

SEVENTIMES SALT

presents

Banbury Ale



Filmed February 20, 2021 at Church of St. Andrew, Marblehead, MA

Banbury Ale

A Country Tavern

Jack's Health	<i>The Dancing Master</i> (1679)
To Portsmouth	<i>Pammelia</i> (1609)
Hey Ho Nobody at Home	<i>Pammelia</i>
Stingo	17th-c. English, arr. STS

Music at Home

The Sacred End Galliard	<i>Lessons for Consort</i> (1609)
Paul's Steeple	<i>The Division Violin</i> (1684)
Round of Three Country Dances	<i>Pammelia</i>

Soldier and Sailor

The Jovial Broomman	Roxbughe Ballads (17th c.) arr. STS
Round Battell Galliard	John Dowland (1563-1626)
The Minor Spaniard	Jenny Beer (2000)
The Great Galleazzo	text Thomas Deloney (c.1543-1600)

Good Queen Beff

The Most Sacred Queen Elizabeth	John Dowland
Ricercar on "Bonny Sweet Robin"	Thomas Simpson (1582-1628)
The Queen's Jig	<i>The Dancing Master</i> (1701)

At the Alehouse

Banbury Ale	<i>Pammelia</i>
Of All the Birds	<i>Deuteromelia</i> (1609)
Frog Galliard	<i>First Book of Consort Lessons</i> (1599)
Nottingham Ale	attrib. Samuel Gunthorpe, 18th c.



SEVEN TIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga, *violin, guitar, alto*

Dan Meyers, *recorders, flute, percussion, baritone*

Josh Schreiber, *bass viol, bass*

Matthew Wright, *lute, guitar, tenor*

Special thanks to Mary Jodice and Church of St. Andrew.

TEXTS

To Portsmouth, to Portsmouth,
it is a gallant towne,
And there wee will have a quart of wine
with a nutmeg browne, diddle downe.
The gallant Shippe, the Mermaid,
the Lion hanging stout,
Did make us to spend there
our sixteene pence all out.

Hey ho nobody at home,
Meate nor drinke nor money have I none,
fill the pot Eadie.

A Round of Three Country Dances

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

Robin Hood Robin Hood said little John,
Come dance before the Queene a.
In a redid Petticote and a greene jacket,
A white hose and a greene a.

Now foote it as I do, Tom boy Tom,
Now foot it as I doe Swithen a,
And Hicke thou must cricket it all alone,
Till Robin come leaping in betweene a.

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

Stingo

There's a lusty liquor which
good fellows use to take -a,
It is distill'd with nard most rich,
and water of the lake-a;
Of hop a little quantity,
and barm to it they bring too;
Being barrell'd up, they call't a cup
of dainty good old stingo.

"Twill make a constable over see
sometimes to serve a warrant;
"Twill make a bailiff lose his fee,
though he be a knave-arrant;
"Twill make a lawyer, though that he
to ruin oft men brings, too,
Sometimes forget to take his fee
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

"Twill make a parson not to flinch,
though he seen wondrous holy,
And for to kiss a pretty wench,
and think it is no folly;
"Twill make him learn for to decline
the verb that's called mingo,
"Twill make his nose like copper shine,
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

"Twill make a weaver break his yarn,
that works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
he'll say there wanteth woof to't;
"Twill make a tailor break his thread,
and eke his thimble ring too,
"Twill make him not to care for bread,
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

"Twill make a baker quite forget
that ever corn was cheap,
"Twill make a butcher have a fit
sometimes to dance and leap;
"Twill make the miller keep his room,
a health for to begin, too,
"Twill make him shew his golden thumb,
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

Now to conclude, here is a health
unto the lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his can,
and so my ditty endeth;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
for he will meet me one day;
Let's drink the barrel to the dregs,
for the malt-man comes a-Monday.

The Joviall Broome Man

Roome for a Lad thats come from seas,
Hey jolly Broome man,
That gladly now would take his ease,
And therefore make me roome man.
To France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spaine,
Hey jolly Broome man,
I crost the seas, and backe againe,
And therefore make me roome man.

In Germany I tooke a towne, *Hey jolly...*
I threw the walls there up side downe, *And therefore...*
And when that I the same had done, *Hey jolly...*
I made the people all to run, *And therefore...*

When the Ammorites besiegd Rome wals,
I drove them backe with fiery balls,
And when the Greekes besiegd Troy,
I rescued off dame Hellens joy.

When Saturne warrd against the Sun,
Then through my helpe the field he won,
With Hercules I tost the Club,
I rold Diogenes in a Tub.

And now I am safe returned here,
Heres to you in a cup of English Beere,
And now I am safe returned backe,
Heres to you in a cup of Canary Sacke.

The Happie Obtaining of the Great Galleazzo

O Noble England, fall downe vpon thy knee:
And praise thy God with thankfull hart which still maintaineth thee.
The forraine forces, that seekes thy vtter spoile:
Shall then through his especiall grace be brought to shamefull foile.
With mightie power they come vnto our coast:
To ouer runne our cuntrye quite, they make their brags and boast.
In strength of men they set their onely stay:
But we, vpon 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, vnto our great reliefe:
And diuers Nobles, in which traine Don Pietro was the chiefe.
Stronge was she stuft, with Cannons 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 thankd therefore.

Lord God almightie, which hath the harts in hand:
Of euerie person to dispose defend this English land.
Bless thou our Soueraigne with long and happie life:
Indue her Councel with thy grace, and end this mortall strife.
Give to the rest, of Commons more and lesse:
Louing harts, 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.

Banbury Ale,

Where where where,
At the Black Smithes house
I would I were there.

Of all the birds that ever I see,

the Owle is the fayrest in her degree,
For all the day Long she sits in a tree,
and when the night comes away flies she,
Te whit, te whow, to whom drinks thou,
Sir knave to thou,
This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
and he is a knave that drinketh now,
Nose, nose, nose, nose,
and who gave thee thy jolly red nose?
Sinamont & Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
and that gave thee thy jolly red nose.

Nottingham Ale

When Venus, the goddess of beauty and love
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea
Minerva sprang out of the cranium of Jove
A coy, sullen dame as most mortals agree
But Bacchus, they tell us, that prince of good fellows
Was Jupiter's son, pray attend my tale
They who thus chatter mistake quite the matter
He sprang from a barrel of Nottingham Ale
Nottingham Ale, boys, Nottingham Ale
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham Ale.

You bishops and curates, priests, deacons and vicars
When once you have tasted, you all must agree
That Nottingham Ale is the best of all liquors
And none understands a good creature like thee.
It dispels every vapor, saves pen, ink and paper
For when you've a mind in your pulpit to rail
It'll open your throats, you may preach without notes
When inspired with a bumper of Nottingham Ale.

Ye poets who pray on the Hellican brooke
The nectar of Gods and the juice of the vine,
You say none can write well except they invoke
The friendly assistance of one of the Nine.
His liquor surpassed the streams of Parnassus
That nectar, Ambrosia, on which Gods regale
Experience will show it, naught makes a good poet
Like quantum sufficients of Nottingham Ale.

And you doctors, who more executions have done
With powder and potion and bolus and pill
Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun
Miser with famine or lawyer with quill
To dispatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor
Till our bodies consume, and our faces grow pale
Let him mind you, who pleases, what cures all diseases
A plentiful glass of good Nottingham Ale.

Since first meeting as conservatory students in 2003, **SEVEN TIMES SALT** has been delighted to bring the music of the 16th and 17th centuries to our audiences, with a special focus on the English Consort repertory. Praised for creative programming and an "impeccably balanced sound" (American Recorder Society), Seven Times Salt has performed at venues throughout New England including Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Plimoth Plantation, Boston Public Library, New England Folk Festival, the SoHIP concert series, WGBH radio, and many others. We have researched and presented original programs for music festivals, college residencies, theatrical productions, historical societies, and our own self-produced concert series. We delight in blurring the lines between "art music" and folk tunes and feel at ease performing in the concert hall, the dance hall, or the beer hall!

ALBUMS FOR SALE! CDS AND DOWNLOADS

Courtiers & Costermongers 🍷 Pilgrims' Progress
A Brave Barrel of Oysters 🍷 The Corners of the Moon
The Beggars' Songbook 🍷 The Founder of the Feast
Fortune My Foe 🍷 Rantin' Pipe and Tremblin' String
A Jolly Wassail Bowl

UPCOMING EVENTS

Fair Phoenix: Tales of the Winter Queen

March 25 at 8pm - St. Anne's in the Fields, Lincoln, MA and online

March 27 at 4pm - Brattleboro Music Center, VT

Pilgrims' Progress

May 4 at 7pm - Plymouth Public Library, Plymouth, MA and livestreamed

The Adventures of Esplandián

May 13 at 8pm - St. Anne's in the Fields, Lincoln, MA and online

May 14 at 8pm - Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown, MA

seventimesalt.com



in stile moderno
2021-2022 season

*Stay, Time:
Lute Songs of John Dowland*

Agnes Coakley Cox, Sophie Michaux,
Corey Dalton Hart, Adam Jacob Simon, voices
Nathaniel Cox, lute

Friday, March 11 - Brattleboro Music Center

Saturday, March 12 - Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown

And online!

www.instilemoderno.com



Boston Early Music Festival
2021-2022 SEASON

FEBRUARY 18 | St. Paul Church, Cambridge
STILE ANTICO

FEBRUARY 25 | St. Paul Church, Cambridge
JORDI SAVALL, director
& LE CONCERT DES NATIONS

MARCH 26 | First Church in Cambridge, Congregational
JUILLIARD415 & ROYAL EARLY MUSIC
Paul Agnew, director

APRIL 2 | NEC's Jordan Hall, Boston
CAROLYN SAMPSON, soprano &
KRISTIAN BEZUIDENHOUT, fortepiano

APRIL 29 | St. Paul Church, Cambridge
ENSEMBLE CORRESPONDANCES
Sébastien Daucé, director

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