Miri it is

Anonymous, 13th Century

upper drone

Melody

lower drone

Miri it is while summer last with fugheles song.

Oc nu necheth windes blast and weder strong.

Ei, ei! What this nicht is long. And ich with wel michel wrong

So regh and murne and fast.

So regh and murne and fast

Merry it is while summer lasts, with bird's song, but now drawn near winter's blast and harsh weather. Alas! Alas! How long this night is! And I, most unjustly, sorrow and mourn and fast.

K Swiggum 2004

CD: The Dufay Collective: Miri it isChandos 0396

Suggested Performance order:
1) all on melody
2) melody and lower drone
3) melody, lower and upper drone

Drone use same text as melody.
Sumer is icumen in

Rota

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Sumer is icumen in,} & \quad \text{Llu-de sing cuc-cu,} \\
\text{Soom is ih-koo-mn in} & \quad \text{loo-duh sing coo-koo}
\end{align*} \]

Grow-theth med and blow-eth med and spring-theth the woo-dun.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Grow-eth sed} & \quad \text{blow-eth med} \\
\text{Grau-eth sed ahnt} & \quad \text{hrn theth woo-} \\
\text{Sing cuc-cu!} & \quad \text{Ah-ten coo-koo!} \\
\text{Sing coo-koo!} & \quad \text{Ah-ten shpringth the} \\
\text{Bul-loc ster-teth,} & \quad \text{Bul-luck shhtar-teth} \\
\text{Buc-ke vet-teth,} & \quad \text{Boo-kuh fen-teth} \\
\text{Muirie sing cuc-cu} & \quad \text{Moor-yeh sing coo-koo}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Cuc-cu, cuc-cu,} & \quad \text{Wel sing-es thoo cuc-cu,} \\
\text{Coo-koo coo-koo} & \quad \text{Ne swik thoo naver nu} \\
\text{Coo-koo coo-koo} & \quad \text{Swhic theo coo-koo teh} \\
\text{Sing cuc-cu,} & \quad \text{Sing cuc-cu,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Sing cuc-cu,} & \quad \text{Sing cuc-cu,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Sing cuc-cu,} & \quad \text{Sing cuc-cu,}
\end{align*} \]

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Anima Mea

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)
arr. Vierendeels/Swiggum

Anima mea, quid tristis es, spera in Dominum, ipse feret auxilium.
My soul, which art so downcast: hope in the Lord, he will surely bring help.

Le VIIème Livre de Chansons (Amsterdam, P. Matthys 1644-1650)
Tourdion

From Neuf Bases Danses, Anonymous
Attaignant, 1530

Quand je bois du vin clair, ami, tout tourne, tourne, tourne, tourne.
Le bon vin nous a rendu gais.
Bu-vons bien, bu-vons donc, à
Bu-vons bien, bu-vons, mes amis, trin-
sus si désormais je bois Anjou ou Arbois.
chantons, oublions nos peines, chantons.
ce flacon faisons la guerre.
quons, bu-vons, vidons nos verres.

Chantons et buvons, à ce flacon faisons la guerre.
En mangeant d'un gras jambon, à
En mangeant d'un gras jambon, à
En mangeant d'un gras jambon, à
Translation
Soprano: When I drink claret, friend, everything spins, spins, spins around; also when I drink (wines from) Anjou or Arbois. Let’s sing and drink, my friends, and make war on this flagon.

Alto: Good wine has cheered us up. Let’s sing and forget our troubles. While we’re eating this juicy ham, let’s attack this flagon.

Tenor: Let’s drink up; drink then and attack the flagon. While we’re eating this juicy ham, let’s attack this flagon.

Bass: Drink up, my friends, let’s see the bottom of the glass. While we’re eating this juicy ham, let’s attack this flagon.
Of all the instruments

a catch

Henry Purcell

Of all, all the instruments, all, all, all the instruments that

Mark, mark, mark, mark how the strings, how the strings their order

But above all, all all all all all all, this still are,

none none none none none none none

keep, with a whet whet whet whet whet whet whet

bounds,

with a zingle zingle zingle zingle zingle

none none none none none none

with the Viol can compare.

whet whet whet whet and a sweep, sweep, sweep.

zingle zingle zingle zingle zing, and a zit, zan, zounds.
The Purcell Catch

Watchmen's Song

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
ed. Jenks and Swiggum

At the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the

But now yonder Stars appear in the sky, And

"We shall soon be relieved then eat, drink, and laugh, then

Guards went the Round, and the Tata-tattoo. Tata-tattoo,
tara-ra-ra, Rara-rara Rara-rara, Rara-rara Rara-rara, Rara-rara,

cat, and drink, and laugh,

Tata-tattoo, Tata-tattoo, Tata-tattoo, Tata-ta Tata-tattoo

Rara-rara is sounded on High, and
eat, drink, and laugh. Here, here's to you, and to you, and to you. Let us

too was beat, The Tata-tata too was beat.

Tara-ra-ra, Rara-ra-ra, rara-rara is sounded on High.

eat, let us drink, let us laugh, then let us sleep till 'tis day."
Lacrimoso son io, K 555

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Lacrimoso son io  
Perduto, perduto ho l'idol mio.  

Tearful am I  
I have lost, lost my idol.
Welcome, Every Guest

Knoxville Harmony
Compiled by John B. Jackson
Madisonville, Tennessee: A.W. Elder, 1838

Welcome, welcome, ev’ry guest, Welcome to our music feast:

Music is our only cheer, Fills both soul and ravish’d ear.

Sacred Nine, teach us the mode, Sweetest notes to be explored,

Softly swell the trembling air, To complete our concert fair.