

To A. S.
 THE LADY OF
 MR. THOMAS FORD'S
 SONG.

PREVIEW
 Low Resolution

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Foreword.

These six songs have been selected as typical examples of the great Elizabethan school of lutenist composers, and for their suitability to be played on the guitar. Hitherto, lute songs have been published with arrangements for the piano, which of course was not the instrument intended for their performance; the guitar, being the nearest equivalent to the lute, is much more suitable for playing them, and their value will be greatly enhanced thereby.

The songs have been taken direct from the original sources and transposed from the tablature arrangement into staff notation, with the exception of the alteration save that of pitch, to suit the fingering of the guitar. The bar-line system has been retained, and they are presented as nearly as can be done to the original publications.

These songs must not be regarded as modern ballads, written for solo voice with accompaniment; they are in the nature of part-songs; the voice takes the top line or treble part and the instrument takes the other three parts, whether written or implied. Consequently, to render the instrument of secondary importance and make it follow the voice will be to destroy the balance between the four parts that make the composition. Further, the instrument must be made to play too fast else its tone will not come out as it should, and the music will lose its life and the time from the instrument, which has the more difficult part to play.

These songs are distinguished by their superb craftsmanship, and require sympathetic and judicious performance. Though some may sound simple, it is the simplicity of great music that makes it so. They should be rendered in quite a straightforward manner without emotional effects, otherwise they will sound vulgar and unbecomingly sentimental. Attention to phrasing of the music, careful and intelligent rendering of the lyrics (also of a very high standard) are what these songs require. Their emotional effect will then appear at once without further efforts on the part of the singer to emphasize the pathos or irony in them.

Above all, they should not be treated with good-humoured condescension as quaint examples of work by composers with limited musical knowledge at their disposal. These same composers have left us an heritage with which we ought to be as familiar as we are with the works of their contemporaries in other forms of art.

The Oxford University Press has kindly given permission to reproduce the words of "The Willow Song" from Volume I. of *English Ayres, Elizabethan and Jacobean*, transcribed and edited from the original editions by Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson.

THERE IS A LADY, SWEET AND KIND

THOMAS FORD (1807)

1. There is a la - dy sweet and kind, Was nev - er
face so pleas'd my mind. I did but see her pass - ing by And
yet I love her till I die. till I die.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'There is a lady, sweet and kind' by Thomas Ford (1807). It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. A large, diagonal watermark reading 'PREVIEW' is overlaid across the entire page.

Her features, her eyes and her smiles,
With her voice my heart beguiles;
And my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

3

Her free behaviour, winning looks
Will make a lawyer burn his books.
I touched her not, alas not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

4

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sport were harms?
Wert any harm? No no, fie fie,
For I will love her till I die.

5

Should I remain confinèd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet would I love her till I die.

6

Cupid is wingèd and doth range
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

THE WILLOW SONG

Anon (16th Century)

The poor soul sat sigh-ing By a syc - a-more tree, Sing wil - low wil low
 wil - low. With his hand in his bo - som and his head up - on his wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,
 wil - low, O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, Sing all a green wil - low,
 low wil - low, me the green wil - low must be my gar - land.

2

He sighed in his singing and made a great moan,
 Sing willow, etc.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is gone,
 O willow, etc.

3

The mute bird sat by him, was made tame by his moans;
 The true tears fell from him would have melted the stones.

4

Come all you forsaken and mourn you with me;
 Who speaks of a false love, mine's fals'er than she.

5

Let Love no more boast her in palace nor bower,
 It buds but it blasteth, ere it be a flower.

6

Thou fair and more false, I died with thy wound,
 Thou hast lost the truest lover that goes upon the ground.

7

Let nobody chide her, her frowns I approve,
 She was born to be false and I to die for love.

8

Take this for my farewell and latest adew,
 Write this on my tomb, that in love I was true.

IF SHE FORSAKE ME

PHILLIP ROSSETER (1801)

1st time only

1. If she for-sake me I must die Shall I all her so?
- las then straight she will re- ply No, no, no, no.

If I dis-close my rate She will but make

sport and un-re-lent-ing grow.

2

What heart can long such pains abide?
Fie upon this love.
I would adventure far and wide
If it would remove.
But love will still my steps pursue;
I cannot his ways eschew;
Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

3

I do my love in lines commend,
But alas in vain.
The costly gifts that I do send
She returns again.
Thus still is my despair procured
And her malice more afford—
Then come, Death, and end my pain.

SLEEP, WAYWARD THOUGHTS

JOHN DOWLAND (1597)

1. Sleep way-ward thoughts and rest you with my love,
 Touch not, proud hands, lest you her An - ger move.

Let not my love be with
 But pine you with my long

Thus while she sleeps I sigh for her sake. So sleeps my

and yet my love doth wake.

2
 But O the fury of my restless fear,
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires.
 The glories and the beauties that appear
 Between her brows near Cupid's closed fires.
 Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake;
 So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

3
 My love doth rage and yet my love doth rest;
 Fear in my love and yet my love secure.
 Peace in my love and yet my love oppressed;
 Impatient yet of perfect temp'ature.
 Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake;
 So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

* dis-eased—in. speed, uneasy.

LOVE'S GOD IS A BOY

ROBERT JONES (1601)

1. Love's god is a boy, None but cow-herds re- hild him.

The first system of music features a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a second staff. The lyrics are: "1. Love's god is a boy, None but cow-herds re- hild him." There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) under the accompaniment.

His dart is a toy Greed hath marred him

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "His dart is a toy Greed hath marred him".

the way th. made him so brag Chide him,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "the way th. made him so brag Chide him,". There is a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) under the accompaniment.

chide him, chide him he'll fly thee And not come nigh thee.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "chide him, chide him he'll fly thee And not come nigh thee." There is a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) under the accompaniment.

Lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle boy, pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty knave, Shoot not at

ran - dom; For if you hit me, for if you hit me, slave,

For if you hit me, slave, I'll tell, I'll tell, I'll tell your gran - dam.

2

Fond Love is a child
 And his compass is narrow.
 Young fools are beguiled
 With the fame of his arrow.
 He dareth not strike
 If his stroke do mislike;
 Cupid, do you hear me?
 Come not too near me.
 Little boy, pretty knave,
 Hence I beseech you,
 For if you hit me, slave,
 In faith I'll breech you.

3

Th' ape loves to meddle
 When he finds a man idle.
 Else he is a-flirting
 Where his mark is a-courting.
 When women grow true
 Come teach me to sue,
 Then I'll come to thee,
 Pray thee and woo thee.
 Little boy, pretty knave,
 Make me not stagger;
 For if you hit me, slave,
 I'll call thee beggar.