AWAY TO TWIVER

The poem from 'The Famous History of
Friar Bacon', printed before 1600

PETER WARLOCK

Fast (♩ or ♩ ♪ of 2/4 = ♩. or ♩ ♪ of 6/8 throughout)

And did you not hear of a mirth that be - fell The mor - row af - ter a wed - ding day, At car - ry-ing a bride at home to dwell? And a -

-way to Twi-ver, a - way, a - way! The

quin-tain was set and the gar-lands were made, 'Tis pi - ty old cus-tom should

ev - er de - cay; And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade, For he

car-ried no cre-dit a - way, a - way!

We met a con-sort of fid-dle-de-dees, We

(very crisply)

set them a-cock-horse, and made them to play The

Win-ning of Bul-len and *Up-sie-frees*; And a-

way to Twi-ver, a-way, a-way! There was ne'er a lad in

all the par-ish that would go to the plough, to the plough that day

But on his fore-horse his wench he car-ries; And a - way to Twi - ver, a -

- way, a-way! The but - ler was quick and the

(very lightly)

ale he did tap, The maid-ens did make the cham-ber full gay; The

cresc.

[* 'ud]

serv - ing - men gave me a fud - dle - ing cap, And I did car-ry it a - - way, a - way! The smith of the town his li-quor so took That he was per-suad - ed the ground look'd blue; And I dare bold - ly to swear on a book Such

smiths as he there are but a few. A pos-set was made and the wo-men did sip, And sim-per-ing said they could eat no more; Full ma-ny a maid was laid on the lip: I'll say no more but so give o'er.