

'Twas within a furlong of Edenborough Town

transposé une 4te ↓

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, transposed one fourth below. 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 the notes.

Tenor part (Top Staff):

'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 _____

Bassoon part (Middle Staff):

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

Basso continuo part (Bottom Staff):

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, 'tis a soul - try day: He
 dream of clogs, and sil - ly dogs with bot - tles at their tail; But I'll
 roar and rant, and patch and paint, and kiss for half a crown; Each

10

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

15

out it will not do, I _____ can not, can not, can not won - not, won - not 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 should'st 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.