

Theseus, O Theseus, hark!

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Edited by Christopher Baum

The story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, as much as concerns the ensuing Relation, is this.

Theseus going over into Creet to fight with the Minotaure, made his father Ægeus this promise, that if he came off with Life and Victory, he would set up white sailes at his comming back, the Ship as he went out having black sailes in token of grieffe: being come into Creet, Ariadne the Kings Daughter there fell in love with him, and gave him a Clew of thread, by which after he had slain the Minotaure he extricated himselfe out of that perplexed Labyrinth: having thus obtained the Victory, he carryed her along with him into the Island Naxos, where he tooke occasion to leave her as she was asleep, and so hasting homeward, forgot to hoist the white sailes; but his father Ægeus, therefore, who stood upon a Rock, expecting his return, as soon as he perceived the black sailes, cast himselfe headlong into the Sea, from whom it was called the Ægean Sea. In this while, Ariadne complaining of Theseus his infidelity, resolving to destroy her selfe, having made her own Epitaph, was comforted by Bacchus, who comming thither was enamoured of her Beauty, and took her to his protection.

Ariadne sitting upon a Rock in the Island Naxos, deserted by Theseus, thus complains.

The - seus, O The - seus, hark! but yet in vain; A - las de-

14

ser - ted I com-plain; It was some neigh - b'ring rock, more soft than he, Whose

hol - low bow - els pit - y'd me, And beat - ing back that false and cru - el name, Did

(1) In the source, the *,* is before the *f*, not the *e'*. The composer's autograph (in which the vocal line is slightly different) gives *e'*.

Note values and barlines original. Dotted barlines editorial. All accidentals, including those that are redundant according to modern usage, are reproduced (in modern form) where they appear in the source. Editorial accidentals applying to the vocal line are placed above the staff. For the thoroughbass, to avoid confusion with figures, editorial accidentals are given in square brackets and courtesy accidentals in round brackets. All other editorial matters are addressed in footnotes. The sole figures given (in bar 2) are from the original.

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Theseus, O Theseus, hark!

13

com-fort and re-venge my flame, Then faith-less whi-ther wilt thou fly? — Stones dare not

18

har-bour cruel - ty. Tell me, ye Gods, who e'er ye are, Why, O why, made ye

24

him so fair? And tell me, wretch, why thou mad'st not Thy self more true? Beau-ty from him —

29

— might co-pies take, And more ma-jes-tic he - roes make, And false-hood learn a while From

34

him too, to be-guile: Re-store my clue, 'tis here most due, For 'tis a Lab' - rinth

39

of more sub-tle art, To have so fair a face, so foul a heart: The rav' - nous

44

vul-ture tear his breast, The rol - ling stone dis - turb his rest; Let him next feel Ix - i-an's wheel,

49

And add one fa-ble more To curs-ing po - ets' store, And then yet ra-ther let him live and twine

54

— His woof of days with some thread stol'n from mine, But if you'll tor - ture him, how e'er

58

Tor - ture my heart, you'll find him there: Till mine eyes drank up his, and his drank

Theseus, O Theseus, hark!

62

mine, I ne'er thought souls might kiss, and spir-its join: Pic-tures till then, took me as much as

67

men, Na - ture and art mov - ing a - like my heart; But his fair vis-age made me find Plea-sures and

72

fears, hopes, sighs, and tears, As sev-er-al sea-sons of the mind. Should thine eye, Ve-nus,

77

on his dwell, Thou wouldst in-vite him — to thy shell, And caught by that live jet, — Ven-ture the

(2)

82

sec - ond net, And af - ter all thy dan - gers faith - less he, Shouldst thou but slum -

(2) There is a line break at this point in the original, as a result of which the bass in the second half of the bar is given as two tied crotchets (both on C) instead of the minim C given here.

86

- ber, would for-sake ev'n thee. The streams___ so court the yield - ing

91

banks, And glid - ing there ne'er pay their thanks, The winds so woo the flowers,

95

Whis-p'ring a-mong fresh___ bowers, And hav-ing robb'd them of their smells, Fly thence per-fum'd to o - ther

99

cells; This is fa-mi-liar hate, to smile, and kill, Though no - thing please thee, yet my

104

ru - in will: Death hov - er, hov-er o'er me then, Waves,___ let your crys - tal womb Be

Theseus, O Theseus, hark!

110

— both my fate and tomb, I'll soon-er trust the sea than men. Yet for re-venge to

116

heav'n I call, And breathe one curse be-fore I fall; Proud of two con-quests, Min-o-taur and

121

me, That— by my faith, this by thy per-jur-y. May'st thou for-get to wing thy

126

ships with white, That the black sails— may to the long-ing sight Of thy gray fa-ther tell thy fate, And

130

he be-queath that sea His name, fal-ling like me. Na-ture and Love thus brand thee,

135

whilst I die, 'Cause thou for-sak'st Æ - ge - us, 'cause thou draw'st _____ nigh.

140

And ye, O nymphs be - low who sit, In whose swift floods his vows he writ, Snatch a sharp

144

dia - mond from your rich - er mines, And in some mir - ror grave _____ these sad - der

147

lines, Which let some god con-vey To him that so he may In that both read at once and

Her Epitaph.

150

see Those looks that caus'd my des - ti - ny. In The - tis' arms I, A-ri - ad - ne, sleep,

Theseus, O Theseus, hark!

156

Drown'd first in mine own tears, then in the deep: Twice ba-nish'd, first by love,

162

and then by hate, The life — that I pre-serv'd be-came my fate, Who leav-ing all was by

167

him left a-lone, That from a mon - ster freed, him-self prov'd one: Thus then I

172

F— but look, O mine eyes, Be now true spies, Yon - der, yon-der comes my dear, Now my

177

won - der, once my fear; See, sa - tyr's dance a - long in a con-fu-sed throng, Whilst

181

horns' and pipes' rude noise Do mad their lust - y joys; Ro - ses his fore-head crown, —

185

— And that re-crowns the flowers; Where he walks up and down, He makes the des - erts bowers;

189

The i - vy and the grape Hide not, a - dorn his shape, And green leaves clothe his wav - ing

193

rod, 'Tis he, 'tis ei - ther The - seus, or some god.