

# Olde Affe Ballads



to be Sung by everie Auncient Animal  
not iust Affes

**Samuel Piper**

*Printed by Steven Hendricks  
dwelling in Debtford at the signe of y Olde Goate*



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# As you came from Walsingham

verses 1-3

lyrics by Thomas Deloney from  
*The Garland of Goodwill*, 1592 or 3

C G C F C C G C

As you came from Walsingham, from that holy land,  
She is neither white nor brown, but as the heauenly fair:  
She hath left me here alone, all alone as vnknewen:

As you came from Walsingham, from that holy land,  
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She hath left me here alone, all alone as vnknewen:

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She is neither white nor brown, but as the heauenly fair:  
She hath left me here alone, all alone as vnknewen:

5 G C Am Em A D A E A

Met you not with my true loue by the way as you came?  
There is none hath her form so diuine on the earth, in the ayr.  
Who some-time loued me as her life, and called me her own.

Met you not with my true loue by the way as you came?  
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Met you not with my true loue by the way as you came?  
There is none hath her form so diuine on the earth, in the ayr.  
Who some-time loued me as her life, and called me her own.

9 Am C G C Am E Am Em G C

How should I your true loue know, that hath met many a one,  
Such an one did I meet, good sir, with an An - gell - like face:  
What is the cause shee hath left thee a - lone, and a new way doth take,

How should I your true loue know, that hath met many a one,  
Such an one did I meet, good sir, with an An - gell - like face:  
What is the cause shee hath left thee a - lone, and a new way doth take,

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What is the cause shee hath left thee a - lone, and a new way doth take,

How should I your true loue know, that hath met many a one,  
Such an one did I meet, good sir, with an An - gell - like face:  
What is the cause shee hath left thee a - lone, and a new way doth take,

13 G C Am Em A D A E A

As I came from the ho - ly Land, that haue come, that haue gone?  
Who ap - pea'd like a Nimph, like a Queen, in her gait, in her grace.  
That some - time did thee loue as her self, and her loy did thee make?

As I came from the ho - ly Land, that haue come, that haue gone?  
Who ap - pea'd like a Nimph, like a Queen, in her gait, in her grace.  
That some - time did thee loue as her self, and her loy did thee make?

As I came from the ho - ly Land, that haue come, that haue gone?  
Who ap - pea'd like a Nimph, like a Queen, in her gait, in her grace.  
That some - time did thee loue as her self, and her loy did thee make?

As I came from the ho - ly Land, that haue come, that haue gone?  
Who ap - pea'd like a Nimph, like a Queen, in her gait, in her grace.  
That some - time did thee loue as her self, and her loy did thee make?

# As you came from Walsingham

verses 4-5

lyrics by Thomas Deloney from  
*The Garland of Goodwill, 1592 or 3*

C G C F C C G C

I haue lou - ed her all my youth, but now am old as you see:  
Such is the loue of Wo - men kind, or the world so a - bused:

I haue lou - ed her all my youth, but now am old as you see:  
Such is the loue of Wo - men kind, or the world so a - bused:

5 G C Am Em A D A E A

Loue lik - eth not the fall - ing fruit, nor the with - er - ed tree.  
Vn - der which ma - ny child - ish de - sires, and con - ceits are ex - cused.

Loue lik - eth not the fall - ing fruit, nor the with - er - ed tree.  
Vn - der which ma - ny child - ish de - sires, and con - ceits are ex - cused.

9 Am C G C Am E Am Em G C

For loue is a care - lesse child, and for - gets pro - mise past,  
 Yea but Loue is a du - ra - ble fire, in the mind eu - er burning:

For loue is a care - lesse child, and for - gets pro - mise past,  
 Yea but Loue is a du - ra - ble fire, in the mind eu - er burning:

For loue is a care - lesse child, and for - gets pro - mise past,  
 Yea but Loue is a du - ra - ble fire, in the mind eu - er burning:

For loue is a care - lesse child, and for - gets pro - mise past,  
 Yea but Loue is a du - ra - ble fire, in the mind eu - er burning:

13 G C Am Em A D A E A

He is blind, he is deaf, when he list, and in faith neu - er fast.  
 Neu - er sick, neu - er dead, neu - er cold, from it self neu - er turning.

He is blind, he is deaf, when he list, and in faith neu - er fast.  
 Neu - er sick, neu - er dead, neu - er cold, from it self neu - er turning.

He is blind, he is deaf, when he list, and in faith neu - er fast.  
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He is blind, he is deaf, when he list, and in faith neu - er fast.  
 Neu - er sick, neu - er dead, neu - er cold, from it self neu - er turning.

# Before the Greeks durst enterpryse

verses 1-2

lyrics by Alexander Montgomerie

music: Margarat Ker's manuscript,

Eu De.3.70, c.1600

Chords: F, B $\flat$ , Dm, C sus4, C, F, Dm, Gm, F

Be - fore the  
Then did they

Greeks send  
durst the  
en - ter -  
wys - est

pryse  
Greeks

To Troy - es  
To Del - phos,

Be - fore the  
Then did they

Greeks send  
durst the  
en - ter -  
wys - est

pryse  
Greeks

To Troy - es  
To Del - phos,

Be - fore the  
Then did they

Greeks send  
durst the  
en - ter -  
wys - est

pryse  
Greeks

To Troy - es  
To Del - phos,

Be - fore the  
Then did they

Greeks send  
durst the  
en - ter -  
wys - est

pryse  
Greeks

To Troy - es  
To Del - phos,

Chords: B $\flat$ , F, Gm, D sus4, D, G, F, B $\flat$ , Dm, C sus4, C

town in armes to  
where A - pol - lo

go, stode;  
They set a  
Wha, with the

coun - sell sage and  
teirs up - on thair

town in armes to  
where A - pol - lo

go, stode;  
They set a  
Wha, with the

coun - sell sage and  
teirs up - on thair

town in armes to  
where A - pol - lo

go, stode;  
They set a  
Wha, with the

coun - sell sage and  
teirs up - on thair

town in armes to  
where A - pol - lo

go, stode;  
They set a  
Wha, with the

coun - sell sage and  
teirs up - on thair



6

F Dm Gm F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G C

wyse cheeks A - pol - lo's an - sueir for to know Hou they suld  
cheeks And with the fy - rie flammes of wood And all such

wyse cheeks A - pol - lo's an - sueir for to know Hou they suld  
cheeks And with the fy - rie flammes of wood And all such

wyse cheeks A - pol - lo's an - sueir for to know Hou they suld  
cheeks And with the fy - rie flammes of wood And all such

wyse cheeks A - pol - lo's an - sueir for to know Hou they suld  
cheeks And with the fy - rie flammes of wood And all such

9

F C Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> F C Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F

speid and haif suc - ces In that so grit a bu - si - nes.  
rites as wes the guyse They made that grit god sa - cri - fyce.

speid and haif suc - ces In that so grit a bu - si - nes.  
rites as wes the guyse They made that grit god sa - cri - fyce.

speid and haif suc - ces In that so grit a bu - si - nes.  
rites as wes the guyse They made that grit god sa - cri - fyce.

speid and haif suc - ces In that so grit a bu - si - nes.  
rites as wes the guyse They made that grit god sa - cri - fyce.

# Before the Greeks durst enterpryse

verses 3-4

lyrics by Alexander Montgomerie

music: Margarat Ker's manuscript,

Eu De.3.70, c.1600

F B $\flat$  Dm C sus4 C F Dm Gm F

When they had end - it their re - quests And so - lemn -  
Whilk an - sueir maid thame not so glad That thus the

When they had end - it their re - - quests And so - lemn -  
Whilk an - sueir maid thame not so glad That thus the

When they had end - it their re - - quests And so - lemn -  
Whilk an - sueir maid thame not so glad That thus the

When they had end - it their re - - quests And so - lemn -  
Whilk an - sueir maid thame not so glad That thus the

3 B $\flat$  F Gm D sus4 D G F B $\flat$  Dm C sus4 C

ly thair ser - vice done And drunk the wyne and kild the  
vic - tors they suld be As ev'n the an - suer that I

ly thair ser - vice done And drunk the wyne and kild the  
vic - tors they suld be As ev'n the an - suer that I

ly thair ser - vice done And drunk the wyne and kild the  
vic - tors they suld be As ev'n the an - suer that I

ly thair ser - vice done And drunk the wyne and kild the  
vic - tors they suld be As ev'n the an - suer that I

6

F Dm Gm F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G C

beists, A - pol - lo made them an - sueir soon Hou Troy and  
had Did grit - ly joy and com - fort me When, lo! thus

beists, A - pol - lo made them an - sueir soon Hou Troy and  
had Did grit - ly joy and com - fort me When, lo! thus

beists, A - pol - lo made them an - sueir soon Hou Troy and  
had Did grit - ly joy and com - fort me When, lo! thus

beists, A - pol - lo made them an - sueir soon Hou Troy and  
had Did grit - ly joy and com - fort me When, lo! thus

9

F C Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> F C Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F

Tro - jans haiv they suld To use them hail - ly as they wold.  
spake A - pol - lo myne: All that thou seeks, it sall be thyne.

Tro - jans haiv they suld To use them hail - ly as they wold.  
spake A - pol - lo myne: All that thou seeks, it sall be thyne.

Tro - jans haiv they suld To use them hail - ly as they wold.  
spake A - pol - lo myne: All that thou seeks, it sall be thyne.

Tro - jans haiv they suld To use them hail - ly as they wold.  
spake A - pol - lo myne: All that thou seeks, it sall be thyne.

# The Carmans whistle

lyrics from Bodleian Library  
MS Rawlinson 185, c.1580-1590  
music: William Byrd

C G D G Am G D G

In a plea - sant mor - ning in the mer - ry month of May,  
Come - ly was her coun - te - nance and the love - ly was her looks,  
At length she changed her smiling with a sigh - ing song,  
My fa - ther's rich and wealthy and hath no child but I,

5 C G D G Am G D G

A - mong the fruit - ful mea - dows a young man took his way;  
See - ming that wan - ton Ve - nus had writ her in her books.  
Be - wai - ling her bad for - tune that was a maid so long:  
Yet want I still a hus - band to keep me com - pa - ny.

9 Dm C Dm C Dm C Dm G C

And ga - zing a - round him what plea - sures he could see,  
Many a smir - king smile she lent a - midst those mea - dows green  
For ma - ny are much youn - ger, quoth she, hath long been wed,  
My years are young and ten - der and I am fair wi - thal,

13      F                      C                      Dm                      C                      F                      C                      Dm                      G                      C

He — spied a                      pro - per      mai - den                      un - der an                      oa - ken tree.  
The — which he                      well per - cei - ved                      yet — was of                      her un - seen.  
Yet do I fear                      that I shall die                      and — keep my                      mai - den - head.  
Yet — is there                      now a young man                      will — com - fort                      me at all?

The young man which listened  
and mark'd her grievous moan,  
Was sorry for to see her  
sit musing all alone.  
He nimbly leapt unto her  
which made the maid to start,  
But when he did embrace her,  
it joyed her woeful heart.

Fair maid, quoth he, why mourn you?  
What means your heavy cheer?  
Be rul'd by me, I pray you  
and to my words give ear.  
A pleasant note I'll tell you,  
your sadness to expel.  
Good sir, how do you call it?  
The truth unto me tell.

'Tis call'd the carman's whistle,  
a note so sweet and good,  
It will turn a woman's sadness  
into a merry mood.  
Good sir then, let me hear it,  
if it be no harm.  
Doubt not, quoth he, fair maiden,  
I'll keep you in mine arm.

But first, let me entreat you  
with patience to attend  
Till I have brought my music  
unto a perfect end.  
If I may hear your whistle,  
quoth she, I will be still,  
And think so I molest you,  
'tis sore against my will.

When he to her had whistled  
a merry note or two,  
She was so blithe and pleasant  
she knew not what to do.  
Quoth she, of all the music  
that ever I did know,  
The carman's whistle  
Shall for my money go.

Good sir, quoth she, I pray you,  
Who made this pleasant game?  
Quoth he, a youthful carman  
Did make it for his dame.  
And she was well contented  
with him to bear a part.  
God's blessing, quoth the maiden,  
light on the carman's heart.

For never was I pleased  
more better in my life  
Than with the carman's whistle  
which pleaseth maid and wife.  
And sir, I do beseech you,  
however I do speed,  
To let me hear your whistle  
when I so stand in need.

Quoth he, farewell, fair maiden,  
and as you like this sport,  
So of the carman's whistle  
I pray you give good report.  
Good sir, quoth she, I thank you  
for this, your token pain,  
But when shall we, I pray you,  
meet in this place again?

Quoth he, at any season  
by day or night,  
Command the carman's whistle  
for pleasure and delight;  
And count me slack and slothful  
if twice you send for me.  
I'faith, then, quoth the maiden,  
I'll give thee kisses three.

# Come liue with me and be my Loue

## The Passionate Shepheard to his Loue.

lyrics by Christopher Marlowe

*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599

melody: William Corkine

*Second Book of Ayres*, 1612

Am                      Am                      Dm                      Am                      E                      Am

Come liue with mee, and be with my loue And we will  
 And wee will sit v - pon the Rocks, See - ing the  
 And I will make thee the beds of nest Roses, And a  
 A gowne made of the fi - nest wooll Which from our

6                      C                      F                      G                      C                      C                      G

all the plea - sures proue, That Val - lies, groues,  
 Sheep - hears feede theyr flockes, By shal - low Ri - uers,  
 thou - sand fra - grant poesies, A cap - of flo - wers,  
 pret - ty Lambes we pull, Fayre li - ned slip - pers

11                      Dm                      Am                      E                      Am                      Dm                      Am                      E                      A

hills and fieldes, Woods, or stee - pie moun - taine yeeldes.  
 to whose falls, Me - lo - dious byrds sing Ma - dri - - galls.  
 and a kirtle, Im - broy - dred all with leaues of Mirtle.  
 for the cold: With buc - kles of the pu - rest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,  
 With Corall clasps and Amber studs,  
 And if these pleasures may thee moue,  
 Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Shepheards Swaines shall daunce and sing,  
 For thy delight each May-morning,  
 If these delights thy mind may moue;  
 Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

# The Nymph's Reply

lyrics by Sir Walter Raleigh  
(1552-1618) from a broadside  
ballad, 1619-1629?

Am Am Dm Am E Am

If all the world and loue were young, And truth in  
Time driues the flocks from field to fold, When Ri - uers  
The flowers doe fade and wan - ton fields, To wa - yward  
Thy gounes, thy shooes, thy bed of Roses, Thy cap, thy

6 C F G C C G

eue - ry Sheep - heards tongue, These pret - ty plea - sures  
rage and Rocks grow cold, And Phi - lo - mell be -  
win - ter rec - ko - ning yeeldes, A bon - ny tonge, a  
ki - rtle, and poe - sies, Soone breake, soone wi - ther,

11 Dm Am E Am Dm Am E A

might me moue, To liue with thee, and be thy loue.  
com - meth dombe, The rest com - plaines of cares to come.  
hart of gall, Is fan - cies spring, but sor - rowes fall.  
soone for - gotten; In fol - lie ripe, in rea - son rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can moue  
To come to thee and be thy loue.

If youth could last, and loue still breede,  
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,  
Then these delights my mind might moue  
To liue with thee and be thy loue.

# Come, sweet love, let sorrow cease

Anon. lyrics from *The golden garland of princely pleasures and delicate delights*, 1620  
tune is "Bara Faustus Dream"

Gm D Gm Am D G Gm Dm F Eb D

Come sweet Loue, let sor - row cease, va - nish frownes, leaue off di - scen - tion:  
Win - ter hides his fros - ty face Blush - ing now to be more view - ed:  
See those bright sunnes of thine eyes, Cloud - ed now with black dis - dain - ing,  
Then sweet loue dis - pearse this cloude, That ob - scures this scorne - full coy - ing:

5 Gm D Gm Adim D G Gm Gm Dm F

Loue warres make the sweet - est peace hearts v - ni - ting  
Spring re - turn'd with plea - sant grace, Flo - raes trea - sures  
Shall such storm - y tem - pests rise, to set loues faire  
When all crea - tures sings a - loude, fill - ing hearts with

8 Eb D F Bb F Bb

by con - ten - tion. Sun - shine fol - lowes af - ter raine  
are re - nu - ed: Lambes re - ioyce to see the Spring,  
dayes a rayn - ing: All are glad the skies be - ing cleare,  
o - uer ioy - ing: As eu - ery bird do choose her make,



11 **B<sup>b</sup>** **C** **D** **Gm** **D** **E<sup>b</sup>** **D** **G**

Sor - rowes ceas - ing: this is pleas - ing All proues faire a - gaine  
 Ship - ping, leap - ing, sport - ing, play - ing Birds for ioy do sing,  
 Light - ly ioy - ing, sport - ing, toy - ing, With their loue - ly cheare:  
 Gent - ly bill - ing, she is will - ing Her true loue to take:

15 **F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>** **C**

af - ter sor - row soone comes ioy Try me, proue me,  
 so let the Spring of ioy re - nue, Laugh - ing, coll - ing,  
 but as sad to see a shower, Sad - ly droop - ing;  
 with such words let vs con - tend; Wo - ing, do - ing,

18 **D** **Gm** **D** **E<sup>b</sup>** **D** **G**

trust me, loue me This will cure an - - - noy.  
 kiss - ing, play - ing, And giue loue his due.  
 lowr - ing; powt - ing; Turn - ing sweet to sower.  
 wedd - ing bedd - ing, And so our strife shall end.

# Complaine my Lute

anonymous lyrics from a  
broadside ballad, 1619-1629?  
tune is "Hearts ease"

Gm Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D Gm

Com - plaine my Lute com - plaine on him that staves so long a - way, He  
Peace lyre peace, it is not so, he will by and by be here: But

5 Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D Dm

pro - mis'd to be here ere this, but still un - kind doth stay. But  
e - very one that is in Love, thinks e - very hour a yeere. Harke,

9 F F C F Gm D Gm Cm D Dm

now the Pro - verbe true I finde, once out of sight, then out of minde: Hey  
harke, me thinks I heare one knocke run quick - ly then and turne the locke, Then

13

F B $\flat$  F Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm D G

hoe my heart is full of woe, my heart is full of woe.  
farr - well all my care and woe, farr - well all my care and woe.

Come gallant now, come loyterer,  
for I must chide with thee:  
But yet I will forgive thee once,  
come sit thee downe by mee,  
Faire Lady rest your selfe content,  
I will indure your punishment,  
And then we shall be friends againe.

For every houre that I have stayd,  
so long from thee away,  
A thousand kisses will I give,  
receive them ready pay,  
And if we chance to count amisse  
againe wee'le reckon them every kisse,  
For he is blest that's punisht so.

And if those those thousand kisses then,  
we chance to count aright  
We shall not need to count againe  
till we in bed doe light:  
And then be sure that thou shalt have,  
thy reckoning just as thou shalt crave.  
So shall we still agree as one.

And thus they spent the silent night,  
in sweet delightfull sport,  
Till Phoebus with his beames so bright,  
from out the fiery port  
Did blush to see the sweet content,  
in sable night so vainely spent,  
Betwixt these Lovers two.

And then this Gallant did perswade,  
that he might now be gone:  
Sweet-heart, quoth he, I am afraid,  
that I have stayd too long.  
And wilt thou then be gone, quoth she,  
and will no longer stay with me:  
Then welcome all my care and woe.

And then she tooke her lute in hand,  
and thus began to play,  
Her heart was faint she could not stand,  
but on her bed shee lay,  
And art thou gone my love, quoth she,  
complaine my Lute, complaine with me  
Untill that he doth come againe.

# Departe, departe

verses 1-2

lyrics by Alexander Scott, 1568  
music from the Thomas  
Wode part books, 1562-c.1592

Gm D Eb Dm Gm Cm

De - parte, de - - parte, Al - lace, I must de -  
Now must I go From sicht of hir sueit

De - parte, de - - parte, Al - lace, I must de -  
Now must I go From sicht of hir sueit

De - parte, de - - parte, Al - lace, I must de -  
Now must I go From sicht of hir sueit

De - parte, de - - parte, Al - lace, I must de -  
Now must I go From sicht of hir sueit

2 D Gm D Eb F Gm Cm D sus4 D

parte face, From hir grund that of hes all my hart grace With hart full  
The grund of of hes all my hart grace And so - ve -

parte face, From hir grund that of hes all my hart grace With hart full  
The grund of of hes all my hart grace And so - ve -

parte face, From hir grund that of hes all my hart grace With hart full  
The grund of of hes all my hart grace And so - ve -

parte face, From hir grund that of hes all my hart grace With hart full  
The grund of of hes all my hart grace And so - ve -

4

G Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Gm F Cm

soir, rane. A - gains my that will in deid And can find rane. What chains that may fall me Sall I ne'er

soir, rane. A - gains my that will in deid And can find rane. What chains that may fall me Sall I ne'er

soir, rane. A - gains my that will in deid And can find rane. What chains that may fall me Sall I ne'er

soir, rane. A - gains my that will in deid And can find rane. What chains that may fall me Sall I ne'er

6

D B<sup>b</sup> F Gm F Gm Cm D sus4 D G

no re - meid, I wat the pains of deid Can do no moir. mir - ry be Un - to the tyme I see My sweet a - gane.

no re - meid, I wat the pains of deid Can do no moir. mir - ry be Un - to the tyme I see My sweet a - gane.

no re - meid, I wat the pains of deid Can do no moir. mir - ry be Un - to the tyme I see My sweet a - gane.

no re - meid, I wat the pains of deid Can do no moir. mir - ry be Un - to the tyme I see My sweet a - gane.

# Depart, departe

verses 3-4

lyrics by Alexander Scott, 1568  
music from the Thomas  
Wode part books, 1562-c.1592

Gm D Eb Dm Gm Cm

I wat not whair I I wan - dir heir and  
A - dew sueit thing My joy and com - fort -

I wat not whair I I wan - dir heir and  
A - dew sueit thing My joy and com - fort -

I wat not whair I I wan - dir heir and  
A - dew sueit thing My joy and com - fort -

I wat not whair I I wan - dir heir and  
A - dew sueit thing My joy and com - fort -

2 D Gm D Eb F Gm Cm D sus4 D

thair, I weep and sichts rycht sair With pain - is  
ing, My mirth and sol - les - ing Of erd - ly

thair, I weep and sichts rycht sair With pain - is  
ing, My mirth and sol - les - ing Of erd - ly

thair, I weep and sichts rycht sair With pain - is  
ing, My mirth and sol - les - ing Of erd - ly

thair, I weep and sichts rycht sair With pain - is  
ing, My mirth and sol - les - ing Of erd - ly

4

G Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Gm F Cm

smart. gloir: Now Fair must weill, I my pass la - a - way dy bricht In And wild my and re -

smart. gloir: Now Fair must weill, I my pass la - a - way dy bricht In And wild my and re -

smart. gloir: Now Fair must weill, I my pass la - a - way dy bricht In And wild my and re -

smart. gloir: Now Fair must weill, I my pass la - a - way dy bricht In And wild my and re -

6

D B<sup>b</sup> F Gm F Gm Cm D sus4 D G

wil - sum way, Al - lace this wo - full day We suld de - parte.  
mem - brance rycht, Fair weill and haif gud nycht, I say no moir.

wil - sum way, Al - lace this wo - full day We suld de - parte.  
mem - brance rycht, Fair weill and haif gud nycht, I say no moir.

wil - sum way, Al - lace this wo - full day We suld de - parte.  
mem - brance rycht, Fair weill and haif gud nycht, I say no moir.

wil - sum way, Al - lace this wo - full day We suld de - parte.  
mem - brance rycht, Fair weill and haif gud nycht, I say no moir.

# Fain would I haue a pretie thing

lyrics from *A Handefull  
of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, by  
Clement Robinson  
tune is Lusty Gallant

Dm Dm G Dm A Dm D G A D Dm

Fain would I haue a pre - tie thing, to giue vn - to my La - die: I  
But faine would I haue a pre - tie thing, to giue vn - to my La - die: I

5 Dm G Dm A Dm D G A D

name no thing, nor I meane no thing, But as pre - tie a thing as may bee.  
name no thing, nor I meane no thing, But as pre - tie a thing as may bee.

9 Dm C F G Dm G Dm A D Dm

Twen - tie ior - neyes would I make, and twen - tie waies would hie me, To  
Some do long for pre - tie knackes, and some for straunge de - ui - ces: God



13 Dm C F G Dm G Dm A D

make ad - uen - ture for her sake, to set some mat - ter by me.  
send me that my La - die lacks, I care not what the price is.

3. Yet faine would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,  
But as pretie a thing as may bee.  
I Walke the towne, and tread the streete,  
in euery corner seeking:  
The pretie thinge I cannot meete,  
thats for my Ladies liking.

4. But faine would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,  
But as pretie a thing as may bee.  
It is not all the Silke in Cheape,  
nor all the golden treasure:  
Nor twentie Bushels on a heape,  
can do my Ladie pleasure.

5. But faine would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,  
But as pretie a thing as may bee.  
The Grauers of the golden showes,  
with Iuelles do beset me.  
The Shemiters in the shoppes that sowes,  
they do nothing but let me:

6. But faine would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,  
But as pretie a thing as may bee.  
But were it in the wit of man,  
by any meanes to make it.  
I could for Money buy it than,  
and say, faire Lady, take it.

7. Thus faine would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,  
But as pretie a thing as may bee.  
O Lady, what a tricke is this:  
that my good, willing misseth:  
To finde what pretie thing it is,  
that my good Lady missheth.

8. Thus faine would I haue a pretie thing,  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,  
But as pretie a thing as may bee.  
Thus fain wold I haue had this preti thing  
to giue vnto my Ladie:  
I said she harme, nay I ment no harme  
but as pretie a thing as may bee.

# Faire in a morne

verses 1-2

lyrics by Nicholas Breton (1545-1626)

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*the First Booke of Ayres*, 1600

F C F B $\flat$  C F C G Am

Faire in a morne oh no / But of the earth no / fairest morne was / earth - ly Sunne, and / eu - er morne so / yet no earth - ly

4 G sus4 G C F C F B $\flat$  C F

faire, creature, / When as the sun, but was / not the same face, that / There stode a face was / ne - uer face, that

7 C G Am G sus4 G C F

shin - ed in the a / car - ried such a / ayre, fea - - ture, / And on a hill, O / This man had hap O / that shin - ed in the a / that car - ried such a / ayre, fea - - ture, / And on a hill, O / This man had hap O

10 **B<sup>b</sup>** C F Gm Am F<sup>#dim</sup> G C Dm C Dm G

fair - est hill, was neu - er hill so blessed, There  
hap - pie man, no man so hapt as he, nere hill so blessed, There  
8 fair - est hill, was neu - er hill so nere hill so blessed, There  
hap - pie man, no man so hapt as he, so hapt as he, For

fair - est hill, was neu - er hill so blessed, so blessed, There  
hap - pie man, no man so hapt as he, as he, For

14 C Dm C F Dm C F B<sup>b</sup> F C sus4 C

stoo de a man, was neu - er man for wo - man so dis -  
none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to

stoo de a man, was neu - er man for wo - man so dis -  
none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to

8 stoo de a man, was neu - er man for wo - man so dis -  
none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to

stoo de a man, was neu - er man for wo - man so dis -  
none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to

17 1. F Dm Am Dm C F B<sup>dim</sup> C Dm C Dm G 2. F

tressed. see. There For tressed. see.

tressed. see. for that wo - man so dis - tressed. There For tressed. see.

8 tressed. see. was to neu - er man for that wo - man so dis - tressed. There For tressed. see.

tressed. see. neu - er man for that wo - man so dis - tressed. There For tressed. see.

# Faire in a morne

verses 3-4

lyrics by Nicholas Breton (1545-1626)

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*the First Booke of Ayres*, 1600

F C F B $\flat$  C F C G Am

As he be - hold this man be - held, he saw so faire a  
For joy where of he made such mirth, he that all the world a did

As he be - hold this man be - held, he saw so faire a  
For joy where of he made such mirth, he that all the world a did

As he be - hold this man be - held, he saw so faire a  
For joy where of he made such mirth, he that all the world a did

As he be - hold this man be - held, he saw so faire a  
For joy where of he made such mirth, he that all the world a did

4 G sus4 G C F C F B $\flat$  C F

face, ring, The And Pan with all his fair - est here, and  
Nimphes came forth, to

face, ring, The And Pan with all his fair - est here, and  
Nimphes came forth, to

face, ring, The And Pan with all his fair - est here, and  
Nimphes came forth, to

face, ring, The And Pan with all his fair - est here, and  
Nimphes came forth, to

7 C G Am G sus4 G C F

staine hear the bra - uest grace, sing, Pit - tie, he cried, and  
But such a song song

staine hear the bra - uest grace, sing, Pit - tie, he cried, and  
But such a song song

staine hear the bra - uest grace, sing, Pit - tie, he cried, and  
But such a song song

staine hear the bra - uest grace, sing, Pit - tie, he cried, and  
But such a song song

10 **B<sup>b</sup>** C F Gm Am F<sup>#dim</sup> G C Dm C Dm G

pit - tie came, and pit - tied for his paine, That Of  
 ne - uer was, nor nere will be a - gaine, Of

pit - tie came, and pit - tied for his paine, pittied for his paine, That Of  
 ne - uer was, nor nere will be a - gaine, nere be a - gaine, Of

8 pit - tie came, and pit - tied for his paine, for nere be his paine, That Of  
 ne - uer was, nor nere will be a - gaine, Of

pit - tie came, and pit - tied for his paine, his paine, That Of  
 ne - uer was, nor nere will be a - gaine, Of

14 C Dm C F Dm C F B<sup>b</sup> F C sus4 C

dy - ing would not let him die, but gae him life a -  
 Phi - li - da the shep - hears Queene, and Co - ri - don the

dy - ing would not let him die, but gae him life a -  
 Phi - li - da the shep - hears Queene, and Co - ri - don the

8 dy - ing would not let him die, but gae him life a -  
 Phi - li - da the shep - hears Queene, and Co - ri - don the

dy - ing would not let him die, but gae him life a -  
 Phi - li - da the shep - hears Queene, and Co - ri - don the

17 1. F Dm Am Dm C F B<sup>dim</sup> C Dm C Dm G 2. F

gaine. swaine. That Of gaine. swaine.

gaine. swaine. but and gae him life a - gaine. That Of gaine. swaine. Of

8 gaine. not the let him die, but gae him life a - gaine. That Of gaine. swaine. Of

gaine. swaine. let him die, but gae him life a - gaine. That Of gaine. swaine. Of

# Fortune my Foe

anonymous lyrics from a  
broadside, 1565-6

Dm A Dm A Dm C Dm A

For - tune my Foe, why dost thou frown on me  
For - tune hath wrought my grief & great annoy,

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a guitar line, and a bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The chords are Dm, A, Dm, A, Dm, C, Dm, and A.

5 Dm A Dm A Dm C Dm A

And will thy fav - - - our ne - ver bet - ter be?  
For - tune hath fals - - - ly stoln my love a - way;

This system contains measures 5 through 8. It continues the vocal line with lyrics, guitar line, and bass line. The chords are Dm, A, Dm, A, Dm, C, Dm, and A.

9 F F F B $\flat$  F C

Wilt thou I say, for e - ver breed my pain,  
My love and joy, whose sight did make me glad

This system contains measures 9 through 12. It concludes the piece with the vocal line, guitar line, and bass line. The chords are F, F, F, B-flat, F, and C.

13

C Am Gm Dm Gm A sus4 A D

And wilt thou not re - store my joys a - gain?  
Such great mis - for - - - tunes ne - ver young man had.

Had fortune took my treasure and my store,  
Fortune had never griev'd me half so sore,  
But takeing her whereon my heart did stay,  
Fortune thereby hath took my life away.

Far worse then death my life I lead in woe,  
With bitter thoughts still tossed too and fro.  
O cruel chance, thou breeder of my pain,  
Take life, or else restore my love againe.

In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep;  
In vain mine eyes refrain from quiet sleep,  
In vain I shed my tears both night and day,  
In vain my love my sorrows do bewray.

Then I will leave my love in fortunes hands,  
My dearest love in most unconstant bands,  
And onely serve the sorrows dew to me,  
Sorrows hereafter thou shalt my Mistris be.

No man alive can Fortunes spight withstand,  
With wisdom, skill, or mighty strength of hand;  
In midst of mirth she bringeth bitter moan,  
And woe to me that hath her hatred known.

If wisdoms eyes had but blind Fortune seen,  
Then had my love, my love forever been;  
Then, love, farewell, though Fortune favour thee,  
No fortune frail shall ever conquer me.

### The Ladies comfortable and pleasant Answer

Ah silly soul, art thou so afraid?  
Mourn not my dear nor be not so dismayd.  
Fortune cannot, with all her power and skill,  
Enforce my heart to think the any ill.

Blame not thy chance, nor envy at thy choice,  
No cause hast thou to curse, but to rejoice,  
Fortune shall not thy joy and love deprive,  
If by my love it may remain alive.

Receive therefore thy life again to thee,  
Thy life and love shall not be lost by me,  
And while thy heart upon thy life do stay,  
Fortune shall never steal the same away.

Live thou in bliss and banish death to Hell,  
All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel;  
As thou doth wish, thy love agrees to be,  
For proof whereof behold I come my self to thee.

Pluck up thy heart, suppress with brinish tears,  
Torment me not, but take away thy fears;  
Thy Mistris mind brooks no unconstant bands  
Much less to live in rueing fortunes hands.

Though mighty Kings by fortune get the foyl,  
Lossing thereby their travel and their toyl;  
Though fortune be to me a cruel foe,  
Fortune shall not make me to serve thee so.

For fortunes spight thou needst not care a pin,  
For thou thereby shall never loose nor win;  
If faithful love and favour I do find,  
My recompense shall not remain behind.

Dye not in fear, nor live in discontent,  
Be thou not slain, where never blood was ment,  
Revive again, to faint thou hast no need,  
The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.

# Fortune ys fickle

verses 1-2

from the Dallis Manuscript, 1583

F C F B $\flat$  Cm B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  A dim

For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir pow - er ys  
And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She brings \_\_\_ menne

8 For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir pow - er ys  
And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She brings \_\_\_ menne

8 For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir pow - er ys  
And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She brings \_\_\_ menne

For - tune ys fic - kle and won - der - ful tic - kle hir pow - er ys  
And with hir thun - der, of world - ly won - der, She brings \_\_\_ menne

6 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  C G C F C

mic - kle in eache de - gree: And with hir scep - ter  
un - der ad - ver - si - tye: She rocks hir cra - dle,

8 mic - kle in eache de - gree: And with hir scep - ter  
un - der ad - ver - si - tye: She rocks hir cra - dle,

8 mic - kle in eache de - gree: And with rocks hir scep - ter  
un - der ad - ver - si - tye: She rocks hir cra - dle,

mic - kle in eache de - - - gree: And with hir scep - ter  
un - der ad - ver - si - - - tye: She rocks hir cra - dle,

11 C Gm C F F B $\flat$  F C F B $\flat$  C sus4 C F

she makes him bet - ter and this man grea - ter of gowld and fee.  
which is un - sta - ble, And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - tye.

8 she makes him bet - ter and this man grea - ter of gowld and fee.  
which is un - sta - ble, And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - tye.

8 she makes him bet - ter and this man grea - ter of gowld and  
which is un - sta - ble, And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - fee.  
tye.

she makes him bet - ter and this man grea - ter of gowld and fee.  
which is un - sta - ble, And sytts in hir sad - dle of dig - ni - tye.



verses 3-4

17 F C F B $\flat$  Cm B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  A dim

She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She rules al  
As zele most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At neede aye yow

8 She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She rules al  
As zele most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At neede aye yow

8 She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She rules al  
As zele most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At neede aye yow

She frownes, she flat - ters; shee gat - ters, she scat - ters, She rules al  
As zele most slip - per no howlde tho yow hip - per. At neede aye yow

22 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  C G C F C

mat - ters as wynde wave - ringe, She laughs, she lo - wres,  
kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried, Hir mirth is mad - nes,

8 mat - ters as wynde wave - ringe, She laughs, she lo - wres,  
kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried, Hir mirth is mad - nes,

8 mat - ters as wynde wave - ringe, She laughs, she lo - wres,  
kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried, Hir mirth is mad - nes,

mat - ters as wynde wave - ringe, She laughs, she lo - wres,  
kepe hit, prooffe hath yt so tried, Hir mirth is mad - nes,

27 C Gm C F F B $\flat$  F C F B $\flat$  C sus4 C F

she shines, she sho - wres, Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.  
hir joye is sad - nes: Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.

8 she shines, she sho - wres, Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.  
hir joye is sad - nes: Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.

8 she shines, she sho - wres, Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.  
hir joye is sad - nes: Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.

she shines, she sho - wres, Now is strai - gest yours, Sans stay qua - ve - ringe.  
hir joye is sad - nes: Hir sor - row is glad - nes, this wise - men have spied.

# Go from my window

lyrics from *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1607,  
Francis Beaumont

G D G Am E A

Go from my win-dow, loue, goe; Go from my win-dow my deere, The

The first system of the musical score consists of four measures. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Go from my win-dow, loue, goe; Go from my win-dow my deere, The". Above the first measure is the chord G, above the second is D, above the third is G, and above the fourth is Am. Above the fifth measure is E, and above the sixth is A.

Am G C G D Em G D G

winde and the raine will driue you back a - gaine, You can - not be lodg - ed heere.

The second system of the musical score consists of four measures. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "winde and the raine will driue you back a - gaine, You can - not be lodg - ed heere.". Above the first measure is the chord Am, above the second is G, above the third is C, above the fourth is G, above the fifth is D, above the sixth is Em, above the seventh is G, above the eighth is D, and above the ninth is G.

G D G Am E A

Be - gone, my jug-gy, my puggy, Be - gone, my loue, my dear. The

13 Am G C G D Em G D G

wea-ther is warme, twill do thee no harme, Thou can't not be lodg - ed heere.

# The great Galleazzo

verses 1-3

lyrics by Thomas Deloney

from a broadside, 1588

tune is Mounsiers Almaine

G Em D Am G Am D G G Am G

O No - ble Eng - land, fall downe vp - on thy knee: And praise thy God with  
Great is their num - ber, of ships vp - on the sea: And their pro - ui - sion  
This great Gal - leaz - zo, which was so huge and hye: That like a bul - warke

6 D G C G Dsus4 D G G Em D Am G Am D

thank - full hart. which still main - tain - eth thee. The for - raine for - ces, that seekes thy vt - ter  
won - der - full, but Lord thou art our stay. Their arm - ed soul - diers are ma - ny by ac -  
on the sea, did seeme to each mans eye. There was it tak - en, vn - to our great re -

12 G G Am G D G C G Dsus4 D G

spoile: Shall then through his e - spe - ciall grace be brought to shame - full foile.  
count: Their aid - ers eke in this at - tempt, doe sun - drie waies, sur - mount.  
liefie: And di - uers No - bles, in which traine Don Pie - tro was the chiefe.

17 G D G Am E A Am G C D G

With migh-tie power they come vn - to our coast: To o - uer runne our coun - trie quite, they  
In hap - py heure, our foes we did des - cry: And vn - der saile with gal - lant winde as  
Stronge was she stuf, with Can - nons great and small: And o - ther in - stru - ments of warre, Which

8

With migh-tie power they come vn - to our coast: To o - uer runne our coun - trie quite, they  
In hap - py heure, our foes we did des - cry: And vn - der saile with gal - lant winde as  
Stronge was she stuf, with Can - nons great and small: And o - ther in - stru - ments of warre, Which

With migh-tie power they come vn - to our coast: To o - uer runne our coun - trie quite, they  
In hap - py heure, our foes we did des - cry: And vn - der saile with gal - lant winde as  
Stronge was she stuf, with Can - nons great and small: And o - ther in - stru - ments of warre, Which

23 C G Dsus4 D G G D G Am E

make their brags and boast. In strength of men they set their one - ly  
they cam pass - ing by. Which sud - daine tidings, to Plym - mouth be - ing  
we ob - tain - ed all. A cer - taine signe, of good suc - cesse we

8

make their brags and boast. In strength of men they set their one - ly  
they cam pass - ing by. Which sud - daine tidings, to Plym - mouth be - ing  
we ob - tain - ed all. A cer - taine signe, of good suc - cesse we

make their brags and boast. In strength of men they set their one - ly  
they cam pass - ing by. Which sud - daine tidings, to Plym - mouth be - ing  
we ob - tain - ed all. A cer - taine signe, of good suc - cesse we

28 A Am G C D G C G Dsus4 D G

stay: But we, vp - on the Lord our God, will put our trust al - way.  
brought: Full soone oure Lord high Ad - mi - rall, for to pur - sue them sought.  
trust: That God will o - uer - throw the rest, as he hath done the first.

8

stay: But we, vp - on the Lord our God, will put our trust al - way.  
brought: Full soone oure Lord high Ad - mi - rall, for to pur - sue them sought.  
trust: That God will o - uer - throw the rest, as he hath done the first.

stay: But we, vp - on the Lord our God, will put our trust al - way.  
brought: Full soone oure Lord high Ad - mi - rall, for to pur - sue them sought.  
trust: That God will o - uer - throw the rest, as he hath done the first.

# The great Galleazzo

verses 4-6

lyrics by Thomas Deloney  
from a broadside, 1588  
tune is Mounsiers Almaine

G Em D Am G Am D G G Am G

Then did our Na - uie purs - ue the rest a - maine: With roar - ing noise of  
But these false Span - iards, e - steem - ing them but weake: When they with - in their  
This migh - tie ves - sell, was three - score yards in length: Most won - der - full to

Then did our Na - uie purs - ue the rest a - maine: With roar - ing noise of  
But these false Span - iards, e - steem - ing them but weake: When they with - in their  
This migh - tie ves - sell, was three - score yards in length: Most won - der - full to

6 D G C G Dsus4 D G G Em D Am G Am D

Can - nons great; till they neere Cal - lice came: With man - ly cou - rage, they fol - lowed them so  
dan - ger came, their ma - lice forth did breake. With charg - ed Can - nons, they laide a - bout them  
each mans eie, for mak - ing and for strength. In her was plac - ed, an hun - dreth Can - nons

Can - nons great; till they neere Cal - lice came: With man - ly cou - rage, they fol - lowed them so  
dan - ger came, their ma - lice forth did breake. With charg - ed Can - nons, they laide a - bout them  
each mans eie, for mak - ing and for strength. In her was plac - ed, an hun - dreth Can - nons

12 G G Am G D G C G Dsus4 D G

fast: A - no - ther migh - tie Gal - li - on did seeme to yeeld at last.  
then: For to de - stroy those pro - per Barkes, and all their va - liant men.  
great: And migh - ti - ly pro - uid - ed eke, with bread - corne wine and meat.

fast: A - no - ther migh - tie Gal - li - on did seeme to yeeld at last.  
then: For to de - stroy those pro - per Barkes, and all their va - liant men.  
great: And migh - ti - ly pro - uid - ed eke, with bread - corne wine and meat.

17 G D G Am E A Am G C D G

And in di - stresse, for saue-gard of their liues: A flag of truce they did hand out, with  
Which when our men per - cei - ued so to be: Like Li - ons fierce they for - ward went, to  
There were of Oares, two hun - dreth I weene: Three - score foote and twelue in length, well

And in di - stresse, for saue-gard of their liues: A flag of truce they did hand out, with  
Which when our men per - cei - ued so to be: Like Li - ons fierce they for - ward went, to  
There were of Oares, two hun - dreth I weene: Three - score foote and twelue in length, well

23 C G Dsus4 D G G D G Am E

ma - ny mourn - full cries: Which when our men, did per - lect - ly e -  
quite this in - iu - rie. And bound - ing them, with strong and migh - tie  
mea - sured to be seene. And yet sub - dued, with ma - nie o - thers

ma - ny mourn - full cries: Which when our men, did per - lect - ly e -  
quite this in - iu - rie. And bound - ing them, with strong and migh - tie  
mea - sured to be seene. And yet sub - dued, with ma - nie o - thers

28 A Am G C D G C G Dsus4 D G

spie: Some lit - tle Barkes they sent to her, to board her qu - iet - ly.  
hand: They kild the men vn - till their Arke, did sinke in Cal - lice sand.  
more: And not a Ship of ours was lost, the Lord be thank there - fore.

spie: Some lit - tle Barkes they sent to her, to board her qu - iet - ly.  
hand: They kild the men vn - till their Arke, did sinke in Cal - lice sand.  
more: And not a Ship of ours was lost, the Lord be thank there - fore.

# How can the tree

lyrics by Thomas, Lord Vaux,  
(1509-1556)

Gm Gm D Gm F Gm D Dm A

How can the tree but waste and wi-ther a-way, That hath not  
 What foode-lesse beast can live long in good plight? Or is it  
 Where to serves eares, if that there be no sound? Or such a

5 Dm B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D Gm D Gm Dm Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> Cm

some time com-fort of the sunne? How can that flower but fade and soone de-  
 life where sen-ces there be none? Or what a-vail - eth eies, with-out their  
 head where no de-vice doth grow? But all of plaintes, since sor-row is the



10

D Dm E<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm B<sup>b</sup> F Gm Dsus4 D G E dim F C F

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies a tongue heart doth with to darke him pine clouds that is a - ver lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies a tongue heart doth with to darke him pine clouds that is a - ver lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies a tongue heart doth with to darke him pine clouds that is a - ver lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies a tongue heart doth with to darke him pine clouds that is a - ver lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies a tongue heart doth with to darke him pine clouds that is a - ver lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies a tongue heart doth with to darke him pine clouds that is a - ver lone? woe. Is this a life?

16

F Dm F Gm D Dm E<sup>b</sup> Cm B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm Cm Dsus4 D G

Nay; death you may it call That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

# I smile to see how you devise

verses 1-3

lyrics by John Lyly (1554?-1606)  
from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584

G G C G D G C D G C Dm F

I smile to see how you devise, New mask - ing nets my  
The se - cret sighs and fain - ed cheare, That oft doth paine thy  
The Sa - la - man - der in the fire, By course of kinde doth

I smile to see how you devise, New mask - ing nets my  
The se - cret sighs and fain - ed cheare, That oft doth paine thy  
The Sa - la - man - der in the fire, By course of kinde doth

I smile to see how you devise, New mask - ing nets my  
The se - cret sighs and fain - ed cheare, That oft doth paine thy  
The Sa - la - man - der in the fire, By course of kinde doth

I smile to see how you devise, New mask - ing nets my  
The se - cret sighs and fain - ed cheare, That oft doth paine thy  
The Sa - la - man - der in the fire, By course of kinde doth

4 Dm A sus4 A D G C G D G C D G C Am D F

eies to bleare: your self you can - not so dis - guise: But as you are, you  
care - full brest: To me right plain - ly doth ap - peare, I see in whom thy  
bathe his limmes: The flot - ing Fish taketh his de - sire, In run - ning streams where -

eies to bleare: your self you can - not so dis - guise: But as you are, you  
care - full brest: To me right plain - ly doth ap - peare, I see in whom thy  
bathe his limmes: The flot - ing Fish taketh his de - sire, In run - ning streams where -

eies to bleare: your self you can - not so dis - guise: But as you are, you  
care - full brest: To me right plain - ly doth ap - peare, I see in whom thy  
bathe his limmes: The flot - ing Fish taketh his de - sire, In run - ning streams where -

eies to bleare: your self you can - not so dis - guise: But as you are, you  
care - full brest: To me right plain - ly doth ap - peare, I see in whom thy  
bathe his limmes: The flot - ing Fish taketh his de - sire, In run - ning streams where -

8 G D sus4 D G D m G m D m G m D D m F A m B<sup>b</sup> A sus4 A D

must ap - peare. your pri - uie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your rou - ing mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That loue no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

must ap - peare. your pri - uie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your rou - ing mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That loue no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

must ap - peare. your pri - uie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your rou - ing mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That loue no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

must ap - peare. your pri - uie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your rou - ing mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That loue no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

12 D m A m B<sup>b</sup> F G m C F B<sup>b</sup> F G m C C D sus4 D G

your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
 yet think I know as well as thou, The fic - kle helm doth guide the ship.  
 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieeth thy minde.

your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
 yet think I know as well as thou, The fic - kle helm doth guide the ship.  
 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieeth thy minde.

your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
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 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieeth thy minde.

your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
 yet think I know as well as thou, The fic - kle helm doth guide the ship.  
 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieeth thy minde.

# I smile to see how you deise

verses 4-5

lyrics by John Lyly (1554?-1606)  
from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584

G G C G D G C D G C Dm F

I see him smile that doth posse Thy loue which once I  
There fore leaue off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

I see him smile that doth posse Thy loue which once I  
There fore leaue off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

I see him smile that doth posse Thy loue which once I  
There fore leaue off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

I see him smile that doth posse Thy loue which once I  
There fore leaue off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

4 Dm A sus4 A D G C G D G C D G C Am D F

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy loue soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - uise a waie, To dark the Sun that

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy loue soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - uise a waie, To dark the Sun that

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy loue soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - uise a waie, To dark the Sun that

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy loue soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - uise a waie, To dark the Sun that

8 G D<sup>sus4</sup> D G D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D D<sup>m</sup> F A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>sus4</sup> A D

soon be lost. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil loue thee a - lone:  
 shines so cleare. And keep thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him thy loue sup - plie,

8 soon be lost. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil loue thee a - lone:  
 shines so cleare. And keep thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him thy loue sup - plie,

8 soon be lost. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil loue thee a - lone:  
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soon be lost. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil loue thee a - lone:  
 shines so cleare. And keep thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him thy loue sup - plie,

12 D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F G<sup>m</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> F G<sup>m</sup> C C D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - uorie sent is gone.  
 Least he at length as I haue done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

8 Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - uorie sent is gone.  
 Least he at length as I haue done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

8 Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - uorie sent is gone.  
 Least he at length as I haue done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - uorie sent is gone.  
 Least he at length as I haue done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

# If that you list, now merry be

lyrics by Arthur Halliarg  
from a broadside (1601-1640?)  
tune is Loth to Depart

D D B $\flat$  F Gm D Gm

If that you list, now mer - ry be, Lend list - ning  
The Coo - per walk - ed downe the streete, And with the  
Cooper, quoth the Bruer, come he - ther to me, Per - chance I

6 D Gm D Gm D D Am D Gm F Gm

eares a while to me, To heare a song of a Bru - er  
Bru - er chanc'd to mee: He cal - led, - Worke for a Coo - per,  
haue some worke for thee: If that thy do - ings I doe well

12 D Gm D G Am D G

bold, dame; That meant a Coo - per to cuc - - kold.  
like, Thou shalt haue glad to hear the same.  
like, Thou shalt haue worke for all this weeke.

The Cooper with cap and curtesie low,  
Said, ready I am my tunning to show;  
To doe your worke, sir, euery deale.  
I doe not doubt to doe it well.

Then, quoth this lustie Bruer tho,  
If thou my worke doest meane to doe,  
Come to me to morrow before it be day,  
To hoope vp these old tubs out of the way.

And so to make vp my merry rime,  
The Cooper the next day rose betime;  
To the Bruers gate he tooke his race,  
And knocked there a great pace.

The Bruer leapt from his bed to the flore,  
And to the Cooper he opned the dore;  
He shewed him his worke without delay;  
To the Coopers wife then he tooke the way.

The Cooper he called at mind at last,  
His hatchet he had left at home for hast:  
And home for his hatchet he must goe,  
Before he could worke; the cause it was so.

But when he came his house somewhat nere,  
His wife by fortune did him heare:  
Alas! said she, what shift shall we make?  
My husband is come,-- you will be take!

O Lord! sayd the Bruer, what shall I doe?  
How shall I hide me? where shall I goe?  
Said shee,-- if you will not be espide,  
Creepe vnder this fat yourselfe to hide.

The Bruer he crept vnder the same,  
And blundering in the Cooper came:  
About the shop his tubs he cast,  
To finde out his hatchet all in hast.

Then his curst wife began to prate,--  
If thou let out my pig, ile breake thy pate!  
A pig, said the Cooper, I know of none;  
If thou hadst not spoke, the pig had bin gone.

If it be a sow-pig, said the Cooper,  
Let me haue him rosted for my supper:  
It is a bore-pig, man, said she,  
For my owne dyet, and not for thee.

It is hard if a woman cannot haue a bit,  
But straightway her husband must know of it.  
A bore-pig, said the Cooper, so me thinks;  
He is so ramish,-- fie, how he stinkes!

Well, sayd the Cooper, so I might thriue,  
I would he were in thy belly aliue.  
I thanke you for your wish, good man;  
It may chance it shall be there anon.

The Bruer that vnder the fat did lye,  
Like a pig did assay to grunt and crie:  
But, alas! his voice was nothing small;  
He cryed so big that he mard all.

Wife, said the Cooper, this is no pig,  
But an old hog, he grunteth so big!  
He lift vp the fat then by and by;  
There lay the Bruer like a bore in a stie.

Wife, said the Cooper, thou wilt lie like a dog!  
This is no pig, but a very old hog:  
I sweare, quoth the Cooper, I doe not like him;  
Ile knock him on the head ere ile keepe him.

O Lord! said the Bruer, serue me not so;  
Hold thy hand, Cooper, and let me goe,  
And I will giue thee both ale and beere,  
To find thy house this sixe or seauen yeare.

I will none of thy ale nor yet of thy beere,  
For feare I be poisoned wiin seauen yeere!  
Why, sayd the Bruer, if thou mistrust,  
Hold here the keyes of my best chest;

And there is gold and siluer store,  
Will serue thee so long and somewhat more:  
If there be store, quoth the Cooper, I say,  
I will not come emptie-handed away.

The Cooper went and filled his hat;  
The Bruer shall pay for vsing my fat!  
The hooping of twentie tubs euery day,  
And not gaine me so much as I doe this way.

When he came againe his house within,--  
Packed away, quod he, Bruer, with your broken shin;  
And vnder my fat creepe no more,  
Except you make wiser bargaines before.

# In a groue most rich of shade

verses 1-4

lyrics by Sir Philip Sydney  
from *Astrophel and Stella*,

1591

G Em F C Gsus4 G C F Gm D

In a groue most rich of shade,  
As tro-phell with Stel-la sweet  
Wept they had, a las the while,  
But when their tongues could not speake,  
Where Birds wan - - -  
Did for mu - - -  
But now teares  
Loue it selfe

4 B<sup>b</sup> Fsus4 F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm Gm D

ton Mu - sicke made,  
tuall com - fort meet,  
them - selves did smile,  
did si - lence breake:  
May then in his  
Both with - in them - - -  
While their eyes by  
Loue did set his



6

Dm Asus4 A D Gm Gm Am Dm C Am G

pide weeds shew - - - ing,  
selues op - press - - - ed,  
Loue di - rect - - - ed,  
lips a - sun - - - der,

New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
But ei - ther in each other  
In - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
Thus to speake in Loue and

8

pide weeds shew - ing,  
selues op - - - press - ed,  
Loue di - - - rect - ed,  
lips a - - - sun - der,

New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
But ei - ther in each other  
In - - - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
Thus to speake in Loue and

pide weeds shew - - - ing, New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
selues op - press - - - ed, But ei - ther in each other  
Loue di - rect - - - ed, In - - - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
lips a - sun - - - der, Thus to speake in Loue and

pide weeds shew - - - ing, New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
selues op - press - - - ed, But ei - ther in each other  
Loue di - rect - - - ed, In - - - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
lips a - sun - - - der, Thus to speake in Loue and

8

1. Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D Gm D

2. Dsus4 D G

grow - ing.  
bless - ed.  
flect - ed.  
won - der.

May then in his  
Both with - in them - -  
While their eyes by  
Loue did set his

grow - ing.  
bless - ed.  
flect - ed.  
won - der.

grow - ing.  
bless - ed.  
flect - ed.  
won - der.

grow - ing.  
bless - ed.  
flect - ed.  
won - der.

grow - ing. May  
bless - ed. Both  
flect - ed. While  
won - der. Loue

then in his  
with - in them - -  
their eyes by  
did set his

grow - ing.  
bless - ed.  
flect - ed.  
won - der.

grow - ing.  
bless - ed.  
flect - ed.  
won - der.

# In a groue most rich of shade

verses 5-8

lyrics by Sir Philip Sydney  
from *Astrophel and Stella*,

1591

G Em F C Gsus4 G C F Gm D

Stel - la, soue - raigne of my Ioy, Fair Tri - um - - -  
Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray, (Knees on ground  
There his hands in their speach faine Would haue made  
There - with - all, a - way she went, Lea - uing him

4 B $\flat$  Fsus4 F B $\flat$  F Dm Gm D

phres in an - noy: Stel - la, starre of  
he then did stay) That not I but  
tongues lan - guage plaine But her hands his  
with pas - sion rent, With what she had

6

Dm Asus4 A D Gm Gm Am Dm C Am G

hea - uen - ly fire, since I proue you, hands com - pel - ling, done and spo - ken, Stel - la, load - starre of Time and place for me nere Gaue re - pulse, all grace ex - That there - with my song is

8

hea - uen - ly fire, since I proue you, hands com - pel - ling, done and spo - ken, Stel - la, load - starre of Time and place for me nere Gaue re - pulse, all grace ex - That there - with my song is

8

hea - uen - ly fire, since I proue you, hands com - pel - ling, done and spo - ken, Stel - la, load - starre of Time and place for me nere Gaue re - pulse, all grace ex - That there - with my song is

hea - uen - ly fire, since I proue you, hands com - pel - ling, done and spo - ken, Stel - la, load - starre of Time and place for me nere Gaue re - pulse, all grace ex - That there - with my song is

8

1. Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D Gm D 2. Dsus4 D G

de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken. Stel - la, starre of That not I but But her hands his With what she had de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken.

8

de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken. Stel - la, starre of That not I but But her hands his With what she had de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken.

8

de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken. Stel - la, starre of That not I but But her hands his With what she had de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken.

de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken. Stel - la, starre of That not I but But her hands his With what she had de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken.

**John Tomson, and Jakaman his Wife:**  
**Whose Jeslousie was justly, the cause of all their strife.**

lyrics from an anonymous  
ballad registered in 1586,  
tune is Pegge of Ramsey

C G C Dm G C G D G C

But When I was a Bat - che - lour I liv'd a mer - ry life: But  
when I was a pren - tice bound, and my In - den - tures made: In

5 G D G D G D G C G C Dm G

now I am a mar - ried man, and trou - bled with a wife, I can - not doe as  
ma - ny faults I have beene found, yet ne - ver thus a - fraid. For if I chance now

10 C G D G C G D G D

I have done, be - cause I live in feare: If I goe but to Is - ling - ton, my  
by the way, a wo - man for to kisse: The rest are rea - dy for to say, thy

15

G D G C G C Dm G C G D

wife is watch - ing there. Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low  
 wife shall know of this. this.

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low

20

G C G D G D G D G

hose: For now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.  
 hose: For now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.  
 hose: For now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.

hose: For now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.

Thus when I come in company,  
 I passe my mirth in feare:  
 For one or other merrily,  
 will say my wife is there.  
 And then my look dooth make them laugh,  
 to see my wofull case:  
 How I stand like John hold my staffe,  
 and dare not shew my face.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

Good wife (quoth she) now doe not scould,  
 I will doe so no more:  
 I thought I might have beene so bolde,  
 I knowing him before,  
 With that my wife was almost mad,  
 yet many did intreat her:  
 And I, God knowes, was very sad,  
 for feare she would have beat her.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

This maketh Batchelers to woove,  
 so long before they wed:  
 Because they heare that women now,  
 will be their Husbands head.  
 And seven yeare long I taried,  
 for Jakaman my wife:  
 But now that I am married,  
 I am weary of my life.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

Then comes a handsome woman in,  
 and shakes me by the hand:  
 But how my wife she did begin,  
 now you shall understand.  
 Faire dame (quoth she) why dost thou so,  
 he gave his hand to me:  
 And thou shalt know before thou goe,  
 he is no man for thee.  
 Give me my yellow hose. etc.

Thus marriage is an enterprise,  
 Experience doth show:  
 But scolding is an exercise,  
 that married men doe know.  
 For all this while there was no blowes,  
 yet still their tongues was talking:  
 And very faine would yellow hose,  
 have had her fists a walking.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

For yellow love is too too bad,  
 without all wit or pollicie:  
 And too much love hath made her mad,  
 and filld her full of Jelousie.  
 Shee thinkes I am in love with those,  
 I speake to passing by:  
 That makes her weare the yellow hose,  
 I gave her for to dye.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

# Leave lightie love, Ladies

lyrics from a broadside ballad  
by Leonarde Gybson c.1570  
tune is Leave lightie love

F F C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F F C F

By force I am fixed by my fan - cie to write, In - gra - ti - tude wil - leth mee and  
With Di - an so chaste you seeme to com - pare, When Hel - lens you bee, and

4 B<sup>b</sup> C F F C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F F C F

not to re - fraine: Then blame me not, La - dies, al - though I in - dite What ligh - ty loue now a -  
hang on her trayne: Mee thinkes faith - full This - bies be now ve - ry rare, Not one Cle - o - pa - tra, I

8 Gm C F Gm F B<sup>b</sup> F C F

mongst you doth raigne. Your tra - ces in pla - ces, with out - ward al - lure - ments, Doth  
doubt, doth re - mayne; You wincke and you twincke, tyll Cu - pid haue caught, And

11 B<sup>b</sup> F Gm C F Gm F

mooue my en - dea - uour to be the more playne: Your nic - yngs and tic - ings, with  
 for - ceth through flames your lo - uers to sue: Your lygh - tie loue, La - dies, too

14 B<sup>b</sup> F C F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm C F

sun - drie pro - cure - mentes, To pub - lish your ligh - tie loue doth mee con - strayne  
 deere they haue bought, When no - thyng wyll mooue you their caus - es to rue.

I speake not for spite, ne do I disdayne,  
 Your beautie fayre Ladies, in any respect:  
 But ones Ingratitude doth mee constrayne,  
 As childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect:  
 For proovyng in lovyng, I finde by good triall,  
 When Beautie had brought mee unto her becke:  
 She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,  
 And shewyng her lightie love, gave mee the checke.

Thus fraude for frendship, did lodge in her brest,  
 Suche are most women, that when they espie,  
 Their lovers inflamed with sorowes opprest,  
 They stande then with Cupid against their replie  
 They taunte, and they vaunte, they smile when they vew  
 How Cupid had caught them under his trayne,  
 But warned, discerned, the prooffe is most true,  
 That lightie love Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

Consider that poyson doth lurke oftentyne  
 In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:  
 And fayre wordes paynted, as Dames can define,  
 The olde Proverbe saith, doth make some fooles faine:  
 Be wise and precise, take warning by mee,  
 Trust not the Crocodile, least you do rue:  
 To womens faire wordes, do never agree:  
 For all is but lightie love, this is most true.

I touche no such Ladies, as true love imbrace,  
 But suche as to lightie love dayly applie:  
 And none wyll be grieved, in this kinde of case,  
 Save suche as are minded, true love to denie:  
 Yet frendly and kindly, I shew you my minde,  
 Fayre Ladies I wish you, to use it no more,  
 But say what you list, thus I have definde,  
 That lightie love Ladies, you ought to abhore.

# Maid, wil you marie

lyrics by Clement Robinson  
from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584  
tune is the Blacke Almayne

Maid, wil you ma - rie? I pray sir tar - ie, I am not dis - po - sed to wed a:  
For he that shal haue me, wil ne - uer de - ny me he shal haue my mai - den - hed a.

5 Why then you wil not wed me? No sure sire I haue sped me, You must go seeke some

11 o - ther wight, That bet - ter may your heart de - light. For I am sped I tell you true, Be -



16 Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm C D G Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm C D G

leeu me it greeus me, I may not haue you, To wed you & bed you as a wo - man shold be

For if I could, be sure I would,  
 consent to your desire:  
 I would not doubt, to bring about,  
 ech thing you would require:  
 But promise now is made,  
 Which cannot be staide:  
 It is a womans honestie,  
 To keep her promise faithfully.  
 And so I do meane til death to do.  
 Consider and gather, that this is true:  
 Choose it, and vse it, the honester you.

But if you seek, for to misleeke,  
 with this that I haue done:  
 Or else disdaine, that I so plaine  
 this talke with you haue begone:  
 Farewell I wil not let you,  
 He fisheth wel that gets you.  
 And sure I thinke your other friend,  
 Wil prooue a Cuckold in the end:  
 But he wil take heed if he be wise,  
 To watch you & catch you, with Argus eies,  
 Besetting and letting your wonted guise.

Although the Cat doth winke a while,  
 yet sure she is not blinde:  
 It is the waie for to beguile,  
 the Mice that run behind:  
 And if she see them running,  
 Then straight way she is comming:  
 Upon their head she claps her foote,  
 To striue with her it is no boote.  
 The seelie poore Mice dare neuer play,  
 She catcheth and snatcheth them euery day,  
 Yet whip they, & skip they, when she is away.

And if perhaps they fall in trap,  
 to death then must they yeeld:  
 They were better then, to haue kept their den  
 than straie abroad the field:  
 But they that will be ranging,  
 Shall soone repent their changing:  
 And so shall you ere it be long,  
 Wherefore remember well my song:  
 And do not snuffe though I be plaine,  
 But cherily, merily, take the same.  
 For huffing & snuffing deserueth blame.

For where you say you must obay,  
 the promise you haue made,  
 So sure as I wil neuer flie,  
 from that I haue said:  
 Therefore to them I leaue you,  
 Which gladly wil receiue you:  
 You must go choose some other mate,  
 According to your own estate.  
 For I do meane to liue in rest,  
 Go seek you, and leek you an other guest,  
 And choose him, and vse him, as you like best.

# The mery Miller of Mansfield

lyrics from an anonymous  
broadside ballad, 1584-1627?  
tune is La Volta

1

G G D Em D G D C D Em

Hen - ry our ro - iall King would goe on hunt - ing, To the greene for - rest most  
All a - long Sum - mers day, rode the King plea - sant - ly, With all his prin - ces and  
Wan - dring thus wear - i - ly, all a - lone up and downe, With a rude Mil - ler he

4

C D G G D Em D

plea - sant and faire: To have the Hart cha - ced, the dain - ty Does trip - ping,  
no - bles each one: Chas - ing the Hart and Hind, and the Bucke gal - lant - ly,  
met at the last: Ask - ing the rea - dy way un - to faire Not - ting - ham.

7

G D G D Em C D G G C G C

Unto mer - ry Sher - wood his no - bles re - paire. Hauke and hound, was un -  
Till the darke eve - ning in - forst them turne home. then at last ri - ding  
Sir quoth the Mil - ler your way you have lost. yet I thinke, what I

10      Am            D            G                            G            C            G                            G            D            G

bound, all things pre - pard, for the same, to the game with good re - gard.  
fast he had lost quite, all his Lords in the woods, late in darke night.  
thinke truth for to say, you doe not light - ly goe but of your way.

Why what dost thou thinke of me quoth our king merily  
Passing thy judgement upon me so breefe:  
Good faith quoth the Miller I meane not to flatter,  
I gesse thee to be but a gentleman theefe.  
stand thee backe in the darke light not a downe,  
least that I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much (quoth our king) saying thus,  
I am a gentleman, lodging I lacke:  
Thou hast quoth the miller not a grote in thy purse,  
All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe.  
I have gold to discharge all that I call,  
If it be fortie pence I wil pay all.

If thou beest a true man then answered the miller,  
I swear by my tole dish ile lodge thee all night,  
Heres my hand quoth our King that I was ever:  
Nay soft quoth the miller thou mayst be a sprite.  
better ile know thee ere hands I will shake,  
with none but with honest men hands I will take.

Thus they went al along unto the millers house  
Where they were seething of Puddings and souse:  
The miller first entred in, after him went the king:  
Never came he in so smokie a house.  
now quoth he let me see, heere what you are,  
quoth our king looke your fill, and doe not spare.

Here quoth the Miller, good fellow I drinke to thee,  
and to all courtnoles that curteous be,  
I pledge thee quoth our King, and thanke thee hartily  
For my good welcome in every degree.  
and here in like manner I drinke to thy son,  
do so quoth Richard and quicke let it come.

Wife quoth the miller now fetch me foorth lightfoot,  
that we of his sweetnes a little may taste:  
A faire Venson pastie then brought she foorth presently,  
Eate quoth the miller, but sir make no waste.  
Here is good lightfoot, in faith quoth our King,  
I never eate so daintie a thing.

Ywis said Richard no dainty at all it is.  
For we do eate of it everie daie,  
In what place said our king maie be bought like this,  
We never pay pennie for it by my faye:  
from merie Sherwood we fetch it home here,  
now and then we make bolde with the Kings deer.

Doubt not quoth our King my promised secrecie,  
the King shall never know more ont for me,  
a cup then of lamps wool they drunke strait unto him then,  
and so to their beds they past presently:  
the nobles next morning went al up and downe  
for to seeke out the King in every towne.

at last at this millers house some did espy him plain  
as he was mounting upon his faire steed:  
to whom they ran presently falling downe on their knees  
Which made the millers heart wofully bleed,  
shaking and quaking before him he stood,  
thinking he should have been hangd by the rood

The King perceiving him fearful and trembling  
Drew out his sword, but nothing he sed:  
The miller down did fall crying before them all  
Doubting the King would have cut of his head.  
but he his kinde curtesie strait to requite,  
gave him great living, and dubbd him a Knight.

# The mery miller's wooing of the Baker's daughter of Manchester.

lyrics from an anonymous  
ballad, 1584-1627 ?  
tune is Nutmegs and Ginger

G G D G C Dsus4 D G

The mil - ler, in his best ar - ray would needs a woo - inge ride To  
In Man - ches - ter a ba - ker dwels, Who had a daugh - ter fayre: Her

5 G D G C Dsus4 D G

Man - ches - ter he takes his way Saint Cle - ment be his guide!  
beau - ty pass - ing - lye ex - cells; None may with her com - pare.

9 G G

He can singe, he can ringe, And doe many a pret - ty thinge.  
Her he leekes, her he seekes, And com - mends her crim - son cheeks.

11 Am Am Em Am D

He can pipe daunce a downe,  
He would pipe her daunce a downe,

No man bet - ter in the towne. His  
Be - fore a - nye in the towne. But

13 G G C Dsus4 D G

face is fayre, and curl - ed is his hayre. Miles they this mil - ler call.  
she is coye, and lov - eth not to toye, Beau - ty makes her dis - daine.

"Sweet," sayd the miller, "be not strange,  
But blythely looke in me.  
Unto my mill I praye you range,  
Where we will merrye be.  
Lad nor lowne in the towne  
Shall better teach you daunce a downe.  
While my mill goes click a clackke,  
I will set yow on a sacke.  
Sweete, goe with me  
where we will pleasant be."  
"Fye," sayde shee, "howe yow faigne."

Now they are in the merry mill,  
Where Miles the daunce doth play,  
And woon the maiden's heart's good will:  
She could not start awaye.  
So he playd that the mayde  
To her mother plainly sayde,  
"I have learnd to daunce a downe,  
The prettyest sport in all this towne.  
The miller hee  
did teach the same to me:  
He shall my husbände be."

Thus are the miller and the mayde  
A marryed couple now.  
The matter nothing was delayd;  
Their friends the same allow.  
You that woo learne to doo  
As the miller teacheth yow.  
Neither gloves, nor tokens, bringe;  
But daunce a downe teach mayds to sing.  
Else favour none  
unto yow will be showne,  
Although yow dye for love.

# My fancie did I fixe

An excellent Song of an outcast Lover

Clement Robinson, 1584  
tune is All in a Garden Green

C C F C F C G C

My fan - cie did I fixe, in faith - ful forme and frame: in  
But one, and that was she, whom I in heart did shrine: And  
And sure my sute was hearde, I spent no time in vaine: A

5 F C F C G C

hope ther shuld no blust - ring blast haue power to moue the same.  
made ac - count that pre - tious pearle, and je - wel rich was mine.  
grant of friend - ship at her hand, I got to quite my paine.

9 C F G C Am G C F C

And as the Gods do know, and world can wit - nesse beare: I ne - uer ser - ued  
No toile, nor la - bour great, could wea - rie me here - in: For stil I had a  
With so - lemne vowe and othe. was knit the True - loue knot, And friend - ly did we

14      Dm                                  Em                                  F                                  C                                  G      C      Gsus4   G      C

o - ther Saint, I  
Ja - sons heart, For  
treat of loue, And

ne - uer ser - ued  
stil I had a  
friend - ly did we

o - ther Saint, nor  
Ja - sons heart, the  
treat of loue, as

I - doll o - ther  
gold - en fleece to  
place and time we

where.  
win.  
got.

Now would we send our sighs,  
as far as they might go,  
Now would we worke with open signes,  
to blaze our inward wo.  
Now rings and tokens too,  
renude our friendship stil,  
And ech deuce that could be wrought,  
express our plaine goodwill,

True meaning went withall,  
it cannot be denide:  
Performance of the promise past,  
was hopte for of ech side:  
And lookt for out of hand:  
such vowes did we two make,  
As God himself had present been,  
record thereof to take.

And for my part I swaere,  
by all the Gods aboue,  
I neuer thought of other friend,  
nor sought for other loue.  
The same consent in her,  
I saw ful oft appeare,  
If eies could see, or head could judge,  
or eare had power to heare.

Yet loe words are but winde,  
an other new come guest,  
Hath won her fauour (as I feare)  
as fancies rise in brest.  
Her friend that wel deserues,  
is out of countenaunce quite,  
She makes the game to see me shoot,  
while others hit the white.

He way wel beat the bush,  
as manie thousands doo:  
And misse the birds, and haply loose  
his part of feathers too.  
He hops without the ring,  
yet daunceth on the trace,  
When some come after soft and faire,  
a heaue hobling pace.

In these vnconstant daies,  
such troth these women haue:  
As wauering as the aspen leaf  
they are, so God me saue.  
For no deserts of men  
are weid, what ere they be:  
For in a mood their minds are led  
with new delights we see.

The guiltlesse goeth to wrack,  
the gorgeous peacocks gay:  
They do esteem vpon no cause,  
and turne their friends away.  
I blame not al for one,  
some flowers grow by the weeds,  
Some are as sure as lock and key,  
and just of words and deeds.

And yet of one I waile,  
of one I crie and plaine:  
And for her sake shall neuer none,  
so nip my heart againe:  
If for offence or fault.  
I had been floong at heele:  
The lesse had been my bitter smart,  
and gnawing greefe I feele.

But being once reteind,  
a friend by her consent:  
And after that to be disdaind,  
when best good will I ment,  
I take it nothing well,  
for if my power could show,  
With Larum bel and open crie,  
the world should throughly know.

# My true love hath my hart

Sir Philip Sidney, 1590

Charita's song

D D A D G A D G A D G

My true love hath my hart, and I have his, By just ex -  
His hart in his wound re - cea - ved from my sight: My hart was

7 C Am G C D G Am C D G

change, one for the o - ther giv'ne. I holde his  
him, his ed, with and his sen - ses guides: hart, He loves my  
wound - ed For as from

13 G C Am D G Am G Am E

deare, I holde his deare, and myne he can - not misse:  
hart, He loves my hart, me, for as from me, me, and for on once him his was hurt his did owne:  
me, me, and for on once him his was hurt his did light,



19      A      D      Am      C      D      A      G      D      A      D      Am

There ne - ver was a bet - ter bar - gaine driv'ne. Both  
I cher - ish his, be - cause in his me it hurt did bides. smart:

26      D      G      Am      Dm      E      A      Dm      Am      D      Am

e - quell hurt, in this change sought our blisse: My true love

33      G      C      D      G      Am      Em      G      D      Am      G      D      A      D

hath my true love hath my hart my hart my hart and I have his.

# My true love hath my hart

## Dametas' reply

Sir Philip Sidney, 1590

D D A D G A D G A D G

O words that fall like sum - mer dew on me, O breath more  
Gay haire, more gay than straw when har - vest me, Lips red and  
But thou white skin, as white as curds well pressed, So smooth as

7 C Am G C D G Am C D G

sweet, than is cher - the grow - ing beane; O tongue in  
plump, as stone, like ry's it rud - die side; Eyes fair and  
sleek stone, like it smooths each part: And thou dear

13 G C Am D G Am G Am E

which, O tongue in which all ho - neyed li - quors be,  
great, eyes fair and great like fair great oxes' quors  
flesh, and thou dear flesh, as soft as as wool new eyes;  
dressed.

19      A      D      Am      C      D      A      G      D      A      D      Am

O voyce that doth the thrush in shrill-nesse staine; Doe  
 O breast in which two as white brawn sheep made swell in hard by pride, art: Joyne  
 And yet as hard as as

26      D      G      Am      Dm      E      A      Dm      Am      D      Am

you say still, this is her pro - mise due That she is  
 you with but say, to next seal four their say - ing due seal. That she be  
 four but say, to next seal four their say - ing due seal. But you must

33      G      C      D      G      Am      Em      G      D      Am      G      D      A      D

mine, mine, pay, that she be you must mine, as the I gage as the I gage as the I to her am true.  
 mine, pay, but you must pay the gage the gage the gage of pro - mis'd true. weal.

# The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie

Thomas Deloney, 1588?

C C F C G C G C

With in the yeare of Christ our Lord a thou - sand and fiue hun - dreth full: And  
Her Ro - yall ships to sea she sent, to garde the coast on e - ue - rie side And  
In Es - sex faire that fer - till soile, vp - on the hill of Tils - bu - ry: To  
And on the eight of Au - gust she, from faire St. Iames tooke her way: With

5 C F C G C G C

eight - ie eight by iust re - cord the which no man may dis - a - null.  
see - ing how her foes were bent, her realme full well she did pro - uide.  
giue our Spa - nish foes the foile, in gal - lant campe they now do lye.  
ma - ny Lords of high de - gree, in prince - ly robes and rich a - ray.

9 C G Am G C G Am G

And in the thir - ti-eth yeare re - main - ing, of good Queene E - liz - a - beths rain - ing.  
With ma - ny thou - sands so pre - par - ed, as like was ne - uer erst de - clar - ed,  
Where good or - ders is or - dain - ed, and true ius - tice eke main - tain - ed,  
And to barge vp - on the wa - ter, be - ing King Hen - ryes roy - all daugh - ter,

13 C F C B<sup>b</sup> C F Dm C G C

A might - ie pow - er  
Of horse - men and  
For the pu -  
She did goe

there was pre - par - ed  
of foote - men plen - tie,  
nish - ment of per - sons,  
with trum - pets sound - ing,

By Phi - lip, then the  
whose good harts full  
that are lewde or  
and with dub - bing

king of Spaine:  
well is seene  
bad - ly bent.  
drums a - pace:

17 C F C B<sup>b</sup> C F Dm C G C

A - gainst the maid - en  
In the safe - garde  
To see a sight so  
A - long the Thames

Queene of Eng - land,  
of their coun - trie,  
straunge in Eng - land,  
that fa - mous ri - uer,

which in peace be - fore did raigne.  
and the ser - uice  
t'was our gra - cious  
for to view the

of our Queene.  
Queenes in - tent.  
campe a space.

When she as farre as Grauesend came,  
right ouer against that prettie towne:  
Her royall grace with all her traine,  
was landed there with great renoune.  
The Lords and Captaines of her forces,  
mounted on their gallant horses,  
Readie stood to entertaine her,  
like martiall men of courage bold:  
Welcome to the campe dread soueraigne,  
thus they said both yong and old.

The Bulworkes strong that stood thereby,  
well garded with sufficient men:  
Their flags were spred couragiously,  
their cannons were discharged then.  
Each Gunner did declare his cunning,  
for ioy conceiued of her coming.  
All the way her Grace was riding,  
on each side stood armed men:  
With Muskets, Pikes, and good Calceuers,  
for her Graces safegarde then.

The Lord generall of the field,  
had there his bloudie auncient borne:  
The Lord marshals coulors eke,  
were carried there all rent and torne.  
The which with bullets was so burned,  
when in Flaunders he soiourned.  
Thus in warlike wise they martched  
euen as soft as foote could fall:  
Because her Grace was fully minded,  
perfectly to view them all.

Her faithfull souldiers great and small,  
as each one stood within his place:  
Vpon their knees began to fall,  
desiring God to saue her Grace.  
For ioy whereof her eyes was filled,  
that the water downe distilled.  
Lord blesse you all my friendes (she said)  
but doe not kneele so much to me:  
Then sent she warning to the rest,  
they should not let such reuerence be.

Then casting vp her Princely eyes,  
vnto the hill with perfect sight:  
The ground all couered, she espyes,  
with feet of armed souldiers bright.  
Whereat her royall hart so leaped,  
on her feet vpriight she stepped.  
Tossing vp her plume of feathers,  
to them all as they did stand:  
Chearfully her body bending,  
wauing of her royall hand.

And then bespake our noble Queene,  
my louing friends and councitmen:  
I hope this day the worst is seen,  
that in our wars ye shall sustain.  
But if our enimies do assaile you,  
neuer let your stomackes falle you.  
For in the midst of all your troupe,  
we our selues will be in place:  
To be your ioy, your guide and comfort,  
euen before your enimies face.

# Ring out your bells

Anon., 1600

G G G C G Am G

Ring out your bells! what should you do els? Stricke up your Drums for  
 Now let us pray, and keepe ho-ly - daye, The sea - ven-teenth day of No -  
 Three and for - ty years her grace writ - eth heare In glo - ry and great re -

5 D C G

joy! vem - ber; nowne; The For joy of her grace, in e - ver was seene In  
 For joy of her grace, in e - ver was seene In  
 E - liz - a - beth, whose lyke on earth Let Wore

8 C G D G C

Eng - land doth Raigne this day. The No - blest Queen that  
 us great prays - es Ren - der. For joy of her grace, in  
 ne - ver the Eng - lish Crowne. E - liz - a - beth, whose

e - ver was seene In Eng - land doth Raigne this day.  
 eve - ry place, Let us great prays - es Ren - der.  
 lyke on earth Wore ne - ver the Eng - lish Crowne.

To the glory of god  
 she hath made a Rod  
 Hir enemies to subdue;  
 And banisht away  
 all Papisticall play  
 And maintaynes the Ghospell true.

Such ships for the Seas,  
 her foes to feaze,  
 She hath made as never was seene;  
 With powder and shot  
 and Cannon so hot,  
 As never did any Queene.

Such Armor of prooffe,  
 with picks all a-looffe  
 (Her enemyes to with-stande),  
 She hath filled the tower  
 so full, at this howre,  
 As never was in this land.

Her stately Bowers,  
 her Castles and Towres,  
 She hath kept them up every one;  
 That none doe decay,  
 but stand goodlye and gay,  
 Repayred with lyme and stone.

The custome-howse keyes,  
 the fortes by the seas,  
 The blocke-howses everye one,  
 Were never so stronge,  
 continuing soe long;  
 For cost she hath spared none.

Those Rebels Route,  
 that were so stoute,  
 She hath quickly made them quaille.  
 By Sea and by lande,  
 she hath strength at hand,  
 To make them stricke their sayle.

The Muscovite  
 with many a knight,  
 The Swesians and Denmarke kinge,  
 To her good grace  
 send hither, a-pace,  
 For many a needfull thing.

The Scots can tell,  
 the Spaniards knowe well,  
 The Frenchmen cannot denye,  
 But her good grace,  
 toward every place  
 Doth carry a gracious eye.

Now let us take heede,  
 seinge well we speede,  
 That our synnes do not annoy  
 Our blessed joy,  
 and chyefest staye,  
 Because we have deservd it so.

Yet god, that doth see  
 her majestye  
 His servaunt in all assayes,  
 His grace will give  
 that she may lyve  
 Many prosperous yeares and dayes.

All yow that give eare  
 this song to heare,  
 With dilligent dutye all praye  
 That long upon earth  
 Elizabeth  
 Our Queene continue maye.

Finis

# Shall distance part our loue

A faithfull vow of two constant Louers

Clement Robinson, 1584

tune is New Rogero

G G Am F#dim G C G D G D

Shall dis - tance part our loue, or dai - ly choice of change? Or  
And for my part I vow, to serue for terme of life: Which

5 D G D G D G D sus4 D G

sprites be - low, or Gods a - boue, haue power, to make vs strange: No  
pro - mise may com - pare with her, which was V - lis - ses wife. Which

9 G Am F#dim G C G D G D

no - thing here on earth, that kinde hath made or wrought, Shall  
vow if I too breake, let ven - geance on me fall, Eche



13      D                    G                    D                    G                    D                    G      D sus4      D                    G

force me to for - get. good - will, good - will so deare - ly bought.  
 plague that on the earth may raigne, I aske not one, but all.

Though time may breede suspect,  
 to fill your hart with toyes:  
 And absence may a mischeffe breede,  
 to let your wished ioyes:  
 Yet thinke I haue a troth,  
 and honesty to keepe:  
 And weigh the time your loue hath dwelt,  
 within my hart so deep.

And peise the words I spake,  
 and marke my countenance then:  
 And let not slip no earnest sigh,  
 if thou remember can.  
 At least forget no teares,  
 that trickled downe my face:  
 And marke howe oft I wroong your hand,  
 and blushed all the space.

Remember how I sware,  
 and strook there with my brest:  
 In witnesse when thou partst me fro,  
 my heart with thee should rest.  
 Thinke on the eger lookes,  
 full loth to leaue thy sight,  
 That made the signes when that she list,  
 to like no other wight.

If this be out of thought,  
 yet call to minde againe,  
 The busie sute, the much adoe,  
 the labour and the paine,  
 That at the first I had,  
 ere thy good will I gate:  
 And think how for thy loue alone,  
 I purchase partly hate.

But all is one with me,  
 my heart so settled is:  
 No friend, nor foe, nor want of wealth,  
 shall neuer hurt in this.  
 Be constant now therefore,  
 and faithfull to the end?  
 Be carefull how we both may do,  
 to be ech others friend.

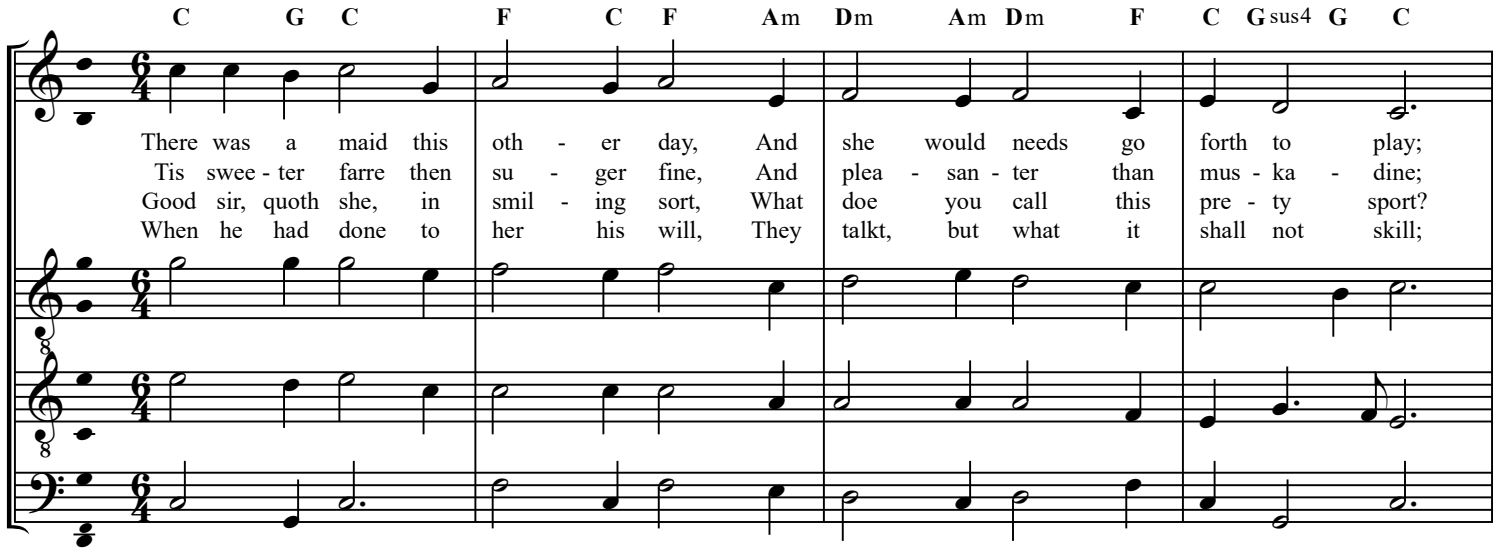
With free and cleane consent,  
 two hearts in one I knit:  
 Which for my part, I vow to keep,  
 and promise not to flit,  
 Now let this vow be kept,  
 exchange thy heart for mine:  
 So shal two harts be in one breast,  
 and both of them be thine.

# Watkins ale

verses 1-4

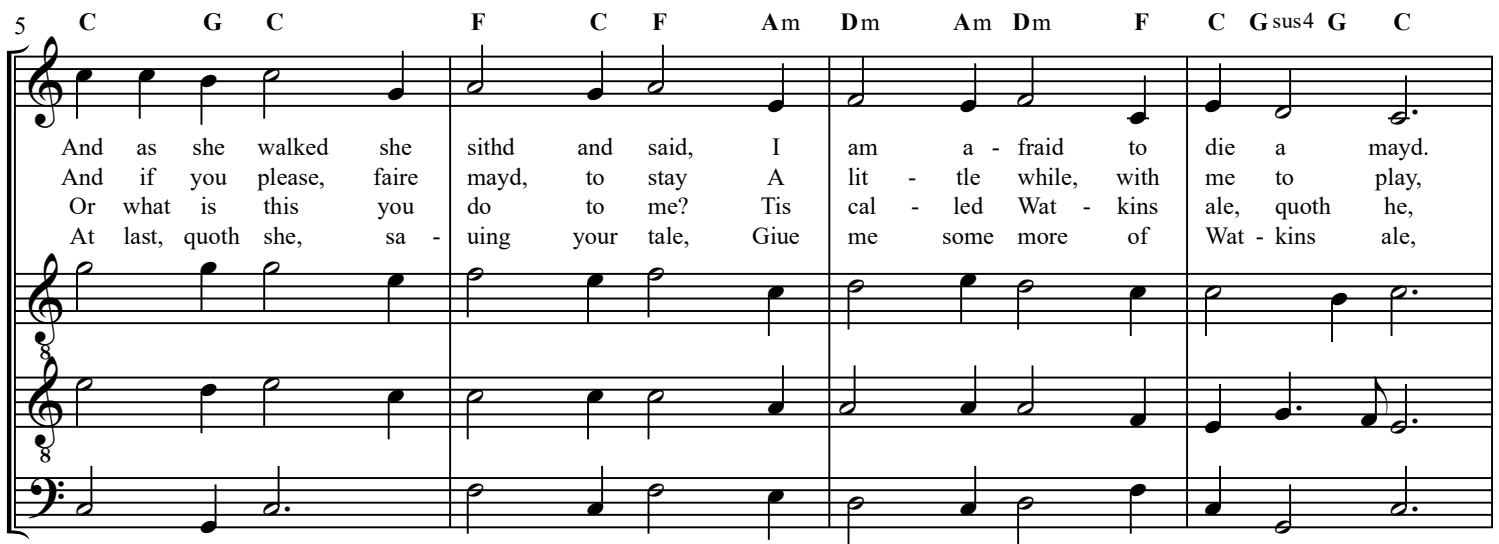
Anon., c.1590

C G C F C F Am Dm Am Dm F C G<sup>sus4</sup> G C



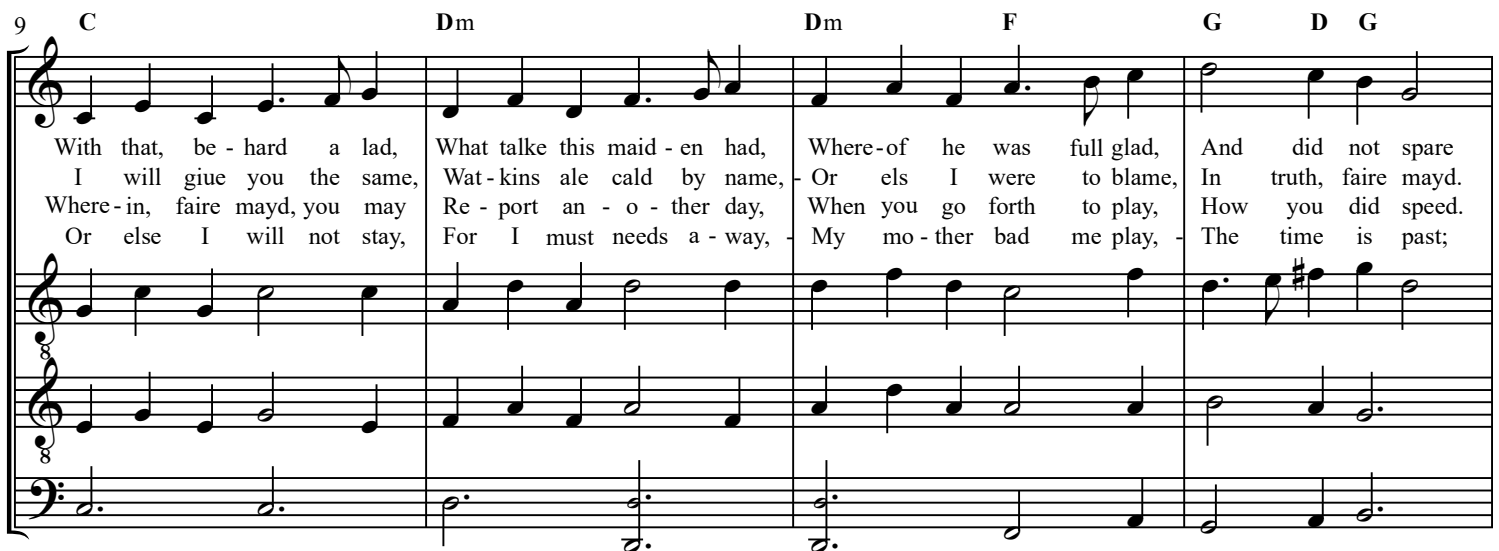
There was a maid this oth - er day, And she would needs go forth to play;  
Tis swee - ter farre then su - ger fine, And plea - san - ter than mus - ka - dine;  
Good sir, quoth she, in smil - ing sort, What doe you call this pre - ty sport?  
When he had done to her his will, They talkt, but what it shall not skill;

5 C G C F C F Am Dm Am Dm F C G<sup>sus4</sup> G C



And as she walked she sithd and said, I am a - fraid to die a mayd.  
And if you please, faire mayd, to stay A lit - tle while, with me to play,  
Or what is this you do to me? Tis cal - led Wat - kins ale, quoth he,  
At last, quoth she, sa - uing your tale, Giue me some more of Wat - kins ale,

9 C Dm Dm F G D G



With that, be - hard a lad, What talke this maid - en had, Where-of he was full glad, And did not spare  
I will giue you the same, Wat - kins ale cald by name, Or els I were to blame, In truth, faire mayd.  
Where - in, faire mayd, you may Re - port an - o - ther day, When you go forth to play, How you did speed.  
Or else I will not stay, For I must needs a - way, My mo - ther bad me play, The time is past;

13 C Dm Dm F G D G

To say, faire mayd, I pray,  
 Good sir, quoth she a - gaine,  
 In - deed, good sir, quoth she,  
 Ther - fore, good sir, quoth she,

Whe - ther goe you to play?  
 Yf you will take the paine,  
 It is a pre - ty glee,  
 If you haue done with me.

Good sir, then did she say,  
 I will it not re - fraine,  
 And well it plea - seth me,  
 Nay, soft, faire maid, quoth he,

What do you care?  
 Nor be dis - mayd.  
 No doubt in - deed.  
 A - gaine at last

17 C F#dim G Am F C C Dm C F G C

For I will, with - out faile,  
 He took this may - den then a - side,  
 Thus they sport - ed and they playd,  
 Let vs talke a lit - tle while.

Mayd - en, giue you Wat - kins ale;  
 And led her where she was not spyde,  
 This yong man and this pre - ty mayd,  
 With that the mayd be - gan to smile,

21 C F#dim G Am F C C Dm C F G C

Wat - kins ale, good sir, quoth she,  
 And told her many a pre - ty tale,  
 Vn - der a banke where as they lay,  
 And saide, good sir, full well I know,

What is that I pray you tel me?  
 And gaue her well of Wat - kins ale.  
 Not long a - goe this o - ther day.  
 Your ale, I see, runs ve - ry low.

# Watkins ale

verses 5-8

Anon., c.1590

C G C F C F Am Dm Am Dm F C Gsus4 G C

This yong man then, be - ing so blamd, Did blush as one be - ing a - shamde;  
 This mayd - en then fell ver - y sicke, Her mayd - en - head be - gan to kicke,  
 Thrise scarce - ly chang - ed hath the moon, Since first this pret - ty tricke was done,  
 Good maydes and wiues, I par - don craue, And lack not that which you would haue;


5 C G C F C F Am Dm Am Dm F C Gsus4 G C

He tooke her by the mid - le small, And gaue her more of Wat - kins ale;  
 Her col - our wax - ed wan and pale With tak - ing much of Wat - kins ale.  
 Which be - ing harde of one by chance, He made there - of a coun - try dance;  
 To blush it is a wo - mans grace, And well be - cometh a maid - ens face,

9 C Dm Dm F G D G

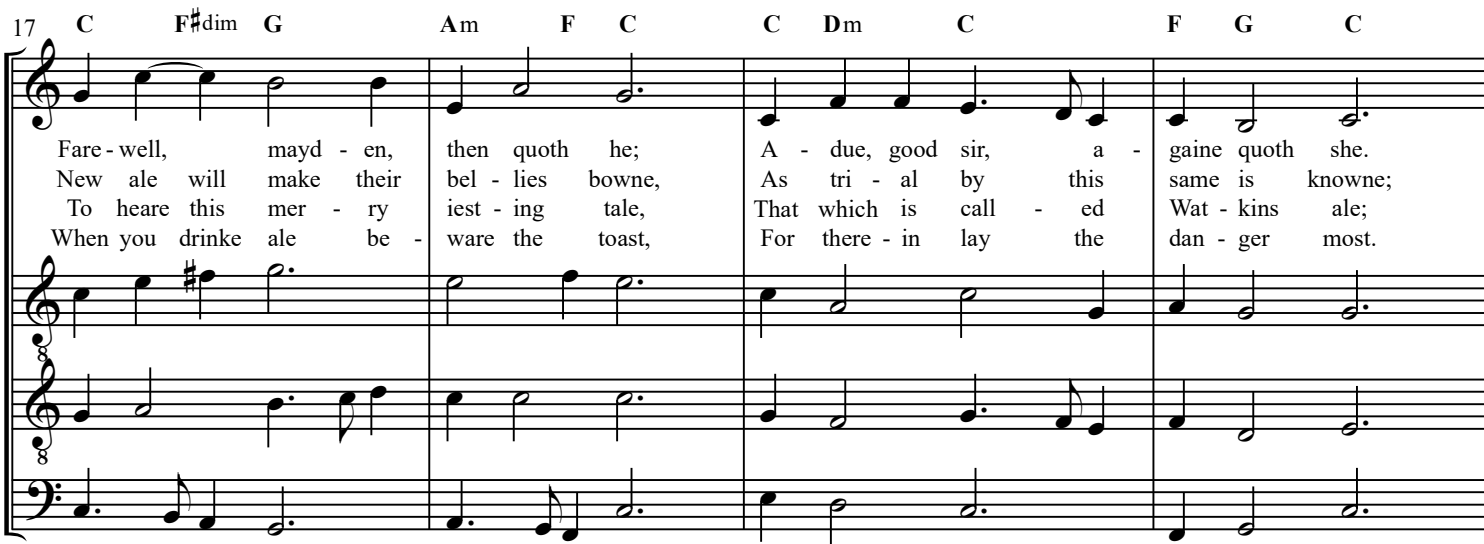
And saide, faire maid, I pray, When you goe forth to play, Re - mem - ber what I say, Walke not a - lone.  
 I wish all mayd - ens coy, That heare this pret - y toy, Where - in most wo - men ioy, How they doe sport;  
 And, as I heard the tale, He cald it Wat - kins ale, Which neu - er will be stale, I doe be - leeue;  
 For wo - men will re - fuse The thing that they would chuse, Cause men should them ex - cuse Of think - ing ill;

13 C Dm Dm F G D G



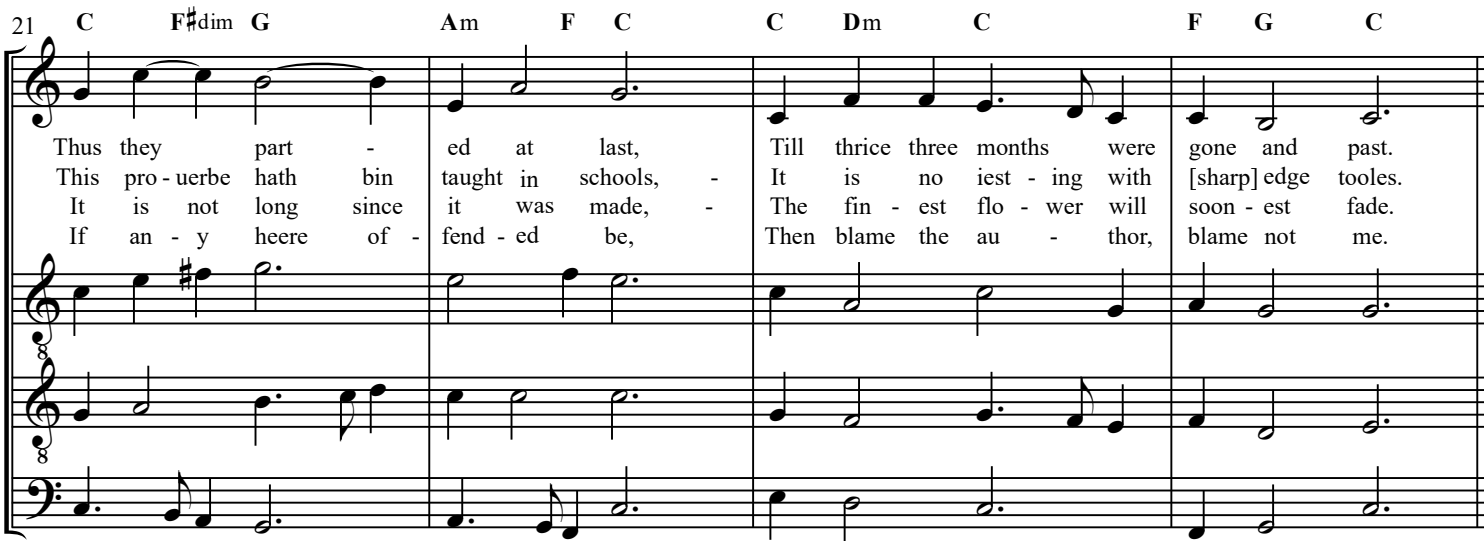
Good sir, quoth she a-gaine,  
For sure-ly Wat-kins ale,  
This dance is now in prime,  
Cat will aft-er kind,  
I thanke you for your paine,  
And if it not be stale,  
And chief-ly vsde this time,  
All wink-ers are not blind,  
For feare of fur-ther staine,  
Will turne them to some bale,  
And late-ly put in rime.  
Faire maydes, you know my mind,  
I will be gone.  
As hath re-port.  
Let no man greeue  
Say what you will.

17 C F#dim G Am F C C Dm C F G C



Fare-well, mayd-en, then quoth he;  
New ale will make their bel-lies bowne,  
To heare this mer-ry iest-ing tale,  
When you drinke ale be-ware the toast,  
A-due, good sir, a-gaine quoth she.  
As tri-al by this same is knowne;  
That which is call-ed Wat-kins ale;  
For there-in lay the dan-ger most.

21 C F#dim G Am F C C Dm C F G C



Thus they part-ed at last, Till thrice three months were gone and past.  
This pro-uerbe hath bin taught in schools, - It is no iest-ing with [sharp] edge tooles.  
It is not long since it was made, - The fin-est flo-wer will soon-est fade.  
If an-y heere of-fend-ed be, Then blame the au-thor, blame not me.





**A booke of Songes  
So that they all may be herd.**