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**KONCERTNA  
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## SPORED

### **Vilinski vitez**

Balade in plesi iz renesančne Anglije

### **Sejem v Whittinghamu (Vilinski vitez)**

#### **Walsingham**

#### **Greensleeves**

Neznani avtor

Neznani avtor

Neznani avtor

### **Pojdi od mojega okna**

### **Pojdi od mojega okna**

### **Lord Darly**

Neznani avtor

John Dowland (1563–1626)

Neznani avtor

### **Tam prihaja galantni vitez**

Thomas Ravenscroft  
(ok. 1582–1635)

### **Dobrodošlica za mojega lorda Willoughbyja**

### **Zbogom, adijo, dvorno življenje**

### **Hrabri lord Willoughby**

John Dowland

Neznani avtor

Neznani avtor

### **La bourée**

### **Willie O' Winsbury**

### **Gigue**

### **Naloge zaljubljenca (Vilinski vitez)**

Nicolas Vallet (ok. 1583–1642)

Neznani avtor

Rokopis Rowallen (ok. 1620)

Neznani avtor

### **Watkinino pivo**

Neznani avtor

### **Londonska loterija**

Neznani avtor

### **Robin je odšel v zeleni gozd**

Richard Mynshall (1582–1638)

### **Robin Hood**

Thomas Ravenscroft

### **(Trije podeželski plesi v enem)**

### **Barbara Ellen**

Neznani avtor

### **Brez naslova in Koruzna dvorišča**

Rokopis Rowallen

### **Škotski ples**

Rokopis Rowallen

### **London**

Besedilo: William Blake

### **Sejem v Scarboroughu (Vilinski vitez)**

Neznani avtor

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Pod naslovom *Vilinski vitez (The Elfin Knight)* je ameriški folklorist Francis J. Child na koncu 19. stoletja zbral več različic te škotske balade. V nocnejšem sporedu predstavljamo tri, ki izvirajo iz Northumbrije, z Apalačev in z londonskih ulic: **Sejem v Whittinghamu, Naloge zaljubljenca** in **Sejem v Scarboroughu**. V najstarejši znani različici (1610) vilinski vitez zada svoji dragi tri naloge, ki jih mora izpolniti, sicer se mu bo morala podrediti: »Napravi mi srajco, a brez šivov, operi jo v vodnjaku brez vode in jo obesi na rožni grm brez trnja.« Ona se zaščiti tako, da mu odgovori s tremi nalogami, ki so prav tako neizpolnjive. V naših aranžmajih je izginil mitski kontekst in ostala je ljubezenska pesem s trditvijo, da je s pravo ljubeznijo mogoče doseči vse.

Nekatere skladbe pričajo o kulturni izmenjavi med Evropo in Novim svetom. Pesmi so britanske, a so jih pozneje peli tudi tisti, ki so se naselili v Severni Ameriki. **Barbara Ellen** in **Naloge zaljubljenca** sta izšli v zbirki apalaških ljudskih pesmi, ki jo je objavil Cecil Sharp, in sta transkripciji pesmi, ki so jo peli okrog leta 1900 v Kentuckyju. Zanimiv zgodovinski dokument je *broadside* balada **Londonska loterija** iz leta 1612, ki spodbuja poslušalce, naj zapustijo London in se preselijo v divjino Virginije. Tovrstne balade je bilo mogoče kupiti na vsakem vogalu in poimenovali so jih *broadside*, ker so bile natisnjene na široki strani enega samega lista papirja. Objavljali so le besedila in pod naslovi navajali imena melodij, a so nekateri napevi danes žal neznani.

Tako je obsežna balada **Lord Darly** povezana z melodijo *Črn in rumen*, ki je ne moremo identificirati z gotovostjo. Besedilo pripoveduje o tragični usodi lorda Henryja Stuarta Darnleyja (1545–1567): o njegovi poroki s škotsko kraljico Marijo Stuart, umoru njegovega nasprotnika Davida Rizzia in Darnleyjevi smrti na vislicah. Nekateri so menili, da je bil italijanski lutnjist Rizzio Marijin ljubimec,

a njegov umor je bil le del večje kampanje proti kraljici, saj so se škotski plemiči bali, da bo popeljala Škotsko nazaj h katoliški veri. Darnleyja so ubili po ukazu earla Bothwella Jamesa Hepburna (v baladi je omenjen kot »lord Jamie«), ki je pozneje postal Marijin tretji mož. Balado so natisnili v času, ko je bila Marija zaprta v Angliji ter je bila kot propagandno besedilo uperjena proti njej.

Bojne in junaške pesmi, kakršna je **Hrabri lord Willoughby**, so bile zelo priljubljene in tudi največji mojstri, kot sta William Byrd in John Dowland, so jih uporabljali za podlago instrumentalnih skladb. Peregrine Bertie, baron Willoughby, je med letoma 1586 in 1589 poveljeval v spopadih proti Špancem na Nizozemskem. Cinično besedilo o vojnih »radostih« **Zbogom, adijo, dvorno življenje** poznamo iz medigre za moraliteto *Orest* Johna Pickeringa iz leta 1567. Peli so ga na melodijo *Sellenger's Round*, ki jo je obdelal tudi Byrd.

Tako Dowland kakor Byrd sta napisala tudi variacije na pesem **Pojdi od mojega okna**, ki jo predstavljamo kot izvirno balado in v Dowlandovi različici, prirejani za violo da gamba in lutnjo. Njeno besedilo poznamo iz gledališke igre Francisa Beaumonta, ki so jo prvič uprizorili leta 1607, melodijo pa najdemo v številnih tabulaturah za lutnjo s konca 16. stoletja. Pesem **London** je najsodobnejša, saj združuje tradicionalno melodijo in besedilo iz *Pesmi nedolžnosti in izkustva* Williama Blakea (1757–1827). Ena najbolj znanih balad vseh časov **Barbara Ellen**, ki jo je Sharp našel v kar 27 različicah v Angliji in zabeležil 36 primerov v južnem delu Apalaškega gorovja, se začne z besedami »Ah, tam v Londonu, kjer sem odraščal«.

Teme ljubezni in vojne so neizčrpen vir navdiha. Pesmi **Watkinino pivo** (pijačo matere Watkin boste zaman iskali v običajnem angleškem pubu) in **Tam prihaja galantni vitez** kažeta ljubezen z bolj robotnim humorjem

in obe se končata s svarilom kot naukom. Prvo omenja William Chappell v knjigi iz leta 1840, a z opombo, da njeno besedilo ni primerno za objavo. Najdemo ga v zbirki Josepha Lillyja iz leta 1590 in zadnja vrstica poudarja: »Če je kdo med vami užaljen, je kriv pesnik in ne jaz.« Pesem o nespametnem vitezu je znana kot tradicionalna balada iz Childove zbirke, ki pa jo je že leta 1609 aranžiral Thomas Ravenscroft.

**Willie O' Winsbury** ima hollywoodski konec, saj se revni junak poroči z izbranim dekletom, odpove se zemlji, ki mu jo ponuja njen kraljevski oče, in na belem konju odjaha proti sončnemu zahodu. Najbolj nenavaden je preobrat ob kraljevi izjavi, da bi tudi sam spal z Williem, če bi bil ženska in ne moški. Zgodba o Robinu Hoodu je bila priljubljena že v renesansi, a besedilo znane balade *Robin je odšel v zeleni gozd* je žal izgubljeno. Njeno melodijo poznamo iz skladb lutnjistov, kot sta Richard Mynshall in John Dowland, naše besedilo pa je le fragment, ki ga navaja Ross Duffin v svoji knjigi o glasbi v Shakespearovih igrach. V četrtem dejanju *Hamleta* Ofelija pred samomorom prepeva zadnjo vrstico »Saj čedni moj Robin mi radost je vsa.« Thomas Ravenscroft kombinira drugačno melodijo Robina Hooda z dvema podeželskima plesoma v zabavnem kvodlibetu.

»Si na poti v Walsingham videl mojo najdražjo?« Izmenjava vprašanj in odgovorov je navdihnila izvedbo znane balade **Walsingham** z dvema glasovoma, ki smo ju podprli s harmonizacijama po Dowlandu in po eni izmed različic v znani zbirki skladb za glasbila s tipkami *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*. Vas Walsingham v grofiji Norfolk je bila od 11. stoletja naprej znana po vsej Evropi kot marijansko romarsko središče.

V slavni pesmi **Greensleeves** se zaradi erotično obarvanega besedila izogibamo običajni sentimentalnosti, temveč jo izvajamo bolj ritmično in s čutno energijo. Izmišljena naslovna junakinja – dobeseden prevod njenega imena je »Zeleni rokavi« – je bolj podobna ženski, ki »prodaja ljubezen«. Pevec jo sprašuje, zakaj ga ne ljubi, čeprav ji je dal to in ono. Besedilo sledi najzgodnejši objavljeni različici, zbirki Roberta Jonesa iz leta 1584, melodija pa je povzeta iz rokopisa za lutnjo, ki je nastal okrog leta 1605 in ga hranijo v Dublinu.

Štiri instrumentalne skladbe na sporedu izvirajo iz rokopisa s tabulaturami za lutnjo *Rowallen*, ki je nastal okrog leta 1620 na Škotskem. Zgodnji podeželski ples **La bourée** je delo francoskega lutnjista Nicolasa Valleta in kaže internacionalnost renesančne glasbe.

Sklepna skladba o nalogah vilinskega viteza **Sejem v Scarboroughu** omenja mednarodni trgovski dogodek, ki so ga prirejali vse od leta 1253 do zadnjih desetletij 14. stoletja. Ta različica pesmi se v zadnji kitici sklene z odgovorom ali obljubo »Pridi po svojo srajco iz batista in takrat boš postala moja prava ljubezen.«

*Domen Marinčič*

### **Whittingham Faire**

Are you going to Whittingham Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Without any seam or needlework,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Where never spring water nor rain ever fell,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
I hope he will answer as many for me,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

### **Walsingham**

As you came from Walsingham, from that holy land,  
Met you not with my true love by the way as you came?

How should I your true love know, that hath met many a one,  
As I came from the holy land, that have come, that have gone?

### **Sejem v Whittinghamu**

*Pojdeš na sejem v Whittinghamu?  
Peteršilj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan;  
name spomni njo, ki tam živi,  
kajti nekoč je bila moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci ji, naj mi naredi srajco iz batista,  
peteršilj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan;  
brez vsakršnih robov ali šivov,  
kajti nekoč je bila moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci ji, naj jo opere v tistem vodnjaku,  
peteršilj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan;  
v katerega ne tečeta ne studenčnica ne dež,  
kajti nekoč je bila moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci ji, naj jo posuši na tistem trnju,  
peteršilj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan;  
ki še nikoli ni vzcvetelo, odkar se je rodil Adam,  
kajti nekoč je bila moja prava ljubezen.*

*Zdaj mi je zastavil tri vprašanja,  
peteršilj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan;  
upam, da mi bo dal prav toliko odgovorov,  
kajti nekoč je bila moja prava ljubezen.*

### **Walsingham**

*Ko si prišel iz Walsinghama, s te svete zemlje,  
mar nisi na poti srečal moje najdražje?*

*Le kako bi prepoznal tvojo drago; srečal sem premnoge,  
ki so prihajale in odhajale, ko sem se vračal s svete zemlje.*

She is neither white nor brown, but as the heavens fair:  
There is none hath a form so divine on the earth, in the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir, with an angel-like face:  
Who appear'd like a nymph, like a queen,  
in her gait, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone, all alone as unknown:  
Who sometime loved me as her life, and called me her own.

What is the cause she hath left thee alone, and a new way doth take,  
That sometime did thee love as herself, and her joy did thee make?

I have loved her all my youth, but now am old as you see:  
Love liketh not the falling fruit, nor the withered tree.

For love is a careless child and forgets promise past,  
He is blind, he is deaf when he list, and in faith, never fast.

Yea but love is a durable fire, in the mind ever burning:  
Never sick, never old, never cold, from itself never turning.

### **Greensleeves**

Alas my love, ye do me wrong,  
To cast me off discourteously:  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your companie.  
Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight:  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my Ladie Greensleeves.

*Ona ni ne blede ne temne polti, temveč je nebeško lepa;  
nobena na svetu ali na nebu nima tako božanske postave.*

*Prav takšno sem srečal, dragi gospod, imela je obraz angela;  
bila je kakor nimfa, kakor kraljica  
tako v hoji kakor v kretnjah.*

*Pustila me je samega, čisto samega, kakor me ne bi poznala, ona,  
ki me je prej ljubila kakor svoje življenje in govorila, da sem njen.*

*Kaj je vzrok temu, da te je zapustila in odšla na novo pot,  
ona, ki te je nekoč ljubila kakor samo sebe in se te veselila?*

*Vso svojo mladost sem jo ljubil, a zdaj sem star, kakor vidiš;  
ljubezen ne mara odpadlega sadja ali posušenega drevja.*

*Kajti Amor je brezskrben otrok in pozablja na pretekle obljube;  
slep je in gluhi, kadar se mu zahoče, in ne pozna zvestobe.*

*A ljubezen je vztrajen ogenj, neprestano gori v srcu,  
nikoli ni bolna, stara ali hladna, nikoli se ne izneveri sami sebi.*

### **Greensleeves**

*Ah, preljuba, delaš mi krivico,  
ko me tako grobo zavračaš,  
jaz pa sem te tako dolgo ljubil  
in se veselil v tvoji družbi.  
Greensleeves je bila vse moje veselje,  
Greensleeves je bila moja radost;  
Greensleeves je bilo zlato v mojem srcu,  
kdo drug kakor le moja Greensleeves.*

I have been readie at your hand,  
To grant what ever you would crave.  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and good will for to have.  
Greensleeves...

I bought thee peticotes of the best,  
The cloth so fine as fine might be:  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,  
And all this cost I spent on thee.  
Greensleeves...

My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee:  
All this was gallant to be seen,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.  
Greensleeves...

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

Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,  
That thou my constancie maist see:  
And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.  
Greensleeves...

Greensleeves now farewell adue,  
God I pray to prosper thee:  
For I am stil thy lover true,  
Come once againe and love me.  
Greensleeves...

*Vedno sem ti stal ob strani,  
da bi ti izpolnil vse, kar si si zaželela,  
zastavil sem življenje in posestvo,  
da bi dobil tvojo ljubezen in naklonjenost.  
Greensleeves ...*

*Najboljša krilca sem ti kupil,  
iz finega, najfinejšega blaga,  
dal sem ti dragulje za tvoje prsi,  
vse to sem zapravil zate.  
Greensleeves ...*

*Moji možje so bili odeti v zeleno,  
vedno so ti bili na uslugo;  
vse to je bilo imenitno na pogled,  
a me kljub temu nisi hotela ljubiti.  
Greensleeves ...*

*Karkoli si si zaželela na tem svetu,  
si nemudoma dobila;  
vedno sem plesal, kakor si žvižgala,  
a me kljub temu nisi hotela ljubiti.  
Greensleeves ...*

*Molil bom k nebeškemu Bogu,  
da boš spoznala mojo zvestobo  
in me nekoč, preden umrem,  
blagovoljila ljubiti.  
Greensleeves ...*

*Zbogom, Greensleeves, zdaj se poslavljam,  
Boga prosim, naj ti pokloni srečo;  
še vedno te zvesto ljubim,  
vrni se in mi pokloni ljubezen.  
Greensleeves ...*

### **Go from my window**

Go from my window, love, go,  
Go from my window, my dear,  
The wind and the rain will drive you back again,  
You cannot be lodged here.

Go from my window, love, go,  
Go from my window, my dear,  
The devil's in the man, and he cannot understand,  
That he cannot be lodged here.

Go from my window, love, go,  
Go from my window, my dear,  
The wind is in the West, and the cuckoo's in his nest,  
And you cannot be lodged here.

### **Lord Darly**

My hand and pen procede to write,  
A wofull tale to tell:  
My pen it cannot halfe invite,  
Alas how it befell.  
Wo worth the men that Treason first  
This thing did take in hande,  
Of all mens mouthes they may be curst,  
Throughout this English land.  
Wo worth wo worth wo worth them all  
Wo worth to them I say:  
Wo worth wo worth wo worth them all  
Wo worth to them alway.

As it befell to Lord Darly,  
Whose friends they may all rew,  
That ever be on Scotland ground,  
Or any place thereof knew.

### **Pojdi od mojega okna**

*Pojdi od mojega okna, ljubi, pojdi,  
pojdi od mojega okna, moj dragi,  
veter in dež te bosta odgnala domov,  
tukaj ne moreš prenočiti.*

*Pojdi od mojega okna, ljubi, pojdi,  
pojdi od mojega okna, moj dragi,  
v moškem je vrag, zato ne more razumeti,  
da ne more prenočiti tukaj.*

*Pojdi od mojega okna, ljubi, pojdi,  
pojdi od mojega okna, moj dragi,  
veter prihaja z zahoda in kukavica je v gnezdu  
in ti ne moreš prenočiti tukaj.*

### **Lord Darly**

*Moja roka in pero pišeta,  
da bi povedala bridko zgodbo;  
pero ne more razodeti niti pol tistega,  
ah, kar se je zgodilo.  
Gorje možem, ki so se prvi  
pritaknili te izdaje.  
Kakor iz enih ust so prekleti  
po vsej tej angleški deželi.  
Gorje, gorje, gorje vsem njim,  
gorje jim, vam pravim;  
gorje, gorje, gorje vsem njim,  
na vekomaj gorje jim.*

*Kar je doletelo lorda Darlyja,  
lahko obžalujejo vsi njegovi prijatelji,  
ki so bili kdaj na škotskih tleh  
ali so poznali to deželo.*



The Queen of Scots a letter sent,  
With it a hart and Ring,  
Orfiring him to come to her,  
And she would make him king.  
Wo worth...

He thought it was a courteous deed,  
So noble a Queene as she,  
Would marry him, and make him king,  
Where to he did agreee.  
When first in Scotland that he went,  
He was discreet and sage:  
And when in hand he tooke to rule,  
But twentie years of age.  
Wo worth...

The garde of Scotland he did leade,  
With all his noble trayne:  
And ruled Scotland vertuously,  
While life he did sustayne.  
But listen now and give good care,  
To hear what chaunce befell.  
For as the proverbe olde doth go  
Gold may be bought to well.  
Wo worth...

So did this noble Lord Darly,  
When England he forsooke:  
When that in Scotland first he went,  
The rule thereof he tooke.  
There d'mete a straunger in the court,  
Sinior David calde by name,  
He was the first that went about,  
This Treason vile to frame.  
Wo worth...

*Škotska kraljica mu je poslala pismo  
z grbom in pečatom,  
ponudila mu je, naj pride k njej,  
in naredila ga bo za kralja.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Zdelo se mu je, da bi se spodobilo;  
tako plemenita kraljica  
bi se poročila z njim in ga naredila za kralja,  
zato je privolil.  
Ko je odpotoval na Škotsko,  
je bil obziren in moder,  
in ko je prevzel vladavino,  
je imel komaj dvajset let.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Vodil je škotsko gardo  
s svojim sijajnim spremstvom;  
plemenito je vladal Škotski,  
dokler je živel.  
A poslušajte zdaj in dobro pazite,  
kakšna usoda ga je doletela.  
Kakor pravi star pregovor,  
zlato lahko predrago plačamo.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Tako je storil plemeniti lord Darly,  
ko je zapustil Anglijo;  
ko se je prvič odpravil na Škotsko  
in prevzel vladavino.  
Na dvoru je srečal tujca,  
ki so mu rekli signor David;  
ta je prvi začel pripravljati  
podlo izdajstvo.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

As chamberlayn he was to th' Queen,  
Who preferred him wondrous well,  
As all the Lordes in Court behelde,  
Which caused their heartes to swell,  
Against this David grudged the king,  
A quarrell was pickt for the nonce,  
Within the chamber there was drawn,  
Twelve Daggers all at once.  
Wo worth...

Some of the Lords tooke the kings part  
And some tooke his certayne,  
Two Daggers he had at his hart,  
And so David was slayne.  
And when the Queen heard of this news  
She sore began to weepe,  
And made a vowe and oth certayne,  
That she did meane to keepe.  
Wo worth...

That in a twelvemonth and a day,  
She would not pleased be:  
Because that David so was slayne,  
With such great crueltie.  
The twelve moneth and a day expyre  
A meeting there should be,  
By all the Lordes it was agreede,  
With great solemnitie.  
Wo worth...

At Rocksborow Castle there,  
This king and Queen should meete,  
And be made friendes as earth they wert  
Some Lordes the same did seeke.  
Three knights conspired the kings death  
Whose names are all well knowne.  
For which alas the people in

*Bil je kraljičin komornik  
in imela ga je raje kakor vse druge,  
kar je lahko opazila vsa gospoda na dvoru,  
in to je razsrdilo njihova srca.  
Kralj je zameril Davidu,  
nenadoma se je vnel prepir,  
v sobi so hkrati izvlekli  
kar dvanajst bodal.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Nekateri plemiči so bili na strani kralja  
in drugi seveda na njegovi.  
V srce je dobil dve bodali,  
tako so umorili Davida.  
Ko je kraljica slišala to novico,  
je začela bridko jokati,  
zaobljubila se je in prisegla  
in te prisege se je trdno držala.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Za dvanajst mesecev in en dan  
se je odpovedala vsem radostim,  
ker so Davida ubili  
tako brezsrčno.  
Po dvanajstih mesecih in enem dnevu  
so sklicali sestanek,  
potrdili so ga vsi lordi,  
navdse slovesno.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Na gradu Rocksborough  
naj se srečata kralj in kraljica  
in se spoprijateljita kakor nekoč,  
tako so hoteli tudi nekateri lordi.  
Trije vitezi, katerih imena so dobro znana,  
so se zarotili proti kralju na njegovo smrt.  
Ljudem po vsej deželi*

The countrey made great mone.  
Wo worth...

The knights which this treason began,  
For to destroy the king,  
They tooke with them Gunpowder then,  
The chamber they went in.  
And to them close they shut the dore,  
For feare of being spide,  
They strewed the powder round about,  
Full thick on every side.  
Wo worth...

And thereon strewed rushes greene,  
To hide the powder with all,  
Because they would not have it seene,  
Nor nothing smelt at all.  
The banquet then prepared is,  
They suppe and drinke the wine,  
The king (alas) knew not of this,  
The which was wrought that time.  
Wo worth...

And after supper they did talke,  
To passe away the time,  
And every man his fancie spake,  
As best did please his minde,  
Some men with Siniour David heald  
The king then in a rage:  
Up to his chamber went straight way,  
None with him but a page.  
Wo worth...

And when he came the Chamber in,  
The Page began to tell:  
You are betrayed o noble king,

*je to prineslo veliko bridkosti.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Vitezi, ki so začeli izdajo,  
da bi uničili kralja,  
so s seboj prinesli smodnik,  
šli so v sobo.  
Za seboj so zaprli vrata,  
da jih ne bi kdo videl.  
Smodnik so posuli vsepovsod  
in z njim prekrili tla.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Čezenj so položili zeleno ločje  
in zakrili z njim ves smodnik,  
ker so hoteli, da ga nihče ne bi videl  
in da ne bi bilo nobenega vonja.  
Miza je bila pripravljena,  
jedli so in pili vino,  
a kralj ni vedel nič o tem,  
kar so takrat naklepali.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Po večerji so se pogovarjali,  
da bi si krajšali čas,  
vsak je govoril, kar mu je prišlo na misel,  
kakor mu je najbolj ugajalo.  
Nekateri so nazdravili signoru Davidu,  
kar je razjezilo kralja;  
odšel je naravnost v svojo sobo,  
z njim je bil le paž.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*In ko je prišel v sobo,  
je paž spregovoril:  
Izdani ste, o presvetli kralj,*

For yonder I do smell.  
O flee from hence haste you away,  
And I on you will waight.  
The king that hearing presently,  
Leapt out the window straight.  
Wo worth...

One of them stooed under the window  
And tooke him in his arme,  
Saying who art thou, O man feare not,  
For thou shalt have no harme,  
I am an English man quoth he,  
Of Scotland I am king,  
King Henry once myne Uncle was,  
Which was of England King.  
Wo worth...

Two of them tooke th' king straight way  
And bound him foote and hand;  
On a peachtree in the orcharde,  
This noble king they hangde.  
And when the Queen hard of this news,  
She sore weapt for the king;  
Peace Madame quoth the Lord Jamie,  
You do but fayn this thing.  
Wo worth...

Thus hath this noble king alas,  
His life lost as you heare:  
Therefore I say and will doe still,  
He did buy Gold to deare.  
God graunt good Lord with hart I pray  
Our noble Queen to guide,  
And graunt that never traytours false,  
About her highness bide.  
Wo worth...

*kajti tamle nekaj voham.  
Bežite, ne obotavljajte se,  
vedno vam bom na uslugo.  
Ko je kralj to slišal, je nemudoma  
skočil naravnost skozi okno.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Eden izmed njih je stal pod oknom  
in ga zgrabil z rokama,  
rekoč: Kdo si? Ne boj se,  
nič hudega se ti ne bo zgodilo.  
Anglež sem, je rekel,  
škotski kralj sem.  
Kralj Henrik, ki je vladal Angliji,  
je bil moj stric.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Dva izmed njih sta odvedla kralja,  
mu zvezala roke in noge;  
na breskovo drevo v sadovnjaku  
sta obesila plemenitega vladarja.  
Ko je kraljica slišala to novico,  
je bridko jokala za kraljem.  
Pomirite se, visokost, je rekel lord Jamie,  
saj le hlinite vse to.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

*Tako je ta plemeniti kralj, ah,  
izgubil svoje življenje, kakor ste slišali.  
Zato pravim in še enkrat ponovim,  
predrago je plačal zlato.  
Dobri Bog, naš Gospod, srčno prosim,  
vodi našo spoštovano kraljico,  
varuj jo pred zahrbtnimi izdajci,  
ki bi se sukali okrog njene visokosti.  
Gorje, gorje ...*

### **Yonder comes a courteous knight**

Yonder comes a courteous Knight,  
lustely raking over the hay,  
He was well ware of a bonny lasse,  
as she came wandering over the way,  
Then she sang downe a downe, hey downe derry.

Jove you speed fayre Lady, he said,  
among the leaves that be so greene:  
If I were a king and wore a Crowne,  
full soone faire Lady shouldst thou be a queen.

Also Jove save you faire Lady,  
amonth the Roses that be so red:  
If I have not my will of you,  
full soone faire Lady shall I be dead.

Then he lookt East, then hee lookt West,  
hee lookt North, so did he South:  
He could not find a privy place,  
for all lay in the Divels mouth.

If you will carry me gentle sir,  
a mayde unto my fathers hall:  
Then you shall have your will of me,  
under purple and under paule.

He let her up upon a Steed,  
and himself upon another:  
And all the day he rode her by,  
as though they had beene sister and brother.

When she came to her fathers hall,  
it was well walled round about:  
she rode in at the wicket gate,  
and shut the four ear'd foole without.

### **Tam prihaja galantni vitez**

*Tam prihaja galantni vitez,  
veselo jezdi čez polje,  
zagledal je čedno dekle,  
ki mu je prečkalo pot.  
Prepevala je downe o downe, hey downe derry.*

*Jupiter naj vas varuje, lepa dama, je rekel,  
med zelenim listjem;  
če bi bil kralj in bi nosil krono,  
bi morali vi, lepa dama, kmalu postati kraljica.*

*Jupiter naj vas varuje, lepa dama,  
med rdečimi vrtnicami:  
če mi ne boste ustregli,  
lepa dama, bom prav kmalu umrl.*

*Potem je pogledal na vzhod, nato na zahod,  
pogledal je na sever in na jug,  
ni mogel najti skritega kotička,  
kajti vsi so bili v hudičevih ustih.*

*Če me boste, dragi gospod,  
pripeljali v očetovo hišo kot devico,  
vam bom ustregla  
pod boljšo streho.*

*Dvignil jo je na konja  
in se sam povzpel na drugega;  
ves dan je jezdil poleg nje,  
kakor bi si bila sestra in brat.*

*Ko je prišla do očetove hiše,  
je bila ta obdana z debelim obzidjem;  
odjezdila je skozi manjša vrata  
in neumnega osla pustila zunaj.*

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,  
among the corne amidst the hay:  
Where you might had your will of mee,  
for, in good faith sir, I never said nay.

He pulled out his nut-browne sword,  
and wipt the rust off with his sleeve:  
And said; Joves curse come to his heart,  
that any woman would believe.

When you have your owne true love,  
a mile or twaine out of the towne,  
Spare not for her gay clothing,  
but lay her body flat on the ground.

### **Farewell, adieu that courtly life**

Farewell, adieu that courtly life,  
To war we tend to go;  
It is good sport to see the strife  
Of soldiers in a row.

How merrily they forward march these enemies to slay:  
With hey trim and trixy too, their banners they display.

Now shall we have the golden cheats  
When others want the same:  
And soldiers have full many feats  
Their enemies to tame.

With coucking here, and booming there,  
they break their foes' array;  
And lusty lads amid the fields their ensigns do display.

The drum and flute play lustily,  
The trumpet blows amayne;  
And venturous knights courageously

*Imeli ste me, je rekla, zunaj na polju,  
med pšenico in v senu,  
tam bi vam bila ustregla,  
kajti, resnično, gospod, nikoli nisem rekla ne.*

*Iz vlekel je svoj orehovo rjavi meč,  
z rokavom obrisal rjo in rekel:  
Pri Jupitru, preklet naj bo tisti,  
ki bi verjel ženski na besedo.*

*Če imaš svojo ljubico  
miljo ali dve stran od mesta,  
ne pazi na njeno krasno obleko,  
temveč jo položi kar na tla.*

### **Zbogom, adijo, dvorno življenje**

*Zbogom, adijo, dvorno življenje,  
odpravljamo se v vojno;  
zabavno je gledati,  
kako se bojujejo čete vojakov.  
Kako veselo korakajo pobijati sovražnike;  
razigrano in vriskajoč mahajo z zastavami.*

*Zdaj bomo dobili zlati plen,  
četudi ga hočejo drugi;  
vojaki poznajo veliko junaštev,  
s katerimi premagajo sovražnike.  
Zasedo tu in pokanjem tam  
zlomijo sovražnika;  
krepki fantje na bojiščih razkazujejo insignije.*

*Boben in piščal veselo igrata,  
trobenta glasno trobi  
in drzni vitezi pogumno*

Do march before their train.

With spears in rest so lively dress'd in armor bright and gay,  
With hey trim and trixy too, their banners they display.

### **Brave Lord Willoughby**

The fifteenth day of July with glistening spear and shield,  
A famous fight in Flanders was foughten in the field:  
The most courageous officers was English captains three;  
But the bravest man in battle was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris, a valiant man was he;  
The other Captain Turner that from field never would flee:  
With fifteen hundred fighting men, alas! There was no more,  
They fought with forty thousand then upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen and look you round about;  
And shoot you right, you bowmen and we will keep them out:  
You musket and calliver men do you prove true to me,  
I'll be the foremost man in fight, says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy they fiercely did assail:  
And fought it out most valiantly, not doubting to prevail:  
The wounded men on both sides fell, most piteous for to see,  
Yet nothing could the courage quell of brave Lord Willoughby.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows and bullets thick did fly,  
Then did our valiant soldiers charge on most furiously:  
Which made the Spaniards waver, they thought it best to flee,  
They fear'd the stout behaviour of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general, come let us march away,  
I fear we shall be spoiled all, if that we longer stay:  
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,

*korakajo pred svojimi četami.*

*Z meči ob strani, živahno odeti v pisane bleščeče oklepe  
raziigrano in vriskajoč mahajo z zastavami.*

### **Hrabri lord Willoughby**

*Petnajsti dan julija so z bleščečimi kopji in ščiti  
bili slavno bitko na bojnem polju v Flandriji;  
najbolj pogumni oficirji so bili trije angleški poveljniki,  
a največji junak v bitki je bil hrabri lord Willoughby.*

*Naslednji je bil poveljnik Norris, bil je drzen mož,  
tretji poveljnik Turner, ki ni nikoli pobegnil z bojišča;  
S tisoč petsto bojevniki, ah, ni jih bilo več kakor toliko,  
so se bojevali s štirideset tisoči na krvavi obali.*

*Stojte, ponosni kopjaniki, in oprezajte na vse strani,  
streljajte, kakor je treba, lokostrelci, in pregnali jih bomo;  
mušketirji in samostrelci, ostanite mi zvesti,  
jaz bom prvi v boju, pravi hrabri lord Willoughby.*

*Potem so divje udarili po prekletem sovražniku,  
hrabro so se bojevali, niso podvomili v prevlado;  
na obeh straneh so padli ranjenci, usmiljenja vreden pogled,  
toda nič ni zatrlo poguma hrabrega lorda Willoughbyja.*

*Ostre puščice z jeklenimi konicami in debele krogle so padale,  
nato so naši vrli vojaki krenili v silovit napad;  
to je Špance spravilo v negotovost, pomislili so na beg,  
prestrašila jih je odločnost hrabrega lorda Willoughbyja.*

*Takrat je španski general rekel, pridite, umaknimo se,  
bojim se, da nas bodo vse pokončali, če bomo vztrajali tu:  
tam prihaja lord Willoughby,*

with courage fierce and fell,  
He will not give one inch of ground for all the devils in Hell.

Then courage, noble Englishmen, and never be dismay'd,  
If that we be but one to ten, we will not be afraid  
To fight with foreign enemies, and set our country free,  
And thus I end this bloody bout of brave Lord Willoughby.

### **Willie O'Winsbury**

The king has been a prisoner  
And a prisoner long in Spain  
And Willie O'Winsbury  
Has laid long with his daughter at home.

What ails thee, what ails thee my daughter Janet?  
Well you look so pale and wan  
Oh have you had any salt sickness  
Or yet been sleeping with a man?

I have not had any salt sickness  
Nor yet been sleeping with a man  
It is for you my father dear  
For biding so long in Spain.

Cast off, cast off your very brown gown  
You stand naked upon the stone  
That I may know you by your shape  
Whether you be a maiden or a man

And she's cast off her very brown gown  
She stood naked upon the stone  
And her apron was low and her haunches were round

*ves pogumen in pogubonosni,  
ne bo nam dal niti palca zemlje pri vseh hudičih pekla.*

*Zato pogumno, odlični Angleži, nikoli ne obupajte,  
čtetudi bi nas bilo desetkrat manj, se ne bomo bali  
boja s tujimi sovražniki, osvobodili bomo domovino,  
naj s tem končam silni podvig hrabrega lorda Willoughbyja.*

### **Willie O'Winsbury**

*Kralj je bil ujetnik,  
dolgo je bil zaprt v Španiji,  
in Willie O'Winsbury  
je ležal doma z njegovo hčerjo.*

*Kaj te tare, Janet, moja hči?  
Tako bleda in slabotna si videti,  
ah, imaš morsko bolezen,  
ali si spala z moškim?*

*Nisem imela morske bolezni  
in nisem še spala z moškim,  
vse to je zaradi tebe, dragi oče,  
ker si bil tako dolgo v Španiji.*

*Odloži, odloži svojo rjavo obleko  
in gola stopi na skalo,  
da bom po tvoji postavi presodil,  
ali si dekle ali ženska.*

*In odložila je svojo rjavo obleko  
in gola stopila na skalo  
in njen trebuh je bil nabrekel in boki zaobljeni*



And her face was pale and wan.

Oh was it with a Lord or a Duke or a Knight  
Or a man of wealth and fame  
Or was it with one of my serving men  
Who's lately come out of Spain?

No it wasn't with a Lord or a Duke or a Knight  
Or a man of wealth and fame  
It was with Willie O'Winsbury  
I could bide no longer alone.

And the king has called all his merry men o'er  
Five thirty and by three  
Saying fetch me this Willie O'Winsbury  
For hanged he shall be.

And when he came the King before  
He was clad all in the red silk  
His hair was like the strands of gold  
And his skin was as white as the milk.

And it is no wonder said the King  
That my daughters love you did win  
If I were a woman as I am a man  
My bedfellow you would have been.

And will you marry my daughter Janet  
By the truth of your right hand  
Oh will you marry my daughter Janet  
I will make you the Lord of your lands.

Yes, I will marry your daughter Janet  
By the truth of my right hand  
Yes, I will marry your daughter Janet  
But I'll not be the Lord of your lands.

*in njen obraz je bil bled in upadel.*

*Ah, se je zgodilo z lordom, vojvodo ali vitezom  
ali s slavnim bogatašem,  
je bilo z enim mojih služabnikov,  
ki so se nedavno vrnili iz Španije?*

*Ne, ni bilo z lordom, vojvodo ali vitezom  
ali s slavnim bogatašem,  
bilo je z Williem O'Winsburyjem,  
nisem več zdržala sama.*

*In kralj je poklical vse svoje tovariše,  
petintrideset in po tri,  
rekoč, privedite mi tega Williea O'Winsburyja,  
kajti obešen naj bo.*

*In ko je stopil pred kralja,  
je bil oblečen v rdečo svilo,  
njegovi lasje so bili kakor prameni zlata  
in njegova polt je bila bela kakor mleko.*

*Ni čudno, je rekel kralj,  
da si osvojil ljubezen moje hčere.  
Če sam bi bil ženska, kakor sem moški,  
bi s teboj delil posteljo.*

*Se boš oženil z mojo hčerjo Janet  
in prisegel s svojo desnico,  
ah, če se boš poročil z mojo hčerjo Janet,  
te bom naredil za gospodarja mojih dežel.*

*Da, oženil se bom z vašo hčerjo Janet  
in prisegel s svojo desnico,  
da, oženil se bom z vašo hčerjo Janet,  
vendar ne bom gospodar vaših dežel.*

And he's mounted her up on a milk-white steed  
And himself on a dapple gray  
And he's made her the lady of as much land  
As she'll ride on a warm summer's day.

### **The Lovers' tasks**

Go tell him to clear me one acre of ground,  
Setherwood, sale, rosemary and thyme,  
Betwixt the sea and the sealand side  
And then he'll be a true lover of mine.

Go tell him to plough it with a plough of old leather,  
Setherwood, sale, rosemary and thyme,  
And hoe it all over with a pea-fowls feather,  
And then he'll be a true lover of mine.

Go tell him to plant it with one grain of corn,  
Setherwood, sale, rosemary and thyme,  
And reap it all down with an old ram's horn,  
And then he'll be a true lover of mine.

\*\*\*

### **Watkin's ale**

There was a maid this other day,  
And she would needs go forth to play;  
And as she walked she sighd and said, I am afraid to die a mayd.  
With that, behard a lad, What talke this maiden had,  
Whereof he was full glad, And did not spare  
To say, faire mayd, I pray, Whether goe you to play?  
Good sir, then did she say, What do you care?  
For I will, without faile, Mayden, giue you Watkins ale;

*In dvignil jo je na snežno belega konja  
in sam osedlal lisasto sivega,  
in naredil jo je za gospodarico tako širne dežele,  
kolikor jo je objezdila na topel poletni dan.*

### **Naloge zaljubljenca**

*Reci mu, naj mi iztrebi en hektar zemlje,  
cedrovina, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
med morjem in morskoo obalo,  
in takrat bo postal moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci mu, naj jo spluži s plugom iz starega usnja,  
cedrovina, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
in naj jo dobro okoplje s pavovim perjem,  
in takrat bo postal moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci mu, naj jo poseje z enim samim zrnom koruze,  
cedrovina, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
in jo požanje s starim ovnovim rogom,  
in takrat bo postal moja prava ljubezen.*

### **Watkinino pivo**

*Nekoč je živela deklica, ki je šla, da bi se igrala,  
in med hojo je zavzdihnila in rekla:  
Bojim se, da bom umrla kot devica.  
Neki fant je slišal, kaj je govorila;  
to ga je zelo razveselilo in brž jo je ogovoril:  
Lepo dekle, prosim, povej, kam se greš igrat?  
Dragi gospod, je rekla, kaj ti mar?  
Prisežem ti deklica, da ti bom dal Watkinino pivo.*

Watkins ale, good sir, quoth she,  
What is that I pray you tel me?

Tis sweeter farre then suger fine,  
And pleasanter than muskadine;  
And if you please, faire mayd, to stay  
A little while, with me to play,  
I will giue you the same, Watkins ale cald by name,—  
Or els I were to blame, In truth, faire mayd.  
Good sir, quoth she againe, Yf you will take the paine,  
I will it not refraine, Nor be dismayd.  
He took this mayden then aside,  
And led her where she was not spyde,  
And told her many a prety tale,  
And gaue her well of Watkins ale.

Good sir, quoth she, in smiling sort,  
What doe you call this prety sport?  
Or what is this you do to me? Tis called Watkins ale, quoth he,  
Wherein, faire mayd, you may Report another day,  
When you go forth to play, How you did speed.  
Indeed, good sir, quoth she, It is a prety glee,  
And well it pleaseth me, No doubt indeed.  
Thus they sported and they playd,  
This yong man and this prety mayd,  
Under a banke whereas they lay, Not long agoe this other day.

When he had done to her his will,  
They talkt, but what it shall not skill;  
At last, quoth she, sauing your tale,  
Giue me some more of Watkins ale,  
Or else I will not stay, For I must needs away, —  
My mother bad me play,— The time is past;  
Therefore, good sir, quoth she, If you haue done with me.  
Nay, soft, faire maid, quoth he, Againe at last  
Let us talke a little while. With that the mayd began to smile,

*Watkinino pivo, gospod, je rekla,  
povejte mi, prosim, kaj je to?*

*Veliko slajše je kakor skadkor  
in bolj okusno od muškatnega vina;  
če boš hotela malo ostati in se igrati z menoj,  
ti bom dal to, čemur rečejo Watkinino pivo,  
sicer bom sam prevzel krivdo, prav zares, lepo dekle.  
Dragi gospod, je spet rekla, če se tako trudite,  
potem ne bom odklonila in se ne bom bala.  
Nato je odpeljal dekle s seboj tja, kjer je niso opazovali,  
ji povedal mnogo prijetnih zgodb  
in ji dal veliko Watkininega piva.*

*Dragi gospod, ga je smeje vprašala,  
kako imenujete to razvedrilo?  
Ali kaj je to, kar delate z menoj?  
Temu pravijo Watkinino pivo, je rekel,  
o tem boš pripovedovala nekega dne,  
ko se boš šla spet igrat, kako si se izkazala.  
Prav zares, dragi gospod, to je res prijetna stvar  
in zelo me je razveselila, vsekakor brez dvoma.  
Tako sta se zabavala in se igrala,  
ta mladi mož in lepo dekle,  
medtem ko sta ležala pod nabrežjem ne dolgo tega.*

*Ko je z njo naredil, kar je hotel,  
sta se pogovarjala o tem in onem.  
Zdaj pa, je rekla, naj zgodbe počakajo,  
daj mi še malo Watkininega piva,  
drugače ne bom več ostala, morala bom oditi,  
moja mati me je poslala k igri, a čas je potekel;  
zato, dragi gospod, če si končal z menoj.  
Ne, nežno, lepo dekle, je rekel, za konec  
še malo kramljajva.  
Dekle se je takrat začelo nasmihati,*

And saide, good sir, full well I know,  
Your ale, I see, runs very low.

This young man then, being so blamd,  
Did blush as one being ashamde;  
He tooke her by the midle small,  
And gaue her more of Watkins ale;  
And saide, faire maid, I pray, When you goe forth to play,  
Remember what I say, Walke not alone.  
Good sir, quoth she againe, I thanke you for your paine,  
For feare of further staine, I will be gone.  
Farewell, mayden, then quoth he;  
Aduē, good sir, againe quoth she.  
Thus they parted at last,  
Till thrice three months were gone and past.

This mayden then fell very sicke,  
Her maydenhead began to kicke,  
Her colour waxed wan and pale  
With taking much of Watkins ale.  
I wish all maydens coy, That heare this prety toy,  
Wherein most women ioy, How they doe sport;  
For surely Watkins ale, And if it not be stale,  
Will turne them to some bale, As hath report.  
New ale will make their bellies bowne,  
As trial by this same is knowne;  
This prouerbe hath bin taught in schools, —  
It is no iesting with edge tooles.

Good maydes and wiuēs, I pardon craue,  
And lack not the which you would haue;  
To blush it is a womans grace,  
And well becometh a maidens face,  
For women will refuse The thing that they would chuse,  
Cause men should them excuse Of thinking ill;  
Cat will after kind, All winkers are not blind, —

*reklo je: Gospod, dobro razumem,  
saj vidim, da vašega piva že zmanjkuje.*

*Mladenič je pod takšnimi očitki zardel,  
kakor bi ga bilo sram;  
prijel jo je za pas, ji dal še več  
Watkininega piva in rekel:  
Lepa deklica, ko se boš hodila igrat, te prosim,  
misli na to, kar ti pravim, ne hodi sama.  
Dragi gospod, je rekla, hvala za tvoj trud,  
v strahu pred novimi madeži zdaj odhajam.  
Zbogom, dekle, je rekel;  
Adijo, dragi gospod, je odgovorila.  
Tako sta se končno razšla,  
dokler niso pretekli trikrat trije meseci.*

*Nato je dekle hudo zbolelo, začutilo je brce v trebuhu,  
bilo je bledo kakor vosek,  
ker je dobilo preveč Watkininega piva.  
Vsem sramežljivim dekletom, ki slišijo za to igro,  
v kateri uživajo premnoge, želim, naj se zabavajo;  
Watkinino pivo jim bo, če le ni postano, prav gotovo  
prineslo nekaj nevséčnosti, kakor smo poročali.  
Sveže pivo bo napihnilo njihove trebuhe,  
kakor kaže ta izkušnja.  
Tega se učimo že v šoli,  
ne igravimo se z nevarnimi stvarmi.*

*Draga dekleta in žene, oprostite mi,  
naj vam ne manjka, česar si želite;  
rdečica je ženski v okras in pristoji dekliškemu obrazu,  
kajti ženske zavračajo tisto, kar bi rade imele,  
moški jim morajo oprostiti slabe misli.  
Mačka išče sebi podobnih;  
tisti, ki mežikajo, niso vsi slepi;  
lepa dekleta, poznate moje misli, recite, kar hočete.*

Faire maydes, you know my mind, Say what you will.  
When you drinke ale beware the toast,  
For therein lay the dangermost.  
If any heere offended be,  
Then blame the author, blame not me.

### **London's Lotterie**

London, live thou famous long,  
Thou bearest a gallant minde:  
Plenty, peace and pleasures store,  
In thee we dayly finde.  
The Merchants of Virginia now,  
Hath nobly tooke in hand,  
The bravest golden Lottery,  
That ere was in this Land.

It is to plant a kingdome sure,  
Where savage people dwell:  
God will favour Christians still,  
And like the purpose well.  
Take courage then, with willingnesse,  
Let hands and heartes agree:  
A braver enterprise then this,  
I thinke can never bee.

You Maydes that have but portions small  
To gaine your Mariage friend,  
Cast in your Lottes with willing hand,  
God may good fortune send.  
You Widowes, and you wedded Wives,  
One little substaunce try:  
You may advance both you and yours,  
With wealth that comes thereby.

*Ko pijete pivo, se varujte nazdravljanja,  
to je najbolj nevarno.  
Če je katera med vami užaljena,  
je kriv pesnik in ne jaz.*

### **Londonska loterija**

*London, živi dolgo v slavi,  
ki imaš ponosnega duha;  
zaklade obilja, miru in veselja  
najdemo v tebi vsak dan.  
Trgovci iz Virginije  
so plemenito začeli  
najbolj sijajno dragoceno loterijo,  
kar jih je kdaj bilo v tej deželi.*

*Z njeno pomočjo bo nastalo kraljestvo,  
kjer zdaj prebivajo divjaki;  
Bog bo še naprej naklonjen kristjanom  
in ta namera mu bo všeč.  
Zatorej le pogumno, z dobro voljo,  
soglašajo naj roke in srca:  
bolj vrlega dejanja, kakršno je to,  
nikoli ne more biti.*

*Dekleta, ki imate le majhno doto,  
da dobite ženina,  
pogosto kupujte srečke,  
naj vam Bog pošlje srečo.  
Ve vdove in ve, ki ste poročene,  
poskusite z majhnim zneskom:  
ve in vaši bodo imeli korist  
od bogastva, ki bo prišlo po tej poti.*

Who knows not England once was like  
A Wilderness and savage place,  
Till government and force of men,  
That wildnesse did deface:  
And so Virginia may in time,  
Be made like England now;  
Where long-lovd peace and plenty both,  
Sits smiling on her brow.

Our King, the Lord full long preserve,  
The cause of all this pleasure:  
The Queene, the Prince, and all his seed,  
With dayes of longest measure:  
And that Virginia well may prove  
A Land of rich increase:  
And England's government thereof,  
Good God let never cease.

### **Robin is to the greenwood gone**

Robin is to the greenwood gone,  
Leaving me here to sigh all alone.  
Yet I'm resolv'd to have no other boy  
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

### **Robin Hood**

Robin Hood, Robin Hood said Little John  
Come dance before the Queen a  
In a red petticoat and a green jacket  
A white hose and a green a.

Sing after fellows as you hear me,  
A toy that seldom is seen a

*Le kdo ne ve, da je bila Anglija nekoč  
divji in puščoben kraj,  
dokler vladavina in moč človeška  
nista spremenila te divjine;  
in tako bo kmalu tudi Virginija  
postala podobna današnji Angliji,  
kjer se preljubi mir in blaginja  
smehljata na njenem obrazu.*

*Gospod, dolgo ohrani našega kralja,  
ki je zaslužen za vse to veselje:  
kraljico, princa in vse potomce  
blagoslovi z dolgim življenjem;  
in naj se Virginija izkaže  
kot dežela rastočega bogastva;  
zato naj se angleška vladavina,  
dobri Bog, nikoli ne konča.*

### **Robin je odšel v zeleni gozd**

*Robin je odšel v zeleni gozd  
in me pustil, da vzdihujem v samoti,  
a odločila sem se, da ne bom imela drugega fanta,  
saj čedni moj Robin mi radost je vsa.*

### **Robin Hood**

*Robin Hood, Robin Hood, je rekel Mali John,  
pridi in zapleši pred kraljico, ha,  
v rdečem krilu in zelenem suknjiču,  
v belih hlačah in zelenih, ha.*

*Zapojte, tovariši, kakor me slišite,  
takšne zabave ne vidimo pogosto, ha;*

Three country dances in one to be  
A pretty conceit as I ween a.

Now foot it as I do o Tom boy Tom  
Now foot it as I do swithen a  
And hick thou must tricke it all alone  
Til Robin comes leaping between a

### **Barbara Ellen**

O down in London where I was raised,  
Down where I got my learning  
I fell in love with a pretty little girl.  
Her name was Bar'bry Ellen.

He courted her for seven long years.  
She said she would not have him.  
Pretty William went home and took down sick  
And sent for Barb'ry Ellen.

He wrote her a letter on his death-bed;  
He wrote it slow and moving.  
Go take this to my pretty little love  
And tell her I am dying.

They took it to his pretty little love;  
She read it slow and mourning.  
Go take this to my pretty little love  
And tell him I am coming.

As she walked on to his bedside,  
Says: Young man, young man, you're dying.  
He turned his pale face towards the wall  
And bursted out a-crying.

*trije podeželski plesi v enem so to,  
čedna domisllica, kakor menim, ha.*

*Zapleši zdaj kakor jaz, o Tom, fant, Tom,  
zapleši zdaj kakor jaz, Swithun, ha,  
in ti, Rihard, se moraš zvijati čisto sam,  
dokler med nas ne skoči Robin, ha.*

### **Barbara Ellen**

*Ah, tam v Londonu, kjer sem odraščal,  
tam, kjer sem se učil,  
sem se zaljubil v čedno dekle.  
Ime ji je bilo Bar'bry Ellen.*

*Dvoril ji je sedem dolgih let,  
a rekla mu je, da ga noče vzeti.  
Čedni William je odšel domov in zbolel  
in poslal po Barb'ry Ellen.*

*Na smrtni postelji ji je napisal pismo;  
pisal ga je počasi in ganjeno.  
Pojdite, odnesite ga moji čedni ljubici  
in ji povejte, da umiram.*

*Odnesli so ga njegovi čedni ljubici;  
brala ga je počasi in v žalosti.  
Pojdite, odnesite to mojemu čednemu ljubčku  
in mu povejte, da prihajam.*

*Ko je prišla k njegovi postelji,  
je rekla: Mladenič, mladenič, ti umiraš.  
Obrnil je svoj blede obraz k steni  
in bridko zajokal.*

He reached his lily-white hand to her.  
O come and tell me "howdey".  
O no, O no, O no, says she,  
And she would not go about him.

Do you remember last Saturday night  
Down at my father's dwelling,  
You passed the drink to the ladies all around  
And slighted Barb'ry Ellen.

O yes, I remember last Saturday night  
Down at your father's dwelling,  
I passed the drink to the ladies all around,  
My heart to Barb'ry Ellen.

As she walked down those long stair-steps,  
She heard some death-bells ringing,  
And every bell it seemed to say:  
Hard-hearted Barb'ry Ellen, Hard-hearted Barb'ry Ellen.

As she walked down that shady grove  
She heard some birds a-singing,  
And every bird it seemed to say:  
Hard-hearted Barb'ry Ellen, Hard-hearted Barb'ry Ellen.

As she walked out the very next day  
She saw his corpse a-coming.  
O lay him down, O lay him down,  
And let me look upon him.

The more she looked the worse she felt,  
Till she bursted out a-crying:  
I once could have saved pretty William's life,  
But I would not go about him.

*Iztegnil je kot lilija blede roko k njej:  
O, pridi in me pozdravi.  
O ne, o ne, o ne, je rekla  
in ni se mu hotela približati.*

*Se spominjaš zadnjega sobotnega večera  
tam v hiši mojega očeta?  
Podal si kozarce vsem damam po vrsti,  
a se nisi zmenil za Bar'bry Ellen.*

*O, dobro se spominjam zadnjega sobotnega večera  
tam v hiši tvojega očeta.  
Podal sem kozarce vsem damam po vrsti,  
svoje srce pa sem dal Bar'bry Ellen.*

*Ko se je spuščala po dolgem stopnišču,  
je slišala zvoniti mrliški zvon  
in zdelo se ji je, da vsak udarec govori:  
Trdosrčna Bar'bry Ellen, trdosrčna Bar'bry Ellen.*

*Ko je hodila po senčnem logu,  
je slišala petje ptic  
in zdelo se ji je, da vsaka ptica govori:  
Trdosrčna Bar'bry Ellen, trdosrčna Bar'bry Ellen.*

*Ko je šla naslednji dan iz hiše,  
je videla, da so nesli njegovo truplo.  
Položite ga na tla, položite ga na tla,  
in mi pustite, da si ga ogledam.*

*Bolj ko ga je gledala, slabše se je počutila,  
dokler ni planila v jok:  
Nekoč bi čednemu Williamu lahko rešila življenje,  
a se mu nisem hotela približati.*



O mother, O mother, go make my bed,  
Go make it soft and narrow;  
Pretty William has died for pure, pure love  
And I shall die for sorrow.

O father, O father, go dig my grave,  
Go dig it deep and narrow;  
Pretty William has died for me to-day  
And I shall die tomorrow.

A rose grew up from William's grave,  
From Barbara Ellen's a brier.  
They grew and they grew to the top of the church  
Till they could not grow any higher.

They grew and they grew to the top of the church  
Till they could not grow any higher;  
And there they tied a true love's knot,  
And the rose wrapped round the brier.

### **London**

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants' cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls;  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

*O, mati, o, mati, pripravi mi posteljo,  
naredi jo mehko in ozko;  
čedni William je umrl iz čiste ljubezni  
in jaz bom umrla od žalosti.*

*O oče, o oče, izkoplj mi grob,  
izkoplj ga globoko in ozko;  
čedni William je danes umrl zame,  
in jaz bom umrla jutri.*

*Na Williamovem grobu je zrasla vrtnica,  
na grobu Barbare Ellen pa trnjev grm.  
Rasla sta in rasla do vrha cerkve,  
dokler nista več mogla zrasti više.*

*Rasla sta in rasla do vrha cerkve,  
dokler nista več mogla zrasti više;  
tam sta sklenila ljubezenski voz  
in vrtnica se je oklenila trnja.*

### **London**

*Tavam po tesnih ulicah,  
tam blizu, kjer teče umazana Temza,  
in na vsakem obrazu, ki ga srečam,  
vidim znake nemoči in trpljenja.*

*V vsakem vzkliku vsakega moža,  
v joku prestrašenega dojenčka,  
v vsakem glasu, v vsakem razglasu  
slišim v mislih skovane okove.*

*Kako ob dimnikarjevem klicu  
prebledi vsaka počrnela cerkev;  
in vzdih nesrečnega vojaka  
teče kakor kri po zidovih palače.*

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

### **Scarborough Faire**

'O, where are you going?' 'To Scarborough Faire,'  
Savoury, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
For once she was a true lover of mine.

And tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Savoury, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Without any seam or fine needle work,  
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

And tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,  
Savoury, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Where no water sprung, nor a drop of rain fell,  
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Savoury, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

And when you have done and finished your work,  
Savoury, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
You may come to me for your cambric shirt,  
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

*A na polnočnih ulicah najbolje slišim,  
kako preklinja mlada vlačuga  
med jokom novorojenčka  
in pogubno okuži črni poročni voz.*

### **Sejem v Scarboroughu**

*O, kam odhajaš? Na sejem v Scarborough,  
šetraj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
name spomni njo, ki tam živi,  
kajti nekoč je bila moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci ji, naj mi naredi srajco iz batista,  
šetraj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
brez šivov in finega šivanja,  
in takrat bo postala moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci ji, naj jo opere v suhem vodnjaku,  
šetraj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
kamor nikoli ne priteče voda, ne pade niti kaplja dežja,  
in takrat bo postala moja prava ljubezen.*

*Reci ji, naj jo posuši na tistem trnju,  
šetraj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan;  
ki še nikoli ni vzcvetelo, odkar se je rodil Adam,  
in takrat bo postala moja prava ljubezen.*

*In ko boš opravila in končala svoje delo,  
šetraj, žajbelj, rožmarin in timijan,  
lahko prideš k meni po svojo srajco iz batista,  
in takrat boš postala moja prava ljubezen.*

## ANSAMBEL PHOENIX IZ MÜNCHNA

se od ustanovitve leta 2003 posveča predvsem renesančnemu in baročnemu repertoarju pa tudi glasbi ameriških pionirjev. Posnel je šest zgoščenk za založbi Harmonia Mundi France in Sony/DHM in zanje dobil več priznanj, tudi nagrado Nemške diskografske kritike in nagrado ECHO Klassik 2013. Od leta 2007 redno nastopa na lastnem koncertnem ciklu v Bavarskem narodnem muzeju v Münchnu. S skrbno zasnovanimi in domiselnimi sporedi glasbe od srednjega veka do novih del gostuje na uveljavljenih festivalih in koncertnih prizoriščih v Avstriji, Belgiji, Češki, Danski, Franciji, Hrvaški, Italiji, Madžarski, Kanadi, Nemčiji, Poljski, Slovaški, Španiji, Švici in Veliki Britaniji.

**Joel Frederiksen** je eden redkih sodobnih pevcev, ki se sami spremljajo na lutnji, kakor je bilo v navadi v renesansi. Študiral je solopetje in lutnjo v New Yorku in Michiganu ter se kmalu pridružil ansambloma The Boston Camerata in The Waverly Consort. Po debiju na Salzburških slavnostnih igrah se je preselil v Evropo in začel peti v ansamblih Huelgas Ensemble, Musica Fiata in Ensemble Gilles Binchois. Sodeloval je z vodilnimi izvajalci stare glasbe, kot so Emma Kirkby, Jordi Savall, Paul O'Dette in Stephen Stubbs. Posnel je več kakor trideset zgoščenk za založbe Erato, EMI, Harmonia Mundi France, Sony/DHM in Virgin Classics.

**Timothy Leigh Evans** je študiral na Kraljevski akademiji za glasbo in na kolidžu Trinity v Londonu. Po selitvi v ZDA je sodeloval z ansambli The Waverly Consort, Pomerium, The Boston Camerata in Folger Consort. Z moškimi vokalnim ansamblom Hudson Shad je nastopal na Broadwayju, v Semperoperi v Dresdnu, v Frankfurtški operi, v Prinzregententheateru v Münchnu in v Nemški operi v Berlinu. Zdaj živi v severni Nemčiji. Pogosto gostuje v belgijski skupini Huelgas Ensemble in je posnel veliko zgoščenk za znane založbe.



**Sven Schwannberger** je študiral kljunasto flauto in lutnjo v Kasslu in Baslu. Ljubezen do italijanske monodije ga je spodbudila, da se je začel ukvarjati s petjem in se sam spremljati na lutnji. Nastopal je z ansambli Concerto Vocale, Neue Hofkapelle München, Wiener Akademie in Capriccio Basel. Že vrsto let predava improvizacijo, ornamentacijo in zgodovinsko izvajalsko prakso na visoki šoli za staro glasbo Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. Zgoščenke njegovega ansambla Il vero modo so dobile vrsto pohvalnih kritik.

**Axel Wolf** je študiral pri Hansu Michaelu Kochu in Rolfu Lislevandu. Kot solist ali z ansambli Musica Fiata Köln, Freiburški baročni orkester, Ars Antiqua Austria in Gabrieli Consort & Players je nastopal na festivalih v Bostonu, Bruggeju, Utrechtu, Pragi, Glasgowu in Innsbrucku, kot tudi v Rimu, Tokiu, New Yorku in Tel Avivu. Sodeloval je z dirigenti, kot so Peter Schreier, Lajos Rovatkay, Paul McCreech, Hermann Max, Ivor Bolton in Alan Curtis. Posnel je vrsto zgoščenk, tudi solistične albume z glasbo Piccininija, Bacha, Hasseja in Weissa.



## NAPOVEDUJEMO IN VABIMO

**Domen Marinčič** je študiral violo da gamba v Nürnbergu in pri Philippu Pierlotu na Visoki šoli za glasbo Trossingen. Diplomiral je tudi iz čembala in končal podiplomski študij generalnega basa. Leta 1997 in 2000 je dobil nagradi na mednarodnem tekmovanju Bach-Abel v Köthnu. Soustanovil je slovenski ansambel za staro glasbo musica cubicularis. Nastopa po vsej Evropi, v Kanadi in na Bližnjem vzhodu. Posnel je več kakor trideset zgoščenk za založbe Aeolus, Accent, BIS, Harmonia Mundi France, Oehms Classics, Ricercar in Sony/DHM.

**Pierre Rigopoulos** je študiral sodobna tolkala pri Gastonu Sylvestru na konservatoriju v Pantinu in tam odkril perzijski zarb. To glasbilo ga je poučeval Jean-Pierre Drouet, pozneje pa tudi Bruno Caillat in Djamchid Chemirani. Kot vsestranski tolkalist igra v jazzovskih zasedbah, izvaja tako tradicionalno kakor klasično glasbo in nastopa na koncertih, v gledaliških, plesnih in opernih predstavah. Poučuje zarb na regionalnem konservatoriju Rueil-Malmaison.

### NOVA KONCERTNA SEZONA 2017/2018

Z nastopom Ansambla Phoenix iz Münchna se zaključuje sezona Koncertne poslovalnice Narodnega doma Maribor. Konec meseca maja bomo vas, naše drage obiskovalce, povabili na nova glasbena doživetja, v koncertno sezono 2017/2018. Dosedanji abonenti boste vse informacije prejeli po pošti, podrobnosti o prihajajoči sezoni pa bomo objavili tudi na naših tiskanih in spletnih kanalih ter v medijih.

Prijazno vabljeni na glasbena druženja tudi na poletnem Festivalu Lent, med 23. junijem in 1. julijem, ter Festivalu Maribor, med 3. in 21. septembrom, – in seveda v novi sezoni Orkestrskega in Komornega cikla!

#### ◀ NARODNI DOM MARIBOR ▶

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