

TROLL THE BOWL

The words by THOMAS DEKKER
set to music by E. J. MOERAN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Troll the Bowl

COLD'S the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed !
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, for thee !
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.
Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down !
Hey derry derry down-a-down !
Ho ! well done, to let me come,
Ring compass, gentle joy.

DEKKER

TROLL THE BOWL



THOMAS DEKKER

E. J. MOERAN

Allegro

Voice

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain, Saint

Piano

mf

Hugh be our good speed! ——— Ill is the weath-er that

bring-eth no gain, Nor helps good hearts in — need. ———

Troll the bowl, the jol - ly nut-brown bowl, And

mf

here kind mate for_ thee! Let's sing a dirge for

Saint Hugh's soul, And down it mer - ri - ly.

Down - a - down, hey, down - a - down, Hey der-ry der-ry down - a -

- down! Ho! — well done, to let me come, Ring

com - pass, gen - tle joy. —

Troll the bowl, the jol - ly nut - brown bowl, And here, kind mate to —

thee! Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul, And

down it mer - ri - ly

ff *mf*

8

Down - a - down, hey, down - a - down! Hey der - ry der - ry down - a -

mp

- down! Ho! well done, to let me come, Ring

Allargando *Ad.*

f

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

com - pass, gen - tle joy!

(sec)