

Lyrta



SRCD.2309  
STEREO ADD

ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH SONG. 1530-1790 – DISC ONE

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <b>Richard Edwards</b>  | <b>Anon. (arr Francis Cutting)</b>   | <b>John Wilson</b>   |
| 1. When gripping griefs<br>Brett, Rooley (3'07")                              | 9. How should I your true love<br>know - Brett, Rooley (1'42")                       | 17. In the merry month of May<br>Jenkins, Tilney (1'44")               |
| <b>John Danyel</b>  | <b>John Dowland</b>  | <b>Henry Lawes</b>   |
| 2. Why canst thou not<br>Jenkins, Rooley (1'33")                              | 10. If that a sinner's sighs<br>Eathorne, Rooley,<br>Viol Consort (2'50")            | 18. 'Tis but a frowne<br>Brett, Tilney (2'03")                         |
| 3. Grief keep within - Eathorne,<br>Rooley, Jones (8'28")                     | 11. Come away, sweet love<br>Jenkins, Rooley (2'42")                                 | 19. Wert thou yet fairer<br>Jenkins, Tilney (1'44")                    |
| <b>Anon.</b>  | 12. Go nightly cares<br>Brett, Rooley, Mackintosh,<br>Jones (7'01")                  | <b>John Hilton</b>   |
| 4. When Daphne from fair<br>Phoebus did fly<br>Eathorne, Viol Consort (2'38") | <b>Francis Pilkington</b>  | 20. A Hymn to God the father<br>Jenkins, Tilney (3'21")                |
| <b>William Byrd</b>   | 13. Now peep, bo-peep<br>Jenkins, Rooley, Ryan (4'55")                               | <b>Henry Purcell</b>   |
| 5. Fair Britain Isle<br>Brett, Viol Consort (3'43")                           | <b>Orlando Gibbons</b>   | 21. A thousand several ways<br>Langridge, Kraemer,<br>Skeaping (0'53") |
| 6. Out of the orient crystal skies<br>Eathorne, Viol Consort (3'57")          | 14. Ah dear heart<br>Eathorne, Viol Consort (2'09")                                  | 22. O Solitude - Eathorne,<br>Kraemer, Skeaping (5'16")                |
| <b>Anon.</b>  | <b>Thomas Campian</b>  | 23. In Chloris - Langridge,<br>Kraemer, Skeaping (1'59")               |
| 7. I smile to see how you devise<br>Brett, Rooley (2'27")                     | 15. Fire, fire - Brett, Rooley (2'36")   |  |
| <b>Richard Farrant</b>  | 16. Out of my soul's depths<br>Jenkins, Rooley, Mackintosh,<br>Gammie, Jones (3'56") | <b>(74'39")</b>  |
| 8. Ah, alas, you salt-sea gods<br>Eathorne, Rooley,<br>Viol Consort (3'43")   |  |  |

Note: The original tapes have suffered some minor damage which has resulted in the partial loss of signal in the opening bars of some tracks on Disc One. We apologise for this technical defect, which it has not been possible to repair completely.

The above individual timings will normally each include two pauses. One before the beginning of each movement or work, and one after the end

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Lyrta

*Anthology*  
*of English Song*  
1530-1790

Norma Burrowes  
Benjamin Luxon  
Wendy Eathorne  
Philip Langridge  
Charles Brett  
Robert Lloyd  
Neil Jenkins



Colin Tilney  
Harold Lester  
Anthony Rooley  
Adam Skeaping  
Nicholas Kraemer  
Medici String Quartet

Catherine Mackintosh • Polly Waterfield  
Ian Gammie • Trevor Jones • Jane Ryan



The tradition of English song does not reach quite as far back as that of France or Germany – there were no figures comparable to the medieval Troubadors or Minnesingers – but for over 500 years solo song has been one of the chief glories of the British repertoire, from the lute songs of the Tudor dynasty to the 20<sup>th</sup>-century contributions by composers as diverse as Finzi, Britten, Tippett, Birtwistle and Howard Skempton. The collection preserved on these discs attempts to chart a course through the first 250 years of that great tradition: these notes are offered merely as the sketchiest guide to an immensely rich field, where every small bloom, be it a song of only a couple of minutes' duration, could well merit an essay.

The names of Byrd, Dowland and Purcell are rightly ranked among the greatest of all English composers. But the strength of a culture may be judged not simply on its great geniuses, but on the general level of achievement of its more obscure figures – in the case of English Song, of those many composers, now hardly remembered, who none the less wrote a wealth of good and sometimes great music, and who may be memorialized by one or two pieces that have passed into the national consciousness even if their creator's name is almost (or in the case of certain anonymous pieces, completely) forgotten. By this measure, English song reflects a very high standard of culture indeed, both literary and musical.

Born near Yeovil in Somerset, the composer, poet and playwright **Richard Edwards** (1522-1566) was a good example of the kind of multi-talented polymath who swelled the ranks of Tudor and Elizabethan music. He studied in Thame with the musician, physician and Greek scholar George Etheridge, entered Corpus Christi College in Oxford in 1540, and transferred to Christ Church when it was founded six years later. In 1561 he was appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal in London. His plays *Palaemon and Arcyte* and *Damon and Pithias*, for which he wrote his own music, were acted before Queen Elizabeth, and he composed partsongs and madrigals as well as lute songs. *When griping griefs*, to his own words, started life as a simple partsong which is found transcribed in the *Mulliner Book*, the great manuscript collection of English music transcribed by Thomas Mulliner c. 1550-1575; and it also seems to have become popular as a song for voice and lute.

The lutenist and composer **John Danyel** was another West Countryman, born near Taunton in 1565, brother to the poet Samuel Danyel, whose fame has overshadowed his. Samuel was inspector of the Children of the Queen's Revels, and after Samuel's death in 1619 John succeeded him in that post, later joining the royal company of musicians for the lute. He seems to have been involved with at least two theatre companies, and was one of the musicians who played at the funeral of King James I, but otherwise very little is known

## ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH SONG, 1530-1790 – DISC TWO

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <b>Henry Purcell</b>   | <b>Thomas Stokes</b>  | <b>James Hook</b>   |
| 1. This Poet Sings - Luxon, Kraemer, Skeaping (3'28")                  | 11. The Stocking Cantata<br>Lloyd, Kraemer, Robertson, Lewis (6'47")                        | 20. Noon - Langridge, Kraemer, Lewis (5'01")  |
| 2. With sick and famished eyes<br>Langridge, Kraemer, Skeaping (5'04") | <b>Thomas Arne</b>  | <b>Stephen Storace</b>  |
| 3. Let the dreadful engines<br>Luxon, Kraemer, Skeaping (8'03")        | 12. O Ravishing Delight<br>Langridge, Kraemer, Medici (3'09")                               | 21. The Lullaby - Langridge, Kraemer, Robertson, Werff, Lewis (2'46")                 |
| <b>John Eccles</b>   | <b>Thomas Chilcot</b>   | <b>(78'39")</b>   |
| 4. Belinda's pretty pleasing form<br>Luxon, Kraemer, Skeaping (1'12")  | 13. On a day - Burrowes, Lester, Medici (3'03")   | <b>Wendy Eathorne &amp; Norma Burrowes, sopranos</b>                                  |
| 5. The jolly breeze<br>Lloyd, Kraemer, Lewis (1'38")                   | <b>Samuel Howard</b>  | <b>Charles Brett, countertenor</b>  |
| <b>George Monro</b>  | 14. Why heaves my fond bosom<br>Langridge, Kraemer, Lewis (3'06")                           | <b>Neil Jenkins &amp; Philip Langridge, tenors</b>                                    |
| 6. My Goddess Celia<br>Langridge, Kraemer, Lewis (2'27")               | <b>William Boyce</b>  | <b>Benjamin Luxon, baritone</b>   |
| <b>Richard Leveridge</b>   | 15. Rural Beauty - Burrowes, Lester, Lewis (4'39")  | <b>Robert Lloyd, bass-baritone</b>  |
| 7. The Sailor's farewell<br>Lloyd, Kraemer, Lewis (3'59")              | <b>Henry Burgess</b>  | <b>Anthony Rooley, lute</b>   |
| <b>Anon.</b>   | 16. Rail no more ye learned asses<br>Lloyd, Kraemer, Medici (3'04")                         | <b>Catherine Mackintosh, Polly Waterfield, Ian Gammie, Trevor Jones, viol consort</b> |
| 8. The Maid's twitcher<br>Langridge, Kraemer, Lewis (3'46")            | <b>Michael Arne</b>   | <b>Jane Ryan, bass viol</b>   |
| <b>Henry Carey</b>   | 17. The lass with the delicate air<br>Langridge, Lester, Robertson, Matthews, Lewis (5'31") | <b>Colin Tilney, Nicholas Kraemer, Harold Lester, harpsichords</b>                    |
| 9. Flocks are sporting - Burrowes, Lester, Lewis (2'02")               | <b>Charles Dibdin</b>   | <b>Adam Skeaping, gamba</b>   |
| 10. A New Year's Ode<br>Langridge, Kraemer, Robertson, Lewis (4'55")   | 18. The lass that loved a sailor<br>Lloyd, Lester, Lewis (1'59")                            | <b>Medici String Quartet</b>  |
|  |   | <b>Paul Robertson &amp; David Matthews, violin</b>                                    |
|  |   | <b>Ivo-Jan van der Werff, viola</b>   |
|  |   | <b>Anthony Lewis, cello</b>   |

*These recordings were made as part of a BRITISH COUNCIL sponsored project to survey the repertoire of English Song from the medieval period to the 20th century. The project was not completed and this is the first release of the recordings that survive.*

*Recording locations and dates*

*Disc One Tracks 1-20, on 10-13 October 1976, St John's, Smith Square, London*

*Disc One Tracks 21-23 & Disc Two Tracks 1-4, on 15-17 November 1976, St George the Martyr, Queen's Square, London*

*Disc Two Tracks 5-21, on 13-15 October 1976, Decca Studio 4, Tollington Park, London*

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*Recording Producer: Chris Hazell*

*Recording Engineer: Iain Churches & Martin Haskell*

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about him. While only a few lute compositions by John Danyel survive, he published a book of 20 songs in 1606, very varied in character and showing considerable skill, from which *Why canst thou not* and *Grief keep within* are taken.

Next a group of anonymous songs. *When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly*, published as 'to a new tune' but without the name of a composer, is a skilful song from the early years of the 17<sup>th</sup> century based on the story of Daphne and Apollo from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. *I smile to see how you devise*, a setting of an anonymous sonnet published in a collection entitled *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* in 1583, has occasionally, but doubtfully, been ascribed to **Robert Johnson** (?1490-?1566), a Scot who fled to England as a heretic and thereafter lived at Windsor. *How should I your true love know* is the first of Ophelia's 'Mad Songs' in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. The anonymous setting heard here was arranged as a lute song by **Francis Cutting**, the talented lutenist and composer who flourished in the closing years of the 16<sup>th</sup> century.

**William Byrd** (1540-1623), is one of the greatest names in music of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. Born probably in Lincoln, he studied under Thomas Tallis as one of the children of the Chapel Royal and then became organist of Lincoln Cathedral, but in 1572 moved to become organist of the Chapel Royal jointly with Tallis. The two men were granted an exclusive license to print and sell music in 1575 by Queen Elizabeth I, whose especial favour protected Byrd (who was a Catholic) throughout his long and successful career, which continued under her successor James I. Prolific in both vocal and instrumental genres, and sacred and secular music, Byrd is represented here by *Fair Britain Isle*, a sombre elegy on the death of the much-beloved Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King James I, in 1612, and a resplendent Christmas nativity scene, *Out of the orient crystal skies*.

**Richard Farrant's** date and place of birth are unknown, but he died near London, either in Windsor or Greenwich, in 1581. He was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal until 1564, in which year he was promoted to the position of organist and choirmaster at St George's Chapel, Windsor, where he and his choirboys participated in plays put on for the entertainment of the Queen. In addition to such incidental music he wrote church music and keyboard works. The eloquent funeral dirge *Ah, alas, you salt-sea gods* comes from one of his theatrical productions.

Generally considered the greatest master of the lute song, **John Dowland** was born in London in 1563, and in the 1580s worked in France in the service of successive English ambassadors before taking a music degree at Oxford in 1588. In France he had become

a Catholic, which effectively debarred him from the service that he sought at the court of Elizabeth I, so that he spent much of the 1590s on the Continent in the service of the Duke of Brunswick and the Landgrave of Hesse. He returned to Protestantism towards the end of the decade and became court musician to King Christian IV of Denmark; eventually dismissed from that post, he finally settled in London. He wrote both vocal and instrumental works but is especially celebrated for his melancholic songs – whose character was carried over into his famous collection of pavans entitled *Lachrymae*. His *First Book of Songs and Ayres* (1597) – the first printed collection of its kind – went into an astonishing six editions and he published three further vocal collections up to 1612. Of course, he wrote some joyous music as well, of which *Come away, sweet love* is an excellent example. *If that a sinner's sighs* and *Go nightly cares* (from his last collection, *A Pilgrim's Solace*) are more typical of his poignant art.

**Francis Pilkington** seems to have been born in Lancashire and to have worked mainly in that part of England, dying in Chester in 1638. He is known to have studied at Oxford and subsequently became a minor canon at Chester Cathedral. He wrote anthems, madrigals and lute pieces as well as songs, of which the charming *Now peep, bo-peep* comes from his *First Book of Songs or Ayres*, published in 1605.

**Orlando Gibbons** (1583-1625), the most famous scion of a considerable musical dynasty, was brought up in Cambridge, where he studied, though he was also honoured in middle life with a doctorate from Oxford. He published a selection of keyboard music in *Parthenia* (1613), which also includes works by William Byrd and John Bull. His own works, apart from those for keyboard, include much Anglican church music, madrigals, the famous *Cries of London* for voices and strings, and many works for string consort. Appointed organist of Westminster Abbey in 1623, he died suddenly in Canterbury two years later, aged only 41, while waiting to play at the marriage service of King Charles I. *Ah dear heart*, originally a madrigal, was also arranged as a consort song and lute song and is a fine example of Gibbons's typically melancholic expression.

Equally renowned as a poet and a composer, Gibbons's elder contemporary **Thomas Campian** or **Campion** (1567-1620) also studied law and medicine; after military service on the Continent he practised as a physician in London but then engaged in further musical studies in France. Between 1601 and 1617 he published over 120 lute songs, in five collections, all of them to his own poems, and wrote and composed much else, including a treatise on counterpoint. Here he is represented by a dramatic contrast of sacred and secular. *Out of my soul's depths* (the text is a paraphrase of Psalm 130, known in Latin

*Charles Dibdin* (1745-1814)

19. *The lass that loved a sailor*

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple  
affording a chequered delight;  
The gay jolly tars passed a word for the tippie,  
and the toast — for 'twas Saturday night:  
Some sweetheart or wife he loved as his life  
each drank, and wished he could hail her:  
But the standing toast that pleased the most  
was "The wind that blows,  
The Ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor!"

Some drank "The King," some his brave ships,  
and some "The Constitution";  
Some "May the French, and all such rips,  
yield to English resolution!"  
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,  
and that they soon might hail her:  
But the standing toast that pleased the most  
was "The wind that blows,  
The Ship that goes,  
And the girl that loves a sailor!"

Some drank "The Prince," and some "Our Land,"  
this glorious land of freedom!  
Some that our tars may never want  
heroes brave to lead them!  
That she who's in distress may find,  
such friends as ne'er will fail her.  
But the standing toast that pleased the most  
was "The wind that blows,  
The Ship that goes,  
And the girl that loves a sailor!"

*James Hook* (1746-1827)

20. *Noon [The Hours of Love]*

Hush every breeze, let nothing move,  
My Delia sings and sings of love.  
Around the winning graces wait,  
And calm contentment guards the seat.  
*Hush every breeze...*

In the sweet shade my Delia stay,  
You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May  
The sun now rages in his noon  
'Tis pity to part so soon.  
*Hush every breeze...*

Oh hear me Delia, hear me now,  
Incline propitious to my vow.  
So may thy charms no changes prove,  
But bloom forever like my love.  
*Hush every breeze...*

*Stephen Storace* (1762-1796)

21. *The Lullaby [The Pirates]*

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,  
seamen fear no danger nigh,  
The winds and waves in gentle motion,  
soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,  
still no danger they decry;  
The guileless heart its boon bestowing,  
soothes them with its lullaby.

*Michael Arne (1741-1786)*

18. *The lass with the delicate air*

Young Molly who lived at the foot of the hill,  
whose fame every virgin with envy doth feel,  
Of beauty is blessed with and so ample a share,  
that men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One evening last May as I traversed the grove,  
in thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,  
I chanced to espy the gay nymph, I declare,  
and, really, she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,  
a chaplet composing, the fair one was laid,  
Surprised and transported, I could not forbear  
with rapture to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,  
and pierced without pity my innocent heart.  
And from thence for to gain the dear maid was my care,  
for a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blushed and complained I was rude,  
and begged of all things that I would not intrude.  
I answered I could not tell how I came there,  
but laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said the heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,  
and hope that she'll give it to ease my fond pain.  
She neither rejected nor granted my prayer,  
but fired all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,  
but still the tormentor affects to be mute.  
Then tell me ye swains who have conquered the fair  
how to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

as *De Profundis*) was published first as a part-song in Campian's *First Book of Ayres* (1613). The entirely fleshly *Fire, fire*, in which the composer-poet implores the waters of Humber, Trent and Thames to cool his burning desire, comes from his *Third Book of Ayres*, published about 1617.

The lutenist, singer and composer **John Wilson** was born in Faversham in 1595 and enjoyed a long life through the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, Cromwell and Charles II, dying in London in 1674. Already active as early as 1614, when he contributed to a masque performed at Whitehall, he became one of Charles I's King's Musicians in 1635 and during the Civil War lived and studied in Oxford, where he became Professor of Music in 1651. He returned to London after the Restoration and became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1662. Wilson was a prolific composer in many genres; his *In the merry month of May*, an unpretentiously tuneful setting of a poem by the Elizabethan poet Nicholas Breton, circulated widely in manuscript both as a madrigal and solo song and was first printed, edited by John Playford, in *Select Musically Ayres and Dialogues* (1653).

When John Wilson was elected to membership of the Chapel Royal it was to fill the vacancy left by the death of his almost exact contemporary, **Henry Lawes**, who had been part of its fellowship since 1626. Lawes was perhaps the most famous composer of their generation. Born in Dinton, Wiltshire in 1596, he studied with Giovanni Coperario in London and soon became well known for supplying music for masques, notably for John Milton's *Comus* as performed at Ludlow Castle in September 1634. Reappointed to court service after the Restoration, he was one of those who composed a coronation anthem for Charles II. He wrote in many genres, and was one of the several composers who worked on the influential opera *The Siege of Rhodes*. He was particularly celebrated for his songs, often to words by Cavalier poets: indeed he has been called (by his biographer Ian Spink) the most important and prolific English song composer between the death of Dowland and the birth of Purcell. '*Tis but a frowne* and *Wert thou yet fairer* come from Lawes's several volumes of *Select Ayres and Dialogues* published in the 1650s.

**John Hilton** (?1599-1657), though probably born in Oxford, studied in Cambridge, where his father (also called John Hilton) was organist of Trinity College. John the younger also played the organ, becoming organist of St Margaret's Church, Westminster in 1628. His simple strophic setting of John Donne's famous poem *A Hymn to God the father* was probably written in Donne's lifetime; indeed, it may well be the setting which Donne himself admired and caused to be sung at Evensong by the choristers of St Paul's Cathedral.

In his comparatively short life **Henry Purcell** (1659-95) achieved enough to place

him among the greatest geniuses of English music. A child chorister at the Chapel Royal, he studied under Cooke, Pelham Humfrey and John Blow before becoming tuner of the organ and copyist at Westminster Abbey, where he succeeded Blow as organist and, in 1677, was appointed Composer in Ordinary for the Violins to King Charles II. Equally successful as a composer of instrumental music and for the theatre, he made a speciality of music for royalty which includes some of his finest odes and anthems. Purcell had songs published from the age of 16 and wrote around 150 of them for various productions of plays upon the London stage. The six Purcell songs contained in this anthology show something of his phenomenal expressive range, from the simple praise of womanhood in *In Chloris* (which comes from his *Choice Ayres, Songs and Dialogues*), to songs of love such as *A thousand sev'ral ways*, to the deep meditation of *O Solitude, my sweetest choice!* to words by the poetess Katherine Philips, known as 'matchless Orinda' (this appeared in 1686 in the fourth volume of the anthology *The Theatre of Music*).

*O solitude* is an example of a song founded on a ground bass, a technique made immortal by Purcell in 'Dido's Lament' in his opera *Dido and Aeneas*. *This Poet Sings the Trojan wars* (also known as *Anacreon's defeat*) was published in 1688 in *The Banquet of Musick*. *With sick and famished eyes* (also 1688) is classed among his religious songs and is, indeed, one of the most intimately emotional of Purcell's works, setting a *religious elegy from The Temple* (1633) by the great Metaphysical poet George Herbert. *Let the dreadful engines of eternal will* comes from *The Comicall History of Don Quixote*, a play by Thomas D'Urfey based on Cervantes's famous novel, acted at the Queen's Theatre in 1694: according to its first printing it was 'the last piece set to musick by the famous late Mr. Purcell'.

Purcell's contemporary **John Eccles** (1668-1735) was a Londoner, and the most celebrated member of a large musical dynasty. After study with his father, Samuel Eccles, he made a name for himself as a composer for the theatres. In 1700 he was named Master of the King's Band and in the same year was placed second in a competition to set Congreve's masque *The Judgement of Paris* to music. Eccles retired to Kingston-on-Thames in 1710 and devoted himself to fishing, though he continued to compose for the royal household. He is represented here by two exceedingly jolly, not to say saucy, numbers, *Belinda's pretty pleasing form* (the lady in question is 'all engaging, most obliging') and *The jolly breeze*.

**George Monro's** name suggests a Scotsman, though his place and date of birth are unknown. He worked in London as the organist of St Peter's Cornhill, but also played the harpsichord at the theatre in Goodman's Fields. Like several of the composers in this

**William Boyce (1711-1779)**

15. *Rural Beauty*

[John Lockman, *Spring Gardens*]

Flora, goddess sweetly blooming,  
ever airy, ever gay:

All her wonted charms resuming,  
to spring gardens calls away.

With this blissful spot delighted,  
here the Queen of May retreats,

Belles and beaux are all invited  
to partake of varied sweets.

See a grand pavillion yonder  
rising near embowering shades;

There a temple strikes with wonder,  
in full view of colonnades.

Art and Nature kindly lavish,  
here their mingled beauties yield,

Equal here, the pleasures ravish,  
of the court and of the field.

Now the various bands are seated,  
all dispersed in bright array;

Business over, and cares retreated,  
with soft mirth they close the day.

Thus, of old, the sons of pleasure  
passed, in shades, their favourite hours,

Nectar cheering their soft leisure,  
blessed by love and crowned with flowers.

**William Boyce**

16. *Rail no more, ye learned asses*

Rail no more, ye learned asses,  
'gainst the joys the bowl supplies,  
Sound the depth and fill your glasses,  
wisdom in the bottom lies.

Fill them higher yet and higher,  
shallow draughts perplex the brain;  
Sipping quenches all our fire,  
bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,  
enter jolity and joy,

We for thinking have no leisure,  
manly mirth is our employ.

*Fill them higher yet and higher...*

Since in life there's nothing certain  
we'll the present hour engage,  
And when Death shall drop the curtain  
with applause we'll leave the stage.

*Fill them higher yet and higher...*

**Henry Burgess (fl. 1738-1765)**

17. *The Rose*

Sweet are the flowers that deck the field,  
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield.  
Sweet is the summer gale that blows  
And sweet though sweeter you're Rose.

Survey the gardens, fields and bowers,  
The buds, the blossoms and the flowers.  
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,  
That vies in sweetness with the rose.

*Thomas Chilcot (1707-1766)*

13. *On a day*

[*William Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost*]

On a day--alack the day!--  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, can passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiope were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

*Samuel Howard (?1710-1782)*

14. *Why heaves my fond bosom?*

Why heaves my fond bosom? Ah what can it mean!  
Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?  
Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near?  
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Forever, methinks, I with wonder could trace  
the thousand soft charms that embellish your face.  
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;  
with thy face I am charmed, but enslaved by thy mind.

Untainted by folly, unsullied by pride,  
there native good humour and virtue reside.  
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply  
with compassion for him, who, without thee must die.

programme, he typifies the career of the British song-composer in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, writing equally for the church, the theatre or opera house, and for the Georgian pleasure gardens such as Vauxhall. Monro wrote many songs, but *My Goddess Celia* was his greatest success in the genre, a simple and heartfelt praise of the feminine.

**Richard Leveridge**, a Londoner born about 1670, was a noted bass singer as well as a composer, and had a long performing career in pantomimes and Italian opera stretching from 1695 to 1751. He wrote much incidental music, and many of his songs, for which he was especially celebrated, began life in theatrical productions. *The Sailor's farewell* is perhaps his most famous song.

The anonymous song *The Maid's twitcher*, with its plethora of *double-entendres*, seems to have circulated widely, starting life perhaps as a 'broadside ballad' printed on a single sheet and sold by travelling chapmen and pedlars. It is found in the Roxburghe Collection of ballads, dated to 1731, and the tune it was sung to – which was also used for three other ballads in that collection – is reported to have been called *Cupid's Trepan*.

The poet, dramatist and composer **Henry Carey** (?1687-1743) studied with Roseingrave and Geminiani and in addition to his own music, which included several ballad operas, he wrote the libretto for Johann Frederick Lampe's celebrated burlesque opera *The Dragon of Wantley*. He used to be thought to have written the words and tune of *God Save the King*, but this attribution was long ago disproved. He did, however, write the immensely popular *Sally in our Alley*, though he may have used a pre-existing tune. The pastoral, *Flocks are sporting*, has managed to cling on in the repertoire of English song. *A New Year's Ode* (1737) is a musical burlesque which the composer wrote was 'compos'd in a dream, the author imagining himself to be Poet Laureate' (a post he seems to have considered ought to have been within his grasp). For the opening recitative, Carey uses a Sussex folk-melody, which he notes is 'stolen from an old ballad called *Death and the Lady*'.

Virtually nothing is known of the 18<sup>th</sup>-century composer **Thomas Stokes**, but the subject of his humorous cantata *The Stocking* suggests he may have been related to (or, just possibly, even was) the Leicestershire hosiery manufacturer of the same name, who had accumulated an immense fortune by the early 19<sup>th</sup> century.

One of the most accomplished and celebrated British composers of his age, **Thomas Augustine Arne** (1714-1766) was intended for a career as a lawyer, but is said to have practised music secretly on a muffled harpsichord until his father relented and allowed him to follow a musical career. He was admired for his many stage works, one of the most famous being *Alfred* (1740), which includes the song 'Rule, Britannia!'. After working in

Dublin, he was appointed composer to the Vauxhall Gardens, and later composed for Drury Lane Theatre, but he quarrelled with the great actor-manager David Garrick and went over to the rival institution of Covent Garden. *O Ravishing Delight* started life as a song in William Congreve's *The Judgement of Paris*, originally a masque which, as mentioned above, was set in 1700 by several composers (including Eccles), and which Arne had returned to as the libretto for an opera in 1740.

**Thomas Chilcot** (his name is also spelt Chilcott or Chilcutt) was another West Country composer, who spent his entire professional career in Somerset. Very little is known about his life, but recent research has established he was born in 1707 (rather than 1700 as was previously thought) in or near Bath, studied the organ with Josias Priest, organist of Bath Abbey, from 1721 and at Priest's sudden death continued as acting organist from 1725, being confirmed in the post three years later. He remained the Abbey organist until his death in 1766. He taught music – his pupils included the elder Thomas Linley – and published music in several genres including keyboard suites, harpsichord concertos, and songs. *On a day*, a setting of one of the songs from Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, is from the collection of 12 *English Songs* that Chilcot had printed in 1744.

The organist and composer **Samuel Howard** (?1710-1782) studied with Croft at the Chapel Royal and later with Pepusch before taking a Doctorate of Music at Cambridge University. He was organist at the churches of St Clement Danes and St Bride in London. Like many of his contemporaries, he combined a church appointment with composing for the decidedly secular Vauxhall pleasure gardens, where *Why heaves my fond bosom* was probably first performed.

Among Howard's close friends was **William Boyce**, and the two composers collaborated in the compilation of Boyce's great anthology of Cathedral Music (published 1760-63) which had been begun by Boyce's teacher Maurice Greene. The immensely successful Boyce (1711-1779), 'the father of the British symphony', began his career as a chorister at St Paul's Cathedral and rose, via the positions of Composer to the Chapel Royal (1736) and conductor of the Three Choirs Festival (1737) to his appointment as Master of the King's Musick in 1755. His latter years were plagued by deafness. He is represented here by *Rural Beauty* (or *Vauxhall Garden*), setting a poem from *Spring Gardens* (1752) by John Lockman (a Grub Street poet who acted as Vauxhall's publicist), which is a paean to the pleasant parklands with their stages and pavilions – depicted in full colour on the original printed edition – and also by a toper's song in praise of drinking, *Rail no more ye learned asses*.

*Thomas Stokes (?-?)*

#### 11. *The Stocking Cantata*

Recit:

Sylvia, whose eyes are fatal as a gun  
sat basking in the sun,  
one stocking off the other on.  
One stocking off, for while, the gentle fair  
just then was minded to repair  
a breach her fragrant foot had made.  
The faithful Damon at her side  
intent the neat performance eyed  
and thus in plenty of numbers sung or said.

Air:

Nymph possessed of every grace,  
nice in finger as in face,  
See thy swain all pale and shocking,  
worn as 'tis, as any stocking.  
Think, ah think, on what he feels  
and darn a heart that's out at heel.

Recit:

Around the careless maid,  
to mortal eyes resembling flies,  
a swarm of buzzing Cupids played.

Air:

Happy insects, Damon cried,  
who at wanton leisure sip  
Bonny bliss to me denied  
on my Sylvia's pouting lip.

Recit:

Fair Sylvia, as she sat,  
simple attention underneath her hat.  
Fond love came on a pace,  
a gracious grin prolongs her chin  
and open threw the portal of her face.  
Quick down the rosy road  
a little subtle God explores ye dark abode.  
And spite of all her coyness, all her art  
pervades the soft meanders of her heart.

Air:

Heigh Ho! Damon,  
what's come to me?  
Damon now's your time to woo me,  
if you woo me now you'll win me,  
Sure I think ye Devil's in me,  
I can neither stay nor go,  
Damon now's your time, Heigh Ho!

*Thomas Arne (1714-1766)*

#### 12. *O Ravishing Delight*

[William Congreve, *The Judgement of Paris*]  
O ravishing delight!

What mortal can support the sight?  
Alas too weak is human brain,  
so much rapture to sustain.  
I faint, I fall, O take me hence,  
ere ecstasy invades my aching sense:  
Help me Hermes or I die,  
save me from excess of joy.

Henry Carey (?1687-1743)

9. *Flocks are sporting*

Flocks are sporting,  
doves are courting,  
warbling linnets sweetly sing.

Joy and pleasure  
without measure  
kindly hail the glorious spring.

Flocks are bleating,  
rocks repeating,  
valley echo back the sound;

Dancing, singing,  
piping, springing,  
nought but mirth and joy goes round.

Henry Carey

10. *A New Year's Ode, for 1736/1737*

Recit:  
A New Year's Ode, heaven, how shall I begin?  
One year's gone out, and t'other year's come in.  
But yesterday, if I a-right remember  
who's styled the one-and-thirtieth of December.  
This present is the first of January.  
Good lack-a-day how times and seasons vary.  
'Tis an old subject quite to tatters worn,  
what can I say that haven't been said before?  
But yet I with chronologers would fix,  
whether 'tis thirty-seven or thirty-six.

Air:  
Ye fiddlers all, come fiddle, fiddle  
strum, strum, strum and twiddle-diddle.  
Some high some low,  
some fast some slow,  
Like Bellman, Wait or Beadle  
ye choirmen bear a Bob.  
N'er boggle at fa-ut  
but strain to G sol-re-ut,  
while F and C, D, A and E  
melodiously you break out.  
This is your yearly job.

Virtually nothing seems to be known about **Henry Burgess** (fl. 1738-65), who wrote instrumental concertos as well as songs, but his pleasant *The Rose* bespeaks a composer with something of the talents of his contemporaries Chilcot and Howard.

**Michael Arne** (1741-1786) was the illegitimate son of Thomas Arne, and practised as a singer as well as a successful composer of songs and stage works. Fascinated by alchemy, he dissipated his finances in a long search for the 'philosopher's stone'. *The lass with the delicate air* is perhaps his most famous song, published in 1762.

Of all these composers, many of whom were very productive, none outdid **Charles Dibdin** (1745-1814) in sheer industry and fertility. He wrote over 100 works for the theatre, innumerable songs, and over 30 'Table Entertainments' – a genre of his own devising in which he was author, composer, narrator, singer and accompanist. He was especially famous for his sea songs: if the most famous of these is *Tom Bowling* (written in memory of his brother, a naval officer), *The lass that loved a sailor*, published in 1811, must stand next to it in popularity. (It seems to have given the subtitle to one of Gilbert and Sullivan's best-loved operettas, *HMS Pinafore*, or *The Lass that Loved a Sailor*.)

**James Hook** was born in 1746 in Norwich, and studied under the organist of that city's cathedral, Thomas Garland. He found success as an organist and composer in London, being appointed composer to Marylebone Gardens and later to Vauxhall: he remained in the latter appointment for some 45 years. His two sons, James and Theodore, both wrote opera libretti which he set to music, and his vast output of songs include some, such as *The Lass of Richmond Hill*, which achieved immortality. He also wrote many concertos, including one of the first ever composed for clarinet. After the death of his wife Hook suffered depression and moved to France, dying in Boulogne in 1827. His *Noon* comes from a vocal cycle entitled *The Hours of Love*.

The career of **Stephen Storace** (1762-96), though untimely cut short in his thirties, typifies a shift in attitudes to British musicians whereby they were expected to finish their musical education abroad, usually in Italy or Germany, rather than in England, where the main teaching institutions had fallen into decadence and inefficiency. Storace in fact studied in Naples, and in 1784 went to Vienna, where his sister Nancy had been named *prima donna* of the Court Opera (she created the role of Susanna in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*), and where Storace produced two operas of his own. On his return to London with Nancy in 1787, he became composer to Richard Brinsley Sheridan's company at the Drury Lane Theatre. *The Lullaby* comes from Storace's opera *The Pirates*, premiered at Haymarket Theatre in 1792.

DISC ONE

*Richard Edwards (1522-1566)*

1. *Where griping grief the heart would wound.*

Where griping grief the heart would wound  
and doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
There music with her silver sound  
is wont with speed to give redress,  
Of troubled mind, for every sore,  
sweet music has a salve therefore.

In joy it makes our mirth abound,  
in grief it cheers our heavy sprites,  
The careful head release has found  
by music's pleasant, sweet delights.  
Our senses-what should I say more?  
-are subject unto music's lore.

The gods by music have their pray  
-the soul therein does joy-  
For as the Roman poets say,  
in seas, whom pirates would destroy  
A dolphin saved from death most sharp,  
Arion playing on his harp

A heavenly gift that turns the mind,  
like as the stern doth rule the ship,  
Music whom the gods assigned  
to comfort man whom cares would nip,  
Since thou both man and beast dost move,  
what wise man then will thee reprove?

*John Danyel (1565-1626)*

2. *Why canst thou not, as others do?*

Why canst thou not, as others do,  
look on me with unwounding eyes?  
And yet look sweet, but yet not so,  
smile, but not in killing wise.  
Arm not thy graces to confound:  
only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you  
than they can see in all the rest?  
For I can others' beauties view  
and not find my heart oppressed.  
Oh, be as others are to me,  
or let me be more to thee.

*Anon.*

8. *The Maid's Twitcher*

The damsel, I'm told  
of delicate mould  
whose father was dead to enrich her.  
Of all her fine things  
lace, ribbons and rings  
prized nothing so much as her twitcher, poor girl,  
prized nothing so much as her twitcher.

The youths all around  
with courtship profound  
tried every art to bewitch her.  
But she was so chaste  
she'd not be embraced  
by anything else but her twitcher, poor girl,  
by anything else but her twitcher.

Each offered his wealth  
in exchange for herself  
if to him the Parson might stitch her.  
But still she replied  
she'd never be tied  
to anything else but her twitcher, poor girl,  
to anything else but her twitcher.

But Cupid grown wild  
to see himself foiled  
resolved to find ways to bewitch her,  
and humble her pride  
whatever beside  
he scorned to give way to the twitcher, poor girl,  
he scorned to give way to the twitcher.

Risked Strephon, the young  
whose amorous tongue  
was baited with words to bewitch her.  
The God it prepare  
to combat th'affair  
and try to out-rival her twitcher, poor girl,  
and try to out-rival her twitcher.

Young Strephon drew nigh her,  
who flushed with desire,  
tried kisses and odes to bewitch her.  
He prattled and toyed  
but still she replied  
Pish! Let go the hold of my twitcher, poor girl  
Pish! Let go the hold of my twitcher.

But this cunning spark,  
so well took his mark,  
he found out the way to o'er-reach her.  
He gave her a trip  
which happened to slip  
the mystical knot of her twitcher, poor girl,  
the mystical knot of her twitcher.

And thus having ended,  
the thing he intended,  
who knows what he did to bewitch her.  
But when he would go,  
she cried 'No, no, no!  
Now do what you will with my twitcher, dear boy  
Now do what you will with my twitcher.

*John Eccles (1668-1735)*

4. *Belinda's pretty pleasing form*

Belinda's pretty pleasing form  
does my happy fancy charm,  
Her prittle prattle, tittle tattles  
all engaging, most obliging;  
Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,  
Oh! How she does my soul alarm.  
There is such magic in her eyes,  
does my wondering heart surprise;  
Her prinking, mimping, twinking, pinking,  
whilst I'm courting for transporting;  
how like an angel she panting lies.

*John Eccles*

5. *The jolly breeze*

The jolly, jolly breeze  
that comes whistling through the trees  
From all this blissful region brings  
perfumes upon its spicy wings.  
With its wanton motion curling  
the crystal rills,  
Which down the hills  
run, over golden gravel purling.

*George Monro (d.1731)*

6. *My Goddess Celia, heavenly fair.*

My Goddess Celia, heavenly fair.  
As lilies sweet, as soft as air.  
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,  
and to my love give fresh alarms.  
  
Give me Ambrosia in a kiss,  
that I may rival Jove in bliss:  
That I may mix my soul with thine  
and make the pleasure all divine.

Why drawest thou from the purple flood  
of my kind heart the vital blood?  
Thou art all over endless charms:  
Oh take me dying to thy arms.

*Richard Leveridge (?1670-1758)*

7. *The Sailor's Farewell*

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
the streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.  
'Oh! Where shall I my true love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
if my sweet William sails among the crew'

William, who high upon the yard  
rocked with the billow to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
he sighed, and cast his eyes below:  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
and (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
my vows shall ever true remain,  
Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
we only part to meet again.  
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be  
the faithful compass that still points to thee.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
the sails their swelling bosom spread;  
No longer must she stay aboard;  
they kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;  
'Adieu!' she cries; and waved her lily hand.

*John Danyel*

3. *Grief, keep within and scorn to show but tears*

Grief, keep within and scorn to show but tears,  
since joy can weep as well as thou,  
Disdain to sigh, for so can slender cares,  
which but from idle causes grow.  
Do not look forth, unless thou didst know how  
to look with thine own face, and as thou art.  
And only let my heart, that knowest more reason why,  
pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

Drop not, mine eyes, nor trickle down so fast,  
for so you could do oft before  
In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past.  
And shall his death now have no more?  
Can niggard sorrow yield no other store  
to show the plenty of affliction's smart?  
Then only thou, poor heart, that knowest more reason why,  
pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

Have all our passions certain proper vents,  
and sorrow none that is her own,  
But she must borrow others' complements  
to make her inward feelings known?  
Are joy's delights and death's compassion shown  
with one like face and one lamenting part?  
Then only thou, poor heart, that knowest more reason why,  
pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

*Anon.*

4. *When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly,*  
When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly,  
the West wind most sweetly did blow in her face:  
Her silken Scarf scarce shadowed her eyes,  
the God cried, O pity, and held her in chase,  
Stay Nymph, stay Nymph, cries Apollo,  
tarry, and turn thee, Sweet Nymph stay,  
Lion nor tiger doth thee follow:  
turn thy fair eye and look this away.  
O turn O pretty sweet,  
and let our red lips meet:  
Pity O Daphne, pity, pity.  
Pity O Daphne pity me.

Away like Venus dove she flies,  
the red blood her buskins did run all a-down,  
His plaintiff love she still denies  
crying, help help Diana and save my renown:  
Wanton wanton lust is near me.  
cold and chaste Diana aid,  
Let the earth a virgin bear me:  
or devour me quick a maid:  
Diana heard her pray,  
and turned her to a Bay.  
Pity O Daphne, pity, pity.  
Pity O Daphne pity me.

*William Byrd (1540-1623)*

5. *Fair Britain Isle*  
Fair Britain Isle, the Mistress of the West,  
famous for wealth, but more for fertile soil,  
Sits all alone with sorrows oppressed,  
in sable clad by Death's most spiteful spoil;  
Who took away in moment of one hour,  
Henry our Prince of Princes all the flower.

Behold, thy dust doth stir,  
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:  
Wilt thou defer  
To succour me,  
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb  
Says, Come?

My love, my sweetness, hear!  
By these thy feet, at which my heart  
Lies all the year,  
Pluck out thy dart,  
And heal my troubled breast which cries,  
Which dies.

*Henry Purcell*

3. *Let the dreadful engines*  
Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,  
the thunder roar and crooked lightning kill,  
My rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,  
and dares as horrid execution do.  
Or let the frozen North its rancour show,  
within my breast far greater tempests grow;  
Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?  
Yes, yes, Lucinda's eyes.  
There Etna, there,  
there, there Vesuvio lies,  
To furnish Hell with flames  
that mounting reach the skies.

Ye powers, I did but use her name,  
and see how all the meteors flame;  
Blue lightning flashes round the court of Sol,  
and now the globe more fiercely burns  
Than once at Phaeton's fall.

Ah, where are now those flowery groves  
where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?  
Where guarded by a troop of Loves,  
the fair Lucinda sleeping lay:  
There sung the nightingale and lark,  
around us all was sweet and gay;  
We never grew sad till it grew dark,  
Nor nothing feared but shortening day.

I glow, I glow but 'tis with hate  
why must I burn for this ingrate?  
Cool, cool it then and rail,  
since nothing, nothing will prevail.

When a woman love pretends,  
'tis but till she gains her ends,  
And for better and for worse  
is for marrow of the purse,  
Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,  
proves a slattern or a whore,  
This hour will tease and vex,  
and will cuckold ye the next,  
They were all contrived in spite,  
to torment us, not delight;  
But to scold and scratch and bite,  
and not one of them proves right,  
But all, all are witches by this light,  
and so I fairly bid them, and the world,  
Good Night.



*Anon.*

7. *I smile to see how you devise.*

I smile to see how you devise,  
new masking nets my eyes to blear:  
Your self you cannot so disguise:  
but as you are, you must appear.

Your privy winks at board I see  
and how you set your roving mind:  
Your self you cannot hide from me,  
although I wink, I am not blind.

The secret sighs and fainéd cheer,  
that oft doth pain thy careful breast:  
To me right plainly doth appear,  
I see in whom thy heart doth rest.

And though thou makest a fainéd vow,  
that love no more thy heart should nip,  
Yet think I know as well as thou,  
the fickle helm doth guide thy ship.

Therefore leave off thy wonted play,  
but, as thou art, thou wilt appear,  
Unless thou canst devise a way,  
to dark the Sun that shines so clear.

And keep thy friend that thou hast won,  
in truth to him thy love supply,  
Least he at length as I have done,  
take off thy Belles and let thee fly.

*Richard Farrant (d.1581)*

8. *Ah, alas, you salt sea gods!*

Ah, alas, you salt sea gods!  
Bow down your ears divine;  
Lend ladies here warm water springs  
to moist their crystal eyne.  
That they may weep and wail  
and wring their hands with me  
For death of lord and husband mine:  
Alas, lo, this is he!

You gods! That guide the ghosts  
and souls of them that fled,  
Send sobs, send sighs, send grievous groans,  
and strike poor Panthea dead.  
Abradad, ah, alas poor Abradad  
my sprite with thine shall lie.  
Come death, alas. O death most sweet,  
for now I crave to die

*Anon. [arr Francis Cutting]*

9. *How should I your true love know*

*[William Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act IV Scene 5]*  
How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff  
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf  
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers.  
Which bewept to the grave did not go  
With true-love showers

*John Hilton (?1599-1657)*

20. *A Hymn to God the Father [John Donne]*

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
which was my sin, though it were done before?  
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
and do run still, though still I do deplore?  
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;  
for I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won  
others to sin, and made my sins their door?  
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
a year or two, but wallowed in a score?  
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;  
for I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
my last thread, I shall perish on the shore;  
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son  
shall shine as He shines now and heretofore:  
And having done that, Thou hast done;  
I fear no more.

*Henry Purcell (1659-1695)*

21. *A thousand sev'ral ways I tried*

A thousand sev'ral ways I tried  
to hide my passions from your view,  
Conscious that I should be denied,  
because I cannot merit you.  
Absence, the last and worst of all,  
did so increase my wretched pain,  
That I returned, rather to fall  
by the swift fate of your disdain.

*Henry Purcell*

22. *O solitude, my sweetest choice*

O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
Places devoted to the night,  
Remote from tumult and from noise,  
how ye my restless thoughts delight!  
O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
O heavens! what content is mine  
To see these trees, which have appeared  
from the nativity of time,  
And which all ages have revered,  
to look today as fresh and green  
As when their beauties first were seen.  
O, how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
which the unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
when their hard fate makes them endure  
Such woes as only death can cure.  
O, how I solitude adore!  
That element of noblest wit,  
where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it.  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue;  
but when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
because it needs must hinder me  
From seeing and from serving thee.  
O solitude, O how I solitude adore!

*John Wilson (1595-1674)*

17. *In the merry month of May*

In the merry month of May,  
in a morn by break of day,  
Forth I walked the woods so wide,  
when that May was in her pride  
There I spied all alone,  
Phillida with Corydon.

Much ado there was, God-wot:

he would love, but she would not.  
He said his love was ever true,  
she said none was false to you.  
He said he had loved her long,  
she said love should take no wrong

Corydon would kiss her then,  
she said Maids must kiss no men  
Till they kiss for good and all,  
then she made the shepherds call  
All the Gods to witness truth,  
n'er was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,  
as yea and nay and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
when they will not love abuse,  
Love which has been long deluded,  
was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with garlands gay,  
was crowned our Lady of the May.

*Henry Lawes (1596-1662)*

18. *'Tis but a frown, I prithee let me die,*

'Tis but a frown, I prithee let me die,  
one bended brow, concludes my tragedy.  
For all my love, I beg but this of thee;  
thou wilt not be, too long in killing me.  
For since you love not, what avails your smile;  
you only warm a ball of Snow ye while;  
Which whilst it gathers comfort from your eyes,  
with that same comfort, melts away, and dies,  
Thus in the end, your frowns, and smiles are one,  
and differ but in execution.

*Henry Lawes*

19. *Wert thou yet fairer*

Wert thou yet fairer than thou art,  
which lies not in the power of Art,  
Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts  
than Cupid ever shot at hearts:  
Yet if they were not thrown at me  
I would not cast a thought at thee.

I'd rather marry a disease  
than court the thing I cannot please  
She that will cherish my desires  
must court my flames with equal fires.  
What pleasure is there in a kiss  
to him that doubts the heart of his?

I love thee not because thou art fair,  
smoother than slumber, soft as air;  
Not for the Cupids that do lie  
in either corner of thine eye.  
Would you then know what it might be?  
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me!

*John Dowland (1563-1626)*

10. *If that a sinner's sighs be Angel's food*

If that a sinner's sighs be Angel's food,  
or that repentant tears be Angel's wine,  
Accept, O Lord, in this most pensive mood,  
these hearty sighs and doleful plaints of mine,  
That went with Peter forth most sinfully:  
but not as Peter did, weep, weep bitterly.

*John Dowland*

11. *Come away, come sweet love*

Come away, come sweet love,  
the golden morning breaks.  
All the earth, all the air  
of love and pleasure speaks:  
Teach thine arms then to embrace,  
and sweet rosy lips to kiss,  
And mix our souls in mutual bliss,  
eyes were made for beauty's grace,  
Viewing, rueing love's long pain  
procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet love,  
the golden morning wastes,  
While the sun from his sphere  
his fiery arrows casts,  
Making all the shadows fly,  
playing, staying in the grove  
To entertain the stealth of love.  
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,  
flying, dying in desire  
winged with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come sweet love,  
do not in vain adorn  
Beauty's grace, that should rise  
like to the naked morn.  
Lilies on the riverside  
and fair Cyprian flowers new-blown  
Desire no beauties but their own,  
Ornament is nurse of pride,  
pleasure, measure love's delight.  
Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight!

*John Dowland*

12. *Go nightly cares, the enemy to rest*  
Go nightly cares, the enemy to rest,  
forbear awhile to vex my grieved sprite,  
So long your weight hath lain upon my breast,  
that lo I live of life bereaved quite,  
O give me time to draw my weary breath,  
or let me die, as I desire the death.  
Welcome sweet death, O life, no life, a hell,  
then thus, and thus I bid the world farewell.  
False world farewell the enemy to rest,  
now do thy worst, I do not weigh thy spite:  
Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,  
enjoying peace and heavenly true delight  
Delight, whom woes nor sorrows shall abate,  
nor fears nor tears disturb her happy state  
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joys untrue,  
and thus, and thus vain world again adieu.

*Francis Pilkington (d.1638)*

13. *Now peep, bo peep*  
Now peep, bo peep, thrice happy blest mine eyes,  
for I have found fair Phillis where she lies.  
Upon her bed, with arms unspread, all fast asleep,  
unmasked her face, thrice happy grace, farewell my sheep,  
Look to your selves, new charge I must approve,  
Phyllis doth sleep, and I must guard my Love.  
Now peep bo peep, mine eyes to see your bliss,  
Phyllis closed eyes attracts you, hers to kiss:  
Oh may I now perform my vow, loves joy to impart,  
assay the while, how to beguile, farewell faint hart.  
Taken she is, new joys I must approve,  
Phyllis doth sleep, and I will kiss my Love.

Now peep, bo peep, be not too bold my hand,  
wake not thy Phillis, fear she do with-stand :  
She stirs alas, alas, alas I faint in spright,  
she opes her eye, unhappy I, farewell delight.  
Awaked she is, new woes I must approve,  
Phyllis awakes, and I must leave my Love.

*Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)*

14. *Ah, Dear Heart*  
Ah, dear heart, why do you rise?  
The light that shines comes from your eyes,  
The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
to think that you and I must part.  
O, stay, or else my joys will die  
and perish in their infancy.

*Thomas Campian (1567-1620)*

15. *Fire, fire*  
Fire, fire, fire, fire,  
Lo here I burn in such desire,  
that all the tears that I can strain  
Out of mine idle empty brain,  
cannot allay my scorching pain.  
Come Trent and Humber, and fair Thames,  
dread Ocean haste with all thy streams:  
And if you cannot quench my fire,  
O drown both me, and my desire.

Fire, fire, fire, fire,  
There is no hell to my desire:  
see all the Rivers backward fly,  
And the Ocean doth his waves deny,  
for fear my heat should drink them dry.  
Come heavenly showers then pouring down;  
come you that once the world did drown:  
Some then you spared, but now save all,  
that else must burn, and with me fall

*Thomas Campian*

16. *Out of my soul's depth*  
Out of my soul's depth  
to Thee my cries have sounded:  
Let Thine ears my plaints receive,  
on just fear grounded.  
Lord, should'st Thou weigh  
our faults, who's not confounded?

But with grace Thou censurest thine  
when they have erred,  
Therefore shall Thy blessed name  
be loved and feared.  
Even to Thy throne my thoughts  
and eyes are reared.

Thee alone my hopes attend,  
on Thee relying;  
In Thy sacred word I'll trust,  
to Thee fast flying,  
Long ere the watch shall break,  
the morn descreying.

In the mercies of our God  
who live secured,  
May of full redemption rest  
in Him assured,  
Their sin-sick souls by Him  
shall be recured.

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## ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH SONG 1530-1790

Wendy Eathorne & Norma Burrowes, *sopranos* Charles Brett, *countertenor*Neil Jenkins & Philip Langridge, *tenors* Benjamin Luxon, *baritone* Robert Lloyd, *bass-baritone*Anthony Rooley, *lute* Catherine Mackintosh, Polly Waterfield, Ian Gammie, Trevor Jones, *viol consort*Jane Ryan, *bass viol* Colin Tilney, Nicholas Kraemer, Harold Lester, *harpsichords*Adam Skeaping, *gamba* Medici String Quartet

## DISC ONE (74'39")

- 1 **Richard Edwards** When griping griefs  
2-3 **John Danyel** Why canst thou not • Grief keep within  
4 **Anon.** When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly  
5-6 **William Byrd** Fair Britain Isle  
Out of the orient crystal skies  
7 **Anon.** I smile to see how you devise  
8 **Richard Farrant** Ah, alas, you salt-sea gods  
9 **Anon.** How should I your true love know  
10-12 **John Dowland** If that a sinner's sighs  
Come away, sweet love • Go nightly cares  
13 **Francis Pilkington** Now peep, bo-peep  
14 **Orlando Gibbons** Ah dear heart  
15-16 **Thomas Campian** Fire, fire • Out of my soul's depths  
17 **John Wilson** In the merry month of May  
18-19 **Henry Lawes** 'Tis but a frowne • Wert thou yet fairer  
20 **John Hilton** A Hymn to God the father  
21-23 **Henry Purcell** A thousand several ways  
O Solitude • In Chloris

## DISC TWO (78'39")

- 1-3 **Henry Purcell** This Poet Sings  
With sick and famished eyes • Let the dreadful engines  
4-5 **John Eccles** Belinda's pretty pleasing form  
The jolly breeze  
6 **George Monro** My Goddess Celia  
7 **Richard Leveridge** The Sailor's farewell  
8 **Anon.** The Maid's twitcheer  
9-10 **Henry Carey** Flocks are sporting • A New Year's Ode  
11 **Thomas Stokes** The Stocking Cantata  
12 **Thomas Arne** O Ravishing Delight  
13 **Thomas Chilcot** On a day  
14 **Samuel Howard** Why heaves my fond bosom  
15-16 **William Boyce** Rural Beauty  
Rail no more ye learned asses  
17 **Henry Burgess** The Rose  
18 **Michael Arne** The lass with the delicate air  
19 **Charles Dibdin** The lass that loved a sailor  
20 **James Hook** Noon  
21 **Stephen Storace** The Lullaby

The above individual timings will normally each include two pauses. One before the beginning of each movement or work, and one after the end.

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