

HEREFORDSHIRE COMPOSERS' WORKSHOP

SELECTED TEXTS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

sources of texts, composers' initials and voices/instruments used are shown beneath each

the composers' names are given on the last page

settings which can be heard on the composers' pages are marked with an asterisk(*)

A life of Sabbaths here beneath!
Continual jubilees and joys!
The days of Heaven, while we breathe
On Earth! where Sin all bliss destroys:
This is a triumph of delights
That doth exceed all appetites:
No joy can be compared to this,
It is a life of perfect Bliss.

Of perfect Bliss! How can it be?
To conquer Satan, and to reign
In such a vale of misery,
Where vipers, stings, and tears remain,
Is to be crowned with victory.
To be content, divine, and free,
Even here beneath is great delight
And next the Beatific Sight.

*set by AM for ssaattbb**

But inward lusts do oft assail,
Temptations work us much annoy,
We'll therefore weep, and to prevail
Shall be a more celestial joy.
To have no other enemy
But one, and to that one to die:
To fight with that and conquer it,
Is better than in peace to sit.

'Tis better for a little time;
For he that all his lusts doth quell,
Shall find his life to be his prime
And vanquish Sin and conquer Hell.
The next shall be his double joy;
And that which here seemed to destroy
Shall in the other life appear
A root of bliss; a pearl each tear.

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

A Stranger here

Strange Things doth meet Strange Glories see
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear
Strange all and new to me
But that they mine should be who nothing was
That Strangest is of all yet brought to pass

set by JRo for sab, DW for s fl kbd**

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

Adam lay y-bounden
Bounden in a bond
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long
And all was for an apple
An apple that he took
As clerkes finden
Written in their book

*set by PF for satb**

Ne had the apple taken been
The apple taken been
Ne had never our lady
A-been heavené queen
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was
Therefore we moun singen
Deo gracias

Anon (15th century)

As pilgrims in search of new life were drawn to Ethelbert's shrine
 may the God of all healing and forgiveness draw you to himself
 and cleanse you from all your sins that you may behold the glory
 of his Son the Word made flesh
 Jesus Christ our Lord Alleluya Amen

set by DW for satb

Adapted by Andrew Piper from Common Worship: Times & Seasons

Beatae Mariae Magdalенаe, quaesumus
 Domine, suffragiis adjuvemur: cuius precibus
 exoratus, quatruiduanum fratrem Lazarum vivum
 ab inferis resuscitasti.
 Qui vivis et regnas. Amen

*We beseech thee, Lord, that we be granted the support of the blessed
 Mary Magdalen's advocacy; moved by her prayers, thou didst, after
 four days, raise from the dead
 her brother, Lazarus;
 who livest and reignest. Amen.*

*set by SG for satb**

Paris missal (1874)

Behold, O Lord, with favour our most gracious sovereign Lady.
 let her always possess the hearts of her people;
 endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts;
 and in the world to come crown her with everlasting life.

set by DW for satb

adapted from BCP

Blow wind to where my loved one is
 Touch her and come and touch me soon
 I'll feel her gentle touch through you
 And meet her beauty in the moon
 These things are much for one who loves
 A man can live by them alone
 That she and I breathe the same air
 And that the earth we tread is one

set by JRe for ab and kbd, DW for s and kbd*

Sanscrit Epic (from 5th or 4th century B.C.)

By these two stars my life is only led
 In them I place my joy in them my pleasure
 Love's piercing Darts and Nature's precious treasure
 With their sweet food my fainting soul is fed
 Then when my sun is absent from my sight
 How can it chuse (with me) but be dark night

set by JRo for s kbd

Richard Barnfield (b. 1574)

Cold blows the wind on my true love
 And a few small drops of rain
 I never had but one true love
 In a greenwood he was slain

I'd do as much for my true love
 As any young girl may
 I'd sit and weep all on his grave
 For a twelvemonth and a day

When twelve months and a day were gone
 This young man he arose
 Why do you weep down by my grave
 That I can take no repose

*set by DV for satb**

Herefordshire ballad

Et tu puer Propheta Altissimi vocaberis
 praeibis enim ante Dominum parare vias eius
 ad dandam scientiam salutis plebi eius
 in remissionem peccatorum eorum
 Per viscera misericordiae Dei nostri
 in quibus visitavit nos oriens ex alto
 Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent
 ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis

*And thou child shalt be called the prophet of the Highest
 for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways
 to give knowledge of salvation unto his people
 for the remission of their sins
 Through the tender mercy of our God
 whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us
 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death
 And to guide our feet into the way of peace*

*set by SG for satb**

St Luke 2, 76-9

Felix namque es Sacra Virgo Maria
 et omne laude dignissima
 quia ex te ortus est sol justitiae
 Christus Deus noster
 Ora pro populo interveni pro clero
 intercede pro devoto femineo sexu
 Sentiant omnes tuum juvamen
 quicumque celebrant
 tuam sanctam commemorationem

*Fortunate art thou O holy Virgin Mary
 and most worthy of all praise
 since from thee arose the sun of righteousness
 Christ our God:
 intercede for people and for clergy
 and for women in holy orders.
 May thy support be felt by all
 that celebrate
 thy sacred feast*

*set by PF for ssatb**

Paris missal (1874)

From England gleams a light on earth:.
 See Thomas like an angel shine,
 Conspicuous by his noble birth,
 Lord of the apostolic line.
 Teacher of the truth of heaven,
 Grant us never to be riven
 From Christ, our sure defender,
 That when we this life surrender
 We may pass to heaven's splendour
 And with the blest a place be given. Alleluya

set by DW for satb

translated from Hereford Breviary (1505)

Hail Mary full of grace
 The Lord is with thee
 Blessed art thou amongst women
 And blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus
 Holy Mary Mother of God
 Pray for us now
 And at the hour of our death

*set by PF for ssatb**

expanded from Luke 1 28 & 42

Hark how remoter parishes do sound

Far off they ring
 For thee my king
 Even round about the town
 The churches scattered over all the ground
 Serve for Thy praise who art with glory crowned
 This city is an engine great
 That makes my pleasure more complete
 The sword the mace the magistrate
 To honour Thee attend in state
 The whole assembly sings
 The minster rings

set by RP and DW for ssaattbb

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

He in our Childhood with us walks,
 And with our Thoughts Mysteriously he talks;
 He often visiteth our Minds,
 But cold Acceptance in us ever finds:
 We send him often grievd Away;
 Els would he shew us all his Kingdoms Joy.

set by SG FP and DW for satb*

But now with New and Open Eys,
 I see beneath as if above the Skies;
 And as I Backward look again,
 See all his Thoughts and mine most Clear and Plain.
 He did Approach, he me did Woo
 I wonder that my God this thing would doe.

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

Hi sunt sancti tui,
 omnipotens Deus bone,
 qui tuae dono gratiae semper virent;
 rubent ut rosa, candent sicut lilium,
 ut mella placent, currunt ut spiritus,
 fragrant ut balsamum, ut soles fulgent;
 sic clemens Deus
 sanctum suum Thomam glorificans
 fidem firmat.

Sed tu magis plaude, Herefordia.
 Nam quem in terris habuisti pastorem
 nunc obtines in caelis sedulum protectorem.

set by SG AM and DW for satb*

*These are thy Saints
 most mighty and gracious God:
 who by the gift of thy grace wax not old;
 bright as roses, pure as lilies,
 sweet as honey, swift as the wind,
 fragrant as balsam, like burning suns they shine;
 thus God in His goodness
 glorifying Thomas as His Saint
 confirms our faith.*

*But you, Hereford, rejoice the more.
 Him whom you had as pastor on the earth
 you gain as keen protector now in heaven.*

Pope John XXII: extracts from Papal Bull of 1320

I am linked to this county by subtle ties, deeper than I can explain: they are ties of beauty. Whenever I think of Paradise, I think of parts of this County. Whenever I think of the bounty and beauty of God, I think of parts of this County.

I know of no land more full of bounty and beauty than this red land, so good for corn and hops and roses. I am glad to have lived in a country where nearly everyone lived on and by the land, singing as they carried the harvest home, and taking such pride in the horses, and in the great cattle, and in the cider trees.

It will be a happy day for England when she realises that those things and the men who care for them are the real wealth of the land: the beauty and bounty of the earth being the shadow of Heaven.....

set by JRo for speaker and kbd

John Masefield on getting the Freedom of the City of Hereford in 1930

I come from haunts of coot and hern,

I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out amongst the fern,
To bicker down a valley

set by DW for b and kbd

And out again I curve and flow

To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

from 'The Brook' - Tennyson (1809 - 92)

I lovèd her of all the world admired
I was refused of her that can love none
And my vain hope which far too far aspired
Is dead and buried and forever gone
I was as fond as ever she was fair
Yet loved I not more than I now despair

*set by JRo for t and kbd**

from a sonnet by the Earl of Essex (1565-1601)

I propose to end my days

In a tavern drinking
May some Christian hold for me
The glass while I am shrinking
That the cherubim may cry
When they see me sinking
God be gracious to a soul
Of this gentleman's way of thinking

set by JRo and DW for satb*

*'Meum est propositum', q.v.,
paraphrased by Walter Map (ob. c. 1210)*

King Ethelbert's perdition is told in this our antiphon;
By cruel jealousy fordone, he perished but his fame lives on.
Once in childhood in a dream he heard - so great his piety -
(That sacred inexpressive theme, the music of the Trinity.)
(Sanctus Dominus deus Sabaoth -----)
Fourteen years of age was he when the Angles crowned him king;
Thereafter to the west country and the land of Mercia journeying
As plighted spouse right gladly, there, from highest window was he spied
By that fair kingdom's future heir, sweet Alfritha his promised bride
But, loth to lose her royal power, the queen at midnight's darkest hour
In jealous spite her guards did bid to kill him, and the body hid.
Yet the murdered Ethelbert after death was glorified
For his body rescued from the river Lugg's concealing tide,
That saintly body, heals the sick, cures the blind man at a touch,
(While leaping high with strength renewed the cripple casts away his crutch.)
(Alleluya -----)
(So for him at Hereford is built a splendid glittering tomb)
(Gaudeamus igitur -----)
There in haste from every side the crowds of reverent pilgrims come.
Now the church anew today his lustrous images adorn
To magnify Saint Ethelbert the King, a friend of all that mourn

*set by DW for satb**

words by DW

Lift we now on high our voice
 And in Christ our Lord rejoice
 Who his saints upraiseth
 By whose will the king once slain
 Ethelbert in heaven doth reign
 And his glory praiseth

Thou O king with grace divine
 Didst a bright example shine
 When a monarch reigning
 Thee no carnal sin defiled
 Pure thou wert as purest child
 Unto death remaining

As a sun thou didst illumine
 Britain's land else sunk in gloom
 Waiting for the morning
 By thy birth the East was blest
 By thy holy death the West
 Both alike adorning

Great in life ere thou wast slain
 Great in death thou dost remain
 King by God elected
 Ever may God hear thy prayer
 And our sinful ways repair
 That we may be accepted Amen

Long long ago in the east country
 Was a young king all on his lonesome-o
 People loved his virtues three
 He was kind and just and handsome-o
 No wife had he nor children fair
 But lived alone with his mother there
 People said - Marry for you need a wife
 To have and to hold and to share your life
 She may bear you a son to follow you
 To lead your people good and true
 We've heard of a princess far far away
 Why don't you woo her don't delay
 Ethelbert began to pack
 But suddenly the sky turned black
 How dark it grew a summer's noon
 And over all a sense of doom
 And next the earth began to shake
 The very hills moved in the quake
 And terror smote the folk anew
 A sign from heaven - was it true
 But our brave prince was not afraid
 And set out on his journey-o
 King Offa spied his cavalcade
 And rubbed his hands with pleasure-o
 Good Ethelbert come near to me
 The king of your East country I will be
 His henchman Grimbert did the deed
 To kill our prince he did succeed
 Old Grimbert's sword struck off his head
 He went to tell the king - He's dead
 He put the corpse upon a cart
 The kingly head some way apart
 But as the cart began to pitch
 The poor head fell into the ditch
 Along came an old man who couldn't see
 Blind from birth he was known to be
 He stumbled over and nearly tripped
 He took the head into his grip
 When suddenly his sight restored
 His grateful thanks to God outpoured
 To Hereford our saint he came (Alleluya...)
 He cured the sick the blind the lame
 A mighty church over him they raised
 To point to heav'n our God to praise
 And pilgrims come from far and near
 To ask Saint Ethelbert to bring good cheer

Meum est propositum
In taberna mori
 Ut sint vina proxima
 Morientis ori
 Tunc cantabunt letius
 Angelorum chori
 Deus sit propitius
 Huic potatori

Listen now to what I've planned
A pub's the place for dying
With a wine glass in my hand
On my death-bed lying
Then more gladsomely will chant
Angels at heaven's portal
May the Lord his favour grant
To this liquor-loving mortal

set by PF for ssaattbb

The Arch-Poet (ob .c.1165)

- 1 **Mix the dried 'fruit .to-'gether : sul'tanas 'raisins.and 'currants**
- 2 Soak it then 'over-'night: in four 'measures.of 'Here-ford 'cider
- 3 Cream six ounces of butter* with the same a'mount. of 'sugar : cont'inue 'creaming.till 'fluffy
- 4 Lightly 'beat three 'eggs : and gradually 'beat.them 'into.the'mixture
- 5 Add the fruit and the cider* then sift flour.and 'spice.to-'gether :
 a half pound of flour and a 'teaspoon'ful of.mixed'spice.
- 6 Fold in 'half the 'flour: mix 'well.and 'mix.in the 'rest.
- 7 [2nd half]Turn out into a tin* which could be 'round.or 'square: lining the 'bottom.with 'greasy 'paper
- 8 Bake in a 'moderate 'oven : at three 'hundred.and 'fifty.de'grees
- 9 Or peradventure at 'Gas.Mark 'four : for an 'hour.and 'fifteen minutes.

pointed by DW for an satb psalm chant

based on an old Herefordshire recipe for cider cake

O Divine Love

O Divine Love, the sweet harmony of souls
 the musick of Angels, the Joy of God's own Heart,

O Divine Love, come and live in me,
 that I may know the Law of Libertie,

O Divine Love, inspire me, open my Eyes,
 make me a child of God, and a citizen of Heav'n.

set by SG for satb

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

Of a rose sing we, mysterium mirabile.

This rose is railed on a rys; she hath brought the Prince of Peace
 and in this timē sooth it is viri sine semine

This rose is red of colour bright, thro' whom our joyē gan alight
 upon a Christēsmassē night, claro David germine.

Of this rose was Christ ybore, to save mankind that was forlore
 and us alle from sinnes sore, Prophetarum carmine.

*set by JRo for satb**

old English macaronic verse

Plain roast pheasants nicely served on a bed
 Of bread-crumbs rolled from oven-dried bread
 And boiled potatoes rubbed through a sieve
 With a nob of butter will satisfaction give

set by JRo and DW for satb

based on a recipe in 'Hints for young Housewives' (1890)

Plynlimon's kites survey her birth

By marshlands fed the stream then twines
 From rock-strewn heights of acid earth
 Past ancient lead and silver mines
 To fertile plains where there's no dearth
 Of stock and grains and apples and vines
 Then deep and wide with Severn's firth
 And ocean's tide at last combines

The Wye the Wye the faithful Wye
 Is pleasant to the stranger's eye
 I love to gaze on her sun-lit flow
 Or on her banks night-wandering go
 She sports between her verges green
 And playful glides from scene to scene
 To sail rough seas I dare not try
 But I love to ride on the gentle Wye

set by JW for satb

*verse 1: derived from a local guide-book
 verse 2: Thomas Vaughan (1848)*

Regis Ethelberti sortem cantemus amaram:
 Victima mortuus est at in aevum fama superstes.
 Pro pietate puer dum dormit dicitur olim
 Audivisse dei carmen coeleste triuni.

Angli quindecimo regem anno rite coronant;
 Ingressum tamen in terram cui Mercia nomen
 Alfhrytha prospiciens celsa laetata fenestra
 Sponsum sponsa videt Mercorum filia regis;

At cupida imperii famulos noxissima mater
 Nocte necare iubet iuvenem, celatque cadaver.
 Martyr Ethelbertus, sed caeso gloria crevit:
 Corpus enim tandem Luggensi ex amne retractum
 Ipso aegros tactu sanat: lux reddita caecis,
 Exiliuntque pedum renovato robore claudi.

Fanum Herefordensi pretiosum conditur urbe,
 Quo peregrinorum festinat turba piorum.
 Denique in aede hodie nova Sancti fulget imago
 Regis Ethelberti, maestorum semper amici.

*set by AM for satb**

*King Ethelbert's perdition is told in this our antiphon,
 He died a victim, but his fame lives on.
 Once in a dream, so great his piety,
 He heard the wondrous music of the Trinity.*

*At fourteen years the Angles crowned him king;
 Then to the land of Mercia journeying
 Right gladly from her window was he spied
 By princess Alfhrytha, his promised bride;*

*But, jealous of her power, the queen did bid
 Her henchmen kill him, and the body hid.
 Yet martyred Ethelbert was glorified:
 Drawn from the river Lugg's concealing tide
 His body cured the sick; thus, at a touch,
 The blind man sees, the cripple spurns his crutch.*

*So then at Hereford a costly tomb
 Is built, and from all sides the pilgrims come.
 Our church anew today his images adorn,
 Saint Ethelbert the King, a friend to all that mourn.*

David Wyllie and Guy Rawlinson

Salve Thoma pastor bone
 Christi gregis et patrone
 ac doctor ecclesie;
 opem queso fer egrotis
 atque mentibus devotis
 confer lumen gracie. Alleluia

*set by FP for satb**

*Hail thee, Thomas, watchful tender
 Of Christ's flock, its great defender,
 Teacher of God's populace;
 To the sick thy help, pray, render;
 Grant thy acolytes the splendour
 Of the lamp of heavenly grace. Alleluia*

Hereford breviary (1505)

Sancti tui Domine
florebunt sicut lilium,
 et sicut odor balsami
 erunt ante te.

In coelestibus regnis
 sanctorum habitatio est,
 et in aeternum requies eorum.

*set by AM and DW for satb and by PD for ssaattbb**

Thy saints O Lord
 shall flourish as the lily,
 and as the odour of balsam
 shall they be in thy presence.

In the realms of heaven
 is the dwelling place of the saints,
 and throughout eternity they take their rest.

Paris summer missal 1874

Sicut fragrant horto florum
 candent curant lilia
 Thomas per exempla morum
 fragrat in ecclesia
 candet choro confessorum;
 flos vite mundicia.
 culpas curat contritorum
 poli prestat premia. Alleluia

*As in gardens sweet with scent
 Lilies gleam and cleanse the air,
 Thomas by his pious bent
 With fragrance fills the place of prayer,
 Gleams, in faith pre-eminent;
 A flower of purest character.
 Cleansing sin when men repent
 The prize of heaven he doth confer. Alleluia*

*set by SG for satb**

Hereford Breviary (1505)

Sing, shepherds all, and in your roundelays
 Sing only of our noble monarch's praise.
 The gods above will help to bear a part,
 And men below will try their greatest art.
 So may her high renown grow ever greater.
 Vivat, vivat Regina Elizabetha.

based on a text set in 1601

set by SG for satb and HR for ssaattbb**

by Richard Nicholson in honour of QE 1

Sweet Infancy!

O fire of heaven! O sacred Light
 How fair and bright
 How great am I
 Whom all the world doth magnify!
 O Heavenly Joy!
 O great and sacred blessedness
 Which I possess!
 So great a joy
 Who did into my arms convey?
 From God above
 Being sent, the Heavens me inflame:
 To praise his Name
 The stars do move!
 The burning sun doth show His love.

*set by DW for satb**

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

The County boasts of Wood and Wool

Of Wheat and Women sweet
 Hops Barley and such Cider cool
 As you will not elsewhere meet
 Made from that most delicious fruit
 That once did mother Eve beguile
 Her daughters are still partial to't
 And - like her - love and smile

set by JRo for s or t and kbd

James Payne (1785)

The Cross is the House of Wisdom and the Throne of Love
 There we enter the Heart of the Universe
 There we may see a man loving all the World and a God dying for Mankind
 There we may see all mysteries at once couched together and explained
 It is a Well of life beneath in which we may see the face of heaven above

set by DW for satb

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

| | |
|---|---|
| The Sun must burn and cannot chuse but shine; Remove its Rays, Remove its All. It doth itself refine, Promote, Delight, Exalt, & Clothe with Prais, It Crowns itself by shedding forth its Rays. | Just so is Man. He needs must burning shine, His Life is Love, To live that Life His Soul was made Divine; Who cannot chuse but, like the Sun above, Be burning still, and som thing needs must love. |
|---|---|

set by PD AM and DW for satb

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

Then said they unto him: 'What art thou?
 - that we may give an answer unto them that sent us.
 What sayest thou of thyself?
 And he said: 'I am the voice of him
 that crieth in the wilderness:
 "Make straight the way of the Lord" '.

set by JRo for satb

St John 1, 22-3

Thou shalt call his name John
 and many shall rejoice at his birth
 Among those that are born of women
 there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist
 He shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias
 to make ready a people prepared for the Lord

set by DW for satb

St Luke 1, 13-14 & 7, 28

Threnosa compassio dulcissimae Dei matris
 perducatur nos ad gaudia summa Dei Patris:
 Te laudamus et rogamus mater Jesu Christi
 ut intendas et defendas nos a morte tristi Amen

*May the mournful compassion of the sweet mother of God
 lead us to the highest joys of God the Father:
 Praising thee mother of Jesus Christ we pray
 for thy guidance and defence against sad death Amen*

*set by SG for satb **

Thomas More's Book of Hours (1530)

Upon an island in the farthest west

An apple grove grew from the fruited boughs
 Wherewith as bridal gift old Gaia blessed
 Hera to hail her as great Zeus's spouse
 The Golden Apples of the sunset lands
 Which gave the gift of immortality
 Three bright-eyed nymphs kept safe from plundering hands
 Aigle Erytheis and Hesperie
 Daughters of Evening the Hesperides
 Whose father Atlas held aloft the heaven
 So was it till the day when Hercules
 Purloined the apples for his Opus eleven
 To win the coveted ambrosian fruit
 The plan the hero made was quite astute
 He in their father's stead upheld the skies
 While Atlas westward sped to steal the prize

*set by RP for satb**versified by DW from Wikipedia***UT queant laxis REsonare fibris**

Mira gestorum FAMuli tuorum

Solve polluti LABii reatum

Sancte Iohannes

Nuntius celso veniens Olympo
 te patri magnum fore nasciturum
 nomen et vitae seriem gerendae
 ordine promit

Nunc potens nostri meritis opimis
 pectoris duros lapides repelle
 asperum planans iter, et reflexos
 dirige calles

Sit decus Patri genitaeque proli
 et tibi compar utriusque virtus
 Spiritus semper Deus unus omni
 Temporis aevo Amen

*That freed from strain thy servants may proclaim
 the wonders of thy works*

*Purge the indictment earned by unclean lips
 O St John*

*An Angel coming from the highest heaven
 made known to thy father thy coming birth
 and mighty name and his own future fate
 duly revealed*

*Now therefore by the power of thy great merits
 dispel our stony stubbornness of heart
 make smooth for us the rough ways and the crooked
 paths make straight*

*Glory to the Father and to the Son incarnate
 And to thee be equal excellence accorded
 Holy Spirit - the triune God for ever
 And for all ages Amen*

*set by DW for satb**Paulus Diaconus (8th century)***Vivat Regina Elizabetha.**

Behold, O Lord, with favour our most gracious sovereign Lady.
 let her always possess the hearts of her people;
 endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts;
 and in the world to come crown her with everlasting life.

*set by DW for satb**Adapted from BCP*

Wassail the Ten Commandments

And all who gather here
To Hagloe Crab and Fox Whelp
May the trees bear well this year

Wake trees from their winter slumber
In the orchard on twelfth night
Make the sap to rise quickly
Misty breath in dim torchlight

Shout and yell and beat the branches
Though the air begins to freeze
Pass around the brimming basin
God bless all the apple trees

Time to gather pears and apples
When the moon is on the wane
Boys climb high to reach the griggles
As the carts come down the lane

Blossom on the trees in April
Icy blast from north wind caught
Empty barrels in the autumn
All is wasted come to naught

When flowering waits till merry May-time
When the frosts are over and done
Apples by the ton will follow
Men and women join the fun

Fill the costrels and keep whistling
Pass the cup round with the sun
Don't forget a drop for the old man
Next year's crop will be a good one

*set by FP for satb and kbd**

words by FP

We're bored with wine and Bacchus too

But we won't decline another brew
A beer brings joy to every man
Come landlord quickly pull it
Like gold it glisters in the can
Then fleetly filters down the gullet
In friendship we swill and we laugh
Let brawlers appear at their peril
We will thrash them like chaff
Or the froth that we quaff
When our goblets we fill from the barrel

set by DW for tbb

words by DW

Why should we not spend some time upon Holy Days

They are the Ornaments of Time the Days of Heaven seen upon Earth
Wherein we come from our shops to our Saviour's Throne
And from our vineyards to the Wine of Angels

They are the Market Days of Heaven
Appointed seasons wherein God keepeth Open House
We come from caring for our children
To be the Sons of God

set by DW for satb

Thomas Traherne (c. 1637–74)

NAMES OF COMPOSERS

PD - Patrick Dunachie
PF - Peter Fletcher
SG - Stephen Gowland
AM - Andrew Morris

RP - Robert Peate
FP - Frances Pullen
JRe - Julian Reeves
JRo - Julian Robbins

HR - Hannah Roper
DV - David Ventura
JW - Jon Watson
DW - David Wyllie