

TO SIR WALTER PARRATT.

SIX ELIZABETHAN PASTORALS

SET TO MUSIC FOR CHORUS (S.A.T.B.) UNACCOMPANIED

BY

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(OP. 49).

No. 2.—Corydon, arise!

(PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORYDON, AND HIS REPLYING.)

Molto moderato ma leggiero.

SOPRANO.
Co - ry - don, a - rise, my Co - ry - don! Ti - tan shin - eth clear,

ALTO.
Co - ry - don, a - rise, my Co - ry - don! Ti - tan shin - eth clear,

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.
(For practice only.)
♩ = 72.
mf

Phyl-li - da, thy true love, calleth thee,

Phyl-li - da, thy true love, calleth thee,

Who is it that call - eth Co - ry - don? Who is it that I hear?

Who is it that call - eth Co - ry - don? Who is it that I hear?

mf

CORYDON, ARISE !

A-rise then, a-rise then ; A - rise and keep thy flock with me, A - rise then, a-rise then ; A - rise and keep thy flock with me, A -

Who? Phyl-li-da, my true love, is it she?

rise ! and keep thy flock with me. rise ! and keep thy flock with me.

I come then, I come then, I come and keep my flock with thee. I come then, I come then, I come and keep my flock with thee.

Here are cherries ripe, for my Co-ry-don ; Eat them for my sake. Here are cherries ripe, for my Co-ry-don ; Eat them for my sake.

Here's my oat-en pipe, my lovely one, Here's my oat-en pipe, my lovely one,

CORYDON, ARISE !

Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk, To knit thee, to knit thee A

Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk, To knit thee, to knit thee A

Sport for thee to make, sport for thee,

Sport for thee to make, sport for thee,

pair of stockings white as milk, To knit thee a

pair of stockings white as milk, To knit thee

Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat, To make thee, to make thee A

Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat, To make thee, to make thee A

pair as white as milk. When my Co-ry-don sits on a

a pair as white as milk. When my Co-ry-don sits on a

bon - net to with-stand the heat.

bon - net to with-stand the heat.

CORYDON, ARISE!

hill Mak-ing me-lo-dy, mak - - ing me - - lo-dy,
 hill Mak-ing me-lo-dy, mak - ing me-lo-dy,
 When my love-ly one goes to her wheel, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly,
 When my love-ly one goes to her wheel, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly,
 mf

Sure methinks my true love doth ex-cel For sweetness, for sweetness, Our Pan, that old Ar -
 Sure methinks my true love doth ex-cel For sweetness, for sweetness, Our Pan, that old Ar -
 sing - - ing, sing - - ing cheer - i - ly,
 sing - - ing, sing - - ing cheer - i - ly,
 p

ca - dian knight,
 ca - dian knight,
 And methinks my true love bears the bell For clear-ness, for clear-ness, Beyond the nymphs that
 And methinks my true love bears the bell For clear-ness, for clear-ness, Beyond the nymphs that

CORYDON, ARISE !

mf My true loved o the x - cel For sweetness, for sweetness, Our Pan, that old Ar - ca - dian knight.
mf My true loved o the x - cel For sweetness, for sweetness, Our Pan, that old Ar - ca - dian knight.
 be so bright, Bears the bell for clear - ness, for clear - ness Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.
 be so bright, Bears the bell for clear - ness, for clear - ness Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

mf *p* Yonder comes my mo - ther, Co - ry - don, Whither shall I fly ?
mf *p* Yonder comes my mo - ther, Co - ry - don, Whither shall I fly ?
 Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
 Under yonder beech, my lovely one,

p Say to her thy true love was not here ; Re - member, re - mem - ber, To -
p Say to her thy true love was not here ; Re - member, re - mem - ber, To -
 While she pass - eth by. Doubt me not,
 While she pass - eth by. Doubt me not,

CORYDON, ARISE !

poco a poco rall. al fine. *p*

- mor-row is . . an - o - ther day, Re - mem - ber, re -

poco a poco rall. al fine. *p*

- mor-row is . . an - o - ther day, Re - mem - ber, re -

poco a poco rall. al fine.

Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear ; Farewell then, farewell then.

poco a poco rall. al fine.

Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear ; Farewell then, farewell then,

poco a poco rall. al fine. *p*

Più lento. *p*

- mem ber, Fare - well . . then, Heaven keep our loves . . al - way.

p

- mem - ber, Fare - well . . then, Heaven keep our loves . . al - way.

p

farewell then, fare-well . . then, Heaven keep our loves . . al - way.

p

farewell then, fare-well . . then, Heaven keep our loves . . al - way.

Più lento. *p*