Malcolm Hill
(1944 -)

8 Solo Songs of 1500

Texts written c.1490-1520

for Soprano, Mezzo,
Tenor, Bass
and Virginals

mj355
composed 2015

www.malcolm-hill.co.uk

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8 Solo Songs of 1500

Be gladly masters	Bass and accompaniment	1
With “Lullay, lullay”	Soprano and accompaniment	3
A, a my herte	Bass and accompaniment	7
That was my joy	Mezzo, Bass and accompaniment	9
Alas! What shul we freres do	Bass and accompaniment	12
Of all creatures	Soprano, chorus of Mezzo and Bass	17
Up Y arose	Tenor (or Soprano) and Bass	20
Alone walking	Mezzo and accompaniment	22
Libretto and notes		25

Performance Notes

Each singer should decide whether to treat the final ‘e’ of words as a separate syllable, or to sing the ‘e’ on the last note given for that word.

In the first song, *Be gladly masters*, the soloist should approach the stage from the back of the audience while singing. He then interacts with members of the audience before arriving on stage in time for the final phrases.

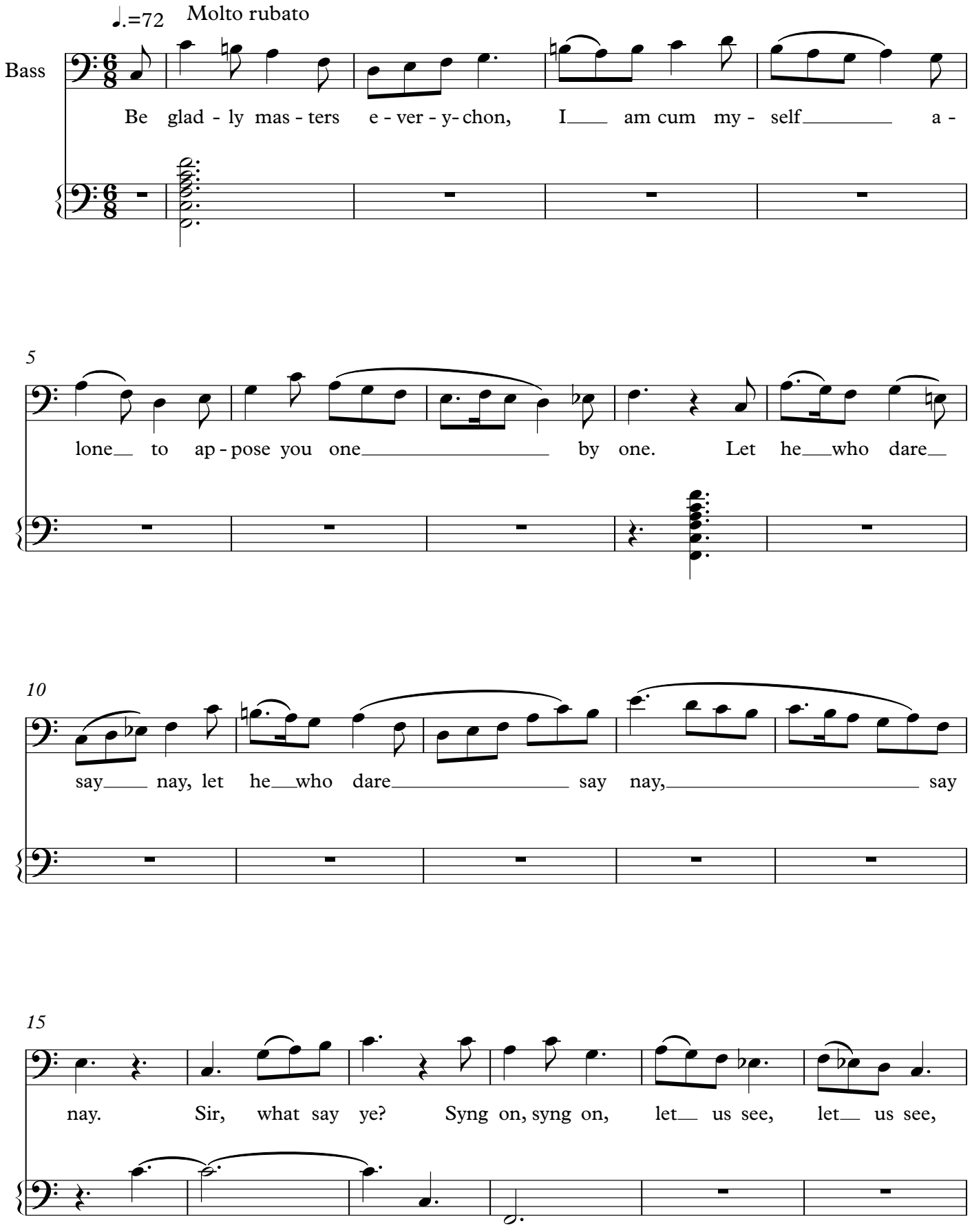
In the last song, *Alone walking*, after a few phrases the soloist should slowly move through the audience, to complete the song’s last phrases at the back of the venue.

The accompaniment can be played on virginals, harpsichord and in some songs lute, but percussion may not be added.

Be gladly masters

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.1

Greene *Early English Carol* no.420



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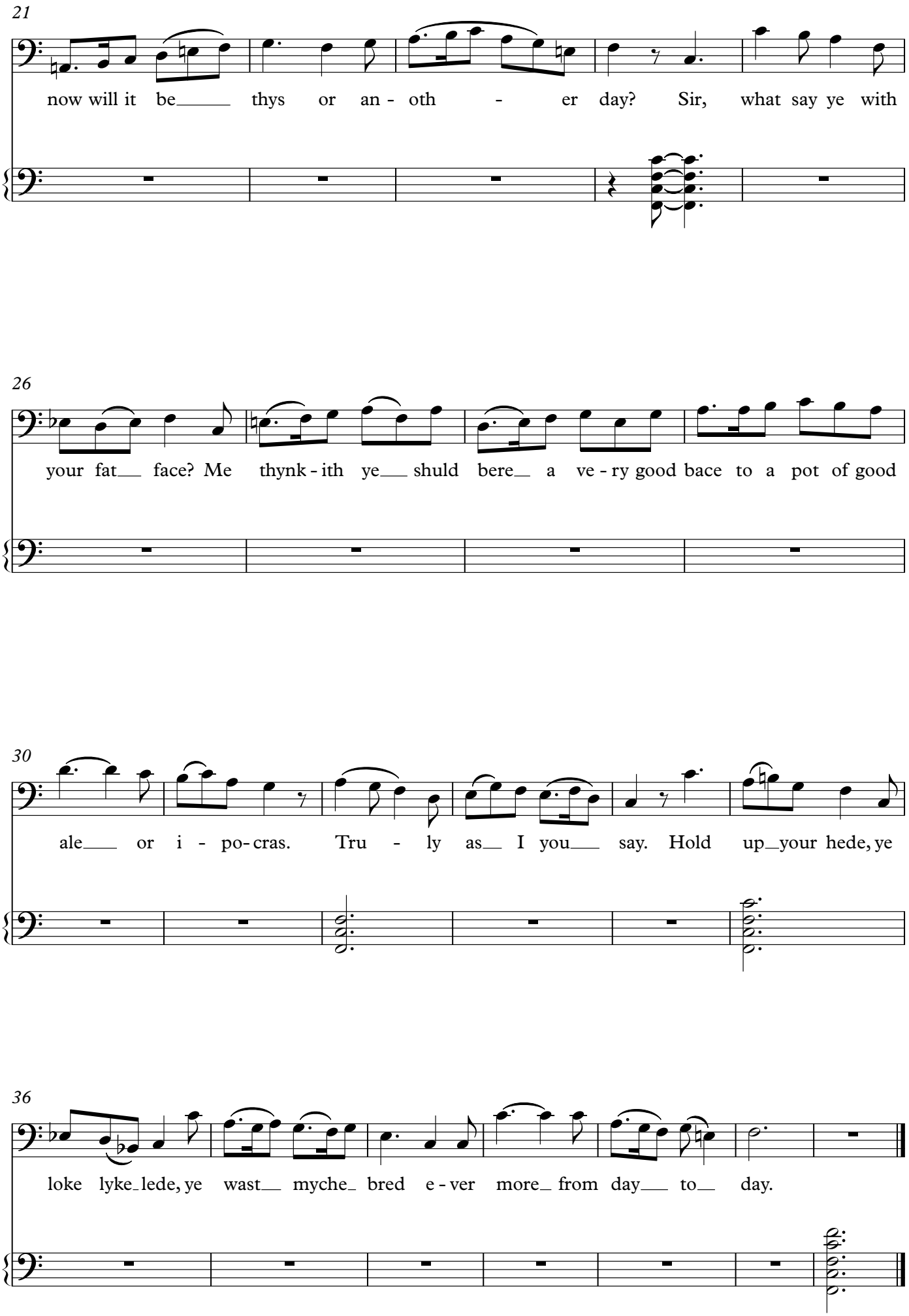
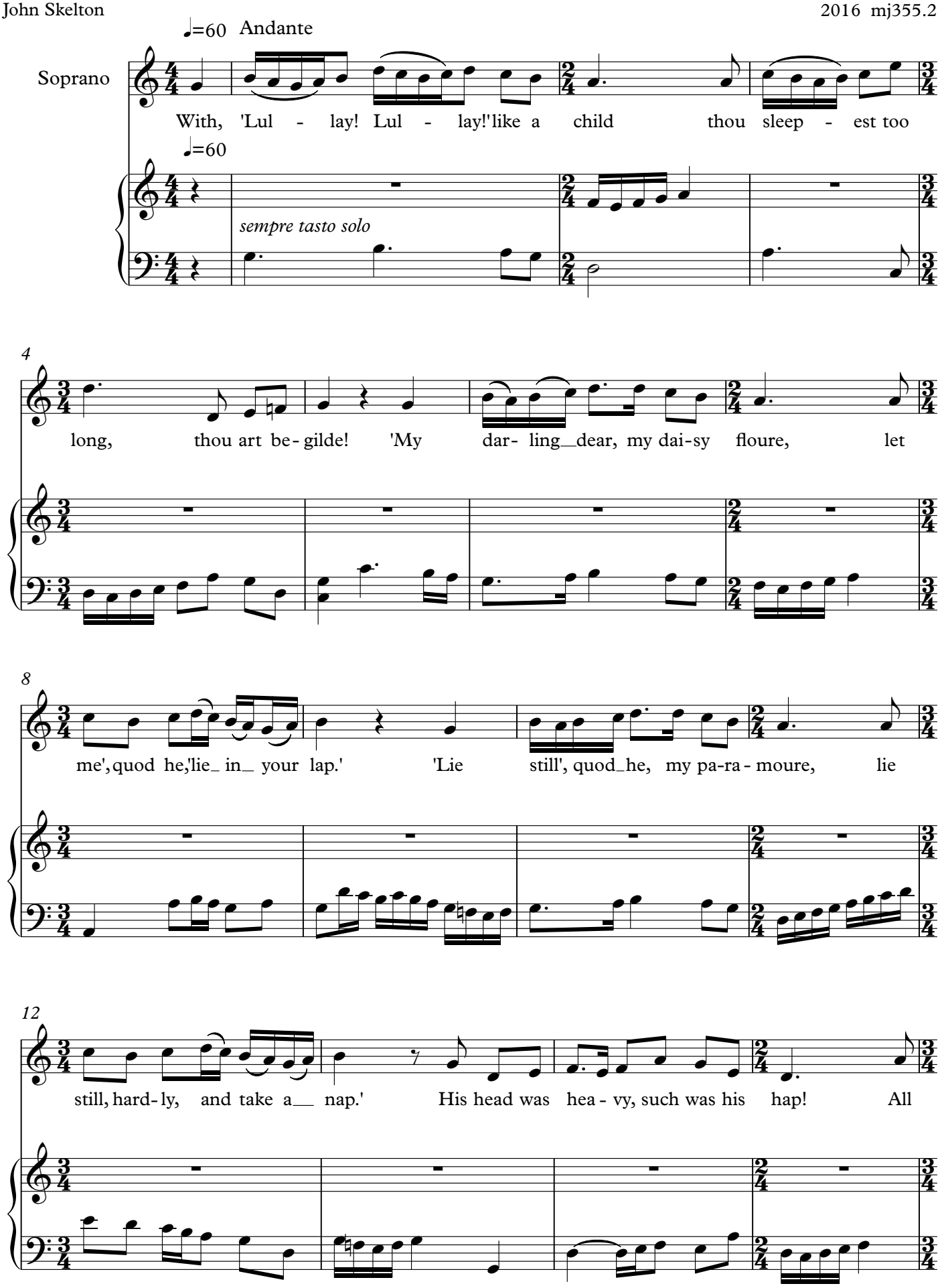

21
now will it be thys or an - oth - er day? Sir, what say ye with
26
your fat face? Me thynk - ith ye shuld bere a ve - ry good bace to a pot of good
30
ale or i - po- cras. Tru - ly as I you say. Hold up your hede, ye
36
loke lyke lede, ye wast myche bred e - ver more from day to day.

With "Lullay, lullay"

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.2

John Skelton



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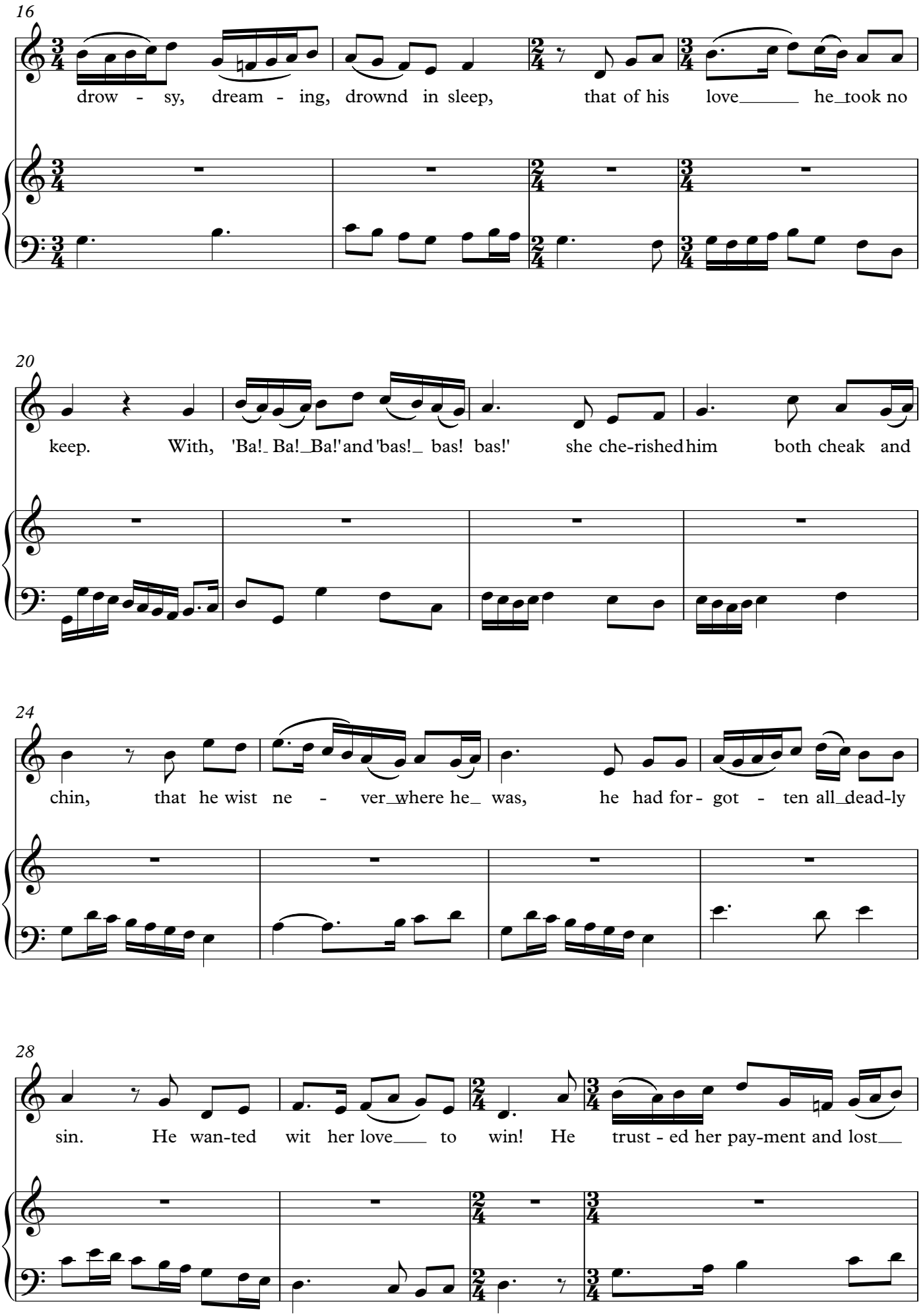
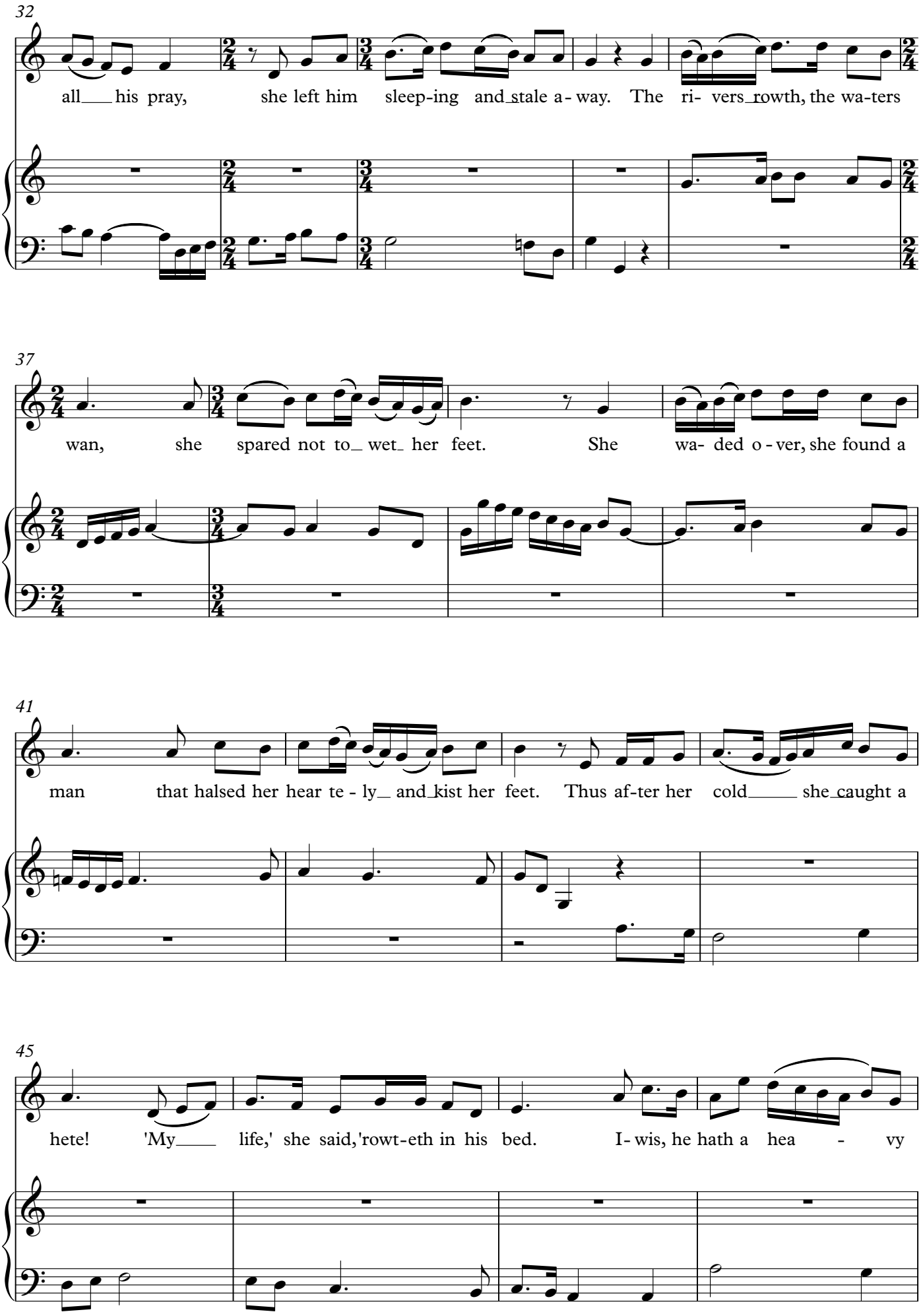
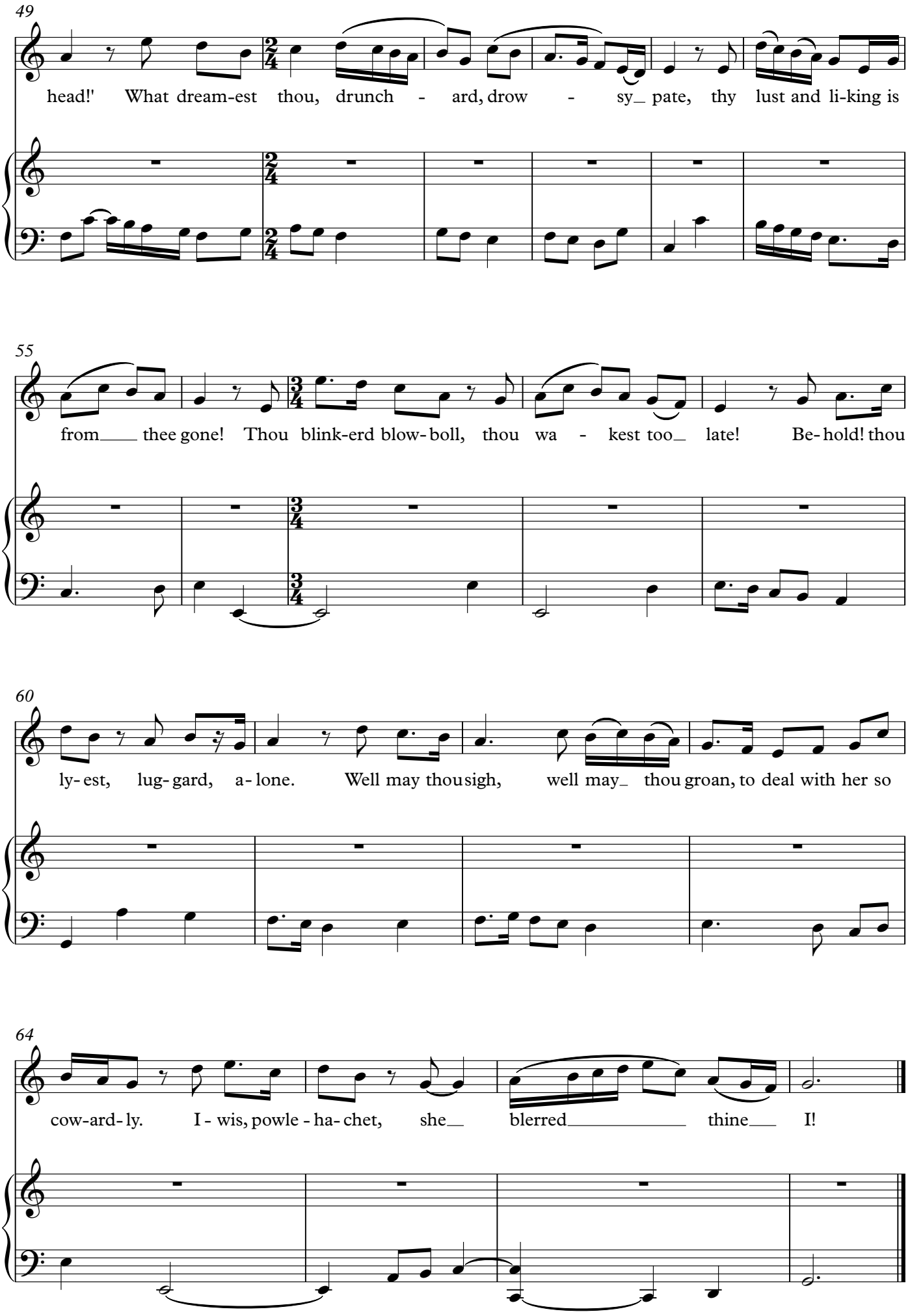

16
drow - sy, dream - ing, drownd in sleep, that of his love he took no
20
keep. With, 'Ba! Ba! Ba!' and 'bas! bas! bas!' she che-rished him both cheak and
24
chin, that he wist ne - ver where he was, he had for - got - ten all dead-ly
28
sin. He wan-ted wit her love to win! He trust - ed her pay-ment and lost

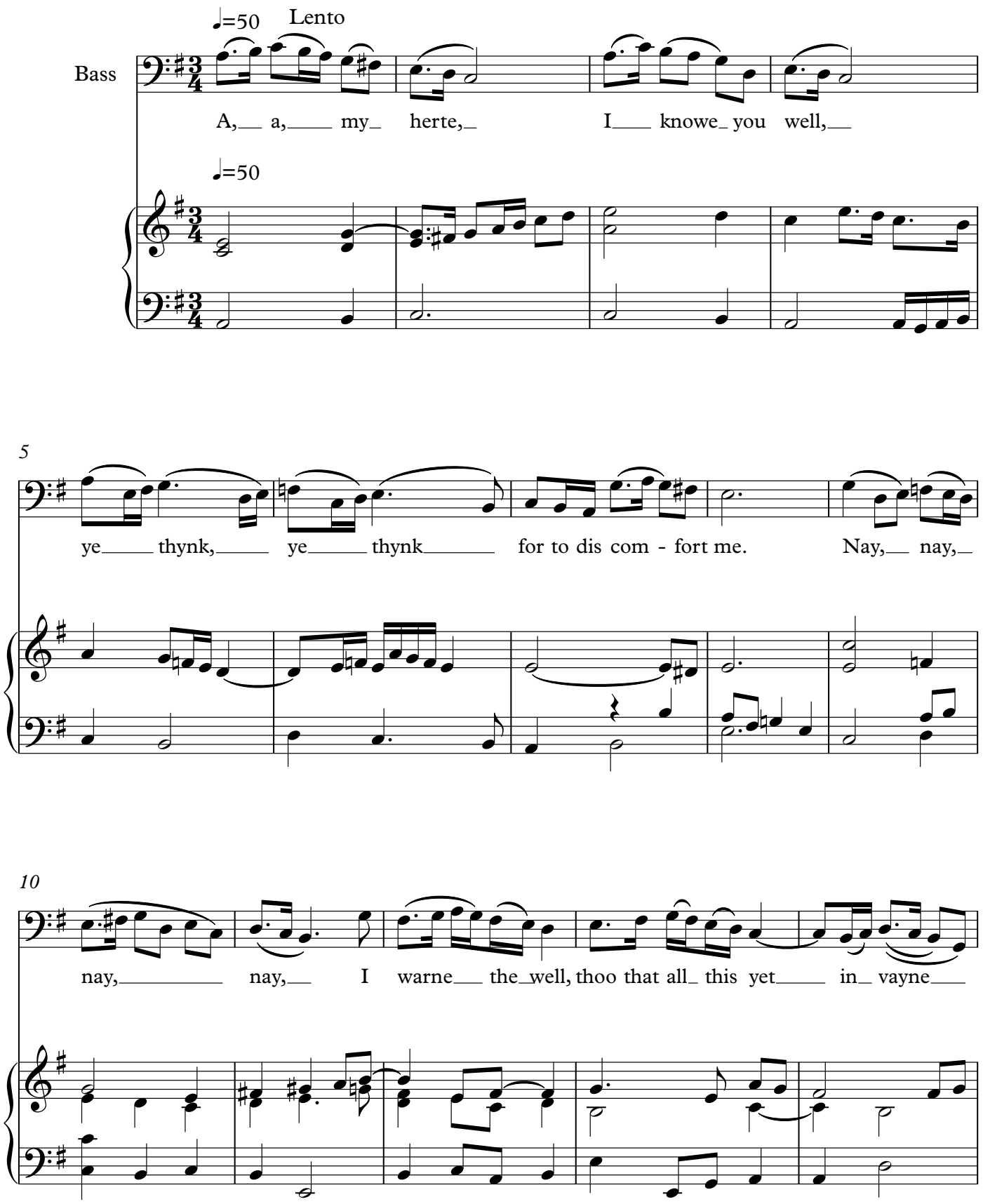

32
all his pray, she left him sleep-ing and stale a-way. The ri- vers rowth, the wa-ters
37
wan, she spared not to wet her feet. She wa- ded o-ver, she found a
41
man that halsed her hear te-ly and kist her feet. Thus af-ter her cold she caught a
45
hete! 'My life,' she said,'rowt-eth in his bed. I-wis, he hath a hea - vy


49
head!' What dream-est thou, drunch - ard, drow - sy_ pate, thy lust and li-king is
55
from___ thee gone! Thou blink-erd blow- boll, thou wa - kest too_ late! Be- hold! thou
60
ly- est, lug- gard, a- lone. Well may thou sigh, well may_ thou groan, to deal with her so
64
cow-ard- ly. I - wis, powle - ha- chet, she__ blerred_____ thine___ I!

A, a, my herte

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.3

words: Fayrfax MS



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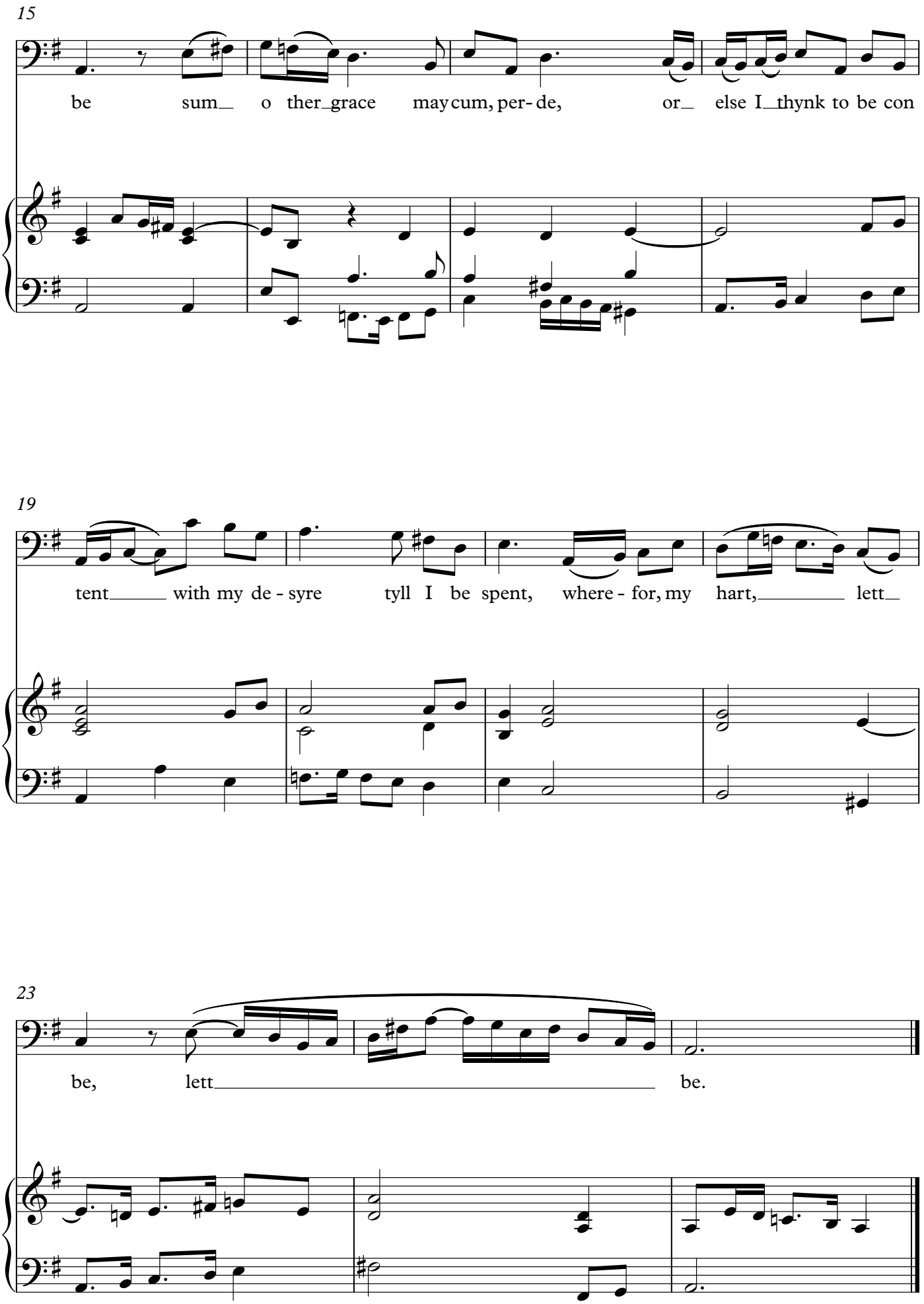
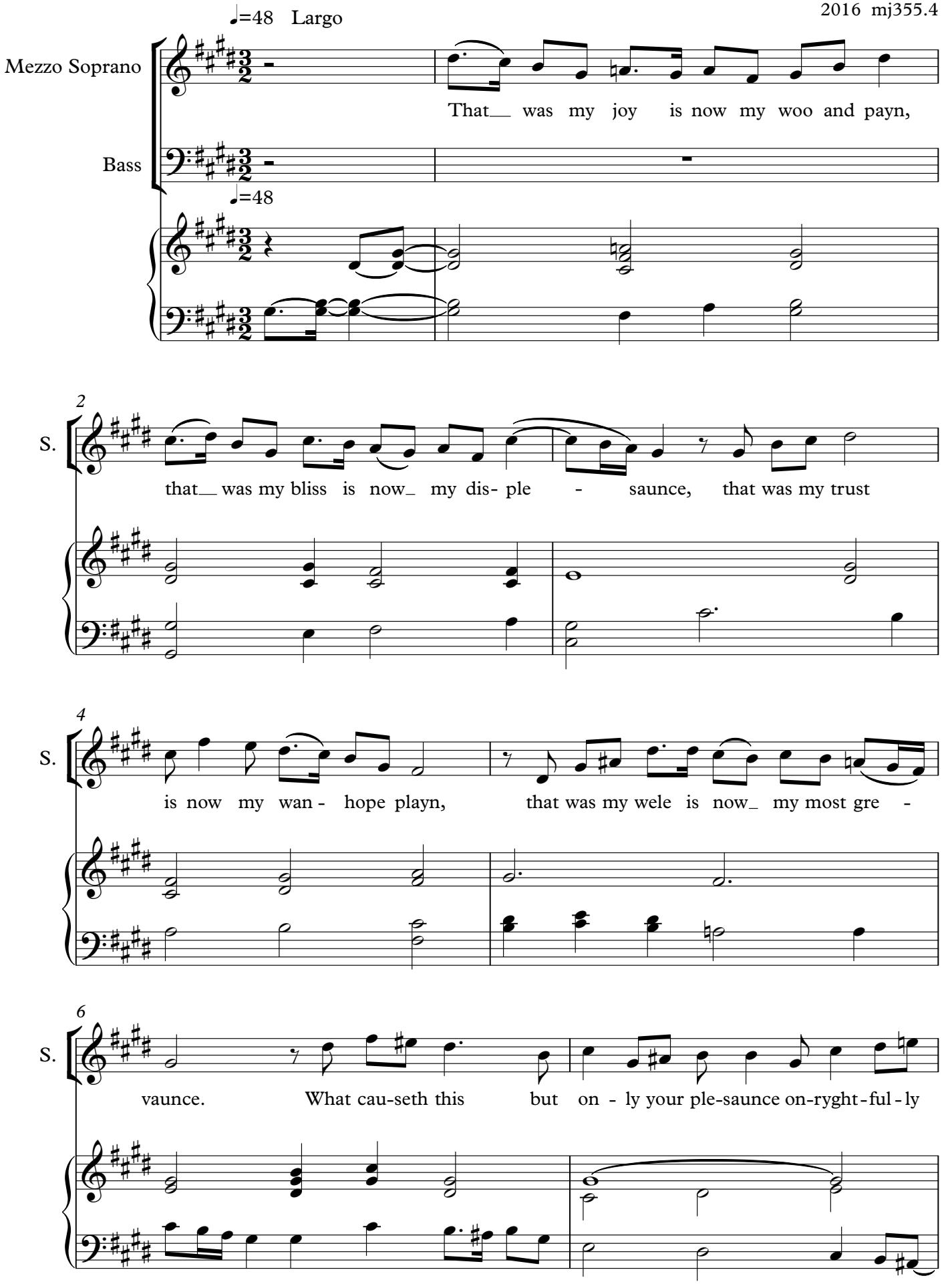

15
be sum o ther grace may cum, per- de, or else I thynk to be con
19
tent with my de - syre tyll I be spent, where - for, my hart, lett
23
be, lett be.

That was my joy

Malcolm Hill

2016 mj355.4



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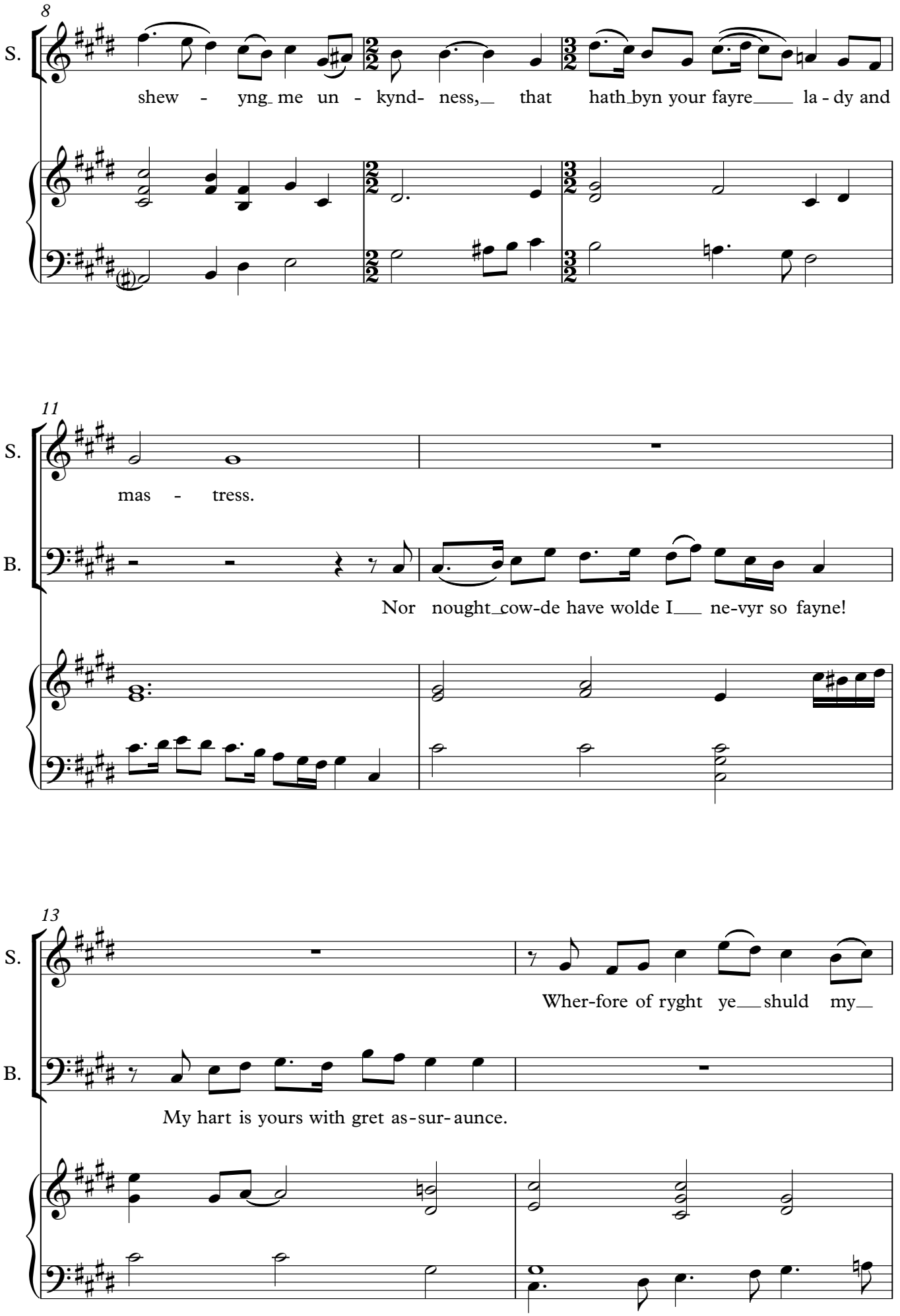
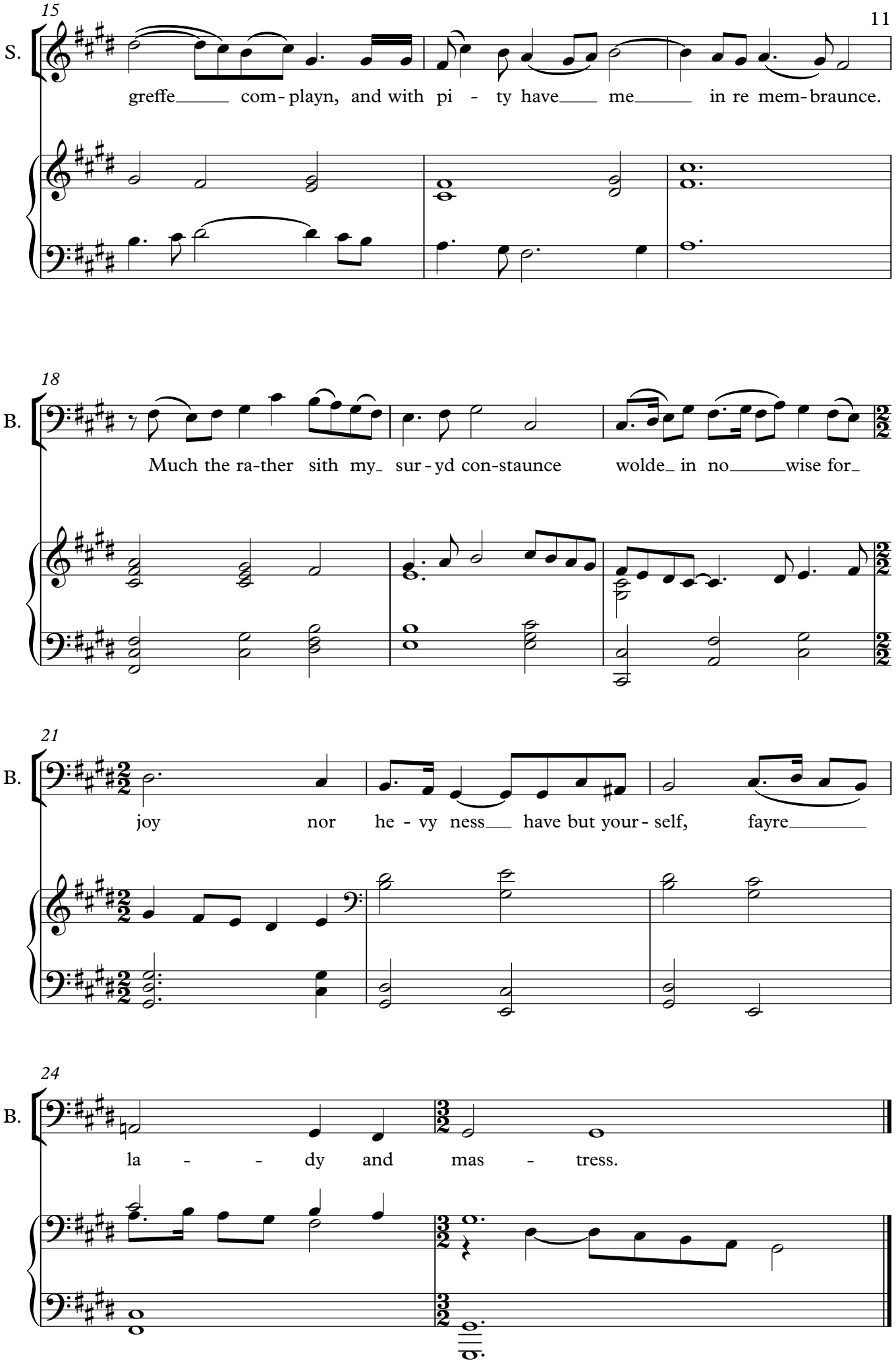
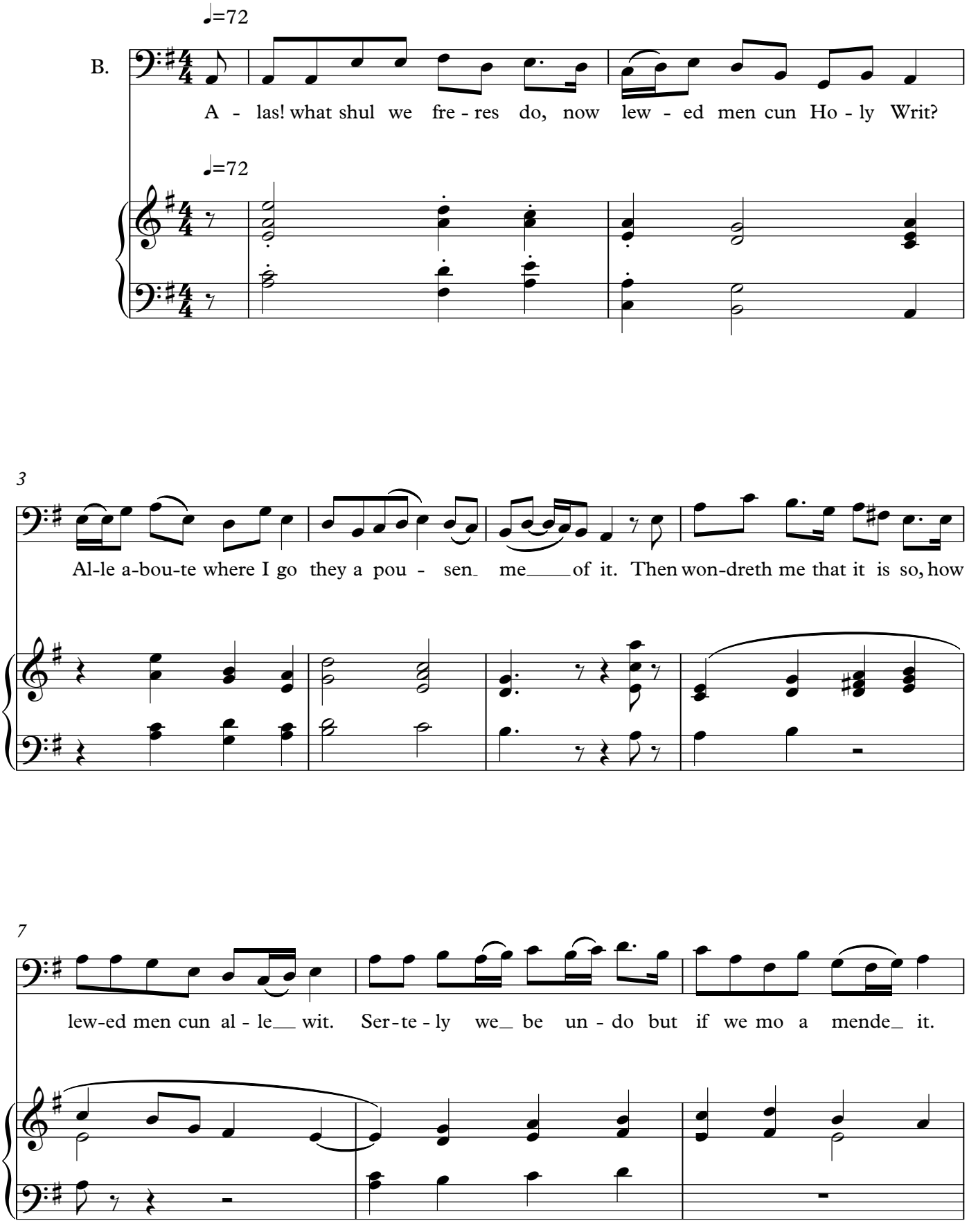

8
S.
shew - yng me un - kynd- ness, that hath byn your fayre la - dy and
11
S.
mas - tress.
B.
Nor nought cow-de have wolde I ne-vyr so fayne!
13
S.
Wher-fore of ryght ye shuld my
B.
My hart is yours with gret as-sur-aunce.


15
S.
greffe com-playn, and with pi - ty have me in re mem-braunce.
18
B.
Much the ra-ther sith my sur-yd con-staunce wolde in no wise for
21
B.
joy nor he - vy ness have but your-self, fayre
24
B.
la - - dy and mas - tress.

Alas! what shul we freres do

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.5

St.John's Cambr MS.G28(195)



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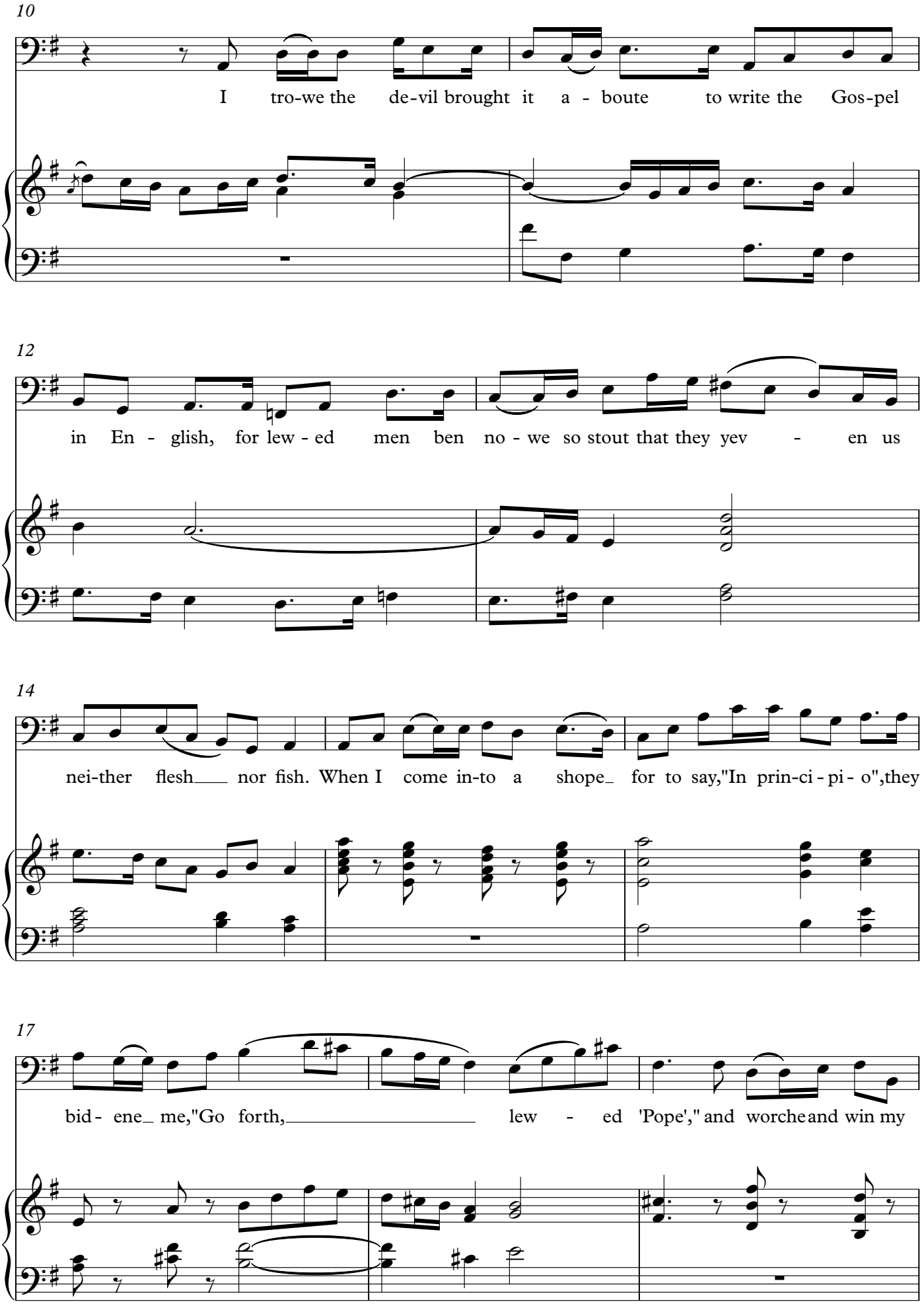

10
I tro-we the de-vil brought it a - boute to write the Gos-pel
12
in En - glish, for lew - ed men ben no - we so stout that they yev - en us
14
nei-ther flesh___ nor fish. When I come in-to a shope_ for to say,"In prin-ci - pi - o",they
17
bid - ene_ me,"Go forth,_____ lew - ed 'Pope'," and worche and win my

20

sil - ver so. If I say it long-eth not for pres-tes to worche_ wheth-er they

23

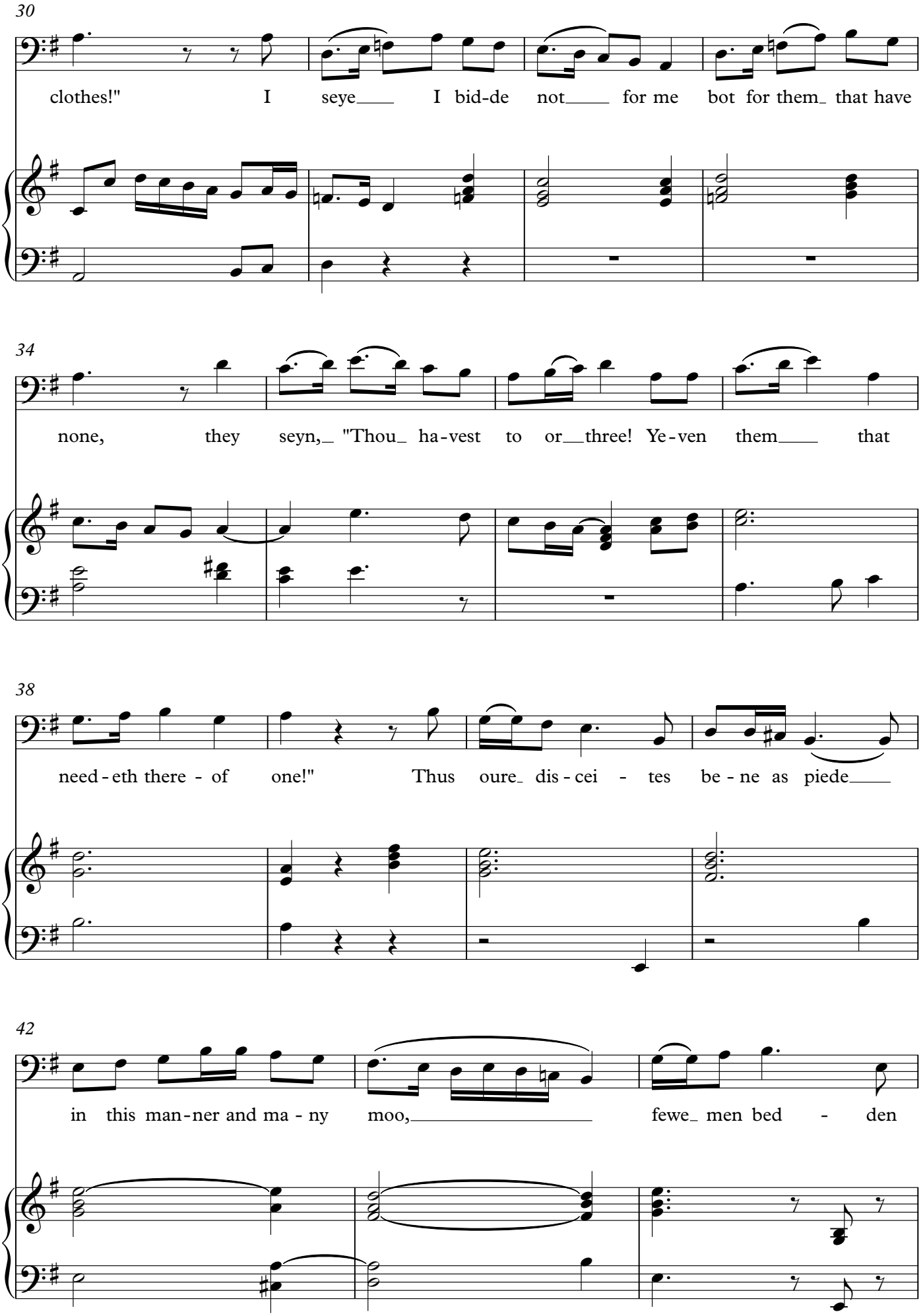
go, they leg - gen for them Ho - ly Writ and seyn_ that Seint Pol - le did so.

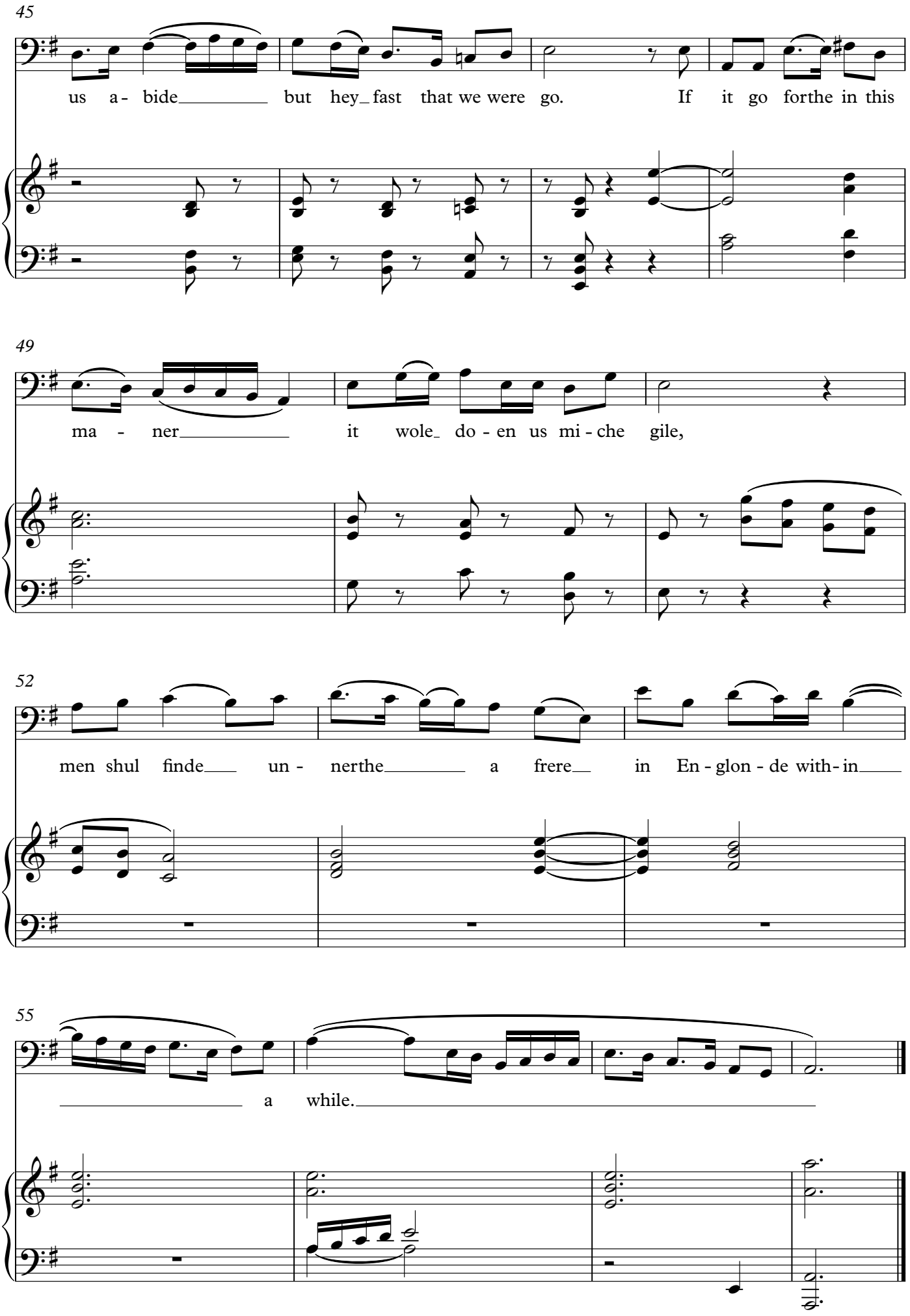
26

Than they lok - en on my ha - bit and seyn,"For- sothe_ with-out - en___ o - thes

28

whe-ther it be rus - set, black or___ white, it is worthe alle_ oure_ wer - ing___

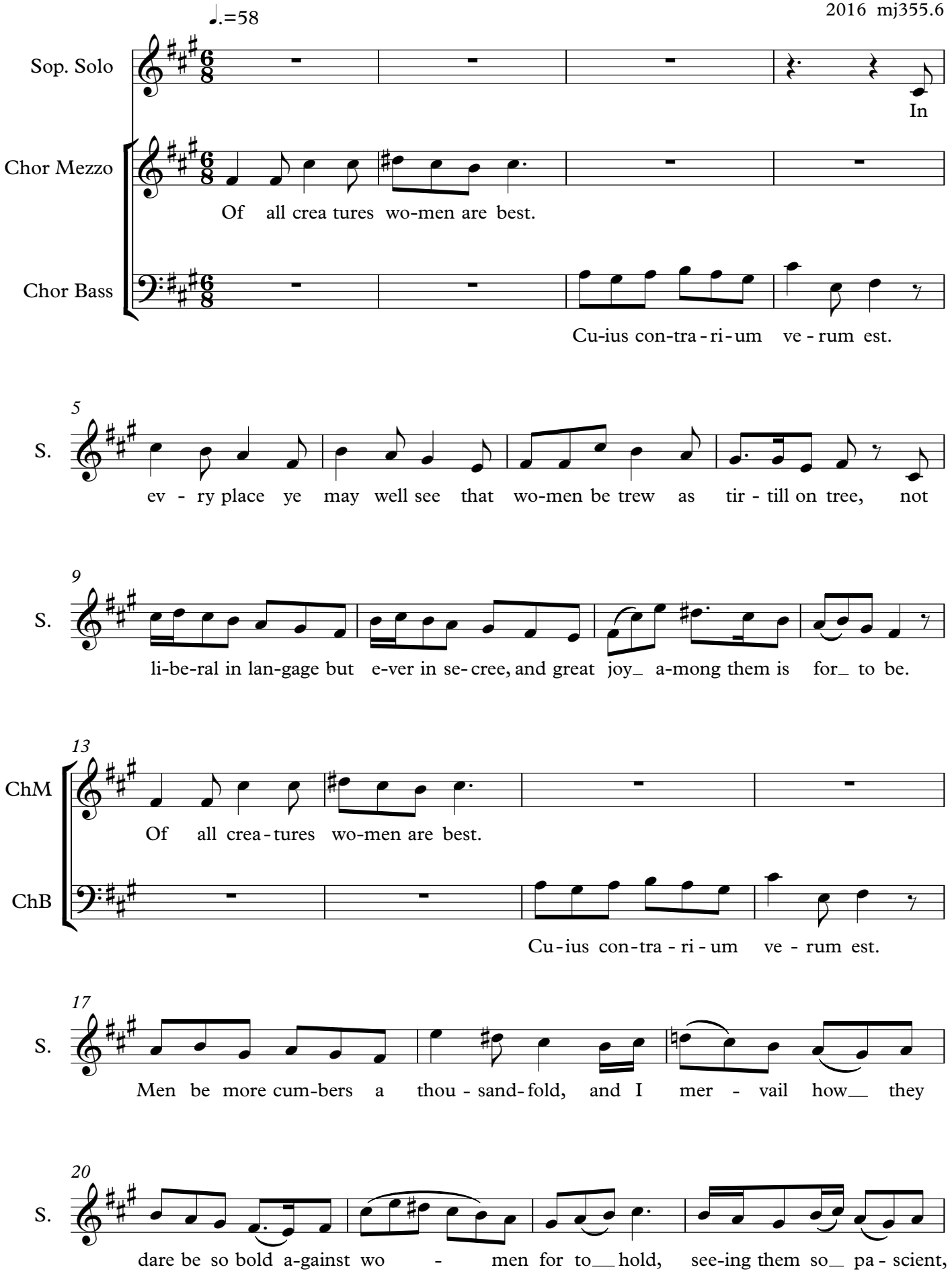

30
clothes!" I seye I bid-de not for me bot for them that have
34
none, they seyn, "Thou ha-vest to or three! Ye-ven them that
38
need-eth there - of one!" Thus oure dis-cei - tes be-ne as piede
42
in this man-ner and ma - ny moo, fewe men bed - den


45
us a- bide but hey fast that we were go. If it go forthe in this
49
ma - ner it wole do - en us mi - che gile,
52
men shul finde un - nerthe a frere in En - glon - de with- in
55
a while.

Balliol Coll MS.354

Of all Creatures

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.6



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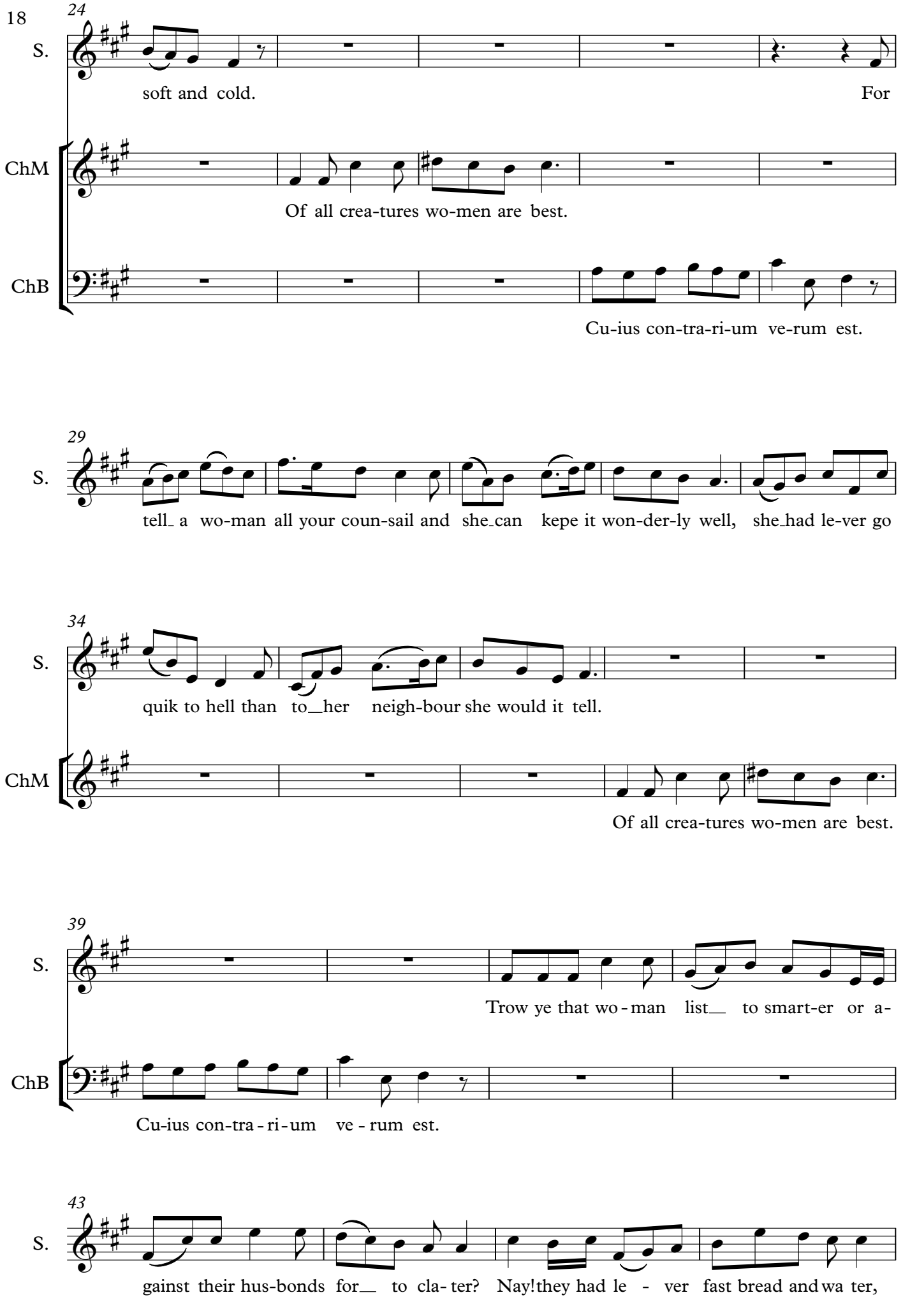
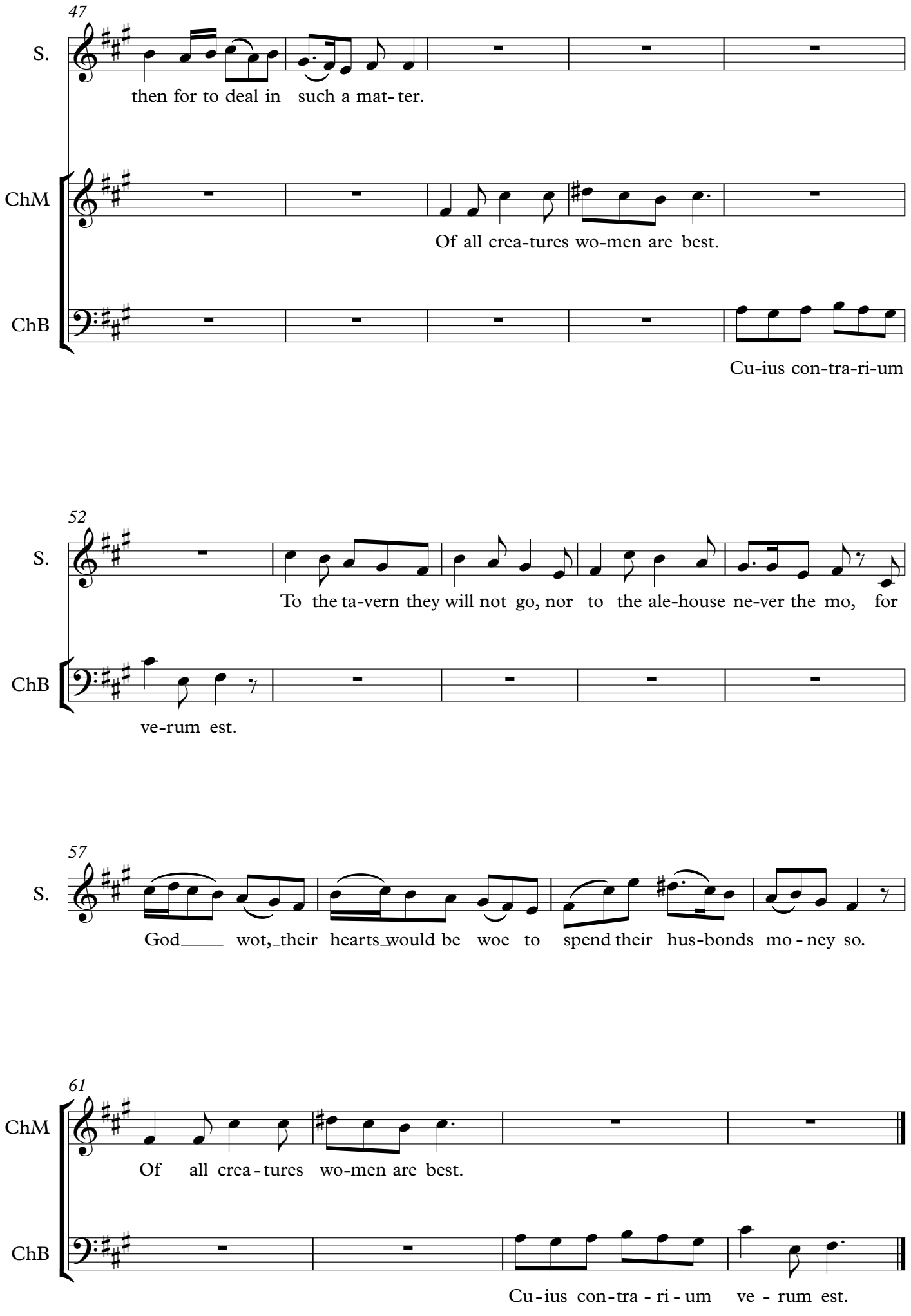

24
S.
soft and cold.
For
ChM
Of all crea-tures wo-men are best.
ChB
Cu-ius con-tra-ri-um ve-rum est.
29
S.
tell_ a wo-man all your coun-sail and she_can kepe it won-der-ly well, she_had le-ver go
34
S.
quik to hell than to__her neigh-bour she would it tell.
ChM
Of all crea-tures wo-men are best.
39
S.
Trow ye that wo - man list__ to smart-er or a-
ChB
Cu-ius con-tra - ri - um ve - rum est.
43
S.
gainst their hus-bonds for__ to cla- ter? Nay! they had le - ver fast bread and wa ter,


47
S.
then for to deal in such a mat-ter.
ChM
Of all crea-tures wo-men are best.
ChB
Cu-ius con-tra-ri-um
52
S.
To the ta-vern they will not go, nor to the ale-house ne-ver the mo, for
ChB
ve-rum est.
57
S.
God wot, their hearts would be woe to spend their hus-bonds mo-ney so.
61
ChM
Of all crea-tures wo-men are best.
ChB
Cu-ius con-tra-ri-um ve-rum est.

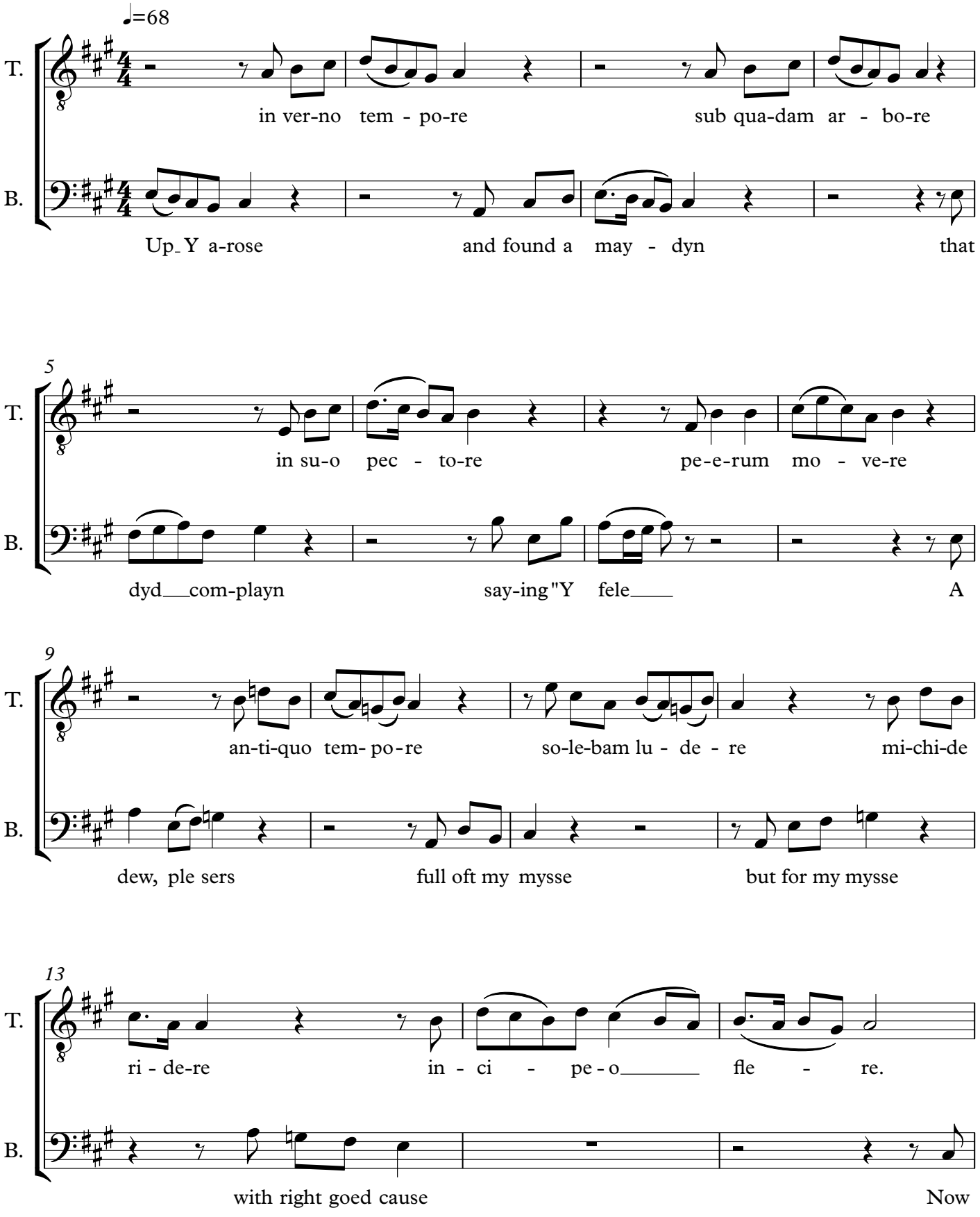
Up Y arose

If no tenor, sing that part by Soprano

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.7

Ritson MS (BM Add. 5665)

Each voice can take a slightly different, but consistent, tempo



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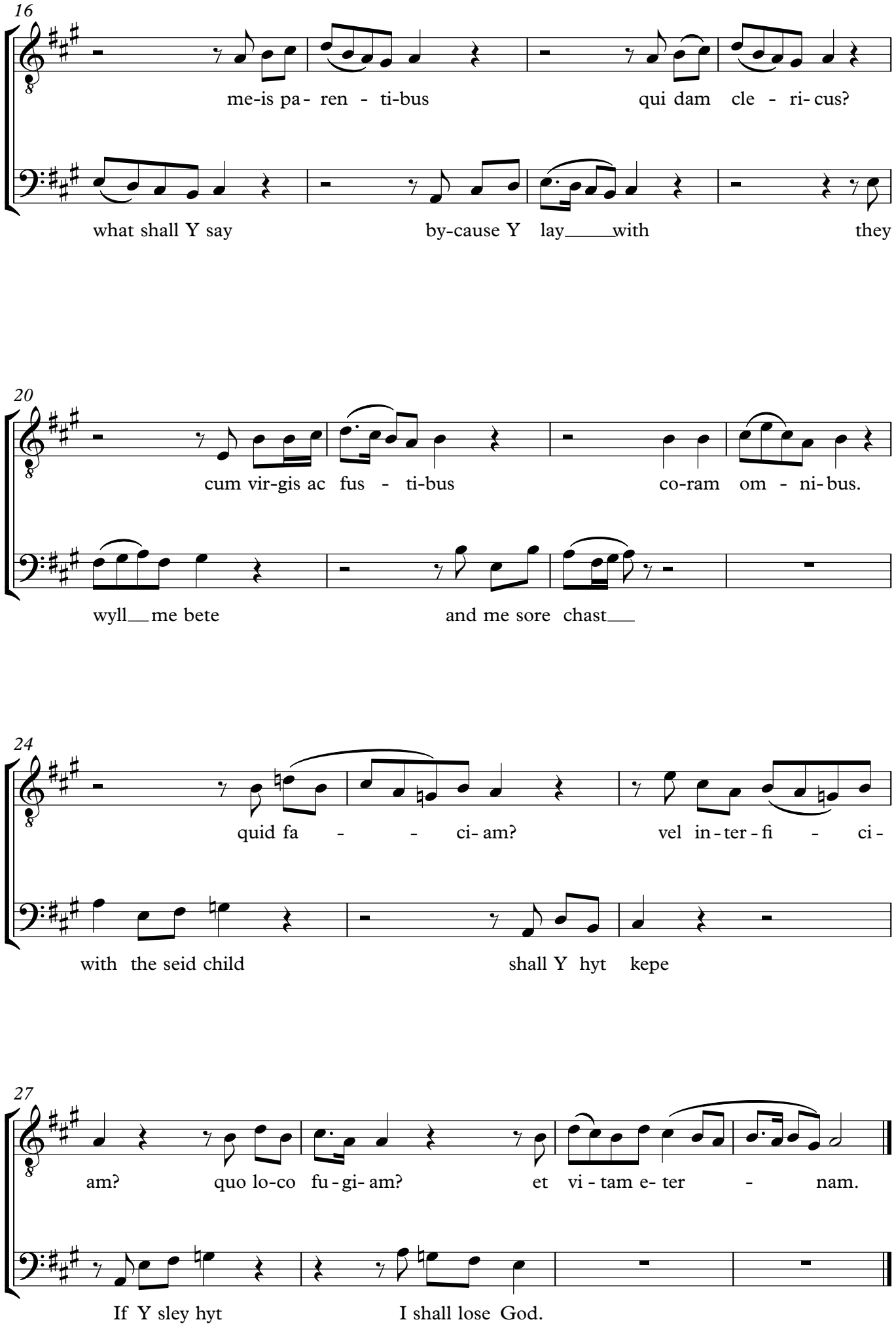
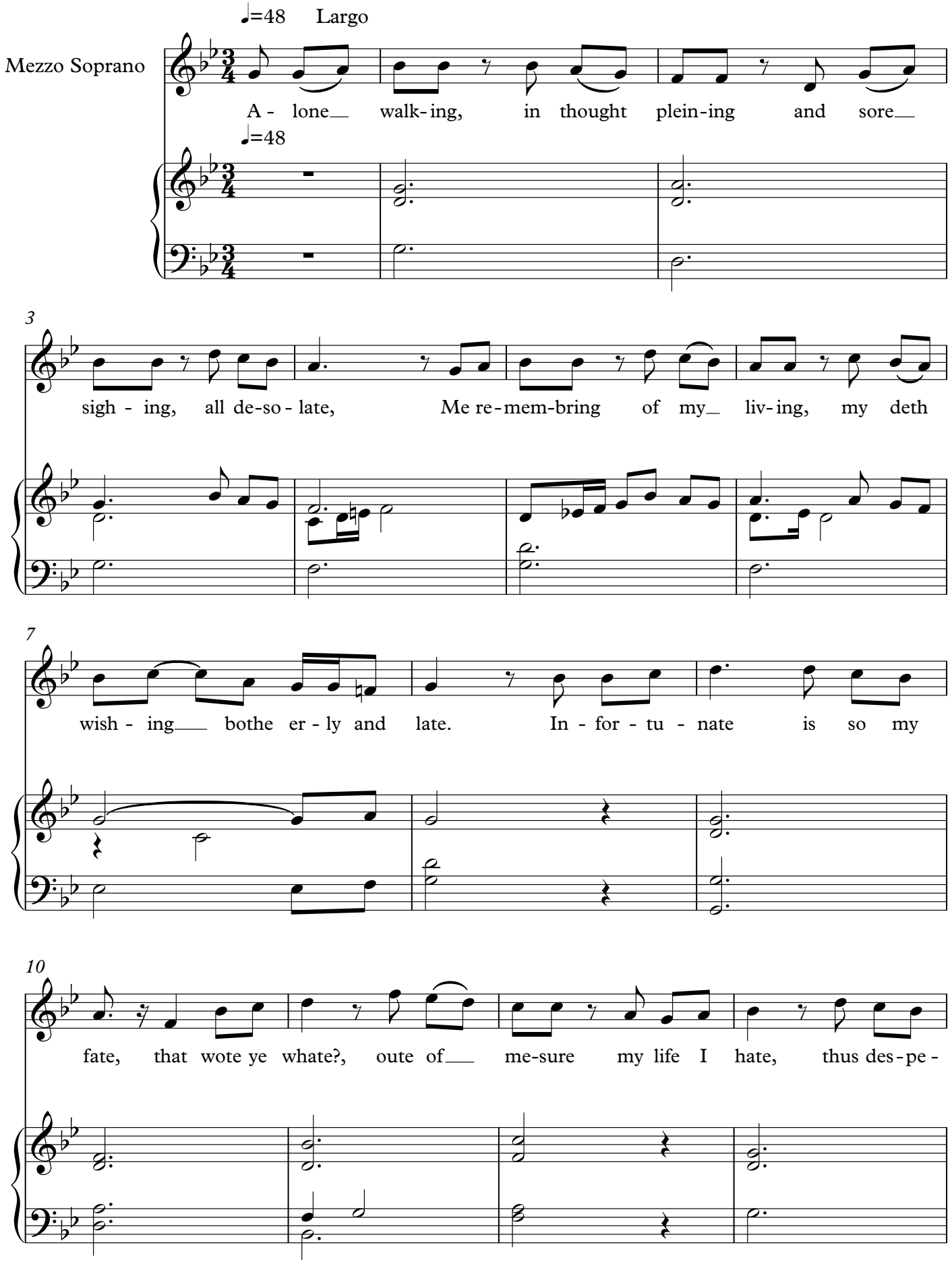

16
T.
me-is pa- ren - ti-bus qui dam cle - ri- cus?
B.
what shall Y say by-cause Y lay with they
20
T.
cum vir-gis ac fus - ti-bus co-ram om - ni- bus.
B.
wyll me bete and me sore chast
24
T.
quid fa - - ci- am? vel in - ter - fi - ci -
B.
with the seid child shall Y hyt kepe
27
T.
am? quo lo-co fu - gi- am? et vi - tam e- ter - nam.
B.
If Y sley hyt I shall lose God.

Alone walking

Trinity Coll. Camb MS R.3.19(599)

Malcolm Hill
2016 mj355.8



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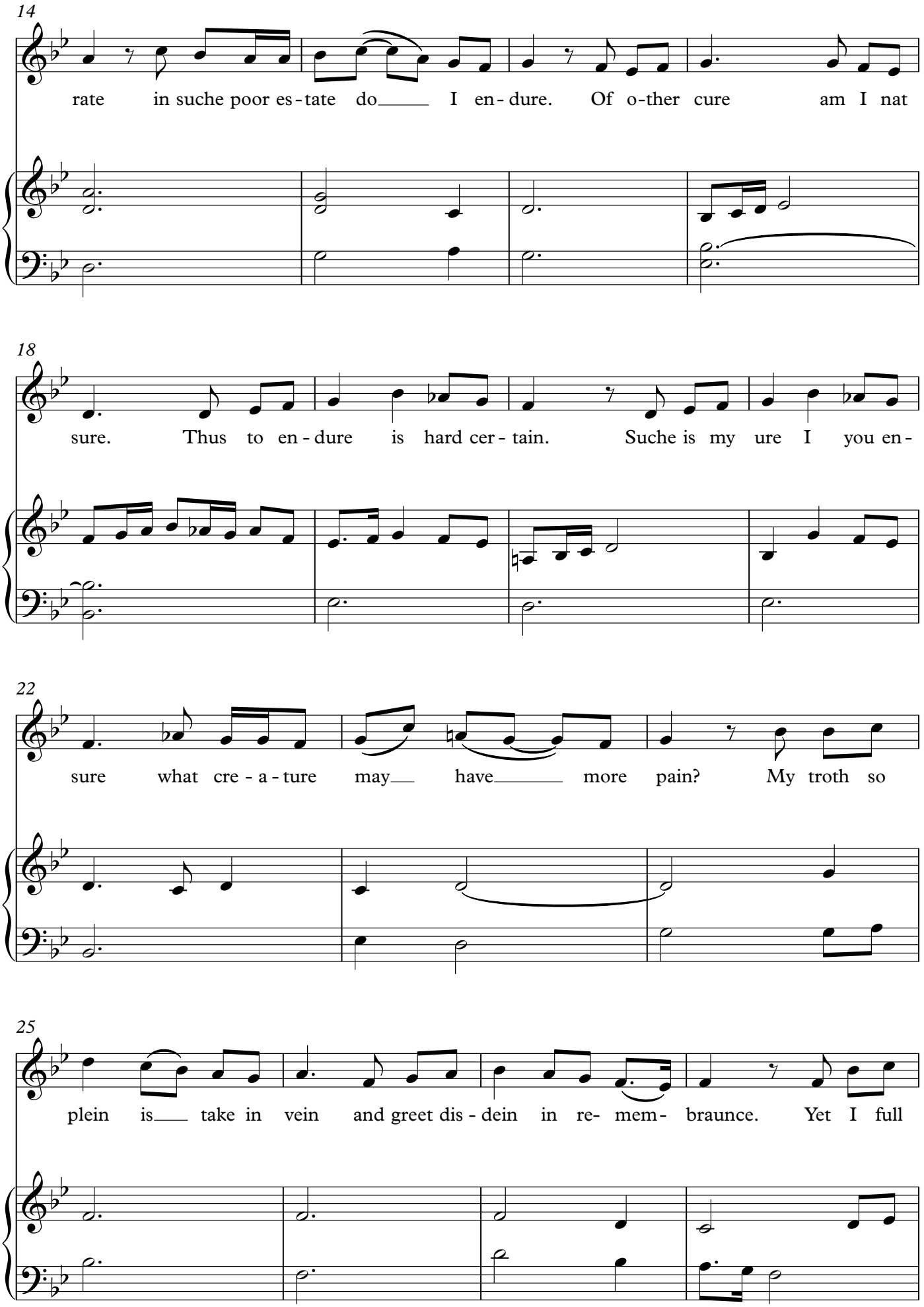
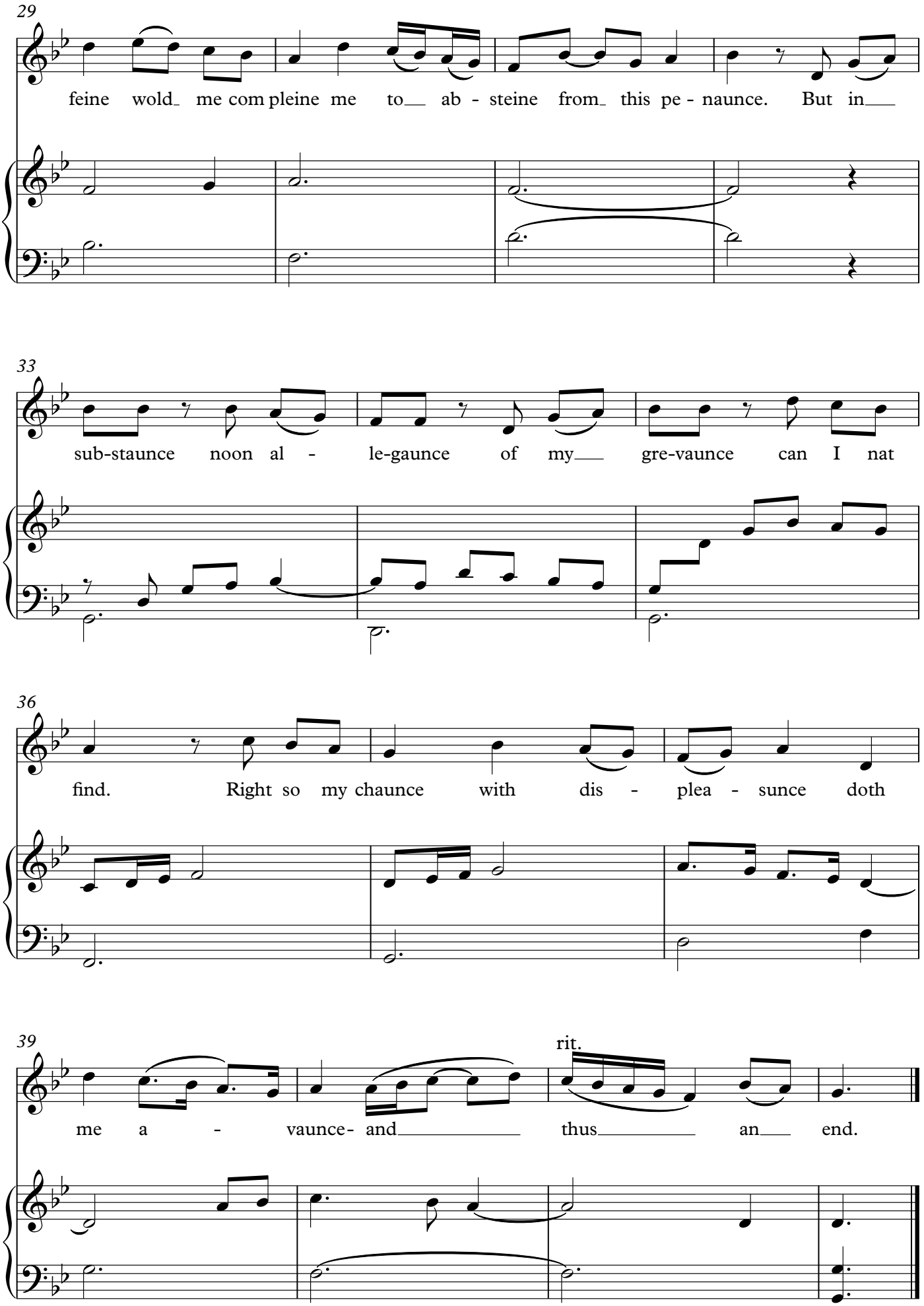

14
rate in suche poor es - tate do I en - dure. Of o-ther cure am I nat
18
sure. Thus to en - dure is hard cer - tain. Suche is my ure I you en -
22
sure what cre - a - ture may have more pain? My troth so
25
plein is take in vein and greet dis - dein in re- mem - braunce. Yet I full


29
feine wold_ me com pleine me to__ ab - steine from_ this pe - naunce. But in__
33
sub-staunce noon al - le-gaunce of my__ gre-vaunce can I nat
36
find. Right so my chaunce with dis - plea - sunce doth
39
rit.
me a - vaunce- and_____ thus_____ an__ end.

Libretto and Notes: 8 Songs of 1500, mj355 (Hill, Malcolm)

Eight Songs of 1500 was composed in 2016 to alternate between secular choral works of 1500-1520 in part two of a concert given by the Chandos Singers in July 2016. The *Eight Songs* are secular ballades, carols and drinking songs whose texts were well known during the period, to be sung by solo members of the Singers.

Solo Carol: 1: *Be gladly, masters* [sung by Paul Feldwick]

To be sung moving through the audience, from the back to the front.

Be gladly, masters everychon, I am cum myself alone
To appose you on by on, Let se who dare say nay.
Sir, what say ye? Syng on, let us see Now will it be
Thys or another day?

Sir, what say ye with your fat face?
Me thynkith ye shuld bere a very good bace
To a pot of good ale or ipocras, Truly as I you say.
Hold up your hede Ye loke lyke lede, Ye wast myche bred
Ever more from day to day.

Solo Ballade: 2: *With lullay*

[text by John Skelton, sung by Katharine Adams]

With "Lullay! lullay!" like a childe
Thou slepest too long, thou art begilde!

"My darling dere, my daisy floure
Let me", quod he, "ly in your lap."
"Ly still," quod she, "my paramoure
Ly still, hardely, and take a nap."
His hed was heavy, such was his hap!
All drowsy, dreming, drownd in slepe
That of his love he toke no kepe.

With, "Ba! ba! ba!" and "Bas! bas! bas!"
She cherished him both cheke and chin
That he wist never where he was
He had forgoten all deadly sin.
He wanted wit her love to win!
He trusted her payment and lost all his pray
She left him sleping and stale away.

The rivers rowth, the waters wan
She spared not to wete her fete.
She waded over, she found a man
That halsed her hartely and kist her swete.
Thus after her cold she cought a hete!
"My lefe," she said, "roweth in his bed
Iwis he hath an hevy hed!"

What dremest thou, drunchard, drowsy pate

Thy lust and liking is from thee gone!
Thou blinkred blowboll, thou wakest too late!
Behold! thou lyest, luggard, alone.
Well may thou sigh, well may thou grone
To dele with her so cowardly.
Iwis, powle-hachet, she blered thine I!

Solo Song: 3: *A, a my herte*

[Text from the Fayrfax Manuscript, sung by Paul Feldwick]

The Fayrfax Manuscript, B.M.Add MS 5465, is so-called because of the arms of Robert Fayrfax on the title page. This compilation includes keyboard music as well as the text and various settings of 49 songs.

A, a, my herte, I knowe yow well
Ye thynke for to discomfort me.
Nay, nay, nay, nay, I warne the well
Thoo that all this yet in vayne be
Sum other grace may cum, perde,
Or else I thynke to be content
With my desyre tyll I be spent
Wherefor, my hart, lett be, lett be!

Solo Song: 4: with text from Fayrfax MS: 4: *That was my joy*

[sung by Julia Rushworth and Paul Feldwick]

That was my joy is now my woo and payne
That was my bliss is now my displesaunce
That was my trust is now my wanhope playne
That was my wele is now my most grevaunce.
What causyth this but only yowre plesaunce
Onryght fully shewyng me unkyndness
That hath byn your fayre lady and mastress.

Nor nought cowde have, wolde I nevyr so fayne!
My hart is yours with gret assuraunce.
Wherfore of ryght ye shuld my greffe complayne
And with pite have me in remembraunce
Much the rathir sith my suryd constaunce
Wolde in no wise for joy nor hevyness
Have but yourselfe, fayre lady and mastres.

Solo Ballade: 5: *Alas what shul we freres do?*

Text from St John's Cambr. MS. G28(195) [sung by Paul Feldwick]

Alas what shul we freres do Now lewed men cun Holy Writ?
All aboute where I go They aposen me of it.
Then wondreth me that it is so How lewed men cun alle wit
Surtely we be undo But if we mo amende it.
I trowe the devil brought it aboute To write the Gospel in Englishe
For lewed men nowe so stout
That they yeven us neither fleshe ne fishe.
When I come into a shope For to say, "In principio,"

They bidene me, “Go forth, lewed ‘Pope’,”
And worche and win my silver so.
If I say it longeth not For prestes to worche whether they go
They leggen for them Holy Writ And seyn that Seint Polle did so.
Than they loken on my nabite And seyn, “Forsothe withouten othes
Whether it be russet, black or white
It is worthe alle oure weringe clothes!”
I seye I bidde not for me Bot for them that have none
They seyn, “Thou havest to or thre!
Yeven them that nedeth thereof one.”
Thus oure disceites bene aspiede In this maner and many moo
Fewe men bedden us abide But hey fast that we were go.
It it for the in this maner It wole doen us miche gile,
Men shul finde unnerthe a frere In Englonde within a while.

Drinking song with refrain: 6: *Of all creatures*

Text from Balliol College Oxford MS.354. [Solo part sung by Katharine Adams, with Julia Rushworth & Paul Feldwick refrain]

Of all creatures women are best, Cuius contrarium verum est.
In every place ye may well see
That women be trewe as tirtill on tree,
Not liberal in langage but ever in secree
And gret joye amonge them is for to be.
Men be more cumbers a thousandfold
And I mervail how they dare be so bold
Against women for to hold Seeing them so pascient softe and cold.
For tell a woman all your counsaile
And she can kepe it wonderly well,
She had lever go quik to hell Than to her neighbour she wold it tell.
Trow ye that women list to smater
Or against ther husbondes for to clater?
Nay! they had lever fast bred and water
Then for to dele in suche a matter.
To the tavern they will not go Nor to the alehous never the mo,
For, God wot, ther hartes wold be wo
To spende ther husbondes money so.

Ballade duet: 7: *Up Y arose*

Text from Ritson MS (BM ADD.5665) [Half-lines alternating between Paul Feldwick (English) and Robert Jack (in slightly odd Latin)]

Up Y arose *in verno tempore*
And found a maydyn *sub quadam arbore*
That dyd complayne *in suo pectore*
Sayng, “Y fele *puerum movere*.
Adew, plesers *antituo tempore*
Full oft with you *solebam ludere*
But for my mysse *michi deridere*
With right goed cause *incipeo flere*.
Now what shall Y say *meis parentibus*
Bycause Y lay with *quidam clericus?*
They wyll me bete *cum virgis ac fustibus*

And me sore chast *coram omnibus*.
With the seid child *quid faciam?*
Shall Y hyt kepe *vel interficiam?*
Yf Y sley hyt *quo loco fugiam?*
I shall lose God *et vitam eternam*."

Translation:

Up I arose in spring-time
And found a maiden under a particular tree
Who did complain in her breast
Saying, "I feel a child moving.
Adieu, pleasures of time past
Very often I was wont to play
But for my mistakes they will laugh at me
With right goodly cause I begin to weep.
Now what shall I say to my parents
Because I lay with a certain clerk?
They will beat me with rods and sticks
And sorely chase me in front of all.
With the said child what shall I do?
Shall I keep it or kill it?
If I slay it whither should I fly?
I should lose God and eternal life."

Solo Song: 8: ***Alone walking***

Text from Trinity Coll. Cambridge MS. R.3.19(599)

[sung by Julia Rushworth]

To be sung moving through the audience, from the front to the back.

Alone walking In thought pleining
And sore sighing All desolate,
Me remembering Of my living
My deth wishing Bothe erly and late.
Infortunate Is so my fate
That – wote ye whate? – Oute of mesure
My life I hate. Thus desperate
In suche pore estate Do I endure.
Of other cure Al I nat sure
Thus to endure Is hard certain.
Suche is my ure I you ensure –

What creature May have more pain?
My trouth so plein Is take in vein
And gret disdain In remembraunce.
Yet I full feine Wold me compleine
Me to absteine from this penaunce.
But in substaunce Noon allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce Can I nat finde.
Right so my chaunce With displesaunce
Doth me avaunce – And thus an ende.