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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.

Five Reasons

A 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
 5 we should drink: Good wine, a friend, or be- ing dry,
 9 Or lest we should be by and by; Or an- y oth- er rea- son, or an- y
 13 oth- er rea- son, or an- y oth- er rea- son why, an- y rea- son why!

He that drinks is immortal

A Round in three 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 three parts

George Berg (c. 1720 -- 1775)

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 four 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 three 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 kiss'd her twice, and we were won- drous mer- ry.

Fie, nay, prithee, John

Round in three parts

Henry Purcell, 1659-1695

Musical score for 'Fie, nay, prithee, John' in G major, common time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: '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?' The score includes measure numbers 4, 6, 8, and 11.

Fie, nay, prith- ee, John, Do not quar- rel, man! Let's be mer- ry and
 4 drink a- bout; You're a rogue, you cheat- ed me! I'll
 6 prove be- fore this com- pa- ny, I caren't a farth- ing, sir, for all you
 8 are so stout! Sir, you lie! I scorn your word or an- y man that wears a sword! For
 11 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)

Musical score for 'Banbury Ale' in C major, common time. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Ban- bu- ry ale, Where, where, where? At the black- smith's house, I would I were there!' The score includes measure number 3.

Ban- bu- ry ale, Where, where, where?
 3 At the black- smith's house, I would I were there!

Slaves are they that heap up mountains

Round in four parts

John Stafford Smith (1750--1826)

Slaves are they that heap up moun- tains, still de- sir- ing, more and
 4 more, Still de- sir- ing more and more, more, more, more, more,
 9 more! Still de- sir- ing more and more, de- sir- ing more and more! We'll ca-
 14 rouse in Bac- chus' foun- tains, Nev- er dream- ing, nev- er nev- er, nev- er
 18 dream- ing to be poor; Nev- er dream- ing to be poor, nev- er
 25 dream- ing to be poor. Give us then a cup of liq- uor, Fill it up un- to the
 30 brim, fill it up un- to the brim, fill, fill, fill, fill, fill!
 36 Fill it up un- to the brim, un- to the brim! For then me- thinks our wits grow
 41 quick- er, When our brains in liq- uor swim, when our brains in liq- uor
 45 swim, When our brains in liq- uor swim.

John Stafford Smith is better known for this next tune:

To Anacreon in Heaven

s Sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand

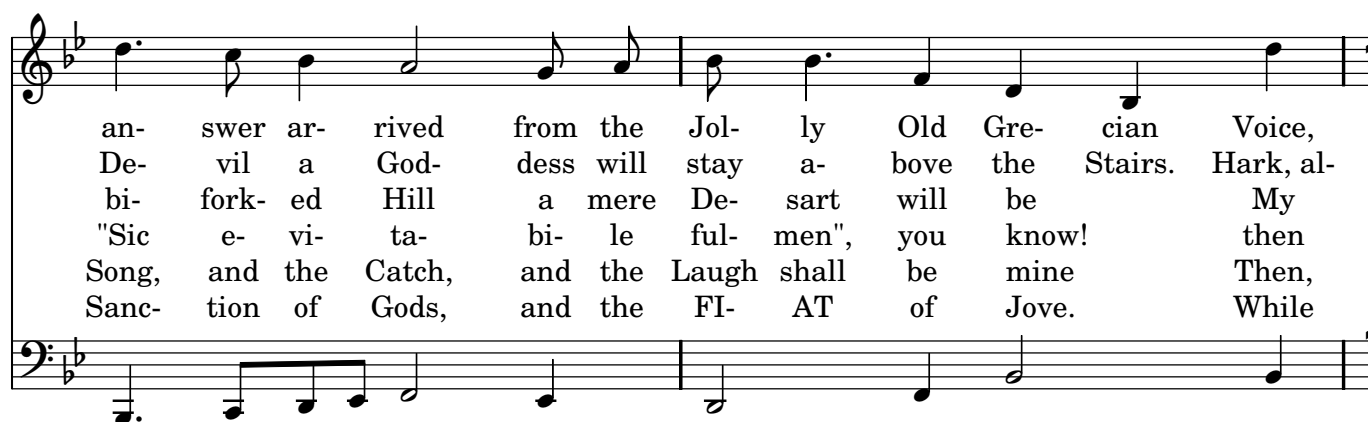
Ralph Tomlinson Esq.

John Stafford Smith (attributed)

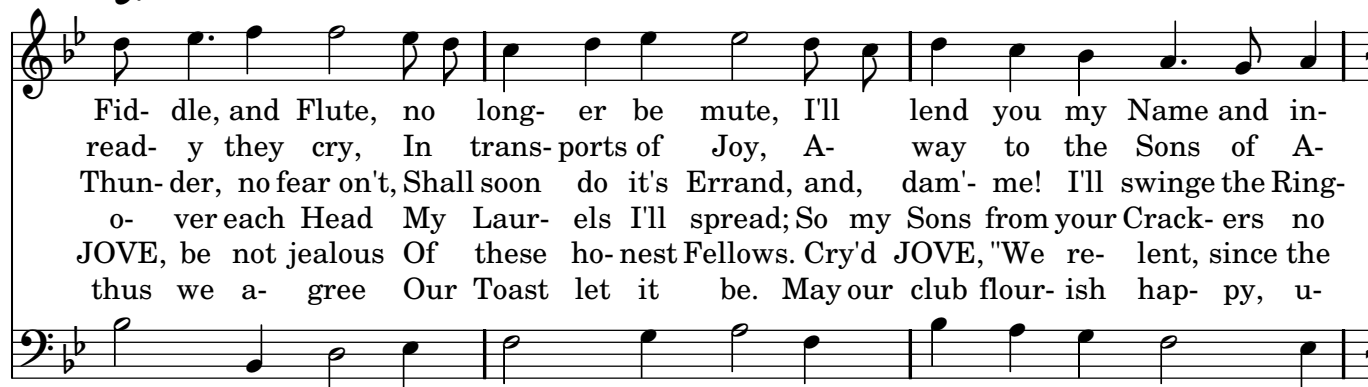
I. To A- na- creon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee, A
 II. The news through O- LYM- PUS im- me- diate- ly flew; When OLD
 III. The YEL- LOW- HAIRE D GOD and his nine lust- y Maids From
 IV. A- POL- LO rose up; and said, "Pr'y- thee ne'er quarrel, Good
 V. Next MO- MUS got up, with his ris- i- ble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

few sons of Har- mo- ny sent a pe- ti- tion, That
 THUN- DER pre- ten- ded to give him- self Airs If these
 He- li- con's Banks will in- con- ti- nent flee, I-
 King of the Gods, with my Vo- t'ries be- low: Your
 swore with A- POL- LO he'd cheer- ful- ly join The
 serve U- na- ni- mi- ty, Friend- ship, and Love! 'Tis

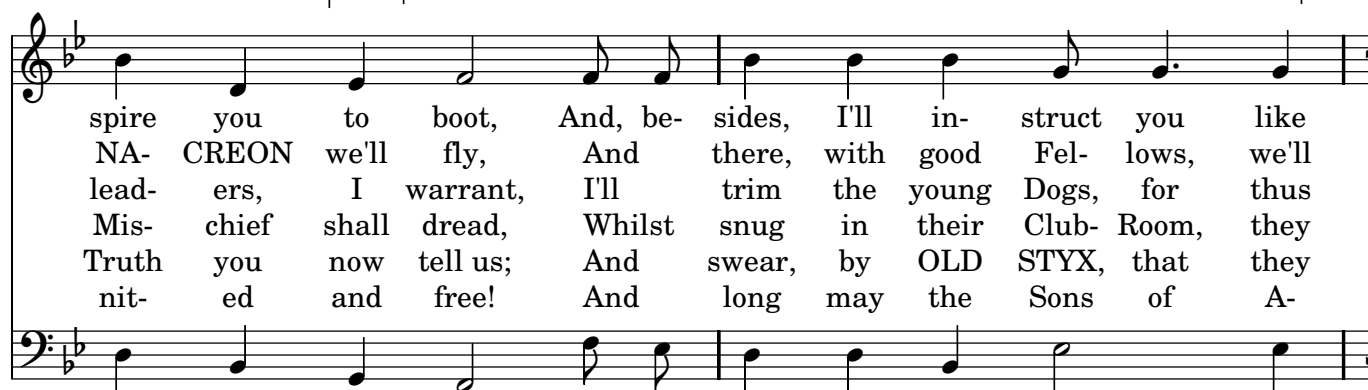
He their In- spi- rer and Pa- tron would be; When this
 mor- tals are suf- fer'd their Scheme to per- sue, The
 DA- LIA will boast but of te- nant- less Shades, And the
 Thun- der is use- less." then, shew- ing his Laurel, Cry'd,
 full Tide of Har- mo- ny still shall be his, But the
 your's to sup- port what's so hap- pi- ly plann'd; You've the



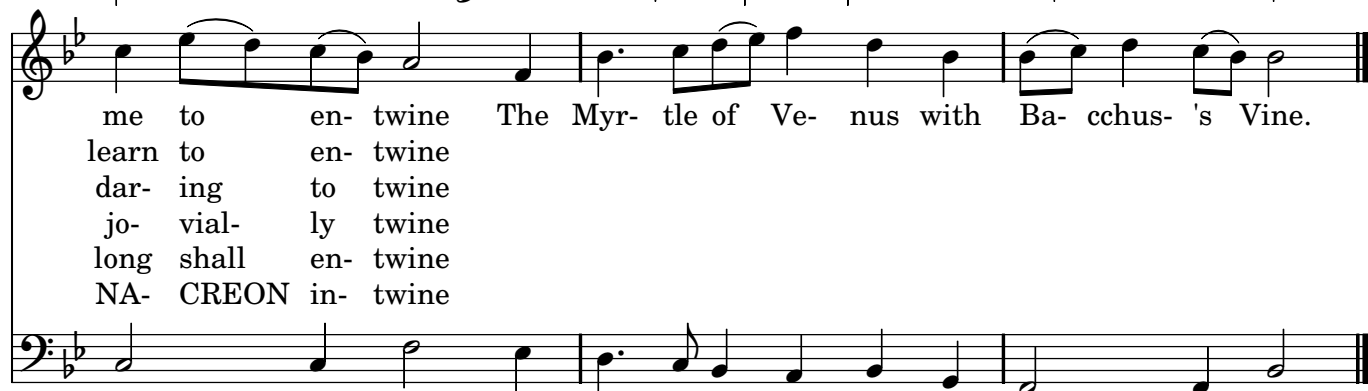
an- swer ar- rived from the Jol- ly Old Gre- cian Voice,
 De- vil a God- dess will stay a- bove the Stairs. Hark, al-
 bi- fork- ed Hill a mere De- sart will be My
 "Sic e- vi- ta- bi- le ful- men", you know! then
 Song, and the Catch, and the Laugh shall be mine Then,
 Sanc- tion of Gods, and the FI- AT of Jove. While



Fid- dle, and Flute, no long- er be mute, I'll lend you my Name and in-
 read- y they cry, In trans- ports of Joy, A- way to the Sons of A-
 Thun- der, no fear on't, Shall soon do it's Errand, and, dam'- me! I'll swinge the Ring-
 o- ver each Head My Laur- els I'll spread; So my Sons from your Crack- ers no
 JOVE, be not jealous Of these ho- nest Fellows. Cry'd JOVE, "We re- lent, since the
 thus we a- gree Our Toast let it be. May our club flour- ish hap- py, u-



spire you to boot, And, be- sides, I'll in- struct you like
 NA- CREON we'll fly, And there, with good Fel- lows, we'll
 lead- ers, I warrant, I'll trim the young Dogs, for thus
 Mis- chief shall dread, Whilst snug in their Club- Room, they
 Truth you now tell us; And swear, by OLD STYX, that they
 nit- ed and free! And long may the Sons of A-



me to en- twine The Myr- tle of Ve- nus with Ba- cchus- 's Vine.
 learn to en- twine
 dar- ing to twine
 jo- vial- ly twine
 long shall en- twine
 NA- CREON in- twine

The glass was just timed

Round in three parts

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

The glass was just tim'd to the cri-ti-cal hour When we heard the re-port of
 7 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
 19 and our bum-pers ad-vance: Suc-cess to old Eng-land, con-fu-sion to France!

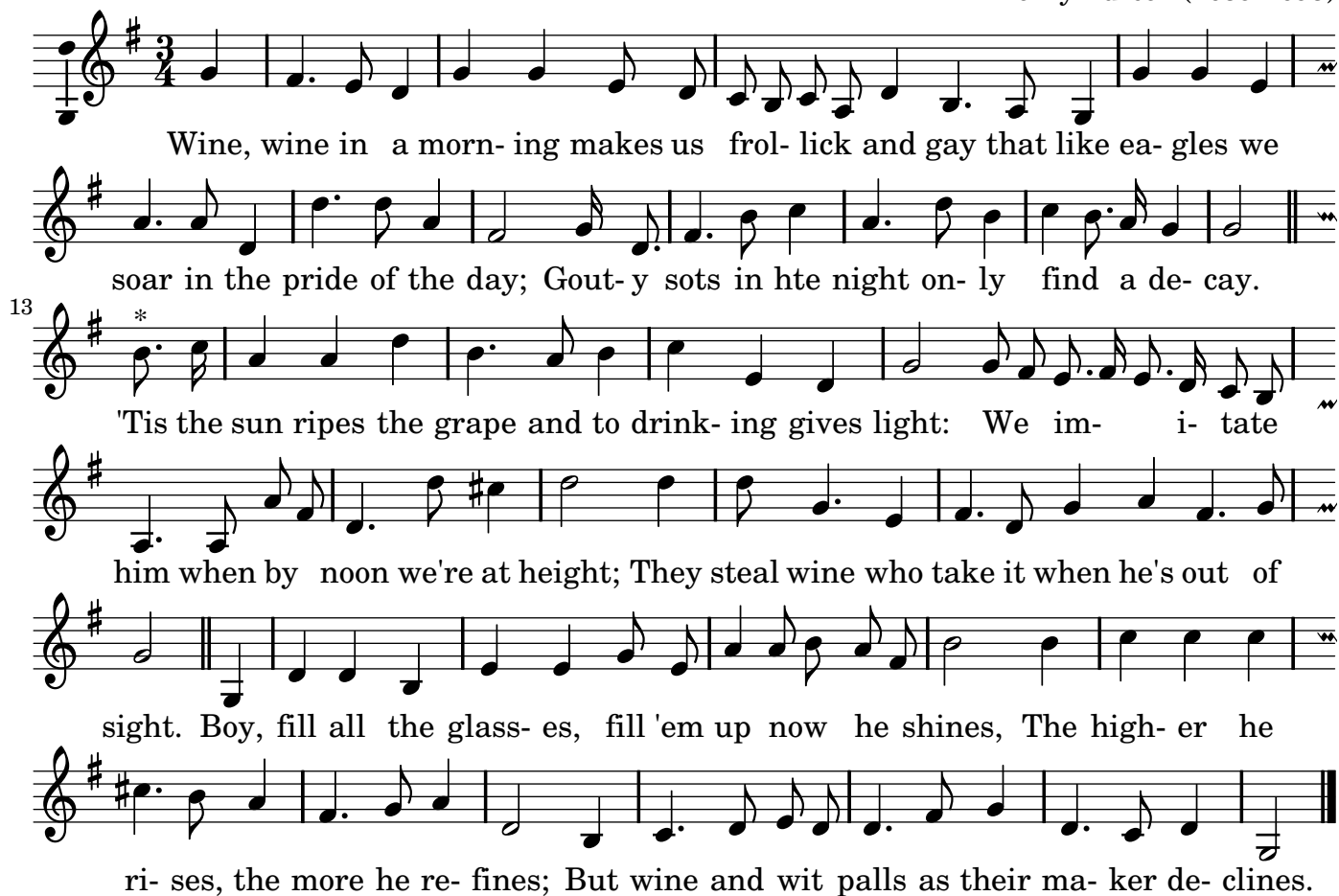
Down with Bacchus

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Down, down with Bac- chus, down, down with Bac- chus: from this hour Re-
 4 nounce, re- nounce the grape's ty- ran- nick pow'r; Whilst in our large, our
 8 large con- fed'- rate bowl, and ming- ling ver- tue, ming- ling ver- tue, cheer the
 12 soul. Down with the French, down with the French, march on to Nantz, For
 16 whose, for whose dear sake wee'l con' quer France; And when, when th'in-
 20 spir- ing cups swell high, their hun- gry, hun- gry juice with scorn, with scorn de-
 24 fy. Rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse roy- al boyes, your for- ces joyn To
 28 rout, to rout the Mon- sieur and his wine; Then, then, then, then the next
 32 year our bowl shall be Quaff'd, quaff'd un- der the vines in Bur- gun- dy.

Wine in a morning

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

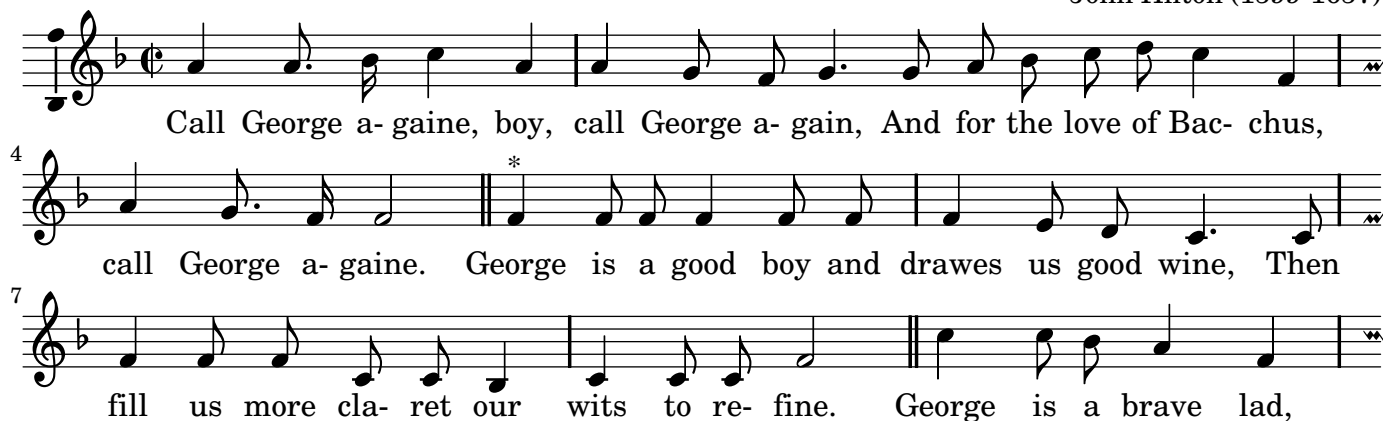


Wine, wine in a morn- ing makes us fro- lick and gay that like ea- gles we
soar in the pride of the day; Gout- y sots in hte night on- ly find a de- cay.

13 *
'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 againe

John Hilton (1599-1657)



Call George a- gaine, boy, call George a- gain, And for the love of Bac- chus,
4 *
call George a- gaine. George is a good boy and drawes us good wine, Then
7
fill us more cla- ret our wits to re- fine. George is a brave lad,

10



and an hon- esst man, If you will know him he dwels at the Swan.

The image shows a single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), D5 (half), E5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (half). The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens under 'hon-' and 'esst' to indicate syllables across notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Here's a health, pray let it pass about,

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

$\text{♩} = 200$

Here's a health, a health, pray let it pass a- bout, A health that ne'er shall cease till

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

7 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 three 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 will 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!

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

From Kentish Harmony (1821)

Care, thou can-ker of our joys, Now thy ty-rant reigh is o'er! Fill the mer-ry
 6 bowl, my boys! join the bac-cha-na-lian roar! Seize the vil-lain, plunge him in!
 11 See, the ha-ted mis-creant dies! Mirth, and all thy train, come in! Ban-ish sor-row,
 16 tears and sighs! O'er the mer-ry mid-night bowl, Oh, how hap-py shall we be!
 21 Day was made for vul-gar souls; Night, my boys, for you and me!

Confusion to the pow'r of Cupid

John Eccles (c.1661 -- 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
 13 to claps and sog' gy ale. A pox of Love, a pox of Love, there' no-
 18 thing in it, A bum- per gives the hap- py, hap- py min- ute.

Hey ho, nobody at home — A round in 3 parts

From "Pammelia" (1609) published by Thomas Ravenscroft

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 — A round in 5 parts

From "Pammelia" (1609) published by Thomas Ravenscroft

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

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 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

John Reading

Let crys- tal White Wine cheer the drow- sy mind; 'Tis Clar- et on- ly leaves a
 7 stain be- hind; In the use of which we do Bac- chus dis grace; We
 13 make the god mor- tal by paint- ing his face; He's not like a god, whose
 19 im- age is red; O'er night his cheeks blush, in the morn- ing they're dead.

Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn

Superius

Ludwig Senfl



1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Wei-ne gahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, Sie wollt den
2. Wol- stu mich denn nit ze-chen lahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, So wollt ich
3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Hero-ri mato-ri, Die Fraw lebt

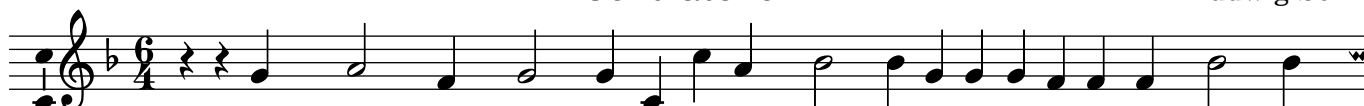


Man nit mit ir lahn, Guretsch, guretsch, Guritzi maretsch, Hero-ri mato - ri.
 zu einr an - dern gahn,
 Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn

Contratenor

Ludwig Senfl



1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Wei - ne gahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, Sie wollt den
2. Wol- stu mich denn nit ze - chen lahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, So wollt ich
3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Hero-ri mato-ri, Die Fraw lebt



Man nit mit ir lahn, Guretsch, guretsch, Guritzi maretsch, Hero-ri mato - ri.
 zu einr an - dern gahn,
 Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn**Tenor**

Ludwig Senfl

1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Wei-ne gahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, Sie wollt den
 2. Wol- stu mich denn nit ze-chen lahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, So wollt ich
 3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Hero-ri mato-ri, Die Fraw lebt

5
 8 Man nit mit ir lahn, Guretsch, guretsch, Guritzi maretsch, Hero-ri mato - ri.
 zu einr an - dern gahn,
 Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn**Bassus**

Ludwig Senfl

1. Es wollt ein Fraw zum Wei-ne gahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, Sie wollt den
 2. Wol- stu mich denn nit ze-chen lahn, Hero-ri mato-ri, So wollt ich
 3. Der Mann muss jetzt sein Narr im Haus, Hero-ri mato-ri, Die Fraw lebt

5
 8 Man nit mit ir lahn, Guretsch, guretsch, Guritzi maretsch, Hero-ri mato - ri.
 zu einr an - dern gahn,
 Tag und Nacht im Sauss,

⁰Translation:

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

Cantus

Guillaume le Heurteur

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

10 **A**
ne, tout tour- ne, Et quant je n'en boy
goes round, And when I don't drink

20
point tout ne tour- ne point, (Et quant je n'en boy point tout
wine, No- thing comes a- round, (And when I don't drink wine, No- thing comes a-

28
ne tour- ne point,) Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de- nier je
round, comes a- round.) And when there's no- thing in my purse, I


37
ne boyt point, ne bel- le fil- le a mon cou- cher tout ne tour- ne
don't drink wine, no wo- men in my bed: No- thing comes a-

47 **B**
point, (tout ne tour- ne point.) Et quant de ces vins
round, No- thing comes a- round. No ad- juncts in the

58
blancs je boy Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne me tour-
beer I drink On- ly good hops and malt and yeast, Or no- thing comes round

66 **C**
ne; Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour-
to me; When I drink good wine the world goes round,

74



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

[17] Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne

Tenor

Guillaume le Heurteur



Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne, (Quant je
When I drink good wine the world goes round, (When I
boy du vin cla- ret tout) tour- ne, Quant je n'en
drink good wine the) world goes round,) And when I
boy point tout ne tour- ne point, (Quant je n'en boy point
don't drink wine, No- thing comes a- round, When I don't drink wine,
tout ne tour- ne point,) tout ne tour- ne point, Et
No- thing comes a- round,) No- thing- comes a- round, And
quant n'ay mail- le ne de- nier je ne boyt point, ne bel- le
when there's no- thing in my purse, I don't drink wine, no wo- men

47

fil- le a mon cou- cher tout ne tour- ne point, Et quant de ces vins blancs je
in my bed: No- thing comes a- round, No ad- juncts in the beer I

56

boy Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne
drink On- ly good hops and malt and yeast, Or no- thing comes

65 C

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

75

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

[17] Quant je boy du vin claret tout tourne

Bassus Guillaume le Heurteur

Bassus

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

8

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

15 A

ret tout tour- ne,) Et quant je n'en boy
 world goes round, And when I don't drink

24

point tout ne tour- ne point, (tout ne tour- ne point,) Et quant n'ay
 wine, No- thing comes a- round, No- thing comes a- round, And when there's

31

mail- le ne de- nier je ne boyt point, (Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de-
 no- thing in my purse, I don't drink wine, And when there's no- thing in my

38

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

47 B

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

57

Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne me
On- ly good hops and malt and yeast, no- thing comes

66 C

tour- ne; Quant je boy du vin cla- ret (Quant je boy du vin cla-
round to me; When I drink good wine When I drink good wine the

74

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

[18] Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette (Transposed)

Cantus

Claudin de Sermisy

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

10 A

ta il fust preud-
grow- ing ripe, grow-

21

hom. Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet- te, Vi- gnon, vi-
ing ripe. A wise man plant- ed and pruned them well, And asked us

⁰Singing translation by Laura Conrad. 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.

[18] Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette

Tenor

Claudin de Sermisy

Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi-
The grapes smell sweet, here in the

12 gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom. Tu fuz cou-
vine- yard, the grapes are grow- ing ripe. A wise man

22 pé e a la ser- pet- te, Vi-
plant- ed and pruned them well, pruned them well, And

32 gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Il me sem- ble ad- vis que j'a- lec-
asked us here in- to his vine yard, He'll of- fer us a glass of wine, glass of

42 te Quant tu pas- ses mon gor- ge- ron Vi-
wine, which we'll en- joy, all the way down our throats. The

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

62 fust preud- hom, Vi- hom.
ing ripe, the ripe.

[18] Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette**Bassus**

Claudin de Sermisy

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

9
ta il fust preud- hom. (Qui te plan- ta il fust
grow- ing ripe. the grapes are grow- ing ripe, grow-

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

29
gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te,
asked us here in- to his vin- yard, his vin- yard.

41
Quant tu pas- ses per mon gor- ge- ron, per mon gor- ge-
which we'll en- joy, all the way down our throats, all the way down our

51
ron. Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan-
throats. The grapes smell sweet, here in the vin- yard, in the vin-

62 **1** **2**
ta, qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom, hom.
yard, The grapes are grow- ing ripe, ripe.

⁰ 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.



Vive la serpe

Cantus

Claudin de Sermisy

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

8 B
 La ser- pe tail- le la vi- gnet- te Vi- ve la ser- pe Vou- lez vous
 In spring the shears shape the vines In fall they pick grapes How could you

15
 cho- se plus hon- ne- ste Pour ven- den- ger le gra- pil-
 have a bet- ter tool to prune the vine and har- vest

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

30
 Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te, Les ser- piers et le ser- pil- lon.
 Sing of the pru- ning shears, Time to get out those pru- ning shears,

Vive la serpe

Altus

Claudin de Sermisy

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

7 A B
 ser- pe tail- le la vi- gnet- te Vi- ve la ser-
 spring the shears shape the vines In fall they pick

13
 pe Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne- ste
 grapes How could you have a bet- ter tool

19 C

Pour ven- den- ger, Pour ven- den- ger, le gra- pil- lon? Vi- ve la
to prune the vine, to prune the vine, and har- vest grapes. Sing of the

24

ser- pe Les ser- pier et le ser- pil- lons,
shears Time to get out those pru- ning shears,

30

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

Vive la serpe

Tenor

Claudin de Sermisy

8 Vi- ve la ser- pe Les ser- pier et le ser- pil-
Sing of the shears Time to get out those pru- ning

7 **A** lon, La ser- pe tail- le la vi- gnet- te Ser- pe et la ser-
shears, In spring the shears shape the vines In fall they har-

14 pet- te: Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne- ste Pour ven- den- ger,
vest grapes How could you have a bet- ter tool to prune the vine

20 **C** Pour ven- den- ger le gra- pil- lon? Ser- pe et la ser- pet- te:
to prune the vine and har- vest grapes. Sing of the pru- ning shears,

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

31 Les ser- piers et le ser- pil- lon.
Time to get out those pru- ning shears.

Vive la serpe


Bassus


Claudin de Sermisy


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

7 **A** La ser- pe tail- le la vi- gnet- te Ser- pe et la ser-
In spring the shears shape the vines Sing of the pru- ning

B

14

 pet-te, Vou- lez vous cho- se plus hon- ne- ste Pour ven- den- ger
 shears, How could you have a bet- ter tool to prune the vine

21

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

28

 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.

⁰ 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...