

The Boar's Head Carol

according to the boar concerned

*The carol beginneth, and is interspersed thoroughout, with an Burthen, that of antient tradition
alway in the Latin language ysungen is, but on account of the Apple that is in the Boar his Mouth y-fixed,
cannot be comprehended, and therefore soundeth thus:*

Peter Foggitt

BURTHEN

TENOR

Uhhrrgh ruhgrghu urrgh ruhghghghu urhhggg ggghhhuuuu: Prehruu guh rruuhg eiinii struubruuugh uohhhh.

BASS

1. VERS

2. VERS

Onceroam'd I in the fo - - rest, Up - on the mos - sy floor, But now am
The o - ther swine and a - - ni - mals Do - mock me as I lie, The swans of

Once roam'd I in the fo - - rest, Up - on the mos - sy floor, But now am
The o - ther swine and a - - ni - mals Do - mock me as I lie, The swans of

I up - on this dish, O most un - fort - 'nate Boar! The Queen her Col - lege Ox -
Sin - jun Cam - - bridge, The black - birds of the pie; They say, He lo - ved ap -

I up - on this dish, O most un - fort - 'nate Boar! The Queen her Col - lege Ox -
Sin - jun Cam - - bridge, The black - birds of the pie; They say, He lo - ved ap -

- en - - ford Hath brought me to this fate, That at the
ples, But now he can - not munch, For Mas - ter,

- - en - ford Hath brought me to this fate, That at the
ples, But now he can - not munch, For Mas - ter,

Feast of Christ - - è - mas My head is on a plate.
Fel - lows, Scho - - lars Are hun - gry for their lunch.

Feast of Christ - è - mas My head is on a plate.
Fel - lows, Scho - - lars Are hun - gry for their lunch.

Ye First Time

The *Burthen* is ysungen,
after which the ii. Vers

Ye Second Time

The *Burthen* is ysungen,
after which the iii. Vers

III. his VERS

O all ye roam - ing fau - - - na, Re - gard and pi - ty - me,

O all ye roam - ing fau - - - na, Re - gard and pi - ty me,

Who am thus cruel - ly roas - - - ted And serv'd for Christ - mas tea; My - tusks are

Who am thus cruel - ly roas - - - ted And serv'd for Christ - mas tea; My - tusks are

made im - po - - - tent, My - snout is nice - ly crisp, And - - - of -

made im - po - - - tent, My - snout is - nice - ly crisp, - - - And

- my rus - tic bris - - - tles Re - main - eth not a - wisp.

of my rus - tic bris - - - tles Re - main - eth not - a wisp.

The Burthen is once again ysungen, after which ye Carol is to its end ycomen.

By ymixed Quires and in places where they sing, may ye Burthen be thus isung:

Uhhrgh ruhgrghu urrgh ruhghghghu urhhggg ggghhhuuuu: Prehruu guh rruuhg eiiii struu bruuugh uohhhh.

Uhhrgh ruhgrghu urrgh ruhghghghu urhhggg ggghhhuuuu: Prehruu guh rruuhg eiiii struu bruuugh uohhhh.