

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 la
Confusion to her enemies
With a fa la 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 la
and past-time with good company
With a fa la 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 la
and let her praises loud resound
With a fa la 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)

Where is my man, me noggin' noggin' man?

He's always gone for beer and tobacco.

Well I'd spent all his pay on a new chemise

today

If he don't come back, I'll have to show his

brother.

(Chorus)

Well, I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to

bed

Since first I came ashore from me slumber.

I spent all me loot in the house of ill-repute

Far across the western ocean I must wander.

(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 Hogshead 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 Hogshead
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)

My ship lies in harbor, she sails on the tide
With death to the Spaniards on ev'ry broadside
We may all go to hell, me lads, but I tell you
this day,
There'll be a boatload of Spaniards a'leading
our way.
(Chorus)

Now me ship lies at harbor, she's ready to
dock
We wish her safe landing without any shock
And if never we meet again by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me.
(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 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

INDEX

A HEALTH UNTO HER MAJESTY

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY

ALL AROUND MY HAT

ALL FOR ME GROG

AN OLD MAN CAME COURTING ME

ARKY'S TOAST

A ROVIN (ALTERNATIVE WORDS BY ADIE ROMBACH)

BARLEY MOW

BEDLAM BOYS

BRING US A BARREL

COAL BLACK SMITH

COUNTRY LIFE

DAME DURDAN

DERBY RAM

DIDO BENDIGO

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY

EARLY ONE MORNING

FATHOM THE BOWL

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES HO

HAL-AN-TOE

HEALTH TO THE COMPANY

IT'S A ROSEBUD IN JUNE

I WENT TO MARKET TO BUY ME A COCK

I'M A ROVER AND SELDOM SOBER

JOHN BARLEY CORN

JOHNNY BE FINE

JOLLY RED NOSE

LET UNION BE 'TILL NEXT WE SEE OUR QUEEN

LUSTY YOUNG SMITH
MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN
MARY MACK
MONDAY NIGHT
MY FATHER'S A HEDGER AND DITCHER
MY THING IS MY OWN
NUTTING GIRL
OAK ASH AND THORN
OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED UNDER A HILL
ROLL YOUR LEG OVER
SAUCY SAILOR
SORRY'S THE DAY I WAS MARRIED
THE BABY SONG
THE FAIRE
THE GYPSY ROVER (long version)
THE KEEPER
THE PRICKLE HOLLY BUSH
THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN
THE WOODS
THE RIDDLE SONG
THE SHEPHERD
THE THREE DRUNKEN MAIDENS
THE TOTTINGHAM FROLIC
THREE OLD WHORES FROM TOTTINGHAM
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR
WHERE IS ST. GEORGE
ROUNDS