

**TWELVE
ELIZABETHAN
SONGS, 1601-1610**

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Twelve Elizabethan songs, 1601-1610 by Janet Dodge

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EDITED BY
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LONDON
A. H. BULLEN
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1902

PREFACE.



ALTHOUGH most of the Madrigals from the Elizabethan Song Books have been republished at different times, the *Ayres* for a Single Voice, with accompaniment for Lute and Viola da Gamba, have received comparatively little attention—a neglect the more difficult to account for in view of the familiarity of much of the poetry.

This little collection of Songs has been made from those books of *Ayres* designed for one voice, which, with one exception (Robert Jones's *Ultimum Vale* in the Royal College of Music), are to be found in the British Museum. The accompaniments, transcribed from the lute tablature, have been left almost untouched; only in those cases where the difference of instrument intended for use demands a fuller or a slightly modified chord, has there been any attempt at an adaptation. Misprints here and there occur in the old books, though they are, as a rule, obvious and easily corrected; but in the third song (bar 14), a sharp has been suggested, in brackets, which is not in the original, and which somewhat alters the harmony. Marks of expression and tempo have been omitted, since they are invariably determined by the character of the words; while the symphonies, it need hardly be added, serve merely as a hint to the accompanist, and may be modified according to fancy.

In the original of the fifth song, *Time stands still with gazing on her face*, there is a second stanza, which runs thus:

*When fortune, love, and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time I honour will alone;
If bloudlesse envie say, dutie hath no desert,
Dutie replies, that envie knows her selfe his faithfull heart;
My settled vowes and spotlesse faith no fortune can remove,
Courage shall shew my inward faith, and faith shall trie my love.*

The first of these lines clearly does not fit the music, while the whole conceit is so laboured, that the singer would find an ungrateful task in adapting it to the flowing and simple melody. The song, therefore, has been left to stand upon the merits of the first stanza—fortunately complete in itself; although admirers of the second may find a way of so disposing of the awkward syllables, as may make a performance of it possible.

It is not always easy to retain the grace and delicacy of these old songs, and at the same time to guard them from sounding slight, or inadequate, under modern conditions; but it is perhaps better to sacrifice some effect, rather than in any way interfere with their quaint manner of expression—since much of the charm must surely remain, where music is as essentially pure as was that of the Elizabethans.

The object of this edition will have been reached, if any who feel the singular fascination of English music of this date, are thereby tempted to explore still farther into those Song Books, whose wealth of beauty, here of necessity but sparingly represented, has rendered a discreet choice no light matter.

J. D.

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I
Words and Music
by
Thomas Campion
1601

Though you are young and

I am olde, Though your vaines hot and

my bloud colde, Though youth is moist and age is

drie, Yet em-bers live when flames doe die.

The ten-der graft is ease-ly

broke, But who shall shake the stur-die Oke?

You are more fresh and faire then I, Yet stubs doe

live, when flowers doe die.

Thou that thy youth doest vaine - ly

boast, Know buds are soon - est nipt with frost;

Thinke that thy for - - tune still doth crie,

Thou foole, to - mor - row thou must die!

11
Words and Music
 by
 Thomas Campion
 1601

When to her lute Cor - in - na sings,

Her voice revives the lead - en stringes, And doth in high - est noates appeare,

As a - ny chal - leng'd ec - cho cleere; But when she doth of mourning speake, Ev'n

with her sighes, her sighes, her sighes, the strings doe breake, the strings doe breake.