

Founder of the Feast Harvest in Old England

1 The King's Hunt [excerpt]	John Bull (1562-1628)
2 Blow Thy Horn Hunter	William Cornysh (1465-1523)
3 The Hunt is Up/ Jog On	William Gray (d.1557)/ <i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651)
4 The Fall of the Leafe	Martin Peerson (ca.1571-ca.1650)
5 Hop-pickers Feast II Nottingham Ale	Trad. English 18th-c. English
6 The Woods so Wild	William Byrd (ca.1540-1623)
7 Harvest Song: Drink, Boys, Drink/ Jack's Health	18th-c. English/ <i>The Dancing Master</i> (1679)
8 Get Up and Bar the Door/ Old Wife Behind the Fire	Trad. Scottish/ 18th-c. Scottish
9 Sola Soletta	Thomas Morley (1557-1602)
10 The French King's Maske	Richard Reade (1555-1616)
11 Cob-coaling Song	Trad. English, arr. K. Burciaga
12 Gunpowder Plot	Pepys Ballad Collection (gathered 1680s)
13 Shepherd's Holiday	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> , arr. S. Hendricks
14 Harvest Home	Trad. Irish
15 Your Hay it is Mow'd (Harvest Home)	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

SEVEN TIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga – violin
Daniel Meyers – recorders, flute, bagpipes, percussion
Josh Schreiber Shalem – bass viol
Matthew Wright – lute

with

Gerrod Pagenkopf – voice

Notes

This evening's program celebrates autumn in Old England with songs of harvest, haying, bonfires, and beer. We set the scene with the athletic King Henry VIII on his beloved hunt. Composer and actor William Cornysh the Younger served under Henry as Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, and was responsible for planning court entertainments including masques and various royal celebrations. Known for his glorious sacred works included in the Eton Choirbook, Cornysh also produced whimsical three-part songs such as **Blow Thy Horn, Hunter** which provide us a glimpse of everyday life during Henry VIII's reign. Professional ballad-writer William Gray penned the brief text of **The Hunt is Up**, which paints a vivid scene of bustling early morning preparations. Several decades after his death, he is referred to in George Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589): "And one Gray, what good estimation did he grow unto with the same king Henry...for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was The Hunt is up." A "huntsuppe" was any song played on the horn to summon huntsmen in the morning. The genre came to be used in numerous settings including versions in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, Holborne's Cithern School, and other manuscripts across England and Scotland. Three additional Fitzwilliam settings appear in our program: Peerson's **The Fall of the Leafe**, Byrd's **Woods So Wild**, and an excerpt from Bull's **The King's Hunt**, all adapted here for four-part consort.

No fall celebration would be complete without the making and drinking of beer! We raise a glass of **Nottingham Ale** and invite you to sing along. John Blackner's 1815 History of Nottingham shares that "a person of the name Gunthorpe who within living memory of persons now living, kept the PunchBowl public house in Peck Lane Nottingham, sent a barrel of ale of his own brewing as a present to his brother, as an officer in the navy, and who in return composed this poetic epistle." The ballad is set to the well-known tune Lilliburlero which dates to the early 17th century and is likely of Irish origin, later appearing in Purcell's *Musick's Handmaid* as "A New Irish Tune." Its many settings encompass songs about religious rebellion ("The Protestant Boys") and ditties on the delightful perils of womanhood ("My Thing is My Own"). We close the first half with **Drink, Boys, Drink**, a traditional English harvest song collected by Lucy Broadwood in her 1893 *English County Songs*. She writes: "At the harvest suppers, up to some twenty years ago [c.1873], while the guests were still seated at the table a labourer carrying a jug or can of beer or cider filled a horn for every two men, one each side of the table; as they drank, this old harvest song was sung, and the chorus repeated, until the man with the beer had reached the end of the long table, involving perhaps some thirty repetitions of the first verse. After this, the second verse was sung in the same manner. The words and tune occur all over the country, and are in many collections."

Martinmas, or the Feast of St. Martin of Tours, falls on November 11. In England, it marked a point in the season when harvest and fall planting were finished, and livestock were slaughtered to provision the household for winter. **Get Up and Bar the Door** tells the story of a housewife who's just made her Martinmas puddings. Her husband orders her to shut the door against the coming storm, but she refuses to be ordered about. The couple agrees that whoever speaks first has to get up and tend to the door. That night, two "gentlemen" arrive and eat all the puddings. Both too proud to lose their bet, husband and wife silently watch the theft occur right under their noses. At last, one of the rogues boasts that he'll kiss the wife, at which point the husband breaks their pact by protesting aloud—and must therefore bar the door. We find the Scottish tune **Old Wife Behind the Fire** a fitting commentary to this tale.

Back at court, we introduce some slightly more refined selections. **Sola Soletta**, from Morley's *First Book of Consort Lessons* of 1599 begins with the seemingly lonely violin but is soon joined by all parts playing merrily together. We continue our courtly interlude with Reade's **French King's Maske**, a consort lesson with playful and at times very odd divisions in the lute and recorder parts simultaneously. Very little is known of Reade, but a number of his works appear in the Cambridge Consort Books of 1595.

The Fifth of November brings Bonfire Night, the observance of Guy Fawkes' plot to blow up Parliament and King James I in 1605. In the centuries since, the practice of cob-a-coaling sprang up—children walk from house to house asking for money and for a cob (a large lump) of coal to help build the bonfire. While many of us might think of coal as Santa's present to naughty children, in fact it is the very best gift for Bonfire Night. An astounding number of variants of the **Cob-coaling Song** exist, and tonight's version is a compilation from several sources. Sadly, the American practice of trick-or-treating has largely replaced cob-coaling in England today. We follow the song with **Gun-powder Plot**, a tale of Fawkes' and his conspirators' fates and of divine deliverance, set to the familiar tune of Aim Not Too High (Fortune My Foe).

A number of country dance tunes round out our program: **Hop-pickers Feast** in honor of a most vital harvest; **Shepherd's Holiday** to mark Martinmas; and the jaunty Irish hornpipe **Harvest Home**, which brings us to the close of tonight's autumnal festivities. Henry Purcell's *King Arthur* was first performed in 1691 in London and enjoyed numerous revivals over the next century, though no complete musical source remains. It is a semi-opera, in which the main characters speak rather than sing; only supernatural beings, shepherds, and peasants sing their parts. **Your Hay it is Mow'd** is sung by Comus, the god of revels, who leads a merry throng of drunken peasants in celebration of harvest (and beer). Please join us in raising a glass after the concert!

—Karen Burciaga, 2015

Texts

2.

Blow thi horne, hunter
and blow thi horne on hye.
Ther ys a do in yonder wode;
in faith, she woll not dy.
Now blow thi horne, joly hunter.

Sore this dere stryken ys,
and yet she bledes no whytt;
She lay so fayre, I coud nott mys;
Lord, I was glad of it.

As I stod under a bank
the dere shoff on the mede;
I stroke her so that downe she sanke
but yet she was not dede.

There she gothe, see ye nott,
how she gothe over the playne?
And yf ye lust to have a shott,
I warrant her barrayne.

He to go and I to go,
but he ran fast afore;
I bad him shott and strik the do,
for I might shott no more.

To the covert bothe thay went,
for I fownd wher she lay;
An arrow in her hanch she hent;
for faynte she might not bray.

I was wery of the game,
I went to tavern to drynk;
Now the contruccyon of the same,
what do yow meane or think?

Here I leve and mak an end
now of this hunter's lore;
I think his bow ys well unbent,
hys bolt may flye no more.

3.

The Hunt is Up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the treen,
All laughing with the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free;
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey taranta tee ree.

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
Be merry as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

5.

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 sufficient 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.

7.

Harvest Song: Drink, Boys, Drink

Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast,
We hope to God with all our hearts
His soul in heaven may rest;
That all his works may prosper,
Whatever he takes in hand,
For we are all his servants,
And all at his command
*So drink, boys, drink,
And see that you do not spill;
For if you do, you shall drink two,
For 'tis our master's will.*

And now we've drunk our master's health,
Why should our missus go free?
For shouldn't she go to heaven,
To heaven as well as he?
She is a good provider,
Abroad as well as at home;
So fill your cup and drink it up,
For 'tis our harvest home.

Now harvest it is ended,
And supper it is past,
To our good mistress' health, boys,
A full and flowing glass.
For she is a good woman,
And makes us all good cheer
Here's to our mistress' health, boys,
So all drink off your beer.

Old apple tree, we'll wassail thee
And hoping thou wilt bear.
The Lord does know where we shall be
To be merry another year.
To blow well and to bear well
And so merry let us be.
Let every man drink up his cup
And health to the old apple tree.

8.

Get Up and Bar the Door

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boild them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
'Gae out and bar the door.'

My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,
It's no be barrd for me.'

They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,
Shoud rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

'Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?'
But neer a word wad ane o them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet neer a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
'Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'

'But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?'
'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?'

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding-bree?'

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.'

11.

Cob-Coaling Song

We come a cob-coalin' on Bon Fire Night.
For coal and for money we hope you'll set right,
Fol the ray, fall the ray, fol the riddle-ee-I dum day.

Now the first house we come to is an old cobbler's shop,
with nought on his cornice but an old pepper pot,
Pepper pot, pepper pot, morning to night,
If you give us nowt, we'll take nowt, farewell and good
night.

We knock at your knocker, and ring at your bell,
To see what you'll give us for singing so well,
Fol the ray, fall the ray, fol the riddle-ee-I dum day.

Now me father is dead. He's dead and he's gone,
Attention, [attention] to his grave.
Hello boys, hello boys, let the bells ring,
For fire boys, [fire boys, for fire] we sing.

We come a cob coalin' on Bon Fire Night.
For coal and for money we hope you'll set right,
Fol the ray, fall the ray, fol the riddle-ee-I dum day.

The fifth of November we hope you'll remember
for gunpowder treason, [for treason] and plot,
I see no reason for Gunpowder treason,
[for Gunpowder treason] to e'er be forgot.

Up a ladder, down a wall, a cob a coal 'll save us all
If you haven't got a penny, a 'apenny will do,
If you haven't got a 'apenny, God bless you.

We come a cob coalin' on Bon Fire Night.
For coal and for money we hope you'll set right,
Fol the ray, fall the ray, fol the riddle-ee-I dum day

12.

GUN-POWDER Plot

*OR, A Brief Account of that bloody and subtle Design laid
against the King, his Lords and Commons in Parliament,
and of a Happy Deliverance by Divine Power.
To the Tune of Aim not too high.*

True Protestants I pray you do draw near,
Unto this Ditty lend attentive Ear;
The Lines are New although the Subject's Old,
Likewise it is as true as e'er was told.

When James the First in England Reigned King,
Under his Royal Gracious Princely Wing
Religion flourish'd both in Court and Town,
Which wretched Romans strove to trample down.

At length, these wretched Romans all agreed
Which way to make the King and Nation bleed,
By Powder, all agree with joint Consent,
To Blow up both the King and Parliament.

Under the House of the Great Parliament,
This Romish Den, and Devils by consent,
The Hellish Powder-Plot they formed there,
In hopes to send all flying in the Air.

Barrels of Powder privately convey'd,
Billets, and Bars of Iron too was laid,
To tear up all before them as they flew,
A black Invention by this dismal Crew.

The King, the Queen, and Barons of the Land,
The Judges, Gentry, did together stand
On Ruine's brink, while Rome the Blow should give
They'd but the burning of a Match to live.

But that Great God that sits in Heaven high
He did behold their bloody Treachery,
He made their own Hand-writing soon betray
The Work which they had Plotted many a day.

The Lord in Mercy did his Wisdom send
Unto the King, his People to Defend,
Which did reveal the hidden Powder-Plot,
A gracious Mercy ne'er to be forgot.

15.

Harvest Home

Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd:
Come, boys, come; come, boys come,
And merrily roar out our Harvest Home.

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
One in ten, One in ten,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?

For prating so long like a book-learn'd sot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot,
Burn to pot, Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.

We'll toss off our ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England:
Old England, Old England,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England.