

GDEON VALLEY SAXON YULETIDE CELEBRATION

With LiTTLe MACHiNe & Herigas Hundas Saxon Re-enactors

Western Wind

C16th Oxford mss. Anon

Western wind, when wilt thou blow?
The small rain down can rain.
Christ, that my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.



Adam Lay yBounden

Anon Medieval

Adam lay ybounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long.
And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkës finden
Written in their book.
Nor had one apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Then had never Our Lady
A-been heav'ne queen.
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was.
Therefore we moun singen
Deo gratias!



Ulysses (Extract)

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



The Lake Isle of Innisfree

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping
slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear the water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.



Mediocrity in Love Rejected

Thomas Carew (1594-1640)

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The Torrid, or the frozen Zone,
Bring equall ease unto my paine;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreame, of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calme estate.
(Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine;
Give me more love, or more disdain.)
Give me a storme; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden showre
I swimme in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My Vulture-hopes; and he's possest
Of Heaven, that's from Hell releast:
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine;
Give me more love, or more disdain.



The Dug-out

Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967)

Why do you lie with your legs ungainly huddled,
And one arm bent across your sullen, cold,
Exhausted face? It hurts my heart to watch you,
Deep-shadowed from the candle's guttering glow;
And you wonder why I shake you by the shoulder;
Drowsy, you mumble and sigh and turn your head...
You are too young to fall asleep for ever;
And when you sleep you remind me of the dead.



Anthem for Doomed Youth

Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes. The
pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall; Their
flowers the tenderness of patient minds, And
each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

The Summoner's Tale (Extract)

Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400)

"Now, sir," said he, "have friars such a grace
That none of them shall come into this place?"
'Nay,' said the angel, 'millions here are thrown!'
And unto Satan he led him down.
"And now has Satan," said he, 'a tail
Broader than of a galleon is the sail.
Hold up thy tail, thou Satan!' said he,
"Show forth thine arse and let the friar see
Where is the nest of friars in this place!"
And ere one might go half a furlong's space,
Just as the bees come swarming from a hive,
Out of the Devil's arse-hole there did drive
Full twenty thousand friars in a rout,
And through all Hell they swarmed and ran about.
And came again, as fast as they could run,
And in his arse they crept back, every one.



Here we come a-Wassailing

Here we come a wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a wand'ring
So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy
New Year.
And God send you a happy New Year.

Our wassail cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley. Chorus

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Arc wandering in the mire. Chorus

Call up the Butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing. Chorus

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the Mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go. Chorus

I Saw Three Ships

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three?
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And what was in those ships all three?
On Christmas day in the morning.

Our Saviour Christ and his lady
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Beowulf - Grendel attacks

He grabbed and mauled a man on his bench,
bit into his bone-lappings, bolted down his
blood
and gorged on him in lumps, leaving the body
utterly lifeless, eaten up
hand and foot. Venturing closer
his talon was raised to attack Beowulf
where he lay on the bed, he was bearing in
with open claw when the alert hero's
comeback and armlock forestalled him utterly.
The captain of evil discovered himself
in a handgrip harder than anything
he had encountered in any man
on the face of the earth.



Beowulf – the mourning of the great lord
Then twelve warriors rode round the grave
speaking their sorrow,
reciting praises for their lord's courageous deeds.
(A warrior should do so when his lord dies.)



Thus the Geats mourned their great lord,
saying he was, among this world's kings,
the mildest, the gentlest, the kindest to his people,
and the most eager for eternal fame.

The Rain it Raineth Every Day

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves & thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our day is done,
For the rain it raineth every day

A Subaltern's Love Song

John Betjeman (1906-1984)

Miss J. Hunter Dunn, Miss J. Hunter Dunn,
Furnish'd and burnish'd by Aldershot sun,
What strenuous singles we played after tea,
We in the tournament - you against me!
Love-thirty, love-forty, oh! weakness of joy,
The speed of a swallow, the grace of a boy,
With carefullest carelessness, gaily you won,
I am weak from your loveliness, Joan Hunter Dunn

Miss Joan Hunter Dunn, Miss Joan Hunter Dunn,
How mad I am, sad I am, glad that you won,
The warm-handled racket is back in its press,
But my shock-headed victor, she loves me no less.
Her father's eunymus shines as we walk,
And swing past the summer-house, buried in talk,
And cool the verandah that welcomes us in
To the six-o'clock news and a lime-juice and gin.
The scent of the conifers, sound of the bath,
The view from my bedroom of moss-dappled path,
As I struggle with double-end evening tie,
For we dance at the Golf Club, my victor and I.
On the floor of her bedroom lie blazer and shorts,
And the cream-coloured walls are be-trophied with sports,
And westering, questioning settles the sun,
On your low-leaded window, Miss Joan Hunter Dunn.
The Hillman is waiting, the light's in the hall,
The pictures of Egypt are bright on the wall,
My sweet, I am standing beside the oak stair
And there on the landing's the light on your hair.
By roads "not adopted", by woodland ways,
She drove to the club in the late summer haze,
Into nine-o'clock Camberley, heavy with bells
And mushroomy, pine-woody, evergreen smells.

Miss Joan Hunter Dunn, Miss Joan Hunter Dunn,
I can hear from the car park the dance has begun,
Oh! Surry twilight! importunate band!
Oh! strongly adorable tennis-girl's hand!
Around us are Rovers and Austins afar,
Above us the intimate roof of the car,
And here on my right is the girl of my choice,
With the tilt of her nose and the chime of her voice.



And the scent of her wrap, and the words never said,
And the ominous, ominous dancing ahead.
We sat in the car park till twenty to one
And now I'm engaged to Miss Joan Hunter Dunn.

Mean Time

Carol Ann Duffy (b. 1955)

The clocks slid back an hour
and stole light from my life
as I walked through the wrong part of town,
mourning our love.

And, of course, unmendable rain
fell to the bleak streets
where I felt my heart gnaw
at all our mistakes.

If the darkening sky could lift
more than one hour from this day
there are words I would never have said
nor have heard you say.

But we will be dead, as we know,
beyond all light.
These are the shortened days
and the endless nights.

Jabberwocky

Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!



One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

LiTTLe MACHiNe

Chris Hardy – electric guitar, vocals
Steve Halliwell – keyboards, bass, vocals
Walter Wray – acoustic guitar, vocals
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We'll go no more a-roving

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron (1788–1824)

SO, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.



For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon.
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.



We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year.
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year.

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding and a cup of
good cheer Chorus

For we all like figgy pudding;
For we all like figgy pudding;
For we all like figgy pudding so bring some
out here Chorus

We won't go until we get some;
We won't go until we get some;
We won't go until we get some, so bring
some out here Chorus

We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year. Chorus

The Lord's Prayer

Fæder ure þu þe art on heofonum;
Si þin nama gehalgod
to becume þin rice
gewurþe ðin willa
on eorðan swa swa on heofonum.
urne gedæghwamlican hlaf syle us todæg
and forgyf us ure gyltas
swa swa we forgyfað urum gyltendum
and ne gelæd þu us on costnunge
ac alys us of yfele soþlice

