



Barony of The Angels

Song Book

Electronic Edition, June 2024



Compiled By

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Electronic edition created by

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Rounds

Rose Rose, Poor Bird, and Hey Ho are sung together:

Starting with 3 sets of Rose Rose, followed by 3 sets of Poor Bird, then 3 sets of Hey Ho

Rose, Rose (x3)

1 2
Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose, will I e - ver see thee wed?
3 4 © bethsnotes.com
I will mar - ry at thy will, sire, at thy will.

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose
Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire
If thou but say

Ah Poor Bird (x3)

1 2 3 © bethsnotes.com
Ah, poor bird, take your flight, Up a bove the sor - row of this dark night.

Ah poor bird,
Take your flight,
Far above the sorrow
Of this sad night.

Hey ho, nobody home (x3)

1 2
Hey, ho, no - bod - y home? Meat, nor drink, nor
3 © bethsnotes.com
mon - ey have I none. Yet, would I be mer - ry.

Hey ho, nobody home,
Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Yet would I be merry.

Rounds

Each of these rounds are sung on their own

Joan Glover

4-part round Deuteronomia 1609

I Go to Joan Glo-ver and
 II tell her I love her and
 III by the light of the moon
 IV I will come to her.

Go to Joan Glover,
 And tell her I love her,
 And by the light of the moon,
 I will come to her.

Why Shouldn't My Goose

1 Why should - n't my goose Sing as well as your goose
 2 When I paid for my goose Twice as much as yours?
 © belshnotes.com

Why shouldn't my goose
 Sing as well as thy goose
 When I paid for my goose
 Twice as much as thine?

Dona Nobis Pacem (Translation: Give Us Peace)

Pronounced Don-na No-beeche Pah-chem

Traditional

1 Do - na no - bis pa - cem. pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem.
 2 Do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem.
 3 Do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Latin:

Dona nobis pacem, pacem.
 Dona nobis pacem.
 Dona nobis pacem.
 Dona nobis pacem.
 Dona nobis pacem.
 Dona nobis pacem.

Arabic:

Asalaam aleikum.
 Asalaam aleikum.
 Asalaam aleikum.
 Asalaam aleikum.
 Asalaam aleikum.
 Asalaam aleikum.

Hebrew:

Sim shalom tova uvracha
 Shalom shalom tova uvracha.
 Sim shalom tova uvracha
 Shalom shalom tova uvracha.
 Sim shalom tova uvracha
 Shalom shalom tova uvracha.

Rounds

Each of these rounds are sung on their own

57. JUBILATE DEO (Joyfully Sing to God)

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

Musical notation for 'Jubilate Deo' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is presented in two lines of music. The first line contains measures 1 through 3, and the second line contains measures 4 through 6. Each measure is numbered in a circle above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

① Ju - bi - la - te De - o, ② Ju - bi - la - te
④ De - o, ⑤ Al - le - lu - ia. ⑥

45. VIVA LA MUSICA (Long Live Music)

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

Musical notation for 'Viva la Musica' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is presented in two lines of music. The first line contains measures 1 through 2, and the second line contains measures 3 through 4. Each measure is numbered in a circle above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

① Vi - va, vi - va la mu - si - ca. ② Vi - va, vi - va la
③ mu - si - ca. Vi - va la mu - si - ca!

Good Friend

for Nancy

by Jan Harmon - 1985

Sing as a round.

Oh, the wind, it is a song that
har - bours thru the win - ter.

②
Oh, the sail, it is a door that
bids the song to en - ter. And

③
let us sail the sea, good friend, and
let us sing to - ge - ther. The

④
sing - er lasts a sea - son long, while the
song ..it lasts for - e - ver.

Canon

music - Tallis
words - Eccles



I
DO DO TI DO DO RE RE MI DO II

The sky is blue ex - cept when grey, It's

FA FA MI MI RE RE DO III
SO

us - ually all - ways all that way, The

FA RE MI MI RE RE DO IV
SO

rain falls down most ev - ry day, Let's

LA TI DO MI RE RE DO

hope Sol's back by first of May.

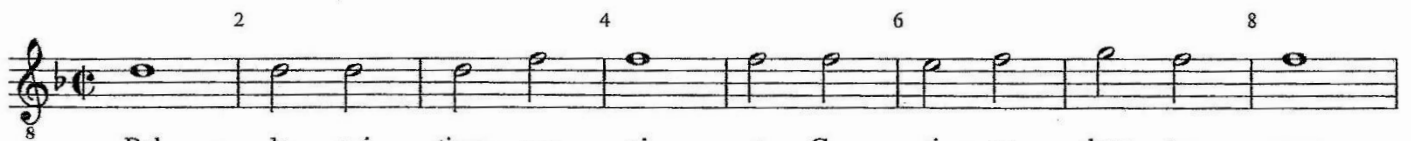


Alto

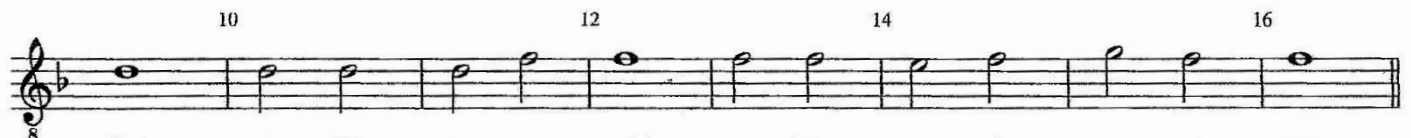
Belle qui tiens ma vie

Thoinot Arbeau

Thoinot Arbeau (1520-1595)



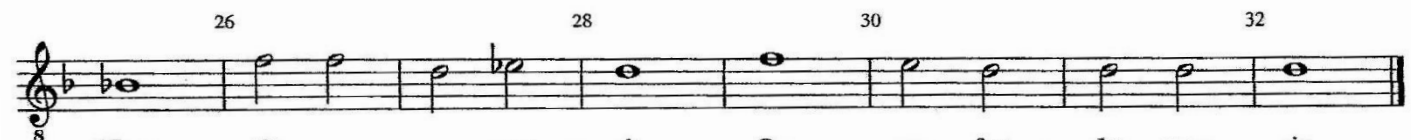
Bel - le qui tiens ma vi - e Cap - ti - ve dans tes yeux,
 Pour - quoi fuis tu, mig - nar - de, Si je suis près de toi
 Tes beau - tés et ta gra - ce Et tes di - vins pro - pos
 Mon â - me vou - lait ê - tre Li - bre de pas - si - on,
 Ap - pro - che donc ma bel - le, Ap - pro - che toi mon bien,



Qui m'as l'â - me ra - vi - e D'un sou - ris gra - ci - eux,
 Quand tes yeux je re - gar - de Je me perds de - dans moi,
 Ont é - chauff - fé la gla - ce Qui me ge - lait les os,
 Mais l'a - mour s'est fait maî - tre De mes af - fec - ti - ons
 Ne me sois plus re - bel - le Puis - que mon coeur et tien,



Viens tôt me se - cou - rir Ou me fau - dra mou - rir.
 Car tes per - fec - ti - ons Chan - gent mes ac - ti - ons.
 Et ont rem - pli mon couer D'une a - mou - reuse ar - deur.
 Et a mis sous sa loi Et mon coeur et ma foi.
 Pour mon mal ap - pai - ser Don - ne moi un bai - ser.



Viens tôt me se - cou - rir Ou me fau - dra mou - rir.
 Car tes per - fec - ti - ons Chan - gent mes ac - ti - ons.
 Et one rem - pli mon couer D'une a - mou - reuse ar - deur.
 Et a mis sous sa loi Et mon coeur et ma foi.
 Pour mon mal ap - pai - ser Don - ne moi un bai - ser.

She Moves Through the Fair

Traditional Irish folk song

Note: The gender can be switched as needed



My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind"
And she (he) put her (his) arms 'round me, these words she (he) did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding-day"

And she (he) went away from me, and moved through the faire,
And so fondly I watched her (him) move here and move there,
At last she (he) turned homeward, with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying, no two e'er were wed,
But one had a sorrow that never was said.
And I smiled as she (he) passed with her (his) goods and her (his) gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she (he) came to me, my dead love came in
And so soft did she (he) move that her (his) feet made no din
She (He) put her arms 'round me, these words she (he) did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding-day"

The Two Sisters

Child Ballad #10, first known to have appeared in 1656 as "The Miller and the King's Daughter"

♩ = 88

There lived a lady by the North Sea shore. (Lay the bent to the bonnie broom) Two daughters were the babes she bore (Fa la la la la la la la la) As one grew bright as in the sun, (Lay the bent to the bonnie broom) so coal black grew the other one. (Fa la la la la la la la la)

There lived a lady by the North
Sea shore
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
Two daughters were the babes she
bore
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

As one grew bright as is the sun
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
So coal black grew the elder one
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

A knight came riding to the lady's
door
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
He'd travelled far to be her wooer
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

He courted one with gloves and
rings
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
But he loved the other above all
things
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

"Oh sister, will you go with me"
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
"To watch the ships sail on the
sea?"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

She took her sister by the hand
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
And led her down to the North Sea
strand
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

But as they stood on the windy

shore
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
The dark girl threw her sister o'er
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

Sometimes she sank, sometimes
she swam
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
Crying, "Sister, reach to me your
hand!"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

"Oh sister, sister, let me live"
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
"And all that's mine I'll surely give"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

"It's your own true love I want, and
more
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
But thou shalt never come ashore"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

And there she floated like a swan
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
The salt sea bore her body on
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

Two minstrels walked by the windy
strand
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
They saw her body float to land
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

They made a harp of her breast
bone
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
Who's sound would melt a heart of

stone
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la
They took three locks of her yellow
hair
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
They used to string the harp so fair
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

And then they went to her father's
hall
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
To play the harp before them all
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

As they set the harp on a stone
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
The harp began to play alone
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

The first song sang a doleful sound
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
"The bride her younger sister
drowned"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

The second string as that they
tried
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
"In terror sits the black-haired
bride"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

[Verse 19]
The third string sang beneath their
bow
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
"And surely now her tears will flow"
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la, la

If I Was a Blackbird

Traditional Irish song



If I was a black-bird I'd whis- tle and sing, I'd fol- low the



ship that my true love sails in; I'd fly to the rig- ging and



there build my nest, And pil- low my head on his li- ly white breast.

I am a young sailor my story is sad
Though once I was carefree and a brave sailor lad
I courted a lassie by night and by day
Oh but now she has left me and sailed far away

CHORUS: Oh if I was a blackbird could whistle and sing

I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in
And in the top riggin' I would there build my next
And I'd flutter my wings o'er her lily white breast

Or if I was a scholar and could handle the pen
Once secret love letter to my true love I'd send
And tell of my sorrow my grief and my pain
Since she's gone and left me In yon flowery glen

CHORUS

I sailed o'er the ocean my fortune to seek
Though I missed her caress and her kiss on my cheek
I returned and I told her my love was still warm
but she turned away lightly And great was her scorn

CHORUS

I offered to take her to Donnybrook Fair
And to buy her fine ribbons to tie up her hair
I offered to marry and to stay by her side
But she says in the mornin' she sails with the tide

CHORUS

My parents they chide me oh they will not agree
Saying that me and my false love married should never be
Oh let them deprive me or let them do what they will
While there's breath in my body
She's the one I love still

CHORUS

I Am A Maid That Sleeps In Love

Traditional Irish song

I am a maid that sleeps in love and cannot feel my pain.
For once I had a sweetheart, and Johnny was his name.
And if I cannot find him, I'll wander night and day.
Tis for the sake of Johnny, I'll cross the stormy seas.

I'll cut off my yellow locks, men's clothing I'll wear on.
And like a gallant soldier, this road I'll gang along.
Enquiring for the Captain, a passage to engage free.
For to be his chief companion, for the lands beyond the sea.

The very first night, the Captain lay down on his bed to sleep.
These very words he said to me, "I wish you were a maid.
Your cherry cheeks and ruby lips, they oft enticed me.
I wish to the God, unto my heart, a maid you were to me!"

"Oh hold your tongue, dear Captain, and do not speak so strange!
For if the sailors heard of it, they'd laugh and make great game.
Now when we land on shore, brave boys, some pretty girls we'll find.
We'll roll and sport along with them, for so we are inclined."

In three days after, that we did land on shore.
"Adieu, adieu, dear captain, adieu forever more.
A sailor I was on ship, boy-o, but a maid I am on shore.
Adieu, adieu, dear Captain, adieu forever more."

"Come back, come back, my blooming girl, come back and marry me.
For I have a good fortune, I'll give it all to thee."
Five hundred guineas besides, I will provide for thine.
If you'll come back and marry me, and say you will be mine."

"To marry you, dear captain, is more than I can do.
For once I had a sweetheart, and no one else will do.
And if I cannot find him, I'll wander night and day.
Tis for the sake of Johnny, I live and die a maid."

Queen of Argyle

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The first system contains three measures of music. The second system also contains three measures. The third system contains two measures, followed by a double bar line indicating the end of the piece.

Gentlemen it is my duty
To inform you of one beauty.
Though I'd ask of you the favor
Not to seek her for a while.

Though I own she is a creature,
Of character and feature.
And no words can paint a picture
Of the Queen of all Argyle

CHORUS: And if you could have seen her there.
Boys, if you had just been there.
The swan was in her movement,
And the marvel in her smiles.
All the roses in the garden,
They'd bow and ask for pardon.
For not one could match the beauty
Of the Queen of all Argyle.

On the evening that I mention,
I passed with light intention.
Through a part of our dear country,
Known for beauty and for style.

It being a place of noble thinkers,
Of scholars and great drinkers.
But above them all for splendor,
Shone the Queen of all Argyle

CHORUS

Now my lads I needs must leave you.
My intentions no' to grieve you.
Nor indeed will I deceive you,
For I'll see you in a while.

I must find some way to gain her.
To court her and tame her.
For I feel my heart's in danger
From the Queen of all Argyle.

CHORUS

Willie of Winsbury

Child Ballad 100, Roud 64



The king has been a prisoner,
And a prisoner long in Spain.
And Willie of Winsbury
Has lain long with his daughter at home

“What ails, what ails my daughter dear,
Why you look so pale and wan”
Oh, have you had any sole sickness
Or yet been sleeping’ with a man?”

“I have not had any soul sickness,
Or yet been sleeping with a man.
It is for you, my father dear, abiding so long in
Spain”

Cast off, cast off your berry brown gown
And stand naked upon the stone.
That I may know you by your shape
If you be a maid or no.”

And she cast off her berry brown gown,
She stood naked upon the stone.
Her apron was low, her two sides were round
Her skin was pale and wan

“Oh was it a Lord, or a Duke, or a Knight,
Or a man of wealth and fame?
Or was it with one of my serving men
That lately come out of Spain?”

“No it wasn’t with a Lord or a Duke or a Knight,
Or a man of wealth or fame.

But it was with Willie of Winsbury,
I could bide no longer alone.”

Now the king has called his merry men all,
By thirty and by three.
Saying, “Fetch me that Willie of Winsbury,
High hanged he shall be.”

But when he came the king before,
He was clad all in the red silk.
His hair was like strands of gold,
His skin was white as the milk.

“And it is no wonder” said the king,
“That my daughter’s love you did win.
If I were woman, as I am man
Your bedfellow I would have been.”

“So will you marry my daughter dear,
By truth of your right hand?
And will you marry my daughter dear,
I will make you Lord of my land.”

“Oh yes, I will marry your daughter dear,
By the truth of my right hand.
Why yes, I will marry your daughter dear,
But I’ll not be Lord of your land

And now she rides a milk white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey.
He has made her the Lady of as much land
And she should ride in a long summer’s day.

Farewell, Farewell

Written by Sandy Denny

(Fairport Convention)

To the tune of "Willy of the Winsbury"

Farewell, farewell, to you here -
You lonely travelers all.
The cold North Wind will blow again.
The winding road does call.

And will you never return to see
Your bruised and beaten sons?
Oh, I would, I would, if welcome I were,
For they loathe me, every one.

And will you never cut the cloth
Or drink the life to be?

And can you never swear a year
To any one of we?

No, I will never cut the cloth,
Or drink the life to be.
But I'll swear a year to the one who lies
Asleep along side of me.

Farewell, farewell to you who would hear
Farewell, farewell, to you here -
You lonely travelers all.
The cold North Wind will blow again.
The winding road does call.

The Fishermen's Song / Lament For The Fisherman's Wife

By the storm-torn shoreline a woman is standing.
The spray strung like jewels in her hair.
And the sea tore the rocks near the desolate
landing.
As though it had known she stood there.

CHORUS:

For she had come down to condemn that
wild ocean
For the murderous loss of her man
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all

hands

Oh and white were the wave-caps and wild was
their parting.
So fierce is the warring of love.
But she prayed to the Gods, Both of men and of
sailors.
Not to cast their cruel nets o'er her love.

CHORUS

There's a school on the hill where the sons of great
sailors,
Are led toward tempests and gales.
Where their God given wings, are clipped close to
their bodies.
And their eyes are bound round with ships sails.

CHORUS

What force leads a man To a life filled with danger,
High seas or a mile underground?
It's when need is his master, And poverty's no
stranger.
And there's no other work to be found.

CHORUS

Oak & Ash & Thorn

Written by an unknown SCAer (was it you?)

Rome, she casts her shadow, her twilight on the land
But surely we can find the sun, and learn to understand,
What makes Britons Britons, what ties you to Rome,
Can't we live together, In this land we both call home?

CHORUS: By oak and ash and thorn my love, by oak and ash and thorn.
I'll meet you in the twilight or in the mist clad morn
Like emblems of our people let peach in us be born
When we lie on your blood-red cloak 'neath oak and ash and thorn

Trade brings men to places, they'd not go at all,
We spread out our markets, in the shadows of your walls.
And there we came together, your eyes were dark and warm.
Twas there that I first led you, to oak and ash and thorn.

CHORUS

My chieftain said the Romans would be friends to all our clan
It was in that first hope of peace I saw you as a man
But now our King is dying and the Dark Queen rules alone
Will the red cloaks keep the peace or seek to steal he throne

CHORUS

Bright blood stains the feasting, bright blood stains the hall.
But you made one mistake my love, you did not kill us all.
From sacrilege and murder all Gods must turn away
The debt must be collected and only blood can pay.

CHORUS

My queen prepares for battle, to battle too must I
The Morrighy is flying and her dark wings fill the sky.
Tis vengeance and not love my dear, that will our fates decide.
Tonight the spears are rising at dawn the Dark Queen rides.

ALTERNATE CHORUS:

By oak and ash and thorn my love, by oak and ash and thorn.
I'll meet you in the twilight or in the mist clad morn
Like emblems of our people, by deceit and warring torn.
When we lie on the blood red ground 'neath oak and ash and thorn.

Volga Birthday Song

Sung to "Volga Boatmen"

Happy birthday, happy birthday.
Doom, destruction, and despair,
People dying everywhere!
Happy birthday, ugh, happy birthday, ugh.

Happy birthday, happy birthday
May the candles on your cake
Burn like cities in your wake.
Happy birthday, ugh, happy birthday, ugh.

Happy birthday, happy birthday
Now that you're the age you are
Your demise cannot be far.
Happy birthday, ugh, happy birthday, ugh.

Happy birthday, happy birthday
Hear the women wail and weep,
Kill them all but spare the sheep.
Happy birthday, ugh, happy birthday, ugh