

Drinking Songs

Edited by Laura Conrad

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Third Printing	October, 2003	Conversion to lily 1.2, Transposition of Anacreon, immortal, and Bacchus.

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 Cham- ber and a



fea- ther Bed a Chim- ney 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 rea- sons, there are five rea- sons we should drink:



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



Or an- y oth- er rea- son, or an- y oth- er rea- son, or an- y oth- er rea- son why, an- y rea- son why!

He that drinks is immortal

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



He that drinks is im- mor- tal, he that drinks is im- mor- tal and can ne'er de-



cay, For wine still sup- plies, for wine still sup- plies what age wears a-



way. How can he be dust, how can he be dust that moist- ens his clay?

Let us drink and be merry

Round in 3 parts

George Berg (1763 –1771)



Let us drink and be mer- ry, dance, joke, and re- joice, With clar- et ca- na- ry, the o- boe and



voice! The change- a- ble world to our joys is un- just, And all pleas- ures are end- ed when we're in the



dust. In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence, For we shall be past it a hun- dred years hence.

'Tis women*Round in 4 parts**Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695*

'Tis wom- en makes us love, 'Tis love that makes us sad,



'Tis sad- ness makes us drink, And drink- ing 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 sher- ry, I



kiss'd her once and I kiss'd her twice, And we were won- drous mer- ry. I gave her beads and



brace- lets fine, And I gave her gold, down der- ry, I thought she was a- fear'd till she strok'd my beard, And



we were won- drous mer- ry. Mer- ry, my heart's mer- ry, my cock's mer- ry, my spright's mer- ry, mer- ry, mer- ry



mer- ry, mer- ry, my hey down der- ry, I kiss'd her once and I kissd her twice, and we were won- drous mer- ry.

Fie, nay, prithee John

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



Fie, nay, prith- ee, John, Do not quar- rel, man! Let's be mer- ry and drink a- bout;



You're a rogue, you cheat- ed me! I'll prove be- fore this com- pa- ny, I caren't a farth- ing, sir, for all you are so stout!



Sir, you lie! I scorn your word or an- y 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)



Ban- bu- ry ale, Where, where, where? At the black- smith'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 moun- tains, still de- sir- ing, more and more, Still de-



sir- ing more and more, more, more, more, more, more! Still de- sir- ing more and more, de-



sir- ing more and more! We'll ca- rouse in Bac- chus' foun- tains, Nev- er dream- ing, nev- er nev- er, nev- er



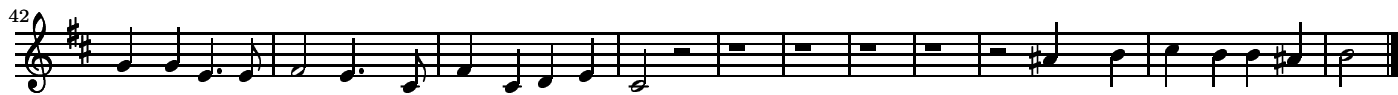
dream- ing to be poor; Nev- er dream- ing to be poor, nev- er dream- ing to be poor. Give us



then a cup of liq- uor, Fill it up un- to the brim, fill it up un- to the brim, fill, fill, fill, fill,



fill! Fill it up un- to the brim, un- to the brim! For then me- thinks our wits grow quick- er, When our



brains in liq- uor swim, when our brains in liq- uor swim,

When our brains in liq- uor 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)

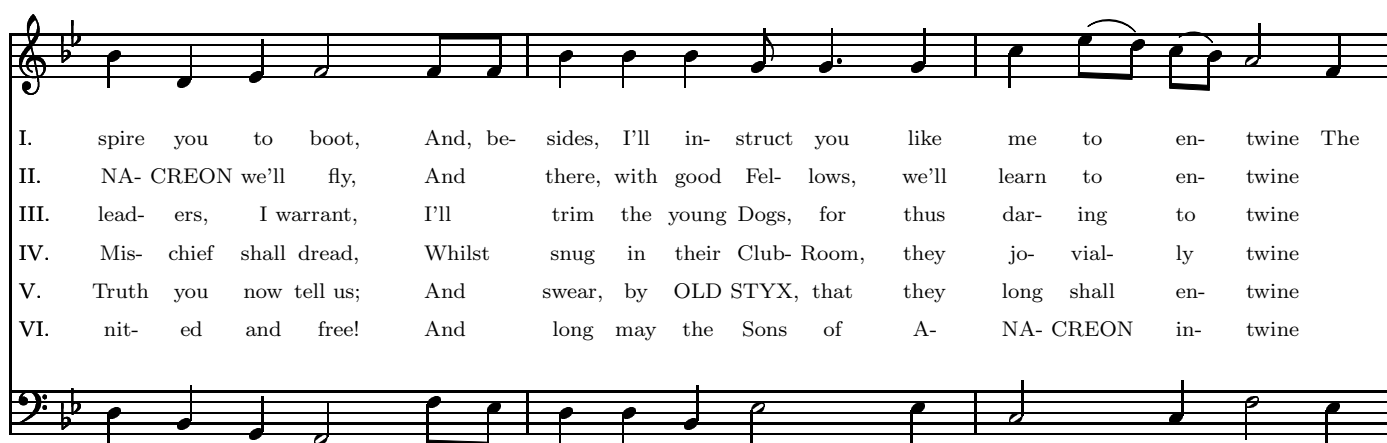
I. To A- na- creon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee, A
 II. The news through O- LYM- PUS im- me- diate- ly flew; When OLD
 III. "The YEL- LOW- HAIREd GOD and his nine lust- y Maids From
 IV. A- POL- LO rose up; and said, "Pr'y- thee ne'er quarrel, Good
 V. Next MO- MUS got up, with his ris- i- ble Phiz, And
 VI. Ye sons of A- NA- CREON, then, join Hand in Hand; Pre-

I. few sons of Har- mo- ny sent a pe- ti- tion, That He their In- spi- rer and
 II. THUN- DER pre- ten- ded to give him- self Airs If these mor- tals are suf- fer'd their
 III. He- li- con's Banks will in- con- ti- nent flee, I- DA- LIA will boast but of
 IV. King of the Gods, with my Vo- t'ries be- low: Your Thun- der is use- less." then,
 V. swore with A- POL- LO he'd cheer- ful- ly join The full Tide of Har- mo- ny
 VI. serve U- na- ni- mi- ty, Friend- ship, and Love! 'Tis your's to sup- port what's so

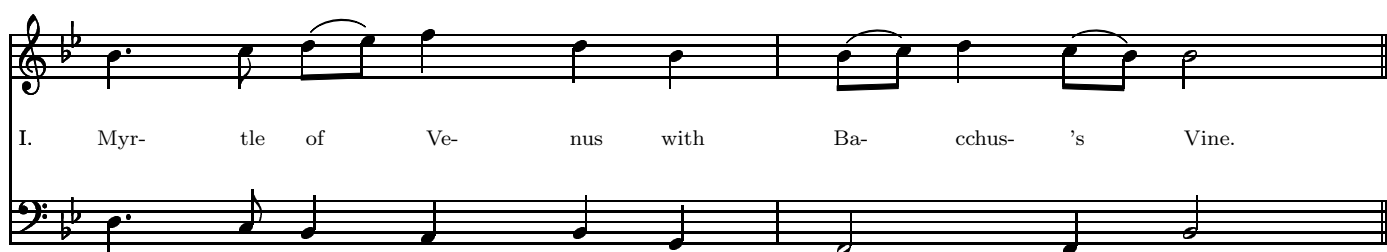
I. Pa- tron would be; When this an- swer ar- rived from the Jol- ly Old Gre- cian Voice,
 II. Scheme to per- sue, The De- vil a God- dess will stay a- bove the Stairs. Hark, al-
 III. te- nant- less Shades, And the bi- fork- ed Hill a mere De- sart will be My
 IV. shew- ing his Laurel, Cry'd, "Sic e- vi- ta- bi- le ful- men", you know! then
 V. still shall be his, But the Song, and the Catch, and the Laugh shall be mine Then,
 VI. hap- pi- ly plann'd; You've the Sanc- tion of Gods, and the FI- AT of Jove. While



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- twine
 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- twine
 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 cri-ti-cal hour When we heard the re-port of the guns of the



Tower; Thanks to kind heav'n who the bless-ing con-triv'd, No soon-er 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

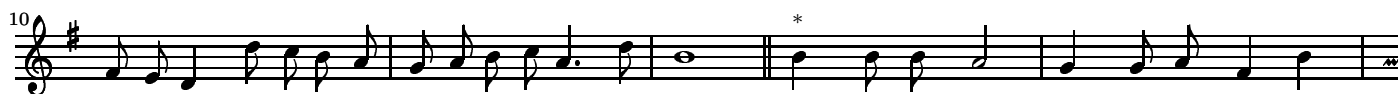
Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



Down, down with Bac- chus, down, down with Bac- chus: from this hour Re- nounce, re- nounce the



grape's ty- ran- nick pow'r; Whilst in our large, our large con- fed'- rate bowl, and ming- ling



ver- tue, ming- ling ver- tue, cheer the soul. Down with the French, down with the French, march



on to Nantz, For whose, for whose dear sake wee'l con' quer France; And when, when th'in-



spir- ing cups swell high, their hun- gry, hun- gry juice with scorn, with scorn de- fy.



Rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse roy- al boyes, your for- ces joyn To rout, to rout the Mon- sieur and his



wine; Then, then, then, then the next year our bowl shall be Quaff'd, quaff'd un- der the vines in Bur- gun- dy.

Wine in a morning

Round in 3 parts

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



Wine, wine in a morn- ing makes us fro- lick and gay that like ea- gles we soar in the pride of the day;



Gout- y sots in hte night on- ly find a de- cay. 'Tis the sun ripes the grape and to drink- ing gives light: We im- i-



tate him when by noon we're at height; They steal wine who take it when he's out of sight. Boy, fill all the glass- es,



fill 'em up now he shines, The high- er he ri- ses, the more he re- fines; But wine and wit palls as their ma- ker de- clines.

Call George again, boy

Round in 3 parts

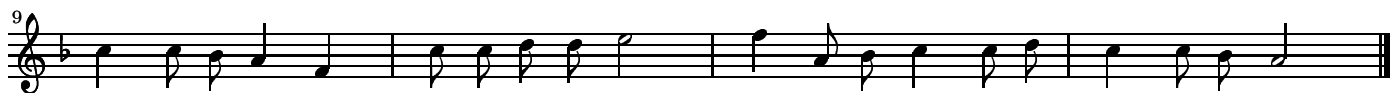
John Hilton 1599 – 1654



Call George a- gaine, boy, call George a- gain, And for the love of Bac- chus, call George a- gaine.



George is a good boy and drawes us good wine, Then fill us more cla- ret our wits to re- fine.



George is a brave lad, and an hon- esst man, If you will know him he dwels 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 a- bout, A health that ne'er shall cease till



all our wine is out; There fore drink a- way and ne- ver let it stand, But



ply it close- ly round from hand to hand, And ea- ger- ly and brave- ly



with cour- age thus per- sue it, For tis a health, a health to hon- est rud- dy Ro- ger Hew- ett.

Tom Jolly's Nose

Round in 3 parts

Henry Aldrich (1647 – 1710)



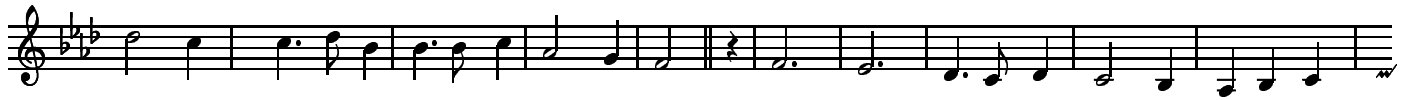
Tom Jol- ly's nose I mean to a- buse: Thy jol- ly nose, Tom, pro- vokes my muse; thy nose, jol-



ly Tom, that shines so bright, I'll eas- i- ly fol- low it by its own llight; Thy nose, Tom Jol- ly, no



jest it wll bear, Al- though it yields mat- ter e- nough and to spare; But jol- ly Tom's nose, for all he can



do, Breeds worms in it- self, and in our heads, too! Tom's nose, jol- ly Tom's nose, The more it is



ban- ter'd the more it glows; Then drink to Tom Jol- ly a cool- ing glass, or jol- ly 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 fer- ry! For we'll go o-



ver to be mer- ry! To laugh And sing and drink old sher- ry.

Care, thou canker of our joys

Round in 3 parts

From Kentish Harmony (1821)



Care, thou can- ker of our joys, Now thy ty- rant reigh is o'er! Fill the mer- ry bowl, my boys!



join the bac- cha- na- lian roar! Seize the vil- lain, plunge him in! See, the ha- ted mis- creant dies!



Mirth, and all thy train, come in! Ban- ish sor- row, tears and sighs! O'er the mer- ry mid- night bowl,



Oh, how hap- py shall we be! Day was made for vul- gar souls; Night, my boys, for you and me!

Confusion to the pow'r of Cupid

Round in 3 parts

John Eccles (c. 1660 – 1735)



Con- fu- sion, con- fu- sion to the pow'r of Cu- pid; Brisk wine, brisk wine ne'er made a mor' tal



stu- pid; Drink, drink, drink, drink, while so- ber sots look pale, Con- demn'd to claps, con- demn'd to claps and sog'



gy ale. A pox of Love, a pox of Love, there' no- thing in it, A bum- per gives the hap- py, hap- py min- ute.

Hey, ho, nobody at home

round in 3 parts

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)



Hey, ho, no- bod- y at home; Meat nor drink nor mon- ey have I none; Fill the pot, Ed- ie! Fill the pot, Ed- ie!

Hey, ho, nobody at home

round in 5 parts



Hey, ho, no- bod- y at home; Meat nor drink nor mon- ey have I none; Fill the pot, Ed- ie!

In praise of white wine

Round in 3 parts

John Reading



Let crys- tal White Wine cheer the drow- sy mind; 'Tis Clar- et on- ly leaves a stain be-



hind; In the use of which we do Bac- chus dis grace; We make the god mor- tal by paint- ing his



face; He's not like a god, whose im- age is red; O'er night his cheeks blush, in the morn- ing they're dead.

Tappster, dryngker

Anon. English 15th century

Discantus



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.

Contratenor



Dryng- ker, A- nonn have I do God sende us good sale.



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

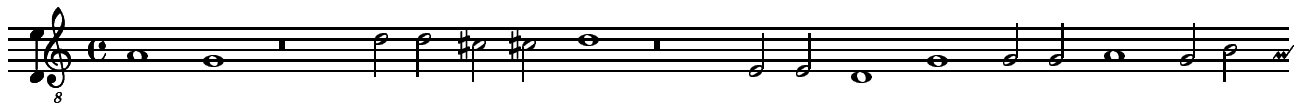


Drynke to me and y to the and

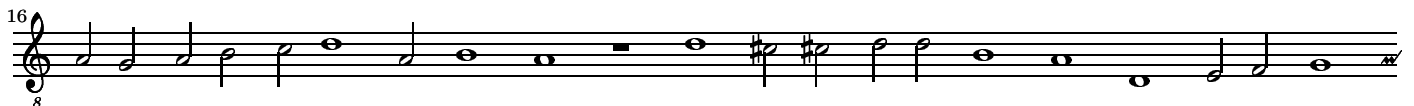


lette the cuppe goe rounde.

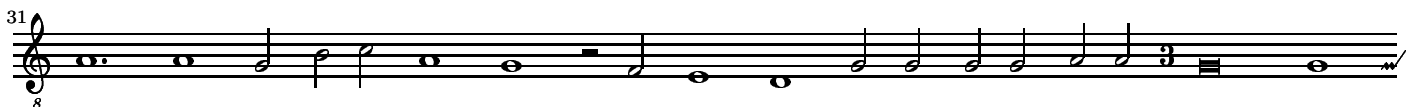
Tenor



Tapp- ster, fyll a- no- ther 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



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



lahn, Gu- retsch, gu- retsch, Gu- rit- zi ma- retsch, He- ro- ri ma- to- ri.
 gahn,
 Sauss,

Contratenor



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



lahn, Gu- retsch, gu- retsch, Gu- rit- zi ma- retsch, He- ro- ri ma- to- ri.
 gahn,
 Sauss,

Tenor



1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn, He-ro-ri ma-to-ri, Sie wollt den
2. Wol-stu mich denn nit ze-chen lahn, He-ro-ri ma-to-ri, So wolt ich
3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, He-ro-ri ma-to-ri, Die Fraw lebt



Man nit mit ir lahn, Gu- retsch, gu- retsch, Gu- rit- zi ma- retsch, He- ro- ri ma- to- ri.
 zu einr an- dern gahn,
 Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

Bassus



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



lahn, Gu- retsch, gu- retsch, Gu- rit- zi ma- retsch, He- ro- ri ma- to- ri.
 gahn,
 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 cla- ret tout tour- ne, (Quant je boy du vin cla-
 When I drink good wine the world goes round, (When I drink good wine the)



ret tout) tour- ne, Quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point,
 world goes round,) And when I don't drink wine, No- thing comes a- round,



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



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



cher tout ne tour- ne point, Et quant de ces vins blancs je boy Si ne sont
 No- thing comes a- round, No ad- juncts in the beer I drink On- ly good



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



ret tout] tour- ne, (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne,) tout tour- ne.
 world goes round, When I drink good wine the world goes round, Goes round.

Singing translation by Laura Conrad.

Bassus 

Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne, (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret
When I drink good wine the world goes round, (When I drink good wine the) world



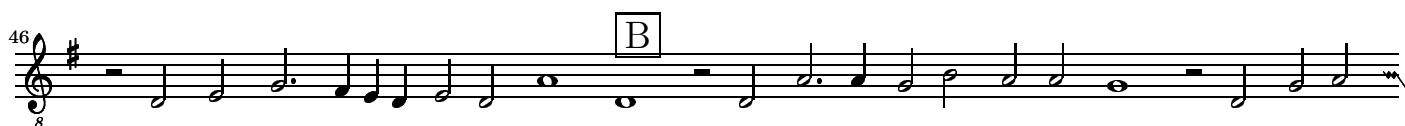
tout tour- ne,) (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne,) Et quant je n'en boy
goes round, (When I drink good wine the) world goes round, And when I don't drink



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



(tout ne tour- ne point.) Et quant de ces vins blancs je boy Si ne sont
No- thing comes a- round, No ad- junct in the beer I drink On- ly good



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



(Quant je boy du vin cla- ret) tout tour- ne, Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne.
When I drink good wine the world goes round, When I drink good wine the world goes round,

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.

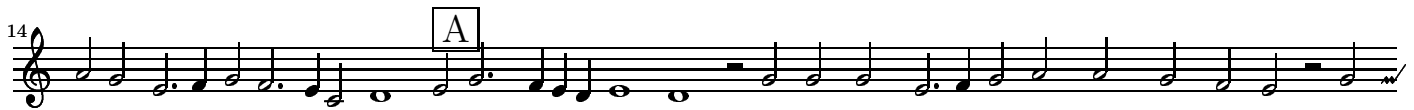
Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette

Claudin de Sermisy

Cantus



Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta il
The grapes smell sweet, here in the vine- yard, the grapes are grow-



fust preud- hom. Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet- te, Vi-
ing ripe, grow- ing ripe. A wise man plant- ed and pruned them well, And



gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Il me sem- ble ad- vis que j'a- lec- te Quant tu pas- ses
asked us here in- to his vine yard, He'll of- fer us a glass of wine, which we'll en- joy,

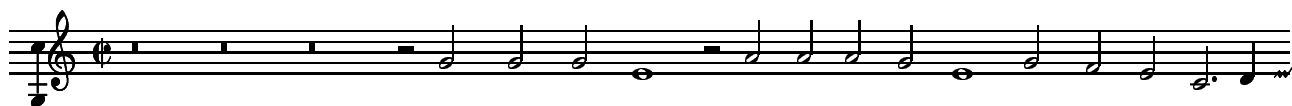


mon gor- ge- ron Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, (vi- gnon, vi-
all the way down our throats. The grapes smell sweet, the grapes smell



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

Tenor



Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta
The grapes smell sweet, here in the vine- yard, the grapes are grow-



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



te, Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Il me sem- ble ad- vis que j'a- lec- te
well, And asked us here in- 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,



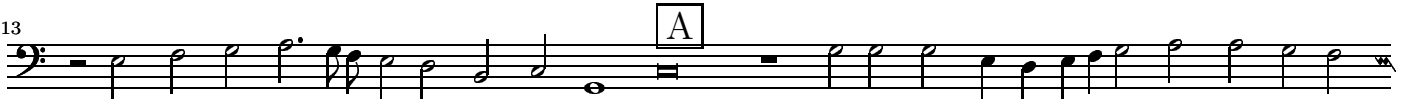
Qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom, Vi- hom.
The grapes are grow- ing ripe, the ripe.

Bassus



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

13



(Qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom.) Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet-
the grapes are grow- ing ripe, grow- ing ripe. A wise man plant- ed and pruned them

27



te, Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Quant tu pas-
well, And asked us here in- to his vin- yard, his vin- yard. which we'll en-

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ses per mon gor- ge- ron, per mon gor- ge- ron. Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi-
joy, all the way down our throats, all the way down our throats. The grapes smell sweet, here

57



gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta, qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom, hom.
in the vin- yard, in the vin- yard, The grapes are grow- ing ripe, ripe.

Singing translation by Laura Conrad and Bonnie Rogers.

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



Chan- geons pro- pos, c'est trop chan- té d'a- mours; Ce sont cla- mours, chan-
Let's change our tune, E- nough sad songs of love; all moans and howls; Let's



tons de la ser- pet- te, de la ser- pet- te. Tous vi- gne- rons ont a el-
sing of grow- ing grapes, of grow- ing grapes. Those who grow grapes use a keen, in-



le re- cours, C'est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te, la vi- gnet- te. O
ci- sive tool: The prun- ing shears that shape the vine, that shape the vine. Prun-



ser- pil- let- te, O la ser- pil- lon- net- te, La vi- gnolet- te est par toy
ing the vine well, gives us good wine, From one year to the next, we get good wine,



mi- se- sus Dont les bons vins (dont les bons vins) tous les ans sont ys-
we get good wine. O prune the vine, O prune the vine, so we get good wine e-



sus, Dont les bons vins, (dont les bons vins) tous les ans sont ys- sus.
very year, O prune the vine, O prune the vines, so we get good wine e- very year,



Chan- geons pro- pos, c'est trop chan- té d'a- mours;
 Let's change our tune, E- nough sad songs of love;



Ce sont cla- mours, chan- tons de la ser- pet- te. Tous vi- gne- rons ont a
 all moans and howls; Let's sing of grow- ing grapes. Those who grow grapes use a



el- le re- cours, C'est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te,
 keen, in- ci- sive tool: The prun- ing shears that shape the vine,



O ser- pil- let- te, O la ser- pil- lon net- te, La vi- gno- let- te est par toy
 Prun- ing the vine well, gives us good wine, From one year to the next, we get



mi- se- sus Dont les bons vins tous les ans sont ys-
 good wine, we get good wine. O prune the vine, so we get good wine e-



sus, Dont les bons vins, tous les ans sont ys- sus.
 very year, O prune the vine, so we get good wine e- very year.

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



Chan- geons pro- pos, c'est trop chan- té d'a- mours;
Let's change our tune, E- nough sad songs of love;

Ce sont cla- mours, chan- tons de la
all moans and howls; Let's sing of grow-



ser- pet- te, de la ser- pet- te. Tous vi- gne- rons ont a el- le re- cours,
ing grapes, of growing grapes. Those who grow grapes use a keen, a keen, in- ci- sive tool:



C'est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te, la vi- gnet-
The prun- ing shears that shape the vine, that shape the vine. Prun- ing the vine



te. O ser- pil- let- te, O la ser- pil- lon- net- te, La vi- gnol- let- te est
well, gives us good wine, From one year to the next, we get good wine, From one



par toy mi- se- sus Dont les bons vins (dont les bons vins tous) les ans sont ys-
year to the next, we get good wine. O prune the vine, so we get good wine e- very



sus, Dont les bons vins, (dont les bons vins dont) les bons vins tous les ans sont ys- sus.
year, O prune the vine, o prune the vine, so we get good wine e- very year.

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.

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 la vi-gnet-

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B

te Vi-ve la ser-pe Vou-lez vous cho-se plus hon-ne-ste Pour ven-den-ger le gra-pil-

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C

lon? Vi-ve la ser-pe Les ser-pier et le ser-pil-lons, Ser-pe et la ser-pet-te, Les ser-piers et le ser-pil-lon.

Altus

Ser-pe et la ser-pet-te, Les ser-pier et le ser-pil-lon, La ser-pe tail-le la

9

B

vi-gnet-te Vi-ve la ser-pe Vou-lez vous cho-se plus hon-ne-ste

19

C

Pour ven-den-ger, Pour ven-den-ger, le gra-pil-lon? Vi-ve la ser-pe Les ser-pier et le

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ser-pil-lons, Ser-pe et la ser-pet-te, Les ser-piers et le ser-pil-lon.

Tenor

Vi- ve la ser- pe Les ser- pier et le ser- pil- lon, La ser- pe tail- le la vi- gnet- te Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te: Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne- ste Pour ven- den- ger, Pour ven- den- ger le gra- pil- lon? Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te: Les ser- pier et le ser- pil- lons, Vi- ve la ser- pe Les ser- piers et le ser- pil- lon.

Bassus

Vi- ve la ser- pe Les ser- pier et le ser- pil- lon, La ser- pe tail- le la vi- gnet- te Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te, Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne- ste Pour ven- den- ger le gra- pil- lon? Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te, Les ser- pier et le ser- pil- lons, Vi- ve la ser- pe Les ser- piers et le ser- pil- lon.

Translation:

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...