





ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

PRINCE CONSORT ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON SW7 2BS

*Telegrams Initiative London S W 7 Telephone 01 589 3643*

ROBERT DOWLAND: A MUSICAL BANQUET.

See:-

The Musical Antiquary, Vol.I.p.45.57

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1911  
LONDON



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ROBERT DOWLAND: A MUSICAL BANQUET (1610). I.G.22.

NB. The RCM copy is imperfect. (After H2 missing).







RCM London

# A MUSICALL BANQUET.

Furnished with varietie of delicious  
Ayres, Collected out of the best Authors in  
English, French, Spanish and Italian.

By Robert Dowland.

72

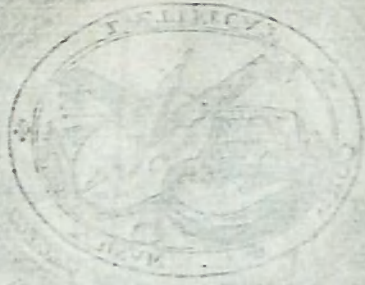
LONDON:  
Printed for Thomas Adams.  
1610.



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A  
MUSICAL  
MANUAL

Illustrated with various of definitions  
A. C. Collet, one of the best Authors in  
English French, Spanish and Italian.

By Robert D. ...





TO THE RIGHT HO-  
NORABLE SYR ROBERT  
SYDNEY, KNIGHT: Lord Governour of  
Vlissingen, and the Castle of Ramekins, Lord SYDNEY of Penshurst,  
Viscount Lisle, and Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes  
most excellent Maiestie.



RIGHT Honourable Lord: Since my best abilitie is not able  
in the least manner to counteruaile that dutie J owe vnto  
your Lordship, for two great respects; the one in regard  
(your Lordship vndertaking for mee) J was made a mem-  
ber of the Church of Christ, and withall receiued from you  
my name: the other the loue that you beare to all excellen-  
cy and good learning, (which seemeth hæreditarie aboue  
others to the Noble Familie of the Sydneys,) and especially  
to this excellent Science of Musicke, a skill from all antiquity  
entertayned with the most Noble & generous dispositions.

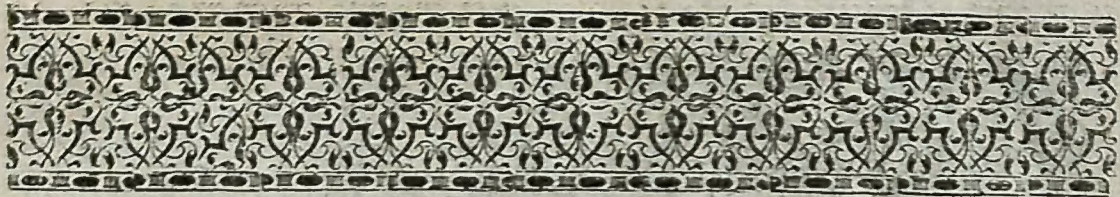
May it please your Honour therefore to accept these my first labours, as a poore  
pledge of that zeale and dutie which J shall euer owe vnto your Honour, vntill time  
shall enable me to effect something more worthy of your Lordships view, hauing  
no other thing saue these few sheetes of Paper to present the same withall.

To your Honour

in all dutie most deuoted,

Robert Douland.





## TO THE READER.



**G**ENTLEMEN: Finding my selfe not deceiued in the hope I had of your kinde entertayning my collected Lute-lessons which I lately set forth, I am further encouraged to publish vnto your censures these *A Y R E S*, being collected and gathered out of the labours of the rarest and most iudicious Maisters of Musick that either now are or haue lately liued in Christendome, whereof some I haue purposely sorted to the capacite of young practioners, the rest by degrees are of greater depth and skill, so that like a carefull Confectionary, as neere as might be I haue fitted my Banquet for all tastes; if happily I shall be distasted by any, let them know what is brought vnto them is drest after the English, French, Spanish and Italian manner: the assay is taken before, they shall not need to feare poysoning. You Gentlemen and friends that come in good-will, and not as Promooters into a country Market, to call our viands into question, whatsoeuer here is, much good may it doe you, I would it were better for you: for the rest I wish their lips such Lettuce as *Silenus Assè*, or their owne harts would desire.

Thine, *Robert Dowland.*

### *Ad Robertum Doulandum Joannis filium de Musico suo conuiuio.*

**E**Rgonè diuini genitoris pleetra resumis,  
Reddat vt attonitos iterum tua Musa Britannos?  
Vt nimia totum rapias dulcedine mundum,  
*DOVLANDI* & resonet nomen nemus omne, superbana  
Quà mundi dominam vaga *TIBRIDIS* alluit vnda;  
Littora quà rutilis verrit *Pactolus* arenis,  
Aut sese immiscet glaciale *Vistula* ponto,  
Vincere quem nequeat *LINVS*, nec *Thracius ORPHEVS*,  
Credo equidem, vt nostras demulceat *Entheus* aures.  
Somnio *Threicidum* voces, & murmura cæli  
Antiquosq; modos, rediniuaq; *Dorica* castra,  
Illius vt vario cantillet gutture *Musa*,  
Maeste animo *ROBERTE* tuo, chariq; parentis  
Pergito candorem, moresq; imitarier artes  
Auspicijsq; bonis celebret te fama per orbem  
Funera post *Patris Phœnix*q; renascitor alter.

*Henricus Peachamus.*

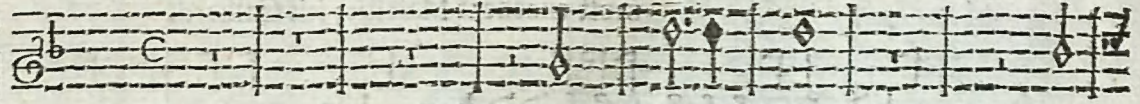


271 The Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *Lisle*, Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes  
 most excellent Maiestie, his Galliard.

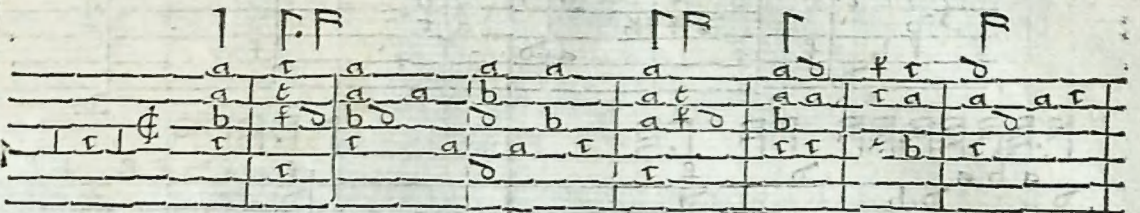
The musical score is written on ten systems of three staves each. The notation is a form of early modern mensural notation, with notes placed on a four-line staff. The notes are decorated with stems and flags, and include various accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals). The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The music consists of a single melodic line with a steady rhythmic pattern. The notation includes many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, as well as rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the signature 'Finis. Ioan Dowland, Batchelar of Musick.'

Finis. Ioan Dowland,  
 Batchelar of Musick.

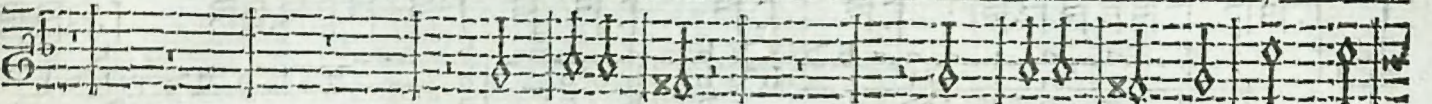
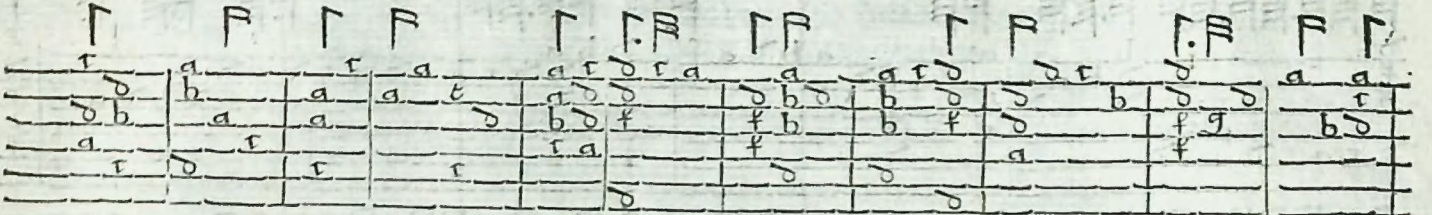




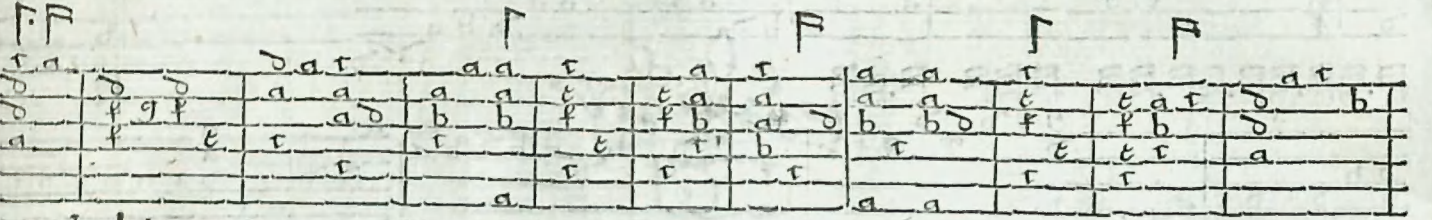
Y heauie sprite op-



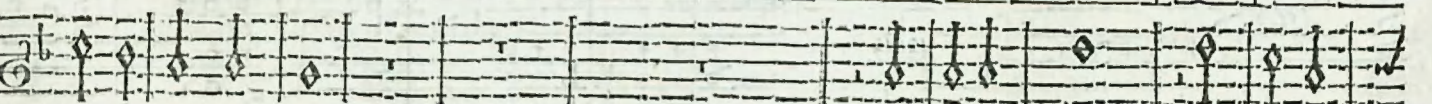
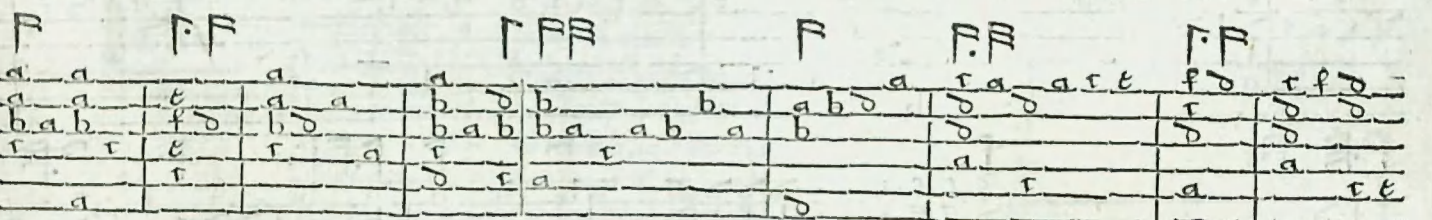
prest with sorrowes might, Of wearied limbs the burthen soare sustaines,



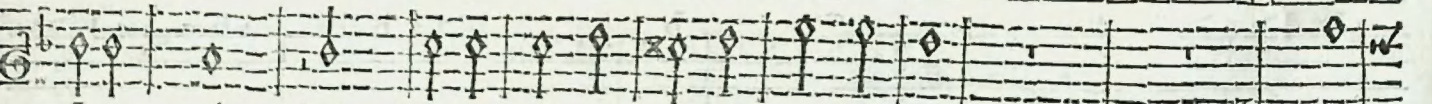
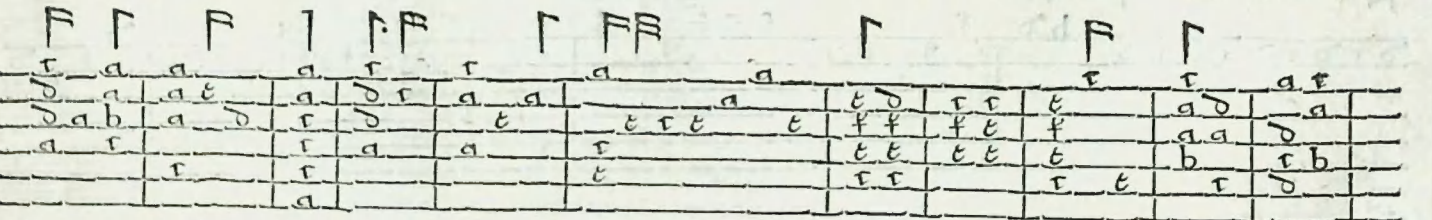
With silent grones, With silent grones and harts teares



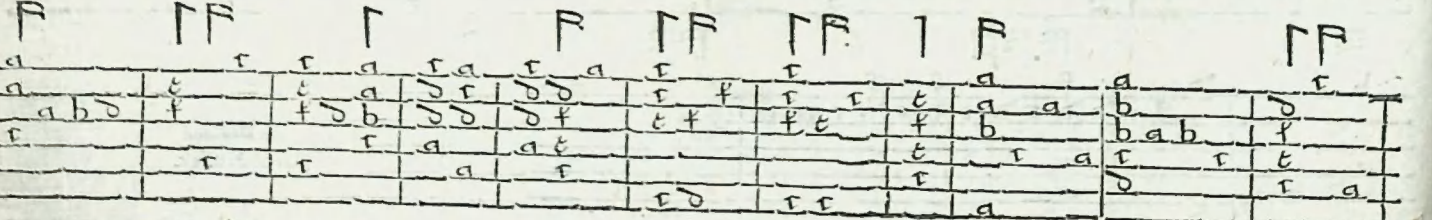
still complains, Yet I breath still and



live in lifes des-pight. Haue I lost thee? All fortunes



Iac- curse, bids thee fare-well, with thee all ioyes fare-well, And





BASSVS.

I.

Anthony Holborne.

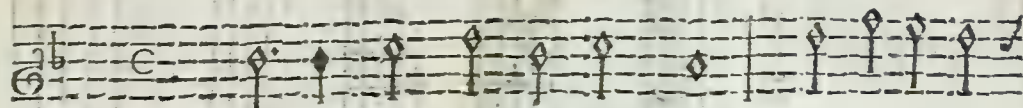
M

Y heaue spite, &c.

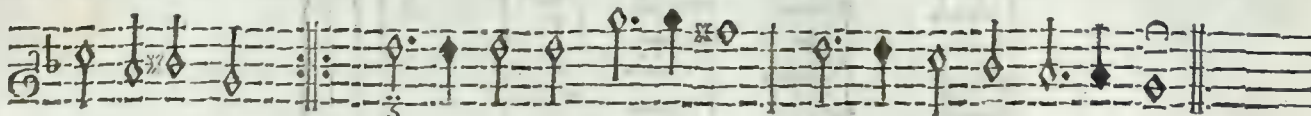
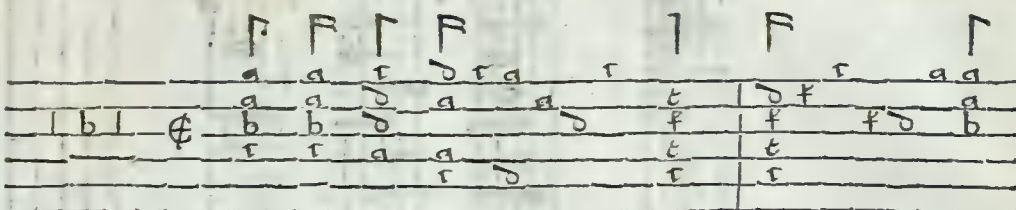
for thy fake this world be-comes my hell.

And for thy fake this world be- comes may hell.

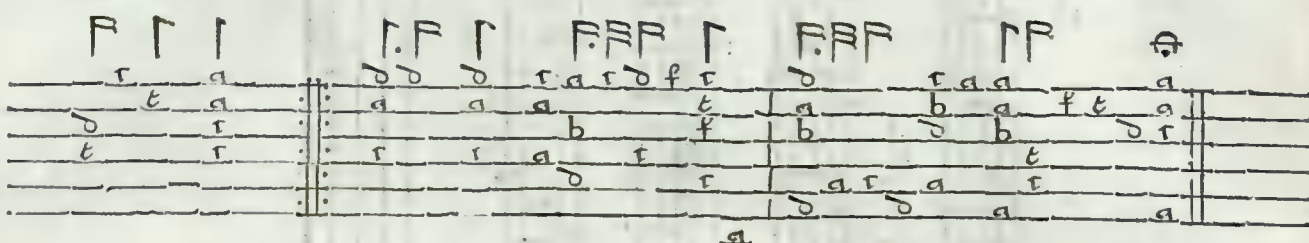




Hange thy minde since she doth change, Let not Fancy  
Thy vn-truth can- not seeme strange, When her fallhood



still abuse thee:                      Loue is dead and thou art free,      She doth liue but dead to thee.  
doth excuse thee.



2 Whilst she lou'd thee best a while,  
See how she hath still delaid thee:  
Vsing shewes for to beguile,  
Those vaine hopes that haue deceiu'd thee.  
Now thou seest although too late,  
Loue loues truth which women hate.

3 Loue no more since she is gone,  
Shee is gone and loues another:  
Being once deceiu'd by one,  
Leaue her loue but loue none other.  
She was false bid her adew,  
She was best but yet vntrue.

4 Loue farewell more deere to mee  
Then my life which thou preferuest:  
Life all ioyes are gone from thee,  
Others haue what thou deseruest.  
Oh my death doth spring from hence  
I must dye for her offence.

5 Dye, but yet before thou dye  
Make her know what she hath gotten:  
She in whom my hopes did lye,  
Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten.  
She is chang'd, but changed base,  
Baser in so vilde a place.



Richard Martin.

II.

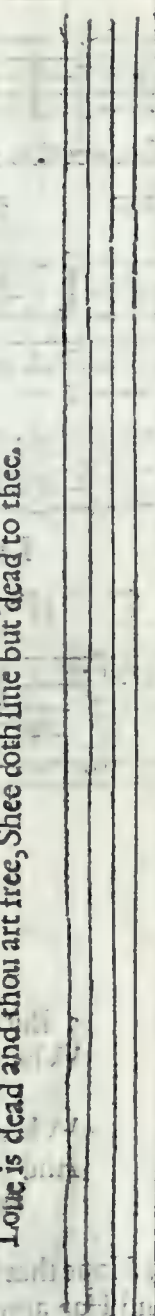
BASSVS.



Hange thy minde since she doth change; Let not Fancie still abuse thee:  
Thy vn-truth cannot seeme strange, When her falsehood doth excuse thee.



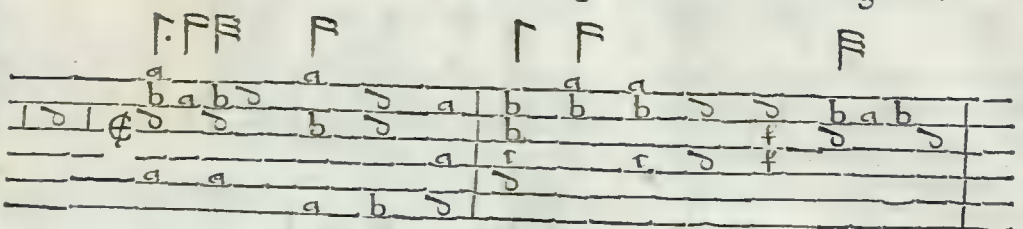
Loue is dead and thou art free, Shee doth live but dead to thee.



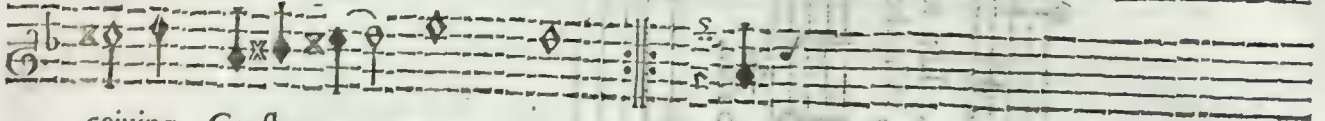
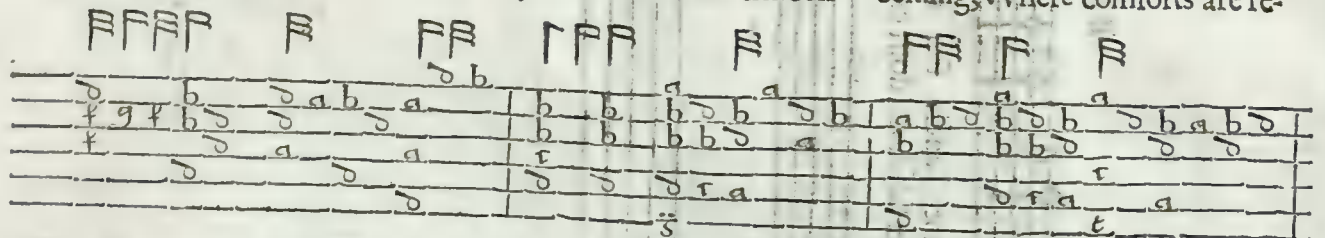




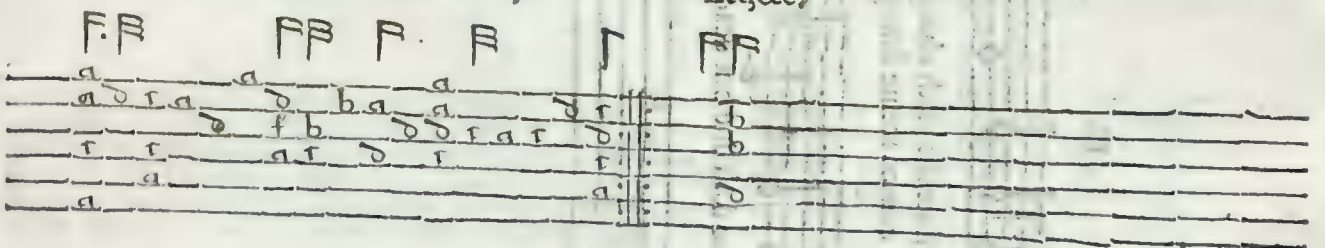
Eyes leaue off your weeping, Loue hath the thoughts in



keeping, That may content you : Let not this miscon- ceiving, Where comforts are re-



ceiving, Causes tor- ment you. Let, &c.



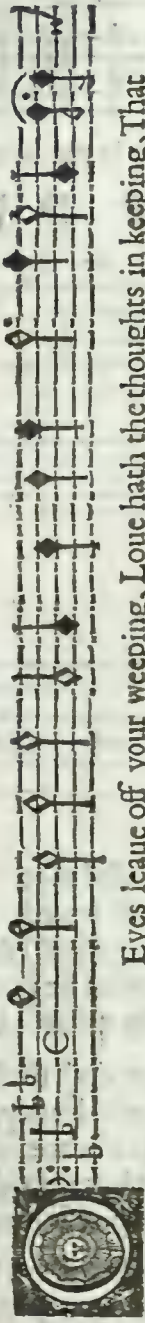
2 Cloudes threaten but a shower,  
 Hope hath his happy houre,  
 Though long in lasting.  
 Time needs must be attended,  
 Loue must not be offended  
 With too much hasting.

3 But O the painfull pleasure,  
 Where Loue attends the leasure  
 Of liues wretchednesse :  
 Where Hope is but illusion,  
 And Feare is but confusion  
 Of Loues happinesse.

4 But happy Hope that seeth  
 How Hope and Hap agreeth.  
 Of life deprivue me,  
 Or let me be assured,  
 When life hath death endured,  
 Loue will reuiue me.



Robert Hales, Groome of her Maiesties Priuie Chamber. III. BASSVS.



Eyes leauc off your weeping, Loue hath the thoughts in keeping, That

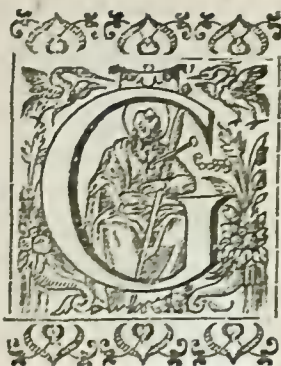


may content you: Let not this misconceiuing, Where comforts are receiuing, Causelesse



torment you. Let &c.





OE my Flocke, goe get you hence, Seeke some other

1 1 1. F 1 1 1. 1

a a a a r r a

r r r r e r d d a

r r r e r a a r

place of feeding, Where you may haue some defence, Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,

F 1 1. 1 1 1. 1 F 1

r e a r a a a d a r d d a a a a

e f e r r d d r d d d a e a

e r e a r r e e r r e r

a a

And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

F 1 1 1

a a a r e a

a e a d r

b e r a r r

r r e a r a

2 Leauē a wretch in whom all woe  
Can abide to keepe no measure.  
Merry flocke such one forgoe,  
Vnto whom Myrth is displeasure,  
Onely rich in measures treasure.

3 Yet alas before you goe  
Heare your wofull Maisters story,  
Which to stones I else would shew,  
Sorrow onely then hath glory  
When tis excellently sorry.

4 *Stella*, fayrest Shepherdesse,  
Fayrest but yet cruelst euer.  
*Stella*, whom the heau'ns still blesse,  
Though against me she perseuer,  
Though I blisse inherit neuer.

5 *Stella*, hath refused mee :  
*Stella*, who more Loue hath proued  
In this Catiffe hart to be  
Then can in good to vs be moued  
Towards Lambe-kins best beloued.

6 *Stella* hath refused mee  
*Astrophel*, that so well serued,  
In this pleasant spring (*Muse*) see  
While in pride Flowers be preferu'd  
Himselfe onely Winter-starued.

7 Why alas then doth she swear  
That she loueth mee so deerely,  
Seeing mee so long to beare  
Coales of Loue that burne so cleerely,  
And yet leauē me hopelesse meerely.

8 Is that Loue? forsooth I trow  
If I saw my good Dogge griued  
And a help for him did know  
My Loue should not be belieued  
But hee were by mee relieued.

9 No she hates mee (*well away*)  
Fayning Loue, somewhat to please mee,  
Knowing, if she should display  
All her hate, Death soone would seize me,  
And of hideous torments ease me.

10 Then my flocke now adew,  
But alas, if in your straying  
Heauenly *Stella* meet with you,  
Tell her in your pittious blaying,  
Her poore slaues iust decaying.



BASSVS.

III.

*Discretio.*

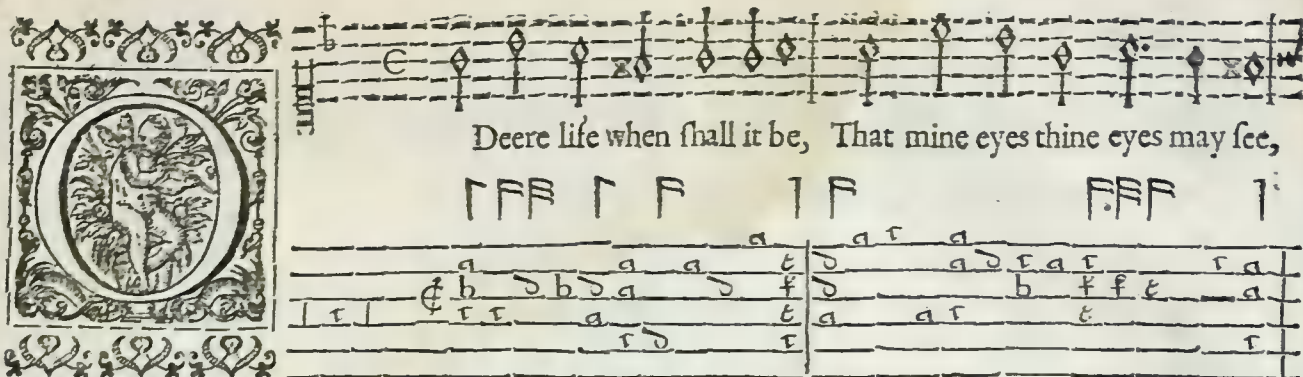
**G**oe my Flocke, goe get you hence, Seeke some other place of feeding,

Where you may haue some defence, Fro the stormes in my breaft breeding, And showers

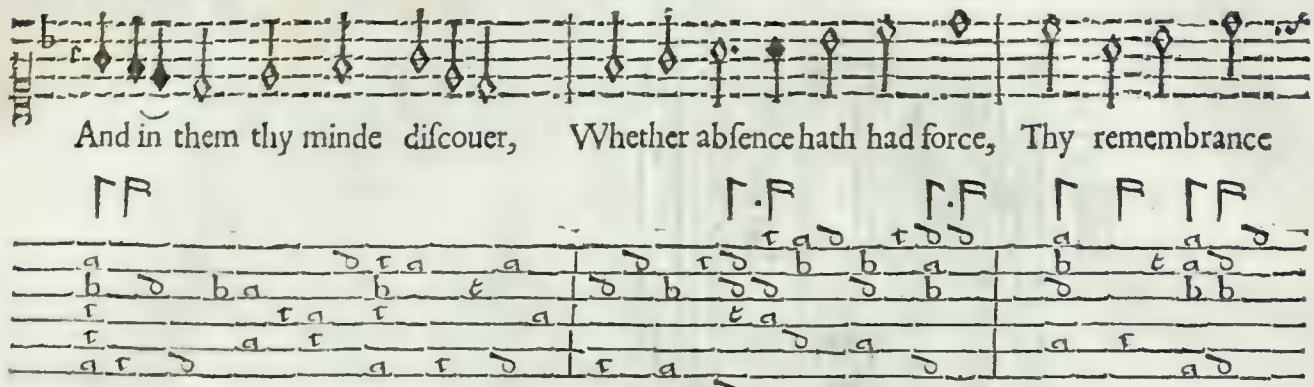
from mine eyes proceeding.

Which in my eyes doe carry,  
 Those frowne-wrinkles as befall,  
 There witness thou mayst be borne  
 Long I will not alter my;  
 I shall be glad for mee,  
 I thought I would not see  
 In what light I shall dwell,  
 But as I thought to tell  
 For which I from my eyes  
 The frowne-wrinkles of my eyes  
 In mine eyes doe carry.

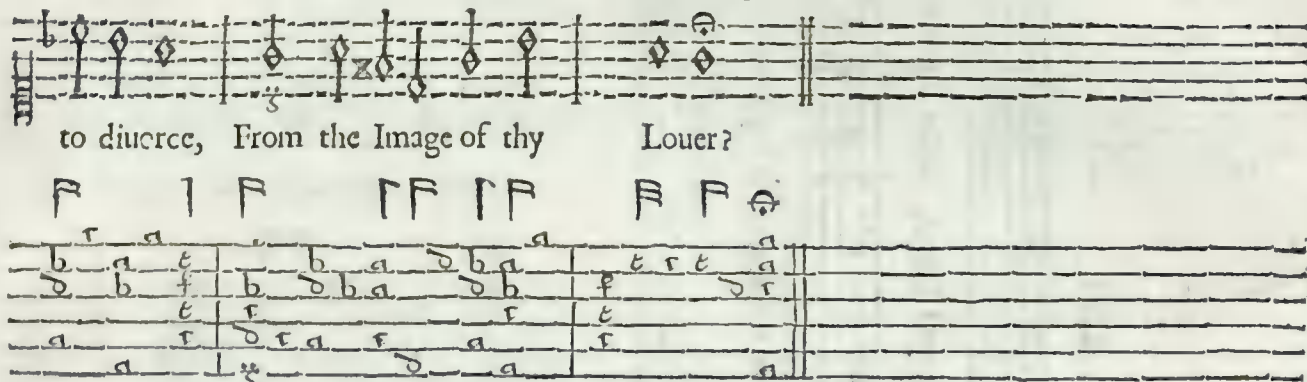




Deere life when shall it be, That mine eyes thine eyes may see,



And in them thy minde discover, Whether absence hath had force, Thy remembrance



to diuerce, From the Image of thy Louer?

2 O if I my selfe finde not,  
 By thine absence oft forgot,  
 Nor debarde from *Beausies* treasure:  
 Let no Tongue aspire to tell  
 In what high I shall dwell,  
 Onely Thought aymes at the pleasure.

3 Thought therefore will I send thee,  
 To take vp the place for mee,  
 Long I will not after tarry:  
 There vnscene thou mayst be bolde  
 Those fayre wonders to behold,  
 Which in them my hopes doe carry.

4 Thought, see thou no place forbear,  
 Enter brauely euery where,  
 Seize on all to her belonging:  
 But if thou wouldest guarded be,  
 Fearing her beames, take with thee,  
 Strength of liking, rage of longing.

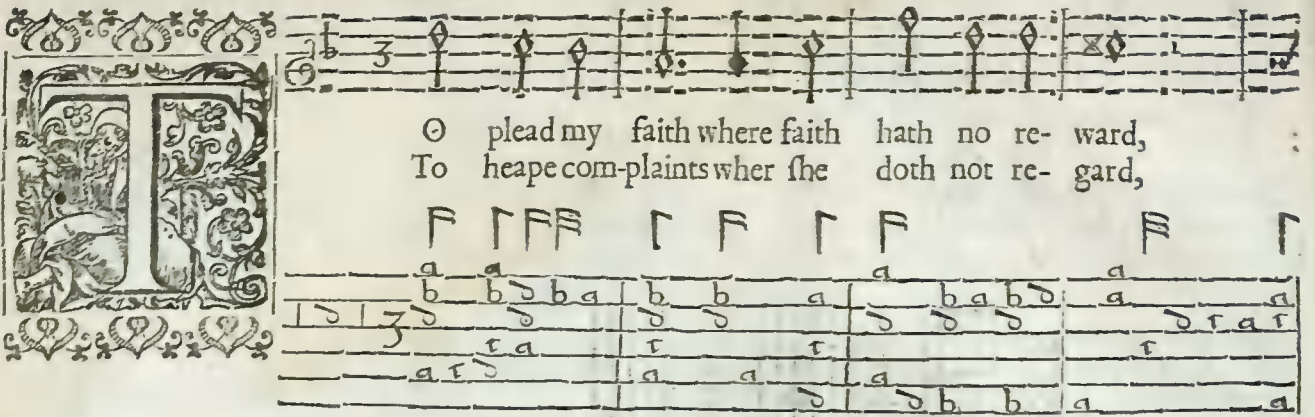
5 O my Thoughts, my thoughts, surcease,  
 Your delights my woes increase,  
 My life fleetes with too much thinking:  
 Thinke no more, but dye in mee  
 Till thou shalt receiued be  
 At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.



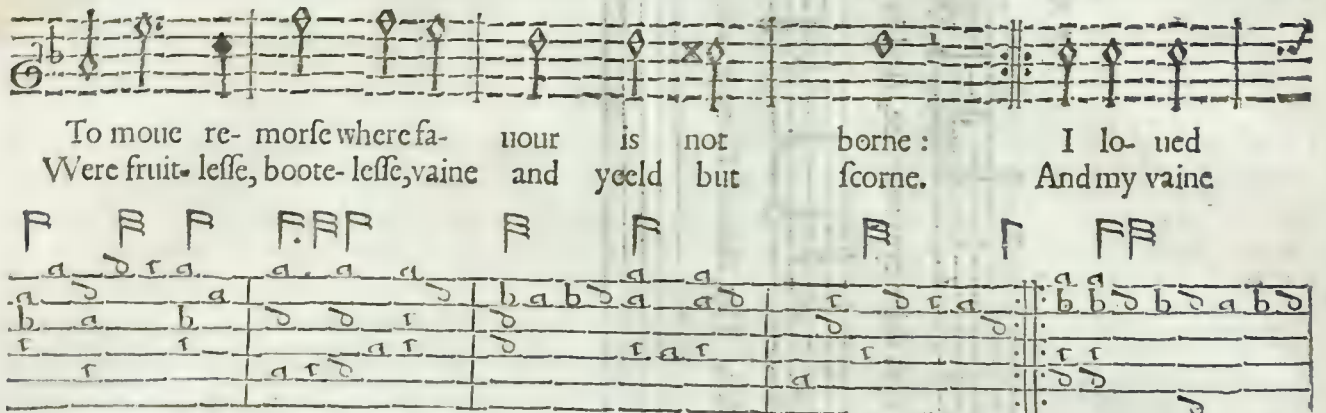




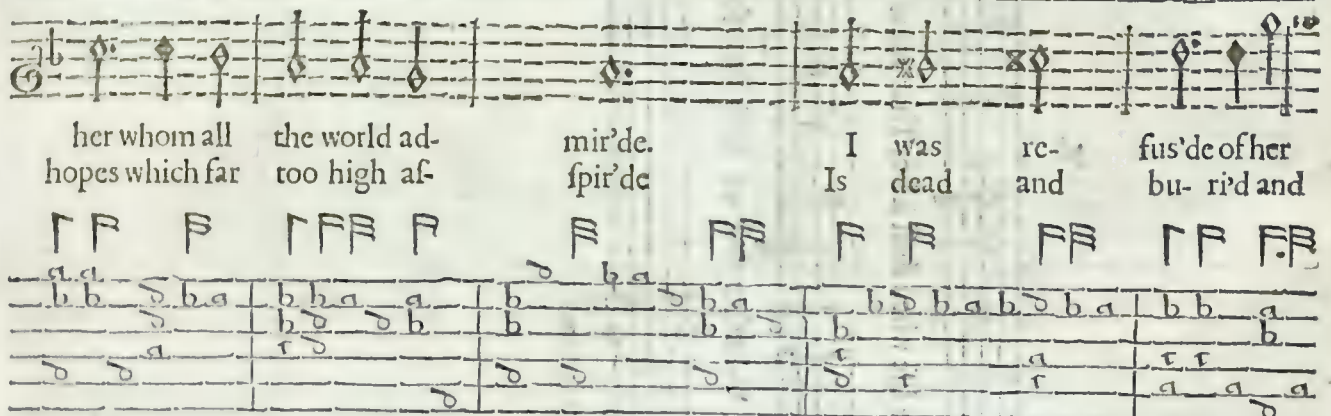
The Right Honourable *Robert*, Earle of Essex: Earle Marshall of England. VI. CANTVS.



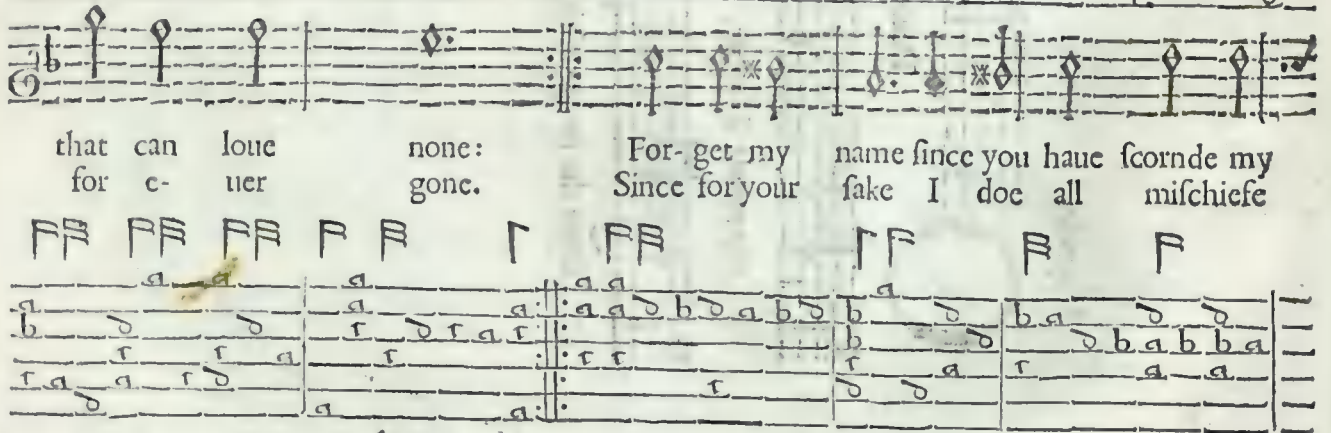
Plead my faith where faith hath no reward,  
 To heape complaints where she doth not regard,  
 F F F F F F F F F F



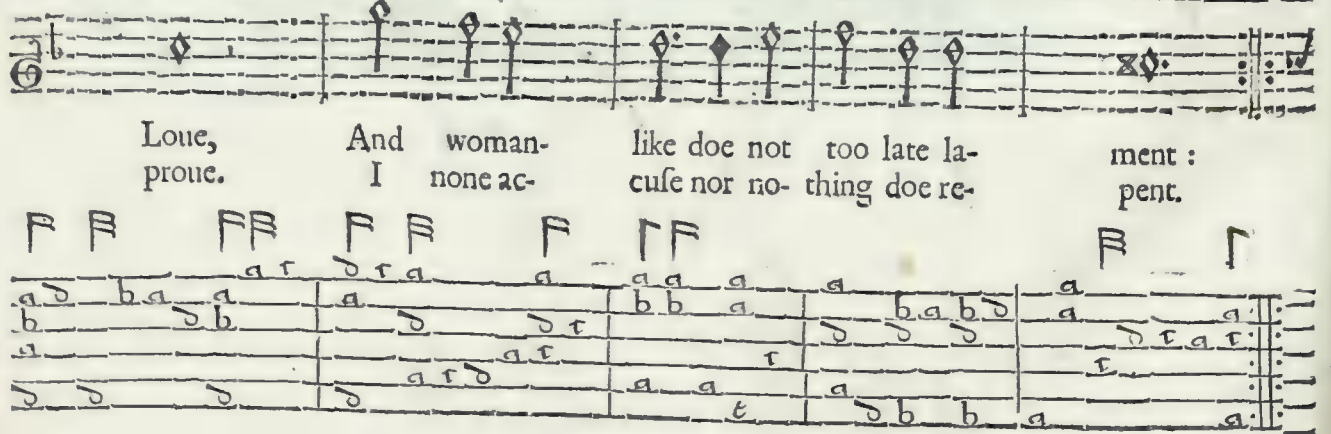
To moue remorse where fauour is not borne: I lo-ued  
 Were fruit-lesse, boote-lesse, vaine and yeeld but scorne. And my vaine  
 F F F F F F F F F F



her whom all the world admir'de. I was re- fus'de of her  
 hopes which far too high as- spir'de Is dead and bu- ri'd and  
 F F F F F F F F F F



that can loue none: For- get my name since you haue scornde my  
 for c- uer gone. Since for your sake I doe all mischief  
 F F F F F F F F F F



Loue, And woman- like doe not too late la- ment:  
 proue. I none ac- cuse nor no- thing doe re- pent.  
 F F F F F F F F F F



**I** O plead my faith where faith hath no reward, To moue re-morse  
 To heape complaints where she doth not regard, Were fruitlesse, boote-

where fa- uour is not borne: I lo- ued her whom all the world admir'de, I was  
 lesse, vaine and yeeld but scorne. And my vaine hopes which far too high aspir'de, Is dead

refus'de of her that can loue none: For- get my name since you haue scornde my Loue,  
 and bur- rid and for e- uer gone. Since for your sake I doe all mis- chiefe proue,

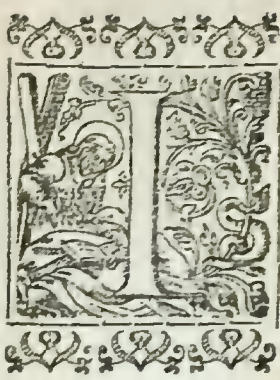
And womanlike doe not too late lament: I was as fonde as euer she was faire, Yet lou'd I  
 I none accuse nor nothing doe repent

not more then I now dis- paire.

I was as fonde as euer she was faire, Yet lou'd I

not more then I now dis- paire.





N a groue most rich of shade, Where Birds wanton musicke made,

FF F FT F FT FFF

a a r a c d r d

a r e r r d a b f t d f

e f a a t a

May then in his pide weeds shewing, New perfumes with flowers fresh growing. May then in, &c.

FF FT FF FF FF F

r r a r r d r a a f e a a a

d b f f f e a a a d r a b

a r e e e r b r r a r e r b r

r r r e r a r a

3

2 *Astrophell* with *Stella* sweet  
 Did for mutuall comfort meet,  
 Both within themselues oppressed,  
 But either in each other blessed.

3 Him great harmes had raught much care  
 Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,  
 But her sight his care did banish,  
 In his sight her yoke did vanish.

4 Wept they had, alas the while,  
 But now teares themselues did smile,  
 While their eyes by Loue directed,  
 Interchangeably, reiected.

5 Sigh'd they had: but now betwixt  
 Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt,  
 With Armes crost, yet testifying  
 Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.

6 Their cares hungry of each word  
 Which the deare tongue would afford:  
 But their tongues restrain'd from walking,  
 Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues could not speake,  
 Loue it selfe did silence breake:  
 Loue did see his lips asunder,  
 Thus to speake in Loue and wonder.

8 *Stella*, soueraigne of my Ioy,  
 Faire Triumphres in annoy:  
*Stella*, starre of heauenly fire,  
*Stella*, load-starre of desire.

9 *Stella*, in whose shining eyes,  
 Are the lights of Cupids skyes,  
 Whose beames when they are once darted,  
 Loue therewith is straight imparted.

10 *Stella*, whose voice when it speakes,  
 Senses all asunder breake:  
*Stella*, whose voyce when it singeth,  
 Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

11 *Stella*, in whose body is,  
 Writ the Characters of blisse:  
 Whose sweet face all beautie passeth,  
 Saue the minde which it surpasseth.

12 Graunt, O graunt, but speach (alas)  
 Failes me, fearing on to passe:  
 Graunt to me, what am I saying?  
 But no fault there is in praying.

13 Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,  
 (Knees on ground hee then did stay)  
 That not I but since I proue you,  
 Time and place from mee nere moue you.

14 Neuer season was more fit,  
 Neuer roome apt for it:  
 Smiling ayre allows my reason,  
 These Birds sing, now vse the season.

15 This small winde which so sweet is,  
 See how it leaues leaues doth kisse,  
 Each tree in his best attyring,  
 Sence of Loue to Loue inspyring.



*Recit.*

VII.

BASSVS.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of notes and rests, with some notes marked with a 'C' above them. The second staff continues the melody with similar notation, including a double bar line and a repeat sign.

N a groue most rich of shade, Where Birds wanton Musicke made, May then in his

pide weeds shewing, New perfumes with flowres fresh growing. May then in, &c.

Three empty musical staves are shown at the bottom of the page, likely for a continuation of the piece or for other parts.

16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,  
 Loue to earth makes water sincke,  
 And if dumbe things be so wittie,  
 Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie?

17 There his hands in their speech faine  
 Would haue made tongues language plaine  
 But her hands his hands compelling,  
 Gaue repulse, all Grace expelling;

18 Therewithall, away she went  
 Leauing him with passion rent  
 With what she had done and spoken,  
 That therewith my song is broken.







M. John Dowland Bachelor of Musicke

VIII.

BASSVS.

The musical score is written for Basses. It begins with a large, ornate initial letter 'F' in a decorative script. To the right of the 'F' is a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The music is written on three staves. The first staff contains the first line of music, the second staff the second line, and the third staff the third line. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The piece is titled 'Arre from triumphing Court, &c.'.

2 But loe a glorious light from his darke rest  
 Shone from the place where erst this Goddesse dwelt  
 A light whose beames the world with fruir hath blest  
 Blest was the Knight while hee that light beheld :  
 Since then a starre fixed on his head hath shine,  
 And a Saints Image in his hart is shrinde.

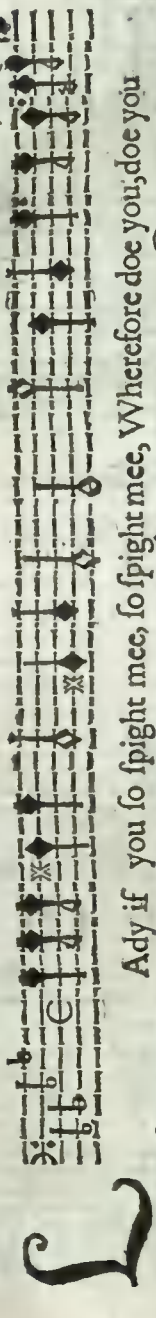
3 Raviht with ioy so gract by such a Saint,  
 He quite forgot his Cell and selfe denaid,  
 He thought it shame in thankfulnessse to faint,  
 Debts due to Princes must be duely paid :  
 Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde,  
 As finding kindnesse for to proue vnkinde.

4 But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame heranged,  
 Hoping to serue this Saint in sort most meete,  
 Tyme with his golden locks to siluer changed  
 Hath with age-fetters bound him hands and feete,  
 Aye mee, hee cryes, Goddesse my limbs grow faint,  
 Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.







**L** 

Ady if you so spight mee, so spight mee, Wherefore doe you, doe you




so off, doe you so oft kisse, kisse and delight mee? Sure, sure that my hart opprest,



my hart opprest and over-cloyed, my hart opprest and over-cloyed, May breake thus



over-joyd, over-joyed, If you seeke to spill mee, to spill mee, Come kisse me sweet,



and kill, :: kill mee, So shall your hart, your hart



be eased, And I shall rest content, content, and dye, and dye well pleas'd, well pleas'd.







In darknesse let mee dwell, &c.

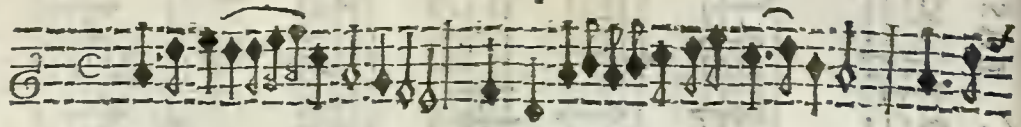
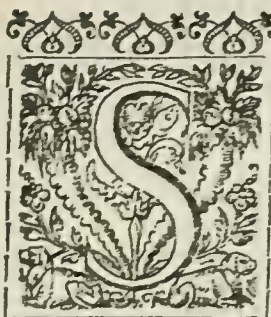
to my woes, And bedded to my Tombe, O Let me

living die, O let me living, let me living, living die, Till death, till death doe come,

||: till death, till death doe come,

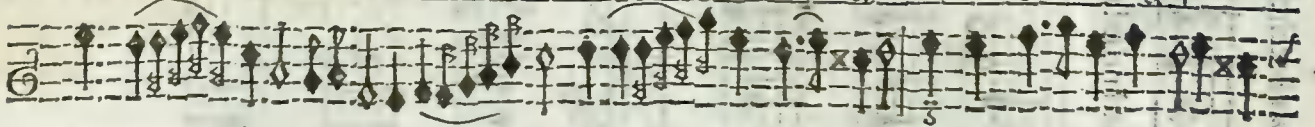
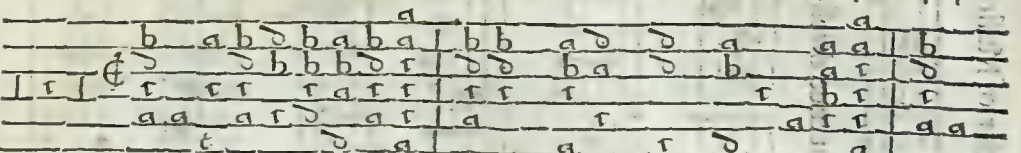
In darknesse let mee dwell.





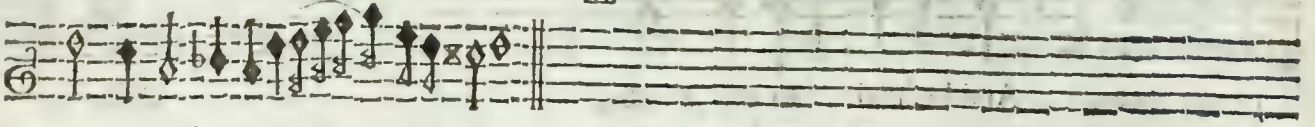
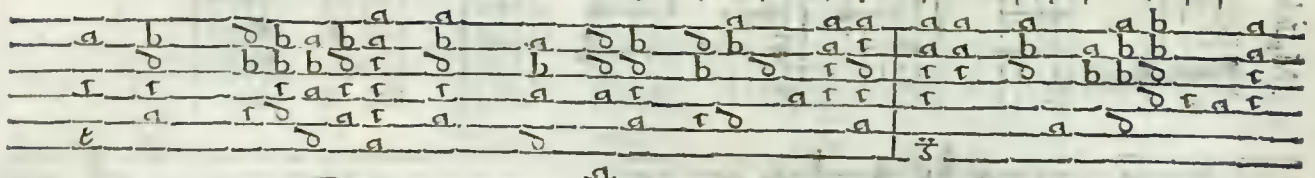
I le parler & le silence Nait à nostre heur esgalemment, Parlons

FF F F F F F F F F F F F F



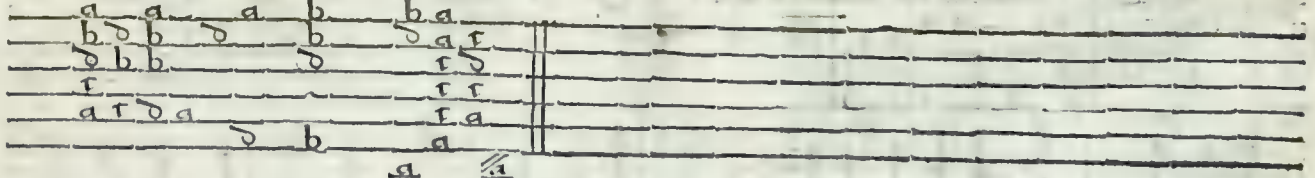
donc ma chere esperance Du cœur & des yeux seulement: Amour ce petit dieu volage

F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F



Nous apprend ce muet lan- gage.

F F F F F F F F F F



Que le regard vole & reuole  
Messager des nos passions,  
Et serue au lieu de la parole  
Pour dire nos intentions.  
Amour.

Mais si quelque ame est offensée  
De nous voir discourir des yeux,  
Nous parlerons de la pensée  
Comme les Anges dans les cieux.  
Amour.

Ainsi par un doux artifice  
Nous tromperons les courtisans,  
Et nous rirons de la malice  
De mile facheux mesdisans,  
Qui n'en scauront pas d'auantage  
Ignorant ce muet langage.



BASSO.

XI.

D'incerto.

**S** I le parler En le sience Nuis à nostre heur esga-  
 lement, Parlons donc ma chere

esperance Du cœur En des yeux ser-  
 lement: Amour ce petit dieu vo-  
 lage Nous apprend ce

*muet langage.*







D'incerto.

XII.

BASSO.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a large 'C' time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody, and the third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

*E penser qui sans fin tirannise ma vie, Se montre tellement contre moy*

*constré, Que tant plus ie m'efforce à dompter son enui- e, Et tant moins à mon bien*

*ie le voy prepa- ré.\**





Ous que le bon heur r'appelle A un serua- ge ancien,

Γ P Γ P Γ

a a b d a a b d a a b d a a

b b a d b d b d r d b a b a b d b a

r r a r a r r a r r a r r

a d r d a r d a d a d b a

Mou- rez aux peids de la belle Qui vous dai- gne faire sien.

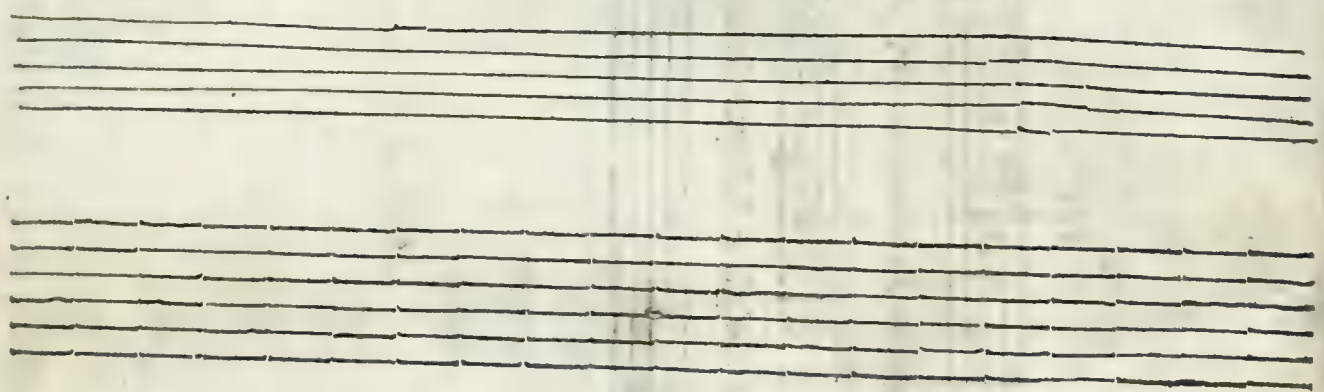
Γ P P P P Γ P Γ P Γ

a r d a a a a a b d b d d a d r

b d d b b a b d b b d f d r d

r a r b d b b b d f r r r

a d r a a b d r a d r a



Glorieuse en vostre perte  
 Honorez vostre vainqueur,  
 Qui vous a la porte ouverte  
 De la prison de son cœur.

Heureux venez vous donc rendre  
 A celle qui vous a pris,  
 C'est honneur de ce voir prendre  
 A qui tient tout à mespris.

Ainsi vostre ame reprise,  
 Finis toute liberté:  
 Glorieuse est l'enterprise  
 Qui guide à l'eternité.















