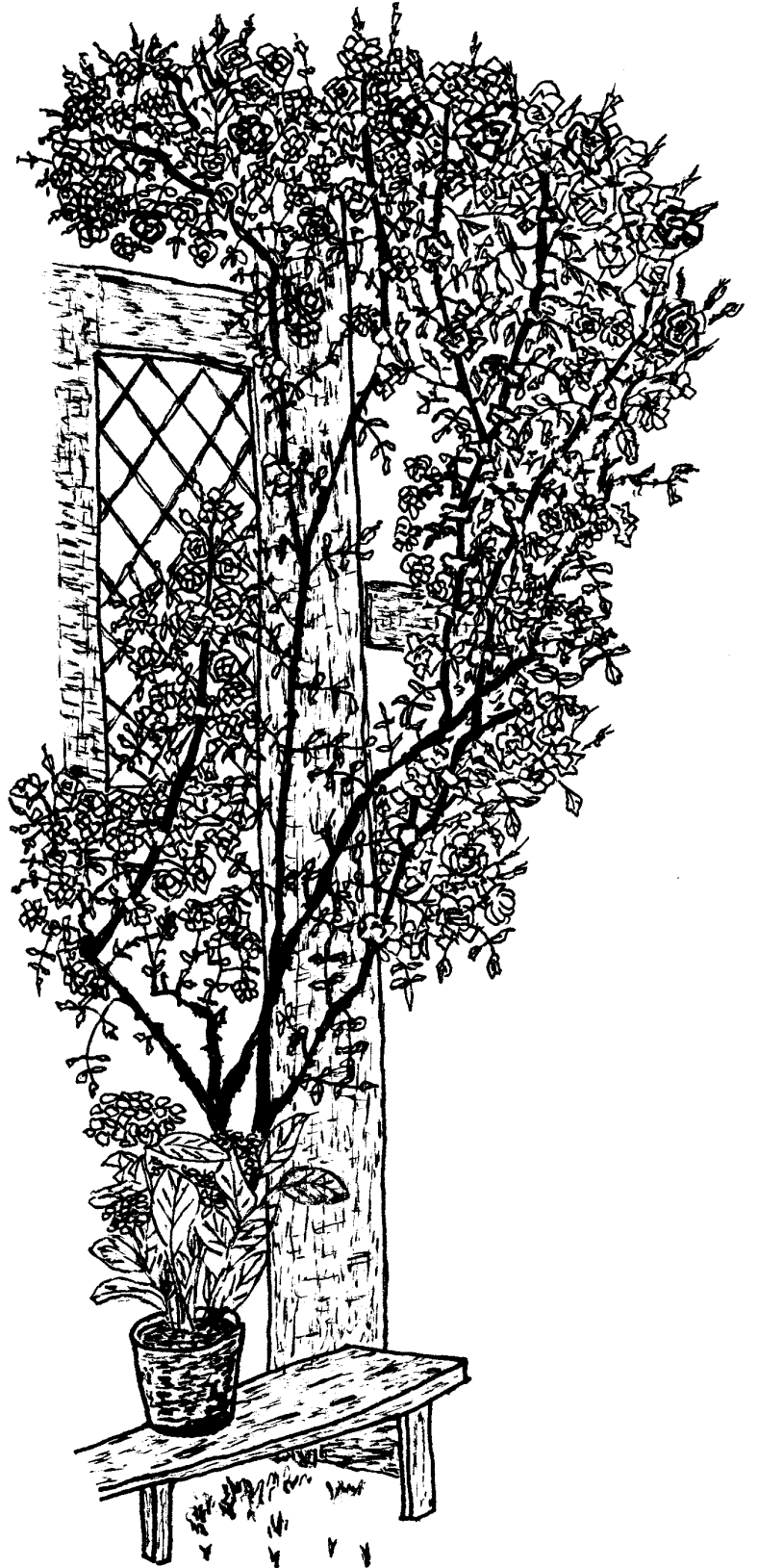


Six  
Songes  
for  
My  
Deare  
Herte



Peter Dyson  
1985

# Six Songes for My Dear Herte

1. Song - Edmund Waller
2. Spring Morning - John Clare
3. Night - Anon
4. Absence - Anon
5. Amo, Amas - John O'Keefe
6. Hymn - Anon



# 1. Song

Words by Edmund Waller (1606 - 1687)

Peter Dyson

**Lively** (♩ = 88)

**Soprano**

*mf*

1. Go love - ly rose \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Tell her that's young, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Small is the worth \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. Then die! that she \_\_\_\_\_

**Alto**

*mf*

1. Go love - ly rose \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Tell her that's young, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Small is the worth \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. Then die! that she \_\_\_\_\_

**Tenor**

*mf*

1. Go love - ly rose \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Tell her that's young, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Small is the worth \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. Then die! that she \_\_\_\_\_

**Bass**

*mf*

1. Go love - ly \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Tell her that's \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Small is the \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. Then die! that \_\_\_\_\_

**S.**

Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she  
 And shuns to have her gra - ces spied, That hadst thou  
 Of beau - ty from the light re - tired; Bid her come  
 The com-mon fate of all things rare May read in

**A.**

Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she  
 And shuns to have her gra - ces spied, That hadst thou  
 Of beau - ty from the light re - tired; Bid her come  
 The com-mon fate of all things rare May read in

**T.**

Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she  
 And shuns to have her gra - ces spied, That hadst thou  
 Of beau - ty from the light re - tired; Bid her come  
 The com-mon fate of all things rare May read in

**B.**

young, \_\_\_\_\_  
 worth \_\_\_\_\_  
 she \_\_\_\_\_

Tell her that wastes her time and me, That  
 And shuns to have her gra - ces spied, That  
 Of beau - ty from the light re - tired; Bid  
 The com-mon fate of all things rare May



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9

S. knows, sprung forth, thee: When I re - sem - ble her to thee, How sweet —  
In de - serts where no men a - bide, Thou must —  
Suf - fer her - self to be de - sired, And not —  
How small a part of time they share That are —

A. knows, sprung forth, thee; When I re - sem - ble her to thee, How  
In de - serts where no men a - bide, Thou  
Suf - fer her - self to be de - sired, And  
How small a part of time they share That

T. knows, sprung forth, thee; When I re - sem - ble her to thee, How  
In de - serts where no men a - bide, Thou  
Suf - fer her - self to be de - sired, Thou  
How small a part of time they share That

B. now she knows, — When I re - sem - ble her to thee,  
hadst thou sprung — In de - serts where no men a - bide,  
her come forth, — Suf - fer her - self to be de - sired,  
read in thee; — How small a part of time they share

**poco rit.**

13

S. — and fair — she seems to be.  
— have un - com - men - ded died.  
— blush so to be ad - mired.  
— so won - drous sweet and fair

A. sweet and fair she seems to be.  
must have un - com - men - ded died.  
not blush so to be ad - mired.  
are so won - drous sweet and fair.

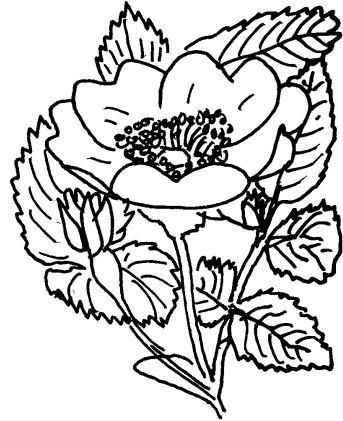
T. sweet and fair she seems to be.  
must have un - com - men - ded died.  
not blush so to be ad - mired.  
are so won - drous sweet and fair.

B. How sweet and fair she seems to be.  
Thou must have un - com - men - ded died.  
And not blush so to be ad - mired.  
That are so won - drous sweet and fair.

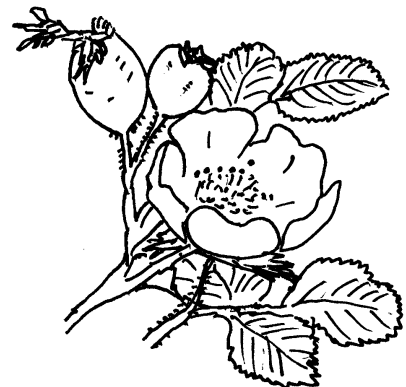
# SONG.

Edmund Waller  
(1606 -1687)

Go, lovely Rose-  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.



Tell her that 's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.



Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.



Then die-that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

6

S. *f* *sim.*

Love

A. *f* *sim.*

Love

T. *f*

8

Fresh are new o-pen-ed flowers, un-touched and free from the bold ri-fling of the a - mo-rous bee.

poco rit.

A tempo

7

7 *f* *f*

S. *f* *f*

A. *f* *f*

B. *f*

Love Love

The hap-py time of sing-ing birds is come, And Love's lone pil-gri-mage now finds a home;

9 *f* *f* *f* *mf*

S. *f* *f* *f* *mf*

A. *f* *f* *f* *mf*

T. *f*

Love Love Love Love

A-mong the mos-sy oaks now coos the dove, And the hoarse crow finds sof ter notes for love.

12 *p*

A. *p*

T. *p*

B. *p* Love

The fox-es play a-round their dens, and bark in joy's ex - cess, mid wood-land sha-dows dark.

13 *pp*

S. *pp*

Love

The flowers join lips be-low; the leaves a-bove; And eve-ry sound that meets the ear is Love.

Alto *pp*

Tenor *pp*

Bass *pp*

Love. Love. Love. Love.





## SPRING MORNING.

John Clare  
(1793-1864)

The Spring comes in with all her hues and smells,  
In freshness breathing over hills and dells;  
O'er woods where May her gorgeous drapery flings,  
And meads washed fragrant by their laughing springs.  
Fresh are new opened flowers, untouched and free  
From the bold rifling of the amorous bee.  
The happy time of singing birds is come,  
And Love's lone pilgrimage now finds a home;





# 3. Night

Words anonymous

Peter Dyson

**Moderato** (♩ = 72)

*mf*

S. *mf*

1. And is it night? Are  
2. O come, my dear, our

A. *mf*

1. And is it night? Are  
2. O come, my dear, our

T. *mf*

1. And is it night? Are  
2. O come, my dear, our

B. *mf*

1. And is it night? Are  
2. O come, my dear, our



4

S.

they thine eyes that shine? Are we a-lone  
griefs are turn'd to night, and night to joys,

A.

they thine eyes that shine?  
griefs are turn'd to night, Are we a-lone  
and night to joys,

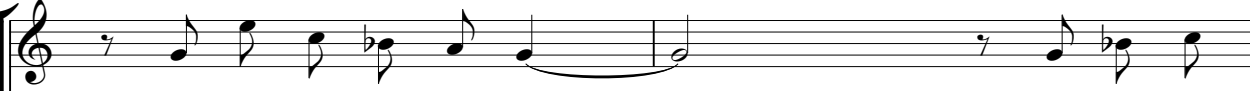
T.


they thine eyes that shine?  
griefs are turn'd to night, Are we a - lone  
and night to joys,


B.


they thine eyes that shine?  
griefs are turn'd to night, Are we a -  
and night to

7

S.  and here and here a - lone? \_\_\_\_\_ May I come  
night blinds pale En - vy's eyes, \_\_\_\_\_ Si - lence and

A.  and here and here a - lone? \_\_\_\_\_ May  
night blinds pale En - vy's eyes, \_\_\_\_\_ Si -


T.  and here and here a - lone?  
night blinds pale En - vy's eyes,


B.  lone  
joys, and here and here a - lone?  
night blinds pale En - vy's eyes,


8




9

S.  near,  
sleep may I but touch thy shrine?  
pre - pare us our de - light,

A.  I come near,  
lence and sleep may I but  
pre - pare us

T.  May I come near,  
Si - lence and sleep may I but touch thy shrine? \_\_\_\_\_  
pre - pare us our de - light, \_\_\_\_\_

B.  May I come near, \_\_\_\_\_  
Si - lence and sleep \_\_\_\_\_ may I but touch thy  
pre - pare us our de -

8

11

S. *f*

Is Jea-lou - sy a - sleep, and is he gone? O  
O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries, O

A. *f*

touch thy shrine? Is Jea-lou - sy a - sleep, and is he gone? O  
our de - light, O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries, O

T. *f*

Is Jea-lou - sy a - sleep, and is he gone? O  
O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries, O

B. *f*

shrine? Is Jea-lou - sy a - sleep, and is he gone? O  
light, O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries, O



14 **slower.....**

S.

God's no more, si - lence my lips with thine, Lips,  
va - nish words, words do but pas - sion move, O

A.

God's no more, si - lence my lips with thine, Lips,  
va - nish words, words do but pas - sion move, O

T.

God's no more, si - lence my lips with thine, Lips,  
va - nish words, words do but pas - sion move, O

B.

God's no more, si - lence my lips with thine, Lips,  
va - nish words, words do but pas - sion move, O

16 *mf*

S. *mf*

kis - ses, joys, hap, bles - sings most di - vine.  
dear - est life, joys sweet, O sweet - est love.

A. *mf*

kis - ses, joys, hap, bles - sings most di - vine.  
dear - est life, joys sweet, O sweet - est love.

T. *mf*

kis - ses, joys, hap, bles - sings most di - vine.  
dear - est life, joys sweet, O sweet - est love.

B. *mf*

kis - ses, joys, hap, bles - sings most di - vine.  
dear - est life, joys sweet, O sweet - est love.



## NIGHT

Anon

Text used by Robert Jones in A Musicalle Dream 1609

And is it night? Are they thine eyes that shine?  
Are we alone and here and here alone?  
May I come near, may I but touch thy shrine?  
Is Jealousy asleep and he is gone?  
O Gods no more, silence my lips with thine,  
Lips, kisses, joys, hap, blessings most divine.

O come, my dear, our griefs are turn'd to night,  
And night to joys, night blinds pale Envy's eyes,  
Silence and sleep prepare us our delight,  
O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries,  
O vanish words, words do but passions move,  
O dearest life, joys sweet, O sweetest love.



## 4. Absence

Words: anonymous

Peter Dyson

**Very calmly** (♩ = 54) *pp*

**I**

S. *pp*  
Blow, nor - thern wynd, blow, blow, blow,\_\_\_

A. *pp*  
Blow nor - thern wynd, blow, blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_

T. *pp*  
Blow nor - thern wynd, blow, blow, blow,\_\_\_

B. *pp*  
Blow,\_\_\_ blow, nor - thern wynd, blow, blow,



**7**

S. *p*  
blow, blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_

A. Solo *p*  
Blow, nor - thern

A. *p*  
blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_

T. *p*  
blow,\_\_\_ blow, blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_

B. *p*  
blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_ blow,\_\_\_

13

S. *blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, blow,*

A. Solo *wynd,*

A. *blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, blow,*

T. Solo *Blow, nor - thern wynd,*

T. *blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, blow,*

B. Solo *Blow, nor - thern wynd,*

B. *blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, blow,*

19

S. Solo *Blow, nor - thern wynd, Send thou me my swee-ting,*

S. *blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, crescendo poco a poco*

A. *blow, blow, blow, blow, crescendo poco a poco*

T. Solo *Send thou me my*

T. *blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, crescendo poco a poco*

B. *blow, blow, blow, crescendo poco a poco*

16 24

S. Solo

Blow, nor - thern wynd, *f*

S.

blow, *mf* blow, blow, *f*

A. Solo

Send thou me my swee-ting, Blow,

A.

blow, blow,

T. Solo

swee-ting,

T.

blow, *mf*

B. Solo

Send thou me my swee-ting,

B.

blow, blow,

29

S. Solo

Send thou me my swee - ting, *f*

S.

blow, blow, blow, blow,

A. Solo

nor-thern wynd, Send thou me my

A.

blow, *f*

T. Solo

Blow, nor-thern wynd, *f*

T.

blow, blow,

B. Solo

Blow, nor - thern wynd, *f*

B.

blow, *f*



33 *ff* 17

S. Solo

Blow, nor-thern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

S.

blow, \_\_\_\_\_ *ff* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

A. Solo

swee - ting, Blow, northern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

A.

blow, \_\_\_\_\_ *ff* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

T. Solo

8 Send thou me my swee - ting, \_\_\_\_\_ Blow, nor-thern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

T.

blow, \_\_\_\_\_ *ff* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

B. Solo

Send thou me my swee ting, Blow, nor-thern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

B.

blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

37 *p*

S. Solo

Blow, nor-thern

S.

*pp* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ *p* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

A. Solo

*pp* Blow, nor - thern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

A.

blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

T. Solo

*p* Blow, nor - thern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

T.

*pp* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

B. Solo

*p* Blow, nor-thern wynd, \_\_\_\_\_

B.

*pp* blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_ blow, \_\_\_\_\_

18 40

S. Solo  
wynd, blow, blow, blow,

S.  
blow, blow, blow,

A. Solo  
blow, blow, blow, blow, Blow, nor-thern wynd, blow,

A.  
blow, blow, blow,

T. Solo  
blow, blow, blow, blow, Blow, nor-thern wynd, blow,

T.  
blow, blow, blow,

B. Solo  
blow, blow, blow, blow, blow,

B.  
blow, blow, blow,

43

S. Solo  
— — — — — *pp* blow.

S.  
— — — — — *ppp* blow.

A. Solo  
nor - thern wynd, — — — — — *pp* blow.

A.  
— — — — — Blow, nor - thern wynd. *ppp*

T. Solo  
nor - thern wynd, — — — — — *pp* blow.

T.  
— — — — — Blow, nor - thern wynd. *ppp*

B. Solo  
— — — — — *pp* blow.

B.  
— — — — — *ppp* blow.

## ABSENCE

Anon

circa 1300

Blow, Northern wynd,  
Send me thou my sweeting,  
Blow, northern wynd.  
Blow, blow, blow



## 5. Amo, Amas

Words by John O'Keefe

Peter Dyson

**With a lilt** (♩ = 60)

**1** *f*

T. *f*  
A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass as a ce - dar tall and slen - der; Sweet cow slips

B. *f*  
A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass as a ce - dar tall and slen - der; Sweet cow slips

**6**

T. *f*  
grace is her no - mi - na - tive case, And she's of the fe - mi - nine gen - der. \_\_\_\_\_

B. *f*  
grace is her no - mi - na - tive case, And she's of the fe - mi - nine gen - der. \_\_\_\_\_

**10** (♩ = 60) *mf*

S. *mf*  
Ro - rum, Co - rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha - rum, Sca - rum di - vo; Tag - rag

A. *mf*  
Ro - rum. Co - rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha - rum, Sca - rum di - vo; Tag - rag

**15**

S. *mf*  
mer - ry - der - ry, pe - ri - wig and hat band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo

A. *mf*  
mer - ry - der - ry, pe - ri - wig and hat band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo

(♩ = 60)

19 *mf*

T. *mf*  
8 Can I de - cline a Nymph di - vine? Her voice as a flute is dul - cis. Her o - cu - lus

B. *mf*  
8 Can I de - cline a Nymph di - vine? Her voice as a flute is dul - cis. Her o - cu - lus

24

T. *mf*  
8 bright, her ma - nus white, And soft when I tac - to, her pulse is. \_\_\_\_\_

B. *mf*  
8 bright, her ma - nus white, And soft when I tac - to, her pulse is. \_\_\_\_\_

28 *mf* (♩ = 60)

S. *mf*  
7 Ro - rum, Co - rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha - rum, Sca - rum di - vo; Tag - rag

A. *mf*  
7 Ro - rum. Co - rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha - rum, Sca - rum di - vo; Tag - rag

33

S. *mf*  
mer - ry - der - ry, pe - ri - wig and hat - band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo

A. *mf*  
mer - ry - der - ry, pe - ri - wig and hat - band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo

37 *f*

S. *f*  
Ro- rum, Co- rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha- rum, Sca- rum di - vo; Tag- rag

A. *f*  
Ro- rum. Co- rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha- rum, Sca- rum di - vo; Tag- rag

T. *f*  
Oh how bel - la my pu - el - la, I'll kiss se- cu - la se- cu- lo rum. If I've

B. *f*  
Oh how bel - la my pu - el - la, I'll kiss se- cu - la se- cu- lo rum. If I've



42

S. mer- ry - der - ry, pe - ri - wig and hat band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo

A. mer- ry - der - ry, pe - ri - wig and hat band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni - ti - vo

T. luck, sir, she's my u - xor, O di - es be - ne - dic - to - rum. \_\_\_\_\_

B. luck, sir, she's my u - xor, O di - es be - ne - dic - to - rum. \_\_\_\_\_

AMO, AMAS  
John O'Keefe  
(1747 -1833)

*AMO, amas,*  
I love a lass  
As a cedar tall and slender!  
Sweet cowslips' grace  
Is her Nominative Case,  
And she's of the Feminine Gender.

*Rorum, corum, sunt Divorum!*

*Harum, scarum Divo!*

Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband,  
Hic hac, horum Genetivo!

Can I decline  
A Nymph divine?  
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*!  
Her *oculi* bright!  
Her *manus* white!

And soft, when I *tacto*, her pulse is!

*Rorum, corum, sunt Divorum!*

*Harum scarum Divo!*

Tag rag , merry derry, periwig and hatband,  
Hic hac, horum Genetivo!

O, how *bella*

Is my *Puella*!

I'll kiss *sæculorum*!

If I've luck, Sir!

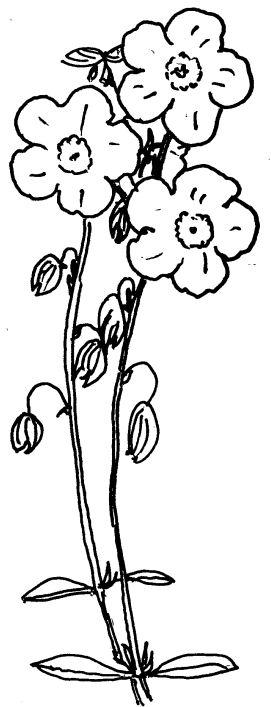
She's my *Uxor*!

*O, dies benedictorum!*

*Rorum, corum, sunt Divorum!*

*Harum scarum Divo!*

Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband,  
Hic, hac, horum Genetivo!



## 6. Hymn

Words: anonymous

Peter Dyson

**Majestically** (♩ = 84)

*mf*

S. 1. Blest, blest and hap - py he. \_\_\_\_\_ Blest, blest and hap - py he. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. And he is half a god, \_\_\_\_\_ And he is half a god, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

A. 1. Blest, blest and hap - py he. \_\_\_\_\_ Blest, blest and hap - py he. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. And he is half a god, \_\_\_\_\_ And he is half a god, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

T. 1. And hap - py he. \_\_\_\_\_ And hap - py  
 2. Is half a god, \_\_\_\_\_ Is half a

*mf*

B. 1. And hap - py he. \_\_\_\_\_ And hap - py  
 2. Is half a god, \_\_\_\_\_ Is half a



9 *mf* *p*

S. Whose eyes be - hold her face. \_\_\_\_\_ Whose eyes be - hold her face. \_\_\_\_\_  
 That these thy lips may kiss, \_\_\_\_\_ That these thy lips may kiss, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *p*

A. Whose eyes be - hold her face. \_\_\_\_\_ Whose eyes be - hold her face. \_\_\_\_\_  
 That these thy lips may kiss, \_\_\_\_\_ That these thy lips may kiss, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *p*

T. he. \_\_\_\_\_ Whose eyes be - hold her face. \_\_\_\_\_ Whose eyes be -  
 god, \_\_\_\_\_ That these thy lips may kiss, \_\_\_\_\_ That these thy

*mf* *p*

B. he. \_\_\_\_\_ Whose eyes be - hold her face. \_\_\_\_\_ Whose eyes be -  
 god, \_\_\_\_\_ That these thy lips may kiss, \_\_\_\_\_ That these thy



16

*f* *mf*

S. — But bles-sed more whose ears hath heard, But bles-sed more whose  
Yet god all whole that may en - joy, Yet god all whole that

A. — But bles-sed more whose ears hath heard, But bles-sed more whose  
Yet god all whole that may en - joy, Yet god all whole that

T. 8 hold her face. But bles-sed more whose ears hath heard, But bles-sed  
lips may kiss, Yet god all whole that may en - joy, Yet god all

B. hold her face. But bles-sed more whose ears hath heard, But bles-sed  
lips may kiss, Yet god all whole that may en - joy, Yet god all

23

*f* *ff*

S. ears hath heard, The spee-ches framed with grace, The spee-ches  
may en - joy, Thy bo - dy as it is. Thy bo - dy

A. ears hath heard, The spee-ches framed with grace, The spee-ches  
may en - joy, Thy bo - dy as it is. Thy bo - dy

T. 8 more whose ears hath heard, The spee-ches framed with grace,  
whole that may en - joy, Thy bo - dy as it is.

B. more whose ears hath heard, The spee-ches framed with grace,  
whole that may en - joy, Thy bo - dy as it is.

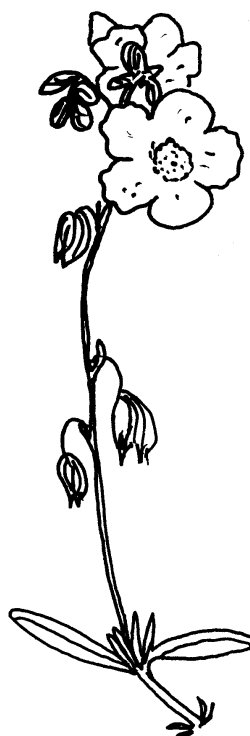
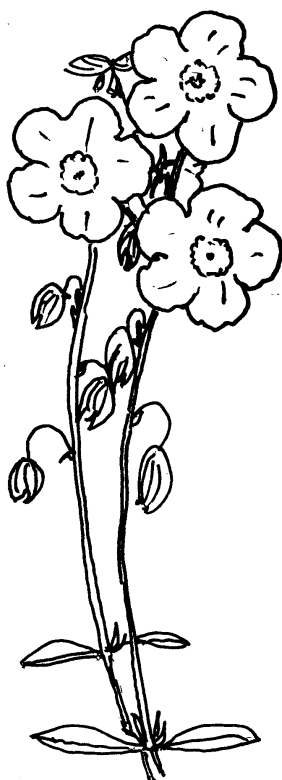
29 **poco rit.** Great Bardfield, June 1985

S. framed as with grace, The spee-ches framed with grace,  
as it is. Thy bo - dy as it is.

A. framed as with grace, The spee-ches framed with grace,  
as it is. Thy bo - dy as it is.

T. *ff* The spee-ches framed with grace, The spee-ches framed with grace,  
Thy bo - dy as it is. Thy bo - dy as it is.

B. *ff* The spee-ches framed with grace, The spee-ches framed with grace,  
Thy bo - dy as it is. Thy bo - dy as it is.



## HYMN

Anon

Blest, blest and happy he  
Whose eyes behold her face,  
But blessed more whose ears hath heard  
The speeches framed with grace.

And he is half a god  
That these thy lips may kiss,  
Yet god all whole that may enjoy  
Thy body as it is.

