

## Five Broadside Ballads

for mixed choir SATB arranged by Andreas Stenberg

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# 1. Blew Cap for me. OR.

#### A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing

#### Shee'l have bonny blew-cap, all other refusing.

To a curious new Scottish tune called Blew-cap.

Broadsida sheet; Roxbury: R214087 (1633- 1669?) Mel. from J.Playford: The english Dancing Master (1652)



2. There lives a blithe Lasse in Faukeland towne, and shee had some suitors I wot not how many, But her resolution she had set downe, that sheed have a Blew-cap gif ere she had any: An English man when our good King was there, Came often unto her and loved her deere:

But still she replide, Sir, I pray let me be, Gif ever I have a man,

Blew-cap for me.

red pritches, red Tublet red Coat, & red Peard,
was make a creat shew with a creat deal of pride
and tell her strange tale that the like was nere [heard]:
Was reckon her pedigree,
long before Prute,
No body was by her
that can her confute:
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,

3. A Welch man that had a long sword by her side,

Blew-cap for me.

- 4. A French-man that largely was booted and spurd, lockt, with a Ribon, long points and breeches.

  Hees ready to kisse her at every word, and for further exercise his fingers itches:

  You be pritty wench

  Mitris, par ma foy,

  Be gar me doe love you,
  then be not you coy:
  But still she replide, Sir.
  I pray let me be,
  Gif ever I have a man,
  Blew-cap for me.
- 5. An Irish man with a long skeane in his hose, did tinke to obtaine her it was no great matter, Up stayres to her chamber so lightly he goes, that she nere heard him untill he came at her: Quoth he I doe love you, by fate and by trote, And if you will have me, experience shall shote:

  But still she replide, Sir, I pray let me be, Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.

#### The second part To the same tune.

- 6. A Dainty spruce Spanyard with haire black as jett, cloak with round caps, a long Rapier & Ponyard Hee told her if that shee could Scotland forget, heed shew her the Vines as they grow in the Vineyard. If thou wilt abandon this Country so cold, Ile shew thee faire Spaine, and much Indian gold, But stil she replide, Sir, I pray let me be. Gif ever I have a man,
- 7. A haughty high German of Hamborough towne, a proper tall gallant with mighty mustachoes:
  He weepes if the Lasse upon him doe but frowne, yet hees a great Fencer that comes to ore-match us. But yet all his fine fencing could not get the Lasse, She denyd him so oft, that he wearyed was:
  For still she replide, Sir,
  I pray let me be,
  Gif ever I have a man,

Blew-cap for me.

Blew-cap for me.

- 8. A Netherland Mariner there came by chance, whose cheekes did resemble two rosting Pomwaters: To this Cany Lasse he his sute did advance, and as taught by nature he cunningly flatters: Isk will make thee, said he, sole Lady oth Sea, Both Spanirds and Englishmen shall thee obey, But stil she replide, Sir, I pray let me be, Blew-cap for mee.
- 9. These sundry Sutors of severall Lands, did daily solicite this Lasse for her favour, And every one of them alike understands that to win the prize they in vaine did endeavour. For she had resolved (as I before said)
  To have bonny Blew-cap, or else dee a maid. still replyde she, Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for mee.
- 10. At last came a Scottish man (with a blew-cap) and he was the party for whom she had tarryd To get this blithe bonny Lasse twas his gude hap, they gangd to the Kirk & were presently marryd. I ken not weele whether it were Lord or Leard, They ca[u]de him some [s]ike a like name as I heard, To chuse him from all, she did gladly agree. And still she cride Blew-cap th'art welcome to mee.

#### **FINIS**

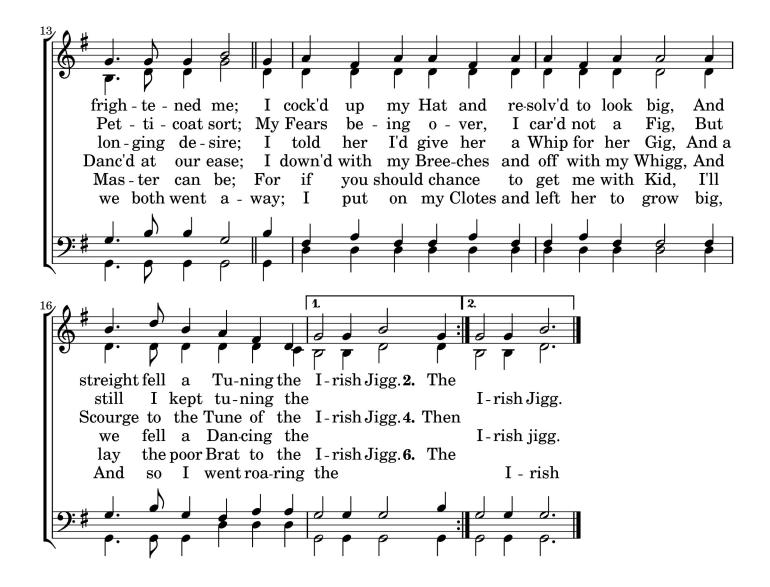
Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

## 2. Irish Lady or Annised water-Robin/ The Irish Jigg: Or, the Night Ramble

From: John Playford the English Dancing Master, first edition 1651, and:

Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive; ... VOL. V. 1719

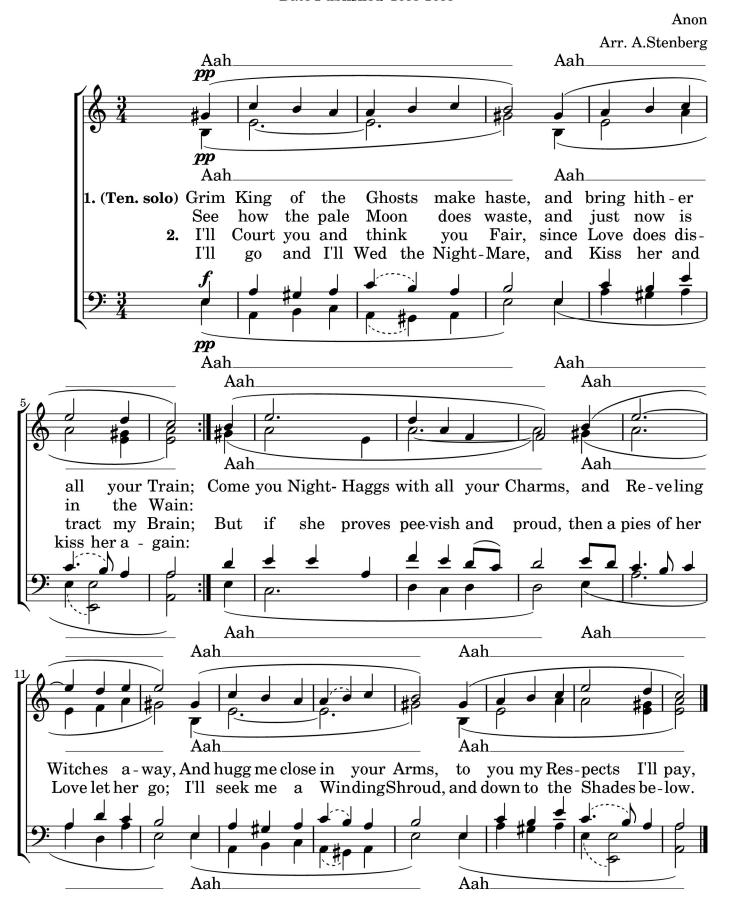
arr. Andreas Stenberg 1. One night in my Ram-ble I chanc'd to see, A thing like a Spi-rit, De - vil drew nea-rer and nea-rer short I found it was one of the in 3. And then I went to her, re - sol-ving to try her; I put her a-gog of no-thing but Dancing our Fan - cy coould pleas, We lay on the Grass and 5. I thank you, kind Sir, for your kindness, said she, The Scho-lar's as Wise as the Dance be - ing en-ded as may see, We rose by Consent and



### 3. The LUNATICK Lover;

/ OR, / The Young-Man's Call to Grim King of the Ghosts for Cure.

Date Published 1685-1688



Five Broadside Ballads from 1700 - 1800th century sources arranged for mixed choir. The lyrics are about almost to easy-minded love and loving. The lyrics are in english.

Viisi Broadside Ballad/ Arkkiveisu laulua 1600-1700 luvun eri lähteistä sovitetuina neljäääniselle sekakuorolle. Laulut käsittelevät rakkautta välillä ehkä liiankin kevytmielisesti. Laulujen tekstit ovat englanninkielisiä.

Fem Shillingtrycks visor ur olika engelska 1600-1700 tals källor arrangerade för fyrstämmig blandad kör. Texterna (som är på engelska) behandlar kärlek ur ett nästan väl lättsinnigt perspektiv.

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