

Mad MAUDLIN, to find out Tom of BEDLAM

To find my Tom of Bedlam ten thousand years I'll travel,
Mad Maudlin goes with dirty toes to save her shoes from gravel.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

I now repent that ever poor Tom was so disdain'd,
My wits are lost since him I crost, which makes me thus go chain'd.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

My staff hath murder'd giants, my bag a long knife carries,
To cut mince-pyes from children's thighs, with which I feast the fairies.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

My horn is made of thunder, I stole it out of heav'n,
The rainbow there is this I wear, for which I thus was driven.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

I went to Pluto's kitchen, to beg some food one morning,
And there I got souls piping hot, with which the spits were turning.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

There I took up a cauldron, where boiled ten thousand harlots,
Twas full of flame, yet I drank the same, to the health of all such varlets.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

A spirit as hot as lightning, did in that journey guide me,
The sun did shake and the pale moon quake, as soon as e'er they spied me.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

And now that I have gotten a lease, than Dooms-day longer,
To feed on Earth with some in mirth, ten whales shall feed my hunger.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

No gypsy, slut, or doxy shall win my Mad Tom from me,
We'll weep all night, and with stars fight, the fray will well become me.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

And when that I have beaten the man in the moon to powder,
His dog I'll take, and him I'll make as could no daemon louder.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.

A health to Tom of Bedlam, go fill the seas in barrels,
I'll drink it all, well brewed with gall, and Maudlin drunk I'll quarrel.

Yet will I sing Bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
They still go bare and live by the air,
And want no drink nor money.