

When The King Enjoys His Own Again

What Booker doth prognosticate, concerning kings or kingdoms state,
I think myselfe to be as wise as some that gazeth in the skyes:
My skill goes beyond the depth of a pond, or rivers in the greatest rain,
Whereby I can tell, that all will be well, when the King enjoys his own again.
☞ *Yes this I can tell, that all will be well, when the King enjoys his own again.*

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade, can soar more high or deeper wade;
Nor shew a reason from the stars, what causeth peace in civil wars:
The man in the moon may wear out his shoon by running after Charles his wain,
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend, till the King enjoys his own again.

Full forty years this royal crown hath been his father's and his own;
And is there any one but He, that in the same should sharers be?
For who better may the scepter sway than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the wars will not cease, till the King enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall with cobweb-hangings on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver brave, which formerly 'twas wont to have,
With rich perfume in every room, delightfull that princely traine,
Which again shall be, when the time you see, that the King enjoys his own again.

Then avault upon thy hill, my hope shall cast his anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove bring home the branch I dearly love:
Then will I wait for the waters to abate, which now disturb my troubled brain
Else never rejoyce till I hear the voice, that the King enjoys his own again.

St. George for England (to the tune of 'Heartsease')

Now the Rump is confounded, there's an end to the Round-head,
Who hath been such a bane to our Nation;
He hath now plai'd his part, and's gone out like a fart, together with his 'Reformation'.
For by his good favour, he left an ill savour, no matter, we'll trust him no more;
Kings and Queens may appear, once again, in our sphere, now the Knaves are turn'd out of door.

Scot, Nevil and Vane, with the rest of that train, into 'Oceana' are fled;
Sir Arthur the brave, that's as arrant a Knave, has Harrington's 'Rota' in's head.
Some more there are to blame, whom I care not to name, that are men of the very same ranks;
'Mongst whom there are one, that to-devil Barebone, for his ugly Petition gave thanks.

I should have never have thought that a Monk could have wrought such a reformation so soon:
That House, which of late was the jakes of the State, will ere long be a House of Renown.
How good wits did jump, in abusing the Rump, whilst the House was press'd by the Rabble;
But our Hercules Monk, though it grievously stunk, now hath cleansed that Augean-stable.

And now Mr. Prynne with the rest may come in, and take their places again;
For the House is made sweet, for those Members to meet, though part of the Rump yet remain;
By it you may know what the Rump meant to do, and what a Religion to frame;
So 'twas time for St. George that Rump to disgorge, and to send it from whence it first came.

Bennington Baroque
Presents

SEVEN TIMES SALT



The World Turn'd Upside Down

Music of the English Civil War and Interregnum

November 18, 2017 at 7:30pm
North Bennington, VT

SEVEN TIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga – baroque violin, bass viol, voice
Daniel Meyers – recorders, flute, percussion, voice
Josh Schreiber Shalem – bass viol, voice
Matthew Wright – archlute, voice

with special guest

Michael Barrett – tenor, recorders

SEVEN TIMES SALT is a Boston-based early music ensemble specializing in repertoire of the 16th and 17th centuries. Praised for their creative programming and “impeccably-balanced sound,” the group has performed at venues throughout New England including Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Plimoth Plantation, the New England Folk Festival, WGBH radio, and many others. The ensemble has also researched and presented original programs for the Amherst, Bloomington, and Boston Early Music Festivals (Fringe), the Society of Historically-Informed Performance, and their own self-produced concert series. Seven Times Salt delights in blurring the lines between “art music” and folk tunes, and its members are at ease performing in the concert hall, the dance hall, or the beer hall! www.seventimesalt.com

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The Founder of the Feast: Harvest in Old England

OUR THANKS TO

Bennington Baroque
The Park-McCullough House
Jane Hershey for the loan of a viol

Now Whitehall’s in a grave, and our head is our slave, the bright pearl in his close shell of oyster;
Now that earthly Kings are but airy things, and all Rome’s confined to a cloister;
Now black Tarquin the child, our white land exil’d, yea, undefil’d, not a court ape’s left to confute
us. Then let your voices reach high, as your colours did fly,
And flourishing cry: “Long live the great Oliver Brutus!”

Now their sun is unarm’d, and their moon by us charm’d, all their stars dissolved to a jelly;
Now the thighs of the crown are tumbled down, and the body’s all but a belly.
In pure sanctified wine, our gross spirits refine, and drown all brine since the poor nights have
yielded their spent gorge. For now an order is ta’en, with ‘honi soit’ profane,
Shout forth amain, for the Dragon hath kill’d the St. George.

A La Mode de France (to the tune of ‘Nonesuch’)

Me have of late been in England, vere me have seen much sport,
Ze raising of ze Parliament have quite pull’d down ze court.
Ze King and Queen zey separate, and rule in ignorance,
Pray judge ye, gentlemen, if zis be a la mode de France.

A vise man zere is like a ship zat strike upon ze shelves,
Zey prison all, behead and vip all viser zan zemselves;
Zey send out men to fetch zeir King, who may come home perchance,
O fy, fy, fy, it is be gar not a la mode de France.

Zey raise zeir valiant prentices to guard zeir cause with clubs,
Zey turn zeir bishops out of doors and preash themselves in tubs;
Ze cobbler and ze tinker too, zey vill in time advance,
Gar take zem all, it is (mort Dieu) not a la mode de France.

Instead of bowing to zeir King, zey vex him with Epistles,
Zey furnish all zeir soldiers out vith bodkins, spoons, and vhistles;
Zey bring zeir gold and silver in, ze Brownists to advance,
And if zey be cheat of it all, ‘tis a la mode de France.

But if zen that zeir wealth be gone, they turn unto zeir King,
Zey vill all make amends again, zen merrily ve vill sing,
Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy, ve’ll sing carouse, and dance,
Ze Englishmen have done fort bon, and a la mode de France!

The Almanac

War begetteth poverty, poverty, peace. Peace maketh riches flow, fate ne’er doth cease;
Riches produce pride, pride is war’s ground, war begetteth poverty, the world goes ‘round.

Warrs ar our delight, we drinke as we fight,
Tarara ra ra, dubadub, dubadub, dub,
Drinks! Tan, tara, tan, tan tan.

TEXTS

Sing aloud, harmonious spheares, let your concords reach Jove's ears.
Play your old lessons o'er again and keep time in every strain,
For now the gods to listen to your lay as they were passing through the Milky Way.

Scorch not, fire, nor freeze thou, air, whilst your deities be there.
Hence, you clouds and airy meteors, Fogs and such unwholesome creatures.
Keep all your regions pure, all passage fair. Now, ye blest spirits, wander in the air.

Sweetly, sweetly, lovely mirth, Kiss the bosom of the earth.
Make them garlands of the spring; Send for all the birds to sing.
The gods approach; I hear their fluttering sound, and now, now they touch the ground.

To Lucasta, On Going to The War (to the tune of "Joy to the Person of My Love")
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, that from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind, to war and arms I fly.
True, a new mistress now I chase, the first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace a Sword, a Horse, a Shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such as you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not Honor more.

She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks, her priests sigh
and her virgins are afflicted, and among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her.

Like hermit poore in pensive place obscure I meane to spend my dayes of endlesse doubt,
To waile such woes as time cannot recure, where none but Love shall ever finde me out.
And at my gates Despair shall linger still, to let in death when Love and Fortune will.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made; my drink nought else but tears fallen from mine eyes;
And for my light, in such obscured shade, the flames may serve which from my heart arise.

The World Turn'd Upside Down

Listen to me and you shall hear, news hath not been this thousand year:
Since Herod, Caesar, and many more, you never heard the like before.
Holy-dayes are despis'd, new fashions are devis'd. Old Christmas is kickt out of Town.
Yet let's be content, and the times lament, you see the world turn'd upside down.

Command is given, we must obey, and quite forget old Christmas day:
Kill a thousand men, or a Town regain, we will give thanks and praise amain.
The wine pot shall clinke, we will feast and drinke. And then strange motions will abound.

Our Lords and Knights, and Gentry too, doe mean old fashions to forgoe:
They set a porter at the gate, that none must enter in thereat.
They count it a sin, when poor people come in. Hospitality it selfe is drown'd.

To conclude, I'll tell you news that's right, Christmas was kil'd at Naseby fight:
Charity was slain at that same time, Jack Tell troth too, a friend of mine,
Likewise then did die, rost beef and shred pie, Pig, Goose and Capon no quarter found.

The World Turn'd Upside Down

AT THE COURT OF CHARLES I

Whitehall	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651)
Temple Masque	William Lawes (1602-1645)
Sing Aloud, Harmonious Spheares	from Lady Ann Blount's book (c.1645)
Antimasque	John Jenkins (1592-1678)

CIVIL WAR

Newarke Seidge	John Jenkins
To Lucasta, on Going to the War	Richard Lovelace (1616-1657)/Anon.
The Lord Monk's March	<i>The English Dancing Master</i>
She Weepeth Sore in the Night	William Lawes
Sonata in G minor: Fantasia—Galliard	William Lawes

THE KING'S EXECUTION

Like Hermit Poor	Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)
A Sad Pavan for These Distracted Times	Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)



CROMWELL, THE CROWNLESS KING

The World Turn'd Upside Down	from the Thomason Tracts (1660)
Now Whitehall's in a Grave	Richard Lovelace/John Cave (d.1664)
Prince Rupert's March	<i>The English Dancing Master</i>
A la mode de France	from <i>Rump Songs</i> (1662)

THE PEOPLE MAKE MUSIC

The Almanac	Richard Brown (d.1664)
Warrs Ar Our Delight	William Lawes
When the King Enjoys His Own Again	Martin Parker (c. 1600-1656)

RESTORATION

Suite in C major: Fantazie—Ayre—Saraband	Matthew Locke (c.1621-1677)
The Second Part of "St. George for England"	from the Thomason Tracts
The King's Delight	<i>The English Dancing Master</i>

NOTES

With the death of “Good Queen Bess” in 1603, England entered the 17th century on unsteady footing. Though many hoped that James I would unite England and Scotland, he had none of his cousin Elizabeth’s political acumen, and Guy Fawkes’ plot to blow up the House of Lords served as a tangible metaphor for the powderkeg that the “Three Kingdoms” of the British Isles had become by 1625, when James’ son Charles ascended the throne.

Charles proved able enough at statecraft, and unlike his father was a well-educated man and a great patron of the arts, especially enjoying masques (**Sing Aloud...**) and the compositions of his talented court musicians (**Temple Masque**). Sadly, he inherited his father’s arrogance, paranoia, and inflexibility. His stubborn attempt to impose the Book of Common Prayer on the Kirk of Scotland resulted in the Bishops’ Wars (1637-1640) and led to a pair of embarrassing military defeats by the Scots “Covenanters”; on the advice of his friend the Earl of Strafford, Charles convened Parliament in spring 1640, but it did not go as he had hoped. Parliamentary leaders took this opportunity to censure Charles for his mismanagement of the Scots and Irish, and an enraged Charles dissolved the “Short Parliament” after only three weeks, only to be forced to call it into session again six months later, desperate for additional funds to impose his will on rebellious Scotland and Ireland. This “Long Parliament” did not dissolve so easily, jailing and eventually executing Strafford, and serving Charles with a “Grand Remonstrance” in 1642. Charles responded by trying to arrest several important Parliamentary leaders at Winchester, but they escaped his grasp and went into hiding. Beset by pro-Parliament mobs as he returned to the Royal Estate at Whitehall, Charles gathered his family and left London, retreating to his residence at Hampton Court. The stage was set for war.

From 1642 to 1649, Charles’ “Cavalier” forces battled the army of Parliament, which became increasingly dominated by extremist Puritans such as the charismatic Oliver Cromwell. Noblemen across the country were forced to choose sides (**To Lucasta...**), and the common people prayed for deliverance, while Englishmen, Scots, and Irish fell in the thousands at the hands of their own fathers, brothers, and cousins. The only respite was the unusually harsh winter of 1642-1643, where both sides voluntarily abandoned the fight and Charles set up a “court in exile” at Oxford University, complete with lavish entertainment by his favorites (**Sonata in G minor**). While Charles feasted, danced, and conferred honorary university degrees on anyone and everyone, his generals, such as the dashing young Prince Rupert of the Rhine (**Prince Rupert’s March**), and Parliament’s forces, under Cromwell and the charismatic George Monk (**Lord Monk’s March**) planned for battle—18 years later in 1660, a disillusioned Monk would prove instrumental in restoring Charles II to the throne! The war, however, was not restricted to the battlefield—both sides engaged in active propagandizing. The blind poet John Milton called for God’s judgment on the Royalists, while Cavalier poets like Richard Lovelace argued for Charles, popular ballads broadly satirized both sides (**The World Turn’d...**, **A la Mode**), and dance tunes were named after battlefields and palaces (**Whitehall**). From 1643 to 1646 the battle raged on, until a disconsolate Charles surrendered to the Scottish Covenanters after the Royalist defeat at Newark (**Newarke Seidge**). Both Charles and the Covenanters shared a common concern, though, and that was the increasing rise of fanatic Puritanism in Cromwell’s “New Model Army.” Moderate elements in Parliament, as well as the Scots, began to fear that things had gone too far.

Charles played on this fear by making a secret agreement with certain Covenanters to introduce Presbyterianism in England for three years, in return for the support of Scottish troops. This sparked the Second Civil War, which lasted from 1647 until winter of 1648, when Charles’ new Scottish forces were beaten at Preston. Cromwell denounced Charles as a “man of blood” who would stop at nothing to regain his throne, and demanded that Parliament put him to death. Parliament was deeply divided by this time, though, and many feared Cromwell and the army as much as Charles—with good reason. In December 1648, Col. Thomas Pride forcibly arrested and removed all of the moderates and conservatives in Parliament; all that remained was a “Rump” that would accede to Cromwell’s wishes, and with their agreement, Charles was executed on January 27, 1649. Tomkins’ **A Sad Pavan**, dated February 14 of that year, marks the event.

England, Ireland, and Scotland became a Commonwealth from 1649-1653, but in 1653 Cromwell, dissatisfied with laws being made by the Rump, summarily dissolved it and declared himself Lord Protector of the Realm—king in all but name (**Now Whitehall’s In A Grave**).

Though the common people suffered from the constantly changing political climate in the 1650s, convivial music-making was at its height, with the formation of singing clubs and music societies in the cities and towns. Even the Puritans regarded music as part of a proper education, and encouraged children to learn how to sing. Amateur musicians had more printed music available than ever before, with many tunes being set down on broadside sheets and widely distributed; and collections of catches to be sung with friends were highly popular (**The Almanac, Warrs Ar Our Delight**). Tune variations and divisions on ground basses were particularly popular among the growing ranks of amateur violin and recorder players. These amateur players included the famous London diarist Samuel Pepys, who played both the flageolet—a simplified recorder that was a close cousin of the Irish tin whistle—and the lute. With the publication of Playford’s *Dancing Master* in 1651 and numerous later editions, social dancers in the Three Kingdoms had a larger collection of dances readily available than ever before.

For many middle-class citizens, life under Cromwell was little different than life under Charles, and yet many of even the most progressive noblemen chafed under the whims of Cromwell, and the arrogant denunciations of the Puritan clergy. When Cromwell died in 1658, the Protectorate passed to his son, Richard, who proved totally incapable of governing the country. In 1660, a group of English and Scottish nobles, led by Monk and others, brought a young Charles Stuart back from his exile in France, and restored him to the throne as Charles II (**When The King Enjoys His Own Again**). After 20 weary years of political unrest, few people objected (**St. George For England**). Charles, who had lived most of his life in France, was a great proponent of Continental culture, and strove to introduce French musical forms (**Suite in C**) to England, as well as reviving the court traditions of masquing and dancing (**The King’s Delight**).

Fortunately Charles II was a more skilled politician than his father, and was quick to call a new Parliament and mend fences with his disillusioned subjects. Though he would struggle with Parliamentary opposition in the later years of his reign, the “Merry Monarch” was well-loved by the majority of his subjects (at least at first), and brought about a new flowering of the arts in England. The Restoration of the Stuarts was characterized by a new spirit of music, drama, art, and a wholehearted effort to forget the turmoil of 1640-1660, exemplified by Purcell’s famous choral line from *Dido and Aeneas*: “Banish sorrow, banish care / grief should ne’er approach the fair.”

—Daniel Meyers 2005 / Karen Burciaga 2017