

# Will said to his mammy

From "a Musical Dreame"

or The Fourth booke of Ayres... 1609

Edited by A. Stenberg

Robert Jones

Soprano

Will saide to his mammy that he woulde goe woo,  
Soft a while my lam-my stay, and yet a - bide,

Alto

Will saide to his mammy that he woulde goe woo, faine  
Soft a while my lam-my stay, and yet a - bide, hee

Bass

That He woulde go woo

Lute

1. 2.

faine would he wed but he wot not who. who In faith chil have a  
hee like a foole as he was re - plied, plied,

would he wed but he wot not who. who In faith chil have a wife a  
like a foole as he was re - plied, plied, In faith chil have a  
Faine would he wed but he wot not who

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wife, a wife, a wife O what a life do I lead for a wife, a wife, a wife, a wife O what a life do I lead for a wife

wife, a wife, a wife, a wife O what a life do I lead for a wife  
 wife, a wife, a wife O what a life do I

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wife in my bed I may not tell you. O there to have a wife, a wife, a wife in my bed I may not tell you. O there to have a wife, a wife, a wife, a wife

in my bed I may not tell you. O there to have a wife, a wife, a wife, a wife  
 lead I may not tell you a wife



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O tis a smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my bel - ly.

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O tis a smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my bel - ly.

2.

Scarcely was hee wedded.  
 Full a fortnights space,  
 But that he was in a heavie case.  
 Largely was he headded,  
 And his checkes lookt thinne:  
 And to repent he did thus beginne;  
 A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,  
 O what a life do I lead,  
 With a wife in my bed  
 I may not tell you.  
 there to have a wife, a wife, a wife,  
 O tis a smart to my hart,  
 Tis a racke to my backe,  
 And to my belly.

3.

All vou that are Batchelers.  
 Be learned by crying will,  
 When you are well to remaine so still.  
 better for to tarry,  
 And alone to lie  
 Then like a foole with a fool to drie:  
 A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,  
 O what a life do I lead,  
 With a wife in my bed  
 I may not tell you.  
 there to have a wife, a wife, a wife,  
 O tis a smart to my hart,  
 Tis a racke to my backe,  
 And to my belly.