

Jacke pudding

A light heart'ß a jewell

Or,

The honest good blade who a free heart doth carry,
And careß for nothing but to have 'ß owne vagary.

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics from the Roxburge Ballads

Em Em D Em D G Em B E

All you that mer - ry lives doe lead al - though your means bee little, That
Though for - tune have not lent me wealth, as shee hath done to many, Yet
I care not to weare Gal - lant raggs, and owe the tai - lor for them, I
I care not much in com - pa - ny to spend what is al - loted; I'le

Em D Em D G Em B E

sel - dome are o'er - seene in bread, nor take much thought for vittle:
while I've li - ber - ty and health, I'le bee as blith as any:
care not for those vaunt - ing brags, I ev - er did ab - hore them:
drink but for suf - fi - cien - cy, I'le nev - er be be - sotted:

Em Bm Am G D Em D G

At - tend while I'll ex - em - ply - fie the mind that I doe carry, I
 I'll beare an hon - est up - right heart, there's none shall prove con - trary, Yet
 What to the world I seeme to bee no man shall prove con - trary, My
 When I doe feel my spi - rits dull, a cup of old Ca - nary Will

D Bm B Em D G Em Am B4/3sus E

take de - light both morne and night to have mine own va - gary.
 now and then a - broad I'll start, and have mine own va - gary.
 suites shall suite to my de - gree, O that fits my va - gary.
 fill my heart with cou - rage full, and this is my va - gary.