

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

G G C G C Dm C G C

In Sum - mer time, when Flowers do Spring, And Birds sit on a Tree; Let

G C G C F C Dm Am G C

Lords and Knights say what they will, There's none so Mer - ry as we;

G C G

There's Will and Moll, Here's Harry and Doll, With

G D G C G

Bri - an and bon - ny Bet - ty; Oh, how they did jerk it,

F C G F C D G

Ca - per and ferk it, Under the Green - wood Tree.

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.