Turkeylony, sometimes spelled Turkeyloney was a popular dance from the time of King James I and the Elizabethan era. There is no certainty where the name originated. It has been surmised that the word Turkeylony is derived from the Italian Tordiglione. A Tordiglione is a type of Italian Galliard.

The Turkeylony was originally a country dance. However, as with many popular country dances it made its way into aristocratic circles as a court dance.

There are at least two songs from the time entitled Turkeylony. One of the versions is also known as The God of Love. However, the rendition of Turkeylony presented here was originally transcribed from William Ballet’s Lute Book. Ballet’s original manuscript resides in Trinity College in Dublin. William Chappell transcribed the work in 1859 in his work Popular Music of the Olden Time. Vol. 1.

It is believed that although William Ballet started the book, there was more than one author. This is because there are different hand writing styles and colored inks used throughout the manuscript. Ballet’s Lute book was most likely a student work used for the instruction of music theory and site reading.

William Chappell paired Ballet’s Turkeylony with the Ballad If Ever I Marry, I’ll Marry a Maid. This was clearly a rather crass song favored by young men. It is a song probably more suited to a bachelor’s party than a modern wedding. Still, reveler’s of today will certainly appreciate it’s comic approach toward picking one’s spouse.
Turkeylony

From Ballet's Lute Book

In moderate time, and smoothly.

If - e - e - r I mar - ry I'll mar-ry a maid: To mar r-y a wid ow I'm s o r e a - fraid For

maids they are sim ple, and never will grutch, But widows full oft, as they say know too much.

2

A maid is so sweet, and so gentle of kind,
That a maid is the wife I will choose to my mind;
A widow if frowned and never will yield;
Of if such there be, you will meet them but seeld.

(seldom)

3

A maid ne'er complaineth, do what so you will;
But what you mean well, a widow takes ill:
A widow will make you a drudge and a slave,
And cost ne'er so much, she will ever go brave.

(fashionably dressed)

4

A maid is so modest, she seemeth a rose,
When first it beginneth the bud to unclose;
But a widow full blown, full often deceives,
And the next wind that bloweth shakes down all her leaves.

5

That widows be lovely I never gain say,
But too well all their beauty they know to display;
But a maid hath so great hidden beauty in store,
She can spare to a widow, yet never be poor.

6

Then, if ever I marry, give me a fresh maid,
If to marry with any I be not afraid;
But to marry with any it asketh much care,
And some bachelors hold they are best as they are.
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