

Three "Flying Fame" Songs

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References:

Tune

Two versions, *A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of Rosamund, etc.* and *Of the faithfull friendship that lasted betweene two faithfull friends*, can be found in The Garland of good Will.

Date. The Garland of good Will is mentioned by Nash in Haue with You to Saffron Walden, 1596 (see Introduction, p. xii). But the following entry occurs in the Stationer's Registers of 1592-3:

Vto MARCIJ.

John Wolfe	Entered for his copie. Vnder the hand of
Edward White	the bishop of London and a master warden
the xxvij of	Styrrop; a book intituled The garden
August 1596	of goodwill. vjd.

There can be little doubt that the clerk wrote 'garden' in mistake for garland and that this is the actual entry of Deloney's Garland of good Will. If this is so, it fixes the date of composition as before March 5, 1593. *The Dialogue beweeue Truth and Ignorance* and *Holofernes* had been entered separately in 1588, and without doubt a great many of the ballads here included had been in broadside circulation before they were incorporated into the book. To these Deloney added other ballads, probably those of the more distinctive narrative kind, which were needed to bring the volume up to the required size.

Words

A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of Rosamund, etc.; besides in the Garland of good Will, copies include that added to the 1607 edition of Strange Histories, Roxb. iii. 714; Pepys, i. 498; Wood, 401. fol. 7, and in the Crowne Garland (1659).

Of the faithfull friendship that lasted betweene two faithfull friends, besides in the Garland of good Will, may be found in: Roxb. i. 503; Percy Folio.

The noble acts newly found, of Arthur of the table round to the tune of Flying fame. Author: Deloney, Thomas, died 1600.

Commentary:

Although I was unable to locate the original lyric to this tune, I did find three fine sets of words that call for it. Here they are...

**A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of Rosamond,
King Henry the seconds Concubine.**

To the Tune of *When flying Fame*.

Wenas King Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
Besides the Queene, he deerely lou'd
a faire and Princely Dame.

And for his loue and Ladies sake,
that was so faire and bright:
The keeping of that bower he gaue
vnto a valiant Knight.

Most peerelesse was her beauty found,
her fauour and her face:
A sweeter creature in this world,
did neuer Prince embrace.

But fortune that doth often frowne,
where she before did smile:
The Kings delight, the Ladies ioy,
full soone she did beguile.

Her crisped locks like threds of Gold
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like Orient pearles,
did cast a heauenly light.

For why, the Kings vngracious sonne,
whom he did high aduance:
Against his Father raised warre,
within the Realme of France.

The bloud within her Christall cheekes,
did such a colour driue:
As though the Lilly and the Rose
for maistership did striue.

But yet before our comely King,
the English land forsooke:
Of Rosamond his Lady faire,
his farewell thus he tooke.

Yea Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so:
To whom Dame Elinor the Queene,
was knowne a cruell foe.

My Rosamond, the onely Rose
that pleaseth best mine eye:
The firest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie.

The King therefore, for her defence,
against the furious Queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
the like was neuer seene.

The flower of mine afflicted heart,
whose sweetnesse doth excell:
My royall Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farwel.

Most curiously this Bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doores
did to that bower belong.

For I must leaue my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose a space.
And crosse the seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase.

And they so cunningly contriu'd
with turnings round about, 30
That none but with a clew of threed,
could enter in or out.

But yet, my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see:
And in my heart while hence I am
Ile beare my Rose with me.

When Rosamond, the Lady bright,
did heare the King say so:
The sorrow of her griued heart,
her outward lookes did show;

And from her cleare and cristall eyes,
the teares gusht out apace:
Which, like a siluer pearled dew,
ran downe her comly face.

Her lips, like to a Corall red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiu'd,
her vitall spirits did faile.

So falling downe all in a swoond
before King Henries face:
Full oft betweene his Princely armes
her corpes he did embrace.

And twenty times, with watry eyes,
he kist her tender cheeke:
Vntill she had receiu'd againe
her senses mild and meeke.

Why grieues my Rose, my sweetest
Rose
the King did euer say;
Because (quoth she) to bloody warres,
my Lord must part away.

But sith your grace, in forren coast,
among your foes vnkind,
Must go to hazard life and limbe,
why should I stay behind;

Nay rather let me, like a Page,
your shield and Target beare,
That on my brest the blow may light,
that should annoy you there.

O let me in your Royall Tent
prepare your bed at night:
And with sweet baths refresh your
Grace, at your returne from fight.

So I your presence may enioy,
no toyle I must refuse:
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true loue abuse.

Content thy selfe my dearest loue,
thy rest at home silall be:
In Englands sweet and pleasant soile,
for trauel fits not thee.

Faire Ladies brooke not bloody warrs,
sweet peace their pleasure breede:
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy first doth feed.
My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke
Bower,
with Musickes sweet delight:
While I among the piercing pikes
against my foes do fight.

My Rose, in robes and pearles of Gold,
with Diamonds richly dited:
Shall dance the Galliard of my loue,
while I my foes do smite.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to be my loues defence:
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake:
And Rosamond, for inuward griefe,
not one plaine word could speake.

For at his parting, well they might
in heart be griued sore:
After that day, faire Rosamond
The King did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone:
Queene Elinor, with enuious heart,
to Woodstocke came anon.

And forth she cal'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower:
Who, with his clew of twined thred,
came from that famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him
the Queene his thred did get:
And came where Lady Rosamond
Was like an Angell set.

But when the Queene with stedfast eyes
beheld her heauenly face:
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.

Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be:
And drink thee vp this deadly draught
which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall:
And pardon of the Queene she crau'd
for her offences all.

Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamond did cry:
And let me not with poyson strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a cloister bide:
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wide.

And for the fault that I haue done,
though I were forct thereto:
Preserue my life, and punish me,
as you thinke best to do.

And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there:
And downe along her louely cheekes,
proceeded many a teare.

But nothing could this furious Queene
therewith appeased be:
The cup of deadly poyson fil'd,
as she sat on her knee.

She gaue this comely Dame to drinke,
who tooke it from her hand:
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand;

And casting vp her eyes to Heauen,
she did for mercy call:
And drinking vp the poyson then,
her life she lost with all.

And when that death through euery
limbe,
had done his greatest spight:
er chiefest foes did plaine confesse
she was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did intomb,
when life was fled away:
At Godstow, neere to Oxford Towne
as may be seene this day. -FINIS.

Here's my version of the tune:

The Death of Fair Rosamund

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To the tune of: *Flying Fame*
Words by Deloney (d. 1600)

Voice

The image shows a musical score for a voice and guitar. The voice part is written on a single staff in G major and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: "When as King Henry rul'd this land the second of that name. Be sides the Queene he deerly lou'd a fair and princely dame." The guitar accompaniment is written on a single staff below the voice line, with chords G, D, C, D, G indicated above the notes. The score consists of two lines of music.

When as King Henry rul'd this land the second of that name. Be
sides the Queene he deerly lou'd a fair and princely dame.

**Of the faithfull friendship that lasted
betweene two faithfull friends.**

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

IN stately Rome sometimes did dwell
a man of noble Fame:
Who had a sonne of seemely shape,
Alphonso was his name:

Vpon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him moue:
That he would visit for delight,
his Lady and his loue:

When he was growne and come to age,
his father thought it best
To send his sonne to Athens faire,
where wisdomes Schoole did rest.

And to his true and faithfull friend,
he did declare the same:
Asking of him if he would see,
that faire and comely Dame.

And when he was to Athens come,
good Lectures for to learne.
A place to board him with delight,
his friends did well discern,

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with Ganselo went:
To see the Ladie whom he lou'd
which bred his discontent.

A noble Knight of Athens Towne,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a sonne Ganselo cald,
iust of his pitch and age.

But when he cast his Christall eyes
vpon her angels hue:
The beauty of that Ladie bright,
did straight his heart subdue,

In stature and in person both,
in fauour, speech and face,
In qualitie and condition eke
they greed in euery place.

His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that faire Ladies face,
That afterward he daily liu'd
in sad and wofull case.

So like they were in all respects,
the one vnto the other;
They were not knowne but by their
name,
of father or of mother.

And of his grieve he knew not how
thereof to make an end:
For that he knew the Ladies loue,
was yeilded to his friend.

And as in fauour they were found
alike in all respects:
Euen so they did most dearly loue,
as prou'd by good effects.

Thus being sore perplexed in mind,
vpon his bed he lay:
Like one which death and deepe
despaire,
had almost worne away.

Ganselo loued a Lady faire,
which did in Athens dwell,
Who was in beauty peerlesse found,
so farre she did excell.

His friend Ganselo that did see,
his grieve and great distresse:
At length requested for to know
his cause of heauinesse.

With much adoe at length he told
the truth vnto his friend:
Who did release his inward woe,
with comfort in the end.

Take courage then deare friend (quoth
he)
though she through loue be mine:
My right I will resigne to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.

You know our fauours are alike,
our speech alike likewise:
This day in mine apparell then,
you shall your selfe disguise.

And vnto Church then shall you goe,
directly in my sted:
So though my friends suppose tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed:
He went next day and wedded plaine,
the Lady there indeed.

But when the Nuptiall Feast was done,
and Phoebus quite was fled,
The Lady for Ganselo tooke
Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Post for faire Alphonso came,
to fetch him home to Rome.

Then was the matter plainley prou'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And not Ganselo to that Dame,
which wrought great wo alas.

Alphonso being come to Rome,
with his Lady gay,
Ganseloes friends and kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,

That they depriu'd him of his wealth,
his lands and rich attyre,
And banishd him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathfull yre.

With sad and pensiuie thoughts alas
Ganselo wandred then,
Who was constrain'd, through want to beg
reliefe of many men.

In this distresse oft would he say,
to Rome I meane to go:
To seeke Alphonso my deare friend,
who will relieue my woe.

To Rome when poore Ganselo came
and found Alphonsoes place,
Which was so famous huge & faire,
himselpe in such poore case.

He was asham'd to shew himselfe,
in that his poore array:
Saying Alphonso knowes me well,
if he should come this way.

Wherfore he staid within the street
Alphonso then came by:
But heeding not Ganselo poore
his friend that stood so nie.

Which grieu'd Ganselo to the hart:
(quoth he) and is it so?
Doth proud Alphonso now disdain
his friend indeed to know?

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barne hard by:
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to die.

And bitterly in sorrow there
did he lament and weepe:
And being ouer swayed with grief,
he there fell fast asleepe.

Where soundly there he sweetly slept,
 came in a murdering thiefe,
 And saw a naked knife, lie by
 this man so full of grieffe

None (quoth Alphonso) kil'd the man,
 my Lord but onely I:
 And therefore set this poore man free,
 and let me iustly die.

The knife so bright he tooke vp straight
 and went away amaine:
 And thrust it in a murdered man,
 which he before had slaine.

Thus while for death these faithfull
 friends
 in striuing did proceed:
 The man before the Senate came,
 which did the fact indeed.

And afterward he went with speed,
 and put this bloudie knife
 Into his hand that sleeping lay,
 to saue himself from strife.

Who being moued with remorse,
 their friendly hearts to see,
 Did proue before the Iudges plaine,
 none did the fact but he.

Which done, in hast away he ran,
 and when that search was made,
 Ganselo with his bloudie knife,
 was for the murder staid.

Thus when the truth was plainly told,
 of all sides ioy was seene:
 Alphonso did embrace his friend,
 which had so wofull beene.

And brought before the Magistrates,
 who did confesse most plaine,
 That he indeed with that same knife,
 the murdered man had slaine.

In rich array he clothed him,
 as fitted his degree:
 And helpt him to his lands againe,
 and former dignity.

Alphonso sitting there as Iudge,
 and knowing Ganseloes face:
 To saue his friend, did say himselfe
 was guiltie in that case.

The murtherer he for telling truth,
 had pardon at that time:
 Who afterwards lamented much,
 his foul and grieuous crime.

In this version of the music, while the tune is essentially the same, I've used a more complicated chord scheme. If you arrange this tune for choir, you should use these chords.

Two Faithful Freinds

Arr. by Charric Van der Vliet

Voice

In state ly Rome some times did dwell a man of no ble fame— who
 had a sonne of seem— ly shape Al phon so was his name—

And here's a third and very chivalrous set of words:

The Noble Acts of Arthur of the round Table

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*

C D
When Arthur first in court began,
C
and was approued King:
G D
By force of armes great victories wan,
C D G
and conquest home did bring.

Then into Britaine straight he came,
where fiftie good and able
Knights then repaired vnto him,
which were of the round Table.

And many Iusts and Turnaments,
before them there were drest:
Where valiant Knights did then excell
and farre surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approued well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all other did excell:

When he had rested him a while,
to play to game and sport,
He thought he would go proue himselfe,
in some aduenturous sort.

He armed rode in forrest wide,
and met a Damosell faire:
Who told him of aduentures great,
whereunto he gaue good eare.

Why should I not (quoth Lancelot) tho, for that
cause came I hither:
Thou seemst (quoth she) a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither:

Where as the mightiest Knight doth dwell
that now is of great fame:
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your name,

My name is Lancelot du Lake;
(quoth she) it likes me than:
Here dwels a Knight that neuer was orematcht with
any man.

Who hath in prison threescore Knights,
and foure that he hath won:
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
and of his Table round.

She brought him to a Riuers side,
and also to a tree:
Whereas a copper Bason hung,
his fellowes shields to see.

He stroke so hard the Bason broke,
when TRarquin heard the sound,
He droue a horse before him straight,
whereon a Knight lay bound.

Sir Knight then said Sir Lancelot tho,
bring me that horse load hither:
And lay him downe and let him rest,
weele trie our force together.

And as I vnderstand thou hast,
so farre as thou art able,
Done great despight and shame vnto
the Knights of the round Table.

If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth Tarquin, speedily)
Both thee and all thy fellowship,
I vtterly defie.

That's ouermuch (quoth Lancelot tho),
defend thee by and by.
They put their spurs vnto their Steeds
and each at other flie.

They coucht their speares and horses ran,
as though there had been thunder.
And each stroake then amidst the shield,
wherewith they brake in sunder.

Their horses backes brake vnder them,
the Knights were both astound, 70
To void their horse they made great hast
to light vpon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out than:
With mighty strokes most egerly,
each one to other ran.

They wounded were, and blew full sore,
for breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swords a while,
(quoth Tarquin) hold thy hand.

And tell to me what I shall aske.
say on (quoth Lancelot tho):
Thou art (quoth Tarquin) the best Knight,
that euer I did know:

and like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliuer all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.

That is well said (quoth Lancelot tho):
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show,

His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my brother deare;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast but now vnknowne,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now Knight of Arthurs Table round,
kind Haunds sonne of Benwake:

And I defie thee, do thy worst.
Ha, ha (quoth Tarquin tho):
One of vs two shall end our liues,
before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be:
Wherefore see thou thy selfe defend,
for now I thee defie.

They buckled then together so,
like two wilde Boares, so rushing:
And with their swords and shields they ran at one
another lashing,

The ground besprinkled was with bloud,
Tarquin began to faint:
For he gaue backe, and bore his shield
so low, he did repent.

That soone espied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt vnto him then:
He pul'd him downe vpon his knees,
and rushing off his helme.

And he stroke his necke in two
and when he had done so,
From prison threescore Knights and foure, Lancelot
deliuered, though. - FINIS.