

Pasttime with Good Companie

MUSIC FOR NEFFA WORKSHOP, APRIL 23, 2023

The Cantabile Renaissance Band

Transcriptions by Laura Conrad

April 10, 2023

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Printing History

First Printing	March 6, 2023	
Second Printing	March 14, 2023	added <i>Cakes and Ale</i> , fixes to repeat structure and notes in <i>I care not for these ladies</i> , fermata in Psalm 67
Third Printing	April 10, 2023	removed some rounds fixed underlay to second verse of <i>Now winter nights enlarge</i> fixed versification of <i>We be soldiers three</i>

Pasttime with good company

CANTVS

Henry VIII (attributed)



1. Passetyme with gude com - pa-nye, I love, and shall un - til I dye.
 2. Youth wyll have nedes da - lyaunce, Of gude or yll some pas - taunce,
 3. Com - pa - nye with ho - ne-ste, Ys ver - tu, vyce to flee.



Gruch who wyll, but none de - ny, So God be pleeyd, thus
 Com - pa - nye me thynk - eth them best, All thouts and fan - syes
 Com - pa - nye ys gude or yll, But e - v'ry man hath



lyfe wyll I. For my pas-taunce: Hunt, syng, and daunce, My
 to dy-gest. For y - dle - ness, Ys chef ma - stres Of
 hys frewylle. The best en - syue, The worst es - chew, My



hert ys sett! All gude-ly sport, Fore my com-fort, Who shall me lett?
 vy - ces all: Than who can say, But myrth and play Ys best of all?
 mynd shall be: Ver - tue to use, Vyce to re-fuse, Thus shall use me!

Pasttime with good company

TENOR.

Henry VIII (attributed)



1. Passetyme with gude com - pa-nye, I love, and shall un - til I dye. Gruch who wyll, but
2. Youth wyll have nedes da - lyaunce, Of gude or yll some pas - taunce, Com - pa - nye me
3. Com - pa - nye with ho - ne-ste, Ys ver - tu, vyce to flee. Com - pa - nye ys



none de - ny, So God be pleeyd, thus lyfe wyll I. For my pastaunce: Hunt,
thynketh them best, All thouts and fan - syes to dy-gest. For y - dle - ness, Ys
gude or yll, But e - v'ry man hath hys frewyll. The best en - syue, The



syng, and daunce, My hert ys sett! All gude-ly sport, Fore my com fort, Who shall me lett?
chef ma - stres Of vy - ces all: Than who can say, But myrth and play Ys best of all?
worst es - chew, My mynd shall be: Ver - tue to use, Vyce to re - fuse, Thus shall use me!

Pasttime with good company

BASSVS.

Henry VIII (attributed)



1. Passetyme with gude com - pa-nye, I love, and shall un - til I dye. Gruch who wyll, but
2. Youth wyll have nedes da - lyaunce, Of gude or yll some pas - taunce, Com - pa - nye me
3. Com - pa - nye with ho - ne-ste, Ys ver - tu, vyce to flee. Com - pa - nye ys



none de - ny, So God be pleeyd, thus lyfe wyll I. For my pastaunce: Hunt,
thynketh them best, All thouts and fan - syes to dy-gest. For y - dle - ness, Ys
gude or yll, But e - v'ry man hath hys frewyll. The best en - syue, The



syng, and daunce, My hert ys sett! All gude-ly sport, Fore my com fort, Who shall me lett?
chef ma - stres Of vy - ces all: Than who can say, But myrth and play Ys best of all?
worst es - chew, My mynd shall be: Ver - tue to use, Vyce to re - fuse, Thus shall use me!

We be three poor Mariners,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TREBLE.

Thomas Ravenscroft

1. Wee be three poore Mar - i - ners, new - ly come from the seas,
2. We care not for those mar - tiall men, that doe our states dis - daine:

8 Wee spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, whiles o - thers live at ease: Shall we goe
But we care for those Mar - chant men, which doe our states maintaine. To them we

17 (1)
daunce the round, the round, the round and shall we goe daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde,
daunce the round, the round, the round to them we daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde.

24 and he that is a bull - y boy, come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

We be three poor Mariners,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TENOR.

Thomas Ravenscroft

1. Wee be three poore Mar - i - ners, new - ly come from the seas, Wee
2. We care not for those mar - tiall men, that doe our states dis - daine: But

9 spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, whiles o - thers live at ease: Shall we goe daunce the
we care for those Mar - chant men, which doe our states maintaine. To them we daunce the

18 round, the round, the round and shall we goe daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde, and
round, the round, the round to them we daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde.

25 he that is a bull - y boy, come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

We be three poor Mariners,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

BASSVS.

Thomas Ravenscroft



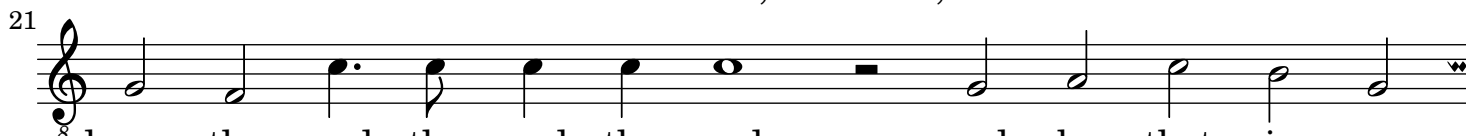
1. Wee be three poore Mar - i - ners, new - ly come from the seas,
2. We care not for those mar - tiall men, that doe our states dis-daine:



Wee spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, whiles o - thers live at
But we care for those Mar - chant men, which doe our states main -



ease: Shall we goe daunce the round, the round, the round and shall we goe
taine. To them we daunce the round, the round, the round to them we



daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde, and he that is a
daunce the rounde, the rounde, the rounde,



bull - y boy, come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

We be Souldiers three,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TREBLE.

Thomas Ravenscroft



1. We be Soul-diers three, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*
2. Here Good fellow I drinke to thee, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*
3. And he that will not pledge me this, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*
4. Charge it againe boy, charge it a - gaine, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*



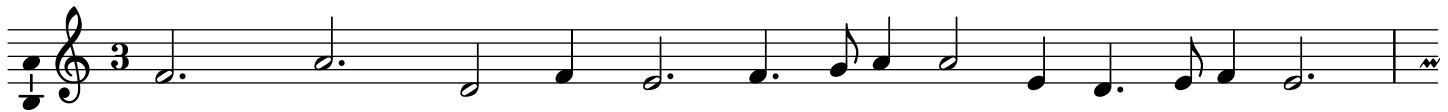
Late - ly come forth of the low country, with ne - ver a pen - ny of mon - y.
To all good Fel - lowes where ev - er they be, with ne - ver a pen - ny of mon - y.
Payes for the shot what e - ver it is, with ne - ver a pen - ny of mon - y.
As long as there is a - ny incke in thy pen fa la la la lau ti do dil - ly.

We be Souldiers three,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TENOR.

Thomas Ravenscroft



1. We be Soul-diers three, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*
2. Here Good fellow I drinke to thee, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*
3. And he that will not pledge me this, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*
4. Charge it againe boy, charge it a - gaine, *Par - don - a moy je vous en pree,*



Late - ly come forth of the low country, with ne - ver a pen - ny of mon - y.
To all good Fel - lowes where ev - er they be, with ne - ver a pen - ny of mon - y.
Payes for the shot what e - ver it is, with ne - ver a pen - ny of mon - y.
As long as there is a - ny incke in thy pen fa la la la lau ti do dil - ly.

We be Souldiers three,

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

BASSVS.

Thomas Ravenscroft



1. We be Soul-diers three, *Par-dona moy je vous en pree,*
2. Here Good fellow I drinke to thee, *Par-dona moy je vous en pree,*
3. And he that will not pledge me this, *Par-dona moy je vous en pree,*
4. Charge it againe boy, charge it a - gaine, *Par-dona moy je vous en pree,*



Late - ly come forth of the low country, with ne - ver a penny of mony.
To all good Fel - lowes where ev - er they be, with ne - ver a penny of mony.
Payes for the shot what e - ver it is, with ne - ver a penny of mony.
As long as there is a - ny incke in thy pen Fa la la la lau ti do dil - ly.

Of all the birds.

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TREBLE.

Thomas Ravenscroft

Of all the birds that e - ver I see, the Owl is the fair - est in her de - gree,
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes, a - way flies she,

5
te who, Sir knave to thou, This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and

10
he is a knave that drinketh now. now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that

15
jol - ly red nose? Nutmegs, and cloves, and that gave thee thy jol - ly red nose.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the Treble voice part of the song 'Of all the birds.' It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff starts at measure 5. The third staff starts at measure 10 and includes first and second endings. The fourth staff starts at measure 15 and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are: 'Of all the birds that e - ver I see, the Owl is the fair - est in her de - gree, For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes, a - way flies she, te who, Sir knave to thou, This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drinketh now. now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose? Nutmegs, and cloves, and that gave thee thy jol - ly red nose.'

Of all the birds.

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

TENOR.

Thomas Ravenscroft

Of all the birds that e - ver I see, the Owl is the fair - est in her de - gree, Te
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes, a - way flies she,

5
whit, to whom drinks thou? This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and

10
he is a knave that drinketh now. now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave mee that

15
jol - ly red nose? Cinamon, and Ginger, Nutmegs, and cloves, and that gave mee my jol - ly red nose.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the Tenor voice part of the song 'Of all the birds.' It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff starts at measure 5. The third staff starts at measure 10 and includes first and second endings. The fourth staff starts at measure 15 and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are: 'Of all the birds that e - ver I see, the Owl is the fair - est in her de - gree, Te For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes, a - way flies she, whit, to whom drinks thou? This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drinketh now. now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave mee that jol - ly red nose? Cinamon, and Ginger, Nutmegs, and cloves, and that gave mee my jol - ly red nose.'

Of all the birds.

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

BASSVS.

Thomas Ravenscroft

Of all the birds that e - ver I see, the Owl is the fair - est in
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes, a-way

4

her de-gree, Te whit, te who, Te whit, te who, Te whit, te who,
flies she,

This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drinketh

now. now. Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose?

16

Nut - megs, and cloves, and that gave thee thy jol - ly red nose.

When Laura Smiles

Cantus

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

tune by Philip Rosseter (1568-1626)



1. When Lau- ra smiles her sight re- vives both night and day,
The earth and hea- ven viewes with de- light her wan- ton play,
2. The dain- tie sprites that still re- maine in fleet- ing aire
Af- fect for pas- time to un- twine her tress- ed haire,
3. Di- an- a's eyes are not a- dorn'd with great- er power
Than Laur- a's when she lists a- while for sport to loure,
4. Love hath no fire but what he steales from her bright eyes,
Time hath no power, but that which in her plea- sure lies,



And her speech with ev- er flow- ing mu- sicke doth re- paire The
And the birds thinke sweete Au- ro- ra morn- ings Queene doth shine From
But when she her eyes en- clos- eth, blind- nes doth ap- peare The
For she with her de- vine beau- ties all the world sub- dues, And



cru- ell wounds of sor- row and un- tam'd des- paire.
her bright sphere when Lau- ra shewes her lookes de- vine.
chief- est grace of beau- tie sweete- ly seat- ed there.
fils with heav'n- ly spi- rits my hum- ble muse.

When Laura Smiles

Bassus

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

tune by Philip Rosseter (1568-1626)



Never weather-beaten Saile

Cantus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more will- ing bent to shore,
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af- fect- ed slum- ber more;
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of heavens high par- a- dise.
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor va- pour dims our eyes;

5
Than my wea- ry spright now longs to flye out of my
Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8
trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
one- ly see: O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

11
O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick- ly, Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Altus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af- fect- ed slum- ber more;
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor va- pour dims our eyes;

6
spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10
O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Tenor

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more will- ing bent to shore,
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af- ect- ed slum- ber more;
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of heavens high par- a- dise.
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor va- pour dims our eyes;

5
Than my wea- ry spright now longs to flye out of my
Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8
trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
one- ly see: O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

11
O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick- ly, Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Bassus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af- ect- ed slum- ber more;
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor va- pour dims our eyes;

6
spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10
O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Now winter nights enlarge,

CANTUS.

Thomas Campion



1. Now win - ter nights en - large the num - ber of their houres, And
Let now the chim - neys blaze, and cups o'er - flow with wine: Let
2. This time doth well dis - pence With lov - ers long dis - course; Much
All doe not all things well; Some mea - sures come-ly tread; Some -



clouds their stormes discharge up - on the ay - rie towres, Now yel - low
well - tun'd words a - maze with har - mo - nie di - vine.
speech hath some de - fence, Though beauty no remorse. The Summer
knot - ted - Rid - les tell; Some Po - ems smoothly read.



wax - en lights shall waite on hun - ny Love, While youth - full Re - vels,
hath his joyes, And Win - ter his de - lights; Though Love and all his



Masks, and Court - ly sights, sleepes lead - en spels re - move.
plea - sures are but toyes, They short - en te - dious nights.

Now winter nights enlarge,

BASSVS.

Thomas Campion



I care not for these ladies

CANTUS.

Thomas Campian (1567-1620)



1. I care not for these La - dies that must be woode and praide,
Give me kind A - ma - ril - lis, the wan - ton coun - trey maide,
2. If I love A - ma - ril - lis, she gives me fruit and flowers,
But if we love these La - dies, we must give gold - en showers,
3. These La - dies must have pil - lowes, and beds by stran-gers wrought,
Give me a Bower of wil - lowes, of mosse and leaves un - bought,



Na - ture art dis-daineth, her beau-tie is her owne, Her when we court and
Give them gold that sell love, give me the Nutbrowne lasse, Who when we court and
And fresh A - ma - ril - lis, with milke and ho - nie fed, Who when we court and

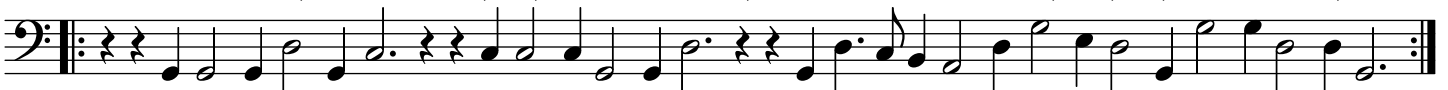


kisse, she cries forsooth let go, but when we come where comfort is shene-ver will say no.
kisse, she cries forsooth let go, but when we come where comfort is shene-ver will say no.
kisse, she cries forsooth let go, but when we come where comfort is shene-ver will say no.

I care not for these ladies

BASSVS.

Thomas Campian (1567-1620)



It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Cantus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, and a hey
2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, With a hey, with a ho, and a hey
3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho, and a hey
4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, With a hey, with a ho, and a hey

5 A
nonny no, and a hey nonny non - ny no, That o'er the green cornfields did pass,
nonny no, and a hey nonny non - ny no, These pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie,
nonny no, and a hey nonny non - ny no, How that a life was but a Flower,
nonny no, and a hey nonny non - ny no, For love is crown - ed with the prime,

11
In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time,

16 B
When birds do sing Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,

20 C
Sweet lovers love the spring, in springtime, in springtime, the only pretty ringtime, when birds do sing

28
hey dingadingading, hey ding-adinga ding, hey dingadingading, Sweet lov - ers love - the spring.

It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Altus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, with a hey ho nonny no, nonny nonny no,
2. Be-tween the a - cres of the Rye, with a hey ho nonny no, nonny nonny no,
3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, with a hey ho nonny no, nonny nonny no,
4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, with a hey ho nonny no, nonny nonny no,

6 A
with a hey non - ny no, That o'er the green corn - fields did pass, that o'er the green
with a hey non - ny no, These pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie, These pret - ty Country
with a hey non - ny no, How that a life was but a Flower, How that a life was
with a hey non - ny no, For love is crown - ed with the prime, For love is crowned

11 B
fields did pass, in springtime, the on - ly pretty ringtime, When birds do sing Hey ding, a dingading,
folks would lie,
but a Flower,
with the prime,

19
hey dingadingading, Lov - ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, the spring, the on - ly pret -

26 C
ty ringtime, when birds do sing Hey dingadingading, hey dingadingading, Lov - ers love the spring.

It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Bassus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, with a hey nonny non - ny no, with a hey
 2. Be-tween the a - cres of the Rye, with a hey nonny non - ny no, with a hey
 3. This Ca - rol they be-gan that hour, with a hey nonny non - ny no, with a hey
 4. And there - fore take the pre-sent time, with a hey nonny non - ny no, with a hey

6
 A
 ho non - ny non - ny no, That o'er the green fields, the green cornfields did pass,
 ho non - ny non - ny no, These pret - ty Coun - try, these coun - try folks would lie,
 ho non - ny non - ny no, How that a life was, a life was but a Flower,
 ho non - ny non - ny no, For love is crown - ed, is crown - ed with the prime,

11
 In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly ring - time,

16
 B
 When birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding - a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lov - ers love

22
 the spring, in spring-time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time,

27
 C
 when birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding - a-ding Sweet lov-ers love the spring.

He that will an alehouse keep

Round in three parts

From *Melismata* (1611)

Thomas Ravenscroft

He that will an Ale-house keepe, must haue three things in store. a
 5 Cham-ber and a fea-ther Bed a Chim-ney and a hey no-ny no-ny,
 9 hay no-ny no-ny, hey no-ny no, hey no-ny no, he- no-ny no.

To Portsmouth

A round in 4 parts

From *Pammelia* (1609)

Thomas Ravenscroft

To Ports-mouth, to Ports-mouth it is a gal-lant towne, and there wee will
 6 have a quart of wine with a nut-meg browne, did-dle downe, The gal-lant shippe, the Mer-
 11 maid, the Li-on hang-ing stout, did make us to spend there our sixe-teen pence all out.

As I mee walked in a May Morning,

Canon in the unison for 4 voices

From *Pammelia* (1609)

Thomas Ravenscroft

As I mee walk- ed in a May Morn- ing,
Shee nod ded up and downe, and swore all by her crowne
All you that mar- ried be, learne this song of me,
All young men in this throng, to mar- ry that thinke it long,

7
I heard a birde sing Cu- ckow.
Shee had friends in the towne, Cu- ckow.
So shall we not a- gree, Cu- ckow.
Come learne of me this song, Cu- ckow.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first piece. It features a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are printed below the notes. A repeat sign is placed above the staff at the beginning of the second line of music. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Oken Leaves, a Round of 3 Voices

From *Pammelia* (1609)

Thomas Ravenscroft

Oak- en leaves in the mer- ry wood so wilde, when wilt you grow green a,
fayr- est maid and thou be with child, lul- la- by maist thou sing a,
lul- la lul- la-by lul- la lul- la lul- la-by lul- la-by maist thou sing a.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second piece. It features a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The piece is marked with a repeat sign at the beginning of the first line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Now God be with old Simeon

A round of 3 voices

From "Pammelia" (1609)

Thomas Ravenscroft

Musical score for "Now God be with old Simeon" in G minor, 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are: "Now God be with old Sim - e-on, for he made cannes for man-y a one, and a good old man was he, And Jin-kin was his jour-neyman, and hee could tipple of ev-ery can, and thus he said to me, to whome drinke you sir knave, to you, then hey ho Jol-ly Jin-kin, I spie a knave in drinking, come trole the bole to me." The score includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the second staff and a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

Now God be with old Sim - e-on, for he made cannes for man-y a one, and a
10 good old man was he, And Jin-kin was his jour-neyman, and hee could tipple of
20 ev-ery can, and thus he said to me, to whome drinke you sir knave, to you, then
30 hey ho Jol-ly Jin-kin, I spie a knave in drinking, come trole the bole to me.

Three Blinde Mice

A Round of 3 Voices

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

Thomas Ravenscroft

Musical score for "Three Blinde Mice" in G minor, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves of music. The lyrics are: "Three blinde Mice, three blinde Mice, Dame Ju- li- an, Dame Ju- li- an, the Mil- ler and his mer-ry olde Wife, shee scrape her tripe licke thou the knife." The score includes a "fine" marking and a repeat sign at the end of the first staff.

Three blinde Mice, three blinde Mice, Dame Ju- li- an, Dame Ju- li- an, the
9 Mil- ler and his mer-ry olde Wife, shee scrape her tripe licke thou the knife.

Judith and Holifernes

Michael Wise



When Ju - dith approach'd Ho - li - fer - nes in bed, She pull'd out his falchion



and cut off his head; The rea - son is plain, he'd have made her his whore,



So she cut off his head as I told you be - fore, as I told you be - fore.

For Deliverance from a publike Sicknesse

George Wither

Cantus

Orlando Gibbons

① 2 3 4



When thou wouldst, Lord, af - flict a Land,
 And here a - mongst us, for our sin,
 To thee our cries we there-fore sent
 For which thy love, in thank-full wise,



or scourge thy Peo - ple that of - fend, to put in
 a sore dis - ease hath late - ly reign'd, Whose fu - ry
 thy wont - ed Pi - ty, Lord to prove; Our wick - ed
 both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the



practice thy com-mand, thy crea-tures all on thee at - tend; And thou, to
 so un-stay'd hath bin, it could by no-thing be re-strain'd; But o - ver-
 ways we did re - pent, thy Vi - si - ta - tion to re - move; And thou thine
 stead of for - mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise; By whom the



ex - e - cute thy Word, hast Fam-ine, Sick - ness, Fire and Sword.
 threw both weak and strong, and took a - way both old and young.
 An - gel did com-mand, to stay his wrath - in - flict-ing hand.
 fav - our yet we have, to scape the ne - ver - fill - ed Grave.

For Deliverance from a publike Sicknesse

George Wither
1 ② 3 4

Altus

Orlando Gibbons



When thou wouldst, Lord, af - flict a Land,
And here a - mongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there - fore sent
For which thy love, in thank - full wise,

4



or scourge thy Peo - ple that of - fend, to put in prac - tice
a sore dis - ease hath late - ly reign'd, Whose fu - ry so un -
thy wont - ed Pi - ty, Lord to prove; Our wick - ed ways we
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the stead of

9



thy com - mand, thy crea - tures all on thee at - tend; And thou, to
stay'd hath bin, it could by no - thing be re - strain'd; But o - ver -
did re - pent, thy Vi - si - ta - tion to re - move; And thou thine
for - mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise; By whom the

14



ex - e - cute thy Word, hast Fam - ine, Sick - ness, Fire and Sword.
threw both weak and strong, and took a - way both old and young.
An - gel did com - mand, to stay his wrath - in - flict - ing hand.
fav - our yet we have, to scape the ne - ver - fill - ed Grave.

For Deliverance from a publike Sicknesse

George Wither
1 2 ③ 4

Tenor

Orlando Gibbons



When thou wouldst, Lord, af - flict a Land,
And here a - mongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there-fore sent
For which thy love, in thank-full wise,



or scourge thy Peo - ple that of - fend, to put in prac-tice thy
a sore dis - ease hath late - ly reign'd, Whose fu - ry so un -
thy wont - ed Pi - ty, Lord to prove; Our wick-ed ways we
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the stead of



com-mand, thy crea-tures all on thee at - tend; And thou, to
stay'd hath bin, it could by no - thing be re-strain'd; But o - ver-
did re - pent, thy Vi - si - ta - tion to re - move; And thou thine
for - mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise; By whom the



ex - e - cute thy Word, hast Fam-ine, Sick-ness, Fire and Sword.
threw both weak and strong, and took a - way both old and young.
An - gel did com-mand, to stay his wrath - in - flict-ing hand.
fav - our yet we have, to scape the ne - ver - fill - ed Grave.

For Deliverance from a publike Sicknesse

George Wither
1 2 3 ④

Bassus

Orlando Gibbons



When thou wouldst, Lord, af - flict a Land,
And here a - mongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there-fore sent
For which thy love, in thank-full wise,

4



or scourge thy Peo - ple that of - fend, to put in prac - tice thy
a sore dis - ease hath late - ly reign'd, Whose fu - ry so un-stay'd
thy wont - ed Pi - ty, Lord to prove; Our wick-ed ways we did
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the stead of for -

9



com - mand, thy crea - tures all on thee at - tend; And thou, to
hath bin, it could by no - thing be re - strain'd; But o - ver -
re - pent, thy Vi - si - ta - tion to re - move; And thou thine
mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise; By whom the

14



ex - e - cute thy Word, hast Fam - ine, Sick - ness, Fire and Sword.
threw both weak and strong, and took a - way both old and young.
An - gel did com - mand, to stay his wrath - in - flict - ing hand.
fav - our yet we have, to scape the ne - ver - fill - ed Grave.

Psalm 67

Matthew Parker (1504 – 1575)

Meane

Thomas Tallis

9 tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter

① 2 3 4



1. God grant with grace, He us em-brace, In gen-tle part,
3. *Let Thee al - ways The peo-ple praise, O God of bliss,*
5. Let Thee al - ways The peo-ple praise, O God of bliss,
7. *So God our guide Shall bless us wide With all in-crease,*



Bliss be our heart: With lov - ing face Shine He in place, His mer - cies all
As due it is: The peo - ple whole Ought Thee ex - tol, From whom all thing
As due it is: The peo - ple whole Ought Thee ex - tol, From whom all thing
No time to cease: All folk there - by On earth which lie His name shall fear,



On us to fall. 2. That we Thy way May know all day,
They see to spring. 4. All folk re - joice, Lift up your voice,
They see to spring. 6. The earth shall bud His fruits so good,
And love Him bear.



While we do sail This world so frail: Thy health's re - ward
For Thou in sight Shalt judge them right: Thou shalt di - rect
Then thanks most due From it shall sue: And God e'en He



Is nigh de - clared, As plain at eye All Gen - tiles spy
The Gen - tiles sect, In earth that be To turn to Thee.
Our God most free Shall bless us aye From day to day.

Psalm 67

Matthew Parker (1504 – 1575)

Contratenor

Thomas Tallis

9 tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter

1 ② 3 4



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7. *So God our guide Shall bless us wide With all in-crease,*



Bliss be our heart: With lov - ing face Shine He in place,
As due it is: *The peo - ple whole Ought Thee ex - tol,*
As due it is: *The peo - ple whole Ought Thee ex - tol,*
No time to cease: *All folk there-by On earth which lie*



His mer - cies all On us to fall. 2. That we Thy way
From whom all thing They see to spring. 4. *All folk re - joice,*
From whom all thing They see to spring. 6. The earth shall bud
His name shall fear, And love Him bear.



May know all day, While we do sail This world so frail:
Lift up your voice, For Thou in sight Shalt judge them right:
His fruits so good, Then thanks most due From it shall sue:



Thy health's re-ward Is nigh de-clared, As plain at eye All Gen-tiles spy
Thou shalt di-rect The Gen-tiles sect, In earth that be To turn to Thee.
And God e'en He Our God most free Shall bless us aye From day to day.

Psalm 67

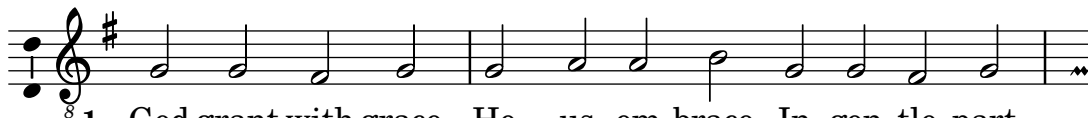
Matthew Parker (1504 – 1575)

Tenor

Thomas Tallis

9 tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter

1 2 ③ 4



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5. Let Thee al - ways The peo-ple praise, O God of bliss,
7. *So God our guide Shall bless us wide With all in-crease,*



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As due it is: The peo - ple whole Ought Thee ex - tol,
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And God e'en He Our God most free Shall bless us aye From day to day.

Psalm 67

Matthew Parker (1504 – 1575)

Base

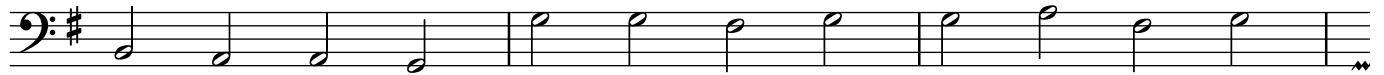
Thomas Tallis

9 tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter

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 5. Let Thee al - ways The peo-ple praise, O God of bliss,
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 As due it is: The peo - ple whole Ought Thee ex - tol,
 No time to cease: *All folk there - by On earth which lie*



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His name shall fear, And love Him bear.



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