Contents

Print History

First Printing	Summer, 2001	
Second Printing	July, 2003	conversion to lily 1.8 release candidate
		addition of Anacreon requires some rearrangement
Third Printing	October, 2003	Conversion to lily 1.2,
		Transposition of Anacreon, immortal, and Bacchus.
Fourth Printing	May 20, 2004	English singing translation to "Vive la Serpe"; some transpositions

Copying

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,
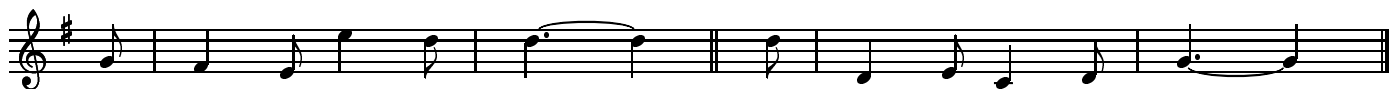
'Tis sad- ness makes us drink, And drink- ing makes us mad!

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.
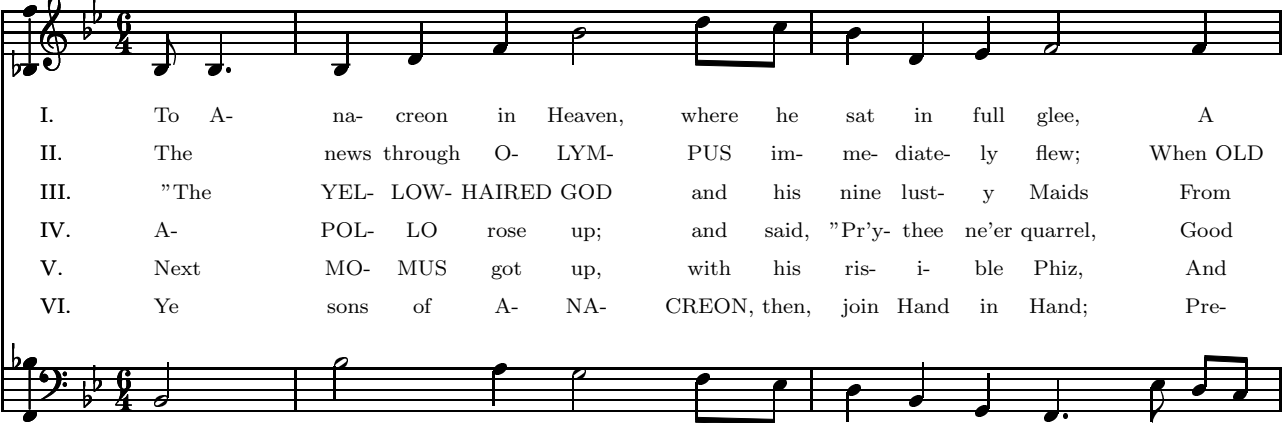
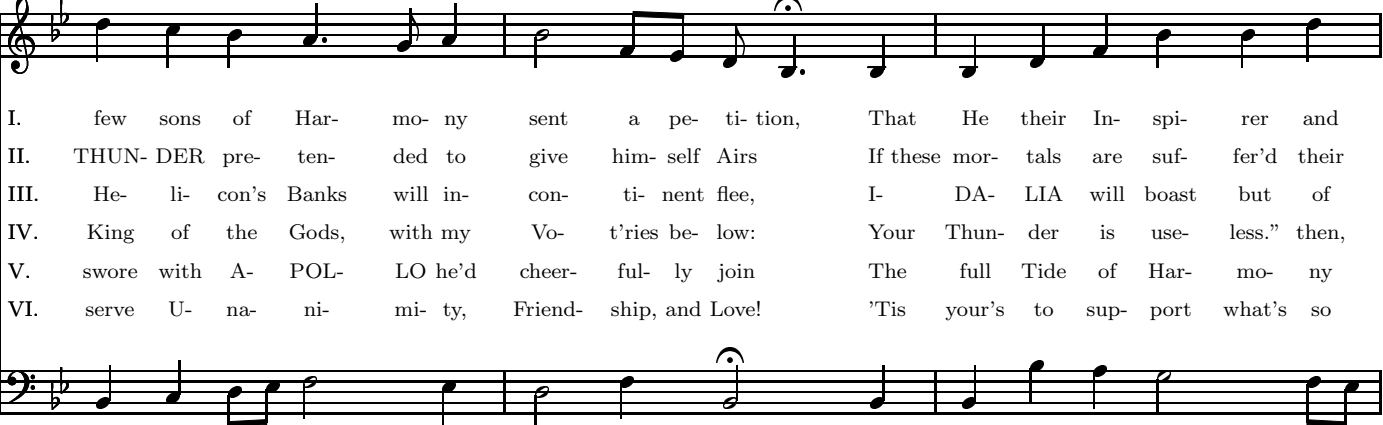John Stafford Smith is better known for this next tune:

To Anacreon in heaven

As Sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand
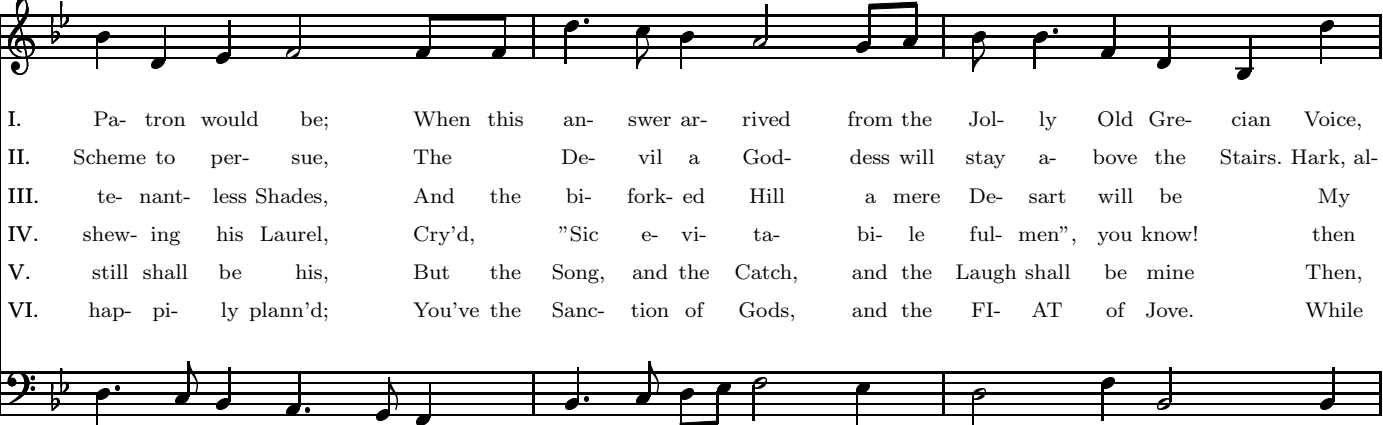
(Ralph Tomlinson Esq.)   *John Stafford Smith, (1750 – 1836)*

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-
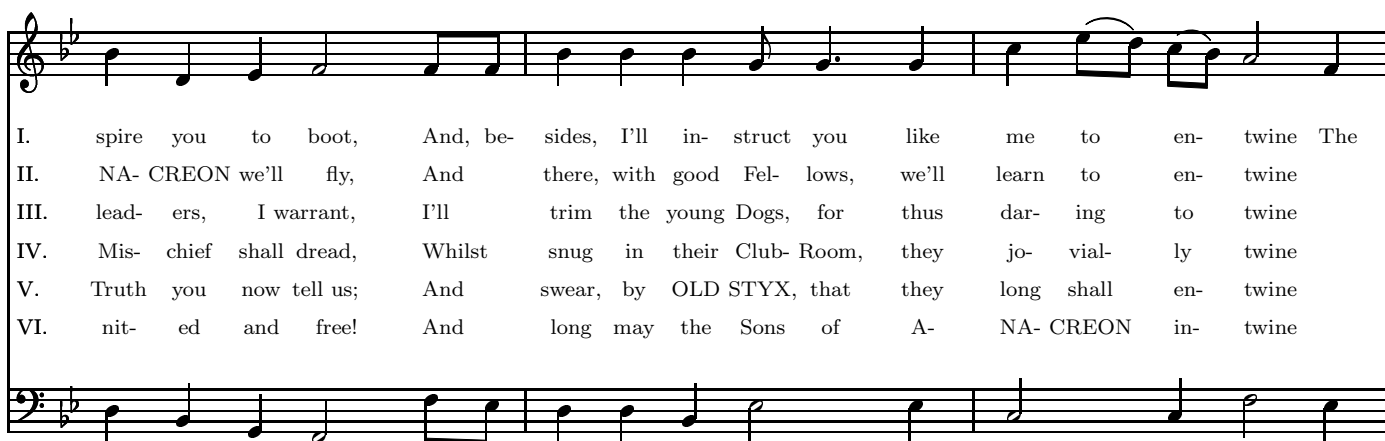
I.	few sons of Har- mo- ny sent a pe- ti- tion, That He their In- spi- rer and
II.	THUN- DER pre- ten- ded to give him- self Airs If these mor- tals are suf- fer'd their
III.	He- li- con's Banks will in- con- ti- nent flee, I- DA- LIA will boast but of
IV.	King of the Gods, with my Vo- t'ries be- low: 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
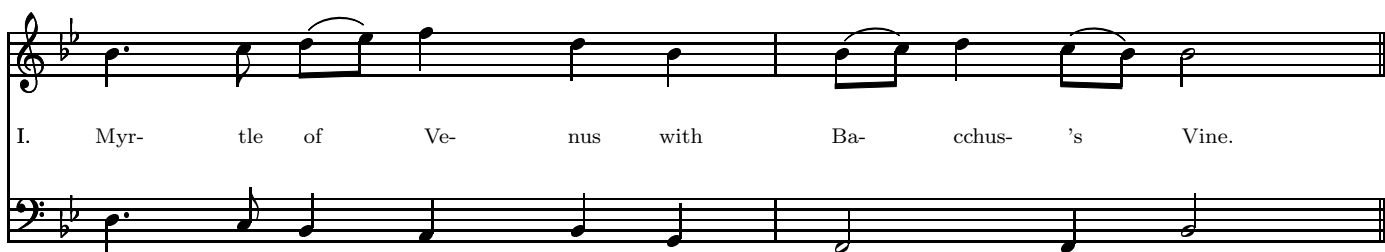
I.	Pa- tron would be; When this an- swer ar- rived from the Jol- ly Old Gre- cian Voice,
II.	Scheme to per- sue, The De- vil a God- dess will stay a- bove the Stairs. Hark, al-
III.	te- nant- less Shades, And the bi- fork- ed Hill a mere De- sart will be My
IV.	shew- ing his Laurel, Cry'd, "Sic e- vi- 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
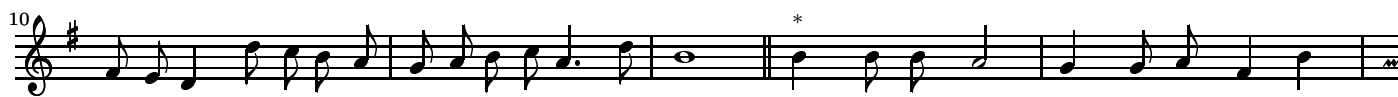
ver- tue, ming- ling ver- tue, chear the soul. Down with the French, down with the French, march

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 frol- 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 myy 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!

O Portsmouth

round in 4 parts

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)

O Ports- mouth, O Ports- mouth it is a gal- lant towne, and there wee will

have a quart of wine with a nut- meg browne, did- dle downe, The gal- lant shippe, the Mer-

maid, the Li- on hang- ing stout, did make us to spend there our sixe- teen pence all out.
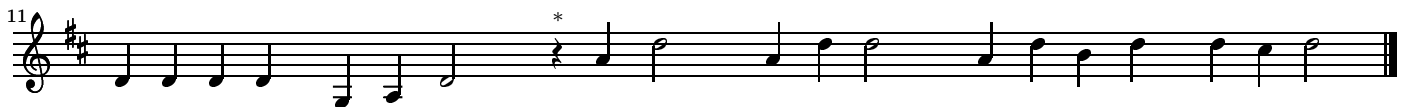
In praise of white wine

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

Discantus

Dryng- ker,   fyll a- no- ther ale,   A- nonn   God   sende us   good   sale.
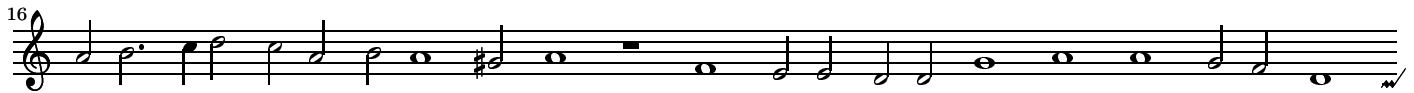
A-   vale the stake, a- vale,   here   is   good ale   y-

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
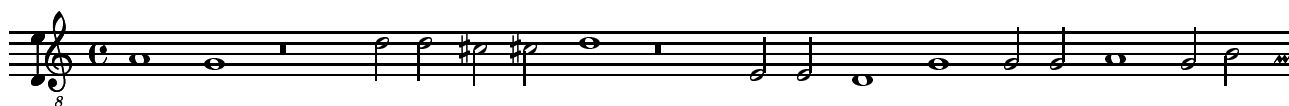
Tapp- ster, fyll a- no- ther ale, have I do, God sende us good sale.
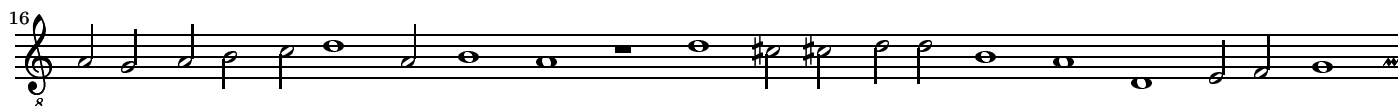
A- vale the stake, a- vale, here is good ale y-

founde. Drynke to me and y to the, and
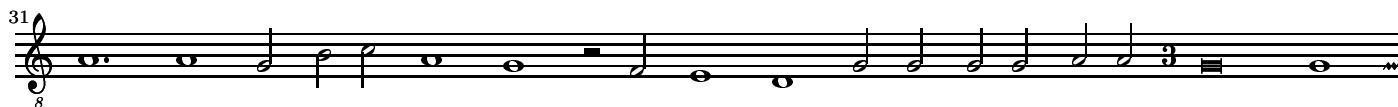
lette the cuppe goe rounde.

Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn

A woman went drinking

Ludwig Senfl

Discantus

1. Es wollt   ein Fraw zum 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,

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 Wei- ne 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 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,

---

[0]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 [1]

Cantus

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

A

ne, tout tour- ne, Et quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point, (Et
goes round, And when I don't drink wine, No- thing comes a- round, (And

quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point,) Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de-
when I don't drink wine, No- thing comes a- round, comes a- round.) And when there's no- thing in my

nier je ne boyt point, ne bel- le fil- le a mon cou- cher tout ne tour- ne point, (tout
purse, I don't drink wine, no wo- men in my bed: No- thing comes a- round, No-

B

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

C

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

tour- ne, tout tour- ne, tout tour- ne.
round, Goes round, goes round.

Tenor

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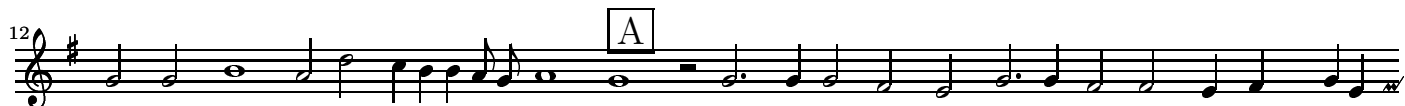
ret tout) tour-   ne,   Quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point,
world goes round,)   And when I   don't drink wine,   No- thing comes a- round,

(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.

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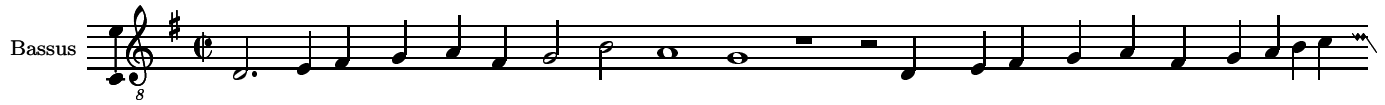
Quant je boy   du   vin cla- ret tout tour- ne,   (Quant je boy   du   vin cla-   ret
When   I drink good wine the world goes round,   (When   I drink good wine the) world

A

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:

B

(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

C

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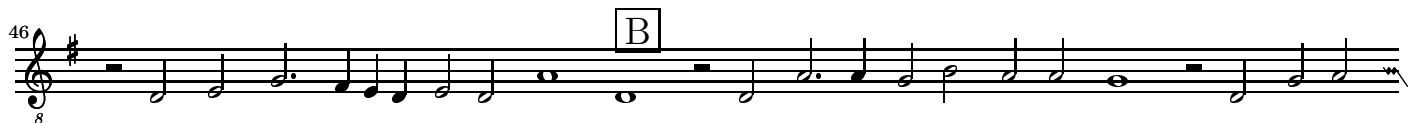When   I drink good wine the world   goes round,   When I drink good wine the world goes round,

----

[1]Singing translation by Laura Conrad. Literal Translation: When I drink claret everything goes around, And when I don't drink it, nothing 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-

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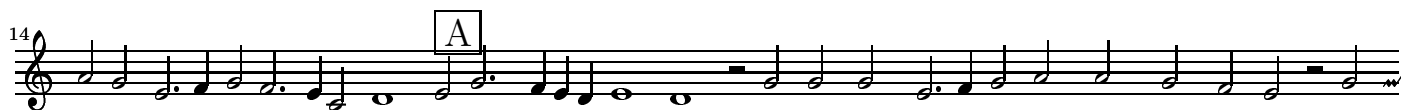
fust preud- hom. Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet- te, Vi-
ing ripe, grow- ing ripe. A wise man plant- ed and pruned them well, And

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

1. 2.

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.

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

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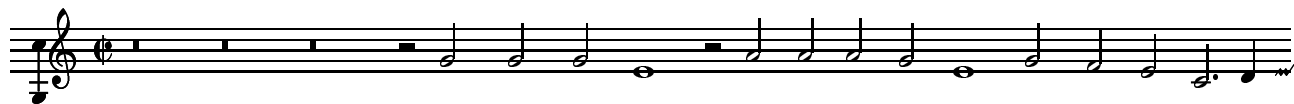
Vi- gnon, vi- gnon,   vi- gnon, vi- gnet-   te,   Qui te plan- ta
The grapes smell sweet,   here in   the vine- yard,   the grapes are grow-

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,

1.   **2.**

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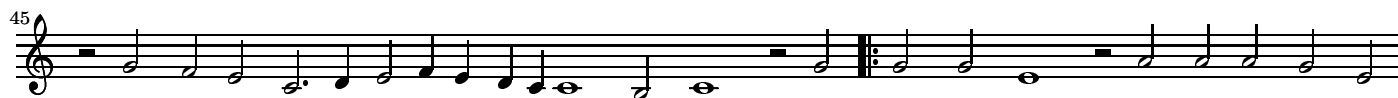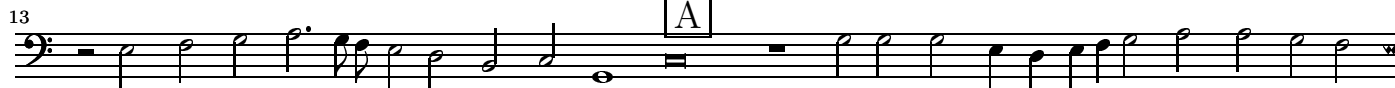
Bassus

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

A

(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-

43

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

1.   **2.**

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.

---

[1]Singing translation by Laura Conrad and Bonnie Rogers.

Literal translation: Vine, vine, vine, little vine,
He who planted you was a wise man.
You were cut with the pruning hook,
Vine, vine, vine, little vine,
I think I will enjoy it
When you pass down my throat.
Vine, vine, vine, little vine,
He who planted you was a wise man.

Changeons propos, c'est trop chanté d'amour

Claudin de Sermisy

Cantus

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- gnol- let- 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,

---

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

Literal Translation:
Let us change our song, too much is sung of love;
That is noise, let us sing of the pruning knife.

Tenor

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

A

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

B

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- gnol- let-   te   est par toy
Prun- ing the vine   well,   gives us good wine,   From one year to   the next, we get

C

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.

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.

Bassus

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

14

A

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:

30

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

B   **45**

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

60   **C**

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

76

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.

Vive la serpe

Claudin de Sermisy

Cantus

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

la vi- gnet- te Vi- ve la ser- pe Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne-
shape the vines In fall they pick grapes How could you have a bet- ter tool

ste Pour ven- den- ger le gra- pil- lon? Vi- ve la ser- pe Les ser- pier
to prune the vine and har- vest grapes. Sing of the shears Time to get

et le ser- pil- lons, Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te, Les ser- piers et le ser- pil- lon.
out those pru- ning shears, Sing of the pru- ning shears, Time to get out those pru- ning shears,

Altus

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

le la vi- gnet- te Vi- ve la ser- pe Vou- lez vous cho- se plus
shape the vines In fall they pick grapes How could you have a bet-

hon- ne- ste Pour ven- den- ger, Pour ven- den- ger, le gra- pil- lon? Vi- ve la ser- pe
ter tool to prune the vine, to prune the vine, and har- vest grapes. Sing of the shears

Les ser- pier et le ser- pil- lons, Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te, Les ser- piers et le ser- pil- lon.
Time to get out those pru- ning shears, Sing of the pru- ning shears, Time to get out those pru- ning shears,

Tenor

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

tail-   le la vi- gnet- te   Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te: Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne-   ste Pour
shears   shape   the vines   In fall they har- vest grapes How could you have a bet- ter tool   to

ven- den- ger,   Pour ven- den- ger   le gra- pil- lon?   Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te: Les ser- pier et   le
prune the vine   to prune the vine   and har- vest grapes.   Sing of the pru- ning shears,   Time to get out   those

ser- pil- lons, Vi- ve la ser- pe   Les ser- piers et   le ser- pil- lon.
pru- ning shears, Sing of the shears   Time to get out   those pru- ning shears.

Bassus

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

la vi- gnet-   te   Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te,   Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne-
shape the vines   Sing of the pru- ning shears,   How could you have a bet- ter tool

ste   Pour ven- den- ger   le gra- pil- lon?   Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te,   Les ser- pier
to prune the vine   and har- vest grapes.   Sing of the pru- ning shears,   Time to get

et le ser- pil- lons,   Vi- ve la ser- pe   Les ser- piers et   le ser- pil- lon.
out those pru- ning shears,   Sing of the shears   Time to get out those pru- ning shears.

---

[1]Singing translation by Laura Conrad.

Literal 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...