

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Promusica Antiqua

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(From a Julius Monk Revue ca.1955)

I'll sing you a song of the Cloisters if you hark.

I'll sing of the Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park.

Where I used to go in the month of June

To listen to the riddle of an ancient tune

At a concert given in the afternoon

By the Pro Musica Antiqua, the Pro Musica Antiqua

The Pro Musica, the Pro Musica, the Pro Musica Antiqua.

It was at precisely such a recital I recall

That I met a young man, like an oak tree, straight and tall.

As we sat there together, and we spoke no word

As within our hearts ---Ah, something stirred

As we listened there to Buxtehude, Purcell and Byrd

At the etc.

He invited me to his flat

For a cup of tea and a chat.

For he said he had a batch of recordings to play

Of Dufy and Dupres, so what could I say, but "Yes"!

What a fool I was to go.

What an idiot from tippy-top to toe.

For behind that face and charming smile

Lay a motive base and a manner vile.

What a fool I was to go!

But how could I nonny nonny nonny know?

Well he took me up to his flat as he had said

And he locked the door and he sat on his great double bed

And he looked at me with eyes that lied

And I knew when I saw that look in his eye

That he had no recordings of Dupres and Dufy

From the etc.

Well there I stood. I was rooted in my place.

As I viewed with dread my deceitful lover's face.

For I knew from the lovesick look in his eye,

He could lay me low with a single sigh

Well he laid me low...and he laid me high

At the etc.

Now if you go to concerts on the grass

And you're overfond of Gabrielli brass
Or a gay Bonsel, Beware! Beware!
Of what may come to pass.
Of what may come to pass.

Now the sound of a consort of viols makes me ill,
And the lute and the zither make me sicker still.
And every morning at the crowing of the cocks
I wash my face and I comb my locks
And I brush my teeth and I put a pox
On the etc.

Now maidens take fair warning from my tale.
Beware! Beware of the music-loving male.
You can go to the Cloisters if you choose
And seek enchantment in the muse
But I hate to tell you what you might lose
At the etc.

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