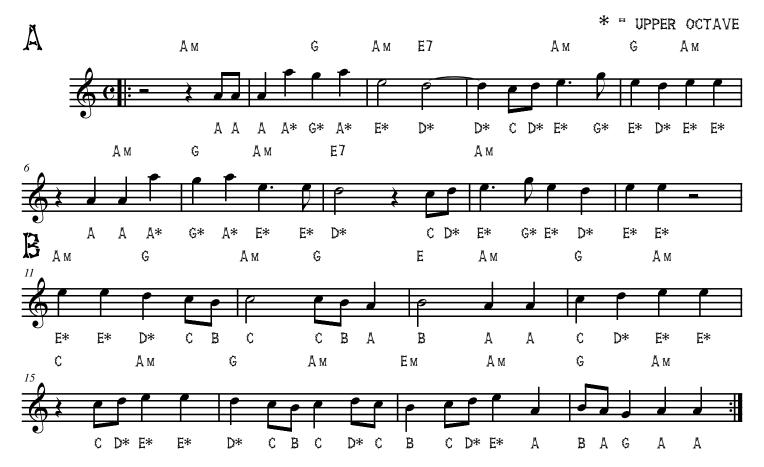
## BEDLAM BOYS



For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand years I have traveled
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel.

Chorus: Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys, Bedlam boys are bonny
For they all go bare, and they live by the air, and they want no drink nor money.

And when that I'll be murdering
The Man in the Moon to the powder
His staff I'll break, his dog I'll shake
And there'll howl no demon louder

No gypsy, slut or doxy
Shall win my mad Tom from me
I'll weep all night, with stars I'll fight
The fray shall well become me

SO DRINK TO TOM O'BEDLAM

GO FILL THE SEAS IN BARRELS

I'LL DRINK IT ALL WELL BREWED WITH GALL

AND MAUDLIN DRUNK WE'LL QUARELL

Now I repent that ever
Poor Tom was so Disdain'd
My wits were lost when him I cross't
Which makes me go thus chain'd

My horn is made of thunder
I stole it out of heaven
The rainbow there is this I wear
For which I thence was driven

And now that I have gotten
A lease than doomsday longer
To live on earth with some in mirth
Ten whales shall ease my hunger