

Come sweet lass.

Words from *The Compleat Academy of Complements* (1685).Air : *Greenwich Park*.

VOICE.

In moderate time.

1. Come sweet lass; This bon - ny wea - ther
3. There is none That can de - light me,

PIANO.

f *p*

Ped. *

1. Let's to - ge - ther; Come sweet lass, Let's trip up - on the grass. E - v'ry -
3. If you slight me; All a - lone, I e - ver make my moan. Life's a

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

1. where, Poor Jock - ey seeks his dear, And un - less you ap - pear, He sees no
3. pain Since by your coy dis - dain, Like an un - hap - py swain, I sigh and

cresc. *p*

* *p*

1. beau - ty here.
3. weep in vain.

f

The Air *Greenwich Park* is to be found in Part II. of *The Dancing Master*, 1698, also in *Durfee's Wit and Mirth*, and the *Beggar's Opera*.

2. On our green The loons are sport-ing, Pip-ing, court-ing: On our green The
 4. I could be Right blythe and jol-ly; Me-lan-cho-ly Ne'er should be. My

p
 Ped. *

2. blith-est lads are seen: There, all day, Our las-sies dance and play, And
 4. fa-tal des-ti-ny, If I might But have my love in sight, Whose

p *cresc.*
 Ped. * Ped. *

2. e-v'ry one is gay But I, when you're a-way.
 4. an-gel-beau-ty bright Was e-ver my de-light.

p *p* *cresc.*

dim. *p* *Dal Ss*

Ped. * Ped. *

The three Ravens.

A DIRGE.

From *Melismata* (1611).

VOICE.

PIANO.

Slow and expressive.

p

1. There were three ra'ens sat on a tree,
 2. Then one of them said to his mate,
 3. Down, down in yon - der green field,

pp

Ped. *

1. Down - a-down, hay down - a - down.
 2. Down - a-down, hay down - a - down.
 3. Down - a-down, hay down - a - down.

There were three ra'ens sat on a
 Then one of them said to his
 Down, down in yon - der green

1. tree, with a down, There were three ra'ens sat on a
 2. mate, with a down, Then one of them said to his
 3. field, with a down, Down, down in yon - der green

p

1. tree, they were as black as they might be, with a down, der-ry der-ry, der-ry down,
 2. mate, where shall we our break-fast take, * with a down, der-ry der-ry, der-ry down,
 3. field, there lies a knight slain 'neath his shield, with a down, der-ry der-ry, der-ry down,

pp

1. down.
 2. down.
 3. down.

pp *dim.* **FINE.**

* The following is a copy of the old version in *Melismata*, quoted by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs* :—

Treble

4 VOC.

THERE were three Rauens sat on a tree, Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe.

There were three Rauens sat on a tree, with a downe. There were three Rauens sat on a tree,

they were as blacke as they might be, with a downe, derrie, derrie, derrie, downe downe.

* This note is **A**, in *Melismata*.

slumber, my darling.

Air by JOHN WHITAKER (1776-1847).

VOICE. *p* O slum - ber, my dar - ling, thy sire is a knight, Thy

PIANO. *Andantino.* *pp* R.H. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *simile.*

mo - ther a la - dy, so love - ly and bright; The hills and the dales from the

cresc. *p*

towers which we see They all shall be - long, my sweet in - fant, to thee. Oh

rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day, Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe,

John Whitaker, chiefly remembered as the writer of the above song and "Oh say not woman's heart is bought," and a few others, wrote the music for several plays, notably *Guy Mannering* (1816), in which Sir Henry Bishop collaborated. He was

sleep while you may. Oh rest thee, my dar-ling, the time it shall come When

mf *pp* Ped. *

sleep shall be bro-ken by trum-pet and drum, Then rest thee, my dar-ling, oh, sleep while you may, For

cresc. *mf* *f* Ped. * Ped. *

war comes with manhood, as light comes with day. Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day, Oh

pp Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep while you may.

dim. *pp* *simile.* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

organist of St. Clement, Eastcheap, and afterwards (in 1808) succeeded to C. H. Purday's music shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

The courteous knight.

Air from *Deuteromelia* (1609).

VOICE.

In moderate time.

PIANO.

mf

cresc.

1. Yon - der comes a
2. Hea - ven speed you,
3. When she reached her

f

mp

Ped.

*

In *Deuteromelia*, among the Freeman's Songs, where the above air is given, there is no sharp in the signature, and in the one instance where the melody requires it, F is made accidentally sharp. It is also correctly quoted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, III., 37. Percy gives another version of the words in the *Reliques*, vol. ii., under the title of *The Baffled Knight*. The above stanzas are selected from *Ritson's Ancient Songs*, where the words are printed in full. As the old English burden "Hey down derry" occurs many times in these pages the following note may be of interest: "Hey down, down, derry down." is said to be a modern version of "Hai down, ir deri danno," the burden of an old song of the Druids, signifying, 'Come, let us hasten to the oaken grove,' which was chanted by the Bards and Vates, to call people to their religious assemblies in the groves." Jones' *Welsh Bards*, vol. i., p. 128.

1. cour - teous knight Gal - lant - ly ri - ding o - ver the lea,
 2. la - dy fair, 'Mong . . . the leaves that be . . . so green;
 3. fa - ther's hall, It was well wall - ed round . . . a - bout;

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. He was well ware of a bon - ny lass, As she came wan - d'ring
 2. Were I a king and wore a crown Full soon, fair maid, should'st
 3. She at the wick - et gate rode in, And shut the four - eared

cresc. Ped. *

1. o - ver the way.
 2. thou be a queen. } Then she sang down - a - down, hey down der - ry!
 3. fool . . with - out. }

f p

rit. Then she sang down - a - down, hey . . . down der - ry!

rit. dim. pp Slowly. Tempo. Dal' S

Drink to me only with thine eyes.

Words by BEN JONSON (1573-1637).

Air by Colonel R. MELLISH (1777-1817).

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andantino.

R.H.

R.H.

L.H. Ped.

L.H. Ped.

simile.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I . . . will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so . . . much honour - ing

pp

dim.

1. mine;
2. thee,

Or leave a kiss with - in . . . the cup, And
As giv - ing it a hope . . . that there It

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

*

Originally set as a Duet, this melody was sung by the composer, Colonel R. Mellish, at the *Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Catch Club*, an institution which was founded in 1761, and numbered George IV. and William IV. among its early members. The author of words was our first Poet Laureate.

1. I'll not ask for wine. . . . The thirst that from the
2. could not with - ered be. . . . But thou there - on didst

dim.

Ped. *

1. soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine; . . .
2. on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me; . . .

1. But might I of Jove's nec - tar sup, I would not change for
2. Since when it grows, and smells, I swear Not of it - self but

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. *

1. thine.
2. thee.

mp *1st time.* *Dal S* *2nd time.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

There's a health to the Queen.

Rather quickly.

PIANO. *f*

1. Here's a health to the Queen, and a last - ing peace, To
 2. Let charm - - ing beau - - ty's health go round, In
 3. In smil - - ing Bac - - chus' joys I'll roll, De -

p

1. fac - tion an end, to wealth in - crease; Come, let's drink it
 2. whom ce - - les - tial joys are found, And may con - fu - sion
 3. ny no plea - sure to my soul; Let Bac - chus' health round

1. while we have breath, For there's no drink - ing af - ter death, And
 2. still pur - sue The sense - less, wo - man - hat - ing crew, And
 3. swift - ly move, For Bac - chus is a friend to Love, And

Playford's successors, Pearson & Young, included this air in *The Dancing Master* (vol. iii.). It is also found in several different versions in the half-sheet copies in the British Museum. Two differences of reading are indicated beneath the music: these are from copies of Queen Anne's time. These bear the press-mark H, 1601, and while one half-sheet includes the line "and they who Anna's health deny," another is described as "a song sung by Mr. Dyer at Mr. Bullock's booth at Southwark fair." The date of the folio is about 1705. Dr. Samuel Wesley, it is said, was so fond of this melody, that he often extemporised fugues upon it.

*
 1. he that will this health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men,
 2. they that wo - man's health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men,
 3. he that will this health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men,

cres. sempre

1. Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down, down, down,
 2. Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down, down, down,
 3. Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down, down, down,

1. Down a - mong the dead men let him lie!
 2. Down a - mong the dead men let them lie!
 3. Down a - mong the dead men let him lie!

f *mf* *cresc.*

f *Dal S*

* Many of the older versions print C natural.

⊕ The last note but one of the melody is sometimes printed an 8ve lower.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes.

Words from an Old Lullaby.

Tune: *May Fair*.

VOICE. *p* Gold - en

PIANO. *Slowly.* *pp* Ped. * Ped. *

slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wait you

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

when you rise; Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons,

pp dim. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

do . . not cry, . . and I will sing a lul - la -

cresc.

This expressive little melody is found in the 3rd edition of *The Dancing Master* (1718), and in the *Beggars' Opera*. The late Mr. William Chappell adapted the words (see *Popular Music*, vol. ii.). May Fair was established, as a fair, in the fields, behind Piccadilly, in the time of Charles II.; or to be more precise: "In the fields, by the side of the brook, which has given its name to Brook Street, an annual fair was held on the site of Curzon Street and Hertford Street—a rural fête whose memory is preserved in the name of the fashionable region of Mayfair." (*Words and Places*, Isaac Taylor.) Another version of the air is given in the appendix.

mp

- by. Care you know not,

dim. *p.*

Ped. * Ped. *

there - fore sleep, While I o'er you watch do

Ped. * Ped. *

keep, Sleep, pret - ty dar - lings, do . . . not

p.

Ped. * Ped. *

cry, .. And I will sing a lul - la - - by.

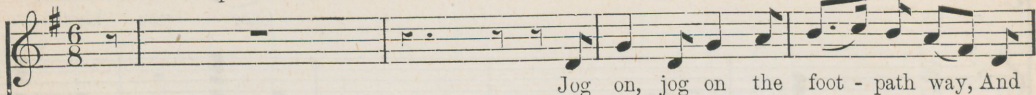
dim. *p dim.*

pp

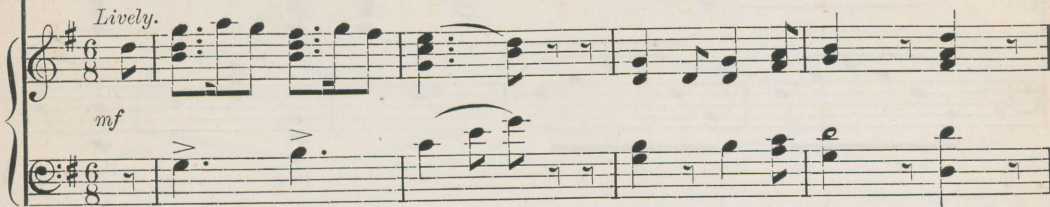
Jog on, jog on.

Words from Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*.Air: *Hanskin*.

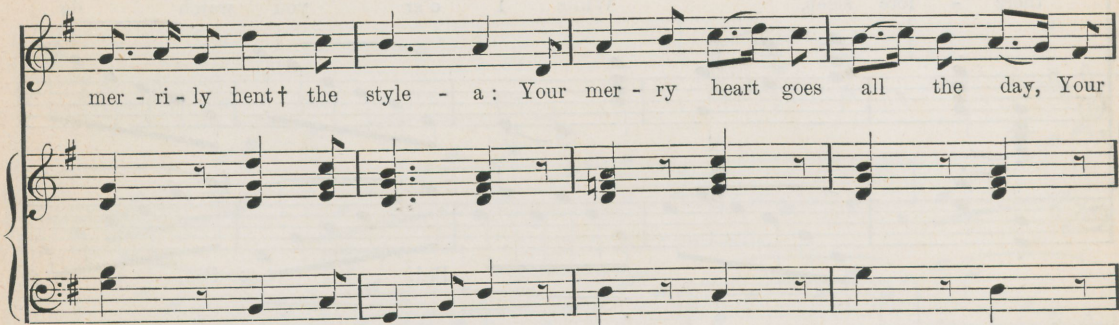
VOICE.



PIANO.

*Lively.**mf*

mer - ri - ly hent† the style - a: Your mer - ry heart goes all the day, Your



sad tires in a mile - a.

Your

mf

pal - try mon - ey - bags of gold, What need have we to stare for, When

mp

Ped.

* Ped. *

* An earlier version of the same air is in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (1550-1620), No. 297, arranged by Richard Farnaby.

† Hent, to lay hold of, seize.

The four earliest lines of this ditty are sung by Autolycus the Pedlar, and 'picker up of unconsidered trifles' in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* (about 1610), Act iv., Sc. 2. Whether the latter portion of the song was also by him (nay, more, whether he actually wrote or merely quoted even the four opening lines), cannot be determined. We prefer to believe that

lit - tle or no - thing soon is told And we have the less to care for.

p *dim.* *mf*

This system features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are 'lit - tle or no - thing soon is told And we have the less to care for.' The piano accompaniment is in G major, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple bass line. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Cast a - way care, let sor - row cease, A

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Cast a - way care, let sor - row cease, A'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same harmonic structure.

fig for me - lan - cho - ly: Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please, We'll

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'fig for me - lan - cho - ly: Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please, We'll'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

fro - lic with sweet Dol - ly.

mf *sf* Ped. *

This system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'fro - lic with sweet Dol - ly.' The piano accompaniment features a final flourish with a forte (*sf*) dynamic and a pedal point marked 'Ped.' and an asterisk (*).

from his hand alone came the fragment at least—this lively snatch of melody with good philosophy, such as the Ascetics reject to their own damage. No wrong is done in accepting the remainder of the song as genuine. The final verse is orthodox, according to the Autolyceusian rule of faith. It is in *Windsor Drollery*, p. 30; and the Introduction to *Westminster Drollery*, p. xxxv. (Ebsworth, vol. iii., p. 329.) The air is included in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707, ii., 32 (or 1719, iv., 32), and the first stanza of words only in *The Academy of Complements*, 1664. (See Appendix.)

♭ mistress mine.

Words from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (1599).

Traditional Melody.

VOICE. *mp* O mistress mine, where are you roam-ing?

PIANO. *Deliberately.* *mp* *pp* *p*

Ped. * Ped.

O . . . mis-tress mine, where are you roam-ing? O, stay and hear; your true love's com-ing,

cresc.

That can sing both high and low: Trip no fur-ther, pret-ty sweet-ing;

p

Ped. *

Jour-neys end in lov-ers meet-ing, E-v'ry wise man's son . . doth know.

cresc *dim.* *p*

Ped. * Ped.

The air is contained in *The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (No. 66), and also in *Morley's Consort Lessons* (1599). (See Appendix.)

What is love? 'tis not here-af-ter; What is love?

mf *dim.* *p*

* (under the first piano accompaniment measure)

'tis not here-af-ter; Pre-sent mirth hath pre-sent laugh-ter; What's to come is

cresc.

still un-sure: In de-lay there lies no plen-ty; Then come kiss me,

Ped. *

sweet and twen-ty, Youth's a stuff will not en-dure.

p *cresc.*

Ped. *

Willy, prythee go to bed.

From "Freemen's Songs" in *Deuteromelia* (1609).Air : *Trenchmore*.

VOICE.

Somewhat quickly.

p

mf *f*

Ped. (sostenuto.) *

mf

Wil-ly, pry-thee go to bed, For thou wilt have a drow-sy head; To-morrow we must a hunt-ing,

p

Ped. * Ped. * (simile.)

p

And be-times be stirr-ing, With a hey tra la la la la la la la la la la la

pp

Ped.

la la la la la la, Hey ho!... tra la la la la la lo!

sf *f*

Ped.

"Willy, prythee go bed" occurs among the Freemen's Songs in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, where it follows "Trenchmore," which is obviously an inferior, but perhaps older version of the same tune. The words to "Trenchmore" begin:

To-morrow the fox will come to town,
Keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe,
O keepe you all well there."

As a dance-tune "Trenchmore" was extremely popular in the sixteenth century. Robert Burton (1576-1640), in *The Anatomy of Melancholy, what it is, etc.*, thus refers to this old dance:—"Who can withstand it? be we young or old, though our teeth shake in our heads like Virginal Jacks, or stand parallel asunder like the arches of a bridge,—there is no remedy: we must dance *Trenchmore* over tables, chairs and stools." Hawkins prints a curious version of this ancient melody (History, appendix No. 14), which is referred to by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Island Princess*, and also in Selden's *Table-Talk*.

It is like to

p *mf* *dim.*

(sostenuto.) * Ped. * Ped. *

be fair wea - ther, Cou - ple all my hoands to - geth - er, We will go a

hunt - ing And be-times be stirr - ing, With a hey tra la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la, Hey, ho, . . la la la la la la lo,

p *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

Prick the path and down the lane, She us - es still her

p *mf*

old . . . train, She's gone to what - call wood Where we are like to

f

do no good, With a hey tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

f

Hey ho! . . . tra la la la la lo.

mp

Ped. * Ped. *

p *mp* *pp*

And will he not come again.

Words from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, 1596.

Traditional.

VOICE.

Slow and pensive.

1. And
2. His

PIANO.

p *pp*

1. will he not come a - gain, . . . And will he not come a -
2. beard was as white as snow, . . . All flax - en was his

p

1. gain? . . . No, no, he is dead, Go to thy cold bed, He
2. poll; . . . He is gone, he is gone, And we cast a - way moan, God 'a

cresc. *mf*

Ped. *

Dal §

1. ne - ver will come a - gain. . . .
2. mer - cy on his soul. . . .

dim.

Traditional airs—even short ones like the above, are always to be found in varying forms. William Linley (1767–1835) wrote down several of Ophelia's songs, of which the present is an example.

######

1. She wa - vers with the wind, As a ship sail - eth; Please her the
 2. I got, to deck the bow'rs Of my dear Phil - ly. She did them
 3. I fall quite to de - cay, Like a - ny sha - dow. I shall be

p cresc.

1. best I may, She loves still to gain - say, A - lack and
 2. all dis - dain, And threw them back a - gain: There - fore 'tis
 3. dead, I fear, With - in a thou - sand year; And all be -

1. well - a - day! Phil - li - da flouts me.
 2. flat and plain Phil - li - da flouts me.
 3. cause my dear Phil - li - da flouts me.

p
Ped. *

f dim.
Dal S

Cold and raw the North did blow.

Tune : *Stingo*, or *Oil of Barley*.

VOICE.

PIANO.

In moderate time.

p

1. Cold and raw the North did blow, Bleak in the morn - ing
 2. Down I vail'd my bon - - net low, Mean - ing to show my
 3. In this purse, sweet soul, (said I,) Twen - ty good pounds lie

1. ear - - ly, All the hills were hid . . with snow,
 2. breed - - ing, She re - turned a grace - - ful bow,
 3. fair - - ly; Seek no fur - ther one . . to buy,

There are many versions of this famous old air. For example, in another form, it will be found in *The Minstrelsy of Scotland* (Alfred Moffat), p. 38, 2nd edition. Hawkins quotes, in the appendix to his *History*, the version from Hilton's *Catches* (1652), and also gives the story of Queen Mary, the consort of King William, expressing her admiration of the air, before Purcell, and how the latter, in revenge of the blow to his *amour propre*, introduced the air as a *ground bass*, in a song produced at the Queen's next birthday, 1692. Whether the melody is of Scottish or English origin cannot now be decided. The above text is that found in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, II., 165 (1707), and though not the oldest, it is plainly one of the best. In the edition of 1719, it is included twice, namely, in vol. ii., 167, and vol. iv., 152.

1. Cov - er'd with win - ter year - - ly; As I was rid - ing
 2. Her vis - age far ex - ceed - - ing; I asked her where she
 3. For I'll take all thy bar - - ley: Then let us prove true

mf cresc.

1. o'er the slough I met with a far - mer's daugh - ter;
 2. tripped so soon, De - sir - ing to hold a par - ley;
 3. love's de - light, For, sweet - est, I love thee dear - ly,

1. Ro - sy cheeks and a bon - ny brow, Good faith! my mouth did
 2. She re - plied "the next mar - ket town," Where she . . might sell . . her
 3. And, this night, we our troth will plight, And wed, . . the morn - ing

p cresc. cresc. f p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. wa - ter.
 2. bar - ley.
 3. ear - ly.

pp cresc. dim. pp

Dal S

When I drain the rosy bowl.

Words by FRANCIS FAWKES (1721-1777).

In a hearty, jovial manner.

JOSEPH BAILDON (1727-1774).

PIANO.

mf *f* *cresc.* Ped. *

8.

1. When I drain the rosy bowl, Joy ex-hil-a-
 2. When I drink dull time a-way, Jol-ly Bac-chus
 3. When I sink the bowl pro-found, Rich-est fra-grance

f

cresc.

1. rates my soul; To the Nine I raise my song,
 2. ev-er gay, Leads me to de-light ful bow'rs,
 3. flow-ing round, And some love-ly nymph de-tain,

dim. *p* *f*

1. Ev-er fair, and ev-er young. When full cups my
 2. Full of fra-grance, full of flow'rs. When I quaff the
 3. Ve-nus then in-spires the strain. When from gob-lets

mp *p* *mf*

Francis Fawkes achieved considerable fame by his translations, especially of the minor Greek poets. The lines above are from *Anacreon*, and are familiar in Moore's version. Perhaps the best known of Fawkes' verses are those commencing "Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale." This fine, robust melody is copied from Ritson's *English Songs*, where it appears without name.

1. cares dis - pel, So - ber coun - sels then fare - well:
 2. spark - ling wine, And my locks with ro - ses twine,
 3. deep and wide, I ex - haust the gen - 'rous tide,

1. Let . . the winds that mur - mur, sweep
 2. Then . . I praise life's ru - ral scene,
 3. All . . my soul un - bends— I play,

dim. *p* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

1. All my sor - rows to the deep: Let the winds, that
 2. Sweet, se - quest - er'd and se - rene: Then I praise life's
 3. Game - some, with the young and gay: All my soul un -

f *Ped.* *

1. mur - mur, sweep All . . my sor - rows to . . the deep.
 2. ru - ral scene, Sweet, . . se - quest - er'd and . . se - rene.
 3. bends— I play, Game - some, with the young and gay.

p *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

dim. *p* *Ped.*

Corydon's doleful knell.

Words from Percy's *Reliques*.Tune: *Babes in the Wood*.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Somewhat leisurely.

My Phil-li-da, a -

*mp**dim.**p*

dieu, love! For ev-er-more, fare-well! Ah, me! I've lost my

cresc.

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

true love, And thus I ring her knell. Ding dong, ding dong, Ding

cresc.

dong, ding dong, My Phil-li-da is dead! I'll place a branch of

The two stanzas above given are a part of a much longer elegy contained in the *Golden Garland of Princely delights*. The tune, which is obviously an old one, is variously known as *Rogero, Now ponder well*, and *Babes in the Wood*, which is the title here retained. From an entry in the records of the Stationers' Company, *The Norfolk Gentleman or Babes in the Wood* was registered in 1595. This version with the original words appears in Phillip's *Old Ballads* (vol. i., p. 221), to the tune of *Rogero*, and in Percy's *Reliques* (vol. iii., p. 217). The tune is found in old broadsides and the *Beggars' Opera*. It is also associated with the grave-digger's song in *Hamlet*:—"A pick-axe and a spade." Curious versions of the air occur in *Wit and Mirth* (1719) vol. v., p. 1, and at p. 49. A second air, from Ballet's Lute Book, is printed by Rimbault in his "Music to the Reliques," and another tune, also entitled *Rogero*, is quoted by Chappell in *Popular Music*, from a MS. of Dowland's, in the Cambridge Public Library.

wil - low At my fair Phil - li's head.

cresc.

I'll deck her tomb with flow - ers, The rar - est ev - er seen, And

with my tears as show - ers, I'll keep them fresh and green. Ding

pp

dong, ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong, My Phil - li - da is dead! I'll

pp

place a branch of wil - low At my fair Phil - li's head.

rall.

rall.