

Baroness Cecilia's



Essential  
SCA  
Songbook



# Baroness Cecilia's Essential ZCA Songbook

<i>Sumer is Icumen In</i> ..... 3	<i>After Midnight</i>
<i>Miri It Is</i> ..... 4	<i>Ah, Poor Bird</i> ..... 15
<i>Pastime with Good Company</i> ..... 4	<i>Come Follow</i> ..... 15
<i>Bring Us in Good Ale</i> ..... 5	<i>The Hart He Loves the High Wood</i> 15
<i>Dona Nobis Pacem</i> ..... 6	<i>A Catch on the Midnight Cats</i> ..... 16
<i>Gaudete</i> ..... 6	<i>Rose Red</i> ..... 17
<i>Greensleeves</i> ..... 7	<i>Soul Cake</i> ..... 17
<i>When That I Was a Little Tiny Boy</i> ... 8	<i>A Lusty Young Smith</i> ..... 18
<i>Joan, Come Kiss Me Now</i> ..... 8	<i>Red Wine and White Wine</i> ..... 18
<i>Martin Said to His Man</i> ..... 9	<i>High Barbary</i> ..... 19
<i>Fortune My Foe</i> ..... 9	<i>Maids When You're Young</i> ..... 20
<i>Hey Ho to the Greenwood</i> ..... 10	<i>Three Jolly Coachmen</i> ..... 21
<i>Hey Ho Nobody at Home</i> ..... 10	<i>The Chandler's Wife</i> ..... 22
<i>Hey Ho What Shall I Say</i> ..... 10	<i>Green grow the rushes, O</i> ..... 23
<i>Three Country Dances</i> ..... 11	<i>The Two Magicians</i> ..... 24
<i>Three Blind Mice</i> ..... 12	<i>Hunting the Devil</i> ..... 25
<i>Go to Joan Glover</i> ..... 12	<i>Axe Time</i> ..... 26
<i>He That Will an Ale-house Keep</i> .... 12	<i>The Volga Birthday Song</i> ..... 27
<i>There Were Three Ravens</i> ..... 13	<i>Notes</i> ..... 28

## Introduction

This book contains some of the popular songs of Ildhafn that have been sung here for many years, with the scores. These songs have been passed on within the group as oral tradition, degenerating in the process, so I have included the scores, many researched from the originals.

Also, more and more people were unable to join in the singing because they didn't know the songs 'everyone knew'. We had many songbooks available, but the songs we know were in a minority, scattered among them, and without scores.

The songs are arranged in approximately chronological order.

The 'After Midnight' section are post-period (after Ravenscroft), or not documentably period (let me know if you can document them earlier). Part of the reason for including them is to make it known that they are not period. Then they can begin to be replaced...

### Copyright

Hunting the Devil: Written by Graham Pratt as "Black Fox". Used without permission. Axetime: Music: Thorgeirr Eikenskjalld the Thirsty, words: Janet of Arden & others. Used without permission. All other songs are out of copyright. Do with them what you will.

I apologize to those songwriters whom I didn't contact about printing their songs. Where possible I have sought permission to use copyright work. If you are one of the authors and wish a song removed please contact me.



# Sumer is Icumen In

*The oldest known canon, from the 13th century. Attributed to John of Fornsete (?-1239)*

Canon for 4 + 2 voices

Sumer is icumen in, lhude sing cucu.  
 Groweth sed and bloweth med and springth the  
 wode nu.  
 Sing cucu.  
 Awe bleateth after lomb,  
 Lhouth after calve cu;  
 Bullock sterteth bucke verteth  
 Murie sing cucu.  
 Cu, cu, cu, cu  
 Wel singes thu, cu cu  
 Ne swik thu naver nu.  
 Sing cucu nu,  
 Sing cucu.

## Pronunciation

Soomer is i-coomen in, loode sing cuckoo  
 Groweth sayd and bloweth mayd and springth the  
 wood-e new.  
 Sing cuc-koo  
 A-we blay-teth after lamb.  
 Lowth after calve coo  
 Bullock stair-teth book-e vair-teth.  
 Mirry sing cuckoo,  
 Cuc-koo, cuc-koo,  
 Well sing-es thoo, cuckoo,  
 Nay sweek thoo nay-ver noo  
 Sing cuc-koo noo,  
 Sing cuc-koo

1 I II  
 M. Sum - er is i - cu - men in, lhu - de sing, cuc - cu,  
 P. Sing cuc - cu nu, sing cuc - cu.

5 III IV  
 M. Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med And springth the w(o) de nu.  
 P. Sing cuc - cu nu, sing cuc - cu.

9  
 M. Sing cuc - cu. A - we ble - teth af - ter lomb, Lhouth af - ter cal - ve  
 P. Sing cuc - cu nu, — sing cuc - cu. Sing cuc -

14  
 M. cu. Bul - lec ster - teth, bu - cke ver - teth Mu - rie sing cuc cu.  
 P. - cu nu, — sing cuc - cu. Sing cuc - cu nu, —

19  
 M. Cuc - cu cuc - cu — Wel sin - ges thu cuc - cu ne swik thu na - ver nu.  
 P. sing cuc - cu. Sing cuc - cu nu, — sing cuc - cu.

# Miri It Is

Anon. c1225

Round

Musical score for 'Miri It Is' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are: 'Mi-rie it is whi-le su-mer i - last. with fu-ghe-les song; oc nu ne-cheth win-des blast- and we-der strong. Ey,- ey! — what this niht. is long! And ich, — wid wel mi - chel wrong, so-regh and murne- and — fast.'

## Pastime with Good Company

Henry VIII, (1491-1547)

Pastime with good company I love, and shall until I die;  
Grudge who lust but none deny so God be pleased, thus live will I  
For my pastance, hunt sing and dance; My heart is set,  
All goodly sport, for my comfort, who shall me let?

Youth must have some dalliance, of good or ill some pastance;  
Company me thinketh best all thoughts and fancies to digest;  
For idleness is chief mistress of vices all:  
Then who can say but mirth and play is best of all?

Company with honesty is virtue vices to flee,  
Company is good or ill, but every man has his free will.  
The best ensue, the worst eschew; My mind shall be  
Virtue to use, vice to refuse, thus shall I use me.

Musical score for 'Pastime with Good Company' in G minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are: 'Pas-time with good com- pa-ny, I love, and shall un til - I — die Grudge who lust but none — de - ny so God be pleased, — thus live — will — I For my pas - tance, hunt sing and dance; My heart - is set, All good-ly sport, For my com-fort, who shall- me — let?'

# Bring Us in Good Ale

c1460

*chorus:*

(But) bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,

For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

1. Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,  
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no grain,

2. Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,  
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once.

3. Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,  
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that.

4. Bring us in no mutton, for that is passing lean,  
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean.

5. Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,  
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else.

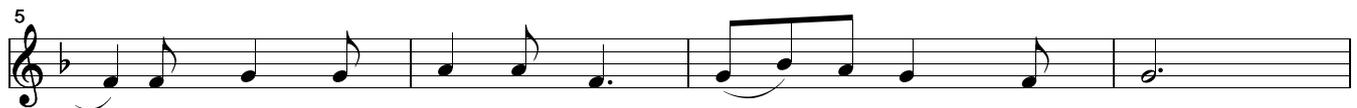
6. Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,  
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh for that will make us bears.

7. Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,  
Nor bring us in no venison, that is not for our blood.

8. Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,  
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere.



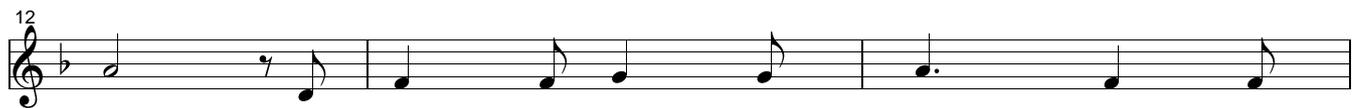
Bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale, For



— our ble - sed La - dy's sake, bring - us in good ale.



Bring us in no brown — bread, for that is made of



bran, Nor bring us in no white bread, for



there - in is no grain, but bring us in, etc.

# Dona Nobis Pacem

*Palestrina (1526-1594)*

*Round for 3 voices*



Do. na no. bis pa—cem, pa-cem, Do. na— no - bis pa—— cem.



Do - na no - bis pa - cem, Do - na no - bis pa—— cem.



Do - na no - bis — pa - cem, Do - na no - bis pa—— cem.

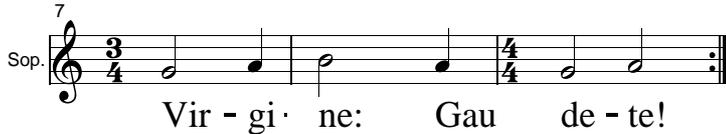
# Gaudete

*Piae Cantiones, 1582 (verse tune is modern?)*

*chorus:*



Gau-de - te Gau-de - te, Chri-stus est na - tus, Ex - Ma - ri - a



Vir - gi - ne: Gau de - te!

*verses:*



Tem - pus ad - est grat - i - ae, hoc quod opt - a - ba - mus; Car - mi  
De - us ho - mo fac - tus est, na - tu - ra mi - ran - te; mun - dus  
E - ze - cheel - is por — ta clau - sa per tran si - tur; un - de  
Er - go nos - tra con - ti - o psal - lat iam in lus - tro; Be - ne -



-na lae - ti - ti - ae de - vo - te re - da - mus.  
re - no - va - tus est a Chris - to reg - nan - te.  
lux est or - ta, sa - lus in - ven - i - tur.  
-dic - at Do - min - o; sal - us re - gi nos - tro.

*Translation*

*Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice!  
Christ is born of the Virgin Mary,  
Rejoice!*

*At this time of grace and longed-for blessing,  
Love faithfully offers a song of praise.*

*God is made human in this wonderful birth:  
The world is cleansed through the rule of Christ.*

*The gate of heaven now opens which to us was closed,  
Sending forth transforming light through which  
holiness is found.*

*Therefore we meet in pure songs of joy;  
We bless the Lord, King of our Salvation.*

# Greensleeves

*poss. Henry VIII of England, 1500's. From 'A Handful of Pleasant Delites', 1584, from the collection of Israel G. Young. The tune first appears in 1652.*

Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight;  
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,  
And who but my Lady  
Greensleeves.  
Alas, my love, you do me wrong,  
To cast me off discourteously;  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company!  
I have been ready at your hand,  
To grant whatever you would crave;  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and good-will for to have.  
I bought three kerchers to thy head,  
That were wrought fine and  
gallantly;  
I kept them both at board and bed,  
Which cost my purse well-  
favour'dly.  
I bought thee petticoats of the best,  
The cloth so fine as fine might be:  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;  
And all this cost I spent on thee.  
Thy smock of silk both fair and  
white,  
With gold embroidered gorgeously;  
Thy petticoat of sendall right;  
And this I bought thee gladly.  
Thy girdle of gold so red,  
With pearls bedecked sumptously,

The like no other lasses had;  
And yet you do not love me!  
Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt  
knives,  
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye;  
No better wore the burgess' wives;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
Thy gown was of the grassy green,  
The sleeves of satin hanging by;  
Which made thee be our harvest  
queen;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
Thy garters fringed with the gold,  
And silver aglets hanging by;  
Which made thee blithe for to  
behold;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
My gayest gelding thee I gave,  
To ride wherever liked thee;  
No lady ever was so brave;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee;  
All this was gallant to be seen;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
They set thee up, they took thee  
down,  
They served thee with humility;  
Thy foot might not once touch the

ground;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
For every morning, when thou rose,  
I sent thee dainties, orderly,  
To cheer thy stomach from all woes;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,  
But still thou hadst it readily,  
Thy music still to play and sing;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me!  
And who did pay for all this gear,  
That thou didst spend when pleased  
thee?  
Even I that am rejected here,  
And thou disdainst to love me!  
Well! I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see,  
And that, yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!  
Greensleeves, now farewell! Adieu!  
God I pray to prosper thee!  
For I am still thy lover true;  
Come once again and love me!  
Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight;  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my Lady  
Greensleeves.



A-las, my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off—dis-  
-cour-teous ly; And I have loved— you so long, De-light-ing  
in—your com-pa ny! Green sleeves was all my joy, — Green  
sleeves was my de-light; Green sleeves was my hart of gold, And  
who-but La-dy Green sleeves.

## When That I Was a Little Tiny Boy

*Sung in the epilogue of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Tune contemporaneous with words? ca 1550.*

1. When that I was a little tiny boy,  
(with a hey ho, the wind and the rain)  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
(for the rain it raineth ev'ry day,)

*chorus*

With a hey ho, the wind and the rain,  
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

2. But when I came to a man's estate  
'Gainst thieves and knaves men shut their gate,

3. But when I came, alas, to wive,  
By swaggering never could I thrive,

4. And when I came unto my bed,  
With toss-pots still had drunken-head,

5. A great while ago the world begun  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
and we'll strive to please you every day.

1  
When that I was a lit-tle ti - ny boy, With a heigh - ho, the  
4  
wind and the rain A fool - ish thing was but - a — toy, For the  
7  
rain it rain - eth ev - 'ry - day, With a heigh - ho, the  
10  
wind and the rain, For the rain it rain - eth ev - 'ry. day.

## Joan, Come Kiss Me Now

*Ravenscroft, Pammelia 1609 22, music c. 1570*

*Round for 3 voices*

1  $\text{♩} = 160$  I  
Joan, come kiss me now; once a - gain, for my love, gen - tle.  
7 III  
Joan, come kiss me now.

## Martin Said to His Man

*Ravenscroft, Deuteromelia 1609 16, licensed 1588 to Thomas Orwin*

1. Martin said to his man  
(fie, man fie!)

O Martin said to his man  
(who's the fool now?)

Martin said to his man  
Fill thou the cup and I the can,  
(Thou hast well drunken man,  
who's the fool now?)

2. I see a sheep shearing corn,  
(fie, man fie!)

O I see a sheep shearing corn,  
(who's the fool now?)

I see a sheep shearing corn,  
And a cuckold blow his horn,  
(Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now?)

3. I see a man in the Moon,  
Clowting of Saint Peter's shoone,

4. I see a hare chase a hound,  
Twenty mile above the ground,

5. I see a goose ring a hog.  
And a snail that did bite a dog,

6. I see a mouse catch the cat,  
And the cheese to eat the rat,

[7. I saw a maid milk a bull,  
Every stroke a bucket-full,]

1  
Mar- tin said to his man, Fie, man fie. O Mar- tin said to his man,  
7  
Who's the fool now? Mar -tin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and  
12  
I the can. Thou hast well drunk-en, man, Who's the fool now?

## Fortune My Foe

*Dowland c1590, appeared in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (ca 1550-1619) set by William Byrd).  
Referred to in Shakespeare (Merry Wives)*

1  
For - tune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me? And will thy  
For - tune hath wrought me grief and great an - noy; For - tune has  
6  
fav - ours ne - ver great - er be? Wilt thou, I say, for -  
false - ly stole my love - a way. My love and joy, whose  
11  
-ev - er breed me pain? And wilt thou ne'er re - store my joys a - gain  
sight did make me glad; Such great mis for - tunes ne - ver youngman had.

## Hey Ho to the Greenwood

*Ravenscroft, Pammelia 1609 1, music William Byrd (1540-1623)*

*Round for 3 voices*

1 I II III  
Hey ho, to the green - wood now let us go. Sing heave - and  
5  
ho, And there shall we find both buck and doe, Sing heave - and  
8  
ho. The hart the hind and the lit - tle pret - ty roe. Sing heave - and ho.

## Hey Ho Nobody at Home

*Ravenscroft, Pammelia 1609 85*

*Round for 5 voices*

1 I II III  
Hey ho no - bo - dy at home, meat nor drink nor  
4 IV V  
mo - ney have I none, fill the pot Ea - die

## Hey Ho What Shall I Say

*Ravenscroft, Pammelia 1609 99*

*Round for 9 voices*

1 \*  
Hey ho what shall I say, Sir John hath car - ried my wife a - way,  
5  
they were gone ere I wist, she will come when she list,  
7  
hey trol - ly trol - ly lol - ly, come a - gain ho.

# Three Country Dances

Ravenscroft, Pammelia 1609 74

Canon for 4 voices

$\text{♩} = 165$

Bass (1)  
Tenor (2)  
Soprano (3)  
Alto (4)

Sing af - ter fel - lows, as you hear me, a toy that sel - dom  
Robin Hood, Rob-in Hood, said Lit-tle John, come dance be - fore the  
Now foot it as I do, Tom boy Tom, now foot it as I do  
The cramp is in my purse full - sore, no mo - ney will bide there  
is seen a Sing af - ter fel - lows, as you hear me, a  
Queen a, Rob - in Hood, Rob - in Hood, said Lit - tle John, come  
Swi - then a Now foot it as I do, Tom boy Tom, now  
-in a And if I had some salve there - fore, o  
toy that sel - dom is seen a Three coun - try dan - ces in one to be, a  
dance be - fore the Queen a, In a red pet - ti - coat and a green jack - et, a  
foot, it as I do Swi - then a And Hick thou must trick it all a - lone Til  
light - ly then would I sing a Hey  
pret - ty con - ceit, as I ween a, Three coun - try dan - ces in  
white hose and - a green a, In a red pet - ti - coat  
Ro - bin come leap - ing in be - tween a, And Hick thou must trick it  
ho, the cramp - a, Hey ho, the cramp -  
one to be, a pret - ty con - ceit, as I ween a  
and a green jack - et, a white hose and - a green a  
all a - lone Til Ro - bin come leap - ing in be - tween a  
-a Hey ho, the cramp - a the cramp - a

## Three Blind Mice

*Ravenscroft, Deuteromelia 1609 13*

*Round for 3 voices*

1 I II

Three blind mice, three blind mice, Dame Ju-li-an, Dame Ju-li-an, the

5 III

mil-ler and his merryold wife, she scraped her tripe lick thou the knife

Detailed description: The image shows the musical notation for the first two staves of 'Three Blind Mice'. The first staff is labeled '1' and 'I', and the second staff is labeled '5' and 'III'. The music is in 4/2 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'Three blind mice, three blind mice, Dame Ju-li-an, Dame Ju-li-an, the mil-ler and his merryold wife, she scraped her tripe lick thou the knife'.

## Go to Joan Glover

*Ravenscroft, Deuteromelia 1609 25*

*Round for 4 voices*

1 I II

Go to Joan Glo - ver and tell her I love her and

5 III IV

at the mid of the moon I will come to her.

Detailed description: The image shows the musical notation for the first two staves of 'Go to Joan Glover'. The first staff is labeled '1' and 'I', and the second staff is labeled '5' and 'III'. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'Go to Joan Glo - ver and tell her I love her and at the mid of the moon I will come to her.'

## He That Will an Ale-house Keep

*Ravenscroft, Melismata 1611 15*

*Round for 3 voices*

1 I

He that will an ale - house keep must have three things in store; a

5 II

cham-ber and a fea-ther bed, a chim-ney and a hey no - ny no - ny,

9 III

hey no - ny no - ny, hey no - ny no, hey no - ny no, hey no - ny no.

Detailed description: The image shows the musical notation for the first three staves of 'He That Will an Ale-house Keep'. The first staff is labeled '1' and 'I', the second staff is labeled '5' and 'II', and the third staff is labeled '9' and 'III'. The music is in 6/8 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'He that will an ale - house keep must have three things in store; a cham-ber and a fea-ther bed, a chim-ney and a hey no - ny no - ny, hey no - ny no - ny, hey no - ny no, hey no - ny no.'

# There Were Three Ravens

*Ravenscroft, Melismata 1611 20*

1. There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
(Down a down, hay down, hay down)

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
(With a down)

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
They were as black as they might be,  
(With a down derry, derry, derry, down, down.)

2. The one of them said to his mate,  
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

3. "Down in yonder green field,  
There lies a knight slain under his shield

4. "His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well they can their master keep.

5. "His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
There's no fowl dare him come nie."

6. Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might go.

7. She lift up his bloody head,  
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

8. She got him up upon her back,  
And carried him to earthen lake.

9. She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself ere even-song time.

10. God send every gentleman,  
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C), which is then changed to 4/4. The lyrics for the first staff are: "There were three ravens sat on a tree Down a down, hey". The second staff continues with: "down a down, There were three ravens sat on a tree, With a". The third staff continues with: "down There were three ravens sat on a tree They were as black as". The fourth staff concludes with: "they might be With a down, derry, derry, der-ry down, down." The score includes various musical notations such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and rests.

# **After Midnight**

**Go beyond here at your peril...**

These songs are post-period, or not documentably period.

Part of the reason for including them is to make it known that they are not period.

Then they can begin to be replaced...

## Ah, Poor Bird

*This tune is almost identical to Oh My Love, Ravenscroft Deuteromelia 24*

Musical notation for the song 'Ah, Poor Bird'. It consists of two staves of music in a 4/4 time signature. The first staff starts at measure 1 and ends at measure 6, with Roman numerals I, II, and III above it. The second staff starts at measure 7 and ends at measure 8, with Roman numeral IV above it. The lyrics are: 'Ah, poor bird, take thy flight — far a-bove the sor-rows of this sad night.'

Also:

Thou poor bird, Mournst the tree, Where sweetly thou didst warble, in thy wand'ring free.	Ah, poor bird, Take thy flight, Far above the shadows, Of this dark night.	O my love, Lov'st thou me, Then quickly come and save him, who dies for thee
--	---	---

## Come Follow

*John Hilton (1599-1657)*

*Round for 3 voices*

Musical notation for the song 'Come Follow'. It consists of four staves of music in a 4/4 time signature. The first staff starts at measure 1 and ends at measure 4, with Roman numeral I above it. The second staff starts at measure 5 and ends at measure 8, with Roman numeral II above it. The third staff starts at measure 7 and ends at measure 10, with Roman numeral III above it. The fourth staff starts at measure 10 and ends at measure 13. The lyrics are: 'Come, fol - low, fol - low me. Whi - ther shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, whi - ther shall I fol - low, fol - low thee. To the green - wood, to the green-wood, to the greenwood, green-wood tree.'

## The Hart He Loves the High Wood

*In Pinder of Wakefield (1632)*

*Round for 4 voices*

Musical notation for the song 'The Hart He Loves the High Wood'. It consists of two staves of music in a 4/4 time signature. The first staff starts at measure 1 and ends at measure 4, with Roman numerals I, II, and III above it. The second staff starts at measure 6 and ends at measure 9, with Roman numeral IV above it. The lyrics are: 'The hart he loves the high wood, The hare he loves the hill, The knight he loves his bright sword, The la - dy loves her will.'

# A Catch on the Midnight Cats

Michael Wise (c. 1648-87)

Catch for 3 voices

1  
1 Ye cats that at mid-night spit love at each oth - er, Who  
2 Old lad-y Grim· mal-kin with goose - ber - ry eyes, When a  
3 Men ride man-y miles cats tread man-y tiles, Both

6  
1 best feel the — pangs of — a — pass - ion - ate — lov - er, I ap peal to your  
2 kit - ten knew some-thing for why she was wise, You find by ex -  
3 haz - ard. both haz - ard their — necks in the fray, On - ly cats if they

11  
1 scrat - ches and tat - ter - ed fur, if the bus' - ness - of —  
2 - per - ience the love fits soon o'er, Puss, Puss lasts not  
3 fall from a house or a wall, Keep their feet, mount their —

15  
1 love be — no — more than to purr. (◡)  
2 long, but turns to cat whore.  
3 tails, mount their — tails and a - way.

# Rose Red

*Probably 17th C. The version that we sing is different to any that I could find.*

Round for 3 voices

Musical notation for 'Rose Red' in G major, 3/4 time. The first line (measures 1-4) is marked with Roman numeral I and contains the lyrics: 'Rose, rose, — rose, red, will I e - ver see thee. wed?'. The second line (measures 5-8) is marked with Roman numeral III and contains the lyrics: 'I will mar - ry at thy — will sire, at thy — will.'. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a common time signature (C). Roman numerals I, II, III, and IV are placed above the staff to indicate the structure of the round.

Also: Rose, rose, rose, rose  
Shall I ever see thee red  
Aye, marry, that thou wilt  
If thou but stay.

This song is often sung in canon with Hey Ho, Nobody Home and Ah Poor Bird. (In this case everyone singing the same song should be singing together, not as a round.)

# Soul Cake

*Probably 17thC*

Musical notation for 'Soul Cake' in G major, 3/4 time. The first line (measures 1-4) is marked with Roman numeral I and contains the lyrics: 'Soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis-tress a soul cake. An'. The second line (measures 5-8) is marked with Roman numeral III and contains the lyrics: 'ap-ple, a pear, a plum, a — cher - ry, an-y good thing to —'. The third line (measures 9-12) is marked with Roman numeral IV and contains the lyrics: 'make us all mer-ry.'. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a common time signature (C). Roman numerals I, II, III, and IV are placed above the staff to indicate the structure of the round.

Also often sung in canon with 'Rose Rose Rose Red', 'Hey Ho, Nobody Home' and 'Ah Poor Bird'.

# A Lusty Young Smith

*Richard Leveridge 1705*

1. A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing.  
His hammer laid by but his forge still aglow.  
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,  
And asked if to work in her forge he would go.

*chorus:*

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.  
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

2. "I will," said the smith, and they went off  
together,  
Along to the young damsel's forge they did go.  
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot  
weather.  
They kindled a fire and she soon made him glow.

3. Her husband, she said, no good work could  
afford her.  
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.  
The smith said "Well mine are in very good order,  
And now I am ready my skill for to show."

4. Red hot grew his iron, as both did desire,  
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.  
Said she, "What I get I get out of the fire,  
So prithee, strike home and redouble the blow."

5. Six times did his iron, by vigorous heating,  
Grow soft in her forge in a minute or so,  
But as often 'twas hardened, still beating and  
beating,  
But the more it was softened, it hardened more  
slow.

6. When the smith rose to go, said the dame full of  
sorrow:  
"Oh, what would I give could my husband do so.  
Young smith with your hammer, come hither  
tomorrow,  
But please could you use it once more ere you go!"

A lus-ty young smith at his vice stood a - fil-ing. His ham-mer laid  
by but his forge still a - glow. When to him a bux-om young dam-sel came  
smil-ing, And asked if to work in her forge he would go. With a jin-gle bang  
jin-gle bang jin-gle bang jin-gle. With a jin-gle bang jin-gle bang jin-gle hi ho.

# Red Wine and White Wine

*Probably 18thC*

*Round for 3 voices*

Red wine and white wine, Who will buy my - white wine?  
Who will buy my red wine?

# High Barbary

*Variation of Child Ballad 285, music maybe 1590, words c1800*

1. Look ahead, look astern, look the weather and the lee.

(Blow high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we.)

I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee,  
(A'sailing down all on the coast of High Barbary.)

2. "Oh, are you a pirate or a man o' war.", cried we?

"Oh no! I'm not a pirate, but a man of war.", cried he,

3. Then back up your topsail and heave your vessel to.

For we have got some letters to be carried home by you,

4. We'll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to.

But only in some harbour and along the side of you.

5. For broadside, for broadside, they fought all on the main.

Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away,

6. "For quarters! For quarters!", the saucy pirate cried.

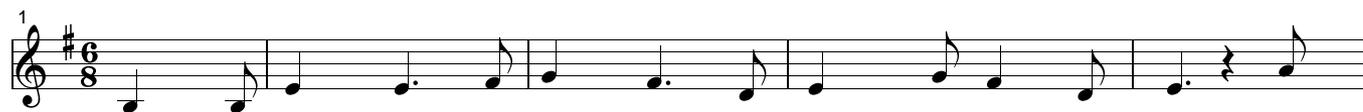
The quarters that we gave them was to sink them in the tide,

7. With cutlass and gun, Oh we fought for hours three.

The ship it was their coffin, and their grave it was the sea,

8. But O it was a cruel site and grieved us full sore,

To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim to shore,



Look a-head, look a- stern, look the weath- er and the lee. Blow



high!. Blow low!. And so— sail-ed we.— I see a wreck to



wind-ward and. a lof-ty ship to lee, A sail-ing down all on the coast of



High Barbar y.

# Maids When You're Young

1791 (Roud 210)

1. An old man came courting me  
(Hey dinga doorum down)  
An old man came courting me  
(Me being young)  
An old man came courting me  
Fain would he marry me  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

*chorus:*

For he's got no faloorum, hi diddle hi doorum down  
For he's got no faloorum, hi diddle hi day  
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding doorum  
down  
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man

2. When we went to the church  
He left me in the lurch  
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man

3. When we went up to bed  
He lay like he was dead  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

4. Now when he went to sleep  
Out of bed I did creep  
Into the arms of a handsome young man  
And I found his faloorum, hi diddle hi doorum  
down  
I found his faloorum, hi diddle hi day  
I found his falodorum and he got my ding doorum  
down  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.



An old man came court-ing me Hey ding-a doo-rum down. An  
For he's got no fa - loo - rum, hi did - dle hi doo - rum down. He's



old man came court - ing me, me be - ing young. An  
got no fa - loo - rum, hi did - dle hi day. He's



old man came court - ing me, fain would he mar - ry me  
got no fa - loo - rum, he's lost his ding doo - rum down



Maids, when you're young, ne - ver wed an old man.  
Maids, when you're young, ne - ver wed an old man.

# Three Jolly Coachmen

*Based on a Broadside Ballad published 1828*

1. Three jolly coachmen sat and drank  
in a Bristol Tavern x2  
And they decided, x3  
To have another flagon

*chorus:*

Come, landlord fill a flowing bowl  
until it does run over, x2  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be. x2  
Tomorrow we'll be sober

2. Here's to the man who drinks small beer  
and goes to bed quite sober, x2  
Fades as the leaves do fade x3  
And drops off in October

3. Here's to the man who drinks strong ale  
and goes to bed quite mellow, x2  
Lives as he ought to live x3  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

4. Here's to the girl who steals a kiss  
and runs to tell her mother x2  
She's a very foolish thing, x3  
She'll never get another.

5. Here's to the girl who steals a kiss,  
and comes back for another x2  
She's a boon to all mankind x3  
And soon she'll be a mother.

1  
Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un til it doth run o-ver, Come  
6  
land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un· til it doth run o - ver,  
10  
For to - night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll  
13  
mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To  
16  
-mor-row we'll be so-ber.

# The Chandler's Wife

*Broadside 1819-1844 (Pitts Printer)*

1. I went into the chandlers shop, some candles for to buy  
I looked around the chandlers shop, but noone did I spy  
I was disappointed, so some angry words I said;  
Then I heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock)  
up above my head  
Oh, I heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock)  
Up above my head

2. Well I was slick, and I was quick, and up the stairs I  
sped,  
And quite supriised was I to find the chandlers wife in bed  
And with her was a gentleman of most enormous size  
and they were having a (knock, knock, knock)  
Right before my eyes  
Yes they were having a (knock, knock, knock)  
Right before my eyes

3. When the fun was over and done, and the lady raised  
her head  
And quite surprised was she to find me standing by her  
bed  
"If you will be discreet my lad, if you will be so kind  
You too can come up for some (knock, knock, knock)  
Whenever you feel inclined  
Yes, you too can come up for some (knock, knock,  
knock)  
Whenever you feel inclined"

4. So many a night and many a day, when the chandler  
wasn't home  
To get myself some candles, to the chandlers shop I'd  
roam  
But nary a one she gave me, she'd give to me instead  
Just a little bit more of that (knock, knock, knock)  
To light my way to bed,  
Just a little bit more of that (knock, knock, knock)  
To light my way to bed.

5. Now al you married men take heed, if ever you go to  
town  
If you must leave your wife at home, e sure to tie her  
down  
Or if you be so kind to her, just set her down there on the  
floor  
And give her so much of that (knock, knock, knock)  
She doesn't want any more,  
Just give her so much of that (knock, knock, knock)  
She doesn't want any more.



I went in-to the chand-lers shop, some cand-les for to buy. — I



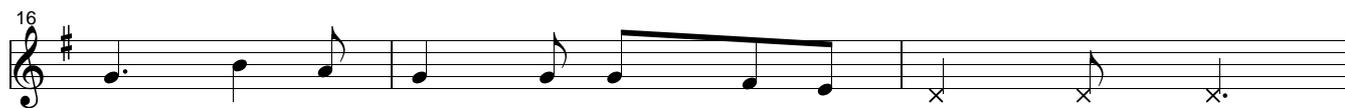
looked a - round the chand-lers shop, but no - one did I spy.



I was dis - ap poin-ted, so some an-gry words I said; Then I



heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock) up a - bove my



head Oh, I heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock)



up a - bove my head

# Green grow the rushes, O

1833 (Sandys)

1. I'll sing you one, O  
Green grow the rushes, O  
What is your one, O?  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.

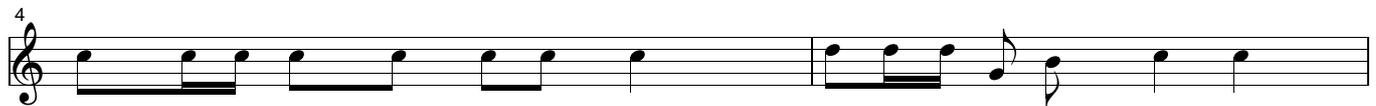
Four for the gospel makers  
Five for the symbols at your door  
Six for the six proud walkers  
Seven for the seven stars in the sky  
Eight for the eight bold rangers  
Nine for the nine bright shiners  
Ten for the Ten Commandments  
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven  
Twelve for the twelve Apostles

2. I'll sing you two, O  
Green grow the rushes, O  
What are your two, O?  
Two, two, lily-white boys,  
Clothed all in green, O  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.

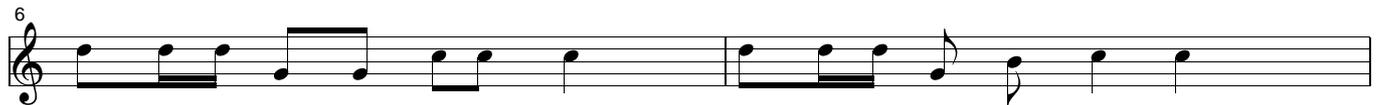
3. I'll sing you three, O  
Green grow the rushes, O  
What are your three, O?  
Three, three, the rivals,  
Two, two, lily-white boys,  
Clothed all in green, O  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.



I'll sing you seven, O Green grow the rushes, O What is your seven, O?



Seven for the seven stars in the sky Six for the six proud wal - kers



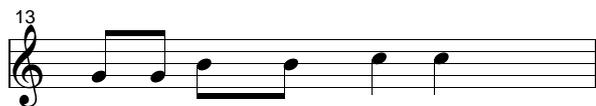
Five for the sym-bols at your door Four for the gos - pel mak - ers



Three, three the ri — vals Two, two the li - ly white boys



cloth - ed all in green. o One is one and all a - lone and



ev - er - more shall be so.

# The Two Magicians

collected by C. Sharp 1904. version of Child Ballad 44

verses 5,11 Nancy Thym, 6-10 Steeleye Span

1. O she look'd out of the  
window  
White as any milk;  
But he look'd into the window  
As black as any silk.

## Chorus

Hulloa, hulloa, hulloa, hulloa,  
You coal black smith!  
You have done me no harm  
You never shall have my  
maiden head  
That I have kept so long;  
I'd rather die a maid, o.  
And then she said,  
And be buried all in my grave  
Than to have such a  
nasty, husky, dusky, musty,  
fusky coal black smith  
A maiden I will die.

2. Then she became a duck,  
A duck all on the stream;  
And he became a water dog  
And fetch'd her back again.

3. Then she became a hare,  
A hare upon the plain;  
And he became a greyhound  
dog  
And fetch'd her back again.

4. Then she became a fly;  
A fly all in the air;  
And he became a spider  
And fetch'd her to his lair.

5. Then she became a dove  
A dove all in the air  
And he became another dove  
And they flew pair in pair

6. Then she became a star,  
a star all in the night  
And he became a thundercloud  
and muffled her out of sight

7. Then she became a rose,  
a rose all in the wood  
And he became a bumble bee  
and kissed her where she stood

8. Then she became a nun,  
a nun all dressed in white  
And he became a canting priest  
and prayed for her by night

9. Then she became a trout,  
a trout all in the brook  
And he became a feathered fly  
and caught her with his hook

10. Then she became a corpse,  
a corpse all in the ground  
And he became the cold clay  
and smothered her all around

11. Then she became a plaid  
A plaid all on the bed  
And he became a coverlet  
And gained her maidenhead

1  
O She look'd out of the win-dow as white as an - y milk; But He look'd in - to the  
7  
win-dow as black as an - y silk. Hul loa, hul-loa, hul loa, hul-loa, you coal black  
13  
smith! You have done me no harm You ne-ver shall have my mai-den-head that  
18  
I have kept so long; I'd ra - ther die a maid o, and then she said, and be  
23  
bur-ied all in my grave Thanto have such a nas - ty, hus-ky, dus-ky,  
27  
mus-ty, fus - ky coal black smith A mai-den I will die.

# Hunting the Devil

*Graham Pratt c1980 (SCA version)*

As we were out a-hunting  
One morning in the Spring,  
Both the hounds and the were horses running well  
Made the hills and valleys ring.

But to our great misfortune  
No fox there could be found  
The huntsmen cursed and swore, but still  
No fox moved over the ground.

Then up spoke our master huntsman,  
At the head of hounds rode he,  
"Well we have ridden for a full three hours  
But no fox have we seen".

"And there is strength still in me  
And I shall have my chase  
And if only the Devil himself come by  
I'd run him such a race".

Then up there sprang like lightning  
A fox from out his hole  
His fur was the colour of a starless night  
His eyes like burning coal.

They chased him over the valley.  
They chased him over the field.  
They chased him down to the river bank,  
But still he would not yield.

And he's jumped into the water  
And he's swum to the other side.  
He's crawled up on the other bank  
Then he's turned to the huntsmen and he's cried.

"Ride on!, ye gallant huntsmen.  
When must I come again?  
Just call on me and you shall have  
The best of a sport and a game."

Then the men looked up in wonder,  
And the hounds ran back to hide,  
For the fox had changed to the Devil himself  
Where he stood at the other side.

Then the men, the hounds, the horses  
Went flying back to town  
And hard on their heels came a little black fox,  
A-laughing as he ran.

"Ride on!, ye gallant huntsmen.  
When must I come again?  
Just a-call on me and you shall have  
The best of a sport and a game."

1  
As — we were - out - a — hunt - ing One — morn - ing - in — the —  
5  
spring - Both the hounds and the hor - ses were — run - ning - well made the  
8  
hills and the val . leys — ring.

# Axe Time

*Music: Thorgeirr Eikenskjalld the Thirsty, words: Janet of Arden & others*

## Chorus:

Axe time, sword time, bend your back to the oar,  
Wind time, wolf time and here's to the hammer of  
Thor

1. I've searched the world for a perfect brew

(Let's wallow in blood and gore)

But all I've got is this drunken crew

(And here's to the hammer of Thor)

2. I've searched the world for a maid to keep

But all I've got is this mangy sheep

3. We'll fill our days with song and deed

And fill our nights with maid and mead;

4. A maiden stood by the sea and cried

Her love will not return on the tide,

5. My life is one of war and death,

From the first taste of salt to my dying breath,

6. The food's on the table, the beer's keeping cool,  
We'll bow to the king and laugh at the fool.

7. The food's in our bellies, the beer is all gone,  
We'll sing of our king, though he's no paragon.

8. I go to the tourneys and fight in the lists  
But I never win and that's why I get pissed.

9. I hope that I'll in battle fall  
And join the heroes in Odin's hall

10. But with my luck I'll die in bed  
And be forgotten when I'm dead

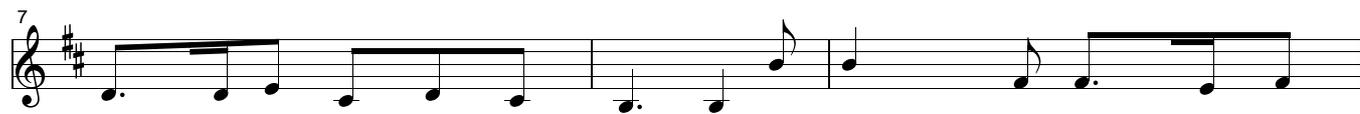
11. Let's drink a toast to common folk  
May they all perish in Ragnarök

12. And here's a toast to all my friends  
May you all meet appropriate ends!

The men are gone for half the year,  
But that's alright the smith's still here



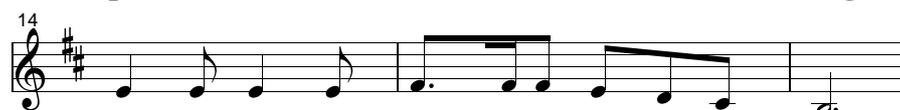
Axe time, sword time, Bend your back to the oar. Wind time, Wolf time and



here's to the ham-mer of Thor— I've searched the world for a



per-fect brew Let's wal-low in blood and gore- Now all I've got is this



drun-ken crew And here's to the hammer of Thor

# The Volga Birthday Song

*Folk to "Volga Boatmen"*

Doom, destruction, and despair  
People dying everywhere  
So you've aged another year  
Now you know that Death is near  
When you've reached the age you are  
Your demise cannot be far  
Birthdays come but once a year  
Marking time as Death draws near  
Long ago your hair turned grey  
Now it's falling out, they say  
Soon your hair will all turn grey  
Then fall out (or so they say)  
Hear the women wail and weep  
Kill them all, but spare the sheep  
Indigestion's what you get  
From the enemies you 'et  
May the cities in your wake  
Burn like candles on your cake,  
May your deeds with sword and axe  
Equal those with sheep and yaks  
They stole your sword, your gold, your house  
Took your sheep but not your spouse  
This one lesson you must learn  
First you pillage, then you burn

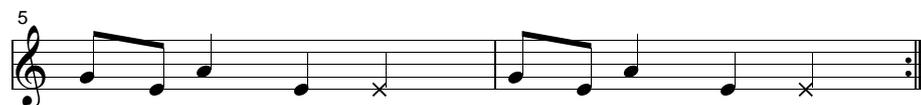
While you eat your birthday stew  
We will loot the town for you,  
We brought linen, white as cloud  
Now we'll sit and sew your shroud  
Your servants steal, your wife's untrue  
Your children plot to murder you  
It's your birthday never fear  
You'll be dead this time next year  
So far Death you have bypassed  
Don't look back, he's gaining fast  
See the wrinkles on your face  
Like the pattern of fine lace  
So you're 29 again  
Don't tell lies to your good friends  
When you've reached this age you know  
That the mind is first to go  
Your servants steal, your wife's untrue,  
Your children plot to murder you.  
Now you've reached the age you are,  
Your demise cannot be far.  
It's your birthday; never fear  
You'll be dead this time next year.



Hap - py Birth - day! (unh!) Hap - py Birth - day! (unh!)



Doom, de - struc - tion, and de - spair Peo - ple dy - ing eve - ry - where



Hap - py Birth - day! (unh!) Hap - py Birth - day! (unh!)

## Notes

### *Pastime with Good Company:*

Original manuscript for top 2 parts online at <http://tudorhistory.org/topics/music/picts/pastime.jpg>. Modern transcription have a musica ficta f# in the some places, eg 4th measure, where 'the leading tone at a cadence is raised a semitone, but wasn't notated because "everybody knows that's what you do.'" There is disagreement over when and how such a rule should be applied in 15th and early 16th century music. I have left them in.

### *There were Three Ravens:*

This has music for 4 parts, voiceless except for the "chorus parts". Contact me if you want it. Modern transcriptions often flat the sixth and drop the accidentals. I have restored them (the first note in bar14 is the only one in the top voice).

### *Martin Said to His Man:*

This has music for 4 parts, voiceless except for the "chorus parts". Contact me if you want it.

### *Gaudete:*

This has music for 4 parts for the chorus parts. Contact me if you want it. Be careful of the timing in this one. Barlines and time signatures are there to guide, but the original did not have them.

### *Rose Red:*

The tune we sing this to is the same as the 3rd part of Soul Cake, which we don't sing.



# Baroness Cecilia's Essential ZCA Songbook

Sumer is Icumen In .....3	After Midnight
Miri It Is .....4	Come Follow .....15
Pastime with Good Company .....4	The Hart He Loves the High Wood 15
Bring Us in Good Ale .....5	A Catch on the Midnight Cats .....16
Dona Nobis Pacem.....6	Rose Red .....17
Gaudete .....6	Soul Cake .....17
Greensleeves .....7	A Lusty Young Smith .....18
When That I Was a Little Tiny Boy .8	Red Wine and White Wine .....18
Joan, Come Kiss Me Now .....8	High Barbary .....19
Martin Said to His Man .....9	Maids When You're Young .....20
Fortune My Foe .....9	Three Jolly Coachmen .....21
Hey Ho to the Greenwood .....10	The Chandler's Wife .....22
Hey Ho Nobody at Home .....10	Green grow the rushes, O .....23
Hey Ho What Shall I Say.....10	The Two Magicians .....24
Three Country Dances .....11	Hunting the Devil.....25
Three Blind Mice .....12	Axe Time.....26
Go to Joan Glover .....12	The Volga Birthday Song .....27
He That Will an Ale-house Keep ...12	
There Were Three Ravens .....13	