

Drinking Songs

Edited by Laura Conrad

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233 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA

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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



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



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



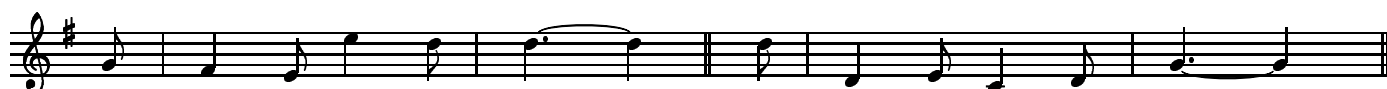
mer- ry, mer- ry, my hey down der- ry, I kiss'd her once and I kiss'd her twice, and we were won- drous mer- ry.

'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, prithce John

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

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 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

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 draws us good wine, Then fill us more cla- ret our wits to re- fine.



George is a brave lad, and an hon- est 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

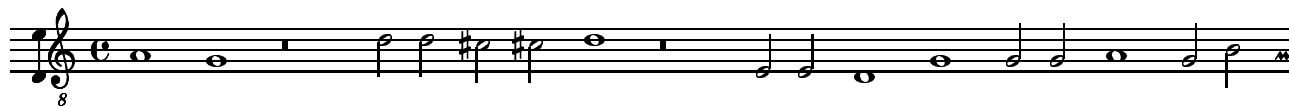
8 Dryng- ker, A- nonn have I do God sende us good sale.

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

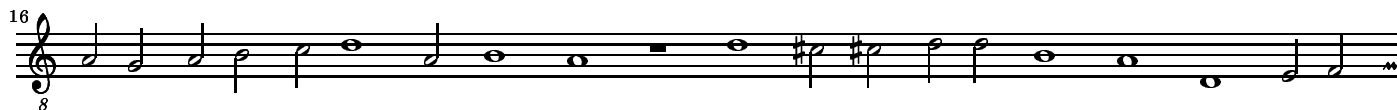
30 y- founde. Drynke to me and y to

43 the and lette the cuppe goe rounde.

Tenor



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

Ludwig Senfl

Discantus



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 wollt 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 Saus,

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 wollt ich
3. DerMann 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 wollt ich
3. DerMann 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 wollt ich
3. DerMann 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

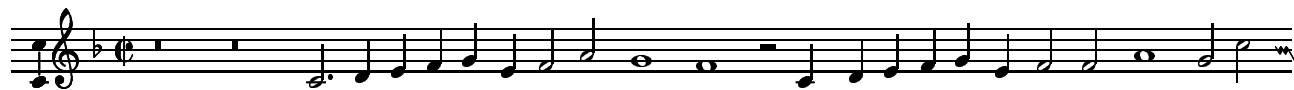


quant de ces vins blancs je boy Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne me tour- ne; Quant je



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

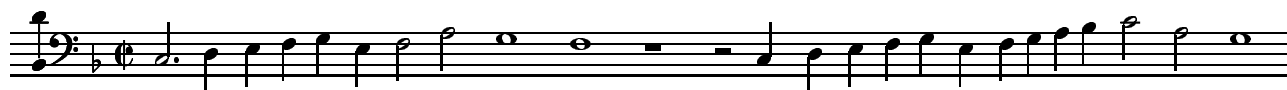


boy Si ne sont d'An- jou ou d'Ar- boys, point ne me tour- ne;



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

Bassus



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



(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



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



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

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.

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

Tenor

Vi- gnon, 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- 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

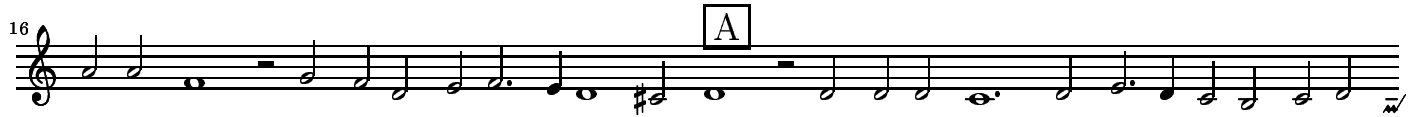
Cantus



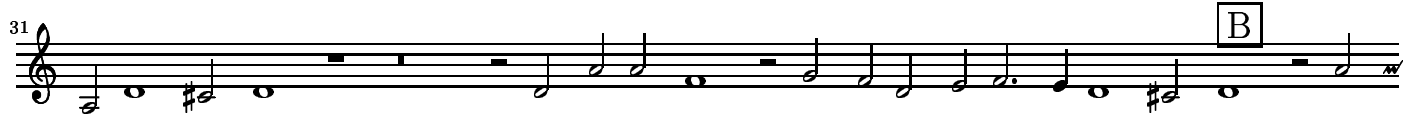
Tenor



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



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



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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



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



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



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



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



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.