

Triumph, with pleasant melody

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Dow Partbooks (Christ Church, 1580s, Oxford MSS 984-988)

5

Superius
Medius
Contra
Tenor
Bassus

Tri - umph! tri - umph

10

- with pleas-ant me - lo-dy show forth thy cheer-ful mind; Let pin - ing

15

cares with-in thy breast no place of har-bour find. A-wake! A - wake shake off thy drow - sy

20

dreams and fool-ish fan-cies all. Re-joyce with him, I say re-joyce, that friend-ly

25

doth thee call. What un-ac-quain-ted cheer-ful voice

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is this that I do hear, Which bids me tri-umph and re-joyce that erst was

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drench'd in fear? It is the voice of Christ thy friend that di - ed for thy_ sake, Who

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45

for to work thy woes an end thy shape did on him take: And where - by A - dam's

50

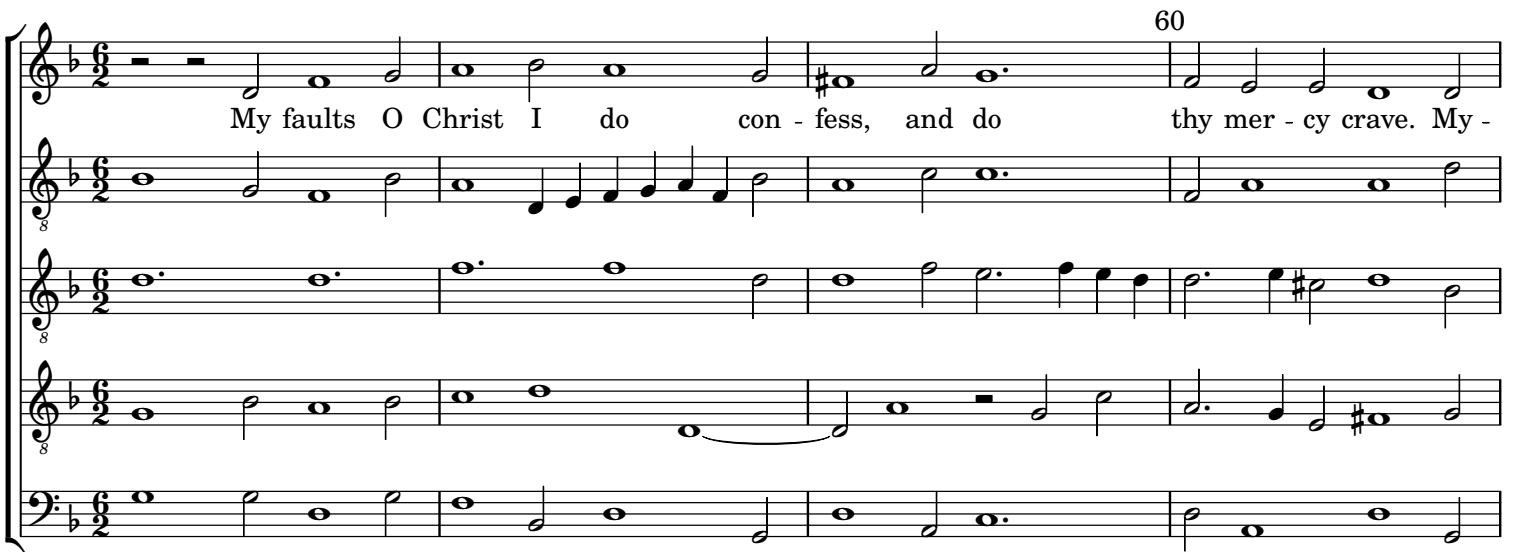
grie - vous guilt thou wast con - demn'd to die, The pre - cious blood that I have

55

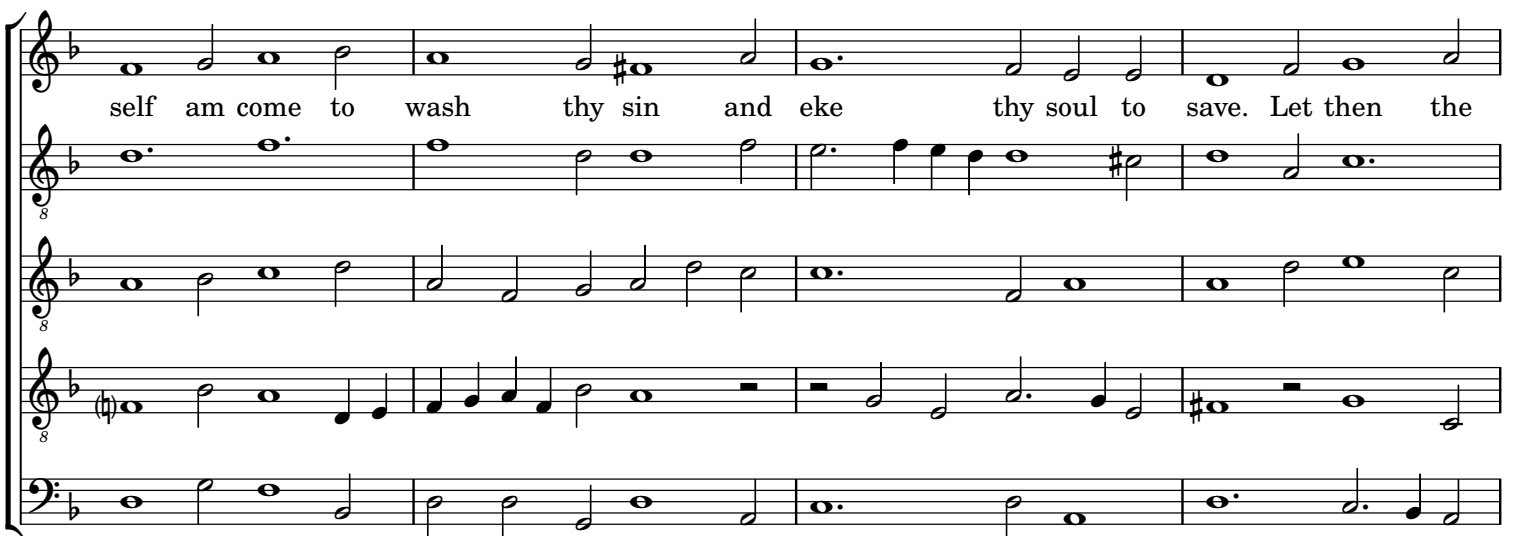


spilt saves thee e - ter-nal - ly. Where-fore re-joice *Where-fore re-joice* I say re - joice.

60



My faults O Christ I do con - fess, and do thy mer - cy crave. My -



self am come to wash thy sin and eke thy soul to save. Let then the

65

bright - ness of thy birth the clouds of sin ex - pel. I am the on - ly

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means to bring thy dam - nèd soul from hell. Then shall my tongue for e - ver

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sing due prais - es to thy name. I nought re - quire but that thou be still

80

thank - ful for the same. To thee the Fath - er and the Sprite of Grace be

85

praise for aye; Sing and re-joice, and God a - bove do mag - ni - fy al - ways.

Triumph, with pleasant melody show forth thy cheerful mind;
 Let pining cares within thy breast no place of harbour find.
 Awake! Awake shake off thy drowsy dreams and foolish fancies all.
 Rejoice with him, I say rejoice, that friendly doth thee call.

What unacquainted cheerful voice is this that I do hear,
 Which bids me triumph and rejoice that erst was drench'd in fear?
 It is the voice of Christ thy friend that dièd for thy sake,
 Who for to work thy woes an end thy shape did on him take:
 And whereby Adam's grievous guilt thou wast condemn'd to die,
 The precious blood that I have spilt saves thee eternally.
 Wherefore rejoice, I say rejoice.

My faults O Christ I do confess, and do thy mercy crave.
 Myself am come to wash thy sin and eke thy soul to save.
 Let then the brightness of thy birth the clouds of sin expel.
 I am the only means to bring thy damnèd soul from hell.
 Then shall my tongue for ever sing due praises to thy name.
 I nought require but that thou be still thankful for the same.
 To thee the Father and the Sprite of Grace be praise for aye;
 Sing and rejoice, and God above do magnify always.