The Old English Edition. 190. rvi.

# AIRS OR FANTASTIC SPIRITS,

BY

THOMAS WEELKES.

1608.

EDITED BY

G. E. P. ARKWRIGHT.

24 BERNERS STREET, London.

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#### Preface.

THE object of this Edition is to present in an accessible form various works by English composers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which would otherwise be difficult to obtain.

It is intended to reprint a selection from the music hidden away in public and private libraries, which is almost unknown, except to antiquaries and collectors of rare books.

Each volume will be accompanied by Introductions, Biographical Notices, and references to the authorities whence information is obtained.

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# Introduction to Mo. 181. Old English Edition.

THIS volume contains the first fifteen of Weelkes' "Ayeres or Phantasticke Spirites for three voices," first published in 1608. The remainder will be given in No. 17 of this Series.

In preparing this Edition, the Editor has freely revised Weelkes' words, and has altered and omitted whenever he thought it advisable without pointing out in detail where the alterations occur. In the Music, however, such few corrections as have been made are always indicated. A sharp or natural placed over a note is suggested by the Editor, and is not marked in the original Edition.

An account of Weelkes and his works will be found in the Introductions to Nos. 13 and 15 of this Series, to which there is nothing fresh to be added at present.

NOTE .- THESE AIRS CAN BE OBTAINED SEPARATELY AT TWOPENCE HALFPENNY EACH.

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### AYERES OR

#### Phantafticke Spirites

for three voices,

Made and newly published by
THOMAS WEELKES, Gentleman of
his Maiefties Chappell, Batchelar
of Musicke, and Organest of the Cathedral Church of Chichester.

LONDON

Printed by William Barley, and are to be fold at his shoppe in Gracious street.

1608.

Cum Priuilegio.

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#### TO THE RIGHT HO-

nourable Edward L. Denny, Baron of Waltham, Thomas Weelkes wisheth the happines of both worldes.

Ight Honourable, it were needlesse to commend the worth of musicke to a minde of noble disposition, for in the natures of musicke and generous men, ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd by them; and they the onely patrones of this profession: besides, the particular respect of duetie which I owe your Lordship, doth commaund this dedication, to whose service I owe the best of all my labours, and the best of my duetious affections. May it therefore please you to accept this poore demonstration of my duety and loue, to whose pleasure and service, I truely dedicate my selfe, and these my labours.

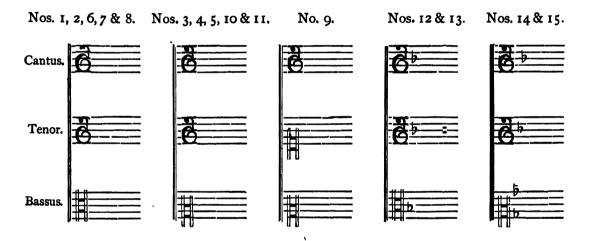
Your Honors in all duety, and humble feruice,

THOMAS WEELKES.

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#### A Table of the Clefs

Used in the original Edition, 1608.



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COME, let's begin to revel 't out,
And tread the hills and dales about,
That hills and dales and woods may sound
An echo to this warbling round.

Lads, merry be with music sweet
And, Fairies, trip it with your feet.
Pan's pipe is dull; a better strain
Doth stretch itself to please your vein.

ii.



Jockey, thine hornpipe's dull,
Give wind, man, at full;
Fie upon such a sad gull,
Like an hoody doody
All too moody.
Toodle, toodle,
Pipe it up thicker,
I'll tread it the quicker.
Why then about it roundly
And I will foot it soundly;
I'll take my steps the shorter
As if I trampled mortar.

Dorothy there I see
As grave as can be:
Come and trip it with me:
With an hoody doody
All too moody.
Toodle, toodle,
Set me thy work by
And come to me smurkly.
Then if she chance to glance in
Give us two room to dance in.
Though my green jerkin bare is,
Us two to all the parish.

iii.



Some men desire spouses

That come of noble houses,

And some would have in marriage

Ladies of courtly carriage. Fa la la.

And some desire as I do

The lands and wealth of a widow. Fa la la.

Some men do seek fair faces

And youthful comely graces:

But beauty's ever wasting;

Youth to old age is hasting. Fa la la.

I'll get or I'll go nigh to

The lands and wealth of a widow. Fa la la.

ív.



To-morrow is the marriage day

Of Mopsus and fair Phillida:

Come, shepherds, bring your garlands gay.

O do not weep fair Bellamour,

Though he be gone there's many more,

For love hath many loves in store.

v.



Upon a hill the bonny boy
Sweet Thirsis sweetly play'd,
And call'd his lambs their master's joy,
And more he would have said,
But Love that gives the lovers wings
Withdrew his mind from other things.

His pipe and he could not agree

For Milla was his note:

This silly pipe could never get

This lovely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,

He fell asleep, his pipe to ground.

vi.

8

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 to-day.
I swear that this tobacco
It's perfect Trinidado.
By the very very mass
Never never never was

Better gear
Than is here.
By the rood,
For the blood
It is very 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.

vii.



Tan ta ra ran tan tant,
Cries Mars on bloody rampier.
Fa la, fa la, fa la,
Cries Venus in a chamber.
Toodle loodle loo,
Pan pipes it away,
And gaily does play
On a summer's day.

Aye me.

But I alas lie weeping,

For death hath slain my sweeting,

Which hath my heart in keeping.

#### viii.



(FROM HORACE.)

THE gods have heard my vows,
Fond Lyce, whose fair brows
Wont scorn with such disdain
My love, my tears, my pain. Fa la la.

But now those spring-tide roses

Are turn'd to winter posies,

To rue and thyme and sage

Fitting that shrivell'd age. Fa la la.

Now youths with hot desire

See see that flameless fire

Which erst your hearts so burn'd

To dust and ashes turn'd. Fa la la.

iŗ.



Though my carriage be but careless,

Though my looks be of the sternest,

Yet my passions are compareless;

When I love, I love in earnest.

No, my wits are not so wild

But a gentle soul may yoke me,

Nor my heart so hard compil'd

But it melts, if love provoke me.

ŗ.



THE Ape, the Monkey and Baboon did meet, And breaking of their fast in Friday Street
Two of them sware together solemnly
In their three natures was a sympathy.
Nay, quoth Baboon, I do deny that strain,
I have more knavery in me than you twain.

Why, quoth the Ape, I have a horse at will In Paris Garden for to ride on still And there shew tricks. Tush, quoth the Monkey, I For better tricks in great men's houses lie. Tush, quoth Baboon, when men do know I come For sport from City, country, they will run.

ŗí.

8

No, no,
Though I shrink still,
Yet I think still
That a wink will
Tell what lovers best know,
Fa la la liro logh.
Till then I will be glad,
And then I will be mad;
Hang up all love that is sad,
Fa la la liro logh.

What, what?

If she feign so
Then I plain go
In a vein to

Leave her false smiles, that's flat.

Fa la la liro logh.

Till then I will be glad,

And then I will be mad;

Hang up all love that is sad,

Fa la la liro logh.

## rii.



Ave me, alas, heigh ho, heigh ho!

Thus doth Messalina go

Up and down the house a-crying,

For her Monkey lies a-dying.

Death, thou art too cruel

To bereave her jewel,

Or to make a seizure

Of her only treasure.

If her Monkey die

She will sit and cry

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

#### riii.



LATE in my rash accounting

My fortune was amounting, Fa la la.

And now all is undone,

All courses backwards run, Fa la la.

Hearts greedy in desiring

Are speedy in aspiring, Fa la la.

But this female sex

Make stout hearts break their necks, Fa la la.

You Ladies fair and fickle
Whose climbing thoughts do tickle, Fa la la,
Shall most deeply repent
And find a base descent, Fa la la.

### rív.



Four arms, two necks, one wreathing,
Two pair of lips, one breathing, Fa la la.
Two hearts that multiply
Sighs interchangeably, Fa la la.

The thought of this confounds me,

And as I speak it wounds me, Fa la la.

It cannot be exprest,

Good help me whilst I rest, Fa la la.

rv.



LORD, when I think

What a paltery thing

Is a glove or a ring

Or a top of a fan to brag of,

And how much a noddy will triumph

In a busk point snatch'd with the tag off.

Then I say

Well fare him that hath ever scorn'd such child's play.

And when I see

What a pitiful grace

Hath a frown in the face

Or a no in the lips of a lady,

And when I had wist

She would be kiss'd,

Then she away did go

With hey ho,

I end so;

Never trust any woman more than you know.

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I.
COME, LET'S BEGIN.





II.

JOCKEY THINE HORNPIPE'S DULL.











III.
SOME MEN DESIRE SPOUSES.









IV.
TO-MORROW IS THE MARRIAGE DAY.



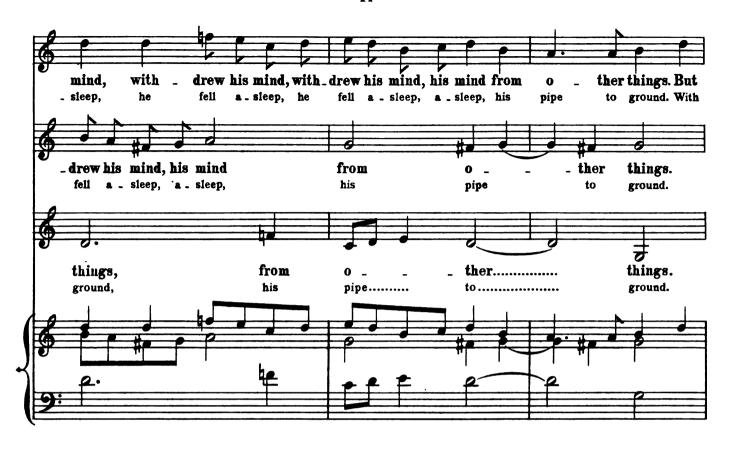


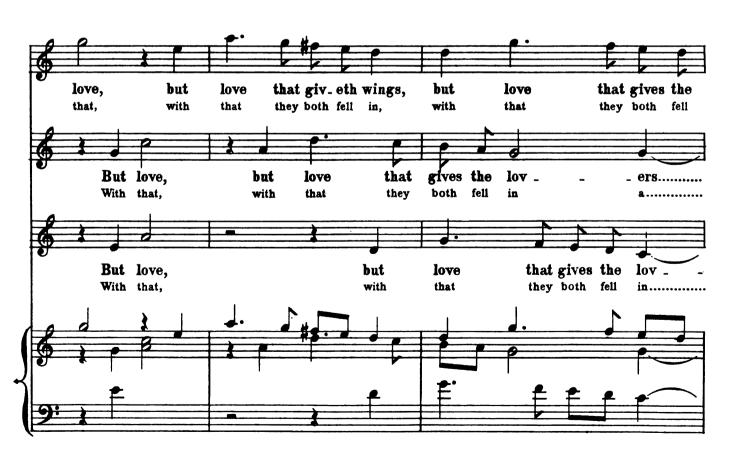
#### UPON A HILL THE BONNY BOY.









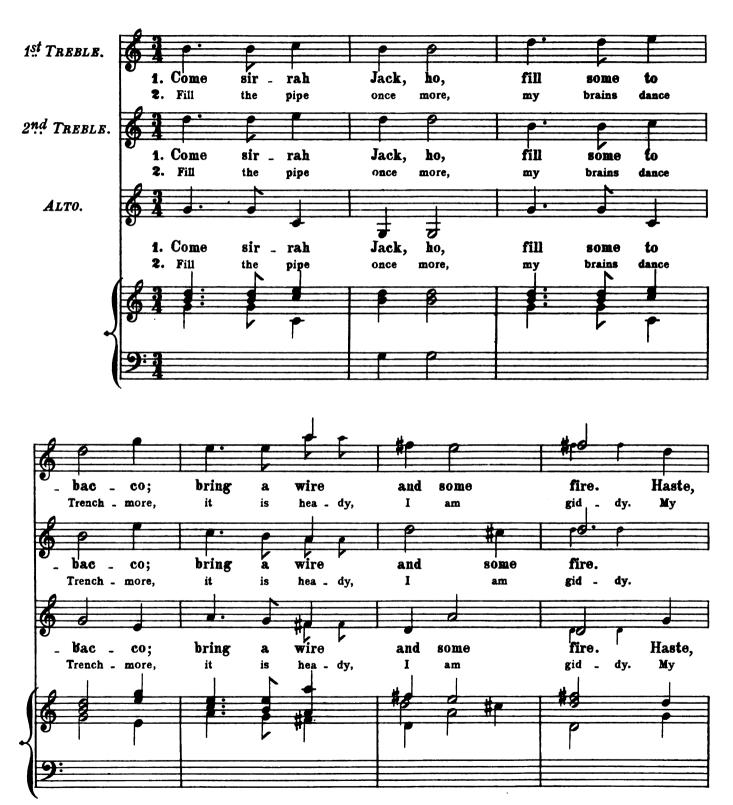






VI.

COME SIRRAH JACK, HO.





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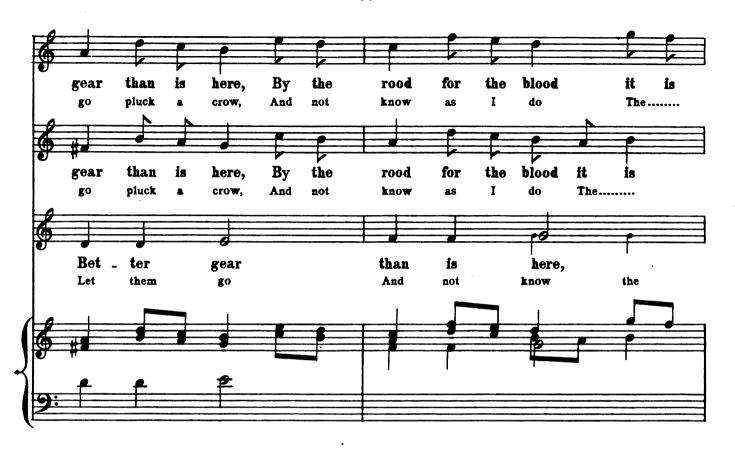
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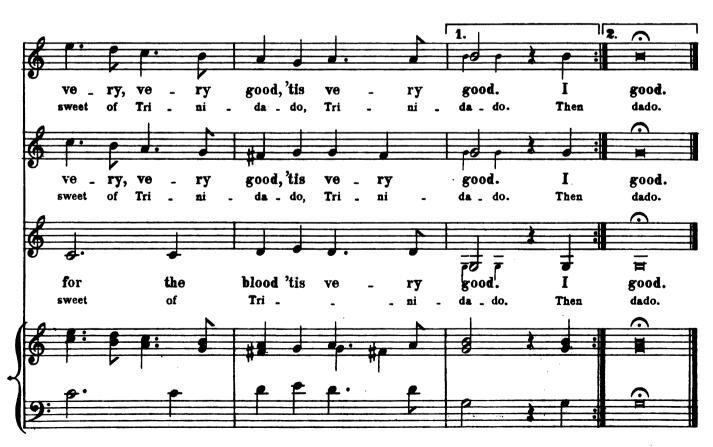
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VII.
TAN TA RA RAN TAN TANT.







VII.
TAN TA RA RAN TAN TANT.







# VIII. THE GODS HAVE HEARD MY VOWS.





## IX.

#### THOUGH MY CARRIAGE BE BUT CARELESS.







X.
THE APE, THE MONKEY AND BABOON.









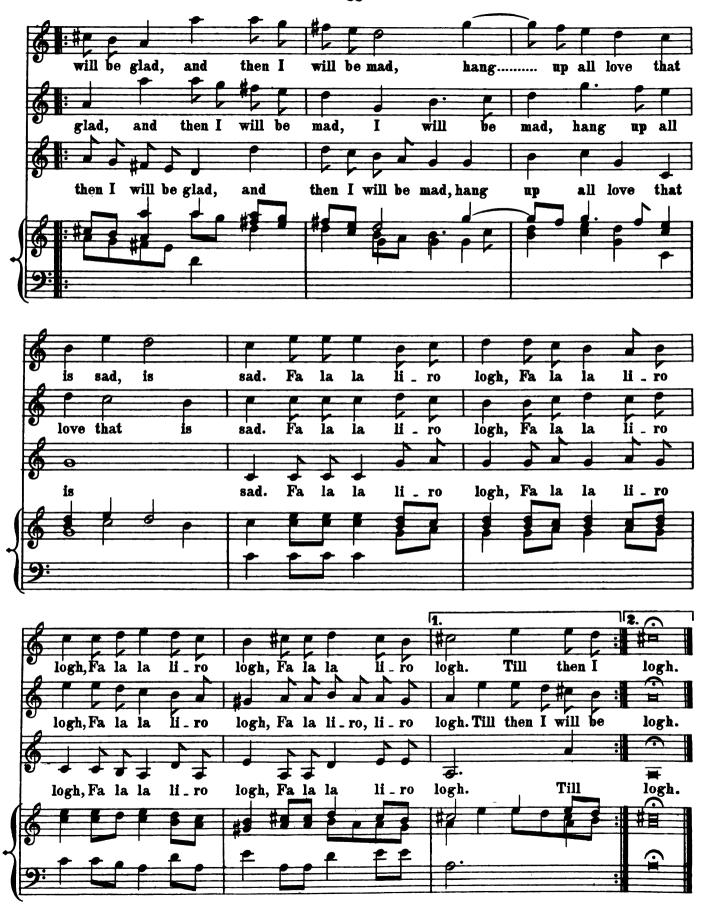


## NO, NO, THOUGH I SHRINK STILL.









XII.
AYE ME, ALAS.





XII.
AYE ME, ALAS.







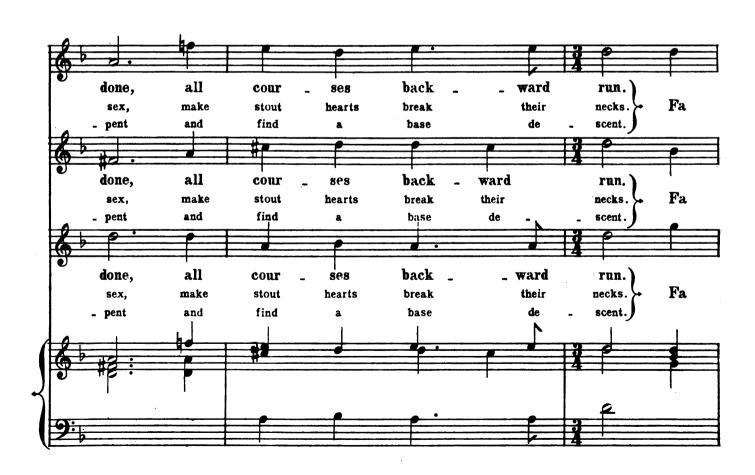


XIII.
LATE IN MY RASH ACCOUNTING.





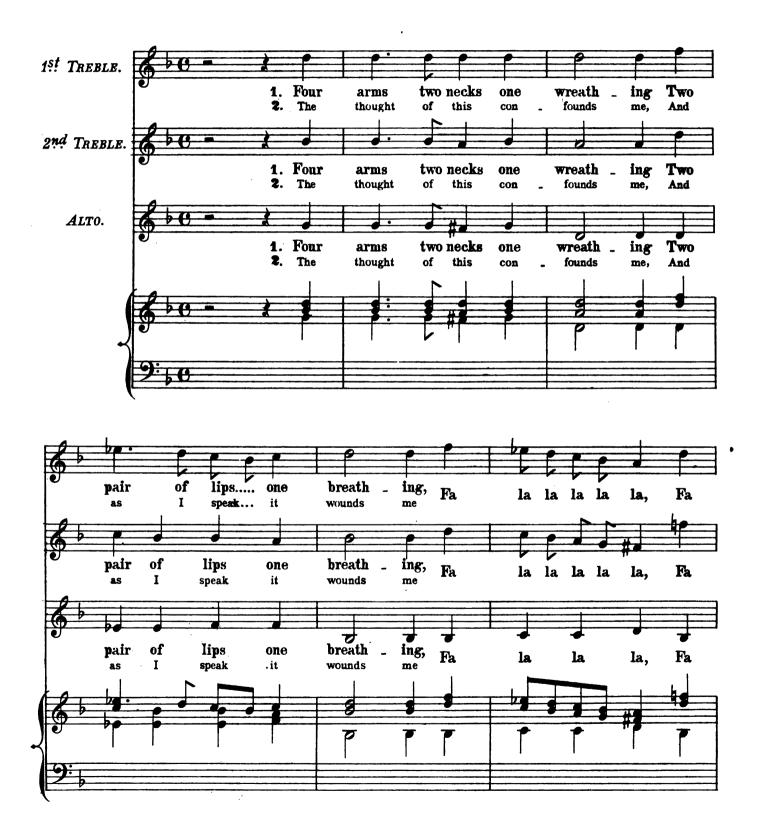








XIV. FOUR ARMS, TWO NECKS.











XV.
LORD WHEN I THINK.





