Sonnets and Epigrams
for Voice and Lute
Keyboard supplement

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

David Protheroe

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Her golden tresses

What guile is this, that those her golden tresses she doth attire under a net of gold?

And with sly skill so cunningly them dres ses That which is gold or hair may scarce be told? Is it that men's frail eyes which gaze too bold, She may en
tangle, she may entangle in that golden snare: And being caught, may craftily enfold their weak er hearts which are not well aware? Take heed, take heed there fore mine eyes, how ye do

Flowing

Flowing

20

29
stare hence-forth too rash-ly on thatguile-ful net, In which if ev-er ye ev-er ye en-trap-ped are,
ev-er ye en-trap-ped are, ev-er ye en-trap-ped are._ Out of her bands ye by nomeans shall get.
Fond-ness it were for an-y be-ing free_ to cov-et
fet-ters though they gol-den be! Though they gol-den be!
Ssh.... One day I wrote her name up-on the strand, But came the waves and wash-ed it a-

way: Ssh.... A-gain I wrote it with a sec-ond hand, But came the tide and made my pains his

prey. Vain man(said she)that dost in vain as-say, A mor-tal thing so to im-mor-tal-ise, For

I my-self shall like to this de-cay, And eke my name be wip-ed out like

wise, Not so, (quod I) let bas-er things de
vise to die in dust. But you shall live by fame; My verse your

vir - tues rare e-ter nise* And in the heav - ens write your glori - ous name.

Where when - as death shall all the world sub - due, Our love shall live, and lat - er life re - new.

* Eternise: make eternal
The rolling wheel

DAVID PROTEROE

The rolling wheel that runneth of ten round,
The hardest steel, in tract of time doth tear;
And drizzling drops, that oft doth rebound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping tear
And long entreaty soften her hardheart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painfull smart.

EDMUND SPENSER
Amoretti: Sonnet 18

q = 72

The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
But when I plead, she bids me take 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, and when I wail, She turns, she

So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain, While she as steel and flint,

doth still remain, doth still remain.
False compare

SHAKESPEARE
Sonnet 130

My mis-tress’ eyes are..., are no-thing like the sun; Cor-al is

far more red than her lips red, if snow be white, why then her breasts,

her breasts are dun;

hairs be wires black, wires grow on her head. I have seen roses da-mask’d red and

white. But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some per-fumes is there more de-light Than in the
40  slower still

47  rit broadly

54  pp tempo primo mf

60  treads on the ground: And yet by heav'n, I think my love as rare as

67  rall... any she, as any she be-

71  lied with false compare.
Henry VIII Act 3 Scene 1

Orpheus with his lute

To his music

Plants and flowers ever sprung as sun and showers

There had made a lasting spring.

Mountains that freeze, bow themselves when he did sing

With his lute made trees, and the

Orpheus with his lute
Every thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay.

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart Fall a

Sleep, or hearing, die.
Variation

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

\[ \text{Variation} \]

DAVID PROThEROE

\[ j = 100 \]

\[ \text{Va-ry, re-va-ry, tune and tune agai-n, An- on to} \]

\[ \text{this string, and on to that:} \]

\[ \text{Bass, treble, tenor,} \]

\[ \text{swift...} \]

\[ \text{slow,} \]

\[ \text{sharp, and flat,} \]
Thy one same subject in a sun-dry strain, To represent by thy so diverse duties, the dying world's so diverse alterations:

Yet will the world have still more various, And, past thy verse, thy various, various, subject yet

is.
HENRY PARROT
from The Mousetrap (1606)

q. = 72

Epigram: Silus

Slightly awkwardly

Silus, - has sold his crimson satin suit,

And needs would learn to play up-on the lute;

'Tis well done Silus, for such suits__

soon waste,

Where-as thy skill in lutes will ev-er last.

DAVID PROTHEROE
Orpheus hath wed a young lus-ty wife,

And all day long upon his lute doth play;

Doth not this fel low lead a mer - ry life,

Who plays con - tin-u-al-ly both night and day?

with abandon
Sevens, or 2,802?
A Dialogue

DAVID PROThEROE

TRADITIONAL

\[ n = 240 \]

1. As I was going to St. Ives,
   I met a man with seven wives,

2. As you were going to St. Ives,
   You met a man with seven wives,

Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits.

I see your simple trick,
No, I am not so thick,
You just forgot to say... (tacet...)

Kits, cats, sacks,

...)

...That they were all going the other way!

wives,

How many were going to St. Ives?
1st voice:

3. 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?

One!
Of Cupid

DAVID PROTHEOE

JOANNA TYLDESLEY (2016)

\[ \text{Amor Venus' son} \]

Young gold curled beauty, Where have you gone, where have you gone?

Love ly bad boy, love ly bad boy,

Bad boy, bad boy, I'm missing you!
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!