

Chapter Nine - "30 Elizabethan Songs - With Documentation"

In Peascod Time

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References:

Music

"The Citharn Schoole" sig. C1v 1597 (Holborne), also Byrd.

Words

A poem appears in "England's Helicon", 1600.

The same poem appeared earlier in the rare book "A pleasaunte Laborinth called Churchyardes Chance", Printed at London by Iohn Kingston, 1580.

Commentary:

Allegorical song is here shown in a tale of Venus and her son.

In Peascod Time

G
In Pescod time, when Hound to horne,
C Am
give eare till buck be kild:
C G
And little Lads with pipes of corne,
Am C G
sate keeping beasts a field.

I went to gather Strawberies tho,
by Woods and Groaves full faire:
And parcht my face with Phoebus so,
in walking in the ayre.

That downe I layde me by a streame,
with boughs all over-clad:
And there I met the straungest dreame,
that ever Sheeheard had.

Me thought I saw each Christmas
game,
each revell all and some:
And every thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come.
The substance of the sights I saw,
in silence passe they shall:
Because I lack the skill to draw,
the order of them all.

But *Venus* shall not passe my pen,
whose maydens in disdaine:
Did feed upon the harts of men,
that *Cupids* bowe had slaine.

And that blinde boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd to the eares:
And like a Conquerour he stood,
and scorned Lovers teares.

I have (quoth he) more harts at call,
then Caesar could command:
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o'er the land.

One drops downe heere, another there,
in bushes as they groane;
I bend a scornfull carelesse eare,
to heare them make their moane.

Ah Sir (quoth *Honest Meaning*) then,
thy boy-like brags I heare:
When thou hast wounded many a man
as Hunts-man doth the Deare.

Becomes it thee to triumph so?
thy Mother wills it not:
For she had rather breake thy bowe,
then thou shouldst play the sot.

What saucie merchant speaketh now,
sayd *Venus* in her rage:
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not
how I governe every age?

My Sonne doth shoote no shaft in
wast, to me the boy is bound:
He never found a hart so chast,
but he had power to wound,

Not so faire Goddess (quoth *Free-Will*,)
in me there is a choise:
And cause I am of mine owne ill,
if I in thee rejoyce.

And when I yeeld my selfe a slave,
to thee, or to thy Sonne:
Such recompence I ought not have,
if things be rightly done.

Why foole stept forth *Delight*, and
said, when thou art conquer'd thus:
Then loe dame *Lust*, that wanton
maide, thy Mistresse is iwus.

And *Lust* is *Cupids* darling deere,
behold her where she goes:
She creepes the milk-warme flesh so
neere, she hides her underclose

Where many privie thoughts doo
dwell, a heaven heere on earth:
For they have never minde of hell,
they thinke so much on mirth.

Be Still *Good Meaning*, quoth *Good
Sport*, let *Cupid* triumph make:
For sure his Kingdome shall be short
if we no pleasure take.

Faire Beautie, and her play-feares gay,
the virgins *Vestalles* too:
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doo,

If *Honest Meaning* fall to frowne,
and I *Good Sport* decay:
Then *Venus* glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.

Indeede (quoth *Wit*) this your device,
with Straungnes must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice,
and looking to be sought:

With scowling browes their follies
check, and so give them the Fig:
Let *Fancie* be no more at beck,
when *Beautie* lookes so big.

When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
to murther women so:
Me thought indeede the house was
fier'd, with Stormes and lighting tho.

The thunder-bolt through windowes
burst. and in their steps a wight:
Which seem'd some foule or sprite
accurst, so ugly was the sight.

I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
looke to your selves in hast:
For if that men so wilfull be,
and have their thoughts so chast;

And they can tread on *Cupids* brest,
and martch on *Venus* face:
Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest.
when you shall waile your case.

With that had *Venus* all in spight,
stir'd up the Dames to ire:
And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie* white,
sate babling with *Desire*.

Whose mutt'ring words I might not
marke, much whispering there arose:
The day did lower, the Sunne wext
darke, away each Lady goes.

But whether went this angry flock,
our Lord him-selfe doth know:
Where-with full lowdly crewe the
Cock, and I awaked so.

A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe:
I gage my head, such toyes as this,
dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

-FINIS

The words as they appear in England's Helicon, (1600):

The Shepherds slumber.

IN Pescod time, when Hound to home,
gives care till Buck be kild:
And little Lads with pipes of corne,
fate keeping beasts a field.
I went to gather Strawberies tho,
by Woods and Groaves full faire:
And parcht my face with *Phabus* so,
in walking in the ayre.
That downe I layde me by a streame,
with boughs all ouer-clad:
And there I met the straungest dreame,
that euer Shepheard had.
Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
each reuell all and some:

Z. 3.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Not so faire Goddesse (quoth *Free-will*)
in me there is a choise:
And cause I am of mine owne ill,
if I in thee reioyce.
And when I yeeld my selfe a slaue,
to thee, or to thy Some:
Such recompence I ought not haue,
if things be rightly done.
Why foole slept forth *Delights*, and said,
when thou art conquer'd thus:
Then loe dame *Lust*, that wanton maide,
thy Mistrisse is ius.
And *Lust* is *Cupids* darling deere,
behold her where she goes:
She creepes the milk-warme flesh so neere,
she hides her vnder clofe.
Where many priuie thoughts doo dwell,
a heauen heere on earth:
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
they thinke fo much on mirth.
Be still *Good Meaning*, quoth *Good Sport*,
let *Cupid* triumph make:
For sure his Kingdome shall be short
if we no pleasure take.
Faire *Beautie*, and her play-feares gay,
the virgins *Vesallers* too:
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doo.
If *Honest Meaning* fall to frowne,
and I *Good Sport* decay:
Then *Venus* glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.
Indeede (quoth *Wis*) this your deuite,
with straungenes must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice,
and looking to be fought:
With frowning browes their follies check,
and to giue them the Fig:

Let

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And eury thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come.
The substance of the sights I saw,
in silence passe they shall:
Because I lack the skill to draw,
the order of them all.
But *Venus* shall not passe my pen,
whose maydens in disdain:
Dul feed vpon the harts of men,
that *Cupids* bowe had slaine.
And that blinde boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd to the eares:
And like a Conquerour he stood,
and scorned Louers teares.
I haue (quoth he) more harts at call,
then *Cesar* could commaund:
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe heere, another there,
in bushes as they groane:
I bend a scornfull carelesse care,
to heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir (quoth *Honest Meaning*) then,
thy boy-like brags I heare:
When thou hast wounded many a man,
as Hunt-man doth the Deare.
Becomes it thee to triumph so?
thy Mother wills it not:
For she had rather breake thy bowe,
then thou shouldst play the fot.
What faucie merchant speaketh now,
sayd *Venus* in her rage:
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
I gouerne eury age?
My Some doth shoore no shaft in wast,
to me the boy is bound:
He neuer found a hart so chaff,
but he had power to wound,

Not

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let *Fancie* be no more at beck,
when *Beautie* lookes so big,
When *Venus* heard how they conspit'd,
to murder women so:
Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
with stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windows burst,
and in their steps a wight:
Which seem'd some foule or sprite accus'd,
so vgly was the sight.
I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
looke to your selues in hast:
For if that men so wilfull be,
and haue their thoughts so chaff,
And they can tread on *Cupids* brest,
and march on *Venus* face:
Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
when you shall waile your case.
With that had *Venus* all in spight,
stir'd vp the Dames to ire:
And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie* white,
fate babling with *Desire*.
Whose muttering words I might not marke,
much whispering there arose:
The day did lower, the Sunne went darke,
away each Lady goes.
But whether went this angry flock,
our Lord him-selfe doth know:
Where-with full lowdly crewe the Cock,
and I awaked so.
A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no kerpe:
I gage my head, such toys as this,
dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

FINIS.

Ignote.

And the words (less legibly) from Churchyard's Chance:

A matter of fonde Cupid, and train Venus.

In Bealood time whē hound to hōme, giu's eare til Buck he kilde
And litle landes wach pipes of coine, for keepyng beastes a fildre:
I went to gather Strawberies thy, by woodes & groues full faire,
And parchte my face with *Phabus* so, in walkyng in the aire.

D.]. That

Churchyardes Chance.

That doune I laide me by a streame: with lotues all ouer clad,
And there I inate the straungest dyemie, that euer pong man had:
He thought I sawe eche Chyristmas game: eche reuell all and some,
And euery thyng that I can name, or mate in phansie come,
The substance of the sights I sawe, in silence passe thei shall,
Because I lacke the skill to drawe, the order of thein all:
But *Venus* shall not passe my penne, whose maidens in disdaine,
Did feede vpon the harts of menne, that *Cupidos* bowe had slaine.
And that blinde boye was all in blood, be darct to the eares,
And like a conquerour he stood, and scoyned louers teares:
I haue quod he moye harts at call, then *Casars* could commande,
And like the Dere I make them fall, that runneth oze the lande:
One dropes doune here, an other there, in bushes as thei growe,
I bende a srownefull carelesse eare, to heare them make their moue.
The sir quod honest meanyng then, thy boyely bygges I heare,
Whē thou hast wounded many a man, as hounts man doeth the deare
Becometh it thee to triumphe so, thy mother will it not,
For she had rather bryake thy bowe, then thou shalt plaie the sot.
That faulse Marchaunt speaketh now, saies *Venus* in her rage,
Art thou so blinde, thou knowst not howe, I governe every age:
Whē some doeth shooce no haste in wastte, to me the boye is bounde,
He neuer founde a harte so chaste, but he had power to wounde.
Not so faire Goddes quod *Freewill*, in me there is a choise,
And cause I am of myne owne ill, if I in thee reioyse:
And when I seeid my self a slaue, to thee or to thy soune,
Suche recompence I ought not haue, if thyngs be rightly done.
Why foole steppe for the Delight & said, whē thou art cōquered thus
Then loe dame *Lust* that wanton maide, thy mistresse is it was:
And *Lust* is *Cupids* darlyng deare, behold here where she goes,
She cypes the milke warme sicke so nere, she hides her vnder clothes
Where many piniie thoughts doe dwell, a heauen here on ye arth,
For thei haue neuer minde of hell, thei thinke so muche on merth:
Be still good meanyng quod good Sport, let *Cupid* triumph make,
For sure his kyngdome shalbe shoyte: if we no pleasure take,
Fair Beautie and her plaie seers gaie, the *Virgines* veshall too,
Shall lute and with their fingers plaie, as *Iouell* people doe.

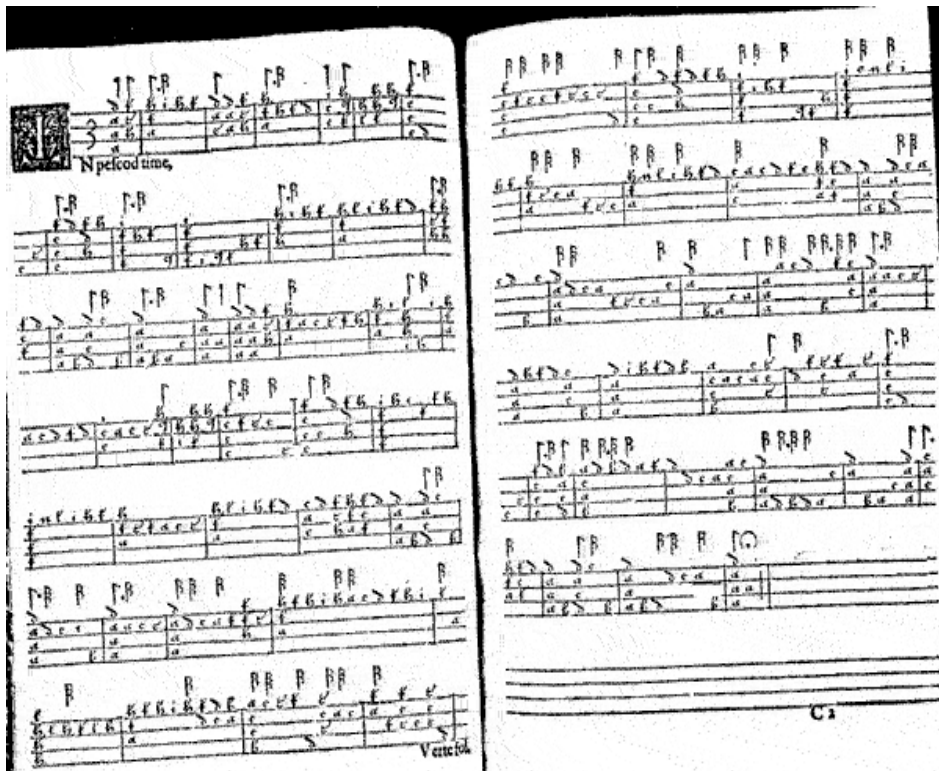
Churchyardes Chance.

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If honest Heaung fall to froune, and I good Spozte decaye,
 Then *Venus* glozie will come tounne, and thei will pine awaie:
 In dede quod witte this your deuise, w' stra'gues must be wrought
 And where you see these women niere, and looketh to be sought.
 With scoupling bowes their follies checke, and so giue the the figge, . .
 Let Fancie be no moze at becke, when Beautie lokes so bigge:
 When *Venus* heard how thei conspired, to murder women so,
 He thought in dede the house was fired, w' stormes & lightning thoe
 The thunder bolt through windowes burst, & in their eyes awight,
 Whiche scend some soule o' spite a curst, so vglie was the sight.
 I charge you Ladies all quod he, looke to your scues in haste,
 For if that men so wilfull be, and haue their thoughts so chaste:
 And thei can tread on *Cupides* breast, and marche on *Venus* face,
 Then thei shall slepe in quiet reste, when you shall waile your care.
 With that had *Venus* all in spite, sturde by the Dames to Ire,
 And Lustre fell cold, and Beautie white, sette babbling with Desire:
 Whose muttr'ng words, I might not marke, mutche whispyng there a roes,
 The daie bid lower, the Sonne wart darke, awaie eche Ladie goes.
 But whether went these angrie focke, our Lozde hymself doeth kno,
 Where with full loudely crewe the Cocks, and I awaked so:
 A bycame quod I, a Dogge it is, I take thereon no keepe,
 I gage my hed, sutche copes as this, doeth spring for lacke of sleepe.

FINIS.

The Lute Tablature from The Cittharn School, 1597:



And here's my version:

In Peascod Time

c. 1580

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Voice

In peas cod time when hound to hom give ear til buck be killed ___ and
lit tle lads with pipes of com sit keep ___ ing beasts a field