

M.12.5/1

An old man is a bed full of bones

TRADITIONAL

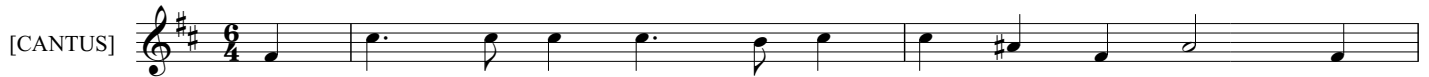


M.12.5/2

Cock Lorel would needs have the devil his guest
(Tune: An old man is a bed full of bones)

BEN JONSON

TRADITIONAL



1. Cock Lor - el would needs have the dev - il his guest, And
2. His stom - ach was queas - y for com - ing there coach'd, The



bad him once in - to the Peak to din - ner, Where nev - er the fiend had
jog - ging had caus - ed some crud - it - ies rise. To help it he call'd for a



such a feast Pro - vid - ed him yet at the charge of a sin - ner.
Pur - it - an poach'd, That us - ed to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

3
And so, recovered unto his wish,
He sat him down and he fell to eat;
Promoter in plum-broth was his first dish,
His own privy kitchen had no such meat.

4
Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher
As soon as he spied the bawd and bacon,
By which you may note the devil's a wench.

5

Six pickled tailors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, tirewomen, fit for his palate,
With feathermen and perfumers, put
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand salad.

7

Then carbonadoed and cooked with pains
Was brought up a cloven sergeant's face;
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains
That had been beaten out with his own mace.

9

The very next dish was the mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly,
Like a goose in the feathers dressed in his gown,
And his couple of hench-boys boiled to a jelly.

11

The chine of a lecher too there was roasted,
With a plump harlot's haunch and garlic,
A pandar's pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a captain, yet never was warlike.

13

To these an overgrown justice of peace,
With a clerk like a gizard trussed under each arm,
And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease,
Set o'er a chafing dish to be kept warm.

15

All which devoured, he then for a close
Did for a full draught of Derby call.
He heaved the huge vessel up to his nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

17

And there he made such a breach with the wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the vapour before and behind
Hath foully perfumed most part of the isle.

19

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh and ling,
Or anything else that's feast for the fiend,
Our Captain and we cry 'God save the King!'
And send him good meat and mirth without end.

6

A rich fat usurer stewed in his marrow,
And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce,
Both with his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then he never had seen sauce.

8

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board
(The feast had nothing been without 'em);
Both living and dead they were foxed and furred,
Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

10

A London cuckold, hot from the spit,
And when the carver up had broke him,
The devil chopped up his head at a bit,
Both horns were very near like to have choked him.

12

A large fat pasty of midwife hot,
And for a cold baked meat into the story,
A reverend painted lady was brought,
Was confined in crust till now she was hoary.

14

The jowl of a jailor served for fish,
A constable soused with vinegar by,
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,
A deputy tart, a churchwarden pie.

16

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce
All which he flirted away with a fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

18

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose,
Which since in country, court, and town,
In the devil's clyster-pipe smokes at the nose
Of polecat and madam, of gallant and clown.

TUNE

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