

# Bazimarko

Music and songs by  
Henry Purcell and the Restoration Rat Pack

## DANTE FERRARA

LYRICS TO THE SONGS

1.

If all be true that I do think, There are five reasons we should drink.  
Good wine, a friend, or being dry, Or lest we should be by and by.  
Or any other reason, or any other reason, Or any other reason why.

2.

To thee, to thee and to the maid, That kindly will upon her back be laid.  
And laugh and sing and kiss and play, And wanton out a summer's day.  
Such, such a lass, kind friend, and drinking, Give me great joy and damn the thinking.

4.

Young Colin cleaving of a beam, at every thumping blow, cried 'Hem' and told his wife, whom the cause  
would know, that 'Hem' made the wedge much farther go.  
Plump Joan when at night to bed they came, and both were playing at the same, cried 'Hem, hem' prithee  
Colin do, if ever thou lov'st me dear, 'Hem' now.'  
He laughing cried 'Oh no no no, some work will split with half a blow. Besides, now I bore. I "Hem" when I  
cleave, but now I bore.'

5.

Once, twice, thrice I Julia tried. The scornful puss, as oft denied.  
And since I can no better thrive, I'll cringe to ne'er a bitch alive.  
So kiss my arse, disdainful sow, Good claret is my mistress now.

6.

When Celia was learning on the spinet to play, Her tutor stood by her to show her the way.  
She shook not the note which angered him much, And made him cry 'Zounds, tis a long prick, a long  
pricked note you touch.'  
Surprised was the lady to hear him complain and said, 'I will shake it when I come to it again'

8.

My lady and her maid, upon a merry pin,  
They made a match at farting, who should the wager win.  
Joan lights three candles then, and sets them bolt upright.  
With the first fart she blew them out, with the next she gave them light.  
In comes my lady then, with all her might and mane,  
And blew them out and in and out and in and out again.

10.

Had she not care enough of the old man.

She wed him, she fed him and to the bed she led him. For seven long winters she lifted him on,  
But oh how she niggled him all the night long.

11.

Tis women makes us love, Tis love that makes us sad,  
Tis sadness makes us drink, And drinking makes us mad.

12.

When wives do hate the husband's friends, As jealous of some fearless ends,  
And still an angry look she settles, As if of late she had pissed on nettles.  
Ware ho, ware ho for then of force, The mare will prove the better horse.  
When women will be ever nice, Foolish, proud and manly wise,  
And yet their wanton humour itches, To wear their husband's widest breeches.  
Ware ho, ware ho for then of force, The mare will prove the better horse.

13.

When a woman that's buxom a dotard does wed,  
Tis a madness to think she'll be true to his bed.  
For who can resist a gallant that is young,  
And a man à la mode in his clothes and his tongue.  
His looks have such charms and his language such force,  
That the drowsy mechanic's a cuckold of course.

14.

Once in our lives let us drink to our wives, Though their numbers be but small.  
Heaven take the best and the devil take the rest, And so we shall get rid of them all.  
To this hearty wish let each man take his dish, And drink, drink, drink til he fall.

16.

Here lies a woman, who can deny it, She died in peace though lived unquiet.  
Her husband prays if o'er her grave you walk, You would tread soft. You would tread soft  
For if she wakes she'll talk, for if she wakes she'll talk.

17.

Here dwells a pretty maid, whose name is Sis, you may come in and kiss,  
Her whole, her whole, her whole estate is seventeen pence a year.  
Yet you may kiss her if you come but near.

18.

Take a pound of butter made in May, Clap it to her arse on a summer's day,  
And ever as it melts then lick it clean away, Tis a medicine for the toothache old wives say.

19.

The miller's daughter riding to the fair without a saddle, upon a scurvy mare,  
Cried, 'Oh mother, I'm quite undone, I'm all o'ergrown with hair.'  
'Away you silly daughter, tis every girl's concern, and if you won't believe me,  
Look here and you may learn.'  
Then taking her aside, she made the matter plain. 'Oh mother you're ten times worse,  
You're ten times times worse, why sure you've rid upon the mane.'

21.

Sir Walter enjoying his damsel one night,  
He tickled and pleased her to so great a delight.  
That she could not contain t'wards the end of the matter,  
But in rapture cried out 'Oh sweet Sir Walter,  
Oh sweet Sir Walter, Oh sweet Sir Walter, Oh sweet Sir, sweet Sir Walter,  
Oh switter swatter switter swatter switter swatter switter swatter swatter.'

22.

From twenty to thirty good night and good morrow,  
From thirty to forty good night or good morrow,  
From forty to fifty as oft as it shift ye,  
From thence to threescore once a month and no more.

23.

Ye cats that at midnight spit love at each other, who best feel the pangs of a passionate lover,  
I appeal to your scratches and tattered fur, if the business of love be no more than to purr.  
Old Lady Grimalkin with gooseberry eyes, when a kitten knew something for why she was wise,  
You find by experience the love fit's soon o'er, 'puss puss' lasts not long but turns to cat whore.  
Men ride many miles, cats tread many tiles, both hazard their necks in the fray,  
Only cats, if they fall, from a house or a wall, keep their feet, mount their tails and away.

25.

When women a-gossiping meet together, their tongues do run, they know not whether.  
Their noses be sharp, their tongues be long. Twittle twattle, twittle twattle is all their song.

26.

Tom making a mantle for a lass of pleasure. Pulled out his long and lawful measure.  
Though quickly found, though woundily straight laced Sir, Nine inches would not half surround her waist Sir.  
Three inches more at length brisk Tom advances, Yet all too short to reach her swinging haunches.

28.

My Lady's coachman John, being married to her maid,  
Her ladyship did hear on it and to him thus she said,  
'I never had a wench so handsome in my life,  
I prithee therefore tell me, how got you such a wife?'  
John stared her in the face and answered very blunt.  
'Even as my Lord got you.' 'How's that?' 'Why by the cunt.'

29. (poem)

I rise at eleven, I dine about two,  
I get drunk before seven; and the next thing I do,  
I send for my whore, when for fear of a clap,  
I spend in her hand, and I spew in her lap.

Then we quarrel and scold, 'til I fall fast asleep,  
When the bitch, growing bold, to my pocket does creep;  
Then slyly she leaves me and, to revenge the affront,  
At once she bereaves me of money and cunt.

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk,  
What a coil do I make for the loss of my punk.  
I storm and I roar, and I fall in a rage,  
And missing my whore, I bugger my page.

Then, crop-sick all morning, I rail at my men,  
And in bed I lie yawning 'till eleven again.

30.

Pox on you for a fop, your stomach's too queasy. Cannot I belch and fart, you coxcomb to ease me? What if I  
let fly in your face and shall please ye?  
Fogh, fogh, how sour he smells. Now he's at it again. Out ye beast, I never met so nasty a man. I'm not able  
to bear it, what the devil d'ye mean?  
No less than a Caesar decreed with great reason, no restraint should be laid on the bum or the weason, for  
belching and farting were always in season.

31.

As the Friar he went along, a-poring in his book,  
At last he spied a jolly brown wench, a-washing of her buck.  
Sing Stow the friar, Some good man and let this fair maid go.

The friar pulled out a jolly brown turd, as much as he could handle,  
'Fair maid, if thou carriest fire in thy arse, come light me this same candle.'  
Sing Stow the friar, Some good man and let this fair maid go.

The maid she shat a jolly brown turd, out of her jolly brown hole.  
'Good Sir, if you will a candle light, come blow me this same coal.'  
Sing Stow the friar, Some good man and let this fair maid go.

Part of the sparks flew to the North, and part into the South,  
And part of this jolly brown turd, flew into the friar's mouth.  
Sing Stow the friar, Some good man and let this fair maid go.

33.

Say, Good Master Bacchus, astride of your butt, Since our champagne's all gone and our claret's run out,  
Which of all the brisk wines in your empire that grow, Will serve to delight your poor drunkards below,  
Resolve us, good sir, and soon send it over, Lest we die, lest we die of the sin of being sober.

*Dante Ferrara presents...*

# *FINERY & FILTH*



... a ribald tale set in 1695 with music and songs by Henry Purcell and other members of the 'Restoration Rat Pack'.

*Warning:*

*The historically accurate lyrics are not suitable for those of a puritan disposition.*