Rowany Festival Songbook

AS XL

Contents:

Adieu Sweet Amaryllis p2 SATB Wilbye, John
Eya Martyr Stephane p5 AT Anonymous
Fa Una Canzone p6 SATB Vecchi, Orazio
I Gave her Cakes p7 round in 3 Purcell, Henry
Fine Knacks for Ladies p8 SATB Dowland, John
Musing p9 round in 4 Ravenscroft, Thomas
Flora Gave me Fairest Flowers p10 SSATB Wilbye, John
Il Bianco e Dolce Cigno p14 SATB Arcadelt, Jacques
Miri it Is p16 ST (or round in 2) Anonymous
The Owle p17 STB Ravenscroft, Thomas
La, la, la, je ne l’ose dire p18 SATB Cerbon, Pierre
O Magnum Mysterium p20 SATB de Victoria, Tomas Luis
So ben mi ch’ha bon tempo p24 SATB Vecchi, Orazio
Though Philomela p25 SAT Morley, Thomas
Thus saith my Cloris p26 SATB Wilbye, John
Mault’s Come Downe p29 round in 3 Ravenscroft, Thomas
Toss the Pot p30 SATB Ravenscroft, Thomas
Thus sings my Dearest Jewel p32 SST Weelkes, Thomas
We Be Soldiers Three p33 SAT Ravenscroft, Thomas
What if I Never Speede p34 SATB Dowland, John

To quote Daffyd of the Glens: “This songbook is prepared in order to make available a standard repertoire songbook free to all singers in the Known World, to the greater glory and splendour of The Dream That Is.” In no way do I wish to supplant the Lochac Songbook with this Rowany Festival Songbook AS XL, but after nearly ten years singing from the Lochac songbook, I felt it was time for a new collection.

First Edition, March 14, 2006. All pieces edited by Bethan of Brockwood (Sasha Curthoys); therefore all errors are my errors. I do have a variety of sources to thank for a number of the music files which I edited: Various editors who have provided their work free of charge and for free dissemination to the Choral Public Domain Library (www.cpdl.org); Mistress Constanza for providing me with music from Hey Nonny Nonnymous; Finneamhain (Sara Manley); the Southron Gaard A&S website; Meghan FitzGerald.

I would also like to thank Dafydd of the Glens for the Lochac Songbook; the Oxford University Press for producing their series of books, “The Oxford Book of English Madrigals”, “The Oxford Book of Italian Madrigals”, and “The Oxford Book of French Chansons”; Tomas Luis de Victoria, for writing some really gorgeous music, which I am happy to be able to reproduce in small part herein; Llewen the Unruly, whose singing group it was where I first started singing in the SCA; and the chaps who sing/have sung with me regularly in Rowany - as In Dulci, The Mighty-Singers of Rowany, Secret Boys Business, Tushquoth, and the Musical Romp-ers. It’s no fun singing this stuff alone; I couldn’t have done any of this without you.

As some of this material came without copyright, I cannot make it copyright, so all material here may be freely copied for free use (not for profit, please). Please give credit if you do use it. Bethan AS XL
Adieu Sweet Amaryllis

Wilbye, John

Rowany Festival Songbook AS XL
So your will is, O heavy tid-ing, - Here is for me no bidding. - Yet once again, - yet once again, - a-

Here is for me, here is for me no bidding. - Yet once again, - again, - ere -

- ing, Here is for me no bidding. Yet once again, - yet once again, - a-

- ing, Here is for me no bidding. Yet once again, - again, - ere -

- gain, ere that I part with you, Yet once again, yet once again, -

that I part with you, Yet once again, - again, - ere -

that I part with you, Yet once again, - again, - ere -

Rowany Festival Songbook AS XL
gain, ere that I part with you, A - ma - ryl - lis, A - ma - ryl - lis,

that I part with you, A - ma - ryl - lis, A - ma - ryl - lis,


A - ma - ryl - lis, sweet, A - dieu.

A - ma - ryl - lis, sweet, A - dieu.


Eya Martyr Stephane

Eya, martyr Stephane, pray for us we pray to thee.

Of this martyr make we mend, qui trium-
Stoned he was with stones great fervore
Thou praydest Christ for thine enemies O martyr

Of this martyr make we mend, qui trium-
Pha-vit homicide and to heaven bliss gan wend,
Gen-tis impie; Then he saw Christ sit in seat,
In-vic-tissime; Thou pray for us that high Justice

Vit homicide and to heaven bliss gan wend,
Vic-tissime; Thou pray for us that high Justice

D.C. al Fine

do-no cele-tis gracious.
In-nixum Patris dexter.
Ut nos pur-get a crime.
Fa Una Canzone

Orazio Vecchi

Fa una Canzone senza ne-re
Se mai brama-sti la

Per entro non vi spar-ge-re du-re-zze,
Che le mie o-re-cchie non

Ne vi far ci-fra o se-gno con-tra se-gno;
So-pra o-gni co-sa ques-

Con ques-to sti-le il for-tu-na-to Or-fe-o Pro-ser-pi-na la giu

Fa una Canzone senza ne-re
Se mai brama-sti la

Per entro non vi spar-ge-re du-re-zze,
Che le mie o-re-cchie non

Ne vi far ci-fra o se-gno con-tra se-gno;
So-pra o-gni co-sa ques-

Con ques-to sti-le il for-tu-na-to Or-fe-o Pro-ser-pi-na la giu

7

mia gra-tia ha ve-re.
vi so-no a-ve-zze.
- t'el mio di-se-gno.
pla-car po-te-o;

Dol-ce-men-te,
Dol-ce-men-te,
Dol-ce-men-te,
Con dol-ce-zza,

Fal-la d'un tuo-no ch'in-vi-ta al-dor-mi-re, Dol-ce-men-te,
Fal-la d'un tuo-no ch'in-vi-ta al-dor-mi-re, Dol-ce-men-te,
Fal-la d'un tuo-no ch'in-vi-ta al-dor-mi-re, Dol-ce-men-te,
Ques-to e lo sti-le che que-tar gia fe-o Con dol-ce-zza,

8

mia gra-tia ha ve-re.
vi so-no a-ve-zze.
- t'el mio di-se-gno.
pla-car po-te-o;

Dol-ce-men-te,
Dol-ce-men-te,
Dol-ce-men-te,
Con dol-ce-zza,

Fal-la d'un tuo-no ch'in-vi-ta al-dor-mi-re, Dol-ce-men-te,
Fal-la d'un tuo-no ch'in-vi-ta al-dor-mi-re, Dol-ce-men-te,
Fal-la d'un tuo-no ch'in-vi-ta al-dor-mi-re, Dol-ce-men-te,
Ques-to e lo sti-le che que-tar gia fe-o Con dol-ce-zza,
I Gave Her Cakes

Purcell, Henry

I gave her cakes and I gave her ale and I gave her sack and

I gave her bead and bracelets fine, And I gave her gold down

Mer-ry my hearts, mer-ry my cocks, mer-ry my sprights, mer-ry mer-ry mer-ry mer-ry mer-ry mer-ry my hey down

sherry, I kist her once and I kist her twice, And we were wondrous mer-ry.

der-ry, I thought she was a-fear'd till she stroked my beard, And we were wond'rous mer-ry.

der-ry, I kist her once and I kist her twice, And we were wond'rous mer-ry.
Fine Knacks for Ladies

John Dowland (1562 - 1626)

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new, good penny-worths, but money cannot move, I keep a fair, but for the fair to view

a beggar may be liberal of love, Though all my wares be

Rowany Festival Songbook AS XL
trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.

| Sop | Trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true. |
| Alt | Trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true. |
| Ten | Trash, the heart, the heart is true, the heart, the heart is true, the heart is true. |
| Bas | Trash, the heart is true, is true, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true. |

2. Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again. My treasures come as treasures from my mind. It is a precious jewel, to be plain. Sometimes in shells the Orient pearls we find. Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain, of me a grain, of me a grain.

3. Within this pack pins, points, laces and gloves, and divers toys fitting a country fair. But in this heart, which duty serves and loves, turtles and twins courts broods a heav’ny pair. Happy the man who thinks of no remove, of no remove, of no remove.

---

Musing, musing mine own selfe all alone

Thomas Ravenscroft

1. Musing, musing, musing mine owne selfe all alone, I heard a maid, I heard a maid, I heard a maid making great moane with sobs and sighes, & many a grievous moane, for that for that for that her mai-den-head was gone, Musing

2. -lone, I heard a maid, I heard a maid, I heard a maid making great

3. moane with sobs and sighes, & many a grievous

4. moane, for that for that for that her maidenhead was gone, Musing
Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers

John Wilbye

So p1

Flora gave me fairest flowers, Flora gave me fairest flowers, none so fair,

So p2

Flora gave me fairest flowers, Flora gave me fairest flowers, none so fair,

Alt

Flora gave me fairest flowers, Flora gave me fairest flowers, none so fair,

Ten

Flora gave me fairest flowers, Flora gave me fairest flowers, none so fair,

Bas

Flora gave me fairest flowers, none so fair,

8

none so fair, none so fair in Flora's treasure, none so fair, none so fair,

So p1

none so fair, none so fair in Flora's treasure, none so fair, none so fair,

So p2

fair, none so fair, none so fair in Flora's treasure, none so fair, none so fair,

Alt

fair, none so fair in Flora's treasure, none so fair, none so fair,

Ten

none so fair, none so fair in Flora's treasure, none so fair,

Bas

none so fair, none so fair in Flora's treasure, none so fair, none so fair,
fair, none so fair in Flo-ra's trea-sure. These I placed on Phyl-lis' bow-ers, 

none so fair in Flo-ra's trea-sure. These I placed on Phyl-lis' bow-ers, 

fair in Flo-ra's trea-sure. These I placed on Phyl-lis' bow-ers, these 

none so fair in Flo-ra's trea-sure. These I placed on Phyl-lis' bow-ers, these 

She was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she my plea-sure. 

She was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she my plea-sure. 

I placed on Phyl-lis' bow-ers, she was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she my plea-sure. 

I placed on Phyl-lis' bow-ers, she was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she my plea-sure. 

She was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she my plea-sure. 

She was pleased, she was pleased, and she my plea-sure.
Smiling meadows seem to say: Come ye wan-tons, here to play,

Smiling meadows seem to say: Come ye wan-tons, here to play,

Smiling meadows seem to say: Come ye wan-tons, here to play,

Smiling meadows seem to say: Come ye wan-tons, here to play,

Smiling meadows seem to say: Come ye wan-tons, here to play,
play, to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play, come ye wan-tons,

wan-tons, here to play, to play, come ye wan-tons, here to

here to play, to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play, come

here to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play, to play, come ye wan-tons,

here to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play, to play, come ye wan-tons,

here to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play, come ye wan-tons,

play, to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play.

wan-tons, here, come, come ye wan-tons, here to play.

here to play, come ye wan-tons, here to play.

play, come ye wan-tons, come ye wan-tons, here to play.

here to play, come, come ye wan-tons, here to play.
Il bianco e dolce cigno

Jacques Arcadelt (1504? - 1568)
Miri it Is

1. Mi-ri it is whi-le su-mer i-last wio fu-ghe les song; oc nu-ne-heth win-des blast and

2. we-der strong. Ei, ei! what this niht is long! And ich, wio wel mi-chel wrong,

so-regh and mum and fast.

Can be sung as a round in 2, without the drone. The second part starts when the first part reaches the 2. in the music.
The Owle

Ravenscoft (Deuteromelia)

Of all the birds that ever I see, the Owle is the fay-rest in her degree,
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes away flies she,

Of all the birds that ever I see, the Owle is the fay-rest in her degree, Te
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes away flies she,

Te whow, sir knave to thou, this song is well sung, I make you a vow, and
Te whit, to whom drinks thou, this song is well sung, I make you a vow, and

He is a knave that drinketh now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jolly red
He is a knave that drinketh now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave mee this jolly red

Nose? Nut megs and cloves, and that gave thee thy jolly red nose.
Nose? Sin-na-mont, & Ginger, Nut megs and Cloves, and that gave mee my jolly red nose.
La la la, je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se - di re, La la la, je le vous di rai, Et la la la,

La la la, je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se - di re, La la la, je le vous di rai, Et la la la,

La la la, je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se - di re, La la la, je le vous di rai, Et la la la,

La la la, je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se - di re, La la la, je le vous di rai, Et la la la,

je vous di - rai.

1. Il est un homme en nos vil le - Qui de sa femme est ja - loux,
2. Il n'est pas ja - loux sans cau - se, Mais il est co - cu du tout.

je vous di - rai.

1. Il est un homme en nos vil le - Qui de sa femme est ja - loux,
2. Il n'est pas ja - loux sans cau - se, Mais il est co - cu du tout.
Il n'est pas jalous sans cau-se, Mais il est co-cu du tout. Et la la la, je ne

Il a-pré-ste et si la mai-ne Au mar-che s'en va à tout.

S

A

T

B

Il n'est pas jalous sans cau-se, Mais il est co-cu du tout. Et la la la, je ne

Il a-pré-ste et si la mai-ne Au mar-che s'en va à tout.

Il n'est pas jalous sans cau-se, Mais il est co-cu du tout. Et la la la, je ne

Il a-pré-ste et si la mai-ne Au mar-che s'en va à tout.

I. l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se-di-re La la la, je le vous di-rai, Et la la la, je le vous di-rai.

Il n'est pas jalous sans cau-se, Mais il est co-cu du tout. Et la la la, je ne

Il a-pré-ste et si la mai-ne Au mar-che s'en va à tout.

Je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se-di-re La la la, je le vous di-rai, Et la la la, je le vous di-rai.

Je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se-di-re La la la, je le vous di-rai, Et la la la, je le vous di-rai.

Je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se-di-re La la la, je le vous di-rai, Et la la la, je le vous di-rai.

Je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se-di-re La la la, je le vous di-rai, Et la la la, je le vous di-rai.

Je ne l'o, je ne l'o, je ne l'o se-di-re La la la, je le vous di-rai, Et la la la, je le vous di-rai.

Je le vous di-rai.
O magnum mysterium

Tomas Luis de Victoria (1548 - 1611)
se - pi - o. O be - a - ta Vir - go, cu - ius
vis - ce - ra me - ru - e - runt por - ta - re Do - mi - num Je -
sum Chri - stum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - i a, al - le - lu - ia, al -
Je - sum Chri - stum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - i a, al - le - lu - ia, al -
sum Chri - stum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - i a, al - le - lu - ia, al -
Je - sum Chri - stum. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - i a, al - le - lu - ia, al -
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
So ben mi ch’ha bon tempo

Orazio Vecchi (1550 - 1605)

1. So ben mi ch’ha bon tempo,
   So ben mi ch’ha bon tempo,
   So ben ch’è fa-vo-ri-to,
   So ben ch’è fa-vo-ri-to,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

2. Saluti e baciamani,
   Saluti e baciamani,
   Sa lu-ti e ba-cia-ma-ni,
   Sa lu-ti e ba-cia-ma-ni,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la.

3. Non giova fare il Zanni
   Andando su e giù,
   Al so, ma ba-sta mo,
   Al so, ma ba-sta mo,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

4. La ti dara martello
   Per farti disperar.
   Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
   Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

5. Saluti e baciamani
   Son tutti indarno affè;
   Son tut-ti-n dar-no a fè,
   Son tut-ti-n dar-no a fè,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

6. Non giova fare il Zanni
   Andando su e giù,
   Al so, ma ba-sta mo,
   Al so, ma ba-sta mo,
   Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
   Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

7. Al puo ben impiccarsi
   Ch’al non fara nien.
   Son tut-ti-n dar-no a fè,
   Son tut-ti-n dar-no a fè,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

8. Passeggia pur chi vuole
   Ch’el tempo perdera
   Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
   Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

9. O parli, o ridi, o piangi
   Non trovera pieta.
   Son tut-ti-n dar-no a fè,
   Son tut-ti-n dar-no a fè,
   Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

10. Dice il proverbio antico,
    Chi ha fatto suo buon pro.
    Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
    Ahi-me! no’l pos-so dir,
    Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.
Though Philomena Lost Her Love

Thomas Morley

Though Phil-o-me-la lost her love, Fresh notes she warb leth yeas a-gain. Fa, la, la, la, fa la la la, la, la la, fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la la, la, la, la, la.

He is a fool that lovers prove, And leavesto sing to live in pain. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la, fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la.

Fa la la la, la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la la, la, la, la, la.

Fa la la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la, fa la la la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Thus Saith My Cloris Bright

John Wilbye (1574-1638)

Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of love sit down and talk together.

Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of love sit down and talk together.
down and talk to - geth - er, and talk to - geth - er,
- er, and talk to - geth - er, Thus saith my Clo-ris bright, when

Clo-ris bright, when we of love sit down and talk to - geth - er, Thus

we of love sit down and talk to - geth - er, and talk to - geth

的实力我的Clo-ris bright, when we of love sit down and talk to - geth

talk to - geth - er, and talk to - geth

- er, Be-ware of Love, dear, Love is a walk-ing sprite, a walk-ing sprite,

- er, Be-ware of Love, dear, Love is a walk-ing sprite, And Love is this and that,

- er, Be-ware, be - ware of Love, dear, Love is a walk-ing sprite, And Love is this and that,

- er, Be-ware of Love, dear, Love is a walk-ing sprite, a walk-ing sprite, And Love is this and that,
And Love is this and that, And oh I wot not what, and oh I wot not what, And
comes and goes again I wot not whither, and comes and goes again, I wot not whither, and comes and goes again, I wot not whither, and comes and goes again, I wot not whither, and comes and goes again, I wot not whither: No, no, these are but bugs to breed a-maz-
gaine, I wot not whither: No, no, these are but bugs to breed a-maz-
gaine, I wot not whither: No, no, these are but bugs to breed a-maz-
Mault's Come Downe

Thomas Ravenscroft

Mault's come downe, mault's come downe from an old Angell to a French crown, There's never a maide in all this towne, but well she knowes that mault's come downe,
The greatest drunkards in this towne, are very glad that mault's come downe.
Toss the Pot

Thomas Ravenscroft

So pra no
A lto
Teno r
Ba ss

Toss the pot, toss the pot; let us be merry, And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care, For still we spend and
We drink, carouse with heart most free; A heart-y draught I
And when our money is all spent, Then sell our goods and

Take no thought, we have no care, For still we spend and
Drink, carouse with heart most free; A heart-y draught I
When our money is all spent, Then sell our goods and
31

So pra no
A lto
Teno r
Ba ss

spend our rent, Or drink it up - with one con - sent, and
drink to thee; Then fill the pot - a - gain to me, and
never spare; Till of all mon - ey our purse is bare, we
spend our rent, Or drink it up - with one con - sent, and

11

So pra no
A lto
Teno r
Ba ss

ne - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.
e - ver toss the pot.

4. When all is gone, we have no more:
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalk it up behind the door,
and ever toss the pot.

5. And when our credit is all lost,
Then we may go and kiss the post,
And eat brown bread instead of roast,
and ever toss the pot.

6. Let us conclude as we began,
And toss the post from man to man,
And drink as much now as we can,
and ever toss the pot.

Rowany Festival Songbook AS XL
Thus Sings my Dearest Jewel

Thomas Weelkes

Thus sings my dearest jewel: In love delay is cruel, Or come and kiss me quickly, Or say thou dost not love me. Fa la la la la la, fa la la la. Fa la la la la. Fa la la la la. Fa la la la. Now la.
We be Soldiers Three

We be soldiers three, Par-do-na moy, je vous an pree,
Here good fel low, I drink to thee,
And he that will not pledge me this,
Charge it a - gain boy, charge it a - gain,

As long as there is a ny - ink in your pen,
Pays for the shot - what ever it is,
To all good fel lows - wher ever - they be,
Late ly - come forth of the low coun try, Fa la la la lan ti - do dil ly.

As long as there is a ny ink in your pen,
What if I never speed

John Dowland

What if I never speed, shall I straight yield to despair? And
Or shall I change my love? For I find pow'r to depart. And
Oft have I dream'd of joy, yet I never felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for lorne, But

Love aims at one scope, and lost will still returne:
in my reason prove I can command my hart.
tired with annoy my griefs each other greete.

Still on sorrow feede that can no losse repaire?
So pra no
A lto
Teno r
Ba ss

He that once loves with a true de-sire - ne-ver can de-
But if she will pi-tie my de-sire, and my love re-
He that once loves with a true de-sire ne-ver can de-
But if she will pi-tie, pi-tie my de-sire, and my love re-
He that once loves with a true de-sire ne-ver can de-
But if she will pi-tie my de-sire, and my love re-quit-e,
He that once loves with a true de-sire ne-ver can de-part,

For Cu-pid is the king of ev-ery heart.
Come, come,
So pra no

A lto

Teno r

Ba ss

come, come while I have a heart to de sire thee. Come,
come while I have a heart to de sire thee.
come while I have a heart to de sire thee.
come while I have a heart to de sire thee.

Come, come for ei ther I will love or ad mire thee.

Come, come, for ei ther I will love or ad mire thee.

Come, come, for ei ther I will love or ad mire thee.

Come, come, for ei ther I will love or ad mire thee.