Table 1 "False Lamentations" 4.5.41-64

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face, And doth it give me such a sight as this? ^a

LADY CAPULET

Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,^b
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catched it from my sight!

NURSE

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day! Most lamentable day, most woeful day That ever, ever, I did yet behold! O day, O day! O hateful day! Never was seen so black a day as this. O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain! Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled, By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

[Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?]

CAPULET

Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed! Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,

And with my child my joys are burièd

^a Lines 41-42 have been crossed out and placed in brackets below line 58 to fit a putative strophic design.

^b Lines 46, 53, 58, and 62, which have the same short, short, long rhythm, are underlined.

Example 1 "False Lamentations" (4.5.41-64, selected) in a fabricated hymn-like setting with corresponding lines of a strophe placed under notes of the same rythmic value.

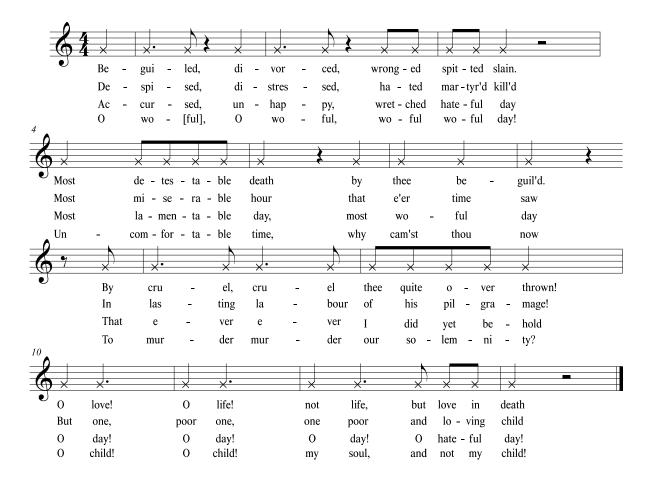


Figure 1 *O that most rare breast*, Byrd, *Psalmes, sonets & songs*, no. 35 "first singing [Superius] part."

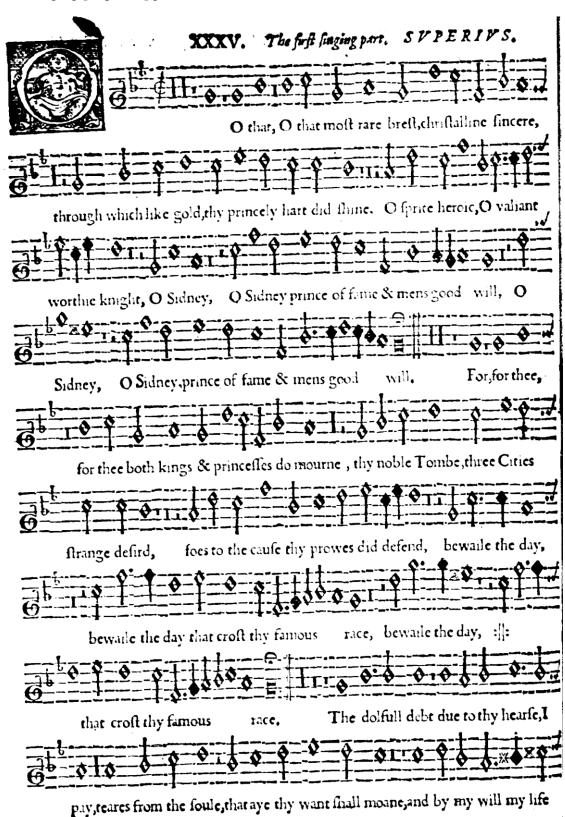


Figure 1 O that most rare breast, cont..



Table 2 O that most rare breast, a blank verse sonnet. Attributed to Sir Edward Dyer and Thomas Watson, transcribed from Byrd, Psalmes, sonets & songs, G1v.

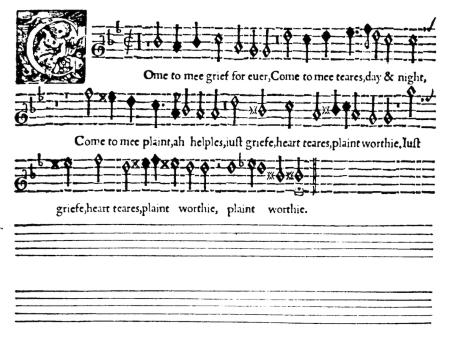
O that most rare brest, christaline sincere, through which like gold thy princely heart did shine, O sprite heroic, O valiant worthie knight, O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will.

For thee both kings & princesses doe morne, thy noble Tombe, three Cities strange desird, Foes to the cause thy prowes did defend, beewayle the day that crost thy famous race.

The dolefull debt due to thy hearse I pay, tears from the soule, that aye thy want shall moane, and by my will my life it selfe would yeeld, if heathen blame ne might, my faith disdaine:

O heavie time, that my daies draw behind thee, thou dead dost live, thy dier living dieth. **Figure 2** Come to me grief, Byrd, Psalmes, sonets & songs, no. 33 Note the long and short valued notes reflecting the imposed Aristophanic meter of the text in the musical setting. See also the additional stanzas, with identical rhythmic patterns, placed below. The latter is typical of Byrd's treatment of multi-stanza strophic songs in this collection.

XXXIIII. The first singing part. SUPERIUS. The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.



- Go fro mee dread to die now, Go fro mee care to liue more, Go fro mee ioyes all on earth, Sidney, O Sidney is Dead.
- He whome the Court adorned, He whome the country courtis'd, He who made happie his friends, He that did good to all men.
- Sidney the hope of land strange, Sidney the floure of England, Sidney the spirit heroic, Sidney is dead,O dead,dead,
- 5 Dead? no,no,but renomed, With the anointed oned, Honor on earth at his feete, Bliffe euerlasting his feate. Come to mee griefe: &c.

Table 3: O that most rare breast, with the text repetitions of Byrd's setting shown in italics.

O, O that, O that most rare brest, christaline sincere, through which like gold thy princely heart did shine, O sprite heroic, O valiant worthie knight, O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will.

O sprite heroic, O valiant worthie knight,

O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will.

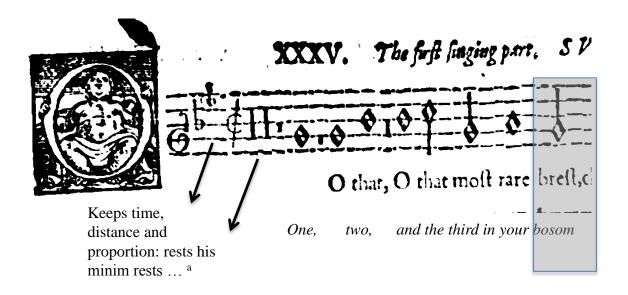
For, for thee, for thee both kings & princesses doe morne, thy noble Tombe, three Cities strange desird, Foes to the cause thy prowes did defend, beewayle the day that crost thy famous race.

Foes to the cause thy prowes did defend, beewayle the day that crost thy famous race.

The dolefull debt due to thy hearse I pay, tears from the soule, that aye thy want shall moane, and by my will my life it selfe would yeeld, if heathen blame ne might, my faith disdaine:

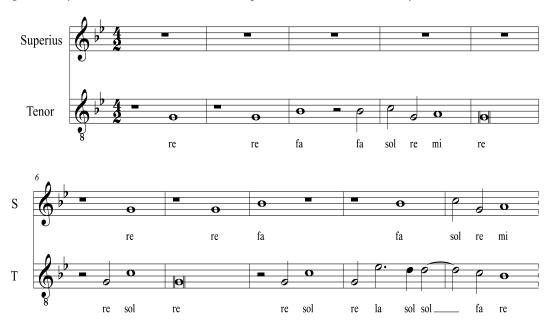
O heavie time, O heavie time, O heavie time, that my daies draw behind thee, thou dead dost live, thy friend here living dieth O heavie time, O heavie time, O heavie time, that my daies draw behind thee, thou dead dost live, thy friend here living dieth, dieth, dieth, dieth, dieth.

Figure 3 O that most rare breast. Detail. Byrd, Psalmes, no. 35, corresponding with 2.4.21-24, with "brest" and "bosom" highlighted.



^a For actual minim rests see the "dieth" section in Figure 1 above

Example 2a Byrd, *O that most rare breast*, mm. 1-10 (40-50), Superius and Tenor parts only. See imitation reflected in repeated re fa solmization symbols.



Example 2b Byrd, *O that most rare breast*, mm. 78-85

