

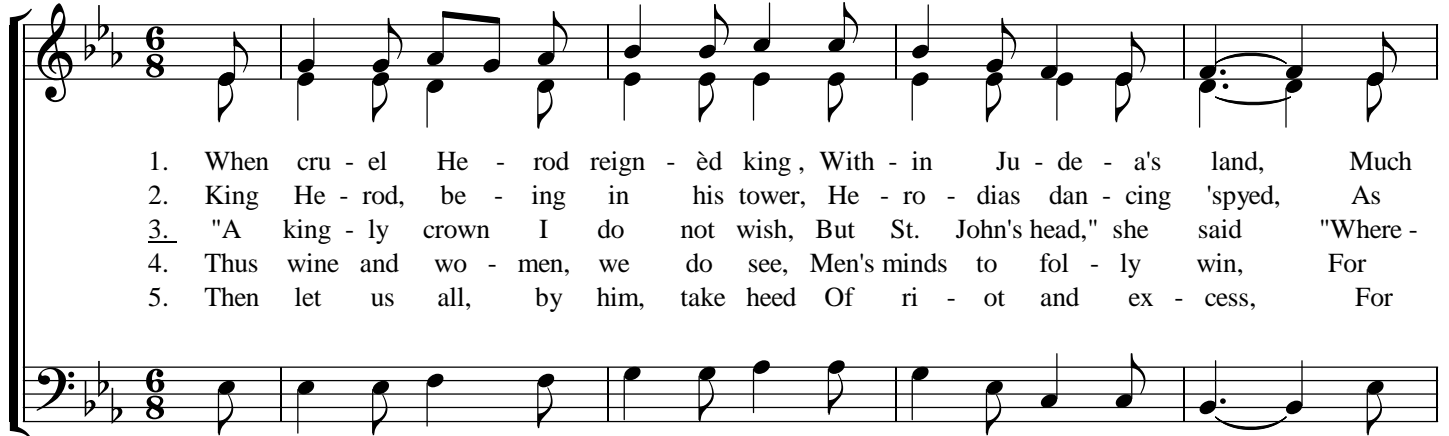
When boody Herod reignèd king

A Carol for St. John the Baptist's Day (December 27)

17th-century Cornish carol

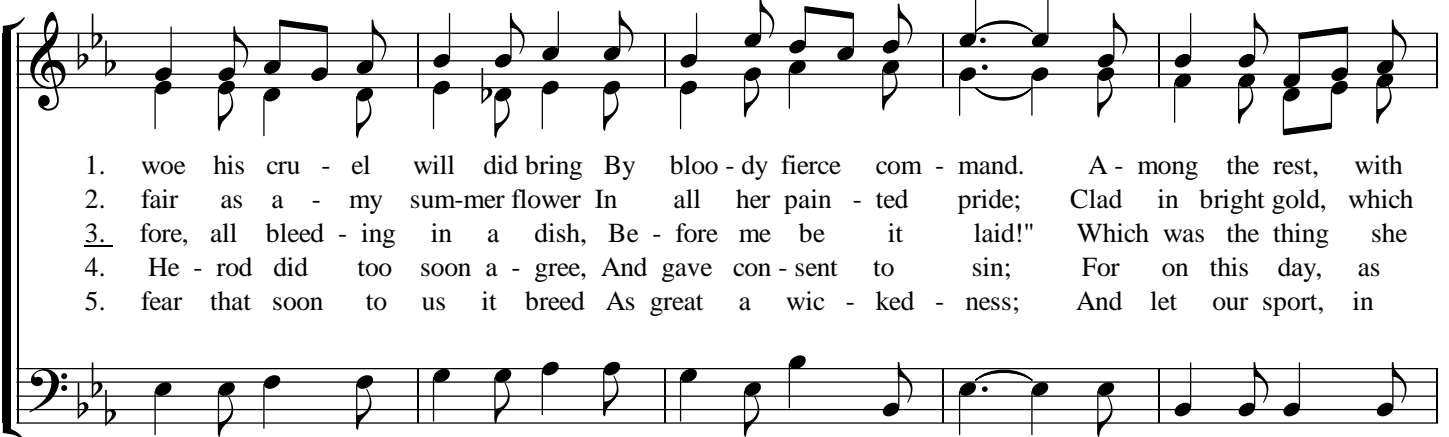
Traditional English carol melody

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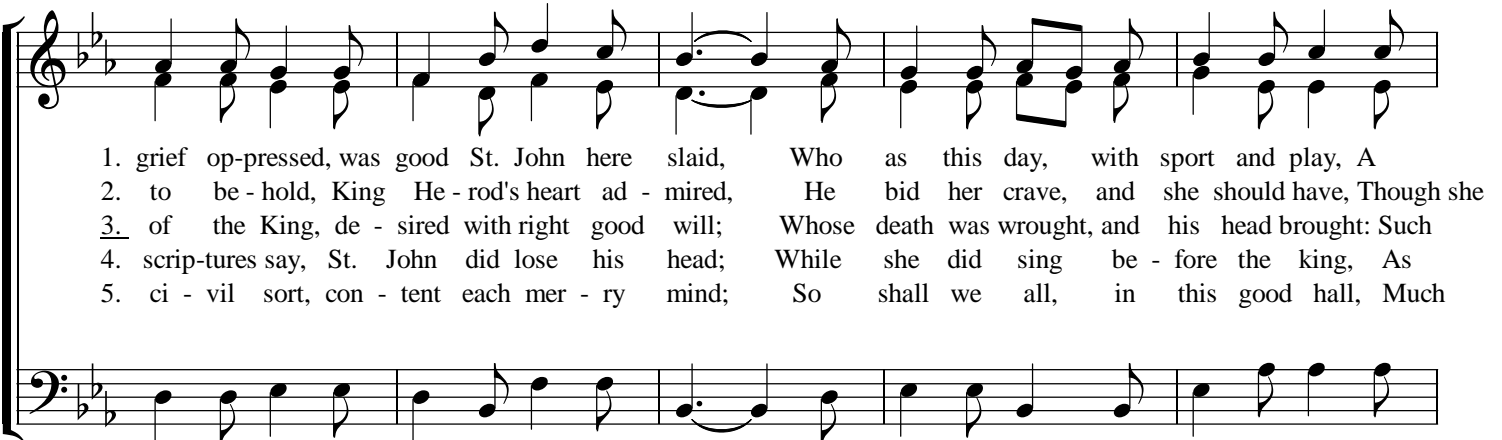
1. When cru - el He - rod reign - èd king, With - in Ju - de - a's land, Much
2. King He - rod, be - ing in his tower, He - ro - dias dan - cing 'spyed, As
3. "A king - ly crown I do not wish, But St. John's head," she said "Where -
4. Thus wine and wo - men, we do see, Men's minds to fol - ly win, For
5. Then let us all, by him, take heed Of ri - ot and ex - cess, For

5



1. woe his cru - el will did bring By bloo - dy fierce com - mand. A - mong the rest, with
2. fair as a - my sum - mer flower In all her pain - ted pride; Clad in bright gold, which
3. fore, all bleed - ing in a dish, Be - fore me be it laid!" Which was the thing she
4. He - rod did too soon a - gree, And gave con - sent to sin; For on this day, as
5. fear that soon to us it breed As great a wic - ked - ness; And let our sport, in

10



1. grief op - pressed, was good St. John here slaid, Who as this day, with sport and play, A
2. to be - hold, King He - rod's heart ad - mired, He bid her crave, and she should have, Though she
3. of the King, de - sired with right good will; Whose death was wrought, and his head brought: Such
4. scrip - tures say, St. John did lose his head; While she did sing be - fore the king, As
5. ci - vil sort, con - tent each mer - ry mind; So shall we all, in this good hall, Much

1. mar - tyred death did gain; Who as this day, with
 2. half his crown de - sired; He bid her crave, and
 3. minds have strum - pets still; Whose death was wrought, and
 4. he at ta - ble fed; Whilst she did sing, be -
 5. joy and com - fort find; So shall we all, in

1. sport and play, A mar - tyred death did gain.
 2. she should have, Though she half his crown de - sired.
 3. his head brought; Such minds have strum - pets still.
 4. fore the kking, As he at ta - ble fed.
 5. this good hall, Much joy and com - fort find.

6. Now kindly, for my pretty song,
 Good Butler, draw some beer;
 You know what duties do belong
 To him that sings so clear;
 Holly and ivy. Drink will drive you
 To the brown bowl of perry.
 Apples and ale, with Christmas tale, will
 Make the household merry;
 Apples and ale, with Christmas tale, will
 Make the household merry;