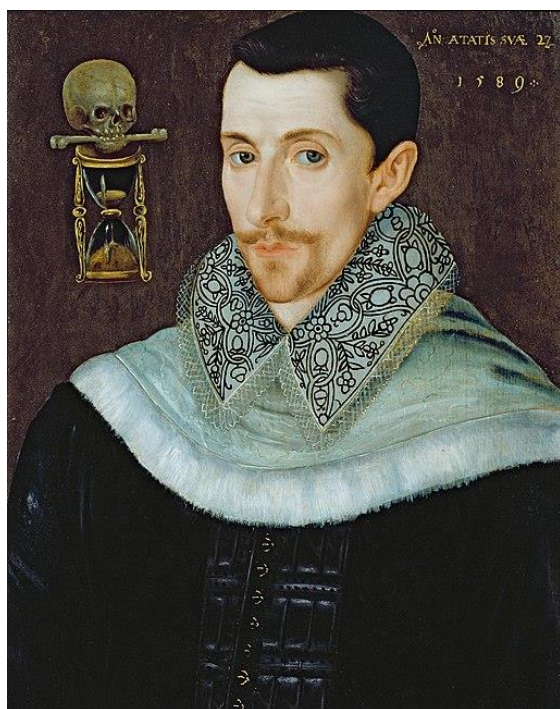


Hampton Court, Tennis, Gresham, Music & Drama: Songs & Scripts

Full Text: www.ianlouisharris.com/2023/09/14/hampton-court-tennis-gresham-music-drama/



John Bull – First Gresham Professor Of Music



Pastime With Good Company. Henry VIII

1: Pastime With Good Company, Henry VIII

*Pastime with good company
I love and shall until I die;
Grudge who lust, but none deny,
So God be pleased, thus live will I.*

*For my pastance,
Hunt, sing, and dance.*

*My heart is set:
All goodly sport
For my comfort,
Who shall me let?*

*Youth must have some dalliance,
Of good or illé, some pastance;
Company methinks then best
All thoughts and fancies to deject:*

*For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all.
Then who can say
But mirth and play
Is best of all?*

*Company with honesty
Is virtue vices to flee:
Company is good and ill
But every man hath his free will.*

*The best ensue,
The worst eschew,
My mind shall be:
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse,
Shall I use me.*

2: Greensleeves

VERSE ONE

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong, To cast me off discourteously; And I have loved you so long, Delighting in your company.

CHORUS

*Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who but Lady Greensleeves?*

VERSE TWO

I have been ready at your hand, To grant whatever you would crave, I have both waged life and land, your love and goodwill for to have.

CHORUS

[TWELVE VERSES DESCRIBING GIFTS IN EXCRUCIATING DETAIL]

VERSE FIFTEEN

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing, But still thou hadst it readily; Thy music still to play and sing, And yet thou wouldst not love me.

CHORUS

VERSE SIXTEEN

And who did pay for all this gear, That thou didst spend when pleased thee? Even I that am rejected here, And thou distainst to love me.

CHORUS

VERSE SEVENTEEN

Well, I will pray to God on high, That thou my constancy must see, And yet that once before I die, Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

*CHORUS OUTRO: Greensleeves now farewell, adieu, God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am still thy lover true, Come once again and love me.*

3: The Famous Victories Of Henry V – Balls Scene

*ARCHBISHOP: And it please your Maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this present.*

[He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.]

*HENRY 5: What a guilded Tunne? ...
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?*

*YORKE: And it please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.*

*HENRY 5: A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning therof be?*

*ARCHBISHOP: And it please you my Lord,
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message,
And specially an Ambassador.*

*HENRY 5: But I know that you may declare your message ...
To a king; the law of Armes allowes no lesse.*

*ARCHBISHOP: My Lord hearing of your wildnesse before your
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.*

*HENRY 5: My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me:
But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather,
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it, ...
I, and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.*

4: Shakespeare's Henry V – Balls Scene

FIRST AMBASSADOR

*Thus, then, in few. Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.*

KING HENRY V: *What treasure, uncle?*

EXETER: *Tennis-balls, my liege.*

KING HENRY V: *We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have march'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty and plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory that I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them...*

5: Henry V – French Soldier Ransom Scene

In the Famous Victories play, at the end of Scene 12, King Henry reprises his verbal volleys about the tennis balls [did you see what I did there?], ahead of a rather corny Scene 13 in which French soldiers talk incomprehensibly in mock French. In Shakespeare's Henry V Act 4, Scene 4, Pistol encounters a surrendering French soldier:

PISTOL Yield, cur.

FRENCH SOLDIER Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

PISTOL Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

FRENCH SOLDIER Ô Seigneur Dieu!

PISTOL O, Seigneur Dew should be a gentleman. Perpend my words, O Seigneur Dew, and mark: O Seigneur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, except, O Seigneur, thou do give to me egregious ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER Ô, prenez miséricorde! Ayez pitié de moi!

PISTOL Moy shall not serve...

I'm glad to report, following several further rounds of misunderstanding, that Pistol spares the poor French soldier for the modest fee of 200 gold coins.

The nonsense phrase that Pistol utters is a reference to another hugely popular tune and song of the late Elizabethan era, Caleno Custure Me. Another song steeped in mystery and evidence-free theories, as [analysed debunked and transformed into sensible analysis by Ian Pittaway here or below](#).

Caleno Custure Me was first registered at Stationer's Register in 1582 but the earliest surviving version, like Greensleeves, is in [A Handful of Pleasant Delights](#). It's quite a lengthy song if you sing all the verses – this abbreviated version works well. Feel free to join in the Caleno Custere Me lines once you get the hang of this simple but charming tune.

6: Caleno Custure Me, Anon

VERSE ONE

*When as I view your comely grace, Caleno Custure Me;
Your golden hair, your angel's face, Caleno Custure Me.*

VERSE TWO

*With in myself then I can say, Caleno Custure Me;
The night is gone, behold the day, Caleno Custure Me.*

VERSE THREE

*Then how dare I with boldened face, Caleno Custure Me;
Presume to crave or wish your grace? Caleno Custure Me.*

VERSE FOUR

*And thus amazed as I stand, Caleno Custure Me;
Not feeling sense, nor moving hand. Caleno Custure Me.*

VERSE FIVE

*My soul with silence moving sense, Caleno Custure Me;
Doth wish for thee with reverence. Caleno Custure Me.*

VERSE SIX

*Long life, and virtue you possess;, Caleno Custure Me;
To match those gifts of worthiness. Caleno Custure Me.*

REPRISE

*When as I view your comely grace, Caleno Custure Me, Your golden hair, your
angel's face, Caleno Custure Me.*

7: Walsingham/How Should I Your True Love Know?, Anon

The root Walsingham tune/lyric is believed to be the following couplet:

*As I went to Walsingham, to the shrine with speed
Met I with a jolly palmer, in a pilgrim's weed*



How should I your true love know From an-oth-er one?

By his coc- kle hat and staff, And his san- dal shoon.

*OPHELIA: 'As you came from the holy land of Walsingham
Met you not with my true love by the way you came?'*

PALMER: 'How should I your true love know from another one?'

OPHELIA: 'By his cockle hat and staff and his sandal shoon'

*PALMER: 'He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone
At his head a grass green turf, at his heels a stone'*

*DUET: 'White his shroud as the mountain snow, larded with sweet flow'rs
Which bewept to the grave did go with true love showers'*

8: Earl Of Salisbury Pavane, William Byrd – Instrumental

9: Dr Bull's My Selfe, John Bull – Instrumental

10: Now Oh Now I Needs Must Part, John Dowland

VERSE ONE

Now, O now, I needs must part, Parting though I absent mourn. Absence can
no joy impart Joy once fled cannot return.

While I live I needs must love, Love lives not when Hope is gone. Now at last
Despair doth prove, Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence, This despair unkindness sends. If that
parting be offence, It is she which then offends.

VERSE TWO

Dear, when I am from thee gone, Gone are all my joys at once. I loved thee
and thee alone, In whose love I joyed once.

And although your sight I leave, Sight wherein my joys do lie, Till that death
do sense bereave, Never shall affection die.

Sad despair doth drive me hence, This despair unkindness sends. If that
parting be offence, It is she which then offends.

VERSE THREE

Dear if I do not return Love and I shall die together, For my absence never
mourn, Whom you might have joyed ever.

Part we must, though now I die. Die I do to part with you. Him despair doth
cause to lie, Who both lived and died true.

Sad despair doth drive me hence, This despair unkindness sends. If that
parting be offence, It is she which then offends.

10a: In Darkness Let Me Dwell, John Dowland

VERSE ONE

In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me,
The walls of marble black that moistened still shall weep,
My music hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep:

VERSE TWO

Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tomb
O let me living die till death doth come, till death doth come.
My dainties grief shall be, and tears my poisoned wine,
My sighs the air through which my panting heart shall pine,

VERSE THREE

My robes my mind shall suit exceeding blackest night,
My study shall be tragic thoughts sad fancy to delight,
Pale ghosts and frightful shades shall my acquaintance be:
O thus, my hapless joy, I haste to thee.