

**Alan Rawsthorne (1905-1971)**

**Medieval Diptych, for baritone & orchestra (1962)**

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra  
conducted by David Lloyd-Jones  
Jeremy Huw Williams baritone

**i. Sodenly Afraid**

Sodenly afraid,  
Halfe wakinge halfe sleping,  
And gretly dismayd,  
A woman sate weping,  
With favour in her face far passinge my reson  
And of her sore weping this was the encheson.  
Her sone in her lappe laid, she seid, slein by treson,  
If weping might ripe be, hit semed then in seson.  
Jhesus, so sche sobbed,  
So her sone was bobbed  
And of his live robbed;  
Seinge this wordes as I sey thee,  
'Who can not wepe, com lerne of me.'

I seid I coude not wepe, I was so hard herted.  
Sche answerd me shortly with wordés that smarted,  
'Lo, nature schal meve thee, thau must be converted,  
Thine owne fader this night is dede.' This sche thwerted.  
Jhesus, so my sone is bobbed,  
And of his live robbed,  
For soth then I sobbed  
Verifying these wordes, seing to thee,  
Who can not wepe come lerne at me.

On me sche cast her ye, and seid 'See, man, thy brother!'  
Sche kiste him and seid 'Swete, am I not thy moder?'  
And swoninge sche felle; ther hit wold be no nother,  
I not which more dedlie, the tone or the toder.  
Yet sche revived and sobbed  
How her sone was bobbed  
And of his live robbed.  
'Who can not wepe,' this is the lay,  
And with that wordes sche vanished away.

**ii. Adam Lay i-Bounden**

Adam lay i-bounden,  
Bounden in a bond;  
Four thousand winter  
Thought he not too long;  
And all was for an appil,  
An appil that he tok,  
As clerkés finden  
Wreten in here book.  
Ne haddé the appil taken ben,  
The appil taken ben,  
Ne haddé never our lady  
A ben hevené quene.  
Blesséd be the time  
That appil také was.  
Therefore we moun singen  
'Deo Gracias.'