Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 2)

BEN JONSON

Come, with our voices let us war, And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star, And all the world turn ears.

John Wilson (1595–1674)

At such a call what beast or fowl Of reason empty is?
What tree or

Mix then our stone doth want a soul? What man but must lose his?
Mix then our notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods, To make the
mountain quarries move, And call the walking woods.

Mix then our notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods, To make the
mountain quarries move, And call the walking woods.

mountain quarries move, And call the walking woods.

mountain quarries move, And call the walking woods. What need of mine? Do
you but sing, Sleep and the grave will wake. No tunes are sweet, nor

They say the angels mark each

words have sting. But what those lips do make.

dee'd, And exercise below, And out of inward pleasure feed On

what they viewing know. Oh, sing not you then, lest the best Of

angels should be driven To fall again, at such a feast Mis-taking earth for
Nay, rather both our souls be strain'd To meet their high desire;

heaven.

So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.

So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.

Nay, rather both our souls be strain'd To meet their high desire;

So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.

So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.
Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 2)

Ben Jonson

CANTUS 1

Come, with our voices let us war, And challenge all the spheres, Till each of us be made a star, And all the world turn ears.

Mix then our notes, that we may prove To stay the running floods, To make the mountain quarries move, And call the walking woods. Mix then our notes, that we may prove

To stay the running floods, To make the mountain quarries move,

And call the walking woods.

They say the angels mark each deed, And exercise below,

And out of inward pleasure feed On what they viewing know.
Nay, ra-ther both our souls bestrain'd To meet their high des-ire;  So they in state of

CHORUS

grace re-tain'd May wish us of their choir.  Nay, ra-ther both our souls bestrain'd To meet their

high des-ire;  So they in state of grace re-tain'd May wish us of their choir.
Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 2)

At such a call what beast or fowl of reason empty is?

What tree or stone doth want a soul? What man but must lose his?

Mix then our notes, that we may prove To stay the running floods, To make the mountain quarries move,

And call the walking woods. What need of mine? Do you but sing, Sleep and the grave will wake. No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,

But what thosdips do make. Oh, sing not you then,

llest the best Of angels should be driven To fall again, at such a feast Mistaking earth for
heaven. So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.

Nay, rather both our souls be strain'd To meet their high desire;

So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.
Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 2)

BEN JONSON

[setting notation]

JOHN WILSON (1595-1674)