

**Peter Maxwell Davies: Eight songs for a mad King (1969)**  
Texte von Randolph Stow und König George III

*Zwischenspiele aus:  
The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book Vol. I & II (Ende 16. Jh.)*

*William Byrd, Praeludium to y<sup>e</sup> Fancie*

**1. The Sentry**  
King Prussia's Minuet

Good day to Your Honesty: God guard who guards  
the gate.  
Here is the key of the Kingdom  
You are a pretty fellow: next month I shall give you a cabbage  
Undo the door!  
Who has stolen my key? Ach! My Kingdom is  
snakes and dancing, my Kingdom is locks and  
slithering. Make room!  
Pity me, pity me, pity me. Child,  
child, whose son are you?

*Giovanni Pichi, Toccata*

**2. The Country Walk**  
La Promenade

Dear land of sheep and cabbages. Dear land.  
Dear elms, oaks, beeches, strangling ivy,  
green snakes of ivy, pythons. God guard trees.  
Blue-yellow-green is the world like a chained  
man's bruise.  
I think of God. God also is a King.

*William Byrd, Coranto*

**3. The Lady-In-Waiting**  
Miss Musgrave's Fancy

Madam, let us talk, let us talk.  
Madam, I mean no harm.  
Only to remember, to remember  
what it was that through silk,  
lace, linen and brocade  
swooped on my needle. To remember: Madam,  
let us talk, I mean no harm.

*Thomas Morley, Alman*

**4. To be sung On the Water**  
The Waterman

Sweet Thames, sweet Thames, far, far have I  
followed thee.  
God guard my people.  
Sweet Thames, flow soft. Flow burdened by my people  
(deliver me of my people; they are within)  
to Eden garden, unto Eden garden  
in Hannover, Bermuda or New South Wales.  
Sweet Thames, flow soft. Evacuate my people.  
I am weary of this feint. I am alone.

*Anonymus, The Irishe Dumpe*

**5. The Phantom Queen**  
He's Ay A-Kissing Me

Where is the Queen, why does she not visit me?  
Esther! O my heart's ease  
Have they chained you too, my darling, in a stable?  
Do they starve you, strike you, scorn you,  
ape your howls?  
They say some other woman is my wife,  
but the Queen's name is Esther  
Esther  
Esther  
Fall on my eyes, O bride, like a starless night

*Auszug aus: William Byrd, The Bells*

**6. The Counterfeit**  
Le Conterfaite

I am nervous, I am not ill  
but I am nervous,  
If you would know what is the matter with me  
I am nervous.  
But I love you both very well;  
if you would tell me the truth.  
I love Doctor Heberden best; for he has not told me a lie  
Sir George has told me a lie: a white lie, he says  
but I hate a white lie,  
let it be a black lie!

**7. Country Dance**  
Scotch Bonnet

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people  
with singing and with dancing,  
with milk and with apples.  
The landlord at the Three Tuns  
makes the best purl in Windsor,  
Sin! Sin! Sin!  
Blacke vice, intolerable vileness  
in lanes, by ricks, at Courts. It is night on the world.  
Even I, your King, have contemplated evil.  
I shall rule with a rod of iron.  
Comfort ye.

*Jan Peterszoon Sweelinck, Praeludium Toccata und  
John Bull, Phantasia Ut sol fa mi Pi (God save the King)*

**8. The Review**  
A Spanish March

my people: I come before you in mourning,  
on my breast a star:  
The King is dead.  
A good-hearted gentleman, a humble servant of God,  
a loving husband, an affectionate sire.  
Poor fellow, he went mad.  
He talked with trees, attacked his eldest son,  
disowned his wife, to make a ghost his Queen -  
a ghost his Queen.  
So they seized him (yes!) and they whipped him  
(ach! Yes!) starved him; jeered in his face,  
while he talked he talked he talked he talked he talked:  
they could not shave him, his mouth was never still.  
Sometimes he howled like a dog.  
And he veiled the mirrors not to see himself pass by  
for his eyes had turned to blackcurrant jelly.  
Poor fellow, I weep for him.  
He will die howling.  
Howling.

*William Byrd, The Bells*