

Mad Tom or Gray's inn Maske
From an seventeenth century Broadsheet
melody from J.Playford; the English Dancing Master

arr. Andreas Stenberg

Con bocca chiusa

Ooo

Ossia: Basso

FOrth from my sad and dark-some Cell, Or from the deep A - biss of Hell, Mad
 Fear and care doth pierce the Soul, Hark how the ang-ry Fu-ries howl; 1

Ooo

Tom is come to view the world a-gain, To see if he can ease his distem-per'd Brain:
 Plu - to laughs and Pro-ser-pine is, glad, To see poor na-ked Tom of 1

Through the world I wander night and day, to find my stragling sen - ces,
 In an ang-ry mood I found ol Time, with's Pen-tar- chy of

Bedlam mad: Ooo

Ten - ches, Ooo

When me he spies, A-way he flies, For time will way for no man, In
 vain with cries, I rend the skies, For pit - ty is not common.

20

Cold and com - fort-less I lye, Help, O help, or else I dye, Hark
Car-man gins to Whis - tle, Chast Di - a - na Bends her Bow, The

26

I hear Ap - poll's Theam, the Ooo
Boar be-gins to Bris - - tle:
Come Vul-can with Tools and with

31

Let Charles make rea-dy his Wain, To
Tac-kle: shake off my troublesome shac - kle,

36

bring me my sen-ces a - gain. - gain
Come

2.

Basses solo: Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark
Mars met Venus in the Dark,
Leaping Vulcan het an Iron-Bar,
And furiously did run at the God of War,
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
But Vulcans Temples had the Gout,
His broad horns did so hang in his sight,
He could not see to aim his Blows aright:

Tenors solo: Mercury the Nimble Post of heaven,
Laid still to see the Quarrel,
Gorrel bellied Baccus Gyant-like,
bestri'd a strong Beer Barrel:

B: To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Syder,
He drank whole Buts,
Till he crackt his Guts,
But mine were ne'r the wider.

Tutti: Poor naked Tom is very dry,
A little drink for Charity:
Hark I hear
Acteon's Hounds,
The Huntsman whoops and Hollows,
Ringing Royster,
Bowman Jowler
At the chase now follows:

B: The man in the Moon Drinks Clarret,
With Powder beef Turney and Carret,

Tutti: A Cup of Old Mallago Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his back.

Editorial notes to melody and lyrics:

The melody is found in several editions of John Playford's "The English Dancing Master" beginning with the 1670 edition.

The Lyrics are found in at least two different Broadside sheets:

- An undated print (Roxburghe 1.299) in the Roxburghe collection (in the British Library). This print contains only the two verses printed here.
- And a print (Pepys 1.502-503) dated 1681 - 1684. in the Pepys collection (in Magdalene College, Cambridge). This print contains also a Second part; "The Man in the moon drinks Clarret" of three stanzas length.