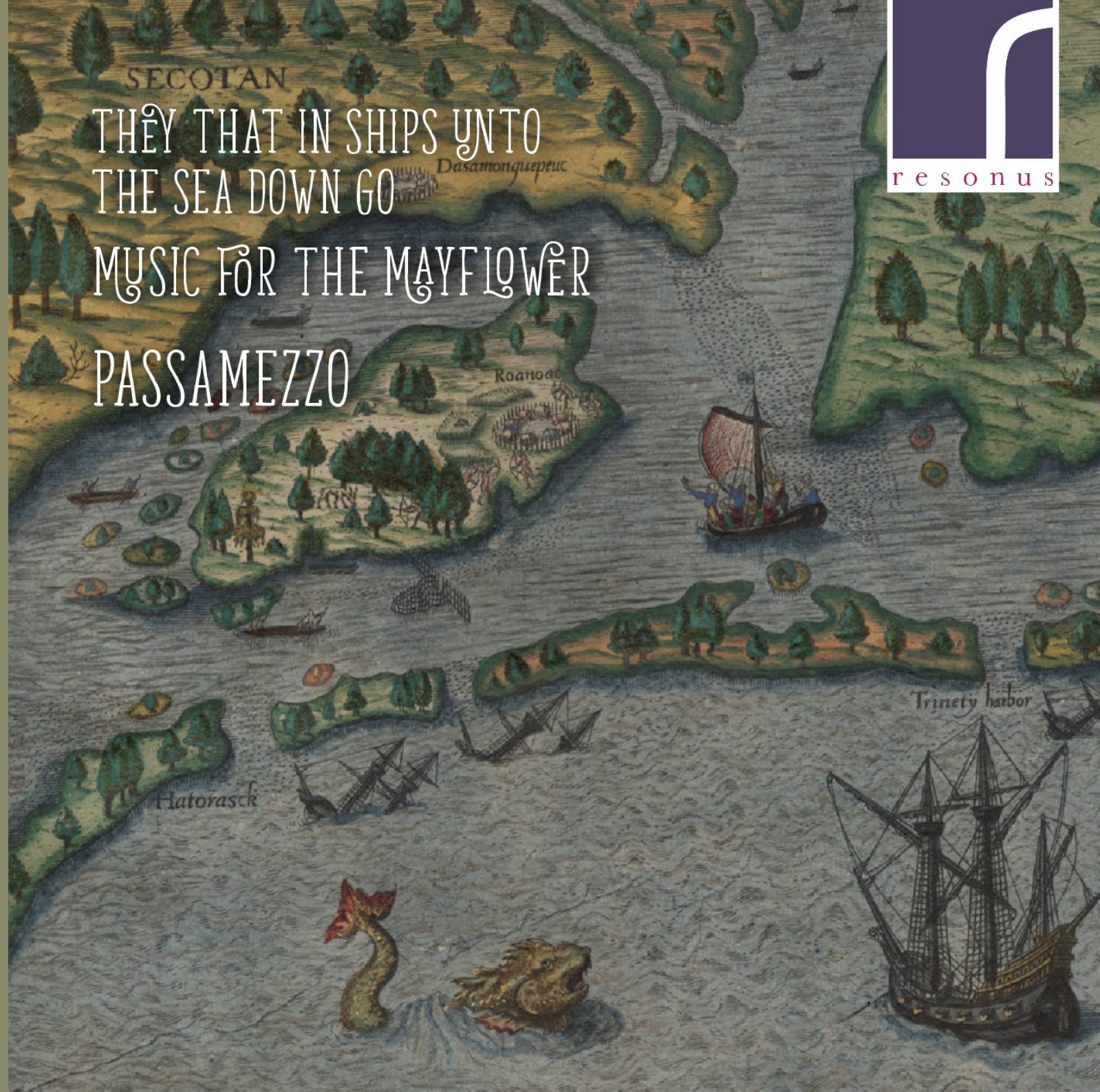




SECOTAN
THEY THAT IN SHIPS UNTO
THE SEA DOWN GO
MUSIC FOR THE MAYFLOWER
PASSAMEZZO



They that in Ships unto the Sea down go

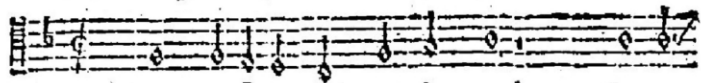
Music for the Mayflower

Passamezzo

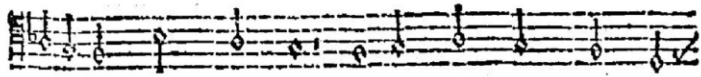
Eleanor Cramer *soprano & bass viol*
Richard de Winter *tenor & actor*
Robin Jeffrey *lute & cittern*
Alison Kinder *viols & recorders*
Tamsin Lewis *violin, viols & alto*
Lynda Sayce *Lute, viols & recorders*
Peter Willcock *bass*

Anonymous 1. Psalm 137	[2:16]	Tobias Hume (c.1579–1645) 15. Tobacco is like love	[2:35]
Richard Allison (c.1565–c. 1606) 2. The Lord's Prayer	[1:29]	Thomas Weelkes (1576–1623) 16. Come Sirrah Jack ho	[2:28]
Anonymous 3. London's Lottery	[3:35]	Anonymous 17. The Birds' Dance	[1:25]
4. We be three poor mariners/ Row well ye mariners	[2:04]	18. Song from the Masque of Flowers	[3:31]
Richard Allison 5. The Lamentation	[3:51]	19. Psalm 100	[1:33]
Anonymous 6. The most cruel murther of Edward the fifth	[4:59]	20. Psalm 107	[3:01]
7. Rogero	[1:34]	John Dowland 21. Up merry mates	[3:00]
8. A lamentable Ditty on the death of the Lord Guildford Dudley	[2:09]	Thomas Ford (c.1580–1648) 22. Love's Constancy/Corydon's Resolution	[1:48]
Richard Allison 9. Psalm 122	[2:20]	Thomas Campion (1567–1620) 23. Never weather beaten sail	[2:23]
John Dowland (1563–1626) 10. The Shepherd's Pipe	[3:35]	Total playing time	[61:23]
Anonymous 11. The Shepherds Joy	[2:29]		
12. The Inconstancy of the World	[3:10]		
Richard Allison 13. Psalm 147	[4:23]		
Anonymous 14. The wind blows out of the west	[1:34]		

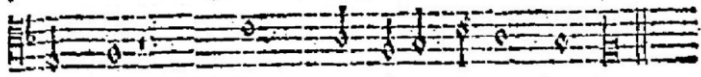
Psalm. 100.



1. Howe to Jehovah, al the earth. 2. Seru ye



Jehovah With gladnes: before him come with sing-



ing-merth. 3. Know, that Jehovah he God is:

*Its he that made us, and not wee;
his folk, and sheep of his feeding.*

*4. O With confession enter yee
his gates, his courtyards with praising:
confesse to him, blesse his name.*

*5. Because Jehovah he good is:
his mercy ever is the same:
and his faith, unto al ages.*

From Henry Ainsworth's 1612 *Book of Psalmes Englished both in Prose and Metre*

**They that in Ships unto the Sea down go:
Music For the Mayflower**

This recording is a collection of music, words and song put together to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower.

In the late Summer of 1620, a ship named the Mayflower left England. In addition to thirty-six crew members, this ship carried 102 passengers: Separatists, merchants, their families, their servants and their apprentices, all seeking a fresh start in the New World. This much is well known. What is perhaps less widely known is that some of the passengers travelled with books of music, along with a few musical instruments. An inventory of the library of Elder William Brewster taken in May 1644 includes three music books, all dating from before the date when the Mayflower sailed, and at least one other copy of one of these books can be traced back to other passengers. These books give us an insight into the range of music that might have been sung on board the Mayflower.

The first of these books was the 1612 edition of Henry Ainsworth's *Book of Psalmes Englished both in Prose and Metre*.

Henry Ainsworth was a Separatist or religious dissenter like many of the passengers on board the Mayflower, and, like them, had moved to the Low Countries to escape persecution for his religious beliefs. He wrote his own translations for the psalms in verse and prose, aiming to keep as closely as possible to the Hebrew originals, and appended annotations at the end of each. Along with the words of the psalms themselves, Ainsworth included unharmonised melodies, and his book continued to be used for worship in Plymouth Colony, Salem and other parts of Early Modern America until the late Seventeenth Century. The title of this collection, *They that in Ships unto the Sea down go* comes from Ainsworth's translation of **Psalm 107**.

For his musical settings, he says 'The singing notes therefore I have most taken fro our former Englished psalms, when they will fit the mesure of the verse: and for the other long verses, I have also taken (for the most part) the gravest and easiest tunes of the French and Dutch psalmes'. Ainsworth gives thirty-nine melodies for his psalms, and of these, nineteen are also found in the Sternhold and Hopkins psalters, while the other melodies can for the most part be traced to psalters from Geneva and Strasbourg, or to the songs sung by the Huguenots in France.

A second copy of Ainsworth's psalms also travelled on the Mayflower in the possession of Isaac Allerton, and was later given to Giles Heale, surgeon on the Mayflower, as evidenced by its inscription:

This booke was given unto
M Giles Heale, Chirurgion, by Isaac
Allerton, Tailor in Virginia, the X. of
February, in the year of our Lord
1620 [i.e. February 1621].

Psalters such as this were not only used by men. Later in February 1621, Heale gave the book to his wife Mary who inscribed it 'Mary Hele her booke'. The book itself survives and is now held in the Library of Virginia, where it is bound together with a 1617 volume of Ainsworth's *Annotations on the Psalms*.

The second book of music carried on the Mayflower was another psalter:

Richard Allison's *The Psalmes of Dauid in Meter, The plaine Song beeing the common tunne to be sung and plaide vpon the Lute, Orpharyon, Citterne or Base Violl, seuerally or altogether, the singing part to be either Tenor or Treble to the Instrument, according to the nature of the voyce, or for fowre voyces: With tenne short Tunnes in the end, to which for the most part all the Psalmes*

may be vsually sung, for the vse of such as are of mean skill, and whose leysure least serueth to practice, 1599.

Like many of the songbooks of John Dowland and his contemporaries in the 1590s and early 1600s, this book is laid out in 'table-book' format that was so popular for domestic music making, so that the musicians and singers could sit around the book and sing or play from different ends. There are seventy settings of psalms and prayers, and in contrast to Ainsworth's single line settings, the music in Allison's psalter is more elaborate. It is harmonised for four voices (or instruments, as its title suggests), and lute and cittern tablature is also printed for each psalm.

After the plainness of Ainsworth's single line psalm settings, it might seem strange to find a book where voices and instruments joined in harmony in the possession of the Separatists, but it is worth remembering that the so-called Puritan disdain for music was not shared by all, particularly at this early stage, and that the Separatists themselves were known for combining instruments and voices, and enjoying music. John Taylor relates in his *Three-fold Discourse betweene three Neighbours of 1642*, how Robert Browne, the founder of the

Separatists 'was a singular good Lutenist, and he made his Son Timothy usually on Sundays bring his Viol to Church and play the Base to the Psalmes that were sung, so far was he...from being an enemy to Church Musicke.'

The third book of songs identified as belonging to William Brewster's library is 'The golden garland of princely pleasures and delicate delights Wherin is contained the histories of many of the kings, queenes, princes, lords, ladies, knights, and gentlewomen of this kingdome. Being most pleasant songs and sonnets to sundry new tunes now most in vse: the third time imprinted, enlarged and corrected by Rich. Iohnson. Deuided into two parts.' In contrast to the previous two books, this book does not contain any religious music, but is a collection of secular song lyrics.

The first section contains some fifteen ballads telling of famous tales from history. We have included two here: one about the [purported] dastardly deeds of Richard III, and one about the fate of Lady Jane Grey. The second part of Johnson's *Golden Garland* contains fourteen songs, and gives a fascinating view into the range of songs that were popular at the time. Like the first volume,

this section consists of song lyrics without any actual musical notation. Again there are ballads with tune indications, and also a number of poems with pastoral titles. On closer examination, these turn out to be the lyrics of some of the best known lutesongs of the time. Thus the song entitled **The Shepherd's Pipe** in Johnson's *Golden Garland* can also be found as Sleep wayward thoughts in John Dowland's *First Book of Ayres* (1597); **The Inconstancy of the World** is the title given to the song *What if a day*; and, the two songs *Love's Constancy* and *Corydon's resolution* are Thomas Ford's *Since first I saw your face* and *There is a lady sweet respectively*.

Again, *The Golden Garland* does not necessarily fit with the stereotypical view of Separatist music, but it could be that the singing of these songs goes well with the idea of combining instruments and voices as mentioned above. Another possibility is that the book might have belonged to another Mayflower passenger and ended up in Brewster's collection at a later date. Whatever its origin, it is a book full of variety.

As to specific musical instruments, the only mention that we have in a contemporary account is by William Bradford writing in 1622, where he

describes an encounter between the settlers and the native Wampanoag chief Massasoit and his brother Quadequina: 'Then instantly came our governor with Drum and Trumpet after him'. During the peace negotiations, Bradford also relates how Quadequina ' marvelled much at our trumpet', while the Wampanoag Indians even had a go at playing it: 'some of his men would sound it as well as they could.' This trumpet and drum must have been carried on board the Mayflower.

One of the gifts that the Wampanoag gave to the settlers was tobacco, and this was something that had caught the public imagination back in England, and something which the merchants who travelled on board the Mayflower hoped to bring back home. Tobacco dominated foreign trade by the 1620s, although opinion was divided on whether or not it was a good thing. King James famously loathed it, levying a tax on its import and describing it as being unhealthy and 'hateful to the nose' in his 1604 anti-tobacco treatise *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*. There are several songs devoted to tobacco dating from the early-seventeenth century, and I have chosen three of them here to give an overview of how it was perceived at

the time of the Mayflower's sailing.

In contrast to the King's view, Thomas Weelkes' madrigal **Come Sirrah Jack Ho** proclaims tobacco to be a panacea. He says that it is good for the blood, and for removing all pains in the 'Head and brains, Back and reins, joints and veins'. He also condemns all those who do not have the sense to enjoy it. Another view of tobacco can be found in a song by Tobias Hume set for voice and viol in his *First Part of Ayres*, 1605, where tobacco is compared to love in a humorous fashion.

The anonymous **Song of the Masque of Flowers**, performed at the wedding of the Earl of Somerset in early 1614, includes in its anti-masque a contest between the god of wine, Silenus, and the god of tobacco, Kawasha. In the masque, Kawasha is described as having on his head a:

Night-cap of red cloth of gold, close to his skull, tied vnder his chin, two holes cut in the toppe, out of which his eares appeared, hung with two great Pendants, on the crowne of his Cappe a Chimney, a glasse chaine about his necke, his body and legges of Oliue-colour stufte, made close like the skinne, bases of Tobacco-colour stufte cut like Tobacco leaues, sprinkled with orcedure, in his hand an Indian Bow and Arrowes....The

Sergeant of Kawasha carried on his shoulder a great Tobacco Pipe, as bigge as a Caliuier.

Like his opponent Silenus, Kawasha is accompanied by musicians: four singers and 'fiue fiddlers': 'His musicke, a Bobtaile, a blinde Harper, and his boy, a base Violin, a tenor-Cornet, a Sagbut.'

There is an interesting musical direction for part of this masque song: 'These verses frumpled ouer by the Musicke of Kawasha,' an instruction which is repeated later in the section for Silenus' men. This wonderful word comes from the Dutch verb 'frumpelen' which is defined as to curl up the nose in contempt. I would therefore imagine the frumpling musicians to be playing some sort of mocking rough music.

London's Lotterie is a broadside ballad from 1612 which describes how voyages to the New World might be funded, and what people in England might expect to find when they arrived. People of all estates: citizens, farmers, knights, gallants, poor widows, and young women hoping to be married, are encouraged in jingoistic fashion to do their patriotic duty and buy into the lottery and thus contribute to a voyage that has the King's blessing.

We don't know what the sailors sang or played, but I have included some songs about sailors and their voyages in this collection.

The last song in this collection is Campion's **Never weather-beaten sail**, which has no known connection to the Mayflower, but it feels appropriate to me to include it as the final song, and the end of a journey.

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Texts

1. Psalm 137

By Babel's waters, there sat we, yea wept:
when we did mind Sion.

The willows that amidst it be:
our harps we hanged them upon.

For songs of us, there asked they that
had us captive led along;

And mirth, they that us heaps did lay:
Sing unto us some Sion's song.

Jehovah's song how sing shall we
within a foreign people's land?

Jerusalem, if I do thee forget,
forget let my right hand.

Cleave let my tongue to my palate,
If I do not in mind thee bear,

If I Jerusalem do not above
my chiefest joy prefer.

2. The Lord's Prayer

Our Father which in heaven art,
Lord Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth.
Even as the same in heaven is.

Give us O Lord our daily bread this day,
As we forgive our debtors, so forgive our debts we pray.

Into temptation lead us not, from evil make us free.
For kingdom power and glory thine,

both now and ever be. Amen.

3. London's Lottery

*With an incouragement to the furtherance thereof,
for the good of Virginia, and the benefite of this
our native Countrie; wishing good fortune to all
that venture in the same. To the tune of Lusty Gallant.*

London, live thou famous long,
thou bear'st a gallant mind:

Plenty, peace, and pleasures store,

in thee we daily find.

The Merchants of Virginia now,
hath nobly took in hand,

The bravest golden Lottery,
that ere was in this Land.

It is to plant a Kingdom sure,
where savage people dwell:

God will favour Christians still,
and like the purpose well.

Take courage then with willingness,
let hands and hearts agree:

A braver enterprise than this,
I think can never bee.

Come Knights, and gallant Gentlemen,
put in your ventures all:

Let nothing daunt your willing minds,
good fortune may befall:

Me thinks I see great numbers flock,
and bring in fast their Coin:

And Tradesmen how in loving sort,
their Monies all doe join:

You Maids that have but portions small to gain your
Marriage friend,

Cast in your Lots with willing hand,
God may good fortune send.

You Widows, and you wedded Wives,
one little substance try:

You may advance both you and yours,
with wealth that comes thereby.

We ought not live here, for our selves,
but for our Countries good:

And Countries good, it is well known,
long hath this purpose stood:

For first, when Queen Elizabeth here lived,
so much renown'd,

This Land now call'd Virginia,
by English-men was found.

Who knows not England once was like a
Wilderness and savage place,

Till government and use of men,
that wildness did deface:

And so Virginia may in time,
be made like England now;

Where long-lov'd peace and plenty both,
sits smiling on her brow.

Our King, the Lord full long preserve,
the cause of all this pleasure:

The Queen, the Prince, and all his seed,
with days of longest measure:

And that Virginia well may prove a Land of
rich increase:

And England's government thereof,
good God let never cease.

4. We be three poor mariners/ Row well ye mariners

We be three poor mariners newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy while

others live at ease.

Shall we go dance the round,
the round, the round

And he that is a bully boy come pledge
me on the ground,

the ground, the ground.

We care not for these martial men
that do our states disdain;

But we care for those merchant men
which do our states maintain.

To them we dance this round,
a round, a round

And he that is a bully boy etc.

5. The Lamentation

O Lord turn not away thy face

From him that lies prostrate:

Lamenting sore his sinful life

Before thy mercy gate,

Which gate thou openest wide to those,

that doe lament their sin:

Shut not that gate against me Lord,
But let me enter in.

Before the heavens and earth were made
Thou knowest what things were then,

As all things else that have been since,
Among the sons of men.

And can the things that I have done
Be hidden from thee then?

Nay, nay thou knowest them all O Lord,
Where they were done and when.

Wherefore with tears I come to thee
To beg and to entreat,

Even as the child that hath done ill,
And feareth to be beat.

So come I to thy mercy gate,
Where mercy doth abound:

Requiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

O Lord, I need not to repeat
What I doe beg or crave:

Thou knowest O Lord before I ask
The thing that I would have.

Mercy good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum:

For mercy Lord is all my suit,
Lord let thy mercy come.

6. The most cruel murder of Edward the fifth, and his brother Duke of York, in the Tower; by their Uncle Richard Duke of Gloucester.

In England once there reign'd a King,
a Tyrant fierce and fell:

Who for to gain himself a Crown,
gave sure his soul to hell:

Third Richard was this Tyrants name,
the worst of all the three:

That wrought such deeds of deadly
dole that worser could not be.



With those right noble Princes twain,
 King Edwards children dear:
 Because to England's royal Crown,
 he thought them both too near.
 Edward the fifth, the Prince was called by name
 Who by succession did that title gain.
 A prudent Prince whose wisdom did excel,
 Which made his uncle's heart with hatred swell.
 With sugared words which had a poison'd sting,
 He did entice the Duke and the young King:
 For safeties sake to lodge them in the Tower,
 A strong defence and London's chiefest Flower.
 The Duke of Gloucester the two Princes led.
 Into a sumptuous chamber to their bed.
 Sweet slumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,
 Each folded in each others arm then lies.
 At midnight then when all things they were husht,
 These bloody slaves into the chamber crusht:
 And presently did wrap them in the clothes,
 And stopt their harmless breath with the pillows
 When as the murderers saw that they were dead,
 They took their bodies forth the cursed bed,
 And then they buried these same little ones
 At the stair foot under a heap of stones.
 But mark how God did scourge them for this deed,
 As in the Chronicles you there may read
 Blood deserveth blood, for so the Lord hath said,
 So at the length their blood was truly paid.
 They stript him then, and dragg'd him up and down,
 And on stout Richmond's head they put the Crown.
 Thus ended England's woeful War,
 usurping Richard dead:
 King Henry faire Elizabeth, in princely sort did wed.
 For he was then made England's King,
 and she his crowned Queen:
 So twixt these houses long at strife a unity was seen.

**8. A lamentable Ditty on the death
 of the Lord Guildford Dudley, and the Lady Jane
 Gray, that for their parents ambition, in seeking to
 make these two yong Princes King and Queene of
 England, were both beheaded in the Tower of London.
 To the tune of, Peter and Parnell.**
 When as King Edward left this life in young
 and tender blooming years
 Began such deadly hate and strife,
 that filled England full of fears:
 Ambition in those ancient days.
 More then ten thousand, thousand,
 thousand thousand troubles did arise.
 Northumberland being made a Duke,
 ambitiously doth seek the crown,
 And Suffolk for the same did look,
 to put Queen Mary's title down.
 That was King Henry's daughter bright,
 And Queen of England, England,
 England and King Edwards heir by right.
 Lord Guildford and the Lady Jane,
 were wedded by their parents wills
 The right from Mary so was tane,
 which drew them on to further ills:
 But mark the end of this misdeed,
 Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
 and they to death decreed.
 Their parents likewise lost their heads,
 for climbing thus one step too high:
 Ambitious towers have slippery leads,
 and fearful to a wise mans eye.
 For one amiss great houses fall,
 Therefore take warning, warning,
 warning by this you gallants all.

9. Psalm 122
 I did in heart rejoyce to hear the people's voice
 In offering so willingly:
 For let us up, say they, and in the Lord's house pray:

Thus spake the folk full willingly.
Our feet that wander'd wide shall in thy gates abide,
O thou Jerusalem full fair;
Which art so seemly set much like a city neat,
The like whereof is not elsewhere.
To pray let us not cease for Jerusalem's peace:
Thy friends God keep in amity;
Peace be thy walls about; and prosper thee throughout
thy palaces continually.
For my friends sake will I wish that prosperity
May evermore abide in thee:
God's house doth me allure thy wealth for to procure
as much as always lies in me.

10. The Shepherd's Pipe

Sleep wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love,
Let not my Love be with my love diseas'd.
Touch not proud hands, least you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings, long displeas'd.
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.
But on 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.
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 oppress'd,
Impatient yet of perfect temperature,
Sleep dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake,
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

11. The Shepherds Joy

To the tune of Barra Faustus Dream.
Come sweet Love, let sorrow cease,
Banish frowns leave of dissention:
Love wars make the sweetest peace

hearts vning by contention.
Sun-shine follows after rain
Sorrows ceasing: this is pleasing
All proves faire again
after sorrow soon comes joy
Try me, prove me, trust me, love me
This will cure annoy.
Winter hides his frosty face
Blushing now to be more viewed:
Spring return'd with pleasant grace,
Flora's treasures are renewed:
Lambs rejoice to see the Spring,
Shipping, leaping, sporting, playing
Birds for joy do sing,
so let the Spring of joy renew,
Laughing, colling, kissing, playing,
And give love his due.

13. Psalm 147

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good unto our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to praise it is a comely thing.
The Lord his own Jerusalem he buildeth up alone,
And the dispers'd of Israel doth gather into one:
He heals the broken in their heart,
their sores up doth he bind;
He counts the number of the stars,
and names them in their kind.
Great is the Lord,
great is his pow'r his wisdom infinite;
The Lord relieves the meek,
and throws to ground the wicked wight.
Sing unto God the Lord with praise,
unto the Lord rejoice,
And to our God upon the harp
advance your singing voice.
He covers heav'n with clouds,
and for the earth prepareth rain,
And on the mountains he doth
make the grass to grow again.

He gives to beasts their food,
and to young ravens when they cry;
His pleasure not in strength of horse,
nor in man's legs doth lie.
But in all those that do him fear
the Lord hath his delight,
And such as do attend upon his
mercy's shining light.
And his command likewise upon
the earth he sendeth out;
Also his word with speedy course
doth swiftly run about:
He giveth snow like wool,
and frost like ashes scatters wide;
Like morsels casts his ice;
the cold thereof who can abide?
He sendeth forth his mighty word,
and melteth them again;
His wind he makes to blow,
and then the waters flow amain.
The doctrine of his holy word to
Jacob he doth show,
His statutes and his judgments
he gives Israel to know.

14. The wind blows out of the west

The Wind blows out of the west
thou gentle Mariner a,
look to the luff well, beware the lee still,
for deadly rocks doe now appear a,
look to thy tack, let bowline go slack,
so shall we scape them and go clear.
Tarra tan tarra stir well thy course, sirrah,
the wind waxeth large, the sheets doe thou veer,
go wash the can quickly boy, give us some beer
I'll drink thee I'll brinks thee my mates, what cheer?

15. Tobacco is like love

Tobacco, Tobacco sing sweetly for Tobacco,
Tobacco is like love, O love it,
for you see I will prove it.
Love maketh lean the fat men's tumour,
so doth Tobacco,
Love still dries up the wanton humour,
so doth Tobacco,
love makes men sail from shore to shore,
so doth Tobacco,
Tis fond love often makes men poor,
so doth Tobacco,
Love makes men scorn all Coward fears,
so doth Tobacco,
Love often sets men by the ears,
so doth Tobacco.
Tobacco, Tobacco Sing sweetly for Tobacco,
Tobacco is like Love, O love it,
for you see I have prov'd it.

16. Come Sirrah Jack ho

Come sirrah Jack ho,
fill some Tobacco,
bring a wire and some fire,
haste away, quick I say,
do not stay shun delay,
for I drank none good today.
I swear that this Tobacco
it's perfect Trinidado
by the very Mass never was
better gear than is here
by the rood, for the blood
it is very good 'tis very good.
Fill the pipe once more, my brains dance trenchmore,
it is heady I am giddy,
My head and brains, back and reins,
joints and veins, from all pains
it doth well purge and make clean.
Then those that do condemn it,

or such as not commend it,
never were so wise to learn
good Tobacco to discern
Let them go, pluck a crow,
and not know, as I do,
the sweet of Trinidado.

18. Song from the Masque of Flowers

Ahey, for and a hoe,
We'll make Silen fall down,
And cast him in a sown,
To see my men of Ire,
All snuffing, puffing smoke and fire,
Like fell Dragon.

Silenus.

Kawasha comes in majesty,
Was never such a God as he,
He is come from a far Country,
To make our Noses a chimney.
Silenus Ass doth leer to see
His well appointed company.
Kawasha.

The Wine takes the contrary way,
To get into the hood:
But good Tobacco makes no stay,
But siezeth where it should.
More incense hath burned
At great Kawasha's foot,
Then to Silen and Bacchus both,
And take in Jove to boot.
Therefore doe yield,
And quit the field,
Or else I'll smoke ye.

Silenus.

The Worthies they were nine, 'tis true,
And lately Arthur's Knights I knew,
But now are come up Worthies new,
The Roaring Boys Kawasha's crew.
But if Silenus Ass should bray,

T'would make them roar and run away.
Kawasha
Silenus taps the Barrel, but
Tobacco taps the Brain,
And makes the vapours fine and soot,
That man revives again.
Nothing but fumigation
Doth chase away ill spirits,
Kawasha and his Nation
Found out these holy rites:
Therefore doe yield,
And quit the field,
Or else I'll smoke ye.

19. Psalm 100

Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,
Serve ye Jehovah with gladness;
before him come with singing mirth
Know that Jehovah he God is.
It's he that made us, and not we;
his folk, and sheep of his feeding.
O with confession enter ye 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 all ages.

20. Psalm 107

They that in ships unto the sea down go,
That in the many waters labour doe,
They see Jehovah's operations,
And in the deep his wondrous actions.
For he saith, and doth raise the wind stormy,
And it doth lift the waves thereof on high.
They mount to heav'ns, down to the deeps they go;
Their soul it melts away in evil woe:
They reel and stagger like a drunken wight,
And all their wisdom is upswallowed quite:

And to the Lord they cry in their distress,
And he outbrings them from their anguishes.
The storm he to a silent calm doth set,
And then their waves allayed are quiet;
And they rejoice because they are made still,
And he them leads to haven of their will.
Confess they to Jehovah his mercy,
His marvels eke to sons of man earthly.

21. Up merry mates

Up merry mates, to Neptune's praise,
Your voices high advance:
The watery Nymphs shall dance,
and Aeolus shall whistle to your lays.
Steerman, how stands the wind?
Full North, North-east.
What course?
Full South, South-west.
no worse,
and blow so faire,
Then sink despair,
Come solace to the mind,
ere night we shall the haven find.
O happy days, who may contain,
but swell with proud disdain,
when seas are smooth, sails full and all things please?

Stay merry mates, proud Neptune lowers,
Your voices all deplore you,
The Nymphs stand weeping o'er you:
And Aeolus and Iris bandy showers.
Mr. Boats man hale in the Boat.
Hark, hark the rattlings,
'Tis hail.
Make fast the tacklings.
Strike sail.
Make quick dispatches,
Shut close the hatches.

Hold stern, cast Anchor out,
This night we shall at random float.
O dismal hours,
Who can forbear,
But sink with sad despair.
When seas are rough, sails rent, and each thing lowers.

The golden mean that constant spirit bears,
in such extremes that nor presumes nor fears.

23. Never weather beaten sail

Never weather-beaten sail more
willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs
affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now
longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord,
and take my soul to rest.
Ever blooming are the joys of
Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our
ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines
whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord,
and raise my sprite to thee!

Passamezzo

Passamezzo is an established ensemble known for their ability to bring historical events to life through their engaging performances and programming. We specialize in English Elizabethan and Jacobean repertoire.

The ensemble delights in all aspects of musical life, from the intimacy of the lute song, to the brash raucousness of the broadside ballad, from the sacred part song, to the profane insanity of bedlamite mad songs. The programmes are carefully researched with music frequently taken from manuscript sources, unearthing pieces that have lain hidden for centuries. It is this range of material and overall spectacle, combined with the informative and accessible manner of their presentation, that makes Passamezzo such an engaging group.

Passamezzo often work with dancers and actors. They have played in a great variety of venues including the British Museum; the Victoria and Albert Museum; Shakespeare's Globe Theatre; Hampton Court Palace and in theatres, concert halls, universities, churches, palaces and historic monuments throughout Britain and Morocco.

Acknowledgements

St John's Wood Church
Karen Boon
Rosalind Riley
Derek Reid
Peter and Ali Marshall
D Alan Smith and the Pilgrim William White Society
Vermont Mayflower Descendants
Jill Emmons
Elspeth Golden
Noel Gieleghem

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Recorded at St John's Wood Church, London on 21–23 October 2019
Producer & editor: Matthew Bennett
Engineer: Dave Rowell
Executive Producer: Adam Binks
Recorded at 24-bit/192kHz resolution
Cover image: Theodor de Bry (after John White): The Arrival of the English, 1591

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