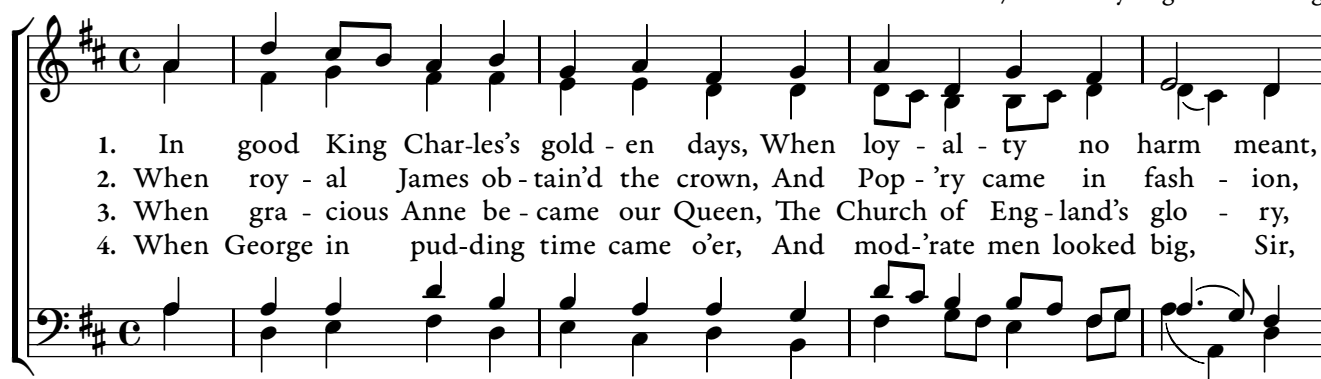
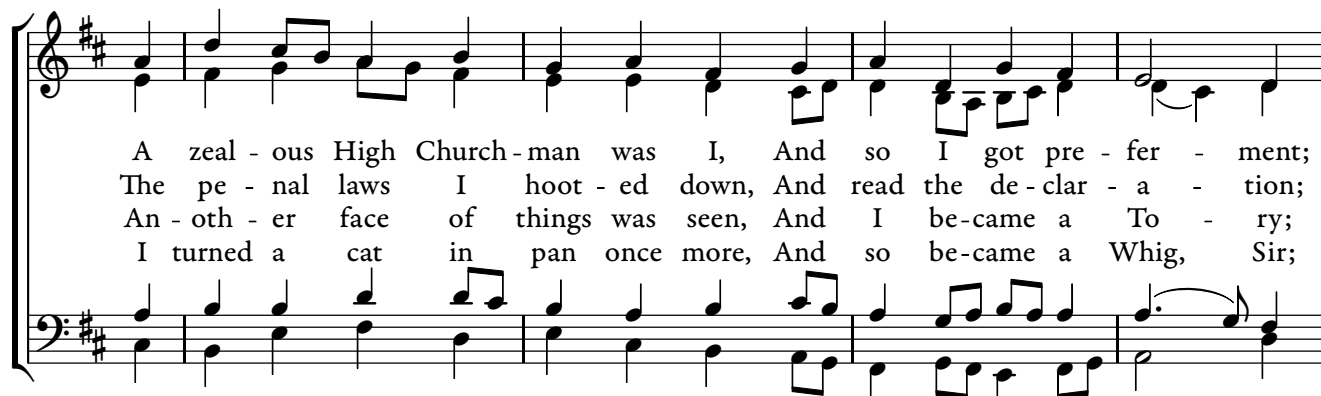


THE VICAR OF BRAY

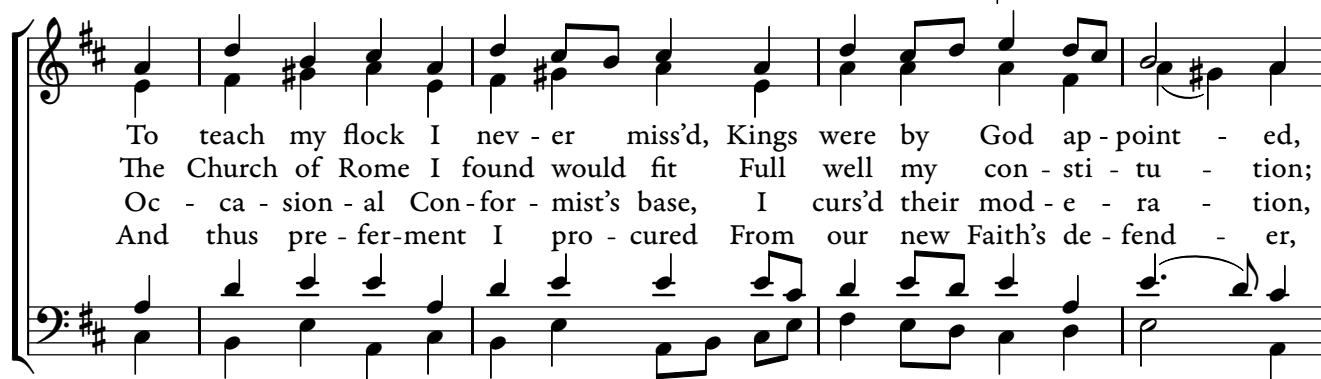
17th Century English Folk Song



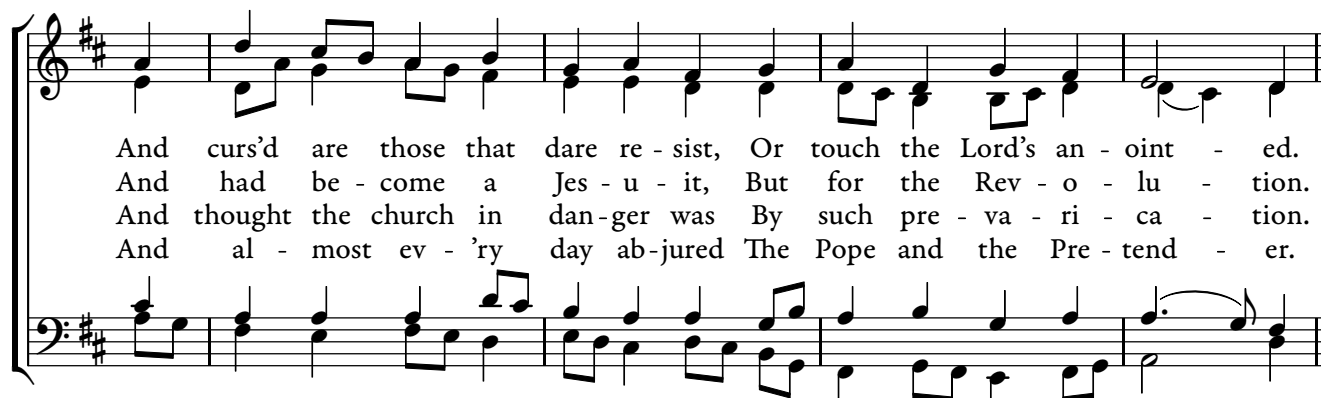
1. In good King Char-les's gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no harm meant,
 2. When roy - al James ob - tain'd the crown, And Pop - 'ry came in fash - ion,
 3. When gra - cious Anne be - came our Queen, The Church of Eng - land's glo - ry,
 4. When George in pud - ding time came o'er, And mod - 'rate men looked big, Sir,



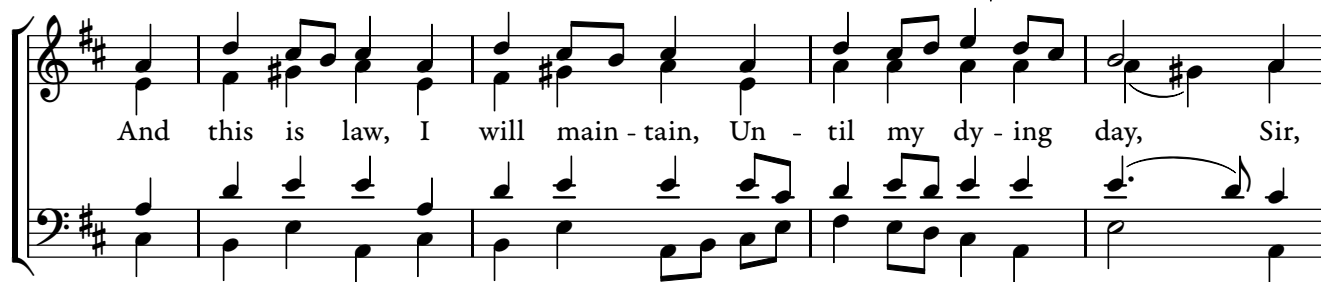
A zeal - ous High Church - man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment;
 The pe - nal laws I hoot - ed down, And read the de - clar - a - tion;
 An - oth - er face of things was seen, And I be - came a To - ry;
 I turned a cat in pan once more, And so be - came a Whig, Sir;



To teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings were by God ap - point - ed,
 The Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - tion;
 Oc - ca - sion - al Con - for - mist's base, I curs'd their mod - e - ra - tion,
 And thus pre - fer - ment I pro - cured From our new Faith's de - fend - er,



And curs'd are those that dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's an - oint - ed.
 And had be - come a Jes - u - it, But for the Rev - o - lu - tion.
 And thought the church in dan - ger was By such pre - va - ri - ca - tion.
 And al - most ev - 'ry day ab - jured The Pope and the Pre - tend - er.



And this is law, I will main - tain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir,

That what-so - ev - er King may reign, Still I'll be the Vi-car of Bray, Sir.