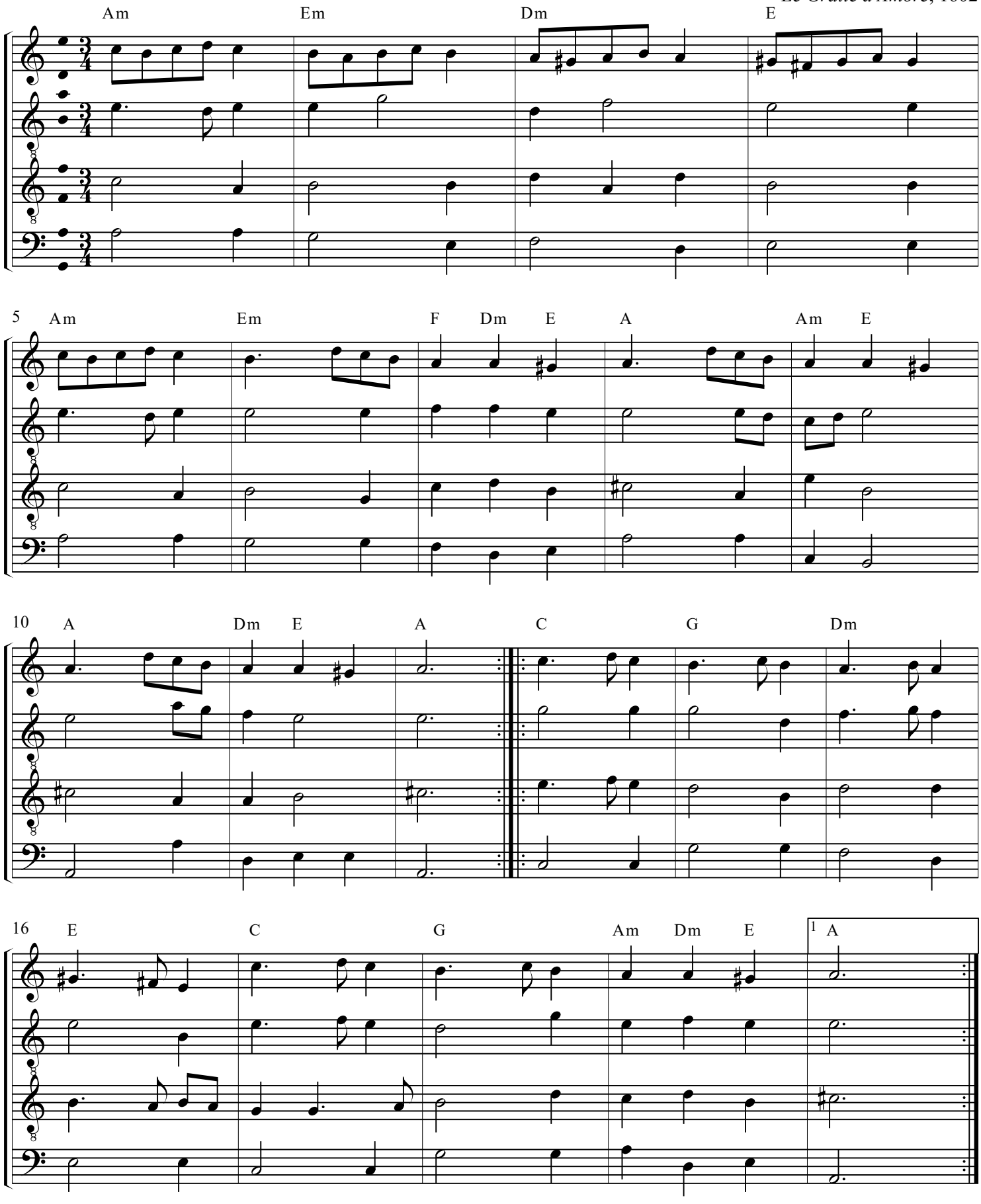

17
F Dm F F Dm G Em G G Em G
Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee ne - uer?
Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee ne - uer?
Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee
Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, 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.
If thou canst not ore come her will, thy loue will be thus fruit - les e - uer.
ne - uer? If thou canst not ore come her will, thy loue will be thus fruit - les e - uer.
If thou canst not ore come her will, thy loue will be thus fruit - les e - uer.

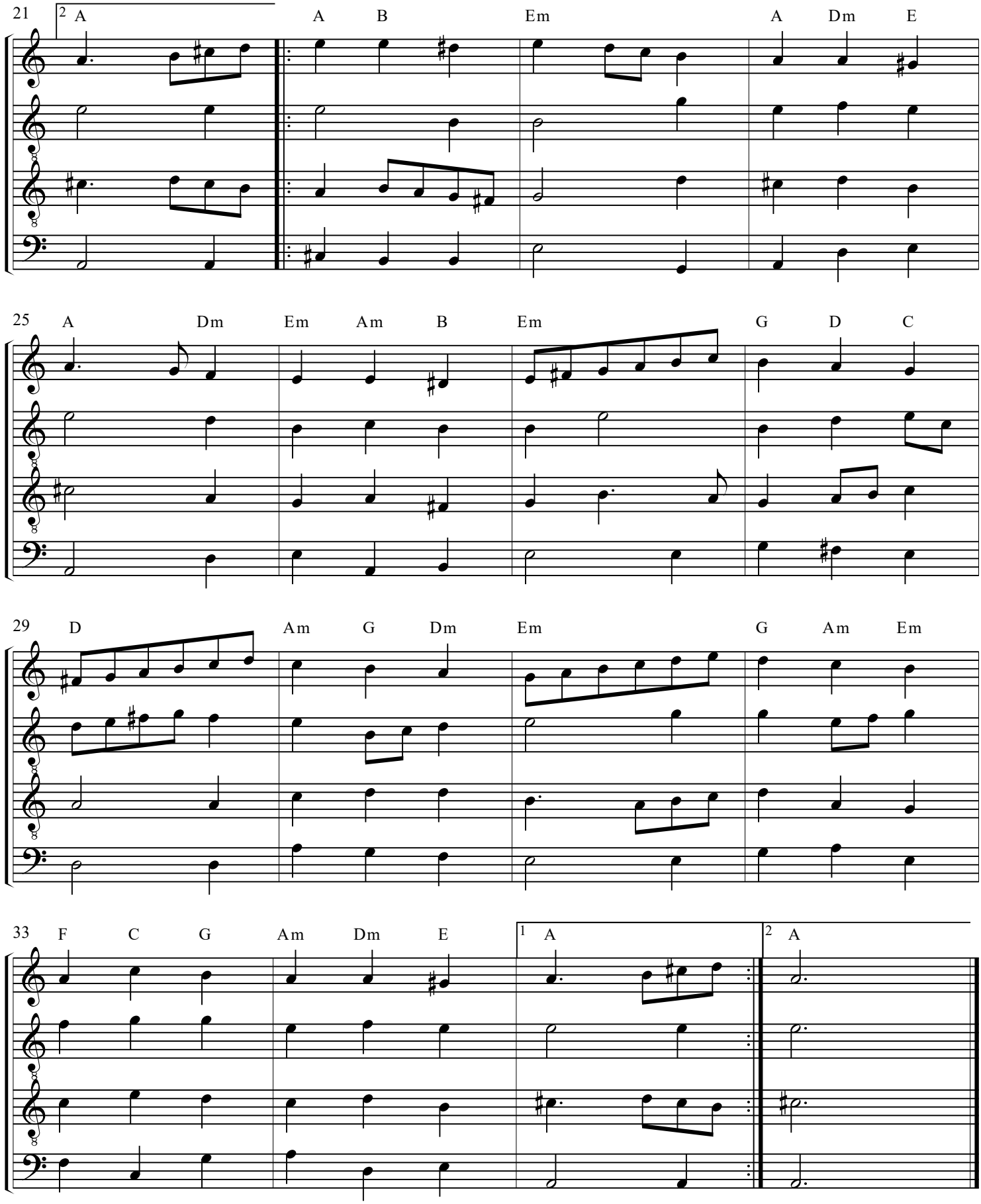
La Catena d'Amore

The Chain of Love

Cesare Negri
(c.1535 - after 1604)
Le Gratie d'Amore, 1602



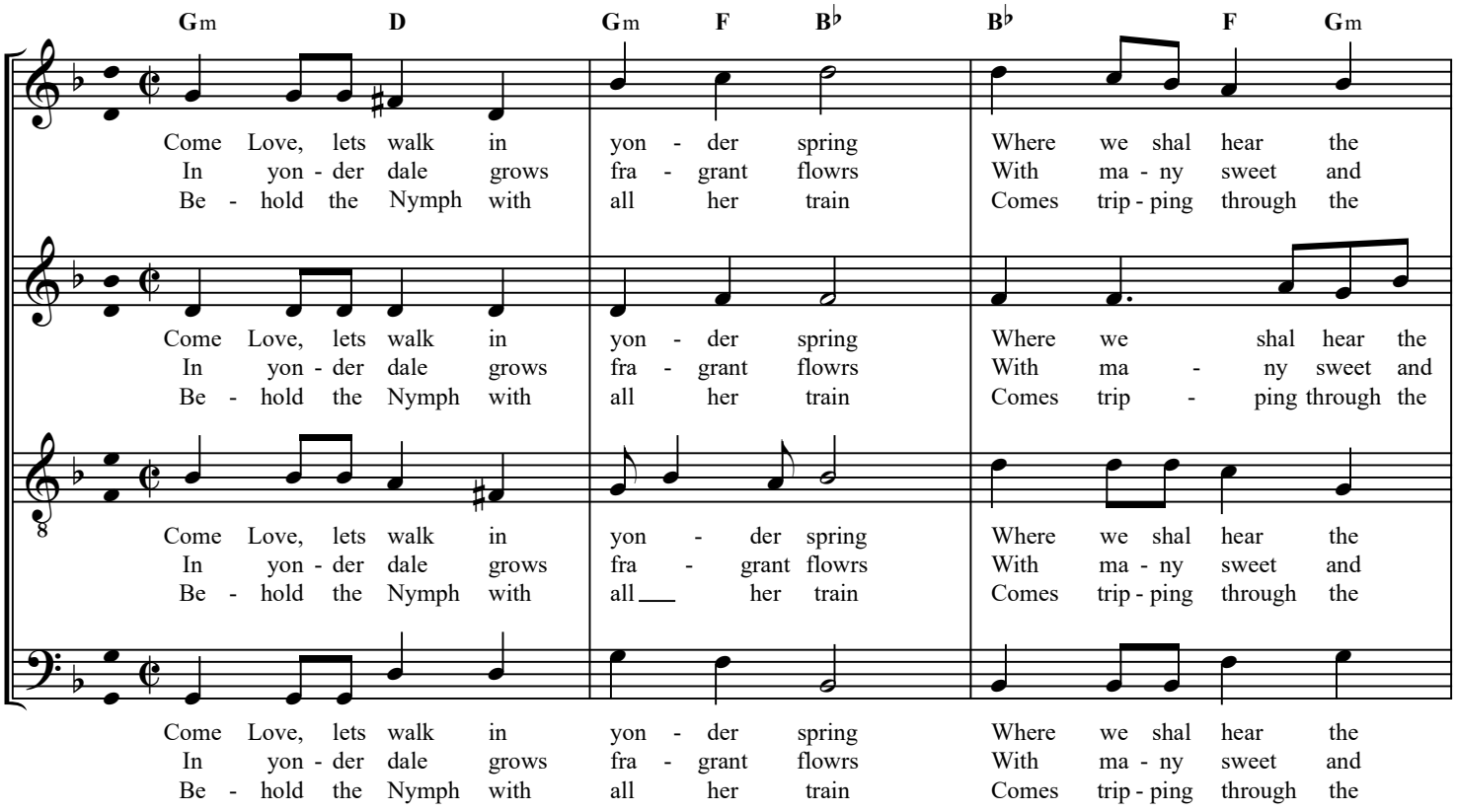
adapted by Steve Hendricks

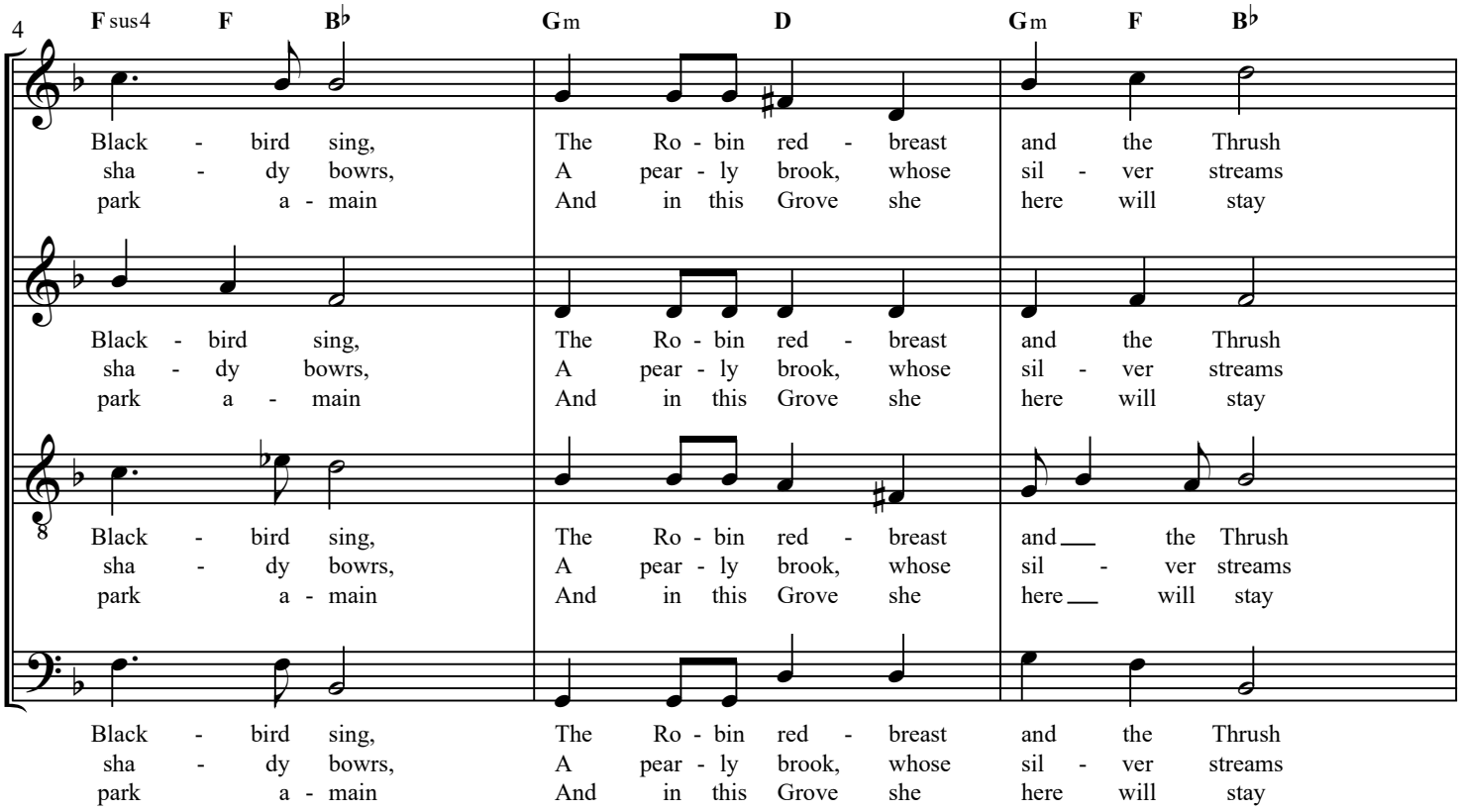

21
2 A
A
B
Em
A
Dm
E
25
A
Dm
Em
Am
B
Em
G
D
C
29
D
Am
G
Dm
Em
G
Am
Em
33
F
C
G
Am
Dm
E
1 A
2 A

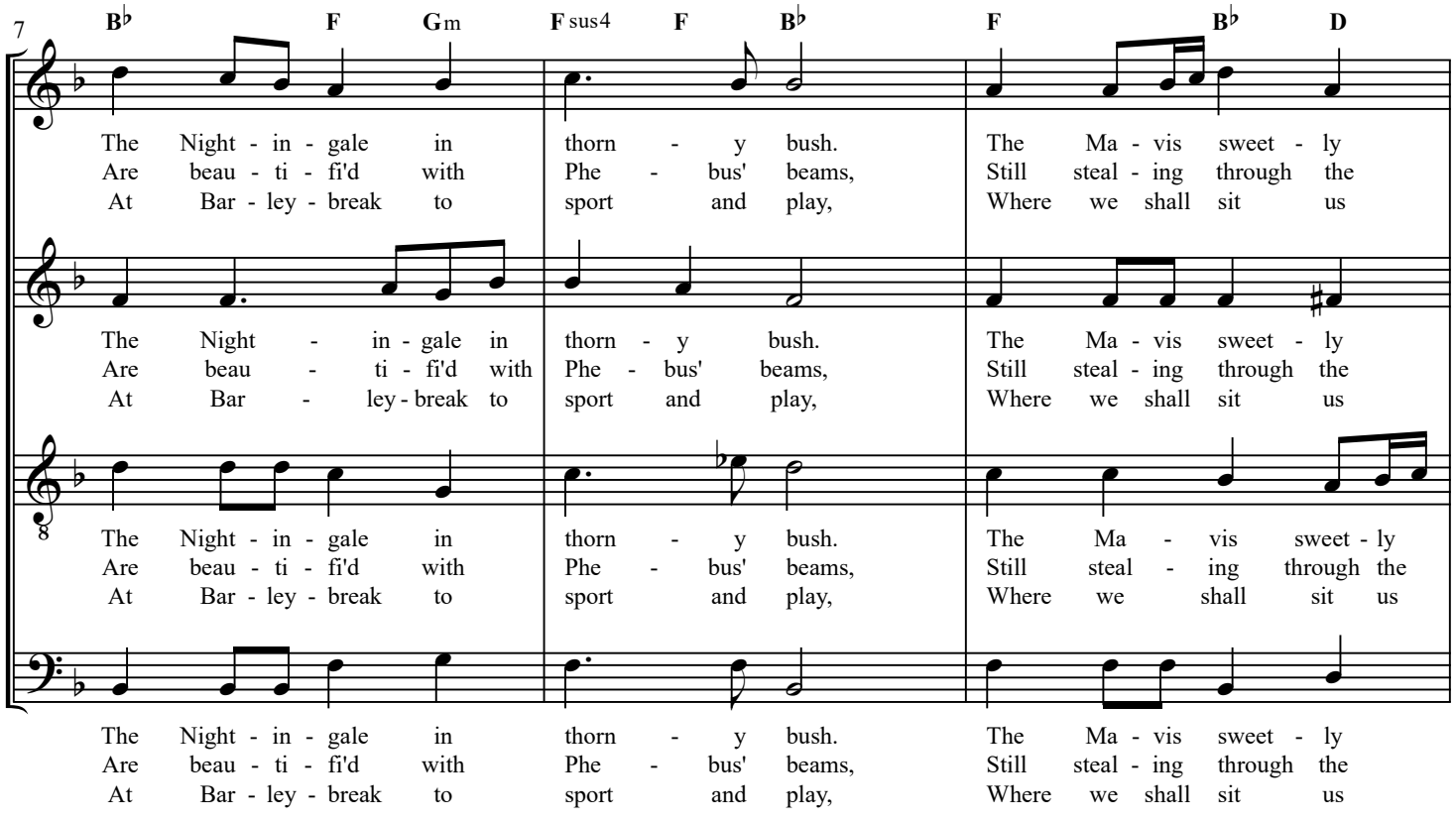
Come Love lets walk

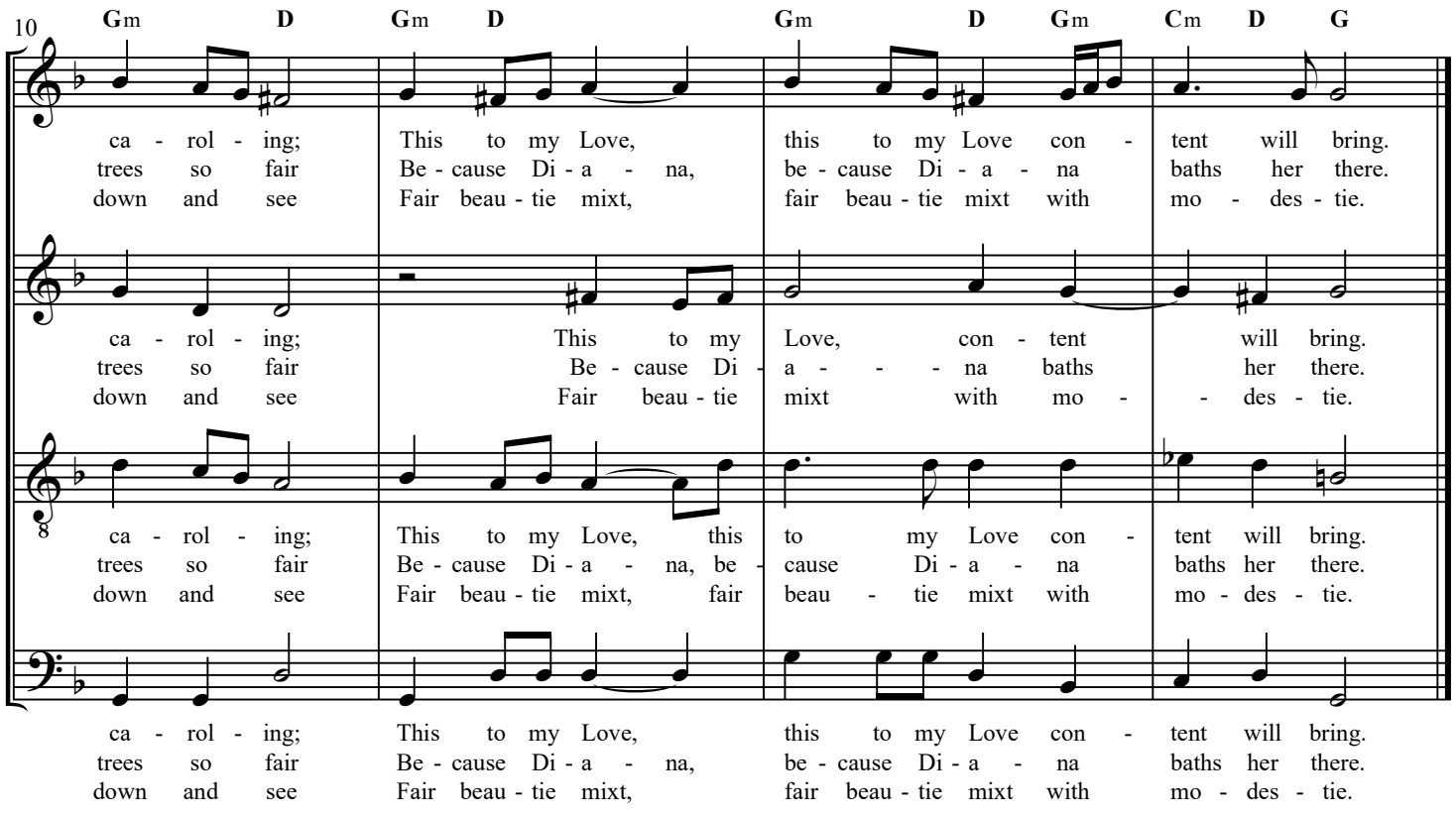
Anon.

verses 1-3





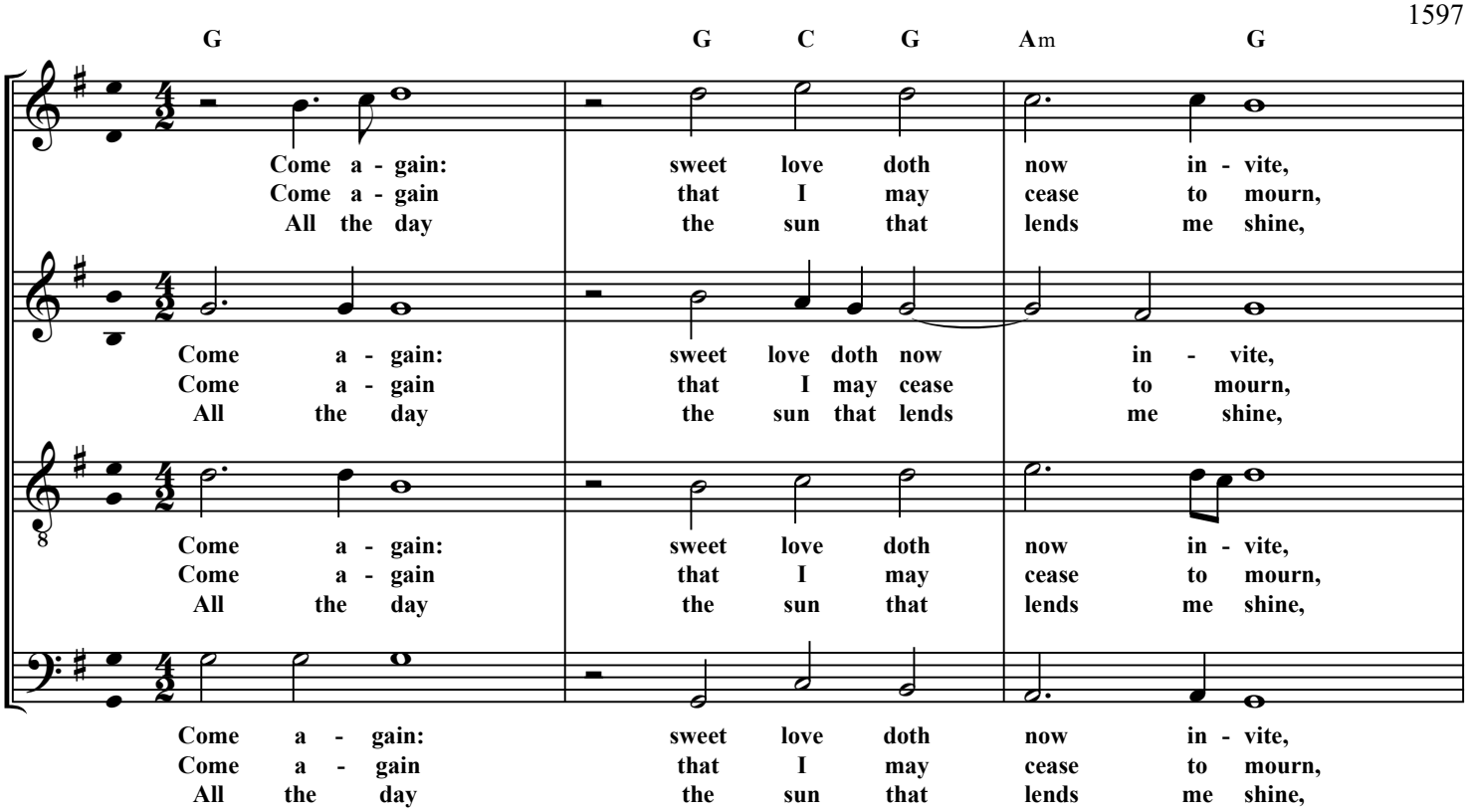

7
B♭ F Gm F sus4 F B♭ F B♭ D
The Night - in - gale in thorn - y bush. The Ma - vis sweet - ly
Are beau - ti - fi'd with Phe - bus' beams, Still steal - ing through the
At Bar - ley - break to sport and play, Where we shall sit us
The Night - in - gale in thorn - y bush. The Ma - vis sweet - ly
Are beau - 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
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
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

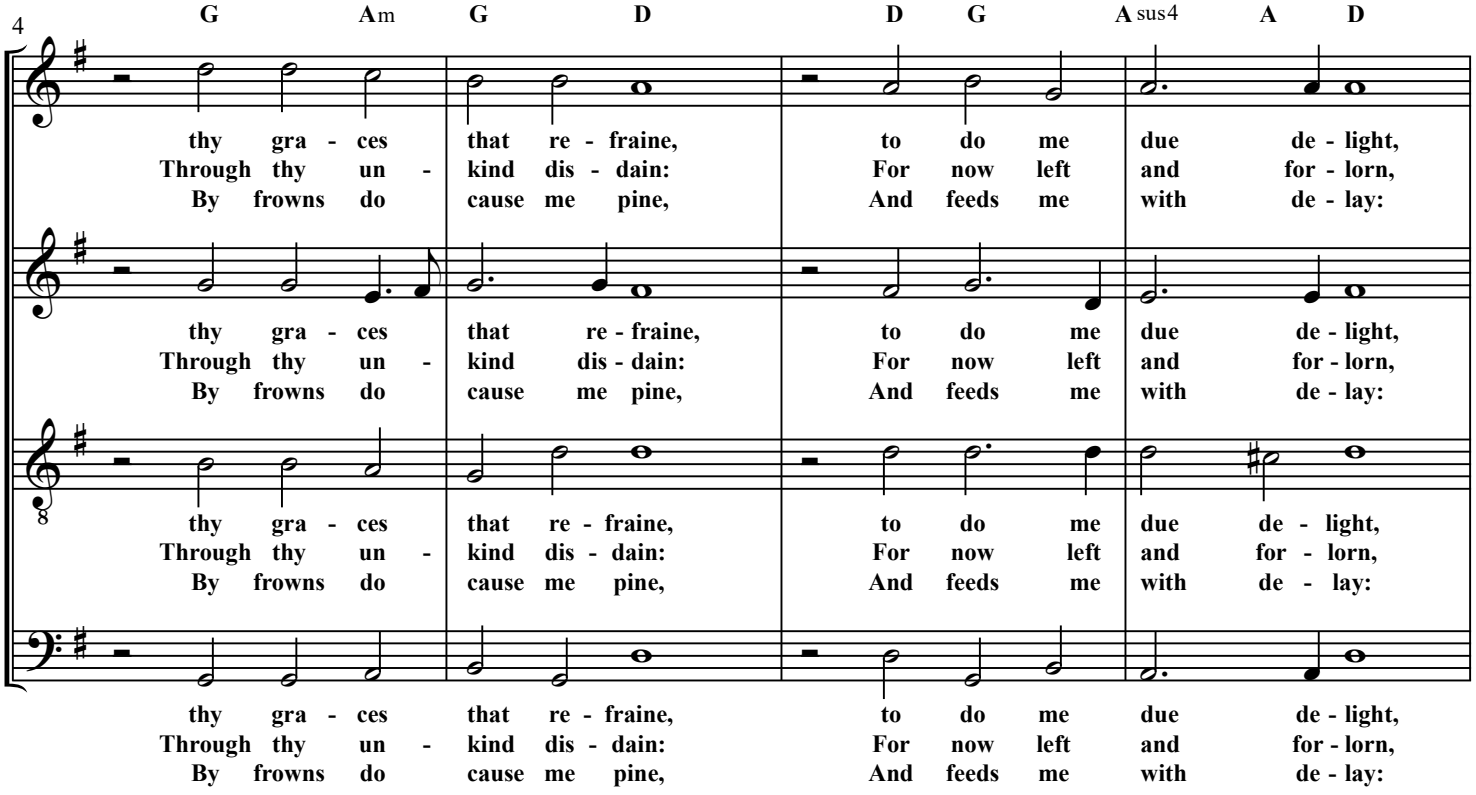

10
Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D G
ca - rol - ing; This to my Love, this to my Love con - tent will bring.
trees so fair Be - cause Di - a - na, be - cause Di - a - na baths her there.
down and see Fair beau - tie mixt, fair beau - tie mixt with mo - des - tie.
ca - rol - ing; This to my Love, con - tent will bring.
trees so fair Be - cause Di - a - - - na baths her there.
down and see Fair beau - tie mixt with mo - - des - tie.
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.
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.

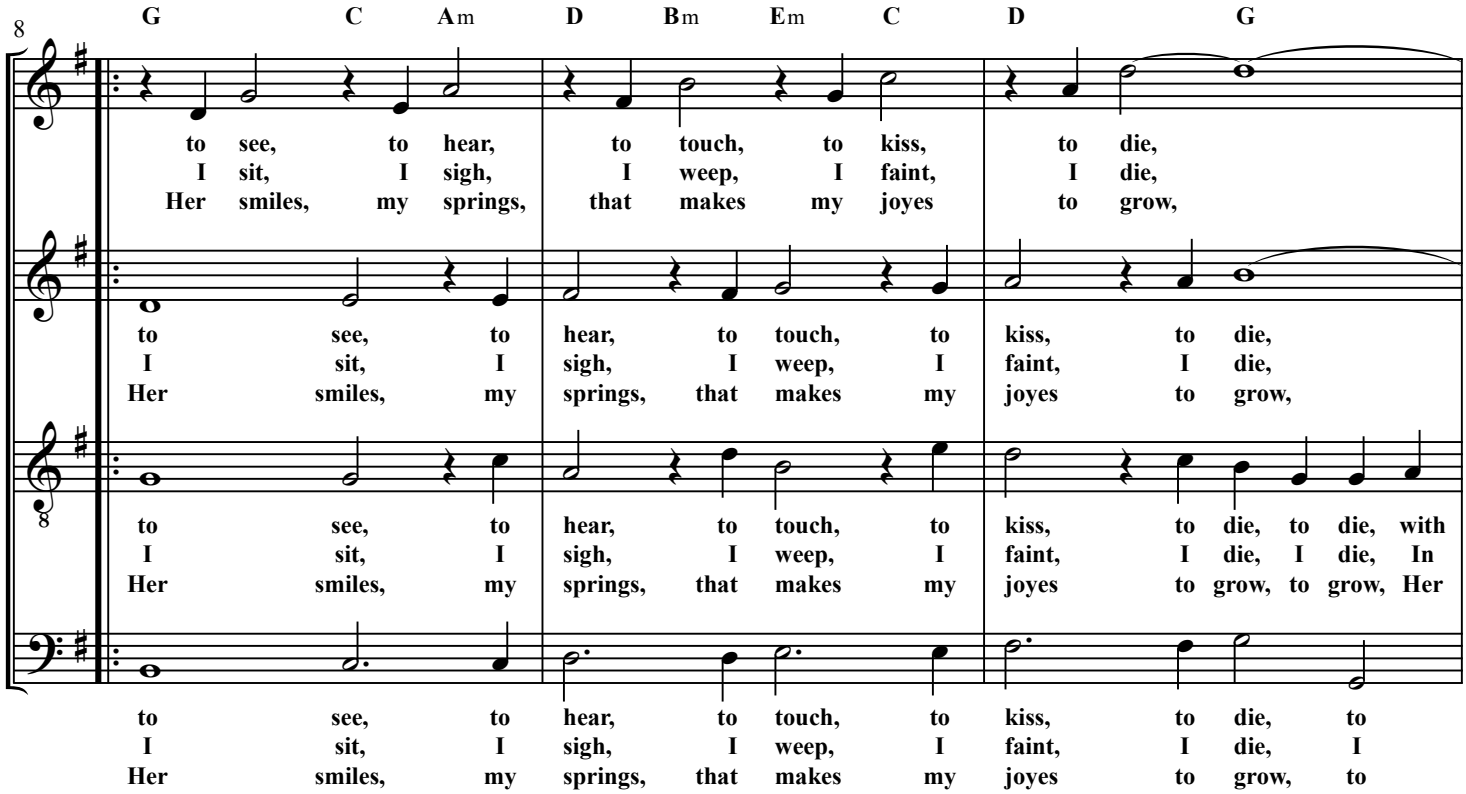
Come again: sweet love doth now invite

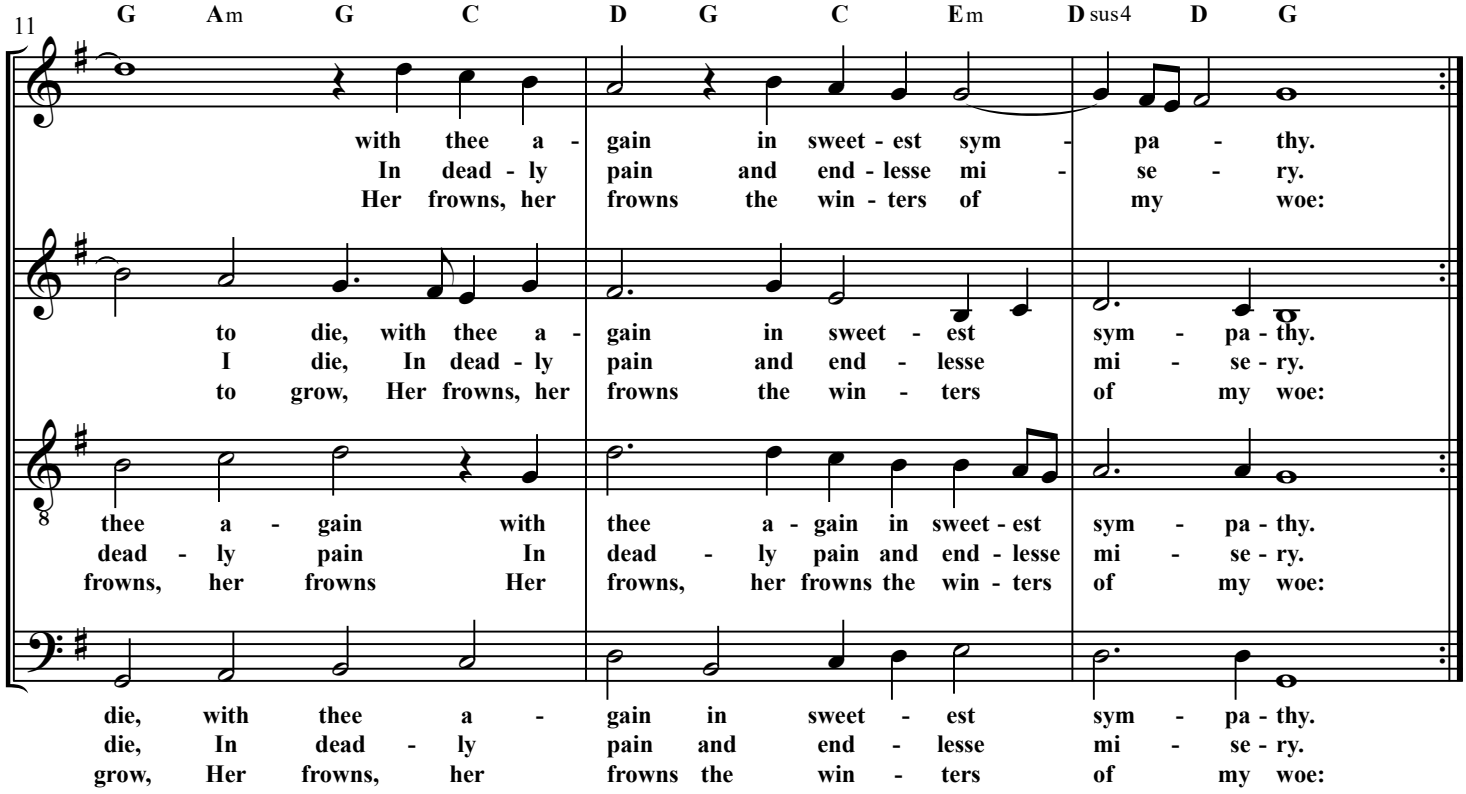
verses 1-3

John Dowland (1563-1626)
the First Bookeof Songes or Ayres, 1597





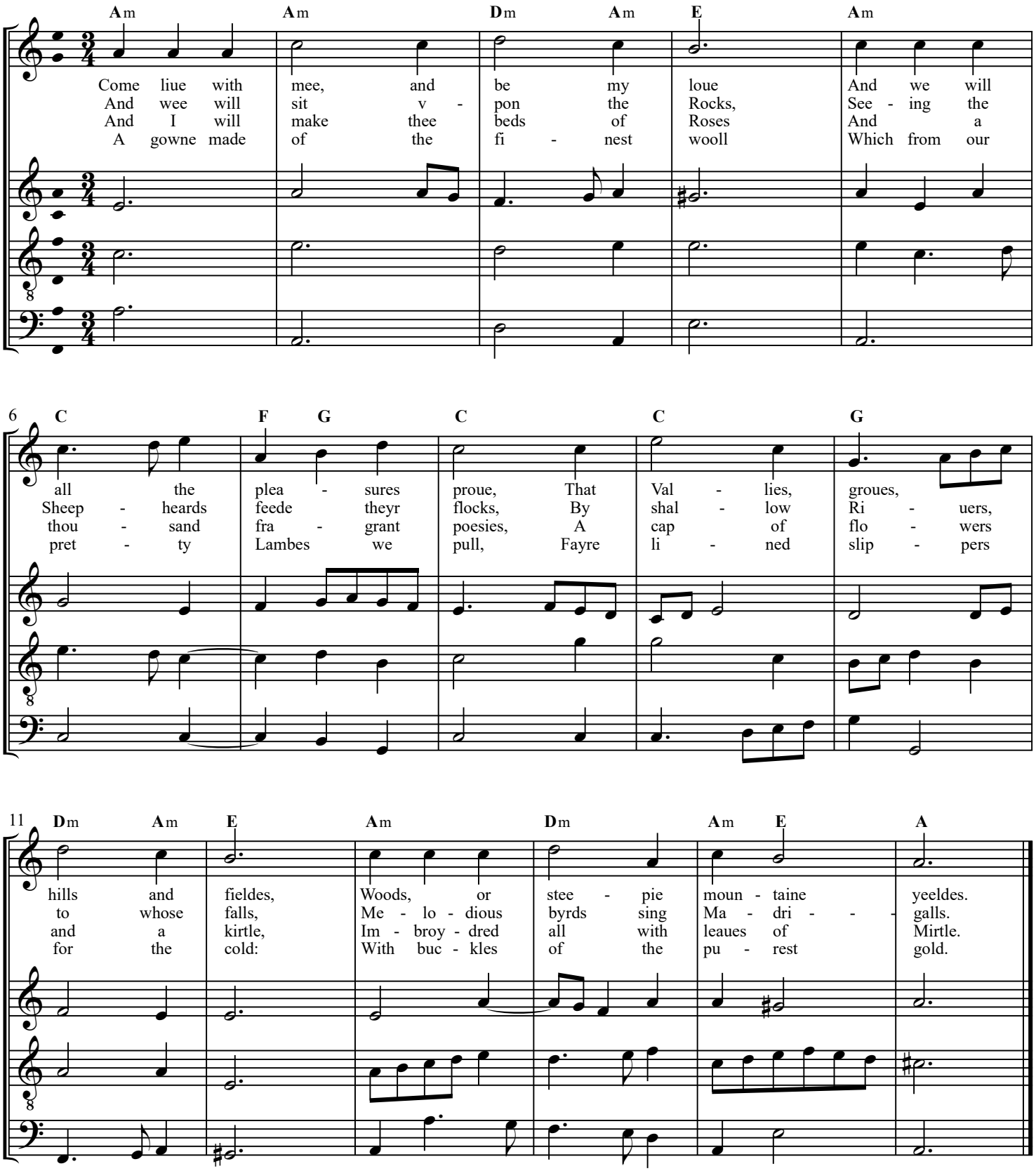

8
G C Am D Bm Em C D G
to see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow,
to see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow,
to see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die, with
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die, In
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her
to see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to


11
G Am G C D G C Em D sus4 D G
with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
In dead - ly pain and end - lesse mi - se - ry.
Her frowns, her frowns the win - ters of my woe:
to die, with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
I die, In dead - ly pain and end - lesse mi - se - ry.
to grow, Her frowns, her frowns the win - ters of my woe:
thee a - gain with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
dead - ly pain In dead - ly pain and end - lesse mi - se - ry.
frowns, her frowns Her frowns, her frowns the win - ters of my woe:
die, with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
die, In dead - ly pain and end - lesse mi - se - ry.
grow, Her frowns, her frowns the win - ters of my woe:

Come liue with me and be my Loue

The Passionate Sheepheard to his Loue.

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



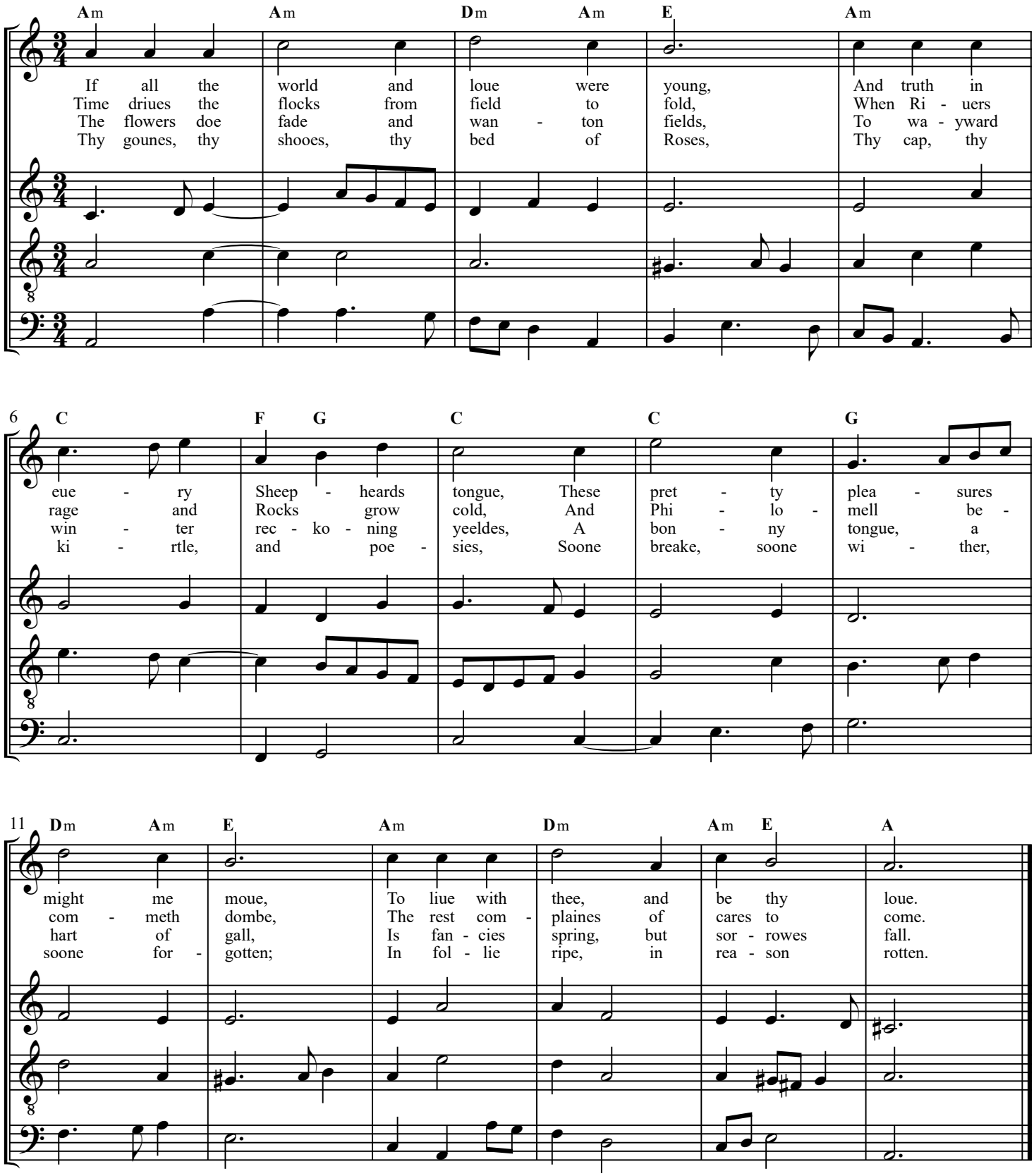
A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines 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.

Adapted by Steve Hendricks

The Nimph's Reply

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

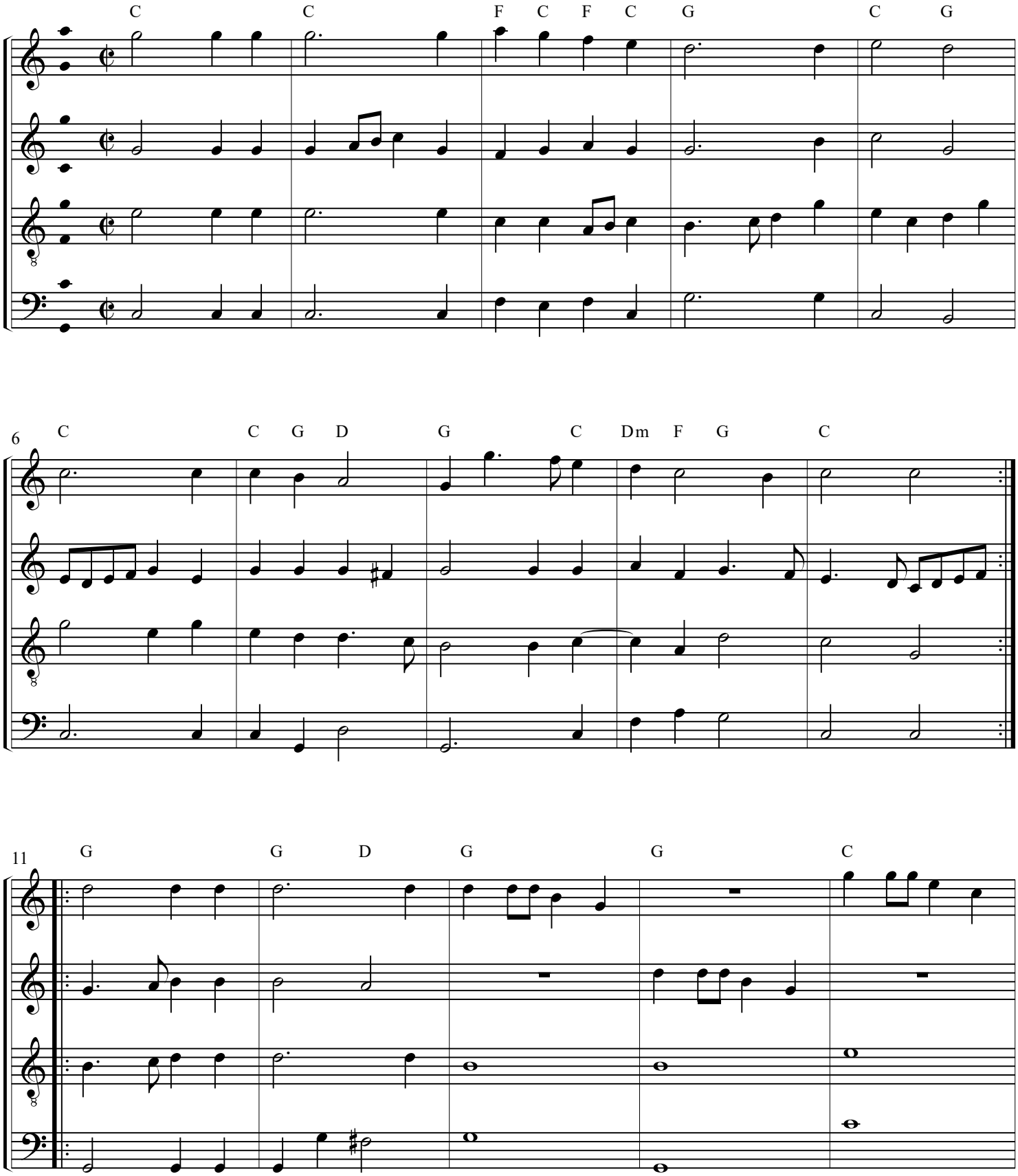


Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can moue
To come to thee and be thy loue.

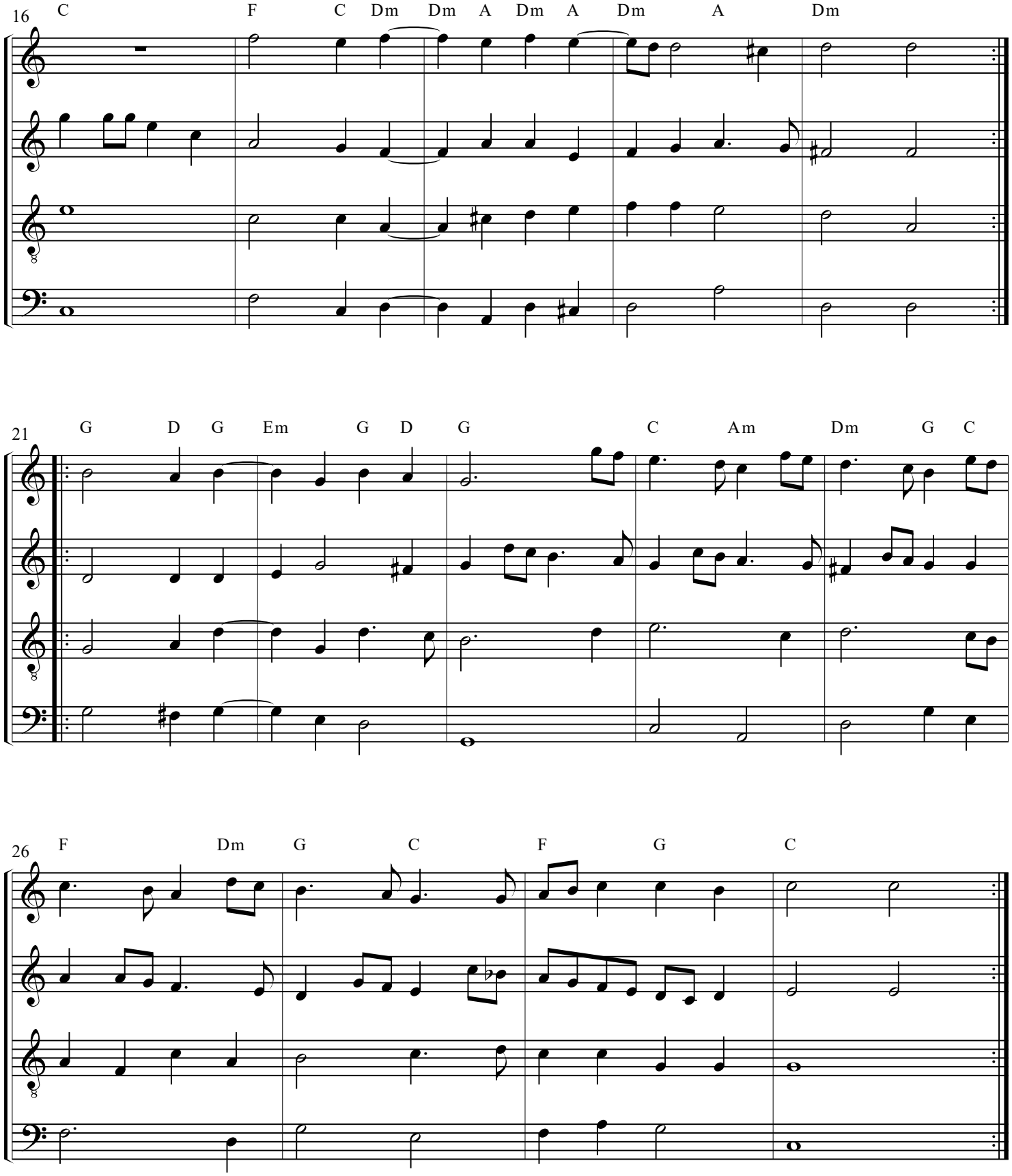
If youth could last, and loue still breede,
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my mind might moue
To liue with thee and be thy loue.

Daniells Almayne

Daniel Bachiler
(1572-1619)



adapted by Steve Hendricks

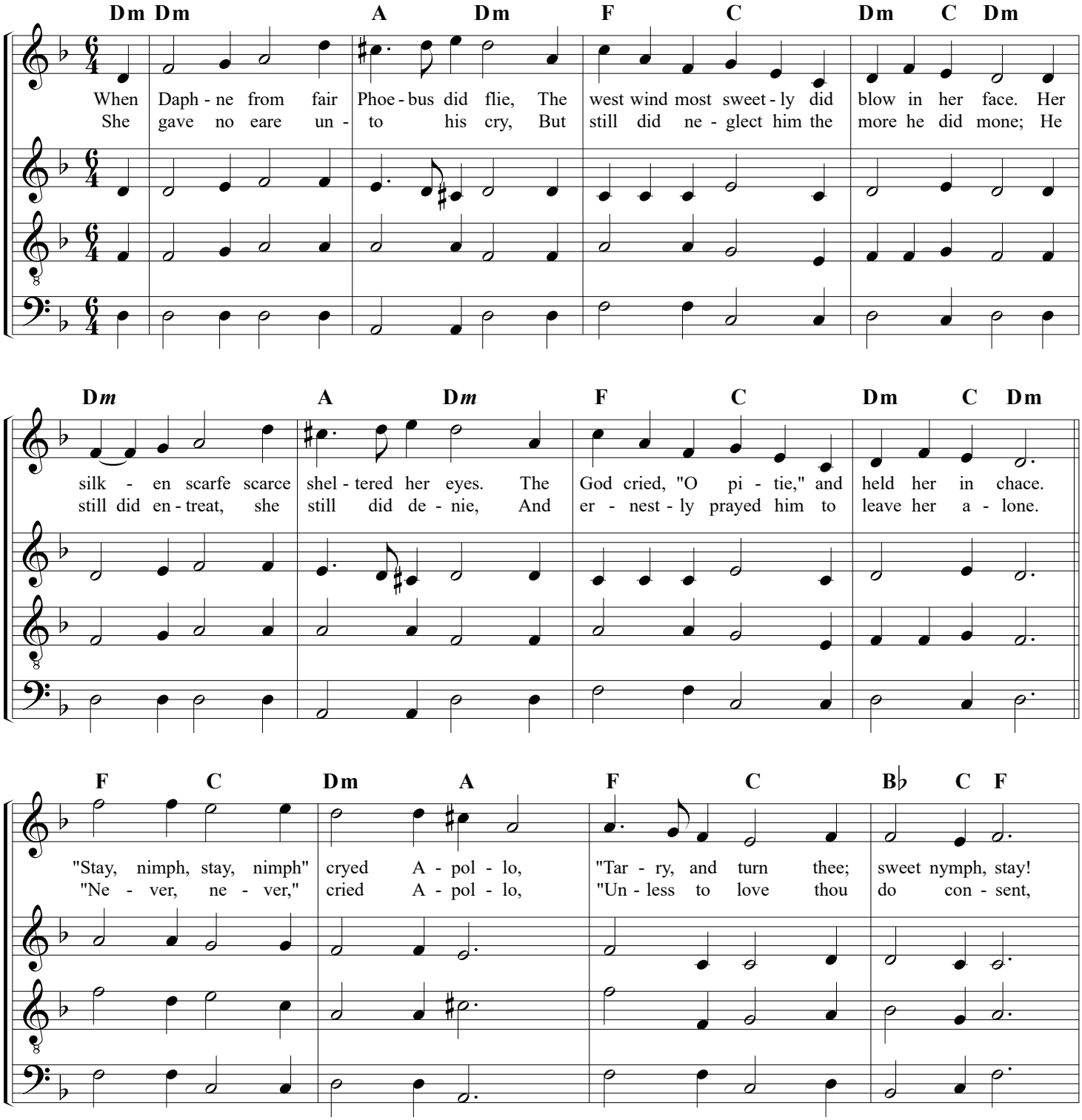

16
C F C Dm Dm A Dm A Dm A Dm
21
G D G Em G D G C Am Dm G C
26
F Dm G C F G C

Third Servant: Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.
The Taming of the Shrew Prologue

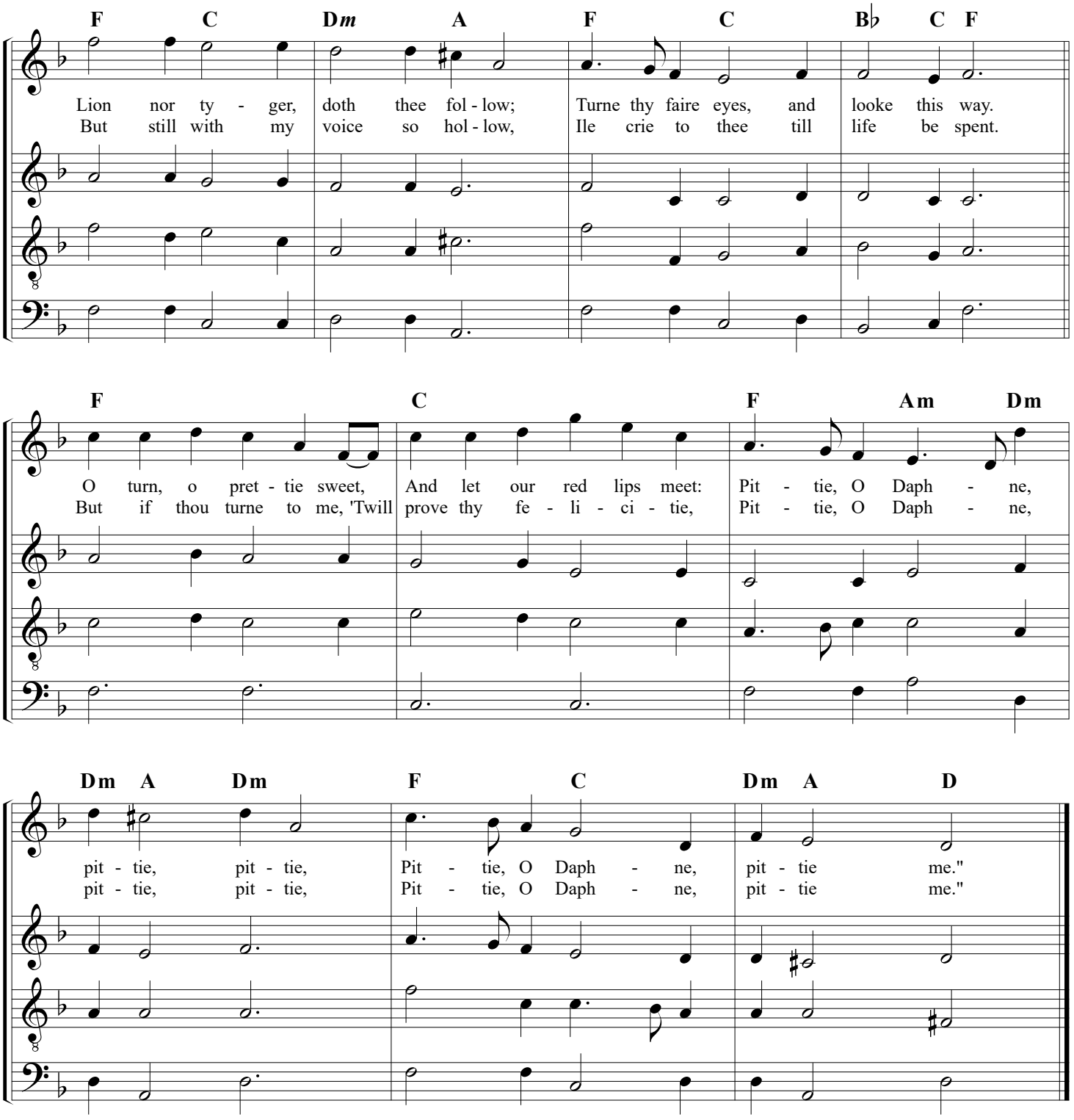
Helena: The wildest hath not such as heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase
A Midsummer Night's Dream 2.1

Daphne

lyrics by Thomas Deloney (1543?-1600)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

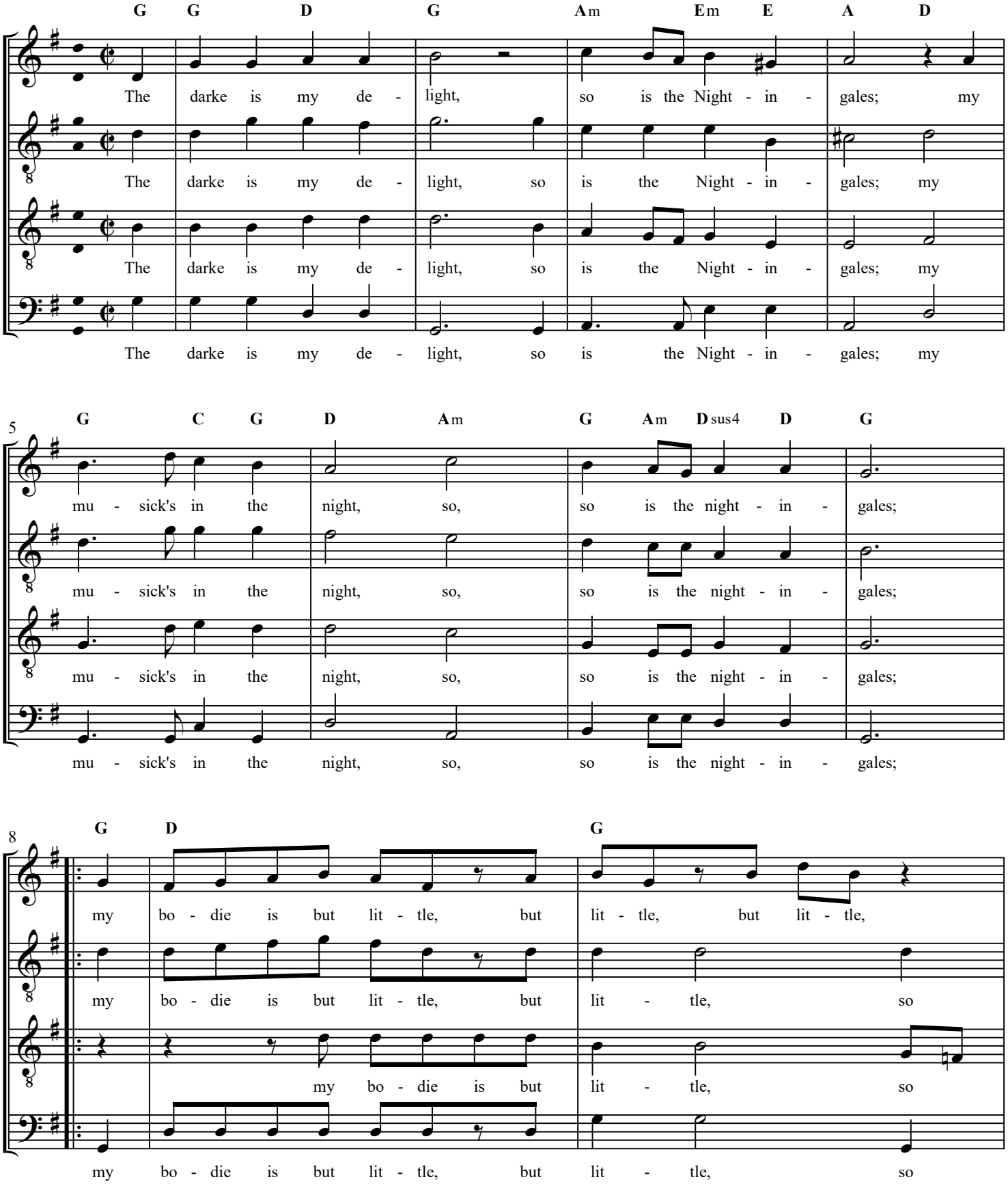


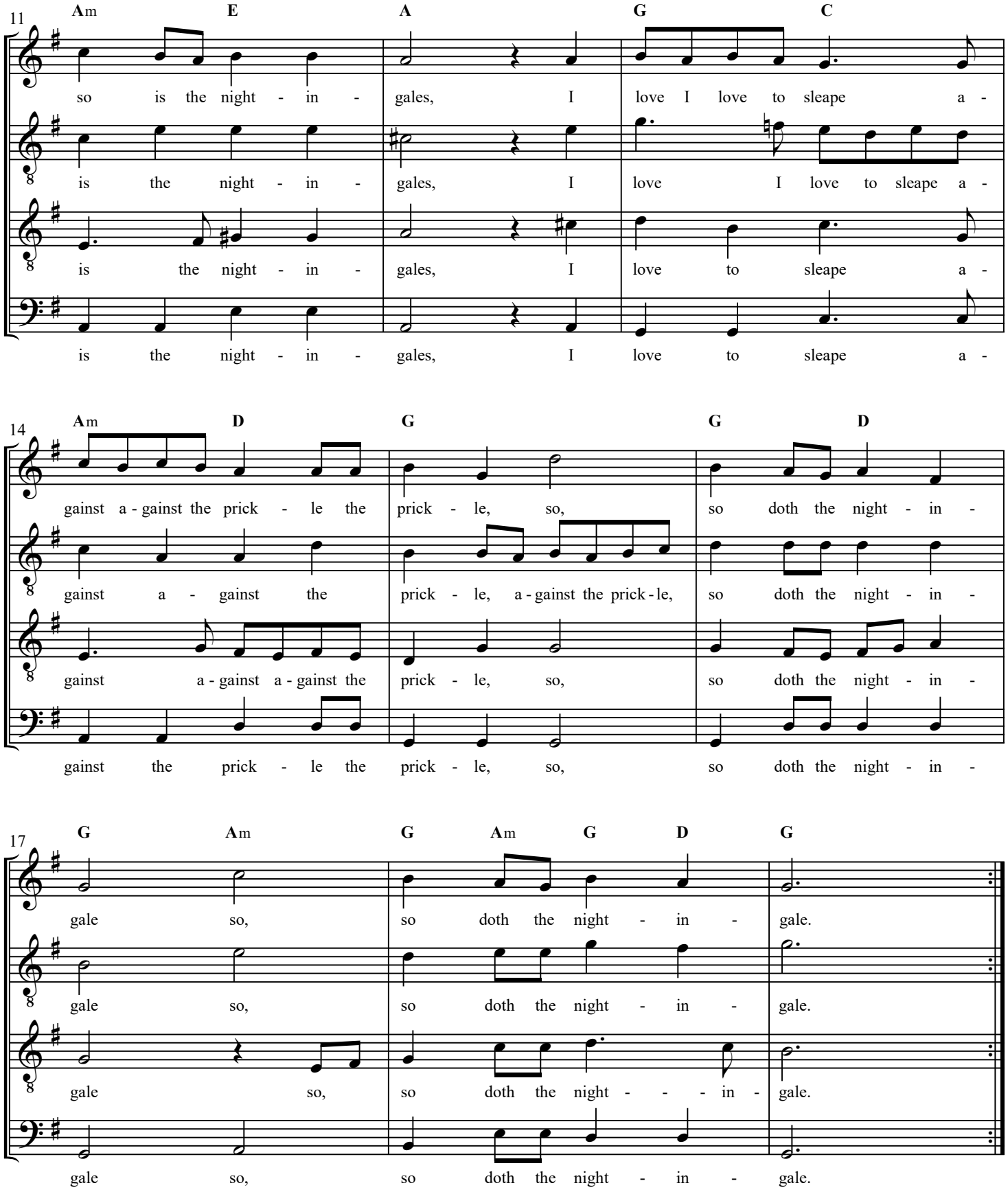
Away, like the Venus dove, she flies;
The red blood her buskins did run all a-downe;
His plaintive love she still denies,
Crying, "Help, help, Diana, and save my renowne:
Wanton, wanton lust is neare me -
Cold and chaste Diana, aid!
Let the earth a virgin beare me,
Or devoure me quick a maid."
Diana heard her pray,
And turned her to a bay:
"Pittie, O Daphne, pittie, pittie,
Pittie, O Daphne, pittie me."

Amazed stood Apollo then,
When he beheld Daphne turned as she desired;
"Accurst I am, above gods and men;
With griefe and laments my sences are tired.
Farewell! false Daphne, most unkinde,
My love is buried in thy grave;
Love I've long sought, yet could not finde,
Therefore shall this be thy epitaph:
'This tree doth Daphne cover,
That never pitied lover.'
Farewell, false Daphne, without pittie,
Though not my love, thou art my tree."

The darke is my delight

lyrics by John Marston
(1576-1634)

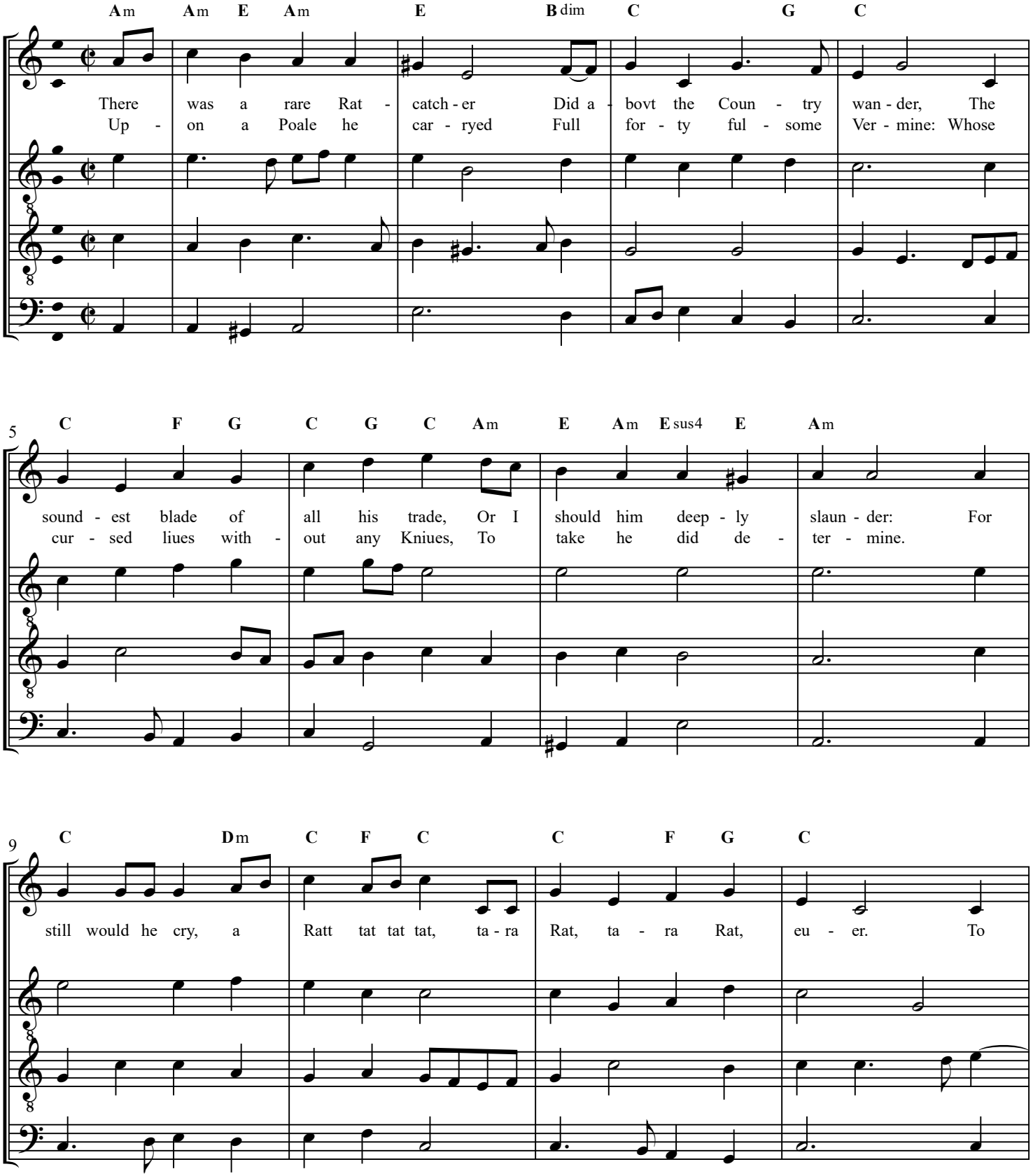


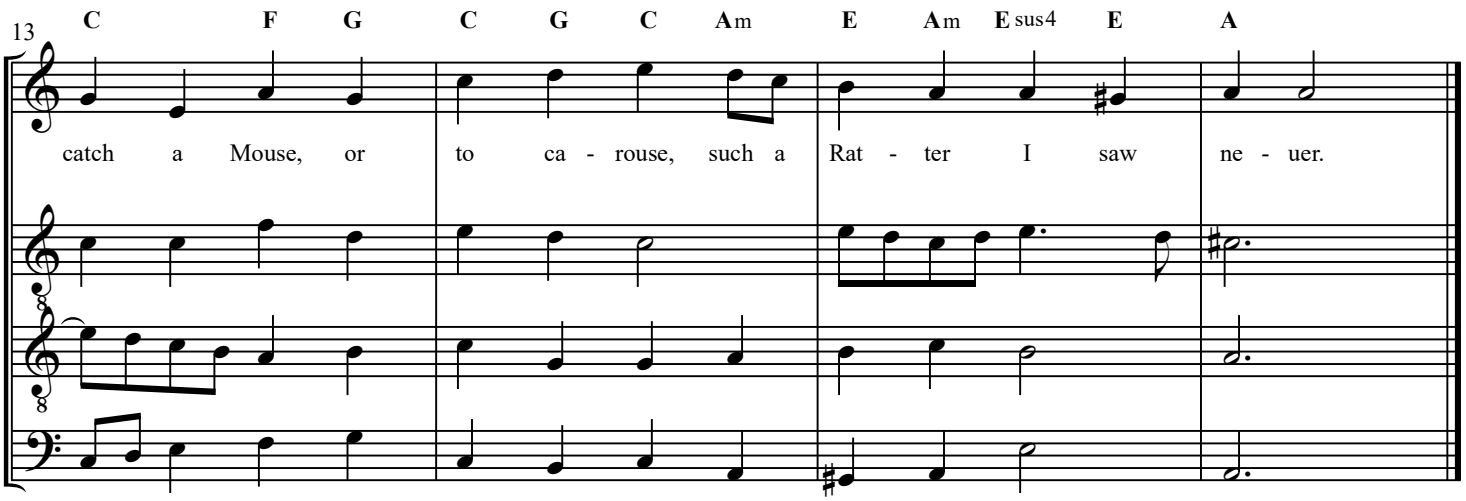

11
Am E A G C
so is the night - in - gales, I love I love to sleape a -
is the night - in - gales, I love I love to sleape a -
is the night - in - gales, I love to sleape a -
is the night - in - gales, I love to sleape a -
14
Am D G G D
gainst a - gainst the prick - le the prick - le, so, so doth the night - in -
gainst a - gainst the prick - le, a - gainst the prick - le, so doth the night - in -
gainst a - gainst a - gainst the prick - le, so, so doth the night - in -
gainst the prick - le the prick - le, so, so doth the night - in -
17
G Am G Am G D G
gale so, so doth the night - in - gale.
gale so, so doth the night - in - gale.
gale so, so doth the night - - - in - gale.
gale so, so doth the night - in - gale.

The famous Ratketcher,

with his trauels into France, and of his returne to London.

anonymous lyrics from
a broadside, 1616





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 nibled,
so pleasing in her tast,
Shee lickt so longe, that the Poyson strong
did make her swell i' th' wast.
And still would 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.

The Ratketchers 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.

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.

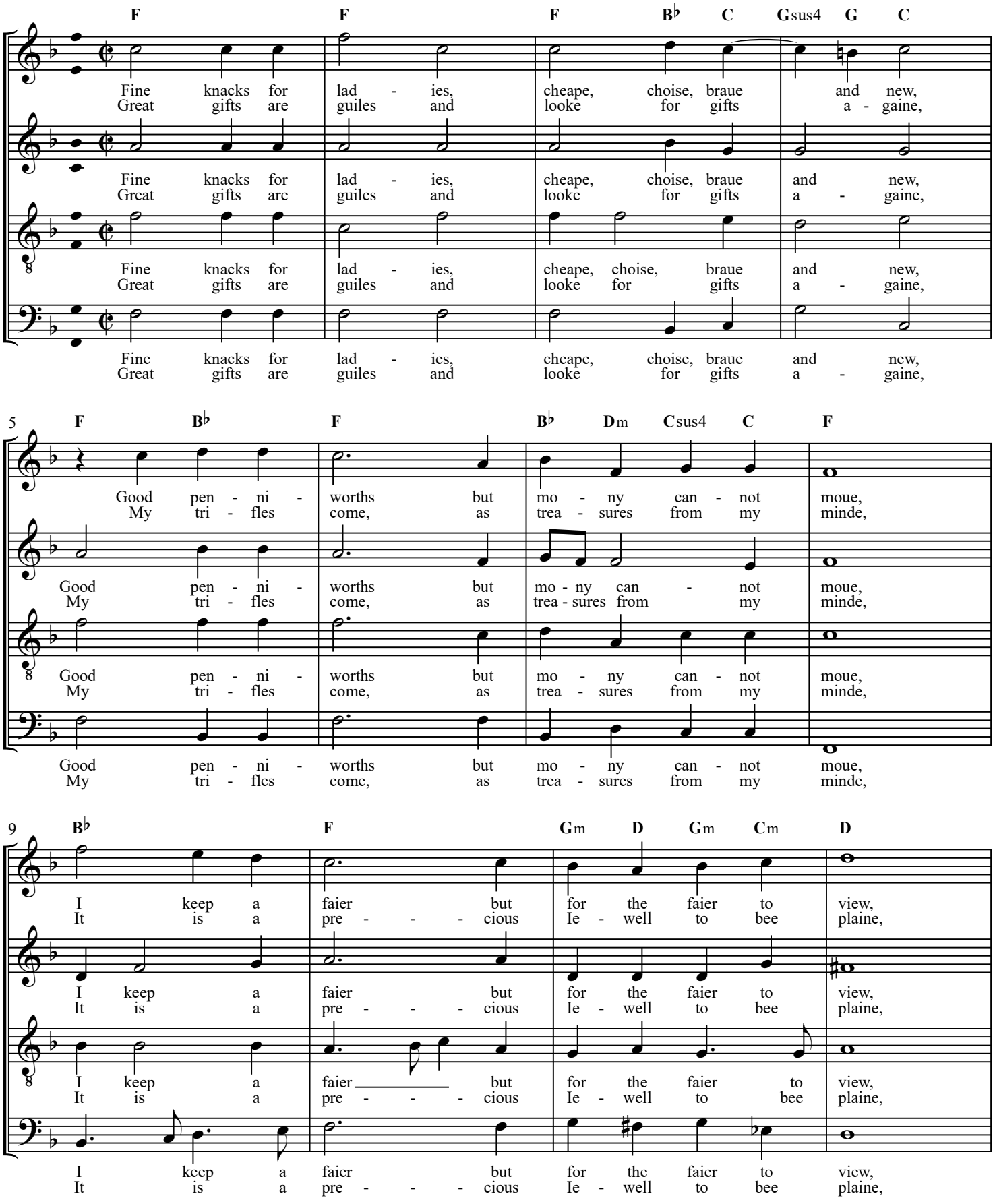
At Gravesend 'mongst the Maydens,
Greene sicknesse reign'd so briefly,
None could have cure, but such as sure
would take his Potions chiefly.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, etc.

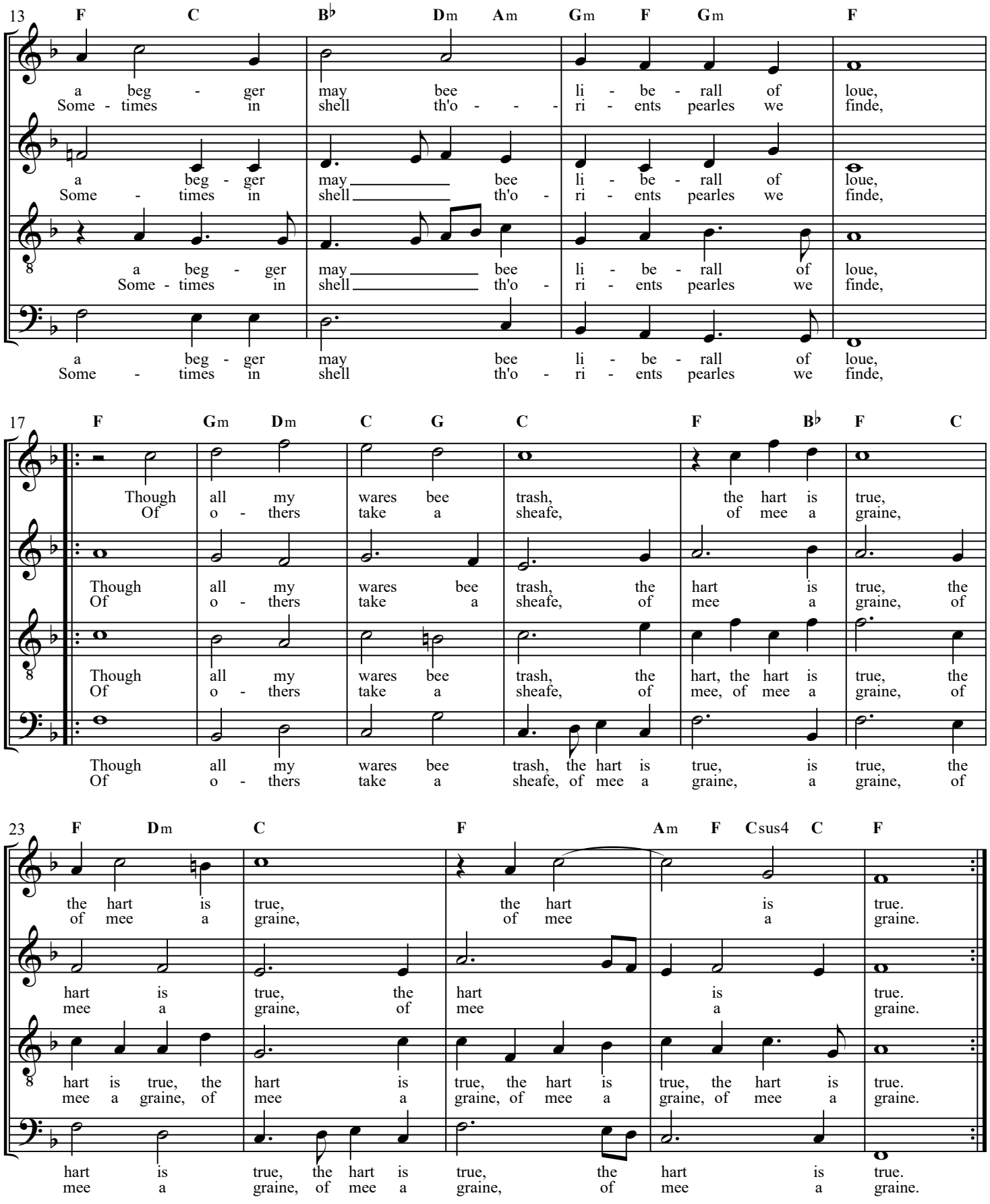
When backe he commeth home-ward,
obserue his Flagge bepainted
With Mice and Rattes, and with Poulcats,
if you will be acquainted,
And heare him to cry, a Rat tat tat, tara Rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse,
Such a Ratter I saw never.

Fine knacks for ladies

verses 1-2

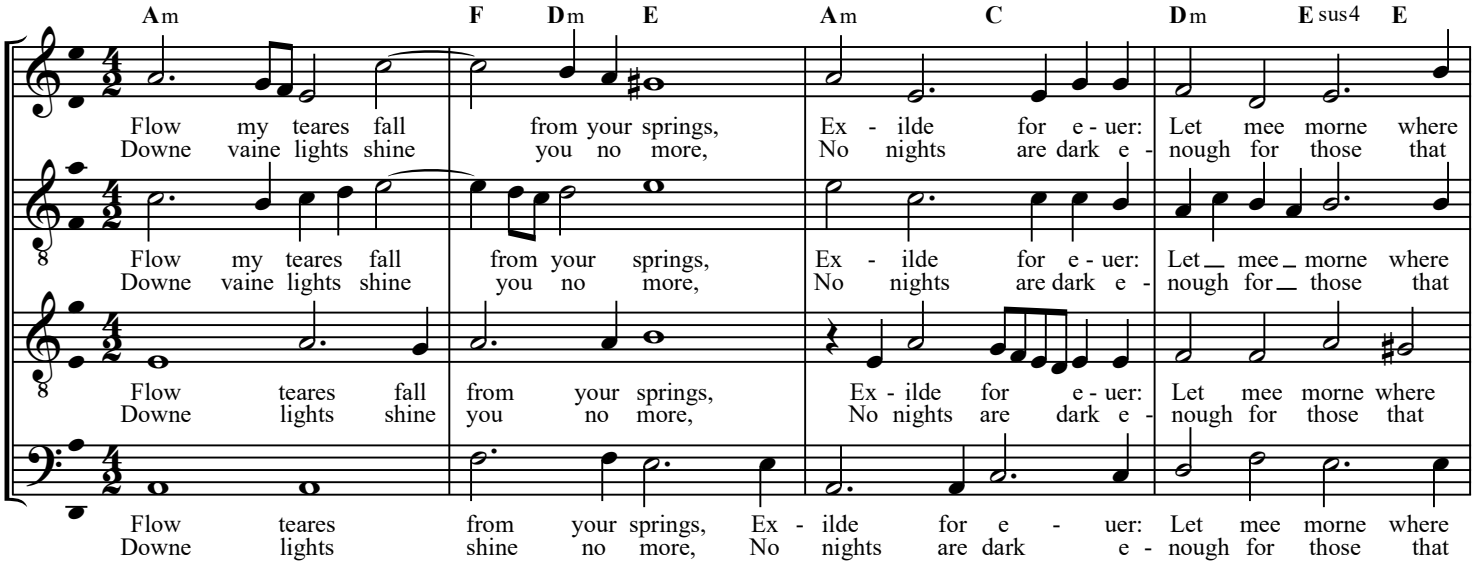
John Dowland (1563-1626)
from ***The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres***, 1600

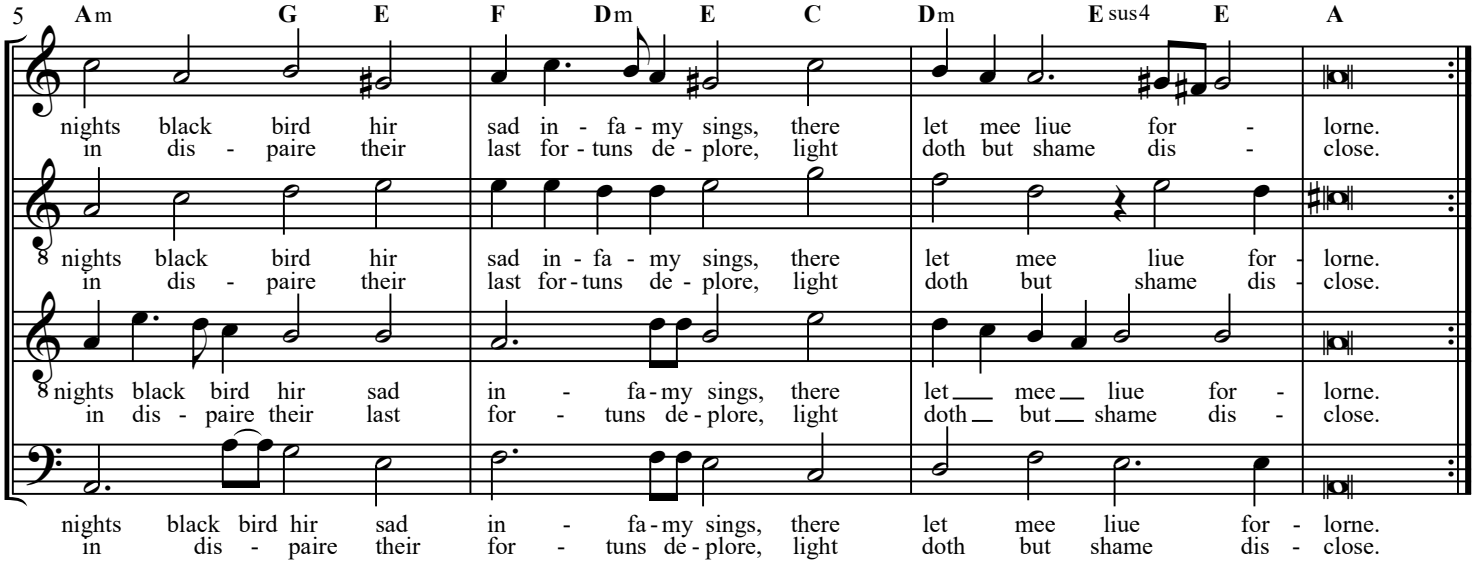


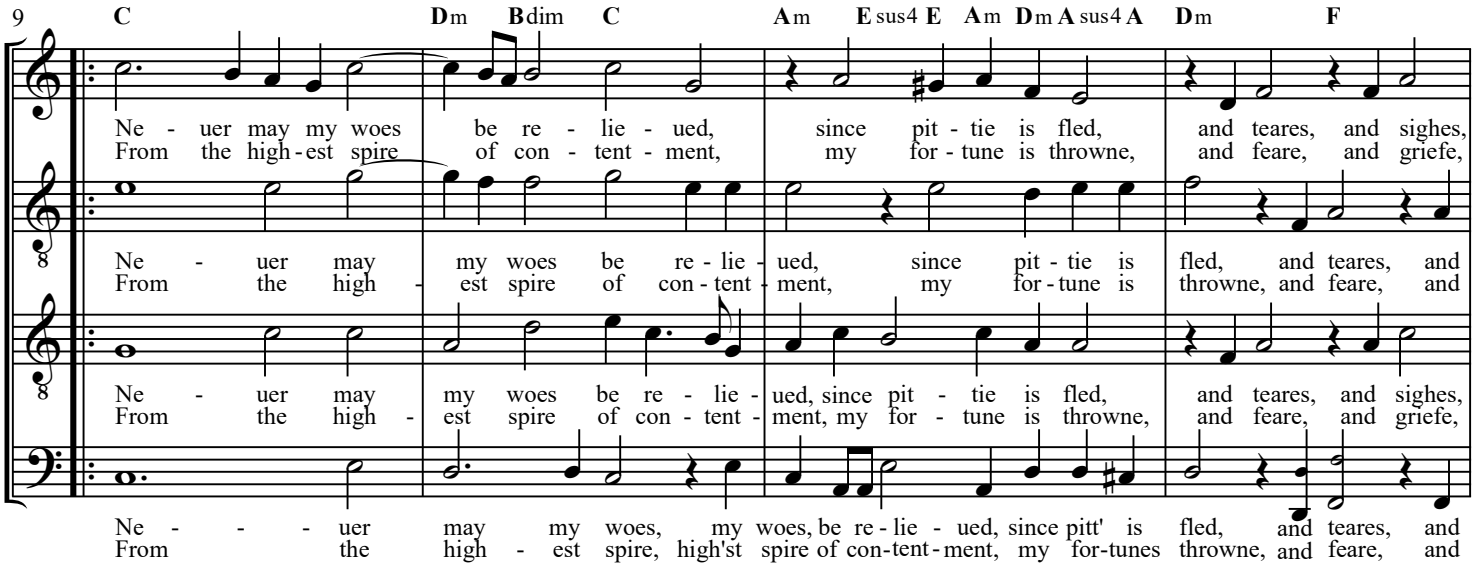

13
F C B♭ Dm Am Gm F Gm F
a beg - ger may bee li - be - rall of loue,
Some - times in shell th'o - - - ri - ents pearles we finde,
a beg - ger may bee li - be - rall of loue,
Some - times in shell th'o - ri - ents pearles we finde,
a beg - ger may bee li - be - rall of loue,
Some - times in shell th'o - ri - ents pearles we finde,
a beg - ger may bee li - be - rall of loue,
Some - times in shell th'o - ri - ents pearles we finde,
17
F Gm Dm C G C F B♭ F C
Though all my wares bee trash, the hart is true,
Of o - thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine,
Though all my wares bee trash, the hart is true, the
Of o - thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of
Though all my wares bee trash, the hart, the hart is true, the
Of o - thers take a sheafe, of mee, of mee a graine, of
Though all my wares bee trash, the hart is true, is true, the
Of o - thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, a graine, of
23
F Dm C F Am F Csus4 C F
the hart is true, the hart is true.
of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
hart is true, the hart is true.
mee a graine, of mee a graine.
hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true.
mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true.
mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.

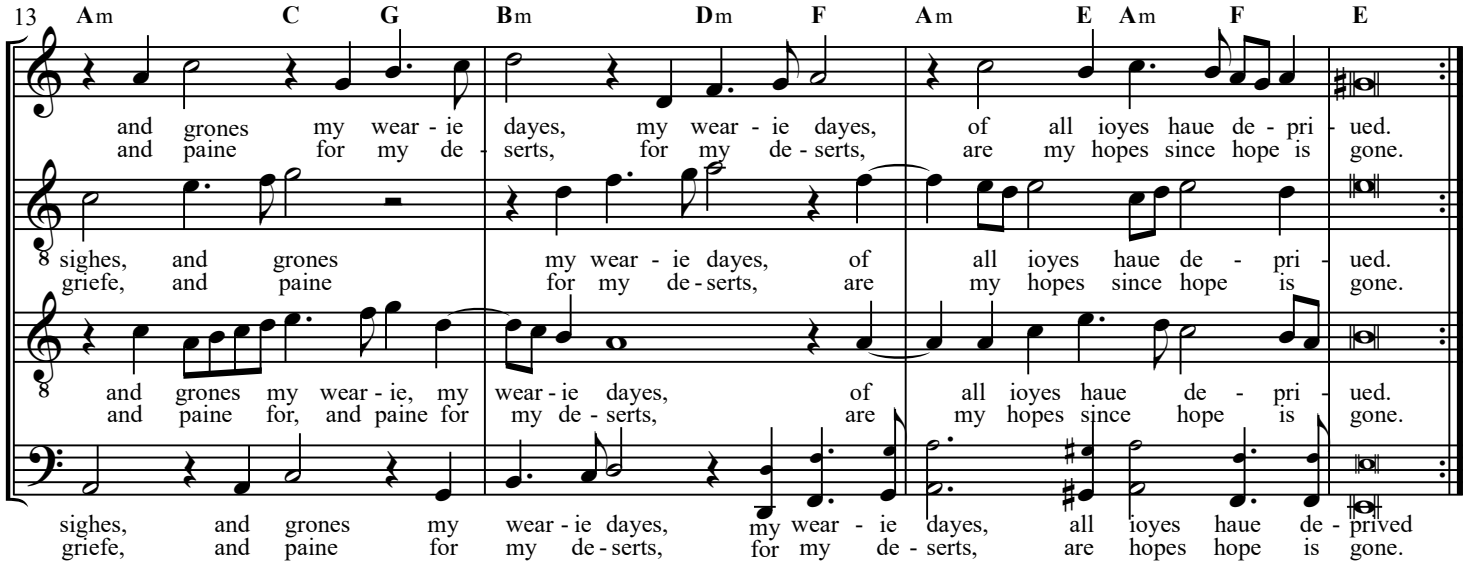
Flow my teares

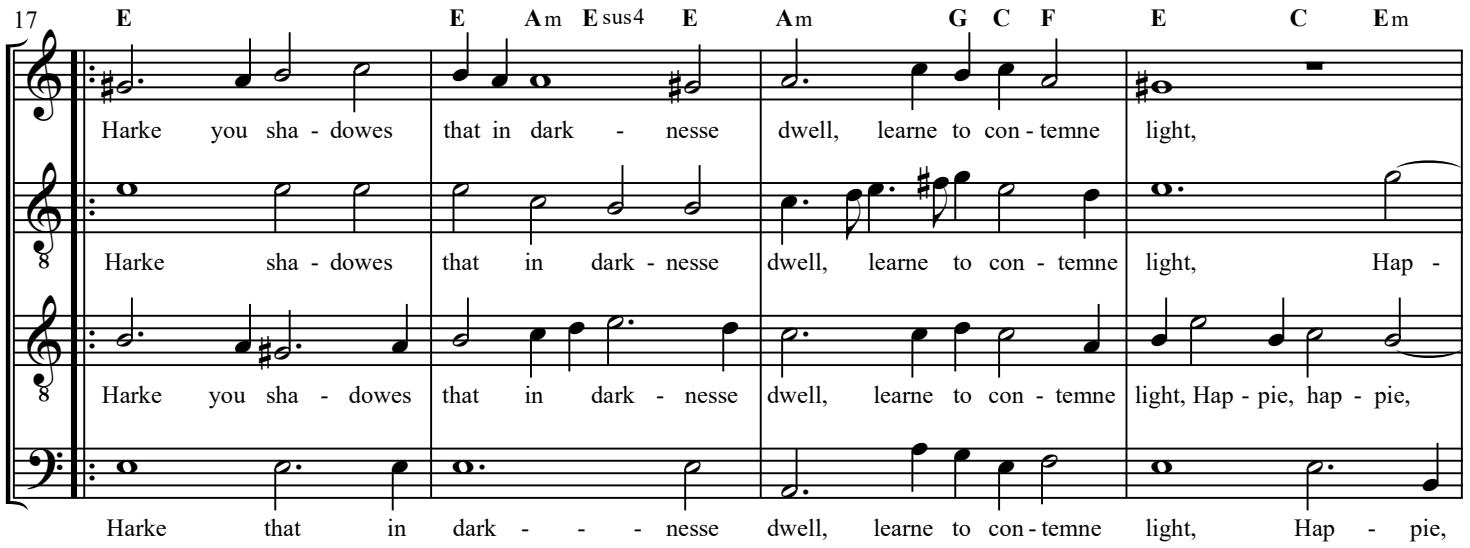
John Dowland (1563-1626)
from ***The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres***, 1600

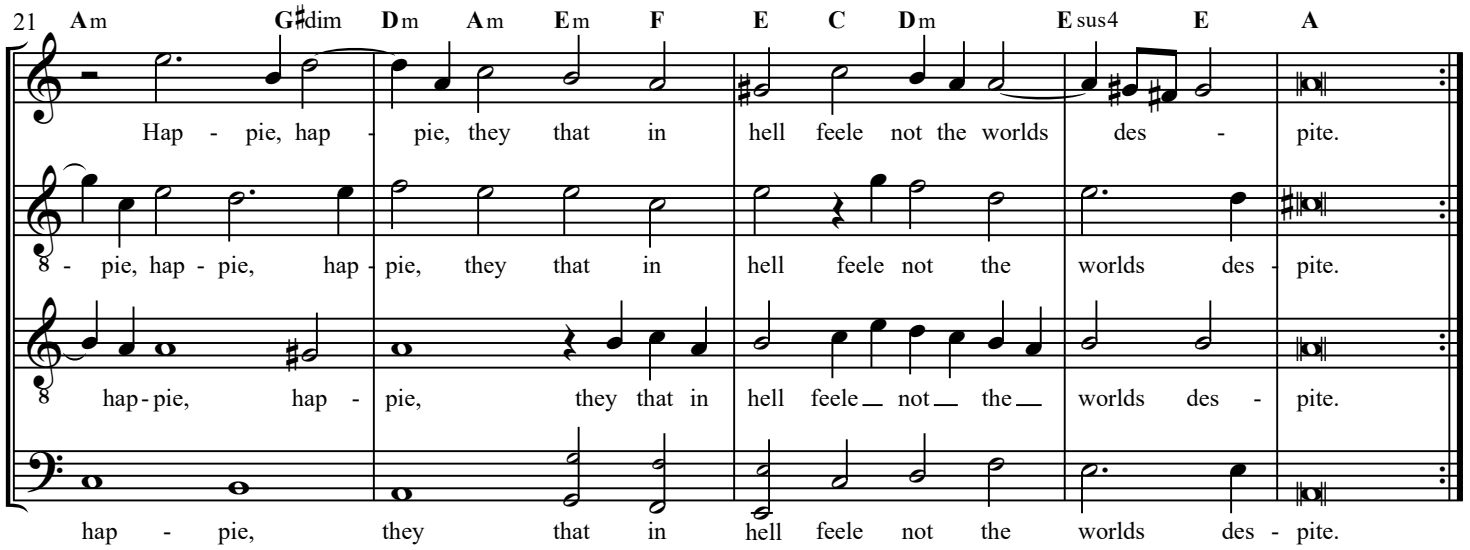






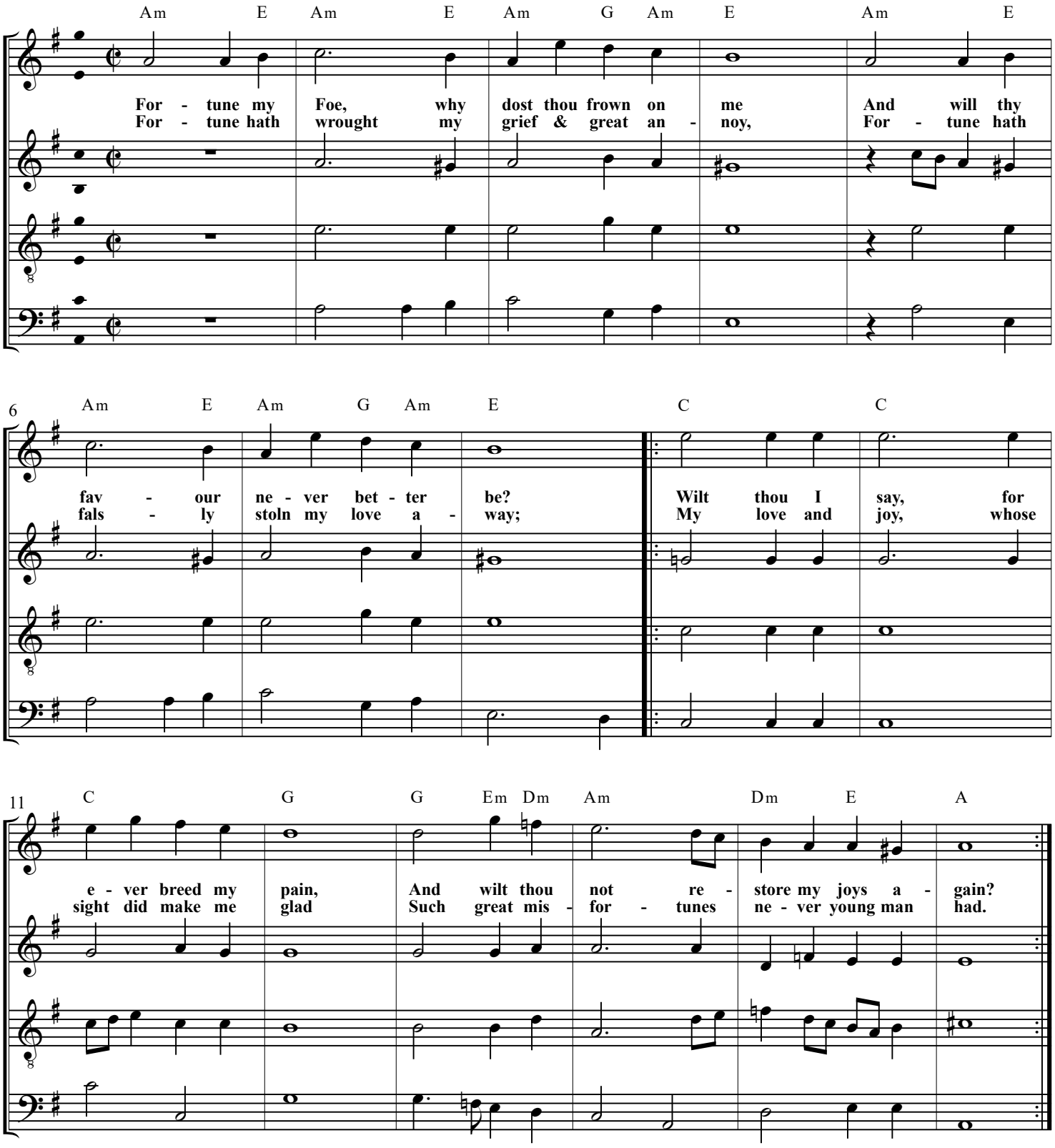

13
Am C G Bm Dm F Am E Am F E
and grones my wear - ie dayes, my wear - ie dayes, of all ioyes haue de - pri - ued.
and paine for my de - serts, for my de - serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.
sighes, and grones my wear - ie dayes, of all ioyes haue de - pri - ued.
griefe, and paine for my de - serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.
and grones my wear - ie, my wear - ie dayes, of all ioyes haue de - pri - ued.
and paine for, and paine for my de - serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.
sighes, and grones my wear - ie dayes, my wear - ie dayes, all ioyes haue de - prived
griefe, and paine for my de - serts, for my de - serts, are hopes hope is gone.


17
E E Am Esus4 E Am G C F E C Em
Harke you sha - dowes that in dark - nesse dwell, learne to con - temne light,
Harke sha - dowes that in dark - nesse dwell, learne to con - temne light, Hap -
Harke you sha - dowes that in dark - nesse dwell, learne to con - temne light, Hap - pie, hap - pie,
Harke that in dark - - - nesse dwell, learne to con - temne light, Hap - pie,


21
Am G♯dim Dm Am Em F E C Dm Esus4 E A
Hap - pie, hap - pie, they that in hell feele not the worlds des - pite.
- pie, hap - pie, hap - pie, they that in hell feele not the worlds des - pite.
hap - pie, hap - pie, they that in hell feele not the worlds des - pite.
hap - pie, they that in hell feele not the worlds des - pite.

Fortune my foe

from the Matthew Holmes consort books,
Cambridge Ms Dd.3.18, Dd.14.24, Dd.5.20,
Dd.5.21, c.1588 – ?1597

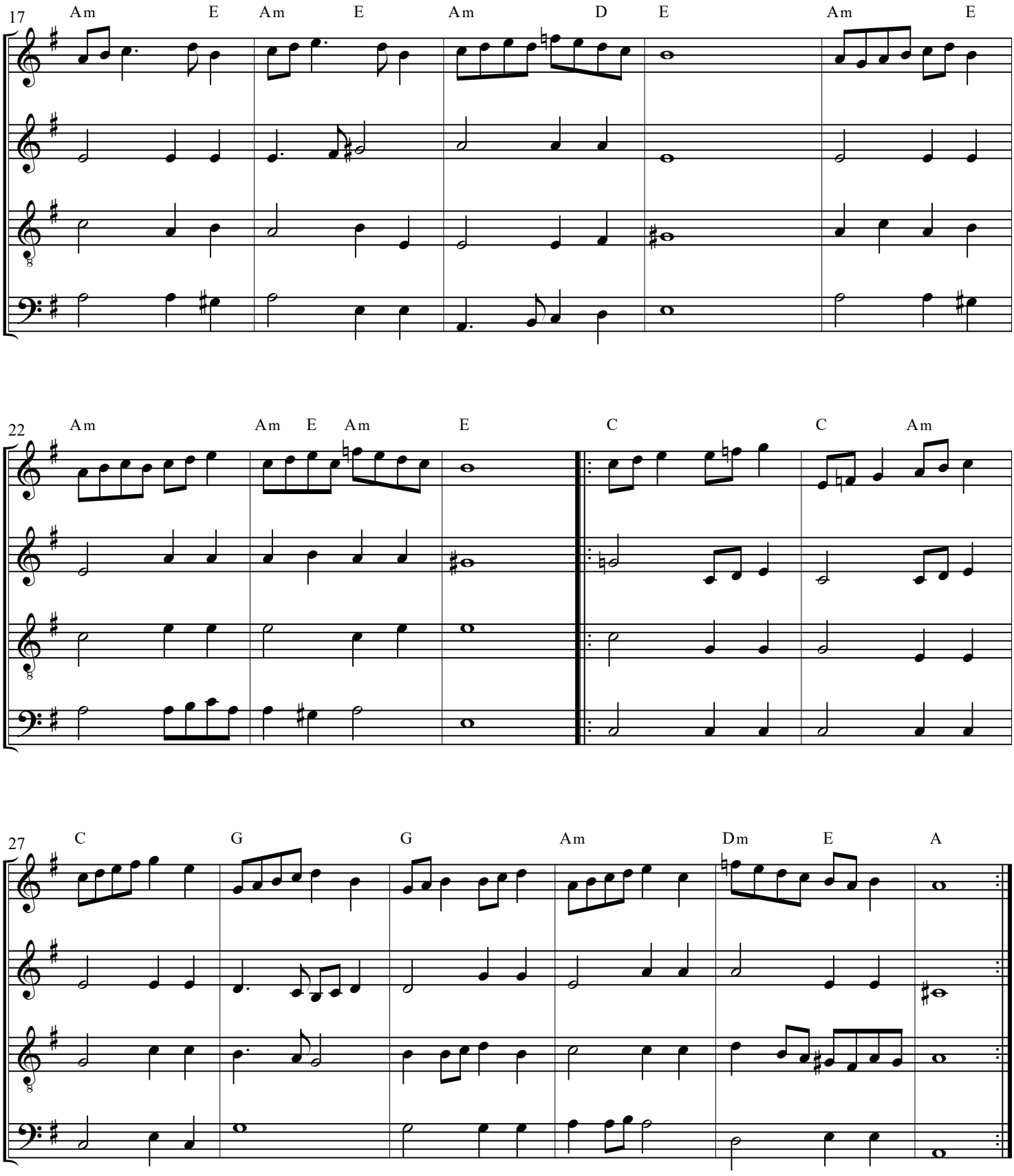


The Ladies comfortable and pleasant Answer

Ah silly soul, art thou so afraid?
Mourn not my dear nor be not so dismaid.
Fortune cannot, with all her power and skill,
Enforce my heart to think the any ill.

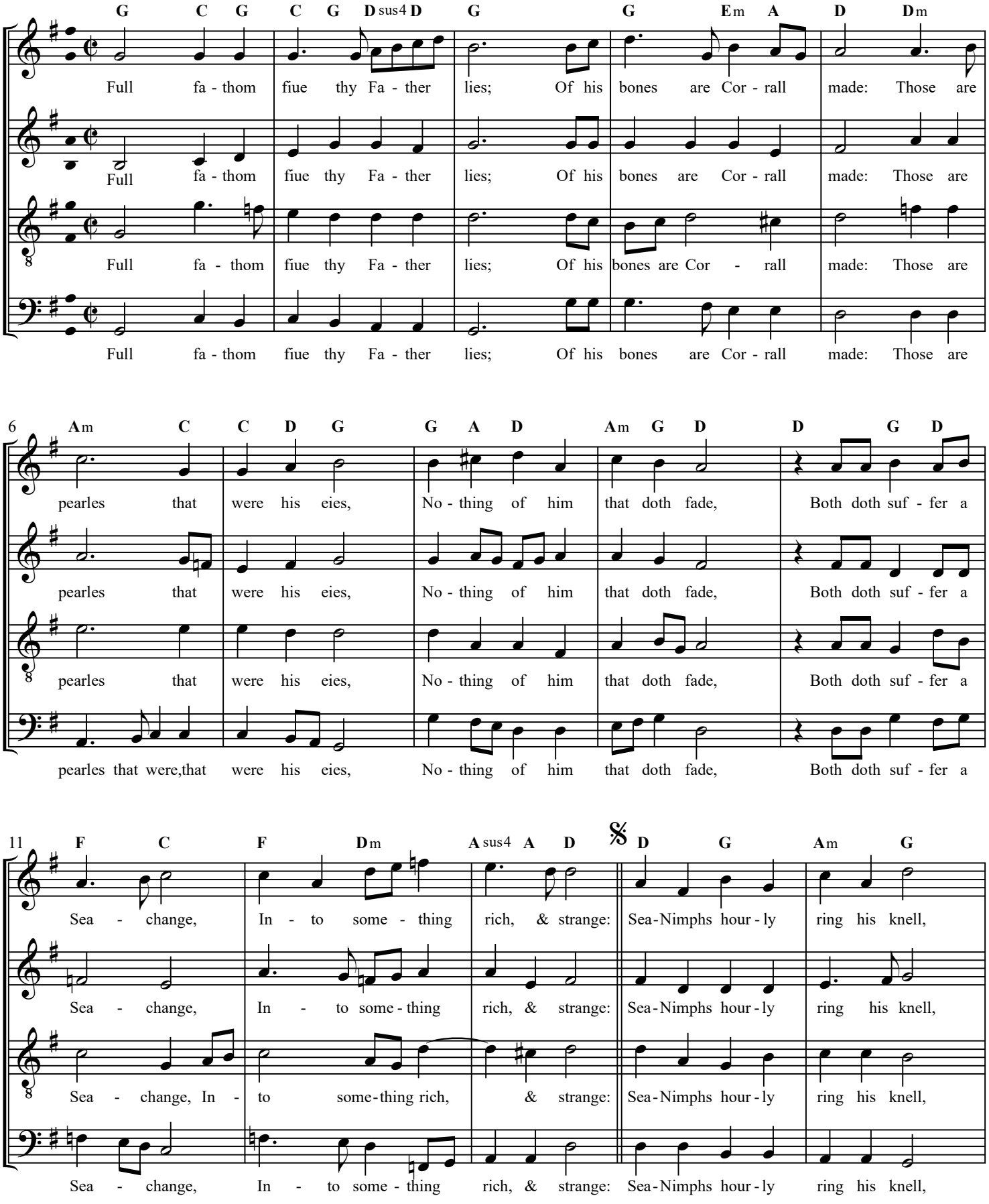
Live thou in bliss and banish death to Hell,
All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel;
As thou doth wish, thy love agrees to be,
For proof whereof behold I come my self to thee.

adapted by Steve Hendricks


17
Am E Am E Am D E Am E
22
Am Am E Am E C C Am
27
C G G Am Dm E A

Full fathom fiue

Robert Johnson (c.1560-1633)
lyrics: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
The Tempest, c.1603



Fine

16 **G** **C** **D** **Am** **G** **C** **G** **Dsus4** **D** **G**

Harke now I heare them, Harke now I heare them, ding, dong bell.

Harke now I heare them, Harke now I heare them, ding, ding - dong bell.

Harke now I heare now I heare them, Harke now I heare now I heare them, ding - dong bell.

Harke I heare, now I heare them, Harke now I heare them, ding - dong bell.

21 **G** **C** **G** **Dsus4** **Dm** **Em** **G** **C** **Gsus4** **G** **C** **G**

Ding, dong, ding, dong bell. Ding, dong,

Ding, dong, ding, dong bell. Ding, dong,

Ding, dong, ding dong bell. Ding,

Ding, dong bell. Ding, ding dong bell. Ding,

D.S. al Fine

26 **Am** **G** **D** **G** **D** **G** **C** **G** **Dsus4** **D** **G**

ding dong bell. Ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

ding, dong bell. Ding, dong, bell. Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong bell.

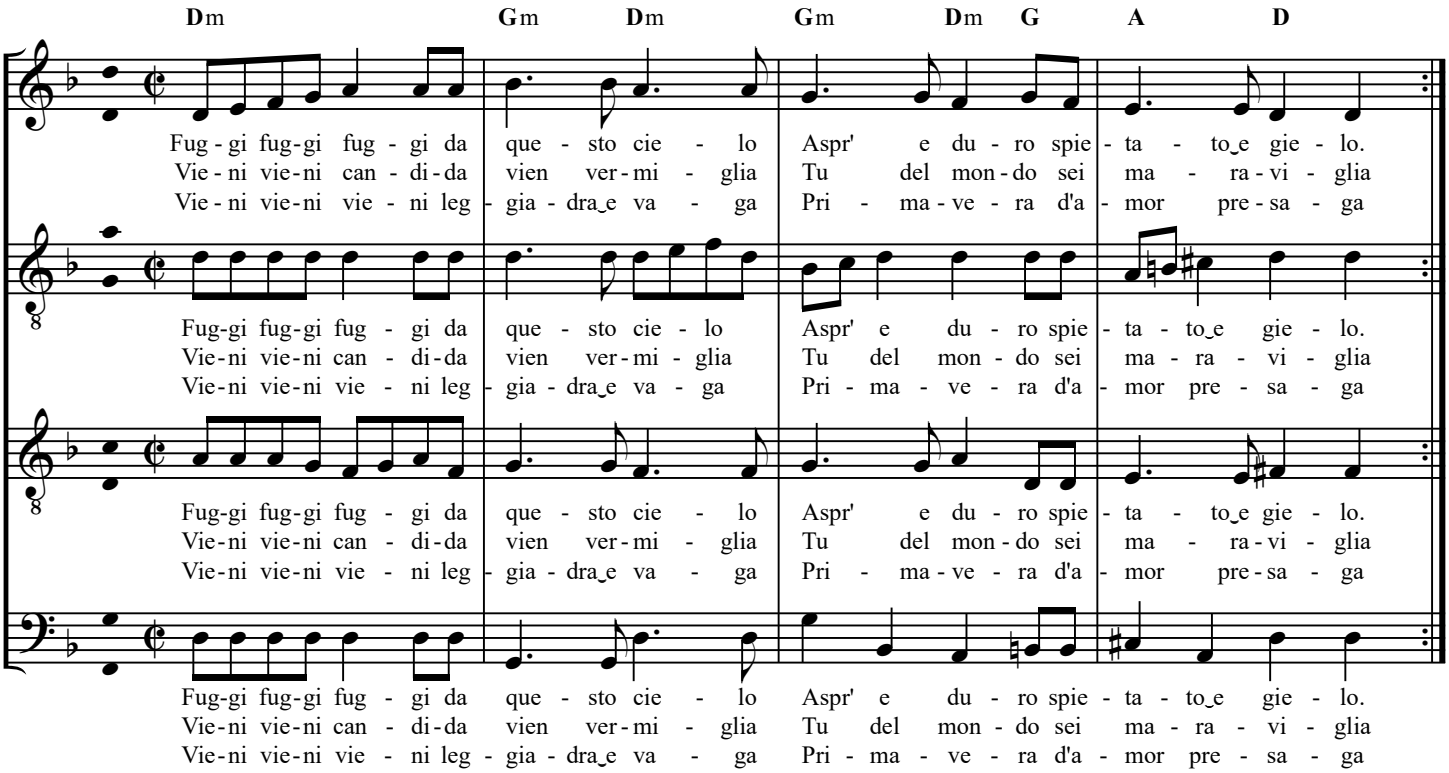
dong, ding dong bell. Ding, dong bell. Ding, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

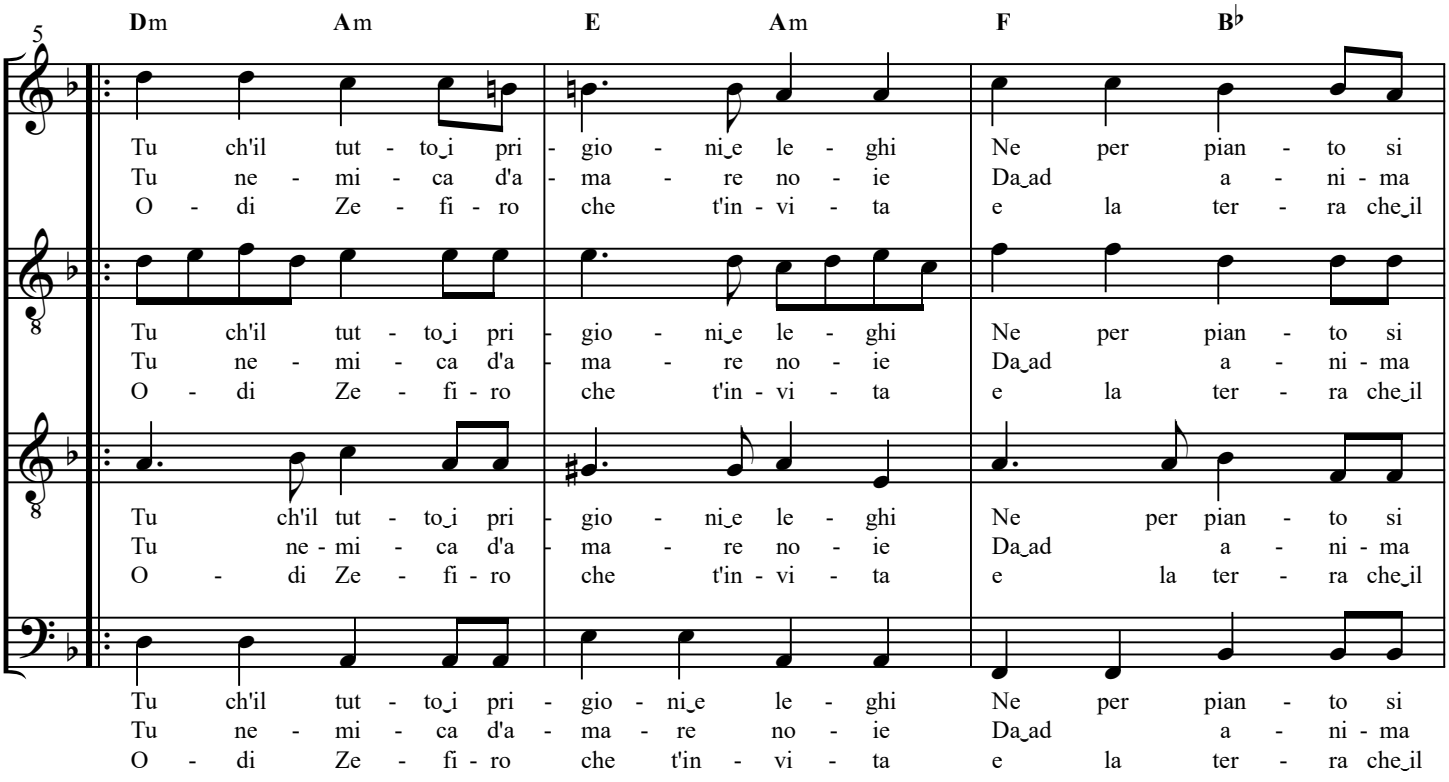
ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding dong bell. Ding, dong bell.

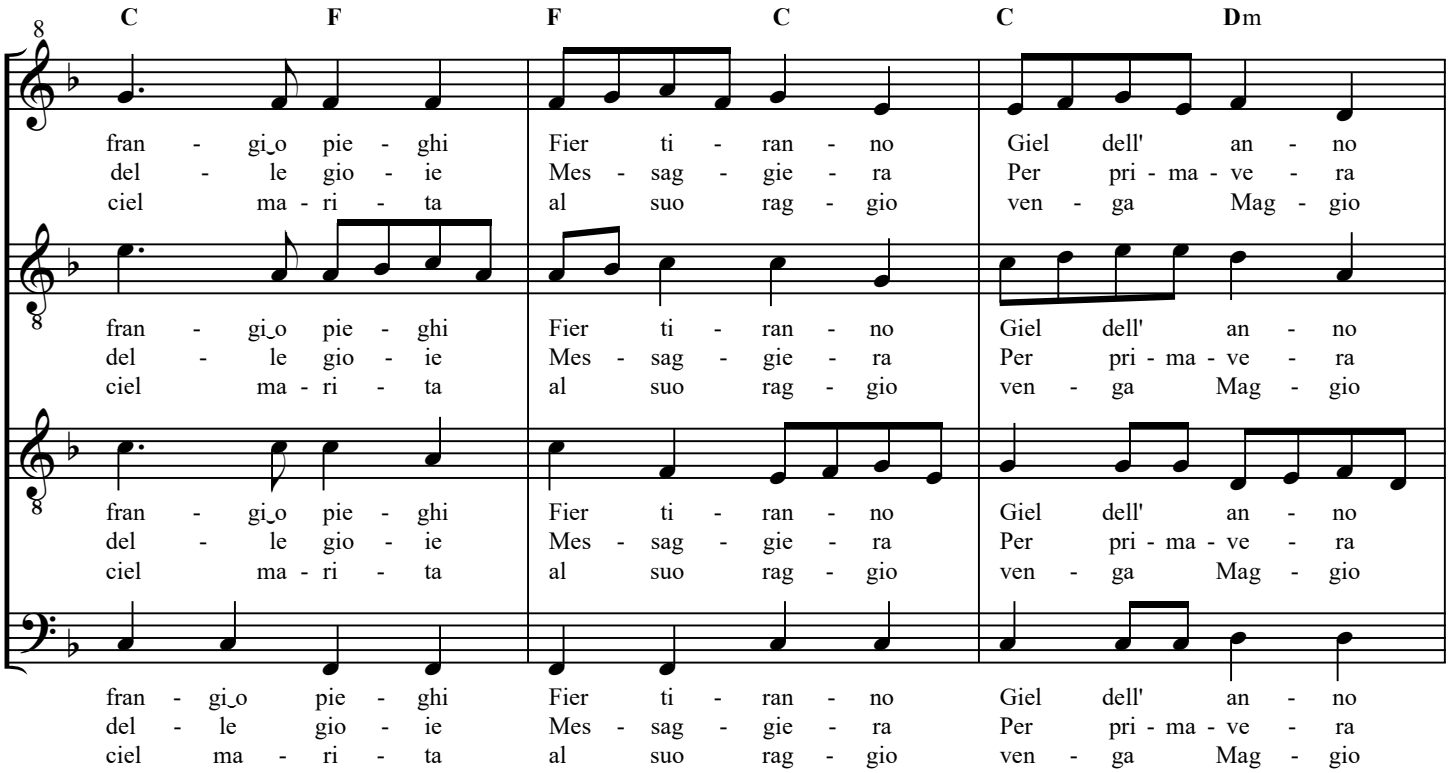
Fuggi, Fuggi, Fuggi da Questo Cielo

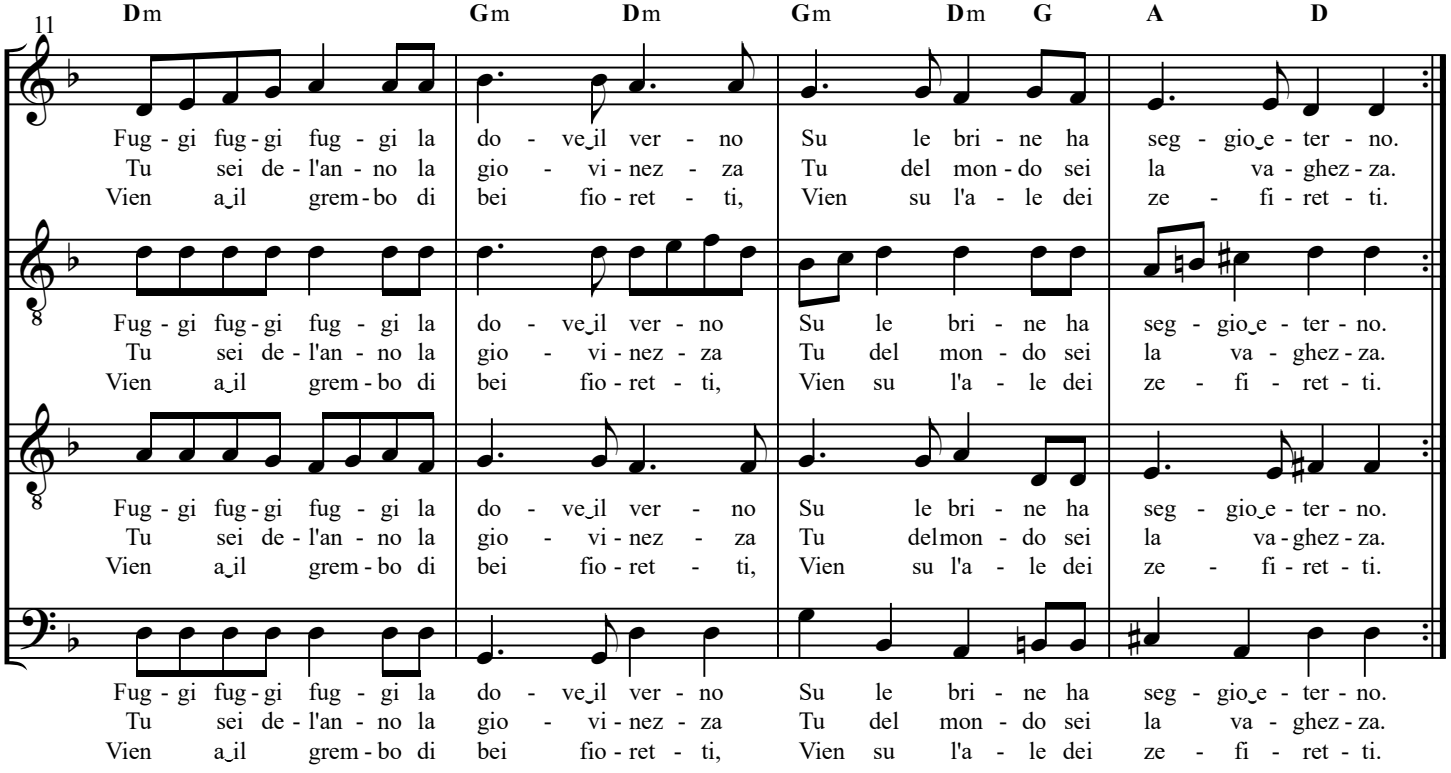
Flee, Flee, Flee from This Sky

Giuseppe Cenci (d. 1616)
MS Barbera, Conserv. L.
Cherubini, Florence, 1600



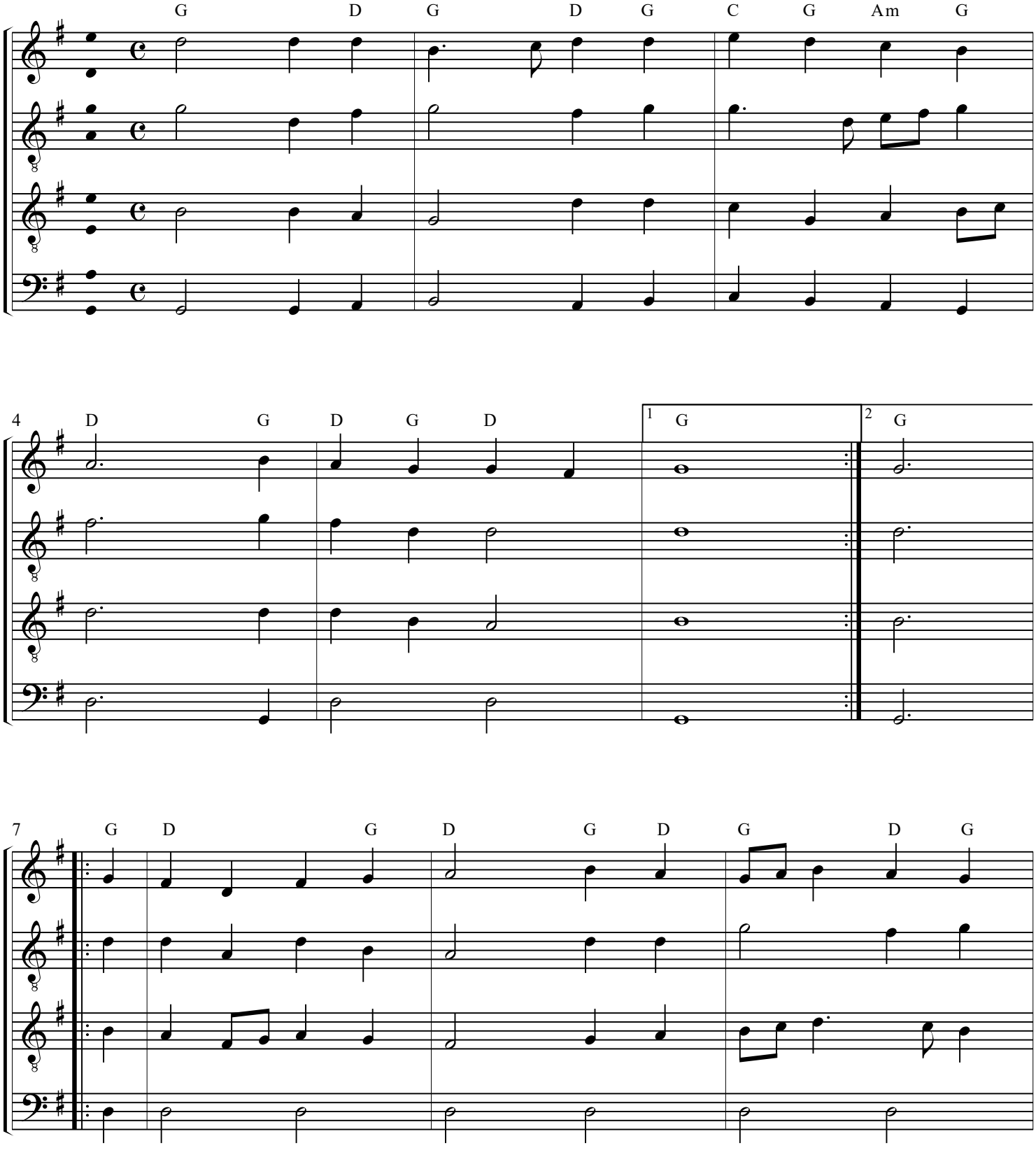


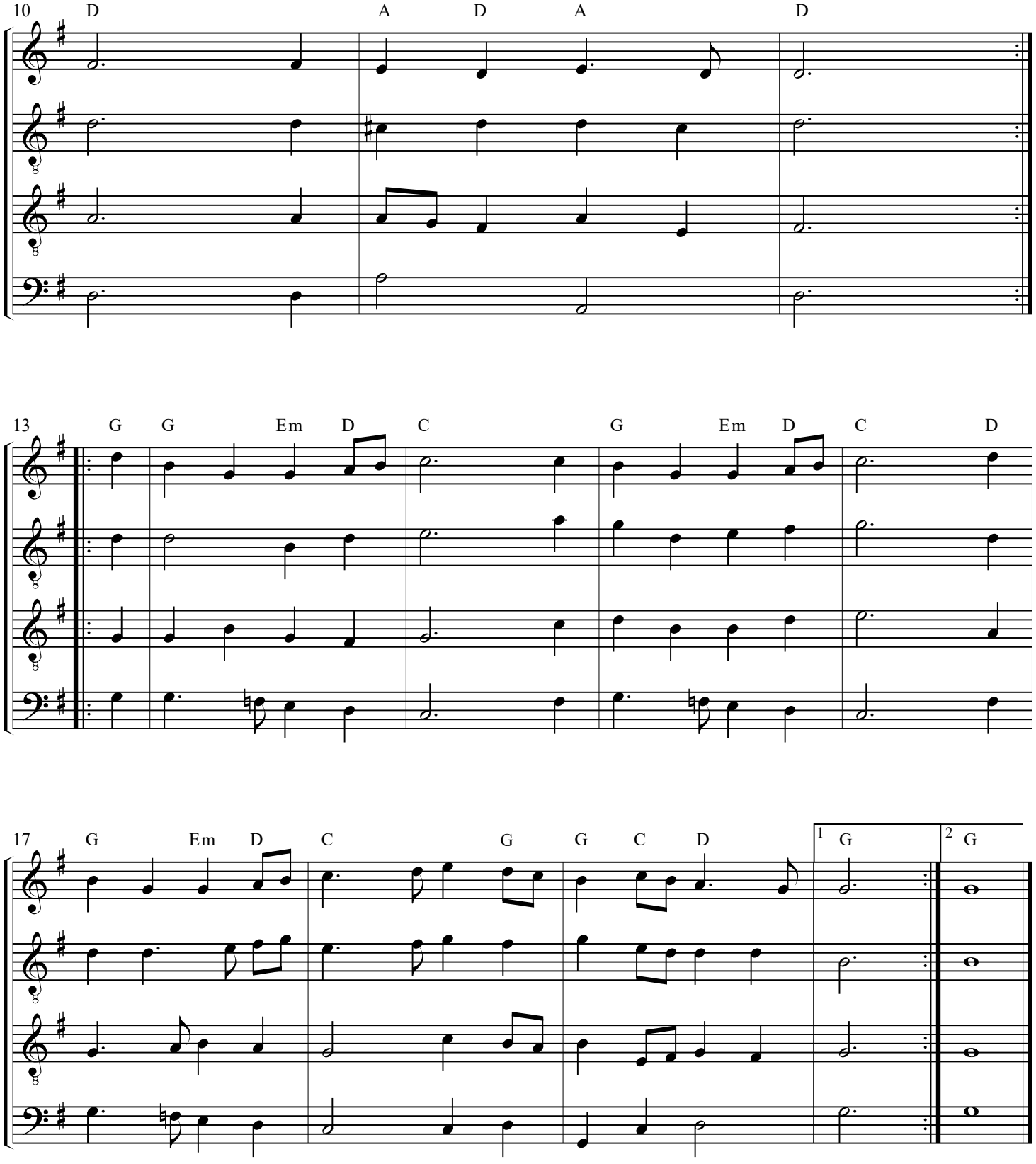

C F F C C Dm
fran - gi_o pie - ghi Fier ti - ran - no Giel dell' an - no
del - le gio - ie Mes - sag - gie - ra Per pri - ma - ve - ra
ciel ma - ri - ta al suo rag - gio ven - ga Mag - gio


11
Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm G A D
Fug - gi fug - gi fug - gi la do - ve_il ver - no Su le bri - ne ha seg - gio_e - ter - no.
Tu sei de - l'an - no la gio - vi - nez - za Tu del mon - do sei la va - ghez - za.
Vien a_il grem - bo di bei fio - ret - ti, Vien su l'a - le dei ze - fi - ret - ti.

Gathering Peascods

from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686)

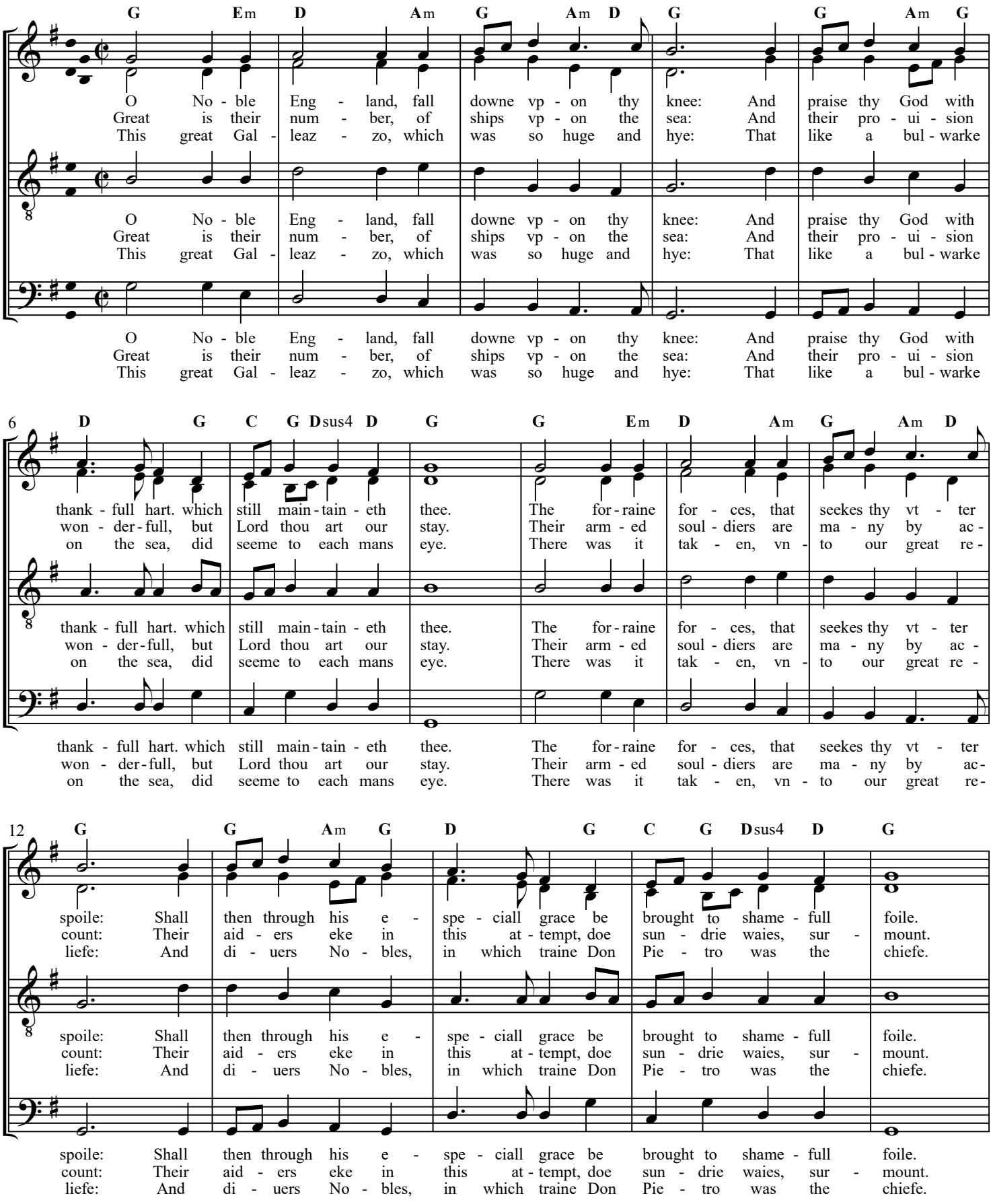



10
D
A
D
A
D
13
G
G
Em
D
C
G
Em
D
C
D
17
G
Em
D
C
G
G
C
D
1
G
2
G

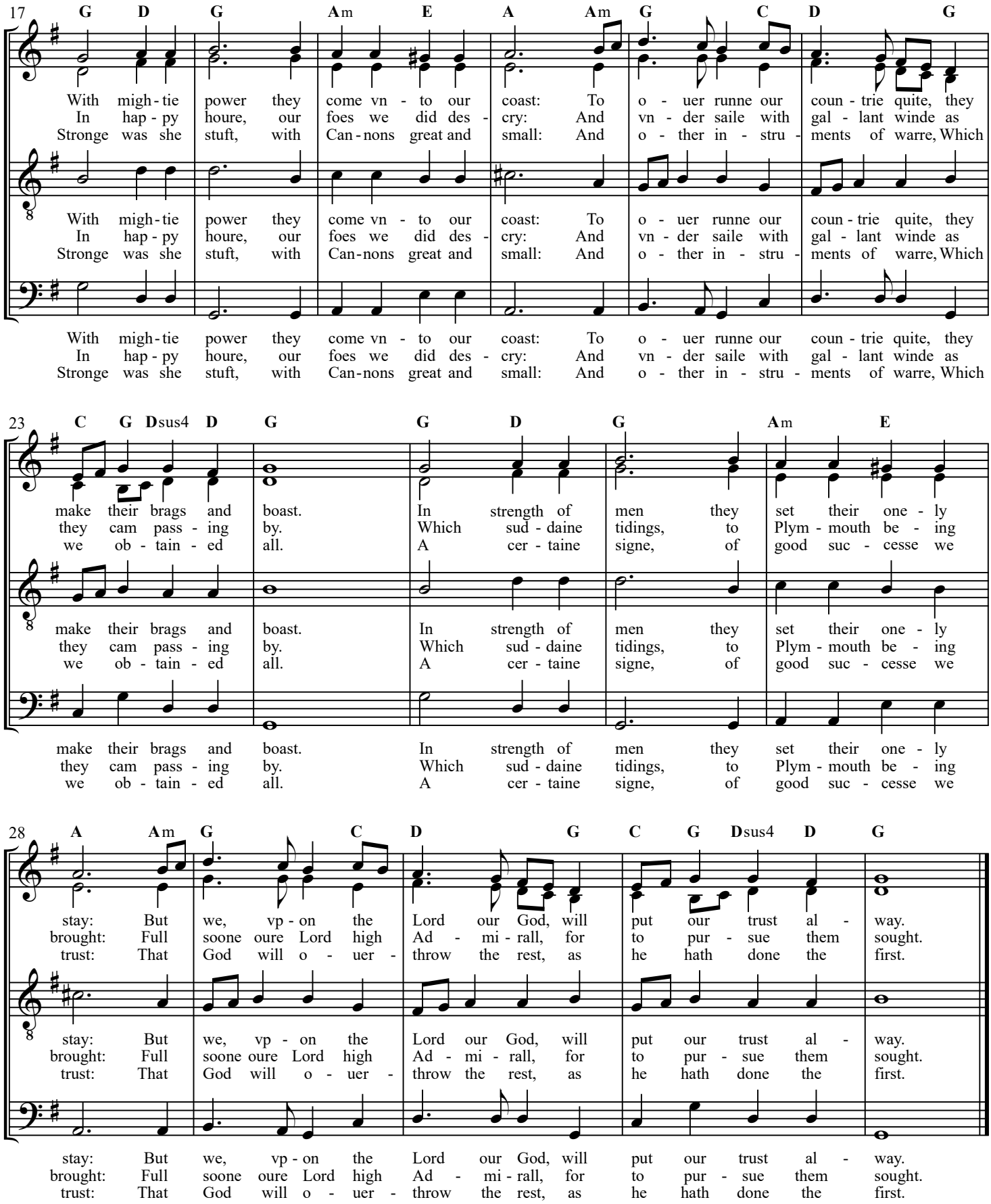
The great Galleazzo

verses 1-3

lyrics by Thomas Deloney (fl.1583; d.1600) from a broadside, 1588

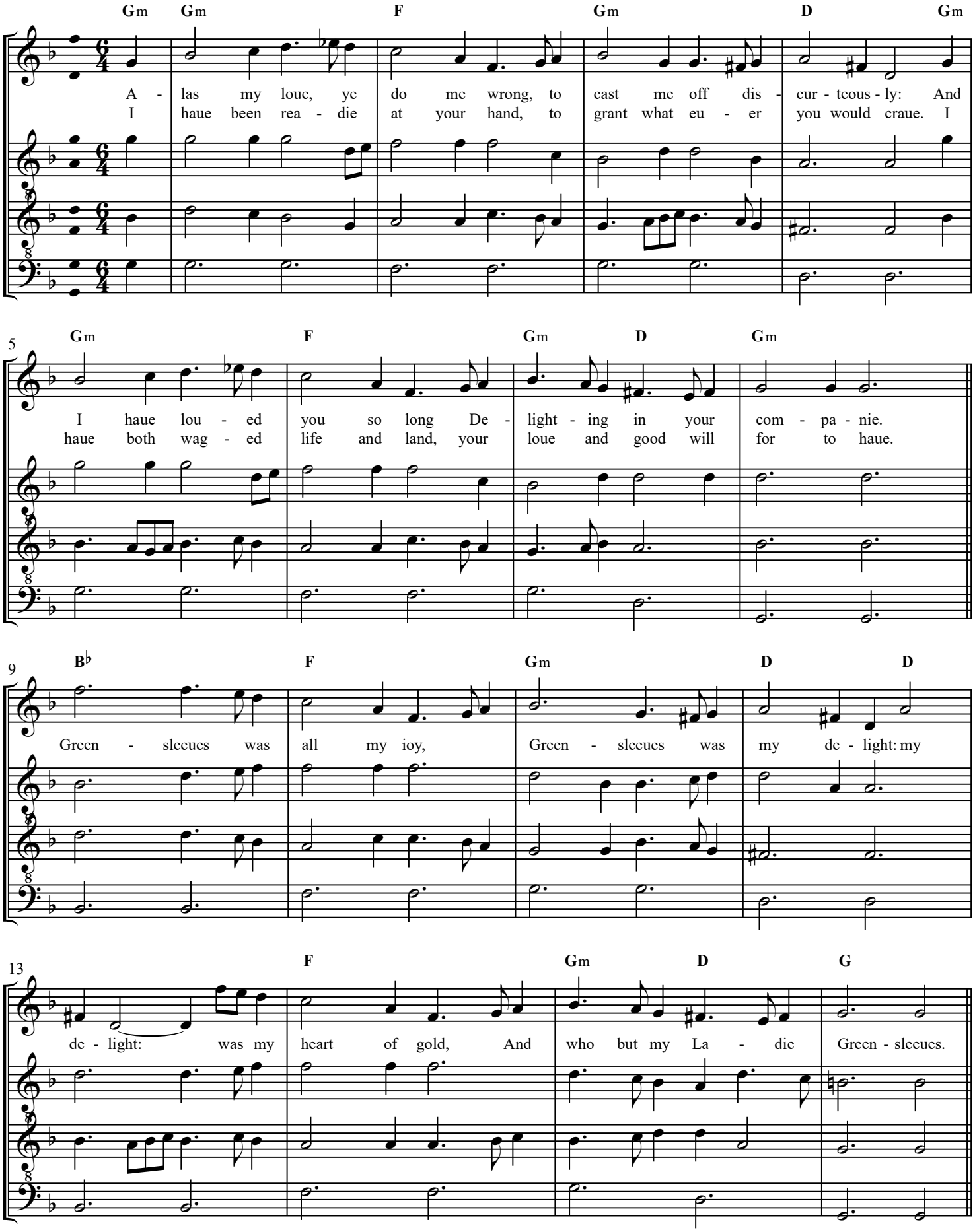


Adapted by Steve Hendricks

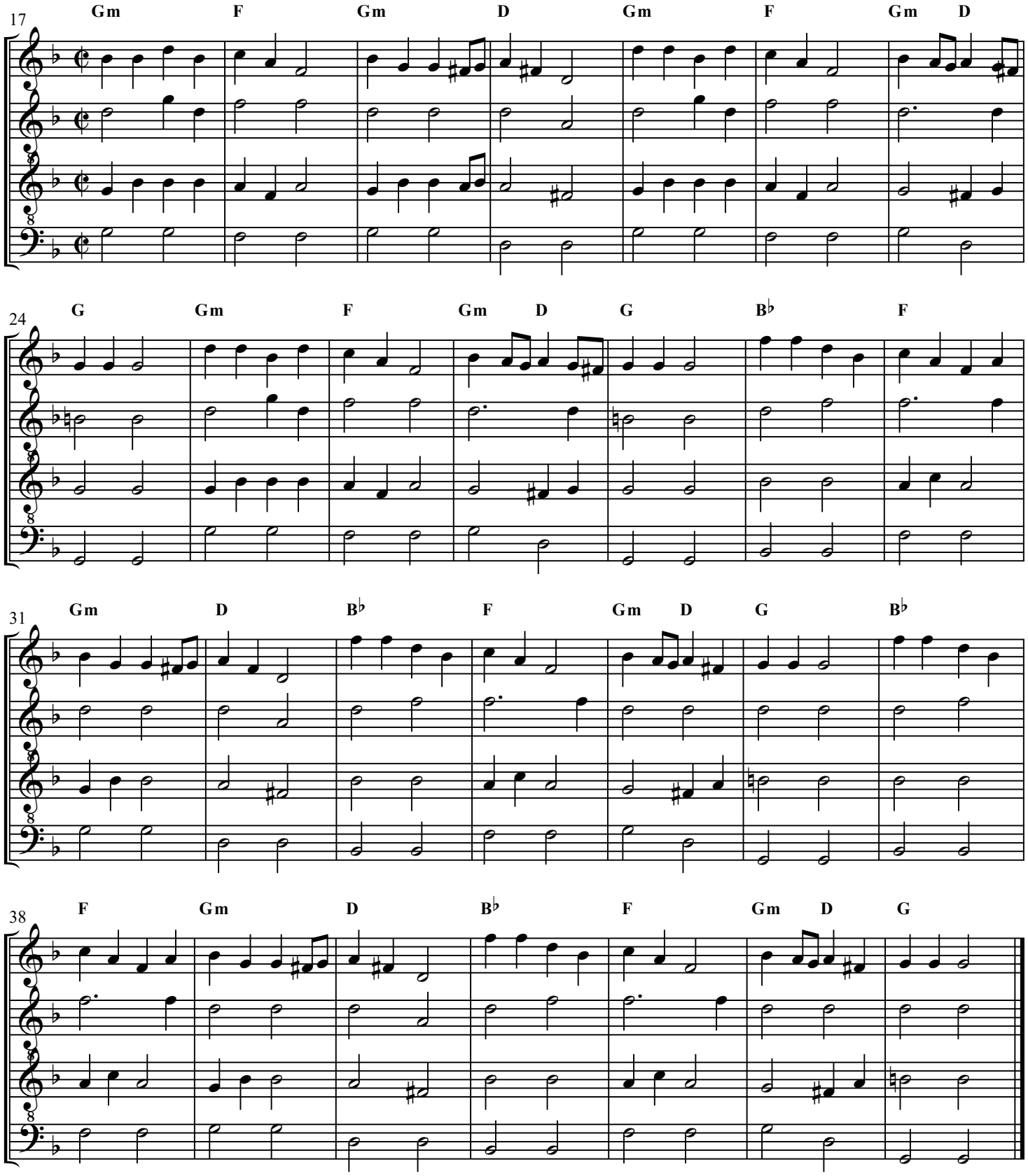

17
G D G Am E A Am G C D G
With migh-tie power they come vn - to our coast: To o - uer runne our coun-trie quite, they
In hap-py houre, our foes we did des - cry: And vn - der saile with gal - lant winde as
Stronge was she stuff, with Can-nons great and small: And o - ther in - stru - ments of warre, Which
23
C G Dsus4 D G G D G Am E
make their brags and boast. In strength of men they set their one - ly
they cam pass - ing by. Which sud - daine tidings, to Plym - mouth be - ing
we ob - tain - ed all. A cer - taine signe, of good suc - cesse we
28
A Am G C D G C G Dsus4 D G
stay: But we, vp - on the Lord our God, will put our trust al - way.
brought: Full soone oure Lord high Ad - mi - rall, for to pur - sue them sought.
trust: That God will o - uer - throw the rest, as he hath done the first.

Greensleeues

anon., 1584



Setting by Steve Hendricks



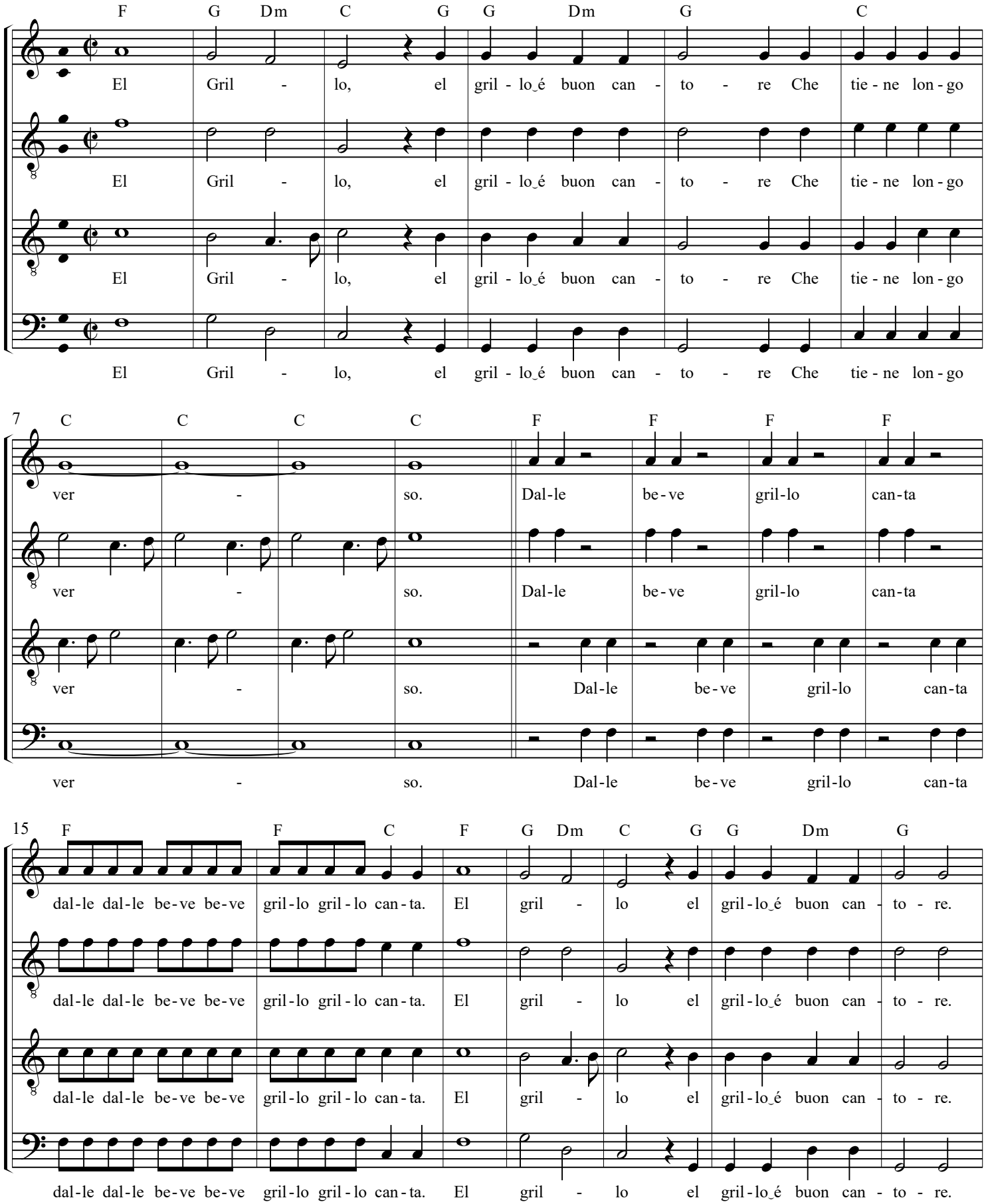
3.I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which cost my purse wel fauouredly,

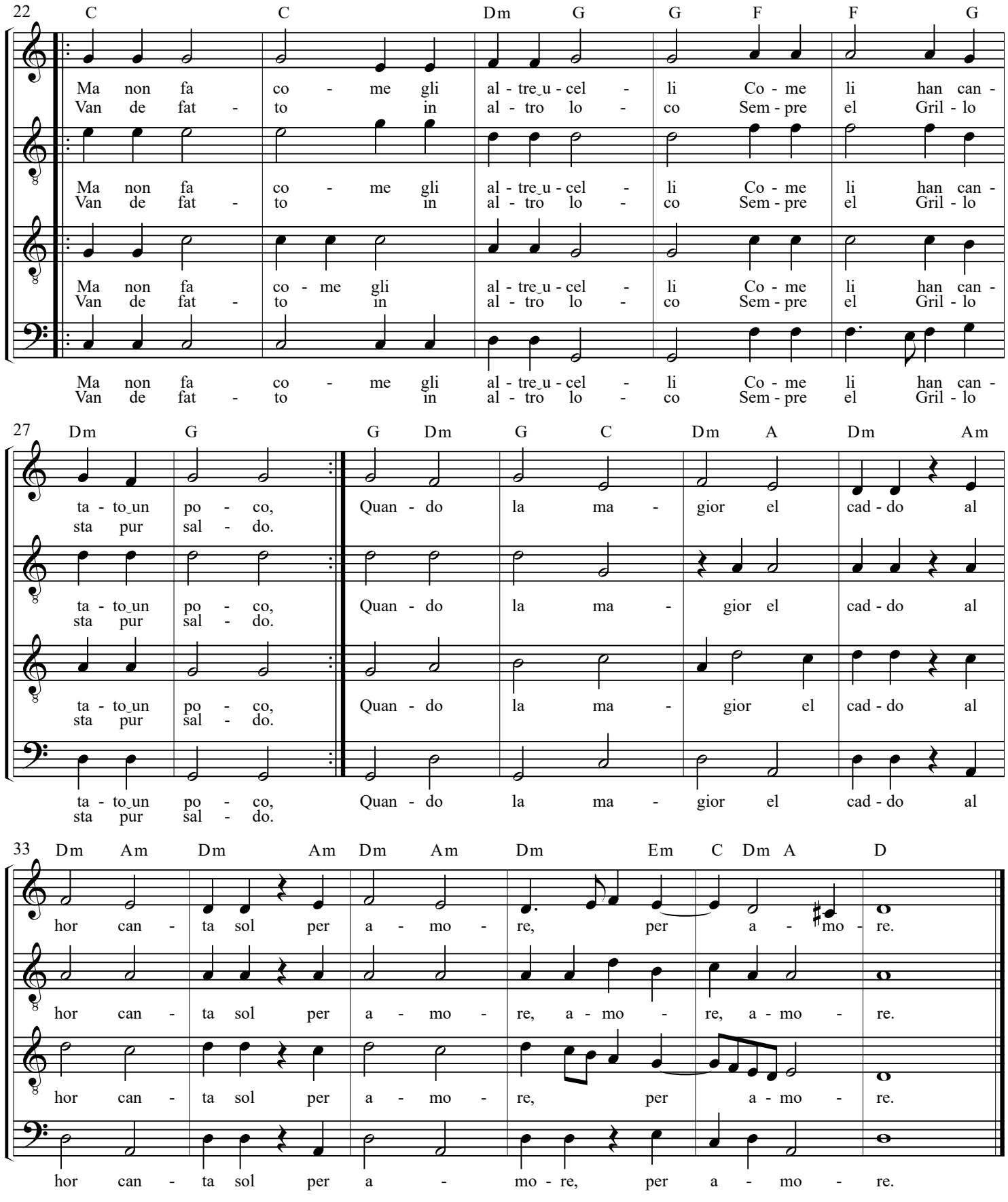
18.Greensleeues now farewel adue,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am stil thy louer true,
come once againe and loue me.

El grillo é buon cantore

The cricket is a good singer

Josquin des Prez (1440-1521)
Frottole Libro Tertio, 1508



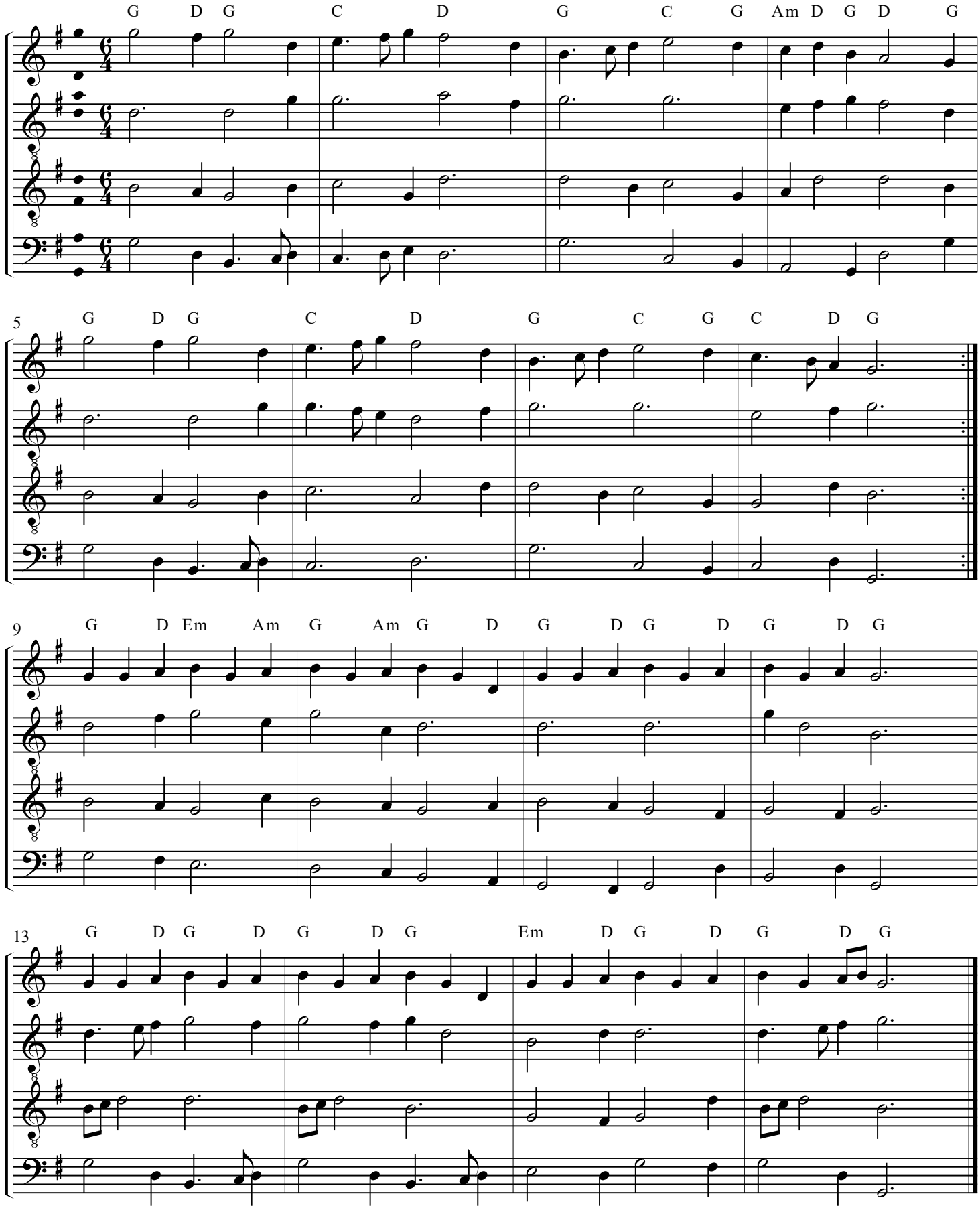


The cricket is a good singer
Who can hold long notes.
He sings all the time.
The cricket is a good singer
But he isn't like the other birds,

Once they've sung a little bit,
They go somewhere else,
The cricket stands firm,
When it's very hot out
He sings only for love

Grimstock

from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686)

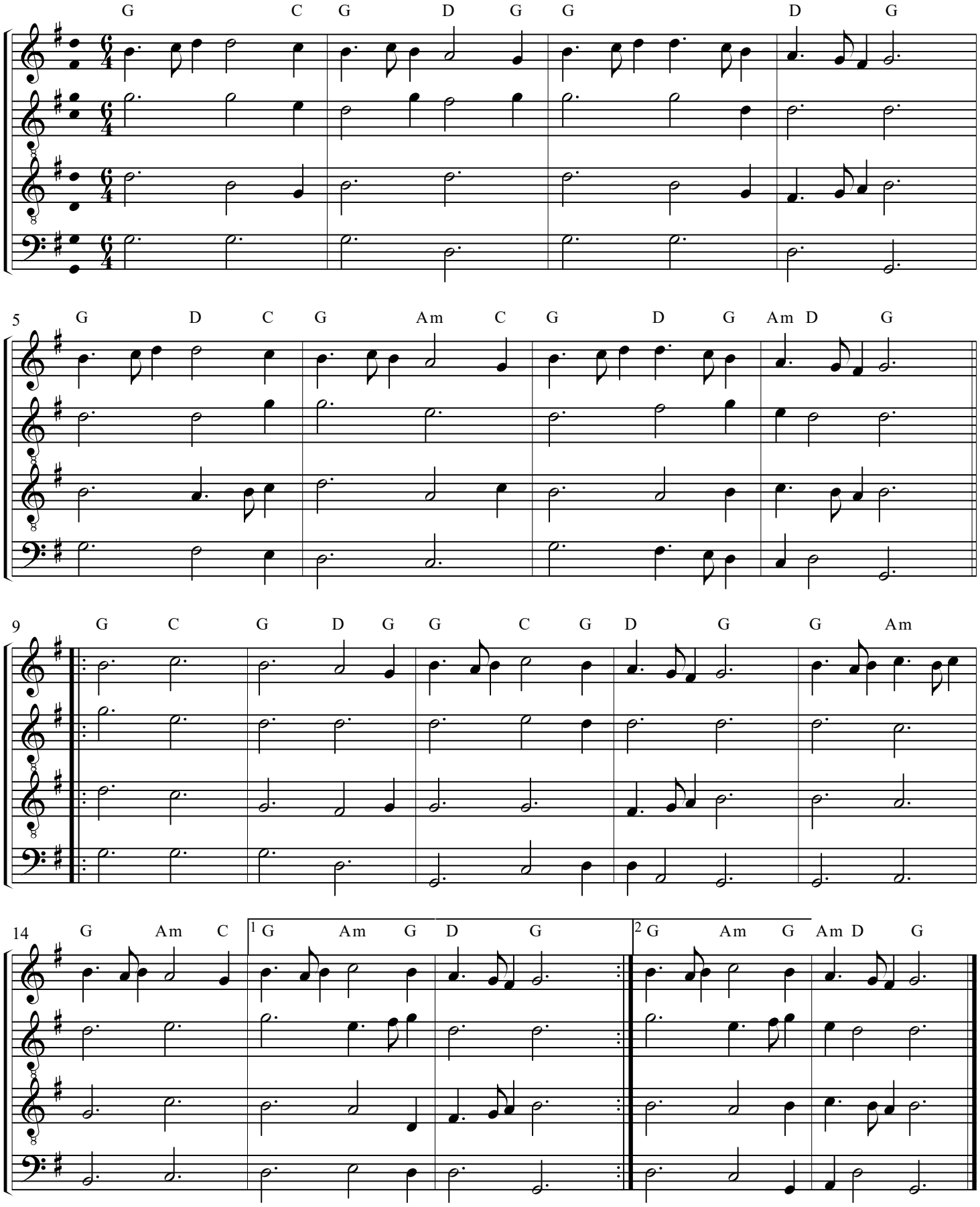


setting by Steve Hendricks

dance form: 3x

Half Hannikin

from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686)

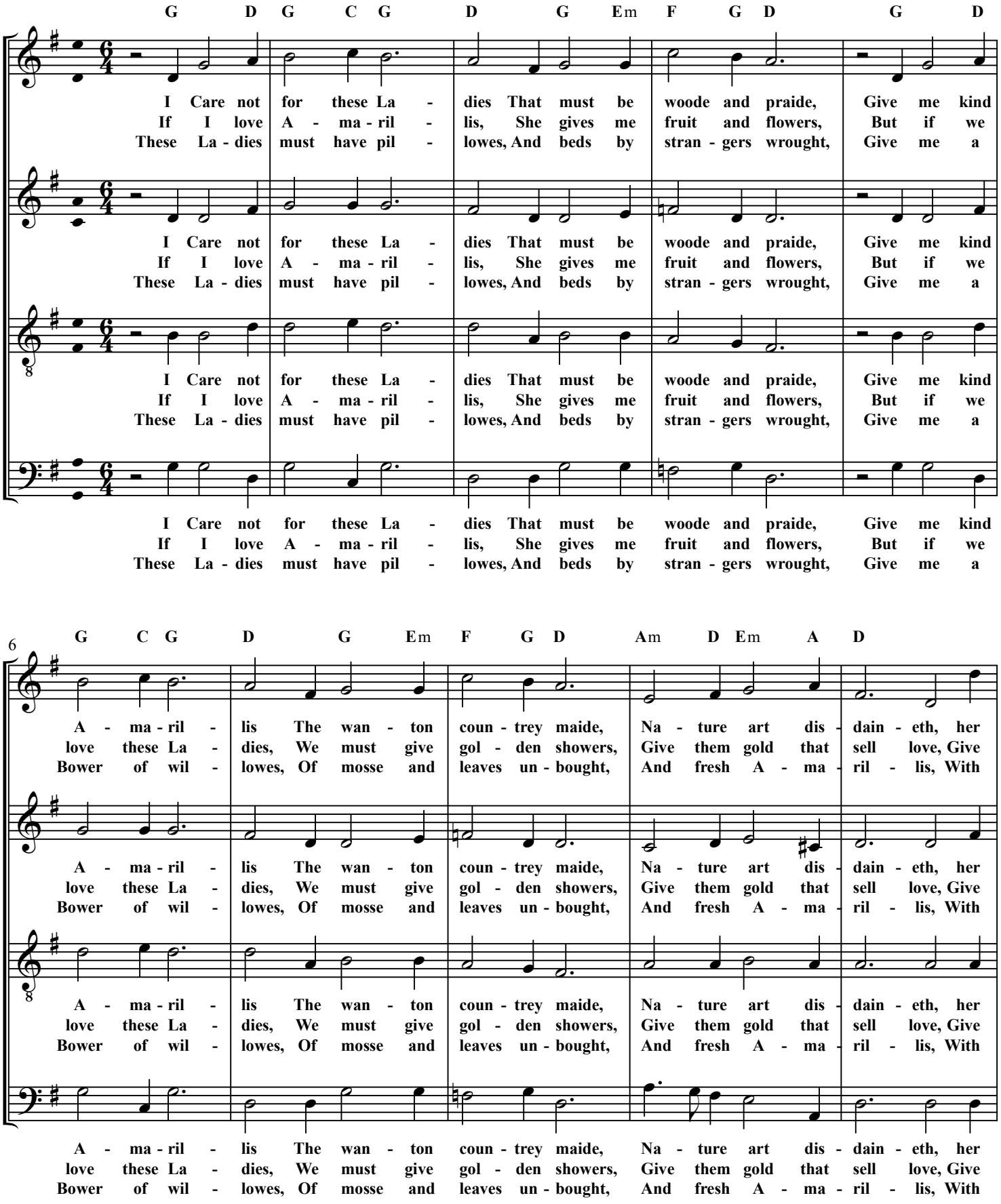


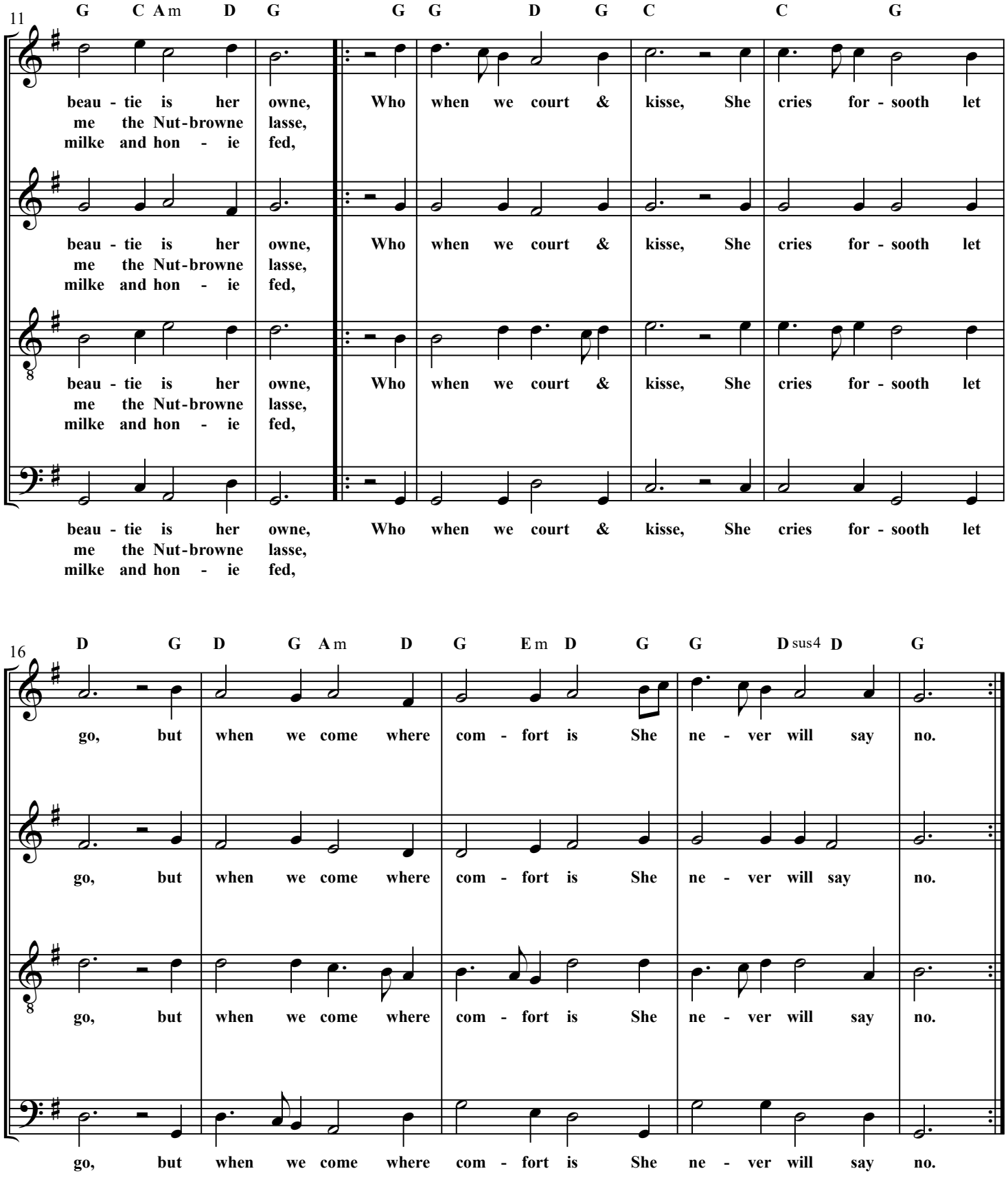
setting by Steve Hendricks

dance form: repeat as needed

I Care not for these Ladies

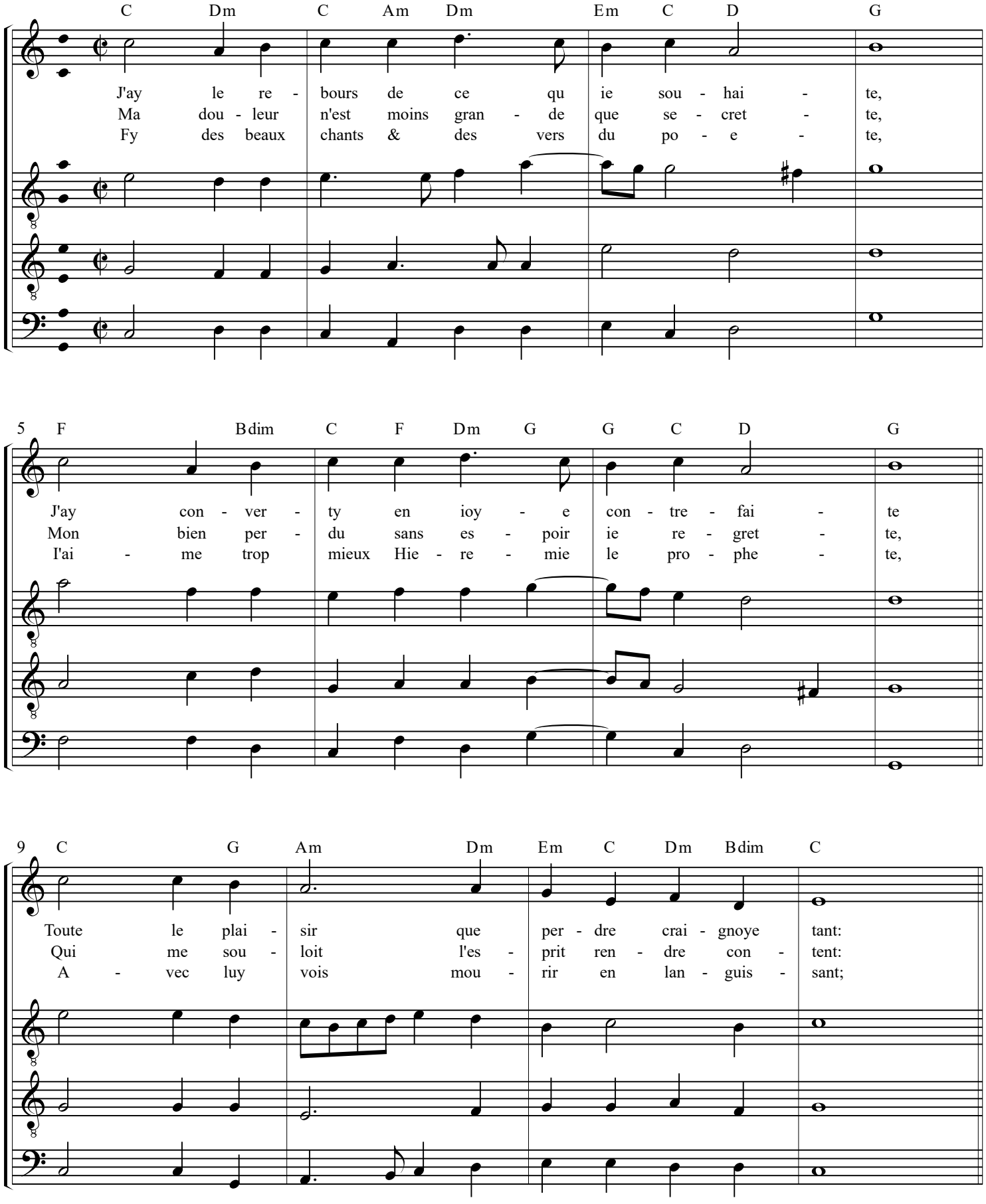
lyrics:Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
setting: Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)
A Booke of Ayres, 1601



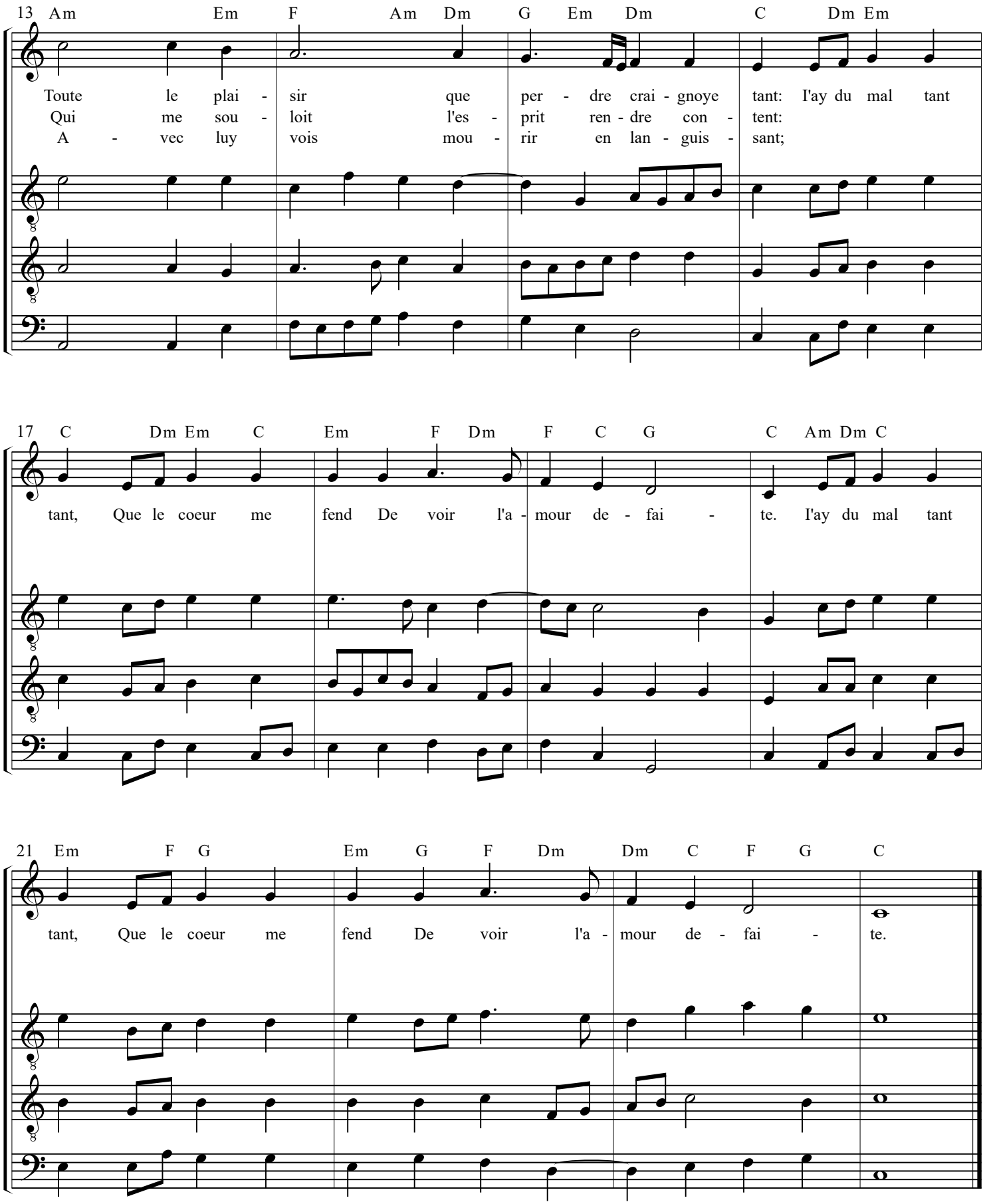

11
G C Am D G G G D G C C G
beau - tie is her owne, Who when we court & kisse, She cries for - sooth let
me the Nut-browne lasse,
milke and hon - ie fed,
beau - tie is her owne, Who when we court & kisse, She cries for - sooth let
me the Nut-browne lasse,
milke and hon - ie fed,
beau - tie is her owne, Who when we court & kisse, She cries for - sooth let
me the Nut-browne lasse,
milke and hon - ie fed,
beau - tie is her owne, Who when we court & kisse, She cries for - sooth let
me the Nut-browne lasse,
milke and hon - ie fed,
16
D G D G Am D G Em D G G Dsus4 D G
go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.
go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.
go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.
go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.

Pavane I'ay du mal

Pierre Phalèse (c.1510-c.1573)
lyrics by Pierre Certon (1515-1572)



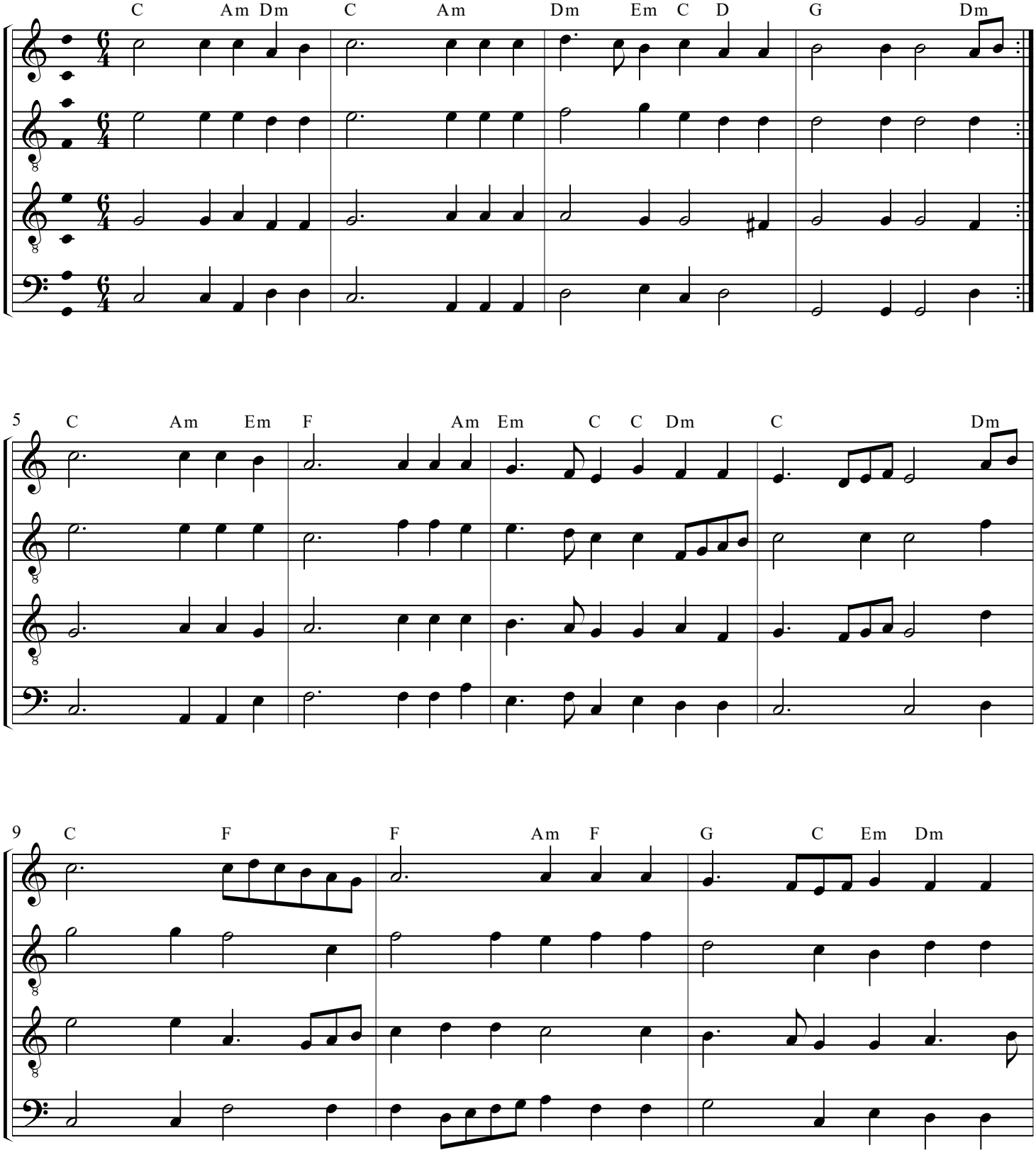
Measures 9-12 are not in the original song

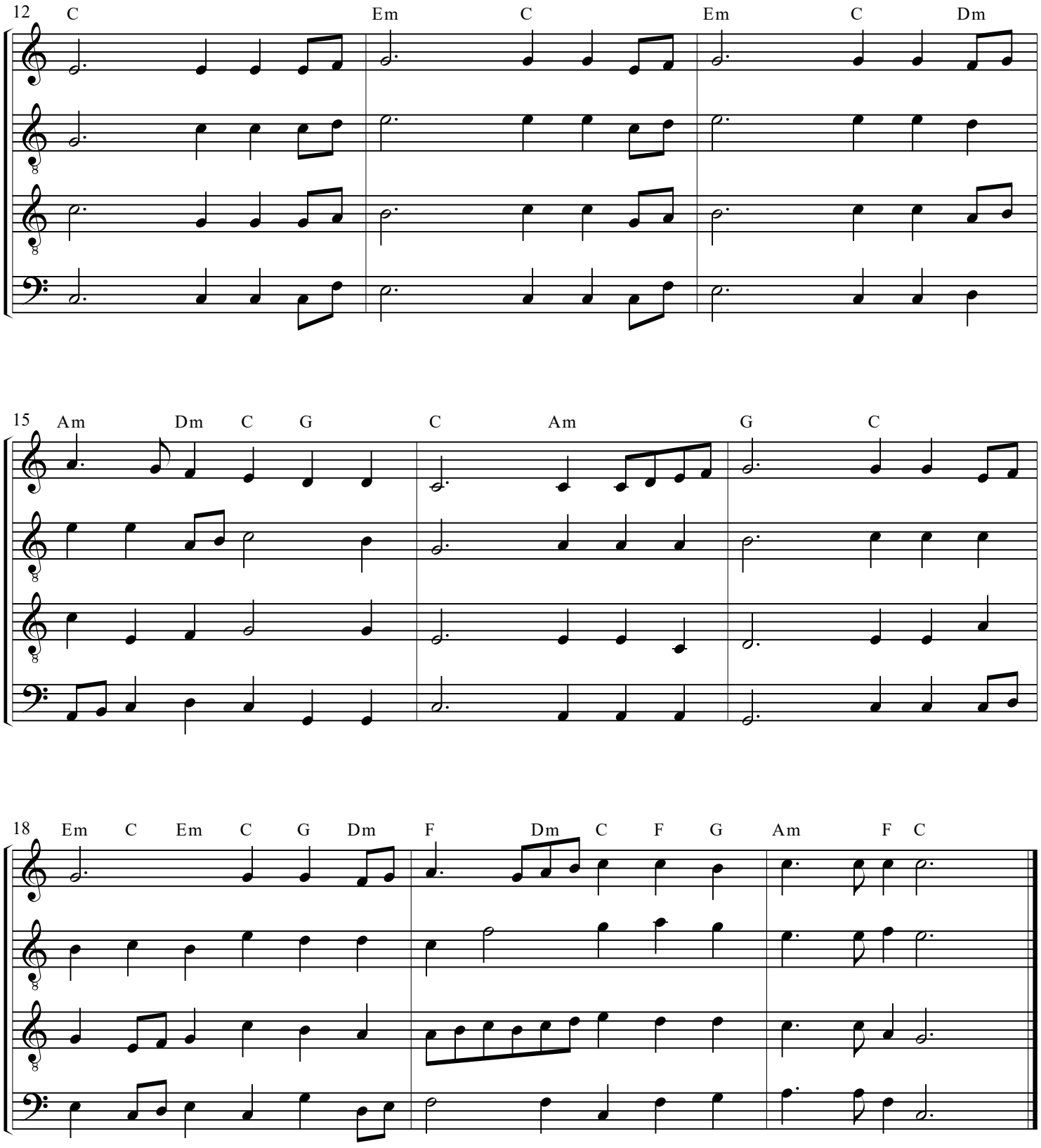

13 Am Em F Am Dm G Em Dm C Dm Em
Toute le plai - sir que per - dre crai - gnoye tant: I'ay du mal tant
Qui me sou - loit l'es - prit ren - dre con - tent:
A - vec luy vois mou - rir en lan - guis - sant;
17 C Dm Em C Em F Dm F C G C Am Dm C
tant, Que le coeur me fend De voir l'a - mour de - fai - te. I'ay du mal tant
21 Em F G Em G F Dm Dm C F G C
tant, Que le coeur me fend De voir l'a - mour de - fai - te.

A Gaillarde

I'ai du mal

Pierre Phalèse
(c.1510-c.1573)

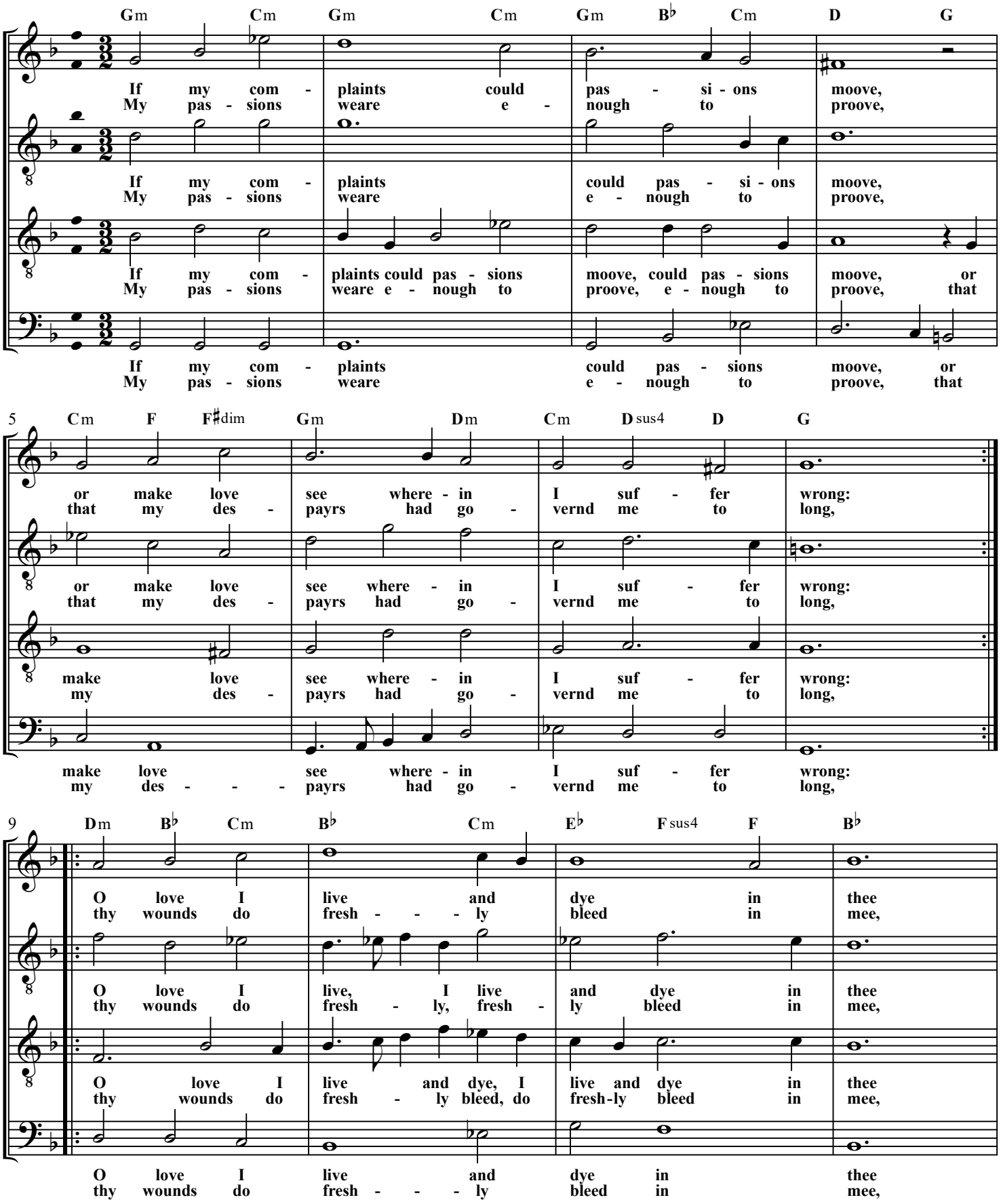


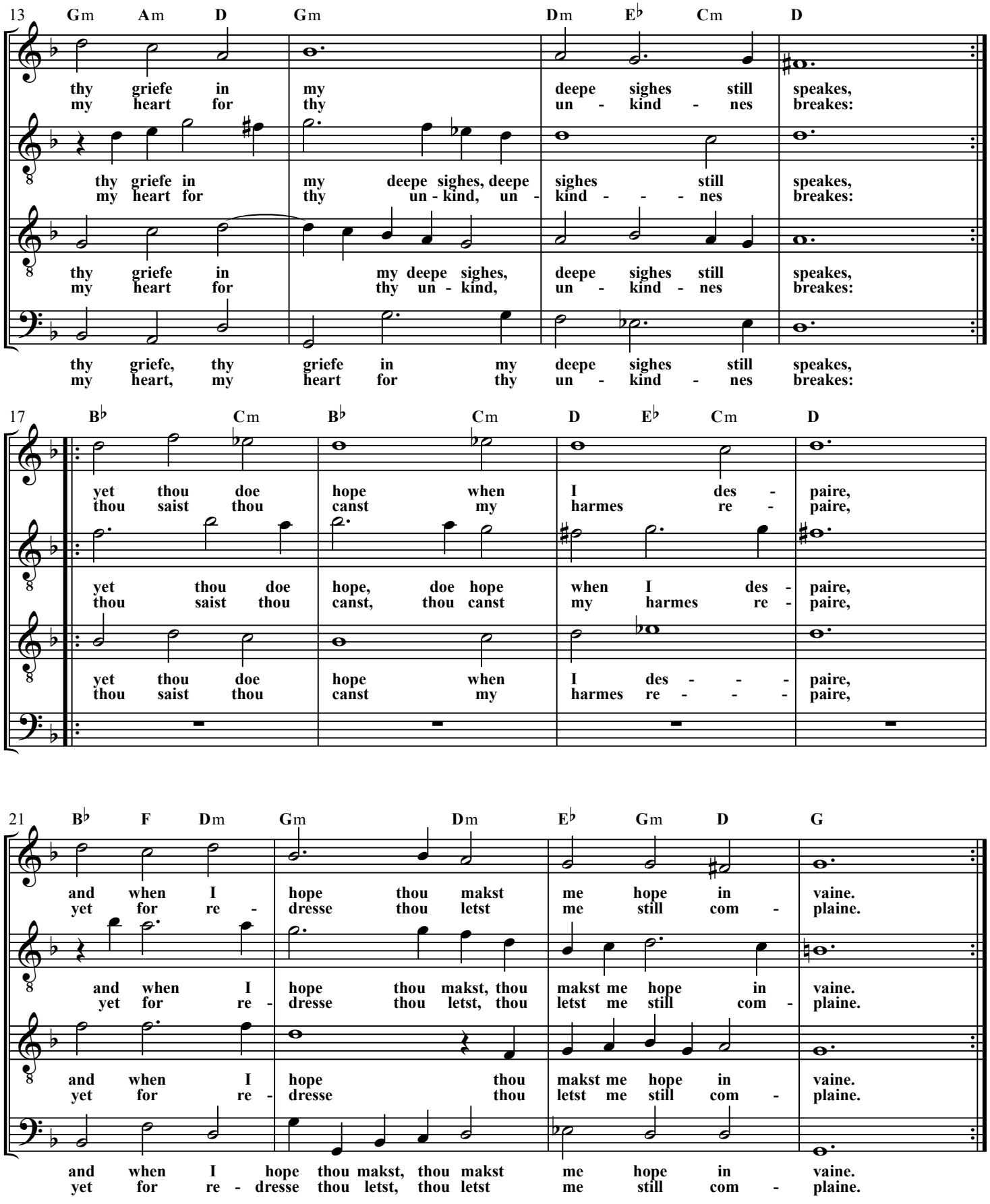

12
C
Em
C
Em
C
Dm
15
Am
Dm
C
G
C
Am
G
C
18
Em
C
Em
C
G
Dm
F
Dm
C
F
G
Am
F
C

If my complaints could passions move

verse 1

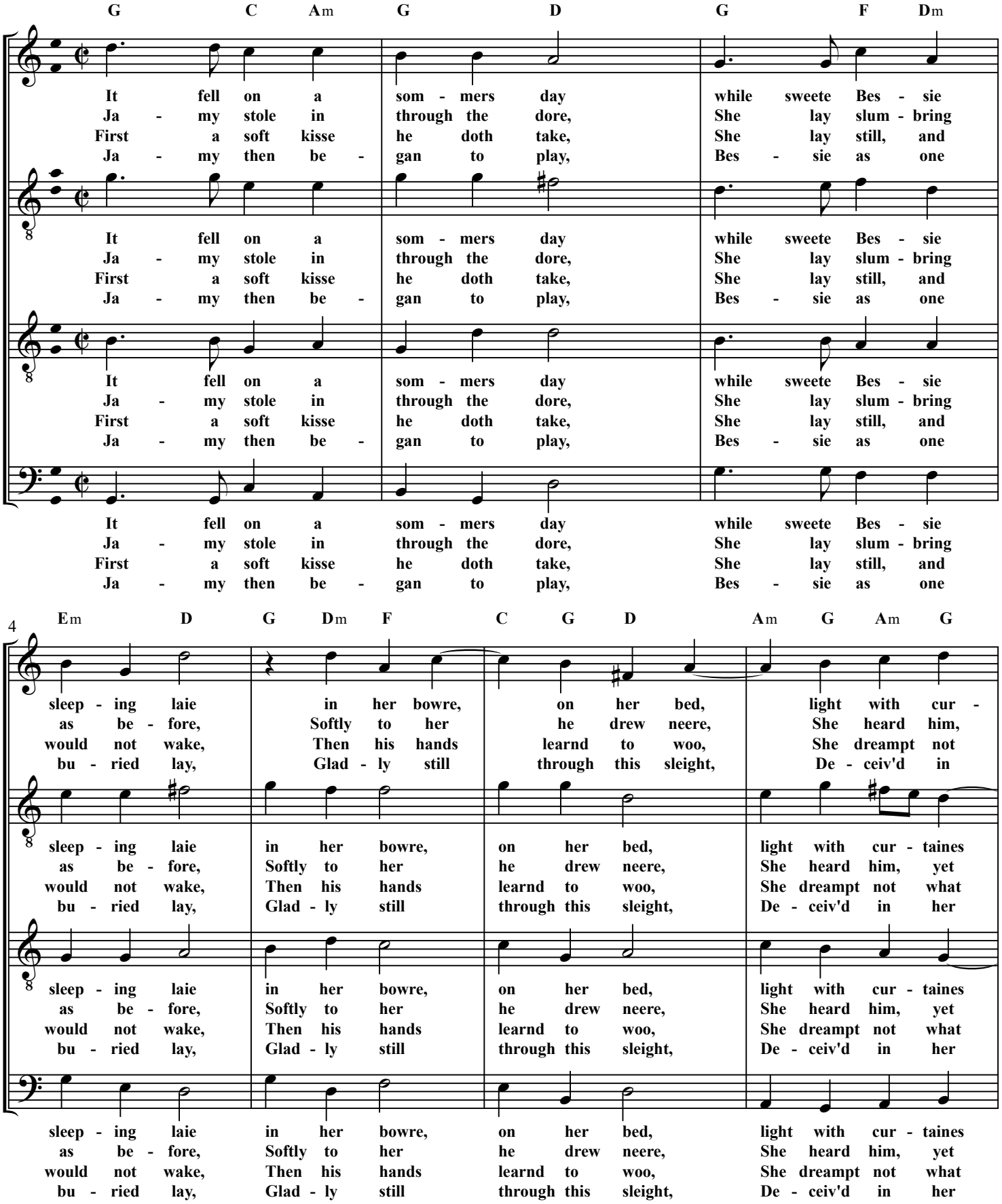
John Dowland (1563-1626)
the First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597

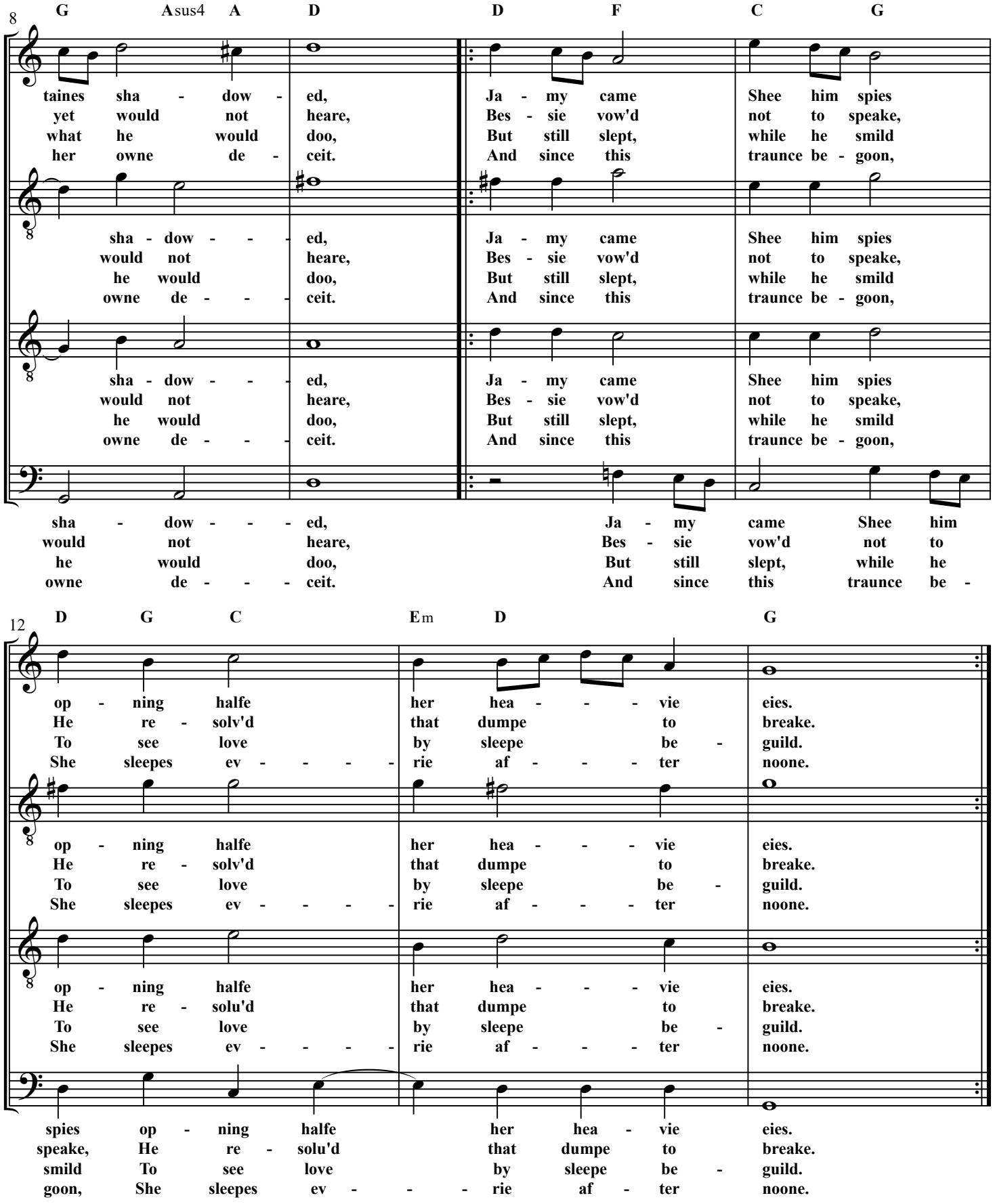



13
Gm Am D Gm Dm E♭ Cm D
thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes,
my heart for thy un - kind - nes breakes:
thy griefe in my deepe sighes, deepe sighes still speakes,
my heart for thy un - kind, un - kind - - - nes breakes:
thy griefe in my deepe sighes, deepe sighes still speakes,
my heart for thy un - kind, un - kind - nes breakes:
thy griefe, thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes,
my heart, my heart for thy un - kind - nes breakes:
17
B♭ Cm B♭ Cm D E♭ Cm D
yet thou doe hope when I des - paire,
thou saist thou canst my harmes re - paire,
yet thou doe hope, doe hope when I des - paire,
thou saist thou canst, thou canst my harmes re - paire,
yet thou doe hope when I des - - - paire,
thou saist thou canst my harmes re - - - paire,
21
B♭ F Dm Gm Dm E♭ Gm D G
and when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine.
yet for re - dresse thou letst me still com - plaine.
and when I hope thou makst, thou makst me hope in vaine.
yet for re - dresse thou letst, thou letst me still com - plaine.
and when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine.
yet for re - dresse thou letst me still com - plaine.
and when I hope thou makst, thou makst me hope in vaine.
yet for re - dresse thou letst, thou letst me still com - plaine.

It fell on a sommers day

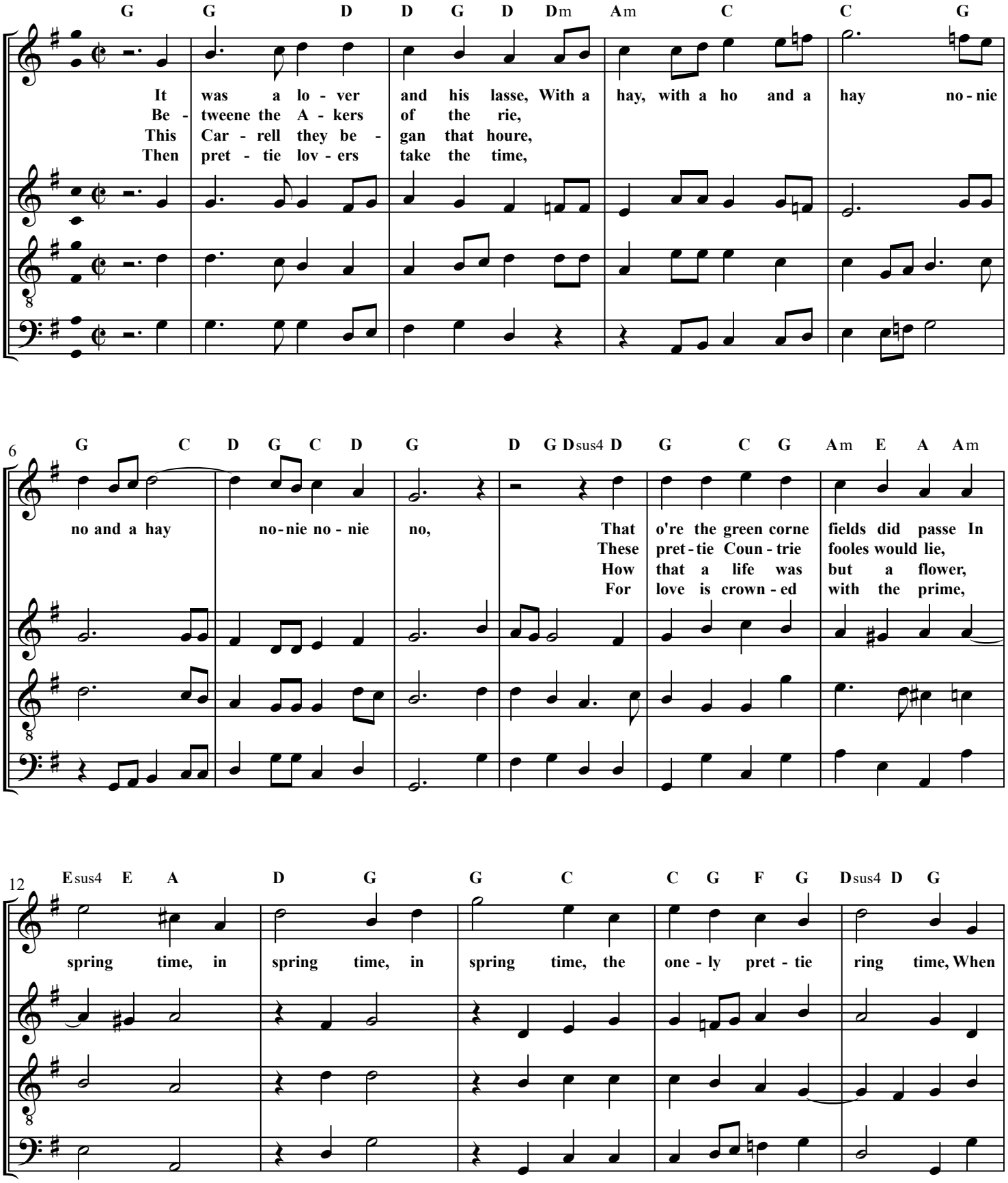
Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
Philip Rosseter's ***A Booke of Ayres***, 1601

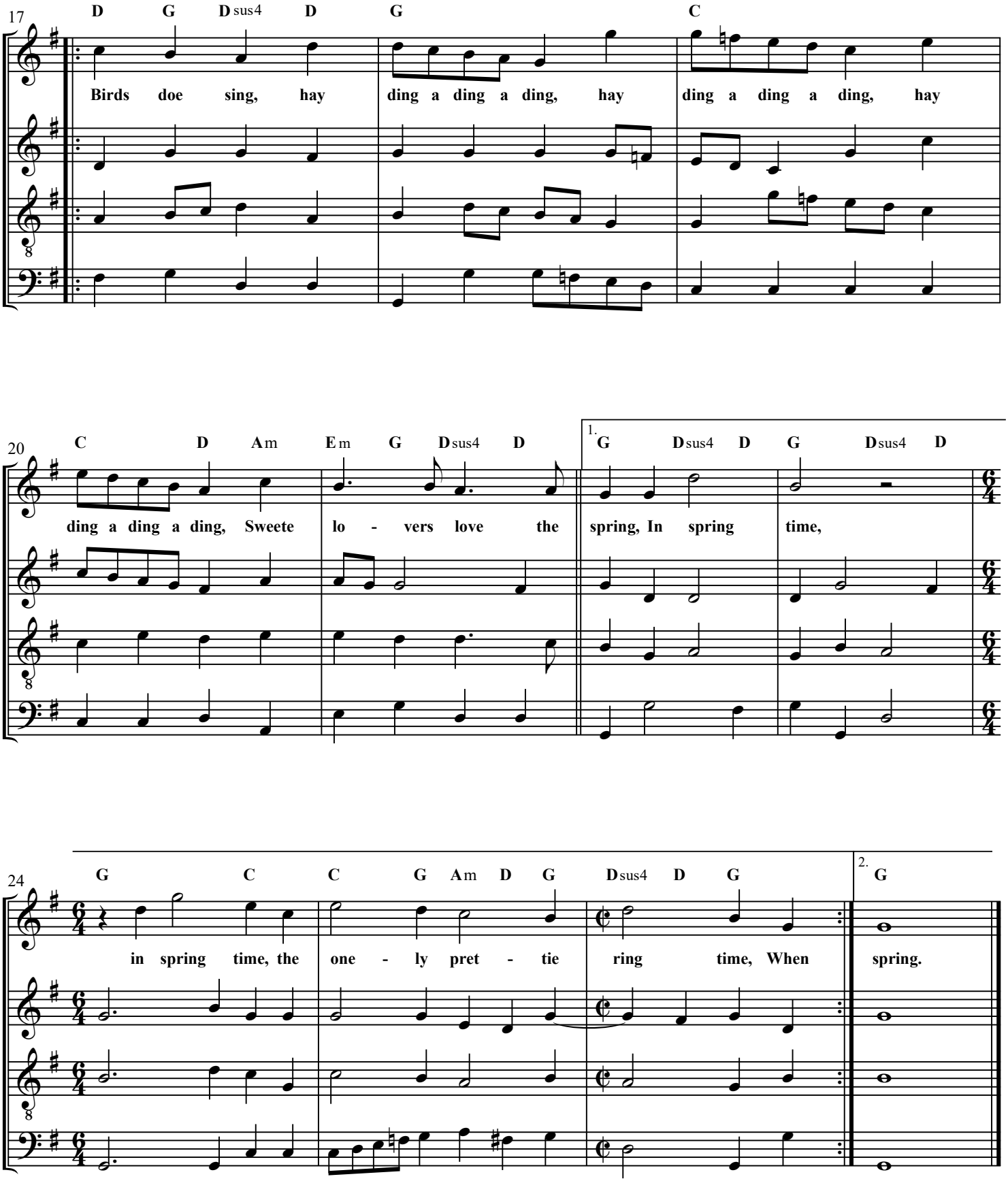



8
G Asus4 A D D F C G
taines sha - dow - ed, Ja - my came Shee him spies
yet would not heare, Bes - sie vow'd not to speake,
what he would doo, But still slept, while he smild
her owne de - ceit. And since this traunce be - goon,
sha - dow - - - ed, Ja - my came Shee him spies
would not heare, Bes - sie vow'd not to speake,
he would doo, But still slept, while he smild
owne de - - - ceit. And since this traunce be - goon,
sha - dow - - - ed, Ja - my came Shee him spies
would not heare, Bes - sie vow'd not to speake,
he would doo, But still slept, while he smild
owne de - - - ceit. And since this traunce be - goon,
sha - dow - - - ed, Ja - my came Shee him
would not heare, Bes - sie vow'd not to
he would doo, But still slept, while he
owne de - - - ceit. And since this traunce be -
12
D G C Em D G
op - ning halfe her hea - - - vie eies.
He re - solv'd that dumpe to breake.
To see love by sleepe be - guild.
She sleepes ev - - - - rie af - - - ter noone.
op - ning halfe her hea - - - vie eies.
He re - solv'd that dumpe to breake.
To see love by sleepe be - guild.
She sleepes ev - - - - rie af - - - ter noone.
op - ning halfe her hea - - - vie eies.
He re - solu'd that dumpe to breake.
To see love by sleepe be - guild.
She sleepes ev - - - - rie af - - - ter noone.
spies op - ning halfe her hea - vie eies.
speake, He re - solu'd that dumpe to breake.
smild To see love by sleepe be - guild.
goon, She sleepes ev - - - rie af - ter noone.

It was a lover and his lasse

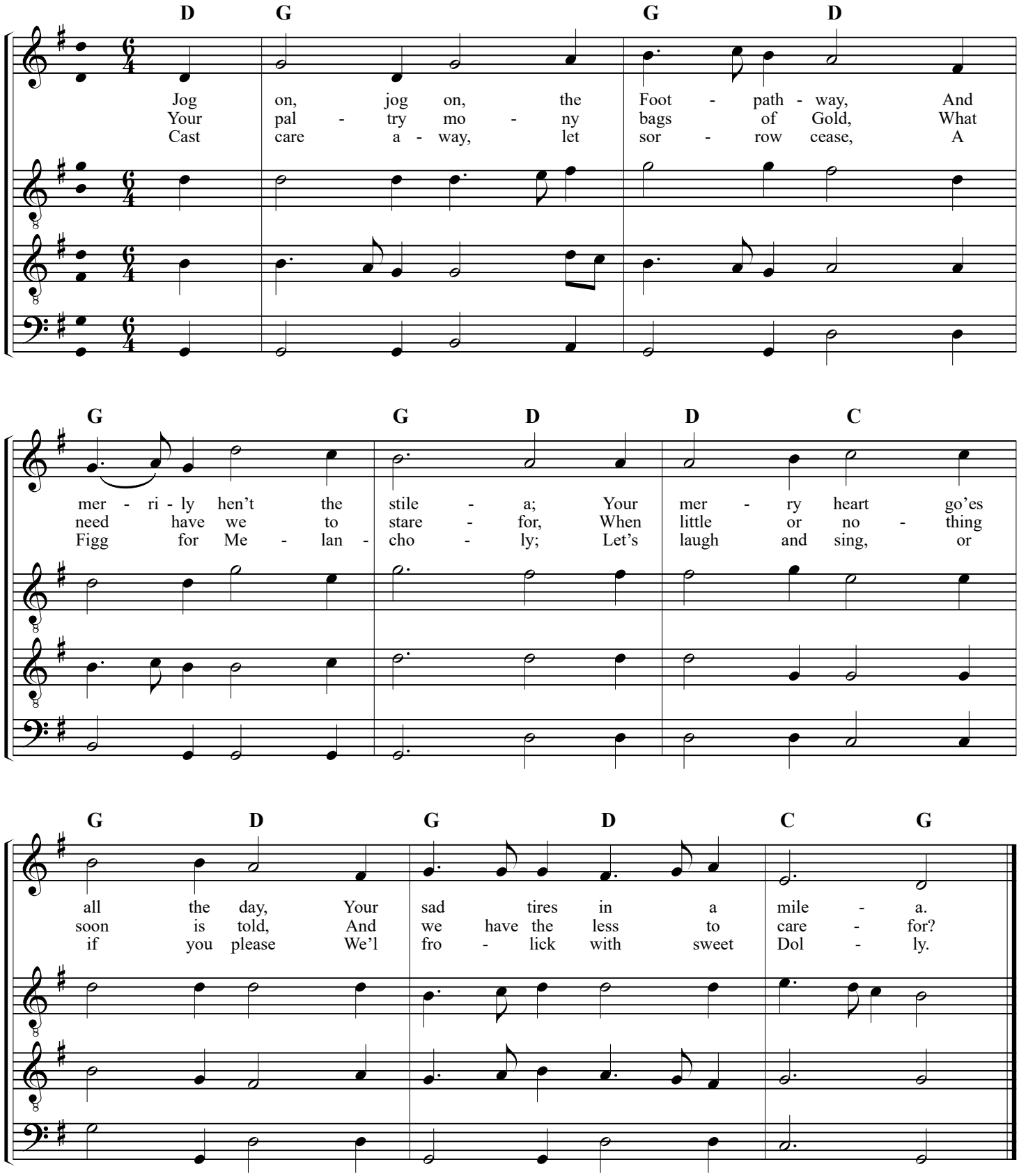
lyrics: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
music: Thomas Morley (1558-1603)
the First Booke of Ayres, 1600




17
D G Dsus4 D G C
Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding, hay ding a ding a ding, hay
20
C D Am Em G Dsus4 D
ding a ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the
1.
G Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D
spring, In spring time,
24
G C C G Am D G Dsus4 D G
in spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When
2.
G
spring.

Jog On

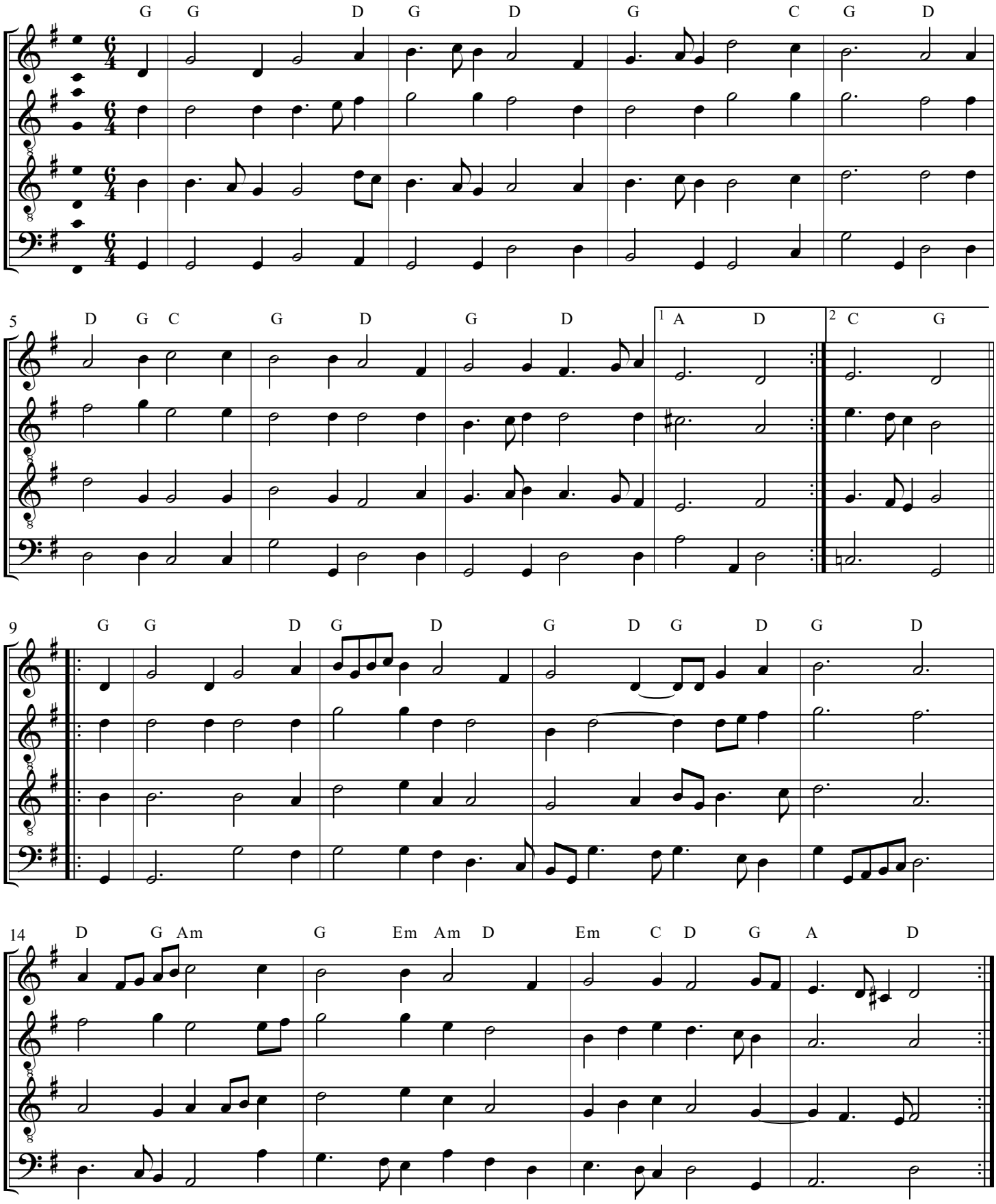
John Playford (1623-1686)
The English Dancing Master, 1651



Setting by Steven Hendricks

Jog On

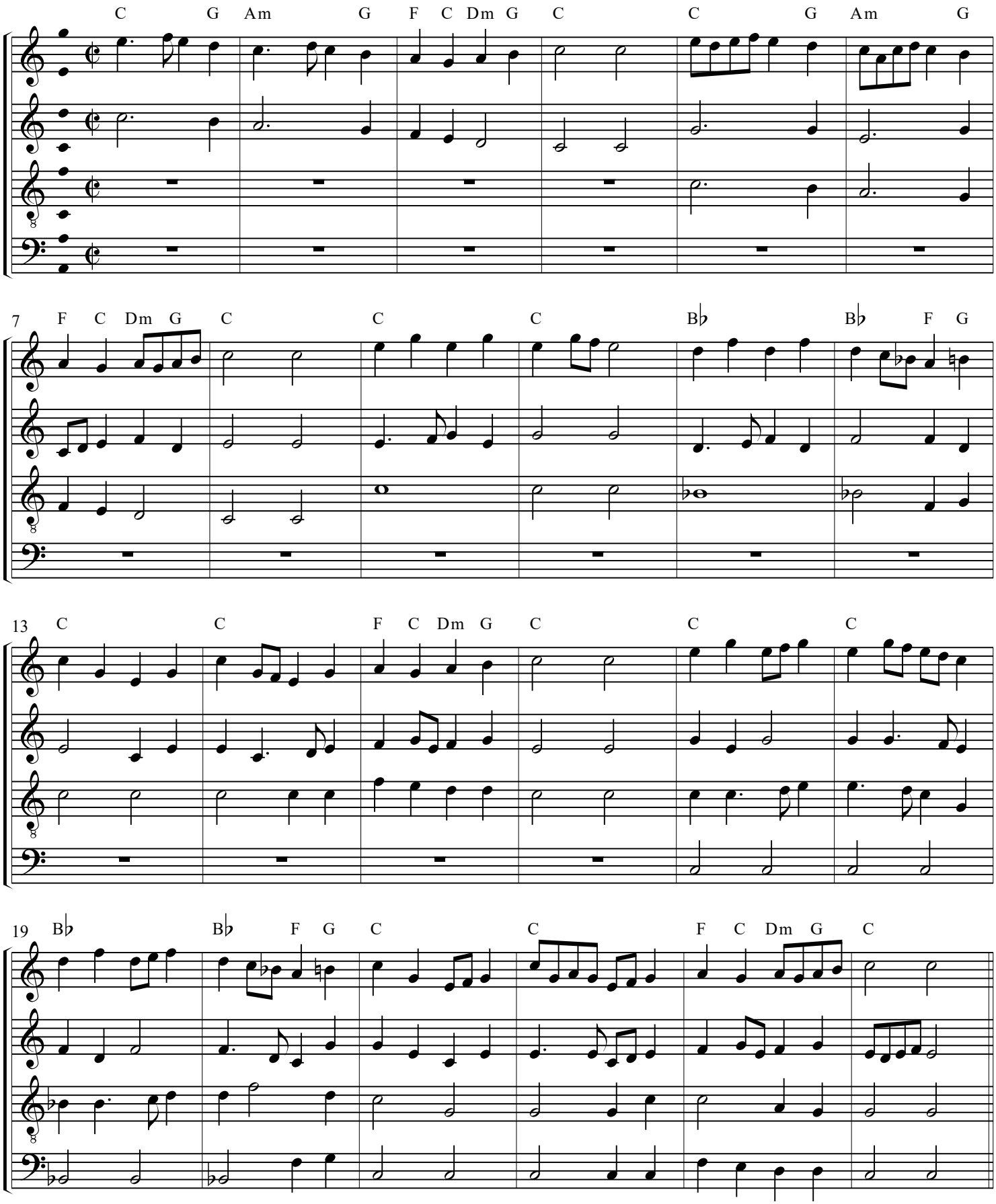
from several early 17th C. sources, includingthe Fitzwilliam virginal book, Cambridge Music MS 168, c.1610-c.1625

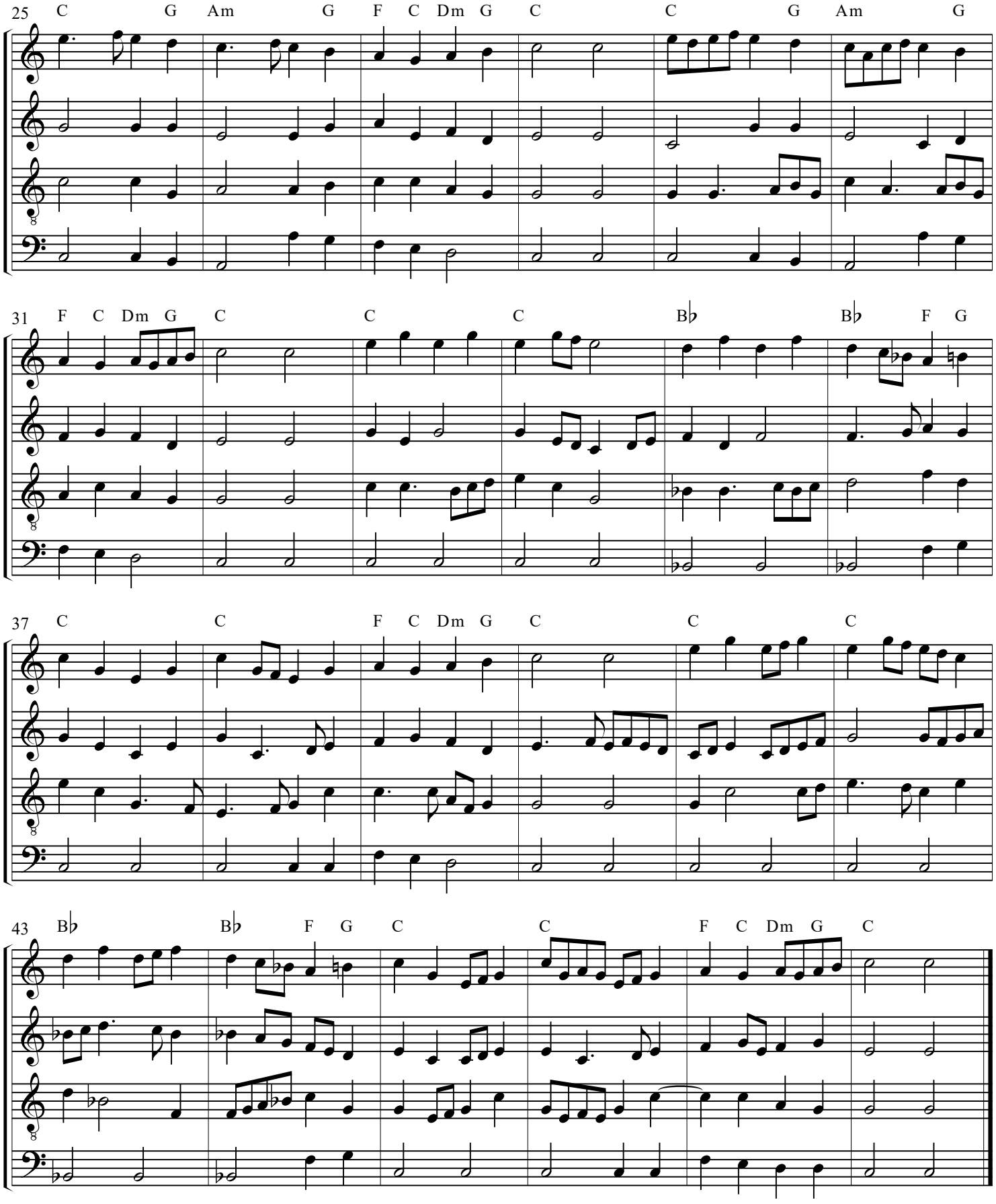


adapted by Steve Hendricks

Kemp's Jig

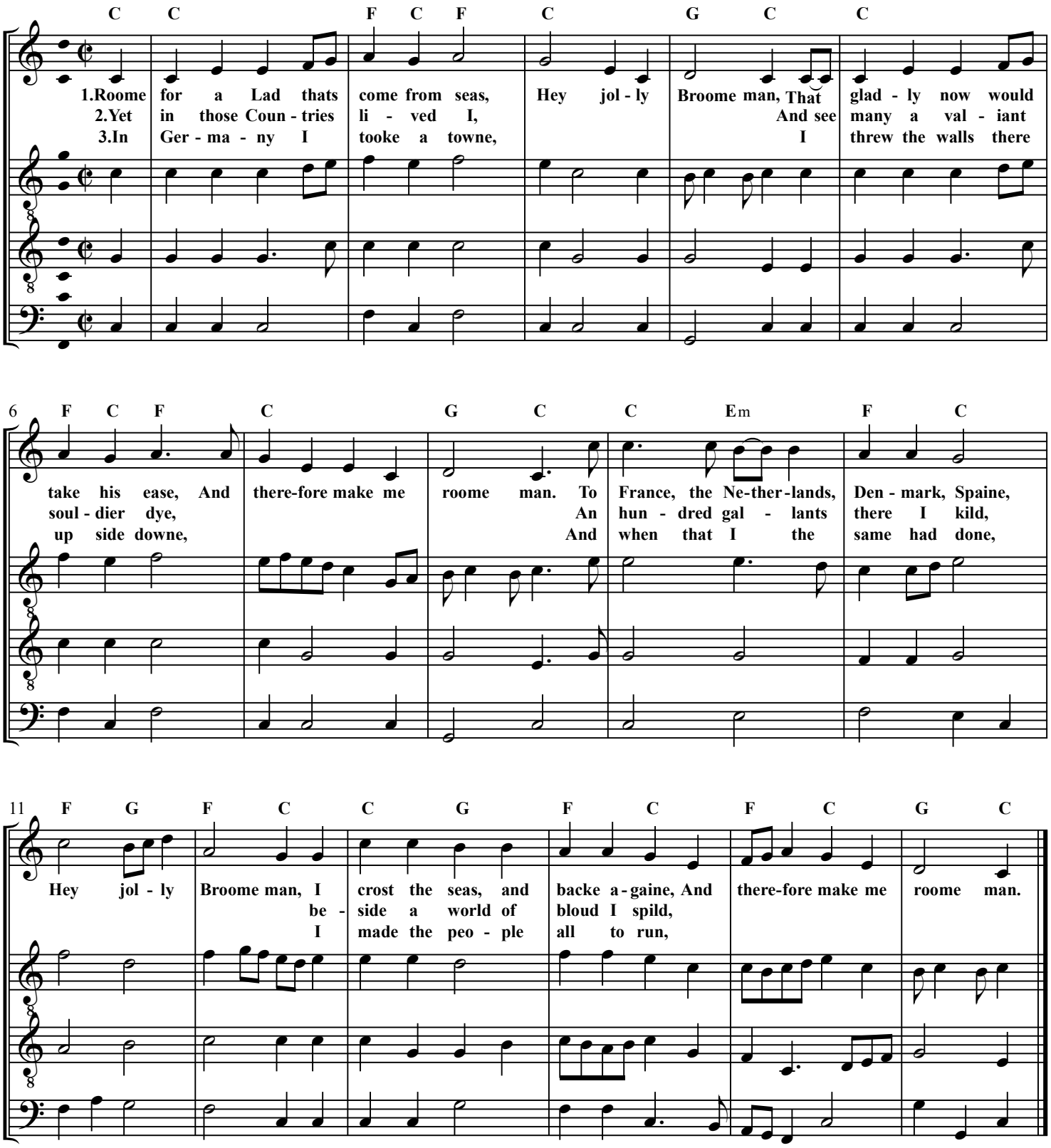
Anon.




25 C G Am G F C Dm G C C G Am G
31 F C Dm G C C C B♭ B♭ F G
37 C C F C Dm G C C C
43 B♭ B♭ F G C C F C Dm G C

The Joviall Broome Man

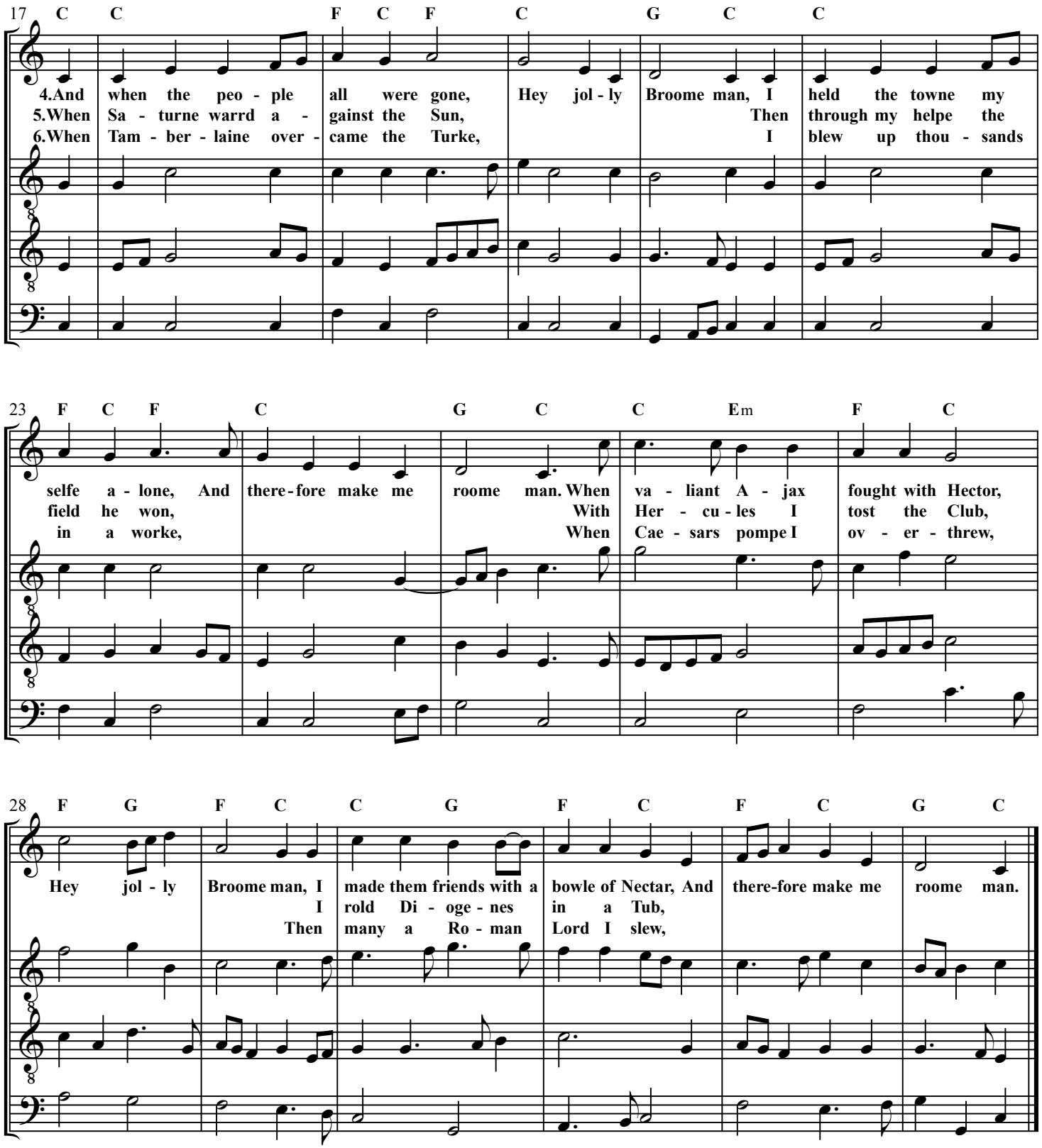
lyrics: Richard Climsell/Crimsell
(flourished c.1640)
tune: Jamaica



7.When the Ammorites besieg'd Rome wals,
I drove them backe with fiery balls,
And when the Greekes besieged Troy,
I rescued off dame Hellens joy,

8.And when that I had won this fame,
I was honord of all men for the same,
At Tilbury Campe with Captaine Drake,
I made the Spanish Fleet to quake,

Setting by Steve Hendricks



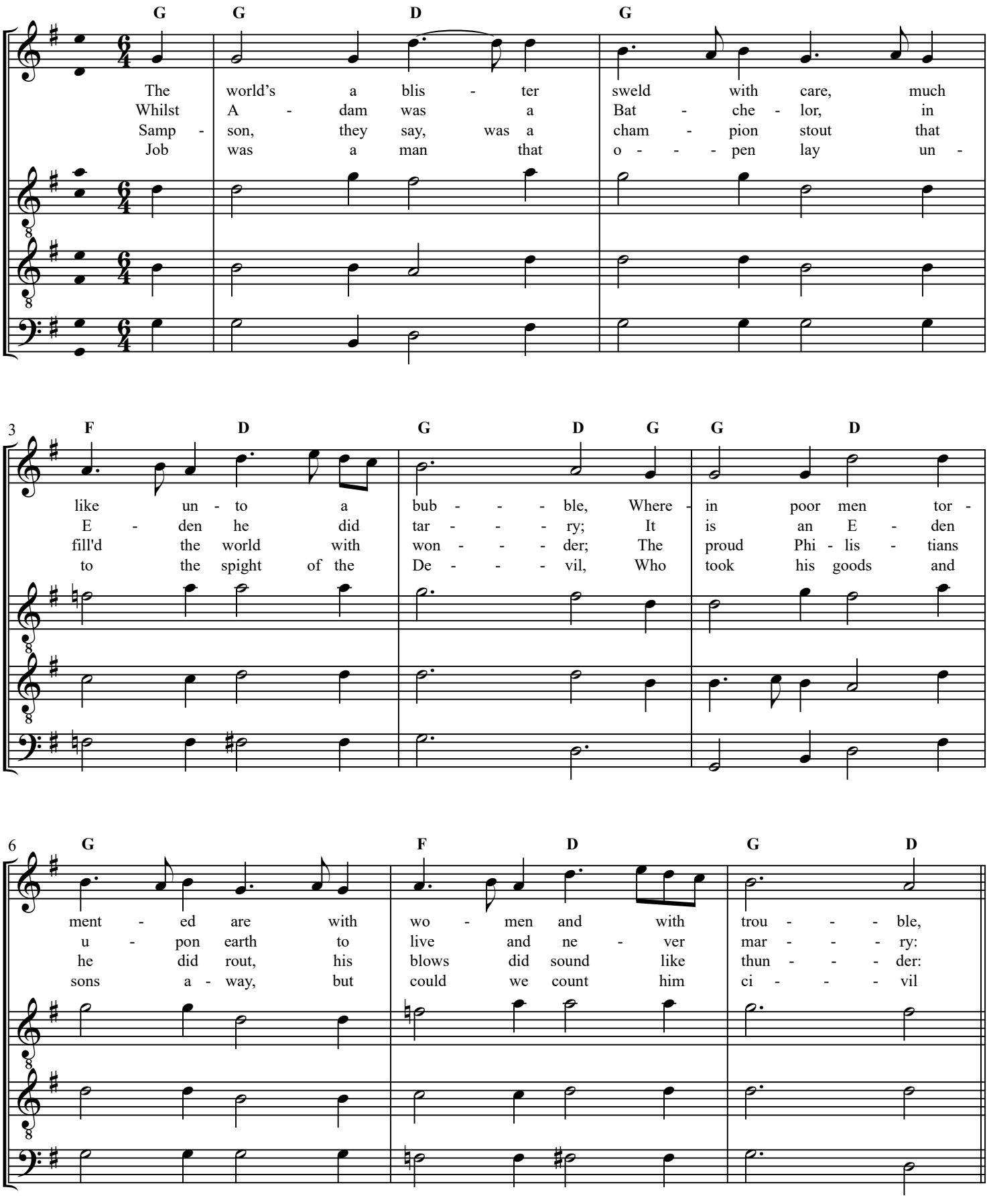
9.At Hollands leaguer there I fought,
But there the service provd too hot.
Then from the leaguer returned I,
Naked, Hungry, cold, and dry.

10.But here I have now compast the Globe,
I am backe returnd as poore as Job.
And now I am safe returned backe,
Heres to you in a cup of Canary Sacke,

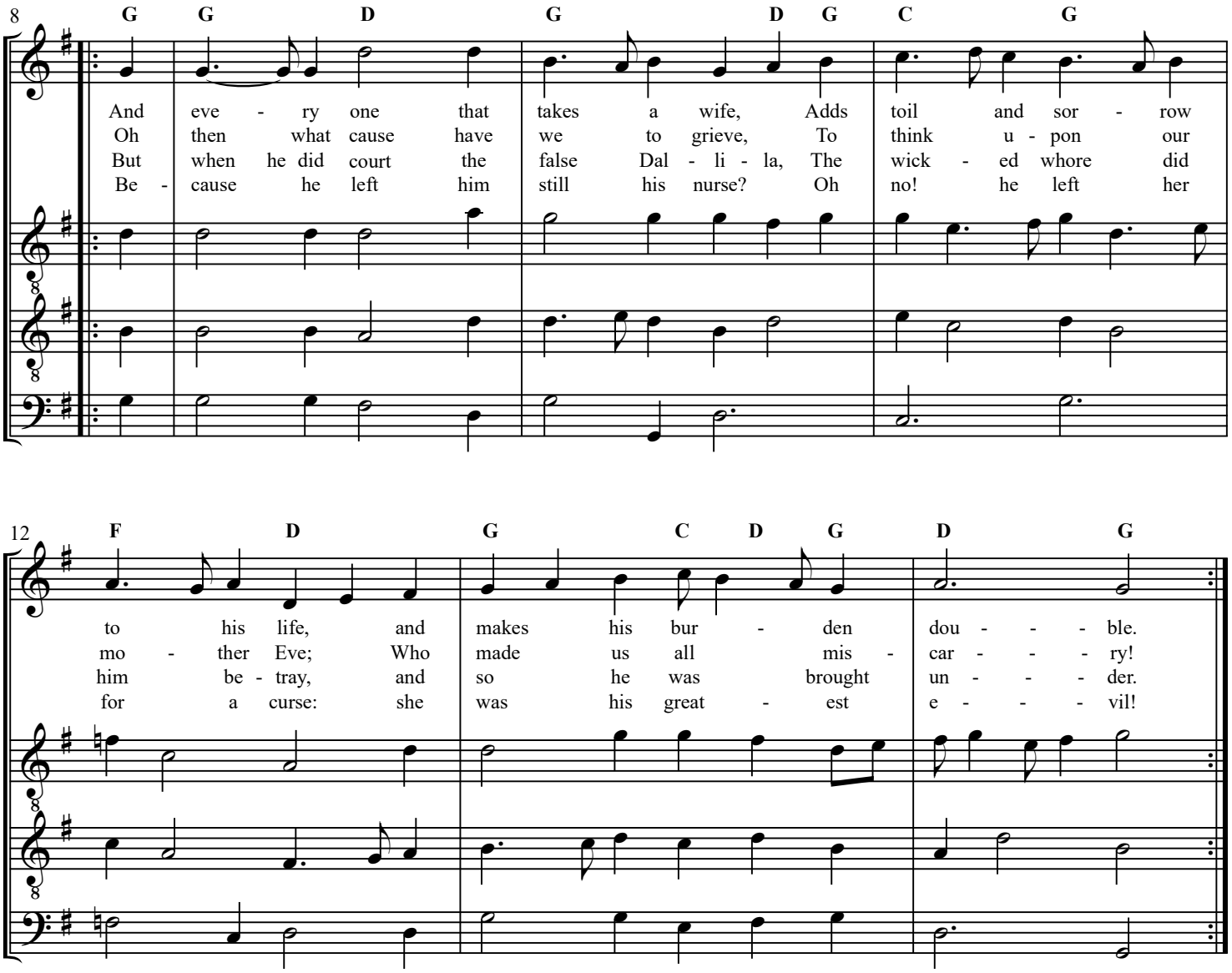
11.And now I am safe returned here,
Heres to you in a cup of English Beere,
And if my travels you desire to see,
You may buyt for a peny heere of mee,

The King's Delight
The Batchelors Delight

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



Setting by Steve Hendricks



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.

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.

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.

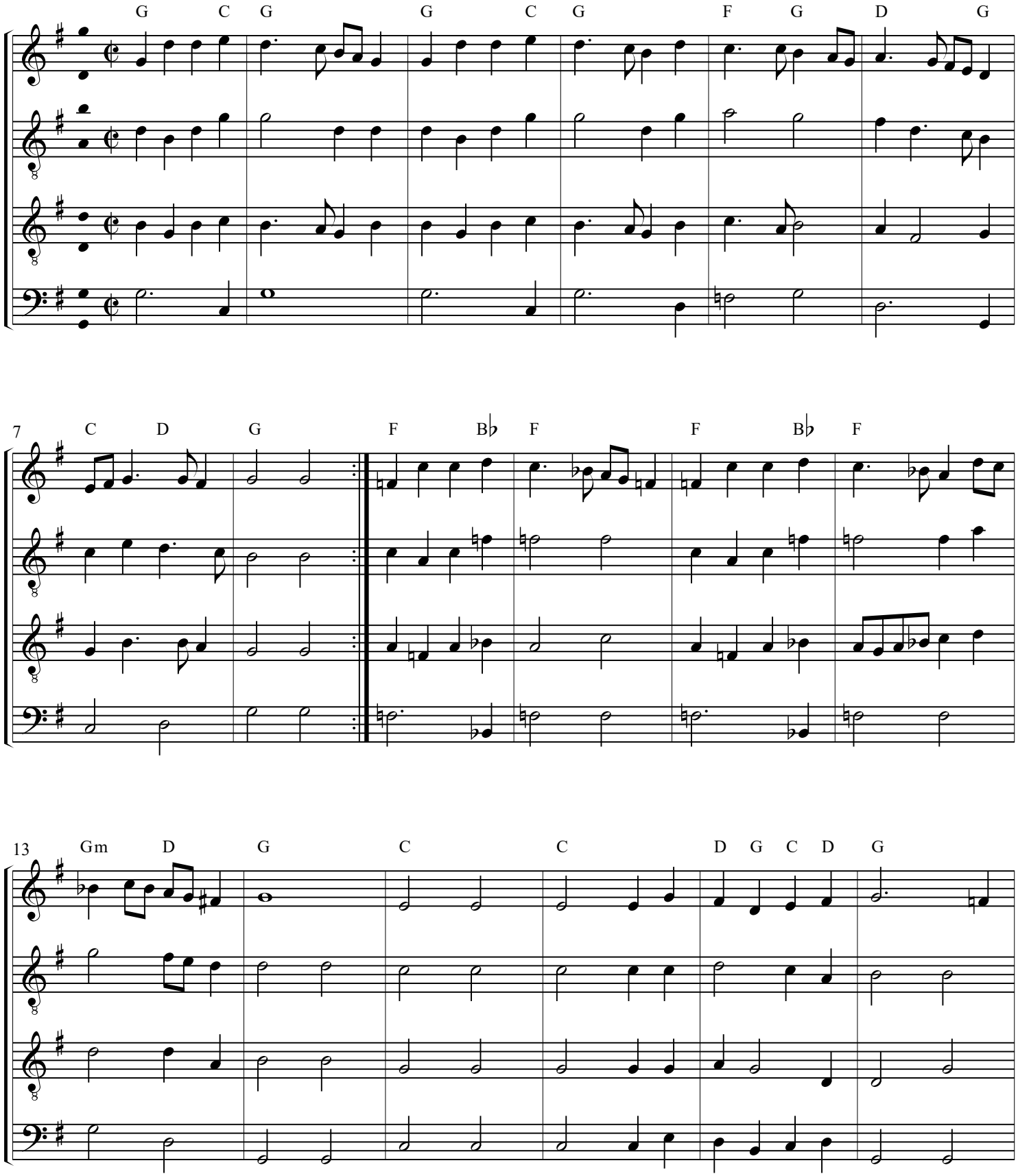
Man is a little world of himself,
and therefore wanteth nothing;
He needs not care for worldly pelf,
so he have food and cloathing;
And marriage is a fickle thing,
Which sometime doth in love begin,
and often ends in loathing.

And therefore I will single live,
in spight 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.

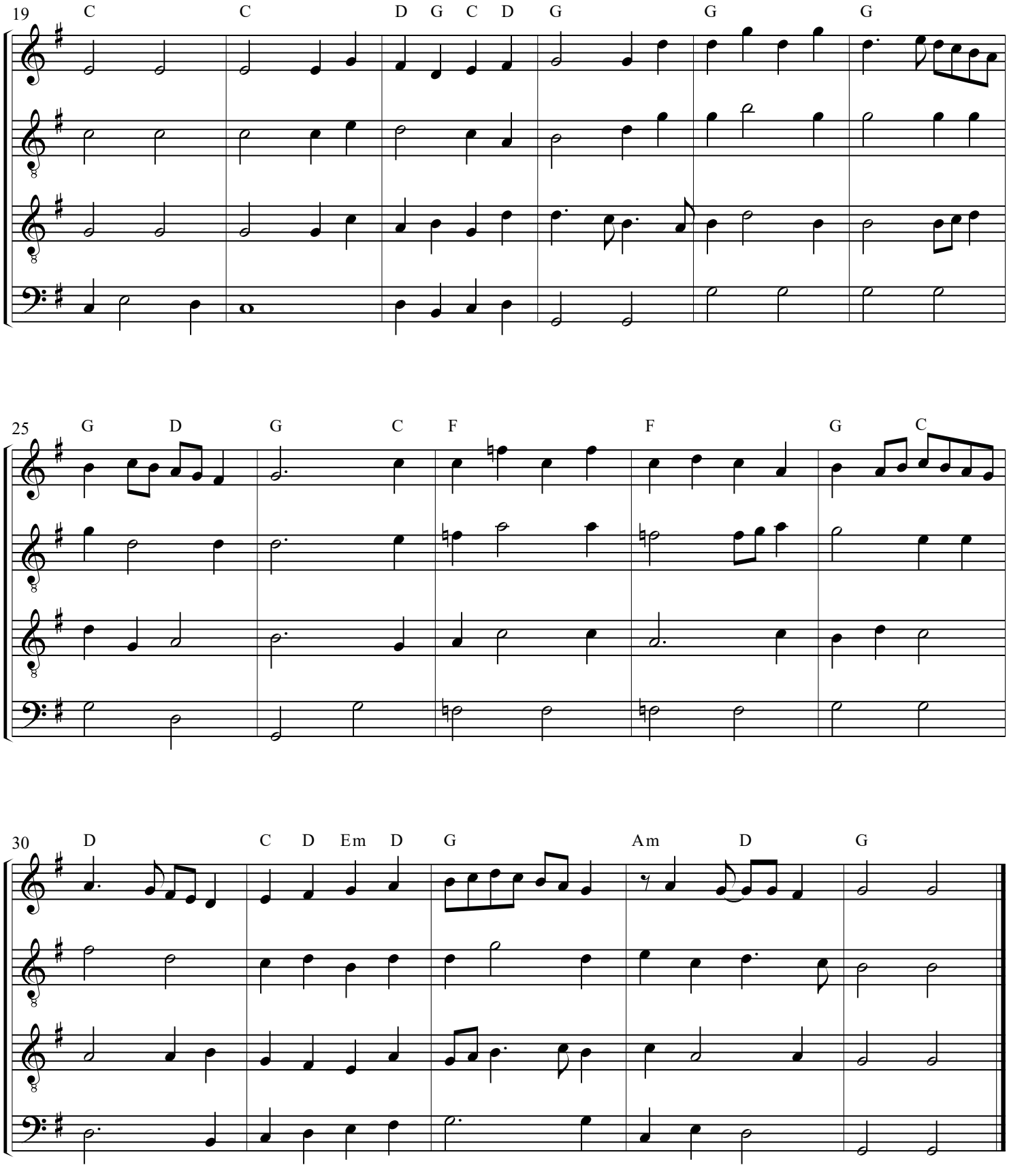
And lastly, to conclude my song,
vain joy is but a bubble.
A double heart, and a double tongue,
hath fill'd the world with trouble;
And therefore to avoid all strife,
'Tis best to lead a single life,
we will have nothing double.

Lady Hunsdon's Puffe

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

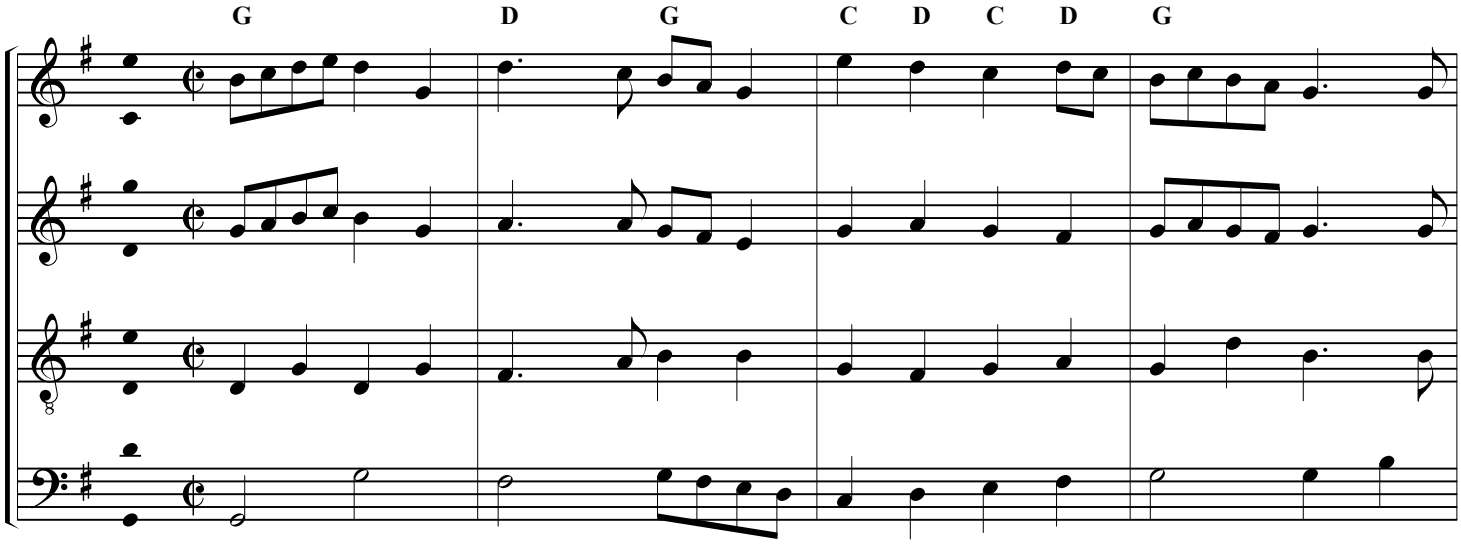


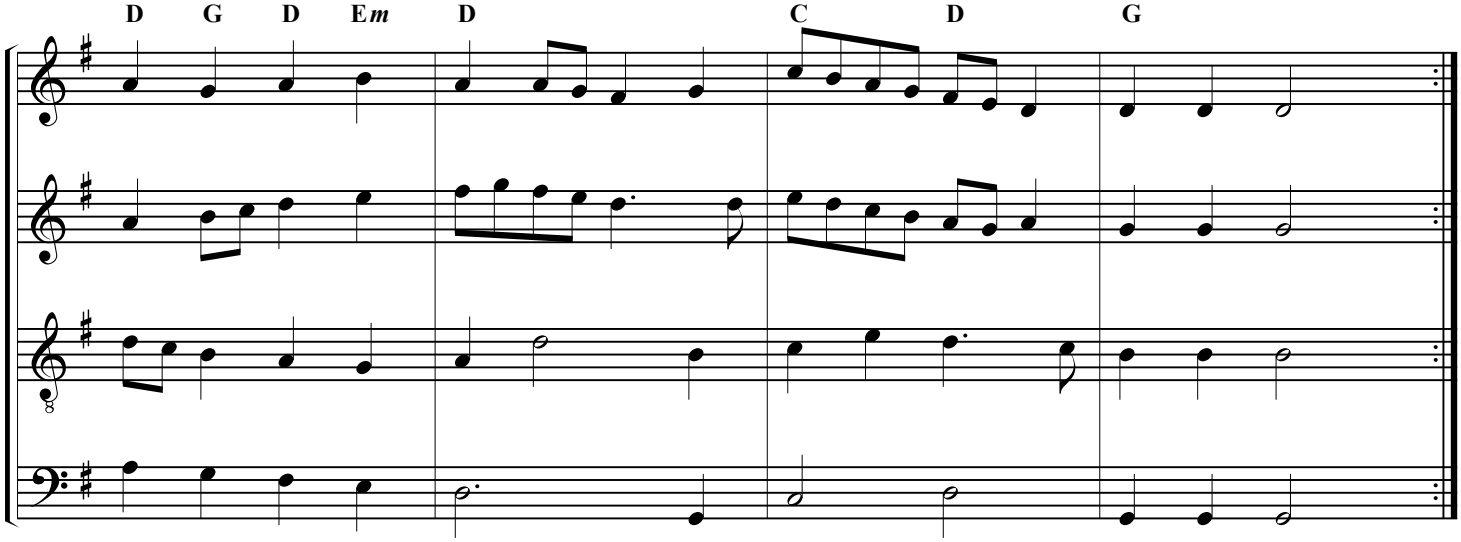
adapted by Steve Hendricks

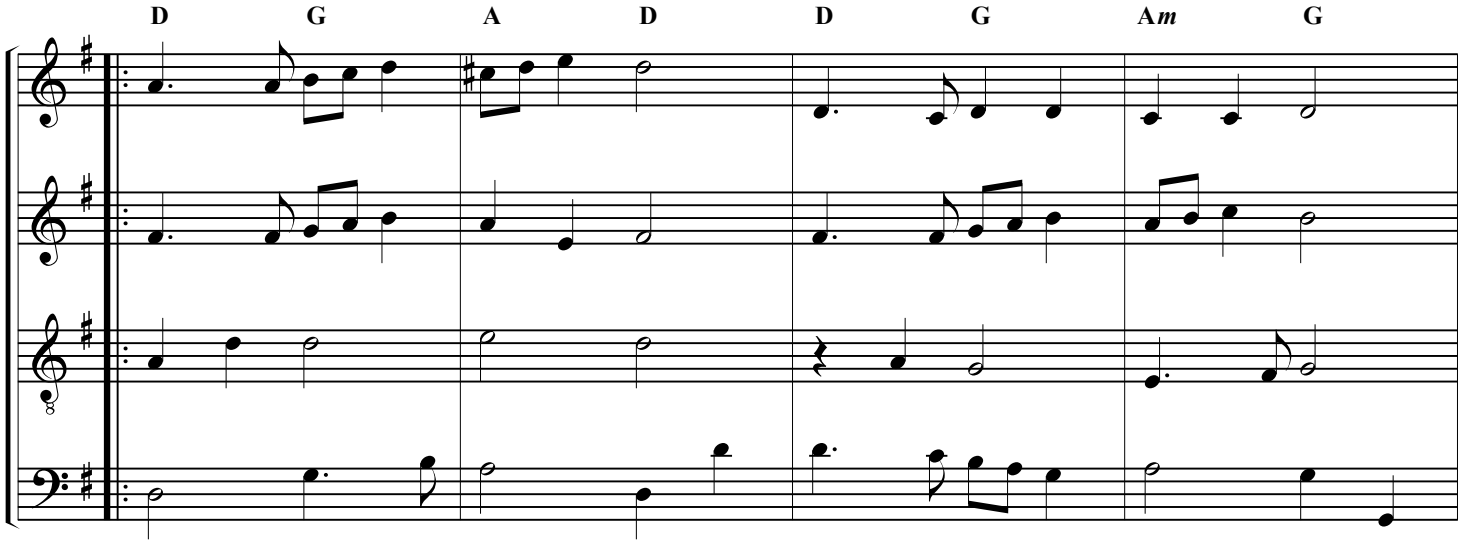

19
C
C
D G C D
G
G
G
25
G
D
G
C
F
F
G
C
30
D
C D Em D
G
Am
D
G

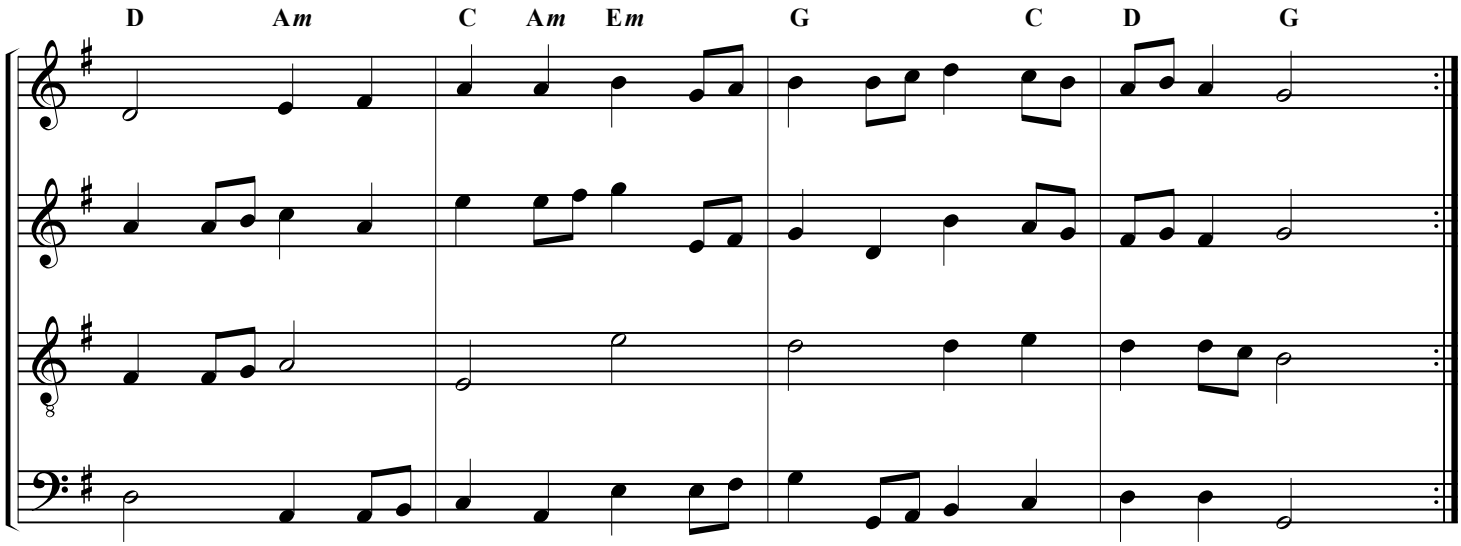
Lincolns Inn Maske

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)



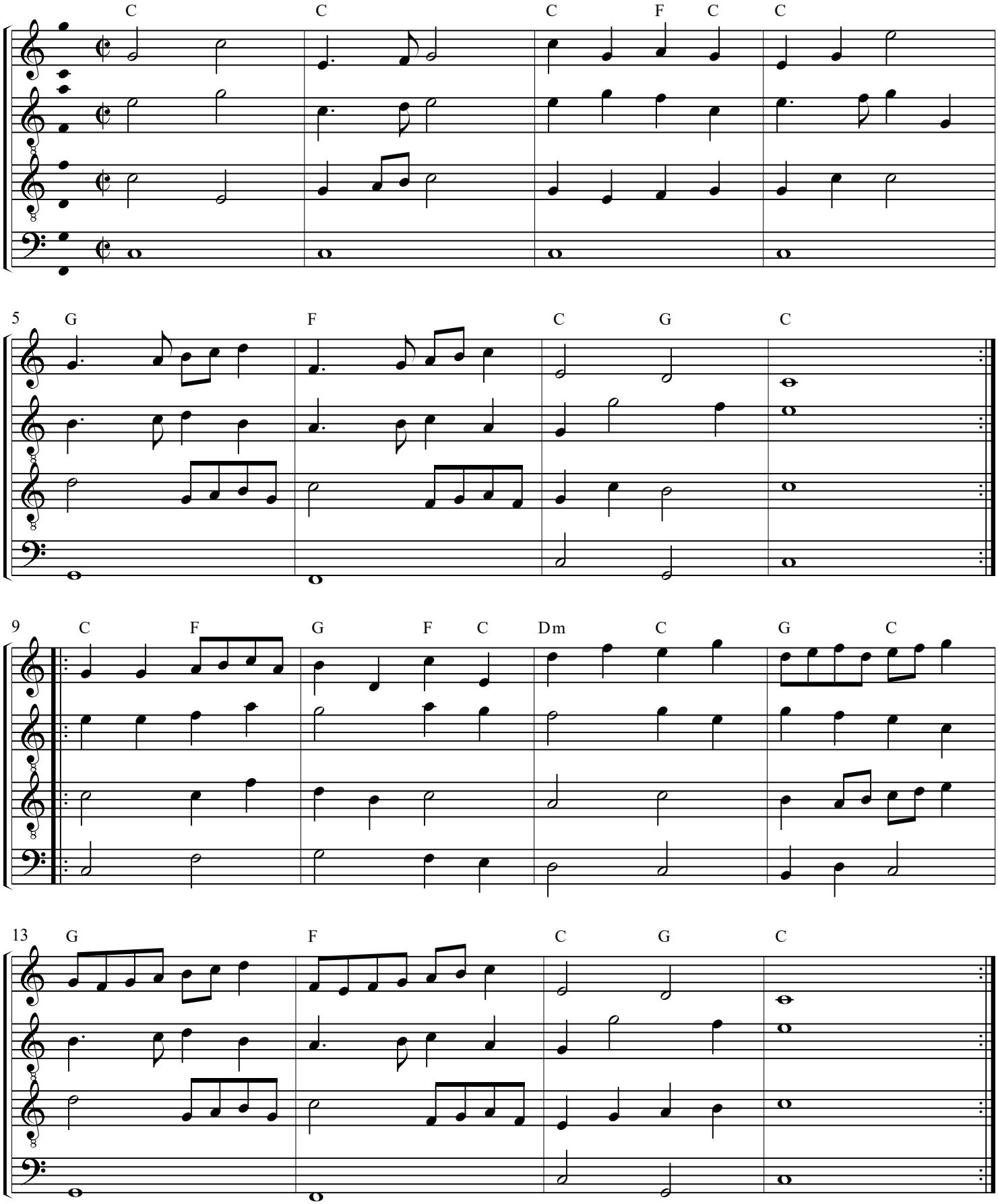



D G A D D G Am G

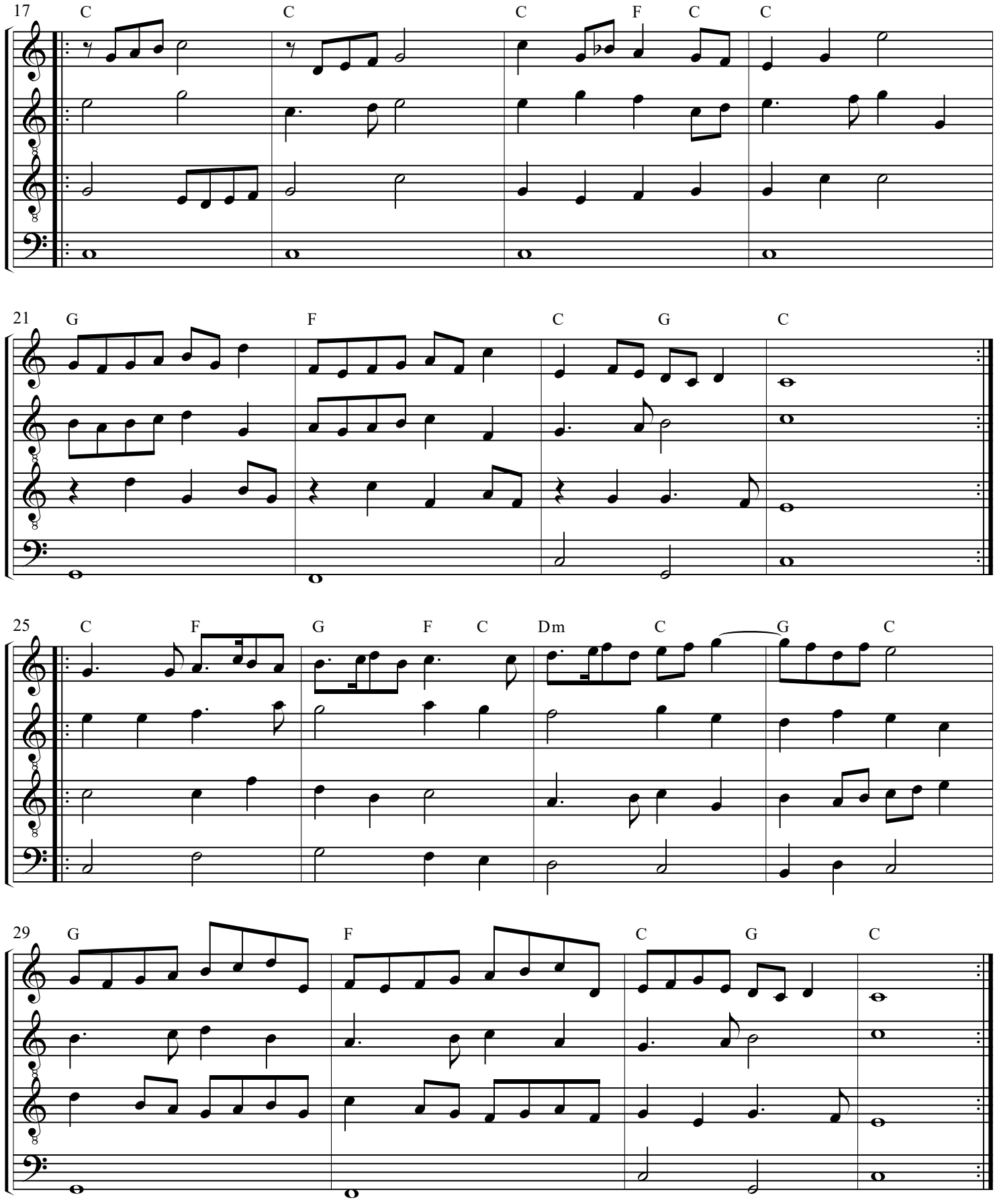

D Am C Am Em G C D G

The Lord Souches maske

Giles Farnaby
(c.1563-1640)



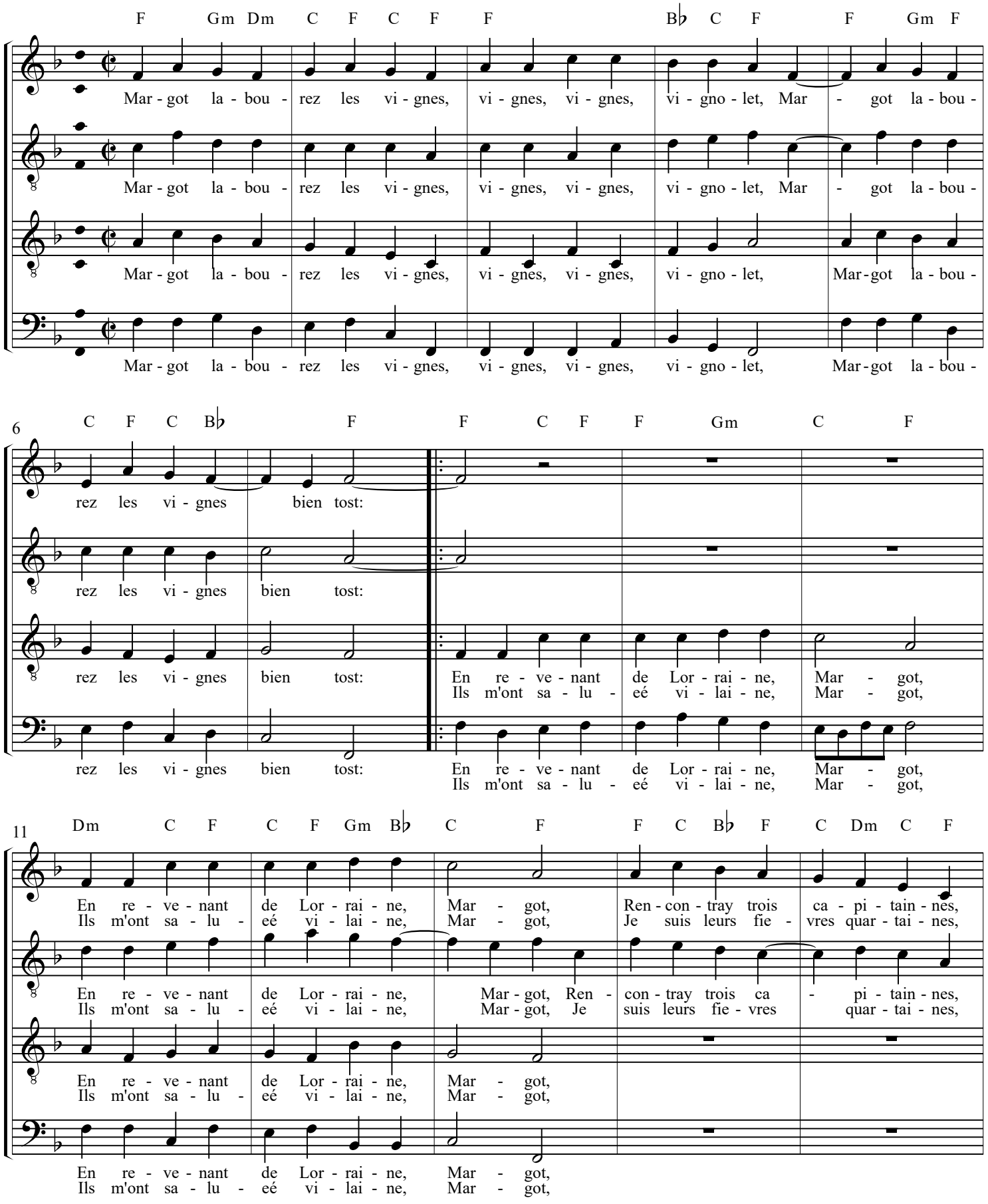
adapted by Steve Hendricks

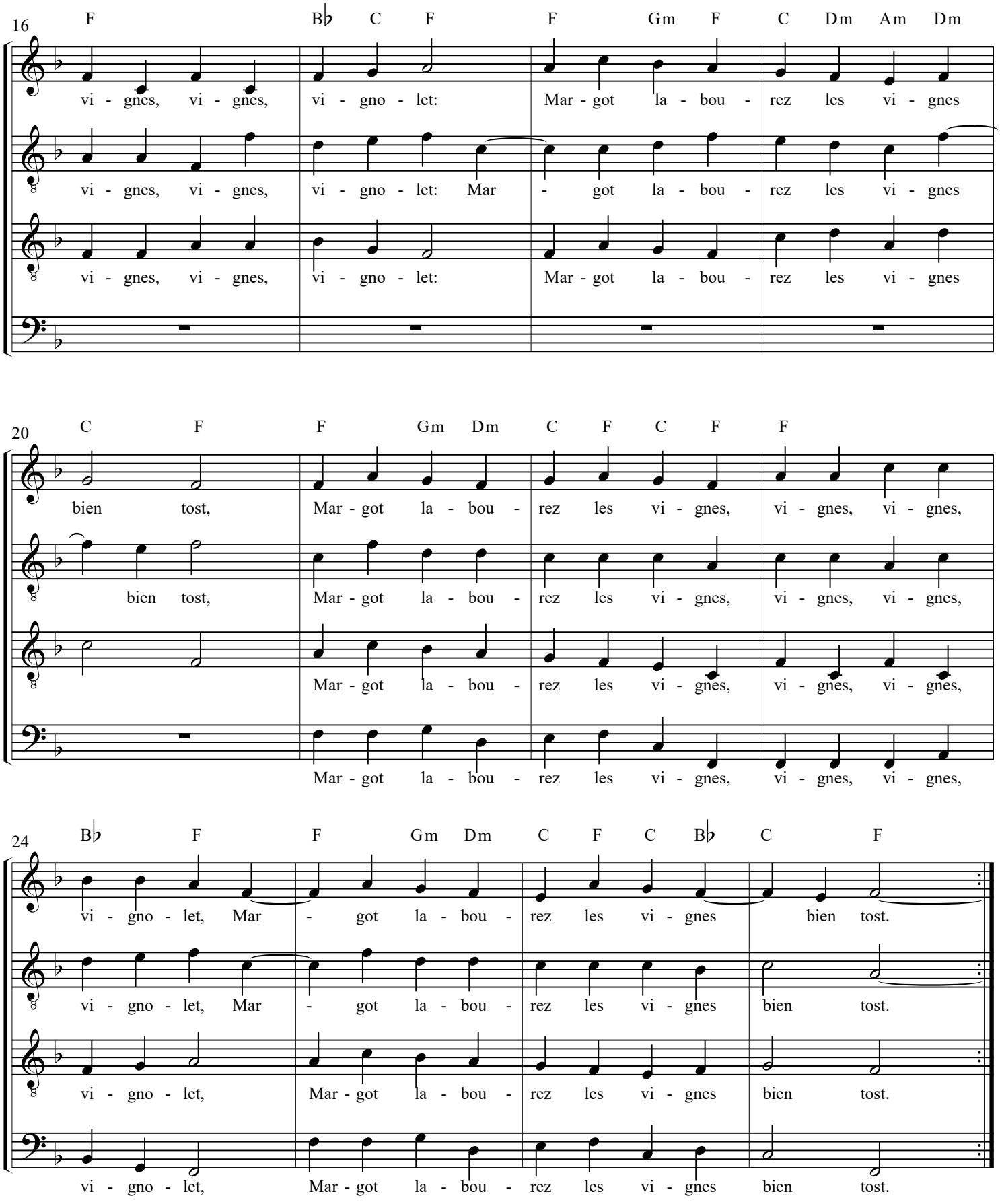

17
C
C
C
F
C
C
21
G
F
C
G
C
25
C
F
G
F
C
Dm
C
G
C
29
G
F
C
G
C

Margot labourez les vignes

Margot, work the vines

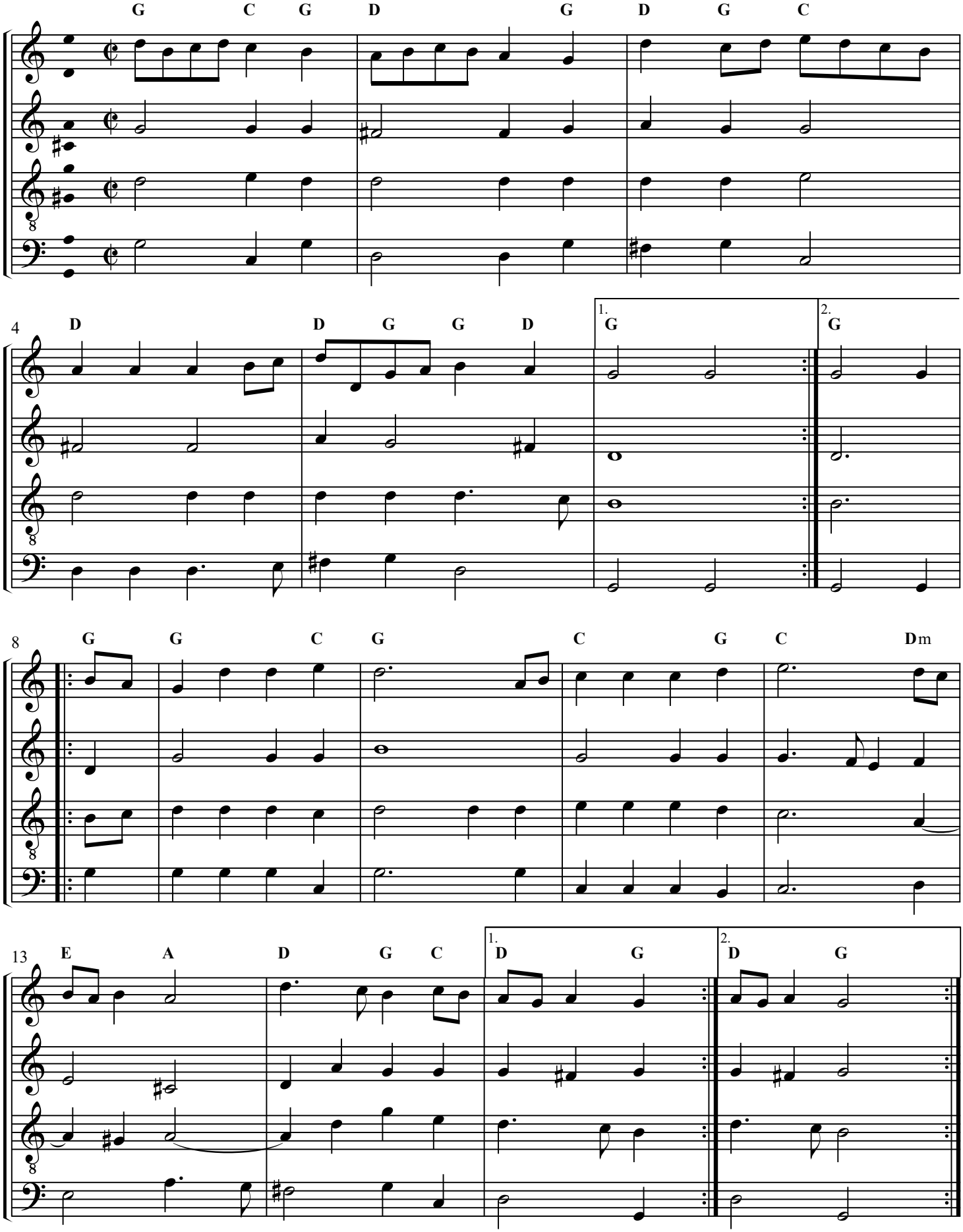
Jacques Arcadelt (c.1504-c.1567)
Tiers Livre de Chansons, 1554




16
F B♭ C F F Gm F C Dm Am Dm
vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gno - let: Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes
vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gno - let: Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes
vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gno - let: Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes
20
C F F Gm Dm C F C F F
bien tost, Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gnes,
bien tost, Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gnes,
Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gnes,
Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes, vi - gnes, vi - gnes,
24
B♭ F F Gm Dm C F C B♭ C F
vi - gno - let, Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes bien tost.
vi - gno - let, Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes bien tost.
vi - gno - let, Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes bien tost.
vi - gno - let, Mar - got la - bou - rez les vi - gnes bien tost.

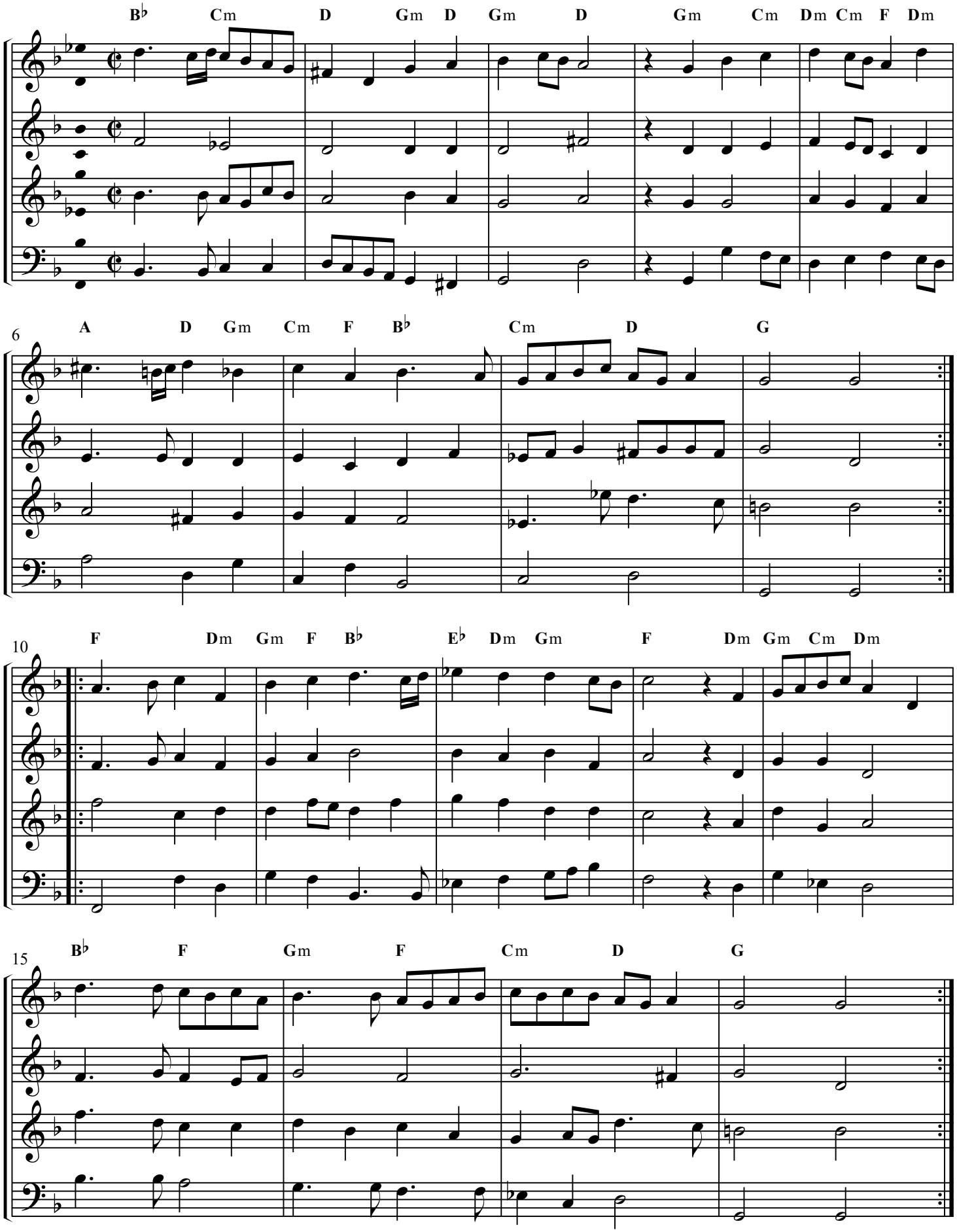
Masque Dance

Thomas Lupo (c.1570-1628)



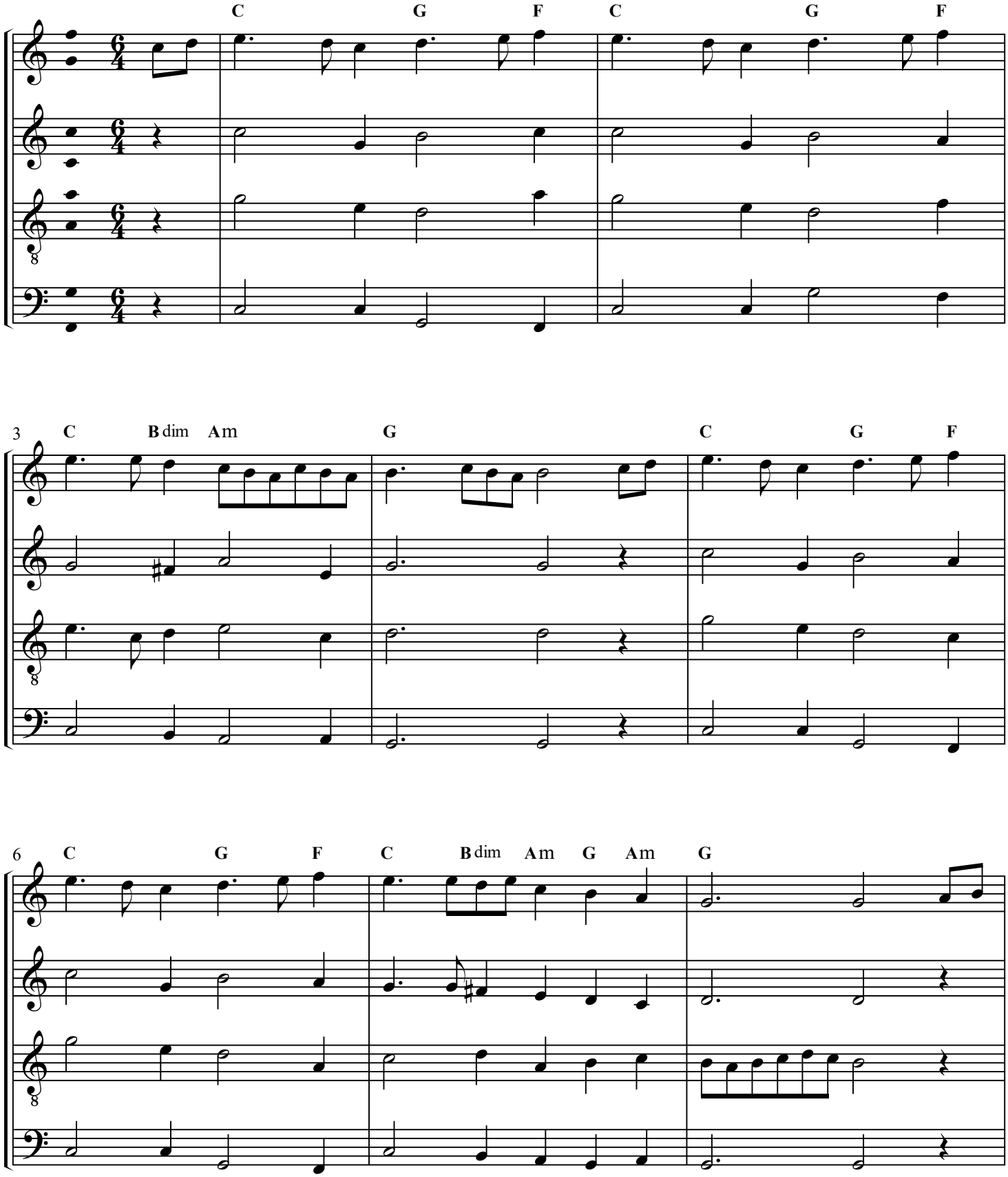
Masque Music

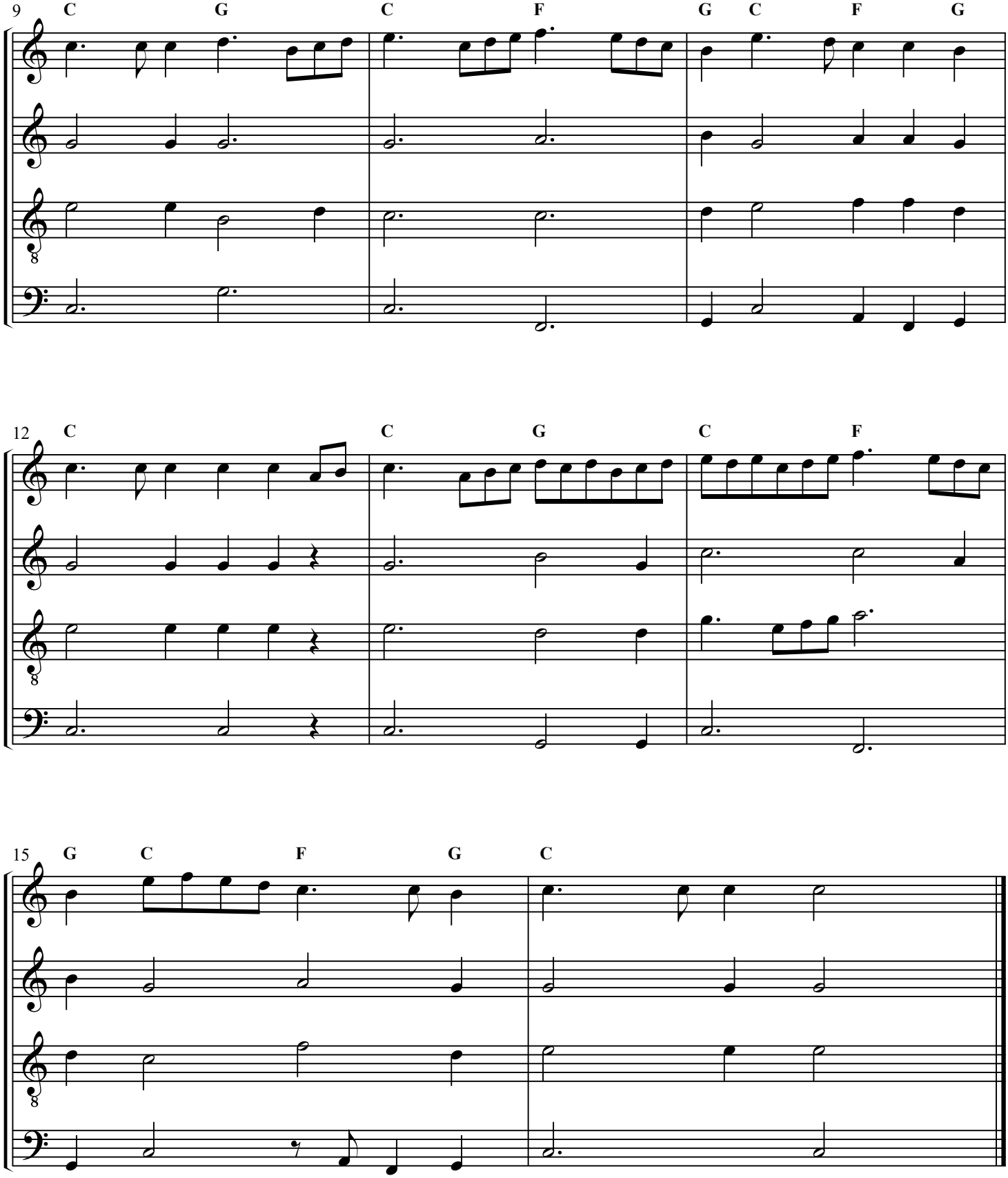
Thomas Lupo (c.1570-1628)



The seconde Milanoise

Adrian Le Roy (c.1520-1598)
A briefe and easye instruction, 1568

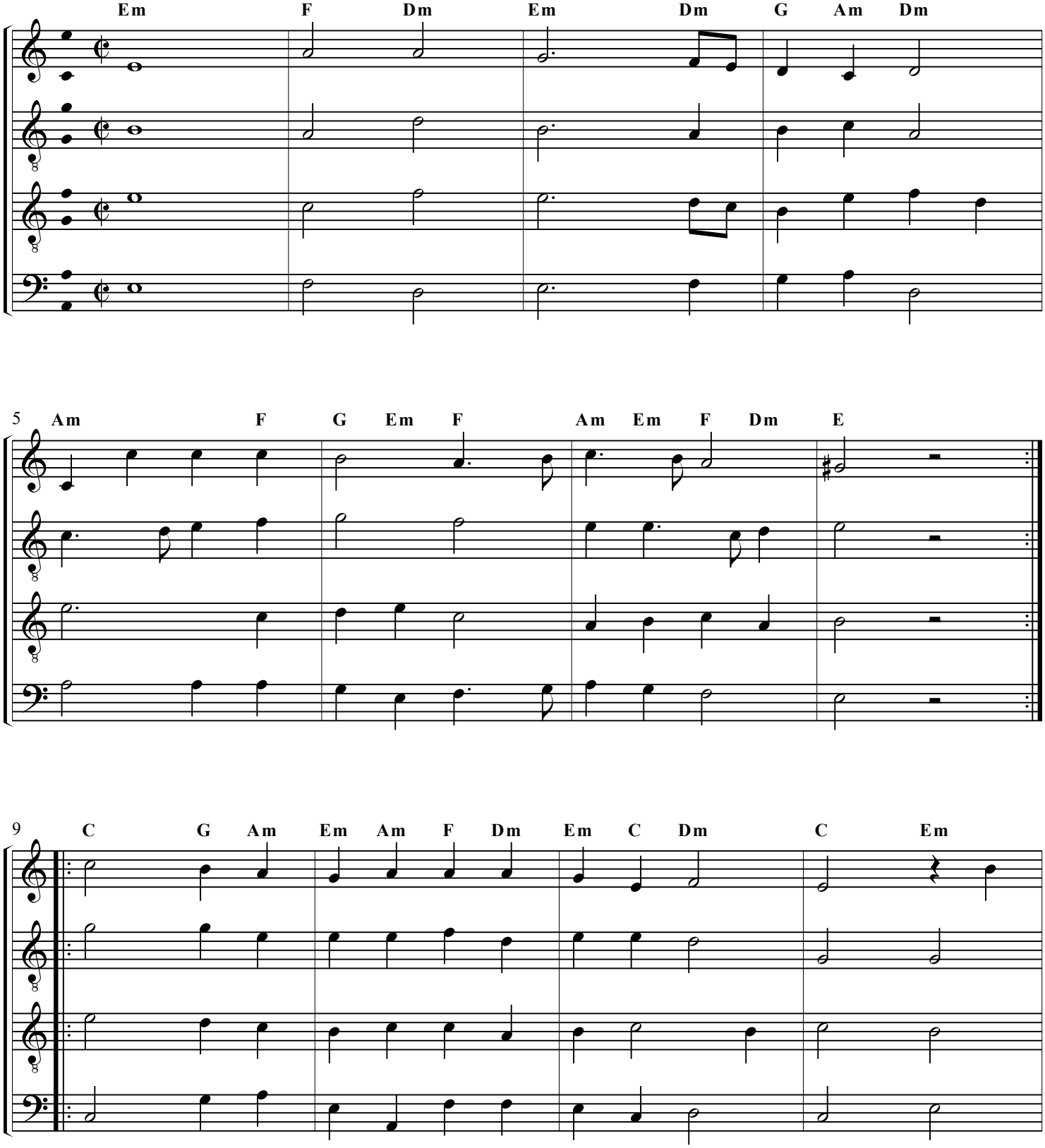


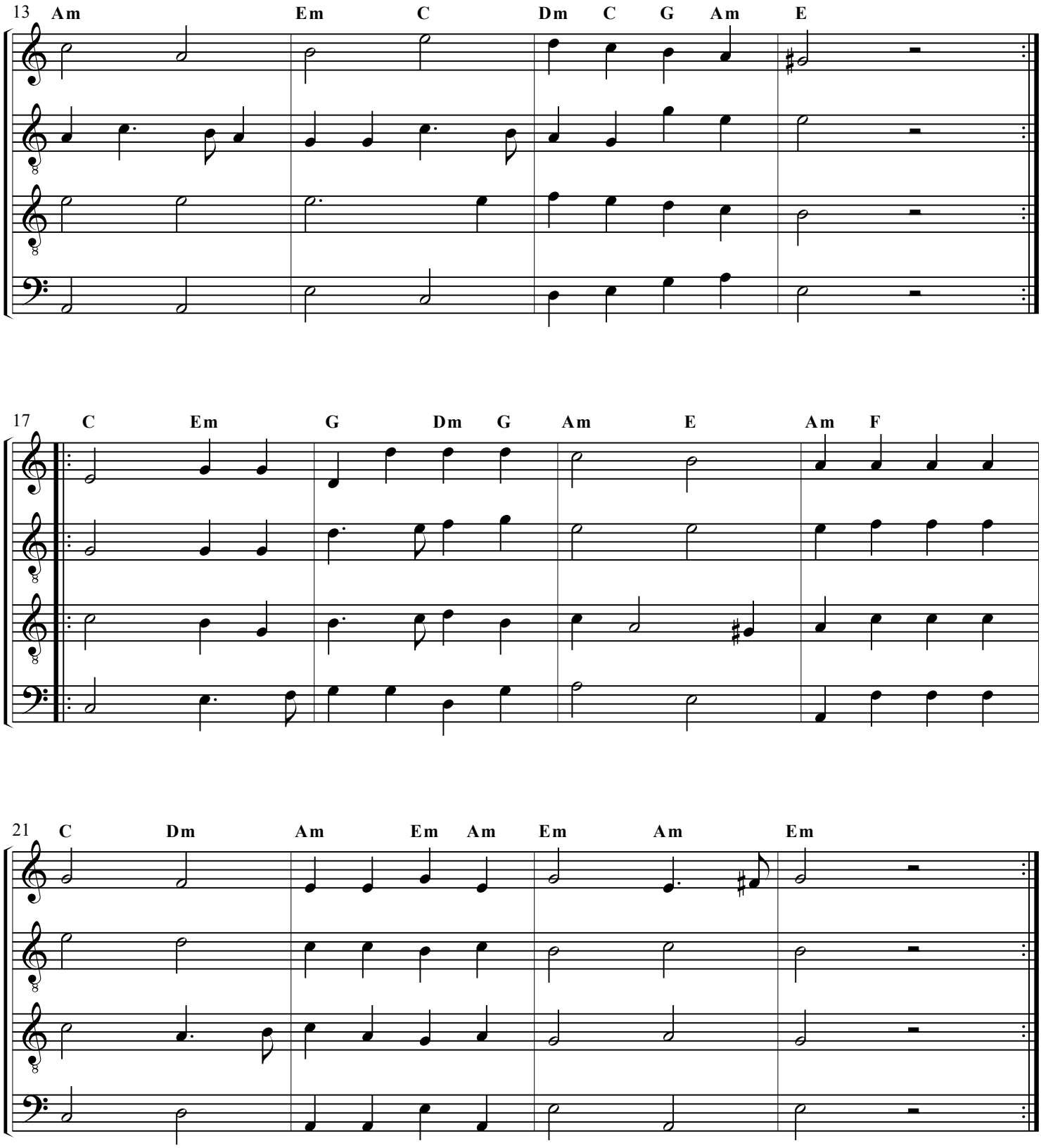

9
C
G
C
F
G
C
F
G
12
C
C
G
C
F
15
G
C
F
G
C

Pavane I: Mille regretz

A thousand regrets

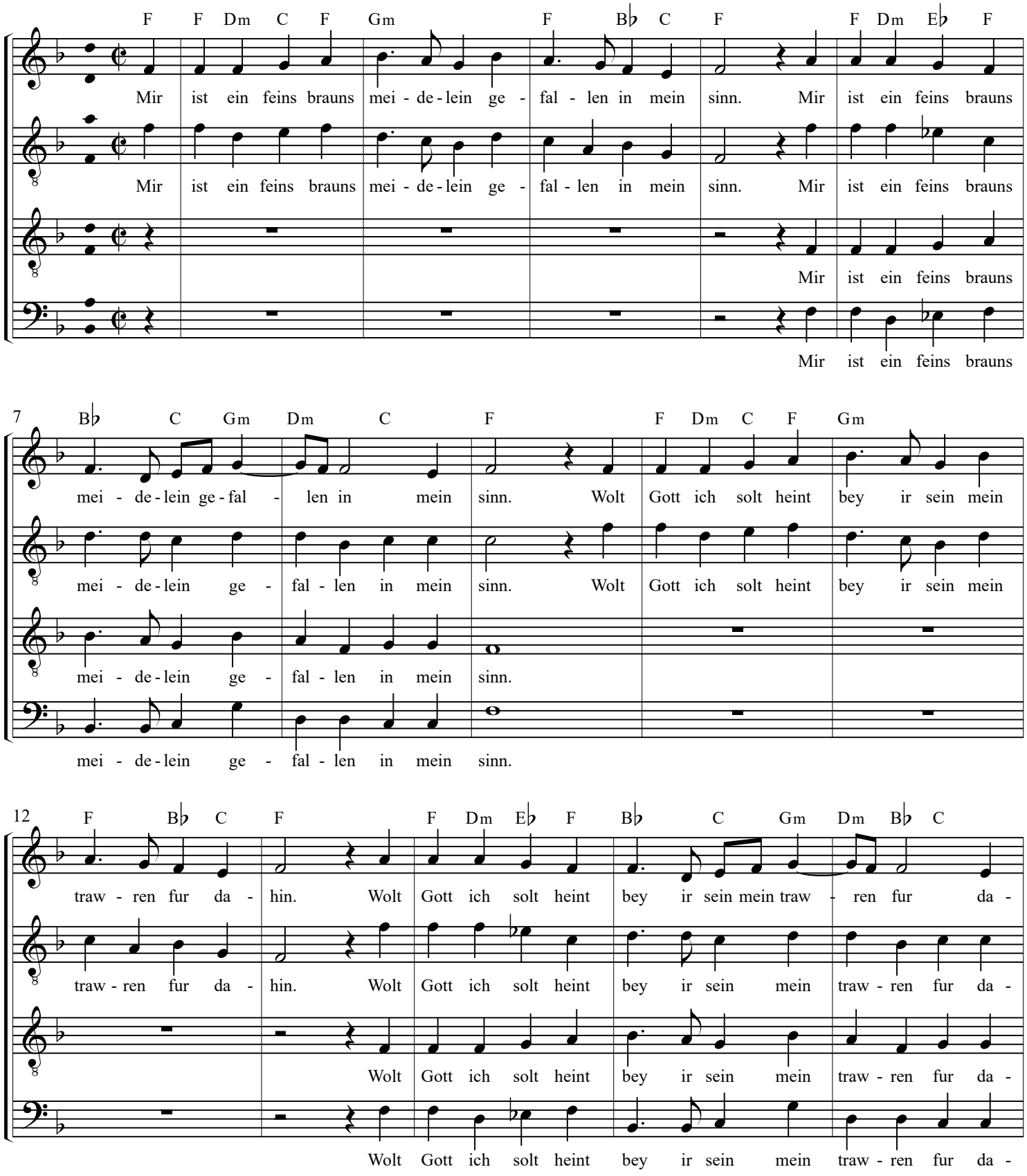
Tielman Susato (c.1500-c.1561)
Danserye, 1551

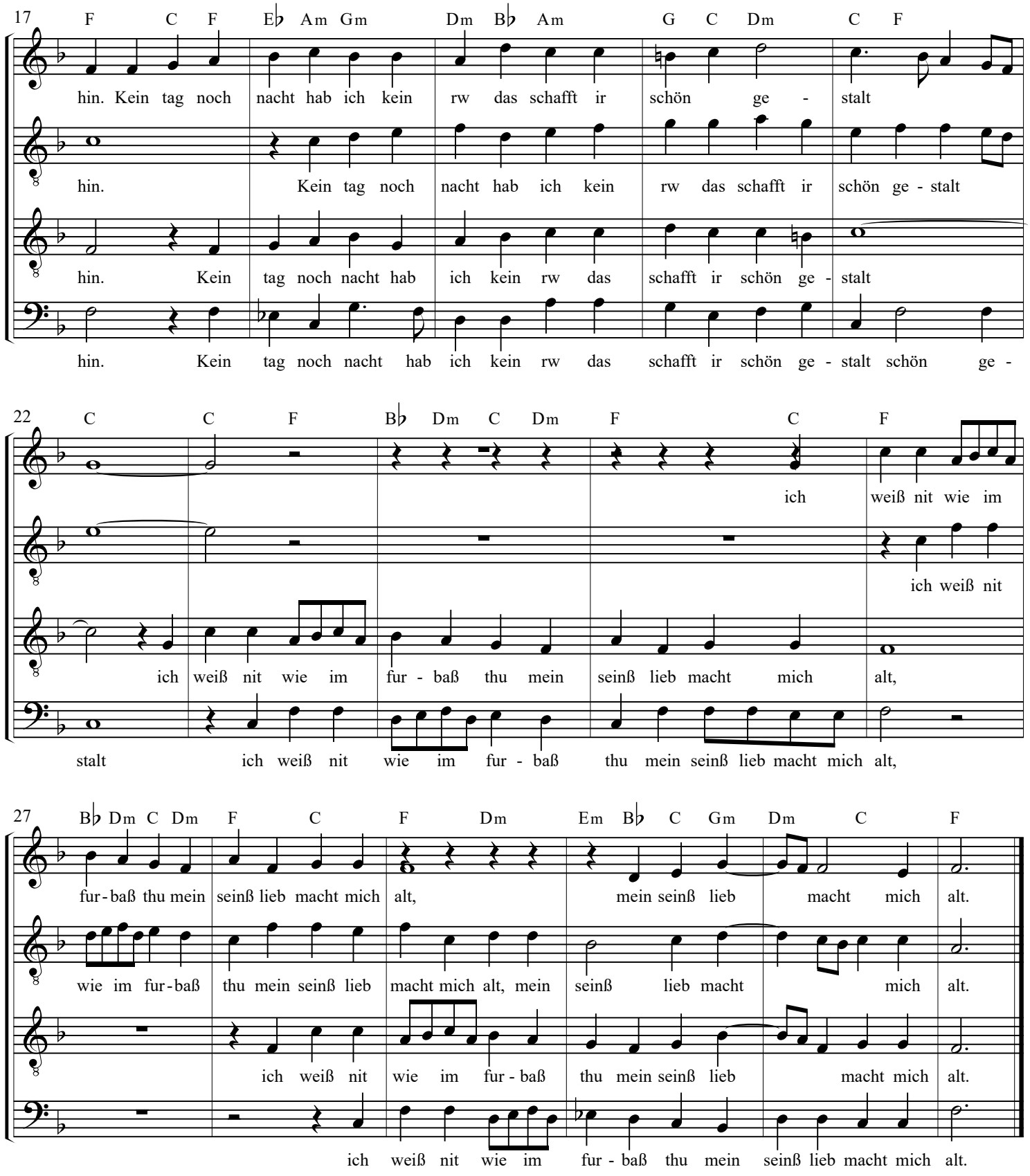



13
Am
Em
C
Dm
C
G
Am
E
17
C
Em
G
Dm
G
Am
E
Am
F
21
C
Dm
Am
Em
Am
Em
Am
Em

Mir ist ein feins brauns meidelein

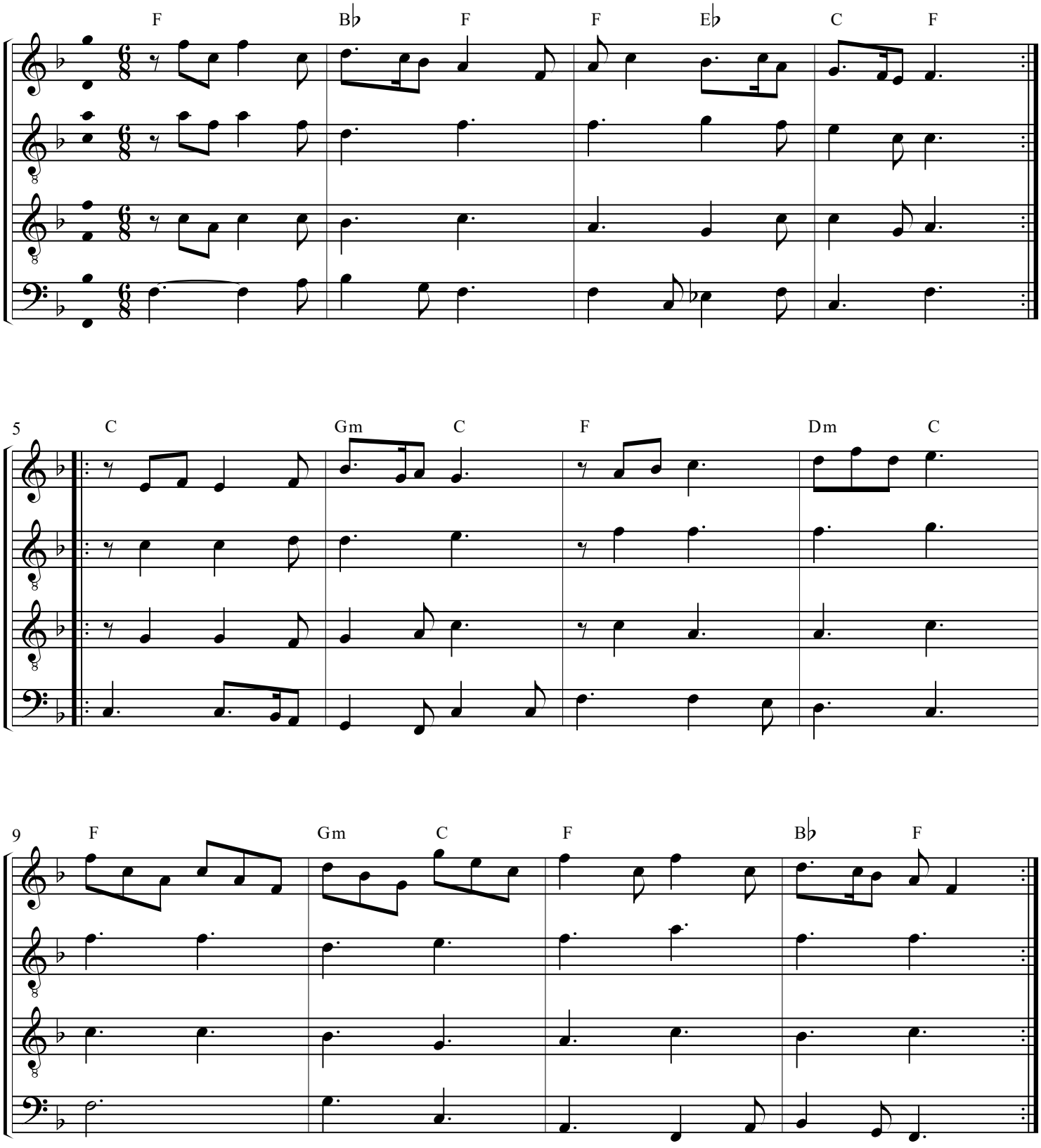
Caspar Othmayr (1515-1553)
Frisches teutsches Liedlein
v.3, 1549

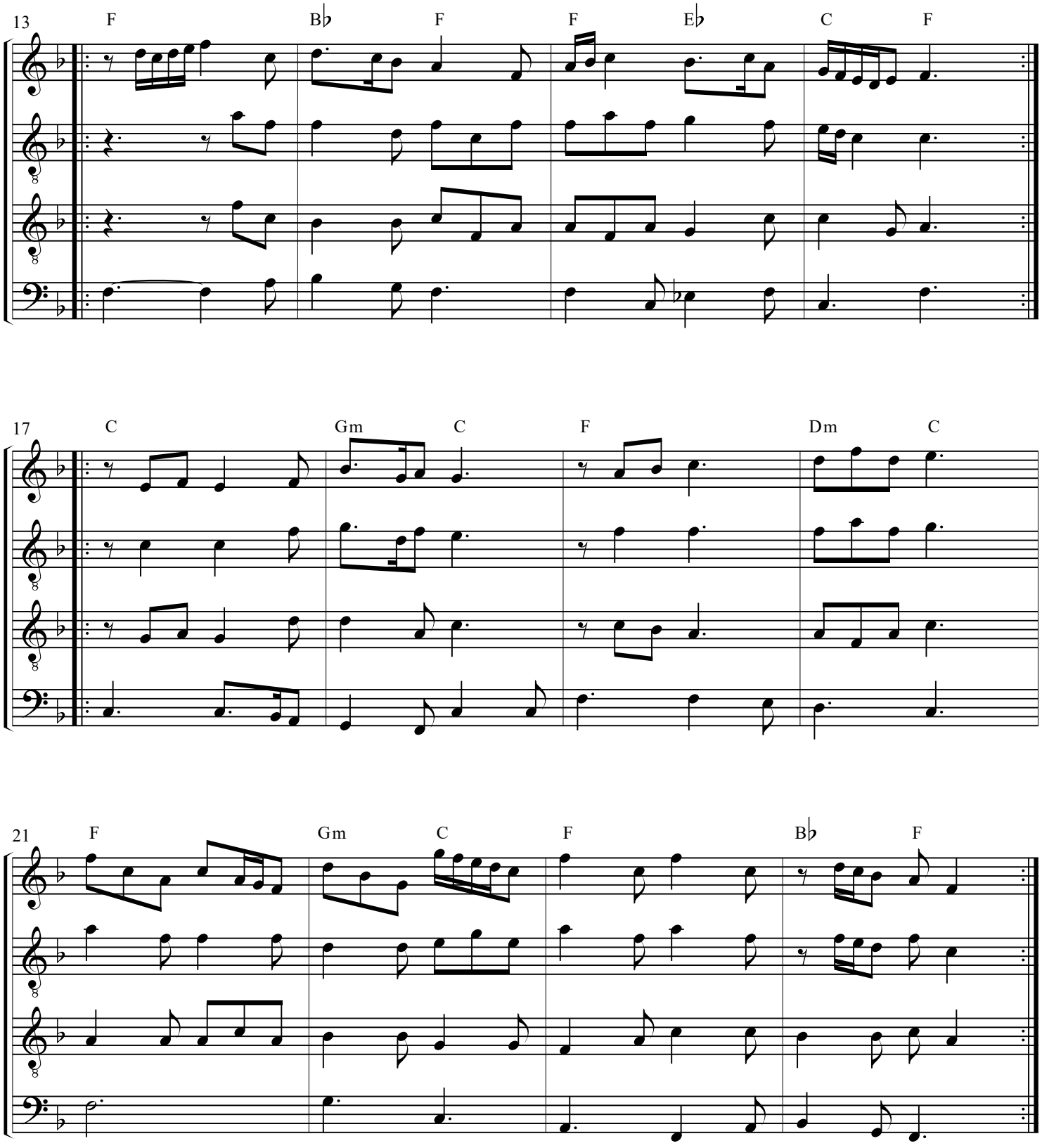



17
F C F E♭ Am Gm Dm B♭ Am G C Dm C F
hin. Kein tag noch nacht hab ich kein rw das schafft ir schön ge - stalt
hin. Kein tag noch nacht hab ich kein rw das schafft ir schön ge - stalt
hin. Kein tag noch nacht hab ich kein rw das schafft ir schön ge - stalt
hin. Kein tag noch nacht hab ich kein rw das schafft ir schön ge - stalt schön ge -
22
C C F B♭ Dm C Dm F C F
ich weiß nit wie im
ich weiß nit
ich weiß nit wie im fur - baß thu mein seinß lieb macht mich alt,
stalt ich weiß nit wie im fur - baß thu mein seinß lieb macht mich alt,
27
B♭ Dm C Dm F C F Dm Em B♭ C Gm Dm C F
fur - baß thu mein seinß lieb macht mich alt, mein seinß lieb macht mich alt.
wie im fur - baß thu mein seinß lieb macht mich alt, mein seinß lieb macht mich alt.
ich weiß nit wie im fur - baß thu mein seinß lieb macht mich alt.
ich weiß nit wie im fur - baß thu mein seinß lieb macht mich alt.

Mistris Winters Jumpe

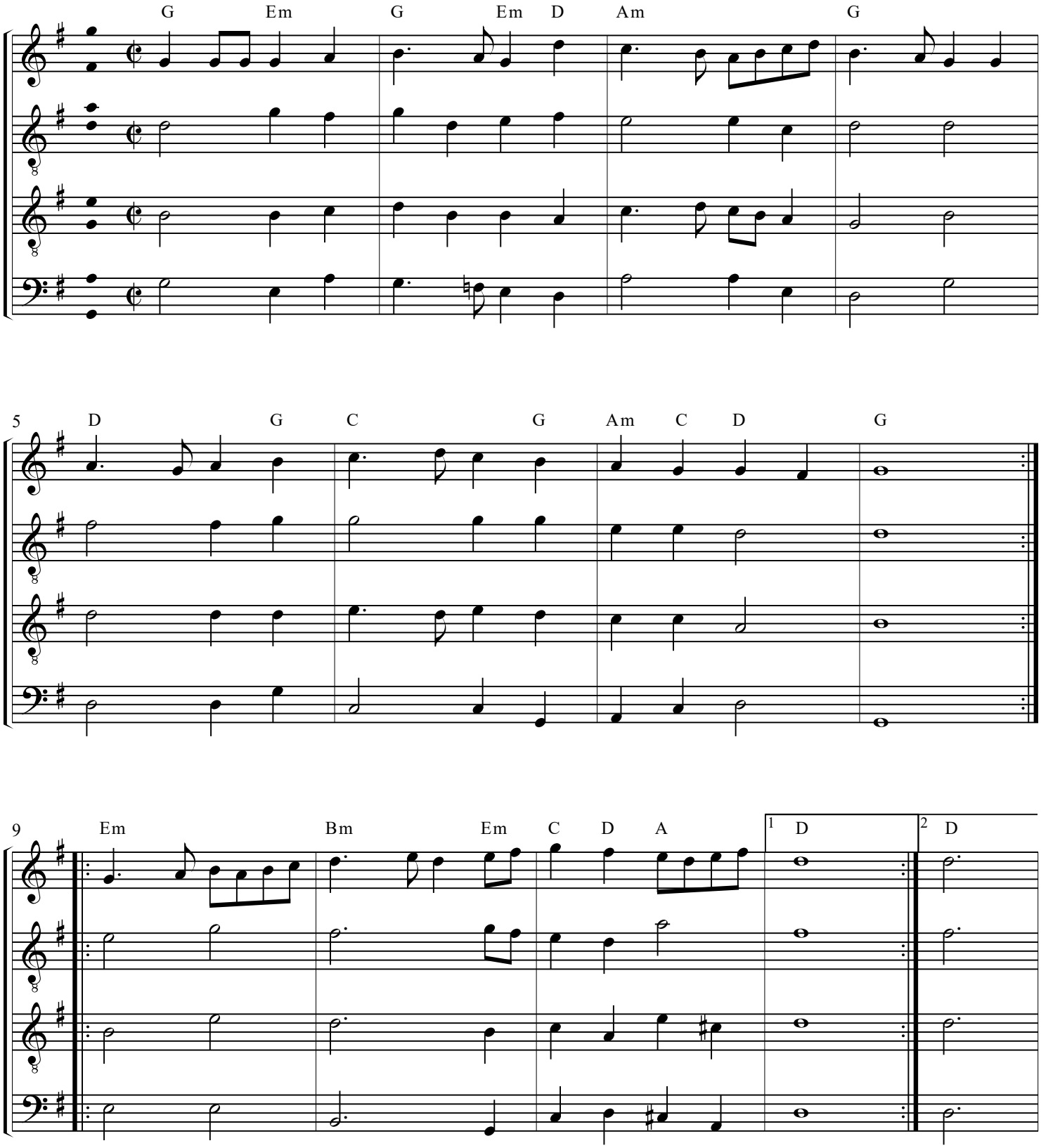
John Dowland (1563-1626)
from William Barley, **A New Booke of Tablature**, 1596



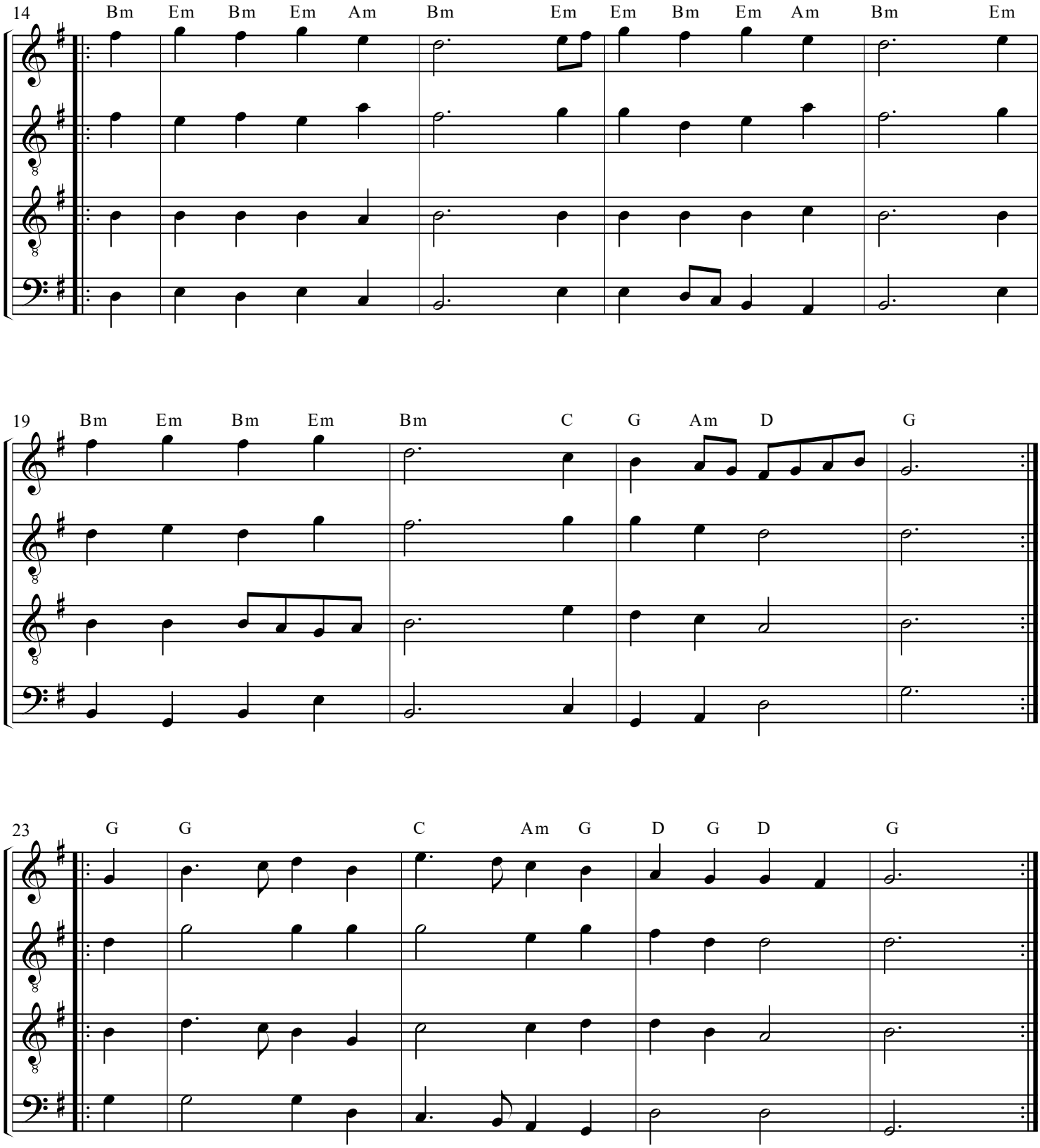

13
F
B♭
F
F
E♭
C
F
17
C
Gm
C
F
Dm
C
21
F
Gm
C
F
B♭
F

Mundesse

John Playford (1623-1686)
The English Dancing Master, 1651

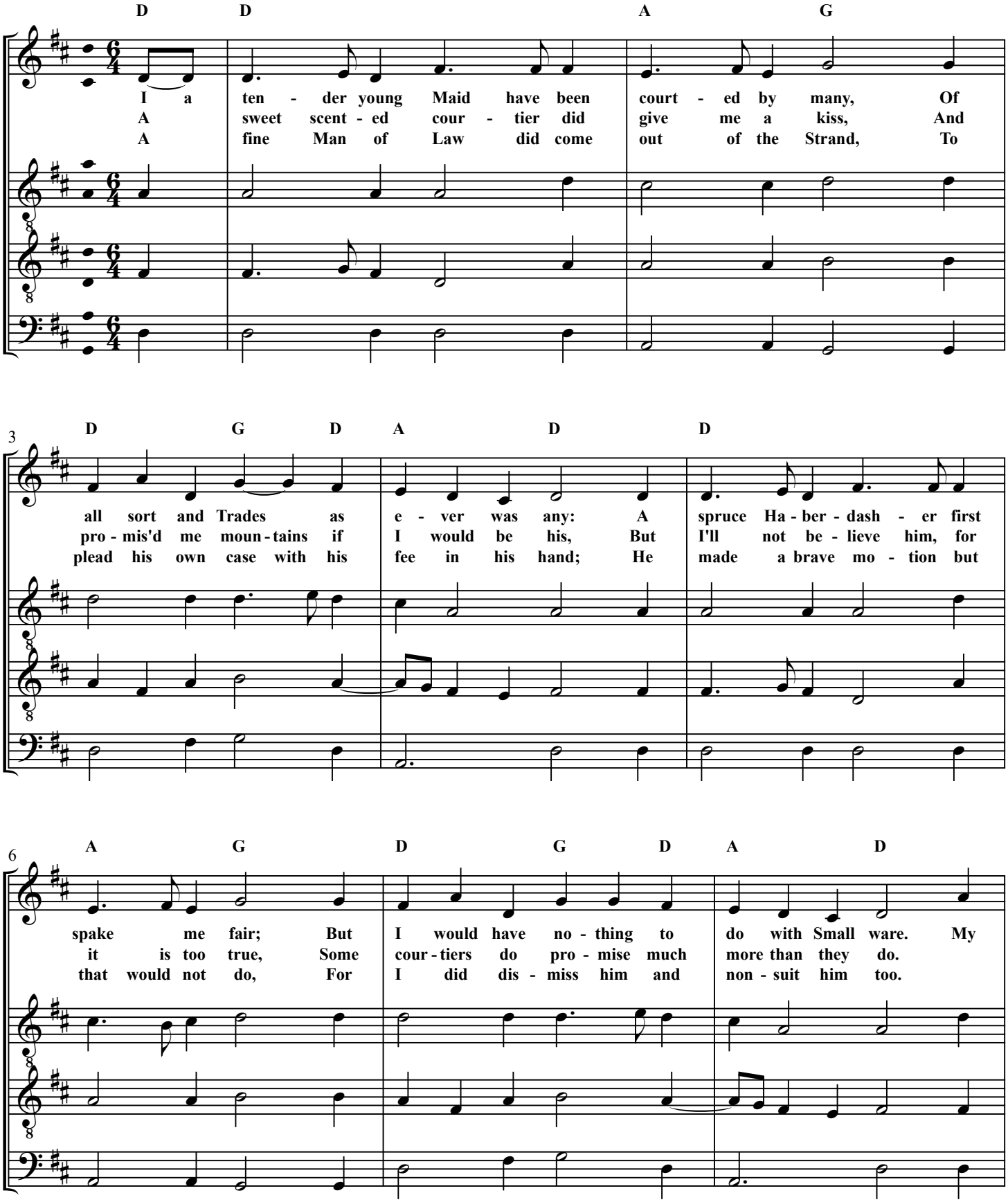


setting by Steve Hendricks

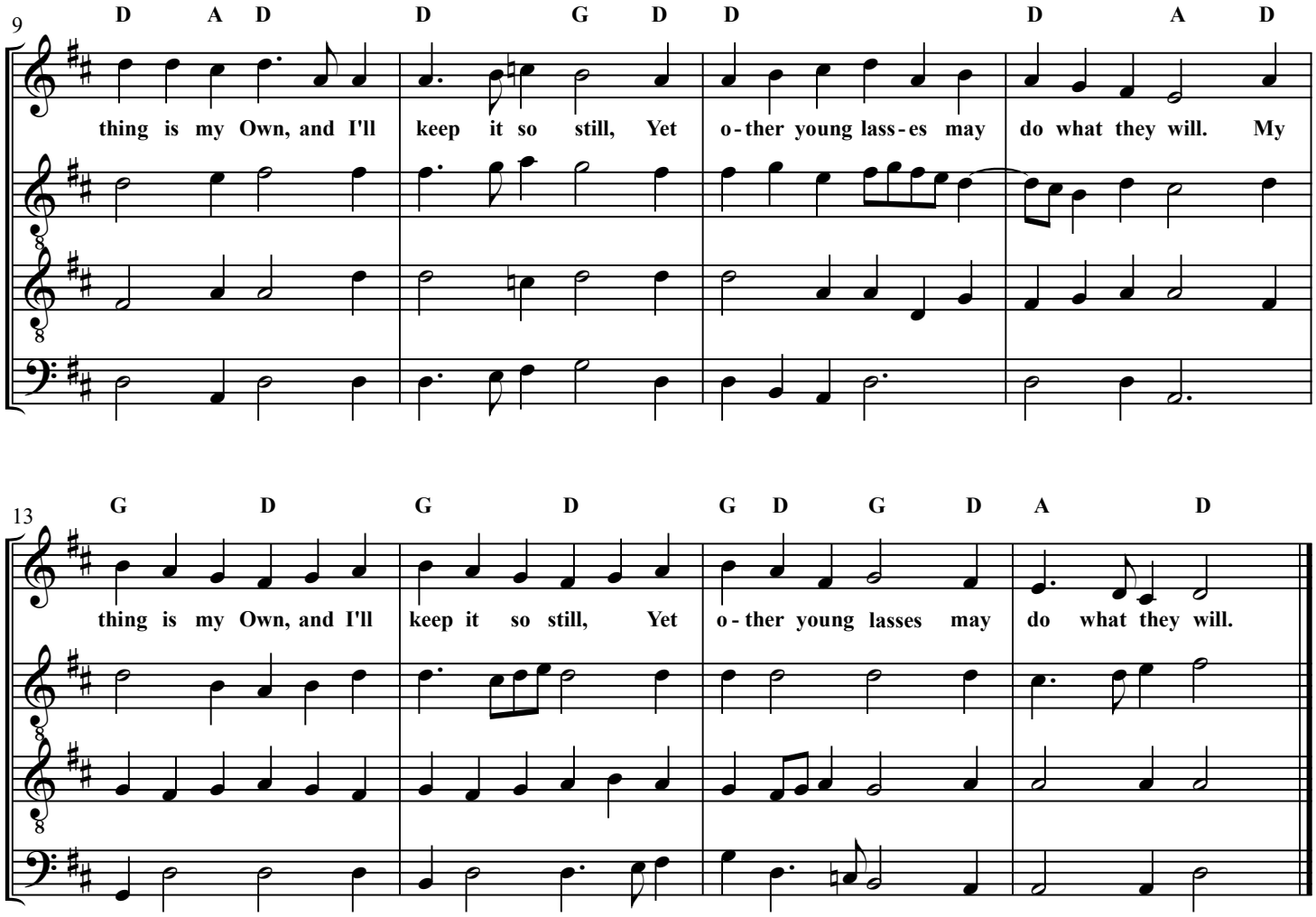

14
Bm Em Bm Em Am Bm Em Em Bm Em Am Bm Em
19
Bm Em Bm Em Bm C G Am D G
23
G G C Am G D G D G

My Thing is my Own

Anon., ***Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy***, Thomas D'urfey, 1719-1720



Setting by Steve Hendricks



Next came a young fellow, a notable spark,
With green bag and ink-horn, a Justice's clerk.
He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a lesson on my instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little fiddle should not be plaid on.

An Usurer came with abundance of cash,
But I had no mind to come under his lash,
He profer'd me jewels, and great store of gold,
But I would not mortgage my little Free-hold.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I mustered my spirits up and became bold,
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

A crafty young bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his bargains to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my tenant in tayl.

A fine dapper taylor, with a yard in his hand
Did profer his service to be at command
He talk'd of a slit I had above knee,
But I'll have no taylors to stitch it for me.

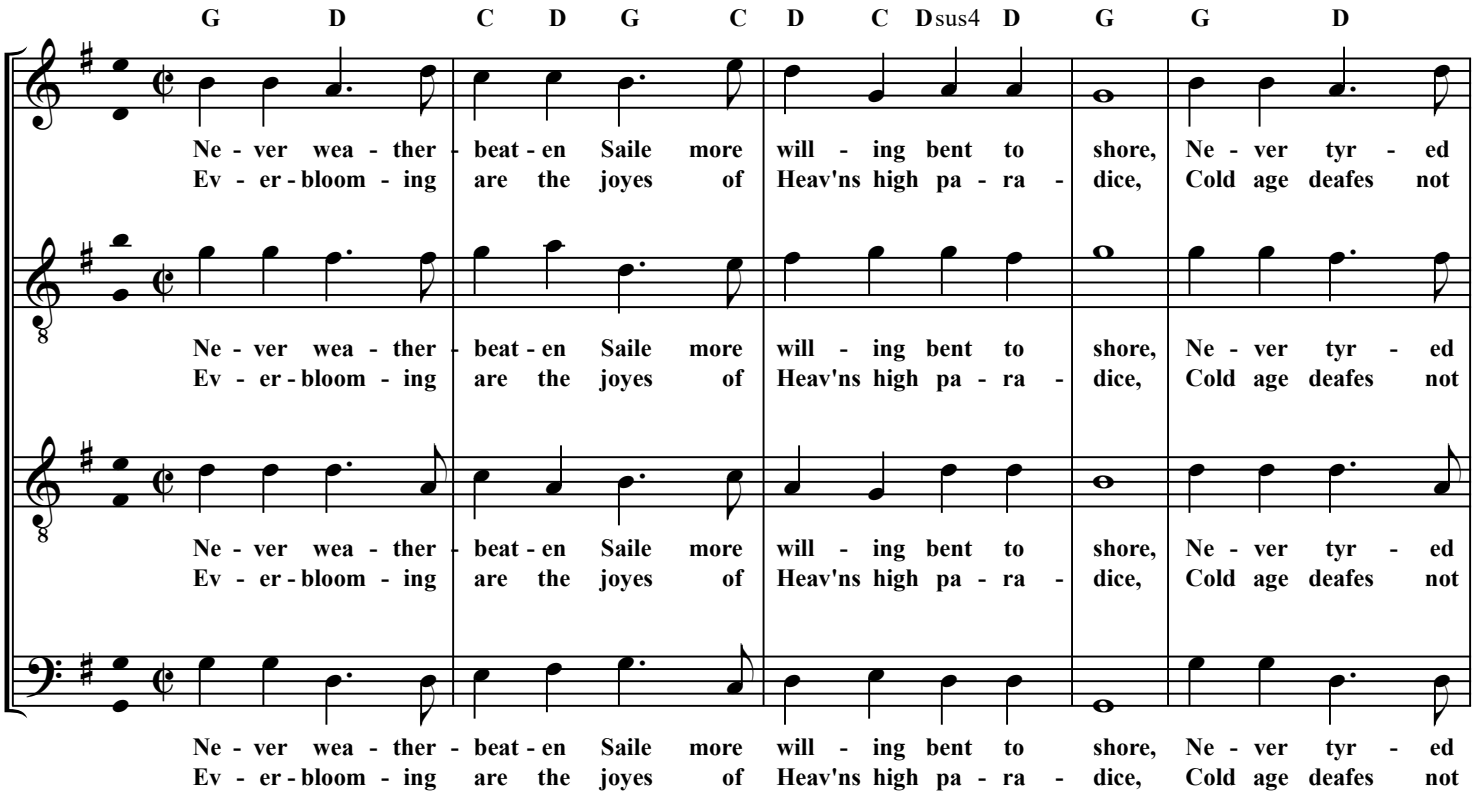
A Gentleman that did talk much of his grounds
His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his greyhounds
Put in for a Course, and us'd all his art
But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start.

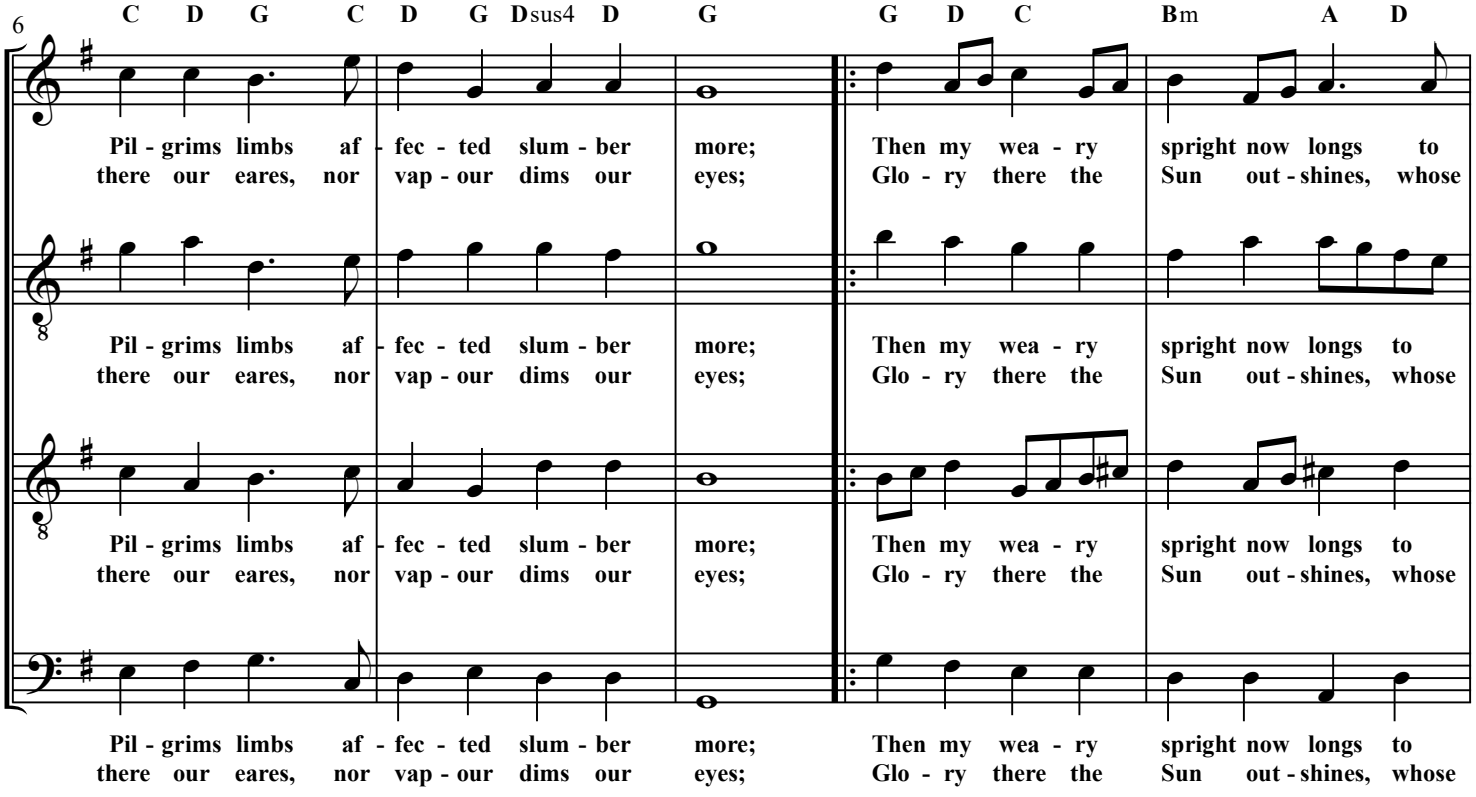
A pretty young Squire new come to the town
To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
Did profer a kindness, but I would have none
The same that he us'd to his mother's maid, Joan.

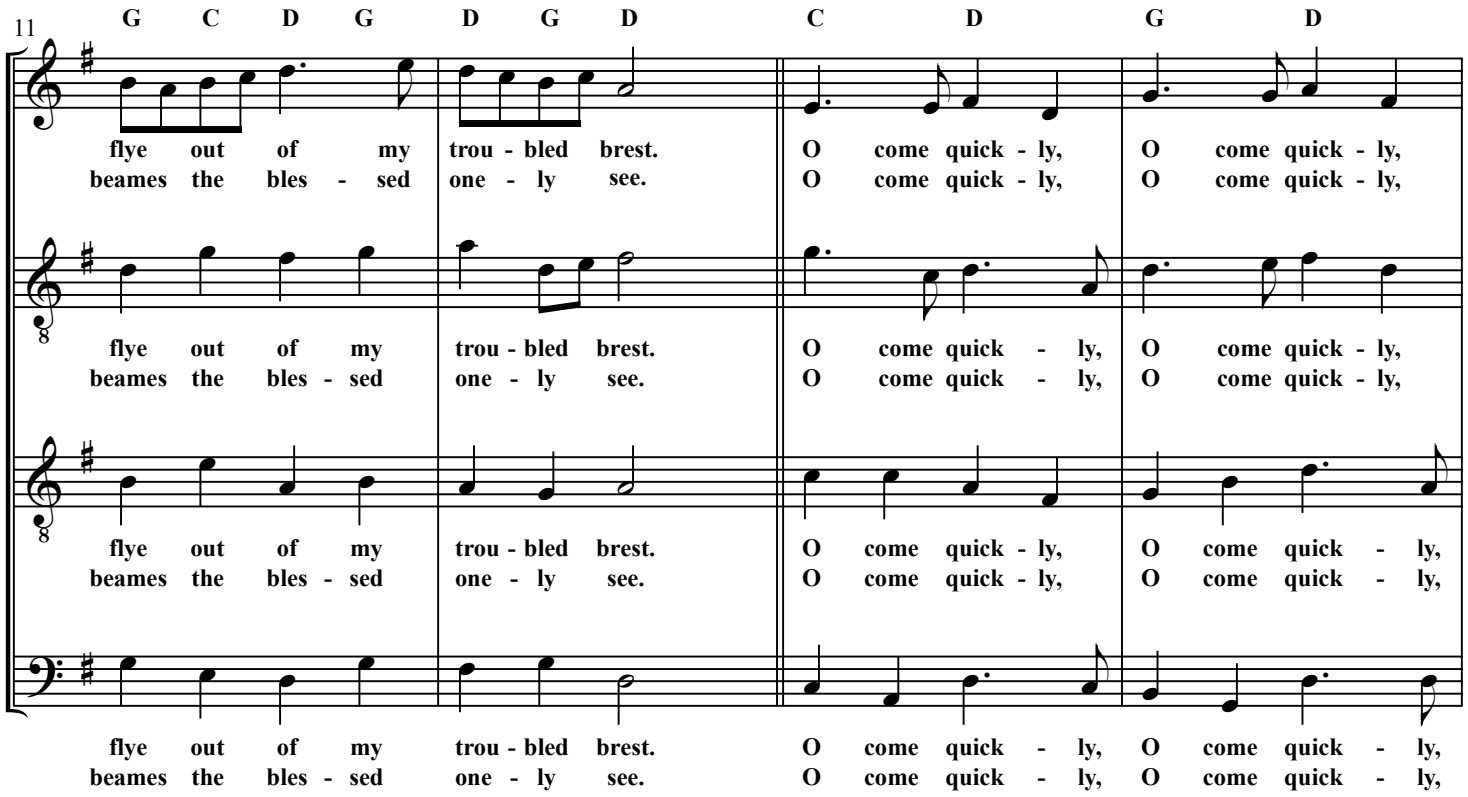
Now here I could reckon a hundred and more
Besides all the Gamesters recited before
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But as young as I was I understood trap.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Until I be marryed, say men what they will.

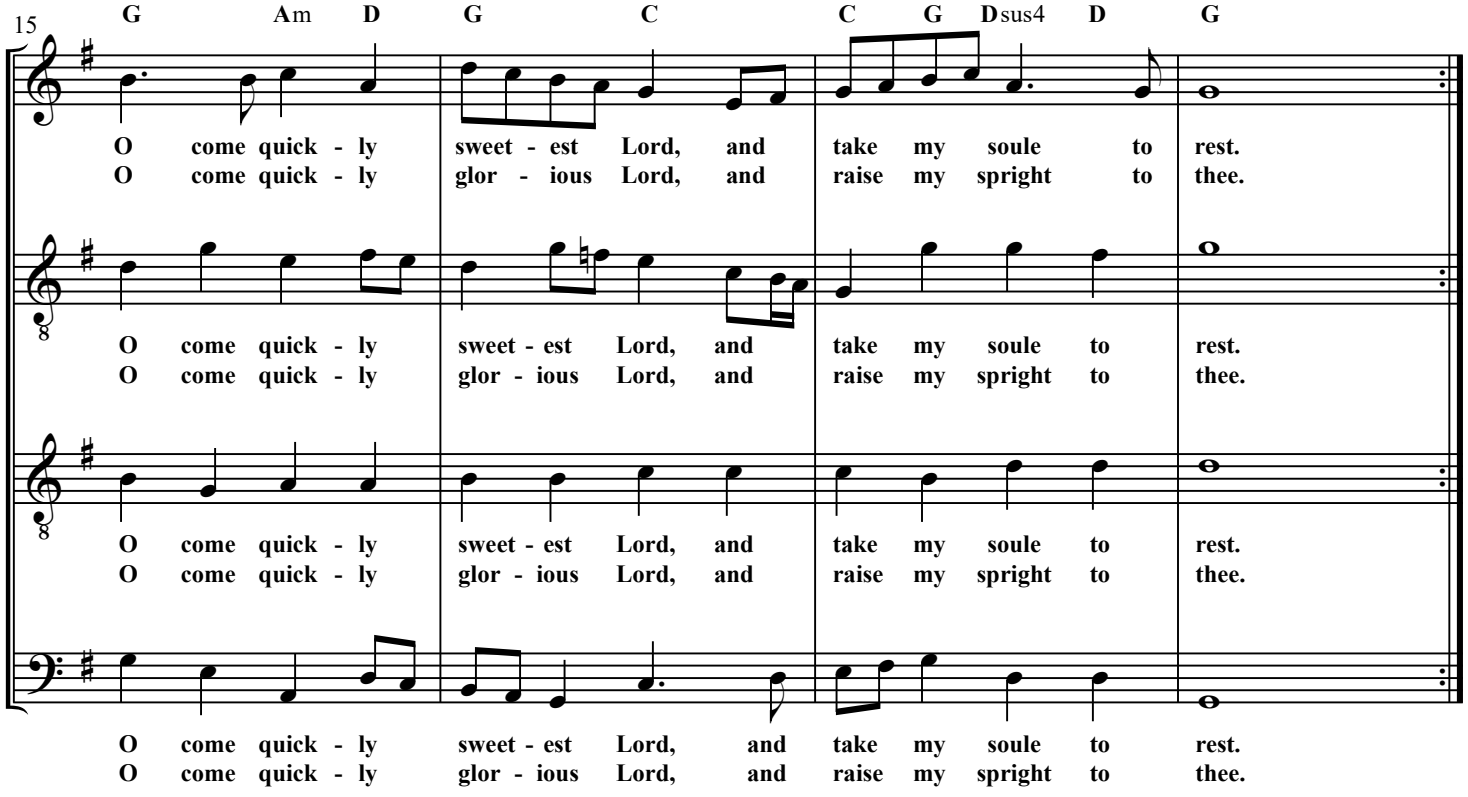
Never weather-beaten Saile

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
***the First Booke of Ayre*s**, 1613





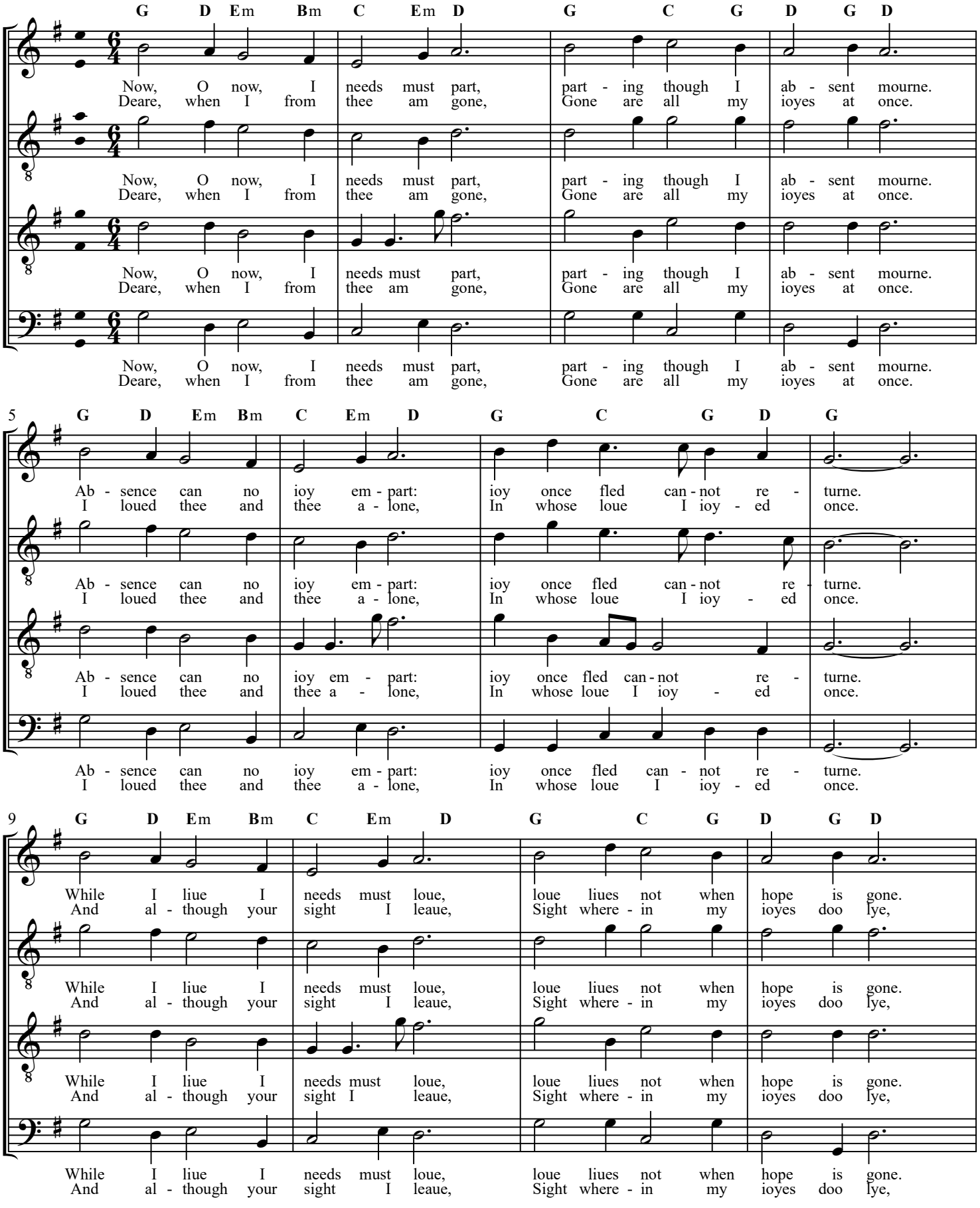

11
G C D G D G D C D G D
flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

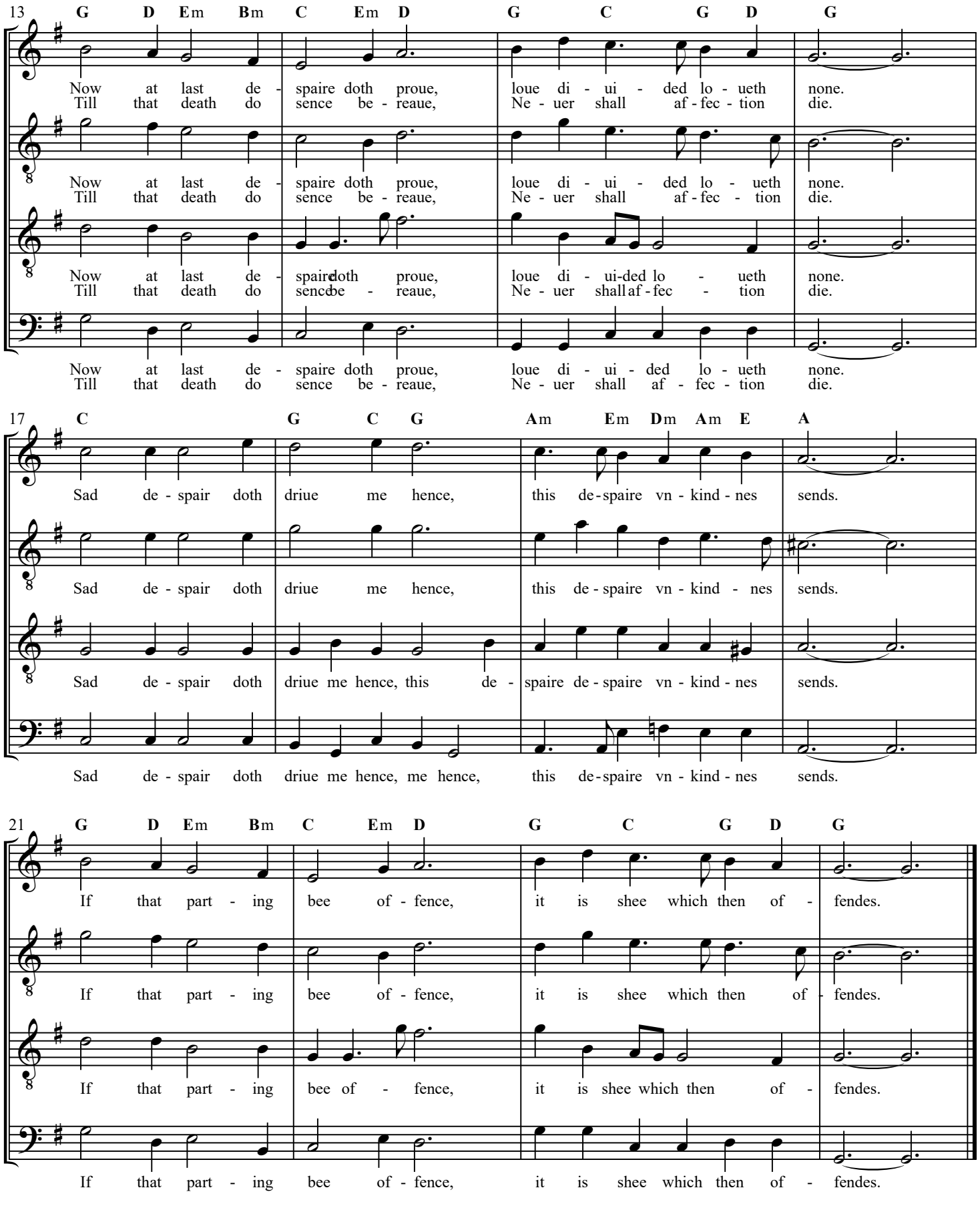

15
G Am D G C C G Dsus4 D G
O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.
O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.
O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.
O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Now, O now, I needs must part

John Dowland (1563-1626)

verses 1-2

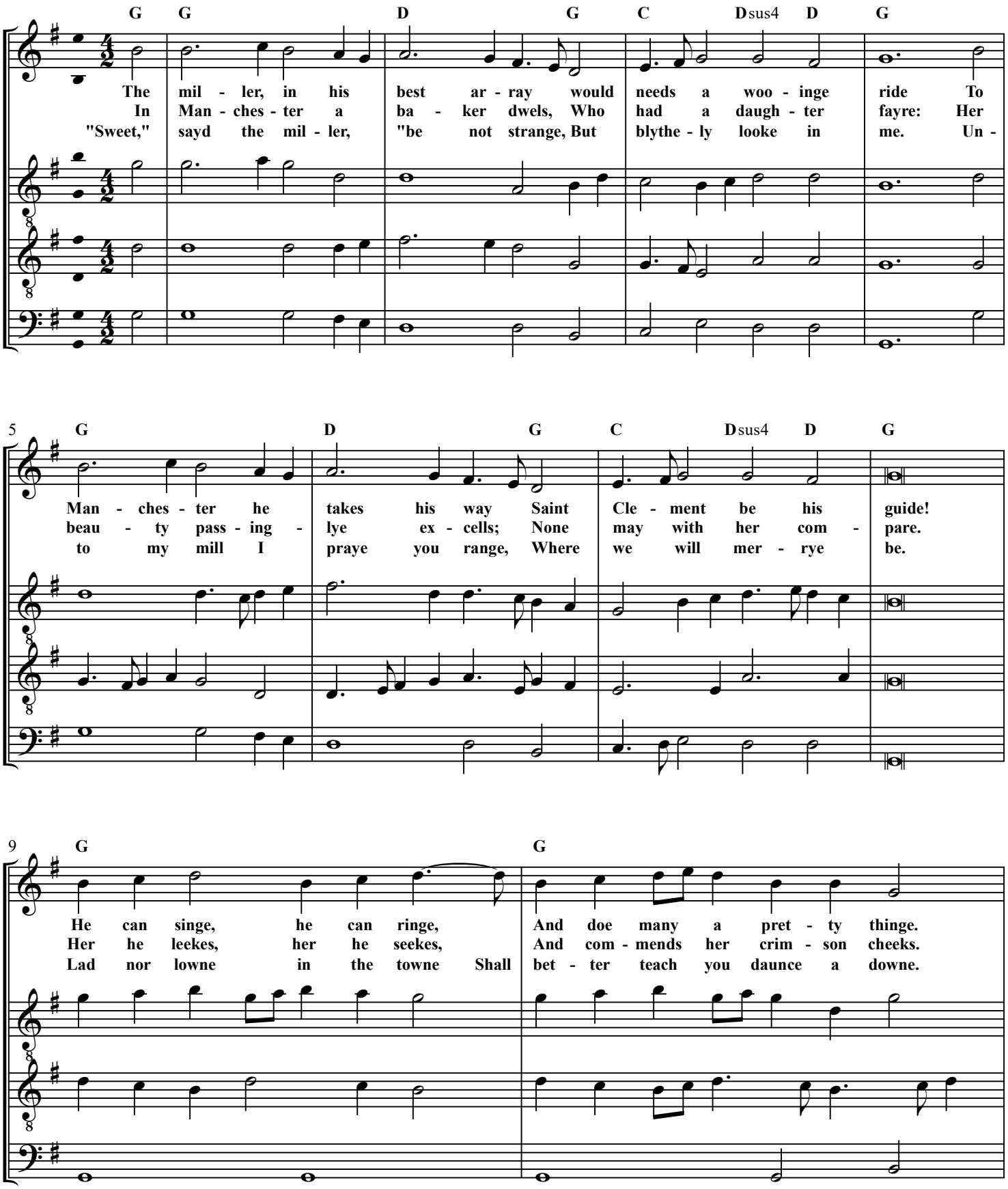


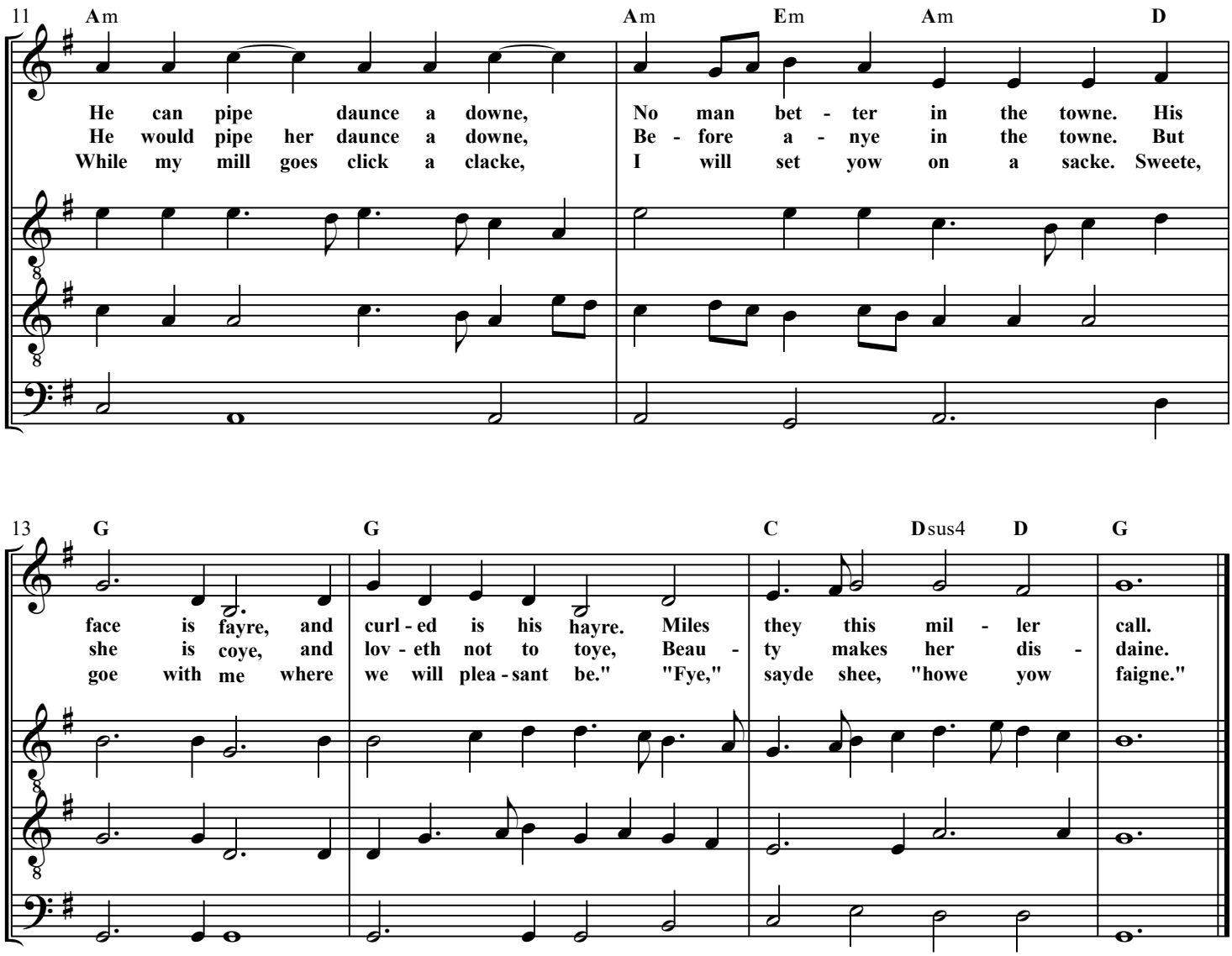

13 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G
Now at last de - spaire doth proue, loue di - ui - ded lo - ueth none.
Till that death do sence be - reaue, Ne - uer shall af - fec - tion die.
17 C G C G Am Em Dm Am E A
Sad de - spair doth driue me hence, this de - spaire vn - kind - nes sends.
Sad de - spair doth driue me hence, this de - spaire de - spaire vn - kind - nes sends.
Sad de - spair doth driue me hence, me hence, this de - spaire vn - kind - nes sends.
21 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G
If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.

Nutmegs and Ginger

The mery miller's wooing of the Baker's daughter of Manchester.

lyrics: anon., 1581?
tune: Nutmegs and Ginger



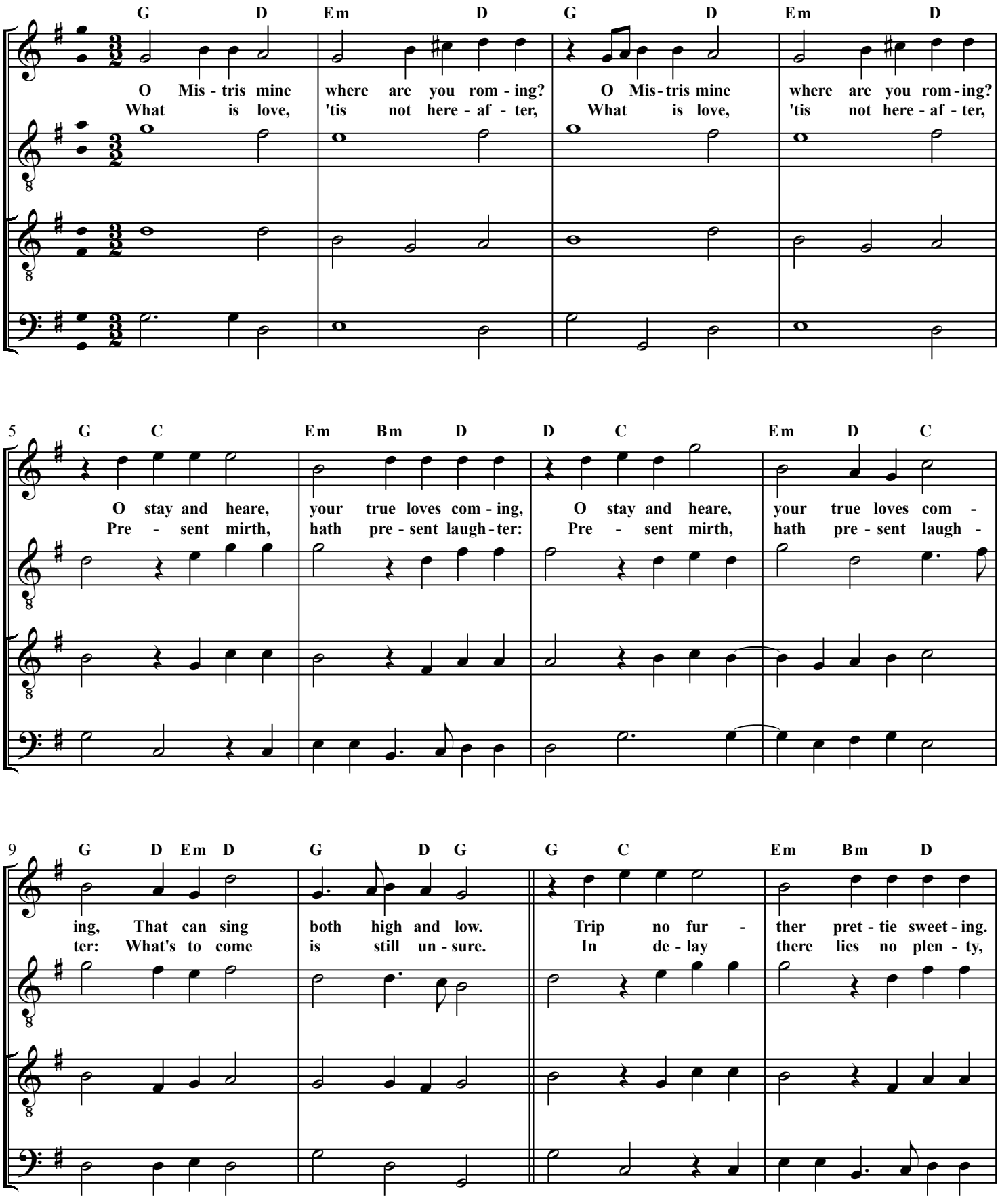


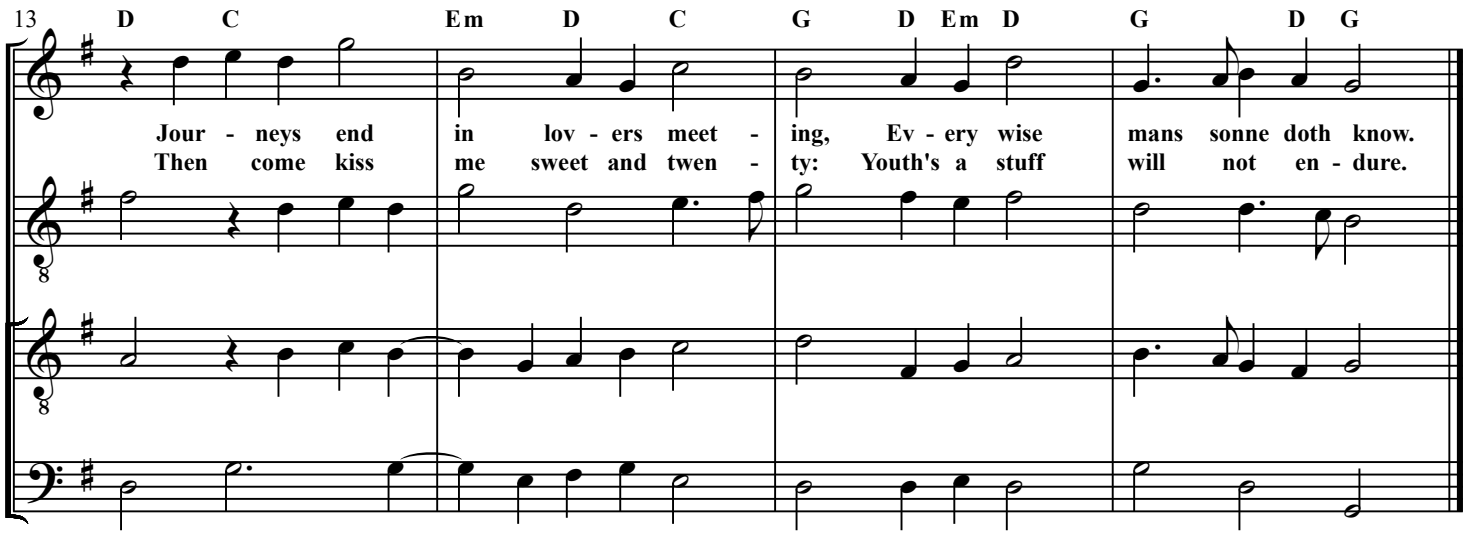
Now they are in the merry mill,
Where Miles the daunce doth play,
And woon the maiden's heart's good will:
She could not start awaye.
So he playd that the mayde
To her mother plainely sayde,
"I have learnd to daunce a downe,
The prettyest sport in all this towne.
The miller hee
did teach the same to me:
He shall my husbande be."

Thus are the miller and the mayde
A marryed couple now.
The matter nothing was delayd;
Their friends the same allow.
You that woo learne to doo
As the miller teacheth yow.
Neither gloves, nor tokens, bringe;
But daunce a downe teach mayds to sing.
Else favour none
unto yow will be showne,
Although yow dye for love.

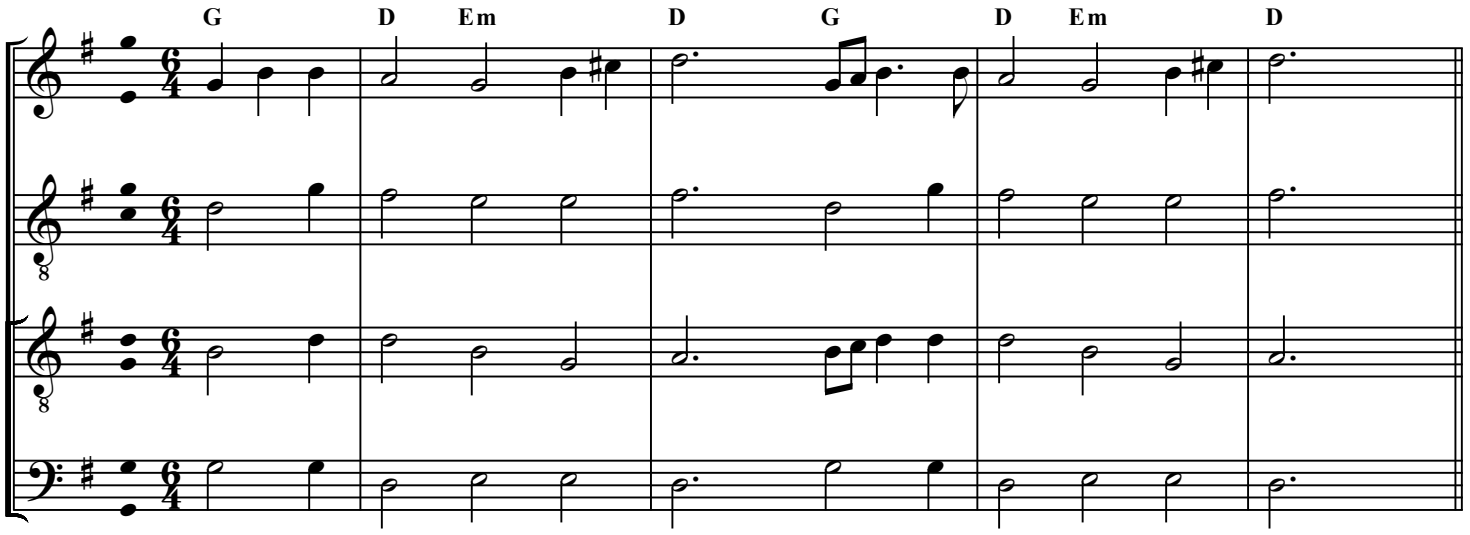
O Mistris mine

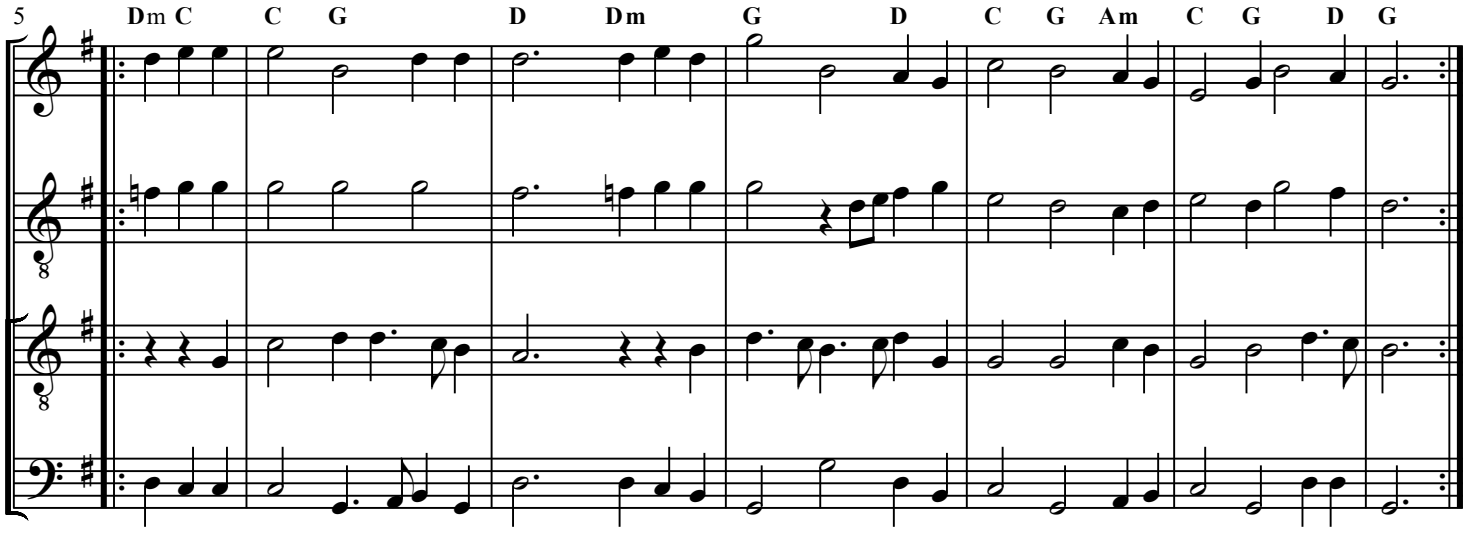
lyrics:
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
Twelfth Night, c.1601-2





Galliard version adapted from Thomas Morley's ***Consort Lessons***, 1599 & 1611

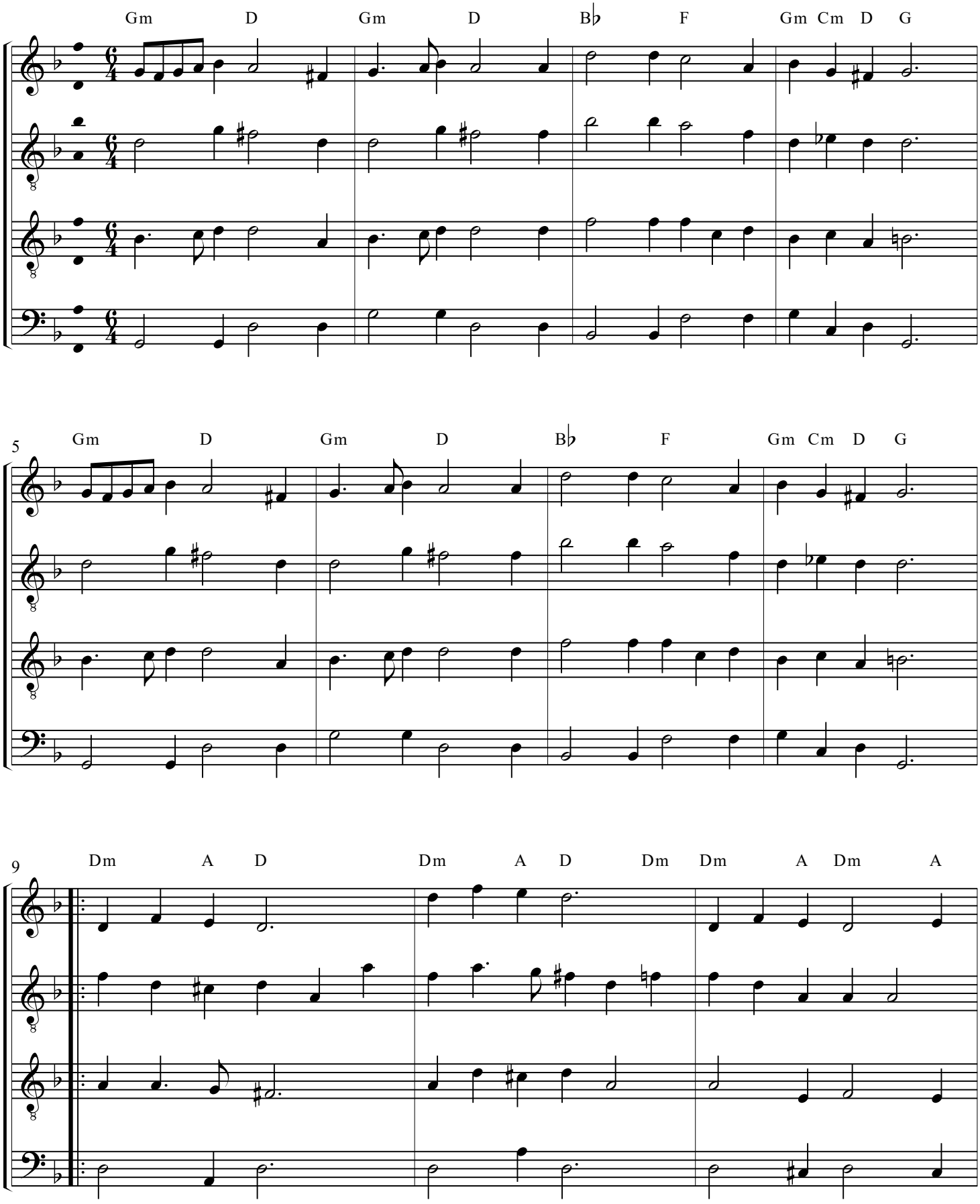


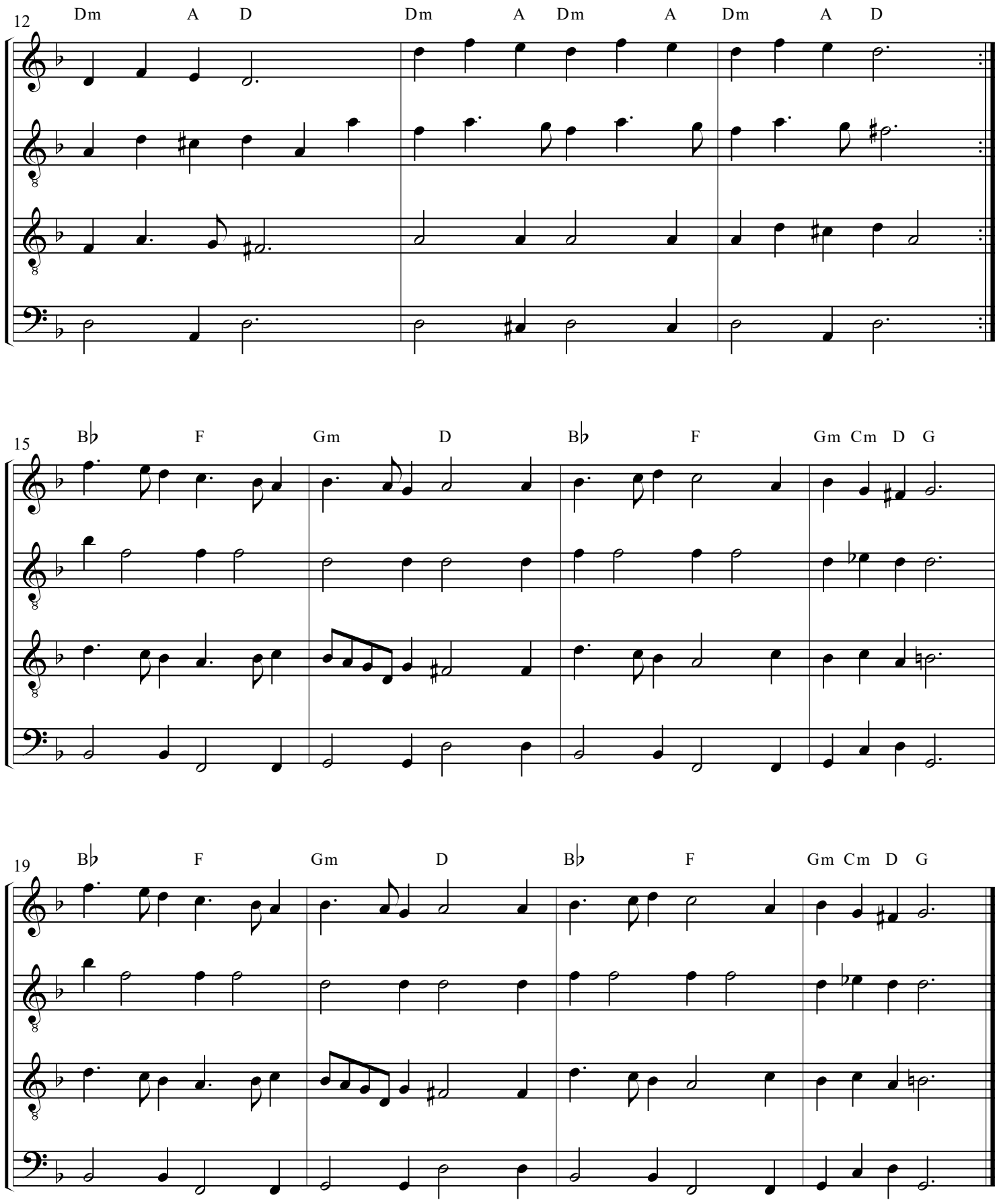


Courante

CXXIII (Packington's Pound)

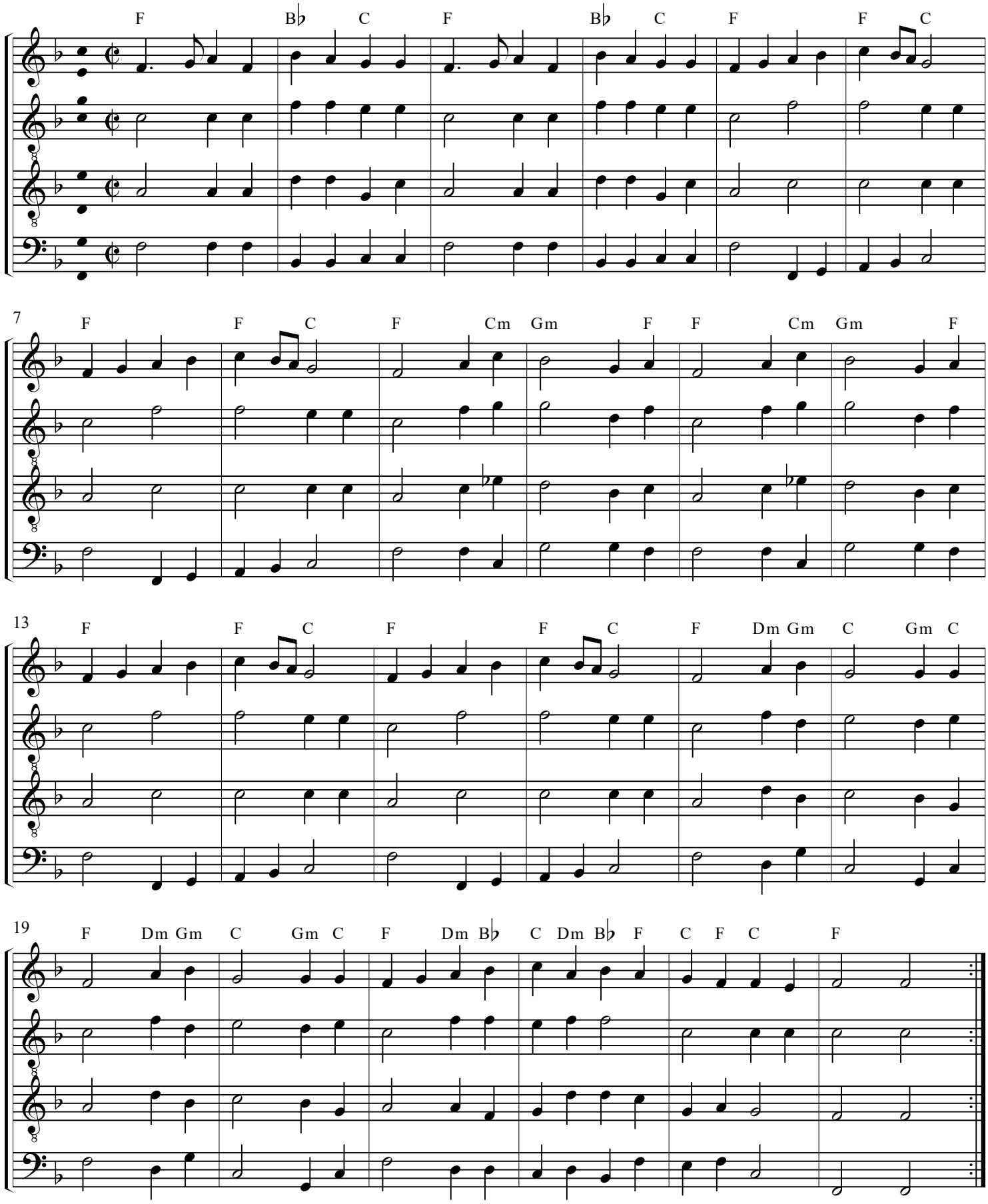
Michael Praetorius (c.1571-1621)
Terpsichore, 1612



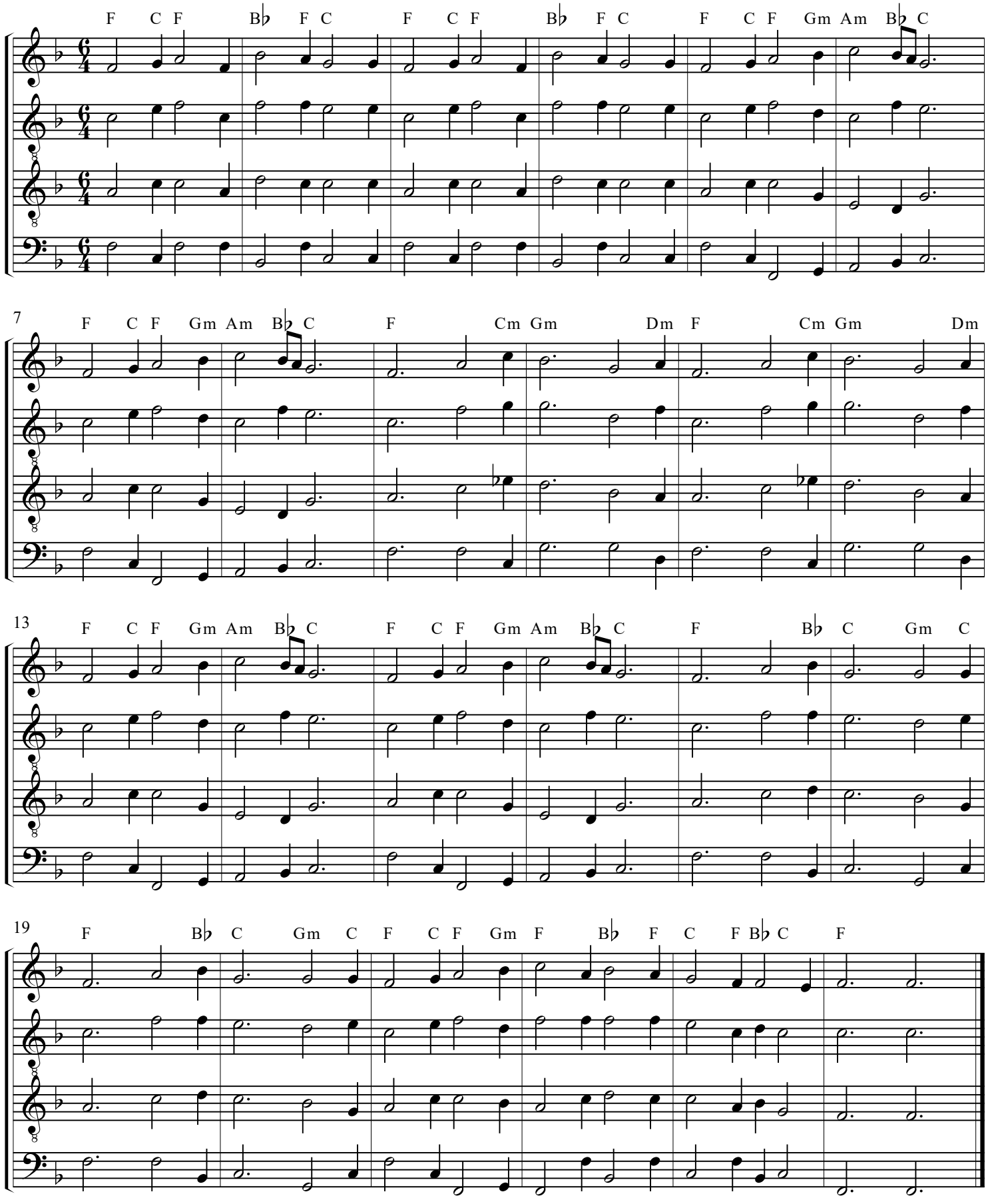

12
Dm A D Dm A Dm A Dm A D
15
B♭ F Gm D B♭ F Gm Cm D G
19
B♭ F Gm D B♭ F Gm Cm D G

La Parma

Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)
Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578



Saltarello

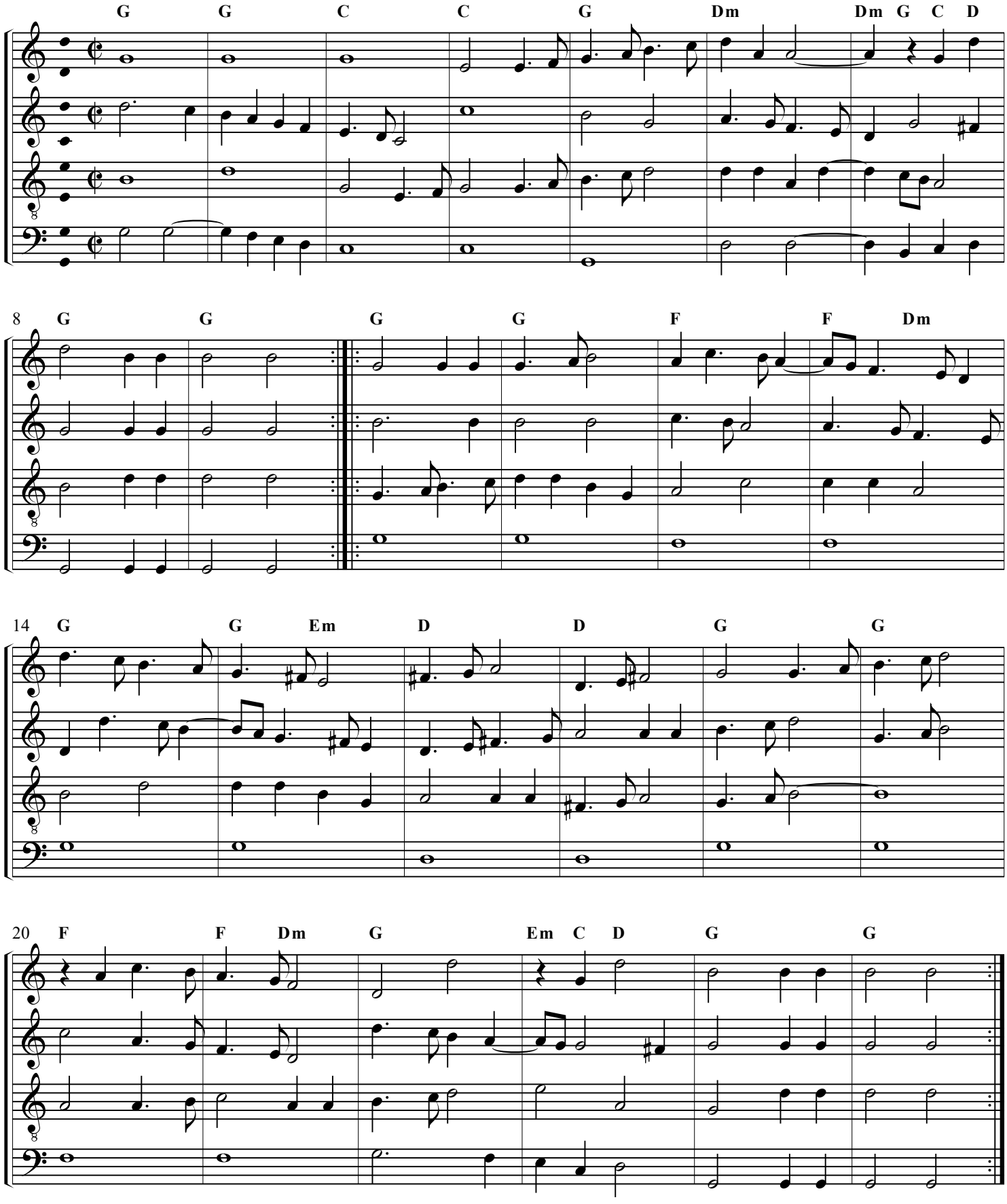

F C F B♭ F C F C F B♭ F C F C F Gm Am B♭ C
7
F C F Gm Am B♭ C F Cm Gm Dm F Cm Gm Dm
13
F C F Gm Am B♭ C F C F Gm Am B♭ C F B♭ C Gm C
19
F B♭ C Gm C F C F Gm F B♭ F C F B♭ C F

Sir Toby Belch: Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pavyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Twelfth Night, 5.1

Pavana Passamezzo

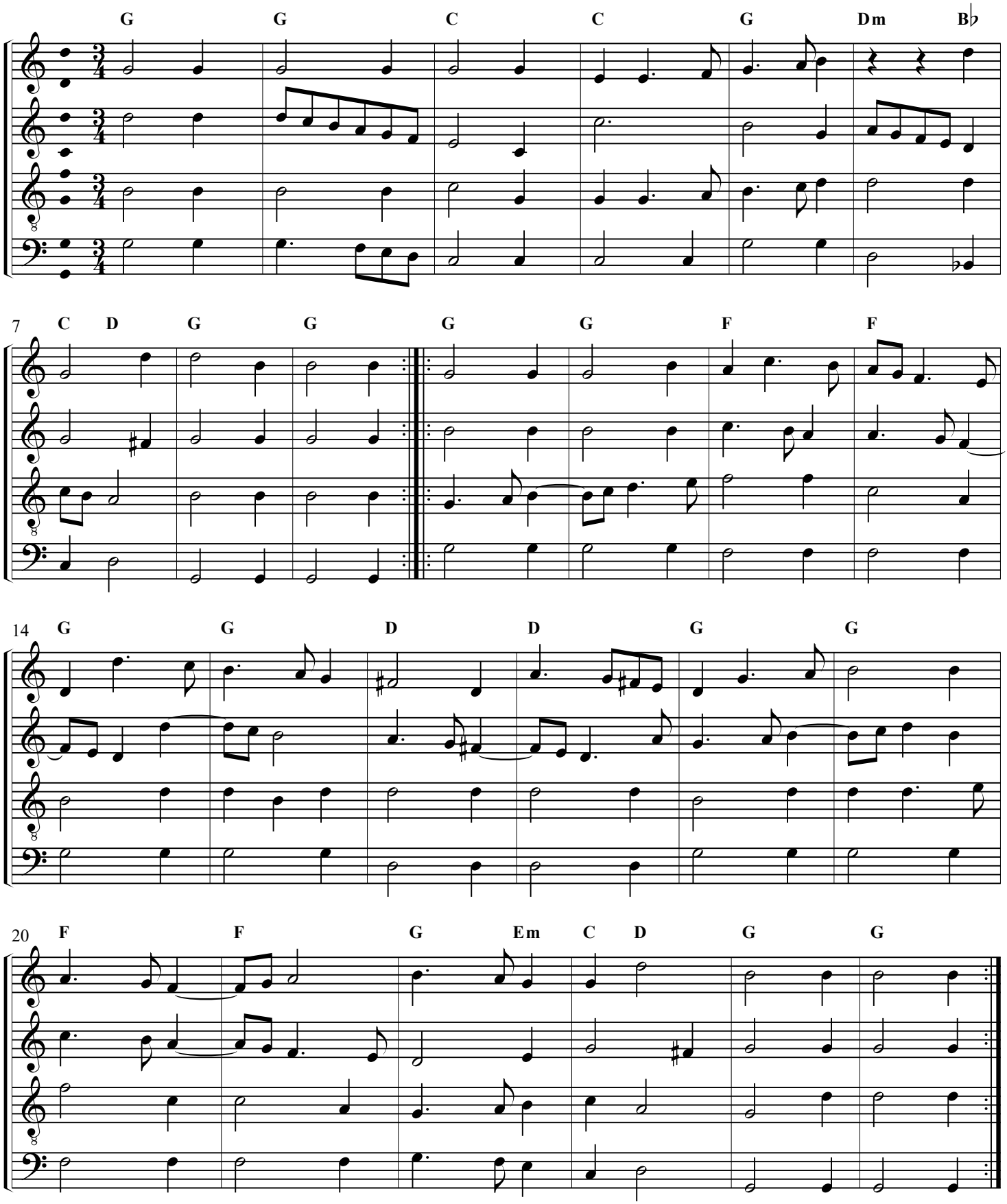
Paul and Bartholomeus Hessen, 1555



Adapted by Steve Hendricks

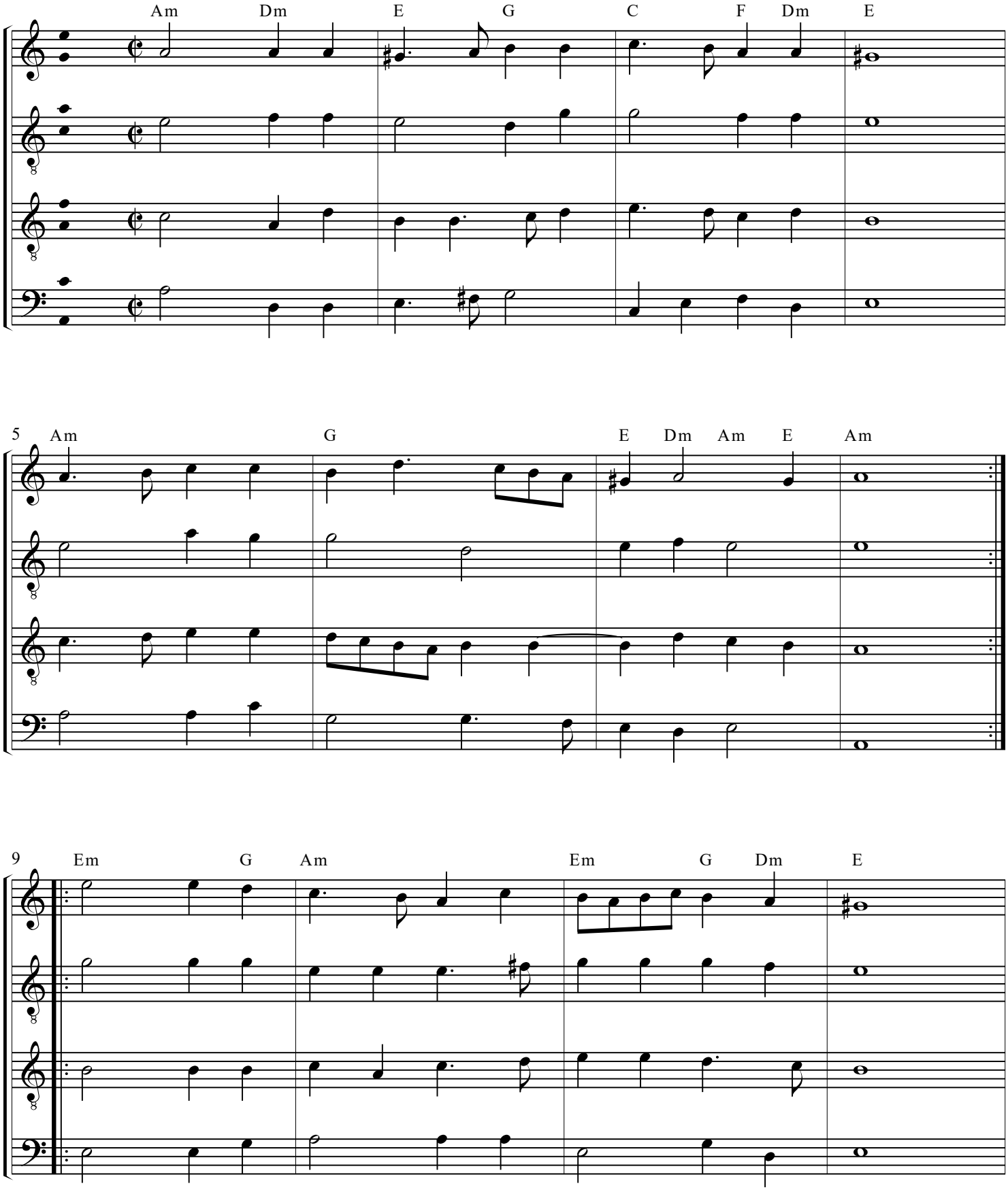
Gagliarda (Passamesso)

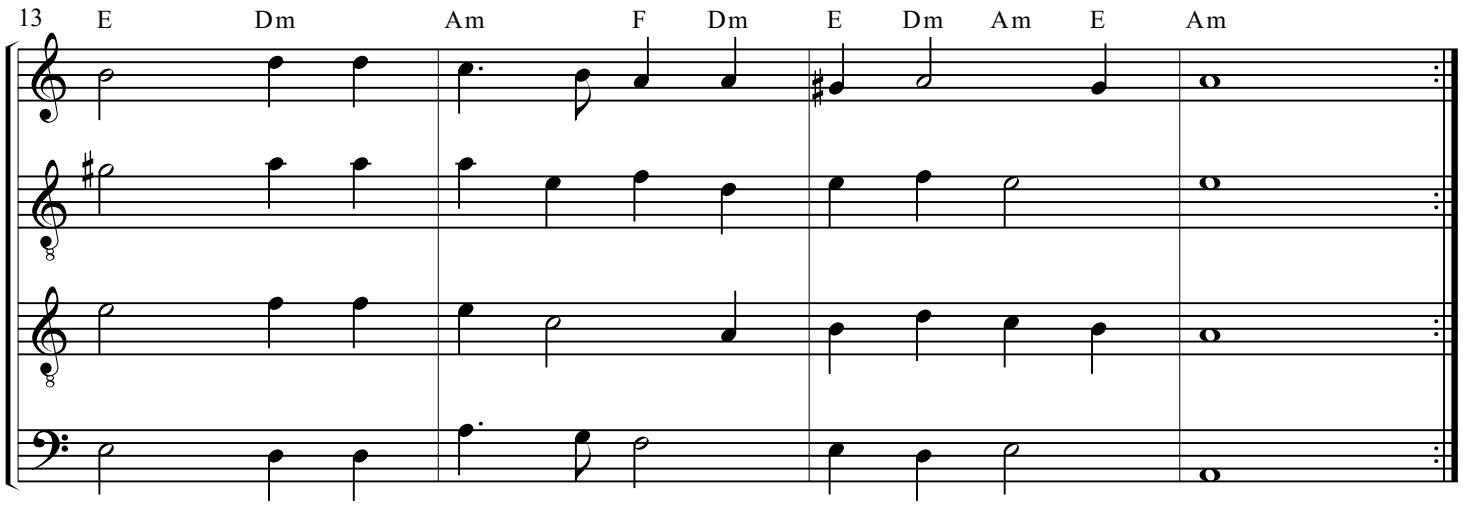
Paul and Bartholomeus Hessen, 1555

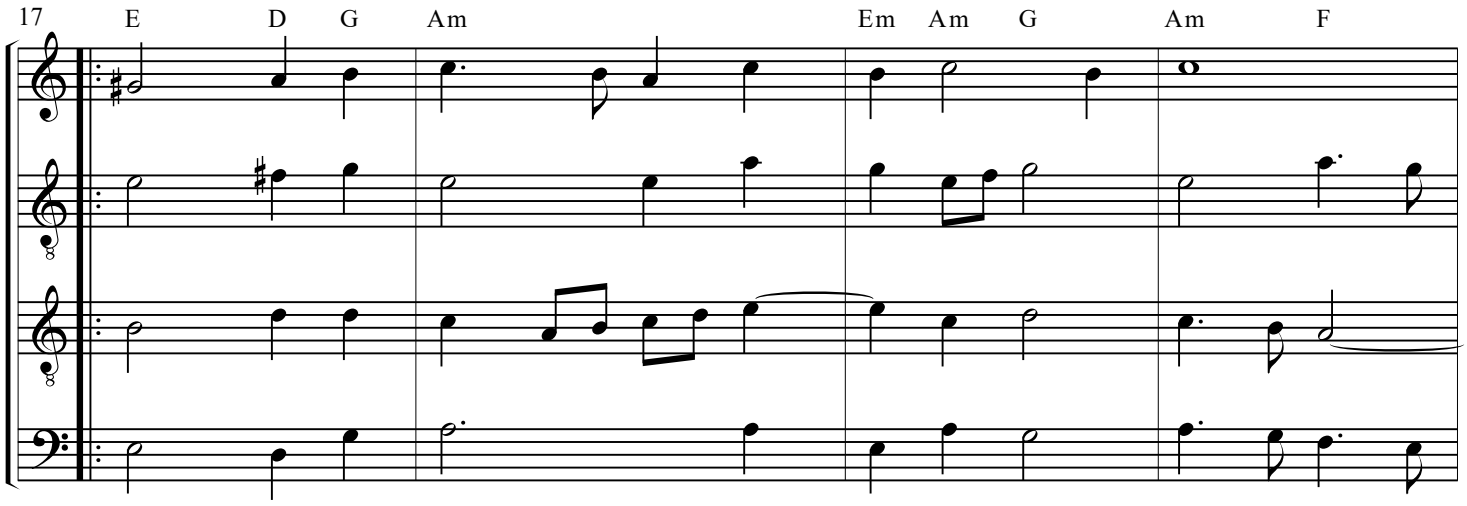


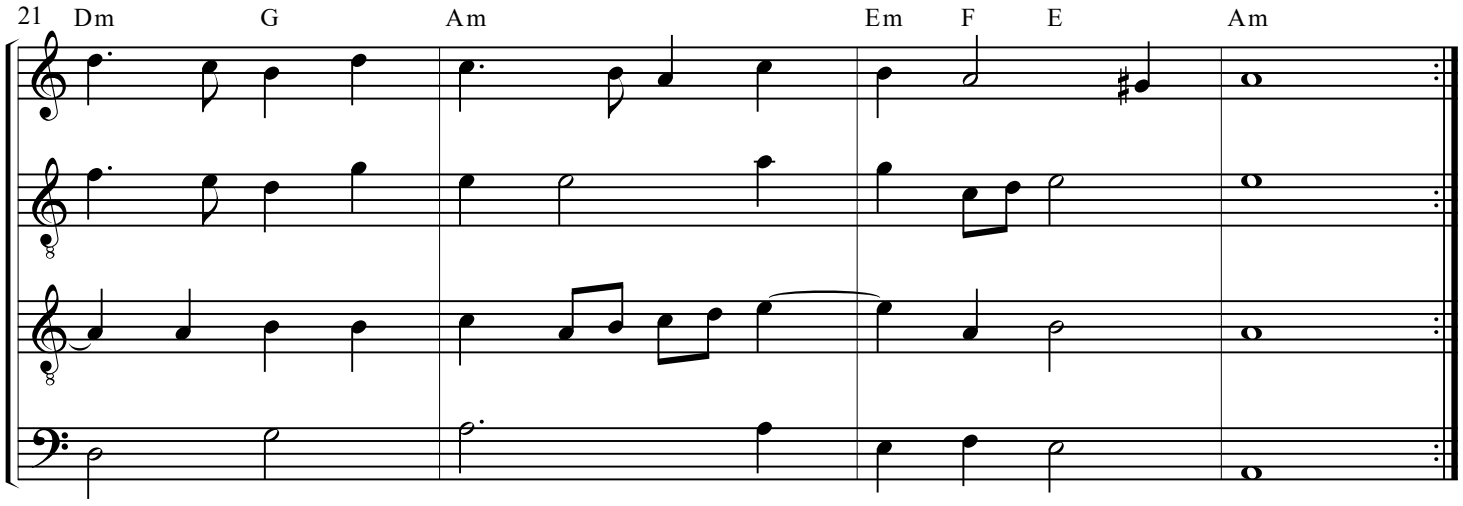
Pavana La Cornetta

Anon., c.1530



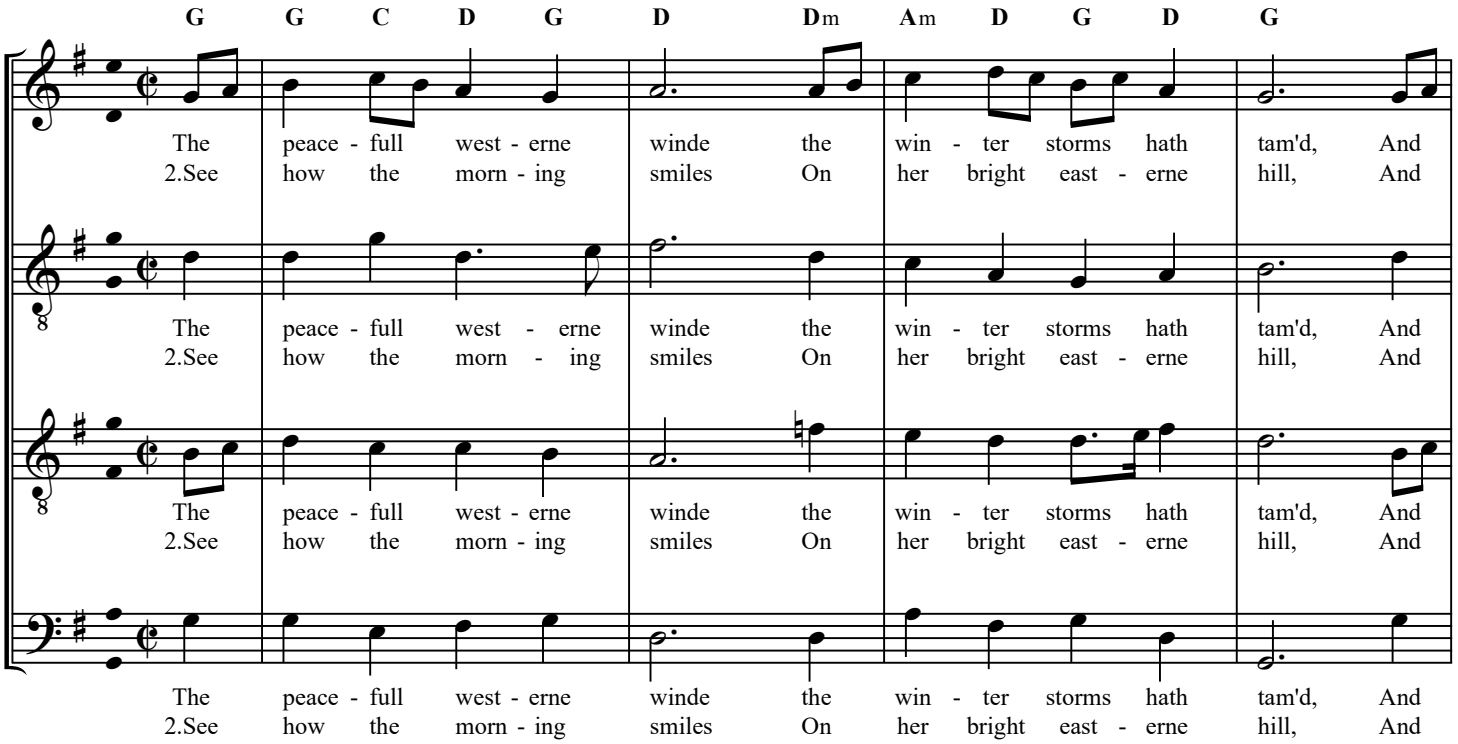

13
E
Dm
Am
F
Dm
E
Dm
Am
E
Am

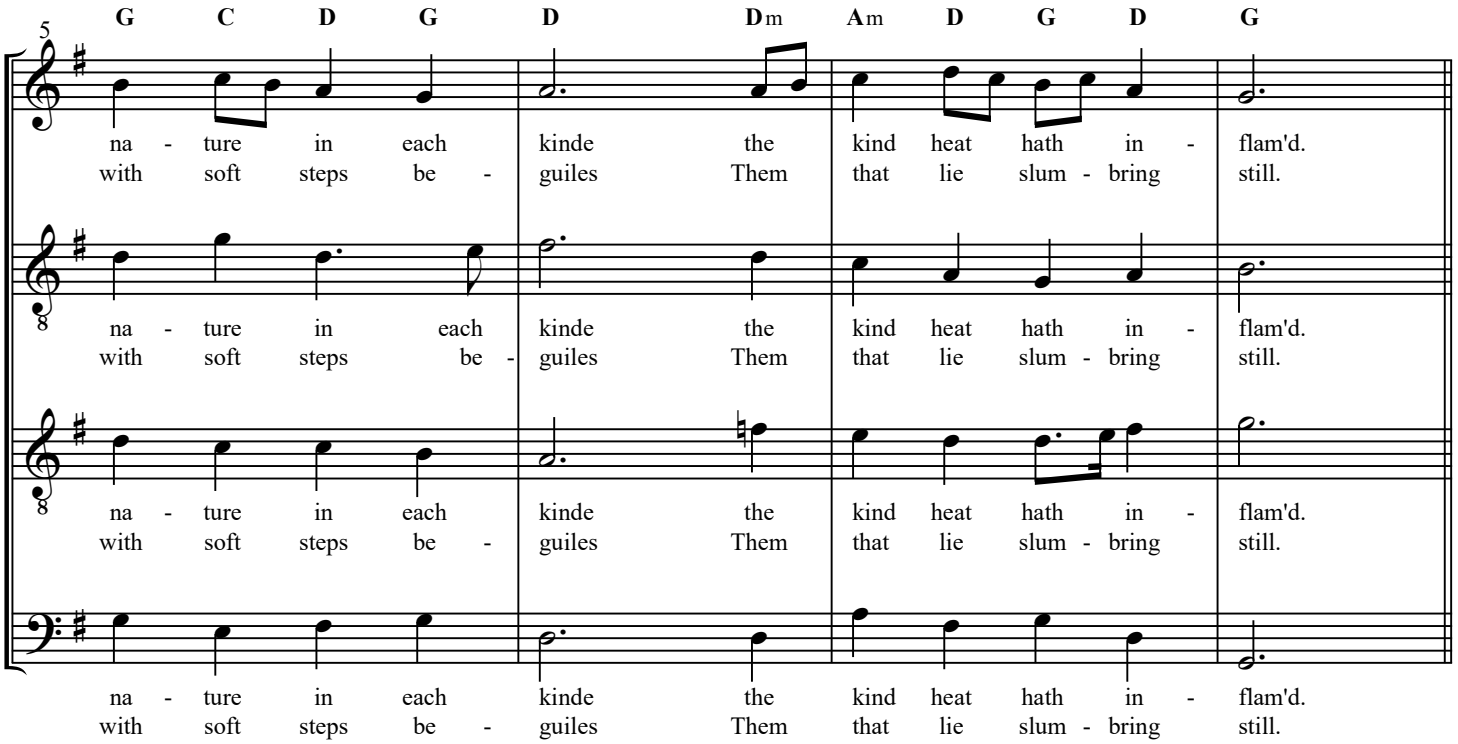

17
E
D
G
Am
Em
Am
G
Am
F

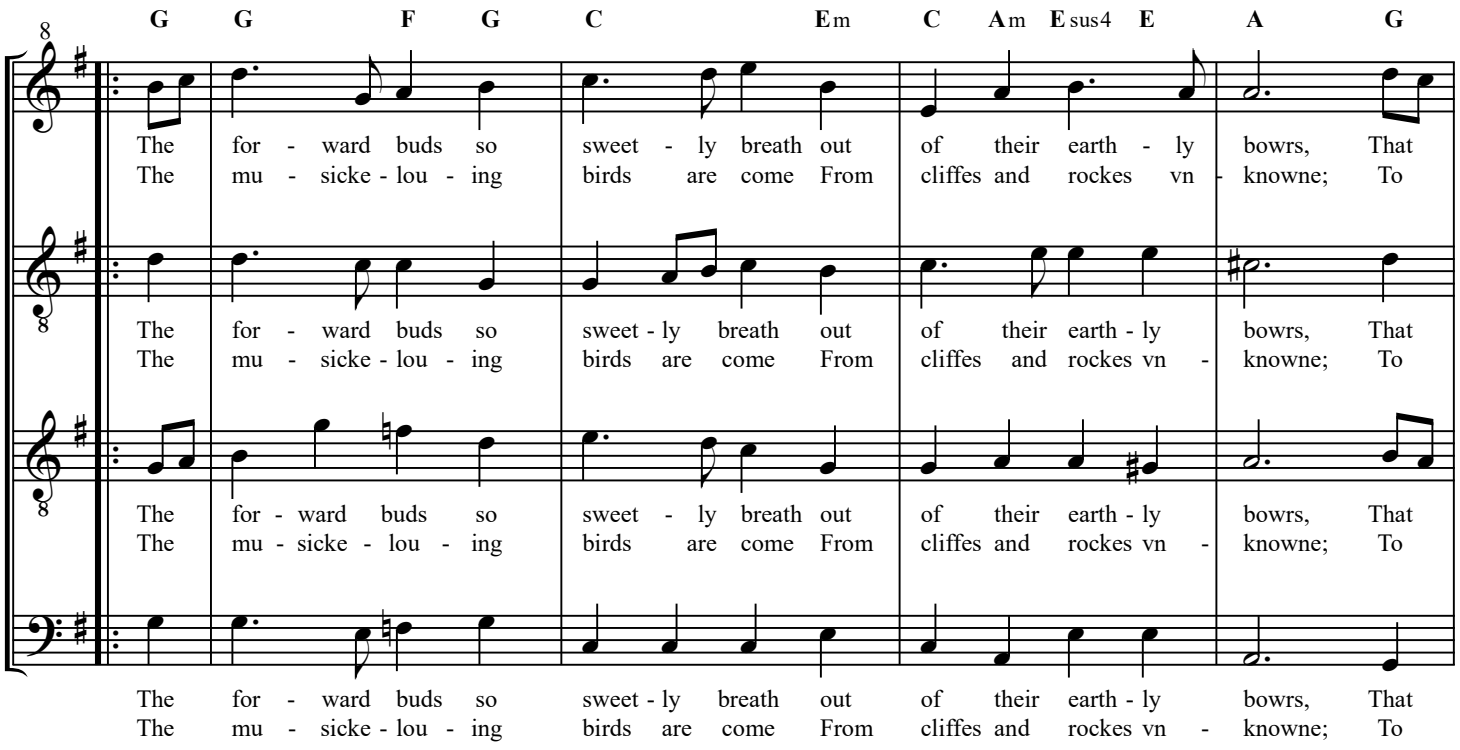

21
Dm
G
Am
Em
F
E
Am

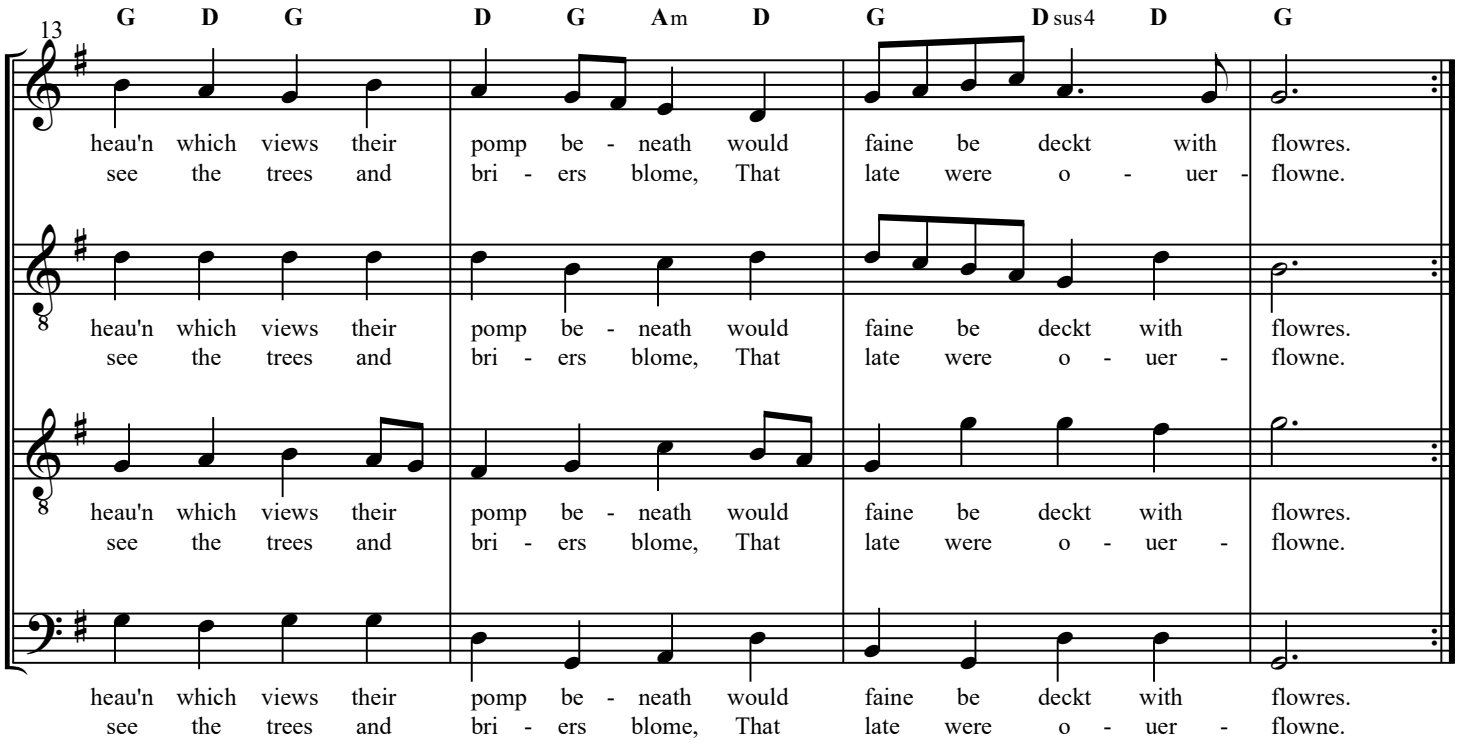
The peacefull westerne winde

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
the Second Booke of Ayres, c. 1613



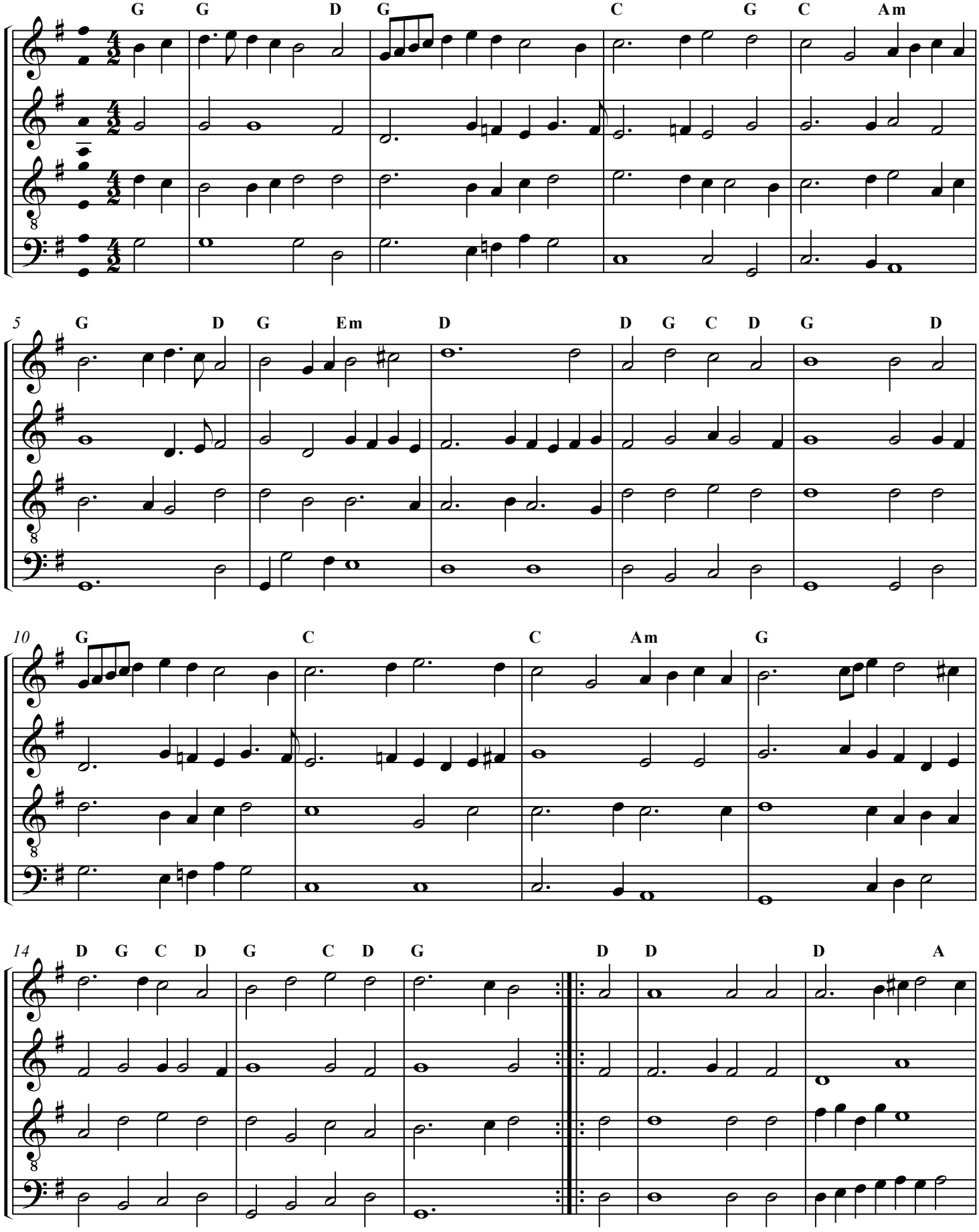


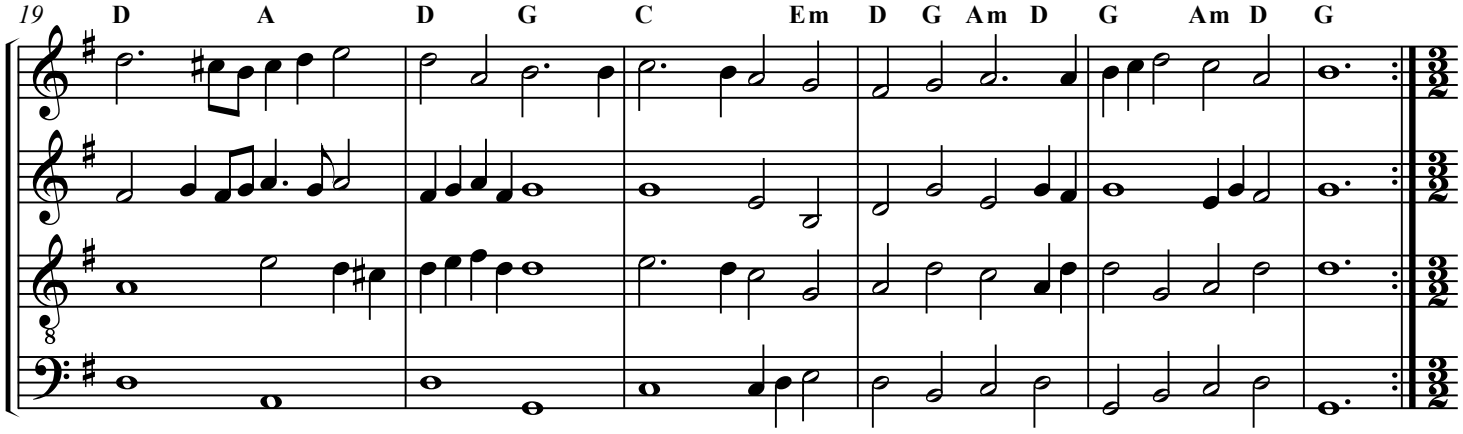

8
G G F G C Em C Am Esus4 E A G
The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowrs, That
The mu - sicke - lou - ing birds are come From cliffes and rockes vn - knowne; To
The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowrs, That
The mu - sicke - lou - ing birds are come From cliffes and rockes vn - knowne; To
The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowrs, That
The mu - sicke - lou - ing birds are come From cliffes and rockes vn - knowne; To
The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowrs, That
The mu - sicke - lou - ing birds are come From cliffes and rockes vn - knowne; To


13
G D G D G Am D G Dsus4 D G
heau'n which views their pomp be - neath would faine be deckt with flowres.
see the trees and bri - ers blome, That late were o - uer - flowne.
heau'n which views their pomp be - neath would faine be deckt with flowres.
see the trees and bri - ers blome, That late were o - uer - flowne.
heau'n which views their pomp be - neath would faine be deckt with flowres.
see the trees and bri - ers blome, That late were o - uer - flowne.
heau'n which views their pomp be - neath would faine be deckt with flowres.
see the trees and bri - ers blome, That late were o - uer - flowne.

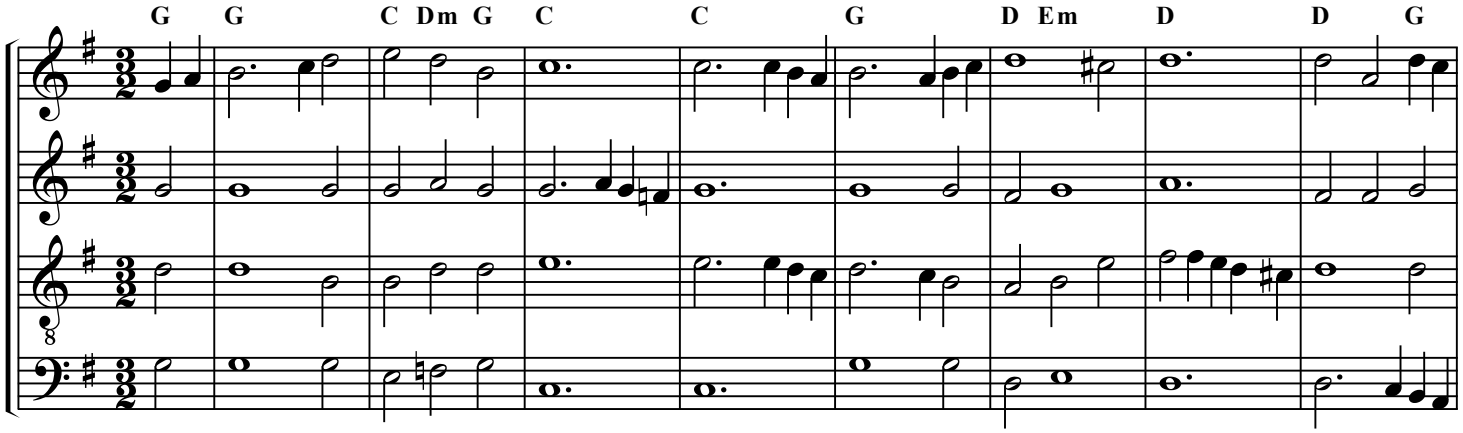
The Quadro Pavin

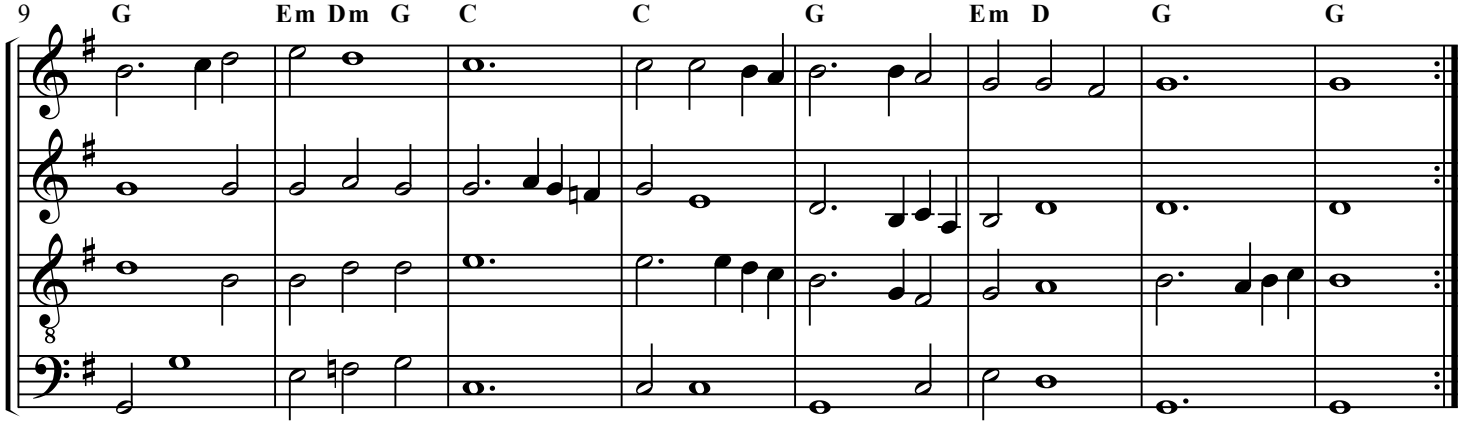
Richard Allison (fl.1592-1606)

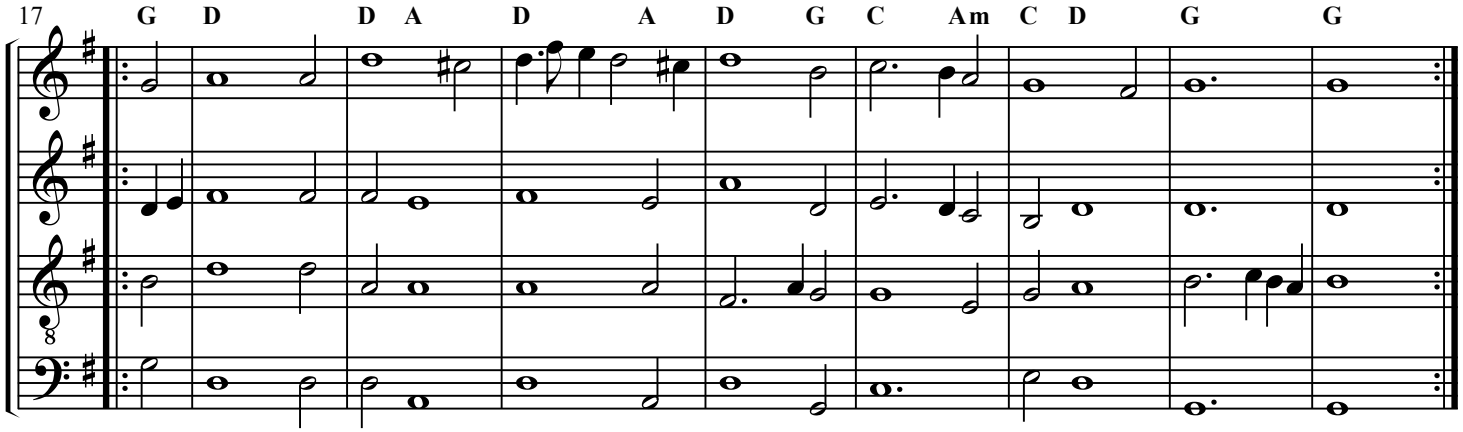




Galliard to the Quadro Pavin

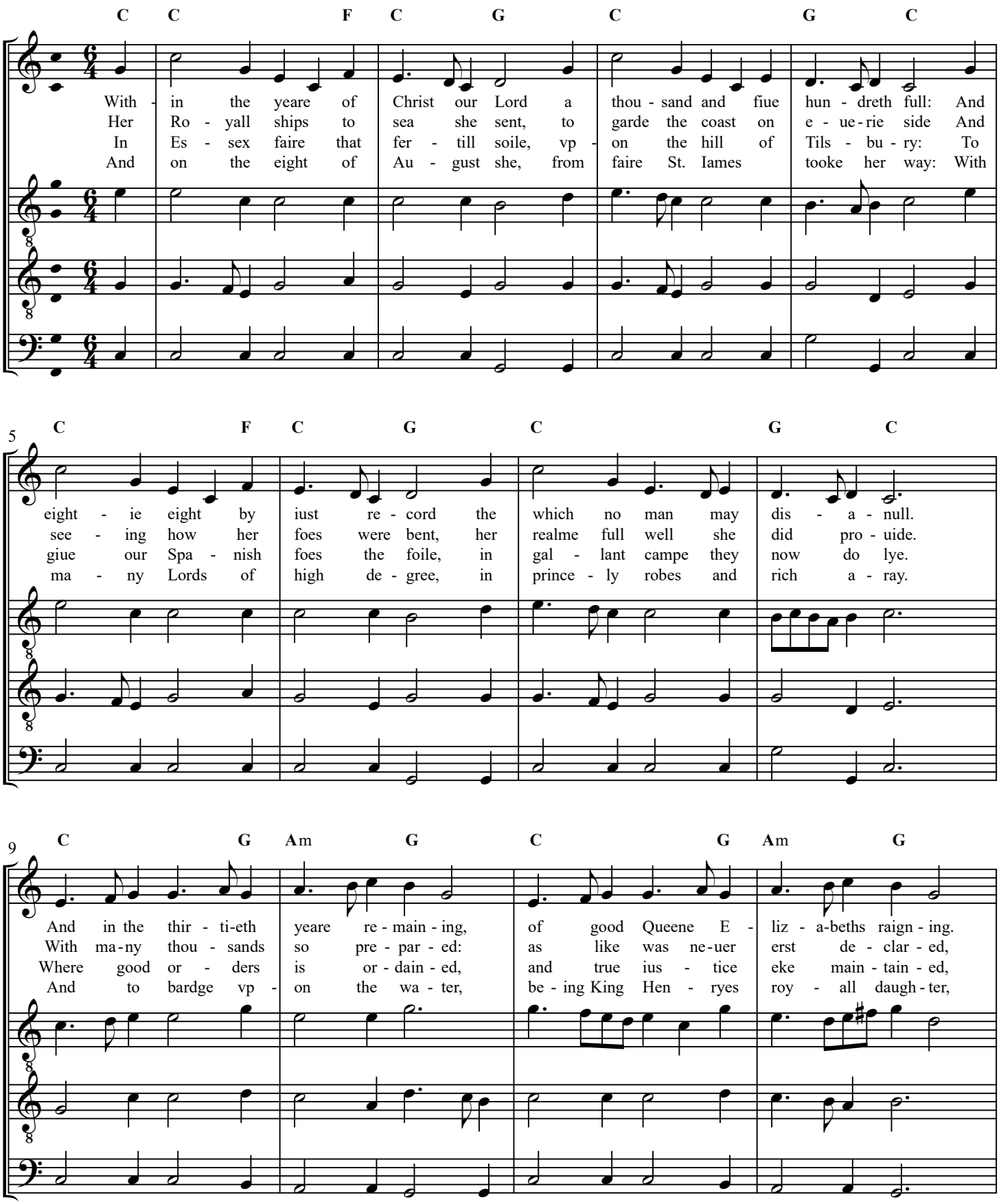




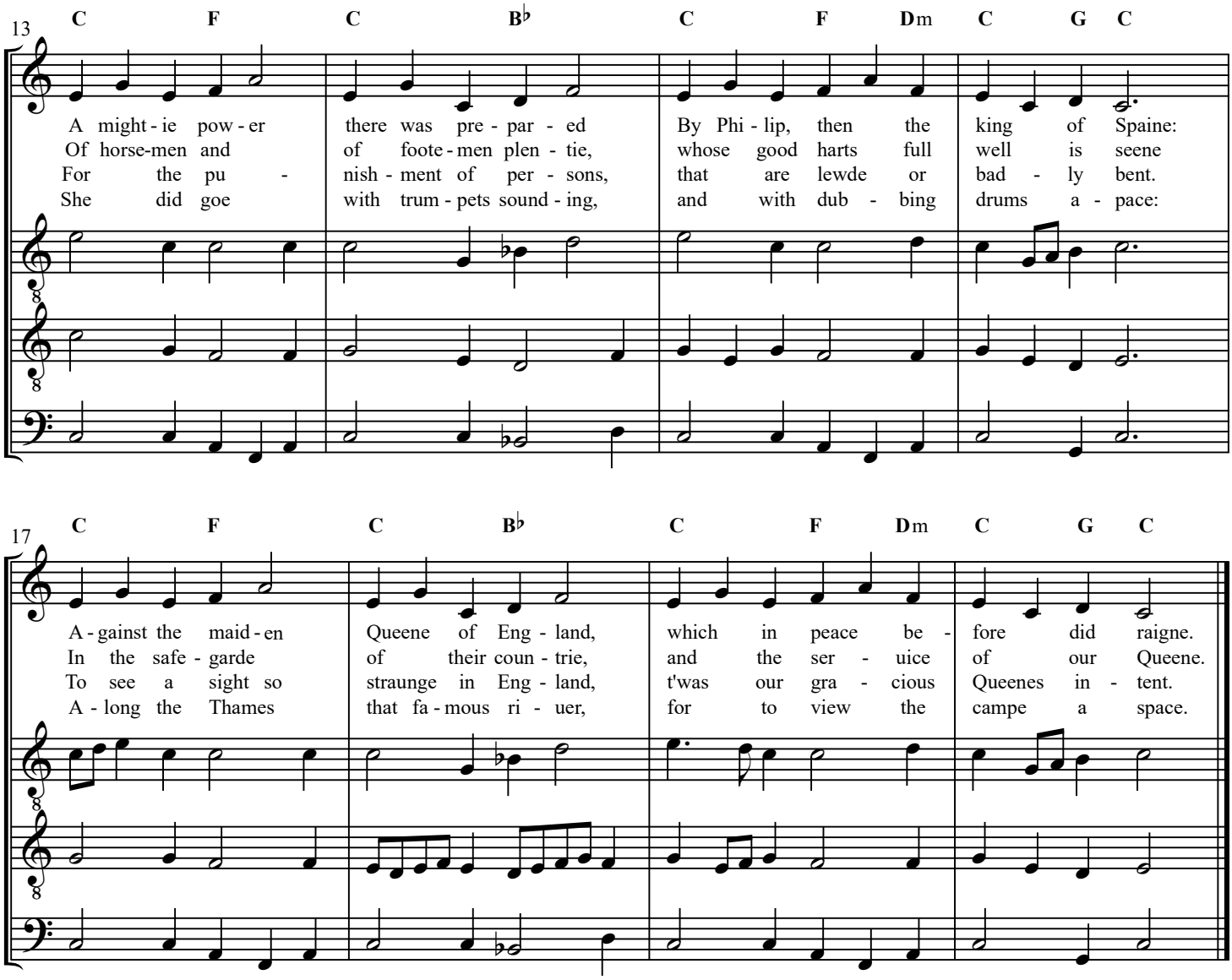


The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie

Thomas Deloney (1543-1600)



Adapted by Steve Hendricks



When she as farre as Grauesend came,
right ouer against that prettie towne:
Her royall grace with all her traine,
was landed there with great renowne.
The Lords and Captaines of her forces,
mounted on their gallant horses,
Readie stood to entertaine her,
like martiall men of courage bold:
Welcome to the campe dread soueraigne,
thus they said both yong and old.

The Bulworkes strong that stood thereby,
well garded with sufficient men:
Their flags were spred couragiously,
their cannons were discharged then.
Each Gunner did declare his cunning,
for ioy conceiued of her coming.
All the way her Grace was riding,
on each side stood armed men:
With Muskets, Pikes, and good Caleeuers,
for her Graces safegarde then.

The Lord generall of the field,
had there his bloudie auncient borne:
The Lord marshals coulors eke,
were carried there all rent and torne.
The which with bullets was so burned,
when in Flaunders he soiourned.
Thus in warlike wise they martched
euen as soft as foote could fall:
Because her Grace was fully minded,
perfectly to view them all.

Her faithfull souldiers great and small,
as each one stood within his place:
Vpon their knees began to fall,
desiring God to saue her Grace.
For ioy whereof her eyes was filled,
that the water downe distilled.
Lord blesse you all my friendes (she said)
but doe not kneele so much to me:
Then sent she warning to the rest,
they should not let such reuerence be.

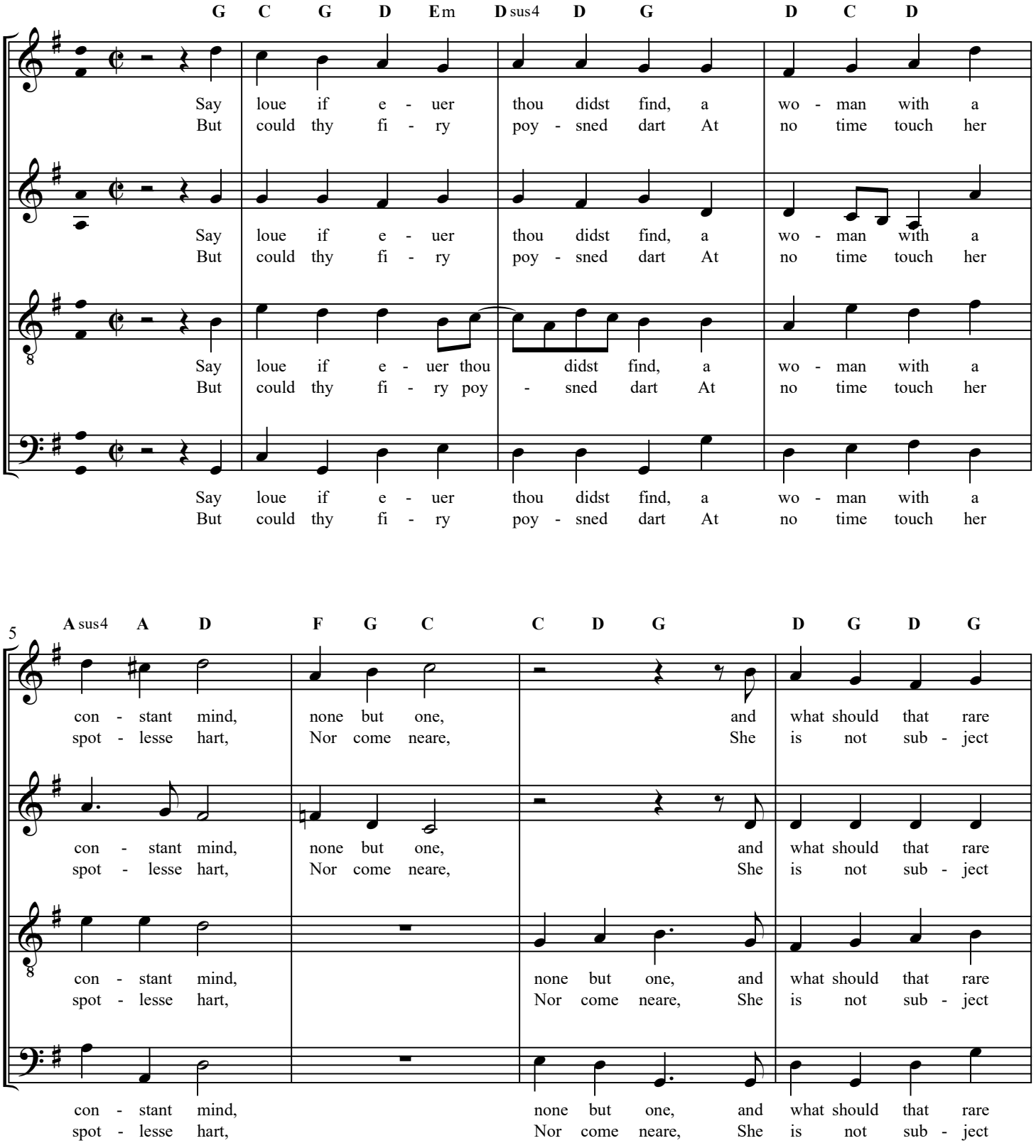
Then casting vp her Princely eyes,
vnto the hill with perfect sight:
The ground all couered, she espyes,
with feet of armed souldiers bright.
Whereat her royall hart so leaped,
on her feet vpright she stepped.
Tossing vp her plume of feathers,
to them all as they did stand:
Chearfully her body bending,
wauing of her royall hand.

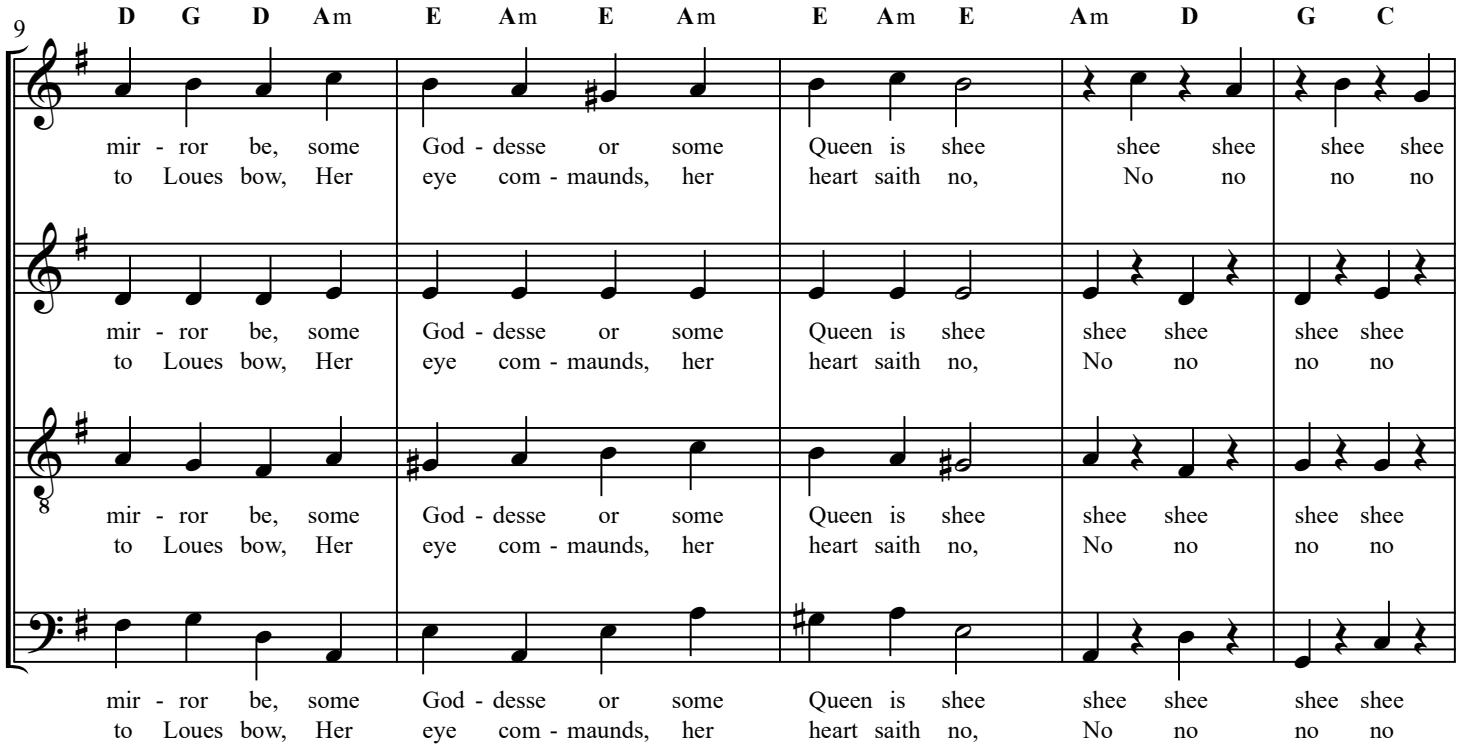
And then bespake our noble Queene,
my louing friends and countriemen:
I hope this day the worst is seen,
that in our wars ye shall sustain.
But if our enimies do assaile you,
neuer let your stomackes falle you.
For in the midst of all your troupe,
we our selues will be in place:
To be your ioy, your guide and comfort,
euen before your enimies face.

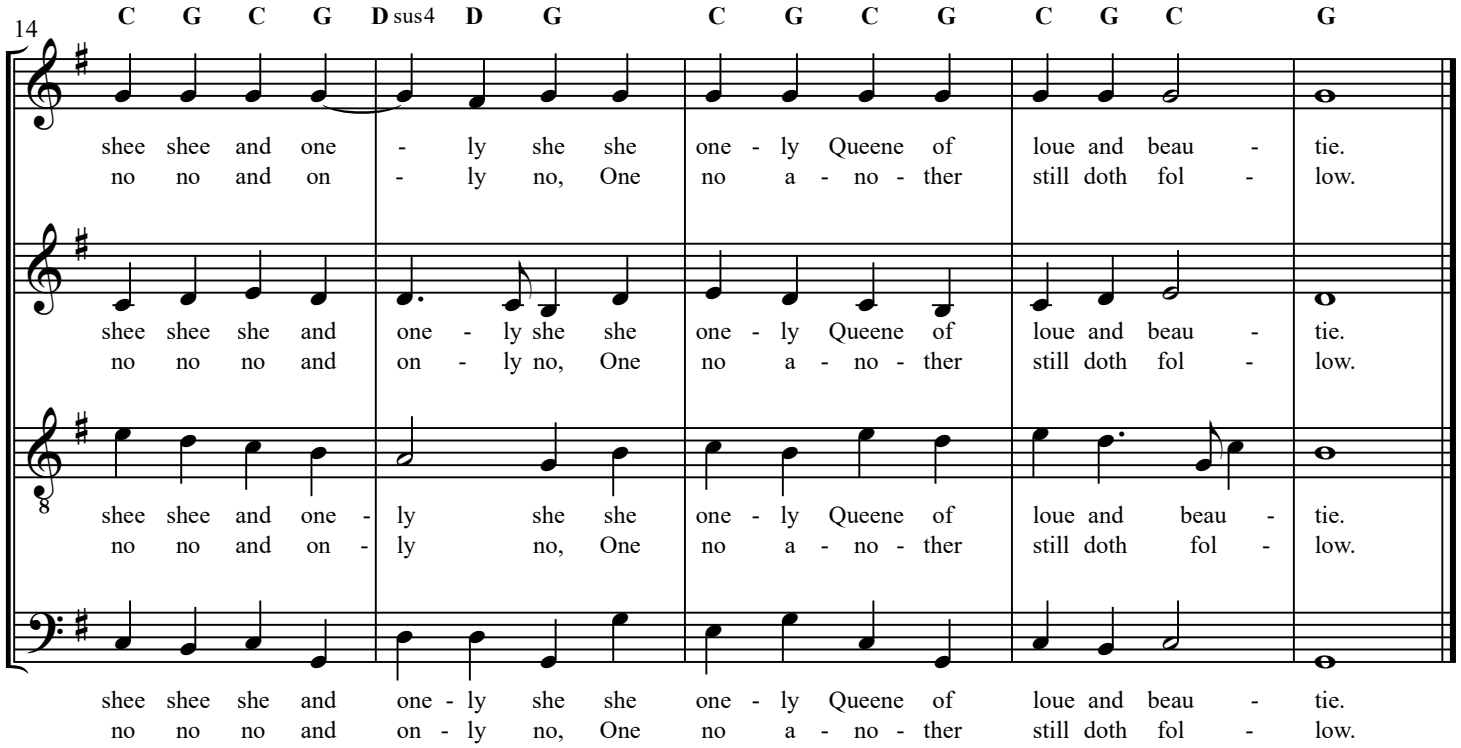
Say love if ever thou didst find

verses 1-2

John Dowland
(1563-1626)



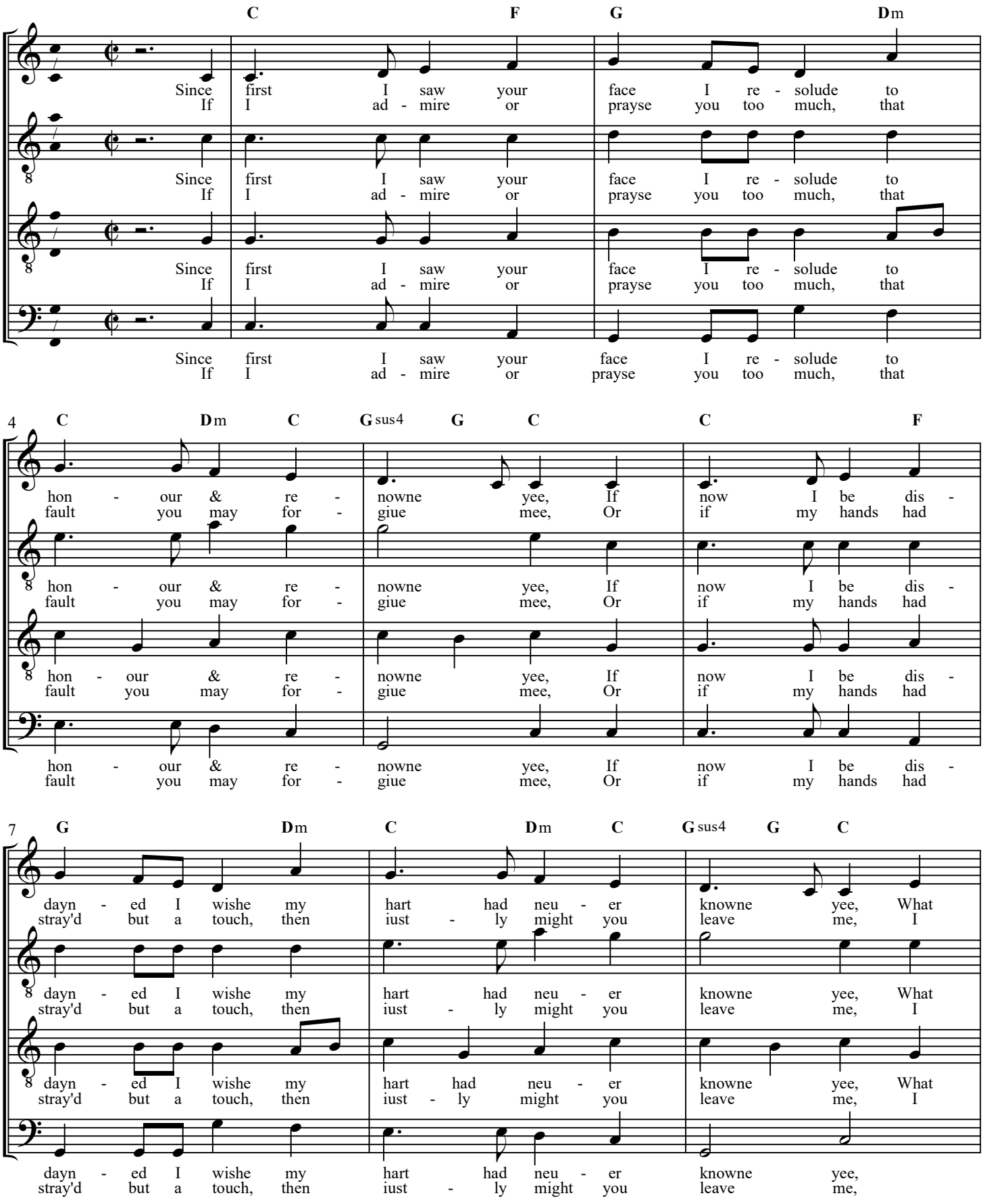

9
D G D Am E Am E Am E Am E Am D G C
mir - ror be, some God - desse or some Queen is shee shee shee shee
to Loues bow, Her eye com - maunds, her heart saith no, No no no no
mir - ror be, some God - desse or some Queen is shee shee shee shee shee
to Loues bow, Her eye com - maunds, her heart saith no, No no no no
mir - ror be, some God - desse or some Queen is shee shee shee shee shee
to Loues bow, Her eye com - maunds, her heart saith no, No no no no
mir - ror be, some God - desse or some Queen is shee shee shee shee shee
to Loues bow, Her eye com - maunds, her heart saith no, No no no no

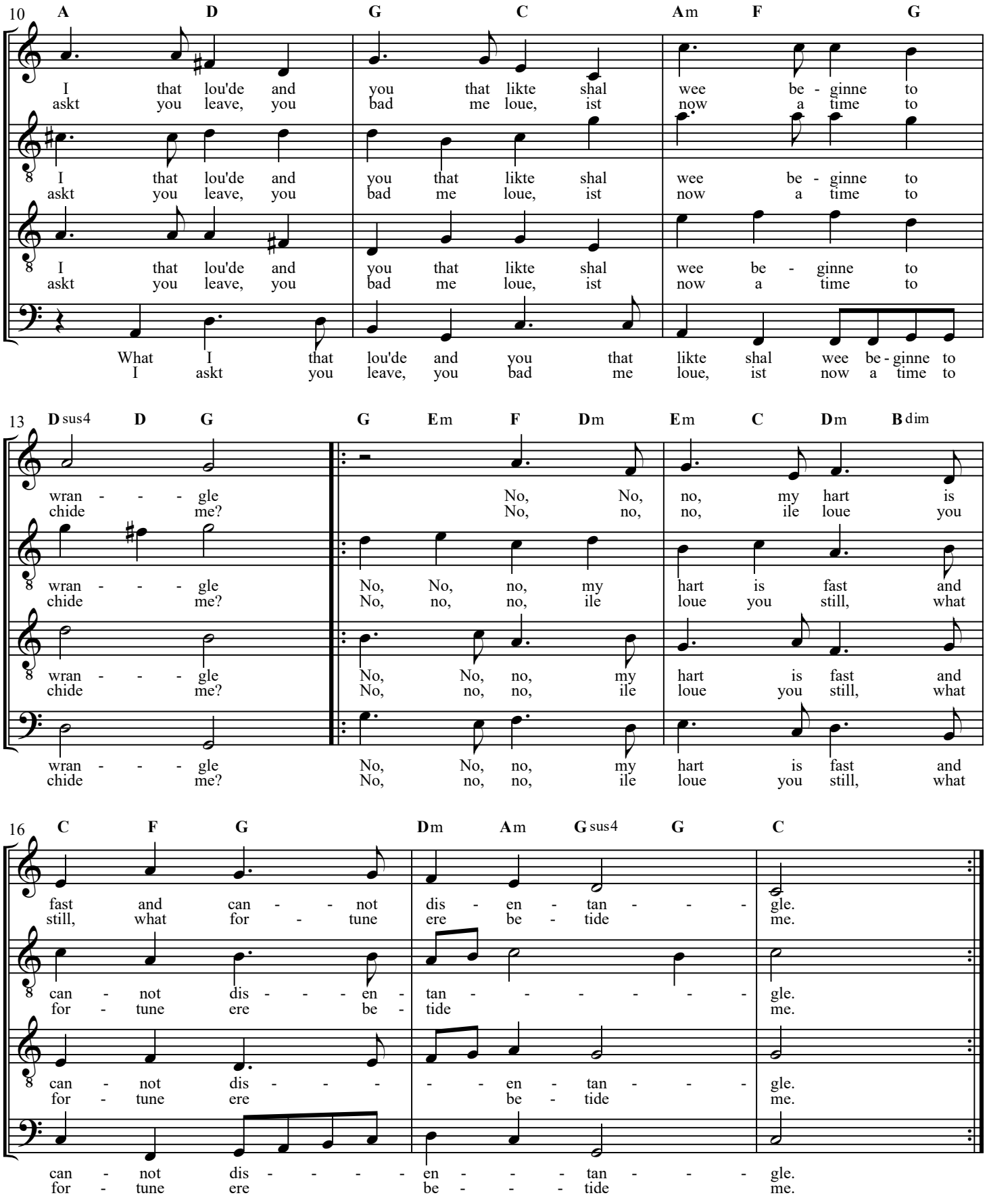

14
C G C G D sus4 D G C G C G C G C G
shee shee and one - ly she she one - ly Queene of loue and beau - tie.
no no and on - ly no, One no a - no - ther still doth fol - low.
shee shee she and one - ly she she one - ly Queene of loue and beau - tie.
no no no and on - ly no, One no a - no - ther still doth fol - low.
shee shee and one - ly she she one - ly Queene of loue and beau - tie.
no no and on - ly no, One no a - no - ther still doth fol - low.
shee shee she and one - ly she she one - ly Queene of loue and beau - tie.
no no no and on - ly no, One no a - no - ther still doth fol - low.

Since first I saw your face

verses 1-2

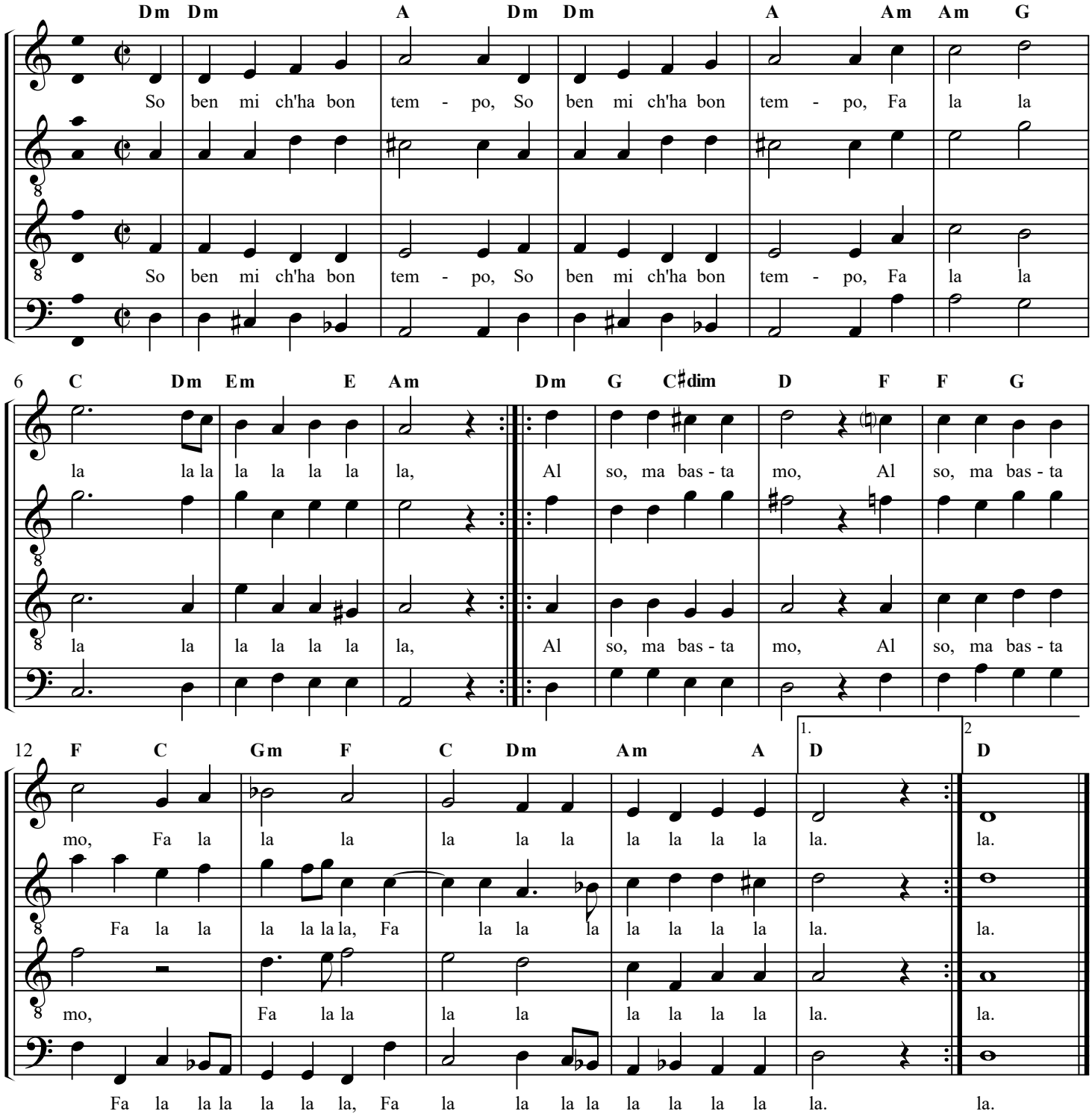
Thomas Ford




10
A D G C Am F G
I that lou'de and you that likte shal wee be - ginne to
askt you leave, you bad me loue, ist now a time to
What I that lou'de and you that likte shal wee be - ginne to
I askt you leave, you bad me loue, ist now a time to
13
D sus4 D G G Em F Dm Em C Dm B dim
wran - - - gle No, No, no, my hart is
chide me? No, no, no, ile loue you
wran - - - gle No, No, no, my hart is fast and
chide me? No, no, no, ile loue you still, what
16
C F G Dm Am G sus4 G C
fast and can - not dis - en - tan - - - gle.
still, what for - tune ere be - tide me.
can - not dis - - - en - tan - - - - - gle.
for - tune ere be - tide me.
can - not dis - - - - - en - tan - - - gle.
for - tune ere be - tide me.

So ben mi ch'ha bon tempo

Orazio Vecchi (1550-1605)



2. So ben ch'e favorito
   Ahime! no'l posso dir.

3. Oh! s'io potessi almeno!
   Chi var, shi sta, chi vien.

4. La ti dara martello
   Per fatri disperar.

5. Saluti e baciamani
   Son tutti indarno affe.

6. Non giova dare il Zanni
   Andando su e giu.

7. Al puo ben impiccarsi
   Ch'al non fara nien.

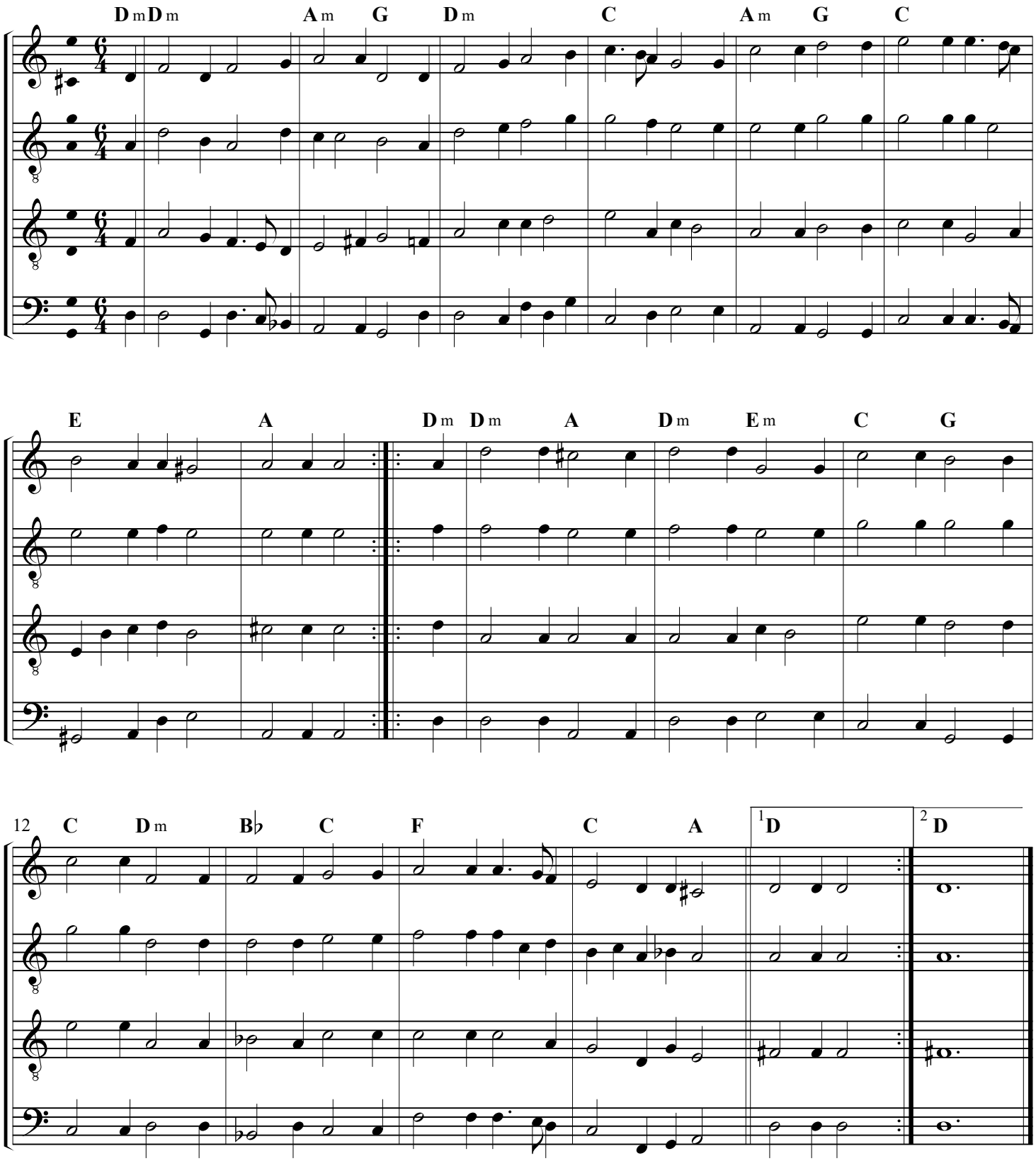
8. Passeggia pur chi vuole
   Ch'el tempo perdera.

9. O parli, o ridi, o piangi,
   Non trovera pieta.

10. Dice il proverbio antico,
    Chi ha fatto suo buon pro.

Courante: So ben mi ch'ha bon tempo (CXLII)

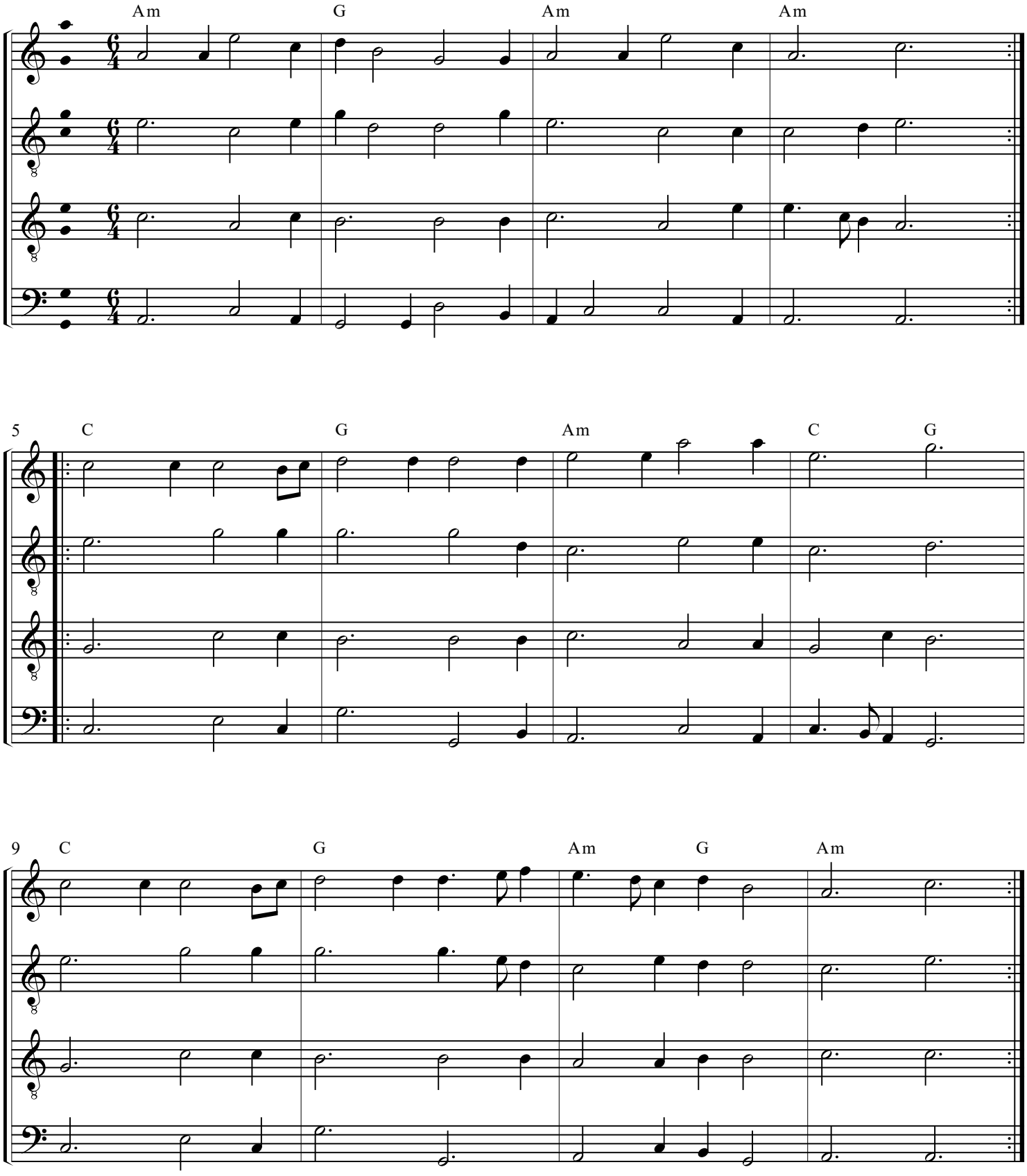
Michael Praetorius
(c.1571-1621)



Originally a fourth higher

Stingo,
Or the Oyle of Barly

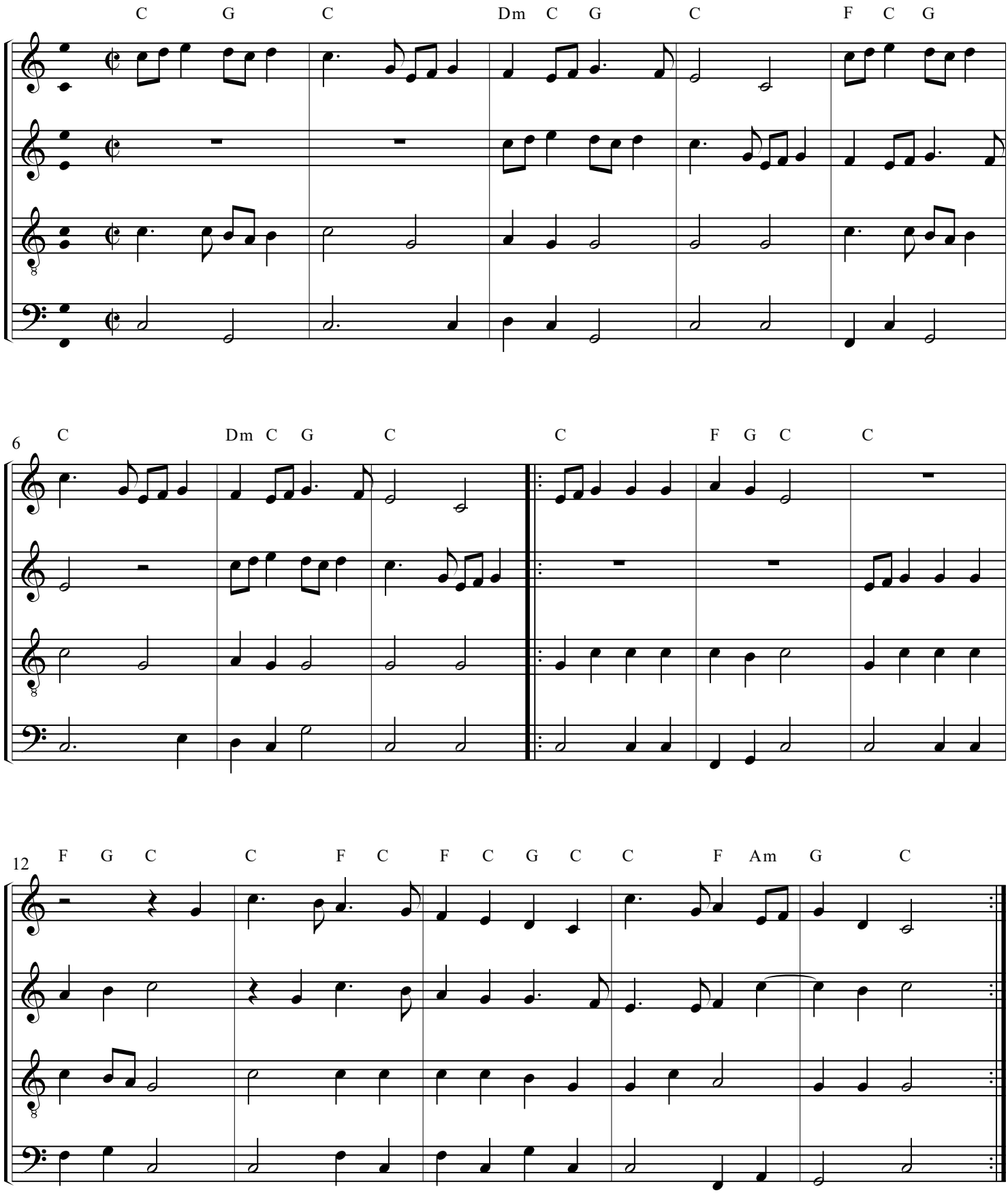
John Playford (1623-1686)
The English Dancing Master, 1651



setting by Steve Hendricks

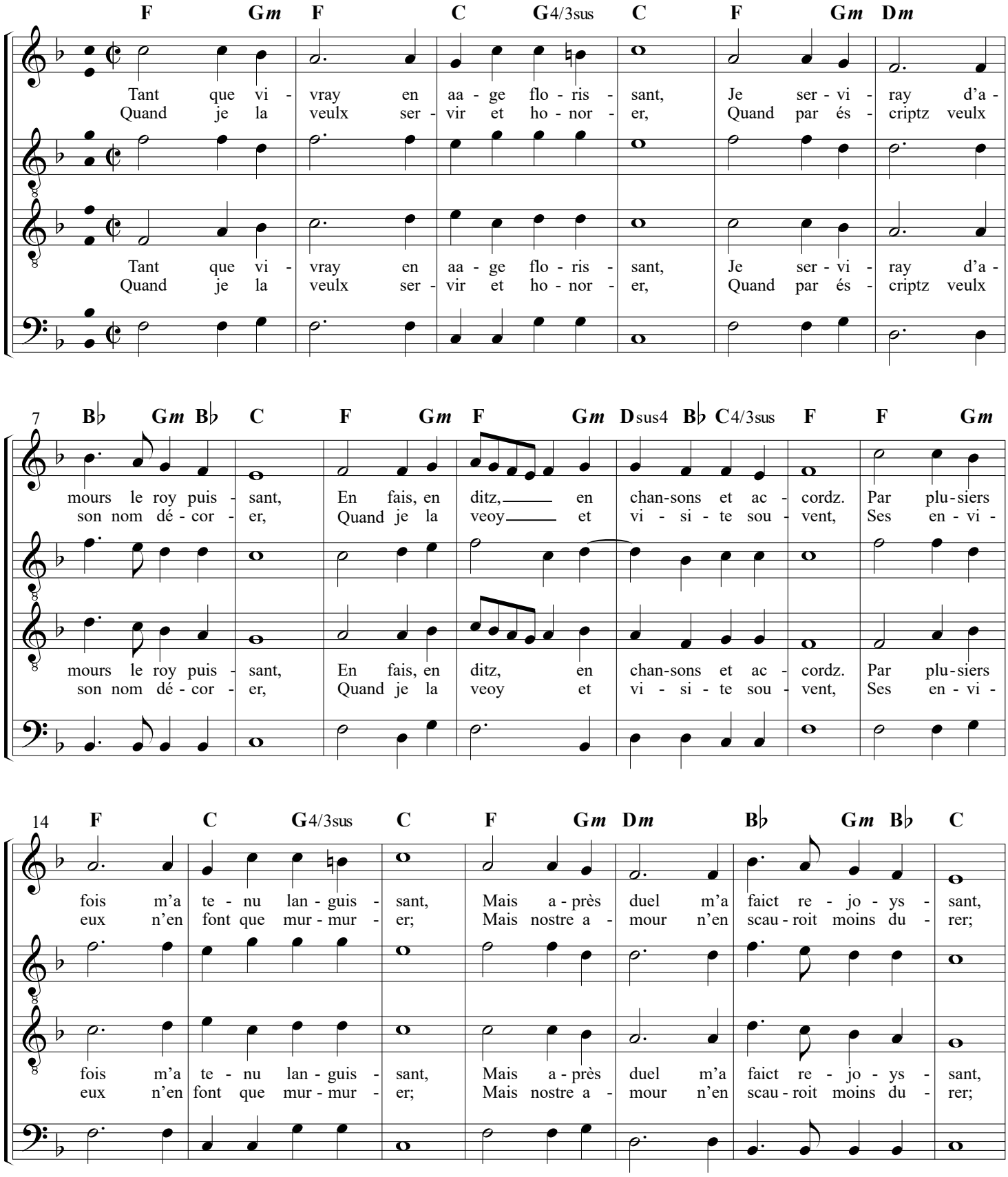
Strawberry Leaves

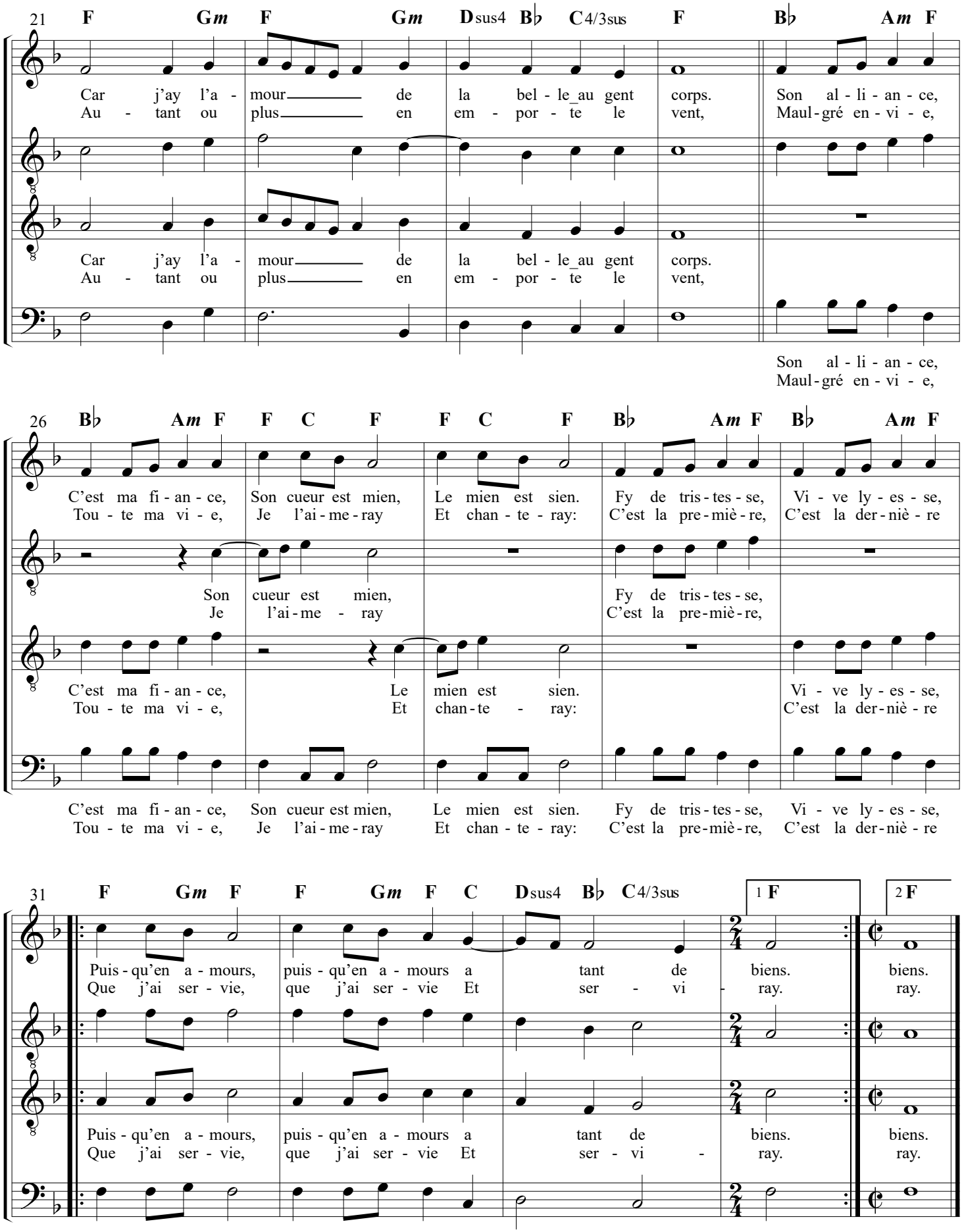
Anon.



Tant que vivrai

music by Claudin de Sermisy (c.1490-1562)
lyrics by Clement Marot (1496-1544)

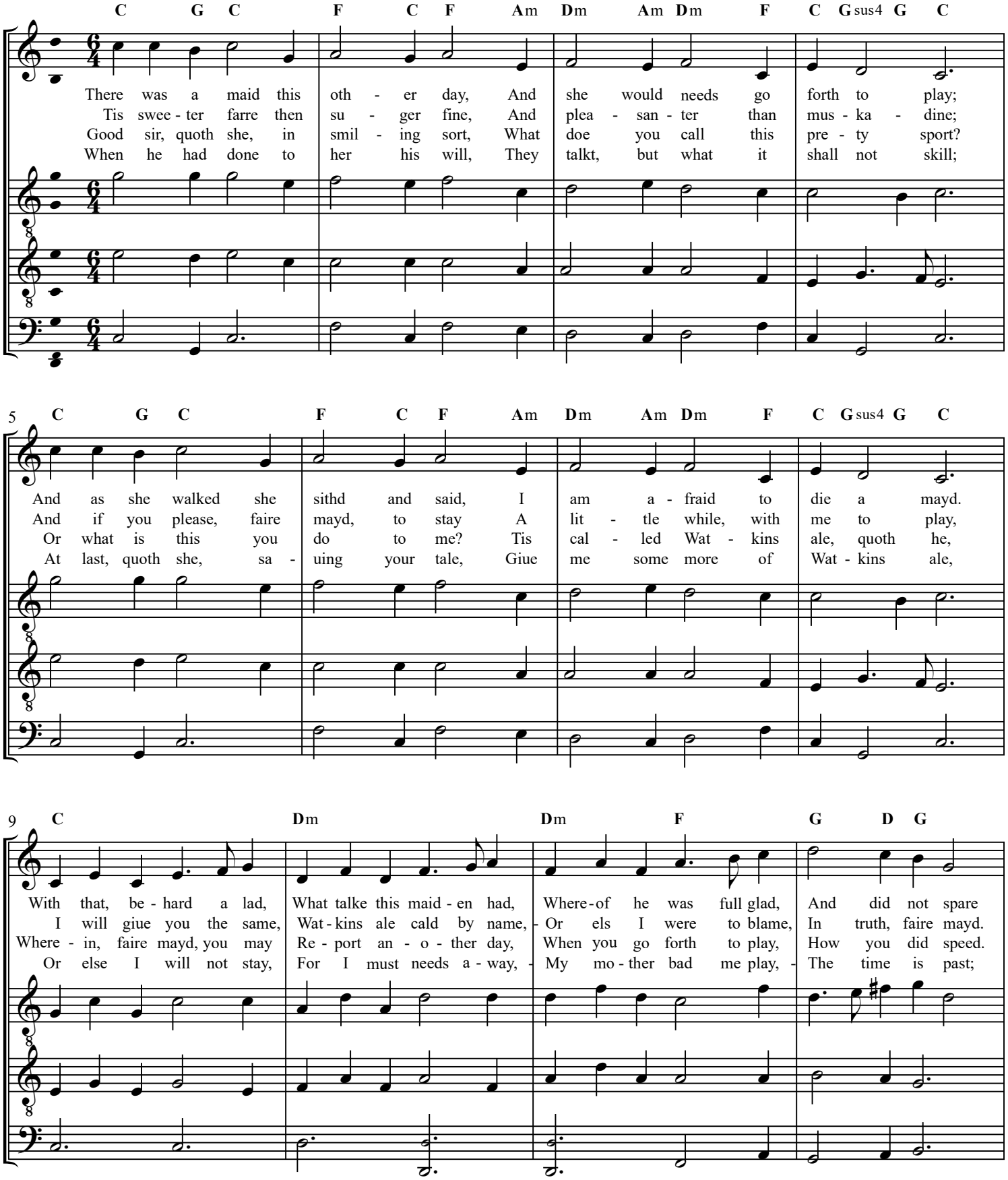



21
F Gm F Gm Dsus4 B♭ C4/3sus F B♭ Am F
Car j'ay l'a - mour de la bel - le au gent corps. Son al - li - an - ce,
Au - tant ou plus en em - por - te le vent, Maul-gré en - vi - e,
Car j'ay l'a - mour de la bel - le au gent corps.
Au - tant ou plus en em - por - te le vent,
Son al - li - an - ce,
Maul-gré en - vi - e,
26
B♭ Am F F C F F C F B♭ Am F B♭ Am F
C'est ma fi - an - ce, Son cueur est mien, Le mien est sien. Fy de tris - tes - se, Vi - ve ly - es - se,
Tou - te ma vi - e, Je l'ai - me - ray Et chan - te - ray: C'est la pre - miè - re, C'est la der - niè - re
Son cueur est mien, Fy de tris - tes - se,
Je l'ai - me - ray C'est la pre - miè - re,
C'est ma fi - an - ce, Le mien est sien. Vi - ve ly - es - se,
Tou - te ma vi - e, Et chan - te - ray: C'est la der - niè - re
C'est ma fi - an - ce, Son cueur est mien, Le mien est sien. Fy de tris - tes - se, Vi - ve ly - es - se,
Tou - te ma vi - e, Je l'ai - me - ray Et chan - te - ray: C'est la pre - miè - re, C'est la der - niè - re
31
F Gm F F Gm F C Dsus4 B♭ C4/3sus 1 F 2 F
Puis - qu'en a - mours, puis - qu'en a - mours a tant de biens. biens.
Que j'ai ser - vie, que j'ai ser - vie Et ser - vi - ray. ray.
Puis - qu'en a - mours, puis - qu'en a - mours a tant de biens. biens.
Que j'ai ser - vie, que j'ai ser - vie Et ser - vi - ray. ray.

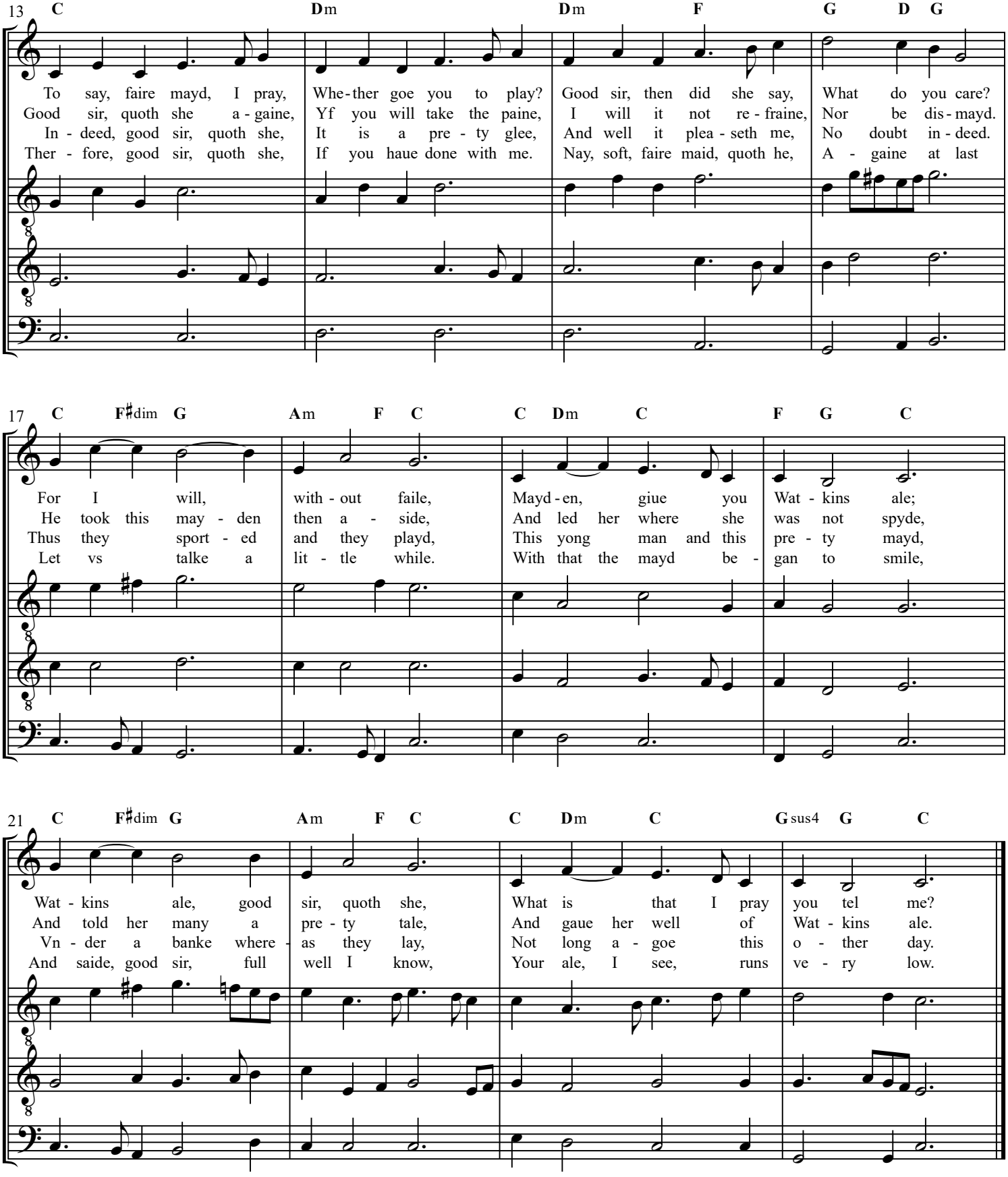
Watkins ale

verses 1-4

Anonymous



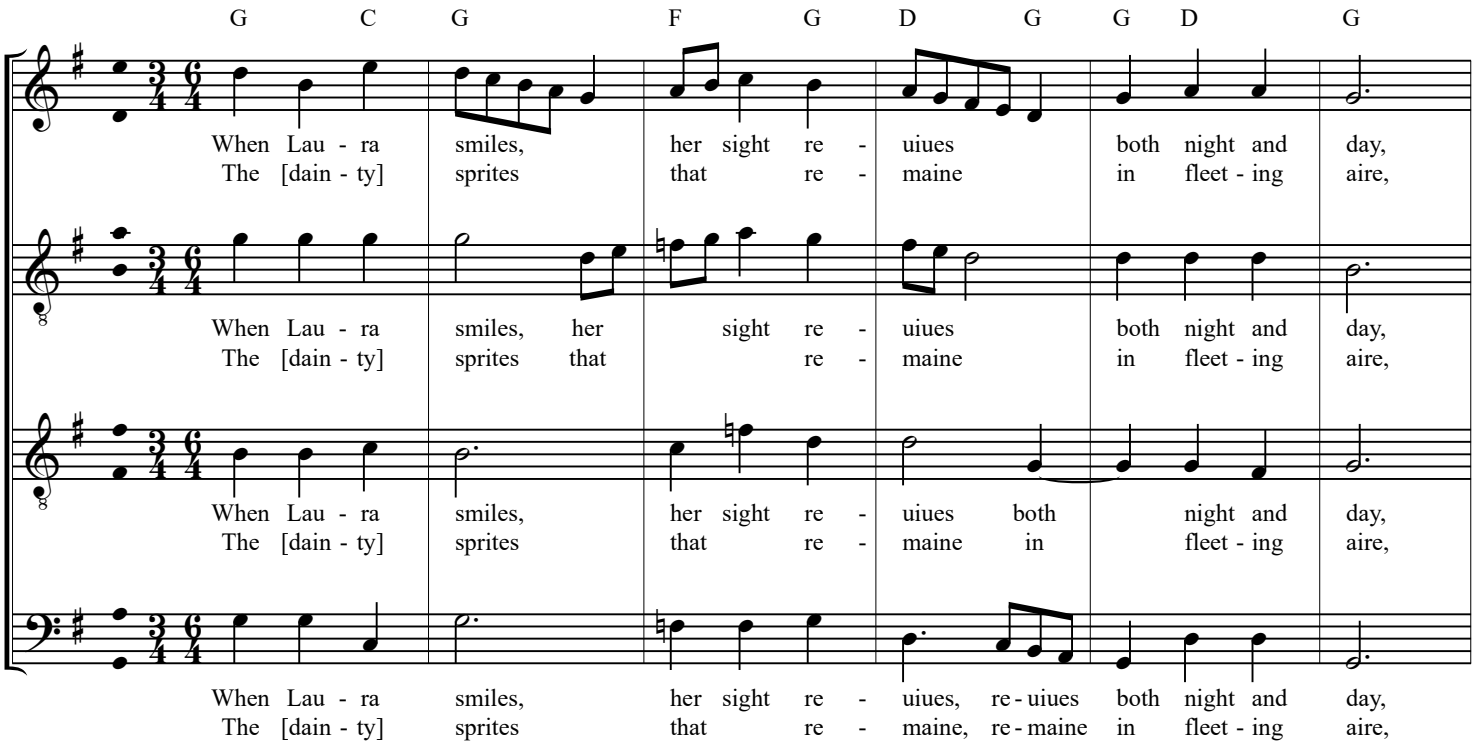
Adapted by Steve Hendricks

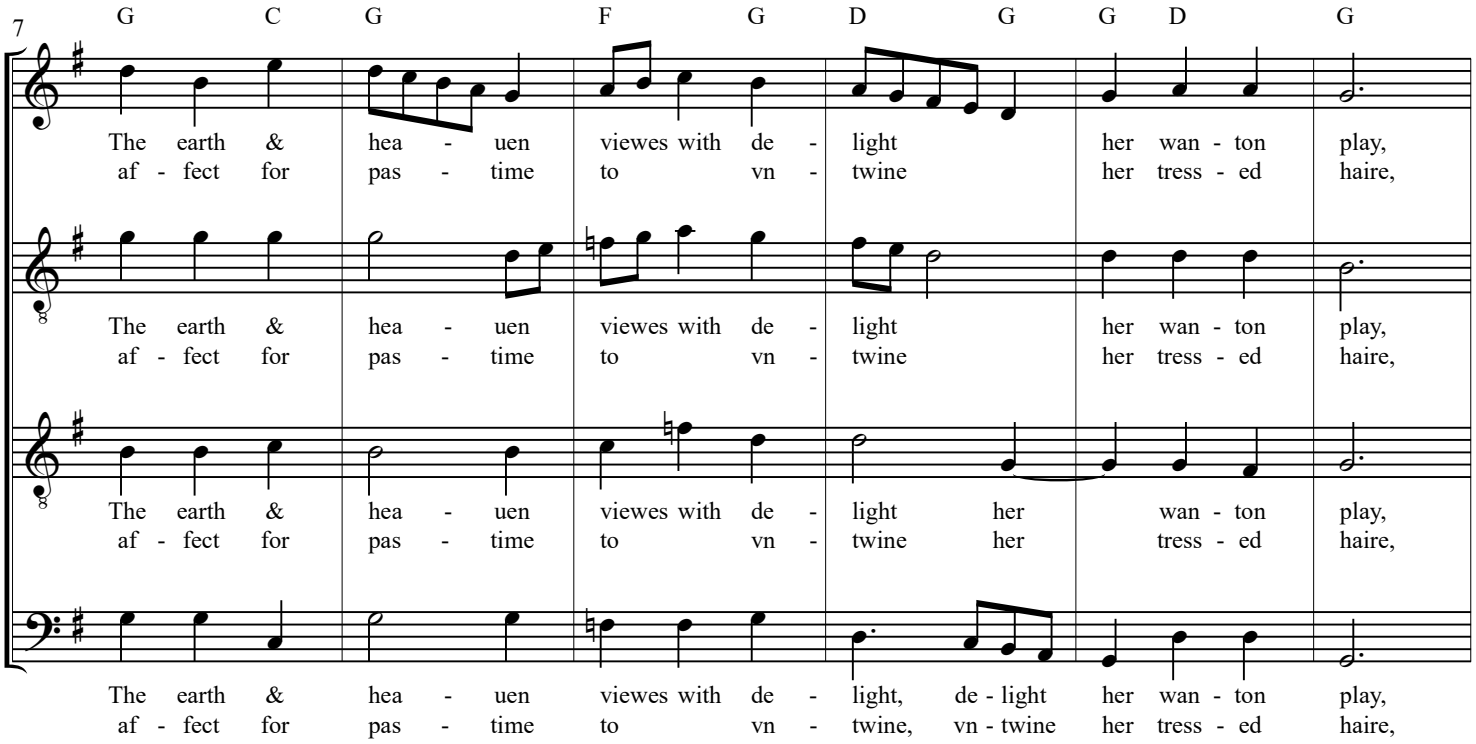

13
C Dm Dm F G D G
To say, faire mayd, I pray, Whe-ther goe you to play? Good sir, then did she say, What do you care?
Good sir, quoth she a-gaine, Yf you will take the paine, I will it not re-fraine, Nor be dis-mayd.
In-deed, good sir, quoth she, It is a pre-ty glee, And well it plea-seth me, No doubt in-deed.
Ther-fore, good sir, quoth she, If you haue done with me. Nay, soft, faire maid, quoth he, A-gaine at last
17
C F♯dim G Am F C C Dm C F G C
For I will, with-out faile, Mayd-en, giue you Wat-kins ale;
He took this may-den then a-side, And led her where she was not spyde,
Thus they sport-ed and they playd, This yong man and this pre-ty mayd,
Let vs talke a lit-tle while. With that the mayd be-gan to smile,
21
C F♯dim G Am F C C Dm C Gsus4 G C
Wat-kins ale, good sir, quoth she, What is that I pray you tel me?
And told her many a pre-ty tale, And gaue her well of Wat-kins ale.
Vn-der a banke where-as they lay, Not long a-goe this o-ther day.
And saide, good sir, full well I know, Your ale, I see, runs ve-ry low.

When Laura smiles

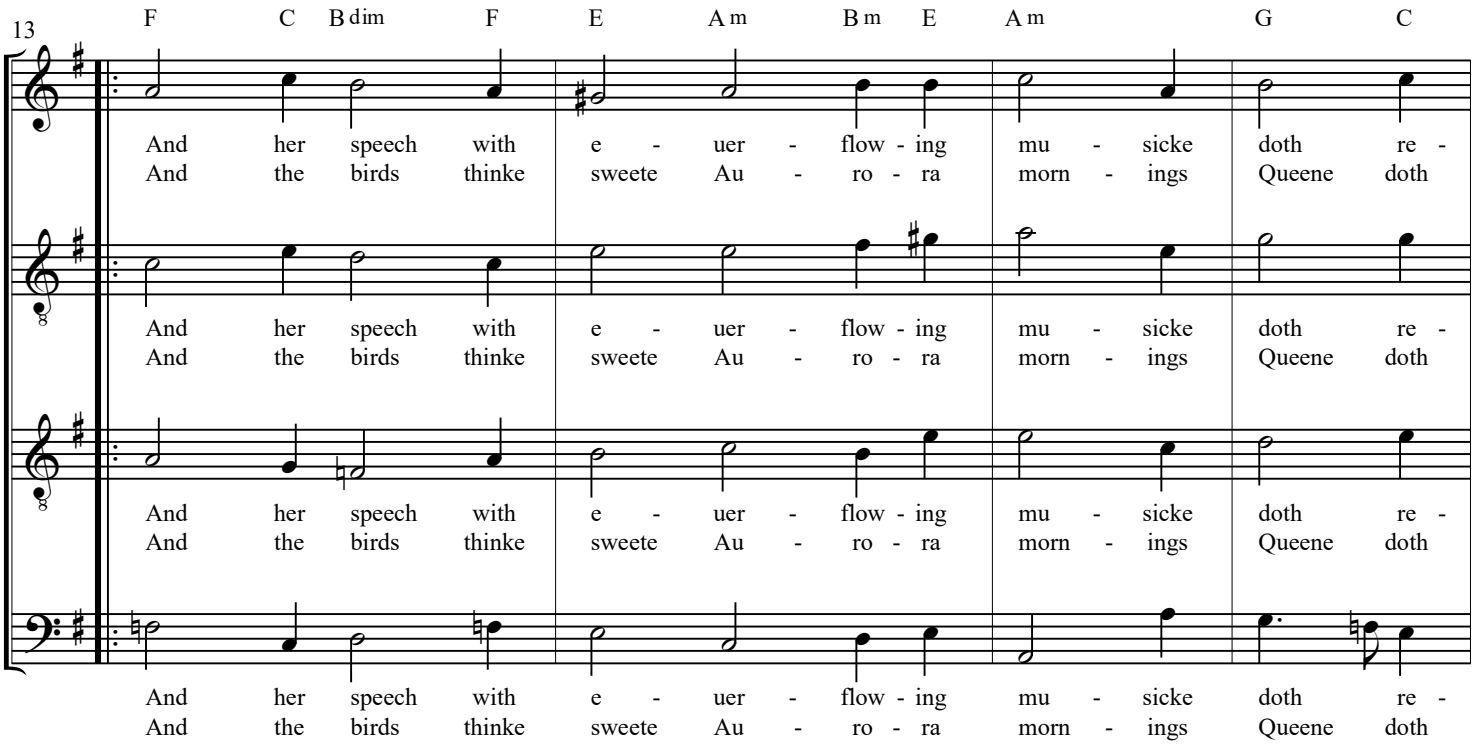
verses 1-2

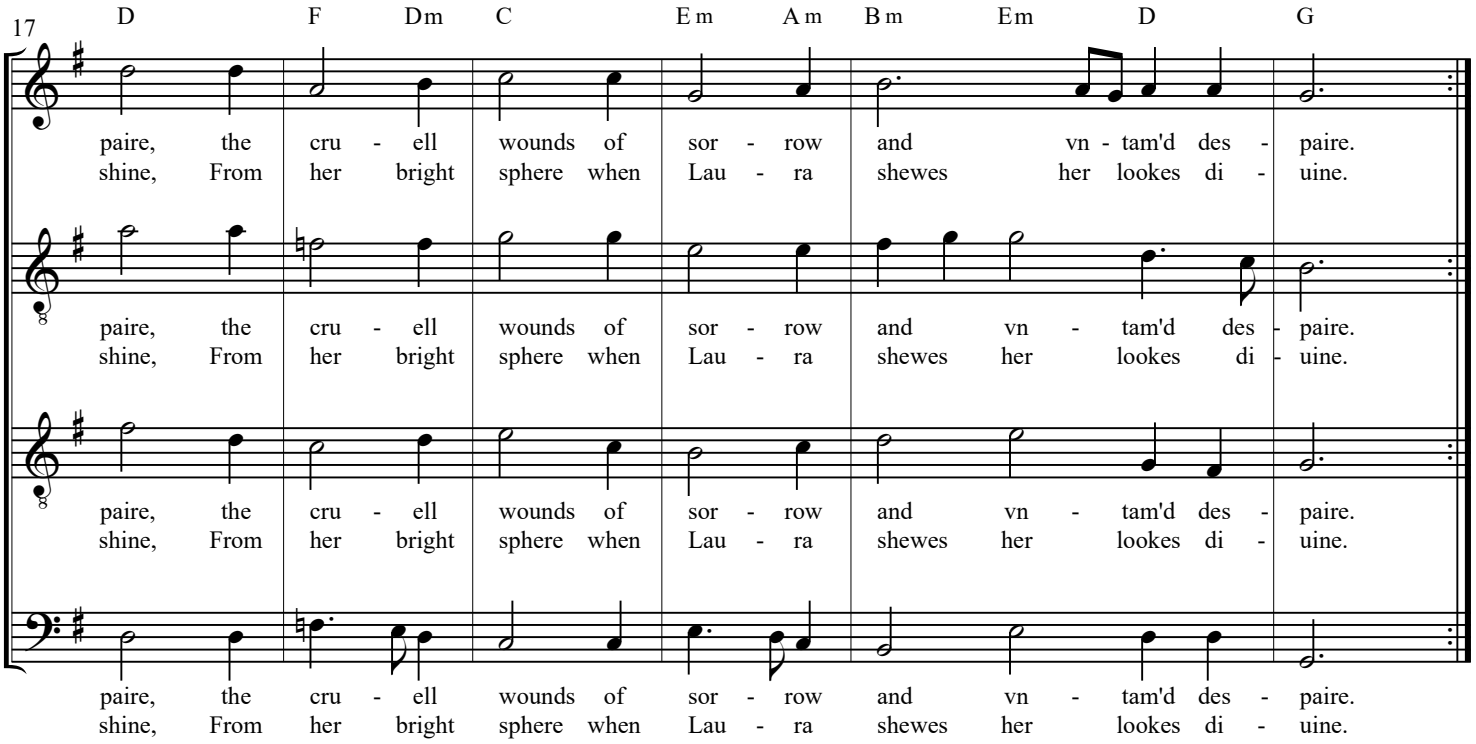
Philip Rosseter (1576/78-1623)





adapted by Steve Hendricks


13
F C B dim F E A m B m E A m G C
And her speech with e - uer - flow - ing mu - sicke doth re -
And the birds thinke sweete Au - ro - ra morn - ings Queene doth
And her speech with e - uer - flow - ing mu - sicke doth re -
And the birds thinke sweete Au - ro - ra morn - ings Queene doth
And her speech with e - uer - flow - ing mu - sicke doth re -
And the birds thinke sweete Au - ro - ra morn - ings Queene doth
And her speech with e - uer - flow - ing mu - sicke doth re -
And the birds thinke sweete Au - ro - ra morn - ings Queene doth

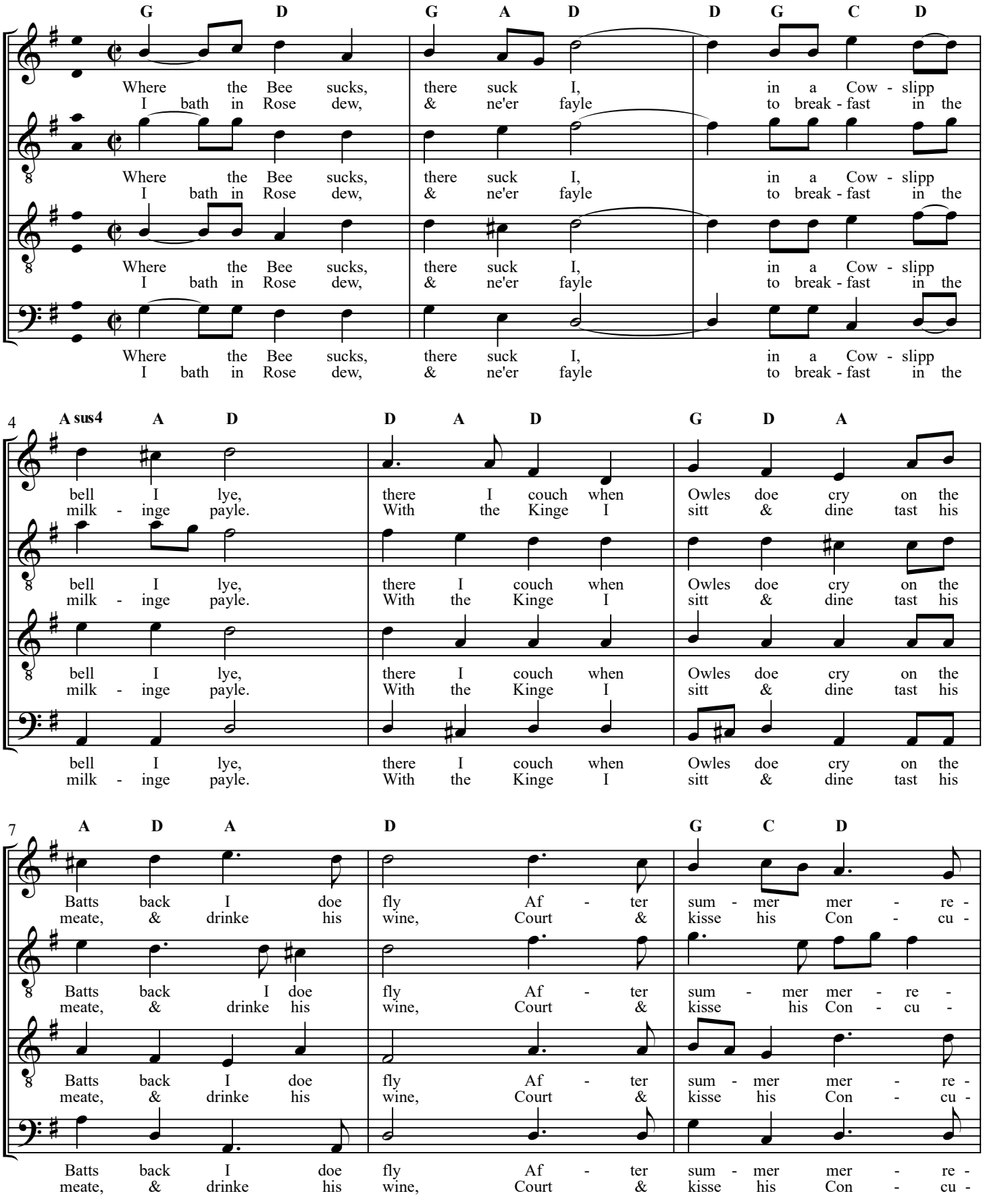

17
D F Dm C E m A m B m Em D G
paire, the cru - ell wounds of sor - row and vn - tam'd des - paire.
shine, From her bright sphere when Lau - ra shewes her lookes di - uine.
paire, the cru - ell wounds of sor - row and vn - tam'd des - paire.
shine, From her bright sphere when Lau - ra shewes her lookes di - uine.
paire, the cru - ell wounds of sor - row and vn - tam'd des - paire.
shine, From her bright sphere when Lau - ra shewes her lookes di - uine.
paire, the cru - ell wounds of sor - row and vn - tam'd des - paire.
shine, From her bright sphere when Lau - ra shewes her lookes di - uine.

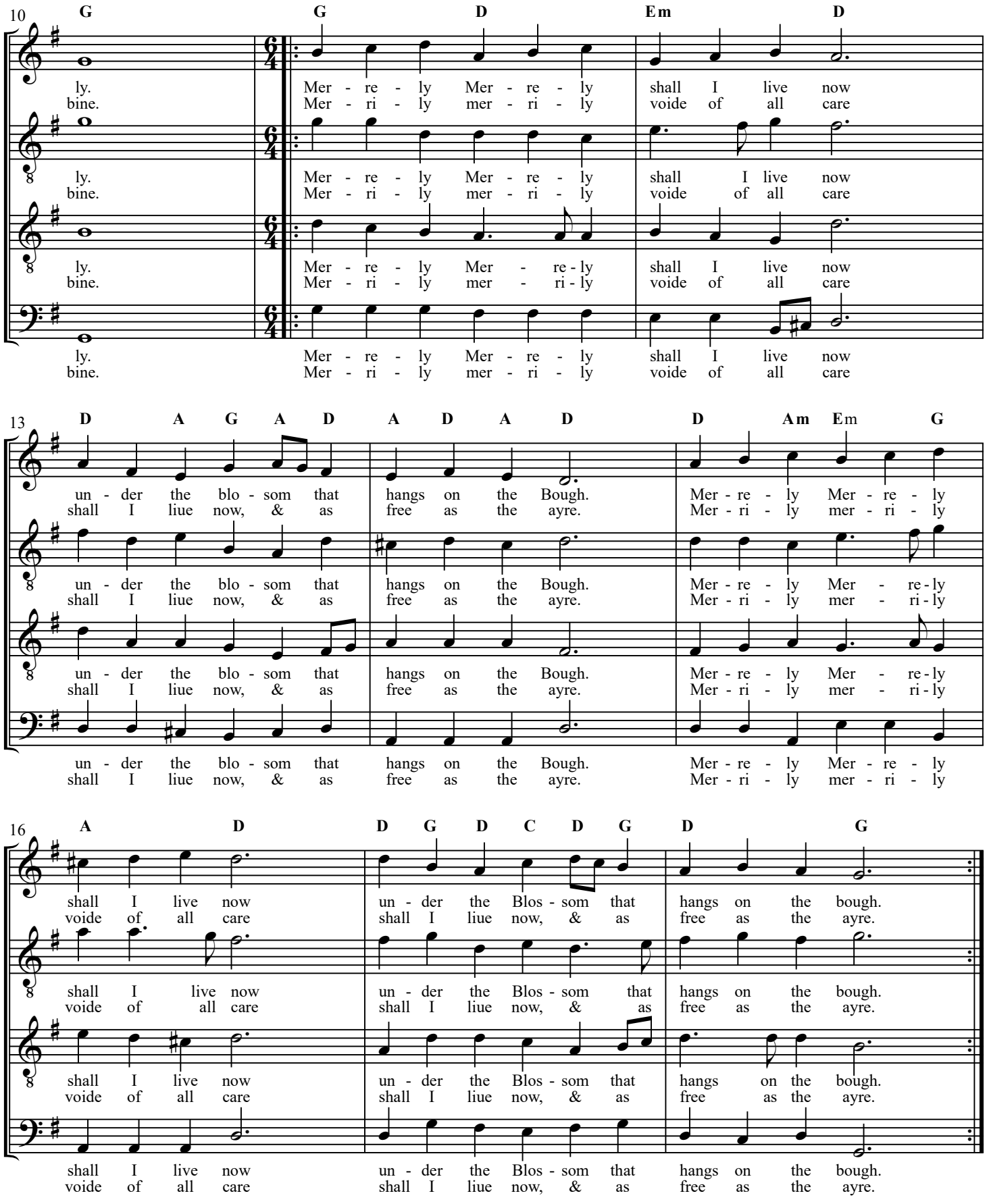
verse 1 as sung by Ariel in *The Tempest* 5.1

Where the Bee sucks

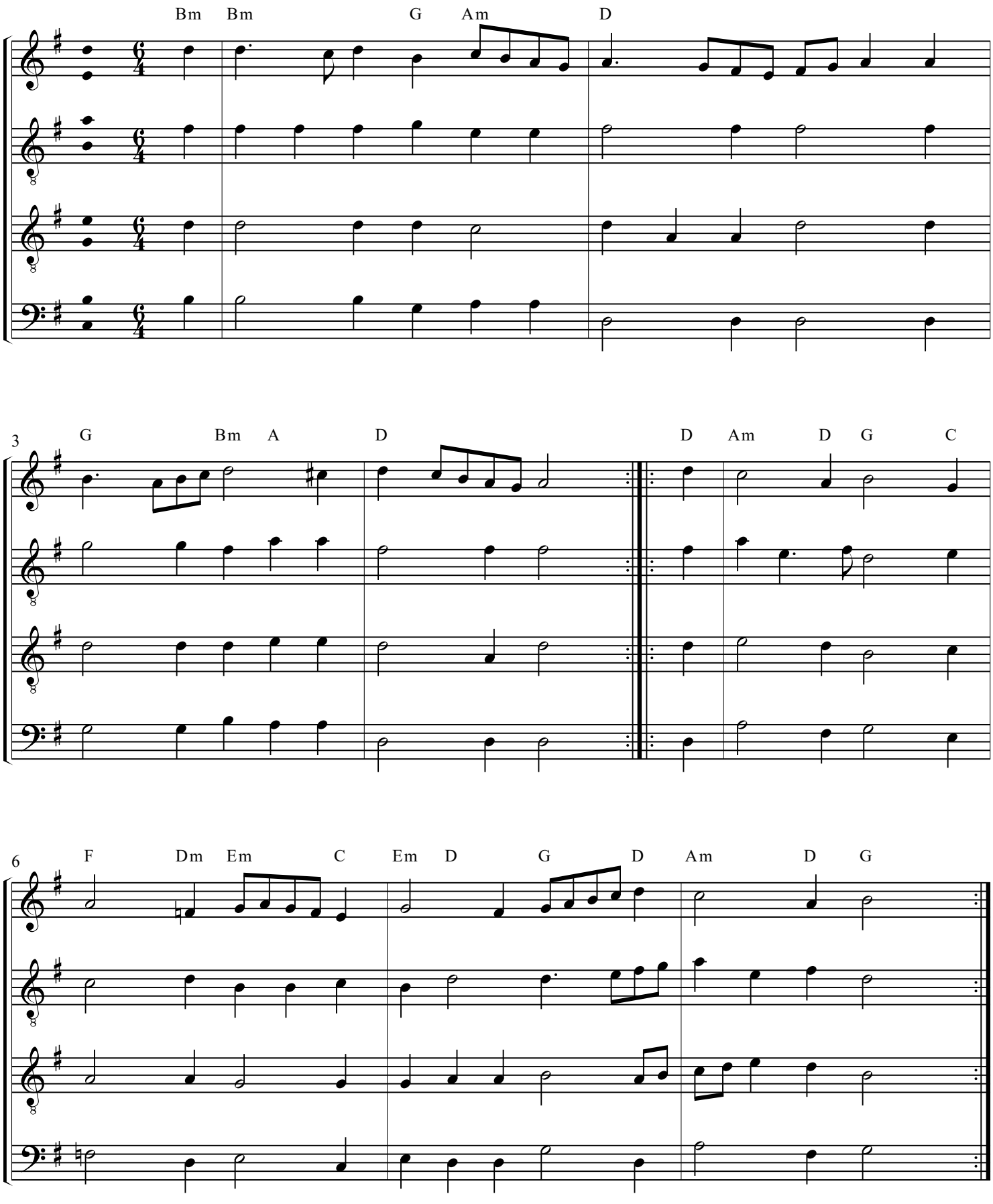
verses 1-2

lyrics: William Shakespeare v.1
McSmith v.2
music: Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)




10
G G D Em D
ly. Mer - re - ly Mer - re - ly shall I live now
bine. Mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly voide of all care
13
D A G A D A D A D D Am Em G
un - der the blo - som that hangs on the Bough. Mer - re - ly Mer - re - ly
shall I liue now, & as free as the ayre. Mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly
16
A D D G D C D G D G
shall I live now un - der the Blos - som that hangs on the bough.
voide of all care shall I liue now, & as free as the ayre.

Zorzi

Saltarello

Anon., c.1530