Data Música Série

Transcrição:
Orlando Fraga

John Dowland
Cancões Elizabethanas

Volume 3

voz e violão

Nota Editorial

A presente edição em 3 volumes é uma seleção entre as 38 canções contidas no *The First Booke of Songs or Ayres*, de 1597 (1600, 1603, 1606, 1613) e no *The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres*, de 1600, ambos de John Dowland.

Correntemente temos dois critérios de transcrição de música de alaúde para violão: um que mantém a tonalidade original independente do mecanismo, e outro que mantém o movimento original dos dedos em detrimento da tonalidade. Estes, por sua vez, aplicados à música para voz e alaúde nos possibilitam três outras abordagem: 1) a manutenção da tonalidade original tanto da voz quanto do violão; 2) transposição terça abaixo de ambos, voz e violão; 3) um sistema híbrido onde a voz permanece em sua tonalidade original e o violão é transposto terça abaixo.

O segundo destes critérios é o adotado nesta edição por várias razões, entre elas: o resgate de um repertório que em seu estado original, ou seja, em tablatura, sempre esteve fora do alcance de teóricos, musicólogos e historiadores por conta do aspecto hermético que a tablatura oferece a todos aqueles que não são iniciados nos instrumentos de corda dedilhada; temos, também, uma visão acurada do funcionamento mecânico da obra do ponto de vista do violonista.

Nunca é demais lembrar que a afinação do alaúde é em *sol*, enquanto a do violão é em *mi*. Assim, para restabelecer a tonalidade original da canção, basta colocar um capotasto na terceira casa. Outras transposições ou casas podem ser consideradas para melhor acomodar à tessitura da voz.

O texto preserva a ortografia original unicamente para fins musicológicos e sua modernização pode ser bem vinda em situações em que a clareza do texto seja necessária.

A instrumentação é, obviamente, para voz e violão/alaúde. Porém, seguindo os critérios da época, a voz pode ser substituída por um instrumento melódico, como a flauta doce ou viola da gamba soprano, e o acompanhamento por outro instrumento hamônico, como a harpa, espineta, virginal, órgão positivo, etc. A linha do baixo pode ser dobrada por um instrumento grave, como a viola da gamba, flauta doce baixo, violoncello, flageolet, entre outros.

Finalmente, é de suma importância considerar uma ornamentação segundo os critérios vigentes para a música elisabethana. Consultas em tratados e métodos contemporâneos, como os de Thomas Ford, Thomas Robinson e Thomas Mace, podem ser difíceis por causa do acesso a essas obras. Porém pode-se apreender muito analisando os procedimentos de ornamentação no restante da obra de Dowland, em particular nos consorts onde aparecem versões de algumas das canções aqui contidas.

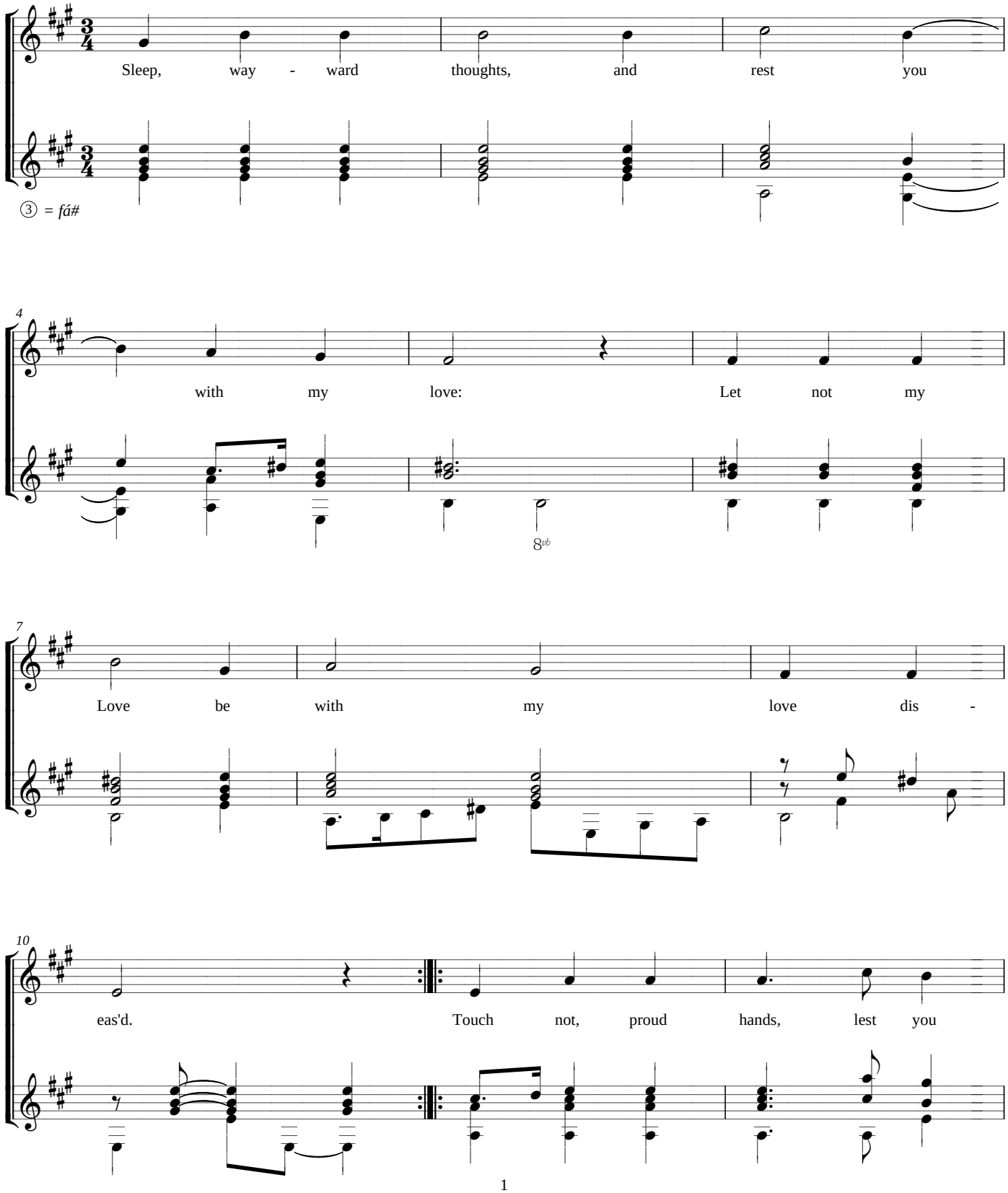
Orlando Fraga

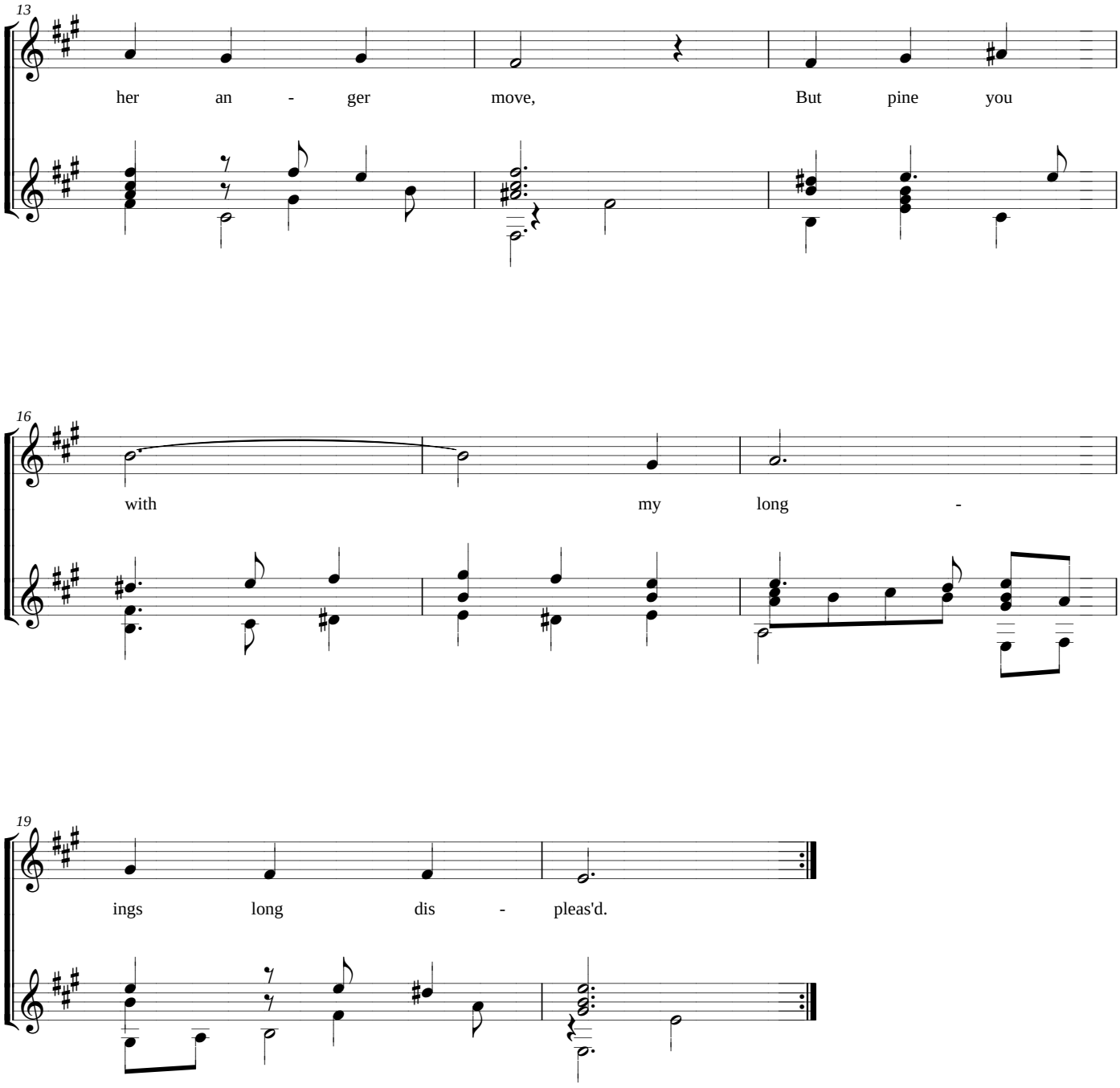
Sleep, Wayward Thoughts

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

The First Booke of Ayres (1597)



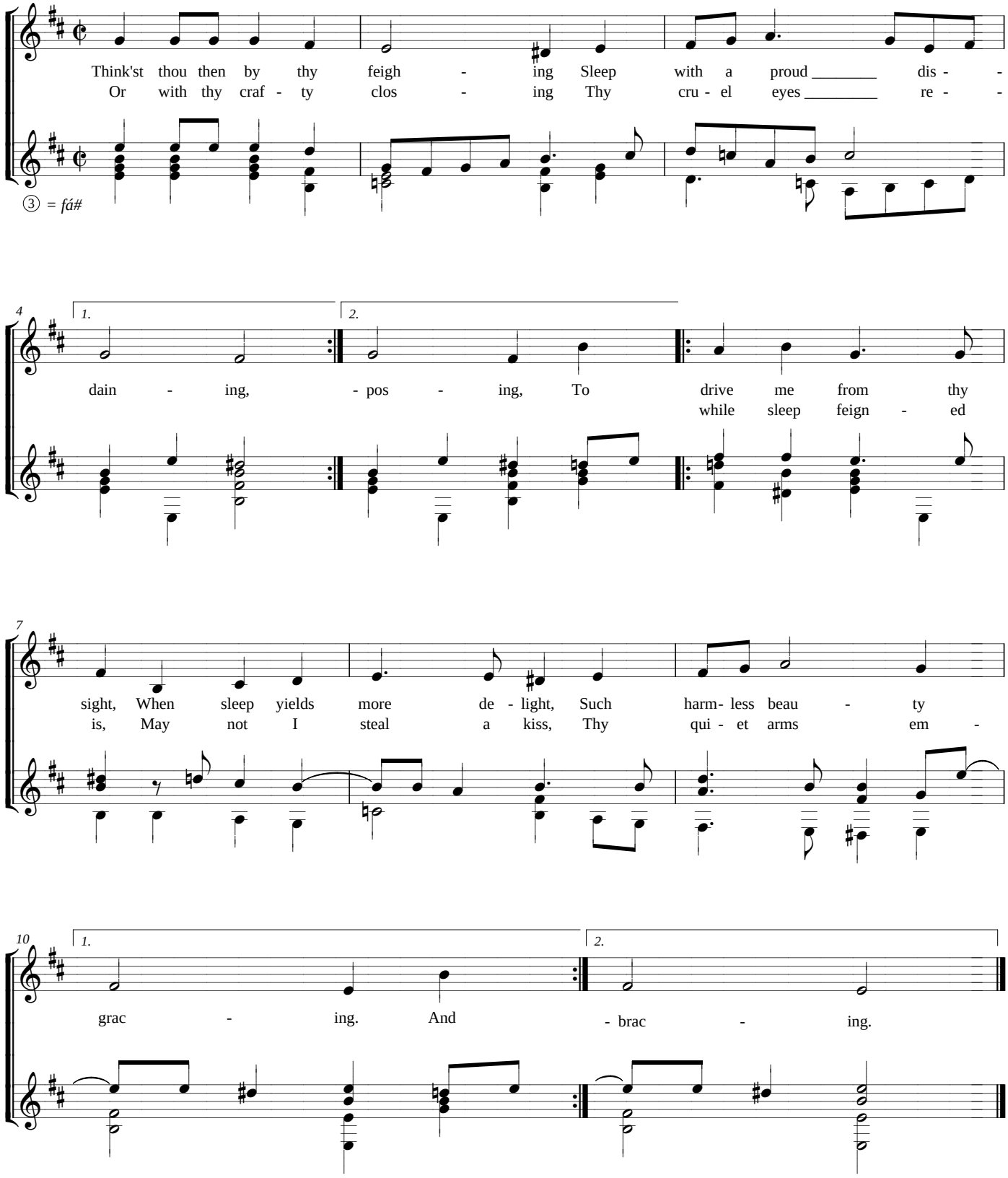

13
her an - ger move, But pine you
16
with my long -
19
ings long dis - pleas'd.

Think'st Thou Then by Thy Feigning?

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland

The First Booke of Ayres (1597)



Unquiet Thoughts

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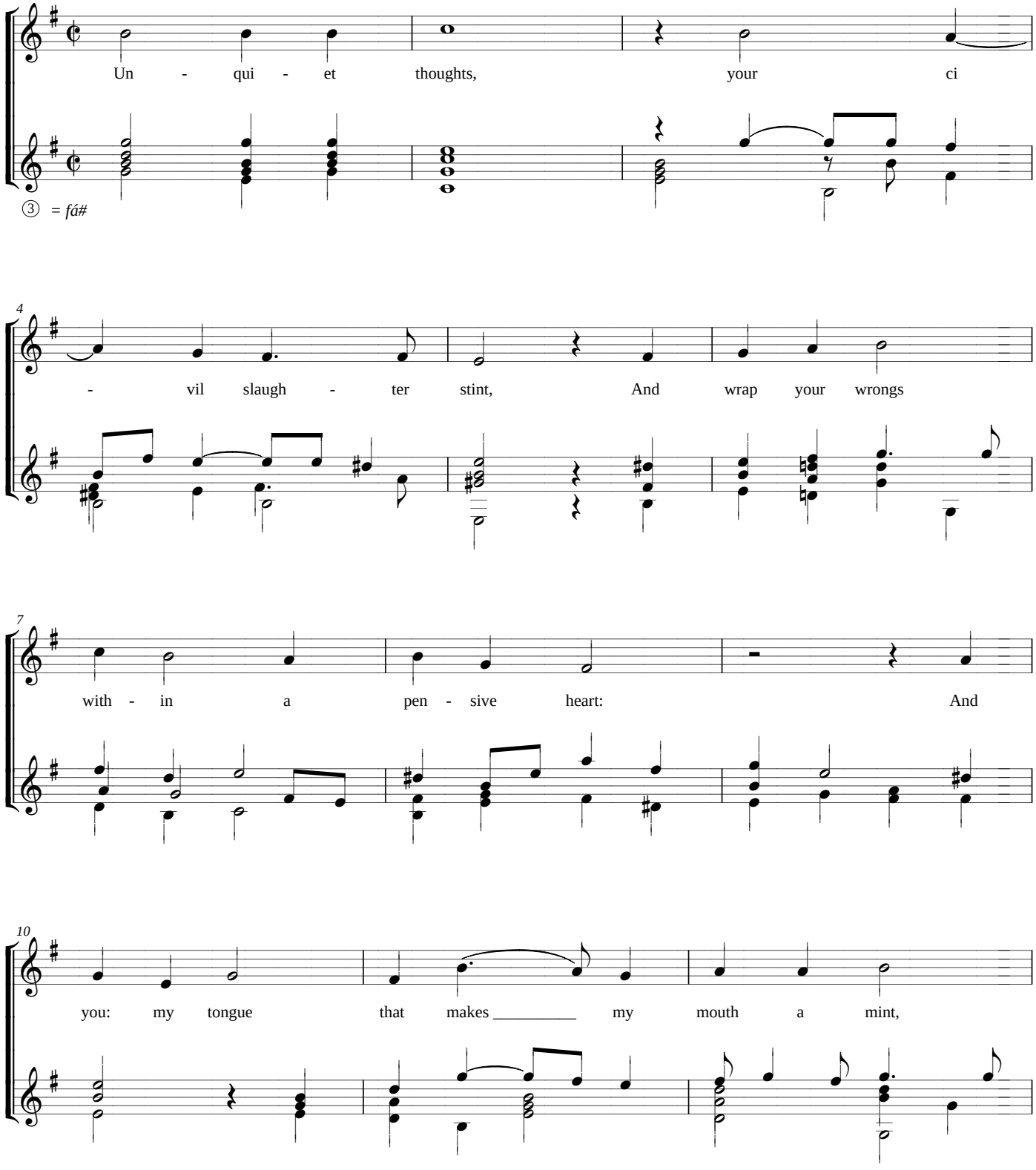
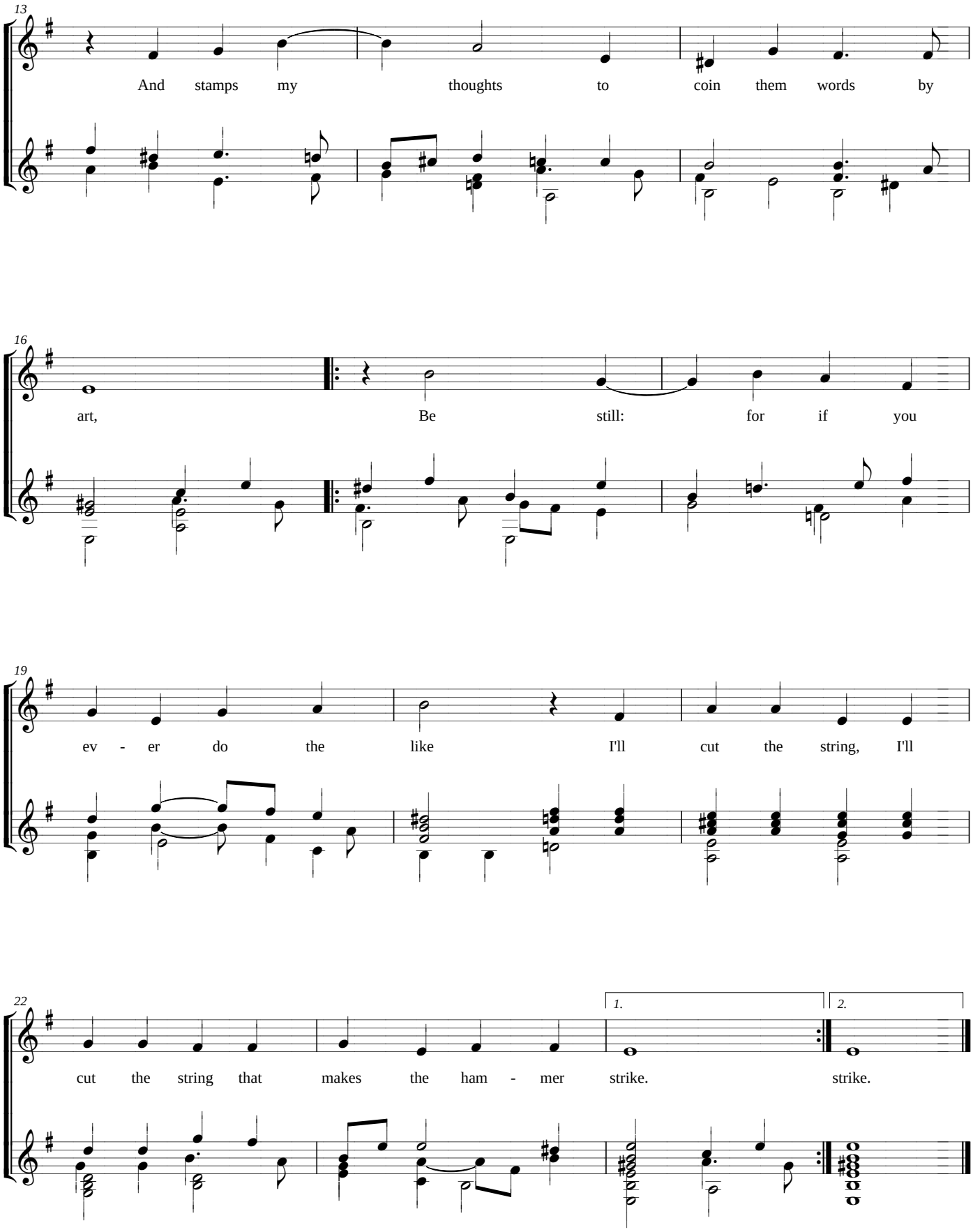
John Dowland
The First Booke of Ayres (1597)

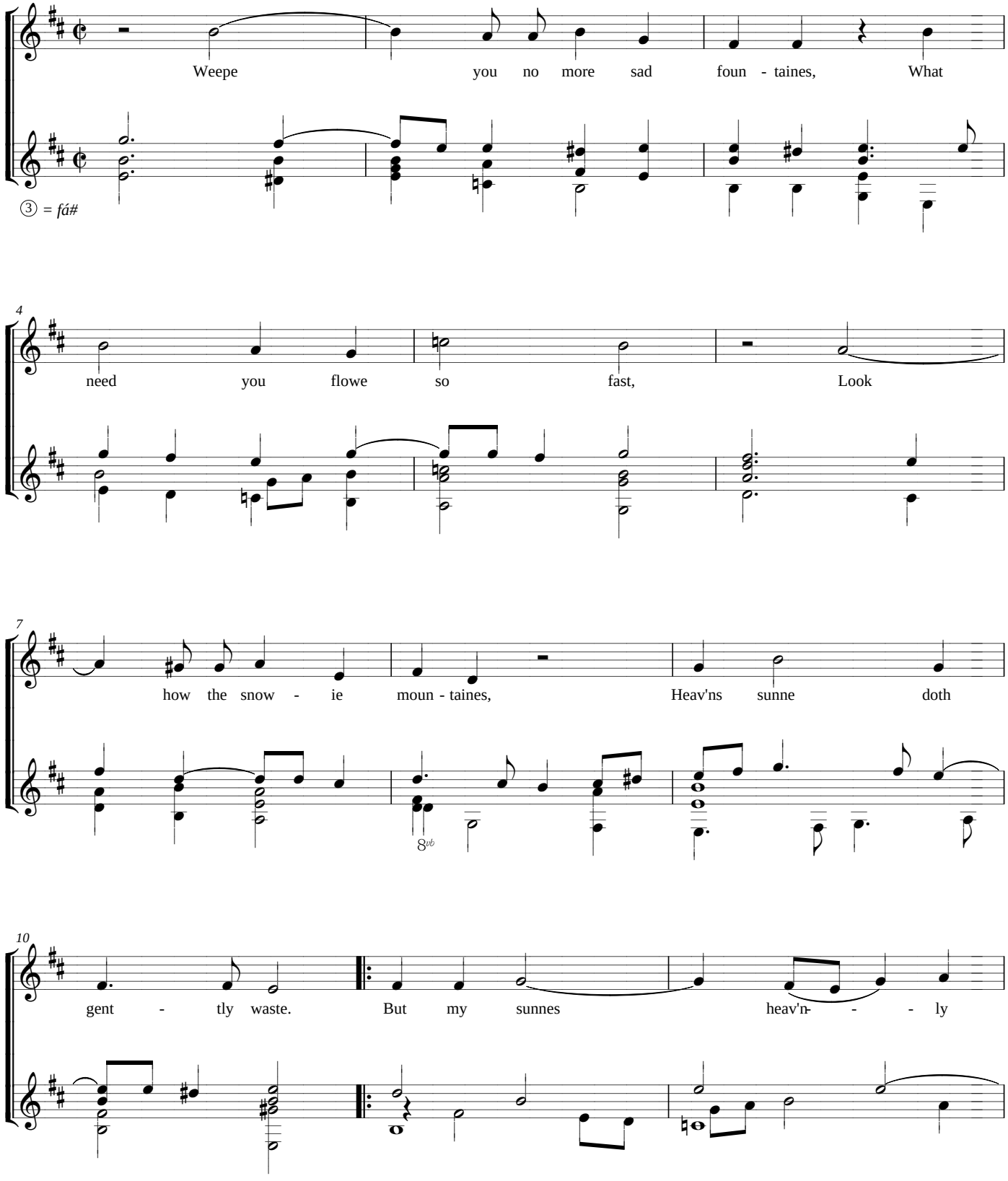


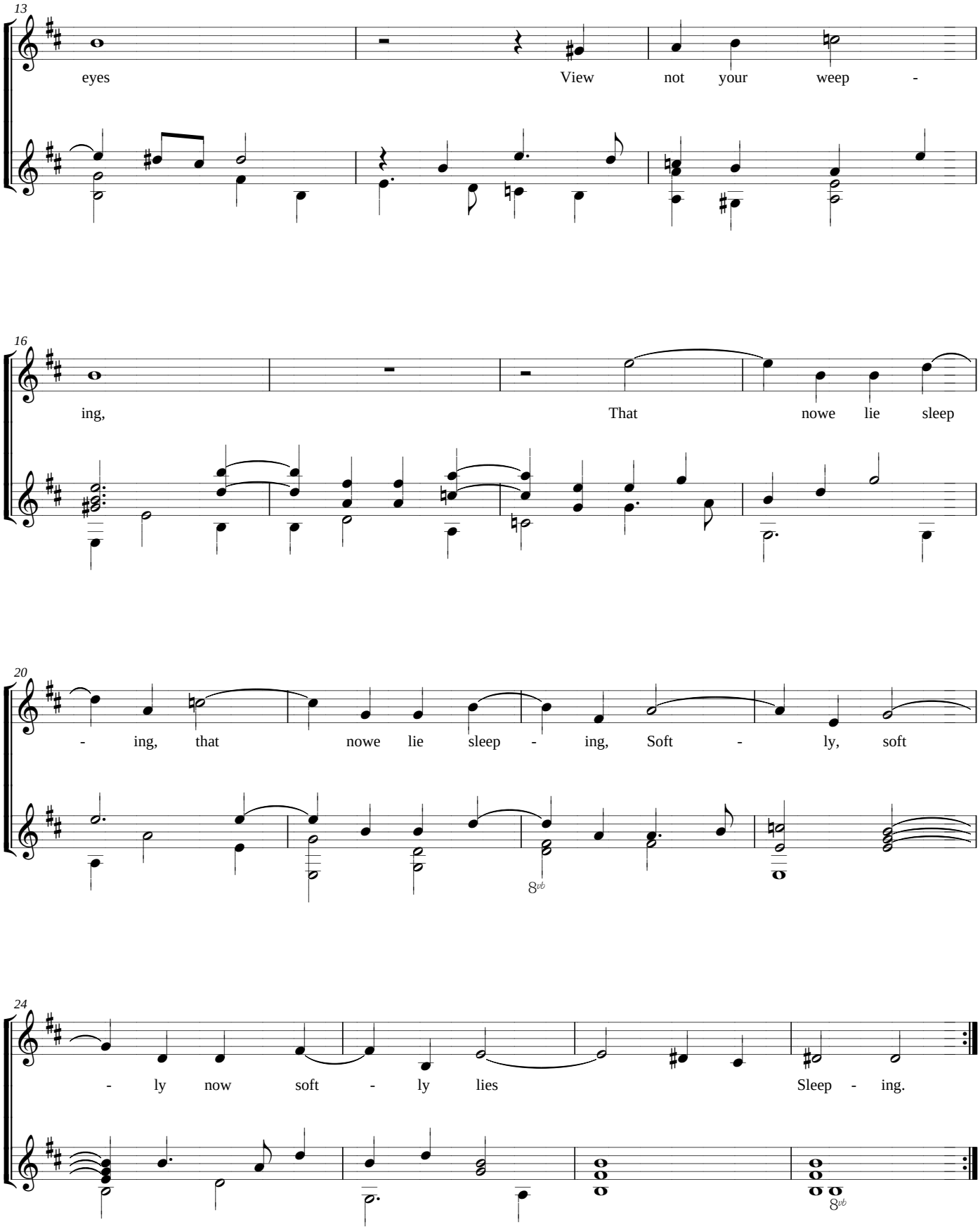

13
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by
16
art, Be still: for if you
19
ev - er do the like I'll cut the string, I'll
22
1.
2.
cut the string that makes the ham - mer strike. strike.

Weepe You No More

Transcrição: Orlando Fraga

John Dowland
The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Ayres (1603)




13
eyes View not your weep -
16
ing, That nowe lie sleep
20
- ing, that nowe lie sleep - ing, Soft - ly, soft
8vb
24
- ly now soft - ly lies Sleep - ing.
8vb

Who Ever Thinks or Hopes

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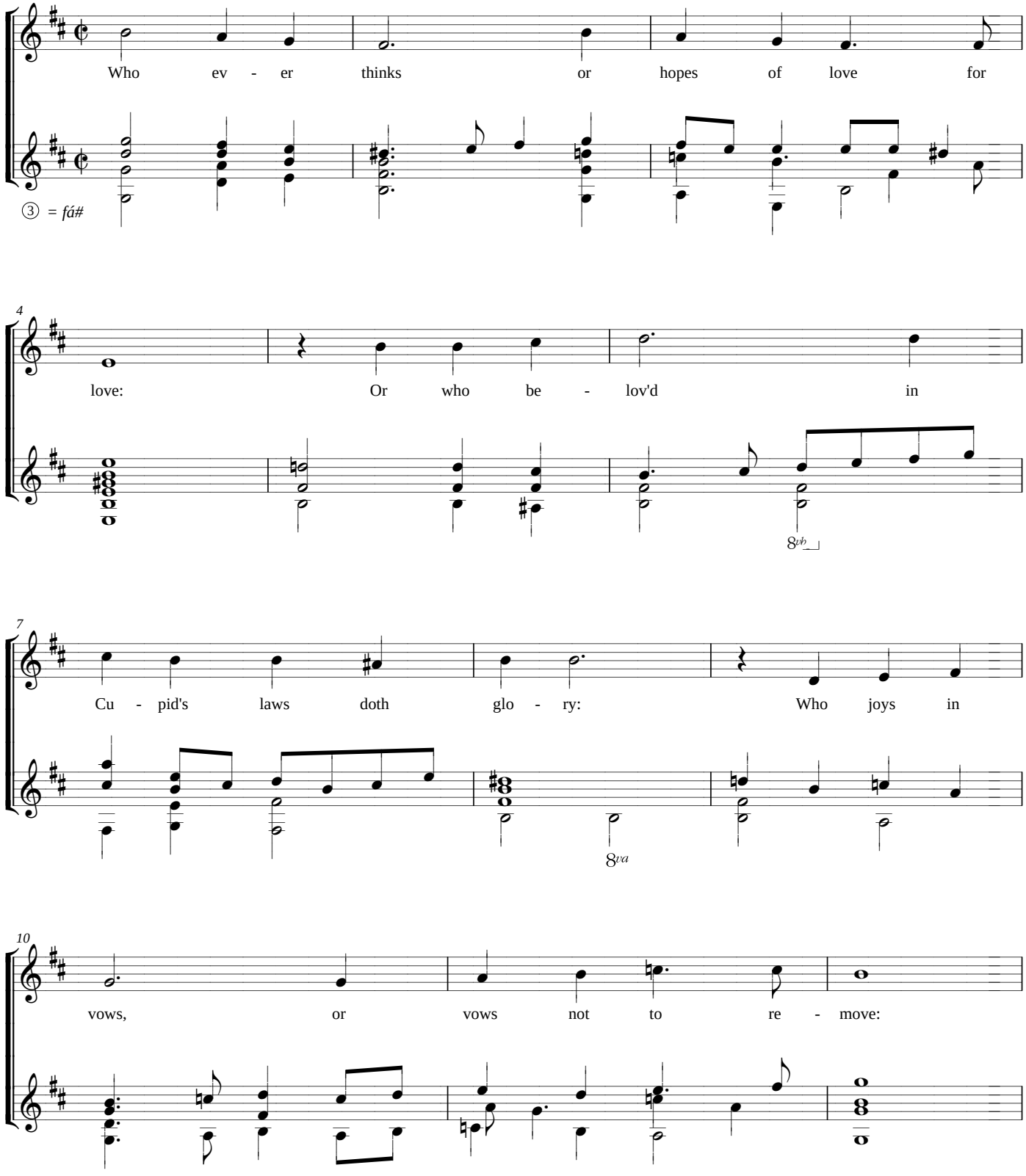
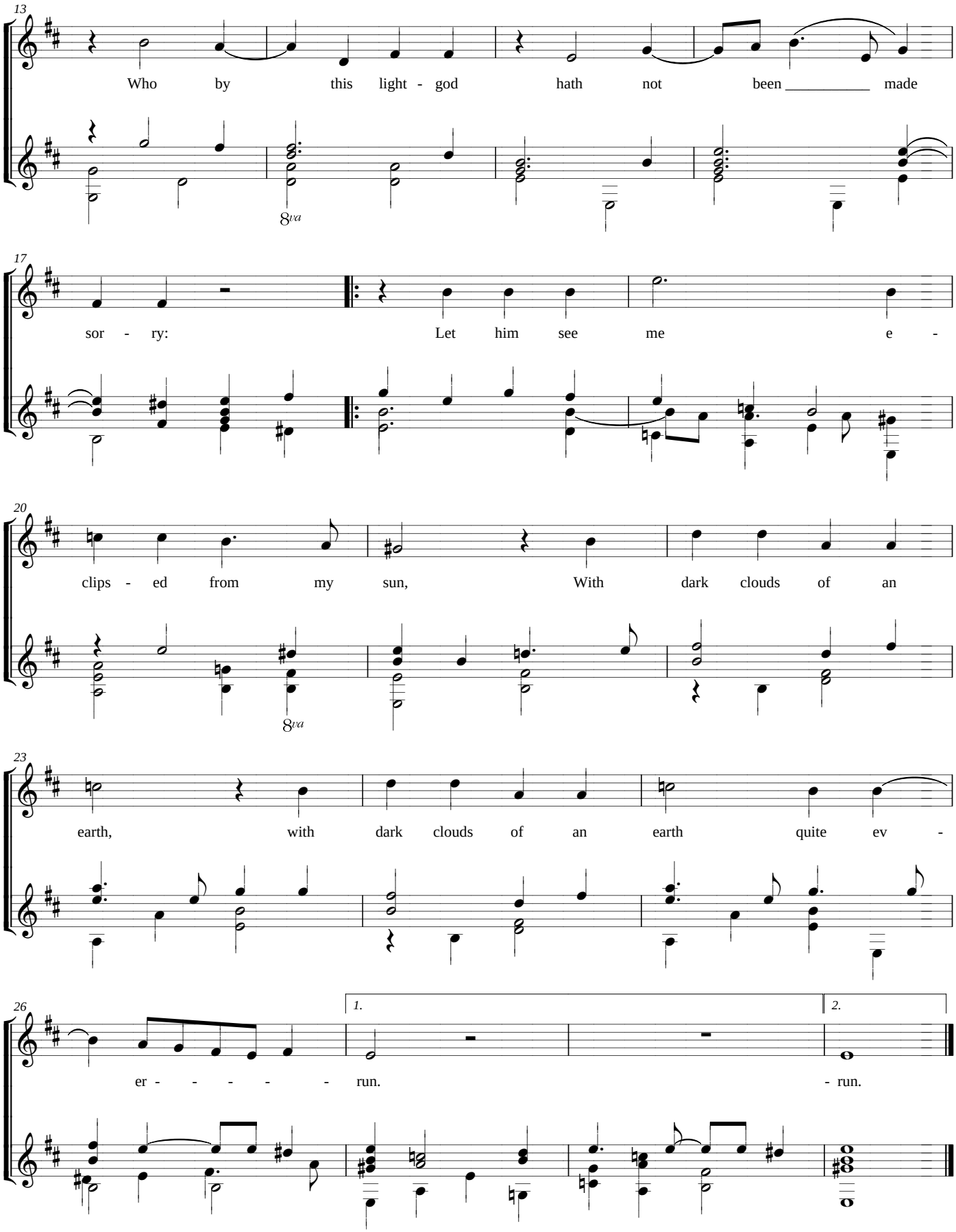
John Dowland

The First Booke of Ayres (1597)




13
Who by this light - god hath not been ___ made
8va
17
sor - ry: Let him see me e -
20
clips - ed from my sun, With dark clouds of an
8va
23
earth, with dark clouds of an earth quite ev -
26
1.
2.
er - - - - - run. - run.

Witl Thou, Unkind, hua Reave Me?

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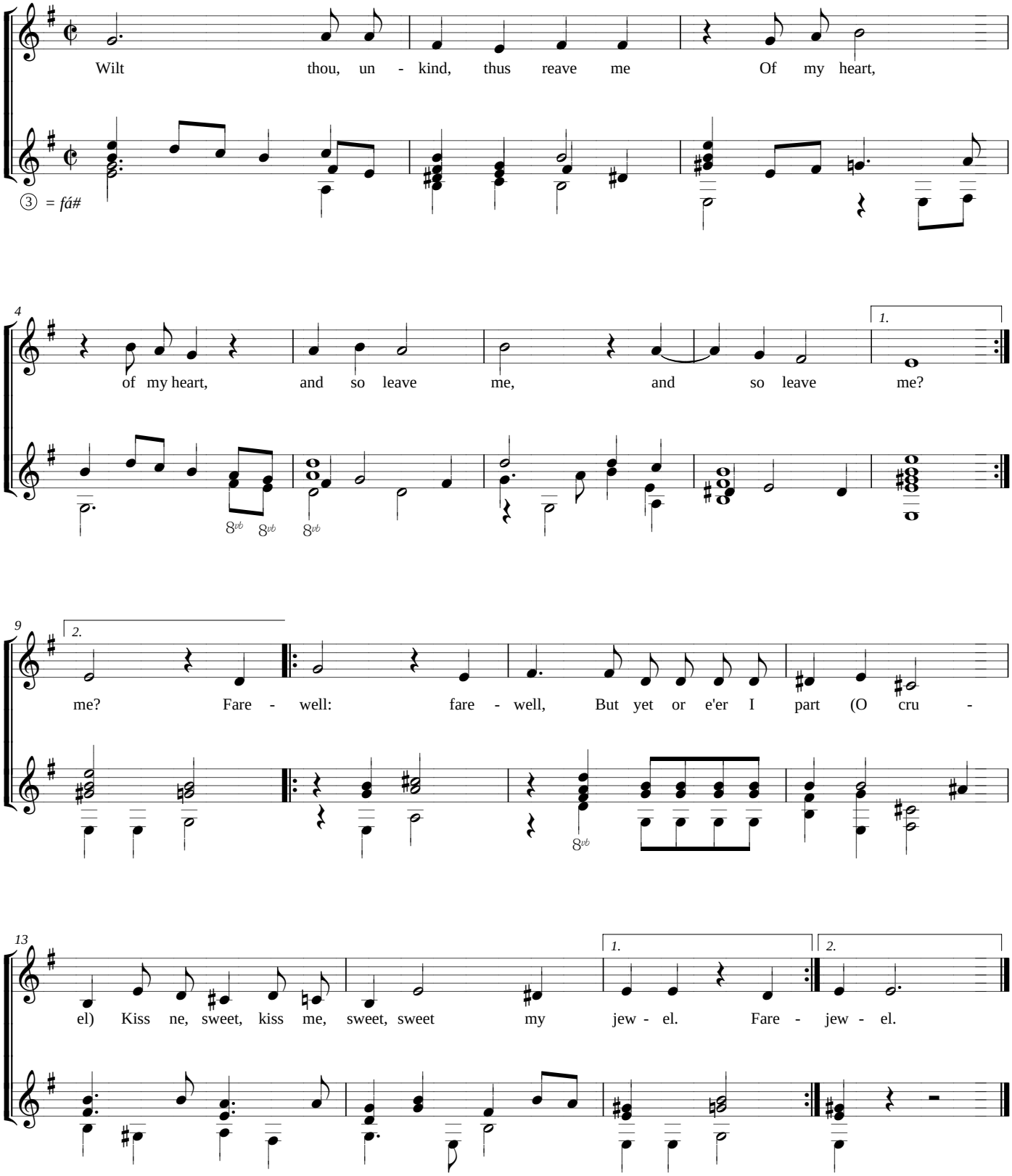
John Dowland

The First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1597)



Would my Conceit

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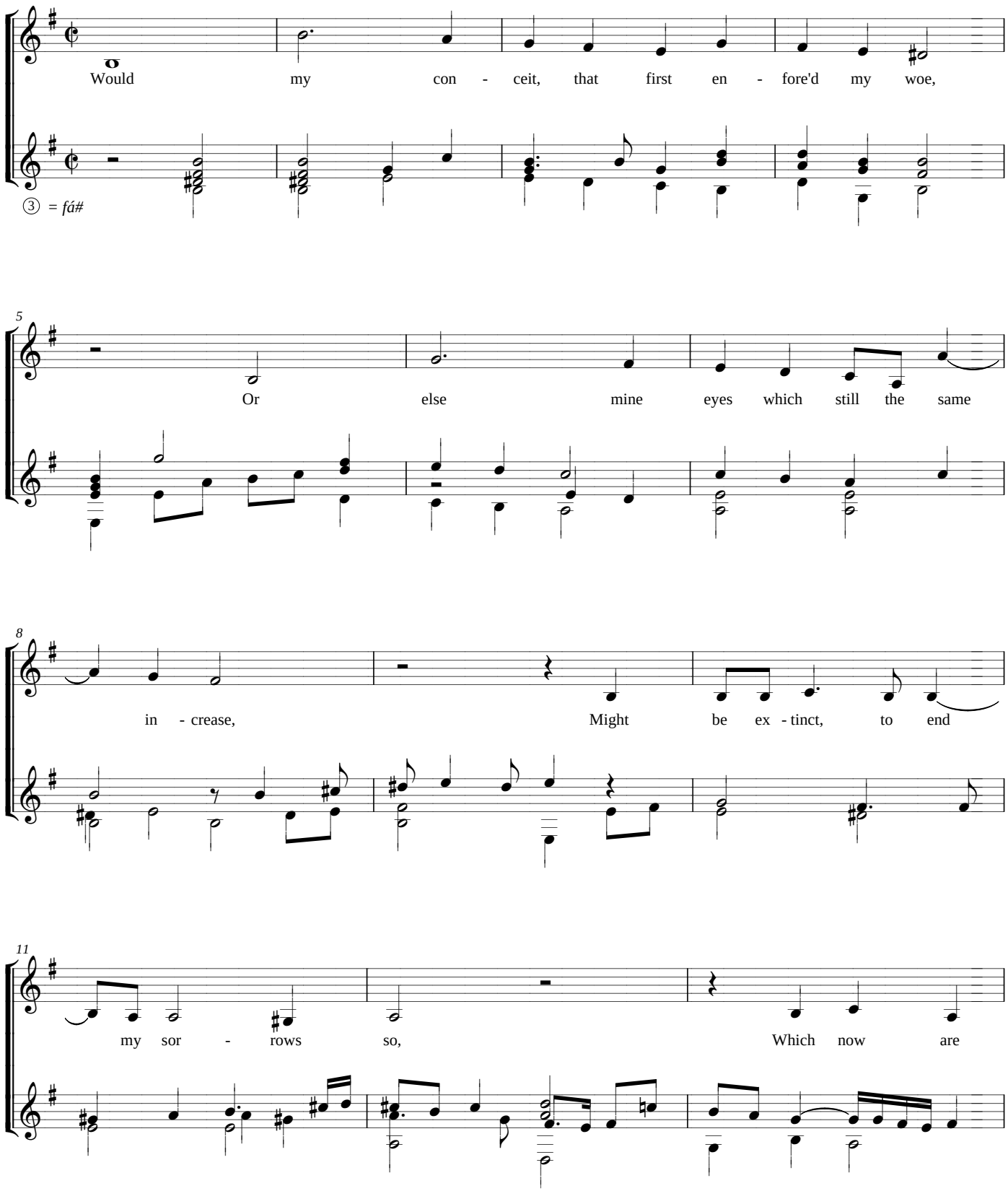
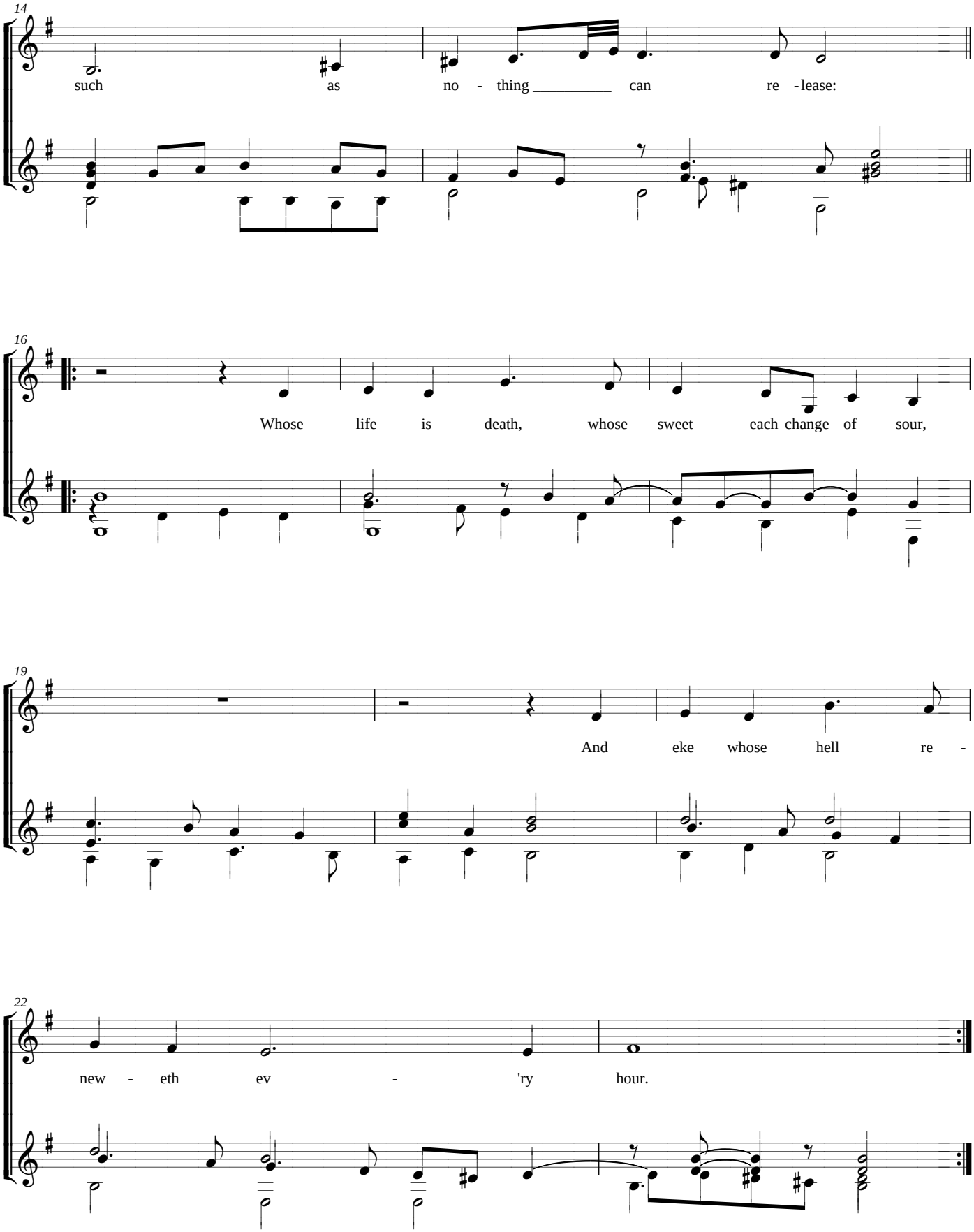
John Dowland

The First Booke of Ayres (1597)




14
such as no - thing can re - lease:
16
Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
19
And eke whose hell re -
22
new - eth ev - 'ry hour.

Sleep, wayward thoughts

Text by Anonymous
Set by John Dowland (1562-1626)
The First Booke of Ayres (1597)

1
Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Let not my Love be with my love diseas'd.
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

2
My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:
Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppress'd:
Impatient, yet of perfect temp'rature.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

Think'st thou then by thy feigning

Text by Anonymous
Set by John Dowland (1562-1626)
The First Booke of Ayres (1597)

1
Think'st thou then by thy feigning
Sleep, with a proud disdaining,
Or with thy crafty closing
Thy cruel eyes reposing,
To drive me from thy sight,
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing.
And while sleep feigned is,
May not I steal a kiss,
Thy quiet arms embracing.

2
O that my sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving:
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumph'd boldly
In beaty's sweet disgrace:
And liv'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

3
Should then my love aspiring,
Forbidden joys desiring,
So far exceed the duty
That virtue owes to beauty?
No Love seek not thy bliss,
Beyond a simple kiss:
For such deceits are harmless,
Yet kiss a thousand-fold.
For kisses may be bold
When lovely sleep is armless.

Unquiet thoughts

Text by Anonymous
Set by John Dowland (1562-1626)
The First Booke of Ayres (1597)

1
Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:
And you, my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,
Be still, for if you ever do the like
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

2
But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,
Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
Whenas these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,
Open the lock where all my love doth lie,
I'll seal them up within their lids forever:
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together.

3
How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?
My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.
My tongues would rust as in my mouth it lies,
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.
Speak then, and tell the passions of desire,
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

Weep you no more, sad fountains

Text by Anonymous

Set by

John Dowland (1562-1626), "Weep you no more, sad fountains".
Ivor Gurney (1890-1937), "Tears", from Five Elizabethan Songs (The Elizas), no. 2.
Sir Hubert Parry (1848-1918), "Weep you no more".
Roger Quilter (1877-1953), "Weep you no more", op. 12, from Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, no. 1.

1
Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

2
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at [e'en]* he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

** Parry: "eve"; Quilter: "even".*

Who ever thinks or hopes of love

Text by Baron Fulke Grenville Brooke (1554-1628)
Set by John Dowland (1562-1626)
The first Booke of Ayres (1597)

1
Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:
Or who, belov'd, in Cupid's laws doth glory:
Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
Who by this light god hath not been made sorry:
Let him see me eclipsed from my sun
With dark clouds of an earth quite overrun.

2
Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidd'n,
Or humble faith in constant honour armed
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidd'n,
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,
Looking on me let him know love's delights
Are treasures hid in cave but kept by sprites.

Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me?

Text by Anonymous
Set by John Dowland (1562-1626)
The First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1597)

1
Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me
Of my heart, of my heart, and so leave me?
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

2
Hope by disdain grows cheerless,
Fear doth love, love doth fear beauty peerless.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

3
If no delay can move thee,
Life shall die, death shall live still to love thee.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

4
Yet be thou mindful ever,
Heat from fire, fire from heat none can sever.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

5
True love cannot be changed,
Though delight from desert be estranged.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

Would My Conceit

Text by Anonymous
Set by John Dowland (1562-1626)
The First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1597)

1
Would my conceit, that first enfore'd my woe,
Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,
Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so,
Which now are such as nothing can release:
Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
And eke whose renewth ev'ry hour.

2
Each hour amidst the deep of hell I fry,
Each hour I waste and wither where I sit:
But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,
My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
Whose hope is such, bereaved of the bliss,
Which unto all save me allotted is.

3
To all save me is free to live or die,
To all save me remaineth hap or hope:
But all perforce I must abandon, I,
Sith Fortune still directs my hap a-slope.
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.