

Tom of Bedlam

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam Ten thousand miles I 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 or money.*

I now repent that ever Poor Tom was so disdain-ed My wits are lost since him I crossed Which makes me thus go chained

[chorus]

I went down to Satan's kitchen For to get me food one morning And there I got souls piping hot All on the spit a-turning

[chorus]

There I took up a caldron Where boiled ten thousand harlots Though full of flame I drank the same To the health of all such varlets

[chorus]

My staff has murdered giants My bag a long knife carries For to cut mince pies from children's thighs And feed them to the fairies

[chorus]

The spirits white as lightening Would on me travels guide me The stars would shake and the moon would quake Whenever they espied me

[chorus]

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

[chorus]

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

[chorus]

So drink 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

[chorus]

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*]

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