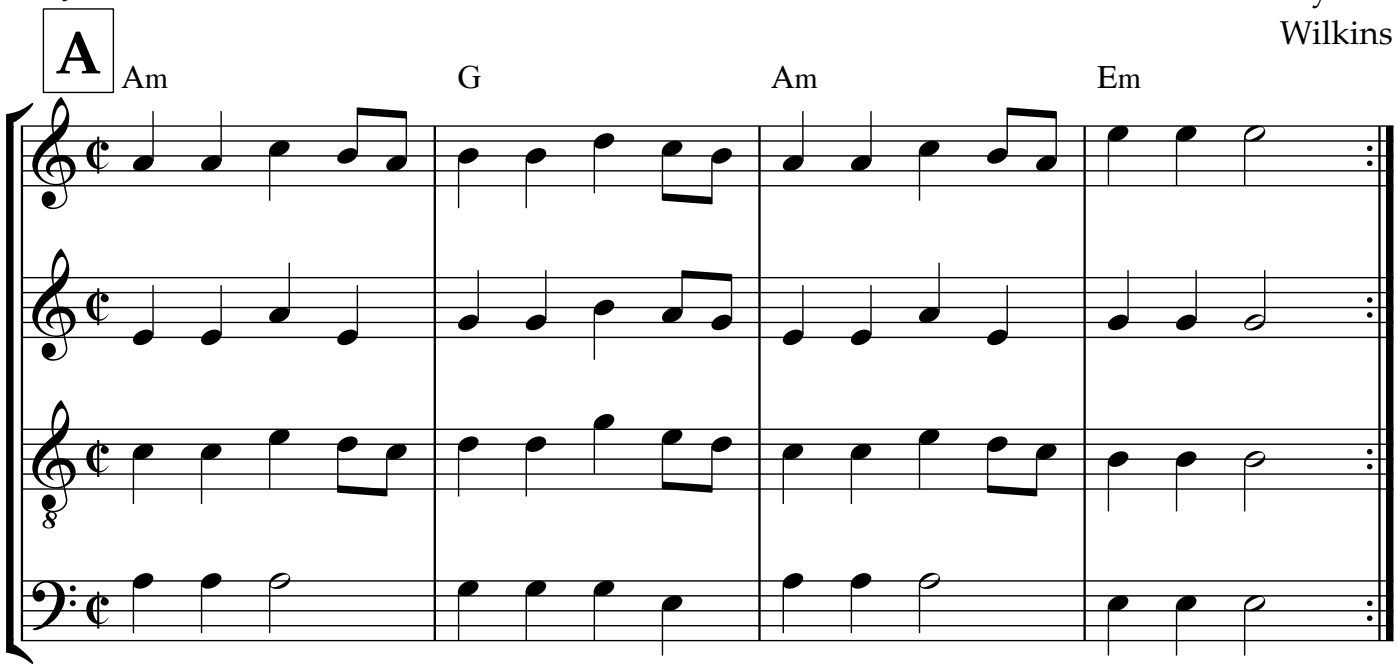
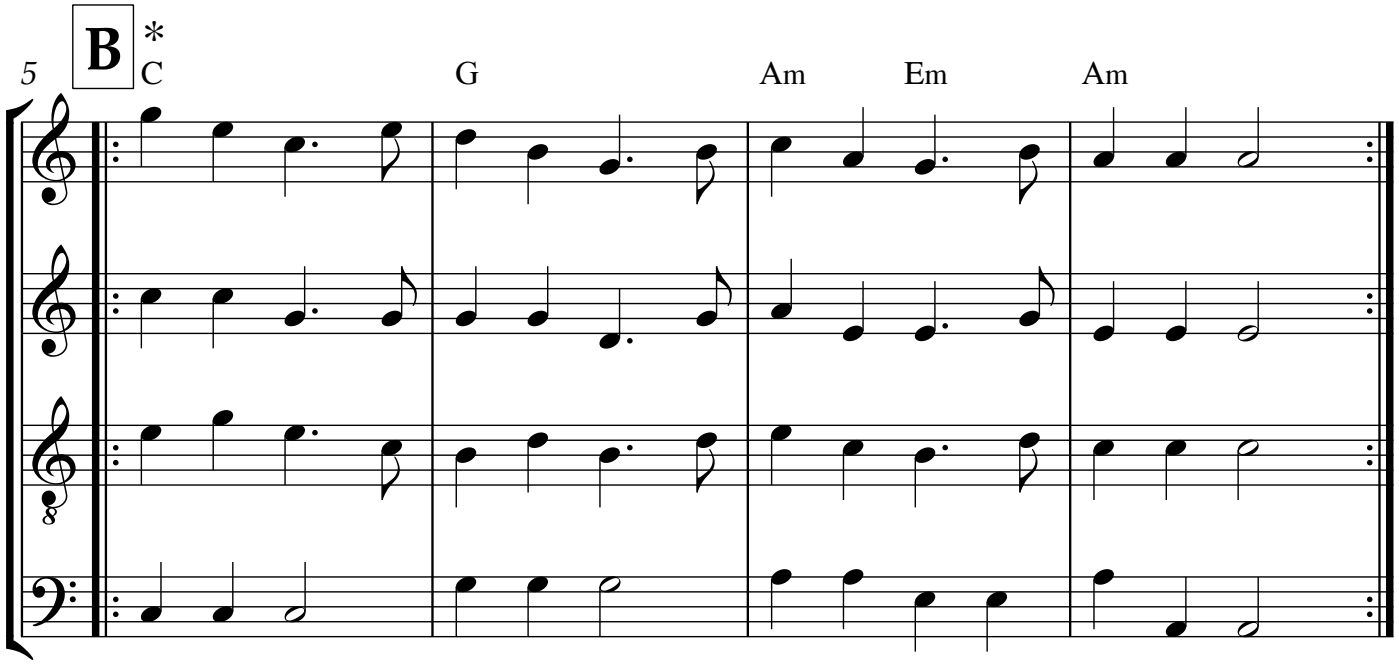
Goddesses

With Nonesuch
AABBCCAABB

Buzzy: NSAB or ATBCB

Playford
Wilkins

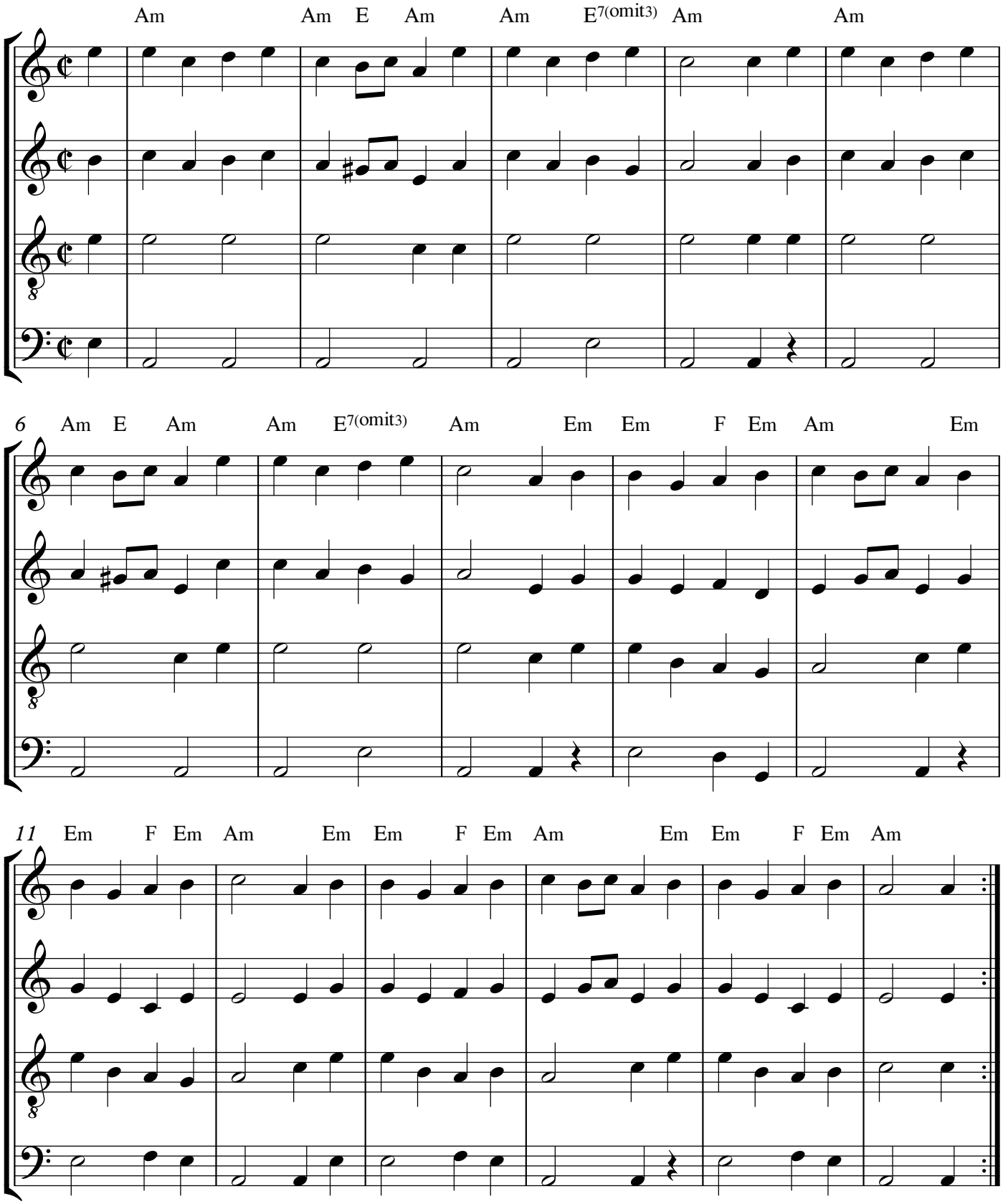




Nonesuch

Buzzy: NSAB or ATBCB

Playford
Wilkins

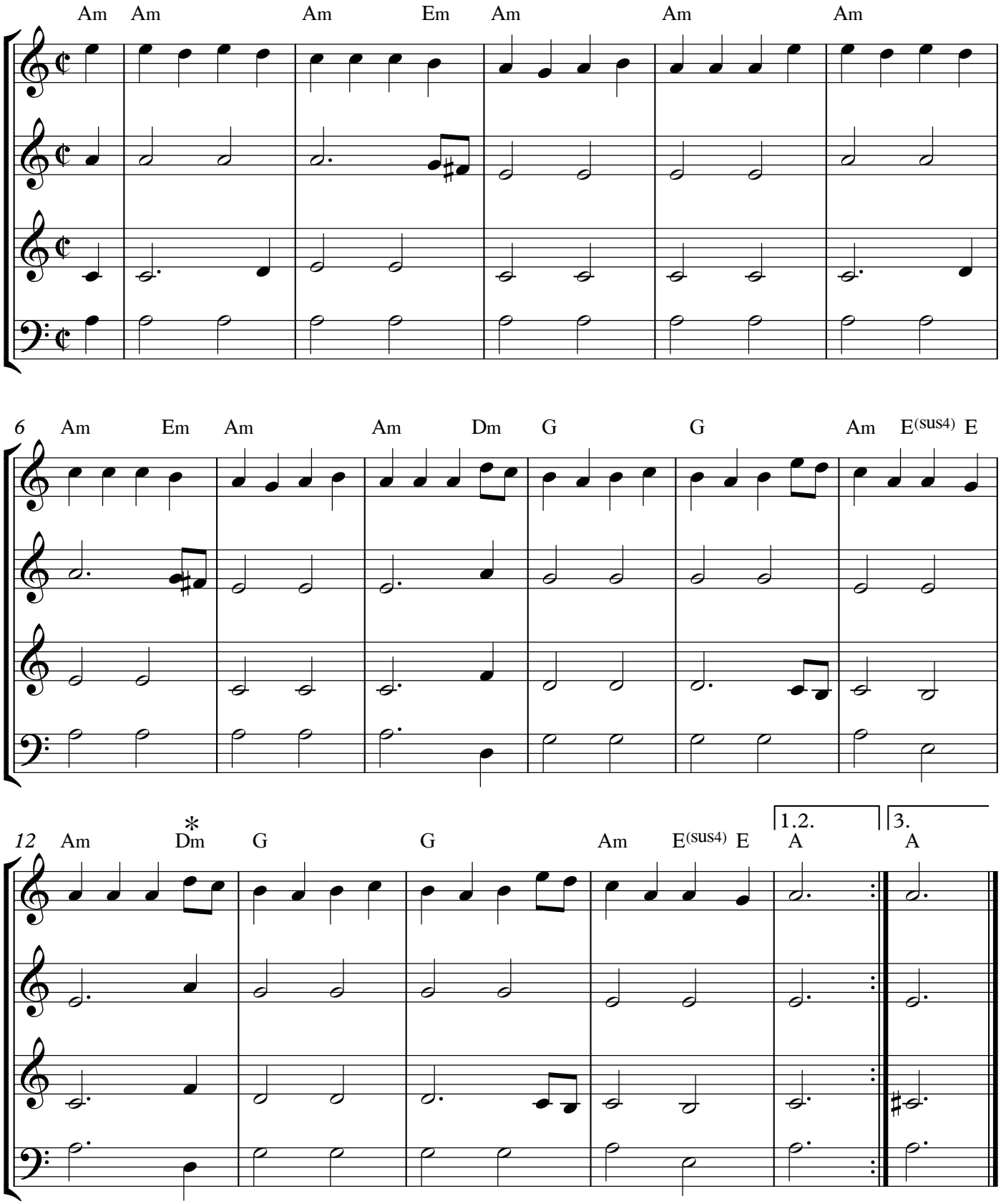


Schiarazula Marazula

The Maltese Bransle

Buzzy: NSAT or ATBGB

Giorgio Mainerio
1578

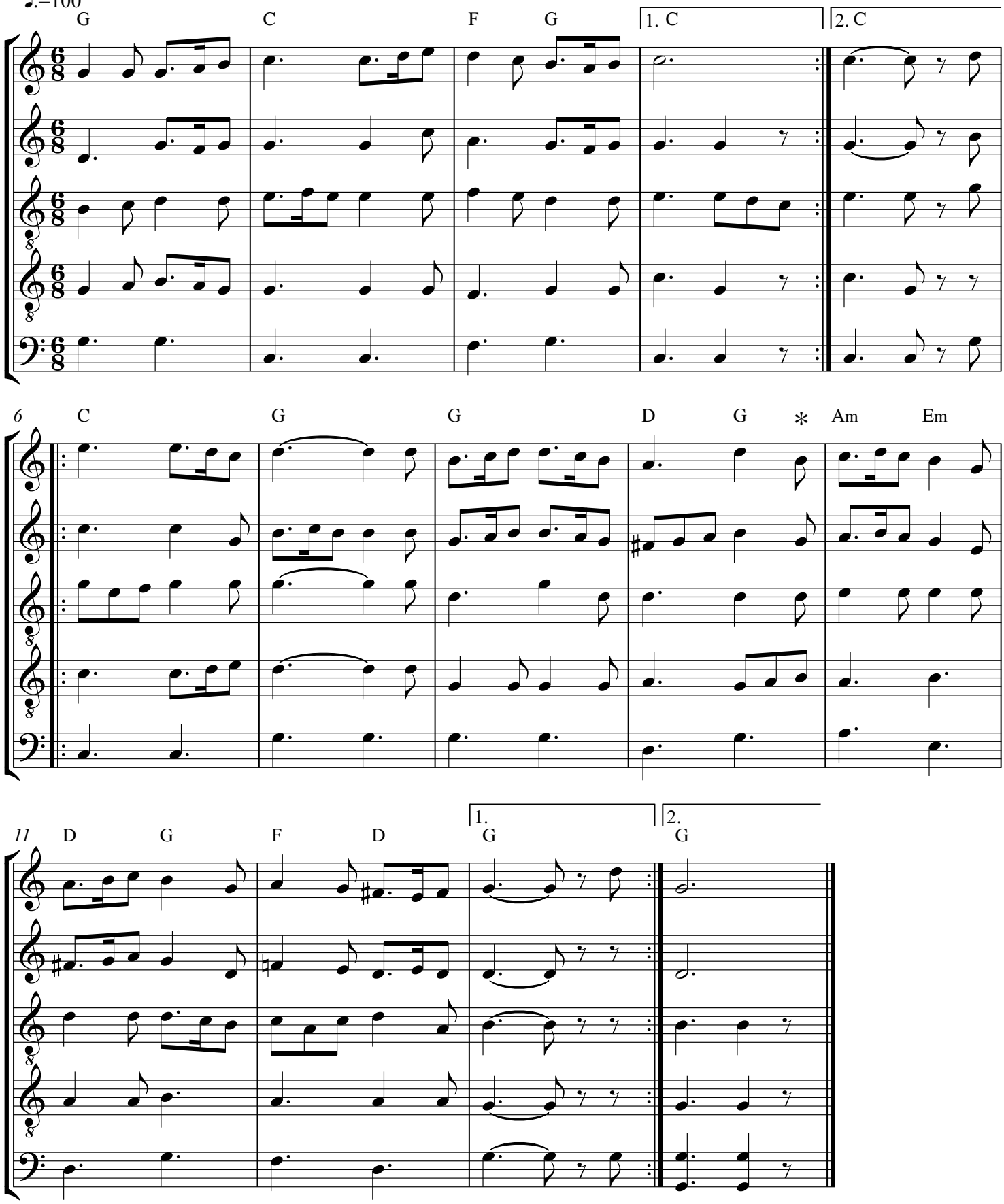


Sellinger's Round

Playford (B129)
arranged by Phil Neuman, 2016

Buzzy: S*SABT

♩.=100

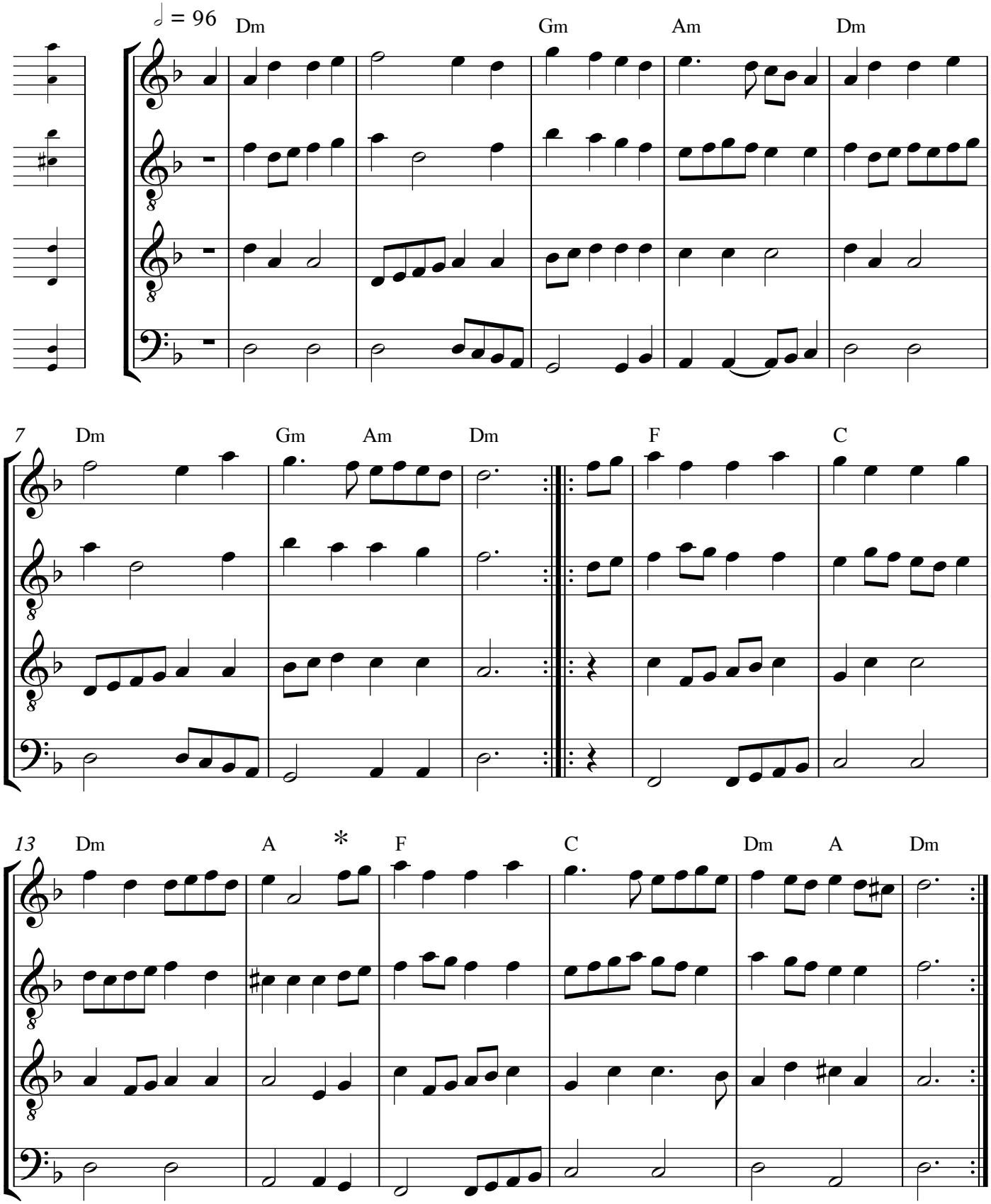


Childgrove

1701

Buzzy: N*STB

arr. by Phil Neuman, 2012

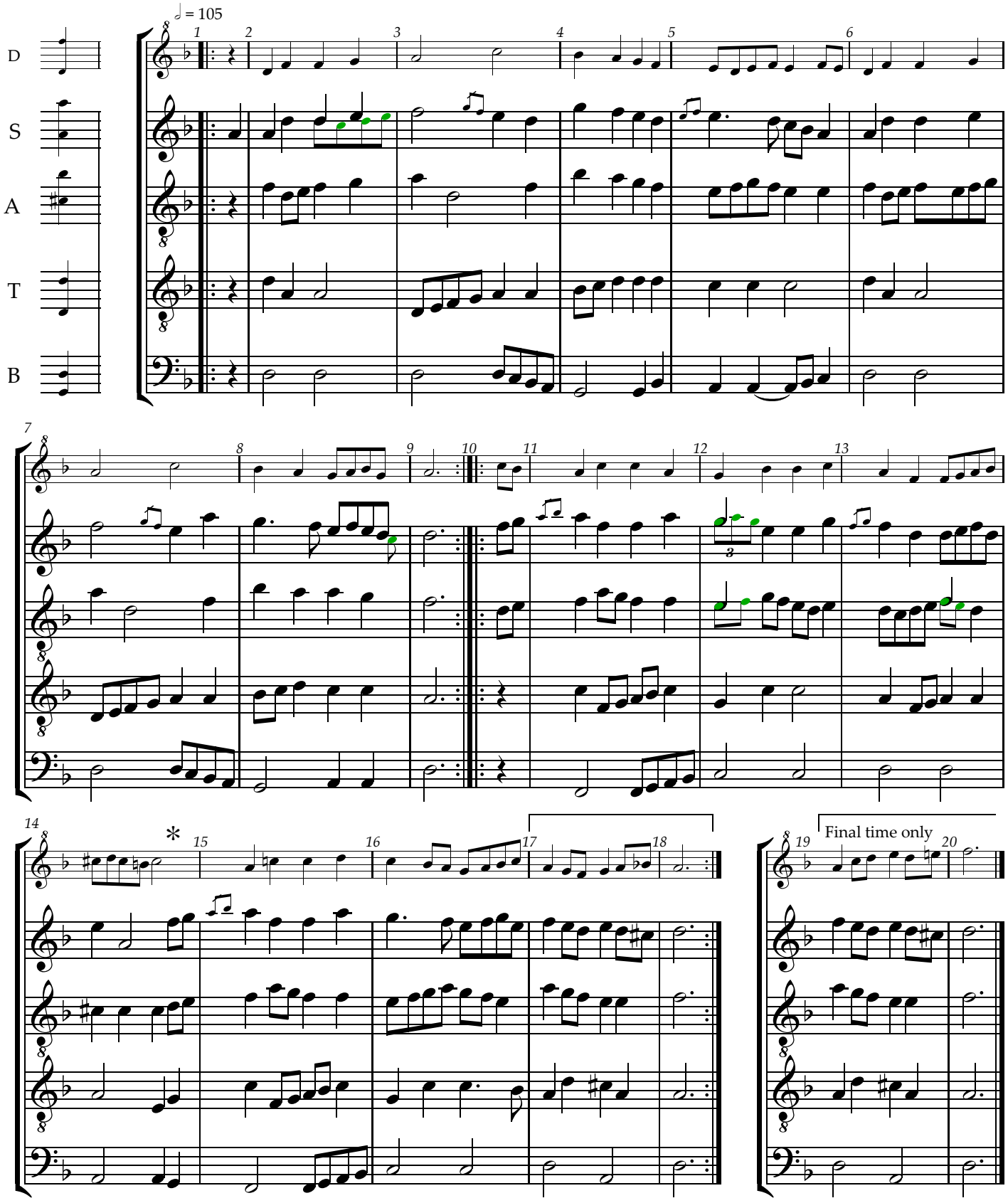


Childgrove

1701

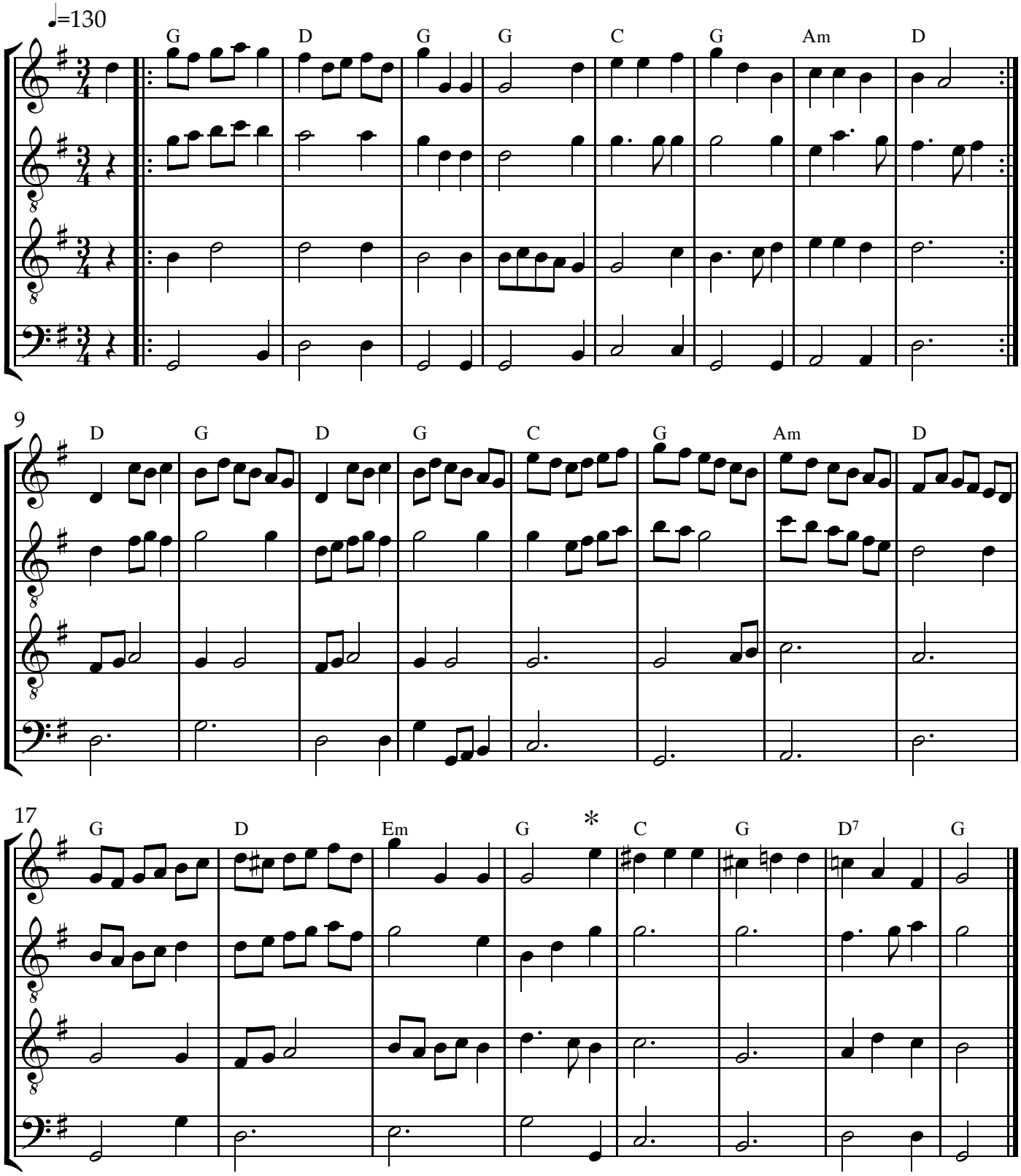
Buzzy: N*STB

arr. by Phil Neuman, 2012
with orna. by Tony Peterson



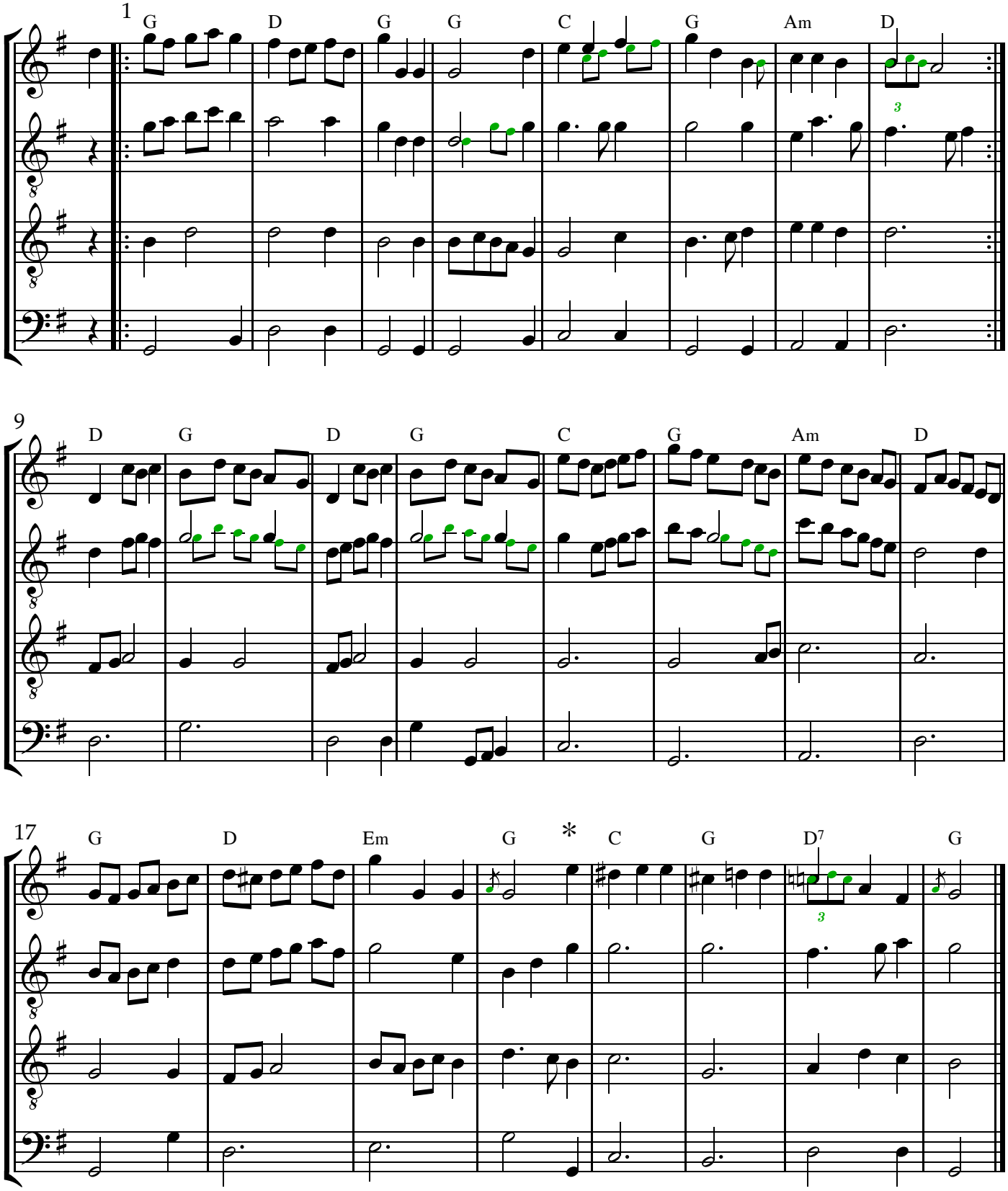
The Duke of Kent's Waltz

Anonymous
arr. by Phil Neuman, 2009/18



The Duke of Kent's Waltz

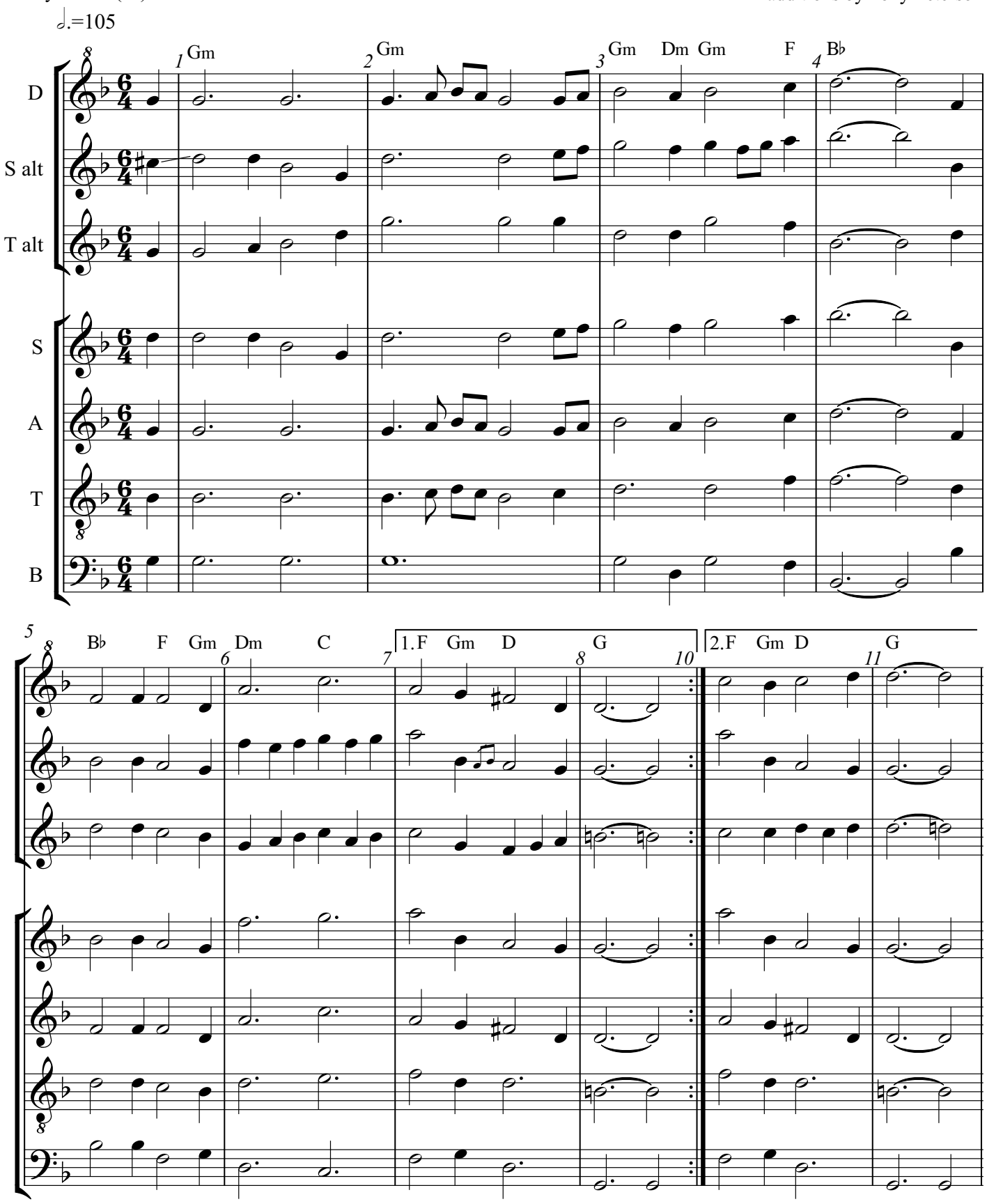
Anonymous
arr. by Phil Neuman, 2009/18
with orna. by Tony Peterson

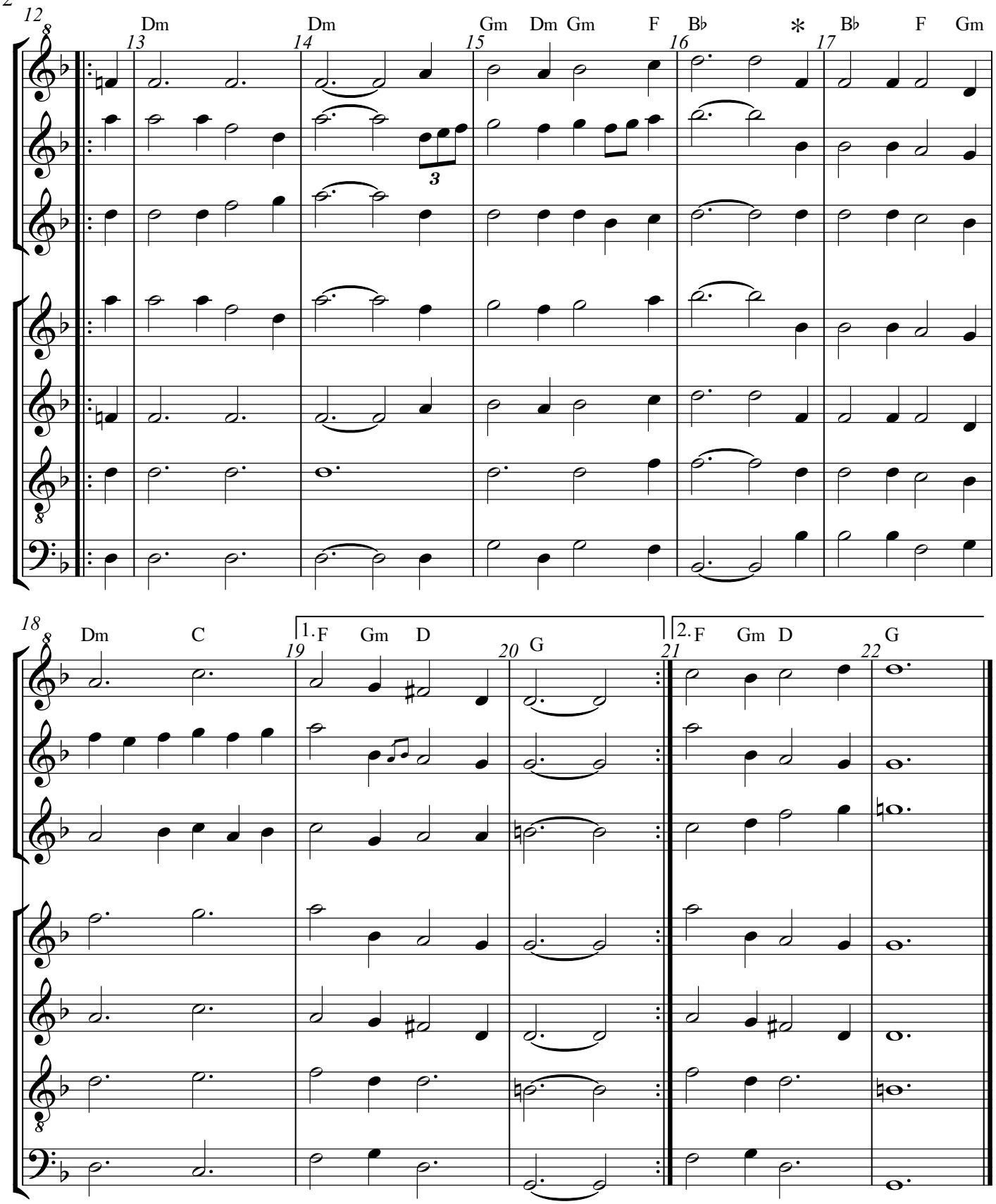


UPON A SUMMER'S DAY

Playford (B101)
SATB by London Pro Musica
additions by Tony Peterson

Buzzy: NSTT(ex)




12
Dm
Dm
Gm
Dm
Gm
F
B♭
B♭
F
Gm
13
14
15
16
17
3
18
Dm
C
1.
F
Gm
D
19
G
20
2.
F
Gm
D
21
G
22

I SMELL A RAT

To the tune of, Upon a Summer tide,
or, The Seminary Priest.
https://ebba.english.ucsb.edu/ballad/20081

I traveled far to find
where honesty abides,
And found in England more
then all the world besides;

But where true virtue grows,
vice quickly ruins that:
A poor man must not speak,
although he smell a Rat.

When Justice hath her sight,
she's beautiful in show:
But when she masks her face,
how wild she soon doth grow;

I do perceive the cause,
but dare not speak of that:
I'll not offend the lawes,
but yet I smell a Rat.

When I see wealthy men,
by worldly causes rise:
I count them happy here,
and truly worldly wise;

But folly oft makes lean,
what wit hath long kept fat:
Who knows how rich men fall?
in truth I smell a Rat.

Some gathers in their rents,
and hordes the coin with care:
Stretching their credits great,
for money or for ware:

When such great men do break,
what is the cause of that?
In truth I dare not speak,
and yet I smell a Rat.

When rates of all things rise,
within a plenteous year:
What should the occasion be,
that every thing's so dear;

Some censure rich men's faults,
and some say this and that:
Let all say what they will,
for faith I Smell a Rat.

When luker marries wealth,
how joyfull are the twaine,
On both sides wealths increase
comes in with ill got gain:

This wealth commands their minds,
They live like dog and cat;
What should the occasion be?
in faith I smell a Rat.

When officers let slip
to punish such as these:
Pray where doth justice sit,
or rails she when she please:

It may be she is bribed,
and so kept blind by that:
Else none of these could thrive,
in truth I smell a Rat.

When sin strives to surcease,
and folly flies away:
Where love and lasting peace,
will make a glorious day:

When England harbors none,
that are rotten to the core
The Rat will run away,
and I shall smell no more.