THE PERFORMANCE OF ENGLISH SONG 1610-1670

TWO VOLUMES: VOLUME II

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DECEMBER, 1978

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TAPE This includes the songs marked with an asterisk, performed by Poppy Holden and Edward Huws Jones.

NOTE

The following transcriptions serve to illustrate the text of Volume I. Where possible references are made in the footnotes to published editions of the music, and songs are included in Volume II only if they are not available in a suitable modern edition.

The editions are intended primarily as study texts rather than as performing editions. For this reason, when more than one version of a song is given these are set out as 'synchronized' texts: this facilitates comparison of the different versions, though the result is probably too cumbersome to be readily used for performance. Also, there is no realisation of the thorough-bass unless it is given in the original. However, these study texts can of course be used as a basis for performing editions.

Barring follows the original manuscripts, except in numbers 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 22 and 29. In general, slurs are given only if they are unambiguous in the source; often the underlay must be conjectural. The spelling of the poems is modernised and punctuation reduced to a minimum (see Volume I, pp. 13-4).

1. IF I COULD SHUT THE GATES [John Danyel] Add. 24665, ff. 23v-24

Danyel 1606

Add. 24665

If I could shut the

gates a- gainst my thoughts, And

keep out sor- row from this room wi- thin, Or me-

mo- ry could can- cel all the notes, Of my mis-cords,

12

of my mis-deeds, and I un-think my sin, How free, how clear, how clear

15

my soul should lie, Dis-charg'd at such a load-some

18

1 2

com- pa- ny. How free, com- pa- ny

Or were there other rooms within my heart
That did not to my conscience join so fast,
Where I might lodge that thought of sin apart
Which with my life is always like to fast.
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess
Freed from the horrors that my soul oppress.

But O my saviour who my redeemer art
let thy dear mercy stand twixt thee and me
And be the wall to separate my heart
So that I may at length repose me free.
That peace and joy and rest [may be] within
And I remain divided from my sin.

2. TO PLEAD MY FAITH [Daniel Batchelar] Add. 24665, ff. 48v-50.

Dowland 1610

Cantus from Add. 24665
with original note values

Add. 24665

To plead my faith where faith hath

no re- ward. To move re- morse where fa- vour

is not born; To keep com- plaints which she doth

not re - gard Were fruit - less, boot - less, vain and

yields best scorn. I lov - ed her whom all the

world ad - mired, I was re - fused of her that

cold love save, And my vain

Hopes which for too high as- pir'd Are dead and

bu- ried and for e- ver gone. For- get my

26

name since she hath scorn'd my love, And wo- man-

like do not too late la-

ment; since for her

sake I must all mis- chief prove, I more ac-

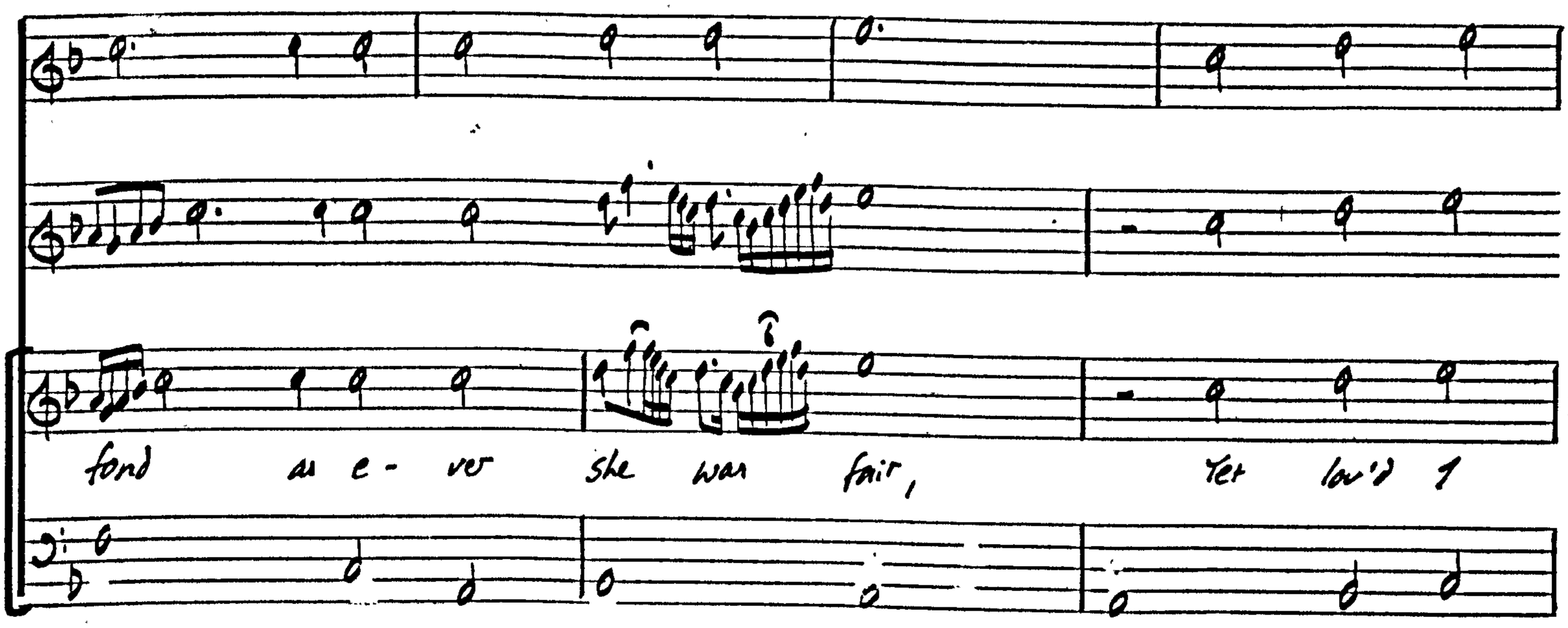
35

cise and no- thing do re- pent. I will a-

38

fand as e- ver she was fair, Yet lov'd I

not more than now I do des- pair. I was as


fond as e - ver she was fair, Yet lov'd I
not mor than now I do des - pair.

3. SILLY BOY IT IS FULL MOON [Thomas Campion] Add. 24665, ff. 50v-51

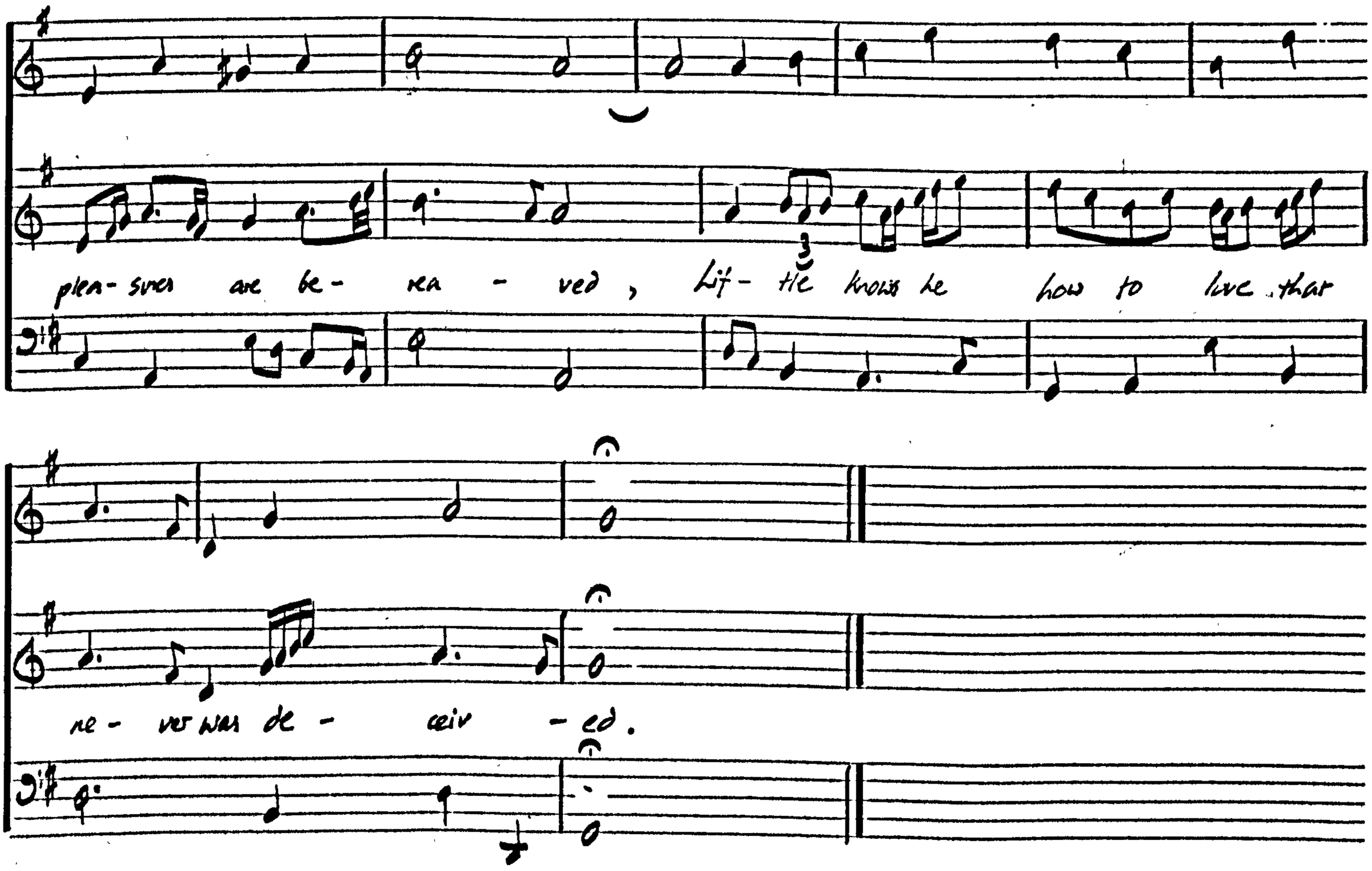
Campion c. 1618

Add. 24665

Sil-ly boy it is full moon yet the night as

day shines clear - ly. Had thy youth but wit to fear thov

could'st not love so dear - ly. Short - ly wit thou mourne when all thy



This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet unstained.
All is artless now you speak, not one word yet is feigned.
All is heaven which you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed,
But no Spring can blast his fall, each Troilus hath his Cressid.

Thy well ordered locks 'ere long shall widely hang neglected,
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth dejected.
Much then will thou blame thy saint that made thy heart too holy,
And with sighs confess in love, that too much faith is folly.

yet be just and constant still, love may beget a wonder,
Not like to the summer's frost, or Winter's fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweet heart true, 'gainst Destiny of dying.
Lives of all that ever breath'd, most worthy the enjoying.

4. NOTHING ON EARTH [Anon.] Tenbury 1019, ff. 5v-6

No - thing on earth re- mains

to show so right The pat - tern

tue of my in - creas- ing care,

9

As Phi - lo - me - la with her sang by

12

night ; Whose ruth - ful state I thus

15

to mine com - pare ; With care - ful

18

watch she percheth in the tree,

21

When crea- tures all in to their nests do

24

creep, See from mine eyes all sweet re-

27

pose dark flee, When men are

30

want of course to take their sleep;

33

She with a thorn a- gainst her ten- der

36

breast, I with the dint of cru-

37

el fate's un- resr.

42

This gen- tle bird her yield- ing voice doth

45

Strain To wail the wrongs which Prog —

noe did en- dure, I hap- less

51

man v — per this night com- plain

54

That cause that doth to me these gricks pro-

52

cure; And when she doth so tunes

60

so dok - ful frame, As well might

63

move the heav'ns to moan her plight,

O grief of griefs! yet such as hear the

same view not her plains but here -

72

in take de- light; Like- wise my

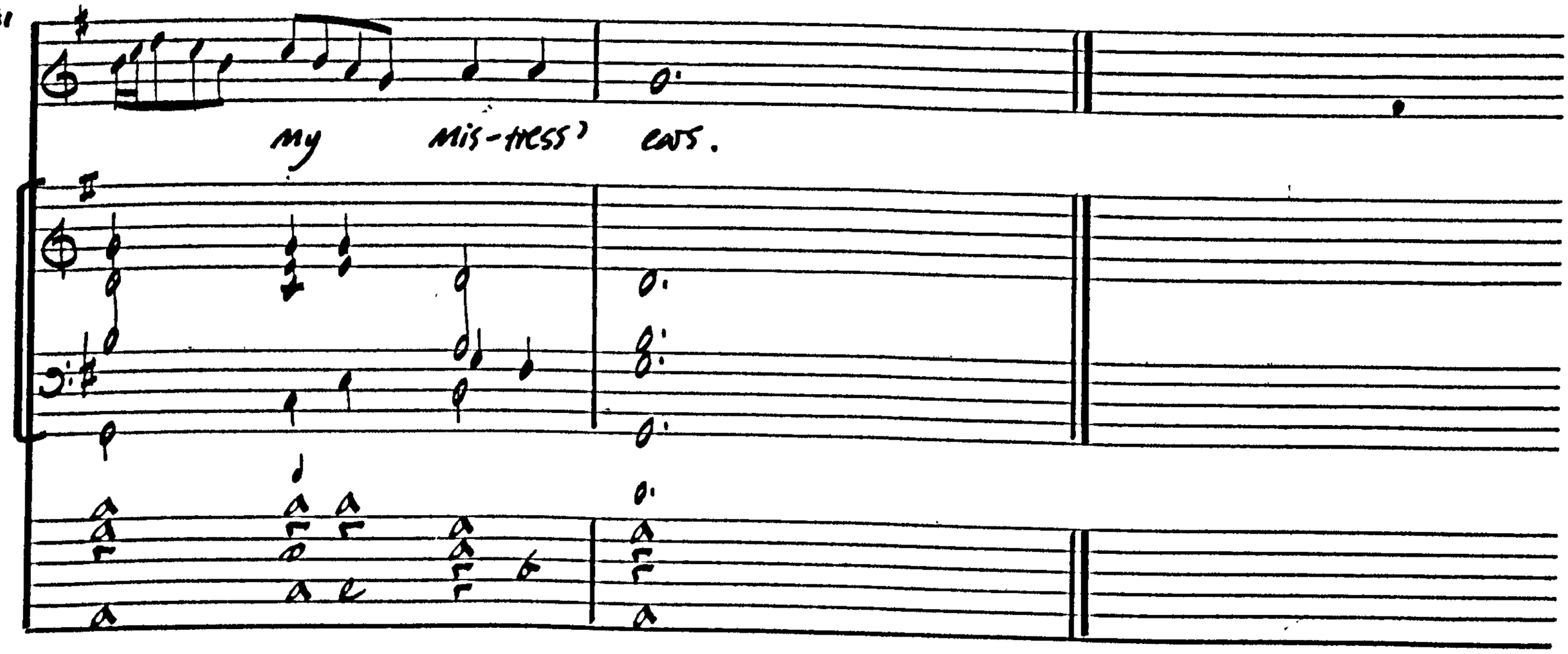
75

plaints, which bring from me salt tears

78

Seem pka- sant notes un- to

61



5. DIVISIONS FROM RULES HOW TO COMPOSE · Giovanni Coprario

f.11v

f.12

f.12v

f.13

f.13v

f.14

6. WHY STAYS THE BRIDEGROOM [Alfonso Ferrabosco] Christ Church 439, pp. 60-61

Ferrabosco
1609

Lacuna from Ch. Ch. 439 with original note values

Ch. Ch. 439

Why stays the bride-groom to in-vade her

That would be a ma- tron made ? Good night whilst yet we may

Good night to you a vir- gin say. To-mor-row rise the

14

same Your mo-ther is and use a no - ther name. Speed well in Hy-men's

14

war, That what you are By all per-fect - ians we and all may

see. see.

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7. WEEP MINE EYES

[John Wilbye]

Egerton 2971, ff. 30v-31v

John Wilbye, Second Set of Madrigales (1609)

Egerton 2971

Weep, weep, weep mine eyes

My heart can take no rest, Weep, weep,

weep my heart mine eyes shall never be blest.

Weep eyes, weep heart and both this ac- cent cry,

12

A thou - sand deaths I die,

13

A thou-sand, thou - sand deaths I die, A thou-

sand deaths I die. Ay me! Ah, ah cruel For-tune

Ay me! Now le - an - der to die I

24

fear not, Death do thy worst I care not, death do thy worst I care

27

not, Death do thy worst I care not. I hope,

30

I hope when I am dead in E-ly-zium

33

plain. in E-ly-zium plain. In E-ly-zium plain [to] meet, and there with joy

36

and there with joy, and there with joy, there we'll

39

love a - gain.

8. **O LORD CONSIDER MY DISTRESS** [Anon.] Add. 29481 , f. 4.

O Lord con- si -

der my dis - tress , And now with speed

3

some pi - ty take , My sins de -

6

face , my faults re - dress , Good Lord for

9

thy great mer- cy['s] sake . Wash me O Lord

12

and make me clean From this un -

15

18

just and sin- ful act, And pu- ri - ty

21

yet one a- gain My lei- nous arms and

24

blood - y free.

9. SHALL I COME SWEET LOVE TO THEE [Thomas Campion] Add. 29481, f.20

Campion
c. 1618

Add. 29481

Shall I come sweet love to thee

When the eve - ning's beams are set, Shall I

not ex - clu - ded be, Will you find no

feign-ed let, Let not me for pi - ty a - ny

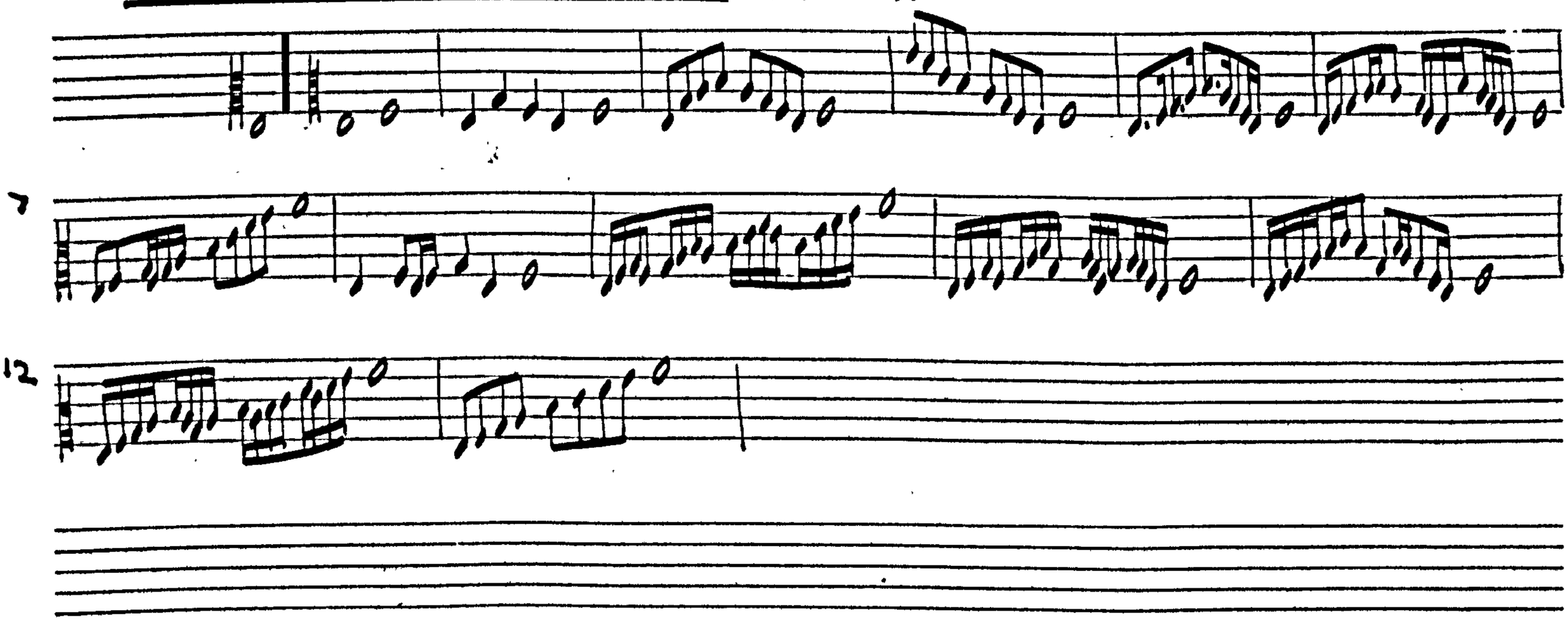
20

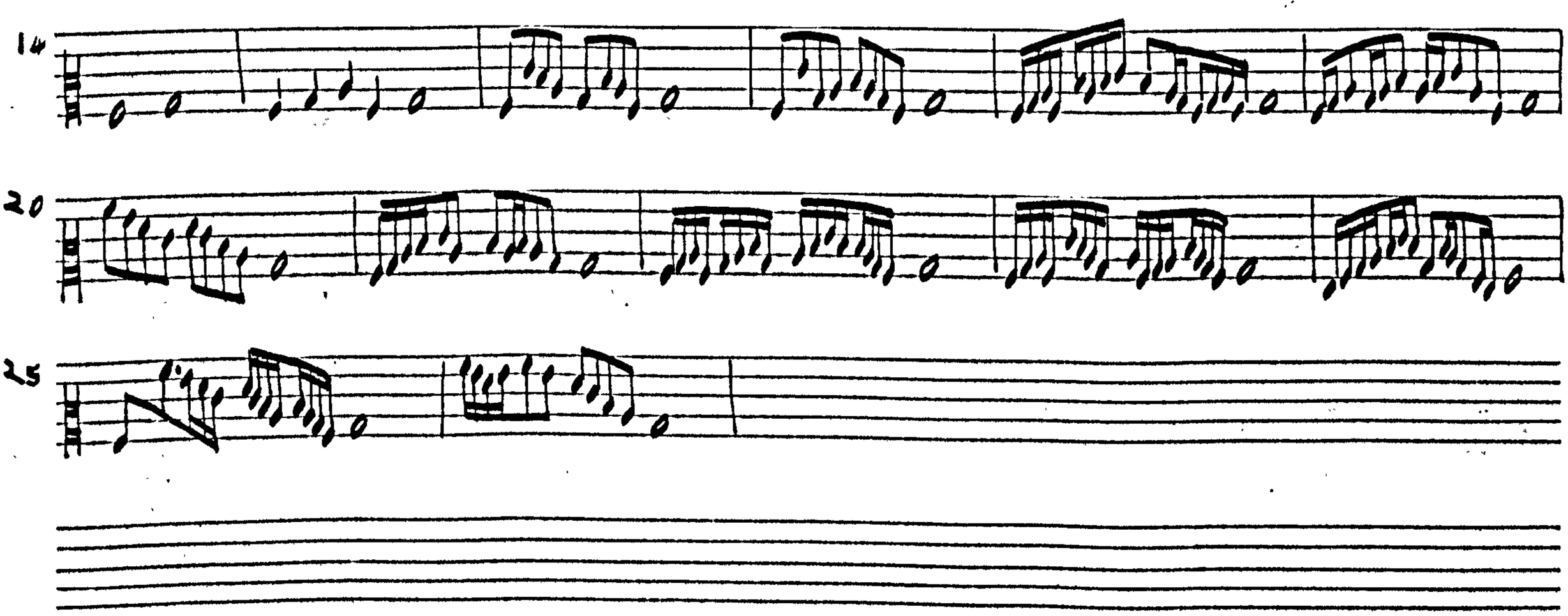
more Tell the long hour, tell the long hour at the

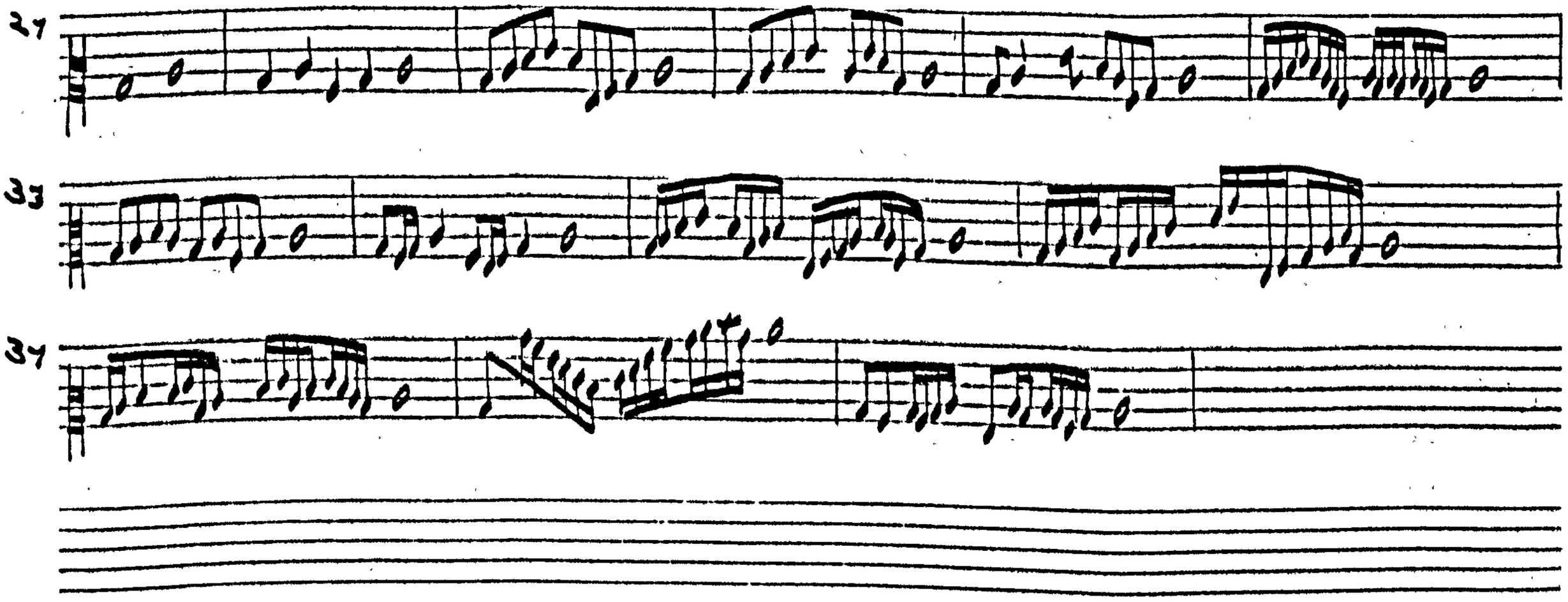
25

door.

10. TABLE OF DIVISIONS FROM ADD. 29481 f. 40v-42







40

45

49

80

85

89

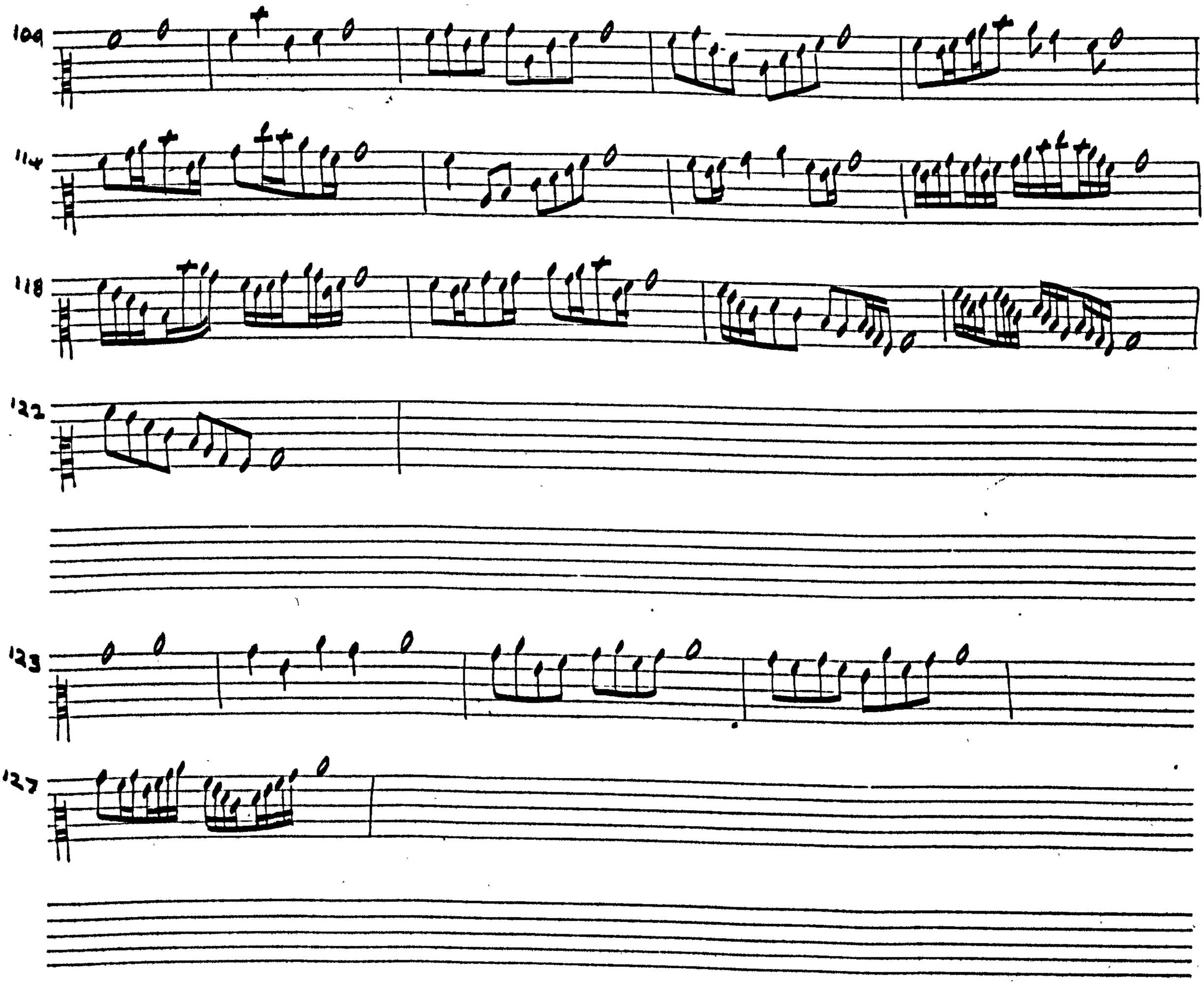
92

94

99

104

108


109
114
118
122
123
127

11. QVAL MVSICO GENTIL Mr Nicholas Laneir Add. 11608, f. 27v

Qual mv- si- co ge-

til, pri- ma chi chia ma

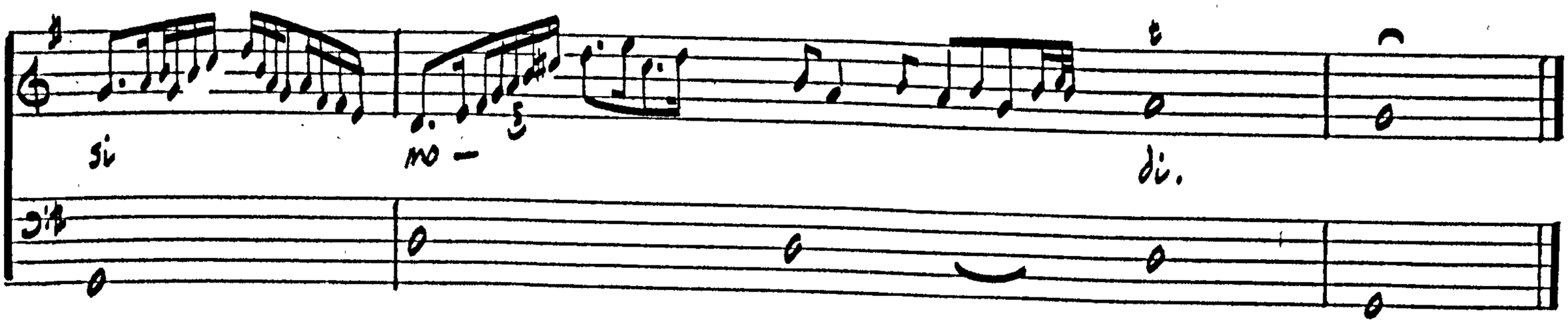
al- ta men- te la- voe al- can-

to sno- di. Al ar- mo- ni-

a, gli-a-ni-mi al- tri pre- pa- ra, con

dol- ce ri- car- ca- te, in da-

17



12. TAKE O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY — Dr. Wilson — Add. 11608, f.56

Bodleian Mus. b. 1.

Alternative division for verse 2

Hide O hide those hills of snow that thy

Add. 11608

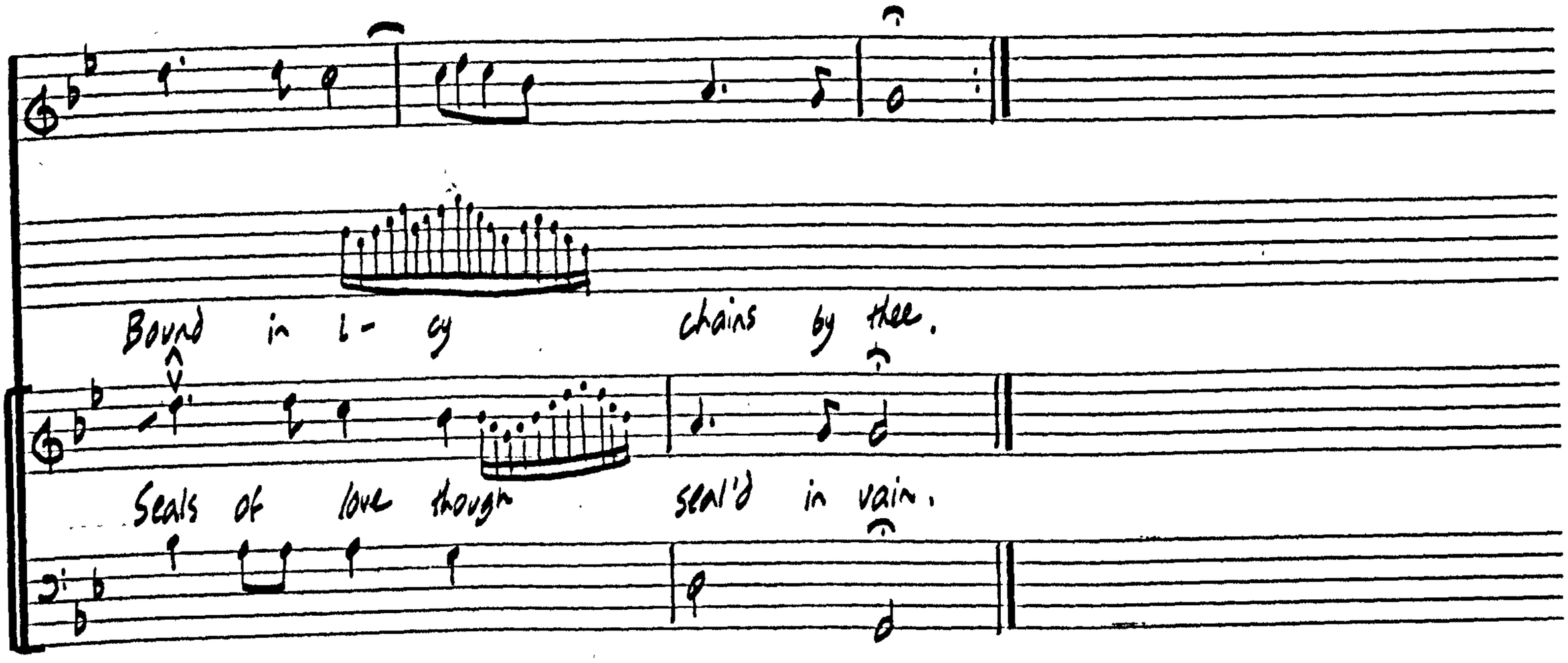
Take O take those lips a - way, That so

fro - zen bo - som bears, On whose tops the pinks that grow

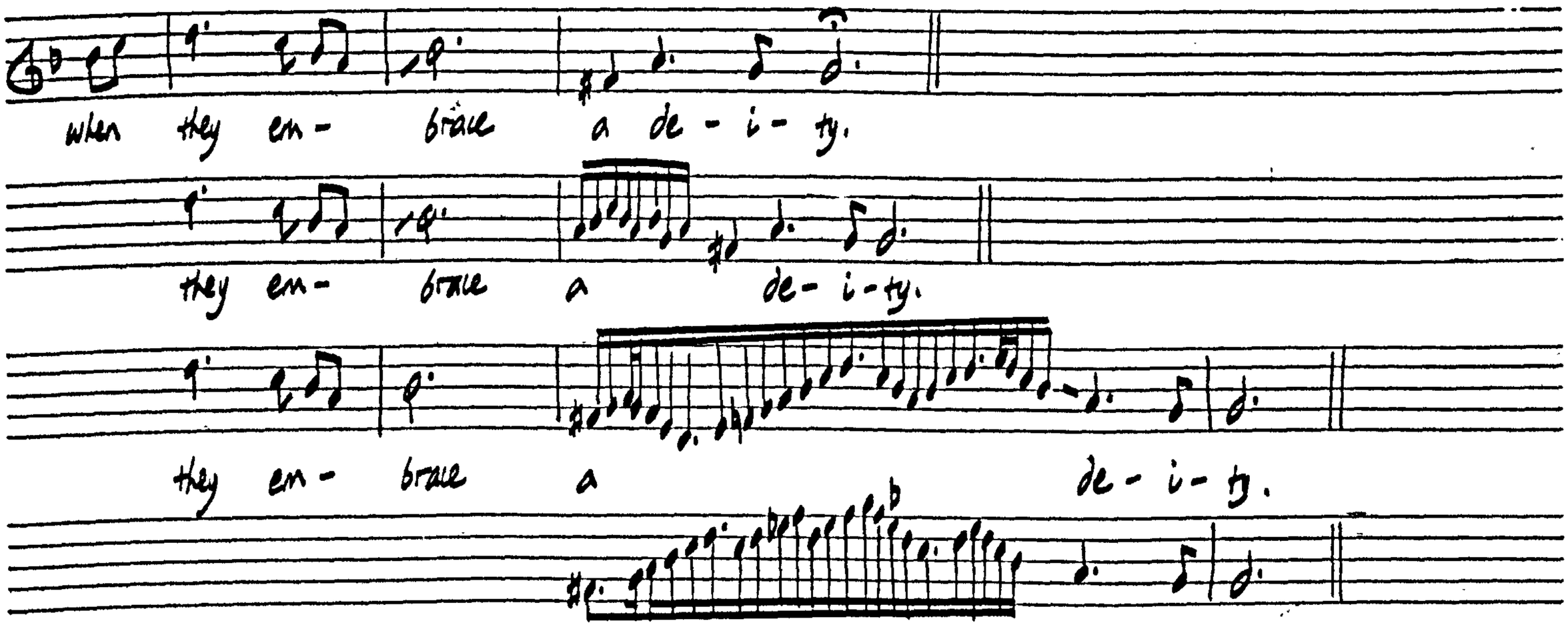
sweet - ly were for-swom, And those eyes, the break of day,

Are of those that A - pril wears, But first set my poor heart free

Lights that do mis - lead the morn. But my kiss-es bring a - gain


Bound in l- ey chains by thee.
12
Seals of love though seal'd in vain.

13 a. DIVISIONS FOR FINAL CADENCE OF 'COME MY DAPHNE, COME AWAY' Add. 11608, ff. 2-3.



13 b. DIVISIONS FOR FINAL CADENCE OF 'SET TO THE SUN' Add. 11608, ff. 12v-13

14. WHEN SHALL I SEE MY CAPTIVE HEART [Henry Lawes] Lambeth 1041, ff. 16v-17

Verse 1

When shall I see my cap- tive heart That

Verse 2 (double)

The ty- rant love would be de- pos'd And

lives in Chlo- ris' breast? Or when will love a- gain

from his em- pire thrown, Were not his sub- jects fool'd

mes- tore Those joys I once pos- sess'd?

With hope That mer-cy would be shown.

6

Yet 'tis a bles- sing I con- fess, Whose fate is so se-

Then cap-tive heart con- ten-ted lie, And ba- nish all des-

9

vere, Not to be batt'd of fu- ture hopes, To mi-ti- gate our

pair, Since there is hope that she may be As kind as she is

12

fear.

fair.

15

15. NEVER PERSUADE ME TO'T Charles Coleman Lambeth 1041, ff.56-56v

Playford 1652

Verse 1

Ne-ver per-svade me to't I vow I live not

Verse 2

You may ar- gue I Love heat, My pul-ses beat

How Canst thou ex- pect a life in me, Since my soul is fled to

My sighs have in them liv- ing fire And my eyes spark with de-

thee. You sup-pose be-cause I walk and you think talk,

sire. Grant your ar-gu-ment be truth Such heat my youth In-flame as

I there-fore breath, a-las you know Shades as well as men do so.

poi- sons do, on-ly pre-pare To make death their fol- lo-wers.

16. PERFECT AND ENDLESS CIRCLES ARE. [William Lawes] Lambeth 1041, ff. 57v-58

Add. 31432

Per- fect and end- less cir- cles are,

And such of late mine and my love's heart were, But if now the

red be from my poor heart fled, You are the cause why it is

pale and dead, For gaz- ing on your eyes my heart stood

still, A- ma- zed was, and thus be came both pale and

12

ill. Smile now and what be-fore was like you'll view Car-na- tion

15

being res- tor'd by you.

17. BRIGHT AVRELIA I DO OWE Charles Coleman Lambeth 1041, ff. 52v-53

Bright Au- re-lia I do owe All the woe I do

Verse 2:

know To those glo-rious looks a- lone, Thoughyou are un- re- lent- ing

stone. The quick light-ning from your eyes Did sac-ri- fice

glory in my smart.

my un- wise, My un- wa- ry harm- less heart, And now you glo- ry in my smart.

2. How rajestly you do blame
That pure flame from you came
Vex'd with what yourself made burn
Your scorns to tinder made it turn.
The least spark now love can call.
That does fall on the small
Scorch'd remainder of my heart
Will make it burn in every part.

18 a. PICTORIAL DIVISIONS FROM ADD. 53723

f. 10v

Why do you rise

f. 18v

whose thread is spun, drawn out and cut, and so 'tis done.

f. 43

Go naked truth

f. 68v

Swift through the yield-ing air I glide

f. 26v

Cold age on thee will creep too fast

f. 39

smooth-ly done

end - less spring

go climb that rock

his that rolls

flam - ing cha - riot

a smok - ing sac - ri - fice

mu - sic found

er wind - ing sheet

mo - tion seen

his lost run - ning sand

the flow - ing de - i - ty

'll will fall into des - pair

can we so far stray

18 b. DECORATIVE DIVISIONS FROM ADD. 53723

f. 19v

MUST dis- join.

f. 11

pi- ti- ful shall show.

f. 22

blow me back a- gain.

f. 12

ah plea- sures prove.

f. 164

and for e- ver con- stant prove.

19. WHERE SHALL MY TROUBLED SOUL Henry Lawes Add. 53723, ff. 82v-83

Where shall my troub - led soul at

4

large Dis - charge The bur - den of his sins,

[echo]

O where? Here. Whence comes this voice I hear?

12

What doth this grace af- ford? If it be thou,

16

O Lord, Say, if thou hear'st my pray- ers when I call. [echo] All.

20

And wilt thou pi-ty grant when I do cry? I. [echo] Then though I

24

fall Thy grace will my de- fects sup- ply. [echo] I

28

But who will keep my soul from ill, Quench bad de-sires, in-

[echo]

32

form my will? I will. O may that will and voice be

36

blest Which yields such com- fort un-to one dis- tress'd

40

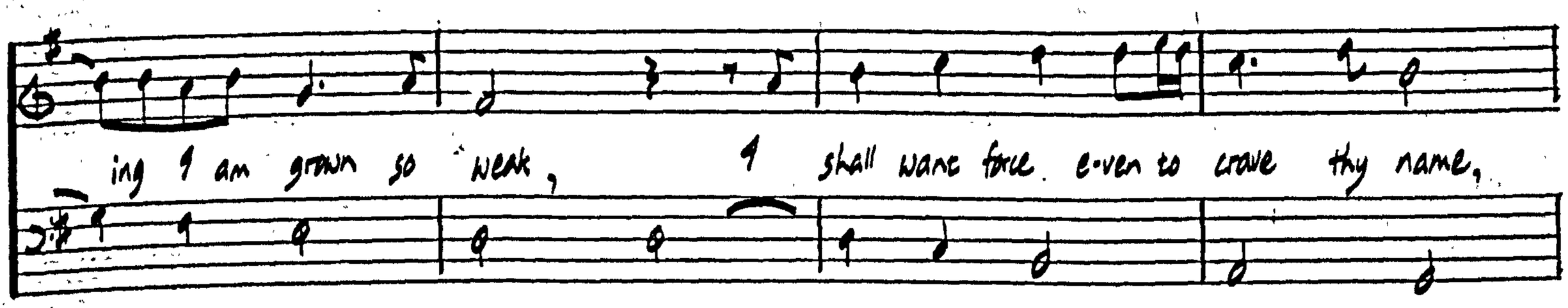
More bless-ed yet, would'st thou thy-self un- mask, Or tell at least

[echo]

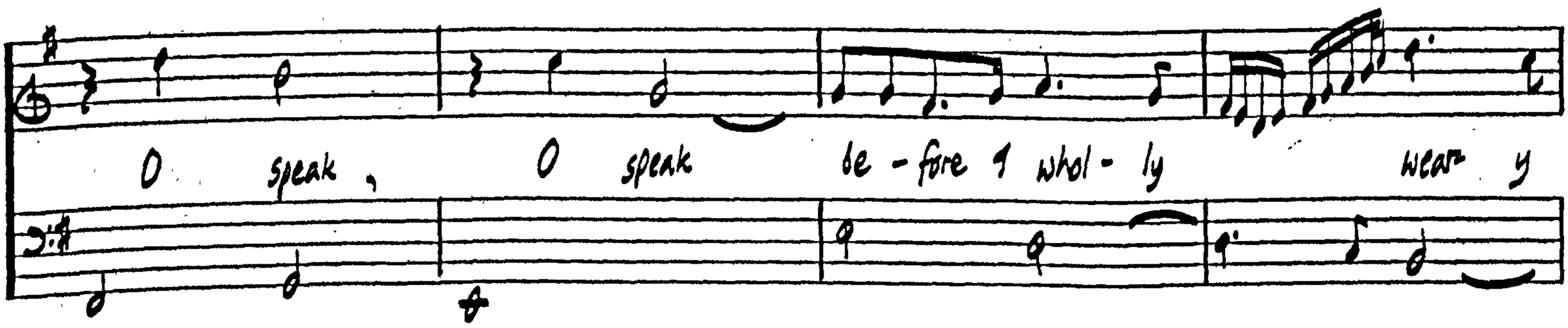
44

who un-der-takes this task. Ask. Then quick-ly speak, Since non with cy-

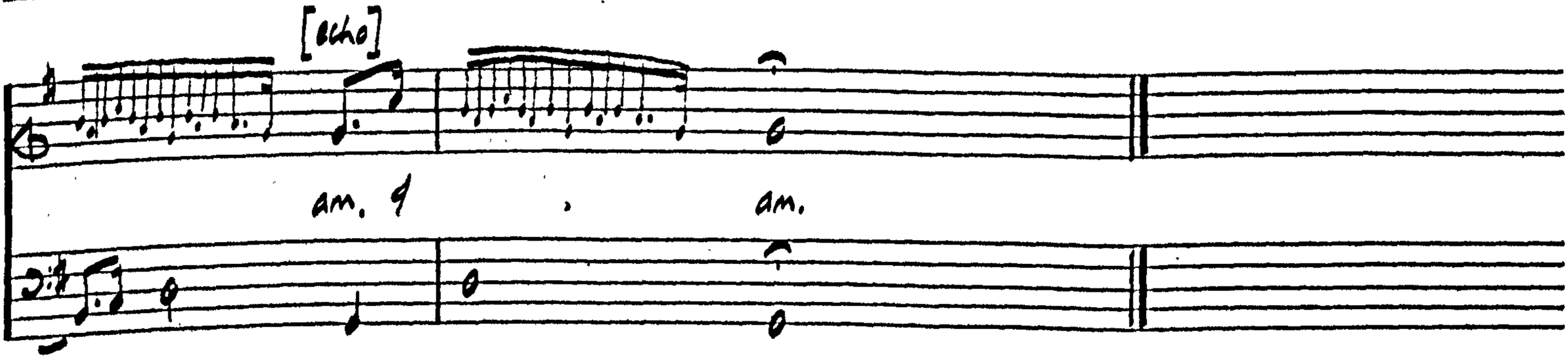
48


ing I am grown so weak, I shall want force e-ven to crave thy name,

52


O speak, O speak be-fore I whol-ly wear-y

56


[echo]
am. I . am.

20. LOVELY CLORIS THOUGH THINE EYES — Henry Lawes — Add. 53723, f. 56

Love - ly Clo - ris though thine eyes

4

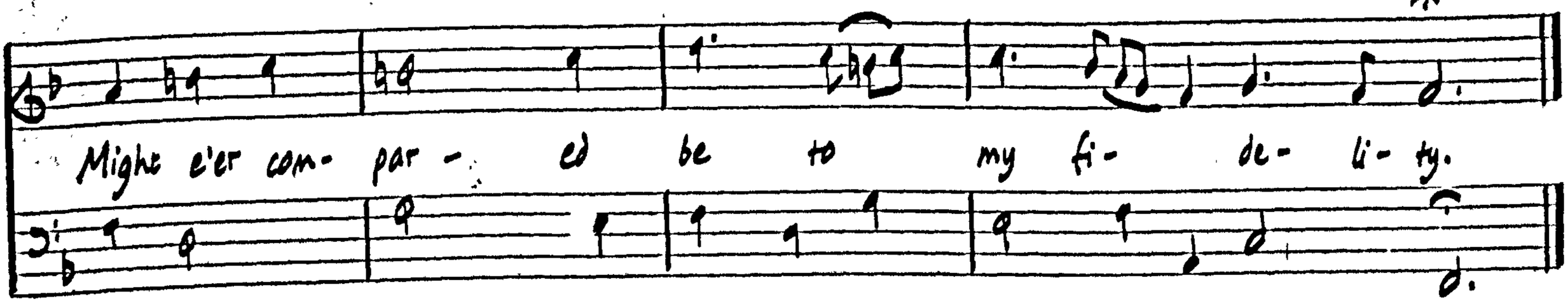
Far out - shine the je - wels of the skies, That grace which

9

all ad - mire in thee, No nor the beau - ties

12

of thy breast Which far out - blaze the rest



Those alluring smiles that place
An eternal April on thy face
Such as no sun did ever see
No nor the beauties . . .

Nor the lilies nor the roses
Which thy curious hair encloses
Whose beauty none can live and see
No nor the beauties . . .

Eyes grow dim and lose their light
Morning['s] beauty dies at night
And lilies droop and roses die
When eyes are blind and beauty fled
Lilies and roses dead

My sacred vows shall tie
My firm fidelity.

21 a, DIVISIONS FROM ADD. 31432

f.27v

but eyes con- fin'd

f.33

you cool and com- fort all but me.

f.40v

since if his glow' ring eye

f.31

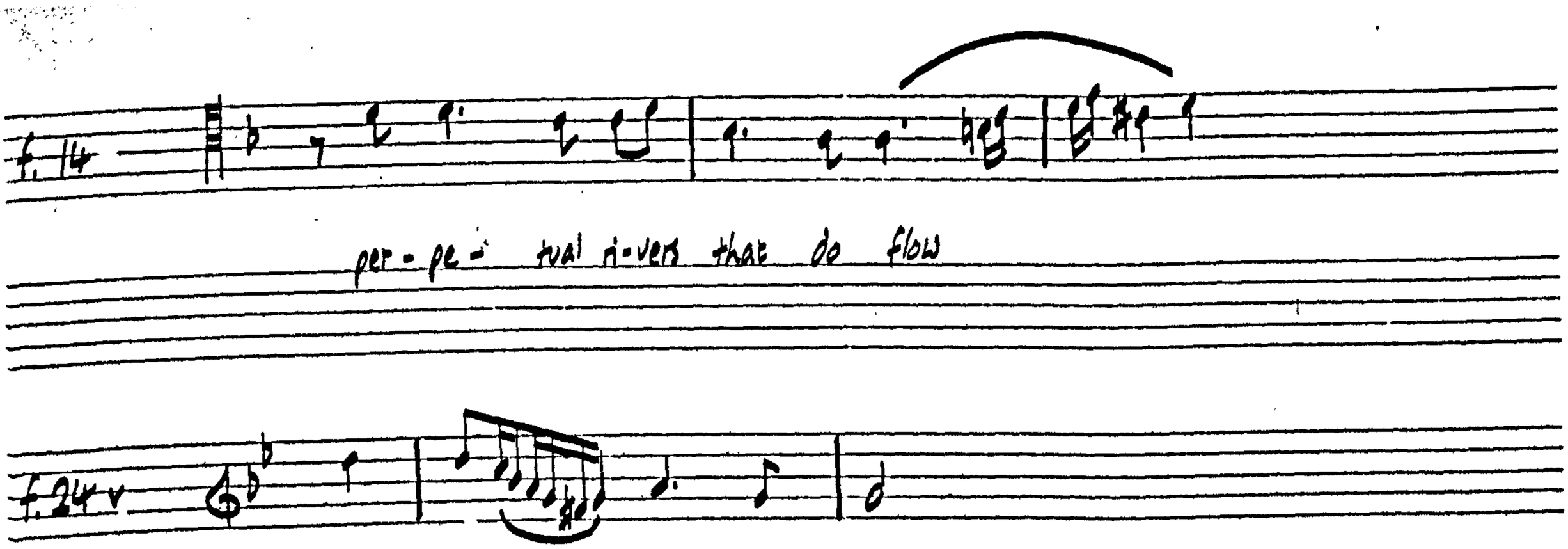
fur- nish thee with more.

f.45

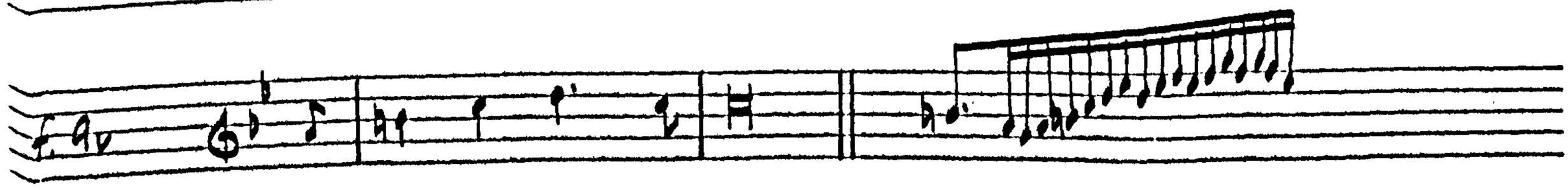
as Da- mer- ney's eyes.

f.47v

all im- pair.



21 b. DIVISION FOR FINAL CADENCE OF 'VIRGINS AS I ADVISE FORBEAR'



22. TELL ME NO MORE HER EYES ARE LIKE William Lawes Add. 31432, f. 30 v

Tell me no more Her eyes are like

Two ris- ing suns that won- der strike, For if 'twere

so, How could it be, They should be thus ec-

lips'd by me.

2. Tell me no more her breast does grow
Like rising hills of melting snow,
For if 'twere so how could they lie
So near the sunshine of her eye?

3. Tell me no more the regal spheres
Compar'd to her voice frights our ears,
For if 'twere so how then could death
Dwell with such discourse in her breath?

4. Nor say her eyes portenders are
Of rain or some blazing star,
Else I should feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

5. Say that her breasts though cold as snow
Are hard as marble when I woo,
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflamed from me sent.

6. Say that although like to the morn
She's heavenly fair yet changed as soon,
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain;

7. That so by one of them 9 might
Be kept alive or murther'd quite,
For 'tis less cruel there to kill
When life does but mire as the ill.

23. GOD OF WINDS — William Lawes — Add. 31432, f. 31

God of Winds, When thou art

3

grown Breath-less and Last spent thy store, When thy rag-ing blasts are

6

gone I can fur-nish thee with more, I can

send thee sighs that are Fit-ter for thy churl-ish ware.

Flow no more ye rugged seas
Nor yor swelling waters rise,
For your labar I can ease
From the ocean of mine eyes,
And your empty streams supply
Though ye ebb'd eternally.

I can send ye tempests too
From my wild distracted breast,
For compar'd unto my woe
Wars are peace and tumult rest; ♩ ♪ ♪
No seas can greater troubles move No seas can
Than a poor maid's shipwrack'd love.

24. THOSE LOVERS ONLY HAPPY ARE — William Lawes — Add. 31432, ff. 46v - 47v

Those lo-vers on-ly Hap- py are that

still des- pair; The rest- less souls that Hope and

fear In tem-pests live, each smile or frown Like

sur- ges toss them up and down, And if they e'er at -

12

tain the port They ship-wech then and sink their love, Though they es-

15

cape; For beau-tious shape And all those sweets which they be-

18

fore Did with so much de-light a-dore If tast-ed they es-

21

teem no more, And once en-joy'd They are no soon-er pleas'd than

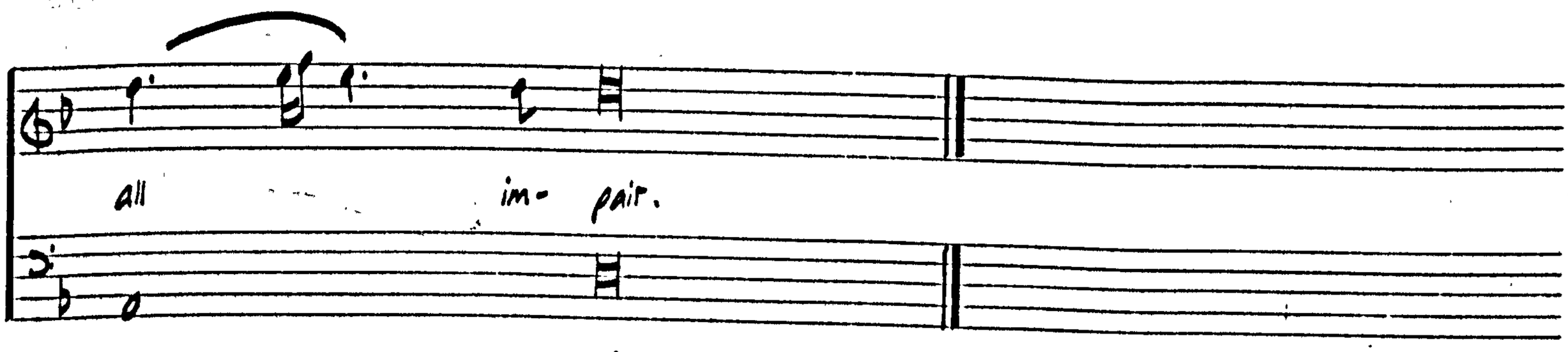
cloy'd. But he that dares his heart pre- fer To.

wor- ship her, Whose eyes di- vine fire doth not burn,

But all love in-to won- der turn Blest in his ob- jects glo- ries

are; And there des- pair Be- cause that bliss from

36



25 a. DIVISIONS FROM BODLEIAN MUS. B. 1.

f. 13v

as of blood

f. 28v

join two breasts in one

f. 37

make thy mirth in- crease.

f. 22v

so let thy grains to hills as- cend

f. 25

and make all heav'n

f. 76

fly not, all are lo-vers here

256. CONCLUSION OF 'TELL ME WHERE THE BEAUTY LIES'

f. 84

Then let my mis- tress that I love her,

Think she's fair, 'cause I ap- prove her.

26. VIEW'ST THOU THAT POOR PENVRIOVS PAIR John Wilson Bodleian Mus. 6.1, f.107

View'st thou that poor pe- nu- rious pair Of lo- vers

How they bill, Mis- truc- ted not by wan- ton fare But

by a mu- tual will; Such need-less aids these

wretch- es slom, They find out hid de- sires, Which in each

(16)

o- their mind being born Be- gets them to new fires.

27. IF WHEN I DIE TO HELL'S ETERNAL SHADE [Anon.] Bodleian Mus. Sch. f.575, f.7

9f when 9 die to hell's e-ter-nal

shade As an i-do-la-ter con-demn'd 1 be, Be-cause a mor-tal

beau-ty that doth fade 9 have too long a-dor'd in cre-et thee.

12

Think not to 'scape, for, for thy ty- ran·ny Thou there shalt

15

be con- demn'd as well as I.

28. STAY LUSTY BLOOD WHERE CANST THOU SEEK [Anon] Bodleian Mus. Sch. f. 575, f. 9v

Stay, lus-ty blood, where canst thou

seek So blest a place as is her cheek; How dar'st thou

from that place re- tire, Where beau-ty doth com-mand de-

A)

sire; But if thou wilt not stay then

flow Down to her part-ing paps be-low.

29. HARK HOW MY CELIA [Henry Lawes] Egerton 2013, pp. 90-1

Hark, hark how my Ce- lia, with the

choice Mu- sic of her Lad and voice Stills the loud wind

and makes the wild In- en- sed bear and pan- ther mild, Mark how the

12

sta- tues like men move, While men with won- der sta- tues prove;

16

This stiff rock bends to wor-ship her., That i-dol turns i-do-la-ter.

20

Now see how all the new in- spir'd I- ma- ges with love are fir'd;

24

Hark how the ten- der mar- ble groans, And all the late trans-form- ed

28

stones, Court the fair nymph with ma-ny a tear, Which she, more flin-ty than they were,

32

Be- holds with unre- lent- ing mind; While they, a- maz'd

to see com-bin'd Such match-less beau-ty with dis-dain, Are all

turn'd in-to stones a-gain.

30. DAMON MY BEAUTY DOTH ADORE [Anon.] Bodleian Don. c. 57, ff. 98v-99

Da - mon my beau- ty doth a - dore, Thyr-

sis dis-dain- ful calls me Moor, Thyr- sis as deep in

here-sy Da- mon in i-do-la-try; I nei-ther am so foul or fair

As to be coy or to des-pair ; My face is such, my glass can

ten, In which is nei-ther Heav'n or hell, Not full so bright as an-gels

be To chal-lenge a di-vi-ni-ty, Nor yet so dark, I thank my

22

fate. As to be thought love's rep- ro- bate. This love- ly brown who

27

con- sures right? This sweats it black he vows it white.

30

No pas- sion has its eyes, we find. But love and hate a- like are blind.

31. AMARYLLIS BY A SPRING [Henry Lawes] Bodleian Don. c. 57, ff. 98v-99

A- ma- ryl- lis by a spring's Soft

3

and soul-melt-ing mur- me- rings Slept, un- to whom a red-breast

6

fled, Who sim-ply think-ing she was dead, To bu- ry her brought spear- mint fine —

(9)

And leaves of sweet - est Eg - lan - tine.

12

Where placing them he saw her stir, At which a - maz'd he flew from her fro to a

'S

myr-tle grow-ing by Where mark - ing from her lit-tle eye A thou - sand

19

flames of love to fly, Poor ro-bin red- breast then drew nigh. And

21

see ing her not dead but all dis- leav'd He chirp'd for joy to see him- self de- ceiv'd.

32. SING SYREN THOUGH THY NOTES BRING DEATH [ANON.] Don.c.57, f.95

Sing, sing Sy- ren

(2)

though thy notes bring death, Per-fume the air with thy sweet breath, The winds are still the

ni- ver stays De- light-ed with thy plea-sant lays.

The gods do lis- ten and Love sweats You drown'd the mu - sic

of the spheres.

You turn cold winters in-to spring,
And bearing you the swans do die,
The hearts revive which you have slain,
And wounded Lovers lose their pain.
Whilst I and Love these wonders speak
The trebles of my heart-strings break.

33. WE DO ACCOUNT THAT MVSIC GOOD [Anon.] Lambeth 1041, f.3

We do ac- count that mu- sic good

That is- sues from well tu- ned wood; That bet- ter

doth the ear re- joice That doth pro- ceed from a

sweet voice. But that of all is judg'd the

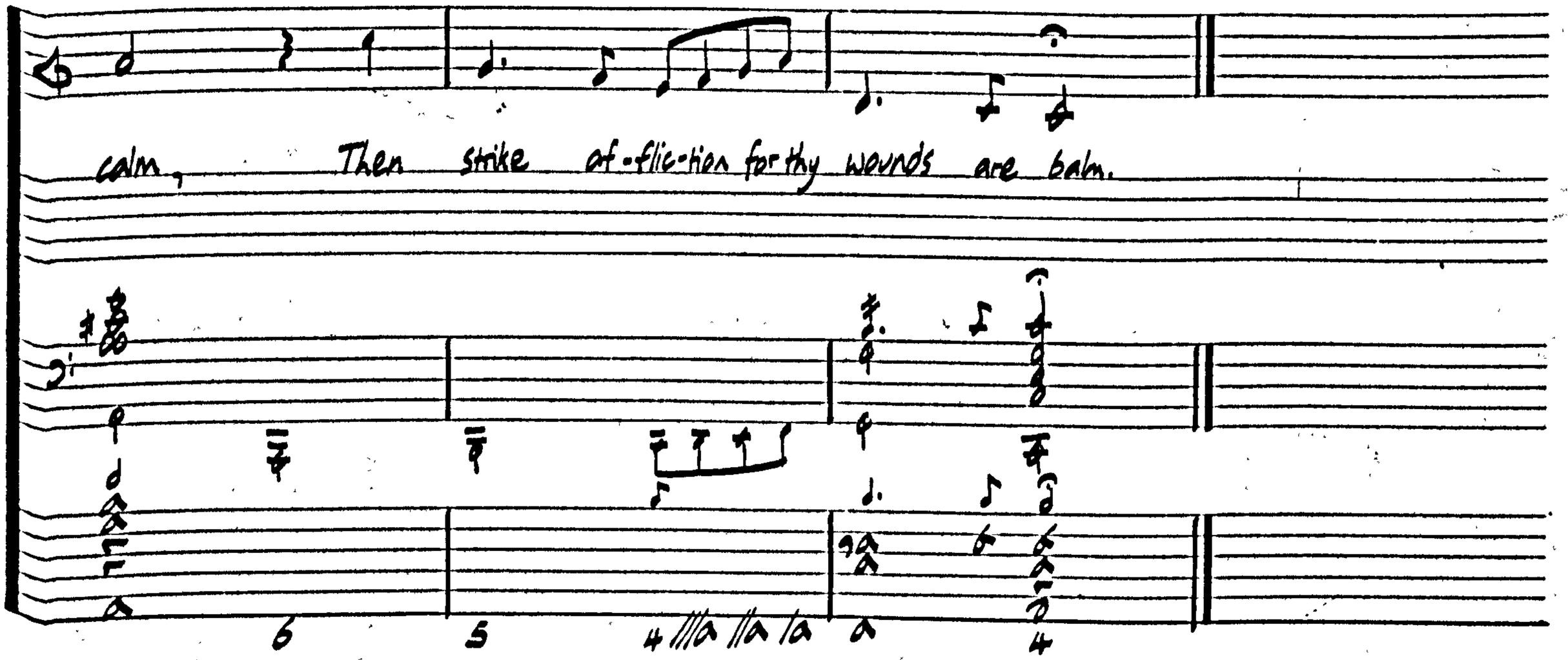
best That comes from an ac- cord- ing breast.

34. **BEAT ON PROUD BILLOWS** [Anon.] Lambeth 1041, ff. 6v-7.

Beat on, proud bil-lows, Bo-reas blow, Swell air-ed waves

high as Jove's roof, Your in-ci-vi-li-ty will show That in-no-cence

is ten-pest proof; Though sur-ley hea-vens frown my thoughts are



[The manuscript gives a further nine verses]

35. NO NO I WILL SOONER TRUST THE WIND John Wilson Bodleian Mus. b.1., ff.142v-143

No, no I will soon-er trust the wind, When false-ly kind

courts the preg- nant sails in-to a storm, And when the

smil- ing waves per- svade, Be willing- ly be- tray'd, Then thy de- ceit- ful vows or

scorn. Go, go and be- guile some ea- sy heart With thy

vain art; Thy smiles and kisses on those fools be - stow who on - ly

see the calms that sleep On thy smooth flatt'ning deep but not the hid-den dan - ger

know. Those that like me thy false-hood prove Will scorn thy

love; Some may, de- ceiv'd, at first a- dore thy shine, But he that

30

as thy sac- ri - fice Doth will-ing-ly fall twice Dies his own

33

mar-tyr, and not thine.

36. I AM CONFIRM'D IN MY BELIEF John Wilson Bodleian Mus. b. 1., f. 145

I am con- firm'd in my be- lief

(3)

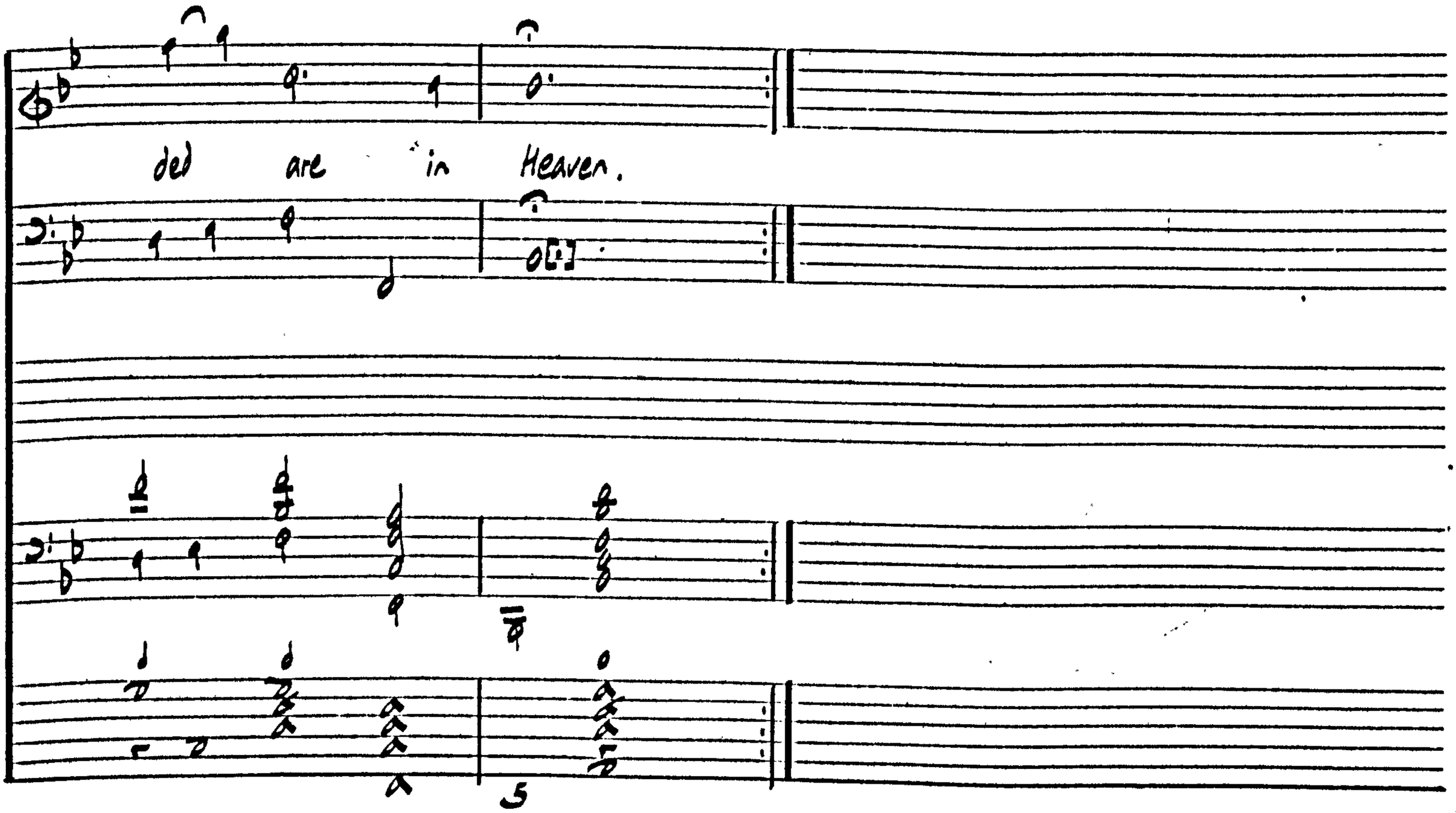
No wo- man hath a soul, They but de- lude, that is the thief To which

their fan- cies roll; else how could bright-est Clo- ris fail

(10)

When she her faith had given, Since vows that o- thers' ears as-sail re- cord

(13)



But as the chemist's flatt'ring fires
Swell up his hopes of prize,
Till the crack'd spirit quite expires
And with his fortune dies;
So though they seem to cheer and speak
Those things we most implore,
They do but flame us up to break
Then never mind us more.

37. I YIELD FAIR ENEMY John Wilson Bodleian Mus. b. 1., ff. 160v-161

I yield, fair e- ne- my, nor

know How to re- sist so fair a foe; Who would not thy soft yoke sus-

tain, Or bow be- neath the ea- sy chain, That with a bon- dage

blest might be, Which far trans- cends all li- ber- ty? But since I free- ly

have re- sign'd At first as- sault my will- ing mind, In- sult not o'er my

cap- tiv'd heart With too much ty- ran- ny and art, Least by thy scorn thou

22

lose the prize Gain'd by the power of thy bright eyes; And thou this

26

con- quest thus shalt prove. Though got by beau- ty, kept by love.

38a. EXAMPLES OF CADENCES FROM MUSICK'S MONVMENT, pp. 222-4.

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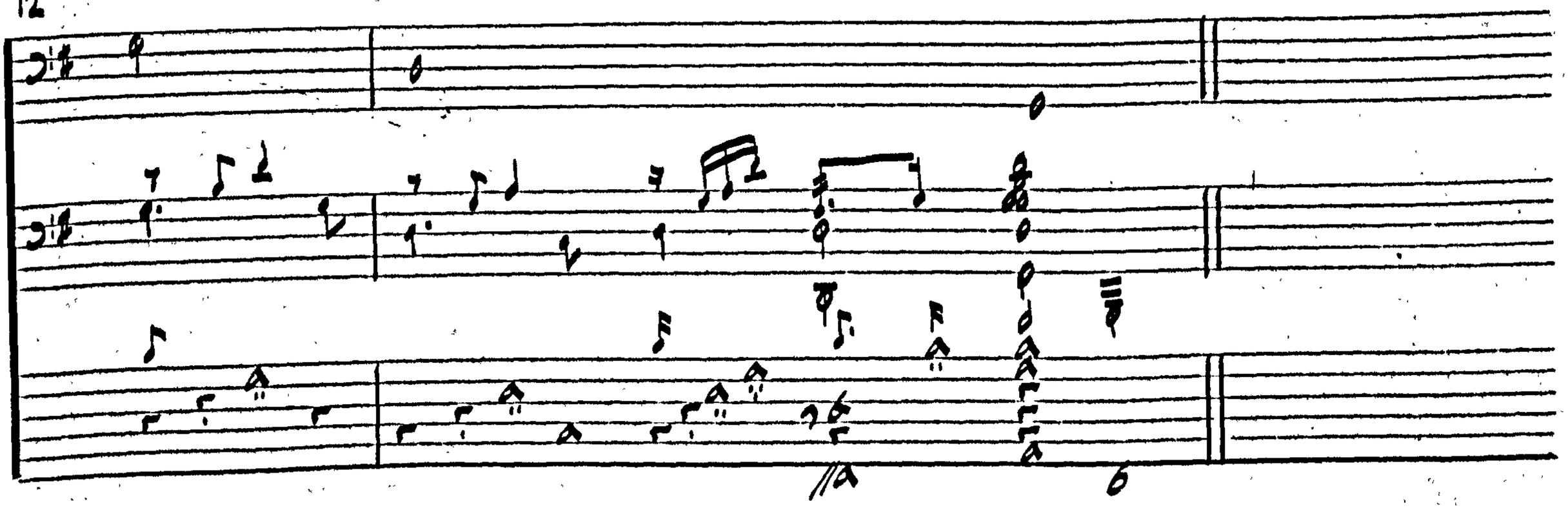

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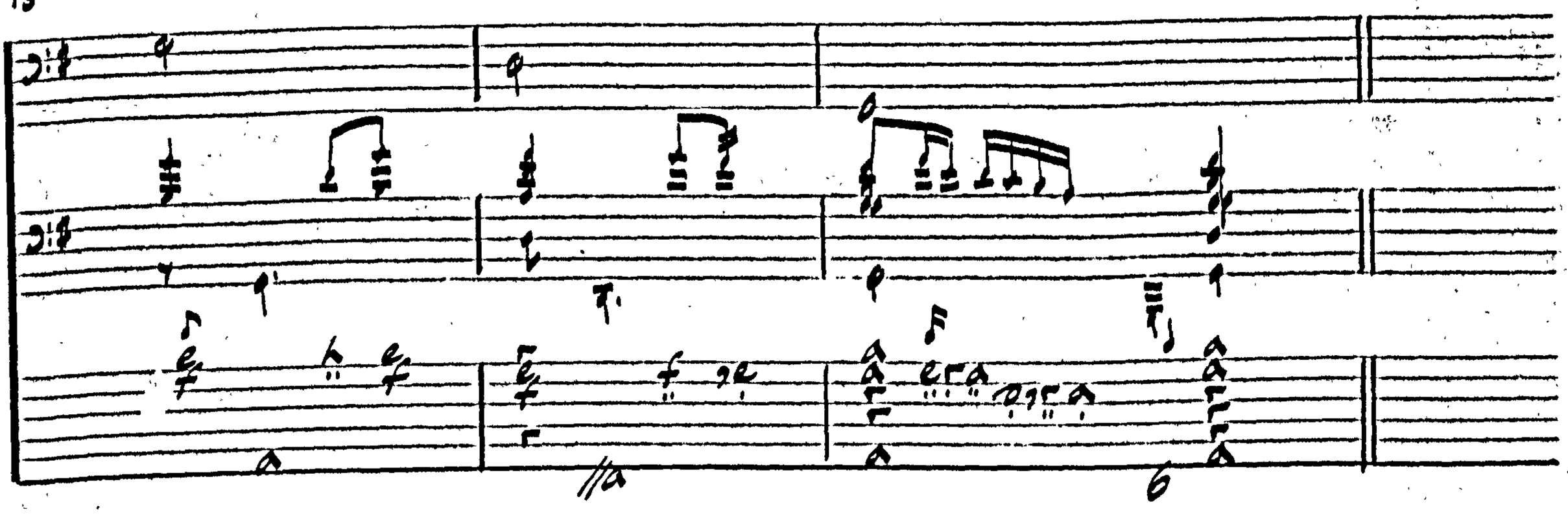

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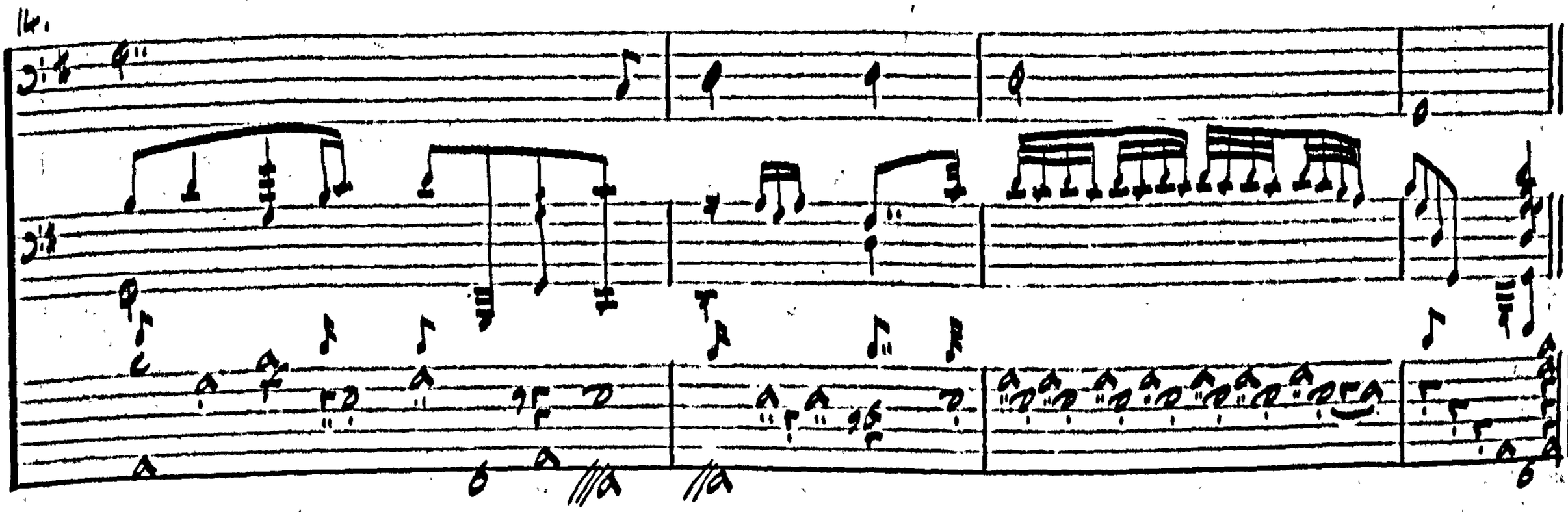


15

16

17

16

19

20

38 6. EXAMPLES USING SIXTH CHORDS FROM MUSICK'S MONUMENT pp. 228-9

[1.]

[2] A Second Variety upon the Same Notes

[3] Another usual way of using the Sixth

39. MISERERE MY MAKER [Anon., after Caccini] Add. 15117, f. 6

Mi- se- re - re my ma- ker,

3

O have mer-cy on me wretch strange-ly dis- tress- ed, Cast down with sin op-

5

press - ed. Migh - ti - ly vex'd to the soul's bit-ter ang -

vish, Ev'n to the death I lang- vish, Yet let it please thee to

ease my cease- less cry- ing; Mi- se- re- re,

mi- se- re- re, mi- se- re- re I am dy- ing.

40. O WHERE AM I WHAT MAY I THINK [Anon.] Drexel 4175, lv

O where am I what

may I think Help help a- las my heart doth

(3)

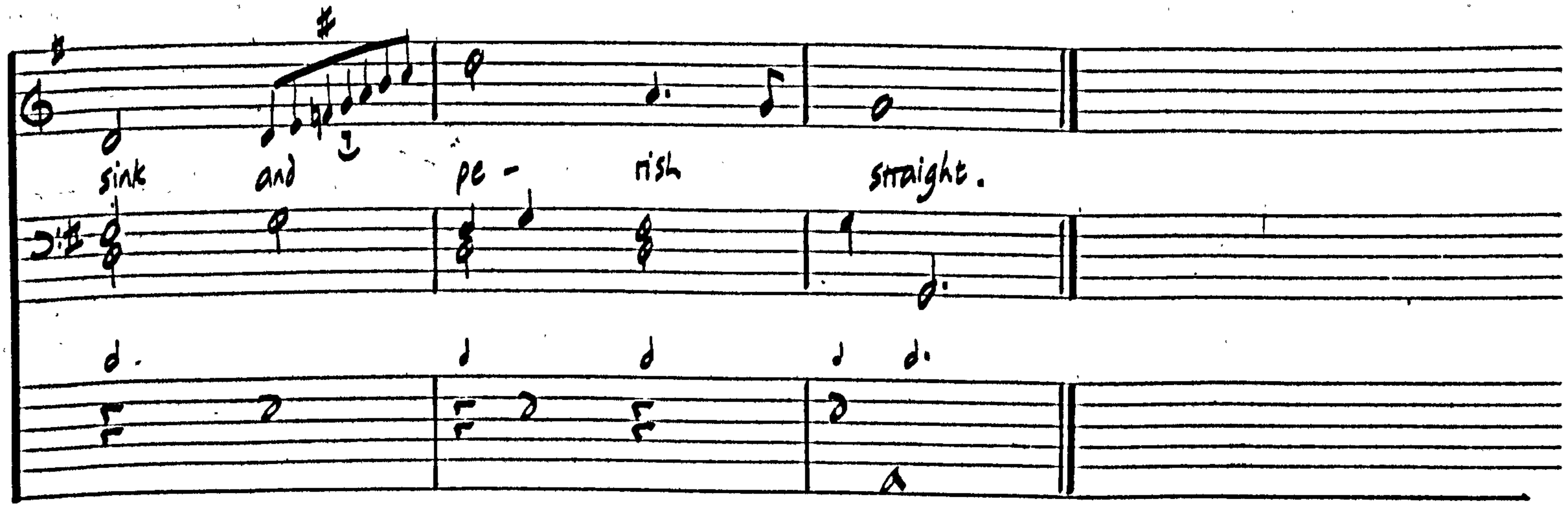
sink; Thus lost in seas of woe, Thus in- den

(4)

With my sin, Waves of des - pair dash

In And threat my o-ver - throw; What Lent op-

press'd With such a Weight Can chose but



Yet as at sea in storms men choose
The ship to save, the goods to lose,
So in this fearful storm
The danger to prevent
Before all hope be spent
I'll choose the lesser harm:
My tears to seas I will con-vert
And drown mine eyes to save my heart.

41. COME SWEET LOVE WHY DOST THOV STAY [Anon.] Bodleian Don. c. 57, f. 75

Come, come sweet love Why dost thov stay,

4

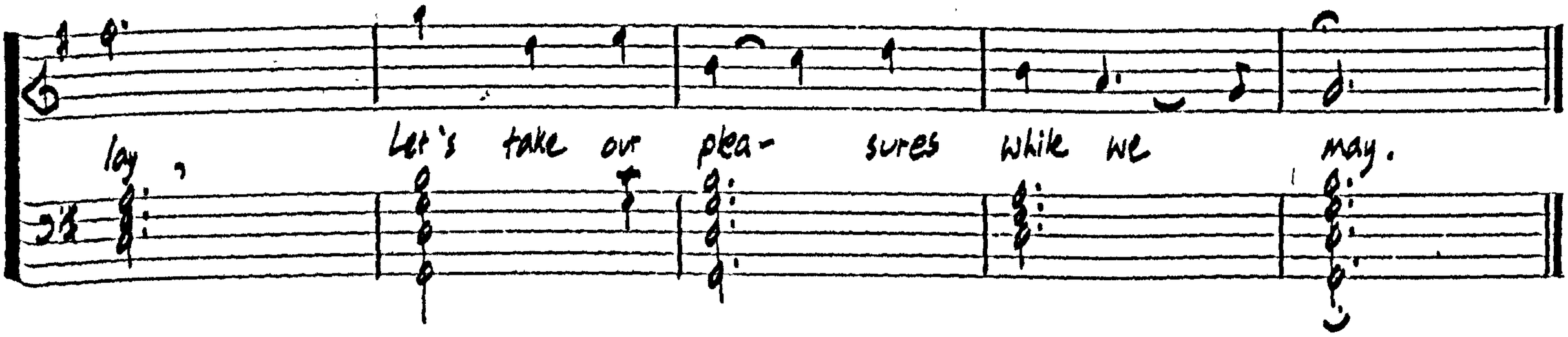
Come let vs meet e'er en- vious day Draws back the

8

cur-tains of the night, Mind'ring Harm- less

11

love's de- light. Come quick-ly come, make no de-


lay,
Let's take our plea- sures while we may.

42. THESEUS O THESEUS — Henry Lawes — Add. 53723, ff. 124-127

Lawes 1653

The - seus, O The- seus, Lark! but yet in

vain. A- las de- ser- ted I com- plain. It was some neigh- b'ring

rock, more soft than he, Whose lol- low bo-wels pit-tied me, And beat-ing

back that false and cru-el name, Did com-fort and re- venge my flame. Then faith- less

Whi- ther wilt thou fly? Stones dare not har- bour cru- el -

ty. Tell me ye Gods, Who e'er ye are,

24

Why. O why made ye him so fair? And tell me, wretch, why

28

thou Mad'st not thy-self more true? Beau-ty from him might co-pies take, And

32

more ma-jes-tic he- roes make, And false-hood learn a wile From him too, to be-

guile. Res-tore my clew, 'tis here most due; for 'tis a lab- rinth of more sub-tle

art To Love so fair a face, so foul a heart. The rav'- nous

vul-ture tear his breast, The roll- ing stone dis-turb his rest; Let him next feel Tri-on's wheel, And

add one fa-ble more to curs-ing po - et's store; And then - yet ra-ther let him live, and

twine His woof of days with some thread stol'n from mine; But if you'll tor-ture him, how-

e'er, Tor-ture my heart, you'll find him there. Till mine eyes drank up his, And his drank

mine, I ne'er thought souls might kiss And spi-rits join; Pic-tures till then Mov'd me as much as

men. Na-ture and art Mo-ving a-like my heart, But his fair vi-sage made me

find Plea-sures and fears, Hopes, sighs and tears, as se-ve-ral sea-sons of the mind.

72

Should thine eye, Ve- nus, on his dwell, Thou would'st in-vite him to thy

76

shell And caught by that live jet Ven-ture the se- cond net; And a-fter all thy dan-gers faith-less

80

he, Should'st thou but slum-ber, would for- sake e'n thee. The streams so cour

the yield-ing banks. And glid-ing thence ne'er pay their thanks; The winds so woo the

flow'rs. Whisp'ring a-mong fresh bow'rs. And lav-ing robb'd them of their smells Fly thence perfum'd to o- ther

cells. This is fa- mi-liar Late, to smile and kill,

96

Though no- thing please thee yet my ru- in will. Death ho- ver, ho-ver o'er me

100

then; Waves ler your crys- tal womb Be both my fate and

104

tomb, I'll soon-er trust the sea than men. Yet for re-venge to heav'n I'll call, And

breath one curse be-fore I fall, Proud of two con- quests, Mi-no-taur and me.

That by my faith, this by thy per- ju- ry; May'st thou for-get to wing thy ships with

While, That the black sails may to the long- ing sight Of thy grey fa- ther tell thy fate, and

120

he Be- queath that sea his name, fall- ing like me. Na- ture and love thus brand thee,

Whilst I die 'cause I for- sak'st, Ae- ge- us 'cause thou draw- est nigh.

And ye, O Nymphs, be- low who sit, In whose swift floods his vows he writ, Snatch a sharp

dia-mond from your rich- er mines And in some mir- ror grave these sad- der lines,

Which let some god con- vey To him, that so he may In that both read at once, and see Those

Her Epitaph

looks that caus'd my des- ti- ny. In The- tis' arms I A- ri-

ad - ne sleep, Drown'd first in mine own tears, Then

in the deep; Twice ba-nish'd, first by love and then by

hate, The life that I pre- serv'd be-came my fate; Who lea-ving all was by him left a-

lone; That from a mon- ster freed him- self prov'd one. Thus then I

O mine eyes Be now true spies; Yon- der, yon-der comes my

f— But look!

dear, Now my won- der; once my fear; See, sa- tyrs dance a-

1687

long In a con-fus-ed throng, Whilst horns and pipes' rude noise Do mad their lus-ty joys.

1722

Ro- ses his for-head crown And that re- crowns the flow'rs, Where he walks up and down he makes the

1765

de- serts bow'rs; The i- vy and the grape Hide, not a- dorn his shape, And

green leaves doth his wav-ing rod; 'Tis he, 'tis ei-ther The- seus, or some

god.

THESIS CONTAINS TAPE CASSETTE

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