

# Maddy Prior And The Carnival Band, The World Is

Listen to me and you shall hear  
New hath not been this thousand year  
Since Herod, Caesar and many more,  
You never heard the like before.  
Holy-days are despis'd,  
New fashions are devis'd,  
Old Christmas is kicked out of Town,  
Yet let's be content and the times lament,  
You see the world turned upside down.

Command is giv'n, we must obey,  
and quite forget Old Christmas Day;  
Kill a thousand men, or a town regain,  
We will give thanks and praise amain.  
The wine pot shall clink,  
We will feast and drink,  
and then strange motions will abound.  
Yet let's be content and the times lament,  
You see the world turned upside down.

Our Lords and Knights and Gentry too,  
Do mean old fashions to forego:  
They set a Porter at the gate,  
That none must enter in thereat.  
They count it a sin  
When poor people come in.  
Hospitality itself is drowned.  
Yet let's be content and the times lament,  
You see the world turned upside down.

The Serving Men do sit and whine,  
And think it long ere dinner time;  
The Butler's still out of the way,  
Or else my Lady keeps the key;  
The poor old Cook  
In the larder doth look,  
Where is no goodess to be found.  
Yet let's be content and the times lament,  
You see the world turned upside down.

To conclude, I'll tell you news that's right:  
Christmas was killed at Nasbie fight;  
Charity was slain at that same time,  
Jack Tell-Troth too, a friend of mine.  
Likewise then did die  
Roast beef and shred pie;  
Pig, goos and capon no quarter found.  
Yet let's be content and the times lament,  
You see the world turned upside down.