Upon a Summers Day The Garland



Souldier:

My dearest deare adue, since that I needs must goe my fortunes to pursue against some Forraine Foe Being that it is so, I pray thee patient be and doe no kilt thy Coat, to goe along with me Pegge:

Alas my dearest heart, if that thou leave me here Death kills me with his dart, as plainly may appear For sorrow griefe and smart will quickly make me dye Therefore lie kilt my Coat, and goe along with thee —Pepys, Ballads, I,296

Blew Cap



The Night Peece

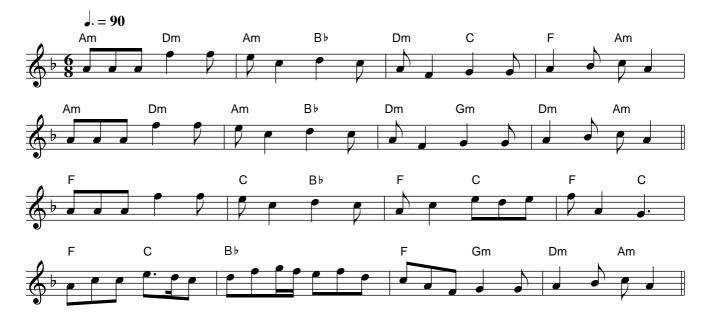


Boateman



Ye gales that gently wave the sea And please the canny Boat—man Bear me frae hence, or bring to me My brave, my bonny Scot—man In haly bands we join'd our hands Yet may this not discover While parents rate a large estate Before a faithfu' lover

The Begger Boy



From ancient pedigree, by due descent I well can derive my generation Throughout all Christendome, and also Kent My calling is known both in terme and vacation My parents old taught me to be bold Ile never be daunted, whatever is spoken Where e're I come, my custome I hold And cry, Good your worship, bestow one token! —Roxburghe Ballads

Parsons farewell



Bobbing Joe



The New Exchange



I'll go no more to the New Exchange, there is no room at all It is so throng'd and crowded by the gallants of Whitehall But I'll go to the Old Exchange, where old things are in fashion For now the Kew's become the shop of this blessed Reformation Come, my new Courtiers, what d'ye lack? Good consciences? I you do Here's long and wide, the only wear, the straight will trouble you

The Whish



Stingo The Oyle of Barly Cold and Raw



Be merry, my friends, and list a while Unto a merry jest It may from you produce a smile When you heare it exprest Of a young man lately married Which was a boone goode fellow This song in's head he alwaies carried When drink made him mellow I cannot go home, nor will I go home It's long of the oyle of Barly I'le tarry all night for my delight And go home in the morning early --Humour, Wit and Satire (1647)

The Wherligig



Picking of Sticks



The Old Mole



Grimstock



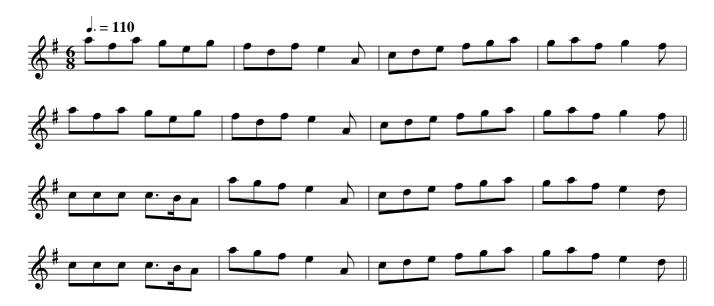
Wooddicock



Greenwood



The Saraband



Hit and misse



Confesse, his tune The Court Lady



Mage on a Cree



A Health to Betty



Millisons Jegge



The Spanish Jeepsie



Lady Spellor



Kemps Jegg



The Cherping of the Larke



If all the World were Paper



Adsons Saraband



Nonesuch



Daphne



When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly
The west wind most sweetly did blow in her face
Her silken scarf scarce shadowed her eyes
The God cried, O pity! and held her in chace
Stay, Nymph, stay, Nymph, cries Apollo, tarry and turn thee, Sweet Nymph, stay
Lion nor Tiger doth thee follow, turn thy fair eyes, and look this way
O turn, O pretty sweet, and let our red lips meet
O pity me, Daphne, pity me,
&c.
—Chappell

The merry Milke Maids



Upon the first of May, with garlands fresh and gay With mirth and music sweet, for such a season meet They pass their time away
They dance away sorrow, and all the day thorow
Their legs do never fail
They nimbly their feet to ply
And bravely try the victory
In honour o' th' milking pail, in honour ...
——Chappell

Mill-field



The fine Companion



Skellemesago



Cast a Bell



The Spanyard



Rose is white and Rose is red



Have at thy Coat old woman



Drive the cold winter away



The Gun



Peppers Black



The Maid peept out at the window The Frier in the Well



As I lay musing all alone, a merry tale I thought upon Now listen a while and I will you tell
Of a fryar that lov'd a bonny lass well
He came to her when she was going to bed
Desiring to have her maidenhead
But she denied his desire
Saying that she did fear hellfire
Tush tush, quoth the fryer, thou need's not
If thou wert in hell I could sing thee out
Why then, quoth the maid, thou shalt have thy request
The fryer was as glad as a fox in his nest ...

Halfe Hannikin



Lord of Carnarvans Jegg



Irish Trot



Faine I would The King's Complaint Parthenia



Faine I would, if I could By any means obteine Leave of my best Masters to sit with them againe But my blest Parliment Will never give consent They say tis such a thinge For the worst of them's a Kinge Wee will rule still In spight of Cavalieres O brave house of Commons O brave house of Peeres Religion you have pull'd downe And soe you have the crowne My laws & Kingdome too I think the Devill's in you Else you'll not endure Such a constant flood All of childrens teares And theire dead Fathers blood ...

Once I loved a Maiden faire



The Irish Lady Anniseed–water Robin



All a Mode de France



Me have of late been in England Vere me have seen much sport De raising of de Parliament Have quite pull'd down de Court De King and Queen dey seperate And rule in ignorance Pray judge ye Gentlemen, if dis Be a la mode de France

My Lady Cullen



The Bath



Goddesses



Jog on



Hearts Ease



Misogonus:

Singe care away with sport & playe Pasttime is all our pleasure Yf well we fare, for nought we care In mearth our constant treasure ...

Dering:

A cooper I am, and have been long, and hooping is my trade And married man am I to as pretty a wench as ever God hath made

The Health The Merry Wasel



Come, faith, since I'm parting
W:And that God knows when
W:The
walls of sweet Wickham I shall see again
W:Let's e'en have a frolic,
and drink like tall men
W:Till heads with healths go round
W:Till
heads with healths go round

Jack Pudding



Prince Ruperts March



Argeers
The Wedding Night



Dissembling Love



The London Gentlewoman
The Hemp-Dresser



Lavena



Mayden Lane



Jack a Lent



Chirping of the Nightingale



A Souldiers life



Saint Martins



Cuckolds all a row



Come bachelors and married men, and listen to my song And I will shew you plainly then, the injury and wrong That constantly I do sustain through my unhappy life The which does put me to great pain, by my unquiet wife

Petticoat wag



Pauls Steeple



Rufty tufty



All in a Garden green



Sedauny Dargason



Chappell quotes the first of 16 verses set to this tune in the 17th century: The Shrop-shire Wakes, or hey for Christmas, being the delightful sports of most countries, to the tune of Dargason.

Come Robin, Ralph, and little Harry
And merry Thomas to our green
Where we shall meet with Bridget and Sary
And the finest girls that e'er were seen
Then hey for Christmas a once year
When we have cakes, with ale and beer
For at Christmas every day
Young men and maids may dance away

The Punks Delight



Aye me The Simphony



Broome
The bonny bonny Broome



The Milke-Mayds Bobb



An Old man is a Bed full of bones



Newcastle



Cherily and merrily



The Countrey Coll



Saturday night and Sunday morn



Dull Sir John



Hockley in the hole



New Boe peep



The Fryar and the Nun



Chestnut Doves Figary



Welcome to town, Tom Dove, Tom Dove, The merriest man alive
Thy company stil we love, we love,
God grant thee well to thrive
All never will depart from thee
For better or worse, my joy
For thou shalt still have our good will
God's blessing on my sweet boy

Pauls Wharfe



Stanes Morris



Tom Tinker



Kettle Drum



Mundesse



Hide Parke



Lady lye neare me



Lulle me beyond thee



The Glory of the West



Jenny pluck Pears



Gathering Peascods



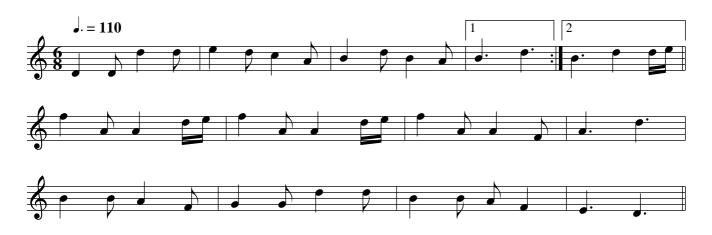
Up Tailes all



New New Nothing



Scotch Cap Edinburgh Castle



Step Stately



Shepheards Holyday Labour in Vaine



Fie upon love! fond love! false love!
Great are the torments that lovers endure
It is a snare – brings care – bones bare
None can a remedy for it procure
Of all the afflictions that are incident
To us while we march under Time's regiment
There's nothing to man brings such discontent
As love unbeloved againe
It breaketh our sleep, it distracteth the wit
It make use doe things that for men are unfit
If I may but give a true censure on it
It shall be call'd "Labour in vaine".

Row well ye Marriners



Graies Inne Maske



Graies Inne Maske



The Slip

