Why, this is a sport

The Gypsies, Patrico and Jackman

JACKMAN
(CANTUS)

PATRICO
(BASSUS)

(BASS)

For the court's own mouth. Come Windsor, the taste of the court,
town, With the mayor, and oppose, We'll put them all down,
down like my hose. A gypsy in his shape More calls the be-
Or the ape on his shoulder.

holder

Than the fellow with the ape,

He's a sight that will take An old judge from his wench, Ay, and

keep him a-wake,

Yes, a-wake on the bench; And has so much

Ay, forth i'-their

worth, Though he sit i'-the stocks, He will draw the girls forth,
smocks.

Tut, a man's a man; Let the clowns with their sluts Come_

mend us if they can,

If they can, for their guts,

Come mend us, come lend us their shouts and their

Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's
noise, Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's
Come mend us, come lend us their shouts and their noise, Like boys. Come mend us, come lend us their shouts and their noise, Like

thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys. thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys.
Why, this is a sport

**BEN JONSON**

The Gypsies, Patrico and Jackman

**EDMUND CHILMEAD (1610-54)**

For the court's own mouth. Come Windsor, the town, With the mayor, and oppose, We'll put them all down,

Or the ape on his shoulder. He's a sight that will take An old judge from his wenches, Ay, and keep him awake, Ay, forth i'-their smocks. Tut, a man's a man; Let the clowns with their sluts Come mend us if they can,

Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys. Come mend us, come lend us their shouts and their noise, Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys.
Why, this is a sport

EDMUND CHILMEAD (1610-54)

Why, this is a sport, See it north, see it south, For the taste of the court,

Down, down, down like my hose. A gypsy in his shape More calls the be

hold-er Than the fel-low with the ape, Yes, a-wake on the bench;

And has so much worth, Though he sit i'-the stocks, He will draw the girls forth,

If they can, for their guts. Come mend us, come lend us their shouts and their noise, Like thun-der, and won-der at Pto-le-my's boys.

Come mend us, come lend us their shouts and their noise, Like thun-der, and won-der at Pto-le-my's boys.
Why, this is a sport

EDMUND CHILMEAD (1610-54)