

The Friar of Orders Grey

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *William Shield* (1748–1829) [Br]

I **am** **the** **Friar** **of** **Orders** **Grey,**
[a:ɪ æm ðʌ fra:ɪr əv 'ɔ:g.dəz gre:ɪ]

And **down** **in** **the** **valley** **I** **take** **my** **way,**
[ænd da:ʊn ɪn ðʌ 'væl.i a:ɪ te:ɪk ma:ɪ we:ɪ]

I pull not blackberry, haw, nor hip,
Good store of venison does fills my scrip;
My long bead roll I merrily chant,

Where-ever I go no money I want.
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell:
Who lives a good life is sure to live well.
What Baron, or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Friar.

After supper, of heav'n I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of Warden pye;
I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin,

With old sackwine I'm lined within.
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the Wesper bell is bowl, ding, dong.
What Baron, or Squire, or Knight of the Shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Friar.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

