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 grievfe 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 Beggar 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

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 Cherping of the Larke

If all the World were Paper

Adsons Saraband

Nonesuch
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 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
The Spanyard

Rose is white and Rose is red

Have at thy Coat old woman

Drive the cold winter away
The Maid peeped out at the window
The Friar 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 friar 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 friar, 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 friar was as glad as a fox in his nest ...

Halfe Hannikin

Lord of Carnarvans Jegg
Irish Trot

\[ J = 180 \]

Faine I would

The King’s Complaint

Parthenia

\[ J = 90 \]

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
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: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 Rupert's March

Argeers
The Wedding Night
Jack a Lent

Chirping of the Nightingale

A Souldiers life
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
All in a Garden green

Chappell quotes the first of 16 verses set to this tune in the 17th century:
The Shropshire 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

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 Bo peep

\[ J = 110 \]

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

The Fryar and the Nun

\[ J = 140 \]

Chestnut

Doves Figary

\[ J = 180 \]
Pauls Wharfe

J = 100

Stanes Morris

J = 140

Tom Tinker

J = 100

Kettle Drum

J = 180
Lulle me beyond thee

The Glory of the West

Jenny pluck Pears
Scotch Cap
Edinburgh Castle

\[ j = 110 \]

\[ j = 100 \]

Step Stately
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