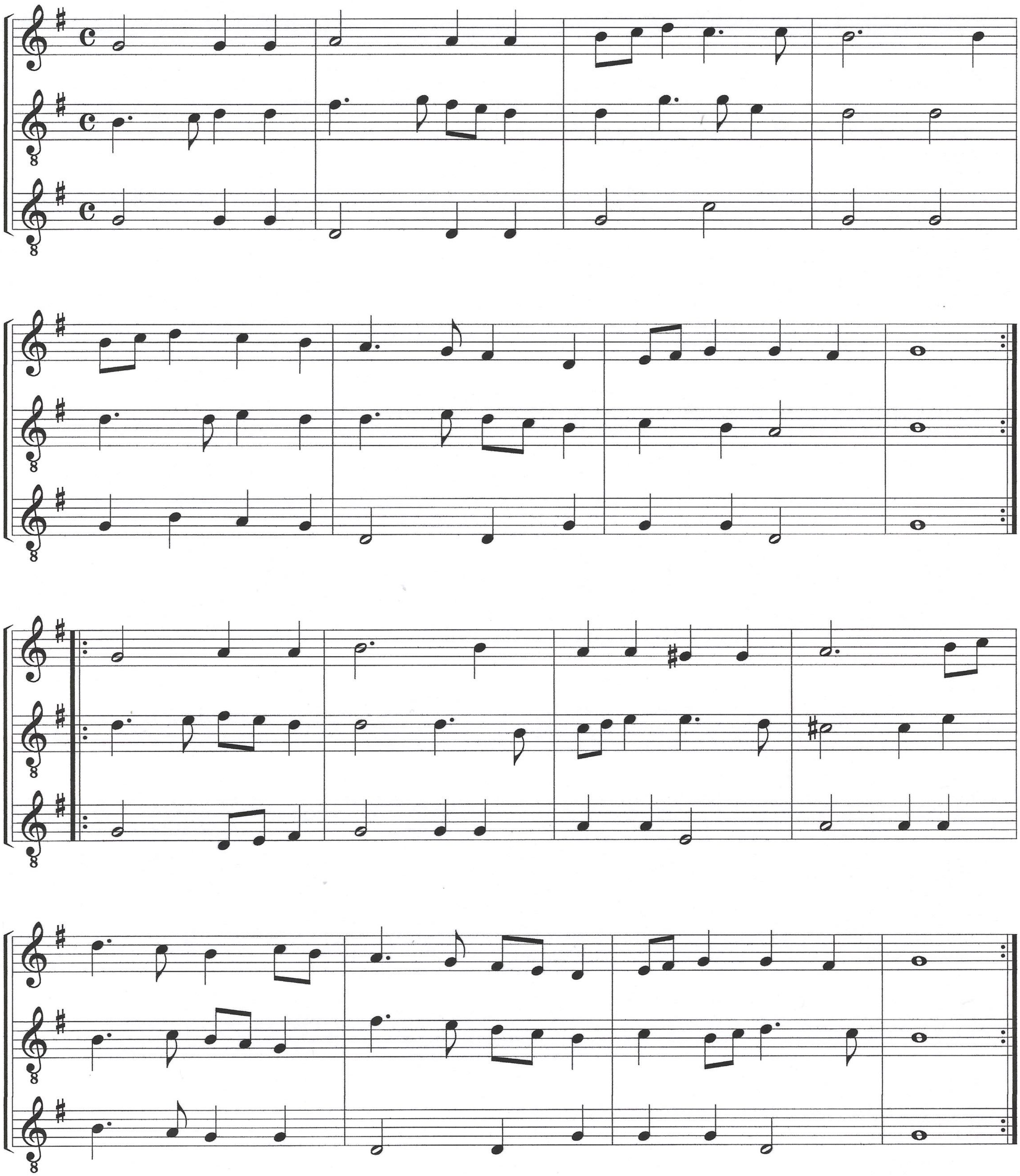
Monsieur's Almaine

Heart's ease

Cast care away

From the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by anon. from Misogonus, c.1560

Gm Gm F Cm D Gm D Gm D Gm D Cm D Gm

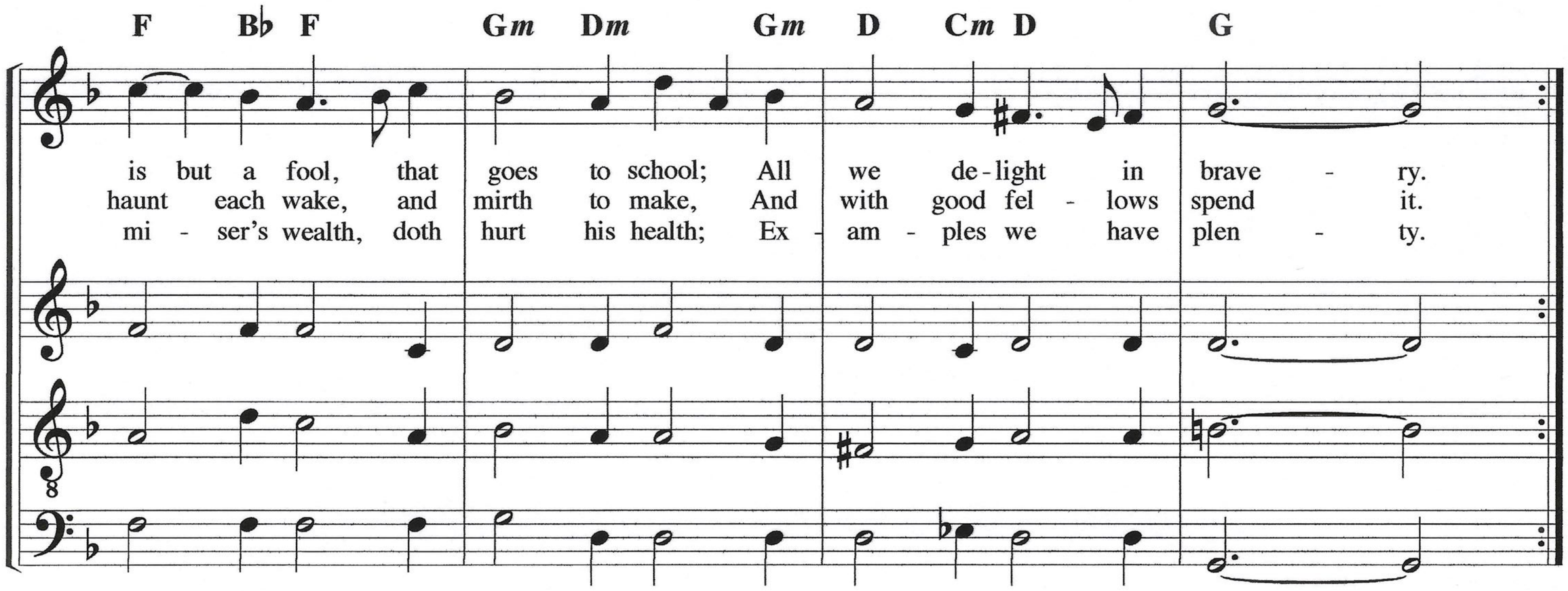
Cast care a-way, with sport and play; Pas- time is all our plea- sure. If
What doth't a-vail, far hence to sail, And lead our life in toil- ing? Or,
No- thing is worse, than a full purse, To nig- gards and to pinch- ers. They

Gm F Cm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D

well we fare, for naught we care; In mirth con- sist our trea- sure.
to what end, should we here spend, Our lives in irk- some moil- ing?
al- ways spare, and live in care; There's no man loves such flinch- ers.

Gm F F Gm D Gm Cm D

Let snud- ges lurk, and drud- ges work; We do de- fy their slave- ry. He
It is the best, to live at rest, And take't as God doth send it; To
The mer- ry man, with cup and can, Lives long- er than doth twen- ty. The

Setting by Steven Hendricks

'Tsa beastly thing, to lie musing,
With pensiveness and sorrow.
For who can tell, that he shall swell
Live here until the morrow?
We will therefore, forevermore,
While this our life is lasting,
Eat, drink, and sleep, and lemans keep;
Its popery to use fasting.

In cards and dice, our comfort lies,
In sporting and in dancing.
Our minds to please, and live at ease,
And sometimes to use prancing.
With Bess and Nell, we love to dwell,
In kissing and in haking.
But whoop ho holly, with trolly lolly,
To them we'll now be walking.

Broom, broom, the bonny, bonny broom

The Broom of Cowdenknowß

Music from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics from The Scots Musical Museum, 1787

A A D D A D

How blyth was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the hill! He leap'd the burn,and
I nei - ther want - ed ewe nor lamb, While his flock near me lay; He ga - ther'd in my
While thus we spent our time, by turns Be - twixt our flocks and play, I en - vy'd not the
A - dieu, ye Cow - den - knows, a - dieu, Fare - wel a' plea - sures there: Ye gods, re - store me

D A A D

flew to me, I met him wi' good will. O the broom, the bon-ny, bon-ny broom, The
sheep at night, And chear'd me a' the day.
fair - est dame, Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
to my swain, Is a' I crave, or care.

D G A D D A

broom of Cow - den - knows! I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi his pipe and my ewes.

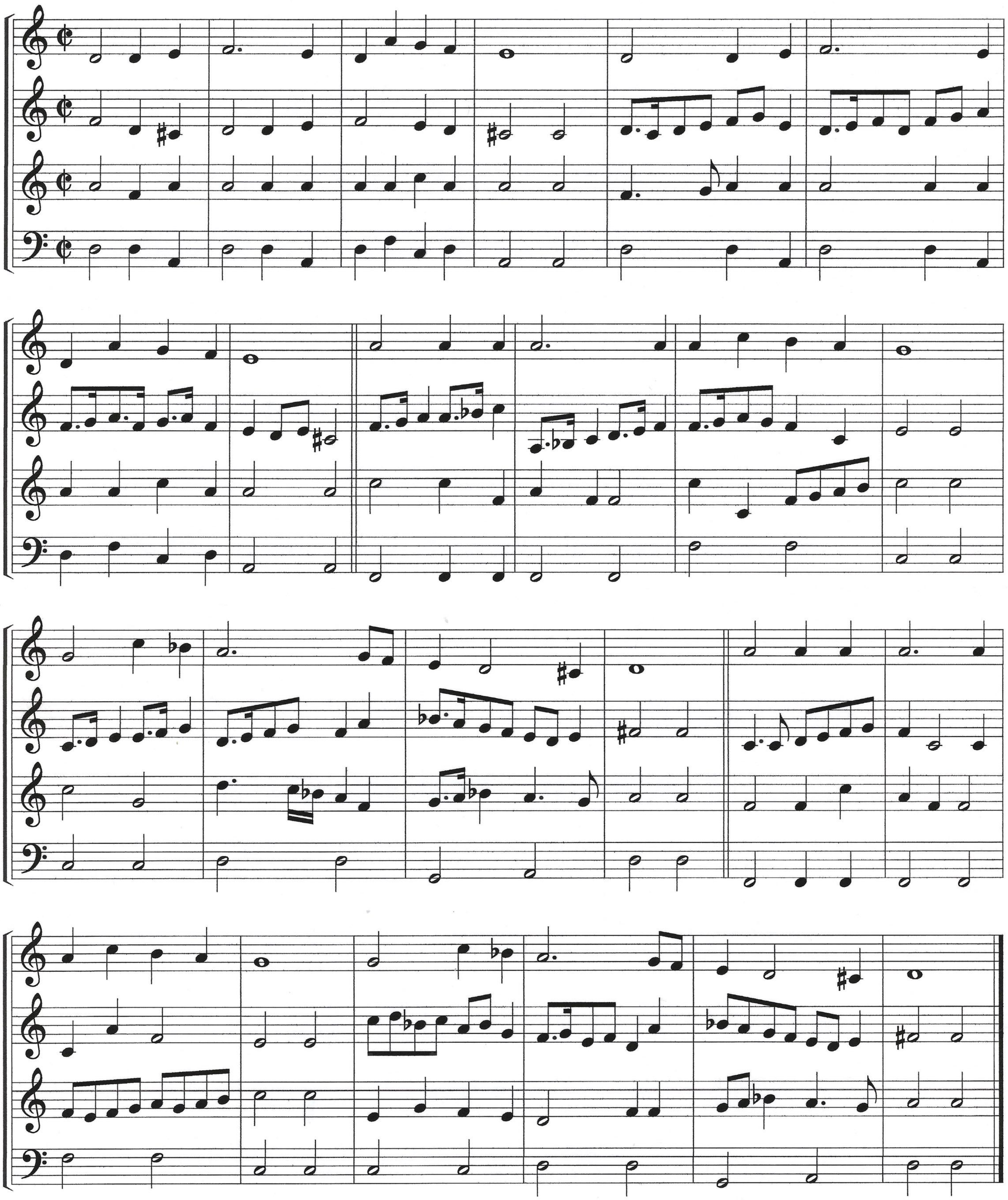
Originally a fourth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Fortune My Foe

(Complaint)

from the Cambridge Consort Books, c. 1595

Anon.

Jog on

from The English Dancing Master, 1651

D G D G D

Jog on, jog on, the Foot - path - way, And
Your pal - try mo - ny bags of Gold, What
Cast care a - way, let sor - row cease, A

G C G D D D G C

mer - ri - ly hen't the stile - a; Your mer - ry heart go'es
need have we to stare - for, When little or no - thing
Figg for Me - lan - cho - ly; Let's laugh and sing, or

** play extra note for dance only*

G D G D C G

all the day, Your sad tires in a mile - a.
soon is told, And we have the less to care - for?
if you please We'l fro - lick with sweet Dol - ly.

Originally a fifth higher

Setting by Steven Hendricks

Goddesses

The Northern Lasse'ß Lamentation

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Martin Parker

Gm **Gm** **F** **Gm**

A North-Coun-try Lass up to Lon - don did pass, Al - though with her na - ture it did not a-gree, Which
Fain would I be in the North Coun - try, Where the ladds and the lass - es are mak - ing of hay, There
Since that I came forth of the plea - sant North, Ther's no - thing de-light - ful I see doth a-bound, They
A maid - en I am, and a maid I'le re-main, Un-til my own Coun - trey a - gain I do see; For

made her re - pent and so oft - en la-ment, Still wish - ing a - gain in the North for to be.
should I see what is plea - sant to me A mis - chief light on them hath in - tic'd me a - way.
nev - er can be half so mer - ry as we, When we are a dan - cing of Sel - lin - ger's round.
here in this place I shall ne'r see the face Of him that's al - lot - ted my Love for to be.

D

Gm **B♭** **F** **Gm** **F** **Gm**

O the Oak, the Ash, and the bon-ny I - vy Tree, Doth flou - rish at home in my own Coun - try.

Setting by Steven Hendricks