Songs in Divers Humours

for voice and lute

Vocal part with the lute accompaniment
transcribed for keyboard

Musikalische Unterhaltung (Musical Entertainment) - Caspar Netscher 1665 (Alte Pinakothek, Munich)

David Protheroe

© David Protheroe 2020 (with revisions August 2021)
1. Shall I then silent be? 

Edmund Spenser
- Amoretti: Sonnet 43

DAVID PROThEROE

with passion

\begin{align*}
\text{Shall I then si-} & \text{lent be, or shall I speak?} \\
& \text{and if I}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{And if I si-} & \text{lent be, my heart will} \\
\text{break, or cho-} & \text{ked}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{be with o-} & \text{ver-} \\
\text{flow-} & \text{ing gall. What ty-} \\
\text{ran-} & \text{ny is this, both my}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{heart to thrall, and eke my} \\
\text{tongue with proud re-}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{strait to} & \text{tie?} \\
\text{That neith-} & \text{er}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{I may speak} & \text{nor think at all, but like a}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{stup-} & \text{id stock in sil-}
\end{align*}
a) On each day in spring 1594, Edmund Spenser wrote an amoret, or love sonnet, to his future wife Elizabeth Boyle, often referring to the church reading for that day.


Elizabeth would surely have construed Edmund's flippant mistranslation (morus = moronic, arbor = piece of wood).

c) my heart with silence... speak: i.e. though silent, I will communicate through my poems.
2. Fair ye be, but cruel

Edmund Spenser
- Amoretti: Sonnet 56

DAVID PROtheroe

not fast, but with suppressed fury

Fair ye be, but cruel

Fair ye be.

be, be, sure, but cruel and unkind, as is a

p

ti-ger that with greediness ... Hunts af-terblood: when he by chance doth find a

ufe-ble beast, ^ doth fell-y him op-press. Fair ye be, sure, but

be, sure, but proud and pi-

tate.

all things doth pro-

strate; Find-ing a tree a-
lone - all com-fortless,
and obstinate, as is a rock amidst the raging floods; Gainst which a ship, of succour desolate, doth suffer wreck both of herself and goods. That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I whom ye do wreck, do ruin, do ruin, ye do ruin and destroy.
3. Echo's lament for Narcissus

Ben Jonson

-Cynthia's Revels: act I scene ii

DAVID PROTHEROE

Plaintively

mf

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears; Yet slower, yet, O faintly,

p

gentle springs! List to the heavy part the music bears, Woe weeps

out her division, when she sings. Droop herbs and flowers;

Fall grief in showers; Our beauties
are not ours. O, I could still, like melting snow upon some craggy hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop, Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.
4. In praise of music and poetry

Richard Barnfield
- Poems in Divers Humours  a)

DAVID PROTHEROE

Slow, amiably

If music and sweet poetry agree, as they must needs, (the

sister and the brother), then must the love be great twixt thee and me, because thou lovest the

one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heav’nly touch upon the

lute doth ravish human sense. Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such, as passing all conceit, needs no de-
fence. Thou lov'st to hear the sweet-test melodies sound that Phoebus' lute the queen of music

makes; and I in deep delight am chiefly drowned when as himself to singing he be-takes.

One god is god of both, (as poets feign); one knight loves

both, and both in thee re-

a) "In praise of music and poetry" was dedicated by Barnfield "to his friend, Master R.L.", possibly the poet Richard Linche. It was wrongly attributed to Shakespeare in the anthology "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1599).
b) the tune here is a snatch from Dowland's "His Golden Locks".
Joyfully

O laud the Lord, the God of hosts commend, with all your might lift His almightiness:

Exalt His power, advance His greatness spend. Make trumpets' noise in shrillest notes ascend: Make lute and lyre His loved fame express:

Him let the pipe, Him let the tabret bless, Him organ's breath, that winds or waters...
c) conclude: this is not just the closing couplet of this psalm, but of the Sidneys' marathon task in translating all the psalms.

a) in the 16th century Protestant tradition, psalms were frequently translated into English verse forms ("metrical translation"). Philip and Mary Sidney, brother and sister, translated the psalms in order, a project completed by Mary after Philip's death after Psalm 43. Their translations circulating in manuscript were widely admired: a copy was presented to Queen Elizabeth. This is the last psalm, Psalm 150 "Laudate Dominum", in the form of a sonnet.

b) tabret: a small tabor (drum)
6. Cope, Steeple Aston

Helen Overell

DAVID PROTHEROE

I- ma- gine this, the last stitch put in place, thread

fas- tened, trimmed, pins re- moved, need- les counted in, the
gar- ment fi- nished,

the tall- est, called up- on to stand, trans- formed by the man- tle—

backed with li- nen, sto- ries told, sewn on in gold, in e- ve- ry sort of hue—
eve- ry one crowds round to

mar- vel; here, an an- gel robed in green winged ha- loed, sea- ted on a horse plays the lute—
The Steeple Aston cope is a surviving example of medieval embroidery from the 1330s which includes an enchanting depiction of an angel on horseback playing the lute. Helen Overell's poem about it was published in Lute News in 2019.
7. My ladye lay in cooling waters

Dreamily

1. My ladye lay in cooling waters

Float, stretching, with silken skin; perfect breasts, her dark hair flowing,

Mercy! How my head did spin.

a) This setting of his courtly poem as a lute song was commissioned by Glen Weir, a lute society member living in Adelaide.

+In subsequent verses, adjust the underlay in bars 7 and 9 so the most important word comes on the high note (suggested rhythms are given next to the libretto: a 'v' between two notes means the same syllable is sung over both notes).

a) The setting of his courtly poem as a lute song was commissioned by Glen Weir, a lute society member living in Adelaide.
1. My ladye lay in cooling waters,
   Floating, stretch'd, with silken skin;
   Perfect breasts, her dark hair flowing,
   Mercy! How my head did spin.

2. My ladye sat in cooling waters;
   Placed my hand upon her breast;
   With a sigh she gently kissed me,
   Would I ever touch the rest?

3. My ladye stood in cooling waters,
   Circled by my eager arms;
   In soft moonlight, her figure glowing
   Such sweet delights flow'd from her charms.

4. My ladye lay in cooling waters
   Swooning, soft with angel face;
   Could it be that I am dreaming?
   Then awake without her grace.

5. My ladye walked from cooling waters
   Followed I, to show my heart;
   She turned to me, her dark eyes flashing,
   Tis the end? Or but the start?

6. My ladye dress'd near cooling waters
   Donning silks and flowing tulle;
   Said I to her, I cannot ever
   Forget you this day, by the poole.
8. Calico pie
Edward Lear
- Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets

DAVID PROtheroe

wings were blue, And they sang "Til-ly-loo!" Till away they flew, And they never came back to me! They

lit-tle fish swam, Ov-er the syl-la-bub sea, He took off his hat, To the sole and the sprat And the Wil-le-by-wat, But he

ne-ver came back to me! He ne-ver came back, He ne-ver came back, He ne-ver came back to me!
32 \[ pp \]

3. Calico Ban, the little mice ran to be ready in time for tea, Flip-ety flup, they drank it all up, and

39 danced in the cup, But they never came back to me! They never came back, they never came back, They never came back to

45 \[ f \]

4. Calico Drum, the grass-hoppers come, the butter-fly, bee-tle and bee,

52 \[ \text{over the ground, a-round and a-round, With a hop and a bound, But they never came back to me! They} \]

57 plaintively \[ \text{(3)} \]

never came back, they never came back, They never came back to me!
9. The duck and the kangaroo
(a dialogue)

Edward Lear
- Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets

DAVID PROtheroe

The duck

1. Said the duck to the kangaroo, 'Good gracious! how you hop!'

2. 'Please O-ver the fields and the wa-ter too, as if you would ne-ver stop! My life is a bore in this nas-ty pond, and I long to go out in the world be-yond! I wish I could hop like you!' said the duck to the kan-ga-roo.

(continued...)
give me a ride on your back!' said the duck to the kangaroo. I would sit quite still, and say no-thing but "Quack!" the whole of the long day through! And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee, O-ver the land and o-ver the sea; Please take me a ride! O do!' said the duck to the kangaroo. The kangaroo to the duck, This re-quires some lit-tle reflec-tion Per-haps on the whole it might bring me luck and there
seems but one objection, which is, if you'll let me speak so bold, Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold, And would

probably give me the roo-matiz' said the kan-ga-roo.

duck, 'As I sate on the rocks, I have thought over that com-plete-ly, and I bought four pairs of wor-sted socks which

fit my web-feet neat-ly. And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak, And ev-er-y day a cig-ar I'll smoke,
The kangaroo

All to follow my own dear love of a kangaroo.

5. Said the kangaroo 'I'm ready'

The duck

So away they went with a hop and a bound, And hopped the whole world three times round; and quite at the end of my tail!

The duck

so happy, —O who, as the duck and the kangaroo?
SHALL I THEN SILENT BE (Spenser)
Shall I then silent be, or shall I speak?
And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall:
And if I silent be, my heart will break,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this, my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie;
That neither I may speak nor think at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die?
Yet I my heart with silence secretly
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And eke my eyes with meek humility,
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC AND POETRY (Barnfield)
If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.

PSALM 150 (Sidney)
Laudate Dominum יְהוָה
O laud the Lord, the God of hosts commend,
Exalt his power, advance his holiness:
With all your might lift his almightiness:
Your greatest praise upon his greatness spend.
Make Trumpets' noise in shrillest notes ascend:
Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
Let ringing Timbrels so his honour sound,
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy.

ECHO'S LAMENT FOR NARCISSUS (Jonson)
Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours.
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

COPE, STEEPLE ASTON (Helen Overell)
14th century, opus anglicanum
Imagine this, the last stitch put in place,
thread fastened, trimmed, pins removed,
needles counted in, the garment finished,
the tallest, called upon to stand,
transformed by the mantle - silk
backed with linen, stories told,
sewn on in gold, in every sort of hue -
everyone crowds round to marvel;
here, an angel robed in green, winged,
haloed, seated on a horse, plays the lute -
plucks the strings with a quill, left hand
positioned for a three note chord;
the dappled steed with wavy mane, head
tilted, glances towards the eightfold rose,
each inch of stance - exuberant delight.
8. CALICO PIE (Lear)

Calico Pie,
The little Birds fly
Down to the calico tree,
Their wings were blue,
And they sang "Tilly-loo!"
Till away they flew,
And they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

Calico Jam,
The little Fish swam
Over the syllabub sea,
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-wat,
But he never came back to me!
He never came back!
He never came back!
He never came back to me!

Calico Ban,
The little Mice ran,
To be ready in time for tea,
Flippity-flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup,
But they never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

Calico Drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and around,
With a hop and a bound -
But they never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

9. THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO (Lear)

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack',
The whole of the long day through!
And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land, and over the sea;
Please take me a ride! O do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection,
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sate on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
"All in the moonlight pale;
"But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!
"And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;
And who so happy - O who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?