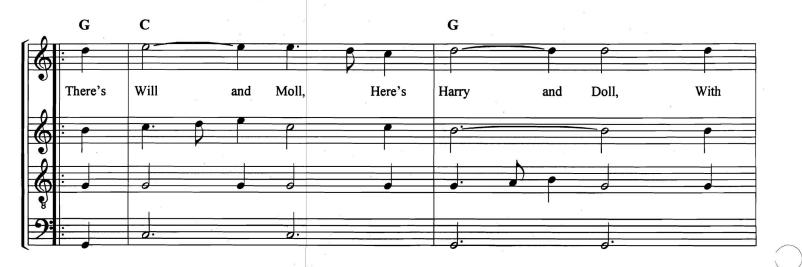
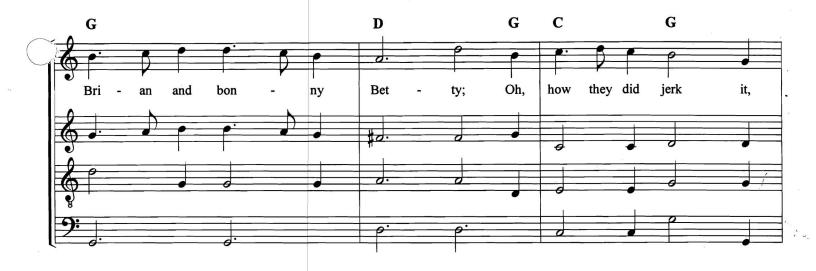
Sellenger's Round The Country Man's DELIGHT

from The English Dancing Master, 1651 Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686) Lyrics by Anon, from the Pepys Ballads











O'er Hills and Dales, and Whitsun-Ales, We Dance a Merry fit;
When Susan sweet with John doth meet, She gives him Hit for Hit;
From Head to Foot, She holds him to't,
And Jumps as high as he;
O how they do spring it,
Flounce it and fling it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

No time is spent with more content,
In City, Court, or Camp;
We fear no Covent-Garden Gout,
Nor Pickadilly Cramp:
From Scurvy we
Are always free,
And evermore shall be;
So long as we Whisk it,
Frig it and frisk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
Like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs;
We have no twinge to make us cringe
Or crinkle in the Hams:
When some Disease
Doth on us seize,
With one Consent go we;
To Jigg it and Jerk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

When we're well fir'd, and almost tir'd,
That Night is drawing on:
And that we must confess (as just)
Our Dancing day is done;
The Night is spent
With more content,
For then we all agree;
To Cock it and Dock it,
Smock and Knock it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.