



Six Elizabethan Pastorals [set 1]

Opus 49

No. 2

# Corydon, arise!

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

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

# Corydon, arise!

Molto moderato ma leggiero  $\text{♩} = 72$

C. V. Stanford

S *mf* Co - ry - don, a - rise, my Co - ry - don! Ti - tan shin - eth clear.

A *mf* Co - ry - don, a - rise, my Co - ry - don! Ti - tan shin - eth clear.

T Who is it that cal - leth Co - ry - don?

B *p* Who is it that cal - leth Co - ry - don?

S Phyl - li - da, thy true love, cal - leth thee, A - rise then, a - rise then, A -

A Phyl - li - da, thy true love, cal - leth thee, A - rise then, a - rise then, A -

T Who is it that I hear? Who?

B Who is it that I hear? Who?

S rise and keep thy flock with me! *mf* A - rise! and

A rise and keep thy flock with me! *mf* A - rise!

T *mp* *cresc.* Phyl - li - da, my true love, is it she? *f* I come then, I come then, I

B *mp* *cresc.* Phyl - li - da, my true love, is it she? *f* I come then, I come then, I

Corydon

10

S keep thy flock with me! Here are cher - ries ripe for my Co - ry - don;

A and keep thy flock with me! Here are cher - ries ripe for my Co - ry - don;

T come and keep my flock with thee.

B come and keep my flock with thee.

13

S Eat them for my sake. Here are

A Eat them for my sake. Here are

T Here's my oat - en pipe, my love - ly one, Sport for thee to make, \_\_\_\_\_

B Here's my oat - en pipe, my love - ly one, Sport for thee to make, \_\_\_\_\_

16

S threads, my true love, fine as silk, To knit thee, to knit thee A pair of stock - ings white as

A threads, my true love, fine as silk, To knit thee, to knit thee A pair of stock - ings white as

T sport for thee. Here are

B sport for thee. Here are

## Corydon

19

S milk, To knit thee A pair as white as milk.

A milk, To knit thee A pair as white as milk.

T reeds, my true love, fine and neat, To make thee, to make thee A bon - net to with-stand the heat.

B reeds, my true love, fine and neat, To make thee, to make thee A bon - net to with-stand the heat.

23

S *mf* When my Co-ry-don sits on a hill Mak - ing mel-o - dy, *p* mak - ing

A *mf* When my Co-ry-don sits on a hill Mak - ing mel-o - dy,

T *mf* When my love - ly one goes to her

B *mf* When my love - ly one goes to her

26

S mel - o - dy— *p* Sure me-thinks my true love doth ex - cel For sweet - ness, for

A *p* mak - ing mel - o - dy— *p* Sure me-thinks my true love doth ex - cel For sweet - ness, for

T *p* wheel, Sing - ing cheer-i - ly, sing - ing, sing - - - ing

B *p* wheel, Sing - ing cheer-i - ly, sing - ing, sing - - - ing

# Corydon

29

S sweet - ness, Our Pan, that old Ar - ca - dian knight,

A sweet - ness, Our Pan, that old Ar - ca - dian knight,

T cheer - i - ly— And me - thinks my true love bears the bell For clear - ness, for

B cheer - i - ly— And me - thinks my true love bears the bell For clear - ness, for

32

S My true love doth ex - cel For sweet - ness, for

A My true love doth ex - cel For sweet - ness, for

T clear - ness, Be - yond the nymphs that be so bright, Bears the bell For clear - ness, for

B clear - ness, Be - yond the nymphs that be so bright, Bears the bell For clear - ness, for

35

S sweet - ness, Our Pan, that old Ar - ca - dian knight.

A sweet - ness, Our Pan, that old Ar - ca - dian knight.

T clear - ness, Be - yond the nymphs that be — so bright.

B clear - ness, Be - yond the nymphs that be so bright.

## Corydon

38

S *mf* Yon - der comes my moth - er, *p* Co - ry - don! Whith - er shall I fly?

A *mf* Yon - der comes my moth - er, *p* Co - ry - don! Whith - er shall I fly?

T

B

40

S

A

T *p* Un - der yon - der beech, my love - ly one, While she pass - eth by.

B *p* Un - der yon - der beech, my love - ly one, While she pass - eth by.

42

S *p* Say to her thy true love was not here; Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, To -

A *p* Say to her thy true love was not here; Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, To -

T *p* Doubt me not,

B *p* Doubt me not,

# Corydon

44 *poco a poco rall. al fine*

S mor - row is an - oth - er day. *poco a poco rall. al fine* *p* Re -

A mor - row is an - oth - er day. *poco a poco rall. al fine* *p* Re -

T

B Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear; *poco a poco rall. al fine*  
Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;

46

S mem - ber, re - mem - ber, Fare - well then!

A mem - ber, re - mem - ber, Fare - well then!

T Fare-well then, fare-well then! Fare-well then, fare - well then!

B Fare-well then, fare - well then! Fare-well then, fare - well then!

49 *Più lento*

S *p* Heaven keep our loves al - way!

A *p* Heaven keep our loves al - way!

T *p* Heaven keep our loves al - way!

B *p* Heaven keep our loves al - way!

Phyllida  
Corydon, arise, my Corydon!  
Titan shineth clear.

Corydon  
Who is it that calleth Corydon?  
Who is it that I hear?

Phyllida  
Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,  
Arise then, arise then,  
Arise and keep thy flock with me!

Corydon  
Phyllida, my true love, is it she?  
I come then, I come then,  
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyllida  
Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;  
Eat them for my sake.

Corydon  
Here 's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,  
Sport for thee to make.

Phyllida  
Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,  
To knit thee, to knit thee  
A pair of stockings white as milk.

Corydon  
Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,  
To make thee, to make thee  
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyllida  
When my Corydon sits on a hill  
Making melody—

Corydon  
When my lovely one goes to her wheel,  
Singing cheerily—

Phyllida  
Sure methinks my true love doth excel  
For sweetness, for sweetness,  
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Corydon  
And methinks my true love bears the bell  
For clearness, for clearness,  
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phyllida  
Yonder comes my mother, Corydon!  
Whither shall I fly?

Corydon  
Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
While she passeth by.

Phyllida  
Say to her thy true love was not here;  
Remember, remember,  
To-morrow is another day.

Corydon  
Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;  
Farewell then, farewell then!  
Heaven keep our loves away!

Anonymous 1600

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David Anderson  
SHORCHOR Music  
1706 NE 177th St.  
Shoreline, WA 98155 USA

