

Metet.

HODIE CHRISTUS

Hodie Christus natus est
Noe, Noe,
Hodie, Salvator apparuit
Alleluia, Alleluia:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli

Laetantur archangeli
Noe, Noe,
Hodie exultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Alleluia, Noe.

2

~~MATE~~ T

"O VOS OMNES"

2

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam
Attendite et videte si est dolor
similis sicut dolor meus.
Attendite, universi populi, et
videte dolorem meum.

2

MOTET

"Jesu dulcis memoria."

3

Deus

Jesu dulcis memoria
~~deus~~ vera cordis gaudia,
sed super mel et omnia,
ejus dulcis, praesentia.

3

MOTET.—

J. P. SWEELEINCK
"GAUDETE OMNES." (1562-1621)

Gaudete omnes et laetamini quia ecce desideratus advenit. Introite in conspectu eius in exultatione, scitote quoniam ipse est expectatio nostra, Alleluia!

Translation.

Rejoice all ye people and be glad, for behold the longed-for One cometh! Enter into His sight with exultation, know ye that He is our hope. Alleluia!

H

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"ABOUT THE MAYPOLE."

About the Maypole new with glee and merriment,
While as the bagpipe tooted it,
Thyrsis and Cloris,
Fine together footed it,
Fa la la.

And to the wanton instrument,
Still they went to and fro, both,
And finely flaunted it.
And then both met again,
And thus they chanted it,
Fa la la.

5

"DAINTY FINE BIRD."

Dainty fine bird that art encagéd there
Alas, how like thine and my fortunes are,
Both prisoners be, and both singing thus
Strive to please her that hath imprisoned us;
Only thus we differ, thou and I,
Thou liv'st singing, but I sing and die.



- - I Go Before, My Darling - -

I go before, my darling,
Follow thou to the bower in the close alley:
There we will together
Sweetly kiss each other,
And like two wantons dally.

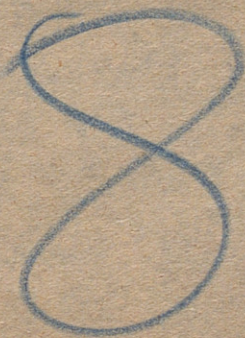


My bonny lass she smileth
When she my heart beguileth.
Fa la la !

Smile less, dear love, therefore,
And you shall love me more.
Fa la la !

When she her sweet eye turneth,
O how my heart it burneth !

Fa la la !
Dear love, call in their light
Or else you'll burn me quite,
Fa la la !



52. Folk Song - - An Acre

My father left me an acre of land

Ivy sing ivery

My father left me an acre of land

And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

I ploughed it with a ram's horn.

I sowed it with a thimble

I harrowed it with a bramble bush

I reaped it with a penknife

I sent it home in a walnut shell.

I threshed it with my needle and thread

I winnowed it with my handkerchief

I sent it to mill with a team of great rats.

The carter bought a curly whip

Ivy sing ivery

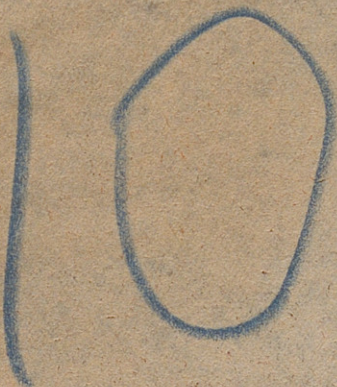
The whip did pop and the wagon did stop

And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

9

As I walked out one morning
In the Spring-time of the year,
I overheard a sailor boy
Likewise a lady fair.

They sang a song together,
Made the valleys for to ring,
While the birds on spray
And the meadows gay
Proclaimed the lovely Spring.



A farmer's son so sweet
Was keeping of his sheep,
And careless fell asleep,
While his lambs were playing.

A fair young lady gay,
By chance she came that way,
And sound asleep he lay,
Whom she loved so dear.

She kissed his lips so sweet
As he lay fast asleep.
"I fear my heart will break
For you, my dear."

She said: "Awake I pray,
The sun is in the hay;
Your flock will go astray
From you, my dear.

"For your sweet sake alone,
I wandered from my home;
My friends are dead and gone;
I am left alone."

His flock he laid aside:
Made her his gentle bride.
In wed-lock she was tied
To the farmer's son.

12

O dive Custos Auriacae domus,
Et spes labantis certior imperi,
O rebus adversis vocande,
O superum decus in secundis ;

Seu te fluentem pronus ad Isida
In vota fervens Oxonidum chorus,
Seu te precantur, quos remoti
Unda lavat properata Cami.

Descende caelo non ita creditas
Visurus aedes praesidiis tuis,
Descende visurus Penates
Caesaris et penetrale sacrum.

Maria Musis flebilis occidit
Maria gentis deliciae breves,
O flete Mariam Camenae,
Divae flete dea moriente.

12

13

~~HENRY LAWES~~
(1595-1666.)

~~Duet.~~

~~"THE ANGLER'S SONG."~~

Man's life is but vain,
For 'tis subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a Bubble;
'Tis a Hodg Podg of businesse,
And money and care,
And care and money and trouble!

But we'll take no care
When the weather proves fair,
Nor will we vex now though it rain,
We'll banish all sorrow
And sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again.

~~Isaac Walton.~~

13

DUET (b) "John, Come Kiss Me Now" -

Wife John, come kiss me now,
John, come kiss me by and by,
And make no more ado.

14 Husband Peace, I'm angry now,
Peace, I'm angry at the heart
And know not what to do.
Wives can faine and wives can flatter,
Have I not hit them now,
When once they begin they still do
chatter.

And so does my wife too.

Wife And wives have many fair words
and looks,
And draw silly men on folly's hooks,
John, come kiss me now.

Husband Now of my song I'll make an end.
Lo, here, I quit thee now,
All evil wives to the devil I send,
Among them my wife too.

14

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu—
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu;
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

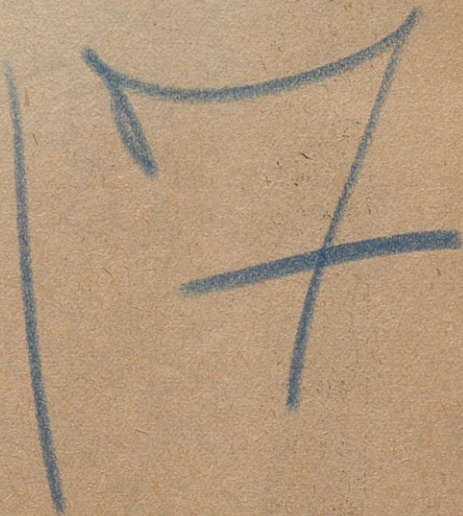
15

"DRAW ON, SWEET NIGHT."

Draw on, sweet night ; best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy.
My life so ill through want of comfort fares
That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.
Sweet night, draw on ; my griefs when they be told
To shades and darkness, find some ease from paining,
And while thou all in silence dost enfold
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

16

Lure ! falconers, lure ! give warning to the field.
Let fly ! let fly ! make mounting hearne to yield.
Die, fearful ducks, and climb no more so high.
The nyas-hawk will kiss the azure sky,
But when our soar-hawks fly and stiff winds blow,
Then long too late we falconers cry, " Hey lo ! "



Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Each with his bonny lass,
A dancing on the grass.

Fa, la, la.

The spring clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at winter's sadness,
And to the bagpipes' sound,
The nymphs tread out their round,

Fa, la, la.

Fie, then, why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing?
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break?

Fa, la, la.

18