

AARON KEYT

NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE

on an ayre of Thomas Campion

for alto voice and piano

2019



From *The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres* (c. 1617)

22.

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their houres,
And clouds their stormes discharge
Upon the ayrie towres;
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tun'd words amaze
With harmonie divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall waite on hunny Love,
While youthfull Revels, Masks, and Courtly sights,
Sleepes leaden spels remove.

This time doth well dispence
With lovers long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well:
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted Riddles tell,
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his joyes,
And Winter his delights;
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE

THOMAS CAMPION
(1567-1620)

AARON KEYT

Unhurried, ♩=68 *mp*

Now win - ter nights en - large The num - ber

5 *mf*

of their houres, And clouds their stormes dis - charge Up - on the ayr -

Ped.

8 A bit faster, ♩=74

- ie towres; Let now the chim - neys blaze

Ped.

11 *mf* *p*

And cups o'er-flow with wine, Let well-tun'd words a-maze With har-mo-nie

p *pp*

Ped.

15 *mf*

di-vine. Now yellow wax-en lights Shall waite on

rit. Tempo I, ♩=68

mp *p* *mp*

rit. Tempo I, ♩=68

19 *f*

hun-ny Love, While youth-full Rev-els, Masks, and Court

mf *f*

Ped.

Faster, ♩=88

23

f *ff* //

- ly sights, Sleepes lead - en_ spels_ re - move.

f *ff* //

Ped.

28 Tempo I, ♩=68

mp

This time_ doth well_ dis - pence_ With lov - ers long dis - course;

p *mp* *mf* *mp* *pp*

33

mf

Much speech hath some de - fence,_ Though beau - ty no_ re - morse.

mf *mf*

Ped.

A bit faster, ♩=74

37 *mf*

All ___ doe ___ not all ___ things ___ well: Some meas - ures come

mf *p* *mf* *mp* *p*

40 *p* *rit.*

ly tread, Some knot - ted Rid - les tell, Some Po-ems *rit.*

mf *p* *pp* *mp*

Red.

44 *f* *mp*

smooth-ly read. The Sum - mer hath his joyes, And

Tempo I, ♩=68

p *f* *mp* *f* *p* *mp*

Red.

48

f

Win - ter his de - lights; Though Love and all his pleas -

f

Ped.

52

Faster, ♩=88

ures are but toys, They short -

mp *f*

Ped.

55

-en te - - dious nights.

ff *f* *p*