

BEDLAM
Died For Love Texts

Died For Love (Anonymous)

A bold young farmer courted me
He gained my heart and my liberty
He gained my heart with a free good will,
And I must confess I love him still.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain
I wish I was a maid again
But maid again I never shall be
Since that bold young farmer lay still with me.

I wish my baby little was born
And smiling on his father's knee
And I, poor girl, was dead and gone
And the green grass was growing over me.

There is a house in yonder town
Where my love goes and sits him down
And takes some strange girl on his knee
And he tells her things that he won't tell me.

Go dig my grave long, wide, and deep
Put marble stone at my head and feet
Put over and above a pure white dove
To let the world know I died for love.

There is a bird in yonder tree
Some say he's blind and cannot see
Well I wish it had been the same with me
Since first I met your company.

What is it all? (Thomas Campion)

What is it all that men possess among themselves conversing?
Wealth, or fame, or some such boast scarce worthy the rehearsing.
Women only are men's good, with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sick, their hand attends us.
When with grief our hearts are pressed, their comfort best befriends us.
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form presenting,
What we get, how wise they keep; by sparing, wants preventing,
Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting.

All this of whose large use I sing in two words is expressed:
"Good wife" is the good I praise, if by good men possessed.
Bad with bad in ill suit well, but good with good live blessed.

Corn Rigs Are Bonnie (Text by Robert Burns)

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till, 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

*Corn rigs an' barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain:
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock't her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Lammas: harvest festival. gath'rin gear: making money.

Come, Cheerful Day (Thomas Campion)

Come, cheerful day, come cheerful day,
Part of my life to me:
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly,
So ev'ry day, so ev'ry day we live, we live,
A day we die.

But O ye nights, but O ye nights,
Ordain'd for barren rest,
How are my days depriv'd of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossess'd,
By feigned death life sweetly to renew?
Part of my life in that you life deny,
So ev'ry day, so ev'ry day we live, we live,
A day we die.

Come Away (Thomas Campion)

Come away, come away, arm'd with love's delights
Thy sprightful graces bring with thee,
When love and longing fights,
They must the sticklers be.
Come quickly, come, the promis'd hour is well-night spent,
And pleasure, being too much deferr'd, loseth her best content.

Is she come? Is she come? O how near is she?
How far yet from this friendly place?
How many steps from me?
When shall I her embrace?
These arms I'll spread which only at her sight shall close,
Attending as the starry flow'r, that the sun's noontide knows.

Lavender's Blue (Anonymous)

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly,
Lavender's green,
When I am king, dilly dilly,
You shall be queen.

Lavender's green, dilly dilly,
Lavender's blue,
You must love me, dilly dilly,
For I love you.

Down in the vale, dilly dilly,
Where flowers grow,
And the birds sing, dilly dilly,
All I'm a row.

A brisk young man, dilly dilly,
Met with a maid,
And laid her down, dilly dilly,
Under the shade.

There they did play, dilly dilly,
And kiss and court,
All the fine day, dilly dilly,
Making good sport.

I've heard them say, dilly dilly,
Since I came hither,
That you and I, dilly dilly,
Might lie together.

Therefore me kind, dilly dilly,
While here we lie,
And you will love, dilly dilly,
My dog and I.

For you and I, dilly dilly,
Now all are one,
And we will lie, dilly dilly,
No more alone.

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly,
Lavender's green,
Let me be king, dilly dilly,
You be the queen.

Lavender's green, dilly dilly,
Lavender's blue,
You must love me, dilly dilly,
For I love you.

Break now, my heart (Thomas Campion)

Break now, my heart, and die.
O no, O no, she may relent.
Let my despair prevail.
O stay, O stay, hope is not spent.
Should she now fix one smile on thee,
Where were despair?
The loss is but easy,
Which smiles can repair;
A stranger would please thee
If she were as fair.

Her must I love or none,
So sweet, so sweet, none breathes as she.
The more is my despair,
Alas, alas, she loves not me.
But cannot time make way for love
Through ribs of steel?
The Grecian enchanted
All parts but the heel,
At last a shaft daunted
Which his heart did feel.

Fire that must flame (Thomas Campion)

Fire that must flame is with apt fuel fed.
Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred.
How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds?
Or can he love on whom no comfort shines?

Fair, I confess there's pleasure in your sight.
Sweet, you have pow'r, I grant, of all delight.
But what is all to me if I have none?
Churl that you are to enjoy such wealth alone.

Prayers move the heavens,
But find no grace with you,
Yet in your looks a heav'nly form I view.
Then will I pray again, hoping to find
As well as in your looks, heav'n in your mind.

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,
O let my vows thy loving spirit move!
Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain,
But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

Fain Would I Wed (Thomas Campion)

Fain would I wed a fair young man,
That day and night could please me,
When my mind or body grieved
That had the power to ease me.

Maids are full of longing thoughts
That breed a bloodless sickness;
And that, oft I hear men say,
Is only cured by quickness.

Oft I have been wooed and prayed,
But never could be moved.
Many for a day or so
I have most dearly loved.

But this foolish mind of mine
Straight patches the thing resolved.
If to love me sin in me,
That sin is soon absolved.

Sure, I think I shall at last fly
to some holy Order;
When I once am settled there,
Then I can fly no farther.

Yet I would not die a maid,
Because I had a mother;
As I was by one brought forth,
I would bring forth another.

Awake, thou heavy spright (Thomas Campion)

Awake, awake, thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin;
Rise now and walk the ways of light
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heav'n early, seek it late:
True faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man,
Thy tracks to endless joy, or pain,
Yields but the model of a span,
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain.
One minute bounds thy bane, or bliss,
Then watch, and labour while time is.

Mirk Mirk Is This Midnight Hour (Anonymous)

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour
And loud the tempests roar
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower
Lord Gregory, ope' thy door
An exile frae her faither's ha'
And a' for loving thee
At least some pity on me shaw
If love it may na be

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonnie Irwine side
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true
It ne'er mistrusted thine

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory
And flinty is thy breast
Thou bolt of heaven that flashest by
Oh wilt thou bring me rest
Ye mustering thunders from above
Thy willing victim see
But spare and pardon my fause love
His wrangs to heaven and me

Greensleeves (Anonymous)

Alas, my Love! Ye do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

*Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Greensleeves?*

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to have.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee,
And this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell! Adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am still thy lover true.
Come once again and love me.

Baloo Baleerie (Anonymous)

*Baloo baleerie,
Baloo baleerie,
Baloo baleerie,
Baloo balee.*

Gang awa' peerie fairies,
Gang awa' peerie fairies,
Gang awa' peerie fairies
Frae oor ben noo.

Doun come bonny angels,
Doun come bonny angels,
Doun come bonny angels
Tae oor ben noo.

Sleep saft my baby,
Sleep saft my baby,
Sleep saft my baby
In oor ben noo.

peerie: little. ben: inner room.