

# 'Twas within a furlong of Edenborough Town

ton original

Extrait de « The Mock-Marriage » Z. 605/2 d'Henry Purcell (1659-1695). Crée en 1695 sur un texte de T d'Urfey.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the bassoon, and the bottom staff for the basso continuo. The lyrics are written below each staff.

**Staff 1 (Soprano):**

'Twas with - in a fur - long of E - den - bo rough town, In the  
He \_\_\_\_\_ told her mar - riage was grown a me - 'er joke, And that  
That you'll give me trin - kets, cried she, \_\_\_\_\_ I be - lieve, But \_\_\_\_\_

**Staff 2 (Bassoon):**

ro - sy time of year when the grass — was — down; Bon - ny  
no one wed - ed now but the scoun — drel — folk; Yet my  
ah! what in re - turn must your poor — Jen - ny give: When my

**Staff 3 (Basso Continuo):**

jock - y blithe and gay, Said to Jen - ny ma - king hay, Let's \_\_\_\_\_  
dear, thou should'st pre - vail, But I know not what I ail; I shall  
mai - den trea - sure's gone, I must gang to Lon - don - Town, And \_\_\_\_\_

sit a lit - tle (dear) and prat - tle,  
dream of clogs, and sil - ly dogs with  
roar and rant, and patch and paint, and  
'tis a soul - try day:  
bot - tles at their tail;  
kiss for half a crown;

He \_\_\_\_  
But I'll  
Each \_\_\_\_

long had court - ed the black brow'd maid, But Jock - y was a wag, and would  
give thee gloves and a bon - grace to wear, And a pret - ty fil - ly foal, to ride  
drunk en bul - ly ob - lige — for — pay, And earn an ha - ted living in an

ne'er con - sent to wed, Which \_\_\_\_ made her pish and phoo, And cry  
out and take the air, If \_\_\_\_ thou ne'er wilt pish nor phoo, And \_\_\_\_  
o - dious, ful - some way; No, — no, no, it ne'er shall do, For a

out it will not do, I \_\_\_\_ cannot, cannot, can - not won - not, wonnot buck - le too.  
cry it ne'er shall do; I \_\_\_\_  
wife I'll be to you, Or I

"Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town,  
In the rosy time of year when the grass was down,  
Bonny Jockey blith and gay,  
Said to Jenny making hay,  
Let's sit a little (dear) and prattle 'tis a soultry day:  
He long had courted the black-brow'd maid,  
But Jockey was a wag and would ne'er consent to wed;  
Which made her pish and phoo,  
And cry out it will not do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot Buckle too.

He told her marriage was grown a me'er joke,  
And that no one wedded now but the scoundrel folk;  
Yet, my dear, thou shouldst prevail,  
But I know not what I ail,  
I shall dream of clogs, and silly dogs with bottles at their tail;  
But I'll give thee gloves and a bongrace to wear,  
And a pretty filly-foal, to ride out and take the air;  
If thou ne'er will pish or phoo,  
And cry it ne'er shall do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot Buckle too.

That you'll give me trinkets, cried she, I believe,  
But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give;  
When my maiden treasure's gone,  
I must gang to London-town,  
And roar, and rant, and patch and paint, and kiss for half a crown:  
Each drunken bully oblige for pay,  
And earn an hated living in an odious fulsome way;  
No, no, it ne'er shall do,  
For a wife I'll be to you,  
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot Buckle too.

C'était à environ 200m de la ville d'Edinborough  
Quand les roses étaient en fleurs et l'herbe fraîchement coupée  
Le beau Jockey, qui était insouciant et gai  
Disait à Jenny qui faisait les foins  
Asseyons-nous un peu (ma chère) et caussons par cette journée torride  
Cela faisait longtemps qu'il faisait la cour à la fille aux sourcils noirs,  
Mais Jockey était un coquinet refusait de se marier :  
Elle le chassait du coup comme une mouche  
En criant ça n'ira pas  
Je ne peux pas, ne peux pas, ne peux pas, ne veux pas, ne veux pas me plier.

Il lui disait que de nos jours le mariage est une blague  
Et que personne ne se marie plus sauf la misérable racaille  
Et pourtant tu continues à me refuser,  
Bien que je ne vois pas ce que tu me reproches  
Je rêverai de sabots, et de chiens idiots traînant à leur queue des bouteilles  
Mais je te donnerai des gants et un petit bonnet à porter  
Et une jolie jument pour te promener et prendre l'air  
Si tu arrêtes de me chasser  
En criant ça n'ira pas  
Je ne peux pas, ne peux pas, ne peux pas, ne veux pas, ne veux pas me plier.

Je crois bien que tu vas me donner des babioles, a-t-elle crié, je crois,  
Mais, ah, qu'est-ce que la pauvre Jenny doit donner en retour ?  
Quand mon trésor de jeune fille sera dépensé  
Je devrais aller à Londres  
Et crier, vociférer, raccommoder et me peindre et embrasser pour une demi-couronne  
Chaque brute ivrogne qui daignera payer,  
Et pratiquer un métier hâssable d'une façon totalement odieuse  
Non, non, ça n'ira pas  
Ou je deviens ta femme  
Ou je ne peux pas, ne peux pas, ne veux pas, ne veux pas me plier.