‘how the world wags’
SOCIAL MUSIC FOR A 17th-CENTURY ENGLISHMAN
the city waites
THE SONGS AND CONSORT PIECES on this recording have one thing in common: they were all written for domestic performance, and they therefore cover a wide range of social activity in the seventeenth century. But while music was available to all classes, all classes of music were not available to everyone. It is highly improbable that the average farm labourer for instance would have heard Matthew Locke’s elegant ‘Little Consorts’, written, as they were, for ‘Several Friends’. Public concerts, unheard of before the reign of Charles II, were not a regular occurrence until the eighteenth century, and then only in the larger cities. However, the ‘several friends’ could certainly have heard—and very likely enjoyed—in less refined circumstances, the broadside ballads performed on this disc.

Certainly composers of the day held in no small esteem the popular musical heritage of their time. Ravenscroft, in his introduction to Pammelia (1609) says:

Yet in this kind onley, it [music] may seeme somewhat niggardly and unkind, in never [as yet] publike communicat. But alwayes privately retaining, and as it were, enuying to all, this more familiar mirth and jocund melodic. But it may be Musicke hath hitherto beene defective in this vaine because this vaine indeed, hath hitherto been defective in Musicke; and therefore, that fault now being mended, this kind of Musicke also is now commended to all mens kind acceptation. This did I willingly undertake, and have easily effected, that all might equally pertake of that which is so generally affected.

It is perhaps difficult to understand at first sight why the ballad-buying public should be interested in, say, a fictional wedding at Winchester—after all, nothing very unusual happens. There is no gripping story here. Similarly, the jolly barber’s fate at the hands of a ‘girl of the game’ is as familiar as the story of Adam and Eve. Nonetheless ballads, with these simple themes about millers, vintners, foresters, and people from all walks of life, sold in hundreds of thousands. At one time the balladeer Martin Parker was running a syndicate of no fewer than twenty writers. Of course, our interest in the social minutiae of our neighbours has not diminished, but it is now almost exclusively the province of the serials and soap operas purveyed by the current media of radio and television which have, sadly, led to the near demise of the kind of social and sociable music-making presented on this disc.

Jamaica, or The Jovial Broom Man

or a Kent Soldier’s exact relation of all his Travels in Every Nation, his Famous Acts are all Shown Here as in this Story doth appear

BARBARA GRANT soprano, violin, DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, tenor cittern, KEITH THOMPSON alto, violone, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, violin

This rousing tune first appears as ‘Jamaica’ in John Playford’s Dancing Master (Fourth edition, 1670), although earlier in the century it was known as ‘The Slow Men of London’. Ballad genealogy is complicated and in this instance too long for sleeve notes but, briefly, no text survives that refers to the island of Jamaica. The text on this disc is by Richard Climsell. Printed about 1640, the tune called for is ‘The Slow Men of London’. It comes from the Roxburgh Collection (No 166) in The British Museum.

Room for a lad that’s come from seas,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
That gladly now would take his ease,
And therefore make me room man.

To France, The Netherlands and Spain,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
I crossed the seas and back again,
And therefore make me room man.

Yet in these countries there lived I
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
And valiant soliders I’ve seen die
And therefore give me room man.
Ten hundred gallants there I killed,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
And beside a world of blood I spilled,
And therefore make me room man.

In Germany I took a town,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
Threw the walls there upside down,
And therefore make me room man.

At Tilbury Camp with Captain Drake
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
I made the Spanish fleet to quake,
And therefore make me room man.

At Holland Leaguer there I fought,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
But there the service proved too hot,
And therefore make me room man.

Then from the League returned I
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
Naked, hungry, cold and dry,
And therefore make me room man.

But here I've now 'compassed the globe,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
And I'm returned as poor as Job,
And therefore make me room man.

And now I'm safe returned here,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
Here's to you in a cup of English beer,
And therefore make me room man.

Who liveth so merry
THOMAS RAVENSCROFT
BARBARA GRANT soprano, violin, KEITH THOMPSON alto, flute
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, tenor viol, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, bass viol
JACK EDWARDS reader

This is one of Freeman's *Songs of Four Voices* in Thomas Ravenscroft’s *Deutromelia*, published in 1609. The three spoken passages are from (respectively), *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* (Thomas Nashe, 1593), *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* (Thomas Dekker, 1606), and *The Taming of the Shrew* (William Shakespeare).

Who liveth so merry in all of this land
As doth the poore widdow that selleth the sand,
And ever she singeth as I can guesse
‘Will you buy any sand, any sand, Mistris?’

The Broom man maketh his living most sweet
With carrying of brooms from street to street.

Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing?

The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soote away.
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noone,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done.
Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say
For he knows his work will soone decay.

The merchant man doth saile on the seas
And lie on the ship-board with little ease:
Alwayes in doubte the rockes is neare,
How can he be merry and make goode cheere?

The husbandman all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow.

The serving man waiteth from street to street
With blowing of nailes and beating his feet,
And serveth for forty shillings a yeare
That 'tis impossible to make good cheere.

Galliard
Maurice Webster
BARBARA GRANT violin, NICHOLAS HAYLEY violin
KEITH THOMPSON curtal, DOUGLAS WOOTTON liuto attiorbato

Very little is known about Webster, who flourished from 1621 to 1636. He may have been the nephew of John Webster the playwright. His father, George Webster, was a travelling musician and Maurice must have spent much of his early life abroad. He succeeded Rosseter as lutenist at court, and this galliard is one of an incomplete suite of dances to be found in The British Museum (BM18940–23).
Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two or three.

The Saint Turned Sinner
or The Dissenting Parson’s Text
Under the Quaker’s Petticoats

ANONYMOUS

During the seventeenth century the Quakers were subjected to much abuse and suffering at the hands of authority, the Church of England, and an ignorant public. This ballad (from the Bagford Collection) reflects the attitudes of the times and in this respect is a bigoted and unpleasant piece. As a vigorous and descriptive example of balladry, however, it is unsurpassed. It is set to the magnificent tune of ‘A Soldier and a Sailor’.

You friends to reformation
Give ear to my relation,
For I shall now declare, Sir,
Before you are aware, Sir,
The matter very plain.
A Gospel Cushion thumper,
Who dearly loved a bumper,
And something else beside, Sir,
If he is not bely’d, Sir,
This was a holy Guide, Sir,
For the dissenting train.
And for to tell you truly,
His flesh was so unruly,
He could not for his life, Sir,
Pass by the Draper’s Wife, Sir,
The spirit was so faint.
This jolly handsome Quaker,
As he did overtake her.
She made his mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her.

Such, Sir, is no great matter,
Accounted by a Saint.
Says he, ‘My pretty Creature,
Your charming handsome feature
Has set me all on fire,
You know what I desire,
There is no harm in love.’
Quoth she, ‘If that’s your Notion,
To preach up such Devotion,
Such hopeful Guides as you, Sir,
Will half the World undo, Sir,
A halter is your due, Sir,
If you such tricks approve.’
The Parson still more eager,
Than lustful Turk of Neger,
Took up her lower Garment,
And saw there was no harm in’t.
According to the Text.
For Solomon more Wiser,
Than any dull Adviser,
Had many Hundred Misses
And why should such as this is
Make you so sadly vext.
The frightened female Quaker
Perceived what he would make her,
Was forced to call the Watch in,
To stop what he was hatching,
To spoil the light within.
They came to her Assistance,
As she did make Resistance,
Against the Priest and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were so grand Uncivil,
To tempt a Saint to Sin.
The Parson then confounded,
To see himself surrounded
With mob and sturdy Watch-men,
Whose business ‘tis to catch men,
In Lewdness with a Punk.
He made some faint Excuses,
And all to hide Abuses,
In taking up the Linen,
Against the Saint’s opinion,
Within her soft Dominion,
Alleging he was Drunk.

But tho’ he feigned reeling,
They made him pay for feeling,
And lugg’d him to a Prison,
To bring him to his Reason,
Which he had lost before.

And thus we see how Preachers
That should be Gospel Teachers
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so fleshly minded
Like Carnal Men inclined
To lie with any Whore.

5 Ayre and Saraband
MATTHEW LOCKE

BARBARA GRANT violin, NICHOLAS HAYLEY violin
KEITH THOMPSON curtal, DOUGLAS WOOTTON liuto attiorbato

Locke was born in Exeter about 1622 and died in London in 1667. He was one of the great English composers of the middle years of the century, writing music for His Majestys Sagbutts and Cornetts and the King’s band of violins. These charming pieces (from the ‘Little Consort’ Suites in G minor and C major, respectively) are scored for two trebles, violins or treble viols, continuo and bass. We have used a curtal (or dulcian) instead of the more customary bass viol, together with a liuto attiorbato or ‘theorbo’d lute’. Locke’s scores suggest either theorbos or harpsichord for continuo and it is likely that two theorbos could have been used. Locke was not precise about the scoring of his music and these consorts would sound agreeable on a variety of instrumental combinations.

6 Martin Said to His Man
THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

BARBARA GRANT soprano, KEITH THOMPSON alto
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass

The first Freemen’s Song from Ravenscroft’s Deutromelia referred to above (see under Who liveth so merry). It is one of several drinking songs and is a good example of a lusty old song still going strong. In deference to the oral tradition which has helped keep it alive, the last verse is taken from a present-day singer heard in one of the many folk clubs in Britain where ‘Martin’ is still frequently sung.

Martin said to his man, Fie Man Fie,
Martin said to his man, Who’s the fool now?
Martin said to his man,
Fill thou the cup and I the can,
Thou has well drunken, man, Who’s the fool now?

I saw the Man in the Moon, Fie Man Fie,
Clouting of St Peter’s shoon …
I saw a goose ring a hog, Fie Man Fie,
And the snail bite a dog …
I saw a mouse catch a cat, Fie Man Fie,
And the cheese eat the rat …
I saw a maid milk a bull, Fie Man Fie,
Every pull a bucket full …

7 The Miller of Dee
ANONYMOUS

BARBARA GRANT soprano, baroque guitar
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, mandore, KEITH THOMPSON alto, curtal
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, violin

This interesting song has two printed versions. One is in David Herd’s Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs and the other is in Convivial Songster. The text presented here was found written on a fly-leaf of Dryden’s Miscellany (1716), the finder supposing it to be the original song. The tune is probably late seventeenth century.

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He work’d and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.

And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.
The reason why he was so blithe,
He once did thus unfold—
The bread I eat my hands have earn’d;
I covet no man’s gold;
I do not fear the next quarter-day;
In debt to none I be.
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.
A coin or two I’ve in my purse
To help a needy friend;
A little I can give the poor,
And still have some to spend.
Though I may fail, yet I rejoice,
Another’s good hap to see.
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.
So let us his example take,
And be from malice free;
Let every one his neighbour serve,
As served he’d like to be.
And merrily push the can about,
And drink and sing with glee;
If nobody cares a doit for us,
Why not a doit care we.

8 Packington’s Pound ANONYMOUS
KEITH THOMPSON shawm, NICHOLAS HAYLEY lyra da braccio
BARBARA GRANT bass rebec, DOUGLAS WOOTTON drum

An Elizabethan tune, Packington’s Pound was so popular that by the end of the seventeenth century more than a hundred ballads had been printed calling for the tune. It continued in popularity until at least the middle of the eighteenth century and instrumental versions abound. This recording attempts a performance such as would have been heard on a street corner in the seventeenth century. No ballad survives to tell us who or what Packington was, but there are three people with whom the tune may have associations: Sir John Pakington (a favourite of Queen Elizabeth); his great uncle, Sir Thomas Pakington (who was instrumental in walling up the fourth side of the Inner Temple Gardens); and Thomas Paginton, a court musician who died in 1586—‘Paginton’s Round’ is called for on some ballads.

9 Pox on you for a fop HENRY PURCELL
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, KEITH THOMPSON tenor
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass

One of a collection of vulgar but witty rounds written by the composer of the sublime Dido and Aeneas. A ‘fop’ in Purcell’s day was simply a rakehell who made a point of indulging himself to excess in the delights of the flesh. This graphic description of the effects of overeating provides an interesting comment on the seamier side of Purcell’s private life. Not for the squeamish!

10 The Hunt is Up JOHN BENNET
BARBARA GRANT soprano, violin, KEITH THOMPSON alto, soprano curtal
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, tenor viol
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, viola da gamba

Bennet is another enigmatic figure who flourished from 1599 to 1614 and is best known for his madrigals. This song is found in Ravenscroft’s A Brief Discourse.
Nothing at all is known about Hely. All that survives of his music is a handful of superb lute solos in Lord Herbert of Cherbury’s Lute Book and this single charming consort piece in the same manuscript as the galliard by Maurice Webster
(track [2]).

Our own title. This ballad is from *Penny Merriments*, the huge collection of chapbooks left to Magdalene College by Samuel Pepys. The tune called for is ‘The Country Farmer’, also known as ‘The King’s Jig’.

O Did you not hear of a Barber of late,
When walking abroad how he pickt up a mate
It was I must tell you a Girl of the Game,
But yet I declare it, I know not her name.
As she was a-ranging along in the street,
With this jolly Barber she chanced to meet,
He freely did proffer to give her a treat,
But now you shall hear how he met with a cheat.

Away to the Tavern they went in all haste,
A glass of good Wine he resolved to taste,
The Miss was array’d in her Silks and perfume
The tapster he shew’d them a large upper room.
The Barber he then with a noble grace,
Began then to call for Canary apace,
Likewise his kind Miss he began to embrace,
But yet he was soon in a sorrowful case.

The Wine was so strong it got into his head,
Before it was night he must needs go to bed,
With his precious jewel, the joy of his life,
He freely declared they were husband and Wife.

Therefore to his Lodging he posted away,
Which was the next Chamber most gallant and gay,
To sleep with his Miss till the Morning broad day,
But she had another fine project to play.
The Barber no sooner was laid in his bed,
But all his whole senses was perfectly fled,
O now is the time to replenish my stock
While he is a-sleeping as fast as a Rock;
Then out of the bed she straightway arose,
Resolving to take all the best of his Cloaths
His Money, the Tankard, then down stairs she goes,
And where she is gone now there’s no body knows.

Next Morning he finding himself all alone,
He sigh’d and lamenting made pittiful moan,
He found he had lost all the best of his suit,
His Money and likewise the Tankard to boot:
The Shaver was then in a pittiful fear,
For now he was rifled it well did appear.
He knew not what course in the World he should steer,
For sorrow must certainly bring up the rear.

He never before was so serv’d in his life,
Alas, he was forced to send for his Wife,
To bring him some money to pay for the loss,
And thus the poor Barber he met with a cross.
The barber was noble, both gallant and great,
But now he hath paid for his Drinking in plate;
Let all other Shavers be warn’d by his fate
Lest you should be sorry when it is too late.

The original title of this ballad was ‘The Deceased Maiden Lover’, and the tune direction is for ‘Bonny Nell’, which no longer survives. The setting on this record is by Robert Johnson (c1583–1633), lutenist to Elizabeth I, who subsequently provided much of the music in Shakespeare’s plays. The four-part setting in the last verse is an arrangement by The City Waites.
As I walked forth one summer’s day
To view the meadows green and gay,
A pleasant bow’r I espied
Standing fast by the riverside,
And in’t a maiden I heard cry,
Alas! there’s none e’er loved as I.
Then round the meadow did she walk
Catching each flower by the stalk,
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The dead man’s thumb and herb all blue,
And as she pulled them still cried she,
Alas! there’s none e’er loved like me.
The flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty bents,
And as she bound them up in bands
She wept, she sigh’d and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cried she,
Alas! there’s none e’er loved like me.
When she had filled her apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves served her for her bed,
The flowers the pillow for her head,
Then down she laid, ne’er more did speak,
Alas! with love her heart did break.

O this was one of my aunts
And the best of all the three
And surely though I say it myself,
A cleanly woman was she.
But when she went to see
Her cattle in the fields,
When she comes home two pounds of dirt
Hang dragling at her heels.
And there she let it hang
From Candlemas to May,
And then she took a hatchet in hand
And chopped it clean away.
Another trick she had
As I shall now declare,
She only swept the house out
About four times a year,
And when she swept the hall
The parlour or the spence,
The dust was worth to her, at least,
A shilling or fourteen pence.
The garment she did wear
Did shine like a brazen crock,
And where she went she bore such a scent
That the flies blew up her frock.
If otherwise she had but of a dishclout fail
She’d set them for the dog to lick
And wipe them with his tail.
My aunt so curious was,
As I to you may tell,
She used to make fat puddings
In markets for to sell.
The smallest candle’s end
My aunt would never lose
It would help to make her puddings fat
With the droppings of her nose.
But to conclude in haste,
I hold it not amiss
I love a cleanly huswife well
As may appear by this.
I love a cleanly huswife well,
As may appear by this.

Seldom Cleanly

BARBARA GRANT soprano, DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, mandore
KEITH THOMPSON alto, sopranino recorder
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, violin

An entertaining account of an eccentric housewife by Laurence Price, found in the Ewing and Roxburghe collections. The tune is ‘Upon a Summer’s Time’.

Draw near you country girls
And listen unto me
I’ll tell you all a new conceit concerning huswifrey:
Three aunts I had of late,
Good huswifes all were they
But cruel death hath taken
The best of them away.
Sonata in G  
**WILLIAM CROFT**
KEITH THOMPSON treble recorder, DOUGLAS WOOTTON liuto attiorbato  
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass viol

Recent research suggests that this attractive piece may well be by Godfrey Finger, a Moravian composer who arrived in London around 1685. Obviously an early work, it is not a true sonata but rather a set of divisions on a ground.

**Tomorrow the fox will come to town**  
**THOMAS RAVENSCROFT**
BARBARA GRANT soprano, DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, tenor cittern  
KEITH THOMPSON alto, curtal, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, treble rebec

Another of Thomas Ravenscroft’s Freemen’s Songs from *Deutromelia*. The tune is ‘Trenchmore’.

> Tomorrow the fox will come to town,  
> Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,  
> Tomorrow the fox will come to town,  
> Oh keep you all well there.  

*I must desire you neighbours all,  
To hallow the fox out of the hall  
And cry as loud as you can call,  
Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop,  
And cry as loud as you can call  
Oh keep you all well there.*

> He’ll steal the hen e’en from the pen . . .  
> He’ll steal the lamb e’en from the dam . . .  
> He’ll steal the duck e’en from the brook . . .

**The Winchester Wedding**  
**THOMAS D’URFEY**
BARBARA GRANT soprano, violin, DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, bass rebec  
KEITH THOMPSON alto, descant recorder, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, violin

This tune first appeared in *Apollo’s Banquet For The Treble Violin* (1670) as ‘The Irish Shagg’, later in *The Dancing Master* (6th edition, 1679) as ‘The King’s Jig’, and finally in Thomas D’Urfey’s *Several New Songs* (1684) from which it was reprinted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* as ‘The Winchester Wedding’, a ballad by Thomas D’Urfey (c1653–1723).

Curiously, the ‘Pills’ tune has seven extra bars and although this is possibly a musical inaccuracy, these seven bars are included here as an insert, dividing the verse. This gives an even more ‘Irish’ feel to this lilting dance tune and also gives the listener a chance to absorb the tongue-twisting text. The subsequent popularity of the tune was such that it was used in no fewer than seventeen eighteenth-century ballad operas.

> At Winchester was a wedding  
> The like was never seen  
> Twixt lusty Ralph of Redding  
> And bonny Black Bess of the Green.  
> The fidlers were crowding before,  
> Each lass was as fine as a queen.  
> There was a hundred and more  
> For all of the country came in.  
> Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,  
> She looked like a Lily o’ the Vale  
> And ruddy fac’d Harry led Mary,  
> And Roger led bouncing Nell.  
> The Bride came out to meet ’em,  
> Afraid the dinner was spoiled  
> And usher’d ’em in to treat ’em,  
> With baked and roasted and boiled.  
> The lads were so frolick and jolly,  
> For each had his love by his side,  
> But Willy was mad melancholy  
> For he had a mind to the Bride.  
> Then Philip begins her health,  
> And turns a beer glass on his thumb,  
> A lass that was proud of her pelf,  
> ’Cause Arthur had stolen her garter  
> And swore he would tie it himself.
She struggled and blushed and frowned
And ready with anger to cry
’Cause Arthur with tying her garter
Had slip’d up his hand too high.
And now for throwing the stocking,
The bride away was led
The groom got drunk and was knocking
For Candles to light ’em to bed.
Sukey that danced with the cushion
An hour from the room had been gone
And Barnaby knew by her blushing
That some other dance had been done.
And thus of fifty fair maids
That went to the Wedding with men
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye
That so did return again.

19 Gather Your Rosebuds
William Lawes
BARBARA GRANT soprano, KEITH THOMPSON flute
DOUGLAS WOOTTON lute, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass viol

This song is an interesting example of an ‘art’ song becoming
a broadside ballad. The words are by the famous poet Robert
Herrick (1591–1674) and the music is by William Lawes
(1602–1645). The tune was printed in many instrumental and
song collections and was so popular that it was used for other
ballads unconnected with the original text.

Gather your rosebuds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flow’r that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he’s to setting.

That age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may, go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

20 A Bellman’s Song
Thomas Ravenscroft
BARBARA GRANT soprano, KEITH THOMPSON treble recorder
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor recorder, NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass recorder

This lovely song is another setting by Ravenscroft (c1582–
c1635) in Melismata (1611), from Citie Conceits.

Maids to bed and cover cole,
Let the mouse, let the mouse out of her hole.
Crickets in the chimney sing,
While the little bell doth ring.
If fast asleep, who can tell
When the clapper, clapper hits the bell?

Notes by DOUGLAS WOOTTON © 1981

Recorded on 7, 8 October 1980
Recording Engineer TONY FAULKNER
Recording Producer ANDREW KEENER
Cover Design TERRY SHANNON
Executive Producer EDWARD PERRY
© Hyperion Records Limited, London, 1999
(Originally released on Hyperion CDA66008)

Front illustration: 17th-century London reproduced by kind permission
of The Guildhall Library, City of London

All Hyperion and Helios compact discs may be purchased over the internet at
www.hyperion-records.co.uk
where you will also find an up-to-date catalogue listing and much additional information
THE CITY WAITES
The City Waites take their name from the musicians who in past times were maintained by towns and cities to provide music for municipal occasions. The group’s repertoire includes ‘art’ music of the court and the church, but their main interest is in the songs and dances of the streets and countryside, the stage and the tavern—the music of the common man. They rate highly the importance of recreating the vitality and spontaneity of early music, as well as its humorous, and sometimes bawdy, aspects.

All four members of the group are skilled in the playing of a large variety of instruments, including the violin, viol, lute, cittern, rebec, crumhorn, and all members of the recorder family, using authentic copies of the period. They have won acclaim in concert halls, music clubs, universities and festivals throughout the United Kingdom and have made many successful appearances on the Continent. They have been associated with The National Theatre since its inception, giving regular foyer concerts and appearing in Il Campiello, in which they had the honour of playing before Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of the opening of the theatre.

The City Waites on this recording are:

DOUGLAS WOOTTON, who studied piano as a child, then took up the guitar and later the lute. As well as directing the group he undertakes research for nearly all their material, much of which is found in collections in The British Museum.

BARBARA GRANT, who began playing the violin at junior school and continued as Junior Exhibitioner at Trinity School of Music. She went on to study piano, violin and voice at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. With The City Waites, Barbara plays rebec and violin and takes a leading vocal role.

KEITH THOMPSON who studied the oboe and piano at the Royal Academy of Music, and before joining The City Waites was a resident musician with the Royal Shakespeare Company. He plays all the group’s wind instruments including crumhorns, shawm, curtal and rauschpfeif.

NICHOLAS HAYLEY who started studying the violin at Trinity College of Music at the age of seven. He became interested in early music while a student at the Royal College of Music and plays rebec, viol and violin. Nicholas is also a professional instrument maker and has made several of the instruments played by The City Waites.

Copyright subsists in all Hyperion recordings and it is illegal to copy them, in whole or in part, for any purpose whatsoever, without permission from the copyright holder, Hyperion Records Ltd, PO Box 25, London SE9 1AX, England. Any unauthorized copying or re-recording, broadcasting, or public performance of this or any other Hyperion recording will constitute an infringement of copyright. Applications for a public performance licence should be sent to Phonographic Performance Ltd, 1 Upper James Street, London W1F 9DE
‘how the world wags’
SOCIAL MUSIC FOR A 17th-CENTURY ENGLISHMAN

1. Jamaica or The Jovial Broom Man, Anonymous [3'15]
2. Galliard, Maurice Webster [1'50]
3. Who liveth so merry, Thomas Ravenscroft [4'57]
4. The Saint Turned Sinner or The Dissenting Parson’s Text, Anonymous [4'29]
5. Ayre from Little Consort Suite No 1 in G minor, Matthew Locke [1'13]
6. Martin Said to His Man, Thomas Ravenscroft [2'10]
7. The Miller of Dee, Anonymous [2'23]
9. Pox on you for a fop, Henry Purcell [1'56]
10. The Hunt is Up, John Bennett [2'06]
11. Almain, Cuthbert Hely [1'18]
12. The Jolly Barber or The Barber fitted by a Wanton Miss, Anonymous [3'16]
13. As I Walked Forth or The Deceased Maiden Lover, Robert Johnson [2'58]
14. Seldom Cleanly to the tune ‘Upon a Summer’s Time’, Martin Parker [3'35]
15. Sonata in G, William Croft [2'44]
16. Tomorrow the fox will come to town, Thomas Ravenscroft [2'24]
17. The Winchester Wedding, Thomas D’Urfey [2'57]
18. Saraband from Little Consort Suite No 2 in C major, Matthew Locke [1'28]
19. Gather Your Rosebuds, William Lawes [1'29]
20. A Bellman’s Song, Thomas Ravenscroft [1'06]

BARBARA GRANT SOPRANO, VIOLIN, BAROQUE GUITAR, BASS REBEC
DOUGLAS WOOTTON TENOR, CITTERN, MANDORE, DRUM, VIOL, REBEC, LUTES, RECORDER
KEITH THOMPSON ALTO, TENOR, VIOLONE, CURTALS, FLUTE, SHAWM, RECORDERS
NICHOLAS HAYLEY BASS, VIOLIN, BASS VIOL, LYRA DA BRACCIO, VIOLA DA GAMBA, REBEC, RECORDER

DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS WOOTTON with JACK EDWARDS reader
'how the world wags'

SOCIAL MUSIC FOR A 17th-CENTURY ENGLISHMAN

1 Jamaica Anonymous [3'15] 2 Galliard Webster [1'50]
3 Who liveth so merry Ravenscroft [4'57] 4 The Saint Turned Sinner Anonymous [4'29]
5 Ayre from Little Consort Suite No 1 Locke [1'13] 6 Martin Said to His Man Ravenscroft [2'10]
9 Pox on you for a fop Purcell [1'56] 10 The Hunt is Up Bennet [2'06] 11 Almain Hely [1'18]
12 The Jolly Barber Anonymous [3'16] 13 As I Walked Forth Johnson [2'58]
14 Seldom Cleanly Parker [3'35] 15 Sonata in G Croft [2'44]
16 Tomorrow the fox will come to town Ravenscroft [2'24]
17 The Winchester Wedding D'Urfey [2'57]
18 Saraband from Little Consort Suite No 2 Locke [1'28]
19 Gather Your Rosebuds Lawes [1'29] 20 A Bellman's Song Ravenscroft [1'06]

the city waites

BARBARA GRANT soprano, violin, baroque guitar, bass rebec
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, cittern, mandore, drum, viol, rebec, lutes, recorder
KEITH THOMPSON alto, tenor, violone, curtals, flute, shawm, recorders
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, violin, bass viol, lyra da braccio, viola da gamba, rebec, recorder

DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS WOOTTON with JACK EDWARDS reader

CDH55013
Duration 49'55

'Splendid, vigorous, animated, hilarious' (Hi-Fi News)
'Highly entertaining' (Classical Music) ‘Rollicking good fun’ (The Cornish Guardian)

‘how the world wags’

SOCIAL MUSIC FOR A 17th-CENTURY ENGLISHMAN

1 Jamaica Anonymous [3'15] 2 Galliard Webster [1'50]
3 Who liveth so merry Ravenscroft [4'57] 4 The Saint Turned Sinner Anonymous [4'29]
5 Ayre from Little Consort Suite No 1 Locke [1'13] 6 Martin Said to His Man Ravenscroft [2'10]
9 Pox on you for a fop Purcell [1'56] 10 The Hunt is Up Bennet [2'06] 11 Almain Hely [1'18]
12 The Jolly Barber Anonymous [3'16] 13 As I Walked Forth Johnson [2'58]
14 Seldom Cleanly Parker [3'35] 15 Sonata in G Croft [2'44]
16 Tomorrow the fox will come to town Ravenscroft [2'24]
17 The Winchester Wedding D'Urfey [2'57]
18 Saraband from Little Consort Suite No 2 Locke [1'28]
19 Gather Your Rosebuds Lawes [1'29] 20 A Bellman's Song Ravenscroft [1'06]

the city waites

BARBARA GRANT soprano, violin, baroque guitar, bass rebec
DOUGLAS WOOTTON tenor, cittern, mandore, drum, viol, rebec, lutes, recorder
KEITH THOMPSON alto, tenor, violone, curtals, flute, shawm, recorders
NICHOLAS HAYLEY bass, violin, bass viol, lyra da braccio, viola da gamba, rebec, recorder

DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS WOOTTON with JACK EDWARDS reader

CDH55013
Duration 49'55

'Splendid, vigorous, animated, hilarious' (Hi-Fi News)
'Highly entertaining' (Classical Music) ‘Rollicking good fun’ (The Cornish Guardian)