

Early Playford for instruments and voices

Transcribed with words by Laura Conrad. ABC versions of these tunes are frequent on the v

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All in a Garden Green

Playford



1. All in a gar- den green, two lov- ers sat at ease, As
2. Quoth he, "Most love- ly maid, my troth shall ay en- dure, And
3. "When I am grey and old, and then must stoop to age,
4. She list- en'd to his song, and heard it with a smile, And
5. Full soon both two were wed, and these most faith- ful lovers Base



they could scarce be seen a- bove the leaf- y trees.
 be not thou a- fraid, but rest thee still se- cure
 Ile love thee twen- ty- fold, my troth I here en- gage.
 in- no- cent as young, she dream- ed not of guile.
 are but born and bred, ex- am- ple to all others.



They lov- ed loft- y full, no wrong- er than tru- ly,
 That I will love thee, long as life in me shall last:
 My love shall be the same, it ne- ver shall de- cay,
 No guile was meant by Will, for he was true as steel,
 They lov- ed loft- y full, no wrong- er than tru- ly,



In the time of the year came be- twixt May and Ju- ly.
 Now I am strong and young and when my youth is past.
 But shine with- out all blame, though bo- dy turn to clay."
 As was there aught de- ceit when she made him a will.
 In the time of the year came be- twixt May and Ju- ly.

Blew Cap

Playford



1. There lives a blithe Lasse in Fauke-land towne, and
 But her re-so-lu-tion she had set downe,
 2. A French-man, that large-ly was booted and spur'd,
 Hee's read-y to kisse her at e-very word,
 3. An I-rish-man, with a long skeane in his hose,
 Up stayres to her cham-ber so lightly he goes,
 4. A Dain-ty spruce Span-yard, with haire black as jett
 Hee told her if that shee could Scotland for-
 get,
 5. A hough-ty high Ger-man of Ham-borough towne,
 He weepes if the Lasse u-pon him do but frowne,
 6. At last came a Scot-tish-man (with a blew-cap),
 To get this blithe bon-ny Lasse 'twas his gude hap,-



shee had some suit-ors, I wot not how ma-ny; An
 that shee'd have a Blew-cap gif e're she had any:
 long lock't, with a Ri-bon, long points and breeches, "You
 and for fur-ther ex-er-cise his fin-gers itches:
 did tinke to ob-taine her it was no great matter; Quoth
 that she ne're heard him un-til he came at her.
 long cloak with round cape, a long Ra-pier and Ponyard; "If
 hee'd shew her the Vines as they grow in the Vineyard.
 a pro-per tall gal-lant, with might-y mus-tachoes; But
 yet he's a great Fen-cer that comes to ore-match us.
 and he was the par-ty for whom she had tarry'd; I
 they gang'd to the Kirk and were pre-sent-ly marry'd.



En- glish man, when our good king was there, Came of- ten un- to her,
 be prit- ty wench, mis- tris, par ma foy; Be gar, me doe love you,
 he, "I doe love you, by fate and by trote, And if you will have me,
 thou wilt a- ban- don this Country so cold, Ile shew thee faire Spaine, and
 on his fine fenc- ing could not get the Lasse; She de- ny'd him so oft,
 ken not weele whe- ther it were Lord or Leard; They caude him some sike a



and loved her deere: 1-5. But still she re- plide, "Sir, I
 then be not you coy."
 ex- per- ience shall shote."
 much In- di- an gold."
 that he wear- yed was;
 like name as I heard; 6. To chuse him from au she did



pray let me be; Gif e- ver I have a man, Blew- cap for me."
 gladly a- gree, And still she cride, "Blew- cap, th'art wel- come to mee."

The Lovely Northern Lasse

To the tune of The Bonnie Bonnie Broome

Playford, B section from Peter Barnes



1. Through Lid- ders- dale as late- ly I went, I mu- sing on
 All maids that ever de- cei- ved was, beare a part of
 2. My love in- to the fields did come when my da- dy
 3. He joyed me with his pret- ty chat, so well dis- course
 I was so great- ly tak- en with his speech, and with his come-
 4. When once I felt my bel- ly swell, no long- er might
 Then did I range the world so wide, wan- dering a- bout
 5. Le- an- der like, I will re- maine still con- stant to
 Let me be ha- ted e- ver- more of all men
 6. Thus, with a gen- tle, soft im- brace, he tooke her in
 and in- stant- ly will mar- ry thee, to ease thee of



did passe, I heard a Maid was dis- con- tent-
 these my woes For once I was a bon- ny Lasse,
 was at home Su- gred words he gave me there,
 could he Talk- ing of this thing and of that,
 ly making He u- sed all the meanes that could be
 I a- bid; My mo- ther put me out of doores,
 the knoes, Curs- ing the boy that help- ed me
 thee ever, As Pi- ra- mus, or Troy- a- lus,
 that me knowes, If false to thee, sweet heart, I bee,
 his armes, And with a kiss he, smil- ing, said,
 thy woes, And goe with thee to the North Coun- try,



she sigh'd and said, "A- las! With O, the broome, the
 When I milkt my da- dyes Ewes."
 prais'd me for such a one; All maids that ever de-
 which great- ly lik- ed me. All maids that ever de-
 to in- chant me with his speaking.
 and bang'd me backe and side. All maids that ever de-
 to fold my da- dyes Ewes.
 till death our lives shall sever. With O, the broome, the
 milk- ing thy da- dyes Ewes."
 "Ile shield thee from all harmes, With O, the broome, the
 to milke thy da- dyes Ewes."



bon- ny bon- ny broome, the broome of Cow- den knoes, Faine
 cei- ved was, beare a part of these my woes
 cei- ved was, beare a part of these my woes
 cei- ved was, beare a part of these my woes
 bon- ny bon- ny broome, the broome of Cow- den knoes,
 bon- ny bon- ny broome, the broome of Cow- den knoes,



would I be in the North Coun- try, to milke my da- dyes Eyes.

Christ Church

Henry Aldrich (1647 -- 1710)

Hark! the bon- ny Christ Church bells! One, two, three, four, five,
 4 six They sound so wound- y great, so won- drous sweet; And they
 7 troll so mer- ri- ly, mer- ri- ly! Hark! the first and sec- ond bell, That
 11 ev- 'ry day at four and ten cries: "Come, come, come, come,
 14 come to pray'rs!" And the Ver- ger troops be- fore the Dean.
 17 Tin- gle, tin- gle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, To call the bear- ers
 20 home; But the dev- il- a- man will leave his can Till he hears the might- y 'Tom'.

Daphne

Playford



1. When Daph- ne from fair Phoebus did fly, the
Her silk- en scarf scarce shel- tered her eyes. The

2. She gave no ear un- to his cry, but
though he did en- treat, she still did de- ny, and

3. A- way like Ve- nus' dove she flies, The
Her plain- tive love she still de- nies, cry- ing,



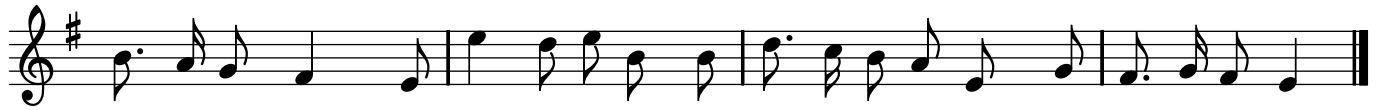
West wind most sweet- ly did blow in her face. Stay, nymph, stay,
god cried, O pi- ty! and held her in chase. no lion or ti-
still did ne- glect him the more he did moan; Nev- er, ne-
ear- nest- ly prayed him to leave her a- lone. and still, with
red blood her bus- kins did run all a- down, Wan- ton lust
"Help Di- an- a, and save my re- nown. Let the earth



nymph, cried A- pol- lo, tar- ry, and turn thee, sweet nymph, stay,
ger, doth thee fol- low turn thy fair eyes and look this way.
ver, cried A- pol- lo, un- less to love thou wilt con- sent,
my voice so hol- low, I'll cry to thee while life be spent.
is near me, cold and chaste Di- an- a, aid!
a vir- gin bear me, or de- vour me quick, a maid."



O turn, O pret- ty sweet and let our red lips meet:
But prove if thou turn to me, for certes, thy fe- li- ci- ty.
Di- an- a heard her pray, and turn'd her to a bay,



Pi- ty, O Daph- ne, pi- ty, pi- ty, pi- ty, O Daph- ne, pi- ty me.

The Health

The Merry Wasel



Come, faith, since I am part- ing And that God knows when



The walls of sweet Wick- ham I shall see a- gain Let's



e'en have a fro- lic, a fro- lic, a fro- lic, Till

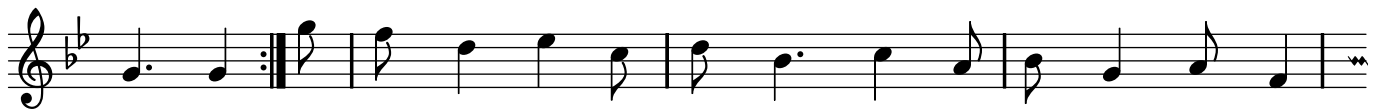


heads with healths go round. Till heads with healths go round.

Jack Pudding



1. All you that mer-ry lives doe lead, al-though your meanes bee
That sel-dome are o're-seene in bread, nor take much thought for
2. I am no haunt-er of the Playes, to picke poor peo-ple's
Nor one that e-very word he saies doth coyne new oaths and
3. I am no blade nor roar-ing Boy, a-boad-ing in the
No Whiske, no Lift, nor no De-coy, nor one that asks for
4. I care not to weare Gal-lant raggs, and owe the Tay-lour
I care not for those vaunt-ing brags, I e-ver did ab-
5. Still will I have an ho-nest care that none lyes wrong-ed
I'll not build Cas-tles in the ayre, Who-e-ver lists to



lit-tle, At-tend while I'll ex-em-ple-fie, the mind that I doe
vit-tle: If I doe runne on Tap-sters scores, to pay them I am
pur-ses, My e-du-ca-tions not the best, yet such a heart I
cur-ses: What to the world I seeme to bee, no man shall prove con-
Ci-ty, Shall find in all that's pro-mised heere, not a-ny word con-
pit-ty:
for them,
hore them:
by mee,
try me,



car-ry, I take de-light both morne and night to have mine owne va-ga-ry.
wa-ry, Let o-thers spend their means on whoores I love mine owne va-ga-ry.
car-ry, That which my hu-mour can't di-gest, it fits not my va-ga-ry.
tra-ry. My Suites shall suite to my de-gree, O that fits my va-ga-ry.
tra-ry, I en-vious cen-sure doe not feare, I'll have mine owne va-ga-ry.

Jog on



1. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path-way, And mer-ri-ly hen't the stile-a;
2. Your pal-try mo-ny bags of Gold, What need have we to stare-for,
3. Cast care a-way, let sor-row cease, A Figg for Me-lan-chol-ly;



Your mer-ry heart go'es all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.
 When lit-tle or no-thing soon is told, And we have the less to care-for?
 Let's laugh and sing, or if you please, We'l fro-lick with sweet Dol-ly.