

***Washer Women***  
***Song Book***

**Northern California Renaissance Faire**  
**Casa De Fruta**

## **A HEALTH UNTO HER MAJESTY!**

Here's a health unto her Majesty  
With a fa la la la la la  
Confusion to her enemies  
With a fa la la la la la  
And he who would not drink her health  
we wish him neither wit nor wealth  
Nor yet a rope to hang himself

### *Chorus*

*With a fa la la la la la la la la laaaaaa*  
*With a fa la la la la la la*

May she live in mirth and jollity  
With a fa la la la la la  
and past-time with good company  
With a fa la la la la la  
and he who would not join in glee  
must puritan or papist be  
and him we curse with misery  
*(Chorus)*

Let the Queen's good health go round and round  
With a fa la la la la la  
and let her praises loud resound  
With a fa la la la la la  
and he who would not have it so  
may he be cursed with a gouty toe  
and days of wrath and nights of woe  
*(Chorus)*

Our goodly Queen is fair of face  
With a fa la la la la la la  
endowed with every female grace  
With a fa la la la la la la  
and every woman in this shire  
who doth not to the like aspire  
may her breast be dun and her hair be wire  
*(Chorus)*

So now we've raised our  
tankards high  
With a fa la la la la la la  
We've raised them full and  
lowered them dry  
With a fa la la la la la la  
Elizabeth, long may she reign  
**God save the Queen**  
may all here join in this refrain  
and fill our tankards up again  
*(Chorus)*



The wheat is like a rich man, he's sleek and  
well to do

The oats are like a pack of girls, laughin' and  
dancin' too

The rye is like a miser, he's sulky lean and  
small

But the ripe and bearded barley is monarch of  
them all

*(Chorus x2)*

## ALL AROUND MY HAT

Fare thee well cold winter, and fare thee well  
cold frost.

Oh nothing I have gained, but my own true  
love have lost.

I'll sing and I'll be merry, when occasion I do  
see-

He's a false deluded young man, let him go,  
fare well he.

*Chorus: All around my hat, I will wear the  
green willow,  
And all around my hat, for a twelve-month and  
a day.  
And if anyone should ask me the reason why  
I'm wearin' it,  
It's all for my true love who's far, far, away*

The other day he brought me a fine diamond  
ring:  
he thought to deprive me of a far greater thing.  
But I being careful, as lovers ought to be,  
He's a false deluded young man, let him go  
fare well he.  
(Chorus)

Take a half pound of reason, and a quarter  
pound of sense,  
A small spring of time, and a pinch of  
prudence,  
You put then all together and you will all plainly  
see:  
He's a false deluded young man, let him go,  
fare well he.  
*(Chorus x2)*

## ALL FOR ME GROG

*Chorus:*

*Well....*

*It's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog*

*It's all for me beer and tobacco*

*For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinkin' gin*

*Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin'  
boots?

They're all gone for beer and tobacco.

For the heels they are worn out and  
the toes are kicked about

And the soles are lookin' out for  
better weather.

*(Chorus)*

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt?

It's all gone for beer and tobacco.

For the collar is all worn and the sleeves they  
are all torn

And the tail is lookin' out for better weather.

*(Chorus)*

And where is me crew, me bloody, blasted  
crew?

They're all gone for beer and tobacco.

Well, they left me on the shore and  
they left me bloody poor

Now my ship is sailing off  
for better weather

*(Chorus)*

Where is me hat, me jolly, jolly hat?

It's all gone for beer and tobacco.

For the brim is all worn out and the crown is  
kicked about

And the feather's lookin' out for better weather.

*(Chorus)*

Where are me jewels, me precious family  
jewels?

They're all gone for beer and tobacco.

Well, I keep 'em in a sack and I toss it cross  
me back

And you've all got dirty minds for what you're  
thinkin'.

*(Chorus)*



## AN OLD MAN CAME COURTING ME

An old man came courtin' me

*Hey do me darling*

An old man came courtin' me

*Me being' young*

An old man came courtin' me

He did propose to me

*Maids when you're young never wed an old  
man*

*For he's got no falorum, falivin falorum*

*He's got no falorum, fa livin fa loooooorum*

*He's go no falorum, he's lost his ding dorum*

*Maid's when you're young never wed an old  
man!*

When he did come to court (x2)

I found him way too short

When we did go to church (x2)

He left me in the lurch

When we did go to bed (x2)

He lay as if t'were dead

So I flung my leg over him, (x2)

Damn well near smothered him

When I did rise from bed (x2)  
I still had my maiden head

When he lay fast asleep (x2)  
I from his side did creep  
Into the arms of a handsome young man

Now he's got falorum falivin falorum  
Yes he's got falorum fa livin fa looooooorum  
Yes he's got falorum he found my ding dorum  
Maids when you're young never wed an old  
man.

## ARKY'S TOAST

We'll drink to the downfall of tyrants; we'll drink  
to Christ the Lord

We'll drink to the twelve Apostles; who preach  
the holy word

We'll drink to the saints and martyrs, in the  
dismal days of yore

And whenever our tankards are empty, we'll  
remember one saint more

And whenever our tankards are empty, we'll  
remember one saint more

We'll drink a health to the queen, me boys,  
we'll drink a health to the king

We'll drink to the royal princes, whenever they  
are seen

We'll drink to the dukes and duchesses, and all  
the loyal men

And whenever our tankards are empty, we will  
fill them up again

And whenever our tankards are empty, we will  
fill them up again

We'll drink to the master and mistress, of this  
glorious harvest feast  
We'll raise our tankards high, me boys, to the  
strength of malt and yeast  
We'll drink a toast to the landlord, and his ale  
so strong and fine  
And we'll hope that he forgets to shout, when it  
comes to closin' time  
And we'll hope that he forgets to shout when it  
comes to closin' time

And now we'll drink to the ladies, we'll drink to  
all their charms  
We'll drink to the pleasure that we find, when  
they are in our arms  
We'll hold them very tightly boys, but we shall  
make it clear  
It's goodbye on the day that they do say, they  
will keep us from our beer  
It's goodbye on the day that they do say, they  
will keep us from our beer

**A ROVIN**  
**(ALTERNATE WORDS BY ADIE ROMBACH)**

In Amsterdam there dwells a lad  
Mark well what I do say!  
In Amsterdam there dwells a lad,  
And he is master of his trade.

*Chorus:*  
*I'll go no more a rovin', with you*  
*strong lad.*  
*A rovin!, A rovin!,*  
*Since roving's been my ru-i-in,*  
*I'll go no more a roving, with you*  
*strong lad.*

One night I crept from my abode,  
Mark well what I do say!  
One night I crept from my abode,  
To meet this fair lad on the road.  
*(Chorus)*

His eyes were blue his checks were  
red,  
Mark well what I do say!  
His eyes were blue his checks were  
red,,  
With curly hair upon his head  
*(Chorus)*

The strong lad took me for a walk,  
Mark well what I do say!  
The strong lad took me for a walk,  
And we had such a lovin' talk  
(Chorus)

We talked into the nearest inn  
Mark well what I do say!  
We walked into the nearest inn  
He bought me both ale and gin  
(Chorus)

He put his arm around my waist,  
Mark well what I do say!  
He put his arm around my waist,  
I said "young man you're in some  
haste"  
(Chorus)

He put his hand upon my knee  
Mark well what I do say!  
He put his hand upon my knee  
I said "young man you're rather free"  
(Chorus)

He put his hand upon my thigh  
Mark well what I do say!  
he put his hand upon my thigh  
I said, "young man you rather high."  
(Chorus)

My heart was pounding like a drum,  
Mark well what I do say!  
My heart was pounding like a drum,  
The morning had so quickly come  
(Chorus)

He swore that he'd be true to me  
Mark well what I do say!  
He swore that he'd be true to me  
When I blinked my eyes he was off to  
sea.  
(Chorus)

So take a warning maids from me  
Mark well what I do say!  
So take a warning maids from me  
With handsome men don't be so free  
(Chorus)

## BARLEY MOW

Here's good luck to the Pint pot  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Jolly good luck to the pint pot  
Good luck to the Barley Mow.

Here's the pint pot, half a pint,  
gill pot, half a gill, quarter gill,  
nipperkin, and the brown bowl.  
Here's good luck, good luck,  
good luck to the Barley Mow.

Here's good luck to the Quart Pot  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Jolly good luck to the Quart pot  
Good luck to the Barley Mow.

Here's the quart pot, pint pot, half a pint,  
gill pot, half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin,  
and the brown bowl.  
Here's good luck, good luck,  
good luck to the Barley Mow.

*Repeat for Each:*

Here's the washer women, company, the  
slavey,  
the drayer, the cooper, the brewer,  
the daughter, the landlady,  
landlord, the barrel,  
the half barrel,  
gallon, the half gallon,  
quart pot, pint pot,  
half a pint, gill pot,  
half a gill, quarter gill,  
nipperkin, and the brown bowl.

for Precious:

quart pot  
half gallon  
gallon  
half barrel  
barrel  
landlord  
landlady  
daughter  
brewer  
cooper  
drayer  
slavey  
company  
washerwomen

## BEDLAM BOYS

For to see mad Tom of Bedlam  
Ten thousand years I'll travel  
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes  
for to save her shoes from gravel

*Chorus: Still I sing bonny boys,  
Bonny mad boys,  
Bedlam boys are bonny  
For they all go bare and they  
live by the air (Hold)  
And they want no drink nor  
Money*

I went down to Satan's kitchen  
for to get me food one morning  
and there I got souls piping hot  
all on the spit a-turning  
(Chorus)

My staff has murder'd giants  
My bag a long knife carries  
For to cut mince pies from  
children's thighs  
And feed them to the fairies  
(Chorus)

The spirits white as lightning  
Would on my travels guide me  
the stars would shake and the  
moon would quake  
Whenever they espied me  
(Chorus)

And when that I have beaten  
The man I' the moon to a  
powder  
His dog I'll take and him I'll  
make  
Bark as no daemon louder  
(Chorus)

A health to Tom of Bedlam  
Go Fill the seas in a barrel  
I'll drink it all, well brewed with  
gall  
And maudlin drunk I'll quarrel.  
(Chorus)

For to see mad Tom of Bedlam  
Ten thousand miles I'll travel  
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes  
for to save her shoes from  
gravel [this is ALWAYS the  
last verse]  
(Chorus)

## BRING US A BARREL

A man when he's drinking takes ale from the  
pin  
but finds him too little good stuff there within.  
Four and a half is it's measure in full,  
too small for a sup, not enough for a pull

*Chorus:*

*So bring us a barrel, and set it up right,  
Bring us a barrel to last out then night  
Bring us a barrel, no matter how high,  
we'll drink it up lads, we'll drink it dry*

The poor little firkin, nine gallons in all  
The ale it is good, but the size is too small  
For lads who are drinkers, like you and like I  
that firkin small barrel, too swiftly runs dry  
*(Chorus)*

The Kilderkin's Next and although rather small  
At least it is better than nothing at all  
Its eighteen full gallons will just about do  
Provided, of course, there's another for you  
*(Chorus)*

So roll out the Puncheon and bring out the Butt  
There's a best measure before us to put  
Our cups will go round and good ale it will flow  
And we'll be content, for an hour or so  
(Chorus)

The fullcup and Toss pot and Headdy go down  
The Hoggshead and Firkin and Cask will go  
round  
The Tun and the Barrel and someday there'll  
be  
Enough good brown ale to fill up the sea  
(Chorus)

When drinking good ale it is best by the Tun  
But never enough can be had in just one  
So pray all you drinkers who often run dry  
GOD willing our ale it will fall from the sky  
(Chorus)

When I am dieing and on my deaths bed  
Lay by my bed side a fine full Hoggshead  
Swift down below I must go when I die  
Then me and Old Nick, we can both drink it  
dry!  
(Chorus)

## COAL BLACK SMITH

She looked out of the window, as white as any  
milk

He looked into the window, as black as any silk

*Chorus: Hello, hello, hello, hello you coal black  
smith*

*You ha' done me no harm!*

*You ne'er shall ha' me maidenhead*

*That I ha' kept so long!*

*I'd rather die a maid,*

*Ah, but then she said,*

*And be buried all in me grave,*

*Than to have such a nasty,*

*husky, dusky, fusty, musty coal black smith!*

*A maiden I will die!*

She became a star, a star all in the night  
And he became a thundercloud and muffled  
her out of sight

*(Chorus)*

She became a rose, a rose all in the wood  
And he became a bumblebee and kissed her  
where she stood

*(Chorus)*

She became a trout, a trout all in the brook  
And he became a feathered fly, and caught  
her with his hook

*(Chorus)*

She became a duck, a duck all in the stream  
And he became a waterdog, and fetched her  
back again

*(Chorus)*

She became a tree, a tree all in the glade,  
And he became a woodsman's axe and felled  
her with his blade

*(Chorus)*

She became a nun, a nun all dressed in white  
And he became a canton priest to pray for her  
by night

*(Chorus)*

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the  
ground,

And he became the cold dark clay and  
smothered her all around.

*(Chorus)*

## COUNTRY LIFE

In spring we sow at the harvest mow  
And work the seasons round they go  
But of all the times I choose I may  
'Twould be ramblin' through the new mown  
hay.

*Chorus:*

*For I like to rise when the sun she rises  
Early in the Morning  
I like to hear them small birds singing  
Merrily upon their branches  
And it's all for the life of a country lass  
And ramble in the new mown hay.*

In winter when the skies are gray  
We hedge and we ditch our times away  
But in summer when the sun shines gay  
We go ramblin' through the new mown hay.  
(Chorus)

O' William is me darlin' gay  
And he be a-workin' most e'very day  
But I love him best in the month of May  
When we're ramblin' in the new mown hay.  
(Chorus)

*I hate to rise when the sun she rises  
Early in the morning  
I'd like to kill them small birds singing  
merrily on their branches  
and pffffffh on the life of a country lass and  
washing at the well.*

## DAME DURDAN

Dame Durdan kept five servant maids  
To carry the milking pail  
She also kept five laboring men  
To use the spade and flail

*Chorus:*

*'Twas Moll and Bet and Doll and Kit  
And Dolly to drag her tail  
'Twas Tom and Dick and Joe and Jack  
And Humphrey with his flail  
Then Tom kissed Molly and Dick kissed Betty  
And Joe kissed Dolly and Jack kissed Kitty  
And Humphrey with his flail  
And Kitty she was a charming girl  
To carry the milking pail*

Dame Durdan in the morn so soon  
She did begin to call  
To rouse her servants, maids and men  
She did begin to bawl  
(*Chorus*)

'Twas on the morn of Valentine  
When birds begin to prate  
Dame Durdan and her maids and men  
They all together meet  
(*Chorus*)

## DERBY RAM

As I went up to Derby all on the market day  
I spied the biggest ram, sir, that ever was fed  
on hay

*Chorus:*

*Hey ringle-dangle, hey ringle-day  
It was the biggest ram, sir, that ever was fed  
on hay*

The horns upon this ram, sir, they reached up  
to the moon

A lad went up in April and didn't get down 'til  
June

*(Chorus)*

The fleece upon this ram, sir, it reached up to  
the sky

The eagles built their nests there, you'd hear t  
the young ones cry

*(Chorus)*

And all the lads of Derby came begging for his  
eyes

To kick around the streets, for they were  
football size

*(Chorus)*

And all the women of Derby came begging for  
his ears

To make 'em leather aprons to last 'em forty  
years

*(Chorus)*

All the men of Derby came begging for his tail  
to ring St. George's passing bell

from top of Derby jail

*(Chorus)*

The man that butchered this ram sir was up to  
his thighs in blood

The boy that held the basin was washed away  
in the flood

*(Chorus)*

The man that owned this ram sir was counted  
very rich

The man who is singing this song is a lying son  
of

*(Chorus)*

## DIDO BENDIGO

As I was a walking one morning last autumn  
I overheard some nobles foxhunting  
Between some noblemen  
And the Duke of Wellington  
So early before the day was dawning.

*Chorus:*

*There was Dido, Bendigo,  
And Gentry he was there-o  
Traveler he never looked behind him.  
There was Countess, Rover,  
Bonnie Lass, and Jover  
These were the hounds that could find him.*

Well the first fox being young  
And his trials just beginning  
He's made straight way for his cover  
He's run up yon highest hill  
And gone down yon lowest gill  
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there  
forever.  
(Chorus)

Well the next fox being old,  
And his trials fast advancing  
He's made straight way for the river  
Well the fox he has jumped in  
But a hound jumped after him  
It was traveler who striated him forever.

*(Chorus)*

Well they run across the plain  
But they soon returned again  
The fox nor the hounds never failing  
It's been just twelve months today,  
Since I heard the squire say,  
Hark, forward then me brave hounds forever.

*(Chorus)*

## DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY

Come me brave boys, as I've told you once  
before  
and drink me brave boys, and we'll boldly call  
for more  
For the Spanish do invade us, they say that  
they will try  
They say that they will come and drink old  
England dry

*Aye, dry, aye, dry ,me boys, aye, dry  
They say that they will come and d rink old  
England dry*

Supposin' we should meet with some  
Spaniards on the way  
Ten thousand to one we will show them British  
play  
With our tankards and our elbows, we'd fight  
until we die  
We'll die before that they should drink old  
England dry

*Aye, dry, aye, dry ,me boys, aye, dry  
We'll die before that they should drink old  
England dry*

Then up steps Lord Robert, he's a man of high  
renown

He swears he'll be true to his country and his  
crown

For the cannons they shall rattle, and the  
bullets they shall fly

Before that they should come and drink old  
England dry

*Aye, dry, aye, dry ,me boys, aye, dry  
they say that they will come and drink old  
England dry*

Come me brave boys, as I've told you once  
before  
and drink me brave boys, and we'll boldly call  
for more

For the Spanish do invade us, they say that  
they will try

They say that they will come and drink old  
England dry

*Aye, dry, aye, dry ,me boys, aye, dry  
they say that they will come and drink old  
England dry*

## EARLY ONE MORNING

Early one morning just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below,  
Oh don't deceive me!  
Oh, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?

Remember the vows that you made to marry,  
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be  
true,  
Oh, don't deceive me!  
O, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?

Gay is the garland and fresh are the roses,  
I've cull'd from the garden to bind on thy brow,  
Oh don't deceive me!  
Oh, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?

Thus sang the poor maiden her sorrows be  
wailing,  
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below,  
Oh don't deceive me!  
Oh, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?

## FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you brave heroes, give an ear to my  
song

I'll sing you in praise of good cider and rum  
As the clear crystal fountain o'er England shall  
roll

Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

*Chorus:*

*I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl*

My husband doth disturb me when I'm laid at  
my rest

for he does what he does, but he does it not  
best

My husband's a lackard limp body and soul  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

*(Chorus)*

My father doth lie at the depths of the sea  
Cold stone for his pillow what matter to he  
If the clear crystal fountain, o'er England shall  
roll

Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

*(Chorus)*

My children give grief all the night and the day.  
For they shirk and they fight and nor do as I  
say  
I was once a fair maid but they've taken their  
toll,  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl  
(Chorus)

Queen Elizabeth doth be a most virtuous  
Queen,  
For she reigns o'er us all and she does it  
wisely,  
I'll serve her forever, till death do me call,  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.  
(Chorus)

## GREEN GROW THE RUSHES HO

I'll sing thee one, ho  
green grow the rushes, ho!

What is your one ho?

One is one and all alone and ever more shall it  
be so

I'll sing thee two, ho  
green grow the rushes, ho!

what is your two ho?

two, two pretty white boys  
clothed all in green, oh

one is all and all alone and ever more shall it  
be so

*Repeat for Each:*

three, three the rivals

four for the gospel makers

five for the symbols at your door

six for the six proud walkers

seven for the seven stars in the sky

eight for the April rainers

nine for the nine bright shiners

ten for the ten commandments

eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

twelve for the twelve apostles

## HAL-AN-TOE

Jake has gone to wear the horn  
It was the crest when you were born  
Your father's father wore it then  
His father wore it too.

*Hal-an-toe (woo), Jolly lum-alow (ungh)  
We were up long (ptew) before the day-o  
To welcome in the summer,  
to welcome in the May-o  
For Summer is a-comin'in  
and Winter's gone away-o.*

Robin Hood and Little John  
Have both come to the Faire-o  
And we will to the merry greenwood  
to hunt the buck and hare-o.  
(Chorus)

What happened to the Spaniards  
That made so great a boast-o?  
O' they shall eat the feathered goose  
and we shall eat the roast-o.  
(Chorus)

God bless our Gloriana (God save the Queen!)  
God send her power and might O'  
God send good peace to En-ga-land,  
send peace by day and night O'.

## HEALTH TO THE COMPANY

Kind friends and companions come  
    join me in rhyme  
And lift up your voices in chorus with mine  
We'll drink and be merry, from grief we'll refrain  
    For we may and might never all meet here  
    again.

*Chorus:*

*So here's a health to the Company and one to  
    my lass  
Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass  
We'll drink and be merry all grief to refrain  
For we may and might never all meet here  
    again.*

Here's to the bonny lad that I love so well  
His strength and his beauty there's none can  
    excel  
He smiles on my countenance as I sit on his  
    knee  
Sure there's no one on Earth who's as happy  
    as we.  
*(Chorus)*



## IT'S A ROSEBUD IN JUNE

It's a rosebud in June  
And the violets in full bloom  
And the small birds are singing love songs on  
each spray

*Chorus:*

*We'll pipe and sing love  
We'll dance in the ring love  
When each lad takes his lass  
All on the green grass  
And it's all to plough  
Where the fat oxen graze low  
And the lads and the lasses  
To sheep shearing go*

And when we have sheered  
All our jolly, jolly sheep  
What joy can be greater than to talk of their  
increase  
(*Chorus*)

For their flesh it is good,  
it's the best of all food,  
And their wool it will cloth us and keep our  
backs from the cold.

*(Chorus)*

Here's the ewes and the lambs,  
here's the hogs and the rams,  
And the fat withers too they will make a fine  
show.

# I WENT TO MARKET TO BUY ME A COCK

I went to market to buy me a cock  
and my cock did very well please me.  
Every time I fed my cock, I fed him all under a  
tree  
And my cock went cock and cock and cock a  
doodle do,  
And after every farmer's cock did my cock  
crow.

I went to Market to buy me a *[any animal]*  
and my *[any animal]* did very well please me.  
Every time I fed my *[any animal]* I fed him all  
under a tree  
And my *[any animal]* went *[Whatever sound it  
makes]*  
And my cock went cock and cock and cock a  
doodle do,  
And after every farmer's cock did my cock  
crow.  
(keep adding animals until final verse)

*Final verse:*

*I went to market to buy a song  
and my song did very well please me.  
And very time I fed my song I fed him all under  
a tree  
and my song went-I went to market to buy me  
a cock  
and my cock did very well please me.  
Every time I fed my cock, I fed him all under a  
tree  
And my cock went cock and cock and cock a  
doodle do,  
And after every farmer's cock did my cock  
crow.*

## I'M A ROVER AND SELDOM SOBER

*Chorus:*

*I'm a rover and seldom sober  
I'm a rover, o'high degree;  
It's when I'm drinking, I'm  
always thinking  
How to gain my love's company.*

Though the night be dark as dungeon  
No' a star to be seen above  
I will be guided without a stumble  
Into the arms o' my own true love.

He stepped up to her bedroom window,  
Knellin' gently upon a stone;  
He rapped at her bedroom window  
Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?

She raised her head on her snow-white pillow  
Wi' her arms about her breast,  
Who is that at my bedroom window?  
Distrubin' me at my long night's rest?

It's only me, your own true lover,  
Open the door and let me in.  
For I have come on a long journey,  
And I'm near drenched to the skin.

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,  
She opened the door and let him in,  
They both shook hands & embraced each other  
Until the mornin' they lay as one.

The cocks and crawin', the birds were whistlin'  
The streams they ran free about the brae;  
Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman's laddie  
And the farmer I must obey,

Now, my lass, I must go and leave thee  
And though the hills they are high above,  
I will climb them wi' greatest pleasure  
Since I been with mine own true love.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN

John Barleycorn to the sea has gone in a ship  
both stout and new,  
The thirst to slake of Captain Drake and all his  
loyal crew.

To venture brave o'er wind and wave, the  
Spaniard for to halt,  
And though he die of Spanish grape, he'll live  
as English malt.

*Chorus:*

*So we'll cut him down and we'll bind him round  
and we'll serve him worse than that,  
We'll grind his bones between two stones and  
we'll bung him in a vat.*

*Then we'll drink his health in nut brown ale,  
and we'll raise our tankards high,  
For before that he can live again, John  
Barleycorn must die!*

John Barleycorn's to the courtins' gone, all  
dressed in fine array,  
In pewter clad from toe to head to win a lady  
gay.

The poetry that he declaims will stand him in  
good stead,

For the ladies fair do all declare: they love it  
more than bread (head)

*(Chorus)*

John Barleycorn's to the hangman gone and  
the reason I'll unfold:

'Tis for robbing honest Englishmen of their  
silver and their gold.

In a grave unknown by cross nor stone John  
Barley will be lain,  
'Til the rainy days have gone their ways and he  
rises up again!

## JOHNNY BE FINE

Oh Johnny be fine and Johnny be fair and  
wants me for to wed.

And I would marry Johnny but me father up  
and said

I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your mother  
never knew,

But Johnny is a son of mine and so is kin to  
you.

Oh Thomas be fine and Thomas be fair and  
wants me for to wed.

And I would marry Thomas but me father up  
and said

I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your mother  
never knew,

But Thomas is a son of mine and so is kin to  
you.

Oh William be fine and William be fair and  
wants me for to wed.

And I would marry William but me father up  
and said

I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your mother  
never knew,

But William is a son of mine and so is kin to  
you.

O you never saw a maid so sad and sorry as I  
was.

The lads in town are all my kin and me father is  
the cause.

If life should thus continue I should die a single  
miss

I think I'll go to mother and complain to her of  
this.

O daughter didn't I tell you to forgive and to  
forget?

Your father sowed his wild oats, but still you  
need not fret

Your father may be father to all the lads but still  
He's not the one who sired you so marry who  
you will.

## JOLLY RED NOSE

Of all the birds that ever I see,  
The owl is the fairest in her degree,  
For all the day long, she sits in a tree,  
And when the night comes, away flies she.

*To wit, to woo, to whom drink'st thou?  
Sir knave, to thee!*

*My song is well sung, and I'll make you a vow  
That he is the knave that drinketh now.  
Nose, nose, jolly red nose,  
And what gave thee thy jolly red nose?  
Cinnamint and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,  
And that gave me my jolly red nose!*

I care for no fool whose purse is not full,  
But he who hath money I never find dull.  
And if he still has it when hence he doth go,  
I'll trample my tankard and never drink more.

*A wrack! A rue! To whom drink'st thou?  
Sir knave, to thee!*

*My song is well sung, and I'll make you a vow  
That he is the knave that drinketh now.  
Nose, nose, jolly red nose,  
And what gave thee thy jolly red nose?  
Cinnamint and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,  
And that gave me my jolly red nose!*

I'll not have a man who's never been tried,  
But give me a fellow to lie by my side.  
And this I do use as a rule of my life:  
That man he is best, who's in want of a wife!

*Cuckoo! Cuckoo! To whom drink'st thou?  
Sir knave, to thee!*

*My song is well sung, and I'll make you a vow  
That he is the knave that drinketh now.*

*Nose, nose, jolly red nose,  
And what gave thee thy jolly red nose?  
Cinnamint and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,  
And that gave me my jolly red*

*Nose, nose, jolly red nose,  
And what gave thee thy jolly red nose.  
Cinnamint and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,  
And that gave me my jolly red nose!*

**Repeat**

## LET UNION BE

Chorus:

*Let union be in all our hearts.  
Let union join our hearts as one.  
We'll end the day as we've begun,  
We'll end it all in pleasure!  
Right-folla-rolla-rolla To-ra-lye-oh!  
Right-folla-rolla-rolla To-ra-lye-oh!  
Right-folla-rolla-rolla To-ra-lye-oh!  
When we're met together!*

Come, my lass, let us be jolly,  
Drive away old melancholy,  
To be sad would be folly  
When we're met together.  
(Chorus)

Fill the board, let there be plenty.  
The lass who wants to be content  
She eats and drinks enough for twenty  
When we're met together.  
(Chorus)

Solomon a wise man hoary  
Told of wine in song and story,  
In our drink we'll chirp and glory  
When we're met together.  
(Chorus)

Take the bottle as it passes.  
Do not fail to fill your glasses.  
Water drinker are dull asses  
When we're met together.

*(Chorus)*

Elizabeth our sovereign regal,  
Pray God, keep her safe from evil.  
Sing her praise as high as eagles,  
When we're met together.

*(Chorus)*



Red hot grew his iron, as both did desire  
and he was to wise not too strike while 'twas  
so.

Quoth she, "What I get, I get out of the fire,  
Then prithee, strike hard and redouble the  
blow."

*(Chorus)*

Six times did his iron, by vigorous heating  
Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so,  
And often was hardened, still beating and  
beating,

But each time it softened it hardened more  
slow.

*(Chorus)*

The smith then would go; quoth the dame, full  
of sorrow,

"Oh, what would I give, could my husband do  
so!

Good lad, with your hammer come hither  
tomorrow

But, pray, can't you use it once more, ere you  
go?"

*(Chorus)*

## MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

O Martin said to his man

*Fie, man fie*

O Martin said to his man

*Who's the fool now?*

Martin said to his man

Fill thou the cup and I the can

*Thou hast well drunken man*

*Who's the fool now?*

I saw a flea heave a tree

*Fie, man fie*

I saw a flea heave a tree

*Who's the fool now?*

I saw a flea heave a tree

Twenty miles out to sea.

*Thou hast well drunken man*

*Who's the fool now?*

I saw a snail drive a nail

From Penzance out to Hale.

I saw the man in the moon

Clouting on St. Peter's shoon.

I saw the goose wring the hog

And the cat bite the dog.

I saw the hare chase the hound  
Fourteen miles above the ground.

I saw a maid milk a bull  
Every stroke a bucket full.  
(Repeat 1st Verse - ad lib, too!!!)

## MARY MACK

Oh I know a little lass and her name is Mary Mack  
Make no mistake she's the one I'm going to take  
There's a lot of other fellows who'd get up upon her  
track

But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early

*Oh Mary Mack's mother's making Mary Mack marry  
me,*

*My mother's making me marry Mary Mack,  
I'm going to marry Mary to get Mary to take care of  
me,*

*We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mack  
Yump, dump diddle li dil liddle lid dil dum*

Now this little lass, she's got a lot of class  
She's got a lot of brass, and her father thinks I'm  
flash

I'd be a silly ass for to let the matter pass  
For her father thinks I suit her very fairly

*(Chorus)*

Oh Mary and her mother go an awful lot together  
in fact you never see the one without the other  
A lot of fellows wonder if it's Mary or her mother  
or both of them together that I'm courting?

*(Chorus)*

Oh the wedding is on Wednesday and everything's  
arranged  
Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her  
mind has changed  
I'm making the arrangements and I'm just about  
deranged  
For marriage is an awful undertaking  
*(Chorus)*

It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a faire  
A coach and pair for ever Peer and every pair that's  
there  
We'll dine upon the finest fare, I'm sure to get my  
share  
If I don't then I'll be very much mistaken  
*(Chorus)*

Well, when we've settled down in another part of  
town  
Then we'll get around to havin' children by the  
pound  
A larger, louder family can surely not be found.  
Mayhaps I have been actin' rather hasty

## MONDAY NIGHT

On Monday night he came to my door, a-makin  
such a din,  
"Get up, get up my darlin' girl, and let your  
lover come in!"  
So I went down and let him in and on me he  
did fall,  
It was five o'clock in the mornin' before we got  
any sleep at all.

On Tuesday night he came to my door, the  
joys of love to tend,  
"Get up, get up, my darlin' girl, before I go  
round the bend!"  
So I went down and let him in and in my arms  
he lay,  
It was four o'clock in the mornin' before he  
finally went away.

On Wednesday night he came to my door, a  
little late in time,  
"I'm sorry I'm late my darlin' girl, the hill's so  
hard to climb!"  
He wasn't long within my arms before he let  
me be,  
he was out the door and down the road before  
the stroke of three.

On Thursday night he came to my door, so  
weary and so slow,  
"Give us a drink my darlin' girl , then off to work  
we'll go!"  
He tried and tried the whole night long, I had to  
help him through,  
And I heard him sigh as he rose to go, "It's only  
after two."

On Friday night he came to my door, a-shakin'  
in every limb,  
"Get up, get up my darlin' girl, come down and  
carry me in!"  
So I went down and carried him in, and gently  
laid him down,  
But scarcely could his spirits rise to meet the  
stroke of one.

On Saturday night he came to my door, he  
came on his hands and knees,  
"Don't get up my darlin' girl, stay in and let me  
be!"  
But I went down and dragged him in, and he  
fell down in a swoon,  
and tho' oft I tried to raise him up, he slept 'till  
Sunday noon.

## MY FATHER'S A HEDGER AND DITCHER

My father's a hedger and ditcher  
my mother does nothing but spin  
They say I'm a pretty young girl  
but the money comes slowly in

Chorus:

*Oh dear, what shall become of me  
Oh dear, what shall I do  
There's nobody coming to marry me  
Nobody coming to woo*

The dog began to bark  
and I looked out to see  
I saw two young men out a-hunting  
but nobody's hunting for me  
(Chorus)

Oh, must I die an old maid  
Oh dear, how shocking the thought  
There's nobody coming to marry me  
Surely it's not me own fault  
(Chorus)

My father's a hedger and ditcher  
my mother does nothing but spin  
They say I'm a pretty young girl  
but the money comes slowly in  
(Chorus)

## MY THING IS MY OWN

I a young Maid have been courted by many,  
Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any:  
A spruce Haberdasher first spake me fair  
But I would have nothing to do with Small  
ware.

*Chorus:*

*My Thing is my Own, and I'll keep it so still,  
Yet other young Lasses may do what they  
will. (x2)*

A sweet scented Courtier did give me a kiss,  
And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,  
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,  
Some Courtiers do promise much more than  
they do.

*(Chorus)*

A Master of Music came with an intent,  
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,  
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,  
For my little Fiddle should not be played on.

*(Chorus)*

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,  
But I had no mind to come under his Lash  
He profer'd me Jewels, and a great store of  
Gold,  
But I would not mortgage my little Free-hold.  
(Chorus)

A blunt Lieutenant surprised my Placket  
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,  
I mustered my Spirits up and became bold,  
And forc'd my lieutenant to quit his strong hold.  
(Chorus)

A fine dapper Taylor, with a Yard in his Hand,  
Did profer his Service to be at Command,  
He talk'd of a slit I had above the knee,  
But I'll have no Tailors to stitch it for me.  
(Chorus)

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,  
Besides all the Gamesters recited before,  
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap  
But as young as I was I understood Trap,  
(Chorus)

*My thing is my own and I'll keep it so still  
until I be married, say men what they will*

## NUTTING GIRL

Now come all you jovial fellows, come listen to  
my song

It is a little ditty and it won't detain you long  
It's of a fair young damsel, oh she lived down  
in Kent

Arose one summer's morning, and she a-  
nutting went

*Chorus:*

*With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal  
Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day  
And what few nuts that poor girl had  
She threw them all away.*

Now it's of a brisk young farmer, a- ploughing  
on his land

He called unto his horses, to bid them gently  
stand

As he sat down upon his plough, all for a song  
to sing

His voice was so melodious, it made the  
valleys ring  
(*Chorus*)

Now it's of this brisk young damsel, a- nutting  
in the wood  
His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as  
she stood  
His voice was so melodious, she could no  
longer stay  
And what few nuts she had, poor girl, she  
threw them all away  
(Chorus)

Well she steps up to young Johnny, as he sat  
on his plough  
She said: "Young man I really feel I cannot tell  
you how"  
So he took her to some shady broom, and  
there he laid her down  
Said she: "Young man, I think I feel the world  
go round and round"  
(Chorus)

He walked back to his horses to finish off his  
song  
He said, "Young woman, you'd best be gone,  
your mother will think you long."  
She threw her arms around his neck as he  
marched o'er the plain  
Said she: "Young man, I'd like to feel the world  
go round again."  
(Chorus)

So, come all you local women, this warning by  
me take

If you should a-nutting go, don't stay out too  
late

For if you should stay too late, for to hear the  
ploughboy sing

You might have a young farmer to nurse up in  
the spring

*(Chorus)*

## OAK, ASH, AND THORN

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to  
adorn,  
Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak,  
and Ash, and Thorn.

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn good sirs,  
All on a midsummer's morn.  
Surely we sing of no little thing  
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Oak of the clay lived many a day o'er ever  
Aeneas began  
Ash of the loam was a lady at home when Brut  
was an outlaw man,  
And Thorn of the down saw new Troy town,  
from which was London born  
Witness hereby the ancient try of Oak, and  
Ash, and Thorn.

Sing . . .

Yew that is old, in churchyard mould, he  
breedeth a mighty bow  
Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and  
Beech for cups also  
But when you have killed, and you bowl it is  
filled, and your  
shoes are clean outworn  
Back you must speed for all that you need to  
Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing . . .

Elm, she hates mankind, and waits till every  
gust be laid,  
To drop a limb on the head of him that anyway  
trusts her shade,  
But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow  
with ale from the  
horn,  
He'll taketh no wrong when he lyeth along  
'neath Oak, and Ash, and  
Thorn

Sing . . .

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight, or he would  
call it a sin,  
But we've been out in the woods all night, a-  
conjuring summer in,  
And we bring you good news by word of  
mouth, good news for cattle  
and corn  
Now is the sun come up from the south, by  
Oak, and Ash, and  
Thorn.

Sing . . .

## OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED UNDER A HILL

There was an old woman who lived under a hill

Fa la la, la la la la la la

If she's not dead she lives there still

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la la lo

A jolly young man came riding by

Fa la la, la la la la la la

He called for a pot for he was dry

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la la lo

He called for a pot, and then another

Fa la la, la la la la la la

He kissed the daughter before the mother

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la la lo

And when the day was gone and spent

Fa la la, la la la la la la

He bed the daughter with the mother's consent

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la la lo

What is this all hard and warm?

Fa la la, la la la la la la

'Tis bald my nag, he'll do y' no harm

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la la lo

And what is this? 'Tis a little well

Fa la la, la la la la la la

From which my nag may drink his fill

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la la lo

And what perchance your nag falls in?

Fa la la, la la la la la la

Grab hold of the grass that grows by the rim

Fa la lo, fa la lo, fa la la la la lo

And what perchance the grass should fail?

Fa la la, la la la la la

Push him in by the head, pull him out by the  
tail

## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

*Chorus:*

*Roll your leg over, roll your leg over  
Roll your leg over, the man in the moon*

If all young laddies were little white flowers  
I'd be a bee and suck them for hours.

*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were keys to a gate,  
I'd be the lock, insert and rotate

*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were cows by the stream  
I'd lay myself down and I'd lick up the cream

*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were fish in the ocean  
I'd be the waves and I'd show them my motion

*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were pies on the shelf  
I'd be the baker and eat them myself

*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were boards on the floor  
I'd lay myself down and make them creak more

*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were hounds on a spree  
I'd be the fox and I'd let them chase me  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were waves in the sea  
I'd be the shore and I'd let them lick me  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were flames in a fire  
I'd be the bellows and blow them all higher  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were sharks in the sea  
I'd bet a minnow and let them eat me  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were bricks in a pile  
I'd be the mason and lay them with style  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were steeds in a stable  
I'd be the groom and mount all I'm able  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were grapes in the sun  
I'd grab a big bunch, squeeze their juice 1 by 1  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were bakers of pies  
I'd be the bread yeast and make them all rise  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were potters of clay  
I'd sit on their wheels and rotate all the day  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were toms on the prowl  
I'd be the kitten that makes them all yowl  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies became nice chew toys  
I'd be the one who had trained all those boys  
(Chorus)

If laddies were barrels of whiskey rye  
I'd turn on their spigots and drink them all dry  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were butchers so sweet  
I'd hang on their hooks & I'd pound on their meat  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were clouds puffy & gray  
I'd be the wind and I'd blow them all day  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies sailed in channels quite  
thin

I'd be the light-house and guide them all in  
*(Chorus)*

If all the young laddies were milk in a cup  
I'd be a kitten and lick them all up  
*(Chorus)*

If laddies were watches in shiny gold cases  
I'd be the hands and I'd sit on their faces  
*(Chorus)*

If all them young laddies were goin' off to battle  
and I were a horse, they'd be stiff in the saddle  
*(Chorus)*

If all them young laddies were bread on the table  
I'd be the butter & spread while I'm able.  
*(Chorus)*

If all them young laddies were grapes on the  
vine  
I'd pick 'em in bunches, eat two at a time.  
*(Chorus)*

If all them young laddies were bells in a tower  
I'd be clapper (or sextant) and bang on the hour.  
*(Chorus)*

If all them young laddies were waves on the sea  
I'd stand on the shore & let them pound me.  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay  
I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet  
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds  
I'd mount up and we'd go up and down  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were big wooden stairs  
They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer  
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer  
(Chorus)

If all the young laddies were ships on the sea,  
I'd be the waves and I'd let them ride me  
(Chorus)

Ending verse:

If all the young laddies were singin' this ditty  
IT WOULD BE TWICE AS LONG, BUT JUST  
HALF AS WITTY

or

If all the young laddies were big as they say  
Then nary a lass would be walkin' this day!

Roll your leg over oh roll your leg over  
Roll your leg over it gets in my way

## SAUCY SAILOR

### *Verse 1*

Come ye young one come ye fair one come ye  
now unto me,  
Could you fancy a poor sailor lad who has just  
come from sea.

### *Verse 2*

You are ragged love, and your dirty love, and  
your clothes smell much of  
tar  
So be gone you saucy sailor lad, so be gone  
you Jack Tar .

### *Verse 3*

If I am ragged love and I am dirty love and my  
clothes smell much of tar,  
I have silver in my pocket love and I've gold in  
great store.

### *Verse 4*

And then when she heard him say so on a  
bended knees she fell,  
I will marry my dear Henry for I love a sailor lad  
so well.

*Verse 5*

Do you think that I am foolish love, do you  
think that I am mad,  
For to wed with a poor country girl where no  
fortunes to be had.

*Verse 6*

I will cross the briny ocean, I will whistle and  
sing  
And since you have refused the offer love  
some other girl shall wear the  
ring.

*Verse 7*

I am frolic some, I am easy, good tempered  
and free,  
And I don't give a single pin my boys, what the  
world thinks of me.(x2)

## Sorry the Day I Was Married

Sorry the day I was married  
And sorry the day I was wed  
And it's Oh, if I only had tarried  
When I to the altar was led.

Young William sure there's no pleasing  
For let women do what they can  
It's always your heart they'll be teasing  
For that is the way of a man.

When I was a young lass I was bonnie  
Had silks and bright jewels to wear  
And red were me cheeks as a berry  
And me heart it was free from all care.

Silks now I have none for me wearing  
Me jewels have all gone away  
And surely this life there's no bearing  
I'm pale as a primrose today.

Think, pretty maids, ere you marry  
Stand fast by your sweet liberty  
And as long as you can you must tarry  
And not be lamenting like me.

*(repeat first verse)*

## THE BABY SONG

There was an old woman who lived in the  
woods

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

there was an old woman who lived in the  
woods

*down by the riverside-oh*

She had a baby 6 months old

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

She had a baby 6 months old

*down by the riverside-oh*

She had a knife 3 foot long

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

She had a knife 3 fool long

*down by the riverside-oh*

She stuck that knife in the baby's head

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

The more she stabbed it the more it bled

*down by the riverside-oh*

There came a-knockin' at her door

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

Two constables and a hangman

*down by the riverside-oh*

“Are you that woman that killed that child?”

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

“Are you that woman that killed that child?”

*down by the riverside-oh*

“I am that woman that killed that child.”

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

“I am that woman that killed that child.”

*down by the riverside-oh*

They pulled the rope and she was hung

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

They pulled the rope and she was hung

*down by the riverside-oh*

That was the end of the woman in the woods

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

And that was the end of the baby too

*down by the riverside-oh*

The morale of the story is

*wee-oh, wee-oh, why-oh*

You DON'T stick knives in babies' heads

*down by the riverside-oh*

## THE FAIRE

Mother, dearest Mother, may I go to the faire?

Roger the Lodger is certain to be there

He'll hug me and caress me and love me with  
good care,

Mother, dearest Mother, may I go to the faire?

Daughter, dearest Daughter, be wise and  
beware

Of the Roger the Lodger and pray you have  
care

He'll hug you and caress you and love you with  
good care

But keep your legs together coming home from  
the faire.

Our little Nellie was dressed up like a queen  
White silken stockings and a shift of pale green  
He treated to cider and all the pleasures there  
and introduced young Johnny coming home  
from the faire

Six months are over and six months are gone  
Poor little Nelly isn't feeling very strong  
Her legs are all a-quiver, her belly is all a-tear  
All because of Johnny coming home from the  
faire.

Nine months are over, Nine months are past  
Poor little Nelly has dropped her load at last  
She'll hug it and caress it and love it with good  
care  
And call him Johnny's bastard coming home  
the faire.

## THE GYPSY ROVER (long version)

A gypsy rover came over the hill  
Down through the valley so  
shady.

He whistled and he sang 'til the  
green woods rang  
And he won the heart of a lady.

*Chorus:*

*Ah-lay-loo-ah-lay-loo-ah-lay  
Ah-lay-loo-ah-the-lay-dee  
He whistled and he sang 'til the  
green woods rang  
And he won the heart of a lady.*

She left her father's castle gate.  
She left her own fine lover.  
She left her servants and her  
state

To follow her gypsy rover.

*(Chorus)*

She left behind her velvet gown  
And shoes of Spanish leather  
They whistled and they sang 'till  
the green woods rang  
As they rode off together

*(Chorus)*

Last night, she slept on a goose  
feather bed  
With silken sheets for cover  
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold,  
cold ground  
Beside her gypsy lover  
(Chorus)

Her father saddled his fastest  
stead  
And roamed the valley all over.  
Sought his daughter at great  
speed  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.  
(Chorus)

He came at last to a mansion  
fine  
Down by the river Claydee.  
And there was music and there  
was wine  
For the gypsy and his lady.  
(Chorus)

"He is no gypsy, my Father,"  
she cried  
"but Lord of these lands all over.  
And I shall stay 'til my dying  
day  
with my whistlin' gypsy rover." (Chorus)

## THE KEEPER

The Keeper would a-hunting go  
And under his arm he carried a bow  
All for to shoot at the merry little doe  
Among the leaves so green-o

*Chorus:*

*(Speaker One **Speaker Two**)  
Jackie boy! **Master?** Sing ye  
well? **Very well!***

*Hey down! **Ho down!***

*(Both together) Derry, derry  
down*

*Among the leaves so green-o.*

*To my hey down, down!*

***To my ho down,down!***

*Hey down! **Ho down!***

*(Both together) Derry, derry  
down*

*Among the leaves so green-o.*

The first doe he shot at he missed  
The second doe he trimmed and kissed  
The third doe went where nobody whist.  
Among the leaves so green-o.

*(Chorus)*

The fourth doe she did cross the plain  
The keeper fetched her back again  
Where she is now she may remain  
Among the leaves so green-o  
(Chorus)

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,  
The keeper fetched her back with his crook  
where she is now you must go and look  
Among the leaves so green-o  
(Chorus)

The sixth doe she ran o'er the plain  
But he with his hound did turn her again  
And there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein  
Among the leaves so green-o  
(Chorus)

The seventh doe did run to the East  
The unfortunate keeper lost the beast  
Now she is part of a poacher's feast  
Among the leaves so green-o.  
(Chorus)

## THE PRICKLE HOLLY BUSH

Come slack your horse, cries George,  
Come slack it for a while  
for I think I see my  
(Father/Mother/Brother/Sister/Sweetheart)  
riding over yonder stile.

*Did you bring gold?*

*Did you bring silver to set me free?*

*For to save my body from the cold jail wall  
and my neck from the high gallows trees?*

*I've no gold, I've no silver to set you free.*

*For I have come for to see you hanged,  
hanging from the high gallows tree.*

*Oh, the prickle holly bush, it pricks, it pricks, it  
pricks my heart full sore  
and if ever I get out of the prickle holly bush I'll  
never go there no more.*

(Last verse sweetheart brings gold, slight  
change in the chorus):

*I've brought gold, I've brought silver to set you  
free.*

*For I have no wish to see thee hanged,  
Hanging from the high gallows tree.*

*Oh, the prickle holly bush, it pricked, it pricked,  
it pricked my heart full sore now that I'm out of  
the prickle holly bush,  
I'm ne'er goin' there no more.*

## THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

There was an old man who lived in the woods,  
as you shall plainly see,  
He said he could do more work in a day,  
than his wife could do in three.  
"If this be true the old woman said, "then this  
you must allow,  
You must do my work for a day, while I go  
follow the plow."

"Now don't forget to milk the cow, for fear she  
should go dry,  
And you must feed the little pigs that are within  
the sty.  
And you must watch the bracken hen so she  
won't lay astray,  
And you must wind the ball of yarn that I spun  
yesterday."

The old woman took the reins in her hand, and  
went to follow the plow;  
the old man took the pail in his hand and went  
to milk the cow.  
But Tiny hitched and Tiny flinched and Tiny  
turned up her nose,  
She gave the old man such a kick in the shin  
That blood ran down to his toes.

"Hey my good cow" and "Ho my good cow, you  
silly cow,  
Stand still! If every I milk this cow again,"  
"twill be against my will."  
when he milked the tiny cow for fear she would  
go dry,  
He forgot to feed the pigs that were within the  
sty;  
So when he watched the bracken hen,  
So she wouldn't lay astray.  
He forgot to wind the yarn,  
His wife spun yesterday.  
He swore by all the leaves on the trees  
and all the stars in heaven  
His wife could do more work in a day than he  
could do in seven.

## THE RIDDLE SONG

I had four brothers over the sea  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*  
Each sent a present unto me  
*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*

The first sent a cherry that had no stone  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*  
The second sent a chicken that had no bone  
*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*

How can there be a cherry that has no stone  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone  
*Petrum partrum paradisetemporee*  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*

When the cherry's in the  
blossom there is no stone  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*  
When the chicken's in the egg  
there is no bone  
*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*  
*Perry merry dictum dominee*

The third sent a coat that had no thread

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

The fourth sent a letter that no man could read

*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

How can there be a coat that has no thread

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

How can there be a letter that no man can read

*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

When the coat's on the sheep's  
back, there is no thread

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

When the letter's in the pen then  
no man can read

*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

I had four brothers over the sea

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

Each sent a present unto me

*Petrum partrum paradise temporee*

*Perry merry dictum dominee*

## THE SHEPHERD

The shepherd sat 'neath the tree one day,  
and as the shadows grew more long  
pulled out his pipe and began to play,  
and sweet and merry was his song.

A country damsel from the town,  
with basket made of woven straw  
Came gathering rushes from the downs,  
and boldly smiled when she him saw

The shepherd's pipe did gaily sound,  
as tempting on her back she lay  
And with his quivering note  
he found how sweetly then this lass could play  
she ne'er so much as blushed at all,  
so sweetly played her shepherd swain  
So ere anon to him she'd call  
to play her another double strain.

The shepherd again did tune his pipe  
and played her a lesson loud and shrill  
The maid his face did often wipe  
with many a thanks for his good skill.  
She said I ne'er was so pleased before.  
And this is the first time that I knew thee,  
Come play me this very tune once more  
and never doubt that I'll dance to thee.

The shepherd said as I am a man  
you have kept me playin' from sun 'till moon,

Alas I can do no more than I can,  
my pipe is clearly out of tune.

To ruin a shepherd I'll not seek,  
she said as she kissed him 'neath the tree  
I'll come again to downs next week,  
and thou shalt pipe and I'll come to thee

## THE THREE DRUNKEN MAIDENS

There were three drunken maidens come from  
the Isle of White  
They drank from Sunday morning didn't stop till  
Saturday night  
When Saturday night did come me boys, they  
wouldn't then go out  
These three drunken maidens they pushed the  
jug about

Then up come Bouncing Sally her cheeks as  
red as Rue  
Move over Jolly sisters and give young Sally  
some room  
For I'll be your equal before the night is out  
These four drunken maidens they pushed the  
jug about

There's wood cock and pheasant there's  
partridge and hare  
There's all sorts of Dainties no scarcity was  
there  
There's forty quarts of beer me boys they fairly  
drunk them out  
These four drunken maidens they pushed the  
jug about

Then Up comes the landlord. He's asking for  
his pay

that's 40 pounds the bill me boys these girls  
were forced to pay.  
That's 10 pounds apiece me boys but still they  
wouldn't go out  
These four drunken maidens they pushed the  
jug about

Oh where are your feathered hats your  
mantles rich and fine,  
they've all been swallowed up in tankards of  
good wine  
And where are your maidenheads you  
maidens brisk & gay  
We left them in the ale house, we drank them  
clean away!

## TOTTINGHAM FROLIC

As I once came from Tottingham  
Upon a market day,  
'Twas there I met with a bonny lass  
Clothed all in grey.  
Her journey was to London,  
With buttermilk and whey.  
To go down, down ....  
And so he spoke to this fair lass.  
"Sweetheart you're well o'er took,"  
With that she cast her head aside  
And gave to him a look;  
Then presently this young pair,  
Both hands together shook.  
To go down, down ....  
And as they rode along the way  
Together side by side,  
The maiden it so chanced that  
Her garter was untied;  
For fear that she should lose it,  
"Look here, sweetheart," he cry'd,  
"Your garter is down, down....."  
"Good sir," then quoth the maiden fair,  
"I pray you take the pain,  
To do a favor unto me  
And take it up again."  
With a right good will the young man spoke,  
"When I come to yonder plain,  
I will take you down, down....."

And when they came unto the place,  
Upon the grass so green,  
The maid she held her legs so wide,  
The young man slipt between;  
Such tying of a garter  
You have but seldom seen.  
To go down, down ....

And thus sweet "Tibb" of Tottingham,  
She lost her maidenhead,  
But fear not jolly comrades  
For tears should not be shed;  
She simply took a leather patch,  
A needle and some thread .  
And went down, ouch, down, ouch .....(ouch)  
You maidens, wives and widows,  
That now do hear my song,  
When young men proffer kindness  
Pray take it short or long;  
For there is no such comfort  
As lying with a man.  
To go down, down ....

## THREE OLD WHORES FROM TOTTINGHAM

Three old whores from Tottingham sat drinking  
sherry wine

When one of them said to the other old  
whores, "Oh none is bigger than mine!"

*Oh, take up the sheets, me hearties, water the  
decks with brine!*

*Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, for none is  
bigger than mine!*

"You're a liar", said the other old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the sea!"

"The ships sail in and the ships sail out and are  
ner do bother me!"

*Oh, take up the sheets, me hearties, water the  
decks with brine!*

*Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, none is  
bigger than mine!*

"You're a liar", said the other old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the moon!"

"The ships sail in on the first of the year, and  
ner come out 'til June!"

*Oh, take up the sheets, me hearties, water the  
decks with brine!*

*Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, none is  
bigger than mine!*

"You're a liar", said the other old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the air!"

"There's many a ship that sails right in and ner  
disturbs a hair!"

*Oh, take up the sheets, me hearties, water the  
decks with brine!*

*Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, none is  
bigger than mine!*

"You're a liar", said the first again, "I'd blush to  
be so small!"

"There's many a fleet that sails right in – and  
ner comes out at all!"

*Oh, take up the sheets, me hearties, water the  
decks with brine!*

*Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, none is  
bigger than mine!*

# WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR

What do you do with a drunken sailor,  
What do you do with a drunken sailor,  
What do you do with a drunken sailor,  
Earl-eye in the morning!

*Chorus:*

*Way hay and up he rises  
Way hay and up he rises  
Way hay and up he rises  
Earl-eye in the morning*

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,  
Earl-eye in the morning!

*(Chorus)*

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter,  
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter,  
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter,  
Earl-eye in the morning!

*(Chorus)*

Put him in a tub with cold rain water,  
Put him in a tub with cold rain water,  
Put him in a tub with cold rain water,  
Earl-eye in the morning!

*(Chorus)*

Throw him in the pig's sty 'til he's sober,  
Throw him in the pig's sty 'til he's sober,  
Throw him in the pig's sty 'til he's sober,  
Earl-eye in the morning!

*(Chorus)*

What do you do with a drunken sailor,  
What do you do with a drunken sailor,  
What do you do with a drunken sailor,  
Earl-eye in the morning!

## WHERE IS ST. GEORGE

Where is St. George  
Where is he O?  
In his own boat on the salt sea-o  
(Repeat)

*Chorus:*  
*The malts come down*  
*The malts come down*  
*From an old angel to a French crown*

There's never a maid  
in all of this town  
but well she knows that the malts come down  
(Repeat) Chorus

The greatest of drunkards  
in all of this town  
are very glad that the malts come down  
(Repeat) Chorus

All ye that crave  
good ale that is brown  
know ye right well that the malts come down  
(Repeat) Chorus//  
Where is St. George  
Where is he O?  
In his own boat on the salt sea-o  
(Repeat) Chorus

## ROUNDS

Heigh-Ho, nobody home  
Meat, nor drink nor money have I none  
Still I will be merry

Rose, rose, rose, red  
Will I ever see thee wed  
I will marry at they will, sire  
At thy will

Ah poor bird  
Why art thou  
Singing in the shadows  
At this late hour

White sands and gray sands  
Who will buy my white sands  
Who will buy my grey sands

Why doth not my goose  
sing as well as thy goose  
When I paid for my goose  
twice as much as thine

I'll not be my father's jack  
And I'll not be my mother's jill  
I will be a fiddler free  
And fiddle where I will

Branbury ale  
Where, where, where  
At the brewer's house  
I would I were there

Come kiss the cup Cousin with courtesy  
And drink your part with a heart willingly  
And so shall we all agree merrily  
Come kiss the cup, cousin with courtesy

Once again fore my love gentle John  
Come kiss me now  
John, come kiss me now

My name is me  
I live alone  
And if you'll hear my music  
I'll invite you home

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