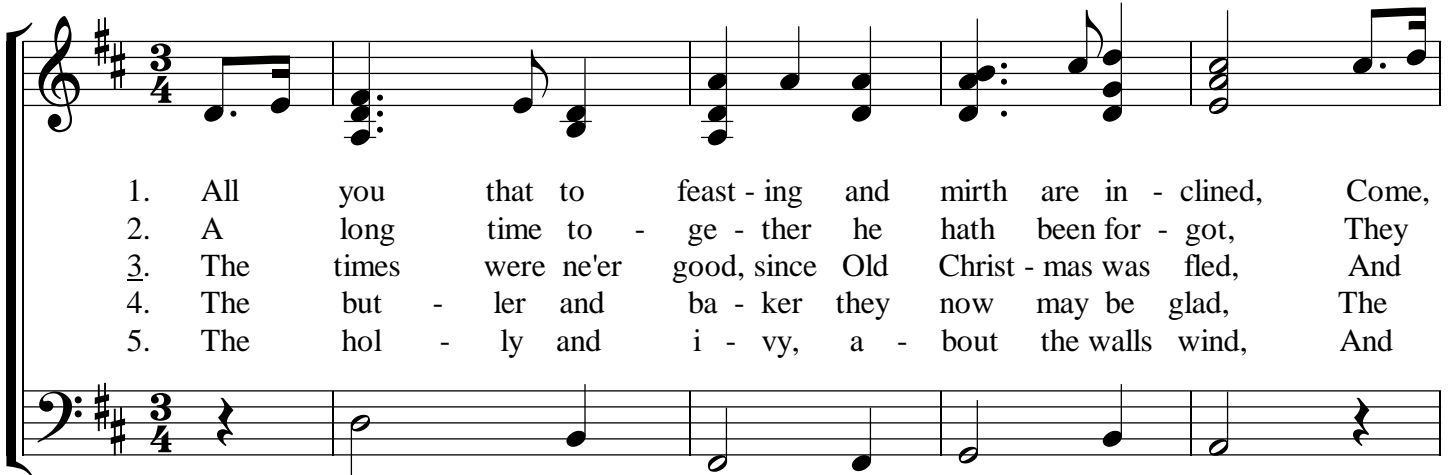


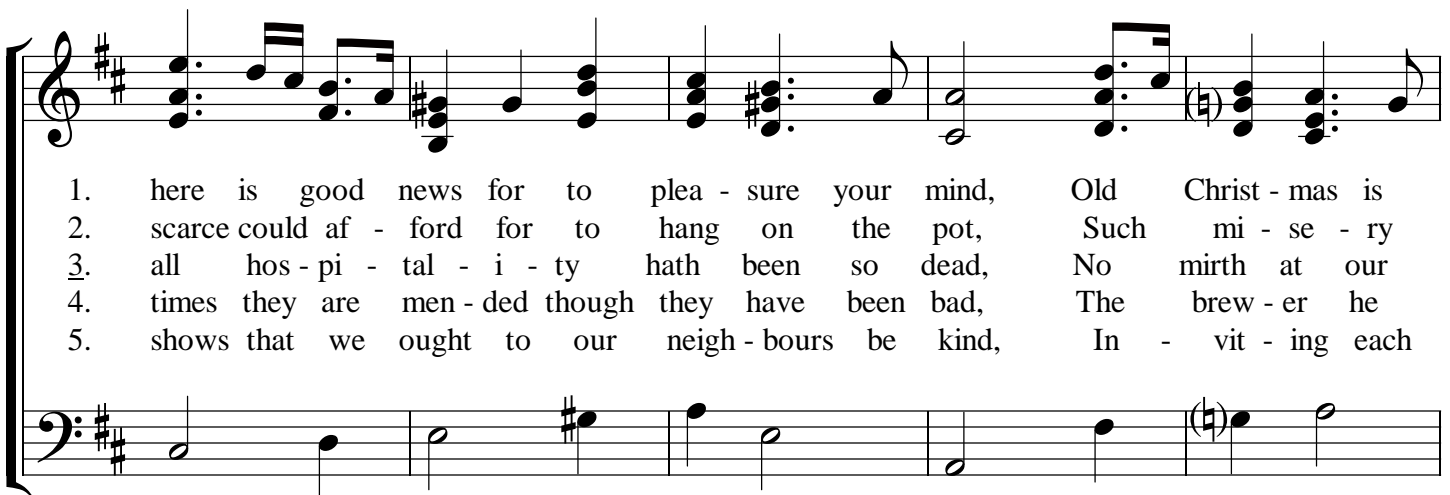
# All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined

From a broadside Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball,  
in West-Smithfield, between 1675 and 1696

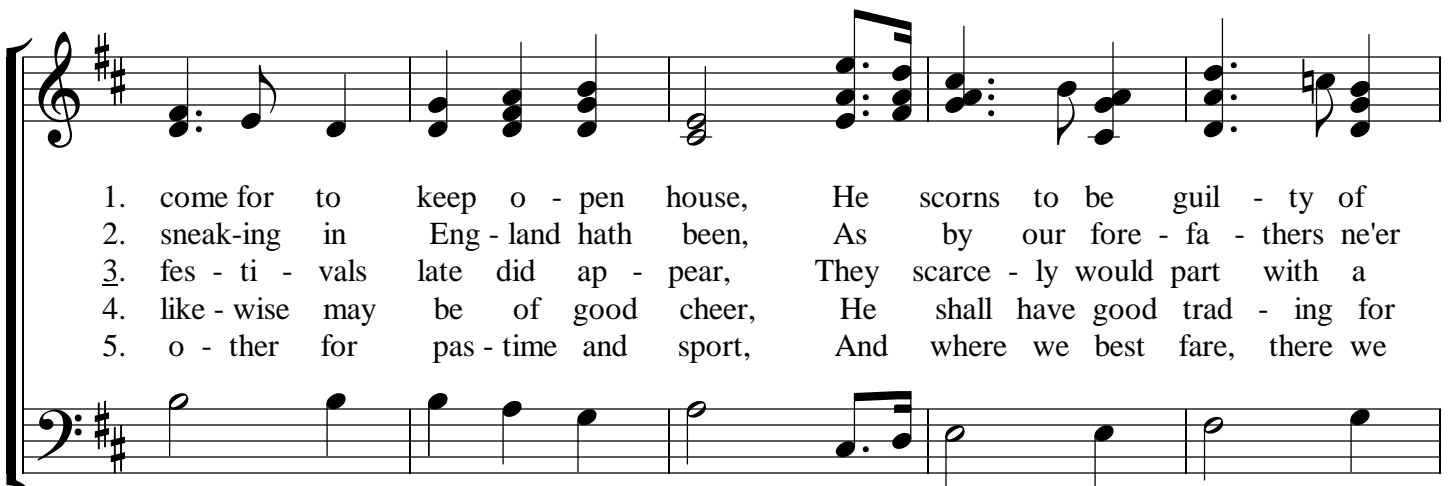
"THE DELIGHTS OF THE BOTTLE"  
Matthew Locke (1621-1677)



1. All you that to feast - ing and mirth are in - clined, Come,  
2. A long time to - ge - ther he hath been for - got, They  
3. The times were ne'er good, since Old Christ - mas was fled, And  
4. The but - ler and ba - ker they now may be glad, The  
5. The hol - ly and i - vy, a - bout the walls wind, And



1. here is good news for to plea - sure your mind, Old Christ - mas is  
2. scarce could af - ford for to hang on the pot, Such mi - se - ry  
3. all hos - pi - tal - i - ty hath been so dead, No mirth at our  
4. times they are men - ded though they have been bad, The brew - er he  
5. shows that we ought to our neigh - bours be kind, In - vit - ing each



1. come for to keep o - pen house, He scorns to be guil - ty of  
2. sneak - ing in Eng - land hath been, As by our fore - fa - thers ne'er  
3. fes - ti - vals late did ap - pear, They scarce - ly would part with a  
4. like - wise may be of good cheer, He shall have good trad - ing for  
5. o - ther for pas - time and sport, And where we best fare, there we

1. starv - ing a mouse, Then come boys and wel - come, for dy - et the  
 2. used to be seen, But now he's re - turn - ed, you shall have in  
 3. cup of March beer, But now you shall have for to ease you of  
 4. ale and strong beer. All trades shall be jol - ly, and have for re -  
 5. most do re - sort. We fail not of vic - tuals, and that of the

1. chief: Plumb pud - ding, goose, ca - pon, minc't pies and roast beef.  
 2. brief: Plumb pud - ding, goose, ca - pon, minc't pies and roast beef.  
 3. grief: Plumb pud - ding, goose, ca - pon, minc't pies and roast beef.  
 4. lief: Plumb pud - ding, goose, ca - pon, minc't pies and roast beef.  
 5. chief: Plumb pud - ding, goose, ca - pon, minc't pies and roast beef.

6. The cooks shall be busied by day and by night,  
 In roasting and boyling, for tast and delight,  
 Their senses in liquor that's nappy they steep,  
 Though they be afforded to have little sleep.  
 They still are employed for to dress us in brief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
7. Although the cold weather doth hunger provoke,  
 'Tis a comfort to see how the chimneys do smoke,  
 Provision is making for beer, ale and wine,  
 For all that are willing or ready to dine,  
 Then hast to the kitchen for diet the chief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
8. All travellers as they do pass on the way,  
 At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,  
 Themselves to refresh and their horses to rest,  
 Since that he must be Old Christmas his guest,  
 Nay, the poor shall not want but shall have for relief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
9. Now Mock-begger-hall, it no more shall stand empty,  
 But all shall be furnisht with freedome and plenty,  
 The hoarding old misers, who used to preserve,  
 The gold in their coffers, and see the poor starve,  
 Must now spread their tables and give them in brief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
10. The court and the city and countrey are glad,  
 Old Christmas is come for to cheer up the sad,  
 Broad pieces and quinnys about us now shall fly,  
 And hundreds be losers by cogging a dye,  
 Whilst others are feasting with dyet the chief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
11. Those that have no coyn at the cards for to play,  
 May sit by the fire and pass time away,  
 And drink off their moisture contented and free,  
 My honest good fellow come here is to thee.  
 And when they are a hungrey fall to their relief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
12. Young gallants and ladyes, shall foot it along,  
 Each room in the house to the music doth throng,  
 While jolly carouses about they shall pass,  
 And each countrey swain trip about with his lass,  
 Mean time goes the caterer to fetch in the chief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
13. The cooks and the scullion who toyl in their frocks,  
 Their hopes do depend upon their Christmas bor,  
 There is very few that do live on the earth,  
 But enjoy at this time either profit or mirth,  
 Yet those that are charged to find all relief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
14. Then well may we welcome Old Christmas to town,  
 Who brings us good cheer and good liquor so brown,  
 So pass the cold winter away with delight,  
 We feast it all day, and we frolick at night,  
 Old Christmas with them but small welcome shall find:  
 Both hunger and cold keep we out with relief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.
15. Then let all curmudgeons who dote on their wealth,  
 And value their treasure much more than their health,  
 Go hang themselves up, if they will be so kind,  
 Old Christmas with them but small welcome shall find,  
 They will not afford to themselves without grief:  
 Plumb pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies and roast beef.