Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in

Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in order to protect our property and the work of our esteemed composers.

If you would like to see this work in its entirety, please order online or

call us at 800-647-2117.

RING YE THE BELS

A Celebration

adapted from EPITHALAMION by Edmund Spenser, ca. 1552–1599

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Never had man more joyfull day than this,
Make feast therefore now all this live long day,
This day for ever to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay.
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull.

The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing, To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Let not the shriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard,
Ne let th'unpleasant Quyre of frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Harke how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
The praise of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throates
Sing ye, sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That al the woods may answere and theyr eccho ring.







Copyright - Prime Music







Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music





Copyright - Prime Music

cresc.



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music



Copyright - Prime Music









Copyright - Prime Music



