# Sonnets and Epigrams

*for Voice and Lute*

## Keyboard supplement

Feestviereend Gezelschap (Merry Company) by Isack Elyas, 1629 (Rijksmuseum)

David Protheroe

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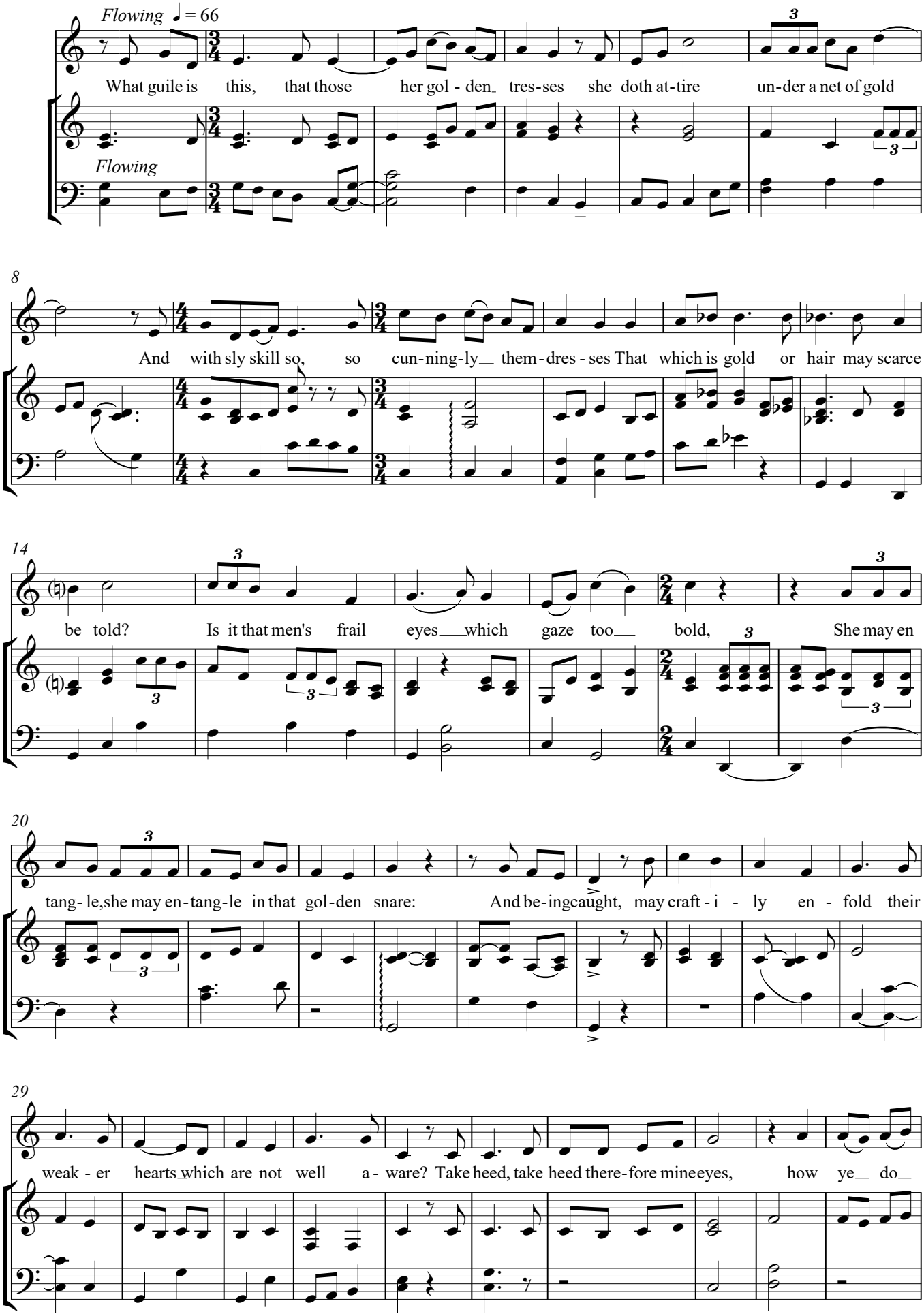
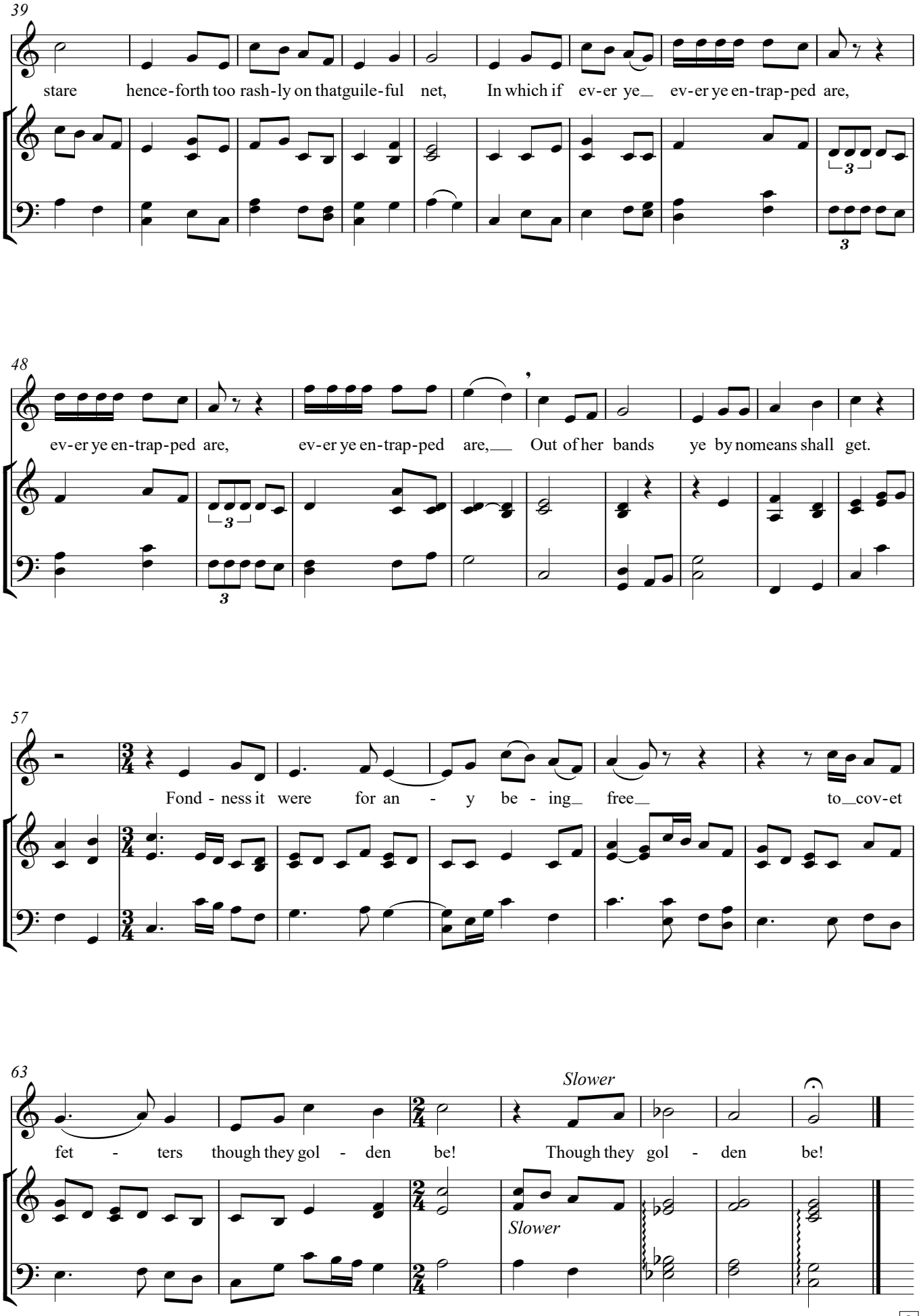
EDMUND SPENSER
*Amoretti: Sonnet 37*

# Her golden tresses

DAVID PROTHEROE

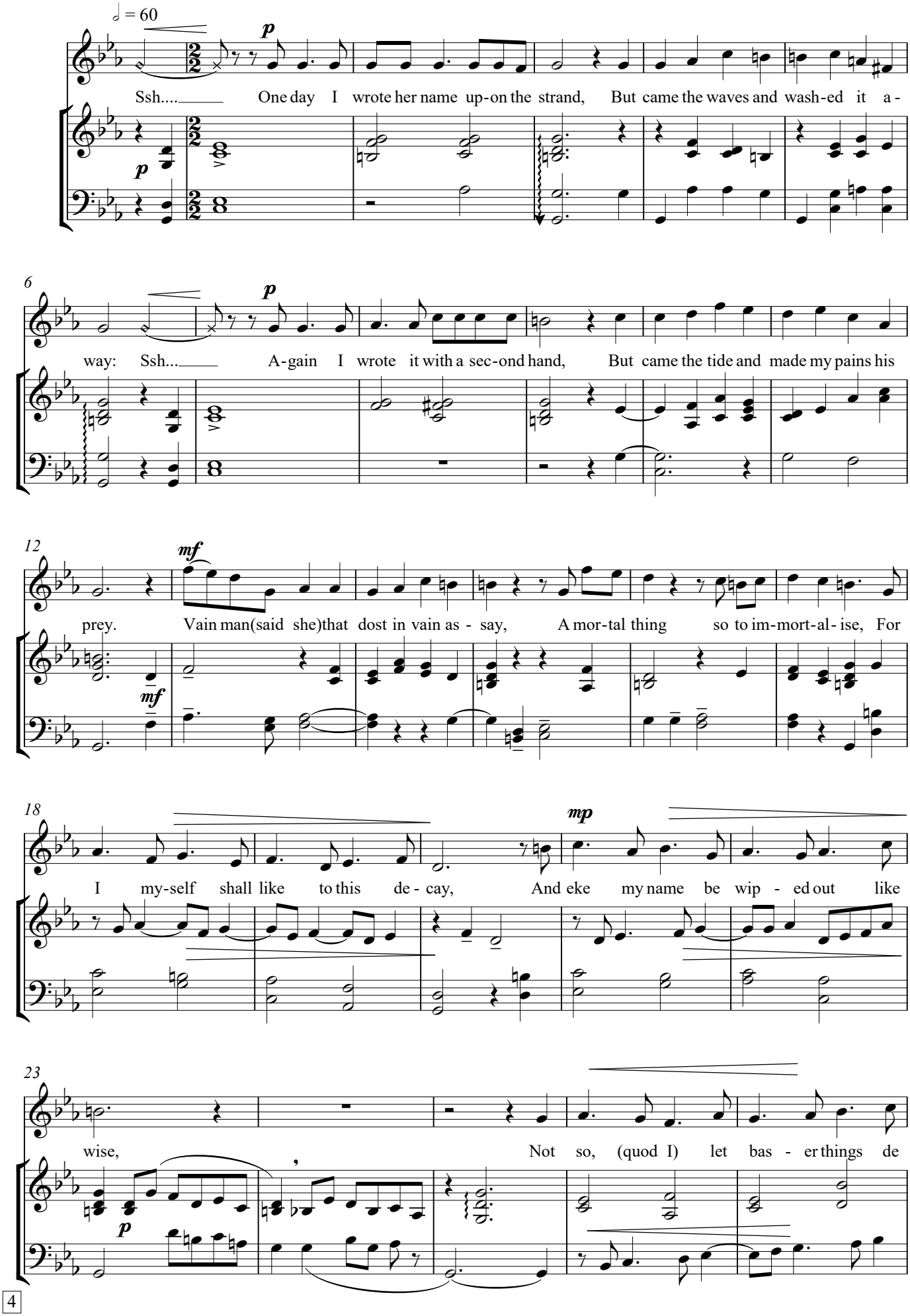


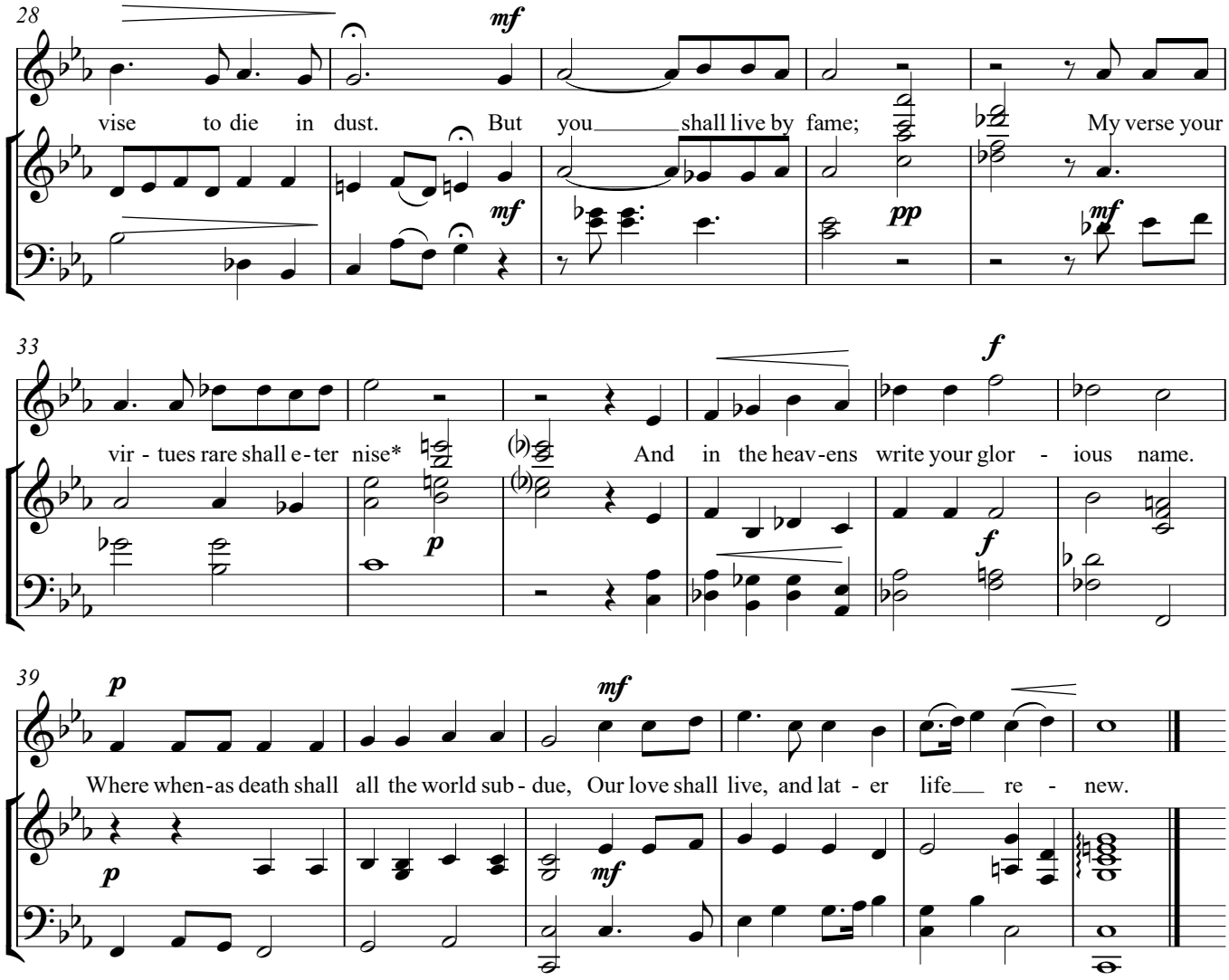

39
stare hence-forth too rash-ly on thatguile-ful net, In which if ev-er ye_ ev-er ye en-trap-ped are,
48
ev-er ye en-trap-ped are, ev-er ye en-trap-ped are,_ Out of her bands ye by nomeans shall get.
57
Fond - ness it were for an - y be - ing_ free_ to_cov-et
63
fet - ters though they gol - den be! Though they gol - den be!
Slower
Slower

EDMUND SPENSER
*Amoretti: Sonnet 75*

# Her name upon the strand

DAVID PROTHEROE



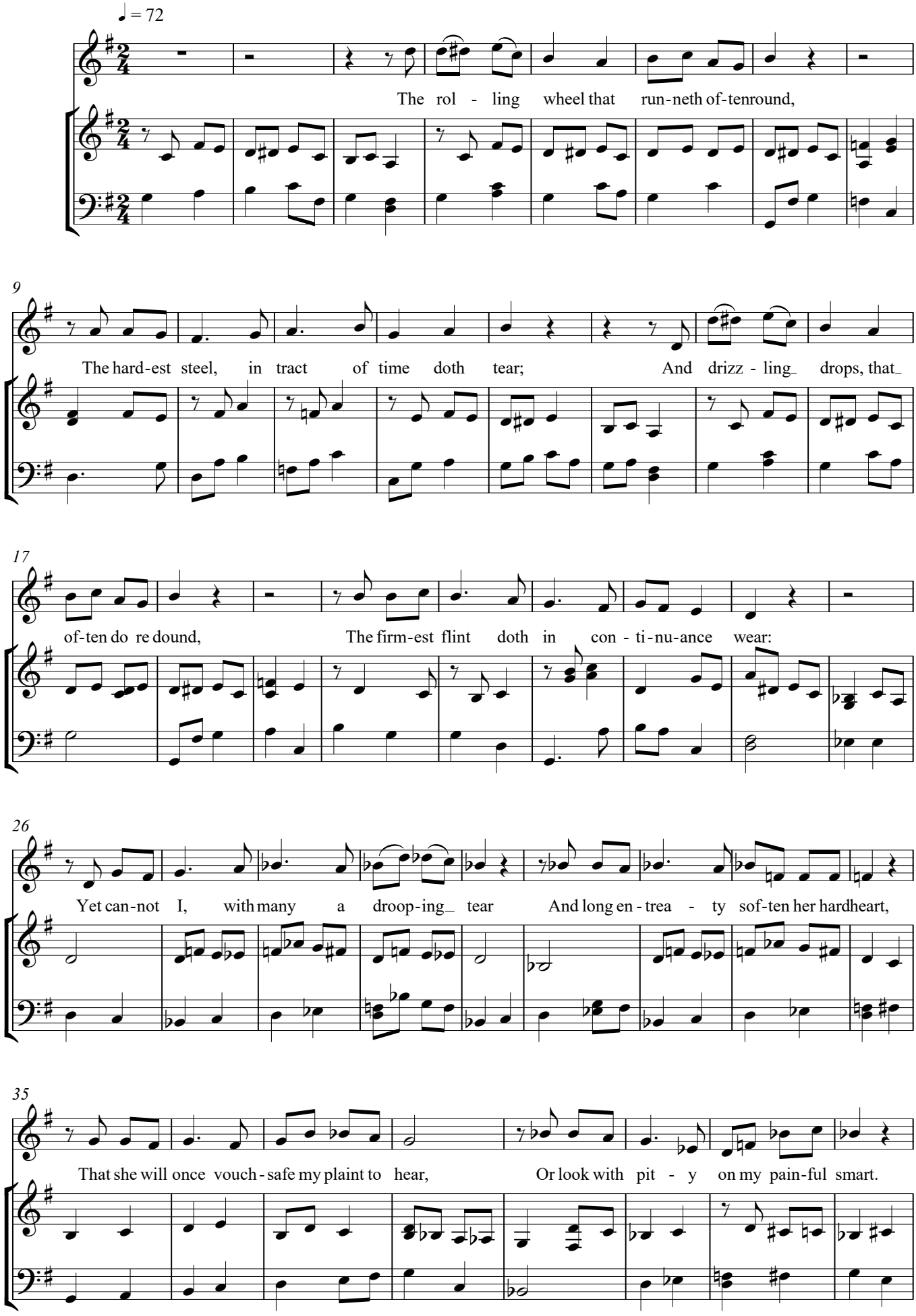


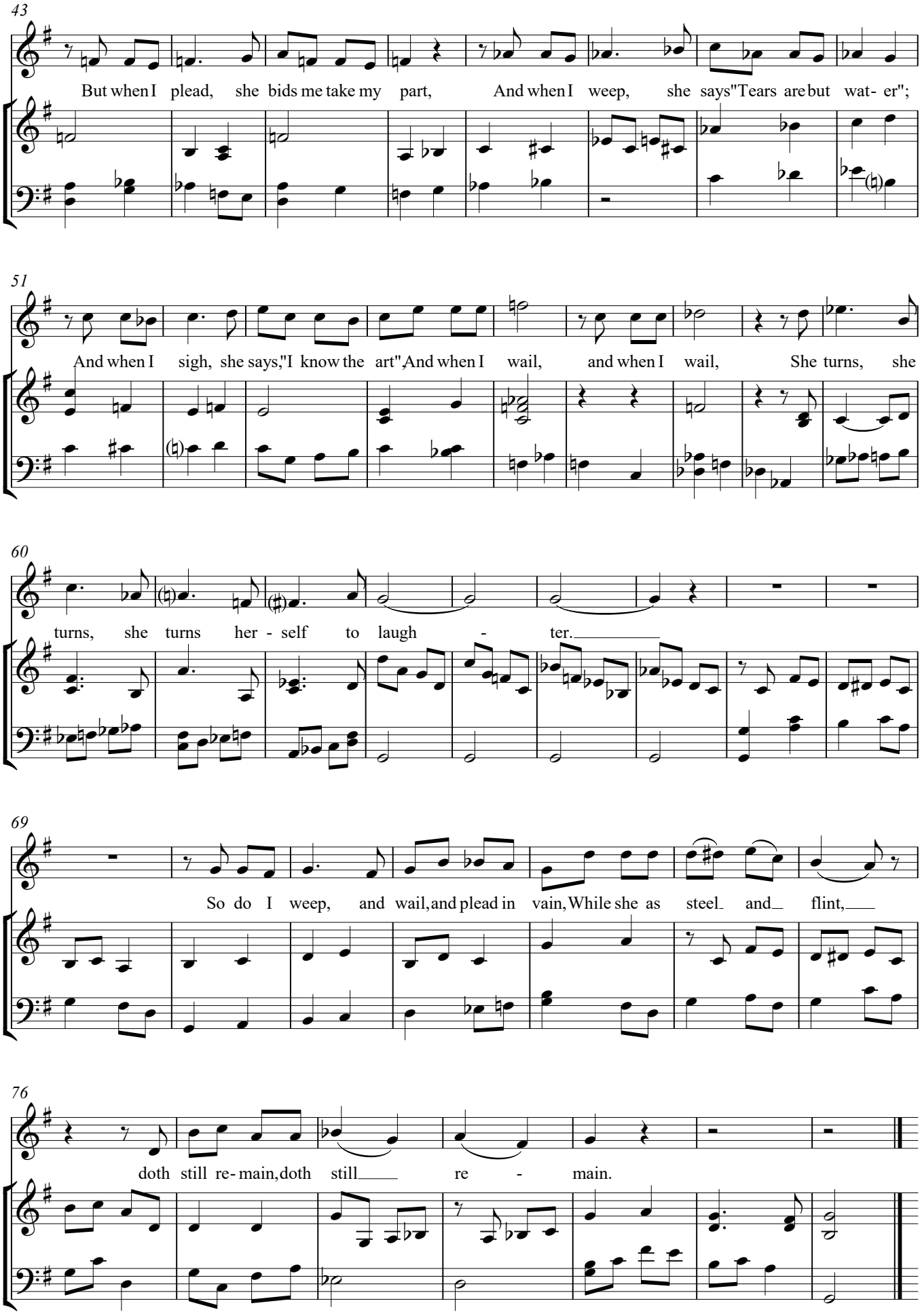

* Eternise: make eternal

EDMUND SPENSER
*Amoretti: Sonnet 18*

# The rolling wheel

DAVID PROTHEROE

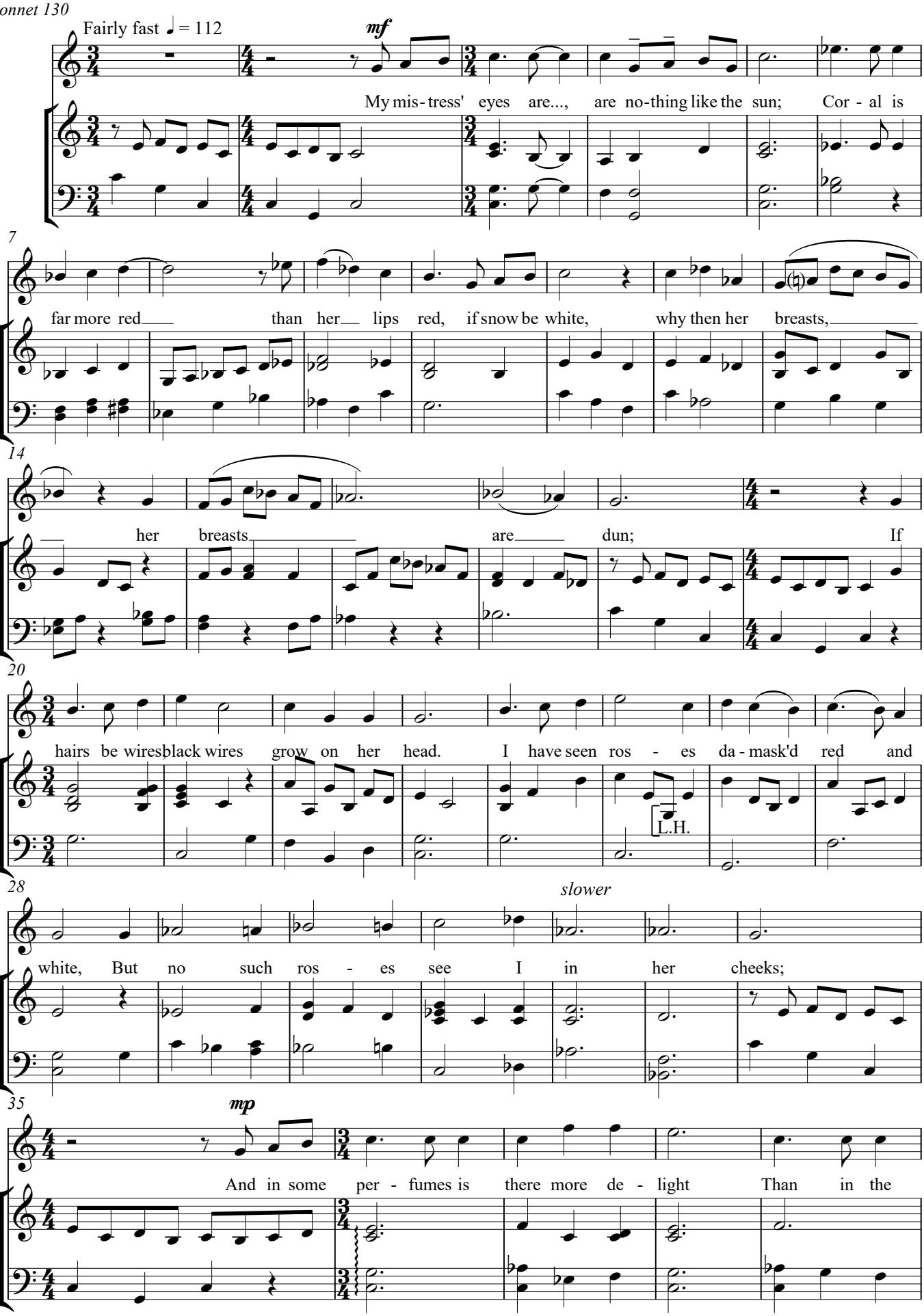


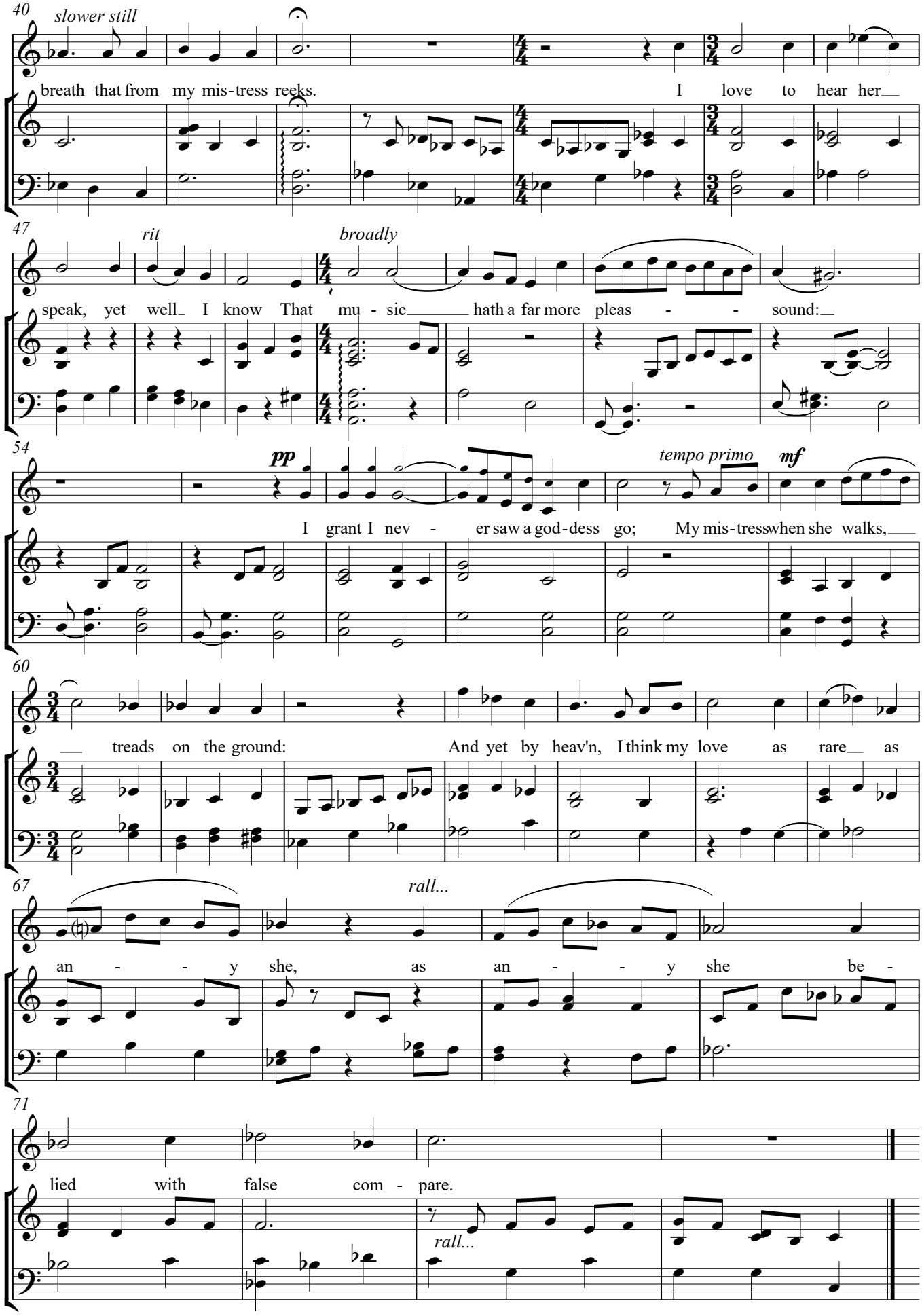

43
But when I plead, she bids me take my part, And when I weep, she says"Tears are but wat- er";
51
And when I sigh, she says,"I know the art",And when I wail, and when I wail, She turns, she
60
turns, she turns her - self to laugh - ter.
69
So do I weep, and wail,and plead in vain,While she as steel and flint,
76
doth still re- main,doth still re - main.

# False compare

SHAKESPEARE
*Sonnet 130*

DAVID PROTHEROE

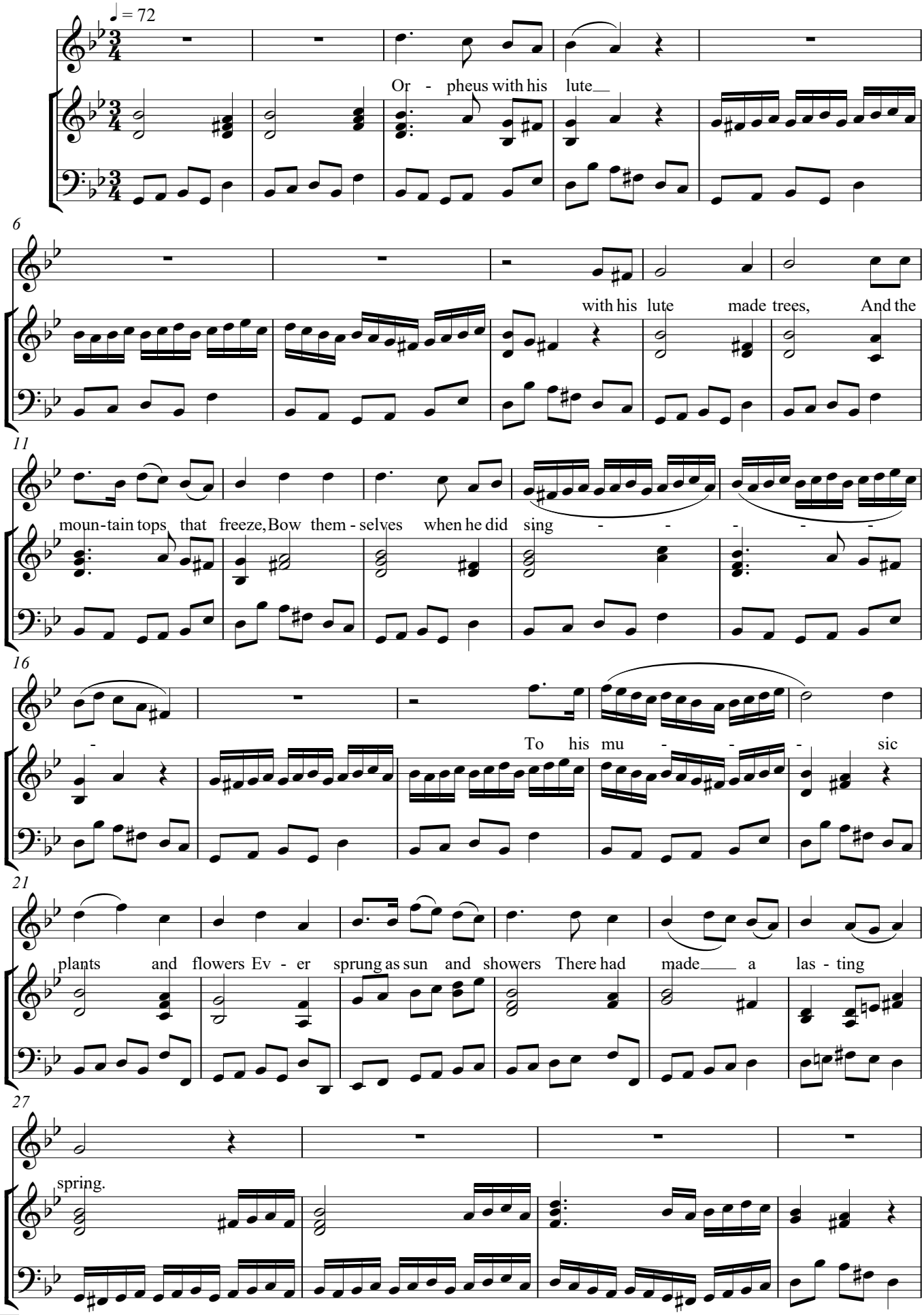


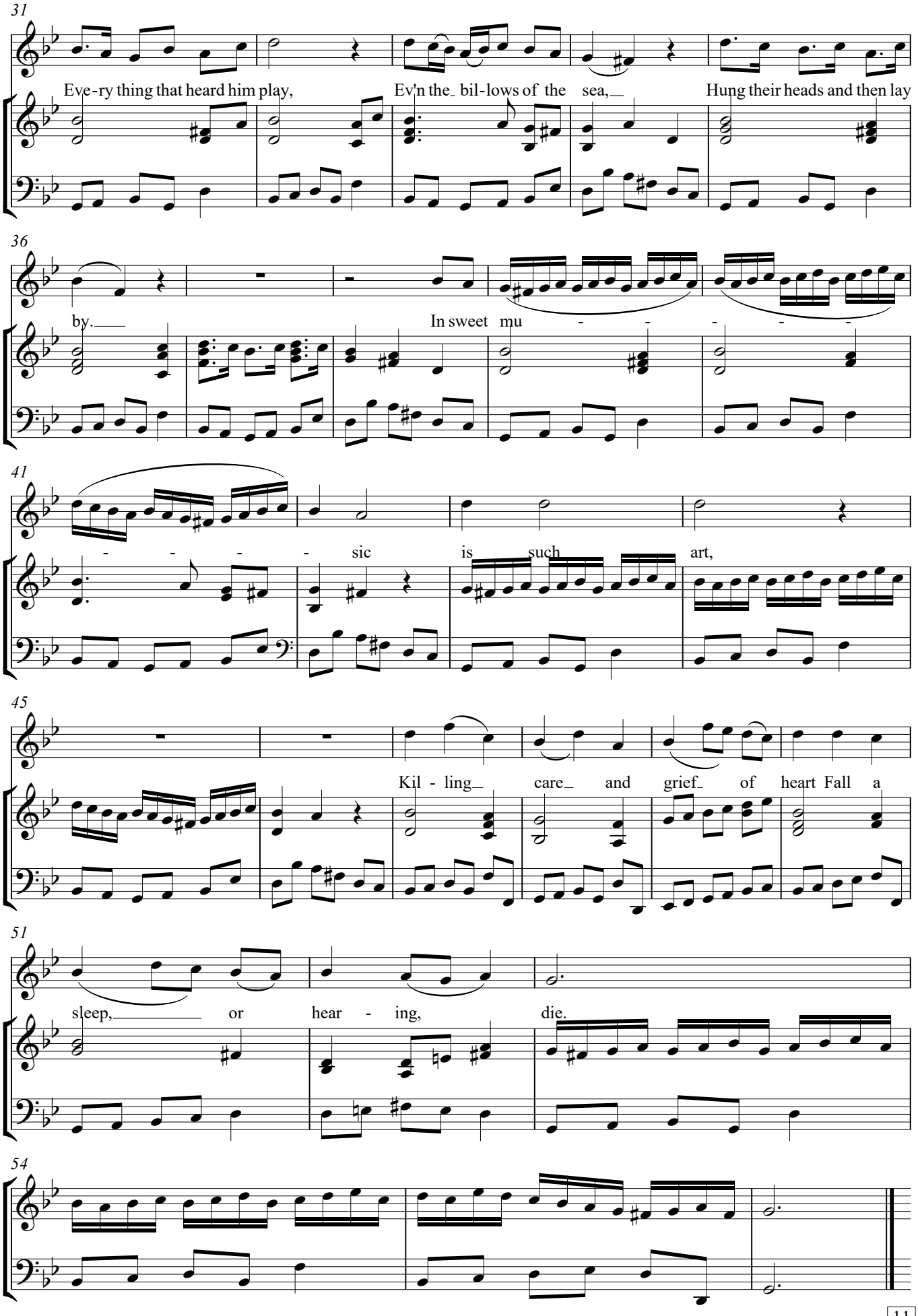

40
slower still
breath that from my mis-tress reeks. I love to hear her
47
rit
broadly
speak, yet well I know That mu - sic hath a far more pleas - - sound:
54
pp
tempo primo
mf
I grant I nev - er saw a god-dess go; My mis-tresswhen she walks,
60
treads on the ground: And yet by heav'n, I think my love as rare as
67
rall...
an - - y she, as an - - y she be -
71
lied with false com - pare.
rall...

SHAKESPEARE
*Henry VIII Act 3 Scene 1*

# Orpheus with his lute

DAVID PROTHEROE




31
Eve-ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the_ bil-lows of the sea,_
Hung their heads and then lay
36
by._
In sweet mu - - - - -
41
- - - - sic is such art,
45
Kil - ling_ care_ and grief_ of heart Fall a
51
sleep,_ or hear - ing, die.
54

# Variation

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

DAVID PROTHEROE

♩ = 100

7

Va - ry, re - va - ry, tune and tune a - gain, An - on to

13

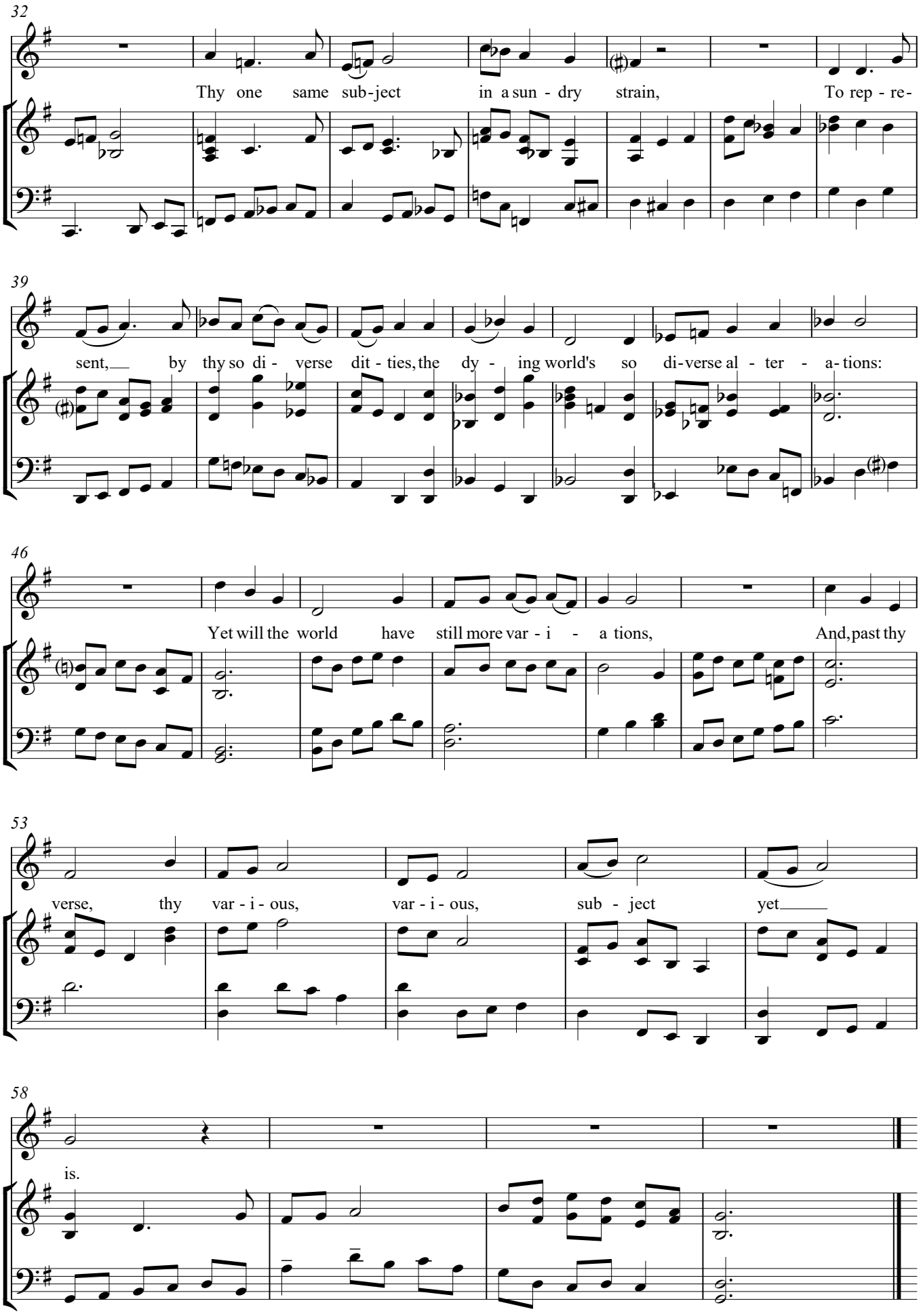
this string, and an - on to that: Bass, tre - ble, te - nor,

21

swift..... slow,

26

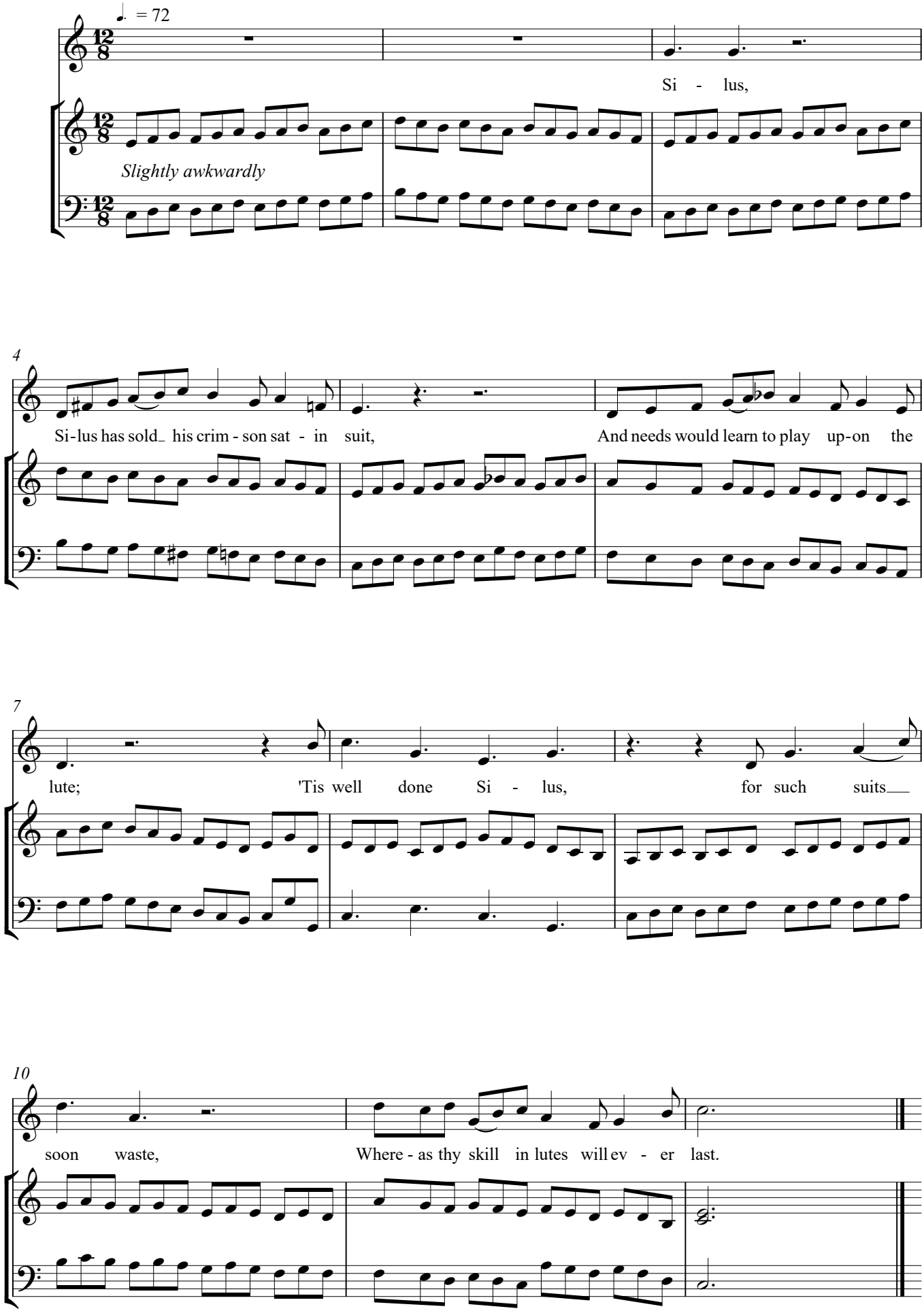
sharp, and flat,


32
Thy one same sub-ject in a sun - dry strain, To rep - re-
39
sent, by thy so di - verse dit - ties, the dy - ing world's so di-verse al - ter - a-tions:
46
Yet will the world have still more var - i - a tions, And, past thy
53
verse, thy var - i - ous, var - i - ous, sub - ject yet
58
is.

HENRY PARROT
*from The Mousetrap (1606)*

# Epigram: Silus

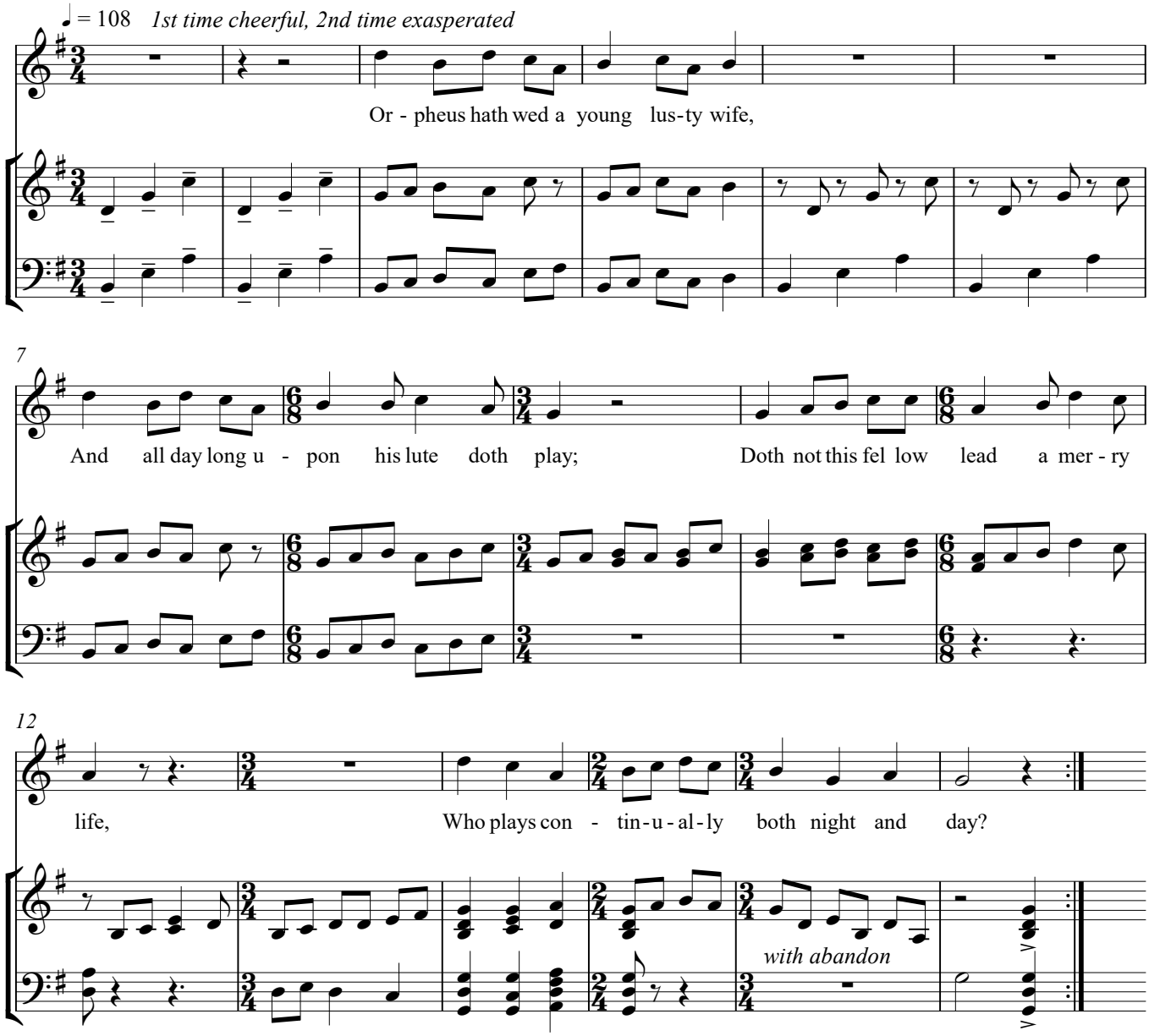
DAVID PROTHEROE



EDWARD GUILPIN
*from Skialethia (1598)*

# Epigram: of Orpheus

DAVID PROTHEROE



TRADITIONAL

# Sevens, *or 2,802?*

## A Dialogue

DAVID PROTHEROE

♪ = 240

7 *with attitude*

*1st voice:* 1.As I was go-ing to St. Ives, I met a man with se-ven wives,
*2nd voice:* 2.As you were go-ing to St. Ives, You met a man with se-ven wives,

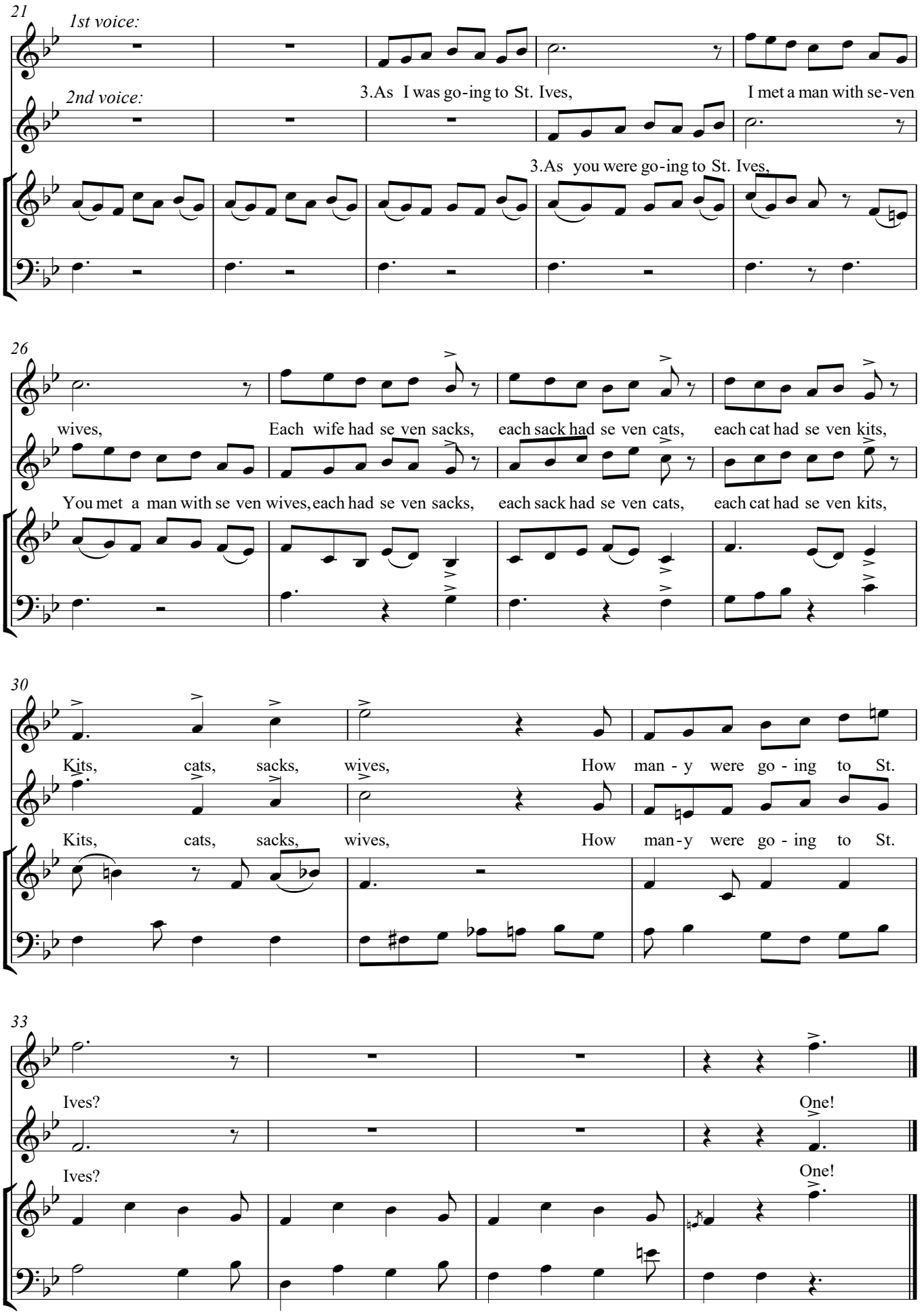
11

Each wife had se-ven sacks, each sack had se-ven cats, each cat had se-ven kits. Kits, cats, sacks,
I see your sim-ple trick, No, I am not so thick, you just for-got to say..., *(tacet..... ... ...*

15

wives, How man-y were go-ing to St. Ives?
*.....)* ...That they were all going the oth-er way!

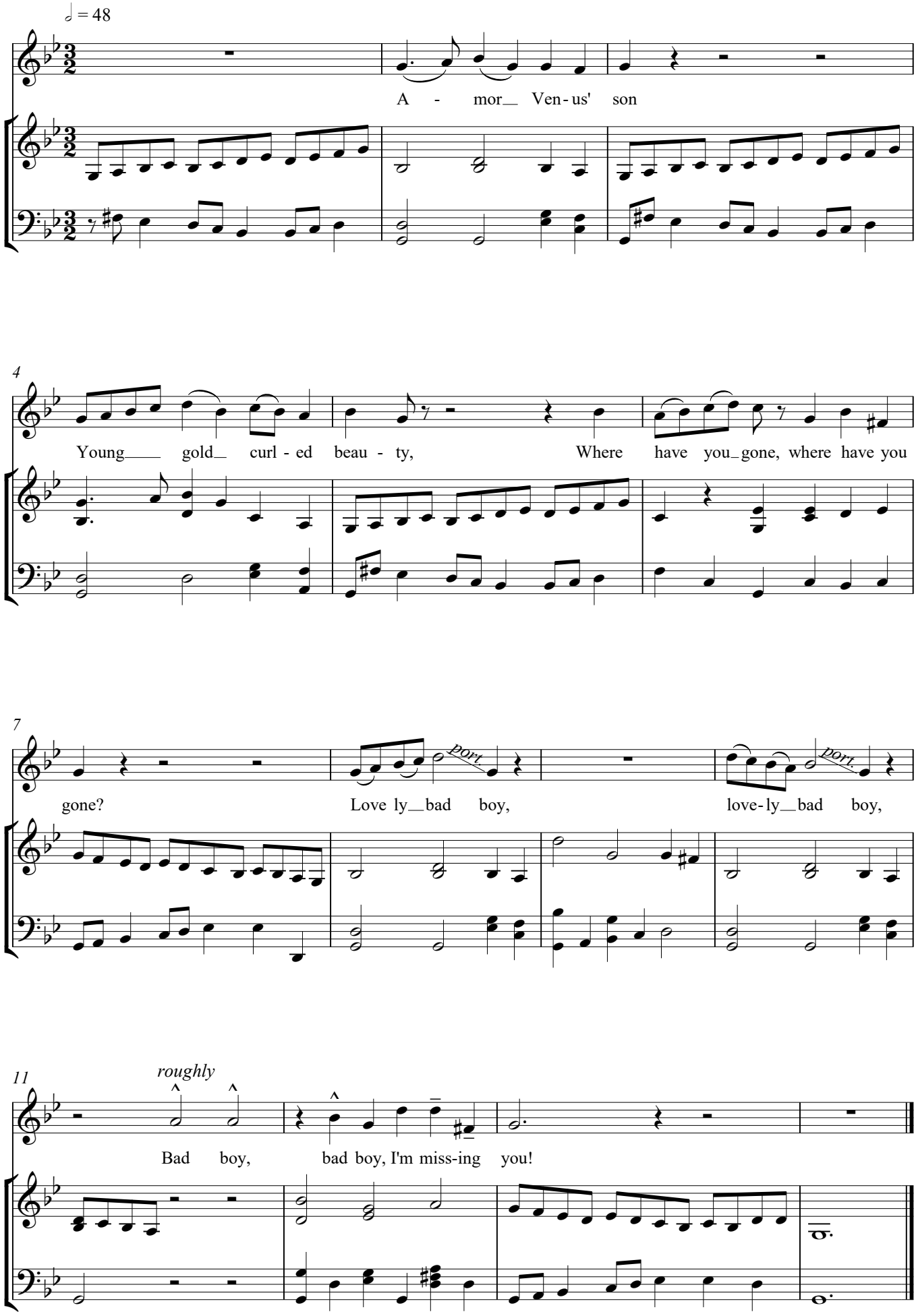
18


21
1st voice:
2nd voice:
3.As I was go-ing to St. Ives,
I met a man with se-ven
3.As you were go-ing to St. Ives,
26
wives,
Each wife had se ven sacks,
each sack had se ven cats,
each cat had se ven kits,
You met a man with se ven wives,
each had se ven sacks,
each sack had se ven cats,
each cat had se ven kits,
30
Kits, cats, sacks, wives,
How man - y were go - ing to St.
Kits, cats, sacks, wives,
How man - y were go - ing to St.
33
Ives?
One!
Ives?
One!

# Of Cupid

JOANNA TYLDESLEY (2016)

DAVID PROTHEROE



HER GOLDEN TRESSES (Spenser)
What guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or hair, may scarce be told?

Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?

Take heed, therefore, mine eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.

Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

HER NAME UPON THE STRAND (Spenser)
One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Again, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.

Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalise;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.

Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.

Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

THE ROLLING WHEEL (Spenser)
The rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel, in tract of time doth tear:
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:

Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart;

But, when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she says, "Tears are but water,"
And, when I sigh, she says, "I know the art";
And, when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.

So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

FALSE COMPARE (Shakespeare)
My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE (Shakespeare)
Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

VARIATION (Joshua Sylvester)
Vary, re-vary, tune and tune again,
Anon to this string, and anon to that:
Bass, treble, tenor: swift, slow, sharp and flat,
Thy one same subject in a sundry strain,

To represent, by thy so diverse ditties,
The dying world's so diverse alterations:
Yet will the world have still more variations,
And, past thy verse, thy various subject yet is.

EPIGRAM: SILUS (Henry Porter)
Silus has sold his crimson satin suit
And needs would learn upon the lute
'Tis well done Silus,
For such suits are soon waste,
Whereas thy skill in lutes will ever last

EPIGRAM: OF ORPHEUS (Edward Guilpin)
Orpheus hath wed a young lusty wife,
And all day long upon his lute doth play;
Doth not this fellow lead a merry life,
Who plays continually both night and day.

SEVENS, OR 2,802? (Traditional)
As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks, wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

As you were going to St. Ives,
You met a man with seven wives,
I see your simple trick,
No, I am not so thick,
You just forgot to say,
That they were all going the other way!

OF CUPID (Joanna Tyldesley)
Amor, Venus' son,
Young gold-curled beauty,
Where have you gone?
Lovely bad boy, I'm missing you!