A Simple Songbook
OF
Period Pieces;
Freemens Songs in 1 Voice,
Being both simple to sing,
and delightful to the Ear
Fitted to the Campfire or
any pleasant Company
And all being first known to us from Manuscripts produced between 1450 and 1611 Anno Domini
ROWANY:
Collated by Gwen verch David, and printed by her for free use by the populace, so long as it remains unchanged and no profit is made. A.S. LI.
1. Bring Us In Good Ale:

Appears in Bodleian Library, MS. Eng. Poet. e. I. (dated to c.1460-1490). It’s possible that the words were not actually meant as an alternate lyric to the song it is written below (The Salutation Carol) - see 'One Song to the Tune of Another', Ian Pittaway, [http://earlymusicmuse.com/one-song-to-the-tune-of-another](http://earlymusicmuse.com/one-song-to-the-tune-of-another). Nonetheless, it is popular to pair the lyric of 'Bring Us In Good Ale' with the tune of 'The Salutation Carol', and I’m satisfied to do so here.

2. Pastime with Good Company:

Attributed to Henry VIII in *Henry VIII’s Manuscript* (British Museum Additional MS 31922), dated to c.1510-1520.

3. Whereto Should I Express:

Attributed to Henry VIII in *Henry VIII’s Manuscript* (British Museum Additional MS 31922), dated to c.1510-1520.

4. Blow Thy Horn, Hunter:

Attributed to William Cornish in *Henry VIII’s Manuscript* (British Museum Additional MS 31922), dated to c.1510-1520.

5. If I Had Wit for to Endite:

Anonymous work in *Henry VIII’s Manuscript* (British Museum Additional MS 31922), dated to c.1510-1520. (Note: 'endite' meant 'write, compose, dictate')

6. Fortune my Foe:

A tune popular in the 16th and 17th centuries (see Marsh, C 2016, 'Fortune my Foe': The Circulation of an English Super-Tune. in Identity, Intertextuality, and Performance in Early Modern Song Culture. vol. 43, Intersections, Brill, pp. 308-330.), which emerged earliest in the 1560s. The probably-originally lyric, also known as 'A Sweet Sonnet', also seems to have originated at that time, although remaining copies are from the later 17th century. Lyrics were taken from the manuscript 'Magdalene College - Pepys 1.513', on the English Broadside Ballad Archive website.

7. I Care Not For These Ladies:

Published in 1601 in Thomas Campion’s *A Book of Ayres for the Lute, Bass Viol, and Voice*.

8. Martin Said To His Man:

Published in 1609 in Thomas Ravenscroft’s *Deuteromelia*.

9. Tomorrow the Fox:

Published in 1609 in Thomas Ravenscroft’s *Deuteromelia*.

10. The Three Ravens:

Published in 1611 in Thomas Ravenscroft’s *Melismata*. 

Bring us in good ale, good ale, Bring us in good ale. For our
bles - sed la - dy's sake, bring us in good ale! Bring us in no
brown bread, for that is made of bran, Nor bring us in no
beef for there is many bones, But bring us in good
ba - con for that is pas - sing fat, But bring us in good
mut - ton for that is pas - sing lean, Nor bring us in no
eggs for there are many shells, But bring us in good
white bread, for there - in is no game; But
ale and give us eno -ugh of that; And
tripes for they be sel - dom clean; But
ale and give us no - thing else; But

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us bears

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our blood

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they wallow in the mere
Pastime With Good Company

c. 1510-1520

Henry VIII

Youth must have some
dal - li - ance,
and
Com - pa - ny
of good
or
Com - pa - ny
is

shall un - til I
die.
Grudge who
lust, but
Com - pa - ny
me

none
den - ye,
and
go - d
ill, but
ev - ry
fan - cies to
live

I. For my
my pas - tance, hunt, sing, and
gest.
idle - ness, is chief mis -
will: The best en - sure, the worst es -

heart is
vi - cies all; then
mind
shall be, vir -

- fort,
play;

- fuse;

who
is
who
shall
shall
me
me
let?
of
all?
use
me.

Where to Should I Express

Henry VIII

c.1510-1520

Where to should I express My way, dear heart, not so.
Do Dear me Of
When I remember me
The dai- ty de- lec- ta ble,
I make you sure;

Inward heav- i- ness? No mirth can make me
your most gen- tle mind, Though ye now part me
viol- et wan and blo; Ye are not varia-

Till that we meet again.
Till that we meet when we may.
That I should be unkind.
Till that we meet again.
I was weary of the game,
I went to tavern to drink;
Now the construction of the same -
What do you mean or think

Here I leave and make an end
Now of this hunter's lore;
I think his bow is well unbent,
His bolt may flee no more.
If I Had Wit for to Endite

c.1510-1520

If I had wit for to endite, Of my lady both
I love her well with heart and mind; She is right true, I
She doth not waver as the wind, Nor for no new me
If I to her then were unkind, Pity it were hat
Lerning it were for women all Unto their lovers true
My heart she hath and ever shall To by death depart

fair and free, Of her goodness then would I write; Shall
do it see. My heart to have she doth me bind; Shall
change doth she, But alway true I do her find; Shall
I should be, For she to me is alway kind; Shall
for to be; Promise I make that know way shall While
ted we be; Hap what will hap, fall what shall, Shall

no man know her name for me; Shall no man know her name for me.
Fortune My Foe

For tune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?
For tune hath wrought my grief and great annoy;
Had fortune took my treasure and my store,
Far worse than death, my life I lead in woe,

And will thy favour never better be?
For tune hath falsely stolen my love away;
For tune had never grieved me half so sore,
With bitter thoughts still tossed to and fro.

Wilt thou I say, for ever breed my pain,
My love and joy, whose sight did make me glad.
But taking her, where on my heart did stay,
Oh cruel chance, the breeder of my pain,

And wilt thou ne'er store my joys again?
Such great misfortune never young man had.
For tune there by hath took my heart away,
Take life, or else restore my love again.
I Care Not For These Ladies

If I love Amarillis, she gives me
woed and prayed; Give me kind Amarillis,
fruit and flowers; But if we love these Amaris,
strangers wrought; Give me a bower of will-
dies, the wan-ton country maid. Nature art dis-
-ows, of moss and leaves un-bought. And fresh Amas-
dai-neth, her beauty is her own. Who
sell love, give me the nut-brown lass,
-rillis, with milk and honey fed,
when we court and kiss, she cries, "For-sooth, let
go!", but when we come where com-fort is, she
never will say no.
Martin Said To His Man

Verse

Martin said to his man, “Fie, man, fie”
I see a sheep shearing corn,
I see a man in the moon,
I see a hare chase a hound,
I see a goose ring a hog,
I see a mouse chase the cat,

Chorus

Martin said to his man, “Who’s the fool now?”
See a sheep shearing corn,
See a man in the moon,
See a hare chase a hound
See a goose ring a hog,
See a mouse chase the cat,

Verse

Martin said to his man,
See a sheep shearing corn,
See a man in the moon,
See a hare chase a hound
See a goose ring a hog,
See a mouse chase the cat,

Chorus

"Fill thou the cup and I the can. Thou hast well drunken, man;
And a cucumber blow his horn; clowning of Saint Peter’s shoon.
Twenty mile above the ground and a snail that did bite the dog.
And a cheese that did eat the rat.

Who’s the fool now?"
Tomorrow the Fox

To morrow the fox will come to town, Keep, keep, keep, keep, keep,
He’ll steal the cock out from his flock,
He’ll steal the hen out of the pen,
He’ll steal the duck out from the brook,
He’ll steal the lamb e’en from his dam,

keep: To - morrow the fox will come to town, Oh keep you all well
He’ll steal the cock out from his flock,
He’ll steal the hen out of the pen,
He’ll steal the duck out from the brook,
He’ll steal the lamb e’en from his dam,

there. I must de - sire you, neigh - bours all, To har-row the fox out of his

hall, and cry as loud as you can call, hoop, hoop, hoop, hoop, hoop,

hoop, and cry as loud as you can call, oh keep you all well there.
The Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree, Down a down, hey
One of them said to his mate, Down in yonder green field,
His hounds they lie down at his feet,

There were three ravens sat on a tree, with a down, There
down a down, One of them said to his mate, Down in yonder green field,
His hounds they lie down at his feet,

were three ravens sat on a tree, They were as black as
one of them said to his mate, There lies a knight slain
hounds they lie down at his feet, So well they can their

they might be, With a down, der-ry der-ry der-ry down down.
break - fast take?"
der under his shield,
master keep,

His hawks, they fly so eagerly...
So there's no fowl dare come him nie
Up there comes a fallow doe...
As great with young as she might go
She lift up his bloody head...
And kissed his wounds that were so red

She took him up upon her back...
And buried him in earthen lake
She buried him before the prime...
She was dead herself by evensong time
God grant every gentleman...
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman