

Alkemie & Friends

Elliot Cole (voice, harmonium, guitar)

Tracy Cowart (voice, harp, percussion)

Fiona Gillespie (voice, whistle)

Paul Holmes Morton (voice, banjo, baroque guitar, harmonica)

Loren Ludwig (viols)

Sian Ricketts (voice, douçaines, recorders)

Saturday, August 29 at 8:00 p.m. – livestreamed from St. John's in the Village – New York, NY

The Three Ravens/The Twa Corbies	Thomas Ravenscroft (c. 1588-1635)/Trad. Arr. Tracy Cowart
Johnny Be Fair	Traditional Irish
John Barleycorn	Traditional English, Arr. Finest Kind/Cowart
I. Troubles	Arr. Paul Holmes Morton
II. Final Order	Holmes Morton
III. There is a place	Holmes Morton
The Cruel Sister	Traditional American
The Cruel Mother	Traditional English
In Nomine	Picforth (fl. 1580s)
From the Hand of St. James*	Fiona Gillespie
Three Nights Drunk	Traditional American
Mama don't make me cry	Holmes Morton
Tourdion	Anonymous, 16 th -century French
Ottogesima ottava	Costanzo Festa (c. 1495-1545)
Silver Dagger	Traditional American/English
Hair of the Dog	Henry Lawes (1596-1662)
Health to the Company	Traditional Irish

**This evening's concert is the premiere of this piece.*

Thank you so much for Fr. Graeme Napier, Yachtz Radcliff, St. John's in the Village, and Musae for making this concert possible. We are also deeply grateful to Oliver Weston and Jim Hopkins for their myriad forms of logistical support this week.

Performers in tonight's concert were tested for COVID-19 immediately preceding the concert week, with negative test results. Performers operated as a household throughout the duration of the project. When interacting with non-household members, performers wore masks and/ maintained social distancing. In rehearsals, singers maintained distances of at least 12 feet from non-household members if unmasked while singing.

TEXTS

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
with a downe,

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe, derrie, derrie, derrie, downe,
downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a Knight slain under his shield,

'In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's taen another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'

**Well, Johnny be fair and Johnny be fine
and wants me for to wed**

And I would marry Johnny, but my father up
and said
I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother
never knew
But Johnny is a son of mine and so he's kin to
you.

Well, Jimmy be fair and Jimmy be fine and
wants me for to wed
And I would marry Jimmy, but my father up
and said
I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother
never knew
But Jimmy, too, is a son of mine and so he's
kin to you.

Well, Joey be fair and Joey be fine and wants
me for to wed
And I would marry Joey, but my father up
and said
I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother
never knew
But Joey, too, is a son of mine and so he's kin
to you.

You never seen a girl so sad and sorry as I was
The boys in town are all my kin and my father
is the cause
If this to continue I shall die a single miss
So I think I'll go to mother and complain to
her of this.

Oh daughter, haven't I taught you to forgive
and to forget
Even if this all is true, still you needn't fret
Your father may be father to all the boys, but
still -
He's not the one who sired you, so marry who
you will.

There were three men come from the West

Their fortunes for to try,
And these three made a solemn vow:
"John Barleycorn must die."

They plowed, they sowed, they harrowed him
in,
Threw clods upon his head,
'Til these three men were satisfied
John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time,
'Til the rains from heaven did fall,
When little Sir John raised up his head
And so amazed them all.

They let him stand 'til the long Midsummer,
When he looked both pale and wan;
Then little Sir John grew a long, long beard
And so became a man.

They hired men with their scythes so sharp
To cut him off at the knee;
They rolled him and tied him around the
waist,
And served him barbarously.

They wheeled him 'round and around the field
'Til they came unto a barn,
And there they made a sodden mash
Of poor John Barleycorn.

They filled up fill a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heav'd in John Barleycorn-
There, let him sink or swim!

They hired men with their crab-tree sticks
To split him skin from bone,
But the miller did serve him worse than that,
For he ground him between two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's blood
And passed it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

There's little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl,
And brandy in the glass,
And little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl
Proved the stronger man at last.

For the huntsman he can't hunt the fox
Nor loudly blow his horn
And the bard always finds a heartfelt note
With the help of our friend Barleycorn.

Oh Lordy me, oh lordy me

See how the sun never shines
When your troubles are so deep
That you can't eat or sleep
See when your troubles are like mine.

So I asked the captain for a job,
He says, "son what can you do?"
I can toil the field
But no I'll never steal
But I can sing a tune or two
"No son, oh no that'd never do."

Oh Lordy me, Oh lordy my
Now that I haven't got a dime
When your troubles are so deep
Too hungry to sleep
Lord see the troubles you will find
Lord see the troubles I will find.

Hunger is a hole, no gospel ever filled
Lord how the devil led me blind
My claws now growing back
I joined the hunting pack
I drew that pistol, how I made it shine,
Lord I made that shiny pistol mine.

Oh Lordy me, oh lordy me
See now your troubles are like me
With the devil now we run
We meet him one by one
See how your troubles are like mine.

The Sun it rose my last upon this morning

No angels nowhere nigh no not a hark
I wished to make his mother cry but he's a
faster shot than I
In the shade I will now lie till it gets dark.

To my son give him this pistol keep it shiny
See that he shoots it wishing well
With the angels may he run I with the devil
minus one
May that pistol keep him out of Hell.

But to his sister give to her a dozen flowers
May a father never wilt his daughter's mood
May she pull the gowans fine until the daises
become dry
May she never know these shady blues.

And to my wife now give to her some better
stories
Like I defended all the folks in the hotel
May she make a brand new start I be her
shade and not her dark
Just tell her I ain't headed down to Hell.

Now go and fetch for me some swifter justice
Until then may you sound the battle cry
Eyes up when it gets dark remember better
dogs don't bark
Show that shady bastard how to die.

**Take me to the tree
where dogs they go to lie**

Oh let me feel the breeze
before the angels hark.
So leave some flowers there,
for I'll be by and by
My chariot draws near
as all the shade turns to dark.

Hear the marching band
Maybe them they know
Are outlaws in Beulah land
Gunslingers on Noah's ark
The carousel goes round,
The buffalo still roams
But my pistol's lying down
There'll be no shade after dark.

If there is a place
Where I will not be chased
By laws both in and out
And dogs that bark.
Then I will see you there
Once you've run your share
We'll share how all the shade turns to dark.

There were two sisters lived in a bower

Oh the wind and rain
There were two sisters lived in a bower
Oh the dreadful wind and rain.

John courted the eldest with a gay gold ring
But he loved the youngest before all things.

Johnny courted the eldest with a brooch and
knife
But he loved the youngest with all his life.

Oh the eldest envied the sister fair
For her pretty little face and her long flowing
hair.

“Now sister, sister, come to yon sea strand,
See our father's ships coming home to land.”

And the eldest pushed the youngest in
For she knew, her sister, she could not swim.

Oh there she floated like a swan
And the salt sea bore her body on.

A minstrel walked along the strand
And he saw her body float to the land.

He made a harp of her breast bone
And its song would melt a heart of stone.

He took three longs of her long yellow hair
And with them strung the harp so rare.

Then he came to her father's hall
To play the harp before them all.

But as he laid it upon a stone
The harp began to play alone.

But the only tune that the harp would play
was – Oh the wind and rain.
Yes the only tune that the harp would play
was – Oh the dreadful wind and rain.

There lived a maiden in York

All alone and a-lonely
She fell in love with her father's clerk
Down by the Greenwood side.

She leaned her back against an oak
At first it bent and then it broke.

She leaned her back against the thorn
And there she had two babies born.

She took her penknife long and sharp
She stabbed those babies through the heart.

She passed by her father's hall
She saw two babies playing with a ball.

“Oh babes, oh babes if you were mine,
I'd dress you up in silks so fine.”

“Oh mother, oh mother we once were thine
You never dressed us coarse nor fine.”

Oh babes, oh babes it's heaven for you
Oh mother, oh mother its hell for you.

From a miracle witnessed above Galilee
To the shores of Iberia stolen from sea
As a gift between bishop and emperor Holy
Prize of a foreign queen sent home again
Clock in a silver glove swept up the Thames
To the worship of thousands, benevolent
fame
To the memory of England, the Hand of St.
James.

Captured by Herod and put to the sword,
His followers willed up their word to the
Lord,
They sailed to the banks of the bay of Biscay
Wherein far away peace St. James' body was
laid

My sinews grew thin and I loosed from the
bone
Of the body for six hundred years I'd called
home
A Suebian tomb raider pried me a part
And since I've been lost to my meadow of
stars.

The centuries flowed by like the watery ways
That wind ever slowly through Venice's maze,
It's there that I waited in desolate sleep
Till another escorted me northward to keep.

And what am I here for to ornate the hall
Of a sooty dark castle encircled by walls?
But hope come one night from a woman of
worth
Who spirits me west to a small island berth.

Preferred by a lion through chivalry tame
I found myself placed on the altar of fame,
While wayfarers walked the high road to St.
James,
The islanders brought me their sick and their
lam
Eu son a man esquerda...

Now people come visit from far and from
near,
Though I've been severed for five hundred
years
And I'm in my prime but I know from the
past
That a moment of might holds no power to
last.

From a miracle witnessed above Galilee
To the shores of Iberia stolen from sea
As a gift between bishop and emperor Holy
Prize of a foreign queen sent home again
Clock in a silver glove swept up the Thames
To the worship of thousands, benevolent
fame
To the memory of England, the Hand of St.
James.

The first night that I come home

So drunk I could not see
I found three horses in my yard
Where my horse oughta be
Come here my pretty little miss
Explain this thing to me
Oh what do these three horses here
Where my horse oughta be?
You blind fool, you crazy fool
Can't you never see?
It's only three sweet milking cows
My mammy sent to me
Well I've traveled this world over
Ten thousand miles or more
But a saddle upon a milkcow's back
I never did see before

The second night that I come home
So drunk I could not see
I found three coats hanging on the rack
Where my coat oughta be
Come here my pretty little miss
Explain this thing to me
How come three coats hanging on the rack
Where my coat oughta be?
You blind fool, you crazy fool
Can't you never see?
It's only a bedquilt
My mammy sent to me
Well I've traveled this world over
Ten thousand miles or more
Pockets upon a bedquilt
I never did see before.

The third night that I come home
So drunk I could not see
I found three heads laying on the pillow
Where my head oughta be
Come here my pretty little miss
Explain this thing to me
How come three heads laying on the pillow
Where my head oughta be?
You blind fool, you crazy fool
Can't you never see?
It's only three nice cabbage heads
My mammy sent to me
Well I've traveled this world over
Ten thousand miles or more

But a moustache on a cabbage head
I never did see before

I see you there, you lonesome bear,

Your eyes so sad and full of rage.
Do you remember, endless Decembers
Before the summer build your cage?

Mama no, don't make me cry
Skip the page where the magic dies
For the fireflies left in the jar
Don't hear the end of lullabies.

Quand je bois du vin claret,

Amis tout torne,
Aussi, désormais je bois
Anjou ou Arbois.
Chantons et buvons,
à ce flacon faisons la guerre,
Chantons et buvons, mesa mis, buvons donc.

When I drink a claret wine,
Friends, my head turns,
But that is true also when I drink Anjou or
Arbois.
Let's sing and drink, let's make war on this
bottle,
Let's sing and drink, drink up, friends!

Come all you fair and tender ladies

Take warning how you court your men
They're like a star on summer morning
They first appear and they're gone again.

Don't sing love song, you'll wake my mother
She sleeping here right by my side
And in her hand a silver dagger
She says that I can't be your bride.

"All men are false," says my mother
"They'll tell you wicked loving lies
And the very next evening they'll court
another
Leave you alone to pine and sigh."

My daddy is a handsome devil
He's got a chain five miles long
On every link a heart does dangle

Of another maid he's loved and wronged.

Go court another tender maiden
And hope that she will be your wife
For I've been warned, and I've decided
To sleep alone all of my life.

If any so wise is that sack he despises,

Let him drink his small beer, and be sober
Whilst we drink sack and sing, as if it were
spring
He shall drop lie the trees in October.
But be sure overnight if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.
And be not to silly to follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but sack that can tune us.
Let his *ne assuescas* be put in his cap case,
And sing *bibito vinum jejunus*.

**Kind friends and companions come join
me in rhyme**

Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Let us drink and be merry all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here
again.

Here's a health to the company and one to my
lass,
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass,
Let us drink and be merry all grief to refrain,
For we may and might never all meet here
again.

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so
well
For style and for beauty sure none can excel
She smiles on my countenance as she sits on
my knee
For surely no one in Aran's as happy as we.

Here's a health to the company...

Our ship lies at harbor, it's ready to dock
I wish her safe landing without any shock
And if ever we meet again by land or by sea

Sure I will always remember your kindness to
me.

Here's a health to the company...