

# Drinking Songs

Edited by Laura Conrad

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# He that will an alehouse keep

*From Melismata, ed. Thomas Ravenscroft, 1611*

He that will an Ale- house keepe, must haue three things in store. a Cham- ber and a

6

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

*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, 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

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?

# I gave her cakes and I gave her ale

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.

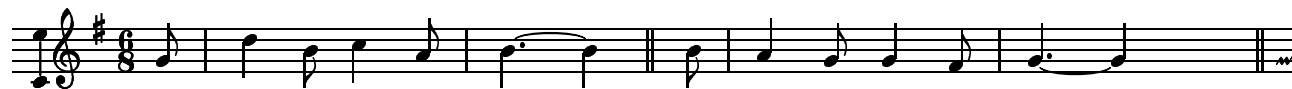
# Slaves are they that heap up mountains

*John Stafford Smith, (1750 – 1836)*

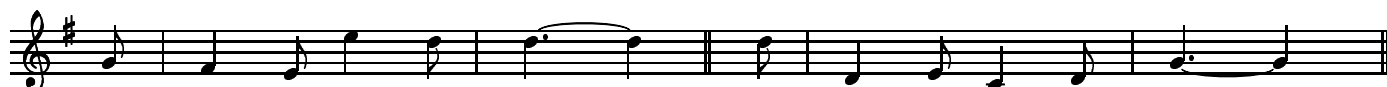


# 'Tis women

*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!

# Let us drink and be merry

*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



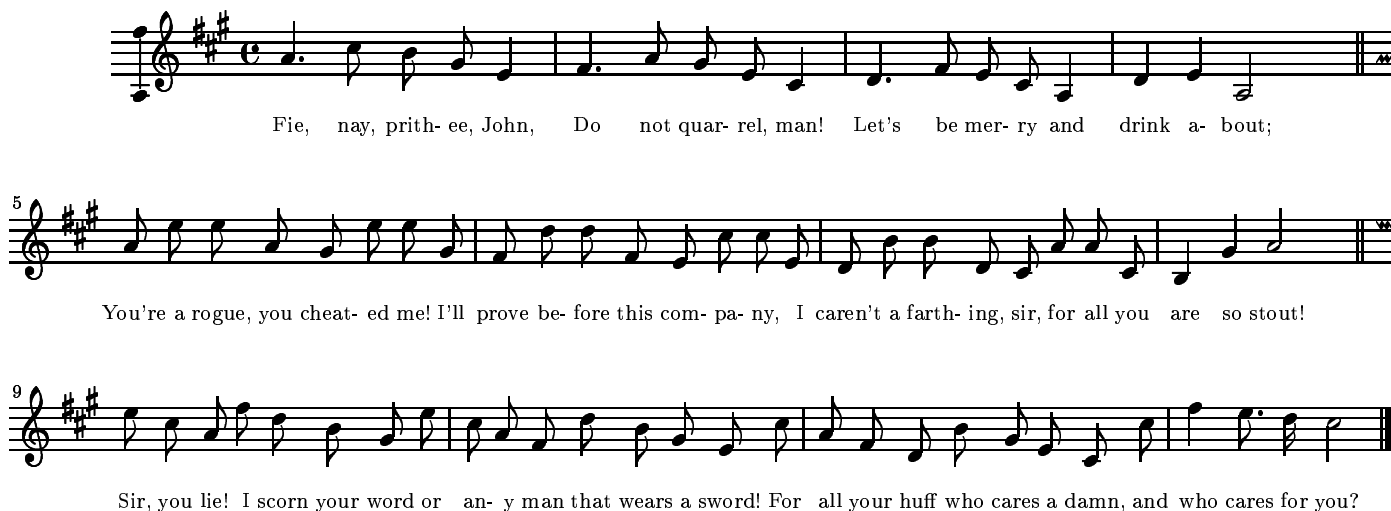
voice! The change- a- ble world to our joys is un- just, And all pleas- ures are end- ed when we're in the



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

# Fie, nay, prithée John

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



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

5 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!

9 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

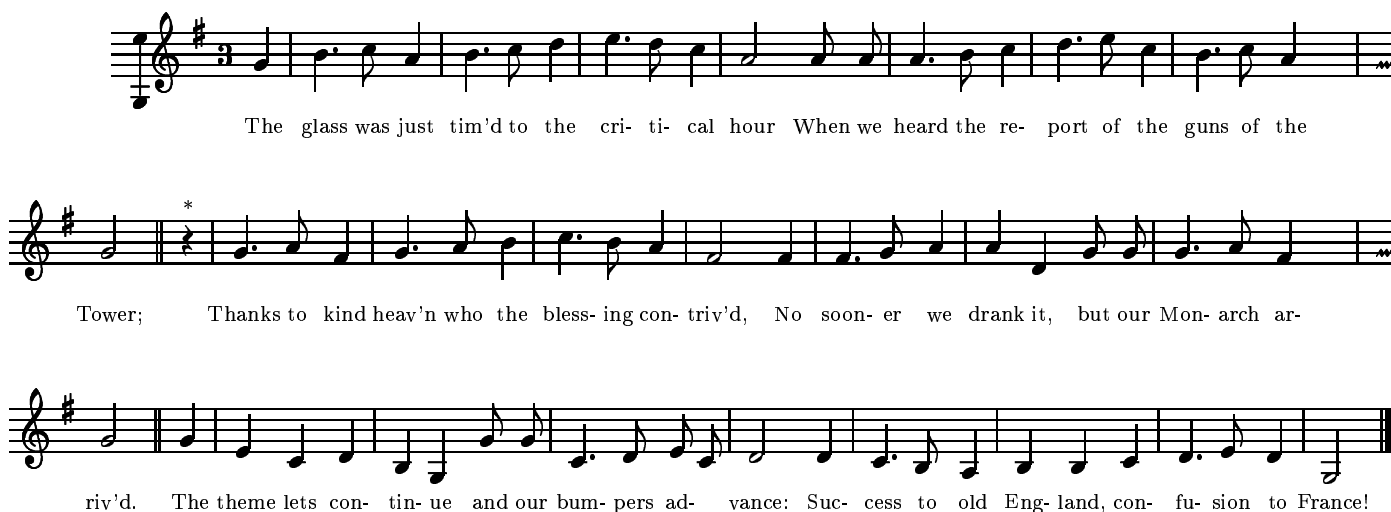
Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)



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

# The glass was just timed

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

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



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



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



ver- tue, cheer the soul. Down with the French, down with the French, march on to Nantz, For whose, for whose dear



sake wee'l con' quer France; And when, when th'in- spir- ing cups swell high, their hun- gry, hun- gry juice with



score, 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

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



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



Gout- y sots in hte night on- ly find a de- cay. 'Tis the sun ripens 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

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

*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

*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



bowl, my boys! join the bac- cha- na- lian roar! Seize the vil- lain, plunge him in! See, the ha- ted



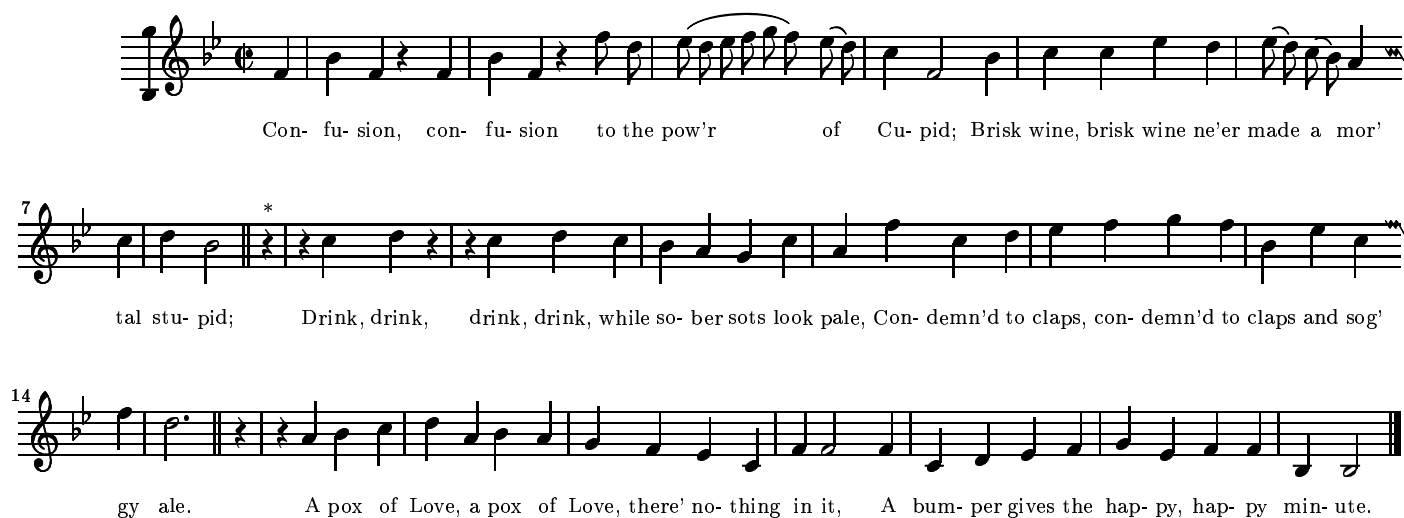
mis- creant dies! MIrth, and all thy train, come in! Ban- ish sor- row, tears and sighs! O'er the mer- ry



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

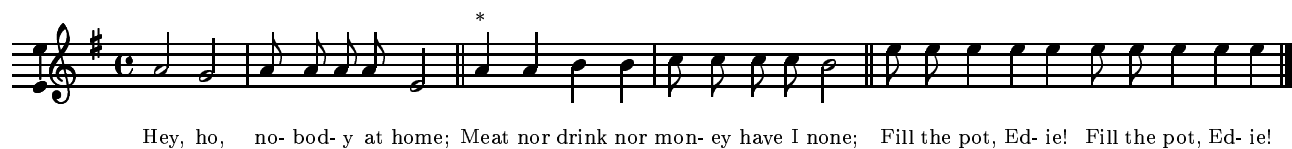
*John Eccles (c. 1660 – 1735)*



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.

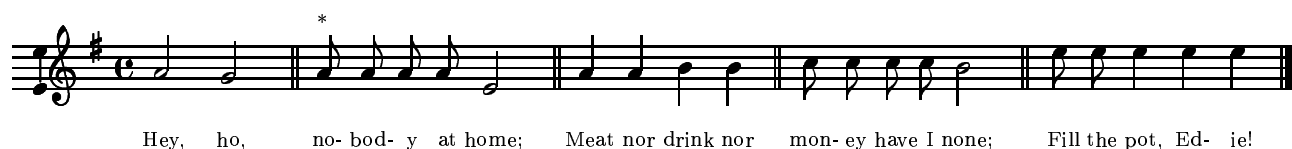
## Hey, ho, nobody at home (three parts)

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 (five parts)



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

# In praise of white wine

John Reading



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



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

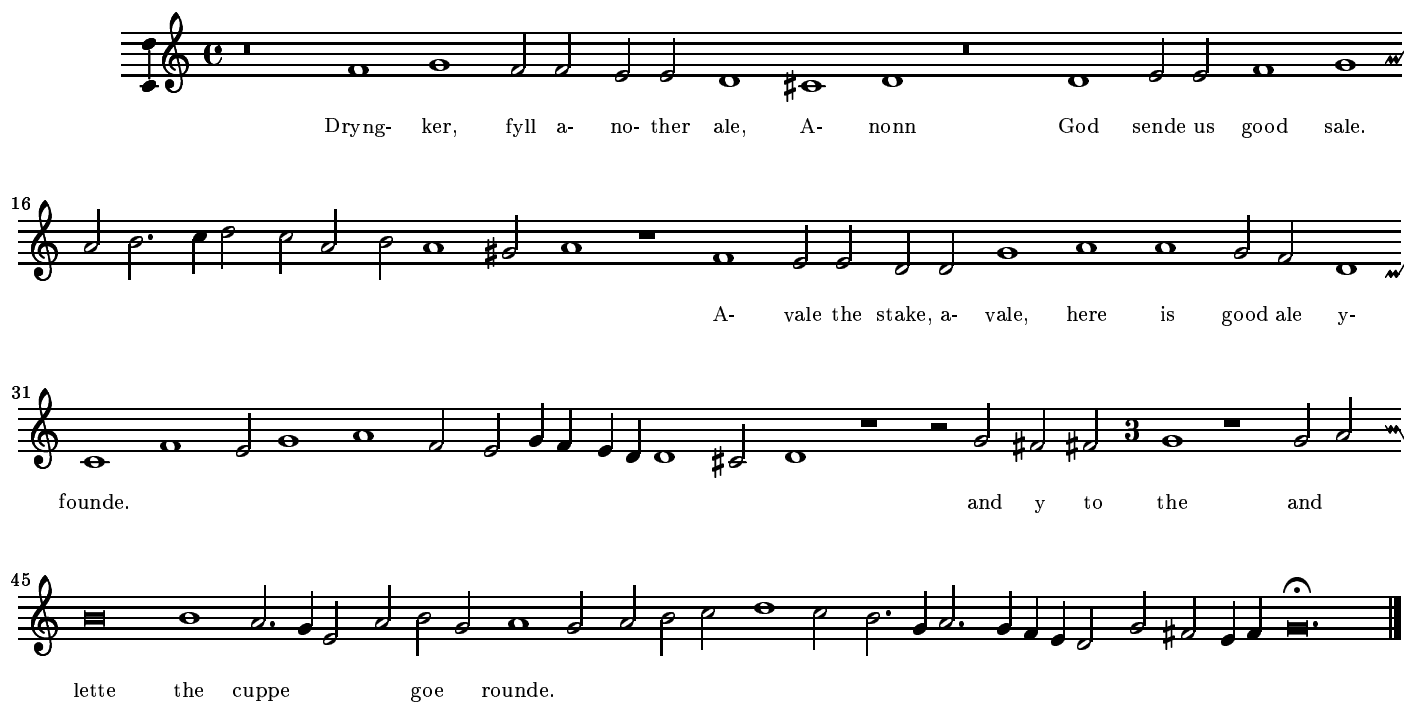


face; He's not like a god, whose im- age is red; O'er night his cheeks blush, in the morn- ing they're dead.

# Tappster, dryngker

Anon. English 15th century

## Discantus



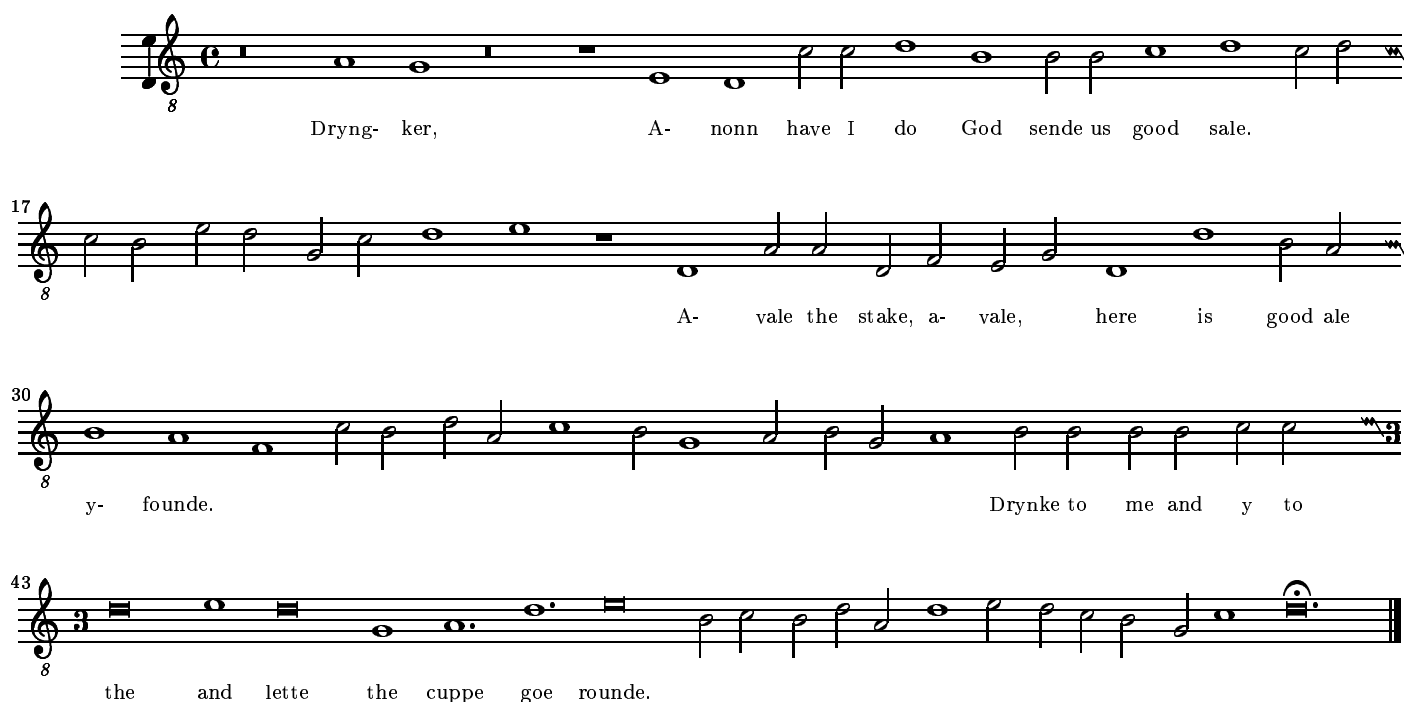
Dryng- ker, fyll a- no- ther ale, A- nonn God sende us good sale.

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

31 founde. and y to the and

45 lette the cuppe goe rounde.

## Contratenor



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

17 A- vale the stake, a- vale, here is good ale

30 y- founde. Drynke to me and y to

43 the and lette the cuppe goe rounde.

# Tenor

8 Tapp- ster, fyll a- no- ther ale, have I do, God sende us good sale.

16 A- vale the stake, a- vale, here is good ale

30 y- founde. Drynke to me and y to the, and

45 lette the cuppe goe rounde.

## Es wollt ein Fraw zum Weine gahn

Ludwig Senfl

# Discantus

8

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

5

8 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,

## Contratenor



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,

## 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  
 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,

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

Cantus



Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour-



ne, tout tour- ne, Et quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point, (Et quant je n'en boy



point tout 8 8 ne tour- ne point,) Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de- nier je ne boyt point,



ne bel- le fil- le a mon cou- cher tout ne tour- ne point, (tout ne tour- ne point.) Et

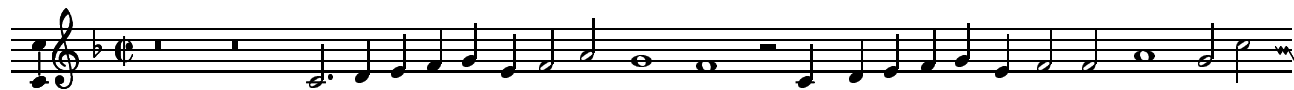


quant de ces vins blancs je boy Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne me tour- ne; Quant je



boy du vin cla- ret tout] tour- ne, tout tour- ne, tout tour- ne.

## Tenor



Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne, (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret) tout tour-



ne, Quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point, (Quant je n'en boy point



tout ne tour- ne point,) tout ne tour- ne point, Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de- nier je ne



boyt point, ne bel- le fil- le a mon cou- cher tout ne tour- ne point, Et quant de ces vins blancs je

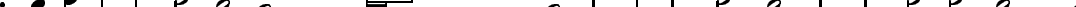


boy Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne me tour- ne;



Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout] tour- ne, (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne,) tout tour- ne.

Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne, (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne,)

12 

(Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne,) Et quant je n'en boy point tout ne tour- ne point, (tout ne tour- ne

[illegible]

point,) Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de- nier je ne boyt point, (Et quant n'ay mail- le ne de- nier je ne

[illegible]

boyt point,) ne bel- le fil- le a mon cou- cher (tout ne tour- ne point.) Et quant de ces vins

[illegible]

blancs je boy Si ne sont d'An-jou ou d'Ar-boys, point ne me tour-ne; Quant je boy du

69

vin cla- ret                    (Quant je boy du vin cla- ret)                    tout tour- ne,]                    Quant je boy du vin cla- ret tout tour- ne.

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

# Vignon, vignon, vignon, vignette

Claudin de Sermisy

## Cantus

Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta il

14 A

fust preud- hom. Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet- te,

29

Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Il me sem- ble ad- vis que j'a- lec- te Quant

43

tu pas- ses mon gor- ge- ron Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, (vi-

58 1. 2.

gnon, vi- gnon,) vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta il 8 fust preud- hom, Vi- gnon, vi- hom.

## Tenor

Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta il

17 A

fust preud- hom. Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet- te,

31

Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Il me sem- ble ad- vis que j'a- lec- te Quant

46

tu pas- ses mon gor- ge- ron Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui

59

te plan- ta il fust preud- hom, Vi- hom.

## Bassus

Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom.

13

(Qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom.) Tu fuz cou- pé e a la ser- pet-

27

te, Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi- gnet- te, Quant tu pas-

43

ses per mon gor- ge- ron per mon gor- ge- ron.] Vi- gnon, vi- gnon, vi-

57

gnon, vi- gnet- te, Qui te plan- ta, qui te plan- ta il fust preud- hom, hom.

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- tons de

15 la ser- pet- te, de la ser- pet- te. Tous vi- gne- rons ont a el- le re-

32 cours, C'est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te, la vi- gnet- te. O ser- pil-

47 let- te, O la ser- pil- lon- net- te, La vi- gnot- let- te est par toy mi- se-

62 sus Dont les bons vins (dont les bons vins) tous les ans sont ys-

77 sus, Dont les bons vins, (dont les bons vins) tous les ans sont ys- sus.

## Tenor

Chan- geons pro- pos, c'est trop chan- té d'a- mours; Ce

16 sont cla- mours, chan- tons de la ser- pet- te. Tous vi- gne- rons ont a el- le

31 re- cours, C'est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te, O

47 ser- pil- let- te, O la ser- pil- lon net- te, La vi- gnol- let- te est par toy

62 mi- se- sus Dont les bons vins tous les ans sont ys-

77 sus, Dont les bons vins, tous les ans sont ys- sus.

The musical score is written for a Tenor voice. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are in French. The score includes three section markers: 'A' at measure 16, 'B' at measure 31, and 'C' at measure 62. The music is written in a single system with line breaks. The lyrics are aligned with the notes. The score ends with a double bar line at measure 77.

## Bassus

Chan- geons pro- pos, c'est trop chan- té d'a- mours; Ce sont cla- mours, chan- tons de la

14 ser- pet- te, de la ser- pet- te. Tous vi- gne- rons ont a el- le re- cours,

30 C'est le se- cours pour tail- ler la vi- gnet- te, la vi- gnet-

45 B te. O ser- pil- let- te, O la ser- pil- lon- net- te, La vi- gnet- let- te est par toy

61 C mi- se- sus Dont les bons vins (dont les bons vins) tous les ans sont ys- sus, Dont

77 les bons vins, (dont les bons vins) dont les bons vins tous les ans sont ys- sus.

Lyrics by Clément Marot

Translation:

Let us change our song, too much is sung of love;  
 That is noise, let us sing of the pruning knife.  
 All vineyard keepers have recourse to it,  
 It is of help to cut the little vine.  
 O little knife, O very little knife,  
 The little vine is by you made to fall  
 Whereby good wines every year are produced.