

## The Noble Cockerel

I have a Noble Cockerel,  
whose crowing starts my day.  
He makes me rise up early,  
my morning prayer to say.

*Chorus:*

*Kick-a-re-key, kick-a-re-key  
Kick-a-re-key, a-key-a-key*

*Kick-a-re-key, kick-a-re-key  
Kick-a-re-key, a-key-a*

I have a Noble Cockerel,  
of lofty pedigree.  
His comb is of red coral,  
and his tail jet-black to see.

*Chorus*

His legs are all of azure,  
graceful, soft and slim.  
His spurs of silver white,  
deep to the root of him.

*Chorus*

His eyes they are of crystal,  
sweetly set in amber,  
And every night he and perches,  
in My Lady's chamber.

*Chorus*

*Chorus*

## Songs for the Low Countries



## **The Jovial Broom Man**

Room for a lad that's come from seas,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
That gladly now would take his ease,  
*And therefore make me room man.*  
To France, the Netherlands and Spain,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
I crossed the seas and back again,  
*And therefore make me room man.*

Yet in these countries there lived I,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
The valiant soldiers I've seen die  
*And therefore make me room man.*  
Ten hundred gallants there I killed,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
And besides a world of blood I spilled,  
*And therefore make me room man.*

In Germany I took a town,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
Threw the walls there upside down,  
*And therefore make me room man.*  
At Tilbury Camp with Captain Drake  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
I made the Spanish fleet to quake,  
*And therefore make me room man.*

At Holland Leaguer there I fought,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
But there the service proved too hot,  
*And therefore make me room man.*  
Then from the League return-ed I  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
Naked, Hungry, cold and dry  
*And therefore make me room man.*

## **Why, Soldiers, Why?**

How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, me boys!  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound!  
The trumpets sound,  
The colours they are flying, boys  
To fight, kill or wound.  
May we still be found,  
Content with our hard fare, me boys  
on the cold, cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy boys?  
Oh why, soldiers, why?  
Whose business is to die.  
What sighing, fie!  
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys!  
'Tis he, you or I.  
Cold, hot, wet or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
(I mean not to upbraid you boys)  
Oh 'tis but in vain,  
For soldiers to complain.  
Should next campaign  
Send us to him who made us boys,  
We're free from pain.  
But should we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cures all again.

Gendarmes upon the right, lances they're holding,  
Reitter upon the left, pistols they're holding,  
Musketeers readying, on their match blowing,  
Pikemen are steadying, pikes they are lowering.

*When cannon are roaring and bullets are flying,  
He that would honour win, must not fear dying.*

But here I've now 'compassed the globe.  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
And I'm returned a poor as Job,  
*And therefore make me room man.*  
And now I'm safe returned here,  
*Hey! Jolly Broom Man,*  
Here's to you in a cup of English beer,  
*And therefore make me room man.*

### **We Be Soldiers Three**

We be soldiers three  
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie  
Lately come forth from the Low Country  
With never a penny of money

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee  
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie  
To all good fellows wherever they be  
With never a penny of money

And he that will not pledge me this  
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie  
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,  
With never a penny of money

Charge again, boy, charge it again  
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie  
As long as there is any ink in thy pen  
With never a penny of money

We be soldiers three  
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie  
Lately come forth from the Low Country  
With never a penny of money

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### **When Cannon Are Roaring**

*When cannon are roaring and bullets are flying,  
He that would honour win, must not fear dying.*

Soldiers with swords in hand to the walls coming,  
Horsemen about the streets riding and running.  
Sentinels on the walls, alarms a-crying,  
Petards against the ports, wildfire a flying.

*When cannon are roaring and bullets are flying,  
He that would honour win, must not fear dying.*

Trumpets on turrets high, they are a-sounding,  
Drums beating out aloud, echoes resounding.  
Alarm bells in each place, they are a-ringing,  
Women with stones in laps, to the walls bringing.

*When cannon are roaring and bullets are flying,  
He that would honour win, must not fear dying.*

Portcullis in the port they are down-letting,  
Burghers come flocking by to their hands setting,  
Ladders against the walls they are uprearing,  
Women great timber logs to the walls bringing.

*When cannon are roaring and bullets are flying,  
He that would honour win, must not fear dying.*

Captains in open fields on their foes rushing,  
Gentlemen second them with their pikes pushing.  
Engineers in the trench, earthworks uprearing,  
Gunpowder in the mines pagans up-blowing.

*When cannon are roaring and bullets are flying,  
He that would honour win, must not fear dying.*