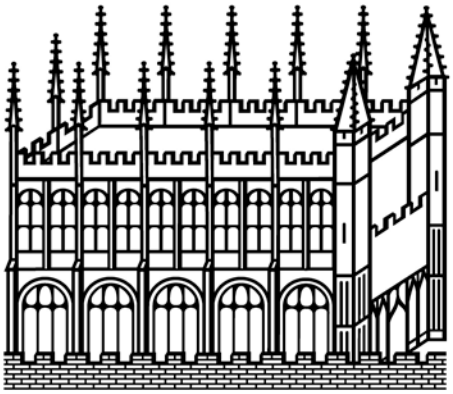


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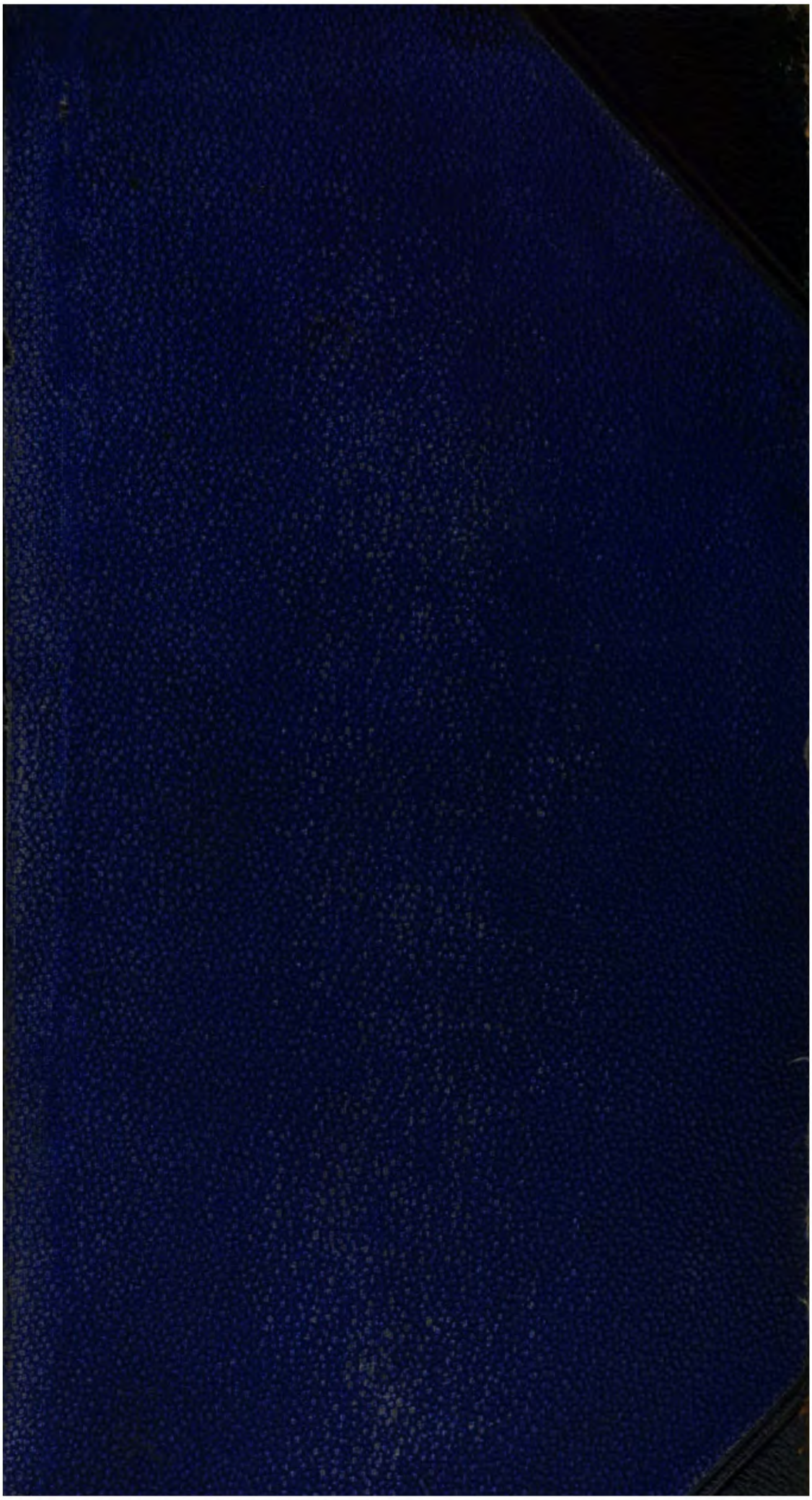
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Sec. 2

3*



The Roxburghe Ballads.

68/332

The Roxburghe Ballads.

WITH SHORT NOTES BY

WM. CHAPPELL, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF

"HISTORY OF THE BALLAD LITERATURE AND POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME"

AND COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS, ENGRAVED BY MR. W. H. HOOPER.

Vol. III.



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The Roxburghe Ballads.

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[End of Vol. I. of the original Roxburghe Collection.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 434, 435.]

Youth's Warning-peice.[1]

In a true Relation of the woefull Death of William Rogers, of Cranbroke, in Kent, an Apothecary, who, refusing all good counsell, and following lewd company, dyed miserably since Christmas last, 1635.

To the tune of *Doctor Faustus.*





[1] The title of this ballad sufficiently describes its subject—that of a free-liver, who, in his paroxysms upon his death-bed, pictures to himself that he is unavoidably going to hell. The ballad seems to have been written by some well-intentioned person in the parish, but it is too indifferent to be attributed to the parson, whose funeral sermon upon the miserable end of this young man is advertised at the end.

The copy of the ballad seems to be unique.

What mournefull ditty, or lamenting verse,
Shall I compose this subject to rehearse?
It being indeed most dolefull to declare,
Doth wish all youth in time for to beware.

If it was feigned, or not true indeed,
It should not in men so much dolour breed;
Or had it beene some fable, or old thing,
It might have past without much sorrowing.

But it is true, and too-too lately knowne;
'Twas done not farre from hence, and cleerly showne
By men, whose credits are wel knowne i' th' City;
Come then, and listen to my dolefull ditty.

Thus I begin, Will Rogers was his name,
His parents and his kindred of good fame;
These gave him education and good arts,
By which he was endued with able parts.

He an apothecary was by trade,
By which it doth appeare he learning had:
For none can know the mysteries of that art
Without some knowledge or some good desert.

Moreover, he in chyrurgery had skill,
And practis'd it with successe, and good will
Of many grieved patients, whom he cur'd
Of their corrupted soares which they endur'd.

His carriage was most milde and temperate,
By which he love and estimation gat;
He did not take any excessive gaines,
But often gave the poore his time and paines.

His practice brought him into favour great,
And causèd him some meanes to gaine and get;
So that he did receive two hundred pound
By each yeeres practice, as it cleere was found.

His civill education did impart
The knowledge of religion to his heart;
Whereby he able was account to give
How he in Christ by faith alone did live.

All these were hopefull blossomes in a youth,
That in their season might good fruits have prov'd,
And caus'd him to have livèd in good fame,
And dyed in the credit of his house and name.

But see of this man's life the fatall change,
When in the world he did begin to range!
For presently all goodnesse was forgot,
His latter course was to his first a blot.

What pitty 'tis that in so faire a face
Such spots and blemishes should possesse a place;
Or that such good beginnings should be left,
Or that men should be of such hopes bereft!

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

We cannot blame Dame Fortune as the cause,
Nor yet religion, which gives better lawes,
Nor yet our parents, or our masters' care,
Nor yet accuse a planet or a starre.

All these are free, and cleere from any blame,
'Tis wee ourselves that doe procure our shame;
It is our negligence that will not use
Our gifts aright, but often them abuse.

So did this young man by leud courses spend
His time and means and stock, which God did send,
He vainely lavish'd out, in toyish sport,
Mongst vaine companions which to him resort.

He left the councell of his dearest friend,
The pastor of the parish, who did send
Directions grave and honest, just and good;
All which this young man mightily withstood.

Hee did forget his former promise made
To God, and others, that that sinfull trade
Should quite be left, and that he would put on
The practise of the pure religion;

But wholy gave himselfe to wine and drinke,
With company all times; which soone wil sinke
A man's estate; the bane and source of ill,
And doth all goodnesse and religion spill.

Hence he grew carelesse of his patients lame,
Still swilling his carouses downe amaine,
Kept company, neglected church, each time
Slighted the use of the sacraments divine.

So he grew setled in his sinfull tracke,
No friendly councell could reduce him backe:
But obstinately still hee did persist,
And scornfully all councell did resist.

His pastor told him he would be so bold
To excommunicate him from Christ's fold,
Which wrought upon his conscience so that he
Promis'd to divers a new man to be.

But sicknes, Death's bold serjeant, did arrest
Him, that he faild of what he did protest:
In which his visitation, hee exclaim'd,
That Hel was his, and that he sure was dam'd.

Visits were made, and councel grave was given
That yet he might possesse a place in heaven;
But he stil did rave; and strive, [and] curse and crye,
That he should go to Hell immediately.

Somtimes he blames his sin, with some remorse,
Which had brought down God's heavy rod and curse;
Then he advises others to beware
Of sinne, so even seeming to despaire.

He cryes out fearefully that he must go
To Hell, the place of misery and woe;
There to endure all torments, griefe and paine,
Milions and milions of ages to remaine.

And fearefull 'tis to thinke that in such wise,
In raging fury, ends his life and dyes:
We cannot judge of his eternall state,
But leave to Him who rules all lives and fate.

So you have heard his end: I wish you all
To take a warning by his fearefull fall
Of all leud company, and drinking too,
Which alwayes are the harbengers of woe.

Reject not councell, nor God's ordinance scorne,
Nor yet church discipline, as men forlorne;
Follow your callings diligently still,
So God shall keep you in your wayes from ill.

God blesse our gracious Soveraign, Queene and Prince,
With all the royal progeny, that thence
Blessings may flow on all our nobles, and
For ever prove a blessing to our land.

If any desire further information touching the manner of this man's life, sicknesse, and death, let them read the Sermon Preached at his funerall, which is Printed by Authority.

London, printed for A. K. 1636.

FINIS.

Young Palmus and fair Sheldra.

This ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall on 16th March, 1612, to "Mystres White, late wife of Mr. Edward White, Sen.," as "A pleasant songe of Yonge Palmus and fayr Sheldra." The tune, and some account of the ballad, will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

Besides the three editions in the Roxburghe Collection, there are two different ones in the Pepys (I. 350 and 478), and a third in white letter, in the Bagford (643. m. 10, 75). All are of the seventeenth century.

The story is rather romantic. A young ferryman leaves his love, Sheldra, and goes to sea, but returns again, to find that his seeming desertion has turned her love to hate. She scorns him, and he is driven away to sea again. The fair one repents too late; for the sea nymphs fall in love with young Palmus, and carry him down to live among them. Then nothing remains for poor Sheldra but to lament over her former hard-heartedness and to die.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 436, 437; 472, 473; and III. 906, 907.]

A most excellent Song of the love of young Palmus and faire Sheldra, with their unfortunate love.

To the tune of *Shackley-hay.*



Young Palmus was a ferryman,
whom Sheldra faire did love;
At Shackley where her sheep did graze,
she there his thoughts did prove;
But he unkindly stole away,
And left his love at Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, fa la la la la.
So loud at Shackley did she cry,
The woods resound at Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, fa la la la la.

But all in vaine she did complaine,
for nothing could him move,
Till wind did turne him backe againe,
and brought him to his love.
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her love to mortall hate.
Fa la la, &c.
Then weeping to her did he say,
"Ile live with thee at Shackley-hay."
Fa la la, &c.

"No, no," quoth she, "I thee deny!
my love thou once didst scorne,
And my prayers wouldst not heare,
but left me here forlorne:
And now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou think'st to win me to thy mind.
Fa la la, &c.
Go! go! farewell! I thee denay,
Thou shalt not live at Shackley-hay."
Fa la la, &c.

"If that thou dost my love disdaine
because I live on seas,
Or that I am a ferry-man
my Sheldra doth displease;
I will no more in that estate
Be servile unto wind and fate;
Fa la la, &c.
But quite forsake boats, oares, and sea,
To live with thee at Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

"My Sheldra's bed shall be my boat,
her armes shall be my oares,
Where love instead of stormes shal float,
on pleasant downes and shores:
Her sweetest breath my gentle gale,
Through tides of love to guide my saile.
Fa la la, &c.
Her love my praise, and she my joy,
To live with me at Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

"Not Phao[n] shall with me compare,
so fortunate to prove;
Faire Venus never was his fare!
Ile beare the Queene of love!
The working waters never feare,
For Cupid's selfe our barge shall steere:
Fa la la, &c.
And to the shore I still will cry,
'My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay.'
Fa la la, &c.

"To strew my boate for thy availe,
Ile rob the flowrie shores,
And whilst thou guidst the silken saile,
Ile row with silver[y] oares;
And as upon the streams we float,
A thousand swans shall guide our boat.
Fa la la, &c.
And to the shore still will I cry,
'My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay:'
Fa la la, &c.

"And have a story painted there,
wherein there may be seene
How Sappho lov'd a ferriman[1]—
being a learned Queene:
In golden letters shall be writ
How well in love himselfe he quit,
Fa la la, &c.
That all the lasses still shall say,
'With Palmus wee'le to Shackley-hay.'
Fa la la, &c.

"And walking easily to the strand,
wee'le angle in the brooke,
And fish with thy white-lilly hand,
(thou need'st no other hooke!)

---

[1] Phaōn, the old boatman of Mytilene, having carried Aphroditē across the sea, received from the goddess the gift of youth and beauty. He thus became the favorite of the poetess Sappho.

To which the fish shall soone be brought,
And strive which shall the first be caught.
Fa la la, &c.
A thousand pleasures will we try,
As we walk on to Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

"And if we be opprest with heate
in mid-time of the day,
Under the willowes, tall and great,
shall be our quiet bay,
Where I wil make thee fans of bowes,
From Phœbus' beames to shade thy browes,
Fa la la, &c.
And cause them at the ferry cry,
'A boat, a boat to Shackley-hay!'
Fa la la, &c.

"A troupe of dainty neighboring girles
shall dance along the strand,
Upon the gravell, all of pearles,
to wait when thou shalt land,
And cast them selves about thee round,
Whilst thou with garlands shalt be crown'd:
Fa la la, &c.
And shepheards all with joy shal say,
'See Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay.'
Fa la la, &c.

"Although I did my selfe absent,
'twas but to try thy mind."
"But now thou maist thy selfe repent
for being so unkind;
For now thou 'rt turn'd by wind and fate,
In stead of love th' hast purchast hate;
Fa la la, &c.
Therefore returne thee to the sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hay."
Fa la la, &c.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Then all in vaine he did complaine,
and no remorce could find;
Young Palmus, through his owne disdaine,
made Sheldra faire unkind,
And she is from him fled and gone:
He laid him in his boat alone,
Fa la la, &c.
And so betook him to the sea,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

Then from the happy sandy shore,
into the floating waves,
His vessel, fraught with brinish teares,
into the maine hee laves.
But all in vaine, for—why he still
With weeping eyes his boat did fill:
Fa la la, &c.
He lancht his boat into the sea,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

"Now farwell to my Sheldra faire,
whom I no more shall see:
I meane to lead my life at sea,
by thy unconstancy.
Come, Neptune, come! to thee I cry,
With thee Ile live, with thee Ile dye:"
Fa la la, &c.
Then lancht himselfe into the sea,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

But farre from thence he had not gone
ere Sheldra faire returned;
Whose heart kind pitye made to moane—
such passion in her burned:
But when she to that place arrived,
She found the shore of him depriv'd,
Fa la la, &c.
And her deare Palmus, now at sea,
Had bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

She then with bitter sighes complaind,
(her griefe did so abound!)
Oft grieving that she him disdain'd,
whom she so loving found:
But now, alas! 'twas all in vaine,
For he was gone by her disdayne;
Fa la la, &c.
Leaving that place to her alone;
Who now laments that he is gone.
Fa la la, &c.

"O wretched Sheldra!" then quoth she,
"confesse what fond disdayne
Hath [thy] wrath caused to fall on thee!
could his long suffering paine,
By thee, alas! so soone forgot,
Serve to thy love's strange hatefull lot?
Fa la la, &c.
And thus to lye, and for him crie,
Whom thou so fondly didst deny?
Fa la la, fa la la la la.

"Who once did truly love, I see,
should never after hate!
As doth too well appeare by me
in my forsaken state.
Alas! I meant my scorne to prove
As onely tryall of his love.
Fa la la, fa la la la la.
Now haplesse me, since I doe see
He hath forsaken wofull me!"
Fa la la, &c.

Thus all the while in roughest seas
poore Palmus' boat was tost:
But more his mind this did disease,
because he Sheldra lost.
In mids of this, he her forswears,
He rent his boat, and tore his haires;
Fa la la, &c.
Threw hope away, for he, alas!
Could be no more drownd then he was.
Fa la la, &c.

Even as his griefe had swallowed him,
so did the greedy waves:
About his boat, and ore the brim,
each billow swiftly raves:
There is no trust in swelling powres—
That what it may it still devoures;
Fa la la, &c.
And, by the breach, the seas might see
The boat felt more the[ir] rage than hee.
Fa la la, &c.

Thus wrackt and scatterd, in the state
while he in quiet swomme
Through liquid paths to Thetis gate,
by soft degrees went downe:
Whom, when the nymphs beheld, the girles
Soone layd aside their sorting pearles,
Fa la la, &c.
And up they heav'd him as a guest,
Unlookt for now come to their feast.
Fa la la, &c.

His case they pittied; but when they
beheld his face, right faine,
For very love, into the sea
they pulld him backe againe:
So were they with his beauty mov'd!
For what is faire is soone belov'd.
Fa la la, &c.
Thus with nymphs he lives in the sea
That left his love at Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, &c.

Then Sheldra faire to Shackley went,
to end her wofull dayes,
Because young Palmus cast himselfe
into the floating seas.
At Shackley did fayre Sheldra dye,
And Palmus in the sea doth lye.
Fa la la, &c.
So, as they liv'd so did they dye,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, fa la la la la.

FINIS.

Printed at London for J. W.

A Young Man's most earnest affection.

THIS ballad can only be the production of another of Cupid's victims. The youth who could carry out such a rhyming burden as "valley" to "Dolly" must have been in a dangerous state. He tells us that his love "has not one copper token," but, in spite of that, he'll "not recant the words that he has spoken." Resolute youth! he endeavours to make these vows known to all the world, by publishing them.

The popularity of his rhymes was, perhaps, not very extensive. Only this one copy seems to be extant.

[Roxb. Coll. 1. 438, 439.]

A Yong-man's most earnest affec-tion to his Sweet-heart.

Exprest in a dainty Courtly Sonnet: First read and heare it, then censure upon it.

To a curious new Northerne tune.



Come, come, my deare, that art so pretty,
Attend my suite, and yeeld some pitty,
For all the world shall nere remove me,
Untill the day I die, I vow to love thee:
And all the birds in every valley
Will gladly sing the praise of Jacke and Dolly. 6

Thy rare perfection I admire,
Thy company I doe desire;
Thy presence yeelds to me such pleasure,
I would not misse thy sight for any treasure.

Be thou my sweeting, constant ever,
And I in love will still persèver:
The ocean sooner shall be dryed
Than my firme love to thee shall be denyed.

Let me enjoy thy lovely presence,
Which I do hold my earthly essence,
And with reciprocall affection,
I will be constant to my first election.

Though both my parents, friends, and kindred
Seeke meanes to have my meaning hindred,
I will not change my resolution,
Though I were sure the same were my confusion.

Though I desire in haste to marry,
Yet if I were constrayned to tarry
A doozen yeares for that happy meeting,
I patiently would stay for thee, my sweeting.

Then let not thy affections waver,
But let me still retaine thy favour;
Be not unkind, nor fickle minded,
My hart hath found more woe than ever thine did.

I many proffers have refused,
Whereat my friends have greatly mused;
When I thinke on thee, that so surpasses,
Then for thy sake I loath all other lasses.

Me thinks thy sparkling eyes I see still,
Which is a comfort unto me still,
I, dreaming, see thy shadow nightly,
And, waking, wish to see the substance rightly.

Thy body is straight, small, and slender,
Thy skin is white, smooth, soft, and tender;
Thy leg and foot is framèd neatly,
And all thy lineaments are made compleatly.

The poet with his witty phrases
Will gladly write thy pretty praises,
And all the birds in every valley
Will gladly sing the praise of Jacke and Dolly.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And as thou proper art and pretty,
So art thou courteous, prompt, and witty;
Both art and nature are combined
To make of thee a piece of earth refined.
And all the birds in every valley
Will gladly sing the praise of Jacke and Dolly.

How can I then be discontented?
Or why should my choice be prevented?
Though thou hast not one copper token,
Ile not recant the words that I have spoken.

I might have riches out of measure,
But what care I for worldly treasure?
Give me a lasse endowed by nature,
Ile labour hard, or beg, for such a creature.

No tortures that man can indure
Shall make my fancy prove impure:
No parents' frowne, nor friends' reproving,
Shall make my setled mind to be removing.

Then sith my permanent affection
Submits itselfe to thy direction,
Let not thy heart, my only sweeting,
Like Cresida, be mutable or fleeting.

Be thou like Hero to Leander,
Let not thy thoughts like Helen's wander,
To leave thy first love for a stranger;
Duplicity in choice hath still bred danger.

That which twixt faithfull friends is vowed
I' th' court of heaven is allowed,
And he, or she, that the same infringeth,
Must know that such contempt great Jove avengeth.

But why seem I to misdoubt thy doing,
No just occasion by thee knowing?
No, though I speake all this in passion,
I dare be sworne thou hat'st all of that fashion.

Then be not thou, my deare, offended,
Nor let thy angry brow be bended;
Yet if thou speake, to thee I'le be beholding,
I love to heare thy voice, though't be in scolding.

Then be thou constant in thy carriage,
Untill that we be linkt in marriage,
Then, farewell care and melancholly,
Since Jockie hath possesst his dearest Dolly.
And all the birds in every valley
Will sweetly sing in praise of Jacke and Dolly.

FINIS.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 440, 441.]

The Young-man's Wish;[1]

Or,

**Behold his mind fulfil'd, whom Love hath almost kil'd,
With joy revib'd againe, as heere appeareth plaine:
The like to this 'twixt Man and Wife,
I never heard yet in all my life.**

To the tune of *I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.*



"What strange affections have my thoughts possest
That nothing will nor can my mind content?
Or why should love my inward parts molest,
Or time away, in patience, thus be spent?
The cause Ile shew, but oh! my heart will breake;
I am in love, but know not how to speake. 6

[1] This love-ditty is by Laurence Price. It ends more comfortably than some of the preceding. It is to be supposed that there were buyers who could fit such fanciful cases to themselves, and this must have been particularly adapted to bashful youths.

The copy in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be unique.

"My humors and my fancies all are crost,
My minde so much disturb'd I cannot sleepe;
By day my wits like tennis balls are tost,
And every hower in dolefull dumps most deepe
I am cast downe, all pleasures I forsake;
The reason is I love, and cannot speake.

"Sometimes my Muse ascendeth up on high
And climes Parnassus hils for learning's lore;
As soone againe it in the deepe doth lie:
Now high, then low; now rich, and straightway poore;
Now laugh and smile, yet straight my heart will breake;
For still I love, and know not how to speake.

"I wander up and downe, and yet stand still;
I walke abroad, and yet lie sick in bed;
I live at libertie, and yet my will
Is into desolation captive led;
My health I have, yet life doth me forsake;
Though still I love, and know not how to speake.

"I feede, I feast, I fare on dainty dyet;
I drinke the freshest wine, yet still am dry;
I take my rest, and yet can have no quiet;
I stand in water, yet in flames I frye;
I sulphur greatly, yet with cold I shake;
I love in heart, and yet I dare not speake.

"I weare good clothes, and yet I naked goe,
With decent gesture seemely to behold;
I am adorn'd from top unto the toe,
And yet my shape is lothsome double fold;
I have my wits, and yet I doe mistake:
'Tis all because I love, and cannot speake.

"I heare, I see, I smell, I taste, I touch,
And yet am senceles growne in every thing;
Great want I feele, yet have, methinks, too much;
Each ounce of mirth a pound of griefe doth bring;
I am inforc'd thus to the world to breake
My minde; but to my love I cannot speake.

"I live in peace, yet hold an inward strife;
Cupid, that villaine, wounded so my heart;
I single am, yet faine would have a wife,
To ease me of my dolour, griefe, and smart:
But she with whom I gladly would partake,
Makes me abash'd, I know not how to speake. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



"O that some oratour would be so kinde
To plead my cause, and certifie my love,
My passions, and disturbances of minde,
To try if she will prove my turtle dove;
What almes or answer she to me would make;
For oh, alas! I love, but cannot speake.

"But since no meanes or way I can invent
To bring her tidings of my heart's desire,
My time in wishes shall be wholly spent,
And, Phœnix-like, Ile waste my selfe in fire:
For, while I live, Ile sorrow for her sake,
Because I want both art and heart to speake.

"O that I were some curious ring of gold,
To weare upon her finger for delight!
That by some merchant so I might be sold
For her owne use and service day and night:
Or would I were a bond-slave for her sake!
That feare might force, or love me cause to speake.

"Could I but crave to light her to her bed,
It surely would revive my drooping heart;
Or lay soft pillowes underneath her head,
Till dalliance long had made us loth to part:
So finding scope, my wishèd mind I'd breake,
By signes, to heare, or touch, if not to speake.

"But O, my heart! my wishes are in vaine;
No hopes have I for this which here I crave,
Nor know I any way her love to gaine;
O would the Fates had dig'd my timeles grave,
Where I might rest securely in my tombe,
And not be found untill the day of doome!"

His love, at last, who, from a window high,
Had heard the griefes and sorrowes he indur'd,
Thus comforts him with words immediately,
"Thy love-sicke heart," said she, "shall soone be cur'd:
Thou shalt no longer cause have to complaine;
If thou lov'st me, Ile quit thy love againe.

"Thou wishest but my company a time;
Now here's my hands for ever and for aye,
In weale or woe I will be wholly thine;
My heart, my hand, my life shall thee obay."
So, lastly, thus their loves were truely tride,
He was her bridegroome, she his lovely bride. 90

FINIS. L. P.

Imprinted at London for John Wright, the younger, and are to be sold at his Shop at the upper end of the Old-Bayley.

A Warning to all Lewd Livers.

This ballad is subscribed M. P. in one of the copies, and it may be reasonably attributed to Martin Parker. There are two in the Roxburghe Collection, the first in order "printed at London for Thomas Lambert, and to be sold in Smithfield, at the Hospitall Gate," the second "printed for Fra. Grove on Snow-hill." Although the two printers were contemporaries, Grove was the senior by some sixteen years. His edition is evidently the more correct, and is here adopted as the text. Lambert's copy bears the initials of L. P. instead of M. P. The superior smoothness and swing of the versification seem to mark it as the production of Martin Parker rather than of Laurence Price.

A third edition is in the Bagford Collection (643. m. 10, p. 52). It is of later date, being printed by and for W. O[nley], and sold by B. Deacon.

Though the following ballad is printed from the edition in Roxb. III., yet the woodcuts here printed are those of the copy in Roxb. I. In Roxb. III. the First Part of the Ballad has three woodcuts; the Second Part only one.

The tune of *Sir Andrew Barton* is the same as *Come, follow, my love.* See our Vol. I. p. 9.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 442, 443, and III. 262, 263 *verso*.]

A Warning to all Lewd Livers.

By the Example of a disobedient Child, who riotously wasted and consumed his Father's and Mother's goods, and also his own, among strumpets and other lewd Livers, and after died most miserably on a Dung-hill.

To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton*.



[See p. 22 for note about the woodcuts.]

"My bleeding heart, with grief and care,
Doth wish all young men to beware
That they no such like steps may tread,
Nor lead the life which I have lead. 4

"My father was a gentleman,
As many gallants witnesse can;
He had no sons but onely I,
Which made his gold and silver flye.

"When as my father had me sent
To sell his goods and take up rent,
I did consume and waste the same
In drinking or unlawful game.

"The cards and dice were my delight;
I haunted taverns day and night;
Lewd women were my chiefest joys;
And my consorts were cut-purse boys.

"God's Holy Word I disobey'd—
I car'd not what the preacher said;
For quaffing cans of ale and beer
Was all the service I would hear.

"Thus acting my ungracious part,
I broke my aged father's heart;
When gastly death on him did seize,
I thought myself in happy ease.[1]

"What he had left I thought well got;
But now the shame falls to my lot;
Five hundred pounds in good red gold
For wine and beer I quickly sold.

"Then was I prest to serve the King,
That might my name to honour bring;
A souldier's life, I hold it base,
And alwaies took it in disgrace.

"And having thus consum'd my store,
I to my mother went for more;
Who sold and morgag'd all her land,
And put the money in my hand.

[1] It is printed "case" in both copies, but, no doubt, the author wrote "ease," to rhyme with "seize."

"And then with tears these words she said:
'Thou knowest, my son, thy father's dead;
No more is left but I and thee,
Therefore, dear son, be good to mee.

"'If that thy love from me should fall,
I have no friend on earth at all;
Therefore, good son, to me prove kind,
And thou reward in heaven shalt finde.'

"Then on my bended knees fell I,
Desiring of the Lord on high
A shameful death might be his end
That would his mother once offend.

"All you that do no reckoning make
Of swearing, when your words you speak,
Give ear to that which Ile you tell—
Lewd livers seldome dyed well.

"You disobedient children all,
Draw neer, and listen to my fall;
Example take, repent in time,
Lest that your woes be like to mine.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[Concerning the woodcuts, see page 22.]

"You fathers dear, and mothers kinde,
Bear you this lesson in your minde:
Trust not too much a wicked child,
For oft times men are so beguil'd.

"When twigs are green, you may them ply;
But let them grow till they be dry,
They will so stiffe and stubborn stand,
You cannot bend them with your hand.

"So I, that ran a wicked race,
And to amend had not the grace:
Sixteen score pound in good red gold
Into my hand my mother told.

"But in the compass of one year
I spent it all, as may appear;
And having left no means at all,
I unto robbing straight did fall.

"Then did I steal my mother's rings,
Her brass, her pewter, and such things;
The very bed whereon she lay
I, like a villain, stole away.

"What ever I could get or take,
I thereof straight would money make;
My flinty heart did feel no grief
To see my mother want relief.

"At last she grew exceeding poor,
And beg'd relief from door to door;
No Infidel nor Pagan vild
Could bring to light so bad a child.

"At last my mother lost her breath,
As she constrainèd was by Death,
Who yeilds relief when friends grow scant,
And easeth those that are in want.

"From place to place then was I tost,
By every man and woman crost;
No harbour could I get, whereby
I might at night in safe-guard lye.

"My dearest kinsfolks do me chide;
My nearest friends mock and deride;
Those that were my consorts of late
Their love is turnèd into hate.

"Those that have feasted many a time,
And fed upon that which was mine,
Despise at me along the street,
As if they should a serpent meet.

"Both old and young, both great and small,
Both rich and poor, despise me all;
No friend to take my part have I,
But was constrain'd in field to lie.

"In this my extream miserie,
My grief and my necessitie,
No creature gave for my relief
One peece of bread to ease my grief."

But like a poor despised wretch,
His latest gaspe that he did fetch
Was on a dung-hil in the night,
When as no creature was in sight.

But in the morning he was found
As cold as clay upon the ground;
Thus was he born in shame to die,
And end his daies in misery.

Take warning, young men, by this vice,
Learn to avoid both cards and dice;
Lewd women's company forbear;
They are the high-way unto care.

All parents, whilst your babes be young,
Look to their waies in hand and tongue;
Then wickednesse will not abound,
But grace in children may be found.

FINIS. M. P.

London, Printed for Fra. Grove on Snow-hill.
Entred according to order.

The Woeful Lamentation of William Purcas.

This ballad is not found in any other of the known collections. All ballads about murders had but an ephemeral interest, and this case is the rare one of a son, who, in a drunken fit, murders his own mother. He sees his crime with horror when he returns to sobriety, and he warns others against the vice of drunkenness, which led him on to such a fearful excess.

The date is probably of James I., or the early part of the reign of Charles I. The manner of repeating of certain lines, such as the fourth being employed as a fifth, has been anticipated in "The Rich Merchant Man," to the tune of which this ballad was sung. See our Vol. I. p. 320.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 444, 445.]

The wofull Lamentation of William Purcas, who for murtherin his mother at Thaxted in Essex was executed at Chelmsford.

To the tune of *The rich Merchant.*



The swan before her death
most pleasantly doth sing;
But I a heavie-hearted note
with teares my hands doe wring;
With teares my hands doe wring,
yet not a teare for death;
For I am weary of my life,
desiring losse of breath.

No teares for death I shed,
but for my sinnes I mourne;
Oh! for that sin that makes me wish
I never had been borne;

I never had been borne:
mercy, good Lord! I crave:
O would my mother's tender womb,
had been my timelesse grave!

Ah me! that very word
strikes through my wounded heart;
The name of mother, oh! my soule,
doth aggravate my smart;
Doth aggravate my smart,
and much increase my woe,
Ne'r villaine did so vile a deed
as I have done, I know.

Oh now, alas! I know,
but now, alas! too late;
Drinke then depriv'd me of my sense,
and of my humane state.
Oh! that detested vice
is that we should detest;
A thousand thousand times I curse,
though once I lov'd it best.

Yea, once I lov'd it well,
oh, too-too well indeed:
For that I did, in drinke ore-gone,
my woe-tyr'd soule doth bleed.
For this foule-spotted fault
my mother many a time
Would gently chide me, and would wish
me leave this loathèd crime.

Shee'd tell me 'twas a sinne
that many sinnes did feed,
As swearing, whoring, and such like,
and true she said indeed.
With teares she oft did say,
"A wicked end 'twill have,
Therefore, my son, doe thou take heed,
take heed of it I crave."

With heavie heart she thus
would seeme to turne my minde,
But slightly Ide regard her words,
which now too true I finde.
Her hony-words to me
more bitter were than gall;
I tooke her for my foe, when she
was most my friend of all.

Shee'd speake to me in love,
I'de answer her in rage,
Without all feare or reverence
of title, or of age.
Thus, oft with words wee'd part,
till good with bad I crost;
But at the last, in drinking rage,
my wit and sense I lost.

Her words I would not heare;
in rage I drew my knife,
To take deare life away from her
by whom I had my life.
The sight of which did make
her heart much sorrow feele;
Then, as I should have done to her,
she unto me did kneele.

And on her knees did beg
that I her life would spare,
An 'twere but for my soule, on which
she pray'd me have a care:
"Oh! spare me, sonne!" she said,
"forget not who I am!
Thy aged mother—doe not then
thy eares against me dam.

"Alas! how canst thou, sonne,
endure to see me kneele,
And beg and weepe and wring my hands,
and no compassion feele

For telling thee thy fault,
and wishing thee to leave?
I pray thee, doe not desperately
me of my life bereave."

Thus, kneeling, would she beg,
and begging, weep apace;
And weeping, would she wring her hands,
in lamentable case.
Yet nothing was I mov'd
with all her piteous moane,
My heart for her did feele no griefe,
but was as hard as stone.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Thus stubborne did I stand
against my mother deare:
This Second Part, the bloody part,
discoursèd you shall heare.

Now, now, oh now againe,
full heavily I sing;
And, in relation of my woe,
both heart and hands I wring:
For that I now shall tell
will draw forth brinish teares
From any that have humane hearts,
or my laments that heares.

Her kind intreats I crost
with bitter words and oathes,
Such as the wicked love to heare,
such as the vertuous loathes.
And, after all these wandring words,
with hel's preparèd knife,
I quickly wounded her to death,
from whom I had my life.

Vile Nero (I have read)
his mother ript, to see
The place where he an embrion lay;
O foule impietie!
Yet none more vile than this,
than this that I have done;
Oh, never did there ever live
so impious a sonne!

Cain branded was a slave
for murthering of his brother;
Oh, what am I then, what am I,
for murthering of my mother?
Aye me! my mother deare,
that bitter paines did prove
In bearing me, and ever since
full dearely did me love!

Full dearely did me love,
as any mother could;
And carefull was she still for me,
as any mother should.

Her best in all she did,
still working for my good;
Yet all her paine and care I quit
with shedding of her blood.

With shedding of her blood
her kindnesse I did quit,
By the devill goaded on to do't,
even in my drunken fit.
All you that take delight
in this abhorrèd vice,
The end of it come finde of me,
and learne to be more wise.

This staines my soule as much
as any sinne of seven
That blacks the soule, that we should keep
most faire and fit for heaven.
So long is a man a man
as reason he retaines,
But reason gone, he is no man—
that shape's but little gaines.

If man be then no man
when reason is away,
Man is no man when he is drunke,
for drinke doth reason sway.
O, what's a drunkard then,
of reason dispossest?
As other creatures reasonlesse,
he is a brutish beast.

And thus by me take heed
of drunkennesse (I end).
O flie this vice! and see what sinnes
doe not this vice attend.
For that I did in drinke,
now I am here to dye;
Ten thousand deaths I have deserved,
for this impietie.

Thus sorry for my sinne,
I pray that all may mend:
And, Christ, I pray receive my soule
after my shamefull end. 176

FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Coules dwelling in the Old Bailey.

A Warning to Youth.

This ballad is seemingly unique, and it is probably of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, although the extant copy was printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke, in or about the reign of James I. The inference that it was then an old ballad is drawn from the fact of its being printed on the same broadside as another, although quite long enough to occupy the whole sheet. New ballads were honoured with entire broadsides. Again, we may date ballads printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke as of the reign of James I., because, although he continued to hold the patent in that of Charles I., the style of "Printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke" was usually dropped, and the real printer or publisher named. The inference is, that he had then licensed several printers under his monopolizing patent for printing on broadsides. The House of Commons remonstrated with Queen Elizabeth against these shameful monopolies, but the Stuarts resumed them.

The tune of *The Lord Darley* (Darnley) refers to "A dolefull Ditty, or sorowfull Sonet of the Lord Darly, sometime King of Scots, Nevew to the Noble and worthy King, King Henry the eyght, and is to be song to the tune of *Blacke and Yellowe.*" A copy is in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries (Broadsides, No. 58). This tune will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, under its other names of *Paul's Steeple*, and *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 447.]

A new Ballad, intituled, A Warning to Youth, shewing the lewd life of a Marchant's Sonne of London, and the miserie that at the last he sustained by his riotousnesse.

To the tune of *The Lord Darley.*

In London dwelt a marchant man,
that left unto his sonne
A thousand pound in land a yere,
to spend when he was gone:
With coffer cramb'd with golden crownes,
most like a father kinde,
To have him follow his owne steps,
and beare the selfe-same minde.
Thus every man doth know, doth know,
and his beginning see,
But none so wise can shew, can shew,
what will his ending be.

No sooner was his father dead
and clozèd in his grave,
But this his wilde and wanton sonne
his minde to lewdnesse gave;
And being but of tender yeares,
found out such companie,
Which prov'd his fatall overthrowe
and finall miserie.

In gluttonny and drunkennesse
he daily took delight,
And still in strumpets' company
he spent the silent night:
Forgetting quite that drunkennesse
and filthy lechery
Of all the sinnes will soonest bring
a man to miserie.

Within the seas of wanton love
his heart was drownde so deep,
A night he could not quietly
without strange women sleep;
And therefore kept them secretly,
to feed his foule desire,
Apparell'd all like gallant youthes
in pages' trimme attyre.

Their garments were of crimson silke
bedect with lace of gold,
Their curlèd haire was white as milke,
most comely to behold;
He gave them for their cognizance
a purple bleeding heart,
In which two silver arrowes seem'd
the same in twaine to part.

Thus secret were his wanton sports,
thus private was his pleasure,
Thus harlots in the shape of men
did wast away his treasure.
Oh, woe to lust and lecherie!
oh, woe to such a vice!
That buyes repentance all too late,
and at too deare a price.

Yet he repented not at all,
so wilfull was his mind;
He could not see his infamy,
for sin had made him blind;
But in his heart desir'd a change
of wanton pleasures so,
That day by day he wishes still
strange women for to know.

And so, discharging of his traine,
and selling of his land,
To travell into countries strange
he quickly took in hand;

And into Antwerpe speedily
thus all aflaunt he goes,
To see the dainty Flemish girles
and gallant Dutchland froes.

"For still," quoth he, "the Dutchland froes
are kinde to Englishmen:
Ile have my pleasure of those girles,
or never come againe."
And being arriv'd in Antwerpe streets,
he met a lovely dame,
That was a widdowe's daughter deare,
of good report and fame.

Her beauty, like the purple rose,
so glistered in his eye,
That, ravish'd with the same, he crav'd
her secret company:
But she, like to an honest maid,
by no meanes would consent
To satisfie his lustfull eye,
as was his false intent.

A hundred dayes he wholly spent,
as many nights in vaine,
As many angels he consum'd
her maiden-head to gaine;
But nothing he prevaild at all,
until that Satan's aid
And cursèd counsell helping him
for to deflowre this maid.

For like a lustfull lecher, he
found such convenient time,
That he inforcèd her to drink
till she was drunk with wine.
And being overcharged with wine,
as maidens' heads be weake,
He ravisht her there, when that she
could no resistance make.

For, being sencelesse, there she lost
her sweet virginity,
Which she had kept full twenty yeares
with great severity.
Therefore, good virgins, take good heed
lest you be thus beguild—
When wine is settled in your braine,
you may be got with child.

And marke, I pray, what then befell
unto this modest dame,
When she recovred her lost sence
and knew of her defame:
In pining grief she languisht long,
like Philomel by night,
And would not come, for very shame,
in honest maidens' sight.

Her wombe at last began to swell,
her babe receivèd life,
And being neither widow, maid,
nor yet a maried wife,
Did wish that she had nere been borne,
but in her cradle dy'd,
Then angels at the gate of heaven
had crown'd her virgin [bride].[1]

"This babe that breedeth in my wombe,"
quoth she, "shall nere be borne,
Nor call'd a bastard by such wives
that hold such love in scorne:
For I a strumpet in disgrace,
Though one against my will,
Before I will to shame my friends,
my deare live's blood Ile spill.

"For as with wine I was deceiv'd,
and made a vicious dame,
So will I wash away with wine
my scarlet spots of shame."

[1] "bright" in the text.

Then drinking up her burning wine,
she yeelded up her breath,
By which likewise the unborne babe
was scalded unto death.

Her mother, falling on her knees,
to heaven did cry and call,
"If ever widowe's curse," quoth she,
"on mortall man did fall,
Then say Amen to mine, O Lord,
that he may never thrive,
That was the cause of this mischance,
but rot away alive!"

His nailes from off his fingers dropt,
his eyes from out his head,
His toes they roted from his feet,
before that he was dead.
His tongue that had false sworne so oft,
to compasse his desire,
Within his mouth doth glow and burne,
like coales of sparkling fire:

And thus in torment in his sinne
this wicked caitife dy'd,
Whose hatefull carkes after death
in earth could not abide,
But in the mawes of carrion crowes
and ravens made a tombe—
A vengeance just on those that use
on such vile sinnes presume!

For widowes' curses have full oft
been felt by mortall wights,
And for oppressèd widowes' wronges
still heavenly angels fights:
For when King Henry the 6, by force
was murthered in the Tower,
And his fair Queen [a] widow mad[e],
by Crooke-backt Richard's power,

She so exclaimèd to the heavens,
for to revenge that deed,
That they might die in such like sort
which causèd him to bleed:
Her curses so prevail'd, God wot,
that every one was slaine,
Or murthered by li[k]e cruell hands,
not one there did remain.

Both Crookebackt Richard and his mates,
Lord Lovel and Buckingam,
With many more did feele her curse,
which needlesse are to name:
For widows' wrongs still pierce the gate
of God's celestiall throne,
And heaven itselfe will still revenge
oppressèd widowes' mone.

Take heed, take heed, you wanton youths,
take heed by this mishap,
Lest, for your lust and lechery,
you be caught in a trap.
Leave off your foule abuses, [which]
you shew to maide[s] and wives,
And by this wanton marchant's fall
learn how to mend your lives.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

FINIS.

A Warning for Maids; or, No, no, not I.

The name of the author of this ballad is here spelled R. Climsall. In others of his ballads it is Climsell and Crimsal. He is an indifferent rhymester; but his deficiencies may have been disguised to the ear by the tunes when his ballads were sung. The only copy of this effusion seems to be the one in the Roxburghe Collection.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 448, 449.]

A Warning for Maides;

Or, The false dissembling, cogging, Cunning, cozening young man: Who long did try and use his skill To wo[o] a coy young maid to his will; And when he had obtain'd her love, To her he very false did prove.

To a dainty new tune, called *No, no, not I.*



All in a May morning, in the merry month of May,
Into the green meddowes I did take my way;
There I heard a young man to his love make reply;
But she answered him scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"Sweet heart," quoth this young man, "my love is intire,
My heart is inflamèd with Cupid's hot fire:
Your love I intreat, why should you deny?"
But she answered him scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"O sweet, 'tis thy love that I doe so much crave,
And I will maintain you still gallant and brave;
Faire mistresse, for your love I certain shall die."
Quoth she, "Away! foolish man, I care not, I."

"Will you seeke to wrong a man in such a case?
If I die for love, it will be your disgrace;
I hope you will yeeld me some other reply."
But she answered him scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"Sweet, have you no more regard of a young man?
I will strive to doe thee all the good [that] I can;
Methinks you should yeeld unto me by and by."
But she answered him scornfully, "No no, not I."

"And if that all maids should be of your mind,
Then what would or should become of us mankind?
Sweet, let you and I now try our destiny."
But she answered him scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"Pray, what is the reason? I am young and faire;
Besides you doe know I am my father's heire:
Sweet, let me intreat your love and courtesie."
But she answered him scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"For vaulting or leaping, or such exercises,
For dancing or skipping, I still win the prizes;
Come, grant me thy favour, my pretty pigsnie."
But she answered him scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"I am in all parts most compleat like a man,
And I can do as much as any [man] can:
Then, prethee, sweet heart, doe not my love deny."
Now she answered him kindly, "Sweet love, not I."

"If gold will content thee, why gold thou shalt have,
Or any thing else that thou canst wish or crave:
'Tis onely on thy love that I doe rely."
Now she had forgot to say, "No, no, not I."

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



"Ile be thy maintainer, thou shalt know no want;
Then let no disparagement my sweet-heart daunt:
Thou shalt be my bride, and Ile love thee truly."
This maid had forgot to say, "No, no, not I."

With sweet salutations these lovers did part;
He call'd her his joy, and she call'd him sweet-heart:
Yet, after, this young man his love did deny,
As I will declare unto you by and by.

In little space after she met with her deare,
Desiring of him some farther newes to heare;
She wished him to marry her immediatly.
But he answered her scornfully, "No, no, not I."

"Sweet love, ne're deny me, thou knowst I am thine,
And thou oft didst promise that thou wouldst be mine;
Now thy bitter answer makes me mourn and cry,
To heare thee say unto me, 'No, no, not I.'"

"Faire mistresse, remember, when I sued to you,
You made a scoffe at me, and from me you flew:
Now Ile give you leave to sigh, sob, and cry;
Though you are dispos'd to wed, so am not I.

"When first I came to thee, to aske thy good will,
Thou mad'st a scorne of me; now I am as ill,
I will not be tide for to wed by and by:
Though you are dispos'd to wed, so am not I."

Quoth she, "Will you prove so perjur'd unto me?
I am sorry that ere I consented to thee:
Let no maid trust young men, for they falsifie:
Canst thou answer scornfully, 'No, no, not I?'

"Farewell, thou false young man, farewell and adue."
The like said this wanton youth, "Farewell to you!
Now I doe see maidens can love men truely:
But I never meane to wed, No, no, not I."

"Was ever poore maiden in such a like case,
To yeeld to undoing, and such foule disgrace?
I might have been wise, and still made this reply:
'I will never yeeld to thee, No, no, not I.'

"Ile never [more] trust false young men for his sake,
I had warning before, yet no warning could take:
These young men will promise and present deny;
Ile never trust false tongue more, No, no, not I.

"Now shall I be mocked of other young maids,
They'l flout me, and say, 'See how her colour fades!
She is sicke for love,' and forsooth they'l cry:
'Her love hath now left her, and her doth deny.'

"But I wish all them that [would] laugh me to scorne
Hereafter beware, and escape the like harm:
For young men are cunning, and full of policy:
But Ile never trust them more, No, no, not I.

I am not the first that hath so been deceived,
Yet of a great number ne're was one more grieved.
But now, alas! I can find no remedy:
Ile ne're trust false young man more, No, no, not I.

R. Climsall.

FINIS.

Printed at London for John Wright, the younger, dwelling at the upper end of the Old-Bayley.

The Witty Western Lass.

Of this ballad, by Robert Guy, there seem to be but two extant copies, and of different editions. The one in the Pepys Collection (I. 304) was printed for F. Coles, and the Roxburghe edition was "Printed at London for J. W." The W. may have been intended for Welby, White, or Wright. The name of the author appears in both the editions. The witty western lass, having been tricked, intends to trick somebody in return.

The pretty tune of *The beggar boy* will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and among the *Old English Ditties*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 450, 451.]

The witty Westerne Lasse;

Or,

You Maids, that with your friends whole nights have spent,
Beware back-fallings, for feare of the event.

To a new tune, called *The Begger Boy.*



Sweet Lucina, lend me thy aid,
Thou art my helper, and no other;
Pitty the state of a teeming maid,
That never was a wife, yet must be a mother:
By my presage, it should be a boy
That thus lyes tumbling in my belly;
Yeeld me some ease, to cure my annoy,
And list to the griefe I now shall tell ye.

I was belovèd every where,
And much admirèd for my beauty;
Young men thought they happy were
Who best to me could shew their duty:
But now, alack! pain'd in my back,
And cruell gripings in my belly,
Doe force me to cry, O sick am I,
I feare I shall die, alack, and welly!

Instead of mirth, now may I weepe,
And sadly for to sit lamenting,
Since he I loved no faith doth keepe,
Nor seekes no meanes for my contenting:
But all regardlesse of my mone,
Or that lies tumbling in my belly,
He into Sweathland[1] now is gone,
And left me to cry, alack, and welly!

It doth the proverbe verifie—
Folly it were [for] to complaine me—
Those that desired my company
Scornfully now they disdaine me:
Wanting his sight [who] was my delight,
And cruell gripings in my belly,
Doe force me to cry, O sick am I,
I feare I shall die, alack, and welly!

Thus am I to the world a scorne,
My dearest friends will not come nigh me;
Shall I then for his absence mourne
That for his dearest doth deny me?
No, no, no, I will not doe so,
With patience I my griefe will smother,
And, as he hath coozenèd me,
So will I, by cunning, gull another.

Incontinent to Troynovant,[2]
For my content, Ile thither hie me,
Where privately from company
Obscurely Ile lye, where none shall descry me:

[1] "Sweathland" = Sweden. [2] "Troynovant," = New Troy = London.

And when I am easèd of my paine
  And cruell gripings in my belly,
I for a maid will passe againe,
  And need not to cry, alack, and welly!

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Some trades-man there I will deceive
  by my modesty and carriage,[1]
And I will so my selfe behave
  As by some trick to get a marriage:
And when I am married, I will so carry it,
  As none shall know it by my belly,
That ever I have formerly
  Had cause to cry, alack, and welly!

[1] "courage" in the text.

And if he be a husband kind,
  Ile true and constant be unto him;
Obedient still he shall me find,
  With good respect Ile duty owe him;
But if he crabbèd be and crosse,
  And basely beat me, back and belly,
As Vulcan's Knight Ile fit him right,
  And scorne to cry, alack, and welly!

A secret friend Ile keepe in store
  For my content and delectation,
And now and then in the taverne rore
  With joviall gallants, men of fashion:
Sacke, or claret, I will call for it,
  Ile scorne to want, or pinch my belly,
But merry will be in company;
  No more I will cry, alack, and welly!

And if I cannot to my mind
  A husband get that will maintaine me,
Ile shew my selfe to each man kind,
  In hope that it some love will gaine me;
But yet so warie I will be,
  Ile shun from ought may wrong my belly,
Through misery to cause me cry,
  As formerly, alack, and welly!

Had he I lov'd but constant prov'd,
  And not have beene to me deceitfull,
No subtill Sinon should have mov'd
  Me to these odious courses hatefull;
But since that he proves false to me,
  Not pittying that is in my belly,
No more I will grieve, but merry will be,
  And cry no more, alack, and welly!

With resolution firmely bent,
  Ile cast off care and melancholly,
Sorrow and griefe, and discontent,
  To fret and vexe, it is but a folly;

Or seeke by woe to overthrowe,
  Or wrong the first fruits of my belly:
No, no, no, no, Ile not say so,
  No more will I cry, alack, and welly! 96

FINIS. Robert Guy.

Printed at London for I. W.

The Wooing Maid.

This is another of Martin Parker's ballads, of which so many are now to be found only in the Roxburghe Collection. No other copy of the following seems to be traceable elsewhere. The facility and the rhythmical flow of Martin Parker's metres made him the most popular ballad-writer of his time, and perhaps of his century.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 452, 453.]

The Wooing Maid;

Or,

A faire maid neglected,
Forlorne and rejected,
That would be respected:
Which to have effected,
This generall summon
She sendeth in common;
Come tinker, come broomman:
She will refuse no man.

To the tune of *If 'be the dad on't.*



I am a faire maid, if my glasse doe not flatter,
Yet, by the effects, I can find no such matter;
For every one else can have suters great plenty;
Most marry at fourteene, but I am past twenty.
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty,
Oh! if you lack a maid, take me for pitty.

I see by experience—which makes me to wonder—
That many have sweethearts at fifteene, and under,
And if they passe sixteen, they think their time wasted;
O what shall become of me? I am out-casted:
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty,
Oh! if you lack a maid, take me for pitty.

I use all the motives my sex will permit me,
To put men in mind, that they may not forget me:
Nay, sometimes I set my commission o' th' tenters,
Yet let me doe what I will, never a man venters.
Come gentle, &c.

When I goe to weddings, or such merry meetings,
I see other maids how they toy with their sweetings,
But I sit alone, like an abject forsaken;
Woe's me! for a husband what course shall be taken?
Come gentle, &c.

When others to dancing are courteously chosen,
I am the last taken among the halfe dozen,
And yet among twenty not one can excell me;
What shall I do in this case? some good man tell me.
Come gentle, &c.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



'Tis said that one wedding produceth another—
This I have heard told by my father and mother—
Before one shall scape me, Ile goe without bidding;
O that I could find out some fortunate wedding!
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty,
Oh! if you lack a maid, take me for pitty. 33

Sure I am unfortunate, of all my kindred,
Else could not my happinesse be so long hindred:
My mother at eighteene had two sons and a daughter,
And I'm one and twenty, not worth looking after.
Come gentle, &c. 38

My sister, that's nothing so handsome as I am,
Had sixe or seven suters, and she did deny them;
Yet she before sixteene was luckily marry'd:
O Fates! why are things so unequally carry'd?
Come gentle, &c.

My kinswoman Sisly, in all parts mis-shapen,
Yet she on a husband by fortune did happen
Before she was nineteene years old, at the furthest;
Among all my linage am I the unworthiest?
Come gentle, &c.

There are almost forty, both poorer and yonger,
Within few yeares marry'd, yet I must stay longer,
Within foure miles compasse—O is't not a wonder?
Scant none above twenty, some sixteene, some under.
Come gentle, &c.

I hold my selfe equall with most in the parish
For feature, for parts, and what chiefly doth cherish
The fire of affection, which is store of money;
And yet there is no man will set love upon me.
Come gentle, &c.

Who ever he be that will ease my affliction,
And cast upon me an auspicious affection,
Shall find me [so] tractable still to content him,
That he of his bargaine shall never repent him.
Come gentle, &c.

Ile neither be given to scold nor be jealous,
He nere shall want money to drink with good fellows:
While he spends abroad, I at home will be saving,
Now judge, am not I a lasse well worth the having?
Come gentle, &c.

Let none be offended, nor say I'm uncivill,
For I needs must have one, be he good or evill:

Nay, rather then faile, Ile have a tinker or broomman,
A pedler, an inkman, a matman, or some man.
Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty,
O let me not die a maid, take me for pitty. 74

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

A Well Wishing to a Place of Pleasure.

This is another of the older productions which were printed two upon one broadside. It is not in the usual ballad style, but rather a song—the production of a writer of a higher class. It had a special tune, and that tune was sufficiently popular to be used for other songs and ballads. A parody upon the song was sung in the fourth act of Hemming's *Jew's Tragedy*, 4to., 1662.

Two copies of the broadside are extant, one in the Pepys Collection, I. 335, which is without the printer's name, owing to the division of the sheet; but the second half of the broadside, inserted at p. 370, proves it to be by Francis Coules, while the Roxburghe edition is by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

An imperfect copy is found in the Percy folio.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 454.]

A well wishing to a place of pleasure.

To an Excellent New Tune.



See the building
Where, whilest my mistris lived in,
  Was pleasure's essence!
See how it droopeth,
And how nakedly it looketh
  Without her presence!

Every creature
That appertaines to nature,
'Bout this house living,
Doth resemble,
If not dissemble,
Due praises giving.
Harke! how the hollow
Windes do blow
And seeme to murmur
In every corner
For her long absence!
The which doth plainly show
The causes why I do now
All this grief and sorrow shew.

See the garden
Where I receivde reward in
For my true love!
Behold those places
Where I receivde those graces
The Gods might move!
The Queene of plenty,
With all the fruits are dainty
Delights to please:
Flora springing
Is ever bringing
Dame Venus ease.
Oh, see the arbour where that she
With melting kisses,
Distilling blisses
From her true selfe,
With joy did ravish me!
The pretty nightingale
Did sing melodiously.

Haile to those groves
Where I injoyde those loves
So many dayes!
Let the flowers be springing
And sweet birds ever singing
Their roundelaies!

May[1] Cupid's measures
And cause for true love's pleasures
  Be danc'd around!
Let all contentment
For mirth's presentment
  This day be found!
And may the grasse grow ever green
  Where we two lying
  Have oft been trying
More severall wayes
  Th[a]n beauties lovely Queen
When she in bed with Mars
  By all the Gods was seen!

[1] "Many" in the text.

An Inconstant Female.

THE Inconstant Female is printed on the second half of the preceding broadside, is in the same peculiar metre, and intended for the same tune. It is also in the Pepys Collection, I. 370.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 455.]

An Inconstant Female:

With a reward of her disdaine in equalitie.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Loving mortall!
To[1] love I here exhort all
In that estate:
Love is wasting,
But everlasting
Is women's hate.

[1] "In" in the text.

Why then live ye?
Or wherefore alwaies give ye
  Your teares and praiers
To fond woman,
Whose minde so common
  Respect[s] no teares?
Oh! be ruld, and be advis'd
  By one hath seen them,
  By one hath known them,
  By one hath found them
And their loves so small:
For what must parted be
To me is nought at all.

Once I loved,
But thousand times have proved
  A curious faire;
Helene's feature
Beares this coy creature
  And Venus' haire;
Cupid's dandling,[1]
Her tender breasts handling,
  Betwixt them lies;
Love pursued;
The more I viewed,
  Love did more rise.
She did feed me with delay,
  And swore to have me,
  Not once to leave me,
  But vow'd to love me
With the like respect:
When she another sweet-heart
Better did affect.

Void of sorrow,
A patience pure I borrow,
  And wait the time:
She neglectfull,
Of some respectfull,
  Doth let me pine.
Love increased,
But could not be released,

[1] "dandling" = fondling.

The more I sue;
She ungratefull
To me turns hatefull,
False, faire, untrue.
Spend I love, or time of feares,
I am neglected,
Not once respected,
But quite rejected,
And can nothing gaine,
But false dissembling love,
Or fo[u]nd to love in vaine.

Now a Troylus
I still must live, yet joylesse
Of Cresida:
Love's mistaken,
And I, forsaken,
Am left for aye:
Faire she fed me
Untill my Daphne fled me,
With swiftest wings;
Faire she proved,
But false she loved,
So Syrens sings.
But now my love hath proved untrue,
Disdaining pitty
To one so witty,
Ile sing this ditty:
Thus the note shall sound,
"False-hearted fickle maids
Are better lost then found."

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 456, 457.]

Wit's never good till 'tis bought;[1]

Or,

Good counsell for improvident men, Fit to make use of now and then.

To the tune of *Basses Carreere.*



[1] This excellent didactic ballad can hardly be older than the reign of James I. in its present form, because it was to be sung to the tune of "Basse's Carrere," which is to be interpreted as Mr. William Basse's song of "The Hunter in his Career." Nevertheless the subject had probably appeared in an earlier form, as ballads of this class are commonly reproductions of older popular themes. For the excellent song and tune of "The Hunter in his Career," the reader is referred to *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 255, 256.

This copy of the ballad in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be unique.

Once musing alone
Upon things many a one,
Well observ'd and knowne by my selfe,
Especially how
That which late did flow
I have wasted, and now I want pelfe:
This vexèd me sore,
And made me deplore
That I had not before of it thought:
From experience I learn'd,
What I since have discern'd,
That true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Full many a time,
When I was in my prime,
My ambition to climbe honor's hill
Did me forward pricke;
But my jade did so kicke,
And Dame Fortune a trick found to kill
My hope in the bloome,
And debased my plume;
I did further presume than I ought.
Then I wisht I had stayd
At my owne proper trade;
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To fight and to brawle,
And to quarrell with all,
And my betters miscall, I have us'd;
But with woe I did find
All are not of one minde,
Though I oft in some kinde was excus'd:
Yet sometimes I got
A knocke with a pot;
When to speake, and when not, thus I'me taught;
Now, where ever I come
Ile keepe peace in the roome:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I used to roare,
And to drinke on the score,

And I never thought more on the shot:
"Come, Tapster," said I,
"One tooth still is dry,
Then fill's, by and by, t'other pot."
I cal'd still apace,
But within a short space
Into a strong place was I b[r]ought;
Then for eight houres wast
Foure dayes I must fast:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I once had command
Of houses and land—
Thus my case well did stand among men—
But movèd with pride,
And contention beside,
I would wrangle or chide now and then.
If a horse I but found
To leape into my ground,
Straight away to the pound he was brought;
Now I wish I had still
Kept my neighbours' good will,
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

This rancor and spleene
My ruine hath beene,
As may plainly be seene by my state;
Contention in law
Did my purse empty draw,
Which I never foresaw til too late;[1]
Upon every slight thing
I my action would bring,
But my hands now I wring with the thought:
Now I wish I had that
Which hath made others fat;[2]
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

[1] The text has, "til *'tis* too late," an ungrammatical interpolation, and one that spoils the metre.
[2] "flat" in the text.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



In company base,
That are voyd of all grace,
I came often in place by meere chance;
But being with them,
Whom, alone, I'de condemne,
I'de in presence esteeme and advance;
But being apart,
Catechising my heart,
It much sorrow and smart hath me brought;
Then, with sad melancholly,
I weepe for my folly:
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Besides, now and then,
I have hapned with men,
That too cunning have bin at the catch ;[1]
And then, in my drinke,
I, with paper and inke,
Have made, I did thinke, a good match ;
But after, when I
More deliberately
The businesse to tryall had brought,
I have found my selfe cheated,
And basely defeated :
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Moreover I have
Told my mind to a knave,
Thinking him truly grave, truly just ;
I my heart have expos'd,
And my secrets disclos'd,
As a friend I reposed on his trust ;
But the rascall ignoble,
His heart being double,
Mee much woe and trouble hath wrought ;
But I've learnd, ere since that,
To take heed of my chat :
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

When I was a lad
A good service I had,
Then my minde was to gadding full bent ;
Though I nothing did lacke,
Nor for belly nor backe,
Yet I was not with that well content :
But upon small distaste
My selfe I displast,
Thus my downfall in haste then I sought ;
Since, I wisht to obtaine
What I oft did disdaine :
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

[1] "the catch" = taking undue advantage.

Too willing I was
My owne credit to passe;
Now I find it, alas! to my paine,
That, with setting my hand
To another man's band,
For to sell house and land I was faine.[1]
I have passèd my word,
For what others have scor'd;
And I oft, like a bird, have bin caught
In the prison to stay,
Where I sung *Lachrima:*[2]
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

If any of those
That are, causeless, my foes,
Should so rashly suppose in their hearts,
That all in this song
To my selfe doth belong,
Their conjecture is wrong, for their part,
Whoever they be,
Here[3] they something may see
By which every degree may be taught:
What ere's thy profession,
Thou maist learne this lesson,
That wit's never good till 'tis bought.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

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[1] "faine" = obliged.
[2] This seems to be an allusion to a celebrated composition called Lachrimæ, by John Dowland.
[3] "Where" in the text.

The Worst is Past.

ANOTHER didactic ballad, intended as a monition for the age. A second copy of this same edition is in the Euing Collection, No. 402, and perhaps these are the only two now extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 458, 459.]

The Worst is past;

Or,

**A merry new Song that lately was pen'd,
Which, when these things alter, the times will amend:
It's merry and harmlesse, free from all distaste,
And, when these changes come, the worst is past.**

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



My maste[r]s all, give eare awhile:
Ile do the best to make you smile,
Hoping to give no man distaste,
But tell them when the worst is past.

And therefore now, to please you all,
To pen and inke I did befall,
And casting up my summe at last,
I told them how the worst is past.

When merchants they leave over buying,
And lawyers, some, give over lying,
And all Precisians are grown chast,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

When land-lords do leave taking rent
And with good words will be content,
And millers turn good fellows in haste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When Turnball-street has ne're a whore,
And theeves their stealing-trade give ore,
And wanton wenches all live chaste,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

When highway robbers will refuse
To take a purse, knowing what ensues,
And recantation make in haste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When all will live by honest means,
Hating dice, cards, and cozening quean[s],
And all eschew ill wayes in haste,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

Now sea-men are brave fellows all,
They'l drink the strong and leave the smal,
And when the reckoning's paid at last,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

When northern cloth gives over shrinking,
And all good fellows leave off drinking,
And brewers all have brew'd their last,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

When paritors[1] will take no fee,
And fo[e] with fo[e] will all agree,
And spend no coyne in law at waste,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

When tapsters will not thrive by froth,
And to score two for one are loth,
And all old scores are paid in haste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

Thus, wishing all may mend apace,
Let all are ill turn from the race,
And learn with speed to mend in haste,
And then w' are sure the worst is past.

[1] "Paritors" = apparitors, who summoned people to the Ecclesiastical Courts, specially for incontinence.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



When tailors will not use a hell,[1]
And travellers no lies will tell,
And all that's spoke prove true at last,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When some inquirers after news,
Whose eares do itch for what ensues,
Will be content to know at last,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

[1] "A tailor's hell was where he deposited his cabbage."—Halliwell.

When knights o' th' post[1] will swear no lie,
And truth is known from flattery,
Then need no pillories up be plac't,
For then, I think, the worst is past.

When as Joan Slattern cleanly growes,
Doth cut her nails, and pare her toes,
And will turn cleanly at the last,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When prodigals will save their coyne,
And will at once but twopence joyne,
And cross the mercer's book in haste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When gossips to no feast will range,
Nor some, like to the moon, still change,
Then tat'ling tales will all lie waste,
And then, I think, the worst is past.

And when new fashions are not used,
And in some trades truth's not abused,
Then we shall see good dayes at last,
And surely think, the worst is past.

When gallants in their drinke not swear,
And all poor men are free from care,
And spend not all in lustfull waste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When thieves leave off their stealing trade,
And cheats to rook men are afraid,
And are inclinde to good at last,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When brokers will refuse a pawn,
And parasites will leave to fawn,
And bankerouts pay all men in haste,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

[1] "knights o' th' post" = hired witnesses.

When horse-coursers will leave to swear,
And [un]to Newgate none repaire,
And Doctor Stories Cap[1] stands waste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

When Mistris midnight-walker will
Turn from her courses, which are ill,
And come no more unto men's waste,
Why then, I think, the worst is past.

And thus for to conclude in haste,
Hoping none vertuous in distaste,
When all our reckoning's paid at last,
Why then, I hope, the worst is past.

FINIS.

London, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield.

[1] Doctor Story's cap = the hanging cap.

Wat Williams's Will.

We have just passed two didactic ballads, and Master Wat Williams now takes upon himself the office of *didaskalos* in a third. His last will and testament is to direct what should be done in the world to amend it. The bookbinder has been an enemy to the full development of his instructions by having cut off two lines from the first double column of the broadside. Unluckily, those lines cannot be restored, for the lack of any second copy among the known collections. Even the moralizer himself is unknown.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 460, 461.]

Wat Williams' Will.

Well-wishing Williams' Will and Testament,
Which to the Ballad-singer he hath sent,
To be dispers'd to all good people kinde,
That would doe well, and beare an honest minde.

To the tune of *Then let us to Virginia goe.*



I wish for no man's riches,
yet would I were more wealthy;
And those that are both sicke and lame
I would they were more healthy;

I wish to be contented
with that which God doth send me,
And take his blessings in good part
of all that he doth lend me.

I wish all cruell landlords
would not be stony-hearted,
That to their tenants, which are poore,
some rent be back imparted;
Then sure their heires would prosper,
and not so soone consume it—
As some with dice, and drabs, and drinke,
and Indian-weede perfume it.

I wish all Christian people
in peace to live together,
And not for trifles goe to law,
or wagging of a feather:
The lawyers they make rich,
unto their owne undoing,
As too-too many in this land
doe wring their hands with wooing.

I wish [that] all shop-keepers
would use true waight and measure,
And not, with slight and rotten wares,
get such a deale of treasure;
With "Yea, and nay, and truely,
and verily, deere brother,
I cannot sell under that price
if 'twere unto my mother."

I wish artificers,
and handy-crafty trades-men,
Would make no slight and rotten wares,
in which they so deceive men;
Their stuffe[s] are naught and rotten,
and will not hold the wearing,
[. . . . . .
. . . . .]

I wish that [all] quack-salvers,
and mountebanks so busie,
That kills so many with their drugges,
and live in corners privie,

They had some better skill,
and not so many murther;
Those private faults they doe commit
the earth doth quickly smother.

I wish that farmers rich
that hordeth corne in corners,
And those that buyes the bread of life
and hides it in their garners,
It might from them be tooke,
which makes such scarce of plenty,
Ere it doth rot, as some hath done,
and given to poore that's empty.

Would bakers all were honest!
and colliers sell true measure,
Nor shrinke their sackes to wrong the poore,
'twould doe them mickle pleasure:
Would souters[1] use good leather,
and taylers leave their stealing,
The needy sort should better live
if all us'd honest dealing.

I wish all tapsters eke
their liquor not to spill it,
Nor yet to bumbast up their jugges
and pots, with froth to fill it;
You neede not call for drinke
if you have money plenty,
Hee'l fill your braines and belly full,
but soone your pockets empty.

I wish all ostlers eke
to leave their double dealing,
Nor use to grease their horses' teeth,
nor yet their oates be stealing;
They'l cheat you to your face,
strewing oates on the peckes bottome,
[. . . . . .
. . . . .]

[1] "souters" = cobblers, A.S. sutere.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Would drunkards leave such drinking!
and gallants leave their roaring,
Would desperate Dick forbeare to stab,
and leachers leave their whoring;
If there were no pick-pockets,
nor theeves in corners lurking,
The hangman might goe hang himselfe,
or starve, for want of working.

I doubt some money-mongers
that useth great extortion,
Which maketh dice of poore men's bones,
they shall have Dives' portion;
I wish that jaylers eke,
of country and of citie,
Would not use prisoners poore like dogges,
but take of them some pitie.

I wish all men were honest,
and all did love true dealing,
Nor runne in debt good mindes to cheate,
nor any bent to stealing;
Would there no cheating were,
no cogging, nor no lying;
Would there were no deceit at all
in selling or in buying.

Would some receive no bribes,
nor double fees be taking,
Some clyents on the surer side
would not have hearts so aking,
And termers[1] might keepe home,
being rul'd by honest neighbours,
As many which were wise have done,
And sav'd their coyne and labours.

I wish no strifes nor jarring
'twixt married couples happen,
And then each thing will prosper well,
their children well wil batten:[2]
All things will well encrease
by God's almighty power;
In discord doe not spend your dayes,
nor on each other lower.

Likewise I wish all parents
their children wel to nourish,
And in God's word to traine them up,
which like to vines wil flourish:
And children have a care
to please your parents truly,
Then long you shal enjoy the land,
and have all things most duly.

I wish true amity
'mongst neighbours may be common;
And that no honest-minded man
be match'd with a bad woman:

[1] "termers" = lawyers who keep term.

[2] "batten" = thrive.

Nor that an honest wife
doe with a mad man marry,
Being so yoak't, there's nought but strife,
and all things seeme to varie.

I wish all wicked traytors,
and such like bloudy fellowes,
That doe their King and countrey hate,
were hangèd on the gallowes:
I wish that peace and plenty
may in our kingdome flourish,
And that the Gospel's heavenly light
we may embrace and nourish.

And all wisht happinesse
unto my King I render,
That long amongst us he may raigne,
in glory and in splendor:
Our gracious Queene God blesse,
and royall progenie,
Long let them live, and after death
place them in heaven most hie.

I wish the clergie well,
the nobles, and the gentrie,
The laymen, and the commons all—
poore men, Ile not exempt yee—
Lord, send us charity!
let us our lives be mending,
And give Thee thanks for all thy gifts
thou still to us art sending.

Thus now my testament
I fully have concluded,
And wish you well to use these lines
which here you have perusèd:
This is my legacie
which unto all is given:
The Lord preserve you every one,
And send your soules to heaven.

FINIS. Wat Williams.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 462, 463.]

The World's Sweet-heart:[1]

Whereby it is shewed that Mistris Money Is the world's Sweet-heart and Hony.

To the tune of *The Begger Boy.*



[1] The world's sweetheart has lost none of her attractions, although older by more than two centuries since this ballad was written. Richard Barnfield celebrated her as the Lady Pecunia in 1598, and she retains that rank and name in one of the stanzas of this later effusion. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection is probably unique, as no other is to be found in the well-known collections. The very pretty tune of *The Beggar Boy* will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and in *Old English Ditties.*

Sweet Mistris Money, I here will declare
Thy beauty, which every one adoreth;
The lofty gallant and beggar so bare
Some help and comfort from thee imploreth;
For thou art become the World's Sweetheart,
While every one doth make thee their honey,
And loath they are from thee to depart,
So well they doe love sweet Mistris Money.

Money is that which all men obey,
The wealthy rich miser doteth upon it,
He puts her to trading untill such a day,
And is very carefull in parting from it:
It joyes him to see a great heap of wealth,
And Lady Pecunia is his deare honey,
While he is content for to starve himselfe,
Even for the love of Mistris Money.

The Citty of London doth take great care
To gaine her favour by some new fashion,
And for her sake they will give you such ware
As there is not better in any nation:
For every one's heart is now set upon her,
And she is become their onely deare honey;
Where ever she goes her steps they doe honour,
So well they doe love sweet Mistris Money.

Though Money's complexion be very white,
Yet I doe thinke there was never yet any
Could equall her beauty, which is so bright,
So that she hath friends and lovers many:
Each one will lend her a helping hand
To carry abroad their dearest honey,
And they will be ready at her command,
Even for the love of Mistris Money.

Your country men to the market will goe
With corne, and such other like provision,
And to procure money sometimes, you do know,
They will sell it off upon any condition:

To cure their hearts of sorrow and care
The savour of coyne is as sweet as honey,
And they are glad to sell off their ware,
Even for the love of Mistris Money.

The shepheard, that lyeth abroad in the field,
And never careth for wind or weather,
Doth hope that his sheepe some profit wil yeeld,
Which makes him to keepe them all together:
For he wil sit on the side of a rock,
Or else lye upon a green banke that is sunny,
And there he will keepe his poore little flock,
Even for the love of Mistris Money.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



In city, and country, and every place,
'Tis mony that is so much respected,
For she can never receive disgrace,
Since many devises are still projected
By those which seeke her favour to gaine,
And make her their onely delight and honey;
For they will refuse no labour and paine,
In hope for to get sweet Mistris Money.

I thinke the world shall come to an end
Before that Money shall be despised,
For in every corner she hath a close friend,
And by every one she is highly prised:
In every country, where ever you ride,
The savour of coyne is sweet as the hony,
And all the inns on the road doe provide
To entertaine sweet Mistris Money.

Now Cupid may lay by his quiver and bow,
Whereby sometime much love was procured,
Since now to marry they are very slow,
Unlesse that a portion may be assured;
For that doth carry their fancy away,
So that young men doe make it their honey,
And many a wedding, without delay,
Is made up for the love of money.

Mark where you doe come, and you shal still find,
That for your money you shal be attended;
My host and my hostesse will be very kind;
But when that your silver and coin is spended,
Faith! then you may goe with much grief and woe,
Because you have parted from your deare hony;
For that respect which to you they did show
Was for the love of Mistris Money.

At Rome the priests doe make her a saint,
Who cheat the people by fond delusion;
And if that you no mony doe want,
You shall for your sins have an absolution:

Thus, in forraine countries, wherever you goe,
This mammon is counted their onely hony,
And unto you much kindnesse they'l shew,
Even for love of Mistris Money.

The seaman likewise will travaile abroad,
In storms and in tempests his heart nere faileth,
Untill with commodities he be wel stor'd,
And then through the ocean he lustily saileth.
He cares not if that he meets with some blowes,
For he so esteemeth his dearest hony,
That he spreadeth his sayls and away he goes,
And sometimes he bringeth home gold and money.

Thus all men's affections are equally bent
to money, which maketh them ful of mettle,
And when they doe want it they are discontent,
Because their love on it they doe settle:
Yet I would not have you to set your heart
On worldly treasure, to make it your hony,
But to buy this ditty before you depart,
If that you doe love sweet Mistris Money.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Tho. Lambert, at the signe of the Horshoo in Smithfield.

Excellent Discourse of a Breeding Lark.

ALTHOUGH there seems to be but one extant edition of this excellent ballad as it was published within the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, there remain, by a rare chance, two which were printed in the sixteenth century. The one included in the Christie-Miller (late Heber) Collection was "Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, dwelling neere Holborne Bridge," and it bears the date of 1589. The other is in the collection of printed broadsides, consisting of ballads and proclamations, in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries of London. This second was "Printed at London by Richard Johnes," without date, but it bears the name of the author, Arthur Bour. The two editions from the same printer show how difficult it is to draw positive deductions as to comparative age between printed ballads. In the first case we have "*Im*printed," and "Richard *Jhones*," with the date of 1589; and in the second, "Printed," and "Richard *Johnes*," without date, but with the name of the author, which gives sanction to the idea that it is an earlier, if not even the first edition. Compositors had it all their own way in those days, for there can have been no correctors of the press. Uniformity of spelling was not observed, even between one line and the next. [All this is by way of parenthesis, to show the reader how necessary it has been to use such words as "perhaps," and "it seems"—by the repetition of which he has been bored in the short introductions to these ballads; instead of a good, round, dogmatic, "It is."] The text which bears the author's name is here followed, but that copy has no woodcuts. The Roxburghe edition was "Imprinted at London for J. W." The ballad would be well placed in a book of fables. The moral is in the last four lines. Mr. Payne Collier included this ballad in the first issue of the Percy Society.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 464, 465, collated with the Antiq. Soc. copy.]

A worthy myrrour, wherein ye may marke An excellent discourse of a breeding Larke; By readyng wherof perceyve well ye may What trust is [on] freends or on kinsfolkes to stay.

To the tune of *Rogero*.



[The Roxburghe copy has here two woodcuts: the one above, and that printed on p. 93 of this volume.]

A larke somtimes did breed
within a field of corne,
And had increase when as the grayne
was redy to be shorne;
She, wary of the time,
and carefull for her nest,
Debated wisely with her selfe
what thing to doo were best.

For to abide the rage
of cruell reaper's hande,
She knew it was to[o] perillous
with safetie for to stande;
And to dislodge her broode,
unable yet to flye,
Not knowing whither to remove;
great harmes might hap therby.

Therfore shee ment to staye
tyll force constraynd to fleete,
And in the whyle for to provyde
some other place as meete.
The better to provyde
the purpose of her mynde,
Shee would forthwith go seeke abroad,
and leave her yong behind.

But first shee bad them all
attend their mother's wyll,
Which carefull was for to eschewe
each likelyhood of yll.
"This corne is ripe," quoth she,
"wherein we nestled are:
The which, if heede prevents not harmes,
may cause our mortall care.

"Therfore to fence with skill
the sequeell of mishappes,
I will provyde some other place,
for feare of afterclappes.
Whilste I for this and foode
am flowen hence awaye,
With heedefull eares attentive bee
what commers by doo saye."

Thus sayde, shee vaunste her selfe
upon her longest toe,
And mounted up into the skies,
styll singing as shee flowe.
Anone shee home returnde,
full fraught with choyse of meate;
But loe! a suddaine change—hir byrdes
for feare could nothyng eate.

Therwith agast, she cride,
"What, how? what meaneth this?
I charge ye, on my blessyng tell
what thyng hath chaunst amis?

Are these my welcomes home,
or thankes for foode I have?
Ye wonted were with chirping cheare
to gape before I gave.

"But now such quawmes oppresse
your former quiet kynde,
That, quite transform'd, dumb mute things
and senselesse soules I finde."
The prime and eldest birde,
thus checkt, began to say:
"Alas! deare dame, such news we hard
sence ye were flowen awaye!

"That, were it not the truste
that we repose in you,
Our lives were lost remediles;
we know it well ynow.
The owner of this plot
came hither with his sonne,
And sayd to him, 'This wheat must down,
'tis more then time 'twere don.

"'Go, get thee to my friendes,
and byd them come to morne,
And tell them that I crave their helpes,
to reape a peece of corne.'"
The lark that was the dam
stood in a dump a whyle,
And after said, "His fri[e]nds, quoth hee,"
and then began to smile.

"Tush, friendes are hard to finde,
true friendship seild appeares;
A man may misse to have a friend,
that lives olde Nestor's yeares:
True Damon, and his friend,
Long ere our time were dead;
It was in Greece, a great way hence,
where such two friends were bred.

"Our country is to[o] colde
to foster up a friende:
Tyll proofe be made, eche one wyll say,
'still yours' unto the end.
But trye in time of neede,
and all your friends are flowen;
Suche fruitlesse seede, such fickle stay,
in faithlesse friendes is sowen.[1]

"Therfore be of good cheere,
revive your dullèd sprites,
Expell the care that causlesse thus
bereaves you of delightes:
Let no surmisèd feare
deprive your eyes of sleepe;
My selfe will be amongst ye styll,
that safely shall ye keepe:

"And sweare eene by the tufte
that growes upon my crowne,
If all his helpe be in his frendes,
this corne shall not goe downe."
The yong, assured by her,
that such an othe dyd sweare,
Dyd passe the time with wonted sleepe,
and banisht former feare.

And when the drousie night
was fled from gladsome day,
She bad them wake, and looke about,
for she must goe her way;
And saide, "I warrant you,
these friends wyll not come heere;
Yet, notwithstanding, listen well,
and tell me what you heare."

Anone, the farmer came
enraged, well nie madde,
And sware, "Whoso depends on friends,
his case is worse then badde.

[1] The Roxburghe edition is here divided, to form a second part, but there is no such division in the Elizabethan copies.

I wyll go set my kinne
to helpe mee with this geare:
In things of greater weight then this
their kindred shall appeare."

The larkes, their dam returnd,
informèd her of all;
And how that he hymselfe was gone
his kindred for to call.
But when she hard of kinne,
shee, laughinge, cried amayne:
"A pin for kin; a figge for friendes,
yet kinne the worst of twayne.

"This man himselfe is poore,
though wealthy kin[n]e he have;
And kindred now-a-dayes doth quaile
when neede compelles to crave.
No, no! he shall returne
with yll-contented mynde;
His paynes shal yeald but losse of time,
no succour he shall finde.

"They all are so addicte
unto their private gayne,
That if ye lacke power to requite,
your sutes are all in vayne.
'My selfe am overchargde
with harvest, ye may see;
And neerer is my skin then shirte'—
thus shall their answere be.

"Therfore, as earste of friendes,
so saye I nowe of kin;
Wee shall receyve no hurte by them,
nor he no profite win:
Yet listen once agayne
what now his refuge is;
For kindred shall be lyke to friendes,
be well assured of this.

"I must goe furnish up
a neast I have begun;
I wyll returne and bring ye meate,
as soone as it is don."
Then up she clam the clowdes,
with such a lusty laye,
That it rejoyste her yonglinges hartes,
as in their neast they lay.

And muche they did commende
their mother's lofty gate;
And thought it long til time had brought
themselves to such estate:
Thus whilste their twinkelynge eyes
were rovyng to and fro,
They saw where as the farmer came,
that was their mortall foe.

Who, after due complaintes,
thus said he in the ende:
"I will from hencefoorth trust my selfe,
and not to kinne nor friende.
Who geves me glosing wordes,
and fayles me at my neede,
May in my Pater-noster bee,
but never in my Creede.

"My selfe will have it downe,
since needes [it] must be so;
For proofe hath taught me too much wit
to trust to any mo."
The birdes, that listenying laye
attentive to the same,
Informde their mother of the whole
as soon as ere she came.

"Yea, ma[r]ry then," quoth shee,
"the case now altered is;
We wyll no longer heare abyde,
I alwayes fearèd this."
But out she got them all,
and trudged away apace,
And through the corn she brought them safe
into another place.

God send her lucke to shun
both hauke and fouler's gin,
And mee the hap to have no neede
of friends, nor yet of kin. 204

FINIS. Arthur Bour.

Printed at London by Richard Johnes.



[This Roxburghe cut stands to the right of that printed on p. 87.]

A Woman's Birth and Education.

The following biting satire upon the fair must have been written by a disappointed man—some one who had perhaps turned a misogonist from having suffered by the caprices of a jilt. The satire is ingenious and clever, without being even reasonably just to the sex. There are exceptional cases on both sides; and Philo-Balladus, who subscribes this production, had perhaps encountered a most unfavorable example of womankind; but he has revenged it upon the whole female sex. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be unique. If the date of the author may be assumed from that of the publisher, Philo-Balladus flourished between the latter part of the reign of James I. and the Protectorate. He wrote too well for this to have been a solitary production from his pen; but who he was is now unknown.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 466, 467.]

A Woman's Birth;

Or,

A perfect relation more witty than common,
Set forth to declare the descent of a woman.

To a pleasant new tune.



There is a certaine kind of idle creature,
The which by foolish name we call a woman;
I could fall out and rayle upon Dame Nature,
That e'er she fram'd such creatures to undoe man:
Many have wondered how it came to passe,
But note, and I will tell you how it was. 6

When Nature first brought forth her son and heire,
The gods came all one day to gossip with her;
Her husband Hymen, glad to see them there,
Dranke healths apace to bid them welcome thither,
Till drunke, to bed he went, and in that fit
He got the second birth, a female chit.

The privy counsell of the heavens and planets,
Whose counsell governes all affaires on earth,
They held a consultation, in their senats,
What should become of this prodigious birth;
These strange effects and correspondent qualities
Which are brought forth by course, and by formalities.

Saturne gave sullennesse, Jove sŏvĕrāignty,[1]
Mars suddaine wrath and unappeasèd hate,
Phœbus a garish looke, and wandring eye,
Venus desire, and lust insatiate,
Mercury craft, and deep dissembling gave her,
Luna unconstant thoughts, still apt to waver.

Juno, the wife of Jove, gave jealousie,
A pettish anger, and revengefull spirit,
In which she will persist perpetually,
As if her soule could boast no other merit:
Though love at first beare rule in her supremely,
Wanting her wil, ther's none hates more extremely.

Flora bestow'd upon her cheeke a hue
Of red and white, to make her feature pleasant,
That she the easier might the heart subdue
Of king, prince, courtier, cittizen, or peasant;
But he that trusts her faith, it is so slacke,
Her red and white to willow turnes, and blacke.

Scornefull Diana did her mind inspire
With cruell coynesse, and obdurate passions,
That man might thinke her soule had most desire
Still to live single, without alterations;
When heaven knows 'tis but her pride of mind,
That thinkes none good enough to court her kind.

[1] Philo-balladus seems to have changed his metre. This line cannot be read as in the preceding stanzas. Although professedly written to "a pleasant new tune," the ballad is rather to be read than sung.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Thus qualified, into the world was brought
  This strang and uncouth piece of earth, call'd woman;
Nature, afraid her husband should have thought
  That she had plaid the whore, or beene too common,
Besought Lucina from old Hymen's sight
Close to convey it unto Venus bright;

Where, being brought by Venus, she did learne
  To use loose gestures with her hand and eye,
With fainèd sighs, false teares, not to discerne,
  And divers such loose tricks of levity;
Lisping of kisses, smilings, and such fits,
As well might drive a kind man from his wits.

Venus, well skill'd and apt to make escape,
  Sent it to be brought up among the fayries;

Thus, finding it to prove a pretty ape,
Wanton and merry, full of mad fegaries,
She brought it home and gave it to her son,
To be his playmate and companion.

Mulciber, envying that his wife had got
A nurcery, contrary to his mind,
He call'd the Cyclopes, and with fire hot
They forg'd her heart, just to it's proper kind
Of steele, i' th' fashion of an anvill hard
That should no fire nor stroakes a whit regard.

Phaeton, that while assuming Phœbus seate,
I' th' time of 's raigne, imparted to this brat
Mischievous fancies and a proud conceit,
That should desire to doe she knows not what:
And that donation did her so inspire,
If wishes might prevayle, the world she'd fire.

The wingèd child no sooner did espy her,
But he enamour'd of her feature grew;
The God of Love himselfe was set on fire,
And needs would change his mother for a new.
If she on Love's great power can worke such rape,
How shall his subjects, with their weaknesse, scape?

He prank't it up in fardingals and muffs,
In masks, rebatos, shapperowns, and wyers,
In paintings, powd'rings, perriwigs, and cuffes,
In Dutch, Italian, Spanish, French attires:
Thus was it born, brought forth, and made Love's baby,
And this is that which now we call a lady.

But you, yong men, to whom she may be sent,
Take some advisement ere you entertaine her;
Pray use her kindly for her high descent,
Courting and kissing is the way to gaine her;
If she love true, Ile speak this in her praise,
Each houre shee'le blesse the number of your dayes.

FINIS.

Philo-balladus.

Printed London for Francis Grove, dwelling upon Snow-hill.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 468, 469.]

Well met, Neighbour;[1]

Or,

A dainty discourse betwixt Nell and Sisse,
Of men that doe use their wives amisse:
Then all you good women their cases pitty,
The cause you shall heare if you list to this ditty.

To the tune of *Ragged and Torne.*



[1] Two gossiping married women meet by chance, and they allow their tongues to run on at great length about the badness of husbands in general. These gossips have a little scandal to tell of all the married men in the neighbourhood. The ballad is

"Whither away, good neighbour,
What makes you to trudge so fast?"
"I'm going to Margeryes labour,
I'm sent for in very great hast."
"Yet, for all this your speed,
I pray you goe softly awhile,
For I have a thing in my head
That will hold us talking a mile:
Heard you not lately of Hugh,
How soundly his wife he bang'd?
He beat her black and blew—
O such a rogue would be hang'd!"

"Is't possible, neighbour Sisse,
That they doe no better agree?"
"Nay, I have more newes than this,
Of others as bad as he:
And, seeing wee both goe one way,
Wee'l give to our hast some scope,
Though you from the labour doe stay,
Shee'l doe well enough, I hope.
Know you not Laurence the miller?
O he is as good as ere twanged;
His wife sayes he threatens to kill her—
O such a rogue would be hangd!"

"O, fye on these dastardly knaves!
For those that will beate their wives,
They dare not, with swords or staves,
Meet men in the field for their lives.
But if that my husband should
Not use mee so well as he ought,
My hands I should hardly hold,
For I'de give him as good as he brought.

---

from the prolific pen of Martin Parker, and the Euing Collection alone seems to include a second copy. Euing, No. 383, was issued by the same publisher as the Roxburghe copy.

The tune of *Ragged and Torn* derives its name from a ballad already reprinted herein (II. 409), and that ballad was sung to the tune of *Old Simon the King*. Thus we have *Old Sir Simon* under another name.

But know you not Kett the baker?
O he is as good as ere twang'd;
Hee threatens his wife to forsake her—
O such a rogue would be hangd!"

"Why, what is his reason for that?"
"In troth, neighbour, I doe not know,
But when hee's as drunke as a rat,
Then shee'l act the part of a shrow."
"Tush! that's such a catching disease,
Few women their silence can keepe:
Let every one say what they please,
But a shrew's better [far] than a sheepe.
But know you not Ralph the plummer?
Aye,[1] hee is as good as ere twang'd;
He walkes with a wench every summer—
O such a rogue would be hang'd!"

"What does his poore wife the meane while?"
"At home she doth sadly remaine,
And at his returne she will smile,
And lovingly him entertaine."
"In troth then he serves her but right,
But if that were [only] my case,
The wench that hee kept but one night,
Should goe with no nose on her face.
But know you not Sam the turner?
O hee is as good as ere twang'd;
He throws his wife i' th' fire to burn her—
O such a rogue would be hang'd!"

[1] "Aye," printed "I."

The second part.

To THE SAME TUNE.



"I pray you, how happened that?
What should be the cause of this strife?"
"A man brought a new beaver hat
Unto his next neighbour's wife,
And she spoke unto her good man
To buy such another for her;
Which made him to curse and to ban,
And thus began all the stir.
But know you not Franke the glover?
O he is as good as ere twang'd;
His wife sayes [that] he does not love her—
O such a rogue would be hangd!"

"But what doe you thinke 's the occasion
That separates them in affection?"
"Hee's led by a queane's perswasion
To bring his poore wife in subjection."

"Should my good man use me thus,
I'de feritt both him and his minion;
To love them that love not us
Is folly, in my opinion.
But know you not Ned the painter?
O he is as good as ere twangd;
Hee's turned a great tavern-haunter—
O such a rogue would be hang'd!"

"This seemes a great wonder to mee,
And a thing which I hardly can think,
For lately so strict was he,
That you hardly could get him to drink."
"Tush, that's a thing commonly seene;
There's many that seeme so civill,
In a place convenient, have beene
As bad as who's most evill.
But know you not Stephen the weaver?
O he is as good as ere twang'd;
Has deceiv'd my maide, now hee'l leave her—
O such a rogue would be hangd!"

"Why, neighbour, I hope you but jest—
Has he your maid Nan beguil'd?"
"'Tis true, neighbour Nell, I protest,
And I doubt now she will run wild."
"'Tis pitty that maids are so kind
To trust them that are so fickle,
For now you may well understand,
She is left in a very bad pickle.
But know you not George the felmonger?[1]
O he is as good as ere twang'd;
He let his first wife dye for hunger—
O such a rogue would be hangd!"

"In sadnesse, neighbour Sisse,
You have made me my time oreslip;
If Margery should doe amisse,
'Twould make mee to bite my lip:

[1] "felmonger" = a dealer in hides.

And therefore, in hast, farewell!
O Margery, now I come;
Adiew, sweet neighbour Nell,
Hush, say no more, but mum!
For staying from Madge 'tis true,
I confesse I deserve to be bang'd;
And this is all long of Hugh—
O such a rogue would be hang'd!"

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

Jasper Coningham.

The earliest extant copy of this ballad is in the Collection of Frederic Ouvry, Esq., F.S.A. It seems to be the only one remaining of the sixteenth century. The Ballad Society is indebted to Mr. Ouvry for a collation of the Roxburghe edition with his own. The later editions contain many extra verses, which are here *in situ*, but printed in smaller type. The general text is from Mr. Ouvry's copy.

Editions of the seventeenth century may be found in the following collections:—Pepys, II. 166, printed for Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger; Euing, 399, printed for Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke; Roxburghe I. 470, printed for Alex. Milbourn.

The story of the ballad might be added to any collection of modern miracles intended for the edification of unbelievers.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 470, 471, collated with an earlier copy in Mr. Ouvry's Collection.]

The wonderful example of God shewed upon Iasper Coningham, a Gentleman born in Scotland, who was of oppinion that there was neither God, nor Divell, Heaven nor Hell.

To the tune of *O neighbour Robert.*



[This cut is taken from the Roxb. copy; there are no cuts in Mr. Ouvry's copy.]

It was a Scotch-man—
a Scotch-man lewd of life,
That long had lived
unlawfull from his wife;
His name was Iasper Coningham,
as I doe understand,
Whose dwelling was neer Aberdine,
a towne in faire Scotland.

He had a sister,
which was both faire and bright,
Worshipfully wedded
unto a wealthy knight.

Godly, wise, and vertuous
in everything was she,
A fairer comely lady
in Scotland could not be.

Her wicked brother
such inward pang did proove,
With his fair sister
he greatly falles in love;
He watches time, he woes her,
and shewes to her his minde:
And still he saith, "Sweet sister,
be not to me unkinde."

This comely lady,
in milde and gentle wise,
Unto her brother
thus modestly replyes:
"The Lord forbid, deare brother,
I should consent at all
To such a damnèd action,
to bring our soules in thrall.

"Is not great torments
prepar'd for hatefull sinne?
Is not God as righteous
as he hath ever bin?
Is not hell preparèd,
with quenchles flames of fire,
To give such wicked persons
their due deserved hire?

"[Wherefore, dear brother,
repent, and call for grace;
Let not these motions
within your heart take place:
Consider how to judgment
we shall be one day brought,
To answer for our follies,
which in our lives we wrought.]"

Her brother, hearing
her godly Christian talke,
Within the garden
as they alone did walke,
Blasphemously replied,
all shameles as he stood,
Saying, "She had declared
a tale of Robin Hood.

"You are deceived,
faire sister," then said he,
"To talke of heaven's glorie,
or of hel's paine to me:
These are devisèd fables
to keep poor fooles in feare;
That were by wise men written,
though no such things there were.

"[You speak of reckoning,
and of a judgment-day,
And, after life is ended
and flesh consum'd away,
And of a God most justly
will plague all things amiss,
And those that do believe it,
are much deceiv'd, I wis.]

"Alas!" he said, "my sister,
these things are nothing so;
No God nor divel is biding,
no heaven nor hell I know:
All things are wrought by Nature—
The earth, the aire, and skie—
There is no joy nor sorrow
after that man dooth die.

"Therefore, let me have pleasure
while here I doe remaine:
I feare not God's displeasure,
nor hel's tormenting paine."

No sooner had he spoken
this foule blasphemous thing,
But that a heavie judgement
the Lord did on him bring.

For in the garden
whereas he did abide,
Sodainely a fire
sprung up on every side;
Which round about enclosed
this damnèd wretch that day;
Who roar'd and cri'd most grievously,
but could not start away.



[This is the Roxburghe cut.]

This fearefull fire
up to his knees did rise,
Burning blew, like brimstone,
in most outragious wise.
The lady, which beheld it,
ran crying in for ayde,
To plucke away her brother,
which in the fier staid.

[But nought prevailèd,
for all that they could do,
Long staves, and also pitchforks,
they reachèd him unto;
Because they durst not venture
near to the fiery flame,
He taking hold upon them
to draw him out of the same.]

But not a finger,
nor hand that he could moove;
His armes hung dead behind him,
great paine that he did proove:
And now he bans and curses
the day that he was borne,
And wishes that his carcase
by divels might be torne.

"Now feele I surely,"
quoth he, "there is a God
That sore doth plague me
with his strong iron rod.
O, hide me from his presence!
his lookes are death to me:
Nothing but wrath and vengeance
about him I doe see.

"[I have despisèd him,
but can no whit repent;
My heart is hardned,
my mind cannot relent;
No pitty nor compassion,
nor mercy is in store
For me, vile wretched creature,
despis'd for evermore.

"I am in hell tormented,
and to endless pain;
Look, how the devils torment me,
in stretching every vein!
Look, how they swarm about me!
O, what hell fiends are these!
Woe worth the time that ever
I did the Lord displease!

"I burn in flaming fire,
yet do no whit consume;
My conscience doth torment me,
that did in sin presume:
Alas! my loving sister,
now I do know full well
There is a God most righteous,
and eke a devil in hell.]"

And with these speeches
his eyes fell from his head,
And by the strings hung dangling
below his chin starke dead.
"See how the divels," he said,
"have pluckt my eyes out quite:
That alwayes were unworthy
To view the heaven's light."

Then from his mouth
his foule blasphemous tongue,
In uglie manner,
most piteously it hung;
And there away it rotted
in all the people's sight,
By lice and filthy vermin
it was consumèd quite.

With gastly gronings,
and shrikes that sounded hye,
Two houres after,
this cursed man did lie;
And there at length he died,
and then the fire ceas'd;
His carcase stunk more filthilie
then any carrion beast.

No man was able
for to endure the smell,
Nor yet to come to burie him,
as true report doth tell—
Untill he was consumed,
he lay above the ground:
The doores about the garden
therefore was lockèd round.

Let all blasphemers
take warning by this thing,
Least that God's vengeance
they do upon them bring:
And, Lord, grant all good Christians
his grace and godly feare,
They may thinke on the punishment
that Coningham had here.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for Thomas Millington, and are to be solde at his shop in Corne-hill.

The Waunding Souldier.

This ballad of the begging soldier is by Martin Parker, whose imagination has wonderfully increased the catalogue of dangers through which any mortal could have passed. This fortunate veteran had been "blown up by mines a dozen times," and yet he had escaped to tell of it. The copy in the First Volume of the Roxburghe Ballads seems to be the only one in any of the known collections. The edition in the Third Volume, which commences "Good, your worship, cast an eye," is an alteration of this. A copy of the altered edition is also included in the Pepys Collection (II. 348). It is entitled, "The Low-Country Soldier; or, His humble Petition at his Return into England, after his bold Adventures in bloudy Battels." Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back. The ballad was, perhaps, found useful by begging soldiers. It would rival the "yarn" of any sailor, for it is a veritable precursor of the Munchausen type of story.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 474, 475, and III. 460, 461.]

The Waunding Souldier;

Or,

The Fruits of Warre is Beggery.

To the tune of *Permit me, Friends.*



Good, your worship, cast your eyes
Upon a souldier's miseries!
Let not my leane cheekes, I pray,
Your bounty from a souldier stay,
  But, like a noble friend,
  Some silver lend,
And Jove shall pay you in the end:
  And I will pray that Fate
  May make you fortunate
In heavenly, and in earth's, estate.

To beg I was not borne, sweet Sir,
And therefore blush to make this stirre;
I never went from place to place
For to divulge my wofull case:
For I am none of those
That roguing goes,
That, maunding, shewes their drunken blowes,
Which they have onely got
While they have bang'd the pot
In wrangling who should pay the shot.

I scorne to make comparison
With those of Kent-street garrison,
That in their lives nere crost the seas,
But still at home have lived at ease;
Yet will they lye and sweare,
As though they were
Men that had travel'd farre and neere;
True souldiers' company
Doth teach them how to lye;
They can discourse most perfectly.

But I doe scorne such counterfaits
That get their meanes by base deceits:
They learne of others to speake Dutch;
Of Holland they'l tell you as much
As those that have bin there
Full many a yeere,
And name the townes all farre and neere;
Yet they never went
Beyond Graves-end in Kent,
But in Kent-*street*[1] their dayes are spent.

[They] in Olympicke games have beene,
Whereas brave battels I have seene;
And where the cannon[s] use to roare
My proper spheare was evermore:
The danger I have past,
Both first and last,

[1] Kent Street was by no means famous for the good repute of its visitors, whether male or female.

Would make your worship's selfe agast;
A thousand times I have
Been ready for the grave;
Three times I have been made a slave.

Twice through the bulke I have been shot;
My braines have boylèd like a pot:
I have at lest these doozen times
Been blowne up by those roguish mines
Under a barracado,
In a bravado,
Throwing of a hand-granado:
Oh! death was very neere,
For it tooke away my eare,
And yet, thanke God! ch'am here, ch'am here.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I have uppon the seas been tane
By th' Dunkerks, for the King of Spaine,
And stript out of my garments quite,
Exchanging all for canvis white;
  And in that poore aray
  For many a day
I have been kept, till friends did pay
  A ransome for release;
  And having bought my peace,
My woes againe did fresh increase.

There's no land-service as you can name
But I have been actor in the same;
In th' Palatinate and Bohemia
I served many a wofull day;
  At Frankendale I have,
  Like a souldier brave,
Receiv'd what welcomes canons gave;
  For the honour of England
  Most stoutly did I stand
'Gainst the Emperour's and Spinolae's band.

At push of pike I lost mine eye;
At Bergen siege I broke my thigh;
At Ostend, though I were a lad,
I laid about me as I were mad.
  Oh, you would little ween
  That I had been
An old, old souldier to the Queene;
  But if Sir Francis Vere
  Were living now and here,
Hee'd tell you how I slasht it there.

Since that, I have been in Breda
Besieg'd by Marquesse Spinola;
And, since that, made a warlike dance
Both into Spaine and into France;
  And there I lost a flood
  Of noble blood,
And did but very little good:
  And now I home am come,
  With ragges about my bumme,
God bless you, Sir, from this poore summe!

And now my case you understand,
Good Sir, will you lend your helping hand?
A little thing will pleasure me,
And keepe in use your charity:
  It is not bread nor cheese,
  Nor barrell lees,
Nor any scraps of meat, like these;
  But I doe beg of you
  A shilling or two,
Sweet Sir, your purse's strings undoe.

I pray your worship, thinke on me,
That am what I doe seeme to be—
No rooking rascall, nor no cheat,
But a souldier every way compleat;
I have wounds to show
That prove 'tis so;
Then, courteous good Sir, ease my woe;
And I for you will pray
Both night and day
That your substance never may decay.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for F. Grove on Snow-hill.

The Fantastic Age.

THE name of the author of this strongly-worded satire upon the fantastic dresses of the English in the reign of Charles I. does not appear. He would have incurred considerable risk of a cudgelling, if not worse, if he had been thought worthy of notice by the Cavaliers of the time. The sober dress of the Roundheads was soon after this to appear upon the stage as an opposite extreme. Puritans did not indulge themselves much in ballad-writing, or else this production might have been attributed to one of them, and yet no partisan of the Cavaliers would have ventured to describe them as "neutral monsters" on account of their dress. The ballad seems to indicate the first turn of the tide, of which advantage was taken by one of the fraternity of ballad-writers.

The present is, perhaps, the only extant copy.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 476, 477.]

The Phantastick Age;

Or,

The anatomy of England's vanity
In wearing the fashions
Of severall nations;
With good exhortations
Against transmutations.

To the tune of *O women, monstrous* [*women*].



Audience, audience, gallants all!
For here, as on a stage,
Ile shew the postures admirall
Of this Phantastick Age;
Wherein both sexes are growne strange,
And Phebe-like they often change.
O monsters,
Neutrall monsters!
Leave these foolish toyes.

Chamelion-like themselves they change
To any colour seene;
How many severall fashions strange
Have here observèd beene
Within the circuit of few yeares,
As by experience truth appeares!
O monsters,
Neutrall monsters!
Leave these apish toyes.

An English man or woman now—
Ile make excuse for neither—
Composèd are, I know not how,
Of many shreds together:
Italian, Spaniard, French, and Dutch,
Of each of these they have a touch.
O monsters, &c.

The German and the drunken Dane,
The Persian and Polonian,
The sun-burnt Æthiopian,
The Russian and Slavonian,
Our English imitate in cloathes,
In drinking, drabbing, and strange oathes.
O monsters, &c.

When meeknesse bore in England sway,
And pride was not regarded,
Then vertue bore the bell away,
And goodnesse was rewarded:
Now our phantastick innovations
Doe cause prodigious transmutations.
O monsters, &c.

Our men were, in precedent dayes,
To manly actions bent;
They did not seek their names to raise
By cloathes and complement:
Now he's the man whose brave apparel
Defends him in a taverne quarrell.
O monsters, &c.

Mee-thinks the taylors could not[1] chuse
But grow exceeding rich;
Yet from them I heare no such newes,
Though they goe thorow stitch:
The reason's this, new cloathes are made
Before the old bill is defraide.
O monsters, &c.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Now, many of both sexes goe
Each after-noone to th' play,
Their rich acoutrements to shew,
And doe even what they may;

[1] "should not" in the text.

To note if they can any spy
That put them downe in bravery.
O monsters,
Neutrall monsters !
Leave these apish toyes.

The women will not be at quiet;
Their minds will still be crost
Til husbands, frends, or fathers buy it,
What ever price it cost:
Thus wide-mouth'd pride insatiately
Devoures all thoughts of piety.
O monsters,
Neutrall monsters !
Leave these apish toyes.

And men, that should more wisdom have
Then the frayle female sex,
As many fond inventions have;
Nay, rather they'l annexe
Unto the story of their shame
A higher style then women claime.
O monsters, &c.

"Ungirt unblest," the proverbe sayes,
And they, to prove it right,
Have got a fashion now a dayes
That's odious to the sight
Of those who love civility,
And hate this idle foppery.
O monsters, &c.

Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,
No girdles now they weare,
To spread this fashion through the land
The hang-man, as I heare,
When at foure gates hee hangd foure men,
Did weare just such a dublet then.
O monsters, &c.

If anything may give them light
  To see their vanity,
In my conceit that object might
  Make wise men to defie
A fashion that is held so base;
Worne by the hang-man in disgrace.
    O monsters, &c.

Now, to conclude, with all my heart
  I wish that every one
Would study on some better art,
  And let vaine pride alone:
Be as your good fore-fathers were,
And let not vice thus domineere.
    O monsters, &c.

What you profusely doe, let fly
  In pride, in drinke, and gaine,
Spend in good hospitality—
  'Twill elevate your fame—
The prayers and praises of the poore
Shal cloathe your minds for evermore.
    O monsters,
    Neutrall monsters!
  Leave these apish toyes.

FINIS.

London, Printed for Thomas Lambert.

The Libertine's Conversion.

THIS is the dark side of the picture of the ranting, roaring gallant, painted by Martin Parker. It is the antidote to the praises of lustful debauchery which too often disfigure the songs and the dramas of the seventeenth century. The antidote, like other physic, is of a nauseous flavour.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 478, 479.]

The Whoremonger's Conversion,

And his Exhortation to 's worshipfull friend
To leave haunting whores; from his words this was penn'd:
And at his request, which makes the author bolder,
It is to be sung like *The maunding Souldier.*



Good, your worship, cast your eye
Upon a whore-house scornfully!
Let not the painted faces gay
Drive from your heart all grace away:
But, like a neophite,
Abandon quite
All sensuall pleasure and delight:
And then you soone shall finde
A sweete contented minde,
And have your purse still better linde.

To beg I was not borne, sweet Sir,
Yet this petition I preferre
Unto your worship; which may give
You good instructions how to live.
Leave following of whores,
And them that roares,
Oh, doe not come within their doores!
And then you soone will finde
A sweet contented minde,
And have your purse still better linde.

I'de scorne to make comparison
With a Jew, a Turke, or Sarizon,
That in their lives ne'r tasted grace,
But still have runne a wicked race:
Yet, in bad desires,
Call'd Cupid's fires,
They passe not you—then need requires,
That you your whores forsake,
And better courses take,
Or else you'll feele th' infernall lake.

Then, scorne those painted counterfeits,
That get their meanes by wicked sleights!
They'll learne you so much parly French,
From you shall come a rotten stench—
And, at last, you shall
Be forst to fall
I' th' surgeons hands, o' th' hospitall:
There you shall lye and rot:
This is by whoring got,
Then, good your worship, use it not!

For I, Sir, limping lame have beene
Sore bitten by the scorpiuns keene;
In a bawdy-house I us'd to roare
Till all my joynts were pocky sore:
All this I have endur'd,
Which vice procur'd!
And, since of health I am assur'd,
I will doe what I can
To hinder every man
From that base course which once I ran.

Thrice thorow the skull I have beene shot,
Till all my haire came off, God wot!
I have at least a doozen times
Beene apprehended for these crimes!
The constable and watch
Oft did me catch;
Thus I disgrace got by the match:
And so shall every one
That does as I have done:
Then, good your worship, wenching shun!

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



At pot and pipe I lost mine eye
In quarrell, most unluckily:
To Old-street end, though then a lad,
Foure wenches at one time I had:
Oh, you would little weene
That I have beene
A champion unto many a quean!
I have beene beaten sore
I' th' quarrell of a whore,
But now I will be so no more.

I, comming from a play, was tane
By th' marshal's men in Golding-lane,
And strippèd out of money quite,
Exchanging gold for silver white:
Thus, in poore aray,
I prisoner lay,
Untill my friends the debt did pay,
For a bond of my word I past,
And thus was scorn'd at last:
Then, good your worship, live more chaste!

There's no bad place that you can name
But I have bin in't, the more's my shame!
In Turnbull-street and Bloomesbury
I have playd my part most shamelessly:
At Blackman-street I have,
Like a lustfull knave,
Receiv'd what welcome harlots gave:
And at Rosemary-lane
I did two whores maintaine,
But now their basenesse I disdaine.

And since I have beene at Cow-crosse—
So punisht with my purse's losse—
Since that, at Pickt-hatch I, by chance,
Learn'd French of one that ne'r saw France:
There I lost my cloake,
Which almost broke
Me quite: all this for truth is spoke.
And now I home am come,
With a newly-mended bum;
Such hap, Jove keepe your worship from!

And now my case you understand,
Good Sir, let me this boone demand:
That you'll be warn'd by me, and leave
These damnèd queanes, that will bereave
Not onely you of wealth,
But bodie's health!
Nay, that's not all, for they by stealth
Will steale your soule away,
To be the devil's prey:
Then, sweet Sir, leave them while you may!

I pray your worship, thinke on me,
That am a poore man, as you see:
Yet once I was with wealth indude,[1]
Which I have spent with strumpets lewd:
And so will you, in time,
If this your prime
You waste away in such a crime:
But I for you will pray,
That you may mend this day.
Oh, sweet Sir, think of what I say!

FINIS. M. P.

London, Printed for Fr. Cowles.

A Seaman and his Love.

We here find, for the first time in this Collection, the name of Cuthbert Birket as an author of ballads. The broadside has been cut in half for the sake of classification or of alphabetical arrangement, and the missing half must have contained the name of the publisher. That would have been a guide to the date of the author, which, for lack of a second copy of the edition, cannot now be supplied. Some of the ends of lines are also torn off in the second part. When Major Pearson printed the title-pages and indexes to the Harleian, now called Roxburghe, Collection, this was the last page of Vol. I. Therefore all ballads after it must have been added to the volume by Major Pearson, by Mr. Bright, or by the Duke of Roxburghe.

[1] endow'd.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 481.]

A pleasant new Song between a Seaman and his Love:

Shewing

Though, at first, in misery his time he spent,
He met his love at last, with joy and sweet content.

THE TUNE IS *Robin the Devil.*



When Sol could cast no light,
But darkned over,
And the dark vayles of night
The sky doth cover,
A river running by—
Where ships were sayling—
A pretty maid I spy'd
Weeping and wailing.

I stept unto her, and said,
"Sweet-heart, what grieves thee?"
She quickly answer made,
"None can relieve me:
My dear, by force," quoth she,
"In wars doth wander,
Long absence makes me mourn;
Death is commander.

"This seven long years and more
He me affected;
We parted on the shore
With hearts contracted:
He promisèd to turn again,
If God life lent him,
Which makes me sigh and mourn,
Death doth[1] prevent him."

A man then comming by
Struck her amazed,
Gave her a token rare,
On which she gazed:
"Is my love come?" quoth she,
"Doth he come near me?"
But still the man reply'd,
"Be pleased to hear me.

"Your love and I did fight
Under one banner,
Maintaining England's right,
Purchasing honour:
Till he receiv'd a blow,
Your hopes being buried,
There he got his death's stroke,
Not to be cured.

"Witness I can afford,
No man stood neerer;
I saw him singled out,
Here stands the bearer:
Pressing among the throng
With resolution,
His enemies, so strong,
Wrought his confusion.

"[You]r dear receiv'd a stroke,
And his brain broken,
[An]d these words then he spoke:
'Carry this token

[1] "hath" in the text.

To she whom I affect,
And none more dearer,
[Wi]shing her to respect
And love the bearer.'

"Your dear in grave doth lye
In sumptuous manner,
Where we will let him lye,
In bed of honour:
[By] his right I am sent
[Y]our love to crave it,
[By] his last testament;
Sweet, shall I have it?"

Mad, like one in despair,
Fuming and fretting.
She mourns and tears her hair,
On her breast beating:
"My desteny I may ban,
And all that hears me"—
Still crying to the man,
"Do not come near me.

"This for an answer take,
What ever chances,
I will mourn for his sake,
And mine offences:
Sad black shall be my weed,
Like to my fortune,
[H]ence it doth cut the thread
And my life shorten!"

Like to Penelope,[1]
Or the sad Queen of Troy,
So she cry'd out this day:
"I am bereft of joy,

[1] "Phenelephe's joy" in the text, but this must be charged upon the compositor, who has taken "joy" from the fourth line. He has much more to answer for in this ballad.

And never man again
  Shall company bear me."
Still crying with disdain,
  "Do not come near me!

"Of all his former love
  He me assured,
By all the powers above
  He me conjured:
Of all his promise made,
  When we last parted,
To me he gave his right;
  Be not faint-hearted."

His garments he threw off,
  Which him disguised,
That when she knew her love,
  Lord! how she praised!
Betwixt sad joy and mirth
  Rose such a passion;
Which caus'd no great denial
  Unto the question.

"Sweet heart, come, tell me,
  Since our first meeting,
How I did act my part
  In counterfeiting?"
"Neat and brave, Sir" [said she],[1]
  "You might gain ri[ches]
If you could do [the same]
  As well as spe[eches].

"Thrice happy be the wi[nd]
  That hither brough[t you]
More happy be the [ship]
  On shore did land [you].
Welcome to me," she [said],
  "Then fair Alexander,
Or ever Hero was
  Unto Leander.

[1] The copy is torn here, and some words are missing in the following lines.

"Like to Penelope,
To wanton Venus,
My love, kind heart, to thee
Shall be ingenious:
Welcome to me," she said,
"Then fair Amarillis,
Or ever worthy Guy
Was to fair Phillis."

When pastime it was done,
And all things neatly,
With joy they came along,
Singing this ditty;
Singing most jovely,
Till they were weary,
Thou hast been long away,
Wellcome home, Deary.

By Cuthbert Birket.

FINIS.

A Wonderful Wonder.

THE wonder which Laurence Price esteemed worthy of celebration in this ballad is the death of Thomas Miles by "a gub of meat" which stuck in his throat. This was "a judgment of God" upon his sins, and therefore Thomas Miles was destined to endure the fate which an abler man is said to have predicted in his own case:

> "For I in ballads shall survive, I know,
> Sung to that preaching tune, *Fortune, my foe.*"

The tune of *Aim not too high* [*at things above thy reach*] is *Fortune, my foe,* [*why dost thou frown on me?*], under another name.

The Roxburghe edition of the ballad seems to be the only remaining record of this instructive judgment upon Thomas Miles's sins.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 482, 483.]

A wonderfull wonder:

Being a most strange and true relation of the resolute life and miserable death of Thomas Miles, who did forsweare himselfe, and wished that God might shew some heavie example upon him, and so it came to passe; for as hee sate at his meate hee choked himselfe, and died in short space after, which hapned the 8 of August last, 1635, and being ript up by the Chirurgions of S. Bartholomewe's Hospitall, was found to have a gub of meate sticking fast in his throate, which was the cause of his death. Written to warne all rash Swearers to forsake their evill wayes, which God grant we may!

To the tune of *Aime not too high, etc.*



Looke downe, O Lord, upon this sinfull land!
Guyde and defend us with thy mighty hand
Against the fiery darts of Satan's power,
Which seekes our soules and bodies to devoure.

This world is full of envy and debate,
Neighbour to neighbour beares a deadly hate;
Brother 'gainst sister, friend against each friend,
Which shewes the world is very neare an end.

Vile blasphemie is us'd against the Lord,
By old and young, at every trifling word;
Some in their angry moode will curse & sweare,
As if they would their God in pieces teare.

But let them know, that doe the Lord provoke
By cursed oathes on them to strike the stroke,
Know that, allthough he suffers them a space,
He will at last confound their wicked race.

As, for example, here I meane to tell
A strange relation which of late befell,
Of one, a forsworne wretch, as is well knowne,
On whom the Lord a wonder great hath showne.

This wretched man, of whom these lines are pen'd,
Deni'd a truth—a bad cause to defend—
And rashly wish'd, in place whereas he stood,
That he might never eate meate to doe him good.

Now, marke God's judgements, how they strangly fell!
A short time after, griefe it is to tell,
Hee, with some others more, to dinner went,
To give their hungry stomackes some content.

But, as they sate at table with their meate,
Having made bargaine for 't, they fell to eate:
This forsworne wretch, Tom Milès call'd by name,
Fed very greedily upon the same.

And, thrusting in a bit that would not passe
Quite downe his throate, his lucklesse hap it was
To choke himselfe; the very truth was so,
While all the rest beheld him with great woe.

Unto a surgent then he ranne with speede,
Desiring him to helpe him in his neede:
But all in vaine, no helpe for him could be,
His breath was stopt, and he dy'd presently.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And being dead, the surgeons tooke in hand
To rip him up, that they might understand
The truth and reason how he lost his breath,
And how he came by his untimely death.

Which having done, they found with woe, at last,
The gub of meate sticke in his throat so fast;
Which was the case of this his live's decay,
Because it could not thence be put away.

Within the hospitall his corpes doth lye;
Men of good credit can it testifie;
His body buried was without controule,
But God grant mercy to his [guilty] soule!

Let this example warne us to amend,
That we by oathes may not our God offend:
O, let each man and woman now refraine
From taking of God's holy name in vaine.

He that delights in oathes and curses vild,
And hath therewith his spotted soule defild,
May now bewaile the time that he was borne;
Sinne is the cause that makes a land to mourne.

Hie time it is for us to watch and pray
Upon our bended knees, both night and day,
Unto our God, that he will mercie take
On us poore soules for Jesus Christ his sake.

For surely this we well may understand,
The Lord is angry with this sinfull land:
His judgements hath so many wayes bin showne
Throughout our coasts, as is to many known.

What visions in the ayre, and fearefull sights,
Have bin of late! which wonder may affright's;
Thunder and lightnings, to procure our feares,
Enough to make each flintie heart shed teares.

All these are signes to warne us to repent,
Which God as messengers hath to us sent
For to reclaime us from our former sinne,
Which we so long have slept and wallowed in.

But, to conclude; sweet Jesus, give us grace,
That we on earth may runne a godly race;
That, when by death our life is taken away,
We may through Thee eternall life enjoy. 80

FINIS. L. P.

Printed at London for John Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

A Warning for all Murderers.

If such a "rare, strange, and wonderful accident" as is recounted in this ballad could ever work upon the moral feelings of men when about to commit murder, there would be one solitary good to be derived from their superstition. The story is that a mere child becomes the means of avenging murder upon three of his cousins, and that the last of the three confesses to their having assassinated the child's father and mother, for the sake of the inheritance. This child was unborn at the time of the murder, but he completes these acts of retribution before he is six years of age! It is to be assumed that the prolific invention of the ballad-maker has been at work here. The scene is laid in Wales, which was then at a safe distance from London, and the name of the landowner was David Williams. Just such a story might be invented of some John Smith, in England, and it would be far more easy to assert than to disprove it.

The copy of the ballad seems to be unique, and it may be ascribed to the reign of James I., if not earlier still, for the tune is Elizabethan, and its popularity did not endure beyond James's reign.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 484, 485.]

A Warning for all Murderers.

A most rare, strange, and wonderfull accident, which by God's just judgement was brought to passe, not farre from Rithin in Wales, and showne upon three most wicked persons, who had secretly and cunningly murdered a young gentleman named David Williams, that by no meanes it could be knowne, and how in the end it was revenged by a childe of five yeeres old, which was in his mother's wombe and unborne when the deed was done.

To the tune of *Wigmore's Galliard.*



[In the original are two woodcuts. That on the left has frequently been printed. It occurs in the present volume on the left of p. 122.]

Give eare unto my story true,
you gracelesse men on earth,
Which any way, in secret, seeke
your neighbour's timelesse death!
Not many pleasant summers past
this wicked worke was done,
Which three accursèd kinsmen wrought
against their unckle's sonne.

A kind and courteous gentleman,
his aged father's joy,
The onely heire unto his lands
that should his place enjoy.
His envious nephewes, gaping still
his day of death to see,
Thought every yeere that he did live
seven yeeres and more to bee.

Because this gentle gentleman,
once being laid in grave,
Their aged unckle being dead,
they should the living have:
The thought whereof did often make
their hearts with joy abound,
For that they knew the living worth,
each yeere, an hundred pound.

But when they saw this toward youth
live up to man's estate,
And to himselfe hath likewise chose
a faithfull loving mate,
Then were they out of hope and heart,
but most, when they did see
His beautious wife, in little space,
most big with child to bee.

Then did the Divell intice them straight
to murther, death, and blood;
Thereby to purchase to themselves
their long-desirèd good.
A hundred waies they did devise
this gentleman to kill;
But yet his wife, being big with child,
stuck in their stomack still.

"If we should slay the one," they said,
"and let the other live,
No comfort to our heart's desire
that deed at all would give:

The brat new bred within her wombe
none can for heire deny:
Therefore 'tis meet and requisite
that both of them should die."

And, for to blind the eyes of men,
strange garments had they got,
Which to performe that wicked deed
they onely did allot.
And, after this most bad pretence,
the gentleman each day
Still felt his heart to throb and faint,
and sad he was alway.

His sleepe was full of dreadfull dreames
in bed where he did lie,
His heart was heavie in the day,
yet knew no reason why;
And oft as he did sit at meate,
his nose, most suddenly,
Would spring and gush out crimson blood,
and straight it would be dry.

It chancèd so upon a time,
as he his supper ate,
His eyes and heart so heavie were
that he slept at his meate.
"Now fie, then," quoth his loving wife,
and woke him presently;
"Why is my dear so drowsie now?"
Quoth he, "I know not, I.

"Good wife," he said, "let us goe walke
about our land a while;
I shall be wakened thorowly
when I have walkt a mile."
His wife agreed, and forth they went
most kindly, arme in arme;
But suddenly were they espied,
that thought on little harm.

At length three sturdy men they met
in souldiers' tattered ragges,
With swords fast girt unto their sides,
which tangled in their jagges:
Their faces smear'd with durt and soote,
in lothsome beastly wise,
With black thrumb'd hats[1] upon their heads,
as is the Germanes guise.

And when they saw no persons nie,
those helpelesse couple then
They wounded sore, in cruell sort,
like most accursèd men;
And in the thickest of the corne,
which in that place was hie,
They drag'd the murdred bodies then,
and so away did hie.

And soone they shifted off their rags,
and hid them by the way,
And weaponlesse they homeward went,
clad in their owne array.
Long did the silly servants waite
their master's comming home,
Which dead within the field did lie,
all bath'd in bloody fome.

[1] "A thrummed hat was one made of very coarse woollen cloth."—Halliwell, quoting Minsheu.

A Warning for all Murderers.

The second part of the Murder of David Williams,

and his wife, being great with childe, which was revenged by a childe of five yeeres old, which was in his mother's wombe and unborne when the deed was done.

To the tune of *Wigmore's Galliard.*

At length, when dark and gloomy clouds
had shadowed all the skie,
The servants wandred up and downe,
their master to espie:
And as they past along the place
where these were lately slaine,
Within the corne they heard one grone,
as heart would breake in twaine.

And, running straight to search and see
who gave this gastly sound,
Their master dead, their mistris stab'd,
yet living, there they found;
In bitter pangs, in travell then,
this woefull woman lay,
And was delivered of a sonne
before the breake of day.

Then dièd she incontinent,
no memory had she
For to descry the murtherers,
nor found they could not be.
They both together buried were;
the child to nurse was set,
Which thriv'd and prosper'd passing well,
no sicknesse did him let.

But now behold God's judgement just!
the truth I shall you tell,—
Ere this child was seven quarters old,
this strange event befell:

One of the murtherers being set
at tables, on a day,
The nurse did chance to bring this child
within that place to play.

The child under the table got,
unthought of any one,
And bit his cousin by the legge,
hard at the ankle bone;
Which by no helpe nor art of man
could ever healèd be,
But sweld and rotted in such sort,
that thereof dyèd he.

Not full a twelve-month after this,
this child did chance to be
Whereas the second murderer
was drinking merrily:
He tooke one of the biggest pinnes
that stuck about his brest,
And thrust it in his kinsman's thigh,
where then the signe did rest.

Which done, he laughing ran his way;
the wound did bleed amaine;
By no meanes could they stanch the blood,
nor ease his extreme paine;
The griefe and anguish was so great,
which thereof did proceed,
That ere three dayes were fully past,
The man to death did bleed.

The child with rods was swing'd full sore
for this unhappy act,
Yet never would forgivenesse aske
for his committed fact.
Thus past it on, untill the time
this child was five yeeres old:
The other murderer living still,
with conscience bad, behold!

He never after saw the child
but he would shun the place;
The child did never looke on him
but with a frowning face:
And stones at him still would he fling,
where ere he did him meete;
Which made the neighbours wonder much
that oftentimes did see't.

In harvest next this little child,
with other boyes beside,
Went to the fields, and open mouth'd
this man asleepe they spide:
The child, having a bramble sticke
within his hand to play,
Did thrust it downe his cousin's throat
a sleeping as he lay.

The man, therewith being soone awak't,
did strive to pull it out;
And he thereby did rent and teare
his wind-pipe round about:
Which being found incurable,
as he lay in his bed,
His murderous deed he did confesse,
as you before have read.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson dwelling upon London Bridge, neere the Gate.

The Lamentation of E. Bruton and J. Riley.

Two murders, happening about the same time, are here celebrated together upon one broadside. The first murder was the more atrocious, as it included the wife and children of the murdered man. Bruton and Riley were, therefore, hung in chains.

No other copy of the broadside seems to be extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 486.]

The lamentation of Edward Bruton,

and James Riley, who for the bloody murder committed on the bodies of Henry Howell and his wife, upon Queenes Downe, were executed and hanged in chaines, neere the same place, on the 18 day of March, 1633.

To the tune of *Fortune my Foe.*

Kind countreymen, and our acquaintance all,
Example take by this our sodaine fall;
Dip not your hands in blood that's innocent,
For which offence we both too late repent.

The crying sinnes of murther pierceth heaven,
And great repentance craves to be forgiven,
One bloody deed deserves ten thousand deaths;
But we bereavèd divers of their breaths.

The harmlesse man that did no hurt intend,
Must butcher-like, we brought unto his end;
And that good woman, his most loving wife,
Inhumanely bereavèd we of life.

She great with child—oh, how it grieves our hearts
That we should act such bloody tragicke parts!
The harmlesse infant that was in her wombe
We likewise slew, whose mother was its tombe.

Their other children, sitting by the fire,
We likewise hurt, who mercy did require;
But we no mercy had, nor grace at all,
When as these babes for life did cry and call.

And for the same no mercy here we find;
Deservèd death[s] are for our sinnes assign'd:
Death is our doome, we here our lives must pay,
Our glasse is out, this is our dying day.

A shamelesse end, for our most shamefull sinne,
We must receive, that we have livèd in;
Here on this tree we must resigne our breathe;
Yet that's not all, though here we die this death:

Our bodies must no buriall-place possesse—
This is our doome for our vild wickednesse;
'Twixt earth and heaven we here must hang in chains
As long as sinewes, flesh or bones remaines.

Fowles of the aire our eyes they forth will pull,
Feed on our flesh, and peck upon our scull;
We shall be pointing stocks to every one
That passeth by, though we are dead and gone.

Earth scornes to hide our bodies from the light,
But in the ayre must tottering hang in sight:
And here in Kent we ne're shall bee forgot,
Although our joints by piecemeale, dropping, rot.

Unto each other, travellers will say,
"See you those murtherers!" as they passe this way;
"Those are the villaines that the blood did spill
Of innocents, that's hanging on yon hill."

Thus shall we be discourse for after-times,
Which we deserve most justly for our crimes;
And we shall be recorded for this fact,
That we so mercilesse and foule did act.

Great God! forgive our sinnes that are so foule,
And unto mercy take each sinfull soule:
Deale not in justice with our sinnes, O Lord!
But grace and pardon to our soules afford.

Thy mercy, Lord! is greater than our sinne,
And, if thou please in heaven to let us in,
We doe repent us of our wicked deed,
The thought of which doth make our soules to bleed.

But woe to him that was the cause of this!
Which did intice us first to doe amisse:
Oh bloody Darbie! it was long of thee
We did consent to do this villanie.

Though thou art fled, yet God will find thee out,
And will take vengeance on thee, there's no doubt:
Hee'l not let scape so foule and vild a crime,
As he hath justly done on us, this time.

But we confesse, we have deserv'd to dye,
And to the Lord we now for mercy cry:
Receive us, Jesus Christ! to thee we pray,
Whose precious blood wash all our sinnes away.

Thus have you heard how these same two did dye,
Ending their lives with shame and infamy;
And one of them, that was on th'other side,
Converted, and a Protestant he dide.

The Lord, no doubt, to them did mercy lend
Who were so penitent before their end:
Their soules, I hope, in heaven above doe dwell.
But yet another bloody tale Ile tell.

FINIS.

[London, Printed for H. G.]

A Bloody Murder near Ware.

This ballad, which is printed upon the same broadside as the last, relates to one of the frequent highway robberies, accompanied by murder, in "the good old times." Fearing conviction for the robbery, through being known to his victim, one of the highwaymen returns, to complete his crime by murdering him. This happened in the reign of Charles I., when the sympathies of jurors went rather more for the family of the murdered than for the murderer, and therefore, the case being clear, these men were convicted and hung. We are now so humane, that the sympathies of modern jurors run quite on the opposite side.

The broadside seems to be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 487.]

Another Bloody murther committed neere Ware in Hartfordshire, by some notorious offenders who were executed in the same moneth.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Kind hearts, give eare to that which I shall tell
Of a sad story which of late befell;
In Hartfordshire, neere Ware, did chance this thing,
Which caus'd salt teares from many eyes to spring.

Two men were riding in an evening late,
That had a charge of money and estate,
And homeward they intended for to goe,
But destiny doth oftentimes say No.

And for these men foure villaines they did watch,
Which had way-layd them, how they them might catch:
At him which was the formost they did lay,
But his swift horse did beare him safe away.

The next they hit, and fell'd him to the ground,
And rifling him, they gave him many a wound;
So leaving him, as they did thinke for dead,
Having his gold, away they streightway fled.

Yet one of them did backward cast his eye,
And did perceive him stir, as he did lye,
Saying, "I'le backe, and give him his death's blow,
For every one of us he well doth know."

And with his staffe his braynes he out did beate,
Then straight this villaine to them did retreate;
But marke how God did bring this thing to light,
For blood and murther he will soone requite.

One of these theeves a peece of gold would change
With one that knew him, that did thinke it strange
He should have gold, yet not the valew knew:
Into suspition straite his mind it drew.

And hearing of the murther done of late,
Would understand how he came by this state;
And threatning him, he then confest straiteway,
Both him and them which that same man did slay.

They were convicted, and by law were tride,
And for the same all foure of them they dide;
And he that last went backe, did suffer death
Just in the place he spent the true man's breath.

And at the common execution place
The other three did end their fatall race;
A just reward for murtherers in their kind,
That beare so base and foule a bloody mind.

For he that sits above the heavenly skye
Viewes all below with his all-seeing eye,
And will take vengeance, when he sets his will,
On all that glories harmlesse blood to spill.

Great God! preserve us from all sodaine death,
Prepare our soules before we lose our breath:
Make us all ready for the day to come,
When thou shalt give to every one their doome.

FINIS.

London, Printed for H. G.

The Murder of Abraham Gearsy.

This is one of Mr. Richard Climsell, or Crimsal's ballads of a "cruell murther," committed in the reign of Charles I.

It is chiefly remarkable as including an example of a prisoner pressed to death for refusing to plead to an indictment. Murders were too common in those days to admit of an ordinary case being more than a nine days wonder, therefore it will not cause surprise that this copy of the ballad should be the only one known to be extant. It is set to "the hanging tune"—*Fortune, my foe.*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 488, 489.]

A cruell murther committed lately upon the body of Abraham Gearsy, who liv'd in the Parish of Westmill, in the County of Harford, by one Robert Reeve and Richard Reeve, both of the same Parish; for which fact Robert was prest to death on Monday, the 16 of March, and the Tuesday following Richard was hang'd; and after, both [of] them were hang'd up in chaines, where now they doe remaine, to the affrightment of all beholders, 1635.

To the tune of *Fortune, my foe.*



I pray give eare unto my tale of woe,
Which I'le declare, that all may plainly knowe:
Neare Harford lately was a murder done;
O! 'twas a cruell one as ever was knowne. 4

The good with evil herein was repaide;
Him that did good the evil hath betraid;
The world is lately growne to such a passe,
That one may feare another in this case.

This money is the cause of manies death,
As 'twas the cause that one late lost his breath;
The devill and the money workes together,
As by my subject you may well consider.

With teares of woe I am inforst to write
That which may cause a tender heart to sigh,
And sighing say, "This was a wofull case,
That men should be so much voide of all grace."

Two brethren were there that did doe the same,
The first calld Robert Reeve, the other's name
Was Richard Reeve; these did a horrid deed,
As in my following verses shall proceede.

Behold these lines, you that have any care,
And from bloodshedding alwayes doe forbeare;
Though murder be committed secretlye,
Yet for revenge to God it loud doth crye.

And that sinne goes not long unpunishèd,
Therefore let all men of this sinne take heede:
Many are daily for such crimes accused,
And yet, alas! too commonly 'tis used.

One of these brothers was in debt, I heare,
Unto that man which was his neighbour neere,
But hee repaid him with a[n] envious mind,
As in the story you shall plainly find.

Abraham Gearsie was his name that was kil'd
By those two brothers, as the devill wil'd:
He on a day demanded mony due;
I pray give eare and marke what doth insue.

They wish'd him to come home for to be paid,
But for his life it seemes they wait had laid;
For, one day, 'twas his chance for to come there,
Not dreading that his death had bin so neere.

Now these two brothers kil'd him instantly;
No neighbour was there that did heare him cry;
And, being dead, floung him in a sawpit,
And coverd him with such as they could get.

Now having hid this murder in that kind,
Great search was made, but none this man could find;
His friends lamented for him very sore,
And made inquirie all the country ore.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Six weekes it was ere it was plainly knowne,
And many were examin'd hereupon;
But these two brothers much suspected were,
And at the last the truth it did appeare.

Some murmurèd, and sayd that they did owe
Him mony, and desirèd for to know
Whether they had given him satisfaction;
Who said, they had, they did not owe a fraction.[1]

About this mony all did come to light
Now, being put for [to] approve this right,
They could in no wise justifie the same,
When they to true examination came.

Now they were askèd for a quittans made,
But they had none; then others present said,
"Where is your bond or witnes of the same?
This must be prov'd, or you will suffer blame."

They, being taxèd on this wise, confest
How they in bloudy murder had transgrest:
Then were they sent to Harford gaile with speed,
Where they did answere for this wicked deed.

This Lenton 'sises last their fact was tri'd,
Where they were cast, condemnd, and for it di'd;
Robert was prest to death, because that hee
Would not be tride by God and the country.[2]

Richard was hang'd by his owne father's dore,
Which did torment and grieve his friends full sore,
Now hee and 's brother both do hang in chains,
This is a just reward for murder's gaines.

I would intreat all men for to beware,
Eschue this crying sinne, and still forbeare:
Good Lord, me thinkes it is a cruell thing;
Of all sins else, this may each conscience sting.

This being done, what is ['t] hee can forbeare?
With troubled conscience to shed many a teare?
'T is fearefull sure for to be thought upon,
Although that it be nere so secret done.

[1] "And they did owe him none," in the text, which leaves the line without rhyme.

[2] The punishment for refusing to plead "guilty" or "not guilty."

Our God is love, and he doth charg us all
To love each other, but we often fall
From love and unity to envious evill;
Thus leave we God, and runne unto the Devill.

This may be warning for all other men,
That doe but heare of those vile bretheren:
And more consider—'t is a fearefull sight
To see them hang'd—it would our hearts afright.

Yet some there are that will not frighted be
At all the warnings that they dayly see:
Too many doe esteeme such things as nought,
Or else there would not be such murther wrought.

Thus to conclude, pray let's to God for grace,
And alwaies have his feare before our face:
Fly bloody murther, and such horrid sinnes,
Then God will keep you from such shamefull ends.

FINIS. R. C.

Printed at London for John Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

Lamentation of John Stevens.

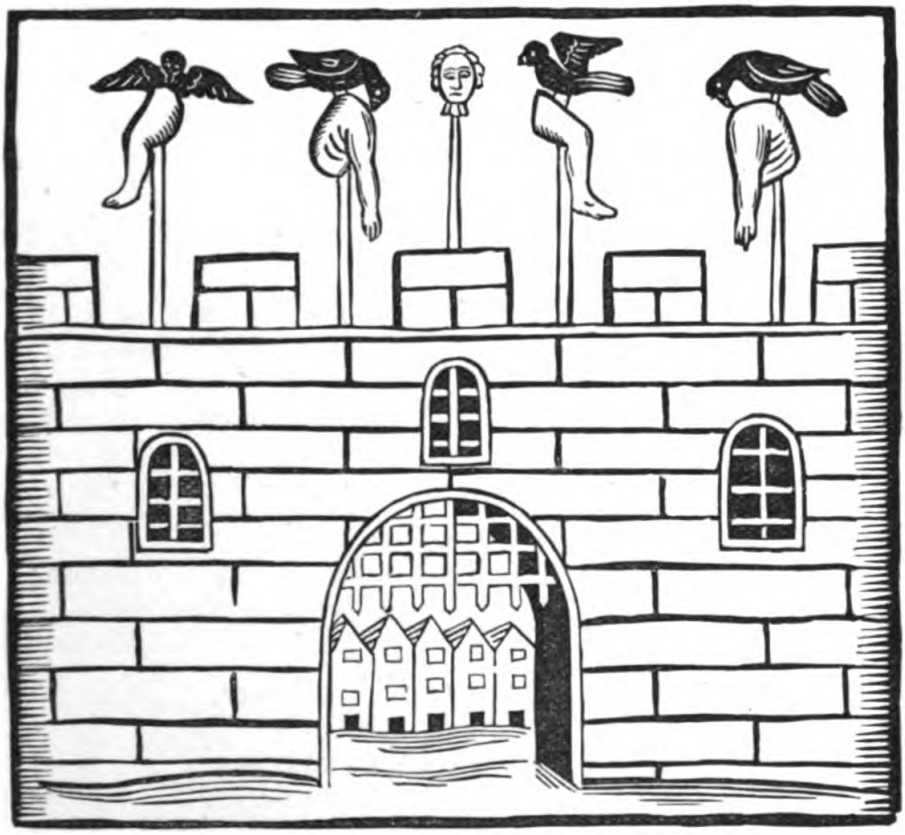
THIS is the case of an unfortunate boy, an apprentice at Salisbury, who was hung, drawn, and quartered for treasonable talk. It affords a melancholy picture of the despotism of the "good old days." This was England under Charles I.

The copy seems to be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 490, 491.]

The godly end and wofull lamentation of one John Stevens, a youth that was hang'd, drawne, and quartered, for High-treason, at Salisbury, in Wiltshire, upon Thursday, being the seventh day of March last, 1632, with the setting up of his quarters on the City gates.

To the tune of *Fortune, my foe, etc.*



Now, like the swan, before my death I sing,
And, like the raven, heavy newes I bring:
Oh dismall fate and cruell destiny,
Which brought me here in this same sort to die! 4

Did ever any heare of one so young,
That was so bad, and had so vile a tongue?
Which was the cause that brought me to that fall,
For which to God I now for mercy call.

In famous Wiltshire was I borne and bred,
And by my carefull parents nourishèd,
Ah! woe is me, John Stevens is my name,
That to my friends and kindred am a shame.

O let me be example unto all,
That they may never in such mischiefe fall;
Children and prentices, [and] old and young,
Serve God in heart, and governe wel your tongue!

It was the devill that wrought my overthrow;
It was the devill that brought me to this woe;
And, 'cause I did not serve my God aright,
Satan with shame doth thus my deeds requite.

In famous Salisbury, that city faire,
My parents bound me prentice, with great care;
But carelesse I, my life did lewdly spend,
Which brings me to a shamefull timeles end.

To God above I doe for mercy crie;
'Tis for high-treason that I here must die;
Drawne, hang'd, and quarter'd, this is now my doome;
My body must have neither grave nor tombe.

And for my fact that was so vild and base,
I apprehended was in that same place,
And strait to London then I up was brought
To be examin'd, where I soone was caught.

To the Kings-bench then was I straite-way led,
Where I a yeere almost continuèd;
And then from thence I was againe sent downe,
To be arraign'd next 'Sises at our towne.

There by just justice I my tryall had,
Which soone condemn'd me for my fact so bad:
My judgement was, I should from thence be sent
To prison backe, a while for to repent.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And then I should be on a hurdle laid,
And to my execution-place convaid,
Where, in a rope, I there should strangled be
In shamefull manner, for each one to see.

My members and my bowels forth be cut,
And in a flaming fire they should be put,
There to consume and unto ashes turne,
As wicked members there they then must burne.

My body must in quarters eke be cut,
And on the city-gates they should be put
To be a sight for others to take heed,
Where ravenous fowles upon my flesh will feed.

And now, I doe beseech you parents all
That here are come to see my timeles fall,
In vertue's paths doe you your children traine,
That they may heaven and heavenly thoughts retaine.

Oh, doe not suffer them to curse and sweare!
But traine them up the God of heaven to feare:
Teach them obedience to their soveraigne king,
And their superiors, whence doth vertue spring.

And, children all, doe you example take,
Oh, let me be a warning for your sake!
Spend not your lives so vaine as I have done,
Whose glasse is broke before my sand is run.

Unto your parents reverent honor give,
The Lord commands it, then you long shall live;
Your dayes, he sayes, shall be long in the land;
This is your duty, as He doth command.

Honor the King, for so the Lord doth say,
And see the magistrate you doe obey;
Unto your equals loving be and kind,
To your inferiours beare an humble mind.

But now, O Lord! for mercy I intreat,
Thou canst forgive, although my sinnes are great;
Lord! make me cleane, and make me cleare as glasse,
And then the snow I shall in whitenes passe.

Great God! upon me powre the spirit of grace,
And then in Heaven I hope I shall finde place:
Christ, my Redeemer, he hath dide for mee;
My soule, I hope, with him in heaven shall be.

Lord! bless the King, and send him long to raigne,
Preserve the Queene, their issue, and their traine.
And, God! forgive me, and my prince I pray,
Whose lawes and statutes I did disobey. 84

Lord! let thy Gospell florish in this land;
Grant that the truth may florish still and stand;
Preserve the cleargy, nobles, and the state;
And keepe the commons from all strife and hate. 88

Vaine world, farewell! I am prepar'd to die;
My soule, I hope, shall straight ascend the skie:
I come, Lord Jesus! now I come to thee;
To thee one God, yet holy Trinitie. 92

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

A Godly and Christian A, B, C.

The first entry in Mr. Payne Collier's Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1557 is "To Willm pikerynge a ballet called A Ryse and wake," 4*d.* This agrees with the first line of the following ballad, even to the capital letter R, in "ARise." The alphabet is exhibited in extra-sized type, each letter being nearly the width of the stanza, and the second letter of each first word is therefore a capital. Thus the literal copy made by the Clerk of the Stationers' Company in the entry seems to determine the identification of the ballad. The Roxburghe edition is of the reign of James I., and, as in many similar cases of ballads which were then old, two were printed upon one broadside. The antiquity of the tune of *Rogero*, to which the "right Godly and Christian A, B, C," was to be sung, would alone have suggested that the ballad must be of the sixteenth century, although it here ends with a prayer for James I.

The copy seems to be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 492.]

A right Godly and Christian A, B, C, Shewing the duty of every degree.

To the tune of *Rogero.*

Arise, and wake from wickednesse,
repent, and thou shalt live;
Or else, with sword and pestilence
the Lord God will thee grieve.

Beware of lust and lecherie,
keepe thou thy body chast;
Or else, frequent the remedy
that Paul doth say thou mayst.

Confesse thy sinnes, as David did,
and turne unto the Lord:
He will thee heare before thou call,
so Esay[1] doth record.

Deale with thy neighbour mercifully,
deceive no man by guile:
Take heed of all extortion,
it will thy soule defile.

Examine well thy wicked life,
hide not thy councell deepe;
The Lord God threatneth woe to them
that secret sinnes do keepe.

Fly theft and all unworthinesse,
and labour in the Lord:
The ground of sinne is idlenesse;
with vices it is stor'd.

Give almes unto thy children deare,
and turne not from the poore:
Lend to the needy man thy goods;
his pledge to him restore.

[1] Esay = Esaias = Isaiah.

Hurt not thy neighbour wittingly
in body, goods, or name:
Remit offences willingly,
lest God revenge the same.

If God doe blesse thee with his gifts
of worldly goods and store,
Let not thy heart on them be set,
but praise the Lord therefore.

Keepe not thy hyre-ling's wages backe,
God will his cry regard:
In poore men's matters be not slacke—
the Lord will thee reward.

Love every man unfainedly,
hate no man in thy heart:
Despise the way of wicked men,
pray God they may convert.

Minister justice, magistrates!
you masters, kindly deale!
You parents all, lest God's curse fall,
let youth correction feele!

No guilefull speech, nor lying talke,
use thou in any wayes:
Eschew all evill, in goodnesse walke,
if thou wilt see good daies.

Oppresse no man by usury,
refuse unlawfull gaine:
Give plenteously unto the poore—
Christ will thee pay againe.

Possesse your soules with patience
against the wicked world:
Powre out your prayers with reverence
before the living Lord.

Quarrel with none; quench such desire;
to anger be not bent:
Remember, God is mercifull
when sinners doe repent. 64

Redeemèd from the curse we are
by Christ, to live with him:
Our members let us mortifie,
which are all bent to sinne. 68

Sanctifie the Sabbath; serve the Lord;
from labour see thou rest;
Then God will have regard on thee,
and make thy labour blest. 72

Take heed you love no swearing false,
sweare not by God in vaine:
Let all your talke attend unto
the honour of His Name. 76

Use no deceit, nor unjust meanes,
to compasse worldly wealth:
Extortion, fraud, and usurie,
and all such things, are stealth. 80

Walke not in worldly lusts and sin,
such worldly darkenesse shun;
But walke as children of the light,
as Christ himselfe begun. 84

Xamples many are set forth
against the drunken sort;
What deadly plagues are due to them
the Scriptures doe report. 88

Yong folks, be sober, and chast of minde;
let God's word be your guide:
Make cleane your hearts before the Lord,
and never from him slide. 92

Zache,[1] a publican, S. Luke doth tell
what zeale to Christ he had;
But to behold our Jewish hearts,
alas! it is too bad.

& plainely Luke doth specifie
of that man's godly mind,
How to the poore most liberally
halfe his goods he assign'd.

Est in English doth specifie
in speech a Latine verbe—
Into our hearts, Lord, powre the Spirit,
whereby we may be stirr'd

To sigh and groane unfainedly
with sorrow for our sinne,
And for to seeke the remedie
a new life to begin!

Amen! God grant we lose no time
to walke whilst we have light,
That finally we may possesse
the heavenly joyes most bright.

Our noble King with Nestor's yeeres
the Lord God long endue;
With Sampson's strength, and Salomon's[2] wit,
his foes for to eschew.

God grant His Grace great joy and honour,
with pleasure here beneath,
To rule and reigne the royall seat
so long as he hath breath.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

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[1] Zache = Zaccheus.

[2] Salomon = Solomon. This part of the ballad is evidently an addition. The alphabet has been concluded.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 493.]

A Christian Conference betweene Christ and a Sinner, wherein is shewed the Love of Christ towards Mankinde, and the paines which he suffered upon the Crosse for our sinnes, together with the wickednesse of our corrupt natures toward him for the same.[1]

To the tune of *Goe to bed, sweet heart.*

I am a poore sinner, how should I begin
To fall from my folly and horrible sin?
I know not to whom I should make my complaint,
My sins are so hainous, my heart it doth faint.
My conscience accuseth me, no man can comfort me;
Succour me, sweet Christ, I would come to thee.

Christ.

O thou sinfull creature! why dost thou dispaire?
Canst thou not settle thyself unto prayer?
By faith and repentance, if thou wilt relent,
And fall from the former life thou hast ill spent,
And turn away from thy sin, that's the way to begin—
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me.[2]

[1] This ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall to Thomas Nelson, as "A Christian Conference betwene Christe and a Synner" in 1586–7. (See Collier's Registers, p. 220.) It again exemplifies the comment here before made, that Elizabethan ballads were frequently reprinted upon the halves of broadsides in the reign of James I. It was equivalent to selling two old at the price of one new ballad. The penny of Elizabeth's reign was the equivalent of sixpence now.

This edition of the ballad was printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke, and therefore it is not upon the second half of the same broadside as the godly ballad immediately preceding it in the Roxburghe Collection.

Again the oft-repeated words must come: This seems to be the only existing copy of the ballad.

[2] It may be inferred, from the lack of rhyme here, that the original stood thus: "*Christ*, that redeem'd thee, bids thee come to *him*."

THE SINNER.

Alas! when to pray to thee I have intended,
My conscience doth tell me I have so offended
That thou wilt deny my request in my prayer,
And this, O Lord, causeth me thus to dispaire.
My conscience accuseth me, etc. 17

CHRIST.

Where dost thou[1] finde in my holy Bible
That nothing with me can be unpossible?
For were thine iniquity never so great,
My mercy surpasseth it,[2] if thou wilt intreat,
And turn away, etc. 22

SINNER.

O how my body doth tremble and shake!
My soul is unquiet, my heart it doth ake!
The Devil doth temp[t] and leade me to ill,
Enforcing that thou wilt be angry still.
My conscience accuseth me, etc. 27

CHRIST.

Beleeve not the Devill, for all his delay!
For his subtill sleight is to work thy decay:
Think how I converted my Apostle S. Paul
By mercy and favour, which I give to you all.
Turn away, etc. 32

SINNER.

How apt is ill counsell to lead me to vice!
How doth the world daily my fancy intice!
Adversity pincheth me every houre,
I dread not thy judgement, thy justice and power.
My conscience accuseth me, etc. 37

CHRIST.

O earth and slime! learne thou to shun all annoy,
And suffer with patience, so shalt thou have joy;
Consider what paine I have suffered for thee,
Enduring all torments to set thy soule free.
Then turn away, etc. 42

[1] Quere, "Dost thou not." [2] This "it" is superfluous to the metre.

SINNER.

O my sweet Saviour! I cannot deny
But that for my filthy offence thou didst die,
And what cruell pangs thou abid'st in the Garden,
And daily, sweet Jesus, thou pleadst for my pardon.
[*My conscience accuseth me, etc.*] 47

CHRIST.

Then, since thou confessest that I am thy Saviour,
Behold which way thou shalt attain to my favour:
Examine thy sinnes, and be sory therefore,
And never commit such offence any more.
Then turne away, etc. 52

SINNER.

Alas! I am feeble, and have not the face
[To] take hold of thy promise, except thy sweet grace;
My carcasse is filthy, and nothing but clay,
Send help, I beseech thee, or else I decay.
My conscience accuseth me, etc. 57

CHRIST.

If once I do see thee be sory in heart,
Amending thy life, and in time will convert,
Let nothing dismay thee, for I will receive thee,
Let all thy familiar and worldly friends leave thee.
Then turn away, etc. 62

SINNER.

Then, Lord, in thy mercy is all my whole stay;
Permit not foule Satan to cast me away;
From that filthy tyrant, sweet Jesus, defend me;
He leads my affections, and still doth attend me.
And daily he telleth me, no man, etc. 67

CHRIST.

Say to him thus, when he would thee devoure,
"Avoid! wicked Satan! thou hast no more power
But that which my God doth permit unto thee;
Thou hast not the power to be master ore me."
Beleeve not his treacherie, that's the, etc. 72

SINNER.

I thanke thee, sweet Jesus, that, of thy good grace,
Thou standest to asist me in every place:
Yet I am disloyall, unjust, and perverse;
No creature more filthy that I can rehearse.
My conscience accuseth me, etc. 77

CHRIST.

Take up thy crosse, and follow then me,
With patience continue, and look that thou be
For all thine offences repentant with sorrow,
Thinke death is at hand to present thee to-morrow.
Then, turn away from thy sin, that's the way to begin,
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me. 83

SINNER.

My filthy unworthynesse here I confesse;
Forgive me, O Saviour, and send me redresse:
Encrease my faith and patience that I may [1]
Attaine to thy presence, and boldly may say,
"Depart from me vanity, Christ hath released me."
Succour me, sweet Christ, I would come to thee. 89

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

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[1] This line is defective in rhythm. Perhaps it stood thus:
"Encrease thou my faith, that with patience I may."

Confession of a Penitent Sinner.

ALTHOUGH this devotional ballad occupies the two pages of a broadside, there is reason to think that the edition in the Roxburghe Collection is not the first. The inference is drawn from defective rhyme in the second part. There appears to be no second copy extant, either of earlier or of later date.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 494, 495.]

The Confession of a Pœnitent Sinner.

To the tune of *O man in desperation;* or, *Some men for suddaine joyes doe weepe.*



[In the original there are two cuts; that to the left is placed on p. 170.]

Of Adam's seed poore sinner, I
come creeping to bewaile
My sin secure, my wonted crime;
no moment will I fayle.
Of sinfull Saul, O Lord! I pray
That I a Paul may be;
And not a filthy Sodomite,
but one of Ninivy.

And make mee, with the publican,
my selfe low to submit;
And thou, O sweet Samaritan,
come helpe mee, wondrous sick:
I am that sonne, that unthrift child,
that play'd the royst'ing guest;
But call me home, good Father deare,
I humbly thee request.

Aray mee new, fetch in the calfe—
I will no more be lost;
And let thy friends rejoyce hereat,
and spare, I pray, no cost.
I went not to thy vineyard, I,
albeit I said I would;
But though I come but very late,
my hyre doe not with-hold.

Take here to thee a sacrifice,
a contrite spirit[1] of mine;
Which better is than bloud of bulls,
else goats, fat rams, or kyne.
Thou art my God, and I confesse
my selfe thy creature poore;
I, fearefull Peter—Thou, true Christ,
one God for evermore.

In sinne was I begot and borne,
in sinne I had my suck,
In sinne I ran my youthfull race,
in sinne I was brought up.
What [e'er the] world would wish to have,
and what the flesh desired,
All that I sought to amplifie —
thus falsely I conspired.

I am that barren sterrill field
where envious man did sow
Destroying darnell,[2] tare, and weede,
because I might not grow.
That stately steward eke I am
that oft my fellowes beat;
Thou art that Lord, that once to mee
forgavest mee the debt.

But I thy kindnesse quite forgot,
and would not shew the like;
But hee that ought[3] mee but a small
I handled with great spight:

[1] Here again, "spirit" should be the monosyllable "sprite," and a rhyme with "sweet" has shown it to have been sometimes pronounced "sprete."
[2] "daruel" in the text. [3] ought = owed.

In brother's eye a mote I spyed,
but let the beame alone
(And at a straw I stumbled thus)
that long was in mine owne.

I see, but still to sinfull life
I run, from worse to worse,
And play the youngman, very loath
my substance to disburse:
That flinty Pharaoh have I beene
that plagues did never dread;
I might full soone have drownèd beene
but for thy better speed.



[This cut in the original stands to the left of that printed on p. 168.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original there are two cuts; that to the left stands on p. 173.]

A pilgrime poore amid the land
that could not be content,
But to indure the golden calfe
full oft did I consent:
In fleshly, froward, fuming fume,
full many a time I said,
"In Egypt land great store wee had,
both victuals, flesh, and bread."

The hypocrite I play'd likewise,
and would not stand in awe;
I came to aske which precept was
the greatest in the Law.
I fed like greedy glutton fat,
and did the begger hate;
I had such business, let[1] I was
to come to marriage gate.

What shal I say, since thou dost know
my sinnes in number all?
To stand in judgement can I not,
except thou rid my thrall.

[1] Let = hindered.

Forgive, forget, put out of mind,
good Lord, my great offence,
And heale my soule with price of bloud,
my ample indulgènce.

Shal I despair, or dread more doubts?
my sinne is not so great
But mercies of my Saviour Christ
surmount them many a steppe.[1]
And by his promise hold I take,
"Knock ye, and I will open;
Seeke, call, come all, that laden be"—
the mouth of God hath spoken.

"I will be ready, heare, and helpe;
your sins, as scarlet red,
As white as snow shall purgèd be"—
in Esay[2] this is said.
Examples eke of mercies moe[3]
the text at large doth tell,
Discoursing of the sinfull wife,[4]
who long lived as rebèll.

Both Mary Magdalen and more
had pardon grant of thee;
Yea, even the thiefe, by his beleefe,
doth live eternally.
Why should not I, poore sinner, then
be bold to sue for grace,
When this I see abundantly—
thy goodnesse will imbrace

All such as will repent with teares,
and turne with whole intent,
And quite refuse their sinfull waies,
and earnestly relent.

[1] Perhaps the word "gate" was written here, and it has been altered to "steppe," as more obvious, but destroying the rhyme with "great." One meaning of a "gate" is a precipitous path or road, either up or down to the beach on the sea-shore, and a "steppe" is sometimes the same.

[2] Esay = Esaias = Isaiah. (This note is a repetition, but it is very short.)

[3] Moe = more.

[4] Perhaps the discourse of the woman taken in adultery, which is not included in some MSS. of the New Testament.

Turne, turne, O Lord, turne then to me!
my heart I ren[d] and teare,
In death, in life, I am thine owne,
for me thou paydst full deare.

Laud, praise, and thanks, with mind and heart,
to thee, my God, I give;
Direct my waies, at end of daies
in glory let mee live—
That blessed ghost may mount to sky
when wormes the body eate;
Lord, heare my sute, and grant me grace,
I humbly thee intreat!

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.



[This cut in the original stands to the left of that printed on p. 171.]

Be Patient in Trouble.

This devotional ballad bears the subscription of L[aurence] P[rice], and being more correctly printed than usual, is perhaps an original as well as unique edition. The struggle between morality and immorality in the reigns of Charles I. and James I. becomes the more marked by our finding the professed ballad-writers adopting first the one side and then the other, in order to satisfy the demand on both sides.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 496, 497.]

Bee Patient in Trouble;

Or,

The Patient Man's Counsell, wherein is showne the great goodnes of God towards them that beare the Crosses and Afflictions of this World patiently: As also a friendly instruction, whereby to advise us to forsake our wonted sinnes, and turne unto the Lord by speedy repentance, very meete and necessary for Worldlings to marke, reade, heare, and make use of.

To the tune of *Bodkin's Galliard.*



Come, come, you greedy worldlings, leave your toyle!
Lend me your approbation to my song:
For I, like you, was troublèd for a while
'Bout worldly matters which have done me wrong:
Now to revoke that life I am inclin'd,
Ile give God thankes, and take what I doe finde. 6

Though on this earth I live as one so poore
That few or none regards my company,
Yet hath the Lord a blessing still in store
For them that wait his leasure patiently.
Then let no man despaire, though meanes be small,
But, in affliction, give God thankes for all. 12

When I remember Job, that was so just,
How he despisèd was of all his kin,
And how from post to piller he was tost,
And no man weighed his sorrowes not a pin—
Then unto memory I likewise call
That he, in troubles, gave God thankes for all.

Although of riches once he had great store,
And was the chiefest man in all the East,
Yet was the Lord's deare servant brought so poore,
And of his goods and cattell dispossest:
Then patient Job unto the earth did fall,
And heartily did give God thankes for all.

Not onely all the wealth which he enjoy'd
Was quite consum'd and tane from him away,
His sons and daughters likewise were destroy'd;
By a tempestuous weather fell,[1] that day
The house in peices on their heads did fall;
And still poore Job did give God thanks for all.

And, further to increase his misery,
His wife to him most wrathfully did say,
"Husband!" quoth she, "curse God, and yeeld to die!"
"O no," said Job, "I know a better way—
Ile not offend my Heavenly Maker's will,
Ile prayse his name, and be contented still."

[1] "fell" = direful.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Thus being comfortlesse upon the earth,
His day of birth began to call to mind;
He also thought upon his hours of death,
And with great griefe these speeches he assign'd—
"Naked came I out of my mother's wombe,
Naked shall I returne unto my tombe." 42

Thus Job continued still so pure and holy,
As holy writers doth of him approve,[1]
Whom all the world could not entice to folly,
For God lov'd Job, and Job his God did love:
And afterward the Lord his fortunes blest
With farre more wealth than he before possest. 48

This sweet example may for great and small
Be a direction, how that we may guide
Our lives, when crosses doth to us befall,
That from these precepts we may never slide:
Lord! clothe us with that everlasting robe,
True faith and patience, like thy servant Job. 54

[1] "approve" = prove.

And grant that ever we may put our trust
In Thee alone, which art our strength and stay,
Seeing that earthly treasure is but dust,
Which soone will perish and consume away:
Let us desire our sinnes may be forgiven,
And every day prepare our selves for Heaven.

This world is full of vaine deluding snares,
The Divell also layes many cunning baites
For to intrap our soules at unawares,
He useth many policies and sleights:
Just cause have we to flie to Christ with speed,
And crave his ayd in this our time of neede.

Moreover, let us now with speede forsake
Our wonted sinnes wherein we take delight,
And of our lives and wayes a conscience make,
And learne to serve the Lord our God aright.
O let us not our time too long delay,
But put from us all wickednesse away.

Let the blasphemer now foregoe his othes,
And bid the drunkard leave his swilling mates;
For God himselfe the sinne of swearing lothes,
And all good men a drunkard's presence hates:
Let foule extortion now be put to flight,
And malice quite be banisht out of sight.

Let envie, pride, and vile adultery,
And murther, that fierce monster, part from hence;
Both covetousnesse and prodigality
No more be seene amongst our eminence:
So will the Lord our goods and cattell blesse,
Our land and all that ever we possesse.

Our noble King, the father of our peace,
The Lord preserve and keepe continually!
And send the Queene, and all, their blest increase,
The dew of thy sweet blessing, from on high!

So shall all English men rejoyce and sing,
Prayses be given to Christ our Heavenly King. 90

FINIS. L. P.

Printed at London for John Wright junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

The Pensive Prisoner's Apology.

This is quite a peculiar ballad—a religious paraphrase of several worldly ditties! The first is of Sir Richard Lovelace's "To Althea, from prison," beginning, "When Love, with unconfinèd wings." The incipient "When" is omitted in the paraphrase, so that only memory would be of use in recognizing it, for an index would fail. Next we have "My lodging is on the cold boards." This is a parody upon "My lodging it is on the cold ground," sung by Nell Gwyn in Howard's play *All mistaken.* Nell's rival in the favour of Charles II. was Mary Davis, commonly called Moll Davis, who had attracted the notice of the King by singing the original song in Sir William Davenant's play of *The Rivals.* Moll Davis was short and fat, of which Nell Gwyn wished to remind "the merry monarch"; therefore her parody runs thus:

"My lodging is on the cold boards,
And wonderful hard is my fare;
But that which troubles me most is
The fatness of my dear," etc.

Such are the subjects upon which this "Pensive Prisoner's Apology" is founded. A pious turn is given to them, and the ballad ends with the last stanza of "Althea, from prison."

The Roxburghe edition is upon half a broadside, without a printer's or publisher's name, but a copy of another edition in the Pepys Collection (II. 80) was issued by Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke. It adds a second name to the tune of the ballad, or gives the option of a second air: "Tune of *Love with unconfinèd wings*, or, *No, no, no, no, not yet.*"

These are perhaps the only two copies extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 498.]

The Pensive Prisoner's Apology,

Directed to his fellow-Prisoners wheresoever, wherein he adviseth them to be stedfast in faith and hope, and patiently to indure their careful Imprisonment, and to keep their Vows, shewing the way to true Liberty.

TO THE TUNE OF *Love with unconfinèd Wings* [OR, *O no, no, no, not yet.*]

[When] Love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers about my gates,
And my divine Althea brings[1]
To whisper at the[2] grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
Being fetter'd to her eye,[3]
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When, like contented linits, I
With silver notes will sing[4]
The very meekness of the heart,
And glory of the thing;
When I shall noise abroad and spread
How good their vertues be;
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

---

[1] "And my divine Althema begins" in the ballad.
[2] "my grates" in the ballad.
[3] "fettered in her eie" in the ballad.
[4] In the printed copies of Lovelace's song it stands thus:

"When, like *committed* linnets, I,
With *shriller* note, shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty."

Lovelace's second stanza is omitted. The above is the third.

My lodging is on the cold boards,
  My cloaths are thin and bare,
False-hearted friends with flattering words
  Doth seek me to insnare.
They counsel me to change my mind,
  And so my words deny:
And I thereby shall surely find
  A perfect liberty.

Faith, hope, and patience is my guide,
  My conscience pure and clear,
So that the Lord be on my side,
  What foe need I to fear:
I neither fear the stroak of death,
  Nor tyrant's villany,
So soon as Christ receives my breath,
  I gain true liberty.

A faithful vow I once did make,
  Which now I will maintain
Whilst I have tongue and breath to speak,
  And life in me remain—
Rather than from religion turn,
  In fiery flames to fry—
And if my corps to ashes burn,
  My soul gains liberty.

Patience makes plaisters for my sores,
  Love lives without controle;
They lock my body within the doors,
  But cannot lock my soul.
My muses to and fro doth run
  Above and beneath the sky:
The greatest potentates under the sun
  Oft wants such liberty.

Our keeper's cruelty is great,
  To one and to us all;
He bids us eat our flesh for meat,
  Or stones that's in the wall.

Yet though I am in prison cast,
My senses mounts on high,
The wind that bloweth where it list
Knows no such liberty.

'Tis neither pardon from the Pope,
Nor prayers made to saints,
That can inlarge my further scope,
Nor shorten my complaints:
'Tis Christ above, the Lord of love,
Which for mankind did die:
None but He can pardon me,
Nor work my liberty.

Ther's many men hath treasure store,
Yet are so worldly bent,
Having too much, they scrape for more,
Yet never are content
Whil'st I that am the poor'st of all,
From worldly care am free,
Which makes me think they live in thral,
And I have liberty.

The man that bears a wavering mind
Is subject to much wo,
He that to anger is inclin'd
Must sorrow undergo;
But he that hath a patient heart,
Though he a prisoner be,
Exceeds both nature, skill, and art,
In point of liberty.

You pensive prisoners, every one,
With hearts loyal and true,
These lines of mine to work upon,
I dedicate to you.
Let faith and patience be your guide,
And you in time shall see
The powers of heaven will so provide
You shall have liberty.

Stone walls cannot a prison make,[1]
  Nor iron bars a cage;
A spotless soul being innocent
  Calls that its hermitage.
So I am blameless in my choice,
  And from these troubles free;
Angels alone that are above
  Injoys such liberty.

FINIS.

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[1] Compare Lovelace's last stanza:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty."

—Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. iii.

The Dance and Song of Death.

THIS is an early ballad. It was licensed to "John Awdelay" as "The Daunce & songe of Deathe" in 1568-9 (Collier's *Registers*, i. 195), but one stanza of the existing ballad must have been added in 1578. A manuscript copy in the British Museum (Addit. MS. No. 15,225) supplies the name of the author—Thomas Hill—at the end. If the "pleasant new tune" was composed for the ballad, it must be older than the entry at Stationers' Hall, because mentioned as a country dance by that name in the recently discovered play of *Misogonus*, produced about 1560. The tune will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 84, with a multiplicity of quotations to prove its wide and long-continued popularity.

The Roxburghe copy of the ballad is upon the half of a broadside with the imprint cut away. The Pepys (II. 62) and the Rawlinson Collection (No. 203) are editions printed for Coles, Vere, and Wright. The Anthony Wood Collection includes two copies of about the same date (Wood 401, 60 and 402, 48). Perhaps the Roxburghe may be the oldest extant, for all the others seem to be of the second half of the seventeenth century, and the Roxburghe edition may be of the first half.

Dances of Death were very popular subjects for mural paintings in England and abroad from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. The old cathedral of Saint Paul's was thus decorated. Many examples are quoted under "Death and the Lady" in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 164. Holbein's "Dance of Death" is still familiarly known.

The stanza which must have been written in 1578 stands fourth in the following edition. It refers to the solemn Assizes held in the Court-House in the Castle Yard at Oxford on 4th July, 1577, when the judges and members of the bar became infected with jail fever, and Sir Robert Bell, Baron of the Exchequer, and Sir Nicholas Barham, Serjeant-at-Law, died from its effects.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 499.]

The doleful Dance and Song of Death:

Intituled, Dance after my Pipe.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Can you dance *The shaking of the sheets?*—
A dance that every one must do—
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
And every thing as 'longs thereto?
Make ready then your winding-sheet,
And see how you can bestir your feet,
For Death is the man that all must meet.

Bring away the begger and the king,
And every man in his degree;
Bring the old and youngest thing,
Come all to death, and follow me.
The courtier with his lofty looks,
The lawyer with his learned books,
The banker with his baiting-hooks.

Merchants, have you made your mart in France,
In Italy, and all about?
Know you not that you and I must dance,
Both our heels wrapt in a clout?

What mean you to make your houses gay,
And I must take the tenant away,
And dig for your sakes the clods of clay.

Think you on the solemn 'Sizes past,
How suddenly in Oxfordshire
I came, and made the Judges all agast,
And Justices that did appear:
And took both Bell and Bar[h]am[1] away,
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodies brought to clay.

Think you that I dare not come to schools,
Where all the cunning clerks be most?
Take I not always both wise and fools?
And am I not in every toast?
Assure your selves no creature can
Make Death affraid of any man,
Or know my coming where or whan.[2]

Where be they that make their leases strong,
And joyn about them land to land?
Do you make account to live so long,
To have the world come to your hand?
No! foolish nowle,[3] for all thy pence,
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence,
Then who shall toyl for thy defence?

And you that lean on your ladies' laps,
And lay your heads upon their knee,
Think you for to play with beautious paps,
And not to come and dance with me?
No! fair lords and ladies all,
I will make you come when I do call,
And find you a pipe to dance withal.

And you that are busie-headed fools,
To bubble of a pelting[4] straw,
Know you not that I have ready tools
To cut you from your crafty law?

---

[1] See the introductory notice to this ballad.

[2] "when" in the text, but "whan" is an old form of "when," and is required for the rhyme.

[3] nowle = noddle = head.

[4] pelting = paltry.

And you that fairly buy and sell,
And think you make your markets well,
Must dance with Death, wheresoe're you dwell.

Pride must have a pretty sheet, I see,
For properly she loves to dance;
Come away, my wanton wench, to me,
As gallantly as your eye can glance!
And all good fellows that flash and swash,[1]
In reds and yellows of revel dash,
I warrant you need not be so rash;

For I can quickly cool you all,
How hot or stout so e'er you be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
I nought do fear your high degree.
The ladies fair, the beldams old,
The champion stout, the souldier bold,
Must all with me to earthly mold.

Therefore take time while it is lent,
Prepare with me your selves to dance,
Forget me not, your lives lament;
I come ofttimes by sudden chance.
Be ready therefore, watch and pray,
That, when my minstrel pipe doth play,
You may to Heaven dance the way.

FINIS.

[1] Swash = swagger.

A Christian's Nightly Care.

In this case we have three devout productions upon one page of a broadside, which lacks the name of the publisher.

"A Christian's Nightly Care" seems to be of the sixteenth century, and to be imperfectly reprinted in this seventeenth-century edition. It is more likely to have been written in the North of England than in the South, or the meridian of London. We have such words as "airly" for "early," "flaes" for "fleas," "lowp" for "lope"=leap, and "ganting" for "yawning." These give it a philological interest, independent of the good advice it contains. No other copy seems to be extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 500, col. 1.]

A Christian's nightly Care.

When thou hast spent the longsom day
  In pleasure and delight,
And after toile, and wearie way,
  Does seek thy rest at night,
Into thy pain and pleasure past,
  Eke this in labour yet:
Ere sleep close up thine eyes too fast,
  Do not thy God forget.

But search within thy secret thoughts
  What deeds did thee befall;
And if thou find amisse in ought,
  To God for mercie call.
But if thou find nothing amisse
  That thou canst call to minde,
Yet evermore remember this,
  There is the more behinde.

And look how well soever it be
  That thou hast spent this day,
It came of God, and not of thee,
  So to direct thy way.
Thus, if thou try thy daily deeds,
  And pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,
  And thine shall be the gain.

But if thy sleepy sinfull eye
  Will venter for to wink
Before thy wilfull will may try
  How far thy soul may sink;
Beware and wake,[1] or else thy bed,
  Which soft and smooth is made,
Shall heap more evil upon thy head
  Then stroak of enemies' blade.

[1] "walk" in the text.

But if thy pain procure thine ease,
In bed as thou dost ly,
I'm sure it will not God displease
To sing this soberly:
"I see that sleep is lent me here
To ease my wearie bones,
As death at length will once appear
To ease my grievous groanes.

"My daily sports, with bellie fed,
Would cause my sleepy eye
To sleep so sound in quiet bed,
Whereby my soul might die:
The stretching arms, the ganting[1] breath,
That in my bed I use,
Are portraicts of the pangs of death,
When life shall me refuse.

"And as my bed each sundry part
In shadows doth resemble,
Then sundry shapes of Death, whose dart
Will make my heart to tremble;
My bed it selfe is like the grave,
My sheets the winding sheet,
My cloathes the moulds which I must have
To cover me most meet.

"The hungry flaes,[2] that lowp[3] most fresh,
To worms I can compare,
Which greedily will eat my flesh,
And leave my bones right bear:
The waking cock, that airly[4] crowes
To put the night away,
Puts me in minde the trump that blowes
Before the latter day,

"Then as I rise up lustily,
When sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfullie,
To judgement at the last:

[1] ganting = yawning.
[2] flaes = fleas.
[3] lowp = lope = leap.
[4] airly = early.

Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,
  Thus will I hope to rise;
Thus will I neither wail nor weep,
  But sing in holy guise.

"My bones shall in this bed remain,
  My soul in God shall trust,
By whom I hope to rise again
  From death and earthly dust.
All laud and praise be to the Lord,
  And also to his sonne,
And likewise to the holy Ghost!
  And so my song is done."

Sad Marshall to the Lark, and the Reply.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to discover who the Marshall was to whom we are indebted for this address to the Lark. It is just possible that the author may have been Stephen Marshall, B.D., who published sermons in the seventeenth century, but the defective grammar is a strong point against the probability. In the Reply, we have an old word "to tine" for "to lose" anything. The name of Marshall is not a familiar one among ballad-writers. The idea that the example of the lark should teach man to be content with his lot is a happy thought. No other copy seems to be known.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 500, cols. 2, 3.]

Sad Marshall to the Singing Larke.

O blessed bird, whose soaring song
  Declares the lightsome day!
I'm forc'd to blesse thy little tongue
  For thy solacious lay;
Yea, whilst I think on thine estate,
  And hear thine harmonie,
I find myself to be ungrate,
  Who sad and silent lie.

For thou hast neither lands nor rent,
  Nor riches laid in store;
And yet doest sing as full content,
  And with thy song doest soar;
But I, to whom the loving Lord
  Hath been more liberal,
I sigh, and cannot sing a word,
  Nor move no mirth at all.

What is the cause that I deplore,
  Whilst thou so sweetly sings,
But that I hunt to have much more
  Than yet my fortune brings?
But thou into thy mind's at rest,
  Contented with thy lot;
Whilst I with care am thus opprest,
  Thou chant'st a chearfull note.

The mean to move me unto mirth
  Then is to be content,
And eke with thee to leave the earth,
  And pierce the firmament;
For here below is nothing else
  But crosse, with changing toyes;
But they that in the highest dwell
  Have everlasting joyes.

My blessed bird, tyre not thy tune,
  Move on thy musick sweet;
For I with cares was quite undone
  Till thou reviv'd my spirit.[1]
And now, since thou hast me restor'd,
  With thee Ill soar and sing:
Giving all laud unto the Lord,
  My high and heavenlie King.

Finis, quod Marshal.

The Reply of the Lark.

O man, sigh on! for thou hast cause
  To sorrow for thy sin;
God unto me hath giv'n no lawes
  To lead my life therein;
But, by his will, he me ordains
  To sing, and show the day;
But thou, O man! who grief sustains,
  Should bow the knee, and pray.

Man! thou shouldst be more sad than I—
  More dangerous is thy state:
The world, the flesh, and old envy,
  Thou hast with to debate.
High is the pryze, if thou take care,
  That God shall to thee give;
Hard is the case, if thou despaire,
  Or yet securelie live.

Short while thou hast for to deplore;
  Far shorter I to sing:
A year, or two, or little more,
  To me my date shall bring;
And when the winter waxeth cold,
  My layes shall lurk full low;
For I must shield me in some hold
  Till brumal blasts o'reblow.

[1] "spirit" was probably written "sprite," and pronounced "sprete."

Yea, fragrant flowrs in summer fair
  Shall then both droup and die;
Fish in the floods, fowls in the air,
  Have their adversitie.
For every time is not the spring;
  No state stands ay at ones;[1]
There is a time for us to sing,[2]
  A time for sighs and groans.

Take everie state to come from God,—
  Both wealth, want, weal, and wo,—
And, when he layes on thee his rod,
  Thy visitation know:
Yea, when he makes thy cup to flow,
  Think on adversitie,
Lest that thy wealth thy wit o'rgrow
  In thy prosperitie.

Yet let no sadnesse thee o'rthrow,
  For trifles which thou tines;[3]
Oft whilst the earth is clad with snow,
  The Sun most brightlie shines.
Though Fortune frown, be not afraid,
  Each cloud is not a shower:
When griefe is gone, and thou art glad,
  It shall be sweet that's sowre.

No mortal man may climb the top
  Of full felicitie:
We do but seldom hit our scope,
  How low soever it be;
Though thou wer't mounted to the hight
  Whereto thy thoughts aspires,
Some higher object out of sight
  Would kindle new desires.

Then let no worldlie vanitie
  In vain oppress thy sp'rit,
Come, soar with me above the skie,
  To thy Redeemer sweet:

[1] at one = agreed. [2] "to sting" in the text. [3] tinest = losest.

Sing of thy lasting libertie
When all these pains are past;
Sing of thy joyfull jubilie
Thou shalt enjoy at last.

So shall thy wishes be compleat
To the most high degree;
So shall thy present crosse be sweet,
How sowre soever it be:
Then sing and sigh, sigh and sing,
Til thou enjoy that day
Of perfect joy, with Christ thy King,
Where thou shalt sing for ay.

FINIS.

A Warning for Maidens; or, Young Bateman.

The copy of this ballad in the First Volume of the Roxburghe Collection is upon the half of a broadside, and is perhaps the earliest now extant. An edition in the Pepys Collection (I. 504), printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger, has the fuller title of "A godly warning for all maidens, by the example of God's judgment shewed on one Jerman's wife of Clifton, in the County of Nottingham, who, lying in Child-bed, was born away, and never heard of after." This agrees with the Bagford copy (643. m. 10, p. 43). Others, again, of still later date, have the prefix of "Young Bateman's Ghost; or," to "A godly warning," etc. Examples are in the Douce Collection (B. 3. 110b) and Roxburghe Collection, III. 766.

When the fiddler is questioned as to what ballads he can sing, in Fletcher's comedy, *Monsieur Thomas* (act iii. sc. 3), he includes this, as *The Devil and Ye dainty dames*, with several others in the present collection. He is made to answer in the following blundering style:

> "Under your mastership's correction, I can sing
> *The Duke of Norfolk*, or the merry ballad
> Of *Diverus & Lazarus; The Rose of England;*
> *In Crete when Dedimus first began;*
> *Jonas, his crying out against Coventry;*
> *Maudlin the Merchant's daughter;*
> *The Devil and Ye dainty dames;*
> *The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow;*
> With *The bloody Battle at Mile-End.*"

The moral of the ballad is, that young ladies should not forsake their first loves, although they may be tempted by very wealthy suitors. Such sentiments would find an echo in the heart of many a penniless youth, and they are the probable reason for the long-continued popularity of the ballad.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 501, and III. 766.]

A Warning for Maidens;

[or, Young Bateman].

To the tune of *The Ladies Fall.*

You daintie dames, so finelie fram'd
in beauties chiefest mold,
And you that trip it up and down,
like lambs in Cupid's fold;
Here is a lesson to be learn'd,
a lesson, in my mind,
For such as will prove false in love,
and bear a faithless mind.

Not far from Notingham of late,
in Clifton as I hear,
There dwelt a fair and comelie maid,
for beautie without peer:
Her cheeks were like the crimson rose;
yet well we may perceive
The fairest dame the falsest heart
and soonest will deceive.

This gallant damsel was belov'd
by manie in that place;
And manie sought in marriage bed
her bodie to embrace;
At last a comelie proper youth,
young Bateman call'd by name,
In hope to have a married wife,
unto this maiden came.

Such love and liking soon he found,
that he from all the rest
Had stoln awaie the damsel's heart,
and she did like him best;
Then plighted promise secretlie
did pass between them two,
That nothing could but death itself
their true love's knot undo.

A piece of gold he brake in twain,
one half to her he gave;
"The other as a pledge," quoth he,
"dear heart, myself shall have."
"And if I break my vow," quoth she,
"while I remain alive,
May never thing I take in hand
be seen at all to thrive."

This passèd on for two months' space,
and then this maid began
To setle love, and liking too,
upon another man:
Old Jerman, who a widower was,
he[r] husband needs must be,
Because he was of greater wealth,
and better of degree.

Her vowe and promise latelie past
to Bateman she deny'd,
And, in despight, both him and his
she utterlie defy'd.
"Well then," quoth he, "if it be so,
that thou wilt me forsake,
And like a false and forsworn wretch,
another husband take—

"Thou shalt not live one quiet day,
for surelie I will have
Thee, either now alive, or dead,
when I am laid in grave:
Thy faithlesse mind thou shalt repent;
therefore be well assur'd,
When for thy sake thou hear'st report
what torments I endur'd."

But mark how Bateman died for love!
he finisht up his life
The verie day she married was
and made old Jerman's wife;

For with a strangling cord, God wote,
(great moan was made therefore)
He hang'd himself, in desperat sort,
before the bride's own door.

At which, such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
and troubled sore her mind,
That she could never after that
one hour of comfort find;
For, wheresoever that she went,
her fancie did surmize
Young Bateman's pale and gashlie ghost
appear'd before her eyes.

When she in bed at night did lie
betwixt her husband's arms,
In hope therein to sleep and rest
in safetie, without harms;
Great cries and grievous groans she heard,
a voice that sometime said,
"O thou art she that I must have,
and will not be denay'd."[1]

But she, as being then with child,
was, for the infant's sake,
Preservèd from the spirit's power,
no vengeance could it take.
The babe unborn did safelie shield
(as God appointed so)
His mother's bodie from the fiend
that sought her overthrow.

But, being of her burthen eas'd,
and safelie brought to bed,
Her cares and griefs began anew,
and fresh her sorrows bred;
And hereupon she call'd her friends,
desiring them to staie;
"This night," quoth she, "out of my bed
I shall be born awaie.

[1] This is printed "deni'd," but the rhyme requires "denay'd," which is a common old form of the word, and one often found in these ballads.

"Here comes the spirit of my love,
with pale and gashlie face,
Who, till he take me hence with him,
will not depart this place.
Alive or dead I am his right,
and he will surelie have,
In spight of me and all the world,
what I by promise gave.

"O watch with me all night, dear friends,
but see ye do not sleep;
No longer th[a]n ye be awake,
my bodie can ye keep!"
All promisèd to do their best;
yet nothing could suffice,
In middle of the night to keep
sad slumber from their eyes.

And, being all full fast on sleep,
['tw]as all unknown which waie
This child-bed wife, that woful wight,
from thence was born awaie:
But to what place no creature knew,
nor to this daie can tell—
As strange a thing as ever yet
in anie age befell.

Ye maidens that desire to love,
and will good husbands choose,
To him that ye have vow'd your love
by no means do refuse:
For God, that hears all secret oaths,
wil dreadful vengeance take
On such as on a wilful vow
do slender reckning make.

FINIS.

A Godly Ballad.

THIS seems to be the production of an avowedly illiterate woman. See the last stanza. It is printed on the same half-sheet as the preceding.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 501, col. 3.]

A Godly Ballad.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

One year begins, another ends,
  Our time doth pass and go,
And this to our instruction tends,
  If we could take it so!
The summer's hot; the winter's cold;
  Whose season lets us see;
When youth is gone, and we wax old,
  Like flow'rs we fade and die.

Men for the most part do rejoice
  When sons are to them born,
Whose weeping eyes bewail their woes,
  Our sinfulnesse to scorn:
They are the messengers of death,
  Our time is passing fast;
Till, at the hour of fading breath,
  Then Death us parts at last.

Thus must we learn to spend our dayes
  In vertue, as we ought;
In doing good make no delaies,
  Let sloath out of our thought.
The sloathful man yet ne're attain'd
  To honour, wealth nor fame;
But manie have by vertue gain'd
  A long long lasting name.

In prime time of our youth we should
  The seeds of learning sow,
Weed forth our vices, if we could,
  And sinful lusts down throw:
He that in time of youth takes pain
  His vertue to bestow,
In harvest of his age again
  He grapes of grace shall mow.

Since all things creat[e] have an end,
Nothing but fame remains;
Happie is he can wiselie spend
His time in vertuous peins:
For soon the time shal pass awaie,
And pleasures shal abide;
O happie, happie, thrice are they,
Who takes time at the tide.

The tide of time doth flow full fast,
And quicklie ebs awaie;
And if our ship lack sail or mast,
Our voyage must delaie:
Our bodies are the brittle bark
Which sails the floods of fame;
But if, through sloath, we miss the mark,
We sink in seas of shame.

Occasion, she hath hair before,
But she is beld[1] behind;
Lost time no travel can restore,
As many fools do find:
The little ants and honey bees
In summer laie up store
For to provide for winter storms,
Men ought to do much more.

This have I done to please your will,
Now let me have my hire;
I have bewray'd my want of skil
In doing your desire:
The weakness of a woman's wit
Is not through Nature's fault,
But lack of education fit
Makes Nature oft to halt.

FINIS.

[1] bald?

[Roxb. Coll. I. 502.]

A Warning for Married Women:

Being an Example of Mrs. Jane Reynolds (a west-country woman), born neer Plymouth, who, having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit; the manner how shall presently be recited.[1]

To a West-country tune, called *The fair Maid of Bristol; Bateman*, or *John True.*

There dwelt a fair maid in the West,
of worthy birth and fame,
Neer unto Plymouth[2] stately town,
Jane Reynolds was her name.

This damsel dearly was belov'd
by many a proper youth;
And what of her is to be said
is known for very truth.

---

[1] This is a tale of a married woman who is prompted by the spirit of her deceased lover to leave her husband and three children, and to go with him. She had waited three years for her lover, and heard that he was dead, before she married; so, this being the seventh year, she was badly treated by this member of the spiritual world. Her husband hanged himself, and she was never heard of more. The warning to other married women herein conveyed (unless it be against the tricks of evil spirits) is rather obscure. Of course, it did not occur to any one that the old lover could have returned in the flesh. The miracle saved Mrs. Jane Reynolds's reputation.

The Roxburghe edition is upon a half sheet, without publisher's name; the Pepys (IV. 101), for Thackeray and Passenger; and the Euing (377), for Coles, Vere, and Gilbertson; while Euing 378 is by and for W. O[nley], "and are to be sold by the Booksellers." This is the latest of the four.

[2] It is "Pilmouth" both in the title and in the body of this edition, but others give "Plymouth."

Among the rest, a seaman brave
unto her a wooing came;
A comely proper youth he was,
James Harais call'd by name.

The maid and young man was agreed,
as time did them allow,
And to each other secretly
they made a solemn vow

That they would ever faithful be
whilst Heaven afforded life;
He was to be her husband kind,
and she his faithful wife.

A day appointed was, also,
when they were to be married;
But, before these things were brought to pass,
matters were strangely carried.

All you that faithful lovers be
give ear, and hearken well,
And what of them became at last
I will directly tell.

The young man he was prest to sea,
and forcèd was to go;
His sweet-heart she must stay behind,
whether she would or no.

And after he was from her gone,
she three years for him staid,
Expecting of his coming home,
and kept her self a maid.

At last news came that he was dead
within a forraign land,
And how that he was burièd
she well did understand.

For whose sweet sake the maiden she
lamented many a day,
And never was she known at all
the wanton for to play.

A carpenter that liv'd hard by,
when he heard of the same,
Like as the other had done before,
to her a wooing came.

But when that he had gain'd her love,
they married were with speed,
And four years space (being man and wife)
they lovingly agreed.

Three pretty children in this time
this lovely couple had,
Which made their father's heart rejoyce,
and mother wonderous glad.

But, as occasion serv'd, one time
the good man took his way
Some three days journey from his home,
intending not to stay.

But whilst that he was gone away
a spirit in the night
Came to the window of his wife,
and did her sorely fright.

Which spirit spake like to a man,
and unto her did say,
"My dear and onely love," quoth he
"prepare and come away.

"James Harais is my name," quoth he,
"whom thou didst love so dear,
And I have travel'd for thy sake
at least this seven year.

"And now I am return'd again,
to take thee to my wife;
And thou with me shalt go to sea,
to end all further strife."

"O tempt me not, sweet James," quoth she,
"with thee away to go;
If I should leave my children small,
alas! what would they do?

"My husband is a carpenter,
a carpenter of great fame;
I would not for five hundred pounds
that he should know the same." 84

"I might have had a king's daughter,
and she would have married me;
But I forsook her golden crown,
even for the love of thee. 88

"Therefore, if thou'l thy husband forsake,
and thy children three also,
I will forgive thee what is past,
if thou wilt with me go." 92

"If I forsake my husband, and
my little children three,
What means hast thou to bring me to,
if I should go with thee?" 96

"I have seven ships upon the sea;
when they are come to land,
Both mariners and marchandize
shall be at thy command. 100

"The ship wherein my love shall sail
is glorious to behold;
The sails shall be of finest silk,
and the mast of shining gold." 104

When he had told her these fair tales,
to love him she began,
Because he was in humane shape
much like unto a man. 108

And so together away they went
from off the English shore,
And since that time the woman kind
was never seen no more; 112

But when her husband he came home,
and found his wife was gone,
And left her three sweet pretty babes
within the house alone,— 116

He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
the tears fell from his eyes;
And in the open streets he run,
with heavy doleful cries.

And in this sad distracted case
he hang'd himself for woe
Upon a tree near to the place:
the truth of all is so.

The children now are fatherless,
and left without a guide;
But yet no doubt the heavenly powers
will for them well provide.

FINIS.

Alphonso and Ganselo.

This ballad, again, is upon the odd half of a broadside, without the publisher's name, but as it is included in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, the author becomes thereby known. The Garland has been reprinted by the Percy Society. A few common-sense corrections have here been adopted from the Percy Folio, and from the Old Ballads of 1727, but the object has been to retain the Roxburghe edition as far as possible, because the others have been reprinted. This is, in the main, a better copy than the Percy Folio supplies.

The only existing broadside seems to be the one in the Roxburghe Collection, but *The Garland of Good Will* is the authority. Other copies in Percy Folio, III. 507, and *Old Ballads* of 1727, II. 146. Deloney's name is a guarantee for the ballad.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 503.]

Of the faithful Friendship that lasted between two faithful Friends [Alphonso and Ganselo].

To the tune of *Flying Fame.*

In stately Rome sometimes did dwell
a man of noble fame,
Who had a son of seemlie shape,
Alphonso was his name.
When he was grown and come to age,
his father thought it best
To send his son to Athens faire,
where wisedom's schools did rest.

And when he was at Athens come,
good Lectors [1] for to learn,
A place to board him with delight
his friends did well discern.
A noble knight of Athens town
of him did take the charge,
Who had a son, Ganselo [2] cal'd,
just of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in favour, speech, and face,
In qualitie and condition eke,
they 'greed in every place.
So like they were in all respects,
the one unto the other,
They were not known but by their face,
of father nor of mother.

And as in favour they were found
alike in all respects,
Even so they did most dearlie love,
as prov'd by good effects.[3]

[1] letters, Percy Folio.
[2] Gancelo here in the text; but it is Ganselo further on.
[3] "respect" in the ballad; but "effects" in the Percy Folio.

Ganselo lov'd a ladie faire,
which did in Athens dwell,
Who was in beautie peerlesse found,—
so far she did excell.

Upon a time it chancèd so,
as fancie did him move,
That he would visit for delight
his ladie and his love;
And to his true and faithful friend
he did declare the same,
Asking of him if he would see
that fair and comelie dame.

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with Ganselo went
To see the ladie whom[1] he lov'd,
which bred his discontent;
For[2] when he cast his christal eyes
upon her angel's hue,
The beautie of that ladie bright
did straight his heart subdue.

His gentle heart so wounded was
with that fair lady's face
That afterward he dailie liv'd
in sad and woefull case;
And of his grief he knew not how
thereof to make an end,
For that he knew the lady's love
was yeelded to his friend.

Thus being sore perplext in mind,
upon his bed he lay,
Like one whom[3] death and deep despair
had almost worn away.
His friend Ganselo, that did see
his grief and great distresse,
At length requested for to know
his cause of heavinesse.

[1] "which" in the ballad; "whom" in the Percy Folio.
[2] "But" in the ballad; "For" in the Percy Folio.
[3] "which" in the ballad; "whom" in O. B.

With much ado at length he told
the truth unto his friend,
Who did release his inward woe
with comfort in[1] the end.
"Take courage then, dear friend," quoth he;
"though she through love be mine,
My right I will resign to thee;
the lady shall be thine.

"You know our favours are alike,
our speech alike likewise;
This day in mine apparel then
you shall your self disguise,
And unto church then shall you go
directlie in my stead;
So, though my friends suppose 'tis I,
you shall the lady wed."

Alphonso was full[2] well apaid;[3]
and as they had decreed,
He went that[4] day, and wedded plain
the lady there in deed.
But when the nuptial feast was done,
and Phœbus light[5] was fled,
The lady for Ganselo took
Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A post for fair Alphonso came
to fetch him home to Rome.
Then was the matter plainly prov'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And not Ganselo, to that dame,
which brought great woe, alas!

Alphonso being come to Rome
with this his ladie gay,
Ganselo's friends and kindred all
in such a rage did stay

---

1 "to" in the ballad; "in" in the Percy Folio.
2 "so" in the ballad; "full" in the Percy Folio.
3 "apaid" = pleased.
4 "a day" in the ballad; "that day" in O. B.
5 "quite" in the ballad; "light" in the Percy Folio.

That they depriv'd him of his wealth,
his lands and rich attire,
And banisht him their countrey quite
in rage and wrathfull ire.

With sad and pensive thoughts, alas!
Ganselo wandred then,
Who was through want constrain'd to beg
relief of many men.
In this distresse oft would he say,
"To Rome I mean to go,
To seek Alphonso, my dear friend,
who will relieve my wo."

To Rome when poor Ganselo came,
and found Alphonsoes place,
Which was so famous, huge, and fair,
himself in such poor case,
He was asham'd to shew himself
in that his poor array,
Saying, "Alphonso knowes me well
if he should come this way."

Wherefore he staid within the street:
Alphonso then came by,
But heeded not Ganselo poor,
his friend, that stood so nigh;
Which griev'd Ganselo to the heart;
quoth he, "And is it so?
Doth proud Alphonso now disdain
his friend in need to know?"

In desperate sort away he went
into a barn hard by,
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to die;
And bitterly in sorrow there
he did lament and weep;
And, being over weigh'd with grief,
he there fell fast asleep.

While[1] soundly there he sweetly sleept,
came in a murdering thief,
And saw[2] a naked knife lay by
this man so full of grief:
This knife so bright he took up straight,
and went away amain,
And thrust it into a murdered man
which he before had slain;

And afterward he went with speed,
and put this bloodie knife
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from strife.
Which done, in haste away he ran;
and when that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloodie knife
was for the murder staid,

And brought before the magistrates,[3]
who did confesse most plain
That he indeed with that same knife
the murdered man had slain.
Alphonso, sitting there as Judge,
and knowing Ganselo's face,
To save his friend, did say himself
was guiltie in that case.

"None," quoth Alphonso, "kill'd the man,
my lord[s], but only I;
And therefore set this poor man free,
and let me justly die."
Then while for death these loving friends
in striving did proceed,
The man before the Senate came
which did the fact indeed,

Who being movèd with remorse,
their friendlie[4] hearts to see,
Did prove before the judges plain
none did the deed[5] but he.

[1] "Where" in the ballad; "while" in the Folio and other copies.
[2] "with" in the ballad; "saw" in other copies.
[3] "magistrat" in the ballad; but "mag'strates" in the Percy Folio.
[4] "faithfull" in the Percy Folio.
[5] "fact" in the ballad; "deed" in the Percy Folio.

Thus, when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides joy was seen;
Alphonso did imbrace his friend
which had so wofull been:

In rich array he cloathèd him,
as fitted his degree,
And helpt him to his lands again
and former dignitie.
The murderer, for telling truth,
had pardon at that time,
Who afterward lamented much
his foul and grievous crime.

FINIS.

The Shepherd and the King.

This ballad, which is prolific in old words, is in the style of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," and of many of the Robin Hood ballads. It includes an equal combat of four hours' duration between the Shepherd and King Alfred in disguise. The King then goes to the Shepherd's house for the night, and, on the following morning, he rewards the Shepherd with a thousand wethers, a hall, and an estate, as an amiable return for a most scurvy reception. The old minstrel story of King Alfred tending the baking of the cakes, and allowing them to burn, is introduced into the ballad. 'Tis pity that it should rest upon so slender a foundation, for these little episodes do greatly enliven the duller pages of history. The song of Roland, said to have been sung by Taillefer at the Battle of Hastings, that of King Richard I. and his minstrel Blondel, and a hundred other

[Roxb. Coll. I. 504, 505.]

The Shepheard and the King, and of Gillian, the Shepheard's Wife, with her Churlish answers: being full of mirth and merry pastime.

To the tune of *Flying Fame.*



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pretty minstrel fables, have become semi-historical through the lack of some more sprightly entertainment in history than the too constant record of villains and of victims.

Not only the style of the present ballad, but also the language, proves it to be of earlier date than the seventeenth century. The publisher's name has been cut off the copy in the Roxburghe Collection by the binder. That edition seems not earlier than the first half of the seventeenth century. Other editions are Euing, Nos. 331 and 332, and Pepys, I. 76. Of these, the first and third equally lack the publisher's name. Euing 332 is "by and for A. M[ilbourne], and sold by the Booksellers of London." The ballad was reprinted in *Old Ballads* of 1727 (I. 43), in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, V. 289, and lastly by Evans, II. 11. The old words, such as "waster," and others, are modernized in Milbourne's edition and in the later reprints, and the newer words not unfrequently make nonsense. They may be recognized by a change of the first line to—

"*In* elder times there was *of* yore."

An elder time there was so yore,[1]
when gybes of churlish glee
Were us'd amongst our country carles,[2]
though no such thing now be:
The which King Alfred liking well,
forsooke his stately Court,
And, in disguise unknowne, went forth
to see that joviall sport;

How Dick and Tom, in clouted shoone
and coats of russet gray,
Esteem'd themselves more brave th[a]n those
that went in golden ray.[3]
In garments fit for such a life
our good King Alfred went,
All rag'd and torne, as from his backe
the begger his clothes had rent.

A sword and buckler, good and strong,
to give Jack Sauce a rap;
And on his head, in stead of a crowne,
he wore a Monmouth cap:[4]
Thus coasting thorow Somerset-shire,
neere Newton-Court he met
A shepheard swaine of lusty limbes,
that up and downe did jet:[5]

He wore a bonnet[6] of good gray,
close button'd to his chin,
And at his backe a leather scrip,
with much good meate therein.
"God speed, good shepheard!" quoth our King,
"I come to be thy guest,
To taste of thy good victuall here,
and drinke that's of the best.

---

[1] so yore = so old. Here "yore" is used as an adjective. In later editions it is altered to "of yore," making an adverb = anciently.
[2] carles = clowns.
[3] golden ray = cloth striped with gold.
[4] Monmouth cap = a countryman's flat cap.
[5] jet = strut, or walk proudly.
[6] bonnet = a rounded cap fitting to the head in helmet fashion.

"Thy scrip, I knowe, hath cheare good store"—
"What then?" the shepheard said;
"Thou seem'st to be some sturdy[1] theefe,
and mak'st mee sore afraid;
Yet, if thou wilt thy dinner winne,
thy sword and buckler take;
And, if thou canst, into my scrip
therewith an entrance make!

"I tell thee, roister, it hath store
of beefe and bacon fat,
With shives[2] of barley bread, to make
thy chops to water at:
Here stands my bottle, here my bag,
if thou canst win them, roister,
Against thy sword and buckler here,
my sheep-hooke is my waster!"[3]

"*Benedicite!*" now quoth our King,
"it never shall be said
That Alfred of thy shepheard's hooke
will stand a whit afraid."
So, roundly thus they both fell to't,
where, giving bang for bang,
At every blow the shepheard gave
King Alfred's sword cride twang.

His buckler prov'd his chiefest fence;
for still the shepheard's hooke
Was that the which good Alfred could
in no good manner brooke.
At last, when they had fought foure houres,
and it grew just mid-day,
And wearyed, both, with right good will,
desir'd each other stay.

"King's truce I cry!" quoth Alfred then,
"Good shepheard, hold thy hand;
A sturdier fellow th[a]n thy selfe
lives not within this land!"

[1] It is "scurvy" in the text, but "sturdy" in other copies. That he should be scurvy would not make the shepherd "sore afraid."
[2] shives = slices, or splittings.
[3] waster = a staff, or cudgel used in fencing schools.

"Nor a lustier roister[1] th[a]n thou art"—
the churlish shepheard said:
"To tell thee plaine, thy theevish lookes
now make my heart afraid.

"Else, sure, thou art some prodigall
that hast consum'd thy store,
And here com'st wand'ring to this place
to rob and steale for more."
"Deeme not of me," then quoth our King,
"good shepheard! in such sort:
A gentleman well knowne I am
in good King Alfred's Court."

"The Devill thou art!" the shepheard said,
"thou goest in ragges thus torne—
Thou rather seem'st, I thinke, to be
some beggar basely borne!
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,
and here a shepheard be,
At night to Gillian, my old wife,
thou shalt goe home with mee:

"For shee's as good a toothlesse dame
as mumbleth on browne bread;
Where thou shalt lye in harden[2] sheetes
upon a fresh straw bed:
Of whig[3] and whay we have great store,
and keepe good peas-straw fires;
And now and then good barly cakes,
when better day requires.

"But, for my master, whiche is chiefe
and Lord of Newton-Court,
Hee keepes, I say, us shepheard swaines
in farre more braver sort:
We there have curds and clouted cream
of red cowes morning milke;
And now and then fine buttered cakes,
as soft as any silke.

[1] roister = a lawless turbulent fellow.
[2] harden = hemp.
[3] whig = buttermilk.

Of beefe, and reesed[1] bacon store,
that is most fat and greazie,
Wee have likewise, to feed our chops,
to make them glib and easie.
Thus, if thou wilt my man become,
this usage shalt thou have;
If not, adue; goe hang thy selfe;
and so farewell, Sir Knave!"

King Alfred hearing of this glee
the churlish shepheard said,
Was well content to be his man;
and so the bargaine made:
A penny round the shepheard gave,
in earnest of the match,
To keepe his sheepe in field and fold,
as shepheards use to watch.

His wages should be full ten groates
for service of a yeare:
Yet was it not his use, old lad,
to hire a man so deare:
For "did the King himselfe," quoth he,
"unto my cottage come,
He should not, for his twelve-month's pay,
receive a greater summe."

Hereat the bonny King grew blythe
to heare this clownish jest,
How silly sots, as custome is,
doe descant[2] on the best.
But not to spoile the following sports,
he was content, good King!
To fit the shepheard's humor right
in every kind of thing.

A sheep-hooke then, with Patch his dog,
and Tar-box by his side,
He, with his master, cheeke by jowle,
unto old Gillian hyed:

[1] reesed = reezed = rusty.
[2] Descant = *discantus*. This word came into our language from music. It is variation upon a chant, including an amplification of the subject.

Unto whose sight no sooner come—
"Whom have you here?" quoth she;
"A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
so like a knave lookes hee."

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



"Not so, old dame," quoth Alfred straight,
"of mee you need not feare;
My master hath hired me for ten groates
to serve you one whole yeare:
So, good dame Gillian, grant me leave
within your house to stay;
For, by Saint Anne, doe what you can,
I will not yet away."

Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,
but put him to such proofe
That he that night was almost choakt
within that smoakie roofe.

But as he sate with smiling cheere,
the event of all to see,
His dame brought forth a piece of dowe,
which in the fire throwes she.

Where, lying on the harth to bake,
by chance the cake did burne—
"What! canst thou not, thou lowt," quoth she,
"take paines the same to turne?
Thou art more quick to rake it out
and eat it up, half dowe,
Then thus to stay till 't be enough;
and so thy manners show.

"But serve mee such another tricke,
Ile thwack thee on the snout!"
Which made the patient King, good man,
of her to stand in doubt.
But, to be brief, to bed they went,
the goodman and his wife;
But never such a lodging had
King Alfred in his life.

For he was laid on white sheepes woll,
new pull'd from tannèd fells,[1]
And ore his head hung spiders' webs,
as if they had beene bells.
"Is this the country guise?" thought he—
"then here I will not stay,
But hence begone as soone as breakes
the peeping of next day."

The cackling geese and hens kept roost,
and pearcht by his bed side;
Where, at the last, the wrathfull[2] cocks
made knowne the morning tide:
Then up got Alfred, with his horne,
and blew so long a blast,
That [it] made Gillian and her groome,
in bed, full sore agast.

[1] fells = hides.

[2] "watchfull" in some copies.

"Arise!" quoth she, "we are undone!
this night we lodgèd have,
At unawares, within our house
a false dissembling knave.
Rise, husband, rise! hee'll cut our throats!
he calleth for his mates!
Ide give, old Will, our good cade lambe[1]
he would depart our gates."

But still King Alfred blew his horne
before them more and more;
Till that a hundred lords and knights
alighted at their doore:
Which cryed, "All hayle, all hayle, good King!
long have we look't, Your Grace."
"And here you find, my merry men all,
your Soveraigne in this place."

"Wee shall be surely hang'd up both,
old Gillian, I much feare,"
The shepheard said, "for using thus
our good King Alfred heere."
"A pardon, my Liege!" quoth Gillian then,
"for my husband and for mee;
By these ten bones, I never thought
the same that now I see!"

"And, by my hooke!" the shepheard said,
"and oath both good and true—
Before this time, O noble King,
I never Your Highnesse knew:
Then pardon me, and my old wife,
that we may after say,
When first you came into our house
it was a happy day."

"It shall be done," said Alfred, straight;
"and Gillian, my old dame,
For this thy churlish using me
deserveth not much blame:

[1] cade-lamb = house-lamb.

For 'tis thy countrey guise, I see,
to be thus bluntish still;
And where the plainest meaning is
remaines the smallest ill.

"And, master, so I tell thee now,
for thy late manhood showne,
A thousand weathers[1] Ile bestow
upon thee for thine owne,
With pasture grounds as much as will
suffice to feed them all;
And this thy cottage I will change
into a stately hall."

"And for the same, as dutie bindes,"
the shepheard said, "Good King!
A milke-white lambe once every yeere
Ile to Your Highnesse bring:
And Gillian, my old wife, likewise,
of wooll to make your coates
Will give so much at New-yeeres tide
as shall be worth ten groates:

"And in your prayse my bag-pipe shall
sound sweetly every yeere,
How Alfred, our renownèd King,
most kindly hath beene here."
"Thanks, shepheard, thanks," quoth he againe,
"the next time I come hither,
My lords with me, here in this house,
will all be merry together."

FINIS.

[1] weathers = wethers.

The Triumphant Show made by Earl Percy.

THIS account of the grand procession and show made by Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, upon the occasion of his installation as a Knight of the Garter, is by Martin Parker, and the copy in the Roxburghe Collection is probably unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 506, 507.]

A briefe description of the triumphant show made by the Right Honourable Aulgernon Percie, Earle of Northumberland, at his Installation and Initiation into the Princely Fraternitie of the Garter, upon the 13 of May, 1635.

TO THE TUNE OF *Quell the pride, etc.*



You noble buds of Britaine,
that spring from honor's tree,
Who love to heare of high designes,
attend a while to me;
And Ile, in briefe, discover what
Fame bids me take in hand,
to blaze
the praise
of great Northumberland.

The order of the Garter,
e'er since third Edward raign'd,
Unto the realme of England hath
a matchlesse honour gain'd:
The world hath no societie
like to this princely band,
to raise
the praise
of great Northumberland.

The honour of his pedegree
doth claime a high regard,
And many of his ancestors,
for fame, thought nothing hard;
And he through noble qualities,
which are exactly scan'd,
doth raise, &c.

Against the day appointed
his Lordship did prepare
To publish his magnificence;
no charges he did spare;
The like within man's memorie
was never tane in hand,
to raise, &c.

Upon that day it seemed
all Britany did strive,
And did their best, to honour him
with all they could contrive;
For all our high nobility
joyn'd in a mutuall band,
to blaze, &c.

The common eyes were dazeled
with wonder to behold
The lustre of apparell rich,
all silver, pearle and gold,
Which, on brave coursers mounted,
did glister through the Strand,
to blaze, &c.

But, ere that I proceeded
this progresse to report,
I should have mentionèd the feast
made at Salisbury Court;
Almost five hundred dishes
did on a table stand,
to raise, &c.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The mightyest prince or monarch
that in the world doth raigne
At such a sumptuous banquet might
have din'd without disdayne,
Where sacke like conduit water
was free even at command,
to blaze
the praise
of great Northumberland.

The famous Fleet-street conduit,
renown'd so long agoe,
Did not neglect to expresse what love
shee to my Lord did owe;
For, like an ould proud woman,
shee painted fayre doth stand,
to blaze, &c.

A number of brave gallants,
some knights and some esquires,
Attended at this triumph great,
clad in compleat attyres;
The silver halfe-moone gloriously
upon their sleeves did stand,
to blaze, &c.

All these on stately horses,
that ill indur'd the bit,
Were mounted in magniffique sort,
as to the time was fit;
Their feathers white and red did show
like to a martiall band,
to blaze, &c.

The noble earles and vizcountes,
and barons, rode in state;
This great and high solemnity
all did congratulate;
To honour brave Earle Percy
each put a helping hand,
to blaze, &c.

King Charles, our royall soveraigne,
and his renownèd Mary,
With Britaine's hope, their progeny,
all lovingly did tarry
At noble Vizcounte Wimbleton's,
i' th' fairest part o' th' Strand,
to blaze, &c.

To famous Winsor-Castle,
with all his gallant traine,
Earle Pearcy went that afternoone
his honour to obtaine;
And there he was installed
one of Saint George's band,
to blaze, &c.

Long may he live in honour,
in plenty, and in peace!
For him and all his noble friends
to pray Ile never cease!
This ditty, which I now will end,
was onely tane in hand,
to blaze
the praise
of great Northumberland.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for Francis Coules, and are to be sould at his shop in the Old Bayley.

The Husband who Met with his Match.

Again a ballad which is probably unique. This is the story of a miserly man, enriched by the property of three old widows, whom he had married in succession for the sake of gain, and who engages in matrimony for the fourth time with a young girl, the daughter of wealthy parents. She was in love with another, but was compelled to marry the widower, in spite of her dislike. She revenges herself by an extravagant expenditure, which soon drives her husband to his grave, and thus she becomes a rich prize for her younger suitor.

Mr. Payne Collier selected this ballad for republication in his *Roxburghe Ballads.*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 508, 509.]

A pleasant new Ditty,

Intituled,

**Though rich golden Booties your luck was to catch,
Your last was the best, 'cause you met with your match.**

To the tune of *I know what I know.*



[In the original are three cuts; that in the centre is printed on p. 227.]

A rich wealthy batchelour, thirty and odde,
Had now a new crotchet crept into his pate—
A wife he must have, whatsoever betide,
And well linde with rubbish to inrich his state.

Faire maidens were offer'd him, two, three, and foure,
Sufficient men's daughters, with money to boote;
Yet his greedy mind did still gape after more,
For he said, 'twas too little for him to goe to 'te.

His meanes did affoord him three hundred a yeere,
And three bonny lasses had thousands a peece;
Yet for it, and them, hee a pin did not care,
Though one of them was to a gentleman neece.

"Shall I for a paltery poore thousand pound
A young wench goe marry with nothing but breed?
Consume me in longings, in fashions, and toyes?
No; yet it is time, and I now will take heed.

"There is a brisk widdow, that dwelleth hard by,
In money hath ten thousand pounds at the least:
Ile spruce my selfe up then, incontinently,
And to her Ile goe as a shutering g[u]est."

This batchelour soone did attaine his desire:
The day was appointed when they should be wed:
His youthfull faire bride was but threescore and ten,
For shee had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some three or foure yeeres did this bonny lasse live,
Then grim goodman Death tooke her life cleane away;
And griefe for her losse had the man almost sped,
But that a new widdow his journey did stay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went
Another spruce widdow agen for to see,
Where mounted on crutches he straight one espide:
Who in state of riches was better than shee?

His mother's smock sure did this widdower weare,
For no sooner woo'd, but he presently sped:
A licence he fetcht, and he marri'd her straight;
Then she threw downe her stilts, and she hobbl'd to bed.

Not full ten yeeres older th[a]n was his last wife
Was this same dryd mummey that lay by his side:
With snorting and grunting she air'd so the bed,
That never had groome such a night by a bride.

But still did her money perfume all againe,
And in a moneth after she bed-rid did lye:
Seven winters and summers she lay at small ease,
And then she departed, because she must dye.

Five hundred a yeere she augmented his state;
Ten thousand pound cleare by the other he got:
Meane time of another spruce widdow he heard,
Then he praid into Jove that she might be his lot.



[This cut in the original stands between those printed on p. 225.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original are two cuts; that to the right is the same as that which is printed in the following ballad on p. 231.]

This widdow seem'd not above fifty at most,
So spruce and so neat was her carkas bedrest;
She wanted no meanes for to set her to sale,
They lik't, and were marri'd: now, marke well the rest.

She seem'd so compleate and so comely of shape,
That he doted on her more than both the rest.
She said then, "Sweet husband, be not you dismaid,
For the truth must be knowne when you see me undrest."

Two rowes of white teeth she tooke out of her mouth,
And put 'em straight into a little round boxe;
A glasse eye likewise she pull'd out of her head,
Which made the man fear that his wife had got knocks.

Her pouldred[1] curld locks, that so faire did appeare,
Came off with more ease than a new scalded pigge.
I wonder her husband could laughing forbeare,
When he saw his wife looke like an ostridge['s] egge.

Then, strait way down stooped this comely sweet bride,
Unlac't and ungirded her neat woodden legge:
The bridegroome was like to runne out of his wits,
For his eyes ne'r before did behold such a hagge.

Then, for to revive him, unto him she flung
Her keyes, that did lead him to treasure great store:
This made him to love her, so both went to bed,
Where he did imbrace her: what would you have more?

Such luck had this husband to tumble them o're,
That, ere one moneth changed, she ended her life.[2]
A rich wealthy miser invited him home,
And said, "If you please, Sir, Ile show you a wife."

He show'd him his daughter, a girle of fifteene,
But she would no liking nor favour him show:
Her friends made the match, and they marri'd with speed;
But she ne'r endur'd him, I tell you but so.

This young marri'd wife to such cunning was grown,
That she fell a longing his quine[3] for to waste:
French kickshaws of ten pound a dish she would have,
With other deare meats for to fit her fine taste.

No physick, no doctors, no cost did she spare,
On pride and new fangles she set her delight:
Her husband began [for] to savour of feare,
And to wish that she ne'r had beene seene in his sight.

---

[1] Poulder = powder.

[2] "Ere one month ended, she changed her life" in the text.

[3] "quine" = coin. The *Promptorium Parvulorum* gives *Cune* and *Kuny* for coin. *Cune* and *Quoyn* also signify a wedge. *Quin* is old French for the die with which money was stamped by means of a wedge. All these varieties are derived from the Latin *cuneus*. Although I do not find "quine" in any of the received glossaries, my learned friend, W. Aldis Wright, M.A., reminds me that it stands for coin in Dibdin's song of "Sounding the Bowl"—

"I've sounded my quine at the rendezvous house,
And I've sounded my purse without finding a souse" (sous).

No love nor no liking this young wife e'er had,
Because she was forc't to be wed to her hate.
He sickned and dyde, and was laid in his grave;
So she did enjoy his three widdowes' estate. 92

A young man, that first was this maiden's true love,
With all expedition they made their dispatch:
For wedding and bedding they both were agreed,
And the three widows' husband did meet with his match. 96

FINIS.

Printed at London for J. Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 510, 511.]

The Warryed Wan's Lesson;[1]

Or,

A disswasion from Jealousie.

To the tune of *All you that will wooe a wench.*



[This cut also comes in the second part of the preceding ballad.]

---

[1] Once more a ballad by Martin Parker, of which no other copy is known to be extant. Forbearance, and freedom from jealousy, are "the married man's lesson" which he teaches.

You men who are marri'd, come hearken to mee!
I'le teach you a lesson, if wise you will bee:
Then take my advice that's intended for good,
And so it will be, if but well understood:[1]
'Twill cause you to shun all contention and spleene,
That daily betwixt man and woman are seene;
I speake against jealousie, that monster fierce,
And wish I could conquer the fiend with my verse.
O, be not thou jealous, I prethee, deere lad!
For jelousie makes many good women bad.

If thou have a good wife, then I thee advise
To cherish her well, for shee is a rare prize;
If shee bee indifferent—betweene good and bad—
Good meanes to reforme her are easily had:[2]
If shee bee so evill that there are[3] few worse,
Imagin[e] thy sinnes have deservèd that curse:
Then beare with true patience thy crosse, as 'tis fit,
And thou to a blessing thereby maist turne it.
But be not, etc.

Betweene these 3 winds, the good, bad, and the meane,[4]
I ground the whole argument of this my theme;
For in them a man's human blisse, or his woe,
Doth chiefly consist, as experience doth show:
Thus, is it not counsell that's worthy regard,
Which teacheth to soften a thing that is hard?
And what I intend is in every man's will—
To turne to a vertue what seemeth most ill.
Then be, etc.

A wife that is good, beeing beautifull, may
Perhapps raise suspition that shee'l goe astray;
O, note the fond humours that most men possesse,
They'r neither content with the more nor the lesse,
For if shee bee homely, then her hee will slight;
To such neither faire nor foule can yeeld delight;

---

[1] In the text this line stands thus: "And so 'tis if it be but well understood." Martin Parker's ear for metre was too correct to have written such a line.
[2] "may easily be had" in the text.
[3] "there is few," in the text.
[4] meane = middle.

If once heele bee jealous, the other hee scornes,
There's no greater plague th[a]n imaginèd hornes.
Then be not, etc.

A wife that's indifferent—betweene good and ill—
Is shee that in huswifery shewes her good will,—
Yet sometimes her voyce shee too much elevates;
Is that the occasion for which her hee hates?
A soveraigne remedy for this disease
Is to hold thy tongue; [then] let her say what shee please:
Judge! is not this better th[a]n to fight and [to] scratch?
For silence will soonest a shrew overmatch.
However, I pray thee, shun jealousie, lad!
For jealousie makes many good women bad.

A wife that 's all bad if thy lucke bee to have,
Seeke not to reclaime her by making her slave:
If shee bee as bad as e'er trod on ground,
Not fighting nor jealousie will heale that wound:
For marke! when a river is stopt in its course,
It o'reflowes the bankes; then the danger is worse.
Thy owne good example, and patience withall,
May her from her vices much rather recall.
Then be not, etc.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



A wife that is vertuous in every respect,
Who doth her vow'd duety at no time neglect,
Shee's not free from censure, for fooles their bolts shoote
As oft at the head as they doe at the foote:
A kisse, or a smile, or a jest, or a dance,
Familiar discourse, or an amorous glance,
All these as her witnesse[s] Envy doth bring,
The credit of innocent women to sting.
But be not thou jealous, I pray thee, deare lad!
For jealousie makes many good women bad.

A wife that's indifferent, if curb'd over-much,
Will grow worse and worse; for their nature is such;
The more thou with rigor dost seeke her to mend,
The more they'l persist, and grow desperat i' th' end:

And thus from indifferency, wanting good meanes,
Some wel-meaning women turn impudient queans;
If goodnesse by beating thou seek'st to infuse,
For breaking her flesh, thou all goodnesse dost bruse.
Then be not, etc.

A wife at the worst (as I told you before),
A drunkard, a swearer, a scold, theefe, or whore,
By gentle perswasions reclaimèd may bee,
My selfe, by experience, but lately did see:
A man that with jealousie plagued had beene,
When hee the last labour and trouble had seene,
Hee cast off his care, and refer'd all to's wife,
Who soone left her vices, and led a new life.
Then be not, etc.

I also have knowne a wife handsome and neate,
Of whom her fond husband did take a conceate
That other men lov'd her, because shee was faire,
Though on the contrary, to him shee did sweare:
Hee watcht her, hee ey'd her, hee noted her wayes,
And, once in his drink,[1] he a scandall would raise;
This usage irregular set her on fier,
And so from thenceforeward shee provd him no lyer.
Then be not, etc.

Consider each circumstance, with good regard
How oft causelesse jelousie wins due reward;
And likewise I wish thee to beare in thy brest
That patience and quietnes still is the best:
For if she be nought, she'le grow worse with restraint,
But patience may make of a harlot a saint;
If faire meanes prevaile not, thou'lt ne're do't by foule,
For meekenesse (if any thing) must win a soule.
Then be not, etc.

Now, lastly to both men and women I speake,
From this foolish fancy their humors to breake.
Bee loving and tractable each unto other,
And what is amisse let affection still smother:

[1] "hee in's drink" in the text. The "hee" must be wrong, for it follows immediately after.

So shall man and wife, in a simpathy sweet,
At boorde, and at bed (as they ought to doe), meete;
All fighting and scratching and scolding shall cease;
Where jelousie's harbor'd there can be no peace.
Then be not thou jaelous, I pray thee, deare lad!
For jealousie makes many good women bad.

FINIS.

Printed at London for John Wright, the younger, dwelling at the Signe of the Sunne, at the lower end of Snow-hill, neere unto Holborne Conduit. M. P.

Keep a Good Tongue in your Head.

This again is by Martin Parker, and the copy is probably unique. Another ballad, in the Pepys Collection, IV. 132, begins with the same first line, but it is of later date, and neither title, subject, nor tune agree with this; which is of a wife who has every charm but one—she cannot rule her tongue.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 512, 513.]

Keep a good tongue in your head:

for

Here's a good woman in every respect, But only her tongue breeds all the defect.

To the tune of *The Milkmaids, etc.*



I marry'd a wife of late—
The more's my unhappy fate!
I tooke her for love,
As fancy did me move,
And not for her worldly state.
For qualities rare
Few with her compare;

Let me doe her no wrong:
I must confesse
Her chiefe amisse
Is onely this,
As some wives is,
She cannot rule her tongue.

She hath as sweet a face
As any in seaven miles space,
Her eyes christalline
Like diamonds doe shine,
She looks with a modest grace:
Her haire is like flax,
Her lips are red wax,
That seale the bond so strong
Twixt her and I,
That till I die
Ile justifie
Her constancy,
But she cannot rule her tong.

Her cheeks are red as the rose
(Which June for her glory shows);
Her teeth on a row
Stand like a wall of snow
Between her round chin and her nose.
Her sholders are decent,
Her armes white and pleasant,
Her fingers are smal and long;
No fault I find,
But, in my minde,
Most womenkind
Must come behind:
O that she could rule her tong!

Her breasts like pyreene hills,
Which nature yearely fills
With liquor that by ods
Doth passe the drink o' th' gods,
All nectar it far excels.

With this she doth feed
The twigs that proceed
From our affections strong;
Shee's fruitfull as
The springing grasse,
No time's let passe,
And yet, alas!
She cannot rule her tongue.

Her body, which I have oft
Embraced, so smooth and soft!
Is slender and white,
Proportioned aright,
'Tis straight as any shaft.
Her leg is compleat,
Her foot's fine and neat,
'Tis neither too short nor too long;
In every part
Dame Nature's art
Gives her the start:
With all my heart
I wish she could rule her tong!

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



As she in feature excels
  Well nye most women else,
Even so doth her wit,
If shee'l make use of it,
  As daily experience tels.
I cannot deny it,
If she be at quiet,
  Her speeches will do no wrong;
Shee'l laugh and smile,
New termes shee'l file,[1]
Yet, in a while,
Shee'l change her stile,
  And cannot rule her tong.

[1] One sense of the verb "file" is "to polish language."

With eloquence she will dispute;
  Few women can her confute;
She sings and she playes,
And she knowes all her keyes
  On the Vial de Gambo,[1] or Lute.
Shee'l dance with a grace,
Her measures [2] shee'l trace,
  As doth unto art belong;
She is a girle
Fit for an earle,
Not for a churle;
She were worth pearle,
  If she could but rule her tong.

Her needle she can use well;
  In that she doth most excell;
She can spin, and knit,
And every thing fit;
  As all her neighbours can tel:
Her fingers apace
At weaving bone-lace
  She useth all day long;
All arts that be
To women free,
Of each degree,
Performeth she;
  O that she could rule her tong!

For huswifery she doth exceed;
  She looks to her businesse with heed;
Shee's early and late
Emploid, I dare say't,
  To see all things wel succeede:
She is very wary
To looke to her dary,
  As doth to her charge belong;
Her servants all
Are at her call,

[1] The Viol de Gamba was about the size of a small violoncello, but with six strings, played with a bow.
[2] measures = stately, slow dances.

But shee'l so brawle,
That stil I shall
Wish that she could rule her tong.

With all that hath bin said
No woman neede be dismaid,
Sith I have not beene
Incensed, through spleene,
In this spacious river to wade.
I none doe disparage
To hinder their marriage,
But wish both old and yong
Great heed to take,
When choice they make,
For vertue's sake;
No venemous snake
Stings like a woman's tongue.

M. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the Horshoo in Smithfield.

FINIS.

Hold your Hands, Honest Men!

This is a response to the last ballad, and both are by Martin Parker. The advice to wives was to rule their tongues, and this to husbands is, not to strike their wives. The perfections otherwise enumerated in the two sexes give an insight into the life of the seventeenth century, which adds interest to the ballads.

No other copy seems to be known.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 514, 515.]

Hold your hands, honest Men!

for

Here's a good wife hath a Husband that likes her,
In every respect, but onely he strikes her;
Then if you desire to be held men compleat,
What ever you doe, your wives doe not beat.

To the tune of *Keepe a good tongue, etc.*



I have as compleat a man
  As any poore woman can;
He makes my heart to leap
His company to keepe,
  It comforts me now and than:

There's few exercises
That man enterprises
  But he well understands;
Yet, like a dart,
He wounds my heart;
I, for my part,
Must beare the smart;
  For he cannot rule his hands.

His body is straight and tall,
  Proportioned well withall,
You may admire at him
To see how every limbe
  Doth in a due order stand:
In every respect
Hee's void of defect;
  His legs are straight as wands,
His back is strong,
His armes are long,
Hee's fresh and yong,
There 's nothing wrong,
  If he could but rule his hands.

He hath a grave aspect,
  His forehead hee'l seldome deject,
His eyes, cleere and bright,
Like stars doe give a light,
  Not squinting, but just direct:
His haire's very big,—
Like a perywig,
  In comely sort it stands—
So curiously,
It passeth my
Capacity
To specifie;
  O that he could rule his hands!

For his activity
  All love his company;
Hee's nimble and quick,
Performing many a trick,
  Which other men dare not try;

To vault ore a table
Few men are so able,
  His joynts he so well commands;
None in this towne
Can put him down,
His great renowne
Should be my crown,
  If that he could rule his hands.

Hee'l bravely pitch the bar,
  I ne'er[1] knew none so far;
For throwing the stone
Hee's equal'd by none,
  Which many times breeds a jar.
But if they will quarrel,
'Tis at their own perill,
  For he on his credit stands;
The proudest he,
What ere he be,
Hee makes him flee;
But woe is me,
  He cannot rule his hands.

[1] "neare" in the text.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Hee'l wrastle with the best
That's either from[1] north or west;
When he comes i' th' field,
The stoutest will yeeld,
For he exceeds all the rest:
For leaping and running
His wonderfull cunning
Is spread through divers lands;
Hee'l dance, hee'l sing,
With art hee'l ring;
Yet for nothing
Hee'l throw and fling,
And cannot rule his hands.

[1] "for" in the text.

Hee's learn'd in many arts;
He travel'd in many parts;
His pleasant discourse
Makes many perforce
To yeild to him their hearts:
He is no way vicious,
Hee's very judicious,
And many things understands;
I dare to tell
He loves me well;
If drinke him quel,
Hee's fierce and fel,
And cannot rule his hands.

For martiall discipline
Whose husband passeth mine?
I'm proud, in good troth,
To see how he doth
Like Mars in his armour shine:
He tosseth a pike—
You nere saw the like—
He learn'd it i' th' Nether-lands;
For musket shot
His equall's not;
Alas! God wot,
Hee's too-too hot,
And cannot rule his hands.

Hee'l draw the long bow as wel
As ever did Adam Bell;
There's no man of strength
Exceeds him in length;
As all that know him can tel:
I speake without lying,
Hee'l hit a bird flying,
And shoot through hazle wands:
But few men dare
With him compare;
I would not care,
So me hee'd spare,
On whom he did use his hands.

As he is wel qualifide,
  Which no way can be denide,
So I, with my heart,
Doe honor his desart,
  He hath my affection ty'd:
Though sometimes I speake,
My sex being weake,
  A man that understands
So much as he
Should patient be,
And beare with me:
How well were we
  If he could but rule his hands.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert at the signe of the Horshoo in Smithfield.

The Good-fellow's Best Beloved.

According to Martin Parker, who was the author of this ballad, the "good-fellow's best beloved" was strong drink. A "good-fellow" was, in other words, a "jovial fellow"—one who, while under the too-frequent influence of alcohol, loved all the world, and thought himself a prince, or, at least, a millionnaire. Other fellows, under the same impulsive power, had equally superb ideas of themselves, but they stood so much upon their dignity as to become very quarrelsome and disagreeable; although, when sober, they were of peaceful and amiable dispositions. Such opposite effects upon the brain might have been observed, not unfrequently, in the early part of the present century, but drunkenness has now ceased to be esteemed as a desirable accomplishment, and, except among the lowest orders, such cases are comparatively rare—although not extinct. The fashion of stimulating the brain by drinking to excess has been generally resigned in favour of the sedative effects of tobacco.

It seems, from this ballad, that "ipse he" had become a slang term for drinking. It was perhaps derived from the earlier word "upse." "It has been said," says Nares, "that *op-zee*, in Dutch, means 'over sea,' which comes near to another English phrase for drunkenness, being *half seas over*. But *op-zyn-fries*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 516, 517.]

The good Fellowe's best Beloved:

Now if you will know what that should bee,
Ile tell you 'tis called good Ipse hee:
'Tis that which some people do love in some measure,
Some for their profit, and some for their pleasure.

To the tune of *Blew Cap.*



means 'in the Dutch fashion,' or *à la mode de Frise*, which, perhaps, is the best interpretation of the phrase."

> "For *upse freeze* he drank from four to nine,
> So as each sense was steeped well in wine."—*The Shrift.*

Ipse he has not yet been noticed in our glossaries or vocabularies.

The copy of the ballad seems to be unique.

The name of the tune proves it to have been written in or after 1633.

Among the nine Muses, if any there be
That unto good fellowship friendly adhere,
Let them give asistance, this time, unto me,
For I in this ditty intend to preferre
A thing that's beloved
Of rich and of poore;
It is well approoved,
There's reason therefore;
My due approbation
Shall evermore be
In the commendation
Of good ipse hee.

All sorts and conditions, the high and the lowe,
Although not alike, yet all, in some measure,
Unto this my theame their affection will showe,
According as they have time, stomack, or treasure:
There's few live so purely
But they, now and then,
Will sip it demurely—
Both women and men;
Both marryd and simple
Doe joyntly agree
To fuddle their noses
With good ipse he.

Both lawyers and clients that come to the terme,
How e'er the case goes, of one thing I am sure,
Before any businesse can be setl'd firme,
Good liquor and money the meanes must procure;
A taverne-barre often
Makes peace ere they part;
Canary can soften
A plaintiffe's hard heart;
Their glasses they sup off,
And make merry glee,
Such power hath a cup of
Good good ipse he.

The taylor coms rubbing his hands in the morn,
and calls for a cup of the but next the wall;
Be it of the grape, or of John[1] Barley Corne,
Hee'le drinke out his breakfast, his dinner, and all.

[1] "or the Barley Corne" in the text.

Hee sayes, "Call and spare not!
Ile goe thorough stitch;
Hang pinshing! I care not
For being too rich:
John Black 's a good fellow,
And he alowes me
To make myselfe mellow
With good ipse hee."

The merry shoo-maker, when 't is a hard frost,
Sayes, he cannot work for his ware it is frozen;
"Fayth, what shall we doe? let us goe to our host
And make our selves merry with each a halfe dozen."
With this resolution
They purpose to thrive;
But ere the conclusion,
That number proves five.
They sing merry catches;
Few trades men that be
Are shoo-makers' matches
At good ipse hee.

The second part.

To THE SAME TUNE.



The mason and bricklayers are somer birds,
The winter to them is a time of vacation;
Then, they and their laborours live on their words,[1]
Unlesse (like the ant) they have made preparation:
And yet, though they have not,
They ne'rethelesse thinke
"Tush! what if we save not,
Must we have no drinke?
Wee'le pawne tray and shovle,
And more, if neede be,
Our noses to fuddle
With good ipse hee."

Grim Vulcan the black-smith is chief of al trades;
Then think you that he'l be in drinking inferiour?
No! truely, when hee's with his merry comrades,
Hee'le laugh and sing ditties, you never heard merrier:
He cryes out [that] hee's hot,
And still this is his note,
"Come, gi's t'other pot;
Heer's a sparke in my throate."
Hee calls and he payes,
There is no man more free,
He seldome long stayes
From good ipse hee.

The tanner, whene'er[2] he comes to Leaden-hall,
After his[3] journey, wil make himselfe merry;
He wil have good liquor, and welcome with all,
The Bul for good beere, and the Naggs-head for shery.
No bargaine shall stand
But what liquor doth seale;
Quite throughout the land
Thus most tradesmen doe deale:
In taverne or alehouse
Most matches made be;
The first word 's, "Where shall us
Finde good ipse hee?"

---

[1] on their words = on credit.
[2] "when he comes" in the text.
[3] "After a hard journey" in the text.

The London shopkeepers that cry "What d'ye[1] lack?"
When they have sold wares, and money have taken,
They'l give [to] their chapman a pint o' th' best sacke,
The price of it out of their money abating;
The proverb observing—
"They that money take
Must pay all the charges"—
This bargaine they make:
Thus liquor makes all men
Most friendly agree,
Both lowe men and tall men
Love good ipse hee.

The honest plain husbandman, when that he goes
To fayre or to market with corne or with cattle,
When he hath dispatcht, he remembers his nose,
How that must be arm'd, as it were to a battle;
Then, like to a gallant,
To drinking he falls;
Yet, though hee's pot valiant,
He payes what he calls:
He scornes reputation
In that base degree;
His chiefe recreation
Is good ipse hee.

The generous servingmen, meeting each other,
As wel as their masters, somtimes wil be merry;
He that's a good fellow is lov'd like a brother,
With making him welcom they never are weary.
Hee that is a clowne,
As a clowne he may goe—
Quite thoroughout the towne
Such a fellow they'le know—
But those that are right
Will in union agree
By morn or by night
At good ipse hee.

In briefe this[2] it is which both women and men
So deerely affect, that, before they will lack it,
They'le pawne all they have; nay and so, now and then,
Gown, kirtle, or wastcoate, cloake, breeches and jacket.

[1] "what doe lack" in the text.

[2] "thus" for "this" in the text.

Although they want victuall,
If they can get chinke,
Bee't never so little,
'Tis most on't for drinke:
The rich and the begger,
The bond and the free,
Will oftentimes swagger
At good ipse hee.

London, Printed for John Wright, junior, dwelling on Snow hill, at the Signe of the Sunne.

FINIS. M. P.

Hang Pinching.

"THESE verses so rude," as the writer justly describes them, bear the subscription of W. B. The author is unknown to ballad fame, and the copy of his production seems to be unique. In order to gain the reputation of being "true blue," according to the ballad, a man must not only drink freely and pay his own share of the reckoning, but also be ready to pay for all the "good-fellows" in the company. Then they would dub him "true blue;" but perhaps even they, in their hearts, may rather have thought him "true green."

The tune will be found in *Popular Music* and in *Old English Ditties.*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 518, 519.]

Hang Pinching!

Or,

The good fellowes Observation,
'Mongst a Jobiall Crew,
Of them that hate Flinching,
But is alwayes true blew.

To the tune of *Drive the Cold Winter away.*



[In the original are three cuts; that to the left is printed on p. 260.]

All you which lay clame
To a good fellowe's name,
  And yet doe not prove yourselves so,
Give eare to this thing
The which I will sing,
  Wherein I most plainly will show,
With proofe and good ground,
Those fellowes profound
  That unto the alewives are true
In drinking their drinke,
And paying their chinke;
  O, such a good fellow's true blew.

But otherwise, hee
That brabling will be
  About any trifle to pay,
When that he doth know
He so much doth owe,
  Yet basely will shrinke his way,
Or bring the summe lesse,
Disparaging guesse[1]
  Which willing would pay al that's due,
His company I
Detest and defie,
  Because that he is not true blew.

Some's chaps are so nimble,
They'l sit and lick the wimble,[2]
  But when that the reckning's to pay,
Away they will sneake,
And not a word speake;
  All which is approvèd[3] each day:
The which having seene,
Doth draw me with spleene
  To lay open unto your view
The honest good fellow,
Who, though hee bee mellow,
  In every kind is true blew.

---

[1] guesse = guests.

[2] "wimble" is not easily explained. According to Halliwell, small, or weak beer was contemptuously called "wibble," not "wimble." As these are very contemptible fellows, perhaps they drank nothing better than small beer, and even then would sneak off without paying for it.

[3] "approved" = "proved."

He's of the right mould
That spares not his gold
  Amongst those good fellowes that lack;
If that they will drinke,
He'l part with his chinke,
  And lookes not for any on't back,
But is well content
His money is spent
  Among such a joviall crew:
And these are the parts,
And cheefest desarts,
  That showes a good fellow true blew.

Such difference I
Doe daily discry
  Amongst the conditions of men;
Some given are to fight,
Some in singing delight;
  Pray what shall be censurèd then?
Why, truely my mind
To him is inclinde
  By whom unto mirth I am drew;
For much I doe hate
Him that breedeth debate;
  But give me a fellow true blew.

There's some of that mind,
When that they doe find
  A man that is joviall and free,
They'l drinke and they'l call,
But he must pay all,
  Or else undischarg'd it must be.
Once being serv'd so,
No more will I goe
  Into such a frivilous crew;
And so I'le advise
All those that are wise,
  Because that they are not true blew.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Acquaint thy selfe then
With these honest men,
  As I unto thee will explaine
By tokens aright,
To quicken thy sight,
  That they all base tricks doe disdaine:
First, looke on his nose,
Then maist thou suppose,
  By the colour that on it is drew,
That over good ale
He tells no long tale,
  But such a good fellow's true blew.

So likewise is he
That loving will be
  Unto his co-partners at neede,
In giving them drinke
When as they want chinke,
  Their necessity [thus] for to feed:

Though precious and rare
Such company are,
  Yet give the deservers their due,
For some without blame
Deserveth the name
  Of that's a good fellow true blew.

But, of all and some,
I yet am not come
  To tell you the happy estate
Of him that can thus
Be merry with us,
  And yet that vile sinne for to hate
Of whoring and dice,
The which in a trice
  Brings body and soule for to rue;
He's happily blest
That them doth detest;
  For such a good fellow's true blew.

Th[e] wasting of time
Is but a small crime
  To that which I told you before;
Yet must I confesse,
The truth to expresse,
  Good fellowes are commonly poore:
But P. O.[1] for that,
I leave off such chat,
  For while that the brewers do brew,
I thus far presage,
Untill the last age,
  There will bee good fellowes true blew.

And thus have I showne
To what we are prone;
  I hope I shall purchase no blame
Among any such
That have the best toutch
  Of love to a good fellowe's name;
For to no ill end
This theam have I pen'd,

[1] P. O. – post obit?

But onely to set to your view
The difference betweene
A puny so greene
And hee that is honest true blew.

I feare not the frowne
Of a penurious clowne,
which, if he but twelve pence doe spend
In ale or in wine,
He will so repine,
His garters must then bee his end:
But now, to conclude
My verses so rude,
A health I'le beginne of a new,
To every kind blade
That is not dismay'd,
To be a good fellow true blew.

W. B.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the sign of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.



[In the original this cut stands to the left of those printed on p. 255.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 520, 521.]

The Good-fellowe's Advice:[1]

Shewing what favour a man shall have, while he hath meanes, But, being in want, then all Friendship ends.

To the tune of *Upon a Summer time.*



Farewell, good company!
  Now I must leave you all;
It hath bred my misery,
  And brought me into thrall.
But now I will refraine,
  And drink strong ale no more;
Ile seeke to purchase gaine,
  And quite forsake a whore.

[1] This ballad is by Charles Records, and the copy is perhaps unique. It is a good antidote to the "True Blue" of the last, for this good-fellow had followed the prescription there given, and found that, as soon as his money was gone, he was treated by the "good-fellows" with contempt and neglect.

For the tune of the ballad, see *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

Good-fellowes, great and small,
Pray let me you advise
To have a care withall:
'Tis good to be merry and wise.

Now I have spent my meanes,
And have no money to pay,
I'm quite bereft of friends,
Which breeds my sad annoy:
But while I had silver and gold
To pay for them and me,
Then many have me told
I was brave company.
Good-fellowes, etc.

But now they me despise,
And aske, "What make you here?"
Therefore Ile now grow wise,
And will live void of feare:
I can get money enough
When I doe seeke for it,
Wer't not for drink and snuffe
That robs me of my wit.
Good-fellowes, etc.

Strong drinke I will refuse,
For it hath done me wrong;
It hath made me abuse
My selfe with hand and tongue:
When I have beene in drinke,
I had no care at all,
Nor did I ever thinke
Upon my owne downefall.
Good-fellowes, etc.

I still cri'd, "Fill the pot,"
Whil'st all my mony was gone,
And did pay many a shot
For others, as 'tis well knowne:
And they gave me faire words
Whil'st I could still doe so;
But now their tongs are swords,
From whence envie doth flow.
Good-fellowes, etc.

My good will is repaid
With envie, hate, and spite;
Some of them snares have laid
To take me with deceit;
They laugh at my downefall,
As plainely I doe prove;
Scarce any of them all
Repay me any love.
Good-fellowes, etc.

Had I knowne this before,
While I had money and means,
I had kept some in store,
But I was [of] shallow braines;
For which some call me asse,
To spend my meanes away:
Now I may feed on grasse,
Or freely fast and pray.
Good-fellowes, etc.

The time hath beene that I
Could not have past by th' doores,
But, as I walkèd by,
Such company as rores
Would cause me to sit downe,
And welcome should be made:
But many times a crowne
For such welcomes I pay'd.
Good-fellowes, great and small,
Pray let me you advise
To have a care withall:
'Tis good to be merry and wise.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Tobacco, ale, and beere,
For me was brought amaine,
With wine and dainty cheere,
Serv'd in with Venus' traine.
Looke what I wished to have,
They did fulfill my minde,
Most dainty words they gave,
Which made me think them kind.
Good-fellowes, great and small,
Pray let me you advise
To have a care withall:
'Tis good to be merry and wise.

But now the proverb's true—
'Twas money was my friend;
For, having none, I rue,
There's none will give nor lend.

They say the world is hard,
And that I finde indeed,
For none doe me regard
Now I am in most need.
Good-fellowes, etc.

If I to th' alehouse goe,
And call for ale or beere,
My hostesse soone will know
My stock, for she's in feare.
If I call but "two pots,"
And pay not presently,
Then quickly for her shots[1]
She will begin to cry.
Good-fellowes, etc.

But I doe know her mind,
'Tis money she would see,
And then she will prove kind,
Or else a divell is she:
For those that have no money
Shall be thrust out of doores;
For such poore men as I
Shee'l not trust on the scores.
Good-fellowes, etc.

When I had money good store,
And had no need at all,
Then I might freely score
What-ever I did call.
But now I am in want
Of money, bread, and beere,
At me shee'l loudly taunt,
And aske, "What make you here?"
Good-fellowes, etc.

Now I repent, too late;
I cannot call againe
My money and estate
That I have spent in vaine:

[1] shot = reckoning.

I must take a new course,
And seeke to get some more,
But yet sometimes, of force,
My miseries I deplore.
Good-fellowes, great, etc.

Some wonder now at me,
And say I am growne strange;
But they shall plainely see
That I my life will change.
For Ile not spend a peny
Amongst the drunken crue;
O, I have spent too many!
That makes me have so few.
Good-fellowes, etc.

Had I done so in time,
I ne'r had knowne such want;
But I with each would joyne,
There's nothing could me daunt.
I never tooke no care,
What e'er my friends did say;
But what's fall'n to my share?
Even griefe and sad annoy.
Good-fellowes, etc.

But now I will amend
My lewd lascivious life,
For now I doe intend
To be ruled by my wife.
O she's a loving soule,
As ever poore man had;
For her the bell did toule,
And I, vile knave, was glad!
Good-fellowes, etc.

But now she's well againe,
And will not die this fit;
She shall have to maintaine
Her, all that I can get.

To conclude, Ile take paines ;
  Next Munday Ile begin.
This song it appertaines
  To women, and to men.
Good-fellowes, great and small,
  Pray let me you advise
To have a care withall :
  'Tis good to be merry and wise.

By Charles Records.

London, Printed for J. Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

FINIS.

John Had-land's Advice.

This ballad, of which the copy seems to be unique, is by Richard Climsell, or Crimsal. The purport is, to advise youngsters to avoid "good-fellowship," as it was called in the seventeenth century. It meant, in other words, recklessness of expense and self-indulgence of every kind, whether in drinking or in debauchery. John Had-land is full of regrets when he finds that all his supposed friends turn their backs upon him, and that he has thus reduced himself from wealth to permanent beggary.

For the tune of the ballad, see *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 522, 523.]

John Hadland's advice;

Or, a warning for all young men that have meanes, advising them to forsake lewd company, Cards, Dice, and Queanes.

To the tune of *The bonny, bonny, Broome.*



[In the original there are two cuts; that to the right is printed on p. 270.]

To all men now Ile plainely show
How I have spent my time,
For I have wrought my overthrow
With drinking beere and wine:
I had no grace for to foresee
My folly, 'till 'twas too late,
But still did follow lewd company,
I meane each drunken mate.

But now I may with sorrow sadly say
My heart is filled with woes:
Had it not beene for the good ale-tap,
I had gone in better clothes.

My meanes is spent, and all is gone,
And friendship now is growne cold;
Alas! I'm comfortlesse alone;
Now I thinke o' th' proverb old,
Which saies, "As long as men have means
They shall regarded be;
But, having none, they lose their friends,
And then comes misery."
For now I may, etc.

So long as I had money store,
I had much pleasure indeed;
But now, alas! I am growne poore,
And doe want to serve my need:
But there is none will doe for mee
As I for others have done;
For I was alwaies kind and free—
And that is plainely knowne.
But now, etc.

I have beene drinking oftentimes
Amongst the roaring brave boyes
Of beere and ale, and choice of wines,
Which I have thought much joyes.
But now I finde it was not good
To use such company,
For now, alas! I have understood,
It hath caused my misery.
And now, etc.

I had no power for to give o're
When once I did begin;
I spent my money, and run o' th' score,
To follow that deadly sinne:
Alas! I did not thinke that I
Should e'er have suffered want,
For I did cry, "Hang't, let money flie!"—
'Tis vaine to thinke upon 't.
But now, etc.

Whilst I had meanes, I stil found friends
  Which made a very faire show;
But now I want, their friendship ends,
  And me they will not know;
Which striketh terrour to my poore heart,
  To thinke what I have beene;
But now I suffer woe and smart,
  Even for my former sinne.
And now, etc.

My host and hostesses, where I came,
  They would bid me welcome still;
I was the man that had the fame
  To call and bid them fill.
If I bid goe, then they would runne;
  To tend on me they were willing;
And many a time, it was well knowne,
  For two groates I paid a shilling.
But now I may with sorrow, etc.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 268.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original there are two cuts; that to the right is printed on p. 273.]

Their words were sweet, and I might greet
  My hostes, and her fine maid,
With a kisse or two, when as none did see't,
  But I have full dearely paid.
For they would crave fine knacks to have,
  And I did give it them still:
My meanes maintain'd them fine and brave,
  Their minds I did fulfill.
But now I may with sorrow sadly say
  My heart is filled with woes:
Had it not bin for the good ale-tap,
  I had gone in better clothes.

Sometimes an ell of lawne or two,
  Cambrick or holland most fine,
For a favour on a lasse I did bestow
  To walke with me to th' wine:

And there I have consum'd my meanes,
In a most shamefull sort,
Amongst those caterpiller queanes,
Which grieves me to report.
But, etc.

You gallants all, to you I cry and call,
Learne by me for to be wise;
For I did climbe till I had catcht a fall,
And now I cannot rise:
Therefore I'm in a wofull estate,
As all men plainely may see!
Now I repent, but 't is too late,
For there is no remedy.
And, etc.

Now must I stand with my cap in my hand,
and of a clowne favour crave,
Whereas, formerly, I have had command
Of those [who] were fine and brave:
But now, brave gallants me despise
Because that I have no meanes—
Once more, young men, learne to be wise,
Hate cards, dice, whores, and queanes.
For, etc.

John Had-land now some doe me call,
And that name well I may have:
I, being poore, they will chide and braule,
And doe call me rogue and slave:
Which is much griefe unto my mind
To thinke they should use me so;
They'r harsh to me to whom I was kind;
My friend is growne my foe.
Therefore, etc.

Thus have I told to young and old,
That they may warning now take,
For here by me you may well behold
That friends will you forsake:
When once that you grow poore and bare,
And have no money to pay,
Then followes misery, griefe, and care,
And your friends depart away.

Therefore I may with sorrow sadly say
My heart is filled with woes:
Had it not bin for the good ale-tap,
I had gone in better clothes. 126

R. C.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

FINIS.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 271.]

The Forlorn Traveller.

THIS is another ballad by Richard Climsell or Crimsal, which seems to be unique. The story is of a spendthrift, who, having consumed his store, is compelled to sleep in the fields, and is found burnt to death by a brick-kiln. The love of pleasure, which brought ruin upon him, was especially exhibited in his travelling over England, and "roaring" through the county towns. We find here Gloster and Woster, Darby, Westmerland, Barkeshire, Summersetshire, Durram, Lester, Hartford, Comberland, Huntington, and some other varieties of old spelling.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 524, 525.]

The Forlorne Traveller:

Whose first beginning was pleasure and joy,
But his riotous spending wrought his decay;
Hee tooke delight to spend and rore,
And at the last dy'd very poore.

To a dainty new Court Tune.



You yong men, that much pleasure have,
Come lend an eare
To me, that once lived fine and brave,
And voyd of all feare;
For I had gold and silver plenty,
With all things dainty,
And then I did rore;
But now, alas! I am growne poore,
And not respected, but am rejected;
Woe is mee therefore!

My parents were of good estate,
And did maintaine
Me for to spend at any rate;
Which was but in vaine:
They 'lowd me meanes to spend and revel
In courses evill;
They such true love bore
To me, but now, etc.

No towne nor city in England faire
But I have seene;
And I doe meane for to declare
Whereas I have beene,
And in each place my meanes consumed;
Thus I presumed
For to spend and rore,
But now, alas! I am, etc.

From London I to Graves-end went,
With coine great store;
To Canterbury, in famous Kent,
And many townes more;
Where I did meet with roring gallants
That spent their tallents;
Thus I company bore;
But now, alas! etc.

Sussex, Surrey, and Southampton,
And Barkeshire too;
Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and so on,
As many more doe
Till all is spent, and they forsaken;
Then are they taken
With sorrow full sore,
So is 't with me, for I, etc.

Summersetshire and Devonshire,
And Cornwall then
I travel'd, as you now may heare,
And then backe agen;
Then Gloster, Hereford, and Woster,
Stafford and Chester,
I ranged all ore;
But now, alas! etc.

My host and hostesses, where I came,
Bid me welcome still;
Saying, "Kind Sir, your selfe may claime
Even what you will:
You may but aske, and have your pleasure,
In any measure,
Daunce, sing, drinke and rore."
But now, alas! etc.

To Darby, Yorke, and Lancashire,
And to Comberland,
Westmerland, Durram; then I did prepare
To Northumberland;
My money now being much wasted,
I backward hasted
For to fetch some more;
But now, alas! I am growne poore,
And not respected, but am rejected,
Woe is me therefore!

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



To Lester and to Notingham
I backe returned;
So to Warwicke and Lincolne came,
Whereas I sojourned;
There did I wast away my treasure
Beyond all measure,
Yet still I did rore;
But now, alas! I am growne poore,
And not respected, but am rejected,
Woe is me therefore!

Norfolke, Suffolke, and Cambridge too,
And through Huntington,
Northampton and Rutland also,
Oxford, Buckingham:

So I to Bedford, Hartford, Essex,
Then to Middlesex,
  Where I lived before;
My friends soone dyed, then I, etc.

My friends being dead, my meanes I sold,
  And then did goe,
With gallant sparkes of courage bold,
  Against England's foe;
The[n] Neptune's foaming floods we passed,
And thus we trased
  To the forraigne shore;
But now, alas! etc.

Then in the exercise of Mars
  Wee soone were tride,
Whereas our lucklesse fortune was
  Soone for to abide
Hunger and colde, with bloody battell;
The drummes did rattell,
  And the canons rore;
From thence returned I, etc.

When I for England came againe,
  I tryed my friends
To see what meanes I could obtaine;
  But their friendship ends.
They say I might have beene more carefull,
My case is fearefull,
  Which doth grieve me sore;
For now, alas! etc.

Once, where ere I did come or goe,
  I still found friends;
But now I cannot finde it so,
  Having no meanes;
They will not now so much as know mee,
But doe forgoe mee;
  Now from doore to doore
I'm faine to beg, etc.

Let this a warning be to all
  Prodigall youth;
Here you may now behold the fall
  Of him that shew'th
His carelesse and riotous spending;
But now his ending
  Is like to Jane Shore,
For he was, etc.

Thus to conclude, I will relate
  Of this poore man;
He dy'd in a wofull estate,
  As I understand;
For in the open fields he dyed,
Being denyed
  To come within doore,
Nay at the brick-kills he was burned,
And his flesh turned
  To ashes all o'er.

R. C.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

Money is my Master.

THE copy of this ballad is perhaps unique. The publisher dates in the latter part of the reign of James I. and throughout that of Charles I., but this does not seem to be an original edition. It was perhaps popular, and ran through several, with accumulating blunders. The praise of money was prominently brought forward as a theme as early as 1578, when Lupton's drama of "All for Money" contained a ballad upon the subject. After that, the "Lady Pecunia" was not to be forgotten. She had too many votaries to suffer from neglect, especially when money became the all but universal medium of exchange. "A new dittie in prayse of Money" is in Deloney's *Strange Histories*, 1607, and among the Penny Merriments in Pepys' Collection is "The Death and Burial of Mistress Money," 1678. This ballad is in the very peculiar metre of "Thomas, you cannot," and it may be suspected that "Better late thrive than never" is another name for that excellent tune.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 526, 527.]

Money is my Master:

**Yet once it was a servant unto mee,
But now, for want of Money, I am in misery;
Yet I doe hope to find some remedy.**

To the tune of *Better late thrive than never.*



I have bin the master of money good store,
But now, alas! 'tis nothing so,
For now I am growne exceedingly[1] poore,
And cannot well tell what to doe:
'Tis want of this money, for that was my friend,
And, when I had store, I it lewdely did spend;
I thought I should never of it see[2] an end,
This money is many men's master, their master,
'Tis money is now growne my master.

[1] "very exceeding" in the text—out of metre. [2] "scene" in the text.

Perhaps some will say, "It is but as drosse,"
But I say it is a fine mettall;
For he that wants money 's possest with a crosse,
And is like to enjoy but a little:
For hee that hath money may have what hee will,
Looke what he desireth, his mind to fullfill,
With brave entertainement and kind welcome still:
'Tis money is many men's master, their master,
This money, etc.

Whereas I had store of silver and gold,
Then I was respected with gallants:
But now I have none, their love is growne cold,
And I'm more rejected then valliants.
Those that I have feasted with wine and good cheare
From me stand aloft, and will not come mee neare;
Because I want meanes, it puts me in feare.
'Tis money is many men's master, their master,
This money, etc.

Thus lack of this money makes all men forgoe me,
As if they ne're saw me before;
But, if I had money, I'm sure they would know me,
And I should have company store:
They would come unto me with tales and with lyes,
And many brave projects they soon would devise;
But let men be carefull, such are cunning spies,
'Tis money is many men's master, their master,
This money, etc.

Now I, all alone, may sit like an asse,
Whilst others are frollickly drinking,
And freely carrowsing the cup and the glasse,
I to my selfe sadly am thinking,
How they are in danger to fall in the snare
Wherein I am tangled, with griefe and with care,
Therefore, I advise you, such lewdnesse forbeare;
'Tis money is many men's master, their master,
This money, etc.

This money's a servant, likewise I may say,
To them that doe carefully use it;
But it is uncertaine, and soone runns away,
And specially if once you abuse it:

I meane, if you waste it in drinking and pride,
At cards, dice, and whores, full fast it will slide;
Leave off all such follies, for thus I have tri'd,
That money becometh my master, my master,
'Tis money that now is my master. 54

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Likwise there are some [who] to money are slaves,
And esteem it they do[1] as their God;
Then, more that they have, the more stil they crave—
But those are most impudent bad: 58

[1] "And doe esteem it," in the text.

For money was made for to passe to and fro;
As for them that hord it, 't will turne to their woe;
But for my owne part I did never doe so.
For money is now growne my master, my master,
'Tis money is now growne my master.

This money is growne such a conquerer [rare],
As Alexander was ne'er greater;
He gaind all his credit and honour by warre,
But money now wins it more straighter:[1]
There are many brave sparkes march in silver and gold,
That the face of a foe they did scarce e'er behold;
It is their great maintenance that makes them bold,
And these are right masters of mony, of mony,
O these are, etc.

This fine master money is growne such a man,
That many would faine enter[ta]in[2] it;
But ne'er since those witches from Lancester came,
Could I have the fortune to gaine it:
'Twill one day be better—but certaine ne'er worse—
If e'er I get money againe in my purse
Ile lay a gray groat Ile take a better course,
And seeke to be a master of money, of money,
I faine would, etc.

This lack of this money doth trouble my mind,
That I am full sorely tormented;
I have much a doe a kind hostis to find,
That will with me now be contented:
Quoth she, "Give me money, for I will not score!"
She saies she hath chalke enough behind the dore;
But I must intreat her to set up some more,
Till I can be master of, etc.

Now he that hath money, though 't be but a boy,
He shall be made welcome most friendly;
The love of brave gallants he soone may enjoy,
And he shall be used most kindly:

[1] It is "better" in the text, but such a word can hardly have been written as a rhyme to "greater."
[2] "enter in" in the text.

There's no age nor wit, no strength can prevaile;
'Tis money may do 't, for it is a sure baile,
And he that hath [money] can seldome times faile.
This money, etc.

Now thus to conclude, and so finish[1] my ditty,
You, money that have,[2] make good use on 't;
For friendship is cold in towne, country and citty,[3]
If once you be driven to want;
Therefore now bee warned, for here you may see
The griefes and the sorrowes that now possesse me;
And this was all long of my bad husbandrie:
'Tis money is many men's master, their master,
'Tis money is now growne my master.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

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[1] "so end" in the text.
[2] "You that have money" in the text.
[3] "country, towne and citty" in the text, regardless of metre.

Trial brings Truth to Light.

The easy flow of this ballad would almost mark it as one of Martin Parker's, even if his name were not to the copy. He had evidently a preference for dactylic metres, and all his ballads run pleasantly to their tunes. Again we have to chronicle a copy which is probably unique. It seems strange that so many should have escaped the diligence both of Selden and Pepys, and yet that the number they collected should be so large.

The tune of this ballad is in *Popular Music* and in the *Old English Ditties*. The burden of "The proof of the pudding is all in the eating," is also the subject of this effusion.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 528, 529.]

Tryall brings truth to light;

Or,

The proofe of a pudding is all in the eating: A dainty new ditty of many things treating.

To the tune of *The Begger-boy.*



The world hath allurements and flattering showes
To purchase her lovers' good estimation;
Her tricks and devices hee's wise that well knowes,—
The learn'd in this science are taught by probation:
This truth when I finde,
It puts me in minde,
Among many matters which I am conceiting,
Of one homely adage,
That's us'd in this mad age,
The proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Although this my subject seeme homely and meane,
  Yet you that with judgement will construe the matter,
Some eares of good documents from it may gleane,
  Which I from this sheafe of invention will scatter:
    Now cunning and fraud
    Winnes greatest applaude,
And under wit's cloake many shelter their cheating;
    But try, and then trust,
    For the world is unjust,
And the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

The knave and the honest man both are compleat
  In gesture, in words, and in company keeping,
Nay, commonly they who doe meane most deceit,
  More easily into men's bosomes are creeping,
    With counterfeit tales,
    Which too much prevailes,
And proffers of courtesie often repeating;
    But speake as you finde,
    And still beare in minde,
That the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Men's promises may be compared to snow,
  Or ice at the best, by cold weather congealed;
They're hard in the morning, at noone nothing so,
  Though with protestations their minds are revealed:
    Yet when the hot beames
    Of disasterous streames
Doth melt their intentions, then they'l be fleeting;
    Their words differ cleane
    From what they doe meane:
But the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There be of both sexes that have faire outsides,
  Like jayes with the feathers of peacocks adorned;
A faire sute of scarlet, or plush, often hides
  A carkasse infirme, with diseases deformed:
    And now in these times
    Men cover their crimes
With shadowes of vertue, their braines still beating
    Which way to doe naught,
    And yet hide their fault;
But the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many thrasonicall,[1] pratling Jacks,
That upon their ale-bench will tell brave discourses;
Were Ajax alive, they would not turne their backs,
Their tongues shall supply the defect of their purses:
But take them at their words,
They'l scant draw their swords,
Instead of bravadoes they fall to intreating:
But give me that blade
That does more than he said;
For the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[1] thrasonicall = bragging = insolently boasting (Greek).

When I doe want nothing, I have store of friends,
I mean friends in shadow, but nothing substantiall:
If I will beleeve every one that pretends,
I shall have more courtesie than any man shall:
But when I have need
To use them indeed,
Like cowardly souldiers, they fall to retreating;
But he is my friend
That helps me i' th' end;
For the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many in company boast of their skill
In wonderfull mis[t]eries, secret and hidden;
You may give beleefe to their words if you will,
Upon wingèd Pegasus oft they have ridden:
If any in place
Will unto their face
Oppose them with boldnesse, their projects defeating,
Their courage will quaile,
And they'l tel a new tale;
For the proofe of a pudding, etc.

I have seene a gallant attyr'd like a lord,
Yet often through want hee's inforct to be spareing:
Hee's daily a guest at Duke Humphrye's bord,[1]
And sometimes he filleth his belly with swearing:
I have seene likewise
A plaine man in frize,
Or good mutton-velvet that glisters with sweating,
Hee cals and he payes,
And he meanes as he sayes;
Thus the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many that when they affliction doe feele,
As poverty, sicknesse, and other disasters,
Then unto their friends they will humbly kneele,
And say, under heaven they are their best masters:
But when, through those frends,
Their misery ends,
Ingratefully all former kindnesse forgetting,
They them doe disdaine
Who did them maintaine;
Thus the proofe of a pudding, etc.

[1] He goes without a dinner, walking in old St. Paul's Church.

There are many men when they first come a wooing
To widowes or maidens with great protestations,
Such wonderfull courtesies they'l then be showing,
And they, silly creatures, beleeve their relations:
Their love's very hot
Until they have got
The thing that they wish, by their subtile intreating,
Then they prove unkinde,
And poore women doe finde
That the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Thus briefely and plainely I have here expressed
My mind and conceit of this proverbe so homely,
Wherein at the truth very neere I have guessed,
And deckt it in ornaments decent and comely:
I hope it will sell
Abroad very well,
With those who love truth and abhor all [such] cheating.
Till tryall be made,
No more can be said,
For the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

The two Loving Sisters.

This ballad is perhaps unique, as it is not included in any of the known collections. The elder of two sisters sees Cupid in a dream, and resolves to be no longer scornful to her suitors. The younger sister shares the opinion of the elder, and they resolve to be married on the same day.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 530, 531.]

The two Loving Sisters:

Wherein the one to the other did shew How Cupid in a Dreame did her wooe.

To a pleasant new tune.



It was my chance, not long agoe,
abroad as I was walking,
I heard two loving sisters,
that secretly were talking;
The youngest to the eldest said,
"Why doest thou not marry?"
"In faith," quoth she, "Ile tell to thee,
I meane not long to tarry.

"When I was fifteene yeeres of age,
then had I suiters many;
But, like a wanton wily wench,
I would not sport with any:
Till at the last, sleeping fast,
Cupid came unto me,
And, like a lad that had beene mad,
he swore that he would woo me.

"Then he lay downe by my side,
and laid his armes upon me;
But I, being 'twixt sleepe and wake,
did strive to thrust him from me:
But then he so kissèd me,
as I was kissèd never;
If he had ne're left kissing me,
I should have slept for ever.

"Then he hug'd and tug'd me so,
I could not get him from me;
But I, with all the strength I had,
did thrust him who came on me:
For Cupid, like a suiter bold,
did use both time and leasure,
And in the circle of his armes,
enchanted me with pleasure.

"Then me thought the world run round,
when Phœbus fell a skipping,
And all the nymphs and goddesses
came round about to strip him:
Neptune lowred, and would have powred
his ocean cup upon us;
But Boreas, with his blustring blast,
did strive to thrust him from us.

"Then limping Vulcan he came in,
Like one that had beene jealous;
Venus follow'd after him,
and swore she'd blow the bellowes:

Mars call'd Cupid Jackanapes,
and swore he would him smother;
Quoth Cupid then, "Did I say so
when thou didst love my mother?

"Me thought that Orphæus with his lute
stood at my bed-side playing,
And Pan too, with his oaten flute
did keepe his flocke from straying:
And while that they did sweetly play,
in such a trance they laid me,
That to the pleasant fields below
I thought they had convey'd me.

"Then Juno and great Jupiter
came marching with Apollo,
Saturne came with Mercury,
and all began to hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himselfe,
and so of joyes bereft me:
Then suddenly I did awake,
and all these fancies left me."

The second part.

To THE SAME TUNE.



"Well, sister, I have heard your dreame,
which much good doth intend thee:
For I thinke Cupid now doth meane
with a husband to befriend thee;
And to entice you unto love—
which you held in derision—
Hath sent you this same dreame, which may
be called pleasure's vision.

"Then, sister, I would have thee use
thy suiters well hereafter;
And, though our father he be rich,
and thou his eldest daughter,
Yet I doe know you are in love,
for 'tis in vaine to hide it:
O fie! on this dissembling looke,
I never could abide it.

"Make use of time, it will away,
for beauty soone decayeth,
And shee is out of date, they say,
that untill twenty stayeth.
Then let us not be coy againe,—
these squemish trickes undoe us—
But kindly let us entertaine
our suiters when they wooe us.

"This peevishnesse doth but prolong
our maiden griefe and sorrow;
And we are older by a day
when wee doe rise to-morrow:
Then why should we in modesty
our owne desires thus smother?
Faith, I doe love a proper man,
and so too did my mother.

"Cupid is a waggish boy,
and by your dreame he shewed
That married couples happy be
that are with love indewed;
But she that dyeth here a maid,
and coyly doth dissemble,
Shall afterward lead apes about,
which makes my heart to tremble.

"Although that I doe counsell you,
who are my eldest sister,
Yet if my tongue belye my heart,
I wish that it may blister:
For I confesse, that when I first
to fifteene yeeres attained,
To thinke that I had staid so long
I oftentimes complained."

The eldest sister, hearing this,
unto her soone replyed:
"Good sister, I your counsell like,
which shall not be denyed;

For though that I have alwayes beene
so coy in outward carriage,
Yet being eldest, as 'tis fit,
I will take place in marriage."

The other sister then replyed,
quoth she, "Though I am younger,
Yet will I not in love give place,
for my desires are stronger:
And therefore since that both of us
against our wills have tarried,
Like loving sisters, let us both
upon one day be married."

FINIS.

Printed at London for E. B.

The Wooing Lass.

AGAIN a ballad by Martin Parker, which is probably unique. He has in this case written to a difficult tune, which entails peculiar metre. The notes of the nightingale are imitated. We have already printed the words of the original ballad in our Vol. II., p. 251. Tom D'Urfey printed the first stanza of the following, and the last but one of the second part, with the tune, in *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 87 (1719). He changed the title to "The Nymph's Holiday, to the tune of The Nightingale," and, as usual, he made free in altering words and lines. He omits the tenth line of this edition, and the music is imperfectly noted. An early copy of the tune is in Elizabeth Rogers's Virginal book, Addit. MS., No. 10337, Brit. Mus.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 532, 533.]

The Wooing Lasse and the Way-ward Lad,
Who long had made his Sweet-heart sad,
Because to her hee would not yeeld,
Till Cupid him to Love compel'd.

To the tune of *The Nightingale.*



Upon a Holy day,
When the nimphs had leave to play,
I sate unseene
In a meddow greene,
Where I heard a lasse, in an angry spleene,
Perswading of a swaine
To leave his drodging[1] vaine,
And sport with her upon the plaine.

[1] drodging = drudging.

But the silly clowne
Did sadly sit him downe,
And, regardlesse of her mone,
He left her all alone.
  Then shee cry'd,
"*Come away, bony boy,*
Come away!"
    "*I cannot come,*
    I will not come,
    I dare not come,
    My worke's not done!"
And this was all the clowne would say.

Quoth shee, "Thou gentle swaine,
Doe not my love disdaine,
    Thou shouldst woe me,
    Now I woe thee;
  Let not thy heart so froward bee,
    But yeeld to my request,
    In troth I doe not jest,
  'Tis thee alone that I love best."
Yet the simple asse
Respected not the lasse—
Hard-hearted that he was;
With her he would not passe,
  Though shee cry'd,
"*Come away, bony boy,*" *etc.*

"I prethee, sweet," she said,
"Regard a love-sicke maide,
    'Tis thee alone
    Must ease my mone,
  Or else I comfort can get none.
    O be not so obdure,
    O sit not so demure,
  Let me thy love with pray'rs procure."
But all in vaine
She woo'd the surly swaine,
For she could not obtaine
His love, that shee would faine,
  Though shee cry'd,
"*Come away, bony boy,*" *etc.*

Yet still the loving girle
Besought the clownish churle,
And woo'd him still
For his good will,
But her successe was allwaies ill;
For all that painefull while
She could not see him smile
Her troubled thoughts to reconcile.
The home-bred lad
No[1] skill in loving had,
He gave her answers bad,
Which made her very sad.
Yet she cry'd,
"Come away, bony boy,
Come away."
"I cannot come,
I will not come,
I dare not come,
My worke's not done!"
And this was all the clowne would say.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[1] "For" in the text.

Yet shee'd not be answer'd so,
Nor from him would she goe
So soone away;
But shee still made stay,
To heare more what the swaine would say.
"O courteous lad," she said,
"Reflect upon a maid,
And let me thee to love perswade."
But [for] all this winde
No comfort she[1] could finde,
[To bring][2] him to her minde;
For still he was unkinde,
Though she cry'd,
"*Come away, bony boy,*
Come away."
"*I cannot come,*
I will not come,
I dare not come,
My worke's not done!"
And this was all the clowne would say.

Just as the Paphean Queene
Adonis urg'd to spleene,
As he was coy,
Even so this boy
Could not be woon to kiss and toy:
Though humbly there besought,
It no compassion wrought,
For he to love would not be taught.
On him she hung,
From her away he flung,
He bade her hold her tongue,
For he would not goe along.
Yet she cry'd,
"*Come away, bony boy,*" *etc.*

As Salmacis, so bright,
Did woo young Aphrodite,
But all in vaine,
So she this swaine,

[1] "yet could finde" in the text.

[2] "Herein him" in the text.

And could not her request obtaine;
For he was obstinate,
And bade her leave her prate,
Thus for her love she purchaste hate.
Love was so strong
In this bonny lasse so young,
That she could not hold her tongue,
Though he had deny'd so long:
Yet shee cry'd,
" Come away, bony boy," etc.

This maid was grievèd sore,
Great cause she had therefore,
Sith 'twas her fate
To love for hate,
Which she could not anticipate.
Such force young Cupid hath
O'er them that tread his path,
The lad regards not what she saith.
He doth persist
Still to resist,
To her he will not list,
But bids her to be whist,[1]
Though shee cry'd,
" Come away, bonny boy," etc.

The maid was griev'd in minde,
That the lad was so unkinde:
Then to Venus she went,
Sore discontent,
Who charg'd her boy, with his bow ready bent,
To take a mimble dart,
And pierce him to the heart,
Because he did her precept thwart.
Cupid strong
Gave the lad such a bang,
That he forc'd him to gang
With his bonny lasse along
When shee cry'd,
" Come away, bonny boy,
Come thou hither!"

[1] whist = silent.

"I come, I come,
I run, I run;
Now I am won,
All shall be done;"
And so they went along together.

By this we well may prove
The wonderous power of love.
For this young boy,
Before so coy,
Now calls the maid his onely joy.
He tooke her by the waste,
And kindly her embrac't,
He payes her love with kisses chaste.
He grieves in minde,
That before [he] was unkinde,
He tells her she shall finde
That the best shall come behind;
And indeed
They with speed were agreed
Each with other:
With joynt consent,
And hearts content,
To church they went,
Incontinent,
And there they marry'd were together.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for J. Wright junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

A Woman's Work is never Done.

When Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector, he relaxed the Puritan restrictions against dramatic performances (if with music), and against the publication of ballads. The following is one which issued from the press at that time. "Woman's work is never done" is the subject of more than one old ballad. In *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (II. 558) is a second, with the same burden and with the tune. It begins:

"O that I had never married,
Since I led a careful life;
Things with me are strangely carried
Now I am become a wife."

No other copy of the following ballad seems to be extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 534, 535.]

A Woman's Work is never done.

Here is a Song for Maids to sing,
Both in the Winter and in the Spring;
It is such a pretty conceited thing,
Which will much pleasure to them bring:
Maids may sit still, go, or run,
But a Woman's work is never done.

To a delicate Northern Tune, *A Woman's Work is never done*, or, *The Beds making.*



As I was wandring on the way,
I heard a married woman say
That she had lived a sollid[1] life
Ever since the time that she was made a wife.
"For why," quoth she," my labor is hard,
And all my pleasures are debarr'd:
Both morning, evening, night and noon,
I'm sure a woman's work is never done.

[1] "sollid" = grave, serious.

"And now," quoth she," I will relate
The manner of my woful fate;
And how my self I do bestow,
As all my neighbours well do know:
And therein all, that will it hear,
Unto my song I pray a while give ear;
Ile make it plainly to appear, right soon,
How that a woman's work is never done.

"For when that I rise up early in the morn,
Before that I my head with dressings adorn,
I sweep and cleanse the house, as need doth require,
Or, if that it be cold, I make a fire:
Then my husband's breakfast I must dress,
To fill his belly with some wholesom mess;
Perhaps thereof I eat a little, or none,
But I'm sure a woman's work is never done.

"Next thing that I in order do,
My children must be lookt unto;
Then I take them from their naked beds,
To put on their clothes and comb their heads:
And then, what hap soever do betide,
Their breakfast straight I must provide.
'Bread!' cries my daughter; and 'Drink!' my son,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"And when that I have fill'd their bellies full,
Some of them I pack away to school,
All save one sucking childe, that at my brest
Doth knaw and bite, and sorely me molest:
But when I have laid him down to sleep,
I am constrain'd the house to keep,
For then the pottage-pot I must hang on,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



"And when my pottage-pot is ready to hoil,[1]
I must be careful all the while;
And for to scum the pot is my desire,
Or else all the fat will run i' th' fire.
But when th'leven a clock bell it doth chime,
Then I know 't is near upon dinner time:
To lay the table-cloth I then do run,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"When dinner time is gone and over-past,
My husband he runs out o' th' doors in haste;
He scarce gives me a kiss for all that I
Have dealt and done to him so lovingly;

[1] "hoil" = to expel, or boil over.

Which sometimes grieves me to the heart,
To see him so clownishly depart:
But to my first discourse let me go on,
To shew a woman's work is never done.

"There's never a day, from morn to night,
But I with work am tired quite;
For when the game with me is at the best,
I hardly in a day take one hour's rest:
Sometimes I knit, and sometimes I spin,
Sometimes I wash, and sometimes I do wring.
Sometimes I sit, and sowe by my selfe alone,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"In making of the beds such pains I take,
Until my back, and sides, and arms, do ake;
And yet my husband deals so cruelly,
That he but seldom comes to comfort me.
And then at night, when the clock strikes nine,
My husband he will say, 'tis supper time;
Then presently he must be waited upon,
And thus a woman's work is never done.

"When supper's ended to bed we must go—
You all do know 't is fitting it should be so—
Then do I think to settle all things right,
In hope that I shall take some rest by night.
The biggest of my children together I lay,
And place them by degrees so well as I may:
But yet there is a thing to be thought upon,
For why, a woman's work is never done.

"Then if my husband turns me to the wall,
Then my sucking childe will cry and brawl;
Six or seven times for the brest 't wil cry,
And then, I pray you judge, what rest take I.
And if at any time asleep I be,
Perchance my husband wakes, and then wakes me;
Then he does that to me which I cannot shun,
Yet I could wish that work were oftener done.

"All you merry girles that hear this ditty,
Both in the countrey, and in the city;
Take good notice of my lines I pray,
And make the use of the time you may:
You see that maids live more merrier lives,
Then do the best of married wives:
And thus to end my song as I begun,
You know a woman's work is never done."

Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion in Pye-Corner.

The Merry Hostess.

This ballad, in praise of old ale, is perhaps unique. It bears the subscription of T. R. No ballad-writer is now known with such initials to his name. If we look higher, we find Thomas Randolph, author of "The Muses' Looking Glass" and other poems, to have published small pieces with his initials, and it is possible that this may be one of them. No other of the several T. R.s given by Lowndes seems to fit the date. The printed copy must be rated as before 1664, because in that year John Andrews, the publisher, had taken Elizabeth Andrews into partnership. The earliest date of John Andrews in our list of ballad publishers at p. xvii. of Vol. I. is 1655. That catalogue was constructed from works which have actually passed through our hands, and there may have been publications a year or two before, which we have not seen. The design was to supply safe and sure dates, and therefore to take nothing upon credit, or upon conjecture.

The tune of the ballad is excellent. See *Popular Music.*

[Roxb. Coll. I. 536, 537.]

The Merry Hoastess;

Or,

A pretty new Ditty, composed by an Hoastess that lives in the City:
To wrong such an Hoastess it were a great pitty,
By reason she caused this pretty new Ditty.

To the tune of *Buff Coat has no Fellow.*



Come all that love good company,
and hearken to my ditty;
'Tis of a lovely hoastess fine,
that lives in London City:
Which sells good ale, nappy and stale,
and alwayes thus sings she,
"*My ale was tunn'd when I was young,*
and a little above my knee."

Her ale is lively, strong and stout,
if you please but to taste;
It is well brew'd, you need not fear,
but I pray you make no waste;
It is lovely brown, the best in town,
and alwayes thus sings she:
"*My ale was tunn'd when I was young,*
and a little above my knee."

The gayest lady with her fan
doth love such nappy ale;
Both city maids, and countrey girles
that carries the milking pail,
Will take a touch, and not think much
to sing so merrily,
"*My ale was tunn'd when I was young,*
and a little above my knee."

Both lord and esquire hath a desire
unto it, night and day,
For a quart or two, be it old or new,
and for it they will pay:
With pipe in hand they may her command
to sing most merrily:
"*My ale was tunn'd when I was young,*
and a little above my knee.

"You'r welcome all, brave gentlemen,
if you please to come in;
To take a cup I do intend,
and a health, for to begin,
To all the merry joval blades,
that will sing for company:
'*My ale was tunn'd when I was young*
and a little above my knee.'

"Here's a health to all brave English men
that love this cup of ale;
Let every man fill up his can,
and see that none do fail:

'Tis very good to nourish the blood,
and make you sing with me,
'*My ale was tunn'd when I was young,*
and a little above my knee.'

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



"The bonny Scot will lay a plot
to get a handsom tutch
Of this my ale, so good and stale;
so will the cunning Dutch:
They will take a part, with all their heart,
to sing this tune with me,
'*My ale was tunn'd when I was young,*
and a little above my knee.'

"It will make the Irish cry 'A hone!'
if they but take their fill;
And put them all quite out of tune,
let them use their chiefest skill:
So strong and stout, it will hold out
in any company;
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

"The Welch-man on Saint David's Day
will cry, 'Cots plutter a nail,'
Hur will hur ferry quite away
from off that nappy ale:
It makes hur foes, with hur red nose,
hur seldom can agree;
But my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

"The Spaniard stout will have a bout,
'cause he hath store of gold;
Till, at the last, he is laid fast,
my ale doth him so hold:
His ponyard strong is laid along,
yet he is good company;
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

"There's never a tradesman in England
that can my ale deny;
The weaver, taylor, and glover,
delights it for to buy:
Small money they do take away,
if that they drink with me;
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

"There is Smug, the honest blacksmith,
he seldom can pass by;
Because a spark lies in his throat,
which makes him very dry:

But my old ale tells him his tale,
so finely we agree;
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

"The brewer, baker, and butchèr,
as well as all the rest,
Both night and day will watch where they
may finde ale of the best:
And the gentle craft will come full oft
to drink a cup with me;
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

"So to conclude, good-fellows all,
I bid you all adieu;
If that you love a cup of ale,
take rather old th[a]n new:
For if you come where I do dwell,
and chance to drink with me,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee."

FINIS. T. R.

London, Printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion, near Pye-Corner.

The Fetching Home of May.

This seems to be the only extant copy of this ballad. It was reprinted in an abbreviated form in the *Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661, and although that edition supplies a few verbal corrections, especially as to the spelling of names, yet that copy requires collating by this far more than the reverse. It is there entitled "A ballad called the Green Gown," and is so named from the burden. The publisher of the ballad flourished in and after 1635. No clue remains to the authorship. The abbreviated edition was transferred from the *Antidote to Melancholy* to *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, to *The Aviary*, and other collections.

Two versions of the tune will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 323 and 324. It is best known by a later name, *Hunting the Hare*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 538, 539.]

The fetching home of May;

Or,

A pretty new Ditty, wherein is made knowne,
How each Lasse doth strive for to have a greene Gowne.

To the tune of *Roome for Company, etc.*



Now Pan leaves piping,
The gods have done feasting,
There's never a goddesse a hunting to day:
Mortalls doe marvell at Coridon's jesting,
That lends them assisting to entertaine May.
The lads and the lasses,
With scarfes on their faces,
So lively it passes,

Trip over the downes:
Much mirth and sport they make,
Running at Barley-breake:
Good lack! what paines they take
For their greene gownes.[1]

Fine John and Gillian,
Henry with Franses,
Meg with Mary, and Robin with Will:
George and Margery set all the dances,
For they were reported to have the best skil.
Sisle[2] and Nann[i]e,
The fairest of many,
That came last of any
From out of the towne,
Quickly got in among
The middest of the throng,
Thus they so much did long
For the greene gowne.

Blanch and Betaris,[3]
Both of a family,
Came very lasely, lagging behind;
Anes and Anibell[4] noted their policie,
Cupid is cunning although he be blind:
Winny the witty,
That came from the citie,
With Parnell the pretty,
And Bess[i]e the browne,
Clim,[5] Jone and Isabell,
Su[e], Alse[6] and bonny Nell,
Liked of their journeys well
For the greene gowne.

But wanton Deborah
Whispered to Dorrity[7]
That she should wink upon Richard and Sim;
Now minsing Maudlin shew'd her aut[h]ority,
And in the quarrell did venter a limme:

---

[1] green gowns from falling or sitting on the grass. [2] Cicely. [3] Beatrice.
[4] Annise and Annabel. [5] Clem. [6] Alice. [7] Dorothy.

Sibill[1] was sickly,
And could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely
  To fall in a swound.[2]
There was none would tarry
For Hugh nor for Harry,
Lest Christian should carry
  Away the greene gowne.

Thus all the youngsters
Had reach'd the greene meddowes,
  Where they a[p]pointed to gather their May;
Som in the sunshine, and som in the shadows,
  Singled in couples did fall to their play:
Constant Penelope,
Faith, Hope and Charity,
Looked very modestly,
  Yet they sat downe;
Prudens[3] prevented
What Rachell repented,
And Cate[4] was contented
  To take the greene gowne.

[1] Sibbell. [2] swound = swoon. [3] Prudence. [4] Kate.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original are two cuts; that to the left is printed on p. 317.]

This Maying so pleased
Most of the fine lasses,
That they much desired to fetch in May flowers,
For to strew the windows and such like places,
Besides they'l have May bows, fit for shady bowers.
But most of all they goe
To find where Love doth growe,
Each young man knowes 'tis so,
Else hee's a clowne:
For 'tis an old saying,
"There is great joying,
When maids go a Maying,"
They'll have a greene gowne.

Maidens and young men goe,
As 'tis an order old,
For to drink merrily and eat spiced cakes;
The lads and the lasses their customs wil hold,
For they wil goe walk i' th' fields, like loving mates:
Em calls for Mary,
And Ruth calls for Sarah,
Iddy[1] calls for Ha[r]ry
To man them along:
Martin calls Marcy,
Dick calls for Debary,[2]
Then they goe lovingly
All in a throng.

The bright Apollo
Was all the while peeping
To see if his Daphne had bin in the throng,
And, missing her, hastily downward was creeping,
For Thetis[3] imagined [he][4] tarri'd too long.
Then all the troope mourned
And homeward returned,
For Cynthia scorned
To smile or to frowne:
Thus did they gather May
All the long summer's day,
And went at night away,
With a greene gowne.

Bright Venus still glisters,
Out-shining of Luna;
Saturne was present, as right did require;
And he called Jupiter with his Queen Juno,
To see how Dame Venus did burn in desire:
Now Jove sent Mercury
To Vulcan hastily,
Because he should descry
Dame Venus down:
Vulkan came running,
On Mars he stood frowning,
Yet for all his cunning,
Venus had a greene gowne.

[1] Iddy = Edith.
[2] Deborah.
[3] "that's" in the text.
[4] "they" in the text.

Cupid shootes arrowes
At Venus her darlings,
For they are nearest unto him by kind:
Diana he hits not, nor can he pierce worldlings,
For they have strong armour his darts to defend:
The one hath chastity,
And Cupid doth defie;
The other's cruelty
makes him a clowne:
But leaving this, I see,
From Cupid few are free,
And ther's much courtesie
In a greene gowne.

FINIS.

Printed at London for J. Wright junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.



[This cut in the original stands to the left of that printed on p. 315.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 540, 541.]

A good workeman needes never want worke.[1]

If this be true, here's a parsell of ten,
All lustie, able, well-qualified men,
That scarse have their equals to eate, drinke, and sleepe;
And some are farr better to hang than to keepe.

To the tune of *The nine Maids.*



You that good houses keepe,
And would good servants hire,
With proper men to eate and sleepe
Ile furnish your desire: 4

[1] This satire upon the men-servants of the seventeenth century is by Martin Parker, and the copy seemingly unique.

My owne experience hath
(In a month or little more)
Try'd all that 's mention'd underneath,
In number halfe a skore.
Marke how they stand in rancke,
All lusty able men;
Then you who doe good workmen want,
Come take your choyse of ten.

Come hither, Tospot Tom;
Thou art the first in place;
This fellow will not stay at home
Above an houre's space;
Hee'le at the alehouse stay
From breakefast-time till dinner,
From thence till supper hee'll be away—
By this I was a winner.
O this was one of my men,
The chiefe of halfe a score,
All you who want good workemen then
Take choyse among my store.

The next was Retchgutt Ralph,
Right heire to Wood of Kent;
A yeareling pigg, or else a calfe,
His stomack will content;
With eight and fifty egges
A Lenten meale hee'le make;
And yet hee lookes like one that begs,
So leane as any rake.
O this was one of my men, etc.

The third was Slippery Will;
His trade he neede not learne;
I had two maids, and with his skill
Hee got them both with barne;
And two more in the towne,
All in a fortnight's space;
The like of him was seldome knowne,
Hee's of a breeding race.
O this was one of my men, etc.

The fourth was Desperate Dicke;
Hee'd lose his shirt at dice;
Besides he hath another tricke,
Which hee esteemes no vice;
What ever he can get
By cozening or by stealing,
Or running into honest men's debt,
Hee counts it lawfull dealing.
O he was one of my men, etc.

The second part.

To the same tune.



The fifth was Sam, a thresher;
The best I ere did keepe;
Hee'de worke foure houres every day,
And the rest hee'de spend in sleepe.

If any did him blame
For taking so much paines,
Hee'de soone make answer to the same—
"How can I thresh when 't raynes?"
O this was one of my men, etc.

The sixth was Cogging Watt;
Hee us'd to lye and flatter,
And, gossip-like, hee'd prate and chat—
Of what it made no matter.
What e'er his fellowes said,
(Though hee lov'd them, in show),
The tel-tale rascall more on't made—
And that's a good gift, you know.
O this was one of my men,
The cheife of, etc.

The seventh was Kit the Butcher;
For him his sweet-heart mournes;
Hee'd dresse a sheepe or a bullock well,
And give to his friends the hornes.
Of all I ere knew in my life,
Hee was a pretty youth;
Hee'd with his candell looke his knife,
When hee had it in his mouth.
O this was one of my men, etc.

The eighth was George the Groome,
A servant good and able;
Because he would not wear out his broom,
Hee never swept the stable.
His providence was such,
To show his honest care,
Hee'd never curry the horses much,
For feare they should lose their haire.
O this was one, etc.

The ninth was Painefull Pierce,
My honest husbandman;
All his good quallities to rehearse
Is more th[a]n now I can.

But one thing of great note
I here alone will tell,
Because my hempe should take deepe root,
Hee cast it in the well.
O this, etc. 97

The tenth and last was Ned,
The bailiffe of my land;
Those tenants that his humor fed
He dealt with under hand. 101
For bribes and private guifts
hee'de let out leases cheape:
Now judge, my masters, by these gifts,
What benefit I might reape.
O this was, etc. 106

Imagine now, my friends,
You to a place are come,
Where halfe a score good fellowes stand
Within a little rome, 110
And all doe service crave;
Then doe not them refuse:
To keepe them I no liking have,
If I can any way chuse. 114
O these are my brave men,
In number halfe a score;
You who doe want good workmen then,
Take choyse among my store. 118

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for Francis Grove, and are to be sould at his shop on Snow hill by the Sarazen's head.

The Beggar-boy of the North.

THE copy of this ballad seems to be unique. Internal evidence seems to point to Martin Parker as the author. It has an excellent tune, and one of those to which he wrote. It describes the beggar's life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and includes some of their cant-language, which has only been here explained through a special study of Harman, Dekker, and of other writers upon that subject.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 542, 543.]

The Begger-boy of the North:

Whose linage and calling to th' world is proclaim'd, Which is to be sung to a Tune so nam'd.



[In the original there are two cuts; that to the left is printed on p. 325.]

From ancient pedigree, by due descent,
I well can derive my generation;
Throughout all Christendome, and also Kent,[1]
My calling is known both in terme and vacation:
My parents old taught me to be bold,
Ile never be daunted, whatever is spoken;
Where e'er I come, my custome I hold,
And cry, "Good your worship, bestow one token!"[2]

[1] "Kent," says Halliwell, "was so famous a place for robberies in Elizabeth's time, that the name was given to any nest of thieves." They are here supposed to be of no religion.

[2] A copper penny or halfpenny, such as tradesmen were permitted to issue.

In ragged rayments I wander about,
  Both hot and cold weather I'm arm'd to endure;
Though but a boy, I am sturdy and stout,
  A living by begging I easily procure:
My skin is made like armour of proofe,
  By sun nor by frost 't will never be broken;
No threatning s[quir]es shall keep me aloofe,
  But still I will cry, "Good your worship, one token!"

My father, my mother, my gransire and grannum,
  My uncles, my aunts, and all my kindred,
Did maund for loure, casum and pannum,[1]
  Then wherefore should I from the trade be hindred?
"Cat will to kind," the proverbe doth say;
  'Tis pitty old customes should be broken;
Still as I wander along on the way,
  Ile cry, "Good your worship, bestow one token!"

Although in the quier-ken[2] I have been oft,
  And by the rumcoe[3] and the harmanbecke[4] frighted,
Yet my old trade I will set aloft,
  Wherein all my linage have chiefly delighted.
I have eat shame, and drunke after the same,
  I little regard what to me is spoken;
Loud in the streets my mind I proclaime,
  And cry, "Good your worship, bestow one token!"

To whet your charity I have a tricke,
  A tricke, said I? Nay, I have a hundred;
With a cap on my head, I can faine to be sicke,
  To see my strange gestures the people have wond'red.
I can counterfeit a lame arme or a legge,
  And sometimes Ile seeme like one that is broken;
This must he doe that exactly will begge,
  And cry, "Good your worship, bestow one token!"

---

[1] "maund for loure, casum and pannum" = beg for money, cheese and bread, Harman and Dekker give "lowre" for "money," "cassan" for "cheese," and "pannam" for "bread." See the Early English Text Society's edition of Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, pp. 14, 83.

[2] "quier-ken" = prison.—Harman, p. 84.

[3] "rumcoe" can only mean "jailer," or "prison keeper" here; but I have not found it explained in any book.

[4] "harmanbecke" = constable.—Harman, p. 84.

I can hold my fingers as though they were lame,
  Lest people should say I were able to labour;
And under a hedge a gybe[1] I can frame,
  As though it were writ by the justices' favour;
From parish to parish along as I rome,
  My wants in blacke and white are spoken;
Goe where I will, I am alwayes at home,
  And still I doe cry, "Good your worship, one token!"



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 323.]

[1] "along" in the text, an error evidently. The compositor has taken that word from the fifth line. "A gybe" is the cant word for "a writing."

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The crow her own bird doth deem the most faire,
And so doe I of my profession;
If I were adopted a rich man's heire,
This life of my heart hath tane such possession
That I should leave my livings and lands,
And flee like a citizen when he is broken;
I cannot abide to worke with my hands,
But still I must cry, "Good your worship, one token!"

The richest miser that liveth this day
Hath not so much ground as I at disposing;
My fields lye open as the high way,
I wrong not the country by greedy inclosing.

I spend what I get, and get what I spend,
All this for certaine which I have spoken,
I am no other than what I pretend,
For still I doe cry, "Good your worship, one token!"

I am not in debt, there's good reason therefore,
For no man will credit me with halfe a shilling;
And yet if I chance to runne on the skore,
To pay for my booze[1] of all things I am willing.
When I with my mates at the bouzing ken[2] meet,
Our braines with strong liquor soundly are soken;
And when I want lowre,[3] then I step into th' street,
And cry, "Good your worship, bestow one token!"

I' th' heat of the summer I lead a fine life,
To walke the green medowes for my recreation;
And when I am old enough to have a wife,
Ile joyne with my doxie[4] on the wand'ring fashion.
Under a hedge I can lye and snort;
By no worldly cares my sleepe is broken;
And now and then I repaire to the Court,
Where I doe beg greater gifts than a token.

All the cold winter I keepe rendevouse,
In an old spacious barne by beggers frequented,
Or else in the bouzing ken I doe carouse,
And to lib in strummell[5] I am well contented.
I am not proud, nor high in conceit,
Though some beggers are so, as it is spoken;
I care more for drinke than for cloathing or meat,
Which makes me cry, "Good your worship, one token!"

In the North Countrey I first had my birth;
From whence I came naked unto London City;
Where a good fellow, compos'd all of mirth,
Upon the poore boy did take some pitty:

---

[1] booze = drink.
[2] bouzing ken = alehouse.
[3] lowre = money.
[4] doxie = the female associate of thieves and of gipsies.
[5] lib on the strummell = lie on the straw.

And now he hath cloath'd me in blacke and white,
And mended my rags which before were broken:
If this my ditty will yeeld you delight,
I shall thanke you more than I would for a token. 96

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Grove.

The Brave English Gipsy.

This ballad seems to be unique. John Trundle, the publisher, was celebrated by Ben Jonson as early as 1598, and his widow succeeded to his business in 1628. The tune is now better known by the song of—

"Come, follow, follow me!
Ye fairy elves that be."

We have already passed a parody upon it by Martin Parker (Roxb. I. 408), beginning:

"Come, follow, follow me!
To the alehouse we'll march all three."

The curious will find the tune in *Popular Music*, I. 273.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 544, 545.]

The brave English Jipsie.

To the tune of the *Spanish Jipsie.*



Come follow, follow all!
'Tis English Jipsies call.
All you that love your lives,
Here's those for profit strives:
We fare well when thousands lacke;
None of us can credits cracke.
We fare well, etc. 7

If we to gallants come,
The country people run
To see what we can doe;
Much paines they unde[r]goe:
Seriously, a number strives
To lead the English Jipsies' lives.
Seriously, a number, etc. 14

We humor none that lives,
Nor hate no man that gives.
Ambition doth not rest
I' th' English Jipsies' brest.
If they give, weele willing take;
Nought that's good will we forsake.

We use all things are quaint;
With painters we can paint;
Our dye is not in vaine,
For we doe dye in graine:
The walnut-tree supplies our lacke;
What was made faire, we can make black.

We take a formall course,
Some sixe upon a horse:
We single scorne to ride,
Our horse doth want no guide.
We by turnes will take our ease,
And live all humors for to please.

We scorne for to entice
With beauty gallants' eyes;
We beare no beautious face
Our subtile slightes to grace:
We can paint when we command,
And looke like Indians that are tan'd.

We practise not to dance,
Nor learne no tunes from France:
Our knackers[1] make no noise;
We are no roaring boyes.
English Jipsies all live free,
And love, and live most jovially.

Our fare is of the best;
Three times a weeke we feast;
Nay, some time every day,
And yet for nothing pay.
For beefe or bacon, geese or hens,
What we eate is other men's.

[1] "knackers" = castanets.

Sometimes, where great men dwell,
We doe there fortunes tell:
Our paines for to requite,
We diet there all night.
In this life we spend our dayes:
English Jipsies lawes obayes. 56

The second part.

To THE SAME TUNE.



We feare to wrong the law;
We live in servile awe;
Yet, wheresoere we goe,
We seldome find a foe:
Wheresoere we come, we find,
For one that hates, an hundred kind. 62

Pleasure we have store,
Who can desire more?
All doth our paines requite;
Then frolike we all night:
Mongst our selves we dance and sing;
Night content to us doth bring. 68

What ere we get all day,
That night, doth fly away;
We hoord not up our store,
For next day we have more:
Feast our selves with gallant cheere,
Spare no cost for wine or beere.

To drinke, be drunke, and tipsie,
Delights the English Jipsie:
We live to love all those
That are no Jipsies' foes.
Some decay'd, 'mongst gallants, strives
To leade the English Jipsies' lives.

We beare this honest mind,
To love all friends are kind:
Our foes we can requite
With hatred and despight:
For we can plague our mortall foe,
Yet he the actors never know.

Great store of coyne we gaine,
Yet for it take no paine:
Our diet's seldome sought,
For it is to us brought:
Pigs, or geese, or brawne, or sowse,
Or any meat that's in the house.

Ther's many stand in feare
When we approach but neere:
Sometimes our very sight
The children doth affright.
Our names are spred both far and neere;
Our friends we love, but dread no feare.

We hate all surly slaves,
Nor love no cunning knaves:
Our selves can cunning use,
Yet none we will abuse:
He that freely gives, shall find
The English Jipsies alwaies kind.

Who ere hath bin in Spaine,
And seene there Jipsies vaine,
Shall soone the difference find,
Else judgement makes him blind.
So, Spanish Jipsies all, adue!
For English equall are to you.
So Spanish Jipsies, etc. 111

FINIS.

London, Printed for John Trundle, at his Shop neere the Hospitall Gate in Smithfield.

The Coaches' Overthrow.

The copy of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be unique. Mr. Payne Collier selected it as worthy of republication in his *Roxburghe Ballads*, and he there illustrates the subject by the following comments: "As early as 1601 Coaches in London had become such a nuisance that the legislature found it necessary to interpose 'to restrain the excessive use' of them: not long afterwards, we are told that not fewer than 6000 were constantly crowding the narrow streets. About 1630 Sedans also came into general request, and they are alluded to by R. Brome and other dramatists of the time. In 1631 the inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the Privy Council against the number of coaches bringing auditors to the theatre there (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry, ii. 31, iii. 408); and John Taylor's *The World runs on Wheels* was written to ridicule the prevailing fashion. In 1636 was printed a ludicrous discussion between a Coach and a Sedan, and to about this period the following song, which contemplates the suppression of Hackney Coaches, seems to belong." (p. 291.) The publisher of the ballad flourished from 1620 to 1655. The Overthrow of the Coach is represented in the original by printing the first woodcut upside down.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 546, 547.]

The Coaches' Overthrow;

Or,

A Jovial Exaltation of divers Tradesmen and others for the suppression of troublesome Hackney Coaches.

To the tune of *Old King Harry.*



As I pass'd by this other day,
Where sacke and clarret spring,
I heard a mad crew by the way,
That lowd did laugh and sing,
"*High, downe dery, dery downe,*
With the hackney coaches downe!
'Tis cry'd aloud,
They make such a crowd,
Men cannot passe the towne."

The boyes that brew strong ale, and care
Not how the world doth swing,
So bonny, blith, and joviall are,
Their lives are, "Drinke and sing:

Hey, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
To make them roome
They may freely come,
And liquor the thirsty towne."

The collier he's a sack of mirth,
And though as black as soote,
Yet still he tunes, and whistles forth,
And this is all the note:
"*Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,*
With the hackney coaches downe!
They long made fooles
Of poore carry-coales,
But now must leave the towne."

The carriers of every shire
Are as from cares immune;
So jouviall is this packe-horse quire,
And this is all their tune:
"*Hey, downe dery, dery downe,*
With the hackney coaches downe,
Farewell, adew,
To the jumping crew,
For they must leave the towne."

Although a carman had a cold,
He strein'd his March-bird voice,
And with the best a part did hold
To sing and to rejoyce:
"*Hey, downe dery, dery downe,*
With the hackney coaches downe!
The carmen's cars
And the merchants' wares
May passe along the towne."

The very sings[1] did pipe for joy
That coachmen hence should hye,
And that the coaches must away,
A mellowing up to lye:

[1] This word is doubtful in the text. Mr. Collier adopts "slugs." If so, it may mean that slugs *raised their horns* for joy.

"Hey, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coach-men downe!
Passe they their scope,
As round as a rope,
Wee'l jogge them forth of towne."

Promoters,[1] and the informe[r]s,
That oft offences hatch,
In all our times the money wormes,
And they are for the catch:
"Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
For these restraints
Will with complaints
Fill all [the noisy towne].[2]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[1] "Permonters" in the text.

[2] This line is nearly all cut off.

The world no more shall run on wheels[1]
With coach-men, as 't has done;
But they must take them to their heeles,
And try how they can run.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Wee thought they'd burst
Their pride, since first
Swell'd so within the towne.

The Sedan does, like Atlas, hope
To carry heaven pick[a]-pack;
And likewise, since he has such scope,
To beare the town at 's back.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coach-men downe!
Arise, Sedan!
Thou shalt be the man
To beare us about the towne.

I love Sedans, 'cause they doe plod
And amble every where,
Which prancers are with leather shod,
And neere disturbe the eare.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Their jumpings make
The pavement shake,
Their noyse doth mad the towne.

The elder brother shall take place,
The youngest brother rise;
The middle brother's out of grace,
And every tradesman cryes,
"*Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,*
With the hackney coaches downe!
'Twould save much hurt,
Spare dust and durt,
Were they cleane out of towne."

[1] An allusion to *The World runs on Wheels* by Taylor, the water-poet.

The sick, the weake, the lame also,
A coach for ease might beg;
When they on foot might lightly goe,
That are as right 's my leg.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Let's foot it out,
Ere the yeare comes about,
'Twill save us many a crowne.

What though we trip ore boots and shoes,
'Twill ease the prise of leather:
We shall get twice what once we loose,
When they doe fall together.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Though one trade fall,
Yet, in generall,
'Tis a good to all the towne.

'Tis an undoing unto none
That a profession use:
'Tis good for all, not hurt to one,
Considering the abuse.
Then heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
'Tis so decreed
By a royall deed,
To make 't a happy towne.

Coach-makers may use many trades,
And get enough of meanes;
And coach-men may turne off their jades,
And helpe to draine the fens.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
The sythe and flayle,
Cart and plow-tayle,
Doe want them out of towne.

But, to conclude, 'tis true, I heare,
They'l soone be out of fashion;
'Tis thought they very likely are
To have a long vacation.
Heigh, downe dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Their terme's neere done,
And shall be begun
No more in London towne.

FINIS.

London, Printed for Francis Grove.

The Old Man's Life Renewed.

This relates to a case of extraordinary longevity in a former incumbent of Lesbury, in Northumberland. Mr. John Maclain, "the parson and minister of the parish," who was living at the time in the town of Lesbury, is said to have attained the age of 116 years, and to have recovered his sight, his hearing, his teeth, and his hair. Some one has written in a modern hand upon the broadside: "He was a Scots man, born in Galloway," but adds not a line to prove that he was so, or anything more about him. To have described him as a "Scots man," instead of as a "Scotchman," indicates that this modern writer was a native of Scotland. The first point to be investigated in this extraordinary case is the length of time, as well as the precise date, at which John Maclain was appointed to the living of Lesbury. Perhaps some correspondent in the vicinity of Lesbury will communicate the result of a search in the parish books to our worthy friend, Mr. W. J. Thoms, F.S.A., who has already dismantled Old Parr, Old Jenkins, the Countess of Desmond, and others, of their long-reputed longevity.

This is the last broadside in the first folio volume of the Roxburghe Collection, and it is unhappily torn. Enough, however, remains to make out the story, with the help of the preliminary prose.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 548 & ult.]

The old man's life renewed by heavenly providence;

Or,

A strange, yet true, relation of one Mr. Macklain, a man of an hundred and sixteen years old, who when he was about the age of fourscore years old, his strength failed him, and his eye-sight grew dim; he was likewise deaf of hearing, and feeble of speech; but now of late the Lord hath shown such a miracle upon him, that he is now become as a young man again; for his hearing and speech is come perfectly to him, and his eye-sight is so good that he can write or read the smallest print that is, without Spectacles; his teeth which were decayed and rotten out of his head, there are new ones[1] come in their places: and habeing lost the old hair from off his head, there is now fine young tender hair growing upon the same, like the hair of a Child of two years old. All these strange Wonders are to be seen upon the Gentleman, whose name is Mr. John Macklain, dwelling and living (so long as God's pleasure is) in Northumberland, in the Town of Lesbury; he, being the Parson and Minister of the Parish, preacheth two Sermons every Sabbath day, where many hundreds of people comes far and near to hear him Preach, and to see the wonders of the Lord.

The Lord that rules both heaven and earth
with his Almighty powerful hand
Hath many strange examples sent
unto the people of England:
But never the like of this before
was known or seen of any man,
In those same parts wherein we live,
since first of all the world began.

Therefore with patience now give ear,
and hearken to the matter well.
The truth, and nothing but the truth,
I am preparèd for to tell.
At Lesbury, in Northumberland,
one Master Macklain dwelling there,
The parson of the parish was,
and well belovèd far and near.

[1] "onces" in the text.

A hundred and sixteen years of age
this minister is known to be,
Whose eyes through age were grown so dim
that he at all could hardly see.
His legs and joynts so feeble were
that he could hardly stand or go;
His strength and hearing was decay'd,
so was his tongue and speech also.

But still he did the best he could
among his parishoners to preach,
Being well known in former time
the way of godlinesse to teach.
Yet some, that spightful neighbours were,
which then were dweling thereabout,
Did use all means that they could do
by violence for to turn him out.

And said, because he . . . .
there Minister be . . . .
The reason why, ...
nor could . . . .
But . . . .

"My friends and kindred are decay'd,
my wife and children dead and gone,
No one have I to take my part,
but only Christ, my Lord alone.
Therefore, if 't be thy will, O Lord,
out of this world me for to take,
Or else to send me some relief,
even for thine own sweet mercie's sake."

Now, mark the wonders of the Lord!
what miracles were brought to passe
Upon that aged minister!
and I will tell you how it was.
The miracles are only these,
that God in mercy hath restor'd
Him to his former strength again,
and comfort doth to him afford.

His age seems now to be renew'd,
as to the world it may appear;
Though he before was almost deaf,
he now can very well speak or hear:
His eyes, that were so dusk and dim,
and also sunk into his head,
Are now so quick and lively grown,
that without spectacles he can read.

And since his teeth were rotten out,
theres new ones come in the old ones' place:
His brows and cheeks are fat and fair,
wrinkl[e]s worn out of his face.
And, to be brief, the limbs of his
are every one reviv'd again,
From head to foot, from top to toe,
[as] to the world appeareth plain.

And now he do . . . .

[End of Vol. I. of the Roxb. Coll.]

The End of Volume I.

of the original

Roxburghe Collection

of

Ballads.

The Roxburghe Ballads.

The Roxburghe Ballads.

WITH SHORT NOTES BY

WM. CHAPPELL, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF

"HISTORY OF THE BALLAD LITERATURE AND POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME"

AND COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS, ENGRAVED BY MR. W. H. HOOPER.

Vol. III. Part II.

HERTFORD:

Printed for The Ballad Society,

BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1879.

18

HERTFORD:

STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS PRINTERS.

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Scotch Woggy's Misfortune.

The second volume of the Roxburghe Collection begins with an indifferent alphabetical arrangement, systematically separating the ballads from their "Answers," or continuations, because the titles of the Answers begin with the letter A. In some cases the first parts of ballads are deficient, and in others they are to be found in the same volume or in another of the series. In this instance, no first part is now included in the Roxburghe Collection, but it may be supplied from the Pepys (III. 288), or from the Douce (II. 191), while, on the other hand, those two are deficient as to the "Answer." Reviewing public collections, and such others in private hands as are known to us, the copy of the Answer in the Roxb. Coll. seems to be unique.

In his note upon "Kind Robin loes me," Stenhouse, the commentator upon Scottish songs and music, says that: "In the *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, which was written in the year 1692, it is said that Mr. James Kirkton, in October last, preaching on hymns and spiritual songs, told the people: 'There be four kinds of songs—profane songs, malignant, allowable, and spiritual songs; as

> "My mother sent me to the well—
> She had better gane hersell;
> For what I gat I darna tell,
> But kind Robin loes me."

Now, although the third line is here euphemised, the quotation seems a strange one to be commented upon from the pulpit. Still, we must consider how times have changed since 1692, and that we have to view them as they then were, and not as they now are. Stenhouse misstates that the "three first lines [*sic*] belong to an old song called 'Whistle o'er the Lave o't,' which may be seen in Herd's Collection above referred to." He also misstates that "The old words of 'Kind Robin loes me' begin thus:

> '*Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,*
> *Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,*
> *Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,*
> *Kind Robin loes me.*
> Robin, Robin, let me be,
> Until I win the nourrice fee;
> And I will spend it a' wi' thee,
> For kind Robin loes me.'
> &c., &c., &c."

The fact is that "Whistle o'er the lave o't"[1] (the rest of it), in Herd's Collection, is made out of the third verse of "Kind Robin loves me" by changing its fourth line and adding four more of less obvious coarseness than the fourth verse of the original. The first stanza begins:

"My mother sent me to the *well*,"

This suggested to the ingenious poet a second, commencing:

"My mither sent me to the *sea*,
For to gather musles three,"

the daughter's commission being thus limited, because "three" is the number that will rhyme with "sea."

And now for the old ballad, which is the parent of others—it has certainly no euphemism about it. Its coarseness is simply repelling, and nothing is to be feared from it. Euphemising alone is to be dreaded, because, by disguising coarseness, it assists to make vice attractive.

---

[1] The following is "Whistle o'er the lave o't," as it appears in Herd's Collection:

"My mither sent me to the well,
She had better gane hersell,
I got the thing I dare nae tell;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

My mither sent me to the sea,
For to gather musles three;
A sailor lad fell in wi' me;
Whistle o'er the lave o't."

[Pepys Coll. III. 288, and Douce Coll. II. 191.]

Scotch Moggy's Misfortune:

Together with her chearful Hop[e]s, that Shakum Guie will bury his Wife, and then make Moggy a happy Mother.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

Shakum Guie has gotten a wife,
And he is aweary of his life:
The day will come that she will dye,
And Shakum Guie will marry me:
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Kind Robin loves me.

My father left me a good stock,
Full forty weathers in a flock,
With geese, ducks, hens, and a fighting cock
Kind Robin, for thee:
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

My mother sent me to the well,
Better she had gone her sell,
Robin gard my belly swell,
Kind Robin he loves me;
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin he chast me about the stack,
Robin laid me on my back,
Robin he made my rump to crack,
Kind Robin loves me,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin he took me by the tale,
Over the ditch he made me fall;
Robin ruffled my falale,
Kind Robin loves me;
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

My mammy she gave unto me
Forty marks as thou shalt see,
And I will give it aw to thee,
Kind Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Ginn I was married to a laird,
I should neither spin nor card,
But fill the cup, serve to laird,
The day that I was married;
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin, Robin, let me be,
Till I have got my nurses fee,
And I will drink it aw with thee,
In geud Scotch yale and brandy,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Robin is o'er the water gane,
It will be long ere he come home;
On Saturday we'll give up our names,
And Sunday we'll be married,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Kind Robin, I am for thee.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 1.]

An

Answer to Moggy's Misfortune;

Or,

The kind and courteous Courtship of Shakum Cup, after the Funeral of his cross and froward Wife; which proved the two Lovers happy Conclusion.

Tune of *Robin Cushe* [quoth she].

Licensed according to Order.



" Moggy, now rejoyce and sing,
Ise present thee with a ring,
Nay, and joyfull news I bring,
my wife is dead and bury'd;
Therefore let's be jolly,
Drive hence melancholly,
This night let us dally,
next day we'll be marry'd.

"To thy Shakum be not coy,
Thou'st have got a pretty toy
Which I'd willingly enjoy,
and therefore sit down by me:
In my arms I'll teaze thee,
Likewise kiss and squeeze thee,
Ise am sure 'twill please thee,
prithee do but try me.



"Ise have muckle gold in store,
What canst thou desire more?
We shall live and ne'er be poor,
but, always blithe and bonny,
Drink good sack and sherry,
Always brisk and merry,
Never, never weary
of my dearest honey.

"My grandsire he is stiff and old,
Likewise I know his bloud is cold,
And will e'er long be laid in mold,
as being dead and bury'd:
Then Ise have his riches,
Gray coat, leathern breeches:
Oh, how my fingers itches,
Dearest, to be marry'd!

" Once I led a weary life
With a cross and froward wife,
Which created care and strife;
with her I was offended:
Now the Fates betide her!
No such scold beside her!
Now a grave does hide her,
and my plague is ended.

" For she's clearly fled away,
And has left her Shakum Gay,
Long I wish'd to see this day,
but ne'er before could find it;
Now, since she is buryed,
We will not defer it,
But with speed be marryed,
and with this kiss I bind it."

" Shakum Gay," she then reply'd,
" Ise will freely be your bride,
And lig closely by your side,
'tis my will and pleasure:
Ne'er will Ise forsake thee,
But in wedlock take thee,
And resolve to make thee
Laird of all my treasure.

" Farewel rock and farewel reel!
Thrice farewel my spinning-wheel!
Let them gang unto the Deel!
Ise freely can refuse them;
Having time and leisure,
Likewise gold and treasure,
Here Ise take my pleasure,
and no more will use them."

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The London Lass's Folly.

In this case, as in the preceding, the Answer only is to be found in the Roxburghe Collection; but a solitary perfect copy of the two parts is included in the Pepys Coll. III. 236, 237. The only noticeable feature of the first part is in the attributes of different nations, such as that the child of a Fleming would "eat all the butter." The Lass's folly is repaired by marriage in the sequel. The licenser being R. L. S. [Roger L'Estrange] dates the ballad as within the reign of Charles II.

[Pepys Coll. III. 236.]

The London Lasses Folly,

Or,

The Maiden Beguil'd.

This maiden wild she was beguil'd
to loose her maiden-head,
And when that he had got his will,
away from her he fled.

To the Tune of, *The Journey-man Shooe-maker.*

This may be printed, R. L. S.

Not long ago it chanced so,
abroad as I was walking,
A damsel fair I soon espy'd,
and to her-self was talking: [she,
"Ah! woe is me, poor wretch," quoth
"that had not forecast rather,
For now am I grown big with bearn,
but I do not know the father.

"One night when I lay in my bed
to sleep, as it was needful,
And having but a careless head,
and being much unheedful,
A young-man came, but not his name
by him I could not gather, [bearn,
That night I'me sure, I prov'd with
but I do not know the father.

"He made no stay, but whipt away,
when he had had his pleasure,
O that night's work hath me undone!
I may repent at leisure;
Now will I ramble up and down
to find out this young shaver,
For, if he live in London-town,
my child shall have a father.

"I think no Carpenter was he,
no Shipwright, nor no Saylor,
I rather think it for to be
Some lusty jovial Taylor:
Or if he were a Glover good,
a Black-Smith, or a Weaver,
My meaning may be understood,
my child should have a father.

"Or if he were a Butcher bold,
a Baker, or a Brewer,
No secret place my friend shall hold,
but I will find him sure;
Or if he were a Serving-man,
a Royster, or a Shaver,
I'le find my gallant, if I can,
my child shall have a father.

"But if I can by no means find
the man that I adorn Sir,
I'le rest myself content in mind,
until my child is born Sir;
And when he comes to 7 years old,
I by my child shall gather,
For he will be of qualities
like unto his right father.

" For if a Fleming got my child,
he will eat all the butter;
Or if he be a Spaniard wild,
he'll keep a deadly clutter:
Or if he be an Irish Teague,
my child will ride the hobby;
Or if he be a Welsh-man like,
Cetts-plues he loves *Cows-bobby*.[1]

" Or if he be a Scotch-mans son,
he will begin a quarrel;
Or if he be of French-mans bone,
he'll pawn his best apparel:
Or if he be a Souldier's son,
I'le buy him a hat and feather,
And with a drum I'le send my son
to seek out his right father."

When she had finish'd all her talk,
from thence she soon departed,
And then another way did walk,
both blith and merry hearted;
But then I cannot now surmise,
or any way can gather,
Or which way then she could devise
to find out her child's father.

Printed for C. Dennisson, at the Stationers Arms within Aldgate.

---

[1] Cow's bobby = toasted cheese. "I do loue cawse boby, good rosted chese;" see Furnivall's edition of Andrew Borde's *Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, p. 126. At p. 129 it is spelled, in Welsh, "gawse boby." At p. 340, in a quotation of later date: "The Welshman loves Couse-bobby." At p. 330 Furnivall gives an amusing quotation from *A Hundred Mery Talys*, 1526, "*Of seynt Peter that cryed "cause bobe.*" It is of some Welshmen in heaven, "whiche, with theyre krakyinge and babelynge, trobeled all the other. . . . Wherfore Saynt Peter went out of heuen gatys, and cryed with a loude voyce 'Cause bobe!' that is as moche to say as 'rosted chese,' whiche thynge the Welchmen heryng, ran out of heuyn a great pace. And when Saynt Peter sawe them al out, he sodenly went in to heuen, and lokkyd the dore, and so sparryd all the Welchmen out."

[Roxb. Coll. II. 2.]

The Answer to
The London Lasses Folly.

Or,

The New-found Father Discover'd at the Camp.

You maidens that are kind and free
I plainly must confess;
Be careful of virginity,
'twill be your happiness.

TUNE IS: *The Journey-man Shooe-maker.*

This may be printed. R. L. S.





You maidens wild, that were beguil'd,
come listen to my ditty,
A story strange I will relate,
was done in London City:
I was a damsel fair and free,
or a wanton Miss more rather,
I was beguil'd and got with child,
but could not tell the father.

But when I found my belly swell,
O what a case was I in?
I then began for to provide
some clouts against down-lying.
It troubled me exceedingly,
I could by no means gather,
Who me beguil'd, and got the child,
but now I have found the father.

In this sad plight, both day and night,
my restless brains were beating,
Who it should be, that flattered me,
and call'd me Love and Sweeting:
Sometimes I thought a Carpenter,
and then a Glover rather,
But none of them die prove the man,
for now I have found the father.





Neither was it a Butcher bold,
no Baker nor no Brewer;
While I in this sad pickle lay,
what pains did I endure?
No Serving-man I thought it was,
and then my mind would waver,
But now I find, content in mind,
for I have found the father.

So many men I dealt withal,
that I could not conjecture,
Whether it were some Citizen,
or some debauched Hector:
A Souldier bold did me infold
in arms fast clutcht together,
He, I believe, did me deceive,
and needs must be the father.

Then to the camp straightway went I,
to see if I could view him,
But tho' he stood before my eye,
alas! I little knew him;

He lookt on me, and blusht to see
we two should meet together,
My belly great, he stroaked straight,
and said he was the father.

O then my boy did leap for joy,
and I was much contented,
That had long time, for this my crime,
been wofully tormented;
And in mine eyes, he joy espies,
that we were met together,
Away went I immediately,
and married my child's father.

Now let false man say what he can,
I lawfully am marry'd,
If I could not have found him than
I grosly had miscarry'd;
I'le say no more, that danger's o're!
and we well met together,
Assuredly my boy shall be,
a Souldier like his father.

He for his King and Countrey's rig[ht,]
shall be a vindication,
And manfully against them fight,
who would disturb the nation.
Then let us sing, God bless the King
and subjects altogether,
I am, you see, from sorrow free,
my child has got a father.

FINIS.

Printed for C. Dennisson, at the Stati[oners] Arms within Aldgate.

The Maiden's Tragedy.

This ballad is restored to its place from p. 326 of the same volume. It is the story of a yielding maid betrayed, and thereupon committing suicide. A second copy of the ballad is included in the Pepys Collection, III. 371. In the second part, or Answer, the young man becomes penitent, and seems disposed to follow the maiden's example, but it goes no further than talk. This is also in the Pepys Coll. III. 370.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 326 and Pepys, III. 371.]

The Maiden's Tragedy;

Or,

A Brief Account of a Young Damsel near Wolverhampton, who cut her throat in despair, because she could not have the Man she lov'd.

To the Tune of *Russel's Farewell.*

Licensed according to Order.





Near Wolverhampton liv'd a maid,
who fell into despair;
Her yielding heart was soon betray'd
into love's fatal snare:
A young-man courted her, we find,
and seeming love did show;
Yet, after all, he prov'd unkind,
which wrought her overthrow.

"Here do I languish in distress,"
the youthfull damsel cry'd,
"To see his most unfaithfulness,
all round on e'ery side.
I nothing see but clouds of grief,
and storms of bitter woe,
It's death alone must yield relief,
Love proves my overthrow.

"False-hearted Thomas, call to mind
the solemn vows you made,
That you wou'd never prove unkind,
and can you now degrade
Your loyal lover, now at last,
and fill my heart with woe,
Which will my life and glory blast,
and prove my overthrow.





"I courted was, both day and night,
at length I gave consent;
This done, my love he strait did slight,
and leaves me to lament,
As if he took delight to see
mine eyes like fountains flow;
Oh! most ungrateful man," said she,
"*Love proves my overthrow.*

"Not long agoe he did adore
my very charms, he cry'd;
Was ever man so false before
in all the world beside?
A harmless lover to deceive
and drown in tears of woe;
This world I am resolv'd to leave,
Love proves my overthrow.

"The killing torment that I feel
doth such a passion raise,
That I no longer can conceal
the sorrows of my days;
I'll hasten death this very day,
to ease my heart of woe;
I find there is no other way,
Love proves my overthrow."

Thus being filled with discontent,
she took a bloody knife,
In desperate sort resolv'd and bent
to cut the thread of life:
Down from her throat the reeking gore
in purple streams did flow,
And though she lay a week and more,
it prov'd her overthrow.

With grief and sorrow compass'd round,
she languish'd night and day;
At length her fatal, bleeding wound
did take her quite away:
And all along before she dy'd
her eyes with tears did flow,
Likewise she wrung her hands and cry'd,
"*Love proves my overthrow.*

"Farewell to him who is the cause
of all my grief and care;
Had he been true to Cupid's laws,
I solemnly declare
We might have liv'd in happiness,
in love and peace, I know;
But sorrow doth my soul oppress
and proves my overthrow.

"Though now at present he may have
content, and pleasure find,
When I am sleeping in my grave
he then will call to mind
Who caus'd this present wretched state,
and fill his heart with woe,
And then he may repent too late
my dismal overthrow."

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel, in Gilt-spur-street, without Newgate.



[The above cut is the right hand one of the three belonging to the following ballad.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 3.]

An Answer to the Maiden's Tragedy;

Or,

The Lamentation of a Young Man, near Wolverhampton, for the Death of a Young Maiden, which of late has been a great grief and trouble to him, for his unkindness to her.

To the Tune of *Russel's Farewel.*





You lovers all, both far and near,
pray listen to my moan;
I wrong'd my love, my only dear,
the like was never known:
I prov'd indeed her fatal fall
by my disloyalty,
For which I fear in time I shall
a sad example be.

Love, thou art sleeping in the grave,
and I am left behind;
No peace or comfort can I have,
but a tormented mind:
The heart within my breast does bleed,
no pleasure can I see;
Ere thou hadst done that bloody deed,
would I had dy'd for thee!

What protestations did I make
that I did thee adore!
Yet did at last my love forsake;
and this torments me sore:
Sad torments do I under-go
for my disloyalty,
The[se] eyes of mine like fountains flow;
would I had dy'd for thee!

The golden chain of love I broke,
and did my promise slight;
So that at length a fatal stroak
did prove thy ruin quite:
When at the point of sad despair
thou wrough[t]'st this tragedy;
My soul is fill'd with grief and care,
would I had dy'd for thee!

After a tedious, long delay,
we did together meet,
And pitch'd upon our wedding-day,
our blessings to compleat;
She waited long, yet all in vain,
then with a sigh, said she,
"True love is a tormenting pain,
no man so false as he."

I seemed unconcerned then,
tho' I her heart betray'd;
And never came a near her when
this pittious moan she made:
But now, my dearest, thou art dead,
and I no comfort see,
All joy and peace is from me fled,
would I had dy'd for thee!

I with the world could freely part
to be released from thrall:
Now I alone do feel the smart,
for thou art past it all;
While I, in storms of grief and woe,
feel endless misery;
This grief I cannot under-go,
would I had dy'd for thee!

When e'er I wander all alone
methinks her voice I hear,
And sometimes with a dying groan—
which kills my heart with fear:
Then do I start and turn away,
as frighted wofully,
And in that passion sighing say,
would I had dy'd for thee!

When I her bleeding ghost behold,
wrapt in a winding-sheet,
And on her head a crown of gold,
with voice exceeding sweet:
"Dear Thomas, Thomas most unkind,
why do you stay?" said she,
"Why do you tarry thus behind?
make hast and follow me."

Thus am I in distraction hurl'd,
deny'd of quiet rest;
And though I hide it from the world,
my very soul's opprest:
I'd fain surrender up my breath,
to give me ease, said he,
For life is worse to me than death,
would I had dy'd for thee!

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 77.]

The Countrey Farmer;[1]

Or,

The Buxome Virgin.

To a New Tune, called, *New-Market, or King James's Jigg.*



There was a brisk lass, both bonny and brown,
That courted her sweetheart in our town,
She laid by her work, her wheel, and [her] yarn,
To find out her love in the farmer's barn.
Quoth she, "If thou wilt be marrièd,
We'l high to the Priest [and] then to bed,
My virgin treasure I'le give thee, Ned,
That is, to be plain, my maiden-head.

[1] The first part of this ballad is at folio 77 of Vol. II., while the "Answer," or continuation, is at folio 4. This Answer is deficient of four lines which have been cut away by the careless bookbinder, but they are supplied from a second copy in the Pepys Collection, III. 189. The two parts in Pepys Collection are equally misplaced, for the first is to be found at III. 263.

The story is of a farmer who is induced to forsake his first love by the bold addresses of a wanton woman, and he finds reasons for regret, in the sequel. The tune of the ballad will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

"You know that my love is a flame of fire,
And burns when it cannot obtain desire,
My beauty is now in it's bloom and prime,
And I cannot, nor wonnot, delay the time:
I long for to taste of those tender joys,
[Of] those soft kisses and wanton toys,
That every maid in her wedding enjoys,
When lasses with lovers get lusty boys.

"A garland of flowers my love shall wear,
And I'le give him a lock of my coal-black hair,
At every wake my love I'le treat,
And I'le give him kind busses as cream-bowls sweet;
Thou shalt be my buck, and I'le be thy doe,
And I'le [churn the] milk, and thou shalt mowe,
I'le card and I'le spin, while you harrow and sowe,
And call upon Dobbin with Hey-ge-woe."

Quoth Ned, "For your love I take no care,
But busie my self with my plow and mare,
Young Cupid I think is a lazy loon,
And besides I intend for to marry Joan."
Quoth Nell, "As for Joan she will never wed,
She lies like an eunuch in her dull bed,
She's ugly, and old, looks paler than lead,
Not like a brisk lass of a woman bred.

"Young Colin upon Martilla's cheeks
A thousand delightful pleasures seeks,
He kisses her oft by her own good-will,
And will scarcely once let her all night lye still.
Come touch but my lips, with those lips of thine,
They are all melting, and all divine,
Like grapes that appear on the springing vine,
As plump, and as soft, and as sweet as thine."

"My dearest," quoth Ned, "I'le but clout my shoone,
And we will be married before 'tis noone:
I'le go to the church and a licence bring,
And buy the[e] a dainty fine golden ring:
I'le give thee to ride on my pacing Roan,
With the grey pillian I lent to Joan,
Ah! waies me, poor Jugg, how will she make moan,
That fate has design'd her to lye alone.

"While Jugg feels the pains of Cupid's dart,
That wounds the breast of each lover's heart,
She'l sit and she'l sigh upon the plain,
And rehearse her disloyal shepherd's name;
While thee, my dear Gill, in my arms I'le hugg,
And hide thee in the soft sheet and rugg,
Poor Joan shall look pale, that never lookt smugg,
Adieu to my gentle sweet Jugg-Jugg-Jugg.

"Though Juggy be crusty, what need I care?
For she may have lovers enough to spare,
But now she is lately so sower grown,
She minds not the young-men that make their moan.
Yet lusty for life, and full of good will,
[As] I was yesterday, so I am still,
Ile bring all my grist to my true lover's mill,
And hugg and make much of my Gill, Gill, Gill."

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.



[The above cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 363.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 4, and Pepys Coll. III. 189.]

The Answer to the Buxome Virgin,

Or,

The Farmer well-fitted, for slighting his first Love Honest Joan.

When men can be so false as he,
And waver with the wind,
I do protest, I do not jest,
They're fitted in their kind.

To the Tune of, *The Countrey Farmer*, or, *The Buxome Virgin.*



The country farmer is now undone,
He knoweth not whether to go or run,
Now into a snare he is thus betray'd
By marrying with Gillian the buxome maid ;
As true as we are in this place,
Within the term of two months space,
She made him a sorrowful sower face,
That Neddy was in a most woeful case.

And just in the middle of all the night,
She put him into a most fearful fright,
Her pitiful groans and sorrowful cryes
Compell'd the farmer at length to rise;
Then slipping on his shooes and hose,
But carelesly putting on his cloaths,
Down stairs in a hurry away he goes,
And called her mother, then straight she arose.

"O what is the matter, my son," said she,
"You call in a hurry so hastily?"
"Nay marry," quoth Ned, "I do not know,
Your daughter hath fill'd my heart with woe;
With woful groans and dismal crys
My sences all she did surprize,
So that at the length I was forc'd to rise
But what is the matter I cannot devise."

When she had consider'd of what he said,
She posted away and no time delay'd,
The old woman was in a woful touze,
And trotting away to her daughter's house;
But, coming there, she knew full well,
As I to you the truth may tell,
That Gillian had been too oft at the mill,
And that was the cause of her falling ill.

"Those millers," quoth she, "are such pomper'd blades,
Thus doing, they ruine poor harmless maids,
I think there is hardly one in ten
That can be reputed right honest men;
There is Robin, Ralph, and lusty Will,
All brawny blades of wanton skill,
That never maid can go to the mill,
But they will be kissing and courting still.

"But why should we tattle and talk of this,
She is not the first that hath done amiss:
Go fetch the midwife and call the nurse,
Come, come, my dear son, it is well its no worse."
The farmer he saddled [his] bonny Rone,
And rid full speed five miles alone;
Then, sighing and sobbing, and making moan,
He wishd he had never forsaken Joan.

But after the trouble was o're and past,
A chopping brave boy she enjoy'd at last,
But Neddy at this his stomach it riss
To father the brat that was none of his;
Said they, "The calf must with the cow,
Both law and reason doth allow,
Therefore, my dear son, be contented now,
[In] [1] time he may come to drive the plow."

This being consider'd, he soon was kind,
Though he, at the first, was disturb'd in mind,
Then putting an end to the whole dispute,
He gave his sweet Gillian a kind salute;
To father it he will not fail:
O now appears a pleasant gale—
When they with the farmer did thus prevail,
They drank up full brimmers of nappy ale.

The women and he, they were all agreed
To christen the bantling now with speed;
Then straight for the business they prepare,
The names of the gossips I will declare,
The one was Edward's couzen, Phill,
The other jolly bouncing Nell,
And Roger the miller of Holeton-dell,
So this being over, then all was well.

FINIS.

[1] "The" in the text.

Advice to the Ladies of London.

This is by Tom D'Urfey, but his final stanza has been rejected, and three others substituted, to lengthen it into a ballad. D'Urfey's song was reprinted in all editions of *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*, and they have served to correct some errors in the ballad version. Another copy of the latter is in the Pepys Coll. IV. 85. The tune first appears in the Appendix to the Dancing Master of 1686. It was employed for several other ballads, and the curious may find it in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. ii. p. 593.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 5.]

Advice to the Ladies of London,

in the Choice of their Husbands.

To an Excellent New Court Tune.

This may be printed, R. P.



Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair,
Whom every Town fop is pursuing,
Still of your Persons and Purses take care—
The greatest deceit lies in wooing.
From the first rank of the bonny brisk sparks,[1]
Their Vices I here will discover,
Down to the basest mechanick Degree,
That so you may chuse out your Lover.

[1] Instead of "the bonny brisk sparks," D'Urfey wrote "of *beaux esprits*," and "Their vices therefore I discover."

First for the Courtier, look to his Estate,
Before he too far be proceeding;
He of Court Favours and Places will prate,
And settlements make of his breeding:
Nor wear the yoak with dull Country Souls,
Who, though they are fat in their Purses,
Brush you with Brissles and, toping full Bowls,
Make Love to their Dogs and their Horses.

But, above all, the rank Citizen hate;
The Court or the Country chuse rather;
Would you have a Blockhead that gets an Estate,
By the Sins of the Cuckold his Father?
The sneaking Clown intreaguing does mar,
The apprentices huffing and ranting:
Cit. puts on his Sword when without Temple-Bar,
To go to Whitehall a gallanting.



Let no spruce Officer keep you in awe—
The Sword is a thing transitory;
Nor be blown up by the Lungs of the Law,
A world has been cheated before you:
Soon you will find your Captain grow bold,
And then 'twill be hard to o'ercome him;
But if the Lawyer touch your Copy-hold,
The Devil will ne'er get it from him.

Fly, like the Plague, the rough tarpawling Boys,
That Court you with lying Bravadoes,
Tiring your senses with Bombast and Noise,
And Stories brought from the Barbadoes.
And be sure ever shun the Doctor, that Fool,
Who, seeking to mend your Condition,
Tickles your Pulse, and peeps in your Close-stool,
Then sets up [for] a famous Physitian.

[But if your humour have such roving fits
As must upon Wedlock be treating,
Step to Will's Coffee-House, you'll find some Wits
Who live upon sharping and cheating:
They wear good cloaths, and powder their Whiggs,
They'll swear you're a Dear and a Honey,
And their whole lives spend in rampant Intrigues,
Oh, they are the Men for my Money!] [2]

Chuse not a spark that has known the town,
Who makes it his practice to bully;
You'd better take up with a country clown,
He'l make an officious cully.
You with a word may his passion appease
And make him a cuckold at leasure,
Give him but money to live at his ease,
You may follow intregues at your pleasure.

Neither admire much a man that is wise
If e're you intend to deceive him,
He cunning plots and intreagues will devise
And trap you, e're you shall perceive him;
Therefore beware that he never disclose
Your tricks, if he do's he will slight you;
He'l keep a gay mistriss under your nose
If it be but on purpose to spight you.

[2] The above is the concluding stanza of D'Urfey's song. It was the ballad-maker who rejected it and added the following three. Good-humoured, long-nosed, immoral Tom D'Urfey affected the character of a wit and a rake, but he does not seem withal to have been very dangerous to the fair sex. Tom could not afford to offend the Beaus, so he contrasted the above song by "Advice to the Beaus," of which the first stanza was a caution against certain citizens'

But if you'd thrive, and grow wealthy apace,
  Then marry a doting old sinner;
What if you view there Old Time in his face,
  You will by that bargain be winner.
You may have lusty gallants good store,
  If you can produce but th' guinea,
And those young coxcombs your face will adore
  If this don't please, old Nick is in you.

London, Printed for J. Back, at the Black Boy, near the Draw-bridge on London Bridge.

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daughters. The wife he recommends to these penniless gentlemen, as "the best spouse in the nation," is the Landlady of the Rose Tavern, whose

"Little Flask bottles, and leaking Pint pots,
Are framing a fine coach and six, Sir."

[Roxb. Coll. II. 6.]

Advice to Batchelors;[1]

Or,

A Caution to be careful in their Choice. As also, the deserved praise of a Careful Industrious Wife.

If thou wilt change a single life,
to live free from annoy,
Chuse then a kind and careful wife,
she'll crown thy days with joy.

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times, Or, The Country Farmer.* This may be printed, R. P.



Both Robert and Richard, nay, William and Ned,
If any of you have a fancy to wed,
Come hither and take this good counsel I give,
So may you be happy as long as you live;
For both good and bad amongst women there be
And therefore I pray you be ruled by me,
Chuse one that is modest, discreet in her ways,
And then the whole world cannot speak her due praise.

[1] As this good advice to bachelors is not found in any other of the known Collections, the copy may be unique.

Such wives they will always their husbands obey,
And never be given to wander or stray
Among lazy gossips, her money to spend,
She knows that it will her kind husband offend;
And therefore her study and care will be still
To love him and always submit to his will;
For she that is modest, discreet in her ways,
The world is not able to speak her due praise.

Some men chuse a wife by the weight of her purse,
While,[1] may be, her money does prove but a curse,
Proud wives they will flourish at such a loose rate,
[Un]till they have clearly consum'd an estate,
But as for the woman that strives to take care,
If she has but decent apparel to wear,
She seeks for no more, but her husband obeys,
And then [*the whole world cannot speak her due praise.*]

Some women are subject to thunder and brawl,
And others with wantons will waste and spend all,
And which is the worst of these two I don't know,
The wife that is wanton, or she that's a shrow;
The one makes him clearly a-weary of life,
The other is still for contention and strife,
But she that is modest, discreet in her ways,
The world is not able to speak her due praise.

A good wife that marries a man that is poor,
She'l make it her care to replenish his store,
And like to the painful industrous bee,
She'll do her endeavour to labour with thee;
If thou art in anger she will not revile,
But instead of frowns will afford thee a smile;
And thus being modest, discreet in her ways,
The world, &c.

Ne'er strive for to marry a finikin lass,
We see they are often as brittle as glass,
They'l crack their [own] credit, consuming thy store,
While she that is careful will labour for more;

[1] Which, in the text.

In troubles or crosses, or what e're may fall,
A good wife will stand the brunt of [it] all,
And do her endeavour her husband to raise,
The world, &c.

A good wife will always be taking of care,
And yet will not murmur, repine or dispair,
But still is contented with what she enjoys,
And is not for railing and making a noise;
Such women that never knows how for to scold,
Adore them more dearer than jewels or gold;
For she is most vertuous, discreet in her ways,
The world, &c.

For that is the woman that still will contrive
To help her kind husband, in order to thrive,
And seeks for to please him, and never offend,
O such a good wife we may truly commend;
Nay, what though her portion, alas! be but small,
Her vertues will make thee amends for it all,
A wife that is wise, and discreet in her ways,
The world, &c.

If it be thy fortune to find such a wife,
Adore her and love her as dear as thy life;
Ne'er grieve her, but labour always to provide
Both food and apparel, and all things beside;
So may you be ever united in love,
And blest in this life by the powers above:
The wife that is vertuous, discreet in her ways,
The world is not able to speak her due praise.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner.

Advice to Bachelors, No. 2.

This ballad is a virulent attack upon women, painting a wife of most outrageous impudence and vice, coupled with a husband of impossible tolerance and asininity. They are equally creations of fancy, and in the vilest taste. Two copies are in the Roxburghe Collection, II. 7 and IV. 7; also one in the Pepys, IV. 103.

Three of the tunes named for this ballad will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

[Roxb. Coll. II. 7.]

Advice to Batchelors;

Or,

The Married Man's Lamentation.

Take heed, you that unmarried are,
How you do make your choice;
But if a good wife you do find,
'Twill make your heart rejoyce.

TUNE OF *Hey, Boys, up go we; [When] Busie Fame; Martellus; or [Ah!] Jenny, gin.*



You batchelors that single are
may lead a happy life;
For married men are full of care,
and women oft breed strife:
As by my late unhappy match
you here may plainly see;
A loving man and froward wife
will never well agree.

Beauty's a thing that wins men's hearts,
and reason so bewitches,
That men oft let the weaker sort,
like fools, to wear the breeches;
And I myself too late lament
my apish foolery;
For if I speak an hasty word,
then, hey boys, slap goes she.

I in the morning up must get,
or else there is no quiet,
And get her some delicious bit,
for she doth love good dyet;
I ask her why she'l be profuse?
she crys, what's that to me?
And if another word I use,
then, hey boys, slap goes she.





She'l make me rise out of my bed
to let another in,
And if I ask the reason why,
a quarrel doth begin;
She'l haul me up and down the house,
the like you ne'r did see;
I must be silent as a mouse,
or, hey boys, slap goes she.

If I but for my breakfast ask,
  Then doth she laugh and jeer,
Perhaps give me a hard dry crust
  and strong four-shilling beer;
She tells me that is good enough
  for such a rogue as me,
And if I do but seem to pout,
  then, hey boys, slap goes she.

She oftentimes doth tell me plain
  that I do wear the horns;
Sure e'ry man doth this disdain,
  and wise men meerly scorns;
But since 'tis my unhappy fate,
  how can it helpèd be?
But if I chance thereof to prate,
  then, hey boys, slap goes she.

The pots and dishes I must wash,
  and scowre the irons too;
Nay, and must wash the children's clouts,
  believe me, this is true:
But those that did the children get
  should slave as well as me;
And if I chance to vex or fret,
  then, hey boys, slap goes she.

This is a strange and dismal life
  that I, poor man, do lead,
And when I do consider well,
  it makes my heart to bleed:
But if it goes against the grain
  I must contented be;
If in the least I do complain,
  then, hey boys, slap goes she.

Oh, that I were a single man,
  as I was heretofore!
Or if I were a widdower!
  I ne'r would marry more:
For I do to my sorrow know,
  and to my grief I see,
When she says I, and I say No,
  then, hey boys, slap goes she.

A thousand times I wish in vain
I ne'r had been begot,
Then had I been a happy man,
now cuckold, fool, and sot:
But once again, you batchelors,
take warning now by me,
For 'tis a curse to be a slave,
and yet a cuckold be.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel.

The Country Hostess's Vindication.

This has all the appearance of a drunken fellow's revenge upon some hostess who had made him pay his debt. It is one of the grossest of libels upon them all—a much forbearing class. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps unique. The tunes named are in *Popular Music*.

The meaning of the proverb mentioned in line 45 is, "If one trade fail, take up another."

[Roxb. Coll. II. 8.]

All is ours and our Husbands;

Or,

The Country Hostesses Vindication.

She durst not scold, 'tis counted for an evil,
Shee'l cheat and whore, and yet be counted civil;
Shee'l fill her pockets by poor drunkards' losses,
And send them all to jayl by weeping crosses.

To the Tune of *The Carman's Whistle, or H[e]igh Boys, up go we.*



Come all ye tribes of hostises,
That women against do rail,
Come lend me some of your advice,
Their glamorous[1] tongues to quail:
And I will make it plain appear
By nothing but what is true,
That all that we get in the year
Is nothing but what's our due.

[1] "glamorous" = "clamorous."

For if an honest company
Of boon good fellows come,
And call for liquor merrily
In any private room,
Then, if I fill the juggs with froth,
Or cheat them of one or two,
If I can swear them out of both
The reckoning is my due.

Or if a shurking fellow come
That have no mony at all,
And take up any of my room
And for my liquor call,
Then, if I take away [his] coat,
Let it be old or new,
Or worth a crown more than the shot,
'Tis nothing but what's my due.



And some there are that are so bold
To swear that I must trust,
When once my drink they have, they think
That then be sure we must:
From such the Court, or common Law,
What 'ere [to] their wives ensue,
Shall make their arse to lie in straw—
Their bedding is all my due.

My husband must not plow or cart,
Or work like other men,
My children must not learn the art
To either card or spin,
My tapster must live fine and brave,
For he of one make[s] two,
And many a groat for me [does] save,
'Tis nothing, &c.

But I must have another way
Our livings for [to] get,
And when you hear I'm sur[e] you'l say
'Tis nothing but what is fit:
If tap should fayl, toot go the tail!
The proverb old is true:
If half a piece come to my fleece
'Tis nothing, &c.

Perhaps our husbands would repine,
If they of this should know,
And think our little babes divine
Were got in Cuckolds Row:
You know their gains come by the pains
Of only me and you,
They must not frown to wear the horn
'Tis nothing, &c.

Come, neighbours, drink with one consent
A lusty bowl of wine,
'Twill break our hearts of discontent
And make our noses shine:
Each took the cup and drank it up
And swore shee'd spoken true
And vow'd to have the tother sup
Before they bid her adieu.

Then I that heard the verdict past
How this base cheating crew,
Consented all, both first and last,
To make poor drunkards rue;
I took my pen and writ this song,
And to the drunkards send it,
That they with me may strive to see,
Their wicked life and mend it.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

Amintor's Lamentation for Celia's Unkindness.

This lament of a despairing lover, better known by its first line, "Since Cœlia's my foe," was written by Thomas Duffett, by birth an Irishman, but one who pursued the trade of a "milliner," or seller of ladies' dresses, in London, at one of the shops in the New Exchange. The New Exchange stood on the south side of the Strand, opposite to the present Exchange Court. Its former position is now occupied by a part of the Adelphi.

Duffett attempted to bring himself into notice as a dramatic writer by most offensive parodies upon the works of celebrated men, and from which not even the greatest were exempt. Nothing, for instance, could be more degrading to the writer himself than Duffett's foul production *The Mock-Tempest or The Enchanted Castle*, intended to parody Shakespeare's *Tempest*. As Elkanah Settle's tragedy *The Empress of Morocco*, in heroic verse, was then highly esteemed and was acted at Court by the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Bedchamber, this excited Duffett's envy and he made one of the lowest of farces upon it under the same title. To this he appended "An Epilogue spoken by Heccate and the three Witches, according to the famous Mode of Macbeth." Enough of this. Duffett's dramatic career commenced in 1674, and was extinguished in 1678. His last piece of coarseness was *Psyche Debauched*, a parody upon Shadwell's *Psyche*, which had been, just before, set to music by Matthew Locke.

In 1676 Duffett published his "New Poems, Songs, Prologues, and Epilogues, never before printed, and set by the most eminent Musicians about the town." In this little book first appears his most successful song, "Since Cœlia's my Foe," entitled "Song to the Irish Tune." Another edition was printed with this tune in the same year. It is at p. 77 of "Choice Ayres, Songs and Dialogues To sing to the Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol. Being most of the Newest Ayres and Songs, Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres. Newly reprinted with large Additions. London, Printed by William Godbid, and are to be sold by John Playford near the Temple Church, 1676," *fol.* As this Irish tune has not appeared in any of the collections of Irish music, and is of such attested antiquity, it is desirable to reprint it. Each stanza of the words requires thirty-two bars of music, but the air is of sixteen bars, each eight being repeated, to make up the thirty-two. The following is an exact transcript, but transposed a fourth lower, to bring it within the reach of ordinary voices, and to present it in the same key as the second tune.

Irish Tune, 1676.



It is the more desirable that the above air should be reprinted, because it was afterwards changed for another, known in manuscripts of 1692 and 1706 as *King James's March to Dublin*, or his *March to Ireland*, but in ballad operas, such as *The Lover's Opera*, 1730, it is named "Since Cœlia's my Foe." It was to this second air that Allan Ramsay wrote "Lochaber no more," and Edward Bunting, the great collector of the *Ancient Music of Ireland*, claims it as the composition of an eminent Irish harper, Miles Reilly of Killincarra, in the County of Cavan, born 1635 (*Ancient Music of Ireland*, 4to. 1840, p. 69). My late friend, Samuel Lover, took advantage of much of the historical information I gave him about Duffett's song, and printed the second air in his *Lyrics of Ireland* (8vo. 1858, *Append.* p. 353), but omitted to notice the first. The following is the second tune as it stands in *The Lover's Opera*:—

Second Tune.



It was probably the short Skeltonic metre adopted by Duffett in this song that made it so popular. Rhymes occur at every third or fourth word, including one which only an Irishman would write—"treated" and "hated." No doubt he pronounced the former word "trayted." He also writes "shall" for "will."

Only four of the following ten-line stanzas are by Duffett, viz. the first, second, tenth and eleventh, and the four make only two verses in singing. The remaining eight stanzas were added by the ballad-maker to suit the purchasers of penny ballads. For them quantity was essential, considering the large price a penny was in those days.

Copies of the ballad are extant in Roxb. II. 9, and III. 644, in Wood, E 25, No. 1, and in Rawlinson, 4to. 566, No. 13. It is not included in the Pepys Collection. The *song* was reprinted in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682, and there entitled "The Resolve" (p. 327).

A chain of ballads which were sung to one or other of the tunes might be carried down far into the eighteenth century. For instance: in the Halliwell Collection given to the Chetham Library, Manchester, fol. 279, is "The deceived Virgin, or The treacherous young Lover's Cruelty, &c. To the tune of *Since Celia's my foe*," dated 1684. At fol. 258 of the same collection is "A Song on the Confession and dying words of William Stevenson, Merchant, &c.," dated 1727. There are many intermediate, without dates, some of which will be quoted hereafter.

"Celia's Answer to Amintor's Lamentation" is here added from the Rawlinson Collection, which also includes a third ballad to the tune under the title of "An Answer to the Forc'd Marriage, or, The Old Man's Vindication."



[In Rox. III. 644, the above cut takes the place of those in Rox. II. 9.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 9, and III. 644.]

Amintor's lamentation for Celia's unkindness. Setting forth the passion of a young man, who, falling in love with a coy lady that had no kindness for him, persued his inclinations so far, that she was forced to fly beyond sea, to avoid the importunity of his address, whereupon he thus complains.

Both sexes from this song may learn
of what they should beware;
How in extreams they may discern
Unkindness and dispair.

To a delicate new tune: or, *Since Celia's my foe.*



Since Celia's my foe,
To a desart Ile go,
Where some river
For ever
shall eccho my wo!

The trees shall appear
More relenting than her,
In the morning
adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

When I make my sad moan,
To the rocks all alone,
From each hollow
Will follow
some pittiful groan:
But with silent disdain
She requites all my pain;
To my mourning
returning
no answer again.

O why was I born
To a fate so forlorn,
To inherit,
Not merit,
her anger, or scorn?

My affection is such
As no blemish can touch,
Yet I'm slighted
and spighted
for loving too much.

Perhaps cou'd I prove
More unjust to my love,
I might find her
Yet kinder,
And pitty might move:
But I'le chuse to obey,
Tho' I dye by the way;
Yet 'tis better
Than get her
by going astray.



Then why shou'd you fly,
My fair Celia? O why?
When to please ye
'tis easie,
for Amintas to dye.
If your lover you'd shun,
You no danger shall run,
Him you banish
will vanish
And from you be gone.

Stay, Celia unkind!
Will you leave me behind?
Let me enter
and venture
myself with the wind.
Ah! from me will you part,
Who so love your desert?
Either tarry
Or carry
your slave with his heart.

Were you but secure,
I'de your absence endure,
Were all danger
a stranger
to virgins so pure:
But some insolent wave
May your merit outbrave
Both regardless
and careless
What vertues you have.

Yet storms shall not dare
To assault one so fair,
To attend you
I'll send you
sighs softer than air;
The nymphs of the deep
My dear Celia shall keep,
On a pillow
each billow
Shall lull you asleep.

The seas they shall dance
And the winds shall advance,
With your gally
To dally
and guide you to France;
While I, from the shore,
My fair idol adore,
Till that Neptune,
Your captain,
Hath wafted you o're.

Then, Celia, adieu,[1]
When I cease to pursue,
You'll discover
No lover
was ever so true.

Your sad shepherd flies
From those dear cruel eyes,
Which not seeing,
his being
Decays and he dies.

Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
Than for ever
T' endeavor[2]
what cannot be won:
What, ye gods, have I done,
That Amintor alone
Is thus treated
and hated
for loving but one?

And thus I complain,
Tho' 'tis all but in vain,
Yet the trouble
is double
to stifle my pain:
The sea or the shore
I as well might implore,
They'r as moving
and loving
as her I adore.

Then since 'tis the fate
Of my wretched estate,
Without pitty
'Tis fit I
submit to her hate.
For as winter comes on
When Apollo is gone,
So declining
and pining
She leaves me alone.

Printed for P. Brooksby, near the Hospital-Gate in West-Smithfield.

[1] "Ah, Cœlia, adieu." in the author's copy.
[2] "to strive for" in the author's copy.

[4to. Rawlinson 566, No. 12.]

Celia's Answer to Amintor's Lamentation.

Wherein she discourses to her Lover she had no unkindness for his person, but his vices, seeing that, under pretence of love and affectio[n] to her, he had no other design than to debauch her; and because that, being inferiour to him in quality, she could not avoid his sollicitations, by any repulses whatsoever; she therefore proceeds in her voyage to France, notwithstanding all his intreaties to the contrary.

To the Tune of, *Celia's my Foe. With Allowance.*

Tis better then so,
Tho' you force me to go,
You abuse me
T' accuse me
of being your foe.
If well understood,
T'will be all for your good,
I'me the kinder
To hinder
the heat of your blood.

You swore you'd be true,
But I well enough knew
You'd deceive me,
And leave me,
as now I must you;
For with men that are lewd,
And inclind to be rude,
'tis the fashion,
In passion,
to swear and delude.

I'de slacken your fire,
Till your flame did expire,
If with honour
The donour
could grant your desire.
But I much were to blame
To extinguish your flame
By exposing,
and losing,
my vertue and fame.

Then take it not ill,
That I do not fulfill
Your requesting,
Protesting
I honour you still:
But more safety I find
In the waves, or the wind,
To desert ye
With vertue,
than staying behind.

The second part.

To the same tune.

Your pardon, my Lord!
That I cannot afford
Your demanding,
by landing
to fetch you aboard:
Since I must not comply,
You had better to try,
If another
will smother
the love I deny.

For thousands there are
That are ten times as fair,
Town or city
will fit ye
with feature and air.
Such as make new delights
In their amorous fights,
Who in courting
and sporting
do wear out the nights.

What presents you make
They'l be certain to take,
when you'r sleepy,
they'l keep ye
with pleasure awake:
But for me, silly girl,
Neither jewels nor pearl
Can o're awe me,
Or draw me,
to lye with an Earl.

Then, good Sir, away,
'Tis the best of your play;
To deal plainly,
you vainly
perswade me to stay:
For I find greater ease
In appeasing the seas
Than asswaging
the raging
of Cupid's disease.

Then since 'tis in vain
Any more to complain,
Take your pleasure
at leisure
to talk of your pain:
To the waves of the flood,
Or the trees of the wood,
Tell your story,
and glory
in being so good.

In the notes of your song,
As you sing e'm along,
Let your Celia,
In Ela,[1]
be blam'd for the wrong.

But the kingdom shall know,
Whether justly or no,
Since Amintor
In winter
compel'd her to go.

And yet I'le away
For a year and a day,
Neither reason,
nor season,
shall force me to stay;
Tho' the waves in their pride
Seem the rocks to divide;
By intreaties
To Thetis,
I safely shall ride.

Then since we must part,
You may take back your heart;
'Tis a present
Unpleasant,
and savours of art.
I like not the charm,
For I find there is harm
If we handle
and dandle
a snake till he's warm.

Then, Amintor, farewel!
When this story you tell,
you may blame me
and shame me,
and all will be well:
Yet in spight of your skill,
Though poor Celia you kill,
you cou'd never
deceive her
to yield to your will.

Printed for Phillip Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in West-Smith's-field, near the Hospital-gate.

[1] In Ela = at the top of your voice.

Amintas, or the Constant Shepherd's Complaint.

THERE is little to be said about this love-ditty except that the copy in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps unique. The tune to which it was sung was composed by Bannister to words by Charles D'Avenant, LL.D., eldest son of Sir William D'Avenant. "Young Phaon strove the bliss to taste" is a song in his tragedy of *Circe*, the date of which is 1677, 4to.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 10.]

Amintas;

Or, the constant Shepherd's Complaint.

While others take delight to range,
And mostly pleasure take in change,
Amintas vows he'l constant prove,
Unto the death to his dear love.

TUNE OF, *Young Pheon strove the bliss to taste.*



Chast thoughts within my love-sick breast
most welcome do I find,
Whilst other rangers are possest
with a lascivious mind;

4

Let others love variety,
my Cœlia I'le adore,
And might I gain her company,
I'd never covet more.

Such charming sweetness in her eyes,
I e'er was wont to find,
They did attract and still surprize,
and captivate my mind.
But, though she's fickle, I must love,
and cannot but admire,
Though she my passion disapprove,
it more augments my fire.

Cupid has made too deep a wound,
that, for to cure the smart,
There's none but she that can be found
to ease my love-sick heart.
Oh! might I be so fortunate
my shepherdess to gaine!
But she contemns my mean estate,
and laughs at all my pain.

Her beauty's such none can withstand;
the attractives of her eyes
The greatest monarch may command
and at first view surprize.
Yea, Gods! her victim Ile be still,
and must adore her charms,
Though she should be inclosed still
within another's arms.



Oh, cruel fayr! how oft did you
both swear and eke protest
Your love both real was and true,
when yet you were in jest?
Whilst I believ'd, and did receive
Your words with listning strange;
Yet now you scornfully deceive,
and love to rove and range.

How many houres by me been spent
in sobs and sighs in vain!
Each minute full of discontent,
regardless of my pain;
Whilst syren-like your looks insnare,
intending to deceive,
For till they love you speak them fair,
and then you take your leave.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Beware, fair nymph, least Cupid's dart,
against you being bent,
Ere long ensnare your stubborn heart,
and cause you to repent;
Altho' that now you scornful are,
and pitty not my flame,
True lovers are the gods' chief care,
who will repay the same.

You tax us with inconstancy,
when we poor men do find
Your sex does love variety—
more fickle than the wind;
The ship that rides upon the waves
more stedfast in foul weather,
'gainst which the curling billows laves,
oft sailing God knows whether:

The choristers within the groves
with warbling notes can tell:
When Philomell did chaunt on love,
I thought that all was well;
The merry shepherds on the lawn,
how would they sing your praise
Ere blushing Sol began to dawn,
in their sweet roundelays.

But, finding you unconstant prove,
the scene is altered quite,
Although they blame me for my love,
to you they bear a spite;
Instead of praises, curses store
on you each day bestow,
When that your name comes them before,
as with their flocks they go.

In time therefore my rivall leave,
though tempting be his charms,
Your dying shepherd wrong'd receive
into your snowey arms.
The gods they have designed that you
must be my wife at last,
Then we shall greet, like lovers true,
when storms are gone and past.

Then shall I well rewarded be
with bliss for all my pain,
And endless my felicity
when constant you remain.
New transports we shall alwaies find
for to encrease love's fire,
When both are mutually thus joyn'd,
and have but one desire.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in
West-Smithfield.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 12.]

An Amourous Dialogue between John and his Mistris. Being a compleat and true relation of some merry passages between the Mistris and her Apprentice; who pleased her so well, that she rewarded him with fifty broad pieces for his pains.

Here by this dialogue you may discern,
While old cats nibble cheese, the young ones learn.

To the tune of *Packington's Pound;* or, *What should a young woman, etc.;* or, *Captain Digby.*





"Come, John, sit thee down, I have somewhat to say,
In my mind I have kept it this many a day;
Your master, you know, is a fool, and a sot,
And minds nothing else but the pipe and the pot.
Till twelve or till one he will never come home,
And then he's so drunk that he lies like a mome,
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
But a woman will have it, if 'tis to be had."

"'Tis true, forsooth, mistris, the case is but hard
That a woman should be of her pleasure debar'd:
But 'tis the sad fate of a thousand beside,
Or else the whole city is fouly beli'd;
There is not a man among twenty that thrives,
Not ten in fifteen, that do lie with their wives;
Yet still you had better be merry than sad,
And take it wherever it is to be had."

"But, John, 'tis a difficult matter to find
A man that is trusty and constantly kind;
An Inns-of-Court gallant, he cringes and bows,
He's presently known by his oaths and his vows,
And though both his cloaths and his speeches be gay,
Yet he loves you but onely a night, and away;
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
Yet a woman will have it, if 'tis to be had."

"What think you of one that belongs to the Court?
They say they are youthful and given to sport;
He'l present you with bracelets, and jewels, and rings,
With stones that are precious, and twenty fine things;
Or if you are not for the court or the town,
What think you forsooth of a man with a Gown?
You must have a gallant, a good or a bad,
And take it where ever it is to be had."

The second part.

To the same Tune.

"No, John, I confess that not any of these
Had ever the power my fancy to please;
I like no such blades for a trick that I know,
For as soon as they've trod they are given to crow;

Plain dealing is best, and I like a man well,
That when he has kiss'd will be hang'd ere he'l tell:
My meaning is honest, and thou art the lad,
Then give it and take it where 'tis to be had."

"Alas! my dear mistris, it never can be,
Tha[t] you can affect such a fellow as me:
Yet, heaven forbid, since I am but your man,
I should ever refuse to do all that I can;
But then if my master should know what we've done,
We both shou'd be blown up as sure as a gun:
For after our joys, he would make us sad,
For taking it where it ought not to be had."

"But how shou'd he know it, thou scrupulous elf?
Do'st think I'me so silly to tell him myself?
If we are but so wise our own counsel to keep,
We may laugh and lye down while the sot is asleep:
Some hundreds I know in the city that use
To give to their men what their masters refuse;
The man is the master, the prentice the dad,
For women must take it where 'tis to be had."

"Some prentices use it, forsooth, I allow,
But I am a novice and cannot tell how;
However, I hope that I shall not be blam'd,
For to tell you the truth I am somwhat asham'd;
I know how to carry your Bible to Church,
But to play with my mistris I'me left in the lurch;
Yet if you can shew me the way, good or bad,
I'le promise you all that there is to be had."

"You quickly may learn it, my Johnny, for Thus,
Before you proceed begin with a buss;
And then you must clasp me about with your arm;
Nay, fear me not, Johnny, I'le do thee no harm;
Now I sigh, now I tremble, now backwards I lye,
And now, dear Johnny, ah, now I must dye;
Oh! who can resist such a mettlesome lad,
And refuse such a pleasure when 'tis to be had."

"Alas! pritty mistris, the pleasure is such,
We never can give one another too much:
If this be the business, the way is so plain,
I think I can easily find it again;

'Twas Thus we began ; and Thus we lye down,
And thus, oh, thus ! that we fell in a swoun ;
Such sport to refuse who was ever so mad,
I'le take it where ever it is to be had."

"Now, Johnny, you talk like an ignorant mome,
You can have such pleasure no where but at home ;
Here's fifty broad pieces, for what you have done,
But see that you never a gadding do run.
For no new employment then trouble your brains,
For here when you work you'l be paid for your pains,
But shou'd you deceive me no woman so sad,
To lose all the pleasure that once she has had."

"A mistress so noble I never will leave,
'Twere a sin and a shame such a friend to deceive ;
For my master's shop no more will I care,
'Tis pleasantest handling my mistresses mare.
A fig for indentures, for now I am made
Free of a gentiler and pleasanter trade,
I know when I'me well, I was never so mad
To forsake a good thing when 'tis to be had."

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball, near the Hospital Gate, in West-Smithfield.

Answer to the Bonny Scot.

This is a sequel rather than an "Answer" to *The Bonny Scot; or, The Yielding Lass,* which has already been reprinted by the Ballad Society, in Vol. I. of the Bagford Collection, under the excellent editorship of Mr. Ebsworth (I. 19). This Answer, or Continuation, is more rare than the first part, and is perhaps unique, whereas a second copy of the first part is to be found in broadside in the Pepys Coll. III. 84. Mr. Ebsworth has pointed out all that can be said of the original ballad, how that it is included in Tom D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy,* III. 88 (1719), and how it was copied from him by Allan Ramsay and others, under varying titles, sometimes as "The Spinning Wheel," sometimes by the first line, "As I sate by my Spinning Wheel," etc. The tune will be found in D'Urfey's work.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 13.]

An Answer to the Bonny Scot;

Or,

The Sorrowfull Complaint of the Yielding Lass.

In care and grief without relief,
this yielding lass was left;
In this distress and heaviness
she was of hopes bereft.

To the tune of *The Spinning Wheel.* Licensed according to Order.



Behold, I pray, what's come to pass,
when twenty weeks was come and gone,
This bonny, youthful, yielding lass
did sigh, and bitterly take on,
Saying, "My grief I may reveal,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel.

"With honey-words, both soft and sweet,
alas! he has deluded me;
My heart within my breast does beat,
to see my woful destiny;
My virgin treasure he did steal,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel.

"Each complement I did believe,
so serpent-like he did betray,
That, had there been a second Eve,
she hardly could have said him nay;
The sad effects of this I feel,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel.

"He utter'd not one word of truth,
but with delusions led me on,
And cropt the rose-bud of my youth,
so that my splendid glory's gone:
My wounded heart no one can heal,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel.



"I am a damsel now defil'd,
and am exposed to open shame,
For here I find myself with child,
and have no father for the same.
My very tears do's grief reveal,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel.

"For my young Scot sad moan I make,
Whose beauty did my favours win;
I find him like a painted snake,
That's fair without, and false within:
His cruel sting I yet do feel,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel.

"He came with a most noble grace,
so sweet, so charming, fair and trim,
That I no sooner see his face,
but streight I did consent to him;
Such flames of love I then did feel,
Which made me leave my spinning-wheel. 42

"My love no favour will allow,
he's gone, and yields me no relief;
For that small dram of pleasure, now
I feel a hundred weight of grief:
My sorrows I cannot reveal,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel. 48

"Some gallants most deceitful are,
as by experience I may say,
They'll call a damsel charming fair,
until their hearts they do betray:
In grief I may this truth reveal,
Too soon I left my spinning-wheel." 54

Finis.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Maidens' Frolic, and the Answer.

Pages 14 and 15 of this volume are duplicate copies of "Ann Askew" and "A Rare Example of a virtuous Maid," both of which are reprinted in the first volume of this edition.

The following adventure of six lusty lasses who disguised themselves as a press-gang and impressed fourteen tailors is at p. 331 of Vol. II., while the "Answer" or Continuation precedes it at p. 16. They are here brought together. In the Pepys Collection they are similarly misplaced in Vol. IV., the first part being at fol. 368 and the sequel at fol. 66. A copy of the Answer is in the Euing Collection, No. 4.

It was probably their feminine occupation of stitching that caused tailors to be the butt of so many jokes—as in the proverb "Nine tailors make a man." Among other ballads derogating from their valour is one in the Pepys Collection, entitled "The valiant Dairy Maid," which begins thus:—

"There were three taylors, taylors three,
Hey down, derry derry,
There were three taylors, taylors three,
I mean to make you merry:
There was a valiant dairy maid,
Without a sword or gun, Sir,
But with a rolling-pin did put
Three taylors to the run, Sir." (Vol. IV. p. 283.)

[Roxb. Coll. II. 331, and Pepys, IV. 368.]

The Maidens Frollick:

Or,

A brief Relation how six Lusty Lasses has prest full fourteen Taylors on the backside of St. Clements, and the other adjacent places.

To THE TUNE OF *An Orange.* Licensed according to Order.



Of late near the Strand, we well understand,
Six lasses that took a brisk frollick in hand;
'Twas thus I profess, they in seaman's dress,
Not far from the May-pole resolved to press
Fourteen Taylors.

Young Nancy she ty'd a sword by her side,
And she was resolved for to be their guide:
This young female crew, Kate, Bridget, and Prue,
And she that went formost was Lieutenant Sue,
Pressing Taylors.

These maids by consent, their minds fully bent,
First thro' the back side of St. Clements they went,
Where just in the street they a Taylor did meet,
They prest him, and streight he fell down at their feet,
"I'm a Taylor.





"I tell you," said he, "I ne'er was at sea,
And therefore, kind gentlemen, pray set me free,
And pity these tears, I have liv'd forty years,
And never us'd weapon, but bodkin and shears,
I'm a Taylor."

But Susan and they strait haul'd him away,
While Tom the poor Taylor did sigh, beg, and pray,
Yet all was in vain, for they did him retain,
And told him that now he must fight on the main,
Tho' a Taylor.

Then to White-hart-yard they went with regard,
And there a poor Taylor was labouring hard
Upon his shop-board, Nan drew out her sword,
Saying, he must King William his service afford,
Tho' a Taylor.

The Taylor did quake, nay, quiver and shake,
At length with a pitiful voice he did spake,
While tears down did run, he cry'd, "I'm undone,
I never did know the right end of a gun,
I'm a Taylor."

Then stout Boston Bess said, "Nevertheless,
You *must* go with us, we've a warrant to press;
Then wave this excuse, and lay by your goose,
Such nimble young fellows may be of great use,
Tho' a Taylor."

And then, by report, they went to Round Court,
Where seven young Taylors were making of sp[ort],
Their hearts void of care, tho' when they come the[re],
These maids did catch napping, as Moss catch'd [his] ma[re].
Seven Taylors.

They thought to resist, but Joan with her fist,
She thumpt them about till the Taylors they Pi[
And then in a rage, the rest did engage
And brought them away to the Round-house or Ca[ge]
These poor Taylors.

With all might and main, down to Dutchy-lane,
These petticoat press-masters hurried again,
To press some they knew, 'twas Morgan and Hu[gh],
A couple belong'd to the cross-leggèd crew,
And Welsh Taylors.

Then Morgan hur railes, crys, "Splutter-a-nails,
Hur newly come up to fair London from Wales,
Then pray cease your strife, hur has a young wife
Besides hur was never yet kill'd in hur life,"
A Welsh Taylor.

But yet, right or wrong, they brought 'em along,
And happen'd to meet with three more in the thro[ng]
Then said lusty Jane, "You must serve King and Que[en]!"
And thus these stout females did press full fourte[en],
And all Taylors.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 16, and Pepys, IV. 66.]

An Answer to the Maidens Frollick;

Or,

The Taylors resolution to be reveng'd of these petticoat Press-Masters, by bob-tailing their gowns and petticoats for the future, more than ever they have done heretofore.

To THE TUNE OF *An Orange.* Licensed according to Order.





[In the original there are four woodcuts. The above are the first two. The other two are placed at the end of this ballad.]

'Tis not long ago, good people, you know,
Since six lusty maids did a frollicking go,
In tarpolling dress, Jone, Bridget, and Bess,
Like lusty stout seamen, they ventur'd to press,
Fourteen Taylors.

Now when they were told, these press-masters bold
Were none but six lasses scarce twenty years old,
The Taylors they swore and their noddles they tore,
Saying, "Was ever workmen so servèd before
as we Taylors?"

Quoth William Westgate, "Such frollicks I hate,
Why should we poor Taylors be serv'd at this rate?
Jone she did me take, and my collar did shake,
Then haul'd me away like a bear to the stake,
a poor Taylor."

Quoth Anthony Bright, "Why didst thou not fight,
And put these young petticoat sparks to the flight?
Had I been in place, then no female race
Should never 'a' proved so high a disgrace
to we Taylors."

Said Will, "Had I known Nan, Bridget, and Jone
Had been the pressmasters, they soon should have flown,
For, calling my wife, she'd 'a' ended the strife;
But for my own part I ne'er fought in my life—
I'm a Taylor."

"A night and a day confined we lay,
Although we did often both sigh, beg, and pray,
Ralph, Richard and Ben, and Shon ap Morgen,
In all we were thirteen or fourteen stout men,
Honest Taylors.

"Thus were we abus'd, and cruelly us'd,
For which these young ladies shall near be excused;
A counsel we'll call for to punish them all,
We'll show them no mercy nor pity at all,
As we are Taylors."

To this they agreed, and thus they proceed
To summon all Taylors that could write and read,
Their sorrows to note, and give in their vote,
How much silk or stuff should be pinch'd from a coat
by the Taylors.

"Our wrongs to repair, from garments maids wear,
This must be performed with dexterous care;
'Tis known to be true, one yard is our due,
But now in revenge we resolve to take two
for the Taylors."

Down to the Maypole those Taylors did troule,
And there did they meet o'er a cherishing bowl,
Ralph, Richard, and Ned, these three was the head,
They call'd for six pots, and twelve dozen of bread,
like brave Taylors.

The court being set, the Taylors all met,
Good lack, if the devil come there with his net,
Of both rich and poor he had gotten great store.
They say there was surely three hundred and more,
and all Taylors.

Then Shon-ap-Morgen hur thus did begin,
"Cuds-plutter-a-nails hur believes 'tis no sin,
To cousen each shade which did us degrade,
And cabbage hur knows do's belong to the trade
of the Taylors."

They all did agree from six yards to steal three,
That these wanton lasses now punish'd might be,
Welsh Shones in a huff, said, "That's not enough,
Hur means to steal all, and forswear silk and stuff,
like a Taylor."

Finis.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Black.





[The above woodcuts in the original stand to the right of those printed on page 405.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 415.]

The Scotch Wooing of Willy and Nanny.[1]

To a pleasant new tune; or, *Nanny O.* This may be printed R.P.



As I went forth one morning fair,
all in the midst of Summer spring,
There I did hear a young man lament,
and to himself began to sing,
"*It's Nanny, Nanny, Nanny O,*
The love I bear to Nanny O,
All the world shall never know,
The love I bear to Nanny O.

[1] In this case again, the Answer is bound up early in the volume and the first part late. To reunite them p. 415 has now to precede p. 17. A second copy of the first part is in Pepys Coll. IV. 36, but no second part. These seem indeed to be the only broadside copies now extant.

The ballad affords another example of calling things Scotch which refer to the North of England. The lassie is of Tynemouth, and the youth of Cumberland.

" Her cheeks, her cheeks, are lilly white,
and her eyes are like the christial O,
She might have been a lord's delight,
And her name was called Nanny O.
It's Nanny, Nanny, Nanny O, &c.





" I will to her father's house,
and see what favour he will show,
That I may ride o're yon misty moor,
all for to court my Nanny, O.
It's Nanny O, &c.

" I had rather have Nanny in her smock,
she is so blith and bonny O,
As to have Betty with five thousand marks
if that she would but have me O.
It's Nanny O, &c.

" Come saddle me my milk-white steed,
the black was ne'r so bonny O,
That I may whip and ride with speed,
all for to court my Nanny O.
It's Nanny O, &c.

" Some saith it is for means I go,
but God forbid it should be so,
I go for nothing but pure love,
the which I bear to Nanny, O.
It's Nanny O, &c.

" Some pluck up the Finckel [1] seed,
and some pull up the Tansie O,
A bonny boy to pull off my boots,
and to gang to bed to Nanny O.
It's Nanny O, &c.

" The first time I did see my love
it was in Tinmouth [2] Castle O,
I thought she was and a bonny lass,
and every lad did think her so,
It's Nanny O, &c.

" Some takes delight in cards and dice
and other some in dancing O,
But I take delight in a bonny lass,
And her name is called Nanny O.
It's Nanny O, &c.

" Now to conclude and make an end,
I hope there's no one malice show
To her that's such a bonny lass,
whose name is called Nanny O.
It's Nanny O, &c."

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

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[1] Finckel = fennel.

[2] Tinmouth = Tynemouth.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 17.]

An Answer to Nanny O;

Or,

The Happy Agreement between the two Scotch Lovers, Willy and Nanny.

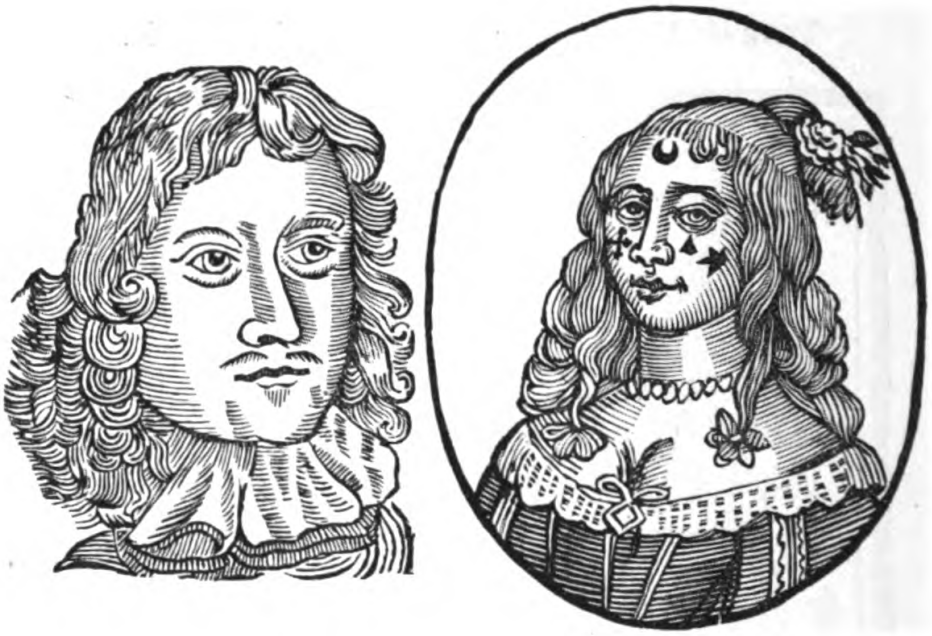
TUNE OF *Nanny O.* This may be printed R. P.



Art thou so loyal to thy love?
then I'le the like of kindness show:
There's no one that I prize above
my young and lively Willy O.
'Tis Willy, Willy, Willy O,
the love I bear to Willy O,
All the world shall never know
the love I bear to Willy O.

If I might have Lord, Duke or Earl,
and in rich silks and sattens go,
Likewise adorn'd with orient-pearl,
I'd leave it all for Willy O.
'Tis Willy, Willy, Willy O, &c.

If to my father you should ride,
and he should chance to answer "No,"
Yet I will yield to be the bride
of thee, my loyal Willy O,
'Tis Willy, Willy, Willy O, &c.



My dearest, I have house and land,
a curious lamb and breeding yow;
With these I'le give both heart and hand
to thee, my loving Willy O.
'Tis Willy, Willy, Willy O, &c.

To thee I never will be coy;
behold, mine eyes like fountains flow!
'Tis with the extasie of joy
in meeting with my Willy O.
'Tis Willy, &c.

In cards and dice some take delight
until it proves their overthrow;
But thou in Nanny's beauty bright,
who is in love with Willy O,
'Tis Willy, &c.

If thou comest to me soon or late,
my love and loyalty I'le show;
A boy or man shall alwaies wait
on thee, my true-love Willy O.
'Tis Willy, &c.

My dear, that day that we are wed
we will invite all, high and low,
Then I'le afford my maiden-head
to thee, my true-love Willy O.
'Tis Willy, &c.

Against that day a fine lac'd band,
upon my love I will bestow,
There's no young man in Cumberland,
that can compare with Willy O.
'Tis Willy O, &c.

My love, we'l make no long delay,
but to the kirk with speed we'l go;
Upon the next high holiday,
where we'l be married, Willy O.
'Tis Willy, Willy, Willy O,
the love I bear to Willy O,
All the world shall never know,
the love I bear to Willy O.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Py-corner.

Sefautian's Farewell, and the Answer.

The Roxburghe Collection is deficient in the first part of this ballad, and the Pepys is deficient in the second part. Again, the Wood Collection contains only the first and the Euing only the second, so that no one library includes the two.

As the music is printed on the broadside, it was probably taken from some play, and thus a song altered and expanded into a ballad.

[Wood, 417, fol. 159, and Pepys, V. 351.]

Sefautian's Farewel; or, Fair Silvia's Matchless Cruelty.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE; OR, *Sefautian's Farewel.*

[Music exactly the same as for the "Answer."]

Hope farewel, adieu to all pleasure,
no torment so great as love with dispair;
Silvia frowns, my endeavour's to please her,
and laughs at those she makes me to bear:
Life's my disease, and there is no cure
But Death's cruel dart, that must set me at ease;
When I'm no more, then may she grieve
For him, who while living she never would relieve.

In the world so charming a creature,
my fancy tells me, I never beheld;
Splendid beauty [and] grace in each feature,
that with love-raptures I strangely am fill'd:
Here I lye slain with darts of disdain,
While Silvia's hard heart will not pitty my pain;
But let her know for this her hate,
She may much repent it when as it is too late.

Can you be so desperate cruel,
as, for your sake, to let death be my doom?
Love is like the unquenchable fuel
in which all my glory and life will consume:
Still you dispise my sorrowful crys,
And over your lover doth still tyrannize!
But when kind death shall set me free,
You may be rewarded for this your cruelty.

When the world shall read this sad story,
which here I write with a trembling quill;
Shewing how you have blasted my glory,
oh! will they not count you a tyrant still?
Then let me find my Silvia more kind
To comfort and cherish my troubled mind:
For if I go to the shades below,
'Tis you are the cause of my final overthrow.

O my grief is never lamented
by she whom I do so dearly adore!
With her frowns I am dayly tormented,
no creature for love, sure did e'er suffer more:
Cupid's keen dart has wounded my heart,
I never, no, never, did feel greater smart;
Here a poor slave one smile does crave,
Or else you will send him soon to the silent grave.

In your charms I dearly delighted,
and ever thought you my heaven to be;
Yet by you I was evermore slighted,
and now you make a poor martyr of me:
Won't you therefore your captive restore,
Who sues for your love, and desires no more?
You may be sure, pains I endure,
And 'tis in your power either to kill or cure.

In a sad and sorrowful ditty,
with sighs and tears I have sent forth my moan:
Yet my fair one affords me no pitty,
but lets me languish to death all alone:
This very day, now I must away,
Both strength, heart and spirits, with life, does decay;
More then untrue, Silvia, was you,
And therefore farewel, for I bid the world adieu.

This may be printed, R.P.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-Street, without Newgate, 1688.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 18.]

An Answer to Sefautian's Farewel;

Or,

Fair Silvia's Dying Complaint for the decease of her Love.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



My Sefaution, art thou deceased,
and left thy Silvia in sorrow behind?
From my torments let me be released,
for in this world I no comfort can find;
My loving swain, for thee I complain,
O that I was able to call thee again;
Then should I be happy in thee,
But this is a blessing I never more shall see.

Did'st thou dote so much on my beauty,
and yet I would not thy favours regard;
For that cruel neglect of my duty,
these pains I bear is a legal reward.
Here, in this breast, my soul is opprest,
With sad sighs and anguish, O where shall I rest?
Here, in dispair, these robes [do] I tear,
The heighth of my passion is more than I can bear.

In this tomb now lies my Sefautian,
while my poor heart is ready to brake;
For I suffer the pains of my passion,
I wish, my dear, I had dy'd for thy sake.
Nothing appears but troops of new fears,
And here do I water thy tomb with my tears;
Never did one make greater moan,
For thou art departed, and I am left alone.

We by death are parted asunder,
and I am left to bemoan my hard fate;
O what sorrow of heart I lye under,
I weep for thee; but alas 'tis too late.
He's gone before, whom I did adore,
The thoughts of his sayings do trouble me sore;
From misery, Death, set me free,
For why should I live any longer here than he?

While thy dying tears they were vented,
thou said'st, "Fair Silvia, I bid thee adieu;
But when gone, I shall then be lamented,"
and now I find that thy sayings are true.
Why did a frown so soon cast thee down?
Thy sorrows with favours I promis'd to crown;
But first I [would] try thy constancy,
Not thinking that death wou'd have been thy destiny.

While I on my pillows am lying,
methinks I hear then his hovering ghost,
With shrill trembling voice he is crying,
"Make haste, fair Silvia, whom I lovèd most."
This would he say, "Love, make haste away,
And do not endeavour no longer delay;"
He is, I know, in shades below,
And therefore I now will to the Elizium go.

Scorching love soon turned to a feaver—
"Make haste, kind Charon," she often did cry;
All her beautiful charms they did leave her
as in Death's power she panting did lye.
Then with a groan, and sorrowful moan,
Fair Silvia said thus to her lover alone:
"I'll no more be in chains, but free,
For my dear Sefautian, I come, I come to thee."

FINIS. This may be printed, R.P.

Printed for J. Deacon, in Guilt-spur-street.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 20.]

The Bull's Feather;[1]

Being

The Good-Fellows' Song, usually sung at their Merry-Meeting in Bulls-Feather-Hall, who sent this Song to their Brethren (of what degree or quality) in praise of the Bull's Feather.

And to all merry Cuckolds who think it no scorn
To wear the Bull's Feather, though made of a Horn.

TO A VERY PLEASANT NEW TUNE; OR, *The Bull's Feather.*



[1] Page 19 of the Roxb. Coll. is a blank. Copies of the above are in the Euing Coll. No. 23, and Pepys, IV. 152.

It chanced not long ago,
as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me where
two were a talking:
'Twas a man said to his wife,
"Dye had I rather,
Then[1] to be cornuted, and
wear the Bull's Feather."

Then presently she reply'd,
"Sweet, art thou jealous?
Thou canst not play Vulcan,
before [I] play Venus:
Thy fancies are foolish, such
follies to gather, [man
For there's many an honest
wears the Bull's Feather."

Though it be invisible,
let no man it scorn,
[Se]eing[2] 'tis a new Feather,
made of an old Horn:
He that disdains it, in
mind or heart either,
May be the more subject
to wear the Bull's Feather.

He that lives discontented,
or in despair,
And feareth false measure
because his wife's fair;
His thoughts are inconstant,
much like winter weather,
Though one or two want it,
he shall have a Feather.





Bulls' Feathers are common
as *ergo* i' th' schools,
And only contemned by
those that are fools:
Why should a Bull's Feather
cause any unrest?
Since neighbour's fare always
is counted the best:

Those women who fairest are,
likest to give it,
And husbands that have them
are apt to believe it:
Some men, though their wives
they seem for to tender,
They 'd play the kind neighbors
and give the Bull's Feather.

[1] Then = than.

[2] "Being" in the text.

Why should we repine
that our wives are so kind,
Since we that are husbands,
are of the same mind?
Shall we give them Feathers,
and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it,
that hardly will be.

For he that disdains my
Bull's Feather to-day,
May light of a lass that
will play him foul play;
There's ne'r a proud gallant,
that treads on cow's leather,
But may be cornuted, and
wear the Bull's Feather.

The shortest, the tallest,
the foulest, the fairest,
The fattest, the leanest,
the commonest, the rarest:
When they and their Dicks
are all merry together,
Will be using tricks
to advance the Bull's Feather.

A King and a Cobler,
a Lord and a Loon,
A Prince and a Pedler,
a Courtier and a Clown:
Put all their degrees and
conditions together,
Are liable always to
wear the Bull's Feather.

Though beer of that brewing
I never did drink,
Yet be not displeased, if I
speak what I think:
Scarce ten in an hundred
believe it, believe it,
But either they will have it,
or else they will give it.

Then let me advise
all those that do pine,
For fear that false jealousie
shorten their line,
That disease will torment
them
worse than a feaver,
Then let all be contented, and
wear the Bull's Feather.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

The Bashful Bachelor.

The subject of a serving-man marrying the Squire's daughter was one of the most popular with buyers of ballads. It was pleasant to contemplate such an easy way of living without work, and it gratified the self-estimation of the working classes. We may infer that this ballad was one of those which attained a large circulation upon such grounds, for there are still four extant copies. In addition to the Roxburghe, there is one copy in the Pepys (III. 301), one in the Bagford (II. 115), and one in the Euing Collection (No. 15).

[Roxb. Coll. II. 21.]

The Bashful Batchelor,

Containing

The Loyal Courtship of a Squire's Daughter of Dorsetshire, shewing how she fell in Love with Thomas, a Serving Man, who lived in the Family of a Knight within two miles of her Father's house, where they now enjoy each other, to their hearts' content.

TUNE OF, *The Ring of Gold.* Licensed according to Order.



WOMAN.

Thomas, why come you not
often to see me?
I fear you have forgot
your vows to free me
From the destracted[1] care
which I lie under,
My heart with sad despair
will break asunder.

MAN.

My dearest, don't complain
thus of thy lover;
While I alive remain,
thou shalt discover
Nothing but what is just,
my dearest jewel;
Then set thy heart at rest,
I'll not be cruel.

[1] distracting?

WOMAN.

Why do you keep away?
Thomas, what mean you?
Above this two months' day
I have not seen you:
And, as I met you here,
you seem'd affrighted,
Which gives me cause to fear
that I am slighted.

MAN.

No, no, my dearest love,
my joy and pleasure,
Thy smiles I prize above
all worldly treasure:
My dear I'd often see,
but that thy parents
Scornfully frown on me,
like foes at varience.

WOMAN. [chide,

What though my parents
love will engage us
Short tryals to abide;
then be couragious;
Thou art my heart's delight,
dearest, believe me;
At any time of night
I will receive thee.

MAN.

But shou'd thy friends be crost,
here lies the danger,
Their love would quite be lost;
then, like a stranger,
They'll turn thee out of door,
and quite refrain thee,
While I have nought in store,
love, to maintain thee.

WOMAN. [fears

Let not such thoughts and
ever amaze thee,
Prosperity appears—
my wealth shall raise thee
Above my parents' wrath,
which they may offer;
Then be no longer loath
to take this proffer.

Thou shalt in wealth abound,
my dearest honey;
Here is five hundred pound
in ready money;
'Twas left me, with free land,
by a relation:
All is at thy command,
use thy discretion.

My parents cannot wrong
me of one penny,
This does to me belong,
friends I have many:
Now if they angry are,
and should disdain us,
I have enough, with care,
still to maintain us.

MAN.

No man lov'd more than I,
e'er since our wooing,
Yet I had rather die
than prove thy ruin;
When I thy charms drew near,
my low condition
Told me there did appear
too much ambition.

[kind,

To think thou shouldst be
though I admir'd,
I never thought to find
what I desir'd:
But since I may enjoy
thy lasting favour,
This will my cares destroy,
I'm blest for ever.

Finis.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Giltspur-Street.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 22.]

The Batchelor's Delight.[1]

Being

A pleasant new Song, shewing the happiness of a Single Life and the miseries that do commonly attend Matrimony.

To the tune of, *The King's delight;* or, *The young man's advice to his fellow Batchelors.*



The world's a blister sweld with care,
  much like unto a bubble,
Wherein poor men tormented are
  with women and with trouble,
And every one that takes a wife
Adds [toil and] sorrow to his life,
  and makes his burden double. 7

Whilst Adam was a Batchelor,
  in Eden he did tarry;
It is an Eden upon earth
  to live and never marry:

[1] This amusing satire upon married life is not to be found in other known collections of ballads, and the copy may therefore be unique.

Oh then what cause have we to grieve,
To think upon our mother Eve,
  Who made us all miscarry!

Sampson, they say, was a champion stout
  that fill'd the world with wonder;
The proud Philistians he did rout,
  his blows did sound like thunder:
But when he courted false Dallila,
The wicked whore did him betray,
  and so he was brought under.

Job was a man that open lay
  unto the spight of the Devil,
Who took his goods and sons away,
  but could we count him civil
Because he left him still his nurse?
Oh no! he left her for a curse:
  she was his greatest evil.

A woman once was hang'd on a tree,
  and some the rope were cutting,
Diogenes this sight did see,
  and spoke unto them strutting:
"Would every tree such fruit would bear!"
If so, fond fools those young men are
  that e're would go a-nutting!

A thief once rode up Holborn-Hill,
  towards Oliver Cromwell's pallace;
A maid that bore him some good will
  had begged him from the gallows:
"Oh no" (quoth he) "I'le go to the gibb,
And not be a slave to my own rib,
  drive on the cart, good fellows!"

Marriage is honourable indeed,
  but tell what's house-keeping?
It makes the good man's pockets bleed,
  his purse is alwaies weeping:
Nay more, hee's alwaies full of care,
Whilst he that is a Batchelor
  Is fast and soundly sleeping.



A froward woman takes delight
to see her husband vexed;
Both morning, evening, noon and night,
the poor man is perplexed:
She brawls and scoulds, she frowns and pouts,
And, to her speeches, scoffs and flouts
are ever more annexed.

Though he hath been at work all day,
as hard as he is able,
Yet when he comes home, without delay
she bids him rock the cradle;
And if he doth the same refuse,
The durty quean will him abuse,
and beat him with the ladle.

He cannot quietly rest in bed,
but, every little season,
The childe doth cry and must be fed,
and then, she saith, 'tis reason
That he should do't, and let her sleep;
The poor man he must silence keep,
for talking would be treason.

Then certainly a batchelor's life
is a most precious treasure;
He that doth suddenly marry a wife
will surely repent it at leisure;

For when he hath been snub'd and curb'd,
And almost all the night disturb'd,
yet must he rise at her pleasure.

"Robin" (quoth she) "'tis time to rise,"
and thumps him on the shoulder,
"The hogs want swilling in the sties!"
at length she speaketh bolder—
Calling him fool and logger-head,
And with her feet quite out of the bed
she thrusts the poor house-holder.

And therefore he that weds a mate
is like a horse in a tether;
Marriage and hanging go by fate,
and therefore chuse you whether;
For the three destinies have spun
Knots for Hymen and for Dun,[1]
then let them go together.

Man is a little world of himself,
and therefore wanteth nothing;
He needs not care for worldly pelf,
so he have food and cloathing;
And marriage is a fickle thing,
Which sometime doth in love begin,
and often ends in loathing.

And therefore I will single live,
in spight of lust and passion;
Pure virgins good examples give,
and worth our imitation.
For before matrimony arose,
The mode of wearing yellow hose
and horns were out of fashion.

And lastly, to conclude my song,
vain joy is but a bubble;
A double heart, and a double tongue,
hath fill'd the world with trouble:
And therefore to avoid all strife,
'Tis best to lead a single life,
we will have nothing double.

Finis.

London, printed for F. G. on Snow-hil.

[1] Dun, the hangman.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 23.]

The Batchelor's Triumph;[1]

Or, the Single Man's Happiness.

A hen-peck'd husband's like a slave who wears
His master's fetters; whom each whisper scares;
His thoughts are all to please his wife, nor knows
He other hell then what her frowns disclose;
What mad-men then will be such fools, when they,
Without controul, may love and freedom sway.

To the tune of, *For what is Man, etc.* With Allowance.



For what is man confin'd
Unto a woman kind
But a slave, cuckold and drudge,
That must work and toyl,
Whilst her amors beguile
And deprive him of what he gains?
But we will live a single life,
And, free from care and strife,
We tip their fortunes for their pains.

[1] The ends of some lines of this ballad have been cut off, but there is no means of replacing them, because no other copy is known.

Ryot we all the day,
They[re] bound and must obey,
Wives they will curb 'um and make 'um grow sots;
But we are free from this,
Are not oblieg'd to kiss,
Keep ladies' company just when we please;
Pass the whole year away
Merrily as the day,
Revel like princes with pleasure and ease.

Treated whole weeks are we;
They love variety;
There's not a woman but will have her friend;
Poor silly idle knaves,
Their wives we make our slaves,
Court 'um to taverns, to ball and to plays;
Whilst the poor fool at home,
Patient sits like a moam;
What they want nightly we give 'um a day.

[A cut here, the same as that given before, on pp. 349, 400.]

Take coach, and to Hide-Park,
There revel till 'tis dark,
Then with all speed the next tavern we find;
Whither we straight repair,
Treated with sumptuous fare,
And whatsoe'r we want have at command;
Oysters and wine are free,
Or whatsoe'r we see,
Still, when we call for, it's ready at hand.

Poor husbands they know not
Their money pays the shot,
While that in horns we return it agen;
Ignorant of the case,
Whilst we their foreheads grace,
And do adorn their brows with a high crest;
They'l not at beer repine
Whilst their wives feast with wine,
But think that all they do is for the best.

Whilst their dames rant and sing,
And close about us cling,
Panting long time we lye in love's imbrace,
For which their gold they spend,
And what we askt 'um lend
Free without bond or scruple resign,
And empty all their store,
Let husbands work for more,
Friends shall be surely supply'd with their coin.

Whilst they keep on their pace,
And the moams saddles grace.
Of what they possess there's noug . . . . .
Then who would be marry'd,
Continually wearied,
When love's sweet accents so plen . . . . .
That pastimes and pleasures,
We take at our leasures,
And can abridge them when wear . . . . .

We live free from those cares
That a husband still fears,
Frownings and poutings from w . . . . .
Till the fools monies give,
That they quiet may live,
Which on their gallants so kindly . . . . .
For the which we embrace,
And set horns on their face,
Whilst the lov'd silver procures . . . . . .

The poor mopus confides,
And for christening provides,
And by the cradle a rocking he . . . . .
Then let sots be confin'd
Unto false women kind,
But we'r resolv'd to court sing . . . . .
And to pitty his case,
Who with hornny-fy'd face,
Slaves for his wife both by day . . . . .

Printed for P. Br[ooksby] at the Golden Ball, near the Hospital-gate in West-smithfield.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 24.]

The Bashful Virgin,[1]

Or the Secret Lover.

Cupid hath wounded her unto the heart,
Which makes her feel a love-tormenting smart,
Yet she (poor heart!) is loath for to discover
Her real grief unto her dearest lover:
At len[g]th she courage takes, and doth reveal
What she long time intended to conceal.

TUNE OF, *I am so deep in Love;* OR, *Little Boy, etc.*



O what a pain it is
to be a lover,
Being deny'd the bliss
for to discover!
Blind Cupid with his dart
hath wrought my anguish,
Yet dare I not impart
for whom I languish.

I feed a flame within,
which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart,
and yet contents me;
It's such a pleasing smart,
and I so love it,
That I had rather dye
than once remove it.

[1] One other copy of this love-ditty only is known. It is in the Pepys Collection, IV. 30. The tune of *I am so deep in love* is in *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

But he for whom I grieve
shall never know it,
My tongue shall ne're discry,
nor my eyes show it:
Not a sigh nor a tear
my grief discloses,
But they fall silently
like dew on roses.

But to prevent my love
for being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice,
as 'tis the fuel!
And whilst I suffer this
to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love,
though he deny it.



On his eyes will I gaze
and there delight me;
Whilst I conceal my flames
no frowns can fright me:
To be more happy I
dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low,
mounting more higher.

But words they are but wind!
I cannot bear it.
Perhaps he may be kind,
although I fear it:
To him I must impart
for whom I languish,
Or love will break my heart
with grief and anguish.

Dear love, regard my grief,
do not prove cruel;
Cupid hath plaid the thief,
and stoln a jewel;
My heart it is the prize
now in thy keeping,
Wounded by thy fair eyes,
which caus'd my weeping.

My modesty excuse,
blame higher powers;
Though maidens do not use
for to turn woers,
Yet I had better speak,
truth to discover, [break
Than that my heart should
whilst love I smother.

With blushes on my cheek
I do reveal it,
That I do love thee dear,
Ile not conceal it;
Though virgin bashfulness
now doth restrain me,
Regard my heaviness,
do not disdain me.

Love hath consum'd me so
whilst I was silent,
That I am worn with woe,
my pains so violent,
Let pity move thy heart
now to requite me,
And I will do my part
for to delight thee.

With charms of love, my dear,
I will endeavor
Thy heart all times to cheer,
both now and ever:
No harms shall thee annoy
whilst I imbrase thee;
If thou wilt be my joy,
Ile ne're disgrace thee.

Therefore consider, sweet,
how I invite thee;
Let our affections meet,
do not thou slight me:
Answer me lovingly
to my desire,
Lest I with sorrow dye
in Cupid's fire.

London, Printed for W. Thackery, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.



[The above cut of Barbara Allen in the original stands to the right of that printed on page 434.]

Barbara Allen's Cruelty.

Samuel Pepys records in his *Diary* the delight he experienced on hearing his favourite actress, Mrs. Knipp, sing her little "Scotch" song of *Barbara Allen*. We have here a contemporary copy, and it proves to be one of that numerous class of songs and ballads which, before the union of the crowns, had been called "Northern" —a polite substitute for "rustic"—and which, under our Scottish kings, were gradually denominated "Scotch." The change may be said to have commenced after Charles II. had been crowned King of Scots, the loyalists of the two countries being then brought together. John Playford, the publisher, was perhaps the last to use the word "Northern" in this sense, and his "Northern songs" were afterwards reprinted as "Scotch."

Mrs. Knipp's ballad seems to have been written down from memory by some illiterate listener, and very corruptly; we can hardly suppose the following to be a correct version. Bishop Percy possessed a black-letter copy, which may have been a true one, but it is not now to be traced. Oliver Goldsmith refers to the ballad in his third essay, where he says: "The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sang me into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night*, or *The Cruelty of Barbara Allen*." This *Johnny Armstrong* is an English ballad of the same class, and we shall hereafter reprint it in this collection from a copy which bears the initials of its author.

There are two copies of *Barbara Allen* in the Roxburghe Collection, the second without a printer's name. Some later copies begin "In Reading Town," instead of "In Scarlet Town." Perhaps "Reading" was in the writer's mind, but he did not care too precisely to localize fiction.

The general popularity of *Barbara Allen* dates from 1765, when Bishop Percy presented his elegant version in the third volume of *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. Eleven years later, a Scotch version appeared in David Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (1776). Stenhouse asserts not only that this Scotch version is ancient, but also that it was "preserved in Ramsay's *Miscellany* in 1724." He knew that he was romancing, but, however sure of detection, Stenhouse never scrupled at falsehood to add to the reputation of Scotland. Herd does not assert that the Scottish version is ancient, and it is clearly built upon the English ballad.

The tune is included in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 25, and III. 522.]

Barbara Allen's Cruelty;

Or,

The Young Man's Tragedy; with Barbara Allen's Lamentation for her Unkindness to her Lover and Herself.

To THE TUNE OF, *Barbara Allen.* Licensed according to Order.



[In the original are two cuts: the one of Barbara Allen is printed on page 432.]

In Scarlet Town where I was bound,
there was a fair maid dwelling,
Whom I had chosen to be my own,
and her name it was Barbara Allen. 4

All in the merry month of May,
when green leaves they was springing,
This young man on his death-bed lay,
for the love of Barbara Allen. 8

He sent his man unto her then,
to the town where she was dwelling,
"You must come to my master dear,
if your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed in his face,
and sorrow 's in him dwelling,
And you must come to my master dear,
if your name be Barbara Allen."

"If death be printed in his face,
and sorrow 's in him dwelling,
Then little better shall he be
for bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly she got up,
and so slowly she came to him,
And all she said when she came there,
"Young man, I think you are a-dying."

He turn'd his face unto her then,
"If you be Barbara Allen,
My dear," said he, "come pitty me,
as on my death-bed I am lying."

"If on your death-bed you be lying,
what is that to Barbara Allen?
I cannot keep you from death,
so farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
and Death came creeping to him;
"Then adieu, adieu and adieu to all,
and adieu to Barbara Allen."

And as she was walking on a day,
she heard the bell a-ringing,
And it did seem to ring to her,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

She turn'd herself round about,
and she spy'd the corps a-coming;
"Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,
that I may look upon him."

And all the while she lookèd on,
so loudly she lay laughing;
While all her friends cry'd amain,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave,
then Death came creeping to she.
"O Mother! Mother! make my bed,
for his death hath undone me.
"A hard-hearted creature that I was
to slight one that lov'd me so dearly,
I wish I had been more kinder to him,
the time of his life, when he was near me."
So this maid she then did dye,
and desired to be buried by him,
And repented her self before she dy'd,
that ever she did deny him.

Finis.

Printed for, P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The Belgick Boar.

The following denunciation of King William III. is without the printer's name, but is dated from London in 1695. From internal evidence it was written during the war with France, when the increase of taxation had excited great popular discontent. Expectations had been too highly raised as to the amount of public benefits that would immediately ensue from having dismissed James II. and having taken William III. in his place. Within a few years the people began to suspect that they were being taxed more for the benefit of Holland than of England. Hence the ebb of William's popularity. James, cold, vicious, and revengeful, had made himself obnoxious to his subjects, and all seemed glad to be rid of him. He had aimed at the destruction of their liberties, and, through intimidation of juries, and the infamy of some of his judges, he had well-nigh succeeded. The cruelty of Jeffreys, and his "bloody assize" in the West of England—when even estimable women, who had sheltered any of the misguided followers of the Duke of Monmouth, were hanged without mercy—had made a deep impression upon the people. Jeffreys was well aware of what he deserved when he attempted to escape. James had given no pardons—it was not in his nature to do so. But now the hopes of the Jacobites revived. James, indeed, "scarce had left one friend": he was more indebted to unsatisfied ambition and to discontent for supporters than to any merits of his own. Their gratitude to him was mostly of the kind which has been defined as "the expectation of favours to come." There were, indeed, some

[Roxb. Coll. II. 26-27.]

The Belgick Boar.

A New Song, to the Old Tune of *Chevy-Chase.*

God prosper long our noble King,
Our hopes and wishes all;
A fatal landing late there did
In Devonshire befall.

To drive our Monarch from his throne
Prince *Naso* took his way;
The babe may rue that's newly born
The landing at Torbay.

The stubborn Tarquin, void of grace,
A vow to Hell does make
To force his father abdicate,
And then his crown to take.

---

harmless nonjurors, who had a crotchet about the "divine right of kings"; but, upon that ground, the whole of the Stewarts were usurpers, James I. not having been the rightful heir. He was wisely elected by Queen Elizabeth's councillors upon an asserted nomination by the dying Queen, after he had been intriguing for it for years. He would not even intercede for his mother's life, lest he should spoil his chance. Again, the "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," was spoken in reference to a king *de facto*, and not to one *de jure*. When James II. decamped, the homage which was before due to him was justly transferred to his successor. It is to the Revolution of 1688 that Englishmen owe the confirmation of the liberties they enjoy. All fear of a return to despotism is now at an end.

The following satire was surreptitiously printed, and only during a period of great public discontent could it have found buyers among the people. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection is probably unique. It came from the library of the Lord High Treasurer Harley, Earl of Oxford, who originated the Collection. It would have been a criminal offence in any private person to possess one. Ritson refers to the case of "The King *versus* Beane," in Carthew's *Reports*, p. 407, to show that Beane was indicted and punished "for barely having a copy in his custody."

And eke the royal Infant-Prince
To seize or drive away;
These tidings to our Sov'reign came
In Whitehall where he lay.

Who, unconcern'd at the report,
At first would not believe
That any of his royal race
Such mischiefs could conceive.

Till Time, which ripens all things, did
The villany disclose,
And, of a nephew and a son,
Forg'd out the worst of foes.

Who, by infernal instinct led,
A mighty fleet prepares
His father's kingdom to invade,
And fill his heart with cares.

Our gracious King desires to know
What his pretensions were,
And how, without his leave, he durst
Presume on landing [t]here.

Declaring what was deem'd amiss
Should soon amended be,
And whatsoe're should be desir'd
He would thereto agree.

And for a speedy Parl'ament
He doth forthwith declare;
The Surly Brute, not minding this,
Does to our coast repair,

With several thousand *Belgick Boars*,
All chosen rogues for spight,
Join'd with some rebels who from hence
And justice had ta'ne flight.

Who, arm'd with malice and with hopes,
Soon threw themselves on shoar;
Crying, our religion and our laws
They came for to restore.

Then declarations flew about
As thick as any hail,
Which, tho' no word was e're made good,
Did mightily prevail.

We must be Papists, or be slaves,
Was then the gen'ral cry;
But we'll do any thing to save
Our darling liberty.

We'll all join with a foreign prince
Against our lawful king;
For he from all our fancy'd fears
Deliverance doth bring.

And if what he declares proves true—
As who knows but it may?—
Were he the devil of a prince,
We'll rather him obey.

Then our allegiance let's cast off,
James shall no longer guide us;
And, tho' the French would bridle us,
None but the Dutch shall ride us.

And those who will not join with us
In this design so brave,
Their houses we'll pull down, or burn,
And seize on what they have.

These growing evils to prevent
Our king his force does bend;
But, amongst those he most did trust,
He scarce had left one friend.[1]

O how my very heart does bleed
To think how basely they
Who long had eaten royal bread
Their master did betray!

And those to whom he'd been most kind,
And greatest favours shown,
Appear'd to be the very first
Who sought him to dethrone.

[1] This one line of admission suffices to tell James's conduct as King.

O Compton! Langston![1] and the rest,
Who basely from him ran,
Your names for ever be accurs'd
By ev'ry English Man!

Proud Tarquin he pursues his game,
And quickly makes it plain
He came not to redress our wrongs,
But England's crown to gain.

And o're his father's mangled fame
His chariot proudly drives,
Whilst he, good man, altho' in vain,
To pacifie him strives.

But he, ingrateful! wou'd not hear
His offers, tho' so kind,
But caus'd the noble messenger[2]
Forthwith to be confin'd.

He brings his nasty croaking crew,
Unto his father's gate,
Dismist his own, makes them his guard—
Oh dismal turn of fate!

[Al]so at midnight drives him thence,
O horrid impious thing!
[W]ere such affront[s] ere offer'd to
A father and a king?

A king so great! so good! so just!
So merciful to all!
His vertue was his only fault,
And that which caus'd his fall.[3]

---

[1] "Lieut.-Col. Langston was the first officer that deserted, with his regiment, from the King's army at Salisbury. Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis Compton, with his regiment, was of the same party, but had not the courage to go forward. It should seem, however, that he soon afterwards made a more successful attempt." —Ritson.

[2] The Earl of Feversham.

[3] What wonderfully short memories the people must have been supposed to have to believe this!

Who now is forc'd, his life to save,
To fly his native land,
And leave his scepter to be grasp'd
By an ungracious hand.

Hell's journeymen are streight conven'd,
Who rob God of his pow'r,
Set up themselves a stork-like king
The subjects to devour.

And, to secure his lawless throne,
Now give him all we have,
And make each free-born English heart
Become a Belgick slave.

The Bar, the Pulpit, and the Press,
Nefariously combine
To cry up an usurpèd pow'r,
And stamp it right divine.

Our loyalty we must melt down,
And have it coin'd anew,
For what was current heretofore,
Will now no longer do.

Our fetters we ourselves put on,
Ourselves ourselves do bubble,
Our conscience a meer pack-horse make,
Which now must carry double.

O England! when to future times
Thy story shall be known,
How will they blush to think what crimes
Their ancestors have done!

But, after all, what have we got
By this our dear-bought king?
Why, that our scandal and reproach
Throughout the world does ring!

That our Religion, Liberties,
And Laws we held so dear,
Are more invaded, since this change,
Than ever yet they were.

Our coffers drain'd, our coin impair'd,
That little that remains;
Our persons seiz'd, nay thoughts arraign'd,
Our freedom now is chains.

Our traffick ruin'd, shipping lost,
Our traders most undone;
Our bravest heroes sacrific'd,
Our ancient glory gone.

A fatal costly war entail'd
On this unhappy Isle;
Unless, above what we deserve,
Kind Heaven at last does smile;

And bring our injur'd monarch home,
And place him on his throne;
And to confusion bring his foes,
Which *God grant may be soon!*

London: Printed in the Year MDCXCV.



[In the original, this portrait of Queen Mary stands on the left of the cut given on the opposite page.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 28.]

The Bedfordshire Widow;[1]

Or,

The Poor in Distress Reliev'd.

Being a full and true relation of a Poor Widow, whose Husband was dead, and she turn'd out of doors by her Creditors, and forced with her three Children to lye in the street and beg for bread; and how that Queen Mary, walking in her Garden and hearing her beg, came to her, and caused her Children to be cloathed and put to nurse, and gave the poor Widow a weekly pension to maintain her as long as she liv'd.

To the tune of, *Let Cæsar Live Long.* Licensed according to Order.



[1] This ballad commemorates one of the many kind acts of Queen Mary II. which made her truly lamented at her death. A second copy will be found in the Pepys Collection, II. 75. The tune of *Let Cæsar live long and his temper abide* is named after one of Tom D'Urfey's songs about Charles II.

In Scripture we read how that Dorcas the good
Did dayly supply the poor widows with food;
And many examples besides we may find,
All which have been acted by good women kind;
But none e'er more great, or yet glorious, were seen,
Than this pious act of good Mary our Queen.

One time it so chanc'd, on a morning so fair,
Queen Mary did walk for to take the fresh ayr
In her garden, so richly bedecked with flowers,
Where she, with delights, did pass several hours;
There sitting her down in an arbour alone,
She heard a poor widow make pittiful moan.

The Queen, much admiring to hear such a cry,
She look'd through a wicket, where she did espy
A widdow, as likewise three children small,
Who lay in the street without side of the wall,
Begging for money for to buy them bread,
Who with hunger and pining were almost quite dead.

The Queen she did open the wicket streightway,
And unto the widow Queen Mary did say,
"Good woman, I pray you, now why do you cry?"
The woman, not knowing her, thus did reply:
"My want it is great, I shall perish for need,
And this is the cause of my mourning indeed.

"My husband in prison was cast, and is dead;
The stones are my couch, and the streets is my bed;
My creditors cruel have seizèd of all,
Poor I and my children have nothing at all;
The Lord be my comfort, or else I shall dye,
For here in much hunger and pain I do lye.

"In Bedfordshire I was born, it is well known,
My father had houses and land of his own;
But now I am poor, and nothing I have,
I wish I was put alive into my grave;
Friends I have none, and my bread it is scant,
That I and my babes, we shall perish for want.

"I have a brother who riches hath store,
Yet now will not own me, because I am poor;
He tells me my fortune was once very great,
When I had full plenty, and livèd in state;
He will give me nothing, he often doth say,
Though I have intreated him day after day."

The Queen did reply, "Now I pray be content,
For some good provision to you shall be sent;
Relye upon God, who for you will provide,
And for your poor children also beside;
Ask, and receive in full plenty therefore,
He always regardeth the crys of the poor."

Queen Mary she then did immediatly call,
Saying, "Bring this poor woman and children small
Now into my pallace, where let them remain."
The widow perceiving 'twas Mary our Queen,
She was so amaz'd, on the ground, as she lay,
That not one poor word for herself she could say.

Some victuals were brought, and they heartily fed;
Warm cloaths were provided, as also a bed;
The children were then put to nurse with all speed,
The Queen a good alms-house to th' widow decreed,
And likewise a pension for her did ordain,
And now the poor widow is happy again.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Biter Bitten.

This is an amusing ballad of the punishment administered to a roving husband by his injured wife for a projected infidelity to her. Two more copies are extant, one in the Pepys Collection, III. 144, which is by the same publisher, and the other in the Euing Collection, No. XIX., from which the name and address of the publisher seems to have been cut away. The initials of the Licenser prove this edition to have been issued between the years 1685 and 1688.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 29.]

The Biter Bitten;

Or,

The Broker well-fitted by the Joyner and the Joyner's Wife.

This crafty knave thought to inslave,
in sending for his wife;
The gold they keep, and he may weep,
to mend his wicked life.

To the tune of, *The Two English Travellers.* This may be printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].





A lusty stout Joyner he had a fair wife,
A Broker he loved [her] as dear as his life;
He sought by all cunning how he might insnare,
And draw into evil this beautiful fair.

The Broker he courted this beautiful dame,
So hot and so eager he was at the game;
He said, "Twenty guineys on thee I'le bestow,
If thou wilt be willing some kindness to show."

With modest behaviour his suit she deny'd,
And would in his presence no longer abide;
But telling her husband for what he did sue,
And likewise the guineys he proffer'd her too.

The Joyner he smilèd when hearing this news,
And likewise was loath such a booty to lose;
He bid her seem willing and take the reward,
And tell him at night you will kindness afford.

Now by his inventions a snare he had laid,
Wherein this rich Broker in short was betray'd;
Next proffer of kindness, she ceasing to frown,
Ask['d] him for his guineys; he tender'd them down.

Then home to her chamber she did him invite,
To come about eight of the clock in the night;
"For my unkind husband hath taken his roam
To see his relations and left me at home."

The Broker he kist her and caper'd for joy,
Because she no longer did seem to be coy;
He thought e'ry hour as long as a day,
But now you shall hear how they did him betray.

The long-lookt for hour at length he beheld,
His heart with abundance of joy then was fill'd,
She shew'd him his lodging where he was to lye,
And solemnly said she would come by and by.

While he lay expecting his amorous dame,
They sent for his wife, who immediately came;
To whom the whole story at length they did tell,
And bid her with patience her sorrow expell.

His wife was amazèd at what they had told,
And being resolved likewise to behold
The depth of this frolick before she did go,
They likewise was willing that it should be so.

The Joyner and his wife they tarry'd below,
While she to her husband in her stead did go;
And when she came almost unto the bedside,
"O why did'st thou tarry so long?" he reply'd.

She being not hasty to pull off her cloaths,
The Broker in kindness immediately rose;
With kisses he call'd her the joy of his life,
Supposing it had been the Joyner's fair wife.

She softly did whisper, " It is a great sin,
Which your fond allurements are drawing me in ;
I ne'er in my life did commit such a crime,
And therefore I now am unwilling this time."

" My dear, be not fearful, but let us injoy
Our freedom of pleasure ; here none can annoy ;
I'le give thee choice jewels with plenty of gold,
Let me not stand courting my love in the cold."

" These large protestations I pray, Sir, forbear,
Since you have a wife that is beauteous and fair."
Said he, " She was never admired by me,
I love thee a thousand times better then she."

He knew not he talkt to his wife all the while,
At length she began for to rant and revile ;
She teas'd him and tore him about in his shirt,
Nay kickt him and thumpt [him] and beat him like dirt.

It was in the dark, and she, having a mask,
He thought that the Devil had took him to task ;
The heat of her fury she never forbears,
Until she had tumbl'd him headlong down stairs.

His head, knees and elbows was broke with the fall,
For mercy and pitty the Broker did call ;
But yet such a peal in his ears she did ring,
He wish'd he had never attempted the thing.

The Joyner and his wife they parted the fray,
But never a word of the guinneys did say ;
Nor yet the poor Broker, alas ! for his life,
For fear of the anger and rage of his wife.

The Broker he said, " My sweet wife, now forgive
This thing, and I'le ne'r do the like while I live."
In pitty she pardon'd her husband his crime,
And likewise she bid him beware the next time.

Printed for J. Blare on London Bridge.

The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia.

This Elizabethan ballad is purely Arcadian in due accordance with its title. The manners are Arcadian, and the justice is Arcadian—even the maiden herself is Arcadian. She tucks up her kirtle, the long gown or petticoat worn under a robe or mantle, and she can then run so as to keep pace with the Knight's horse, not only on land, but also to breast the "broad water," so as to arrive at the "King's fair court" either with, or immediately after, him. The inhumanity of the Knight who had injured the maiden is duly denounced by the ballad writer; this impolite Arcadian not having even said, "Fair maid, will you ride" behind me? When she arrived at the "King's fair court," "she knockèd at the ring," and there was "the King himself, ready to let this fair maid in." He at once pronounced judgment in the most Arcadian manner, without having heard any defence the culprit might have to make, that, if he who had wronged the shepherd's daughter were a married man, "high hangèd shall he be," and "if he be a batchelor, his body I'll give to thee." This was highly satisfactory to the maiden, who thereby claimed "sweet William" for her husband, and when they go to be married, she "proved herself a Duke's daughter, and he but a Squire's son." Then, said she: "If you make me Lady of one good town, I'll make you Lord of three!" Happy conclusion to a very unpromising beginning! Happy Arcadians, whose shepherdesses were such amiable Dukes' daughters!

Fables of this stamp were much in favour from the fourteenth to the first half of the sixteenth century, when Sir Thomas More wrote his *Utopia*. They are covert satires of the times in which the writers flourished, by contrasting them to the imaginary perfections of primitive ages.

This is one of the old ballads which Dr. Percy selected for his Reliques of Ancient Poetry. It is contained in his third volume, series 3, book 1, under the title of *The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter*. Percy states, in a note, that it "was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his Preface to *Gul. Neubrig. Hist.*" (Oxon, vol. i. p. 70). It was so popularly known as to be quoted twice by Fletcher, viz. four lines in his comedy *The Pilgrim*, act iv. sc. 2, beginning "He called down his merry men all," and again in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "He set her on a milk-white steed," etc. This play seems to have been written in 1611, although first published in 1613. The tune was also very popular, and it was generally entitled

The Shepherd's Daughter. It is reprinted in *Pop. Mus. of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 127.

Although a ballad of the sixteenth century, there appears to be no extant accessible copy of earlier date than about the middle of the seventeenth. Dr. Percy reprinted from one "in the Editor's possession," but of that we can give no account. The Pepys Collection is deficient, but there are two in the Roxburghe and four in the Douce Collection (B. I. 11*b*—14—21*b*. and B. IV. 33). Of these four, two of the copies were issued by Whitwood in the reign of Charles II., one by Norris in white letter, and one more modern still, without a printer's name. The last two are of no account. In the Roxburghe Collection the copy in Vol. III. 160, issued by Gilbertson, may be dated as between 1640 and 1663, but the edition by Thackeray, although some years later, is generally the better. Where they differ in a line, the accents of the tune assist us in selecting the right one.

Dr. Percy edited this ballad, using only the liberty which every previous editor had freely enjoyed, but, instead of further corrupting and vitiating the text, he endeavoured by conjecture to amend it. By his emendations and by his taste, public attention was first drawn to the ballad literature of our country, and so far am I from condemning him, that I hold him to have been a benefactor to literature. If Percy is to be condemned, and if what he did was a fault, there is, at least, no lack of others to share the blame with him; especially if we turn our eyes towards the further side of the border.

Any student in the art of polishing will derive advantage by comparing the following with the edition in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*

It should perhaps be noted that the running of the maiden by the side of the Knight's horse, and her breasting the broad water, are common in the ballads of *Childe Waters* (Percy Folio MS. vol. ii. p. 272) and the traditional *Burd Helen.* But the cases are not parallel. In each of these latter ballads the maiden is disguised as a foot-page, and is but fulfilling one of his duties; as well as that of stabling the Knight's horse. They are both disagreeable in subject—the women Patient Grissells, and the men, like the Italian Marquess, mere brutes.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 30, 31, and III. 160, 161.]

The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia.

A New Pastoral Song of a courteous young Knight, and a supposed Shepherd's Daughter [of Arcadia, in Peloponnesus].[1]

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Shepherd's Daughter, etc.*





There was a Shepherd's daughter
came tripping on the way,
And there she met a courteous Knight,
which causèd her to stay.
Sing trang dildo lee.

"Good-morrow to you, beauteous maid,"
these words pronouncèd he;
"O I shall dye this day," he said,
"if I've not my will of thee."
Sing trang, &c.

[1] "of Arcadia in Peloponnesus" is only in Roxb. II. 30.

"The Lord forbid," the Maid reply'd,
"that such a thing should be,
That ever such a courteous Knight,
should dye for love of me."
Sing trang, &c.

He took her by the middle so small,
and laid her on the plain,
And after he had had his will,
he took her up again.
Sing trang, &c.

"Now you have had your will, good Sir,
and put my body to shame,
Even as you are a courteous Knight,
tell me what is your name?"
Sing trang, &c.

"Some do call me Jack, sweet-heart,
and some do call me John;
But when I come to the King's court,
They call me Sweet William."
Sing trang, &c.

He set his foot into the stirrup,
and away then he did ride;
She tuckt her kirtle[1] about her middle,
and ran close by his side.
Sing trang, &c.

But when she came to the broad water,
she set her breast and swam;
And when she was got out again,
she took [to] her heels and ran.
Sing trang, &c.

He never was the courteous Knight
to say, "Fair maid, will you ride?"
Nor she was never so loving a maid
to say, "Sir Knight, abide."
Sing trang, &c.

[1] "kirtle" misprinted "girdle" in Roxb. II.

When she came to the King's fair court,
she knockèd at the ring;
So ready was the King himself
to let this fair maid in.
Sing trang, &c.

"O Christ save you, my gracious Liege,
your body Christ save and see;
You have a Knight within your court
this day hath robbèd me."
Sing trang, &c.

"What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid,[1]
of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took the gay gold ring
from off thy finger small?"
Sing trang, &c.

"He hath not robbèd me, my Liege,
of purple or of pall;
But he hath got my maiden-head,
which grieves me worst of all."
Sing trang, &c.

"Now if he be a batchelor,
his body I'll give to thee;
But if he be a married man,
high hangèd shall he be."
Sing trang, &c.

He called down his merry men all
by one, by two, and by three;
Sweet William us'd to be the first,
but now the last comes he.
Sing trang, &c.

He brought her down full forty pound,
ty'd up within a glove:
"Fair maid, I give the same to thee,
and seek another love."
Sing trang, &c.

[1] "Sweet-heart" in Roxb. II.

"Oh, I'll have none of your gold," she said,
"nor I'll have none of your fee;
But I must have your fair body,
the King hath given me."
Sing trang, &c.

Sweet William ran and fetcht her then
five hundred pound in gold,
Saying, "Fair maid, take this unto thee,
thy fault will never be told."
Sing trang, &c.

"'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt,"
these words then answered she—
"But I must have your own body,
so the King hath granted me."
Sing trang, &c.

"Would I had drank the fair water,
when I did drink the wine,
That ever any Shepherd's daughter
should be a fair lady of mine.
Sing trang, &c.

"Would I had drank the puddle water,
when I did drink the ale,
That ever any Shepherd's daughter
should have told me such a tale."
Sing trang, &c.

"A Shepherd's daughter as I was,
you might have let me be;
I'd ne'r a come to the King's fair court
to have crav'd any love of thee."
Sing trang, &c.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
and himself upon a gray,
He hung a bugle about his neck,
and so they rode away.
Sing trang, &c.

But when they came unto the place
where marriage-rites was done,
She prov'd herself a Duke's daughter,
and he but a Squire's son.
Sing trang, &c.

"Now you have married me, Sir Knight,
your pleasures will be free;
If you make me Lady of one good town,
I'll make you Lord of three."
Sing trang, &c.

"Accursèd be the gold," he said,
"if thou hadst not been true,
That should have parted thee from me,
To have chang'd thee for a new."
Sing trang, &c.

Their hearts being so linkèd fast,
and joynèd hand in hand,
He had both purse and person too,
and all at his command.
Sing trang dildo lee.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

London: Printed for A. M., W. O. and T. Th[ac]keray, at the sign of the Angel in [Gilt-Spur-Street.]

The Bleeding Lover's Lamentation.

THIS maiden's lamentation for the faithlessness of a lover is included in the Pepys Collection, IV. 68, and the Douce B. I. (12*b*). All the copies are of the same publisher. The subject was only suitable to those young women who had been so betrayed as to contemplate suicide. The picture is one of misery which healthy minds may well pass over.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 32.]

The
Bleeding Lover's Lamentation;
Or,
Fair Clorinda's sorrowful Complaint for the loss of her Unconstant Strephon.

To the tune of, *The Ring of Gold.* Licensed according to Order.



Ranging the silent shade,
seeking for pleasure,
I heard a fair young maid
weep out of measure:
Her curlèd locks she tore,
and often crying,
"Strephon, whom I ador[e,]
is from me flying.
"Sure by some charming saint
he is deluded,
While here, in sad complaint,
I lye excluded
From all the joys of Love,
and grief lye under;
My sorrows to remove,
heart, break in sunder!

"O Strephon, most unkind!
how could you leave me
With a tormented mind,
the which doth grieve me?
Return, return again,
whom I admire,
Or in tormenting pain
I shall expire.





"Alas! you little know
how I lye bleeding;
These melting tears that flow
for me are pleading;
Let them some pity find,
do not destroy me;
I am to love inclin'd,
let me enjoy thee.

"In vain this moan I make,
he will not hear me;
Altho' my heart should break,
he'll not come near me;
But violates the laws
of lover's passion;
What have I done to cause
this seperation?

"None had my heart but he
ever in keeping."
This said, immediately
she fell a-weeping:
Her hands as white as snow,
she wrung them, crying,
"Down to the shades below
my soul is flying.

"My last farewel I'll write,
and leave behind me,
Since he for ruine quite
thus hath design'd me.
When he the same shall read,
it may offend him;
A mournful life he'll lead,
grief may attend him.

"When he shall call to mind
what vows he made me,
Seeming to love inclin'd
'till he betray'd me;
This may his soul enslave,
and cause his weeping,
While in the silent grave
I shall lye sleeping.

"Death! ease me of the smart
which I lye under,
And let this stubborn heart
now break in sunder.
Why should I live to feel
love's flaming fire?
Which I cannot conceal—
let me expire!"

Once more her melting eyes
like fountains flowing,
And with relenting crys
said she, "I'm going:
Farewel, thou perjur'd swain
who from me parted;
Thou hast a lover slain,
being hard-hearted."

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

The Bleeding Lover.

This is a miserable ditty, like the last; but this damsel is revengeful, and determined to pay off her false lover by haunting him after her death. She sings to the tune of "*The doubting Virgin*," or, "*O that I had never married!*" We may more than suspect the author to have been Irish by such inner rhymes as, "Yet by nature, I, poor creature," line 11—"Oft repeating, and relating," line 31, and "O deceitful and ungrateful," line 39. The metre, too, was much in favour in Ireland. Perhaps it was written by Thomas Duffett (*ante* p. 383). No other copy than the Roxburghe is known.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 33.]

The Bleeding Lover.

Young men that do promise make,
In your performance be not slack;
For well you know, 'tis often so,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

To the tune of, *The Doubting Virgin.*



[The Ghost.]



[The Lover killing himself.]

Lovers all, come hear my story,
which to you I shall relate;
He on whom I fix'd my glory
me requites with mortal hate.
In my anguish here I languish,
wasting in my ling'ring pain;
I'm delected,[1] and dejected,
yet delighted with my chain.

[1] "delected" is beyond my ken. Can it mean derelicted = abandoned?

Love, O love, is of such power,
all my sences it confounds,
It my vitals doth devour,
all my joys in sorrow drowns;
Yet by nature, I, poor creature,
ever was to love inclin'd,
Constant proving, dearly loving
those who were to me unkind.

Now my life is near an ending,
for I feel my strength decay,
Hopes no longer are depending
my fierce passion to allay;
Waking, sleeping, always weeping,
comforts are quite from me fled:
O 'twill pleasure when he sees me
fainting on my love-sick bed!





[There is another cut in the original to the right—the same as that already printed on the left of page 412.]

Surely he must needs be troubled
my condition for to see,
And his sorrows will be doubled
at my sad perplexitee;
When I'm lying fainting, dying,
on his name I'le surely call,
Oft repeating, and relating,
that he was the cause of all.

Down my cheeks when tears do trickle,
freely flowing from mine eyes,
It will trouble him a little
that my love he did despise;
Unrelieved, being grieved,
to himself he thus will say,
"O deceitful and ungrateful,
thou hast cast a maid away!"

On my tomb I'le have inserted,
"Here lyes one that was forlorn,
By her lover quite deserted,
which did cause her for to mourn;
Broken-hearted, she departed,
that in love did all excell;
Then she fainted, and lamented,
saying, 'Cruel love, farewel!'"

Thou shalt get but little by it,
wheresoever thou dost go;
Thou shalt never be at quiet,
but opprest with care and woe;
I will follow, through each hollow,
where thou goest thyself to hide;
I'le come to thee, and pursue thee,
saying 'twas for thee I dy'd.

In thy dreams I will affright thee,
and appear in ugly shape;
Care and sorrow shall betide thee,
there's no hope for to escape:
You misused, and abused,
one that lov'd you too too dear;
Pray now mind it, you shall find it,
you shall ne're be quiet here.

With sighs and groans I'le fill thine ears too
in the middle of the night,
Which shall much encrease thy fears too,
and thy treacherous soul affright:
I for ever will endeavour
for to be a plague to thee,
'Twill be pleasure, beyond measure,
to encrease thy misery.

False young men that hear this ditty,
and to loyalty pretend,
Of poor maidens take some pitty,
unto them some comfort lend:
Maids forsaken are o'ertaken
with such dreadful mortal pain,
Can't be cured, nor endured,
so by Love are often slain.

Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.

The Boatswain's Call.

We may reasonably infer that this ballad is the production of a genuine seaman, and most probably of one attached to a press-gang. His rhyme of "value" with "dally" proves that he pronounced it "vally." So, too, he writes "venter" instead of "venture" to rhyme with "enter." Once it is printed "venture," but there it rhymes with "center." The design of the ballad is a recommendation to men to join the navy to fight against Louis XIV., without being pressed. As the publishers all flourished in the reign of William III., we may assume it to refer to the wars of that period. Only one other copy is found in a public collection, viz. in Pepys, IV. 206. In the Roxburghe Collection the ballad is on page 37, the three preceding pages, 34, 35, and 36, being left blank.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 37.]

The Boatswain's Call;

Or,

The couragious Marriner's Invitation to all his Brother Sailers, to forsake Friends and Relations, for to Fight in the defence of their King and Country.

To the tune of, *The Ring of Gold.* Licensed according to Order.





Stout seamen, come away,
never be daunted;
For if at home you stay,
then is it granted
The fleet can never be
mann'd for the ocean,
To fight the enemy,
and gain promotion.

Lewis, that Christian-Turk,
makes preparation;
His engines are at work
in consultation:
Thinking to ruine quite
all Christian Princes;
But we their wrongs will right,
at life's expences.

The mighty force of France
we never value;
For when we once advance,
we will not dally;
But on the ocean wide
(through blest permission)
We'll soon subdue their pride
and grand ambition.

Therefore, with courage bold,
Boys, let us venter,
Like noble hearts of gold,
now freely enter
Your names on board the fleet,
all friends forsaking,
That we may soon compleat
this undertaking.

Is it not that the land
might be defended
By a victorious hand?
tho' France intended
To lay a heavy yoke
on a free nation;
Boys, let a fatal stroke
prove their vexation!

But yet me thinks I hear
some cowards crying,
The press they dread and fear
as much as dying;
And sculk, like frighted slaves,
here in distraction,
To hide in dens and caves
from warlike action.

Yet some declare they'd fight,
but a dear mother,
Who counts him her delight,
above all other,
She loves him as her life;
parting would grieve her:
Another has a wife,
he's loath to leave her.

Thus, cowards, they can find
excuses many
To tarry here behind;
yet there's not any
Right valliant noble soul
heeds a relation,
He'll fight against controul
for this his nation.

Has not men wish'd and cry'd
"A war with France!" Boys,
That on the ocean wide
we may advance, Boys?
To storm and shake their throne,
no danger fearing:
This has been still their tone
oft in my hearing.

Where are those heroes now,
those sons of thunder,
That would make Lewis bow,
and bring him under?
Your wishes now you have,
France is the center;
Like seamen stout and brave,
Boys, freely venture!

In a fight fierce and hot
once was I wounded;
We receiv'd showrs of shot,
being surrounded;
Yet I again will go,
and scorn to hide me;
I'll face the daring foe,
what e're betide me.

He that has been in fight
fears not another,
He leaves with much delight
father and mother,
To embrace those true joys
which men admire;
We can be merry, Boys,
in smoak and fire.

If we the conquest gain,
that brings promotion;
If we by chance are slain,
then the wide ocean
Shall be our watry tomb,
near Neptune's Palace;
This, Boys, shall be our doom,
in spight of malice.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

Bloudy News from Germany.

THIS is one of the *Lays and Legends of the Rhine*, which were versified and popularized some years ago by our now octogenarian friend J. R. Planché. The story is told in the preamble to the ballad. Planché, referring to the rats, says:—

> "They ate each savoury dish up,
> And soon their sacrilegious teeth
> Began to nibble the Bishop."

The copy in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps unique. The date of the publisher is from 1672 to 1695.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 38, 39.]

Bloudy News from Germany;

Or,

The People's Misery by Famine.

Being

An Example of God's just Judgement on one Harto, a Nobleman in Germany, of the Town of Ments, who, when the people were decayed (by reason of a hard Famine), he gathered the poorer sort into a barn and burned them (saying these are but as Rats that eat up all and do nothing else). But the All-seeing God left not this wickedness unpunished; for he was so sore beset and beat with Rats, that his Castle's top was never after free of them, and at last devoured by them.

Tune of, *Chievy Chase.*



When as my mind was fully bent
some story for to rhime,
Amongst all others none I found
so fitting for the time;
That which hereafter you shall hear
may well comparèd be
Unto a song of joyful news
in pain and misery.

Some write of Cupid and his bow,
with arrows sharp and keen
To pierce the tender hearts of them
that are but young and green;
Another loves of war to prate
which is by weapons done,
And acted is by sea and land,
by ship and roaring gun.

Another saith he was in love
once with a dainty maid,
But now he hates her cruelty,
when's got her maiden-head:
Another Muse with hand and pen
describes a baudy rhime;
But I will tell, by true report,
what's done in former time.

One Harto, that in Mentz did dwell,
a clergyman was he;
In that same town Arch-Bishop was
of famous Germany.
His charity was too to[o] cold,
and nothing did abound;
He to the poor a miser was,
which made a rumour sound.

Now, in his days, there happenèd
a famine on the earth,
And after that there did ensue
a very pinching dearth;
This cruel man began to think
he wanted his revennue,
And many a noble man there was
that was not worth a penny.

He sent for all the beggers round
and put them in a barn,
And set them all in order strait,
as though he meant no harm.
He sent his servants fire to bring,
for quickly they should burn;
They with a howling noise cry'd out
and dolefully did mourn.

"What ail the men?" (quoth he at length)
"like rats and mice you be,
That eat up all my sustenance
and nothing give to me.
When all my friends through famine want,
and gone are to decay,
Why should I give you any more,
but burn you quite away?"

These harmless men he put to death,
as Cain with Able did;
But from the Lord, full true it is,
there's nothing can be hid:
Their bloud did call unto the Lord
out of the ground and dust;
The Lord he hard attentively
In judgement pure and just.

He burnt them all, both young and old,
both man and wife likewise,
He sparèd none, nor did respect
the foolish or the wise.
For why, his mind was satisfi'd,
and bloody mind content,
To see them all thus on a flame:
the others did lament.

Yet God above did not forget
This wicked unjust deed;
For, after that, from rats and mice
He never could be freed;
His castle's top no service did,
no cats nor cruel dogs,
For why, they came abundantly,
much like the Egyptian frogs.

They wasted all his cash and pelf
which he laid up in store,
Tho' he so surely lockèd up
by dozen and by score.
These vermine so did multiply,
encreasing day by day,
They haunted all the rooms about
the chamber where he lay.

Nay, more then that, himself was slain,
as he lay on his bed,
And when his friends all did come in,
they found him to be dead.
Thus God did punish him at length
that was so bad and cruel;
He put their bodies in the fire,
and usèd them for fewel.

And they did gnaw his coat of arms
out of the graven stone,
And ever where they found his name
of letters they left none.
This I do wish may be a guide
to them that are so high,
That never think upon the poor
that are in misery.

Nay, were it but that they were so
like niggards in their wealth,
So they would not defraud the poor,
or put them unto death;
Wherefore let all, with one accord,
think good for to amend;
So shall my pen begin to rest,
and lastly make an end.

Printed for Phillip Brooksby near the Hospital Gate.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 40.]

The Brickmakers' Lamentation from Newgate; [1]

Or,

A true Report of the Indicting, Arraignment, Tryal, and Convicting of four of the Brick-makers' Court of In-justice: for the notorious Riot committed on the body of one Richard Lambart, Brick-maker of Fullum, who they Arraigned, Indicted, and had almost Executed, for some pretended idle words; their Examination and Tryal and Sentence they are to undergoe, exprest as followeth.

THE TUNE IS, *Packington's Pound.*



[1] Much as we have read and heard of rough practical joking at different times, this of the Court of the Brickmakers' Company can hardly have been exceeded in any case. A mock court of justice, the jurors sworn upon brickbats, to try one of their number, a brickmaker of Fulham, who was charged with appropriating his neighbour's bread and cheese, to which they added a mock charge of treason. The man is condemned to death, and conveyed in a clay-cart to the gallows at Tyburn, with a brickbat for a prayer-book, and actually hanged, although afterwards cut down,

> "Thus have you heard of the Brickmakers' Court,
> Who hang men in earnest, and count it their sport."

This case is probably recorded in some law-book, because four of

Good people, come hither, and listen a while,
I'le tell you a story shall make you to smile,
For such a bold project there never was heard
As now in this ballad shall soon be declar'd:
The Brick-makers they
This project did play
The el[e]venth of August, as people do say;
Let this be a warning that others take heed,
Their courts of in-justice will smart for the deed.

In rainy wet weather it was, I suppose,
When each bonny Brick-maker steelèd his nose,
They drink their cups round, and do merrily prate,
Each Brick-maker seemèd a lord in conceit:
Whilst thus they carrouse,
And call on the house,
One of them his bread and his cheese he did lose,
And one in the company there he atackt
As guilty of fellony for this bold act.

They call'd him Dick Lambart whom he did accuse,
Who, he said, such activity often did use;
And there for his life he would have him be tryd—
A judge and a jury this deed should deside.
A Court there was call'd,
The cryer he bawl'd,
And there with his flounder-mouth loudly he yaul'd;
And then on the bench for a judge there set down
One in a red wastecoat, which serv'd for a gown.

A judge, and a jury, and clarks did appear,
A sheriff, and also a hangman, was there.
The judge being set and [the] prisoner brought forth,
The plaintiff he there on a brickbat took oath,
That, to his great cost,
Too lately he lost
Some bread and some cheese which he sav'd for a toast,
And that Richard Lambart had taken his peck,
Who for it deserv'd to be noos'd by the neck.

---

the jokers were caught and each fined £100, with imprisonment in Newgate until it was paid. The copy of the ballad in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be unique. The publisher flourished from 1672 to 1695. The ballad affords a curious insight to the manners of bygone times. The tune is of the sixteenth century. See *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*





For this he had sentence, by which he was forst
To be burnt in the hand with an apple hot roast,
And afterwards he on that apple must feed,
This sentence he had for his fellonious deed.
But now comes the worst,
More bad then the first,
Poor Richard his fortune it was so accurst—
A witness held forth, and he there did declare
That Richard spoke treason, and he did it hear.

He said the King's drums they did make a great sound,
But in the midst of them no guts to be found;
And that the King's horses with iron were shod,
And often on dirt and on stones they have trod;
That they so were fed
With butter and bread,
They lost all the races, what ever was laid:
And that the King's goshauks had got no more soul
Then is in the night-bird, that's called an owl.

This was the indictment on which he was try'd,
The jury was sworn on a brickbat beside,
The evidence there did make it out plain,
And Lambart away from the bar he was tane;

Their jury went out,
And brought it about
That Lambart was guilty of treason no doubt:
And then by the judge he was sentenc'd, that he
Should hang by the neck on the Tiborn tree.

A clay cart they got, and a horse in't beside,
And put Lambart in it, and him fast down ty'd,
And then unto th' gallows they do him convey,
With a guard of their officers all on the way:
A brickbat to read,
As they did proceed;
And then on the gallows they hang'd him indeed:
Thus have you heard of the Brickmakers' Court,
Who hang men in earnest, and count it their sport.

A groom of the King's stables came riding that way;
Seeing this revel rout, to them did say,
"I see you've condemned this man in the town,
But here's a reprieve, and he must be cut down."
This being done,
Away then did run
This Court of In-justice, each mother's son,
The judge and the hangman was tane in the act,
And two of the jurymen since, for that fact.

This Court of In-justice appearèd in time
At Seshions House, there for to answer their crime;
A hundred pound is laid on each head,
Or else due imprisonment till it be paid:
In Newgate they are
Remaining in care;
Of farther punishment they are in fear:
And thus you have heard of the Brickmakers' Court,
Who hang men in earnest, and count it their sport.

London, Printed for Phillip Brooksby, next door to the Ball in West-Smithfield.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 41.]

The Bonny Scottish Lad and the Yielding Lass.[1]

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST, CALLED *The Liggan Waters.*



[1] This ballad seems to have been formed out of one of the dialogue duets which were common in plays, and to have had a second part added, to lengthen it for the ballad-buyer. It is remarkable that the publisher—who flourished from 1682 to 1691—should have issued two very different editions, the one in the usual black letter, bearing only the name of the tune, as in ordinary ballads, while the other is in the more modern Roman type, and printed with music. A copy of the latter is included in the Pepys Collection, V. 269. From this it appears that he aimed at two classes of purchasers.

In adopting an imitation Scottish dialect, the ballad-writer

[LAD.] "Bonny Lass, I love thee well."
[LASS.] "Bonny Lad, I love thee better."
[LAD.] "Wilt thou pull off thy hose and shoon,
and wend with me to Liggan Water?"

[LASS.] "Liggan Water is so deep,
and I am loath to wet my feet;
But if you'll promise to marry me,
I'll put off my shoon and follow thee."

[LAD.] "I have house, and I have land;
I have all things at command;
I have a thing that you ne'er see:
bonny Lass, wilt thou mow with me?

"I good store of cattel keep,
cows, bulls, and oxen, hogs and sheep;
And all I have I'll give to thee:
bonny Lass, wilt thou mow with me?"

[LASS.] "Bonny Lad, it is all in vain:
before you shall your will obtain,
I'll make you promise to marry me;
and then thou'st freely mow with me.

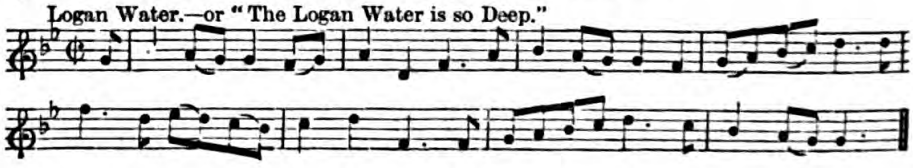
"For your goods and lands I do not care;
then, bonny Jocky, pray forbare;
For I will never yield to thee,
without you'll promise to marry me."

---

seems to have imagined that "Logan Water" is somewhere in the north of our island, instead of being, where it really is, in Ireland, about north-west of Drogheda.

The tune was so commonly used in ballad-operas, after the Beggars' Opera had appeared, that it ought to reappear once more. Having collated the air in three ballad-operas, viz. *The Village Opera*, air 1; *The Generous Freemason*, p. 38; and *The Chamber Maid*, air 9, and finding them all alike, it seems unnecessary to trouble the authorities of Magdalene College, Cambridge, for permission to copy from a probably indifferent ballad-printer's edition. The following is the tune:—

Logan Water.—or "The Logan Water is so Deep."



[A woodcut here, the same as that given before, on pp. 349, 400.]

[LAD.] "As I went forth one morning fair,
I met with a bonny Lass, fresh and gay—
A bonnier Lass I ne'er did see,
until I chanc'd to meet with thee.

"This bonny Lass did ogle me,
and I could hardly pass her by,
She began for to be so free,
and sighing said she'd dye for me.

"From her white hand a ring she took,
and said, 'My Lad, this is for thee:'
She gave me a smiling look,
and soon did yield to lig with me.

"Then, bonny Jenny, pity take,
Ise left that bonny Lass for your sake:
Soon I began to fancy thee;
then, bonny Jenny, lie with me.

"All night in softest wool we'll lye,
and kiss as close as cockles do;
Then we the bliss of love will try,
in summer, and in winter too."

[LASS.] "How can you so fickle be
to doat on all that you do see?
If I should yield to lig with thee,
thou soon would prove as false to me.

"I'd have all Lasses wiser grow,
and not fond love to young men show;
For, before that I do yield to thee,
I'll make you promise to marry me."

But yet, alas! for all her art,
little Cupid shot a dart,
That she could not resist love's charms,
but straight did yield to Jocky's arms.

Printed for J. Conyers, at the Black Raven, in Holborn.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 42, and III. 544, 545.]

The Carefull Wife's Good Counsel;

Or,

The Husband's firm resolution to Reform his Life, and to lay up something against a Rainy Day.[1]

To the tune of, *The Spinning Wheel.* Licensed according to Order.



[1] The excellent advice, "Save something for a rainy day," is just as applicable to the present as to old times, and to the rich as to the poor. It is a mere truism to say that a man is rich, not by what he receives, but by how much of it he spends. Two copies of the ballad are in the Roxburghe Collection, but the second, in Vol. III., pp. 544, 545, is only a reprint of the last century by John White, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and therefore of no account. The earlier edition is included in the Pepys Collection, II. 73. The Douce Collection includes a second white-letter edition. The tune has already been referred to, and it may be found by the curious among the *Old English Ditties*, vol. ii.

"Kind husband, if you mean to thrive,
Some other ways you must contrive,
And not consume and wast your store,
It will be hard to work for more;
Therefore be rul'd by me, I pray,
Save something for a rainy day.

"I in thy yoke will draw with you,
And what I can will freely do;
If you the like will doe again,
Our charge I'm sure we may maintain;
Thus by our labour, then we may
Save something for a rainy day.

"Behold! we see the painful bee
Lays up, by his industry,
A stock to serve in winter cold;
And so should man 'gainst he grows old;
And therefore, kind husband, now I pray,
Lay up against a rainy day.

"If man has nothing of his own,
Alas! he then may make his moan,
And yet at length be ne'er the near,
For friends like strangers will appear,
When as you fall unto decay;
Remember then the rainy day.

"The ale-wives they go fine and gay,
Deck'd in their silks and rich array,
When as the poor man's wife may lack
Both food and cloathing to her back;
Good man, consider this, I pray,
Save something for a rainy day.

"The hostess she will flout at thee,
And any one in misery;
When as they can no longer spend,
She'll show no pity, give, or lend;
Consider this, without delay,
Save something for a rainy day.

"Your jovial boon-companions, too,
Will likewise take their leave of you;
They'll know you not in time of need,
And won't this make your heart to bleed?
Therefore take up in time, I pray,
Save something for a rainy day.

"He that shall wast his youthful strength,
And bring himself to want at length,
When feeble age his limbs shall seize,
And he hath nought to take his ease,
Will find the world as cold as clay;
Then think upon the rainy day.

"Gray-headed men are often seen
Here in this world both poor and mean,
Having scarce meat or clothes to wear;
And this has been for want of care.
O think of this, good man, I pray,
Lay up against a rainy day.

"Consider, we are man and wife,
And ought to lead a carefull life;
I'll do my best to get and save,
That we another day may have
Something to help old age; I say,
'Tis that I call a rainy day."

"O loving wife!" he then reply'd,
"I will endeavour to provide
Henceforth for our poor family;
Thy words have so prevail'd on me;
No longer will I run astray,
But think upon the rainy day.

"I needs must own thy words are true;
Therefore I will my life renew,
And all my feignèd friends forsake;
Nay, likewise better courses take.
No longer will I run astray,
But lay up for a rainy day.

"With care I'll follow my concerns;
That man goes far that ne'er returns;
I do resolve to mend my ways,
And hope to see brave golden days,
And that we both may happy be,
And live in love and unity."

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 43, Pepys Coll. IV. 130, and Bagford, I. 59.]

The Catalogue of Contented Cuckolds;

Or,

A loving Society of Confessing Brethren of the Forked Order, etc., who being met together in a Tavern declar'd each man his condition, resolving to be contented, and drown'd melancholly in a glass of Nectar.

To the tune of, *Fond Boy, etc.*, or, [*If*] *Love's a Sweet Passion, etc.*



Full ten honest tradesmen did happen to meet
In a tavern, it seems, about Leadenhall-street;
One a Brewer, a Baker, a Cook, and a Taylor,
With a Turner, a Goldsmith, a Merchant, a Sayler;
Nay, a Doctor, a Surgeon which opens the vein—
These was good honest tradesmen, all cuckolds in grain.

"My wife," quoth the Brewer, "is charming and fair;
She will ramble abroad, but I never know where;

Yet at midnight sometimes she returns with a spark;
Nay, I sometimes have found her at put in the dark.
Yet I swear by this glass of rich sparkling wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine."

The Baker he cry'd, "There is Robin, my man,
He will play with his dame, let me do what I can;
Once I happen'd to catch him in bed by her side,
You'd 'a' laught to have seen how I liquor'd his hide.
But I swear by this glass of rich sparkling wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine."

The Cook he cry'd out, "I am none of the least;
For when ever I go to a dinner or feast,
There is brawny young William, the poulterer's man,
He will kiss my sweet wife for a sop in the pan.
Yet I swear by this glass of rich sparkling wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine."

The Taylor sat sighing and scratching his ears,
Quoth he, "I have been cuckold'd this three or four years
By a saylesman who gave my sweet wife her silk-gown;
When he comes up my stairs, I am forc'd to go down.
It cannot be avoided, I'll swear by this wine;
But I'll now be contented, and never repine."

"In troth," quoth the Turner, "'tis my very case,
For when her gallant comes, I am forc'd to give place;
To my work straight I go, where I labour and toyl,
And I leave him to turn up my wife the mean-while:
But my pocket with geneas of gold he doth line;
Therefore I'll be contented, and never repine."

"O then," said the Goldsmith, "pray hear my complaint;
Sirs, I marry'd a Quaker, she seem'd like a saint;
Yet a horn to the world I have reason to blow,
O the innocent lamb has a dark way to go.
Yet I swear by this glass of rich sparkling wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine."

The Merchant he cry'd, "When I go to the Change,
With a master of musick my lady will range
To the tavern, and there on her lute he must play;
She may dance, but I'm sure I the musick must pay;
With my treasure his pockets she often will line,
Yet contented I'll be, 'tis in vain to repine."

The Saylor cry'd, "Brothers, hear me, if you please;
Three or four years together I plough'd the rough seas.
In my absence my wife had a daughter and son,
And I found a great panyer as big as a gun.
I cry'd out, 'My sweet Nancy, 'faith, this is fine!'
'Be contented,' said she, ''tis in vain to repine.'"

"Come, come," said the Doctor, "the best of us all
Cannot be our wives' keepers, they are subject to fall;
Friends, by woful experience I speak it indeed,
I have one that will help a kind friend at his need.
Yet I swear by this glass of rich sparkling wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine."

The Surgeon he cry'd, "Sirs, I'll tell you a jest,
For I'm sure I am a cuckold as well as the best;
Once I follow'd my wife and her spark to Horn-fair,
Where I took them both napping, as Moss catcht his mare;
He was letting her blood near the leg and the loyn;
I was almost horn-mad, I began to repine.

"Since we are ten cuckolds here all on a row,
We will drink each a bottle before we do go,
For to drown melancholly in liquor of life;
He's a fool that will weep for the sins of his wife.
Let us tipple canary, and never complain;
There is better than we that are cuckolds in grain."

London: Printed for J. Conyers, next door to the Standard Tavern, in Leicester-fields.

The Careless Gallant.

This was not the production of the usual ballad-maker, but was originally a song with music printed by John Playford in the reign of Charles II. It depicts the reckless "gallant" of the seventeenth century, who despised thought of the future, and cared only to indulge every animal passion without restraint. From men of this stamp came the still popular saying, "It will all be the same a hundred years hence." It is a dark shade, but a necessary one, in the picture of life in the seventeenth century. Copies are to be found in the Pepys Collection, IV. 241, and 338, Rawlinson 4to. 566, 109, Douce B 2, 27, and Bagford, III. 53, as well as in Playford's Collections with the music.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 44.]

The Careless Gallant;

Or,

A Farewel to Sorrow.

Whether these lines do please, or give offence,
Or shall be damn'd as neither wit nor sence,
The poet is, for that, in no suspence,
For it is all one a hundred years hence.

TO AN EXCELLENT AND DELIGHTFUL TUNE.



Let us sing and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoyce,
With claret and sherry, theorbo[1] and voice,
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasures uncertain,
Then down with your dust;
In frolicks dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence. 7

[1] Theorbo = the old English lute, one of large size, and which, by its length of string, was best adapted for accompanying the voice with harmony below the voice.

We'l[l] sport and be free with Frank, Betty, and Dolly,
Have lobsters and oysters to cure melancholly,
Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's lady,
Was born of the sea;
With her and with Bacchus, we'l[l] tickle the sence,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your beautiful bit, who hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour,
Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splender,
That none are thought fit,
But the stars, to attend her;
Though now she seems pleasant, and sweet to the sence,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Your greatest Grand-Seignior who rants it in riot,
Not suffering his poor Christian neighbours live quiet,
Whose numberless army, that to him belongs,
Consists of more nations
Than Babel hath tongues:
Though numerous as dust, yet in spight of defence,
Shall all lie in ashes a hundred years hence.

Your Usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth, and pines in his plenty,
Lays up for a season which he shall ne'r see,
The year of one thousand
Eight hundred and three
Shall have chang'd all his baggs, his houses and rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin, a hundred years hence.



[The above cut in the original is placed on the right of that printed on page 486.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original there are two cuts: the right-hand one we give on page 485.]

Your Chancery Lawyer, by conscience who thrives
In spinning a sute to the length of three lives,
A sute which the clyent doth wear out in slavery,
Whilst pleader makes conscience
A cloak for his knavery,
Can boast of his cunning, but i' th' present tence,
For *Non est inventus* a hundred years hence. 42

Then why should we turmoyl in cares and fears,
And turn our tranquillity to sighs and tears?
Let's eat, drink and play, ere the worms do corrupt us,
For I say that,
Post mortem nulla voluptas;

Let's deal with our damsels, that we may, from thence,
Have broods to suc[c]eed us a hundred years hence.

I never could gain satisfaction upon
Your dreams of a bliss when we'r[e] cold as a stone;
The sage calls us drunkards, gluttons, and wenchers,
But we find such morsels
Upon their own trenchers:
For Abigal, Hannah, and sister Prudence,
Will simper to nothing a hundred years hence.

The plush-coated Quack that, his fees to inlarge,
Kills people with licence, and at their own charge,
Who builds a vast structure of ill-gotten wealth,
From the d[reg]s of a piss-pot[1]
And ruines of health,
Though treasures of life he pretends to d[i]spence,
Shall be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

The butter[f]lye Courtier, that pageant of State,
The mouse-trap of honour, and May-game of fate,
With all his ambitions, intrigues, and his tricks,
Must dye like a clown,
And then drop into Stix;
His plots against Death are too slender a [f]ence,
For he'l be out of fashion a hundred years hence.

Yea, the Poet himself that so l[of]tily sings,
As he scorns any subjects but heroes or kings,
Must to the capricios of fortune submit,
And often be counted
A fool for his wit.
Thus beauty, wit, wealth, law, learning, and sence,
[Will] all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

[1] The "Water Doctor."

Celinda's Last Gasp.

The Roxburghe is perhaps the only extant copy of this ballad. The forlorn damsel in this case proves revengeful, and threatens to torment her false lover for the rest of his life by appearing to him. He is duly terrified, and dies soon after her.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 45.]

Celinda's Last Gasp;

Or,

Her Farewell to False Coridon.

Since Coridon prov'd false in heart,
  Celinda mournèd sore;
But feeling too too[1] great a smart,
  she vow'd to love no more.
But at the last all-conquering Death
  did ease her troubled mind;
And as she parted with her breath,
  he staid not long behind.

To the tune of, *Young Ph[a]on; Busie Fame;* or, *Cloris full of harmless thought.*





Attend, true lovers, and give ear
  unto my dying song;
For unto you I will declare
  how Cupid did me wrong:
For with his powerful cruel dart,
  he sought my grief and woe,
And pierc'd my tender love-sick heart,
  which proves my overthrow.

[1] "too too" = far too.

And Coridon, who I did love
beyond all other men,
To his Celinda false did prove,
which cut my heart agen.
So now I to the grave am brought,
for loving too too well;
Love would have brought a heaven, I thought,
but now it proves a hell.

Ah, fate! to me so cruel still,
now let me know the cause
That you thus seek my blood to spill,
for keeping Cupid's laws:
Them in my mind I thought I was
obliegèd to obey;
But now, too late, I find, alas!
my comforts all decay.



When poor Celinda's dead and gone,
and laid within her grave,
Write some love verses on my tomb—
'tis all I now do crave.
But yet I fear no shepherdess
ere felt so deep a wound;
My griefs and sorrows to express
there's none that can be found.

Who can relate my rigid fate,
and not be drown'd in tears?
Or who can pitty my sad state,
that have for months and years

Been languishing in this abiss,
and can no bottom find;
Rob'd of all joy and true love's bliss,
and troubled in my mind?

And, Coridon, for thy hard heart
thou shalt tormented be,
For causing all this grief and smart
which happened unto me;
For in the dead time of the night,
while others take their rest,
With visions strange I'll thee affright,
and prove a dreadful guest.

Oh, then too late thou shalt repent
that thou wert so unkind,
'Twill be in vain for to lament—
that thou shalt surely find!
Where ever thou shalt be alone,
I'le still be in thy sight;
I'le make thee sigh, and grieve, and mourn,
and rob thee of delight.

That thou mayst be a warning to
such as like thee would prove,
And seek more maidens to undo,
wrapt up in bonds of love;
Who cannot find one hour's content,
but burn with endless fire,
And do both night and day lament,
wanting their hearts' desire.

So farewel, cruel Coridon!
I'le never love thee more;
Thou once wert he I doted on
and did too much adore;
One minute I out of my mind
could not my shepherd keep;
But he was cruel and unkind,
and laught to see me weep.

My sorrows now will have an end,
that I continued in;
And loosing his (once) faithful friend,
his torments will begin.

True lovers all, observe his fall,
of falshood still beware;
For punishment is due to all
that lay for maids a snare.

And thus the poor Celinda dy'd,
with a sad troubled breast;
And Coridon was terrified,
as is before exprest.
But let no lovers after this
be faithless and unkind;
For when the shepherd did see this,
he staid not long behind.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Sign of the Rainbow, near Davids-Inn in Holborn.



[In the original the above cut stands to the left of that printed on page 489.]

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

THIS is the song of the cut-purse in act iii. of Ben Jonson's comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, lengthened into a ballad, and to be sung to the tune there specified. It will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 123. There is, perhaps, no other extant copy in broadside than the one in the Roxburghe Collection. Tom D'Urfey reprinted the song in his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 20, 1719. As both Ben Jonson's and D'Urfey's works are accessible, the broadside version is here followed. D'Urfey's copy ends with the first stanza of Part 2.

The publisher of the ballad flourished from 1640 to 1663.

[Roxb. Coll. 46, 47.]

A Caveat for Cutpurses.

With a warning to all purse-carriers, shewing the confidence of the first, and the carelesness of the last. With necessary admonitions for them both, lest the hangman get the one, and the beggar take the other.

To the tune of, *Packington's Pound.*





My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,
And look to your purses, for that I do say;
And though little mony in them you do bear,
It cost more to get, than to lose in a day;

You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;
Then, if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who both give you warning for and[1] the cut-purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a purse.

It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,
That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime.
Alack and for pitty! why should it be said,
As if they regarded or places or time?
Examples have been
Of some that were seen
[In] Westminster-hall, yea, the pleaders between;
Then why should the judges be free from this curse
More then my poor self is, for cutting the purse?
Youth, youth, &c.

At Worster, 'tis known well, and even in the jale,
A knight of good worship did there shew his face
Against the foule sinners in zeale for to raile,
and so lost, *ipso facto*, his purse in the place:
Nay, once from the seat
Of judgement so great,
A judge there did lose a fair purse of velvet.
O Lord! for thy mercy, how wicked, or worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse!
Youth, youth, &c.

At playes, and at sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
They stick not the stare-abouts' purses to take;
Nay, one without grace,
At a better place,
At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's face.
Alack then for pitty! must I bear the curse,
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Then live to be hang'd for cutting a purse.

[1] For and=and eke. (Dyce and Halliwell.)



But oh, you vile nation of Cut-purses all!
  Relent and repent, and amend, and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest men's fall
  Advance your own fortunes to dye above ground:
      And though you go gay
      In silks, as you may,
  It is not the highway to heaven, as they say.
Repent then, repent you, for better for worse,
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Then live to be hang'd for cutting a purse.

The players do tell you in Bartholmew Faire
What secret consumptions and rascals you are;
For one of their actors, it seems, had the fate,
By some of your trade to be fleeced of late:
      Then fall to your prayers,
      You that are way-layers!
  They're fit to chouse all the world that can cheat players;
For he hath the art, and no man the worse,
Whose cunning can pilfer the pilferer's purse.
Youth, youth, &c.

The plain countryman that comes staring to London,
If once you come near him he quickly is undone;
For when he amazedly gazeth about,
One treads on his toes, and the other puls't out;

Then, in a strange place,
Where he knows no face,
His mony is gone, 'tis a pittifull case.
The divel of hell in his trade is not worse
Than gilter,[1] and diver, and cutter of purse.
Youth, &c.

The poor servant maid wears her purse in her placket,[2]
A place of quick feeling, and yet you can take it;
Nor is she aware that you have done the feat,
Untill she is going to pay for her meat;
Then she cryes and rages
Amongst her baggages,
And swears at one thrust she hath lost all her wages;
For she is ingaged her own to disburse,
To make good the breach of the cruel Cut-purse.
Youth, &c.

Your eyes and your fingers are nimble of growth,
But Dun[3] many times hath been nimbler than both;
Yet you are deceived by many a slut,
But the hangman is only the Cut-purse's cut.
It makes you to vex
When he bridles your necks,
And then at the last what becomes of your tricks?
But when you should pray, you begin for to curse
The hand that first shewd you to slash at a purse.
Youth, &c.

But now to my hearers this counsel I give,
And pray, friends, remember it as long as you live,
Bring out no more cash in purse, pocket, or wallet,
Than one single penny to pay for the ballet;
For Cut-purse doth shrowd
Himself in a cloud,
There's many a purse hath been lost in a crowd;
For he's the most rogue that doth crowd up, and curses,
Who first cryes, "My masters, beware of your purses!"
O youth! thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a purse!

Printed for W. Gilbertson.

[1] A "gilter" is, in slang, a lock-picking thief; but "gilt" also means "money."
[2] "placket" = a pocket made in the petticoat; also the opening in a petticoat, or a petticoat.
[3] Dun, the hangman, who followed after Derrick.

Chastity's Conquest.

This is another of those dramatic dialogues of the "Liggan Water" kind, (*ante* p. 475), in which two persons sang to the same tune, taking it up from the one to the other. These led up to the ballad-operas which would seem otherwise to have burst forth into existence complete, in the form of the *Beggars' Opera*. It would now require the industry and the knowledge of an Ebsworth to trace the plays of which these dialogues first formed part, and it is by no means sure that all the plays were published. But it may be noticed that the tunes remained in favour, and were again worked up in the subsequent ballad-operas, as well as in ballads. Thus the tune of "Canst thou not weave bone-lace?" is printed under that name in the ballad-opera of *Silvia, or the Country Burial*, 8vo. 1731, p. 59, with a dialogue of the same stamp as this. The tune is called "A Trip to Marrowbone" in *The Dancing Master*, and Tom D'Urfey wrote his song:

> "Maiden, fresh as a rose,
> Young, buxom, and full of jollity,"

to it. As I did not include this air in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (although the late Dr. Crotch had selected it and arranged it for the purpose), I now subjoin the melody from *Silvia*.



The numerous references to the above as a ballad-tune will be best shown by the general index to this collection.

Other copies of the ballad are found in Pepys, III. 135, Euing, No. 28, and Douce, B. I. 25.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 48.]

Chastities Conquest;

Or,

No trusting before Marriage.

A New Song.

You virgins that your fame and honour prize,
Learn here, by saving both, how to be wise;
Secure your treasure till you have secur'd
The purchaser, and then you are insur'd—
A thing that forehand freeness ne'r procur'd.

To the tune of, *Canst thou not weave Bone-lace?* This may be printed, R.P.



[In the original the right-hand figure is reversed.]

[Lad.] Canst thou not weave bone-lace?[1]
[Lass.] Yea, by 'lady, that I can.
[Lad.] Canst thou not lisp with grace?
[Lass.] Yea, as well as any one.
[Lad.] Canst thou not card and spin?
[Lass.] Yea, by 'lady, that I can. 6

[1] Bone lace = lace worked on bobbins, which are made of bone = pillow lace.

[Lad.] And do the other thing?
[Lass.] Wee, I'se do what I can.
[Lad.] Come then, and be my sweet!
To bed I'll carry thee.
[Lass.] No, in geud faith, not a bit,
Unless you marry me.

[Lad.] Marriage is not the mode!
[Lass.] Then I'se will make it so.
[Lad.] Duce o' the common road!
[Lass.] I'l ne'r forsake it [tho'.]
[Lad.] Thou shalt in me possess
All joys that can be had,
Then give a consenting kiss!
[Lass.] Then wed me first, my Lad.
Let us but gang to the priest,
So dear I tender thee!
Then, kiss on, and do what you list;
Faith, I'se not hinder thee!

[There are two cuts here in the original; the left hand one is the centre of p. 370; the right hand one is on the left of p. 403.]

[Lad.] We shall soon weary grow,
Change will soon tyre you.[1]
[Lass.] Ah! do not tell me so,
Since I admire you.
[Lad.] For when I touch thy breasts,
Thy charms so fire me;
Yet needless is a priest.
[Lass.] Then come no nigher me.
For when you tempt me to bed,
I'se no sick silly fool;
But if you'l buckle and wed,
Then kiss your belly-full.

If, as you say, you love,
make I'se your wedded mate,
And you shall freely have
what ever you'd be at.
[Lad.] Will you not then, my joy,
without you'r wedded, strike?

[1] This second part is not in the same metre as the first. Mark the even lines, 2, 4, 6, etc.

[Lass.] No, by my troth, not I,
such loving I'se not like;
But, wedded, my arms shall bless
thy passion to the light,
And with a consenting kiss
my love to his joys invite.

[Lad.] Let's no kind minutes waste—
I'le lead thee to my bed,
Where love's delights we'l taste,
and so to-mor[n] be wed.
[Lass.] Geud faith, I'se not agree,
I'se venture no such thing;
Troth, you'r deceiv'd in me
and must begin again.
[Lad.] Come lay this bashfulness by,
your blushes I will hide.
What harm is it now to try,
if you'r to-morn my bride?

[Lass.] I'se never yield to that!
O don't desire me!
To do the dee'l knows what,
Whoo'd then admire me?
[Lad.] Well, thou hast won my heart,
Thy virtues fire me;
I'le wed and never part,
As you require me.
Soft murmurs and sighs shall prove
What joys you render me.
[Lass.] O! kiss then and surfeit on love,
Faith, I'se not angry be.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball near the Bear Tavern in Pyecorner.

The Complaint of Scotland.

At last we arrive at a genuine Scottish production, and one of the sixteenth century. The binder (of the first two volumes of the Roxburghe Collection) has cut off the printer's name in order to bring the whole within a printed border, but a careful comparison of the types with others at the beginning of the third volume of the Roxburghe Collection has confirmed my conjecture that this was printed by Robert Lepreuik, in or about 1570. The "Complaint of Scotland" is for the murder of the Regent of Scotland, and it can hardly be doubted that the author was Robert Sempill, of whose historical ballads we shall find more in the third volume, hereafter. True names are not given in the Complaint, but the charge to "Defend your King," after the assassination of one who held the reins of government, clearly points to the "Good Regent," the Earl of Moray. Robert Chambers quotes the following account of his murder in his *Domestic Annals of Scotland* (I. 60) under the date 1569–70, January 23, "The Earl of Moray, the Good Regent, was slain in Linlithgow by James Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh, who shot the said Regent with a gun at ane window, and presently thereafter fled out at the back, and leapt on a very good horse, which the Hamiltons had ready waiting for him; and being followed speedily, after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and struck the horse behind; whilk causit the horse to leap a very broad stank," or stinking ditch, "by whilk means he escaped."—*Bir.*

The Roxburghe copy is probably unique.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 49.]

The Complaint of Scotland.

Adew all glaidnes, sport and play!
Adew, fair weill, baith nycht and day,
  All things that may mak mirrie cheir!
Bot sich [1] rycht soir in hart and say,
  Allace! to graif [2] is gone my deir.

My lothsum lyfe I may lament,
With fixit face and mynde attent,
  In weiping wo to perseveir,
And asking still for punischement
  Of thame hes brocht to graif my deir.

Bot lang, allace! I may complaine
Befoir I find my deir againe;
  To me was faithfull and inteir,
As turtill trew on me tuke paine;
  Allace! to graif is gone my deir.

Sen nathing may my murning mend,
On God maist hie I will depend
  My cairfull cause for to upreir;
For he support to me will send,
  Althocht to graif is gone my deir.

My havie [3] hap, and piteous plycht,
Dois peirs my hart baith day and nycht;
  That lym nor lith [4] I may not steir,
Till sum revenge, with force and mycht,
  The cruell murther of my deir.

This cureles wound dois greif me soir,
The lyke I never felt befoir;
  Sen Fergus first of me tuke steir: [5]
For now, allace! decayis my gloir,
  Throw cruell murther of my deir.

---

[1] sich = sigh. [2] graif = the grave. [3] havie = heavy.
[4] lym nor lith = limb nor joint. [5] tuke steir = took direction or control.

O wickit wretche infortunat!
O savage seid insatiat!
Mycht thow not, frantik fule, forbeir
To sla with dart intoxicat,[1]
And cruellie devoir my deir!

Wa worth the wretche, wa worth thy clan!
Wa worth the wit that first began
This deir debait for to upsteir![2]
Contrare the lawis of God and man,
To murther cruellie my deir.

Throw the, now lawles libertie,
Throw the, mischeif and crueltie,
Throw the, fals men thair heidis upbeir,
Throw the, is baneist equitie,
Throw the, to graif is gone my deir!

Throw the, ma kings than ane dois ring,
Throw the, all tratours blyithlie sing,
Throw the, is kendlit civill weir,
Throw the, murther wald beir the swing,
Throw the, to graif is gone my deir!

Throw the, is rasit sturtsum[3] stryfe,
Throw the, the vitall breith of lyfe
Is him bereft did with the beir;
Quehn[4] gallow pin, or cutting knyfe,
Suld stranglit the, and saift my deir.[5]

Ungraitfull grome! sic recompence
Was not condigne to thyne offence;
With glowing gunne that man to teir
From doggis deith, was thy defence![6]
To the sic mercie schew my deir!

---

[1] intoxicat = poisoned.

[2] upsteir = upstir.

[3] sturtsome = contentious.

[4] Quehn = when, but pronounced with an aspirate.

[5] Dr. Murray, to whom this lament was submitted, in proof, for words peculiar to Scotland, kindly glosses thus: "Through thee is raised contentious strife; through thee the vital breath of life is bereft him [who] did bear with thee, when gallows or guillotine should [have] strangled thee, and saved my dear [*i.e.* the Regent himself]. — J. A. H. Murray." "Sturt and strife" is the stock phrase.

[6] thy defence, prohibited to thee.

O cursit Cain! O hound of Hell!
O bludie bairne of Ishmaell!
Gedaliah, quhen thow did steir,
To vices all thow rang the bell,
Throw cruell murther of my deir.

Allace! my deir did not foirsie,
When he gaif pardone unto the,
Maist wickit wretche! to men sinceir
Quhat paine he brocht and miserie,
With reuthfull ruine to my deir!

But trew it is, the godly men,
Quhilk think na harme nor falset ken,
Nor haitrent[1] dois to others beir,
Ar sonest brocht to deithis den,
As may be sene be this my deir.

Thairfoir to the I say no moir,
Bot I traist to the king of gloir
That thow and thyne sall zit reteir
Zour camps, with murning mynd richt soir,
For cruell murther of my deir.

O nobill lordis of renoun!
O barronis bauld! ze mak zow boun
To fute the feild with fresche effeir,
And dintis doure,[2] the pryde ding doun
Of thame that brocht to graif my deir.

Revenge his deith with ane assent,
With ane hart, will, mynde, and intent,
In faithfull freindschip perseveir;
God will zow favour, and thame schent,[3]
Be work or word, that slew my deir.

Be crous,[4] ze Commouns, in this cace!
In aventure[5] ze cry, allace!
Quhen murtherars the swing sall beir,
And from zour native land zow chace,
Unles that ze revenge my deir.

---

[1] haitrent = hatred.
[2] dintis doure = hard blows.
[3] schent = shende = destroy.
[4] crous = brisk and bold.
[5] aventure, misadventure.

Lat all that fische be trapt in net,
Was counsall, art, part, or reset![1]
With thankfull mynd and hartie cheir,
Or zit with helping hand him met,
Quhen he to graif did bring my deir.

Defend zour King and feir zour God,
Pray to avoyde his feirfull rod,
Lest in his angrie wraith austeir
Ze puneist be, baith evin and od,
For not revenging of my deir.

And do not feir the number small,
Thocht ze be few, on God ze call[2]
With faithfull hart, and mynde sinceir,
He will be ay zour brasin wall,
Gif ze with speid revenge my deir.

Remufe all sluggische sleuth away,
Lat lurking invy clene decay,
Gar[3] common weill your baner beir,
And peace and concorde it display,
Quhen ze pas to revenge my deir.

With sobbing sych, I to zow send
This my complaynt, with dew commend;
Desyring zow all without feir,
Me, pure Scotland, for to defend,
Sen now to graif is gone my deir.

FINIS.

[Imprentit at Edinburgh, by Robert Lepreuik, Anno Do. 1570.]

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[1] reset = one who harbours another.
[2] Queen Elizabeth responded, but laid no claim to inspiration.
[3] gar = cause = make.

Celia's Complaint.

THERE is nothing further to be said about the misfortunes of this unhappy damsel than that the copy of her complaint is probably unique, and that the tune is to be found in *Popular Music.*

[Roxb. Coll. II. 50.]

Celia's Complaint for the loss of her Virginity.

She by fair words was quickly won,
  Amintas prov'd unkind;
And Celia says, she's quite undone,
  Much troubled in her mind.

To the tune of, *Philander.*





Death! quickly come away,
  and ease me of my pain;
The longer here I stay,
  my life I must disdain:

Such deadly smart
doth pierce my heart,
no mortal can endure:
Then let me dye,
For certainly
I ne'r shall find a cure.

Amintas, he is gone;
I am forsaken quite,
He was the onely man
in whom I took delight;
My life to me
is misery,
since he is so unkind;
He's from me fled,
And I, half dead,
poor soul, am left behind.

I languish now in grief
by night, and eke by day;



My spotless virgin's fort
thou strongly didst assault;
My favour thou didst court,
and this was my great
fault:

I can find no relief,
but hourly waste away:
Was ever lass
at this strange pass,
or wounded like to me?
Come quickly, Death,
To stop my breath,
and end my misery.

I wish I ne'r had seen
those eyes that me betray'd;
Then surely had I been
a matchless happy maid:
Deluding tongue,
thou didst me wrong,
as well as his fair eyes;
And conquer'd all;
I had a fall,
and ne'r again shall rise.



So soon to yield
to thee the field,
which did my honour stain;
And now I cry,
Continually,
poor *Celia* lov'd in vain.

You damsels all, beware!
take warning now by me,
And let not speeches fair
betray your honesty:
For I, poor I,
assuredly,
by them too soon was won:
In discontent
I now lament,
alas! I'm quite undone.

Ten thousand sighs and sobs
I part with ev'ry day;
I feel such pangs and throbs,
and so consume away:
That, with desire,
I burn, like fire,
to be within [m]y grave:
Which to obtain
Would be my gain;
that's all I now would have.

False young men, now give o'er,
and cease for to betray;
Deceive poor maids no more
who hardly can say nay,
But quickly bow,
and make a vow
to love you evermore:
Then them you leave
To mourn and grieve,
which grieves their hearts full sore.

But 'tis a dreadful thing
that you should use them so,
Which to their hearts will bring
such sorrow, grief, and woe:
That, often times,
maids in their primes,
they do themselves destroy,
Because they find
Their loves unkind,
and cannot them injoy.

Then dally so no more
with maidens that are kind,
For blessings in great store
The honest man shall find:
But he that doth
flye from the truth
of what he did protest,
Shall met with be,
Assuredly,
believe me, 'tis no jest.

Printed for Charles Passenger at the Seven Stars, on London Bridge.

A Caution for Scolds.

This, again, is not to be found in any other of the public collections of ballads. The initials of the licenser, Richard Pocock, date it from 1685 to 1688. A snatch of the tune is included in the Beggars' Opera, and the whole of it in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (ii. 198, edit. 1719), with the words, by Tom D'Urfey. The latter were also printed in ballad form. A copy is included in the Bagford Collection of Ballads: see "The Happy Lover," in Mr. Ebsworth's exact and ably edited reprint, i. 86–91.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 51.]

A Caution for Scolds;

Or,

A True Way of Taming a Shrew.

To THE TUNE OF, *Why are my Eyes still Flowing.*

This may be printed, R. P.



A noble man he marry'd with a cruel Scold,
Who in her humours would ne'r be controul'd;
So that he was almost a-weary of his life
By the cross humours of his froward wife.
Although he show'd himself exceeding kind,
Yet she was still of a turbulent mind;
Husband and servants her fury must feel,
For in their ears she would ring them a peal.

When any friend approach'd the presence of her lord,
By this vile Shrew they were strangely abhor'd;
With cruel frowns and railings she would them salute,
Tho' they were persons of worthy repute.
All was a case, for she would have her will,
And the whole house with confusion she'd fill;
So that for fear of the heat of her fray
They have been forc'd to run packing away.

It was his chance to make a worthy noble feast,
Inviting full forty couple at least;
Both lords and earls, with vertuous ladies of high fame,
Who in true friendship accordingly came.
All sorts of dainties he then did prepare,
No cost nor charge in the least did he spare;
But ere they could to their banquetting fall,
Sirs, you shall hear how she welcom'd them all.

When she beheld the costly dishes of rich meat,
This Shrew had not any stomach to eat,
But did cry out, "I shall be ruin'd at this rate,
This is enough to consume an estate."
Before she any more words did reply,
She made both bottles and dishes to flye;
Both friends and husband she there did abuse,
Asking how he dare be so profuse.

Like thunder loud her voice she straight began to raise,
Which made the guests to stand all in amaze;
Who never saw the like in all their lives before—
Dishes of meat they lay strow'd on the floor.
Thus, in disorder, they all went their way;
Each one was glad they were out of the fray.
Then said her husband, "Did ever man know
Any poor mortal so plagu'd with a Shrow?"

Now, the next day, he to a skilful doctor went,
Promising that he would give him content
If he could cure the cause of a distracted wife,
Which almost made him a-weary of life.
"Yes," quoth the doctor "I'le do it, ne'r fear,
Bring her, for now 'tis the spring of the year;
I'le take the lunacy out of her brains,
Or else I won't have a groat for my pains."

Then home he went, and sent her thither out of hand.
Now, when the Shrow she did well understand
All their intent, she call'd the doctor sneaking knave.
Now, when he see she began for to rave,
Straightways the doctor did bind her in bed,
Leting her blood, likewise shaving her head.
"Sirrah," said she, "I would have you to know
That you shall suffer for serving me so."

"Madam," said he, "I know you are beside your wits,
But I will soon bring you out of those fits;
I'le cut your tongue, and when a gallon you have bled,
'Twill cure that violent noise in your head."
"Pray, Sir," said she, "don't afflict me so sore,
I'le ne'r offend my sweet husband no more."
Thus, by sharp usage, and keeping her low,
He had the [good] fortune to conquer the Shrow.

After some time, he came to see his wife at last,
Where she begg'd pardon for all that was past;
Saying, her fits for evermore she would refrain,
If he'd be pleas'd to receive her again.
"My former follies I pray now forgive,
I'le ne'er offend you no more while I live."
Then in much love they both homeward did go;
Thus has he made a sweet wife of a Shrow.

FINIS.



[In the original the above cut stands to the left of that printed on page 508.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 52.]

The Cuckcoo of the Times.[1]

Since Cuckcoo is but what man's born to, certain,
The fault's not in the woman, but his fortune:
The Cuckcoo, therefore, hopes to please your mind,
And says, it comprehends ev'n all mankind.

To the tune of, *The Wandering Jew's Chronicle.*



[For the left-hand cut—the Cuckoo of this ballad—see page 514.]

Tom Tinker's wife, Joan Ruggles, sat
Under a hedge, doing, you know what;
  mark that which doth ensue!
A bird upon an oaken spray—
It was no chattering pye, nor jay—
  Sung merrily, Cuckoo. 6

[1] This is more like the production of one of the Cavalier wits in Drolleries, than of an ordinary ballad writer. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be the only one now remaining. The Wandering Jew's Chronicle, referred to as the tune, is by Martin Parker, and was sung to the tune of *Our Prince is Welcome out of Spain*, which dates it from 1623 to 1625. Copies are in Wood's Collection, in the Bodleian Library, 401 (121), and in Douce's, B. 2. (240); also in Pepys, I. 482. It begins, "When William, Duke of Normandy." The following is of later date—Charles II.

I was, as ages will record,
In former times a great earl's bird,
that lord that could not doo;
Who, though unfit for Cupid's laws,
Was stallion to the "good old cause,"
Which makes me sing Cuckoo.

Although he could not frisk and jerk,
He got a thousand bearns o' th' kirk:
fine werk that he did brew;
Yet he was cuckold in his mate,
By Bradshaw and Crumwel i' th' State,
When England sung Cuckoo.

You buxome dames, of sanguin breed,
That must have morsels at your need,
take heed what e're you doe;
Whilst youth[s] bewitch you, old ones watch you;
Beware, or they will catch you, catch you,
Who hate my song Cuckoo.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

The shop-keeper, that trades for gain,
And merchant, who doth cross the main,
great wealth he doth persue;
The one i' th' shop, though something strange,
The other, whilst he's at the 'Change,
May sing with me Cuckoo.

Souldiers of fortune and renown,
Whose valour does their actions crown,
this fate sometimes persue;
Phisitians, too, that live at ease,
Can find no cure for this disease,
But sing with me Cuckoo.

Both rich and poor, both high and low,
All sorts the Cuckoo's note do know,
gentry and commons too;
The country lad that goes to plow
May find the antlers on his brow,
That makes him sing Cuckoo.

Red-letter men[1] they did design
Both Church and State to undermine,
  dam'd plots they did persue;
But, thanks to God, by happy fate,
Themselves blew up, and not the State!
  They'l sing with me Cuckoo.

Another sort, as bad or worse,
Gaze in your face, and pick your purse,
  yet they'l cry "whore" first, too;
On others they would lay the blame
Whilst they are doing of the same;
  Yet they may sing Cuckoo.

Jove hath his eagles in the skies,
Juno her peacock deckt with eyes,
  gay toys, give them their due;
Venus her doves; Minerva's fowl
Is the King Harry's groat-fac'd owl;
  And I the poor Cuckoo.

Bacchus canary; old Pan the lark;
Pluto his ravens, that shriek i' th' dark;
  but mark what doth ensue!
Of all these fowls none bears the bell
For sprightly notes like Philomel,
  And I, who sing Cuckoo.

A lawyer he did throw a stone,
Quoth he, "I hate thy ugly tone,
  begone!" and then cry'd, "Shoo!
Thou break'st the city peace, go pack!
I'le clap a warrant on thy back!"
  But still [I] sung Cuckoo.

Luna, they say, is populus,
And we a moon, as they to us:
  if thus, and it be true,
Why should the Court make citts the scorn?
Since all things here below wear horn;
  All nations sing Cuckoo.

[1] Devotees to rubricks, such as Archbishop Laud.

Neptune is horn'd by th' Delian knight,
Who plays at put with Amphetrite;
  each night the trick they do:
Mars cuckolds Vulcan, Ma[m]mon Mars;
Mony's the nervs and horns of wars;
  The souldier sings Cuckoo. 84

A brisk young lady she took pitty,
Approving of [my] merry ditty,
  'twas witty and 'twas true;
" Dwell with me, tell-troth of the age,
I'le keep thee in a golden cage,
  Where thou shalt sing Cuckoo!" 90

FINIS.

Printed for P. [Brooksby at the Golden Ball, near] the Hosp[ital-Gate in West-Smithfield].



The Cheerful Husband.

THIS is a good ballad, and another of the many unique copies of ballads in the Roxburghe Collection. It might be reprinted and dispersed even now among the poor without disadvantage.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 53.]

The Chearful Husband:

or, The Despairing Wife.

In a Dialogue between a loving couple, about the Cares and Crosses of these troublesome times.

To the tune of, *The Jealous Lover.*



Woman. Sweet kind and loving husband dear,
We shall be ruin'd now, I fear;
Such times before I never knew
Since I was born, what shall we do?

Our charge is great, and profit small,
And charity grows cold withal;
This fills my heart with grief and care;
I nothing see but sad despair.

Man. Chear up, my kind and loving wife,
The joy and comfort of my life,
And do not in the least complain,
I hope to see good times again.

Let us the while with patience wait,
Submitting to the hand of Fate,
Which will in time our joys restore;
Then what can we desire more?

WOMAN. Dear love, I know you hope to see
Once more the land's prosperity,
That Fortune will upon us smile,
But pray how shall we live the while?

Our family is something large,
Six children is no little charge
For to be fed, and cloath'd also,
Whether we have imploy or no.

MAN. My children they are blessings, love,
Sent from a gracious God above;
Then do not murmur in the least,
Content is a continual feast.

God's Providence does comfort yield,
He cloaths the lillies of the field,
And feeds the ravens of the air;
Then why should'st thou and I despair?

WOMAN. But husband, husband, she reply'd,
When I was made your lawful bride,
I brought two hundred pounds in gold,
As good as ever merchant told:

Yet, since the times have been so bad,
Through many losses we have had,
It's wasted, therefore I complain,
I ne'er shall see so much again.

MAN. Perhaps you mayn't, yet ne'ertheless,
If God does but our labours bless,
We may be furnish'd with content;
Then do not in the least lament.

Love, let not losses make thee sad;
When Job was stripp'd of all he had,
His sorrows he with patience bore,
And grew far richer than before.

He in his sorrows thus did say,
"God gives and likewise takes away,
And blessed be His Holy Name,
From whom his greatest comforts came."

Then let us learn of him, my dear,
To bear with faith and patience here
The sorrows which we undergo,
For God is merciful, I know.

Then dry thine eyes, and do not weep,
For while I live, I hope to keep,
With pains and care, my family—
Our eldest son shall work with me.

WOMAN. Well, loving husband, since I find
That thou art so exceeding kind,
God's Providence I'll not distrust,
For He is merciful and just.

Henceforward, with a chearful heart,
With thee I'll strive to bear a part;
Thy chearful words, like cordials fine,
Ha[ve] cured this drooping soul of mine.

Licensed according to Order.

London: Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge.

A Caveat for Young Men.

THIS ballad is by John Wade. A copy issued by the same publishers is included in the Pepys Collection (II. 22) and an edition by John Andrews "at the White Lyon neer Py-Corner" is in the Euing Collection (No. XXVII.). The promised improvement in morality is commendable, and it may be hoped that the writer persevered in it. Mr. Ebsworth enumerates fourteen extant ballads by John Wade, and two others which are probably his. See *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 1 to 5, 921 and 922.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 54.]

A Caveat for Young Men:

Or,

The Bad Husband turn'd Thrifty.

This Caveat may serve, both for old and yong,
For to remember that old age will come;
If you these verses do minde and read,
I hope hereafter you will take better heed:
This song it was set forth and penn'd
To teach bad husbands to amend.
Therefore, bad husbands, mend your lives,
And be more kinder to your wives.

To the tune of, *Hey ho, my Honey.*





All you young ranting blades,
that spend your time in vain,
Remember that old age
you cannot it refrain:
And whilst that you are young
this Caveat take of me,

Be ruled by no tempting tongue
to bring you to poverty.
I have been a bad husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold;
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am yong,
to keep me when I am old.

I had good store of means,
and I liv'd most gallantly;
But yet upon whores and queans
I spent it by and by:
My hoastis she was full of laughter
so long as I had money good store;
And my children must drink fair water,
whilst I in the ale-house did roar.
I have been, &c.

My wife would me intreat
the ale-house to refrain;
Then I, with anger great,
made answear straight again:
"If you begin to scold,
then I will bang thy coat"—
"What woman her tongue can hold,
when a man swallows all down his throat?
I have been, &c.

"My children and I must sit
until we starve and pine;
Whilst you your guts full get
of tobacco, beer and wine;
Half that you spend in vain,
and meerly throw away,
Our family would maintain,
and our house-rent it would pay."
I have been, &c.

But yet I've not been rul'd
by these words she did say;
Myself I often fool'd,
which brought me to decay:
I no sooner had sold a cow,
but straight to the ale-house I ran;
My hoastis unto me would bow
until all my money was gone.
I have been, &c.

She'd chuck me under the chin,
  and perhaps would give me a kiss,
As Venus drew Adonis in,
  My hoastis would never miss:
She'd tell me it was too early,
  or else it was too late,
Until, by the oyl of barley,
  they had gotten my whole estate.
I have been, &c.

Thus day and night I ranted,
  and no company did refuse;
Whilst my wife and children wanted,
  I did myself abuse:
I could not scarce afford
  my children clothes to wear;
Nor my wife one good word—
  such was her grievous care.
I have been, &c.

The more my wife did speak
  the worser I would be,
I'de drink till my brains did ake
  onely to anger she:
So long as I had a penny
  I'de never give out for gain;
But since I have found by many
  a Good-Fellow's a costly name.
I have been, &c.

At last I did perceive
  my estate was almost gone;
Then it was time to leave,
  and some words I thought upon:
I went into an ale-house,
  where all my coyn I had drown'd;
In company with good fellows
  I had spent an hundred pound.
I have been, &c.

I then these words replied,
  "Hoastis, money I have none."
A flagon she me denied,
  and bid me straight be gone.

"What, will you not trust me a flagon?"
those words replied I,
"No," quoth she, "not a nogging,
if you should starve and dye."
I have been, &c.

I then went sighing home,
and a vow straightway did make,
They should sit whilst day of doom
before one penny of me should take:
A new life I will now begin,
the ale-wives shall sit like elves;
They shall both card and spin,
or else go hang themselves.
I have been, &c.

Now I all men advise
this Caveat think upon;
Be rulèd by your wives,
for old age it will come:
If they know you have money,
the ale-wives with you will crack;
They'l suck you as bees suck honey,
then hang you behind your back.
I have been, &c.

Therefore in time be ruled,
save something whilst you have it;
By no ale-wives be you fooled,
and then repent too late:
For when that all is gone,
and you have but little stock,
If to the ale-wives you make moan,
they will you but jear and mock.
I have been a bad husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold;
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am yong,
to keep me when I am old.

FINIS.

By John Wade.

London, printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 56.]

The City and Country's Loyalty:

Or,

The Gallant Resolution of the Kingdom to defend the same against the Invasion of the French, voluntarily engaging themselves in the defence of King William and Queen Mary.[1]

TO THE TUNE OF, *Valiant Jockey, &c.*



Let the trumpets sound a charge,
While we our forces do inlarge
To engage the common enemy;
Boys, we'll either win the day or dye:
All the counties, far and near,
In shining armour now appear; 6

---

[1] The date of this ballad is July, 1690, when King William III. was in Ireland. On the 22nd of that month a French squadron got into Torbay, where they landed about 1000 men, who burnt a village and some fishing boats, and then returned to the ships, with the conviction that the people in the West of England were not at all disposed to rise for King James. A second copy of the ballad is included in the Pepys Collection, II. 364.

The tune derives its name from the ballad of "Valiant Jockey's marched away," which will be found in the original at Roxb. II. 357.

With a resolution will they stand
To defend and guard their native land:
All will unite and freely fight,
For to put the Romans [1] now to flight;
Better advance, there take our chance,
Than to bear the heavy yoke of France.

Tho' the Frenchmen landed are,
We for their coming did prepare,
Shewing them such welcome to the shore
Which they never did expect before:
None shall e're return again;
For, with our valiant warlike train,
We will ring the rogues a passing bell,
Sending them with speed to Pluto's cell.
We'll never flinch from the proud French,
Till we cut them off, both root and branch;
Why shou'd we fear huffing Monsieur?
Valiant courage soon the coast will clear!

The stout valiant men of Kent,
All with a resolution bent,
Did ingage to meet this mighty foe;
Surry, Sussex, did the like also:
When the French did understand
That they would thus defend the land,
They were forced straight to hoise up sail,
Knowing that they should not there prevail.
De Frenchmen said, "Me are afraid,
If deir kingdom here we should invade,
Youthful and sage, all will ingage,
Not a Frenchman will escape deir rage."

Then they steered to the west,
Which shires, as well as all the rest,
Was resolv'd to let the Frenchmen know
That they should not unrewarded go:
While they anchor'd in Torbay,
The beacons fir'd was straightway,

[1] "Romans," meaning Roman Catholics.

Which allarum'd all the counties round;
Loyal boys, with double courage crowned;
No frightful crys, all straight did rise,
That they might the Frenchmen soon surprise:
Both rich and poor flock'd to the shore—
Twenty thousand fighting men and more.

London likewise will maintain
For our defence a warlike train,
Valiant men of courage, foot and horse,
That they may the wretched Romans cross:
Though the factious seem to frown,
We'll pull their haughty spirits down:
For our gracious King and Queen we'll fight,
Putting all their enemies to flight:
The Royal Fleet, boys, we'll compleat,
Which will make the Frenchmen soon retreat;
Both land and main we will maintain,
Till our gracious King returns again.

FINIS.

Printed for C. Bates, next door to the Crown Tavern, at Duck Lane End, in West Smithfield.

Cupid's Court of Equity.

THERE are so many unique ballads in the Roxburghe Collection, including this, that the reader may wish to know how it occurred, as Pepys was still living, and yet they are not included in his collection. The real founder of the Roxburghe Collection was John Bagford, who was born about 1650. It was he who collected for Lord Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, and according to a letter to Hearne "Lord Harley bought all Mr. Bagford's MSS. and books" at his decease. The account of Bagford in Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, dating his birth in October, 1675, is obviously incorrect. It has been shown by Mr. Ebsworth that Bagford's son was baptized in that month and year. In fact, Chalmers goes on to state that "Bagford died at Islington, May 15, 1716, *aged sixty-five*," which is a sufficient refutation of his previous statement. But even "May 15" is a mistake for "May y^e^ 5^th^." The authority for all these accounts is a letter from James Sotheby to Thomas Hearne, M.A., of Edmund Hall, dated May y^e^ 19^th^, 1716. The original is in the Bodleian Library, but a selection of the letters addressed to Hearne has been privately printed by Frederic Ouvry, Esq., late President, and now a Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries of London; and from these I make the following extract (No. 35, p. 56): "A little before his death Mr. Bagford told me he was either 65 or 66, he could not well say which, &, I think, born in Fetter Lane; was first a shooe-maker at Turnstile, but y^t^ would not do, then a Bookseller at y^e^ same place, & y^t^ as little; yet his genius and industry brought him to what you remember. About 7 in the afternoon Saturday May y^e^ 5^th^, by order of y^e^ Charter-House, y^e^ servants went with a coffin to Islington, thence bore y^e^ Corps to his Chamber, & Monday following (his acquaintance Mr. Clifton a vintner giving four bottles of sack to be drunk at his funeral) at five o'clock evening service brought into y^e^ Chappell; thence, attended by his Confrères (six of which held y^e^ Pall) to y^e^ publick place of interment within y^e^ precincts of y^e^ said house." This correction of date proves that Bagford was living at the time these ballads were issued, and we find him to have been a young and active collector, who had peculiar facilities, competing with Pepys during the second half of the Secretary's life. For the best account of Bagford, see the Introduction to the Bagford Ballads, by J. W. Ebsworth, M.A., pages IX to XII. The following ballad had a special tune composed for it.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 57.]

Cupid's Court of Equity.

The scornful lady quickly took,
While she her love disdain'd:
She was prick'd down in Cupid's book,
His vassal she remain'd.

TUNE OF, *When first I bid my Love good-morrow.*



[A cut stands to the left of the above in the original, the same as that already printed on the left of page 506.]

When first I bid my love good-morrow,
With tear in eye and hand on breast,
My heart was even drown'd in sorrow,
And I, poor soul! was much opprest.

The glances from her eye so darted,
I her captive soon was made;
The prisoner took was broken-hearted;
This, I find, is Cupid's trade.

All my reason then was banish'd,
And I left in captivity:
My hop'd-for joys were quickly vanish'd
By the lightning of her eye.

All my hopes at once were blasted
By one seeming scornful look:
The joys I hop'd for to have tasted
Had no record in Cupid's book.

I sigh'd, I groan'd, just like a lover,
Ready just for to depart;
And had no hopes for to recover,
For she, Oh she! had broke my heart.

Away I went without her smiling,
Which was worse then death to me,
And Cupid was me then beguiling
Of my life and liberty.





But when she see that I absented,
Almost melted into tears,
My love-sick case she then lamented,
And, like myself, was filled with fears.

"Alas!" quoth she, "am I so cruel,
As to let this lover dye?
Or to his flames to add such fuel
As makes his heart to scorch and fry?

"A balsome then I will provide him
Shall effect a perfect cure;
And in my bosome I will hide him,
He shall not these pains indure.

"Me thinks I feel myself relenting,
And in tears I almost melt:
Now do I grieve at his tormenting,
I now feel the pains he felt.

"None can indure this bitter anguish
Which at this time I do feel:
For want of him I grieve, I languish,
None but he my wounds can heal!

"Let not your beauty make you peevish,
You that Nature made so fair;
For men's as women's eyes are thievish,
Love commands, or breeds dispair.

"At first too strangely I did slight him
Whom I now so much adore;
He is the man I do delight in,
And now will do for evermore.

"His sighs and groans shall be requited
With a shoure of brackish tears;
A[ll] my senses are benighted,
Fill'd with storms of dreads and fears.

"Oh, come again, before my sorrow
Brings me to the brink of death;
I cannot hope to see to-morrow,
Except you come to save my breath.

"Then come and take thy conquest quickly,
I am ready to depart:
Just at this moment I am sickly,
Thou hast won my tender heart."

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, near the Hospital Gate, in West Smithfield.

Cupid's Courtesie.

This very popular ballad is one of those which Mr. J. Payne Collier selected for his *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 8vo. 1847. He describes it as "An early love-ballad, the date of which we cannot pretend to ascertain further than that there exists a manuscript copy of it, dated 1595:" and again he remarks that "the second stanza would have afforded the Rev. Mr. Halpin a very apposite illustration for his charming essay on the passage 'Runaway's eyes,' etc., in Romeo and Juliet," act iii. sc. 2.

Of printed copies there seem to be no longer any extant of earlier date than 1655. When Oliver Cromwell was in full power, he permitted the revival of musical entertainments and of ballads, and on the 13th March, 1654–5, a large number of re-entries of old ballads was made in the Registers of the Stationers' Company to Coles, Vere, Wright and Gilbertson. Among them we find Cupid's Courtesie, and extant copies of the particular edition published by Coles are to be seen in the Douce, B. 1 (46), and in the Euing Collection, No. 39, "Printed for F. Coles in Wine-street, near Hatten Garden." These bear the initials of the author of the ballad, "J.P.," as does also the edition of W. Thackeray and T. Passinger, copies of which are in the Pepys Coll. III. 219, and Roxb. II. 90, *verso*. The initials are not included in Onley and Milbourne's editions, or in some others. The ballad survived black-letter printing, having been re-published in Roman type in the last century. It is included in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, with the tune, vi. 44, and in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

There is a third copy of the ballad in Roxb. III. 696, but modern and without printer's name, therefore not taken into account.

There is also another ballad entitled "Cupid's Courtesie to fair Sabina," but it is in a different metre to this, as will be seen when we arrive at the reprint of page 93 of this volume.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 58, and II. 90, *verso*.]

Cupid's Courtesie;

Or,

The Young Gallant foil'd at his own Weapon.

He scornèd Cupid and his dart,
Until he felt a wounded heart.

To a most pleasant Northern tune, &c.

By J. P.





Thro' the cool shady woods
as I was ranging,
I heard the pretty birds
notes sweetly changing:
Down by a meadow side
there runs a river;
A little boy I espy'd,
with bow and quiver.

"Little boy, tell me why
thou art here [side]ing?[1]
Art thou some run-away,
and hast no biding?"
"I am no run-away;
Venus, my mother,
She gave me leave to play,
when I came hither."

[1] "diveing" in Roxb. II. 58.

"Little boy, go with me,
and be my servant;
I will take care to see
for thy preferment."
"If I with thee should go,
Venus would chide me,
And take away my bow,
and never abide me."

"Little boy, let me know
what's thy name termed,
That thou dost wear a bow,
and go'st so armed?"
"You may perceive the same
with often changing;
Cupid it is my name,
I live by ranging."

"If Cupid be thy name,
that shoots at rovers,
I have heard of thy fame
by wounded lovers.
Should any languish that
are set on fire
By such a naked brat,
I much admire."

"If thou dost but the least
at my laws grumble,
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast,
and make thee humble:
If I with golden dart
wound thee but surely,
There's no physitian's art
that e'er can cure thee."

"Little boy, with thy bow
why dost thou threaten?
It is not long ago
since thou was beaten.
Thy wanton mother, fair
Venus, will chide thee;
When all thy arrows are gone,
thou may'st go hide thee."

"Of powerful shafts, you see,
I am well stored,
Which makes my deity
so much adored:
With one poor arrow now
I'll make thee shiver,
And bend unto my bow,
and fear my quiver."

"Dear little Cupid, be
courteous and kindly;
I know thou canst not hit,
but shootest blindly."
"Altho' thou call'st me blind,
surely I'll hit thee,
That thou shalt quickly find;
I'll not forget thee."

Then little Cupid caught
his bow so nimble,
And shot a fatal shaft
which made him tremble.
"Go, tell thy mistress dear
thou can'st discover
What all the passions are
of a dying lover."

And now his gallant heart
sorely was bleeding;
And felt the greatest smart
from love proceeding:
He did her help implore
whom he affected;
But found that more and more
him she rejected.

For Cupid, with his craft,
quickly had chosen,
And with a leaden shaft
her heart had frozen;
Which caus'd this lover more
sadly to languish,
And Cupid's aid implore
to heal his anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd
for his offence past,
And vow'd himself a slave,
and to Love steadfast.
His prayers so ardent were,
whilst his heart panted,
That Cupid lent an ear,
and his suit granted.

For by his present plaint
he was regarded,
And his adored saint
his love rewarded:
And now they live in joy,
sweetly imbracing,
And left the little boy
in the woods chasing.

London, Printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that on the opposite page.]

Cupid's Golden Dart.

Five copies of this ballad are extant, four of which are by the same publishers, F. Coles, T. Vere, John Wright, and J. Clarke, and the fifth seems to have had the address cut away. This is an exceptional number of copies for one century. The four are in Roxb. II. 60, Pepys III. 30, Wood, E. 25, 121, Rawlinson, 566, 40, and the fifth is Euing, 34. The second part of the ballad has perhaps been added on by another hand, to lengthen it.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 60.]

Cupid's Golden Dart;

Or,

A dainty sonnet here is to be sold,
The like whereof was never sung nor told:
Of a brave girl that had a bag of gold,
Which she delivered into her sweetheart's hold.
And now they live together lovingly,
In joy, in peace, and true tranquility:
At first they seem'd to be at mortal strife,
But in conclusion were made man and wife.

TUNE IS, *Down in an Arbour devoted to Venus.*



When Aurora in azur[e] was blushing,
A nimph of Venus attending the train,
Then noble Mars with his pike fell to pushing;
All was to stop, and to turn her again.
That time bold Cupid with his dart
Pierc'd a young man unto the heart:
Which made him sigh, lament, and cry,
"My love is gone, and I know not why.

"My love is beautiful, gallant, and stately,
Able to give a man any content:
She that hath sported with me very lately
Is parted from me, which makes me repent
That ever such a spotted name
Should come unto so fair a dame.
This makes me sigh, [lament, and cry,
My love is gone, and I know not why.]

"I that have clipt her, and oftentimes kist her,
And kindly dandled her on my knee,
Th[r]ough fickle Fortune[s] frow[n] now I have mist her,
For I perceive she is angry with me.
Else should she not, in rash despight,
Have rob'd me of my heart's delight;
She never bade me once good-[bye],
But went her way, and [I know not why].

"I never gave my love any occasion
Whereby to hold me so much in disdain;
Nor can she shew me any good reason
Why she my company thus should refrain:
'Twas only hardness of her heart
Which caused her so to depart.
Her unkind dealing makes me cry,
[My love is gone, and I know not why].

"Had I been resolute, cross-grain'd, or froward,
As many batchelors are in their ways;
Had I been a prodigal, proud, or untoward,
As many impudents are now-adays;
Or had I chosen another mate;
Then had she had just cause to hate:
No such ill qualities ever had I,
Yet she is gone, I know not why.

[Two cuts stand here in the original, which see *infrà* page 541.]

"Since there's no remedy, farewel, adieu, love!
In vain it is any longer to stay;
Thou hast been false, but I'le seek out a true-love
With all the post haste and speed that I may;
Because thou wast unkind to me,
I never again will look on thee.
The vow thou mad'st thou didst deny,
And went'st away, I know not why."

THE MAID'S LOVING REPLY.

"Prithee, love, turtle-dove, once again mind me,
Do not so bid me adieu;
Loyal and constant thou ever shalt find me,
And am resolv'd to love no man but you:
Chear up thy spirits, and be not sad,
I have that for thee will make thee glad.
Do not refuse my courtesie,
Ile love thee dearly till I dye.

"Of all other young men I think thee most worthy,
Though I was absent from thee for a space;
Yet hold up thy head, there's good mony bid for thee,
If thou'rt willing my love to imbrace;
Here's for thee a bag of gold,
Take it, and keep it fast in hold:
So thou wilt wed me speedily,
Then I shall love thee till I dye.

"If I were worth a whole ship-load of money,
I would bestow that great substance on thee,
And make thee master of it e[v'ry] penny,
If thou wilt cast thy affection on me:
And more than that, I'le undertake
All other creatures to forsake:
If thou the true-love knot wilt tye,
Ile love thee dearly till I dye.

"Ile forsake father, and Ile forsake mother,
If thou'lt be pleased to make me thy bride;
Ile forsake sister, and Ile forsake brother,
And all the kindred that I have beside.
The proverb old allows it so,
That love will creep where 't cannot go.
Let me enjoy thy company,
For I must love thee till I dye."

When she these loving words had spoken,
He stept unto her and gave her a kiss,
Saying, "Receive this same as a love-token,
And I'le reward thee much better then this."
He took the gold, and married the maid,
The matter was not long delay'd;
And now they live most lovingly
Together in felicity. FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

Come to it at Last.

THIS is a dialogue from some old play, which has been lengthened out into a ballad in two different ways. The original song will be found in the 1684 edit. of *Wit and Mirth*, and in the 180 *Loyal Songs* of 1685 and 1694. Also two stanzas, with the music, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 283, edit. of 1707; or, iii. 259, edit. of 1719. It is very much in the Tom D'Urfey style, and he is probably the author. The second enlarged ballad, under a different title to the following, is in Roxb. IV. 10, and was published by J. Deacon, as was a copy in the Pepys Collection, IV. 33. The first enlargement, in Roxb. II. 61, has not a publisher's name, it having been cut off by the binder. We here bring together the two editions for the purpose of showing how two ballads were sometimes made from one song. Likewise a third ballad—the answer.

The longest version of the song is in the 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685 and 1694, as follows:—

JEMMY.

Tell me, Jenny, tell me roundly,
When you will your heart surrender?
Faith and troth I love thee soundly,
'Tis I that was the first Pretender;
Ne're say nay, nor delay, [too;
Here's my heart, and here's my hand
All that's mine shall be thine,
Body and goods at thy command too.

JENNY.

Ah! how many maids, quoth Jenny,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fie! I think the devil's in ye
To hug a body so as you do:
What d'ye do? let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doing;
Get ye gone, naughty man!
Fie! is this your way of wooing?

JEMMY.

Prithee, Jenny, don't despise me,
Since I am thy faithful lover;
I above the Indies prize thee,
And my mind to thee discover:
Take no care, for I swear,
Thou shalt be my only jewel;
Grant relief to my grief,
Prithee, damsel, be not cruel.

JENNY.

All your words cannot deceive me,
For I know you do but flatter; [me
When your will is gain'd, you'll leave
For to mince upon the matter:
Therefore know, to your bow
I will never yield or bend;
For I find words are wind,
Whatsoever you pretend.

[But] at length they both consented;
Nothing could these lovers severs;
And their friends were well contented,
They resolv'd to love for ever.
[Then] they went, with intent,
To the kirk for to be married;
Both did join, and combine,
Vex'd that they so long had tarried.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 61.]

Come to it at Last;

Or,

The Successful Adventurer.

A PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL NEW SONG.

In vain resistances when Love designes,
He by compulsion or complyance joyns;
Laughs at what e're opposes his decree,
And [when he] sayes must, that must surely be.

A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, or, *Tell me, Jenny.*



"Tell me, Jenny, tell me roundly,
When you will your heart surrender;
Faith and troth I'll love you soundly,
'Tis I that was the first Pretender.
Ne'er say nay, nor delay,
Here's my heart, and here's my hand too;
All that's mine shall be thine,
Body and goods at your command too."

"Ah! how many maids," quoth Jenny,
"Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fye! I think the Devil's in you
To kiss a body so as you do!
What d'ye do? let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doing;
Get you gone, you naughty man,
Fye! is this your way of wooing?"

"Prithee, Jenny, don't deny me;
Whence this coyness? why these blushes?
Sure you use them but to try me,
And they suit not with your wishes:
Do not frown, but sit down
On this primrose bed, my sweeting,
And, my love, this shall prove
To thee and me a happy meeting."

"How many maids that have believed
This," quoth Jenny, "as your meaning,
Have you heretofore deceived?
Yet you think it is no sinning.
Fy! I say, stand away!
Naughty man, I hate such fooling!
Fy! O sad! I think you'r mad
To rumple a body thus with pulling."

"'Tis unkind you thus deny me,
When I tell you that I love ye;
Sit you down, and do but try me,
And you better will approve me.
Come, my Jenny, best of any,
In your true-love's arms I'le place you;
Sigh not thus, but let's buss,
Love and Hymen both shall grace you."

"This," quoth Jenny, "is but your saying,
You men are false, 'tis often prov'd so;
Poor maids you long to be betraying;
Oh! fy! I won't be lov'd so.

What d'ye do? let me go;
  Fy! naughty man! fy! let me loose:
Oh! bless me, how you press me,
  I think you'r wild to hug one thus."



[For the left-hand cut, see the left of page 544.]

"In your eyes I see a yielding,
  I prithee do not thus dissemble;
Nor your heart with doubt be shielding,
  But the Queen of Love resemble.
See, my arms wait your charms,
  And I must have no denial;
Say not nay, nor delay,
  But of my passion make a tryal."

"What is it you wou'd be doing?
  Pish, I can no longer tarry;
Nay, forbear, is this your wooing?
  Avads, I wo' not till I marry!
Nay, I won't! pray now, don't!
  Oh me! fy! nay, 'tis evil!
Oh! what's this? I profess
  You grow more and more uncivil."

"The God of Love gives commission,
And these pleasant shades invite us;
Nay, you must grant my kind petition,
Since to love all things incite us.
My dear heart, do not start,
Joys attend you, transports seize you;
Still to you I'le be true,
In your arms, thus ever please you."

"Oh! you hurt me; nay, forbear now;
What d'ye do? you have betray'd me;
Oh! I'm ruin'd!—and I fear now
You'r about for to un-maid me.
Take your course, use your force,
Kill me, kill me, if you please;
Nay, Ile dye willingly,
In this sweet death I find such ease."



[In the original the above cut stands to the right of those printed on page 537.]

[Roxb. Coll. IV. 10.]

Coy Jenny and Constant Jemmy;

Or,

True Love Rewarded with Kindness.[1]

A DELIGHTFUL AND PLEASANT NEW SONG.

Love's potent power no mortal can withstand,
Nor shun those shafts shot by God Cupid's hand:
Jenny resists in vain, for Jemmy he
Began the onset, gain'd the victory.

TO A NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE; or, *Tell me, Jenny, etc.*



"Tell me, Jenny, tell me roundly,
When you will your heart surrender;
Faith and troth I love thee soundly,
'Twas I that was the first Pretender. 4

[1] This is founded on the same song as the preceding.

Ne'r say nay, nor delay,
  Here's my heart, and here's my hand too ;
All that's mine shall be thine,
  Body and goods at thy command too."

"Ah! how many maids," quoth Jenny,
  "Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fie! I think the Devil's in ye,
  To hug a body so as you do.
What d'ye do? let me go,
  I can't abide such foolish doing ;
Get ye gon, naughty man!
  Fye! is this your way of wooing?"

"Prithee, Jenny, don't despise me,
  Since I am thy faithful lover ;
I above the Indies prize thee,
  And my mind to thee discover :
Take no care, for I swear
  Thou shalt be my only jewel ;
Grant relief to my grief,
  Prethee, dearest, be not cruel."

"All your words cannot deceive me,
  For I know you do but flatter ;
When your will is gain'd, you'l leave me
  For to mince upon the matter.
Therefore know to your bow
  I will never yield or bend to ;
For I find, words are wind,
  Whatsoever you pretend so."

"O my heart will burst in sunder
  If you do not grant some pitty ;
Jenny is the world's great wonder
  Of the pregnant, wise, and witty :
Oh, my dear, do not fear,
  For to you I will be loyal ;
If to me you'l be free,
  And but put me to the tryal."

"Well," quoth Jenny, "you have charm'd me
With the power of your expression,
And with love ha[ve] strangely arm'd me,
From which I can make no digression:
And will grant what you want,
If you will vouchsafe to marry;
And if so, let us go,
For I will no longer tarry."

"Dearest Jenny, I consent to
This your fair and friendly offer,
Which shall be to thy content to[o],
Since you make so kind a proffer:
None alive shall deprive
Me of my dear and only hony:
I am thine, thou art mine,
Better far than gold or money."

Thus, at length, they both consented,
Nothing could these lovers sever;
And their friends were well contented,
They resolv'd to love for ever.
So they went with intent
To the kirk for to be marry'd;
Both did joyn, and combine,
Vex'd that they so long had tarry'd.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel, in Guiltspur Street.





[The above woodcuts in the original follow line 24 of the following ballad.]

[Roxb. Coll. IV. 11.]

Couragious Jemmy's Resolution;

Or,

An Answer to Coy Jenny's Reply.

You maidens fair, of beauty bright,
I pray attend and mind;
You may be crownèd with delight,
If you are not unkind.

To the tune of, *Jenny, tell me roundly.*



Jenny, when I was most loyal,
You did scornfully deride me;
This is truth, without denyal;
'Twas your frowns that did divide me:
Since 'tis so, farewel, go!
For, coy Jenny, now believe me,
Beauty fair shan't ensnare,
Nor your frowns shall never grieve me.

Man with wisdome may be armed,
To subdue the heat of folly;
He's a fool that will be charmed
To that fate of melancholly:
Though I say maidens may
Give to young-men sharp reflection,
Yet be rul'd, ne're be fool'd,
Take my counsel for direction.

Whensoever they discover
That your love is most intire,
Finding you a faithful lover,
Then they'l baffle your desire.
Therefore I them defie,
I will not be thus abused;
Love I find, when unkind,
Is a plague to those that use it.

Beauty never shall betray me,
Nor subdue my disposition;
No, nor grief shall ne'er decay me,
I will be my own physician:
For my love I'le remove,
Since my reason doth advise me;
For no more I'le adore,
Beauty shall not tantalize me.

Jenny, thou wast often froward
When you found my love united;
You were peevish and untoward,
Thus refused to be delighted:
You intend we should bend,
Counting it to be our duty:
I reply, I'le deny
E're to be a slave to beauty.

Should they be perfum'd and painted,
Yet I will not be deluded;
Though they seem for to be sainted,
Yet from me they are excluded:
To prevail they shall fail,
I will still withstand the motion;
I will be perfect free,
This shall be my resolution.

Then, brave lads of loyal London,
See what here I have indicted;
Maidens they will cry they're undone,
If they find they once are slighted:
They lament, and repent
That they ever w[ere] so cruel:
Then you'l find they'l be kind,
And will prize you as a jewel.

Though you love with true affection,
And desire to raise your honour,
Then observe my kind direction,
Do not seem to dote upon her.
If you do, as I'm true,
They will certainly reject you;
With a frown run you down,
And will not at all respect you.

What I have in brief declared,
Let it be your rule, [and] minded;
See you don't at all defer it,
Then you'l never fail to find it;
Happile you may be
Free from all vexatious clamours:
Then beware of the snare
That would cross your pleasant humours.

Wine will truly make thee merry,
And will banish all vexation;
Fill the tother glass of sherry,
Give thy heart a sweet colation:
For no more I'le adore
Neither Jenny, Sue, nor Sarah:
But, brave boys, crown our joys
With a glass of rich Canary!

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Sign of the Angel in Guiltspur-street, without Newgate.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 62.]

The Cloath-worker caught in a Trap; or, a Fool and his Mony soon parted.[1]

Being a true relation of a Cloath-worker, dwelling in Thames Street, who was wished by an old woman to a maid, near Pauls Churchyard, perswading him she had mony at use; being a meer Plot of the maiden and she, to cheat him of his money: knowing him to be none of the wisest, cheated him of forty pound.

If you will know, then give good ear,
The merriest jest that e'r you did hear.

THE TUNE IS, *How now, Jocky, w[h]ither away?* or, *The Tyrant [hath Stolen my Heart away]*.





Good people, I'll tell you now of a fine jest,
Which now unto you shall here be exprest;
You shall know how I have been cozen'd of late
By her whom I callèd my love and my mate.
She made me a promise she would be my bride,
But I have lost her, and my mony beside.

6

[1] The name of the publisher of this "merry jest" has been cut off by the bookbinder, but the copy in the Pepys Collection, IV. 142, has the imprint of Thackeray, Passinger, and Whitwood. That would bring the publication within the second half of the seventeenth century, but the language is more like that of the first quarter. Neither of the copies bears the name of any licenser, which favours the idea of a reprint. I am not aware of any others extant.

There was an old woman did wish[1] me unto her,
And I, like a woodcok, must needs go and woe her;
I bought me new cloaths, boots, and silver spurs,—
The cause why I mist her, the fault it was hers.
She made, &c.

My sweetheart was wondrous gallant and spruce,
She made me believe she had mony at use;
My fingers did itch to be at her coin,
As hoping the mony and she should be mine.
She made, &c.

I followed her closely by day and by night,
The hope of her mony was all my delight;
But when she perceived my greedy intent,
A trick for to cheat me she then did invent:
She made, &c.

She knew I had mony, and she had the wit,
To couzen me of it she thought it most fit:
O! she was to[o] hard for me in the end,
God keep me hereafter from such a false friend.
She made, &c.

She sent the old woman; upon an ill day
She came unto me, and thus she did say:
"Your sweetheart is taking the lease of a house,
The which doth belong to old Nicolas Rouse."
She made, &c.

"Her money's at use, and out of her hands,
That she cannot purchase houses nor lands;
But if forty pound you will lend her in lieu,
Lo! she will make over the house unto you."
I lookt for the house, and likewise the bride,
[*But I have lost her, and my money beside.*]

I was over-joy'd when I heard her say so,
I gave her the mony without more ado;
Forty good pounds she cozened me of,
And now at my misery make[s] but a scoff.
She made me a promise she would be my bride,
But I have lost her, and my money beside.

[1] wish = persuade.

[Here comes in a woodcut, the same as that already printed, *antè* p. 431.]

I told all my neighbours I merry would be,
My sweetheart had purchast a house now for me;
Though I lent her mony, her cause to prefer,
Yet I should have all when I married with her.
Thus a promise she made me for to be my bride,
But I have lost her and my mony beside. 49

At length I did find that I was over-matcht,
I reckon'd my chickens before they were hatcht;
I found to my grief I was wrongèd, God wot,
By a young harlot, and an old old trot.
This cunning old woman, my sweetheart and she,
Did make but a younger brother of me. 55

For when as I went to visit my dove,
She would not come neer me, nor grant me her love;
She said her affection was alterèd quite,
And she bid me be packing now out of her sight.
She made, &c. 60

"Fair mistress," quoth I, "what moveth this change?
And what is the reason you should be so strange?
If you be resolved to leave me, sweet Jane,
I pray then restore me my mony again."
Now all men that hear me, [do] pity my case,
For I have lost all by her being [so] base. 66

She would not be known that my mony she had,
But askèd the question, "if that I were mad?"
"The old woman had it," quoth I, "for your use."
"Then you may go look it,"[1] quod she, "good-man goose."
She made, &c. 71

"If you were so foolish to give her your coin,
Who came [in] my name, the fault is not mine:
O learn you more witt hereafter, I [pray];
Seek out your old woman, if you'd have you[r say]:
And since thou wantest wit, thou shalt want a [young wife],
For I'll never have thee while that I have lif[e]." 77

[1] look it = seek it.

When as she had given me these purging pl[ums],
I stood like [a] sheep-biter,[1] biting my thumbs;
It made me to fret, to fume, and to stare,
Just like the [young] bull that bewraied[2] the Fair:
That all that beheld me thought I was mad,
Beholding my staring and countenance sad.

She shoved me out then, and [she] lockèd the dore.
Now, was ever man so abusèd before?
Unless 'twere the grasier, I ne'r knew the li[ke]:
Next morning she sent me a feather-bed tike.[3]
She made, &c.

She sent me a feather-bed, then, in disdain,
When as she had heard how I did complain;
To rest my [poor] restless body upon,
After the baggage had me [so] undone.
She made, &c.

She sent me a bed, in height of my pride,
But she was too good to lie by my side.
I paid dearly for it, I plainly have found,
My feather-bed, sirs, cost forty good pound.
Now, "well-a-day" must be all my song,
She hath the mony, and I have the wrong.

My covetous humour did meet with a cross;
And I was rewarded with forty pound loss:
A proverb to all men, lo! here I will be—
A Fool and his money's soon parted we see.
She made me a promise she would be my bride,
But I have lost her, and my mony beside.

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[1] sheep-biter = thief. [2] bewraied = discovered.
[3] bed-tike = bed-tick, to inclose the feathers.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 63.]

The Constant Country-Man;

Or,

A Loving Dialogue between honest Thomas and his True-Love Nancy.[1]

TUNE IS, [*The*] *Woman Warrier.* Licensed according to Order.



MAN. Pritty Nancy, my love,
I adore thee above
All lasses that e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ver I courted;
For thy bright shining eyes
Do my senses surprize,
And thy glory, thy glory, I long have reported. 6

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[1] This again is only to be found in the Roxburghe and Pepys Collections. It is III. 195, of the latter. These dialogue duets are almost certainly derived from comedies of the stamp which preceded, and led up to, *The Beggars' Opera.*

The Woman Warrior is in the Pepys Coll. III. 309, and with the tune in *Pills*, v. 8 (1719).

MAID. Nay, but Thomas, she cry'd,
Then it seems you have try'd
Young maids, having fla-a-a-a-a-a-a-tered many,
Which discovers that you
Are both false and untrue,
And will never, will never, be faithful to any.

MAN. I needs must speak the truth:
In the days of my youth
With damsels I the-e-e-e-e-e-en took my pleasure;
But I'm now wiser grown,
And I love thee alone;
O, I love thee, I love thee, my dear, out of measure.

MAID. Men are crafty when young;
With a flattering tongue
They commonly str-i-i-i-i-i-ive to deceive us;
When our hearts they have won,
To another they run;
Thus ungrateful, ungrateful, young batchelors leave us.

MAN. They are more than unkind,
That can be of that mind,
But for my own p-a-a-a-a-a-a-art I am loyal:
As a token, I bring
Thee a delicate ring;
Nancy therefore, O therefore, make no more denyal.

MAID. Nay, your ring you may keep,
Who have caus'd maids to weep,
For my part I'm lo-o-o-o-o-oth to receive it:
You have long us'd the trade
Of deceiving each maid,
And I'm fearful, I'm fearful, you never will leave it.

MAN. Loyal love, I declare,
And most solemnly swear,
No creature now l-i-i-i-i-i-iving shall sever
My dear jewel and I;
Then my suit don't deny,
For I love thee, I love thee, I love thee for ever.

MAID. Was I certain that you
Would be loyal and true,

My heart I would str-a-a-a-a-a-aightways surrender;
And a promise I'd give,
That as long as I live
I would honour, I'd honour, and love my pretender.

MAN. Love, I vow and protest,
As I hope to be blest,
I never inte-e-e-e-e-e-nd to deceive thee;
But will love thee as life,
And thou shalt be my wife,
As a jewel, a jewel, or pearl I'll receive thee.

MAID. By the powers above
I believe thee, my love,
Therefore I my f-a-a-a-a-a-avours am showing,
Here is hand, heart and all,
In thy arms do I fall,
Where a million, a million of pleasures are flowing.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

Cupid's Victory over the Virgins' Hearts.

THIS is only to be found elsewhere, in the Pepys Coll. III. 195. It is evidently a playhouse song, being sung to a "play-tune." It shows how much licence was taken in plays as well as in ballads in the reign of James II. R[ichard] P[ocock] was his licenser.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 64.]

Cupid's Victory over the Virgins' Hearts; or, Love in its Colours.

When Cupid's dart does pierce the heart
of a fair youthful maid,
She's forc'd to bend, and not contend—
his laws must be obey'd.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-TUNE; or, *The Maids a-washing themselves.*

This may be printed. R. P.



[The original has two woodcuts; for the right-hand one, see page 391.]

Where's my shepherd, my love? hey-ho,
On yonder mountain amidst the snow.
I dearly love him, I vow, and now
Will follow, and merrily to him go:
My young shepherd has beauty and charms,
And I long to find him in my arms;
I long for night, to embrace him a-bed,
And I long to give him my maiden-head.

Soft and sweet are the joys of love,
Which every virgin does long to prove;
I will not tarry, but marry,
And every rival will soon remove:
Bonny Susan does muse on all night
Upon all our joys and sweet delight;
She dreams of kisses, embraces, and charms,
And she starts, and thinks [her] love in her arms.

Sweetly looks the fair bride in bed,
With thousand Cupids all round her head,
She softly sighs, and wishes, and kisses,
As soon as the curtains are closely spread:
Every bridegroom does then what he please,
And the lovely brides their flames appease;
I need not name what young lovers do do,
For 'tis known to every one, [aye] and to you.

Mark how kindly she looks next day,
More lively, lovely, more brisk and gay;
'Twould make maids long to be cooing and wooing,
To see how these wantons do sport and play:
Some new charm in his looks she espies,
And then he looks babies in her eyes;
Then, while her fondling new pleasures does seek,
She kindly kisses and claps his cheek.

Vain it is to be nice and coy,
And let old Time all our youth destroy;
I like not whining and pining,
For that which one easily might enjoy:
There are bonny, brisk, lovers in store,
And then what can maidens wish for more?
What need has Susan to sigh and look pale,
When she might o're Thomas his heart prevail?

Have not women soft charms and arts,
  By Nature given to conquer hearts?
Which never does fail, but prevail,
  As often as ever they shoot their darts?
No brisk youth can withstand a maid's charms,
But does strangely soften in her arms;
The roughest hero in all the bright field
To a brighter beauty will bow and yield.

Now, young buxom fair maids, come here,
  And learn this lesson—to Love give ear;
The little boy is so pritty and witty,
  And pleasant and soft, that you need not fear;
Roger he shall have Cisley and Nan,
And young Kate shall kiss my ladies' man;
Doll shall have William, and John shall have Jone,
And thus neither sex shall lye alone.

FINIS.

The Constant Lover's Mortal Mistake.

Two copies of this ballad, of the same publishers, but having different woodcuts, are found in the second volume of the Roxb. Coll., and in no other. The story is a sad affair. The young damsel commits suicide, upon the very slightest suspicion of neglect, when her lover had only fallen asleep. The six ballad-publishers who produced this ballad had a partnership in a large number of ballads, in the reign of Charles II.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 65 and 69.]

The Constant Lover's Mortal Mistake.

While Phaon's absence caus'd suspition strange
In her who wondred that his love should change,
Her bloody knife a mortal blow did give her:
Startled hereat he fell into the river,—
His dream was fatal; while her deep suspition
Caus'd these poor souls to dye in this condition.

TUNE OF, *Young Phaon.*



Young Phaon sate upon the brink,
to view the silver stream;
He overtaken was with sleep,
and fell into a dream.
He then beheld a sight most strange,
the like he ne'r did see;
Phillis did stand, with knife in hand,
and thus complainèd she.

"Oh, wretched fate! you now, too late,
shew me my misery!
My Phaon's gone, so fair, so young,
now for him I must dye!
Why was I robb'd"—and then she sobb'd—
"of my delightful bliss,
So soon that he could not give me
one smile or parting kiss?

"While he did live, he ne'r did give
me cause to mourn or grieve;
His life is fled, and he is dead
I perfectly believe.
Therefore will I make haste and fly
out of this world of pain;
With him so sweet I fain would meet,
with him for to remain.

"While him I miss, no pain like this,
no blessings can I meet;
Had I but dy'd by his dear side,
death I had counted sweet."
And therewithall she soon did fall,
by wounding her fair brest:
"Oh now!" quoth she, "I come to thee"—
she shrick'd, and went to rest.

He heard this cry, as she did dye,
and thought it was her voice
Whom he did love all souls above;
in her he did rejoyce.
He started then, and strait fell in,
he never more was seen:
"Phillis!" he cryed, and then he dy'd—
was lost in that sweet stream.

'Tis sorrow great for to relate
these constant lovers' cross;
Few in this world were ever whirl'd
into so great a loss.
Both terrified, these lovers dyed,
and ne'r were seen again;
In vain did he lament, while she
was by herself thus slain.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

[A woodcut here, the same as that on the right of p. 541.]

The great mistake that she did make,
because he did absent,
This mischief caus'd, for, when she paus'd,
on him she did lament.
Dispairing love did passion move,
which prov'd to be extream;
She gave death's wound, while he was drownd,
nothing could them redeem.

You happy lovers, then, beware
that you do not miscarry!
Perchance they may abscent away,
whom you'd have alwayes tarry.
Then have a care, and don't despair,
and hug not discontent;
When from you they do keep away,
they by themselves lament.

In lovely hymnes and stratagems
they'r singing forth your praise;
In hopes, ere long, there will belong
to them a crown of bayes
For to adorn their not forlorn
nor yet forsaken loves;
When Hymen[1] comes with sugar-plumbs,
they bill like turtle-doves.

And when they'r strange, their links and chains
are stronger then before;
For when they'r tane in them again,
they'r fast for evermore.
Tho' fallings out may breed some doubt,
count my assertion true,
They do encrease love's joyes and peace,
And passion doth renew.

[1] Misprinted "Himey" in the original.

These are love's toys and lovers' joys,
sometimes to prove the heart;
Such charms they breed that I, indeed,
cannot to you impart.
Their grieves don't last; love, with a blast,
these seeming clouds disperse;
But where or when they meet agen,
their passions they rehearse.

One sigh alone, joyn'd with a groan,
more penetrates the brest
Then twenty: why, in company,
they pass it as a jest.
But secret tears, produc'd by fears,
[if] none do them oppose,
They work upon the melting one,
and prove their mortall foes.

FINIS.

London: Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.

A Conscionable Couple.

It does not appear very clearly why two "loving Protestants" should be obliged to leave England for religion's sake in the time of Charles II.; which is the date of the publishers. In the ballad itself the two agree to stand firm "to the old religion," and it is therefore more than probable that they are described as Protestants in the heading of the ballad to escape the *veto* of the licenser. The ballad is included in the Rawlinson Collection (566, 4to., 54), but not in the Pepys, or others. It is probably a reprint of one of earlier date.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 66.]

A Conscionable Couple;

Or,

The baliant resolution of a young man and a maid,
That have left all their kindred, as true folks have said;
'Twas for their religion and good conscience sake,
That they forsook England, a voyage to take.
These two loving Protestants kindly together
Are gone to seek fortunes, there's no man knows whither.

To a curious new tune; or, *The Faithful Friend.*

[The woodcut here is a reverse of that printed on page 510.]

"This doth make the world to wonder,
That thou and I must part asunder;
Parting from thee sore doth grieve me,
O so loath I am to leave thee!
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll not leave thee,
O so loath I am to leave thee!

"I love thee, dear, yet dare not show it,
Let not thy friends nor father know it;
Joyes and comforts late abounded,
Now is my heart with sorrows wounded.
Parting from thee sore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!

"Thy amorous looks make me admire,
And set my senses all on fire;
I would forego all earthly treasure,
To spend my time with thee in pleasure:
But we must part, which sore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee!

"Thou in mine eye art such a creature,
The like was never fram'd by Nature;
Thy sweet behaviour and thy carriage
Love's Queen by no means can disparage;
But we must part, which sore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee!



"Cruel Fortune, I must curse thee,
'Cause thy false designs do force me
Thus to go and leave my true-love:
Farewel! ten thousand times adieu, **Love!**
We needs must part, that sore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!

"Mark these words which here are spoken,
This gold ring keep for a token;
And when I am furthest from thee,
Prethee, Sweetheart, think upon me;
Part we must, which sore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!

"'Tis long of England's strange division,
And the altering of religion,
That I am expos'd to danger,
And to travel like a stranger;
This of all the rest doth gri[e]ve me,
That I am inforc'd to leave thee."

"My dear love, when we are parted,
I shall be so heavy-hearted
That no joyes I shall recover;
Therefore, as thou art my lover,
Prethee, Sweet-heart, take me to thee,
Say but the word, and I'll go with thee.

"Let father frown, and mother chide me,
I'le go with thee, whatever betide me;
If it were through fire and water,
Lead the way, I'le follow after:
I prethee, Sweet-heart, take me to thee,
Say but the word, and I'll go with thee.

"If to the seas thou make thy venter,
I in the ship will also enter;
Or if thou on the shore wilt tarry,
I the self-same mind do carry;
So thou vouchsafe to take me to thee,
Speak but the word, and I'll go with thee.

"Or if thou wilt be a souldier,
Place a musket on my shoulder;
Put me on some man's apparel,
I will stately fight thy quarrel;
I fear not what man can do to me,
Speak but the word, and I'll go with thee.

"Neither sword nor persecution
Shall break off my resolution;
Though [that] all the world forsake thee,
For my comrade I will take thee:
If thou wilt but take me to thee,
Speak the word, and I'll go with thee.

"Farewel, father! farewel, mother!
Farewel, sister! farewel, brother!
Farewel, friends! and farewel, kindred!
I from my love will not be hindred:
Now prethee, Sweet-heart, take me to thee,
Hap well or woe, I'll now go with thee.

"Since thou stand'st firm to th' old religion,
Myself am of the same condition;
England wee'l leave, and march together,
No earthly creature shall know whither;
Conscience moves me to come to thee,
Thou hast spoke, love, I'll go with thee."

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 67.]

The Comber's Whistle;

Or,

The Sport of the Spring.[1]

This story plain will make appear
What mettle men the Combers are;
And that they are no whit afraid
To entertain a pretty maid:
The pleasant time in mirth they spent,
Whereas he gave her good content.

TUNE OF, *The Carman's Whistle.*

With Allowance, Ro. L'Estrange.

[Two cuts here: the same as those printed on page 395.]

All in a pleasant morning,
in the merry month of May,
Walking the fragrant meadows,
where the Comber took his way:
And viewing round about him,
whereas he did remain,
At length he spyed a fair maid
upon the flowry plain.

So chearful was her countenance,
and lovely to behold,
She seem'd as if that Venus fair
was of the self-same mold.
And many a smirk and smile she gave,
all in the meadows green;
I could compare her unto none
but unto Love's fair Queen.

At length she turn'd her smiling
into a love-sick song,
Lamenting of her woful chance
she staid a maid so long:

[1] Copies of this ballad are in Pepys Coll. III. 291, Rawlinson, 4to. 566 (100), and Wood, E. 25 (133). The tune in *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

"There's many that are younger
then I, that have been wed;
Yet still I fear that I shall dye,
and keep my maiden-head.

"My father's rich and wealthy,
and hath no child but I;
But still I want a husband
to keep me company.
My years are young and tender,
and I am fair and tall,
Yet there is never a young man
will comfort me at all.



[Three cuts appear in the original; for the other two see page 419.]

"The blossoms of my beauty,
I think, may well invite
Some batchelor of fortune good
to take me for his right:
For why I dare presume it,
there's few doth me excell,
As it is manifest and plain
to all that know me well.

"How happy are those virgins all
that in the city throng!
For they have sweet-hearts plenty,
and ne'r live single long;

Which makes me grieve so sadly
that yet I am not sped;
For in plain terms, to tell you true,
I long for to be wed."

This Comber he stood listening
to hear her make such moan,
His heart was sorely grieved
to see her all alone:
He quickly stept unto her,
and with a joyful cheer,
Quoth he, "Fair maid, I chanced
your mournful song to hear.

"And now I'm come to ease you
of all your grief and pain;
For why, I well can please you,
by whistling of a strain."
Quoth she, "I long to hear it,
so well that you can play;
Then prithee go about it straight,
because I hate delay."

Then he pull'd forth his whistle
and plaid a note or two;
The maid she was so over-joy'd,
she knew not what to do.
And well she was contented
with him to bear a part;
"A blessing," said this maiden fair,
"light on this Comber's heart!"

Quoth she, "I prithee tell me
where did'st thou learn this game?"
"It was a young brisk journey-man
that made it for his dame,
With which he oft did please her,
as she to him did say,
And charg'd him that he should not see
the whistle made away."

Then she did him desire
one other tune to play,
Which made her so admire,
she thus to him did say:

"Of all the pleasant musick
that ever I did know,
The Comber's merry whistle
shall for my money go. 88

"O! when shall we two meet again
for pleasure and delight?
At any time or season,
by day, or eke by night: 92
Then count me very slothful,
if that you send for me,
When as I fail to meet my dear,
so take these kisses three." 96

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

Coridon and Parthenia.

THE date of this "delectable new play song" is in, or a little before, the year 1684, when it was printed, with the music by Thomas Farmer, in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, v. 19. Farmer was one of the musicians of the City of London, who played at the Lord Mayors' banquets, and were called Waits. He composed music for many plays, but is now best known by the well-known tune to Tom D'Urfey's song, "The Night her black sables wore," or, "She rose and let me in."

This ballad is not in the Pepys Collection, but two editions are in the Halliwell Collection given to the Chetham Library, and two in the Euing, Nos. 47 and 48, also one in the Douce, B. I. 37. The tune is in *Popular Music*. Changes were made in the words for the ballad, such as Velinda into Parthenia, etc. Many ballads were sung to the tune.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 68.]

Coridon and Parthenia,

The Languishing Shepherd made Happy; or, Faithful Love rewarded.

BEING A MOST PLEASANT AND DELECTABLE NEW PLAY SONG.

Here mournful love is turn'd into delight,
To this we a chast amorist invite;
Where charming beauty rules, its powr's like death,
To save or murder with the self-same breath.
The noble swain, whose youthful love hath won
So many nymphs, by Love was here undone.
Languishing faint, on the cold ground he lies,
Until the sunshine of Parthenia's eyes
Dissolv'd the cloud that did benight his bliss,
And turn'd his torments into Paradise.

TO THE TUNE OF, *When busie Fame.*



When busie Fame ore all the plain
  Parthenia's praises rung,
And on the oaten pipe each swain
  her matchless beauties sung;
The envious nymphs were forc'd to yeild—
  she had the sweetest face—
No emulo[us] disputes were held
  but for the second place.

Young Coridon, whose stubborn heart
no beauties e're could move,
But smil'd at Cupid's bow and dart,
and brave[d] the God of Love;
He view'd this nymph, and, pleas'd at first
such silent charms to see,
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curst
his curiosity.

Crying, "Alas! I am undone,
so powerful are her eyes;
Those killing charms prevail above,
and all my thoughts surprise.
In coolest shades fierce feavors burn;
martyr'd by love, I fry;
And now, except Parthenia turn
and smile on me, I dye.

"My hood be here for ever laid,
and on this ferdant[1] plain,
Beneath this spreading mirtle shade,
till death I must remain.
My snowy flocks may freely stray
whilst here I gazing lye,
And dare not move from hence away;
for, if I do, I dye.

"Parthenia, cruel nymph! no more
turn hence that angel face,
Which Coridon must still adore,
as chief of mortal race.
Oh! from the groves sad ecchoes sound,
and say, in vain I try;
Nay, still augment the fatal wound;
I must Love's martyr die.

"What doleful tunes 'mongst pleasant reeds
my bleeting flocks complain!
Whilst wolves invade them as they feed,
all sca[t]ter'd through the plain:

[1] ferdant = verdant. "f" and "v" are interchangeable. A brewer's "vat" is usually spelt "fat" in the 16th and 17th centuries.

Here chain'd by love, by cruel love,
on earth I mourning lye;
And though my couch sweet violets prove,
Yet languishing I dye.

"Whilst in sad strains the wingèd quire
my doleful *Requies* sing,
And chaunt how I for love expire,
unto the blooming Spring:
Let purling streams likewise declare,
as they run murmering by,
How for Parthenia I dispair,
and thus dispairing dye."

PARTHENIA.

Ah, hark! what sad laments are these?
what mournful sounds are here?
What dying sounds my fancy sees!
what sighs invade my ear!
'Tis [in] this mirtle grove I'le seek,
'tis sure some lover nigh;
I'le find, and to him comfort speak,
before, for love, he dye.

Oh, it is Coridon! kind swain,
from whence proceeds your grief?

CORIDON. By you I wounded here remain,
'tis you can yield relief:
Conquer'd by your prevailing charms,
and by your starry eyes;
For you, unless you raise my arms,
a faithful shepherd dies.

PARTHENIA.

Alas, poor swain! for me, I swear,
by Cupid all above,
You shall not languish nor dispair,
but first enjoy my love.

CORIDON. Parthenia kind, 'tis sure I dream!
O angel form, draw nigh!
Speak, speak again that saving theam,
that will not let me dye.

PARTHENIA. Rise, shepherd, rise, and freely take,
since thou dost constant prove,
Those chast delights, which, for thy sake,
I have design'd in love.
CORIDON. Oh! I'm so ravisht with this voice,
that dangers I defie,
And in Parthenia's love rejoyce,
which will not let me dye.

PARTHENIA. Come, come, my Coridon, let's haste
unto yon pleasing bower;
For lovers should no moments waste,
whilst joyes in plenty showre;
But, folded in each other's arms,
love's utmost forces try;
Whilst warbling noats augment our charms,
and we in pleasure dye.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in West Smithfield.



[In the original this cut stands to the right of that on p. 582.]

[Roxb. Coll. II. 70.]

A Pleasant New Song

Called

The Cony Barber;

Or,

A young ladies delight, how she trim'd her maid when she was on the straw asleep.

To a pleasant new *West Country Tune.*



Ye females, draw near, some news you shall hear
of a lady that's very well known;
She is one of the name that is right for the game,
but strangely preserved her own:
Though tender in years, as it plainly appears,
no fear could her faculty awe,
For a vow she ha[d] made to be one of the trade,
which hath made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

No thoughts could expire her earnest desire
a cony barber to be;
With instruments neat, and all things compleat,
in short, provided had she:
Her powder in box, for perfuming your locks,
the best that ever you saw;
Her raisor so keen, if you had felt it between,
it would have made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

And likewise her ewer, there's none can procure
in fair or in city or in town;
Her washing-ball sweet, if that you do meet,
[is] the like, if you please to lye down;
Her sissers and comb will be sure to reach home,
. . . . hair for to draw,
[Three lines illegible—no ink on the types.]

She can paint, she can purl, crisp, powder and curl
the French or the Spanish cut;
Mischeators or bear,[1] or what you will wear,
each hair in[to] order shee'l put;
For brushing, for rubbing, for lathering, for fru[b]bing,
whether it be a frost or a thaw,
Her water pot she keeps always hot,
for to make you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

When Phœbus addrest to view the north-west,
and Vesper had seal'd up the day,
She was not afraid to make use of her trade,
in the place where she usèd to play;
Where she found out a maid, whom herself [she] had laid,
who soundly slept on the straw;
She gave her a trim, if you thither had bin,
'twould have made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

She slumbred, she slept, she sighed and [she] wept,
strange visions were *interim* scar'd;
She seemed to [e]spy one shaving so nigh,
who trimd off the skin with the beard;
And likewise she dreams, and also proclaims,
some rook, or else some jack daw,
[Hath flown] to the Fair for to sell off her hair;
[*'twould have made you laugh*] *hah! hah! hah! hah!*

[1] Moustaches or beard?

She was nimble and quick, though she hath gotten the trick,
Yet she dares not her fingers to knock,
Least she should affright the slumbering w[igh]t,
before she had ordered her lock;
For betwixt the heaps, she hath opened the lips
and found never a tooth in the jaw;
She trippèd away without any pay,
that hath made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

With weeping, [and] cross, she lamented her loss
till the Cony Barber she had found,
[Who], by a great name, had gotten the fame
throughout all the [country a]round.
They wrangled, they jangled, they strangely entangled,
like cats they do scratch and they claw;
It would yield you delight for to see such a sight,
and 'a' made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

This Barber complains she['s ill-]paid for her pains,
and the boys cryes it for a May-game;
To her mother she goes for to punish all those
who dare for to give her that name:
Her friends being wise, they thought to surprise
the business while it was raw;
To a justice they g[ue]ss was the way to suppress,
and to make you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

Then a brave troop of horse provided there was,
for to have the businesses well skan'd;
You must think for a while how his Worship did smile
when [he] first took the business in hand:
He told the[m that] Time would extinguish the crime,
and the boys would forget what they saw;
Likewise Time would repair the loss of that hair,
that hath made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

Then Mistress Tell-troth would have taken her oath
that this maid stole one grain of her wheat;
And much to discover, to have her bound over,
the act was more heinous then great:
For his Worship knew well, when women rebel,
no justice therefore could her awe,
So he bid them deride, [and] on every side,
they burst out with a hah! hah! hah! hah!

This maiden still said that she would be paid
for losing the crop of her field,
Though, the fountain so near, with[in] a half yeare
a [far] better cut [it] might yield:
For the case was so bare, that no action lay there,
Nor any commencement in law,
[That] they rid out like mome, and so they rid home,
which hath made you laugh hah! hah! hah! hah!

Your Humble Servant, Madam.

This ballad is transferred from Vol. III. because the next in Vol. II. is an answer to it. In old handwriting at the end is a note that it was "made in y^e^ yeare 1662," which is about the date we should have supposed. It is a loyal remonstrance against the easy-going indifference of Charles II. to the claims of those cavaliers whose estates had been forfeited through adherence to his cause. It is likely that the King had not the means to satisfy all without denuding himself. Some then discovered that—

> "A lady's letter shall do better
> Than all his iron service"

for bringing a man's claims into prominence, and such means were sought for by many. The passports to Court favour both in England and in France were then in the hands of the mistresses of the two Kings, Charles and Louis XIV.

Another copy of this ballad is in the Douce Collection (B. 2, 260 *verso*), issued by the same publisher.

W. Gilbertson also published the second of the two answers to this ballad, which here follow. The peculiar metre of the three seems to indicate that the "very fine Northern tune" to which they were sung was, *Have at thy coat, old woman*, for which see *Popular Music*, I. 365.

[Roxb. Coll. III. 248, 249.]

Your Humble Servant, Madam.

Being

The Flattering Courtier; or, the Cheating Lover.

To a very fine Northern Tune.



I am a blade that from an old trade
Have taken out a new one;
'Tis onely this, to court and kiss,
Swear oaths, and nere a true one.
I can tell an hundred lyes, and a thousand more devise,
Never was the like since Adam!
I can fetter whom I please with a flattering disease,
And, *your humble servant, Madame.*

The warrs are done, and I must run
A course that may preserve me;
Should I rely on honesty,
It were the way to starve me.
I ha' giv'n away my buff, for a perriwigg and muff,
And an art no wit can fadom;
I have got a place at court, never paid a penny for't,
But, *your humble servant, Madame.*

Whilst a cavelier, both lean and bare,
And almost like to starve is,
A ladies letter shall do better
Then all his iron service;
When I found out what would do't, straight I put a lady to't;
What things I lackt I had 'um;
Nothing did I give for this, but a promise and a kiss,
With, *your humble servant, Madam.*



My courtier's place doth give me grace,
And pimp unto my trade is;
The Devill and I in ambush lye
To catch all kind of ladies.
I can call 'um pritty souls, though they be as old as Pouls;
Then I a bonny lad am;
Thus the women I trappan, fetch 'um off, and bring 'um on,
With, *your humble servant, Madam.*

Some give me rings, and better things,
So cunning is my carriage;
To every soul, both fair and fowl,
I promise lawfull marriage.

I have got so many wives, if I had as many lives
I should be as old as Adam;
But before wee go to church, I still leave them in the lurch,
With, *your humble servant, Madam.*

When I find a face of a stately grace,
That would have all adore her,
A knighthood I get presently,
And that I spread before her:
So I may get somthing by't, I can quickly be a knight;
If a title will perswade 'um,
I can tell 'um that they shall answer to no other call,
But, *your humble servant, Madam.*

If I see one that is given to chatt,
I praise her ingenuity;
When I take a prize with two black eyes,
I call her Queen of Beauty.
If another merry be, I can laugh as well as she;
When she sighs, I monstrous sad am;
But if I find her in a heat, I can fit her for the feat,
With, *your humble servant, Madam.*

All passions I can falsifie,
Hipocrisie my trade is,
I have of late gain'd an estate
By humouring of ladies;
And I very well do find, that I fit them in their kind,
For Eve beguilèd Adam;
Women first did cousen men, but I cousen them agen,
With, *your humble servant, Madam.*

FINIS.

London, Printed for William Gilbertson, dwelling at the Bible in Giltspurstreet.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 71.]

The Counterfeit Court Lady;[1]

Or,

An Answer to, Your Humble Servant, Madam.

Discovering all her cunning knacks and feats,
How wittily she doth bestow her cheats;
By which she doth much admiration gain,
And in a splendid garb herself maintain.

To the tune of, *Your Humble Servant, Madam.*



I am a lass that doth surpass
The beauties of the City;
And near the Court, where blades resort,
I'm counted wondrous witty: 4

[1] This answer to the ballad, "Your Humble Servant, Madam," is perhaps unique.

I have an oyly tongue, and very well it's hung,
If that you will believe me;
Your flattering disease my humour cannot please,
For there's none that can deceive me.

No vapouring cheat shall do the feat
With such a girl as I am;
I'le sit and smile, and him beguile,
And all his oaths defie 'um:
He that will cog and lye gains not my company,
When once his plot I fadam;
For I scorn that any man should ever me trappan,
With your humble servant, Madam.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

At my first rise, I was so wise
To gain a great man's favour;
And, by my art, I won his heart,
All by my brisk behaviour:
Where I had gold at will, my mind for to fulfil,
He willing was to grant it;
But though that he is gone, and I am left alone,
I never fear to want it.

My rich attire made all admire,
And by what means I gain'd it.
I have a knack to drink good sack,
And bravely to maintain it.
With my pearl about my neck, and my gallants at a beck,
I us'd to drein their purses;
Before they will not grant whatever I do want,
They'l sell both coach and horses.

To train up youth, I speak the truth,
Upon my reputation;
I do excell, and do it well,
As any in the nation:

If I may gain their gold, I'le make them free and bold,
There's none that shall out-vie them;
For all the art of love, you shall of them approve,
When e're you please to try them.

Young ladies they observe my way,
They think I am a neat one;
If I do glance, or sing, or dance,
I am a most compleat one.
Though my breeding was not great, yet I have learnt the feat
For to delude a sinner;
To sit upon his lap, and catch him in a trap—
For I am no young beginner.

How happy he is thought to be
That, by his comely carriage,
Hath got the art to win my heart,
And treat with me of marriage.
When I seem to comply, he knows no reason why
But that he may believe me;
Thus I get diamond rings, and many pritty things,
For none could e're deceive me.

Thus, with my wit, great benefit
And riches I have gotten;
Which I, in store, keep for the poor,
When I am dead and rotten.
He shall be paid full well that rings my passing-bell,
And digs my grave a fadam;
Then all that can be said, here lies one buried
That was a ranting Madam!

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

The Ladies' Vindication.

This second answer to *Your Humble Servant, Madam*, bears also the date of the year 1662, in manuscript at the end. It was issued by the same publisher as the original ballad, and the copy in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps the only remaining one.

[Roxb. Coll. III. 250, 251.]

The Ladyes Vindication;

Being the Women's Answer to your Humble Servant, Madame.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The city has no knave so base,
  In all the stock of free-men;
Thou art a rogue, and dost collogue
  To cousen simple women;
You will follow on you'r trade till some lady gets a blade,
  That in rage shall run thee thorough;
Then the world will bid adieu to your complement and you,
  For a saucie raskall, Sirrah.

You weare the scarrs of Venus' warrs,
  But nere saw bolder battle,
Unlesse it were to domineere
  And plunder plow-men's cattle;

Though you think you live alone, you are infamously known
In city, town, and borough;
With your complements and oaths you get meat and drink and cloaths,
Like a cheating raskall, Sirrah.

Should you rely on honesty,
Your chopps would quickly starve on't;
Such knaves as you make princes rue
For keeping such a servant;
Though you have a place at Court, 'twill not hide your ill report,
You are fain to begg and borrow,
Bee't of women or of men, you do never pay't agen,
Like a cheating raskall, Sirrah.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original there is another cut to the right, a reverse of the right-hand figure of our page 494.]

Your complement in vain is spent,
The ladies all are sick on't;
Your flattring trade will quickly fade,
For women have found the trick on't:
Wheresoever you have bin, you must never come agen,
To plow nor yet to harrow;
They shall put you to disgrace, and will tell you to your face,
You're a saucie raskall, Sirrah.

Each Royalist doth bend his fist,
And vowes he means to beat ye;
The ruffian swears he'l send for beares,
To teare, torment, and eat ye.
You are grown a very shame to the nature and the name
Of the womb that thou slipp'st thorrough;
If you come but in their way, every kitchen-wench will say,
You'r a saucie raskall, Sirrah.

Both maids and wives, that lead good lives,
Do all resolve to hang thee;
And Squire Dun vows he'll buy a noose
At his own charge to hang thee:
If you do not bring the rings, and the other pretty things,
That your flattering tongue did borrow,
They will have you by the bones, and will batter you with stones,
For a cheating raskall, Sirrah.

Those women that you have been at
Detestably abhorr ye,
And never a whore, though old and poore,
Will give a turnupp for ye.
If you could be made a knight, you'l not get a penny by't,
Your wit is grown too narrow;
You will pittyfully fade, every taylor hath your trade,
You'r a simple coxcombe, Sirrah.

The Divell and you have made a vow,
and laid your heads together,
How to trappan each weak woman,
With powdered hair and feather.
'Twas the Divell at the first made the woman be accurst,
And causèd all her sorrow,
Which hath made us all to rue; such another divell are you,
And a cheating raskall, Sirrah.

FINIS.

London, Printed for William Gilbertson, dwelling at the Bible in Giltspurstreet.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 72.]

The Country Lawyer's Maid Joan;

Containing her Languishing Lamentation for want of a Man, which at length she met with, being her Master's Man Mark.[1]

TUNE OF, [*The*] *Turn Coat of the Times.* Licensed according to Order.





[Three cuts in original: the other the same as that on the right of p. 506.]

"You batchelors all, attend,
And stand a poor maiden's friend;
My sorrows to you I send
In order to let you know
My passionate grief and woe,
And what I do undergo:
In languishing sort I lye
Here ready to sigh and dye:
The grief I sustain, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I.

[1] A second copy of this ballad is included in the Pepys Collection, III. 268.

"There's my young sister Kate,
She's marry'd, I hear, of late
Unto a young sparkish mate;
But I, poor honest Joan,
Must languish and lye alone,
Not any regards my moan:
In sorrowful sort I cry,
Here ready with grief to dye.
What pain I endure, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I.

"I think I have beauty bright
Young batchelors to delight;
I wonder that they should slight
Such amorous charms as mine,
And suffer me to repine;
My life I shall soon resign:
For languishing here I lye,
O ready this day to dye.
The grief I sustain, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I.

"I commonly do repair
To every Wake and Fair,
Drest up in my powder'd hair
My beauty still to adorn;
And yet I am held in scorn:
Ah, would I had ne'er been born!
For languishing here I lye,
And ready this day to dye.
The grief I sustain, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I.

"Young Robin, the miller's son,
When he had my favour won,
He did to another run;
Thus hurry'd me to despair,
As knowing the grief and care
Was greater than I could bear:
For languishing did I lye,
I'll tell ye, dear friends, for why.
The grief I sustain, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I.

" Were husbands to be sold,
And I had as much bright gold
As ever my lap could hold,—
Nay, if I had ten times more,—
I'd freely part with that store;
I tell you, dear friends, before
I languishing thus would lye,
A husband, in troth, I'd buy.
The grief I sustain, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I.

" A husband I dearly lack,
Tho' he be a collier black
Or pedlar with his pack,
That travels the nation wide;
'Tis all one to me," she cry'd,
" I'd willingly be a bride:
For languishing here I lye,
Nay, ready, this day to dye.
The grief I sustain, for want of a man,
There's no body knows but I."

At length came lusty Mark,
A country lawyer's clark,
And tickl'd her in the dark;
He litt on the very vein,
The place of her grief and pain,
And caus'd her to laugh amain:
And merrily did reply,
" O this is the death I'd dye.
What grief I endur'd, for want of a man,
There's no body knew but I."

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 73.]

The Country Parson's Folly:

Or,

The Young Dutch Woman of Westminster come off with Flying Colours.[1]

TO THE TUNE OF, *Folly, desperate Folly, etc.*



It is reported, in the East
  a schollar of late did dwell,
Who on young maids did love to feast,
  It pleased his humour well:
But, coming to London, he chanc'd to adore
A pritty Dutch frow, which did pay his old score;
Now this was a plague, and the devil all o'er.
  O parson, delicate parson,
  How do you like the town?

[1] The date of this ballad is the reign of William III. between 1688 and 1695. One other copy of the same edition is in the Pepys Coll. IV. 329. The case seems to have been adjudicated in one of the Courts of Law.

He came to a Dutch ord[i]nary,
where he the young frow beheld;
And when her tempting charms he see,
he was with a rapture fill'd:
She was of the birth and the breed of the Dutch,
He pull'd out his money, altho' 'twas not much;
For why, he was eager and mad for a touch.
O parson, delicate parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

Her country man a marriage read,
after the Dutch fashion, too;
This done, 'tis said they went to bed
without any more to do:
He pitch'd on a subject was hard by the rump,
And into her pulpit he straightways did jump,
Where all the long night he her cushion did thump.
O parson, delicate parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He gave her money the next day
to make her both neat and trim;
Silks, ribands, laces rich and gay,
in order to go with him
Down into the country, where did reside;
For she was as sweet and as pleasant a bride
As ever young gallant did lye by the side.
O parson, delicate parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He many solemn vows did make,
when he did the money give,
That he his love would ne'er forsake,
while he had a day to live:
But yet, when his pocket began to be low,
Why then from his vows he was willing to go,
And likewise a scandal on her he did throw.
O parson, delicate parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He having had his fill of her,
he call'd for his coyn again,
Making a noise and strange demur,
resolving he would arraign

This pritty sweet creature, his joy and del[ight,]
Pretending she took it away by a slight,
Which loss was sufficient to ruine him qu[ite.]
O parson, delicate parson,
Why wou'd you serve her so ?

This pritty creature she was try'd
for what she had never done;
This was ill treating of a bride,
but she has the conquest won:
For when in the court at the bar she appe[ar'd,]
And that the wise jury the story had heard,
The schollar was flouted, the woman was cle[ar'd.]
O parson, delicate parson,
How did you like the game ?

In this you have not acted well,
alas! you are much to blame:
That such a man should kiss and tell,
O that is a burning shame!
If you had been wise, you had let her alone,
And then your grand folly had never been kn[own,]
But now far and near it is scatter'd and blo[wn.]
O parson, delicate parson,
Never do so no more!

London: Printed for J. Bissel at the Bible and Harp, near the Hospital-gate, in West Smithfield.

The Countryman's Delight.

This ballad has passed through various phases. In its earliest known form it is described as "a very popular song in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, selected from an ancient MS. in the editor's possession." This editor was the late John Stafford Smith, who printed both words and music in his *Musica Antiqua*, vol. i. p. 32. The following are the words:—

"Ioan, q[d] Iohn, when will this be?
Tell me, when wilt thow marrie me?
My cowe and eke my calf, and rents,
My lands and all my tenements!
Saie Ioan, said Iohn, what wilt thow doe?
I cannot come every daie to woe."

This interesting MS. was purchased after Stafford Smith's death

by the late Dr. Rimbault, and was resold with his library, by auction, in 1878.

The next phase is that on the 18th January, 1591-2, Henry Kyrkham had entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, "for his copie under Master Watkins hande a newe Ballad of *John wooing of Jo[a]ne, &c.*" It is from this, in all probability, that our ballad has been copied. We may fairly assume that such lines as these, alluding to serfdom :—

> "O think not, pray, thy Johnny a slave :
> I was free born, I'le make it appear,
> My father left me five marks a year." (lines 50 to 52)

are taken from a ballad printed in the sixteenth, rather than from one written in the seventeenth, century.

The next in chronological order is "A Wooing Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son," included in *Melismata, Musical Phansies, fitting the Court, Citie, and Country Humours.* London. 4to. 1611.

I have house and land in Kent,
And if you'l love me, love me now ;
Two-pence halfe-peny is my rent—
I cannot come every day to woo.
CHORUS. *Two-pence halfe-peny is his rent,*
And he cannot come every day to woo.

Ich am my vather's eldest zonne,
My mother eke doth love me well,
For ich can bravely clout my shoone,
And ich full well can ring a bell.
CHORUS. *For he can bravely clout his shoone,*
And he full well can ring a bell.

My vather he gave me a hogge,
My mouther she gave me a zow;
I have a god-vather dwels there by,
And he on me bestowed a plow.
CHORUS. *He has a god-vather dwells there by,*
And he on him bestowed a plow.

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Anoder time a taudry lace,
And, if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth ich die bevore thy vace.
CHORUS. *And if thou wilt not grant his love,*
In truth hee'le die bevore thy vace.

Ich have beene twise our Whitson lord,
Ich have had ladies many vare,
And eke thou hast my heart in hold,
And in my mind zeemes passing rare.
CHORUS. *And eke thou hast his hart in hold,*
And in his mind zeemes passing rare.

Ich will put on my best white sloppe,
And ich will weare my yellow hose,
And on my head a good gray hat,
And in't ich sticke a lovely rose.
CHORUS. *And on his head a good gray hat,*
And in't heele sticke a lovely rose.

Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
And if you'le love me, love me now,
Or els ich zeeke zome other oder where—
For I cannot come every day to woo.
CHORUS. *Or els hee'le zeek zome other oder where,*
For he cannot come every day to woo.

The fourth phase began when Tom D'Urfey took the three opening stanzas of this ballad, made slight verbal changes in them, and added a fourth stanza. He had the words re-set to music, and sang his song to Charles II. at Windsor. In this form he published it in his *New Collection of Songs and Poems*, 8vo. 1683, p. 48, and afterwards in all the editions of *Pills to Purge Melancholy* from 1698 to 1719. Again, it appeared in *Wits' Cabinet*, 1731, as "The Clown's Courtship, sung to the King at Windsor," and in other collections.

The fifth phase was when Tom D'Urfey's song was taken as the basis of another ballad entitled, "The North Country Lovers; or, the Plain downright wooeing between John and Joan. A pleasant new song as it was sung before the Court at Windsor," etc. A copy is included in the Pepys Coll. IV. 24. It begins in the same way, "Quoth John to Joan, etc." Thus we have three songs, three tunes, and two ballads.

The second ballad in the Pepys Coll. III. 134, is the same as the following.

One intermediate notice of "I cannot come every day to woo" may be quoted from Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie*, 1589. He says: "In our interlude called *The Wooer*, where the country clown came and wooed a young maid of the city, and being agrieved to come so oft and not have his answer, said to the old nurse very impatiently:—

'Iche pray you, good mother, tell our young dame,
Whence I am come, and what is my name;
I cannot come a wooing every day.'

To this the nurse answered, with the rhyme:—

'They be *lubbers*, not *lovers*, that so use to say.'"

[Roxb. Coll. II. 74, 75, and IV. 37.]

The Country-man's Delight;

Or,

The Happy Wooing.

Being

The successful Love of John the Serving-man, in his courting of Joan the Dary-maid.

John's humble suit Joan does long time withstand,
Till his known wealth her favour does command;
Then, mustering all her smiles, to him she bends,
And to the bargain straight she condescends:
Now no objection can retard her love;
If not of him, she does his wealth approve;
So women, for base gold, their beauty sell
To whom so e'er bids most; that cursèd spell,
Fix'd deep into their souls, comands them still,
And guides the reins of their tempesteous will.

To a New play-house tune; *or, Dolly and Molly.*

[There are two cuts in the original: the left-hand one is that on the right of p. 497; the other is the woman on p. 585.]

John. Quoth John to Joan, Wilt thou have me?
I prethee now, wilt thou? I'le marry with thee.
My cow, my calf, my house, and rents,
All my land and tenements:
Say, my Joan, say, my Joan, what wilt thou do?
I cannot come every day to wooe.[1]

I've corn and hay in a barn hard by,
And three fat piggs penn'd up in a stye;
I have a mare, and she is cole-black,
I ride on her tail to save her back:
Say, my Joan, say, my Joan, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come every day to wooe.

[1] Some of the words in the burden are repeated in the text throughout.

I have three marks ty'd up in a ragg,
I keep them there instead of a bagg;
I have a cheese upon the shelf,
I'se cannot eat it aw myself:
Say, my Joan, say, my Joan, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come every day to wooe.

JOAN. Quoth Joan to John, You must not come,
For your master and mistris are both at home;
You are a servant and must obey,
Else they'l be angry and turn you away:
Say, my John, say, my John, is this not true?
You must not come every day to wooe.



[Two cuts in the original: for the left-hand one see the right of p. 419.]

JOHN. I love thee, Joan, with all my heart,
Come, quickly consent and we never will part;
My [cow], my shirt, and eke my band,
All I have is at thy command:
Believe me, Joan, I tell thee true,
I cannot come every day to wooe.

JOAN. In troth, my John, I cannot consent
To gain your cow, your shirt, and your rent;
Yet smiling I think of your love,
And wish oft I cou'd worthy prove:
With a serving-man I'le not doe,
Who cannot come every day to wooe.

JOHN. Nay, my Joan, pray say not so;
Ere I'le lose thee, my place I'le forgoe.
Come kiss, my joy, and I will be
A servant unto none but thee:
My master, my master, I'le bid adieu,
I'le leave him every day to wooe.

JOAN. Oh, John, by no means, not for me,
I wou'd not your master and you disagree;
For I shall never have you, 'tis plain;
You offer'd your band, but all in vain:
Cease, you clown, it will not doe,
Tho' you come every day to wooe.

JOHN. Then, yet more, my Joany, I have;
Oh think not, pray, thy Johnny a slave:
I was free-born, I'le make it appear;
My father left me five marks a year:
Believe me, Joan, I tell you true,
I will come every day to wooe.

JOAN. Come, come, it is no time for delay,
Hark, John, your mistris calls you away;
We must not so suddain agree;
For what will the maids think all of me?
Say, my John, say, my John, is not this true?
You cannot come every day to wooe.

JOHN. Fear not, my Joan, for by this kiss,
They cannot think on it amiss;
Each on 'um wo'd, and wisht the like,
And conquer'd by love, they soon would strike:
Say, my Joan, say, my Joan, is this not true?
I cannot come every day to wooe.

JOAN. Well, John, you have charm'd me, I see,
My love thou hast won, I yield it to thee,
Though with soft sighs it is exprest,
Yet Johnny is lodgèd in my breast:
Say, my John, say, my John, what must we doe?
You must come every day to wooe.

JOHN. Oh, speak it again, my dear[est] Joan,
Can it be so quickly that thou art my own?
I'le hug thee, I'le buss thee, now for this,
Thou art my joy, and all my bliss:
Say, my Joan, say, my Joan, is this not true?
Now I'le come every day to wooe. 78

JOAN. Well, when is the time [which] you design
That th' parson in wedlock may both of us joyn?
JOHN. Uds-foot, Joan, to-morrow let's meet,
And then we'l do all things compleat:
Say, my Joan, say, my Joan, does it please you?
Then I' le come every day to wooe. 84

The Countryman's Care in Choosing a Wife.

AGAIN has the address of the publisher of the ballad been cut off by the binder, but there are two other copies which supply it. The one is in the Pepys Collection, IV. 90, and the other in the Douce, B. I. 35. The ballad is printed in half lines in the original, for the purpose of lengthening it, but that is exactly the opposite of what is now desirable, and therefore is not followed. It would be waste of space. As Brooksby published from 1672 to 1695, this proves that the tune of *The Yellow-haired Laddie* was popularly used in England long before it was claimed for Scotland. It is not in the so-called "Scottish scale," having both Fourth and Seventh. We subjoin it. The moral of the ballad is that for a wife there is no one to compare with a rich farmer's daughter.

Air 15. Yellow-hair'd Laddie. (*The Jovial Crew, p.* 19. 8*vo.* 1731.)



[Roxb. Coll. II. 76.]

The Country-man's Care in choosing a Wife; or, a Young Batchelor hard to be pleased.

A wife he'l have, yet will be sure to chuse
One that he loves, the rest he doth refuse;
And many sorts of maids he by hath past,
Being all unfit for him; until at last
Upon a farmer's daughter he doth pitch,
That's a good huswife, vertuous, neat, and rich.

TUNE OF, *I'le have one I love, etc.*; or, *The Yellow-hair'd Laddy.*



[The left-hand figure is a reverse of that in the original.]

I am a brisk youngster, and fain would be wed,
And have a good wife for to please me in bed;
But I fear that in chusing they should me beguile:
Then I'le have one I love, though I live the less while. 4

I'le not have a girl that is bred at the Court,
For fear she be given to wanton and sport;
On every gallant she's apt for to smile:
Then I'le have, &c.

A citizen's daughter I dare not to take;
The steps of her mother she'l never forsake;
She'l make one look out, you may see them a mile:
Then I'le have, &c.

No maker of buttons, nor yet of bone lace,
Shall e'er be my love, though I dye on the place;
Although they do mince it, and simper and smile,
Yet I'le have one I love, though I live the less while.





My hostesses daughter she must be deny'd,
Because that I fear she hath often been try'd;
Be sure she would fit me at hedge, or at stile,
But I'le have one I love, though I live the less while.

She that hath [many] [1] suitors, and's loath to be won,
And many a young man she perhaps hath undone,
It is not her cunning that shall me beguile;
For I'le have, &c.

[1] Misprinted "much suitors." "Many" is required for the metre, as well as for sense.

A wench that's imperious and strives for to rule,
If that I should take her, you'd count me a fool;
She wou'd make my noddle as sore as a bile,[1]
But I'le have, &c.

And she that is proud, and hath nought to begin,
I would not for such a one give a sleeve's pin;
As soon as a better, my bed she'l defile,
Then I'le have, &c.

I'le not have a cook-maid, for she is too black;
And when she doth sweat, her smock sticks to her back;
She'l scold and she'l brawl, you may hear her a mile;
But I'le have, &c.

The lass that is fair, to be sure she is proud;
And she that is little, you know she is loud;
Against a good husband they'r apt to revile,
Then I'le have, &c.

But now for to tell you the depth of my mind,
A rich farmer's daughter I have in the wind;
For her I will ride, if it be forty mile;
And I'le have, &c.

'Tis she is my Betty, my dear and delight;
Who hath my affection by day and by night;
To her I will go, and I'le make her to smile,
For I'le have my own love, though I live the less while.

[London: Printed for P. Brooksby in West Smithfield.]

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[1] bile = boil.

The Country-man's Lamentation for the Death of his Cow.

This ballad seems intended to show how to dispose of a dead cow in the seventeenth century. Another copy will be found in the Rawlinson Collection, No. 15, and two editions in the Euing, Nos. 31 and 32. It was afterwards abbreviated, as follows, and was sung at the concerts in Marylebone Gardens.

COLLY MY COW.

A story, a story, Ile tell you just now,
It is of the killing poor Colly my cow.
Ah! my poor Colly, poor Colly, my cow,
Poor Colly is dead and can give no milk now.

Says little Tommy Dunken, "Pray what do you mean
By killing poor Colly when she was so lean?"
Then in comes the tripe man, so trim and so neat,
He bids me three halfpence for belly and feet.

Then in comes the tanner, with sword by his side,
He gave three and sixpence for poor Colly's hide.
Then in comes the horner, who roguery scorns,
And gives me three farthings for poor Colly's horns.

The skin of my Colly was softer than silk,
And three times a day did poor Colly give milk.
There's an end to poor Colly, now she's dead and gone,
For the loss of my Colly I am left forlorn.

From *The Marylebone Concert*: being a Collection of Songs sung this and the last seasons at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Marybone, and other places of entertainment.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 78, 79.]

The Country-man's Lamentation
for the Death of his Cow.

A country swain of little wit, one day
Did kill his cow, because she went astray.
What's that to I or you? she was his own;
But now the ass for his cow doth moan.
Most piteously methink he cries in vain,
For now his cow's free from hunger and pain.
What ails the fool to make so great a stir?
She cannot come to him, he may to her.

TO A PLEASANT COUNTRY TUNE, CALLED *Colly my Cow.*



Little Tom Dogget, what dost thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly now she's so lean?
Sing, oh! poor Colly, Colly my cow;
For Colly will give me no more milk now.
Pruh high, pruh hoe, pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, tal dal daw.

I had better have kept her till fatter she had been,
For now I confess she's a little too lean.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

First in comes the Tanner, with his sword by his side,
And he bids me five shillings for my cow's hide.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Tallow chandler, whose brains were but shallow,
And he bids me two-and-sixpence for my cow's tallow.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.



Then in comes the Huntsman, so early in the morn,
He bid me a penny for my cow's horn.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Tripe-woman, so fine and so neat,
She bid me three halfpence for my cow's feet.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Butcher, that nimble-tongu'd youth,
Who said she was carrion, but he spoke not the truth.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

This cow had a skin was as soft as the silk;
And three times a day my poor cow would give milk.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

She every year a fine calf did me bring,
Which fetcht me a pound, for it came in the spring.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

But now I have kill'd her I can't her recall;
I will sell my poor Colly, hide, horns, and all.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c. 33

The butcher shall have her, though he gives but a pound,
And he knows in his heart that my Colly was sound.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c. 36

And when he has bought her, let him sell altogether,
The flesh for to eat and the hide for leather.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c. 39

Some say I'm a cuckold, but I'le swear I am none,
For how can it be, now my horns are gone?
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c. 42

FINIS.

Printed for C. Passinger, at the Seven Stars in the new Buildings, on London-bridge.



[Roxb. Coll. II. 80.]

A Pleasant New Ballad;

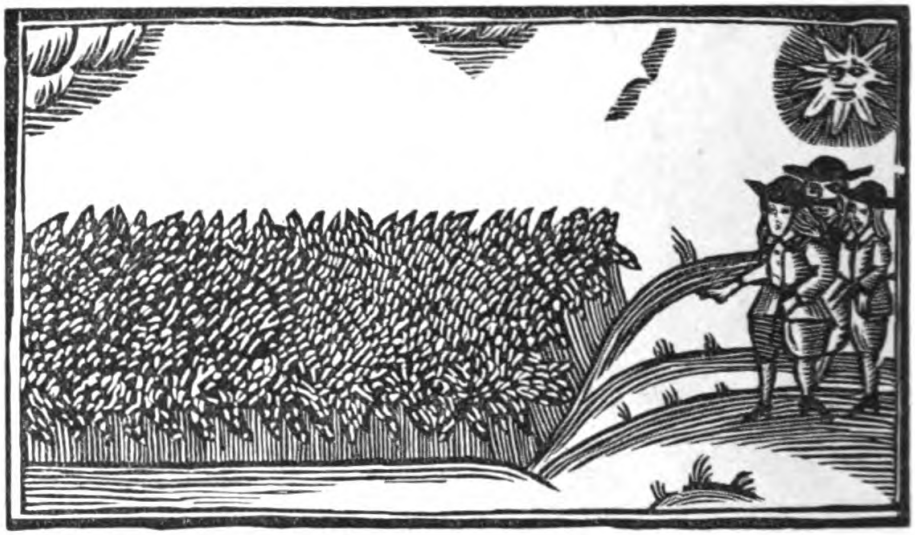
Being

A Merry Discourse between a Country Lass and a young Taylor;

Shewing

How the Taylor lost his plight and pleasure,
His yard not being by the Standard Measure.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE; or, *Kester Crab.*



[Two cuts in the original: for the left-hand one see page 603.]

In harvest-time I walked
hard by a corn-close side;
I hearing people talk,
I look'd about, and spy'd

A young man and a maid,
together they did lye;
When you hear it told,
you'l laugh full heartily.

She was as buxsome a lass
as any in our town;
She will not let you pass,
but she'l call you to sit down.

A taylor passing by,
she hit him on the heele:
" You are very welcome, Sir,
to sit you down and feele:

"What money's in my purse
at your command shall be,
If you will go along
to Marson Wake with me."

He hearing her say so,
and seeing her to smile,
Was charmed with her, so
he sate him down a while.

And having groped her purse,
and taken all her money,
He grop'd again, and mist,
and caught her by the coney.

"Where am I now?" quoth he,
"another I have found;
Its not the same," quoth he,
for this is tufted round."

"If it be tufted round," quoth she,
"there is good reason for't,
There in such treasure lyes
will make a taylor sport."





He hearing her say so,
being a frolicksome lad,
Was willing for to know
more of the fringèd bag.

"Except you take your yard,
the depth of it to measure,
You'l find the purse so deep,
you'l hardly come to th' treasure."

With that he eagerly
to feel put forth his hand.
"Nay, hold, good Sir," said she,
"go not before you stand:

He hearing her say so,
it put him to a stand;
She seeing him dismaid,
she took his yard in hand:

"Is this your yard?" quoth she,
"is this your taylor's measure?
It is too short for me,
it is not Standard-Measure."

The taylor being abashed,
she told him that it was
More fitter for a man,
than such a peuny ass.

She bids him now be gone,
since he could make no sport,
And said, "Thou art too dull
to enter such a fort."

Then looking fiercely at him,
she said, "Thou sneaking fool,
Go straight away to Vulcan,
and let him mend thy tool.
[Venus
"And tell him that Dame
at him is almost mad,
For sending to her school
such an unfit lad."

You taylors that attempt
fringèd bags to measure,
Be sure your yards be sealed,
and [of] full Standard Measure.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in West-Smithfield.

Courage Crowned with Conquest.

This ballad of *Sir Eglamore* is a satire upon the deeds of chivalry in old romances. It is derived from *The Melancholie Knight*, p. 27, by S[amuel] R[owlands], 1615, and is afterwards to be found in the *Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661; in part 2 of *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1661, 1670, 1691; in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, iv. 104; in the Pepys Collection of Ballads, II. 134; also in the Bagford, Euing, and Rawlinson Collections. Perhaps it first appears together with the tune, in part 2 of Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, and afterwards in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (iii. 293, of the edit. of 1719); but the tune itself is of the sixteenth century, and was known as *The Friar in the Well*. (See *Popular Music*, i. 275–7.) Rowlands thus prefaces the ballad, in *The Melancholie Knight*:—

> "But that I turn, and overturn again,
> Old books, wherein the worm holes do remain,
> Containing acts of ancient knights and squires
> That fought with dragons spitting forth wild fires,
> The history unto you shall appear
> Even by myself verbatim set down here."

The ballad is lengthened out by repetition of intermediate burdens in every verse. As they are always the same, they are here omitted after the first stanza.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 81.]

Courage Crowned with Conquest;

Or,

A brief relation how that valiant Knight and heroick Champion, Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a terrible, huge, great monstrous Dragon.

To a pleasant new tune.



Sir Eglamore, that valiant knight,
With his fa, la, lanctre down dillie,
He fetcht his sword and he went to fight,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.;
As he went over hill and dale,
All cloathed in his coat of mail,
With his fa, la, lanctre, down dilly,
Fa, la, lanctre, down dilly.

A huge great dragon leapt out of his den,
Which had killed the Lord knows how many men;
But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
Good lack had you seen how this dragon did roare.
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

This dragon he had a plaguy hide,
Which could both sword and spear abide;
He could not enter with hacks and cuts,
Which vext the knight to the very heart's blood and guts.
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

All the trees in the wood did shake,
Stars did tremble, and men did quake;
But had you seen how the birds lay peeping,
'Twould have made a man's heart to fall a weeping.
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



But it was too late to fear,
For now it was come to fight dog, fight bear;
And as a yawning he did fall,
He thrust his sword in, hilt and all,
With his fa la lanctre, &c. 28

But now, as the knight in choler did burn,
He owed the dragon a shrewd good turn;
In at his mouth his sword he bent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament.
With his fa la lanctre, &c. 33

Then the dragon, like a coward, began to fly
Unto his den that was hard by;
And there he laid him down and roar'd;
The knight was vexèd for his sword.
With his fa la lanctre, &c. 38

"The sword, that was a right good blade
As ever Turk or Spaniard made,
I for my part do forsake it,
And he that will fetch it let him take it."
With his fa la lanctre, &c. 43

When all this was done, to the ale-house he went,
And, by and by, his twopence he spent,
For he was so hot with tugging with the dragon
That nothing would quench him but a whole flaggon.
With his fa la lanctre, &c. 48

Now God preserve our King and Queen,
And eke in London may be seen
As many knights, and as many more,
And all so good as Sir Eglamore.
With his fa la langtre down dilly. 53

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright, 1672.

Harvest Home.

The first part of this Harvest Song is altered from one in the fifth act of Dryden's Opera of *King Arthur*, set to music by Henry Purcell. See *Popular Music*, p. 582. A copy of the same edition of the ballad will be found in the Euing Collection, No. 54, and perhaps no other copy is now extant. The first line of the original, in *King Arthur*, and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (v. 142), is—

"Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd."

[Roxb. Coll. II. 82.]

The Country Farmer's Vain-glory, in a New Song of Harvest Home:

Together with an Answer to their Undecent Behaviour.

SUNG TO A NEW TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST.

Licensed according to Order.



[Two cuts in the original: for the other see the right-hand of page 478.]

Our oats they are how'd, and our barley's reap'd,
Our hay it is mow'd, and our hovel's [1] heap'd;
Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
We'll merrily roar out our Harvest Home,
Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
We'll merrily roar out our Harvest Home,
We'll merrily roar out our Harvest Home. 7

We cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why shou'd the Vicar have one in ten?
One in ten, one in ten,
For why should the Vicar have one in ten?
For why should, &c. 12

[1] hovel = an unthatched stack with a hood or canopy over it.

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot,
Burnt to pot, burnt to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling's burnt to th' pot,
Burnt to pot, &c.

We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of old England,
Old England, old England,
And hey for the honour of old England,
Old England, &c.

An Answer to Harvest Home;
Or,
A True Character of such Country-men who glory in cheating the Vicar, and prefer Bag-pudding and Dumpling before Religion and Learning.

To the tune of, *Harvest Home.*

The country store up hay, oats, and wheat,
And glory how they can the Parson cheat,
Parson cheat, Parson cheat,
And glory how they can the Parson cheat,
And glory, &c.

The country bumpkin may speak with shame
That ever he cheated, for he's to blame,
He's to blame, he's to blame,
That ever he cheated, for he's to blame,
That ever, &c.

Likewise by the laws of this potent land,
Now he in the pillory ought to stand,
Ought to stand, ought to stand,
Now he in the pillory ought to stand,
Now he, &c.

Degrading of learning do's plainly show,
They never knew nothing but *hi, je, ho,*
Hi, je, ho, hi, je, ho,
They never knew nothing but *hi, je, ho,*
They never, &c.

Their hungry appetite to suffice,
Bag-pudding and dumpling they idolize,
Idolize, idolize,
Bag-pudding and dumpling they idolize,
Bag-pudding, &c.

And still as their paunches they stuff and fill,
Faith, they are as safe as a thief in a mill,
Thief in a mill, thief in a mill,
Faith, they are as safe as a thief in a mill,
Faith, they, &c.

Religion and learning they all contemn,
A lusty bag-pudding is more to them,
More to them, more to them,
A lusty bag-pudding is more to them,
A lusty, &c.

Tell them of going to Church to pray,
They'd rather hear Robin the piper play,
Piper play, piper play,
They'd rather hear Robin the piper play,
They'd rather, &c.

And when they have gather'd in all their store,
They merrily revel, nay, rant and roar,
Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
They merrily roar out their Harvest Home,
Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
They merrily roar out their Harvest Home,
They merrily roar, &c.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Bla[re], and J. Back.

The Courageous Ploughman.

The victory of the "Courageous Plowman" over a Citizen of London, who contended with him for the hand of a barmaid, at the Crown Inn, Nottingham, was, no doubt, very pleasant hearing for ploughmen in general, especially as the fight was a hard one. The singer therefore ends by claiming some liquor from any "honest Plowman" then in the company, and we may suppose that his appeal was allowed.

A second copy of the ballad, issued by the same publishers, will be found in the Rawlinson Collection, No. 57.

The tune of "The Tyrant" is "Now the tyrant hath stolen my dearest away," entitled "Love's fierce desire," by L[aurence] P[rice]. See Roxb. III. 130.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 83.]

The Courageous Plow-man;

Or,

The Citizen's Misfortune.

Being an incouragement to all Plow-men to exercise themselves in their Youth with a Cudgel, that they may the better know how to handle a sharper weapon if need require.

I shall not stand the subject to repeat,
Because the verses do it so compleat;
To hear how meekly the citizen came off,
I think it cannot chuse but make you laugh;
The parties here I must forbear to name,
For fear the author chance to bear the blame.

To the tune of, *Dick and Nan*; or, *The Tyrant.*



[Two cuts in the original: for the left-hand one see page 583.]

There was a brave citizen
walkt forth of late,
From London to th' country,
to chuse him a mate;
His eloquent complements,
and his success,
To you in these verses
I'll plainly express.

He then was attired
handsom and neat,
In a sute and a cloak,
and a beaver compleat;
In his pockets he had
twenty pieces of gold,
Which he had provided
to make himself bold.

He then took his journey
to Nottingham town,
And there he alighted,
and drank at the Crown;
Whereas a young damosel
appeared in his sight,
Which causèd the young-man
to tarry all night.

With eloquent speeches
he thus did begin:
"Fair lady, could I but
your favour now win;
If you grant me your love,
that's the thing I desire,
By reason my heart is
with love set on fire."
"'Tis strange," quoth the [maiden,
"love should be so hot;
Such love I'm perswaded
will soon be forgot;
But I wish that the heat
thereof
might be asswag'd,
For I to another am
deeply ingag'd."
"There's no man on [that earth
shall sever us twain,
If thou wilt but yield for
to love me again;
And I for thy sake now
will venture my life,
By reason I purpose
to make thee my wife."

Then came in a Plow-man
and heard him say so:
"'Tis well spoken," quoth he;
"but I know what I know:
To tell you the truth, Sir,
the girl [she] is mine;
And if thou canst win her,
then she shall be thine.

"Let us two take weapons,
and go into the field,
And never give out
until one of us yield;
It shall not be spoken
upon an ale-bench
That a Plow-man was fearful
to fight for a wench."

"Art thou so audacious
to dare me to fight?
I'le make thee an example
before it be night:
Thou art but a bumpkin,
bred at the plow-tail;
And ne'r used no weapon,
but only thy flail.

"Therefore be thou trudging,
and stand not to prate;
Lest I with this flaggon
knock thee on the pate;
Except thou art willing
to stand to thy words,
Then our controversie
we'll end with our swords."

All things then provided,
this combate began;
They both try'd their valours
which was the best man;
They fought half an hour,
as people do say;
Yet none knew which would
be beaten that day.

The Plow-man most bravely
himself did behave;
By tracing[1] the ground that
himself he did save;
At last he with fury
laid on such a stroke
With the strength of his arm,
that his weapon it broke.

He then clos'd within him,
and gave him the fall;
"Oh now!" quoth the Plow-
man,
"you shall pay for all:
I'll make you acknowledge,
before you depart,
That a Plow-man will fight
ere he'll lose his sweet-
[heart."
"O hold thy hand, Plow-man!
peccavi I cry,
O let me not here in
a strange country die;

Take my gold, cloak, and
rapier,
and all that I have;
The damosel's thy own
if my life thou wilt save."

The Plow-man obtainèd
the conquest that day,
And twenty gold pieces
he carried away;
He furnisht his pockets,
his back and his side,
And gained him a damosel
to make him a bride.

The Cockney with sorrow
lamented his loss;
And home he returned,
but by Weeping Cross.
His mother these verses
at leisure may read;
And give him good counsel
to take better heed.

Concluding my ditty
I thus make an end:
I wish some honest Plow-man
would now stand my friend,
And give me some liquor,
for I am very dry;
If I tell you the truth,
then I tell no lie.

Whoop, Cockney, where's your twenty Pound?

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.

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[1] "tracing the ground" is, following the track of the plough-horse, or keeping within the furrows. Thus he gained a firm footing. Clever fellow!

[Roxb. Coll. II. 84.]

Covetous-minded Parents;[1]

Or,

The Languishing young Gentlewoman whose Friends would have her Marry an old Miser for the sake of his Gold, which she utterly refused to do, resolving to be true to the first.

TUNE IS, *Farewell, my dearest Dear.* Licensed according to Order.



[Two cuts in the original: for the left-hand one see the left of page 418.]

I am a damosel fair
of blooming beauty;
Therefore I do declare
it is my duty
My parents to obey—
father and mother;
They'd have me marry Gray;
I love another.

[1] This ballad is of a maiden who resolves to be true to her lover, although pressed by her parents to accept a wealthy old man. Another copy, issued by the same publishers, is in the Euing Collection, No. 46, and a different edition in Pepys, V. 294.

Gray hath five thousand pound
in ready money,
There riches doth abound;
but yet my honey,
Whom I shall still adore,
brings love and pleasure,
The which I value more
than gold and treasure.

Good God! what shall I do?
whom shall I marry?
Father and mother too
constantly weary
Their child to entertain
this wretched miser,
For which they are to blame;
would they were wiser!





What are those baggs of gold
without a blessing?
My dearest love, behold,
he is possessing
My heart and all that's dear—
how can I leave him?
Heaven may prove severe
if I deceive him.

Before my vow I'll break,
Death shall destroy me;
I will no other take,
he must enjoy me:
Though friends continually
scorn and deride me,
With him I'll live and dye,
what e're betide me.

Though Gray hath riches store,
my dear's above him;
Nay, had he ten times more,
I could not love him:
His gold I count but dross,
dregs of confusion;
Which often prove a cross
in the conclusion.

Gold, pearl and silver bright,
I ne'r desire;
Give me my heart's delight,
whom I admire;
That treasure I'd enjoy,
my sweetest jewel;
What grief will me destroy!
parents are cruel.

Though tedious nights I spend
in mournful weeping;
My heart, intire friend,
thou hast in keeping;
Bear up a cheerful mind,
let nothing grieve thee;
If I was not confin'd,
I'd never leave thee.

When my free liberty
once I recover,
I'll quickly be with thee,
my loyal lover.
Though now with bitter moan
grief does annoy me,
No man but thee alone
e'er shall enjoy me.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The Coy Shepherdess.

The first verse and the tune of this ballad will be found in *Popular Music*, p. 254, where other ballads to the same air are mentioned. The initials of the writer, J. P., are given in this ballad; and Mr. Ebsworth has noted others bearing the same signature in the *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 478-9, and 978. The date of this seemingly unique copy is within the first ten years of Charles II.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 85.]

The Coy Shepherdess;

Or,

Phillis and Amintas.

Fair Phillis in a wanton posture lyes,
Not thinking to be seen by mortall eyes;
Till accidentally Amintas came,
And see her lie, which made her blush for shame;
He cast himself down by her on the hay,
And won her love before he went away.

TUNE OF, *Phillis on the new-made Hay;* or, *Amarillis* [*told her swain*]. J.P.



Phillis on the new-made hay,
On a pleasant summer's day,
She in a wanton posture lay,
  thinking no shephard nigh her,
Till Amintas came that way,
  and threw himself down by her.

At the first she was amaz'd,
And with blushes on him gaz'd;
Her beauty bright did him invite,
  her shape he did admire;
Her wanton dress could do no less
  then set his heart on fire.

Then Amintas mildly said,
"Phillis, be not now afraid,
But entertain thy shepherd swain,
  now we are met together;
Then shall I prize thy sparkling eyes
  that did invite me hither.

"I have rang'd the plains about
For to find my Phillis out;
My flocks I left, of joys bereft,
  whilst I for thee did languish;
'Tis in thy will my heart to fill
  with joy, or else with anguish."





Then fair Phillis, frowning, said,
" My privacy thou hast betraid,
Therefore be gone, let me alone,
do not disturb my pleasure;
Nor do not move thy sute of love,
but leave me to my leasure.

" Never yet did shepheard swain,
On this smooth Sicilian plain,
Once dare to move my deep disdain
by such like bold intrusion;
Then cease thy suit, 'tis but in vain,
I scorn such fond delusion."

When Amintas saw her frown,
Hoping still his joys to crown,
Quoth he, " My dear, as I am here,
I like not this behavior;
'Tis lovers' bliss to toy and kiss,
it wins a maiden's favor.

" Let us like the ivy twine,
And our loves in one combine;
Grim Pluto loved Proserpine,
her beauty did him fetter;
When thou art mine, and I am thine,
I'l please thee ten times better."

" Fye for shame, fond boy! " she said,
" I'm resolv'd to live a maid;
Thou art too young to do me wrong,
be not so bold to venture."
Whilst he, poor youth, to speak the truth,
still aimèd at the center.

Phillis blusht as red as blood,
When his mind she understood;
His bold intent for to prevent,
she us'd her best endeavor;
His resolution it was bent,
for he was loath to leave her.

Hotly he persued the game,
Whilst his heart was on a flame;
She cry'd, "Pish, nay, fye, for shame!
in faith you shall not do it!"
But the youth her overcame,
and eagerly fell to it.

Thus she strived all in vain,
Whilst she felt a pleasing pain;
Yet he by no means would refrain,
but kindly did imbrace her;
He kist his love, and told her plain
he never would disgrace her.

In great rage she flung away,
Tumbling ore the new-made hay;
Whilst he asham'd and breathless lay,
although he then displeas'd her;
He rally'd and renew'd the fray,
and manfully appeas'd her.

Thus they spent this christal day
In such wanton sports and play;
Amintas there imbrac'd his dear,
and bid her be light-hearted;
But night being come, they hasted home,
and kindly kist and parted.

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horse-shoe in West-Smithfield.

The Cruel Landlord.

This is another of the unique copies of ballads, and again has the publisher's name been cut off by the binder. "The fortunate husbandman" has a fortune left to him by a cousin, after he had suffered much distress and oppression from his landlord. He then marries the poor widow who had befriended him in his troubles. The date of the ballad is probably from 1685 to 1690. The tune, "If love's a sweet passion," is by Henry Purcell. It will be found in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 287, edit. 1719, but as D'Urfey has only reprinted the first two verses, and there are three on the half-sheet songs with music from which he copied, the original three are subjoined. D'Urfey's copy of the tune has a wrong note in the last bar of his fifth line—a "d" that should be "e."

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION. Music by Mr. H. Purcell.

If Love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet, so pleasing the pain is; so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known;
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love,
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

Sir Richard Steele introduced the above song into his comedy of *The Conscious Lovers*. (See Ebsworth's *Bagford Ballads*, p. 179.)

[Roxb. Coll. II. 86.]

The Cruel Land-Lord;

Or,

The Fortunate Husband-man.

Containing a sweet and comfortable Cordial, after sharp and sower Sorrow, as you shall find by this following Ditty.

TO THE TUNE OF, *If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.*



There was a poor man liv'd in Somersetshire,
Who by his loving wife had five children dear;
And tho' every day he did work and take pains,
Yet so great was his charge, and so little his gains,
That he scarce could get bread for to feed them withall,
When they did to their father for nourishment call. 6

All kind of provision was rais'd in a trice;
Being forc'd an[d] compell'd to give double the price
For our bread-corn, and likewise all manner of food;
From which consideration we well may conclude,
That it must be a sorrow and grief to the poor,
Who receive for their work not one penny the more.

The rich at a plentiful table do feed,
While the poor they are ready to perish for need;
As by woeful experience we well understand,
For there is many good families now in this land
That can hardly bear up, let them do what they can;
Ay, and such was the case of this honest poor man.

His wife she fell sick, and did languishing lye,
At the end of full seventeen weeks she did dye;
In which time he could ne'er pay the landlord his rent,
Who did threaten him daily, that he should be sent
To a prison, where he should for ever remain,
For, without rent, he ne'er would release him again.

He cry'd, "Be not so cruel, pray, landlord, forbear,
You shall not lose one penny, I'll work and take care
For to pay you next harvest;"—yet this was in vain.
Having bury'd his wife, and returning again,
He arrested this poor man, and sent him to jayl;
For he had not a friend that would stand for his bayl.

The cries of the infants did ring in his ears,
And in sorrow they paid a sad tribute of tears;
Yet this cruel oppressor no pity would show,
But to prison the poor man was forced to go;
While his poor little infants did weep and bewail,
Their dear mother was dead, and their father in jayl.

There was a poor widow that liv'd in the town,
Who did readily proffer to part with a crown
Towards raising a sum, the said landlord to pay;
Her example was follow'd by others next day;
So they quickly releas'd their poor neighbour from thrall,
Having somewhat to feed his poor children withal.

About five weeks after this action was done,
He had an one loving cousin, a dear sister's son,
Who did dye without issue, and made him his heir,
Horse and man being sent for to find him out there,
For to take possession of two hundred a year,
Which does lie in the middle of fair Dorsetshire.

Soon after he was in possession of all,
He return'd to the town, for his friends he did call,
Who had hope[1] him from prison, requiting their love,
But the poor honest widow he honour'd above
All the rest of his good benefactors and friends,
For he took her to wife for to make her amends.

Some blam'd him for making that widow his wife,
But he answer'd, saying, "She saved my life;
Had it not been for her, I in gaol might have dy'd,
She's deserving and worthy to be my sweet bride;
I shall always remember her love and good will,
And while life does remain I will honour her still."

This cruel oppressor, which was so unkind,
He began to be vexed and mad in his mind;
He that had been his honest mean tenant before
Was at last the head landlord of his and much more;
For the cruelty acted when as his wife dy'd,
He was fearful he would prove a thorn in his side.

Whose sorrow was evermore sharp and severe,
Yet he now has no less than two hundred a year;
Thus we see how good Providence still does take care
Of the poor and the needy; then who shall dispair?
Let us trust in God's mercies, tho' never so poor,
It is he that in love can replenish our store.

[1] *sic*, but should be *holpe* = helped.

The Coy Cook-Maid.

This ballad may amuse lovers of phonetics, as Joan's suitors all talk English after the manner of their own tongues. She must have been called the "Coy Cook-Maid" only for the sake of alliteration, for there is not a minimum of coyness in her manners. There are four extant copies of the ballad, all published by P. Brooksby, or E. Brooksby, presumably his widow. Roxb. II. 87, Pepys, III. 156, and Euing, No. 45, are by the former; and Roxb. III. 851, by the latter. The tune takes its name from a ballad already reprinted from Roxb. II. 77.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 87 and III. 851.]

The Coy Cook-Maid,

Who was Courted importunately by Irish, Welch, Spanish, French, and Dutch, but at last was conquered by a poor English Taylor.

To the tune of, *There was a brisk Lass, &c.*

This may be Printed, R.P.



[There is another portrait in the original: see page 442.]

Joan scrub'd up her rooms, made all things clean,
The tables, the chairs, and the edge of the skreen;
She scour'd each pispot and pewter-dish,
Made e'ry thing clean as heart could wish;
The pewter and brass was so very clear
That, wanting a glass, she oft drew near
To deck up her head and curle her hair—
Not one amongst twenty with her could compare.

She made her plumb pottage and sweet minc'd pies,
The rost-beef was laid down when she did rise;
Dinner was ready, and lik'd so well,
Not one amongst twenty could Joan excell:
They prais'd her so much that Joan grew proud,
And then she began to prate aloud:
"I will have a husband," oft she cry'd,
"A pretty young-man to lye by my side."

Then out stept a Scot, with blew bonnet on,
He lookt full as big as a Spanish Don;
His pistol was under his chequer'd plade,
His whinyard was made of a Bilbo blade:
Quoth he, "Bread a gad, the day's mine awn,
Ise as bonny a fellow as e'er was knawn,
Ise will ha this lassee before Ise gang heam,
She'll mack me gude langkeal to fill my weam."

He came to salute her, but Joan was mad,
And called the poor Scotch-man a sawcy lad;
She took up the ladle and broke his pate,
And told him he proffer'd his love too late:
"Deel blin' you," quoth Sawny, "you nasty slut,
The muckl[e] deel st[ee]p hemp in your gut;
Ise no seek Joan to be my wife,
She'll e'ne mack me weary of my life."



Then a fine French-man took his place,
His cravet and ruffles were all of lace,
Said he, "Begar, me comes to dis place,
Me be much in love vid your sweet face;

Me no like no lady vidin this town,
Begar, me no like dem, dey ver much frown;
Me have seen all, me tink dere's none
Dat may be compar'd vid mistriss Joan.

"Me be resolve to lose my life,
But me vill have Joan to be my wife."
Joan look'd about, and then reply'd:
"The devil shall be the French-man's bride;
March to your pottage, you finical knave,
I'll ne'r go to France to be your slave;
Get out of the kitchin, or else, by Mars,
This swinging spit shall run through your a——."

Poor Monsieur lookt blank and sneakt away,
For his wife, nor his life, he durst not stay.
Then enter'd an Irish-man, and swore
The noise of her beauty brought him o're:
"My naam ish Teague, and by my shalwashon
I prize dy faash 'bove all in de naashon;
Den preddee, dear joy, come kish my shweet faash,
By Shaint Phaatrick I never will leave this plaash.

"I have a potato plat of my own,
An a shneeshing-boxh, 'tish very well known;
I have a schullogue to run by my shide,
I fait and trote thou shalt be my bride."
"Be gone, bogg-trotter!" then Joan did cry,
"Or the brom-stick shall on your shoulders lie,
Pack up your awle, and make short of your story,
Or I'll make you pay dear for your vain-glory."

A seaman from Holland then enter'd the list,
As drunken a rascal as ever pist;
He brought in his hand a bottle of Nans,
And swore 'twas the famousest liquor in France:
"'Twill make you Dutch spraagen before it be [down]."
"Begone," said she, "you drunken clown,
I'll pull the blew rug from off your pate,
If you offer to stay with Joan to prate."

And then Jack Spaniard began to vapour,
With a mighty short cloak and a very long rap[ier],
He offer'd his service, and proudly did strut,
But Joan went and gave him a kick with her [foot].

"Ye insolent dog," quoth she, "begone,
There's none I hate more than a Spanish Don,
I mean not to wait upon such a proud sinner,
Whilst he is pamp'ring his guts at dinner."

The Welch-man hearing the rest were gone,
Resolv'd that he would be with her anon;
With leek in his hat on St. Taffy's day,
He came to Joan, and thus he did say:
"Hur was a prave shentleman in Wales,
Hur has a tood land, cots-plutter-a-nails,
Hur has a fine goat, and hur makes sheese,
Was hur makes hur a lady if now hur please."

But Joan protested she hated them all,
And swore to be at an English-man's call;
She knew their humours, and did not doubt
But some or other would chuse her out.
At last she married a taylor, good lord!
And he the greasy frigat did board;
They both were well pleas'd and kindly agreed,
And she from the rest of her suitors was freed.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby in Pye Corner.

The Courtiers' Health.

It is singular that there should be three copies of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection, and seemingly no other extant. It is probably a reprint from a copy of earlier date. The new tune, "Come, boys, fill us a bumper, etc.," is named from the first line of this ballad. It is included in *Musick's Recreation on the Viol lyra way*, of which a second edition was printed in 1682. The other tune, "My lodging is on the cold ground," was originally composed by Matthew Locke, for the words in Sir William Davenant's play of *The Rivals*, published in 1668. It was the singing of this song which brought Mary Davis, the actress, into the favour of Charles II.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 88, III. 395, and IV. 38.]

The Courtiers' Health;

Or,

The Merry Boyes of the Times.

He that loves Sack doth nothing lack,
If he but loyal be;
He that denyes Bacchus['s] supplyes
Shows meere hypocrisie.

To a new tune, *Come, Boyes, fill us a Bumper;* or, *My Lodging is on the cold ground.*

Here she stands and fills it out amain.



Says they, let's have the 'tother bout again.

[Two cuts in the original: for the left-hand one see top of next page.]

Come, boyes, fill us a bumper,
we'l make the nation roare;
She's grown sick of a Rumper
that sticks on the old score.
Pox on Phanatticks, rout 'um,
they thirst for our blood;



We'll taxes raise without 'um,
and drink for the nation's good.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
and bring the hogshead in;
We'l begin with a tallen,[1]
a brimmer to the King.

Round around, fill a fresh one,
let no man bawk his wine;
We'l drink to the Next in Succession,
and keep it in the right line.
Bring us ten thousand glasses,
the more we drink we'r a-dry;
We mind not the beautiful lasses,
Whose conquest lyes all in the eye.
Charge the pottles and gallons, &c.

We boyes are truly loyal,
for Charles we'l venture all;
We know his blood is royal,
his name shall never fall.

[1] tallen, *for* talent = desire, inclination.

But those that seek his ruine
may chance to dye before him;
While we that Sack are wooing
for ever will adore him;
Fill the pottles and gallons, &c.



I hate those strange Dissenters,
that strive to bawk a glass;
He that, at all adventures,
will see what comes to pass:
And let the Popish faction
disturb us if they can;
They ne'r shall breed distraction
in a true-hearted man.
Fill the pottles and gallons, &c.

Let the Phanatticks grumble
to see things cross their grain,
We'l make them now more humble
or ease them of their pain:
They shall drink Sack amain, too,
or else they shall be choak't;
We'l tell 'um 'tis in vain, too,
for us to be provok't;
Fill the pottles and gallons, &c.

He that denyes the brimmer
shall banisht be in this Isle;
And we will look more grimmer
till he begins to smile:
We'l drown'd him in Canary
and make him all our own,
And when his heart is merry,
he'l drink to Charles on his throne.
Fill the pottles and gallons, &c.

Quakers and Annabaptist,
we'l sink them in a glass;
He deals most plain and flattest
that sayes he loves a lass.
Then tumble down Canary,
and let your brains go round;
For he that won't be merry,
he can't at heart be sound.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
and bring the hogshead in;
We'l begin with a tallen,
a brimmer to the King.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in West Smithfield.

The Cuckold's Lamentation of a Bad Wife.

THERE seems to be but one other extant copy of this ballad. It is in the Douce Collection (B. I. 41). The ballad of "The Country Farmer," from which the tune takes one of its names, has already been printed in this volume; and "Why are my eyes still flowing," in *Bagford Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 89 of the reprint.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 89.]

The Cuckold's Lamentation of a Bad Wife.

He is tormented, and she tanns his hide;
He knows not how to live, nor where to abide;
Besides, she makes him for to wear the horn,
And he wishes that he never had been born.
To all young batchelours now he does declare,
When they go a-wooing, for to have a care;
There's many maids [are] good, but some prove evil,
His luck was bad, he met with a She-Devil.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Country Farmer*; or, *Why are my Eyes still flow—ing.*



[There is another cut in the original to the left—see the centre of page 370.]

Young batchelours all, come hear this new song,
And take warning by me lest you do yourselves wrong,
For I, like a fool, must needs go to be wed,
To bring a slut, and a whore, and a scold, to my bed;
Beside, she will fight with me every day,
She is such a devilish quean, I do say:
A man needs no more sorrow to shorten his life,
When he has such hard fortune to have a bad wife.

All day I [am] working and taking of pains,
And she lyes at the ale-house and spends all the gains;
And when I come home and give her a word,
She'll snap me up short and no comfort afford:
And then she'll say, "Sirrah, where is all your money?
You have bin with your whores, and you have left ne'er a penny."
And then she lets fly, that I am weary of my life,
Then God help that poor man that has got such a wife!

I complain of my wedding, and of my bad life,
What fortune I had in choosing a wife;
If I had sought Hell, there had not been such another
For fighting, and scolding, and swearing together,
That I'm frighted sometimes clear out of my wit,
For fear that my bones they should be sore beat.
A man needs no more sorrow to shorten his life,
Then God help that poor man that has got such a wife!

On Saturday night I staid late for my wage,
And when I came home my wife was in a great rage,
She welcom'd me home, but ne'er call'd me honey,
But bumbasted me soundly, and call'd for my money;
She gave me a slap on the chops, and put me in a fret,
That I promise you truly that my nose is sore yet.
A man needs no more sorrow to shorten his life,
When he has such hard fortune to have a bad wife.

She makes me a cuckold when I am at work,
Her cullies about her so closely do lurk;
I may curse the time that e'er I was born,
That I must be forced now to wear the horn;
No, the horn is not all, but she bangs my bones sore,
And when I am in bed with her, she throws me on the floor.
A man needs no, &c.

I cannot sleep quietly, I now will be sworn,
I am so tormented with the pain of the horn;
Therefore, honest batchelors, have a great care
That you never, like me, draw your selves in a snare;
For my wife is so maukin [1] when she sets on,
That I am not able to tame her, let me do what I can.
A man needs no, &c.

She minds nought but idleness, this is the truth;
And to find fault with her I am very loath;
One day I but spoke, and she did begin,
She took up the tongs and broke both my shins:
"You cuckoldy rogue, do you know what you say?
I will soften your hide if you prate in that way."
Did you e'er hear the like? she will shorten my life,
God help that poor man that has got such a wife!

When any of her customers comes to our house,
I must stand at the back, I dare not say *Dun is the mouse*,
She will be so angry at me, I swear,
That I am ready to bepiss my breaches for fear;
And if I do not carry my cup then upright,
Lamb-pye [2] I must have to my supper that night.
I am so tormented, I am weary of my life,
God help that poor man that has got such a wife!

And now to conclude, you have heard my distress,
My fortune was bad, all this I confess,
And batchelors all, take warning by me,
Some women are dangerous cattel you see;
For I am hen-peckt to the sight of my friends,
And have nothing but blows to make me amends.
I am so tormented, I am weary of my life,
God help that poor man that has got such a wife!

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye-corner.

[1] maukin = malkin = knock-down. (*Malleus*, a hammer.)
[2] Lamb-pie = a sound beating. (A play upon the word "lam" = to beat.)

The Court-Miss Converted.

One other copy of this ballad is to be found in the Pepys Collection, IV. 11, and these seem to be the only two extant. They were issued by the same publishers. The tune derives its name from a ballad which will be reprinted from Vol. III. p. 64, of the originals of this collection. The ballad was more probably written for, than by, a penitent Court-lady.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 90, 91.]

The Court-Miss Converted;

Or,

A Looking Glass fo[r] Ladies.

Her former errours she doth now repent,
And with unfeigned tears the same lament,
Resolving now a godly life to lead,
And in such wicked paths no more to tread:
Which may a good example be to all,
To rise from sin, if they by frailty fall.

TUNE OF, *England's fair dainty Dames.*



[Two cuts in the original: for the right-hand one see the left of page 640.]

When Phœbus with his beams
guilded the christial day,
I heard a mournful voice
thus to lament and say:

"You ladies of renown,
give ear unto my song,
Because that unto you
it chiefly doth belong.

"Of noble parentage
'tis known that I was born,
And those of low degree
too much I held in scorn.

"In my fresh blooming years
pride did possess my mind,
For costly rich attire
I sought allwaies to find.

"My glass it was my book,
wherein I took delight;
In it I us'd to look
from morning until night.

"And for to tell the truth,
whilst I was in my prime,
My beauty did excell
most ladies of my time.



[Two cuts in the original: for the right-hand one see the right of page 640.]

"Gallants of high degree
came me for to behold,
And oft presented me
with chains of beaten gold.

"Happy he thought himself
that could my favour gain,
For I was nice and coy
to all that ever came.

"At length my beauty bright
was noised in the Court,
A place of great delight,
where gallants do resort.

"Then was I sent for straight,
by some of high degree,
Who then did for me wait,
and took delight in me.

"Such pleasure there I took
as did rejoyce my heart;
All vertue I forsook,
which did procure my smart.

"The life I there did lead
grieves me to think upon;
For every day I was
treated by many one.

"Until my conscience it
began for to awake,
And put me in the mind
that leud life to forsake.

"Then from those vain delights
I did myself withdraw,
Resolving for to live
up to God's holy law.

"In heart I do repent
my youthful vanities,
Praising the Lord that sent
his light into my eyes.

"Now from all filthy vice
I purpose to refrain,
And with repentant tears
to wash away my stain.

"And in my closet I
daily will pardon crave,
And to the Lord will cry
that he my soul will save.

"Let my example teach
ladies of each degree,
Those sins for to avoid
which wrought my misery.

"For pride will have a fall,
and beauty is but vain;
Strive on the Lord to call,
and from all vice refrain.

"I wish all sinners they
do keep these words in mind,
That so therein they may,
some comfort daily find."

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.





[Roxb. Coll. II. 92.]

Couragious Betty of Chick-Lane;[1]

Giving an Account of a fearful Battle between her and two thumping Taylors, whom she bang'd and lugg'd by the Ears till they were forc'd to run to save their lives: And Betty threatening to have them Prest, they were forced to come to her, begging her Pardon upon their Knees.

To THE TUNE OF, *Lilli-Burlero.* Licensed according to Order.



[The original has two cuts; for the other, see next page.]

[1] Only two copies of this ballad are known—the one in the Roxburghe and the other in the Pepys Collection (IV. 294). The former is incomplete, and is here perfected from the latter. The tune of *Lilliburlero* dates the ballad after 1688, when that song was written to a favourite quick step composed by H. Purcell. The march and the quick step are both reprinted in George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians,* under *Lilliburlero.*



Boys, let us sing the glory and fame
Of a young lass couragious and stout,
Mistriss Betty, this was her name:
She with true courage valiantly fought
With two thumping lusty Taylors,
Taking away their bodkin and shiers;
But Betty was nimble and made them to tremble,
So sweetly she lugg'd the rogues by the ears.

One of these Taylors did her provoke,
As she was passing thorough the street,
Betty to him immediately spoke:
"Faith, with your match you'l happen to meet."
With these words she laid about her,
And like a lyon straitway appears,
The Taylors did tremble, but Betty was nimble,
And sweetly she lugg'd the rogues by the ears.

There was the master Taylor and man,
Both to encounter Betty the maid,

But she so thick and fast did lay on,
That they we'r ne'r so gallantly pay'd:
By the hair she likewise hawl'd them,
Till they were almost drowned in tears,
She bang'd 'em, and bruis'd 'em, and bitterly us'd 'em,
Poor Taylors was ne'r so lugg'd by the ears.

They would 'a' fain got out of her fist,
But she did still supply them with blows,
Till the poor rogues their breeches be-pist,
[Ay], and the blood ran down from their nose.
Still their heads she thumpt together,
Saying "You rogues, I'll pay your arrears."
They cry'd, "Mistriss Betty, have some kind of pity."
But still she did lugg the rogues by the ears.

[Pepys Coll. IV. 294.]

Master and man did bitterly roar,
Ay, and for mercy often did cry!
But she did thump and thrash them the more.
"Sure," said the Taylors," "now we shall dye."
"No, ye rascals, I'll not kill you,
But am resolv'd to pay your arrears."
With that she did bruise them, and bitterly use them,
Poor Taylors was ne'er so lugg'd by the ears.

Then they got loose, and both run away;
Betty, in wrath, did vow and protest
That she would send to them the next day,
For the King's service they should be prest;
Then they were again affrighted,
This did create whole troops of new fears:
"We'l send now for pitty to good Mistress Betty,
For sea-fights are worse than [*be*] *lugg'd by the ears.*"

These very lines the Taylor did send,
Saying, "Sweet Betty, pardon us now;
Though, it is true, we once did offend,
Yet at your feet we'll willingly bow
Now, this day, to beg your pardon,
That you may put us out of all fears;
We'll never abuse you, but likewise excuse you,
Although you did lugg us both by the ears."

Now when the lass had pardon'd them both,
How the poor rogues did caper amain;
Likewise they ty'd themselves by an oath
That they would never offend her again.
Likewise they gave her a costly colation,
Seeing she thus had banish'd their fears;
They were not unwilling to spend twenty shilling,
Although she had lugg'd them both by the ears.

After the feast, he said to his man,
"This has been charges, as you understand;
Therefore you take all the care that you can,
(Easter and Whitson-tide are at hand)
For to cabbige silks and sattins—
Do not forget to whett up your shiers."
"Dear master, ne'r fear it, we'll presently sheare it,
And for time to come, take care of our ears."

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

Cupid's Courtesy.

This is the second ballad of *Cupid's Courtesie*, referred to under Roxb. II. 58 (*antè* p. 529). It is not included in the Pepys Collection, but a copy of the same edition is to be found in the Rawlinson, 566, fol. 127. The ballad of "Lord Willoughby" is printed at the back of the Roxburghe copy, but we pass it over now for an earlier edition in Roxb. III. 62. An Answer to the first ballad of *Cupid's Courtesie* should have been noticed, as in the Rawlinson Coll. 4to. 566, fol. 76. It is entitled *Cupid's Triumph*, etc., and begins: "A gallant Lady gay, As she was walking." The following is founded upon a Rochester-like song of four stanzas beginning:

"Sabina, in the dead of night,
In restless slumbers wishing lay."

[Roxb. Coll. II. 93 *verso*.]

Cupid's Courtesie in the Wooing of Fair Sabina.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.





As on a day Sabina fell asleep,
Into her bower it was my chance to creep,
I first spake soft,
I first spake soft,
I first spake soft,
then loud unto my dear,
Which fair Sabina heard,
but would not hear.

When I perceiv'd she did but wink and wake,
Unto myself more courage did I take,
And thought it best, &c.
and fittest time to woe,
The which Sabina knew,
but would not know.

Then I did lay me by her on the ground,
Whereas I first Sabina sleeping found,

Then did I touch, &c.,
her pretty foot and heel,
The which Sabina felt,
but would not feel.

When I had first perform'd this trick of love,
A maiden-blush her eyelids seem'd to move,
But yet she slept, &c.,
with wakeful winking eye,
And still Sabina lay,
but would not lye.

Then marks of beauty on her cheeks I spi'd,
With fair vermillion blushes sweetly dy'd,
Where Cupid's lips, &c.,
a dainty kiss might crave,
Which fair Sabina had,
but would not have.

Thus when that I, by beauties kind command,
Had felt the sweetest moysture of her hand,
With quaking fear, &c.,
I pul'd my hand away,
So was Sabina coy,
but said not nay.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Now fearing lest my boldness should offend,
God Cupid I desirèd for my friend,
With golden bow, &c.,
to shoot a shaft of love,
The which Sabina prov'd,
but would not prove. 44

When I had practis'd every way but one,
Unto my dearest dear I made my moan,
Sweet, grant me love, &c.
O now, my love, or never,
Which fair Sabina gave,
but was no giver. 50

Yet all this while I did my dear no wrong,
Though she was dumb, yet had my love a tongue,
To plead for love, &c.,
unto my fairest fair,
For which Sabina car'd,
but would not care. 56

For my heart's woe Sabina could not weep,
For she presum'd I thought her still asleep,
And so I did, &c.,
and will do while I live,
In that Sabina gave,
but would not give. 62

A woman's love which secretly doth hide it,
Will soon grow fickle if once she be deny'd it,
Yet shee'l say nay, &c.,
and so I must say too,
Thus was Sabina woo'd,
but would not wooe. 68

With kisses kindly from her I did part,
She to my love, and gave to me her heart,
Which I will keep, &c.,
tide up in chains of gold,
For what Sabina had,
she could not hold. 74

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 94, 95.]

The Crost Couple;[1]

Or,

A Good Misfortune.

Which in a pleasant ditty discovers
The fortunate cross of a couple of lovers.

TO A NEW NORTHERN TUNE MUCH IN FASHION.

Ile tell you a tale no stranger than true,
of a fa, la; la la la, la,
The sport on 't is old, but the sonnet is new,
'tis a fa, la la, &c.
The story sprung from under a bush,
From a tongue and a tune as sweet as a thrush,
But I fear it will make a fair lady to blush,
with a fa, &c.

Nay, do not turn your faces away,
Here's nothing that can your vertue betray;
Let not your fancies look a-squint,
The author would never have put it in print
If there had been any uncivil word in't,
but a fa, &c.

I tell you no tales of battles and fights,
Of wonders, of monsters, of goblins or sprights;
Nor yet of a thief that got a reprieve;
I do not intend your spirits to grieve;
My story's as old as Adam and Eve,
with a fa, &c.

---

[1] The tune of "The Crost Couple" is often referred to in ballads. It is only a later name for "The friar in the well," or "Sir Eglamore," included in *Popular Music*, therefore by no means "new" when this Charles II. ballad was printed. There is one more extant copy of *The Crost Couple*, Euing, No. 56.

I went to walk one evening-tide,
My fancy did lead me by a wood-side;
'Twas in the prime of all the spring,
Which giveth delight to every thing;
I saw a maid listen to hear a man sing,
to her fa, &c.

The tempting dressings that she was in
Would almost seduce a new saint to the sin;
She was a fair and lovely maid,
About her wa[i]st his arm he laid;
The beautiful'st baggage is soonest betrai'd,
to a fa, &c.

I got me strait up into a tree,
Where I might see all, and no man see me;
The tree was thick, and full of growth,
The top on't did hover so over them both,
That if I had fell, I had dropt in her mouth,
or her fa, &c.

There many amorous glances they cast,
But that was not all, the best is at last;
Something, it seems, the youth would do,
Which she would not consent unto;—
Have patience, and you shall know e're you go,
with a fa, &c.

When laid on her side, she turn'd to the tree,
I durst have sworn she had look'd upon me;
He many points of division did run,
But she cry'd out, "No! I shall be undone."
He tun'd up his pipes though, and thus he begun,
to her fa, &c.

"Oh come, my own dear, let's dally a while,
Thou hast quicken'd my spirits now with a smile;
The trembling of thy lips doth show
Thou hast no power to say me no,
Which makes me have a moneth's mind[1] unto
thy fa, &c.

[1] A month's mind = a strong inclination.

"This hearty kisse is a sign thou wilt yield,
The white of thy eyes speak peace in the field;
Then, for a vail to hide thy face,
Ile cloud thee with a sweet embrace;
There's many would wish that they were in thy place,
with their fa, &c.

"Oh do not sigh to hear me intice,
Thou ne'r hadst been got ha[d] thy mother been nice;
Then prethee put me out of my pain,
For I am now in a merry vein,
Let's play at that game where the losers do gain,
with their fa, &c.

"But oh, my own dear, why lyest thou so still?
Art thou in a swound,[1] or what is thy will?
I prethee, joy, take no such grief,
Since I am so near to thy relief;
Oh, let me play the amorous thief!
with thy fa, &c.

"My dearest of all, why hold'st thou so fast?
Ile swear we will marry, if thou wilt make hast;
Cupid doth give us leave to play,
Thy very blushes do betray
That thou dost interpret what I have to say,"
with a fa, &c.

Then on her brow her vail she spread,
As if he had been going to cut off her head;
He with his lips her mouth did wipe,
And gave her many an earnest gripe;
For just now my lady was yielding ripe,
with her fa, &c.

In what a fret was I in the tree
That I had not then another by me!
Then I perceiv'd they whisper'd a while,
With many fair pleadings he did her beguile,
Sure something he shew'd her which made her to smile,
with a fa, &c.

[1] swound = swoon.

He said he was sure he could not be spy'd ;
But I, if I durst, could have told him he ly'd.
I feard I should be brought to light,
She so often cast up her eyes so bright—
The pleasures of love did so dazle her sight,
and her fa, &c.

My gamester could no longer forbear ;
No more should I if I had been there !
I turn'd and screw'd my body round,
To see my gallant scale the town ;
But his getting up made me tumble down,
with a fa, &c.

Such was my fate, no mischief I had !
My lovers both run as if they'd been mad !
And now I hope a warning 'twill be
How they in such sinful pleasures agree,
For fear of the Devil that fell from the tree,
with his fa la, la la la, la la.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

The Crafty Maid.

This ballad is perhaps unique, but it is not very interesting. The craft of the maid consists in this, that, expecting to have enough to live upon, she will not marry at all. In order to avoid being tempted, she contrives to be as rude and disagreeable to suitors as she can. The name and address of the publishers is cut off by the bookbinder.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 96.]

The Crafty Maid;

Or,

The Young Man put to his Trumps.

He did begin to wooe this maid,
But she believed not one word he said;
She put him off then, with a jear,
And sent him away with a flea in his ear.

To the tune of, *The Despairing Maid;* or, *Fye, Love, Fye.*





In Moor-fields, one evening tide,
A pretty couple there I espy'd—
A dainty young man and a lass;
But you shall hear what came to pass:
He strait began to court this ma[y],[1]
And thought her heart for to betray;
But she would not yield to his desire,
As by the story you shall hear.

To complement he did begin,
The maid's affection for to win;
With speeches fair he did intreat,
And often said his heart would break.

[1] "maid" in this text, but "may" is required for the rhyme. It is a common poetical form of "maid."

Quoth he, "I am my father's heir,
And [I] have threescore pound a year;
I will maintain you gallantly,
If thou wilt yield my bride to be.

"Therefore I pray you be not coy,
For thou shalt be my only joy;
If thou deniest, thou wilt break my heart;
O did'st thou feel the deadly smart
Which I sustain, both day and night,
For thee which art my heart's delight!
Therefore, my dearest, pity me,
Or I shall dye for love of thee."

THE MAID.

"Good Sir, I thank you for your love,
Of your discourse I don't approve;
For many now-a-days I see
Do bring themselves to poverty
By marrying whilst they are so young,
But I'll not do my self such wrong;
Therefore forbear, thy suit's in vain,
I will not marry, I tell ye plain.

"You say you have threescore pound a year,
What if thou hast? I do not care!
I knew those that had three times more,
And spent it all upon a whore;
And so may thou for ought I know,
For all you make so fair a show;
Then be content, and do not prate,
For fear that I should break thy pate."

THE YOUNG MAN.

The young man, standing in amaze,
Did on the maid[en] strangely gaze;
At last he made her this reply,
And unto her these words did say:
"What ails thee for to be so cross?
In troth I like thee worse and worse;
Of all the maids that e'er I see,
I never heard the like of thee.

"Sweet-heart, believe me, or else chuse,
I'd have thee know I am none of those
That spend my means upon a whore,
Or run upon the ale-wives' score:
No, I will better be advised,
It's good to be [both] merry and wise;
For friends, I see, are very scant,
If that a man does come to want."

MAID.

"My friend," quoth she, "what you have said,
Is not half true, I am afraid;
I cannot think you're so precise,
One may see plainly by your eyes;
Your hair is of the colour right;
To cozen maids is your delight;
But thou shalt ne'er prove false to me,
For I will ne'er prove true to thee.

"Therefore forbear my company,
And henceforth come not me a-nigh;
For I am resolved not to wed,
Nor yet to lose my maiden-head:
A single life is void of care,
For married wives must pinch and spare
Their charge for to maintain, I see;
Therefore a single life for me!"

THE MAN.

"Seeing thou provest so unkind,
I am resolved to change my mind;
A hundred pound I have in store,
And threescore pound a year more:
If I can find an honest girl,
I'll prize her more than gold or pearl;
And she shall live a ladies life,
After she's made my wedded wife.

"And so, farewell, thou scornfull dame!
In time thou mayest repent the same;
That thou to me didst prove untrue,
In time thou mayest have cause to rue;

Before that I will marry thee,
I'll hang my self upon a tree;
Rather I'll give my wealth and store
To one that begs from door to door."

THE MAID.

"Farewell, be gone, thou sawcy Jack,
With thy wealth and money, prithee, pack!
My portion is an hundred pound,
In silver, and in gold so round;
Besides, my mother she doth cry
I shall have all when she doth dye:
Then what need I care for thy wealth?
Even as thou sayest, go hang thy self!

"For I am resolved as I begun
To end, and so conclude my song:
A single life I hold it best,
And thereon still my mind is prest;
For marriage brings [both] sorrow and care,
So in it I'll not bear a share;
Since young men are so fickle grown,
I am resolved to hold my own.

"So, maids, of you I'll take my leave,
Let no false young men you deceive;
For many they are are hard to trust,
Scarce one in twenty proveth just.
I, for my own part, will advise
All maids henceforth for to be wise,
And have a care who[m] you do wed,
For fear you bring a knave to bed."

The Crafty Maid's Approbation.

A COPY of this ballad in the Euing Collection (No. 36) was printed for the partnership of ballad-publishers between F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. A second copy in the same (No. 37) is like this. A third edition, for J. Williamson, is in the Wood Collection (E. 25, fol. 70). The subject was probably very popular, having a good substratum of truth in it, although exaggerated.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 97.]

The Crafty Maid's Approbation:

Wherein she shews either black or brown
'Tis mony makes them straight go down;
When pretty girls that gold have none,
Their fortune is still to lie alone.

[To the tune of, *A fig for France.*]



Draw near to me, young girls so fine,
Whose means and portion's like to mine;
If you'll but hear what I have pen'd,
'Twill make you smile before I end:
I once had [a] sweet-heart fair and young,
Tho' now from me he's fled and gone;
But I'll tell you a very good reason why,
'Twas mony did part my love and I.

When first to me a-wooing he came,
And did desire to know my name,
I told him my portion it was but small,
He said he valued none at all:

So that my favour he could win,
He valued nothing else a pin;
But now he's gone, and I know not why,
'Twas mony, &c.

Yet for three years his love stood fast,
And he vow'd for ever it should last;
But when my friends spoke of the same,
Then he was for another dame:
Except so much mony they'd give me,
A wife for him I must not be;
His words he clearly did deny,
So mony did part my love and I.

Thus, maids may see, so may I too,
It is for mony young men wooe;
A great deal of love they will pretend,
But mark what falls out in the end;
When they find your portions are but small,
Like to a snake from you they'll crawl;
And to another straight they'll hye,
So money did part, &c.

If I had a head [just like a ghost],[1]
Or a body as thick as a [stout] mill-post,
So [that the] bags came but tumbling in,
Then my favour every fool wou'd win:
Or was I long-snouted like a sow,
Or else crookt-backt like our fine cow,
"Have at her then!" these boys would cry,
"*She's mony enough, and what care I?*"

Young men, don't blush, you know 'tis true;
For let her name be Mary or Sue,
Tho' she was blubber-lipt, also blear-ey'd,
Yet mony all those faults will hide:
Nay, were she the nastiest, dingiest slut,
That a man durst not after her crack a nut,
Had she but mony, house, or land,
I'm sure she would not stick long a hand.

[1] The rhyme and the metre are lost in the copy. It is, "If I had a head like a horse."

Yet we whose portions are but small,
Let us not be dismaid at all;
Neither let us grieve, lament nor swound,
For beauty's worth a thousand pound:
Hang't! though my first [false] love be gone,
I've the same face for another man;
And I'll prove honest till I dye,
Though mony did part, &c.

If two young men talk of a wench,
As they do sit on an ale-bench;
"She's a good-huswife," the one replyes.
"But has she mony?" the other cries!
"If she has none, she's not for me;
Give me the cash, hang huswifery;
I love to finger that, for why,"
'Tis mony did part, &c.

By this, young girls may plainly see
How deceitful these young men be;
They'll search a maid from top to toe,
Till all her secrets they do know;
Then if her means don't please his mind,
He quickly can turn, [just] like the wind;
"I must have a wife with more," he'll cry,
So mony, &c.

Such affection did that young man bear,
That often he callèd me his dear;
Such vows and oaths he made, 'tis known,
But now he doth them quite disown:
But since he's gone, sing farewell he,
I'll slight him more than he does me;
I'll ne'r lament, nor weep, nor cry,
Though mony did part, &c.

I am full glad we parted, in truth,
For since I hear he's a cross-grain'd youth;
But had he prov'd true, though ne'r so bare,
In wealth or woe I'd bear a share;
But now I'm free, I'll let that slide,
And ne'r think more to be a bride;
There's nothing like to liberty,
Since mony did part, &c.

Thus have I told young maidens all
How the weakest go to the wall;
But she that is full, and her purse well strung,
She shall have sweet-hearts come ding dong:
It is no matter for breeding or sence,
So she has but cash, he'll have the wench;
Black or brown, he looks not to the dye,
'Twas mony did part my love and I.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

Printed by and for W. O. A. M. and sold by C. Bates, at the Bible and Sun in Pye-corner.

Damon and Celia.

Two other copies of this ballad are extant; the one in the Wood Collection (E. 25, fol. 152) and the other in the Douce (B. I. fol. 52 *verso*). As this ballad was written to a "pleasant new playhouse tune," beginning with the same words, it can hardly be doubted that it is a theatrical song or dialogue which has been lengthened into a ballad. There are several songs or ballads which begin with the same first line. See Ebsworth's *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 693, 694.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 99.]

Damon and Celia;

Or,

The Languishing Lover Comforted.

Of all new songs, the poet hopes that this
Will please you well, because he knows it is
A very good one, you may find hereby,
There's nothing lost by loving constantly,
Which ought to be all honest lovers' guide.
But as for such who no delays abide,
Let them love one for half an hour, no more,
And, when they've done, go call their Mrs. whore.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE, CALLED, *No, no, 'tis in vain, &c.*



No, no, 'tis in vain,
Though I sigh and complain,
Yet the secret I'le never reveal;
The wracks shall not tear it
From my breast, but I'le bear it

To the grave, where it ever shall dwell.
Oh! would that the gods had created her low,
and plac'd thee, poor Hylas, above!
Then, then I a present might freely bestow
of a heart that is all over love.

Like the damn'd, from the fire
I may gaze and admire,
Yet never can hope to be blest;
Oh! the pangs of a love[r]
That dares not discover
The poyson that lodg'd in his breast!
Like a deer that is wounded, I bleeding run on,
and fain I the passion would hide;
But oh! 'tis vain; for wherever I run,
the bloody dart sticks in my side.

Like a ship on the ocean
That's ever in motion,
Continually tumbl'd and tost,
When each greedy wave
Portendeth a grave,
And on the hard rock to be lost:
Each frown from my Celia does threaten my woe,
which, alas! I find to be true;
My torments do follow where ever I go,
'tis in vain to flye, Fate will persue!

If the cause she'd discover
To her languishing lover,
Why, why she so cruel doth prove,
An altar I'd raise,
And her anger appease,
By a sacrific'd heart to her love:
Then Cupid would know the fault lay not in me,
and ease my distraction and pain;
Methinks to his God-head an honour 'twould be
in making her love me again.

But, if he take part
To destroy my poor heart,
Then Ile curse both his quiver and bow;
For he, if he please,
Can to lovers give ease,

And make them his power to know.
My Celia from blame I will ever set free,
and her name I will always adore;
She's a goddess on earth, to be worship'd by me,
expecting her blessing in store.

[A woodcut appears here in the original: see page 386.]

CELIA'S KIND ANSWER.

It is not in vain
You do sigh and complain,
For the secret to me is reveal'd;
My breast now doth bear it,
Where, for ever, Ile wear it,
Such flames cannot long be conceal'd.
The Gods have created me low to your mind,
and plac'd your affections above;
The present I ask is that still you'd prove kind,
and give me that heart full of love.

Like the blest, free from trouble,
Our joys still may double,
And never more sorrow can know;
Then happy's that lover
Who dares not discover
Those flames which occasion his woe!
Like a prisoner set free, he may sing and rejoyce
when he from confinement is clear;
If his love [but] prove kind, then thrice happy's his choice,
no bloody darts after appear.

Like a merchant whose treasure
Comes home, in full measure,
From the Indies, who long have been gone,
Such joys do abound
To a lover that's crown'd
With success, that before look'd for none:
Now smile, my dear Damon, the day is your own,
No more of your Celia complain;
Your constancy my true affections hath won,
then count not your sorrows in vain.

It was only to try ye
Which made me deny ye,
The cause now you certainly know;
My heart you shall have
Till cold Death to the grave
Does force us to pay what we owe:
Little Cupid hath heard thee, and made me prove kind,
he heard your complaints ev'ry day;
But when the night came, he did torture my mind
by telling me what you did say.

He was your best friend,
And your suit did commend;
Then, pritty sweet Damon, no more!
Let's not angry prove
To the God of our love,
But for ever his power adore!
My heart is thy own, and Ile give thee my hand,
we'l marry and make no delay;
And I, my own self, will be at thy command,
to please thee by night and by day.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.

A Dialogue between Henry and Elizabeth.

In this ballad, one of those "good-fellowship" husbands, who spent all their money at ale-houses upon themselves, and stinted their wives and children, promises to amend. He is represented as wonderfully susceptible to arguments which he must have heard a thousand times before his conversion. Two other copies of the ballad are extant—one in Pepys, IV. 76, and the other in Euing, No. 78.

[Roxb. Coll. II. 100.]

A Dainty new Dialogue between Henry and Elizabeth.

Being the good Wives Vindication,
And the bad Husbands Reformation.
This new composed gallant ditty
Is to be sung in town and city.

This ballad is both compriz'd and penn'd
To teach bad Husbands how their lives to mend:
All you good Wives, the which bad Husbands have,
For your own good, let me this favour crave
One penny on this ditty to bestow,
And carry it to your Husbands for to show;
It may in time make you twice over glad,
When as you see him good that was so bad.

THE TUNE IS, *The Tyrant.*





BESS. Come hither, sweet Husband, and listen to me,
Thou know'st I have alwayes been faithful to thee;
A noble minde to thee I ever did carry,
Since first I came acquainted with my loving Harry;
Moreover, thou know'st I lov'd, of my life,
To keep thee alive since thou mad'st me thy wife. 6

HARRY. Me thinks, Bess, your tongue runs a little too large,
That you should lay such bitter things to my charge
As to say that my life you did preserve and save,
Or else I had been dead, and so laid in my grave:
Pray tell me the reason why you did say so,
That people may hear it before we do go.

BESS. Then, in the first place, I will tell thee my mind,
To me and my children thou hast been unkind;
And what should have served us at home to maintain
Thou hast in the ale-house wasted in vain,
Amongst merry fellows, and such as thou art,
Whilest I sat at home with a sorrowful heart.

HARRY. Why this, of a truth, Bess, is far and near known,
I never spent any man's goods but mine own;
Nor are they alive that of me can say
That I have took from them one penny away;
I never did stranger nor neighbour no wrong
With thought of my heart or with word of my tongue.

BESS. In spending thy own goods thou also spend'st mine,
Which has done much injury to thee and mine;
Thou hast pawn'd our best clothes when thou money didst lack,
The cloak from thy shoulders, and the gown from my back:
Thou hast spent all the money thou get'st in excess,
In dicing and drabbing and foul drunkenness.

HARRY. Indeed, it is true, I have sometimes been drunk,
Amongst honest good fellows, but I never lov'd punk;
Though my credit be crackt and my garments be poor,
It came not with spending my means on a whore:
Therefore speak the best and the worst that you can,
I have been, and will be, a true honest man.

BESS. When as in the Counter for debt thou didst lye,
Thy friends all forsook thee, save onely I;
Thou know'st I took pains, and did every day strive
To comfort my Harry, and keep him alive:
And now let the world judge between you and me,
If I was not faithful and honest to thee.

HARRY. Why now, loving wife, I am forc'd to confess,
When I was in prison, in woe and distress,
Thou didst work to maintain me like a true-hearted wife;
Thou wrought'st my redemption and so sav'd my life:
And now demand of me what ever thou will,
Ile do my endeavour thy mind to fulfill.

BESS. Then thus I would have thee, where ever you be,
Remember your children, and think upon me;
Look well to thy business, take heed what you spend,
And have a care how you do borrow or lend.
At no time be idle, but follow thy labour,
And so thou shalt see God will bless thy endeavour.

HARRY. Thy counsel is good, wife, a course I will take,
All kind of good fellowship quite to forsake;
If by chance I peep in at the ale-house door,
When I have spent two pence I will spend no more:
I know this, that ale-wives, like bees, will suck honey,
But they shall henceforth have but little of my money.

BESS. Keep promise, sweet Harry, and see to thy self,
When poor men spend all, alewives get the more wealth;
But if all good fellows will be ruled by me,
Some alewives should not go so fine as they be;
They should work for their liveings as other folks do,
Both knit, sowe, and spin, and do other things too.

HARRY. Indeed, some proud hoastesses wear gay gold rings,
Their gowns lac'd with silver and other rare things;
Whilst honest pain-takers do travel about,
With the knees of their breeches and elbows worn out.
But to conclude, Betty, to make thee amends,
Ile be a good Husband, let's kiss and be friends.

London, Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

APPENDIX.

HAVING at length concluded the third volume of the reprint of the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads, I have prevailed upon my friend, Mr. Ebsworth, to complete the series, in my place, before he commences the political ballads of the Civil War period. I have, therefore, handed to him all memoranda relating to the collection, and have offered my services under him, if, at any time, I may be able to make suggestions. However, Mr. Ebsworth has proved himself so thorough a master of the subject of our early ballad rhymes, by his edition of the *Bagford Ballads*, that my chances of being able to add anything which is not equally known to him are indeed small.

According to present calculation, the Roxburghe Collection will not exceed eight volumes, including the three issued. Mr. Ebsworth proposes to continue the system of making generally short notes upon the ballads on account of the extent of the collection. An increase in our number of subscribers would expedite completion because there would be more money to expend, and Mr. Ebsworth could keep pace with the printer, whereas my attention has been diverted by a variety of subjects.

In taking a present farewell of the members, I beg their indulgence for adding one ballad which, although not included in either of the two large collections, is in a detached volume of the same Library. Not only is it one of the best of our old ballads, but also there is literary interest attached to it, the authorship having been claimed by David Mallet in 1723, and this edition refuting that claim. The volume containing it was purchased for the British Museum by Mr. Boone, the bookseller, in 1871, consequently since the publication of my *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, in which it would otherwise have been included, because it supplies the long forgotten tune. By a singular coincidence, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, a second copy of the same edition of the ballad has been brought to light, it having been sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson only last year. It was Lot 314 of the library of the late Sir Alexander Spearman, and was brought to the hammer on the 9th of January, 1878. It is thus described in the auctioneer's catalogue: "William and Margaret, an Old Ballad of seventeen verses, set to music, black letter, with the original half-penny postage stamp, *circa* 1680." I had small faith in a "half-penny postage stamp, *circa* 1680," but attended the auction on the

day of sale, without having sufficient time to examine the copy before it was under the hammer. Mr. J. Harvey purchased it for eleven shillings, and by his permission, I submitted it to a careful scrutiny. The supposed postage stamp proved to be one of the Inland Revenue stamps for the halfpenny duty on newspapers, imposed in Queen Anne's reign, and bearing the usual motto of a regnant Queen, "*Semper eadem.*"

The tune of the ballad is printed in what is now termed the soprano clef, properly the C clef, set upon the lowest line. For the convenience of subscribers, I here reproduce the melody in modern notation, omitting the base. Any one who has the privilege of a reader's ticket at the British Museum can see the copy from which it is taken, by writing for "William and Margaret, an Old Ballad," giving the reference "1876. f. 1, p. 107—London, n.d. folio." The Act of Parliament for stamps upon newspapers passed in 1711 (10th of Anne, cap. 19, sect. 101). Scotland was exempt from stamp duty until 1806. The Act was not intended to apply to ballads, and they were speedily excepted from its operation. An instance of this will be seen by referring to fol. 70 of the same volume: "The Weeping Church-men, Being a Mourning Copy of Verses on the departure of our late Soveraign Queen Anne, who departed this Life, August the first, 1714. Tune of *Troy Town.*" It presents a portrait of Queen Anne, with her crown on her head, and the motto, "Semper eadem," in capital letters round the top of her dress. "London: Printed for Tho. Norris at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge." That has no stamp, and it is indeed quite a rarity to find a ballad which has one.

Public attention was first drawn to the ballad of William and Margaret by Aaron Hill, the dramatist, in *The Plain Dealer*, No. xxxvi. on Friday, July 24, 1724. Within the same year it was published with Mallet's alterations by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea Table Miscellany*. In the next year, 1725, it was reprinted from the older copy in vol. iii. of *Old Ballads*, 12mo.; which, on the authority of Dr. Farmer, were edited by Ambrose Phillips, the pastoral poet and dramatic author. Phillips's version could not have been copied from Mallet's, because it omits all his alterations, and agrees with the Queen Anne copy here reproduced. It is, in fact, a reprint from the old ballad quoted by Fletcher, which was supposed to have been lost. Allan Ramsay was not one who would scrutinize too closely a claim which would add to the reputation of one of his countrymen. In fact, Ramsay set the example of making unfounded claims, having himself appropriated, among a multiplicity of other English productions, his friend Gay's ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," and printed it as Scotch. Therefore, when he addressed "Mr. David Malloch, on his departure from Scotland," (*Poems* by Allan Ramsay, ii. 169, edit. of 1751), he did not hesitate to give him the credit of the

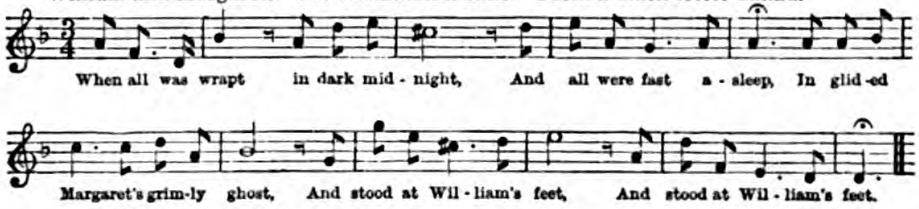
ballad he had claimed. Malloch changed his name to Mallet only when he arrived in England. At the time when Allan Ramsay thus addressed him, Malloch had never left Scotland. He was then a student in the University of Edinburgh. It would have puzzled Mallet to say who made that tune for him, and wrote it out in antiquated notation. It is in the ancient reciting style, of the Chevy Chase order, and very unlike a Scotch tune. It was never printed to his words, and seems to have been little, if at all, known in Scotland. Not quite so in England, for, without going beyond the volume already quoted, we find at fol. 160, "Wonder upon Wonder; or, the Cocoa tree's answer to the Surrey Oak. To the tune of *William and Margret.*" It is a parody upon the old ballad, and begins:

"'Twas in the dark and dead of night
Hard by St. James's Square,
Where many a Squire, and many a Knight,
Brimful of wine and care."

This is dated in pencil, 1756.

The tune has the appearance of being much older than Queen Anne's reign. It is not of the dance order, but one eminently suited for recitation, as an old minstrel would have chanted it.

William and Margaret.—The old minstrel tune. From a black-letter ballad.



When Malloch first gave the ballad with his alterations to Allan Ramsay, it can hardly be supposed that he had read Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. They would not have been included in the curriculum of University education. But he afterwards claimed that he had done so, and that he had founded his ballad upon the lines quoted by Old Merrythought in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, which are as follows:

"When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet."

If he had so intended, why did he alter those very lines?

There is another way of accounting for this. He had the ballad in the printed copy before him, but changed these *first* lines to avoid detection when he passed it off as his own.

Mallet's first version, given by him to Ramsay, begins:

"'Twas at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet."

He here takes the word "glided" from the printed copy, and not from Fletcher.

When Mallet afterwards published it in his own name, in his *Poems*, 8vo. 1743, and again in 12mo. edit. of 1759, he changed it to:

"'Twas in the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet."

This is more unballad-like than the first. Instead of the characteristic conciseness, and the simplicity of expression, in the old minstrel ballad, he took half a line to express "midnight," as "When night and morning meet."

It is equally clear that Aaron Hill, although a writer for the stage, had not noticed this quotation from the ballad in Fletcher's play. He says: "I am never more delighted than when I meet with an opportunity to unveil obscure merit, and produce it into notice. . . . My having taken up, in a late perambulation, as I stood upon the top of Primrose Hill, a torn leaf of one of those Halfpenny Miscellanies which are published for the use and pleasure of our nymphs of low degree, and known by the name of Garlands . . . I fell unexpectedly upon a work, for so I have no scruple to call it, that deserves to live for ever! and which (notwithstanding its disguise of coarse brown paper, almost unintelligible corruptions of sense from the blunders of the press, with here and there an obsolete low phrase which I have alter'd for the clearer explanation of the author's meaning) is so powerfully filled throughout with that blood-curling, chilling influence of Nature working on our passions (which Criticks call the Sublime), that I never met it stronger in Homer himself; nor even in that prodigious English genius, who has made the Greek our Countryman. The simple title of this Piece was, William and Margaret. A Ballad."

Hill then goes on to spoil the ballad by his modernizations. One stanza will suffice as an example:

"When Hope lay hush'd in silent Night
And woe was wrapped in Sleep,
In glided Marg'ret's pale-ey'd Ghost,
And stood at William's feet."

"I am sorry," says Hill, "that I am not able to acquaint my Reader with his name, to whom we owe this melancholy Piece of finished Poetry; under the humble title of *a Ballad*."

It is to be regretted that the Garland of which Hill speaks has not yet been found; we will therefore turn to the simple ballad as it stands in the black-letter edition of Queen Anne's time.

[Brit. Mus. Coll. 1876. f. 1, folio 107.]

William and Margaret. An old Ballad.

When all was wrapt in dark Mid-night,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided *Margaret's* grimly ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.[1]

Her face was like the[2] *April* Morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And Clay cold was her Lilly hand,
That held the[3] Sable Shrowd.

So shall the fairest Face appear
When Youth & Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,
That sips the Silver Dew;
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
And opening to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker Worm,
Consum'd her early Prime:
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to save!

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[1] Having already referred to the changes Mallet made in the first stanza, the following notes are upon his other deviations from the text.

[2] *an* April.

[3] *her* sable.

"This is the mirk and fearful[1] Hour
When injur'd Ghosts complain,
And dreary[2] graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless Swain.

"Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

"How could you say my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake?
How could you win my Virgin-Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?[3]

"How[4] could you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep?
Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

"How could you say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless Maid!
Believe the flattering Tale?

"That Face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are mine[5] Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And every Charm is fled.

"The hungry Worm my Sister is;
This Winding-Sheet I wear:
And cold & weary lasts our Night,
Till that last Morn appear.

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[1] Mallet changes "mirk and fearful" to "dumb and dreary." "Mirk," signifying gloomy darkness, as of a dungeon and as imagined of hell, is a good A.S. word, which continued in use down to the time of Spenser and Holinshed. It was perhaps first changed into "murk" in Shakespeare's time, but the older and more correct spelling is still in use. Mallet must have had but an imperfect knowledge of English when he made his deteriorating change.

[2] "And dreary" changed to "Now yawning."

[3] Mallet transposes this stanza for the next.

[4] *How* changed to "Why" in this and in the next stanza.

[5] *Mine* changed to "my."

"But hark! The Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last ADIEU!
Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for Love of you!"

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,
And shew her glistering Head;[1]
Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Limb,
Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Margaret's* Body lay,
And stretcht him on the green Grass Turf,
That wrapt her Breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,[2]
And Word spake never more.

The broadside has no printer's name to it, but in its place, the following:

"N.B.—*This Ballad will sing to the Tunes of* Montrose's *Lilt* Rothes's *Lament, or the Isle of* Kell."

The above notice tells the story of the edition. The ballad was reprinted for the Chapmen who travelled into Scotland, to sell their books and ballads. The proper tune is printed with the words, but, it being unknown in Scotland, three others are indicated, to any of which the words may be sung. Mallet's acquaintance with the ballad was undoubtedly owing to the purchasing of a copy from one of these Chapmen.

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[1] Mallet here rejects "glistering head," though glistering and glittering are the same: so he changed the two lines to

"The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red."

In his Allan Ramsay version he had—

"The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring head;
Pale William *quak'd* in every limb."

[2] Mallet changes "the cold earth" to "her cold grave."

Black-letter printing continued in favour to a later date in Scotland than in England.

There was a considerable trade in English ballads carried on by these Chapmen, both in Ireland and in Scotland. We find by the Registers of the Stationers' Company, that there were six London ballad publishers in partnership in the trade with Ireland, and on some ballads we see, after the address of the publisher, "Where English and Irish Chapmen can be supplied with [chap] books and ballads." The trade with Scotland was of later growth. It may be said to have commenced in 1679, when James, Duke of York and Albany, was sent to Scotland as "Commissioner," by Charles II., pending the discussion on the Exclusion Bill in the Houses of Parliament. Ballads had been virtually prohibited in Scotland for nearly a century before that date. In 1574, the Regent Earl of Morton had induced the Privy Council to issue an edict that "nane tak upon hand to emprent, or sell, whatsoever book, ballet, or other werk," without its being examined and licensed, under pain of death, and confiscation of goods." This drove away the Dutch printer Robert Lekpreuik from Scotland, and it was only by obtaining fresh assistance from Holland, that the first Scotch Bible could be printed. In August, 1579, two poets of Edinburgh, a schoolmaster and a "notar," were hanged for having cast reflections upon Morton, for his "sinistrous dealing" by their ballads; and in October of the same year, the Estates passed an Act condemning bards, minstrels and songsters as sturdy beggars and vagrants (R. Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. i. pp. 94, 125 and 131). Other Acts followed, like one against singing carols, in November, 1581. Next, the clergy refused to marry any couple without a deposit of "ten punds Scots," to be forfeited if they had a fiddler at or after the wedding. Although the Scotch pound was only twenty pence, this was a heavy penalty for the poorer classes.[1]

Such being the state of the laws in Scotland, it was only during the Civil War that ballads could be published, and then without the printers' names. James, however, knew the influence of ballads upon the common people in England, and thought he could gain a little popularity in Scotland by their means. He therefore permitted them, and perhaps the first was "The Banishment of Poverty, by his R.H., J. D. A." [James Duke of Albany] "to the tune of *The Last Good Night*." A copy of this was included in the collection of the late eminent David Laing. From this small beginning sprung a trade with England which became considerable in the last century, both as to ballads and songs with music.

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[1] Other ordinances against music and ballads in Scotland will be found in the excellent *Antiquarian Repertory*, London, 1775–84, 4to. 4 vols. with plates, and reprinted with additions in 1807–9. Francis Grose, Thomas Astle, and other good antiquaries were concerned in this work.

Dr. Percy considered "William and Margaret, one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language," and it cannot be said to have gained from Mallet's changes. Percy was mistaken in supposing the other two lines quoted by Old Merrythought, in the play of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, to have ever formed part of "William and Margaret," although the distich is:

> "You are no love for me, Margaret,
> I am no love for you."

This is part of the other ballad which he has printed under the title of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," having derived it "from a modern printed copy, picked up on a stall." He could not have hit upon a more obviously incorrect version. The reason that he did not recognize it is because, in his copy, the very two lines quoted by Old Merrythought are corrupted into:

> "I see no harm by you, Margaret,
> And you see none by me."

This foolish alteration deprives the ballad of the very subject of its story, which might be defined by the title of an old play, as "The Miseries of inforced Marriage." It is on the last meeting of two lovers, and is told with true ballad conciseness.

With Old Merrythought's restoration, the opening stanzas will be:

> As it fell out on a long summer's day,
> Two lovers they sat on a hill;
> They sat together that long summer's day,
> And could not talk their fill.
>
> ["I am no love for you, Margarèt,
> And you are no love for me;]
> Before to-morrow at eight o' [the] clock,
> A rich wedding you shall see."
>
> Fair Margaret sate in her bower-windòw
> A combing of her hair;
> There she espied sweet William and his bride
> As they were a riding near.
>
> Down she laid her ivory comb,
> And up she bound her hair;
> She went away, forth from the bower,
> But nevermore came [she] there.
>
> When day was gone, and night was come,
> And all were fast asleep,
> Then came the spirit of fair Margarèt,
> And stood at William's bed-feet."

This fifth stanza is the one which has seemed to connect the two ballads, but they are obviously distinct. This ballad had the more enduring popularity, if we may judge by the number of editions.

Perhaps it was owing to the idea expressed in the eighteenth and nineteenth stanzas, so often copied in recent days:

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèll,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,[1]
Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true lover's knot,
Which made all the people admire.

It is to be hoped that some member of the Ballad Society may be able to indicate an older copy of this ballad than is included in any of the public collections to which only we have access. The Roxburghe copy is very modern, as is the one which Percy followed, entitled, "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or, Sweet William's frightful Dreams on his Wedding night, with the sudden Death and Burial of these noble Lovers." The first line is generally a better index-guide than the title, because in reprinting the older ballads the publishers frequently changed the titles, in order to give an air of novelty to their editions. Ritson's edition (*English Songs*, ii. 232, edit. 1813) is older than Percy's, but is still very modern, and judging from the late chapman's copy appropriated by David Herd as Scotch, we must look to private English collections for early editions. Our old ballads deserve more attention than they have received. We have let many of them slip from us by neglect, and the reputation of our northern friends has been enhanced by adopting them.

W. C.

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[1] "Church top," *quere* "steeple top." The metre indicates it.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

[The following "Additions and Corrections" are mainly, if not altogether due to Mr. Ebsworth. Among other labours, he has most kindly collated the Registers of the Stationers' Company, as far as they have been published by Mr. Arber, in order to fix with greater precision the dates of the ballads.—W. C.]

Page 1.—The Ballad of "Doctor Faustus" will come into the next volume, being in Roxburghe Collection, II. 235. It begins, "All Christian men, give ear awhile to me," and the Tune is "Fortune, my Foe;" the words of which are in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 961; and the music-notes in *Popular Music*, p. 162. Date, before 1624. The case of William Rogers, the Apothecary, of Cranbrook, in Kent, as described in our ballad, deserves to have details recorded here. He had taken to drinking and bad company, avowing sceptical opinions; and having ceased to be a communicant, in contravention of the Act, was "presented as a recusant," and excommunicated, although Robert Abbott, Vicar of Cranbrook from 1616 to 1643, interposed unsuccessfully in his behalf. Rogers died in December, 1635; after having been troubled, while on his deathbed, by remorse for his past habits and neglect of his professional duties. The Cranbrook Vicar preached the funeral sermon (mentioned at end of the ballad), taking as his text Proverbs, iv. 19, "The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what their feet stumble." This sermon was printed in London, before April, 1636, in 12mo., pp. 129, under the title of "The Young Man's Warning-Piece, in a Sermon preached at the Buriall of William Rogers, Apothecary, together with an Historie of his Sinful Life and Woefull Death. Dedicated to the Young Men of this Parish, especially to his companions, by Robert Abbott, Vicar of Cranbrooke in Kent." This publication was followed by the Roxburghe ballad now reprinted, and also, in 1649, by another tract printed in London, entitled "The Terrors of a Troubled Spirit, or the deaths of Francis Spira, William Rogers, an apothecary at Cranborn (*i.e.* Cranbrook), and one Anthony Fittes, a tailor in London." An exaggerated account of Rogers, his "profanation of the sacrament," etc., was commonly circulated. This, and a contradiction of it, are given in William Tarbutt's 3rd Lecture on *The Annals of Cranbrook Church*, 1875, p. 29: to which readers desiring full information can turn. Altogether the case affords a curious example of the mingled piety and profanity in the time immediately preceding the outbreak of the Puritan Rebellion.

P. 5.—A. K. represents Andrew Kemb = Kemp, to whom the ballad is entered in the Stationers' Registers, 8th April, 1636 (Arber's *Transcript*, iv. 359).

P. 18.—Laurence Price's ballad of "The Young Man's Wish" is entered to Francis Grove, in the Stat. Registers, 25th January, 163⅞. (Arber's *Transcript*, iv. 406), along with "Cuckold's Haven," (for which see *Roxburghe Bds.*, i. 148), and "The Good-wife's Attorney."

P. 22.—Whether by M. Parker or by L. Price, this ballad of "A Warning to all Lewd Livers" has the date 14th July, 1633, in the Stat. Registers (*Transcript*, iv. 300); being entered to *Parker's* usual publisher, Thomas Lambert, along with "The New-found Northern Deedle;" for which see Roxb. Coll., I. 294, or *Roxb. Bds.*, reprint, ii. 245.

P. 28.—The date of this "Woful Lamentation of William Purchas" was guessed, as "*probably of James I.*, or the early part of Charles I." Truly, the exact time was certainly not later than the 14th of December, 1624; on which day it is entered to John Wright and five others in partnership, along with 127 more ballads, as "PURCHAS y^{t} kild his mother" (*Transcript*, iv. 131). Evidently, the ballads enumerated were established favourites, kept in stock, and of earlier date in their original publication. Like "Luke Hutton," the Purchas ballad probably belonged to 1596, in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

P. 35.—"A Warning for Youth" is one of the 128 old-stock ballads registered under date 11th Dec., 1624 (*Transcript*, iv. 131).

P. 41.—"A Warning for Maids," by R. Climsall, is entered on 4th April, 1636, to F. Grove (*Transcript*, iv. 358); again on 13th March, 1639–40, to Francis Grove (*Ibid.*, iv. 502). Ours is John Wright's print.

P. 46.—Robert Guy's "Witty Westerne Lasse" is entered to Francis Coules, 5th Sept., 1631 (*Transcript*, iv. 260).

P. 51.—Martin Parker's ballads are always worthy of being established in date. This one of the "Wooing Maid" is entered to Thomas Lambert (as in our copy) for the year between July, 1635, and June, 1636 (*Transcript*, iv. 366).

P. 63.—Although not signed or initialled, this ballad of "Wit's never good till 'tis bought" seems to J. W. E. to be one of Martin Parker's (despite his well-known warning against attributing to him unsigned ballads). It is written in his style, is printed for his favourite publisher, Thomas Lambert, and was issued in his most prolific time, viz. 9th May, 1634; at which date our copy is registered (*Transcript*, iv. 319).

P. 81.—"The World's Sweetheart" is entered for 19th August, 1634 (*Transcript*, iv. 325).

P. 93.—"A Woman's Birth" is also printed in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, p. 140; and in *The Merry Drollery, Compleat*, 1670 and

1694, p. 152, under the title, "The Production of the Female Kind." It is, however, of earlier date, 20th Feb., 163⅞, being so entered in Stat. Registers to Francis Grove, whose name appears on our copy (*Transcript*, iv. 410). See Roberts's reprint of '*The Drolleries' of the Restoration*, ii. 152; iii. 387. The broadside version exceeds that of the Drollery by eleven verses; only the earlier four agreeing in both.

P. 103.—"Jasper Coningham" is another of the 128 older ballads entered in December, 1624, to a company of publishers (*Transcript*, iv. 131). Its popularity is shown by its being doubly underlined, like Maudline of Bristow (about 1568), Ned Smith, Luke Hutton (December, 1595), George Barnewell, George Sanders, (abt. 1573), Doctor Faustus, and Gillian of Brainford, etc.

P. 116.—Of "The Fantastic Age," the date is established by the same invaluable record. It is entered to Thomas Lambert (for this very impression) on 11th January, 163¾.

P. 121.—Martin Parker's "Whoremonger's Conversion" is of earlier date than most of the others by him in this volume; being entered, in Stat. Registers, for the period 20th March, 1628, to 20th June, 1629 (*Transcript*, iv. 216); to Francis Coules, etc., as in this copy.

P. 136.—It is not probable that this ballad, "A Warning for *all* Murderers," is the same as "A Warning for Murderers," entered to Francis Grove, 8th Sept., 1638 (*Transcript*, iv. 437), for the Roxburghe copy seems of earlier date, at any rate in the woodcut. But this is evidently mutilated, and from a book-illustration. We believe the ballads to be distinct.

P. 146.—In "the Diary of John Rous, Incumbent of Santon-Downham, Suffolk, 1625–42," p. 76 of the Camden Society's print, 1856, is an entry which refers to both the two events celebrated in this Roxburghe ballad and its companion on the same sheet. "1633. A cruel robbing Murtherer [was] hanged by the way-side beyond Ware, March 19, in chaines. Diverse Irishmen so hanged at that time in Kent, for a cruell robbery and murther of many in one house." These Irishmen were the Bruton and Riley of our p. 144. Downe is in Kent, not far from Cudham, about six miles from Bromley.

P. 159.—This "Christian A B C" is entered as an older transferred ballad, on 14th Dec., 1624 (*Transcript*, iv. 132).

P. 167.—Probably this is the ballad, "The humble Confession of a Penitent Sinner," entered to Master Harrigate, Stat. Registers, 8th April, 1635 (*Transcript*, iv. 336).

P. 193.—The date of entry to this ballad, "A Warning for fayre Maides by the example of JARMAN'S wife," in Stat. Registers, is 8th June, 1603. Another copy of the "Jerman's wife of Clifton" version is in Euing Collection, No. 128; printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

P. 231.—Martin Parker's ballad, "The Marryed Man's Lesson," was entered to the present publisher, John Wright, in Stat. Registers, 13 Decemb., 1634 (*Transcript*, iv. 331).

P. 236.—Martin Parker's "Keep a good Tongue," etc., is entered for 7th July, 1634, to Tho. Lambert, in Stat. Registers, our present impression (*Transcript*, iv. 322).

P. 242.—Martin Parker's Answer, "Hold your Hands," etc., soon followed the "Tongue" ballad, being entered for 11th August, 1634, to Tho. Lambert (*Transcript*, iv. 325).

P. 249.—Martin Parker's "Good-Fellowe's Best-Beloved" was entered to this same John Wright, junior, on 13th Dec., 1634 (*Transcript*, iv. 231).

P. 254.—W. B.'s "Hang Pinching!" belongs to the year between July, 1635, and June, 1636 (Stat. Registers, *Transcript*, iv. 366, entered to Thomas Lambert, as here).

P. 267.—With this "John Hadland's Advice" compare "Jack Hadland's Advice," in Roxb. Coll., II. 228, not yet reprinted. Another copy is in Bagford Coll., II. 59, beginning, "To all Good Fellows I'll declare." It may be by R. Climsall.

P. 273.—Richard Climsall's "Forlorn Traveller" has date 16th July, 1634 (*Transcript*, iv. 323).

P. 284.—Martin Parker's "Tryall brings Truth to light" was entered, as here, to Tho. Lambert in Stat. Registers for 31° Maij, 1634 (*Transcript*, iv. 320.) Observe, the tune is "The Beggar-boy."

Pp. 289, 295.—"The Two Loving Sisters" was entered in Stat. Registers on 4 Novemb., 1631, to Edward Blackmore, to whose name the initials "E.B." of our colophon clearly point.

P. 295.—Martin Parker's "Wooing Lass" is probably of a date near 1634. To the same tune of "The Nightingale" ran a ballad, of which a MS. fragment is given in the *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, now prepared for issue.

P. 301.—"A Woman's Work is never done" may have been *re*-printed during Oliver's usurpation, but belongs to an earlier date originally. It was entered in the Stat. Registers, 1st of June, 1629, being part of the estate of the widow Margaret Trundle: *i.e.* of the property transferred to John Wright and others. Consequently, it was of still earlier date (*Transcript*, iv. 213). It is not likely that the entry can possibly refer to the other ballad of "Woman's Work is never done" (partly reprinted in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 558), for the latter was sung to the tune of "The Doubting Virgin," which almost certainly dates it long after the Restoration. Both names of the tune given, on p. 302, refer to the ballad itself: "The Bed's-making" being taken from line 65. This fact itself shows that the Roxb. copy is a reprint, after the ballad had attained popularity. Of course, the other name of the tune comes from the burden.

Pp. 306, 311.—There is no need to look far for the author, whose

initials appear here as "T. R." Almost certainly the difficulty has been caused by an unskilful and ignorant transcriber, mis-reading the black-letter C. R. as T. R. (C. R., not T. R.) Even thus, the editor of these *Roxburghe Ballads* was earlier put to much useless labour, and a cancel of four pages was required (viz. in vol. ii. pp. 403–4, 413–14; cf. 660), through the unskilful copyist writing "S. A. P.," instead of "M. P.," for Martin Parker, in a ballad of May, 1634. "C. R.," clearly enough, stands for Charles Records, by whom are other ballads in this collection (Roxb. Coll., I. 44, 66, 78, 98, 166, 170 (in our vol. i.); 206, 306, 322, 370 (in our vol. ii.); and 448, 488, 522, 524, of the present volume.

P. 322.—There can scarcely be any doubt that this is indeed by Martin Parker. Its date must be before the end of May, 1634, because his "Tryal brings truth to light" is now shown to be of that year, and was sung to the already popular tune of this ballad, "The Beggar Boy of the North."

P. 333.—"The Coaches' Overthrow" is of date Feb. 19, 163$\frac{4}{5}$; entered, as here, to Francis Groue (*Transcript*, iv. 355).

P. 353.—The full identification of the words of "The Journeyman Shooemaker" will be given hereafter (when the tune is shown for Roxb. Coll., II. 385, "The Oxfordshire Damosel"), the ballad being still extant. It is named as furnishing the tune of "The Praise of Lancashire Men" (Bagford Coll., II. 136=*Bagf. Bds.*, pp. 450, 603). This tune agrees with that of "Tom, the Taylor, near the Strand" (Roxb. Coll., II. 263, and IV. 27); and the same agrees with "Daniel Cooper" and "Donald Cooper," such as we meet in *Pills to P.M.*, v. 88, and 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685. p. 354.

P. 363; Note.—Another portion of "The Country Farmer" is found in the Douce Collection, II. 165 *verso*, beginning, "Dear Gill, I ne'r thought, until last night." It is entitled "The new-married Couple; or, A friendly debate between the Country Farmer and his buxom wife." It will be given early in next volume, to complete the story. The tune is in *Popular Music*, p. 562.

P. 372.—Honest Tom D'Urfey's "Advice to the Beaus," beginning, "All jolly Rake-hells that sup at the Rose," is in *Pills to P. M.*, edit. 1719, ii. 10.

P. 373.—This copy of "Advice to Bachelors" is not unique. Another is in the Douce Collection, I. 7 *verso*.

P. 376.—The tune here named "Martellus" is found. The broadside ballad is in Douce Collection, II. 157 *verso*, entitled, "The Mournful Lover's Last Farewel; or, *Martellus* and *Selindra's* fates." London, printed for Philip Brooksby. In vol. iii. p. 211 of J. Roberts's *Old Ballads*, 1725, it is "*Marcellus* and *Arminda*" (as in Pepys Coll., III. 8, printed for J. Conyers). The original song, beginning, "One night when all the village slept, *Myrtillo's* sad despair," etc., was written by Sir Car Scrope, for Nat Lee's tragedy of "Mithridates, King of Pontus," Act iv. sc. 1, 1678, in three

stanzas. Ritson gives it, in *English Songs*, i. 69. Thus Myrtillo got changed into Martellus and Marcellus. The original music, by Graboe, is in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, Third Book, p. 1, 1681.

P. 376.—The tune of "Ah, Jenny, gin your eyes do kill," belongs to Aphra Behn's song, thus commencing, in the "City-Heiress," Act iii. 1682; which helps to date the Roxburghe Ballad, as not being earlier than that year. The song, from the play (not from broadside version, as in Roxb. Coll, II. 304), is given in the reprinted *Bagford Ballads*, p. 510. Its music is in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, v. 25, 1684.

P. 385, bottom lines.—Not only "The Answer to the Forced Marriage," from Rawlinson Coll, 566, art. 8, will be given in the next vol., but the here un-named ballad, "The Forced Marriage; or, Unfortunate Celia," which precedes it, beginning, "To what great distress, without hope of redress." Its place is Roxburghe Coll., II. 158; another copy is Euing, No. 119. They complete the story.

P. 390.—This copy of "Amintas" is not unique. A duplicate is in the Douce Collection, I. 5, from the same publisher.

P. 395.—Nauseous as this ballad may be in itself, it must have been acceptable to some persons, for it was virtually reproduced in Bagford Coll., II. 148, as "A Merry Discourse between Billy and his Mistress," beginning, "Come sit thee down, Billy, I have something to say." Cf. *Bagford Bds.*, p. 503.

P. 398.—This copy of "An Answer to the Bonny Scot" is not unique. A duplicate is in the Douce Collection, I. 10 *verso*.

P. 418.—The Bull's-Feather is an euphemism for the "Horn of Plenty," attributed to deceived husbands. The ballad appears in the 1661 edition of *Merry Drollery*, p. 82; and in 1670, p. 264.

P. 424, line 19.—The word "false" is superfluous to the metre, and Dallila must have been pronounced "Dallelay" to rhyme with "betray." Line 44 should be "But tell [me] what's housekeeping?"

P. 429.—Here is, from the Ebsworth Collection, the completion of the defective lines, 57, 60, 63, 66, 69, 72 (misprinted 70), 75 (misp. 73), 78 (misp. 76), and 81. Readers can easily pencil in the additions. They are, *seriatim*, as follow:

. . . Of what they possess there's nou*ght that is lost;*
. . . When Love's sweet accents so plen*tiful sound?*
. . . And can abridge them when wea*ry they're found.*
. . . Frowning and poutings from W*ilful Wives:*
. . . Which on their gallants so kindly *they spend;*
. . . Whilst the lov'd Silver procures *them a Friend.*
. . . And by the cradle a-rocking he *sits.*
. . . But we're resolv'd to court, sing, *and delight;*
. . . Slaves for his Wife both by day *and by night.*

P. 430.—The tune "Little Boy" is "Cupid's Courtesie." See first line on p. 531.

P. 433.—The second copy of Barbara Allen is in Roxb. Coll.,

II. 522. The Scotch version—beginning, "It was in an about the Martinmas time"—was not in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* of 1724 (*i.e.* the first vol.), but on p. 46 of the fourth vol., which was not printed until 1740. Stenhouse, when he "kept the promise to the ear," always managed to "break it to the sense." An equivocation which *suggests* a falsehood is perhaps a worse profanation of truth than a direct lie, for it makes truth itself a deceiver.

P. 450, line 16.—Another edition of this ballad was entered to Francis Grove on the 2nd of July, 1624.

P. 466.—But long before J. R. Planché's version of the legend of Bishop Hatto (the "Harto" of this ballad), the excellent Dr. Southey had popularized it in his "God's Judgment on a Bishop," beginning, "The summer and autumn had been so wet." It was written and published in 1799, and long continued a favourite.

P. 483.—The author of "The Careless Gallant" was no less than Thomas Jordan, whose "Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie," 1663, and "Poetical Varieties," 1637, are memorable. Cf. *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 620–624, where a slightly-different version of this jovial ditty appears, with notice of its first appearance in a civic pageant of 1675.

Pp. 500, 504.—For misprint, "Lepreuik" (*bis*), read "Lekpreuik."

P. 511.—"Our Prince is welcome out of Spain" is not impossibly one of Martin Parker's many ballads; if so, perhaps his earliest, being of October, 1623.

P. 517.—In next volume an increase to the number of John Wade's still-extant ballads will be shown (See Roxb. Coll., II. 210.)

Pp. 529, 644.—The sequel to the earlier-reprinted of the two ballads named "Cupid's Courtesie" will be given at the commencement of Part IX. and vol. iv. It is entitled "Cupid's Tryumph," and is an important addition.

P. 547, line 12.—Read "*The Tyrant* [*hath stolen my dearest away*"].

P. 551.—"The Woman Warrior" begins: "Valiant Jockey's march'd away." It will be given in a later volume, since it reappears in Roxb. Coll., II. 357, under the title of "The Maiden Warrior." Compare *Bagford Bds.*, p. 362, note.

P. 554.—"The Maids a-washing themselves," here named as tune, refers to the then recently-published ballad of "The Devonshire Maidens Frollick; Being an account of nine or ten fair maidens who went to wash," etc. It is reprinted in the vol. of *Choyce Drollery*, etc., 1876, p. 342, from the 1685–88 version, agreeing with Roxb. Coll., II. 137 (*Drolleries of Restoration*, iii.), which will reappear in our next volume. An earlier version is in *Westminster Drollery*, 1672, part ii. p. 100, as "The Bathing Girles: to the common Galliard tune." It begins, "It was in June, and 'twas on Barnaby Bright, too." See the reprint, p. lxviii of the *Appendix*. Another version in the Pepys Coll., III. 242, makes the event take place near Canterbury, beside the river Stour. It

begins, "A frollick of late," telling of six maidens. Its title is, "The Kentish Frollick; or, Sport upon Sport."

P. 561.—As to "The Faithful Friend" tune, see notice hereafter of Roxb. Coll., II. 350, "In fair London late did well."

P. 585.—We shall come to "A Turn-Coat of the Times" in Roxb. Coll., II. 478, beginning, "As I was walking through *Hide*-Park as I us'd to do." The tune of it was named as being that of "The King's Delight," or, "True Love is a gift for a Queen."

P. 588.—As to "O Folly, desperate Folly!" and the many ballads to its popular tune, known also as "Bragandary down," or "Bragandary Round," see the later volume, and *Bagford Bds.*, 429, 430, 434, 528, 923, 972. The tune was also named "Southampton."

P. 593.—The "Dolly and Molly" tune belongs to a ballad in Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 119, and also in Douce, E. 25, fol. 140: one beginning, "Dolly and Molly are now come to town." Another name of the tune is "Bacon and Beans": before 1685.

P. 612 —We have found two fragments of additional copies of this ballad (unknown and uncatalogued, both being without title) at the Bodleian Library, in the Douce Collection, Vol. II., one on p. 183 (a duplicate from F. Coles, etc.); the other loose, at the end. The publisher of this smaller fragment was Francis Grove, and it bears the important initials "T. J." They give us the author's name, for they indicate Thomas Jones, a royalist ballad-singer of Oxford, who survived the Civil Wars, and complimented Charles II. at the Restoration.

P. 613.—Dick and Nan = "Dick resolv'd to Court young Nan," Pepys Coll., III. 182; and Douce, I. 64 *verso*; by which we see that the tune agrees with "The Maids a-washing": concerning which, see recent additional note to p. 554.

P. 616.—"Farewell, my dearest dear," begins five distinct ballads in the Pepys Collection, four of them in Vol. IV. (pp. 165, 171, 189, and 216), and the other in Vol. V. p. 163. The tune to three of them is named as "Philander" (= "O cruel bloody fate"); to another it is, "I am so deep in love" (Roxb. Coll., III. 482, to which the tune named is "Cupid's Courtesie"). Of the fifth ballad, "The Unconstant Maiden," the music is given.

P. 631.—The author of this jovial "Drinking Catch," for festive meetings, was MATTHEW TAUBMAN, who prints it immediately following his "Heroick Poem" (1682), p. 8. It is repeated with a Latin version by Henry Bold, 1685. Date of original about 1672.

P. 644.—The reserved ballad, "Brave Lord Willoughby," will be given early in the next volume; along with the sequel to "Cupid's Courtesie," entitled "Cupid's Tryumph." As time will show, many valuable ballads enrich the succeeding parts of these *Roxburghe Ballads.*

ATTRIBUTED AUTHORS IN VOL. III.

B. (W.), p. 254. Probably = William Blunden: compare Roxb. Coll., II. 149, in next volume.
Birket (Cuthbert), p. 126.
Bour (Arthur), p. 86.
Climsall, or Crimsal (Richard), pp. 41, 149, 267, 273, 306 (?).
Deloney (Thomas), p. 204.
Dryden (John), p. 609.
Duffett (Thomas), pp. 383, 458?
D'Urfey (Thomas), pp. 368, 536?
Guy (Robert), p. 46.
Hill (Thomas), p. 183.
I. (T.) = Thomas Jones, of Oxford, p. 613. (See p. 684.)
Jonson (Ben), p. 491.
Jordan (Thomas), p. 484: not mentioned, but see p. 683.
Marshall ("Sad," query = Stephen), pp. 189, 191.
P . . . . . (J . . .), pp. 529, 618.
Parker (Martin), pp. 22?, 51, 98, 110, 121, 219, 231, 236, 242, 248, 284, 295, 318, 322. (See p. 681.)
Philo-balladus, p. 93.
Price (Laurence), pp. 18, 22?, 131, 173.
R . . . . . (T . . . . . , probably misprint for C . . . . . .), p. 306: compare p. 681, where it is interpreted as Charles Records.
Records, *alias* Rickets (Charles), p. 261; also, probably, 306. (See 681.)
Rowlands (Samuel), p. 606.
Sempill, or Semple (Robert), p. 500.
Taubman (Matthew), p. 630–3: not mentioned, but see p. 684.
Wade (John), p. 517: compare p. 683.
Williams (Wat), p. 74.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

[N.B.—The *Additional Notes and Corrections*, principally referring to the dates, authorship, tunes, and duplicates of ballads, are printed on pages 678 to 684. As they all clearly mark the page, and most of them the titles also, of the respective ballads in exactly the same order as printed, it has not been deemed necessary to disturb the present table, by insertion of special reference to these *addenda*.—J.W.E.]

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END OF VOL. III.

STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, PRINTERS, HERTFORD.

☞ **NOTICE.** MR. W. A. DALZIEL, *the Hon. Sec. of the Ballad Society, has changed his address to* 67, *Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. The Subscription for* 1879 *became due on January* 1, *and should be paid at once to the Hon. Sec. by Cheque, or Money-Order payable at the Chief Office, crosst* Alliance Bank.

☞ **No publication will be sent to any Member till his Subscription for 1879 is paid.**

The Ballad Society.

Sixth Report.

(BY MR. FURNIVALL.)

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

THE last Report announced that, by the advice of our good friend and helper, Mr. William Chappell, the price of the first nine years' issues of the Society's books had been reduced to half-price, four guineas and a half, in the hope of attracting some fresh Members, to enable the Society to get on faster with its work. The reduction *did* bring in a few new Members, so that Parts 2 and 3 of the *Bagford Ballads* could be, and were, issued in November, 1877. For 1878 Mr. Ebsworth finisht his edition of the *Bagfords* for us, in a Part 4 of unwonted stoutness, containing more pages than Parts 2 and 3 of 1877, and having three admirably full Indexes, many additional Ballads, interesting accounts of Street Ballads and Ballad-Singers (with woodcuts by Mr. Ebsworth), etc., etc. As a reviewer in the *Academy* said, readers found in the volume—

"delightful entertainment, under the guidance of one to whom the mighty maze of collections is not without a plan, who can track a tune or a first line to the very midst of the Pepysian. The fashions and the follies of the bygone times revive as we linger in leisurely enjoyment over these rough lines with the rude cuts a-top, and listen to the 'lyrics that tickled old Rowley,' or to ballads made against Papist plotters by Protestant zealots. . . . Our fare is served with dainty luxury. The engraver's skill has self-denyingly reproduced the clumsy rough outlines of kings and beggars, worthies and unworthies, domestic scenes and Maypole dances, which adorned these fugitive pieces. The happy epigraphs, and mottoes, and head-lines, pursue us with quaint surprises even to the *End of all the Contents*, which serves as title to a woodcut of a matrimonial squabble. The very indexes are pleasant reading. The editor's verses have all the old spirit, and some of the old elegance. . . . The interest of the concluding Part is political mainly, and its ballads are real historical documents."

No one could praise too highly the admirable editorial work in the book. But unluckily the size of the book and the number of its cuts were too large for the year's income,

and £70 of the cost of it had to be carried over to 1879. That £70 is paid, but the Society is left in this condition: it has £11 in hand; its subscriptions due are £70; but it owes £29 for cuts, and £105 for Part 8 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, which Mr. Chappell has just completed, and which finishes our third volume of that collection. Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Are we to cut this Part 8 of the *Roxburghe* in two, and issue only half of it this year, keeping back the other half for 1880, to go out with the *Amanda Group of the Bagford Ballads* and the first Part of Vol. IV. of the *Roxburghe*, or will Members double their Subscriptions this year, the tenth of the Ballad Society's life, as Mr. Ebsworth has suggested in the following letter to me?—

"Molash Vicarage, by Ashford, Kent,
"*August* 30, 1879.

"My proposal is this. A neat but strong circular (*in advance of Part* 8, with its 370 pages and a hundred fresh woodcuts) to all the present Members, telling them the facts of the case. Here am I, ready, willing, and (I take for granted) able to devote myself to giving them my *best* labour for the next two or three years (at very great cost in money, strength, and brain-work, let alone *time*), if they will only do *their* part to help me. Now that *the Ballad Society has completed its tenth year*, if Members will only at once pay in the Subscription of an additional year (additional, that is, to our current 1879, which ought to be paid immediately, if not done already), they will relieve all difficulty as to the present bulky Part 8 being in excess of the funds. Moreover, they will, in such case, this year receive my curiously-illustrated promised '*Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*,' *which is now quite ready for the printers*, and can be sent out to Members by November. Thus it can be bound in with *Bagford Ballads*, first Division. J. W. E. and the printers will then be at once engaging on Part 9 of *Roxburghe Ballads*, to be issued early in 1880, as part of the 1880 subscription.

"There you have it in a nutshell.

"That none of us are seeking any personal profit is manifest; and you could honestly state that J. W. E. declines to accept any reimbursement for his own personal expenses of travelling, copying, etc. (to the amount of at least £50, cheerfully borne by himself alone, as a contribution to his fellow-Members of the Ballad Society, and in

furtherance of its objects). He is willing to devote himself, not only to the literary, but in great measure also to the artistic and engraving portion of the forthcoming work, so that the expenditure may be almost entirely limited to printing and paper. Such an offer is unusual, and not easily paralleled by other Societies. Therefore his fellow-Members are bound in honour, as well as impelled like sensible men by self-interest, to do their lesser share of help, by *doubling their Subscriptions for this year*.

"If they would generously continue for the next three years to double the Subscription, they would receive a double amount of work, *and complete the Roxburghes*. To this, if health be spared him, J. W. Ebsworth pledges himself, for he loves the old ballads, and prizes the Ballad Society.

"Fresh Subscribers would be a great gain. But these are not likely to join, unless existing Members exert themselves. We have more to fear slackness of energy on the part of our diminishing ranks.—Yours ever faithfully,

"J. W. EBSWORTH."

Having witnesst for some years the self-sacrificing way in which Mr. Ebsworth has workt, not only for our Society, but for Dr. Grosart and others, I am almost ashamed to be a party to any further call on his time, brains, and purse. But if the Ballad Society is to go on, I see no other alternative than accepting his generous offer. Mr. William Chappell, who has so long kindly helpt us, by whose advice, and in reliance on whose aid, the Ballad Society was first started, is obliged, by increasing years, to let this present Part 8 of the *Roxburghe Ballads* be his last editorial work for the Society, and has handed all his Indexes and material over to Mr. Ebsworth, whom he has rightly chosen to be his successor: there is no so fit man in England. It is then for our Members to decide whether, notwithstanding the bad times, they will double their Subscriptions this year, or be content with a small Part of the *Roxburghes*, in consideration of their having had such a large one of the *Bagfords* last year. I hope they will be able and willing to meet Mr. Ebsworth's proposal in the way he suggests; but if not, the Society must go on in its old quiet jog-trot.

None of us, however, can see Mr. William Chappell quit his post as the chief working Editor of the Society—for this he has long been, as his three Volumes (eight Parts) of the *Roxburghe Ballads* bear witness—without hearty thanks to

him for all the faithful knowledgeful work that he has so long and so kindly given us, and the assurance that we one and all feel what Mr. Ebsworth so truly said at the end of his Introduction to the *Bagford Ballads*, p. XLIX :—

"In friendship, and in admiration also, let our final word be an expression of the gratitude due from every lover of old Ballads, and every Member of this Society. to him who has done more than all others in raising to its true place in national regard the English *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. We could not wish to write a better last word than the honoured name of WILLIAM CHAPPELL."

The Ballad Society's books are printed in demy 8vo., like those of the Early English Text Society, and the volumes of the Percy Folio (but on toned paper for the sake of the woodcuts), and also in super-royal 8vo. on Whatman's eighty-shilling ribbed paper, tinted expressly for the Society. The subscription for the demy octavos is *One Guinea* a year; that for the super-royal ribbed papers *Three Guineas*. The subscriptions date from Jan. 1, 1868. The Society's books can be had only by Subscribers. Its printers are Messrs. Stephen Austin & Sons, Hertford. Its Texts are sent out by Mr. Hodsoll, School Press, Gower's Walk, Whitechapel, London, E., to whom all complaints as to non-delivery of copies should be made.

Subscriptions should be made by Money Order on the Chief Office, or by cheque, each crosst 'Alliance Bank,' to—

W. A. DALZIEL, Esq. (Hon. Sec.),
67, *Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.*

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the Year 1877.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balances in hand, 1 Jan., 1877 :						
Petty Cash	2	14	3			
Cash at Bank ...	106	16	9			
				109	11	0
Members' Subscriptions ...				198	9	2
				£308	0	2

EXPENSES.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Printing :						
Toned paper ...	25	8	7			
Bagford Ballads Part 1	36	14	6			
,, Part 2	91	1	4			
,, Part 3	45	1	6			
Reprinting Rox. Ballads, Vol. I., Part 1	23	10	3			
Reports, etc. ...	5	0	0			
				226	16	2
Woodcuts				39	18	3
Hon. Secretary's Clerk ...				5	0	0
Packing, binding, carriage, postage, etc.				19	12	4
Balance at Bank, 31st Dec., 1877				16	13	5
				£308	0	2

Examined and found correct,
HERBERT H. BARTLETT, } *Auditors.*
JAMES A. THORNHILL. }
Jan. 21, 1878.

W. A. DALZIEL,
Hon. Sec.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the Year 1878.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand, 1 Jan., 1878:			
Cash at Bank	16	13	5
Members' Subscriptions ...	169	1	0
	£185	14	5

EXPENSES.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Printing Roxb. Ballads, Vol. I., Part 2	26	9	0			
Bagford Ballads, Part 4	108	11	0			
				135	0	0
Woodcuts				7	19	0
Packing, binding, carriage, postage, etc.				14	1	10
Clerk				5	0	0
Collating, copying, etc... ...				4	17	6
Cash in hand ...	0	4	2			
Balance at Bank, 31 Dec., 1878 ...	18	11	11			
				18	16	1
				£185	14	5

Examined and found correct,
ARTHUR G. SNELGROVE, *Auditor.*
May 15, 1879.

W. A. DALZIEL,
Hon. Sec.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE BALLAD SOCIETY.

No. 1.—*Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. I. Part* 1 contains: Now a Dayes, ab. 1520 A.D.; Vox Populi Vox Dei, A.D. 1547-8; The Ruyn' of a Ream'; The Image of Ypocresye, A.D. 1533; Against the Blaspheming English Lutherans and the Poisonous Dragon Luther; The Spoiling of the Abbeys; The Overthrowe of the Abbyes, a Tale of Robin Hoode; De Monasteriis Dirutis. 1868.

No. 2.—*Ballads from Manuscripts, Vol. I. Part* 2, containing Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, etc., with an Index, Glossary, and Preface to the whole Volume. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1872. (*Nos.* 1 *and* 3 *are just reprinted.*)

No. 3.—*Ballads from Manuscripts, Vol. II. Part* 1. *The Poore Mans Pittance*, by RICHARD WILLIAMS, contayninge three severall subiects:—(1.) The firste, the fall and complaynte of Anthonie Babington, whoe, with others, weare executed for highe treason in the feildes near lyncolns Inne, in the yeare of our lorde—1586. (2.) The seconde contaynes the life and Deathe of Roberte, lorde Deverox: Earle of Essex: whoe was beheaded in the towre of london on ash-wensdaye mornynge, Anno—1601. (3.) The laste, Intituled "acclamatio patrie," contayninge the horrib[l]e treason that weare pretended agaynste your Maiestie, to be donne on the parliament howse The seconde [that is, the 3rd] yeare of your Maiestis Raygne [1605]. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., 1868. (*The Introduction, by* W. R. MORFILL, Esq., M.A., *is in No.* 10.)

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