

1. Diddle Diddle, or the Kind Country Lovers

Text: Pepys Ballads. Tune: Lavenders Green is called for but earliest printed source is E. F. Rimbault's Nursery Rhymes 1846 where it appears to have been recovered from aural tradition

*Lavenders Green, Lavenders Blue
You must love me, 'cos I love you.*

Call up your maids, set them to work,
Some to make hay, some to the rock,
Some to make hay, some to the corn,
While you and I keep the bed warm.

I heard a bird sing in my ear:
Maids will be scarce the next new year
For young men are too wanton grown,
That they ne'er mind which is their own

Down in the dale where flowers do grow,
And birds do sing all in a row,
A brisk young man met with a maid,
And laid her down all in the shade.

James at The George, Sue at The Swan,
He loves his maid, she loves her man,
There lives a lass over the green,
She sells good ale - know what I mean

Oft have I been with her in the dark,
But I have ne'er shot at the mark,
But now, my dear, have at thy bum,
For I do swear now I am come.

I will be kind until I die,
Then prithee love my dog and I
For thee and I now are all one,
And we will lie no more alone

2. The Fair Maid of Islington

Text: Bagford Ballads. Tune: Sellingers Round, The Dancing Master, 2nd edition 1652

This is a pretty maid's fancy if you mind,
He sought to fool her since she was so kind,
But she was crafty and resolved to fit him
And in the end it proved she did outwit him.
She for her cellar made him pay her rent
As by a wile which made him to repent.

There was a fair maid of Islington
As I heard many tell
And she would to fair London go
Fine apples and pears to sell
And as she pass'd along the street
With her basket on her arm
There she did with a vintner meet
This fair maid thought no harm.

Good morrow fair maid, the vintner said

What have you got there to sell?
Fine apples and pears, kind sir, she said,
If you please to taste them well.
He tasted of this fair maid's fruit
And liked it wonderous well,
And then he craved of this fair maid
How many a penny she'd sell.

Sir, here you shall have six, she said
And here you shall have ten
I sold no more but just before
To some Inns-of-Court gentlemen.
Now while he by this damsel staid
Her body he did eye,
At length he craved of this fair maid
One night with him to lie.

Sir, if you would lie with me one night
As you proposed to me,
I do expect that you should prove
Both courteous kind and free
And for to tell you all in short,
It will cost you five pounds,
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,
Oh stay, quoth he, another night,
And thy money thou shalt have.
I cannot stay nor will I stay
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou mayest thy money go look,
For money I'll pay thee none.

This maid she made no more ado
But to a Justice went
And unto him she made her moan
Who did her case lament.
She said she had a cellar let out
To a vintner in the town
And how that he did then agree
Five pounds to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the case is such
No rent that will he pay,
Therefore Your Worship I beseech
To send for him this day.
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 never put anything into it
But one poor pipe of wine;
Therefore my bargain it was hard,
As you may plainly see,
I from my freedom was debarred,
Then good sir, favour me

This fair maid being ripe of wit
She straight replied again:
You had two barrels at the door,
Why did you not roll them in?
You had your freedom and your will,
As is to you well known,
Therefore I do desire still
For to receive my own.

The justice hearing of this case,
Did there give order straight,
That he the money should pay down
She should no longer wait
Withal he told the vintner fine,
If he a tenant be,
He must expect to pay the same
For he could not sit rent free.

But when the money she had got
She put it into her purse
And clap't her hand on the cellar door
And said it was never the worse.
Which made the people all to laugh
To see this vintner fine
Outwitted by a country girl
About his pipe of wine.

3. Green Stockings

The Dancing Master, 5th edition, 1675.

4. The Jovial Lass, or Dol and Roger

Text: Pepys Ballads. Tune: Robin Hood and the Stranger.

As Roger went to the land to plough
he did alight by the way.
And there he spied Dol milking a cow
and to't they went I say.

As Roger did rise in the morning betimes
With a hey down, down and a down
And riding his horse to the plough
Down in the meadow the whoreson espied
Dol milking of her cow.

He lashed his horse and off he leaps
And into the meadow he flies
Which started the cow, poor Dol followed after
Till she was wet unto the thighs.

Pox take you! cried Dol, for frightening my cow,
Don't you know the cold dew's on the grass?
No stockings I have, my smock it is wet
And the tears run down my arse

I'm sorry, quoth Roger and thou does to weep
If I have done thee any harm.
I'll go naked myself and lend thee my shirt
To keep thy body warm.

Quoth Dol, Does't think now I tell thee a lie?
I prithee come hither and see

Dol falls on her knock and pulls up her smock
That Roger her merkin might see.

God's Bobs! quoth Roger, what's that so black
That lies between thy thighs?
Oh foolish Hodge, tis a find to the wise,
I'll not lose it for both of thine eyes!

Quoth Roger, Why value it at such a high rate?
I speak it for no disgrace,
I've a thing it my breeches, sweet Dol, how it itches,
That hath a more comlier face

Then Roger put on a man-like face
And feels Dol's belly soft as silk,
Quoth Dol, Be doing, or else I'll be going,
For faith I shall spend my milk

Be doing of what? quoth foolish Roger
I do not understand
Thou whoreson fool! Give me thy tool
And I'll put it in with my hand.

Then Roger did roundly unto his work fall,
He heaves, he firks, he strains,
Oh Dol, quoth he, What tikeleth thus
And runneth down my reins?

Oh foolish Hodge, tis milk, quoth Dol,
Tis pleasant, tis good, tis neat,
Though I would rather stroke a man
Than draw on a cow's teat

When the sport was done Dol was nimble and brisk,
But Roger that clownish fool,
Like some great gnome, to his mother went home,
And swore he had lost his tool.

5. Mundanga Was

*Text: The Comical History of Don Quixote,
Thomas Durfey 1694 Tune: Anon*

Mundunga was as feat as Jade,
As e'er was in our town;
And I a jolly lusty lad,
As e'er mow'd clover down:
So close three years me ty'd the knot,
Our thumping hearts went pit, pit, pat,
And mine so pleased with you know what,
We thought of nothing else:
*Sing whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing
Whilst ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
Ding, ding dong ring the bells.*

Her nose was long, and stood awry,
A goodly fruitfull sign:
Nor blam'd I rotten teeth close by,
Because the case was mine:
Her feet were splay, my leggs were warpt,
We were so match'd we never carpt,

Whilst merrily blind Tom that harp'd,
In tune our story tells:
Sing whim wham ...

Brave times were these, but ah! how soon,
Do wedlock comforts fall;
The days that then mere hony moon,
Are wormwood now and gall:
Her tongue clacks louder than a mill.
No longer do we buss or bill,
But jangle like two fiends of hell,
Broke out from flaming cells:
And whim wham..... no longer ring the bells.

6. Lady of Pleasure

The Dancing Master, 7th edition, pub. 1668

7. The Old Wife

*Text: The Comical History of Don Quixote,
Thomas Durfey 1694 Tune: Anon*

The Old Wife she sent to the miller, her daughter,
To grind her grist quickly and so returned back.
The Miller so worked it that in eight months after,
Her belly was filled as full at her sack.
Young Robin so pleased her that when she came home
She gaped like a stuck-pig and stared like a mome
She hoydened, she skampered she hollowed and whooped,
And all the day long, this, this was her song:
“Hoy, was ever maiden so lerricom-pooped?”

Oh Nelly, cried Celie, thy cloths are all mealy,
Both back side and belly are rumped all o'er,
You mope now, and slubber, why what a pox ail ye?
I'll go to the Miller and know all, you whore
She went, and the miller so grinding did ply
She came cutting capers a foot and half high
She waddled, she stroddled, she hollowed and whooped
And all the day long this, this, was her song:
Hoy, were e'er two sisters so lerricom-pooped?

Then Mary o' the dairy, the third of their number,
Would fain know the cause they so jigg'd it about.
The Miller, her wishes long would not encumber,
But in the old manner the secret made out
Thus Celie, and Nelly, and Mary the Mild
Were just about harvest time all big with child,
They danced in the hay, they hollowed and whooped
And all the day long, this, this was their song:
Hoy, were e'er three sisters so 'lerricom-pooped?

8. The Beehive

Text and Tune: Pills to Purge Melancholy, Thomas Durfey

My Mistress 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 waist her belly is plac'd,

And under that her cunny.

My Mistress 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 moss the mould doth lye,
And under the mould is money,
So under her waist her belly is plac'd,
And under that her cunny.

My Mistress is a pleasant spring,
That yieldeth 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 cunny.

My Mistress hath the magick sprays,
She takes such wonderous pain,
That she can pleasing spirits raise,
And 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 cunny.

9. Blue Petticoats or Green Garters

The Dancing Master, 4th edition pub 1670

10. The Gelding of The Devil

Text and Tune: Pills to Purge Melancholy, Thomas Durfey

A pretty jest I will you tell
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell.
There was a Baker of Mansfield town
To Nottingham Market he was bound;
And riding under the willows clear
The baker sang with a merry cheer.

The Baker's horse was lusty and sound
Well worth in judgement full fine pound.
His skin was smooth and his flesh was fat
His master was well pleased at that
Which made him sing so merrily
As he was passing on the way.

But as he rode over the hill
There met he the Devil of Hell.
O Baker, Baker, then cried he,
How comes thy horse so fat to be?
These be the words the Baker did say:
Because his stones be cut away.

Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go,
Then quoth the Devil, if it be so,
Just tye thy a horse to yonder tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me.
The Baker had a knife for the nonce

Wherewith he cut out the Devil's stones.

The Baker as it came to pass
In haste alighted from his horse
And the Devil on his back he lay
While the Baker cut his stones away.
Which put the Devil to great pain
And made him to cry out amain.

Ah! quoth the Devil Beshrew thy heart,
Thou dost thou not feel how I do smart!
And for the deed which thou hast done,
I will be revenged again!
And underneath this greenwood tree
Next market day I will geld thee!

The Baker then but little said
But at his heart was sore afraid
He durst no longer there to stay
But he rode home another way,
And coming to his wife did tell
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell

Moreover to his wife he told
A tale that made her heart full cold
How that the Devil he did say
That he would geld him next market day.
Ah, quoth the good wife, without a doubt
I had rather both thy eyes were out.

For then all the people both far and near
That knows thee will both mock and jeer,
And good wives they will chide and bawl
And Stoneless Gelding will thee call.
Then hold content and be thou wise
I will some pritty trick devise.

I'll make the Devil change his note,
Give me thy hat, thy band and coat
Thy hose and doublet eke also
And I like as a man will go;
And I'll warrant thee next market day
To fright the Devil quite away.

When the baker's wife she was so drest
With all her bread upon her brest
To Nottingham Market that brave town,
To sell her bread both white and brown
And riding merrily over the hill
Oh, there she spied two devils of hell.

A little devil and another
As they were playing both together.
Oh, oh! quoth the Devil then right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding amain:
Now be thou well or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou dost go.

The Baker's wife to the Devil did say,
Sir, I was gelded yesterday.
Ah! quoth the Devil, I mean to see;

And pulling her coats above her knee
And so looking upwards from the ground
Oh there he espyed a terrible wound.

Oh! quoth the Devil, now I see
He was not cunning that gelded thee!
For when he had cut out thy stones
He should have closed up thy wounds;
But if thou stay some little space
I'll fetch some salve to cure the place.

She had not rid but a little way
But up her belly crept a flea,
The little devil seeing that,
He up with his paw and gave a pat.
Which made the good wife for to start
And with that she let go a rousing fart.

Oh, oh! quoth the Devil, thy life is not long,
Thy breath it smells so horrible strong!
Therefore go thy way, and make thy Will,
Thy wounds are past all human skill.
Begone, begone, make no delay,
For here thou shalt no longer stay.

The good wife of this news was glad
She left the Devil almost mad.
And when she to her husband came
With joyful heart she told the same.
How she had cozened the Devil of Hell
Which pleased her husband wonderous well.

II. The Maid's Complaint for want of a Dil Dou

Pepys Collection. Tune: Packington's Pound

This girl long time had in a sickness been,
Which many maids do call the sickness green:
I wish she may some comfort find, poor soul,
And have her belly fill'd with a dil doul.

Young men give ear to me a while,
If you to merriment are inclin'd,
I'll tell you a story shall make you to smile,
Of late done by a woman kind:
And as she went musing all alone,
I heard her to sigh, to sob and make moan,
For a dil doul, a dil doul, dil doul doul,
Quoth she, I'm undone if I ha'n't a dil doul

For I am a Maid and a very good Maid,
And sixteen years of age am I,
And fain would I part with my maiden-head,
If any good fellow would with me lye:
But none to me ever yet proffer'd such love,
As to lye by my side and give me a shove
With his dil doul, a dil doul. dil doul, doul
O happy were I, &c

At night when I do go to bed,
Thinking for to take my rest,
Strange fancies come into my head,

I pray for that which I love best:
For it is a comfort, and pleasure doth bring
To women that hath such a pritty fine thing,
Call'd a dil doul, a dil doul. dil doul, doul
Then happy were I, &c

Last week I walked into the Strand,
I met with my sister, a handsomelLass,
I kindly took her by the hand,
This question of her I did ask;
Whether she kept still a maiden alone,
Or whether her maidenhead was fled or gone,
For a dil doul, a dil doul. dil doul, doul
Then happy were I, &c

Kind sister, quoth she, to tell you the truth,
It has gone this twelve-month's day:
I freely gave into a handsome youth,
That us'd with me to sport and play:
To grieve for the loss of it I never shall,
If I had ten-thousand I would give them all
For a dil doul, a dil doul. dil doul, doul
O my maidenhead's gone now I've had a dil doul

She making this answer, I bid her adieu,
And told her I could no longer stay,
I let go her hand, and I straight left the Strand.
And to Covent.Garden I hasted away:
Where lively young gallants do use to resort,
To pick up young lasses and shew 'um fine sport
With a dil doul, a dil doul, dil doul doul,
Yet none could be found to give me a dil doul.

I would I'de a sweet heart, as some Maids have,
That little know how to pleasure a man,
I'de keep him frolicksome, gallant and brave,
And make as much on him as anyone can:
Before any good thing he should lack,
I'de sell all my coats and smock from my back
For his dil doul, a dil doul, dil doul doul,
Then happy were, &c

Thus young men I have I declared in brief,
The causes of my sorrow and woe,
And if any of you will yield me relief,
Speak cheerfully to me, say yea or no:
I live at the sign of the Cup and the Can,
And I will be loving to any young man
For his dil doul, a dil doul, dil doul doul,
And all of my wanting is for a dil doul

Besides, young men, I have store of money,
Good red gold and silver bright,
And he shall be master of every penny,
That marries with me and yields me delight.
For why, t'other night I heard my dame Nancy
Declare how her master did tickle her fancy,
With his dil doul, a dil duol, dil doul doul.
Then what e'er it cost me I'll have a dil doul.

Then come to me, my bonny lad,

While I am in the prime, I pray,
And take a good bargain while it's to be had,
And do not linger your time away.
'Tis money, you see, makes many a man rich:
Then come along, rub on the place that doth itch
For a dil doul, a dil doul, dil doul doul,
Take all my money, give me a dil doul

12. Oyster Nan

Text and Tune: Pills to Purge Melancholy.

As Oyster Nan stood by her tub,
To show her vicious inclination;
She gave her noblest parts a scrub,
And sigh'd for want of copulation;
A Vintner of no little fame,
Who excellent red and white can sell ye,
Beheld the little dirty dame,
As she stood scratching of her belly.

Come in, says he, you silly slut,
Tis now a rare convenient minute;
I'll lay the itching of your scut,
Except some greedy devil be in it!
With that the flat-capt fusby smil'd,
And would have blush'd, but that she cou'd not;
Alas, says she, we're soon beguil'd,
By men to do those things we shou'd not.

From door they went behind the bar,
As it's by common fame reported;
And there upon a turkey chair,
Unseen the loving couple sported:
But being call'd by company,
As he was taking pains to please her:
I'm coming, coming sir! says he,
My dear, and so am I, says she, sir,

Her mole-hill belly swell'd about,
Into a mountain quickly after;
And when the pretty mouse crept out,
The creature caus'd a mighty laughter;
And now she has learnt the pleasing game,
Altho' much pain and shame it cost her;
She daily ventures at the same,
And shuts end opens like an oyster.

13. The Frolic

The Dancing Master, 11th edition, 1701

14. The Husband Who Met His Match

Roxburghe Ballads. Tune: Calleno

A riche wealthy batchelor thirty and odde,
Had now a new crotchet crept into his pate,
A wife he must have, whatsoever betide
And well lined with rubbish to enrich his estate.

Fair maidens were offer'd him, two, three and four,
Sufficient men's daughters with money to boot,
Yet his greedy mind did still gape after more.

For he said twas too little for him to go to't.

Shall I for a paltry poore thousand pound
A young wench go marry with nothing but breed,
Consume me in longings, in fashion and toyes?
Nor yet it is time and now will I take heed.

There is a brisk widow that dwelleth hard by,
In money ten-thousand pounds hath in the least,
I'll spruce myself up then, incontinently
And to her I'll go as a suitering guest.

This batchelor soone did attaine his desire,
The day was appointed when they should be wed,
His youthful fair bride was but three score and ten
For she had but a tooth and a half in her head.

Some three or foure yeares did this bonny lass live,
Then grim good-man Death tooke her life clean away
And grief for her loss had the man almost sped,
But that a new widow his journey did stay.

His wife being buried next morning he went
Another spruce widow again for to see,
Where mounted on crutches he straight one espied:
Who in state of riches was better than she?

His mother's smock sure did this widower wear,
For no sooner woo'd but he presently sped,
A licence he filched, and he married her straight,
Then she threw down her stilts and hobbled to bed.

Not full ten years older than was his last wife,
Was this same dried mummy that lay by his side,
With snorting and grunting she aired so the bed
That never had groome such a night by a bride.

But still did her money all perfume again,
And in a month after all bed rid did lye,
Seven winters and summers she lay at small ease,
And then she departed because she must die.

Five hundred a year she augmented his state,
Ten thousand pounds cleare by the other he got,
Meantime of another spruce widow he heard,
Then he praised unto Jove that she might be his lot.

She seemed so compleate and so comely of shape
That he doted on her more than both of the rest
She said then, Sweet husband be not too dismaid,
For the truth must be knowne when you see me undressed.

Two rows of white teeth she took out of her mouth
And put 'em straight into a little round box,
A glass eye likewise she pulled out of her head,
Which made the man fear his wife had got pox.

Her powdered curl'd locks, thus so fair did appeare,
Came off with more ease than a new scalded pig,
I wonder her husband could laughing forbear

When he saw his wife look like an ostridge's egge.

Then straight away down stooped this comely sweet bride,
Unlaced and ungirded her neat wooden legge,
The bridegroom was like to run out of his wits,
For his eyes ne'er before did behold such a hagge.

Then for to revive him unto him she flung,
Her keys that did lead to treasure great store,
This made him to love her so both went to bed.
When he did embrace her what would you have more.

Such luck had this husband to tumble them o'er,
That ere one month changed she ended her life.
A rich wealthy miser invited him home
And said: If you please Sir, I'll show you a wife.

He showed him a daughter, a girl of fifteen,
But she would no love nor favour him show,
Her friends made the match, and they married with speed,
But she ne'er endured him I tell you so.

This young married wife to such cunning was grown,
That she fell a longing his coin for to waste.
French kickstrawes of ten pounds a dish she would have
With other dear meats for to fit her fine tastes.

No physick, no doctors, no cost did she spare.
On pride and new fangles she set her delight.
Her husband began for to savour of feare,
And to wish that she ne'er had been seen in his sight.

No love nor like this young wife 'ere had.
Because she was forced to be wed to her hate.
He sickened and died and was laid in his grave
So she did enjoy his three widows estate.

A young man that first was the widow's true love,
With all expedition they made their dispatch
For wedding and bedding they both were agreed
And the three widows' husband did meet with his match.

15. The Jovial Broom Man

*Roxburghe Ballads. Tune: Jamaica,
from Playford's The Dancing Master 4th edition, 1670.*

Room for a lad that's come from seas
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
That gladly now would take his ease,
And therefore make me room man.
To France, the Netherlands and Spain,
Hey! Jolly Broom Man,
I crossed the seas and back again,
And therefore make me room man.

Yet in these countries there lived I
And Valiant soldiers I've seen die
Ten hundred gallants there I killed,
And besides a world of blood I spilled,

In Germany I took a town,

Threw the walls there upside down,
At Tilbury Camp with Captain Drake
I made the Spanish fleet to quake.

At Holland's Leaguer there I fought
But there the service proved too hot.
Then from the League returned I
Naked, hungry, cold and dry

But here I've now compassed the globe,
And I'm returned us poor as Job,
And now I'm safe returned here,
Here's to you in a cup of English beer.

16. The Disappointment

Text and Tune: Pills To Purge Melancholy, Thomas Durfey

The Clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
But Morning was come as Grey as a Cat;
Cocks and Hens from their Roosts did fly,
Grunting Hogs too had left their sty;
When in a Vale, Carrying a Pail,
Sissly her new Lover met, Dapper *Harry*:
First they Kiss'd, Then shook Fist,
Then talk'd as Fools do, that just were to Marry.

Zooks cry'd *Hall*, I can't but think,
Now we are come to Wedlock's brink;
How pure a stock 'twill be, how fine,
When you put your good mark to mine:
Siss at that, Glowing hot,
Buss'd him as if she'd have burnt him to Tinder;
Thus they Woo, But see how,
Damn'd Fate contriv'd now the Bargain to hinder

Sissly had got a Cold I suppose,
And 'twixt her Fingers was blowing her Nose;
Harry, that Linnen too wanted I doubt,
Lent her his Glove, to serve for a Clout;
Scraping low, Manner to show,
And tell her how much he was her adorer;
Pray mark the lobe, Leather thong broke,
And Breeches fell down to his Ankles before her.

Sissly who saw him thus distrest,
Pulls off her Garter of woollen List;
And with a sly and leering look,
Gave it to mend up what was broke;
Fumbling he, Could not see,
What he discover'd, tho e'er he had ty'd all:
For just before, Shirt was tore,
And as the Devil would have't she had spy'd all.

She gave him then so cold a Look,
Discontent it plainly spoke;
And running from him near a Mile,
He overtook her at a stile;
Too much haste, Milk down cast,
And topsy turvy she fell on her Pole with't:
He seeing that, Runs with's Hat,
But could not Cover her Cunt for his soul with't,

Have you not seen at Noon of Day,
The Sun his glorious Face display;
So Sissly shone with Beauty's Rays,
Reflecting from her Postern grace;
Till at last Straggl'g past,
Wide sprawling Legs were again set in order;
But poor Hall, Since her fall,
Stood just like one was found guilty of Murder,

The God of Love, or else old Nick,
Sure had design'd this Devilish trick,
To make the Bridegroom and the Bride;
With themselves dissatisfy'd;
She grown coy call'd him Boy,
He getting from her cry'd Zoons you'r a rouzer!
Fob! she cry'd, By things spy'd,
She had as live a meer Baby should espouse her,

17. The Lusty Young Smith

Text and Tune: Pills to Purge Melancholy, Thomas Durfey

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing
His hammer laid by but his forge still a-glow
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling
And asked if to work at her forge he would go.
With a jingle dang jingle dang, jingle dang jingle
With a jingle dang jingle dang jingle hi ho.

I will, said the smith and they parted together
Along to the young damsel's forge they did go
They stripped to go to't, twas hot work and hot weather
She kindled a fire and soon made him blow

Her husband she said no good work could afford her
His strength and his tool were worn out long ago
The smith said Well mine are in very good order
And now I am ready my skill for to show.

Red-hot grew his iron as both did desire
And he was too wise not to strike while twas so;
Quoth she, What I get I get out of the fire
So prithee strike home and redouble the blow

Six times did his iron by vigorous heating
Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so
And though it was hardened at her fair entreating
The more it was softened it hardened more slow.

The smith then would go; quoth the dame full of sorrow:
Oh what would I give could my husband do so!
Good lad with your hammer come hither tomorrow
But say, can't you use it once worn ere you go?

18. Greensleeves and Yellow Lace

Playford's The Dancing Master 4th edition, 1670

19. The Jolly Brown Turd

Text and Tune: Pills to Purge Melancholy, Thomas Durfey.

As the fryer he went along,

And a-poring in his book,
At last he spy'd a jolly brown wench,
A-washing of her buck,
Sing, Stow the fryer, stow the fryer
Some good man, and let this fair maid go.

The fryer he pulled out a jolly brown turd
As much as he could handle,
Fair maid, quoth he,
If thou carriest fire in thy arse
Light me this candle.

The maid she shat a jolly brown turd
Out of her jolly brown hole,
Quoth she: If you will candle light
Come blow me the same cole.

Part of this sparks flew into the north,
And part into the south,
And part of this jolly brown turd,
Flew into the fryer's mouth.

20. Two rounds:

Tom Making a Manteau

Text and Tune attributed to Henry Purcell

Tom, making a manteau for a lass of pleasure, pulled
out his long and lawful measure, But quickly found,
though wandily straight-laced, sir, nine inches would
not half surround her waist sir. Three inches more at
length, brisk Tom advances. But all too short to reach
her swinging haunches.

When Celia Was Learning

Text and Tune: John Ishem

When Celia was learning on the spinet to play
Her tutor beside her to show her the way, she shook
not the note - which angered him much, and made
him cry; Zounds, tis a long pricked note you touch!
Surprised was the lady to hear him complain, and
said: I will shake it when I come to it again.

21. Lady Lie Near Me

Playford's The Dancing Master 1st edition, 1651

22. Oh How You Protest

Text: Thomas Durfey. Tune: Henry Purcell,
from the play The Mock Marriage 1695

Oh! how you protest and solemnly swear,
Look humble and fawn like an Ass;
I'm pleas'd, I must own, when ever I see
A Lover that's brought to this pass.
Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear,
I vow I will never, will never, will never yield to't;
You ask me in vain; for never I swear
I never, no never, I never, no never
I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains,
In hast you depart, whate'er we can do,
And stubbornly throw off your Chains:
Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never yield to't;
You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
I never, no never *etc*.....

23. A Ditty Delightful of Mother's Watkins Ale

Text: Huth Collection

Tune: Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, 1612

There was a maid this other day,
And she mast needs go forth to play,
And as she walked she sighed and said:
I am afraid to die a maid.
With that behold the lad,
What talk this maiden had
Wherefore he was full glad
And did not spare
To say: Fair maid, I pray,
Wither go you go to play?
Good sir, she then did say,
What do you care?
For I will, without fail, maiden,
Give you Watkin's Ale
Watkin's Ale, sir, quoth she
What is it I pray you tell me?

Tis sweeter far than sugar fine,
And pleasanter than muscadine,
And if you will with me to stay
A little while to sport and play,
I will give you the same,
Watkin's Ale called by name,
Or else I were to blame, in truth fair maid;
Good sir, quoth she again, if you take the pain,
I will it not refrain nor be dismayed.
He took this maiden then aside
And laid her where she was not spied,
And told her many a pretty tale,
And gave her right well of Watkin's Ale.

When he had done to her his will,
They talked of what it shall not skill;
At length quoth she: Spare me your tale
And give me more of Watkin's Ale
Or else I will not stay for I must needs away,
My mother bade me play, the time is past;
Therefore good sir, quoth she,
If you have done with me –
Nay soft, fair maid, again quoth he at last,
Let as talk a little while,
With that the maiden began to smile
And said: Good sir, full well I know,
Your ale I see runs very low!

This young man thus being so blamed,
Did blush as one who was ashamed,
He took her round the middle so small,

And gave her more of Watkin's Ale
And said: Fair maid I pray,
When you go forth to play
Remember what I say, walk not alone!
Good sir, quoth she again,
I thank you for the pain,
For fear of farther stain I will be gone.
Farewell maiden, then quoth he,
Adieu again, good sir, quoth she.
Thus they parted at last,
Until thrice three months were past.

This maiden then fell very sick,
Her maidenhood began to kick;
Her colour waxed wan and pale,
With talking much of Watkin's Ale
I bid all maidens coy,
Who hear this pretty toy,
Wherein most women joy how they do sport,
For surely Watkin's Ale, and if it be not stale,
Will bring them to some bale, as hath report:
New ale will make their bellies bown,
As trial by this same is known;
This proverb is taught in schools:
It is no jesting with edged tools.

24. Miss Nelly

Playford The Dancing Master, 7th edition, 1689