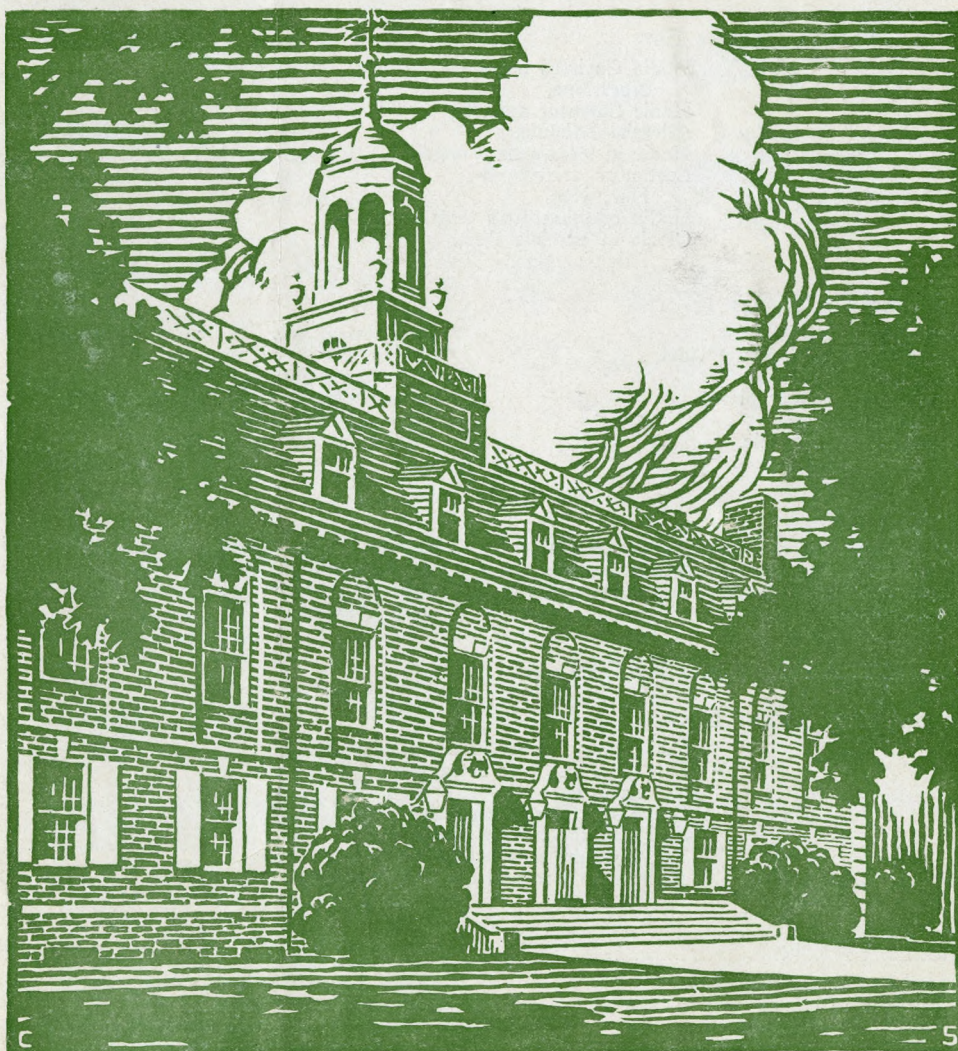


RUTGERS University Concerts



Season-1933-34

CORPUS CHRISTI

Peter Warlock

Lully lullay
The faucon hath borne my make away
He bare him up, he bare him down.
He bare him into an orchard brown.
In that orchard there was a hall
That was hanged with purple and pall.
And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hanged with gold so red.
And in that bed there lithe a knight,
His woundes bleeding day and night.
By that bedside there kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth night and day
By that bedside there standeth a stone,
CORPUS CHRISTI written thereon.

Intermission (Ten Minutes)

FOLK SONGS

"AN ACRE OF LAND"

arr by R Vaughan Williams

My father left me an acre of land
Ivy sing ivery
My father left me an acre of land
And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

I ploughed it with a ram's horn
I sowed it with a thimble
I harrowed it with a bramble brush
I reaped it with a penknife.

I sent it home in a walnut shell,
I threshed it with my needle and thread
I winnowed it with my handkerchief
I sent it to mill with a team of great rats

The carter bought a curly whip
Ivy sing ivery
The whip did pop and the wagon stop
And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

Granville Bantock

O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing baluloo when the bairn greets?
And hee and ba, birdie, and he and ba, lamb!
And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb!

Hee O, wee O, what will I do wi' you?
Black's the life that I lead wi' you.
Mony o' you, little for to gi'e you.
Hee O, wee O, what will I do wi' you?

I've placed my cradle on yon holly top,
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hushaba, baby, O ba lily loo!
And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee doo
Hee O, wee O

Scottish Cradle Song.

PEGGY RAMSAY

arr by Gerrard Williams

Bonny Peggy Ramsay that any man may see,
And bonny is her face with a fair freckled
eye,
Neat is her body made, and she hath good skill,
And round are her bonny arms that work well
at the mill.
With a hey tro-lo-del, hey tro-lo-del, hey
tro-lo-del lill,
Bonny Peggy Ramsay that works well at
the mill.

Some call her Peggy and others call her Jean,
And some call her midsummer but they are
all mista'en.
O, Peggy is a bonny lass and works well at
the mill,
For she will be quite occupied when others
they lie still,
With a hey tro-lo-del,

Up goes the hopper and in goes the corn
The wheel it goes about and the stones
begin to turn.
The meal falls in the meal-trough and quickly
does it fill,
For Peggy is a bonny lass and works well at
the mill.
With a hey tro-lo-del,