

The New Penny Songbook

Second Edition

Being a collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New

Fitted to all Humours

In ONE PART

*None are fools always,
though everyone sometimes.*

LONDON Printed, and Sold by *N. Crowe* without
Temple-Bars 1775

Table of Contents

Ally Croaker	3
The Bartle	4
The Bee-Hive.....	4
A Blacksmith Courted Me.....	5
Blow the Candles Out.....	6
Bottle of Good Claret.....	7
Brave Wolfe or The Battle of Quebec	8
British Grenadiers.....	9
Captain Wetterburn	10
The Cuckoo	11
Down Among the Dead Men.....	12
The Fair Maid of Iffington.....	13
The Fox.....	14
Garryowen	15
Good Ale.....	16
God Save the King.....	16
Green Grow the Rushes.....	17
Heart of Oak	18
Hot Stuff.....	19
How Stands The Glafs Around	20
John Barleycorn	21
The Jolly Miller.....	22
The Leather Bottle	24
Lilli Burlero.....	25
Married to a Mermaid	26
Mifs Bailey	27
Of All the Birds	27
Oh No John!	28
Over the Hills and Far Away	29
Over The Hills and Far Away (Beggar's Opera)	30
Roast Beef of Old England.....	31
Rolling in the Dew.....	32
Rule Britannia!.....	33
Spanish Ladies.....	34
Tom O'Bedlam	35
Trooper Watering His Nagg	36
True Lover's Farewell	37
The Turk.....	38
We Be Soldiers Three	38
The Willoughby Whim	39
Wive's Excufe.....	39

Ally Croaker

There lived a Man in Baleno, crazy
Who wanted a Wife to make him uneasy.
Long had he figh'd for dear Ally Croaker,
And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her:
*"Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker,
Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croaker?"*

This artless young man just come from the schoolary,
A novice in love, and all its foolery,
Too dull for a wit, too grave for joker,
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,
*"Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker,
Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croaker?"*

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
He romp'd with the sister, he gam'd with the brother
He gam'd, 'til he pawned his coat to the broker,
Which cost him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker,
*Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker*

To all ye young men who are fond of gaming,
Who are spending your money, whilst others are saving,
Fortune's a jilt, the de'il may choke her
A jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker;
*Oh! the inconstant Ally Craoker;
Oh! the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker.*

The Bartle

On Penhill Craggs he tore his rags;
At Hunter's Thorn he blew his horn;
At Capplebank Stee he brak his knee;
At Grifgill Bek he brak his neck;
At Wadham's End he couldn't fend;
At Grifgill End we'll mak his end;
Shout lads Shout.

The Bee-Hive

My Miftrefs is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowry garden
To her they come with loaden thighs, to ease them of their burden.
As under the bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey
So under her WASTE her Belly is placed, And under that her C--ny.

My Miftrefs is a mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure
To let me dig within her Mould and roll among her Treasure.
As under the Mofs the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony
So under her WASTE her Belly is placed, And under that her C--ny.

My Miftrefs is a Morn in May, which drops of Dew down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth.
As under the Sun the Mift doth lye, So under the Mift it is Sunny,
So under her WASTE her Belly is placed, And under that her C--ny.

My Miftrefs is a pleafant Spring, that yieldeth store of water sweet
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under feet.
Her Belly is both white and soft, and Downy as any Bunny
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her C--ny.

My Miftrefs has the magic sprays, of late she takes such wondrous pain
That she can pleafing spirits raise, and also lay them down again.
Such power hath my tripping Doe, My little pretty Bunny
That many would their Lives forego to play but with her C--ny.

A Blacksmith Courted Me

A Blacksmith courted me, nine months and better.
He fairly won my heart, he wrote me a letter.
With his hammer in his hand he looked so clever,
And if I were with my love I would live fore-ver.

Oh, where has my love gone, with his cheeks like roses?
He's gone across the sea, gathering primroses.
I'm afraid the shining sand might burn and scorch his beauty,
And if I were with my love I would do my duty.

Strange news is come to town, strange news is carried,
Strange news flies up and down that my love is married.
Oh, I wish them both much joy, though they don't hear me,
And if I were with my love I would do my duty.

Oh, what did you promise me when you lay beside me?
You said you'd marry me and not deny me.
If I said I'd marry you it was only to try you,
So bring your witness, love, and I'll not deny you.

Oh, witness have I none, save God Almighty,
And may he reward you well, for the flighting of me.
Her lips grew pale and wan, it made her poor heart tremble
For to think she'd loved but one, and he'd proved deceitful.

Blow the Candles Out

When I was apprenticed in London, I went to see my dear
The candles all were burning, the moon shone bright and clear.

I knocked upon her window, to ease her of her pain
She rose up to let me in, then barred the door again.

I like your well behaviour, and this I often say

I cannot rest contented, when I am far away.

The roads they are so muddy, we cannot walk about
So roll me in your arms my love, and blow the candles out.

Your father and your mother, in yonder room do lie

A-hugging one another, so why not you and I?

A-hugging one another, without a fear or doubt

So roll me in your arms my love, and blow the candles out.

I prithee speak more softly, of what we have to do
Lest that our noise of talking, should make our pleasure rue.

The streets they are so nigh, love, the people walk about

They may peep in and spy, love, so blow the candles out.

And if we prove successful, love, please name it after me.

Treat it neat and kiss it sweet, and daff it on your knee.

When my three years are over, my time it will be out
And I will pay my debt to you, by blowing the candles out.

Bottle of Good Claret

In spite of love at length you'll find,
A mistress who can please thee
Her humours free and unconfined
Both day and night she will ease thee
No jealous thoughts disturb your mind
Though she's enjoyed by all mankind

So drink and never spare it
She's a bottle of good claret

If you through all her naked charms
A little mouth discover
Take her gently in your arms
And use her like a lover
Such liquor you'll distill condensed
That will transport your ravished sense

If you her excellence would taste
Be sure you use her kind, fir
Clasp her firm about the waist
And lift up her behind, fir
Of her bottom have no doubt
Drink her full and you'll find out

Brave Wolfe or The Battle of Quebec

Come all ye young men and let this delight you,
Come all ye young men and let nothing fright you;
Never let your courage fail when you're brought to trial,
Nor let your fancy move at the first denial.

This brave undaunted youth had crossed the ocean,
To free America was his intention;
He landed at Quebec with all his party,
The city to attack being brave and hearty.

Bold Wolfe drew up his men in a line so pretty,
On the Plains of Abraham before the city;
The French came marching down in hopes to meet them,
With a double number 'round resolved to beat him.

Montcalm and this brave youth together walked,
Between two armies they like brothers talked;
Till each one to his post then did retire,
'Twas then those numerous hofts commenced their fire.

The drums did loudly beat and the colours flying,
The purple dawn did stream and men lay dying;
And shot from off his horse fell our brave hero,
We'll long lament his loss in tears of sorrow.

He lifted up his head when the guns did rattle,
And to his army said, "How goes the battle?"
Quebec is all our own, none can prevent it.
"Oh, then," replies bold Wolfe, "I die contented."

British Grenadiers

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lyfander, and such great names as these.
But of all the world's great heroes, there's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal.
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadier.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palifades
Our leaders march with fufees, and we with hand grenades.
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemief' ears.
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair
The townsmen cry, "Huzza, boys, here comes a Grenadier!
Here come the Grenadiers my boys, who know no doubts or fears!
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

The God of War was pleased, and great Bellona smiles
To see these noble heroes from our own British Isles
And all the gods celestial descended from their spheres
Singing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

So be ye Whig or Tory, or any mortal man,
I'll have you to remember, to obey great George our King,
And should you prove rebellious, we'll thunder in you ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their years
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Captain Wetterburn

The Laird of Rosslyn's daughter, walked through the wood her lane.
And by came Captain Wedderburn, a soldier of the king.
He said unto his serving man, were't not against the law,
I would take her to my own bed, and lay her next the wall.

I'm walking here my lane, says she, among my father's trees,
You may let me walk my lane, kind fir, now, if you please.
The supper bell it will be rung, and I'll be missed awa',
So I'll not lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wall.

Then said the pretty lady, I pray tell me your name.
My name is Captain Wedderburn, a soldier of the king.
Were your father and all his men here, I would take you from them all,
I would take you to my own bed, and lay you next the wall.

O hold away from me, kind fir, I pray you let me be,
For I'll not lie in your bed, till I get dishes three.
Three dishes for my supper, though I eat none at all,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wall.

I must have to my supper, a chicken without a bone,
And I must have to my supper, a cherry without stone,
And I must have to my supper, a bird without a gall,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wall.

The chicken when it's in the shell, I'm sure it has no bone,
And when the cherry's in the bloom, I wat it has no stone.
The dove she is a gentle bird, she flies without a gall,
And we'll both lie in one bed, and you'll lie next the wall.

O hold away from me, kind fir, and do not me perplex,
For I'll not lie in your bed, till you answer questions fix.
Six questions you must answer me, and that is four and twa,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wall.

O what is greener than the grass, what's higher than the trees,
O what is worse than a woman's wifh, what's deeper than the seas,
What bird crows first, what tree buds first, what first on them does fall,
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wall.

Death is greener than the grafs, Heaven's higher than the trees,
The devil's worfe than woman's wifh, Hell's deeper than the feas,
The cock crows firft, the cedar buds firft, dew firft on them does fall,
And we'll both lie in one bed, and you'll lie next the wall.

Little did this lady think, that morning when fhe raife,
It was to be the very laft of all her maiden days,
For now fhe's Captain Wedderburn's wife, a man fhe never faw,
And now they lie in one bed, and fhe lies next the wall.

The Cuckoo

The cuckoo, fhe's a pretty bird,
fhe warbles as fhe flies
She brings us glad tidings,
and tells us no lies

She drinks the cold water,
to make her voice clear
She never fings cuckoo,
till fummer is near

She flies the hills over,
fhe flies the world about
She flies back to the mountain,
fhe mourns for her love

The cuckoo fhe's a pretty bird,
fhe warbles as fhe flies
She brings us glad tidings,
and tells us no lies

Down Among the Dead Men

Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace

May faction end and wealth increase.

Come, let us drink it while we have breath,

For there's no drinking after death.

And he who would this toast deny,

*Chorus: Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down; Down among the dead men let him lie!*

Let charming beauty's health go round,

With whom celestial joys are found.

And may confusion yet pursue

That selfish woman-hating crew.

And he who'd woman's health deny,

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,

Deny no pleasures to my soul.

Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,

For Bacchus is the friend of love.

And he that would this health deny,

May love and wine their rights maintain,

And their united pleasures reign.

While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,

We'll sing the joy that both afford.

And they that won't with us comply,

The Fair Maid of Illington

There was a fair maid of Illington, as I heard many tell
And she was going to Londontown, her pears and apples to fell
As she was going along the road, a vintner did her espy
And what shall I give, fair maid, Says he, One night with you to lie?

If you would lie with me one night, you must give me five pound.
A match a match, the vintner said, and so let this go round.
When he had lain with her all night, her money she did crave.
O no, O no, the vintner said, the devil a penny you'll have.

This maid she made no more ado, but to the justice went:
This vintner hired a cellar of me, and will not pay the rent
Then straight the justice for him sent, and asked the reason why
That he would pay this maid no rent, to which he did reply

Although I hired a cellar of her, and the possession was mine
I ne'er put anything into it, but one small pipe of wine
This fair maid being ripe of wit, she straight replied again
There lay two butts at the cellar door, why did you not roll them in?

The justice told the vintner plain, if he a tenant be
He must expect to pay the price, for he could not sit rent-free
And when the maid her money got, she put it in her purse.
And clapped her hand o'er the cellar, and swore it was never the worse.

The Fox

The fox went out on the town one night,
The moon it shone with a chilly light
He had a many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the towno, towno, towno

Well the fox he ran till he came to the pen
Where the ducks and the geefe were kept there in
He said a couple of you are going to greafe my chin
Before I leave this towno, towno, towno

He grabbed the old grey goose by the neck
And swung a duck across his back
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack
and the legs all dangling downo, downo, downo

Old mother flipper flopper jumped out of bed
And out the window she stuck her head
She cried John, John the grey goose is gone
The fox is out on the towno, towno, towno

So John he ran to the top of the hill
And blew his horn both loud and shrill
The fox he said I better flee with my kill
For they'll soon be on my trailo, trailo, trailo

Well the fox he ran till he came to his den
There were the little ones eight, nine, ten
They said daddy, daddy better go back again
for that must be a mighty fine towno, towno, towno

Now the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a carving knife
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bonezo, bonezo, bonezo

Garryowen

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.

We are the boys who take delight
In smashing limerick lamps at night,
And through the street like sportsmen fight,
To carry all before us.

We'll break the windows, we'll break down doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours,
And let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruised.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Our hearts so stout have got us fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Good Ale

The landlord he looks very big,
With his high cock'd hat and his powder'd wig
Methinks he looks both fair and fat
But he may thank you and me for that

Chorus: For 'tis O, good ale, thou art my darling
And my joy both night and morning.

The brewer brew'd thee in his pan,
The tapster draws thee in his can;
Now I with thee will play my part
And lodge thee next unto my heart

Thou oft haft made my friends my foes
And often made me pawn my clothes;
But since thou art so nigh my nose
Come up, my friend, and down he goes.

God Save the King

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King.

O Lord and God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix
God Save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

Green Grow the Rushes

Oh I'll fing you one, Oh!

*Green grow the rushes, Oh
What is your one, Oh?*

One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be fo.

Two, Two the lily white boys, clothed all in green, Oh!

Three, three, the rivals,

Four for the Gospel makers,

Five for the fymbols at your door,

Six for the fix proud walkers,

Seven for the feven who went to heaven,

Eight for the April Rainers,

Nine for the nine bright fhiners,

Ten for the ten commandments,

Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,

Twelve for the twelve Apostles,

Heart of Oak

Come cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

*Chorus: Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beasts;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing:
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and Queen.

Hot Stuff

Come, each death-doing dog that dares venture his neck,
Come, follow the hero that goes to Quebec;
Jump aboard of the transports, and loofe every fail,
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough;
Wolfe commands us, my boys, we shall give them Hot Stuff.

Up the River St. Lawrence our troops shall advance,
To the Grenadier's March we will teach them to dance.
Cape Breton we've taken and next we will try
At the capital to give them another black eye.
Vaudreuil, 'tis in vain you pretend to look gruff,
Those are coming who know how to give you Hot Stuff.

With powder in his periwig, and snuff in his nose,
Monfieur will run down our descent to oppofe;
And the Indians will come, but the Light Infantry
Will soon compel *them* to betake to a tree.
From such rascals as these may we fear a rebuff?
Advance, grenadiers, and let fly your Hot Stuff!

When the Forty-seventh Regiment is dashing ashore,
When bullets are whistling and cannon do roar,
Says Montcalm, "Those are Shirley's, I know their lapels."
"You lie," says Ned Botwood, "We are of Lafcelles!
Though our clothing is changed, yet we scorn a powder-puff;
So at you, ye bitches, here's give you Hot Stuff."

With Monkton and Townsend, those brave brigadiers,
I think we shall soon have the town 'bout their ears,
And when we have done with the mortars and guns,
If you please, Madam Abbess, a word with your nuns.
Each soldier shall enter the convent in buff
And then, never fear, we will give them Hot Stuff.

How Stands The Glaſs Around

How ſtands the glaſs around
for ſhame you take no care, my boys,
How ſtands the glaſs around
Let wine and mirth abound.

The trumpets found
The colors they are flying boys
To fight, kill, and wound
Should we ſtill be found,
Contented with our hard fare, my boys
on the cold, cold ground

O why, foldiers why
Should we be melancholy boys
O why foldiers why
Whoſe Buſineſs is to die
What fighting fye
Damn cares, drink on, be jolly, boys
Tis he, you or I
Cold, hot, wet, or dry
We're always bound to follow boys
And ſcorn to flye

Tis but in vain
I mean not to upbraid you boys
This but in vain
For foldiers to complain
Should next campaign
Send us to him that made us boys
we're free from pain
But ſhould we remain
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again

The Jolly Miller

There was a jolly miller once, lived on the river Dee ;
He danc'd and fang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he.

And this the burden of his song forever used to be ;

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

Chorus: So push, push, push the bowl me boys, bring it round to me,

The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be,

The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.

I live by my mill, God blefs her so, she's kindred, child and wife

I would not change my station here for any other in life

No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor e'er had a groat from me ;

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay

No summer drought alarms his fears, nor winter's sad decay

No forefight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and fay ;

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day

So let us his example take, and be from malice free ;

Let every one his neighbour serve, as served he'd like to be.

And merrily push the can about, and drink and sing with glee ;

If nobody cares a doit for us, why not a doit care we.

If nobody cares a doit for us, why not a doit care we.

Knives will be Knives

I went to the alehouse as an honest woman should
And a knave follow'd after as you know knives wou'd,
Knives will be knives in every degree
I'll tell you by and by how this knave ferv'd me.

I call'd for my pot as an honest woman shou'd
And the knave drank't up as you know knives wou'd
Knives will be knives in every degree
I'll tell you by and by how this knave ferv'd me.

I went into my bed as an honest woman shou'd
And the knave crept into't, as you know knives wou'd
Knives will be knives in every degree
I'll tell you by and by how this knave ferv'd me.

I proved with child as an honest woman shou'd
And the knave ran away as you know knives wou'd
Knives will be knives in every degree
And thus I have told you how this knave ferv'd me.

The Leather Bottle

Whate'er we see, where'er we go,
who wander daily to and fro;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
and all the things the land within,
Say what you will, do what you can,
are for one end - the use of man:
*Chorus: So, joy to him where'er he dwell,
who first found out the leather bottel.*

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no! in faith, they cannot be good,
For if the bearer fall by the way, why,
on the ground your liquor doth lay;
But had it been in a leather bottel,
although he had fallen, all had been well.

Then, what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh they shall have no praise of mine;
For if you chance to touch the brim
down falls the glass and liquor therein;
But had it been in a leather bottel,
And the stopple in, all had been well.

Then what do you think of these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
in a leather bottel they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their arms do ache,
and yet their liquor no harm can take.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
to drink from their bottels of nut-brown,
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
a good full bottel will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
but what would they do without this bottel?

Lilli Burlero

Ho brother Teague, doft hear de decree? Lilli burlero, bullen a la;
Dat we fhall have a new deputie, Lilli burlero, bullen a la.

*Chorus: Lero, lero, lilli burlero, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Lero, lero, lero lero, Lilli burlero, bullen a la*

Ho, by my Soul, it is a Talbot; Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And he will cut all de Englifh throat, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Though, by my foul, de Englifh do prate, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
De law's on dere fide and de divil knows what, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

But if Depenfe do come from de Pope, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
We'll hang Magna Carta demfelves on a rope, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

And de good Talbot is now made a Lord, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And with his brave lads he's coming aboard, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Who all in France have taken a fwear, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Dat day will have no Proteftant heir, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

O but why does he ftay behind? Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Ho, by my foul, 'tis a Proteftant wind, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Now that Tyrconnel is come afhore, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And we fhall have commiffions galore. Lilli burlero, bullen a la

And he dat will not go to Mafs, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Shall be turned out and look like an afs, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Now, now de hereticks all will go down, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
By Chrifft and St. Patrick's the nations our own, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Dere was an old prophercy found in a bog, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Dat our land would be rul'd by an afs and a dog, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

So now dis old prophecy's coming to pafs, Lilli burlero, bullen a la
For James is de dog and Tyrconnel's de afs, Lilli burlero, bullen a la

Married to a Mermaid

There was a gay young farmer, who liv'd on Salisbury plain;
He lov'd a rich Knight's daughter dear! And she lov'd him again.
The Knight he was distressed, that they should sweethearts be.
So he had the farmer soon pressed, and sent him off to sea.

*Chorus: Singing Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.*

'Twas on the deep Atlantic, midst Equinoctial gales;
This young farmer fell overboard among the sharks and whales;
He disappeared so quickly, so headlong down went he,
That he went out of sight like a streak of light
To the bottom of the deep blue sea.

We lowered a boat to find him, we thought to see his corse,
When up to the top he came with a bang, and sang in a voice so hoarse,
'My comrades and my messmates, Oh, do not weep for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.'

He said that as he went down, great fishes he did see;
They seemed to think as he did wink, that he was rather free.
But down he went so quickly, saying, "'Tis all up with me,'
When he met a lovely mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

She came at once unto him, and gave him her white hand,
Saying, 'I have waited long, my dear, to welcome you to land.
Go to your ship and tell them, you'll leave them all for me;
For you're married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea.'

The wind was fair, the sails set, the ship was running free;
When we all went to the captain bold, and told what we did see.
He went unto the ship's side, and loudly bellowed he,
'Be happy as you can, my man, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.'

Mifs Bailey

A Captain bold in Halifax, who dwelt in country quarters,
Seduced a maid who hanged herself one morning in her garters,
His wicked conscience sinited him, he lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking turpentine and thought upon Mifs Bailey.

*Chorus: Oh, Mifs Bailey, unfortunate Mifs Bailey,
Oh, Mifs Bailey, unfortunate Mifs Bailey,*

One night, betimes he went to bed, for he had caught a fever,
Said he, I am a handsome man and I'm a gay deceiver.
His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite palely,
A ghost stepped up to his bedside and said, Behold! Mifs Bailey.

Avaunt, Mifs Bailey, then he cried, you can't fright me really.
Dear Captain Smith, the ghost replied, you've used me ungentlely.
The Coroner's quest was hard with me because I've acted frailly,
And parson Biggs won't bury me, though I'm a dead Mifs Bailey.

Dear ma'am, said he, since you and I accounts must once for all close,
I have a one pound note in my Regimental small clothes.
Twill bribe the Sexton for your grave. The ghost then vanished gaily,
Crying, bless you wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Mifs Bailey."

Of All the Birds

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

To-wit, To-woo, to whom drink thou?
To thee, good fir

My song is well sung and I'll sing you a vow
That he is a knave that drinketh now
Nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee thy jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and clove
And that gave me my jolly red nose

Oh No John!

On yonder hill there stands a creature, who she is I do not know
I will court her for her beauty, she must answer yes or no
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

On her bosom are bunches of posies, on her breast where flowers grow
If I should chance to touch that posy, she must answer yes or no
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Madam I am come for to court you, if your favor I can gain
If you will but entertain me, perhaps then I might come again
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

My husband was a Spanish captain, went to sea a month ago
The very last time we kissed and parted, bid me always answer no.
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Madam in your face is beauty, in your bosom flowers grow
In your bedroom there is pleasure, shall I view it, yes or no
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Madam shall I tie your garter, tie it a little above your knee
If my hand should slip a little farther, would you think it amiss of me
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

My love and I went to bed together, there we lay till cocks did crow;
Unclose your arms my dearest jewel, uncloset your arms and let me go
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Over the Hills and Far Away

Hark now the drums beat up again
For all true soldier gentlemen
So let us lift and march I fay
And go over the hills and far away

*Chorus: Over the hills, and o'er the main
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey
And go over the hills and far away*

There's twenty shillings on the drum
For him that with us freely comes
'Tis volunteers shall win the day
Over the hills and far away

Come gentlemen that have a mind
To serve a queen that's good and kind
Come lift and enter in to pay
And go over the hills and far away

And we shall live more happy lives
Free of squalling brats and wives
Who nag and vex us every day
So its over the hills and far away

Prentice Tom may well refuse
To wipe his angry master's shoes
For now he's free to run and play
Over the hills and far away

No more from sound of drum retreat
When Marlborough and Galway beat
The French and Spaniards every day
Over the hills and far away.

Over The Hills and Far Away (Beggar's Opera)

MacHeath

Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my las;
 Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.
And I would love you all the day.
Ev'ry night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the hills and far away.

Polly:

Were I fold on Indian foil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
 I could mock the fultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
 I would love you all the day.
Ev'ry night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the hills and far away.

Duet:

Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my las;
 Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.
And I would love you all the day.
Ev'ry night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the hills and far away.

Roast Beef of Old England

When mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our brains and enriched our blood.
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good
Oh the Roast Beef of old England, and old English Roast Beef

But since we have learnt from all-vapouring France
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing but vain complaisance
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and old English Roast Beef

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and old English Roast Beef

But now we are dwindled to What shall I name?
A poor sneaking race, half-begotten and tame,
Who sully the honours that once shone in fame.
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and old English Roast Beef

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such flip-flops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and old English Roast Beef

In those days if fleets did perfume on the Main,
They seldom, if ever returned home again,
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and old English Roast Beef

Oh then we had stomachs to eat and to fight
And when wrongs were a-cooking to do ourselves right.
But now we're a . . . I could, but goodnight!
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, and old English Roast Beef.

Rolling in the Dew

O where are you going, my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

O I'm a-going a-milking, kind fir, she answered me

Chorus: For it's rolling in the dew makes the milkmaids so fair.

For it's rolling in the dew makes the milkmaids so fair.

O shall I go along with you, my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

Why surely you can please yourself, kind fir, she answered me

Supposing I should lay you down, my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

Then you'd have to pick me up again kind fir, she answered me

Supposing I should dirt your gown my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair

Why surely it would wash again kind fir, she answered me

Supposing you should be with child, my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

Then you would be the father of it kind fir, she answered me

What would you do for linen, my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheek and your curly black hair?

My father he's a linen-draper, kind fir, she answered me

What would you do for a cradle my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

Why my brother he's a basket maker, kind fir, she answered me

Supposing I should go to sea, my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

Then I would follow after you kind fir, she answered me

Supposing I should jump overboard my sweet and pretty fair maid?

With your red rosy cheeks and your curly black hair?

Then the devil would jump after you kind fir, she answered me

Rule Britannia!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose from out the azure main
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
*Chorus: Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves
and Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee
Must, in their turns to tyrants fall,
Must, in their turns to tyrants fall
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame
All their attempts to bend thee down
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse, arouse thy generous flame
But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
All thine shall be, shall be the subject main
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coast repair
Shall to thy happy coast repair
Blest isle with matchless,
with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for ole England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

*Chorus: We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea.
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues.*

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white fandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Tom O'Bedlam

To find Mad Tom of Bedlam,
Ten thousand miles I'll travel.
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes,
To fave her shoes from gravel.
*Chorus: Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonny
For they all go bare and they live by the air
And they want no drink nor money.*

I now repent that ever,
Poor Tom was so diddained.
My wits are lost since him I croft,
Which makes me go thus chained.

My staff has murder'd giants,
My bag a long knife carries.
To cut mince pyes from children's thighs,
With which I feast the Faries.

My horn is made of thunder,
I stole it out of Heaven.
The Rainbow there is this I wear,
For which I thence was driven.

I went down to Pluto's kitchen,
To beg some food one morning
And there I got souls piping hot,
With which the spits were turning.

There I took up a Cauldron,
Where boy'ed ten thousand harlots
Twas full of flame yet I drank the same,
To the health of all such varlets.

And when that I have beaten,
The Man I'th' Moon to powder
His dog I'll take, and him I'll make,
As could no daemon louder.

A Health to Tom of Bedlam,
Go fill the seas in barrels.
I'll drink it all, well brewed with gall,
and maudling drunk I'll quarrel.

Trooper Watering His Nagg

There was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
Sing Trolly lolly lolly lo,
She had good beer and ale to fell,
Ho ho, had she fo, had she fo, had she fo.

She had a daughter her name was Sifs
She kept her at home for to welcome her Gueft

There came a Trooper riding by
He called for drink most plentifully

When one pot was out he call'd for another
He kiff'd the daughter before the Mother

And when Nightcame on to bed they went
It was with the Mothers own consent

Quoth she, "What is this fo stiff and warm?"
"'Tis Ball, my Nag, he will do you no harm."

"But what is this hangs under his chin?"
"'Tis the bag he puts his Provender in."

Quoth he, "What is this?" Quoth she, "'Tis a well
Where Ball, your Nag can drink his fill."

"But what if my Nag should chance to flip in?"
"Then catch hold of the grafs that grows on the brim."

"But what if the grafs should chance to fail?"
"'Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail."

True Lover's Farewell

O fare you well, I must be gone
And leave you for a while:
But wherever I go, I will return,
If I go ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I go ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand miles it is so far
To leave me here alone,
Whilst I may lie, lament and cry,
And you will not hear my moan, my dear,
And you will not hear my moan.

The crow that is so black, my dear,
Shall change his colour white;
And if ever I prove false to thee,
The day shall turn to night, my dear,
The day shall turn to night.

O don't you see that milk-white dove
A-fitting on yonder tree,
Lamenting for her own true love,
As I lament for thee, my dear,
As I lament for thee.

The river never will run dry,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun;
And I'll never prove false to the girl I love
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

The Turk

Thus I stand like the Turk, with his Doxies around;
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;

For Black, Brown, and Fair, his Inconstancy burns,
And the different Beauties subdue him by turns:

Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his Desires:
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.

But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,
The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-morrow.

But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,
The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-morrow.

We Be Soldiers Three

We be soldiers three
Pardona moy, je vous en prie,
Lately come forth of the Low Country
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee
To all good fellows, wherever they be.

All ye maidens, hear our plea
And give us your virginity

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pay for the shot whatever it is.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen.

The Willoughby Whim

Oh Jenny, Jenny, where haft thou been?
Father and Mother are feeking for thee,
You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of Jockey Company.

Oh Molly, I've been to hear (the) Mill clack,
And grind Grift for the Family,
Full as it went I've brought hame my Sack,
For the Miller has taken his Toll of me.

Wive's Excuse

Hang this whining way of wooing,
Love was defign'd a sport
Sighing talking without doing
Makes a filly idol court;
Don't believe that words can move her,
If she be not well inclined,
She, herself must be the lover
To persuade her to be kind.
If at last she grants the favour,
And consents to be undone,
Never think your passion gave her
To your wishes but her own.