



THE THIRD BOOKE OF SONGS

The finest songs, ballads and ayres
devised by sundrie authors

Gathered by Steve Hendricks.

Keyboard Edition



James the King

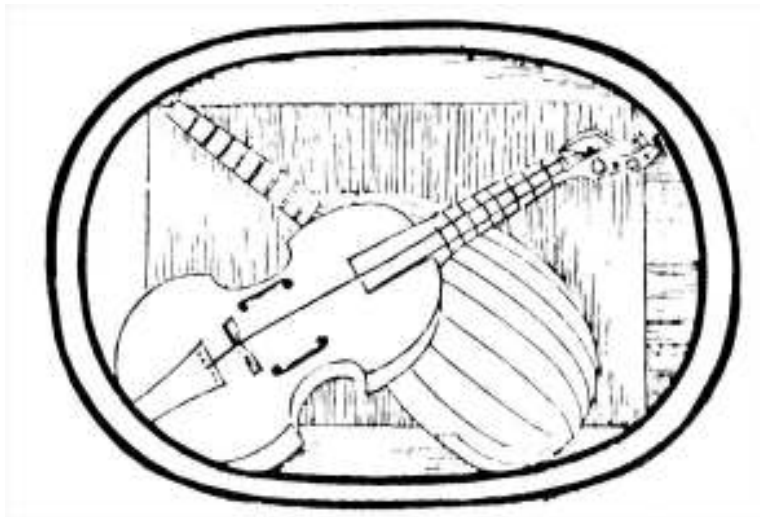


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Steve Hendricks



Steve Hendricks Music
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For information on corrections, updates or other editions, please contact
steve@stevehendricks.com, or visit stevehendricksmusic.com.

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This book and the accompanying volumes present songs predominantly from the British isles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With few exceptions, the songs are secular in nature.

These songs originally appeared in manuscripts or publications as part songs, madrigals, lute songs, or ballads with tunes indicated only by name.

I have harmonized and set tunes, as well as converted lute songs to part songs or songs with instrumental accompaniment. Therefore, many of these settings are unique to this collection. I hope liberties I have taken will be forgiven.

Editions of this book include an ensemble edition for voices and instruments, a keyboard edition, a lute edition and a Renaissance guitar edition. The lute edition presents the original lute parts for the lute songs and part songs where available, as well as new lute parts where none existed before. Some of the keyboard pieces are based on originals, although most are newly written by me, as are the Renaissance guitar parts.

Chords have been added as an aid to accompanists.

The original spellings and punctuation have been preserved where possible, although I have replaced u and v with modern usage. Hence “loue” is now “love”, and “vnder” is now “under.” I also replaced i with j where appropriate, so that “Iohn” is now “John.” If a word is not immediately identifiable, try sounding it out. Most of these songs predate dictionaries and standardized spelling.



The peacefull westernne winde
verses 1-2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
The Second Booke of Ayres,
Light Conceits of Louers, c.1613

G G C D G D Dm Am D G D G

The peace - full west - erne winde the win - ter storms hath tam'd, And
See how the morn - ing smiles On her bright east - erne hill, And

G C D G D Dm Am D G D G

na - ture in each kinde the kind heat hath in - flam'd.
with soft steps be - guiles Them that lie slum - bring still.

G G F G C Em C Am Esus4 E A G

The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowrs, That
The mu - sicke - lou - ing birds are come From cliffes and rockes vn - knowne; To

G D G D G Am D G D sus4 D G

heau'n which views their pomp be - neath would faine be deckt with flowres.
see the trees and bri - ers blome, That late were o - uer - flowne.

The peacefull westernne winde
verses 3-4

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
The Second Booke of Ayres,
Light Conceits of Louers, c.1613

G G C D G D Dm Am D G D G

What Sa - turne did de - stroy, Loues Queene re - uiues a - gaine; And
If all things life pre - sent, Why die my com - forts then? Why

G C D G D Dm Am D G D G

now her na - ked boy Doth in the fields re - maine:
suf - fers my con - tent? Am I the worst of men?

G G F G C Em C Am E sus4 E A G

Where he such pleas - ing change doth view In ev' - ry liu - ing thing, As
 O beau - tie, be not thou ac - cus'd Too just - ly in this case: Vn -

G D G D G Am D G D sus4 D G

if the world were borne a - new, To gra - ti - fie the Spring.
 kind - ly if true loue be vs'd. 'Twill yeeld thee lit - tle grace.

The poore man pays for all.

This is but a dreame which here shall insue:
But the Author wishes his words were not true.

Anon.
tune: Rogero

G G C G C G D G D

AS I lay mus - ing all a - lone, up - on my rest - ing bed, Full
I ma - ny ob - jects did be - hold, in this my fright - full Dreame, A
Me thought I saw (which causd my care) what I wish were a fa - ble, That

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melody that starts on G4 and ends on D5. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

D G D G C G D sus4 D G G

many a co - gi - ta - tion did come in - to my head: And
part of them I will un - fold: and though my pre - sent Theame Is
poore men still in - forc - ed are to pay more then they are able: Me

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line features a suspension on the D note before moving to G. The piano accompaniment includes a sustained chord (sus4) on the D note.

G C G C G D G D

wak - ing from my sleepe, I my dreame to mind did call, Me
but a fan - cy you may say, yet ma - ny things doe fall, Too
thought I heard them weep - ing say, their sub - stance was but small, For

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends on a D note, and the piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

D G D G C G D sus4 D G

thought I saw be - fore mine eyes, how poore men pay for all.
 true a - las: for at this day the poore man payes for all.
 rich men will beare all the sway, and poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw how wealthy men
 did grind the poore mens faces,
 And greedily did prey on them,
 not pittying their cases:
 They make them toyle and labour sore
 for wages too too small:
 The rich men in the Tavernes rore:
 but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw an Usurer old,
 walke in his Fox-fur'd gowne,
 Whose wealth and eminence controld
 the most men in the Towne:
 His wealth he by extortion got,
 and rose by others fall,
 He had what his hands earned not,
 but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw a Courtier proud
 goe swaggering along,
 That unto any scarce allow'd
 the office of his tongue:
 Me thought, wert not for bribery,
 his Peacocks plumes would fail,
 He ruffles out in bravery,
 but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I met (sore discontent)
 some poore men on the way,
 I asked one whither he went
 so fast and could not stay?
 Quoth he, I must goe take my Lease,
 or else another shall:
 My Landlords riches doe increase,
 but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw most stately wives,
 goe jetting on the way,
 That live delightfull idle lives,
 and go in garments gay,
 That with the moon their shapes doe change
 or else thei'l chide and brawle,
 Thus women goe like monsters strange,
 and poore men pay for all.

Me thought I was i'th Countrey,
 where poore men take great paines,
 And labour hard continually,
 onely for rich mens gaines,
 Like th'Israelites in Egypt,
 the poore are kept in thrall:
 The task-masters are playing kept.
 but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw poore Tradesmen
 ith' City and else-where,
 Whom rich men keepe as beads-men,
 in bondage care and feare:
 Thei'l have them worke for what they list,
 thus weakest goe to the wall,
 The rich men eate and drinke the best,
 but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw two Lawyers base
 one to another say.
 We have had in hand this poore mans Case,
 a twelve-month and a day.
 And yet weel not contented be
 to let the matter fall,
 Beare thou with me & Ile beare with thee,
 while poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw a red-nose Oast,
 as fat as he could wallow,
 Whose carkasse, if it should be roast,
 would drop seven stone of tallow,
 He growes rich out of measure,
 with filling measure small,
 He lives in mirth and pleasure,
 but poore men pay for all.

And so likewise the Brewer stout,
 the Chandler and the Baker,
 The Mault-man also without doubt,
 and the Tobacco-taker,
 Though they be proud and stately growne,
 and beare themselves so tall,
 Yet to the world it is well knowne,
 that poore men pay for all.

Even as the mighty Fishes still,
 doe feed upon the lesse;
 So rich men, might they have their will,
 would on the poore men ceaze:
 It is a proverbe old and true,
 that weakest goe toth' wall,
 Rich men can drinke till th' sky looke blue,
 but poore men pay for all.

But now, as I before did say,
 this is but a Dreame indeed,
 Though all dreames prove not true, some may
 hap right as I doe reade.
 And if that any come to passe,
 I doubt this my Dreame shall:
 For still tis found too true a case,
 that poore men pay for all.

The Praise of HULL ale.

Anon.

D Gm F

Let's wet the whis - tle of the Muse, That
Here's Ale of Hull, which 'tis well known, Kept

This system of the musical score is in 6/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system consists of three measures. The first measure has a D chord, the second a Gm chord, and the third an F chord. The lyrics are: 'Let's wet the whis - tle of the Muse, That Here's Ale of Hull, which 'tis well known, Kept'.

Gm D Gm

sings the praise of eve - ry Juice, This House af - fords for
King and Key - ser out of Town, Now in, will ne - ver

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three measures. The first measure has a Gm chord, the second a D chord, and the third a Gm chord. The lyrics are: 'sings the praise of eve - ry Juice, This House af - fords for King and Key - ser out of Town, Now in, will ne - ver'.

F Bb F Bb Gm D Gm

Mor - - - tal the use, Which no Bo - dy can de -

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of three measures. The first measure has an F chord, the second a Bb chord, and the third an F chord. The lyrics are: 'Mor - - - tal the use, Which no Bo - dy can de -'.

ny, de - ny, Which no Bo - dy can de - ny,

Here's Lambeth Ale to cool the Maw,
And Beer as spruce as e'er you saw,
But Mum as good as Man can draw,
Which no Body, &c.

If Reins be loose as some Mens Lives,
Whereat the Purling Female grieves,
Here's stitch-Back that will please your Wives,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Cyder too, ye little wot,
How oft 'twill make ye go to Pot,
'Tis Red-streak all, or it is not,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Scholar that has doft his Gown,
And donn'd his Cloak and come to Town,
'Till all's up drink his College down,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's North-down, which in many a Case,
Pulls all the Blood into the Face,
Which blushing is a sign of Grace,
Which no Body, &c.

If Belly full of Ale doth grow,
And Women runs in Head you know,
Old Pharoah will not let you go,
Which no Body can deny.

Here's that by some bold Brandy hight,
Which Dutch-men use in Case of fright,
Will make a Coward for to Fight,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's China Ale surpasseth far,
What Munden vents at Temple-bar,
Tis good for Lords and Ladies Ware,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's of Epsom will not Fox
You, more than what's drawn out of Cocks
Of Middleton, yet cures the Pox,
Which no Body, &c.

For ease of Heart, here's that will do't,
A Liquor you may have to boot,
Invites you or the Devil to't,
Which no Body, &c.

For Bottle Ale, though it be windy,
Whereof I cannot chuse but mind ye,
I would not have it left behind ye,
Which no Body, &c.

Take Scurvy-Grass, or Radish Ale,
'Twill make you like a Horse to Stale,
And cures whatsoever you Ail,
Which no Body, &c.

For Country Ales, as that of Chess,
Or of Darby you'll confess,
The more you Drink, you'll need the less,
Which no Body, &c.

But one thing must be thought upon,
For Morning-Draught when all is done,
A Pot of Purl for Harrison,
Which no Body can deny.

The praise of our Country Barley-Brake

Anon.

verses 1-3

G G G D

Both yong men Maids and Lads, of what state or de - gree, Whe -
As it a cust - oms was, so let it flou - rish still, Flo -
It is a live - ly sport to set how nim - ble - ly; You

Am C D Em D A D

ther south - east or west, or of the North Coun - try I
ra a - gaine hath dect, your much the fre - quent - ed hill, And
need no great re - port, the same to tes - ti - fie, To

G C G G D Am

wish you all good health, that in this Sum - mers weather, Your
Phe - bus two di - vides, what Bo - reas to - gether, That
see with sweet im - brace, each Lad his Lasse doth clip, And

Am C D D Em D A D

sweet - hearts and your selves, play at Bar - ly - Brake to - gether.
he - with fu - rious chides, doth not ore cast the weather.
lay - ing face to face, doth taste each oth - ers lip.

The praise of our Country Barley-Brake

Anon.

verses 4-6

G G G D

Thus are our Coun - try youth, both mer - ry too and joyall, If
And ma - ny Pas - times more, which long hath beene ne - glected, A -
There - fore you Coun - try Maids, that are to Lon - don gone, Let

Am C D Em D A D

they set love tis truth, they hate to be dis - loyall And
gaine to you is re - stored, then let it be res - pected, And
me with faire per - swades, in - treat you to come home, If

G C G G D Am

there - fore in times their praise, my pen shall write for ever, Be -
as in times be - fore, so doe you now per - sever, Then
you your Love will meet, make haste and hie you hether, That

Am C D D Em D A D

cause will he they you and love e - ver doe love may raise, sore greet, at at at Bar - ly - Brake to - gether.
will you and you may greet, at at at Bar - ly - Brake to - gether.
he and you may greet, at at at Bar - ly - Brake to - gether.

A pretty ducke there was

verses 1-2

John Bartlet (fl.1606-1610)
A booke of ayres, 1606

G C D G D sus4 D G G

A pre - ty pre - ty pre - ty
A - lone a - lone a - lone I

G G D Am C Em C

ducke a pre - ty ducke, a pre - ty pre - ty ducke a a -
lie a - lone I lie lone a - lone I lie a -

C G Dm A sus4 A D G Am Em

ve - ry pre - ty ducke there was that said, to whome shall
lone a - lone I lie in deepe that dis - paire, Which kills my

A pretty ducke there was

verse 3

John Bartlet (fl.1606-1610)
A booke of ayres, 1606

G C D G D sus4 D G

A tick - ling tick - ling tick - ling

G G D Am C Em C

part a tick - ling part a tick - ling tick - ling part a

C G Dm A sus4 A D G Am Em

tick - ling tick - ling part that mai - dens loue, But I can

D^{sus4} D G C Dm C Dm Em C^{#dim} D
 ne - uer get, But I can ne - - - uer get,

Em C F Dm G Em
 Yet long haue sought, and stil do craue, and stil and stil do

A D D G Am G Am D 1. G D 2. G
 craue, and stil and stil do craue, At rest my hart to set. set.

The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie

Thomas Deloney
(1543?-1600)

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

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.

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 bardge vp - on the wa - ter, be - ing King Hen - ryes roy - all daugh - ter,

C F C B^b C F Dm C G C

A might - ie pow - er there was pre - par - ed By Phi - lip, then the king of Spaine:
 Of horse-men and of foote-men plen - tie, whose good harts full well is seene
 For the pu - nish - ment of per - sons, that are lewde or bad - ly bent.
 She did goe with trum-pets sound - ing, and with dub - bing drums a - pace:

C F C B^b C F Dm C G C

A - gainst the maid-en Queene of Eng - land, which in peace be - fore did raigne.
 In the safe - garde of their coun - trie, and the ser - uice of our Queene.
 To see a sight so straunge in Eng - land, t'was our gra - cious Queenes in - tent.
 A - long the Thames that fa-mous ri - uer, for to view the 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 renowne.
 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 courageously,
 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 coulours 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 marched
 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 countriemen:
 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.

Remember me, my deir

Anon.

Gm Cm D Gm Cm D

Re - mem - ber me, my deir,
 2. Re - mem - ber me, a - lace,
 3. Re - mem - ber me in pain

I hum - bly you re - queir
 And lat all ri - gour pass
 With un - kind - ness neir slain.

Gm F Eb Cm D

For my re - quest that loves you best With faith - full hart in - teir.
 That I may prove in you some love To my joy and so - lace.
 That through de - lay of cru - el wae That in you dois re - main.

Bb F Gm Cm Dsus4 D G

My hart sall rest With - in your breist. Re - mem - ber me, my deir.
 True love to move I most be - hove; Re - mem - ber me, a - lace.
 Re - mit, I say; a - las, al - way Re - mem - ber me in pain.

the lover's answer

Gm Cm D Gm Cm D

4. Re - mem - ber me, deir hart That of pains hes my part.
5. Re - mem - ber me in thrall Rea - dy when I do call.

Gm F Eb Cm D

Your words un - kind sinks in my mind, And dois in - crease my smart;
With true in - tent I do con - sent Hart, mind, bo - dy and all.

Bb F Gm Cm Dsus4 D G

Yet shall ye find me true and kind! Re - mem - ber me, deir hart.
Ne'er to re - pent, bot stand con - tent. Re - mem - ber me in thrall.

Rest a while, you cruell cares

verses 1-2

John Dowland (1563-1626)
the First Booke of Songs
 or Ayres, 1597

G G G D^{sus4} D G G F F D G C

Rest a while, you cruell cares, be not more se - vere then
 If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth

D D D D G C^{#dim} D G C

love. breakes, Beau - tie kills sigh, and beau - tie spares, and sweet smiles
 If I sigh, she feares de - ceit, Sor - row then

C D^{sus4} D G G G^m D G^m F

sad sighes re - move: Lau - ra, faire queene of my de -
 for me must speake: Cru - ell, un - kind, with fa - vour

B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F Gm Dm B $\flat$ E $\flat$ Cm D F Gm

light, view come grant me that love first in was loves de - - spite, And if I my
The wound that first was made by you: And if my

D B $\flat$ E $\flat$ Cm D B $\flat$ Dm E $\flat$

e - ver faile to ho - nor thee: Let this hea - ven -
tor - ments [e - ver] fay - ned be, Let this hea - ven -

B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F Gm E $\flat$ Cm D $_{\text{sus}4}$ D G

ly light I see, bee as darke as hell to mee.
ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to mee.

Rest a while, you cruell cares

verse 3

John Dowland (1563-1626)
the First Booke of Songes
 or Ayres, 1597

G G G D^{sus4} D G G F F D G C

Ne-ver hour of pleas - ing rest Shall re - vive my dy - ing

D D D D G C^{#dim} D G C

ghost, Till my soul hath re - pos - sest, The sweet hope

C D^{sus4} D G G G^m D G^m F

which love hath lost: Lau - ra re - deeme the soule that

B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F Gm Dm B $\flat$ E $\flat$ Cm D F Gm

dies, By fu - rie of thy mur - dering eyes: And if it

D B $\flat$ E $\flat$ Cm D B $\flat$ Dm E $\flat$

[e - ver] prove un - kinde to thee, Let this hea - ven -

B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F Gm E $\flat$ Cm D $_{sus4}$ D G

ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to mee.

Rest sweet Nymphs let goulden sleepe

Francis Pilkington
(ca. 1565–1638)
The First Booke..., 1605

Gm D Gm Gm F Gm D Dm Eb Adim

Rest sweet Nymphs let goulden sleepe, Charme your star bright - er
Dreame faire vir - gins of de - light, And blest E - li - zian
Thus deare dam - zells I do giue Good night and so am

Bb Bb F Gm D Gm Adim Eb Dsus4 D G

eies, While my Lute the watch doth keep With pleas - ing sim - pa - thies,
groues: Whiles the wan - dring shades of night, Re - sem - ble your true loues:
gone: With your hartes de - sires long liue Still ioy, and neu - er mone.

Gm D D Cm B $\flat$ D Gm D Cm

Lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la Lul - la - by, Sleepe sweet - ly, sleep sweet - ly, let
 Lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la lul - la - by Your kiss - es your bliss - es send
 Lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la lul - la - by Hath pleasd you and easd you, &

B $\flat$ Gm D Gm Cm Gm D ^{sus4} D 1. G 2. G

no - thing af - fright ye, In calme con - tent - ments lie. lie.
 them by your wish - es, Al - though they be not nigh. nigh.
 sweet slum - ber sezd you, And now to bed I 1. hie. 2. hie.

Ring out your bells

Anon.

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 yeares her grace writ - eth heare In glo - ry and great re -

D C G

joy! The No - blest Queen that e - ver was seene In
 vem - ber; For joy of her grace, in eve - ry place, Let
 nowne; E - liz - a - beth, whose lyke on earth Wore

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

G C G D G

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-loofe
(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 everye 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-houses 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 quaile.
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 majesty
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

A Round of three Country dances in one

Thomas Ravenscroft
(c.1582-c.1635)
Pammelia, 1609

Gm Gm F Gm Dm Gm Gm

8 Now foote it as I do, Tom boy Tom, now foot it as

F Cm Gm Dm Gm Gm F Gm

8 I doe Swith - en a, Now foote it as I do, Tom boy

Dm Gm Gm F Cm Gm Dm Gm Gm

8 Tom, now foot it as I doe Swith - en a, And Hicke thou must

F Gm C F Cm Gm Cm D

8 tricke it all a - - - lone, till Ro - bin come leap - ing in

Em C G Gm F Gm C

8 bet - weene a. And Hicke thou must tricke it all a - - -

F Cm Gm Cm D Em Cm G

8 lone, till Ro - bin come leap - ing in bet - weene a.

Say loue if euer thou didst find

verses 1-2

John Dowland (1563-1626)
*The Third and Last Booke
 of Songs or Aires, 1603*

G C G D Em D^{sus4} D G D C D

Say loue if e - uer thou didst find, a wo - man with a
 But could thy fi - ry poy - sned dart At no time touch her

A^{sus4} A D F G C C D G D G D G

con - stant mind, none but one, and what should that rare
 spot - lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub - ject

D G D Am E Am E Am E Am E Am D G C

mir - ror be, some God - desse or some Queen is shee shee shee shee
to Loues bow, Her eye com - maunds, her heart saith no, No no no no

C G C G D sus4 D G C G C G C G C G

shee shee and one - ly she she one - ly Queene of loue and beau - tie.
no no and on - ly no, One no a - no - ther still doth fol - low.

Say loue if euer thou didst find

verses 3-4

John Dowland (1563-1626)
*The Third and Last Booke
of Songs or Aires, 1603*

G C G D Em D^{sus4} D G D C D

How might I that faire won - der know, That mockes de - sire with
To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com - mand af -

A^{sus4} A D F G C C D G D G D G

end - lesse no, See the Moone That eu - er in one
fec - tions so: Loue is free, So are her thoughts that

D G D Am E Am E Am E Am E Am D G C

change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so; So so so so
van - quish thee, There is no queene of loue but she, She she she she

C G C G D sus4 D G C G C G C G C G

so so and one - ly so, From heauen her ver - tues she doth bor - row.
she she and on - ly she, She one - ly queene of loue and beau - tie.

A merry Ballad of a rich Maid that had 18. severall Suitors of Severall Countries: otherwise called
the Scornefull Maid

Anon.

G C

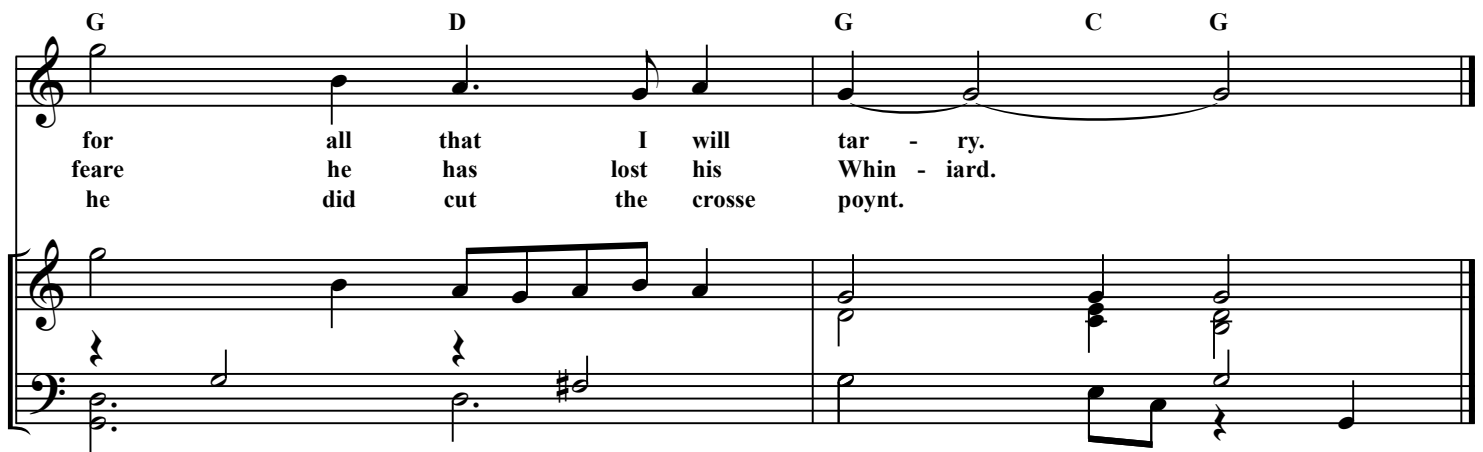
I Am a young lasse, and my time doth so passe, That of
I had with a Scot, mick - le mo - ny I wot, He
Then came one from France who brave - ly could dance, Hee is

G A sus4 A D G

late I did long for to mar - ry, I
strout - ed with Ra - pier and Pon - iard: He is
pro - per in e - ve - ry joynt: Yet

G C

have for my deere five hun - dred a yeare, And yet
laid with fine lase, but I like not his face, As I
in his Coun - try, he scapt well the Pe, So well



A Signiour Spaniore, is late came ore,
And he thinks that he hath no fellow,
As is hot in the Reyne, and hath got a straine,
By dancing in a Bandello.

Then came a Duch-man can touse well the can,
Till his head be as light as a feather:
The Spaniard had's Punck, & the Dutch-man was drunk,
And so they went both together.

An Italian came post, and full well he can host,
But I like no such fond fellows:
If I were his wife he should lead an ill life,
For I doe like none so jealous.

From Rome one came to me, who daily did wo me
He fasted three dayes in the weeke,
But when prayer is done, if he spie a faire Nun,
His stomacke is wonderfull quick.

A troublesome Turke, did make hasty worke,
But his suite it was quickly ended:
I scornd his beliefe, and so to be brieve,
He did returne home offended.

Then next a brave Dane, came marching amaine,
But I answered him as the rest,
That he could not prevaile, so he hoyst up his saile,
For his nose could abide no jest.

From Ireland I had, a lusty brave lad,
Each Limbe was proportioned mighty:
(Truth was he was poore) yet I gave him o're,
Cause his breath stunke of Aquavity.

From Swethland resorted, a man well reported
And he made a proffer to woe me:
His neck was so bigge, and so small was his legge,
That since he would never come to me.

From Rushia likewise, in antick disguise,
One came which did thinke to obtaine me:
But his hayre & his hood, against my minde stood
Therefore he shall never gaine me.

A Gentleman of wales did tell her fine tales,
That her had a house built on a hill,
Had Pig and had Goat, and greene leek in the pot,
And could eat good Couse bobby her fill.

He would keep me so brave, if I would him have,
He would buy me a hood and a hat:
He would buy me fine hose, with garters and rose,
And sweet heart how like you of that.

A Englishman came, but I know not his name,
And he bravely could quaffe it an quarrell:
Hee'le drinke till he dye, some sayes, but not I,
And sell all his lands for apparrell.

If I would be his wife, he swore by his life,
Ere long he would make me a Lady:
He would sell his auld manners to buy him new honors,
And thats but the trick of a baby.

Now which should I have, your counsels I crave,
If you can but finde one will fit me:
The best I will take, and amends Ile you make,
If Cupid ere then doe not hit me.

A Secret loue or two

verses 1-2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Two Bookes of Ayres, c.1613

Gm Cm D Gm C F Bb

A Se - cret loue or is two I must more con it - fesse, I
The more a spring is drawne, the more it flowes, No

F Gm F C F Dm A D Gm C

kind - ly wel - come for change in close play - ing: Yet my deare
Lamp lesse light re - taines by light - ning o - thers: Is hee a

D C F Dm G C C Am D Gm D

hus - band I loue ne'er the lesse, His de - sires, whole or halfe,
loos - er his loss that ne'er knowes? Or is he weal - thy that

Gm E^b F B^b F B^b Gm Cm D E^b

quick - ly al - lay - ing, At all time rea - dy to of - fer re -
vast trea - sure smo - thers? My churle vows no man shall sent his sweet

D B^b E^b Cm F B^b F B^b F

dresse. His owne hee neu - er wants but hath it due - ly,
Rose. His owne e - nough and more I giue him due - ly,

B^b F B^b F Gm D G

Yet twits mee I twits keepe not touch with him true - ly.
Yet still he I twits mee not I keepe not touch true - ly.

A Secret loue or two

verse 3

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Two Bookes of Ayres, c.1613

Gm Cm D Gm C F B $\flat$

Wise arch - ers beare more than one shaft to field, The

F Gm F C F Dm A D Gm C

Ven - turer loads not with one ware his ship - ping: Should War - riors

D C F Dm G C C Am D Gm D

learne but one wea - pon to wielde? Or thriue faire plants ere the

Gm E $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ Gm Cm D E $\flat$

worse for the slip - ping? One dish cloyes, ma - ny fresh ap - pe - tite

D B $\flat$ E $\flat$ Cm F B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F

yeeld. Mine owne Ile vse, and his he shall haue due - ly,

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

Iudge then, what debt - er can keepe touch more tru - ly.

See, see, myne owne sweet Jewell

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)
Canzonets or Little Short Songs
to Three Voyces, 1593 and 1602

G G Am G D G G G C G Am E sus4 E

See, see, myne owne sweet Iew - ell, mine owne sweet Iew - ell, mine owne sweet Iew -

A Am C G Dm Am G C G D

ell, what I haue what I haue what I haue for my dar -

G G C G Dm C G C Dm C C Dm

ling, A Rob - in Rob-in red brest and a Star - - - ling, a Rob - in red brest

Am Dm A sus4 A D Dm F Dm F F F Am

and a Star - ling. These I giue both in hope, to moue

G C G sus4 G C D G G Dm A sus4 A

thee, yet thou saist that I doe not, I doe not loue thee, thou saist I

D G C G D 1. G Gm Dm F Dm 2. G

doe not, I doe not loue thee. These I giue both in thee.

Shall distance part our loue

A faithfull vow of two constant Louers

Clement Robinson
(fl. 1566-1584)
tune: "New Rogero"

G G Am C G C G D G D

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

D G D G D G D sus4 D G

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

G Am C 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

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 mischefe 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 setled 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.

Shall I come sweet loue?

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
*The Third and Fovrth Booke
of Ayers* (c.1617)

Dm Dm F Am B^b Gm A F C F

Shall I come sweet Loue to thee, When the eu' - ning
Who can tell what theefe or foe, In the co - uert
But to let such dan - gers passe, Which a lou - er's

C F C F Dm A D

beams are set? Shall I not ex - clud - ed be?
of the night, For his prey will worke my woe;
thoughts dis - daine: 'Tis e - nough in such a place

Dm F Am B $\flat$ Gm A Dm F

Will you finde no fain - ed lett?
 Or through wick - ed foule des - pight:
 To at - tend loues ioyes in vaine.

Let me not for
 So may I dye
 Do not mocke me

C F F Gm A F aug C Dm A D

pit - ty more Tell the long, long houres, tel the long houres at your dore.
 un - re - drest, Ere my long, long loue, ere my long loue be poss - est.
 in thy bed, While these cold, cold nights, while these cold nights freeze me dead.

Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace

verses 1-2

John Dowland (1563-1626)
*The Second Booke of
 Songs or Ayres, 1600*

Gm D Gm D Gm

Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace?
 Sil - ly wretch, for - - sake these dreames

F Gm D Gm Cm

Shall I pray shall I proue? Shall I strive to a
 of a vaine de - - sire, O be - thinke what

Bb Am F Gm Cm D G

heauen ly joy, With an earth ly doe re - loue?
 high re - gard, ho - ly hopes quire.

B $\flat$ Gm F D Gm D

Shall I think that a bleed - - ing hart
Fa - uour is as faire as things are,

Gm C F Gm D Gm F

Or a wound - ed eie, Or a sigh can as -
trea - sure is not bought, Fa - uour is not

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

cend the cloudes To at - taine so of a hie?
wonne with words, Nor the wish of a thought.

Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace

verses 3-4

John Dowland (1563-1626)

*The Second Booke of
Songs or Ayres, 1600*

Gm D Gm D Gm

Pit - tie is but a poor de - - fence,
Ius - tice gives each man his owne

F Gm D Gm Cm

for though a dy - ing hart, La - dies eies not re - -
my love bee iust, Yet will not shee pit -

Bb Am F Gm Cm D G

spect tie no my mone, grieffe, in a meane de - - sert.
there - fore die I - - must,

B $\flat$ Gm F D Gm D

Shee is to wor - - - thie far,
Sil - ly hart then yeeld to die,

Gm C F Gm D Gm F

for a worth so base, Cru - ell and but
pe - rish in dis - paire, Wit - nesse yet how

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

iust is shee, in my iust dis - - - grace.
faine I die, When I die for the faire.

Shall I weepe, or shall I sing?

Anon.

verses 1-2

Gm F Dm Eb Bb Gm

O shall I weepe, or shall I sing? I know not which will fit mourn -
My Love to me doth prove un - true, And seemes to bid me now a -

D F Cm Gm

ing: If that I weepe twill breed me paine, If
dieu: O hate - full wretch, and most un - kind, To

B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F

that I sing twill ease my braine: There - fore He sigh, and
beare so false and wick - ed mind: It makes me sigh, and

Cm Gm Dm C F Gm D G

sob, and weepe, To see false men no faith can keepe.
sob, and weepe, To see false men no faith can keepe.

Shall I weepe, or shall I sing?

Anon.

verses 3-4

Gm F Dm Eb Bb Gm

The Jew - els lost, the thiefe is fled, And I lie wound - ed in my
My mind to him was al - waies true, For which I now have cause to

D F Cm Gm

bed: If to re - pent I should be - gin, Theyl
rue: Would I had ne - - ver seene his face, Nor

B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F

say trode twas I that let him in: There - fore He sigh, and
 the pathes of Cu - pids race: For now I sigh, and

Cm Gm Dm C F Gm D G

sob, and weepe, To see false men no faith can keepe.
 sob, and weepe, To see false men no faith can keepe.

A Sheperd in a shade

verse 1

John Dowland (1563-1626)
The Second Booke of Songs
 or Ayres, 1600

G Am G C G D G Em D

A shep - erd in a shade, his plain - ing made, Of
 Since loue and For - tune will, I ho - nour still, your

G D G D D G D G

love fair and and lo - uers wrong, Vn - to the fair - est
 fair and and loue - ly eye, What con - quest will it

D G Am G D G Am Em D sus4 D G

lasse, That trode on for grasse, And thus bee - gan his song.
 bee, Sweet Nimph for thee, If I for sor - row dye.

B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F Gm D Dm Dm A Dm Gm A D

Re - store, re - store my hart a - gaine, Which loue by thy sweet lookes hath slaine,

B $\flat$ C Dm C Gm Dm E $\flat$ D Gm D Gm

Least that in - forst by your dis - daine, I sing, Fye fye on

D Gm D Gm D Gm F Gm D Cm D G

loue, fye, fye on loue, it is a fool - ish thing.

A Sheperd in a shade

verse 2

John Dowland (1563-1626)
The Second Booke of Songs
or Ayres, 1600

G Am G C G D G Em D

My hart where haue you laid O cru - ell maide, To

The first system of the musical score for 'A Sheperd in a shade'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a lute line in bass clef, both in G major (one sharp). The key signature is G major. The time signature is common time (C). The system contains 8 measures. The lyrics are: 'My hart where haue you laid O cru - ell maide, To'. The chords are: G, Am, G, C, G, D, G, Em, D.

G D G D D G D G

kill when you might saue, Why haue yee cast it

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and lute lines. The lyrics are: 'kill when you might saue, Why haue yee cast it'. The chords are: G, D, G, D, D, G, D, G.

D G Am G D G Am Em D sus4 D G

forth as no - thing worth, With - out a tombe or graue.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'forth as no - thing worth, With - out a tombe or graue.'. The chords are: D, G, Am, G, D, G, Am, Em, D sus4, D, G.

B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ F Gm D Dm Dm A Dm Gm A D

O let it bee in - tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and me - mo - rie,

B $\flat$ C Dm C Gm Dm E $\flat$ D Gm D Gm

Least I re - sound on eue - ry war - bling string, Fye, fye on

D Gm D Gm D Gm F Gm D Cm D G

loue, fye, fye on loue, that is a fool - ish thing.

the Shepherds wooing Dulcina

verses 1-3

Anon.
tune: "Dulcina"

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

As att noone Dul - ci - na rest - ed in a sweete & sha - die bower,
But in vaine she did con - jure him for to leave her pre - sence soe,
Words whose hope might haue en - joyn - ed him to lett Dul - ci - na sleepe,

C F C C F G C G C G C G

Came a shep - pard & re - quest - ed, in her lap to sleepe an houre. But from her
Hauinge a Thou - sand means t'a - lure him, & but one to lett him goe. Where lipps de -
Could a mans loue have con - fyn - ed or a maid her pro - mise keepe. Noe, for her

G Am C C F C C D sus4 D G C G

looke, a wound hee tooke, soe deepe that for a. far - ther boone, The Nimphe hee
lighte, & eyes in - uite, & cheeks as fresh as. rose in June, Per - swade to
waste hee held soe faste, as she was con - stant. to her tune, Tho' still shee

G Am C C F C C G C

pray'd, where - to she say'd, For - goe mee nowe, come. to mee soone.
staie, what boots to saye,
spake, For Cu - pids sake,

the Shepherds wooing Dulcina

verses 4-6

Anon.
tune: "Dulcina"

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

He de - maunds what time or lei - sure can there be more fitt then nowe
How att last a - greed these lou - ers she was faire & hee was young.
Day was spent & night ap - proch - ed, Ve - nus faire was lou - ers friend

C F C C F G C G C G C G

She saies night giues loue that plea - sure, which the day can - not a - lowe. The sunns cleere
Tongue can tell what eye dis - cou - ers, joys un - seen are ne - ver sunge. Did he re -
She en - treat - ed bright A - pol - lo that his steeds their race mighte end Hee could not

G Am C C F C C D sus4 D G C G

light shyn - eth more bright, quoth hee more fair - er. then the moone, For her to
lent, or she con - sent, on the night or graunt the noone Dul - ci - na
saie this God - desse nay but grant - ed loues faire queene her boone. The shep - heard

G Am C C F C C G C

praise he loues shee saies, For - goe mee nowe, come. to mee soone.
praies & to him saies .
came to his faire dame,

The Silver Swanne

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
*The First Set of Madrigals
and Mottets of 5. Parts, 1612*

F G C F B $\flat$ F

The sil - ver Swanne, who li - uing had no

C Gm Dm C F Gm F C

Note, When death ap - proacht vn - lockt her si - lent throat,

Dm Am B $\flat$ F G Cm G C F Gm C

Lean - ing her breast a - gainst the ree - die shore, Thus
 Fare - well all ioyes, O death come close mine eyes; More

F Dm E $\flat$ B $\flat$ C F C 1. F C 2. F

sung her first and last, and sung no more, Geese then Swannes now liue, more fooles then wise.

Since first I saw your face

Thomas Ford (c.1580-1648)
Musicke of Syndrie Kindes, 1607

C F G Dm C Dm C G sus4 G C

Since first I saw your face I re-solude to hon - our & re - nowne yee, If
 If I ad - mire or prayse you too much, that fault you may for - giue mee, Or
 The Sunne whose beames most glo - ri - ous are, re - iect - eth no be - hold - er, And

C F G Dm C Dm C G sus4 G C

now I be dis - dayn - ed I wishe my hart had neu - er knowne yee, What
 if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then iust - ly might you leave me, I
 your sweet beau - tie past com - pare, made my poore eyes the bould - er, Where

A D G C Am F G D^{sus4} D G

I that lou'de and you that likte shal wee be - ginne to wran - gle
askt you leave, you bad me loue, ist now a time to chide me?
beau - tie mouses, and wit de - lights, and signes of kind - nes bind me

G Em F Dm Em C Dm B^{dim} C F G Dm Am G^{sus4} G C

No, No, no, my hart is fast and can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
No, no, no, ile loue you still, what for - tune ere be - tide me.
There, O there where ere I go, ile leave my hart be - hinde me.

Sing wee and chaunt it

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*The first booke of balletts
to five voyces, 1595*

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

Sing wee and chaunt it, While loue doth graunt it, Fa la la la la la la la,
2.All things in - uite vs, Now to de - light vs,

G C D G G F Bdim C C F G C

Fa la la la, Not long youth last - eth, And old age hast - eth,
Hence care be pack - ing, No mirth bee lack - ing,

G D C[#]dim Bm D G Am D G G D

Now is best ley - sure, To take our plea - sure,
 Let spare no trea - sure, To live in plea - sure,

G F[#]dim G Am G D G Am D G D^{sus4} D G

Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la.

A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Euen and Morne, Of the bloody murder of

Sir John Barley-corne

verses 1-3

Anon.
tune: "Lull Me
Beyond Thee"

Am Am E Am C Dm E Am E Am Dm

As I went through the North Coun - trey, I heard a mer - ry
Whose name was Sir John Bar - ley - corne; he dwelt down in a
Some of them fought in a Jacke, some of them in a

E A Am Am E Am C Dm E Am E Am Dm

greet - ing; A plea - sant toy and full of joy - two no - ble men were
dale; Who had a kins - man dwelt him nigh, they cal'd him Tho - mas
Can: But the chief - est in a blacke pot, like a wor - thy no - ble

E A Am Am Dm C G C G

meet - ing: And as they walk - èd for to sport up - on a sum - mer's
 Good - ale. A - no - ther nam - èd Rich - ard Beere was read - y at that
 man. Sir John Bar - ly - corne fought in a Boule, who wonne the vic - to -

C G C G Am E Am E Am Dm E A

day, Then with a - noth - er no - ble - man they went to make a fray:
 time; A - no - ther worth - y knight was ther, call'd Sir Will - iam White Wine.
 rie: And made them all to fume and sweare, that Bar - ly - corne should die.

A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Euen and Morne, Of the bloody murder of

Sir John Barley-corne

verses 4-6

Anon.
tune: "Lull Me
Beyond Thee"

Am Am E Am C Dm E Am E Am Dm

And then they set a tap to him, Even thus his death be -
When Sir John Good - ale heard of this, he came with mick - le
Some lay gron - ing by the wals, some in the streets downe

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

E A Am Am E Am C Dm E Am E Am Dm

gun: They drew out eve - ry dram of blood, Whilst an - y drop would
might, And there he tooke their tongues a - way, their legs or else their
right, The best of them did scarce - ly know what they had done ore -

The second system continues the musical score. It maintains the same instrumental and vocal parts. The lyrics continue, with hyphens used to show syllables across measures. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

E A Am Am Dm C G C G

run. sight. night. And thus All you Some brought Sir John good wives jacks up - on their backs, in each res - spect so paid them all and their all

bow, hire, teene: And That But eve - ry man his wea - pon had, Bar - ley - Corne to o - ver - throw. some tum - bling in the mire. the devill put out your eyne.

C G C G Am E Am E Am Dm E A

bow, hire, teene: And That But eve - ry man his wea - pon had, Bar - ley - Corne to o - ver - throw. some tum - bling in the mire. the devill put out your eyne.

Sleepe wayward thoughts

verses 1-2

John Dowland (1563-1626)

the First Booke of Songs

or Ayres, 1597

G G C G G Am G D

Sleep, wai - ward thoughts, and rest of you with my loue:
But, O the fu - ry of my rest - lesse feare!

D D G C G G D^{sus4} D G

let not my loue bee with my loue di - seasd.
The hid - den an - guish of my my flesh de - sires!

G G C G Am G D

Touch not proud hands, lest the you her ties an - ger moue:
The glo - ries and the beau - ties that ap - pear:

D D G C G D sus4 D G

But pine you with my long - ings long dis - pleasd.
Be - tweene her browes, neere Cu - pids clo - sed fires,

C C G Am E sus4 E A D G A

Thus, while she sleeps, I sor - row for her sake: So sleeps my
Thus while she sleeps, moues sigh - ing for her sake: So sleeps my

D G D G C G sus4 G D sus4 D G

loue, and yet my loue doth wake.
loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

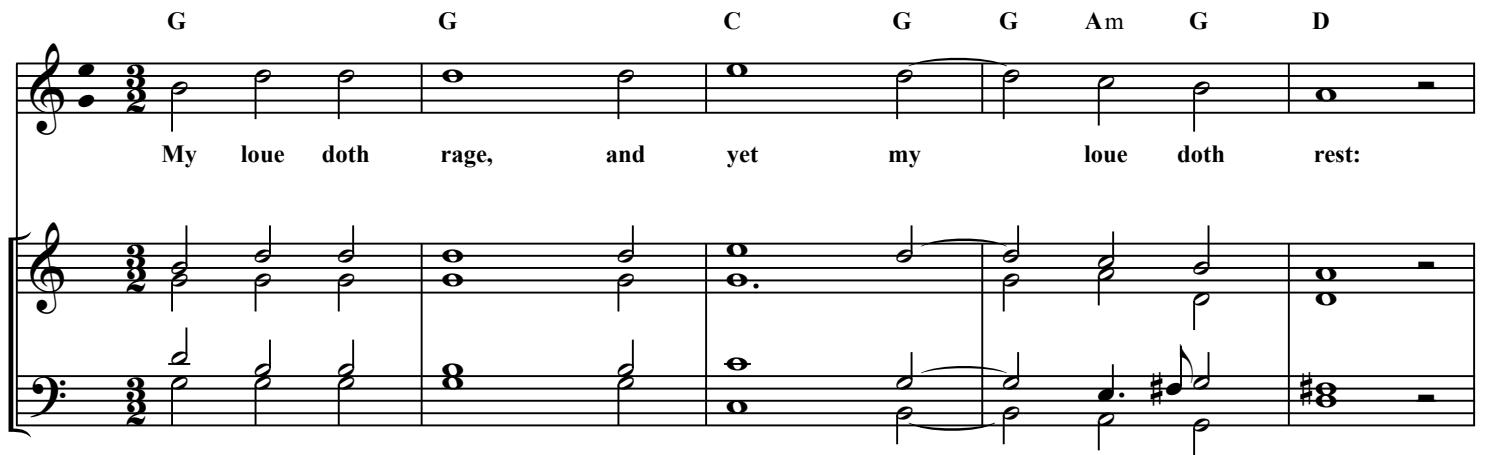
Sleepe wayward thoughts

verse 3

John Dowland (1563-1626)
*the First Booke of Songes
or Ayres, 1597*

G G C G G Am G D

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth rest:



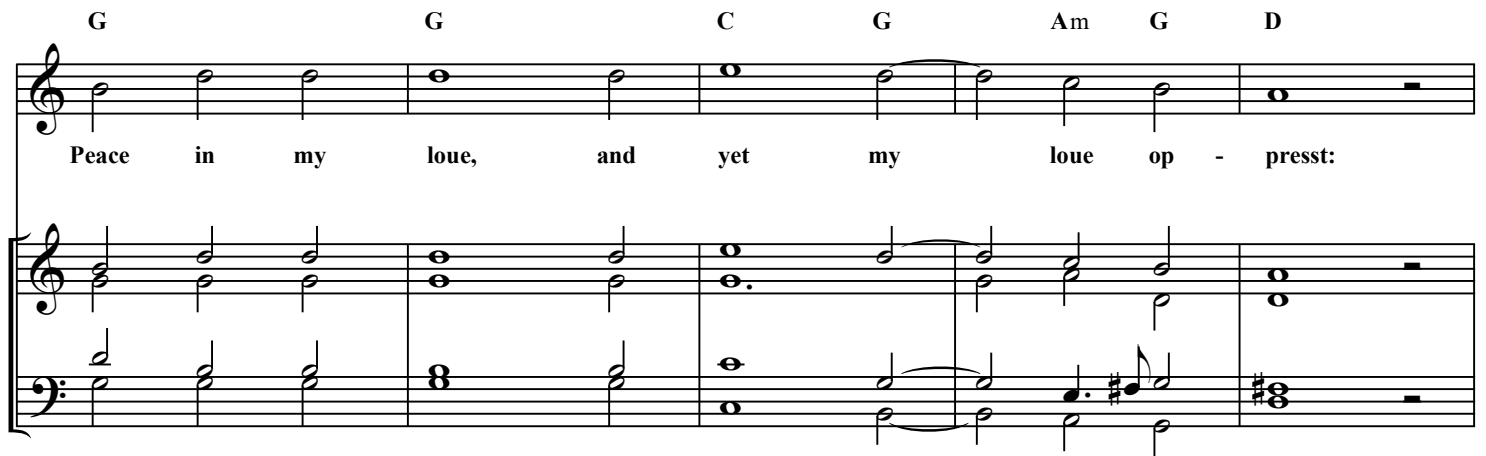
D D G C G G D^{sus4} D G

Feare in my loue, and yet my loue se - cure:



G G C G Am G D

Peace in my loue, and yet my loue op - presst:



D D G C G Dsus4 D G

Im - pa - tient, yet of per - fect tem - pera - ture.

C C G Am Esus4 E A D G A

Sleepe, dain - ty loue, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my

D G D G C Gsus4 G Dsus4 D G

loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

So beautie on the waters stood

Ben Jonson (1573-1637)
Alfonso Ferrabosco II (c.1575-1628)
The Masque of Beauty, 1608

C C F G Am G C G

8 So So beau - tie he on the wa - ters stood, fire,

when he part - ed ayre from

C C Dm C F C G sus4 G C

8 when hee Loue did had with se - uer'd earth from in - flood, spire,

con - cord all

C Am G D D sus4 D C

8 And then a mo - ti - - on hee them taught, that

F G C G sus4 G C G

8 el - der then him - selfe was thought,

G C Dm F B dim

8 which thought was yet the childe of

C G C F G C

8 earth, for loue is eld - er then his birth.

Some yeares of late in eighty eight

Anon.
tune: "Jog On"

G G D G D G C G D

SOME yeares of late, in eigh - ty eight, As I doe well re - mem - ber; It
2.The Span - ish traine lanch'd forth a - maine, With ma - ny a fine Bre - va - do, Their,
3.There was a little man, that dwelt in Spain Who shot well in a Gun - a, Don

D G C G D G D C G

was some say, nine - teenth of May, But some say in Sep - tem - ber.
as they thought, but it proov'd not, In - vin - ci - ble Ar - ma - do.
Pe - dro hight, as blacke a wight, As the Knight of the Sunn - a.

G G D G D G C G D

4.King Phi - lip made him Ad - mi - rall, And bid him not to stay - a, But
5.Their men was young, mu - ni - tion strong, And to doe us more harm - a, They
6.They coast - ed round a - bout our land, And so came in by Do - ver: But

D G C G D G D C G

to des - troy both man and boy, And so to come his way - a.
thought it meete to joyne their fleete, All with the Prince of Par - ma's.
we had men, soone set on them, And threw the ras - cals o - ver.

G G D G D G C G D

7.The Queene was then at Tils - bu - ry, What more could we de - sire - a? And sir
8.When straight they fled by sea and land, So that one man kill'd three - score - a, And
9.Then let them nei - ther brag nor boast, But if they come a - gen - a, Let

D G C G D G D C G

Fran - cis Drake, for her sweete sake, Did set them all on fire - a.
but that they all ran a - way, O'my Soule he had kill'd more - a.
'em take heede they doe not speede, As they did they know when - a.

Surely now I'm out of danger

Patrick Cary (c.1623-1657)
Trivial Poems and Triolets, 1651
 tune: "Chestnut"

Am Dm Am E Am E Am G C

Sure - ly now I'm out of dan - ger, And noe more need feare my heart;
 Anne was once the word which moou - ed Most my heart, I'll itt av - vow;
 With three Bet - ties I was tak - en; Yett noe more, then whilst in sight:

Am Dm Am E Am E Am G C

Who loves thus to bee a ran - ger, Nere will fix in an - y part;
 Twelue att least soe call'd, I'ue lou - ed, But I care not for them now;
 One of them is now for - sak - en, And her sis - ter has her right.

C G C E Am Dm G C

All the gra - ces Of fayre fa - ces I have seene, and yett am free:
 Yett if e - uer I en - dea - uour For a mis - tresse, that's her name;
 T'o - ther's prit - ty, But (what pit - ty!) In a cast - le she is penn'd:

C G C E Am Dm E A

I like ma - ny, but not an - y Shall sub - due my li - ber - tee.
 These are fan - cyes, But with Nan - cyes Luck - iest still hath beene my flame.
 The third plen - ty Has for twen - ty, But she's court - ed by my friend.

Lucyes there are two; for beauty,
 Vertue, witt, beyond compare:
 Th' one's too high for loue, in duety
 I respect, but noe more dare:
 As for t'other, Though a mother
 (As I take't) to halfe a score;
 Had she tarryed To bee married,
 Shee'd have had one suitour more.

Katherne has a lippe that's ruddy,
 Swelling soe, itt seemes to poute;
 How to kisse her I did studdy,
 But could neuer bring't about.
 Beauteous Frances Loues romances,
 But (alasse!) shee's now a wife;
 She makes uerses, And rehearses
 With great grace Primaleon's life.

Peg is blith; but O she tattles;
 Nothing's soe demure as Ruth.
 Susan's head is full of rattles,
 Rachell preacheth well in truth.
 Were not Tolly Melancholly,
 She hath parts I most could prize:
 Amorous Sophy Reares noe trophy
 On my heart, with her gray eyes.

I know two, and each a Mary,
 One's the greatest of this land:
 Th' Oxford-vintner made mee wary
 Least I should a gazing stand.
 Though I like her, Most unlike her
 Is the secound; and I sweare,
 Had her portion Some proportion
 With my wants, I'de marry there.

Doll has purest brests, much whiter
 Then their milck, but naked still;
 That's the reason why I slight her,
 For I've seene them to my fill.
 Jane is slender, But God send her
 Lesse opinion of her race!
 Nell's soe spotted That sh' has blotted
 Allmost out, her little face.

Thus I still find somewhat wanting,
 Allways full of iffs, or ands;
 Where there's beauty, money's scanting;
 Something still my choice withstands.
 'Tis my fortune, I'le importune
 With noe my prayers my destiny:
 If I'm scorned, I'm not horned;
 That's some joy in misery.

Sweete come againe

verses 1-2

Phillip Rosseter (1576/78-1623)
A Booke of Ayres, 1601

G C D G C G

Sweete come a - gaine, your hap - - - pie sight so
 If true de - sire, Or faith - - - full vow of

D sus4 D G D Am

much end - - - de - sir'd since you heart from hence
 end - - - les loue, Thy heart en - flam'd

C G G D Am

are now re - tir'd I seeke in vaine, stil must I
 may kind - ly moue With e - quall fire; O then my

E C^{aug} F D^m E A^m E^{sus4} E A

mourn, & pine in long - ing paine,
joies. So long de - straught shall rest,

A^m D G C E^m B^{dim}

till you my liues de - light a -
Re - pos - ed soft thy chast

C C D G G C D^{sus4} D G

gaine vouch - safe your wisht re - turne.
brest, Ex - empt from all an - noies.

Sweete come again

verses 3-4

Phillip Rosseter (1576/78-1623)
A Booke of Ayres, 1601

G C D G C G

You And had till the we power meete, My Teach wan ab - - - dring sence thoughts in - - - first ward

D sus4 D G D Am

to art re - to straine, find, You Both first to did dis - heare turbe

C G G D Am

my and loue please speake the plaine, mind, A Such child thoughts be are fore: sweete, Now And it such is re -

E Caug F Dm E Am E sus4 E A

growne Con - - - firm'd, do you it keepe,
maine In hearts whole flames are true,

Am D G C Em B dim

And let it safe in your bo - - - - some
Then such will I re - taine till

C C D G G C D sus4 D G

sleepe, There eu - er - made your owne.
you To me re - turne a - gaine.

Sweet exclude mee not

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
TWO BOOKES OF AYRES, c.1613

Gm D Gm Dm F Gm D Gm A D A Dm

Sweet ex - clude mee not, nor be di - vi - ded sure From him
Te - nants, to ful - fill their Land - lords plea - sure Pay their
Why were dores in loues des - pight de - ui - sed? Are not

C Gm D C D sus4 D G Gm D Gm Dm F Gm

that ere long must bed thee: All thy mai - den doubts Law
rent be - fore the quar - ter: 'Tis my case, if you apt it
Lawes e - nough re - strayn - ing? Wo - men are most to

D Gm A D A Dm C Gm D C D sus4 D G

hath de - ci - ded; Sure wee are, and I must wed thee.
right - ly mea - sure, Put mee not then off with laugh - ter.
be sur - pri - sed Sleep - ing, or sleepe wise - ly fayn - ing.

C F Dm Gm

Pre - sume then yet a lit - tle more, yet a lit - tle more,
 Con - si - der then a lit - tle more, then a lit - tle more,
 Then grace me yet a lit - tle more, yet a lit - tle more,

Cm F Bb F sus4 F Bb Bb Dm

yet a lit - tle more, yet a lit - tle more, Here's the
 then a lit - tle more, then a lit - tle more, Here's the
 yet a lit - tle more, yet a lit - tle more, Here's the

Cm Eb Bb F Gm D G

way, the way, the way, barre not the dore.
 way, the way, the way, to all my store.
 way, the way, the way, barre not the dore.

Sweet youth go bruse thy pillow

Anon.
Turpyn lute manuscript,
c. 1610-15

G G C D G F Em C D Dm

Sweet youth go bruse thy pil - low, to make thee sleep wear wil - low. Fa
2.Ought save my loue I give thee, it may not once re - leeve thee.

C Am D G C G D G

la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la.

C C Dm C G C#dim D G

A brace - let of my tress - es, which all sweet beau - ty bless - es, or
No way in loue per - seu - er, for I am bound for - eu - er; de -

C Dm C G D G D sus4 D G

sweet de - li - cious po - ses, made all of pinkes and ro - ses. Fa la
 mand no cause, 'tis trea - son, to think in loue there's rea - son.

C G D Dm Dm C

la la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la, Fa la

G D G C G D sus4 D G

la la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la.

There is a Ladie

Thomas Ford (c.1580-1648)
Musicke of Syndrie Kindes, 1607

G G C D G

There is a La - die sweet & kind
 Her jes - ture, mo - tion, and her smiles,
 Her free be - ha - viour, win - ning lookes,

Dm Am C F Dm E A

was ne - ver face so pleasse my mind.
 Her wit, her voyce, so my hart be - guiles,
 Will make a Law - yer burne his bookes

D G D C D G C

I did but see her pas - sing by and
Be - guiles my hart, I know not why, And
I toucht her not, a - las not I, And

G F G D sus4 D G

yet I love her till I die.
yet I love her till I die.
yet I love her till I die.

There were three Rauens

Thomas Ravenscroft

(c.1582-c.1635)

Melismata, 1611

Gm Gm Am Gm D Gm Eb Cm

There were three Rauens sat on a tree, Downe a downe, hey
 The one of them said to his mate, yon - der gree - ne field,
 His hounds they lie downe at his feete,

D Gm F Cm D Dm

downe a downe. There were three Rauens sat on a tree, with a downe. There
 The one of them said to his mate, The Downe in yon - der gree - ne field,
 His hounds they lie downe at his feete, His

B $\flat$ F G m

were one three Rauens sat on a tree, they were as blacke as
 Downe of in them said to his mate, There Where shall we Knight our
 hounds they lie downe at his feete, So well they can slain their

D B $\flat$ C D G

they might be, with a downe, der-rie, der-rie, der-rie, downe, downe.
 breake - fast take? shield,
 under his shield,
 Mas - ter keepe,

His Haukes they flie so eagerly,
 There's no fowle dare him come nie,

She lift up his bloody hed,
 And kist his wounds that were so red,

She buried him before the prime,
 She was dead her selfe ere euen-song time

Downe there comes a fallow Doe
 As great with young as she might goe,

She got him up upon her backe,
 And carried him to earthen lake,

God send every gentleman
 Such haukes, such hounds, and such a Leman,

The three merry Coblers.

Who tell how the case with them doth stand,
How they are still on the mending hand.

Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656)
tune: "The Spanish Gypsies"

C C C

Come fol - low, fol - low me! To
Come Tap - ster fill us some ale, Then
Though Shoo - mak - ers us dis - daine, Yet

C C G C G C

th'ale - house weele march all three, Leave Aule, Last, Threed, and
heark - en to our tale, And try trade what can be
tis ap - prov - ed plaine, Our trade can not be

F C C G C

Le - - - ther, Of And let's goe al - to - gether,
made mist, Of Let our them say re - nown - ed trade;
list,

C C F C F G C C F C G C

Our trade ex - cells most trades ith land, For we are still on the mend - ing hand.
 We have Aule at our com - mand, And still we are on the mend - ing hand.
 Though all grow worse quite through the land, Yet we are still on the mend - ing hand.

When Shoemakers are decayed
 Then doe they fall to our trade,
 And glad their mindes they give
 By mending Shooes to live,
 When in necessity they stand,
 They strive to be on the mending hand.

Although theres but few of us rich,
 Yet bravely we go thorow stich.
 Weret not for this barley broth
 (Which is meat, drinke, and cloth)
 We sure should purchase house and land,
 At worst we are still on the mending hand.

We deale most uprightly,
 Our neighbours that goe awry
 We easily set upright,
 The broken we unite,
 When all men out of order stand;
 Then we are most on the mending hand:

We cannot dissemble for treasure,
 But give every one just measure,
 If Bakers kept size like us,
 They need not be frighted thus,
 We feare not to have our doings scannd,
 For we are still on the mending hand.

What ever we doe intend
 We bring to a perfect end.
 If any offence be past,
 We make all well at last,
 We sit at worke when others stand,
 And still we are on the mending hand.

We bristle as well as the best,
 All knavery we doe detest,
 What we have promised
 Wee do unto a thred,
 We use waxe, but to seale no Band,
 And still we are on the mending hand.

Our wives doe sit at the wheele,
 They spin, and we doe reele,
 Although we take no Farmes,
 Yet we can show our armes,
 And spread them at our owne command.
 Thus still we are on the mending hand.

Poore weather-beaten Soles,
 Whose case the body condoles,
 We for a little gaine
 Can set on foot againe,
 We make the falling stedfast stand,
 And still we are on the mending hand.

Youd thinke we were past sence,
 For we give pieces for pence,
 Judge, ist not very strange
 We should make such exchange,
 Yet so wee do at your command,
 And yet wee be on the mending hand.

Our hands doe show that we
 Live not by taking a Fee,
 We pull a living forth
 Of things but little worth,
 Our worke doth th owners understand,
 Thus still we are on the mending hand.

All day we merrily sing,
 And Customers doe bring,
 Or unto us doe send,
 Their Boots and Shooes to mend,
 We have our money at first demand,
 Thus still we are on the mending hand.

When all our money is spent,
 We are not discontent,
 For we can worke for more,
 And then pay off our score,
 We drinke without either bill or band,
 Because we are still on the mending hand.

While other Callings great,
 For fraud and foule deceit,
 Are lookt unto by Law,
 We need not weight a straw,
 Our honesty spreads through the land,
 For we are still on the mending hand.

Therefore lets be of good cheere,
 Though Lether be something deare,
 The Law some course will take
 Amends for all to make,
 And by their care we understand,
 the world is now on the mending hand,

We pray for durty weather,
 And money to pay for Lether,
 Which if we have, and health,
 A fig for worldly wealth,
 Till men upon their heads doe stand,
 We shall be still on the mending hand.

Thrice tosse these Oaken ashes in the ayre

Thomas Campion

(1567-1620)

The Third and Fovrth Booke

of Ayers (c.1617).

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

Thrice tosse these Oak - en ash - es in the ayre;
 Goe burne these poys' - nous weedes in yon blew fire,
 Then come you Fay - ries, dance with me a round,

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

Thrice sit thou mute in this in - chant - ed chayre:
 These Screech - owles fe - thers, and this prick - ling bryer,
 Melt her hard hart with your me - lo - dious sound:

B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F Cm Dm B $\flat$ F sus4 F B $\flat$

Then thrice three times tye vp at this true loues knot,
This Cy - presse ga - thered at a dead mans graue,
In vaine are all the charmes I can de - uise,

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

And mur - mur soft shee will, or shee will not.
That all thy feares and cares an end may haue.
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.

Time stands still

verse 1

John Dowland (1563-1626)
The Third and Last Booke..., 1603

G D Em C D sus4 D G D

Time stands still with ga - zing on her face, stand

G Em D G C G D Em D sus4 D G

still and gaze for min - utes, houres and yeares, to her giue place: All

D G Em D G Am G D

o - ther things shall change, but shee re - maines the same,

G Am D G Am G C D G C D G

till hea - uens chang-ed haue their course & time hath lost his name.

G Am D G Am G C D E Am E sus4 E A

Cu - pid doth ho - uer vp and downe blind - ed with her faire eyes,

Am Em C D G C D C Em D sus4 D G

and for-tune cap - ture at her feete con - tem'd and con - querd lies.

Time stands still

verse 2

John Dowland (1563-1626)
The Third and Last Booke..., 1603

G D Em C D sus4 D G D

When for - - - tune, loue, and time at-tend on Her

G Em D G C G D Em D sus4 D G

with my for - tunes, loue, and time, I ho - nour will a - lone, If

D G Em D G Am G D

bloud - lesse en - uie say, du - tie hath no de - sert.

G Am D G Am G C D G C D G

Du - tie re - plies that en - uie knowes her selfe his faith - full heart,

G Am D G Am G C D E Am E sus4 E A

My set - led vowes and spot - lesse faith no for - tune can re - moue,

Am Em C D G C D C Em D sus4 D G

Cou - rage shall shew my in - ward faith, and faith shall trie my loue.

To the Old, long Life and Treasure

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)
Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)

Dm Dm A Dm

To the Old, long Life and clear Treasures, To the
2.To the Wit - ty, all clear Mir - rors, To the

Dm C F C F F A Dm C

Young, all Health and dark Pleasure; To the Fair, their Face With E -
Fool - ish their dark Er - rors; To the lov - ing Sprite, a se -

F Gm A A Dm A D

ter - nal Grace; And the Foul to be lov'd at lei - sure.
cure De - light; To the Jeal - ous his own False Ter - rors.

Dm Dm A Dm

3.The fae - ry of Beam up - on you, The
4.The Wheel of For - tune guide you, The

Dm C F C F F A Dm C

Stars to glit - ter be - on you; A Moon of Light, In the
Boy with the Bow be - side you; Run aye in the way, Till the

F Gm A A Dm A D

Noon of Night, Till the Fire - drake hath o'er - gone you.
Bird of Day And the luck - i - er lot be - tide you.

Tomorrow is St. Valentines Day

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Hamlet, c.1599-1602

tune: "A Soldier's Life"

C C G

To - mor - row is by St. Va - len - tines day, all
By - gis and by St. Cha - ri - ty, A -

C G C

in lacke the and morn - ing be - time, And I a Maid at if
Yong men will doo't shame: if

G C F G C

your they win - dow, to be your Va - len - - - time.
they come too't, By Cocke they are too blame.

C C G

Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, &
 Quoth she be - fore you tumb - led me, You

C G C

dupt the cham - ber to dore, Let in the Maid, that
 pro - mis'd me to Wed. So would I ha done by

G C F G C

out a Maid, Ne - ver de - part - ed to more.
 yon - der Sunne, And thou hadst not come to my bed.

Tomorrow the Fox will come to towne

Thomas Ravenscroft

(c.1582-c.1635)

Deuteromelia, 1609

G D G D G D G D G G C G

To - mor - row the Fox will come to towne Keep, keep, keep, keep, keepe To -
Hee'l steale the Cock out from his flock

D G D G F G D G D Em Am D G

mor - row the Fox will come to towne O keep you all wel there I
steale the Cock out from his flock

D G D G D G G G C G

must de - sire you neigh - bours all, to hal - low the Fox out of the hall And

D G D G F G D G

cry as loud as you can call Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop And

D G D G F G D G D Em Am D G

cry as loud as you can call, O keepe you all well there

3. Hee'l steale the Hen out of the pen
4. Hee'l steale the Duck out of the brook
5. Hee'l steale the Lamb euen from his dam

Tosse the pot Drinking Of Ale

verses 1-3

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)
A Briefe Discovrse..., 1614

F F B $\flat$ F

Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let vs be mer - ry, and

F Dm C F B $\flat$ C F

drinke till our cheeks be as red as a Cher - ry.

F B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F F

We take no thought we haue no care, for still we
We drinke Ca - rouse with hart most free, A har - ty
And when our mo - ny is all spent, Then sell our

C Cm Gsus4 G C C F Gm C F

spend, draught goods, and I and ne - uer drinke to spend our spare, thee: rent, till Then Or of fill the it mo - ney our a - with

Gm F C F F Bb Csus4 C F

pursse gaine one is to con - bare, me, sent, we and and e - - uer tosse the pot.

Tosse the pot Drinking Of Ale

verses 4-6

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)
A Briefe Discovrse..., 1614

F F B $\flat$ F

Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let vs be mer - ry, and

F Dm C F B $\flat$ C F

drinke till our cheeks be as red as a Cher - ry.

F B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ F F

When all is gone we haue no more, Then let vs
And when our cre - dit is all lost, Then may we
Let vs con - clude as we be - gan, And tosse the

C Cm G sus4 G C C F Gm C F

set it on the score, Or chalke it vp be -
 goe and kiss the post, And eat Browne bread in
 pot from man to man, And drinke as much now

Gm F C F F Bb C sus4 C F

hind the dore, and e - - uer tosse the pot.
 steed of we rost, and and
 as we can, and

The travelling Tinker and the Country Ale-Wife : Or, the lucky Mending of the leaky Copper.

Anon.
Wit and Mirth...,
Vol. VI, 1720

G G G

A Come - ly Dame of Is - ling - ton, Had got a leak - y
He turn'd the Ves - sel to the Ground, Says he a good old
The Man of Met - tle op - en'd wide, His Bud - get's mouth to

G C D

Cop - per; The Hole that let the Li - quor run, Was
Cop - per; But well may't Leak, the for I quor have found A
please her, Says he this Tool for we oft em - ploy'd, A -

D G D D

want - ing of a Stop - per: A Jol - ly Tink - er
Hole in't that's a whop - per: But nev - er doubt a
bout such Jobbs as these are: With that the Jol - ly

D G A D

un - der - took, And pro - mised her most fair - ly;
 Tink - ers stroke, Al - tho' he's black and sur - ly,
 Tink - er took, A Stroke or two most kind - ly;

C C G C G C G D G C D G

With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock, To do her Bus - i - ness rare - ly.
 With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock, He'll do your Bus - i - ness pure - ly.
 With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock, He did her Bus - i - ness fine - ly.

The Man of Mettle open'd wide,
 His Budget's mouth to please her,
 Says he this Tool we oft employ'd,
 About such Jobbs as these are:
 With that the Jolly Tinker took,
 A Stroke or two most kindly;
 With a thump thump thump,
 and knick knack knock,
 He did her Business finely.

As soon as Crock had done the Feat,
 He cry'd 'tis very hot ho;
 This thrifty Labour makes me Sweat,
 Here, gi's a cooling Pot ho:
 Says she bestow the other Stroke,
 Before you take your Farewel;
 With a thump thump thump,
 and knick knack knock,
 And you may drink a Barrel.

Trudge away quickly

verses 1-3

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)
A Brieve Discourse..., 1614

G D G D D Em Am D G

Trudge a - way quick - ly and fill the black Bole, de - uout - ly as long as wee bide, now

G G G C F G G Am D G

wel-come good fel-lowes, both stran-gers and all, let mad - nes and mirth set sad - nes a - side.

G D G F G D D G D

Of all recko - nings I loue good cheere, with ho - nest folkes in
 Loue is a pas - time for my a King, if one be seene in
 Mas - ters this is all my de - sire, I would no drinke should

G Am G G G F G D

com - pa - ny: and when drinke comes my part for to beare,
Phis - no - mie: But I loue well this pot mend to the wring,
passe vs by: Let vs now sing and fier,

G G D Em Am D 1. G 2. G

for still me thinks one tooth is drye, drye.

Trudge away quickly

verses 4-5

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)
A Brieve Discourse..., 1614

G D G D D Em Am D G

Trudge a-way quick-ly and fill the black Bole, de-uout-ly as long as wee bide, now

G G G C F G G Am D G

wel-come good fel-lowes, both stran-gers and all, let mad-nes and mirth set sad-nes a-side.

G D G F G D D G D

Mas-ter But-ler giue vs this a taste, of your best good drinke so
 Mas-ter But-ler of this take part, ye loue good drinke as

G Am G G G F G D

gent - - ly: A And Iugge or to twaine and make no waste,
well as I: And drinke to mee with all your hart,

G G D Em Am D 1. G 2. G

for still me thinks one tooth is drye, drye.

Under and ouer

Anon, 1631

Dm Dm Am Gm D Gm Dm F C Dm A

AS I a - broad was walk - ing, I heard two lov - ers talk - ing: One
I ore a me - dow turn - ing, up - on a Sum - mers morn - ing: I

Dm A Dm A Dm G D A D

to heard the oth - er spake, of loves con - stan - cie:
heard these Lov - ers mourn - ing, cause of loves cruel - ty.

D F C Dm F C Dm A

For un - der and o - ver, o - ver and un - der, un - der and o - ver a - gen, quoth

Dm A B^b A D G A D

shee sweet heart I love thee, as may - dens should love men.

The young-man he replied,
and not her love denied,
Quoth hee I am affyed:
in constancy to thee,
The cast all sorrowes from thee:
for I will never wrong thee,
Sweet pleasures shall o'rethrong thee
so thou bee true to me.
For under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
I meane sweete heart to love thee,
as mayds are lov'd of men.

(Quoth she) my onely sweeting,
men fayle oft in their meeting,
Let me have faithfull greeting,
or else depart for aye:
O say not so my Jewell,
for then you are to cruell,
Yeeld Cupid's fixe more fewell,
let not true love decay.
For under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
I love thee mine owne sweeting,
as maydes are lov'd of men.

Sayd shee, you men can flatter,
(quoth he) sweete no such matter,
With that amaine flung at her:
and then began to play,
Such kisses sweete he gave her,
and often time did crave her,
That he in love might have her:
to sport with him all day.
At under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
yeeld thou to sport with me sweet
as mayds doe sport with men.

He by the white hand tooke her,
and then in kindnesse shooke her,
Swearing he had mistooke her:
if now she prov'd unkind,
Oh, yeeld my sweete unto me,
or else you will undoe me,
If thou no love wilt show me,
to grieve I am assign'd.
Then under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
come sport with me my sweeting,
as mayds doe sport with men.

At length this Lasse consented,
they both were well contented,
And often times frequented,
that lovely meadow greene,
To gather lovely dazies,
or sport in Cupid's mazes,
I speake it to their praises:
they merry there have beene.
With under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
These two did sport together,
as women sport with men.

Ere fortie weekes expired,
this bonny Lasse was tyred,
Her heart with love was fired:
and growne so round before,
This young man from her wanders,
to France or else to Flaunders:
Thus was she served with slanders,
her heart then waxed sore.
With under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
this mayd was wrong'd in earnest
as mayds are wrong'd by men.

In brieve she was delivered,
the Carryer he was hyred.
And she from thence was carryed
to London with all speed:
No one could be demurer,
nor seeme a Virgin purer,
Her carryage now did sure her,
to bee a mayd indeed.
With under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
shee vowes never to sport that way,
that maydens use with men.

Then in short time came to her.
a Taylor and did woo her,
He never could part fro her,
till she was made his wife:
He for a mayd did take her,
and vowd ne're to forsake her
But still be her partaker,
And love her as his life.
With under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
She vow'd ever to love him still,
as women doe love men.

Thus were her griefes converted,
and she was now light hearted,
Being so well supported,
by her new wedded mate,
She now was freed from mourning,
her griefe to joyes were turning,
She now liv'd voyd of scorning,
dissension and debate.
With under and over, over and under,
under, and over agen,
shee vow'd ever to love him still,
as women doe love men.



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The Third Booke of Songs
Keyboard Edition