

**Howard Skempton *Pigs Could Fly***

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**Howard Skempton *Alice is One***

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**Benjamin Britten *Corpus Christi Carol*  
(from *A Boy Was Born*)**

*Lulley, lully, lulley, lully,  
The faucon hath born my mak away.*

He bare hym up, he bare hym down,  
He bare hym into an orchard brown.

In that orchard ther was an hall,  
That was hanged with purpill and pall.

And in that hall ther was a bede,  
Hit was hangid with gold so rede.

And yn that bed ther lythe a knyght,  
His wowndes bledyng day and nyght.

By that bedes side ther kneleth a may,  
And she wepeth both nyght and day.  
And by that bedes side ther stondith a ston,  
"Corpus Christi" wretyn theron.  
- Anon. 15<sup>th</sup> Century

**Ronald Corp *Give to my eyes Lord***

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**Richard Rodney Bennett *The Aviary***

**The Bird's Lament**

Oh, says the linnet, if I sing,  
My love forsook me in the spring,  
And never more will I be seen  
Without my satin gown of green.

Oh, says the pretty feathered jay,  
Now my love is gone away  
And for the memory of my dear  
A feather of each sort I'll wear.

Oh, says the rook and eke the crow,  
The reason why in black we go  
Because our love has us forsook  
So pity us poor crow and rook.

Oh, says the pretty speckled thrush  
That changes its note from bush to bush,  
My love has left me here alone  
I fear she never will return.  
- John Clare

**The owl**

When cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;

Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.  
- Alfred, Lord Tennyson

**The Early Nightingale**

When first we hear the shy-come nightingales,  
They seem to mutter o'er their songs in fear,  
And, climb we e'er so soft the spinney rails,  
All stops as if no bird was anywhere.  
The kindled bushes with the young leaves thin  
Let curious eyes to search a long way in,  
Until impatience cannot see or hear  
The hidden music; gets but little way  
Upon the path - when up the songs begin,  
Full loud a moment and then low again.  
But when a day or two confirms her stay  
Boldly she sings and loud for half the day;  
And soon the village brings the woodman's tale  
Of having heard the new-come nightingale.  
- John Clare

**The Widow Bird**

A widow bird sate mourning for her Love  
Upon a wintry bough;  
The frozen wind crept on above,  
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
No flower upon the ground,  
And little motion in the air  
Except the mill-wheel's sound.  
- Percy Bysshe Shelley

**The Lark**

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,  
The Linnet and Thrush say, I love and I love!  
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;  
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.  
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,  
And singing, and loving -- all come back together.  
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—  
I love my Love, and my Love loves me!  
- Samuel Taylor Coleridge

**John Tavener *Notre Père (The Lord's Prayer)***

Notre Père qui es aux cieux,  
que ton nom soit sanctifié,  
que ton règne vienne,  
que ta volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au ciel.  
Donne-nous aujourd'hui notre pain de ce jour.  
Pardonne-nous nos offenses,  
comme nous pardonnons aussi à ceux qui nous ont  
offensés.  
Et ne nous soumetts pas à la tentation,  
mais délivre nous du Mal. - Matthew 6:9-13  
Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed by thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those, who  
trespass against us,  
and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil. - *Matthew 6:9-13*  
Amen.

**Vaughan Williams *Dirge for Fidele (Known as Fidele's Dirge)***

Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.  
- *William Shakespeare (Cymbeline, IV, 2)*

**Peter Maxwell Davies *Shepherds of Hoy***  
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**Bob Chilcott *The Lily and the Rose***  
The maidens came  
When I was in my mother's bower;  
I had all that I would.  
The bailey beareth the bell away;  
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.  
The silver is white, red is the gold;  
The robes they lay in fold.  
The bailey beareth the bell away;  
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.  
And through the glass window shines the sun.  
How should I love, and I so young?  
The bailey beareth the bell away;  
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.  
- *English 16th Century*

**Benjamin Britten *May***  
Now is the month of Maying  
When merry lads are playing  
Each with his bonnie lass  
Upon the greeny grass.  
Fa la la la la

The Spring clad all in gladness  
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness  
And to the bagpipe's sound  
The nymphs tread out their ground  
Fa la la la la

Fie then, why sit we musing  
Youth's sweet delights refusing?  
Say dainty nymphs and speak  
Shall we play barley break?  
Fa la la la la  
- *Anon.*

**Ronald Corp *Flower Songs***

**To Daffodils**

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

**To Violets**

Welcome, maids of honour!  
You do bring  
In the spring,  
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
Fresh and fair;  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,  
And so graced  
To be placed  
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,  
By-and-by  
Ye do lie,  
Poor girls, neglected.

**The Primrose**

Ask me why I send you here  
This sweet Infanta of the year?  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
I will whisper to your ears:—  
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show  
So yellow-green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending (yet it doth not break)?  
I will answer:—These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a lover

**To Daisies**

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night  
Has not as yet begun  
To make a seizure on the light,  
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,  
No shadows great appear;  
Nor doth the early shepherd's star  
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close  
Her life-begetting eye,  
And let the whole world then dispose  
Itself to live or die.

**To a Bed of Tulips**

Bright tulips, we do know  
You had your coming hither,  
And fading-time does show  
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,  
And smile here for your hour;  
But die ye must away,  
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then and see  
Your frailties, and bemoan ye;  
For, lost like these, 'twill be  
As time had never known ye.  
- Robert Herrick

**Arthur Bliss *The Widow Bird***

A widow bird sate mourning for her Love  
Upon a wintry bough;  
The frozen wind crept on above,  
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
No flower upon the ground,  
And little motion in the air  
Except the mill-wheel's sound.  
- Percy Bysshe Shelley

**Tansy Davies *Oven in the Underworld***  
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**John Woolrich *No Hiding Place Down There***

A sinner man sat on the gates of hell,  
The gates fell in and down he fell,  
No hiding place down there.

I thought I heard my sister yell,  
Way down deep in the middle of hell,  
No hiding place down there.

I went to the rock to hide my face,  
The rock called out,  
Go wash you face:  
No hiding place down there.  
- Anonymous

**John Rutter *For the Beauty of the Earth***

For the beauty of the earth  
For the Glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth

Over and around us lies:

*Refrain:*  
'Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
this our joyful hymn of grateful praise.

*Alternative refrain:*  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale and tree and flow'r  
Sun and Moon and stars of light  
*Refrain*

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child.  
Friends on earth and friends above  
For all gentle thoughts and mild.  
*Refrain*

For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given.  
Graces human and divine  
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n.  
*Refrain*

*Alternative last verse:*  
For thy church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love.  
*Refrain*  
- Folliot S. Pierpoint

**Ronald Corp *Spring***

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:  
'Cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo!' O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.  
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:  
'Cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo!' O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.  
- William Shakespeare (*Love's Labour's Lost*, V, 2)

**Richard Rodney Bennett *The Insect World***

The insect world, now sunbeams higher climb,  
Oft dream of Spring, and wake before their time:  
Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,  
And venture short flights where the snow-drop hinges  
Its silver bell, and winter aconite  
Its buttercup-like flowers that shut at night,  
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,  
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold:  
They sip and find their honey-dreams are vain,  
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.  
The butterflies, by eager hopes undone,

Glad as a child come out to greet the sun,  
Beneath the shadows of a sunny shower  
Are lost, nor see to-morrow's April flower.  
- *John Clare*

**Richard Rodney Bennett *The Fly***

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,  
Gently drink, and drink as I;  
Freely welcome to my Cup,  
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up;  
Make the most of Life you may,  
Life is short and wears away.

Just alike, both mine and thine,  
Hasten quick to their Decline;  
Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,  
Though repeated to threescore;  
Threescore Summers when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.  
- *William Oldys*

**Richard Rodney Bennett *The Mower to Glow-Worms***

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light  
The nightingale does sit so late,  
And, studying all the summer-night,  
Her matchless songs does mediate;

Ye country comets, that portend  
No war, nor prince's funeral,  
Shining unto no higher end  
Than to presage the grasses fall;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame  
To wandering mowers shows the way,  
That in the night have lost their aim,  
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,  
Since Juliana here is come,  
For she my mind hath so displaced  
That I shall never find my home.  
- *Andrew Marvell*

**Richard Rodney Bennett *Clock-a-clay***

In the cowslip pips I lie,  
Hidden from the buzzing fly,  
While green grass beneath me lies,  
Pearled with dew like fishes' eyes,  
Here I lie, a clock-o'-clay,  
Waiting for the time o' day.

While the forest quakes surprise,  
And the wild wind sobs and sighs,  
My home rocks as like to fall,  
On its pillar green and tall;  
When the pattering rain drives by  
Clock-o'-clay keeps warm and dry.

Day by day and night by night,  
All the week I hide from sight;  
In the cowslip pips I lie,  
In the rain still warm and dry;  
Day and night and night and day,  
Red, black-spotted clock-o'-clay.

My home shakes in wind and showers,  
Pale green pillar topped with flowers,  
Bending at the wild wind's breath,  
Till I touch the grass beneath;  
Here I live, lone clock-o'-clay,  
Watching for the time of day.  
- *John Clare*

**Ronald Corp *At Day-close in November***

The ten hours' light is abating,  
And a late bird flies across,  
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,  
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time,  
Float past like specks in the eye;  
I set every tree in my June time,  
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here  
Conceive that there never has been  
A time when no tall trees grew here,  
A time when none will be seen.  
- *Thomas Hardy*

**Philip Godfrey *Day by Day***

Day by day, O Lord, three things I pray  
Day by day, O dear Lord, three things I pray  
To see Thee more clearly,  
Love Thee more dearly,  
Follow Thee more nearly.  
- *Richard of Chichester*

**Nicholas Maw *Calico Pie***

***We're all in the dumps***

We're all in the dumps, for diamonds are trumps,  
And the kittens are gone to St. Paul's;  
All the babies are bit, and the moon's in a fit,  
And the houses are built without walls.  
- *Traditional*

***The cheetie-pussie-cattio***

There was a wee bit mousikie,  
That lived in Gilberaty, O,  
It couldna get a bit o' cheese,  
For cheetie-pussie-cattie, O.  
It said uoto the cheesikie,  
"Oh, fain would I be at ye, O,  
"If it were na for the cruel paws  
"Oh, cheetie-pussie-cattie, O!"  
- *Scottish Nursery Rhyme*

***Nebuchadnezzar***

Nebuchadnezzar the King of the Jews  
Sold his wife for a pair of shoes;  
When the shoes began to wear  
Nebuchadnezzar began to swear;  
When the shoes got worse and worse  
Nebuchadnezzar began to curse;  
When the shoes were quite worn out  
Nebuchadnezzar began to shout.  
- *Traditional*

**The goose and the gander**

O the goose and the gander walk'd over the green,  
O the goose she went bare foot for fear of being seen,  
For fear of being seen, boys, for fear of being seen,  
And the goose she went bare foot for fear of being seen.

I had a white hen and she had a white foot,  
And she laid an egg in a willow tree root,  
In a willow-tree root, in a willow tree root,  
And she laid a white eggs in the willow tree root.

O the goose and the gander walk'd over the green,  
O the goose she went bare foot for fear of being seen,  
For fear of being seen, boys, for fear of being seen,  
And the goose she went bare foot for fear of being seen.  
- *Traditional*

**Did you ever**

Did you eever iver ever in your leaf life loaf  
See the devil divil devil kiss his weef wife woaf?  
No, i never niver never in my leaf life loaf  
Saw the devil divil devil kiss his weef wife woaf.  
- *Traditional*