

The Northern Lasses lamentation,

OR

The unhappy Maids Misfortune

Since she did from her freinds depart
No earthly thing can cheer her heart
But still she doth her case Lament,
Being always fill'd with discontent,
Resolving to do nought but mourn,
Till to the North she doth return



To the tune I would I were in my own Country.

With Allowance.



A North Countrey Lass
Up to London did pass
Although with her nature it did not agree
Which made her repent
And so often Lament
Still wishing again in the North for to be,
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree
doth flourish at home in my own Country.

fain would I be
in the North Countrey
Where the lasses and the lasses are making of hay
there should I see
what is pleasant to me
A mischance light on me and intic'd me away,
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,
doth flourish most bravely in our Country.

Lyrics

A North Country Lass

A North Country lass
Up to London did pass
Although with her nature it did not agree
Which made her repent
And so often lament
Still wishing again in the North for to be
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in my own country

Popular Music in the Age of Shakespeare

Jog On

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
And merrily bent the stile-a;
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Your paltry money bags of gold,
What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told
And we have less to care for.

Cast care away, let sorrow cease!
A fig for melancholy:
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

Eighty-Eight

Some years of late, in eighty-eight,
As well I do remember,
It was some say the month of May,
But some say in September.

Our Queen was then at Tilbury,
What more could we desire, a?
Sir Francis Drake, for her dear sake,
Did set them all on fire, a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast,
For if they come again-a,
Let them take heed they do not speed,
As they did they know when-a.

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Unto the Prophet Jonah

Unto the Prophet Jonas I read,
The word of the Lord secretly came,
Saying to Niniva passe thou with speed,
To that mightie Citie of wondrous fame.
Against it quoth he
cry out and be free,
Their wickednesse great is come up to me,
Sinne is the cause of great sorrow and care,
But God through repentance his vengeance doth spare

Then Jonas rose up immediatly,
And from the presence of the Lord God,
He sought by sea away to flie,
And went downe to Joppa where many ships rode,
The fare he did pay,
and so got away.
And thus the Lords word he did disobey.
Sinn is the cause of great sorrow and care,
But God through repentance his vengeance doth spare.

Fortune My Foe

Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favors never lighter be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?

The Bonny Broom

Oh the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom
The broom of Cowdenknowes
Fain would I be in the north country
To milk my daddy's ewes

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Sing Care Away

Sing care away with sport and play past time is all our pleasure
If well we fare for naught we care, in mirth consists our treasure
Let snudges lurk and drudges work, we do defy their slav'ry
He is a fool that goes to school, all we delight in brav'ry.

Sigh no More

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

The Famous Ratcatcher

There was a rare Rat-catcher,
Did about the Country wander,
The soundest blade of all his trade,
Or I should him deeply slander:
For still would he cry, a Rat ta tat, Rat ta tat,
tara rat, tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

He was so brave a boozier,
that it was doubtful whether
He taught the Rats, or the Rats taught him
to be drunk as Rats, together.

O Noble England

O Noble England, fall downe vpon thy knee:
And praise thy God with thankfull hart which still maintaineth thee.
The forraine forces, that seekes thy vtter spoile:
Shall then through his especiall grace be brought to shamefull foile.
With mightie power they come vnto our coast:
To ouer runne our countrie quite, they make their brags and boast.
In strength of men they set their onely stay:
But we, vpon the Lord our God, will put our trust alway.

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