

Dargason

(The Melody of Cynwyd, Welsh Sedawny, or The Hawthorne Tree)

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References:

TUNE:

Lute arrangement "late 16th c" Cambridge University MS Dd.2.11, folio 8. It is one of "3 dances in 1" in Lant (1580) and Ravenscroft's Pammelian. 30, but it has obviously been modified to fit in with the other songs. Playford song "Dargason, or Sedony" (1651) consistent with the lute arrangement mentioned before.

WORDS:

Manuscript of words "It was a maide of my countre" to be sung to this song, "16th century", reprinted in Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (1790), Peele's *Works*, ed. Dyce. and from BL MS Cotton Vesp. A.25, via K. Boeddeker's article '*Englische Lieder und Balladen aus dem 16. Jahrhundert*', *Jahrbuch fur romanische und englische Sprache*, N. F. II, 1875.

Manuscript in the Folger Shakespeare Library MS V.a. 198, "*Flee stately Juno Samos fro*", to be sung to the tune of "*Welshe Syddanen*", is Dargason.

Commentary:

"The Melody of Cynwyd" in Jones' *Relics of the Welsh Bards* is a variant of "Sedany". Bruce Olson notes: "The date of this is about the same as L. Lloyd's song...Text from BL MS Cotton Vesp. A.25, via K. Boeddeker's article '*Englische Lieder und Balladen aus dem 16. Jahrhundert*', *Jahrbuch fur romanische und englische Sprache*, N. F. II, 1875. Expurgated and incomplete in Chappell's PMOT. (Popular Music of Olden Times) The date of this ballad is probably several months earlier than L. Lloyd's song above. A traditional version collected without tune, about 1825, is 'The Hawthorn Green', p. 4 in E. B. Lyle's *Andrew Craford's Collection of Ballads and Songs* 1975. A poor traditional version that I suspect was learned from Chappell's PMOT, is 'The Hawthorn Bush', p. 15 in Fred Hammer's *Garners Gay*, EFDSS, 1968.

Also to the tune "Dargeson" or "Sedany" is Lodowick Lloyd's song entered in the Stationers' Register on Aug. 13, 1579. I cannot decide which of two versions represents the broadside entry. The shorter version is that printed from a MS in *The British Bibliographer*, I, p. 338, 1810 (this MS is now Folger Shakespeare Lib. MS V.a. 189). A longer version was copied about 1604 into Folger Lib. MS V.a. 399. This is headed simply "Made by Lodovicke LLOYD", with no title or tune direction."

A mery Ballet of the Hathorne tre, to be songe after Donkin Dargeson

It was a maide of my countre	"Thoughe that you do, yt ys no boote,
As she came by a hathorne-tre	Withoute they cut me to the roote;
As full of flowers, as might be seen,	Next yere againe I will be sene
She merveld to se the tre so grene	To bude my branches freshe and
-----	grene."
At last she asked of this tre:	-----
"Howe came this freshnes unto the?	"And you, fair maide, canne not do so;
And every braunche so faire & cleane?	For yf you let youre maidhode goe,
I mervaile that thou growe so grene.	Then will yt never no more be sene
-----	As I with my braunches can growe
The tre maid answeere by and by:	grene."
"I have good cause to growe	-----
triumphantly;	The maide with that begane to blushe,
The swetest dew that ever be sene	And turned her from the hathorne
Doth fall on me and kepe my grene.	bushe.
-----	She thought herselfe so faire & clene,
"Yea," quothe the maid, "but where	Her bewtie styll would ever growe
thou growe,	grene."
Thou stande at hande for every blowe,	-----
Of every man for to be seen;	What with she herde this marvelous
I mervaile that thou growe so grene."	dowbte,
-----	She wandered styll then all aboute;
"Though many one take my flowers	Suspecting still what she would wene,
from me,	Her maidheade lost would never be
& manye a branche out of my tre,	seen.
I have such store, they wyll not be	-----
sene,	With many a sighe she went her waye,
Far more & my tredges growe grene."	To se howe she maide her self so gay,
-----	To walke, to se, and to be sene,
"But how, and they chaunce to cut the	An so out-faced the hathorne grene.
downe	-----
And carry thie braunches in to the	Besides all that yt put her in feare
towne?	To talke with companye anye where,
Then will they never no more be sene	For feare to lose what shuld be sene
To grow againe so freshe & grene."	To grow as were the hathorn grene.
-----	-----
	But after this never I could here
	Of this faire mayden any where,
	That ever she was in forest sene,
	To talke againe of the hathorne grene.

Text from BL MS Cotton Vesp. A.25, via K. Boeddeker's article 'Englische Lieder und Balladen aus dem 16. Jahrhundert', Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Sprache, N. F. II, 1875 - according to Simpson.

**A Dittie to the tune of Welshe Syddanen,
made to the Queenes maj. Eliz. by Lodov. Lloyd**

Flee stately Juno Samos fro, from Delos straight Diana go;
Minerva Athens must for sake, Sydanen Queen your seat must take;
Sidanen conquers kinges with quil;
Sidanen governs states at wil;
Sidanen feares her foes with pen;
With pens Sidanen conquers men.

Sibill must from Cuma flee; in Egipt Isis may not be;
Thy Trojan seat Caesa shun; thy fame from Greece Penelope is won;
With Judithes sword with delores mace,
Sidanen sittes in sacred place;
With Graces three, with Muses nine,
Sydanen doth like Phebus shine.

Lett Lucrece lurke, lett Helene blushe; Atlanta kneel on knee to this;
Lett Sapho serve, lett Dido yelde; Sidanen wynes the same in fielde.
In Rome Cornelia bare the belle,
Sidanen doth Cornelia excelle;
In Ethiope floorisht Sabaes, fame,
Sidanen farr surmountes th same.

Through Afrike spredd Zenobias name; all Asia Semiramis fame;
In Seitha soile by bluddy blade, Tomris queen great conquest made:
Sidanen, crwell Centaurs kilde;
Sidanen, Syrens sleight hath spilde;
Sidanen, clenst Augeas stall
Sidanen, wrought Stymphalides all.

On seas doth Neptune serve her beck; on earth doth Folus tend her deck.
In field doth Mars her fame defend, in skies doth Jove her state comend.
The Sone, the moone, the starres conteste
Sidanen must the skies possesse;
Earth, water, fire, and also aire
With Echo, sownde Sidanen faire.

In woodes the Dryades dawnce for ioye; on hilles the Oriades skippes coy ?
In fieldes the Fawnes and Satyrs plaie; on fludds the Nayades thus do say
Sidanen fedd on Pailes papp;
Sidanen lulde in Junos lapp;
Sidanen taught in Vestas towre;
Sidanen nurst in Venus bowre.

With godis Pandora is her name, with men Pamphila is the same,
 Yet when she is Pansophia staid?, in Bryttain she Sidanen cauld:
 From Brutus steme, from Dardass line
 Sidanen is a Phoenix fine;
 From Cambers sede, from Hector's deed
 Sidanen princely doth exceed.

The Eagles youth I wish this Queen, Acanthus like to flourish green
 As Serpents do ease their skin, so she being old may young begin;
 In ioyful days? with Nestors yeres,
 I wishe to her and to her peeres,
 That when Sidanen dieth I crave
 Mausolus tombe she maye have.

Finis

From Samuel Egerton Brydges, *The British Bibliographer*, I, 1810, and there from a manuscript in Bridges' possession. Brydges' MS is now Folger Shakespeare Library MS V.a. 198? - according to Simpson.

6. *Dargason, or Sedany*

HxA

Allegretto

1) repeat

2) repeat

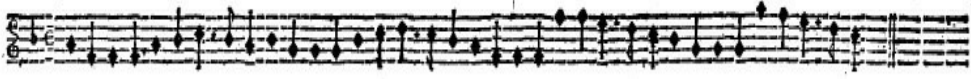
3)

4) repeat

G G Am D7 G G Am D7 G G D D7 G G D D G D

Here's Playford's dancing instructions for Dargeson:

Sedanny, or Dargafon *For as many as will standing thus* ○ ○ ○ ○))))



First man and Wo. sides once set and turne S. $\dot{\sim}$ Passe forward each to the next sides, set and turne S. $\dot{\sim}$ As much to the next $\dot{\sim}$ and so forward and back till you come to your places where you began.

Armes all as you sided, till you come to your owne places.

The single Hey all handing as you passe till you come to your places.

And here's my version:

Dargeson, or Welsh Sedawny

circa 1580

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Voice

