

WE WEAR CHAIN MAIL KNICKERS

An Ynys Fawr Songboke

Liber Tertius

The veri medæval boke.

Unlike the first two volumes, this volume is intended to only have period songs in it (or close to period). The purists will say it is about time. Some of the words have been changed slightly to enable them to be pronounced or understood, but most have been left unchanged. This has resulted in severe strain for my poor scribe's spell-check function so I have to hope that I have typed them correctly. Even if the tune is familiar, to sing each of these songs, you will need to read them carefully first. Get the rhythm of the tune and the words together and remember that the earlier the song was written, the more the syllables were stressed or pronounced individually.

For information only, I have attempted to translate anything that is not, at least, in fairly late English form. Do not try to sing the translations. They will not work. The singable versions bear little relation to the original words (ie Men of Harlech). The one word notes underneath songs are copied from my sources and should be accurate. The longer translations are mine and are less accurate. I have no learning in Latin, Welsh et al. If any reader sees errors (and I know they must be there), please let me know.

Within translations I have followed the following conventions: (xxx) means an interpolation, words that are assumed in the original; {xxx} means that this is my best guess, but I am in doubt. If a (?) is included, I am really doubtful that it is right while '.....' indicates that I cannot find a translation for a word and a corresponding underlining of the original text indicates which one.

I particularly wish to thank Dafydd of the Glen for taking the trouble of sending back his copy of this volume correcting some of my original errors. If any faults still occur, they are mine not his. Any additional correction is still welcomed, as are more items to go in.

Χρωλφ

Hrolf Herjolfssen

OP, ORL, Paragon of Merriment, Prix Jongleur, et al.

Strategos tous notious okeanous

November 1, 2011

Agincourt Carol	4	Lord Randall	16
Allison Gross	19	Martin Said to His Man	23
Bring us in Good Ale	7	Now is the Month of Maying.....	12
Cruel Sister	9	O Tannenbaum.....	13
Gaudemus Igitur	11	Resonemus Laudibus	21
Gaudete	6	Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech	14
Greensleeves	7	Sumer is icumen in	5
Holly and the Ivy.....	2	Tempus adest floridum	20
In Dulci Jubilo	22	The Boars Head Carol.....	3
It Was a Lover and His Lass	15	Three Blind Mice	18
King Henry.....	17	Three Ravens	10

This is a Fifteenth Century parable on the battle of the sexes. It is not hard at all to sort out which plant represents which sex.

Holly and the Ivy

Nay! Ivy, nay!
It shall not be, iwis:
Let the Holy have the maistry
As the maner is.

Holy stond in the hall
Faire to behold:
Ivy stond without the dore -
She is full sore acold

Holy and his merry men
They daunsen and they sing;
Ivy and her maidenens
They wepen and they wring.

Ivy hath a kibe -
She caght it with the colde.
So mot they all have ay
That with the Ivy hold

No! Ivy, no!
It certainly must not be
let the Holly have the mastery
As the custom is.

Holly stands in the hall
Beautiful to look at:
Ivy stands outside the door
She is very grievously cold

Holly and his joyful men
They dance and they sing
Ivy and her maidens
they weep and wring their hands

Ivy has a chillblain
She caught it with the cold
So may they all forever have
Who side with the ivy.

iwis - indeed, *wring* - suffer, *kibe* - chilblain, *mot* - may.

This is a famous feasting song, from the 1521 edition of *Christmasse Carolles* by Wynkyn de Worde. It is traditionally sung at the feast to break the Christmas fast. There is a well known nineteenth century version which is still sung at the Yule feast at Queen's College, Oxford. It differs mainly in the English words. The chorus and the first line of Latin remain unchanged

The Boar's Head Carol

Caput apri refero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The bores hed in hondes I bring,
With garlandes gay and birdes singing:
I pray you all helpe me to sing,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bores hede I understond
Is cheff service in all this lond:
Whersoever it may be fond
Servitur cum sinapio.

The bores hede, I dare well say,
Anon, after the twelvth day,
He taketh his leve and goth away,
Exivit tunc de patria.

Caput apri refero, resonans laudes Domino - I carry out the boars head (after the beast has been presented and then taken away to be carved) giving praises to the Lord, *qui estis in convivio* - all who are at the feast, *servitur cum sinapio* - it is served with mustard, *exivit tunc de patria* - then he leaves the country.

1. The boar's___ head in hand bear I, Be - deck'd with bays and ros - ma - ry.
2. **The boar's___ head, as I un - der - stand, is the chief - est dish in all the land.**
3. Our stew - ard hath pro - vi - ded this, In hon - our of the King of bliss,

And I pray you, my mas - ters, be mer - ry, Quot es - tis in con - vi - vi - o,
And I pray you where ev - er it be found Ser - vi - te cum in can - ti - o.
Which on this day to be ser - ved is, In Re - gi - nen - si a - tri - o.

This song is a very interesting one. Many of the filks and new 'periodoid' pieces that we hear are oft described as 'inflammatory' and 'too biased'. Compare any SCA war song with this. It is from the early fifteenth century.

Agincourt Carol

Deo gracias, Anglia,
Redde pro victoria.

Oure kinge went forth to Normandy
With grace and might of chivalry.
There God for him wrought mervelusly:
Wherfore Englonde may calle and cry.
'Deo gracias'

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflu towne with ryal array:
That towne he wan and made affray
That Fraunce shall riwe till Domesday.
'Deo gracias'

Than went oure kinge with alle his hoste
Thorwe Fraunce, for alle the Frenshe boste:
He spared, no drede, of leste ne moste,
Till he come to Agincourt coste.
'Deo gracias'

Than, forsoth, that knight comely
In Agincourt feld he faught manly.
Thorw grace of God most mighty
He had both the felde and the victory.
'Deo gracias'

There dukis and erlis, lorde and barone,
Were take and slaine, and that well sone,
And summe were ladde into Lundone
With joye and merthe and grete renone.
'Deo gracias'

Now gracious God save oure kinge,
His peple and alle his well-willinge:
Yef him gode life and gode ending,
That we with merth mowe safely singe,
'Deo gracias'

Deo gracias etc - Return thanks to God, England for victory, *chivalry* - cavalry, *sothe* - truth, *riwe* - regret, *for alle the Frenshe boste* - in spite of the arrogance of the French, *no drede* - undoubtedly, *of lest ne moste* - neither great or small, *coste* - district, *well sone* - immediately, *well-willinge* - friends, *Yef* - give, *gode ending* - noble death, *mowe* - have reason to.

An early thirteenth century favourite, still oft taught in schools. Before trying to sing it, read it through and get the rhythm of the words, even if you need to read the translation on the right to get their meaning.

Sumer is icumen in

Sing! cuccu, nu. Sing! cuccu.
Sing! cuccu. Sing! cuccu, nu.

Sing cuckoo now, sing cuckoo
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo now

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groveþ sed and bloweþ med
And springþ þe wde nu
Sing! cuccu.

Summer has come in
Loudly sing cuckoo!
Grows the seed and meadows bloom
And the wood springs into new (leaf).
Sing! cuckoo.

Awe bleteþ after lomb,
Louuþ after calve cu,
Bulluc sterteþ, bucke verteþ,
Murie sing! cuccu.
Cuccu, cuccu,
Well singes þu, cuccu _
Ne swik þu naver nu!

The ewe bleats after (her) lamb
(And) the cow lows after her calf.
The bullock leaps and the buck farts,
Merry sing cuckoo.
Cuckoo, cuckoo,
You sing well cuckoo -
Now don't you ever stop.

Sv-mer is i-cu-men in. Lhu-de sing cuc-cu. Gro-weþ sed and blo-weþ med and
springþ þe w - de nu. Sing cuc - cu. A - we ble - teþ af - ter lomb. lhouþ
af - ter cal - ue cu. Bul - luc ster-teþ. buc - ke uer - teþ mur - ie sing cuc-cu.
Cuc - cu cuc - cu wel sing-es þu cuc - cu ne swik þu na - uer nu.
Pes I: Sing cuc - cu nu. Sing cuc - cu.
Pes II: Sing cuc - cu. Sing cuc - cu nu.

This is a devotional song; not a drinking song, it is just that many drunks sing it. I am not sure as to its exact age. Internal evidence is that it was, at least, transcribed fairly late. The use of “j” and some apparently non-classical Latin. The first written form is from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582

Gaudete

(Chorus)

Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus,
Ex Mariá virginæ, Gaudete.

Tempus adest gratiæ, Hoc quod optabamus,
Carmina lætitiæ, Devote redamus

Chorus

Deus homo factus est, naturam erante
Mundus renovatus est, a Christo regnante

Chorus

Ezechelis porta, Clausa per transitor
Unde lux est orta, salus invenitor

Chorus

Ergo nostra contio, salus jam in lustro,
Benedicat domino, salus regi nostro

Chorus

Rejoice, rejoice, Christ is born
From the Virgin Mary, Rejoice

The time of favour is here, which we have deserved
let us answer (with) a sacred song of delight

Chorus

God has been made man in substance
The world is renewed, by Christ in His dominion

Chorus

The gate of Ezekial has been closed through sin
From which the light of dawn has risen, the finder of
our salvation

Chorus

Therefore our company has (found) salvation in the
light
And praises the Lord our King and Redeemer.

This is a good cheerful drinking song from the late fifteenth century (1460). Strangely it is a Christmas song. I have heard it sung in many a tavern, successfully competing with the filk, by many people who were oft not aware of its periodicity. It is likely that, as long as it remained a paen of praise to beer, the words would vary from area to area. This makes this a good song to practice on for writing in a period style. A song can be sourced to a time by its internal references. A competing drinking song is clearly labelled as being out of period by its references to coachmen although this may be a modification of an older song, with three other reprobates singing it, due to its reference to the drinking bowl rather than a cup or flagon.

Bring us in Good Ale

chorus

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,
Fore our blessed Lady sak, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no brown bred, for that is made of bran;
Nor bring us in no whir bred, fore therin is no game:
But (chorus)

Bring us in no befe, for the is many bones;
But bring us in good ale, for that goeth downe at ones,
And (chorus)

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat;
But bring us in good ale, and give us inought of that,
And (chorus)

Bring us in no mutton, for that is ofte lene;
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clene:
But (chorus)

Bring us in no egges, for ther ar many shelles:
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing elles,
And (chorus)

Bring us in no butter, for therin ar many heres;
Nor bring us in no pigges flesh, for that will mak us bores:
But (chorus)

Bring us in no podinges, for therin is all gotes blod;
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not our good:
But (chorus)

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is ofte der;
Nor bring us in no dokes flesh for they slobber in the mer:
But (chorus)

at ones - quickly, *inought* - lots, *heres* - hairs (makes you wonder about the butter), *podinges* - (blood) pudding, from *gotes* - goats, *der* - expensive, *dokes* - duck's, *mer* - mere or pond. This is not the song to sing before an exotic first remove.

This is also a song sung at school. It dates from the sixteenth century and, is alleged to have been written by Henry VIII about Anne Boleyn. This is not believed to be the case. If he did, I wonder a bit about their activities. Long white sleeves do oft turn green from activities in the fields. I also wonder, with our lack of most sumptuary laws, at whether people realise that a very old profession used green sleeves as a mark of the 'trade' at various times and places. I am also informed that green was oft worn by ladies of 'light repute' which casts another sinister light on the song.

Greensleeves

Alas, my love you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously
When I have lov-ed you so long, delighting in your company.

chorus

Greensleeves was all my joy, greensleeves was my delight.
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my lady Greensleeves.

Chorus

I have been ready at your hand, to grant whatever you would crave,
And I have waged both life and land, your love and goodwill for to have.

Chorus

My men were clothed all in green, and they did ever wait on thee.
All this was gallant to be seen, and yet thou wouldst not love me

Chorus

I bought thee kerchiefs for thy head, that were wrought fine and gallantly.
I kept thee both at board and bed, which cost my purse well favour'dly

Chorus

Thou couldst't desire no earthly thing, but still thou hadst't it readily.
Thy music for to play and sing, and yet thou wouldst not love me.

Chorus

And who did pay for all this gear that thou hadst it readily.
E'en I that am rejected here, and thou disdainest to love me.

Chorus

Well I will pray to God on high, that thou may my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Final chorus

Greensleeves, now now farewell, adieu God I pray to prosper thee
for I am still thy lover true; come once again and love me.

As far as I can determine, this dates to 1556. It is a variant on a much older Scandinavian piece. The theme is the familiar one of rivalry between siblings. The song is sung by using the second and fourth lines as filler between each pair. These two lines vary much from region to region and bear no relation to the subject of the song (thus showing that scat is period). Any two lines that make no sense and scan may be inserted. One version is found as Child Ballad 10.

Cruel Sister

Ther lived a lady on the North Sea shor
Lay the bent to the bonny broom
 Two daughters were the babes she bore
Fa la lalala lala la lala

Oh, one grew bright as the sun,
 Whilst coal-black grew the other one

A knight came riding to the lady's door,
 He'd travelled far to be their wooer.

He courted one with gloves and rings,
 But lov'd the other above all things.

Oh, sister won't you come with me,
 To watch the ships sail on the sea.

She took her sister by the hand,
 And walked her to the North Sea strand.

And as they stood on the windy shore,
 The dark girl threw her sister o'er.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
 Crying "Sister give to me your hand".

Oh sister, sister let me live,
 And all that's mine I'll surely give.

Your own true love I'll have and more,
 But you shall never come ashore.

Two minstrels walking on the strand,
 Saw the maiden come to land.

They cut a harp from her breastbone,
 Who's sound would melt a heart of stone.

They took three strands of her yellow hair,
 And with them stung the harp so fair.

They took the harp to her father's hall,
 To play the harp before them all.

But as they laid it on the stone,
 The harp began to play alone.

The first string made a doleful sound,
 The bride, her younger sister drowned.

The second string is that they tried,
 In terror sits the dark haired bride.

The third string sang beneath their bow,
 Uh, surely now her tears will flow.

The earliest known version, of this song, actually appears in 1444. Despite being written in English, the title is Latin *Inter diabolus et virgo*. The theme, apparently, is of a young woman evading the clutches of the devil by answering his riddles. As can be seen the subject changed considerably to the one above.

This ever popular song of the quiet that comes after the battle comes from a 1611 song book, collected by Thomas Ravenscroft and called *Melismata: Musically Phantasies Fitting the Court, Citty and Countrey Humours*. It is also collected as Child Ballad number 26. It is not a very cheerful ballad, but very prolific, with versions everywhere. It is sung in the format of the first verse, with the first line, of each couplet, in the place of the first, third and fifth lines and the couplet's second line in place of the sixth.

Three Ravens

There where three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe
 There where three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe
 There where three ravens sat on a tree,
 They were as blacke as they might be,
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe

The one of them said to his mate,
 "Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Down in yonder greene field,
 There lies a knight slain under his shield."

"His hounds lie downe at his feete,
 So well they can their master keepe."

"His haukes they flie so eagerly,
 There's no fowle dare come nie he

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
 As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,
 And kist the wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
 And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
 She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
 Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

lake - pit.

This is a student drinking song dating back in the original to 1287. It is still sung at Universities. I can remember learning it in the Regimental Bar at last four years before I heard of the SCA. The first two lines of each verse are repeated as is the last line of each verse. 'Antiburschius' is not period, but I do not know what the period word was that lay here. This version is from 1781.

Gaudemus igitur
(So let us rejoice)

Gaudemus igitur	Let us therefore rejoice
Iuvenes dum sumus;	While we are young (men)
Post iucundum iuventutem	After pleasant youth
Post molestam senectutem,	After burdensome old age
Nos habebit humus.	I live in the soil
Ubi sunt qui ante nos	Where are they who, before us,
In mundo fuere?	Were in the world?
Vadite ad superos	Go to the heavens
Transite in inferos	Cross over into hell
Hos si vis videre.	If you wish to see them.
Vita nostra brevis est,	Our life is short
Brevi finiatur;	Soon it will end
Venit mors velociter,	Death comes quickly
Rapit nos atrociter	Snatches us cruelly
Nomini parceretur.	To nobody shall it be spared
Vivat Academia,	Long live school (University)
Vivant professores;	Long live the professors
Vivat membrum quodlibet,	Long live whatever part of the body you like.
Vivant membra quaelibet,	Long live whatever parts of the body you like.
Semper sint in flore.	May they always be in flower
Vivant omnes virgines,	Long live all the young girls
Faciles, formosae!	Easy and beautiful
Vivant et mulieres,	Long live mature women to
Dulces et amabiles	Tender, loveable
Bonae, laboriosae.	Good and hard working
Vivat et res publica	Long live the Republic
Et qui illam regit.	And he who rules it
Vivat nostra civitas,	Long live our City
Maecenatum protegit caritas	And the charity of benefactors
Quae nos hic protegit	Which protects us here
Pereat tristitia,	Let sadness perish!
Pereant osiores.	Let haters perish!
Pereat diabolus,	Let the devil perish!
Quivis antiburschius	And also the opponents of the fraternities
Atque irrisores.	And their mockers, too!

It is with great pleasure that I document this song as one of the more famous products of Thomas Morley (1557 - 1603). It first appeared in 1595. Note that this is a five-part madrigal. The full score appears in CA 45, *Medieval and Renaissance Choral Music* by Sean the Wayfarer. Note that Sean has included several good scores (some well known and easy to get right) and this book is a highly recommended buy.

Now is the Month of Maying

Now is the month of maying,
 When merry lads are playing
 Fa la la la la la la la,
 Fa la la la la la la
 Each with his bonny lass
 Upon the green grass.
 Fa la la la la la la la,
 Fa la la la la la la

The spring, clad in al gladness
 Doth laugh at winter's sadness.
 Fa la la la la la la la,
 Fa la la la la la la
 And to the bagpipe's sound
 the nymphs tread out their ground
 Fa la la la la la la la,
 Fa la la la la la la

Fie then! why sit we musing
 Youths sweet delight refusing?
 Fa la la la la la la la,
 Fa la la la la la la
 Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
 Shall we play barley break?
 Fa la la la la la la la,
 Fa la la la la la la



much
period
of a C
(and c
interp.



O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum
Wie treu sind deine Blätter
Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerszeit
Nein, auch im Winter wenn es schneit
O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum
Wie treu sind deine Blätter

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!
Wie oft hat schon zur Winterzeit
Ein Baum von dir mich hochehfreut!
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren:
Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit
Gibt Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit!
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren!

O Fir tree, O Fir tree
How faithful are your leaves:
You stay green not only in summertime
No, not only in winter when it snows
O Fir tree, O Fir tree
How faithful are your leaves.

O Fir tree, O Fir tree
You are most lovely!
How often has it been in winter time
(That) a tree like you has made me very happy
O Fir tree, O Fir tree
You are most lovely!

O Fir tree, O Fir tree
Your dress wants to teach me something:
The hope and resistance
Are courage and strength at any time
O Fir tree, O Fir tree
Your dress wants to teach me something!



The tune for this song is probably period, but the words are by Talhaiarn and only date to the 1840s. It is generally regarded that the events commemorated involve the seige, by Edward IV, of Harlech Castle. This happened from 1461 to 1468 as part of the Wars of the Roses. Commanded by the Constable Dafydd ap Ieuan, the garrison held out in what is the longest known siege in the history of the British Isles. Some associate the song with the earlier and shorter siege of Harlech Castle around 1408, which pitted the forces of Owain Glyndŵr against the future Henry V of England.

As can be readily seen, the Sassenach version that is usually sung has very little relationship to the real song. As can be seen also, the translation still has some odd lines in it, but I am trying to improve it. This is not helped by my not speaking Welsh. Corrections are invited. I want the meaning, not the literal translation. I am indebted to Firiell of the Green Wood for extra translations and some correction. Arfon is the central cantref of Gwynydd (the area around Caernarfon). I think that the odd line 'Rock on rock and (so) huge' refers to the size and strength of the castle.

Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech
{The March of the Men of Harlech}

Wele goelcerth wen yn fflamio,
A thafodau tân yn bloeddio,
Ar i'r dewrion ddod i daro
Unwaith eto'n un;
Gan fan llefau 'r tywysogion,
Llais gelynyon trwst arfogion,
A charlmaiad y marchogion
Craig ar graig a grynn!
Arfon byth ni orfydd
Cenir yn dragwydd
Cymru fydd fel Cymru fu,
Yn glodus ym mysg gweledydd
Yng ngwyn oleuni'r goelcerth acw
Tros wefusau Cymro'n marw
Annibyniaeth sydd yn galw,
Am ei dewraf dyn.

Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,
Harlech; Harlech; cwyd i'w herlid!
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd
Yn ym dywallt o'r mynyddoedd!
Rhuthrany fel rhaedrau drfoedd,
Llamant fel lli!
Llywddiant i'n lluyddion
Rwystro bâr yr estron!
Gwybod yn ei galon gaiff,
Fel brath a cleddyf Brython!
Y cledd yn erbyn cledd a chwery
Dûr yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele faner Gwaliai fynd,
Rhyddid aiff a hi!

Behold the white flaming bonfire,
And bright tongues of fire cheers,
On heroes come into battle.
(We are) once again one;
With loudly shouting princes
Armed foe crying (out) loudly
And the knights charging
Rock on rock and (so) huge!
Arfon forever we will (have)
Sung in eternity.
Wales will be as Wales was,
As it was sung among the seers
In white light a bonfire there
From (the) lips (of) Welsh dead
Independence is demanded
For his (Wales') bravest men.

No (need to) kill and chase the enemy,
Harlech; Harlech; (drives) away persecution!
The main giver of our freedom,
Grants us strength
Behold Wales and its armies
Are pouring in from the mountains
Attacking like a winter's torrent,
Shall they leap like a flood!
Success for our many free men
Blocking the foreigners!
Knowing in his (Wales') fierce heart,
As Britons sting with swords!
Then sword against sword plays,
Steel against steel strike
Behold the banners fly from the wall,
Freedom and she goes!

This is one of the songs used in *As You Like It* by a hit Elizabethan duo, who produced many top songs. As is still the case with such songs, do not expect much that is deep and meaningful. The words are by William Shakespeare, music by Thomas Morley.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

It was a lover and his lass
 With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no
 With a hey, no ni no ni no
 That o'er the green cornfields did pass

(Chorus)

In spring time, in spring time, in spring time
 The only pretty ring time
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
 Hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

(Chorus)

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no
 With a hey, no ni no ni no
 These pretty country folks would lie.

(Chorus)

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no
 With a hey, no ni no ni no
 How that a life was but a flower.

(Chorus)

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no
 With a hey, no ni no ni no
 For love is crowned with the prime.

Lord Randal

This is one of the oldest traditional ballads in the English language. However it should also be noted that versions of this theme are known in German, Danish, Wendish, Magyar and Swedish songs and tales. It is thought that Lord Randal might be Randolph, 6th Earl of Chester who died in 1232. He was poisoned by his wife. Langland's *Vision of Piers the Ploughman* has a reference which may be to this ballad when a character says "I ken rymes of Robin Hode and Randolf Earl of Chester". The ballad is known all over Britain and in North America, sometimes under different titles. This version is collected as Child Ballad 12, but it would not have been the original as it lacks an envoi verse. One variant in England is *Henry my son*, but the form is always of a young man who has been poisoned bequeathing his goods to his relatives, but to his "true-love" the means for retribution. There are various tunes to the song and it is referred to by Bob Dylan in *Hard Rains Gonna Fall* and even used referentially in *Catcher in the Rye*.

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son!
And where ha you been, my handsome young man!"
"I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young
man?"
"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young
man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what becam of them, my handsome young man?"
"They stretched their legs out and died; mother, mak
my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my
son?
What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young
man?"

"Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and I fain wad lie down"

"What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my
son?
What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young
man?"

"My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and I fain wad lie down"

"What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my
son?
What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young
man?"

"My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and I fain wad lie down"

"What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal my
son?
What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome
young man?"

"I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and I fain wad lie down"

This song is number 32 of Child's Ballads. It is one of the many songs known with what is known as a 'loathly bride' plot. Similar songs exist in most of the north and Hrolfr Kraki has one such tale told about him and the tale *The Wedding of Sir Gawain* gives it a fuller treatment.

King Henry

LAT never a man a wooing wend
 That lacketh thingis three;
 A routh o gold, an open heart,
 Ay fu o charity.
 As this I speak of King Henry,
 For he lay burd-alone;
 An he's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha,
 Was seven miles frae a town.
 He chas'd the deer now him before,
 An the roe down by the den,
 Till the fattest buch in a' the flock
 King Henry he has slain.
 O he has doen him to his ha,
 To make him beerly cheer;
 An in it came a griesly ghost,
 Steed stappin i the fleer.
 Her head hat the reef-tree o the house,
 Her middle ye mot wel span;
 He's thrown to her his gay mantle,
 Says, 'Lady, hap your lingcan.'
 Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,
 Her nose like club or mell;
 An I ken naething she 'peard to be,
 But the fiend that wons in hell.
 'Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry,
 Some meat ye gie to me!'
 'An what meat's in this house, lady,
 An what ha I to gie?'
 'O ye do kill your berry-brown steed,
 An you bring him here to me.'
 O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,
 Wow but his heart was sair!
 Shee eat him [a'] up, skin an bane,
 Left naething but hide an hair.

'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
 Mair meat ye gi to me!'
 'An what meat's in this house, lady,
 An what ha I to gi?'
 'O ye do kill your good gray-hounds,
 An ye bring them a' to me.'
 O whan he slew his good gray-hounds,
 Wow but his heart was sair!
 She eat them a' up, skin an bane,
 Left naething but hide an hair.

'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,
 Mair meat ye gi to me!'
 'An what meat's i this house, lady,
 An what ha I to gi?'
 'O ye do kill your gay gos-hawks,
 An ye bring them here to me.'
 O whan he slew his gay gos-hawks,
 Wow but his heart was sair!
 She eat them a' up, skin an bane,
 Left naething but feathers bare.

'Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry,
 Some drink ye bring to me!'
 'O what drink's i this house, lady,
 That you're nae welcome ti?'
 'O ye sew up your horse's hide,
 An bring in a drink to me.'
 And he's sewd up the bloody hide,
 A puncheon o wine put in;
 She drank it a' up at a waught,
 Left na ae drap ahin.

'A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,
 A bed you mak to me!
 For ye maun pu the heather green,
 An mak a bed to me.'
 O pu'd has he the heather green,
 An made to her a bed,
 An up has he taen his gay mantle,
 An oer it has he spread.
 'Tak aff your claiths, now, King Henry,
 An lye down by my side!'
 'O God forbid,' says King Henry,
 'That ever the like betide;
 That ever the fiend that wons in hell
 Shoud streak down by my side.'

Whan night was gane, and day was come,
 An the sun shone throw the ha,
 The fairest lady that ever was seen
 Lay atween him an the wa.
 'O well is me!' says King Henry,
 'How lang'll this last wi me?'
 Then out it spake that fair lady,
 'Even till the day you dee.
 'For I've met wi mony a gentle knight
 That's gien me sic a fill,
 But never before wi a courteous knight
 That ga me a' my will.'

This is a round. The tune is the same as it is sung to today. It comes from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia or The Seconde Part of Musicks Melodie* published in 1609. It may have come from this book, as he was anoted writer of rounds, but it may well be something he had heard while growing up.

Three Blind Mice

Three Blinde Mice,
 Three Blinde Mice,
 Dame Iulian,
 Dame Iulian,
 The Miller and his merry olde Wife,
 Shee scrapte her tripe licke thou the knife

The last line implies that, instead of cutting there tails off the mice were cut up and eaten.

There are many ballads of the jilted lover who is supernatural in one way or another. This one is Child Ballad 35. The presence of an envoi (the last four lines) is an indication of the age of the song as it uses the formal ballade form, which was used for the poetry form well before it was sung.

Allison Gross

O ALLISON GROSS, that lives in yon towr,
 The ugliest witch i the north country,
 Has trysted me ae day up till her bowr,
 An monny fair speech she made to me.
 She stroaked my head, an she kembed my hair,
 An she set me down saftly on her knee;
 Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so true,
 Sae monny braw things as I woud you gi.
 She showd me a mantle o red scarlet,
 Wi gouden flowrs an fringes fine;
 Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so true,
 This goodly gift it sal be thine.

‘Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
 Haud far awa, an lat me be;
 I never will be your lemman sae true,
 An I wish I were out o your company.’
 She neist brought a sark o the saftest silk,
 Well wrought wi pearles about the ban;
 Says, Gin you will be my ain true love,
 This goodly gift you sal comman.
 She showd me a cup of the good red gold,
 Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;
 Says, Gin you will be my lemman sae true,
 This goodly gift I will you gi.

‘Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
 Had far awa, and lat me be;
 For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth
 For a’ the gifts that ye coud gi.’
 She’s turnd her right and roun about,
 An thrice she blaw on a grass-green horn,
 An she sware by the meen and the stars abeen,
 That she’d gar me rue the day I was born.
 Then out has she taen a silver wand,
 An she’s turnd her three times roun an roun;
 She’s mutterd sich words till my strength it faild,
 An I fell down senceless upon the groun.

She’s turnd me into an ugly worm,
 And gard me toddle about the tree;
 An ay, on ilka Saturdays night,
 My sister Maisry came to me,
 Wi silver bason an silver kemb,
 To kemb my heady upon her knee;
 But or I had kissd her ugly mouth,
 I’d rather a toddled about the tree.
 But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,
 When the seely court was ridin by,
 The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,
 Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lye.

She took me up in her milk-white han,
 An she’s stroakd me three times oer her knee;
 She chang’d me again to my ain proper shape,
 An I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

This is a spring carol dating from the 13th century. It appeared in the Finnish collection *Piae Cantiones* in this form in 1582. The tune for it was later appropriated into English for the song *Good King Wenceslaus* in 1853 changing it from a secular spring dancing carol to a solemn devotional winter one.

Tempus adest floridum

Tempus adest floridum,
Surgent namque flores
Vernales in omnibus,
Imitantur mores
Hoc quod frigus laeserat,
Reparant calores
Cernimus hoc fieri,
Per multos labores

Sunt prata plena floribus,
Iucunda aspectu
Ubi iuvat cernere,
Herbas cum delectu
Gramina et plantae
Hyeme quiescunt
Vernali in tempore
Virent et accrescunt.

Haec vobis pulchre monstrant
Deum creatorem
Quem quoque nos credimus
Omnium factorem
O tempus ergo hilare,
Quo laetari libet
Renovato nam mundo,
Nos novari decet.

Terra ornatur floribus
Et multo decore
Nos honestis moribus
Et vero amore
Gaudeamus igitur
Tempore iucundo
Audemusque Dominum
Pectoris ex fundo

Spring has now unwrapped the flowers,
day is fast reviving,
Life in all her growing powers
towards the light is striving:
Gone the iron touch of cold,
winter time and frost time,
Seedlings, working through the mould,
now make up for lost time.

Herb and plant that, winter long,
slumbered at their leisure,
Now bestirring, green and strong,
find in growth their pleasure;
All the world with beauty fills,
gold the green enhancing,
Flowers make glee among the hills,
set the meadows dancing

Through each wonder of fair days
God Himself expresses;
Beauty follows all His ways,
as the world He blesses:
So, as He renews the earth,
Artist without rival,
In His grace of glad new birth
we must seek revival.

Earth puts on her dress of glee;
flowers and grasses hide her;
We go forth in charity
brothers all beside her;
For, as man this glory
sees in th'awakening season,
Reason learns the heart's decrees,
hearts are led by reason

This widely sung Christmas carol first appeared in the Mosberg Gradual of 1360 although it is usually regarded as having an earlier provenance. It later appeared in *Piae Cantiones* in this form in 1582. It was then translated into English as the Carol *Christ Was Born on Christmas Day*. Several other period songs, including *Joseph, lieber Joseph mein* are also sung to the same tune. My Latin gets really shaky on this one.

Resonemus Laudibus

Resonemus laudibus	Let it be known the praises
Cum jocund itatibus	With the pleasant Godhead
Ecclesiam fidelibus	The Church of the Faithful
Appa nuit quem genuit Maria	Wisdom appeared in the one Mary bore.
Deus fecit hominem	God made man
Ad saum imaginem	In His image
Et similitudinem	And His likeness
Appa nuit quem genuit Maria	Wisdom appeared in the one Mary bore.
Deus fecit omnia	God has made all things
Celum, Terram, maria,	The sky, the earth, the seas
Cunctaque nascentia	In all of their origin
Appa nuit quem genuit Maria	Wisdom appeared in the one Mary bore.
Ero nostro concio	We will gather together
In chro dis et organo	In the celestial music (?) and the organ
Bene dictat Domino,	The Lord dictates well
Appa nuit quem genuit Maria	Wisdom appeared in the one Mary bore.
Et Deo qui venias	And to God who pardons
Donat et leticas	And joyfully grants
Nos eidem gracias.	We give him thanks.
Appa nuit quem genuit Maria	Wisdom appeared in the one Mary bore.

This is what is referred to as a Macaronic Carol and mixes Latin and German words and lines. It is attributed to Heinrich Suso (ca. 1295-1366). Folklore has it that Suso, hearing angels sing these words, joined them in a dance of worship. It appeared in *Piae Cantiones* in this form in 1582, where it mixed Latin and Finnish, and thence entered English as the Christmas Carol *Good Christian Men Rejoice*. In the original form it was recorded by Mike Oldfield as an instrumental in 1976. Note that the last line is repeated, but I haven't done that in the translation.

In Dulci Jubilo

In dulci jubilo,
Nun singet und seid froh!
Unsers Herzens Wonne
Leit in praesepio,
Und leuchtet als die Sonne
 Matris in gremio,
 Alpha es et O, Alpha es et O!

O Jesu parvule
Nach dir ist mir so weh!
Tröst mir mein Gemüte
 O puer optime
Durch alle deine Güte
 O princeps gloriae.
 Trahe me post te, Trahe me post te!

O Patris caritas!
 O Nati lenitas!
Wir wären all verloren
 Per nostra crimina
So hat er uns erworben
 Coelorum gaudia
Eia, wären wir da, Eia, wären wir da!

Ubi sunt gaudia
Nirgend mehr denn da!
Da die Engel singen
 Nova cantica,
Und die Schellen klingen
 In regis curia.
Eia, wären wir da, Eia, wären wir da!

In sweet rejoicing,
 Now sing and be glad!
 Our hearts' joy
 Lies in the manger;
 And it shines like the sun
 In the mother's lap.
 You are the alpha and omega,

Oh Jesus, the little ones
 For you I am so hurt!
 Comfort me my soul
 The best young boy
 Through all your kindness
 O Prince of Glory.
 Draw me after thee!

O love of the Father!
 O most gentle birth!
 We would have lost all
 Through the sins that we have
 He won for us
 The joy of Heaven
 Oh yes we were there!

Where are the joys?
 Nowhere more than here!
 As the angels sing
 New songs,
 And the sound rings
 In the King's court.
 Oh yes we were there!

This is a silly nonsense song. I have heard it sung in many taverns. It is taken from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia or The Seconde part of Musicks melodie* published in 1609. I am sure you do not need me to fill in the extra lines on last five verses. The last verse was not in the original, but appeared soon after.

Martin Said to His Man

Martin said to his man
 (fie, man fie!)
 Martin said to his man
 (who's the fool now?)
 Martin said to his man
 Fil thou the cup and I the can,
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 who's the fool now?
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 who's the fool now?

I see a sheep shearing corn,
 (fie, man fie!)
 I see a sheepe shearing corn,
 (who's the fool now?)
 I see a sheepe shearing corn,
 And a couckold blow his horn,
 Thou hast well drunken man, who's the
 fool now?

I see a man in the Moone,
 Clowting of Saint *Peters* shoone, [fixing
 St. Peter's shoe]

I see a hare chase a hound,
 Twenty mile aboue the ground,

I see a goose ring a hog.
 And a snayle that did bite a dog,

I see a mouse catch the cat,
 And the cheese to eate the rat,

I saw a maid milk a bull,
 Every stroke a bucket-full,

