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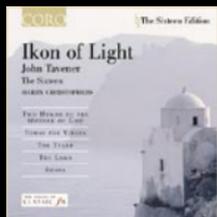
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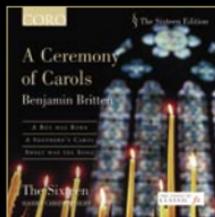
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Today the Virgin  
The Tyger  
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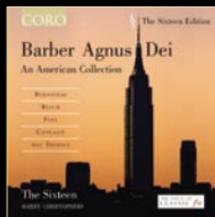
Britten Choral Works II COR16034



A Ceremony of Carols  
A Boy was Born  
A Shepherd's Carol  
The Sycamore Tree  
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CORO

§ The Sixteen Edition

# Fen and Meadow

## Britten Choral Works III



CHORAL DANCES FROM  
'GLORIANA'

FIVE FLOWER SONGS

SACRED AND PROFANE

Ian Partridge

The Sixteen

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS

THE VOICES OF  
CLASSIC *fm*

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In December 1977, as a member of the choir of Westminster Abbey, I sang at Britten's memorial service; at that time, I was also a member of English Music Theatre, successor to English Opera Group and the brainchild of conductor Stuart Bedford and producer Colin Graham but with the blessing and support of Britten. Unfortunately, I never had the privilege of meeting Benjamin Britten but I felt I knew him through his music and working closely with not only Stuart and Colin but also Peter Pears. It had taken England many centuries to produce such a distinctive musical personality. Indeed there

would be many that would agree with me that he was the first of such stature since Henry Purcell.

Having sung most of the works on this disc as a boy chorister and as a rather indifferent tenor, I found it most refreshing to look over these scores from a conductor's viewpoint. I am always astounded how years of misguided interpretation lead to the composer's intentions being flagrantly ignored and then termed "tradition" but I didn't really expect it in performances of more recent composers' works. And so it was doubly refreshing to attempt to be faithful to Britten's requests. His music is never easy but it is always challenging for performers, be they singers or instrumentalists. However, and take note all budding composers, he never sets impossible tasks!

Harry  
Chiswick,

## Fen and Meadow Benjamin Britten

Britten's opera *Gloriana* celebrated Queen Elizabeth II's coronation by depicting scenes from the life of Elizabeth I. The affection she inspired among her subjects is captured in the simple radiance of the masque they present during her royal progress to Norwich. The Spirit of the Masque, a solo tenor, introduces the dancers. First comes Time, his youthful buoyancy chorally depicted by cross-rhythm and canonic propulsion in Britten's brightly affirmative C major. Time's spouse, Concord, dances to entirely concordant (but beautifully unpredictable) harmonies, and together they dance *From springs of bounty*, a lilting canon between women and men. Girls present flowers to an airy rustic dance duet and with a more stolid animation the men bring the fruits of land and sea. These tokens are offered to the queen in the *Final Dance of Homage*; again unclouded C major and canonic unanimity are warmly expressive, while the flattening inflexions at 'Norwich city you are leaving' add a delicate tinge of regret.

*Advance Democracy*, to an embarrassingly earnest text by Randall Swingler, reflects Britten's commitment to left-wing causes in the 1930s; it was composed at the time of the Munich crisis in Autumn 1938.

The splendid *Ballad of Little Musgrave and*

*Lady Barnard* was composed in 1943 for a friend, Richard Wood, who was in a prison camp in Germany, for him and his fellow prisoners to perform there. The score was sent out page by page by microfilm letter.

The Wedding Anthem, *Amo Ergo Sum*, composed for the marriage of Marion Stein to the Earl of Harewood in 1949 (in St Mark's, North Audley Street in London), is an exuberant setting of Ronald Duncan's high-flown text (shades of *Lucretia*), and includes arias for the soprano and tenor soloists, and a duet whose phrases answer each other in mirror imitation and reach a climactic unison on the words 'Amo Ergo Sum'.

How the conventions of the English part-song are accepted yet revalued in Britten's *Five Flower Songs* (1950) is typified in the first, where mellifluous harmonies avoid cliché, often because of the persistence of the opening shape, 'Fair daffodils'. Herrick's 'four sweet months', one to each part, enter in quasi-fugal succession, later intensified by closer overlaps. George Crabbe, whose *Peter Grimes* inspired Britten's opera, is set here without softening his dour realism, so 'the contracted Flora of our town' have angular lines. They are relieved by a few touches of warmer harmony, but no textures as simple as those which, aided by a gentle flexibility of metre, characterize *The Evening Primrose*. Instrumental style returns for the jaunty accompaniments against which the *Ballad of Green Broom* is projected, and for its sonorous climax.

*Sacred and Profane*, composed in the winter of 1974-5, was Britten's last work for unaccompanied voices. It was written for the Wilbye Consort, a madrigal group which Peter Pears had founded, and the settings are characteristically madrigalian in their five-part writing. The texts are medieval English lyrics and a typical mixture of the devotional and the rumbustiously secular. The sacred lyrics all have a simple dignity, and the two passion settings a tragic intensity worthy of Bach. The second one, *Ye that pasen by*, takes up the refrain of the preceding *Carol* – an apparently innocent piece which however is marked 'with parody!' like Mahler at his most ironic. The secular lyrics range from a joyful invocation of spring (*Lenten is come*) to a chilling little song about madness (*I mon waxe wod*) and the final grim catalogue of the ills of old age, *A Death*, to which Britten, who was facing his own fast-approaching death, first reacts with horror, then with gallows humour.

Adapted from notes by Peter Evans and David Matthews.

## CHORAL DANCES FROM 'GLORIANA'

*solo tenor: Ian Partridge*

1	The Masque begins	0.53
2	First Dance: Time	1.43
3	Second Dance: Concord	2.39
4	Third Dance: Time and Concord	1.48
5	Fourth Dance: Country Girls	1.14
6	Fifth Dance: Rustics and Fishermen	1.19
7	Sixth Dance: Final Dance of Homage	2.16

8	Advance Democracy	3.15
9	The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard	8.28

10	A Wedding Anthem	8.59
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*solos: Ruth Dean, Neil MacKenzie*

## FIVE FLOWER SONGS

11	To Daffodils	1.50
12	The Succession of the Four Sweet Months	2.06
13	Marsh Flowers	1.56
14	The Evening Primrose	2.44
15	Ballad of Green Broom	1.53

## SACRED AND PROFANE

16	St Godric's Hymn	1.34
17	I mon waxe wod	0.38
18	Lenten is come	2.43
19	The long night	1.19
20	Yif ic of luve can	2.38
21	Carol	1.36
22	Ye that pasen by	2.18
23	A death	3.03

Total playing time 60.10

## THE SIXTEEN

SOPRANO	Fiona Clarke, Libby Crabtree <sup>†</sup> , Sophie Daneman*, Ruth Dean, Sally Dunkley, Micaela Haslam <sup>†</sup> , Nicola Jenkin*, Nicola-Jane Kemp*, Carys Lane, Rebecca Outram <sup>†</sup>
ALTO	Deborah Miles-Johnson <sup>†</sup> , Philip Newton, Christopher Royall, Nigel Short <sup>†</sup> , Helen Templeton*, Caroline Trevor*
TENOR	Peter Burrows*, Philip Daggett, Duncan MacKenzie*, Neil MacKenzie <sup>†</sup> , Nicolas Robertson, Matthew Vine <sup>†</sup>
BASS	Simon Birchall, Michael Bundy*, Roger Cleverdon*, Robert Evans <sup>†</sup> , Timothy Jones, Francis Steele <sup>†</sup> , Jeremy White <sup>†</sup>
	* CHORAL DANCES and FIVE FLOWER SONGS only † not in CHORAL DANCES or FIVE FLOWER SONGS
PIANO	Stephen Westrop
ORGAN	Margaret Phillips
HARP	Helen Tunstall

## THE BALLAD OF LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

TENOR	Simon Berridge, Andrew Carwood, Nicolas Robertson, Matthew Vine
BARITONE	Matthew Brook, Michael Bundy, Robert Evans, Timothy Jones
BASS	Simon Birchall, Charles Gibbs, Francis Steele, Jeremy White

## SACRED AND PROFANE

SOPRANO	Fiona Clarke, Libby Crabtree, Ruth Dean, Sally Dunkley, Rosemary Hattrell, Lucinda Houghton
ALTO	Sarah Connolly, Philip Newton, Christopher Royall, Nigel Short
TENOR	Simon Berridge, Andrew Carwood, Nicolas Robertson, Matthew Vine
BASS	Simon Birchall, Robert Evans, Timothy Jones, Jeremy White

# CHORAL DANCES FROM 'GLORIANA'

## 1 The Masque begins

The masque begins.

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air;  
And air fly into fire!  
The elements, at Gloriana's chair,  
Mingle in tuneful choir.

And now we summon from this leafy bower  
The demi-god that must appear!  
'Tis Time! 'tis Time! 'tis Time!

## 2 First Dance: Time

Yes, he is Time,  
Lusty and blithe!  
Time is at his apogee!  
Although you thought to see  
A bearded ancient with a scythe.  
No reaper he  
That cries "Take heed!"  
Time's at his apogee!  
Young and strong, in his prime:  
Behold the sower of the seed!

Time could not sow unless he had  
a spouse to bless his work, and gave it life;  
Concord, his loving wife!

## 3 Second Dance: Concord

Concord, Concord is here  
Our days to bless  
And this our land to endure  
With plenty, peace and happiness.  
Concord, Concord and Time,  
Each needeth each;  
The ripest fruit hangs where  
Not one, but only two can reach.

Now Time with Concord dances  
This island doth rejoice:  
And woods and waves and waters  
Make echo to our voice.

## 4 Third Dance: Time and Concord

From springs of bounty  
Through this county  
Streams abundant  
Of thanks shall flow!  
Where life was scanty  
Fruits of plenty  
Swell resplendent  
From earth below!  
No Greek nor Roman

Queenly woman  
Knew such favour  
From Heav'n above  
As she whose presence  
Is our pleasure  
Gloriana  
Hath all our love!

## 5 Fourth Dance: Country Girls

Sweet flag and cuckoo flower,  
Cowslip and columbine,  
Kingcups and sops in wine,  
Flower deluce and calaminth,  
Harebell and hyacinth,  
Myrtle and bay with rosemary between,  
Norfolk's own garlands for her Queen.

Behold a troop of rustic swains,  
Bringing from the waves and pastures  
the fruits of their toil.

## 6 Fifth Dance: Rustics and Fishermen

From fen and meadow  
In rushy baskets  
They bring ensamples  
Of all they grow.

In earthen dishes  
Their deep-sea fishes;  
Yearly fleeces,  
Woven blankets;  
New cream and junkets,  
And rustic trinkets  
On wicker flasks,  
Their country largess,  
The best they know.

Led by Time and Concord,  
let all unite in homage to Gloriana,  
our hope of peace, our flower of grace.

## 7 Sixth Dance: Final Dance of Homage

These tokens of our love receiving,  
O take them, Princess great and dear,  
From Norwich city you are leaving,  
That you afar may feel us near.

*William Plomer*

## 8 ADVANCE DEMOCRACY

Across the darkened city  
The frosty searchlights creep  
Alert for the first marauder  
To steal upon our sleep.

We see the sudden headlines  
Float on the muttering tide  
We hear them warn and threaten  
And wonder what they hide.

There are whispers across tables,  
Talks in a shutter'd room.  
The price on which they bargain  
Will be a people's doom.

There's a roar of war in the factories  
And idle hands on the street  
And Europe held in nightmare  
By the thud of marching feet.

Now sinks the sun of surety,  
The shadows growing tall  
Of the big bosses plotting  
Their biggest coup of all.

Is there no strength to save us?  
No power we can trust  
Before our lives and liberties  
Are powder'd into dust.

Time to arise Democracy  
Time to rise up and cry  
That what our fathers fought for  
We'll not allow to die.

Time to resolve divisions,  
Time to renew our pride,  
Time to decide  
Time to burst our house of glass.

Rise as a single being  
In one resolve arrayed:  
Life shall be for the people  
That's by the people made.

*Randall Swingler*

## 9 THE BALLAD OF LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

As it fell on one holyday,  
As many be in the year,  
When young men and maids together did go  
Their matins and mass to hear,  
Little Musgrave came to the church door –  
The priest was at private mass –  
But he had more mind of the fair women  
Than he had of Our Lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green  
Another was clad in pall,  
And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife,  
The fairest amongst them all,  
Quoth she, "I've loved thee, Little Musgrave,  
Full long and many a day".  
"So have I lov'd you, my fair ladye,  
Yet never a word durst I say".

"But I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry,  
Full daintily it is dight,  
If thou'lt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,  
Thou's lig in my arms all night."

With that beheard a little tiny page,  
By his lady's coach as he ran.  
Says, "Although I am my lady's foot-page,  
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man!"  
Then he's cast off his hose and cast off his shoon,  
Set down his feet and ran,  
And where the bridges were broken down  
He bent he bow and swam.  
"Awake! awake! thou Lord Barnard,  
As thou art a man of life!  
Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry  
Along with thine own wedded wife".  
He called up his merry men all:  
"Come saddle me my steed;  
This night must I to Bucklesfordberry,  
F'r I never had greater need".  
But some they whistled, and some they sang,  
And some they thus could say,  
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew:  
"Away, Musgrave away!"

"Methinks I hear the threstlecock,  
Methinks I hear the jay;  
Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's horn,  
Away Musgrave! Away!"  
"Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgrave,  
And huggle me from the cold;

'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy  
A-driving his sheep to the fold."  
By this, Lord Barnard came to his door  
And lighted a stone upon;  
And he's pull'd out three silver keys,  
And open'd the doors each one.  
He lifted up the coverlet,  
He lifted up the sheet:  
"Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrave,  
And put thy clothes on;  
It shall ne'er be said in my country  
I've killed a naked man.  
I have two swords in one scabbard,  
They are both sharp and clear;  
Take you the best, and I the worst,  
We'll end the matter here."  
The first stroke Little Musgrave struck  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard struck,  
he struck.  
Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.  
"Woe worth you, my merry men all,  
You were ne'er born for my good!  
Why did you not offer to stay my hand  
When you saw me wax so wood?  
For I've slain also the fairest ladye  
That ever did woman's deed.  
A grave," Lord Barnard cried,  
"To put these lovers in!  
But lay my lady on the upper hand,  
For she comes of the nobler kin".

*Anon.*

## 10 A WEDDING ANTHEM

Now let us sing gaily  
Ave Maria!  
And may the Holy Virgin  
Who was the Mother of Jesus  
Grant that these two children  
May live together happily  
For Faith releases Gaiety  
As Marriage does true Chastity!  
Ave Maria!

See how the scarlet sun  
Overthrows the heavy night  
And where black shadows hung  
There reveals a rose, a rose so pure and white,  
Thus did Jesus bring  
To the blind world of man  
That faith which is their sight  
And Love that is their light.

As mountain streams  
find one another  
Till they are both merged  
there - in a broad, peaceful river  
As it flows to the sea  
and in it  
are lost forever,  
So those who love  
seek one another  
But when they are joined  
here - to Christ's Love, oh so tender

Though their years may be brief  
yet through Him  
These two are not two  
Love has made them one  
Amo Ergo Sum!  
And by its mystery  
Each is no less but more  
Amo Ergo Sum!  
For to love is to be  
And in loving Him, I love Thee  
Amo Ergo Sum!

Per vitam Domini  
Spes nobis cantavit,  
Per fidem Domini  
Lux diem novavit,  
Per mortem Domini  
Mors mortem fugavit,  
Amen!

*Ronald Duncan*

## FIVE FLOWER SONGS

### 11 To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon:  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay

Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to evensong;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a Spring!  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the Summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

*Robert Herrick*

### 12 The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array:  
Next enters June and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before:  
Then (lastly,) July comes and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three;  
April! May! June! July!

*Robert Herrick*

### 13 Marsh Flowers

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,  
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit:  
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,  
And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is seen,  
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,  
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.  
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs  
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;  
In ev'ry chink delights the fern to grow,  
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below;  
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread  
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.  
These, with our seaweeds rolling up and down,  
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

*George Crabbe*

### 14 The Evening Primrose

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast;  
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,  
The evening primrose opes anew  
Its delicate blossoms to the dew  
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;  
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.  
Thus it blooms on while night is by;

When day looks out with open eye,  
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,  
It faints and withers and is gone.

*John Clare*

## 15 Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man liv'd out in the wood,  
And his trade was a-cutting of Broom,  
green Broom,

He had but one son without thought  
without good

Who lay in his bed till t'was noon, bright noon;  
The old man awoke one morning and spoke  
He swore he would fire the room, that room,  
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,  
And away to the wood to cut Broom,  
green Broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes  
And away to the wood to cut Broom,  
green Broom.

He sharpened his Knives and for once he  
contrives

To cut a great bundle of Broom,  
green Broom,

When Johnny pass'd under a lady's fine room,  
fine room,

She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,  
"Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom,

green Broom,  
Go fetch me the boy!"

When Johnny came in to the Lady's fine house,  
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,  
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up

your Trade  
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"  
Johnny gave his consent, and to the church they

both went,  
And he wedded the Lady in bloom,  
full bloom,

At market and fair, all folks do declare,  
There's none like the Boy that sold Broom,  
green Broom.

*Anon.*

## SACRED AND PROFANE

### 16 I: St Godric's Hymn

*Sainte Marye Virgine,  
Moder Jesu Christes Nazarene,  
Onfo, schild, help thin Godric,  
Onfang, bring heylich with thee in Godes Riche.*

St Mary the Virgin, Mother of Jesus Christ of  
Nazareth, receive, defend and  
Help thy Godric (and,) having received (him,)  
Bring (him) on high with thee in God's Kingdom.

*Sainte Marye, Christes bur  
Maidenes clenhad, moderes flur,  
Dilie min sinne, rix in min mod,  
Bring me to winne with the self God.*

### 17 II: I mon waxe wod

*Foweles in the frith,  
The fisses in the flod,  
And I mon waxe wod;  
Mulch sorw I walke with  
For beste of bon and blod.*

### 18 III: Lenten is come

*Lenten is come with love to toune,  
With blosmen and with briddes rounne,  
That all this blisse bringeth.  
Dayeseyes in this dales,  
Notes swete of nightegales,  
Uch fowl song singeth.  
The threstelcok him threteth oo.  
Away is huere winter wo  
When woderofe springeth.  
This fowles singeth ferly fele,  
And wliteth on huere wynne wele,  
That all the wode ringeth.*

*The rose raileth hire rode,  
The leves on the lighte wode  
Waxen all with wille.*

St Mary, Christ's bower,  
Virgin among maidens, flower of motherhood,  
Blot out my sin, reign in my heart (and)  
Bring me to bliss with that selfsame God.

Birds in the wood,  
The fish in the river,  
And I must go mad;  
Much sorrow I live with  
For the best creatures alive.

Spring has come with love among us,  
With flowers and with the song of birds,  
That brings all this happiness.  
Daisies in these valleys,  
The sweet notes of nightingales,  
Each bird sings a song.  
The thrush wrangles all the time.  
Gone is their winter woe  
When the woodruff springs.  
These birds sing, wonderfully merry,  
And warble in their abounding joy,  
So that all the wood rings.

The rose puts on her rosy face  
The leaves in the bright wood,  
All grow with pleasure.

*The mone mandeth hire ble,  
The lilye is lossom to se,  
The fennel and the fille.  
Wowes this wilde drakes,  
Miles murgeth huere makes,  
Ase strem that striketh stille.  
Mody meneth, so doth mo;  
Ichot ich am on of tho  
For love that likes ille.*

*The mone mandeth hire light,  
So doth the semly sonne bright,  
When briddes singeth breme.  
Deawes donketh the dounes,  
Deores with huere derne rounes  
Domes for to deme.  
Wormes woweth under cloude,  
Wimmen waxeth wounder proude,  
So well it wol hem seme.  
Yef me shall wonte wille of on,  
This wunne wele I wole forgon,  
And wiht in wode be fleme.*

#### 19 IV: The long night

*Mirie it is, while summer ilast,  
With fugheles song.  
Oc nu necheth windes blast  
And weder strong  
Ey! ey! what this night is long!  
And ich, with well michel wrong,  
Soregh and murne and fast.*

The moon sends out her radiance,  
The lily is lovely to see.  
The fennel and the wild thyme.  
These wild drakes make love.  
Animals cheer their mates,  
Like a stream that flows softly.  
The passionate man complains, as do more:  
I know that I am one of those  
That is unhappy for love.

The moon sends out her light,  
So does the fair, bright sun,  
When birds sing gloriously.  
Dews wet the downs,  
Animals with their secret cries  
For telling their tales.  
Worms make love under ground,  
Women grow exceedingly proud,  
So well it will suit them.  
If I don't have what I want of one,  
All this happiness I will abandon,  
And quickly in the woods be a fugitive.

Pleasant it is while summer lasts,  
With the birds' song.  
But now the blast of the wind draws nigh  
And severe weather.  
Alas! how long this night is,  
And I, with very great wrong,  
Sorrow and mourn and fast.

#### 20 V: Yif ic of luve can

*Whanne ic se on Rode  
Jesu, my lemman,  
And besiden him stonden  
Marye and Johan,  
And his rig iswongen,  
And his side istungen,  
For the luve of man:  
Well ou ic to wepen,  
And sinnes for to leten,  
Yif ic of luve can,  
Yif ic of luve can,  
Yif ic of luve can.*

#### 21 VI: Carol

*Maiden in the mor lay,  
In the mor lay;  
Sevenight fulle,  
Sevenight fulle,  
Maiden in the mor lay;  
In the mor lay,  
Sevenightes fulle and a day.*

*Welle was hire mete.  
What was hire mete?  
The primerole and the –  
The primerole and the –  
Welle was hire mete.  
What was hire mete?  
The primerole and the violet.*

When I see on the cross,  
Jesu, my lover,  
And beside him stand  
Mary and John,  
And his back scourged,  
And his side pierced,  
For the love of man,  
Well ought I to weep  
And sins to abandon,  
If I know of love,  
If I know of love,  
If I know of love.

A maiden lay on the moor,  
Lay on the moor,  
A full week,  
A full week,  
A maiden lay on the moor;  
Lay on the moor  
A full week and a day.

Good was her food.  
What was her food ?  
The primrose and the –  
The primrose and the –  
Good was her food.  
What was her food ?  
The primrose and the violet.

*Welle was hire dring.  
What was hire dring?  
The chelde water of the –  
The chelde water of the –  
Welle was hire dring.  
What was hire dring?  
The chelde water of the welle-spring.*

*Welle was hire bowr.  
What was hire bowr?  
The rede rose and the –  
The rede rose and the –  
Welle was hire bowr.  
What was hire bowr?  
The rede rose and the lily flour.*

## 22 VII: Ye that pasen by

*Ye that pasen by the weije,  
Abidet a little stounde.  
Beholdet, all my felawes,  
Yef any me lik is founde.  
To the Tre with nailes thre  
Wol fast I hange bounde;  
With a spere all thoru my side  
To mine herte is mad a wounde.*

Good was her drink.  
What was her drink?  
The cold water of the –  
The cold water of the –  
Good was her drink.  
What was her drink?  
The cold water of the well-spring

Good was her bower.  
What was her bower?  
The red rose and the –  
The red rose and the –  
Good was her bower.  
What was her bower?  
The red rose and the lily flower.

You that pass by the way,  
Stay a little while.  
Behold, all my fellows  
If any like me is found.  
To the Tree with three nails.  
Most fast I hang bound;  
With a spear all through my side.  
To my heart is made a wound.

## 23 VIII: A death

*Wanne mine eyhnen misten,  
And mine heren sissen,  
And my nose coldet,  
And my tunge foldet,  
And my rude slaket,  
And mine lippes blaken,  
And my muth grennet,  
And my spotel rennet,  
And mine her riset,  
And mine herte griset,  
And mine honden bivien,  
And mine fet stivien -  
All to late! all to late!  
Wanne the bere is ate gate.*

*Thanne I schel flutte,  
From bedde to flore,  
From flore to here,  
From here to bere,  
From bere to putte,  
And the putt fordut.  
Thanne lyd mine hus uppe mine nose.  
Of al this world ne give I it a pese!*

When my eyes get misty,  
And my ears are full of hissing,  
And my nose gets cold,  
And my tongue folds,  
And my face goes slack,  
And my lips blacken,  
And my mouth grins,  
And my spittle runs,  
And my hair rises,  
And my heart trembles,  
And my hands shake,  
And my feet stiffen -  
All too late! all too late !  
When the bier is at the gate.

Then I shall pass,  
From bed to floor,  
From floor to shroud,  
From shroud to bier,  
From bier to grave.  
And the grave will be closed up.  
Then rests my house upon my nose.  
For the whole world I care not one jot.

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