

First Parish Watertown celebrates its 375th anniversary

Pilgrims' Progress: Music of Early New England

with

Seven Times Salt

October 1, 2005 at 8:00 p.m.

England

Monsieurs Almaine/The Great Galleazzo	Thomas Morley (1557-1603)/anon.
»««	
Broomes for Old Shooes	Thomas Ravenscroft (c. 1590-1633)
Batchelars Delight	Morley/Richard Allison (fl. 1592-1606)
O Mistris Mine	Morley/William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
»««	
The Jew's Dance	Richard Nicholson ()
Ricercar on "Bonny Sweet Robin"	Thomas Simpson (1582-1630)

The Netherlands

Voorspel	Cornelis Helmbreker
»««	
Nachtegael (Nightengale)	I.H.
Lecker Beetgen en Cleyne Bier (Tasty Tidbit and Small Beer)	Tylman Susato (1500-1561)/Josquin Baston (fl. 1542-1563)
't Hane en 't Henne-gekray (The Rooster and Cackling Hens)	Tarquinio Merula (c. 1594-1665)
»««	
Doen Daphne d'over schoone Maeght (When Daphne, the most beautiful maid...)	Anon, divisions by Jacob van Eyck (1589-1657)
Vierde Fantasia (Fourth Fantasy)	Bernardo Barlasca (1560-c. 1631)
»««	
Nu Dobbert myn Liefje op de Ree (Now my love's bobbing on the roads...)	Anon., text G.A. Bredero (1585-1618), arr. Meyers
Prins Robberts Masco/Prince Rupert's March	Van Eyck/I.H./John Playford's <i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651)

--- PAUSE ---

New England

Psalm 100	Ainsworth Psalter (1612) arr. John Dowland (1563-1626)
Psalm 22	Sternhold & Hopkins Psalter (1562) arr. Morley
»««	
Wee Be Three Poore Mariners	Ravenscroft
A Northern Catch	John Hilton (1599-c. 1633)
A Round of Three Country Dances	Ravenscroft
»««	
Drink and Be Merry Boys/Plymouth Lasses	Trad. English arr. Wright, text Thomas Morton
»««	
Jenny Pluck Pears/Grimstock	Playford's <i>The English Dancing Master</i>

Kindly hold applause until the end of each set indicated by »««

Seven Times Salt

Karen Burciaga, violin

Daniel Meyers, recorders, pipe and tabor, bagpipes and percussion

Josh Schreiber, bass viol and percussion

Matthew Wright, lute and cittern

About the Music

English music-making in the early 17th century had many faces, with music printed for every situation from the tavern to the Royal Court. “Mounsiers Almaine,” “The Batchelars Delight,” and “Ricercar on Bonny Sweet Robin” represent the English Consort and a courtly aesthetic. This music for consort was among the first music in Europe designed for a specific ensemble of instruments. The pieces exemplify the practice of divisions upon repeated themes, either on the lute, recorder, or violin. The part-song “Great Galleazzo” celebrates the divine intervention that made England the victors during a failed attack by the Spanish Armada in 1588. To show there are no hard feelings, we offer the “Almaine” again at the end, this time as a Spanish Canario! “The Jews Dance” and “O Mistress Mine” represent theatre music of the time. The latter is a setting of the song the clown Feste sings at the request of the inebriated Toby and Andrew in Act II, scene iii of Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*. Another favorite of drunken revelers throughout England, Thomas Ravenscroft was an exemplar of convivial music making. “Broomes for old shoes” is a round illustrating 6 cries that one might hear passing through a busy English market town in the 17th century. The hawkers advertise clothing, food, services, and the time of day.

‘tUitnement Kabinet, a ten-volume collection of instrumental music published in Amsterdam in 1646/49, is the largest extant source of 17th-century Dutch music. It contains dozens of works for solo recorder or violin as well as duets for two trebles, encompassing a range of styles including English-inspired divisions, variations on traditional Dutch songs, and works by Italian and German composers. On tonight’s program we have included five pieces from the Kabinet: “Voorspel,” a lighthearted play on the “Buffens” tune; “Nachtegael,” an imitation of the Nightingale’s song; “’t Hane en ’t Henne-gekray,” which mimics the scratching and cackling of a rooster and hens; “Vierde Fantasia,” an Italianate sonata in contrasting meters; and “Prins Robberts Masco,” a popular tune of the time which we have arranged to include variations by van Eyck and Playford. “Lecker Beetgen,” from a 16th century collection by Susato, is a rousing tribute to beer, women, and other vices. The rest of the set explores the connection between the Low Countries and England. “Daphne,” originally a Dutch song on the story of Apollo and Daphne, appears across the Channel under the guise of both sung and instrumental variations. “Nu dobbert myn Liefje op de Ree” is a poem by playwright G.A. Bredero which tells of lovers parted by the vast distance of the sea. We find this a moving way to demonstrate the hard choices faced by many of the Separatist settlers who left family behind in Leiden.

When the Plimoth Colony settlers finally reached New England, they brought not only food, beer, tools and livestock to the colony but also a wealth of music including psalms, rounds, part-songs, and dance tunes. Little is mentioned in period sources of specific musical practices, so we have imagined a week in the life of a colonist. We begin with the drummer’s summons to church, by law mandatory for all Plimoth residents. The Geneva Bible which they used contained the “Book of Psalmes: Englished both in Prose and Metre” published in 1612 by Henry Ainsworth. Psalms were sung in unison in the church service but could be expanded to four parts at other times, making use of the harmonized settings by Dowland, Playford., East, and Ravenscroft. News from England came but once a year; a ship would sail for England laden with fish and furs and return with clothing, tools, foodstuffs, and precious letters from family and friends. Perhaps to the settlers’ chagrin, English and Irish sailors would occasionally stop at Plimoth for a time, hence a nod to the sailing life in. “Wee Be Three Poore Mariners.” During the week, the colonists worked hard at farming and fishing and may have sung rounds to provide distraction from the intense heat and plentiful mosquitoes of the untamed New England clime. “A Northern Catch” and “Three Country Dances” are examples of the dozens of rounds a common English person might have known. Life was not all work, though; the settlers also found time to feast and dance, some perhaps to an extreme. Thomas Morton, a lawyer and academic, was expelled from the Plimoth colony for that very reason and made his way to Merrymount (in present-day Quincy), where he became a “Lord of Misrule” and led his fellows in drinking and dancing about the pagan maypole. Our text comes from his account *A New English Canaan* written in 1637. Most Plimoth residents confined their festivities to special occasions such as weddings or visits from the Dutch at New Amsterdam. “Jenny Pluck Pears” and “Grimstock” are two simple English country dances that the settlers may have enjoyed, though never in mixed company!

“Journal entries” by Daniel Meyers

Coaching in Early Modern English by Karen Burciaga

Program notes by Matthew Wright and Karen Burciaga

Special thanks to Bertie Palenstyn for Dutch translations and coaching, and to Michael Barrett for vocal coaching.

Song Texts

The Great Galleazzo

O noble England, fall downe upon thy knee,
And praise thy God with thankfull hart, which still maintaineth thee.
The forraine forces, that seekes thy utter spoile,
Shall then through His especiall grace be brought to shamefull foile.
With mightie power they come unto our coast,
To over runne our countrie quite, they make their brags and boast.
In strength of men they set their only stay,
But we upon the Lord our God will put our trust alway.

This great Galleazzo, which was so huge and hye,
That like a bulwarke on the sea did seeme to each mans eye;
There was it taken, unto our great reliefe,
And divers nobles, in which traine Don Pietro was the chiefe.
Strong was she stuff with cannon great and small,
And other instruments of warre which we obtained all.
And yet subdued, with manie others more;
And not a ship of ours lost, the Lord be thankt therefore.

Lord God Almighty, which hath the harts in hand
Of everie person to dispose, defend this English land.
Bless thou our Sovereigne with long and happie life,
Indue her counsell with thy grace, and end this mortall strife.
Give to the rest, of Commons more and lesse
Loving hearts, obedient minds and perfect faithfulnessse.
That they and we, and all with one accord,
On Sion hill may sing the praise of our most mightie Lord.

Broomes for Old Shooes, Pouchrings, Bootes and Buskings*, will yee buy any new Broome?

*soft leather shoes

New Oysters, new Oysters, New new Cockels, Cockels nye, Fresh Herrings:

Will yee buy any Straw? Hay yee any Kitchin-stuffe Maides?

Pippins* fine, Cherrie ripe, ripe, ripe, Cherrie ripe, ripe, ripe. Hay any Wood to cleave?

*small apples

Give eare to the clocke, beware your locke, your fire and your light, and God give you good night; one a Clocke.

O Mistris Mine where are you roaming?

O stay and heare your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further pretty sweeting.

Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Every wise mans sonne doth know.

What is love, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plentie,

Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:

Youths a stuff will not endure.

Lecker Beetgen and Cleyn Bier

Gingen wuyt om aventure.
Sy quamen by avent int doncker bestier
Voor Doeve Nanens duere.
Cleyn Bier sprack met sinne:
Hoe geraken wy hierinne?
Ick sal eens proeve met eenen cloppe.
Wy es daer? sprack sy.
Tis Cleyn Bier, sey hy.
Neen way, daer en sit niet oppe.
Maer wy es daer by u?
Sprack daer een meysken schoon,
Kykende door een spleetgen.
Hy sey: Tis Lecker Beetgen.
Och Lecker Beetgen, sydy daer?
Die door ginck open sonder vaer;
Men bedreeffer vruecht boven screven.
Maer en had Lecker Beetgen gedaen,
Cleyn Bier waer buyten bleven.

Nu dobbert myn Liefje op de Ree

Op de woelende, springende baren
Van de wijdluchtige, grote zee
Dien hij, elacie! Nu zal bevaren.
Vaart heen, vaart heen, vaart voor de wind
En denkt altoos, waar dat je zint
Op haar die u bemint.

Och had ik twee ogen als de zon,
Die de gantse wereld beschouwen,
Of dat ik je, troosje, volgen kon,
Ik zou u steeds gezelschap houwen,
Maer of 't lichamelijk niet geschied—
Vermits de eerbaarheid 't mijn verbiedt—
Mijn ziel en laat 't niet.

En al mis ik Dedalus' kunst,
Die door de lucht zijn lief kon dragen,
Ik zal u geleiden met mijn gunst,
Mijn waarste lief, mijn welbehagen.
Waar ik ontslagen van 't lodzig vleis trage
Mijn geest trok met u op de reis,
Nu doet 't mijn gepeins.

Waar ik verzien van Stentors stem,
Ik zou gedurig met u spreken,
Maer laas! Mijn keeltjen te kleen bij hem,
Kan door de wolken zo niet breken,
Dan doch al vaardi nog eens zo vard',
Ik zal nochtans in druk en smart
U spreken met mijn hart.

Tasty Tidbit and Small Beer

Went out looking for adventure.
They arrived at night in a dark quarter,
Before Crazy Nancy's door.
Small Beer spoke with cunning:
"How do we get in here?
I'll give it a try with a knock."
"Who's there?" she asked.
"It's Small Beer," he said.
"No way, there's nobody home.
But who's that with you?"
Spoke a pretty girl,
Peeping through a crack.
He said, "It's Tasty Tidbit."
"Oh, Tasty Tidbit, are you there?"
She opened the door fearlessly;
They all enjoyed themselves beyond description.
But if Tasty Tidbit had not been there,
Small Beer would have been left out.

Now my Love's Bobbing on the Roads

Of the restless rising waves
On the grand and spacious sea,
That he, alas! must now go sail.
Sail away, sail away, as winds prevail,
And always think where'er you be
On her who loveth thee.

Had I two eyes like the sun,
The whole world to survey,
Or if I could, dear one, follow thee,
I would be by thee constantly.
But if it can't be bodily—
For honour doth forbid me that—
My soul shall never love deny.

And though I lack Daedalus' art
Who through the air his love could carry,
I'll guide you with my truest love,
My favor and my pleasure merry.
Were I but free from fleshly bonds,
My spirit then would go with you
Where now my thoughts do wander.

Had I the gift of Stentor's voice
I always with you would converse.
Alas! Alas! My throat's too weak,
And cannot through clouds' cover break.
Yet though I wish for greater art,
Still in heaviness and pain
I'll speak to you with my heart.

Psalm 100

Showt to Jehovah, al the earth.
 Serv ye Jehovah with gladnes;
 Before him come with singing merth.
 Know that Jehovah he God is.

'Tis he that made us and not wee,
 His folk and sheep of his feeding.
 O with confession enter yee
 His gates, his courtyards with praising.

Confess to him; bless ye his name,
 Because Jehovah he good is.
 His mercy ever is the same,
 And his faith unto al ages.

Psalm 22

O God, my God, wherefore dost thou forsake me utterly?
 And helpeth not when I do make my great complaint and cry.
 To thee my God e'en all day long I do both cry and call;
 I cease not all the night and yet thou hearest not at all.

For many dogs do compass me, in council they do meet,
 Conspiring still against my life, piercing my hands and feet.
 And from the sword save thou my soul by thy might and thy pow'r,
 And ever keep my darling dear from dogs that would devour.

The coasts of all the earth shall praise the Lord, and seek his grace;
 The heathen folk shall worship all before his blessed face.
 The kingdoms of the heathen folk the Lord shall have therefore;
 And he shall be their Governor and King for evermore.

Wee be Three Poore Mariners newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy, whiles others live at ease.
 Shall we go daunce the round, and shall we go daunce the round?
 And he that is a bully boy* come pledge me on the ground.*

*good fellow come dance with me

Wee care not for those Martiall men,* that do our states disdain,
 But we care for those Merchant men, which do out states maintain.
 To them we daunce this round, and to them we daunce this round.
 And he that is a bully boy come pledge me on the ground.

* soldiers

A Round of Three Country Dances in One

I. Sing after fellows, as you heare me, a toy* that seldome is seene a:
 Three country dances in one to be a prety conceit as I weene* a.

*clever diversion

*believe

II. Robin Hood Robin Hood said little John, come dance before the Queene a.
 In a redde Petticoat and a greene jacket, a white hose and a greene a.

III. The crampe* is in my purse full sore, no money will bide therein a,
 And if I had some salve therefore, O lightly then would I sing a,
 Hey hoe the Crampe a!

* pain or affliction

IV. Now foote it as I do, Tom boy Tom, now foot it as I doe Swithen a,*
 And Hicke thou must tricke it all alone,* till Robin come leaping in between a.

* step as I do

*dance by yourself

Drinke and Be Merry, Boys (A Maypole Song)

Then drinke and be merry, merry boys. Let all delight be in Hymen's* joys.
 To Hymen now the day is come, about the merry maypole take a roome.

*Roman god of marriage and fertility

Make green garlands, bring bottles out; and fill sweet nectar freely about.
 Uncover thy head, and fear no harm, for here's good liquor: keep it warm!
 Then drinke, &c...

Nectar is a thing assign'd, by the Deities owne minde,
 To cure the hart opprest with grief, and of good liquors is the chief.
 Then drinke, &c...

Give to the Melancolly man, a cup or two o't now and then;
 This physick* will soon revive his blood, and make him be of a merrier mood.
 Then drinke, &c...

*medicine

Give to the Nymphe that's free from scorne,* no Irish stuff* nor Scotch over worn,
 Lasses in beaver coats come away, ye shall be welcome to us night and day.
 Then drinke, &c...

*Native American women *clothing