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Copying

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He that will an alehouse keep

Round in 3 parts

From Melismata, ed. Thomas Ravenscroft, 1611

He that will an Ale-house keepe, must haue three things in store. a Chamber and a

feather Bed a Chimney and a hey no-ny no-ny, hay no-ny no-ny, hey no-ny no, hey no-ny no, he no-ny no.

Five Reasons

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

If all be true that I do think, there are five reasons, there are five reasons we should drink:

Good wine, a friend, or being dry, Or lest we should be by and by;

Or any other reason, or any other reason, or any other reason why, any reason why!
He that drinks is immortal

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

Let us drink and be merry

Round in 3 parts

George Berg (1763 –1771)
'Tis women

Round in 4 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

’Tis women makes us love, ’Tis love that makes us sad,

’Tis sadness makes us drink, And drinking makes us mad!

I gave her cakes and I gave her ale

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

I gave her cakes and I gave her ale, and I gave her sack and sherry, I

kiss’d her once and I kiss’d her twice, And we were wondrous merrily. I gave her beads and

bracelets fine, And I gave her gold, down derry, I thought she was a-fear’d till she strok’d my beard, And

we were wondrous merrily. Mery, my heart’s mery, my cock’s mery, my spright’s mery, mery, mery

mer-ry, mer-ry, my hey down derry, I kiss’d her once and I kissed her twice, and we were wondrous merrily.
Fie, nay, prithee John

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

Fie, nay, prithee, John, Do not quarrel, man! Let’s be merry and drink about;

You’re a rogue, you cheated me! I’ll prove before this company, I can’t a farthing, sir, for all you are so stout!

Sir, you lie! I scorn your word or any man that wears a sword! For all your huff who cares a damn, and who cares for you?

Banbury Ale

Round in 4 parts

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)

Banbury ale, Where, where, where? At the blacksmith’s house, I would I were there!
Slaves are they that heap up mountains

Round in 4 parts

John Stafford Smith, (1750 – 1836)

Slaves are they that heap up mountains, still desiring, more and more, Still desiring more and more, more, more, more, more, more, more! Still desiring more and more, desiring more and more!

We’ll carouse in Bacchus’ fountains, Never dreaming, never, never dreaming to be poor; Never dreaming to be poor, never dreaming to be poor. Give us then a cup of liquor, Fill it up unto the brim, fill it up unto the brim, fill, fill, fill, fill! Fill it up unto the brim, unto the brim! For then thinks our wits grow quicker, When our brains in liquor swim, when our brains in liquor swim,
John Stafford Smith is better known for this next tune:

**To Anacreon in heaven**

As Sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand

(Ralph Tomlinson Esq.)

John Stafford Smith, (1750 – 1836)
To Anacreon in heaven

I. Fid-dle, and Flute, no long- er be mute, I’ll lend you my Name and in-

II. read-y they cry, In trans-ports of Joy, A-way to the Sons of A-

III. Thun- der, no fear on’t, Shall soon do it’s Errand, and, dam’- me! I’ll swinge the Ring-

IV. o-ver each Head My Laur- els I’ll spread; So my Sons from your Crack- ers no

V. JOVE, be not jealous Of these ho- nest Fellows. Cry’d JOVE, ”We re- lent, since the

VI. thus we a-gree Our Toast let it be. May our club flour- ish hap- py, u-

---

I. spire you to boot, And, be- sides, I’ll in- struct you like me to en- twine The

II. NA-CREON we’ll fly, And there, with good Fel- lows, we’ll learn to en-

III. lead- ers, I warrant, I’ll trim the young Dogs, for thus dar- ing to twine

IV. Mis- chief shall dread, Whilst snug in their Club- Room, they jo- vial- ly twine

V. Truth you now tell us; And swear, by OLD STYX, that they long shall en-

VI. nit- ed and free! And long may the Sons of A- NA-CREON in-

twine

---

I. Myr- tle of Ve- nus with Ba- cchus- ’s Vine.
The glass was just timed

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

The glass was just tim’d to the critical hour When we heard the report of the guns of the Tower; Thanks to kind heav’n who the blessing con-triv’d, No sooner we drank it, but our Mon-arch ar-

riv’d. The theme lets con-tin-ue and our bum-pers ad-vance: Suc-cess to old Eng-land, con-fu-sion to France!
Down with Bacchus

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

Down, down with Bacchus, down, down with Bacchus: from this hour Repounce, repounce the

grape’s tyrannick pow’r; Whilst in our large, our large confed’rate bowl, and mingling

vertrue, mingling vertrue, cheer the soul. Down with the French, down with the French, march

on to Nantz, For whose, for whose dear sake we’ll conquer France; And when, when th’inn-

spir’ing cups swell high, their hungry, hungry juice with scorn, with scorn defy.

Rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse royal boys, your forces join To rout, to rout the Monsieur and his

wine: Then, then, then, then the next year our bowl shall be Quaff’d, quaff’d under the vines in Burgundy.
Wine in a morning

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

Wine, wine in a morning makes us frolick and gay that like eagles we soar in the pride of the day;

Gout-y sots in the night only find a decay. 'Tis the sun ripens the grape and to drinking gives light: We imitate him when by noon we're at height; They steal wine who take it when he's out of sight. Boy, fill all the glasses, fill 'em up now he shines, The higher he rises, the more he refines; But wine and wit palls as their maker declines.

Call George again, boy

Round in 3 parts

John Hilton 1599 – 1654

Call George again, boy, call George again, And for the love of Bacchus, call George again.

George is a good boy and draws us good wine, Then fill us more claret our wits to refine.

George is a brave lad, and an honest man, If you will know him he dwells at the Swan.
Here's a health

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695

Here's a health, a health, pray let it pass about, A health that ne'er shall cease till all our wine is out; There fore drink away and never let it stand, But ply it close ly round from hand to hand, And eagerly and bravely with courage thus pursue it, For tis a health, a health to honest ruddy Roger Hew ett.
**Tom Jolly’s Nose**

*Round in 3 parts*

Henry Aldrich (1647 – 1710)

Tom Jolly’s nose I mean to abuse: Thy jolly nose, Tom, provokes my muse; thy nose, jolly Tom, that shines so bright, I’ll easily follow it by its own light; Thy nose, Tom Jolly, no jest it will bear, Although it yields matter enough and to spare; But jolly Tom’s nose, for all he can do, Breeds worms in itself, and in our heads, too! Tom’s nose, jolly Tom’s nose, The more it is banter’d the more it glows; Then drink to Tom Jolly a cooling glass, or jolly Tom’s nose will fire his face!

**A boat, a boat!**

*Round in 3 parts*

John Jenkins (1592 – 1678)

A boat, a boat! Haste to the ferry! For we’ll go over to be merry! To laugh And sing and drink old sherry.
Care, thou canker of our joys

Round in 3 parts

From Kentish Harmony (1821)

Confusion to the pow’r of Cupid

Round in 3 parts

John Eccles (c. 1660 – 1735)
Hey, ho, nobody at home

round in 3 parts

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)

Hey, ho, nobody at home; Meat nor drink nor money have I none; Fill the pot, Edie! Fill the pot, Edie!

Hey, ho, nobody at home

round in 5 parts

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)

Hey, ho, nobody at home; Meat nor drink nor money have I none; Fill the pot, Edie!

O Portsmouth

round in 4 parts

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)

O Portsmouth, O Portsmouth it is a gallant towne, and there we will have a quart of wine with a nutmeg browne, diddle downe, The gallant shippe, the Mermaid, the Lion hanging stout, did make us to spend there our sixteen pence all out.
In praise of white wine

Round in 3 parts

John Reading

Let crystal White Wine cheer the drowsy mind; 'Tis crystal only leaves a stain behind; In the use of which we do Bacchus dis grace; We make the god mortal by painting his face; He's not like a god, whose image is red; O'er night his cheeks blush, in the morning they're dead.
Tappster, dryngker

Discantus

Anon. English 15th century

Dryng-ker, fyll a-no-ther ale, A-nonn God sende us good sale.

A-vale the stake, a-vale, here is good ale y-

founde.

and y to the and

lette the cuppe goe rounde.
Tappster, drynger 17

Contratenor

Drynger, annon have I do God sende us good sale.

A- vale the stake, a- vale, here is good ale y- founde.

Drynke to me and y to the and

lette the cuppe goe rounde.

Tenor

Tappster, fyll anoth- er ale, have I do, God sende us good sale.

A- vale the stake, a- vale, here is good ale y-

founde.

Drynke to me and y to the, and

lette the cuppe goe rounde.
Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn

A woman went drinking

Ludwig Senfl

Discantus

Contratenor

1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn, Hе-ро-ri ma-tο-ri, Sie wollt den Man nit mit ir
2. Wol-stu mich denn nit ze-chen lahn, Hе-ро-ri ma-tο-ri, So wolt ich zu ein η an- dern
3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Hе-ро-ri ma-tο-ri, Die Fraw lebt Tag und Nacht im

lahn, Gu-retsch, gu-retsch, Gu-rit-zi ma-retsch, Hе-ро-ri ma-tο-ri.
gahn, Sauss,
Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn

Tenor

1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn, Herori matori, Sie wollt den
2. Wolstu mich denn nit zechen lahn, Herori matori, So wolt ich
3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Herori matori, Die Fraw lebt

Bassus

1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn, Herori matori, Sie wollt den Man nit mit ir
2. Wolstu mich denn nit zechen lahn, Herori matori, So wolt ich zu einer anderen gahn
3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Herori matori, Die Fraw lebt Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

Man nit mit ir lahn, Guretsch, guretsch, Gurtzi maratsch, Herori matori.
zu einer anderen gahn,

Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

Translation:

A woman would go drinking; She didn’t want her husband to come with her, Guretsch...
If I can’t carouse with you, I’ll go to another wench, Guretsch...
The husband plays the Fool at home, the woman carouses day and night, Guretsch...
Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne

Guillaume Le heurteur

Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne.
When I drink good wine the world goes round,
ne, tout tourne, Et quant je n’en boy point tout ne tourne point, (Et
goes round, And when I don’t drink wine, No-thing comes a-round, (And
quant je n’en boy point tout ne tourne point,) Et quant n’ay mail-le ne de-
when I don’t drink wine, No-thing comes a-round, comes a-round.) And when there’s no-thing in my
nier je ne boyt point, ne bel-le fil- le a mon cou-cher tout ne tourne point, (tou-
purse, I don’t drink wine, no wo- men in my bed: No-thing comes a-round, No-
thing comes a-round.
ne tourne point.) Et quant de ces vins blancs je boy Si ne sont
No ad- juncts in the beer I drink On-
d’An-jou ou d’Ar- boys, point ne me tour-
hops and malt and yeast, Or no- thing comes round to me; When I drink good wine the world goes
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to
Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne,
When I drink good wine the world goes round,
(Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne,
When I drink good wine the world goes round,)

Et quant n'ay mai-le ne de-nier je ne boyt point,
And when there's no-thing in my purse, I don't drink wine,
ne bel-le fil-le a mon cou-
no wo-men in my bed:

d'An-jou ou d'Ar-
boys, point ne me tour-
Quant je boy du vin cl-
hops and malt and yeast, Or no-thing comes round to me;
When I drink good wine the

ret tout[] tour-
world goes round,
(Quant je boy du vin cl- ret tout tour-
ret tout) tour-
 mundo.
(Quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point,
When I don't drink wine, No-thing comes a-round,

Et not ne tour-
No-thing comes a-

ret ne tour-
No-thing comes a-

(Quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point,) tout ne tour-
When I don't drink wine, No-thing comes a-round,) No-thing-
Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette

Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne,
When I drink good wine the world goes round,

(Quant je boy du vin claret)
(When I drink good wine the)
world

tout tourne,
(Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne,
(When I drink good wine the) world goes round,

Et quant je n’en boy
goes round,
And when I don’t drink

point tout ne tourne point,
(tout ne tourne point.) Et quant n’ay maille ne de nier je ne boyt wine, No thing comes a round,
No thing comes a round, And when there’s no thing in my purse, I don’t drink

point, (Et quant n’ay maille ne de nier je ne boyt point,) ne bel le fil le a mon coucher
wine, And when there’s no thing in my purse, I don’t drink wine, no wo men in my bed:

(tout ne tourne point.)
(quant de ces vins blancs)
No thing comes a round, No adjuncts in the beer I drink

Si ne sont

On ly good

d’An jou ou
hops and malt

d’Ar boys, point ne me tourne; Quant je boy du vin claret
and yeast, no thing comes round to me; When I drink good wine

(quant de ces vins blancs)

(Quant je boy du vin claret)

(Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne.)

When I drink good wine the world
When I drink good wine the world goes round,

\footnote{Singing translation by Laura Conrad. Literal Translation: When I drink claret everything goes around, And when I don’t drink it, nothing goes around.}
And when I have neither halfpenny nor copper I don’t drink, Nor have a pretty girl in my bed, nothing goes around.
And when I drink white wines If they’re not from Anjou or Arbois, nothing turns me around;
When I drink claret everything goes around.

Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette

Claudin de Sermisy

Cantus

Vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-gnet-te, Qui te plan-ta il fust preud-hom, Vi-gnon, vi-hom.
The grapes smell sweet, here in the vine-yard, The grapes are growing ripe, the grapes smell ripe.

And when I have neither halfpenny nor copper I don’t drink, Nor have a pretty girl in my bed, nothing goes around.
And when I drink white wines If they’re not from Anjou or Arbois, nothing turns me around;
When I drink claret everything goes around.
Tenor

Vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-gnet-te, Qui te plan-ta the grapes are growing.

il fust preud-hom. Tu fuz cou-pé e a la ser-pet-
ing ripe. A wise man planted and pruned them well, pruned them

to his vine yard, He’ll of-fer us a glass of wine, glass of wine,

Quant tu pas-ses mon gor-ge-
ron Vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-gnet-te,
which we’ll en-joy, all the way down our throats. The grapes smell sweet, here in the vine-yard,

Qui te plan-ta il fust preud-hom, Vi-hom.
The grapes are growing ripe, the ripe.
Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette

Bassus

Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette, Qui te planta il fust preud-hom.
The grapes smell sweet, here in the vineyard, the grapes are growing ripe.

(Qui te planta il fust preud-hom.) Tu fus coupé e a la serpente.
The grapes are growing ripe, growing ripe. A wise man planted and pruned them.

And asked us here into his vineyard, his vineyard. Quant tu passes par mon gorge.
well, And asked us here into his vineyard, his vineyard. which we’ll enjoy.

When you pass down our throats, all the way down our throats. Vi-gnon, vi-gnon, vi-
joy, all the way down our throats, all the way down our throats. The grapes smell sweet, here

1Singing translation by Laura Conrad and Bonnie Rogers.

Literal translation: Vine, vine, vine, little vine,
He who planted you was a wise man.
You were cut with the pruning hook,
Vine, vine, vine, little vine,
I think I will enjoy it
When you pass down my throat.
Vine, vine, vine, little vine,
He who planted you was a wise man.
Changeons propos, c’est trop chanté d’amour

Claudin de Sermisy

Let’s change our song, too much is sung of love; all moans and howls; Let’s

Tous vigne-rons ont une el-

le recours, C’est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te, la vi- gnet- te. O

ser-pil- let- te, O la ser- pil- lon- net- te, La vi- gnol- let- te est par toy

mi-se- sus Dont les bons vins (dont les bons vins) tous les ans sont ya-

we get good wine. O prune the vine, O prune the vine, so we get good wine e-

very year, O prune the vine, O prune the vines, so we get good wine e-

1Lyrics by Clément Marot; singing translation by Laura Conrad and Bonnie Rogers.

Literal Translation:
Let us change our song, too much is sung of love;
That is noise, let us sing of the pruning knife.
All vineyard keepers have recourse to it,
It is of help to cut the little vine.
O little knife, O very little knife,
The little vine is by you made to fall
Whereby good wines every year are produced.
Changeons propos, c’est trop chanté d’amour; Ce sont clameurs, chantons de la
Let’s change our tune, Enough sad songs of love; all moans and howls; Let’s sing of grow-

serpente, de la serpente. Tous vigneron ont a le recours,
ing grapes, of growing grapes. Those who grow grapes use a keen, a keen, incisive tool:

C’est le secours pour tailler la vigne,
The pruning shears that shape the vine, that shape the vine. Pruning the vine

O serpillète, O la serpillonnette, La vignolletète est well, gives us good wine, From one year to the next, we get good wine, From one

par toy misse sus Dont les bons vins (dons les bons vins tous) les ans sont yrs-
year to the next, we get good wine. O prune the vine, so we get good wine every

sus, Dont les bons vins, (dons les bons vins dont) les bons vins tous les ans sont yrs-
year, O prune the vine, o prune the vine, so we get good wine every year.
Vive la serpe

Claudin de Sermisy

Cantus

Ser-pe et la ser-pet-te, Les ser-pier et le ser-pil-lon, La ser-pe tail-le
Sing of the pru-ning shears, Time to get out those pru-ning shears, In spring the shears

Shape the vines In fall they pick grapes How could you have a bet-ter tool

Alters

Ser-pe et la ser-pet-te, Les ser-pier et le ser-pil-lon, La ser-pe tail-le
Sing of the pru-ning shears, Time to get out those pru-ning shears, In spring the shears

shape the vines In fall they pick grapes How could you have a bet-

Time to get out those pru-ning shears, Sing of the pru-ning shears, Time to get out those pru-ning shears,
Vive la serpe

Translate of: Long live the hook and the pruning knife, The pruners and the pruning knife, The hook prunes the vine, Long live the hook and the pruning knife: Do you want anything better to harvest the grapes? Long live the hook and the pruning knife...

1Singing translation by Laura Conrad.