

Music for a while - Henry Purcell

Tekst: John Dryden

- EN Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdainig to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

Times stands still - John Dowland

Tekst: anoniem

- EN Time stands still with gazing on her face
Stands still and gaze for minutes
Houres and yeares, to give her place
All other things shall change
But she remains the same
Till heavens changed have their course
And time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and downe
Blinded with her faire eyes
And fortune captive at her feete
Contem'd and conquerd lies.

When fortune, love and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time
I honour will alone
If bloudlesse envie say
Dutie hath no desert.
Dutie replies that envie knows
Her selfe his faithfull heart
My setled vowes and spotlesse faith
No fortune can remove
Courage shall show my inward faith
And faith shall trie my love.

Flow my tears - John Dowland

Tekst: anoniem

- EN Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.
- Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.
- Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.
- From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.
- Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

Sorrow, stay - John Dowland

Tekst: anoniem

- EN Sorrow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,
to a woefull wretched wight,
hence, dispaire with thy tormenting feares:
O do not my poore heart affright.
Pitty, help now or never,
mark me not to endlesse paine,
alas I am condempned ever,
no hope, no help there doth remaine,
but down, down, down I fall,
and arise I never shall.

I saw my Lady weep - John Dowland

Tekst: anoniem

EN I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so,
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough, your joyful looks excels.
Tears kill the heart, believe;
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Care-charming sleep - Robert Johnson

Tekst: anoniem

EN Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow - Robert Johnson

Tekst: Ben Jonson

EN Have you seen the bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the earth hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o'the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

Venus' birds - John Bennet

Tekst: anoniem

EN Venus's birds, whose mournful tunes
sing lullaby to my unrest
for so partaking of my wrongs
in my bosom build nest
Lullaby, love, live loyal,
Or I die.

Three Ravens - Traditional

Tekst: anoniem

EN There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hey downe, hey downe.
They were as blacke as blacke could be - with a downe.
Then one of them said to his mate,
Where shal we our breakefast take?
Downe a downe, derry, derryt, derry, downe.

Downe in yonder greene field,
Downe a downe, hey downe, hey downe.
There lies a Knight slain under his shield—with a downe.
His houdns they lie down at his feete
So well do they their Master keepe
With a downe derrie, derry, derry, downe, downe.

His Hawkes they flie so eagerly
Downe a downe, hey downe, hey downe.
There's no fowle that dare him come nie—with a downe.
Donwe there come a fallow Doe
As great with young as she might go
With a downe derrie, derry, derry, downe, downe.

She lifted up his bloody head
Downe a downe, hey downe, hey downe.
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red—with a downe.
She got him up upon her backe
And carried him to earthen lake
With a downe derrie, derry, derry, downe, downe.

The Tailor and the Mouse - Traditional

Tekst: anoniem

EN There was a tailor had a mouse
Hi diddle um come feed-al
They lived together in one house
Hi diddle um come feed-al
Hi diddle um come tarum tirum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddle um come over the lea,
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The tailor thought his mouse was ill
Hi diddle um come feed-al
He gave him part of a blue pill
Hi diddle um come feed-al
Hi diddle um come tarum tirum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddle um come over the lea,
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The Tailor and the Mouse

The Frog and the Mouse - Traditional

Tekst: anoniem

The tailor thought the mouse would die
Hi diddle um come feed-al
He baked him in an apple pie
Hi diddle um come feed-al
Hi diddle um come tarum tirum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddle um come over the lea,
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The pie was cut, the mouse ran out
Hi diddle um come feed-al
The tailor followed him all about
Hi diddle um come feed-al
Hi diddle um come tarum tirum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddle um come over the lea,
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The tailor found his mouse was dead
Hi diddle um come feed-al
So he bought another one in his stead
Hi diddle um come feed-al
Hi diddle um come tarum tirum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddle um come over the lea,
Hi diddle um come feed-al

The Oak and the Ash - Traditional

Tekst: anoniem

EN A North Country maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree.
She wept and she sighed, and so bitterly she cried,
"How I wish once again in the North I could be!
Oh the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

"While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay.
The merry bells ring and the birds sweetly sing,
The meadows are pleasant and maidens are gay.
Oh the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

"No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease,
For where maidens are fair many lovers will come,
But the one whom I wed must be North Country bred,
And tarry with me in my North Country home.
Oh the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

EN There was a frog lived in a well,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee,
There was a mouse lived in a mill,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
This frog he would a-woooing ride,
With sword and buckler by his side.
With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.

He rode till he came to Mouse's Hall,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee,
Where he most tenderly did call,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
"Oh! Mistress Mouse, are you at home?
And if you are, oh pray, come down."
With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.

"My Uncle Rat is not at home;
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee,
I dare not for my life come down."
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
Then Uncle Rat he soon comes home,
"And who's been here since I've been gone?"
With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee

"Here's a fine young gentleman,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee,
Who swears he'll have me if he can."
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
And Uncle Rat gave his consent,
And made a handsome settlement.
With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.

Four partridge pies with season made,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee,
Two potted larks and marmalade,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.
Four woodcocks and a venison pie,
I would that at that feast were I!
With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
Whipsee diddledee dandy dee.