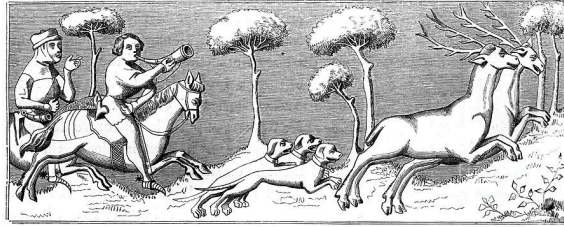


Song Texts

Hey hoe, to the greene wood now let us goe,
Sing heave and hoe,
And there shall we find both bucke and doe,
Sing heave and hoe,
The Hart the Hinde, and the little pretty Roae.
Sing heave and hoe.



Blow thi horne, hunter
and blow thi horne on hie.
Ther ys a do in yonder wode;
in faith, she woll not dy.
Now blow thi horne, joly hunter.

Sore this dere stryken ys,
and yet she bledes no whytt;
She lay so fayre, I cowd nott mys;
Lord, I was glad of it.

As I stod under a bank
the dere shoff on the mede;
I stroke her so that downe she sanke
but yet she was not dede.

There she gothe, see ye nott,
how she gothe over the playne?
And yf ye lust to have a shott,
I warrant her barrayne.

He to go and to go,
but he ran fast afore;
I bad him shott and strik the do,
for I might shott no more.

To the covert bothe thay went,
for I fownd wher she lay;
An arrow in her hanch she hent;
for faynte she might not bray.

I was wery of the game,
I went to tavern to drynk;
Now the contruccyon of the same,
what do yow meane or think?

Here I leve and mak an end
now of this hunter's lore;
I think his bow ys well unbent,
hys bolt may flye no more.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the treen,
All laughing with the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free;
The woods rejoyce at the merry noise
Of hey taranta tee ree.

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
Be merry as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

Hey downe downe,
Heave and ho rumbelo,
follow me my sweet heart follow me where I goe,
Shall I goe walke the woods so wild,
wandering here and there
as I was once full sore beguild
what remedy though alas for love I die with woe,
Oft have I ridden upon my gray nag,
and with his cut tayle he plaid the wag,
and down he fell upon his cragge,
fa la re la, la ri dan dino.

Drink, Boys, Drink

Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast,
We hope to God with all our hearts
His soul in heaven may rest;
That all his works may prosper,
Whatever he takes in hand,
For we are all his servants,
And all at his command
*So drink, boys, drink,
And see that you do not spill;
For if you do, you shall drink two,
For 'tis our master's will.*

And now we've drunk our master's health,
Why should our missus go free?
For shouldn't she go to heaven,
To heaven as well as he?
She is a good provider,
Abroad as well as at home;
So fill your cup and drink it up,
For 'tis our harvest home.

Now harvest it is ended,
And supper it is past,
To our good mistress' health, boys,
A full and flowing glass.
For she is a good woman,
And makes us all good cheer
Here's to our mistress' health, boys,
So all drink off your beer.

Old apple tree, we'll wassail thee
And hoping thou wilt bear.
The Lord does know where we shall be
To be merry another year.
To blow well and to bear well
And so merry let us be.
Let every man drink up his cup
And health to the old apple tree.

Cob-Coaling Song

We come a cob-coalin' on Bon Fire Night.
For coal and for money we hope you'll set right,
Fol the ray, fall the ray, fol the riddle-ee-I dum day.

Now the first house we come to
is an old cobbler's shop,
with nought on his cornice but an old pepper pot,
Pepper pot, pepper pot, morning to night,
If you give us nowt, we'll take nowt,
farewell and good night.

We knock at your knocker, and ring at your bell,
To see what you'll give us for singing so well,
Fol the ray, fall the ray, fol the riddle-ee-I dum day.

Nottingham Ale

When Venus, the goddess of beauty and love
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea
Minerva sprang out of the cranium of Jove
A coy, sullen dame as most mortals agree
But Bacchus, they tell us, that prince of good fellows
Was Jupiter's son, pray attend to my tale
They who thus chatter mistake quite the matter
He sprang from a barrel of Nottingham Ale
*Nottingham Ale, boys, Nottingham Ale
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham Ale.*

You bishops and curates, priests, deacons and vicars
When once you have tasted, you all must agree
That Nottingham Ale is the best of all liquors
And none understands a good creature like thee.
It dispels every vapor, saves pen, ink and paper
For when you've a mind in your pulpit to rail
It'll open your throats, you may preach without notes
When inspired with a bumper of Nottingham Ale.

Ye poets who pray on the Hellican brooke
The nectar of Gods and the juice of the vine,
You say none can write well except they invoke
The friendly assistance of one of the Nine.
This liquor surpasses the streams of Parnassus
That nectar, Ambrosia, on which Gods regale
Experience will show it, naught makes a good poet
Like quantum sufficients of Nottingham Ale.

And you doctors, who more executions have done
With powder and potion and bolus and pill
Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun
Miser with famine or lawyer with quill
To dispatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor
Till our bodies consume, and our faces grow pale
Let him mind you, who pleases, what cures all diseases
A plentiful glass of good Nottingham Ale.

Now me father is dead. He's dead and he's gone,
Attention, [attention] to his grave.
Hello boys, hello boys, let the bells ring,
For fire boys, [fire boys, for fire] we sing.
We come a cob coalin'...

The fifth of November we hope you'll remember
for gunpowder treason, [for treason] and plot,
I see no reason for Gunpowder treason,
[for Gunpowder treason] to e'er be forgot.

Up a ladder, down a wall, a cob a coal 'll save us all
If you haven't got a penny, a 'apenny will do,
If you haven't got a 'apenny, God bless you.
We come a cob coalin'...



GUN-POWDER Plot

OR, A Brief Account of that bloody and subtle Design laid against the King, his Lords and Commons in Parliament, and of a Happy Deliverance by Divine Power.

True Protestants I pray you do draw near,
Unto this Ditty lend attentive Ear;
The Lines are New although the Subject's Old,
Likewise it is as true as e'er was told.

When James the First in England Reigned King,
Under his Royal Gracious Princely Wing
Religion flourish'd both in Court and Town,
Which wretched Romans strove to trample down.

At length, these wretched Romans all agreed
Which way to make the King and Nation bleed,
By Powder, all agree with joint Consent,
To Blow up both the King and Parliament.

Under the House of the Great Parliament,
This Romish Den, and Devils by consent,
The Hellish Powder-Plot they formed there,
In hopes to send all flying in the Air.

Barrels of Powder privately convey'd,
Billets, and Bars of Iron too was laid,
To tear up all before them as they flew,
A black Invention by this dismal Crew.

The King, the Queen, and Barons of the Land,
The Judges, Gentry, did together stand
On Ruine's brink, while Rome the Blow should give
They'd but the burning of a Match to live.

But that Great God that sits in Heaven high
He did behold their bloody Treachery,
He made their own Hand-writing soon betray
The Work which they had Plotted many a day.

The Lord in Mercy did his Wisdom send
Unto the King, his People to Defend,
Which did reveal the hidden Powder-Plot,
A gracious Mercy ne'er to be forgot.

Browning Madame, browning Madame,
So merrily we sing browning Madame,
The fayrest flower in garden Greene,
is in my loves breast full comely seen.
And with al others compare she can,
therefore now let us sing Browning Madame.

Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd:
Come, boys, come; come, boys come,
And merrily roar out our Harvest Home.
We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
For prating so long like a book-learn'd sot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.
We'll toss off our ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England.

Get up and bar the door

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boild them in the pan.
The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
'Gae out and bar the door.'
'My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,
It's no be barrd for me.'
They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,
Shoud rise and bar the door.
Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.
'Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?'
But neer a word wad ane o them speak,
For barring of the door.
And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet neer a word she spake.
Then said the one unto the other,
'Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'
'But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then?'
'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?'
O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding-bree?'
Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.'

