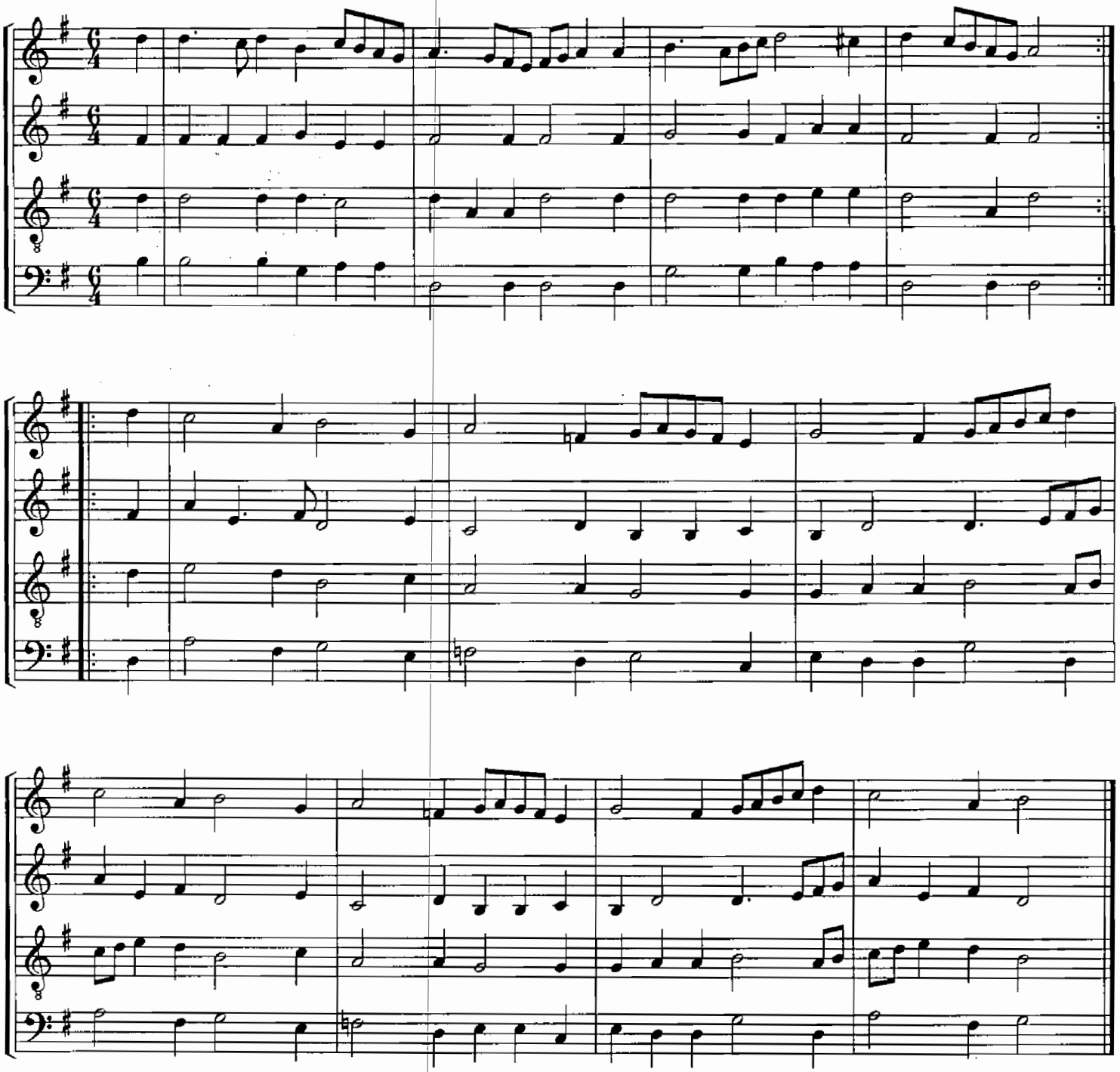
Saltarello Zorzi

from the Henry Fitzallan partbooks

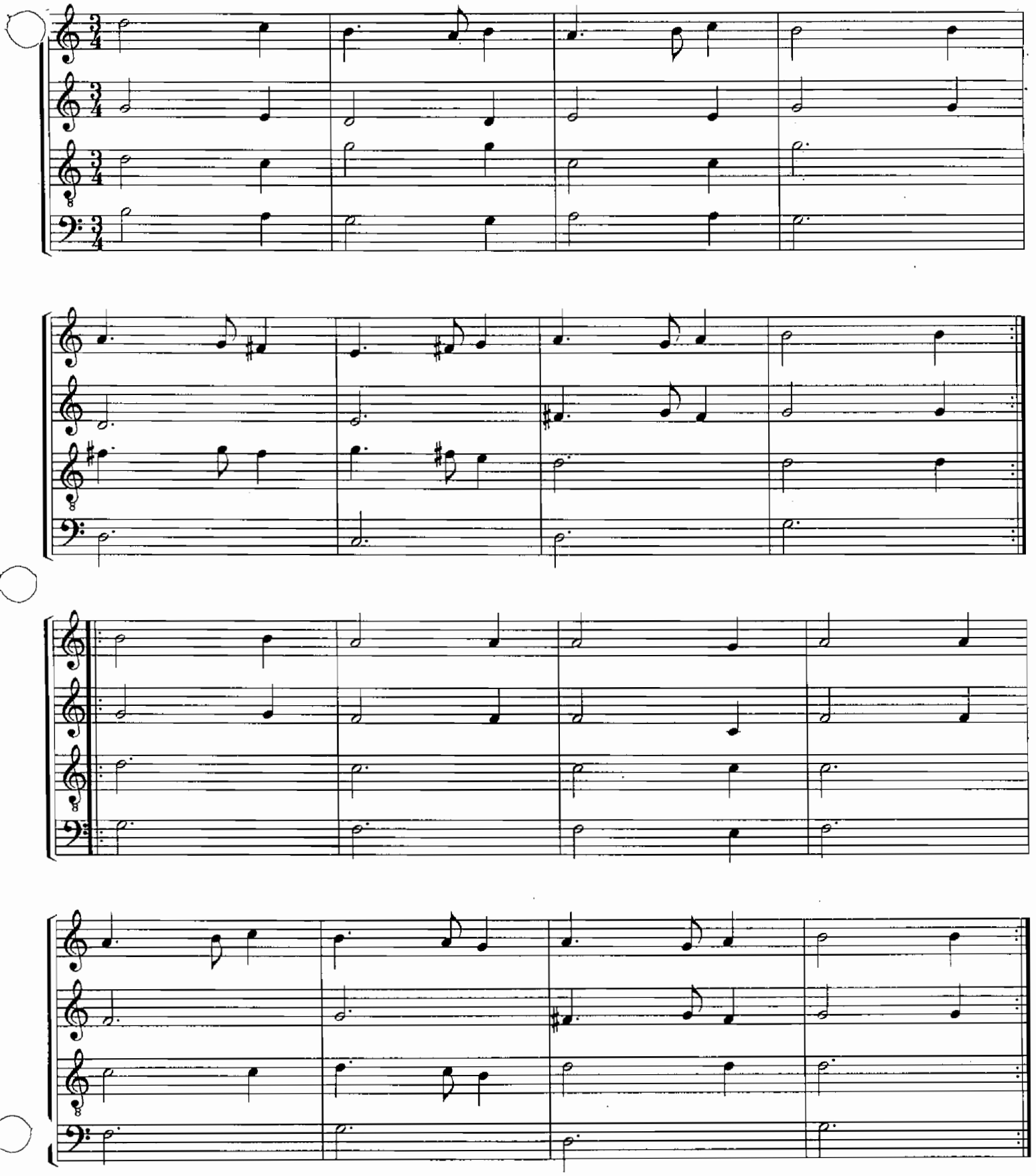
Anon, Italian c. 1520



La Villanella Balletto

from Nobiltà di Dame, 1581

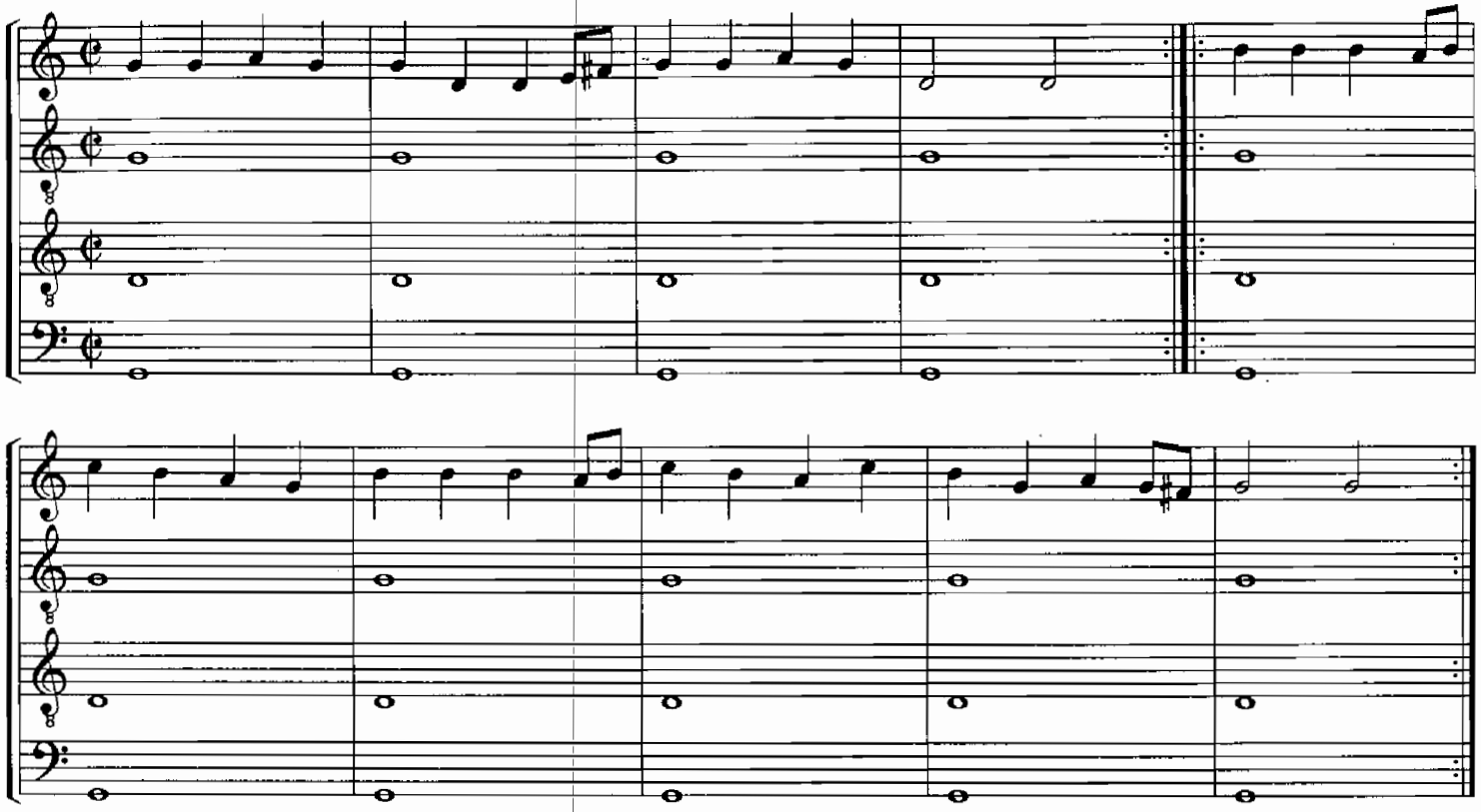
Fabritio Caroso (b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)



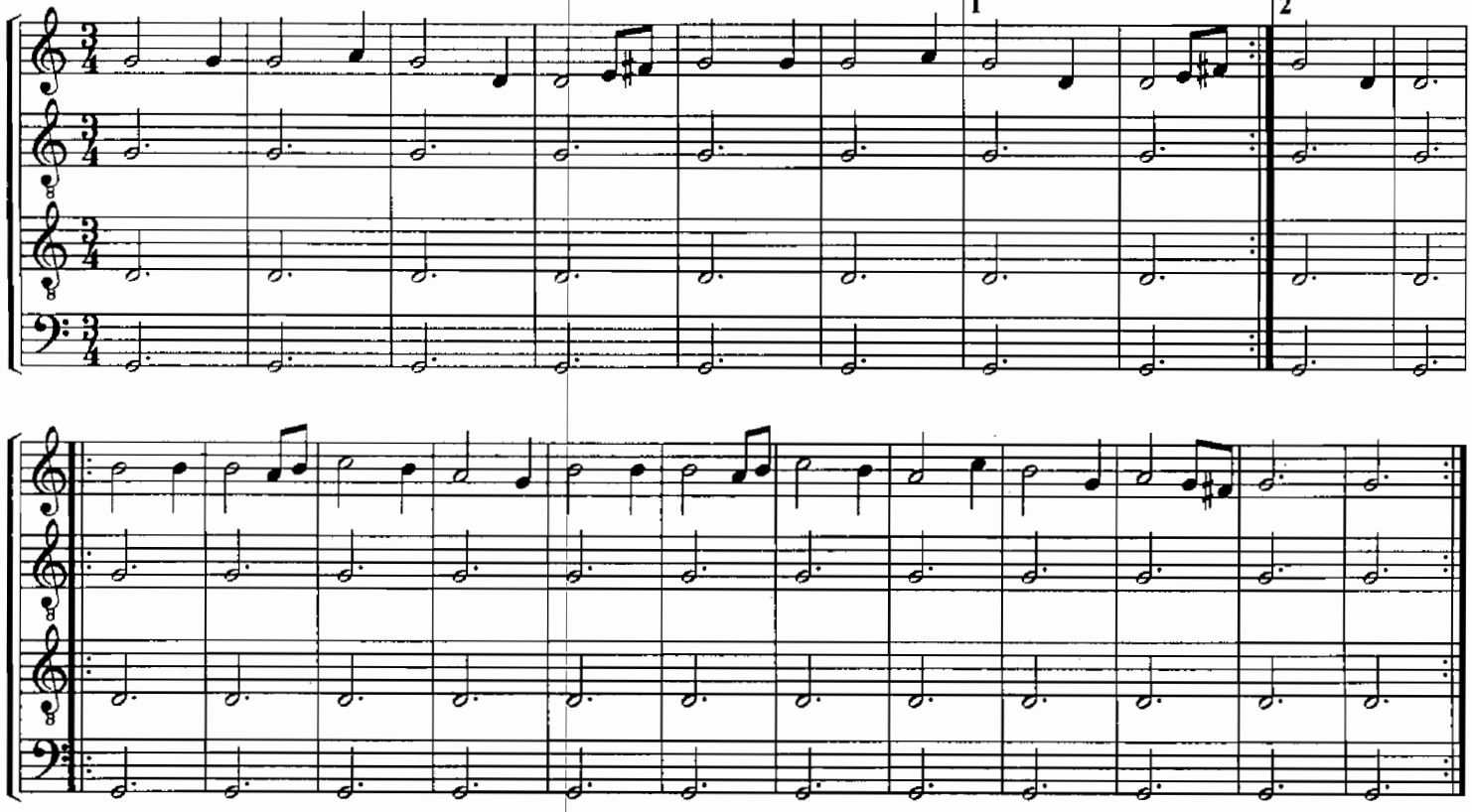
Ungarescha

Il Primo Libro di Balli a Quatro Voci, 1578

Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)



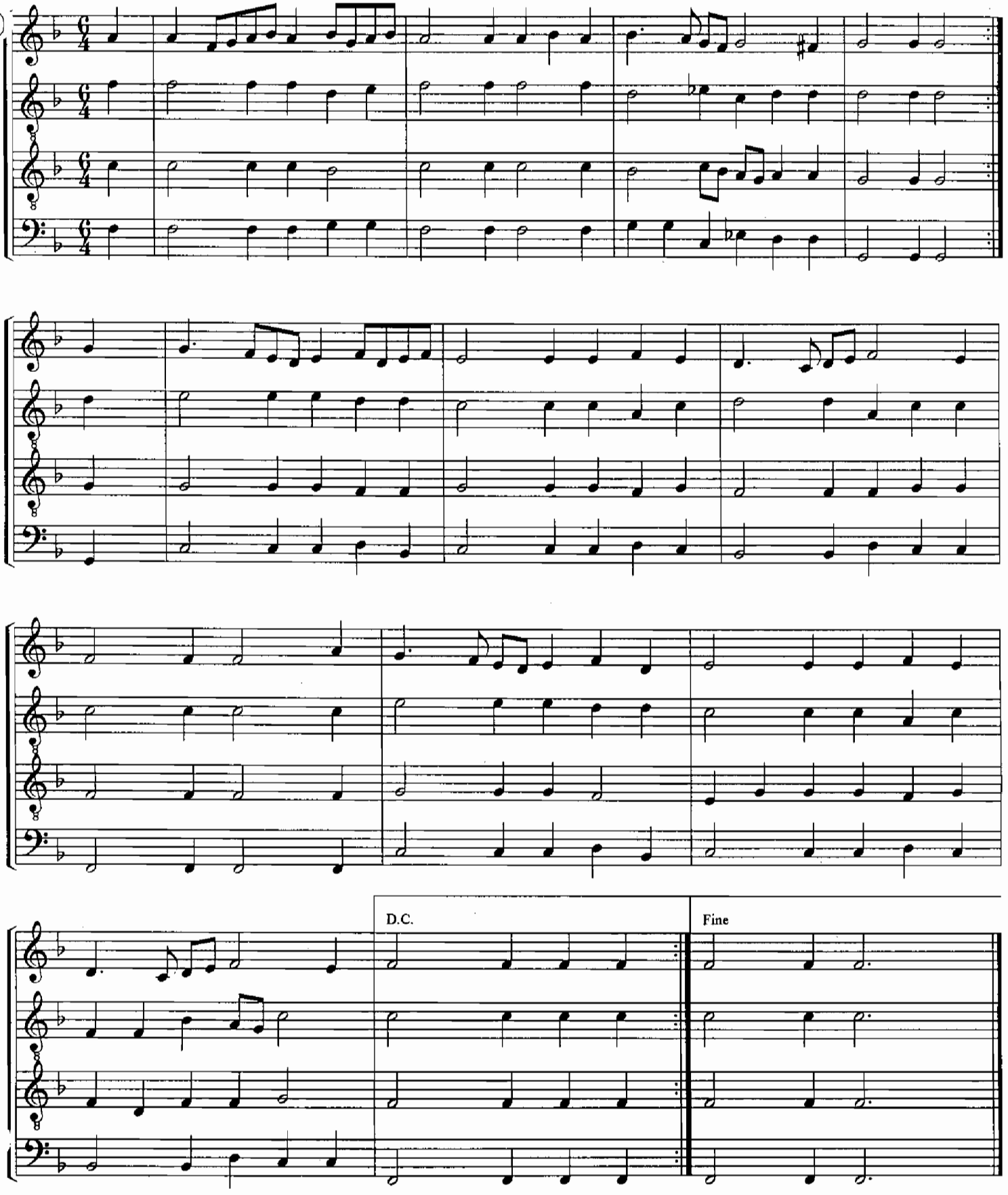
Salterello



Torza

from the Henry Fitzallan partbooks

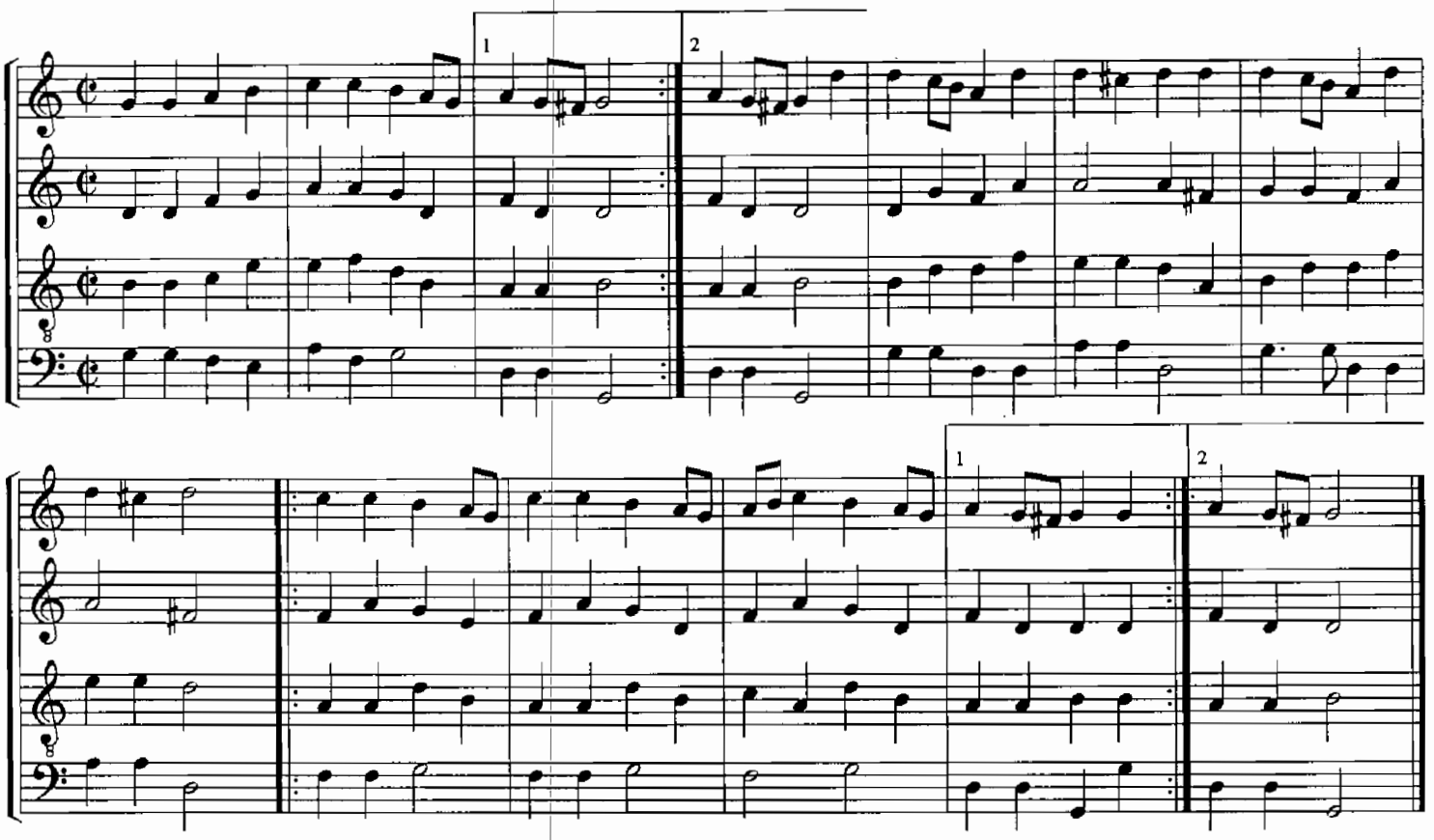
Anon, Italian c. 1520



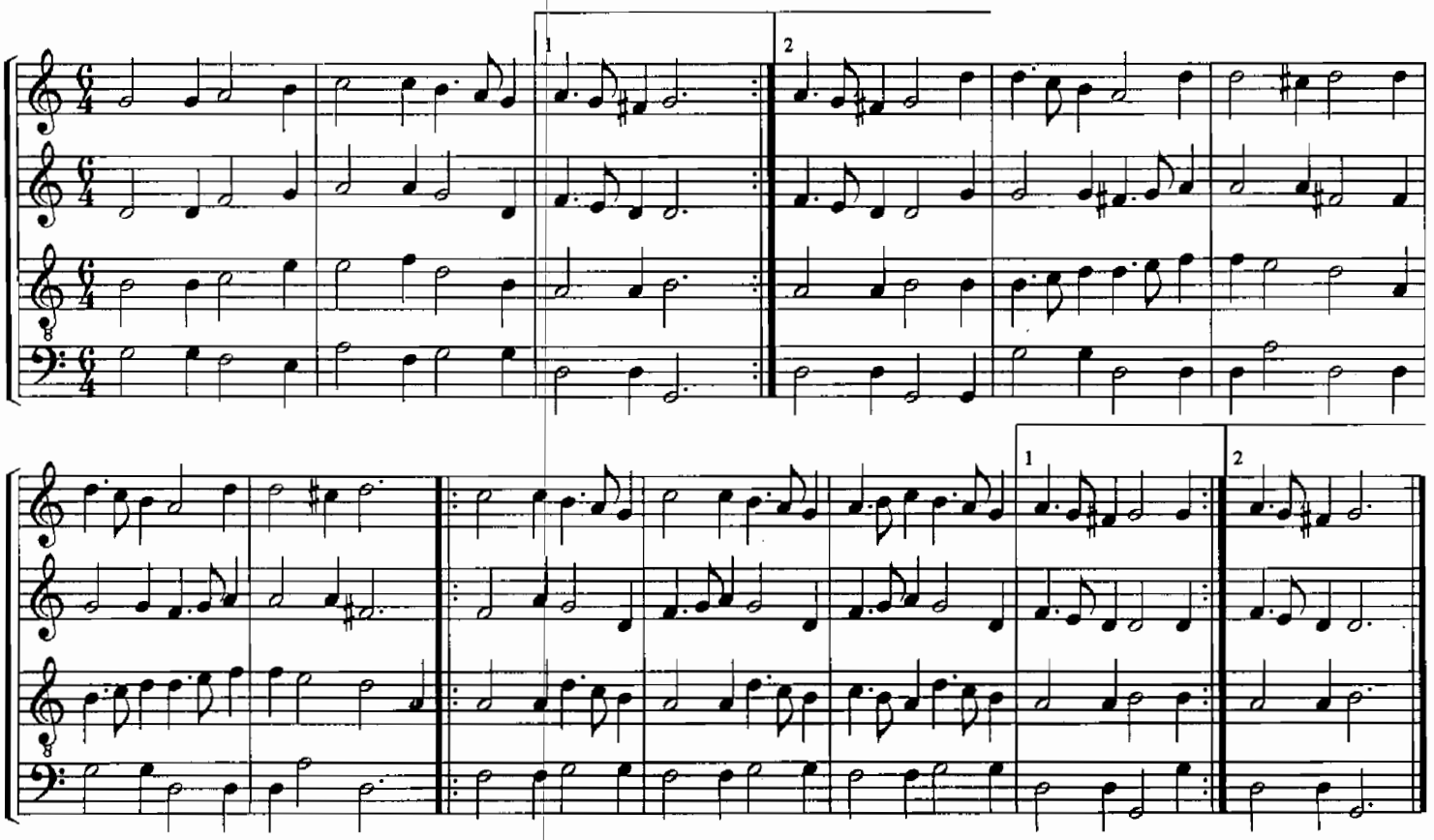
Tedesca

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)



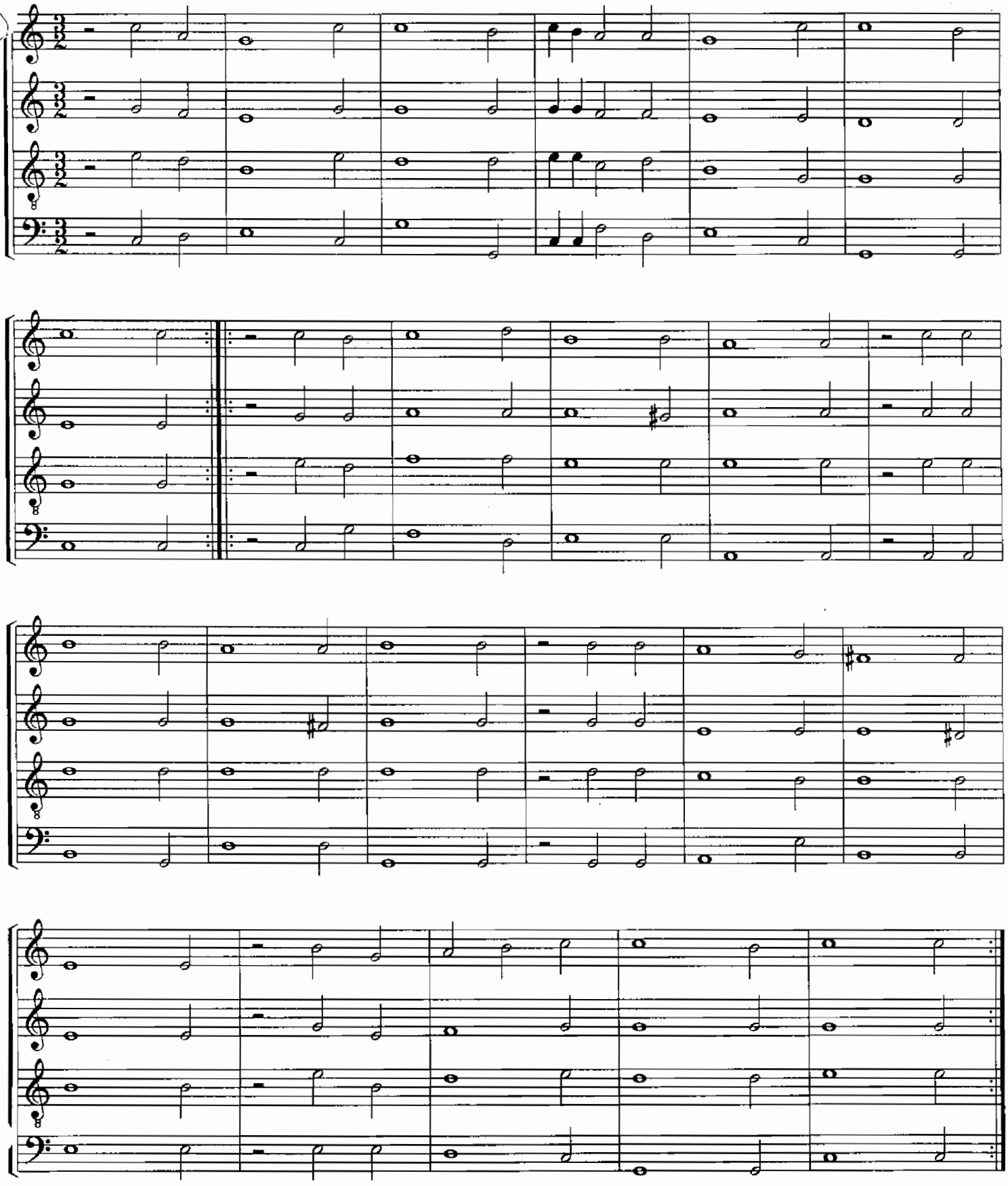
Saltarello



Il suono della scesa de'Pastori dal monte

from Delizie di Posilipo Boscarecce
e Maritime, 1620

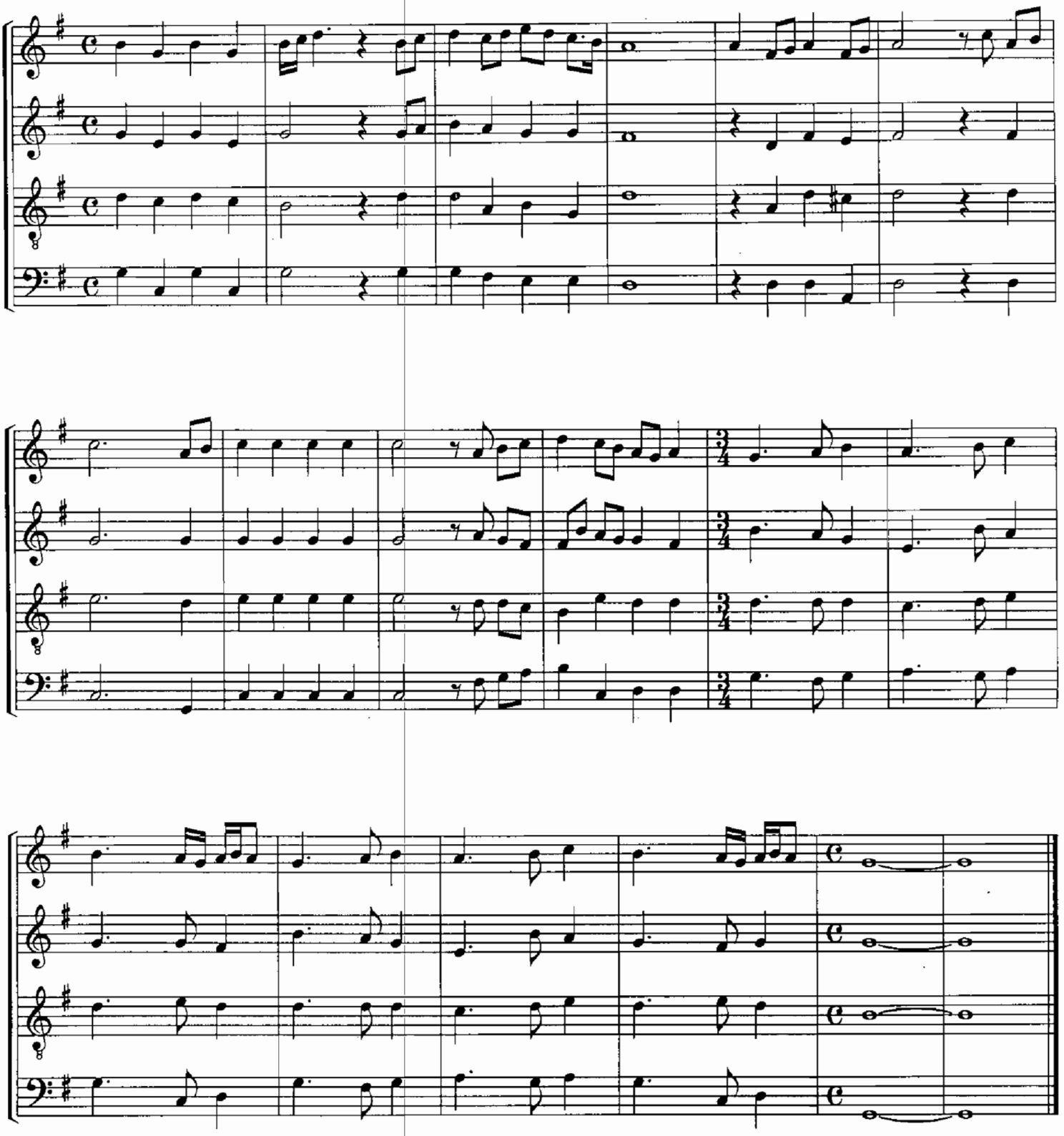
Andrea Ansalone (d.1656)



Suono del Ballo de'Selvaggi, e delle Simie

from Delizie di Posilipo Boscarecce
e Maritime, 1620

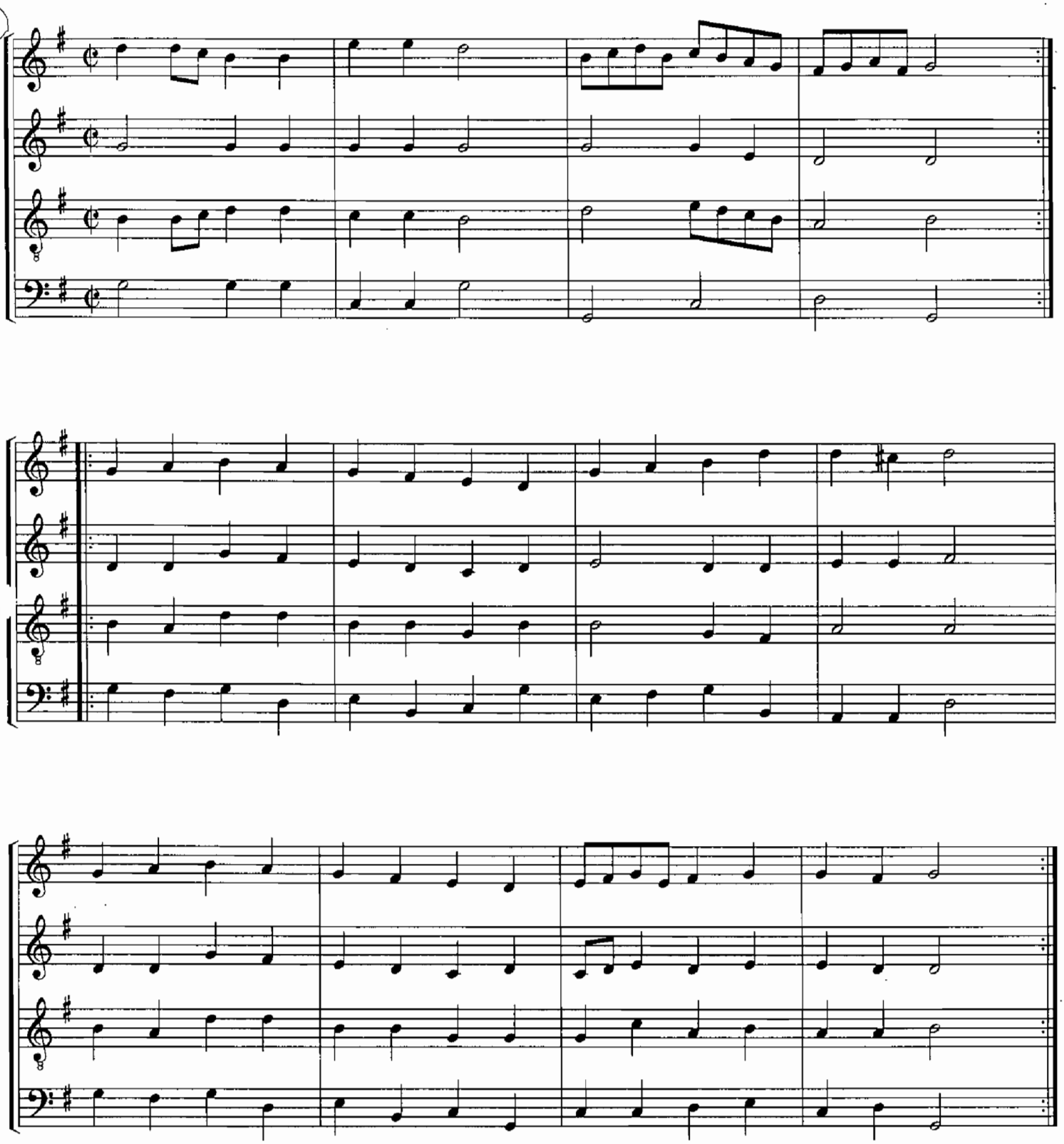
Giacomo Spiardo (fl.1620)



Suono del Ballo de Cigni

from Delizie di Posilipo Boscarecce
e Maritime, 1620

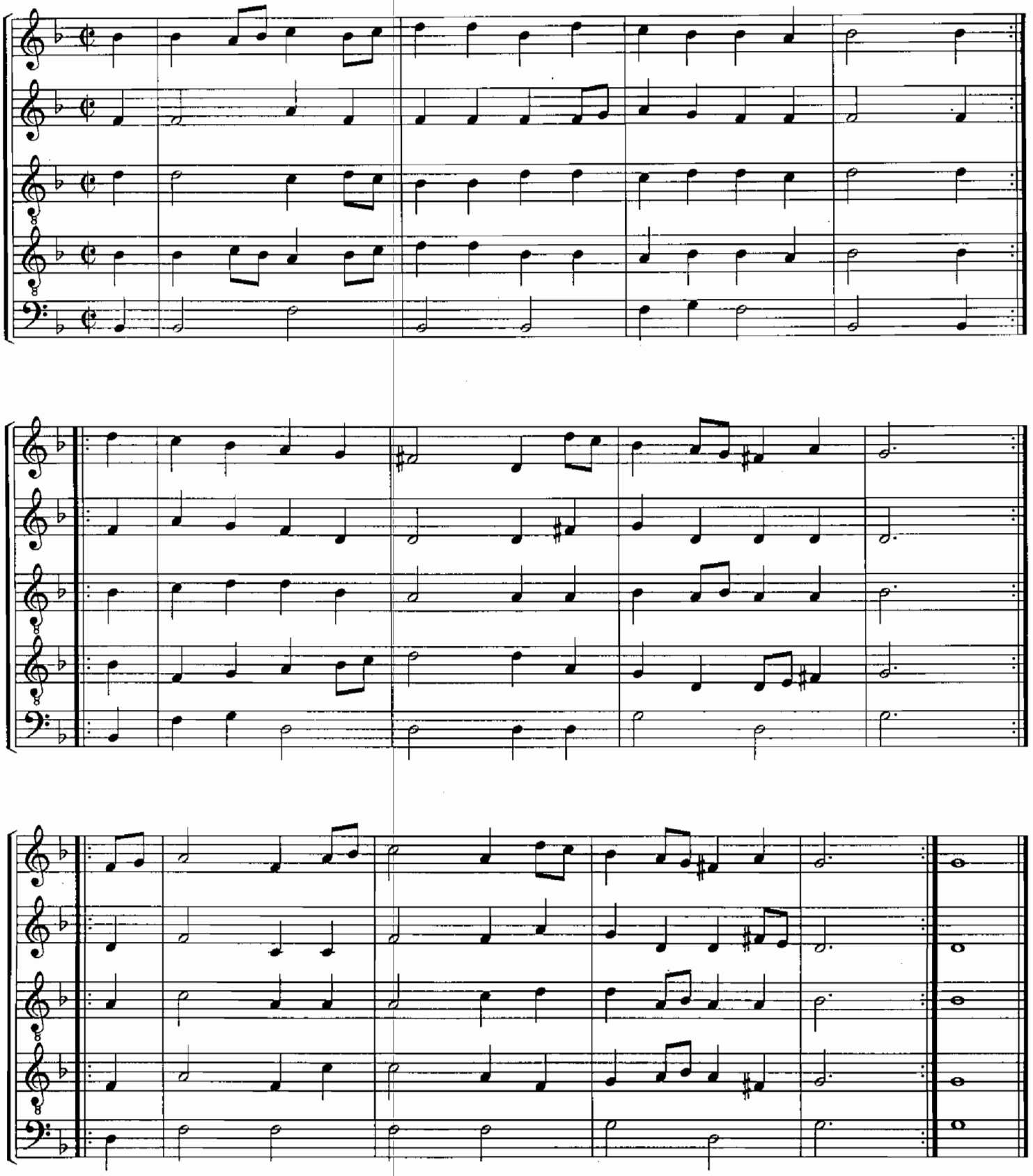
Giacomo Spiardo (fl.1620)



Lo Spagnoletto

from Le Gratie d'Amore, 1602

Cesare Negri (c.1535 - after 1604)



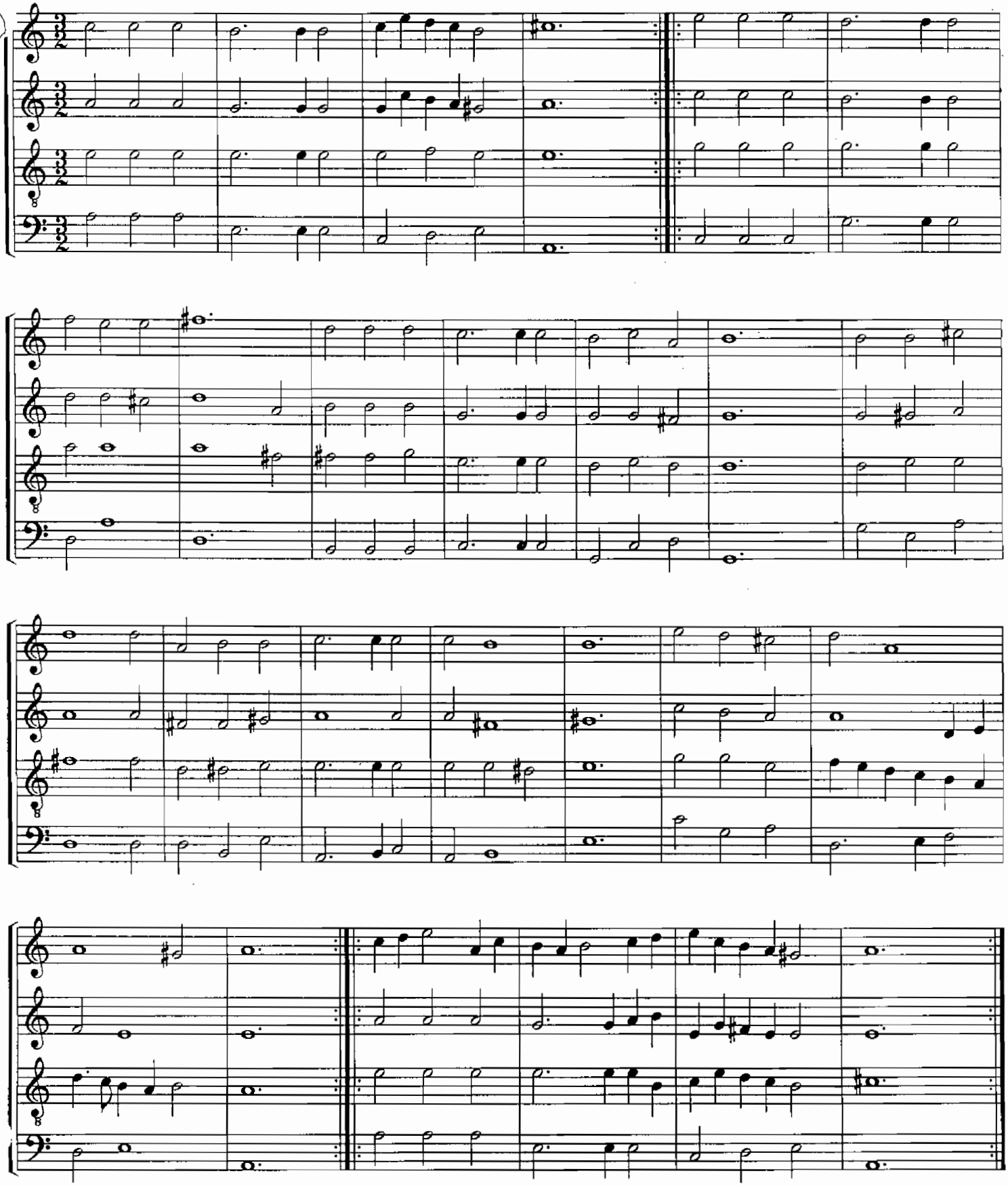
Setting by Steven Hendricks

Sinfonia antica

Prima partita

from Naples Conservatory MS 4.6.3

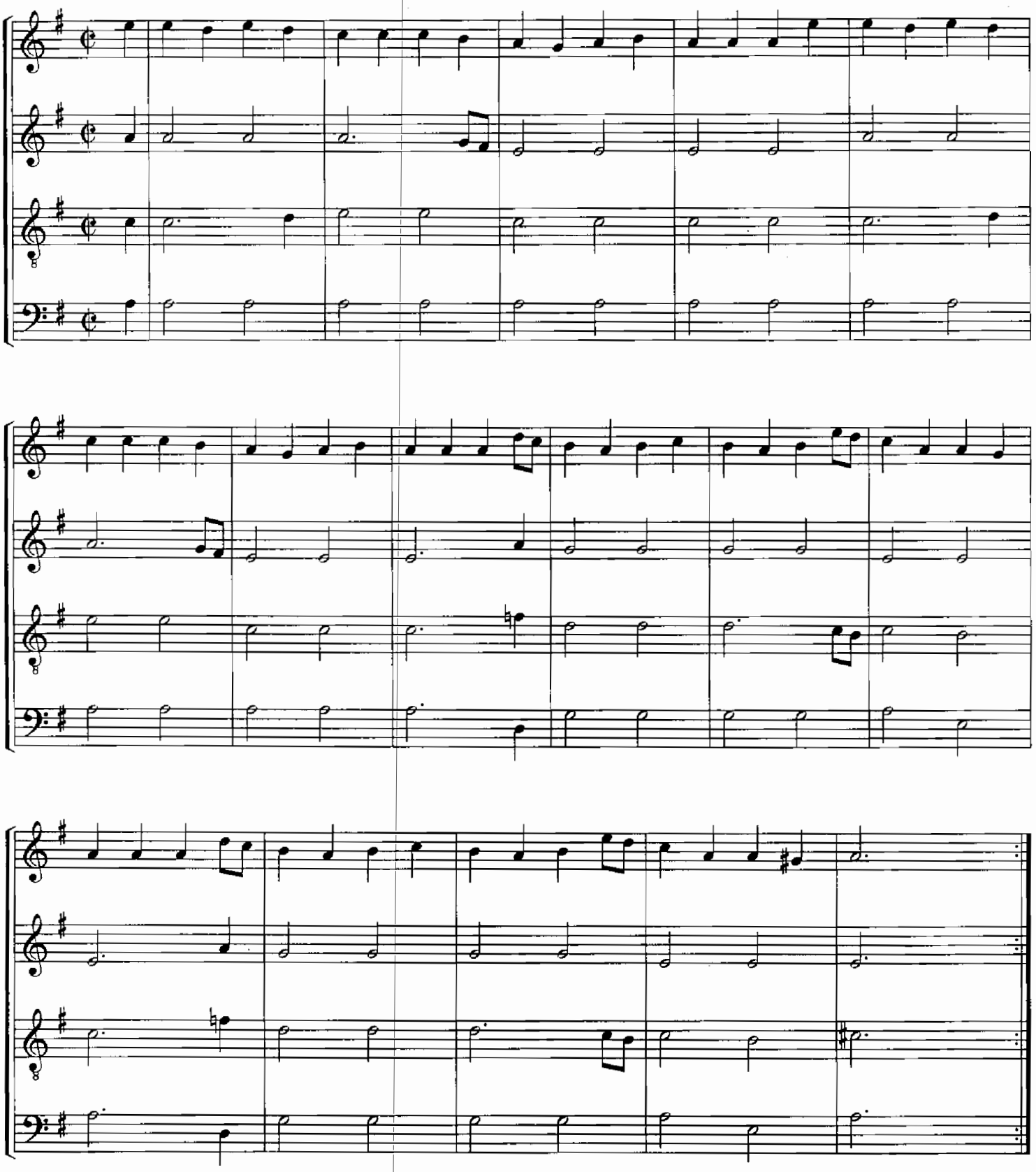
Anon.



Schiarazula Marazula

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)

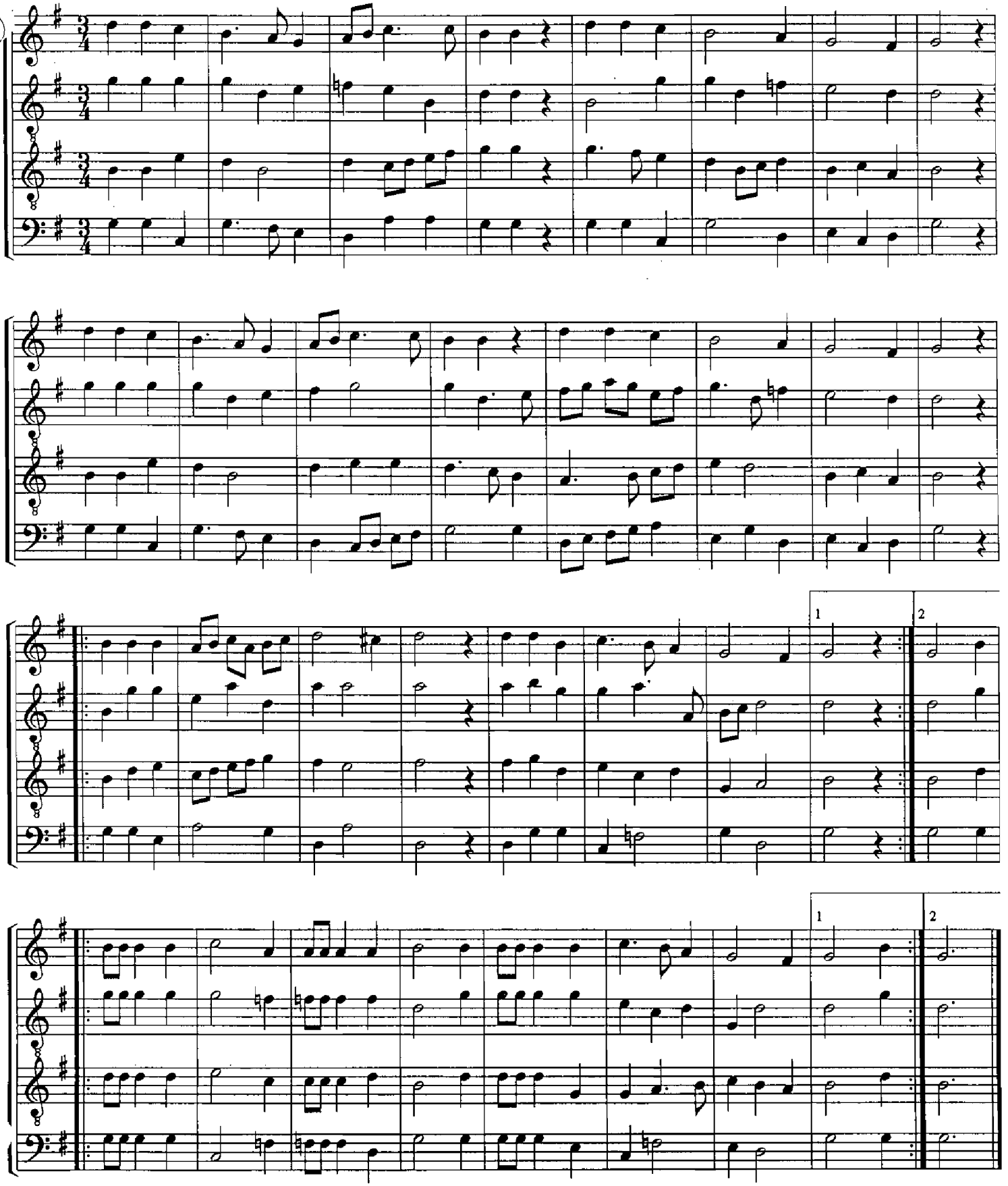


Originally a tone lower.

La Rocha el fuso

from the Henry Fitzallan partbooks

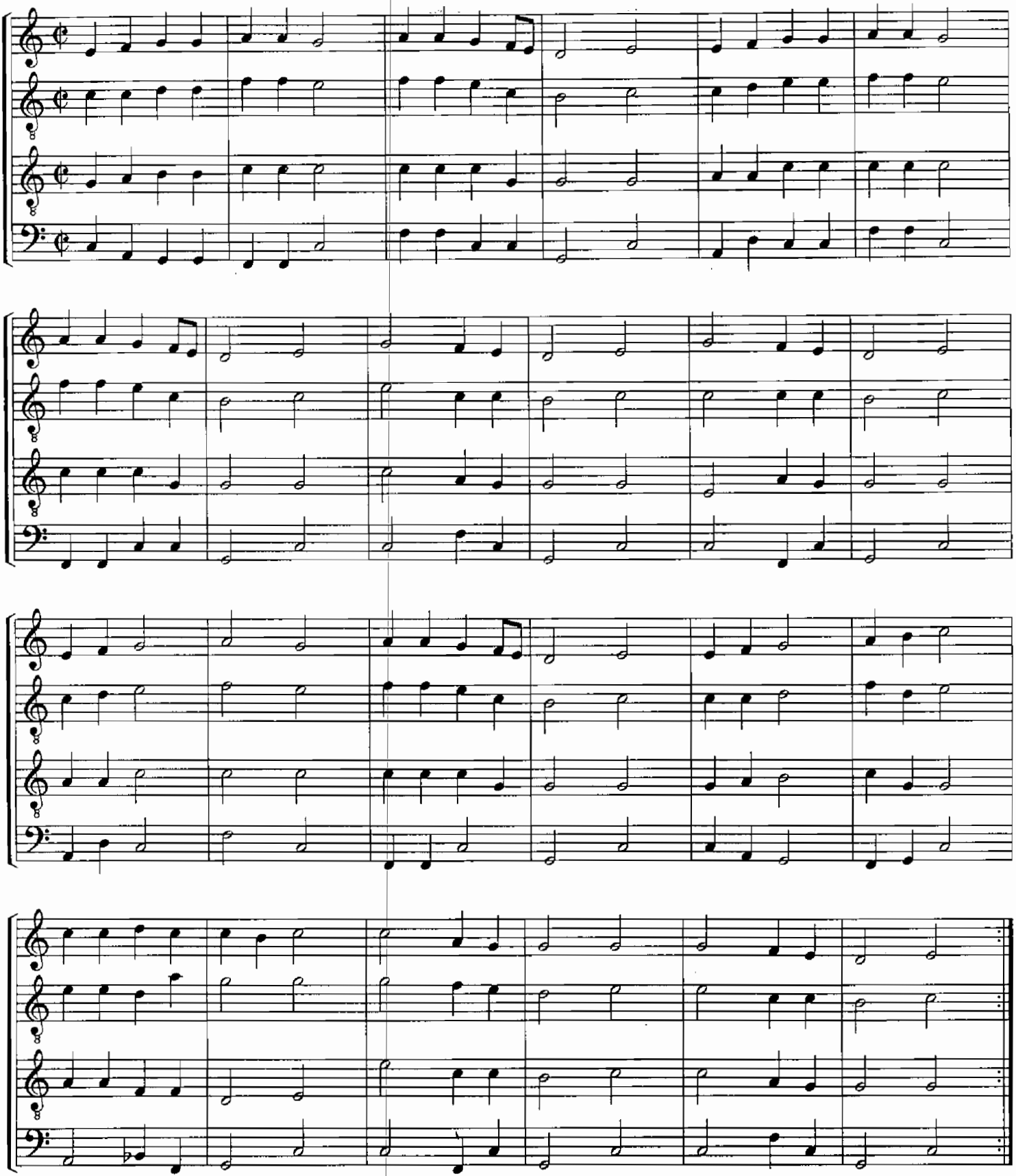
Anon, Italian c. 1520

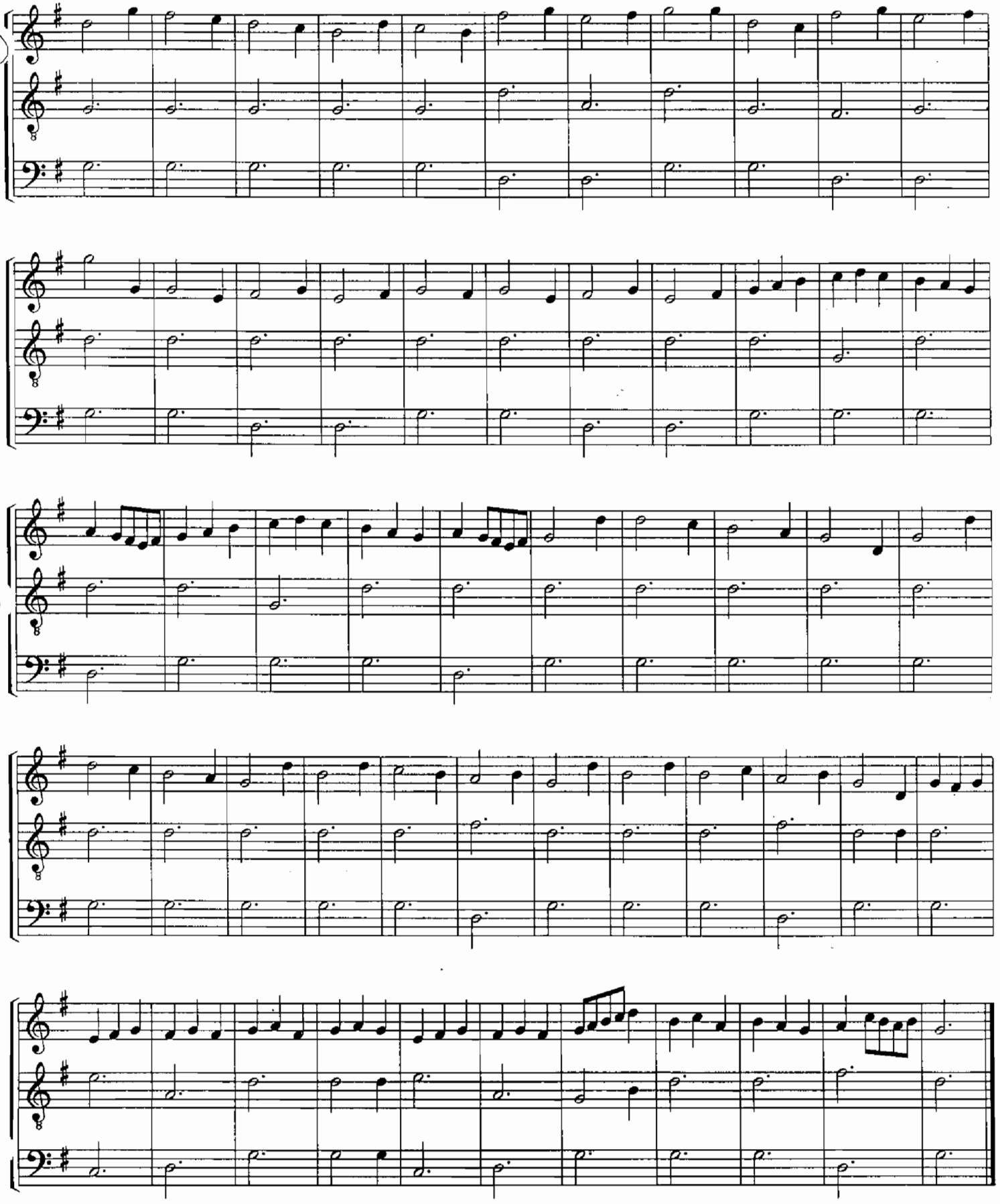


Putta Nera Ballo Furlano

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)

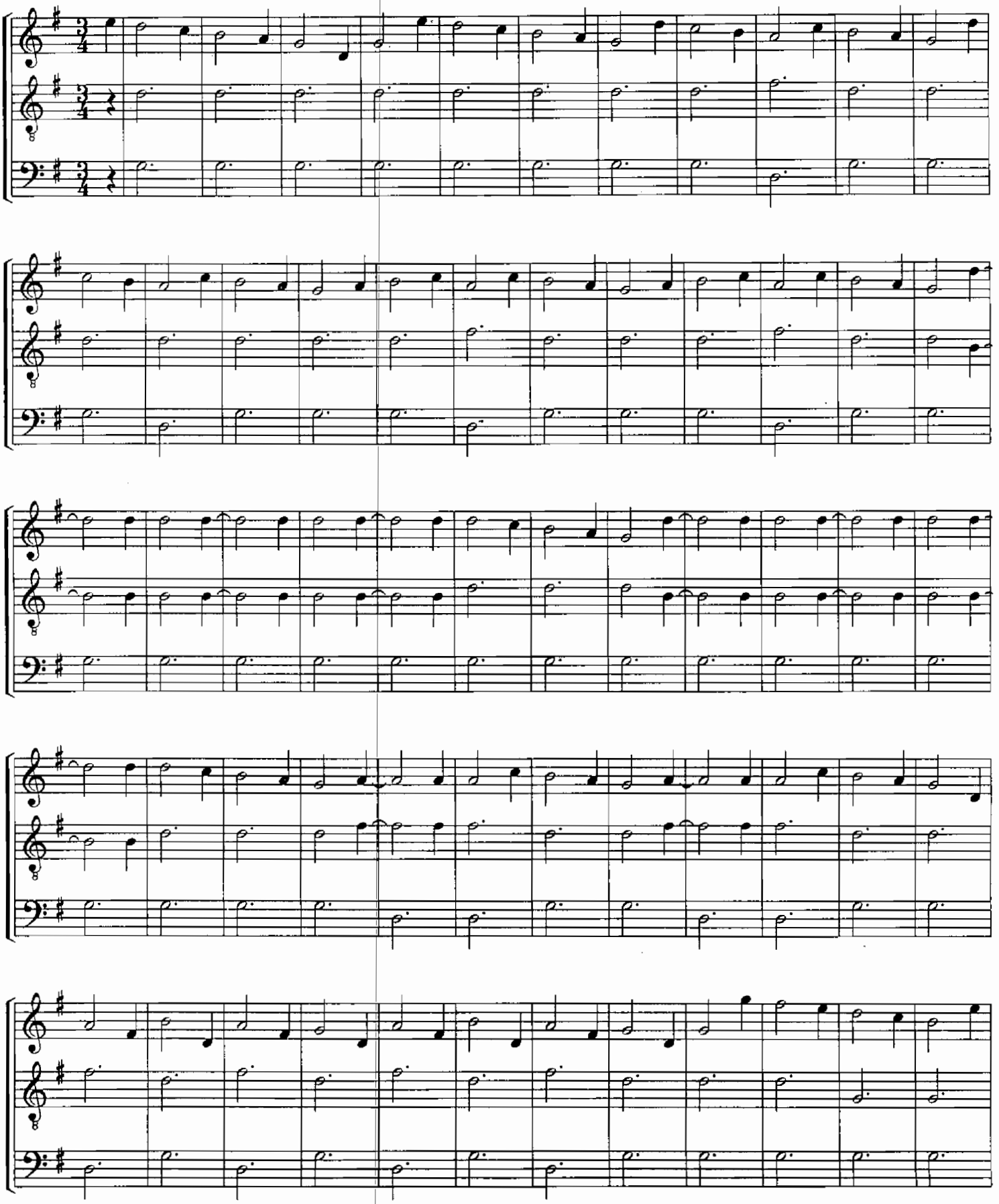


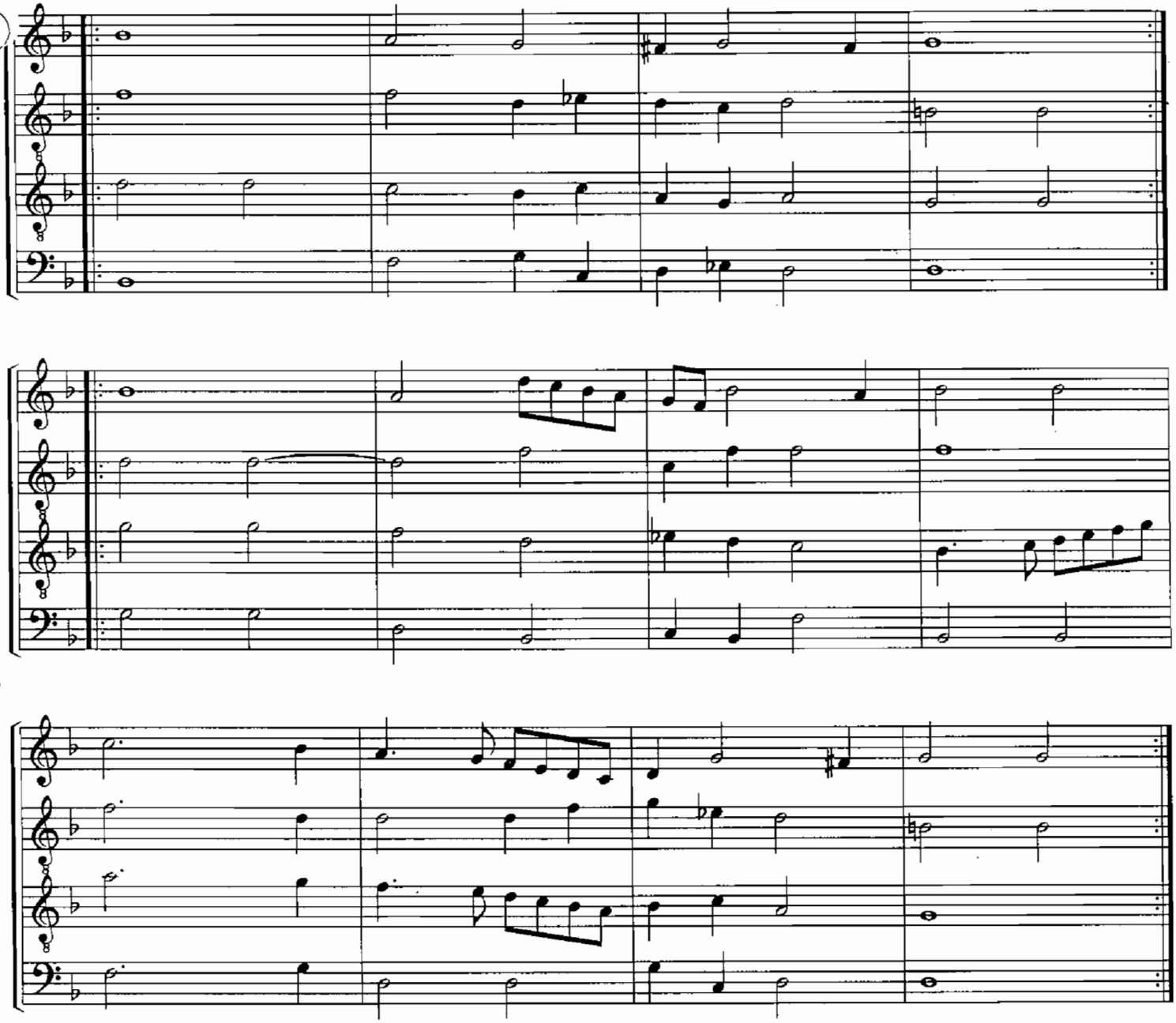


Piva (ala ferrarese)

from Intabulatura de Lauto, Libro Quarto, 1508

Joanambrosio Dalza (fl.1508)

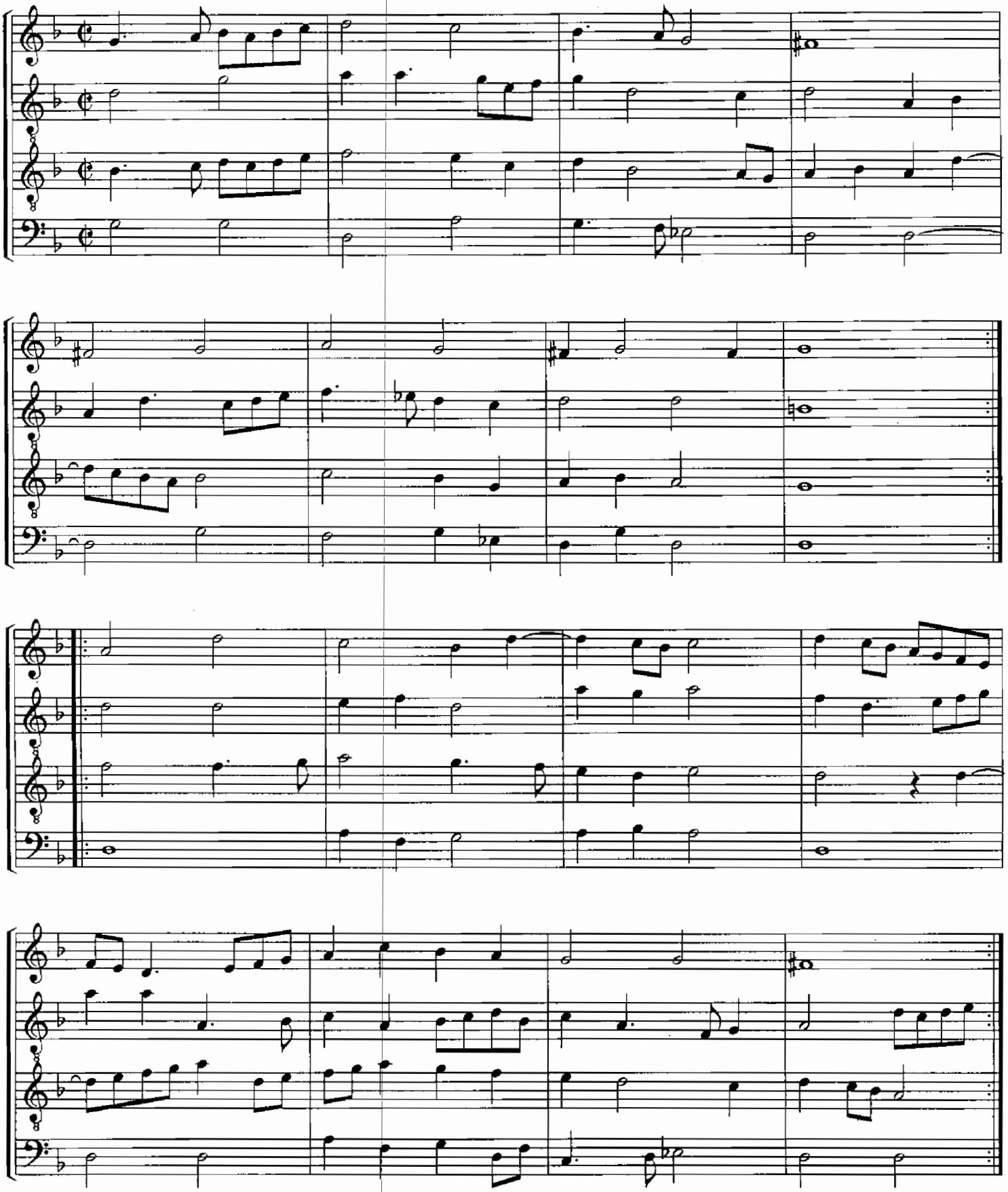




La morte de la ragione

from the Henry Fitzallan partbooks

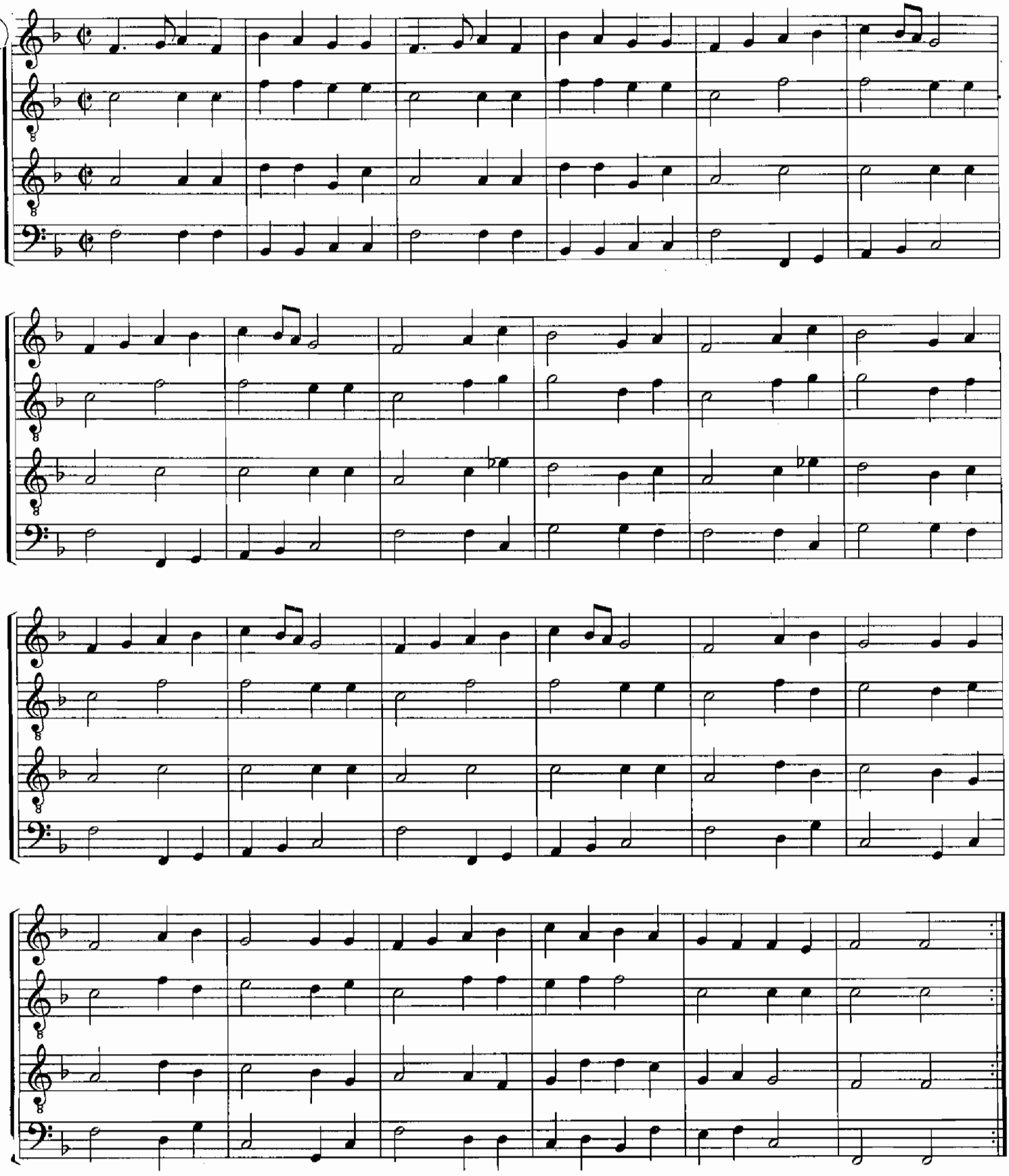
Anon, Italian c. 1520



La Parma

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

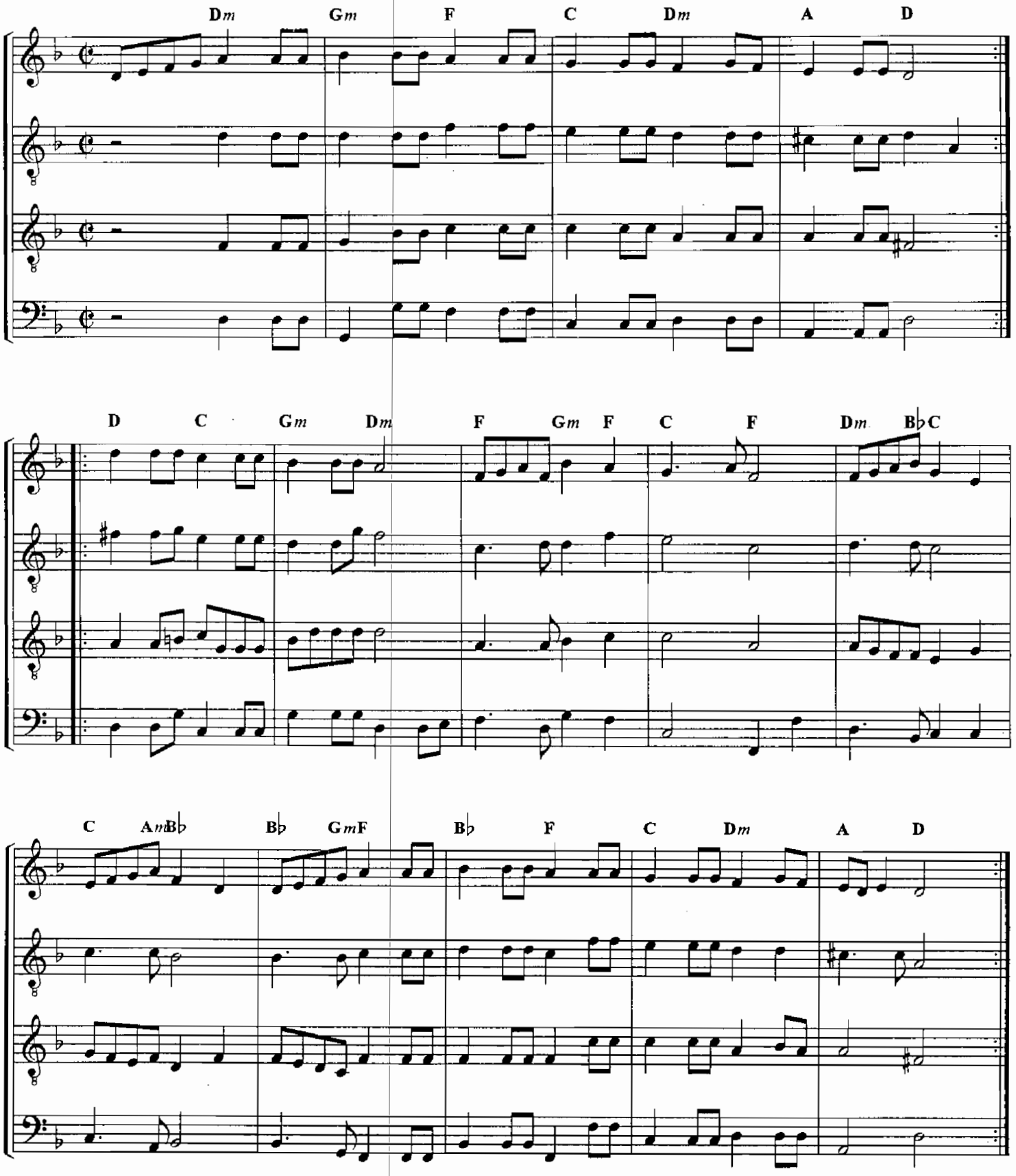
Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)

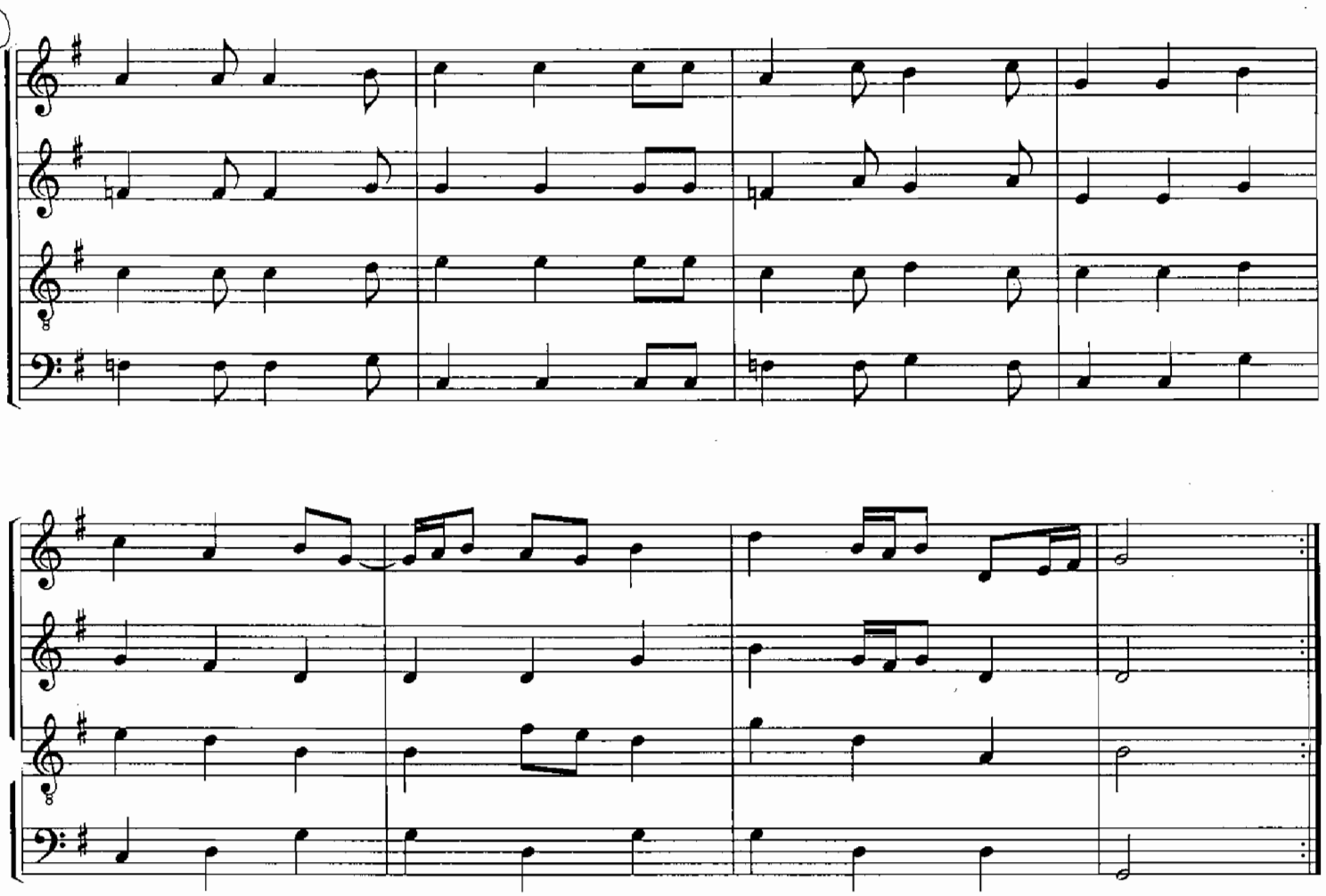


La Mantovana

from Il Scolaro, 1645

Gasparo Zanetti (fl.1626-1645)

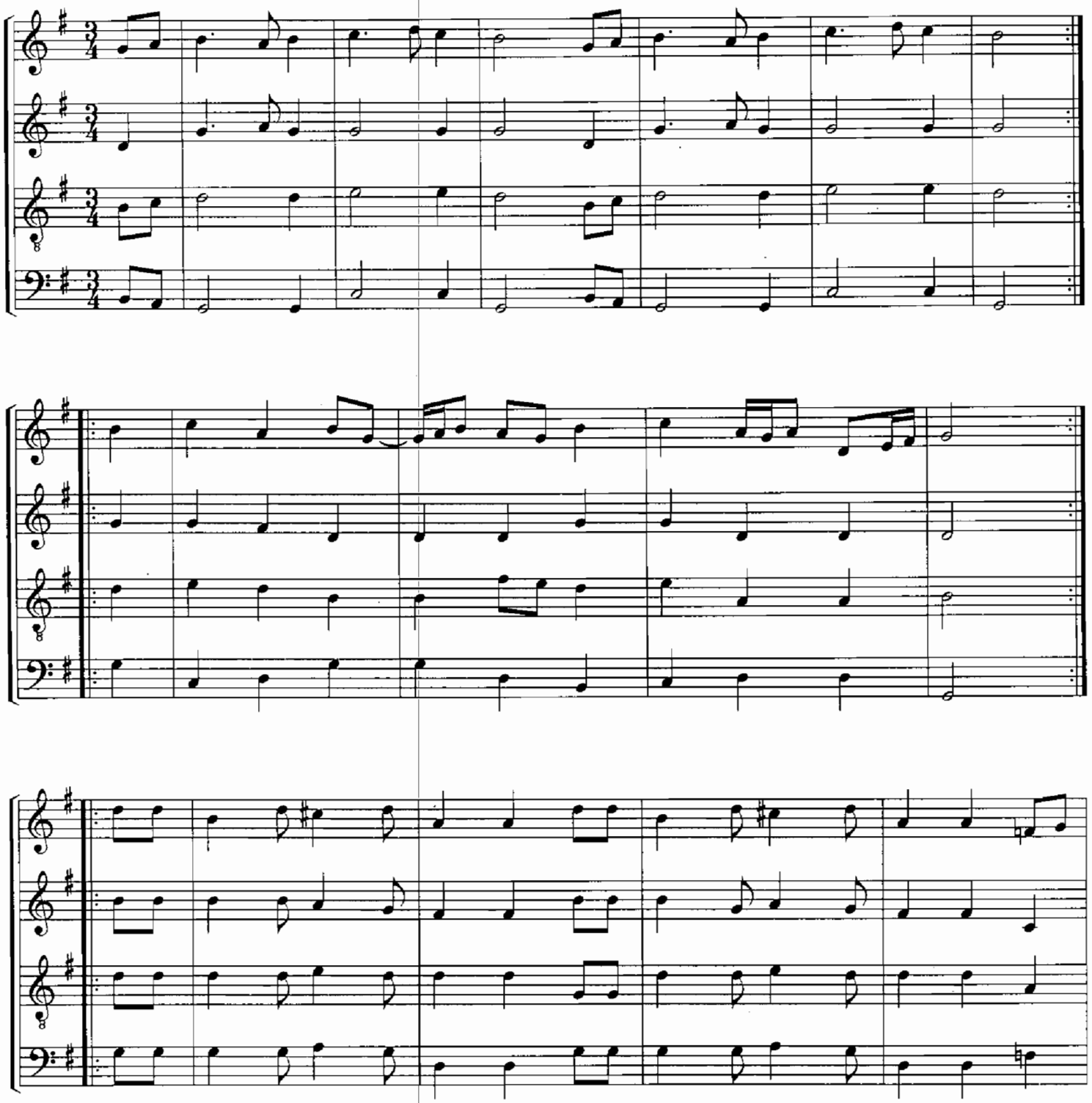




La Nizzarda

from La Gratie d'Amore, 1602

Cesare Negri (c.1535-after 1604)

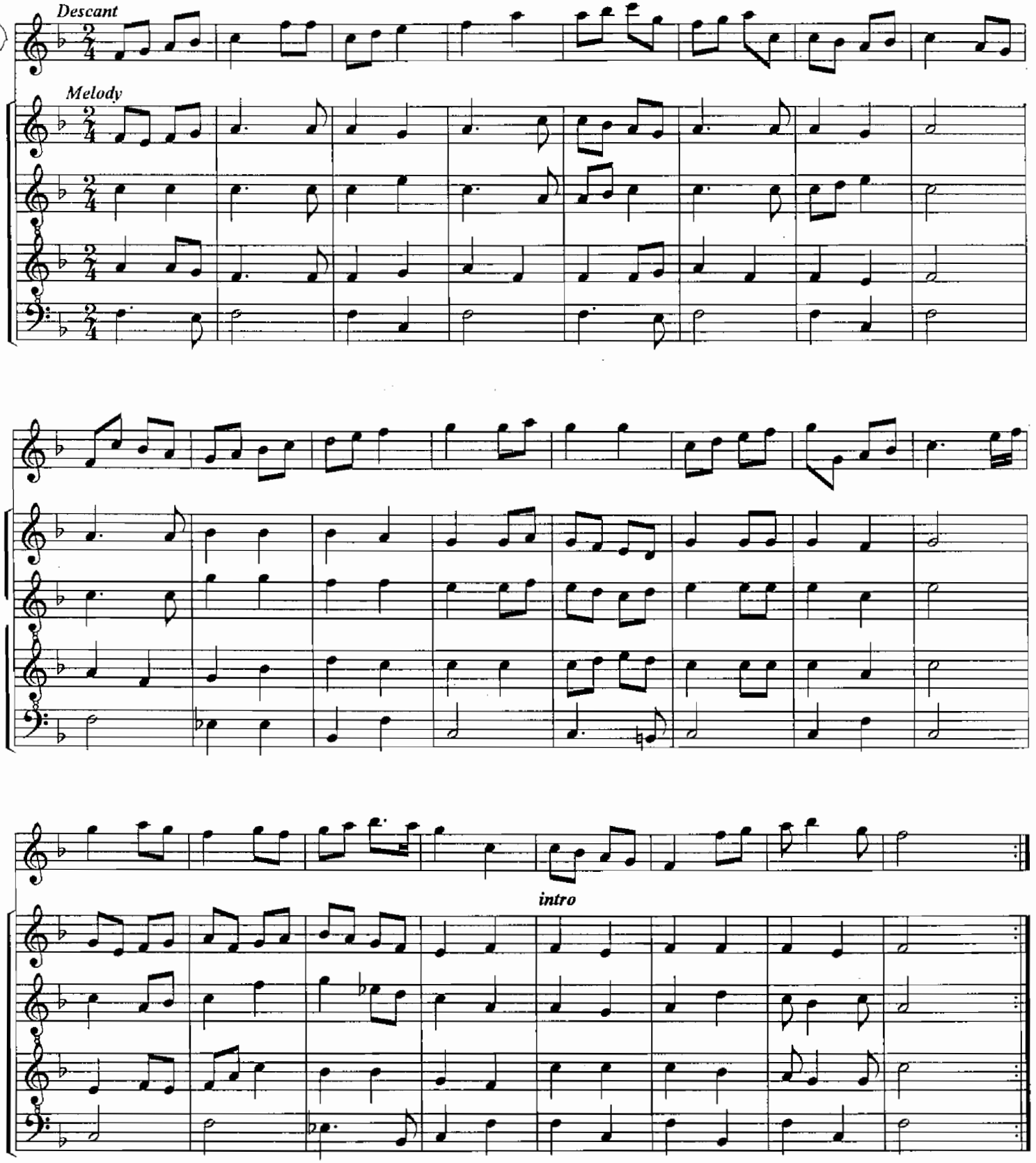


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Leggiadria d'Amore

from Il Ballarino, 1581

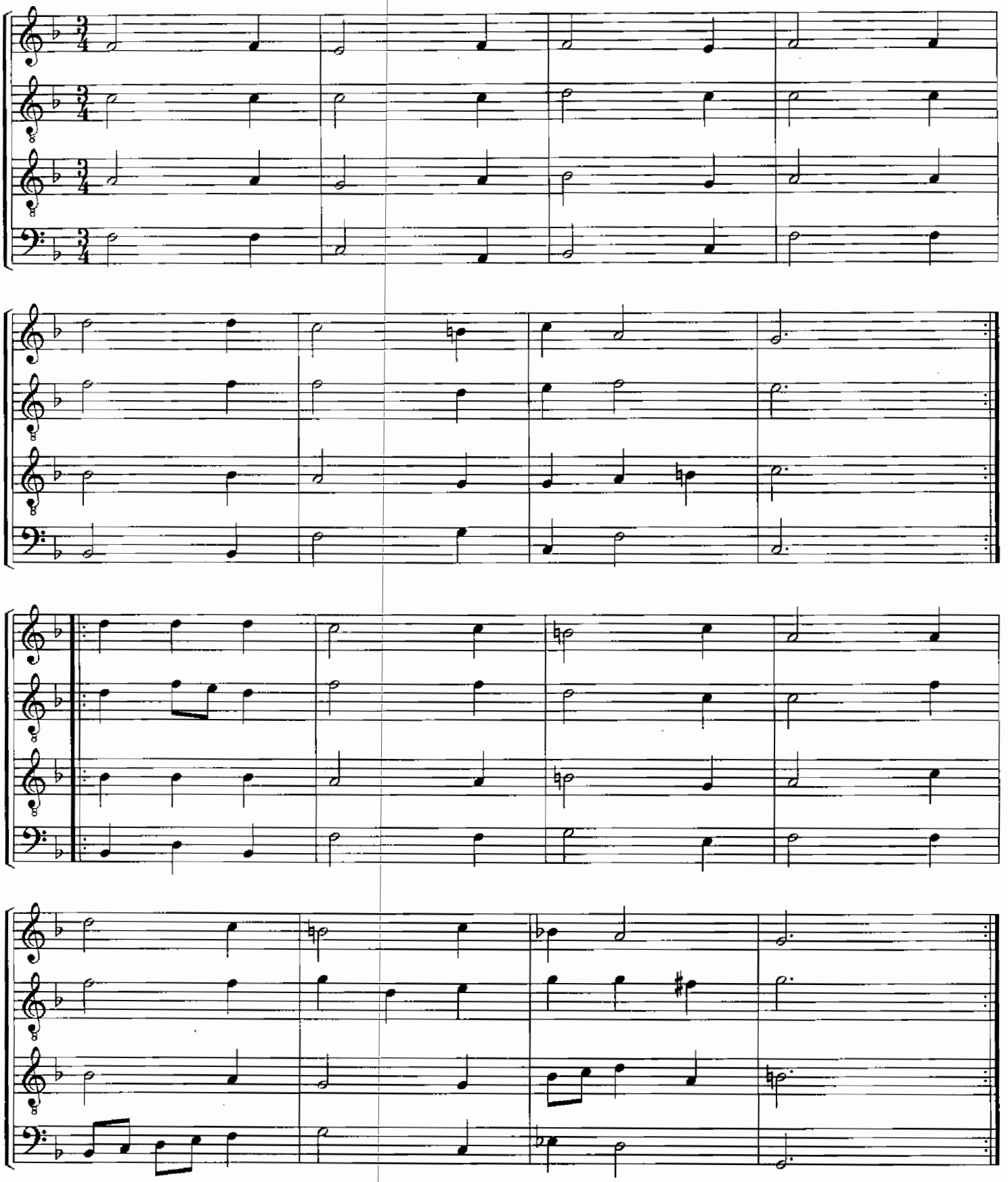
Fabritio Caroso (b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)



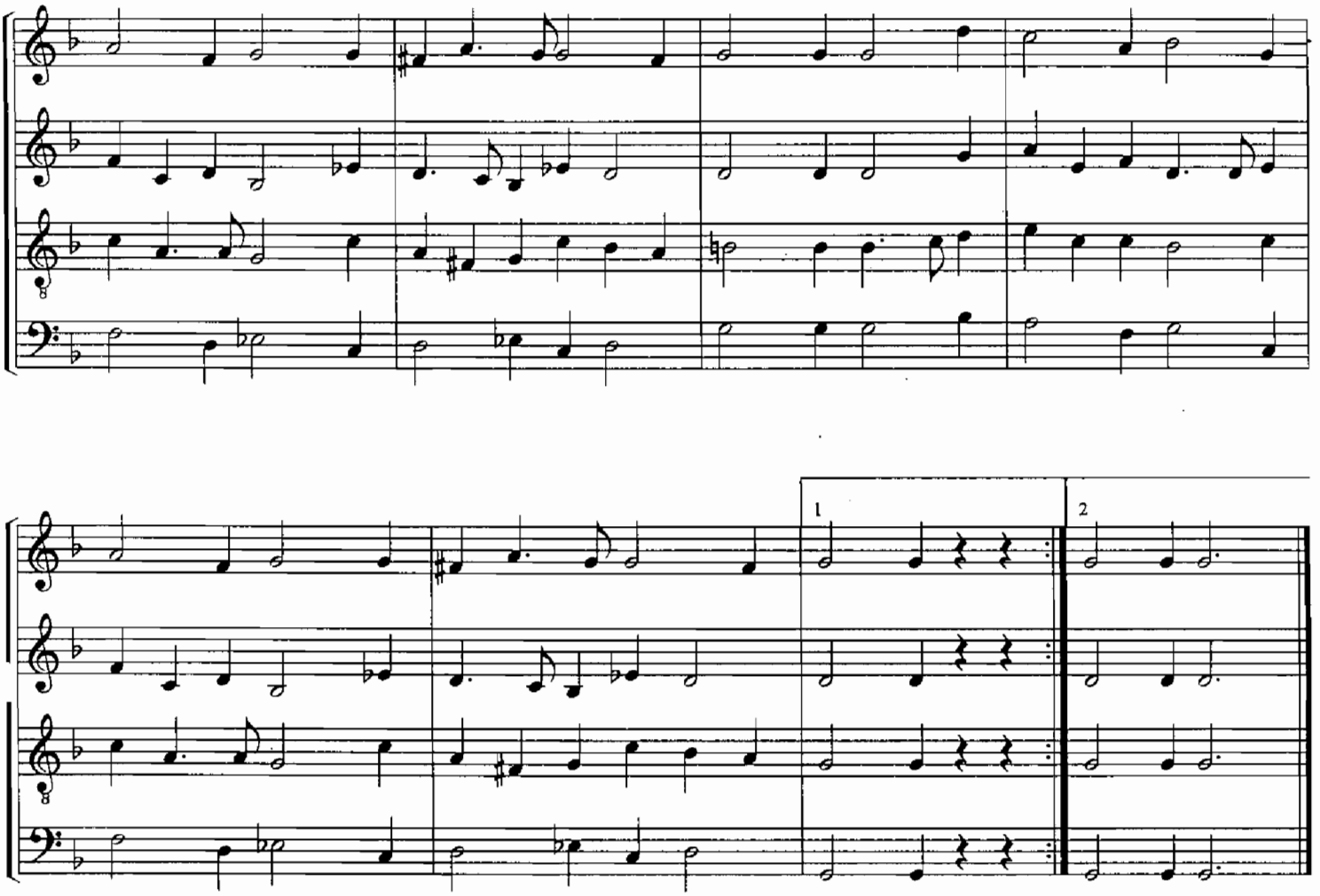
Il Gratioso

from La Gratie d'Amore, 1602

Cesare Negri (c.1535- after 1604)



Setting by Steven Hendricks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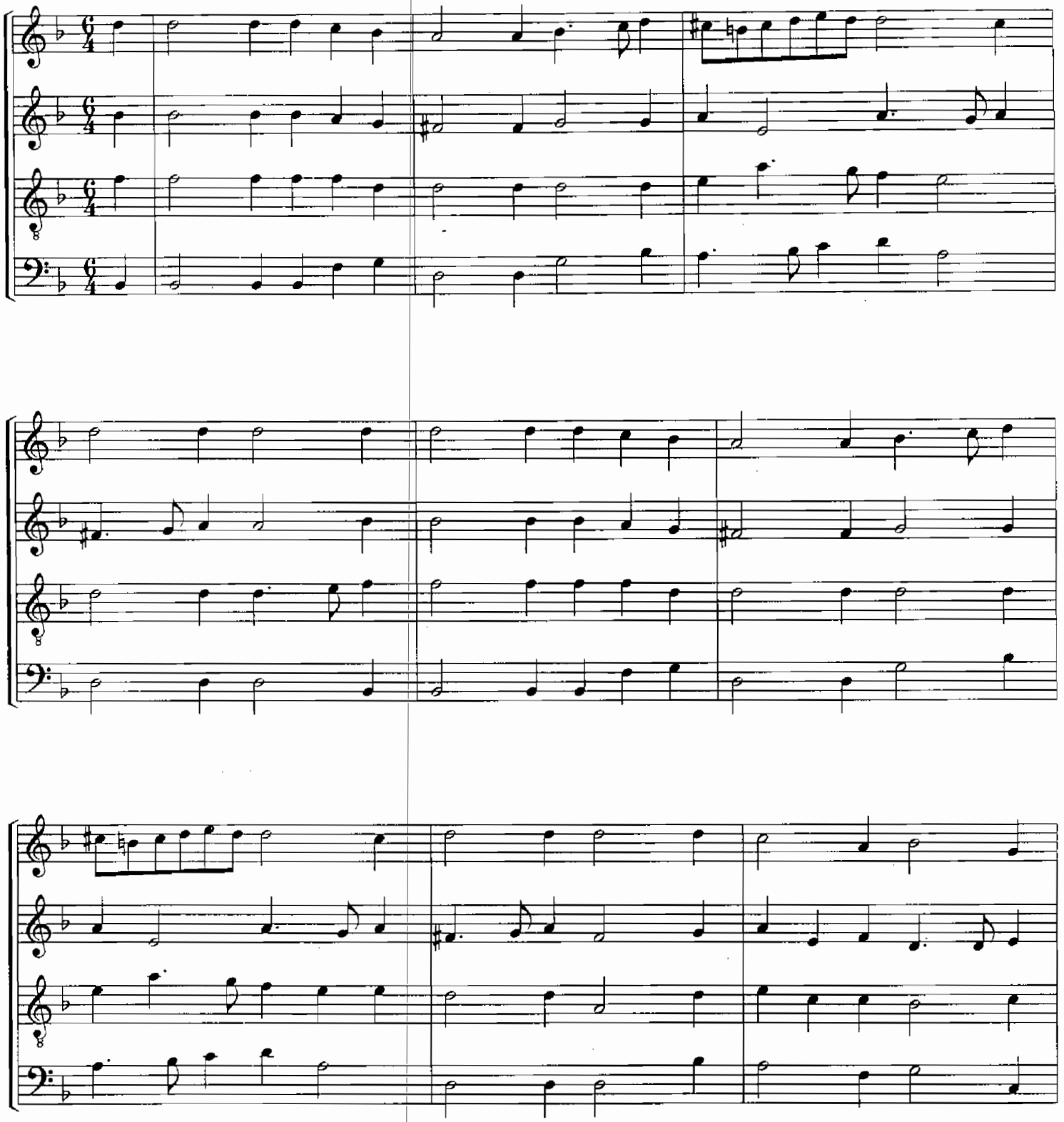
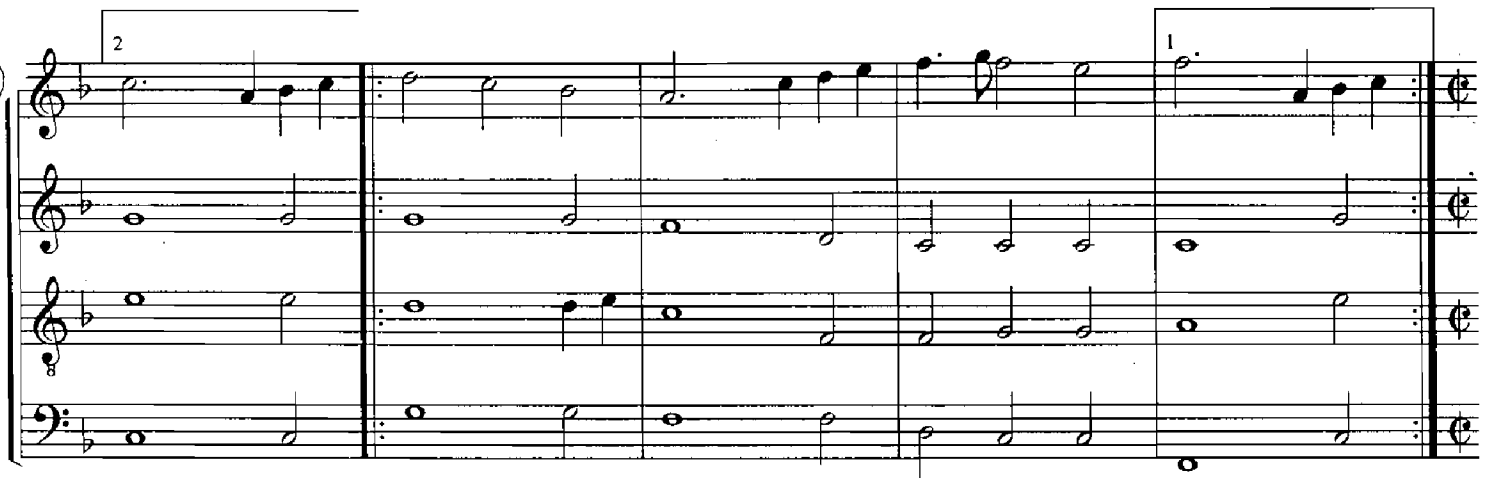
Giorgio

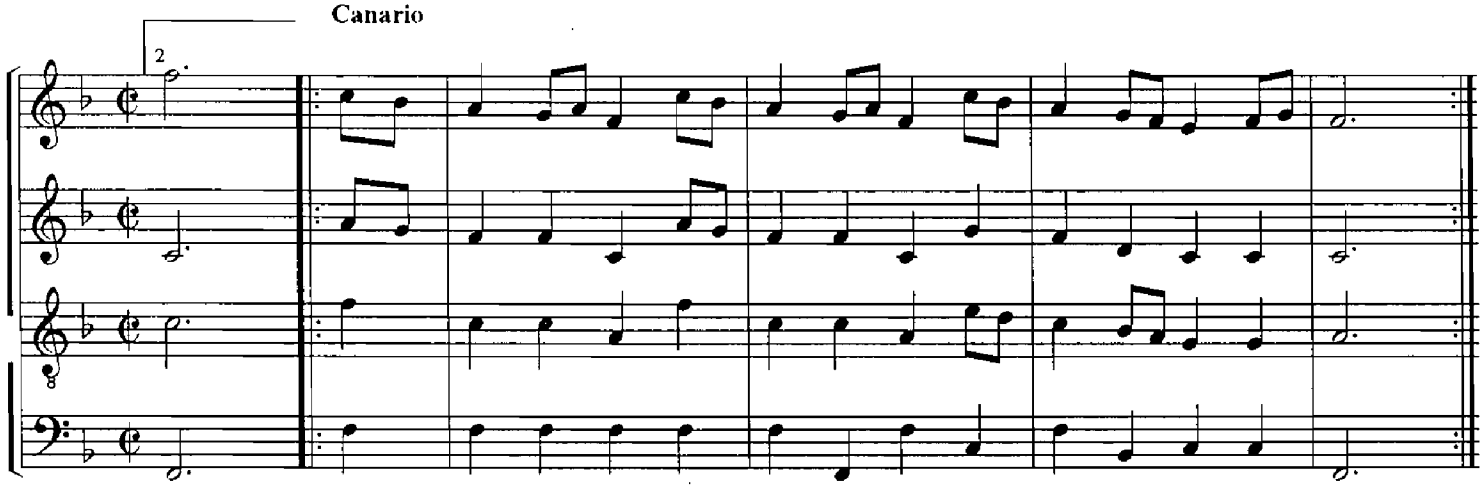
from the Henry Fitzallan partbooks

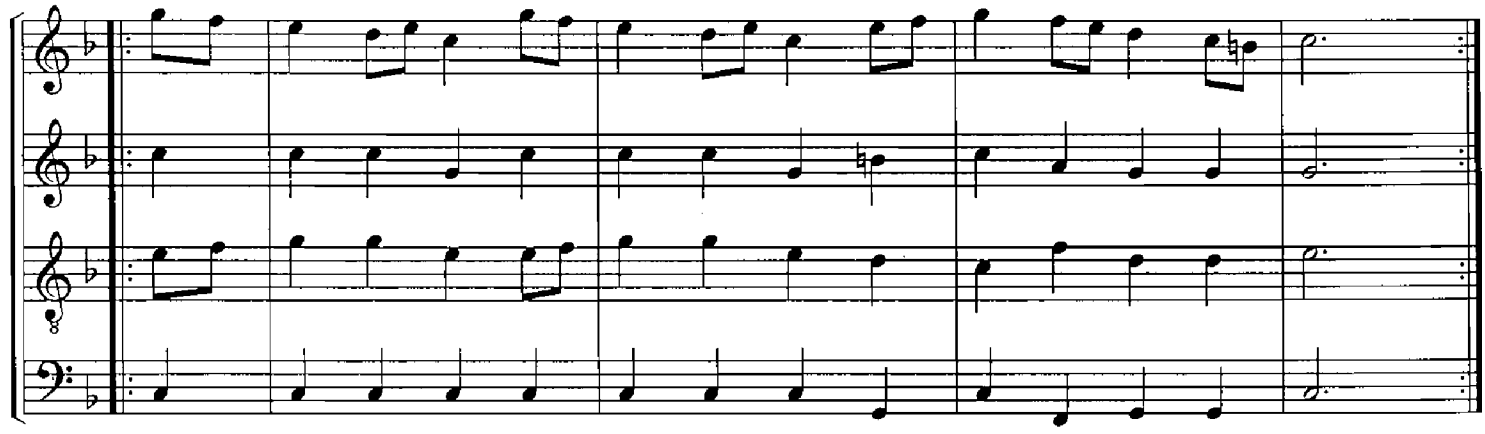
Anon, Italian c. 1520





Canario

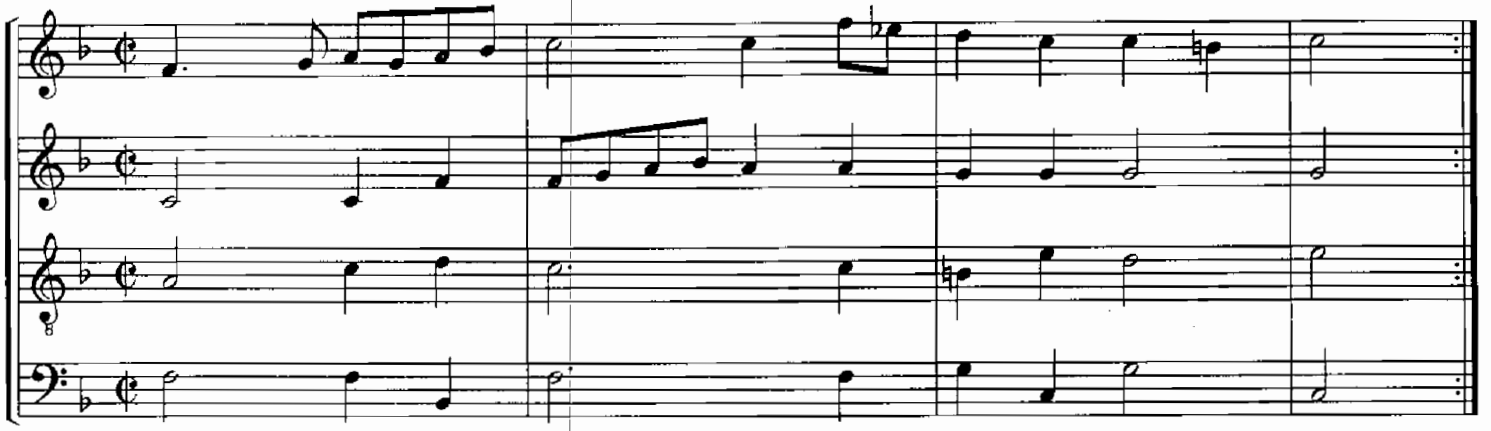


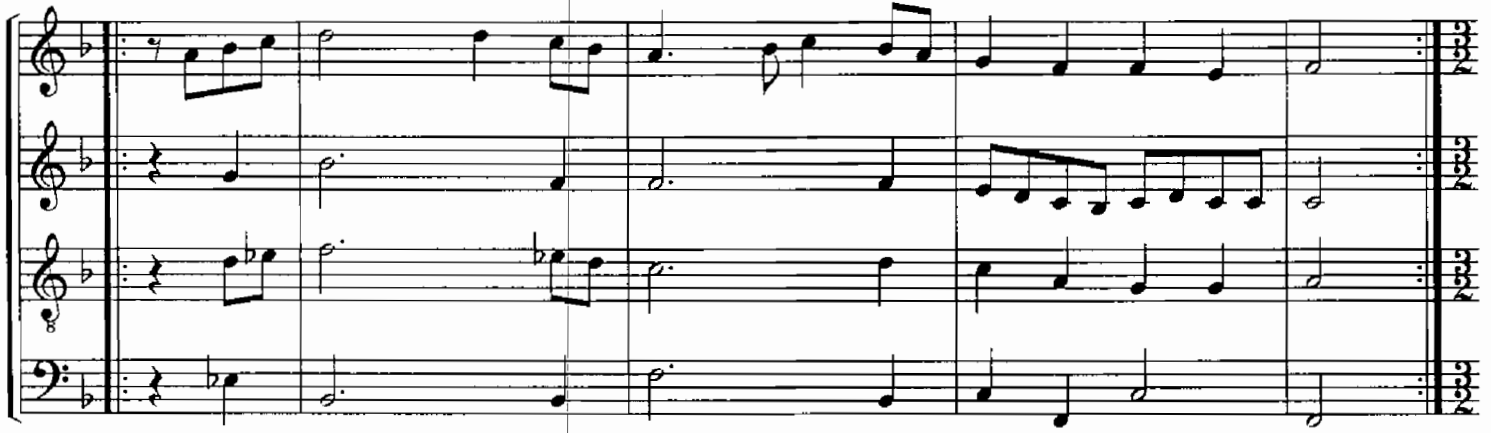


Gallaria d'Amor

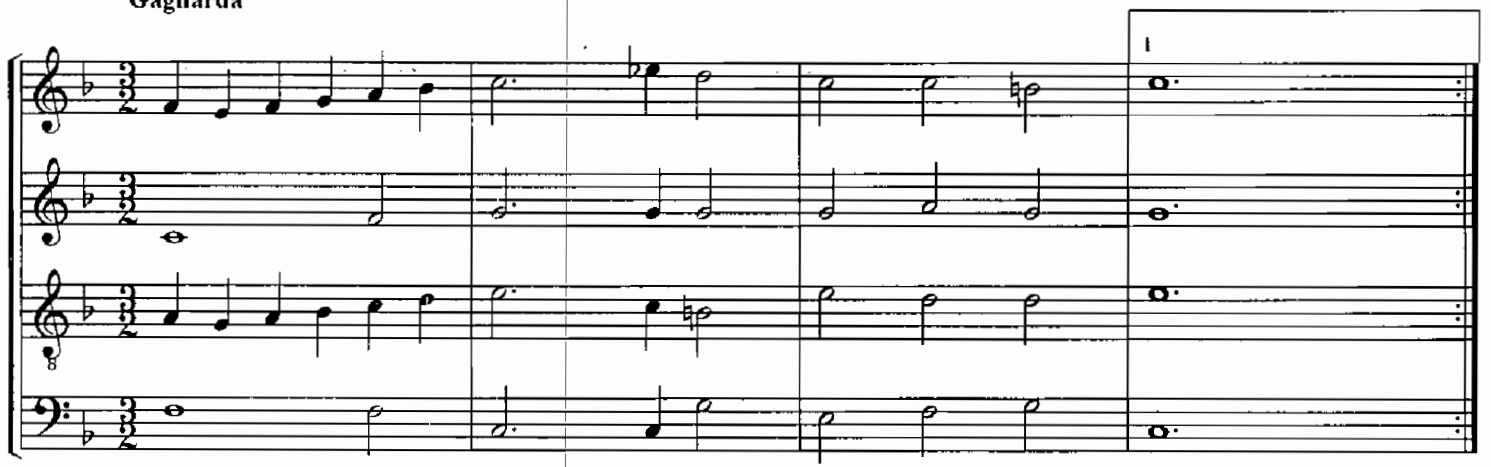
from Il Scolaro, 1645

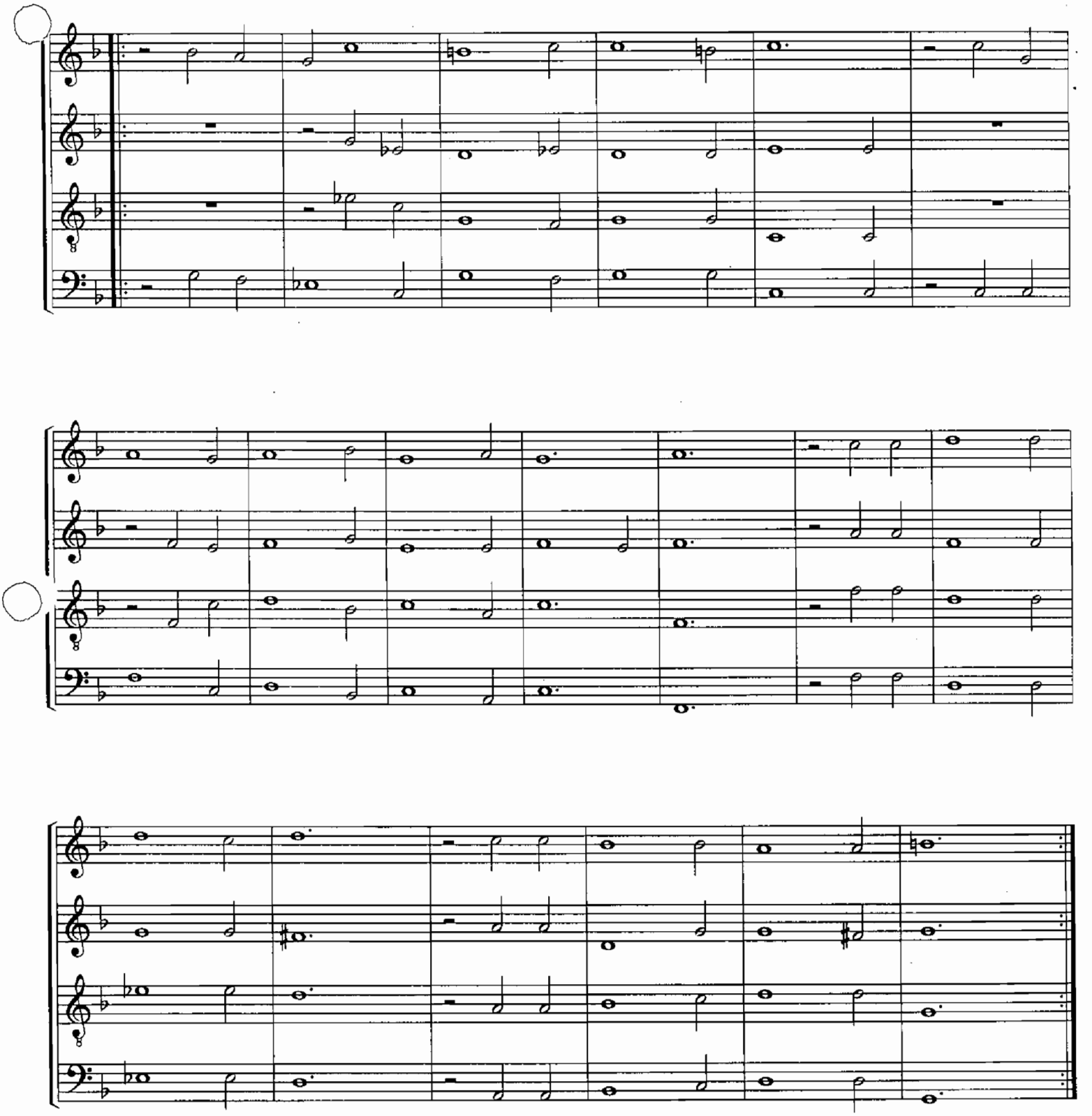
Gasparo Zanetti (fl.1626-1645)





Gagliarda

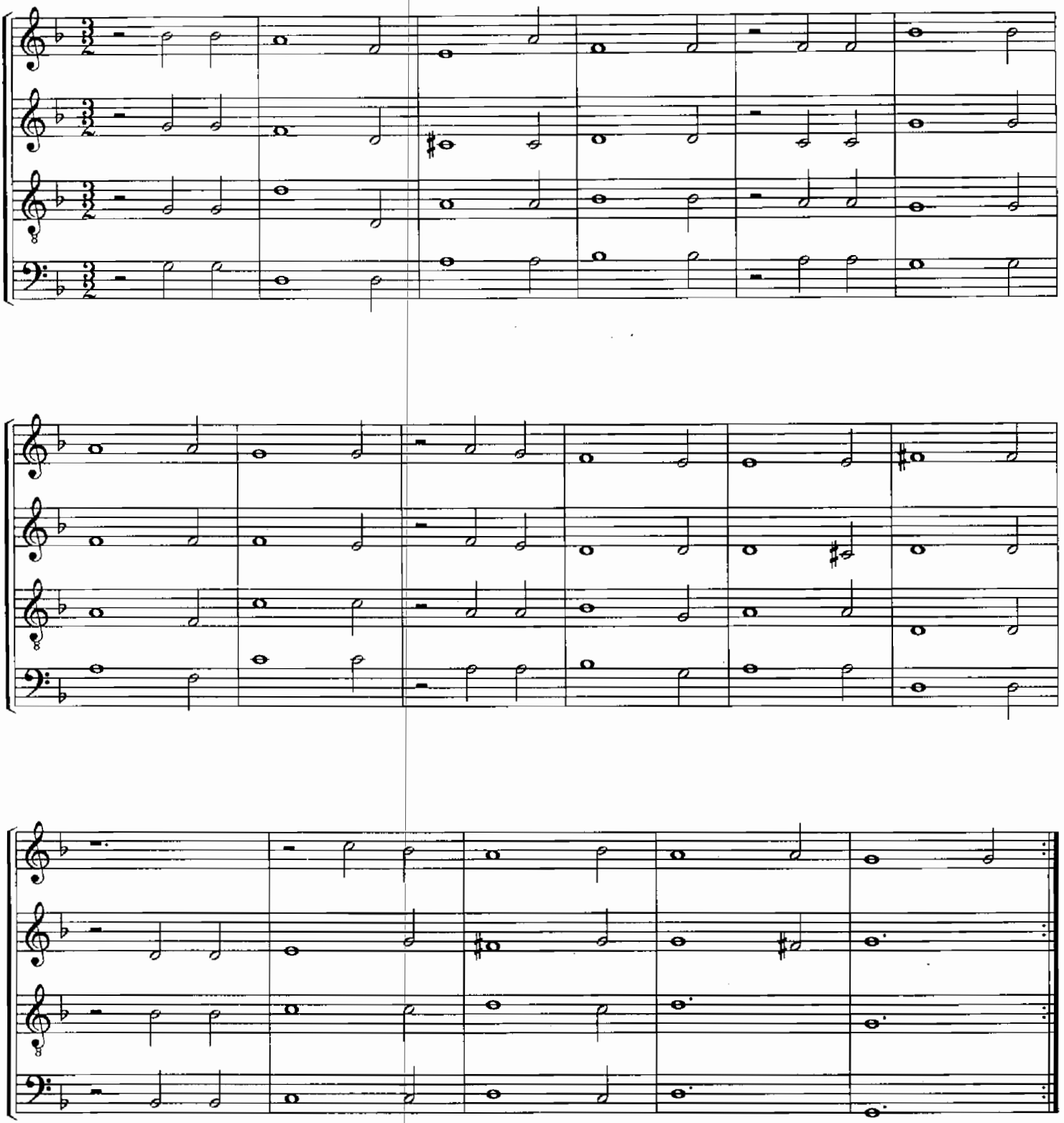




Gagliarda

from Naples Conservatory MS 4.6.3

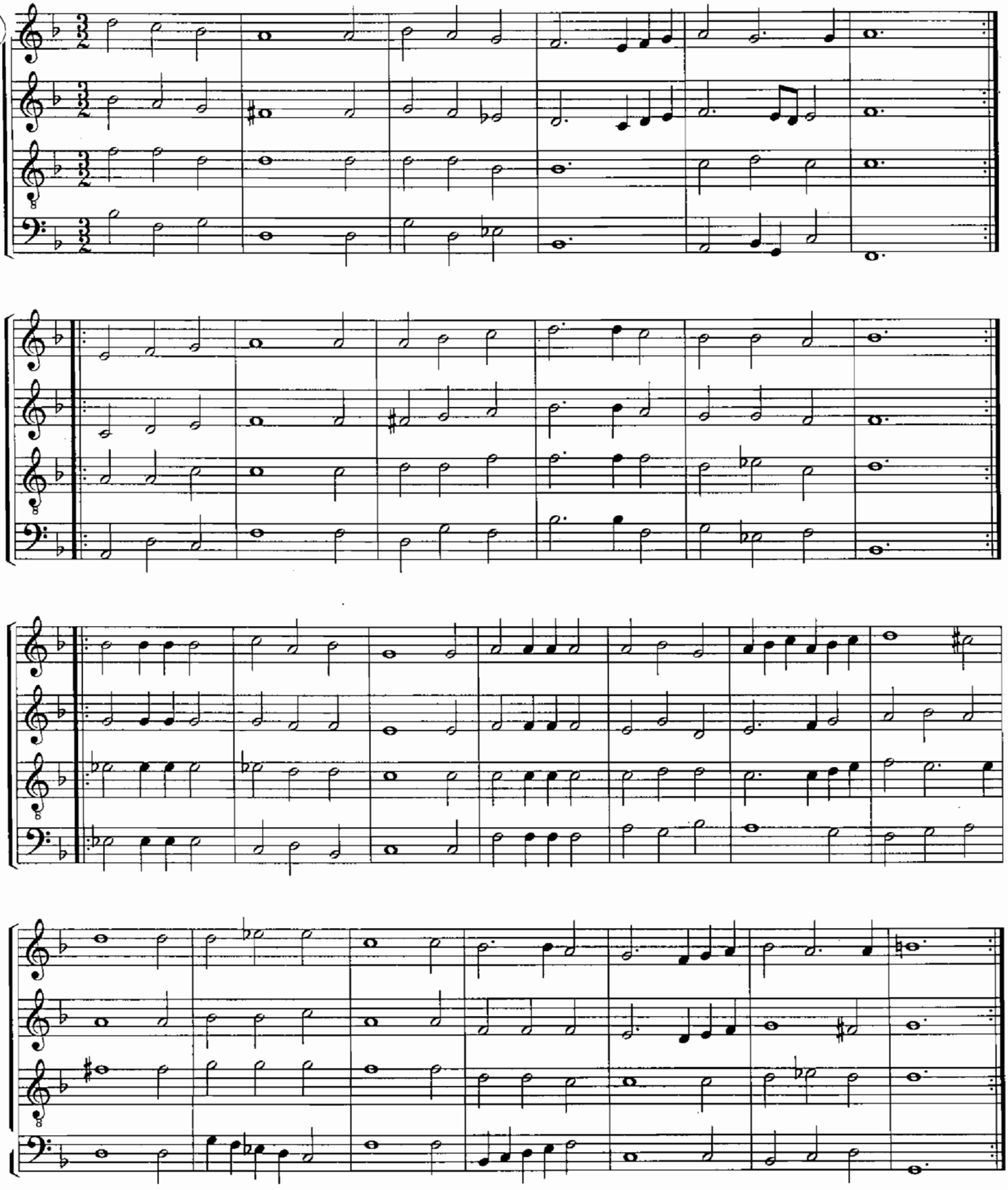
(?) Giovanni Leonardo dell'Arpa (1525-1602)



Gagliarda Prima

from Naples Conservatory MS 4.6.3

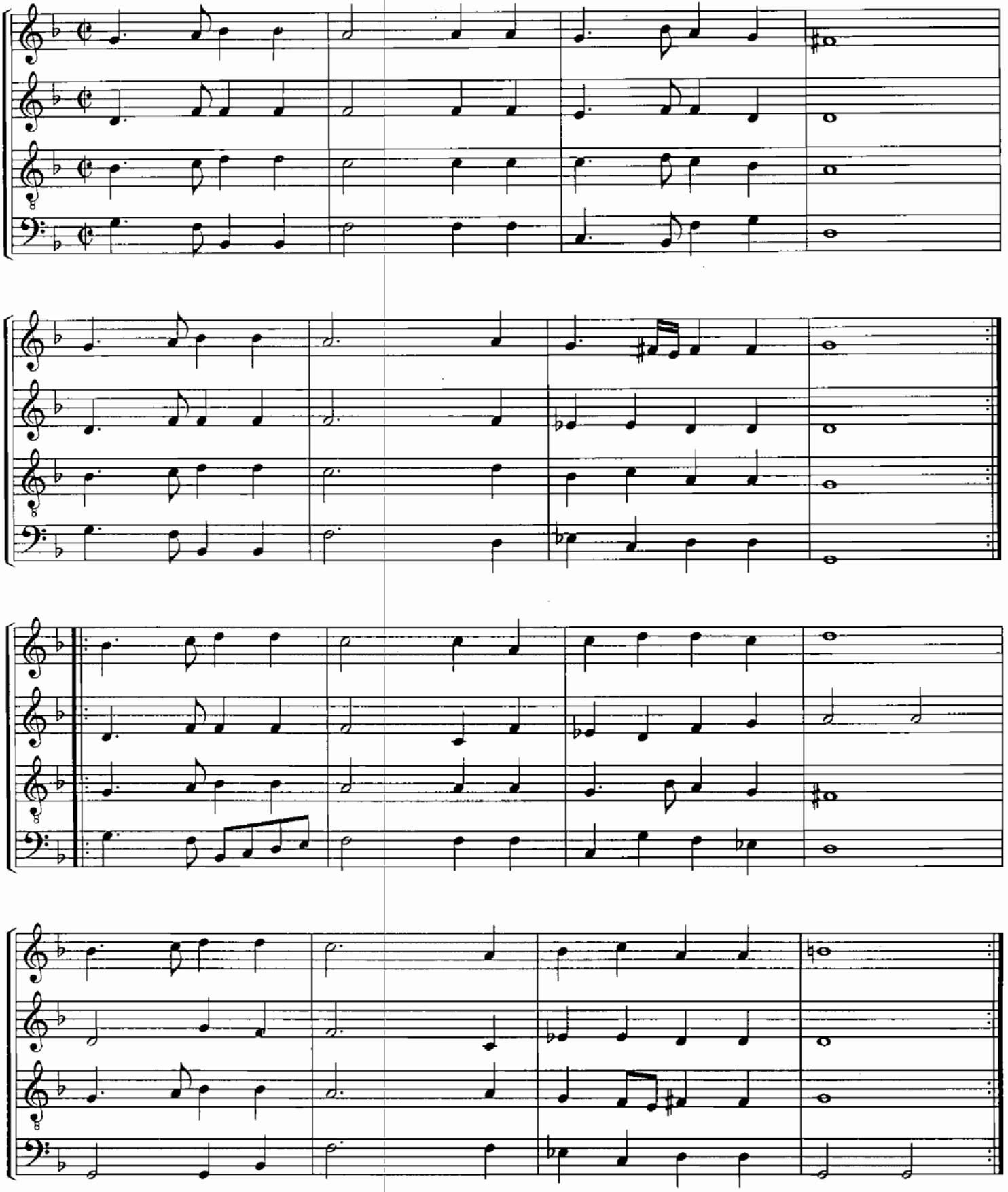
Anon.

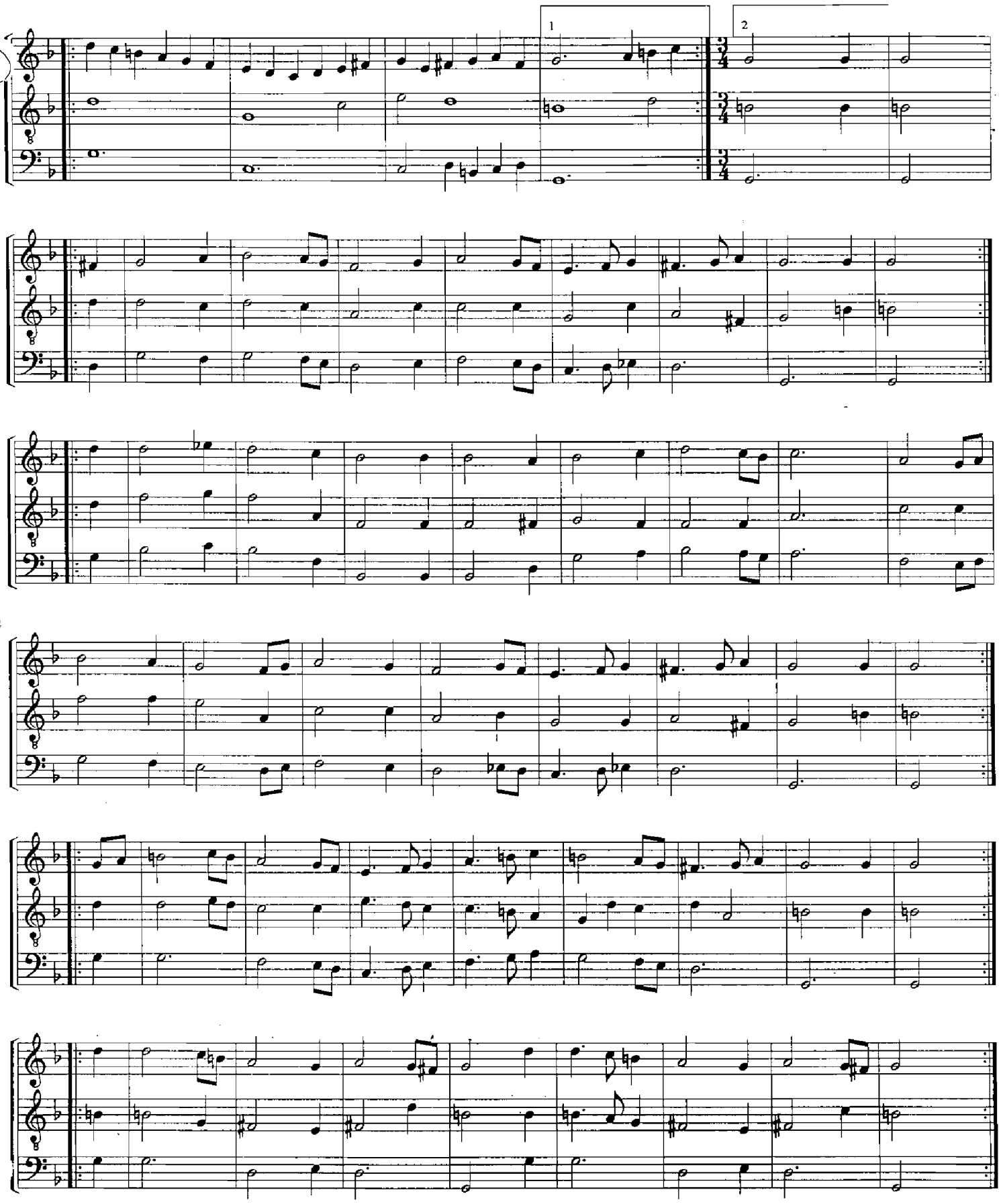


Le forze d'Hercole

from the Henry Fitzallan partbooks

Anon, Italian c. 1520

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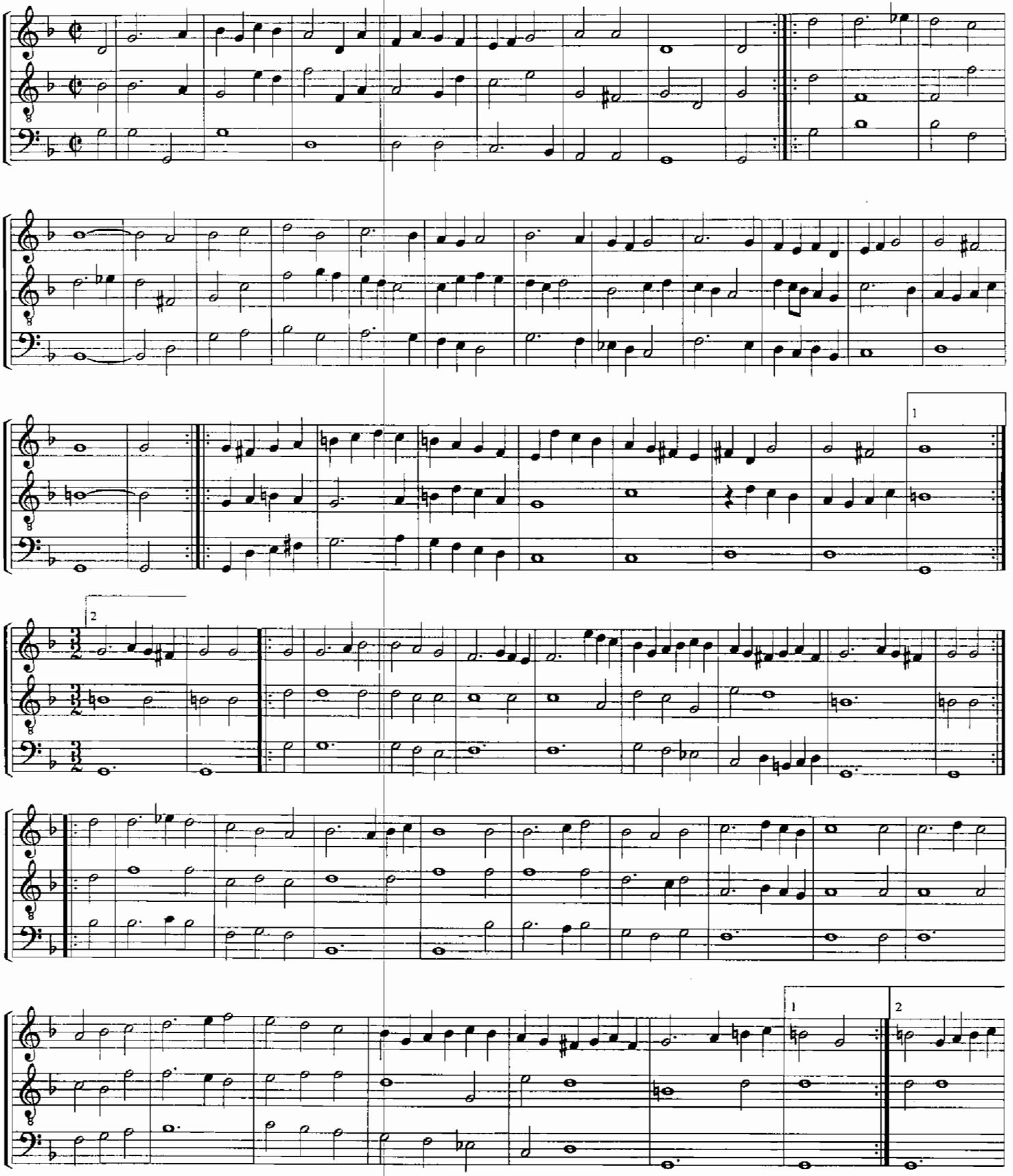
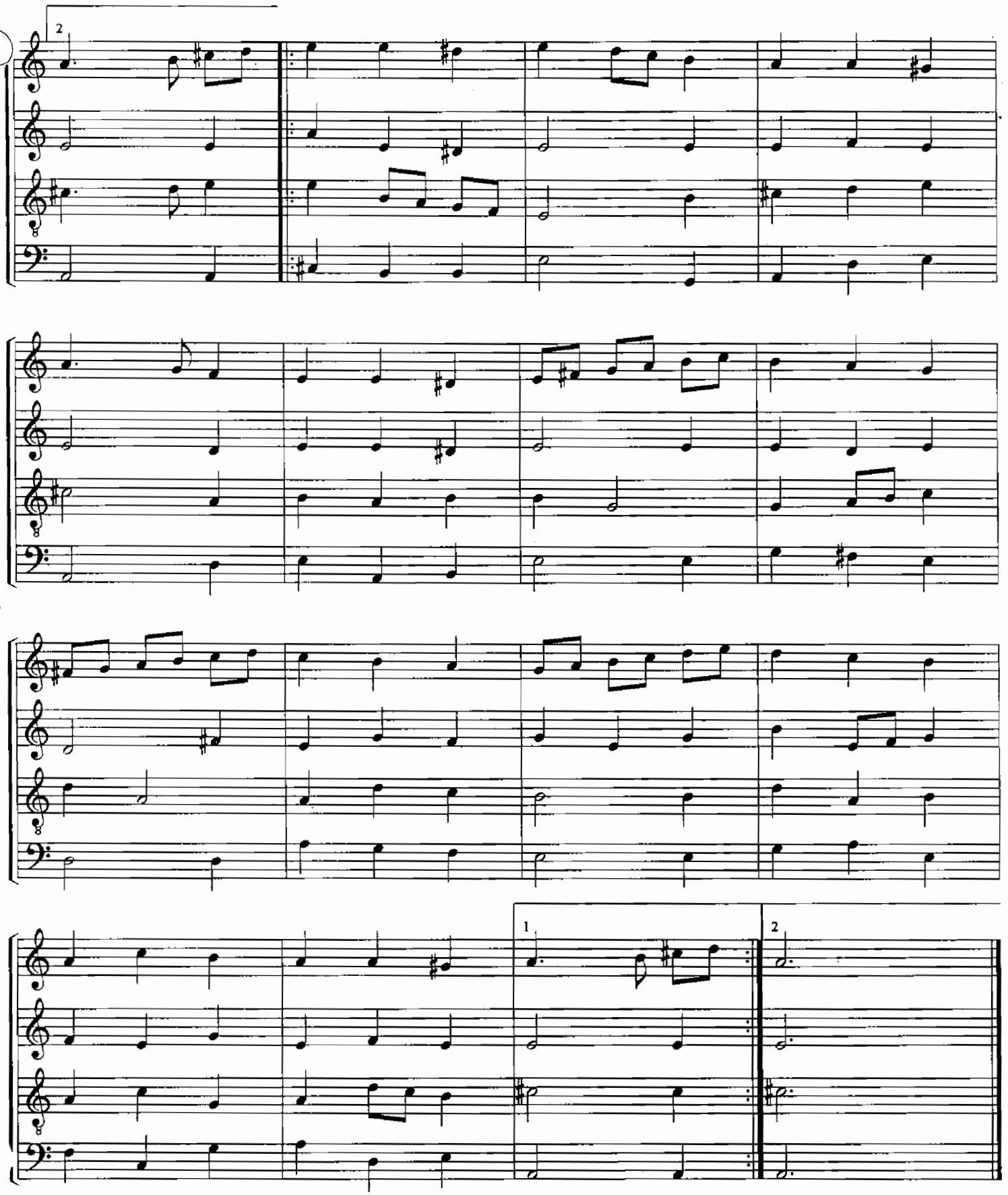
Celeste Giglio

from Nobiltà di Dame, 1600

Fabritio Caroso (b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)




2
1
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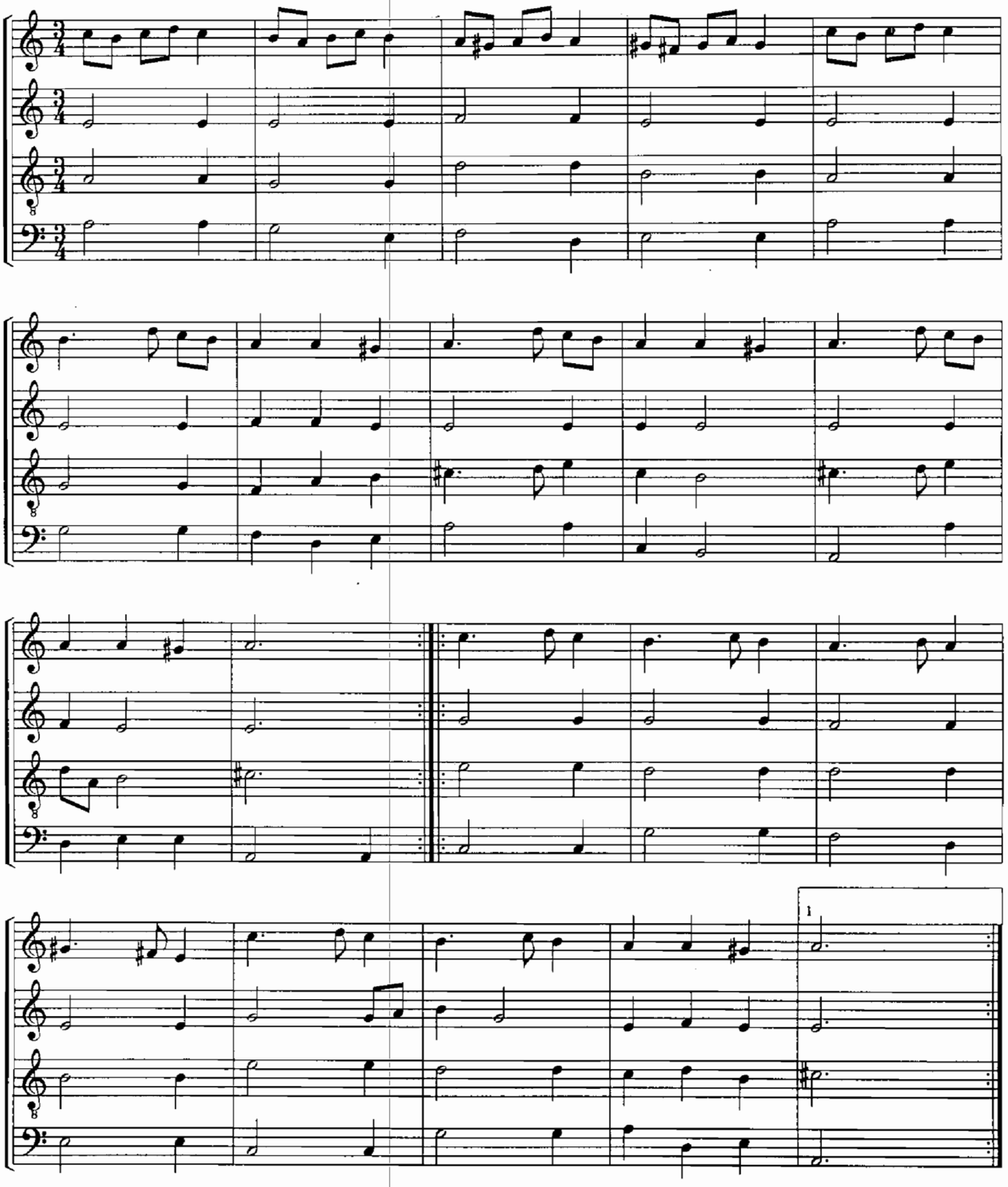
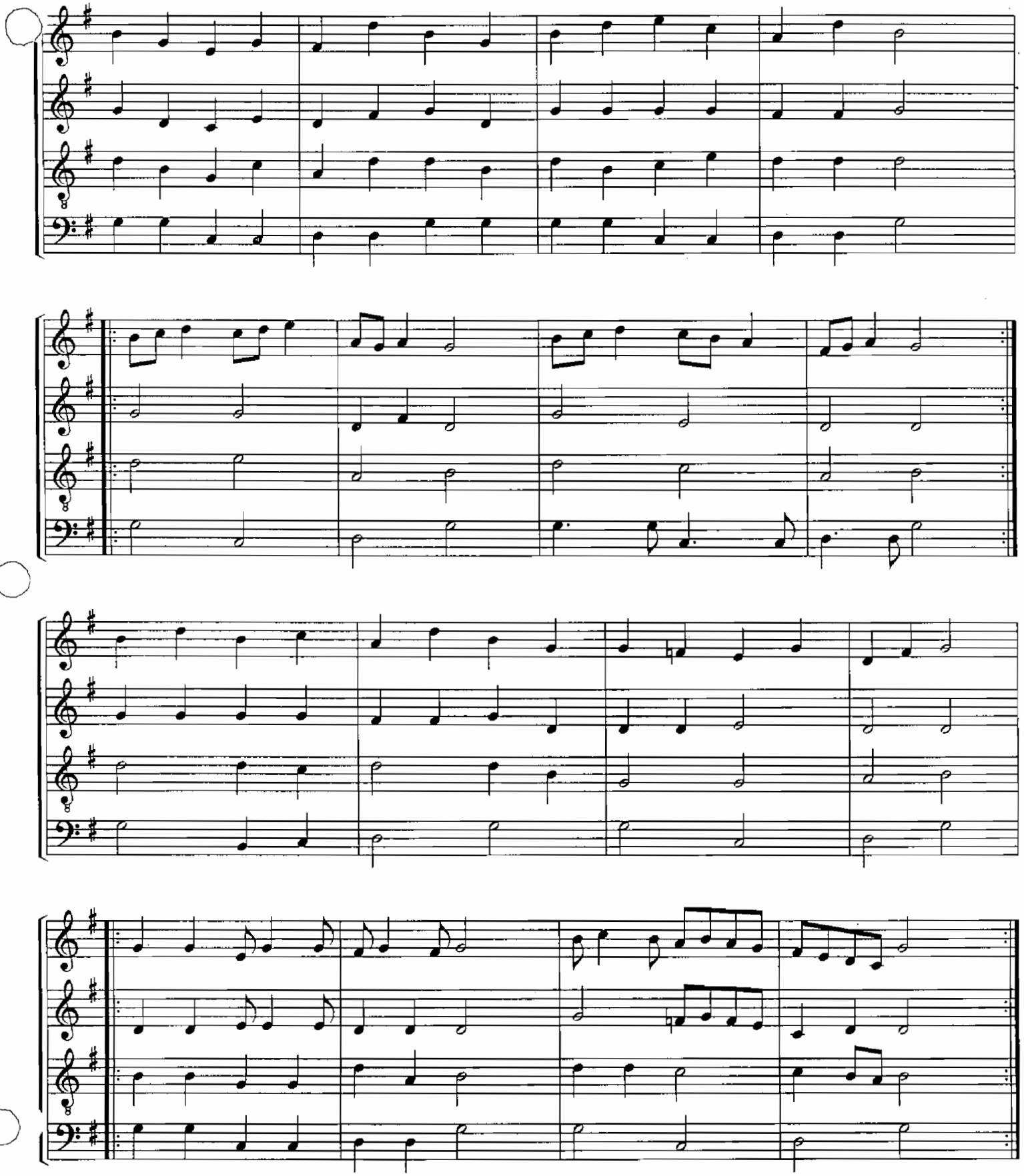
La Catena d'Amore

from Le Gratie d'Amore, 1602

Cesare Negri (c.1535- after 1604)



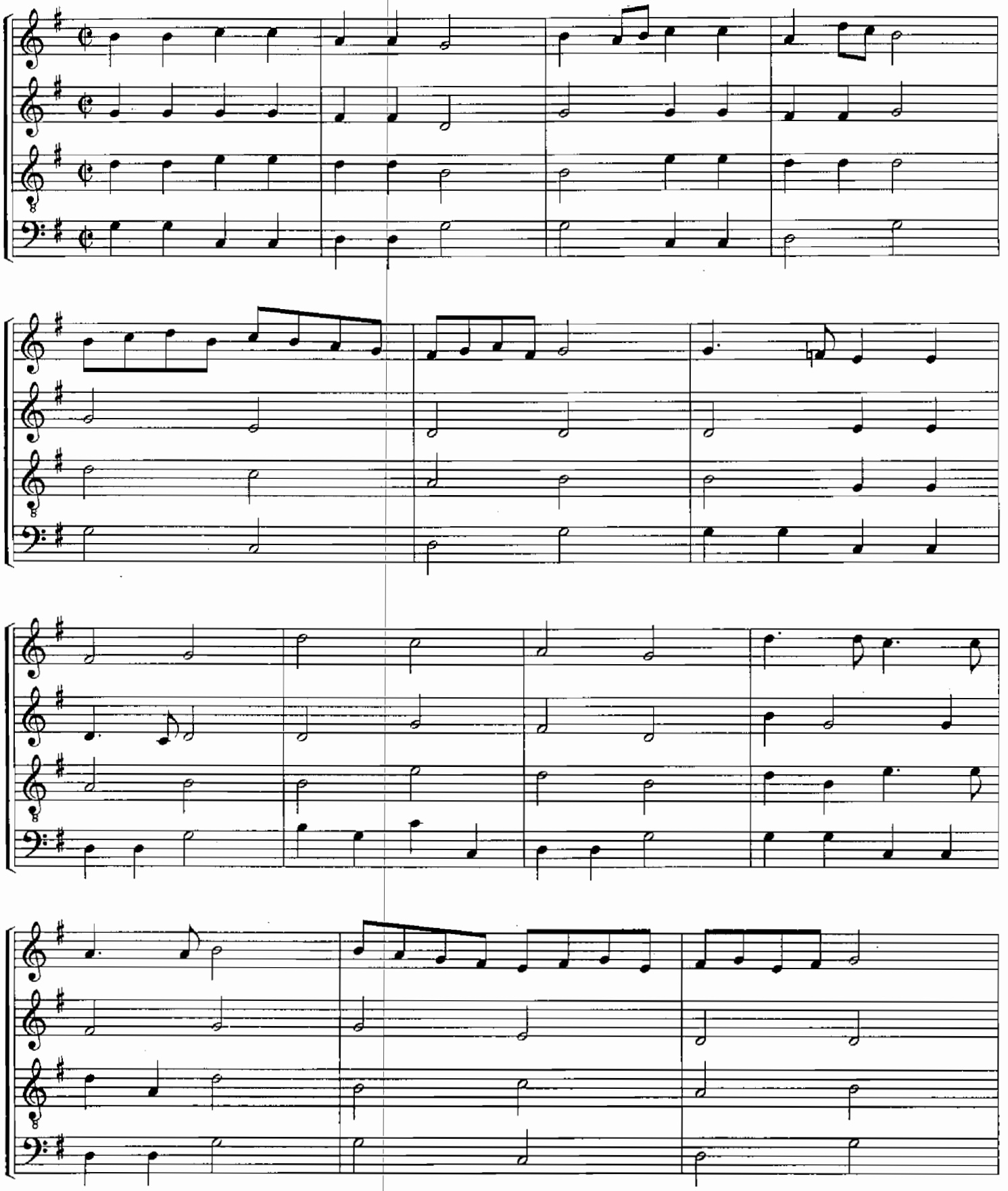
Setting by Steven Hendricks

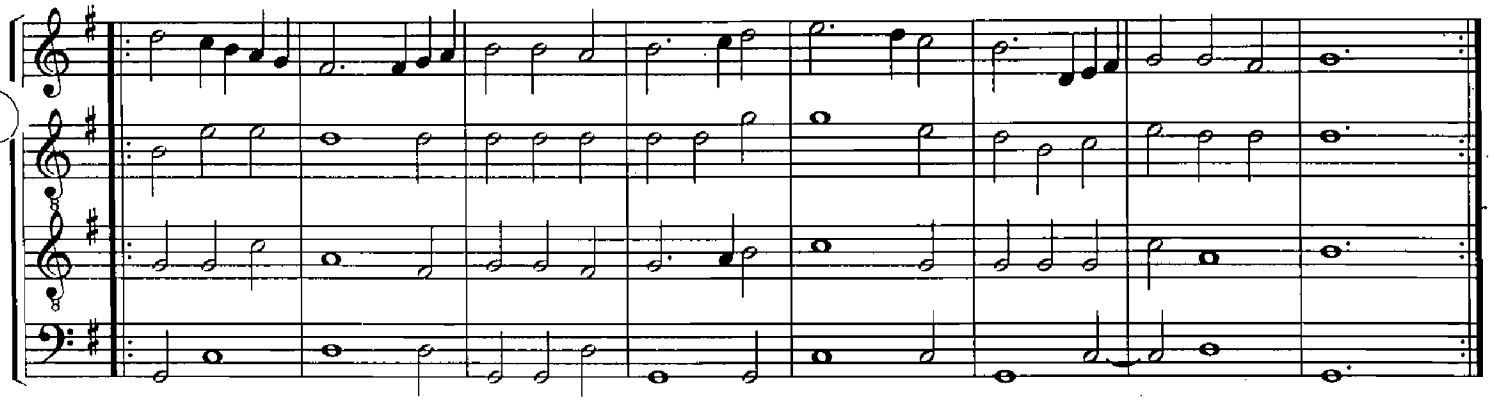


Moresca Quarta detta la Bergamasca

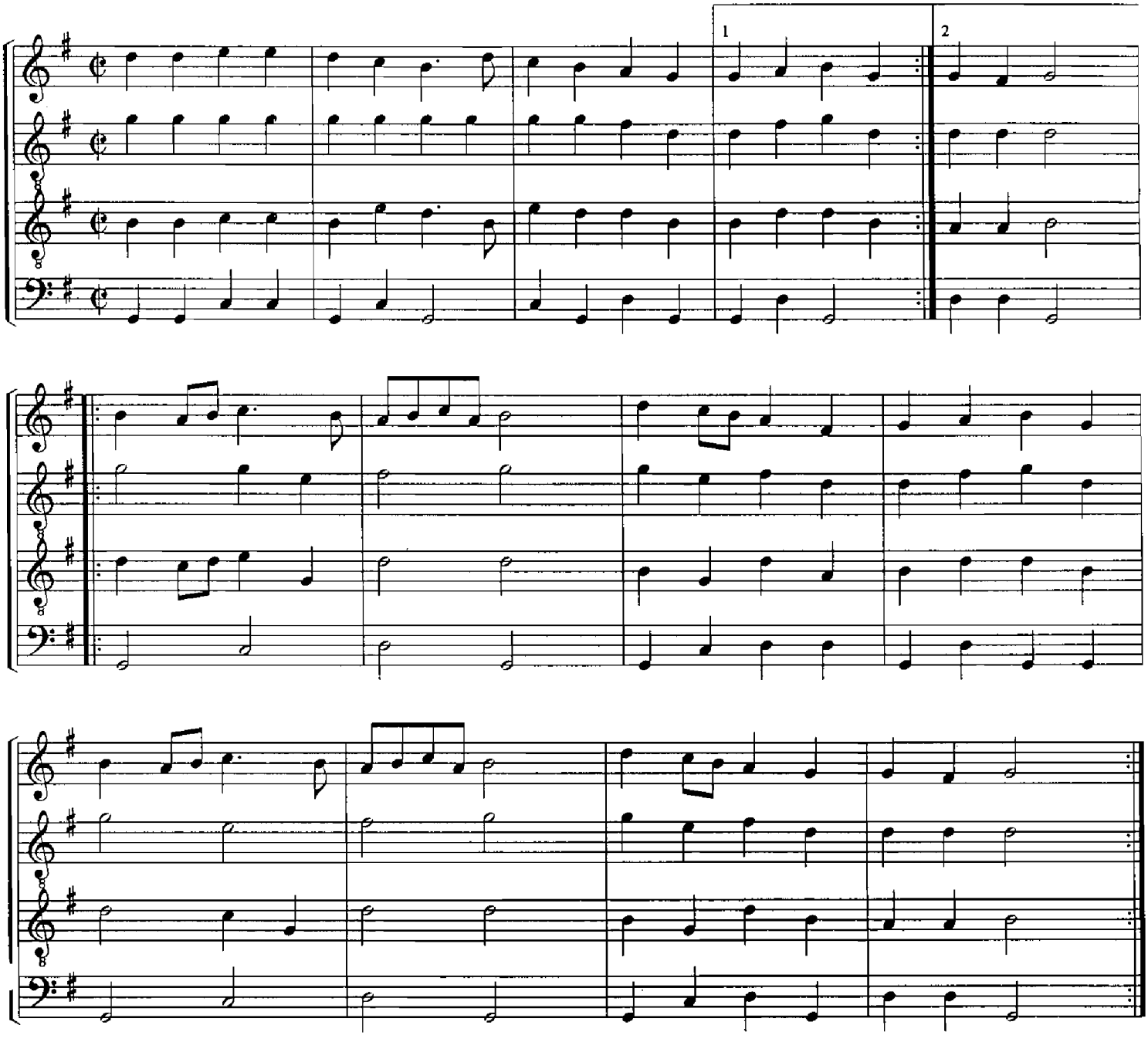
Il primo libro, 1592

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





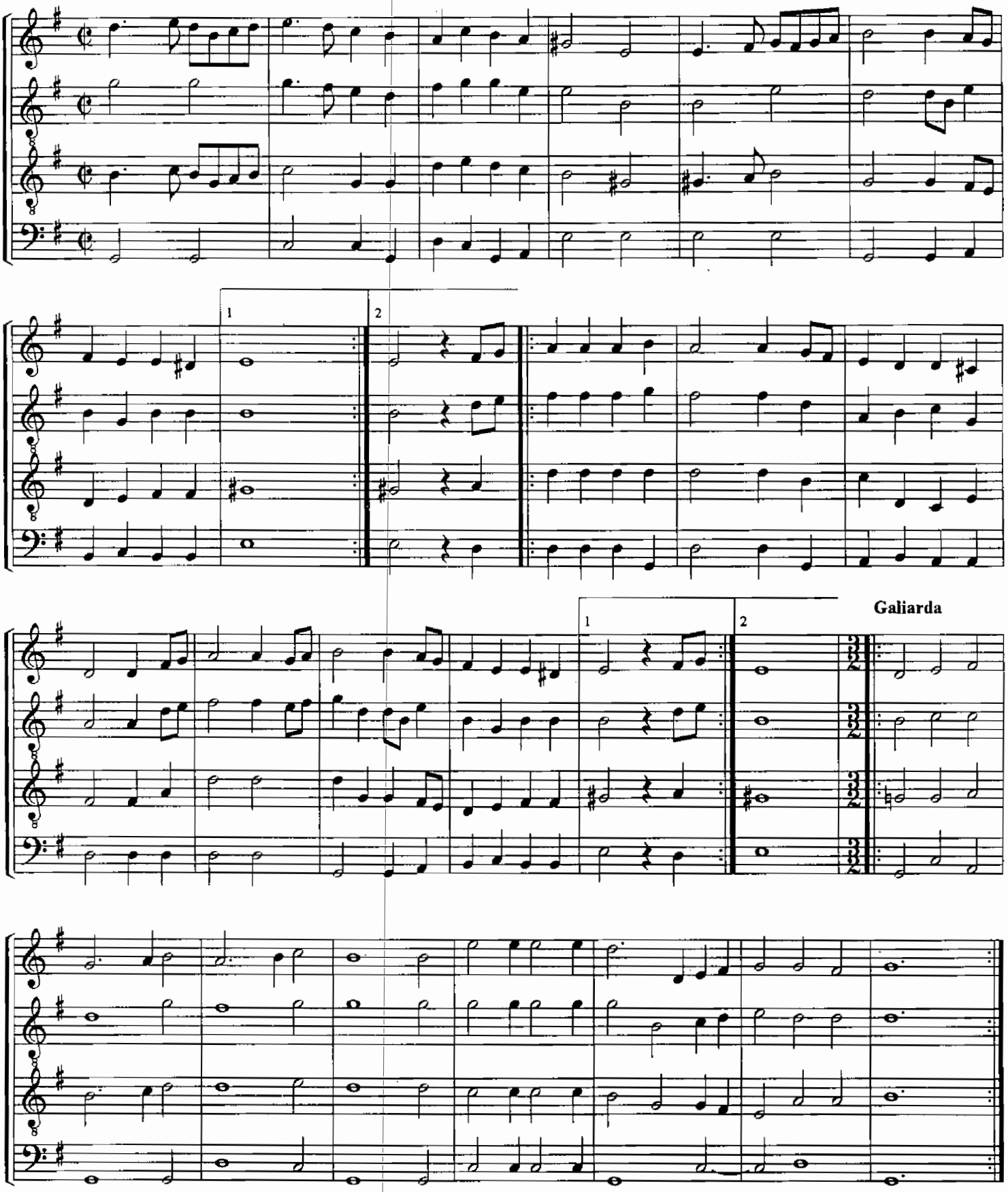
La Bergamasca



Bassa Gioiosa

from Il Scolaro, 1645

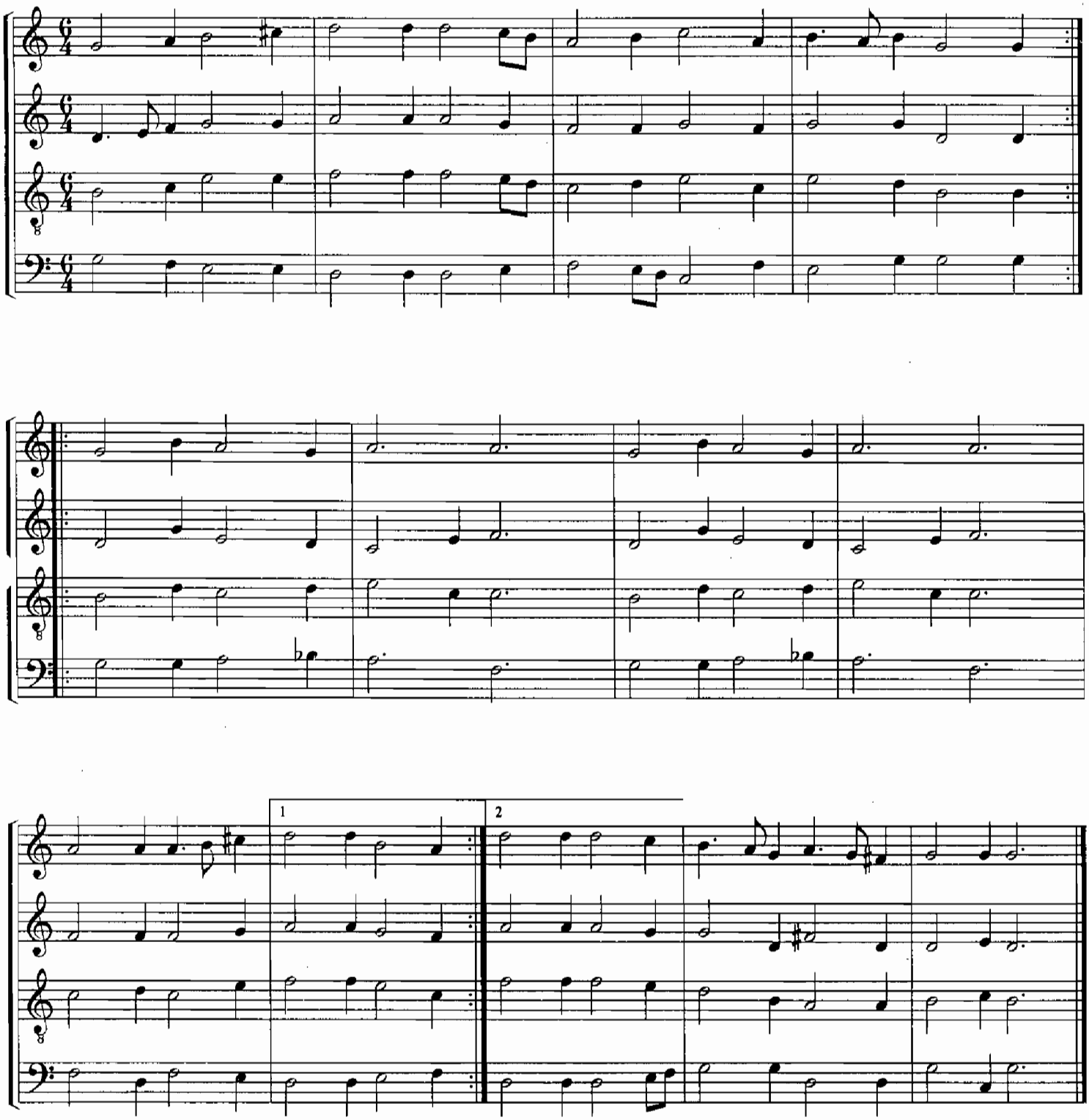
Gasparo Zanetti (fl.1626-1645)



Salterello

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

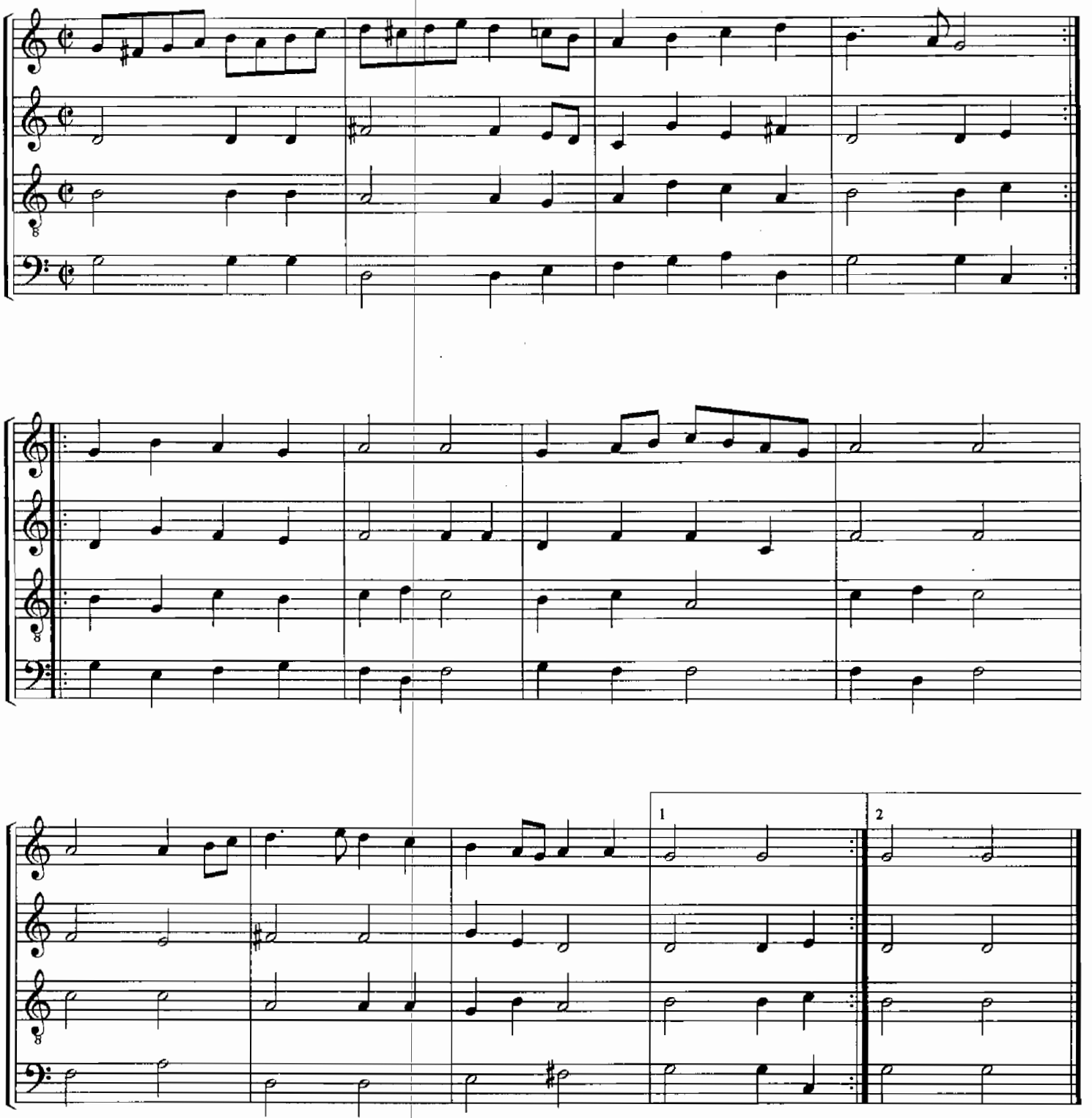
Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)



Ballo Francese

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

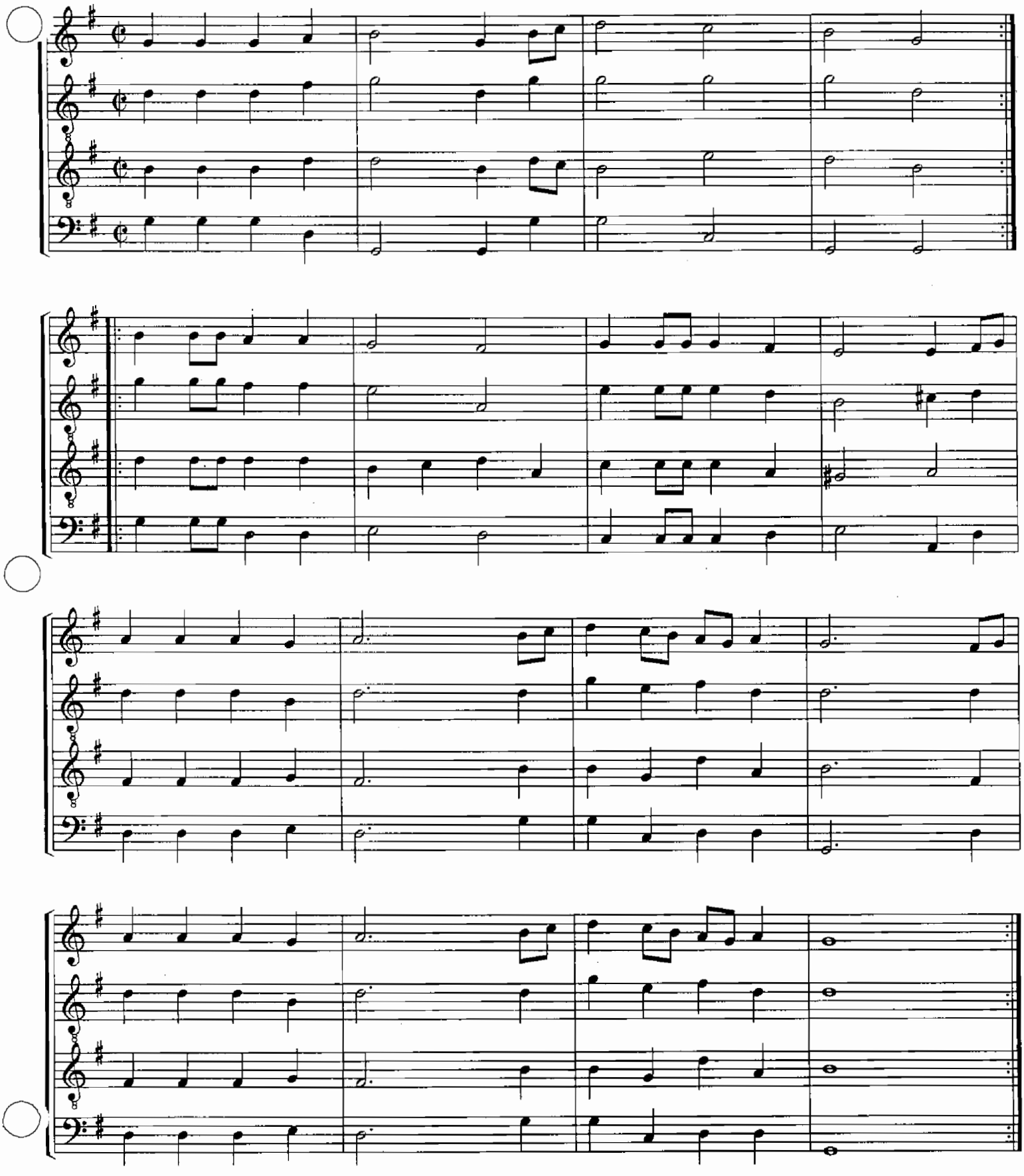
Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)



Il Ballo de Colla

from Il Scolaro, 1645

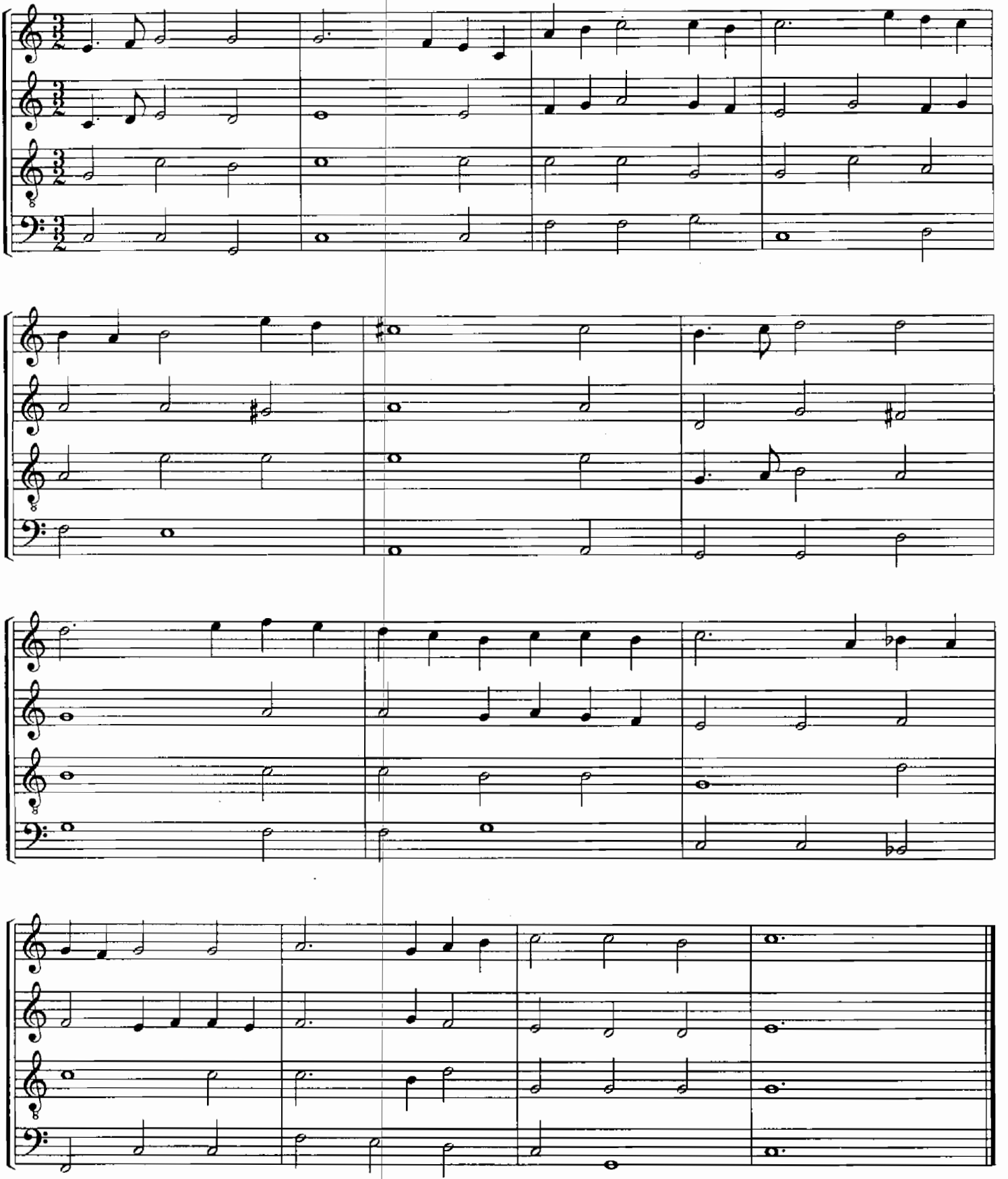
Gasparo Zanetti (fl. 1626-1645)



Aria Seconda

from Delizie di Posilipo Boscarecce e Maritime, 1620

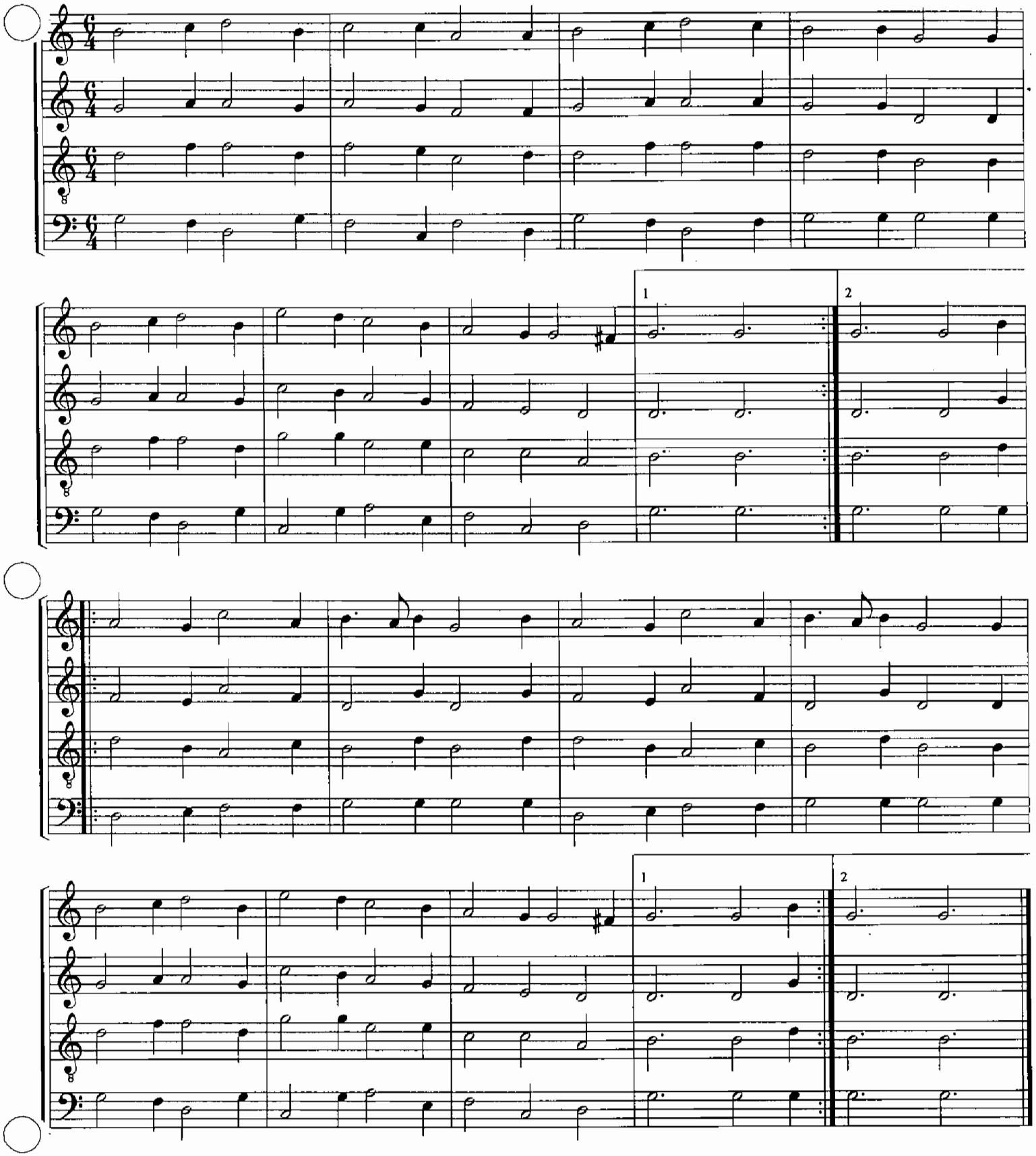
Andrea Ansalone (d.1656)



Saltarello

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

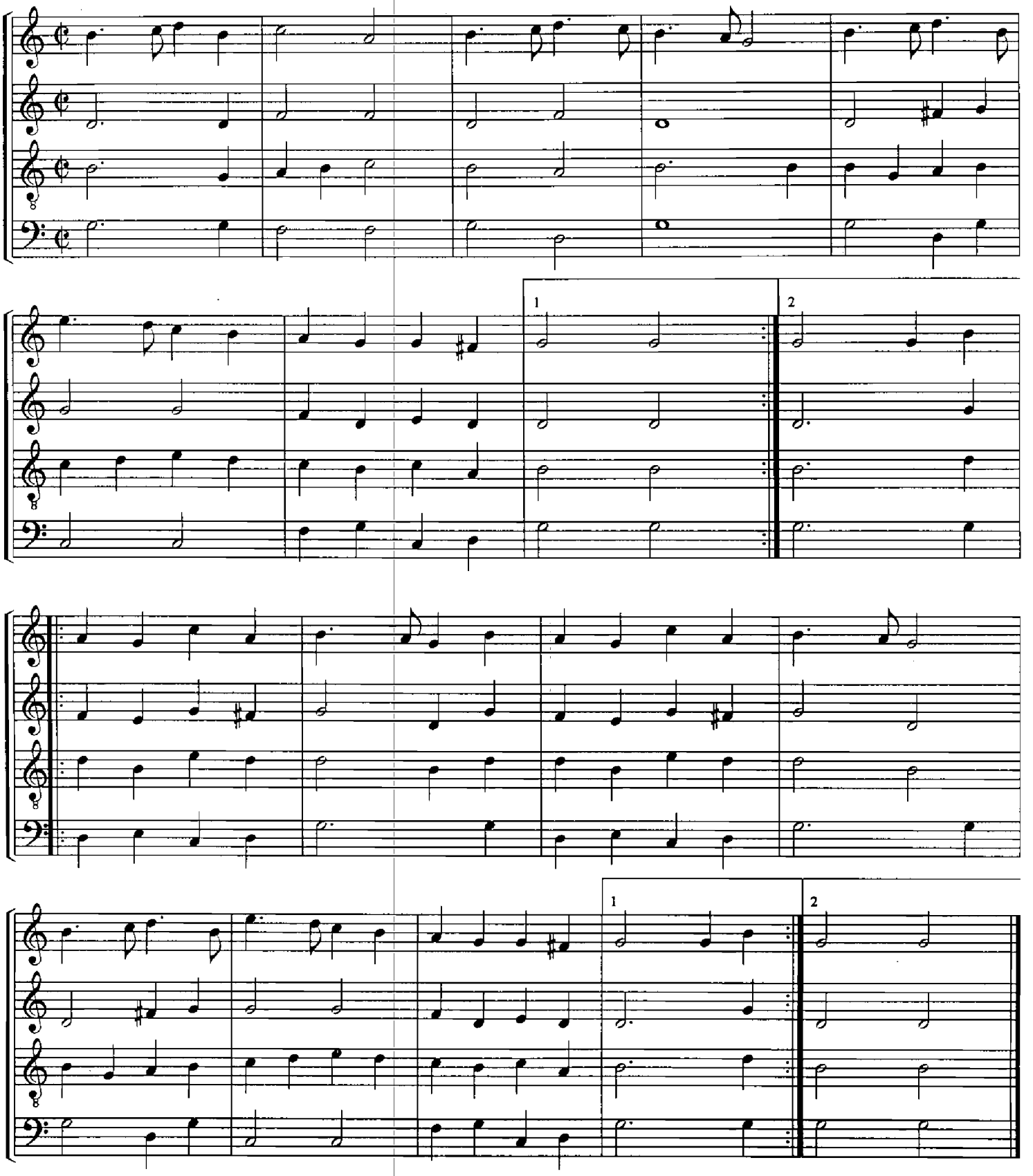
Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)



Ballo Anglese

from Il Primo Libro di Balli, 1578

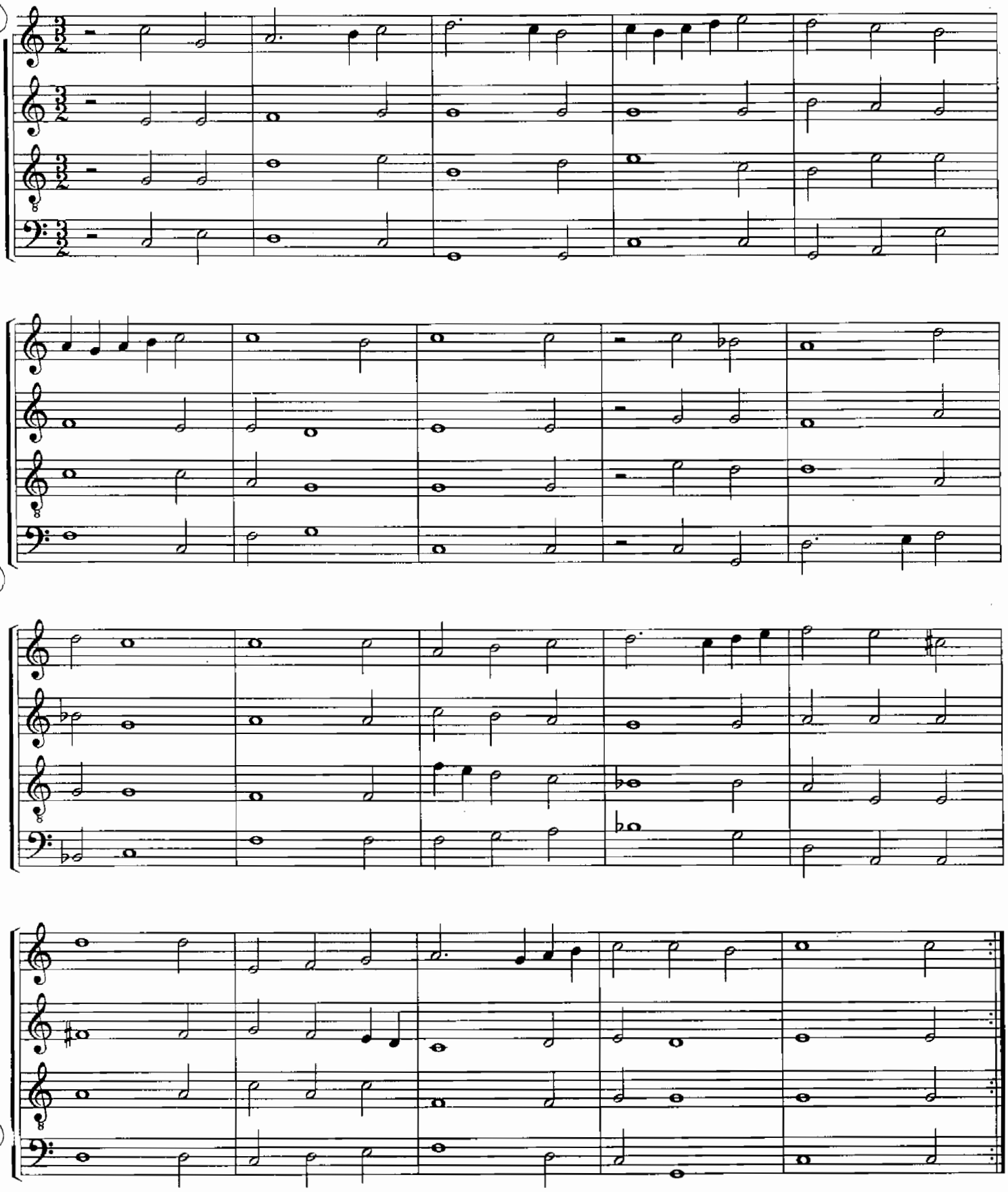
Giorgio Mainerio (c.1535-1582)



Aria Prima

from Delizie di Posilipo Boscarecce
e Maritime, 1620

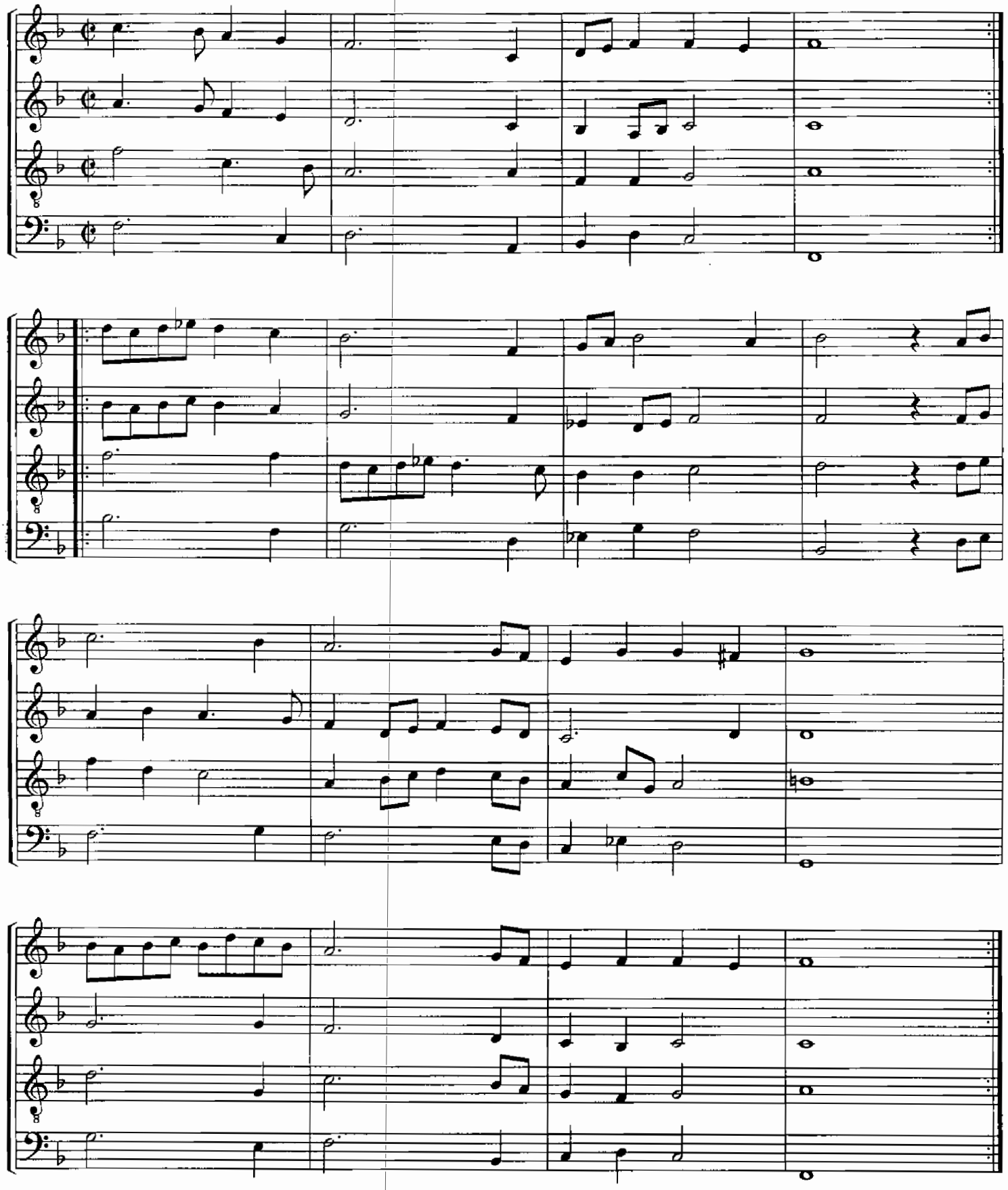
Andrea Ansalone (d.1656)

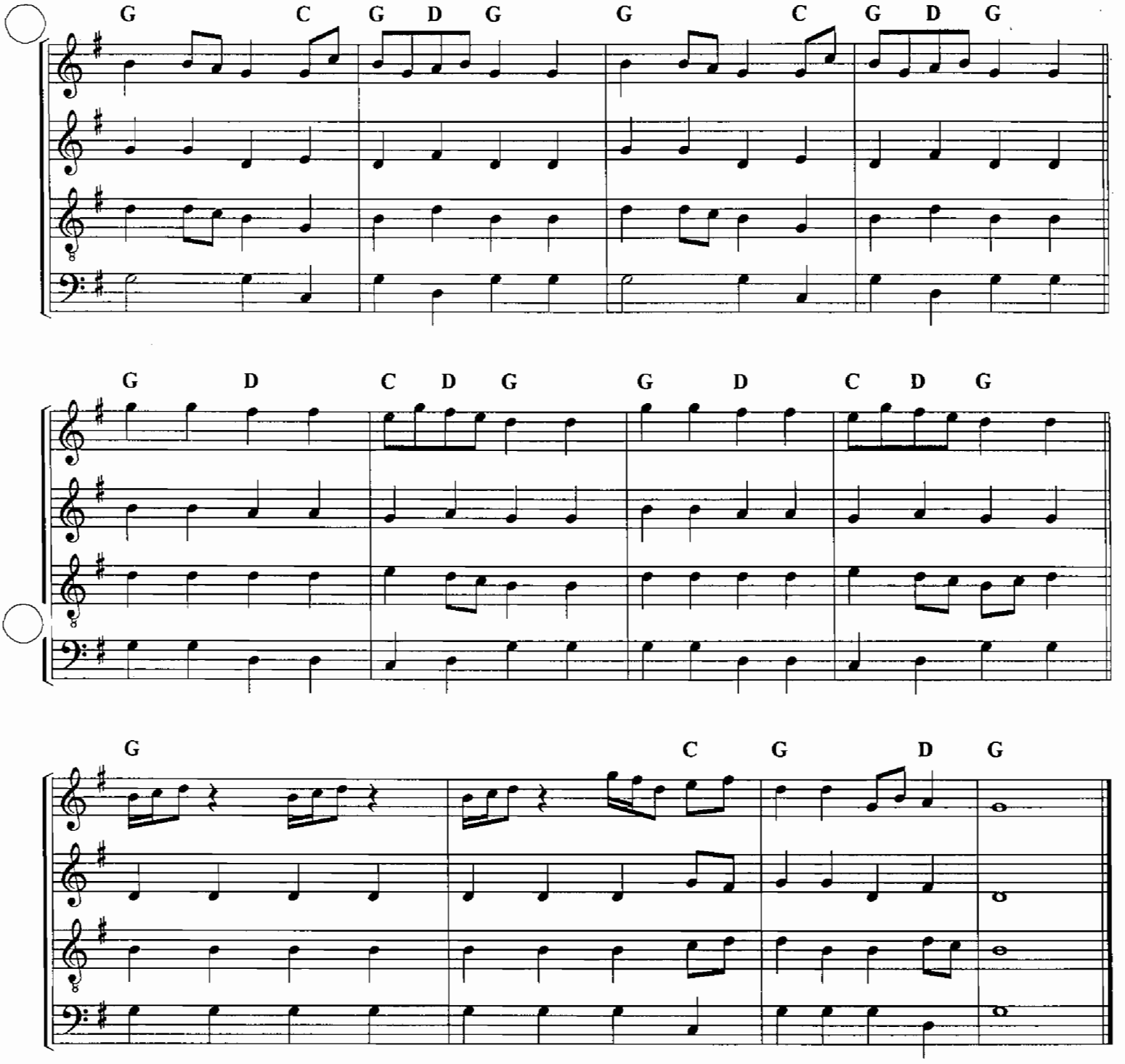


Aria del Gran Duca

from Il Scolaro, 1645

Gasparo Zanetti (fl.1626-1645)

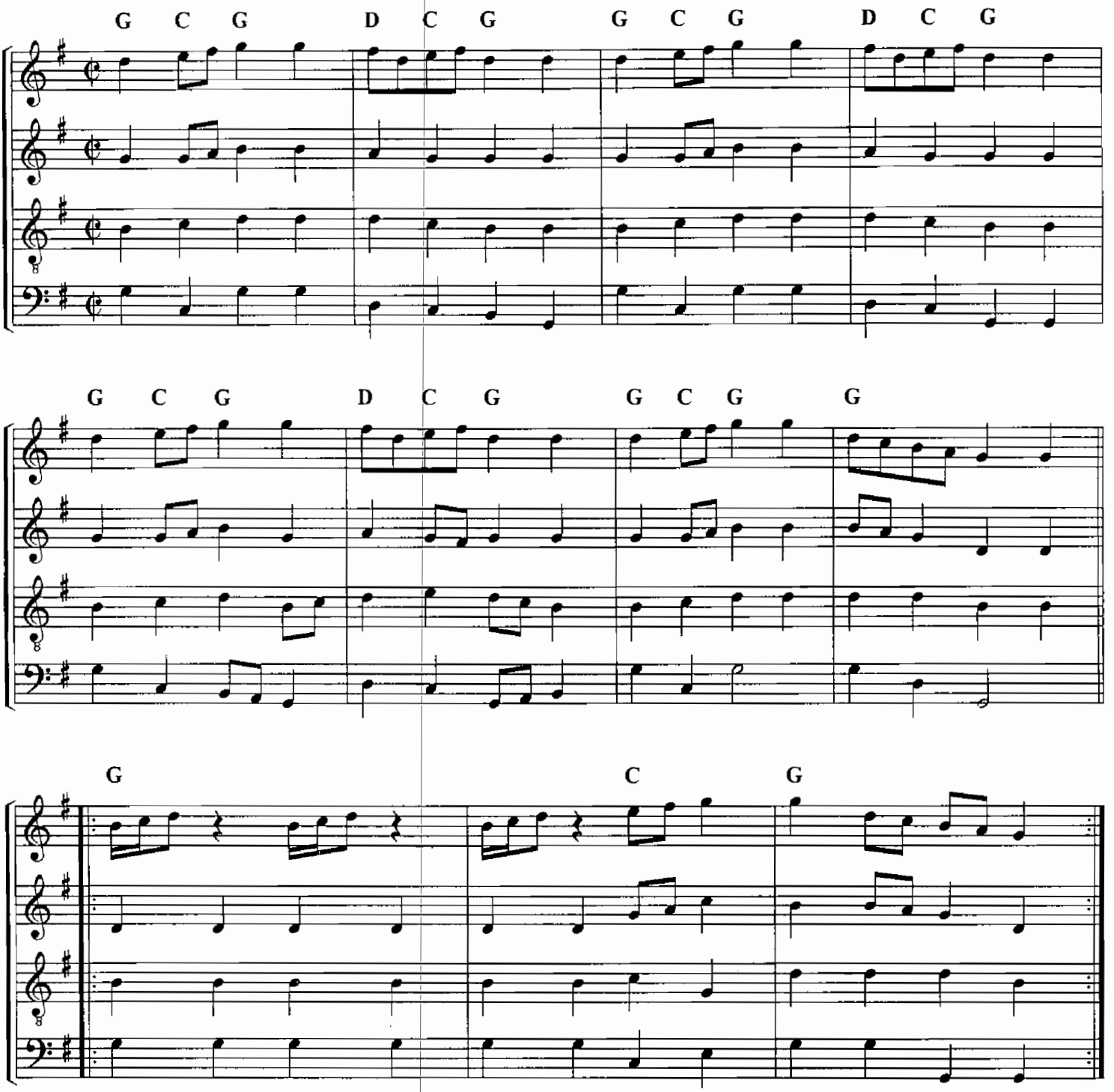



G C G D G G C G D G
G D C D G G D C D G
G C G D G

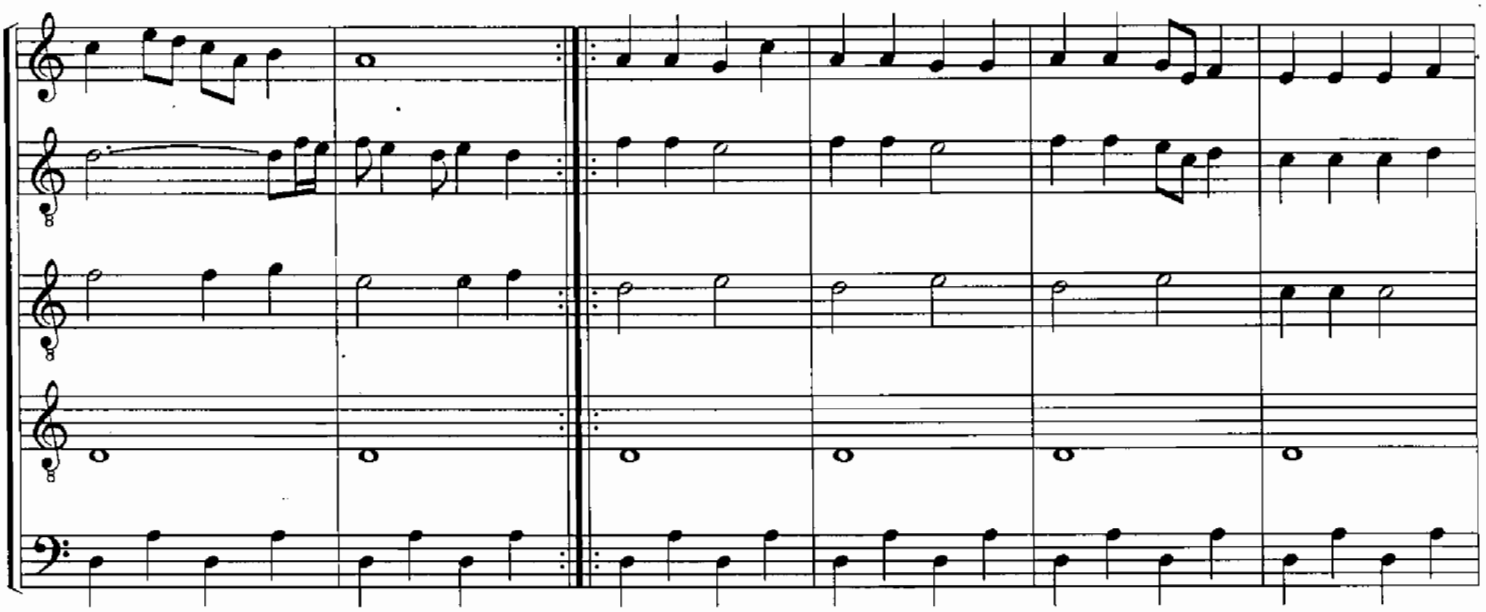
Anello

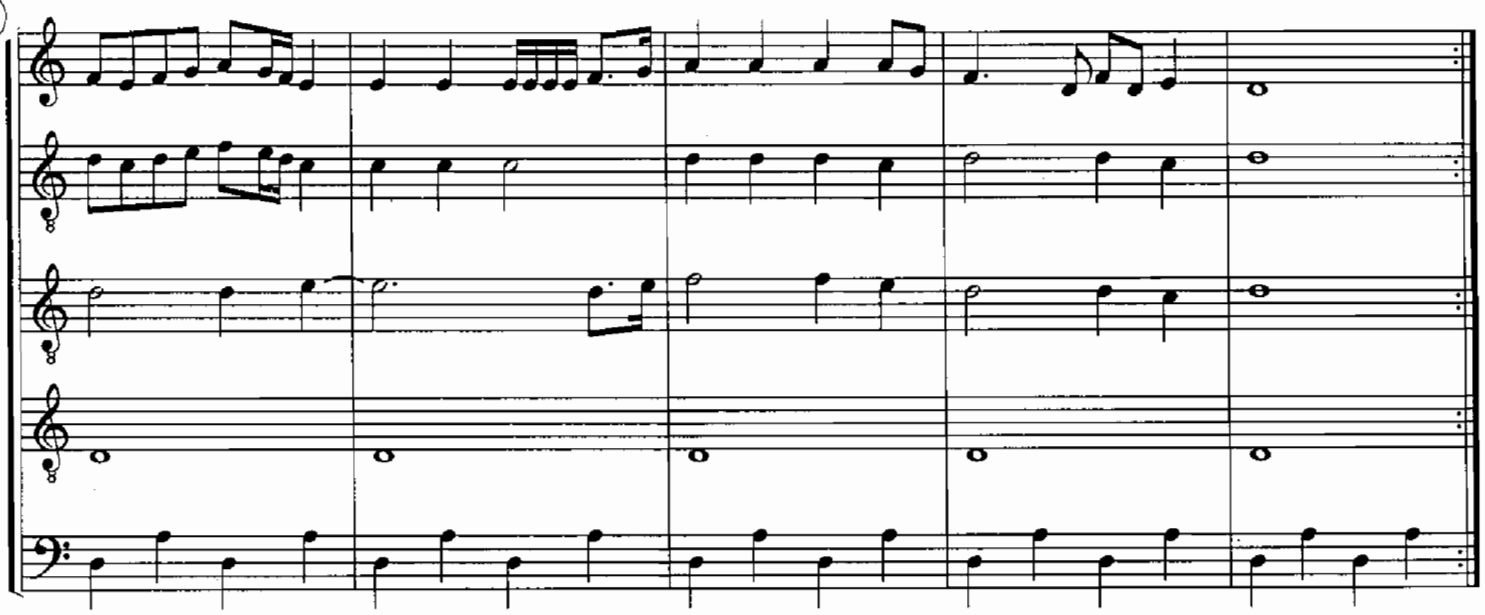
from De arte saltandi e choreas ducendii, c.1420

Domenico da Piacenza (died c.1470)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

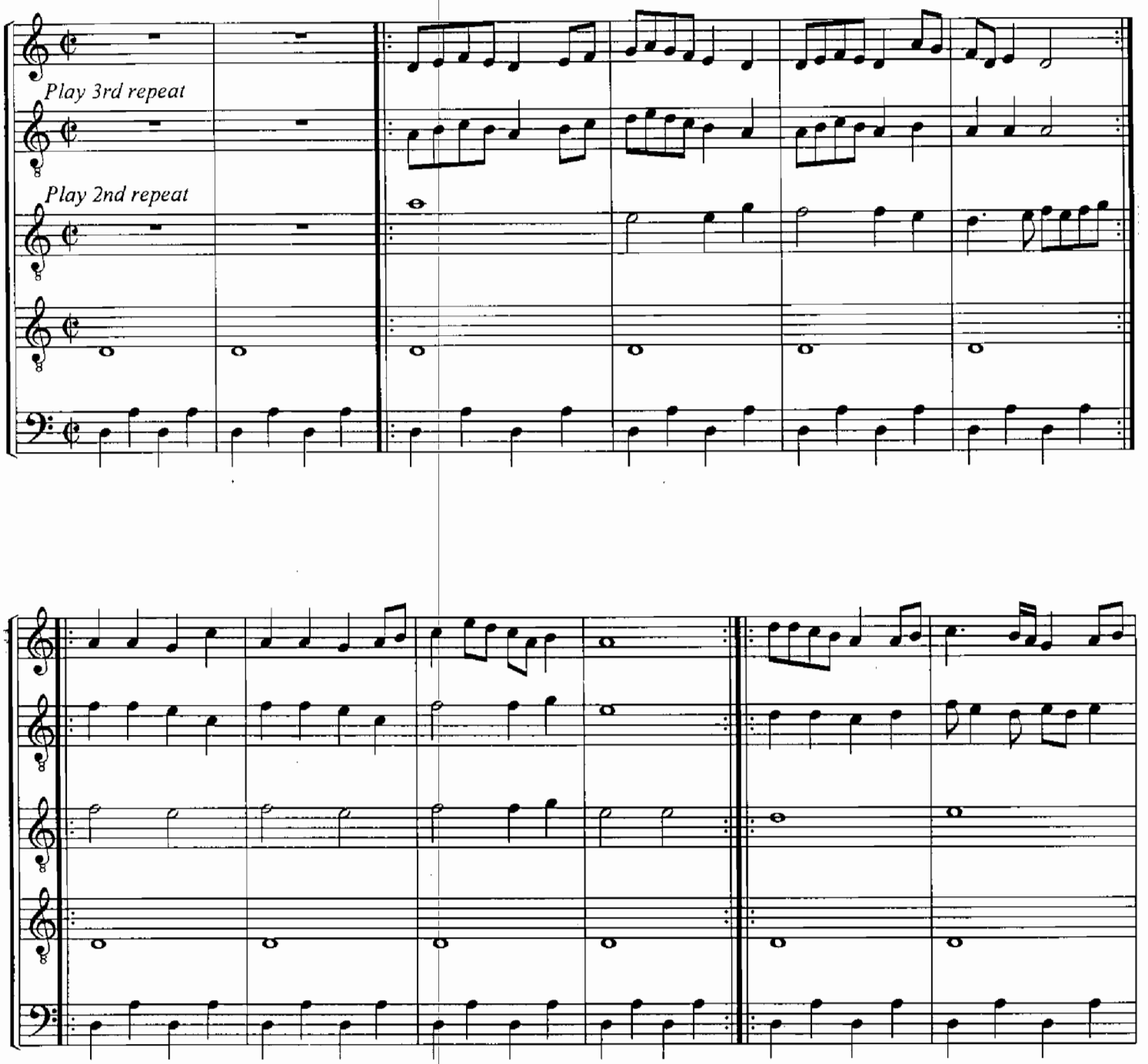




Amoroso

from De arte saltandi e choreas ducendii, c. 1420

Domenico da Piacenza (died c. 1470)



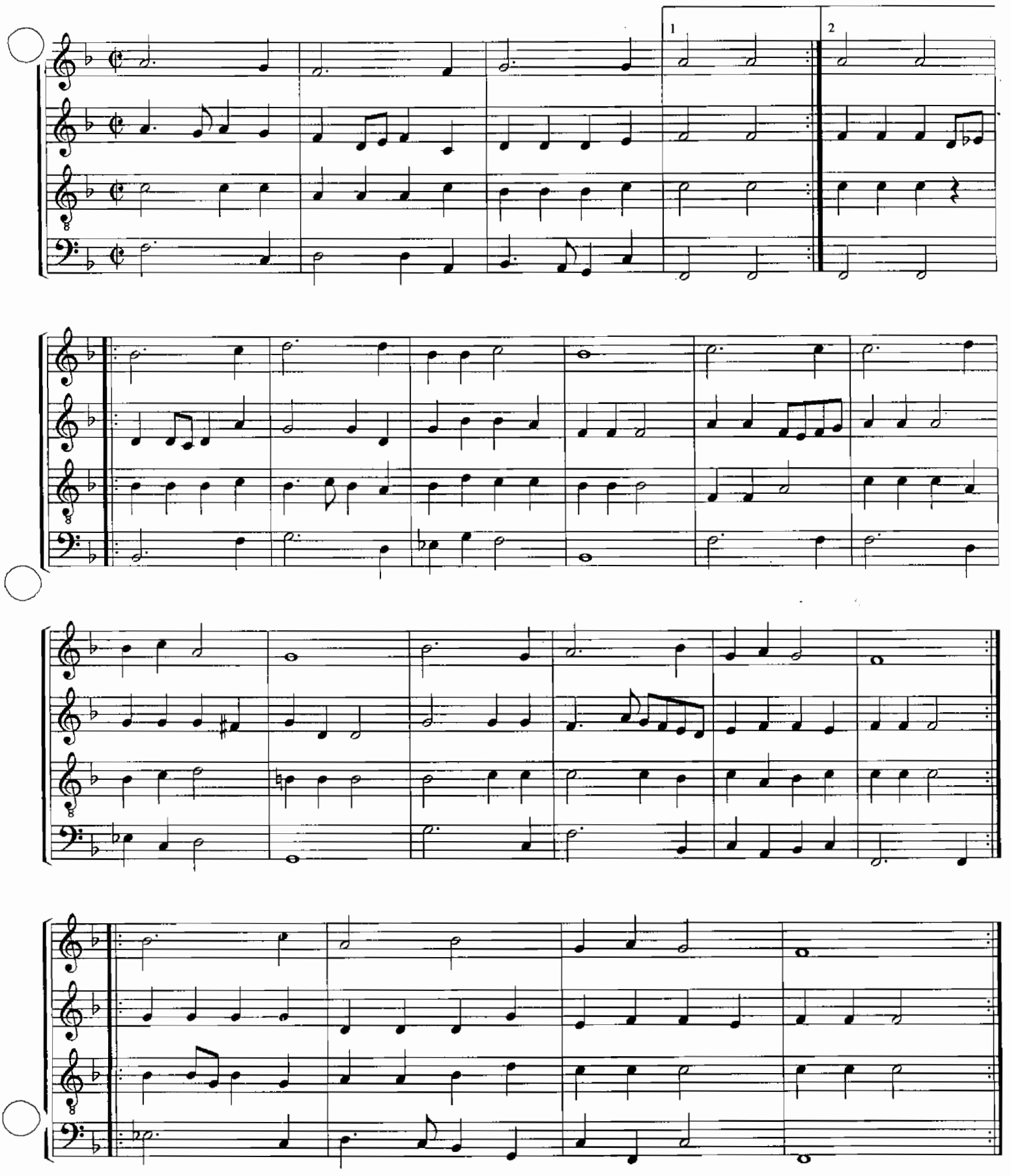
Arranged by the Philadelphia Renaissance Wind Band

Transcribed by Al Cofrin

Laura Soave

from Nobiltà di Dame, 1600

Fabritio Caroso (b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)

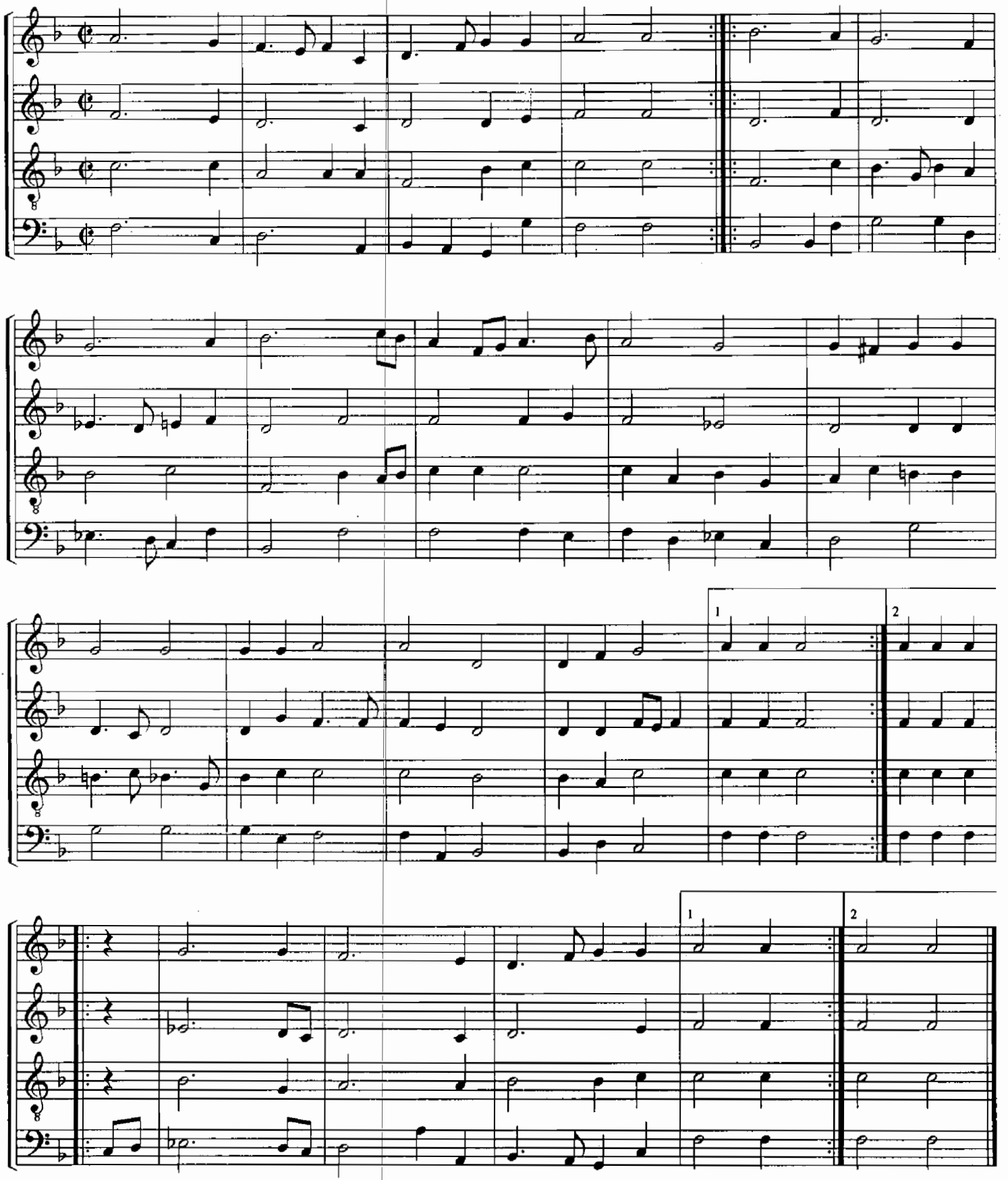


Ballo detta

Alta Carretta

from Libro di Gagliarda, Tordiglione ..., 1607

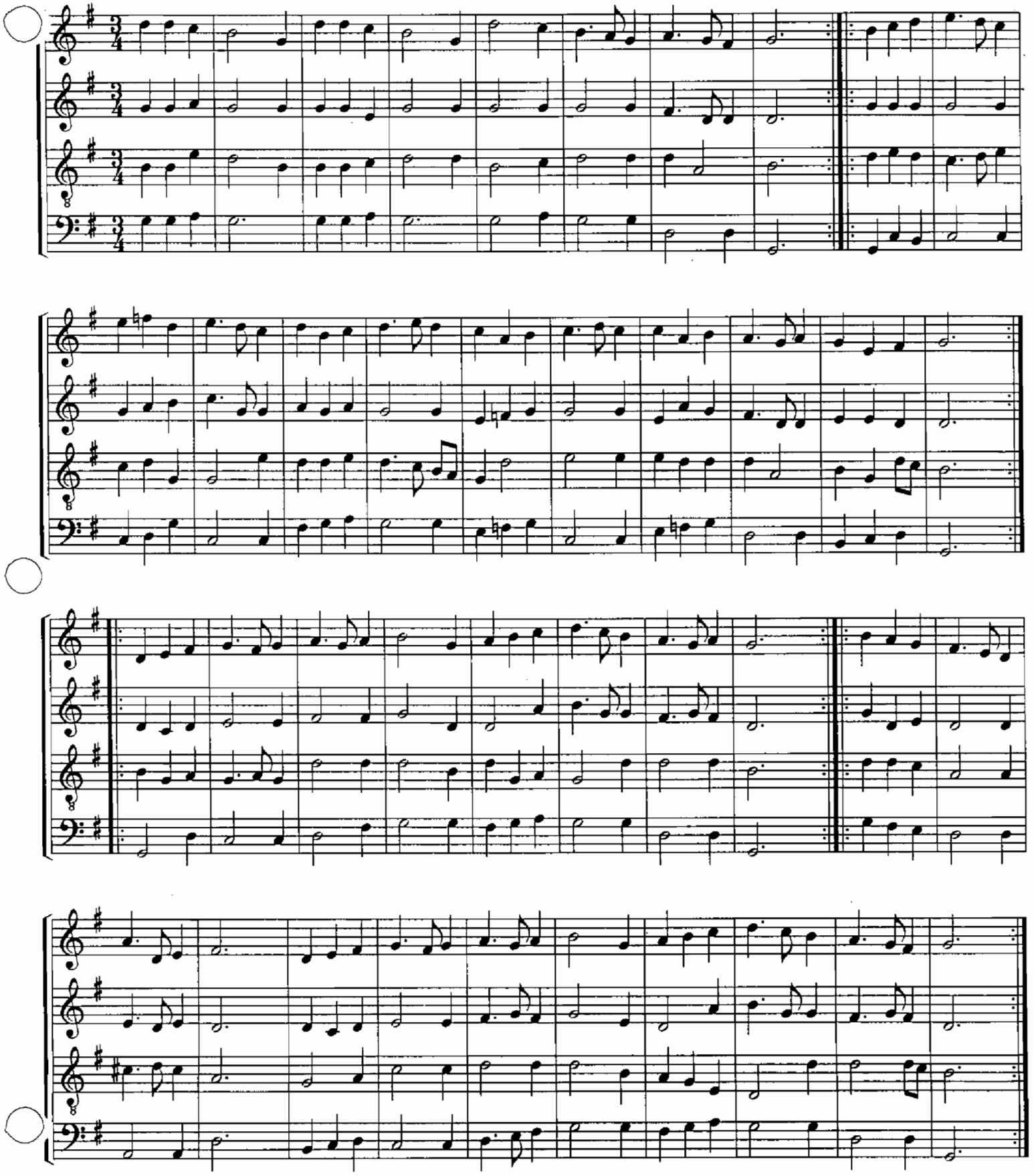
Livio Lupi da Caravaggio (d.1607)



Alta Mendozza

from Le Gratie d'Amore, 1602

Cesare Negri (c.1535- after 1604)



Allegrezza d'Amore

from Nobiltà di Dame, 1600

Fabritio Caroso (b.1527-1535; d.after 1605)

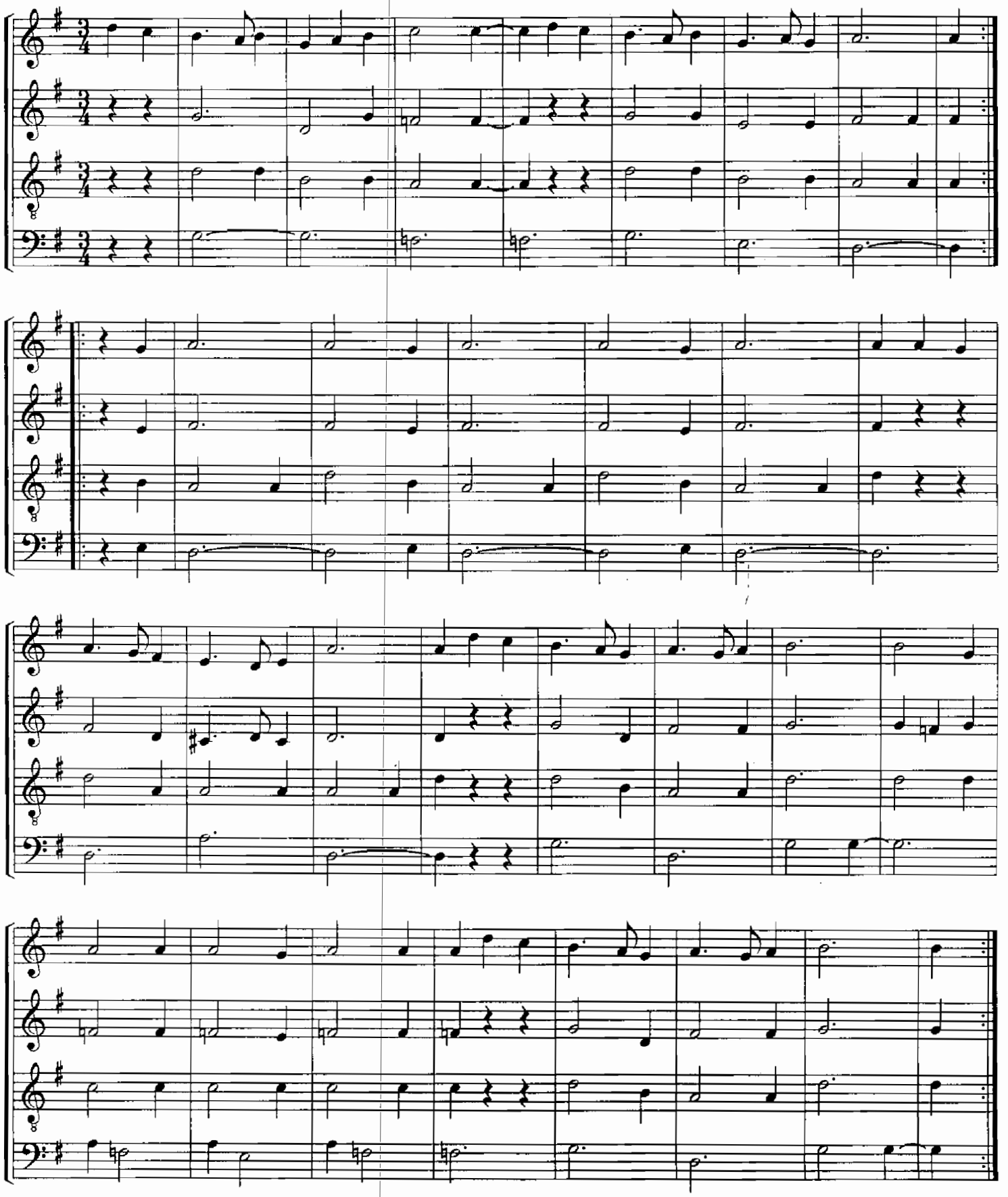


TAVOLA DELLE DANZE

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Alta Mendozza 3
Amoroso 6
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Aria Prima 11
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ance and music in many forms constituted an important part of everyday life in the Renaissance. Many people are now familiar with English Country Dance, but fewer are familiar with Italian Renaissance dance, which was more complicated and demanded a higher level of grace and skill in footwork. In Italian dance, a couple or set or couples would have the ballroom floor to themselves, allowing for demonstration of their abilities. This form was influential throughout Europe, and even Queen Elizabeth danced in the Italian style.

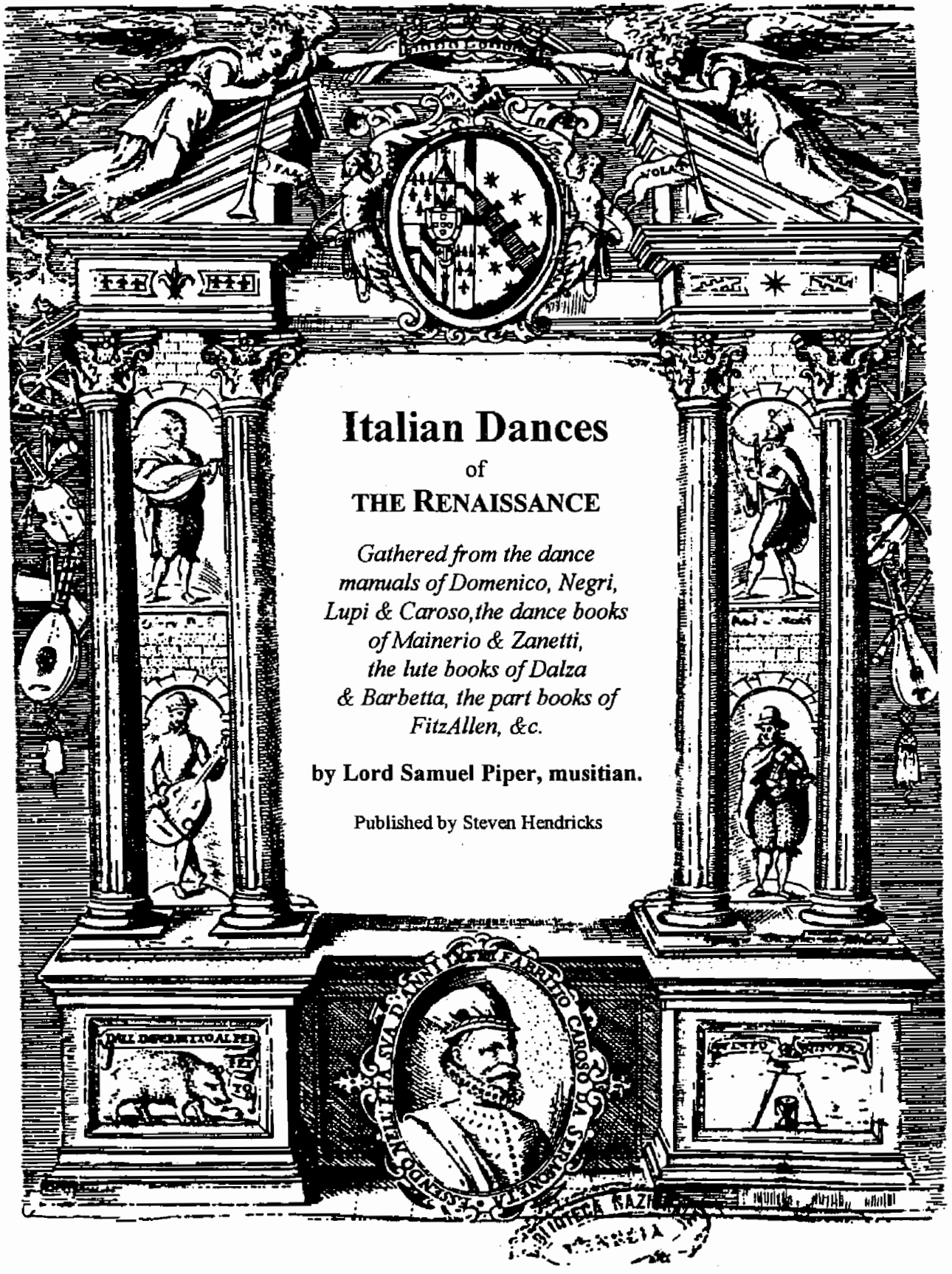
The dance masters of the Renaissance were hired by nobles to teach the younger generation social graces as well as dance. In their dance manuals, they would spell out the movements of individual dances and also give the music for these dances -- they were all musicians as well as dance instructors. They would also list rules of conduct appropriate to young gentlemen and ladies.

The music for the dances given in these manuals is often in lute tablature, sometimes with a bass line or melody given in standard notation -- the inside back cover of this book shows the original lute tablature for the dance "Allegrezza d'Amore" from Caroso's *Il Ballarino* of 1581. Consequently, many of the settings in this book are derived from the lute tablature settings. Others are my settings of melodies from the manuals, and still others are settings from partbooks of the period.

The composers of the dance tunes are not given in the dance manuals or lute books of the time, although some pieces are derived from popular songs of the time. For example, "Alta Mendozza" is based on the melody from Gastoldi's "A lieta vita," which is also the basis for Thomas Morley's "Sing We and Chant It."

In the century following the publication of these Italian dance manuals, the musical forms such as Pavan and Galliard lost much of their association with the dance. They became more purely musical and often too elaborate to be used for dance music. But the dances in this book were all intended for dancing in high Italian style.

Lord Samuel Piper, Musitian



Italian Dances

of

THE RENAISSANCE

Gathered from the dance manuals of Domenico, Negri, Lupi & Caroso, the dance books of Mainerio & Zanetti, the lute books of Dalza & Barbetta, the part books of FitzAllen, &c.

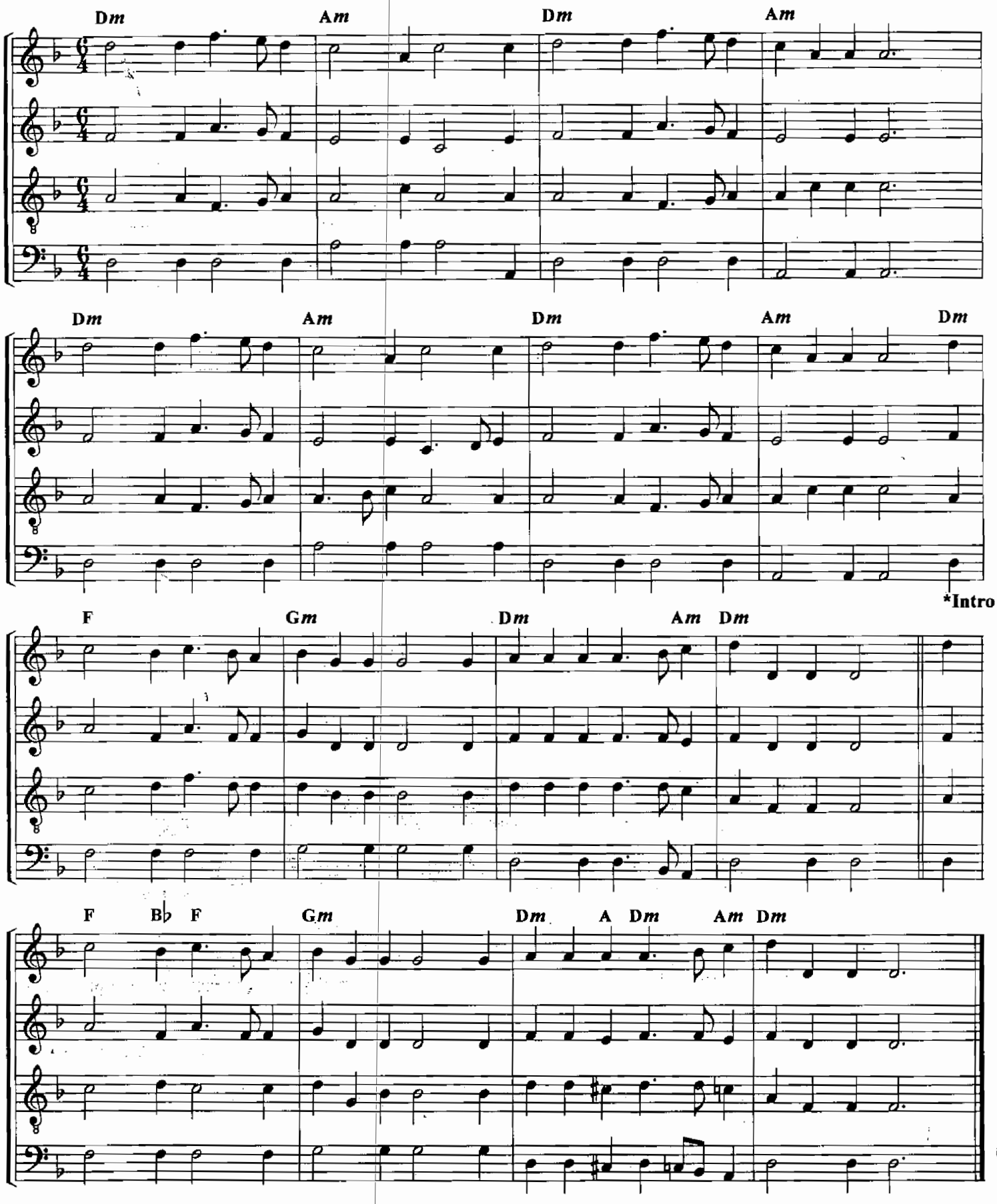
by Lord Samuel Piper, musitian.

Published by Steven Hendricks

Woodycock

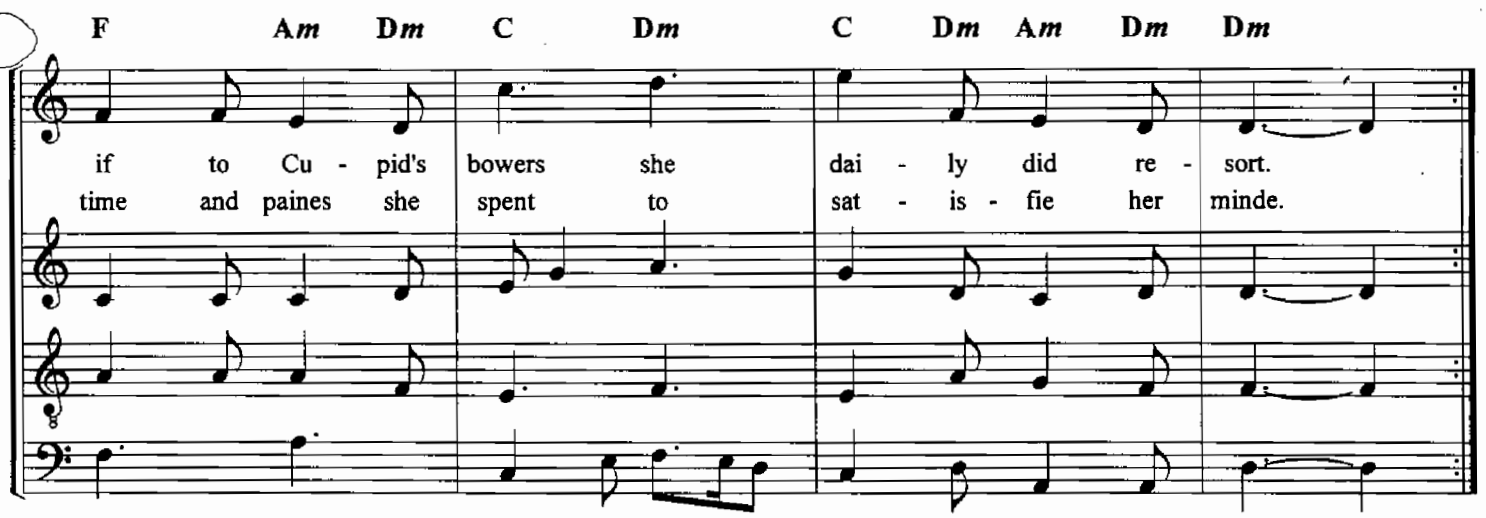
from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

*Intro



The cowslip there she cropt,
the Daffadill and Dazie;
The Primrose lookt so trim,
she scorned to be lazie:
And euer as she did
these pretty posies pull,
She rose and fetcht a sigh,
and wisht her apron full.

I, hearing of her wish,
made bold to step vnto her;
Thing her loue to winne,
I thus began to wooe her:-
"Faire maide, be not so coy,
to kisse thee I am bent."
"O fie," she cride, "away!"
yet, smiling, gaue consent.

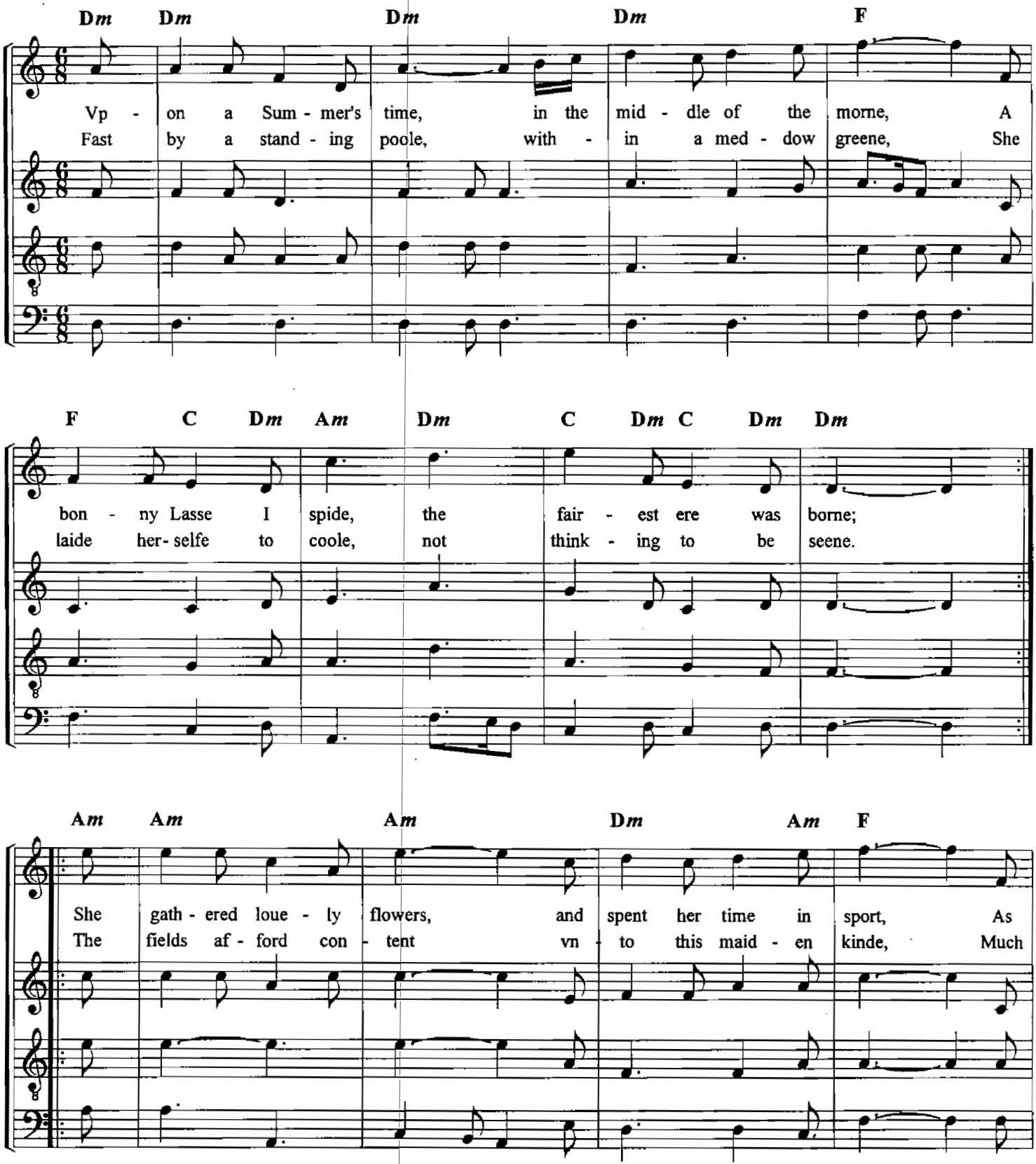
Then did I help to plucke
of euery flower that grew;
No herbe nor flower I mist,
but onely Time and Rue.
Both she and I tooke paines
to gather flowers store,
Vntill this maiden said,
"kinde sir, Ile haue no more."

Yet still my louing heart
did proffer more to pull;
"No, sir," quoth she, "ile part,
because mine apron's full.
So, sir, ile take my leaue,
till next we meet againe:"
Rewards me with a kisse,
and thanks me for my paine.

Upon a Summer's Day
Vpon a Summer's time

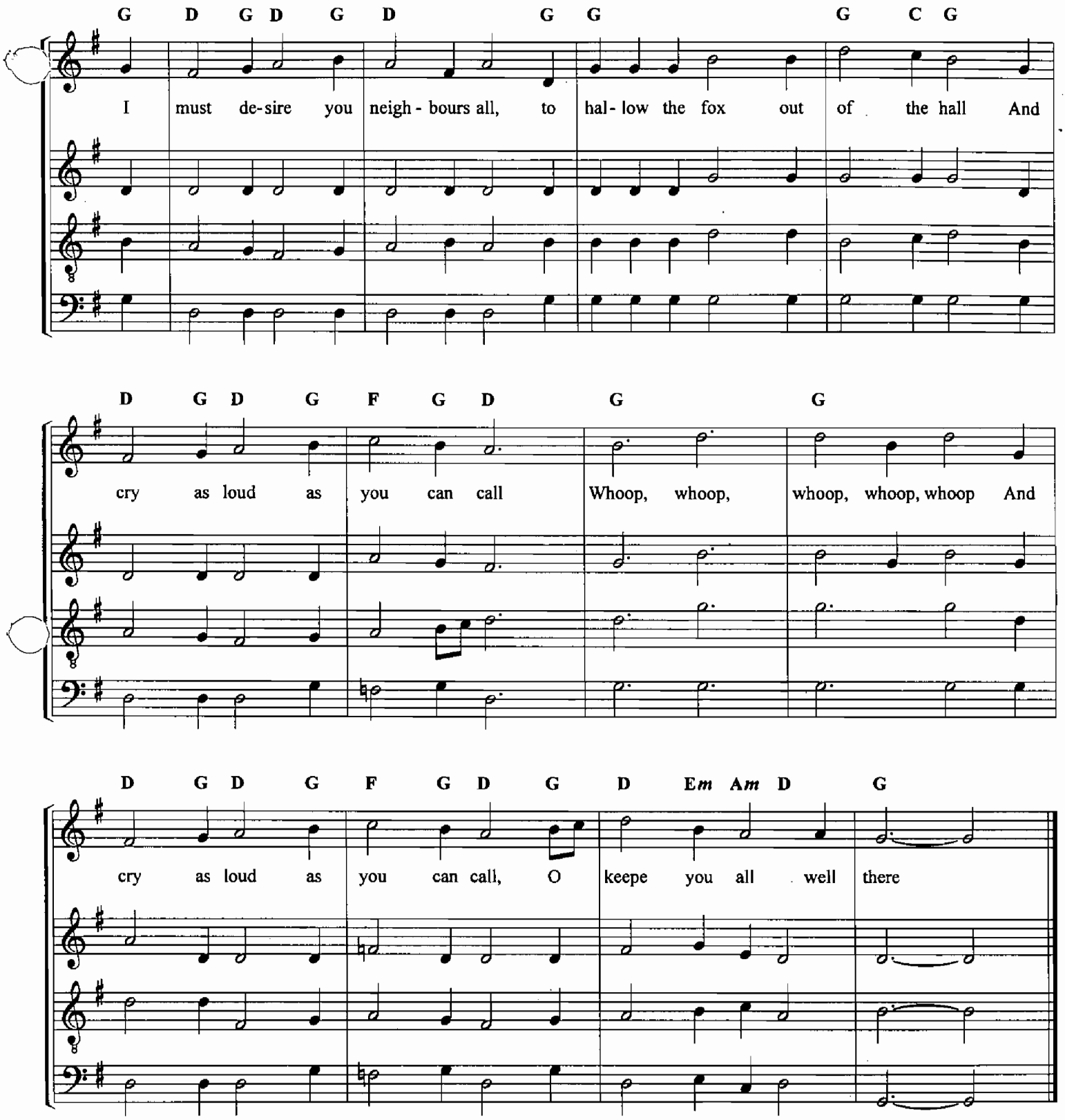
Music from The English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics from the Roxburghe Collection



Setting by Steven Hendricks

chorus:



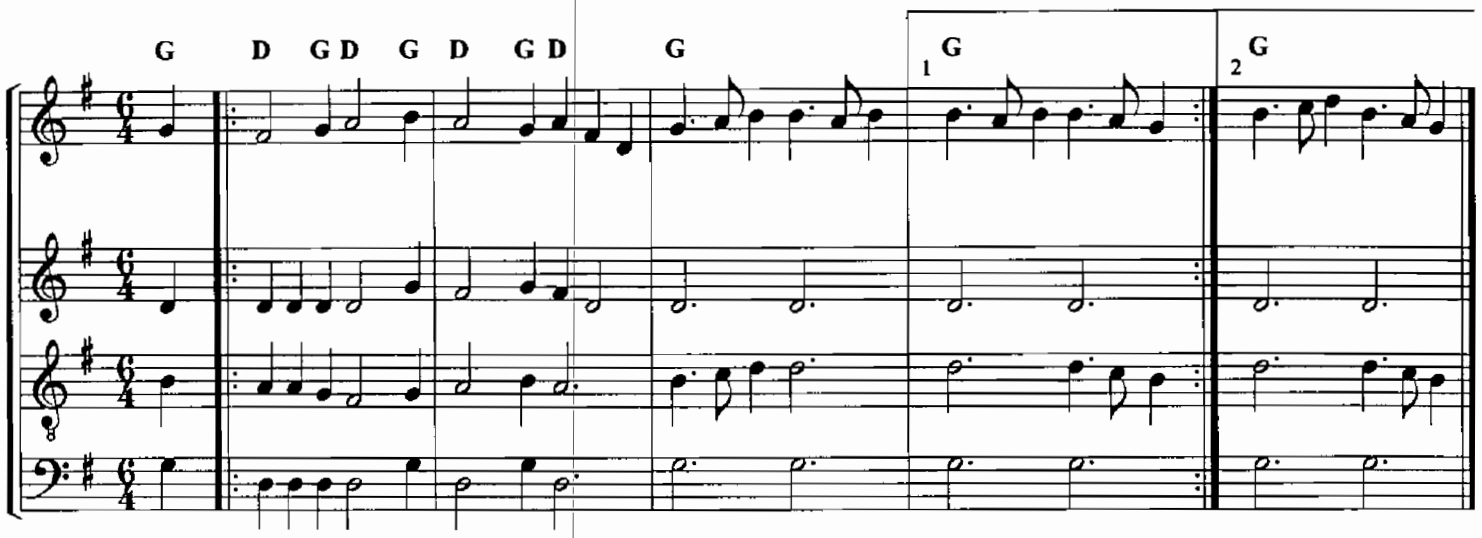
Verses:

1. Tomorrow the fox will come to towne
2. Heel steale the Cock out from his flock
3. Heel steale the Hen out of the pen
4. Heel steale the Duck out of the brook
5. Heele steale the Lamb een from his dam

Trenchmore

from the Dancing Master, 2nd edition, 1652

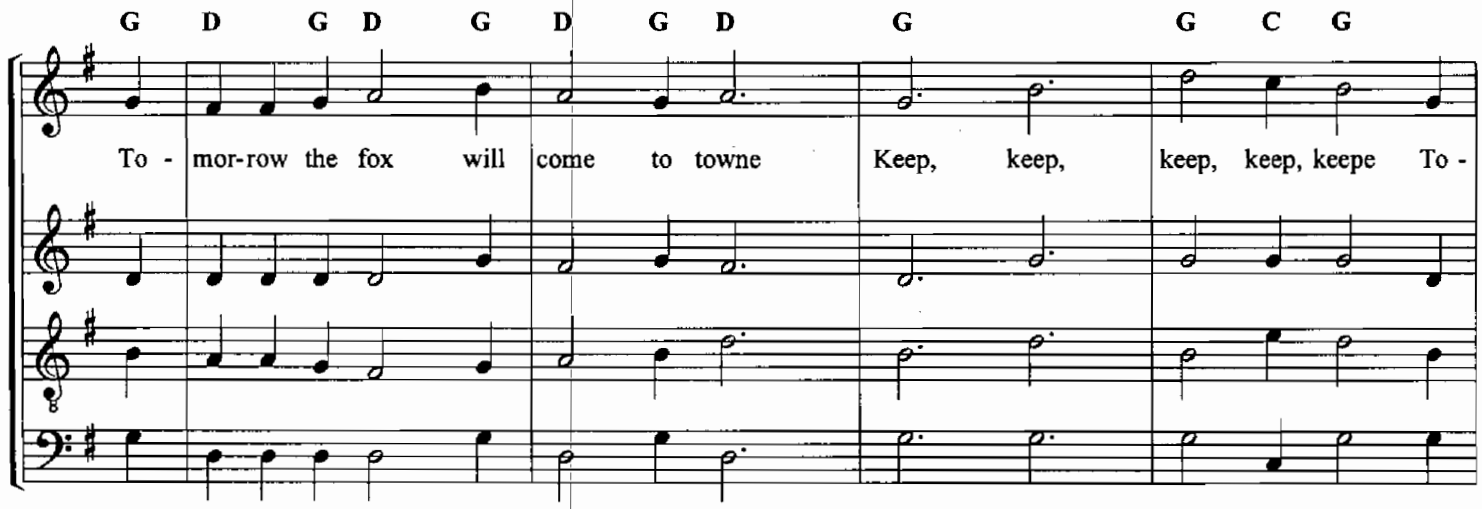
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

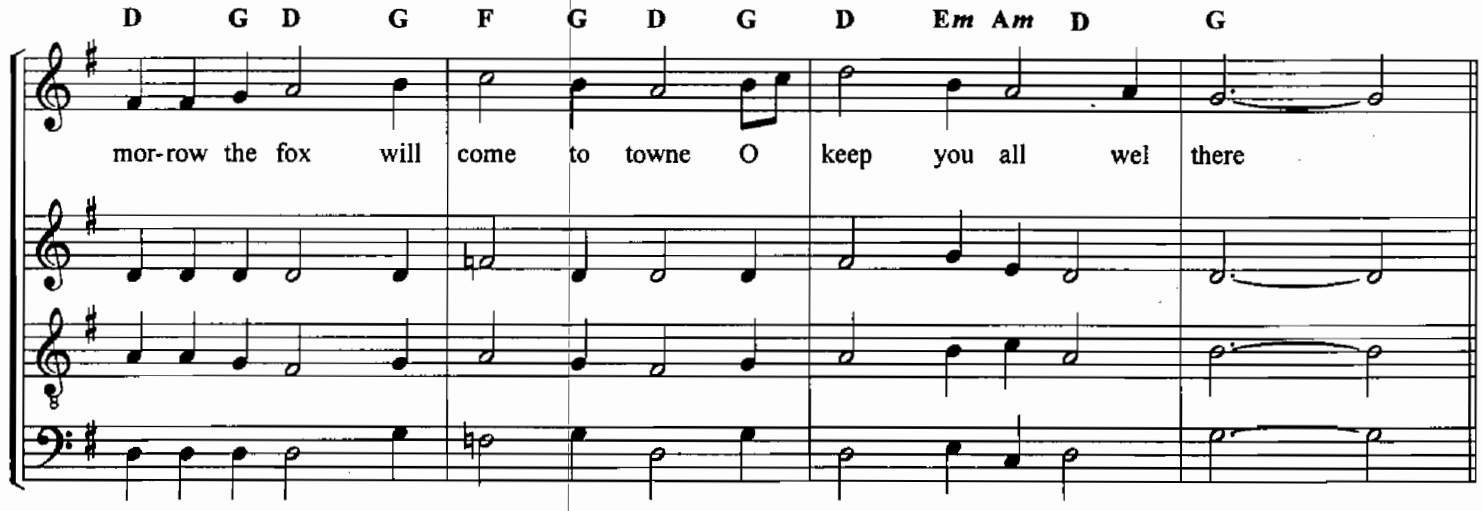


Tomorrow the fox will come to towne

from Deuteromelia, 1609

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-1653)



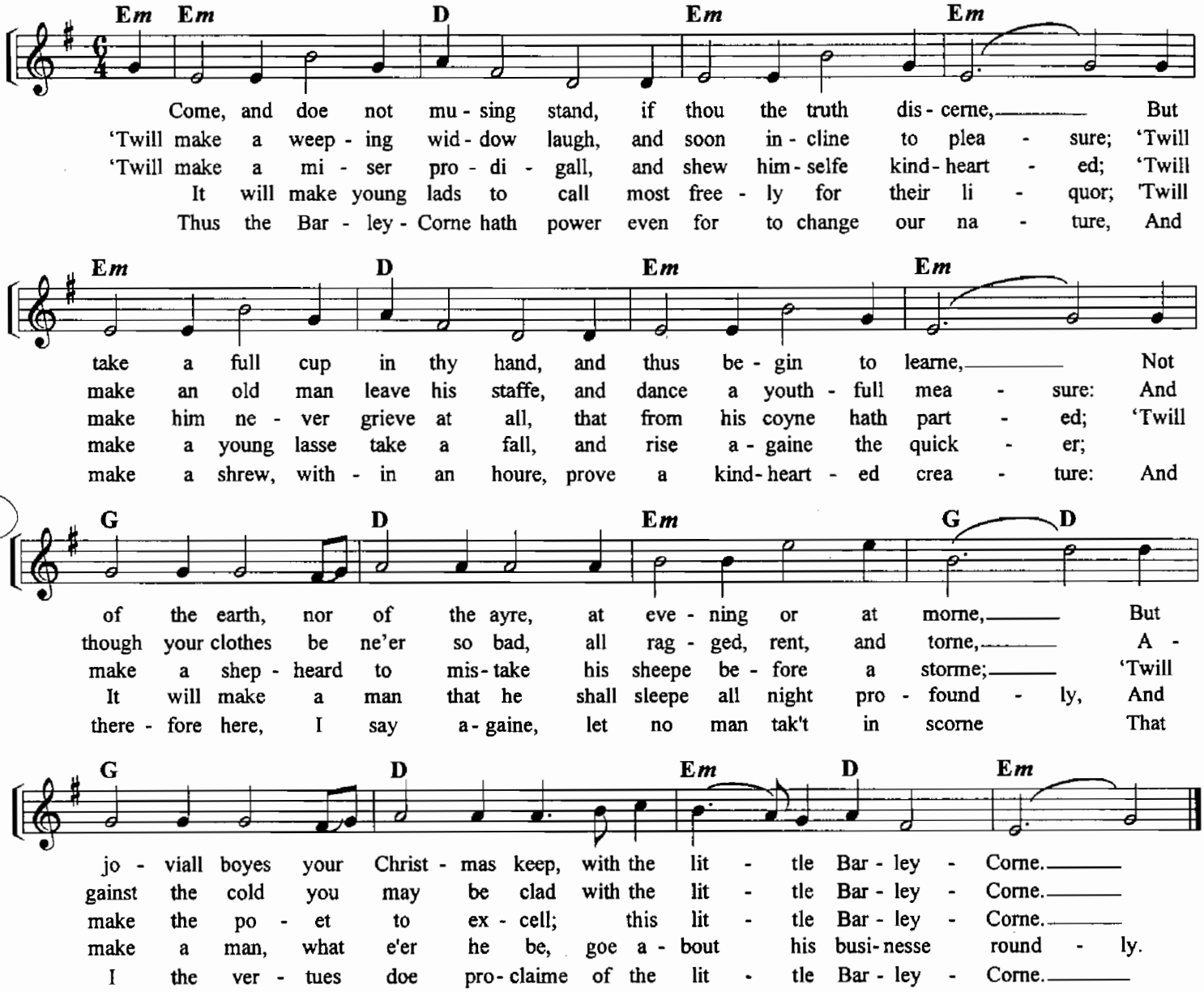


The little Barly-Corne.

Whose properties and vertues here shall plainly to the world appeare, To make you merry all the yeere.

To the tune of Stingo.

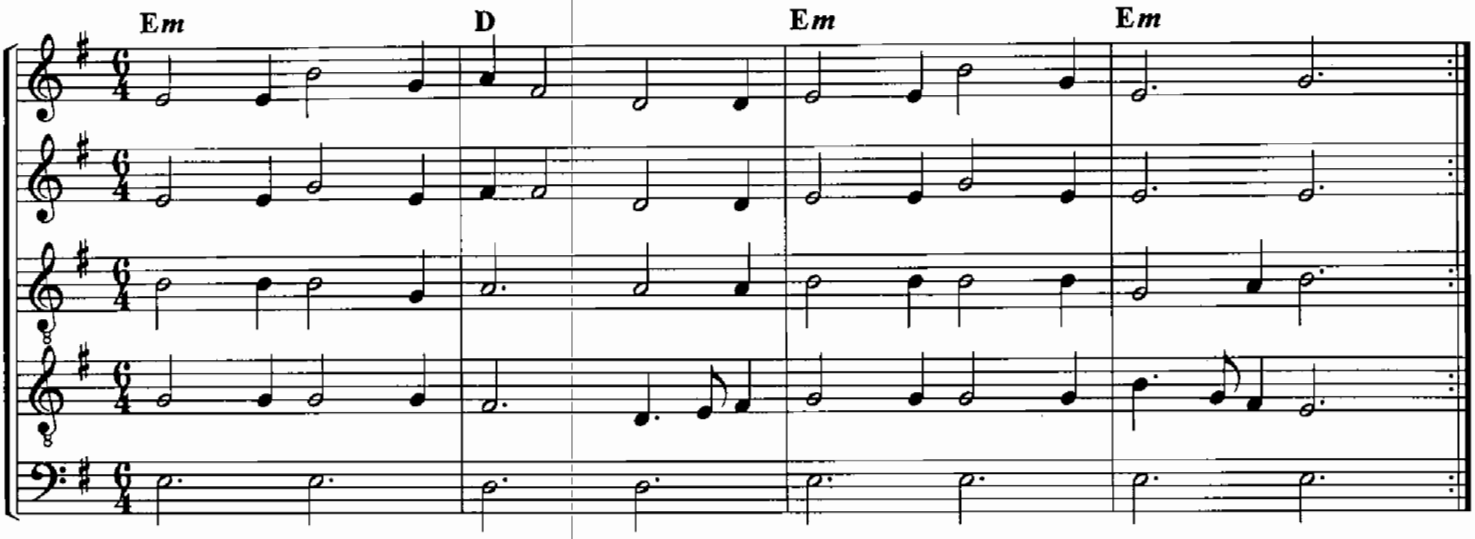
from the Roxburghe collection of ballads — Anon.

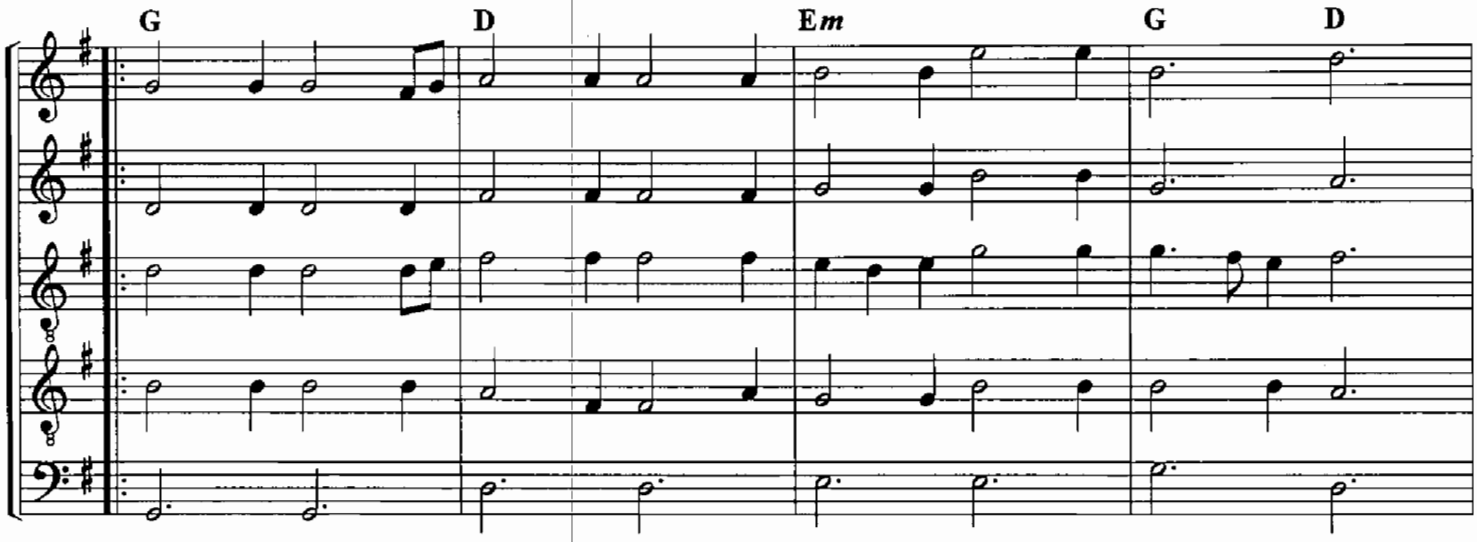


Stingo

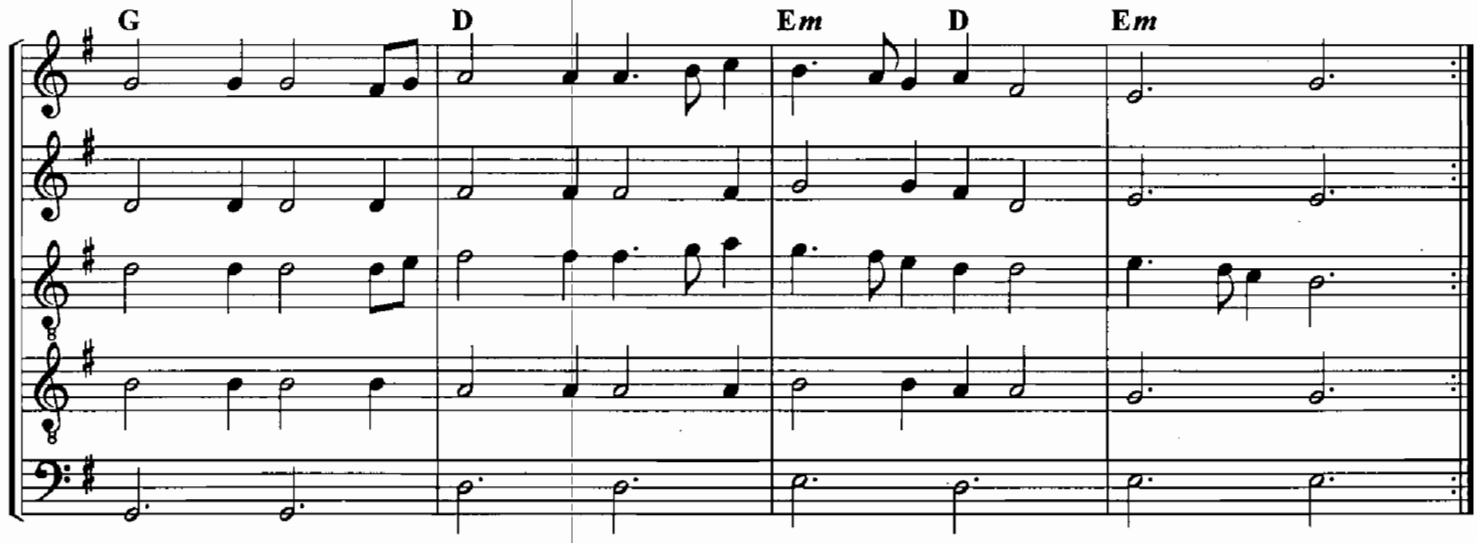
from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)





*Intro



Originally a third higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

The three merry Coblers.

Who tell how the case with them doth stand,
How they are still on the mending hand.

Come, follow, follow me!
To th' alehouse weele march all three;
Leave aule, last, threed and lether,
And let's goe altogether;
Our trade excells most trades i'th' land,
For we are still on the mending hand.

Come, tapster, fill us some ale,
Then hearken to our tale,
And try what can be made
Of our renowned trade;
We have aule at our command,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Though shoomakers us disdaine,
Yet 'tis approved plaine
Our trade cannot be mist,
Let them say what they list;
Though all grow worse quite through the land,
Yet we are still on the mending hand.

When shoomakers are decayed,
Then doe they fall to our trade,
And glad their mindes they give,
By mending shooes, to live;
When in necessity they stand,
They strive to be on the mending hand.

What ever we doe intend
We bring to a perfect end;
If any offense be past,
We make all well at last;
We sit at worke when others stand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

We bristle aw well as the best;
All kavery we doe detest;
What we have promised,
Weele doe unto a thred;
We use waxe, but to seale no band,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Our wives doe sit at the wheele,
They spin, and we do reele;
Although we take no farmes,
Yet we can show our armes,
And spread them at our own command;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

Poore weather-beaten soles,
Whose case the body condoles;
We for a little gaine
Can set on foote againe;
We make the falling stedfast stand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

All day we merrily sing,
And customers doe bring,
Or unto us doe sendm
Their boots and shooes to mend:
We have our money at first demand;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

When all our money is spent,
We are not discontent,
For we can worke for more,
And then pay off our score;
We drinke without either bill or band,
Because we are still on the mending hand.

We pray for durty weather,
And money to pay for lether,
Which if we have, and health,
A fig for worldly wealth;
Till men upon their heads doe stand,
We shall be still on the mending hand.

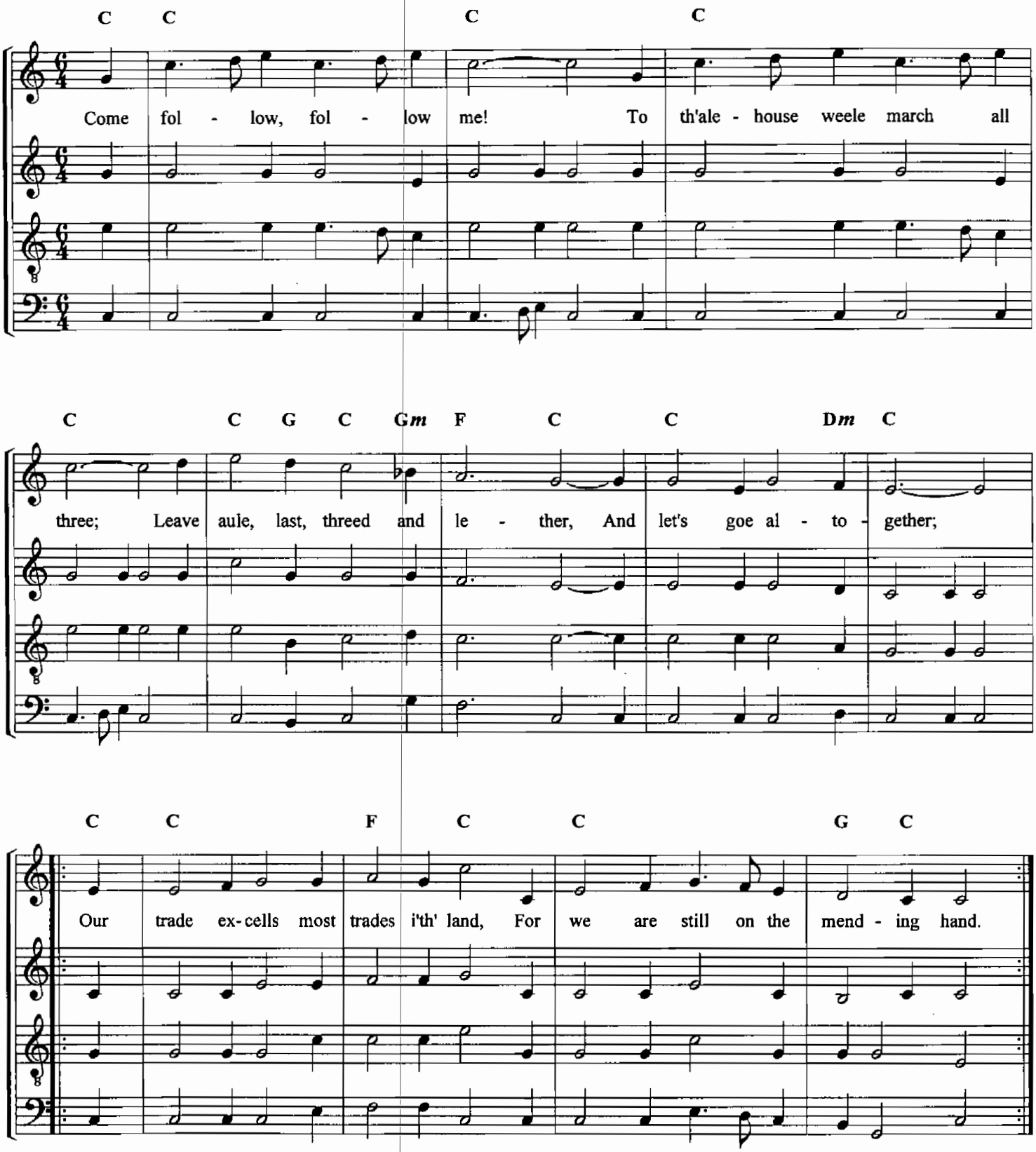
FINIS. M.P.

Printed at London for F. Grove

The Spanish gipsy
The three merry Coblers.

from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by Martin Parker, Roxburghe Ballads

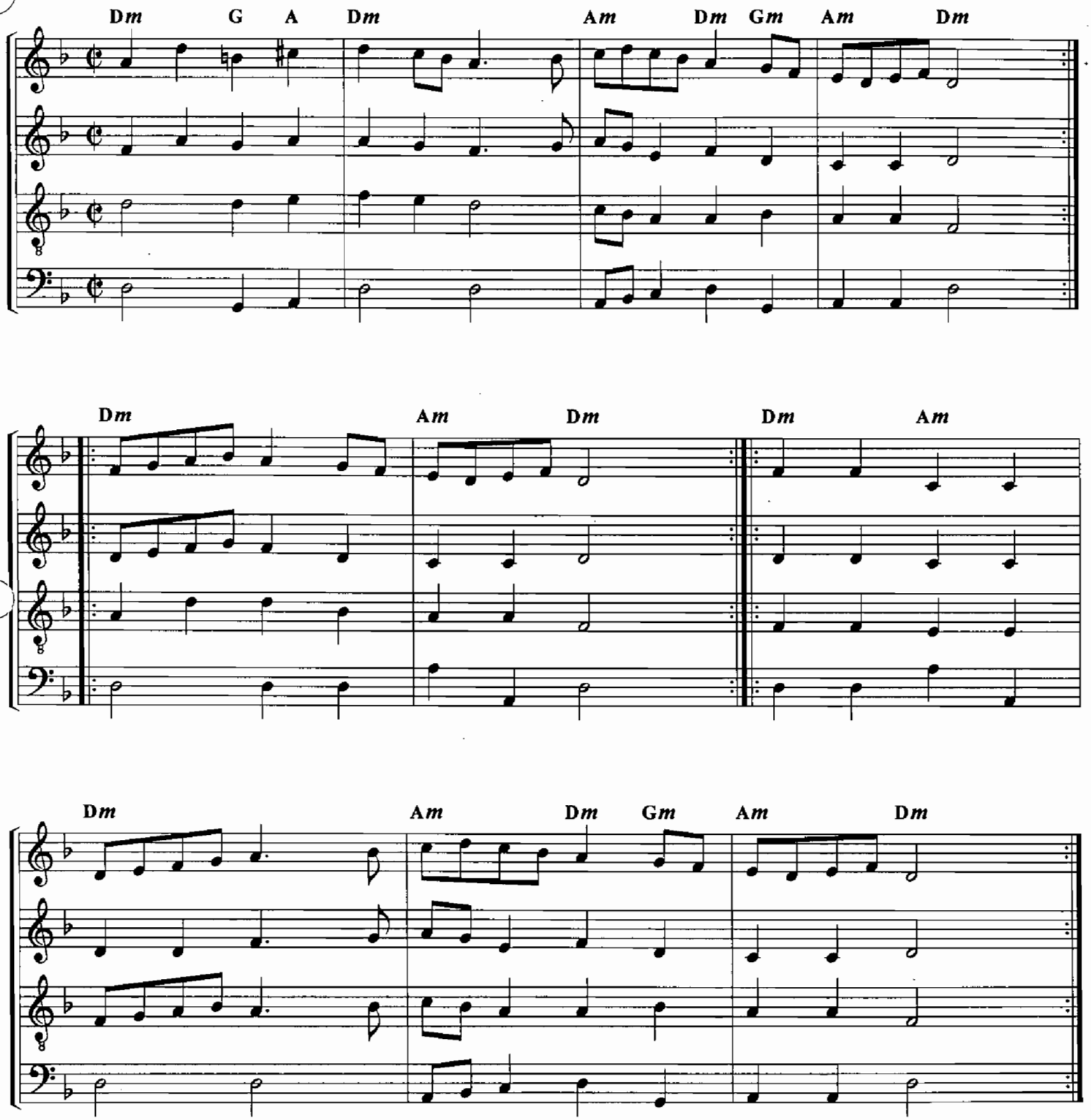


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Stanes Morris

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Originally a fourth higher

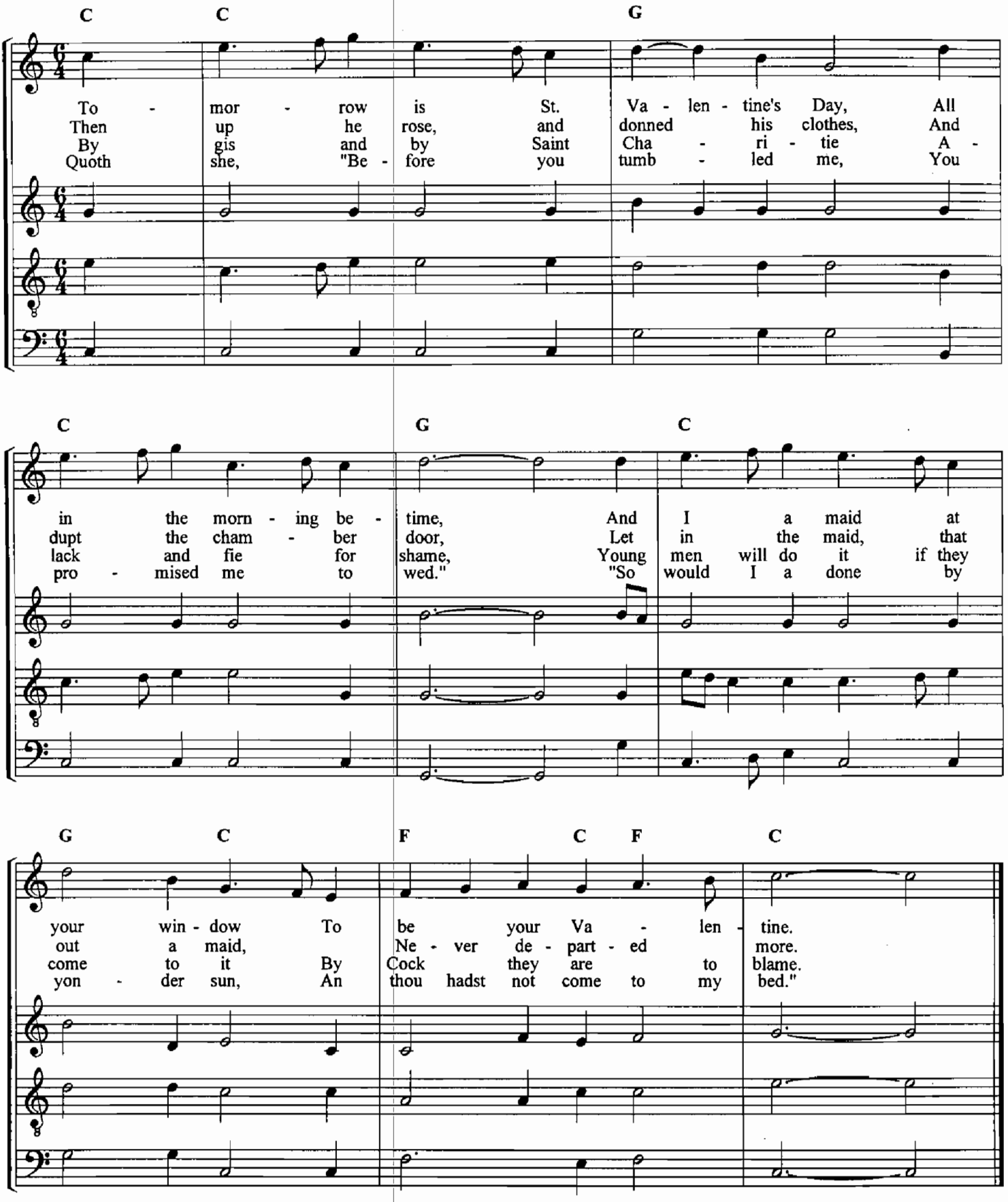
Setting by Steven Hendricks

Soldier's life

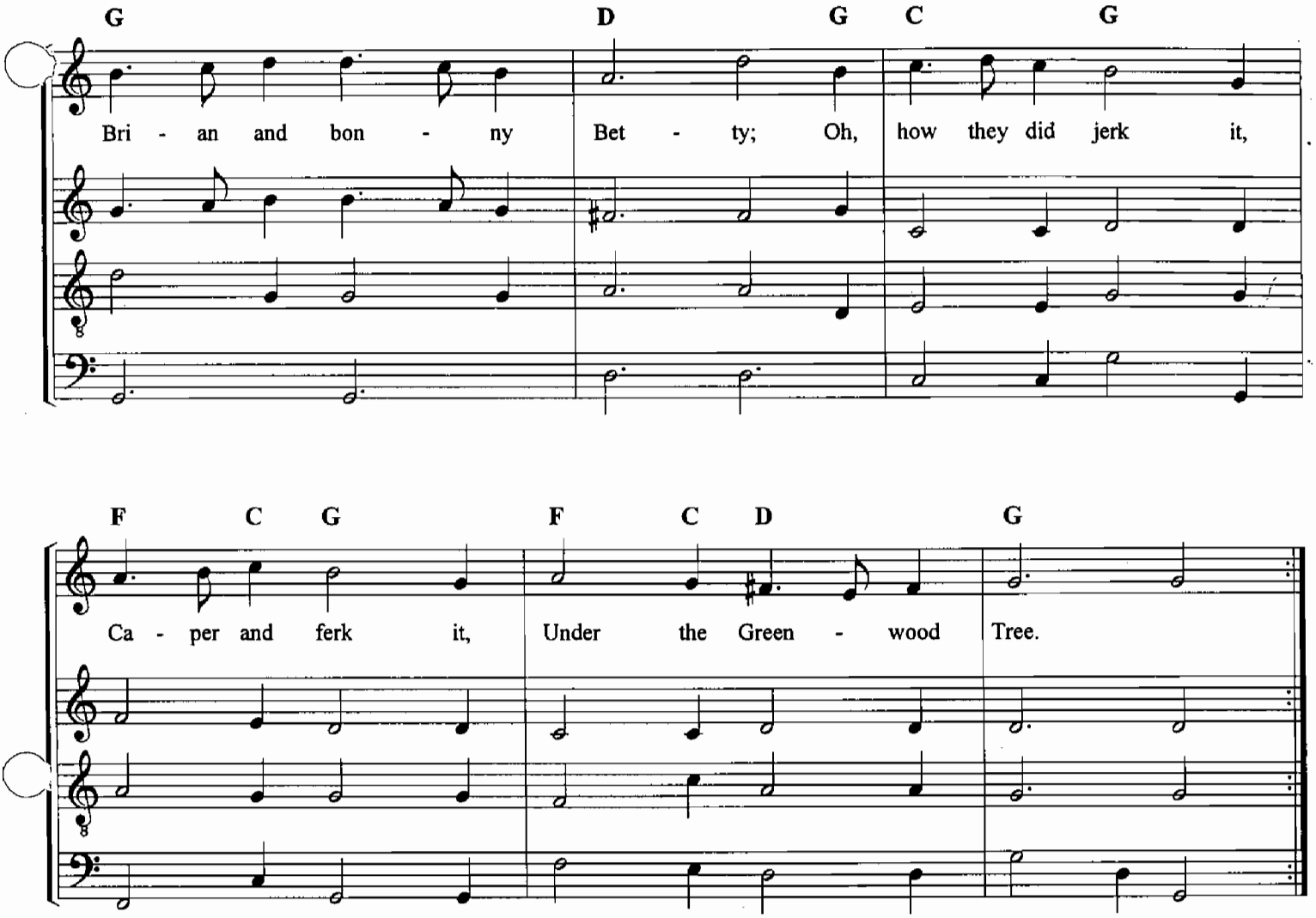
Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks



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

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

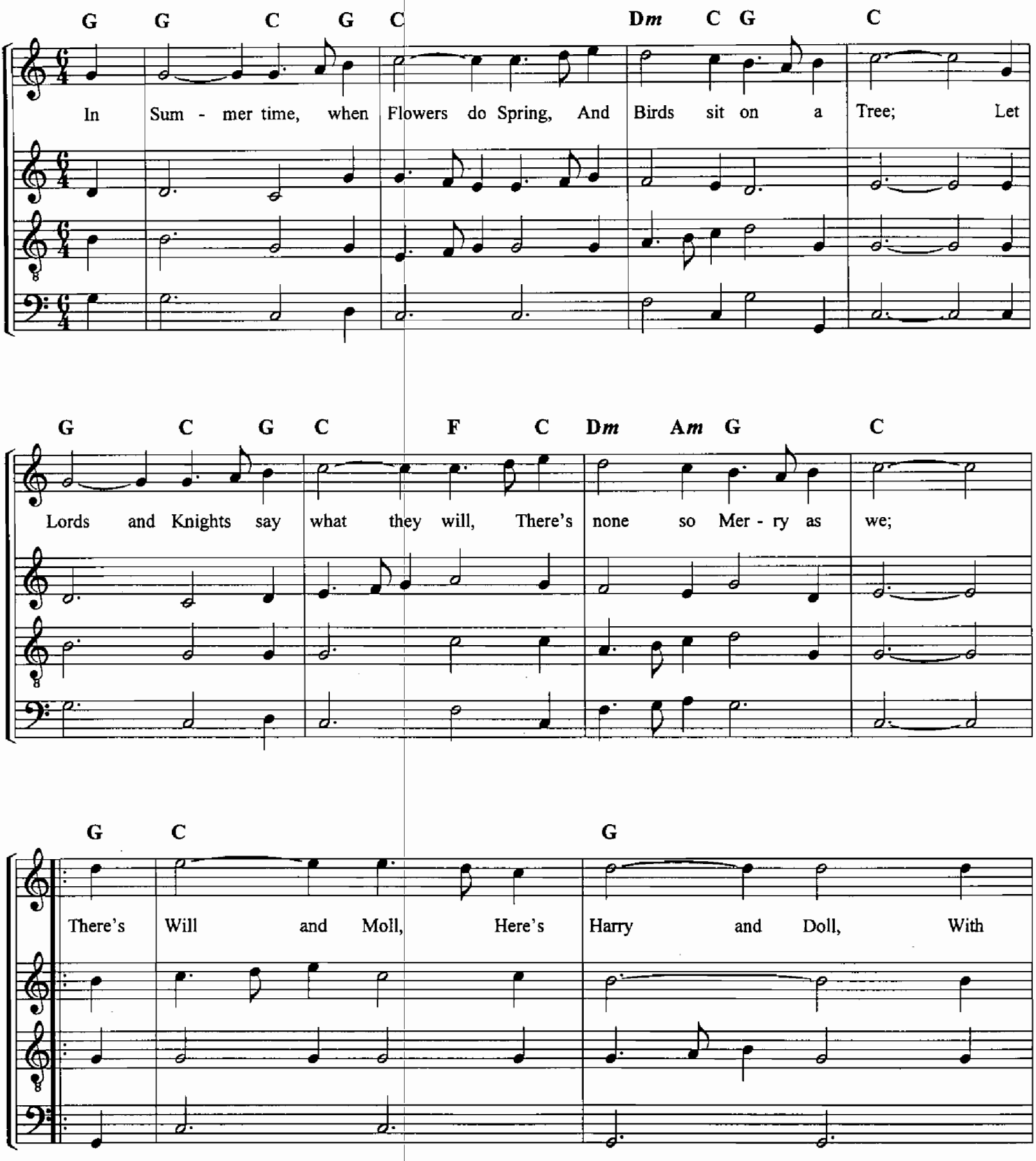
On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
Like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs;
We have no twinge to make us cringe
Or crinkle in the Hams:
When some Disease
Doth on us seize,
With one Consent go we;
To Jigg it and Jerk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

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

Sellenger's Round
The Country Man's DELIGHT

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

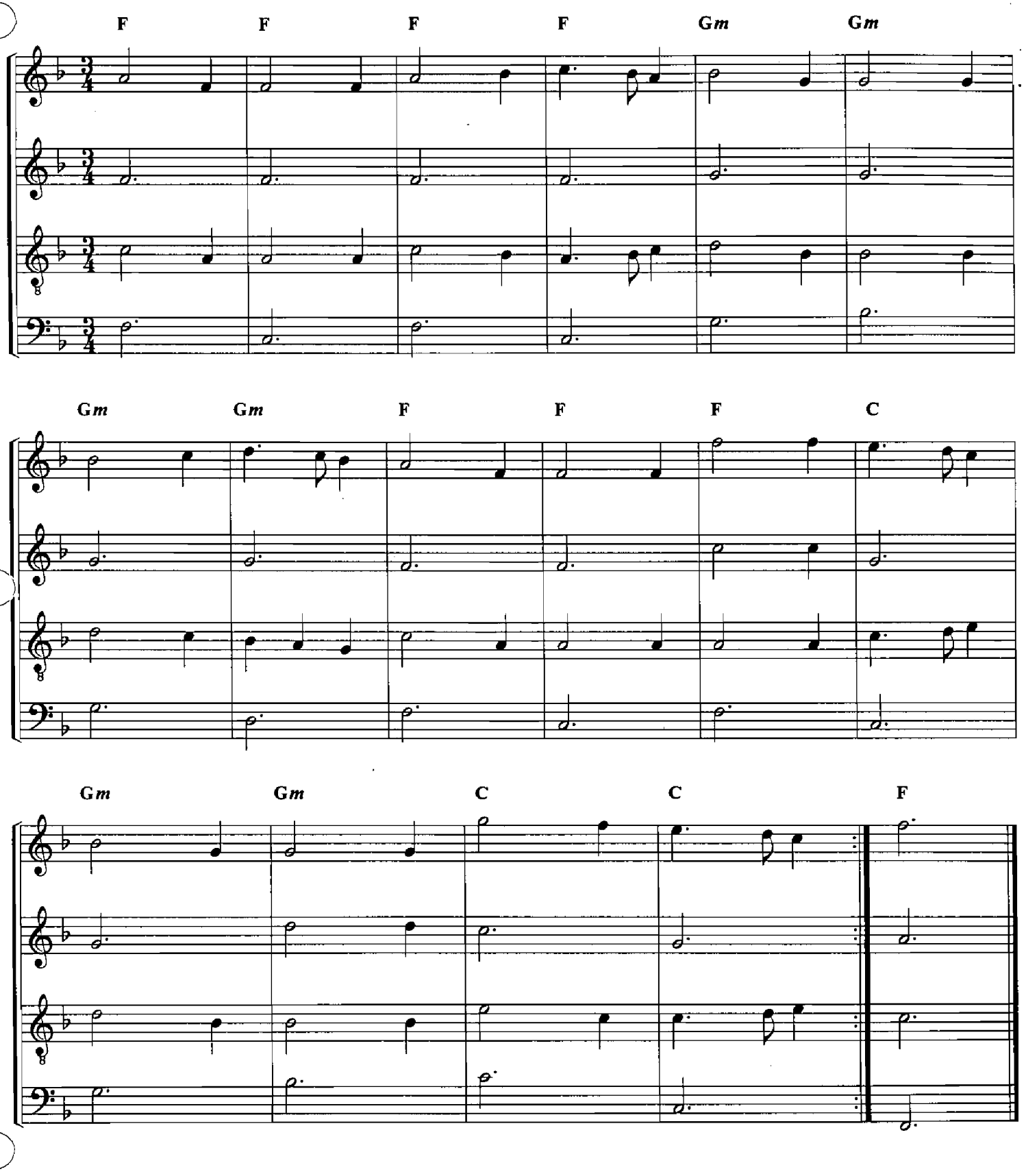
Lyrics by Anon, from the Pepys Ballads



Sedany or Dargason

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



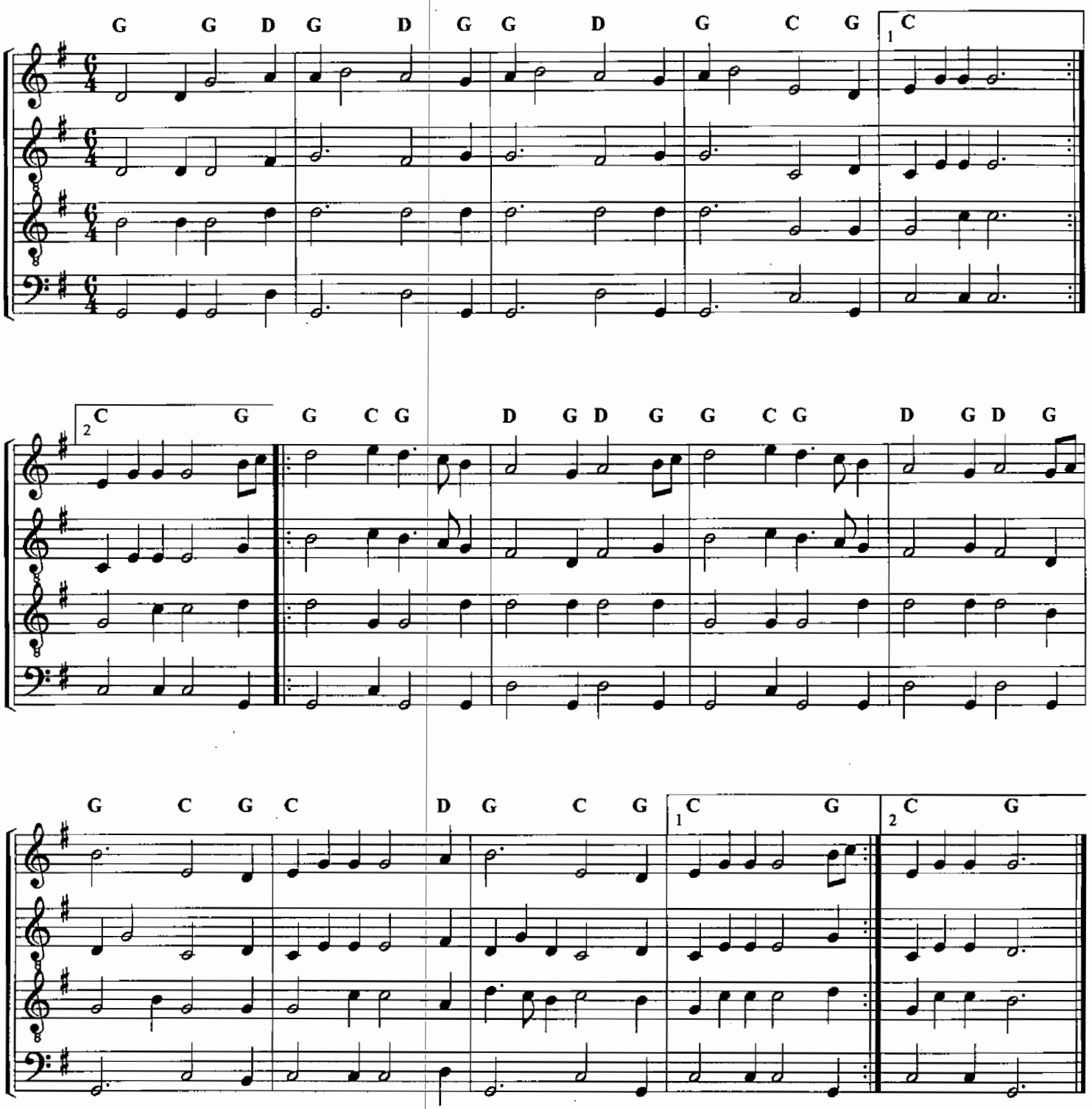
Playford Dances and Ballads page 73

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Scots Rant

from the Dancing Master,
Supplement to the 3rd Edition, 1657

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

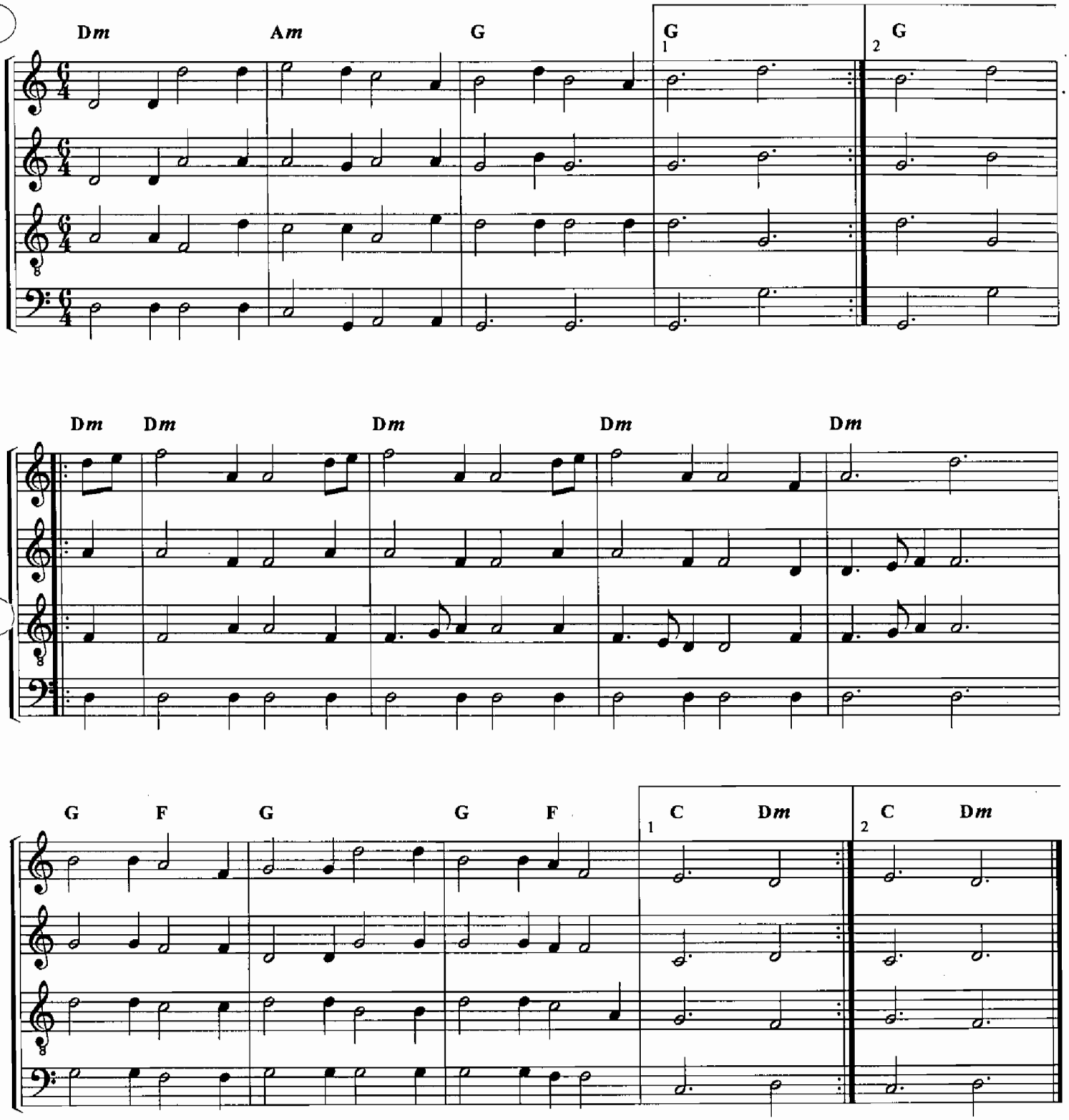


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Scotch cap

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

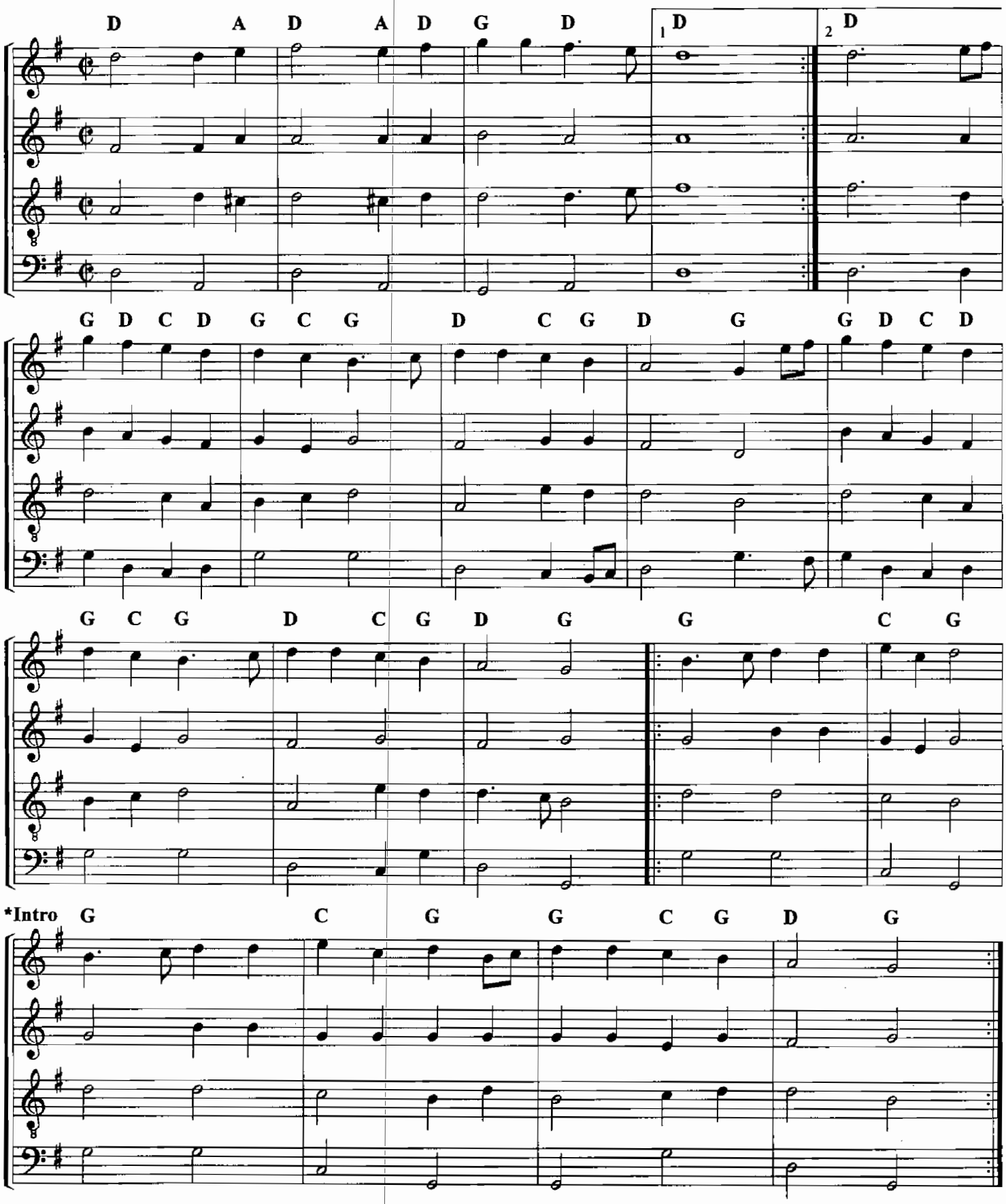


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Rufty Tufty

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

As one without refuge

Anon.

A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully
sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity.
To the tune of, Row wel ye Marriners.

As one without refuge,
For life doth pleade with panting breath
And rufully the Iudge,
Beholds (whose doome grants life or death,
So fare I now my onlie Loue,
Whom I tender as Turtle Doue,
Whose tender looks (O ioly ioy)
Shall win me sure your louing boy:
Faire lookes, sweet Dame,
Or els (alas) I take my bane:
Nice talke, coying,
Wil bring me sure to my ending,

Too little is my skil,
By pen (I saie) my loue to paint,
And when that my good will,
My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint:
Sith both the meanes do faile therefore,
My loue for to expresse with lore:
The torments of my inward smart.
You may well gesse within your hart:
Wherefore, sweet wench,
Some louing words, this heat to quench
Fine smiles, smirke lookes,
And then I neede no other lookes,

Your gleams hath gript the hart,
alas within my captiue breast:
Oh how I feele the smart,
And how I find my grief increast:
My fancie is so fixt on you,
That none away the same can do:
My deer vnlesse you it remooue:
Without redresse I die for loue,
Lament with me
Ye Muses nine, where euer be,
My life I loth,
My Ioies are gone, I tel you troth,

All Musicks solmne found,
Of song, of else of instrument:
Me thinks they do resound,
with doleful tunes, me to lament,
And in my sleep vnsound, alas,
Me thinks such dreadful things to passe:
that out I crie in midst of dreames,
Wherwith my tears run down as streams,
O Lord, think I,
She is not here that should be by:
What chance is this,
That I embrace that froward is?

The Lions noble minde,
His raging mood (you know) oft staies,
When beasts do yeeld by kinde,
On them (forsooth) he neuer praies:
Then sithence that I am your thrall,
To ease my smart on you I call.
A bloudie conquest is your part,
To kill so kind a louing heart:
Alas remorce,
Or presently I die perforce:
God grant pitie,
Within your breast now planted be.

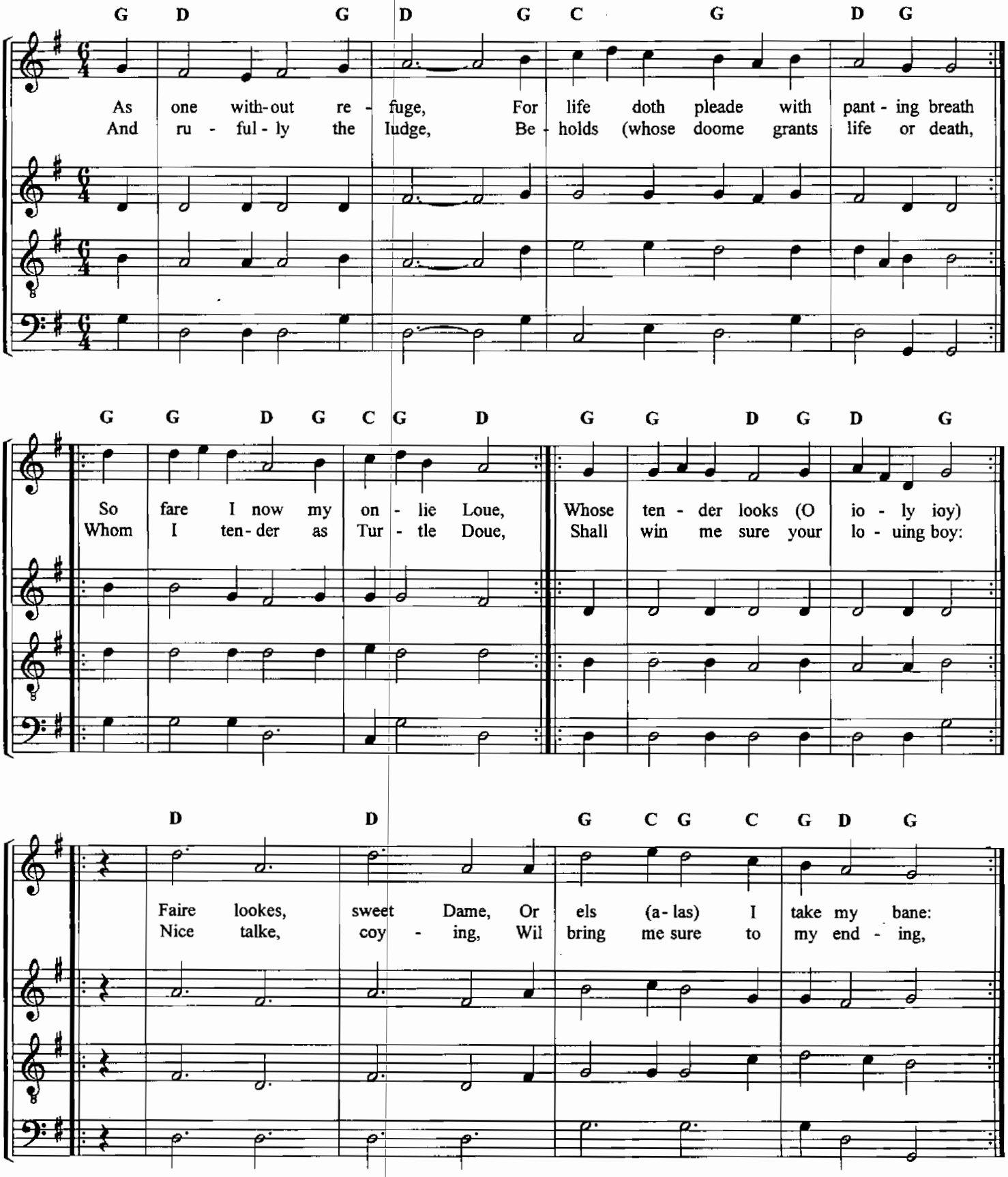
As nature hath you deckt,
with worthie gifts aboue the rest,
So to your praise most great,
Let pitie dwell within your brest,
That I may saie with heart and wil,
Lo, this is she that might me kil:
For why? in hand she held the knife,
And yet (forsooth) she saued my life.
Hey-ho darling:
With lustie loue, now let vs sing,
Plaie on, Minstrel,
My Ladie is mine onelie girle.

Row well, ye mariners

As one without refuge

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics from A Handful of Pleasant Delights, 1584

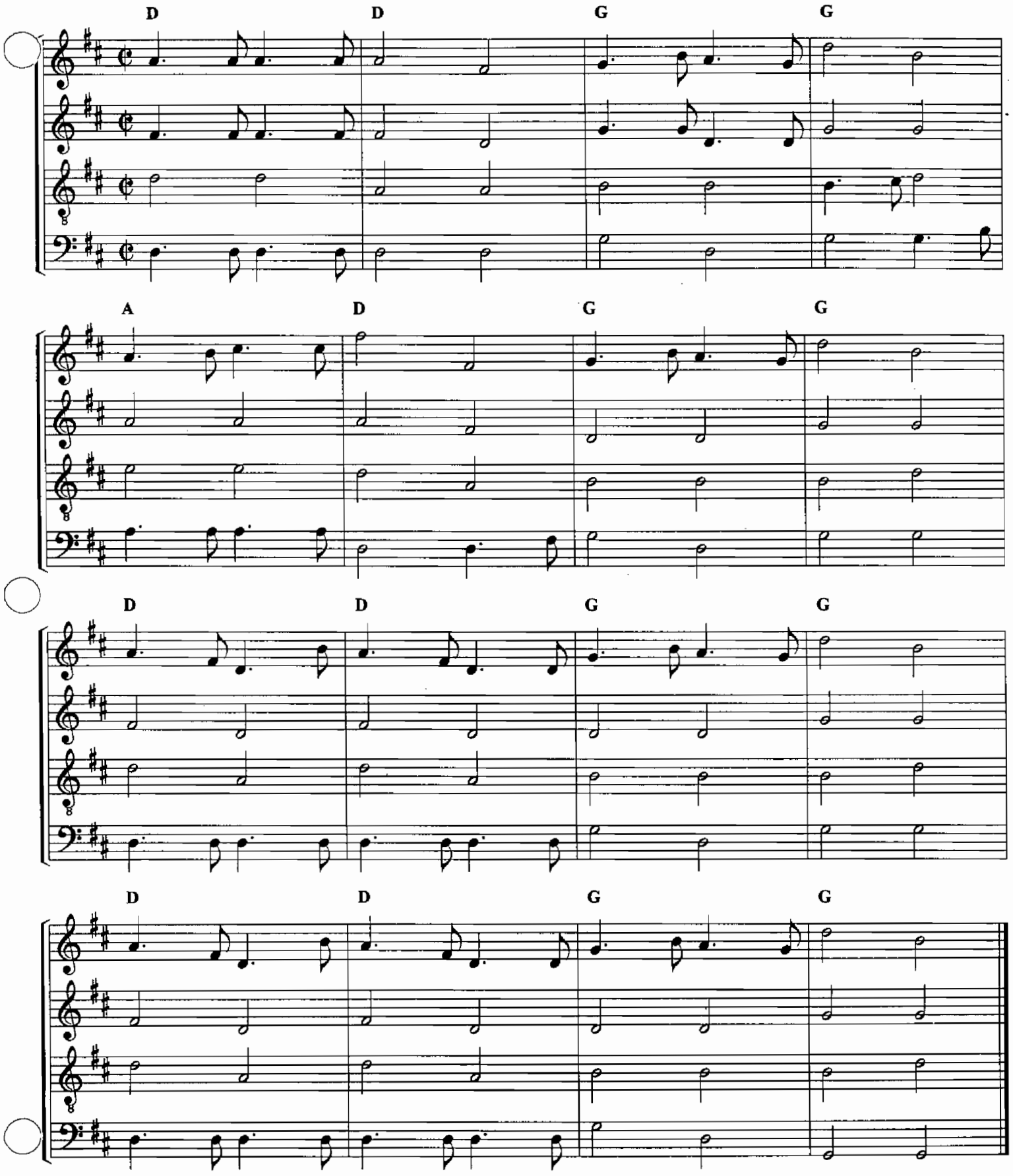


Setting by Steven Hendricks

The Punk's delight (the new way)

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

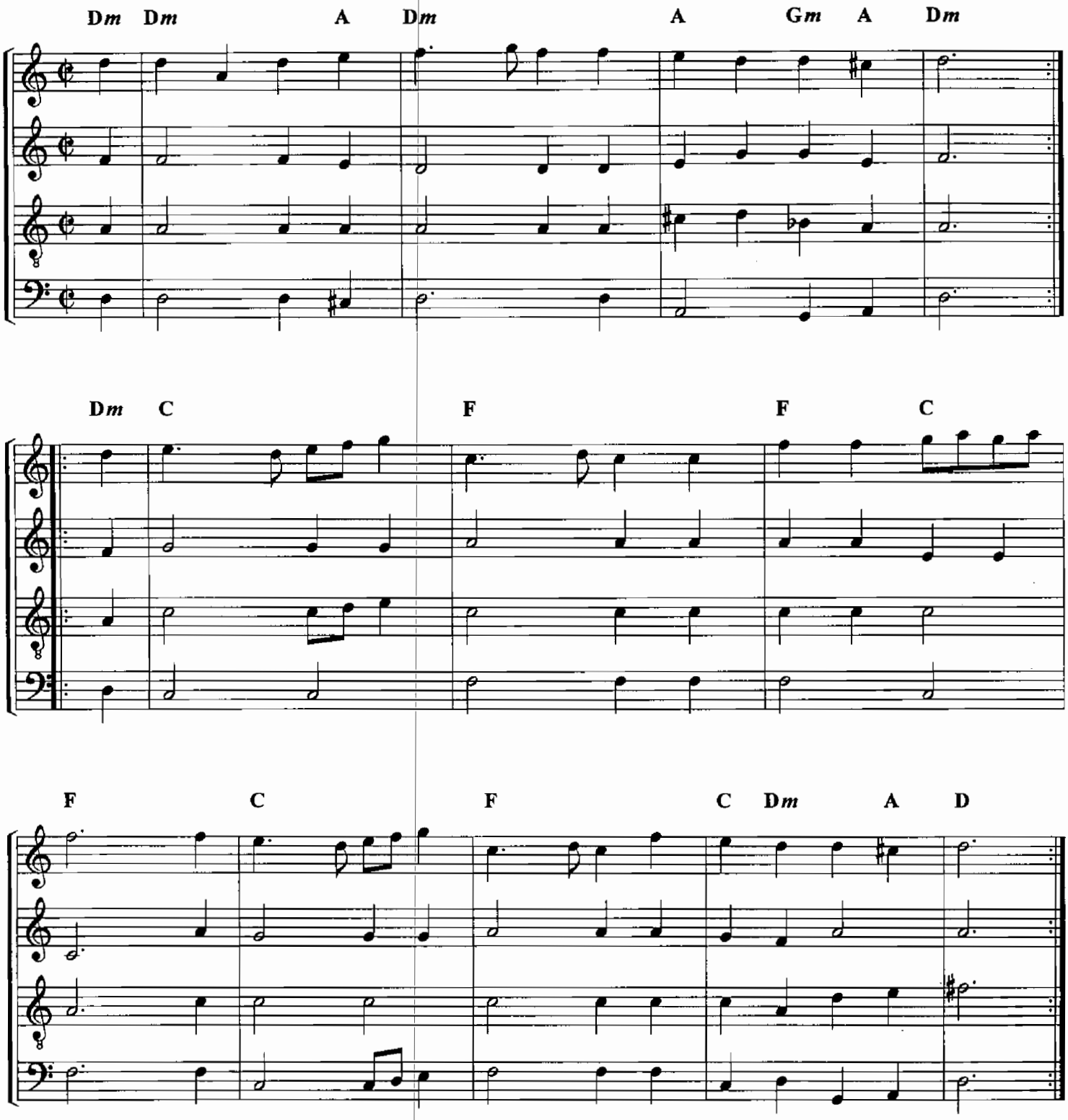


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Prince Rupert's March

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

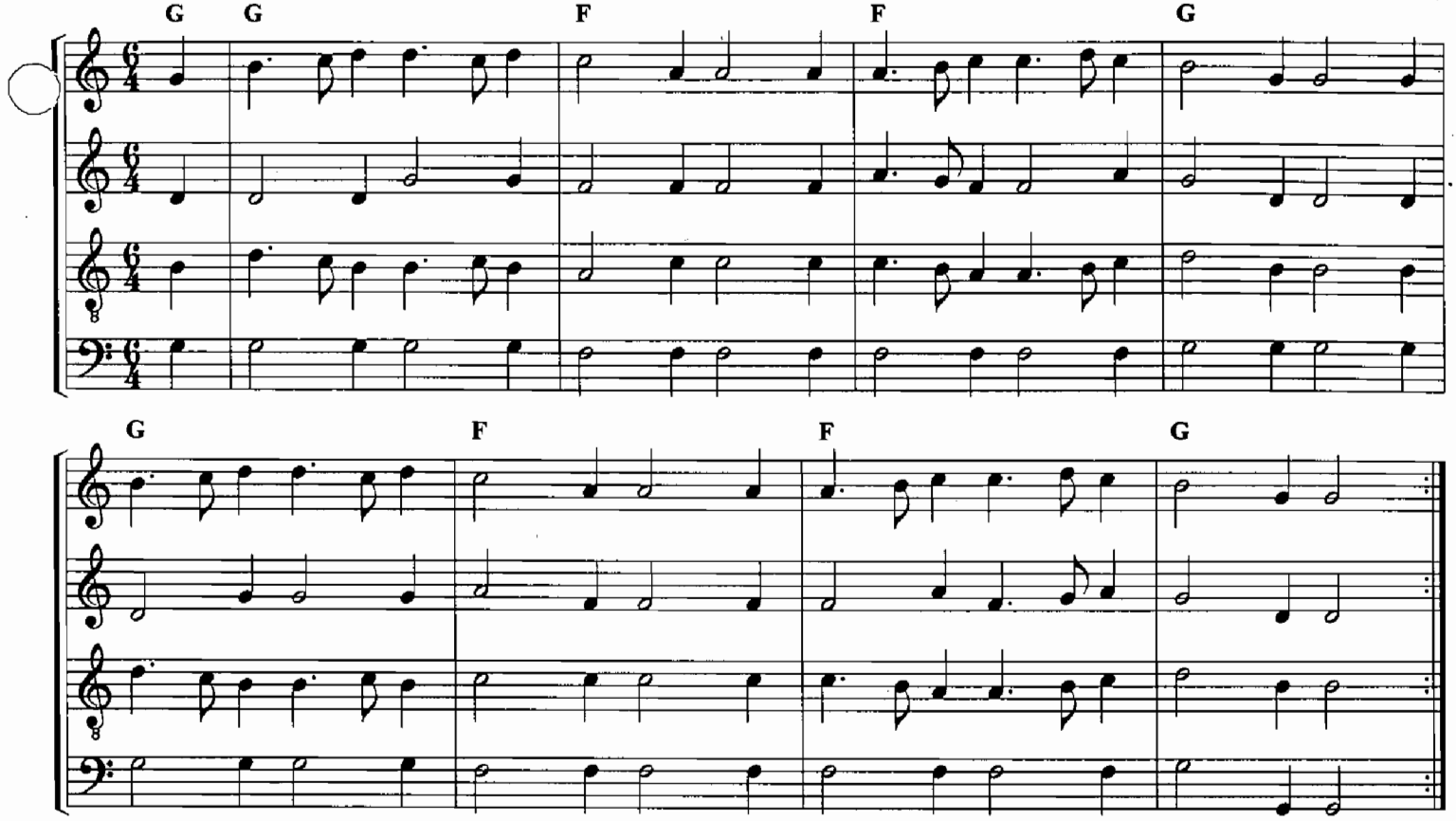


Setting by S. Steven Hendricks

Picking of Sticks

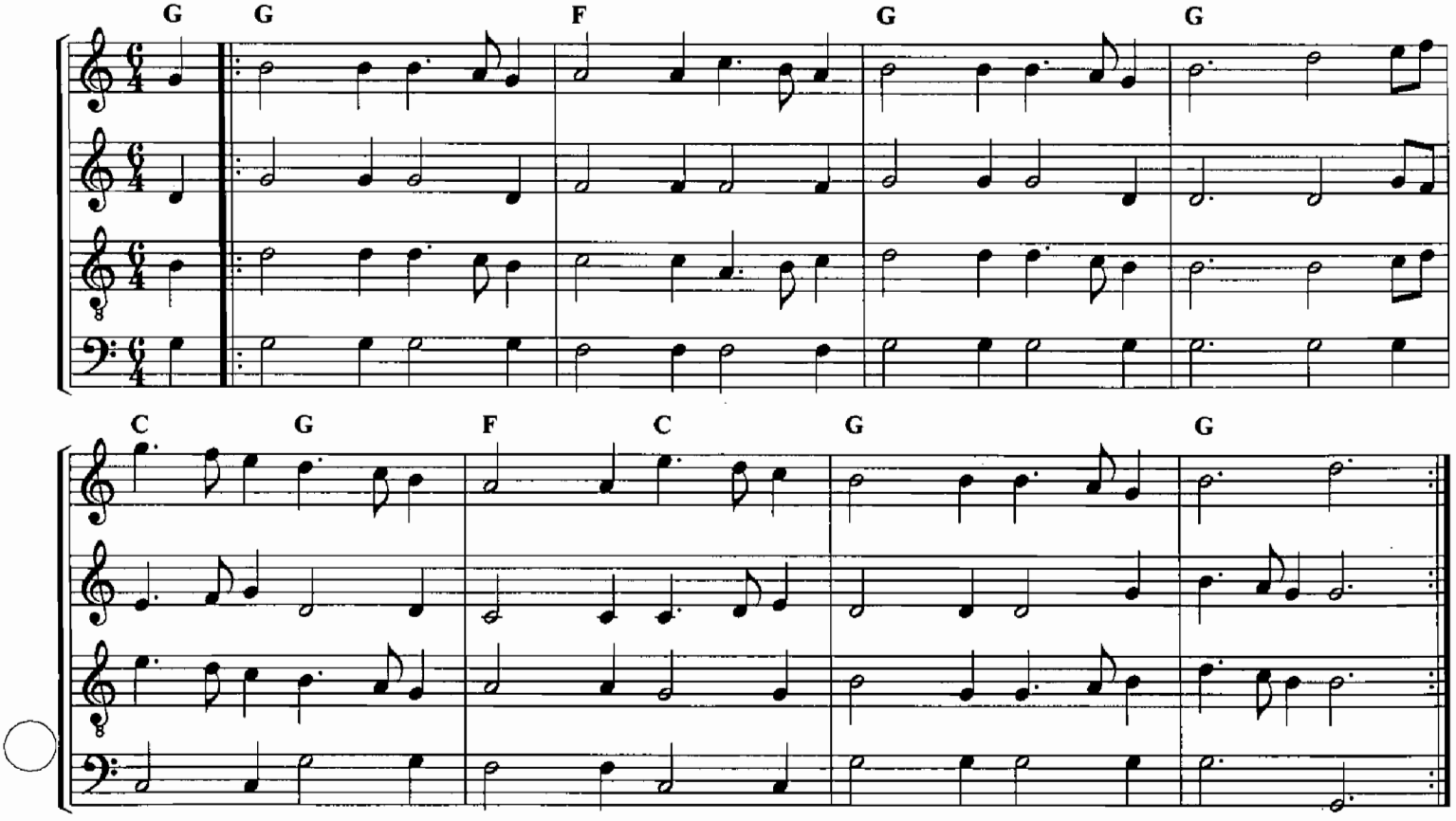
from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



*lay pickup only as
n from "Picking"

Rose is white and rose is red

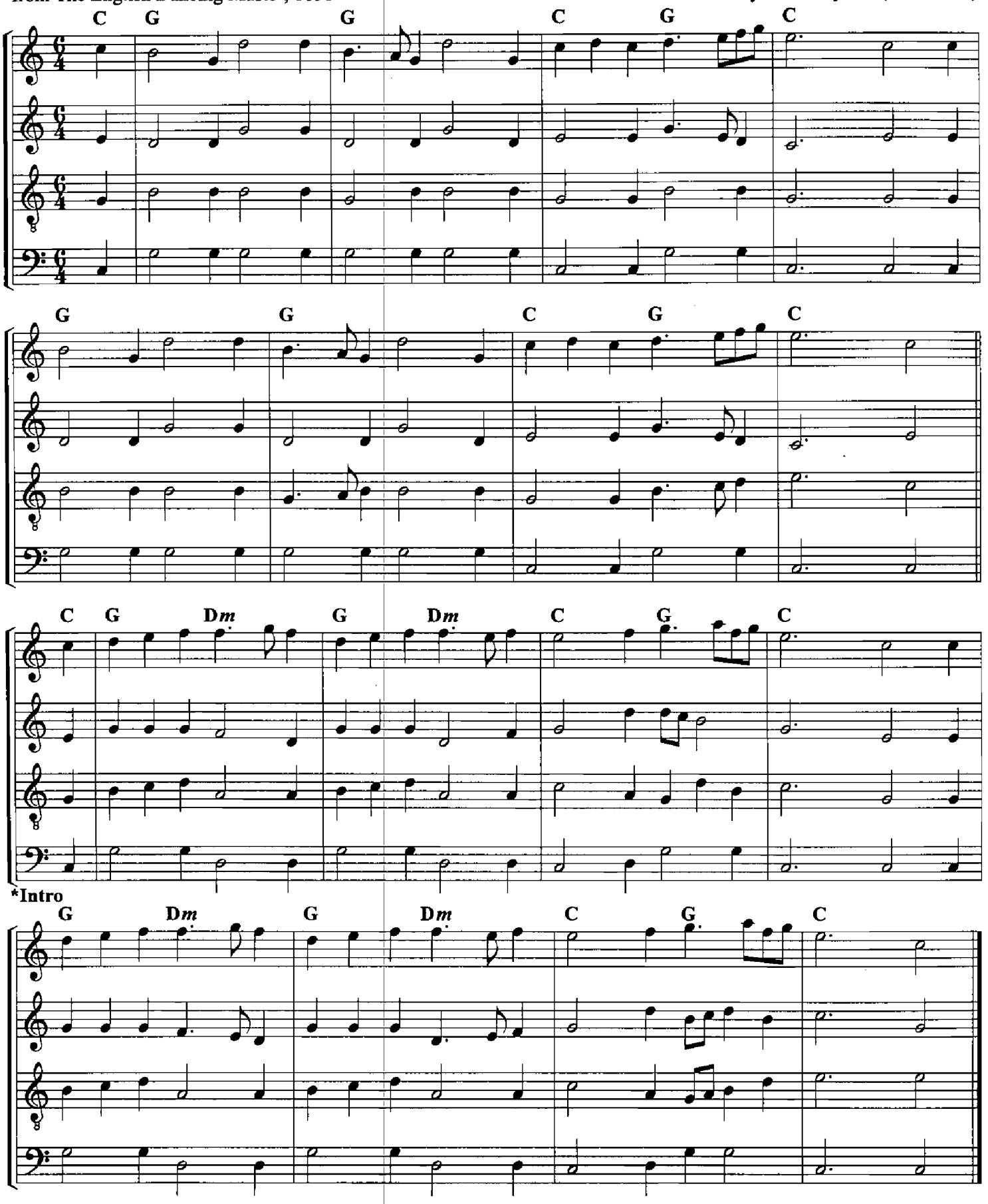


Settings by Steven Hendricks

Peppers Black

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



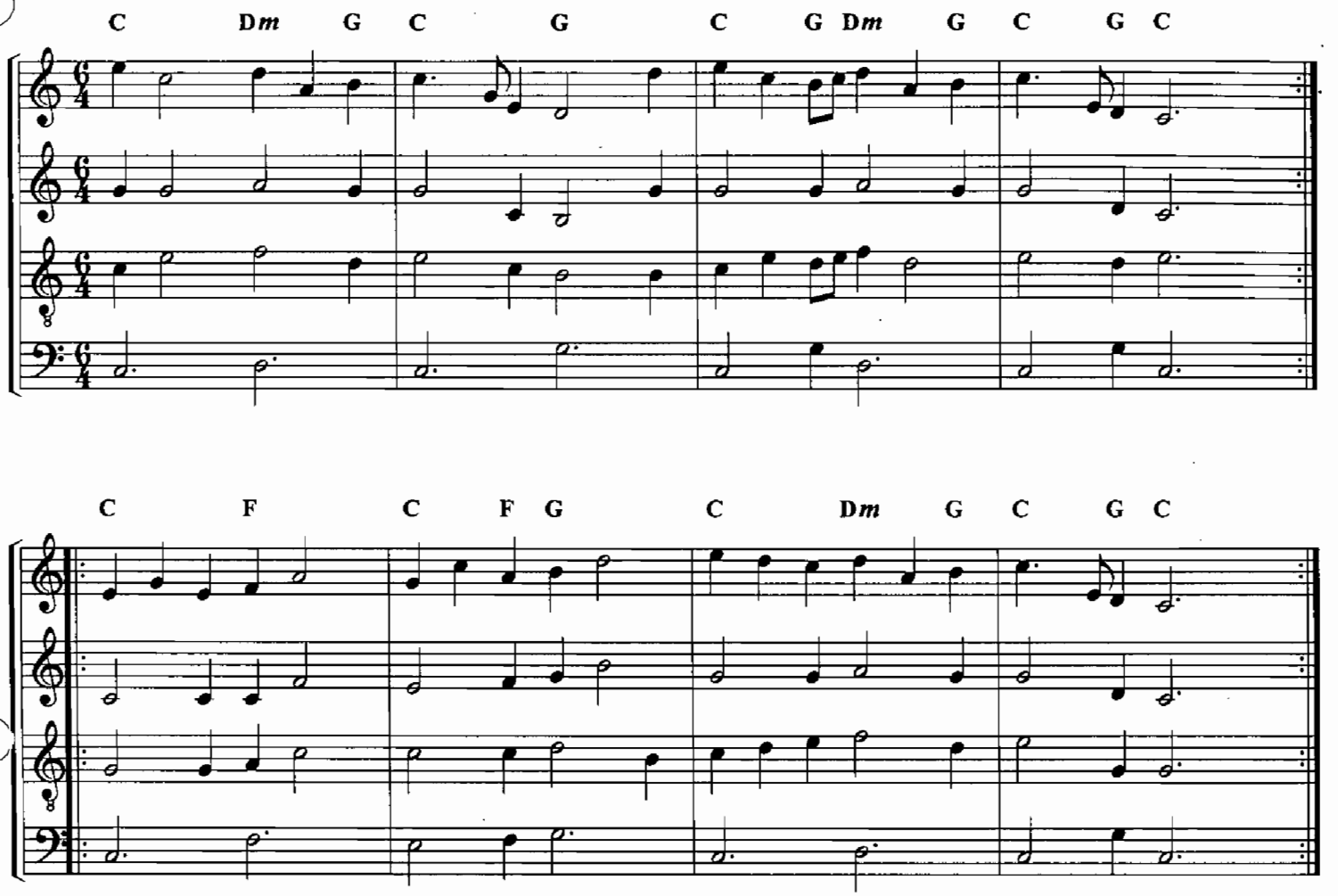
Originally a step higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Paul's Wharf

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

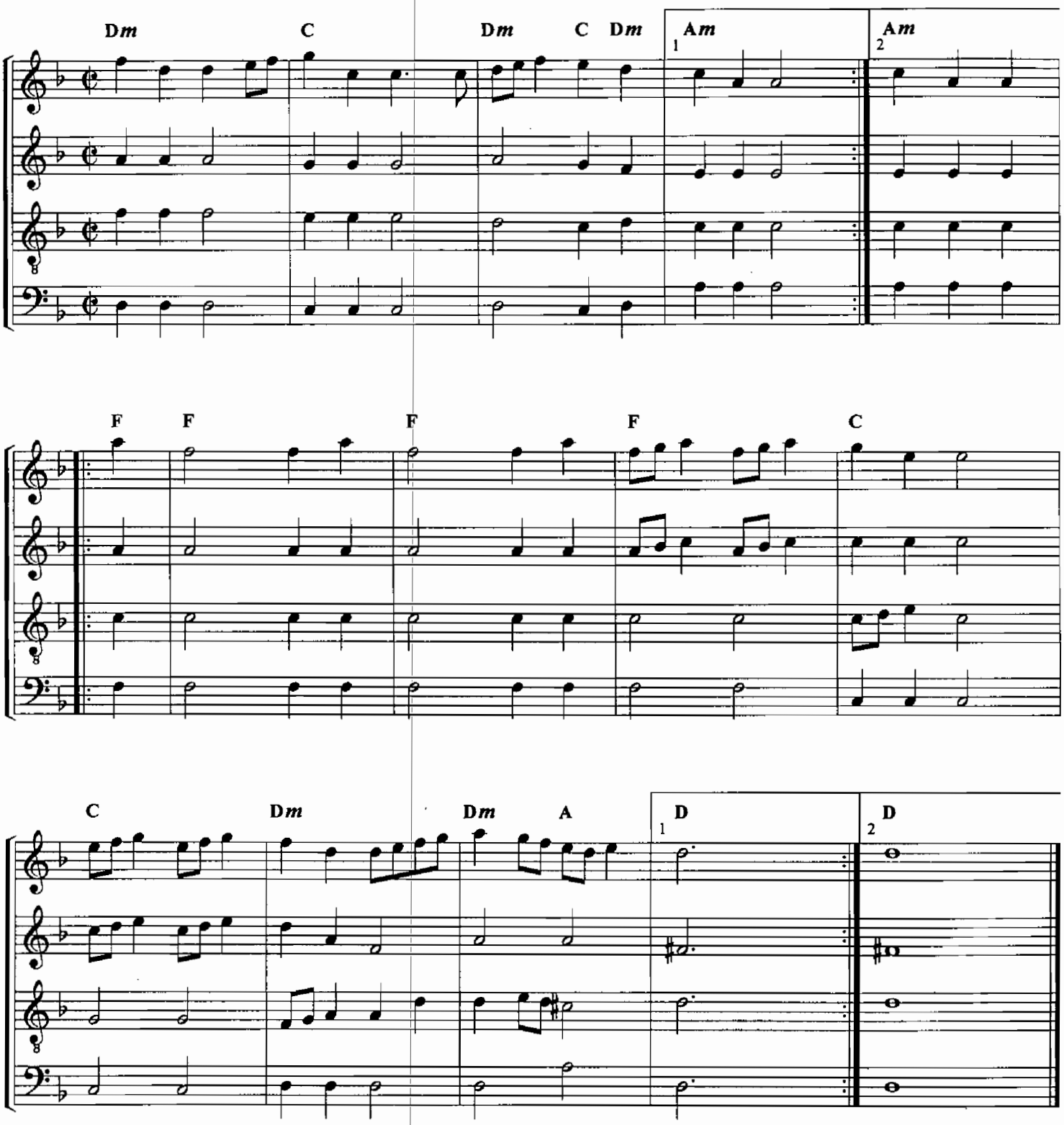


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Parson's farewell

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

"The Lord forbid," the Maid repl'yd, "that such a thing should be,
That ever such a courteous Knight, should dye for love of me."
He took her by the middle so small, and laid her on the plain,
And after he had had his will, he took her up again.

"Now you have had your will, good Sir, and put my body to shame,
Even as you are a courteous Knight, tell we what is your name?"
"Some do call me Jack, and some do call me John;
But when I come to the King's court, they call me Sweet William."

He set his foot into the stirrup, and away then did he ride;
She tucked hir kirtle about her middle, and ran close by his side.
But when she came to the broad water, she set her breast and swam;
And when she was got out again, she took to her heels and ran.

When she came to the King's fair court, she knockèd at the ring;
So ready was the king himself to let this fair maid in.
"O Christ save you my gracious Liege, your body Christ save and see;
You have a knight within your court this day hath robbèd me."

"What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid, of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took the gay gold ring from off thy finger small?"
"He hath not robbèd me, my Liege, of purple or of pall;
But he hath got my maiden-head, which grieves me most of all."

"Now if he be a batchelor, his body I'll give to thee;
But if he be a married man, high hangèd he shall be."
He called down his merry men all by one, by two and by three;
Sweet William us'd to be the first, but now the last comes he.

He brought her down full forty pound, ty'd up within a glove;
"Fair maid I give the same to thee, and seek another love."
"O I'll have none of your gold," she said, "nor I'll have none of your fee;
But I must have your fair body, the King hath given me."

Sweet William ran and fetcht her then five hundred pound in gold,
Saying "Fair maid, take this unto thee, thy fault will never be told."
"'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt," these words then answered she –
"But I must have your own body, so the King hath granted me."

"Would I had drunk the fair water, when I did drink the wine,
That ever and Shepherd's daughter should be a fair lady of mine.
Would that I had drank the puddle wate, when I did drink the ale,
That ever any Shepherd's daughter should have told me such a tale."

"A Shepherd's daughter as I was, you might have let me be;
I'd ne'r a come to the King's fair court to have carv'd any love of thee."
He set her on a milk-white steed, and himself upon a gray,
He hung a bugle around his neck, and so they rode away.

But when they came unto the place where marriage rights was done,
She prov'd herself a Duke's daughter and he but a Squire's son.
"Now you have married me, Sir Knight, your pleasures will be free;
If you make me Lady of one good town, I'll make you Lord of three."

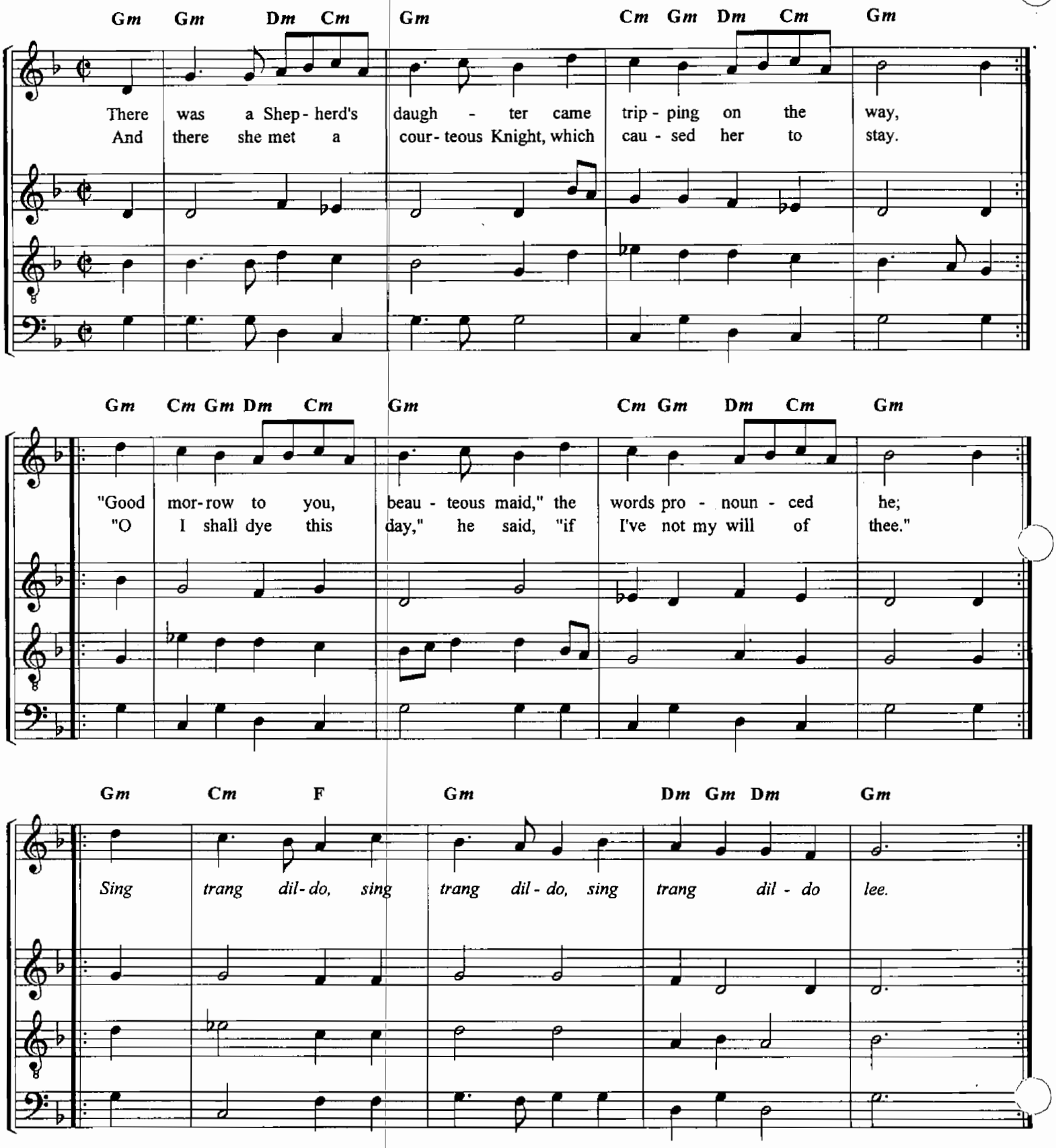
"Accursèd be the gold," he said, "if thou hadst not been true,
That should have parted thee from me, to have changed thee for a new."
Their hearts being so linkèd fast, and joynèd hand in hand,
He had both purse and person too, and all at his command.

Parson upon Dorothy

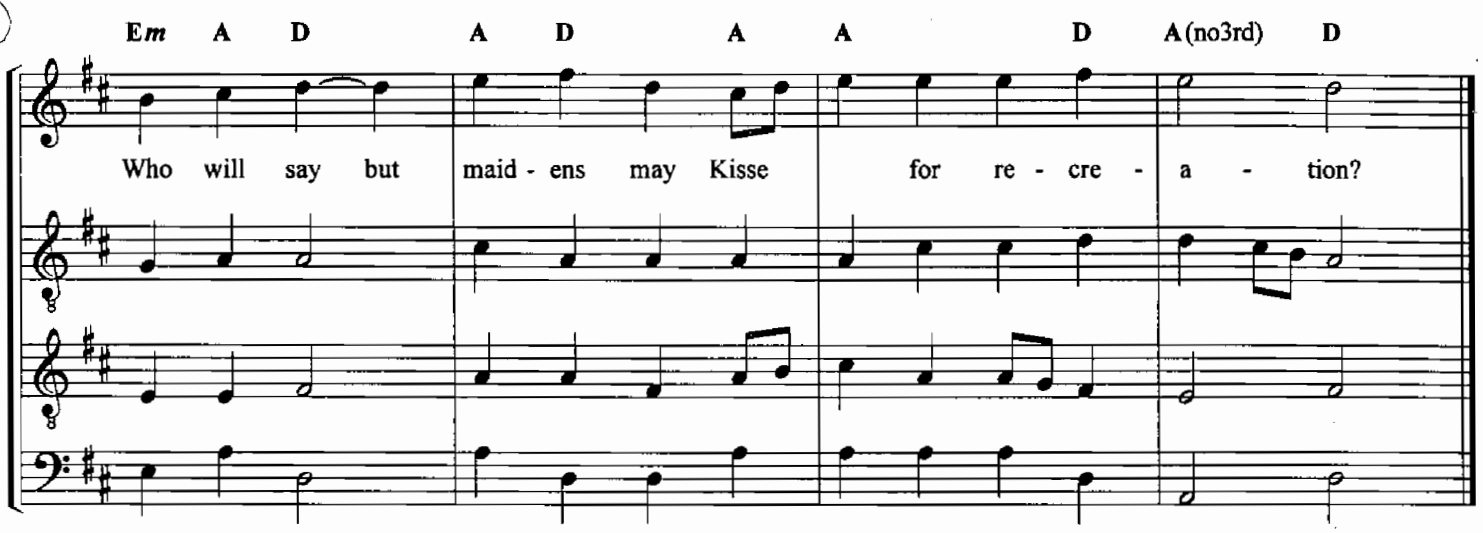
The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia

from the Dancing Master, 2nd edition, 1652
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics from the Roxburghe Ballads



Setting by Steven Hendricks



Maidens faire, have a care,
  Chastitie is fading;
Want of grace in a place
  Made her use her trading:
I did think her for to be
  Chaster than Diana;
But the boy hath blinded me
  More than ever any.

She did sweare and protest,
  With fluent teares weeping,
Above all men she loved me best,
  And said I was her sweeting:
But, alas! False it was,
  Chastitie was fading;
Every one may freely chuse
  Her beauty that loves trading.

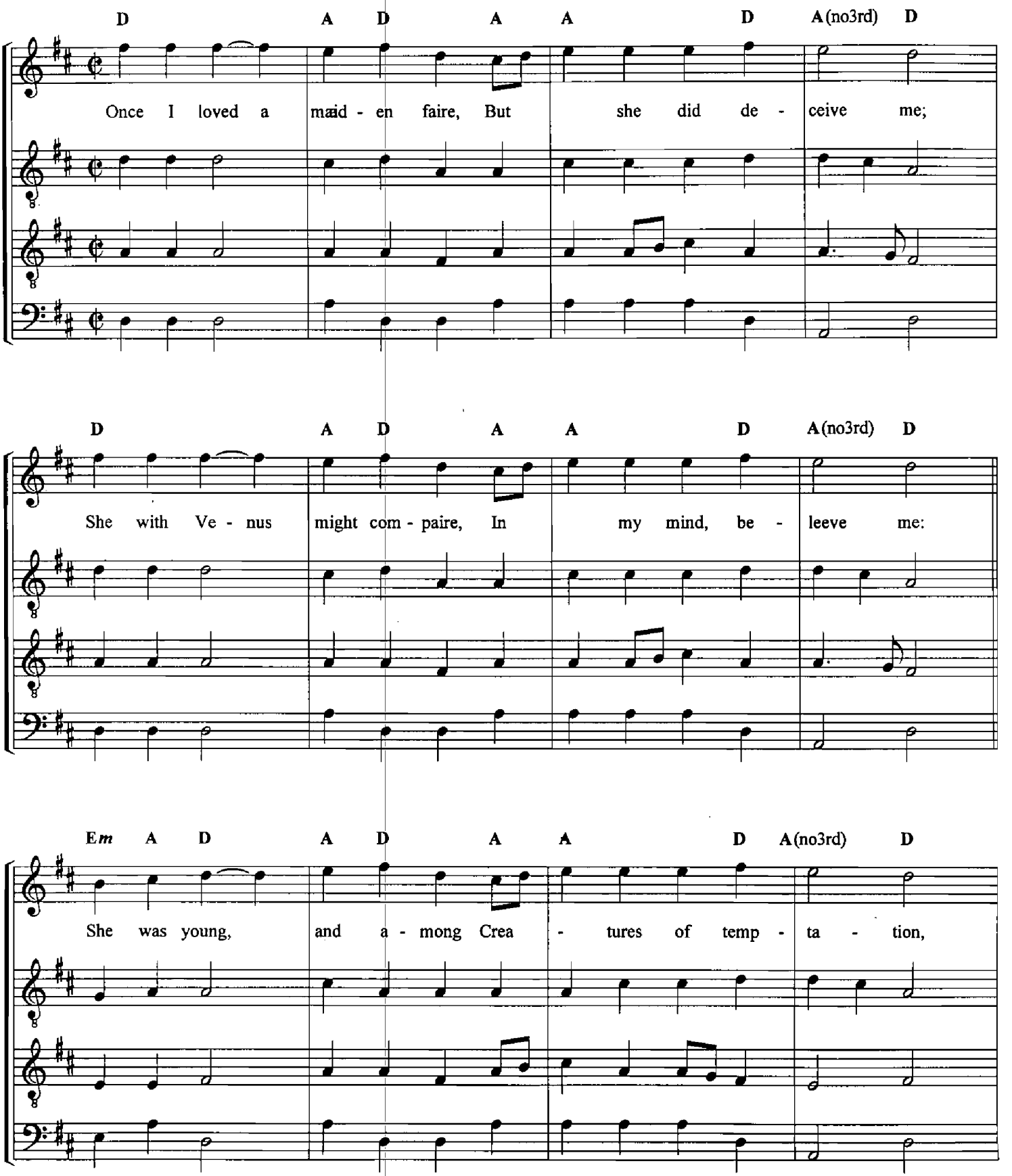
Then let young men be advis'd,
  Trust not any wanton.
Beauty being to high-prizd,
  Finds such ground to plant on
That no man, do what he can,
  Shall confine their duties;
They will gad, and be mad
  To shew forth their beauties.

Happy he who never knew
  What to love belongèd
Maidens wavering and untrue
  Many a man have wrongèd!
So hath she wrongèd me
  By her false love dissembling;
For to heare her to sweare
  Oft my heart was trembling.

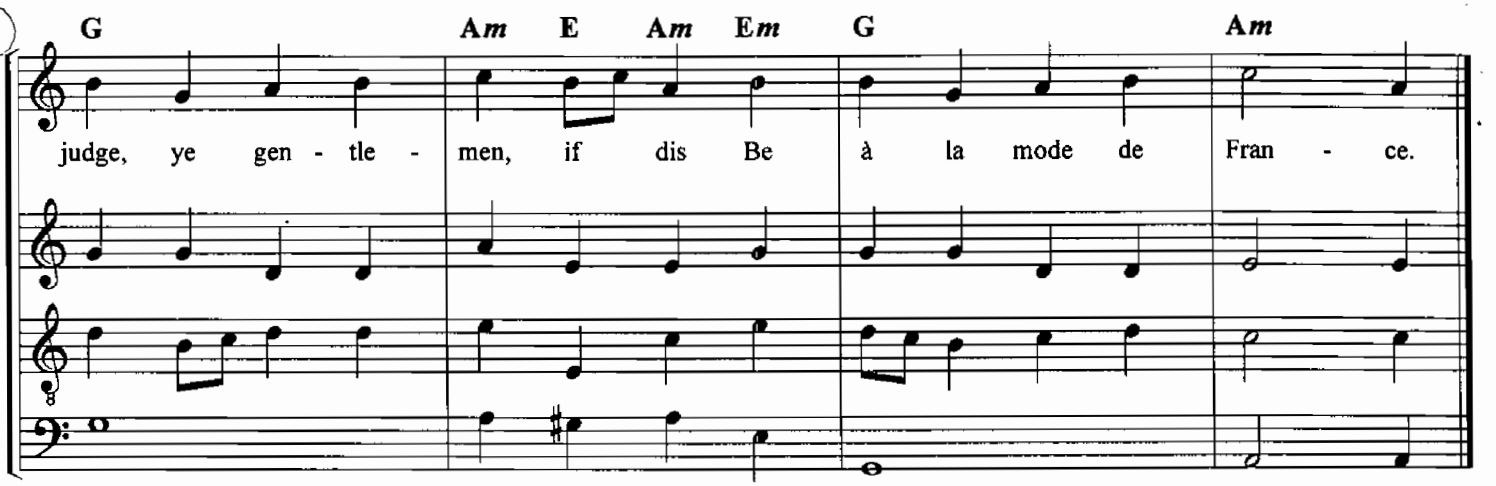
Once I loved a maiden fair

from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Thomas Symcock
From the Roxburghe Ballads



Setting by Steven Hendricks



A vise man dere is like a ship
  Dat strike upon de shelves,
Dey prison all, behead and vip
  All viser dan demselves;
Dey send out men to fetch deyr king,
  Who may come home, perchance:
O fy, fy, fy it is be gar,
  Not à la mode de France.

Dey raise deyr valiant prentices
  To guard deyr cause with clubs;
Dey turn deyr Bishops out of doors,
  And preash demselves in tubs;
De cobler and de tinker, too,
  Dey vill in time advance;
Gar take them all, it it (mort Dieu)
  Not à la mode de France.

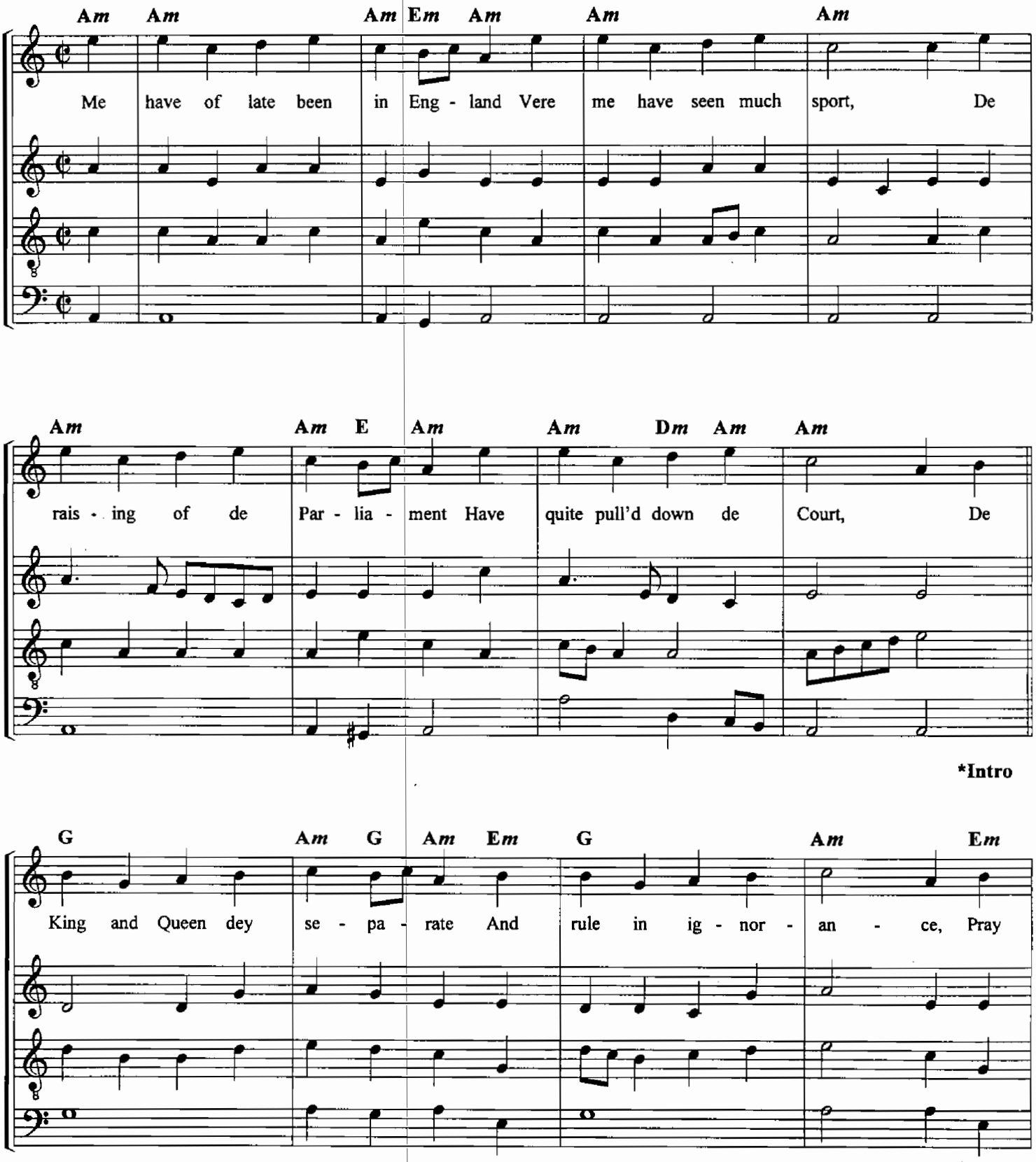
Instead of bowing to deyr king,
  Dey vex him vith epistles;
Dey furnish all deyr souldiers out
  Vith bodkins, spoons and vhistles;
Dey bring deyr gold and silver in,
  De Brownists to advance,
And if dey be cheat of it all,
  'Tis à la mode de France.

But if ven deyr vealth be gone,
  Dey turn unto deyr king,
Dey vill all make amends again,
  Den merrily ve vill sing,
Vive le Roy, vive le Roy,
  Ve'll sing, carouse and dance,
De English men have done fort bon,
  And à la mode de France.

Nonesuch
A la mode de France

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

Lyrics by Anon.



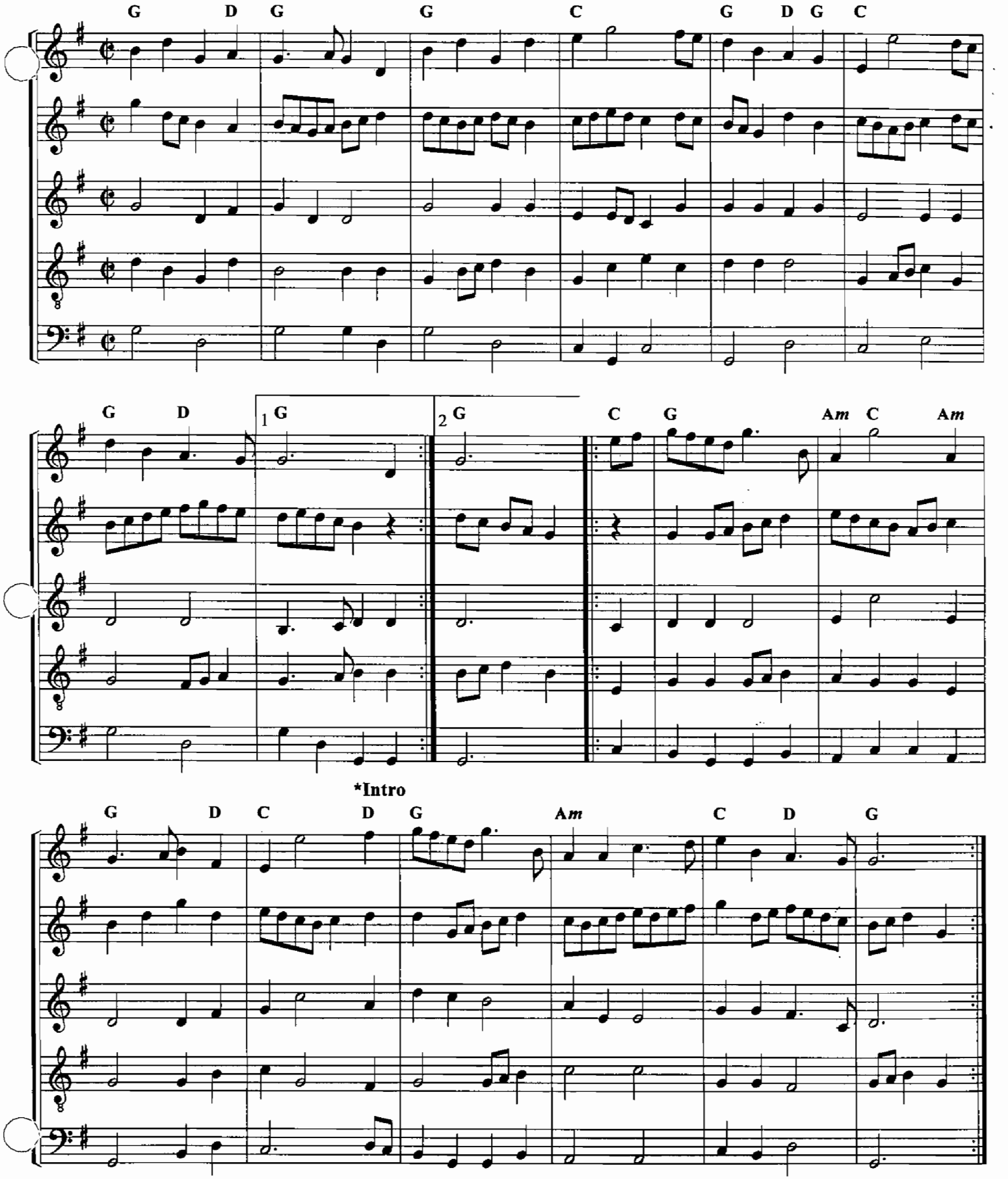
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Newcastle

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

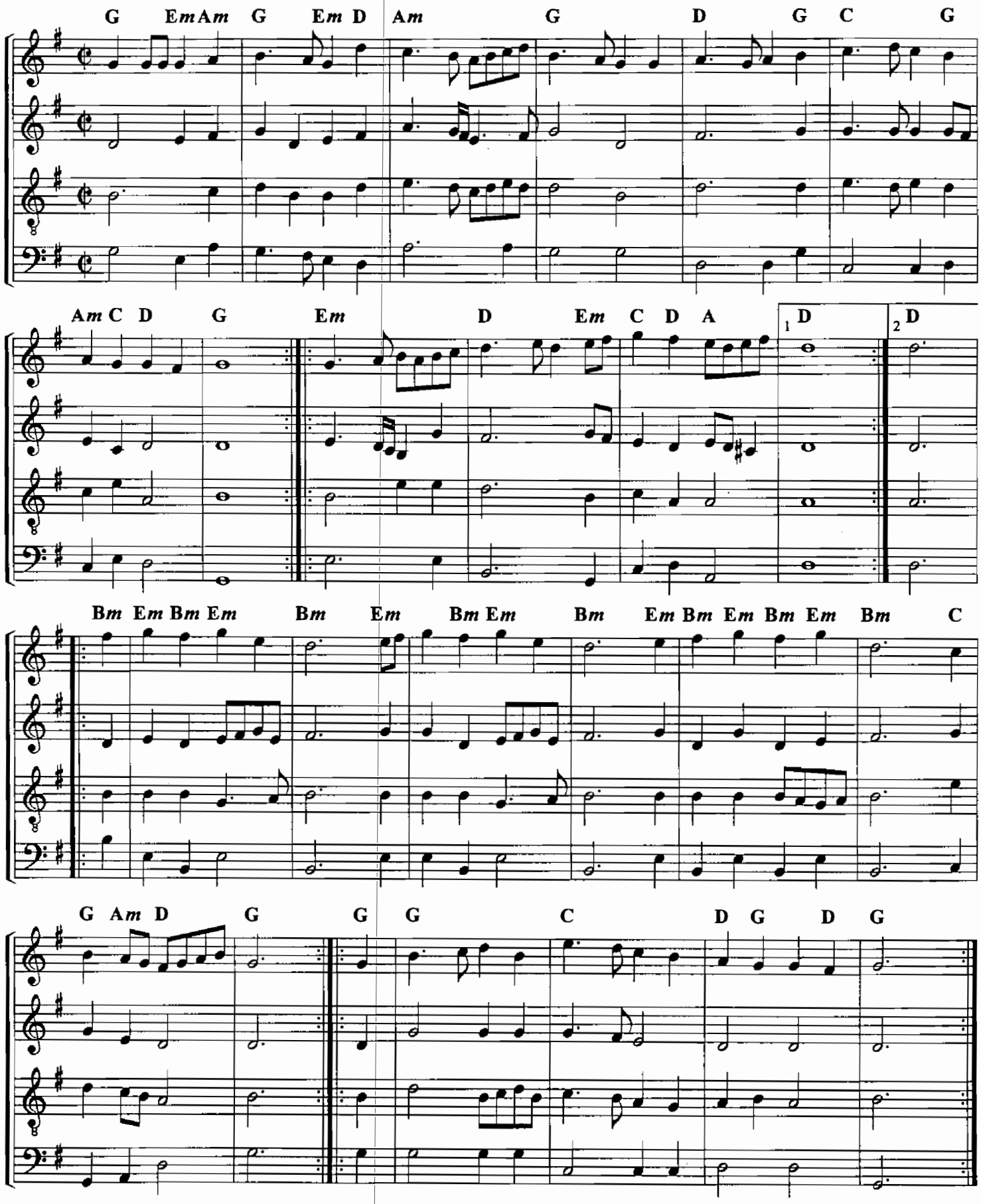


Setting by Steven Hendricks

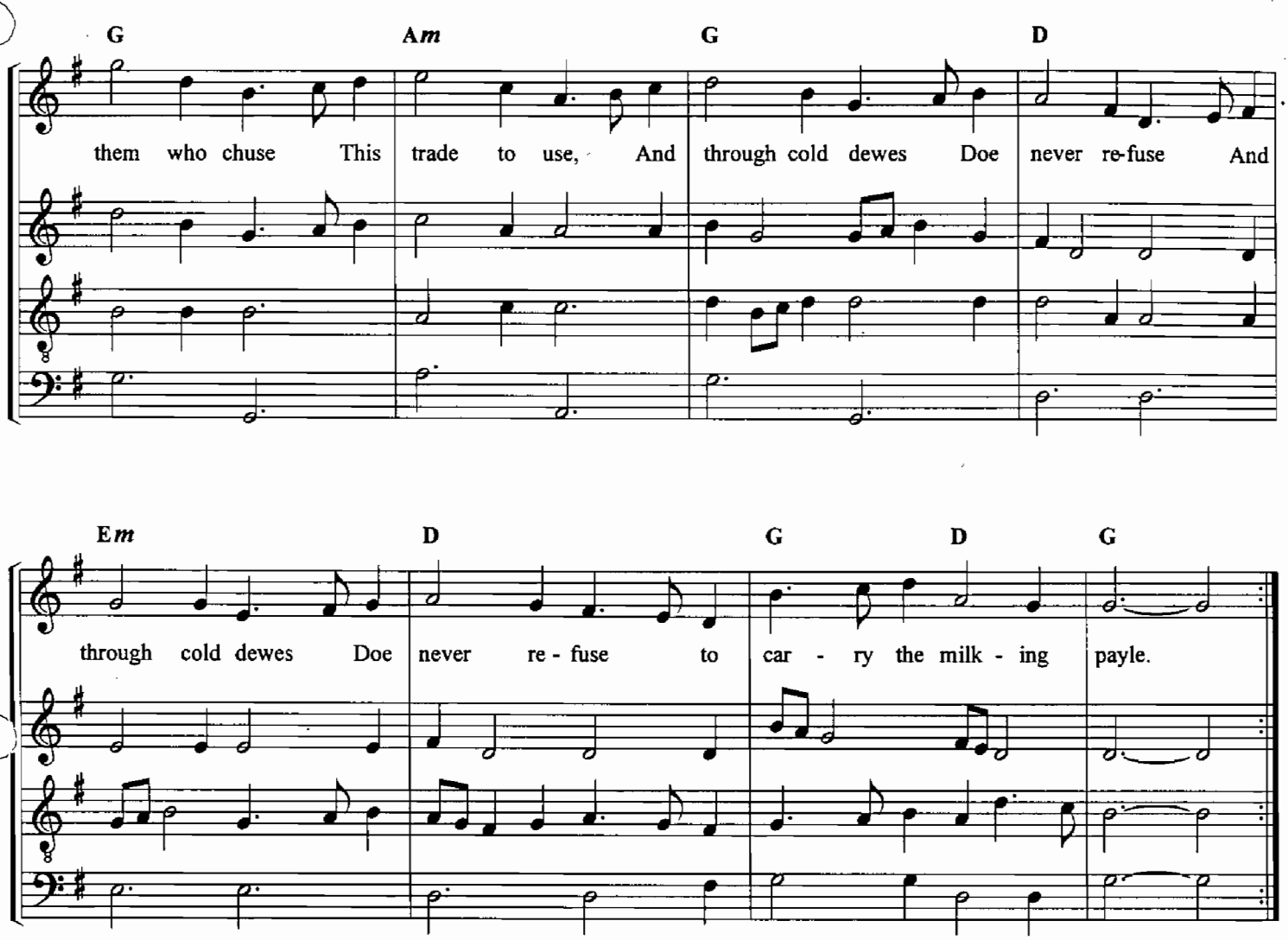
Mundesse

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks



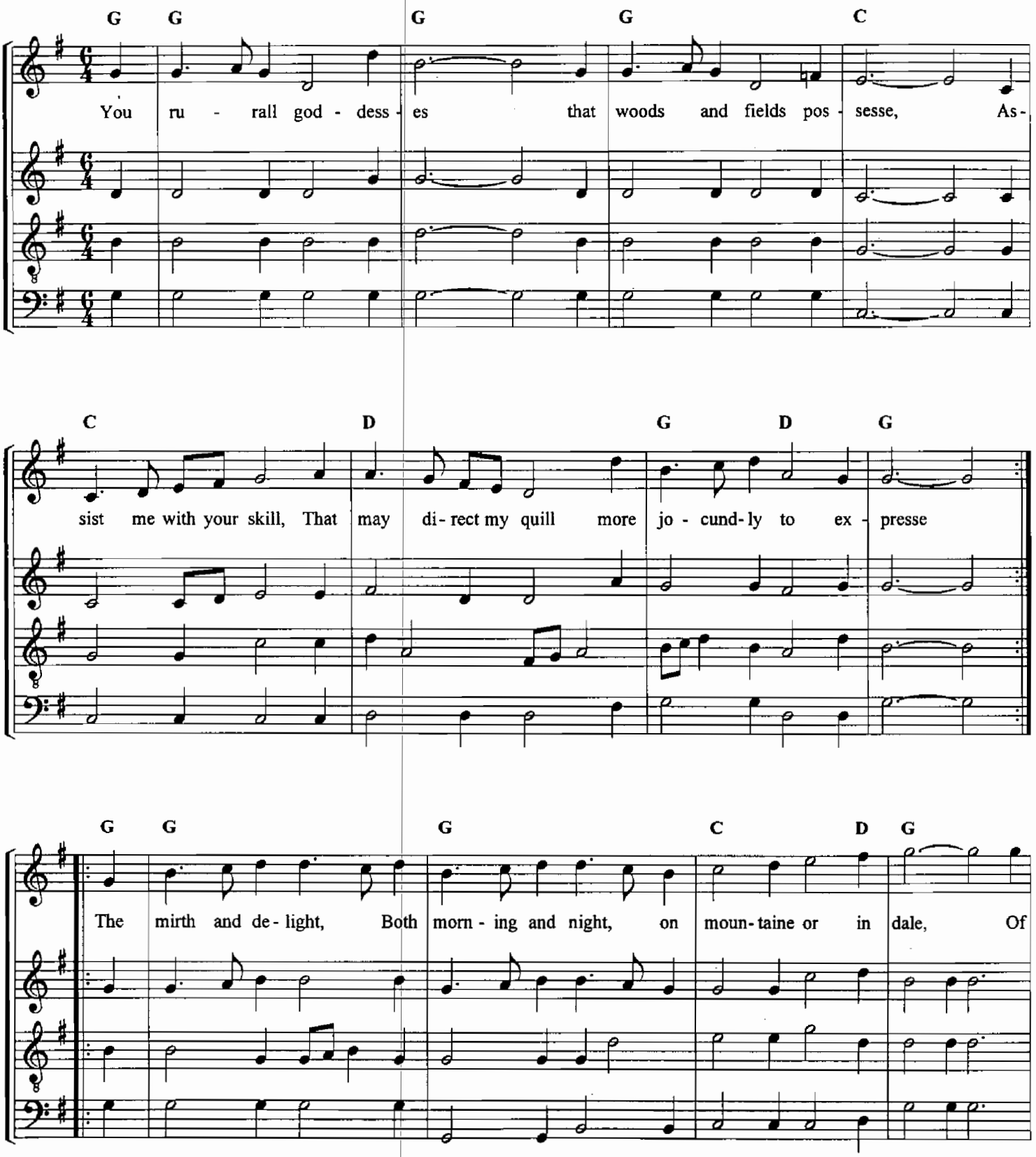
The bravest lasses gay
  live not so merry as they;
In honest civill sort
They make each other sport,
  as they trudge on their way:
Come faire or foule weather,
They're fearefull of neither;
  their courages never quaile:
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye,
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny,
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
  to carry the milking paile.

Their hearts are free from care,
  they never will despaire,
What ever them befall;
They bravely beare out all,
  & Fortune's frownes out-dare.
They pleasantly sing,
To welcome the spring;
  'gainst heaven they never rayle.
If grasse wel grow,
Their thankes they show,
And, frost or snow,
They merrily goe,
And, frost or snow,
The merrily goe
  along with the milking paile.

The merry, merry milkmaids
The Milke-maid's Life

from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Thomas Lambert



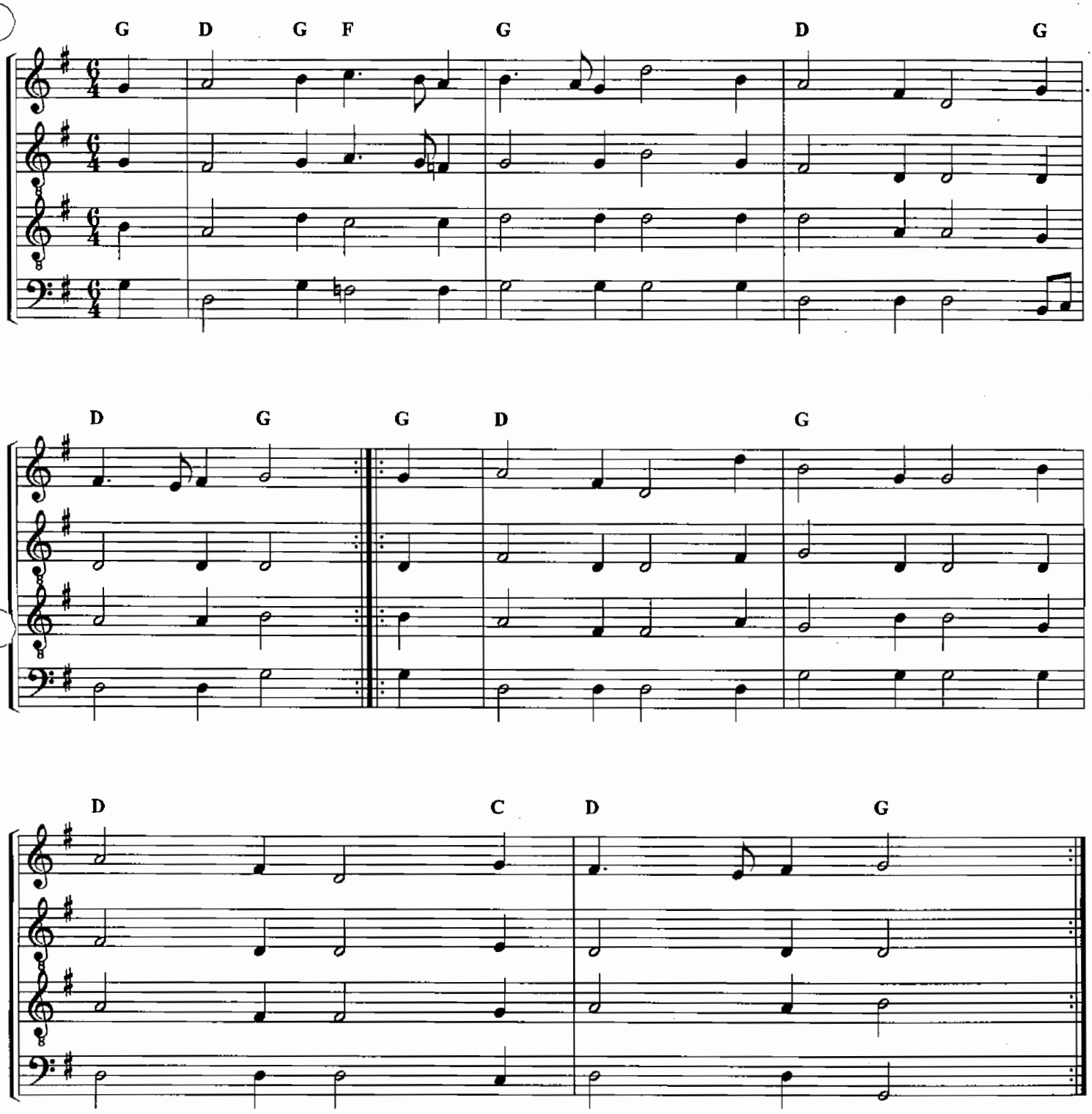
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Millfield

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

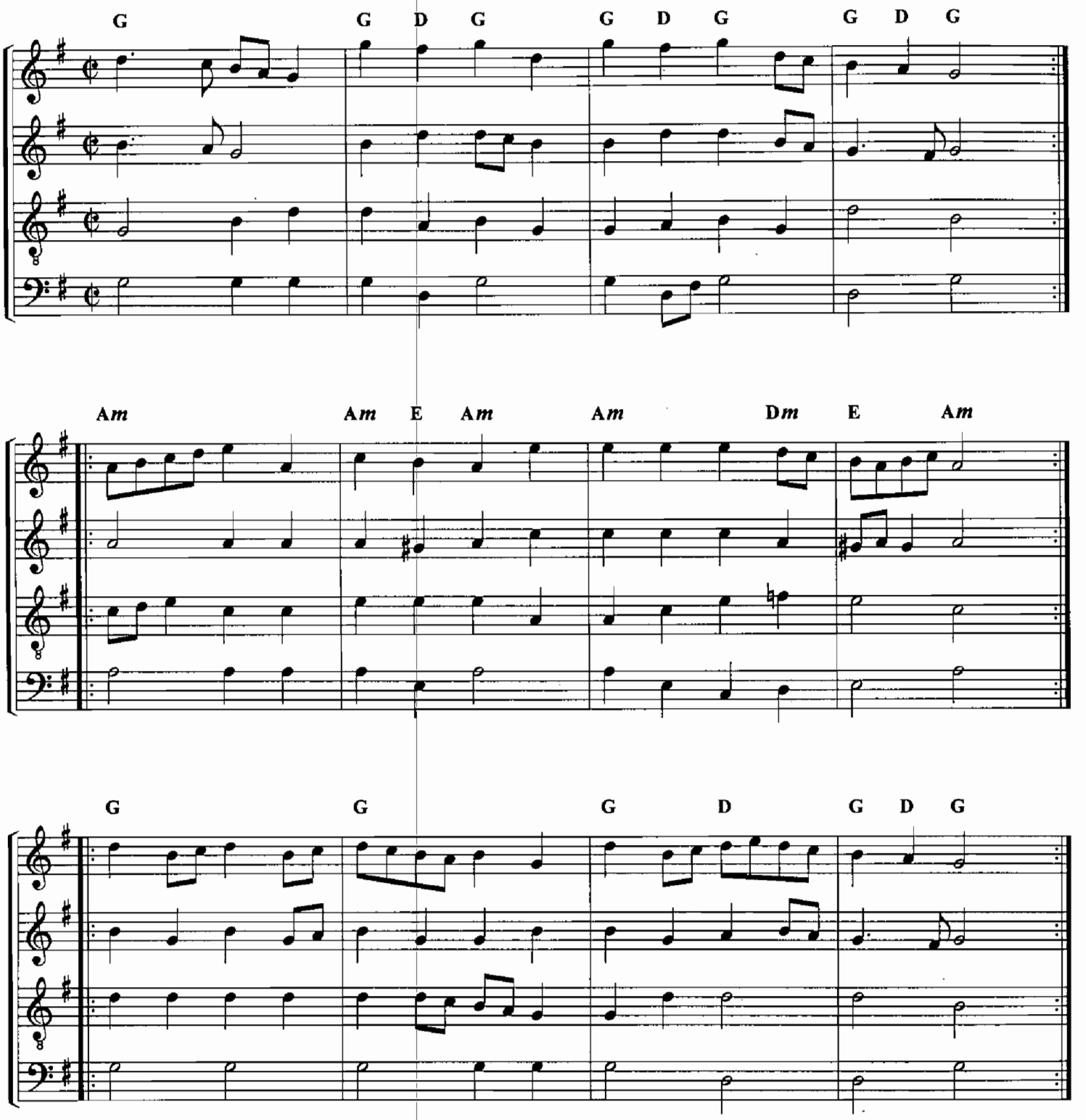


Setting by Steven Hendricks

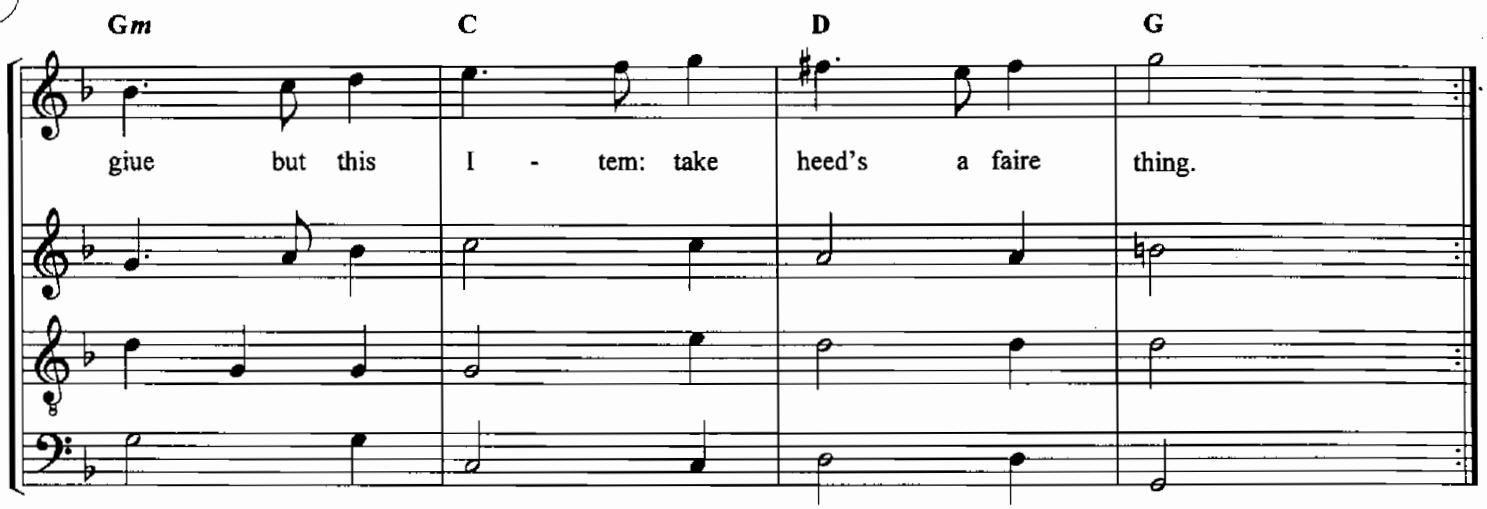
Maiden Lane

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks



Be sure aboue all things,
that God thou doe serue,
That safely from dangers,
doth still thee preserue:
Him laud for his mercy,
and praise to him sing,
And of that be not slacke:
take heed's a faire thing.

Let no tempting harlot
bewitch or intice,
To sell that for lust,
which did cost such a price,
As his that died for thee,
to heauen thee to bring,
If thou wilt goe thither:
take heed's a faire thing.

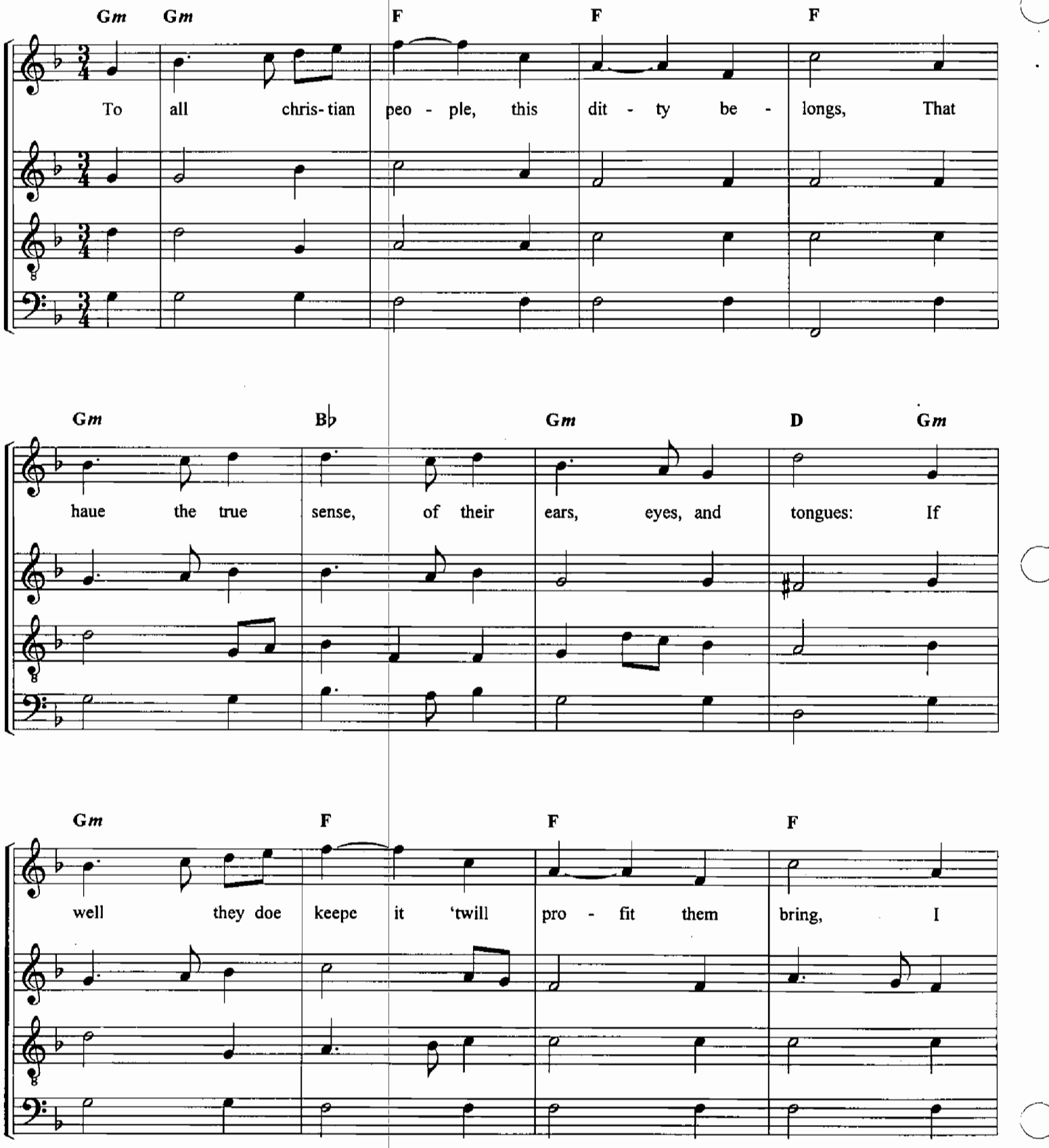
If much thou possessest,
be good to the poore,
Let Charity neuer,
depart from thy doore,
Then fame of thy bounty,
and goodnesse shall sing,
But if thou doe other,
take heed's a faire thing.

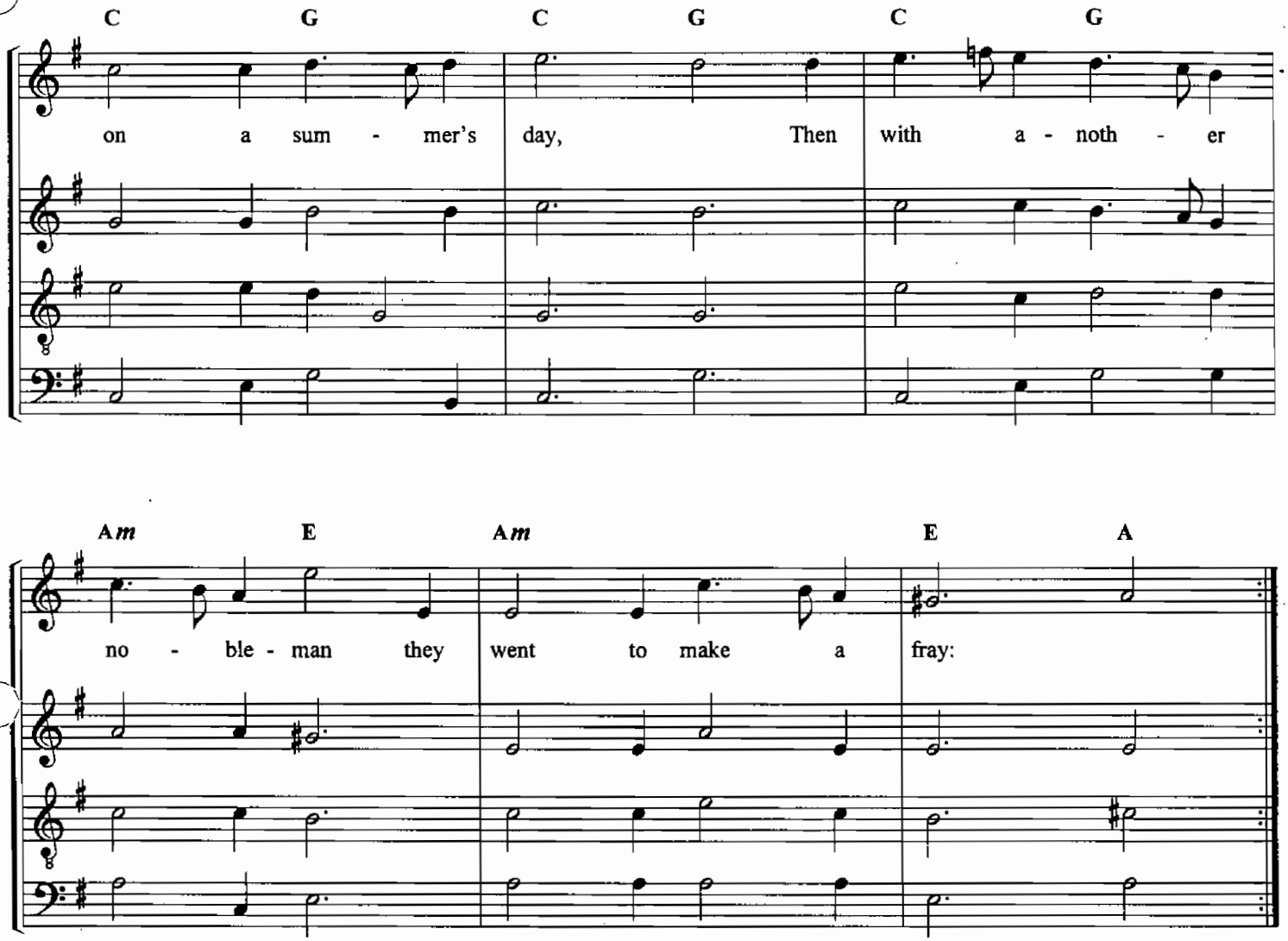
Thus doing content
with true peace shalt thou find,
And nothing disturbe thee,
in body or minde:
And after death brings thee
where Angels doe sing,
Thou shalt liue for euer.
Take heed's a faire thing.

Mage on a Cree
Good Admonition

from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by Edward Blackmore
From the Pepys Collection of Ballads





Whose name was Sir John Barley-corne;
he dwelt down in a dale;
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
they cal'd him Thomas Goodale.
Another namèd Richard Beere
was ready at that time;
Another worthy knight was ther,
call'd Sir William White Wine.

Some of them fought in a Blacke-Jacke,
some of them in a Can;
But the chiefest in a Blacke-pot,
like a worthy noble man.
Sir John Barley-corne fought in a boule,
who wonne the victorie,
And made them all to fume and sweare
that Barley-corne should die.

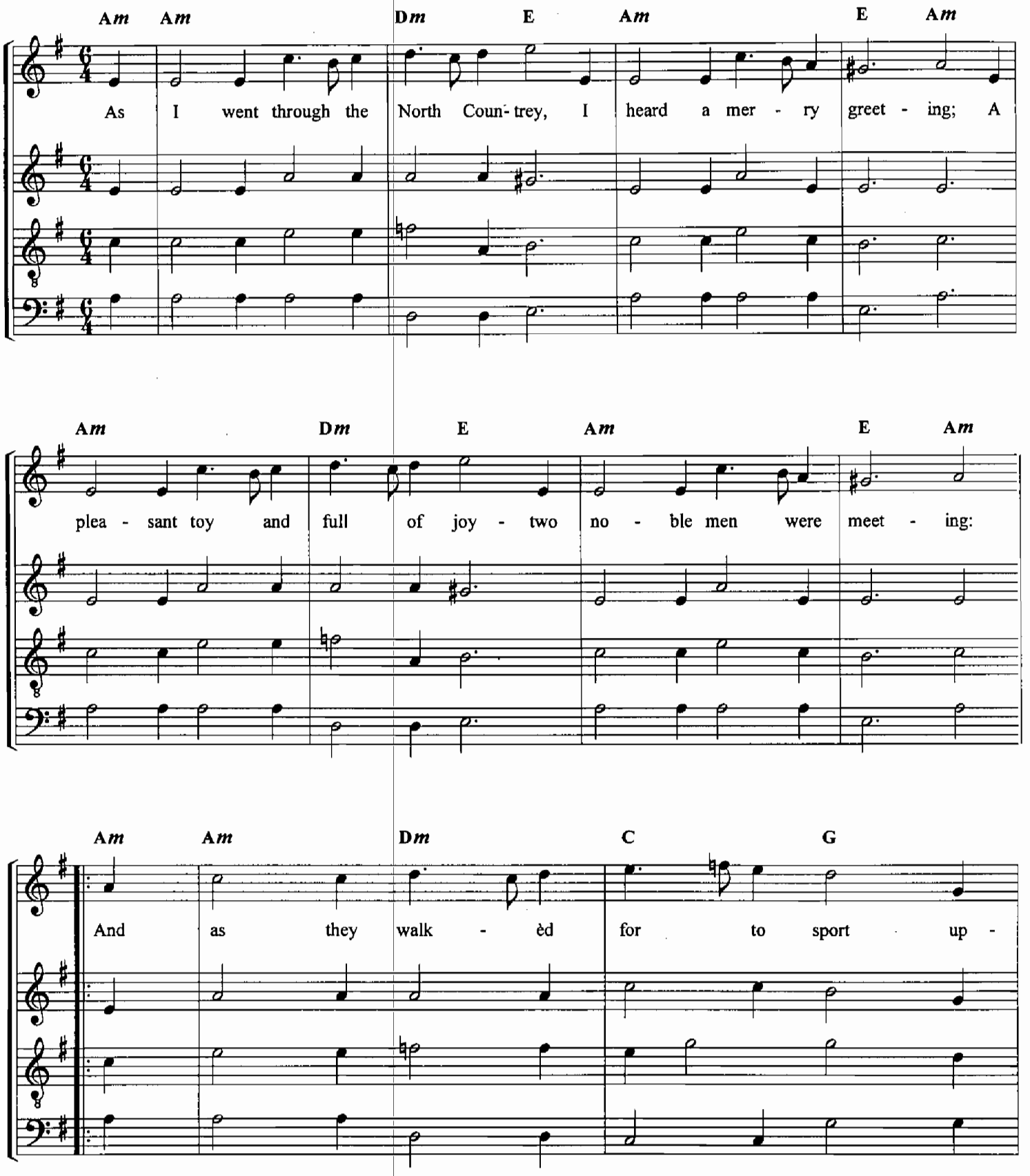
When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And there he tooke their tongues away,
their legs, or else their sight,
And thus Sir John, in each respect,
so paid them all their hire,
That some lay sleeping by the way,
some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groning by the wals,
some in the streets downe right;
The best of them did scarcely know
what they had done ore-night.
All you good wives that brew good ale,
God turne from you all teene;
But if you put too much water in,
The devill put out your eyne!

Lull me beyond thee
Sir John Barley-corne

from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by John Wright
From the Roxburghe Ballads



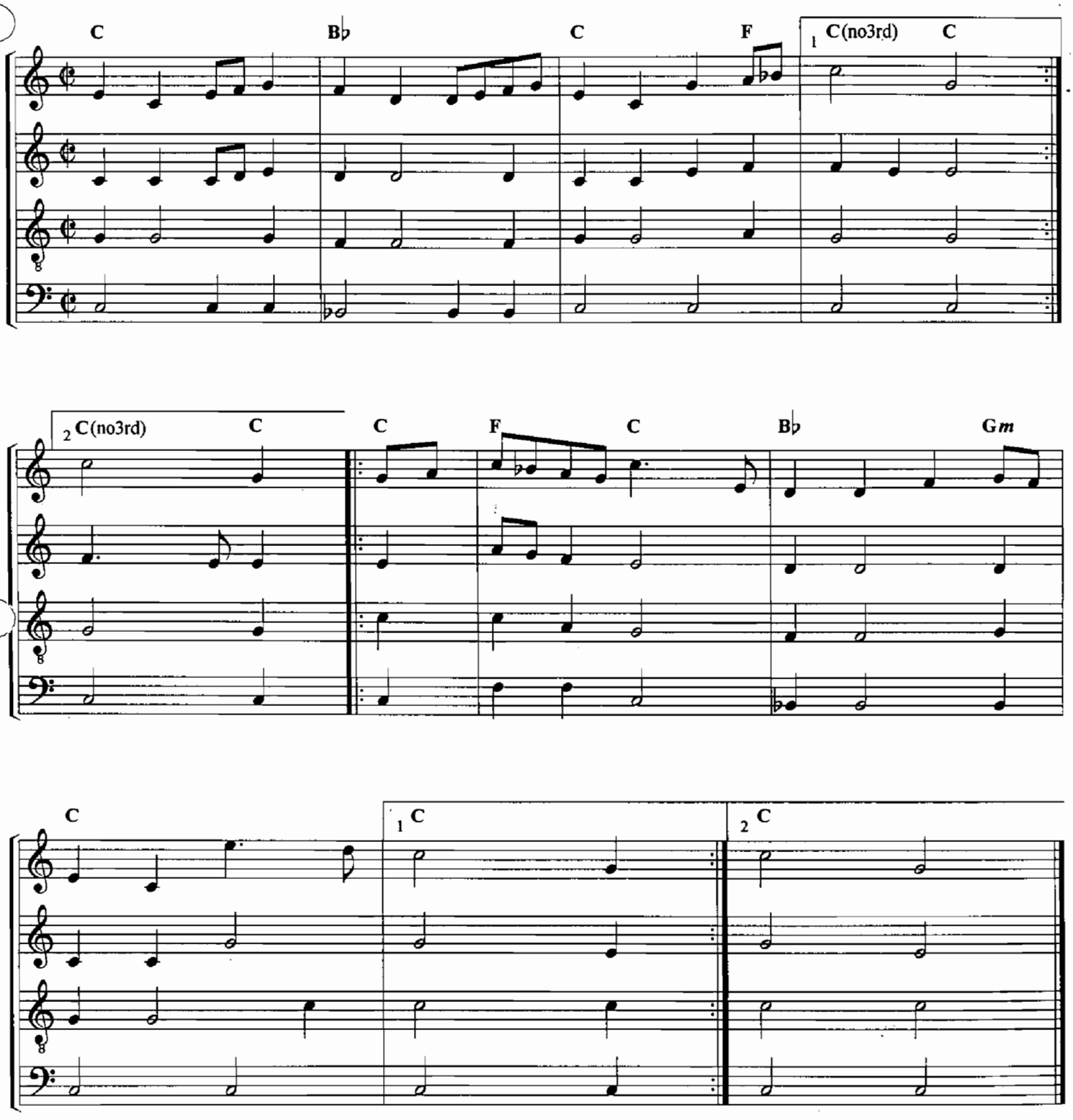
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Lord of Carnarvan's Jig

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



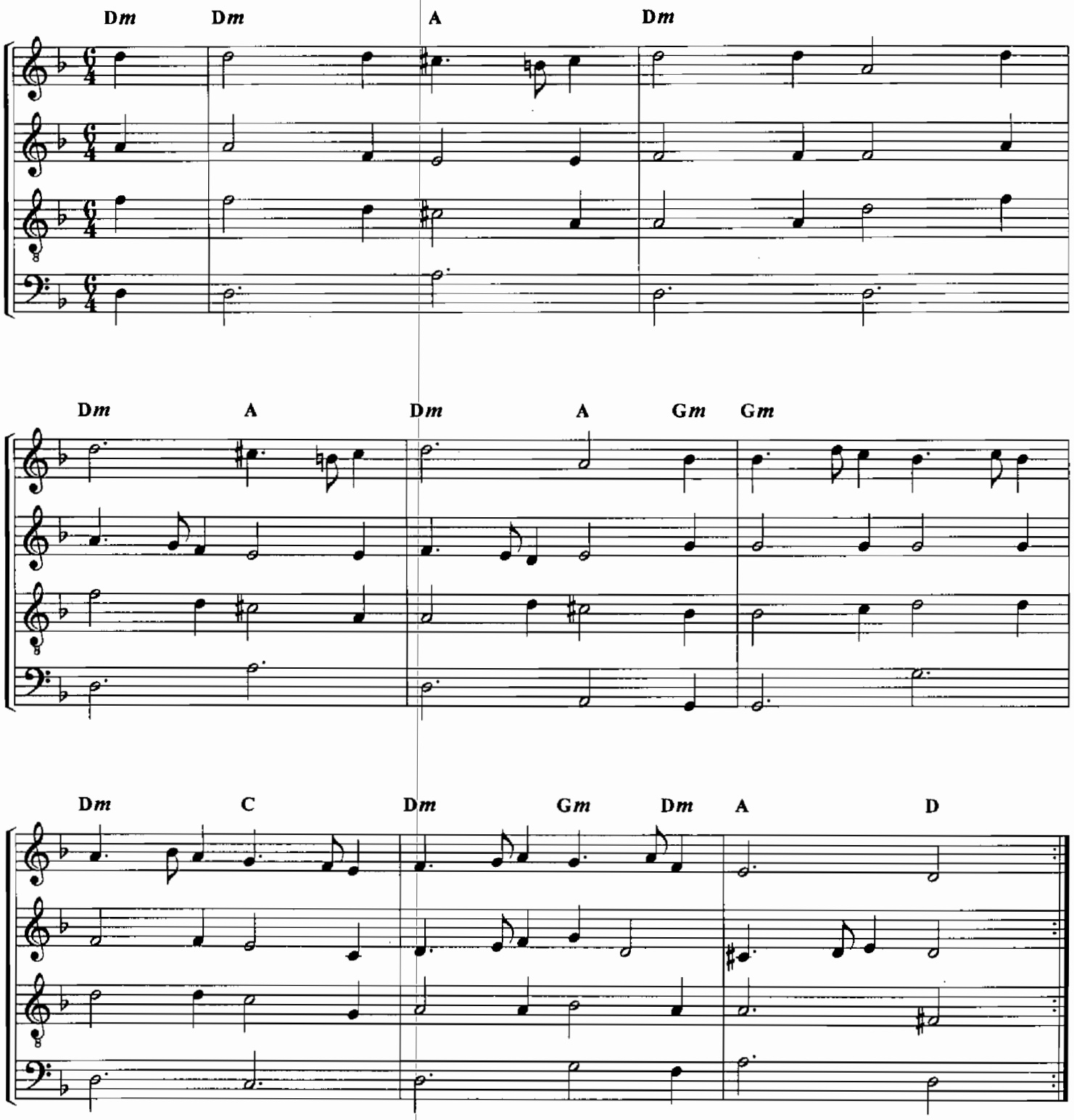
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

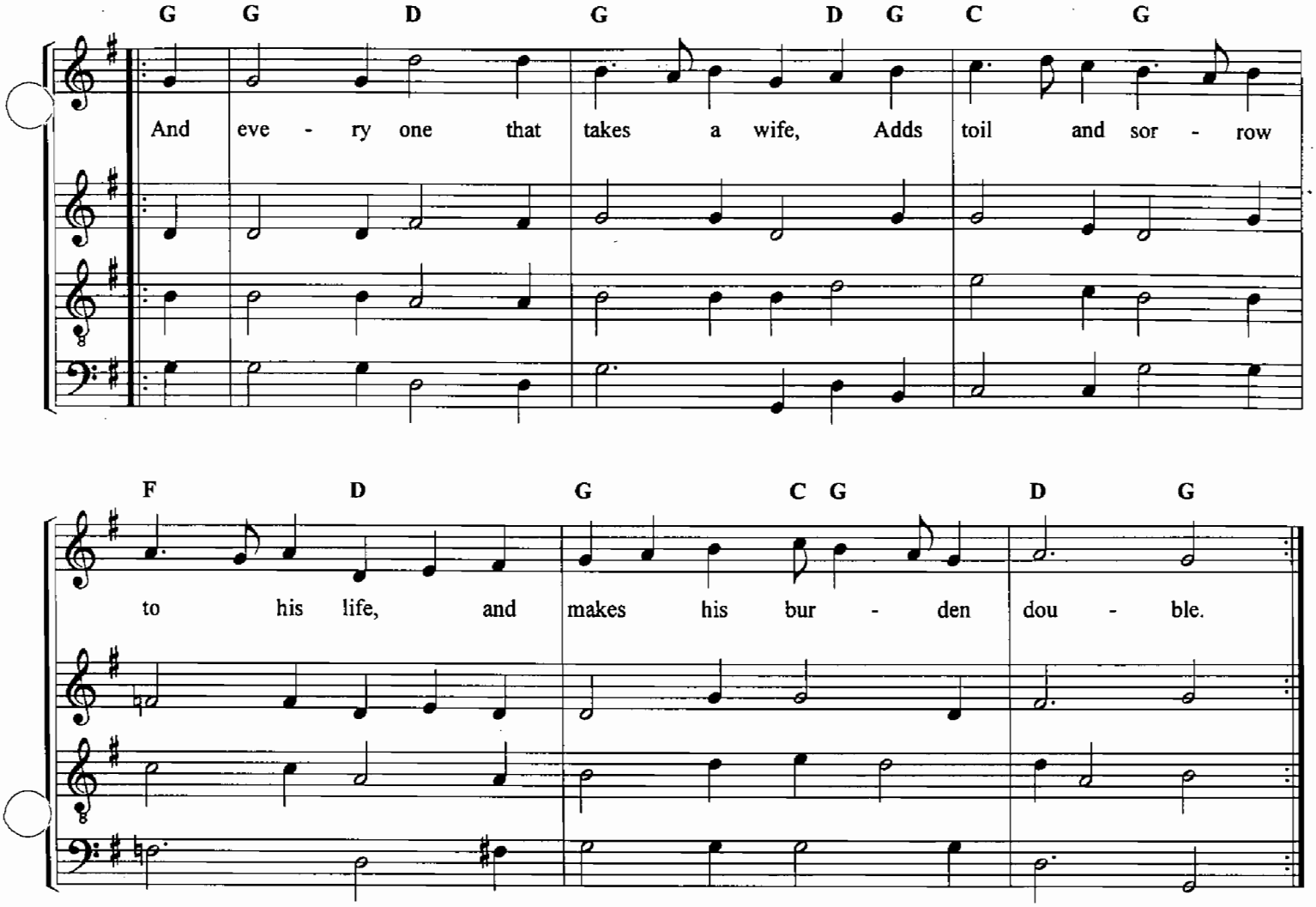
Lavena

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks



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

Then certainly a batchelor's life
is a most precious treasure;
He that doth suddenly marry a wife
will surely repent at leisure;
For when he hath been snub'd and curb'd,
And almost all the night disturb'd,
yet must he rise at her pleasure.

"Robin" (quoth she) "'tis time to rise,"
and thumps him on the shoulder,
"The hogs want swilling in the sties!"
at length she speaketh bolder --
Calling him fool and logger-head,
And with her feet quite out of the bed
she thrusts the poor house-holder.

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

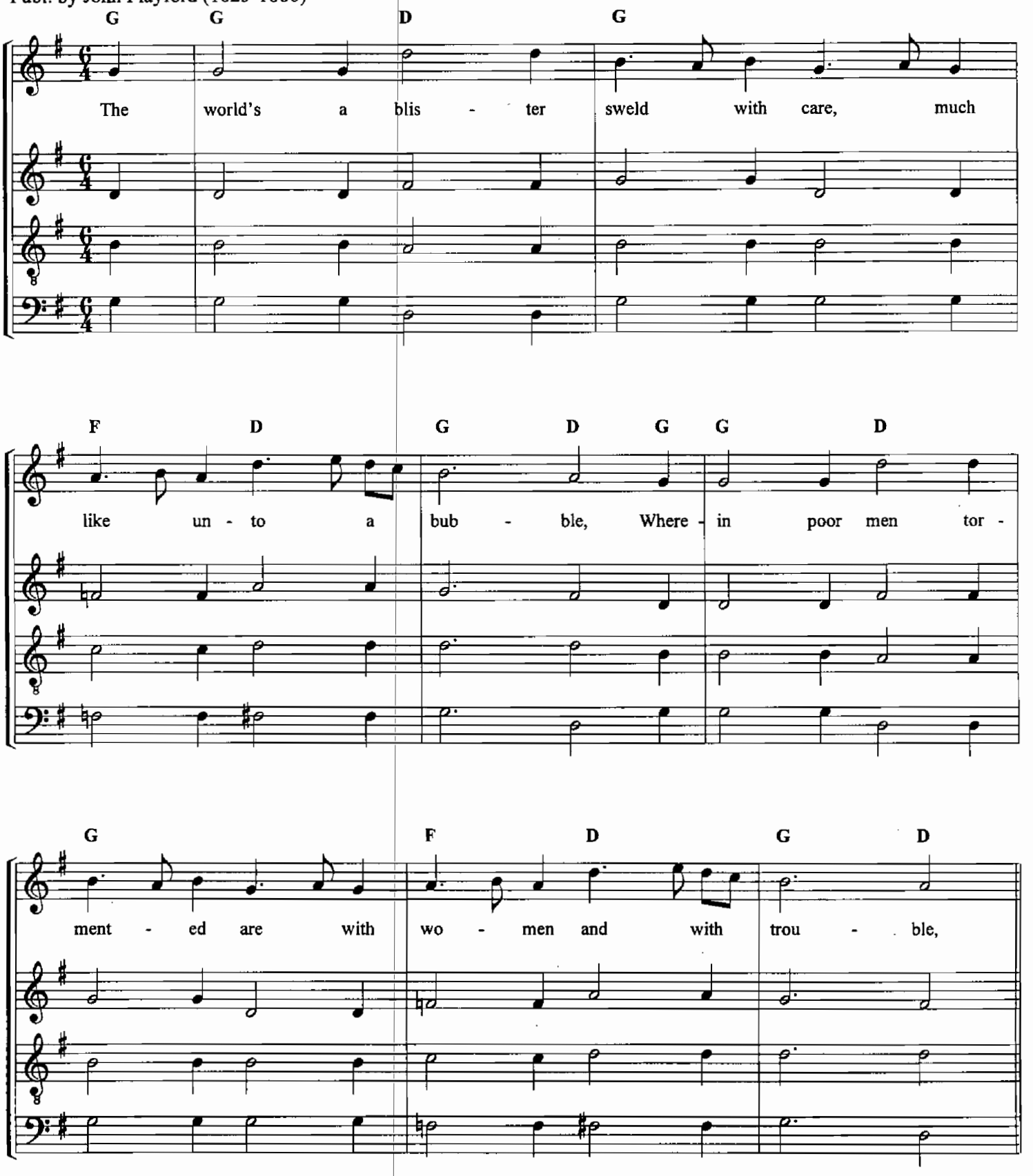
And therefore I will single live,
in spight of lust and passion;
Pure virgins good examples give,
and worth our imitation.
For before matrimony arose,
The mode of wearing yellow hose
and horns were out of fashion.

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

The King's delight
The Batchelor's Delight

from the 2nd supplement to the Dancing Master,
3rd edition, 1665
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by F.G.
From the Roxburghe Ballads

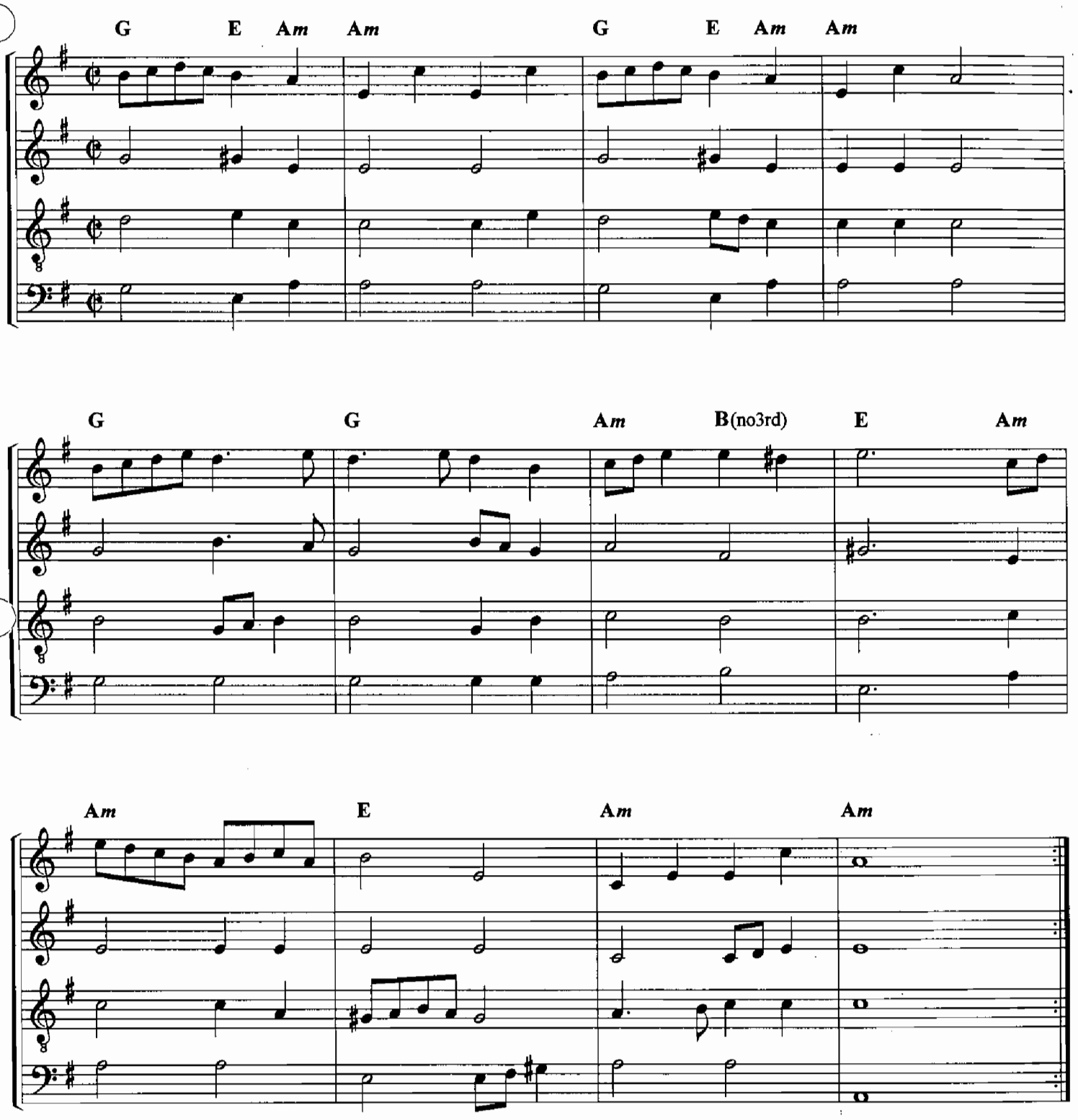


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Kettle drum

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



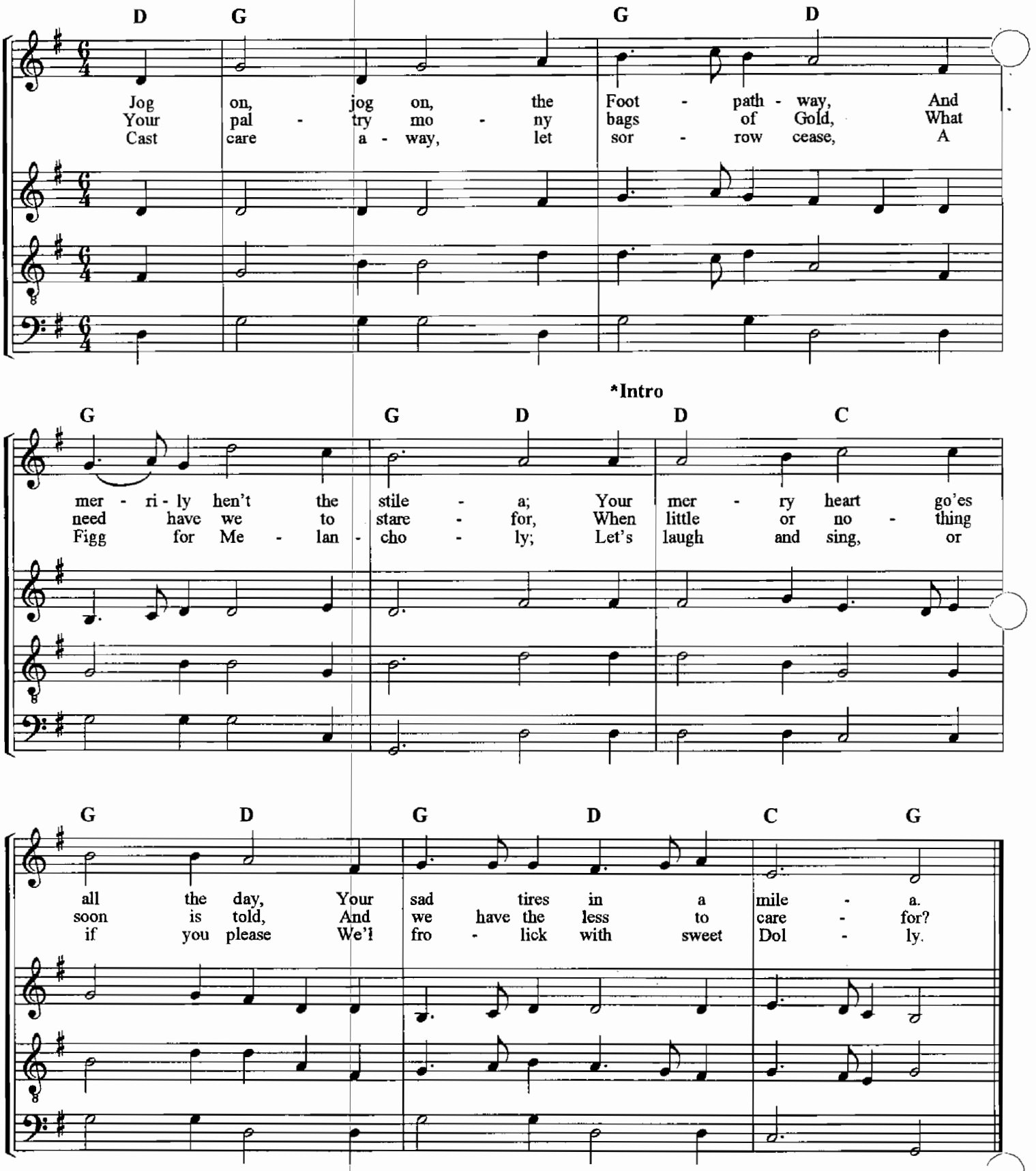
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Jog On

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Originally a fifth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

A light heart's a jewell

Or,

The honest good blade who a free heart doth carry, And cares for nothing but to have 's owne vagary.

All you that merry lives doe lead
although your means bee little,
That seldome are o'erseene in bread,
nor take much thought for vittle:
Attend while I'le exemplyfie
the mind that I doe carry,
I take delight both morne and night
to have mine own vagary.

Though fortune have not lent me wealth,
as shee hath done to many,
Yet while I've liberty and health,
I'le bee as blith as any:
I'le beare an honest upright heart,
there's none shall prove contrary,
Yet now and then abroad I'le start,
and have mine own vagary.

No base profession will I chuse,
thereby to get my living,
No Kent-street maunding will I use,
my mind's more bent to giving:
I will not say I'm this and that,
with bug-beare boasts to scare ye,
Let coxcombs prate they knoe not what,
I'le have mine own vagary.

I am no haunter of the playes,
to picke poore people's purses,
Nor one that, every word he saies,
doth coyne new oathes and curses:
If I doe runne on tapsters' scores
to pay them I am wary,
Let others spend their means on whoors,
I love mine owne vagary.

No city shuffler, scarce of age
to have what fate hath left me,
No haire-brained asse that's full of rage;
reason hath not bereft me:
No great bum-bayly that may fright
my fearefull adversary,
But one that loves and takes delight
to have his own vagary.

No usurer that hords up trash,
nor yet a noted spender,
No borrowing sharke that never payes,
but to a friend a lender:
No swaggering pimp, that champion is
to Doll, to Kate, and Sary,
I hate such slavish offices,
those fit not my vagary.

I care not to weare Gallant raggs,
and owe the tailor for them,
I care not for those vaunting brags,
I ever did abhore them:
What to the world I seeme to bee
no man shall prove contrary,
My suites shall suite to my degree,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not much in company
to spend what is alloted;
I'le drink but for sufficiency,
I'le never be besotted:
When I doe feel my spirits dull,
a cup of old Canary
Will fill my heart with courage full,
and this is my vagary.

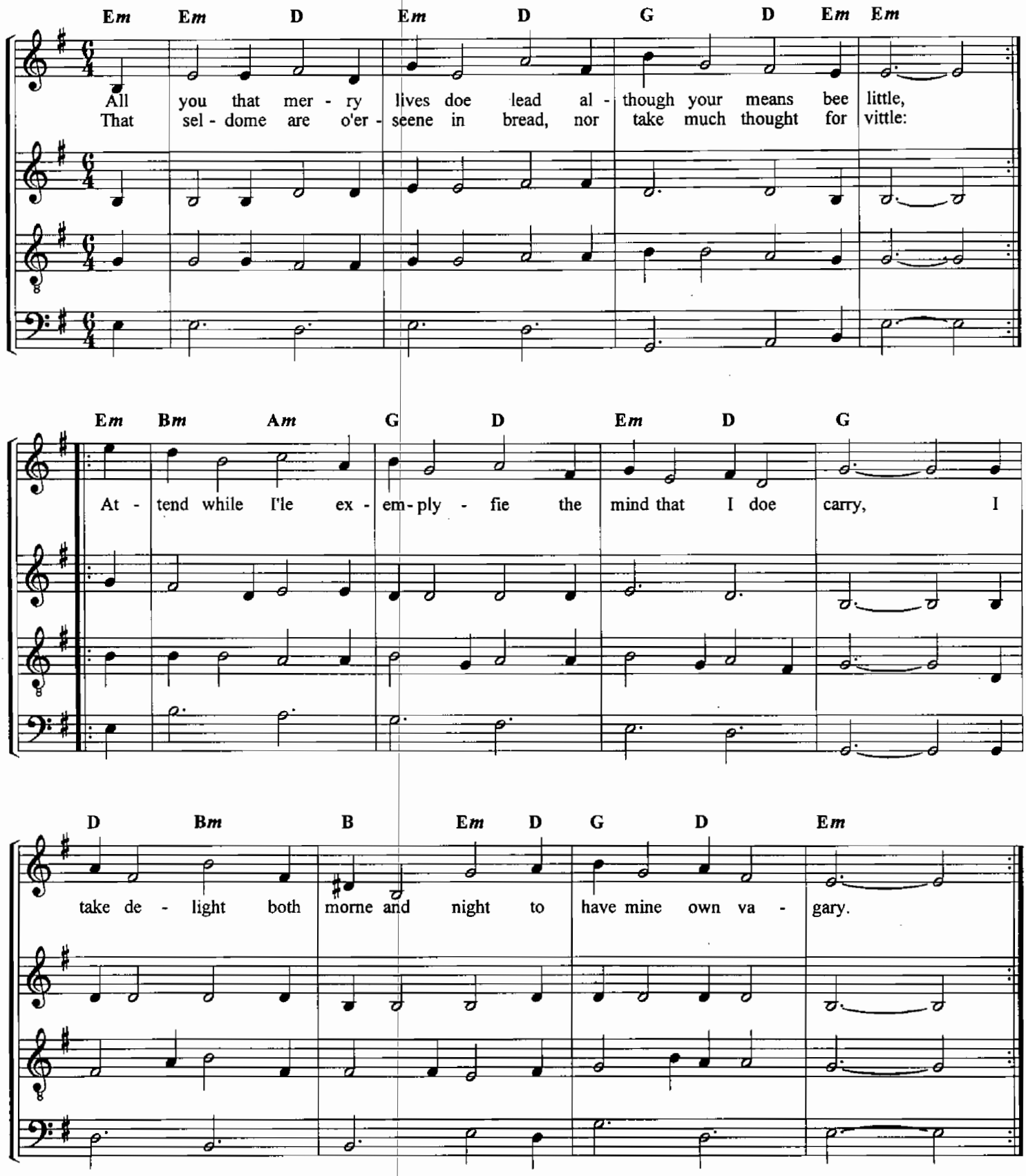
I care not for sad malcontent
that is the bane of nature;
I love good honest merriment,
and I'le despise no creature
That's for my use and sustinence;
and still I will bee wary
Least I exceed in my expence;
that fits not my vagary.

Still will I have an honest care
that none lyes wronged by mee,
I'le not build castles in the ayre.
Whoever lists to try me
Shall find in all that's promis'd heere
not any word contrary,
I envious censure doe not feare,
I'le have mine own vagary.

Jacke Pudding
A light heart's a jewell

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics from the Roxburghe Ballads

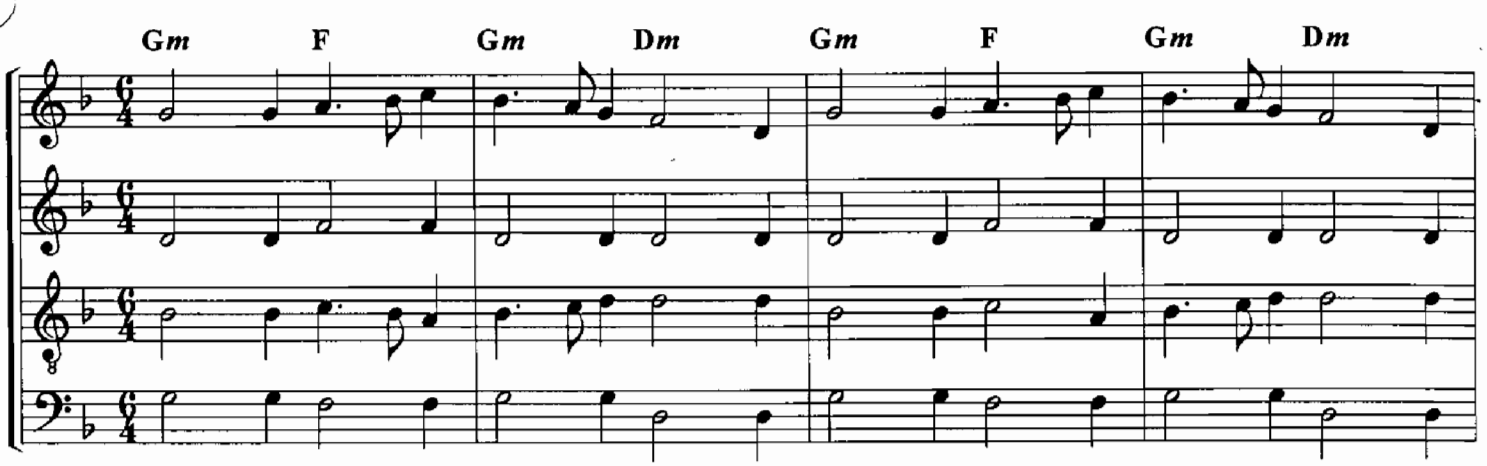


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Jenny Pluck Pears

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



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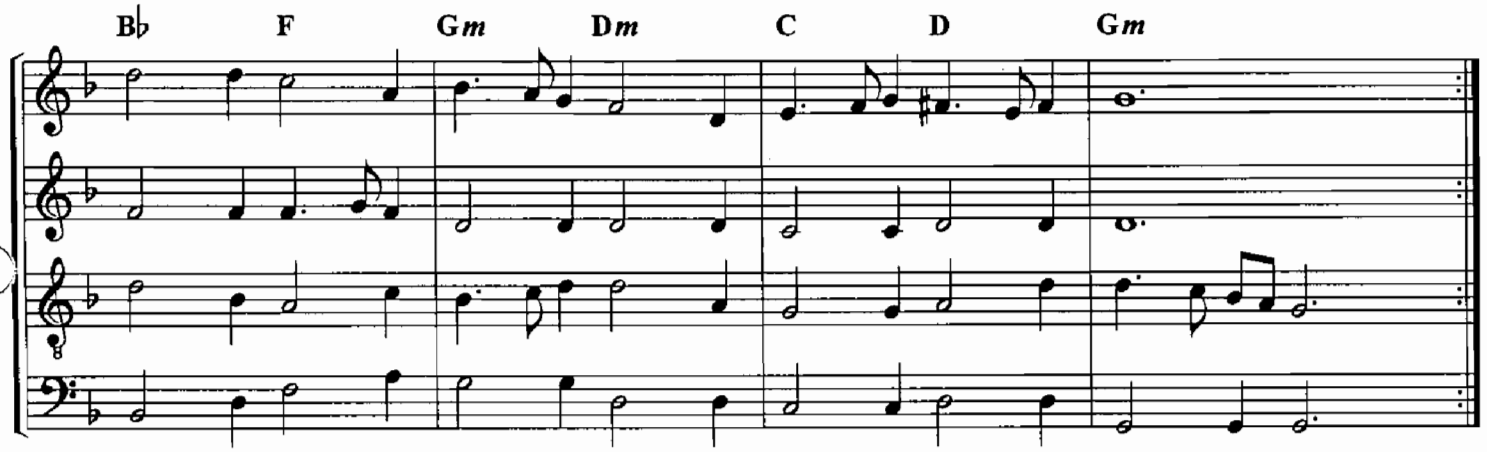
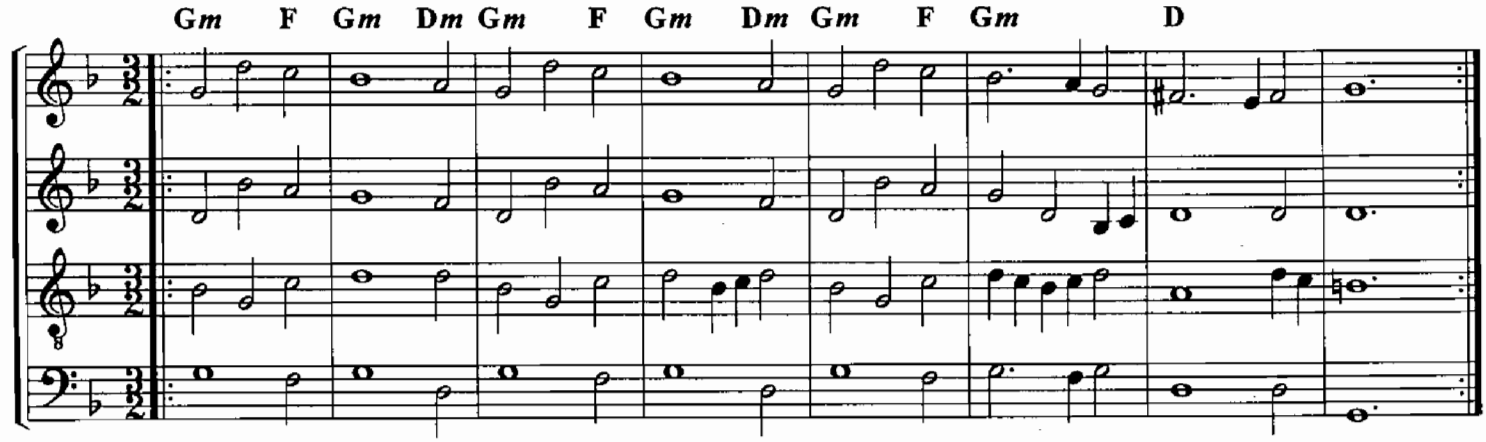


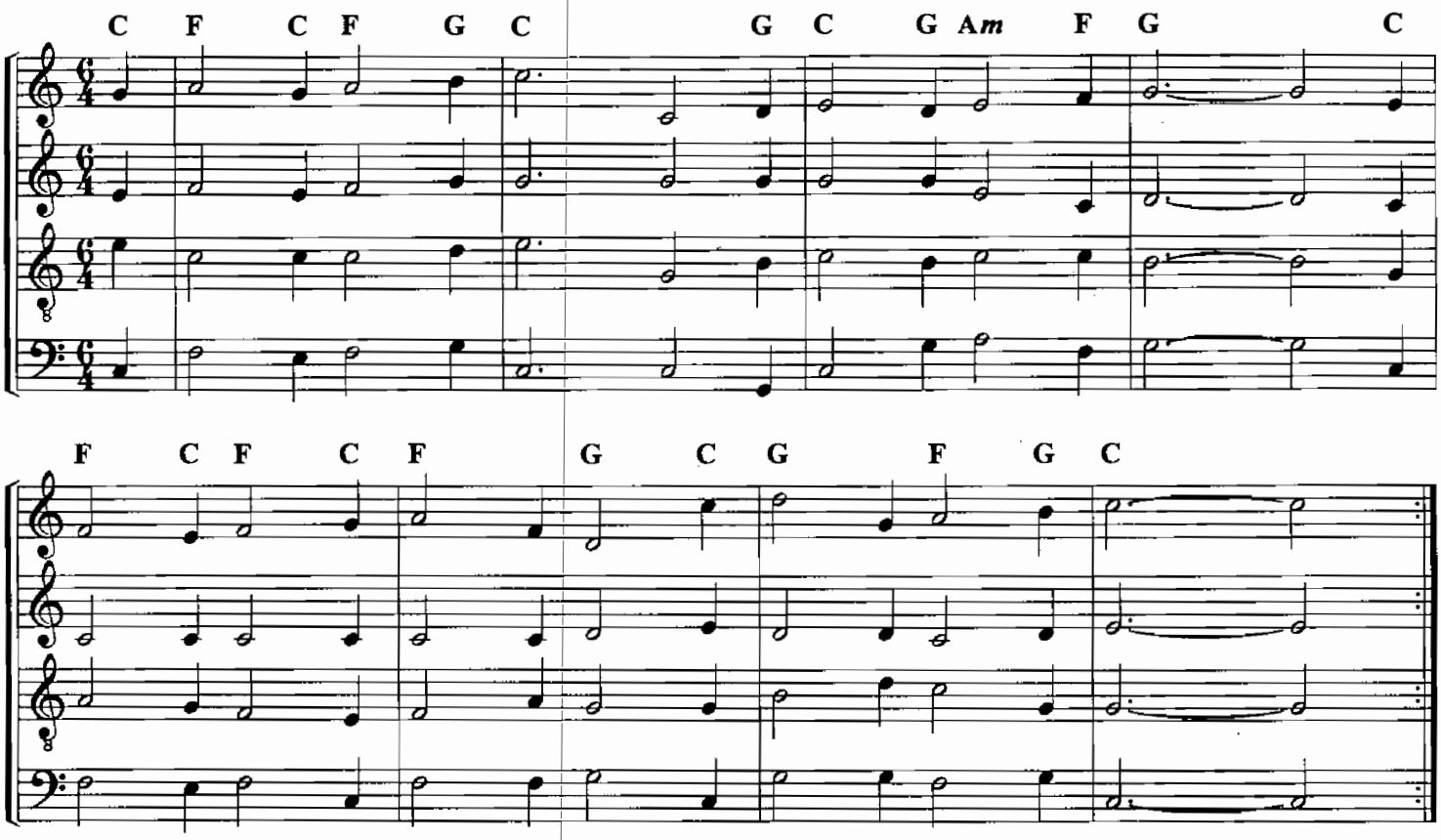


Setting by Steven Hendricks

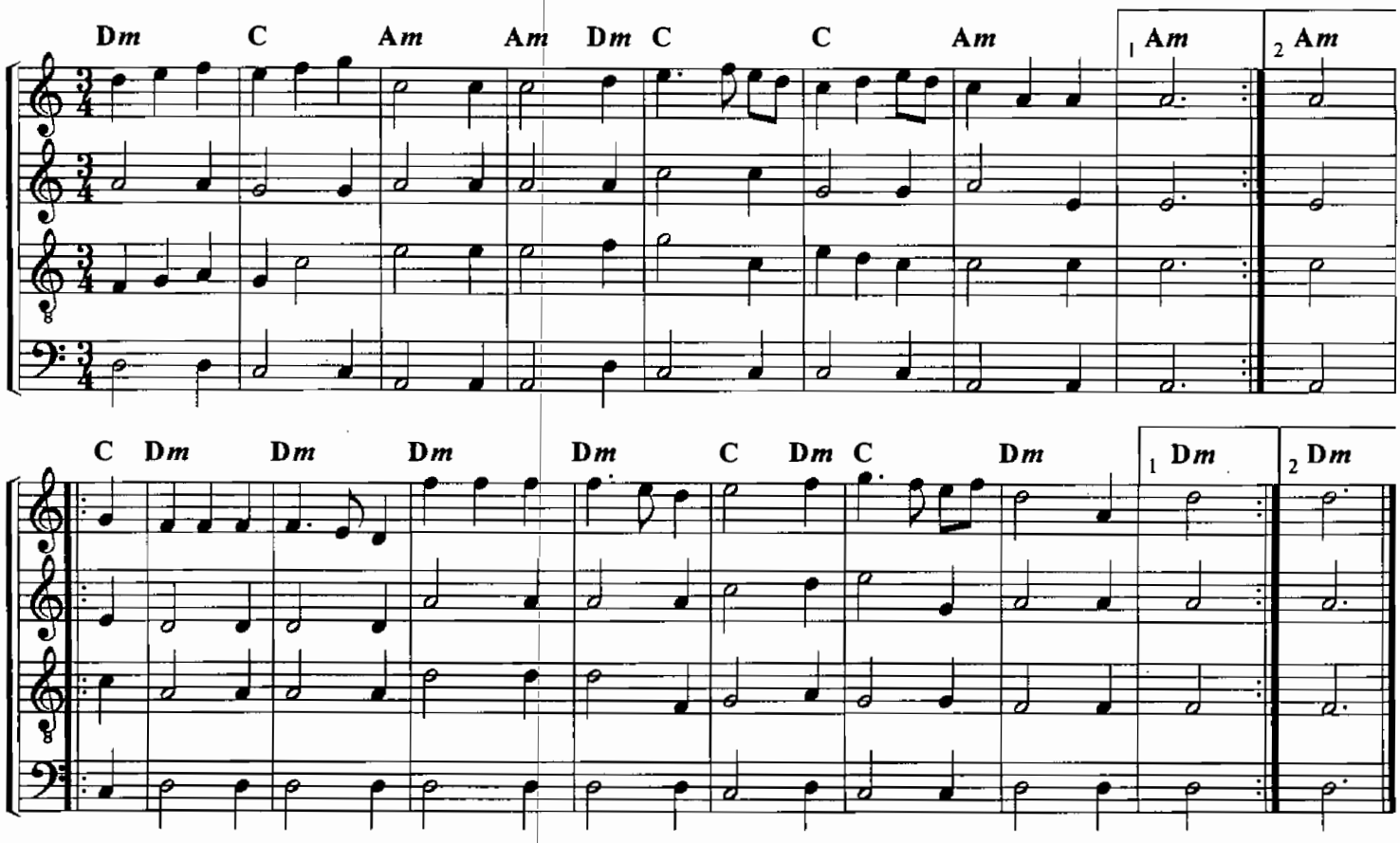
If All The World Were Paper

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



The Irish lady or Aniseed water Robin

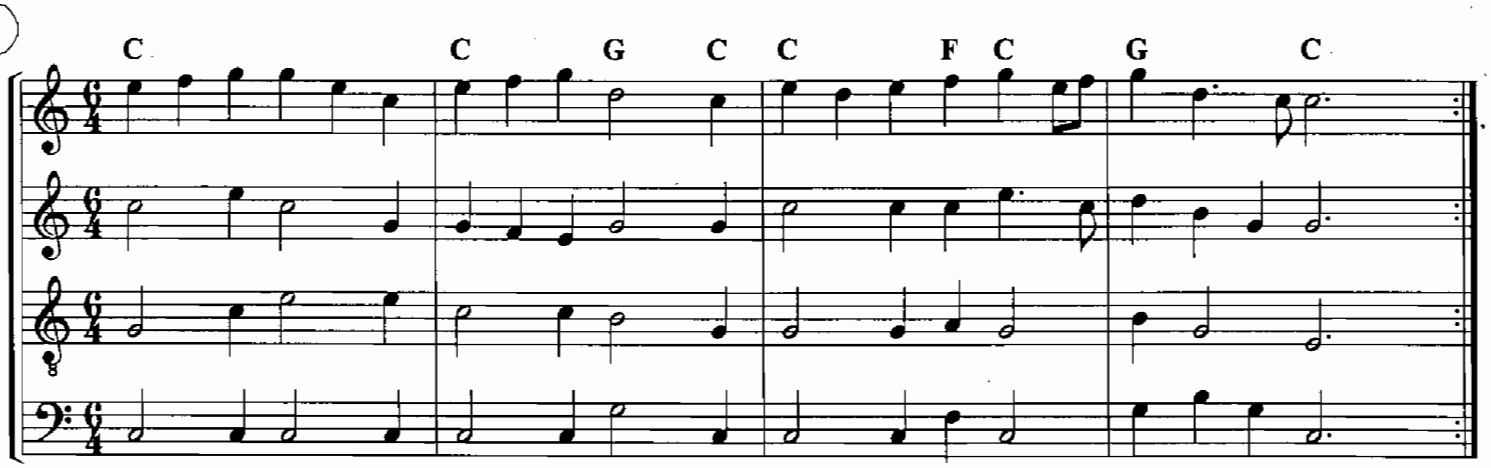


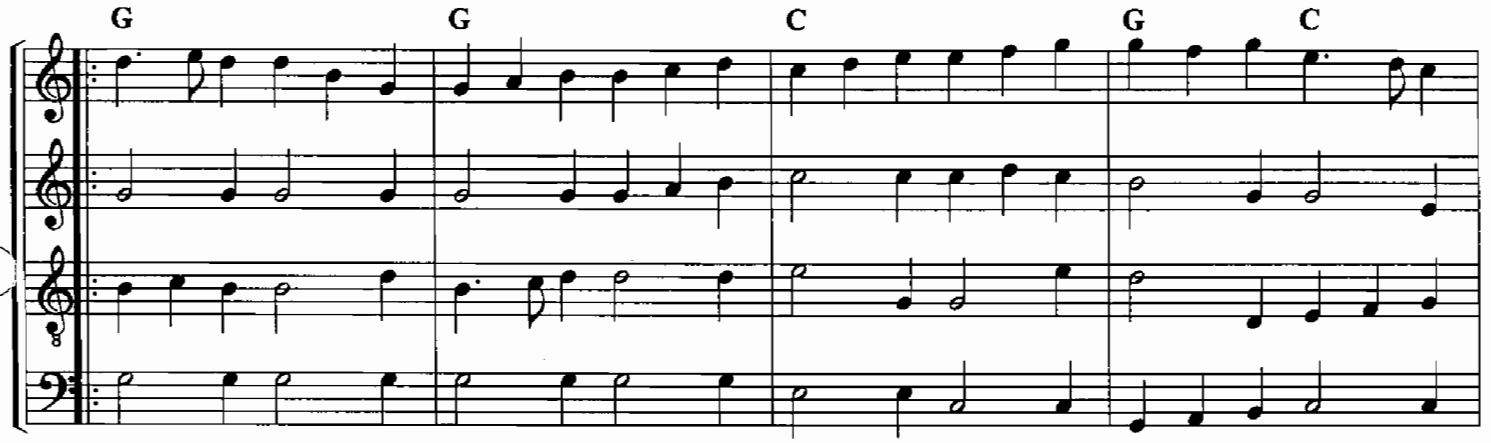
Settings by Steven Hendricks

Hyde Park

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)





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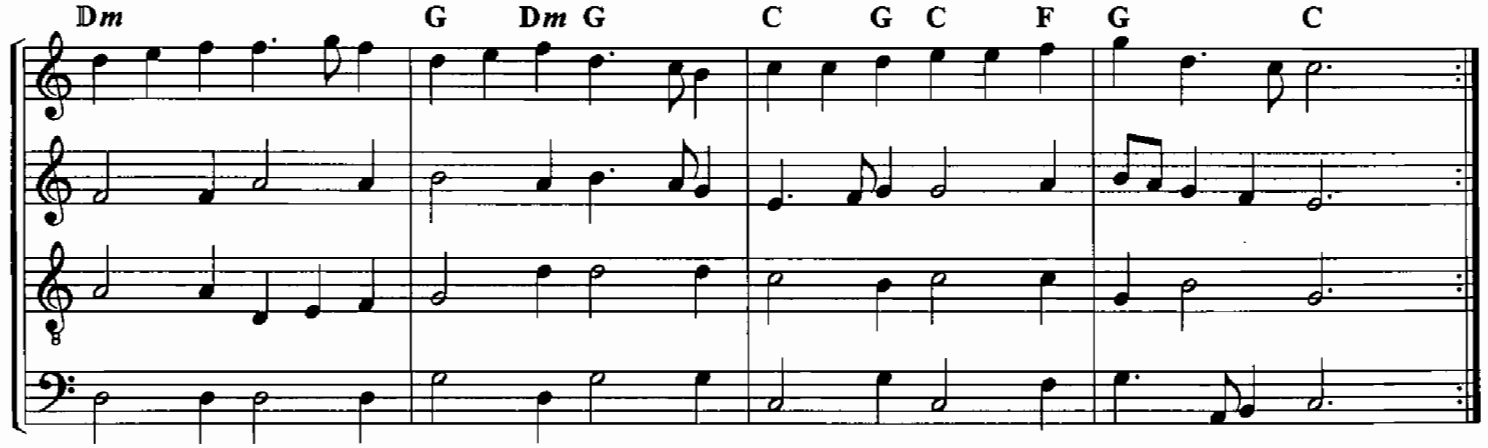


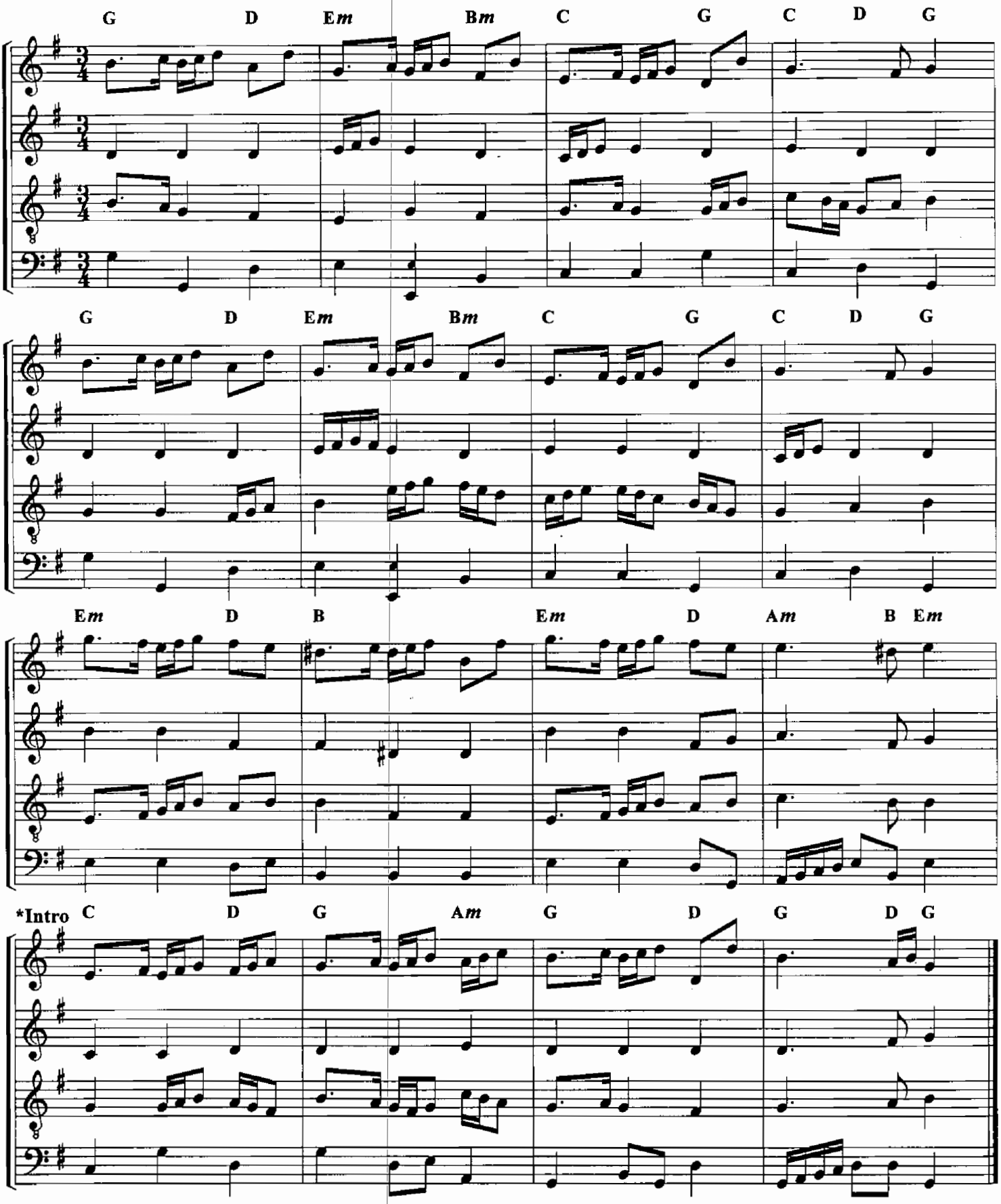
Originally a step higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

The Hole in the Wall

from The Dancing Master, Part II, 2nd Ed., 1698

Publ. by Henry Playford (1657-1707)



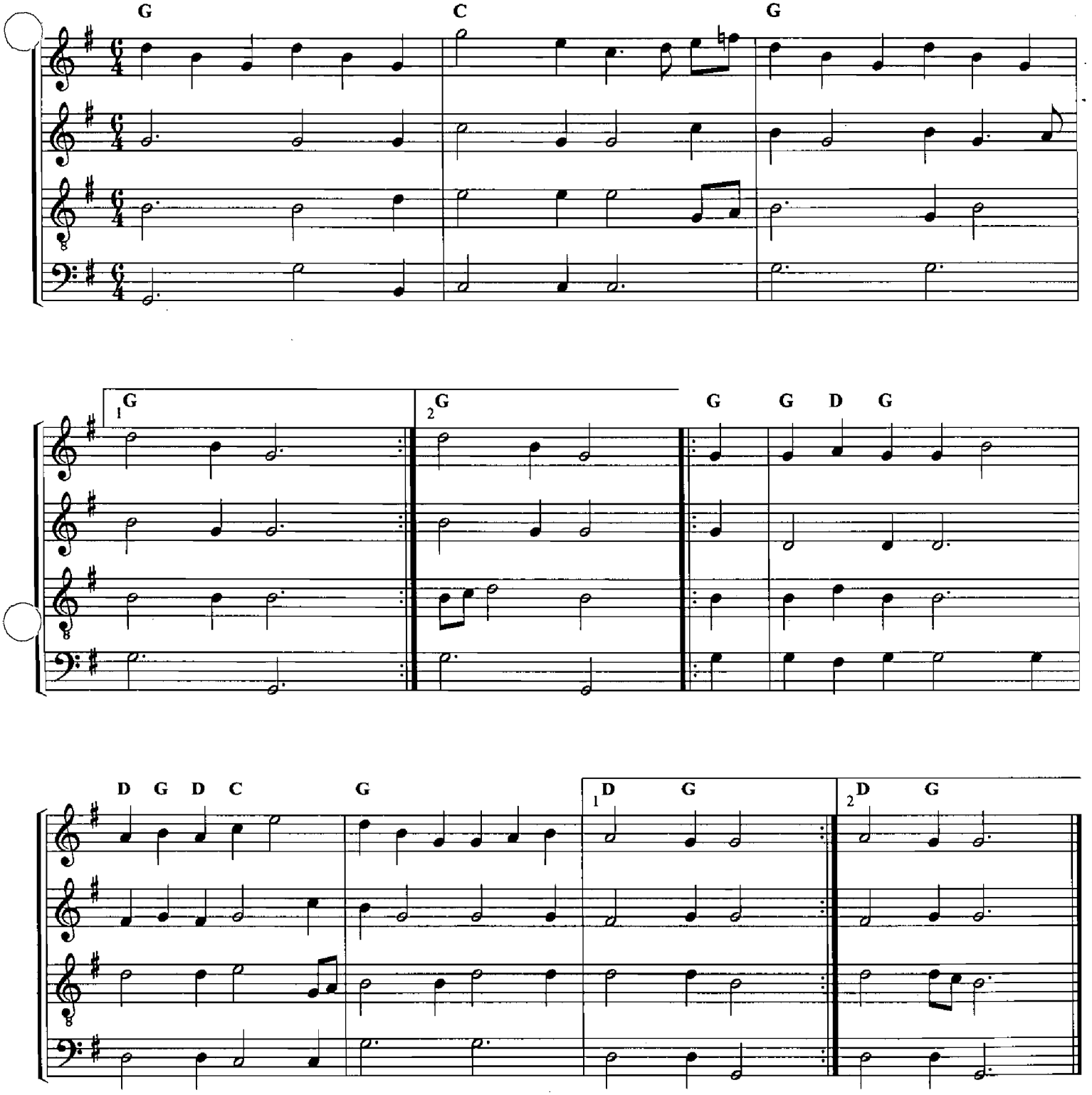
Originally a third higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Hockley in the Hole

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

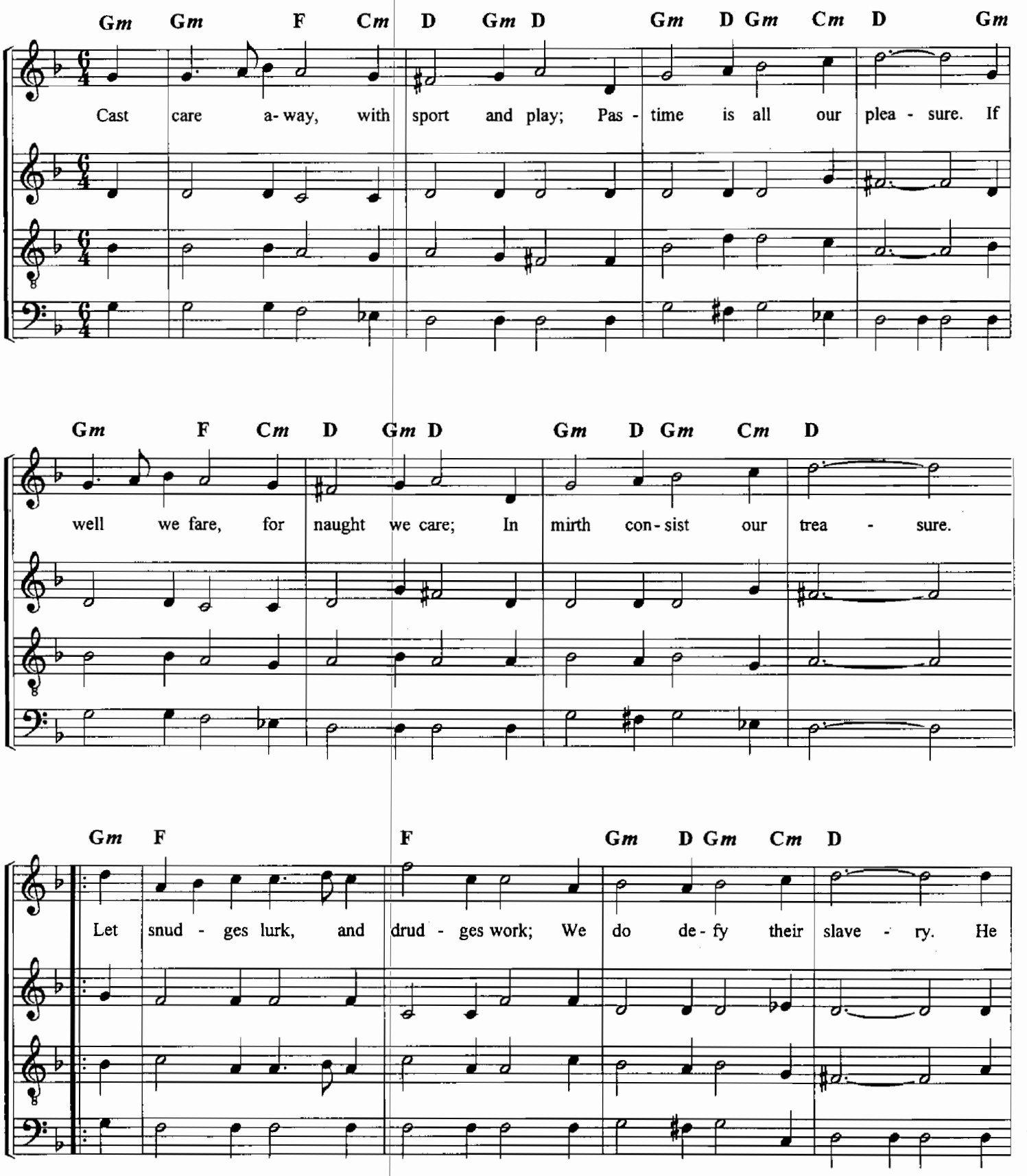


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Heart's Ease
Cast care away

From the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics from Misogonus, II, ii

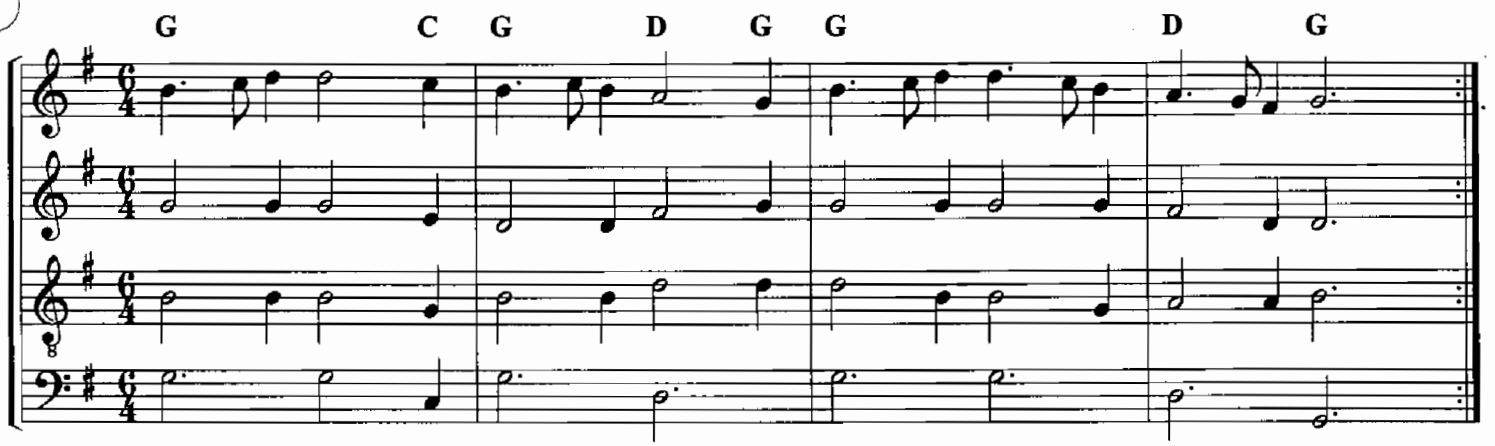


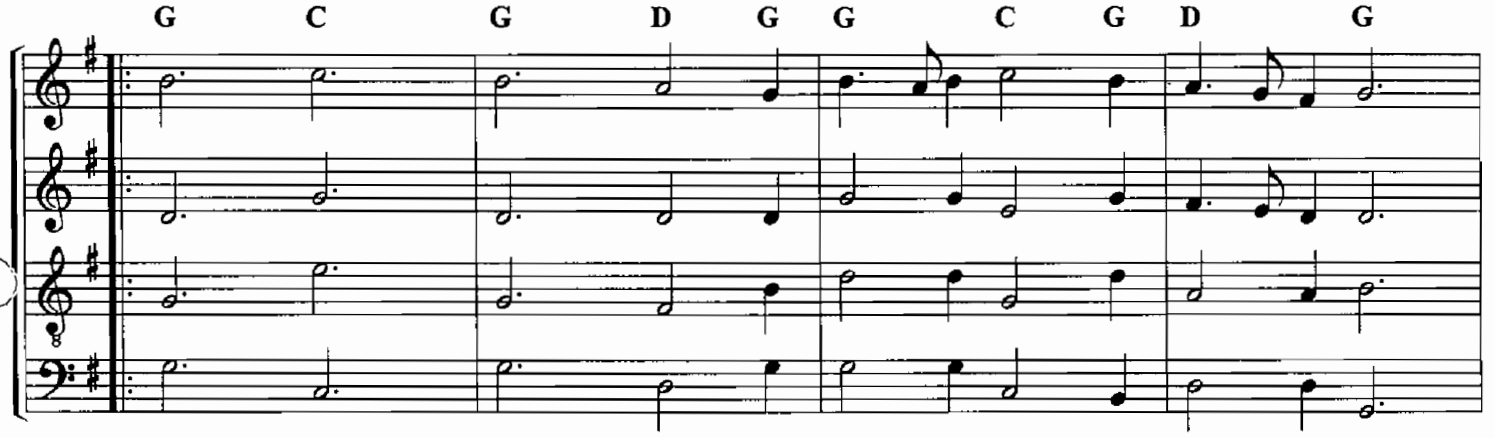
Setting by Steven Hendricks

Half Hannikin

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)





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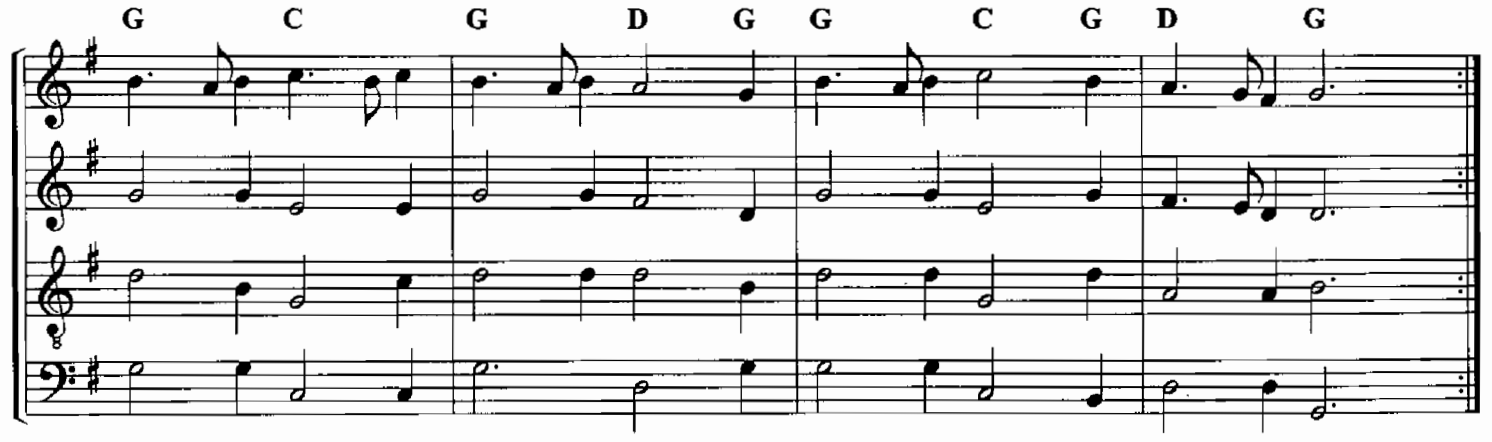
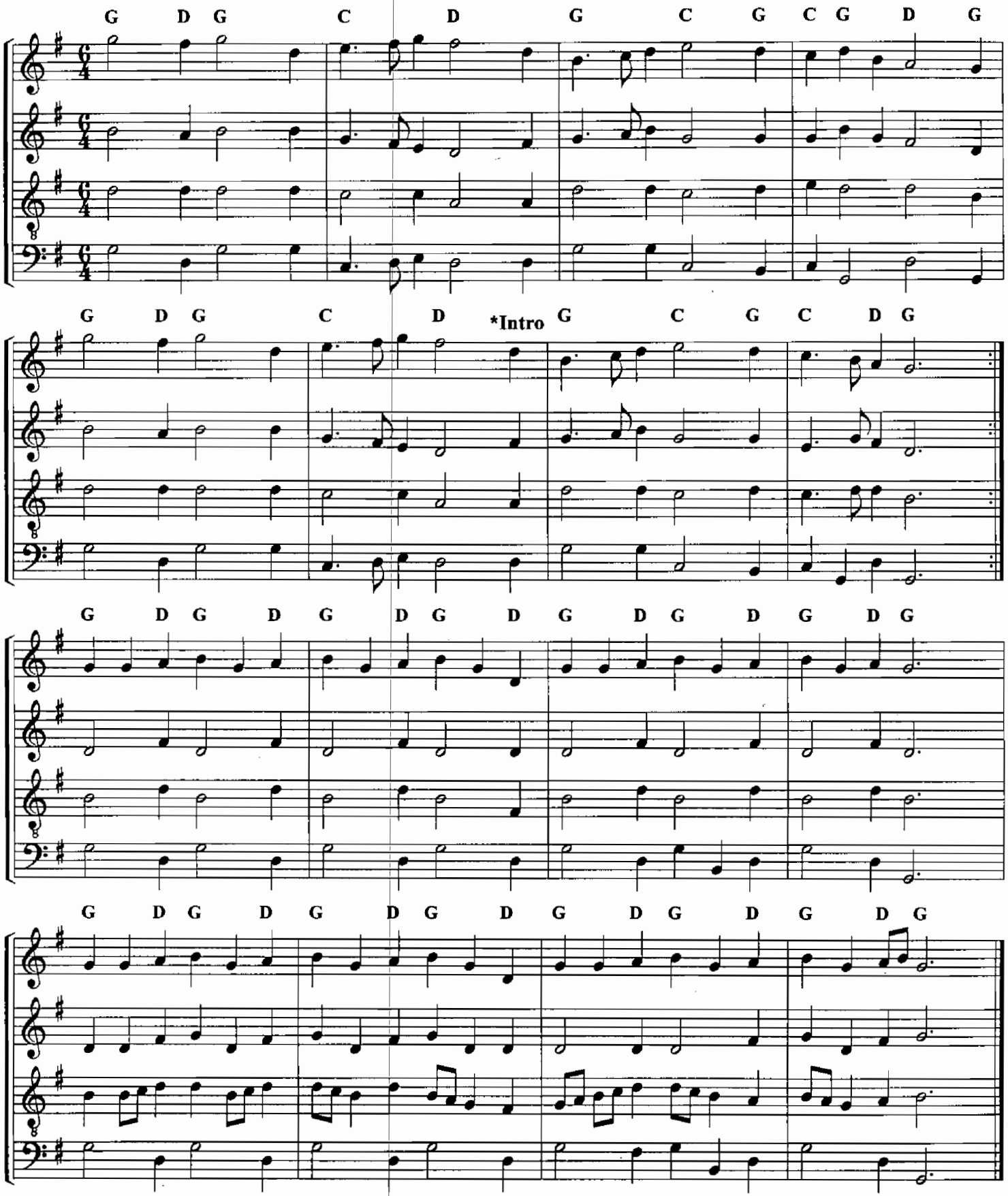


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Grimstock

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

The Northern Lasse's Lamentation

Since she did from her friends depart,
No earthly thing can cheer her heart;
But still she doth her cause lament,
Being always fill'd with discontent.
Resolving to do nought but mourn,
Till to the North she doth return.

A North-Country Lass up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
Doth flourish at home in my own Country.

Fain would I be in the North Country,
Where the ladds and the lasses are making of hay,
There should I see what is pleasant to me
A mischief light on them hath intic'd me away.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
Doth flourish most bravely in our Country.

Since that I came forth of the pleasant North,
Ther's nothing delightful I see doth abound,
They never can be half so merry as we,
When we are a dancing of Sellinger's round.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
Doth flourish at home in our own Country.

I like not the Court, nor the City resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me,
Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,
Because with my humour it doth not agree.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
Doth flourish at home in my own Country.

How oft have I been on the Westmorland green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,
Where we with delight from morning till night
Could feast it and frollick on each Holliday.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish most bravely in our Country.

A milking to go, all the Maids on a row,
It was a fine sight and pleasant to see;
But here in the City they are void of pitty,
There is no enjoyment of liberty.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish most bravely in our Country.

When I had the heart from my friends to depart,
I thought I should be a Lady at last;
But now I do find that it troubles my mind,
Because that my joyes and my pleasures is past.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish at home in my own Country.

The yows and the lambs, with the kidds and their damms,
To see in the country how finely they play;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish most bravely in our Country.

At Wakes and at Fairs, being void of all cares,
We there with our Lovers did use for to dance;
Then hard hap had I my ill fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish at home in my own Country.

Yet still I perceive a husband I might have,
If I to the City my mind could but frame;
But I'le have a lad that is North-Country bred,
Or else I'le not marry in th' mind that I am.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish at home in my own Country.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'le remain,
Until my own Countrey again I do see;
For here in this place I shall ne'r see the face
Of him that's allotted my Love for to be.
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
They flourish at home in my own Country.

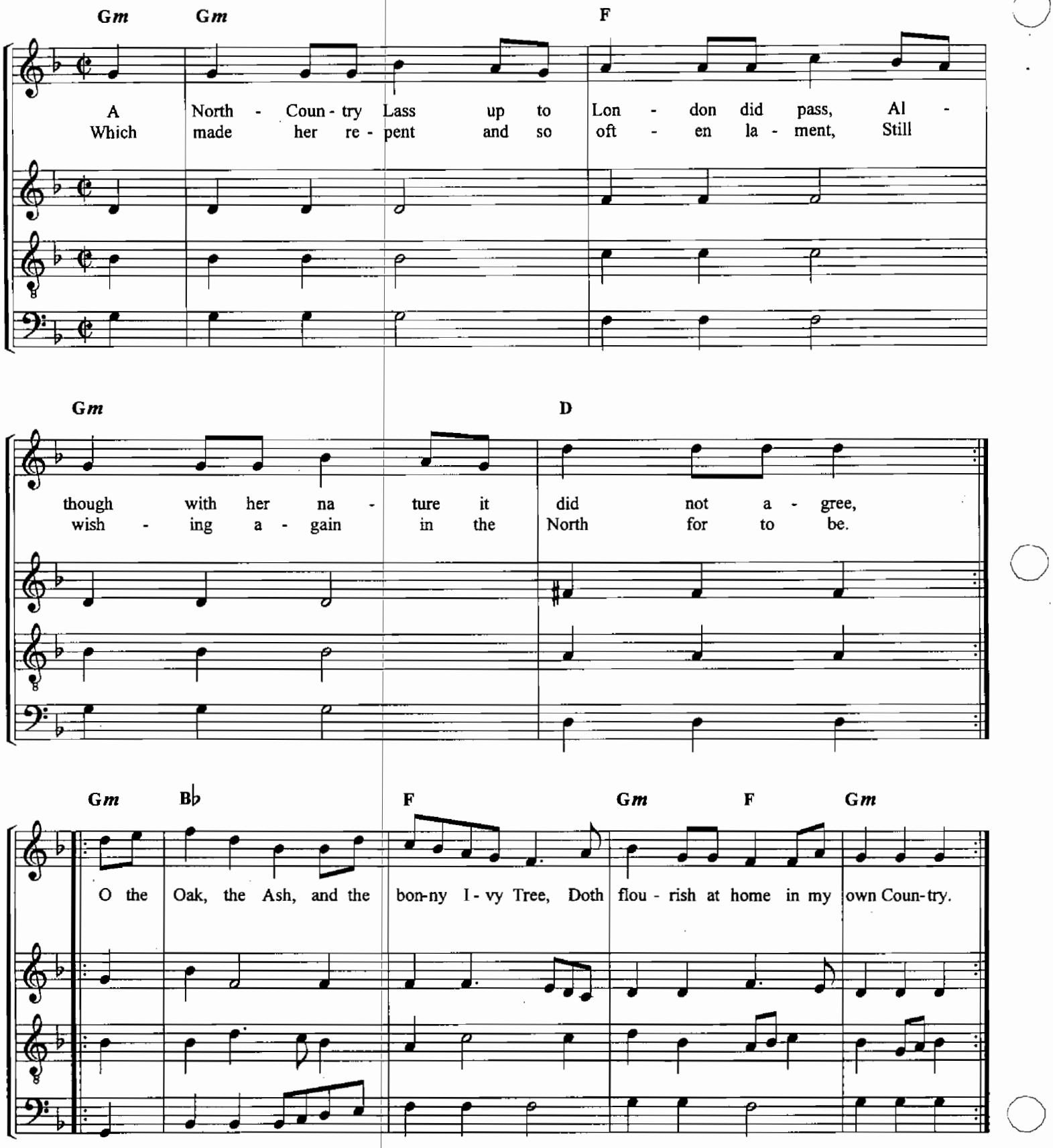
Then farewel my Daddy, and farewell my Mammy,
Until I do see you I nothing but mourn,
Remembring my brothers, my sisters and others,
In less than a year I hope to return.
Then the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
I shall see them at home in my own Country.

Goddesses

The Northern Lasse's Lamentation

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by Martin Parker

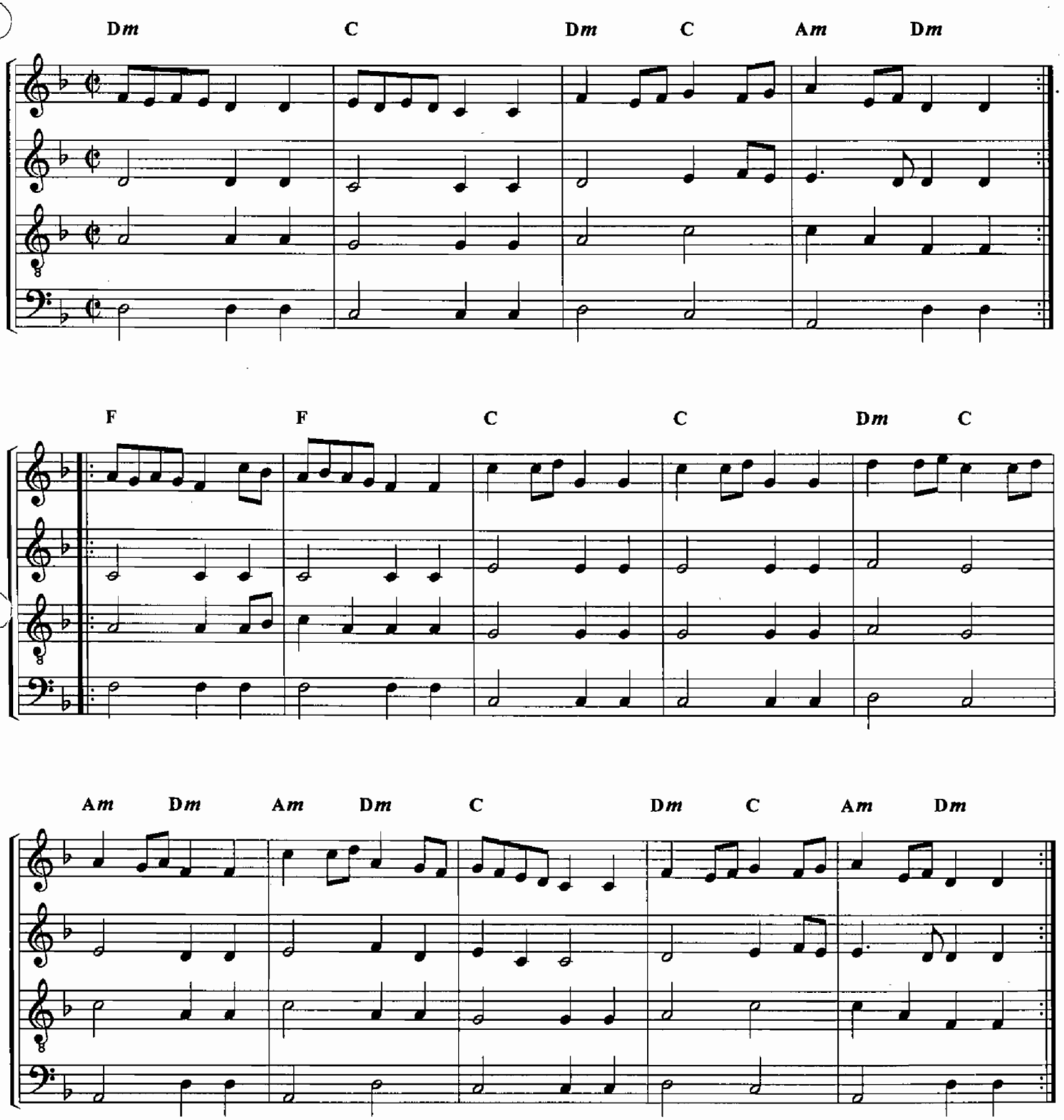


Setting by Steven Hendricks

The glory of the west

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

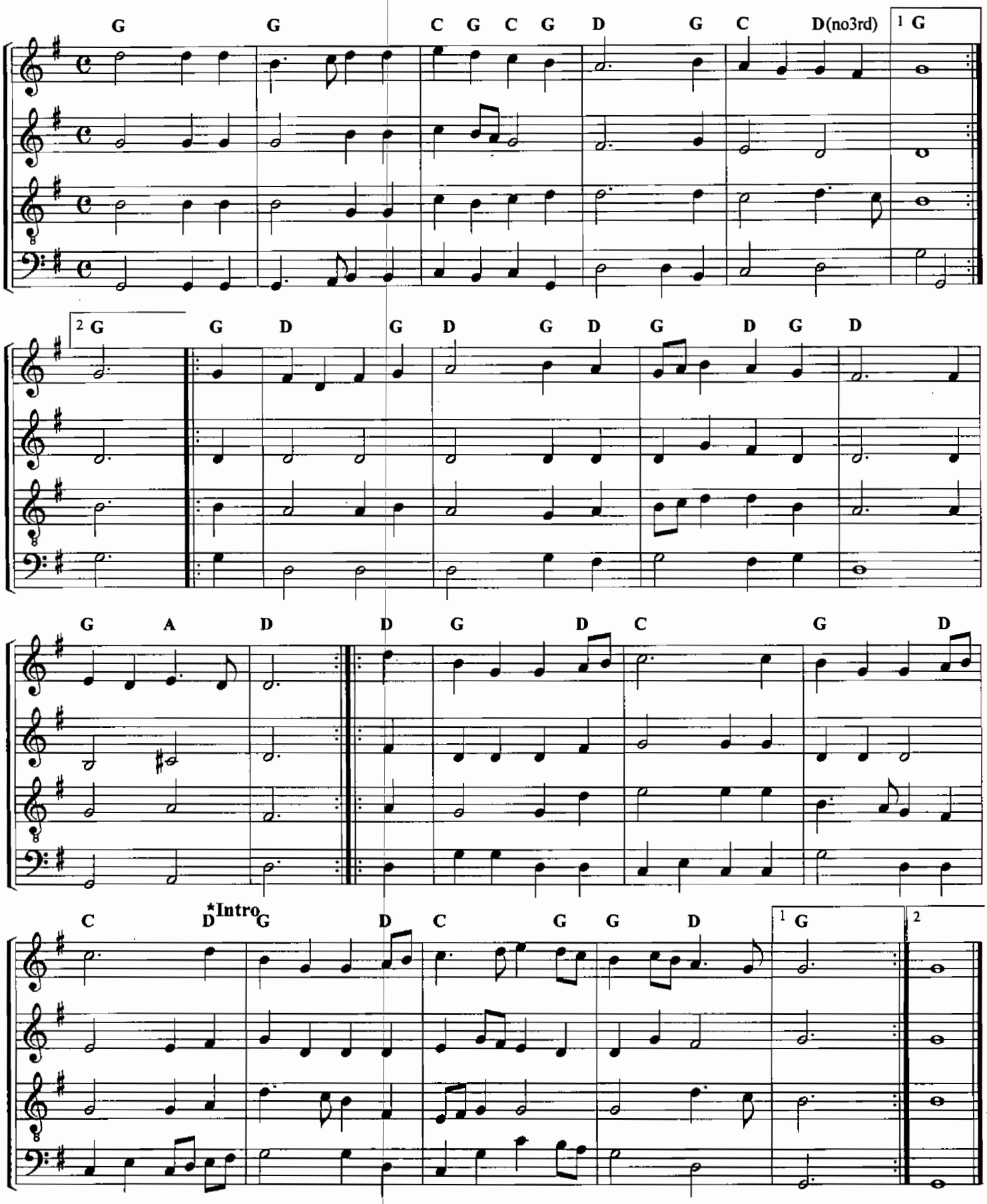


Setting by Steven Hendricks

Gathering Peascods

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

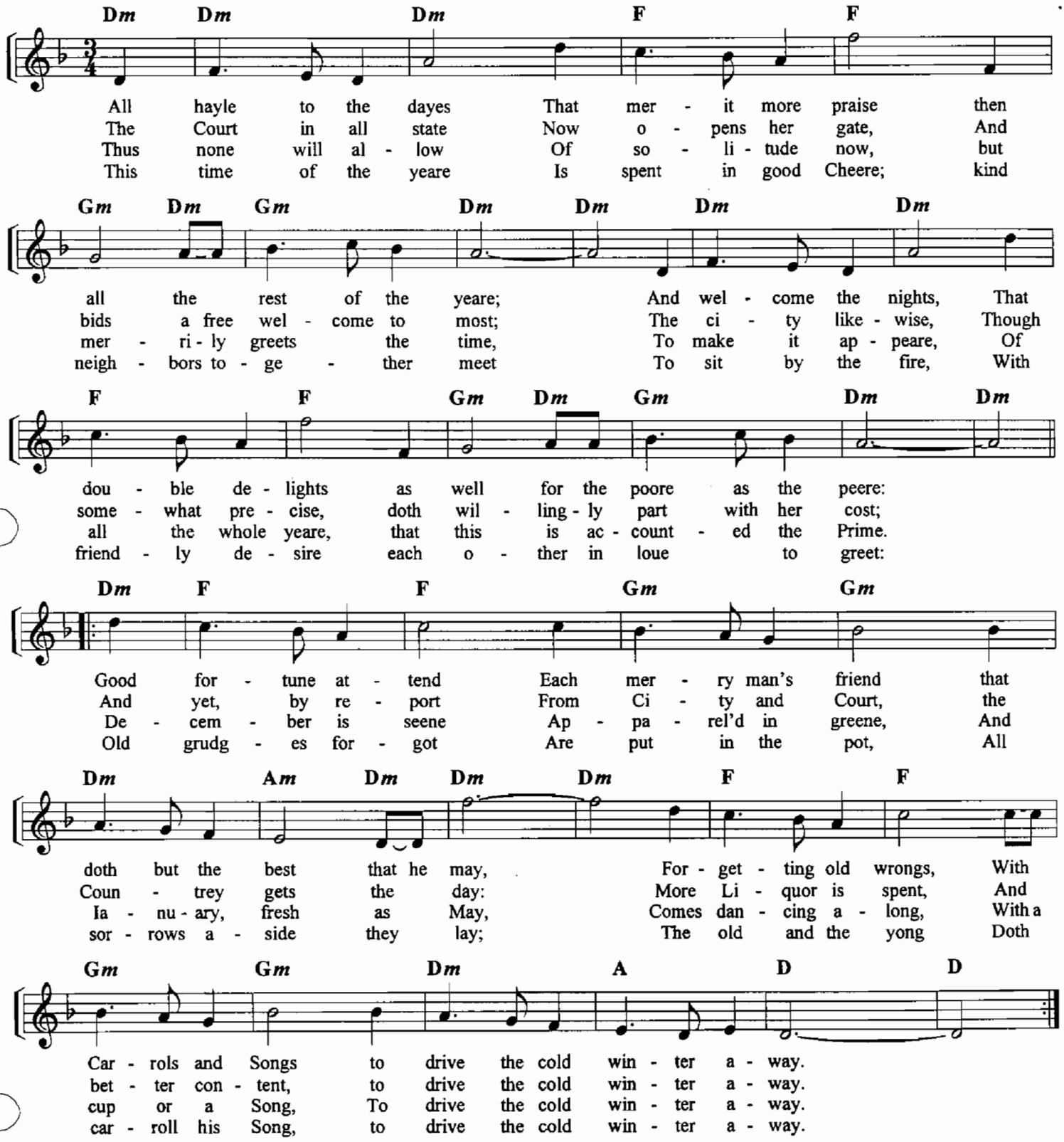


Setting by Steven Hendricks

A pleasant Countrey new Ditty:
Merrily shewing how To
Drive the cold Winter away

from the Roxburghe collection of ballads

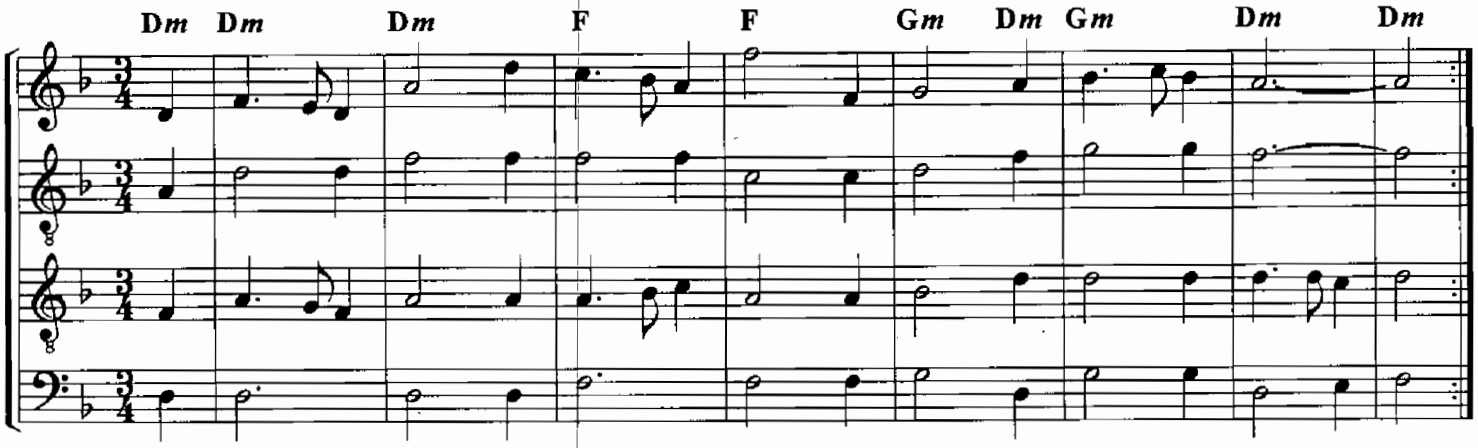
Anon, publ. by H[enry] G[osson]

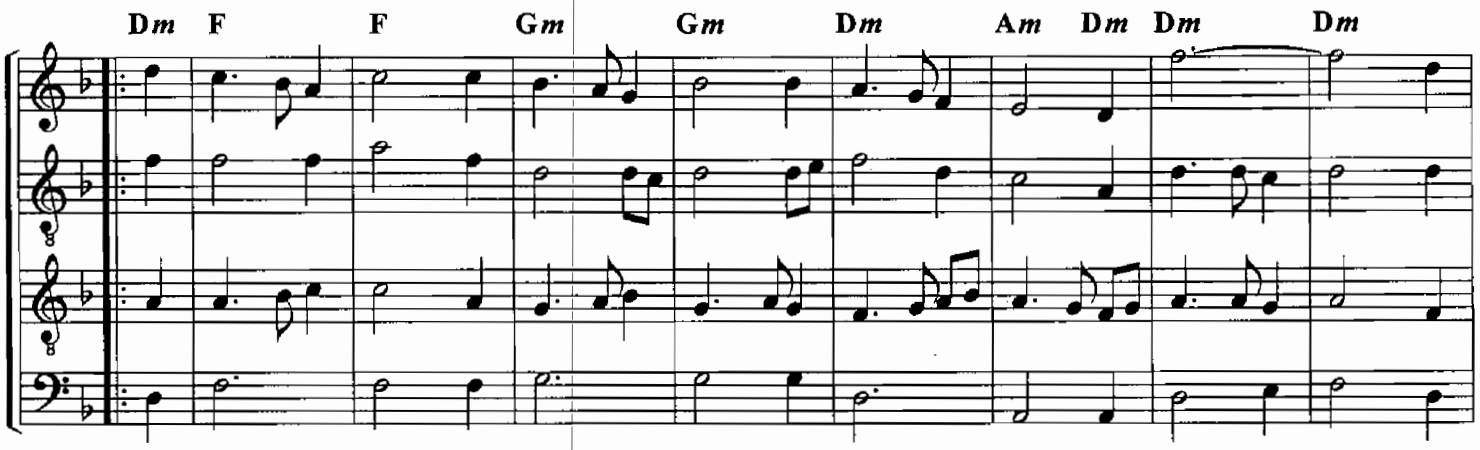


Drive the Cold Winter Away

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)





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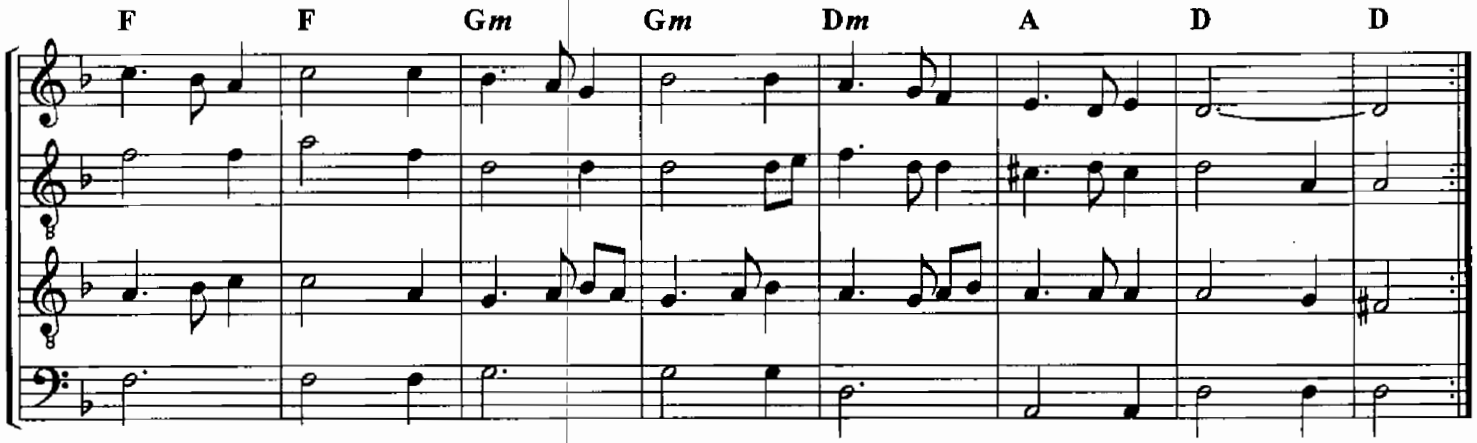
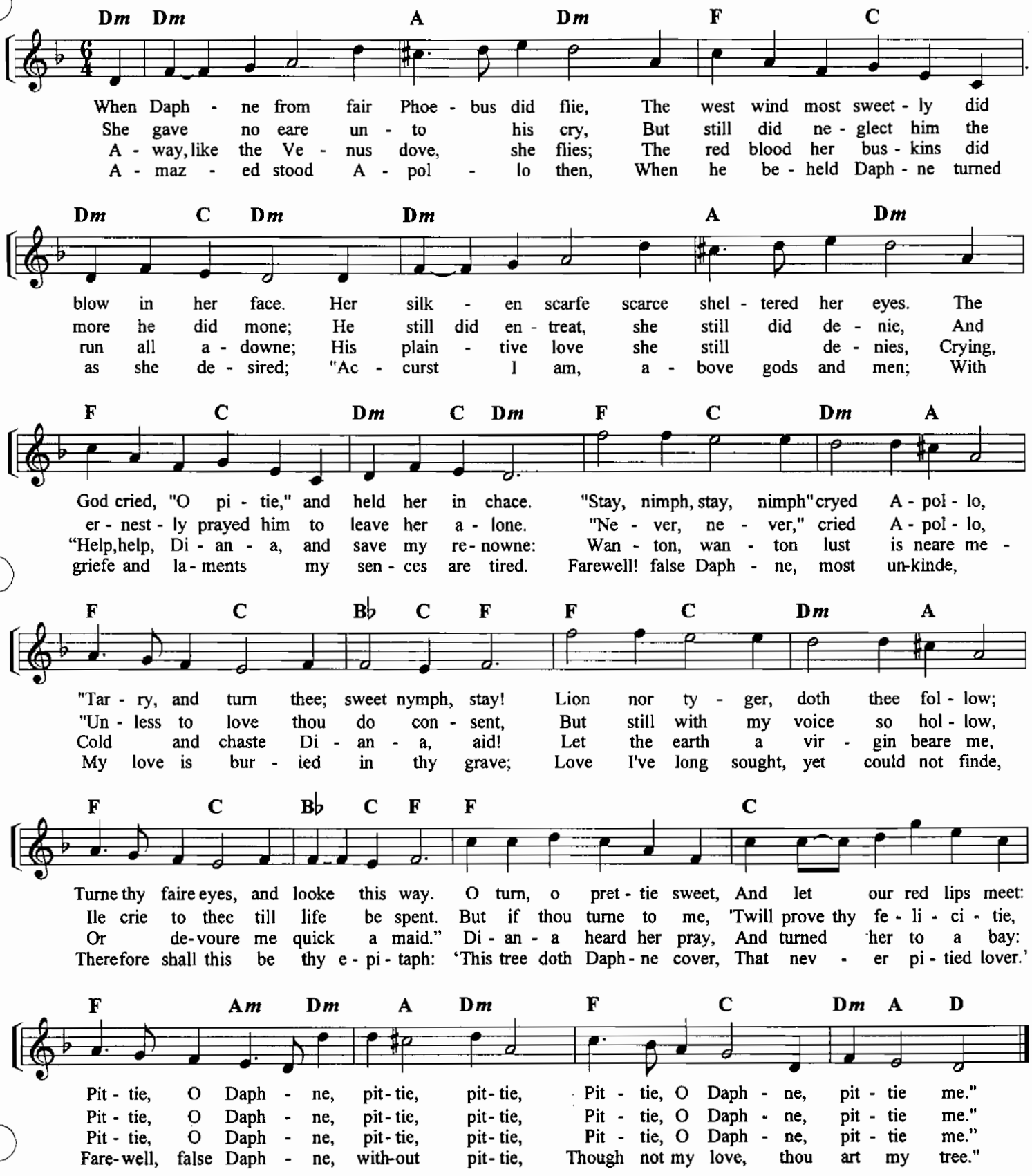


Setting by Steven Hendricks

A pleasant new Ballad of Daphne

To a new tune.

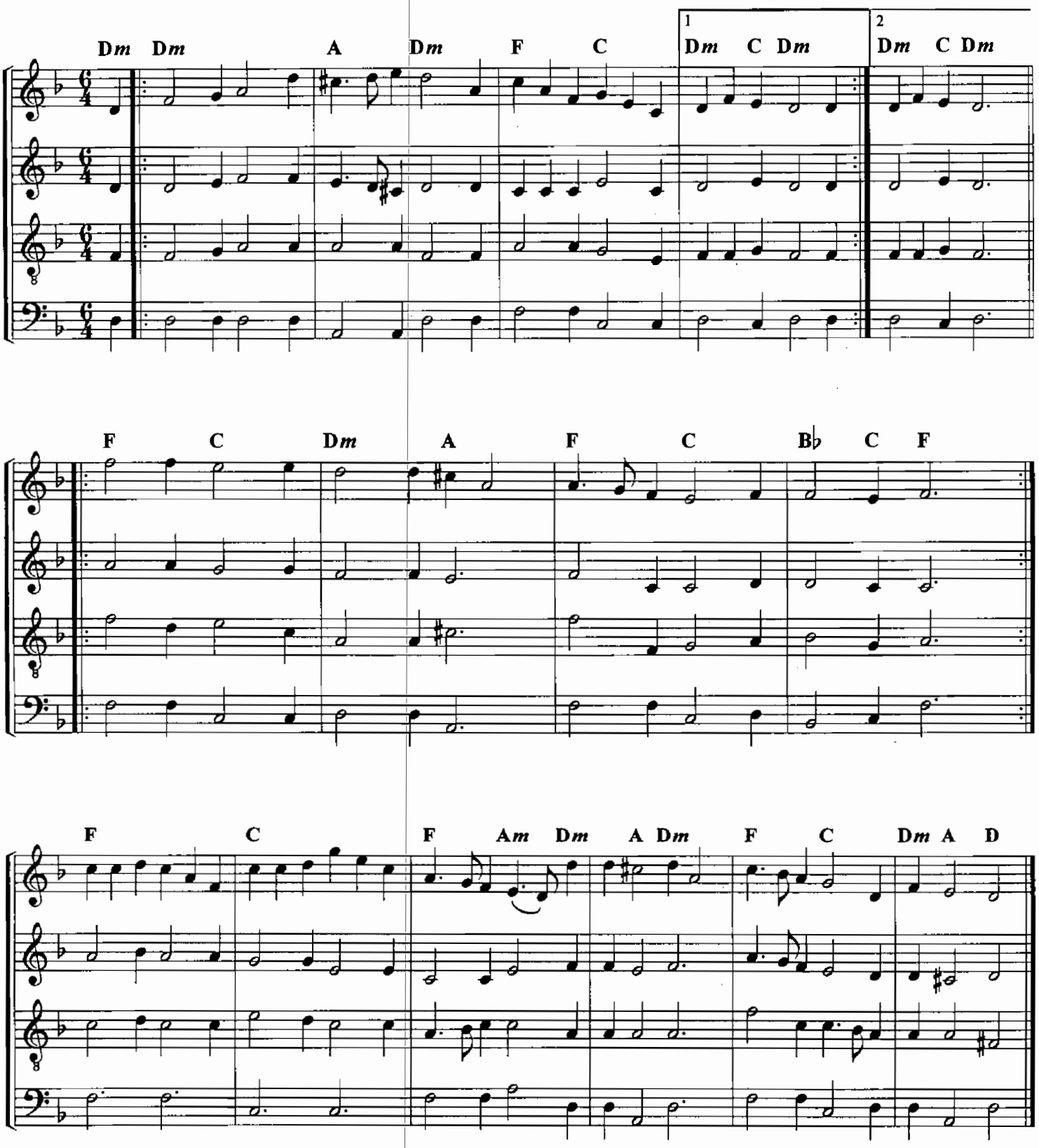
from The Royal Garden of Love and Delight, 1674 — Thomas Deloney (1543?-1600)



Daphne

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

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

Declaring the misery, and the great paine,
By his vnquiet wife he doth dayly sustaine.

Come, Batchelers and Married men,
and listen to my song,
And I will shew you plainely, then,
the iniury and wrong
That constantly I doe sustaine
by the vnhappy life,
The which does put me to great paine,
by my vnquiet wife.

She never linnes her bauling,
her tongue it is so loud;
But alwaies shee'le be railing,
and will not be controuled:
For shee the briches still will weare,
although it breedes my strife:--
If I were now a batcheler,
I'de neuer haue a wife.

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

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

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

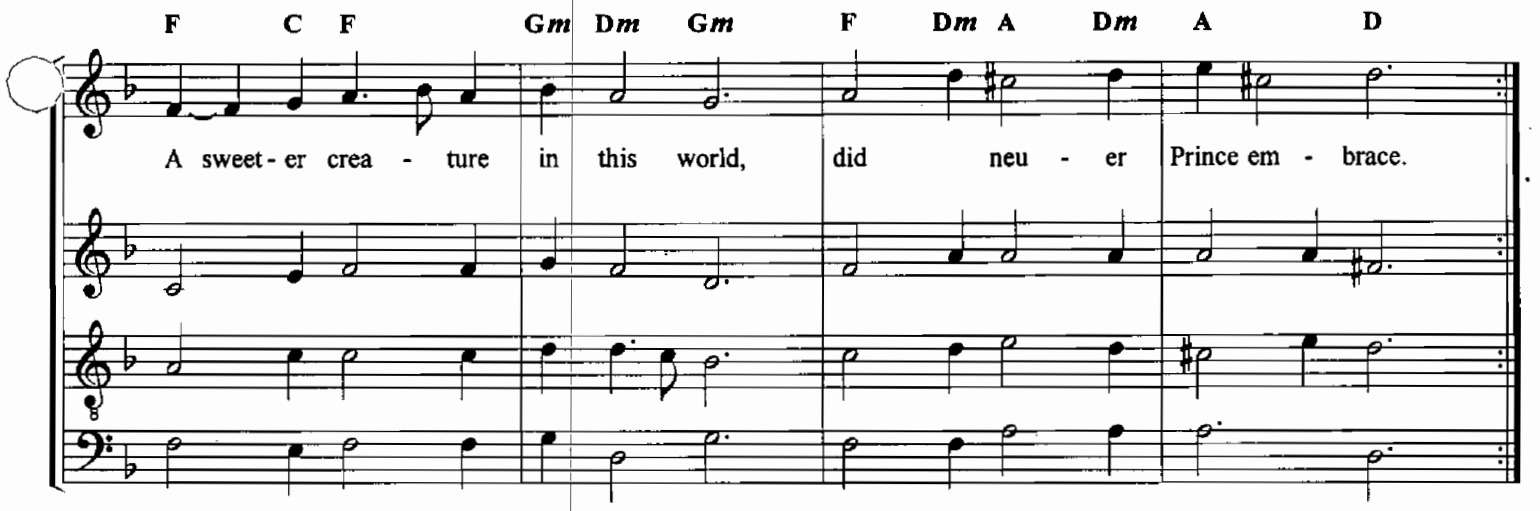
When I come home into my house,
thinking to take my reste,
Then she'le begin me to abuse
(before she did but iest),
With "out, you raskall! you have beene
abroad to meet your whoore!" --
Then shee takes vp a cudgel's end,
and breaks my head full sore.

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

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

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

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



2. Yet Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so:
To whom Dame Elinor the Queene,
was knowne a cruell foe.
The King therefore for her defence,
against the furious Queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
the like was neuer seene.

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

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

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

6. But presently vpon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall:
And pardon of the Queene she crau'd,
for her offences all.
But nothing could this furious Queene
therewith appeased be:
The cup of deadly poyson fil'd,
as she sat on her knee.

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

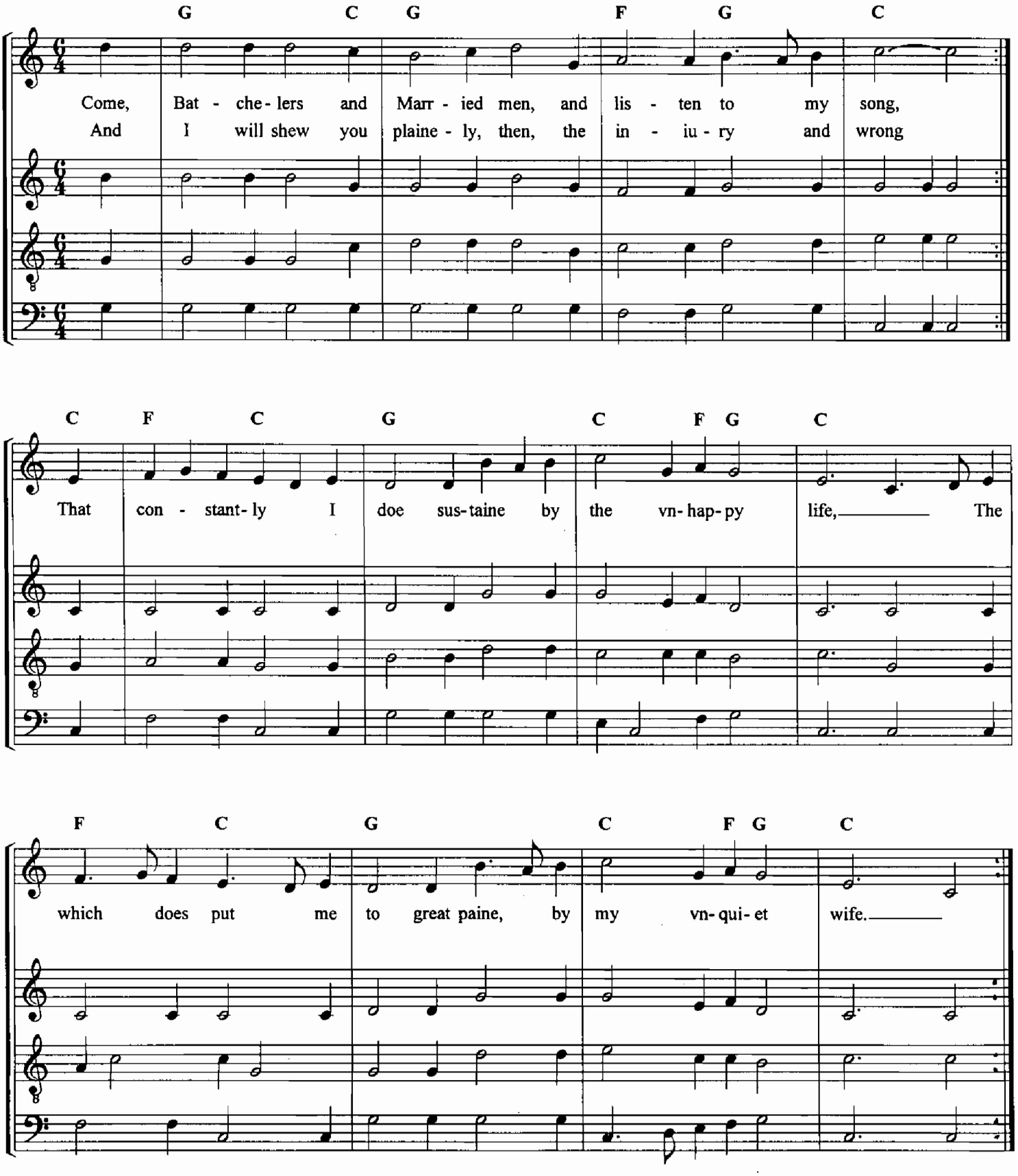
3x

Cuckolds all a row

The Cruell Shrow:

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by Arthur Halliard, Roxburgh Collection



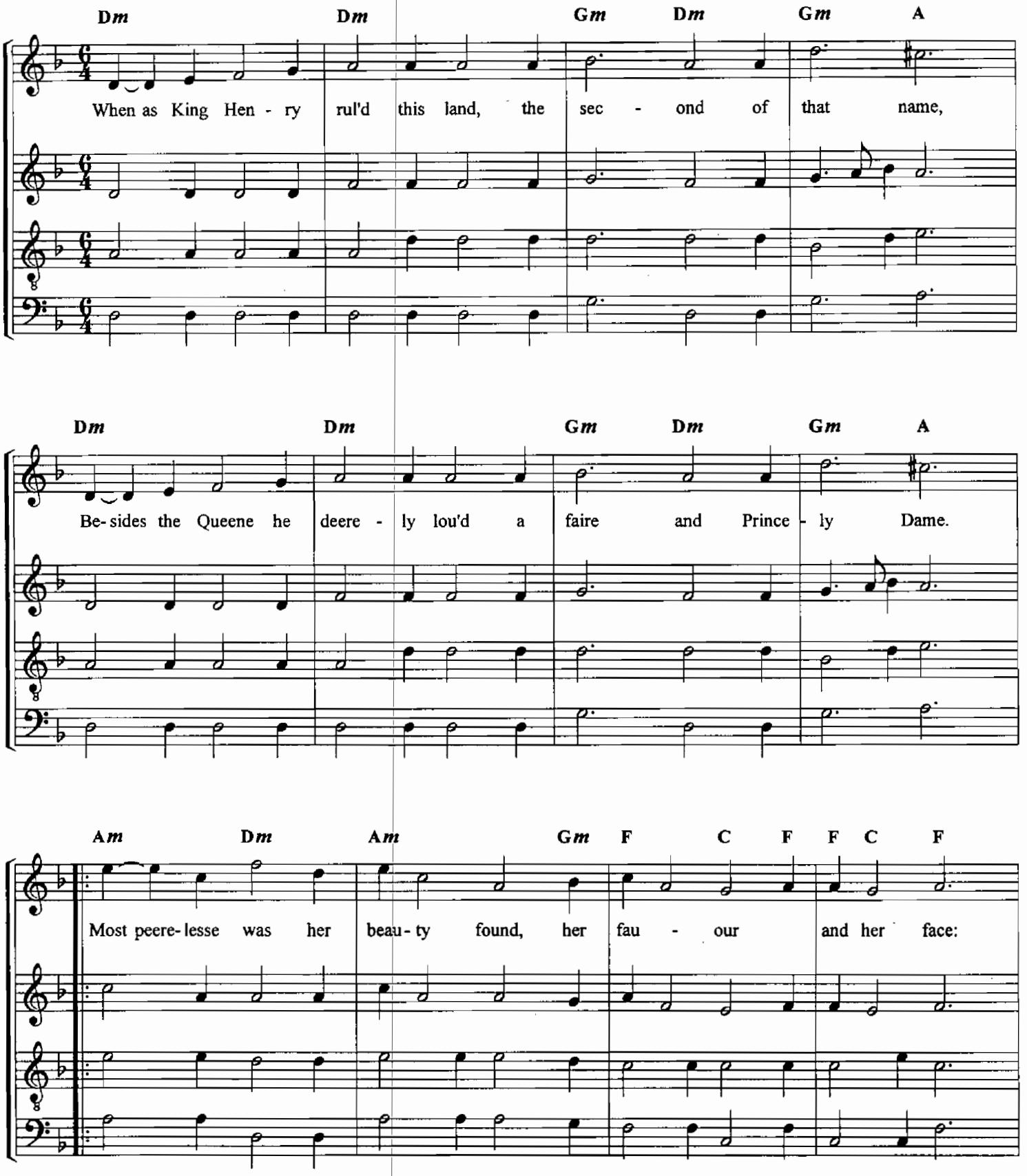
Originally a fifth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Confess (his tune)
the Death of Rosamond

from the English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by Thomas Deloney (d.1600)



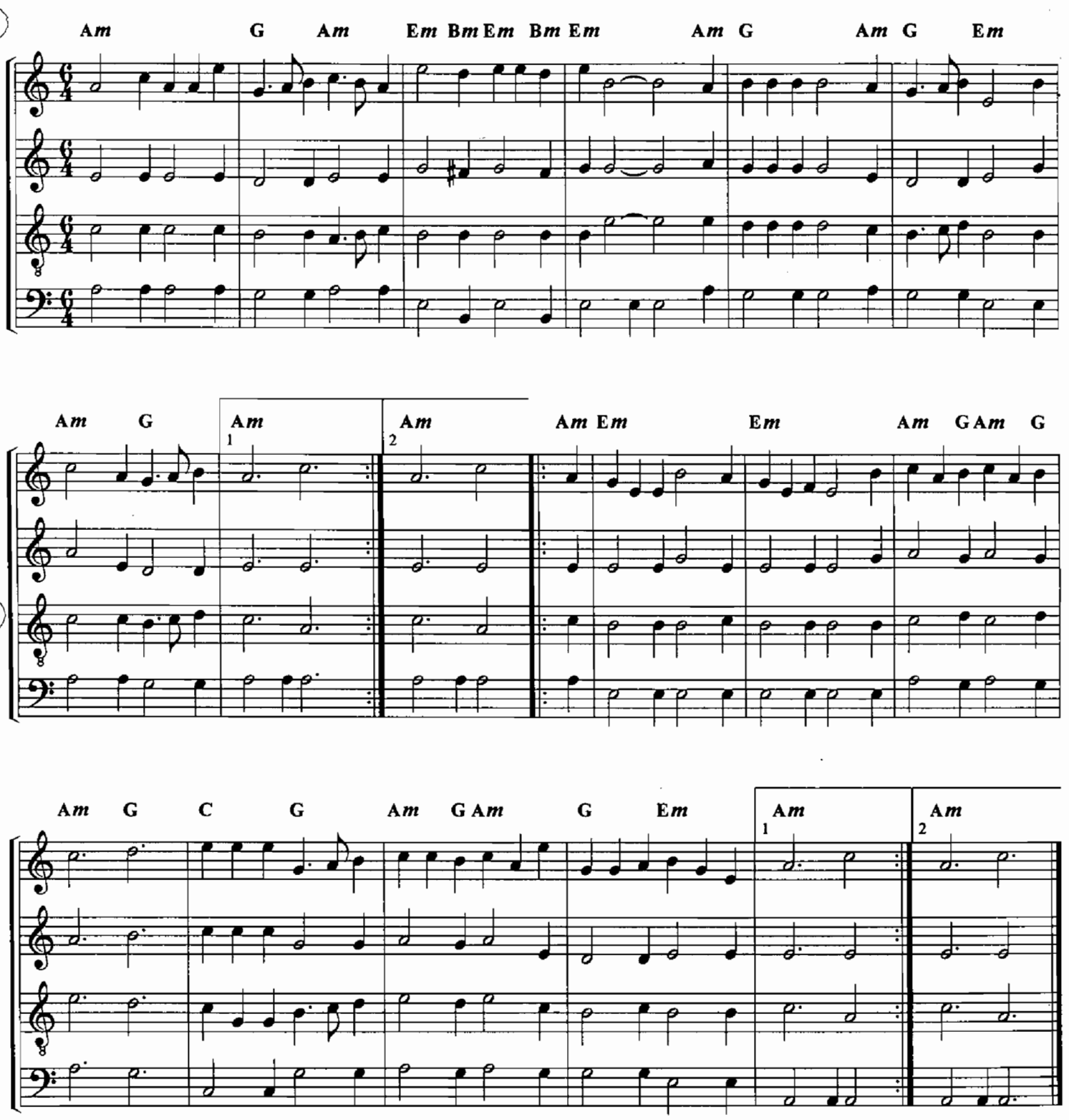
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

The fine companion

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

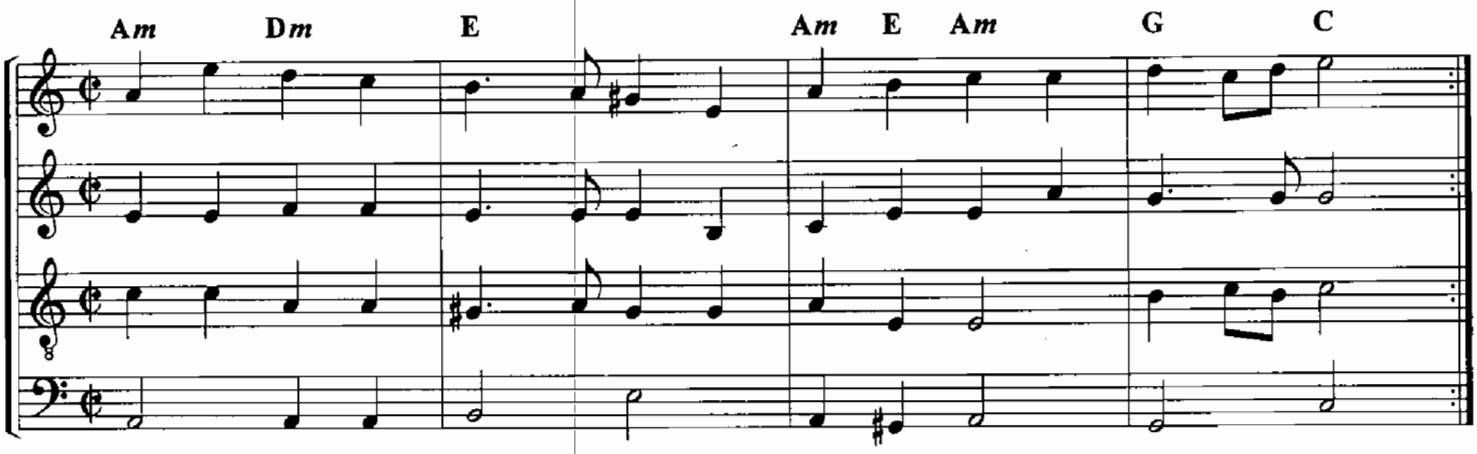


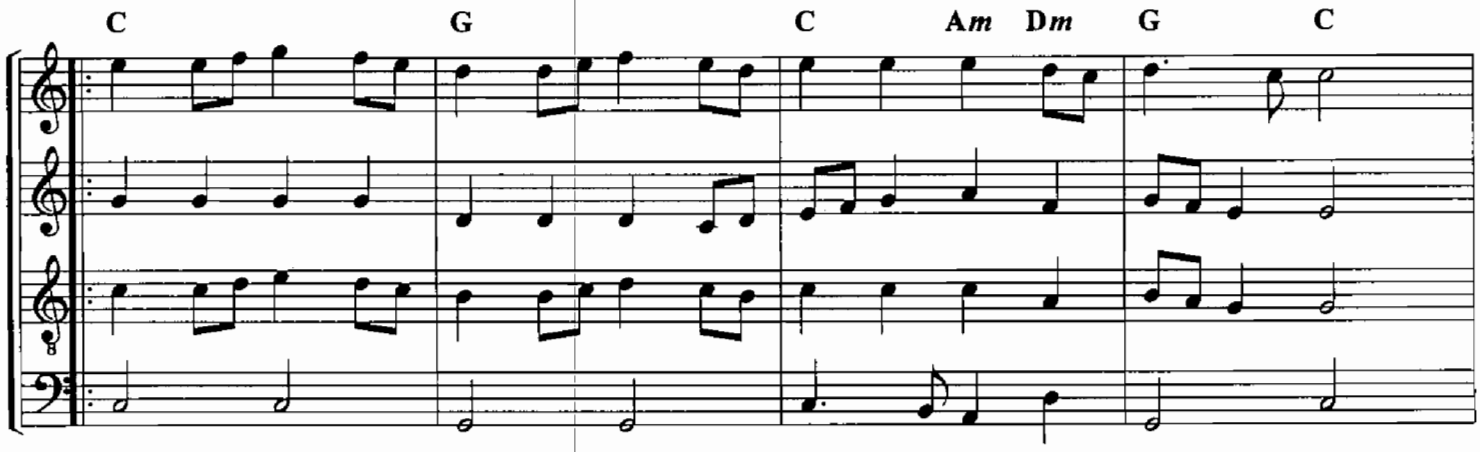
Setting by Steven Hendricks

Chestnut
or
Dove's Vagary

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)





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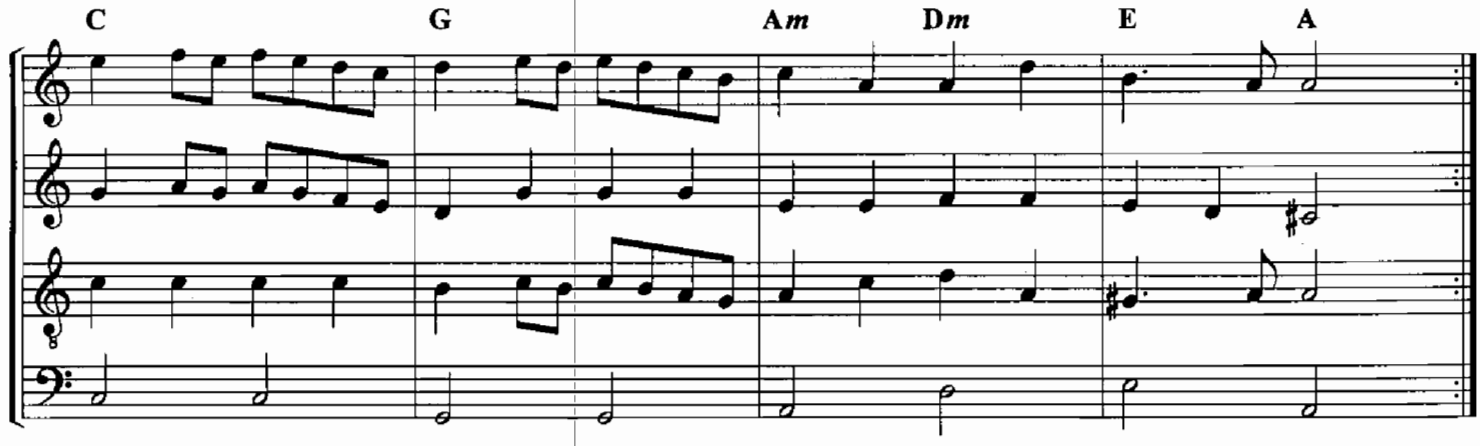


Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

How blyth was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the burn, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleasures there:
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave, or care.

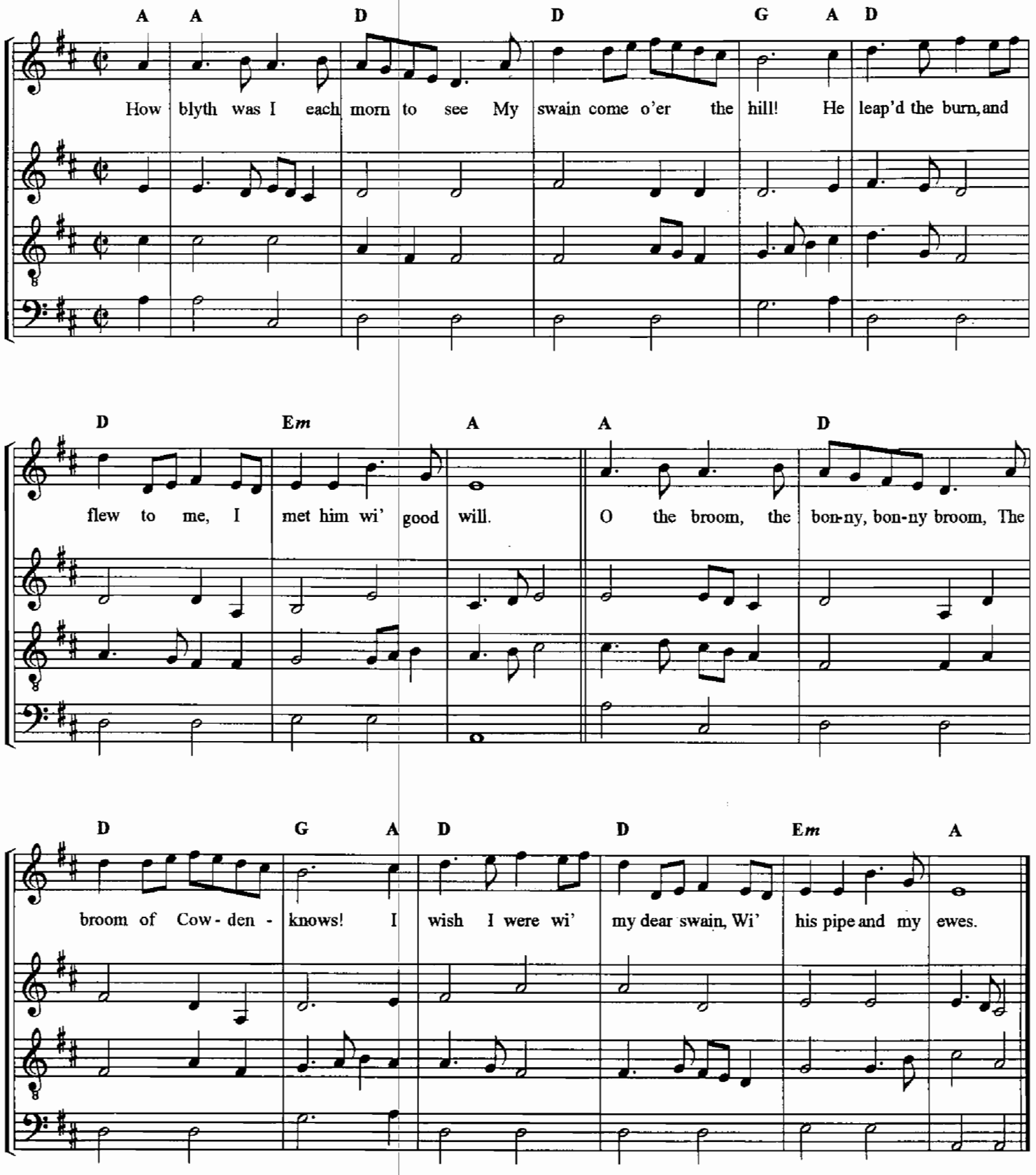
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

Broom, Broom, the Bonny, Bonny Broom

The Broom of Cowdenknows

Music from The English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics from The Scots Musical Museum, 1787



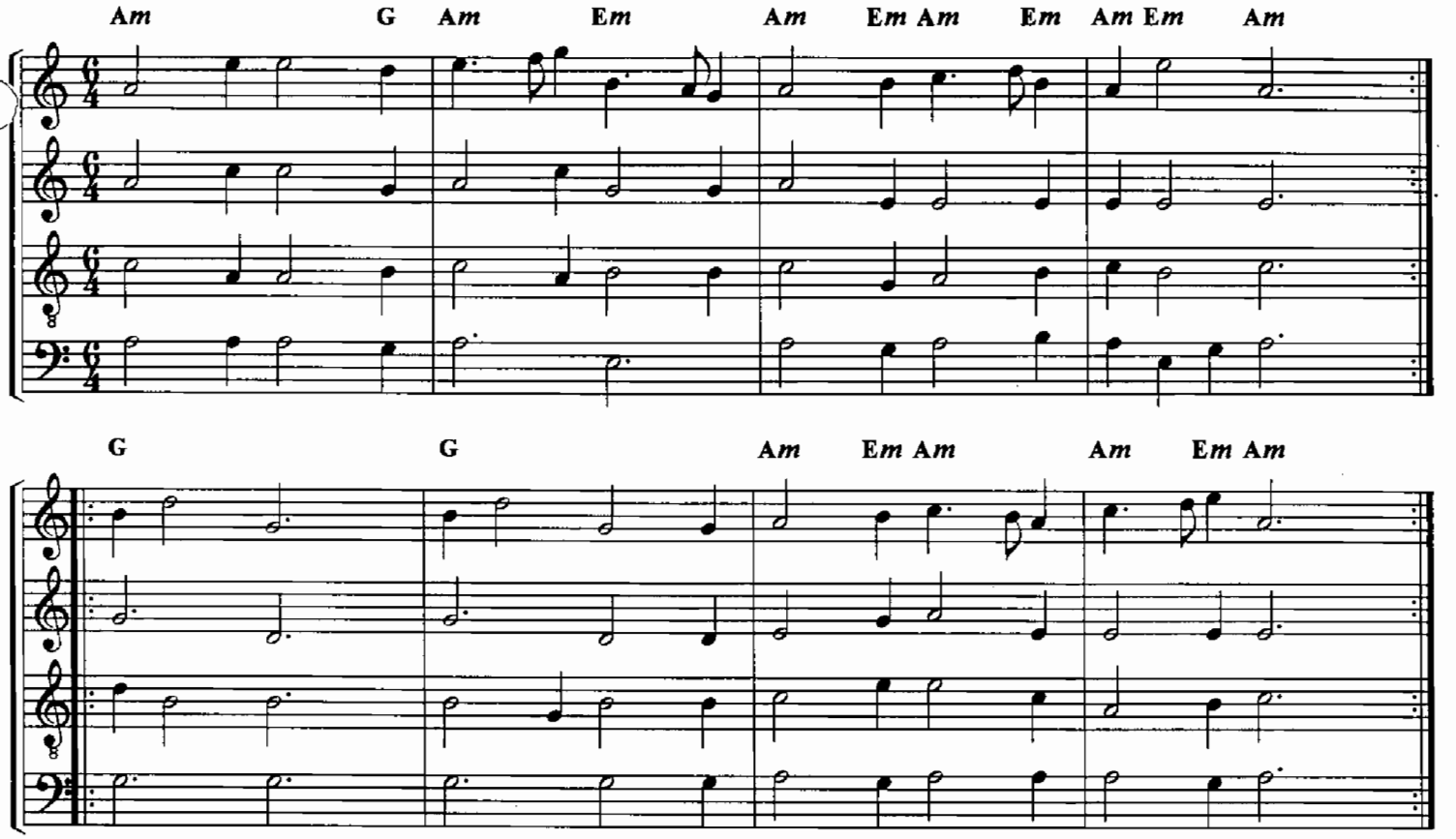
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

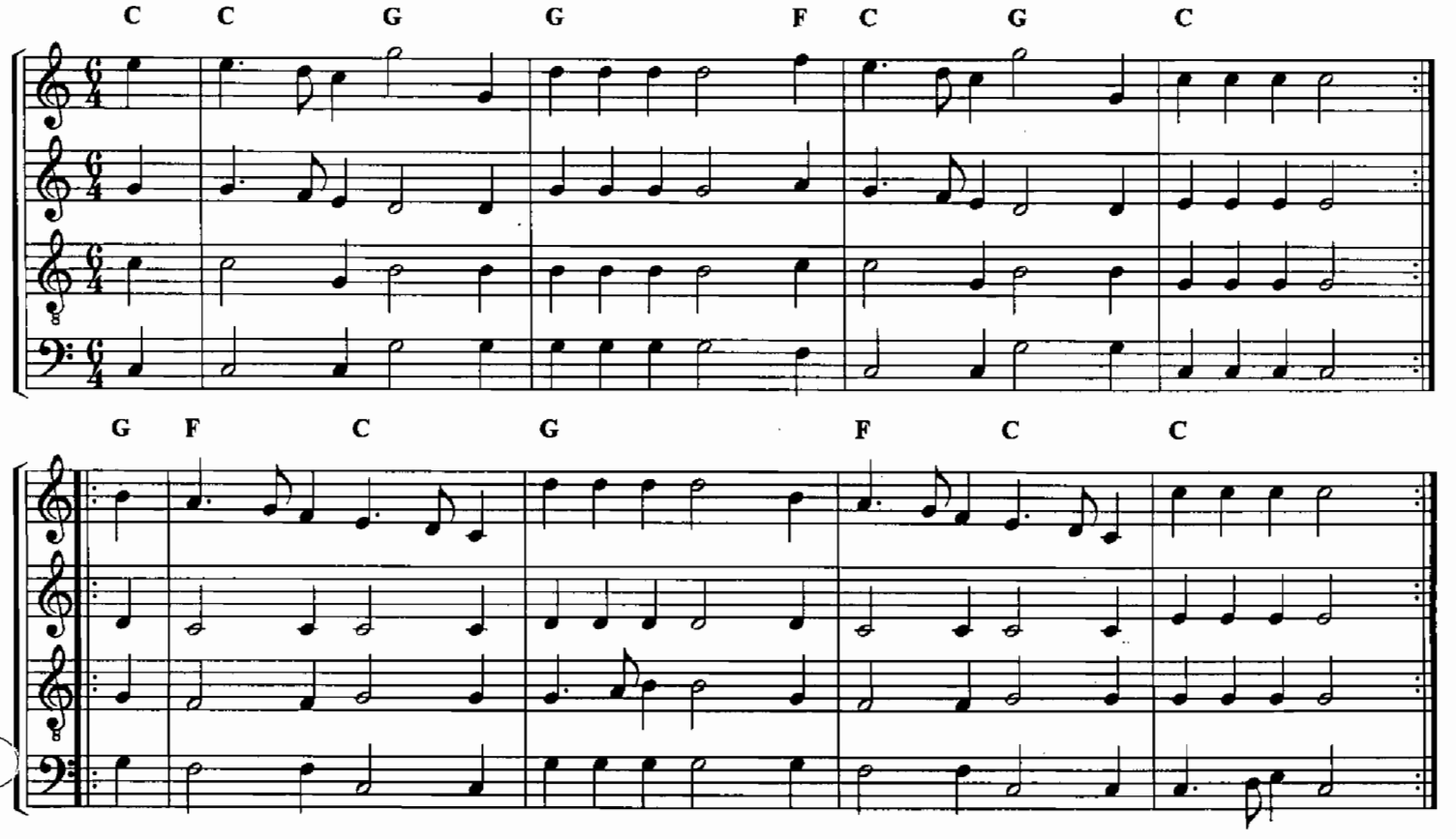
Bobbing Joe

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Saturday night and Sunday morn

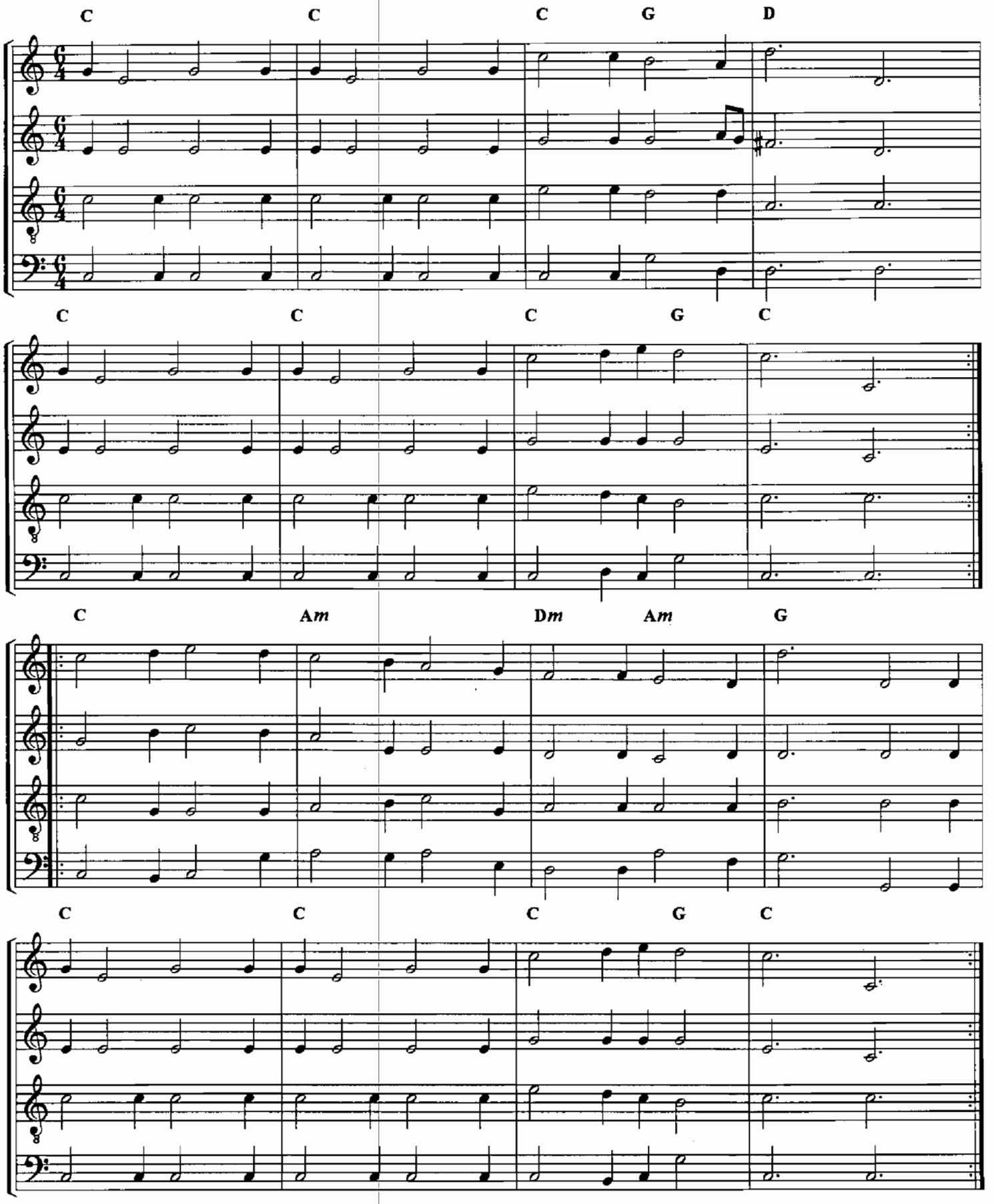


Settings by Steven Hendricks

Boatman

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

Blew Cap for me,

Or, A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing,
Shee'l have bonny blewcap, all other refusing.

There lives a blithe Lasse in Faukeland towne,
and shee had some suitors, I wot not how many;
But her resolution she had set downe,
that shee'd haue a Blew-cap gif e're she had any:
An English man,
when our good king was there,
Came often vnto her,
and loued her deere:
But still she replide, "Sir
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

A Frenchman, that largely was booted and spur'd,
long lock't, with a Ribon, long points and breeches,
Hee's ready to kisse her at euery word,
and for further exercise his fingers itches:
"You be pritty wench,
Mistris, par ma foy;
Be gar, me doe loue you,
then be not you coy."
But still she replide, "Sir
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blewcap for me."

An Irishman, with a long skeane in his hose,
did thinke to obtaine her it was no great matter;
Vp stayres to her chamber so lightly he goes,
that she ne're heard him vntil he came at her.
Quoth he, "I doe loue you,
by fate and.by trote,
And if you will have me,
experience shall shote."
But still she replide, "Sir
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

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

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
a proper tall gallant, with mightty moustachoes;
He weepes if the Lasse vpon him doe but frowne,
yet he's a great Fencer that comes to ore-match vs.
But yet all his fine fencing
could not get the Lasse;
She deny'd him so oft,
that he wearyed was;
But still she replide, "Sir
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,
whose cheeks did resemble two rosting Pomwaters;
To this cany Lasse he his sute did aduance,
and, as taught by nature, he cunningly flatters:--
"Isk will make thee," said he,
"sole Lady o' th' Sea,
Both Spanirds and Englishman
shall thee obey."
But still she replide, "Sir
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for mee."

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

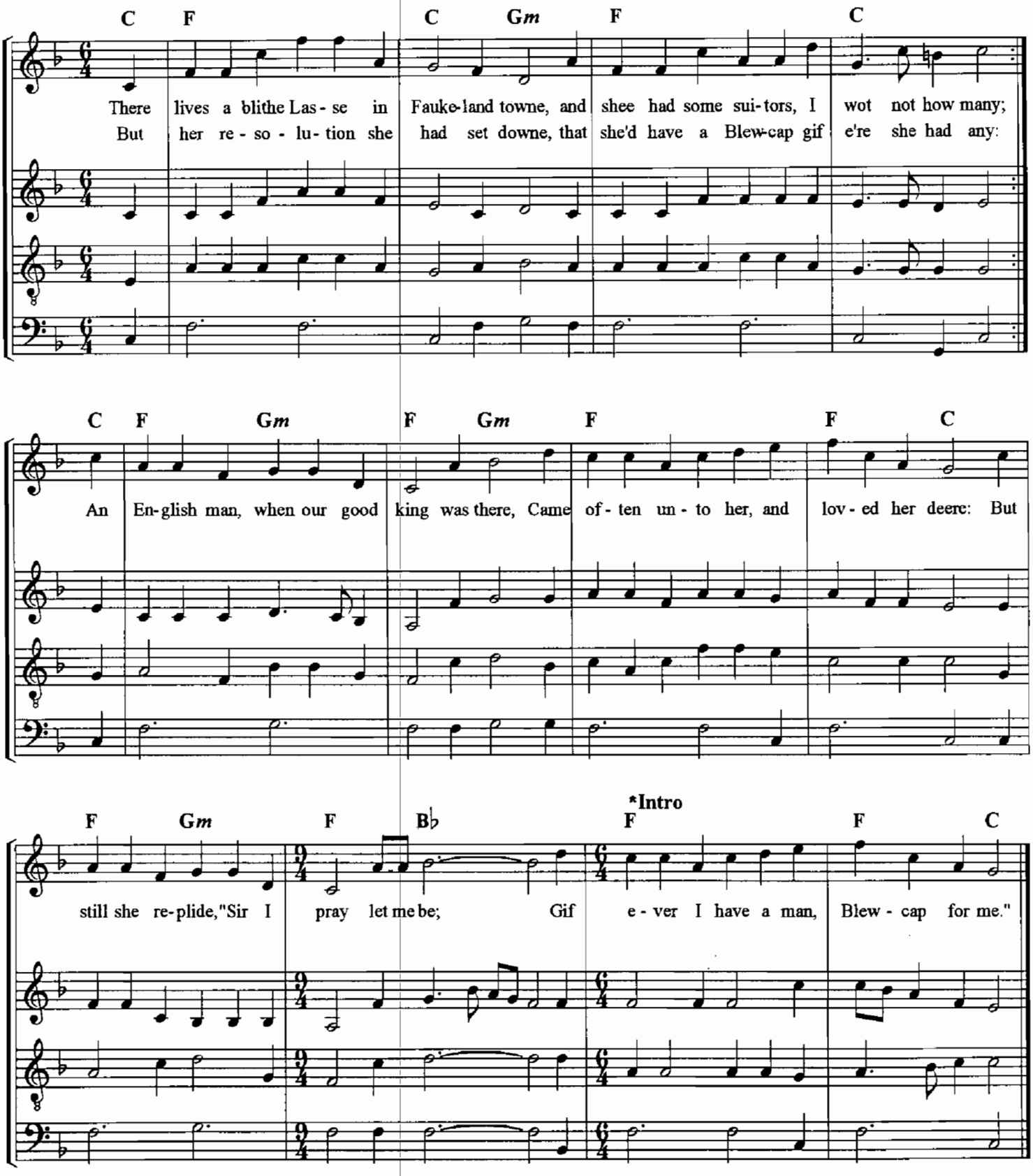
At last came a Scottish-man (with a blew-cap),
and he was the party for whom she has tarry'd;
To get this blithe bonny Lasse 'twas his gude hap, --
they gang'd to the Kirk, and were presently marry'd.
I ken not weele whether
it were Lord or Leard;
The caude him some sike
a like name as I heard;
To chuse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

Blue Cap

Blew Cap for me

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

From the Roxburghe Ballads



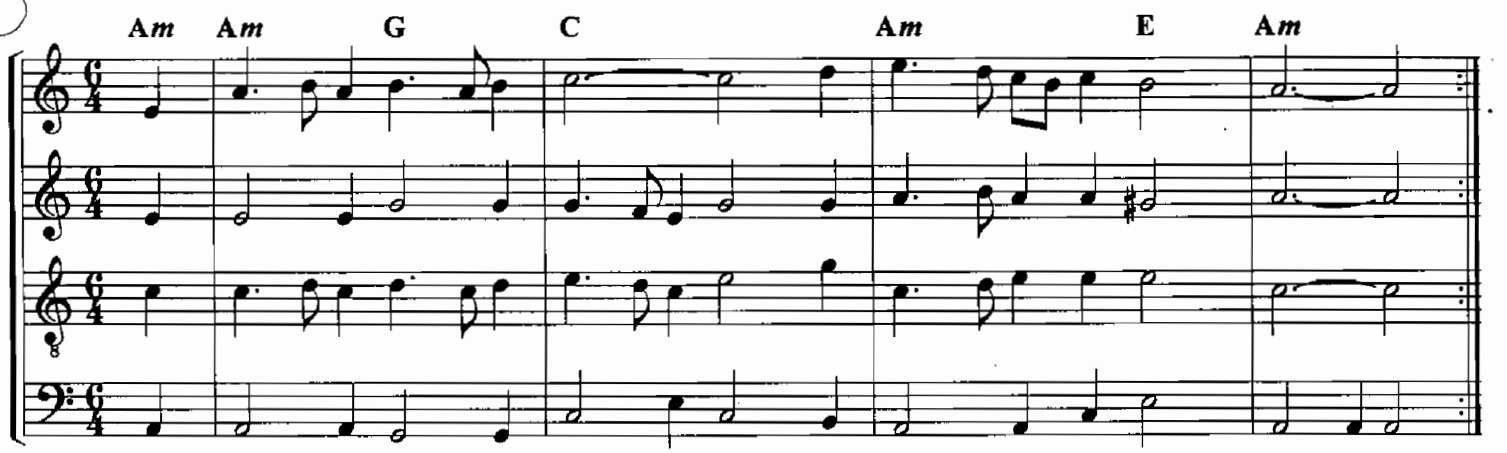
Repeat B section for dance
Originally a fourth higher

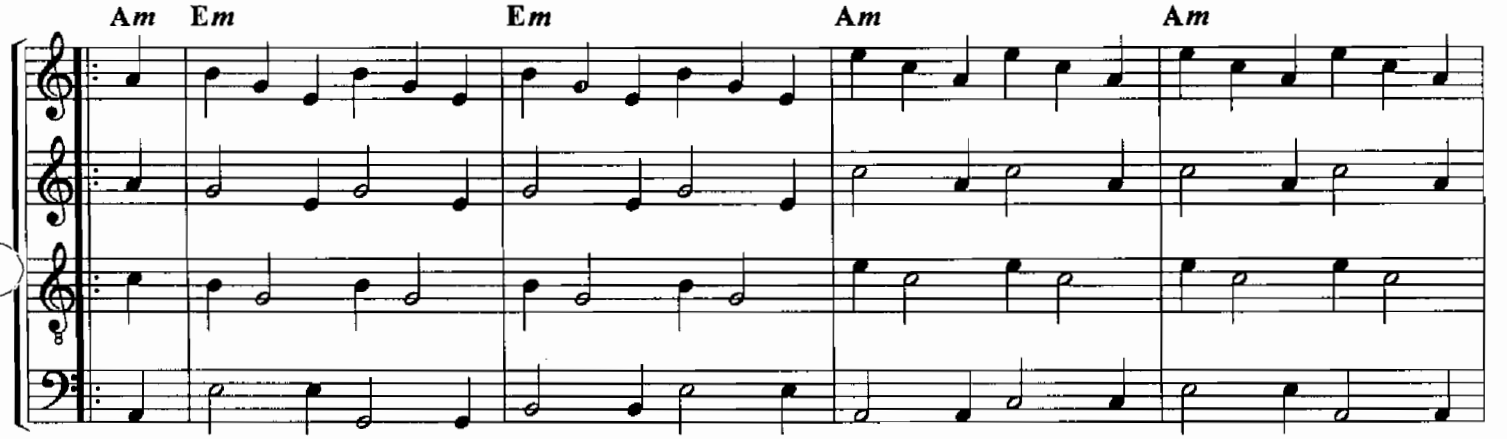
Setting by Steven Hendricks

Black nag

from the Dancing Master, 3rd Edition, 1657

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)





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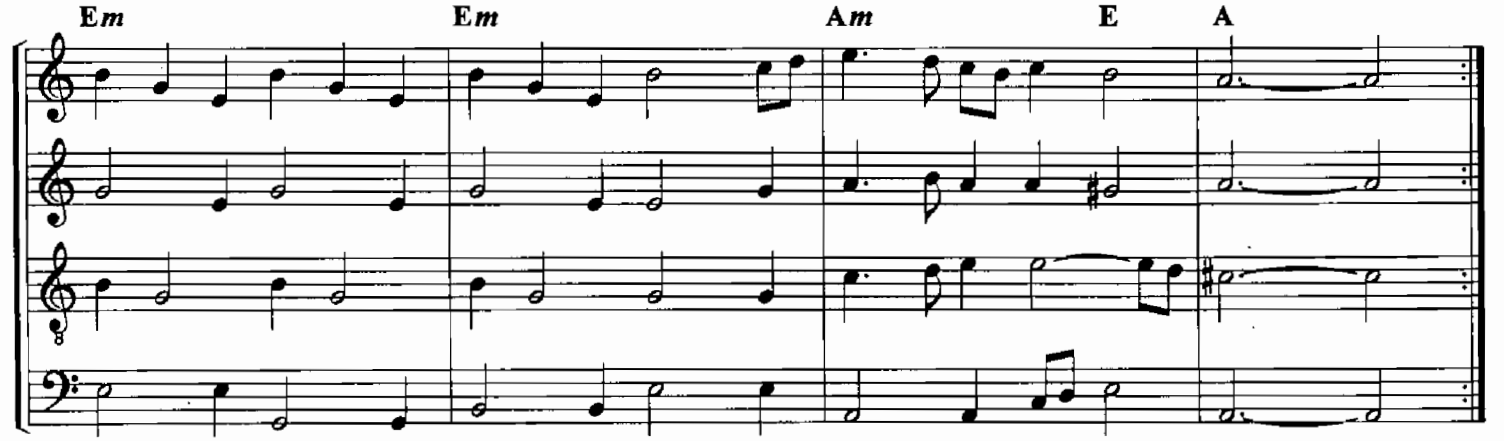


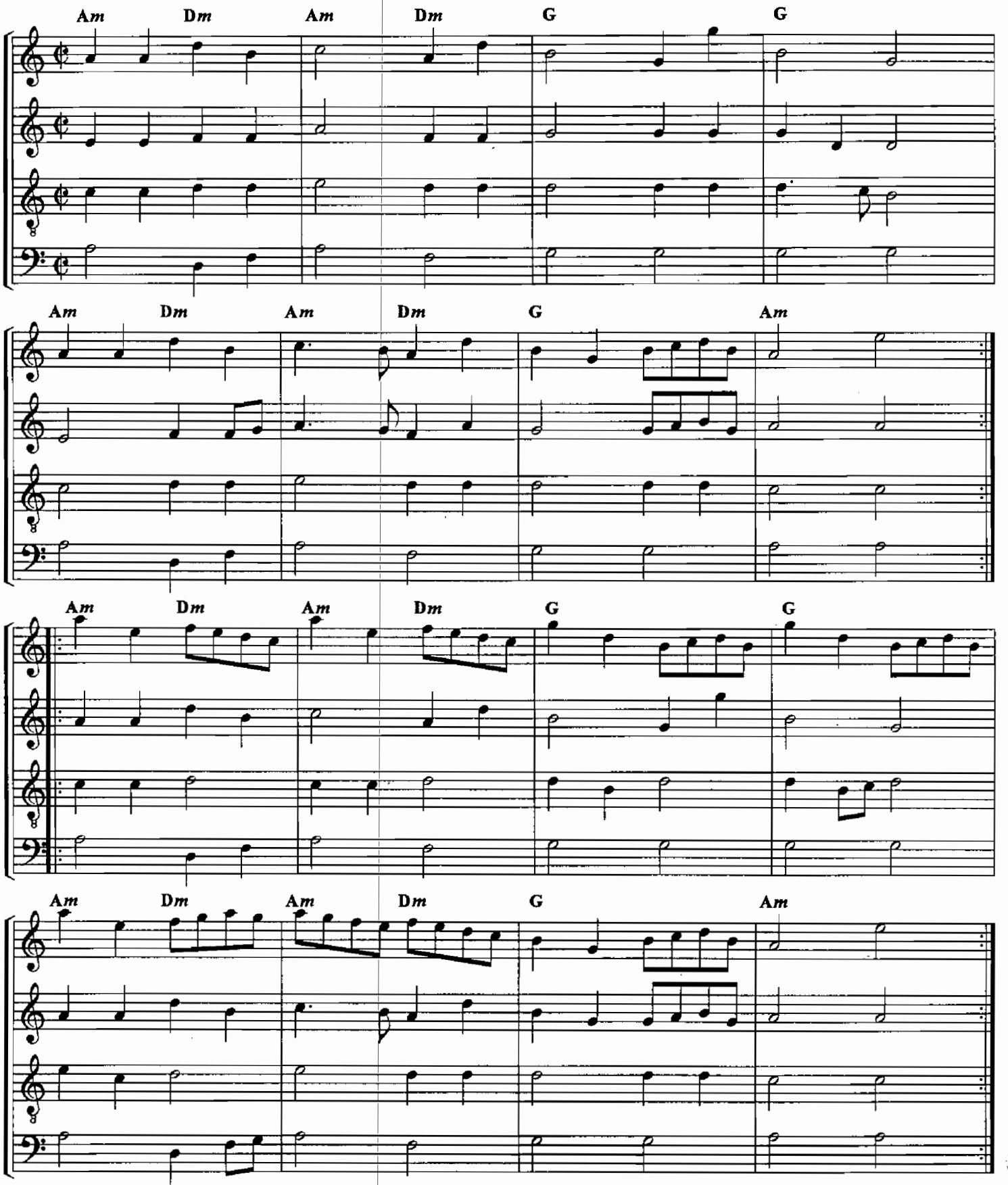
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Black and Gray

from the Dancing Master, 7th edition, 1686

Publ. by Henry Playford (1657-1707)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

The witty Westerne Lasse;

Or, You Maids, that with your friends whole nights have spent,
Beware back-falling, for feare of the event.

Sweet Lucina, lend me thy aid,
Thou art my helper, and no other;
Pitty the state of a teeming maid,
Never a wife, yet soon a mother;
By my presage, it should be a boy,
That thus lyes tumbling in my belly;
Yeeld me some ease, to cure my annoy,
And list to the griefe that I now tell you.

I was beloved every where,
And much admired for my beauty;
Young men thought they happy were
Who best to me could shew their duty;
But now, alack! Pain'd in my back,
And cruell gripings in my belly,
Doe force me to cry, O sick am I,
I feare I shall die, alack, and welly!

Instead of mirth, now may I weepe,
And sadly for to sit lamenting,
Since he I loved no faith doth keepe,
Nor seekes no meanes for my contenting;
But all regardless of my mone,
Or that lies tumbling in my belly,
He into Sweden now is gone,
And left me to cry, alack and welly!

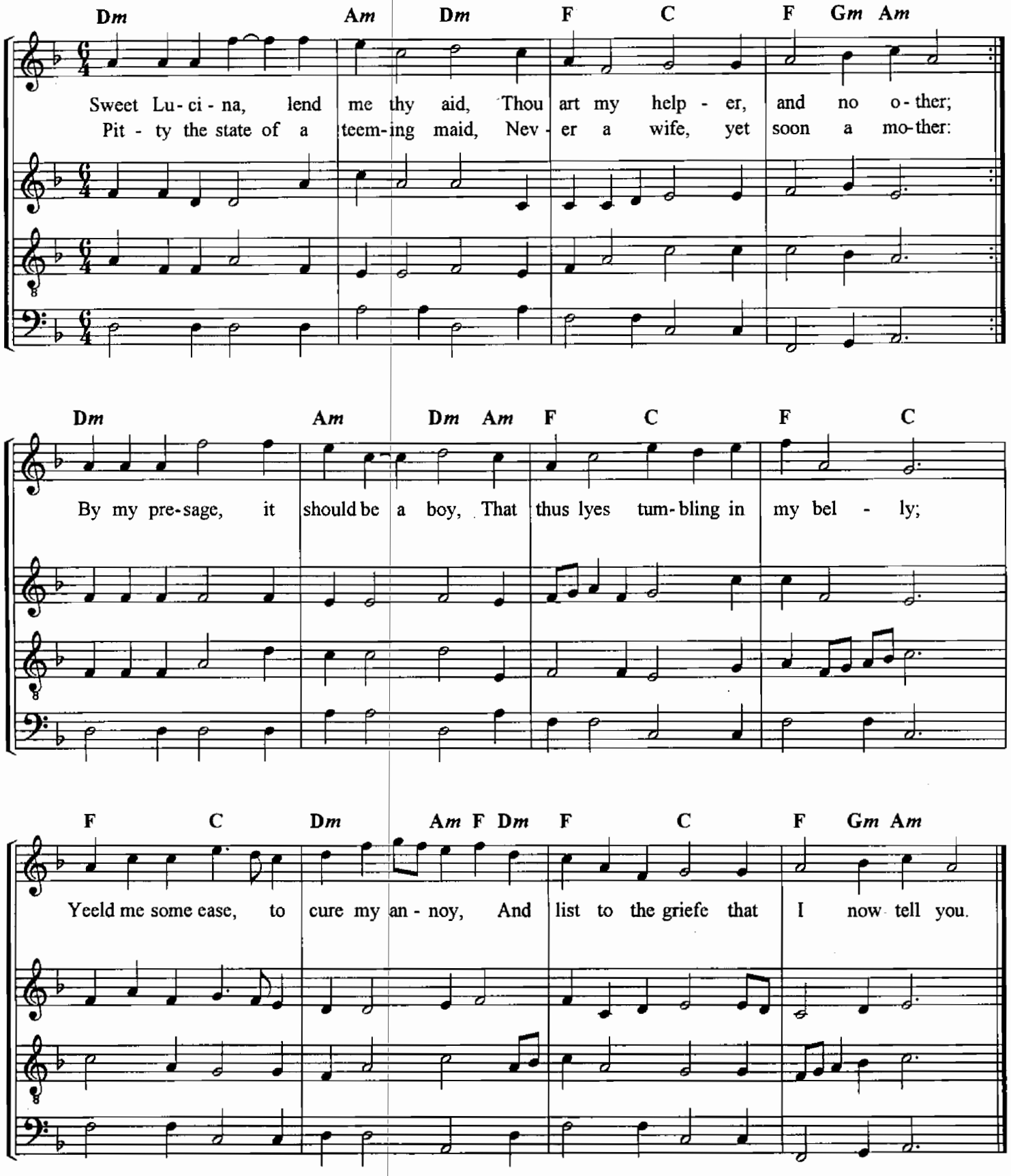
Incontinent to Troynovant,
For my content, Ile hither hie me,
Where privately from company
Obscurely Ile lye, none shall know me;
And when I am eased of my paine,
And cruell gripings in my belly,
I for a maid will passe againe,
And need not cry, alack and welly!

The Beggar Boy

The witty Westerne Lasse

Music from The English Dancing Master, 1651
Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Lyrics by Robert Guy, from the Roxburghe Ballads



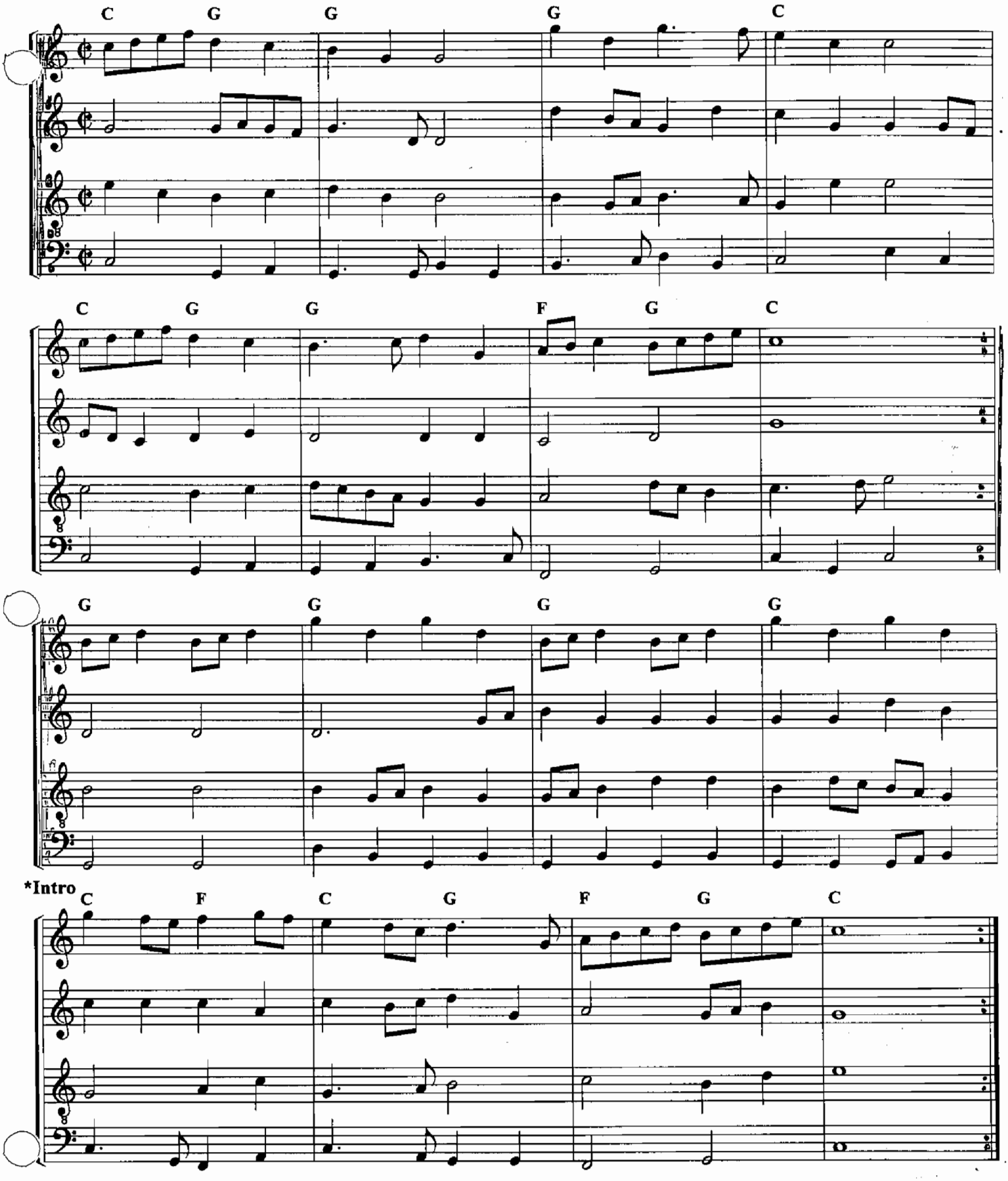
Repeat B section for dance

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Argeers

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



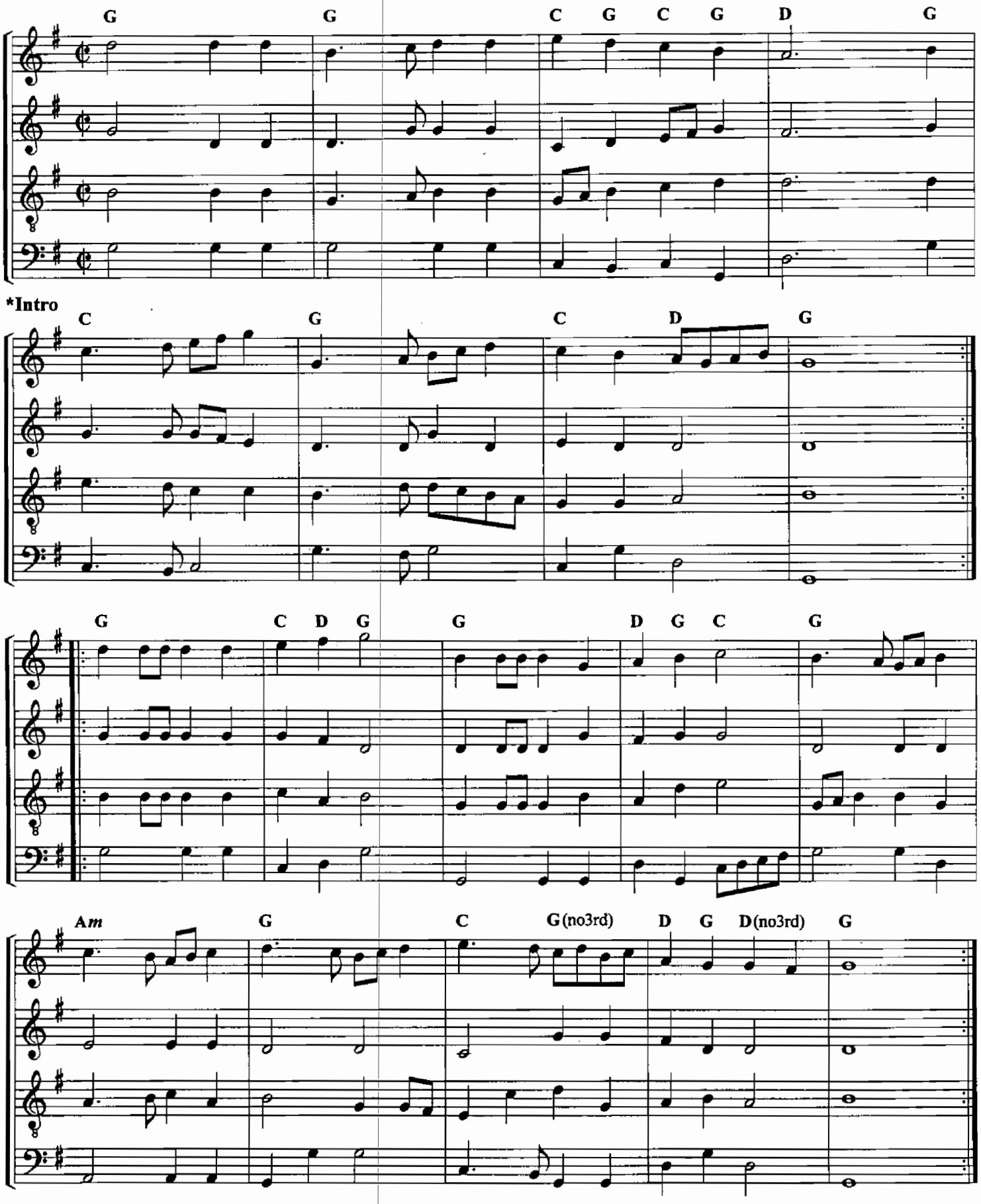
Originally a step higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

All in a Garden Green

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

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