THOMAS WEELKES
1576 - 1623

12 Stücke für drei Violen da Gamba TTB
aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, 1608

Aye me, alas	2
Come, come let's begin	4
Come Sirrah Jack ho	6
Foure armes, two neckes, one wreathing	8
Late in my rash accounting	10
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Strike it up Tabor	14
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Bruno Aulich schreibt in seinem wunderbaren Buch „Alte Musik für Liebhaber“ über unseren Komponisten: *Weelkes, Thomas (1576 – 1623) war Organist an der Chichester Cathedral und gehörte zu jenen genialen Köpfen, die ihren Unmut an der unvollkommenen Welt mit Alkohol zu betäuben versuchen, was ihn mit vorgesetzten Behörden bisweilen in Konflikt brachte. Seine Madrigale gehören jedoch zu den originellsten seiner Zeit. Im Titel seiner dritten Sammlung heißt es “Madrigals of 5 and 6 parts, apt for the* ***viol*** *and voices“.*

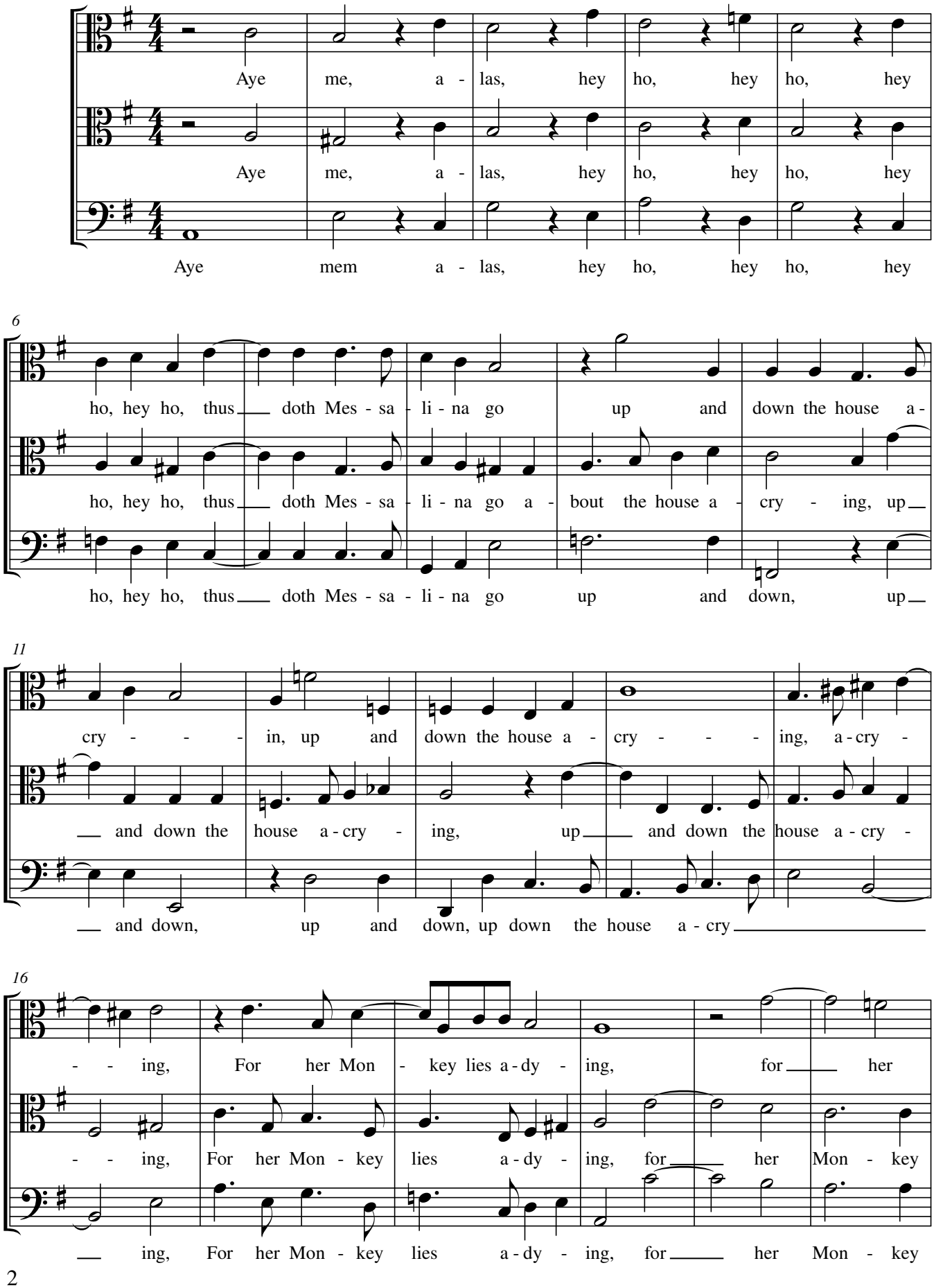
Die hier vorgestellten Stücke stammen aus seinem letzten veröffentlichten Werk, den *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits* von 1608. Sie wurde für drei Bassgamben transponiert.

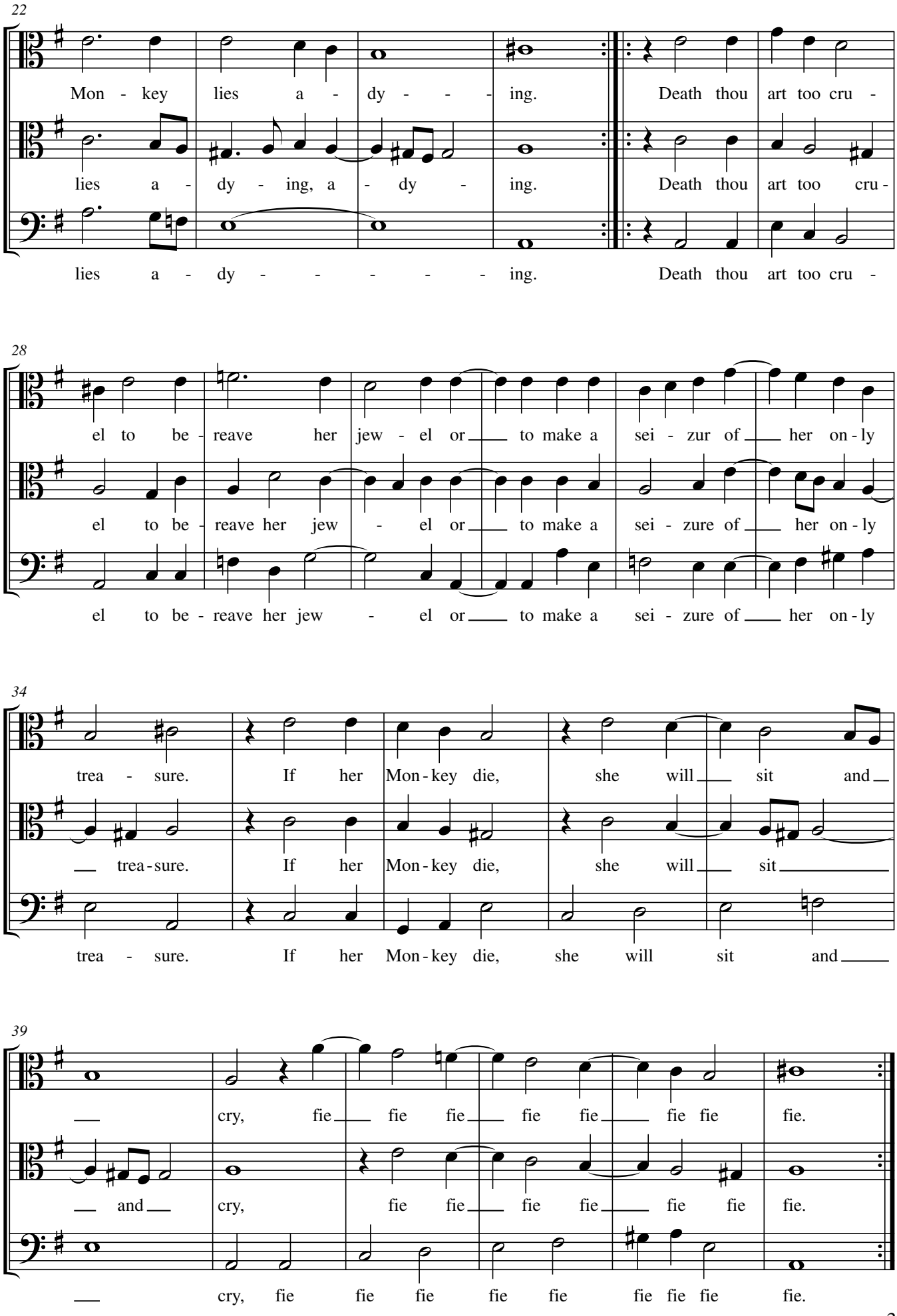
HBö 2020

Aye me, alas

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623

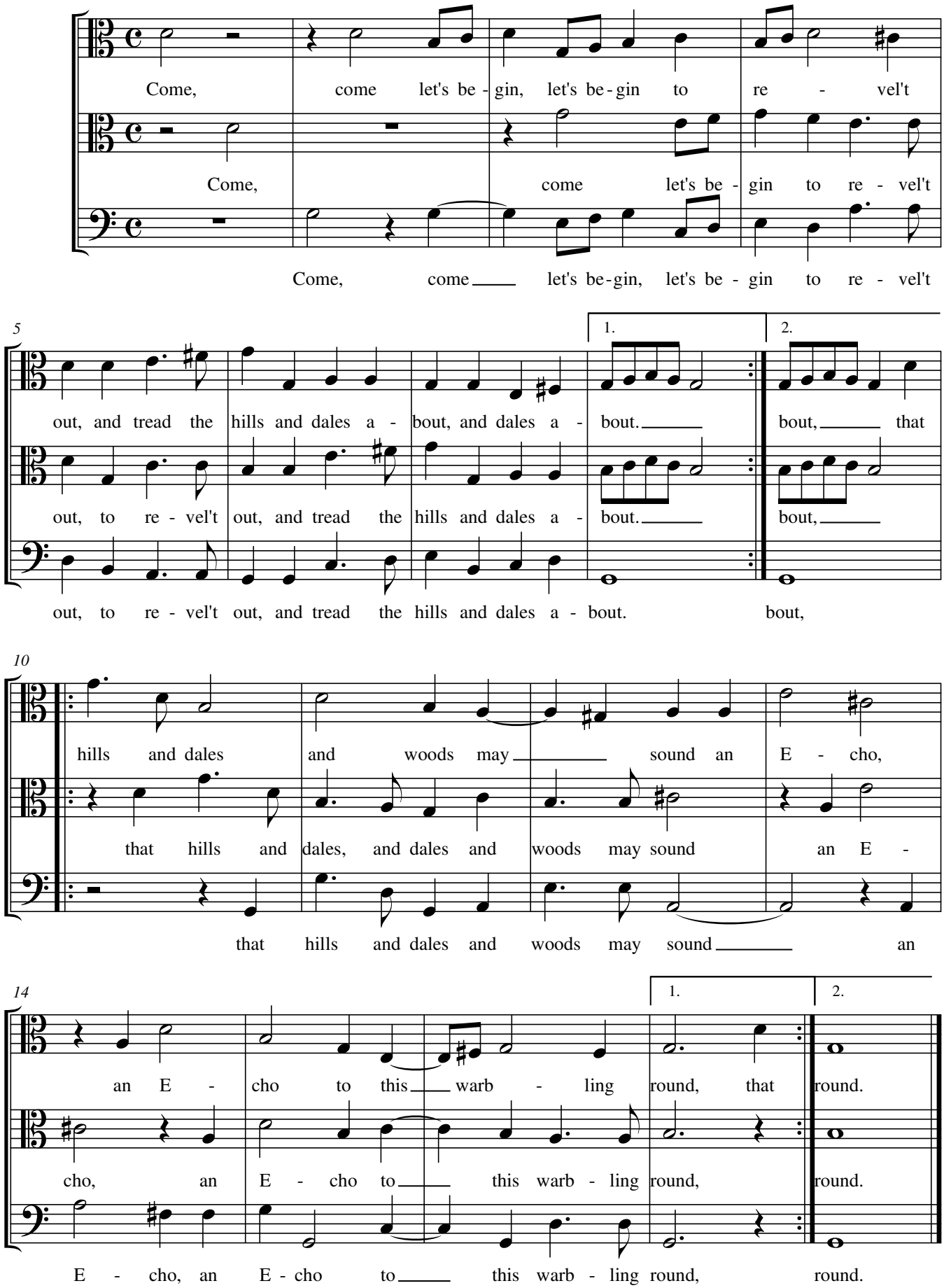



22
Mon - key lies a - dy - - - ing. Death thou art too cru -
lies a - dy - ing, a - dy - ing. Death thou art too cru -
lies a - dy - - - - - - ing. Death thou art too cru -
28
el to be - reave her jew - el or to make a sei - zur of her on - ly
el to be - reave her jew - el or to make a sei - zure of her on - ly
el to be - reave her jew - el or to make a sei - zure of her on - ly
34
trea - sure. If her Mon - key die, she will sit and
trea - sure. If her Mon - key die, she will sit
trea - sure. If her Mon - key die, she will sit and
39
cry, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.
and cry, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.
cry, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.

Come come lets begin

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623



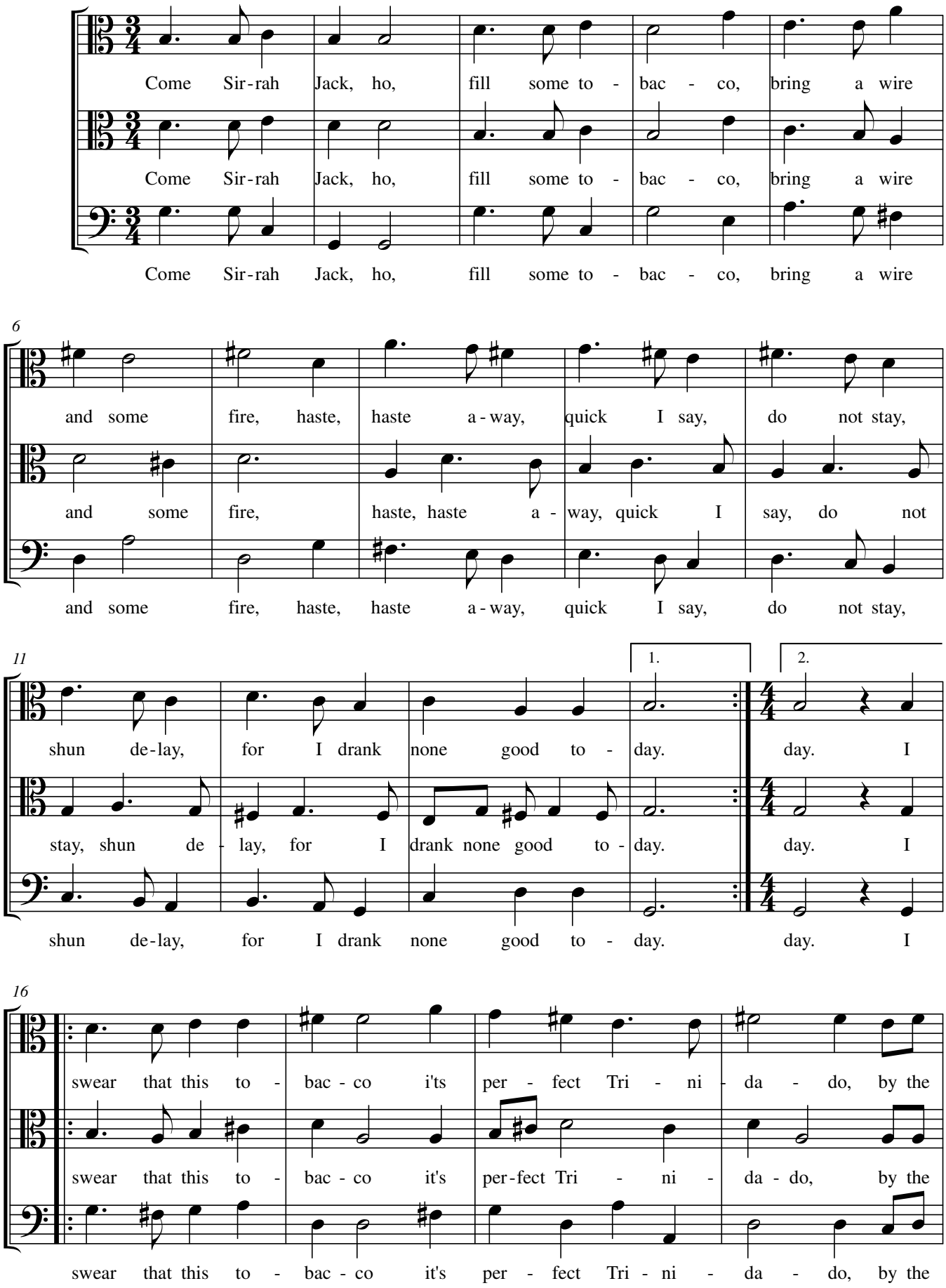
Come, come let's begin to revel't out,
and tread the hills and dales about,
that hills and dales and woods may sound
an Echo to this warbling round.

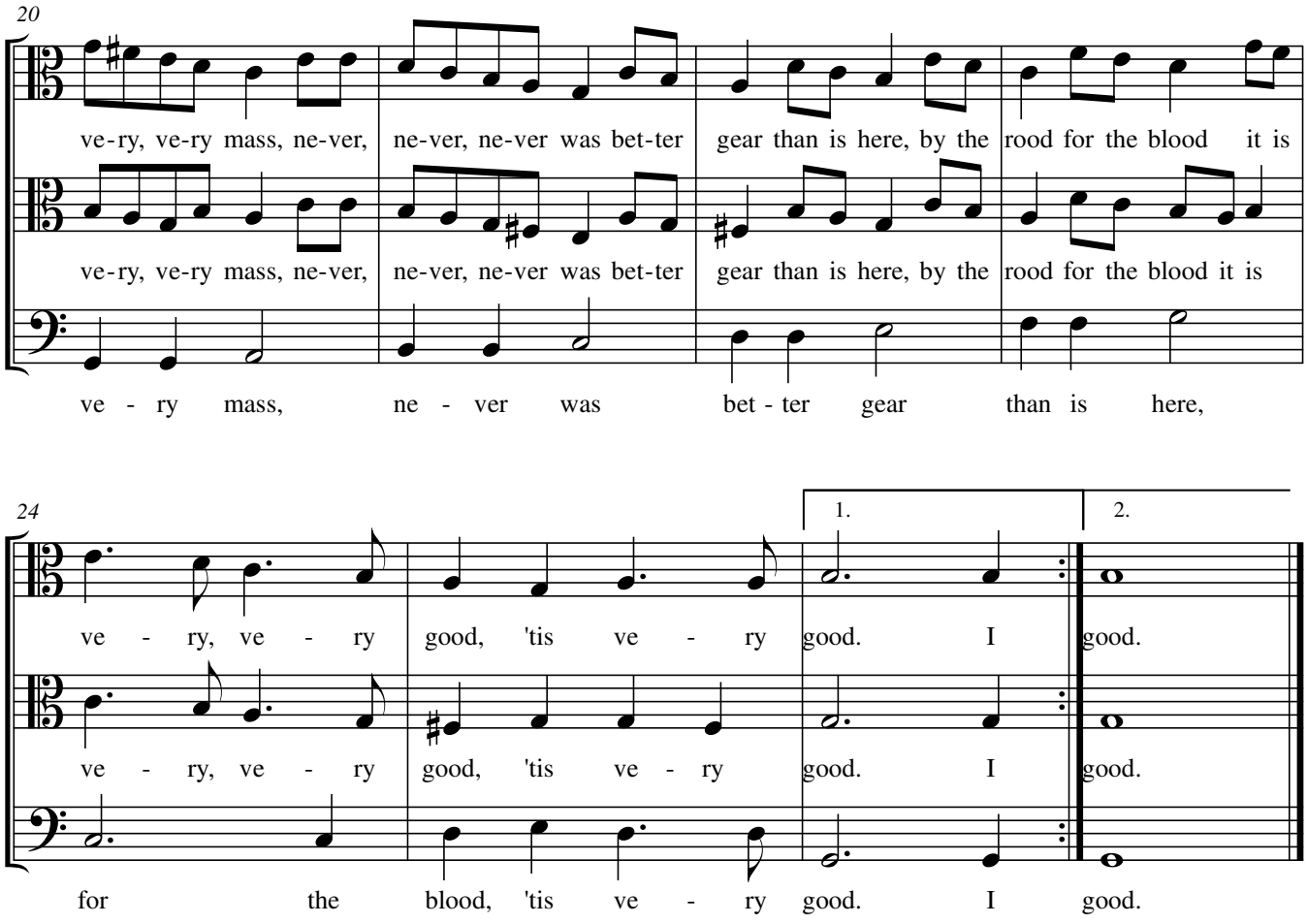
Lads, lads merry be with music sweet
and Fairies trip it with your feet,
Pan's pipe is dull, a better strain
doth strech itself to please your vein.

Come Sirrah Jack ho

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623





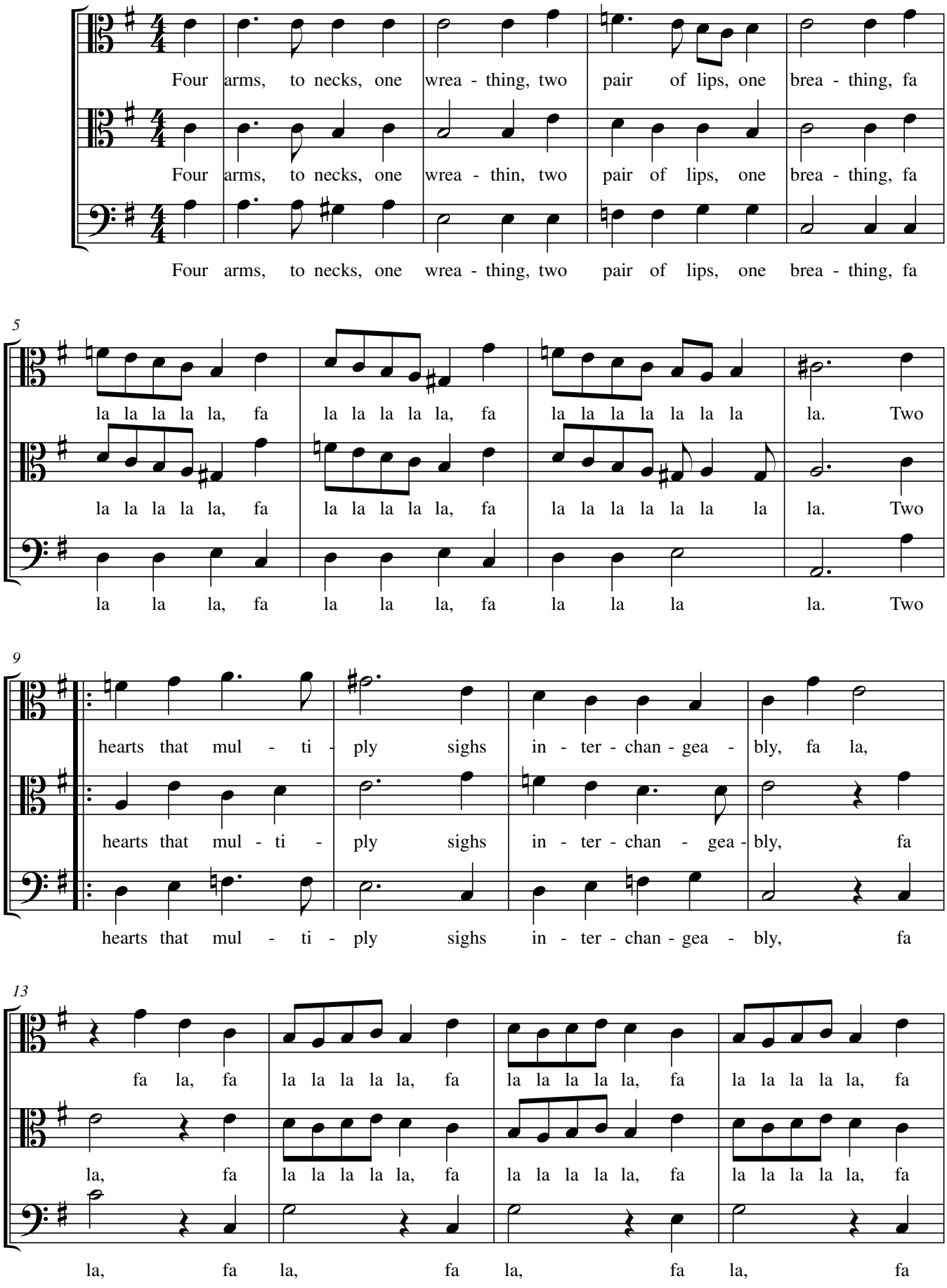
Come Sirrah Jack ho,
fill some tobacco,
Bring a wire
and some fire,
haste away,
quick I say,
do not stay,
shun delay,
for I drank none good today,
I swear that this tobacco
it's perfect Trinidado,
by the very, very mass
never, never, never was
better gear
than is here,
by the rood,
for the blood
it is very, very good.

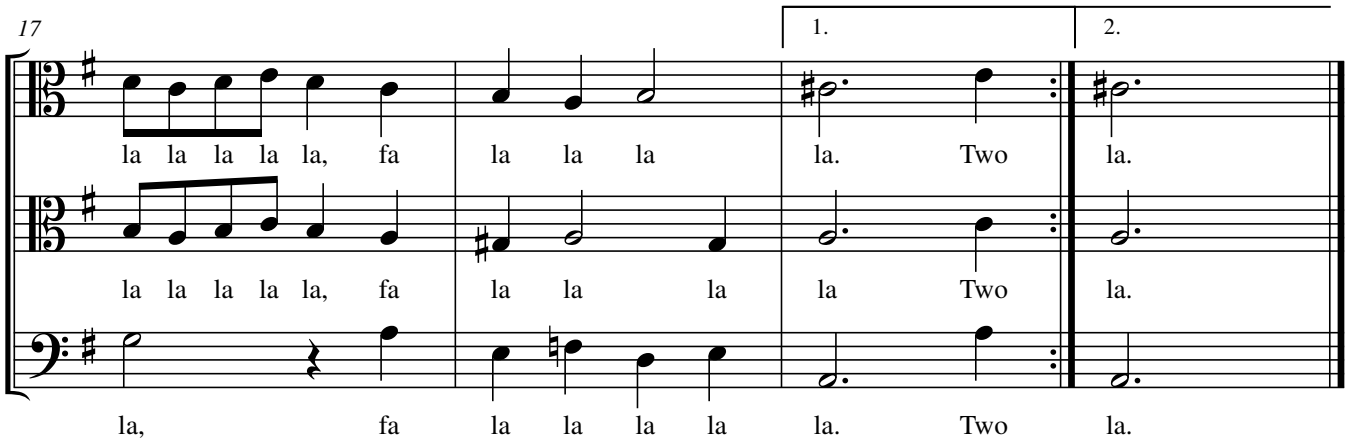
Fill the pipe once more,
my brains dance Trenchmore,
it is heady,
I am giddy,
my head and brains,
back and reins,
joints and veins
from all pains
it doth well purge and make clean.
Then those that do condemn it,
or such as not commend it,
never were so wise to learn
good tobacco to discern
let them go,
pluck a crow
and not know,
as I do
the sweet of Trinidado.

Foure armes, two neckes, one wreathing

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623





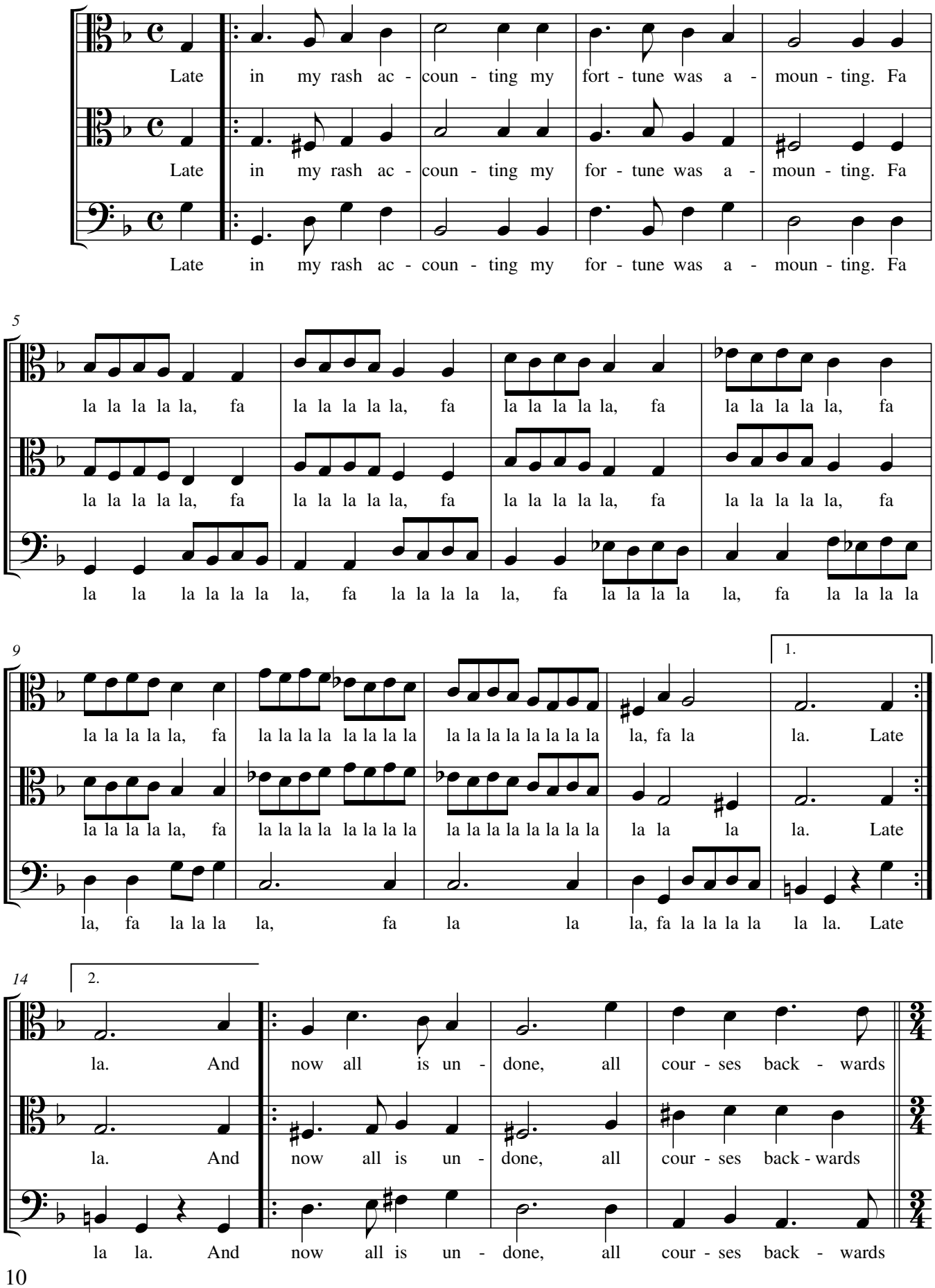
Four arms, two necks, one wreathing,
two pair of lips, one breathing,
fa la la ...
Two hearts that multipy
sighs interchangeably,
fa la la ...

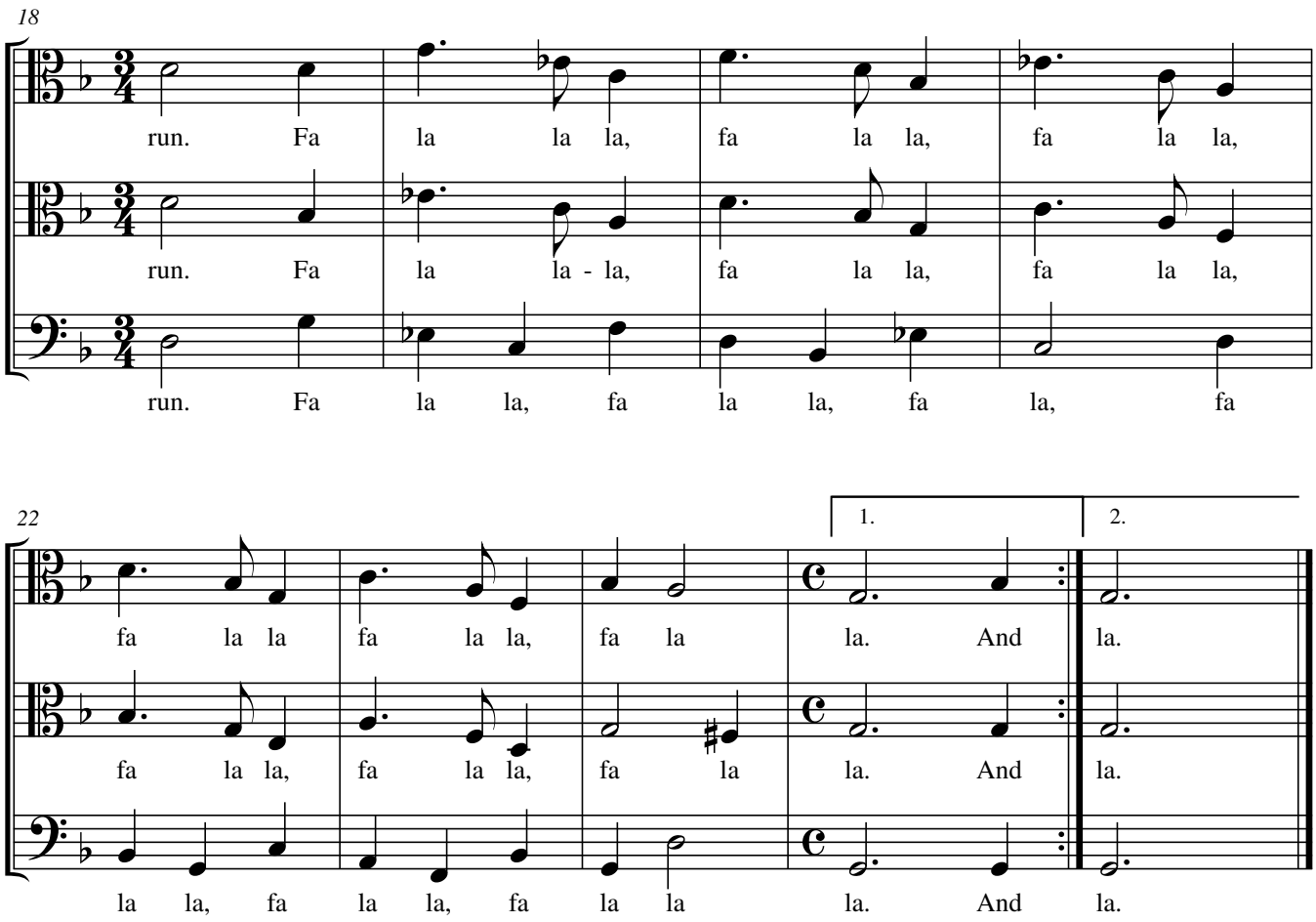
The thought of this confounds me,
and as I speak it wounds me,
fa la la ...
It cannot be exprest,
God help me whilst I rest,
fa la la ...

Late in my rash accounting

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608





Late in my rash accounting
my fortune was amounting.
Fa la la ...
And now all is undone
all courses backwards run.
Fa la la ...

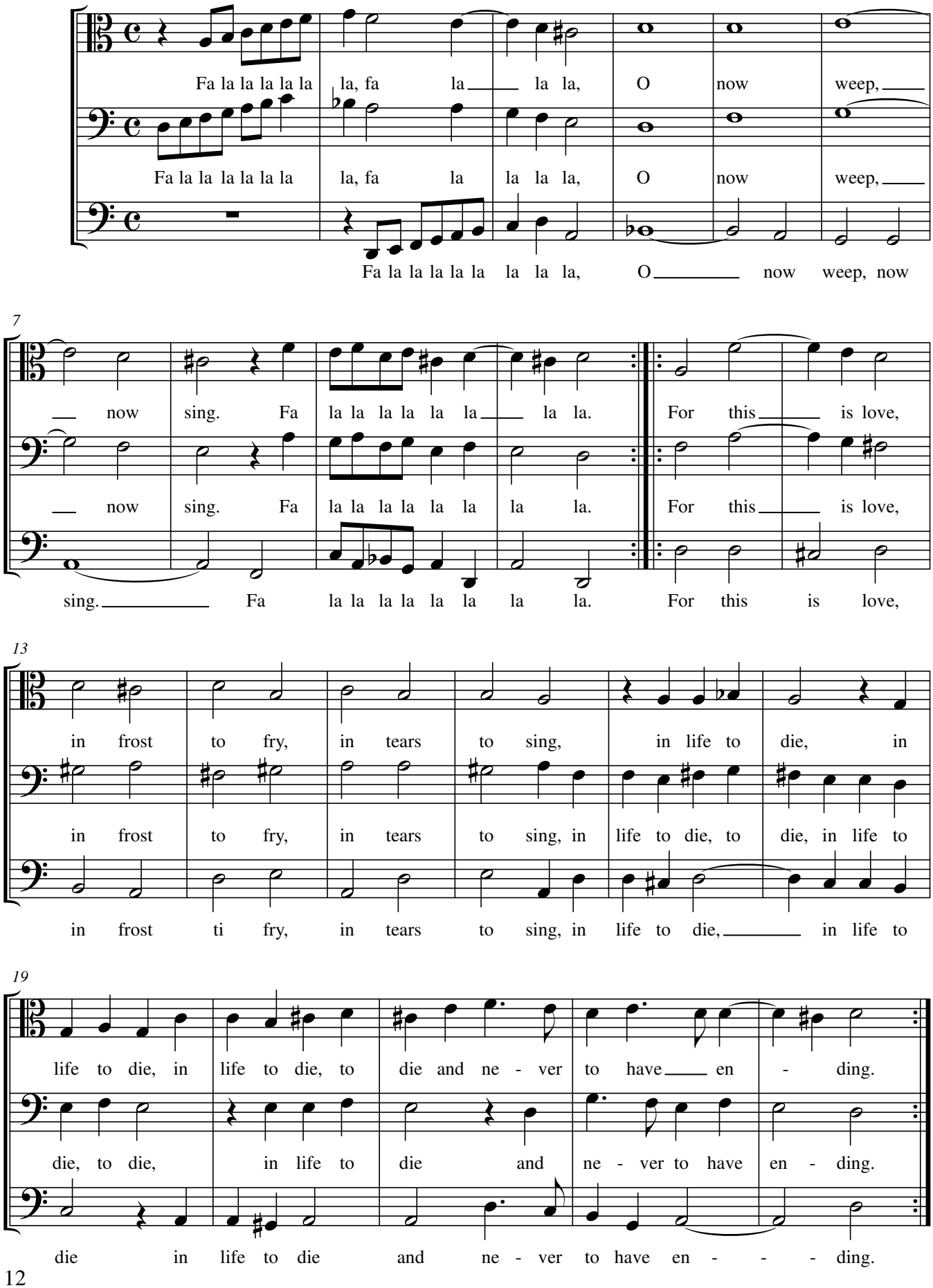
Hearts greedy in desiring
are speedy in aspiring.
Fa la la ...
But this female sex
make stout hearts break their necks.
Fa la la ...

You Ladies fair and fickle
whose climbing thoughts do tickle.
Fa la la ...
Shall most deeply repent
and find a base descent.
Fa la la ...

O now weepe, now sing

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623



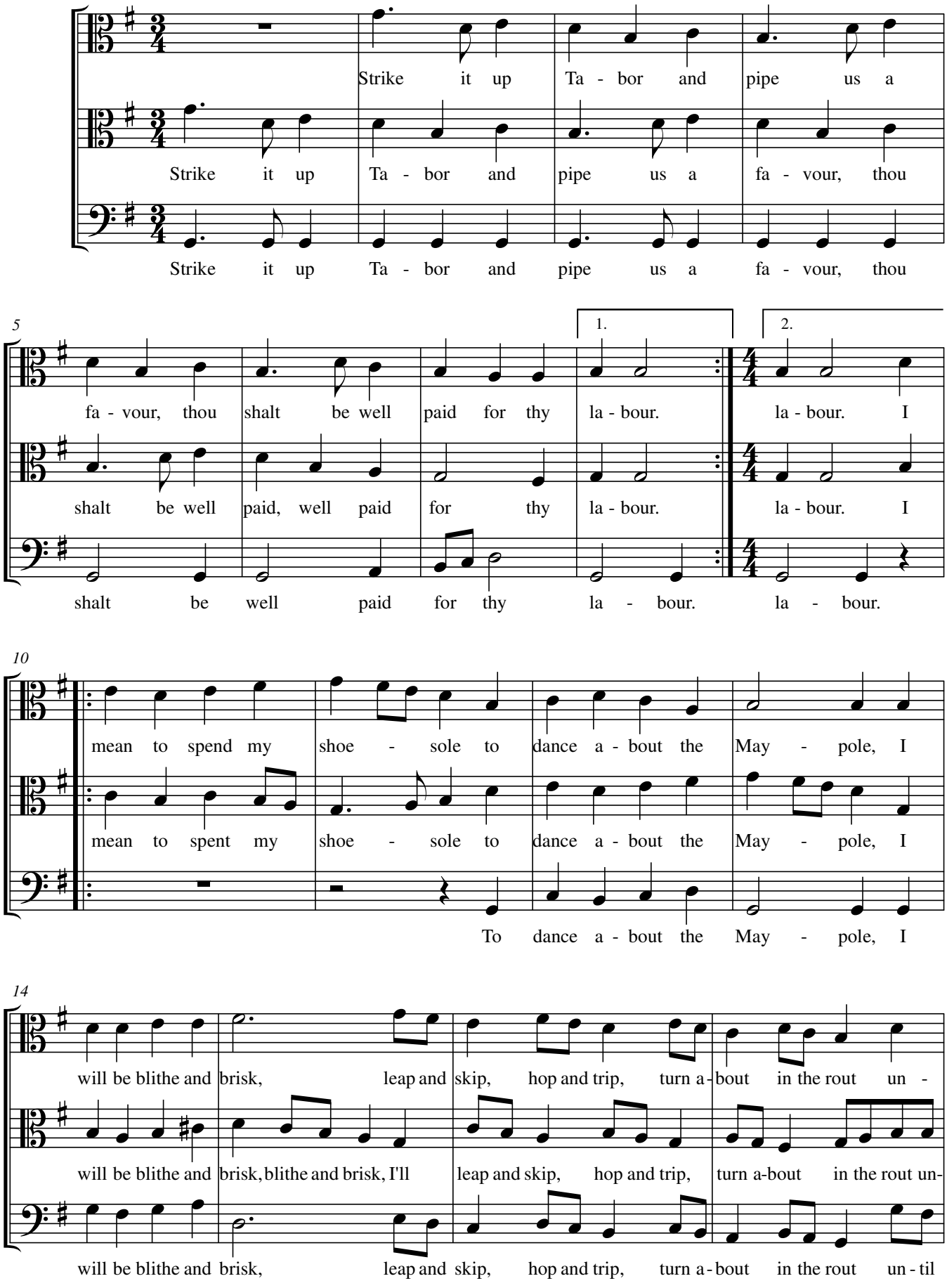
Fa la la ...
O now weep, now sing.
Fa la la ...
For this is love, in frost to fry,
in tears to sing, in life to die,
and never to have ending.

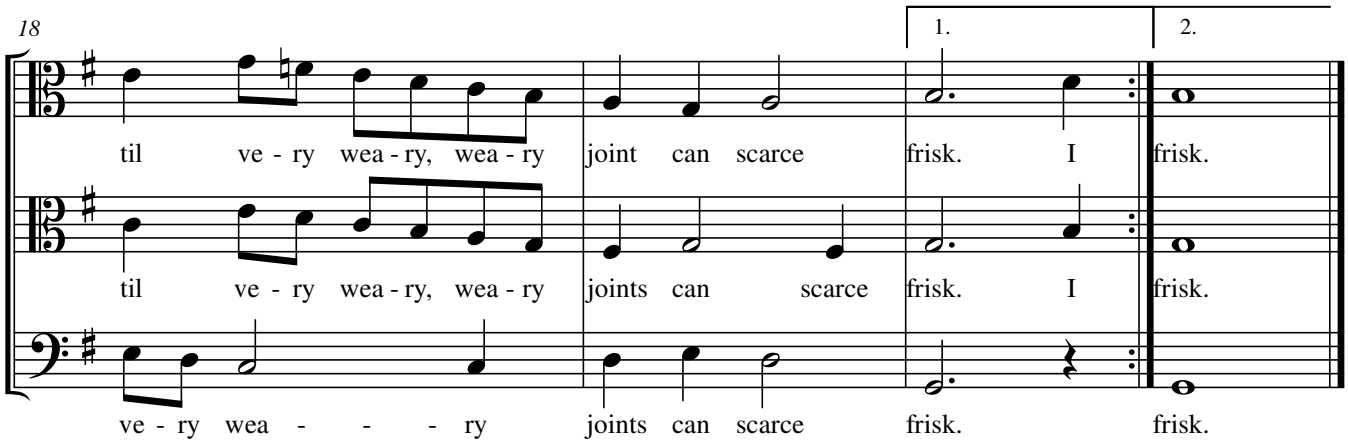
Fa la la ...
I die willingly.
Fa la la ...
And yet I live in spite of love,
in hope of gain, and think to prove
some pleasure mingled with pain.

Strike it up Tabor

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608
Original in F





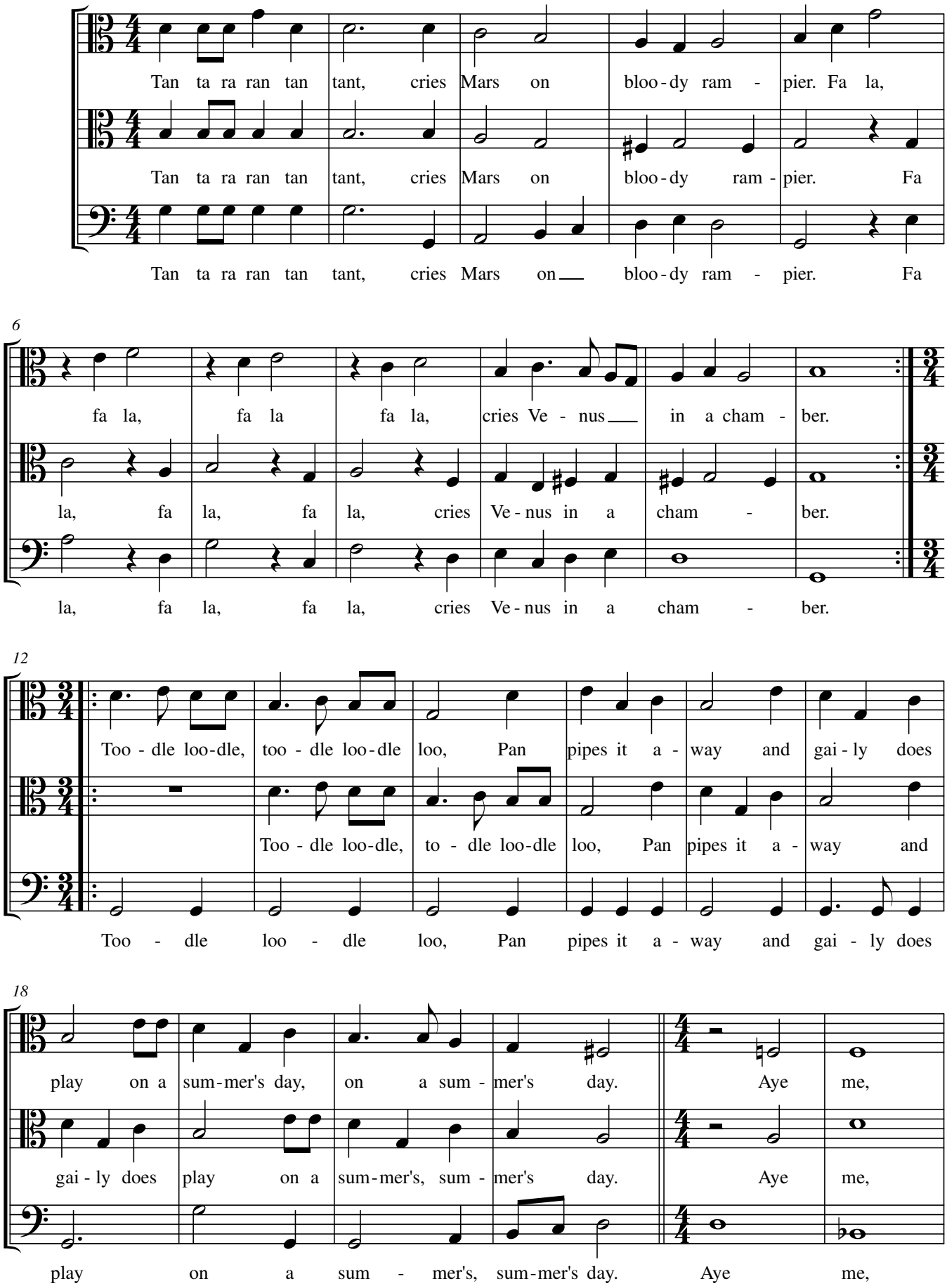
Strike it up Tabor
and pipe us a favour,
thou shalt be well paid for thy labour,
I mean to spend my shoe-sole
to dance about the Maypole,
I will be blithe and brisk,
leap and skip,
hop and trip,
turn about
in the rout
until very weary joints can scarce frisk.

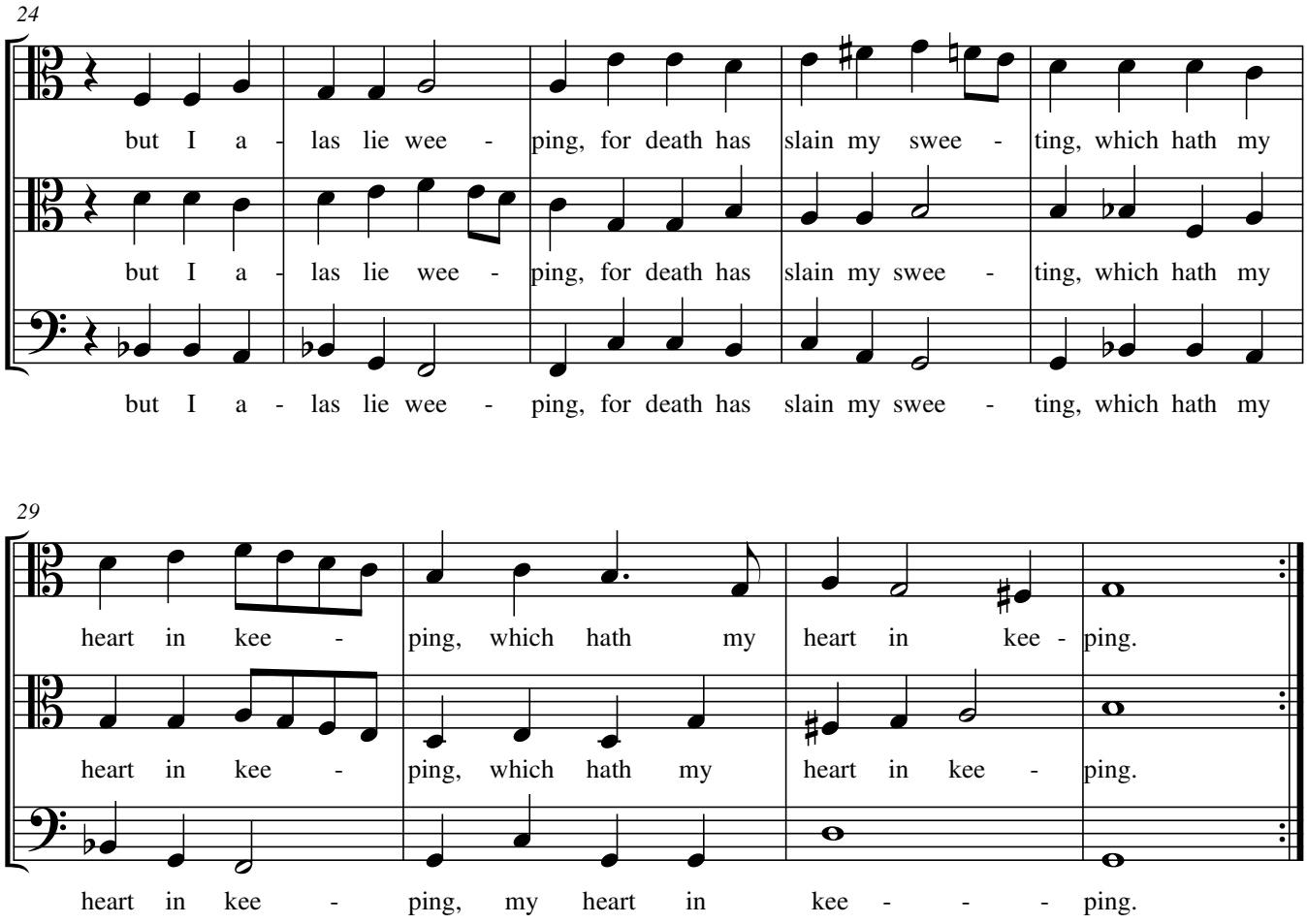
Lusty Dick Hopkin
lay on with thy napkin,
the stitching cost me but a dodkin,
the Morris were half undone
wer't not for Martin of Compton,
O well said, Jigging Alce
pretty Gill
stand you still
Dapper Jack
means to smack.
How no? fi, fie, fie, you dance false.

Tan ta ra ran tan tant

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623



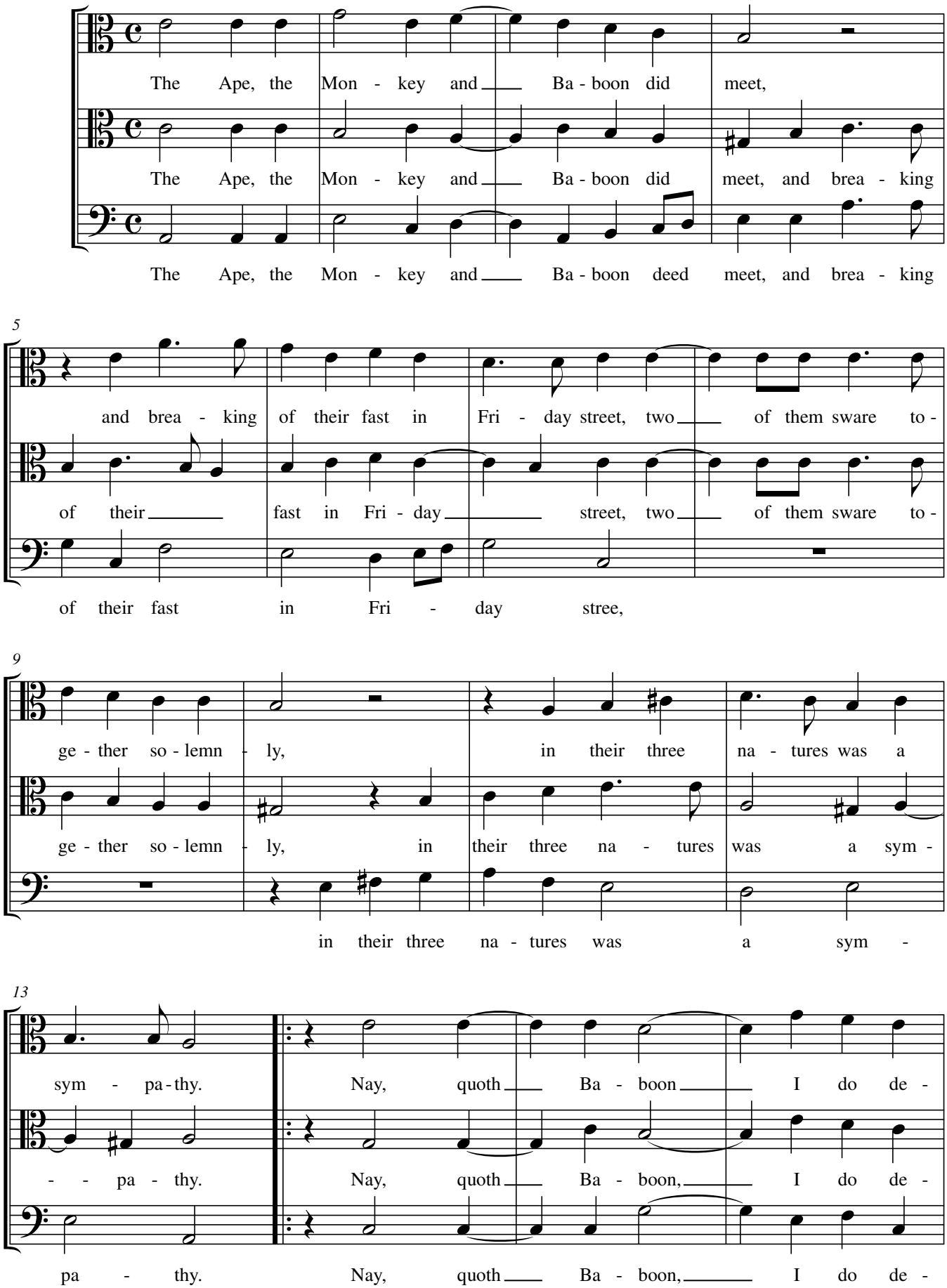


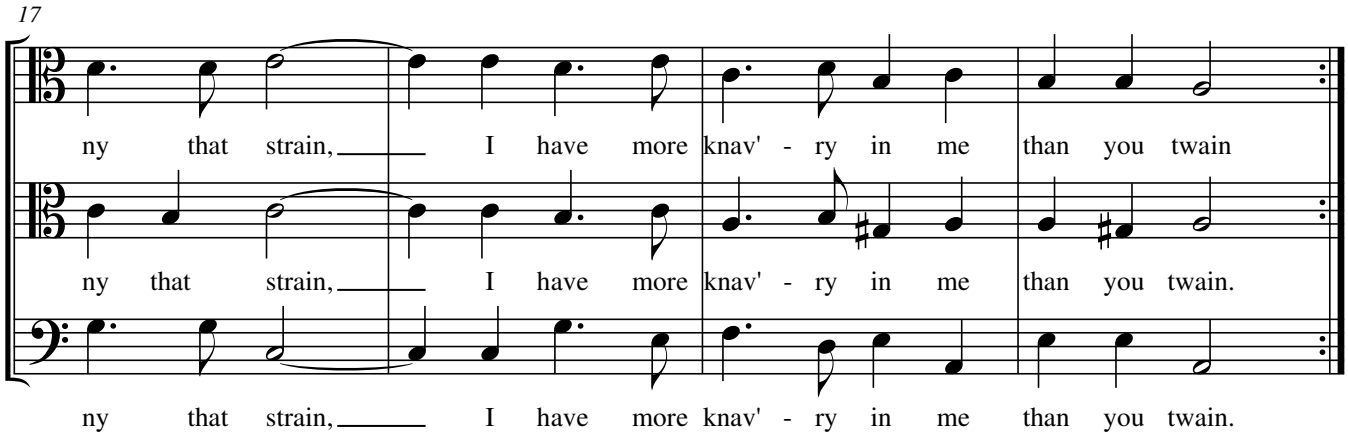
Tan ta ra ran tan tant,
cries Mars on bloody rampier.
Fa la, fa la, fa la,
cries Venus in a chamber.
Toodle loodle loo,
Pan pipes it away,
an gaily does play
on a summer's day.
Aye me!
But I alas lie weeping,
for death hath slain my sweeting,
which hath my heart in keeping.

The Ape, the Monkey and the Baboon

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623





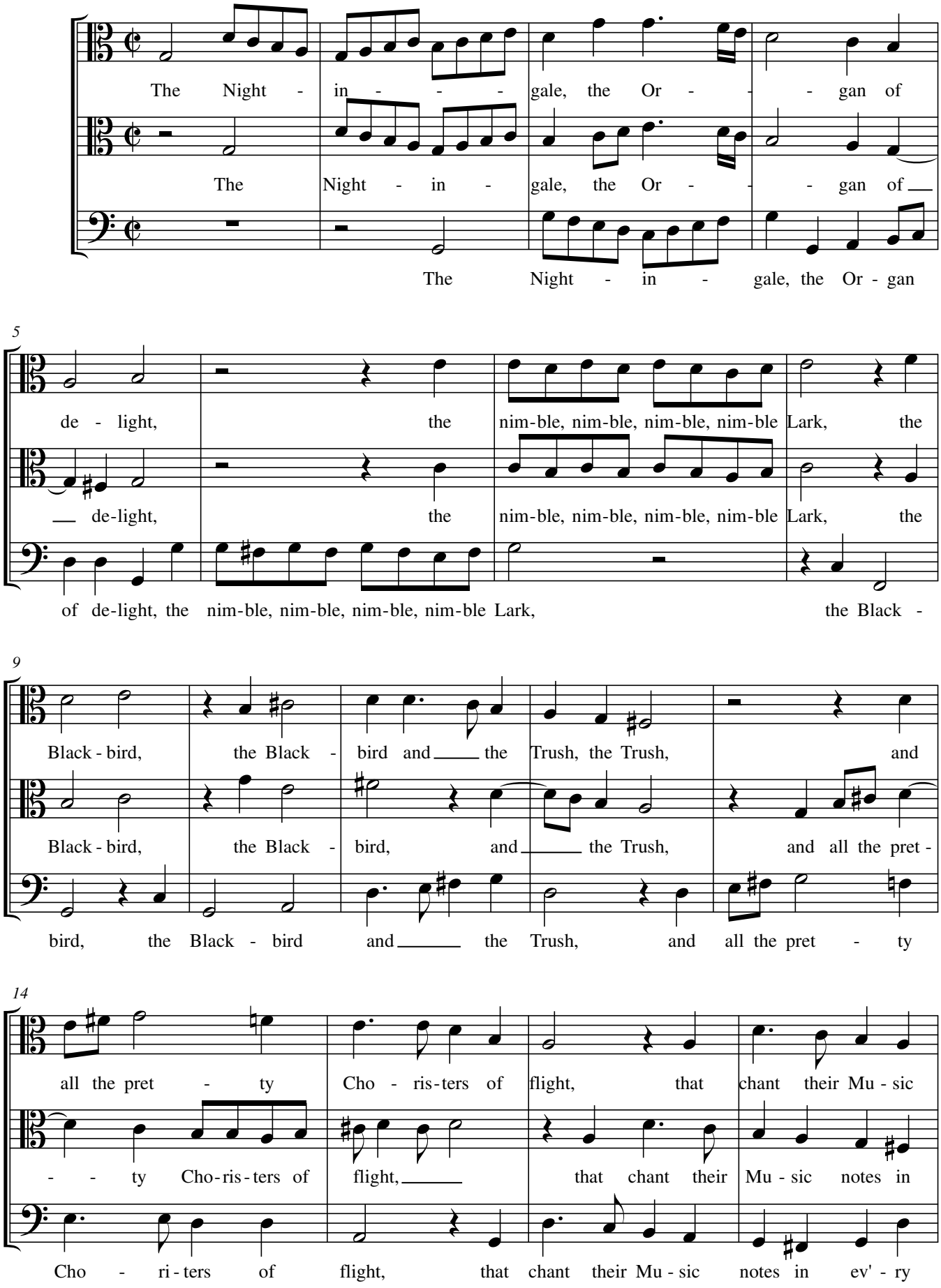
The Ape, the Monkey and Baboon did meet,
and breaking of their fast in Friday Street
two of them sware together solemnly,
in their three natures was a sympathy.
Nay, quoth Baboon, I do deny that strain,
I have more knav'ry in me than you twain.

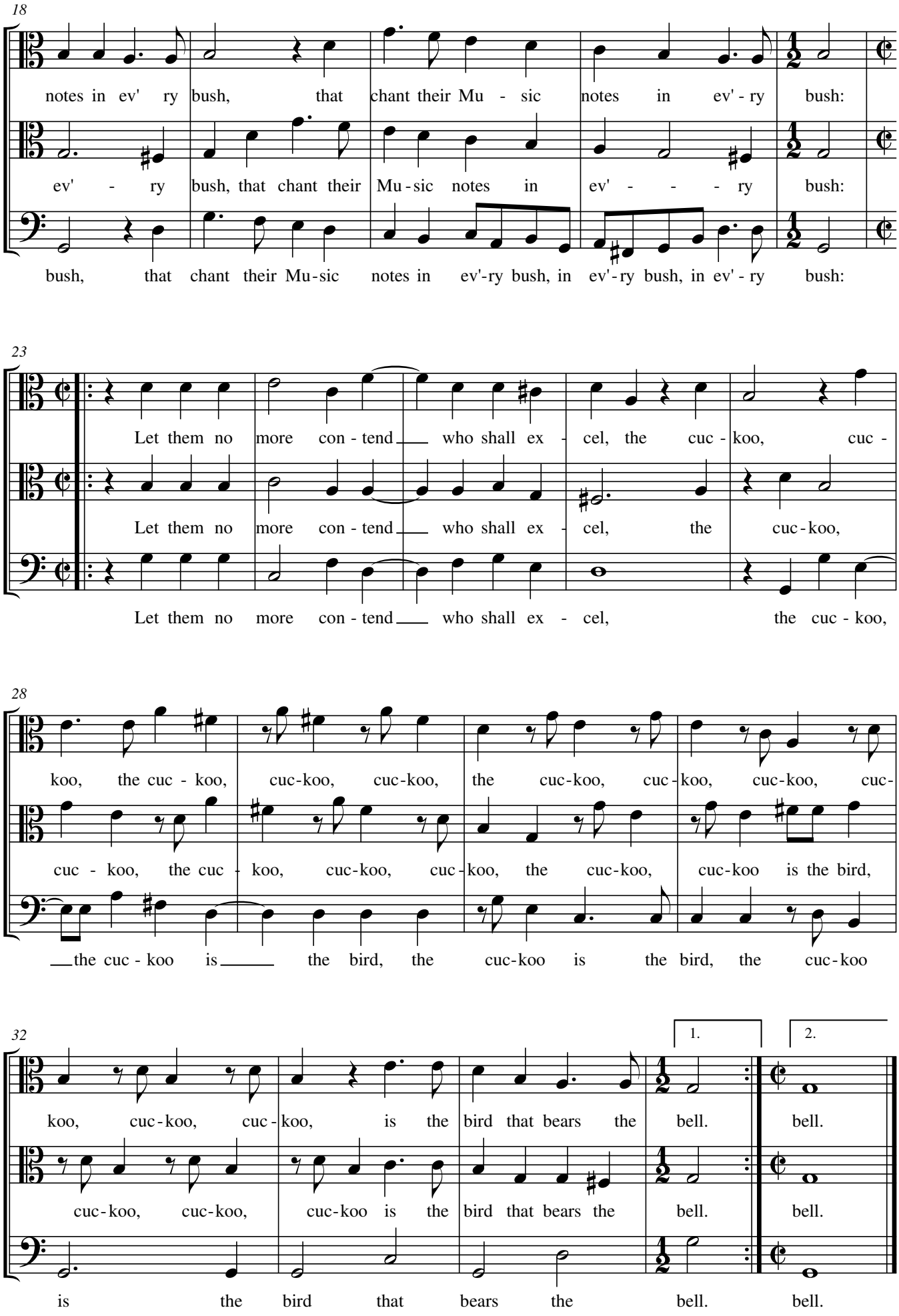
Why, quoth the Ape, I have a horse at will
in Paris Garden for to ride on still
and there shew tricks. Tush, quoth the Monkey, I
for better tricks in great men's houses lie.
Tush, quoth Baboon, when men do know I come
for Sport from City, country, they will run.

The Nightingale, the Organ of delight

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623

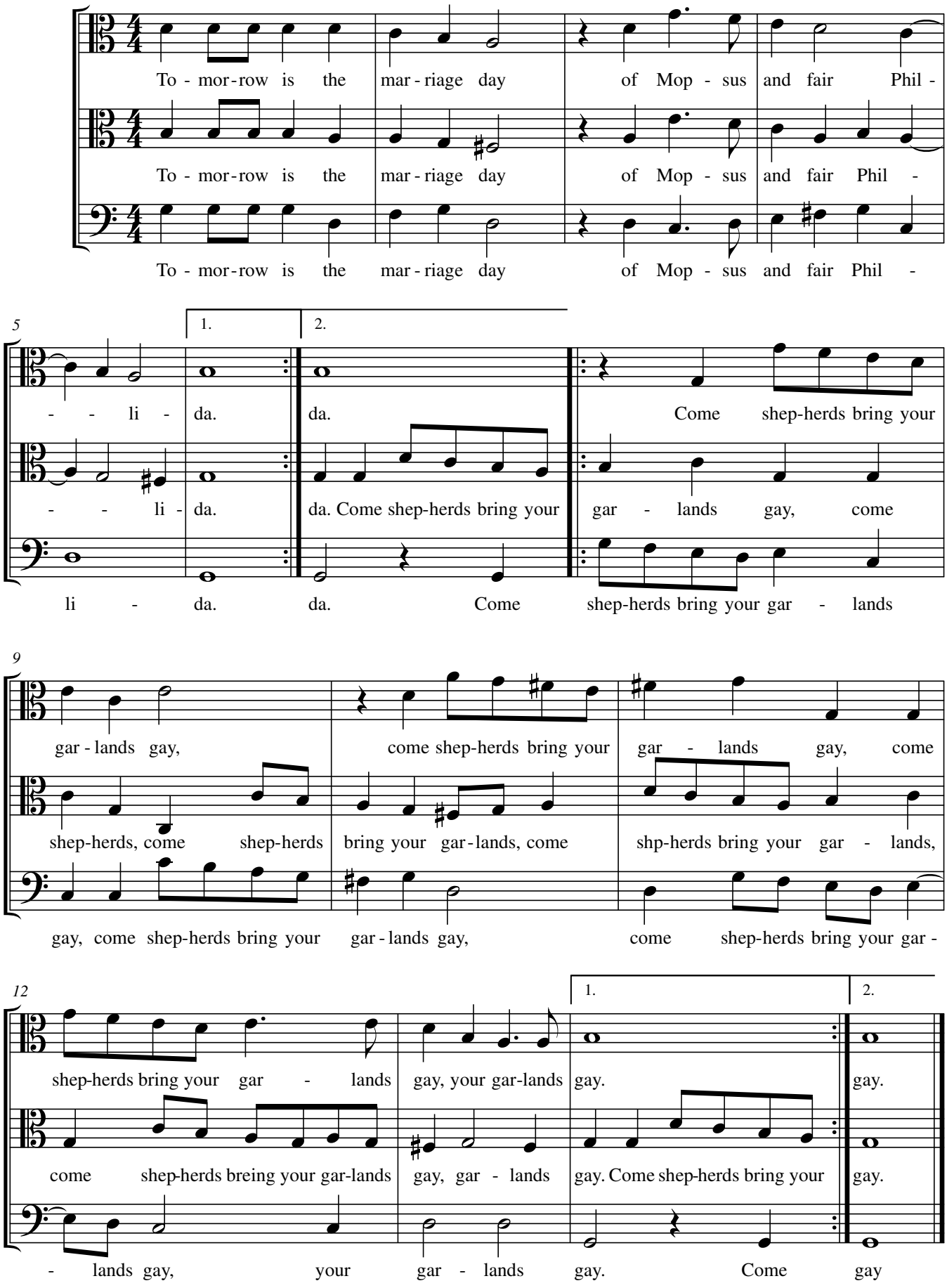



18
notes in ev' ry bush, that chant their Mu - sic notes in ev' - ry bush:
ev' - ry bush, that chant their Mu-sic notes in ev' - - - ry bush:
bush, that chant their Mu-sic notes in ev'-ry bush, in ev'-ry bush, in ev' - ry bush:
23
Let them no more con - tend who shall ex - cel, the cuc - koo, cuc -
Let them no more con - tend who shall ex - cel, the cuc-koo,
Let them no more con - tend who shall ex - cel, the cuc - koo,
28
koo, the cuc - koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo, the cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-
cuc - koo, the cuc - koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo, the cuc-koo, cuc-koo is the bird,
the cuc - koo is the bird, the cuc-koo is the bird, the cuc-koo
32
1.
2.
koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo, is the bird that bears the bell. bell.
cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo is the bird that bears the bell. bell.
is the bird that bears the bell. bell.

Tomorrow is the marriage day

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

Thomas Weelkes 1576 - 1623



Tomorrow is the marriage day
Of Mopsus and fair Phillida,
Come shepherds, bring your garlands gay.

If love lie in so foul a nest,
And foulness on so fair a breast,
What lover may not hope the best?

O do not weep fair Bellamour,
Though he be gone, there's many more,
For love hath many loves in store.

Upon a hill

aus *Ayeres or Phantastick Spirits*, London 1608

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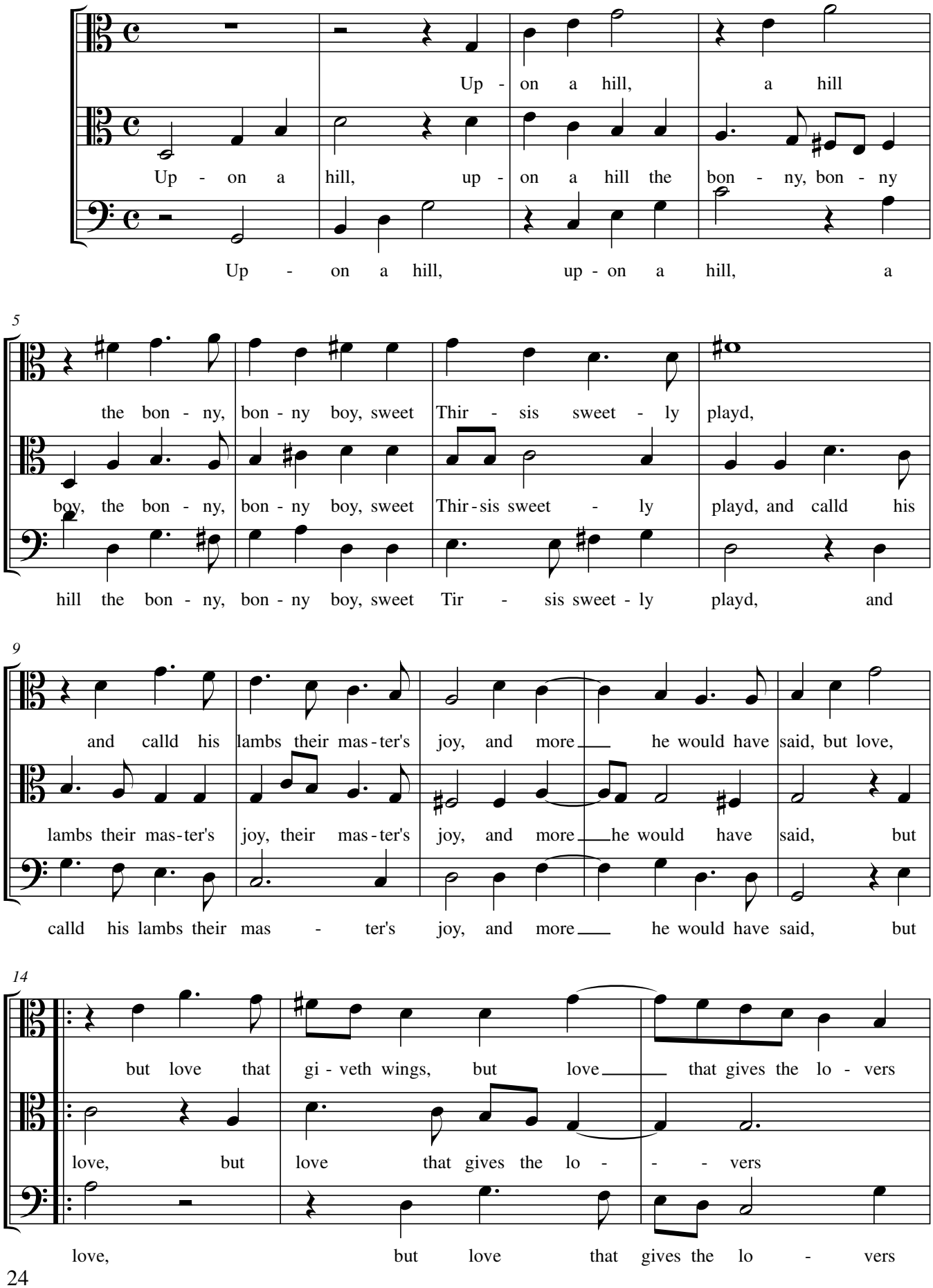

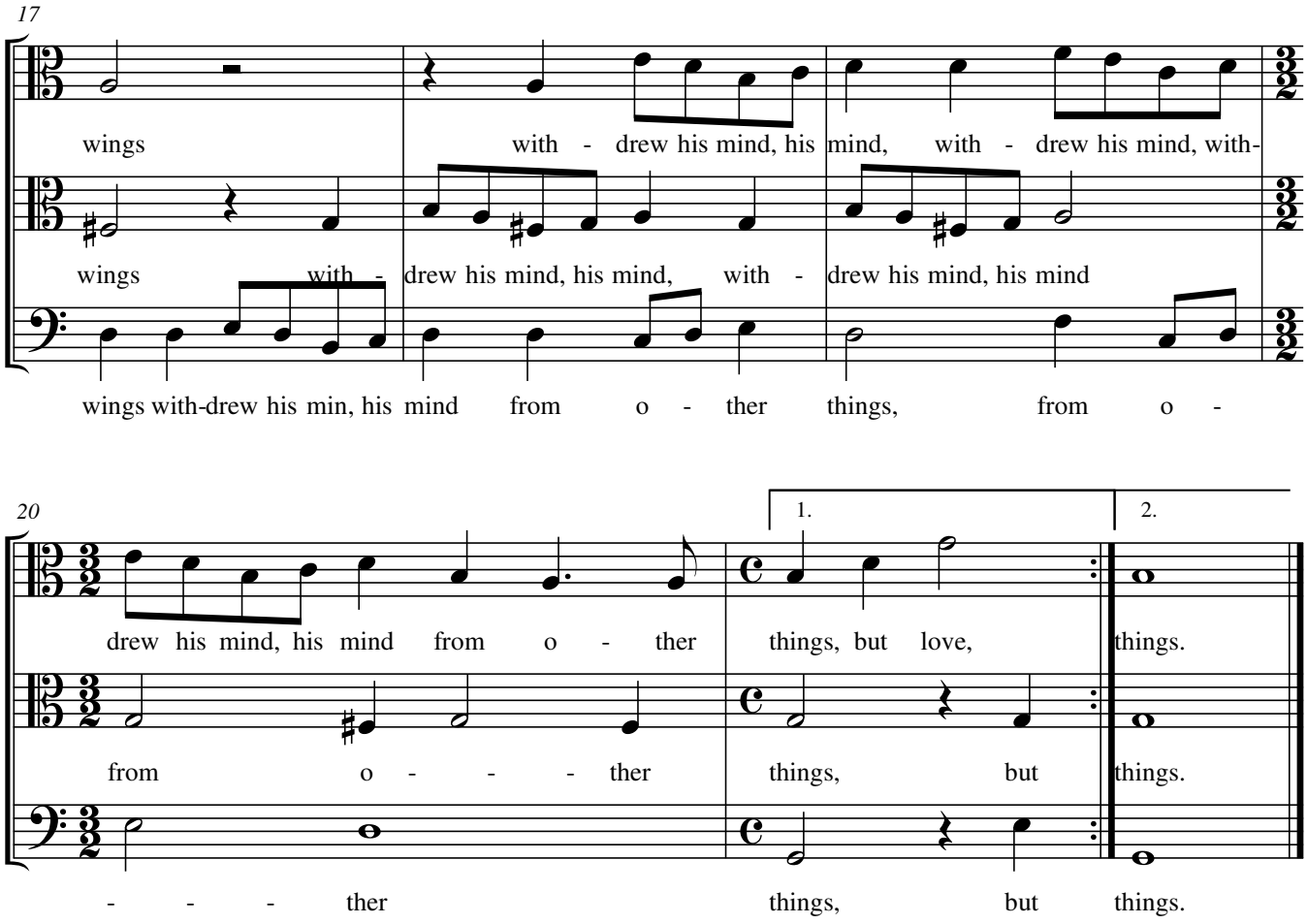

Upon a hill the bonny boy
sweet Thirsis sweetly play'd,
and calld his lambs their master's joy,
and more he would have said.
But love that gives the lovers wings
withdrew his mind from other things.

His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
this silly pipe could never get
this lovely name by rote,
with that they both fell in a sound,
he fell asleep, his pipe to ground.