



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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1117 Chestnut Street, Burbank, California 91506

Recorded June 30–July 4, 2005 at Orford Church, The Old Rectory, Orford, Suffolk, England

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Recorded, edited & mastered in DSD

PRODUCTION **USA**

THE CRIES OF LONDON

THEATRE OF VOICES • FRETWORK

1	ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583–1625)	<i>The Cries of London • I & II</i>	7:15
2	WILLIAM COBBOLD (1560–1639)	<i>New Fashions</i>	8:25
3	ORLANDO GIBBONS	<i>Fantasia a 4 for the Great Dooble-Base instrumental</i>	5:17
4	THOMAS WEELKES (1576–1623)	<i>The Cries of London</i>	7:42
5	RICHARD DERING (c.1580–1630)	<i>Fantasia No. 1 in 6 parts instrumental</i>	3:07
6	RICHARD DERING	<i>The City Cries</i>	9:31
7	ORLANDO GIBBONS	<i>Go from my Window instrumental</i>	4:49
	MICHAEL EAST (c.1580–1648)	<i>Verse Pastorals</i>	7:22
8		<i>In the merry month of May / Corydon would kiss her then</i>	2:41
9		<i>Sweet Muses / Aye me / My peace and my pleasure</i>	4:42
10	THOMAS RAVENSCROFT (c.1590–c.1635)	<i>The Three Ravens</i>	5:09
11	RICHARD DERING	<i>The Country Cries</i>	5:50

THEATRE OF VOICES Paul Hillier *dir.*

Else Torp *soprano*^{4, 8, 9, 10} • Clara Sanabras *mezzo-soprano* • Julian Podger *tenor* • Paul Elliott *tenor* • Paul Hillier *baritone*

FRETWORK

Richard Boothby • Richard Campbell • Wendy Gillespie • Julia Hodgson • William Hunt • Susanna Pell *viols*

THE CRIES OF LONDON

THE 'COMMON CRYES' like 'straberry rype, and chery in the ryse' crop up in verse as long ago as the fifteenth-century *London Lickpenny* (attr. John Lydgate). But words alone bring only half the street to life. Musical settings too clearly existed, though before later Elizabethan and Jacobean times only fragments survive, like an early Tudor parade on Saint Cuthbert's Day through the streets of Durham. And if you wait long enough, three or four *City Cries*, from London or the regions, come along together. Why that group-survival, and why that period, around 1605-15? The pieces and their sources are diverse enough to show less the luck of the draw than, for a short while, a fresh and widespread responsiveness to programmatic foreign influences. Italianate engraved sheets of street-sellers in parade were newly available, at just a time when copyists were busy preserving a bundle of settings for voices backed by strings, in consort song or verse anthem form. One abiding pleasure here is the sheer quantity in which authentic cries are captured, unaltered so far as we can tell: a treasure trove for folk-transcription enthusiasts. But weaving their vividness and pathos into 'art' textures for the parlour was not intended simply to mirror, in pure 'slices of life', the labouring or indigent classes, who are portrayed with some condescension. Copies can include extra glints of derisive innuendo. The slow of uptake should catch on when the Town Crier announces a reward for an article lost on 30th February, especially if the missing item is a spavined horse or, in one of the less indecent interpolated textual curlicues, 'a young wench of four and forty years.'

The fun has a subtext, an underlying 'programme': edification of the young (even maybe their elders). Many of the composers, by no coincidence, were trainers of smart, energetic choirboys: just like Ravenscroft in fact, who as a teenager was assembling collections of popular songs, even getting them into print for home consumption. Most tunes, age-old favourites whose origins or even subjects are forgotten (like *Browning, madame*), he threaded together quodlibet-fashion as rounds, or as a few simple effective partsongs like the ballad **The Three Ravens**. The forms most preferred by Elizabethan churchmen to show their contrapuntal skill were repetitive 'grounds,' which may also have had a symbolic value – for example, upward-downward hexachord settings can be explicit meditations on

Fortune, or the passage of the hours. In his panorama of **New Fashions**, Cobbold used *Browning* in that way as a ground for everyday love themes (*Greensleeves, Peg o' Ramsey*) countered by the more ominous (the *Ravens* and *The Shaking of the Sheets*), to hint without overt moralising at the theme of sic transit. Just so, the new Dutch genre painting being produced often turns on 'Vanitas' or transience: whether in the still life of seasonal fruits, or domestic scenes accompanied by the fleeting tones of strings and flute. The high-point of all the cries for the way it embodies such reflection is a double setting devised by Gibbons, tracing the passage of dawn to dusk over a special frame: the peculiarly English *In Nomine Domini*, on a pre-Reformation plainsong. This, as an instrumental form, was being revived after the gap of a generation by Gibbons and his colleagues, in a new florid style; but Gibbons, uniquely amongst Cry-setters, elected to site it at the heart of his vision, amid instrumental lines of atypically archaic simplicity that look back to the vocal origins of the old cantus firmus.

Most adventurous of home-grown English madrigalists, Weelkes was instrumentally of the less extravert old guard, and focussed his *Cries* more severely on a single singing part, though unlike Gibbons he does break meter to interject dance. Dering's is the brightest, lightest touch: his *Cries* and fantasies must belong to a period just before 1612 and his passage to Rome, both in body and spiritual allegiance. Cosmopolitan, up-to-date, he was less attuned to the *In Nomine's* pre-set structure than free fantasy, where there is more scope for canzona-like block chordal contrasts, alert rhythmic and melodic profiles. His cries have a tinge of Italian madrigal comedy: like *L'Amfiparnaso* (1594) by Orazio Vecchi, a composer highly regarded in England, with its dialect characters, song interludes, and near-scenic *commedia dell'arte* plot. Closest of all to that comes his novel *Country* set. In this rural idyll the characters, again, are less persons than types (rather patronised), whose 'mummerset' dialect unsteadily yokes regions: a mixture of the Welsh Marches and Somerset at daybreak, and on to Norfolk for the hare-coursing. His clear root-position sonorities are another link to Vecchi's ballett style, or the Roman school to which his own foreign-published motets belong, spiced with *a la mode* special effects like *col legno* bowing on the bass viol (in *lyra* fashion) to indicate bees swarming.

A new vigour, as well as the enthusiasm for Italy prevalent at this time of the fantasy's rapid evolution in England, is felt, and not only in Dering. Ravenscroft's racy fantasies even indulge in notated dynamic and tempo contrasts, as do the few outright popular dance-based works by Gibbons for a court ensemble. East, very successful in print, one of the few to publish his fantasies, is a lesser heir to this soon-dispersed mood. His **Sweet Muses**, a cycle of smooth 'pastoral' echo duets with a chorus, brings in nymphs tripping it as ethereally as when Thomas Morley brought the ballett style home twenty years before. It even has an expanded manuscript version with Italian text, *Cantate Nimphe e Pastori*. But 'new fashions' rule, and easy pastoralism as well as the older 'sermons in stones and running brooks' had run their course. All too soon, the curtain was to fall back again over such images and their literally breathing, singing, enactments.

– DAVID PINTO

WILLIAM COBBOLD 1560–1639

Singing-man, Norwich Cathedral, by 1581; organist by 25 March 1595 (also lay clerk): possibly acquainted with the composer Thomas Morley there. Alternated with the previous appointee, William Inglott, c.1609–12, and mentioned as joint organist 1620; will made 4 August 1637.

RICHARD DERING c.1580–1630

Illegitimate son of Henry Dering of Liss and an unknown mother (possibly a noblewoman of the Grey family related to the 6th Earl of Kent). Supplicant for BMus at Christ Church, Oxford, 1610, after the habitual decade in the practice of music. Probably the servant to Sir John Harrington at Venice mentioned in 1612 as departed for Rome, on the point of conversion. Organist of the convent of English nuns at Brussels, by 1617; the period of his publications of sacred music. Returned to be organist to Henrietta Maria (queen consort to Charles I of England) in her catholic chapel at Whitehall, London, 1625 until death.

MICHAEL EAST c.1580–1648

Nephew to printer Michael East; a late contributor to *The Triumphes of Oriana* (1601). MusB Cambridge, 1606; lay clerk with irregular service, Ely Cathedral, March 1609; by 1618 Master of the choristers, Lichfield Cathedral. Will proved 9 May 1648. The preface to his *Second Set* of madrigals (1606) was written from Ely House, Holborne in London, implying current service to the dowager Lady Hatton there; music master to other patrons as shown in other published sets. His *Third Set* (1610) also includes a sequence of eight fantasias titled in Latin.

ORLANDO GIBBONS 1583–1625

Baptized at Oxford. Chorister, King's College Cambridge, 1596; sizar of the college 1598. At the Chapel Royal by 1603, and gentleman there, 1605; also served as one of its organists. MusB Cambridge, 1606. One of the three virginalists included in *Parthenia* (1612); his *Madrigals and Motets* (1612) dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton II, his patron and a court favourite. In the service of Charles Prince of Wales from 1616, and virginalist in the Privy Chamber, 1619. *Fantazies of III. Parts* (c.1622) dedicated to Edward Wray, Groom of the Privy Chamber till that year. Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1623. Due to be awarded DMus Oxford, 1625, but had not 'commenced' at the time of his death.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT c.1590–c.1635

Chorister at Saint Paul's Cathedral in 1600; student at Gresham College. MusB Cambridge, by 1607; Music Master at Christ's Hospital, 1618–22. Published *Pammelia* and *Deuteromelia* (1609), *Melismata* (1611), *A Briefe Discourse* (1612); compiled *The Whole Booke of Psalmes* (1621).

THOMAS WEEKES 1576–1623

Probably son of John Weeke, rector of Elsted, Sussex. Sometime in the employ of George Phillpot of Compton nr Winchester, and Edward Darcy, Groom of the Privy Chamber to Elizabeth I. Organist, Winchester Cathedral, from end of 1598; lay clerk, organist and *informator choristarum*, Chichester Cathedral, by October 1602. BMus Oxford, 13 July 1602; possibly gentleman extraordinary of the Chapel Royal by 1608. Dismissed from service at Chichester, 16 January 1617, though retained clerk's post. Madrigalian publications 1597–1608, with a contribution to *The Triumphes of Oriana*. Will of 30 November 1623; died 1 December in London.

THEATRE OF VOICES

Recognized as is one of the world's foremost vocal ensembles, **Theatre of Voices** was founded by its artistic director Paul Hillier to be flexible in number, in accordance with its repertoire which is drawn from two principal areas: medieval/renaissance polyphony, and contemporary electronica and experimental work. Since its début at the 1990 Almeida Festival, London, the group has toured extensively throughout the United States and Europe; it is now based in Denmark.

Theatre of Voices records extensively for **harmonia mundi usa**. Its discography includes Notre-Dame polyphony, works of Josquin, Mouton, and Lassus, alongside highly-acclaimed collaborations with Arvo Pärt: *De Profundis* (a Billboard Top Ten CD) and *I Am the True Vine*, as well as *Litany for the Whale*, a collection of works by John Cage. Their next recording will feature *Stimmung* by Karlheinz Stockhausen.

FRETWORK

Since its London debut in 1986, the viol ensemble Fretwork has become established both as a leading force in early music and an inspiration to contemporary composers; its repertory spans the entire English consort tradition, including songs and verse anthems, alongside music from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Europe, as well as new works written especially for the consort. Fretwork performs and broadcasts regularly in the UK and has toured widely in many countries. It now records exclusively for **harmonia mundi usa**. For more information please visit www.fretwork.co.uk

1 *The Cries of London (I)*

God give you good morrow my masters, past three o'clock and a fair morning. – New mussels, new lilywhite mussels. – Hot codlings, hot. – New cockles, new great cockles, New great sprats, new. – New great lampreys, New fresh herrings, New great smelts, new. – New haddock, new, New thornbacks, new. – Hot apple pies, hot. Hot pippin pies, hot. Fine pomegranates, fine. – Hot mutton pies, hot. – Buy a rope. – Ha' ye any old bellows or trays to mend? – Rosemary and bays, quick and gentle, Ripe chestnuts, ripe. – Buy a cover for a close-stool.* – Ripe walnuts, ripe. Ripe small nuts, ripe. – White cabbage, white young cabbage, white. White turnips, white young turnips, white. White parsnips, white young parsnips, white. White lettuce, white young lettuce, white. – Buy any ink, will you buy any ink, very fine writing ink, will you buy any ink? – Ha' ye any rats or mice to kill? – I have ripe peascods, ripe. – Oysters, oysters, oysters, three-pence a peck at Bridewell dock, new Wallfleet oysters. – Oyes! If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a grey mare with a long mane and a short tail; she hath but one eye... – Will you buy any fine tobacco? – ... and that is almost out; and a hole in her arse and there your snout. He that can tell any tidings of her, let him come to the Crier, and he shall have well for his hire. – Ripe damsons, fine ripe damsons. – Hard garlic, hard. I have ripe gooseberries, ripe. – Will you buy any aquavita[▲], mistress? – Buy a barrel of Samphire.[°] – What is't you lack? Fine wrought shirts or smocks? – Perfum'd waistcoats, fine bone lace or edgings, sweet gloves, silk garters, very fine silk garters, fine combs and glasses. – And a potting stick with a dildo. – Old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, ha' ye any old doublets? – Ha' you any corns on your feet or toes? – Fine potatoes, fine. – Will you buy any brush of clear complexion, mistress? – Poor naked Bedlam, Tom's a-cold, a small cut of thy bacon, or a piece of thy sow's side, good Bess, God Almighty bless thy wits. – Quick periwinkles, quick, quick, quick. – Will you buy any scurvy grass? – Buy a new almanack. – Good morrow, Master Chandler, God's blessing, there is thieves in your shop this rainy morning. Look to it quickly, they are a-filching. Sing on to me now, night, night, night. – Buy a fine washing ball. – Will you buy a brush, will you have any small coal? – Good gracious people, for the Lord's sake, pity the poor women; we lie cold and comfortless night and day on the bare boards in the dark dungeon in great misery. – Hot oatcakes, hot. – Dame, dame, give me an egg for the worship of Good

Friday. If your hens will not lay, your cock must obey, with three golden staves on London Bridge. – And so we make an end.

The Cries of London (II)

Will you go with a pair of oars? – Will you go with me, sir? I am Sir John Chimney's man. – I am your first man, sir! – A good sausage, a good, and it be roasted, go round about the capon, go round. – Hot puddings, hot. – New Oysters, new; new plaice, new. – Oyes! Can any man or woman tell any tidings of a young wench of four and forty years old? Let him bring her to the crier, he shall have her for his hire. – Will ye buy any milk of frumenty?[°] – Have you any work for a tinker? – New mackerel, new. – Broom, broom, broom, old boots, old shoes, pouch rings[†] for brooms. – Will ye buy a mat for a bed? – Ha' ye any kitchen stuff,[‡] maids? – Ha' ye any work for a cooper? – What ends have you of gold or silver? – Ripe strawberries, ripe. – Hot spic'd cakes, hot. – What coney skins have ye, maids? – I ha' ripe cowcubers, I ha' ripe. – Rosasolis[•] fine. – Salt, salt, salt to barge to. – Will you buy my dish of eels? – Will you buy any Aquavita, mistress? – Hard onions, hard. – Cherry ripe, apples fine, medlars fine, pips fine. – Will ye buy any straw? – New fresh herrings at Billingsgate, four a penny, five to many. – White radish, white young radish. White cabbage, white young cabbage, white. – Hot pudding pies, hot. – Have ye any wood to cleave? – Bread and meat for the poor pris'ners of the Marshalsea, for Christ Jesus' sake, bread and meat. – Sweep, chimney sweep; sweep, chimney sweep, misteress, with a hey derry, derry, derry, sweep. From the bottom to the top, sweep, chimney sweep, then shall no soot fall in your porridge pot, with a sweep derry, derry, derry sweep. – Fine Seville oranges, fine lemons. – Twelve o'clock, look well to your lock, your fire and your light, and so good night.

*chamber-pot

▲brandy

°used for pickling

°cereal with milk

†rings for closing a purse

‡fat

•a cordial

2 *New Fashions*

New fashions now doe beare the swaye,*
 And fashions olde are layd away,
 The brewer prooves by his good ale
 That one thing soone is new and stale.
 The taylor night and day takes paynes
 New fashions to invent for gaines.
 The drawer wyth his works of price
 Can money draw with his device.
 Grenesleves ys all my joy,
 Greenesleves ys my delight;
 Grenesleves ys my hart of gold,
 And who but lady Greenesleves.
 Grenesleves and gallant ruffs,
 Brodred caules[°] and golden cuffs,
 Hey how, look where she huffs,⁺
 Lett lossell^{*} beare away the buffs.[♦]
 The poet and the paynter's sleyght
 With strange devices bring delight.

The potter frames his works of clay
 With odd conceits that may seme gay.
 Fain would I have a pretie thing
 To give unto my ladie:
 I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
 But as pretie a thing as may bee.
 Litle Pegg of Ramsey with the yellow hayre,
 And could'st thou greet[†] if I were dead,
 Marry[‡] would I seare.[▲]
 Therefore the ditty of my song
 Ys love me little and love me longe.
 The fairest flower in garden greene,
 Is in my love's breast full comely seene.
 Can ye dance the shaking of the sheetes,
 A dance that ev'rye man must doe?
 Can ye trick yt upp with daynty sweets
 And ev'ry thing that 'longs thereto?
 Make ready then your winding sheete,^{***}
 And see how you can bestirre your feete,
 For death ys the man that all must meete.

Bring away the begger and the king,
 And ev'ry man in his degree.
 Bring away the old and youngest thing
 And ev'ry one come follow me.

A wonder strange that farre doth flye,
 After nyne dayes downe, downe doth lye.
 Clout leather^{*} was never so deare,
 I cannot come ev'rye day to wooe.
 I have a mare, they call her Brock,
 But an th'wilt have me, love, tell me now,
 Thou'st have the skin to make thee a frock.
 The cos'ning mate[§] would soone be found
 If he in shifts[¶] did not abounde.
 And this ys knowne by common skill:
 Too much of one thing ys but ill.
 There were three rav'ns sate on a tree,
 Hey nony nony nony,
 They were as black as black may bee,
 Hey nony nony no,
 Chill[∞] tarry no more at home, at home,
 Chill vop^{*} on a c[o]untry mome,^{**}
 With a dudgin haft[°] by my zyda.
 Chill goe abroad and zee,
 What vashions now there bee
 In all the world soe wyde.
 The clowne that knowes noe fashions fyne
 May stand abroad, good night John a Lyne.
 When all ys gone, and no thyng leaft,
 Then farewell dagger with dudgen haft.

What pleasure have we in this life
 so fraught with miserye,
 Unlesse yt season'd be with sweet varyetye.
 The harper that doth harpe but on one string,
 What joy or pleasure can that therewith bring?
 The nightingale wyth notes that divers be
 Doth joy the eare and hart with melodye.
 And why may not maids merrye be,
 And laugh awhile in good companye,
 Teigh-he-he-he-he and have good sport
 and pleasant glee?

Alas, poore silly man that ever thow wert borne,
 Thy wyfe shal be thy master
 And thou shalt weare the horne.
 Well fare the nightingale
 Faire fall the thrush-cock too,
 But foule faire the filthie bird
 That singeth 'cuckoo.'
 And sith yow have that hap by fate,
 The corner'd cap must cover your pate.
 Now when devises^{▲▲} are gone round,
 They come agayne to their first ground.
 Robin Hood, Robin Hood and Little John,
 They lean'd him to a tree,
 Frier Tuck and Maid Marian,
 Soe turne ye about all three,
 Since all the world on wheelles doe run,
 The wheele wright never shall have done.

*are influential

°knitted caps

+puffs with pride

*scoundrel

♦rough leather

†grieve

×for patching-up garments

‡indeed

▲whither away

***for burial

§associate

∞I shall

°dagger with wooden hilt

¶stratagems

*play the fool

**dolt

▲▲inventions

4 *The Cries of London*

New oysters, new Wallfleet oysters. New mussels, new lilywhite mussels. New cockles, new great cockles, new. New sprats, new sprats, new great sprats, new. New plaice, plaice, plaice, new plaice, new. New mackerel, mackerel, mackerel. New haddock, haddock, haddock, new. New thornback, new. Quick periwinkles, quick. Quick eels, quick, quick, quick. – Hot apple pies, hot. Hot pudding pies, hot. Hot pippin pies, hot. Hot mutton pies, hot. – Apples fine, pears fine, medlars fine, pippins fine, cherry ripe! Ripe, strawberry ripe. Fine Seville oranges, fine lemons, fine. Fine pomegranates, fine. – Ripe chestnuts, ripe. Ripe walnuts, ripe. – A good sausage, a good, and it be well roasted; go round about the capon, go round. – Oyez! If any man or woman, city or country, that can tell any tidings of a black mare with a white tail, having but three legs and both her eyes out, with a great hole in her arse and there your snout. If there be any that can tell me any tidings of this mare, let him bring word to the Crier, and he shall be well rewarded for his labour, and God's blessing.

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink, ink-a-tink, tink! Have you any work for a tinker? Have you any old bellows to mend? Have you any wood to cleave? – Will you buy any blacking? – Have you any ends of gold or silver? – Broom, broom, broom; broom for old shoes and pouch rings, boots or buskins for new broom. Have you any boots, maids, or have you any shoon, or an old pair of buskins? Will you buy any broom? An old pair of boots, maids, or a new pair of shoon, or an old pair of buskins for all my green broom.

Chimney sweep, chimney sweep! – Salt, salt, salt, salt, fine white salt, fine! – Have you any kitchen stuff, maids? – Have you any coneyskins, coneyskins, maids? – Will you buy any milk today, misteress? I have fresh cheese and cream, I ha' fresh! – White cabbage, white young cabbage, white! White turnips, white young turnips, white! White parsnips, white young parsnips, white! White radish, white young radish! White lettuce, white young lettuce! – Now let us sing, now let us sing; and so we make an end; with alleluia.

6 *The City Cries*

What do ye lack do ye buy Sir, see what ye lack: pins, points, garters, Spanish glove or silk ribbons. – Will ye buy a very fine cabinet, a fair scarf, or a rich girdle and hangers. – See here, Madam, fine cobweb lawn, good cambric or fair bone lace. – Will ye buy any very fine silk stocks, sir? – See here a fair hat of the French block, sir. – New oysters, new, lilywhite mussels, new. – New mackerel, mackerel new. – New haddocks, haddocks new. – New great cockles, new. – Quick periwinkles, quick, quick, quick. – Plaice, plaice, plaice, new great plaice. – Will ye buy my dish of eels? – New sprats, sprats, sprats, two-pence a peck, at Milford Stairs. – Salt, salt, salt, salt, fine white salt. – Will ye buy any milk today, mistress? – Ha' ye any work for a tinker? – Ha' ye any ends of gold or silver? – Ha' ye any old bowls or trays or bellows to mend? – What kitchen stuff[‡] ha' ye, maids? My mother was an honest wife, and twenty years she led this life: What kitchen stuff ha' ye maids? – Will ye buy a mat, a mat for a bed? – Broom, broom, broom! Old boots, old shoes, pouchings[†] or buskins for green broom! – Hot pippin pies, hot! – Hot pudding pies, hot! – Hot apple pies, hot! – Hot mutton pies, hot! – Buy any black, buy any black! Here cries one dare boldly crack he carries that upon his back will make old shoes look very black. Will you buy any blacking, maids? – Will ye buy any rocksalt samphire,* or a cake of good gingerbread? – Ha' ye any wood to cleave? – A cooper I am and have been long, and hoping is my trade, and married I am to as pretty a wench, as ever God hath made. Have ye work for a cooper? – I ha' fresh cheese and cream, I ha' fresh! – I ha' ripe strawberries, ripe! – I ha' ripe cowcubers, ripe! – Ripe walnuts, ripe! – Ripe small nuts, ripe! – Ripe chestnuts, ripe! – Ripe raspis,[°] ripe! – Ripe artichokes, ripe! – Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe! – Pippins fine! – Fine pears, fine! – Medlars fine! – Will ye buy any aquavita, or rosasolis⁺ finea! – What coneyskins, coneyskins, maids? I have laces, points and pins, or money for your coneyskins, what coneyskins have you, maids? – Hard Saint Thomas onions, hard. – Bread and meat for the poor pris'ners of the Marshalsea, bread and meat. – White radish, white young radish, white! – White lettuce, white young lettuce, white! – White cabbage, white young cabbage, white! – White turnips, white young turnips, white! White parsnips, white young parsnips, white! – Sweep, chimney sweep, sweep, chimney sweep, sweep, chimney sweep, mistress, sweep with a hoop derry derry derry sweep, from the bottom to the top, sweep, chimney sweep; there shall no soot fall in your porridge pot, with a sweep derry

derry derry sweep! – A round and sound and all of a colour: will ye buy, will ye buy any very fine marking stone?* It is all sinews and no bones, and yet very good marking stones. – Fine Seville oranges, fine lemons! – Fine pomegranates, fine. Fine potatoes, fine! – Oyes! If any man or woman, city or country, that can tell any tidings of a grey mare with a black tail, having but three legs and both her eyes out, with a great hole in her ear, and there your snout. If there be any that can tell any tidings of this mare, let him bring word to the Crier, and he shall be well-please'd for his labour. – Rats or mice, ha' ye any rats, mice, polecats or weasels, or ha' ye any old sows sick of the measles? I can kill them, and I can kill moles, and I can kill vermin that creepeth up and creepeth down, and peepeth into holes. – Pity the poor women for the Lord's sake, good men of God, pity the poor women; poor and cold and comfortless in the deep dungeon. – Buy any ink, will you buy any ink, buy any very fine writing ink, will you buy any ink and pens? – Doublets, doublets, old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, old doublets and ha' ye any old doublets? – Rosemary and bays, will ye buy any rosemary, will ye buy any rosemary and bays? 'Tis good, 'tis good to lay upon their bones, which climeth over walls to steal your plums, then buy my wares, so trim and trick, that gentle is that gentle is, yet very, very, very, very quick. – Will ye buy a very fine almanac? – Will ye buy a very fine brush? – Pityful gentlemen of the Lord, bestow one penny to buy a loaf of bread, a loaf of bread among a number of poor prisoners. – Sweet juniper, juniper! Will you buy my bunch of juniper? – Touch and go! Ha' ye work for Kindheart, the toothdrawer? – Garlic, good garlic, the best of all the Cries; it is the only physic against all maladies; it is my chiefest wealth good garlic for to cry, and if you love your health, my garlic then come buy! – Will ye buy any fine glasses? – Will you buy my sack of small coals, or will ye buy any great coals? – Ha' ye any corns on your feet or toes? – A good sausage, a good, and it be roasted, go round about the capon, go round. – Will ye buy a very good tinderbox? – Lanthorn and candlelight hang out, hang out, maids! – Twelve o'clock! Look well to your lock, your fire and your light, and so good night.

‡ fat

† rings for closing a purse

° raspberries

* used for pickling

+ sundew cordial or liqueur

* crayon

Michael East

The Verse Pastorals

8

In the merry month of May (a)

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the woodside,
Whereas May was in her pride,
There I spied all alone
Phillida and Corydon,
Much ado there was God wot,
He would love and she would not,
She said never man was true,
He said none was false to you:
He said he had loved her long,
She said love should have no wrong

Corydon would kiss her then (b)

Corydon would kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all:
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heav'ns to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse.
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded,
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

9

Sweet Muses (a)

Sweet Muses, Nymphs and Shepherds sporting,
Sound your shrillest notes of joy consorting,
Fauns and Satyrs all, and thou, Echo,
Sing after me, Ta na na na na na no.

Now join we all together,
To welcome Sylvia hither,
And sweetly sing,
Ta na na na na na no.

Aye me (b)

Aye me, wherefore sighs the fair Sylvia,
Alas, for her Syrenio?
But why Rodan the fairest,
For her sweet Sylvio dearest?

Aye me, Echo, sweetly sing,
Nymphs and Swains reporting,
Aye me.

My peace and my pleasure (c)

My peace and my pleasure
Love and chiefest treasure,
Lady thou goddess Pallas,
And all thy Saturs,
Sweet Muses, Nymphs and Shepherds sporting,
Sound your shrillest notes of joy...etc.

Thomas Ravenscroft

10 *The Three Ravens*

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a-down, hey down a-down,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a-down.
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
With a-down derry derry derry down down.

The one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare come him nie.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She get him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere ev'nsong time.

God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds and such a leman.*

*lover

God give you goodmorrow, Sir Rees ap Thomas, ap William ap Jones! Past three o'clock and a fair morning! – Why, hold your scrape, you fiddleing knave! Get her from her mistress' window! Her'll fling her pisspot on her head, for he play'd all night at whipper, whipperginnie. – Jack, Jack, sleep'st or wak'st? – Vast asleep, vather, 'cham vast asleep, vather. – O Jack, rise and serve the cattle and the sheep. – Nay, virst 'chill 'ha my breakvast, for all 'cham vast asleep. – Tig, tig, tig, tig, tig, tig, tig; Coop, coop, coop, coop, coop, coop, coop; Biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy. – Ho mal, ho mal, ho mal, ho mal, ho mal, ho mal, ho mal, ho! – Up Robin! 'tis time to rise; Easter must have herring pies for huntsmen that kill not their hare; therefore, Robin, do not spare; but if thou find her at the squat,* Easter's near, lay on thy bat. – No, no, no, no Jugler's good at start. – And Woodman, he will do his part. – But Jowler, I hold twenty pound, shall kill her if she go on ground. – So ho, so ho! Hark! Hark! Hark! The hare is newly up. – Now Wat,° Wat, Wat, look well unto thy scut.* Yebble, yabble, yebble, yabble, To her gain, that's he, honey, yebble, yabble, yebble, yabble: Jowler has't, Ta ra re ro, ta ra re ro, ta ra re ro, sing! The hare is almost spent. Now Jowler, Jowler, hold thine own! So farewell Jack-a-Lent! – Heyho! Gee, gee! Ree, hut, hut, hut, ho! Ball, halt a God's name! – 'Morrow, neighbour, whither go you? – Who? What zay? – Why, whither gay', man? 'Chuz warn'd by Master Courtmall, the King's carttaker, to carry beans unto the court for his Majesty's brown baker. – Hey, soy dogs, soy dogs! – Whirr, hey dogs, hey dogs, hey. – Phree hey hunt, Quando, hey hunt, Quando! – A 'mark, a 'mark! – Ret Chance, hey ret Fortune! – Ware hawk, ware hawk, ware hawk, this flight was bravely flown. Let's seek another hunt, this partridge is our own. – O lord, O lord, O good master, quaeso, quaeso, quaeso praeceptor! –

Oyez! All that can sing and say,
Come to the town hall, and there shall be a play
Made by the scholars of the Free School,
Where shall be both a devil and a fool;
At six o'clock it shall begin;
If you bring not money you come not in.
– Da poop! Da poop! Da poop, da poop, da poop, da poop!
Ha' ye any pigs or lambs to geld? – Buzz, buzz, buzz. Ho,
Mother Crab, your bees are flown! Ring out your kettle of
purest metal to settle the swarm of bees; for men new wiving
the way to be thriving is hiving; then no time leese* to hive your
bees.

*lair
°hare
*tail
*lose

Harvest home, harvest home,
Our fields are reap'd, our meads are mown;
Then may we sing and sport and play,
Tomorrow we'll make holiday!
And now farewell all sorrow,
Our fields are broke tomorrow.
And what if it be so?
The bagpipes and the merry, merry maids a-milking go.
And some will go thither their heels to shake.
And some will go for their sweetheart's sake.
And some will carry a good spic'd cake.
And some good syllabubs to make:
And thus they sing, as I have heard,
With hey jolly buckets to milking ward.