

A Brave Barrel of Oysters

Music of Samuel Pepys' London

1 Saturday Night and Sunday Morn	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> , pub. John Playford (1651)
2 Orpheus' Hymn	Henry Lawes (1596-1662)
3 Psalm 6	Sternhold & Hopkins Psalter (1562)
4 Barbara Allen	Anon. Scottish
5 Beauty Retire	Samuel Pepys (1633-1703), text by W. Davenant
6 What Means This Strangeness Now of Late	Thomas Blagrave (c. 1613-1688)
Catching of Fleas	<i>The Dancing Master</i> (1670)
7 Fret on, Fond Cupid	John Goodgroome (c.1620-1704)
8 Tollet's Ground	Thomas Tollet, from <i>The Division Flute</i> (1706)
9 Sonata in C minor (excerpt)	John Wilson (1595-1674)
10 Suite no. 6 in D: Fantazie	Matthew Locke (c. 1621-1677)
11 The Downfall of Dancing	Pepys Ballad Collection, arr. Hendricks/Meyers
12 Now we are met	Simon Ives (1600-1662)
Hang sorrow and cast away care	William Lawes (1592-1645)
13 A Glee to Bacchus	Charles Colman (1605-1664)
14 Sonata III a3	William Young (1610-1662)
15 Stay, Cupid, whither art thou flying?	Matthew Locke
16 Galliard from "Cupid and Death"	Matthew Locke
17 Cuckolds All Awry	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651)
18 Ladies of London/Jack's Health	<i>The Dancing Master</i> (1688/1679)

SEVENTIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga — baroque violin, alto
Daniel Meyers — recorders, bagpipes, baritone
Joshua Schreiber Shalem — bass and tenor viols, bass
Matthew Wright — lute, tenor
with
Michael Barrett — tenor, recorder
Anney Barrett — soprano
and
Kyle Parrish as Samuel Pepys

live concert recording June 2008

Notes

When a 16-year-old Samuel Pepys stood in the raucous crowd that witnessed the execution of Charles I in 1649, he was just another one of several hundred ordinary Londoners that watched the tide of English history turning. None in that crowd could have predicted the events of the coming decades, which would see that outwardly unremarkable teenager become instrumental in restoring the monarchy to England, rise in society to become a wealthy and respected confidant of kings and dukes, and leave behind enduring legacies for both the English navy and English literature.

The son of a poor and staunchly Puritan tailor, Sam grew up in the London of the English Civil War. Likemost Englishmen of the era, he had family members on both sides of the conflict. He originally celebrated the fall of the monarchy along with his Puritan father; however, by the time he entered Cambridge in 1654 to pursue a Bachelor of Arts degree, the oppressiveness and paranoia of Cromwell's government had begun to drive Pepys into more conservative company, including that of his father's cousin Sir Edward Montagu, a royalist. That same year, Pepys met and impulsively

married the 14-year-old Elizabeth de St. Michel, daughter of impoverished Huguenot immigrants—and suddenly found himself with limited funds, a young wife with a scant dowry who knew nothing of how to run a household, and a lowly (and ill-paid) job in Montagu's household. To make matters worse, he was suffering from increasing pain in his bladder and kidneys, and was frequently seized with high fevers, nausea, and other debilitating symptoms. On March 26, 1658, Sam decided to take matters into his own hands, and in a dangerous and painful procedure with no antiseptic or anesthetic, had a London doctor remove a stone larger than a golf ball from his bladder. After surviving his surgery and being restored to full health, Pepys was more resolved than ever to change his situation. He and Elizabeth moved to a new home in Axe Yard, and he took a job as a teller in the Exchequer. The position was humble, but Sam learned several valuable skills, including Thomas Shelton's new system of shorthand. On January 1st, 1660, he began to keep a daily diary, written in shorthand; he would keep it faithfully for almost ten years.

Within a few months of beginning to keep his diary, Sam's fortune changed considerably. His cousin Montagu invited him along on a naval voyage to Holland with several ships-of-the-line; little did he know it, but this fleet had sailed for the Low Countries in order to bring back the exiled Charles II and restore the monarchy. Pepys saw it all firsthand, and was quick to record the smallest details in his diary. Montagu was rewarded with an earldom, being named 1st Earl of Sandwich; Sam benefited from his cousin's rise when Montagu procured for him the position of Clerk of the Acts, a minor but important job as an administrator at the Navy Office. Over the next eight years, Sam would prove himself to be a truly gifted administrator, working long hours to keep detailed records, secure the best contracts for timber and cloth, ensure that sailors were adequately provisioned and paid, and generally try to pry the Royal Navy away from its long-established culture of cronyism and corruption. His efficiency and bluntness would make him many enemies on the Navy Board and in Parliament, but his obsessive attention to detail always provided him with the evidence to refute any challenges against his methods or character. In a few short years he became a regular confidant of King Charles and his brother the Duke of York (later King James II), both of whom desperately needed a functional and strong navy to fight the battles of the Second Anglo-Dutch War (1665-1667). Despite the continued political instability in England, by 1673 his fortune was truly made; he had been promoted to Secretary to the Admiralty and was an MP for Castle Rising, Norfolk. A Stuart partisan until the end of his days, he remained devoted to the increasingly unpopular James II and resigned his secretaryship upon the accession of William and Mary, retiring to Clapham to live out his life with his books, music, and amateur scientific experiments. Upon his death he willed his entire library to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where it is still preserved.

Fortunately for the sake of our concert, in his heyday Pepys played as hard as he worked. His Puritan work ethic often warred against his love of pleasure, and he was no stranger to the delights of wine, women (much to his wife's chagrin) and song. He was an enthusiastic amateur musician and regularly played the viol, violin, lute, and flageolet, a recorder-like instrument of French derivation that enjoyed brief popularity in England during the 17th century. He spent a considerable amount of time and effort on his music, and his diary entries frequently note which instrument he practiced before going to bed that night, or before getting dressed in the morning. According to contemporaries (including the Duke of York, who also kept a diary), Sam also had a pleasant, though untrained baritone singing voice, and was a member of more than one London "catch club" (a group of men who met regularly at taverns and homes for convivial singing). His frequent appearances at court meant that he rubbed elbows with most of the top professional musicians of his day, took lessons from them, and sometimes even sang or played with them at parties and other informal functions. Dubbed "the Merry Monarch" by his more enthusiastic subjects, Charles II filled his court with music, theatre, and dance, often showing the strong Continental influences that he had absorbed during his exile in France. As a "man of mode", Sam was keen to sample all the different kinds of music that Restoration London had to offer, and filled his diaries with lengthy passages describing each concert or music party that he attended.

Pepys kept his diaries almost without pause from 1660–1669, finally stopping only because of his failing eyesight, chronically strained from years of squinting at documents by candlelight during late hours at his office. His entries cover such notable events as the Restoration of the monarchy, the founding of the Royal Society (of which he was a member) and the Great Fire of London in 1666, but they are most valuable for their humblest moments: quotidian details from the life of a self-made man who was sometimes lecherous, petty, and arrogant but was also intelligent, talented, and generous. It would be impossible to do justice in a single performance to even a small part of his prodigious writing, but we hope that the excerpts contained here will give the listener a sense of the rich social life of 17th-century London, as described by one of its most interesting residents.

—Daniel Meyers, 2008

Friends of Samuel Pepys (in order of mention):

Povy: Thomas Povy or Povey, a co-worker of Pepys and the personal treasurer of the Duke of York. He shared a position with Pepys on the Tangier Committee, the group of men whose duty it was to oversee the running of England's disastrous African trading colony in the city of Tangier (in modern-day Morocco). Pepys often criticized him roundly in the Diaries for his ineptitude in business matters, though he admired his sense of style in dress and furnishings.

The King: Charles Stuart, who returned to the throne of England as King Charles II in 1660, after 10 years of Cromwellian rule (the Interregnum). Far stronger of personality than his unfortunate father, he gradually returned England to an absolute monarchy, and constantly thwarted the will of Parliament. Pepys was devoted to him, but often expressed concern in his diaries about the King's many mistresses and his tremendous wastefulness with public money.

The Duke of York: James Stuart, brother of Charles II; after Charles' death, he reigned as King James II from 1685—1688. He was made Lord High Admiral in 1660, but resigned the post in 1673 amid (true) rumors that he was a secret Catholic. He was a lifelong patron of Pepys, who found him less personally agreeable but a more effective ruler than Charles.

The Queen: Catherine of Braganza, a Portuguese princess who married Charles in 1662. Most English subjects were not very fond of her, both because of her Catholicism and her barrenness (she bore no living heirs, although Charles had bastards by at least 12 different mistresses).

"My Lord": Edward Montagu, 1st Earl of Sandwich, and Pepys' second cousin and patron. He got Pepys his job at the Navy Office, and continued to help his career whenever he could. Pepys remained loyal to him even when he was caught up in an embezzlement scandal in 1665, and partly through Pepys' efforts he was pardoned by the King and made ambassador to Spain.

Captain Cooke: Henry Cooke or Cocke, an English singer, composer, and actor; after the Restoration he was made master of the choristers at the Chapel Royal. Pepys often made music with him, and respected him as a musician although he found him to be an arrogant braggart. Notable choristers in the Chapel Royal under Cooke included Pelham Humfrey, John Blow, and Henry Purcell.

Mrs. Knipp: Elizabeth Knipp or Knepp (née Carpenter), a well-known stage actress and singer in the London theatre and one of many women with whom Pepys became temporarily infatuated. A talented woman in an unhappy marriage, she had many lovers besides Pepys.

Mr. Blagrove: Thomas Blagrove, a violinist, lutenist, and flageolet player who served Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II as a musician. He was one of several professional musicians who Pepys engaged to give him and Elizabeth music lessons.

Sir Francis Holles: Son of Denzil Holles, a famous English statesman who was among the five members of Parliament whom Charles I unsuccessfully attempted to arrest in 1642. He was apparently not a very good bagpiper.

Sir William Penn: Pepys' neighbor and co-worker at the Naval office. He was a skilled administrator and naval tactician, but along with Sir William Batten was a professional rival of Pepys, who rarely had anything good to say about him in his Diaries (though they often attended the same parties, and drank and sang together). Penn's son, also William Penn, would later found the American colony of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Gauden: Sir Denis Gauden, a co-worker of Pepys' at the Naval Office; he was responsible for the victualling of the entire Royal Navy. Pepys did not have a very high opinion of either his effectiveness or his integrity.

Mr. Stefkins: Theodore Stefkins, a.k.a. Dietrich Stoeffken, a German viol-player and the head of the King's viols. Although he was renowned for his virtuosity as a player, few of his compositions have survived.

Will Howe: Clerk to Edward Montagu (Pepys' cousin, the Earl of Sandwich) and another frequent collaborator with Pepys in musical ventures. He sang and played the lute and viol.

Mr. Pagett: Justinian Pagett, a clerk at Gray's Inn, amateur violinist, and frequent musical companion to Pepys.

Dr. Walgrave: Henry Walgrave or Waldegrave, personal physician to the Duke of York, a virtuoso arclute player who had studied both music and medicine in Italy.

Thomas Killigrew: A theatre director and playwright, manager of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. He had early success in the Restoration theatre and was made Master of the Revels for a few years by Charles II, but was a volatile and unpredictable character and often had to bribe his stars (including Elizabeth Knipp) to keep working for him. As an enthusiastic patron of the theatre, Pepys spent a great deal of time with Killigrew.

Lady Castlemaine: Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine and the most famous (and devious) of Charles II's mistresses. Pepys was both entranced and repulsed by her.

Mr. Banister: John Banister, an English composer and violinist, and director of the 24 Violins (king Charles' French-influenced string band). He also played theorbo, viol, harpsichord, and flageolet, and was greatly admired by Pepys both for his musicianship and for his opinions about music.

Readings from the Diaries of Samuel Pepys selected and edited by Daniel Meyers.

Texts

2. **Orpheus' Hymn**

O King of Heaven and Hell, of Sea and Earth!
Who shak'st the world when thou shout'st Thunder forth;
Whom Devils dread, and Hosts of Heaven praise;
Whom Fate (which masters all things else) obeys:
Eternal Cause! Who on the Winds dost ride,
And Natures face with thick dark Clouds dost hide;
Cleaving the Air with Balls of dreadful Fire;
Guiding the Stars which run, and never tire.
About thy throne bright Angels stand,
And Bow to be dispatch'd to Mortals here below.
Thy early Spring in Purple robes comes forth:
Thy Summers South does conquer all the North:
And though the Winter freeze the Hearts of Men;
Glad wine, glad wine from Autumn cheers them up agen.

3. **Psalm 6**

Lord, in thy wrath reprove me not, though I deserve thine ire;
Nor yet correct me in thy rage, O Lord, I thee desire.

For I am weak, therefore, O Lord, of mercy me forbear;
And heal me, Lord, for why? thou know'st my bones do quake for fear.

My soul is troubled very sore, and vexed exceedingly;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay to cure my misery?

Lord, turn thee to thy wonted grace, some pity on me take;
O save me, not for my deserts, but for they mercies' sake.

So grievous is my plaint and moan, that I grow wond'rous faint;
All the night long I wash my bed with tears of my complaint.

My sight is dim, and waxeth old with anguish of my heart,
For fear of them that be my foes, and would my soul subvert.

But now depart from me, all ye that work iniquity;
Because the Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint and cry.

4. **Barbara Allen**

In Scarlet Town, where I was bound,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry well a day,
And her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green leaves they was springing,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

'If on your death-bed you be lying,
What's that to Barbara Allen?
I cannot keep you from your death;
So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death came creeping to him:
"Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
And adieu to Barbara Allen!"

5.
Beauty Retire, thou dost my pity move
Believe my pity and then trust my love.
At first I thought her by our Prophet sent,
As a reward for Valour's toils,
More worth than all my father's spoils,
But now she is become my punishment.
But thou art just O Pow'r divine;
With new and painful arts of studied war
I break the hearts of half the world,
And she breaks mine!

6.

What means this strangeness now of late?

Since time doth truth approve:
Such distance may consist with state;
It cannot stand with love.

If you intend to draw me on,
You overact your part:
Or if it be to have me gone,
You need not half this art.

'Tis either cunning or distrust
That doth such ways allow:
The first is base, the last unjust;
Let neither blemish you.

Speak but a word, or do but cast
A look that seems to frown:
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be mine own.

7.

Fret on, Fond Cupid, curse thy feeble bow,
And those dull shafts that are so blunt, so slow;
I can't be harm'd,
My breast is charm'd:
Proud Celia's coyness whom I woo'd in vain,
Makes me resolv'd never to love again.

Let Vulcan whet thy blunted arrows love,
And steal them wings from Venus' fleetest dove;
Use all thy art
To pierce my heart:
When thou hast shot thy quiver empty, then
I'll laugh and bid thee shoot them o'er again.

11.

The Downfall of Dancing

Three pipers and three fiddlers too,
They all belonged to a gang;
One fiddler had a wife, 'tis true,
And she as good as e'er did twang.
One piper he, most craftilee,
Did give the fiddler's wife a fall;
With her consent then to't they went,
To play the game at uptails all.

Quoth she, the pleasure do excel,
Therefore play me the other strain;
He pleas'd the fiddler's wife so well,
That they must needs go to't again.
The fiddler missing him so long,
He stepped home to give a call,
Where suddenly he did espy
The piper playing at uptails all.

This did the fiddler to provoke,
And all his senses did surprise,
Then giving him a sturdy stroak
A dreadful quarrel did arise:
Thus blow for blow, then to't they go,
The fiddler he was stout and tall,
Then with a stroke his pipes he broke,
For playing the game of uptails all.

And when they were in this debate,
The rest of all the tribe came in;
The piper to them did relate
What he before his eyes had seen.
He then did rave, and call him slave,
And thus from words to blows did fall;
A bloody fray was there that day,
For playing thus at uptails all.

The pipers took the piper's part,
And shook the fiddlers by the cloak;
They with a bold undaunted heart
Did deal them many a sturdy stroke.
Their cloaks they tore in this uproar,
As they in this confusion fall;
The fiddler's wife did cause this strife,
In playing thus at uptails all.

The pipers did the fiddlers maul,
And now begins the revel rout;
The fiddles flew in pieces small,
And bagpipes they did lie about.
Those haughty fools did break their tools,
Their crowds and pipes in splinters small;
And she the while did stand and smile,
To think of the game of uptails all.

At length this did subdue the pride
Of all this cross confused crew,
The room bestrewed from side to side
With pipes and broken fiddles, too.
And now, too late, they curse their fate,
They tear their hair and fret their gall,
For in this fight they are ruin'd quite,
And swear they'll ne'er play uptails all.

12.

Now we are met, let's merry, merry be
For one halfe Hour, with mirth and glee:
To recreate our Spirits dull,
Let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.

Hang sorrow and cast away care, and let us drink up our sack;
They say 'tis good to cherish the blood, and for to strengthen the back.
'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire, and fills the body with heat,
Besides 'tis good, if well understood, to fit a man for the feat.
Then call and drink up all, the drawer is ready to fill;
A pox on care, what need we to spare, my father hath made his will.

13.

A Glee To Bacchus

Refrain: To Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing,
With Wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

By his Mothers Eye,
and his Fathers Thigh,
by her God brought to light,
and his too glorious sight;
By Junoes deceit,
and by thy sad retreat,
Appear, appear in Bottles here.

By this purple Wine
thus pour'd on the shrine;
And by this Beer glasse
to the next kind Lass;
By a Girle twice nine,
that will claspe thee like a Vine.
Appear, appear in Bottles here.

By Ariadnes wrongs,
and the false youths harms,
By the Rock in his breast,
and her tears sore opprest,
By the Beauty she fled
and the Pleasures of a bed,
Appear, appear in Bottles here.

By the men thou'st won,
and the women undone,
By the friendship thou hast made,
and the secrets betray'd;
By the power over sorrow,
thus charm'd till tomorrow.
Appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

15.

Stay, Cupid, whither art thou flying?
Pity the pale lovers dying;
They that honour'd thee before,
Will no more
At thy altar pay their vows,
O let the weeping virgins strow
Instead of rose and myrtle bows,
Sad yew and fun'ral cypress now.
Unkind Cupid, leave thy killing,
These are all thy mother's doves;
Oh do not wound such noble loves,
And make them bleed that should be billing.