

Skelton: "Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale" (Norton, page 90)

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|----|--|----|--|
| 1  | Ay, beshrew you! by my fay,                  | 16 | What, would ye frumple me? now fy!           |
| 2  | These wanton clerks be nice alway!           | 17 | What, and ye shall be my pigesnye?           |
| 3  | Avaunt, avaunt, my popinjay!                 | 18 | By Christ, ye shall not, no hardely:         |
| 4  | What, will ye do nothing but play?           | 19 | I will not be japèd bodily!                  |
| 5  | Tilly, vally, straw, let be I say!           | 20 | Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale! |
| 6  | Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale! | 21 | With Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.          |
| 7  | With Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.          | 22 | Walk forth your way, ye cost me nought;      |
| 8  | By God, ye be a pretty pode,                 | 23 | Now have I found that I have sought:         |
| 9  | And I love you an whole cart-load.           | 24 | The best cheap flesh that I ever bought.     |
| 10 | Straw, James Foder, ye play the fode,        | 25 | Yet, for his love that all hath wrought,     |
| 11 | I am no hackney for your rod:                | 26 | Wed me, or else I die for thought.           |
| 12 | Go watch a bull, your back is broad!         | 27 | Gup, Christian Clout, your breath is stale!  |
| 13 | Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale! | 28 | Go, Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale!           |
| 14 | With Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.          | 29 | Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale! |
| 15 | Ywis ye deal uncourteously;                  | 30 | With Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.          |

“The Unquiet Grave” (Norton, page 104)

1 The Wind doth blow today, my love  
2           And a few small drops of rain;  
3 I never had but one true-love,  
4           In cold grave she was lain.

5 I'll do as much for my true-love,  
6           As any young man may;  
7 I'll sit and mourn all at her grave  
8           For a twelvemonth and a day.

9 The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
10           The dead began to speak:  
11 'Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
12           And will not let me sleep?

13 'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,  
14           And will not let you sleep;  
15 For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,  
16           And that is all I seek.

17 You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;  
18           But my breath smells earthly strong;  
19 If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
20           Your time will not be long.

21 'Tis down in yonder garden green,  
22           Love, where we used to walk,  
23 The finest flower that ere was seen  
24           Is withered to a stalk.

25 The stalk is withered dry, my love,  
26           So will our hearts decay;  
27 So make yourself content, my love,  
28           Till God calls you away.

“Bonny Barbara Allan” (Norton, page 107)

1 IT was in and about the Martinmas time,  
2 When the green leaves were a falling,  
3 That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,  
4 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

5 He sent his man down through the town,  
6 To the place where she was dwelling:  
7 “O haste and come to my master dear,  
8 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.”

9 O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
10 To the place where he was lying,  
11 And when she drew the curtain by,  
12 “Young man, I think you’re dying.”

13 “O it’s I’m sick, and very, very sick,  
14 And ’tis a’ for Barbara Allan:”  
15 “O the better for me ye’s never be,  
16 Tho your heart’s blood were a spilling.

17 “O dinna ye mind, young man,” said she,  
18 “When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
19 That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
20 And slighted Barbara Allan?”

21 He turned his face unto the wall,  
22 And death was with him dealing:  
23 “Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
24 And be kind to Barbara Allan.”

25 And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
26 And slowly, slowly left him,  
27 And sighing said, she could not stay,  
28 Since death of life had reft him.

29 She had not gane a mile but twa,  
30 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
31 And every jow that the dead-bell gied,  
32 It cry’d, Woe to Barbara Allan!

33 “O mother, mother, make my bed!  
34 O make it saft and narrow!  
35 Since my love died for me to-day,  
36 I’ll die for him to-morrow.”

Wyatt: "They Flee from Me" (Norton, page 127)

1 They flee from me that sometime did me seek  
2 With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.  
3 I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,  
4 That now are wild and do not remember  
5 That sometime they put themself in danger  
6 To take bread at my hand; and now they range,  
7 Busily seeking with a continual change.

8 Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise  
9 Twenty times better; but once in special,  
10 In thin array after a pleasant guise,  
11 When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,  
12 And she me caught in her arms long and small;  
13 Therewithall sweetly did me kiss  
14 And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

15 It was no dream: I lay broad waking.  
16 But all is turned thorough my gentleness  
17 Into a strange fashion of forsaking;  
18 And I have leave to go of her goodness,  
19 And she also, to use newfangledness.  
20 But since that I so kindly am served  
21 I would fain know what she hath deserved.

Surrey: "The Soote Season" (Norton, page 137)

- 1 The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
- 2 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
- 3 The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
- 4 The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
- 5 Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
- 6 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;<sup>8</sup>
- 7 The buck in brake his winter coat he slings ;
- 8 The fishes float with new repairèd scale ;
- 9 The adder all her slough away she slings ;
- 10 The swift swallow pursueth the flies small ;<sup>11</sup>
- 11 The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
- 12 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
- 13       And thus I see among these pleasant things
- 14       Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

Lyly: "Oh, For a Bowl of Fat Canary" (Norton, page 207)

1 Oh, for a bowl of fat Canary,  
2 Rich Palermo, sparkling Sherry,  
3 Some nectar else, from Juno's dairy;  
4 Oh, these draughts would make us merry!

5 Oh, for a wench (I deal in faces,  
6 And in other daintier things);  
7 Tickled am I with her embraces,  
8 Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

9 Oh, for a plump fat leg of mutton,  
10 Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;  
11 None is happy but a glutton,  
12 None an ass but who want money.

13 Wines indeed and girls are good,  
14 But brave victuals feast the blood;  
15 For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,  
16 Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

Southwell: "The Burning Babe" (Norton, page 223)

1 As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,  
2 Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow ;  
3 And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,  
4 A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear ;  
5 Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed  
6 As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were fed.  
7 Alas, quoth he, but newly born in fiery heats I fry,  
8 Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I !  
9 My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,  
10 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns ;  
11 The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals,  
12 The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,  
13 For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,  
14 So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood.  
15 With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,  
16 And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas day.

Jonson: "Epitaph on Elizabeth, L.H." (Norton, page 328)

1    Woulds't thou hear what man can say  
2        In a little? Reader, stay.  
3    Underneath this stone doth lie  
4        As much beauty as could die;  
5    Which in life did harbour give  
6        To more virtue than doth live.  
7    If at all she had a fault  
8        Leave it buried in this vault.  
9    One name was Elizabeth,  
10       The other, let it sleep with death,  
11   Fitter, where it died, to tell,  
12       Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

Herrick: "Upon Julia's Clothes" (Norton, page 359)

- 1 Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
- 2 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
- 3 That liquefaction of her clothes.
  
- 4 Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
- 5 That brave vibration each way free;
- 6 O how that glittering taketh me !