



Andreas Stenberg

Five Broadside Ballads

for mixed choir SATB





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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)

Andreas Stenberg

1. Come hit-her the mer-rist of all the nine, come sit thee down by me and let  
And in a full cup of A-pol-los wine, weell drowne our old e-ne-my mad  
us be jol-ly, Which when wee have done, weell betweene us devise A dainty new ditty, with  
me-lan-choly:  
art to com-prise, And of this new dit-ty, the mat-ter shall be, Gif  
e-ver I have a man, Blew- cap for me. Blew- cap for me.

*Normal ending* *Last time*

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.

3. A Welch man that had a long sword by her side,  
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,  
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,  
 Blew-cap for me.

8. A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,  
 whose cheekes did resemble two roasting 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.

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.

9. These sundry Sutors of severall Lands,  
 did daily sollicite 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]like  
 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

Treble I

Treble II

Tenor

Bass /  
Cello

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1. One night in my Ram-ble I chanc'd to see, A thing like a Spi-rit, it  
De - vil drew nea-rer and nea-rer in short I found it was one of the  
3. And then I went to her, re - sol-ving to try her; I put her a - gog of a  
no - thing but Dancing our Fan - cy could 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 you may see, We rose by Consent and

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frigh - te - ned me; I cock'd up my Hat and resolv'd to look big, And  
 Pet - ti - coat sort; My Fears be - ing o - ver, I car'd not a Fig, But  
 lon - ging de - sire; I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig, And a  
 Danc'd at our ease; I down'd with my Bree - ches and off with my Whigg, And  
 Mas - ter can be; For if you should chance to get me with Kid, I'll  
 we both went a - way; I put on my Clotes and left her to grow big,

16

streight fell a Tu - ning the I - rish Jigg. 2. The I - rish Jigg.  
 still I kept tu - ning the I - rish Jigg.  
 Scourge to the Tune of the I - rish Jigg. 4. Then I - rish jigg.  
 we fell a Dancing the I - rish jigg.  
 lay the poor Brat to the I - rish Jigg. 6. The I - rish  
 And so I went roa - ring the I - rish

### 3. The LUNATICK Lover;

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

Date Published 1685-1688

Anon

Arr. A.Stenberg

Aah *pp* Aah

*pp* Aah Aah

1. (Ten. solo) Grim King of the Ghosts make haste, and bring hith - er  
See how the pale Moon does waste, and just now is

2. I'll Court you and think you Fair, since Love does dis-  
I'll go and I'll Wed the Night-Mare, and Kiss her and

*f* *pp* Aah Aah Aah

5 all your Train; Come you Night- Haggs with all your Charms, and Re-veling  
in the Wain:  
tract my Brain; But if she proves pee-vish and proud, then a pies of her  
kiss her a - gain:

Aah Aah Aah

11 Witches a - way, And hugg me close in your Arms, to you my Res-pects I'll pay,  
Love let her go; I'll seek me a WindingShroud, and down to the Shades be-low.

Aah Aah

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 sovitettuina 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.

