

Gray's Inn Mask

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)

Forth from sad and darksome cell, From the deep abyss of Hell, Mad Tom isome to vie the world gain, To
Fear and despair pursue my soul. Hark! How mean-gry Fu-ries howl! Plu-laughs, and Propriety glad, To

see if he can ease his dis-tem-per'd brain. Through the woods swan-der night and day To find my stragling senses.
seepo mak-ed Tom of Bed-lam mad. In an angry wood I found Old Time With his Petarchy of senses;

When I awakes For time wily for no man; Cold and com- fort - less I lie,
Invaryes Ireties, For pi - tyis not com - mon. Help! O help! Or else I die.

Hark! I hear A-poHo'team! The car-man'gins towistle; ChastDi - an - a bendsherbow, The boar be - gins to bristle.

Come, Vul - caw, with tools and with tack - les, To shake offny trou - ble some shack - les; Let

Char - leneake read - yhis wain To bring many sen - ses a - gain.