Seven Carols for Treble Choir (Jeremy’s Book, Part XII)

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I
Adam Lay Ybounden

text—c.15th century

music—Jonathan D. Green

Allegro moderato

Adam lay Ybounden, Bounded in a bond; Four thousand

winter

Thought he not too long. And all was for an apple, An

winter

Thought he not too long. And all was for an apple, An

apple that he took, As clerkes fin-den Writ-ten in their

apple that he took, As clerkes fin-den Writ-ten in their

Writ-ten in their
book. Ne had the apple taken been, The apple taken been.

book. Ne had the apple taken been, The apple taken been.

Ne had ne-ver our la-dy A been heave-né queen. Bles-séd be the

Ne had ne-ver our la-dy A been heave-né queen. Bles-séd be the

time That apple taken was. Therefore we moun sing-en

time That apple taken was. Therefore we moun sing-en

De-o, De-o, De-o gracious!

De-o, De-o, De-o gracious!

De-o, De-o, De-o gracious!
II

New Prince, New Pomp

text—Robert Southwell (c.1561-1595)

music—Jonathan D. Green

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New Prince, New Pomp

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man will yield
This lit - tle pil - grim bed; But forced he is with
doo - loo, doo - loo, doo - loo, doo - loo,
doo - loo, doo - loo, doo - loo, doo - loo,
sim - ple beasts In - crib to shroud his head. Des - pise him not for
doo - loo, doo - loo, doo - loo, Des - pise him not for
doo - loo, doo - loo, doo - loo, Des - pise him not for
ly - ing there; First what he is in - quire: An o - rient pearl is
ly - ing there; First what he is in - quire: An o - rient pearl is
not for what he his, An o - rient
of-ten found In depth of dirty mire. Weigh not his crib, his
pearl In depth of mire. Weigh not his crib, his
wood-en dish, Nor beasts that by him feed; Weigh not his mother's
wood-en dish, Nor beasts that by him feed; Weigh not his mother's
poor attire, Nor Joseph's silly weed. This stable is a
poor attire, Nor Joseph's silly weed. doo-loo,
poor attire, Nor Joseph's silly weed. doo-loo,
prince's court, This crib his chair of state, The beasts are parcel
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,

of his pomp, The wooden dish his plate; The persons in that
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,

poor attire His royal liv'ries wear; The Prince himself is
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,
come from heaven. This pomp is prized there. With doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, With doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, With
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, With
doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,

joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King; And highly praise this humble pomp, Which King; doo-loo, doo-loo, King; doo-loo, doo-loo, King; doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo, doo-loo,
This Endris Night

This endris night I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among, a maiden sung, “Lullaby.”

This endris night I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among, a maiden sung, “Lullaby.”

This lovely lady sat and sung, And lay by by lullay.
This lovely lady sat and sung, And lay by by lullay.
to her child did say:  

“My son, my brother, father, dear, Why to her child did say:  

“Why liest thou in hay?”  

“Why liest thou in hay?”  

Take thou me up on loft And set me then upon thy knee, And Take thou me up on loft And set me then upon thy knee, And

handle me full soft And in thy arm thou hold me warm and handle me full soft And in thy arm thou hold me warm and
keep me night and day, And if I weep, and may not sleep, Thou
keep me night and day, And if I weep, and may not sleep, - Thou

sing, By by, lul - lay."   "Now, sweet son, since it is come so, That
sing, By by, lul - lay."   "Now, sweet son, since it is come so, That

all is at thy will, I pray thee grant me a boon, If
all is at thy will, I pray thee grant me a boon, If

it be right and skill.— That child or man, who will or can be
it be right and skill.— That child or man, who will or can me
mer - ry on my day, To bliss thou bring— and I shall sing. Lul-
lay by by, lul - lay.”
I Sing of a Maiden

text: c. 1400, anonymous

music: Jonathan D. Green

I sing of a maiden That is make-less;

King of all kings To her son she ches. He came all so

still Where his Mother was, as dew in April That
fal-leth on the grass. He came so still
fal-leth on the grass. He came all so still

mother's bower, As dew in A-prille That fal-leth on the
To his mother's bower, As dew in A-prille That fal-leth on the

flower. He came all so still Where his mother
flower. He came all so still Where his mother
lay As dew in A-prille That fal-leth on the spray.

Mother and maiden Was never none but she:

Well may such a lady God's mother be.
Bright Portals of the Sky

text— William Drummond

music— Jonathan D. Green

Soprano solo

Bright portals of the sky, Emboss’d with sparkling stars, Doors

Soprano

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

Alto

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

top soloist, bottom 2 or 3 sopranos

of eternity, With diamantine bars, Your arras rich uphold, Loose all your

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

soloist only

bolts and springs, Ope wide your leaves of gold, That in your roofs may come the King of

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

1
Kings. O well-spring of this All! Thy father's image vive;

King of Kings. fa la la la la fa la fa la la fa la

Word, that from naught did call What is, doth reason, live; The soul's eternal

fa la la la la fa la fa la la fa la

Top soloist, bottom 2 or 3 sopranos

food, Earth's joy, delight of heav'n All truth, love, beauty good: To thee, to thee be

fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la

Soloist only
variation and our song.

la, and our song.

la, and our song.
VI
On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity

text: John Milton (1608-1674)

music: Jonathan D. Green

No War, or Bat-tails sound
Was heard the World a-

round: The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The

hook - èd Chariot stood Un - stain’d with hos - tile blood,

-1-
Trumpet spake not to the armed thron, And Kings sate still with awe, full eye, As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night Wherein the Prince of...
light His reign of peace upon the earth began: The

Winds with wonder whist; Smoothly the waters kist,

Whis'ring new joyes to the mild Ocean, Who now hath quite for-
got to rave, While Birds of Calm sit brooding

quite forgot,

on the charmed wave. Yea Truth, and Justice then Will

down return to men, Orb’d in a Rainbow; and like
Heav'n as at som festi-vall, Will o-pen wide the
Gates of her high Palace Hall. But wisest Fate sayes
no, This must not yet be so, The Babe lies yet in
wake - full trump of doom must thun - der through the deep.
VII

All this Time

text: 16th-century, anonymous

music: Jonathan D. Green

All this time this song is best: “Verbum caro factum est.”

This night there is a child born That sprang out of Jesse’s thorn;
We must sing and say there - form, All this time this

song is best: “Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum est.”

song is best: “Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum est.”

Je - sus is that chil - des name, And Ma - ry mild

is his dame; All our sor - row shall turn to game:
All this time this song is best: "Verbum caro"

fac-tum est.” It fell upon high mid-night: The

star- res shone both fair and bright; The an-gels sang with

all their might, All this time this song is best:

All this time this song is best:
Now kneel we down on our knee, And pray we to the Trinity Our help, our succour for to be; All this time this song is best: "Verbum caro factum est."