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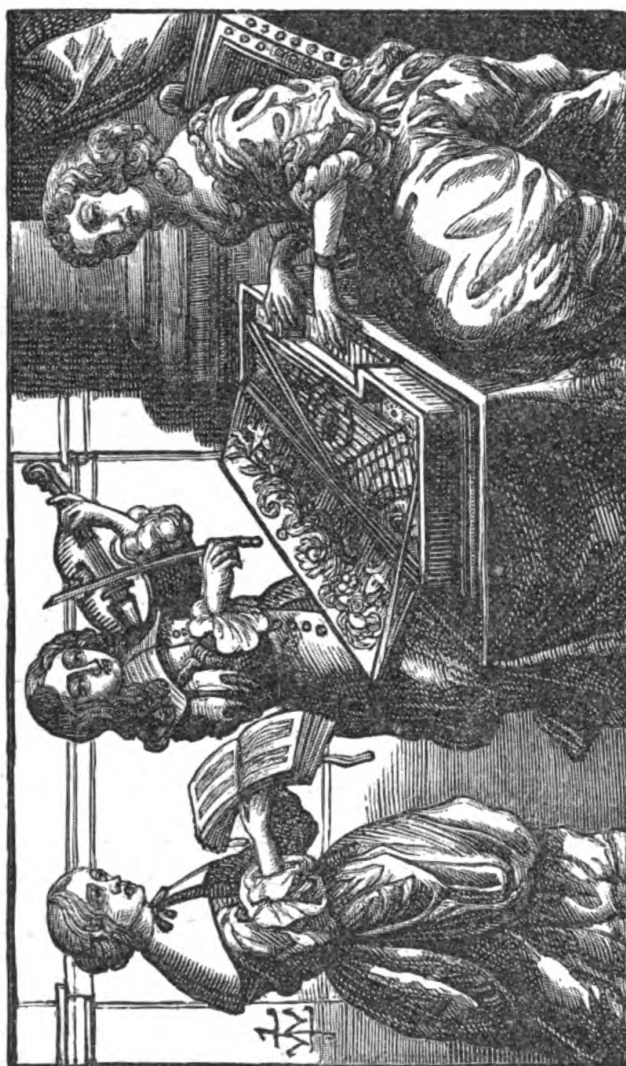
# Roxburghe Ballads.

VOL. VI.

*a*







*Frontispiece, by the Editor, J.W.E., after one by Wm. Vaughan in 'Musick's Handmaid,' 1678.*



The  
**Roxburghe Ballads.**

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY  
J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "DROLLERIES" OF THE RESTORATION,"  
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP  
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600:"  
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY; OR,  
OUR OLD COLLEGE AT NIRGENDS,"  
AND "CAVALIER LYRICS, FOR  
CHURCH AND CROWN."

WITH HIS COPIES OF ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

**Vol. VI.**

They err who say, 'Those years are fled,  
The names obscur'd of Heroes dead,  
The beauty of each Damsel waned,  
Old faults forgotten, love disdained :'  
For us they live unchanged, and seem  
The one true world ; all else a Dream.

HERTFORD:  
Printed for the Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1889.

HERTFORD:



PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

Nos. 27, 28, 29, 30.

## Prologue to Vol. IX.

"Something like a Martyr!"—*Benson's Beatitudes.*

*SHOULD you be passing through the Weald of Kent,  
Stifle impatient longings fierce and fiery,  
On Ramsgate or on Folkestone dips intent,  
Look up the EDITOR at Molash Priory!  
You'll find a cosy corner, in a trice,  
Liberty-Hall, no parson's-cant to bore you;  
But cakes and ale, books, flowers, and all things nice,  
Where you may revel, like the Prior before you.*

*He mourns one grievance solely. Let us own,  
Most men keep grumbling at their bread and butter;  
Without excuse for whine or sob or groan,  
Unpatriarchal scoldings they may mutter.  
Some were avowedly 'born much too late,'  
Including Poets 'innocent and curly,'  
But the Prior's bone-to-pick with adverse Fate  
Is this: she call'd him twenty years too early.*

*Granted, he spent enjoyingly his life,  
Saw divers countries, knew the best of fellows,  
Loved (now and then), avoided (sometimes) strife,  
Whipp'd foes, 'sang Rose,' and burn'd no end of bellows;  
Had grace enough to prize health and content,  
Gave way to fools and bores, not turning surly,  
Paid tailors, income-tax, and rates; kept Lent:  
But felt the load of being born too early.*

*Hard is his lot, since life has not grown tame,  
And of the World he's still appreciative;  
Holding good cards in hand to play the game,  
He hob-a-nobs with foreigner or native.  
Some Girl might love him—as he yearn'd for love,  
'Far from the madding crowd' or hurly-burly:  
She would,—had Fate not given one spiteful shove,  
Spoilt all, by letting him be born too early!*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH PRIORY, 15 JUNE, 1888.

**Cabe Canem, Porcumque.**

*OUR Gardens, you find, yield sweets to the wind,  
Native growths, and exotics well sorted ;  
Come, sniff, if you please ! in trim walks take your ease !  
Strangers too, whencesoever imported.  
Here a welcome awaits ; no ' Proud Porter ' at gates ;  
No man-traps or spring-guns, duns or creditors :  
None save H-wl-tt tabooed (because peevish and rude),  
Non-subscriber, yet grunting at Editors.*



*If men heeded one jot such hired-critic's rot,  
In these days of persistent wind-baggery,  
Not a flower would grow, not a quaint rhyme flow :  
He would root-up all pathos and waggyery.  
Laugh at him we shall, Lads, and edit Old Ballads,  
Till we rest 'neath our yew at Molasses ;  
And invoke the Chaste Nine, though critical swine  
Grunt their heart out, 'mid braying of . . . (cætera desunt.)*



## Preface to Vol. IX.

“ But there are Summers past,  
 Dim years of long ago,  
 Lost in the shadow that the ages cast,  
 Of which we nothing know,  
 Since in the world of men  
 Live none, were living then,  
 And none have made a record of those days,  
 But silently they sped, with all their blame and praise.”  
 —Margaret Veley's “ One of the Multitude.”

### I.

**I**F we did our duty as historians and antiquaries, as some few of us are endeavouring life-long to be faithful recorders and expositors, there would be of the past time *non dies sine linea*. To every intelligent student our *Bagford Ballads* and our *Roxburghe Ballads* truthfully reveal the daily life of English people from year to year throughout more than one of the bygone centuries, but chiefly that which sped between the passing-away of the last Queen of the Tudor race and the in-coming of the last Queen of the Stuart race. The whole of our fifth volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*, and nearly half of the one preceding it, were devoted, in historical sequence, to the reigns of Charles II., and James II., bringing the record down to the fall of the Stuarts, exactly two centuries



ago. The present volume contains a few ballads (hitherto not reprinted) of the final struggles to regain the throne in 1715-6 and 1745-6. But on the whole, except the "First Group of Early Naval Ballads," our present contents are social, not political; amatory, or legendary, not historical. Throughout, and especially in the *Appendix*, are ballads of the greatest rarity, many unique, and not hitherto known.

It is something to have brought this Sixth Volume successfully to an end, in the face of every obstacle or disadvantage. The Editor's sole regret is that the completed sheets can never now give pleasure to his dear friend and companion, WILLIAM CHAPPELL, F.S.A., who edited the three earliest volumes (except the *Appendix of Notes to Vol. Three*; which were added, at his wish, by his chosen successor). At the ripe age of nearly seventy-nine, on the 20th of August, 1888, he passed away, quietly and without pain, honoured and loved by all who knew him, at the very time when the earliest proof-sheets of the final pages of the present volume were being received through the post from Hertford by the friend to whom he had entrusted the continuation of so many of his favourite works on English songs and ballads, and who was to have the solemn office of committing him to the grave, and speaking the words of Christian consolation, over all that was mortal of William Chappell.

In *The Athenæum* of September 1st, 1888, appeared an Obituary notice of our friend and comrade, whom we loved no less than a father; and perhaps we cannot do better than transplant hither (*by permission*) a portion of this tributary record of a good man, an enthusiastic lover of ballad-music and literature, before we turn to lighter subjects:—

The close of Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL's industrious and honourable life on Monday, August 20th, 1888, at an advanced age, lacking three months exactly of seventy-nine years, was extremely peaceful, as he had always hoped it would be. A few years ago his activity became impaired by two seizures of paralysis in rapid succession, and he well knew that a third attack would be final, but never quailed at the prospect. If possible, his genial disposition became still more tender under the trial, and, since all who knew him intimately loved him truly, the news of his death must have saddened many. In private life he had pursued without ostentation a course of cheerful labour, and was always ready to impart the rich stores of his knowledge to all students and fellow-workers—to strangers no less than to friends. His pursuit of accuracy and fulness of information was untiring. No amount of toil daunted him, no difficulties long stood in his way. He would never accept a plausible theory or a blind guess instead of a definite established fact, and by verifying every quotation, distrusting all second-hand authorities, and rejecting each forged or manipulated text, he proved himself a model historian and editor of our early literature. None save those who shared

*The Athenæum Obituary Notice of William Chappell.* xi\*

his pursuits and emulated his exactitude could do justice to the rare qualities which enabled him at once to pioneer the way for later students, and almost to forestall farther research. Where he had harvested the grain there were but scanty gleanings left for those who sought to follow in his footsteps. He achieved much single-handedly; but perhaps the best of all his services lies in the example of his unselfish character. He had, too, a catholicity of taste which made him sympathize with most diverse individualities; while his own studies were so varied that he had kept himself abreast with the acquisition of knowledge in several departments of science and art as well as of letters and music. In the rank of his intimate friends he had numbered some of the best scholars of our time, although when close on four-score, in diminished strength, 'then but labour and sorrow,' nearly all who had been his life-long companions had passed away before him.

Of the Society of Antiquaries he had been elected a Fellow so long ago as June 4th, 1840, and afterwards became a member of the Council; of the Camden Society he had for many years been Treasurer and on the Council; and of the Company of Musicians, in the City of London, he was again Master during the final year of his life.

He was born on the 20th of November, 1809 (not 1810, as had been erroneously reported), the son of Mr. Samuel Chappell. The musical firm of Chappell and Co. commenced a successful career in New Bond Street in January, 1812. Mr. Samuel Chappell, its head, died in 1834, and the business was carried on for the widow by her sons, William and his younger brother Thomas. In 1838 William Chappell published in imperial quarto the first volume of his valuable work, '*A Collection of National English Airs, consisting of Ancient Song, Ballad, and Dance Tunes.*' This volume dealt with more than 246 complete pieces of ballad music, many of great rarity, and all of interest. The second volume, published in 1840, was preceded by 'An Essay on the Ancient Minstrelsy of England.' There followed nearly two hundred pages of exhaustive 'Remarks on the Tunes,' interspersed with anecdote, and giving the full text of such ballads as had not been reprinted by Bishop Percy in his '*Reliques of Early English Poetry*,' 1765, etc. . . .

The publication of his '*National English Airs*,' reissued complete in 1840, marks an era in ballad literature. Fifteen years later he re-embodied his researches in his '*Popular Music of the Olden Time: a Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England.*' For this work, published by private subscription in a series of parts during the years 1855-59, the whole of the airs were harmonized by Mr. (afterwards Sir G. A.) Macfarren.

Chiefly by his efforts and influence had been established the Musical Antiquarian Society, in 1840, and, in the same year, '*The Percy Society for the Publication of Ancient Ballads, Songs, Plays, Minor Pieces of Poetry, and Popular Literature.*' This was one of the most popular and useful of the book-reprinting societies; and Mr. Wm. Chappell not only threw into it his own energy, but gained the hearty co-operation of John Payne Collier, J. O. Halliwell (now Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S. and F.S.A.), Crofton Croker, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, Thomas Wright, Edward Rimbault, F. W. Fairholt, and others. For it Mr. Chappell edited several rare and almost unique collections or miscellanies, *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, both parts, of 1612, 1659, in 1842 and 1845, and a few other works. He also wrote several papers for the Society of Antiquaries, which are printed in the volumes of *Archæologia*, xli., xlv., etc. Among these are 'Some Account of an Unpublished Collection of Songs and Ballads by King Henry VIII. and his Contemporaries,' read May 16th, 1867; and 'On the Use of the Greek Language, written Phonetically, in the Early Service-Books of the Church in England; and on the Earliest System of Musical Notation upon Lines and Spaces, one hitherto unnoticed and Peculiar to English Use: ' this was read in 1876. It is a mistake of our contemporaries

[*The Times*, etc.] to say that he edited Playford's '*Dancing-Master*' and Tom D'Urfe's *Wit and Mirth* [i.e. the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*] of 1719. He edited neither—they never have been 'edited'; he simply wrote a few manuscript notes, solely concerning the tunes, in his private copies of the books, since transferred to the British Museum Library. He was connected with the Philharmonic Society, and edited some of Dowland's songs for the Musical Antiquarian Society, and reclaimed many tunes and ballads which had been fraudulently misclaimed from England . . . .

The '*Old English Ditties*' were selected from his '*Popular Music of the Olden Time*,' with a new Introduction, the long ballads compressed [for drawing-room use], and occasionally new words written by J. Oxenford, with the symphonies and accompaniments by G. A. Macfarren. [No date, but *circa* 1860-62.] In 1867 and the spring of 1868 he assisted Prof. J. W. Hales when printing in *extenso* the invaluable treasury of ballad poetry known as '*The Percy Folio MS.*' . . . . In 1868 Mr. Chappell assisted at the foundation of the Ballad Society, and agreed to furnish short notes to '*The Roxburghe Ballads*,' a voluminous gathering of 1263 ballads (not counting duplicates or diversity of editions, but including many 'garlands' and some modern 'slip songs'). He did not affect to fully edit them; but his labours began in 1869 and ended in 1879 *at the close of the ninth annual part and third volume*. At his request the work was then transferred to his friend Mr. Ebsworth [who had previously edited the similar collection of *The Bagford Ballads*, in two volumes, with *Supplement of the Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, etc.], who has continued it to the present time, and compiled three more volumes, the final volume [seventh] being still in progress. And not only his favourite ballads, but also his '*Popular Music*' had been entrusted to the same friend to re-edit and superintend at an early date. This was Mr. Chappell's own urgent and repeated wish, and will not be neglected.

After being first stricken by paralysis he had considered his position in regard to three important and unfinished works. The '*Roxburghe Ballads*' being arranged for, he hoped at first to republish his '*Popular Music*,' which was out of print; but he made no serious attempt to continue beyond its initial volume, published in 1874, '*The History of Music (Art and Science)*'. Vol. I. From the Earliest Records to the Fall of the Roman Empire.' It is complete in itself, embracing the Hebrew and the Greek music. He had, indeed, made preparations for the second volume, *On Mediæval Music*, and for the third, *On Modern Music*, but he knew that to continue it was beyond his power. The history provoked controversy, by its attacks on the inaccuracies of Dr. Burney or other writers, and on certain Continental authors, especially Helmholtz. These disputes, which led to the issue of some occasional pamphlets and letters, vigorously written, may well be left to pass into oblivion.

Mr. Chappell was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery, on the 24th of August, his old friend Mr. Ebsworth reading the burial service.—*The Athenæum* for 1888, September 1st, No. 3175, p. 291.

It seemed fitting that this memorial should be preserved in the volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*, to the completion of which the warm-hearted and accomplished antiquary had looked forward with so much hope of happiness.

*One other volume will complete the Roxburghe Ballads.* The present Editor has surely earned the right (after having finished five bulky volumes, two of which were of *Bagford Ballads*; amounting altogether to beyond 3652 pages, 8vo.) to claim more zealous support of the Ballad-Society members, thereby enabling him to complete the work, by re-printing the



ballads, three hundred in number, as a *FINAL VOLUME*. Every shilling is needed for the printing and paper: he has accepted no re-payment for his own heavy incidental expenses. *His General Index to the seven volumes* is absolutely necessary.

Among the remaining ballads are many of great and varied interest. Chief is the "Second Group of Naval Ballads," arranged chronologically in succession to those given in the present volume. Small groups are devoted to "The Reign of William and Mary," including military subjects; a group of noteworthy criminals, including George Saunders, Luke Hutton, William Grismond, Mrs. Arden of Feversham, Mary Carlton, "the German Princess," Captain Johnson, Captain Hind, and John Musgrave; seven of the "Robin Hood Ballads," a "Group of Trades and Callings," some pious warnings, anti-matrimonial jests, and apocryphal 'Miracles,' with a few public events, such as floods and fires. One important group of "Sempill Ballads" leads us back to the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. It will be scandalous if all these be delayed from being set in type, by lack of funds, although no public libraries in England ever once contribute a guinea to all the work. (More shame to them!)

On the completion of the Collection these ballads will take their due place; they show the inner-life of two centuries ago.

## II.

We foresee the future 'student of English social life,' when he shall arrive two centuries hence, enquiring for similar records of our own past day. Surely he will gladly search such hidden treasures of trustworthy contemporary annals as the unique *Trowbesh Collection*! What light may well be cast on the true estimate of men and things, at the unveiling of such records! Will there be no difficulty found in identifying the characters, or understanding the allusions? Let us dip prospectively into the unpublished documents; being the earliest of explorers. We were "the first that ever burst within that silent C[ollection]."

Posterity may ask, "What was the date of the be-robed Ecclesiastic who is, by Trowbesh, *Painted in full Canonicals*?" (Given in private copies only, being too striking a likeness for the outside public.) At special request are substituted these contemporary solutions of Hibernian puzzles.

*A Cavalier's Remonstrance.*

(On the disloyal avoidance of the Queen's Health and the National Anthem.)

"*GOD SAVE IRELAND!*" *all the yelping factions*  
*Join in this a sorely-needed prayer.*  
*Save her? yes: from their vile words and actions!*  
*Much she needs Divine and human care.*  
*'Leaders' for their selfish greed misguide her;*  
*Parasites and liars clamouring loud;*  
*Honest nations scorn to long abide her,*  
*Slave to cruel rapine of the crowd.*

"*God save Ireland!*" *from their throats disloyal*  
*Blessings turn to curses 'mid their crimes;*  
*They insult true helping hands, though Royal*  
*Offerers of peace and prosperous times.*  
*Tricksters win their favour, coarse and knavish,*  
*Traitors by the blood-stain'd dollars bought;*  
*On sham-'martyrs' fulsome praise they lavish:*  
*God save Ireland! in such meshes caught."*

None need wonder that some Utopians thus reflect upon the situation:—

*The Irish Difficulty.*

*WE* could do well without thee,  
*Thou Rebel-Irish land!*  
*But have good cause to doubt thee;*  
*Thou would'st not lonely stand:*  
*Each Joe of ours thou'dst flatter,*  
*Willing to be his tool,*  
*And help our shores to batter,*  
*Thou hybrid knave-and-fool.*

*We* could do well without thee,  
*But, like the Siam Twins,*  
*Whatever comes to rout thee*  
*Involves us in thy sins.*  
*Too near us, a bad neighbour!*  
*Thin strip of sea sole 'fence,*  
*Plagued by thee in our labour,*  
*Would Fate but drive thee hence!*

*Ye Gods, who land and water*  
*Disparted for man's ease,*  
*To save us from much slaughter,*  
*Pray isolate us, please!*  
*Keep back the Frank and Teuton,*  
*And Russ, who rail or scoff:*  
*Let Shamrock rebels hoot on,*  
*But—shove them farther off!*

No difficulty need be felt in our identifying the singer of the following "Intelligence" (his own having been noways remarkable, apart from horse-racing, as a thing of course).

We are ourselves grateful admirers of the original delineator of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, the Poet Laureated (so often quoted in these pages), neither endorsing, nor condoning,

**Roseberg's Intelligence.**

(Befitting his Stable mind.)

MILADI Clara Vere de Vere,  
*It was I who brought to your Leddyskip's ear  
 A scurrilous satire, dear to the rabble,  
 Founded on Coroner's-Inquest gabble :*  
*It charges you coarsely, though false it be,  
 As particeps crim. in a felo de se ;  
 Mixes you up with things unpleasant,  
 Because young Lawrence had slit his weasand.*  
*Chap who wrote it—a fellow who's got  
 A tinsel-tittle since then, sheer rot !—  
 Will prate no more, in his Barony pent,  
 Mocking the "claims of long descent."*  
*"Gardener Adam" was well," he says,  
 "To spout in Reform or pre-Chartist days ;  
 But, strawberry-leaves coming now in sight,  
 The creed that pays is 'Wrong things are Right !'*  
*"While we are Nowhere we sing or say  
 Whatever we please without Promise of May ;  
 But a moral intention one needs to fish-up,  
 When we rub elbows with Duke or Bishop."*  
*So if at Her Majesty's Balls you meet,  
 He will cringe, save for gout, at your Ledd' ship's feet ;  
 Well pleased if his Heir come hopefully near  
 To marry a daughter of Lady de Vere.*  
*You see it was always the Liberals' way  
 To do the reverse of their preach and bray ;  
 When once they climb up, no folks are gladder  
 Than your levelling Rads to kick down the ladder !*

People who deplore the absence of political or ecclesiastical ballads in this volume are propitiated by these nuts-to-crack from the Trowbesh Historical MSS., Epigrams, Squibs, and Portraits. To one *Harden'd Offender* these lines refer :

**Unser Weg.**

OBSTINATE as Mule, we know him,  
*Whosoe' rides or drives, he'll throw him ;  
 Nought his viciousness could baffle,  
 Tried by Reason's curb or snaffle ;  
 Feeds of corn and praise undo him,  
 Better take the whip-hand to him ;  
 Though he rear, and kick the faster,  
 Slash him well, and you'll be master.*

xvi\* *Pickings from perquisites of Prince Posterity.*

Some answer burning questions, viz. "Is Life worth Living?"  
"Is Celibacy or Marriage a Failure?" "What's the Odds?"

**Lenten Entertainment.**

(Being Low-Church Objurgations from the latest Sweet thing in Curates.)

"*WHAT! Ash-Wednesday, and not come to Church,  
Though 'tis snowing as hard as it can do?  
Would you leave me here quite in the lurch,  
You Churchwarden, and call yourself man too?* [p. viii\*  
*You are known to be prone to much sloth,  
Mild quenchers, and huge feed of 'vittles!'  
So I need to be righteous for both.  
Ah! Life is not all Beer and Skittles!*

"*Here I'm surpliced, left sucking my thumbs,  
Just in front of the Kirk's broken windies,  
And a snow-drift, yet nobody comes;  
'The school breaks' in snow-balling shindies.  
These are hardships, annoying, we groan,  
Since big GRIEF is compounded of tittles:  
Entertainment quite Lenten, you own,  
Alas! Life is not all Beer and Skittles!"*

[High-Church Rector suddenly interposes:—

"*There are worse woes for others than us,  
So we need not complain of crush'd rose leaves;  
Pain and hunger, Mob-Ranters' wild fuss,  
(We summon true men against those thieves).  
Let the Law be upheld, and put down  
Roughs who Anarchy preach, jots or tittles,  
We will stand firm for Church and for Crown,  
Though Life be not all Beer and Skittles!"*

Wholesome ballad-lore induces catholicity of sympathies.  
To the reaction against effeminacy of sham culture and panic  
may be due this celebration of the manly art of self-defence:

**The P. R.**

My *First* is what Miss hopes to win,  
When she a Raffle tries;  
My *Second* she hails with a grin,  
Who Love no more denies;  
My *Whole* (from outside seen) 's no sin,  
'Though 'British Matron' shies:  
This is our theme, so tip your fin,  
My hearty, and grow wise.

*YES, perhaps our tastes are 'brutal' and 'indisputably coarse,'  
But 'tis better to be manly, and to love a dog or horse,  
Than to be so mollicoddle-ish, as some folks we live near,  
High-priests of special Cultshaw, who account our practice queer.  
We hit straight from the shoulder, we strike no unfair touch,  
Dame Nature framed our Mauleys, and they suit for drubbing much;  
Below the Belt we never aim, but deal at heads our blows,  
We Box the Compass of the chest, likewise the Ayes and Noes.*

"Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back."—Troilus. xvii\*

*We deal no stabs with Bowie-knives, and when a brawl gets hot,  
We pull out no Revolvers, to squirm round promiscuous shot;  
The cowardly shillelagh-curs we not one pin regard,  
With doubled fists, bone versus ash, we break in under guard.  
Depend on English pluck, brave boys, and we defy the world,  
Though bullies brag, we know they're sneaks. What, beat us? They be hurt'd!  
If we are wrong'd, by foe or foes, we stand no proud rebuffs,  
But claim amends: "Fling up the sponge, or come to fisticuffs!"*

*Let cynics sneer, let idlers jeer, and call it brutal sport,  
We laugh to scorn these hypocrites, of sanctimonious sort;  
They prate half-miles of charity, and jabber doctrines mild,  
But we feed on under-done beef-steaks, and not milk for a child.  
Though giant-strong, not giant-like do we our strength abuse,  
To over-bear, provoke, we scorn: but challenge ne'er refuse.  
Instead of canting twaddle (with fierce hate at heart), we sing,  
"Success to all who hit out fair!" Long live John Bull's Prize Ring!*

While these final sheets of the sixth volume are delayed by lack of funds from passing through the press, another heavy loss falls on friends and fellow-students outside the Ballad-Society, in the death of that true-hearted gentleman and active antiquary, a warm lover of these old ballads, the indefatigable Editor and biographer of Shakespeare, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., F.S.A., who died at Hollingbury-Copse, near Brighton, on January 3rd, 1889. The *Athenæum* (No. 3194, p. 59) emphatically remarks, "Halliwell-Phillipps had, *with one single exception*, no enemies." He well deserved to be loved, and he was loved; by no one more faithfully than by the present writer, who shared his entire sympathy and confidence, and dedicated to him the quarto edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600. Halliwell is secure in the memory of posterity.

Ephemeral creatures of a boastful day, that disparages its antecedents, ought to remember that the Future will sit in judgment upon ourselves, and spy our faults, perhaps no less mercilessly than the wretched critics of the hour now calumniate the men and women of past ages. "The reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism." Later generations will wonder at us; and our ghosts at them, like "Biographers Interviewed, at the Great Contributors' Dinner." Trowbesh MSS. take their chance of slipping into the sack which old Chronos bears on his back (p. xix\*), "alms for oblivion." They may come into a future *Preface*. There might "be a time for such a word." If not, it is the fault of parsimonious and lukewarm neglect of support, not of the long-enduring Editor,

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

## Camarades Deux.

*OLD TIME and I set out together,  
Running a race, but in opposite ways,  
Each defiant of wind or weather,  
Neither for any obstacle stays.  
He hobbles on with speed tremendous,  
Hour-glass laden, a scythe in hand—  
From the sharp edge of it, Saints defend us !  
Seeking some goal, none may understand.  
(Fog-banks encompass that Unfound Land.)*

*Onward he goes, ever forward, unresting,  
I for my part started back to Lang Syne,  
Picking up things Time had dropt, bequesting  
To me or to jolly companions of mine ;  
Ballads and songs that had been forgotten,  
Historical facts, chronique scandaleuse,  
Blossoms or fruit, nipt in bud or rotten,  
Some to instruct us, but more to amuse :  
(Pick out our nuggets, whichever you choose !)*

*Backward I travell'd, through centuries triple,  
Reach'd the Armada, and brave Queen Bess, [vide p. 173.  
Liked well my journey, enjoy'd my tippie,  
Hope that my Readers feel pleased, no less.  
Here are a few of the daintiest quaffings, [pp. 319, 470.  
Time gallops on, but he'll not outstrip me,  
Since I trot faster, 'mid singings and laughings :  
Wait till my Seventh Vol. ends, then see !  
(Chronos won't trip up JOE WOODFALL E.)*

FOLKESTONE, 26th September, 1888.





[Very good 'Contents'; despite the Suffragan Critic *en derrière*.]

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*"Hollo, boys, here's another Guy!"*



[This woodcut, of the renowned Guy of Warwick in combat with Colbrand the giant, was copied from W. Copland's "Guy of Warwick," Black-letter, circa 1560. Compare our pp. 733 to 737, where some of his deeds are told.]

Addenda et Errata, Vol. VI.

*BE precise in quotations and data,  
Give Contents with full Indexes, ever,  
And be sure to forget no Errata,  
E're your mind from your proof-sheets you sever.*

*These are maxims well worthy of Romilly,  
Preach them and practice them duly ;  
Do not murmur at Molassian homily,  
But accept Volume Sixth from  
                                ' Yours Truly.'*

Page xvii\*, The Trowbesh MS. of John Cleveland's unexpurgated report of the National Biographers awaits a later opportunity for publication. "Painted in full Canonicals" begins "Much they prized his highest word, Styled 'Your Grace!' and 'Yea! my Lord!'" etc. Secured against extinction in Editorial copies: hence doubly valuable to the lucky possessors.

Page 26, line 9, of second par., for '*Injured Mistress*,' read '*Injured Maiden*.'

Pages 87, 450, 455. These quotations from his most memorable poem can never now be read by the kind eyes of our early friend, who had re-created John Glanvil's Wandering Student from the 'Vanity of Dogmatizing.' We add here our In Memoriam :

Matthew Arnold.

(Obiit 15 Aprilis, 1888.)

ONE more of those whom we love best  
Has pass'd unto his place of rest ;  
Touch'd by the Hand Divine, not slain,  
He leaves us without grief or pain.  
Why should we mourn with bootless cries ?  
Our ' Scholar Gipsy ' wakes, not dies.

Page 363 (Dedication to H.R.H. the D. of E.) for *Edward* read *Albert*.

Page 420, first line of ballad, for *cannot* read *cannon*.

Page 518, line 5, for 'See p. 503,' read 'See pp. 509 and 513.'

Page 607, line 8 of song, for *Ceres fell*, read *Ceres sel'* (i.e. Ceres her self, *Scotice*).

*WHATE'ER the ground,  
Stubble or mound,  
You may bet a pound  
That weeds abound :  
Spud them quickly, soon as found !*

YE EDITOR,



The  
**Roxburghe Ballads.**

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

**PART XVI., VOL. VI.**

*(Seventh Part of the Second Series: beginning Vol. VI.)*

**GROUP OF ONE HUNDRED TRUE-LOVE BALLADS, AND GROUP OF  
TEN GOOD-FELLOWS.**

EDITED,

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, AND NEW WOODCUTS,

(DRAWN AND ENGRAVED AFTER THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.)

BY

**JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.**



HERTFORD:

Printed for The Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1886.



## The Ballad Society.

THE BALLAD SOCIETY was started, on the completion of the print of the Percy Folio Manuscript in the spring of 1868, to continue the work begun by that undertaking, the rendering accessible to all subscribers, at the cost of an annual guinea, of the rare and large stores of Ballads in the public—and, so far as possible, the private—collections of the country. The founder's wish was to have started the Society's work by printing the rarest of the collections, the Pepys; but the holders of it, the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, Cambridge, having refused to allow the printing of the Pepys Ballads by the Society, it became necessary to turn to the next most important set, the Roxburghe, in the British Museum. This Collection, the author best known in connexion with English Ballads, their tunes and history,—who had proved England to possess a wealth of early Ballads and Ballad-music, unsuspected before, and unequalled by any other country,—Mr. William Chappell, kindly undertook to annotate, if not to edit. But before he could proceed to his task, he wisht the whole of the three large folio volumes of the Roxburghe Collection to be copi'd, and careful indexes of all the other large collections to be made, namely, the Pepys, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, and Wood, so that he might know where other copies of all the Roxburghe Ballads were, and which (from the printer's name) was the earliest. The whole of this copying and indexing was accordingly done (by the kind leave of the authorities of Magdalen as regards the Pepys ballads) at considerable expense, and after a considerable time, during which copies of the original woodcuts of the first Roxburghe ballads were made and engraved. The first portion of the result was plac'd before the members of the Society in their Christmas-book for 1869, "*The Roxburghe Ballads, Part 1.*"

The delay caused by the necessity for copying and indexing so many hundreds of Ballads before any of the Roxburghe could be sent to press, rendered it necessary that some other Ballads should be produc'd in 1868; and as *The Civil War and Protectorate Ballads* could not be prepar'd in time, Mr. Furnivall, the founder of the Society, issu'd for its first year a volume of "*Ballads and Poems on the Condition of England in Henry VIII.'s and Edward VI.'s Reigns (including the State of the Clergy, Monks, and Friars)*," with a long Introduction on the same subject, containing a series of extracts from Manuscripts and rare early Tracts. The second Text issu'd for 1868 was, "*Ballads from MSS.*" Vol. II, Part 1. *The Poore Man's Pittance*, by Richard Williams; being poems on Babington's conspiracy, the death of Essex, and Gunpowder Plot. These books of 1868 were reprinted in January, 1876.

The preliminary outlay for the Roxburghe Ballads was so large, that for its first three or four years the Society had to write off part of its income to meet the capital sunk in cuts, indexes, and copies; and Members had then to be content with smaller issues of Texts. In 1870, only Part 2 of the Roxburghe Ballads was issu'd.

For 1871 the Society's Texts were Part 3 of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. I. (with an Introduction, and a most valuable list of Ballad Publishers and Printers, by Mr. Chappell); and Lancham's Letter about Captain Cox and his Ballads (or Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575), with a full account of the Captain's Ballads and Books. For 1872 Part 2 of Vol. I. of *Ballads from Manuscripts* was issued (containing Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, the Death of Lady Jane Grey, etc.), and Part 4 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. For 1873 were issu'd Part 5 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and Part 2 of Vol. II. of the *Ballads from MSS.*, edited by W. R. Morfill, Esq., M.A., with the Introduction to R. Williams's *Poore Man's Pittance* (No. 3). For 1874 a short set of *Love Poems and Humourous Ones*, and Part 6 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. II., were sent out. For 1875 Part 7 of the *Roxburghe Ballads* was issu'd; for 1876, *The Bagford Ballads, Part 1* (ed. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.)—there was no money for more; for 1877, *The Bagford Ballads, Parts 2 and 3*; for 1878, Part 4 of *The Bagford Ballads*, finishing that Collection. Part 8 of the *Roxburghe* was issued in 1879; and Part 9, completing Vol. III., in 1880. Also for 1880 was issued Mr. Ebsworth's *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*. His Part X. of *Roxburghe Ballads*, rich in a *Group of Anti-Papal Ballads* and other historical memorials, beginning the Second Series and the fourth volume, was issued for 1881. Part XI., for 1882, and Part XII., for 1883, completed Vol. IV. (720+xxxii. pp.). Parts XIII., for 1884, and XIV., with XV., for 1885, conclude the Historical Ballads on the *Struggle between York and Monmouth*. Part XVI., for 1886, *Group of True-Love Ballads*, and of *Good-Fellows*. Other Parts will follow speedily, with *Natal, Legendary and Romantic Ballads*.

\* \* The increase of the Society depends mainly on Members getting new Members to join; and thus securing large volumes of ballads and woodcuts.—F. J. F.

Hon. Sec. of the Ballad Society, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Subscription, One Guinea a year for small-paper copies (but 10s. 6d. a year; 4½ guineas, for first 9 years); Three Guineas for large-paper copies.

**Roxburghe Ballads.**









*Frontispiece, by the Editor, J. W. E., after one by Gui. Vaughan in 'Musick's Handmaid,' 1678.*

# The Roxburghe Ballads:

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "DROLLERIES" OF THE RESTORATION,"  
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP  
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600:"  
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY; OR,  
OUR OLD COLLEGE AT NIRGENDS."

WITH HIS COPIES OF ALL THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VI. Part I.

Group of True-Love Ballads and of Good-Fellows.

They err who say, ' Those years are fled,  
The names obscur'd of Heroes dead,  
The beauty of each Damsel waned,  
Old faults forgotten, peace regained : '  
For us they live unchanged, and seem  
The one true world : all else a Dream.

HERTFORD :

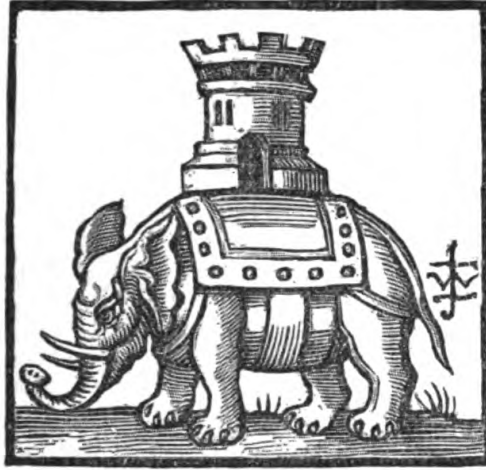
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1886.



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HERTFORD :  
STEPHEN AUSTIN & SONS, PRINTERS.



[This cut belongs to pp. 147, 247.]

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### End of First Group of Good-Fellows.

*To be followed next by a Group of Early Naval Ballads, and First Group of Legendary Romantic Ballads, to complete the Sixth Volume.*



[This Frenchified group of Mummers or Masqueraders belongs to p. 291. They were not intended for Siebel, Mephistopheles, Doctor Faustus, and Gretchen; but the second figure looks *uncanny*, like Blake's ideal representation of a Fleay-biter. Take it *As You Like It*, but not for William of the Forest, Touchstone, the Hedge-priest, Sir Oliver Mar-Text, and Audrey. Are they May-day revellers: Maid Marion, Friar Tuck, and his *dos à dos*, with Robin Hood? Who shall decide ?]

First  
Group of True-Love Ballads,  
Chiefly from the Roxburghe Collection.

NOW FIRST EDITED AND ANNOTATED,  
WITH NEW COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS,  
DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY  
JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

*Clown.*—"Would you have a Love-song, or a song of Good Life?"  
*Sir Toby.*—"A Love-song, a Love-song!"  
*Sir Andrew.*—"Ay, ay, I care not for good life."  
—*Twelfth Night*, ii. 3.

HERTFORD:  
Printed for the Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

---

1885.

“ If when I lay me down to sleep,  
This night, I lose my sense of breath,  
And pale and silent pass away  
To some undreamed-of realm of death,

“ I wonder, Love, if I would keep  
Remembrance of this mortal sphere? —  
If that which is so dear in life  
Would be to shadowy death as dear?

“ Could I not wed my faith with that,  
To love you so were then no bliss.  
We soon shall know. Sit near me ! here  
We have not long to love and kiss . . .

“ What was I saying?—Love shall last,  
And never old and tarnish'd grow?  
Dear heart ! I think, to those who love  
All things in nature promise so.”

—*In the Garden.*

# First Group of True-Love Ballads

## INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

" I have got a certain habit, that approaches to a merit,  
Yet is something of a weakness, and a trifle of a bore ;  
'T is that when I meet a pleasure, I must call a friend to share it,  
Or I miss of its enjoyment half the luxury or more . . . .

" So in Literature's Garden, when I've met a song or story  
That has rais'd a pleasant smile, or caus'd a pleasant tear descend,  
Should you chance to call upon me, be admonish'd, I should bore ye  
With the whole of the transaction from beginning to the end."

—Robert Barnabas Brough's *Story from Boccaccio*.



OUR CHOICEST Roxburghe Ballads we here send forth a round Hundred devoted to TRUE-LOVE, and half a score additional to celebrate GOOD-FELLOWSHIP in conviviality. These two Groups fill the first half of our last volume but one (not reckoning the *General Index*: a separate volume). We cannot boast ourselves to be quite safely through the wood, but we see daylight between the branches, and here utter a preliminary 'Hallo!' This may only be a Fool's-Paradise, since nothing of the unattained is beyond risk of interruption and failure. Editors hold life by slightest tenure; the sword of Damocles above them hangs by a single hair.

But we are not of the material whereof croakers are made, and have always been found hard to beat. Stumbling-blocks are turned into stepping-stones, and although unhelped, uncheered, except by the voices of a few dearest friends to whom these volumes are successively Dedicated, the Editor strives to complete his task betimes. All the ballads, well spiced for preservation and labelled discreetly, are commended to H.R.H. Prince Posterity, who will come into a goodly inheritance, and perhaps remember gratefully his unpaid benefactors. Pleasant fruit and flowers we offer to him, heaped in baskets or garlanded and wreathed: no longer left solitary, to perish neglectedly on a withered stem. For the most part they were unique specimens, at the mercy of the next rude blast, yet they have been preserved hitherto for our delight almost by miracle.

xx "*It was an Ancient Mariner," who offer'd Groupings Three.*

Our next Group is of EARLY NAVAL BALLADS, now completed in manuscript, and already placed in the hands of our skilled compositors, a Lamb-like race who dwell near the Wood that has often sheltered us, in Hertfordshire. Duly inducted and annotated, these ditties will have a briny flavour, being above high-water mark. Our P.D. Cupidons shed their horns and fledge their wings into brilliant pinions, while flitting through the air with revises under their quills, like passenger-pigeons during the siege of Paris. When they reach the final Group of the Volume, the LEGENDARY AND ROMANTIC BALLADS, their chorus of jubilation will be so ecstatic that the Wayzgoose of 1886 will become too gorgeous a bird to be seen alive. The Group, dedicated to an enthusiastic lover of Old Ballads, and worthy sustainer of the Ballad-Society, is advanced, ready for the printers, so that it may be looked for, in completion of the Volume, long before Subscribers have done their devoir to the satisfaction of our estimable Treasurer. (There never were worse payers than our Members, but we only whisper this condemnation parenthetically: blushing for English vulgarian atrocities and impenitence.)

Wind and tide have been long time against our voyage, my Messmates. Owing to illiberal abstention from sending free copies for review, the Press lends no favouring catspaw of breeze to fill our sails, and we know who tried to scuttle the ship, *more suo*. But so long as our planks hold together, we look forward to yet reaching the desired port of Finis-terre. Josephus the skipper grasps a speaking trumpet, sometimes to shout directions to the crew, often to knock down any land-lubbers of mutineers, and shiver their timbers. Courage, my hearts! Land is still far ahead, but we have not sprung a leak, hauled down our flag, or given up full expectation of capering on shore, toasting 'sweet-hearts and wives' (any number of either lot, alternately, if young and pretty enough). We sing "Rule, Britannia! Britons never would or could or should be slaves!" and we live contentedly amid ballads, without a pension, or a Deanery, or a laurel-wreath. Long live our gracious subscriber, H.M. the Queen: God bless her, and all her Royal family, "and may they prosper!"

By anybody who is willing to accept thankfully the good that the gods of Olympus provide abundantly, the present "Group of True-Love Ditties" ought to be received with gratitude. Here are a hundred and ten rare old ballads, few of them (not a dozen) reprinted in their integrity before; many are confined to a single perishable exemplar. They are of varied merit, some unimpeachably good, none radically bad, and all carrying us back pleasantly into the social life of two centuries ago. We rearrange them, on our own responsibility.



They are more usefully represented under the new grouping, with their mutual relations of inter-dependence restored—whether of the same tune, the same author, or of the same story—than they would have been if we had strictly followed the accidental misarrangement of the original blundering Roxburghe-Collection alphabeticism. Some ballads are avowedly Sequels or Answers, and that these should at last be re-united with their antecedent ditties, from which they had been separated two hundred years, requires no demonstration to any sensible reader. It is amusing to see, in numerous cases, the long-continued favour with which good tunes held their ground under frequent change of name; also, how persistently certain ballad-incidents were reproduced; the earlier stories having been imitated or parodied.

Several memorable instances occur in our volumes of rival publishers having seized on some playhouse-song, while it was newly popular, they each employing a separate hack ballad-writer to furnish continuation-stanzas and complete the story. Under distinct titles the several versions agree in the original opening verses, but are otherwise absolutely different from one another.<sup>1</sup>

Among those that we specially commend to attention are ballads by J. P. (whom we are the first to identify with John Playford the musician, father of Henry Playford, a favourite publisher). These will be found on pp. 110, 137, etc., "Love in the Blossom" and "The Spring's Glory." Also, from a unique exemplar, our opening lament, "News for Young Men and Maids" that "Love is dead and buried, and with him all true joys are fled" (p. 8). It bewails the cupidity or greed which destroys the different cupidity of Amor. The suggestion comes from the author of the *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. This Sidnean Dirge deserves reproduction here, and we give it.

<sup>1</sup> Thus we give, on pp. 178 and 181 (founded on Mrs. Aphra Behn's song, "Ah! Jenny, gin your eyen do kill,") two distinct ballads, one called "The Loves of Jockey and Jenny; or, The Scotch Wedding;" the other ballad being named "Jockey's Lamentation turned to Joy; or, Jenny yields at Last." Even so, in our vol. iv. on pp. 448 and 451, we reprinted the two distinct ballads founded on another playhouse-song, beginning, "Ah! how pleasant are the charms of Love!" They are entitled, 1.—"The Enchanted Lover; or, Celia Triumphant;" and, 2.—"The True Lover's Paradise."

Also, we have found a *third* ballad beginning, "Tell me, *Jenny*, tell me roundly," distinct from the two already reprinted by Mr. Wm. Chappell in Roxb. Ballads, vol. iii. pp. 536, 537, and 541, *viz.* 1.—"Come to it at Last;" 2.—"Coy *Jenny* and Constant *Jemmy*;" with which agrees, 3.—The *Loyal Song* of 1685, of the same title. Yet another, not hitherto reprinted, we have found, and hope to give hereafter among the Anglo-Scotch ditties; it is named "The Love-Sports of Wanton *Jemmy* and Simpering *Jenny*." To have furnished matter for a fourfold imitation and amplification in street-ballads was surely a high honour won by the playhouse song-writer: "This it is to be learned and witty!" as the politic Sir Thomas Jenner declared. (Cf. vol. v. p. 725.)



**Loue is Dead.**

RING out your bells, let mourning shewes be spread,  
 For Loue is dead !  
 All Loue is dead, infected  
 With Plague of deep disdaine :  
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,  
 And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.  
 From so vngrateful fancie,  
 From such a femall franzie,  
 From them that vse men thus,  
*Good Lord, deliver us !*

Weepe, neighbours, weepe ! do you not heare it said  
 That Loue is dead ?  
 His death-bed, peacock's follie ;  
 His winding-sheete is shame ;  
 His will, false-seeming holie ;  
 His sole exec'tour. blame.  
 From so vngrateful fancie,  
 From such a femall franzie,  
 From them that vse men thus,  
*Good Lord, deliver us !*

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,  
 For Loue is dead ;  
 Sir Wrong his tombe ordaineth,  
 My Mistress' marble heart ;  
 Which epitaph containeth :—  
 ' Her eyes were once his dart.'  
 From so vngratefull fancie,  
 From such a femall franzie,  
 From them that vse men thus,  
*Good Lord, deliver us !*

Alas, I lie ; rage hath this errour bred ;  
 Loue is not dead ;  
 Loue is not dead, but sleepeth  
 In his vnmatched Mind,  
 Where she his counsel keepeth,  
 Till due deserts she find.  
 Therefore from so vile fancie,  
 To call such wit a franzie,  
 Who Loue can temper thus,  
*Good Lord, deliver us !*

(By **Sir Philip Sidney**, *circa* 1581.)

Not often do we expect to find gleams of true and high poetic fancy among these penny broadsides, literature of the populace, the *mobile*, *plebs* and *vulgus*: the 'prentice youths, journeymen handicrafts, rough seamen, waiting-maids, and farmers' daughters, for whom they were written, all people of the labouring classes: who at that time, as now, delighted to imagine the joys and sorrows of their own toiling lives reflected upward and intensified among true Lords and Ladies. That Love levelled all ranks,

making the richest and most beautiful share sadness or despair with the lowliest sufferer, was reported by the ballad-singer to console them amid their daily troubles. He thus warned them against disappointment, and yet encouraged them to hope, till Fortune smiles at last, "True Love is rewarded with Loyalty."

The musical composers of the Stuart times were ostentatiously unwilling to have their favourite airs associated with songs that found acceptance with the lower order. They sought patronage at Court, among titled or cultivated persons. But they had no power to keep the stream from obeying its natural tendency to flow down-hill. What time the courtly gallants sang love-ditties with their Whitehall Beauties, their servitors were catching up the notes of music, and soon thereafter the Smithfield ballad-monger added sufficient brand-new verses of his own to complete the original playhouse-song: so filled a broadside pennyworth to provide amusement for the middle classes, and to earn for himself a substantial meal of tripe or pigs-pettitoes. Thus Laurence Price, John Wade, Thomas Lanfiere, Martin Parker, and Thomas Jordan, with others, who were answerable for the ballads in our present Volume, felt no scorn at depending for support on the favour of the multitude. They generally loved their craft, quite as well as did Charles Sackville or John Wilmot, the Earls of Dorset and of Rochester. "Come open the door, sweet Betty! for it is a cold winter's night," was at least as widely welcomed among the simple and lowly, as Tom D'Urfey's Tunbridge Serenades could be among the gentle. Tom himself was far too sensible and hilarious to affect any false pride in the matter. He enjoyed the honour of knowing that his songs were chanted by ten thousand admirers, in blind alleys or in country rambles across the northern heights. He found that popularity among the illiterate and humble was no bar to retaining Court favour, with personal encouragement from the Sovereign throughout four successive reigns. Away then with the idle jeers about the degradation of the masses, so long as they welcomed after their own fashion so many charming songs and scraps of poetry; although the woodcuts of their broadside ballads were rude, and often inappropriate; the long-winded strains unequal in merit, ridiculed by superfine witlings. Enough, if so much that was comparatively innocent and harmless was offered in the market, and purchased gladly. Why need we be squeamishly hypercritical, prone to imagine evil in others, and to claim superiority for ourselves. There was the true ring in many of these ballads, messages sent direct from the heart and no less welcome to the heart; such as John Selden with Samuel Pepys and others had stored up carefully:—

O farewell grief, and welcome joy! ten thousand times and more,  
For now I have seen my own true Love, that I thought to see no more.

We pity the Puritan who cannot draw amusement or inspiration from these old ballads, and see again in fancy the sweethearts trooping in pairs across the suburban fields on holidays, linked hand in hand while they hurry homeward after summer rambles ; parting affectionately at rustic style or darkened house-corner, with an interchange of such 'Garlands,' 'Penny-Merriments,' or broadside-ballads, as each of them had purchased for the other, they well knowing the appointed tunes, to sing together at next meeting. We may smile, if we choose, but good-humouredly, at the high-flown sentiment, the melodramatic pathos, or at the extravagance of language in a few ; but we find little or nothing offensive in their suggested thought or action. The meaning is generally clear, and the tone wholesome. If a few ballads show the sad results of blind confidence such as "The Kind Lady" or its kindred,—if betrayed maidens or jilted swains utter their complaints without conventional disguise, we are not inclined to blame them. No doubt there was need of such warning-notes making themselves heard, to put innocence on its guard :

*Mephistopheles*.—Sie ist die erste nicht.

*Faust*.—Hund ! abscheuliches Unthier ! . . . Die erste nicht !—Jammer !  
Jammer ! von keiner Menschenseele zu fassen, dasz mehr als ein Geschöpf  
in die Tiefe dieses Glendes versank, dasz nicht das erste genugthat für die  
Schuld aller übrigen in seiner windenden Todesnoth vor den Augen des  
ewig Verzeihenden !

We mention these ballads as being invocative spells to summon back the spectres of the past. But in general they are far from gruesome or uncanny when they appear. One genuine "Grim King of the Ghosts" stalks on his rounds (see p. 222), but nobody need sink before it in convulsions of terror. Conjured by these spells arise bright forms and joyous. We see no skeletons or skulking lemures, no dim procession of colourless phantoms, the mere mockery of life ; unless we adapt from the fascinating pages of Monsieur A. Robida (his *L'Enlèvement de Tulipia*, on our p. 87 re-delineated) the ghastly panorama of affrighting *revenants*, for the satisfaction of all Her Imperial and Royal Majesty's Great-Britannic subjects, and of many fresh appreciative readers in the libraries of mighty America. Hail, Columbia ! Fair lasses and stalwart squires, rural nymphs and indentured future-citizens are roughly pictured in the original woodcuts, here honestly copied and engraved by the Editor ; not caricatured, as by worthy Joseph Crawhall. If these ballads be not good enough company for us later men, where are we to find better ? Charles Lamb would have revelled in them, over a stiff tumbler of toddy with Dante-translator Cary, although their perpetually-discontented slanderer from Ecclefechan might growl and sneer at them all, as Samuel Johnson used to

ridicule Bishop Percy's *Reliques*. Hence with such dyspeptic cavillers, in need of a blue-pill, but welcome honest Cavaliers of the true breed, instead of them! The two camps are miles asunder in literature, and were antagonistic always. We are Pantagruelists and anti-Mawwormites, in our Villon and Ballad Societies. Small hope should we entertain of readers who require more of specific labels than the Editorial introductions afford, to tell them, volume by volume, where they may find "Good entertainment for Man and Beast." In these fresh Groups of *Roxburghe Ballads* each man may find wholesome provender. As for the avowed Beasts! . . . well, then, we are not careful to answer your Right Reverend Saintships on this matter, because the beasts are catered for abundantly elsewhere, as *you* know, instead of needing a finger-post.

In our following group of "Early Naval Ballads" is one signed T. S.; perhaps the writer of "The Souldier's Repentance; or, The Fall of Folly" (of April, 1588, reprinted on our p. 284, although it is not of "True-Love" qualifications, but a military ballad, like "The Valiant Commander" of 164 $\frac{1}{2}$ , preceding it, on p. 281, written half a century later). The title of the coming naval ditty is, "The Englishman's Valour, or the *Hamshire* Frigget's fight with six *Spanish* Ships in *Cales* Road; or,

The Seaman's Praise, the Souldier's advance,  
That tells to *Jack Spaniard* how *Drake* made him dance,  
And how Captain *Terrell* did make them to fly,  
That seek'd for to rob him, or cause him to dye.

To the Tune of, *Let no brave Souldier be dismaid*. By T. S."  
Two parts; two woodcuts. It begins (like *Chevy Chase*) thus:

"God prosper long our noble King, and every one that wish him well!  
Let Seamen say and Souldiers sing the story now I have to tell."

No publisher's name remains on the unique exemplar. The date appears to be 160 $\frac{3}{4}$ , before or after the death of Queen Bess, and accession of James 1st, "our noble king." It frequently happened that the same writer re-employed a tune he had already used for his own earlier copy of verses. Here he advertises old wares, *Calino a custore me*, when he cites the tune, *Let no brave Souldier be dismai'd*, which is in reality the 89th line of his own "Souldier's Repentance," as shown on our p. 285.

We have grounds for belief that our Roxburghe Ballad writer was *Thomas Stryde* (or *Stride*) of *Stokegurse*y in *Somersetshire*. He had returned from the wars in Flanders, where he probably fought beside Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen in 1586, as a loyal Protestant and subject of Elizabeth. In "The Souldier's Repentance" he expressed his disappointment at the chill of his reception; his family had prospered during his absence, and he contrasted their position with his own. But, in time, pleasant relations were restored;

they received him generously, and for several years, before 1599, they always literally found him a Tanner. He proved grateful, making bequests when recalled to military service for his Queen, going to Ireland, against the rebels. Like most warriors, he was ready to fight at sea or on land. His later celebration of a naval battle was thus appropriate. (Even to the date of the Dutch Wars, a general like George Monk was expected to take command at sea.) Foreseeing the unlikelihood of long survival, he solemnly prepared his will, in the same pious spirit that he had shown when writing his manly account of a soldier's harsh experiences in foreign service. We preserve from oblivion this document, with its attestation of his having died before the end of 1602 :—

### The Last Testament of Thomas Stryde.

**In the name of God Amen.** The fifteteenth Day of June, one Thousand five hundred nynetie and nyne, I, **Thomas Stryde** of *Stokegursey* in the Countie of *Somerset*, Tanner, being whole of mynde and bodie, Lawde and prayse be to Almighty God, make and ordeyne this my present testament conſening herein my last will in manner and ſfourme ffollowinge. That is to ſaye, firſt and before all thinges, I comitt me vnto God and to his mersie, belevinge wthout any doubte or miſtruſt that by his grace and the merritts of Jeſus Chriſt, and by the vertue of his paſſion and of his reſurection I have and ſhall have remiſſion of my ſinnes and reſurection of my bodie & ſowle, accordinge as it is written : Item I geve and bequeath unto my Brother **Robert Stryde** ſix poundes. Item I give unto my ſiſter **Agnes Eliet** five poundes. Item I give to my ſiſter **Grace** five poundes. To be payd unto them and everie of them out of the ſomme of ſixteene poundes of myne Reſtinge in the handes and keepinge for me and to my uſe of **Richard Oringe** of *Shirborne*, Goldesmithe : My good uncle **Richard Oringe** and good Aunte, as my whole truſt is in you both, yf gods will be I ſhall not come home againe, whereas I am at this preſent tyme preſſed and ſtrayghtways to deſpte into *Ireland* for hir Maties ſervice, praying you both to ſee this my will and request to be pſormed, and ſoe I comitt you all to God, prayeing for me and I for you. Written the day and yeare firſt above written. And hereto have ſett my hand and ſeale. In the pſence of theiſe men whoſe names are heare written. Teſte **Robte Tapſcote** by me **Nicholas Rallynge, William James**, ſign.

*Ultimo die mensis Julij anno dñi milesimo sexcentesimo secundo Emanavit commissio Robto Stryde fratri n[atura]li et l[egit]imo Thomas Stryde defuncti ad administrand bona jura et credita ejusdem defuncti juxta tenorem et effectum Testamenti sive ultime voluntatis pred eo quod deus defunct nullum in eodem sive eadem nominat executorem de bene et fidelit[er]. Administrand ad Sca Dei Evangelia in p[er]sona Thomas Warde notarij publicj procuris jurat. Etc.*

☞ The date of T. Stryde's death shakes belief that he wrote “The Hampshire Frigate's fight with the Spaniards ;” unless the publishers adapted it to a later date, by re-casting the allusion to the Queen, making it refer to James I., the newly-acceded “King,” and altering the rhyme-word.

In reading the spirited ballad (on our p. 269) entitled “The Shepherd's Glory ; or, A Pleasant Song o' th' Shepherd Swain,” one naturally desires to know the name of the author. Not improbably he was Thomas Jordan (who wrote our “Prodigal's Resolution,” p. 328). He was quite capable of doing it, a clever harum-scarum Cavalier, whose autobiography would have been delightful reading. He was addicted to re-cooking his own unconsumed fragments, re-issuing his unsold booklets with fresh title-pages, and returning unweariedly to his *premières amours*.



There is a sufficient resemblance in the successive allusions to the Scriptural history of Shepherds, between our Roxburghe Ballad and Thomas Jordan's Civic Pageant Song "In Praise of a Shepherd's Life," in 1679, to indicate that he wrote both.

"*London in Luster: projecting many bright Beams of Triumph*. Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1679. At initiation of Sir Robt. Clayton, Lord Mayor of London, at charges of the Worshipful Company of Drapers, devised and composed by Thomas Jordan, Gent. Fourth Pageant is a landscape of *Salisbury-Plain*, where rustic Shepherds and rural Shepherdesses are feeding and folding their flocks . . . A jolly Shepherd [*Opilio*] and his bonny Shepherdess [*Pastora*] advance their voices in the following ditty." (The tune is not named, but we doubt not that it was the favourite *Packington's Pound*: compare p. 331.)

### In Praise of a Shepherd's Life.

OF all the blest Lives in the world that are fam'd  
The Shepherd's condition ought first to be nam'd,  
Which may be defended from ev'ry degree,  
For Piety, Honour, and Antiquity.

Just *Abel*, 'tis said, a Shepherd by trade,  
Did die the first Martyr that ever was made;  
And by his own brother received his doom,  
Although their formation was both in one womb.

This example may teach us, if well understood,  
That there's no infallible friendship in Blood.

When *David* did follow the Ewes great with young,  
He liv'd like a Shepherd, he pip'd and he sung;  
But when he was cramp'd with the cares of a Crown,  
His own complaints tell us, his comforts fell down.

His days of delight were trouble and fright,  
His hands were taught War, and his fingers to fight;  
But though he was blest with the death of *Goliath*,  
His crosses increas'd with the fall of *Uriah*:  
He had a fair Fortune, and stoutly he kept her,  
Turn'd hook, scrip and bottle, to ball, crown, and scepter.

Thus far Human History dignifies Shepherds,  
Preserving their flocks from wolves, Lyons, and leopards;  
*Apollo* (ador'd as a God, yet) did keep

On *Thessalian* mountains King *Admetus's* sheep;  
And *Pan* must not be forgotten by me,

Whom Shepherds did worship as their Deity:

On *Arcadian* plains he Dominion did bear,

When *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* were there.

These presidents ev'ry objection convinces,  
Shepherds have been Martyrs, Gods, Prophets, and Princes.

[Cf. p. 298.

[=precedents.

One other (to amplify all) I shall name

Of courage and conduct, good fortune and fame,

A Shepherd by Trade and a *Scythian* by birth,

As you will confess when you hear of his worth,

*Tamburlain* did make the *Turk's* Empire to shake,

When he in a battel did *Bajazet* take,

Though five hundred thousand men there did engage,

He took him, and put him into an Iron Cage:

In one little cabin his Empire and Throne is,

Who with his own tongue declar'd 'Lex talionis.'

But we simple Shepherds, on *Salisbury* plain,  
 Live in more content than some Princes that reign ;  
 In vallies and mountains we pipe and we sing,  
 Love God and our neighbours, the Church and the King ;  
     We are not such Sots to harbour black Plots, [N.B. 1679.  
     To call in the *French-men* or draw in the *Scots* :  
 And in Civil War every Honest man loses,  
 They that love it, I wish they may hav't in their houses.  
     No Kingdom, nor Dukedom, nor Popedom can be—  
     With all their dominions—so happy as we.

We are not for pistols, guns, backsword, nor rapiers,  
 But pray for good Tradeing amongst LONDON Drapers ;  
 Of whose Corporation and Society  
 Sir *Henry Fitz-Alwin* first Lord Mayor was free : [1189-1212.  
     Who, as it appears, by our Overseers,  
     Did rule as Lord Mayor above twenty-four years,  
 And it is presum'd (he so justly did do.)  
 If he had not died then, might have sat there till now. [Cf. p. 342.  
     Then let's sing and dance up, curvet and cut capers,  
     Wee'l pray for the King, the Lord Mayor, and the Drapers !

We take credit, concerning our addition (without crowding the limited space) of some fifty charming songs, introduced as mottoes or originals of the ballads. Justice has never been done to the lyrics of the Stuart days, especially of the quarter-century following the Restoration, and before the *Inglorious* Revolution. They were warm in tone, passionate or playful, wittily phrased, full of melody ; the work of men who had moved actively amid courts and battle-fields and park-intrigues : not of sallow poets or the scribblers of libellous pamphlets, lurking in garrets to avoid a harsh creditor or catchpole, of whom John Philips sang. These impulsive warblings have a dainty completeness.

Musical instruments of old were woefully inferior in compass and sonorous grandeur of tone to the triumphant achievements of our Broadwood, Chappell, Erard, and Brinsmead ; yet what exquisite sounds were heard by the composers !—sounds which no orchestra of their own day could embody worthily. True music never failed to respond to the true poetry, at any time whilst Old Rowley reigned supreme, although spinnets may have been ricketty and virginals often cracked, as were ladies' reputations. Such accidents could not deaden the delight of each loving maiden, singing sweetly, with her slender fingers lingering on the clavier, while her lover turned the leaves of her *Choyce Ayres*, making pretence to read the notes across the rampart of her white shoulders. Did she ever complain, because wood and wire were less than perfect ? Every true poet, every enraptured player, hears the internal music echoing in his soul, and hails "the concord of sweet sounds," despite some jarring notes or the weak range of their perishable instrument. Not all of us can afford to buy a Stradivarius ; not many of us possess



the skill of a Paganini. The highest attainments can but faintly realize the exquisite melodies of Gluck, which he himself must have understood transcendantly. Beethoven, we are told, deaf to the discord from some metallic bar or china dish resting incongruously on the wires, while he struck the keys—nay, deaf to every external sound!—was lifted spiritually into the region where his noblest dreams became realities. He heard there, in the super-sensual world of genius and imagination, the music, absolutely perfect, which surpassed all possibilities of human execution. No false note could intrude, no chord fail to vibrate and to reach the heart. So, when we think on gardens where of old our lovers roved in life's sweet summer-time, we breathe their choicest odours recalled by memory; when we revive their past we cull its ideal loveliness and banish incongruities. We find, in our ballads, enough of the early witchery and fascination to make us happy over them, as people were two centuries ago.

If others cannot sympathize with us, the fault is their own. In our two recent volumes were shown political intrigues, the social corruption of conspirators and rebels during the madness of the fabricated Popish Plot. We have now left the malignant plotters, spies and betrayers; coming instead to young Lovers, happy or unhappy, who sing their joys or sorrows. We also track the roystering Good-Fellows to their tavern haunts, joining in the merry chorus, or hearing their repentant self-upbraidings when cash and credit have run short, as sometimes, alas! they must:

So fares it since the years began, till they be gather'd up :  
The truth, that flies the flowing can, will haunt the empty cup.

Friends, to whom specially we Dedicate this Part XVI. our Groups of "True-Love Ballads" and "Good-Fellows," you are men of approved and catholic taste in literature: not like the pert sham-scholars or quagmire-gnats that win Professorships, and "murder to dissect." Among these ballads such merit as they possess will be found by you; not only because of your friendly bias towards their Editor, known for many years, but because you bear the true divining rod of poetic instinct, sound knowledge and cultivated taste; hence you will at once recognize the value of these ancient records, and welcome them cordially to a fresh life, revisiting the glimpses of the moon. Thus, by your having accepted this Dedication, you have yielded fresh happiness to your faithful friend,

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

ONE-ACRE PRIORY, MOLASH BY ASHFORD: KENT.  
6th July, 1885.

To Two Friends,

ARTHUR HENRY BULLEN, B.A.,

*Whose successful labours in editing our best Old Dramatists and Poets  
additionally endear him to us, who loved him for himself ;*

AND ALSO HIS HONOURED FATHER,

GEORGE BULLEN, F.S.A.,

*Keeper of the Printed Books, British Museum Library, among whose many  
valuable works, prized by Bibliographical Students, the choicest of all  
is the Arthurian Romance whereof he has been Sole-Editor ;*

These "Ballads of True-Love" and of "Good Fellows"

ARE APPROPRIATELY

DEDICATED

BY THEIR FAITHFUL ADMIRER

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

1885.



## Prelude.



*WHO will, may foot it here with me :  
Come, sound the pipe and tabor !  
Welcome awaits, and jollity,  
For stranger and for neighbour.  
Fling politics aside, brave boys !  
Leave dross of wealth, more trivial :  
Take your true holiday in joys  
Unselfish and convivial.*

*You've had enough of Plots and schemes,  
They gave us little pleasure ;  
Be wise ! hark back to Poets' dreams,  
Here bask in sunny leisure.  
We sing no more Historic strife,  
Of Monmouth, James, or ' Rowley ' ;  
But show fair damsels, maid and wife,  
Buxom, or pert, or holy.*

*Love-ditties in the air resound,  
Two centuries hush'd and hidden ;  
These in shy coverts we have found,  
By Puritans oft chidden.  
True hearts had priz'd these rustic lays,  
Homely, or Stage-ecstatic :  
Some, warbled soft in summer days ;  
Some, croon'd in lamp-lit attic.*

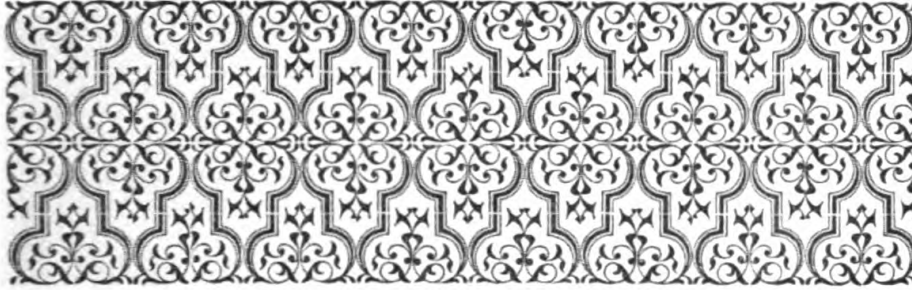
*We raise our Maypole in the Strand,  
Amid the crowd and coaches ;  
No Hermit's-choice, but hand in hand  
With each nymph who approaches :  
Whether a Lely-pictur'd Dame,  
Adorn'd from crest to shoe-tie ;  
Or a blithe Milkmaid—all the same,  
If she wear equal beauty.*

*Frolic and Fun prolong our life,  
Well for us if we prize them !  
Since dolour and disease are rife,  
No sound heart should despise them.  
Then join our gambols—the best plan,  
You laughing maids and tall lads !  
So turn to profit, while you can,  
This sheaf of **True-Love Ballads**.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

*S. Valentine's Eve, 1885.*

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## Libertatis Amator; a Litany, 1681.

“ It is good to be merry and wise,  
It is good to be honest and true :  
It is best to be off with the Old Love,  
Before you are on with the New.”

**E**VERY MEMBER OF THIS BALLAD-SOCIETY should prize the smallest scraps of Old Songs, which have reached us from hoar antiquity; for the most part orphaned and unaccredited, since it is a wise ballad that knows its own father. Few convey a larger amount of sound guidance than the motto of our present page. We lay it Editorially to heart, hoping to follow each of its suggestions. “Honest and true” we have always endeavoured to be; scrupulous in exactitude of text and annotations. “Merry,” in season, we hope to be, while delivering oracularly no more of hall-marked Wisdom than is wholesome for some readers’ digestion in this dyspeptic age. As to the “New Love,” with which we desire to be on, we have a preliminary *Group of True-Love Ballads*; by fate and metaphysical aid sent in advance of the *Group of Naval Ballads*: themselves being precursors of *Legendary and Romantic Ballads* of entrancing interest for sympathetic folk-lore Pundits. But we have a small remanet of Litany and Prophecy, that had slipt aside a year ago. It was already in type and awaiting a fit corner. It stood like a Black-Letter Peri gazing disconsolately through the closed gates of Hertford “Chapel” Paradise; unable to get any Austintatious pages among the P. D. Cherubim. It here finds a ‘local habitation’ at last.

Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—  
The gates are pass’d, and a home is won !

Well knowing that the following Litany, of the year 1681, was revived for party purposes against the Jacobites in 1714, with such alterations as might serve to make it serviceably offensive to political foes—as a sort of Old Way to pay New Debts,—we are haunted by a suspicion that on other occasions also were fugitive verses of this sort retouched and re-issued, after some additions or retrenchments had been made. But, with few exceptions, our experience does not favour the idea. It seems to have been so easy to gain a fresh manufacture of the entire article, whenever it was required, that people seldom found it worth while to steal any ready-made stock-in-trade. It cost as much to reset as to originate. Who would retain their old lamps when bran' new ones were offered in exchange? There were few antiquaries, wise old boys who knew the antique candelabra to be the only genuine “light of other days.” But the common worldlings prized novelty.

### Libertatis Amator:

#### A Litany, 1681.

[TUNE OF, *The Cavalilly Man*. See Vol. V. p. 344.]

FROM the lawless Dominion of Mitre and Crown,  
 Whose Tyrannies are so absolute grown,  
 That men become Slaves to the Altar and Throne,  
 And can call neither Bodies nor Souls their own,  
*Libera nos, Domine !*

From a Reverend py-bald Theologick Professor,<sup>1</sup>  
 From a *Protestant* zealous for a *Popish* Successor,  
 Who for a great Bishoprick still leaves a lesser,  
 And ne'r will die Martyr, nor make good Confessor,  
*Libera nos, Domine !* 10

From *Deans* and from *Chapters* who live at their Eases,  
 Whose Letchery lies in renewing Church-Leases,  
 Who live in *Cathedrals* like Maggots in Cheeses,  
 And lie like *Abbey-Lubbers* stew'd in their own Greases,<sup>2</sup>  
*Libera nos, Domine !*

From *Oxford* and *Cambridge* scholastical fry,  
 Whose leachery's with their Laundress to lye,  
 Of Church and State their wants to supply,  
 That Religion and Learning may never die,<sup>3</sup>  
*Libera nos Domine !* 20

From a comfortable [Sin-smoothing] Divine ;<sup>4</sup>  
 From a Crissingle Parson in Silk Cassock fine,  
 Who loves no Tobacco, no Women, nor Wine,  
 But any Religion, so of the right Line,  
*Libera nos, Domine !*

From a spruce Court-Chaplain,<sup>5</sup> whose Pulpit rings  
 With *Jure Divino* of Bishops and Kings ;  
 And from true Scripture false Evidence brings  
 That Kingship and Priesthood are two sacred things,  
*Libera nos, Domine !* 30

From a Minister of the *English Church* Breed,  
Mother-Churche's own son by Episcopal Seed,  
Who turns to burlesque the *Lord's-Pray'r* and *Creed*,<sup>6</sup>  
And can the whole Bible ridicule for a need,

*Libera nos, Domine !*

From a scandalous limping litigious Vicar,<sup>7</sup>  
Of whom his Parish grows sicker and sicker,  
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker and quicker,  
And who stole the Tankard when he drank out the Liquor,

*Libera nos, Domine !*

40

From a Ceremony-Monger, who rails at Dissenters,  
And damns *Non-Conformists* in the Pulpit he enters,  
Yet all the Week long his own Soul he ventures,  
By being so drunk that he cutteth Indentures,

*Libera nos, Domine !*

From a young Boy ordain'd, tho' a[bility] he has none,<sup>8</sup>  
From a Journeyman Preacher to some dignified Drone,  
Who, whatever [be the] Text he preaches upon,  
Still talks of Rebellion and 'Forty-One,<sup>9</sup>

*Libera nos, Domine !*

50

From the Bishop's-Chaplain<sup>10</sup> who scribbles everlasting,  
On whom once *Cook* bestow'd a dry basting ;  
Who in his old Age young Flesh would be tasting,  
And now writes for Bread to keep him from fasting,

*Libera nos, Domine !*

From a Protestant Church where a Papist must reign,  
From an *Oxford* Parliament called in vain,  
Who because *Fitz-Harris*<sup>11</sup> the Plot would make plain,  
Was dissolv'd in a fit, and sent home again,

*Libera nos, Domine !*

60

From Fools and Knaves, Prerogative Tories,  
From a Church that for the *Babylon Whore* is,  
From a Prince like a Pear, who rotten at Core is,<sup>12</sup>  
From a Court that has Millions, yet as *Job* poor is,

*Libera nos, Domine !*

From a *French* ~~arou~~ at *White-hall* and another at *Paris*,<sup>13</sup>  
From *Dangerfield's* Plot out-done by *Fitz-Harris*,<sup>14</sup>  
Deliver us Lord from the self-same thing,  
From the King of *France*, and from the *French King*.

*Libera nos, Domine !*

70

*Editorial Notes to Libertatis Amator.*

<sup>1</sup> *Al. lect.*, 1714, "From a Reverend bawling Theological Professor."

<sup>2</sup> We may here add a few lines from Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648: *The Temple*,

There ush'ring Vergers, here likewise  
Their Canons and their Chanteries :  
Of Cloyster Monks they have enow,  
Aye, and their *Abbey-Lubbers* too :  
And, if their Legend do not lye,  
They much affect the *Papacie*.

*Abbey-Lubber* was an old term of reproach for an idler, lazy loiterer, or "loafer." It is well known in early writings, and has been duly noticed by dictionary-makers, including Cotgrave, Howell, Pegge, and our esteemed friend, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps. He gives the following quotation from *The Burnynge of Paules Church*, 1563:—"The most of that which they did bestow was on the



riche, and not the poore indede, as halt, lame, blinde, sicke or impotent, but lither lubbers that might worke and would not: In so much that it came into a Common Proverbe to call him an *Abbey-Lubber*, that was idle, wel fed, a long lewd lither-loiterer, that might worke and would not."

*Libertatis Amator* proves that the term was still understood in 1681.

<sup>3</sup> A well-known line from the Bidding-Prayer at University Sermons.

<sup>4</sup> Left blank with a dash; applicable to any special abomination: "sin-smoothing" or "sin-smoothing" will pass muster. *Crissingle* mocks the belief in the Chrism, at Baptism: of old high-church ritualism.

<sup>5</sup> When the present Litany was revived, for party-purposes, in 1714, this term was changed into "From a *Holbourne-Hill* Parson," etc. (*Tyburn-wards*.)

<sup>6</sup> In the 1714 reprint this was turned into a libel on Dean Swift, by lamely printing the line "Who with *Tale-Tub* can burlesque," etc. A few other changes made it belaud the Hanoverian succession, assailing him whom Whigs falsely called the "Sham Prince of Wales," i.e. Charles Edward Stuart. The charge in the text is against the Rev. Thomas Ashenden, Rector of Dingley, who wrote *The Presbyterian's Pater-Noster, Creed, and Decalogue*, 1682 (see Vol. V. p. 180). We possess many worse but earlier-written travesties of the English Church liturgy, issued by schismatists before the Great Rebellion.

<sup>7</sup> "The Parson of *Croydon*." His name was *William Clewer*, from 1660 to '73 the *Vicar of Croydon*; against whom a long war of litigation was waged, for alleged "extortion" in enforcing payment of his over-due tithes. Other charges failed to be sustained. The proceedings were often before the Courts, and of the voluminous documents some are contained in pamphlets at the British Museum (P.M. 8122, e. art. 40, 41). Irreconcilable dissenters libelled Churchmen.

<sup>8</sup> *At. Lect.*, "From Young Boys Ordain'd, whose Beards are not grown." The "Journey-man Preacher" is what we now call the "assistant-Curate," or stipendiary in "sole-charge," as a substitute for a non-resident incumbent.

<sup>9</sup> Compare our page 243, of Vol. IV., and Vol. V., *passim*.

<sup>10</sup> *Note*, in early republication: "Sir *Roger L'Estrange*." But he was not knighted until after the accession of James II. The calumny regarding Mrs. Cook and her husband has been mentioned in Vol. IV. p. 255. and the caricature of Roger (Licensor of many pamphlets obnoxious to the Whigs), holding his pen and ink-horn, is on p. 535 of Vol. V.

<sup>11</sup> See Vol. V. concerning Oxford Parliament, Fitz-Harris, and Dangerfield.

<sup>12</sup> The allusion is probably to the Protestants' *bête noir*, James, Duke of York.

<sup>13</sup> The former refers to Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleaveland, whom Charles forbade to quit Paris, where her conduct had been notorious, and the latter to Louise de Quérouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. "The King of France" is, of course, Lewis XIV., and "The French King" may possibly be our Charles II., "Frenchified;" probably with an equivoque on the disease called *Morbus Gallicus*. The slander would be understood both ways, in allusion to Louise.

<sup>14</sup> As to this Thomas Dangerfield, whom Nemesis extinguished after a severe whipping in 1685, see verses and pictures (including pillory and cart's-tail back-biting) in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 705, 708. The case of Edward Fitz-Harris is still involved in some mystery, owing to his double treachery. One cannot believe a word or oath of any of these men, Oates, Bedloe, Dugdale, Turberville, Dangerfield, or Fitz-Harris. Conspiring in couples, they each tried to out-wit their confederate, and work a separate trade for blood-money. There was no honour among *these* thieves, who sold one another on the first opportunity. That Fitz-Harris was doubly made a dupe seems probable. His avowed treachery towards his earlier employers profited him not, and he met a well-deserved punishment, despite the anxiety of the Commons to get him within their own keeping, in order to use him as a willing tool for the destruction of others. The "heat" shown regarding him hastened the downfall of the Oxford Parliament.



## The Quaker's Prophecie.

“ When *Whig* religious, *Trimmer* Loyal, turns ;  
 When *Cambridge* Wives, and *Barnwell* Nymphs turn Nuns ;  
 When Curate 's rich, and the fat Doctor 's poor,  
 When Scholars trick, and Townsmen cheat no more ;  
 When amorous Fops leave hunting handsome Faces,  
 When craving Beadle begs no more for Places :  
*Hopkins* and *Sternhold* with their paltry Rhimes  
 Shall please us now, and take with future Times ;  
 And Water-drinkers then shall famous grow :  
*Settle*—the Poet to my Lord Mayor's Show—  
 Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley*, and our *Duke* outgo.”

—On the Commencement at Cambridge. (Cf. p. 39.)

**A**YLOFF, of Trinity College, Cambridge, after 1683, writing a comment on the lines, *Nulla manere diu neque vivere Carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ notoribus*, thus concluded a defence of claret-drinking by bringing together a number of unlikely events.

For anything known to the contrary, the Spinning-House is still supplied with ‘Barnwell Nymphs’ at Cambridge. Sternhold and Hopkins, the versifiers of the Psalms, have fallen out of vogue, no less than Settle; so has Richard Duke (see Vols. IV. and V.), while the true poets Dryden and Cowley are neglected, almost forgotten.

Prophecies of the kind here exemplified were popular two hundred years ago. In our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 439, we reprinted “The Protestant's Prophecie;”=“Come, hearken to me, whilst the truth I do write” (*Bagford Coll.*, II. 133; *Wood's*, E. 25, fol. 117). It tells similarly *When Popery out of this Nation will run*. The original seems to be “The Ploughman's Prophecie; or, The Countryman's Calculation.” Its burden furnishes the name for the tune, viz., *Then Covetousness out of England will run*; Licensed by Roger L'Estrange, probably before 1683; one edition of it was printed for J. Blare; another had been “printed for J. Hose, over against the King's Arms on Holbourne Bridge” (*Pepys Collection*, IV. 297; *Rawlinson's*, 120; *Wood's*, E. 25, fol. 81). It thus begins, warningly,

Come, listen all you that to mirth are inclin'd,  
 And freely I'll tell you a bit of my mind ;  
 You'll find it as true and as clear as the Sun,  
*When Covetousness out of England will run.*

These prophecies dealt with the Greek *Kalendæ*, or never-come time.

Of all this group of Prophecies, “The Quaker's Prophecie” is least charged with humour. It is simply an historical record, a waif showing the current of popular satire: connected with the *Rye-House-Plot*, to which it alludes in the third verse.

[British Museum Collection, 1876, f. I., Art. 24.]

## The Quaker's Prophecie :

Or Strange and Wonderful News from Spittle-Fields. Humbly  
Dedicated to the Queen of Poland.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE TUNE OF, *Then Covetousness out of England will run.*

Come all my kind Neighbours, and listen awhile,  
Ple sing you a song that will make you to smile :  
When all this comes to pass, as sure as a gun,  
*Then Presbyter Jack out of England will run.*

When *Oliver* and *Shaftsbury* come to life again,  
And are to be seen upon *Salisbury Plain* ;  
When all this is true, as sure as a gun,  
*Then Presbyter Jack out of England will run.*

8

When *Russel* and *Hone* this news they do hear,  
It will make *Colledge* and *Walcot* to stare :  
Then *Rouse* will sware at them as sure as a gun,  
*When Presbyter Jack out of England is run.*

Sir *Thomas Armstrong* he was a great fool,  
But Sq[uire] *Ketch* his Courage did cool :  
If that he comes again, as sure as a gun,  
*Then Presbyter Jack out of England will run.*

16

*Curtis* and *Care*<sup>2</sup> are two very great Knaves,  
On<sup>3</sup> the profit of *Lybels* they do live brave.  
Till they are hang'd, as sure as a gun,  
Then *Shaftsbury* in *Hell* will say nothing but mum !

If *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* were again at *White-hall*,  
'T is ten to one against [th'] King they would bra[w]ll :  
And if *Essex* were here, as sure as a gun,  
*Then Presbyter Jack out of England will run.*

24

When *Hewson* the cobbler mends shooes for *Whiggs'* state,  
Then Phanatic Preaching will something abate.  
When these things comes to pass, as sure as a gun,  
*Then Presbyter Jack out of England will run.*

LONDON, Printed for *Absalon Chamberlain*, in *Red-bull Play-house-yard*, over  
against the Pound in *St. John-street* ; near *Clerken-well-green*.

[In White-letter, on a sheet with a New Song called "Love in a Tub." To a  
new Tune, called, *Daniel Cooper* : for which see vol. iv. pp. 342, 401. Begins,  
"A Female Quaker in *Cheapside* she lov'd a Presbyterian." Dated, '1684.']

<sup>1</sup> Marie Casimire, wife of Sobieski, John III. See Vol. V. p. 365.

<sup>2</sup> See Introduction to "A Satyr on Coffee," Vol. V. p. 182, and 576. All the  
other names were annotated in the same volume.

<sup>3</sup> Misprinted "One," and "Tell" in next line, and "Phenetick" in last verse.



## A Group of True-Love Ballads.

“ Love in fantastic triumph sat,  
While bleeding Hearts around him flow'd ;  
For whom fresh pains he did create,  
And strange tyrannic power he show'd.  
From thy bright eyes he took his Fires,  
Which round about in sport he hurl'd ;  
But 'twas from mine he took Desires,  
Enough t' undo the amorous World.

“ From me he took his sighs and tears,  
From thee his pride and cruelty ;  
From me his languishment and fears :  
And every killing Dart from thee.  
Thus thou and I the God have arm'd  
And set him up a Deity :  
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,  
While thine the Victor is, and free.”

—Aphra Behn : *Abdelazer*, 1677.



WITHOUT needing to travel outside our Roxburghe Collection, and independently of such occasional Sailor-songs as had been already reprinted in Mr. William Chappell's three volumes, or in the two Divisions of our own *Bagford Ballads*, we are able to furnish a goodly “ *Group of Naval Ballads*,” few of them hitherto reprinted. Preliminary to these, however, we give this *Group of True-Love Ballads*; because their tunes are frequently named in the ensuing Nautical ditties, attesting their popularity. We thus avoid the evil of interrupting the course of Naval Ballads. In them, and among others of a miscellaneous character, was a continual employment of the tunes drawn from “Tender Hearts of London City;”—“Young Phaon;”—“Flora, Farewell;”—“Love will find out the Way;”—“Ah, Chloris, awake!;”—“Ah! Jenny, gin your eyes do kill;”—“The Fair One let me in;”—“Tho' the Tyrant hath stolen my dearest away;” and “Farewell, my Calista.” This makes it convenient to give the original ballads beforehand, so that a simple reference to the pages may suffice when they are afterwards mentioned.

We commence by reprinting an anonymous, interesting, and probably unique Lament for the Death of Love. Not in the form of Prophecy does it come before us; like the Ploughman's, the Protestant's, or the Quaker's; but as a statement of fact that “Mistress Money” rules the World, and Cupid is buried. Since the blind Archer is a genuine immortal, he cannot long be kept underground. Each fresh generation of youths and maidens will find him alive, sitting “in fantastic triumph,” as had been described by Aphra Behn (Pope's “Astrea”) in the song reprinted above.

[Roxburghe Collection (Bright's Supplement), IV. 25.]

## News for Young Men and Maids.

Who now may weep, their joy is fled,  
For Love is dead and buried.

TO A CURIOUS NEW TUNE.



From Fairy Land I hear it is reported  
That Love is dead and in his grave laid;  
And she that hath been often times courted  
Shall for her coyness now dye a Maid;  
Now *Bess*, and *Nell*, with *Susan* and *Mary*,  
In hope of Suitors long may tarry:  
*For Love is dead and buried,*  
*And with him all true joyes are fled.*

8

Young-men and Maids shall not go a walking,  
As in the former time they have done,  
Nor yet in shady Bowers sit a talking,  
For *Venus* now hath lost her Son,  
And she that fifteen years hath known  
Shall now in corners weep alone:  
*For Love is dead and buried,*  
*And with him all true joy is fled.*

16

No courtly Language shall now be used,  
Plain-dealing shall be counted a Jewell ;  
And she that hath her Sutor refus'd  
Shall wish she had not prov'd so cruel ;  
And she that hath the time delay'd  
Must be content to dye a Maid :

*For Love is dead and buried,  
And with him all true joy is fled.*

24

The Shepherds that do sit on the Mountains  
Will all be sorry this News for to hear ;  
The Nymphs that do resort to the Fountains,  
When they do know it, will shed a tear :  
For they shall now no Garlands make  
Of flowers for their Lover's sake.

*For Love is dead and buried,  
And with him all true joy is fled.*

32

The country Lads, that were full of kindness,  
To give their Lasses what they did require,  
Shall wonder greatly at their own blindness,  
And leave off all their former desire ;  
They shall not take them out to dance,  
Nor yet in Songs their praise advance :

*For Love is dead and buried,  
And with him all true joy is fled.*

[orig. "Love." 40

All Creatures shall express their own sorrow,  
The Birds shall dro[o]p away with grief ;  
The *Pelican* man's tears shall borrow,  
In hope thereby to find some relief ;  
The Turtle Dove shall lose her mate,  
And pine away disconsolate :

*For Love is dead and buried,  
And with him all true joy is fled.*

48

Young men shall now repent their expences,  
Which they on Maids did use to bestow ;  
Who in like manner did seek fair pretences  
That with their Sweethearts abroad might go.  
But those same days are past and gone,  
And Maidens now shall stay at home :

*For Love is dead and buried,  
And with him all true joy is fled.*

[orig. "Love." 56



All the whole World hath cause to be grieved  
 For this same News which I do relate,  
 Which I do think may well be believed,  
 Since Love you see is grown out of date ;  
 And Mistress Money his place doth take,  
 While she her self doth matches make.

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
 And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

64

For Mistress Money is grown to such credit,  
 That she doth rule all things here below.  
 And who can marry if she do forbid it ?  
 Since wealth is most esteemed, you know ;  
 The Mother now will sell her daughter,  
 Although she do repent hereafter :

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
 And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

72

For if a Maid her fancy have placed,  
 By the direction of her own will,  
 Yet is her purpose always defaced  
 By those who seek to cross her love still ;  
 And she at last is bought and sold  
 For lucre of some wealth or Gold.

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
 And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

80

In ancient times they often did marry  
 For love, which then was most highly prized ;  
 But now, alas ! long time they may tarry,  
 If that some other way be not devised.  
 For Portions now do bear the sway,  
 And will do more still every day :

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
 And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

88

Well fare those dayes when Shepherds delighted  
 With the young *Nymphs* to dance on a green,  
 Where all their love was kindly requited,  
 In such due manner as might them beseem !  
 But these same days will ne'er come again,  
 When Shepherds live thus on the Plain.

*For love is dead [and buried,  
 And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

96

Good Qualities now, and vertuous carriage,  
Is nothing without Money beside ;  
Nor did I ever yet see a Marriage  
Wherein a true Lover's knot was tyed :  
For they no sooner Married once be,  
But both of them do disagree.

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

104

For when to marry they have been enforced,  
What can ensue but strife and debate ?  
And then they seek how to be Divorced,  
And wish to be in their former state ;  
But those which marry thus, I dare say,  
Shall ne'er know [a] contented day.

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

112

Therefore, let all young Maidens take warning  
How they do grant their Love unto any ;  
Or be allured by their sweet charming,  
By which they have deceived so many ;  
For all this year I do foresee  
That Weddings shall unhappy be :

*For Love is dead [and buried,  
And with him all true joyes are fled.]*

120

Now to conclude, and shut up my Ditty,  
This news I know most strange will appear,  
Both in the Country and in the City,  
For yet the like they never did hear ;  
The Country Lasses I do believe,  
When they hear this news, they will grieve :

*For Love is dead and buried,  
And with him all true joyes are fled.*

128

London, Printed for W. Thac[k]ery, and W. Whitwood.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. Date, probably before 1676.]

\* \* We give on p. 8 a copy of the unmutated woodcut of a Funeral, instead of the smaller cut (omitting the grave-digger, the grave, the tree, and faces peeping from behind it: as it is given in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 539 R.), which appears on the broadside. Two other cuts: one, a man in a cloak; for the other, a girl holding a fan in her right hand, see p. 97. In a charming poem, "*Love's Moods*," by Ælian Prince, 1885, p. 56, we read:—

That strain was false, which hinted Love was dead.  
Lo! to my heart the wonted bliss returns ;  
My soul as in the golden season burns ;  
The sickly slough of sorrow has been shed.



## Love is better than Gold.

"The Tyme was once, when Honestie was counted  
A demy-god, and so esteem'd of all;  
But now *Pecunia* on his seate is mounted;  
Since Honestie in great disgrace did fall.  
No state, no calling now, doth him esteeme,  
Nor of the other ill doeth any deeme."

—Richard Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, 1598.

IN companionship with the "News for Young Men and Maids," the Lament for Eros dead and buried, there is preserved another ballad contrasting successfully his claims against those of Dame Pecunia. Both ballads belong to that excellent volume of rarities (many of them absolutely unique), gathered by the worthy Benjamin Heywood Bright, and richly prized by him, as an addition to the genuine Roxburghe Collection. All of them will be reproduced here, and speedily.

Whether the same unknown author wrote both ballads, which are variations of a single complaint; and what were the respective tunes, one "curious and new," the other "delightful, much in request at Court," but both un-named and still un-identified, we leave for solution to some happy day when we have penetrated deeper into the mysteries of Fairy-Land. Complaints against the worship of money had long been the favourite theme of Poets and ballad-mongers, who told about "Grammercy Penny." Several Roxburghe Ballads are examples, one of these, entered on 19th August, 1634, being "The World's Sweet-heart:" To the tune of 'The Beggar Boy of the North.' It begins, "Sweet Mistress Money, I will here declare" (*Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 81). Another is "There's nothing to be had without money." To a new Northern Tune, or, 'The Mother beguil'd the Daughter,' and commencing, "You Gallants, and you swaggering blades" (*Ibid.*, ii. 569). "Money is my Master," to the Tune of 'Better late thrive than never,' and beginning, "I have been the master of money good store" (*Ibid.*, iii. 279, 280; where Mr. Wm. Chappell prefixes an excellent note on the subject). The tune is the same as one used for Laurence Price's "Oh Grammercy Penny!" which begins, "When I call to mind those jovial days." Another ballad (here following on p. 16) is "The Wonderful Praise of Money," to the Tune of 'Ladies of London,' and commencing, "Will you know why the old misers adore their coffers of ill-gotten treasure?" Licensed by Richard Pocock, therefore of date ranging from 1685 to 1688. (See p. 15.)

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 20 ; Huth Collection, I. 165 ; Rawlinson, 130.]

## Love's better than Gold :

Or,

### Money's an Ass.

Come, hear my Song, it does you all concern,  
From it you may your own Misfortunes learn :  
And yet 'tis vain, as hereby I shall prove,  
For want of Money to neglect your Love.

*To a New Delightful Tune, much in request at Court.*



J. W. E.

Why should friends and kindred gravely make thee  
Wrong thyself, and cruelly forsake me,  
Be still my dearest Mistris, hang relations !  
Love is above their dull considerations ;  
Let them live and want to heap up treasure,  
Whilst that thee and I enjoy our pleasure.

6

He that seeks a Mistris in a portion  
Puts himself to use with damn'd extortion :  
If he must be brib'd to copulation,  
Pox upon his love ! 'tis out of fashion :  
Where we like, no matter where th' estate is,  
'Tis not love except he shews it gratis.

12

How to see the Miser have I wondred,  
 Weighing out his passion by the hundred,  
 Ne'r consulting birth or education,  
 Vertue without wealth's but prophanation :  
 Be she old or ugly, 'tis no matter,  
 So she is but rich he 'll venture at her. 18

Joynture is a sordid lay invention,  
 Quite beside our nature and intention :  
 When we would agree, it makes resistance,  
 Finding tricks to keep us at a distance :  
 Then who poorly makes a new election,  
 Suffers wealth to Cuckold his affection. 24

Souls are free, and should not be confin'd to  
 Objects which the fancy has no mind to :  
 When a pretty female I importune,  
 Shall I lose her for her want of fortune ?  
 'Tis a folly, sordid, and inhumane,  
 Thus to sell the pleasures of a woman. 30

More to me the pleasing of my mind is,  
 Than the far-fetcht wealth of both the Indies ;  
 I've a soul above those drossy treasures,  
 Love does yield more sweet and lasting pleasures ;  
 Such a joy as nothing can destroy it,  
 None describe it but they that do enjoy it. 36

Yet the low-soul'd wretch may have his fancy,  
 I can value nothing but my *Nancy* :  
 She that has an eye so black and sprightful,  
 And a place I name not more delightful !  
 Such a mine as greater wealth affordeth,  
 Than the wretched worldling ever hoardeth. 42

Rows of brightest and of shining pearls are  
 Not so oriental as my girl's are ;  
 Rubies touch her lips, and gain more lustre,  
 Looking redder when that they have bus[s']t her ;  
 Her red cheek 's so fair she need not patch it,  
 There's none but the other cheek can match it. 48

Then for humour, wit and conversation,  
 Nothing can be like her in the Nation,  
 Always lively, airy, brisk and jolly,  
 Free from studied pride, and Melancholly !  
 Such she is, and her I love more dearly,  
 Than the dame that has her thousands yearly. 54

There you cringe and make your best addresses,  
But, alas! she likes not your caresses;  
Speak and Bow as well as e're you can, Sir,  
Ten to one if e're you get an answer:  
When you'r gone, she crys, "A sawey fellow!  
Come[s] to me without his white and yellow." [i.e. his money.]

He that can, and will, this hag may marry!  
But for me the jade is like to tarry;  
Let her live till lust and age do grieve her,  
Till she call her Money to relieve her:  
May she covet Husbands without measure,  
Always wish, but know not of her pleasure. 66

Still my girl and I will love each other,  
Want of wealth shall ne'r my passion smother.  
Were she rich, I could not love her better;  
Were she poor, I never wou'd defeat her:  
Whatsoever I have, I must confess it,  
She deserves, and therefore shall possess it. 72

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Hospital-gate, in West Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts, two on p. 13; two on p. 76. Date, circa 1676.]

\* \* Here follows the ballad containing "Wonderful Praise of Money." One of the many indications that these broadside ballads were originally issued at the price of a Penny (like the cheap Garlands and other Chap-books, called "Penny Merriments," of the Stuart days,) meets us in the final lines,

"Pray now be willing to buy this New Song,  
The Price of it is but a Penny!"

He was a shrewd fellow who wrote and sang it, knowing his way about, and keeping his eye on the main chance. Wisdom's voice was thus heard crying out in the streets, and for once was listened to by the "Ladies of London."

The tune thus named appeared in the Appendix to John Playford's *Dancing Master*, edition 1686, and originally belonged to a song by Tom D'Urfey (see *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 9), entitled, "Advice to the Ladies of London." When lengthened into a broadside ballad, it was licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-88. (*Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 369; tune in *Popular Music*, p. 593.) Tom D'Urfey's companion-ditty, the "Advice to the Beaus," sung to the same tune, begins with an allusion to the notorious Rose Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden (compare "One Saturday night we sate late at *The Rose*"):—

All jolly Rake-hells that sup at the *Rose*,  
And midnight intrigues are contriving,  
Courtiers, and all you that set up for *Beaus*,  
I'll give ye good counsel in Wiving;  
Now the fair Sex must pardon my verse,  
If once I dare swerve from my Duty:  
Old *Rosa-crucians* found spots in the Stars,  
Then why not I errors in Beauty?

Another R.P. licensed answer begins, "All jolly Blades that inhabit the Town."



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 530 ; Pepys, IV. 256 ; Huth, II. 157.]

## The Wonderful Praise of Money ;

Or,

An account of the many Evils that attend the ill Use thereof.

Money, when Us'd, and not Abus'd,  
Will do Men good, we know ;  
But when they shall consume it all,  
It proves their overthrow.

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].

TO THE TUNE OF, *Ye Ladies of London*. [See p. 15.]



WILL you know why the old Misers adore  
Their Coffers of ill-gotten Treasure ?  
Always a griping and grinding the Poor,  
Until he has Wealth out of measure :  
'Cause he has nothing else he can trust,  
He seldom is found any Spender ;  
But in his trouble's away to his Chest,  
Thus Money is all his defender.

He that is with a great plenty possest,  
How ought he to honour and prize it?  
Being a thing that is much in request,  
And there is but few that despise it:  
For there is none can live without it,  
'Tis counted more sweeter than Honey,  
For if a Man should have ne'r so much wit,  
He cannot buy Land without Money.

16

Mind but the Story which here I have Pen'd,  
And then you will find the Conclusion :—  
Money, that many times proves a Man's Friend,  
As often it makes a Confusion :  
Yet when a Man shall meet with a Foe,  
Whose looks are as sower as Sorrel,  
And shall supply him with many a dry blow,  
This Money will end all the Quarrel.

24

For when the Duel is over and past,  
And both are resolv'd to be merry,  
Then to the Tavern they hurry at last,  
Where, over a Glass of Canary,  
[In] Love they unite ; the anger's forgot ;  
Their Hearts are as light as a Feather :  
But it was Money that payed the shot,  
Which brought them so loving together.

32

Some that have Money will traverse the Law,  
For good they will never be doing,  
But labour always to keep Men in awe,  
Ne'er pleased with nothing but Ruine :  
Passionate Men will trouble encrease,  
For Malice is always in action ;  
Money, that oftentimes maketh the Peace,  
As often doth cause a Distraction.

40

Some Men they will be with Money high-flown,  
As having not Wisdom to use it ;  
Then it were better they never had none,  
Than have it and highly abuse it :  
For when a Man meets one that is fair,  
Who calls him her Joy and her Honey,  
He may be cunningly catcht in a Snare,  
And all for the sake of his Money.

48

But the true value will further appear,  
 Than hath in this present Relation ;  
 Souldiers for Money will fight without Fear,  
 And vanquish the Foes of the Nation :  
 Like Loyal souls, they scorn for to flye,  
 Therefore we have cause to adore them,  
 Give them but Money, they'l fight till they dye,  
 Or cut down and clear all before them. 56

Thus having told you what money can do,  
 And likewise the Evils attend it,  
 Yet amongst Soldiers there is but a few,  
 But that will willingly spend it :  
 Each with his Lass then seldom is sad,  
 But many fine Nick-nacks affords her,  
 'Cause too much Money will make a Man mad :  
 Each hates to be counted a hoarder. 64

Money we find is a delicate thing,  
 By every Person required,  
 Therefore my Customers, if you will bring  
 This, then I have what I desired ;  
 Every one which is in this Throng,  
 If kindnesses you will shew any,  
 Pray now be willing to buy this New Song,  
 The Price of it is but a Penny. 72

*Finis.*

[No Printer's name in Roxburghe copy, having been cut off by the careless binder. But in Pepys Collection, IV. 256, we find a duplicate, "Printed for Josiah Blare, Bookseller, at the Looking-Glass, on London Bridge." In Black-letter, with three woodcuts. Date, between August, 1685, and December, 1688. One of the three cuts, the two Lovers, we give on p. 16 ; but substitute a cut for an old man with book (see *Roxb. Bds.*, i. 328). The third is like the left-hand figure of *Roxb. Bds.*, ii. 473, but reversed, and shall be given later.]

As to the finale, see p. 15, and compare the concluding verse of William Blunden's ballad, "The Faithful Lovers of the West" (soon to be reprinted, beginning, "Why should I thus complain of thee?") :—

"Young men and maids in love agree,  
 And let this song a Pattern be :  
 The price, you know, it is but small,  
 A penny a piece, and take them all."



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 575. No other copy yet found.]

## A New Ballad,

Composed by a Lover, in praise of his Mistriss.

TO A NEW TUNE [its own]: *I'le fix my Fancy on thee.*

“ **W**HEN first thy Feature and thy Face  
     I seriously espyed,  
 I thought to thee there was no Grace  
     Which Nature had denyed:  
 The more I look'd, the more I lov'd,  
     Contemplating upon thee;  
 At length the force of love me mov'd  
     *To fix my fancy on thee.* 8

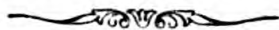
“ Thy Head is as the highest sphere,  
     Adorn'd with all the Graces,  
 Thy Soul sits as Commander there,  
     O'erspread with dangling Traces; [i.e. tresses.  
 Which through the Casements of thine Eyes  
     Send forth such flames upon me,  
 That I am forc'd to sympathize,  
     *And fix my fancy on thee.* 16

“ Thy Nose below mount fore-head lies,  
     Proportion'd well by Nature,  
 Which doth divide thy cristal Eyes,  
     And makes a comelie Creature;  
 Thy odoriferous Breath attracts  
     My soul to cease upon thee,  
 And since thou art without compare,  
     *I fix my fancy on thee.* 24

“ Thy [arms] as Ivory columns are,  
     By Nature's hand well framed; [misp. “kind.”  
 Betwixt there is a place I'le spare,  
     Which shall not here be named;  
 But surely it attractive is,  
     Which makes me think upon thee,  
 But since thou'rt mine, I will design  
     *To fix my fancy on thee.”* 32

**Finis.**

[White-letter. No printer's name or woodcut. On same leaf is (1) “The Forlorn Lover's Lament;” a ballad to be issued later, when we give (2) “*Diaphanta's* words to *Caridora* upon a Disaster:” They begin, respectively: (1)—“The sweetest Saints incens'd may be;” and (2)—“Sir, do not think these words have flow'd.” Original date is guessed *circa* 1679; or earlier.]



## Olympia's Unfortunate Love.

*Teresa.*—“ . . . Sighs and groans,  
Paleness and trembling, all are signs of Love ;  
He only fears to make you share his sorrows.”

*Leonora.*—“ I wish 't were so ; but Love still doubts the worst ;  
My heavy heart, the prophetess of woes,  
Forebodes some ill at hand. To soothe my sadness,  
Sing me the Song, which poor *Olympia* made,  
When false *Bireno* left her.”

— John Dryden : *The Spanish Friar*, v. 1. 1681.

IN these words “Glorious John” introduces the song of three stanzas, “Farewell, ungrateful Traitor!” which was soon lengthened into broadside-ballad form for Jonah Deacon, by the addition of seven fresh stanzas (changing ‘lost’ and ‘loving’ of the original, into ‘left’ and ‘living’). There is nothing concerning Gallius in Dryden’s comedy of “The Spanish Friar,” 1681 (for a comedy it is, despite passages of sustained tragic interest); but the name of Olympia is borrowed from the introductory dialogue, given as our motto.

The music was composed by Captain Pack, who seems to have been on terms of intimacy with Tom D’Urfey and many other dramatists. It is preserved for us in the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. v. p. 335 of the 1719 edition. The music ought to have been given in William Paterson’s valuable Library reprint of Sir Walter Scott’s *Works of Dryden* (vol. vi. 1883), if the “Re-Editor” G.S. fulfilled his duty half so well as the Wizard of the North had done amid difficulties and distractions of earlier years.

It saddens one to see the recklessness and indolence of some modern editors, over-paid by publishers; their predecessors having been underpaid while they laboriously laid the foundation-stones and built temples for other men to carve their own names on tablets, as though they were the veritable architects: meantime disparaging the forerunner (Dryden or Scott) to whom they ought to have rendered grateful thanks. Our only consolation lies in the knowledge of the discomfort that the modern interlopers will feel, should they hereafter meet their ancient victims in the Elysian Fields, who will fling them where nettles grow, and thistles (to which they had been accustomed). Remembering this, we chuckle.



*A very Dry-den: "Within that circle none dare walk but he!"*

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 26 ; Pepys Collection, III. 354.]

## Olimpya's Unfortunate Love ;

Or, Gallius his Treacherous Cruelty.

A NEW SONG, AS IT IS SUNG IN A *Play* CALLED THE *Spanish Fryer*,  
AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

Fairest *Olimpia* at last being won,  
Did yield to *Gallius*, who has her undone ;  
Her Honour's lost, and he does her Neglect,  
His ends being gain'd, he shows her no respect :  
But flies her arms, whilst that " False Man ! " she crys,  
And in her Blood her fatal Dagger dyes.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE.



" Farewel, ungrateful Traytor ! farewel, my Perjur'd Swain !  
Let never injur'd Creature believe a Man again ;  
The pleasure of possessing surpasses all expressing,  
But 'tis too short a Blessing, and Love too long a pain. 4

" 'Tis easie to deceive us, in pittie of your pain ;  
But when we love, you leave us, to rail at you in vain :  
Before we have discry'd it, there is no Bliss beside it,  
But she, that once has try'd it, will never love again. 8

" The passion you pretended was only to obtain ;  
But when the Charm is ended, the Charmer you disdain :  
Your love by ours we measure, till we have lost our Treasure,  
But dying is a Pleasure, when loving is a Pain." 12

[ Thus far only, unchanged, is John Dryden's.]



- “ For who would live in Torment, to be each moment slain  
By flames of love so fervent, enraged by man’s disdain?  
When death has power to ease us of all the woes that seize us,  
And sorrows that displease us, so ne’r to grieve again. 16
- “ No Torture’s like to loving, and not belov’d again ;  
Yet we are oft approving of such a fatal bane :  
By crediting their wishes, their Toying and their Kisses,  
Which do but raise our Blissess, to fall beneath disdain. 20
- “ They only are for pleasure, our Honours so to stain,  
Then let us grieve at leisure, they’l Laugh when we complain :  
And still will prove more cruel, by adding of new Fuel,  
In which they think they do well, to Martyr us with pain. 24
- “ Whilst like the Phenix frying, we in sweet Gums remain,  
They triumph in our Dying, and boast they Trophies gain :  
But, cruel man, ’tis faded, since you my Love invaded,  
I will not be upbraided, first Death shall end my pain. 28
- “ O witness, all ye powers ! how he my Love did gain,  
Whilst oft, in shady Bowers, he swore he wou’d remain  
The constantest of Lovers ; but now my Loss discovers  
How black my fate it hovers, and how his vows were vain !” 32
- With that a sigh she breathed, whilst in her breast the flame  
Did struggle to be eased, when ah, she did proclaim :  
“ Too cruel *Gallius* flying, when thy *Olimpia’s* Dying !”  
With gloomy Eyes then eying each corner of the Plain. 36
- When as she Death’s keen message out of her Bosom drew,  
And gave it speedy passage, her Life for to subdue :  
Then cry’d, “ False Man, her passion, who first for you took Station,  
Fate weds past alteration, *Olympia* Dyes for you.” 40

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street* without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts. Date, 1681.]



## A Call to Charon.

“ O never rudely will I blame his faith  
 In the might of Stars and Angels. 'Tis not merely  
 The human being's Pride that peoples space  
 With life and mystical predominance,  
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love  
 This visible nature, and this common world  
 Are all too narrow : yea, a deeper import  
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years,  
 Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.  
 For Fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace ;  
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being himself Divine.”

—Coleridge : *The Piccolomini*. (Schiller's.)

**L**OVERS who were unfortunate, two centuries ago, had fair Fedora's opportunities of suicide by strychnine, purchased unrestricted by governmental interference, or the Parisian viaticum of ignited charcoal, shared coughingly with the object of their affection in a hermetically closed garret. They seem to have been addicted to imploring Charon to ferry them over in the most pertinacious manner. This practice went out when Ghosts were voted obsolete (see woodcut attached to "The True Lover's Ghost," favoured by Monsieur A. Robida). We have increased facilities for destruction, but we have had to surrender our spectres. There is scarcely one well-preserved Phantom left in any of our old families, and the *nouveaux riches* have not the smallest claim to such a luxury. Without a venerable Ghost on the establishment, no one has a right of appeal to Charon. This is a Medo-Persianic Law, which admits of no exemption.

It is soothing to look back to the ballad-writer's more romantic experience, whilst lamenting our prosaic dearth of anything beyond table-rapping, spirit-drawing, or other "creepy" substitutes for ghostly apparitions. Sympathetically we believe in everything that any "Pagan suckled in a creed outworn" indulged his fancy with. Proserpina lives for us again in Gabriel Rossetti's bewitching pictures. Cerberus deserves to be painted by Rosa Bonheur, since Landseer failed to take his portrait ; like a Scotch sermon, divided into three heads. For the silent boatman, whom Dante disdained not to reproduce in his immortal 'Comedia,' we entertain profound respect ; so we reprint the *Charon* ballad, of which the tune was often cited in naval and other ditties. The original is in Pepys Collection. To the same tune were sung "The Languishing Swain," and "Fair Isabel of Beauty bright." (See p. 26, and later.)

[Pepys Collection, III. 375 ; Douce, I. 58 ; Trowbesh, V. •]

**The Despairing Lover's Address to Charon, for  
a Passage to the Elizium Shades ;**

Or,

**The Fond Lover's Lamentation for the Unkindness of Sylvia.<sup>1</sup>**

TO THE TUNE [its own] OF, *Charon, make Haste !*



CHARON, make haste, and ferry me over 1  
to the *Elizium* Shady Grove,  
Where I my Passion in sighs will discover,  
which I have suffered long for Love ;  
I am a weary of my Life, and cannot be eased, no, no where :  
Then put a period to my Grief, and carry me where I may know no care.

O my dear *Sylvia* ! 'tis thou hast wounded me, 8  
with the soft glances of your kind Eyes,  
And with your hate you have quite confounded me,  
and you have made me a Sacrifice :  
I was a Slave to all your Charms, and perfectly thought you would comply ;  
But now you leave me in Death's cold Arms, I must for your sake a poor Martyr dye.

<sup>1</sup> See *Note* at end of ballad, on variations of title.

*The Despairing Lover's Address to Charon.* 25

Come *Charon*, make haste ! why is all this delaying ? 17  
since *Sylvia* the Fair she is so unkind,  
I'm weary of Life, and weary of staying,  
and fain I some ease there now would find :  
Come give me a cast to the cooler shore, where kind Lovers' Ghosts do there remain,  
Free from the Torments that wrack'd 'em before, and find a soft cure for all their  
pain.

Ah ! *Sylvia* unkind ! your eyes did discover 25  
if that you might be but subject to yield,  
Which made me before a passionate Lover,  
nor thought by your scorn for to be kill'd :  
But oh ! since those promising Eyes have deceiv'd my poor hopes, and destroy  
Those fancies that late did arise, that I might my dear *Sylvia* enjoy !—

Farewell to the World, now barren of pleasure, 33  
for since none it can bring to my breast :  
Since *Sylvia's* unkind, who is the World's treasure,  
farewell to 't, come, *Charon*, make haste !  
My pain's too great for longer delay, my Torment's beyond expressing ;  
Since she is unkind, why should I stay ? besides my *Sylvia*, there's nought worth  
possessing.

Delay not a wretch quite weary of living, 41  
who dyes by disdain every day ;  
Since *Sylvia* my life thinks not worth reprieving,  
*Charon* make haste, and fetch me away !  
O'recome with pain, see, see, I faint ! and Death proves more kinder than my dear ;  
Farewell then to my cruel Saint, for to the Shades I with speed now repair.

To the *Elizium* Shades I am going, 49  
that is the place that my Cares will cure ;  
Down from my eyes here the tears they are flowing,  
Love is a Torment I can't endure :  
My very Sighs and Tears discover that I was ever true to you,  
Now my fair *Sylvia*, and most unkind Lover, for ever, for ever I bid adieu ! 56

Finis.

This may be printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].

Printed for C. Dennison, at the Stationers'-Arms within Aldgate.

[The Pepysian and Douce copies were "Printed for J[oshua] Conyers, at the  
*Black-Raven* a little above St. Andrew's Church in *Holbourne* ; and J[ames]  
*Bissel*, at the *Bible and Harp*, near the *Hospital-gate* in *West-smithfield*."  
Black-letter. Three woodcuts, the other two are given later, on p. 66. Date  
between August, 1685, and December, 1688.]

\* \* We take the full title of the Pepysian and Douce copies, as printed by J.  
Conyers. Trowbesh copy, issued by C. Dennison, bears instead the following  
title : " *A Call to Charon, to carry the Dying Lover over to the Elizium Shades ; or,  
The Discontented Lover overcome with Grief. A Pleasant New Song, greatly in  
Request. To the tune of, Charon, make haste, etc.*" It has "*Sylva*," for "*Sylvia*."



## The Languishing Swain.

" *Chloe*, your unrelenting Scorn has been too lasting and severe ;  
No truth but mine could e'er have borne the tortures of so long Despair.  
Those unkind words your Rage reply'd to what my hand and heart had given,  
Shew'd not your Virtue, but your Pride : Love may expostulate with Heaven.

" Think, while your Spring of Charms is here, Beauty must in its Autumn fade,  
And the sweet bloom no more appear by time or coyness once decay'd :  
The only way Love can propose to keep your Image ever new.  
Is in your arms those wounds to close, of which I bleed to death for you."

—*Love's Only Cure*: music by James Hart, 1688.

**T** HIS *Roxburghe Ballad*, entitled, "The Languishing Swain," was appointed to be sung to the tune of "Charon, make haste!" given on our immediately preceding pages. There is a forthcoming Naval ditty, also belonging to the Roxburghe Collection (III. 441), entitled, "The Stout and Loving Seaman's Heart-taken to his Sweet-heart Lovely *Isabel*"; or, as differently named (Pepys Coll., V. 365), "The Faithful Mariner," etc.; beginning thus, "Fair *Isabel*, of Beauty bright, to thee in Love these lines I write." It is marked to be sung to the tune of "The false-hearted Young Man," or, "The Languishing Swain."

The tune of "The false-hearted Young Man" is the same as "Languishing Swain," and refers to a Pepysian ballad (Pepys Coll., V. 287; and sequel, V. 288), viz., "An excellent new song call'd The False-hearted Young Man; or, the Injured Maiden. To a pleasant new Tune; or, *The Languishing Swain*. Licensed according to order." Begins, "Why should not I complain on thee?" Printed by and for *A.M.*, 1697. The sequel to it begins, "It's true thou justly may'st complain." Same tune and publisher. Title, "The Distracted Young Man's Answer to his Injured Mistress, shewing the cruelty of his Parents in forcing him to marry another, because she had a better Fortune, which prov'd the Ruine of the Young Man and his former Mistress."

We may suppose that the sequel to our "Languishing Swain" is the Pepysian ballad beginning "Happy's the man that's free from Love!" entitled "The Languishing Swain made happy; or, The Kind Return of his *Clorinda*" (Pepys C., III. 247). To an excellent new Tune. (Another ballad begins, "E'er since I saw *Clorinda's* eyes;" to the tune of "I often for my *Jeany* strove," and bears title, "The Love-sick Serving-Man," Roxb. Coll., II. 299.)

It appears that "The Languishing Swain" was the same tune as "Charon, make haste!" (antecedent, on p. 24). It also agrees with "All happy times [when free from Love];" with "I lov'd you dearly, I lov'd you well;" and with "The False-hearted Young Man."



Here are first lines and titles of some of the ballads sung to this popular tune, under its different designations, now separated :—

*a. Tune marked as Languishing Swain.*

- 1.—“ A Miller liv'd near Overton.”=The Hampshire Miller.
- 2.—“ Alas! my dearest dear is gone.”=Constancy Lamented.
- 3.—“ Attend, you Loyal lovers all!”=The Bristol Tragedy.
- 4.—“ I am a Lass of Beauty bright.”=The Maiden's New Wish.
- 5.—“ I do not sing of triumph; No!”=The Unfortunate Lady.
- 6.—“ I lov'd you dearly, I lov'd you well”=Nelly's Constancy.
- 7.—“ I was a modest Maid of Kent.”=The Kentish Maiden.
- 8.—“ In London liv'd a Squire, where.”=Lady's Lamentation.
- 9.—“ Is she gone? let her go! I do not care.”=Deluded Lass's Lamentation.
- 10.—“ It's true, thou justly may'st complain.” (Sequel of No. 13.)=Distracted Young Man's Answer to his Injured Mistress.
- 11.—“ Near to a fountain, all alone.”=The Northamptonshire Knight's Daughter.
- 12.—“ The Lady of Northamptonshire.” (Sequel of No. 11.)
- 13.—“ Why should not I complain of thee?”=False-hearted Young Man; or, The Injured Maiden.
- 14.—“ Young Lovers most discreet and wise.”=Leicestershire Tragedy.
- 15.—“ Young married women, pray attend.”=The Woman's Victory.

*β. Marked as I lov'd thee dearly, I lov'd thee well.*

- 16.—“ All happy times, when free from Love.” (See γ.) *Not found.*
- 17.—“ Forgive me, if your looks I thought.”=Despairing Lover's Complaint.
- 18.—“ Forgive me, if your looks I thought.”=The Esquire's Tragedy. (See *Final Note* on next page.)
- 19.—“ When I went early in the Spring.”=Seaman's Complaint for his Unkind Mistress at Wapping.
- 20.—“ Young Men and Maidens, pray draw near.”=Sussex Tragedy.

*γ. Marked as All happy times [when free from Love].*

- 2.—“ Alas! my dearest dear is gone.”=Constancy Lamented; or, A Warning to Parents.
- 21.—“ Near unto Dover lived of late.”=The Broken Contract.
- 22.—“ There was a Damsel, young and fair.”=The Beautiful Berkshire Damsel.
- 23.—“ There was a Maiden, fair and clear.”=Love Overthrown.
- 24.—“ The Gallant Esquire named before.”=Sequel of No. 18.



δ. Marked as *Charon, make haste!*

- 25.—“A Virgin fam'd for her virtue and beauty.”= Lover's Tragedy; or, Parent's Cruelty.  
 26.—“Charon, make haste, and ferry me over.”= Despairing Lover's Address to Charon. (See p. 24.)  
 27.—“Down by the side of a fair crystal fountain.”= Languishing Swain. (See p. 29.)  
 28.—“There was, I'll tell you, a wealthy young Squire.”= The Faithful Squire. (In *Bagford Ballads*, p. 454.)  
 29.—“William and Susan, they happily meeting.”= The True Pattern of Loyalty: being the Happy Agreement of William and Susan. Cf. “Well met, my sweet Susan.”  
 30.—“You Loyal Lovers attend to my Ditty.”= The Damosel's Tragedy.

ε. Marked as *The False-hearted Young Man.*

- 10.—“It's true thou justly may'st complain.”= Distracted Young Man.  
 31.—“O yes, O yes, O yes, I cry.”= D'Urfey's Forlorn Lover.  
 13.—“Why should not I complain of thee?” (See above.)  
 32.—“Happy's the man that's free from Love.”= Languishing Swain made Happy.

This List shows the popularity of the tune.

The original song of Nos. 17, 18, “Forgive me, if your looks I thought did once some change discover: To be too jealous is the fault of ev'ry tender Lover,” was reprinted by the present Editor in *Bagford Ballads*, 1876, p. 54. But it possessed its own special music, composed by Robert King; in John Playford's *Banquet of Music*, II. p. 1, 1688. Compare “The Oxfordshire Tragedy,” Part 3, which begins with the same two verses. It was reprinted in Mr. Wm. Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1840, vol. ii. p. 124.



[These woodcuts belong to next page.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 273. Probably Unique.]

## The Languishing Swain ;

Or,

### The Happy Return of his Loyal Love.

This Loyal Swain did much complain  
his love was most unkind,  
Which when she heard, she soon appear'd,  
and eas'd his griev'd mind.

TUNE OF, *Charon, make haste [and ferry me over].*

This may be printed R[ichard] P[acock].

- Down by the side of a fair Christial Fountain,  
I over-heard a young Shepherd's Swain,  
While many sorrows he then was recounting,  
crying, "Sweet Darling, thou art to blame!  
Think of the vows you often made me,  
that you would never prove untrue;  
Yet I experience you now have betray'd me,  
*Never was woman more false than you!* 8
- "My pretty young Lambs that are by me feeding  
can ne'r be sensible of my woe,  
With passion of Love my poor heart is bleeding,  
since she will never no kindness show:  
[She] who[m] I esteem['d] my dearest Jewel,  
now at the last has prov'd untrue!  
I never thought you could have been so cruel,  
*was ever Woman more false than you?* 16
- "While I was enjoying each pleasing favour,  
which you did frequently then extend,  
I never thought that your mind it would waver,  
but now I find it is at an end.  
Are you not guilty of my ruin,  
since I must bid the World adieu?  
Nothing but sorrows I see are ensuing,  
*was ever Woman more false then you?* 24
- "How I lament for to think of those hours  
which with my love I did once enjoy,  
Among the Violets and sweet fragrant flowers;  
now all my freedom she does destroy:  
I am deprived of the pleasure,  
therefore I know not what to do;  
For my sad torment is now out of measure,  
*was ever Woman more false then you?* 32

"Altho' I might have the choicest of many,  
 nothing my fancy can e're remove,  
 For surely I never can fancy any  
 but thee alone, whom I dearly love :  
 Here I declare, I can't be fickle,  
 still to my Vow I will prove true."  
 Then from his eyes many tears they did trickle,  
 "*Was ever Woman more false then you ?*" 40

Now when the Damsel did hear his Oration,  
 in a soft Language she did reply,  
 "This is no more then a false accusation,  
 never was Creature more true than I :  
 Tho' I some hours here did leave thee,  
 to tend my Lambs within the Grove,  
 Yet I resolv'd I would never deceive thee,  
*but will be loyal to thee my love !*" 48

"Thou, that hast been my unfeigned pretender,  
 shall have no reason thus to complain,  
 Here to thy Arms I my self do surrender,  
 and will for ever with thee remain :  
 Might I have all the *Indian* treasure,  
 it should my fancy ne'r remove :  
 Thou shalt enjoy all the blessings of pleasure,  
*for I'll be loyal to thee my love !*" 56

Then he arose and was running to meet her,  
 his Joys was rais'd to this vast extream,  
 Saying, "Is this the voice of my sweet creature,  
 or is it but a deluding dream ?"  
 "No, it is I," said she, "sweet Jewel,  
 who will be [true] like the Turtle Dove,  
 I never yet was, nor ne'r will be cruel,  
*but will be loyal to thee, my love !*" 64

[Black-letter. Printer's name cut off. Two cuts, given on p. 28. Date, between  
 August, 1685, and end of 1688.]



## The Languishing Young Man.

“ *Phillis*, I can ne’er forgive it, nor, I think, shall e’er outlive it ;  
 Thus to treat me so severely, who have always lov’d sincerely.  
*Damon* you so fondly cherish, whilst poor I, alas ! may perish ;  
 I that love—which he did never ! me you slight, and him you favour ! ”  
 —*Song to Phillis*, complete, composed by Henry Purcell, 1688.

“ **T**HE Languishing Young Man ” takes for its tune the popular music of “ If Love’s a sweet Passion, why does it torment ? ” (Cf. *Bagford Ballads*, p. 179.) The music was published on the Pepysian broadside in 1692. Also, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 288 (1699, 1707, 1712, and 1719).

Willie and Maria are the two Lovers here, and her cruel parents had hitherto parted them, so that this “ languishing young man ” has made the usual invocation ; asking grim Charon to come and ferry him over the Styx ; even as the lover on our p. 24 had done. Maria appears and enters a *Nolle prosequi*. As it does not follow, because Willie was a sail-maker, that he must also have been a sail-furler on board ship, the ballad is given at once, instead of being included later in the Group of Seafaring ditties.

Certainly written, sung, and popular by 1691, “ If Love’s a Sweet Passion ” appeared as a song with the music, by Henry Purcell, in 1692. The words were reprinted in the *Academy of Complements*, p. 118, ed. 1705. It is improbable that Sir Richard Steele wrote the verses, which are found in a *Collection of Poems* ; the second edition : printed for Ralph Smith, at the Bible, under the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, 1702. It is well to repeat the entire poem here, seeing that we are not giving the rare broadside version, entitled, “ The Young Lovers Enquiry ; or, The Batchelor’s Question to *Cupid* ” (Pepys Coll., V. 173 and 174) : To an excellent New Ayre, sung at the Play-house. Printed for C. Bates, next door to the Crown Tavern, near Duck-Lane-end, in West-Smithfield, 1692 (Pepys Collection, V. 173 : another impression, *Ibid.*, V. 174, from the same publisher, at the White Hart).

### Song, by a Person of Honour.

(Ralph Smith’s *Collection of Poems*, 2nd edition, 1702, p. 366.)

**A**S he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his Head,  
 And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said :—  
 “ IF Love’s a sweet Passion, why does it Torment ?  
 If a Bitter,” said he, “ whence are Lovers 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.

“To my self I sigh often, without knowing why;  
 And when absent from *Phillis*, methinks I could Die;  
 But Oh! what a Pleasure still follows my Pain,  
 When kind Fortune do’s help me to see her again!  
 In her Eyes (the bright Stars, that foretell what’s to come)  
 By soft stealth now and then I examine my Doom.

“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 do’s 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.”

To this another verse was added, later; we find it given thus in the *Muses’ Delight; or, Apollo’s Cabinet*, 1754, p. 230:—

“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 joys above:  
 And to Beauty’s bright Standard all heroes must yield,  
 For ’tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.”

Baildon, a pupil of Dr. John Blow, re-set the music for the later revival of the ditty, which was sung by Lowe. Previously, Mrs. Scott sang it in Steele’s “Conscious Lovers,” but it is not printed in the early editions of the comedy.

Celia and Phaon, an Answer to “If Love’s a sweet passion,” is in Pepys Collection (V. 175), entitled, “An Answer to the Lover’s Enquiry, containing the kind and tender Expression of Beautiful *Celia* to her beloved *Phaon*.” It begins, “True Love’s a sweet passion, when crown’d with delight.” Printed for Charles Bates, 1693. It has not been reprinted. Long previously, a popular parody of the original song commenced with asking, “If Wine be a cordial, why does it torment?” Another enquiry, to the same tune, appeared in the Ballad Opera entitled “Sturdy Beggars,” 1733, Mrs. Scammony’s song, beginning, “If Love does give pleasure, why should it torment?” Of the many ballads printed to be sung to this tune, we give examples, and could easily add more:—

- 1.—“Assist me, you Muses, to make my sad moan.”=Answer to No. 13, being the Lamentation of Thomas the Coachman. (Reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 200.)
- 2.—“Come, all you old Bakers, attend and give ear.”=The West-Country Wedding.
- 3.—“Full ten honest Tradesmen.”=A Catalogue of Contented Cuckolds.
- 4.—“Good people, I marry’d a turbulent wife.”=West Country Weaver.
- 5.—“Good people, I pray, now attend to my moan.”=The Shoemaker outwitted.

- 6.—"I am a Young Wife, that has cause to complain."=The Somersetshire Lady.
- 7.—"I am a young woman, 'tis very well known."=Unequal Match.
- 8.—"If Love's a sweet passion, why does it torment."=Lover's Enquiry.
- 9.—"If Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment."=Mock Song. (Given later in the *Good-Fellows' Group*.)
- 10.—"In Dorsetshire liv'd a young Miller by trade."=Nancy at her Last Prayer.
- 11.—"In London there liv'd a beautiful Maid."—Two Unhappy Lovers.
- 12.—"O pity a Lover who lies, I declare."=The Wronged Lady.
- 13.—"O treacherous Lovers, what do you intend?"=The Cook-Maid's Tragedy. (Compare, No. 1.)
- 14.—"O why does my true love so sadly disdain?"=Languishing Young Man.
- 15.—"There was a poor Man liv'd in Somersetshire."=The Cruel Landlord.
- 16.—"To thee, loving Roger, this letter I write."=Joan's Loving Letter.
- 17.—"True Love's a sweet passion."=An Answer to our No. 8.
- 18.—"Was ever young Noble so tortur'd as I?"=Sequel to No. 12.





[Roxburghe Collection, II. 274 ; Pepys, V. 312 ; Bagford, II. 146 ;  
Douce, I. 114.]

## The Languishing Young Man ;

Or, The Love-sick Sail-man's sorrowful Lamentation for the Loss of his Beautiful Maria, who left him languishing at the point of Despair. To which is added, Maria's kind Answer at the last time of Distress.

TO THE TUNE OF, *If Love's a sweet Passion, etc.*

Licens'd according to Order.

" OH! Why does my true-Love so sadly disdain  
All the Gifts I afford her? Yet sure 'tis in vain  
For to offer her any; she is grown so unkind,  
That I'm least in her Fancy, and less in her mind,  
Who before was her darling; yet now she doth turn  
Her affections to Hatred, which daily doth burn. 6

" Look down, oh, fair *Venus*, thou Goddess of Love,  
And send *Cupid*, that he may these Arrows remove,  
With which I this present am wounded so sore,  
For the fear I shall see dear *Maria* no more:  
I'm sinking, I'm swooning, I'm fainting away,  
For the loss of *Maria*: Oh! what shall I say? 12

" Why was I so foolish to settle my Love  
Or affections on any, since falsely they prove?  
Above all, dear *Maria*, she has prov'd so untrue,  
That the Hour of Birth I am forced to rue.  
I'm wounded, I'm bleeding, I'm struck to the Heart!  
Come, my dearest *Maria*, ease me of this smart. 18

" Oh! where are ye, Gods, that are wonted to be  
Great help unto mortals? Why help ye not me,  
Against this fierce, fiery, powerful Dart,  
Which is shot by fierce *Cupid* into my poor Heart,  
Oh! help me! Oh! help me this moment! I cry,  
Or else, for the loss of *Maria*, I dye. 24

" Come here, Oh! thou *Charon*, and make no delay,  
And bring here thy Ferry; I no longer can stay:  
Make haste with me over unto the dark Grove  
Of *Elizium*, that there I may mourn for my Love!  
Come quickly, come quickly, why dost thou delay?  
Ev'ry Moment's a Year that I here have to stay. 30

“ Adieu to my Kinsfolks, and Parents most dear ;  
Adieu to my Brother, and Sister most near ;  
Farewel you, my Unkle, above all the rest,  
For of Parents and Kinsfolks, you have been the best.  
Adieu to you all that my moans now do hear,  
I am ready to dye for the Loss of my Dear.”

36

**Maria's Kind Answer.**

NO sooner had *Willy* thus utter'd his Grief,  
But *Maria* she came with a speedy Relief ;  
Who declar'd that her Dearest should never complain  
For the Loss of his Love, who wou'd Loyal remain :  
“ *I adore thee,*” said she, “ *the true Joy of my Heart,*  
*And as long as we live, Love, we never will part.*”

42

“ 'Tis true, my Relations would have me deny  
All the Vows which I made thee, sweet *Willy* ; for why ?  
There's a wealthy young 'Squire provided for me,  
Who has promised to make me a Lady,” said she ;  
“ *But my Love, and dear Willy, thou, thou hast my Heart,*  
*And as long as we live, Love, we never will part.*”

48

“ My Parents, I tell thee, has been so unkind,  
That a month in my Chamber I have been confin'd ;  
But so soon as I e'er did my Freedom obtain,  
I came running to thee, my sweet *Willy*, again :  
*Thou art lodg'd in my Breast, and art Lord of my Heart,*  
*And as long as we live, Love, we never will part.*”

54

“ I value not Riches, true Love I adore,  
And I therefore am come all thy Joys to restore ;  
Let my Friends and Relations all grieve and repine,  
Thou shalt be my sweet Jewel, and I will be thine :  
*Thou art lodg'd in my Breast, and art Lord of my Heart,*  
*And as long as we live, Love, we never will part.*”

60

[The Colophon of Roxburghe copy is lost. Bagford's is “ Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.” Black-letter, with two woodcuts, similar to those given on p. 33, but we substitute a different female portrait (viz. *Queen Catharine of Braganza*) : the true one, in an oval wreath will appear later, in the ballad of “ *The London Ladie's Vindication of Top Knots*.” Date of the present ballad, 1690.]



## Farewell, my Calista.

*Bayes.*—"This Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written ; you must know it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first wife after she was dead."

*Smith.*—"How, Sir ! after she was dead ?"

*Bayes.*—"Ay, Sir, after she was dead ! Why, what have you to say to that ?"

*Johnson.*—"Say ? why, nothing : he were a Devil that had anything to say to that."

*Bayes.*—"Right."

*Smith.*—"How did she come to die, pray, Sir ?"

*Bayes.*—"Phoo ! that's no matter : by a fall : but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him."

*Johnson.*—"Ay, ay, that's well enough. Let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*."

*Bayes.*—"Tis to the tune of, 'Farewel, fair *Armida* !'—on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that."

(Song follows : "In swords, pikes, and bullets," etc., see our p. 39.)

—*The Rehearsal*, 4th edition, 1683 (not 1st ed., 1672).

THERE is an unsettled and curious question of authorship involved in this Ballad. It is simply a lengthened variation of one that has been, without conclusive evidence, assigned to John Dryden. That the original song was addressed, not to Calista, but to Almeda, Armida, or Arminda, is beyond doubt. It appeared in the *Windsor Drollery*, 1672, p. 146, as "Farewell, my *Almeda*, my joy and my grief ;" and also in the *Covent-Garden Drollery* collected by A.B., i.e. Alexander Brome, in 1672, p. 16, as "Farewell, fair *Arminda*, my joy and my grief," with the reply on next page, "Blame not your *Arminda*, nor call her your grief !" (Later, on p. 38, appears "Farewell, dear *Revechia*, my joy and my grief," which is possibly the original song of all, addressed by John Dryden to his friend Mrs. Ann Reeves, the actress, for whom he held a Platonic affection, and with whom he eat some tarts in public, at the Mulberry Garden :—and this is all that scandal has to fix upon, when attempting to calumniate him, as to licentious conduct ; although there are sundry improprieties, immodest warmth of speech, in his plays or poems.) Again, it is in a collection of *Court Songs*, made by R. V., Gent., 1672, p. 78, as "Farewell, dear *Armeda*," etc. The name probably represents the fair Frances Stewart, one of the loveliest Court Beauties, who had fascinated King Charles the Second, and became the Duchess of Richmond in March, 1667. Here is the song, as it appeared in *Covent-Garden Drollery*. It was given in the First Book of Playford's *Choice Ayres*, p. 9, 1676 ; but without its Answer, "Blame not your *Armida*." "I'll go to my Love," was printed in the same, on p. 10. Music to both composed by Robert Smith. (See our Vol. IV. pp. 393, and 400 ; the latter giving a Mock-Song by Captain Wm. Hicks. Compare our present p. 42.)

**Song: Farewell, Fair Armida.**

"**F**arewell, fair *Armida*, my joy and my grief.  
In vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief:  
Undone by your Virtue, too strict and severe,  
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me despair.  
Now call'd by my Honour, I seek with content  
The fate which in pity you would not prevent.  
To languish in love were to find by delay  
A death that's more welcome the speedier way.

"On Seas and in Battles, in bullets and fire,  
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;  
My death's-wound you gave me, though far off I bear  
My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;  
But if the kind Flood on a wave will convey,  
And under your window my body should lay,  
The wound on my breast when you happen to see,  
You'll say with a sigh — 'It was given by me!'"

**Song, in answer to the Preceding.**

"**B**lame not your *Armida*, nor call her your grief,  
'T was Honour, not she, that denied you relief;  
Abuse not her Vertue, nor call it severe:  
Who loves without Honour must meet with Despair.  
Now prompted by pity I truly lament  
And mourn for your Fall, which I could not prevent;  
I languish to think that your blood should defray  
The expense of a fall, though so noble a way.

"In Seas and in Battles, that you did expire,  
Was th' effect of your Valour, not hopeless desire;  
Of the fame you acquir'd I greedily hear,  
And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear.  
And when dismal Fate did your body convey  
By my window, your funeral rites for to pay,  
I sigh'd that your fate I could not reverse,  
And all my kind wishes I show'r on your hearse." [a. l. strew.

It was better to give these two songs in full, the better to establish their perfect identity with the "Calista" ballad. Whether Dryden wrote the song, or some other person, we hold it to be certain that he could not possibly have written the Reply, which is merely a tame repetition. Such a line as "the expense of a fall, though so noble a way," or such bathos as "your funeral rites for to pay," could never have come from his hand.

It will be seen at once how exactly these two 'Drollery' and 'Court Songs' are reproduced in the *Roxburghe Ballad* entitled "Love and Honour," with the name Calista substituted for Armida, Armeda, or Arminda. (Cf. Vol. V. p. 30, where it is named.)

We here give a dissimilar *Digby's Farewell*; and also the "Revechia" Song, already named, from *Covent-Garden Drollery*, 1672.

**Mr. Digbye's Farewell.<sup>1</sup>**TO THE TUNE OF, *My Lord Sandwicke's Farewell.*

O H pitty, *Arminda*, those passions I bear,  
 Your Beauty gave Love, and your Vertue despair;  
 Afford some reliefe, on your smile I relye,  
 Who sees you must love, and who loves you must dye.  
 Then dear[est] *Arminda*, be pleasing and kind,  
 And crown with delight the high Fate I design'd.  
 Consider with pitty the pains I endure,  
 Which nothing but Death, or *Arminda*, can cure. } *Chorus, Repeat.*

Consider, consider my hopeless Estate,  
 Disperse with your Sun the black Clouds of my Fate,  
 At once you have robb'd me of sence and of breath,  
*Arminda*, say "dye!" and the next shall be death.  
 Now Love to my heart has thus found out a way,  
 Where Beauty commands, there my Love must obey,  
 For since by his flame I thus languishing lye, } *Chorus, Repeat.*  
 Command, fair *Arminda*, and then I will dye. }

In the wings of Despair I will fly to the Seas,  
 Dying with Honour I'll give my self ease,  
 In Wars and in Battles I'll seek out content,  
 How fatall is Love, that we cannot prevent!  
 But thus when I fall, though it is from your sight,  
 O pitty your Lover, and do him this right;  
 Say "'Tis not by Fire nor Bullet he dyes, } *Chorus, Repeat.*  
 Oh 'tis, Oh! the Dart he received from my Eyes. }

**Song, to Rebeckia, 1672.**

Farewell, dear *Rebeckia*, my joy and my grief!  
 Too long I have lov'd you and found no relief,  
 Undone by your Jaylor too strict and severe,  
 Your eyes gave me Love, and he gives me despair.  
 Now urg'd by your interest I seek to retire,  
 Far off from the cause of so hopeless a fire:  
 To stay near you still were in vain to torment  
 Your ears with a passion you must not content.  
 To live in the Countrey with fooles is less pain,  
 Than still to endure an unwilling disdain,  
 You're the cause of my exile, and far off I'll go,  
 That none of my sufferings you ever may know:  
 But if some kind fate you should chance to convey,  
 And through woods where I've been your journey should lay,  
 Your name when you find upon every tree,  
 You'll say poor *Alexis*! 'twas written by thee.

<sup>1</sup> Of this most rare version of "Mr. Digbye's Farewell" we must note the following particulars. 1.—It has not before been reprinted. 2.—It is from the extremely scarce "Second Impression" of *Westminster Drollery*, Part 2, dated 1672. 3.—It begins the volume, a place of honour, as first of the (falsely counted) "above Forty new Songs, never before in print" (in reality only twenty-five); this proves that it was of recent composition. 4.—It is named as "Mr. Digbye's Farewell; to the Tune of *My Lord Sandwicke's Farewell*." (Compare Vol. IV. pp. 397, 398.)

Three-bottle men laughed at such sentimental Love-ditties as these. Bonvivants were not the sort of men to break their hearts for a woman. Henry Ayloffe, of Trinity Coll. Camb., a few years later hit off a paraphrase on 'Nulla manere diu neque vivere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ notoribus' (compare p. 5), beginning thus:—

He that first said it, knew the worth of Wit,  
Lov'd well his Glass, and as he drank he writ :  
Vast was his Soul, and sparkling was the Wine,  
Which strangely did inspire each mighty line.  
The watery springs of *Helicon* are theams  
Fit for dull Freshmen, and dull Doctors' dreams ;  
Not flood of *Cam*, or Well of *Aristotle*  
Yield half the pleasure of the charming Bottle.

In "The Rehearsal" written by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, assisted by Thomas Sprat, Matthew Clifford, and others, is a parody on the "Armida" Song (not in the first published edition, 1672, but in the 4th, 1683; the 2nd and 3rd are lost). They believed the song to be Dryden's. Their own is in mockery of the lines, "On seas, and in battles, through bullets and fire," etc.

#### Song, in the Rehearsal.

*Bayes*.—"Tis to the tune of 'Farewell, fair *Armida*!' on seas and in battles, in bullets, and all that." [See our motto, on p. 36.]

IN swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be  
Than in a strong castle, removed from thee :  
My death's bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a fall  
Did give it me more from the top of a wall :  
For then if the moat in her mud would first lay,  
And after before you my body convey :  
The blue on my breast when you happen to see  
You'll say, with a sigh, "There's a True-Blue for me !"

\* \* Of course, in the 1679-1688 years, the name of "True-Blue" was a well-understood allusion to the anti-catholic "True-Blue Protestants" of the Elkanah Settle and Harry Care order (although both of the men turned Romanists, going with the tide). S. Briscoe's *Key to the Rehearsal*, published in 1704, refers openly to the verse beginning "On seas and in battles, through bullets and fire," as being "the latter part of a song, made by Mr. Bayes [*i.e.* Dryden] on the death of Captain *Digby*, son of *George Earl of Bristol*, who was a passionate admirer of the Duchess Dowager of *Richmond*, called by the author *Armida*. He lost his life in a sea-fight against the *Dutch*, the 28th of May, 1672." This was the "Battle of Sole Bay," fought off Southwold. See our Vol. IV. pp. 393, 397 (where the Southwold Bay date of 1672 is unfortunately misprinted "1673"), and 398, for versions of another song known as "Captain *Digby's Farewell*," "I will go to my Love, where he lies in the Deep." This was known as "*Digby's Farewell*," but was in reality only an *Answer* to his "Farewell, my *Armida*," which is evidently the genuine "*Captain Digby's Farewell*." The rhythm differs not until after the first four lines, when the burden of "*Ah! ah! my Love's dead*," etc., gives proof of different airs. To both ballads the music was set distinctively by a single composer, although their respective tunes may each have passed current under the name of "*Captain Digby's Farewell*."



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 306 and 328; Douce Collection, I. 121, 136.]

## Love and Honour :

### Or, The Lober's Farewel to Calista.

Being sent from Sea in the late Engagement against the Dutch,  
to his Mistriss, under the name of Calista. With the Ladie's  
deploring and ingenious answer.

TO A NEW SAD AIR MUCH IN REQUEST; OR, TUNE OF, *Now the Tyrant  
hath stolen [my Dearest away.* See later, pp. 65, 67].



"FArewel, my *Calista*, my joy and my grief!  
In vain have I lov'd thee, and found no relief;  
Undone by your Virtues, so strict and severe,  
Your eyes gave me love, but you gave me despair.  
Now cal'd by my honour, I seek with content  
That fate which in pitty you would not prevent.  
*To languish in love were to find by delay  
A death that's more welcome the speediest way.*

8

\* \* The woodcut of the first Roxburghe copy is one that had belonged to "The Bride's Burial." The second copy has the smaller cut of the young man's burial, similar to one on our p. 8, and was printed for *W. O[nley]* for *J. Foster*. "The Bride's Burial" cut is reserved for later p. 54, where it is again required.

- “ On Seas, and in Battails, 'mongst bullets and fire,  
The danger is less than in hopeless desire.  
The death's wound you gave me ; though far off, I bear  
My fa[1]l from y[o]ur sight, not to cost you a tear.  
But if the kind flood on a wave should convey  
And under your window my body should lay,  
*The wound on my breast, when you happen to see,  
You would say with a sigh, ' It was given by me.'* 16
- [Thus far the original song, attributed to **Dryden**].

- “ When Suitors are wounded with stabs of disdain,  
'Tis happiness to be put out of their pain :  
The grave is a place to bid torment farewell,  
But Lovers are tortur'd 'twixt Heaven and Hell  
When frowns of a Mistriss do turn a man o're,  
'Tis safer on Ship-board than 'tis on the shore :  
*I find by experience, though with loss of breath,  
'Tis worse to encounter with Cupid than Death.* 24

- “ What strength hath a Lady with cast of her eye  
To make a man live, or compel him to dye!  
Such power had *Calista*, with smile and with frown  
She'd raise me to heaven, then tumble me down.  
But, dearest, take care how you put faith in men,  
For I fear you will never be lov'd so agen.  
*You needs must acknowledge, whilst I could draw breath,  
I was your unchangeable servant till death.* 32

- “ Once more my last farewell I breath[e] in a blast,  
The cloud on my vitals is much overcast :  
I faint, fail, I perish, and suddenly dye,  
Yet sure should recover if thou wert but by :  
That I nere enjoy'd thee I do not repine,  
Thou liv'st with thy honour, and I dye with mine :  
*For to after-ages this story will prove  
I dyed in the war for my King and my Love.*” 40

### **The Ladie's Answer.**

- “ **B**Lame not your *Calista*, nor call her your grief,  
'Twas Honour, not she, that deny'd you relief :  
Abuse not her vertues, nor term them severe ;  
Who loves without honour must look for despair.  
Now prompted by pitty I truly lament  
The force of your fate, which I could not prevent :  
*And languish to think that your blood should defray  
The expence of your love, though so noble a way.* 48

“ On Seas and in Battails that you did expire  
 Was caus'd by your Valour, not hopeless desire ;  
 Of your Fame, there acquired, I greedily hear,  
 And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear :  
 But when your sad friends shall your body convey  
 By my window, your funeral duties to pay,  
*I'le sigh that your fate then I could not rev[erse,]*  
*And all my kind wishes I'le strew on your He[arse]* 56  
 [Here the original Reply ended.]

“ When Suitors petition and run upon shelves,  
 Or [are] shot, if deny'd, they do murder themselves :  
 The grave is a couch where the Virtuous remain  
 Without expectation of Sorrow or pain.  
 If the frowns of a Mistriss can rule a man's fate,  
 He values his life at a pitiful rate :  
*Though now she look cloudy, when she draws the scene,*  
*Who knows but the day-light may clear up again.* 64

“ The looks of a Lady you falsely do scan,  
 'Tis not strength in the woman, but weakness in M[an,]  
 When men set up Idols of flesh, blood, and bone  
 And bow down to worship, the fault is their own.  
 I hope I shall ne'r be deceived by Men :  
 For your sake I never shall trust them again :  
*'Tis fatal when Lovers do suffer such strife,*  
*That one must lose Honour, or th' other lose Life.* 72

“ My mind never can your last farewell forget,  
 My tears shall confess I'le not dye in your debt ;  
 I heartily wish I had been by your side,  
 That you might recover, or I might have dyed ;  
 Then both to *Elezium* we had been convey'd,  
 Where Ladies by Lovers are never betray'd :  
*But in future ages this story they'l sing* [a.l. “ in sonnets.”]  
*'Twas 'long of your Love that you dy'd for yo[ur] Ki[ng.]” 80*

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in West-smithfield, neer  
 the Hospital-gate [Black-letter ; Three cuts ; circa 1672.]

\* \* Captain William Hicks wrote “ A Mock to ‘ Farewell, my *Armida* ! ’ ”  
 beginning, “ Farewell my dear *Puggy*, my pullet, my lowbell ! ” It appeared  
 on p. 79 of his *Mock-Songs and Joking Poems*, 1675 : not worthy of reprint.



## The True Pattern of Constancy.

- " You say I am false, and I freely confess  
 Had you been less charming, my flame had been less ;  
 For Love, cruel tyrant, my pain to renew,  
 Though I'm fickle to melt, makes me constant to you.
- " I play like a fly with the beams of your eye,  
 And buzzing around it, at last there I dye ;  
 Sometimes brave my fate, and break your strong chain,  
 But one pretty glance takes me Prisoner again.
- " Then never believe that *Astrea* can find                    [= *Aphra Behn*.  
 Her *Celadon* faithless, if she be [but] kind ;  
 For my heart like a taper this quality gains,  
 That whilst it has matter gives lustre and flames."

—Tom D'Urfey's *Song to Astrea*, 1683.

PROBABLY to the tune of "Farewell my *Armida*" was sung a Ballad, "The Disconsolate Lover; or, The Forsaken Damsel's sad Lamentation for her unkind Lover's Cruelty in forsaking her," etc. It begins, "Farewell, my dear *Johnny*, whom I loved so." To an excellent tune. It was, *circa* 1693, printed for E. Tracy, at the Three Bibles on London Bridge. (Pepys Coll., V. 333.) Another, almost certainly connected with it, of date about 1694, is "The Last Dying Words of *Robert Boxall* of *Petworth* to his false-hearted Lover, *Margaret Mills*." It begins, "Farewell, my dear *Peggy*, whom I loved so," To the tune of, "Farewell, my dear *Johnny*, whom I loved so." Printed for *J. Blare* (Pepys Coll., III, 362).

We now give a ballad, "Farewell, thou Flower of false deceit:" to which tune is another Roxburghe Ballad, entitled "Love and Gallantry; or, A Noble Seaman's last adieu to his Mistress," etc. (Roxb. Coll., III. 236 *verso*). We give this later, in the *Group of Naval Ballads*: it is to the same tune of, "Farewell, my *Arminda*."

\*.\* Probably the same tune was doubly named, "Farewell, my *Calista*," and "Farewell, thou flower of false deceit." To it, under the latter name, Thomas Lanfiere wrote a ballad beginning, "Farewell, false-hearted Love." It is entitled "The Discontented Young Man and the Loving Maid; or, True Love with Loyalty ought for to be paid" (Pepys Coll., III. 112). The alternative tune was "*Flora, Farewell*" (for which see a later page). Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, with this prelude-verse:—

A Young-Man lately lov'd a Maiden fair,  
 But she pretended not for him to care;  
 Then sore in wrath he did bid her adieu,  
 Because he thought that she would prove untrue:  
 But she to him doth make an answer kind,  
 Which doth rejoyce his heart, and please his mind.

It is signed "T. Lanfiere." We meet several of Lanfiere's ballads ere long, and extend our list of his writings; also of Laurence Price's and of John Wade's.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 474, 475 ; Pepys Collection, III. 206, 7.]

## The True Pattern of Constancy :

Or,

### The Loyal Lober's Ioyes Compleated.

When Young-men find their Loves unkind, they then impatient grow,  
But when their Grief do's find Relief, it Expiates their Woe.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE: [*i.e.* *Farewell, my Calista*, see p. 40]  
Or [its own], *Farewell, the Flower of false deceit*, &c. [see p. 43]

This may be printed. R[ichard] P[acock].



“FArewell, thou Flower of false deceit,  
and I wish the heighth of you may fade,  
That your Countenance may altered be,  
and your Honour in the dust be laid.

“Ne’er was a Man more true than I,  
as you your self full well do know ;  
Till I found you in your Cruelty,  
that you sought my final Overthrow.

- "I wish the bright Sun may not shine  
on thee, as it has done before ;  
For your Countenance hath me beguil'd,  
I can love again, but you no more.
- "Once I could have been as constant, Sweet-heart,  
for to cross the Ocean Seas for thee,  
As *Vulcan* did for *Venus's* sake,  
when he sailed into *Italy*. 16
- "If you were as fair as *Rosamond* was,  
with her cherry Cheeks and dimpled Chin ;  
Or if you were as fair as *Hellena* was,  
I should never more delight therein.
- "But now my heart it is my own,  
why should I for another care ?  
For to sigh and sob, lament and moan,  
for to bring my self unto Despair ? 24
- "I will enjoy my Liberty,  
and in the World I mean to range ;  
For I will no more your Captive be,  
you for another I mean to change.
- "You treated me with such despight,  
while I your person did adore,  
That I value not your Beauty bright :  
then adieu, adieu for evermore ! " 32

**The Maiden's Answer to the Young-man.**

- "Such Resolutions do not name,  
S pray let me speak a word or two ;  
Do not thus against thy Love exclaim,  
when thou know'st I cannot part with you. [*orig. thee.*]
- "Why dost thou charge me with Deceit ?—  
such was my Love and Loyalty  
That I never could your Person meet  
but you proved as a Life to me. 40
- "Here I do offer hand and heart,  
with all that I can call my own ;  
Then do not from thy true Love part,  
but take some pity of my moan.
- "For my heart to thee is linked fast,  
I cannot waver with the Wind ;  
But as long as ever Life shall last,  
sure I shall never change my mind." 48



**This Loving Couple's Happy Agreement.**[*He replies.*]

"CAN I believe this is my Dear,  
 who once did slight me with disdain?  
 If it be, then will my joys appear,  
 seeing she is thus return'd again.

"Now nothing can my peace annoy,  
 as long as ever Life do's last;  
 In my Dear I place my chiefest joy,  
 utterly forgetting all that's past. 56

"I will embrace thee in my Arms,  
 with many a soft and tender Kiss,  
 With many thousand pleasant charms,  
 in a full perfection of our Bliss.

"Tho' once I did reflect on thee,  
 'twas while my heart was fill'd with grief;  
 And I never did expect to see  
 that thou ever would'st afford Relief. 64

"But since the Frowns of Fate are fled,  
 and I have found thy Constancy,  
 Now my heart is free from fear and dread,  
 I will love my Jewel till I dye."

Then he took his true Love by the hand,  
 calling her his true and Turtle-Dove,  
 "We'll no longer now disputing stand,  
 but resolve to live and dye in Love." 72

[Printer's name cut off from Roxburghe copy. Pepys broadside bears inscription  
 "Printed for C. Denisson, at the Stationers' Arms, within Aldgate." In  
 Black-letter, four woodcuts; the others given later. Date, 1685-1688.]

**Parthenia's Complaint.**

**A**T the Duke of York's Theatre in Dorset Gardens was produced in 1678 Mrs. Aphra Behn's comedy of "Sir Patient Fancy," partly adapted from Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," and well supported by Leigh as the old alderman with Mrs. Curren as his young wife; Thomas Betterton performing her lover, Witmore; while Nokes assumed the effective character of Sir Credulous Easy, the foolish Devonshire Knight. Mistress Gwin acted Lady Knowell. At the beginning of the third Act is a dance, before breaking up, and a song is sung, ("made by a gentleman," not by Aphra Behn,) viz. "Sitting by yonder river side:" music composed by Tom Farmer. Two verses, given in Playford's *Choyce Ayres*, ii. 35, 1679.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 251 ; Douce, II. 175 ; Euing, No. 288.]

## Parthenia's Complaint ;

Or,

### The Forsaken Shepherdess.

The falsehood of Young men she doth discover,  
By sad example of her Faithless Lover :  
And so against them all she doth enveigh,  
Tho' injur'd but by one, which makes her say,  
" Happy Nymph for certain is, that can  
So little value that false Creature Man."

TO A NEW TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST [T. Farmer's]: or *Sitting beyond  
a River Side.*



Sitting beyond a River's side,  
Parthenia thus to Cloe cry'd ;<sup>1</sup>  
While from the fair Nymph's Eyes, apace,  
Another stream o'erflow'd her beauteous face :  
" Ah happy Nymph," said she, " that can  
So little value that false creature Man !

[a. l., 'by yonder.']

6

" Oft the perfidious things would cry,  
They love, they bleed, they burn, they dye !  
But if they're absent half a day,  
Nay, if they stay but one poor hour away,  
No more they dye, no more complain,  
But like unconstant wretches live again.

12

[Thus far went the original.]

<sup>1</sup> This second line gives name to the same tune for another Roxburghe Ballad, viz., " Repentance too Late ; being Celia's Complaint." See our p. 52.

- " If that you do their Vows believe,  
 Then you are lost without reprieve;  
 For Maids, that's credulous and free,  
 Are ruin'd soon by their inconstancy;  
*With sugred words they will trappan :*  
*No creature ever was so false as Man.* 18
- " The sad effects myself have try'd,  
 By one that vow'd for love he dy'd;  
 My pity overcame disdain,  
 And I requited him with love again :  
*Which makes me say, with looks so wan,*  
*No creature ever was so false as Man.* 24
- " For when I thought he lov'd me most,  
 He proved false unto my cost,  
 And like a fickle wretch did change  
 His mind, 'mongst other beauties for to range;  
*Therefore she happy is that can*  
*So little value that false creature Man.* 30
- " When I upon the flowry Plains  
 Did feed my flocks, free from love's pains,  
 And rested near the Christal streams,  
 Not once affrighted with such idle dreams,  
*Then could I say, 'tis I that can*  
*So little value that false creature Man.* 36
- " But since that Love did me ensnare,  
 My Heart is fill'd with grief and care;  
 My looks are chang'd, and I complain,  
 Being requited with such deep disdain :  
*Then, sure she happy is that can*  
*So little value that false creature Man.* 42
- " Wild Beasts, that in the woods do range,  
 Unto their mates are not so strange,  
 As men are to their Loves untrue,  
 Which makes poor simple maids so deeply rue,  
*And say, she happy is that can*  
*So little value that false creature Man.* 48
- " You Birds, that warble in the grove,  
 And hear the falshood of my Love :  
 Bear witness of my sad complaint,  
 Who am with grief and sorrow like to faint :  
*Help me to learn, if that you can,*  
*No more to value that false creature Man.* 54

- " The marble Rocks, that do divide  
The foaming billows as they glide,  
Not so obdurate are, in kind,  
As men who unto falshood are inclin'd.  
*Therefore she happy is that can  
So little value that false creature Man.* 60
- " The Gods above will sure chastise  
Such fickle Lovers' treacheries,  
And *Cupid* with his powerful bow  
Will make them all their Errors for to know,  
*That they may love those Nymphs that can  
So little value that false creature Man.* 66
- " You Virgins all, who hear my moan,  
Let me not languish all alone ;  
Come and assist me in my need,  
Lest that my broken heart with sorrow bleed ;  
*Help me to learn, if that you can,  
No more to value that false creature Man.* 72
- " One of a thousand you'll not find  
That's true and bears a faithful mind,  
But of your hearts they'll you bereave,  
And then disloyally they will you leave ;  
*Then sure she happy is that can  
So little value that false creature Man.* 78
- " O that such falshood should remain  
Within that heart, whose deep disdain  
Hath brought me to so sad despair,  
As never for mankind again to care ;  
*O let me say, if that you can,  
No more I'll value that false creature Man.* 84
- " Into some Desert I will go,  
And weary out my ways in woe ;  
And with the Turtle there complain,  
And never come in mortal's sight again ;  
*But strive, by all the means I can,  
No more to value that false creature Man.* 90
- " Then let all Virgins have a care,  
And of their treacheries beware ;  
Let my mishap your warning be,  
And trust not to their infidelity :  
*Let me advise you, if you can,  
No more to value that false creature Man."* 96

[Publisher's name cut off, Philip Brooksby's on Douce copy ; Eliz. Brooksby's on Euing. Black-letter : four cuts, one in vol. v. p. 612 L. Date, about 1678.]

[British Museum, Case 22, c. 2, fol. 29.]

**Amintor's Answer to Parthenia's Complaint,  
Or, The Wronged Shepherd's Vindication.**

This answer to the Nymph he did return,  
Since that he hath more cause than she to mourn,  
And so against all women doth complain,  
For having met with some who were to blame :  
As by this *Satire* you may find it, when  
He proves that women are more false than men.

TO A NEW TUNE ; OR, *Sitting beyond a River Side, etc.* With Allowance.



**U**nder a pleasant Willow shade, *Amintor* sat and heard the Maid ;  
And unto her he did reply, " O why, *Parthenia* ! prithee tell me why  
*You do complain so grievously ? since Men are not so false as Women be.*

" When as in Love we use our Arts, we find you have obdurate hearts,  
Although at first our flames do burn, Like Winter's morning into Frost you turn.  
*So by the consequence you see, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

" Why should a man confined be to such a piece of vanity ?  
Or doat upon a tempting snare, That Nature hath at unawares made fair ?  
*No, cast them off, for you will see, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

---

\* \* *Parthenia* was not to be allowed to retain the last word about grievances, whether to *Cloe* or another. Here is the Sequel ballad, entitled "*Amintor's Answer to Parthenia's Complaint* ;" beginning, " Under a pleasant Willow Shade." The same tune as of these two, "*Sitting beyond a River's Side*," was also used alternatively with its own special play-house tune, "*Sad as death*," for another *Roxburghe Ballad*, entitled "*Repentance too late* ;" which we give (on p. 52), but have not noted the forgotten drama wherein the foundation song had first appeared. Concerning a typographical error see next page.

"They love, they fawn, they sigh, they pray, and yet will turn to hate next day;  
The more you sue, the more they shun, By which poor Shepherds are undone:  
*So that by consequence you see, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

"They think the God of Love allows they should be false, and break their vows,  
It is a miracle to find One of a Thousand bear a constant mind.  
*Therefore you may confess with me, That Men are not so false as Women be.*

"They say they'll love, but not tell when; They'll give a heart, and take't again;  
If you intreat, and sue, and pray, they turn their heads another way:  
*So that by consequence you see, That Men are not so false as Women be.*

"If that they see you pine and dye, They'll triumph in your misery,  
No pity lies in frown nor smile, Their wavering minds are all so full of guile:  
*Therefore you may confess with me, That Men are not so false as Women be.*

"Too much experience I have had, that few are good, too many bad;  
Though like a Skeleton you appear, a cruel Nymph shall never drop a Tear:  
*Therefore, by consequence you see, That Men are not so false as Women be.*

"Though Cupid bid them love again, yet they so stupid do remain,  
For Love they cruelty will show, and scorn for to submit unto his Bow:  
*So by this Sequel you may see, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

"Then let not any Shepherd Swain hereafter value their disdain,  
Since, Woman is so vain a toy, we'll find some other pastime to enjoy: [*v. infra.*]  
*For why by this you plainly see, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

"Their Syren Voices I'll not hear, nor from my eyes let fall a tear;  
Now Cupid's Shaft I will defie, for wounding me with Love to make me dye.  
*Since that you may confess with me, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

"Thus to all Nymphs I'll bid adieu, Until I find out one that's true,  
Or in some Grove I'll be confin'd, to cure my grief, and ease my troubled mind:  
*For now you must confess and see, that Men are not so false as Women be.*

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye-Corner.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts; two on p. 50, one on p. 44. Date, about 1679.]

\* \* \* In tenth verse the broadside reads erroneously, "Since O Man is so vain a toy." This we correct to "Since Woman," etc., deeming it to have been mis-understood by some ancient compositor, when reading a cramped manuscript in which the *w* was illegible; or else an amanuensis blundered when he wrote down words at the poet's dictation. It is certain that at the beginning of the ninth verse of "Repentance too Late," on p. 54, a transcriber's or a compositor's error occurred, for the original broadside reads "The Yielding Virgin to possess for constant vows the wandring Air." Evidently his eye had wandered to the line below, "*for constant Lovers*," and caught up two words wrongly: repeating them. We venture to substitute "[With broken]," as a conjectural restoration.

Also there are some inferior variations of reading, in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, and *Pills*, from our ballad-text on p. 62, viz., "it makes me wish in vain;" — "A blessing far above;" — "hopes successful;" and, "'Twould please my Ghost."





[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 28 ; Pepys Coll., III. 386.]

## Repentance too Late :

Being fair Celia's complaint for the loss of her Virginity ; or, The wronged Lober finds no cure but Death.

BEING A PLEASANT NEW PLAY SONG : AS IT IS SUNG AT THE THEATRE.

Fair *Celia's* kind, and trusts too much her Swain,  
Who, once Enjoying her, returns disdain,  
Courts other Virgins, and neglects her quite ;  
What love he had is turned now to spite.  
For which she grieves at her too quick belief,  
And warns all Virgins by her doleful grief  
How to beware of man, whose false surprize  
Had ruin'd her ; then lies her down, and dyes.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE [its own] CALLED, *Sad as Death* ;  
or, *Parthenia unto Cloe cryed*. [See pp. 47 and 50.]



**S**Ad as death, at dead of night, the fair complaining *Celia* sat ;  
But one poor lamp was all her light, whilst thus she reason'd  
with her fate :  
" Why should man such triumphs gain, and purchase such joy that  
gives us pain,  
Ah ! what glory can insue, a helpless Virgin to undoe ?

“ Curs’d the night, and curs’d the hour, when first he drew her to  
his Arms,  
When Virtue was betray’d by power, and yielded to unlawful charms;  
When [he] approach’d with all his fires, arm’d with hopes and  
strong desires,  
Sighs and tears, and every wile with which the men the maids  
beguile. 12

“ Dream no more [on] pleasures past, since all the torments are to  
come;  
The secret is made known at last, and endless shame is now thy  
doom.  
The false forsworn, alas! is gone, and left thee here to despair alone.  
Who that hears of *Celia*’s pain will ever trust a man again?

“ Eas’ly I believed his vows, and yielded up my honour bright,  
For which hard fate no cure allows, but it is ever set in night:  
Come, gentle Death, and ease my grief, yield poor *Celia* some relief;  
Oh! lock me in thy cold embrace, henceforth the Grave’s [my  
dwelling-place.] 24

“ Ah! and could he leave me thus?” weeping the mourning *Celia*  
cried,  
“ Was it enjoyment wrought my curse? Oh! me that e’r had I but  
dy’d.  
Then to th’ *Elizium* shades I’d gone—a spotless Virgin; now I’m  
none,  
But to th’ woods my woe must sing, till willing Death my rescue  
bring. 30

“ *Cyp’rus* shall o’er-shade my Tomb, while on the blushing ground  
I lye; [=Cypress.  
Where Violets and sweet Roses bloom, I care not now for coming  
nigh.  
Since I have lost my Virgin state, by trusting man, such my hard  
fate!  
That proves perfidious and unjust, and has to shame betray’d my  
trust! 36

“ Cruel powers! why have ye made Man so Majestick, bright and fair?  
Alas! was ’t only to invade, poor silly Virgins to ensnare?  
Undone by their too crafty wiles, allur’d into Love’s fatal toiles,  
By the soft whispers of their breath, which wound the love-sick  
heart to death. 42

“Like a Serpent that does lye under a bed of gaudy flowers,  
 Whose smell and sight invites the eyes and ravish’d sense, so that  
     no power  
 To shun they have, but plucking strait, they meet their unexpected  
     fate;  
 So men with [their] sweet words deceive, till they have got their  
     ends; then leave 48

“The yielding Virgin to possess [with broken] vows the wandering  
     Air,  
 To waile her own unhappiness, for constant lovers now are rare.  
 Words smooth as oyl are soon forgot, oaths they suspend or value not;  
 She whom they swear now Angel bright, when once enjoyed, is black  
     as night. 54

“Virgins all, be warn’d by me, who now must mourn my ill-starr’d  
     fate;  
 Oh! trust not your virginity, least love should turn to cruel hate.  
 Which I have prov’d, for which I dye, heart-broken, here for ever  
     lye!”  
 At which she sigh’d out her last breath, and love and beauty left in  
     death. 60

*London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke.*

[Black-letter, with three woodcuts, now given. Date, about 1679.]



## Love and Honesty.

- “ Some thirty, or forty, or fifty, at least,  
 Or more I have lov'd in vain, in vain ;  
 But if you'll vouchsafe to receive a poor guest,  
 For once I will venture again, again !
- “ How long I shall be in this mind, this mind,  
 Is totally in your own power—your power ;  
 All my days I can pass with the kind, the kind,  
 But I'll part with the Proud in an hour, an hour.
- “ Then if you'll be good-natur'd and civil, and civil,  
 You'll find [that] I can be so too, so too :  
 But if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil,  
 Or the Devil may come unto you, to you.”

—*A Catch*, by Tom D'Urfey, 1683.

**T**HERE have been many iniquitous Acts of Parliament, but none forbade a member of the Ballad Society to hum the above Catch, by that best of boon camarades, Tom D'Urfey the convivial ; so that he employs the right tune, known a score of years later as “ Would ye have a Young Virgin of fifteen years ? ”—which tune John Gay transferred to his “ Beggars' Opera,” for Macheath's song,—

- “ If the heart of a man is oppress'd with cares,  
 The mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears ;  
 Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly,  
 Raises the spirits and charms our ears.”

It had first set the town in a jig, under the title, *Poor Robin's Maggot*. Tom D'Urfey himself was the author of the song, “ Would ye have a Young Virgin of fifteen years ? ” and it was sung by Pack, as Cub, in “ The Modern Prophets,” 1707. Therefore, D'Urfey knew the tune, and *must* have had the music ringing inside his periwig when he earlier wrote “ Some thirty or forty or fifty, at least.”—**Q. E. D.**

The following ballad was lengthened from a playhouse song in 1676 ; the original three verses are in *The Wits' Academy*, p. 58, 1677.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 96; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 71.]

## Love and Honesty :

Or,

### The Modish Courtier.

What's here to do? a pretty Modish song  
Turn'd to a Ballad; in troth I think e're long  
A fourth part of the Town will Poets be,  
If that a line of Wit they can but see :  
They must be meddling and add further still,  
And never leave till all that's sence they kill :  
Yet if I Judge aright, the vulgar sort  
Are mightily beholding to them for 't.

To A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, called, *The Duke of Monmouth's Jigg*.  
With allowance, Ro[ger] L'Estrange, Feb. 8, 1676 [167<sup>9</sup>].

A Curse on the zealous and ignorant crew,  
Who languish all day, and with passion obey  
The senceless decrees that Platonicks pursue.  
How poor and unhappy, unhappy are those pretenders,  
Who, fearful of scandal and vulgarly shame, [sic.]  
Diminish their flame! 6

But blest be the man who with freedom enjoys  
A beauty whose Eyes, like the Stars in the Sky,  
Procures new delight till his appetite cloyes.  
How happy, how happy, how happy are those pretenders,  
Who, fearless of scandal or vulgar reproach,  
Pursue their debauch! 12

*Elizium's* a grief and a torment, compar'd  
To those that can prove the enjoyment of Love,  
Where Lovers in raptures do meet a reward.  
The tales of the antients, of *Elizian* fields, are ungrounded,  
In Love's kind fruition, where souls have access,  
Oh, there's the true bliss! 18

[Here ends the Original Song.]

Those conquering beauties more pleasure afford,  
To such as are free at their own liberty,  
Than Usurers' Chests which with plenty are stor'd ;  
Then happy be still Noble Lads that are Nature's adorers ;  
Whilst envy and avarice starve and repine,  
We'l frolique in Wine. 24

Those that the confinement of Wedlock refuse  
May live at their ease and enjoy when they please,  
Being free from the strict matrimonial noose;  
The bawling of brats shall not injure his rest nor his quiet :  
But when with delights his fierce appetite's cloy'd,  
Then rest is enjoy'd. 30

No wonder why clowns, who of sence are debar'd,  
Remain till they dye, like a Hog in a Sty, e,  
And ne'r understand a brisk Lover's reward ;  
'Tis those that have souls of the modish new stamp that are witty,  
All others are drudges, and never are blest  
Till death gives them rest. 36

'Tis Love that does give us true sence of our life,  
And makes us proceed, in each generous deed,  
Protected with love, or are freed from all strife ;  
But those that ne'r knew the delights of an amorous Lover,  
Can't truly be said to have liv'd out an hour,  
If free'd from Love's power. 42

Those that for abundance do match with a wife,  
Are troubled with an itch to be wealthy and rich,  
Which keeps them in torment all days of their life.  
They never enjoy, but still grumble at every misfortune ;  
Whilst wisdom creates, in a generous mind,  
Joys they cannot find. 48

God *Cupid*, for ever thy name I'll adore !  
For now I can see that in thy Deity  
Are blessings (for those that deserve them) in store.  
A passion that's noble shall ever receive satisfaction ;  
But ignorant fools, who abandon thy name,  
Extinguish their flame. 54

In liberty all men have cause to rejoyce,  
If mingled with Love, ever happy 'twill prove ;  
What fops do count folly, we think our best choice.  
A cup of the creature will make our bloods warmer and warmer :  
Like senceless Fanaticks we'll never repine  
Of Love and good Wine. 60

Printed for *E. Oliver*, at the *Golden-Key*, on *Snow-hill*, over-against  
*St. Sepulchre's-Church*.

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts. They are given respectively on pp. 13,  
the man to right ; 55 ; and 63. Date, as licensed, February, 1674.]

\* \* The tune, being named as *The Duke of Monmouth's Jig*, marks the time  
when he was in high favour both at Court and in the City, before intrigues with  
the Whigs made him forfeit his loyalty. The same tune belonged to 'The  
Batchelor's Ballad,' "No more, silly *Cupid* ! will I sigh and complain."



## Beauty's Overthrow.

" Sweet, use your time ! abuse your time no longer, but be wise ;  
Your Lovers now discover you have Beauty to be prized.  
But if you're coy, you'll lose the joy, so Curst will be your fate,  
The flower will fade, you'll die a Maid, and mourn your chance too late.

" At thirteen years and fourteen years the Virgin's heart may range ;  
'Twixt fifteen years and fifty years you'll find a wondrous change :  
Then whilst in tune, in *May* or *June*, let Love and Youth agree,  
For if you stay till *Christmas* day, the Devil shall woo for me."

—*Kingston Church, a Song* ; by Tom D'Urfey, 1683.

WE identify the following ballad, rebuke of a Lady who allowed her pride in her own beauty to make her arrogant, as being a broadside amplification of a three-verse song written by Tom D'Urfey. The music, in two movements, was composed by his friend Tom Farmer. Only the two verses at beginning of the ballad are by D'Urfey ; the remainder being by another hand, substituted for D'Urfey's own third verse, because it changed to the second movement. We give that original final verse here, as it appeared in the rare volume, *A New Collection of Songs and Poems*, by Thomas D'Urfey, Gent. London. Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Black Bull in Cornhill, 1683. It is on p. 13, and entitled, " A Song to a very Beautiful but very Proud Lady ; set by Mr. Farmer in two Movements." Tom's verses begin "*Chloe*, your scorn abate, kind beams discover," and " To Courts where 'Tyrants sway," etc. Then follows, finally, the characteristically D'Urfeyian

### *Second Movement.*

BUT when the Bottles rowl about, and Glasses,  
Plague on all Intrigues ! a pox on charming Faces !  
But when the Bottles rowl about, and Glasses,  
We know [of] no disdain, nor value charming Faces.  
Let the puny Lover sigh, and whine, and moan,  
Like a fluttering Drone, make an Insect humming ;  
Beauty here we see, more bright than any she,  
Never out of humour, kind, and always coming.

Tom Farmer's music of this 'Second-Movement' third verse, entitled *The Hornpipe*, appears separately, as though it were a distinct song, on pp. 64, 65, with repetition of the words that had been previously given on pp. 13, 14, of the same volume of *Songs and Poems*. In broadside printed "*Cloah*, your pride abate ;" not "*Chloe*, your scorn abate," as in the original.

We give, in our motto-verses, another complete song by D'Urfey, which held the same fate of becoming a Roxburghe Ballad broadside (Roxb. Coll., II. 528, " A Word in Season ; or, Now or Never").

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 102.]

**Beauty's Overthrow :**

Or,

**The Rejoyc'd Libertine.**

When Pride and Beauty do together meet,  
 They make that bitter which would else be sweet ;  
 The fervent Lover, when too much abus'd,  
 Bids Love farewell, desires to be Excus'd.

TO A NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE, CALLED ; *Chloe, your Pride abate.*



" *Chloe*, your Pride abate, kind Beams discover,  
 Frowns purchase all men's hate, but gain no Lover :  
 Nature and Feature designed you rare, [Qu. "in feature ?"]  
 But whilst you're Proud, you are not fair ;  
 Nor can [you] the joys of passion prove,  
 For Pride will ever be a foe to Love. [al. lect. "is still a foe."]

" To Courts where Tyrants sway, who'd venture thither ?  
 Or who would put to Sea in Stormy Weather ?  
 Graces and Faces no Lustre own,  
 When shaded by disdainful Frown ;  
 Ne'r to the Sun had the *Persian* bow'd  
 Had he hid his glory behind a Cloud. 12  
 [Thus far Tom D'Urfey's *Original Song*.]

" Nor shall your Beauty great, while you're Disdainful,  
 Make my poor heart to ake, or my Life Painful :  
*Cupid* is stupid, thinks he to charm ?  
 His Golden Darts me cannot harm :  
 Nor can your blooming cheeks bear sway ;  
 When Beauty is gone, your Pride must decay. 18

- " Think you Ingratitude clouds not your Beauty,  
 Whilst you did me delude, love was my Duty :  
 Sleeping or waking, *Chloe* was there,  
 Till Pride did say she was not fair :  
     And then my passion I soon recal'd,  
     No longer would I be to pride inthral'd. 24
- " You did your self destroy, and made me wander ;  
 Now I am fill'd with joy, Love's no Commander :  
 Witty and Pritty to me you seemed ;  
 But I, your Prisoner, am now Redeemed :  
     No Rosie cheeks shall me e're betray,  
     Although at your foot-stool once I lay. 30
- " Freedom I now do prize, and scorn my Fetters ;  
 I'll no more Idolize, like *Cupid's* Debtors :  
 Sobbing and throbbing made me look pale,  
 But now I'm freed from a terrible gaol :  
     I'll no more Beauty value at all,  
     Since Princes thereby have been brought in thrall. 36
- " You that would conquer all, when Age shall meet you  
 Into Despair you'll fall, none then will treat you :  
 Desire, like fire, will you possess,  
 And Men will prove so pitiless,  
     That you shall then renounce your birth,  
     And wish that you never had lived on earth. 42
- " But if that you'll return, and see your Folly,  
 You'll have no cause to mourn, no Melancholly  
 Shall seize to displease *Chloe's* kind Breast,  
 But she for ever shall live at rest :  
     When death shall make thy beauty yield, 47  
     Thou'lt post to the fair *Elizium* Field." *Finis.*

Printed for *J. Clarke*, at the *Golden Lyon*, between the *Hospital-gate* and *Duck-Lane-end*.

[Black-letter, four woodcuts : see p. 61, and IV. p. 380, L. Date, 1683.]

\* \* James Hart composed the music of a tenderly-worded Love-song, which similarly remonstrates with *Chloe* for her scornful cruelty. It is found in Playford's *Banquet of Music*, Book ii. p. 38, 1688. The words complete are these :

#### Another Song on *Chloe's* Cruelty.

- " *CHloe*, your unrelenting scorn has been too lasting and severe ;  
 No truth but mine could e'er have borne the tortures of so long Despair :  
 Those unkind words your rage reply'd, to what my hand and heart had given,  
 Shew'd not your Virtue, but your Pride—Love may expostulate with Heaven.
- " Think, while your Spring of Charms is here, Beauty must in its Autumn fade ;  
 And the sweet bloom no more appear, by Time or Coyness once decay'd.  
 The only way Love can propose, to keep your Image ever new,  
 Is in your Arms those wounds to close, of which I bleed to death for you."

“ Could Man his Wish Obtain.”

- “ The Spheres are dull and do not make such music as my ears will take ;  
 The slighted Birds may cease to sing, their chirpings do not grace the Spring ;  
 The Nightingale is sad in vain, I care not to hear her complain ;  
*While I have ears, and you a tongue, I shall think all things else go wrong.*
- “ The Poets feign'd that *Orpheus* could make stones to follow where he would,  
 They feign'd indeed, but had they known your voice, truth they might ha' shown.  
 All instruments must sadly go, because your tongue excels them so :  
*While I have ears, and you a tongue, I shall think all things else go wrong.*”

—Sir Aston Cokain's *Obstinate Lady*, v. 1, 1657.

THE Roxburghe Ballad entitled “ The Mournful Shepherd ” is another example of the common practice among the professional framers of broadside ditties, who took a favourite playhouse song, newly in vogue, added fresh verses, also a few incongruous stock-woodcuts, to eke out the pennyworth, thus ; to delight the 'prentice boys and their lasses, by furnishing them with a new broadside-ballad, before the *à la mode* tune had time to be forgotten. Some lively comedy of their day held this two-verse song. With the music by Peaseable it was printed in Playford's *Choyce Ayres*, iv. p. 5, 1683. Also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (vol. iv. p. 237, 1719).

Such playhouse songs had usually been written by gay courtiers like Dorset and Sedley, or by professional dramatists, Dryden, Lee, Shadwell, and D'Urfey, to win a smile from a spoilt Beauty, who for the moment enslaved them. Then, aided by the witcheries of sparkling eyes and thrilling voice, some pretty actress made popular the ditties, delighting the pleasure-loving citizens ; who did not hold with the grim Puritans that everything was wicked except money-grubbing and hypocritical back-biting. The song travelled into country-lanes, carried home from market as a fairing for maids. *Sic itur ad astra ;* or *vice versâ*, when going Nadir-wards.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 346 ; IV. 63 ; Pepys, III. 356 ; Douce, II. 160 ;  
Huth, II. 34 ; Euing, 234.]

## The Mournful Shepherd ;

Or,

The Torment of Loving, and not being Lov'd again.

A SONG MADE BY A GENTLEMAN WHO DYED FOR HIS CRUEL MISTRESS.

No torment can be found, no greater pain  
Than truly Loving and not Lov'd again ;  
For that's a strange Disease which racks the mind,  
Still routs the Judgement, and does Reason blind :  
Raises a Civil War, distracts the Soul,  
Whilst Fancy like a Raging Sea does roul :  
The Lover dreams of nothing but strange Charms,  
And often thinks his Mistress in his Arms ;  
But waking finds he did embrace a Shade ;  
Which all his hopes with it he had convey'd.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, called *Cou'd Man his Wish obtain*, etc.

Play'd and Sung at the King's Play-house.

**C**ould Man his wish obtain, how happy would he be !  
But wishes seldom gain, and hopes are but in vain,  
if Fortune disagree :

Pitty, you Powers of Love, our Infelicity !  
Why should the Fates Conspire to frustrate my Desire ?  
Since Love's the gentle fire that keeps the World alive :  
But me it puts to pain, my wishes are in vain,  
Nor promise any hope to give. 8

" I love and still I view, but dare not tell my mind ;  
Should I my flames pursue, I might that Bliss undo,  
which is for her design'd ;  
A Bliss that's far above, more lasting, rich, and kind :  
Though hopes successless prove, my heart shall ne'r remove,  
From wishing of her Love, in Fortune's Triumph led ;  
And though it banish me, if she but happy be,  
'twill please my Ghost when I am dead. 16

[Here ends the Original Song : cf. p. 51.]

The Second Part : TO THE SAME TUNE.

" Much like a Tyrant sits th' insulting Prince of Love, [cf. p. 65.  
And with his Arrows hits poor Mortals, as it fits  
his humour, from above ;  
But pitty I implore, O let some pitty move :  
But ah ! what is my Error, when love thus proves a Terror,  
That is the world's bright Mirror, and guides the Starry frame :  
The flame that's in my breast, alas ! disturbs my rest,  
Since I of hopes am dispossess. 24

"Thou Center of my joy, the fairest of her kind,  
Does still with frowns destroy my bliss by proving Coy,  
                whilst Love torments my mind ;  
And scorches me in pain, that I no quiet find :  
Pitty some gentle power, and rain a Golden Shower,  
For sure nought else can move her to cool my raging Flame :  
Alas, that Gold should prove the Orb that still does move  
                the happy Sphere of sacred love !

32

" O're Hills and Rocks I stray, through fields and gloomy shade,  
I take my restless way, to *Venus* oft I pray,  
                to grant me speedy aid,  
And pitty my distress, or bow the cruel Maid :  
Whose eyes do Lightning bear, which blast me with despair,  
And takes me in Love's snare, nor can I thence escape,  
But struggle there in vain, and still do suffer pain :  
                Whilst I to free myself do strain.

40

" Witness ye Founts and Springs, Groves, and each pleasant Mead,  
Each warbling Bird that sings, and spreads his airy wings ;  
                and bleating flocks that feed :  
How cruel the fair Nymph to me has ever been :  
But Tyrant Love, no more ! to persecute give o're ;  
Keep, keep your shafts in store, of them there is no need :  
For like the Swan, now I, to sing my last leave try,  
                which done, I thus lye down and dye."      48

Finis.

*He Dies.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Sign of the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-gate*,  
in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts; viz. on p. 61: others in vols. iii. 1, L., and iv. 380, L. Roxb. Coll., IV. 63, has our Cavalier and Lady. Date, about 1683.]





## Now the Tyrant hath Stolen my Dearest.

“ Oh ! that 'twere possible, after long grief and pain,  
To feel the arms of my Beloved round me once again ! ”

—Tennyson's *Maud*.

**L**AURENCE PRICE wrote the following ballad, which attained great popularity. We gave a detailed list of nearly forty of his verse-writings, in our *Bagford Ballads*, 1877 (*viz.* pp. 263 to 266 inclusive), wherein the present ditty counted as No. 22 ; and “ The Seaman's Compass ” was given there, as No. 4, on p. 267, by Laurence Price, marked to be sung to the same tune of “ Now the Tyrant.” We take this opportunity of supplementing our former List by an addition of seven additional ballads authenticated by his initials, and also mention the discovery of a second copy of his “ Merry Man's Resolution,” which begins, “ Now Farewell to Saint Giles's ! ” of date between 1651 and 1655 (reprinted by the present Editor in *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, 1880, p. \*485, from an exemplar then accounted unique, Roxb. Coll., III. 242), in *Book of Fortune Collection*, purchased in November, 1884, for the British Museum.

### *Additions to List of Laurence Price's Ballads.*

List, 39.—The Two Jeering Lovers ; or, A Pleasant Dialogue between *Dick Downright* of the Country and *Nancy* of the Citie.

= “ Come hither, sweet *Nancy*, and sit down by me.”—*Book of Fortune Collection*. To the same tune of, *Now the Tyrant*.

List, 40.—Strange and Wonderful Newes of a Woman . . rent by a Devil.

= “ Dear Lord ! what sad and sorrowful times.”—*Book of Fortune Coll.*

List, 41.—A New Merry Dialogue between *John* and *Besse*, the two lusty brave Lovers of the Country.

= “ I am a Batchelour bold and brave.”—*Wood's Coll.*, 401, fol. 135.

List, 42.—The Faithful Maid's Adventures.

= “ I am the faithful Damsel, that wander'd up and down.”—*Book of Fortune*.

List, 43.—*Robin Hood's* Golden Prize : shewing how he robbed, etc.

= “ I have heard talk of *Robin Hood*.”—*Roxb. Coll.*, III. 12.

List, 44.—A Monstrous Shape ; or, A Shapeless Monster.

= “ Of horned *Vulcan* I have heard.”—*Wood's Coll.*, 401, fol. 135.

List, 45.—Joy after Sorrow, being the Seaman's Return from *Jamaica*.

= “ There was a Maid, as I heard tell.”—*Wood's*, E. 25, fol. 60.

Four of these (Nos. 39 to 42) we give in the course of the present volume ; also those numbered in the former List as 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 22, 23, 25, 28, 32, and 35 : possibly, 26, 27, and 31 likewise.

Several others we have reprinted already, in *Bagford Ballads*, or the *Amanda Group*; or they entered into Mr. William Chappell's portion of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, First Series: viz., Nos. 4, 38 (in *Bagford Ballads*); 21 (*Amanda Group*); 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 24, 29, 34, 36 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, already issued). Thus, sixteen were given previously to this volume; fifteen or eighteen more will follow, Love-ditties of land and sea, and miscellaneous subjects. (No. 24 is wrong, in List: not his, but J. P.'s. See p. 109.) We give No. 20, "*The True Lovers' Holidays*," on p. 73; and yet another (List, No. 46), "*Flora's Farewell*," on p. 105:

"*Flora*, farewell! I needs must go."—*Wood's Coll.*, E. 25, fol. 48.

We find by another ballad (p. 70), called, "*Love and Constancy; or, The True-Lover's Welcome Home from France*," that the tune of *Now the Tyrant has stolen my Dearest away* was alternative-tune, named for it, with *Captain Digby's Farewell*; as on p. 40. And on p. 39, introducing "*Farewell, my Calista*," the ballad entitled "*Love and Honour*," we have shown that either "*Farewell my Armida*," or "*O pity, Arminda, those passions I bear!*" was the original "*Digby's Farewell*" (music by Robert Smith), although the name was more generally borne by an Answer to Digby's Farewell, viz. "*And I'll go to my Love, where he lies in the deep*."

These perpetually changing titles require close attention, but well reward it, for the number of ballad-tunes popular at any given time was not large; and those authors who were most employed in ballad-writing were accustomed to use again and yet again such tunes as they had formerly chosen for a successful effort, but they altered the tune-name on their new adventures, and gave it the title of their own previous ballad, thus advertizing their stock-wares. Hence the succession of varying names helps an enquirer to ascertain the chronological order of the undated ballads.

In the case of "*Tho' the Tyrant hath ravish'd my dearest away*," (for thus it began, originally) we find the music by John Playford, in his *Musical Companion*, 1667, and 1673. (See our p. 69.)

It may be enquired, who was "*The Tyrant*" mentioned in the ballad? That it was not Death is quite certain, insomuch that "*Dearest Celia*" herself returns alive, and seeks her Lover with beneficent intentions in a Rosalindish "*coming-on humour*," at the end of the adventure. Assuredly, Cupid is the Tyrant alluded to, for see our p. 62, where the "*Mournful Shepherd*" declares that:

Much like a Tyrant sits th' insulting Prince of Love,  
And with his arrows hits poor Mortals, as it fits his humour, from above.

Cf. "*Love's Tyrannic Conquest*," and "*True-Lover's Overthrow*." Singers, who knew not the freshly-composed music for "*The Tyrant*," adopted the tune earlier used for a double-ballad entitled "*The Princely Wooing of the Fair Maid of London*" by the renowned King *Edward the Fourth*," beginning, "*Fair Angel of England*,"

thy beauty most bright:" with her Answer, "O wanton King *Edward*." It is of date, March 1st, 1554, and was probably written by Richard Johnson. Reprinted, in *Roxb. Bds.*, i. 181. The tune had been previously known as *Bonny Sweet Robin* (perhaps referring to Robin Hood, and the same as mentioned by "the fair Ophelia").

Among the ballads that were appointed to be sung to the tune known as "Now the Tyrant" (exclusive of those marked for "Fair Angel of England,") are the following examples: 1.—"As lately I travell'd towards Gravesend" (reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 265); 2.—"Come all loyal Lovers" (given here, p. 70, after "Love's fierce desire"); 3.—"Come hither, sweet Husband,"= Henry and Elizabeth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 664); 4.—"Good people, I'll tell you now of a fine jest"=The Clothworker caught in a Trap (*Ibid.*, iii. 547); 5.—"What an innocent loving life"=Shepherd's Delight (by Thomas Jordan, 1675, Pepys Coll., III. 55). 6.—"Arise from thy Bed, my turtle and dove"=Love's Return (by S. S.); 7.—"Come hither, sweet Nancy." (List, No. 39.)

The ensuing protestation of love for Celia, while "confined with Mopsa"—not that either Celia or Mopsa had been already confined, or was likely to be—enjoyed considerable public favour. It has "*Celia's Reply to her faithful Friend*," and a happy termination. The Tyrant had more of juvenile mischief and petulance than actual cruelty in his composition, and considering his parentage (to say nought of Vulcanite Martial adulteration) might have been worse.



[Cuts belong to "A Call to Charon," p. 25.]

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 130 ; Pepys, III. 104 ; Euing, 165 ; C. 22. e. 2, 59.]

## Love's fierce desire, and hopes of Recovery: Or,

A true and brief Description of two resolved Lovers, whose excellent wits, suitable minds, and faithful hearts one to another, shall heedfully be spoken of in this following new made paper of Verses.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE [ITS OWN], OR, *Fair Angel of England.*



- “ NOW the Tyrant hath stolen my dearest away,  
And I am confined with *Mopsa* to stay ;  
Yet let *Celia* remember how faithful I’le be,  
Neither distance nor absence shall terrifie me. 4
- “ In volumes of sighs I will send to my Dear,  
And make my own heart correspond to my sphear ; [a. l. ‘fear.’]  
Till the soul of my life may be pleased to see  
How delightful her safest return is to me. 8
- “ It cheers my sad heart to remember her love,  
Though malice hath caused this sudden remove ;  
And my mind is resolved, what ever ensue,  
Whether Sunshine or Thunder, to be constant and true. 12

- " If my Bark sayl but safely through this rugged Sea,  
Though with contrary winds much tossed it be,  
In the Haven of rest, and long lookt for content,  
Wee'l chant forth melodious songs of merriment. 16
- " Till then I'le retreat to the Forest, and mourn,  
*Acteon* shall eccho my hound and my horn ;  
No *Reynard* shall escape me that runs on the way,  
But patience perforce I will make him to stay. 20
- " My heart hath enquired of every stone,  
What convoy the Heavens hath bequeath'd to my moan ?  
But, for aught I can find, holy Angels are agreed  
To rivall my hopes and to slacken her speed. 24
- " Therefore I'le sit down and bewail my sad Fate,  
Like the Turtle I'le mourn for the loss of my mate ;  
All the world's greatest glorie's vexation to me,  
Till my *Celia* and I in our loves may be free." 28

*Celia her sweet Reply to her faithful friend.*

- " **T**Hy presence, dear friend, I have well understood,  
And how in exile thou hast wand'red the wood ;  
But I am resolved thy sorrows to free,  
To make thee amends I'le soon come unto thee. 32
- " 'Tis neither the Tyger, the Wolf, nor the Bear,  
Nor shall *Nylus*' Crocodile put me in fear ;  
I'le swim through the Ocean upon my bare breast,  
To find out my Darling whom I do love best. 36
- " And when I have found him, with double delight,  
I'le comfort him kindly, by day and by night ;  
And I'le be more faithful than the Turtle Dove,  
Which never at all did prove false to her Love. 40
- " The fierce Basilisk[u]s, that kills with the eye,  
Shall not have the power once thee to come nigh :  
I'le clip thee and hug thee so close in my arms,  
And I'le venture my life for to save thee from harms. 44
- " My lap for thy head, Love, a Pillow shall be,  
And whilst thou dost sleep I'le be careful of thee ;  
I'le wake, and I'le watch, and I'le kiss thee for joy,  
And no venomous creature shall my Love annoy. 48
- " The Satyrs shall pipe, and the Syrens shall sing,  
The wood-nymphs with musick shall make the groves ring :  
The Horn it shall sound, and the Hounds make a noise,  
To fill my Love's heart with ten thousand rare joys. 52



"So now I am coming to hasten the deed,  
 Pray heaven and good Angels to be my good speed :  
 If Fortune me favour, and seas quiet prove,  
 I soon will arrive at the Port which I love." 56

Now *Celia* is gone to find out her dear,  
 His heart that was sad to comfort and cheer : [orig. "Her."  
 No doubt but each other they will lovingly greet,  
 When as they together do lovingly meet. 60

Finis.

L[ *Laurence*] P[*rice*].

Printed for *T. V[ere]*, and are to be sold by *F[rancis] Coles*, in  
*Wine-street*, near *Hatton-Garden*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts (two in IV. p. 430). Original date, *circa* 1656.]

\* \* We give here the original song, untitled, to which the music, in *Four Parts*, was composed by John Playford ; printed in his *Musical Companion*, 1667, (p. 226, first verse only), and 1673 (p. 212, four verses). It yields us a few corrections for the ballad text, given on pp. 67, 68.

Though the Tyrant hath ravish'd my dearest away,  
 And I am constrained with *Mopsa* to stay ;  
 Yet if *Celia* remember how faithful I'll be,  
 Neither distance nor absence shall terrifie me.  
 But in volleys of Sighs I'll send to my Dear,  
 And make mine own heart correspond to my fear :  
 'Till the Soul of my Life shall be pleased to see  
 How delightful her safest return is to me.  
 Till then I'll retreat to the Forrest, and mourn ;  
*Acteon* shall echo my Hounds and my Horn ;  
 Ne *Reynold* [=No *Reynard*] shall 'scape, though he run by the way,  
 Where my Dearest must pass and I am to stay.  
 My Heart hath enquired at every stone  
 What Convoy the Heavens hath bequeath'd to my moan ?  
 And, for ought I can learn, Holy Angels agreed  
 Both to rival my hopes, and to hasten her speed.

Whether Laurence Price (whose time of activity was before the Restoration) claimed the authorship of the entire double-ballad, or only of the additional verses in his reconstruction of the original song, must be left an open question. But we believe that it belongs wholly to him, and that S. S. [Sam Shepherd ?] wrote "*Love's Return* ; or, *The Maiden's Joy*," so early as 1656, to the same tune of "*Though the Tyrant*." We mentioned the ballad on p. 66, and give it later ; along with "*The Two Jeering Lovers*," by Laurence Price.





[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 19; seemingly unique.]

## Love and Constancy,

Or,

### The true Lober's welcome home from France.

Describing of the joy and friendly greeting,  
Betwixt two Lovers at their happy meeting,  
By cruel Fate long time they were divided,  
But to their comfort now they are united,  
Which makes them to rejoice beyond expression,  
As you may finde by both their own confession.

TUNE OF, *Digby's farewell*, OR, [*Now*] *the Tyrant*, &c. [See pp. 38, 65, and 72.] With Allowance.



#### The Maid's Part.

“Come, all loyal Lovers, so courteous and free,  
Come lend your attention and listen to me,  
With gladness my heart doth abound at this tide,  
now I am in hopes that I shall be a bride:  
Long time I have waited with patience to see  
the face of my dearest, so pleasing to me,  
*And now to my comfort, my joyes to advance,*  
*My Love he is safely return'd out of France.*

“ Then welcome, my dearest, my joy and delight,  
no more to the Wars shalt thou go for to fight,  
My arms shall secure thee from dangers so free,  
thrice welcome, my true Love, thou art unto me :  
Full often I wish'd for to see thee again,  
whilst I with a sorrowful heart did remain.  
*But now for my comfort, my joyes to advance,  
My Love he is safely return'd out of France.* 16

“ Since that thou did'st leave me to languish and mourn,  
I like the chaste Turtle did wait thy return ;  
The choicest of company could me not please,  
whilst thou wer't in danger beyond the salt Seas ;  
To listen for tydings it was my chief care,  
and all for to hear how my Dearest did fare.  
*But now to my comfort, my joyes to advance,  
My Love he is safely return'd out of France.* 24

“ What maiden in *England* more happy can be,  
now my heart's delight is from dangers set free ?  
No grief nor no sorrow shall trouble my minde,  
provided that thou will be constant and kinde ;  
I'll please thee in all things that thou canst desire,  
nothing shall be wanting that thou doest require :  
*For now to my comfort, my joyes to advance,  
My Love he is safely return'd out of France.* 32

“ And now, my own dearest, take heart and take hand,  
for I am resolved to obey thy command ;  
Therefore, speak thy pleasure, and utter thy mind,  
thou can'st not be cruel when I am so kind :  
Be sure in thy answer thy love to unfold,  
which will be more welcome than silver or gold.  
*Since now for my comfort, my joyes to advance,  
My love he is safely return'd out of France.* 40

*The Young Man's kind Answer.*

“ **O** How it rejoyceth my heart for to hear  
this loving kind welcome from my dearest dear !  
No happiness greater could fall to my share,  
therefore my true meaning I'll freely declare ;  
To thee I'll prove constant what ever betide,  
and in a short time I will make thee my bride,  
*The fame [of thy beauty likewise I'll advance,  
Since that I am safely return'd out of France.]* 48

- “ For all thy past sorrow, thy pain and thy grief,  
 I now am come over to bring thee relief ;  
 I’le throw in thy apron of good yellow gold  
 a hundred good pieces as ever was told :  
 Besides, I’le maintain thee most bravely indeed,  
 no one in the Parish thy garb shall exceed.  
*The fame of thy beauty likewise I’le advance,*  
*Since that I am safely return’d out of France.* 56
- “ My sword and my armour I now will cast by,  
 to live in true pleasure with thee till I dye,  
 Thou shalt be my *Venus*, with whom I will play,  
 and walk in the meadows on each holy-day.  
 Young ladies shall envy thy happiness now,  
 that I have been constant and kept to my vow.  
*Besides I’le endeavour thy joyes to advance,*  
*Since that I am safely return’d out of France.* 64
- “ The young men and maidens shall frolick and play,  
 and dance at our wedding the next holy-day ;  
 Wee’l have good provision of wine and good cheer,  
 and like to the Queen of *May* thou shalt appear ;  
 Rare Musick I’le have for to lighten thy heart,  
 and for to content thee I’le use my best Art ;  
*For now I’le endeavour thy joyes to advance,*  
*Since that I am safely return’d out of France.* 72
- “ Then come, my own dearest, and give me a kiss,  
 now we are united, I count it a bliss ;  
 And here for the present accept of this Ring,  
 ere long I will please thee with a better thing.  
 I’le make it my business in time to provide,  
 and at our next meeting I’le make thee my bride,  
*For now I’m resolv’d thy joyes to advance,*  
*Since that I am safely returned out of France.”* 80

*Finis.*

London, Printed for *John Rose* over against *Staple-Inn* in *Holbourn*,  
 near *Graves-Inn-Lane*.

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts, the first given on p. 70 ; the second, a man, in vol. iii. p. 518, Left ; the third, a woman, vol. iv. p. 15, Right. The other two are in vol. iii. respectively on pp. 547, Left, and 430, Right. Also given later.]

\* \* Both the tune-names belong to a date so early as 1673, but the mention of a “return out of France,” and also “With allowance,” might seem to indicate a much later time, by a score of years. 1673 is the probable date.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 462 ; Pepys Coll., III. 120 ; Rawlinson, 195.]

## The True-Lovers' Holidiaies :

Or,

The Wooing, Winning, and Wedding of a fair Damogel ;  
performed by a lusty Souldier, being one of the  
Auxiliaries.

The Souldier Woo'd the Maid with words most kind,  
She answered him according to his mind.

TO THE TUNE OF, *No body else shall plunder but I.*



“MY sweetest, my fairest, my rarest, my dearest,  
Come sit thee down by me and let's chat a while,  
It doth my heart good, when I see thee most nearest,  
That we with pleasant talk the sad times may beguile.  
If thou'lt have the patience to stay in this Bower,  
That I may discourse with thee just half an hour,  
I'll shew thee a Ticket from *Cupid's* Commission,  
Which *Venus* set hand to, upon this condition,  
*That no body else shall enjoy thee but I.*

9

“The Summer is come, and the time is in season,  
That each pretty bird have made choice of his Mate,  
Now I, being a young man of judgement and reason,  
Have cause to be doing e're time's out of date.  
Hark, hark ! how I hear the sweet Nightingal's verses,  
Whose ecchoes records what true lovers rehearses ;  
The true-hearted Turtle-Doves now are a-billing,  
And so will I do, my Love, if thou art willing  
*That no body else shall enjoy thee but I.*

18

"I pray thee, Love, leave me not, though I am a Souldier,  
 And want skill in wooing to deal with a maid ;  
 Yet if thou wilt kisse me, and make me the bolder,  
 Mark well and consider what here shall be said.  
 My hand and my sword shall from danger defend thee,  
 My purse and my person shall stoutly attend thee ;  
 I'll buy thee a new kirtle, wrought waistcoat and beaver,  
 A dainty silk apron, my minde shall not waver,  
*So no body else shall enjoy thee but I.*

27

"If thou wilt consent, that things shall be so carried,  
 Before this day fortnight I'll make thee my wife,  
 And we in the Church will be lawfully married,  
 So shalt thou live bravely all dayes of thy life ;  
 Thou shalt have thy servants to wait on thy leisure,  
 Thy purse shall be cram'd with gold crowns and rich treasure,  
 Nothing shall be wanting that I can procure thee,  
 So thou wilt be constant and thus much assure me,  
*That no body else shall enjoy thee but I.*

36

"Make answer, sweet hony, to what I have spoken,  
 That I may the better know whereon to trust ;  
 Receive this Gold Ring, as an eminent token,  
 My love shall be permanent, loyal and just.  
 One lovely look from thee for aye will revive me,  
 But a frown of thine will of life streight deprive me ;  
 Then answer me kindly, at this time, dear sweeting,  
 That I may finde comfort by this happy meeting,  
*And no body else shall enjoy thee but I."*

45

*The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.*

*Being the Maid's Loving Answer to the Souldier.*

"I'll leave all my kindred, both father and mother,  
 My Uncle, my Aunt, and my Grandam also,  
 My nearest acquaintance, my Sister and Brother,  
 For 'tis my desire with a Souldier to go.  
 In weal and in woe I will with my Love travel,  
 Whilst some at my service and toyle do much marvel ;  
 So long as my life lasts, if fortune will guide me,  
 I'll march with thee bravely, what ever betide me.  
*And I'll be thy true-Love until I dye.*

54

" 'Tis not the great Ordnance, when they do rattle,  
 Shall make me to fly from thee, my minde is so stout;  
 For when I perceive thee preparing for battel,  
 I'll closely stick to thee, of that make no doubt;  
 And when thou hast drawn thy brave blade to befriend me,  
 For courage and valour and skill I'll commend thee:  
 In peace and in warres if thou pleasest to prove me,  
 By day and by night thou shalt finde how I love thee.  
*I'll still take thy part till the day that I dye.* 63

" Moreover, sweet Souldier, thus much I must tell thee,  
 When I understood you took mee for your choice,  
 It made the very heart of me leap in my belly,  
 And all the merry veins in my body rejoyce.  
 You also requested of me certain kisses,  
 The which you accounted as true-Lovers' blisses;  
 In stead of one kisse, now I'll give thee full twenty,  
 So thou wilt repay me again with like plenty,  
*And I'll be thy true love until I do dye.* 72

" This Ring which thou gav'st me shall serve for a token,  
 I'll keep it for thy sake whiles heaven lends me life;  
 The promise betwixt us shall never be broken,  
 Be thou my sweet Husband, I'll be thy kinde Wife:  
 Then serve *Cupid's* warrant upon me, and spare not,  
 For what thou canst do with thy Ticket I fear not:  
 Let *Vulcan* and *Venus* with *Cupid* conspire  
 To kindle Love's fuel, or quench Lovers' fire;  
*Yet I'll love my Souldier until that I dye.* 81

" You said in a fortnight that we should be married;  
 But I am unwilling to stay for't so long:  
 Besides in my minde I have over-much tarried;  
 Delays amongst Lovers doth oftentimes wrong.  
 Pray make all things ready 'twixt this and *Sunday*,  
 That we may be married on the next *Munday*,  
 So we in the Holy-days may make us merry  
 With Banquets and Pastimes until we be weary.  
*And I'll be thy true-Love untill that I dye."* 90

*Finis.*

**L[au]rence P[rice].**

[Printer's name cut off from Roxburghe copy. Pepys and Rawlinson were printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. In Black-letter. Two small cuts, as on p. 73. The Tune is not yet traced. Date, probably, before 1660.]

•• Both the Roxburghe copies of "The Triumph at an End" were printed at the back of the sheet entitled "Conscience and Plain-Dealing," which we reproduced in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 431. Its date preceded the Restoration.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 412, and 484.]

## The Triumph at an End, Or, The Tyranness Defeated.

Behold how rashly Lovers hurry on  
Upon the point of sure destruction !  
Females are Tyrants, for when they see  
They are admir'd and lov'd, they'l cruel be :  
When most you shun them, then they most do love,  
Then let all mankind in a mean still move ;  
Or if your flame burn bright, let them not know it,  
Your hopes are ruin'd if you once but show it.

TO THE PLEASANT NEW TUNE [its own], OF *How bright art thou, &c.*,  
OR, *Young Jamey*. [See Vol. IV. p. 658.]



How bright art thou whose Starry eyes  
Two cruel Tyrants prove !  
And though I fall your Sacrifice,  
Can no compassion move :  
I dye, I languish in despair,  
And yet no pitty find ;  
O hear at last, loved Nymph, my Prayer :  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind !*

How oft beneath the Myrtle shade  
Have I adored thy Name,  
And with thy charming beauty play'd,  
Until I catch'd this Flame,

Kindled a Feaver in my Brest,  
Inrag'd by Love's fierce wind ;  
Then pittty him who is opprest :  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind.* 16

Be soft, thou wonder of thy sex,  
As Down off silver Swans,  
Such beauty ne'r was made to vex  
Heaven's Earthly darling Sons :  
Pitty my sighs and groans : O hear  
Poor me express my mind ;  
To his melancholy moans give ear :  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind.* 24

A truer Swain no Nymph can love,  
Nor nobler passion gain ;  
A chaster flame in none can move,  
Though here it finds disdain :  
Though all in vain I grieve and moan,  
And can no favour find ;  
But though disdain despair drives on,  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind.* 32

Poor *Coridon* implores thy Love,  
No longer cruel be ;  
For if you still disdainful prove,  
And still will torture me,  
Behold, unto the shades I go,  
For restless Love assign'd !  
To hinder me from shades below :  
*Sweet PHILLADA be kind.* 40

And on the Rock let me not lie  
Of doubt and sad despair :  
'Tis better far at once to die,  
Than wade through Seas of care ;  
Where peevish coyness and disdain  
Do tempest-toss the mind :  
To ease me of my wretched pain,  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind.* 48

By all the Woods, the Hills, and Springs,  
Where e're our flocks have been,  
And by the Bird that nightly sings,  
And all the Stars I've seen,  
My passion shall for ever burn  
Till I a Grave do find ;  
Then let me not thus sigh and mourn :  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind.* 56

How often have you whisper'd Charms  
 Into my willing ear?  
 How oft been panting in my Arms,  
 My ravished thoughts to chear?  
 But, Oh, the state of things below!  
 They change as doth the wind:  
 Yet e're I to Death's slumber go,  
*Sweet PHILLADA, be kind.*

64

Triumph not in my misery,  
 Nor smile to see me grieve;  
 Oh pitty me or else I die,  
 None else can me relieve;  
 Injure not your Sex by thus  
 Bearing a cruel mind,  
 Lest for your sake disdain'd they curse:  
*Then PHILLADA, be kind.*

72

Alas! 'tis all in vain I plead,  
 She triumphs in my woe;  
 Oh! thus 'tis better for to bleed,  
 Than Love's fierce tortures know;  
 Ah! welcome Death; thou certain Cure  
 For a diseased mind!  
 Thy scorns no longer I'll indure,  
*Proud, cruel, and unkind.*

80

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: two given on p. 52, others here. Date 1681.]



## Tender Hearts of London City.

"How wretched is the Slave to Love,  
Who can no real pleasures prove;  
For still they are mixt with pain.  
When not obtain'd, restless is the desire;  
Enjoyment puts out all the fire,  
And shows the Love was vain."

—Thomas Shadwell's *Virtuoso*, 1676.

SIX distinct ballads are here given, all of them appointed to be sung to the same tune, known as "Tender Hearts of London City." It was so called from the commencing lines of the following Roxburghe Ballad. On the broadside, instead of any earlier name to the tune being cited, the music-notes are printed; therefore it is probable that ours is merely a lengthened version from a short playhouse-song, for which special music had been composed.

Damon and Celia are the two unhappy enamoured young people in "Love's Lamentable Tragedy," over whom sundry "tender hearts of London City" are exhorted to be pitifully moved. The same Damon and Celia figure in the two Sequels, "The Young Man's Answer" and "The True-Lover's Ghost." Of our six ballads these three alone are to be regarded as consecutive. Even among them a few incongruities are found. Students of Shakespeare know that it is impossible to wholly interweave or dovetail the Falstaff and Dame Quickly of his "Merry Wives of Windsor" chronologically and socially between the occurrences of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." Since the originator of Falstaff failed to make his interjected sequel fit into its proper groove, we need not wonder at the humbler ballad-writer being still more careless or unskilful to "join his flats." Difficulty was found, by him as by other people, in making both ends meet. Tennyson declares that "The end and the beginning vex!" True enough, but formerly the beginning came first; mais nous avons changé tout cela!

Whosoever hoped to find the hack-jobs of broadside-balladry perfect in workmanship should have paid a higher price for these wares. What could they expect for a total of threepence? Had they not a veritable Ghost thrown in, additional? Publishers found it useful to employ two or more sequel-writers, some giving a happy, and others a fatal termination. Thus, for theatrical representation on alternate afternoons, Edmund Waller (the plausible gain-seeking time-server) had furnished a happily-ending final act to Beaumont and Fletcher's masterpiece, "The Maid's Tragedy," to suit some different tastes. "'Tis left to you; the Boxes and the Pit are sovereign judges of this sort of wit." So said the prologue. You paid your money, and you took your choice. Most folks preferred to sup on horrors, as in "Love's Lamentable Tragedy." Such were the Penny Dreadfuls of two centuries ago.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 272, 437, *bis*; IV. 21; Pepys, III. 352; C. 22.e. 82 *vo.*]

## Love's Lamentable Tragedy.

When cruel Lovers prove unkind,  
Great sorrows they procure,  
And such strange pains the slighted find  
That they cannot endure.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE.

[The music-notes are on the broadside. Also (*cf.* vol. iv. p. 29), the woodcut of Death and the Lady, as it appears here, unmutilated.]



J. W. E.

“Tender hearts of *London City*,  
Now be mov'd with grief and pitty,  
Since by Love I am undone;  
Now I languish, in mine anguish,  
Too too soon my heart was won!

“By him I am strangely slighted,  
In whom I so long delighted,  
He unkindly shews disdain;  
And my grief is past relief,  
Alas! my heart will break with pain.

"*Damon*, you my passion knew well,  
How then could you be so cruel,  
First my heart to set on fire ;  
Then to leave me and deceive me,  
When I granted your desire ?

"Come and see me as I'm lying,  
Bleeding for your sake, and dying ;  
Yet my Ghost shall trouble you ;  
When I depart, with broken heart,  
Then all your comforts bid adieu.

20

"Thou shalt never be contented,  
But by night and day tormented,  
Since thou wert so false to me."  
*Celia* dying, thus lay crying,  
"I will be a plague to thee."

Down her cheeks the tears did trickle,  
Blaming *Damon*, too too fickle,  
Till her tender heart was broke ;  
Discontented, thus she fainted,  
Yielding to Death's fatal stroke.

30

When this news to him was carried,  
All his joys were spoil'd and marred,  
And his heart was fill'd with pain ;  
Still expressing, what a blessing  
He had lost by his disdain.

*The Young-man's Answer.*

"Oh ! ye powers, be kind unto me,  
Else my sorrows will undo me,  
I am so perplexed in mind ;  
I deny'd her, and defy'd her,  
That was loving, chaste and kind.

40

"Now methinks I'm strangely daunted  
By her Ghost I shall be haunted ;  
Wheresoever I do go,  
I shall see her, mine own dear,  
Since I wrought her overthrow."

Thus he pausing stood, and thinking,  
Looking as if he were sinking,  
While his countenance grew pale ;  
"Death, come ease me, quickly seize me,  
For methinks my Spirits fail."

50



In his conscience he was wounded,  
 And his senses were confounded,  
 Tears ran trickling from his Eye ;  
 But his sorrow pierc'd him thorow,  
 Then he vow'd for love to dye.

Then his joynts began to shiver,  
 Straight he walks unto the River,  
 There to build his watry Tomb :  
 Often crying, and replying,  
 " *Celia*, now I come, I come."

60

*Finis.*

**Licensed and Entred according to Order.**

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Giltspur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, one of which is given on p. 47, Left ; the other is on p. 80. Date, as entered on the Stationers' Company Registers, 9th of March, 1683. There are differences in text, II. 437 *bis* being better version.]

\* \* \* The first and second Roxburghe copies (II. 272, and 437) are printed at back of another ballad (*viz.* "The Subjects' Satisfaction," etc., beginning, "King *William* is come to the throne," which will follow in the "*William and Mary Group*"). The sequel to "*Love's Lamentable Tragedy*" is in Roxb. Coll., II. 324, beginning, "How can I conceal my passion?" This is "*The Young Man's Answer*," given on next page. (Compare our Vol. V. p. 349, where we record it having been entered to *Jonah Deacon* for publication in 1684.)



[Left-hand cut is the fourth mentioned on p. 72. The Lady belongs to p. 85.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 324 ; and IV. 22 ; Douce, II. 226 *verso*.]

**Love's Unspeakable Passion ; or, the Young-man's Answer to  
Tender Hearts of London City.**

Beauty over Love doth triumph, causing Lovers to complain ;  
But 'tis pitty one so pritty should be filled with disdain.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE ; or, *Tender Hearts* [of  
*London City*]

“ **H**OW can I conceal my passion,  
When I am used in this fashion  
By that little blinking boy,  
Who doth vex me and perplex me,  
And my comforts doth destroy ?

“ Oh, forbear me, cruel *Cupid* !  
Thou hast made me dull and stupid,  
And my sences are quite lost :  
Ne're was no man by a woman  
So bewicht and strangely crost.

10

“ I am with her beauty wounded,  
In my thoughts I am confounded ;  
Would I had ne'r seen her face !  
For with desire I burn like fire,  
And she ne'r pitties this my case.

“ Come and seize me, Death, and ease me ;  
Nothing else but she can please me ;  
My soul I cannot call my own ;  
She hath won me and undone me,  
Night and day I sigh and groan.

20

“ For to leave her I endeavour  
Then I fall into a Feavour ;  
Burning with a quenchless fire ;  
But her beauty says 'tis duty  
For to languish in desire.

[=fever.]

“ Then I fly into a passion,  
And tare my hair in my vexation ;  
I curse the day when first I see her ;  
Then my speech falters, my mind alters,  
And straight I cry, ‘ She is my dear ! ’

30

“ 'Tis not common for a woman  
For to boast she will undo man ;  
Yet I find she often doth ;  
Oh, 'tis pitty one so witty  
Shows no favour, knows no truth !

"You that are in spoyl delighted,  
Boasting that your lover's slighted,  
Think not always thus to reign ;  
When age oretakes ye, love forsakes ye,  
You'l be paid for your disdain.

40

"Oh, consider whilst you flourish,  
That your Lover you should nourish,  
Not requite him with disdain ;  
For if you frown, you cast him down,  
And turn his pleasures into pain.

["turns."]

"And his trouble soon grows double,  
Oh, 'tis better to be noble ;  
Send me then a gentle smile,  
That may ease me, not displease me,  
But my sorrows all beguile.

50

"Then will I in heart adore thee,  
Like an image stand before thee,  
Fearing to displease thine eye ;  
Then come and cherish, or I perish,  
Like a fainting Lover dye.

"Spare my life, Dear, I intreat thee,  
With sweet language I will greet thee,  
For to ease my mortal pain ;  
Then for ever I'll endeavour  
To forget thy gross disdain."

*Finis.*

60

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Date of publication, registered on 14th June, 1684. The first Roxburghe broadside possesses four cuts, viz : 1. Our Cavalier of p. 63 ; 2. The Lady with a peaked head-dress, of p. 66 ; 3. The bathing nymph of p. 47 ; and 4. The fat flying Cupid of p. 50. Our present cuts belong to p. 95.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 464 ; Huth, II. 113 : Douce, II. 222.]

## The True Lover's Ghost.

False Men do often prove unkind  
To those that would to them be true ;  
Then carefully my story mind,  
The like before you never knew.

To THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London-City.*

" **L**adies all, behold and wonder  
At the pains that I lye under,  
Burning in a quenchless fire,  
What I endure there's none can cure  
But he whose person I admire.

" Vertues in him still are shining,  
Though his pittie is declining,  
And his heart doth grow obdure ;  
My tender heart doth feel the smart,  
That none but he himself can cure.

10

" Now I languish in my trouble,  
And my sorrows they grow double,  
Night and day I do lament ;  
But his disdain creates my pain,  
And all my comforts circumvent.

" Not a Maid in all the nation  
Ever took more recreation,  
When I was from passion free ;  
But now in vain I may complain,  
For loosing of my Liberty.

20

" Oh, that Love should have such power  
Maidens' freedoms to devour,  
Making captive who were free ;  
You maids, take care, of love beware,  
Least you in chains do lye like me.

" Never did a slighting Lover  
So much cruelty discover  
As this Tyrant doth to me.  
Oh come, kind Death, and stop my breath,  
And end my pain and misery."

30

As she sat thus discontented,  
Of all hopes she was prevented ;  
For Death, with his all-killing dart,  
Did give a stroak, which her heart broke,  
And so she dy'd with deadly smart.

When these tidings were brought to him,  
 It was enough for to undo him ;  
 Sorrow then did him surprize.  
 " Oh then," he said, " What! is she dead ?"  
 The tears ran trickling from his eyes. 40  
 " Since my Love is gone before me,  
 She that did so much adore me,  
 I'll make hast with her to be ;  
 Death's killing dart shall pierce my heart :  
 My Love, I come, I follow thee !  
 " In this world I take no pleasure,  
 But do grieve beyond all measure,  
 'Cause I proved so unkind ;  
 But she's gone, my joys are flown,  
 And long I will not stay behind." 50  
 Thus he sat with grief tormented,  
 Her misfortune he lamented ;  
 At last he struck his gentle breast,  
 And sighing said, " O lovely maid,  
 How for my sake wert thou opprest !"  
 Then to him her Ghost appeared,  
 At which sight he greatly feared,  
 Least he should be snatch'd away ;  
 " Yet 'tis," said he, " but equity, [orig. " said I." 60  
 Because my Love I did betray."  
 Then on him the Ghost it seized,  
 Whose anger could not be appeased ;  
 But away with him it flew,  
 And through the ayr it did him bear,  
 He had no time to bid adieu.  
 Lovers all, but mind this story,  
 That my pen hath lay'd before ye,  
 And prove loyal unto death ;  
 Then you will find content in mind,  
 When you do loose your vital breath. 70

[Finis.]

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Date, probably the end of 1684.]

\* \* Of the three original woodcuts the first is a Cavalier surrounded by pinks or carnations, given already on p. 63, Left ; the second is of a woman, resembling one on p. 82 ; the third is an inappropriate engraving, suggestive of wanton Vivien attempting to ensnare Merlin in a cave. More probably it was Guy of Warwick ; not " Good St. Anthony," cajoled by a tricky sprite who compelled him to look at her : " A laughing woman, with two bright eyes, is the worstest devil of all."

The picture is given later, with "Guy of Warwick," in the *Group of Legendary Ballads*. It was Ingoldsby (R. H. D. Barham, as if describing this cut) who sang

St. Anthony sat on a lowly stool, and a book was in his hand ;  
Never his eye from its page he took, either to right or left to look,  
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule, the holy page he scanned.

*Final Note.*—In this Roxburghe recension or Sequel of "Love's Lamentable Tragedy," Celia once more dies heart-broken, still grieving at Damon's neglect. Until close to the end she had not been disdainful of him, whom she threatened with retribution of her vengeful Ghost. It is terribly in earnest here, and the provocation scarcely appears to have been sufficient justification. But Feminine Ghosts were not amenable to reason. They "cut up rough" most capriciously and vindictively, as every body who held intercourse with the shadowy sisterhood acknowledged. For example: Dido dumb, in Hades, when 'pious Æneas' came prematurely into her presence. One never could reckon on female ghosts turning out well. They were always worse, and never a bit better, than their capricious antecedents had been during lifetime. Even their skulls were apt to be less agreeable in a post-mortem condition than when earlier dowered with silky locks, and "padded o'er with flesh and fat"; howsoever fatal such beauties might once have proved to be. We remember sympathetically the young man who, "in penance for past folly, a pilgrim brisk and jolly, a foe to melancholly," had been condemned to keep a woman's skull on his pillow, to awaken woful remembrance of mortality. But, if we are to trust the old jest-books, he bore his punishment with exemplary patience; since he confessed that he matrimonially added a living body to the specified cranium. "The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian," or Hindostanee. Editors, being innocence itself, only hint this discreetly, and add no comment farther, when seeing that they approach the edge of ghastliness. Ghosts are kittle cattle to shoe behind, and possess some unamiable habits, unless belied. We shall know more about them when these *Roxburghe Ballads* are completed. Until then, the fewest words are soonest mended. "Betwixt two worlds Life hovers, like a star 'twixt night and morn!" but for our own part, we count the present world's experience to be the deeper obscurity.

We substitute a woodcut of a *Ghostly Procession*. Lively as Crickets: Bat and Bawl.  
(Solemn music resounds in the ears: "a noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass.")



"The world of the Dead is wide: why should their Ghosts jostle us?"



## No Love, No Life.

" *Phillis*, be gentler, I advise ! make up for time mis-spent !  
When Beauty on its death-bed lies, 'tis high time to repent.  
Such is the malice of your Fate, that makes you Old so soon ;  
Your pleasure always comes too late, how early e'er begun.

" Think what a wretched Thing is she, whose Stars contrive in spite  
The morning of her Love should be her fading Beauty's night !  
Then if, to make your ruin more, you'll peevishly be coy,  
Die with the scandal of a Whore, and never know the joy ! "

—*The Execration, a Song*, by Earl of Rochester.

CUPID makes amends in this ballad for much of his former perversity, and brings *Phillis* in a coming-on disposition (as you like it: we would say), to the arms of her faithful *Damon*. It soothes the Ingenuous Reader to meet such a happy ending, after the peculiarly grim ghost of a former ballad had carried away *her* *Damon* to the tomb (p. 86); though if she held latent in life the vindictiveness she displays in her post-mortem state, the young man might have excusably kept a hemisphere of distance between them: *so long as he could*. Let us hope that the lessons were found to be profitable. Even if they failed to warn men from matrimony, some people (three per cent.) may have been made happy. The declaration of Socrates was so terribly true: "Whether you marry, or leave it alone, you are sure to repent it!" Until we reach the "*Scolding-Wives Group*," we need not enter fully on this alarming subject, and we must then carefully tile the Lodge for fear of any *Xantippe* intruding with 'vengeful nails. James Thomson alone considered that she might have been excusable, if not praiseworthy. It may be well to whitewash the hitherto-detested celebrity, but would anybody like to meet her on the other side of Acheron? or even in some earthly "City of Dreadful Night"? Gloom overshadows the future. None know what mischief may occur, enslaving minds and silencing criticism, if ("girl-graduates" being already realized) we live to see "prudes for Proctors, dowagers for Deans," in the ensuing days of barbarism. 'Eminent women' are coming alarmingly to the front, and when they enter Parliament, cheese-paring the grants, they will emasculate the British Museum Library, removing the *Roxburghe Ballads*, *Crébillon fils*, and the *Chevalier de Faublas* (to Private Case, *sub rosa*); even "*La Grande Mascarade Parisienne*:"

"That Tyrant Girl, that Tyrant Girl !  
With her plum-prim mouth, and her hair a-curl !  
Arch despot she of a mawkish age,  
She lowers Art, and she spoils the Stage : . .  
Human Nature, on which she'd look,  
Must be strain'd through her copy-book."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 375 ; Pepys Collection, III. 196.]

## No Love, No Life.

Or,

### Damon comforted in Distress.

You that are adorn'd with Beauty,  
Do not thus your Love disdain;  
Count it not to be their duty  
For to Languish thus in pain.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City.*



*D*Amon in the shades was walking,  
With fair *Phyllis* he was talking,  
Their discourse was terms of Love;  
He was kind, as you shall find,  
And ever more did faithful prove.

In his arms he did imbrace her,  
Vowing he wou'd ne'r disgrace her,  
But would still maintain the praise  
Of the creature, whose sweet feature  
Was the Glory of his days.

*The Woman's Reply.*

"Young men they will seem most grateful  
 When their hearts are most deceitful ;  
 Thus they draw Maids in a snare,  
 And deceive them, thus they leave them,  
 Fill their hearts with grief and care."

"Oh my Love, I am more Loyal ;  
*Phillis*, do but make a tryal ;  
 I will ever constant be :  
 The heart of mine is surely thine,  
 I love none in the world but thee."

20

*The Woman's Second Reply.*

"How many maidens thus have died,  
 When their Loves have them denied ?  
 This we find of late is true,  
 Then with tears, and frights, and fears,  
 They sighing bid the world adieu."

To escape from him she strived,  
 Of his joys he was deprived,  
 Grieving at her hye disdain ;  
 He was vexed and perplexed,  
 Yet he call'd her back again.

30

She regarded not his passion,  
 Leaving him in desperation,  
 Till sweet *Cupid* with his Bow  
 Sent a Dart which pierc'd her heart,  
 And said "it must and shall be so."

When she found that she was wounded,  
 She with sighs and sorrows sounded ;  
 Then again she did revive :  
 She confessed, she was blessed  
 With the sweetest man alive.

[=swooned.]

40

"Here I sigh, lament, and languish,  
 How can I endure this anguish ?  
 I am in a Sea of woe ;  
 This sad tryal, my denial,  
 Proves my fatal overthrow."

"With what language did he greet me,  
 And with smiles he did intreat me,  
 Yet I still did him deny ;  
 My disdain increase my pain,  
 I for love shall surely dye."

50

All her sorrows thus he heared,  
Then he presently appeared ;  
She to him with comfort smil'd :  
Then with Kisses their sweet Blissess  
All their sorrows had beguil'd.  
Thus their hearts were both united,  
She with him was much delighted,  
Thus their troubles had an end,  
Sorrow ceased, Love increased,  
*Cupid* surely was their Friend.

60

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Deacon* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Date, about 1684. Our Roxburghe Collection broadside has three woodcuts: viz., 1st, the couple in a park, our p. 44; 2nd, the Cavalier's Valentine, p. 67; and 3rd, the woman bathing, p. 47, r. Instead of these, we have inserted on p. 89 a different woodcut from "Cupid's Court of Equity," (Roxb. Coll., II. 57). In "The Lamentation of Cloris," a ballad (see p. 131) beginning, "My Shepherd's Unkind!" had appeared a woodcut that may have originally belonged to a different issue of "No Love, No Life," as we judge by its label containing such words. The cuts below belong to our p. 72.]



## The Devonshire Nymph.

“ Life is short, the wings of Time  
 Bear away our early prime ;  
 Swift with them our spirits fly,  
 The heart grows chill, and dim the eye.  
 Seize the moment ! snatch the treasure !  
 Slack not haste for Wisdom's leisure !  
 Summer blossoms soon decay :  
 ‘ Gather the rose-buds while you may ! ’ ”

—George Daniel, of Canonbury: *Bentley Ballads*.

OF another ballad appointed to be sung to the tune of “ *Tender Hearts of London City*,” two versions, differing only in diction, are here given. The second text was promised on p. 325 of our Volume V., and is given on p. 96, for comparison.

The favourite Love-ditties in Stuart days were frequently of melancholy texture, because they involved a stout hempen-cord, a sharp knife, a hole in the water, or a “loup'ing o'er a lynn.” One of these experiences formed the natural end of any estrangement or disquietude for the unhappy swain whom his lass had jilted :

A Lover forsaken a new one may get,  
 But a neck that's once broken can never be set.

This timely remembrance averted many a catastrophe. The old ballad-writers gave ample supply of misery, in their tempting pennyworths of verse, exhibiting the sentimentalism of self-torturers. But this particular Devonshire Nymph, whose virtue and prudence anticipated those of Samuel Richardson's ‘ *Pamela*, ’ in all probability was allowed by the Eumenides to enjoy life undisturbed by any silly qualms and abjectness of soul. She was more sensible than the Tennysonian “ *Lord of Burleigh's* ” Lady, of whom we hear that

a trouble weigh'd upon her,  
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,  
 With the burden of an honour  
 Unto which she was not born.

On the contrary, the Devonshire Nymph rose to the occasion, and lived happily. A disappointed rival, jealous of “an interloper !” calumniously insinuated that the Bride flaunted and coquetted recklessly with the Williamite officers when they returned from the Siege of Cork or the defeat at Landen. Also, that “the sergeweaver's Daughter” actually descended so far as to wear a “tower” of starched lace like “Orange Moll” herself, and an improperly-disposed assortment of black-patch “spots,” such as she had scorned in the early days when she was too poor to buy them. We refuse to admit such spiteful Miss-representations of veritable history.

[Pepys Collection, III. 256 ; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 219.]

## True Love Exalted :

Or,

A Dialogue between a Courteous young Knight of the  
City of *London* and a *Searge-Weaver's* Daughter  
of *Devonshire*.

Shewing how the Young Knight was travelling in *Devon-shire*, and  
fell in Love with a fair Maid there : How he Courted her to be  
his Miss, but she not yielding to his Lascivious desires, he was  
so much in Love with her Vertue, that he Married her, and made  
her a Lady, and carryed her to the King's Court at *London*, where  
they now live in joy and happiness.

THE TUNE IS, *Tender Hearts* [of *London City*], etc.



*The Author Speaks.*

I N the *West*, in *Devon-shire*, liv'd a Maid of Beauty rare,  
Pretty *Peggy* was her name ;  
Every creature lov'd her nature,<sup>1</sup> *Peggy* there had all the Fame.



Wheresoe're that you are walking, or of whatsoever talking,  
 "Pretty *Peggy*" must come in ;  
 So much Beauty, so much Duty, not to worship were a Sin.  
 Fame,<sup>2</sup> that many a one does flatter, told of this the truth o' the  
     matter  
     To a young and lovely Knight ;  
 One lov'd Pleasure, more than Treasure, Beauty was his chief delight.  
 Straight he was with Love involved, and to try it was resolved,  
     if that *Peggy* would be kind ;  
 But did never meet with ever such a Face, or such a mind.

*The Knight.*

When he first beheld the Creature, all her charms were lent by Nature,  
     neither Spots nor Tower she wore : [Cf. p. 92.]  
 But was singing and a Spinning, at her poor old Father's door.

*Peggy.*

When she saw him she retired, but his senses were so fired  
     at the little interview ;  
 "Stay!" he said, "thou lovely Maid, for now I swear report is true."  
 Straight ways, then he [b]ent<sup>3</sup> unto her, and with all his art did  
     wooe her,  
     Kist her hands, and blest her eyes ;  
 Proffer'd<sup>4</sup> Treasure for his Pleasure, but, alas! she still denies.  
 Golden Promises he made her, and with vows would fain persuade her,  
     but her vertue was too strong ;  
 All his art n'er wrought her heart, though poor *Peggy* was but young.  
 Quoth he, "Dear *Peggy*, be not cruel, to your self and me, my jewel ;  
     Leave your homely Rural Sport.  
 Be but mine, thou shalt shine amongst the glorious Stars at Court.  
 "All the pride of *London City*, that can make young<sup>5</sup> Ladies pritty,  
     what the 'Change affords that's rare,  
 All shall be, my dear, for thee, and none with *Peggy* may compare."

*Peggy's Answer.*

"Sir," quoth she, "do not endeavour! the poor Daughter of a Weaver  
     has a heart of vertuous mould ;  
 That no pride can draw aside, to be corrupted by your Gold."

*The Knight.*

"Then," quoth he, "dear *Peggy*, may be, you'll deny to be a Lady?  
     Tell me how that suites your mind!"  
 "Sir," quoth she, "my poor degree is still to humble thoughts  
     confined."

"For that," quoth he, "I ne'r will fault thee, but for humbleness  
exalt thee;  
Thou this day my Bride shall be."  
'Then he tarried till they marryed, and Lady *Margaret* was she.

*The Author.*

You may think her friends consented, and that she was well contented;  
And I'm sure so was the Knight:  
All the day they kiss and play, and God knows what they did at night.  
Now you see how she regarded, for her vertue how rewarded,  
Made a Lady for her parts;  
Rais'd to power, without a Dower, only by her own deserts.  
You that would be great as she is, and would have a Knight as he is,  
Let her Vertues be your guide.  
To *London* fair they did repair, the Knight and his beloved Bride.  
Now she hath no other care, but to please her only Dear:  
Serve her Father and her Knight.  
All his Treasure's at her pleasure, he her joy, she his Delight.

[Printed] for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: the knight on horse-back, and couple hand in hand, p. 84; girl at spinning-wheel, p. 93; girl holding flower, p. 124. Date, probably, about 1690.]

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<sup>1</sup> We borrow this correct reading (instead of our broadside's erroneous anticipation of a line in the next stanza, "So much Beauty, so much Duty,") from the other version of this ballad, followed by Ambrose Philips, in the first volume of *Old Ballads*, 1723, p. 227. The said version is entitled "The Devonshire Nymph; or, The Knight's Happy Choice," etc. (see our p. 96). We here note such differences only as, being the preferable readings, are interpolated eclectically into our foregoing long-primer text.

<sup>2</sup> Our broadside reads "*Fate*;" but "*Fame*" is the right word, from second text.

<sup>3</sup> Text has only "*ent*;" a letter was dropt, from either "*bent*" or "*went*."

<sup>4</sup> Text reads "Proffer'd *her* Treasure."

<sup>5</sup> "Young" is from second version. Text reads erroneously "*proud Ladies*."

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We now give the second version complete. It ends more abruptly than our adopted text, and lacks the three stanzas which form the true conclusion, they having been forgotten by the lady who supplied Ambrose Philips with the other verses. Date, *circa* 1690.

**The Devonshire Nymph; or, The Knight's  
Happy Choice.** Shewing how a young rich Knight fell in  
love with the Daughter of a poor Weaver of *Devonshire*, and  
for her Beauty and Virtue married her.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City.*

IN the West of *Devonshire*, liv'd a Maid of Beauty rare,  
Pretty *Peggy* was her name;  
Ev'ry creature lov'd her nature, *Peggy* there had all the fame.  
Wheresoever I am walking, or of whatsoever talking,  
Pretty *Peggy* must come in;  
She has so much Duty, and so much Beauty, not to worship were a sin.  
Fame, that oftentimes doth flatter, told the truth of all the matter  
To a young and worthy Knight;  
One lov'd pleasure, more than treasure, Beauty was his sole delight.  
Straight in love he was involved, and to try he was resolved  
Whether *Peggy* would be kind;  
But he did never meet with ever such a face, and such a mind.  
When he first beheld the creature, all her charms were lent by nature;  
Neither Spots nor Tower she wore; [Cf. p. 92.  
But she was singing, and a spinning at her poor old Father's door.  
When she saw him, she retired, but his senses all were fired,  
At the little interview;  
"Oh stay!" he said, "thou lovely maid, for now I swear report is true."  
Straightway then he did pursue her, and with all his art did woo her,  
Kiss'd her hands, and bless'd her eyes;  
Proffer'd treasure for his pleasure: but, alas! she still denies.  
Golden promises he made her, and with vows he did persuade her,  
But her virtue was so strong,  
That all his art ne'er touch'd her heart, altho' poor *Peggy* was but young.  
"Dearest Charmer, be not cruel, to yourself and me, my Jewel!  
Leave your homely rural sport,  
And be but mine, and thou shalt shine amongst the glorious Stars at Court.  
"All the Pride of *London City*, that can make young Ladies pretty,  
And what the 'Change affords that's rare,  
All shall be, my Dear, for thee, and none with *Peggy* shall compare."  
"Sir," said she, "do not endeavour! the poor daughter of a Weaver  
Has a heart of vertuous mould;  
Which no pride can draw aside, to be corrupted by your gold."  
"Then," said he, "Dear *Peggy*, may be, you'll deny to be a Lady:  
How does that now suit your mind?"  
"Sir," said she, "my low degree is still to humble thoughts confin'd."  
"For that," says he, "I ne'er will fault thee, but for humbleness exalt thee,  
Thou this day my Bride shall be!"  
No longer they tarried, but were strait married, and Lady *Margaret* was she.  
You may think her friends consented, and that she was well contented;  
And I am sure so was the Knight;  
For all the day they sport and play: but what they did, God knows, at night.



*Note, on a resemblance to Martial's Epigram.*

Ambrose Philips expressed his admiration for this old ballad, of which he reprinted the version bearing the title of "The *Devonshire Nymph*; or, The Knight's happy Choice. Shewing how a young rich Knight fell in love with the daughter of a poor Weaver of *Devonshire*, and for her beauty and virtue marry'd her." The title differs in the Pepysian and British Museum broadsides, which we followed. Ambrose Philips in 1723 wrote:—"The many beauties as well as scarcity of this Song justly entitles [*sic*] it to a place in this Collection; for, having heard of it, I made it my business to search the whole Town over for it, but all in vain, till meeting with a Gentlewoman who us'd to sing it, she favour'd me with a copy of it. Its Beauties I will not pretend to point out; they are so obvious, and indeed so frequent, that we have not time to admire one, before another presents itself to our eyes; and I believe those who are acquainted with Nature and easy Poetry will acknowledge they have them here in their utmost perfection. However, I cannot forbear taking notice of a beautiful Imitation of one of *Martial's* best Epigrams, in the three first lines [*sic, i.e.* in the first three lines] of the second stanza. The Epigram is this—

QVICQID agit *Rufus*, nihil est, nisi *Nævia* *Rufo*,  
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur :  
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit, una est  
*Nævia* : Si non sit *Nævia*, mutus erit.  
Scriberet hesternâ Patri, cum luce salutem,  
'*Nævia* lux,' inquit, '*Nævia* numen, ave.'

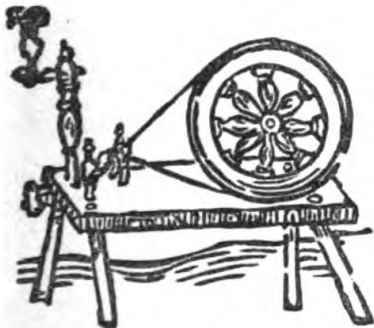
"For the benefit of my Female Readers, I shall give a Translation of this Epigram by a famous modern Hand, or rather an Imitation of it, for it is impossible to translate the Beauties of the second Line:—

'LET *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk ;  
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,  
Still he must talk of *Nævia*, or be mute.  
He writ to 's Father, ending with this line,  
'I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine !' "

[To this Ambrosian comment we may add that it is Epigram LXIX. of the First Book : *De Rufo et Nævia ; quam misere amabat Rufus*. He omits the end:—

Hæc legit, et ridet demisso *Nævia* vultu.  
*Nævia* non una est ; quid vir inepte furis ?]

Our Spinning-wheel cut was originally part of the frontispiece to John Taylor's "Praise of Hempseed," 1620 ; it descended, or rose, to adorn broadside ballads. The woman belongs to p. 11 ; its companion, reversed (a man), follows on p. 139.



VOL. VI.



H

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 15; Pepys III. 197; Huth, I. 108.]

## Flora's Lamentable Passion

Crown'd with unspeakable Joy and Comfort.

*Flora* she did sore lament, her Spirit did decay;  
*Strephon* fill'd her with content, and cast all Grief away.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City.* [See p. 80.]



*F*Lora, 's in her Grove she lyed, sighing, panting, thus she cryed,  
 "Strephon, thou art fled from me;  
 O my Swain, I may complain, for thou dost prove unkind I see.  
 "I was ever chaste and Loyal, O, it is a grievous tryal,  
 That *we* should separated be:  
*Cupid's* Dart hath pierc'd my heart, alas! my joys are fled from me.  
 "Here I sit in grief afflicted, by my love I am rejected,  
 Sorrows hath compast me round:  
 Insulting Death, come stop my breath, and let not grief in me abound."  
 The pretty little Lambs lamented, seeming to be discontented,  
 Hearing of her make this moan; [flown.  
 Quoth she, "My pain I can't contain, for all my joys from me are  
 "He a thousand times hath kist me, and as many times has blest me,  
 Calling me his only joy; [destroy.  
 But now I find he proves unkind, which doth my comforts quite



“ With sweet language thou did'st woe me, and with comforts did'st  
Yet thou proved'st most false I see ; [indue me,  
Remember now thy former vow, which thou did'st make in secresie.  
“ I was never fond and fickle ! ” Down her cheeks the tears did trickle,  
And her colour waxed pale,  
With complaint her heart did faint ; quoth she, “ I find my spirits fail.”

*Strephon's Answer to Flora's Complaint.*

**I**N the midst of all her trouble *Strephon* did her joys redouble,  
With a sweet obliging way ;  
He did her greet, quoth he, “ My sweet, my Love is free from all decay.  
“ *Floras*, I do dearly love thee, I esteem no one above thee,  
Thou shalt have thy heart's delight. [and night.  
Then here's my hand, do thou command, and I will serve thee day  
“ Though I seemed to be parted, yet I am more loyal-hearted,  
My Love is linked unto thee ;  
Take hand and heart, we'll never part, thou art my life and liberty.  
“ *Floras*, I in heart adore thee, I prefer no one before thee,  
Thou hast a sweet obliging Eye ;  
I'le ne'r be cruel to my jewel, but be faithful till I dye.  
“ Do not think that I will slight thee, I endeavour to delight thee,  
Nothing shall my love annoy ;  
I will nourish, and will cherish, my sweet *Floras*, my true joy.”

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts : the first, on p. 47, Right (woman bathing) ; the second (a shepherd) on p. 28 R. ; others on p. 98. Date, *circa* 1683.]

\* \* We suppose the above to be a variation of the same theme as that of the ballad entitled, “ *Flora* happily Revived by *Strephon's* Return ; ” beginning, “ When *Phœbus* with her (*sic*) glittering Beams.” (Pepys Coll., III. 193, same publisher, *Jonah Deacon*.) With a prelude-verse :—

*Strephon* he was kind and Loyal, As we here may plainly see  
Every Blessing she is possessing, Both in Love and Unity.

In our present ballad we might read the first line, “ *Flora*, as in her grove she lyed,” and believe the later use of “ *Floras* ” to be misprints. But the threefold recurrence of the word may indicate that the name itself is *Floras*, not *Flora*.

This is the sixth and last of the ballads to be sung to the tune of “ Tender Hearts of London City,” which we give in this Group. It is also the first of three in which *Flora* appears as the heroine, *viz.* “ *Flora's Lamentable Passion* ; ” — “ *Flora's Departure* ; ” — and “ *Flora's Farewell*.” The woodcut of the Judgement of Paris, which the broadside publishers introduced into the present ballad, also appeared in “ The Souldier's Return ” (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 339).

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### Flora's Departure.

- " Within a solitary Grove, despairing *Sappho* sate,  
Lamenting of her ill-plac'd Love, and cursing of her Fate ;  
' In vain,' said she, ' I would conceal the Conquest from his eyes :  
My looks, alas ! too plain reveal, what I would fain disguise.
- " ' Away, my eyes ! would you betray the weakness of my Heart  
To one that will not Love repay, or e'er regard my smart ?  
But yet, how often hath he swore that he would constant prove ?  
How oft, with tears did he implore my pity, and my love !
- " ' But he, like a proud Conqueror, who in his way subdues  
Some towns with his resistless pow'r, fresh Conquests now pursues.  
Then, *Sappho*, give thy sorrows o'er, and be thyself again ;  
And think on that vain Man no more, that could thy Love contemn.' "

— *Song of Sappho*, composed by Daniel Purcell.

**M**ANY Ballads meet us, that are appointed to be sung to the tune of "Young Phaon." Several are distributed throughout this volume, "The Wandering Prince, Musidorus," being one ; and some had appeared in the two volumes preceding. As formerly mentioned, there were two distinct ballads or songs beginning with the words "Young Phaon," and with the same rhythm. The original belonged to Dr. Charles Davenant's Opera of "Circe," Act IV. scene 2, 1677. It was there sung by Circe's women. Music was specially composed for it by John Bannister, but in broadside-issue it bore name of a different ballad-tune, viz. "To the Tune of *Amoret and Phillis* ;" on which we offer a short comment of identification. But first to finish with *Young Phaon*. We give the original song, only borrowing the broadside title :—

#### Love's Conquest ; or, Take her in the Humour.

**Y**oung *Phaon* strove the bliss to taste, but *Sappho* still deny'd ;  
She struggled long, the Youth at last Lay panting at her side.  
Useless he lay, Love could not wait Till they could both agree ;  
They idly languish'd in Debate, When they should active be.

At last, "Come, ruin me !" she cried, And then there fell a tear ;  
"I'll in thy breast my Blushes hide, Do all that Virgins fear !  
O, that Age could Love's rites perform !—We make old Men obey,  
They court us long : Youth does but storm, And plunder, and away."

Written by Charles Davenant.

The music, specially composed by John Bannister, was given in Playford's *Choyce Ayres*, Book ii. p. 10, 1679. The words are printed on a broadside, entitled (as above) "Love's Conquest ; or, Take her in the Humour." It is preserved in the Douce Collection (vol. i. fol. 128) at the Bodleian Library. The tune there assigned is of *Amoret and Phillis*. This, no doubt, refers to a song written by "Sir C. S.," that is, Sir Carr Scrope, not Sir Charles Sedley.

(Probably by the former, as it is not given among Sedley's in the edition of 1702, and Scrope certainly wrote the prologue, beginning "Like Dancers on the Ropes poor Players are:" the initials apply to either writer.) The song began, "As *Amoret* with *Thyrsis* sate." To this the music was composed by Nicholas Staggins, for it to be sung by Busy, the waiting-woman, in Sir George Etherege's comedy, "The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter," Act v., scene 2. With the music it appears in the same volume of John Playford's *Choyce Ayres*, Book ii. p. 5, 1679. It is often called "Too Late Advice," and sometimes, "Amoret's Advice to Phillis." When lengthened out into a ballad-broadside version (as in Pepys Coll., III. 240, and Douce Coll., I. 6 verso), licensed by Roger L'Estrange, and printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, it appeared with additional verses and a woodcut, under the title of "Amoret and Phillis; or, Two to One is Odds." It may suffice if we give the original as it appeared in the Comedy, dedicated to the Duchess of York, and acted at the Duke's Theatre, in 1676.

### Amoret's Advice to Phillis.

(Song by Sir C. S.)

AS *Amoret* with *Phillis* sate, one evening, on the plain,  
And saw the charming *Strephon* wait, to tell the Nymph his pain:  
The threat'ning danger to remove, she whisper'd in her ear,  
"Ah, *Phillis*! if you would not love, this Shepherd do not hear!  
This Shepherd do not hear!"

"None ever had so strange an art, his Passion to convey  
Into a list'ning Virgin's heart, and steal her Soul away.  
Fly, fly betimes! for fear you give occasion for your Fate!"  
"In vain," she said, "in vain I strive. Alas! 'tis now too late.  
Alas! 'tis now too late."

After which Song a comment follows, from Dorimant and Harriet:

"Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,  
That not one Arrow does resistance find."

Mr. William Chappell printed another ballad about Phillis and Phaon, beginning "Young *Phaon* sate upon the brink." It was entitled, "The Constant Lover's Mortal Mistake;" to the Tune of *Young Phaon* (probably John Bannister's music, mentioned already). It appeared in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 557. It is a lugubrious ditty, containing a totally unnecessary double-suicide of the *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* order. Critically, men of the world may prefer our *Sappho* and *Phaon*'s way of life; but tastes differ.

We are not compelled to suppose that either the *Phaon* or the *Phillis* of yet another *Roxburghe Ballad*, "The Loving Shepherd *Phaon*'s Petition to Beautiful *Phillis*" (given later on p. 143 of this Group), is necessarily the same person as any one previously mentioned in these ballads. Each lover must be responsible for

his own peccadilloes and be exempted from other affiliated misdemeanours. Otherwise, complications arise. Phaon, lover of Sappho, might become weary, try a change of diet, and turn to Phillis for consolation, after she had found the vows of Strephon unsatisfactory, so that she left him, a derelict to be boarded and towed into port by the fair and fragile Amoret, who seems to have had some awkward former experience of his persuasiveness. Next, Phaon, having grown disgusted with the whole business, goes to sleep, and Phillis takes the opportunity uninterruptedly to stab herself. Finally, Phaon, awaking too late, takes to the water like a duck, or some other web-footed familiar biped, and ends the dramatic embroglio, as a fellow de sea. But this is having things considerably mixed, beyond our liking; though we unhappily live in a bemuddled pseudo-philosophic age, ever anxious to extract all its sunbeams out of cucumbers, and disinclined to swallow its fiction neat, like Talisker's whisky, while diluting it with moral strictures, and resolving Nursery Fables into dreary Sun-myths, or pedantic Folk-Lore Legendry. Well, perhaps the *Roxburghe Ballad* may suit better because it is purely allegorical, Flora being the goddess in contest with Winter. "And a very good Ballad too!"

\* \* \* The tune of [*When*] *Busie Fame* having been mentioned for this ballad to be sung to it, as an alternative, and the broadside version being already reprinted (*Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. p. 568), we here give the whole of the Original Song, to which the music was composed by Thomas Farmer, as printed in John Playford's Fifth Book of *Choice Ayres*, p. 19, 1684. It bears no title:—

### *Busie Fame.*

**W**hen busie Fame o're all the plain *Velinda's* praises rung,  
And on their oaten pipes each Swain her matchless Beauty sung,  
The envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield, "She held the sweetest Face!"  
No emulous disputes were held, but for the second place.

Young *Coridon*, whose stubborn heart no Beauty e'er could move,  
But smil'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart, and brav'd the God of Love,  
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first such silent Charms to see,  
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd his Curiosity.

The broadside ballad is entitled, "*Coridon and Parthenia, the Languishing Shepherd made Happy; or, Faithful Love Rewarded.*" These cuts belong to p. 112.



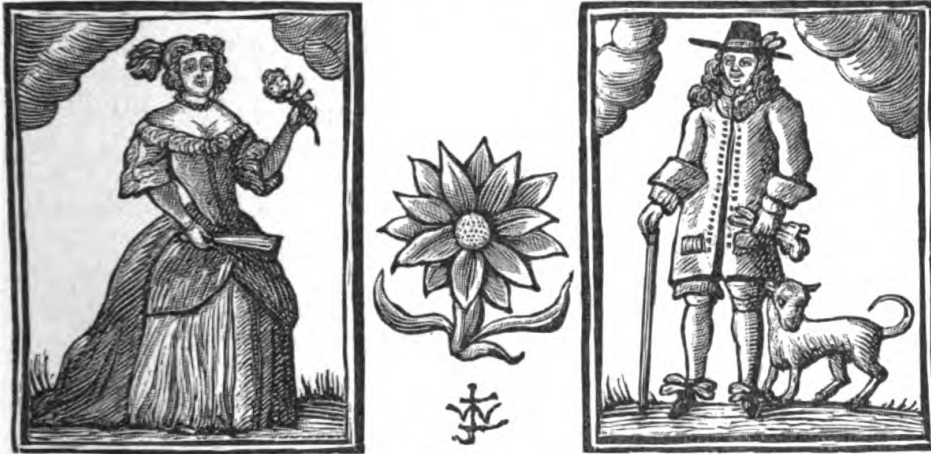
[Roxburghe Collection [B. H. Bright's Supplement], IV. 14. Probably unique.]

## Flora's Departure ;

### Or, Summer's Pride Abated.

Cold *Winter* with his Icy looks bids *Flora* to be gone ;  
And bath no more in silver Brooks, for Frost is coming on.

THE TUNE IS, *Young Phaon* : or, [When] *Busie Fame*. [See pp. 100, 102.]



DAME *Flora*, in her rich array, to *Winter* now gives room,  
Who strips her of her Robes so gay, that had such sweet perfume ;  
He with his Icy Beard comes in, and looking her upon,  
To greet her thus he doth begin, " Proud *Flora*, now begone ! "

But *Flora*, loath to leave the Streams, wherein she took delight,  
And banish'd be from *Cynthia's* Beams, but slowly took her flight :  
" Why should I leave the Plains," (quoth she), " that once I made  
so fine,

And decked them most gorgeously ? why dost thou call them thine ?

" Why must I leave the warbling Notes of my beloved Quire,  
That still would sing within the Woods what Tune I did desire ?  
Oh ! stay awhile, cold *Winter*, till these pleasure all decline,  
And when thy Floods the Rivers fill, my pleasures i'le resign."

" Go, go, proud *Flora*, post away, make haste and hence begone !  
Believe me what I now do say, my Floods are coming on :  
Long time you reign'd in glory here, while I lay lurking by.  
You in your time did Domineer ; so, *Flora*, now will I."

"Old *Winter*, prithee, stay awhile, be not so harsh to me;  
For thou should'st never take my place while Leaves are on the Tree;  
My Company is more esteem'd ten thousand times than thine,  
For they that once to me are wean'd will ne'r with thee combine."

"Is this a time to prate to me, now coming into power?  
I'll blast all that belongs to thee, and will thy joys devour:  
I'll Freeze thy pritty bubbling Springs, that by thee us'd to glide,  
And wither all those lovely things that puff'd thee up in Pride.

"I'll take possession of thy Bowers, wherein thou didst remain;  
And make them swim with floating showers, & mighty Storms of Rain:  
Yea, where thou us'dst to Bath thy self, there Rocks of Ice shall be;  
Lovers no more shall joy themselves beneath the Myrtle Tree."

"Thou Frosty-bearded Winter, I will tell thee once again,  
Thy mighty Floods I'll quickly dry, and suck up all thy Rain:  
I'll thaw the Springs which thou dost freeze, and guild my Plains  
once more,

I'll cause fresh Leaves upon the Trees, then thou wilt me adore.

"For couldst thou once thy will obtain, thou wouldst me banish quite,  
The world should empty be of grain, such is thy deadly spight:  
No Fruits should then in *Europe* be, man's Pallat for to please,  
Which makes so many envy thee, for such-like tricks as these."

"I know, fair *Flora*, that thou art belov'd far more than I,  
To speak the truth, 'tis thy desert, with thee i'll now comply:  
Yet must thou give me leave a while in Power for to remain,  
Then thou shalt come again and smile, upon the flowery Plain."

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at sign of the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*; without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts: first, the bathing nymph of p. 47 r; second, the Judgement of Paris, p. 98; third, a cherub's head blowing wind; fourth and fifth on p. 103. Date uncertain, *circa* 1683. The cut here belongs to p. 113.]





[Roxb. Coll., II. 160 ; III. 444 ; Pepys, III. 7 ; Euing, 120, 121 ; Douce, I. 78 and 80 ; Wood, E. 25, fol. 48.]

## Flora's Farewel ; Dr, The Shepherd's Love-Passion Song.

Wherein he doth greatly Complain,  
Because his Love was spent in vain.

TO A DELICATE TUNE; or, *A thousand times my love commend.*<sup>1</sup>



“*FLORA*, farewell! I needs must go,  
for if with thee I longer stay,  
Thine eyes prevail over me so,  
I shall grow blind, and lose my way.

“Fame of thy beauty and thy Youth, [Orig. “and thy Fame.”  
to seek for love hither brought me ;  
But when in thee I found no truth,  
it was no boot for me to stay.

8

“Now I’m ingag’d by word and oath,  
a servant to another’s will ;  
Yet for thy sake would forego both,  
would’st thou be sure to love me still.

<sup>1</sup> The tune mentioned takes its name from (Roxb. Coll., I. 90) the first line of an already printed *Roxburghe Ballad* (i. 271), written by Martin Parker, viz. “The Distressed Virgin; or, The False Young Man and the Constant Maid. To an excellent new Tune.” Entered, as *re-issued*, on 1st June, 1629. Our ballad was written by *Laurence Price*; Wood’s copy alone is initialed, “*L.P.*”



"But what assurance can I have,  
 of thee, who, seeing my abuse,  
 In that which Love desires to crave,  
 may leave me with a just excuse. 16

"For thou must say, 'Twas not thy fault,  
 that thou didst so unconstant prove ;  
 Thou wert by mine example taught  
 to break thy Oath and leave thy Love.'

"No, *Flora*, no, I will recall,  
 the former words which I have spoke,  
 And thou shalt have no cause at all,  
 to hamper me in *Cupid's* Yoak. 24

"But since thy Humour is to range,  
 and that thou bear'st a wavering mind,  
 Like to the Moon, with thee I'll change,  
 and turn I can with every wind. [*Ibid.*, "Honour."

"Henceforth blind fancy I'll remove,  
 and cast all sorrow from my heart,  
 Young men to dye for doting love  
 I hold it but a foolish part. 32

"Why should I to one Love be bound,  
 and fix my thoughts on none but thee ?  
 Whenas a thousand may be found,  
 that's far more fair and fit for me.

"Though I am but a Shepherd swain,  
 my mind to me doth comfort bring ;  
 Feeding my flock upon a plain,  
 I triumph like a petty King. 40

"No Female Rat shall me deceive,  
 nor catch me by a crafty wild ;  
 Though I do love, yet I can leave,  
 and will no longer be beguil'd.

"*Flora*, once more, farewell, adieu !  
 I so conclude my Passion song :  
 To thy next love see that thou prove true,  
 for thou hast done me double wrong." 48

*The Second Part : To the same Tune.*

**F**air *Flora's* Answer to the Shepherd's Song,  
 wherein she shows that he hath done the wrong.

"FYE, Shepherd, fye ! thou art to blame,  
 To rail against me in this sort ;  
 Thou dost disgrace a Sweet-heart's name,  
 to give thy Love a false report.

- "There was a Proverb used of old,  
and now I find it is no lye ;  
' One tale is good, till another's told : '  
she that loves most is least set by. 56
- "A brief Description I will tell,  
of thy favour, love and flattery ;  
And how at first thou did'st excel,  
with cunning tricks and policy.
- "But O ! that flattering tongue of thine,  
and tempting eye sought to entice,  
And to ensnare this heart of mine, [orig. "the." 64  
and bring me in Fool's Paradise.
- "When thou at first began to Wooe,  
and with thy skill my Patience try'd ;  
You thought there was no more to do,  
but presently to up and ride.
- "Thou said'st that I was fair and bright,  
and fitting for thy Marriage-Bed ;  
Thou fed'st my fancy with delight,  
thinking to have my Maiden-head. 72
- "But when thou saw'st thou could'st not get  
the gem that thou desir'dst to have,  
My company thou didst refrain,  
like to a false dissembling Knave.
- "Whereby I answered thus, and said,  
to shun the cause of further strife ;  
I would contain myself a Maid,  
until such time I was made a Wife. 80
- "And since you my poor mind have crosst,  
you may bestow you as you will.  
Shepherd, farewell, there's nothing lost,  
I am resolv'd to say so still.
- "Blind *Cupid*, with his wounding Dart,  
could never make me sorrow feel ;  
I'll not lay that unto my heart,  
that others shake off with their heel." 88

[By Laurence Price.]

Printed for *A. Milbourn, W. Onley, and T. Thackeray*, at the *Angel* in *Duck-Lane*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, p. 105. Date, *circa*, 1656. The second Roxburghe copy is modern and inferior, n.p.n. Euing's first copy agrees with ours ; his second copy was printed earlier for F. Coles on Snow-Hill ; as was also Wood's, which alone is initialed "*L.P.*" ; probably of first issue. Charles I. is on p. 105.]

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## Amarillis, and Love in the Blossom.

“*Amarillis* I did woo, and I courted *Phillis* too ;  
*Daphne* for her love I chose ; *Chloris*, for that damask rose,  
 In her cheek I held as dear ; yea, a thousand liked, well near ;  
 And in love with all together, feared the enjoying either :  
 'Cause to be of one possess'd barr'd the hope of all the rest.”

—George Wither : *The Mistress of Philarete*, 1622.

TO the next three Roxburghe Ballads one and the same tune belongs (music by Henry Lawes), although the varying names assigned to it might have seemed to mark distinctions. (1) *Amarillis* ; (2) *Phillis on the new-made hay* ; or, (3) *Amintas on the new-made hay* : for thus it is sometimes erroneously designated, for instance in “The True-Lover’s Happiness” of our p. 116. The ballad yielding the second tune-name, *Phillis on the new-made hay*, was written by one J. P. ; not L. Price. He may have been John Playford, the musician, and the same “J. P.” who wrote our ballad “Love in the Blossom ;” and also “The Spring’s Glory,” beginning, “Now that bright *Phæbus* his rayes doth displaye” (Roxb. Coll., II. 442 ; Huth Coll., II. 95) : given on p. 137. By a different “J. P.” (who was as unlikely to have been a Justice of the Peace as he was to be John Playford, or John Philips) was written another ballad entitled “The World’s Wonder,” an account of two very Old Men who were said to have dwelt at Tholouse, giving forth prophecies of what was to happen in 1680, and the next following years. It begins, “Strange News to England lately came” (Roxb. Coll., II. 526). It is to the tune of, *My bleeding heart with grief and care* ; named from one of Martin Parker’s popular ditties, already reprinted (see *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 23). Yet another ballad written by J. P. (again John Playford ?), of date 1651–55, is in The Book of Fortune Collection, entitled “A Fairing for Maids ;” beginning, “All you brave damsels, come, lend your attention.” Tune, *He that hath the most money*, etc.

Of the *Phillis* ballad we know one broadside specimen (Roxb. Coll., II. 85). It also was reprinted in an earlier volume of this series, by the former Editor (in *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 620), where the tune-names are (1) its own, *Phillis on the new-made hay*, and (2) *Amarillis*, as in our present ballad. The title of the broadside version was “The Coy Shepherdess ; or, *Phillis* and *Amintas*.” Mr. William Chappell had also given the music of the tune in 1855, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (p. 284). But the original words of the “*Amarillis*” not having been given, at either place mentioned, we now add them from the 1670 edition of *Merry*

*Drollery, Compleat.* They were not, and could not possibly be, contained in the 1661 edition of *Merry Drollery*; insomuch as the song was written by Thomas Porter in 1663, to be sung by Maria in the second act of his play entitled "The Villain." Printed in 1665, "*Amarillis and Colin*" is there styled

**A Catch.**

*Amarillis* told her Swain—*Amarillis* told her Swain  
That in Love he should be plain, and not think to deceive her;  
Still he protested, on his truth, that he would never leave her.  
"If thou dost keep thy vow," quoth she, "and that thou ne'er dost leave me,  
There's ne'er a Swain in all the plain that ever shall come near thee  
For garlands and embroider'd scrips: for I do love thee dearly!  
But, *Colin*, if thou change thy love—*Colin*, if thou change thy love,  
A Tigress then I'll to thee prove, if e'er thou dost come near me!"  
"*Amarillis*, fear not that! for I do love thee dearly."

John Playford, in his Second Book of *Select Ayres* (p. 25), 1669, gives the music that was used for another song, composed by Henry Lawes, and accompanying the words "*Amarillis*, tear thy hair," &c.

**Love's Dying Passion.**

(*Music composed by Mr. Henry Lawes.*)

*Amarillis*, tear thy hair, beat thy breast, sigh, weep, despair!  
Cry, cry, "Ay me! Is *Daphne* dead?  
I see a paleness on his brow: and his cheeks are drown'd in snow;  
Whither, whither are those Roses fled?  
O my heart! how cold, how cold he's grown!  
Sure his lips are turn'd to stone.  
Thus, thus then, I offer up my blood,  
And bathe my body in his shroud:  
Since living accents cannot move,  
Know *Amarillis*, know *Amarillis* dy'd for Love."

In the volume of *Tixall Poetry*, compiled by Arthur Clifford in 1813, from MSS. preserved in Staffordshire, on p. 277, is yet another *Amarillis* Song, or Duet between her and Thirsis. It is entitled, "To [*i.e.* On] Mrs. Gertrude Aston's Happy Condition, when with Mrs. Eliza Thimelby," and begins, "*Amarillis*, you express, in your lookes, such happiness," etc.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the same J. P. wrote "Phillis on the new-made Hay," and "Love in the Blossom." The latter is in itself a charming Idyll, and, like the other, is preserved in one single known exemplar. As with nearly all the ballads in this Group, we are the first to reprint it. We shall begin our *Group of Naval Ballads* with his "Jovial Mariner," similarly signed "J. P."



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 315. Apparently unique.]

## Love in the Blossome :

Or, Fancy in the Bud.

Containing a Pretty, Pleasant and Delightful Courtship, betwixt two very young (but truly amorous) Lovers, being persons of very Eminent Quality (at their first entrance into *Cupid's School*).

TO THE TUNE OF, *Amarillis told her Swain*. [Written by] J. P.



One Summer evening, fresh and fair,  
Walking out to take the ayre,  
Near to the Court, where Gallants sport,  
I carefully did wander,  
Whereas in State two Lovers sate,  
Like *Hero* and *Leander*.

It was under a pleasant shade,  
Where this pretty couple plaid ;  
They did not fear to be betray'd,  
Nor had not yet espi'd me ;  
To hear them prattle down I laid,  
And closely I did hide me. 12

They were both of tender age,  
In love's affairs for to ingage ;  
Yet *Cupid's* craft, with feather'd shaft,  
Had wounded them at distance ;  
No humane art can cure the smart :  
In vain was their resistance. 18

This young Gallant-stripling sate  
By his loving Lady-mate,  
And amorously began to prate ;  
He had both time and leisure :  
With kisses sweet their lips did meet ;  
Wherein they took great pleasure. 24

She in Cloth of Gold did shine,  
And her Beauty seem'd divine,  
I often wisht she had been mine,  
Fain would I be his Taster ;  
But not one bit, that I could get.  
'Twas meat fit for my Master. 30

Having now both time and place  
Lovingly for to imbrace,  
This Gallant's care was to prepare  
The art of Love to show her :  
Then near I stept and closely crept,  
And thus I heard him woe her. 36

"Dearest Love and Lady mine,  
Let our hearts in one combine ;  
Within your brest my soul doth rest,  
Great *Cupid* hath betray'd me :  
To kill or cure, 'tis in your power,  
Your Captive he hath made me. 42

"At your mercy now I lie,  
Grant me Love, or else I die ;  
By [the] virtue of your eye,  
Dear heart, in love I languish ;  
Then be not coy, my only joy,  
But heal me of my anguish." 48



Then she made this sweet reply,  
 " A stranger unto Love am I,  
 Good Sir, forbear, let me not hear  
 Of bondage at this season :  
 The *Ciprian* Boy shall not destroy  
 My freedome and my Reason. 54

" But if ever I should prove  
 Subject to the God of Love,  
 Methinks my mind is so inclin'd  
 Your Courtship is so moving—  
 No one but you, whom I do know,  
 Shall teach me th' art of loving." 60

Then he was quick to speak again,  
 Whilest his hopes afresh remain ;  
 He sometimes kist, and sometimes mist,  
 According as she struggled ;  
 But had they stai'd, I'me half afraid,  
 His joyes he would have doubled. 66

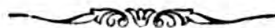
Now to break off their delight,  
 They saw coming in their sight  
 Another pair, both fresh and fair,  
 Of spruce and amorous Lovers ;  
 And being met, they made no let, [ =hindrance. 72  
 But all their love discovers.

Then they walked hand in hand,  
 Subject all to Love's command ;  
 I could not lye, but up got I,  
 To see some further sport, Sir :  
 'Twas almost dark, when o're the Park  
 I see them pass to th' Court, Sir. 78

Then I wisht that I had there  
 Such a pretty Lady near,  
 To court and kiss, to hit and miss,  
 As others had been wooing ;  
 But all in vain I might complain,  
 For I could not be doing. 84

[Printer's name cut off, and no other copy yet discovered, by which to supply the deficiency. In Black-letter, with three woodcuts, of which two are on p. 102 ; the third is on p. 110. Date, probably not long after 1673, or earlier.]

\*.\* Instead of Introduction to "*Fancy's Freedom*," a *Note* is added on p. 114.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 114. Perhaps unique.]

## Fancy's Freedom ;

Or,

### The true Lovers' Bliss.

Exactly set forth in the faithful and constant affection of a Gentleman's daughter, who fell in Love with her Father's Servant-man, she having a Thousand pound left her by an Uncle, and how they were married (notwithstanding all opposition) and liv'd happily to their hearts' content.

In spite of Fate, True Love shall crowned be,  
And wear a Garland for its loyalty.

TUNE OF, *Amarillis*, or, *Phillis on the new-made hay*, &c. [See p. 108.]

ALL in the West of *England* fair, I heard a story of a pair  
Of Lovers, that united were, in heart and true affection,  
'Twas *Cupid's* darts did wound their hearts, and brought them in  
subjection.

A young man being left forlorn, though of good Parents he was born,  
Yet did he count it for no scorn to look out for a Master ;  
For every sore must have a salve, and every wound a plaister.

He many days had not remain'd before a service he had gain'd,  
And bravely he was entertain'd, the story is apparent :  
A Master free of high degree did take him for his servant.

Where he behav'd himself so well, that all the rest he did excel :  
Now who but *John* must bear the bell ! his Master lov'd him dearly :  
Both great and small would for him call, 'twas he they fancy'd  
clearly.

But mark what after came to pass, his Master's only Daughter was  
A gallant buxome lively Lass, and fancy'd *John* most neatly,  
'Cause he was gay, and knew the way to please a Maid compleatly.

"O! *John*," quoth she, "I must be bold, my mind to thee for to  
unfold,

Thy Love I value more than Gold ; then, prethy, *John*, befriend me !  
For why, thou hast my heart in hold : grant love, or death will  
end me."

When *John* had heard her speak the same, he thought it best to  
mind his game ;

Quoth he, "Most dear, and Lady fair, I think you do but jeer me ;  
To bring me into *Cupid's* snare, and leave me there, I fear thee.

"Besides, you know, my fortune's low, and you are far too high to bow,  
If that your father should it know, what think you would betide me?  
Some woful fate, besides his hate : he never would abide me."

"Pish! fye!" quoth she, "you know I have enough to keep us  
fine and brave ;

What though my father tear and rave, we need not fear his anger :  
Since we have Gold, thou maist be bold, therefore delay no longer.

"A thousand pound my own must be, left by my Uncle unto me,  
All which I freely give to thee, if thou wilt joyn in marriage,  
Because, I see, thou art to me a man of comely carriage."

"Then, Lady, here's my heart and hand, I am your servant at  
command,

Your meaning well I understand, which sets my heart on fire ;  
Though friends oppose, I fear no foes, you shall have your desire."

And then they did exchange a kiss, in token of true Lover's bliss,  
And there agreed that with all speed in hast[e] they will be married,  
Because delays doth danger breed : they long enough had tarried.

Next morning *John* did steal away his dearest love and Lady gay ;  
Whilst the Sun shin'd for to make hay, for fear of blustering weather ;  
Where at that tide he wed his bride, and they were joyn'd together.

But when her father heard the news, for very grief he could not chuse,  
I do presume, but fret and fume, he a'most was distracted ;  
Because his only Daughter was unto his man contracted.

But by perswasions of a friend, they brought the matter to good end,  
Her father he at last did bend, and yielded to assist them ;  
Since 'twas too late to cross their fate, or strive for to resist them.

And now they live in mirth and joy, free from care and all annoy,  
Belov'd of all, both great and small, the Country round about them :  
The old man he will not agree to live one day without them.

Printed for W[m]. *Whitwood* at the *Golden-Lyon* in *Duck-Lane*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts, two on p. 78, one on p. 107. Date, *circa* 1670.]

\* \* We find a similar incident, of a Lady descending from her own station (as Robert Browning's "Kate the Queen" was meditating) in "Love's Downfall," and other forthcoming ballads. In real life, and also in Henry Cockton's romance of "The Love-Match," 1845 (whereof we are reminded by our friend and Reader, Mr. W. M. Wood), these *mésalliances* generally end badly. The 'groom gets to be 'elevated' in more ways than one. His former occupation suited a person of 'stable' mind, but his later affections wear a different livery. He had felt more at home, while "taking mine ease in mine Inn," perhaps the Three Jolly Pigeons, than when free to ramble "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my Lady's chamber." He made claim to the silk-purse, no doubt ; but the original sow's-ear was not to be forgotten. Hence came his backslidings, for Nature refused to be expelled with a hay-fork.

## The True Lover's Happiness; or, Nothing Venture Nothing Have.

“ When first *Amintas* charm'd my heart, the heedless sheep began to stray ;  
The wolves soon stole the greatest part, and all will now be made a prey.  
Ah ! let not Love your thoughts possess, 'tis fatal to a Shepherdess ;  
The dangerous passion you must shun, or else like me be quite undone.”

—Sir Geo. Etherege's *Man of Mode*, 1676.

OUR motto Song, composed by Dr. Nicholas Staggins, is in *Choice Ayres*, v. 38. We have already (on p. 108) given the clue to the words and tune of “Amintas” or “Phillis on the new-made hay.”

As to the alternative tune mentioned, “Loyal Lovers,” it would not be safe to specify what ballad it came from—there being a large number of Loyal Lovers figuring in titles at that period—unless we found them conjoined with the first-named tune, “Phillis on the new-made hay,” or “Amarillis.” *This we do*, in “A new Love-song and a true Love-song,” by Thomas Jones, beginning, “Loyal Lovers, listen well,” to the tune of *Colin and Amarillis* (Ouvry Collection, I. 19).

Other examples of Loyal Lovers we may name, 1.—“The Languishing Lamentation of Two Loyal Lovers,” beginning, “Now fare thee well, my dearest dear!” (Pepys Coll., V. 322), and 2.—“The False-hearted Lover who lately Courted a Damsel in Wood's Close, near St. John's Street,” beginning, “Loyal Lovers, far and near.” 3.—“The distracted Young Man ; or, The Overthrow of two Loyal Lovers ;” beginning, “I loved one both beautiful and bright ;” to the tune of “Sighs and groans, and melancholy moans” (which comes from Roxb. Coll., II. 255). Four other ballads begin, “You Loyal Lovers all ;” and one (Roxb. Coll., IV. 19), to the tune of *Digby's Farewell*, or, *Now the Tyrant*, begins, “Come all Loyal Lovers, so courteous and free :” which was given on p. 70.

Exactly similar in subject with our “True-Lover's Happiness” is a Pepysian ballad (Pepys Coll., III. 61), entitled, “The Two Constant Lovers ; or, The 'Prentice obtain'd his Master's Daughter by True Love and Loyalty.” It begins, “Come, listen to me, my true Love.” Tune of, *As I walked forth to take the air* (see a later page). Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge : with prelude,

The Father thought to separate  
His 'Prentice from his Daughter ;  
But their affections were too great :  
Then listen what comes after.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 486 *verso* ; Pepys, IV. 51 ; III. 20 ; Huth, II. 115 ; Euing, 191 ; Rawlinson, 27 ; Douce, *bis*.]

## The True Lover's Happiness.

Or,

### Nothing Venture, Nothing Have.

Showing how an Apprentice made bold to court his Master's Daughter, got her good will, and married her unknown to her Parents ; yet afterwards her father seeing they loved each other so entirely, he gave them a considerable portion of money to set up with, and now they live in a happy condition. This may serve for a pattern for others.

Their complements to you I will rehearse,  
According as they are printed down in verse.

TUNE OF, *Amintas* [*Phillis*] on the new-made Hay ; or, *Loyal Lovers*.



MAN.

“ OH, my Dearest ! come away,  
And hearken what thy love doth say !  
As I am here, I vow and swear  
I kindly will embrace thee ;  
Thou need not fear, my only dear,  
that I shall e'er disgrace thee.

"I'll be as honest as the day,  
Thy vertues I will not bewray,  
No face alive shall e're deprive  
me of my dearest jewel:  
If thou deny, I sure shall dye;  
then be not thou so cruel. 12

"Many years I loved thee;  
Therefore, dearest, pitty me!  
Thy very frown doth cast me down,  
thy smiles again revive me:  
Thou hast my heart where'er thou art;  
then don't of love deprive me." 18

MAID.

"O fie, thou simple 'Prentice boy,  
How durst thou with me tick and toy?  
Or be so bold thus to unfold  
unto thy master's Daughter?  
If he should know, 'twould breed thy woe;  
then what will follow after? 24

"I am my Father's own delight,  
This you may understand aright;  
No Daughter he hath else but me,  
which makes him highly prize me;  
Therefore, be mute, leave off thy suit,  
I friendly do advise thee. 30

"My father's anger pray you shun,  
Least you are utterly undone;  
The prison-grate will be your fate,  
if you run such adventures;  
Besides all this, if maids you kiss,  
you forfeit your indentures." 36

MAN.

"Prithee, dearest, do not flout;  
At *Easter* next my time is out;  
And then I swear I will not care  
for Master nor such Histories:  
But a wife I'll have, my life to save,  
and you'r my only mistriss. 42

"Blame me not for saying so,  
For love will creep where it cannot go;  
Had I not spoke, my heart had broke,  
I could indure no longer:  
Though I did fight, both day and night,  
yet *Cupid* grew the stronger. 48



"Methinks I see thy lovely face,  
 As I do walk in any place ;  
 Thy chrystal eyes, where *Cupid* lies ;  
     thy cheeks are like to Roses :  
 Thy lips are sweet, when as we meet,  
     all vertue there incloses. 54

"Though I am poor, and thou art rich,  
 Slight me not, I thee beseech ;  
 You know my trade will keep a maid  
     as well as yeoman *Jarvis* ;  
 If I get Pearl, my dearest Girl,  
     it shall be at thy service." 60

MAID.

"Thy speeches I do much commend,  
 Yet dare I not to condescend,  
 For fear I lose, as I suppose,  
     my father's dear affection.  
 Or else I'd yield to you the field,  
     if I might have my election." 66

MAN.

"Never stand to complement,  
 This doth give me no content ;  
 Tho' father frown, and mother frown,  
     yet none of them shall rout me :  
 I am not in jest, I do protest,  
     I cannot live without thee." 72

Thus he gain'd the Damsel's love,  
 And honest to her he did prove,  
 He wedded her, and bedded her,  
     although his Master's Daughter ;  
 He pleas'd her well, the truth to tell,  
     and parents' love came after. 78

For they gave [to] them eight-score pound,  
 Whereby this couple's joys were crown'd ;  
 Thus may you see, in each degree,  
     this youth was well befriended :  
 They live in peace, their goods increase,  
     and thus my Song is ended. 84

Printed for *W. Thackeray, E. M. and A. M[ilbourne]*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts (the first and second are on p. 116; the third on p. 104; the fourth resembles *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 446, left). Douce, II. 139 *verso*, omits the word "True" from title, and has "printed for F. Coles," etc. Douce III. 95, is one of J. White's Eighteenth-century reprints, from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Date of original issue, probably, 1669.]

## The True Lovers' Overthrow.

" Honest Shepherd, since you're poor, think of loving me no more ;  
Take advice, in time give o'er your solicitations !  
Nature does in vain dispense to you Vertue, Courage, Sense,  
Wealth can only influence—a Woman's Inclinations. [=alone can.

" What fond Nymph can e'er be kind to a Swain but rich in Mind,  
If, as well, she does not find Gold within his Coffers ?  
Gold alone does scorn remove, Gold alone incites to Love ;  
Gold can most persuasive prove—and make the fairest offers."

—*Song*, composed by James Hart, 1687.

NOT thus did the hero of the foregoing Roxburghe Ballad allow his courage to be daunted, or his faith in his mistress's constancy to become abated. Success rewarded his efforts; gratifying other 'Prentices, who hoped to imitate his excellent example.

We bring "The True Lovers' Overthrow" to follow our "True Lover's Happiness," although the two ballads were written without intended sequence, and are appointed to different tunes and measures. We reprinted the original words of Tom D'Urfey's "State and Ambition, alas! will deceive ye," with the additional stanzas (see vol. v. p. 561). A Pepysian ballad (1) to the same tune is named on p. 122. Two others we hope to give in our *Group of Early Naval Ballads*, viz. (2) "The Seaman's doleful Farewell," and (3) its Sequel, "The Seaman's Joyful Return;" beginning respectively, "Farewell, my dearest Love! now I must leave thee," and "Welcome, my dearest! with joy now I see thee." Another ballad (4) to the same tune is entitled, "Love and Loyalty well met," and begins, "Fairest of fair ones, if thou should'st prove cruel."

Here is another song, full of worldly wisdom, with good-humoured drollery, and quite as useful now as it was two centuries ago.

### Song: On the Usurpation of Cupid's Throne.

(Composed by Francis Pigott, before 1688.)

**C**upid, go and hang thyself !  
For all the World's in love with Pelf ;  
'Tis that which has usurp'd your Throne,  
And knows no Power but its own.  
Not the charms of *Celia's* eyes,  
Or *Phyllis'* that did all surprise,  
Not *Olinda's* youthful air,  
Or the grace of any Fair,  
Assisted by the utmost art  
[She can bring] to wound a heart,  
Prevails one-half so much as Pelf :  
Therefore, go, and hang thyself !

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 472. Probably unique.]

## The True Lovers' Overthrow.

Whilst poor *Amintas* pin'd to Death, for *Celia* bright and fair,  
At last for him she lost her Breath, a grief beyond compare.

TO THE TUNE OF, *State and Ambition*. [p. 119, and vol. v. p. 561.]



“ **A**H, *Cupid*! thou provest unkind and too cruel,  
A true loving Shepherd thus strangely to wound;  
She that I counted my Love and my Jewel,  
Her hatred and enmity now I have found.  
But let her prove faithless, yet I will prove Loyal;  
And tho' she doth Tyrannise, constant I'll be;  
For she that hath given to me the denial,  
My Ruin and Destiny soon she will see.

8

“ Here panting I lye, and am always complaining,  
How she to her true Love hath proved severe;  
And when I consider her scorn and disdain,  
From my blubber'd eyes then I part with a Tear:  
And panting just like a disconsolate Lover,  
Cry, '*Celia*, how could'st thou be cruel to me?'  
As she her disdain, so I folly discover,  
And how I am [martyr'd she plainly will see.] [Line mutilated.

- “ Now I of my Senses am strangely bereaved,  
And captiv'd I am by the charms of her Eye;  
Yet at my sad Torments she nothing is grieved,  
Nor pitties me not, tho' in Fetters I lye.  
But if I at present am scorned and slighted,  
And nothing can prove more disdainful than she,  
Yet she, without Question, will once be requited,  
And then shee'l remember her scorning of me. 24
- “ 'Tis pitty that Cruelty's pleasing unto her,  
And that in disdain she should take a delight;  
For one time or other I fear 'twill undo her,  
And Tyrants but seldom get any thing by 't.  
What Creature so fair could so slight a poor Lover,  
That never was pleased till her Beauty he see?  
No Riches nor Pleasure I prized above her,  
[Then why is my *Celia* so cruel to me?] [Lost line. 32
- “ Well, since 'tis my fate, I must needs be contented,  
And under my burthen must patiently ly;  
What's for me allotted cannot be prevented:  
The worst she can do is to scorn till I Dy.  
And when, for her sake, with this World I have parted,  
Those that do outlive me will sorrowful be,  
And say, ' the poor Shepherd he dy's broken-hearted,'  
So a sorrowful Epitaph write over me.” 40
- And when a long time he in sorrow had pined,  
At last he submitted to conquering Death;  
His vitals decaied, and his life he resigned,  
And sighing did yield up his murmuring breath.  
But when these sad tydings to *Celia* were carry'd,  
That she her poor Shepherd no oft'ner should see,  
Since he by her cruelty so had miscarry'd,  
She cry'd, “ There is none so unhappy as me! 48
- “ Ah! Shepherd most Faithful, true, loyal, and constant,  
Thou for thy fidelity payest too dear:  
Who'd think that thy doom I should work in an instant?  
And now my owne ruine I greatly do fear.  
Yet 'twill be but justice if I am requited  
For cruel disdain and for scorning of thee;  
My joys I do fear now will soon be benighted,  
Then ruin and sorrow will wait upon me. 56
- “ But now, 'tis too late, my dear Love, to recall thee;  
Thine eyes they are clos'd, and thy Breath it is gone:  
Tho' such cruel Destiny chanc'd to befall thee,  
In Love's cooler Shades I will meet thee anon.

My Conscience is prick'd, and my Senses confounded ;  
Wherever I go, I thy Spirit do see ;  
I grieve that to Death a true Lover I wounded,  
And now the same Fate is attending on me.      64

" I slight all the comforts that mortals can give me,  
And here on the Earth I no pleasure can take.  
There's nothing on this side the Grave can relieve me,  
I must languishing dye for my true Lover's sake.  
And now, my *Amintas*, with speed do expect me ;  
For soon in *Elizium* with thee I'll be :  
You powers of Love ! to the Shades now direct me,  
Where I my *Amintas* may joyfully see."      72

Thus since you have heard of two true Lovers' Ruine,  
I hope this to others a warning will be ;  
Since this to them both did prove an undoing,  
The fruits of disdain here you plainly may see.  
Let those that are now bound fast in Love's Fetter,  
Endeavour to fly from Pride, Scorn, and Disdain ;  
The Fruits of Love storming but seldom proves better :  
What in pleasure begins too oft endeth in pain !      80

*Finis.*

[Black-letter : one woodcut, on p. 120. No printer's name on Roxburghe copy (cut off by mutilator), and no duplicate of it known. Date, probably, 1684.]

\*\*\* Another ballad, to the same tune of *State and Ambition*, is entitled, "Love's Unlimited Power ; or, *Cupid's Cruelty*." Licensed, June 6, 1685, by R. Le Strange. Entered according to Order. It begins, "The passions of Love are too great and too cruel." Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy, on London Bridge. With this prelude-verse :—

See here the force of *Cupid's* power, which Mortal no way can deny ;  
Then happy he who can be free from his usurping Cruelty.



## The Faithful Inflamed Lover.

- “ Rise, *Chloris*, charming Maid, arise ! and baffle breaking Day.  
 Show to th’ adoring World thy eyes are more surprizing gay ;  
 The Gods of Love are smiling round, and lead the Bridegroom on,  
 And *Hymen* has the Altar crown’d, while all thy sighing Lovers are undone.
- “ To see thee pass, they throng the Plain ; the Groves with flowers are strewn ;  
 And every young and envying Swain wishes the hour his own ;  
 Rise then, and let the God of Day, when thou dost to the Lover yield,  
 Behold more Treasure given away than he in his vast circle e’er beheld.”

— Aphra Behn: *The Lucky Chance*, 1687.

AMONG the names by which were known the tune appointed for the ballads “The Faithful Inflamed Lover” and “*Strephon and Chloris*,” is that of “Ah *Chloris*, awake!” “Oh *Chloris*, awake!” given simply as, “O *Chloris*,” or still more incorrectly, “Awake, *Chloris*!” These variations represent the first line of “*Strephon and Chloris*.” But an earlier set of verses, for a time enjoying popularity, held a burden and sub-title which had given the better-known name of “Love will find out the way.” This ballad was entitled, “Truth’s Integrity; or, a Curious Northern Ditty, called, Love will find out the Way.” Words and music of this are given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1720, vi. 86; and in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855, p. 304. The tune had been printed so early as 1652, in John Playford’s *Musick’s Recreation on the Lira Viol*; and also, in 1666, in his *Musick’s Delight on the Cithern*. The original ballad-words are of date *circa* 1620, printed for Tho. Lambert in 1633, and mentioned as already popular by Richard Brome in his comedy, “The ‘Sparagus Garden,” acted in 1635.

We have ourselves reprinted the ballad beginning “Over Hills and high Mountains” (see our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 575), which was sung to the same tune. Another so marked is to be given here (on p. 126), named, “True Love without deceit.” One of our ensuing *Naval Ballads* was sung to this air. The words of “Truth’s Integrity,” in ballad form, were given in vol. ii. p. 639 of these *Roxburghe Ballads*; so it will be sufficient for us to quote the first and second verses of the thirteen. There are various readings.

Over the Mountains, and under the Waves,  
 Over the Fountains, and under the Graves,  
 Under Floods which are deepest and do *Neptune* obey,  
 Over Rocks which are steepest, *Love will find out the way*.

Where there is no place for the Glow-worm to lie ;  
 Where there is no space for retreat of a Fly :  
 Where the Gnat she dare not venture, least herself fast she lay,  
 If Love come he will enter, *and will find out the way*.

Second Part (in 1633) begins, “The Gordian Knot, which True Lovers knit, Undo you cannot, nor yet break it.”



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 148 ; Pepys Coll., III. 192.]

**The Faithful Inflamed Lover :**

Or,

**The True Admirer of Beauty.****Being an Account of a Worthy Squire that Married a Farmer's Daughter.**

This Beauteous Maid his heart betray'd, he lov'd her not for Store ;  
 He sought not one for Wealth alone, he had enough before.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Over Hills and high Mountains.* [See previous page.]



E.



“ **N**OW, my dearest sweet Jewel, I have come for to prove  
 Whether you can be cruel, or obedient to Love :  
 I acquaint you this hour with the pains I endure,  
 Love, it lies in thy power, for to kill or to Cure. 4

“ Ever sleeping and waking, still my thoughts is on thee,  
 But it proves my heart's-breaking, when I perfectly see  
 That you give a denial, though my love it is true,  
 Yet I vow to be Loyal, I can love none but you. 8

“ In my slumber I fancy that I have in my arms  
 My most beautiful *Nancy*, this my senses allarms :  
 Love, I then am contented with a meer Golden Dream,  
 But I wake more tormented, in a far worse extream. 12

“ O that I might enjoy thee, of a blessing I share,  
 There is none shall annoy thee, I will tender my Dear ;  
 In my arms thee I'll nourish, where I will thee enfold,  
 And in Silks thou shalt flourish, Love, imbroider'd with Gold.

“I will Crown thee with pleasure, now, my amorous Girl,  
And endue thee with Treasure, to adorn thee with Pearl;  
Being wounded with Beauty, now my Dear I adore,  
Love, it is but my Duty, were it twenty times more.” 20

*The Maiden's Reply.*

“Pray attend to the Sequel, and be ruled by me,  
There is many more equal to your birth and degree:  
It is not my desire, as I freely relate,  
In the least to aspire, or strive to be great.” 24

“Though you me do admire, when you call me your dear,  
Should I grant your desire, I have reason to fear,  
Being lowly descended, your Relations will frown;  
While they are thus offended, I shall then be run down.” 28

“For your proffer I care not, then I pray, Sir, be mute,  
Nay, to venture I dare not, 'tis a dangerous suit:  
Many covetous Parents, as 'tis known to be true,  
They have set them at variance, and divided them too.” 32

*THE MAN.*

“'Tis a tryal to patience, while you are so severe,  
Tell me not of Relations, I adore thee, my dear;  
Then a promise I'll make thee, so that thou shalt be sure,  
I will never forsake thee, now while life doth endure.” 36

When she found he was Loyal, then the Damsel did yield,  
Making no more denial; thus he conquer'd the field:  
Then they both were united, in true love to dwell,  
And the Parents invited, so the matter went well. 40

**This may [be] printed, R.P.**

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts: the second is on later page; the third is the Lady of our p. 103. Date, between August, 1685, and Dec., 1688.]



J. W. F.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 470. Apparently unique.]

## True Love without Deceit ;

Poor *Strephon* sadly does lament 'cause *Phillis* is unkind ;  
Yet vows that she shall never see in him a change of Mind.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Over Hills and High Mountains*. [See p. 123.]

- “ Unfortunate *Strephon* ! well may'st thou complain,  
Since thy cruel *Phillis* thy suit doth disdain ;  
But let her persist in her fierce Tyranny,  
*Yet I will be faithful to thee till I dye.* 4
- “ Through Woods and through Desarts I'll privately walk,  
And there of my *Phillis* I'll mournfully talk,  
Where the pretty sweet Birds with my moan shall comply,  
*For I will be faithful to her till I dye.* 8
- “ Ah, *Phillis* ! remember, that thou art unkind !  
Ah, *Phillis* ! remember, thou art still in my mind ;  
Ah, *Phillis* ! remember my true Constancy,  
*For I will [be constant] to thee till I dye.* 12
- “ But mind, for thy sake, how the World I do range ;  
And, though thou art cruel, yet I will not change ;  
For thou like an Angel dost seem in mine eye :  
*And I will be constant to thee till I dye.* 16
- “ Sometimes in a Dream I slumb'ring do lye,  
And then my dear *Phillis* appears to mine Eye,  
And straight all my Senses away from me flye :  
*And I vow to be constant to thee till I dye.* 20
- “ But when I awake, and do find 'twas a Dream,  
Just like one distracted, I presently seem ;  
And cry that a hapless poor Lover am I :  
*Yet vow to be constant to thee till I dye.* 24
- “ What canst thou propose to thyself for to gain,  
By keeping thy Lover fast lock'd in a chain ?  
Or why dost thou send me such Darts from thine Eye,  
*Who vow to be constant to thee till I dye ?* 28
- “ No Prayers nor Tears with thee can prevaile,  
Till Death by Commission takes me to his Jayl ;  
For whilst I do live, this shall be my cry,  
*That I will be constant to thee till I dye.* 32
- “ Since nothing can move thee, I still must despair ;  
Since thou wilt not love me, it adds to my Care :  
Since I for thy sake still in Fetters must lye,  
*Yet I will be constant to thee till I dye.”* 36

Thus *Strephon* continu'd his making Complaint,  
 But he, wanting breath, then began for to faint;  
 And with the last Breath, that e're from him did fly,  
*Still said he'd be faithful until he did dye.* 40

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter, with three cuts: two on p. 28, one on p. 44. Date, circa 1674.]



## Strephon and Chloris.

"Methinks the poor Town has been troubled too long  
 With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song,  
 By fools who at once can both love and despair,  
 And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;  
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express  
 The truth that I know of bonny *Black Bess*."

—Earl of Dorset's *Song on Black Bess*, 1672.

THERE were a goodly number of *Strephons* philandering amid the amatory ballads of the time, out-numbering the *Damons* and *Coridons*. One *Strephon* got entangled with *Celia*, and obtained "*Love's Triumph over Bashfulness*," as we find by a later page (*Roxb. Coll.*, II. 312), "On the banks of a river, close under the shade." In a different ditty he addresses her, "*Celia*, that I once was blest;" the broadside is entitled "*Coy Celia's Cruelty*; or, the Languishing Lover's Lamentation" (music by H. Purcell): of this song Dryden wrote the original in 1691, for "*Amphitryon*" (see p. 152). To the same tune was sung "*The Forsaken Nymph's Complaint of the Unkindness of her Strephon*;" which begins, "*Strephon* vow'd and swore to be" (*Pepys Coll.*, V. 300). He is usually represented inconstant and cruel, as in our speedily following "*Dying Lover's Complaint*" (*Roxb. Coll.*, II. 268 *verso*, and IV. 45): "I am quite undone, my cruel one!" Another *Strephon* is made happy by a *Chloris* on our next page. The tune thereafter takes its name from the first line, "*Ah! Chloris, awake!*" but was the same tune as the one used for *Strephon's* complaint against the cruelty of *Phillis*, "*True Love without Deceit*," beginning "*Unfortunate Strephon!*" (for which see opposite p. 126; and, on the varying names borne by the tune, compare p. 123).

Of the following ballad, one of Anthony à Wood's (*viz.* E. 25. fol. 22; also Douce, II. 197 *verso*) begins differently, "*Oh! Chloris, awake.*" Printed respectively for J. Clarke and for T. Norris.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 436 ; Pepys, III. 191 ; Huth, I. 96 ; Euing, 344 to 346.]

## Strephon and Cloris :

Or, *The Coy Shepherd and kind Shepherdess.*

He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,  
And from her kind Embraces would away ;  
But she, with loving Charms, doth him so fetter,  
That for to stay he finds it much the better :  
When Flocks and Herds, and all concerns do fail,  
Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE ; Or, *Love will find out the way.*

Behold dread *Cupid*, with his Golden Dart,  
And bended Bow, doth pierce each Shepherd's heart ;  
Witness here, *Strephon* yields to Love's Essays,  
His Head being crown'd with never-fading Bays.



“ **A** H ! *Cloris*, awake, it is all abroad day ;  
If you sleep any longer, our Flocks they will stray.”  
“ Lye still, my dear Shepherd, and do not rise yet :  
’Tis a cold Windy morning, and besides it is wet.” [‘ For it’

- “ My *Cloris*, make haste, for it is no such thing ;  
Our time we do waste, for the Lark is on wing ;  
Besides, I do fancy I hear the young Lambs  
Cry, ba, ba, ba, ba, for the loss of their Damms.” 8
- “ My Shepherd, I come, though I’m all over sorrow ;  
But I swear I’ll not love you, if you rise so to-morrow ;  
For methinks it’s unkind thus early to rise,  
And not bid me good-morrow, brings tears from my eyes.”
- “ O hark ! my dear *Cloris*, before thou shalt weep,  
I’ll stay to embrace thee, neglecting my sheep : [‘ sleep.’  
My Flocks they may wander, one hour, two, or three ;  
But if I loose thy favour, I ruin’d shall be.” 16
- “ I joy, my dear Shepherd, to hear thee say so ;  
It eases my heart of much sorrow and woe :  
And for thy reward I will give thee a Kiss,  
And then thou shalt taste of a true Lover’s bliss.”
- “ But, *Cloris*, behold how bright *Phæbus* his Beams  
Invites us to go to the murmuring streams :  
I hear the brave Huntsman doth follow the cry,  
And makes the woods ring, yet how sluggish am I !” 24
- “ The Hounds and the Huntsman may follow the Chase,  
Whilst we enjoy pleasure in a far better place :  
Thou know’st, my dear Shepherd, there is no delight  
Like Lovers’ Enjoyment, from morning till night.”
- “ Alas ! my dear *Cloris*, what dost thou require ?  
The care of my Flocks doth abate my desire :  
The Lambs are new Yeanned, and tender for Prey,  
And I fear the slye woolf he should bear them away.” 32
- “ My Love, do not fear it, the woolf he is fled,  
To take up his lodging in his mossy bed :  
Then let me embrace thee, whilst we do agree,  
And I promise to go, thou shalt after be free.”
- “ Ah, *Cloris* ! thy words are so powerful with me,  
That I could be willing to tarry with thee :  
Therefore, to content thee, one hour I will stay ;  
But I vow, by God *Cupid*, I will then go away.” 40
- “ Now I have my wishes, dear Shepherd, we’ll part,  
Although thou dost carry away my poor heart :  
I bless the great Gods, that to Lovers are kind,  
To bring us together, such bliss for to find.”



" Then farewell, dear *Chloris* ! till I see thee again ;  
 For now I will haste to my Flocks on the Plain :  
 Where I shall record thy true Love in such Rhimes  
 For Shepherds to admire in succeeding times." 48

Printed for *I. Clarke*, at the *Hor[se]shoos*, in *West-smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts; the second being the fat flying Cupid, on p. 50. *Pills*, iv. 314, corrects fourth line. Date, about 1678.]

\* \* In the Pepys Collection is a copy (III. 191) printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-street. Also another ballad (III. 368), to the same tune, probably intended as a Sequel, but not closely resembling the one given here as "The Lamentation of *Chloris*." It is entitled, "The Lamenting Shepherdess; or, The Unkind Shepherd." Marked, Tune of *Chloris, Awake*, and beginning, "Ah ! my cruel Shepherd." Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and M. C[oles]. Another one (Pepys Coll., III. 383) is entitled "Unfortunate *Strephon*; or, The Unhappy Shepherd's Last Legacy;" the first line is, "Long Sporting on the flowery Plain." Marked to its own tune; or, *Young Strephon fain the bliss would taste*; or, [*Ah !*] *Jenny, gin [your eyes do kull]*. Its prelude runs thus :

See here the Pattern of true Love,  
 Whose constancy out-vies the Dove;  
 And though forsaken, still she cries,  
 She will be constant till she dies.

Of these two Pepysian ballads we have found no duplicate. Of course, "Young *Strephon*" is an error, for "Young *Phaon*" (see our p. 100).

We take this opportunity, intervening betwixt "Ah, *Chloris*, awake !" and "The Lamentation of *Chloris*," to give Sir Charles Sedley's beautiful address to her namesake, a song from his comedy of "The Mulberry-Garden," 1668 :—

#### *Victoria's Song.*

AH, *Chloris* ! could I now but sit, as unconcern'd, as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget no happiness nor pain !  
 When I this dawning did admire, and prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire would take my rest away.  
 Your charms in harmless childhood lay, as metals in a mine ;  
 Age from no face takes more away than Youth conceal'd in thine :  
 But as your charms insensibly to their perfection prest,  
 So Love, as unperceiv'd, did fly, and center'd in my breast.  
 My Passion with your Beauty grew, while *Cupid* at my heart—  
 Still as his Mother favour'd you—threw a new flaming dart.  
 Each gloried in their wanton part ; to make a Beauty, she  
 Employ'd the utmost of her art : to make a Lover, he.

This song (compare pp. 133, 199), with its own distinctive charm, has never been surpassed. Unblushingly has it been claimed as 'Scotch !' the supposed author named as Duncan Forbes of Culloden !! and to the tune of *Gilderoy*.



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 277 ; Jersey, I. 243 ; Pepys, IV. 56 ; Euing, 193.]

## The Lamentation of Chloris for the Unkindness of her Shepherd, shewing

How she by her *Strephon* was strangely beguil'd,  
And is almost Distracted for want of a child :  
But if any brisk Lad will come her to Imbrace,  
She's free, can they find a convenient place.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Ah!*] *O Cloris! awake*, etc. [See pp. 123, 128.]



“ **M**Y Shepherd's unkind ; alas ! what shall I do ?  
Who shall I direct my sad Speeches unto ?  
Whilst in secret I mourn for the loss of my dear,  
Down from my poor eyes drops many a Tear.

“ He takes much delight with his flocks for to keep,  
And minds not poor *Cloris*, who for him doth weep :  
But in vain I lament, for I plainly do see  
It is all one to him what becometh of me.

8

“ In the morning he's gone before I'm awake,  
Then I miss my dear Shepherd, my heart it doth ake :  
The Sighs and the Groans by my self I do fetch  
Would move him to pitty a sorrowful wretch.

*The second part, to the same Tune.*

- “ At night he doth think for to make me amends,  
And with his fair looks for to make us good friends;  
But, alas! he’s so weary, he cannot be kind:  
And this adds great sorrow to my pensive mind. 16
- “ But I have no hopes that I e’re shall injoy  
As the fruits of my labour a Girl or a Boy;  
Which so much I desire, but I fear all in vain;  
For my *Strephon*’s unkind, which doth make me complain.
- “ But if thus he continues, I’le tell you my mind,  
I’le find out some friend who knows how to be kind:  
For I’m sure flesh and blood long cannot endure  
The pain that I feel, without looking for cure. 24
- “ When I walk in the fields, not thinking of harms,  
And meet but a woman with a Babe in her arms,  
It tormenteth me more than my tongue can relate,  
Which makes me deplore my too rigid fate.
- “ Well, *Strephon*, thy fore-head I will certainly graft  
With a large pair of Horns, yet do’t with such Craft,  
Thou shalt ne’er be the wiser; and when this is done,  
I fear not to bring thee a Daughter or Son. 32
- “ And for my so doing can any me blame,  
If they do but consider, what a scurrilous name  
Poor women receive that no Children do bear;  
Though the fault be their husbands, such dry souls they are?
- “ Besides, I am young, and my nature requires  
A lusty young Ladd for to please my desires:  
Yet I have as little of Lover’s content  
As ever had woman, which makes me lament. 40
- “ Then pittty poor *Cloris*, all you that injoy  
The content of your hearts, and do frequently toy  
With your Lovers in private, and use *Venus*’ Game,  
For you cannot deny but my shepherd’s to blame.”

*Finis.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray,*  
and *T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, one of which is the Shepherdess of our p. 28, L.  
As to the other, on p. 131, cf. p. 89: *F. C.* means *F. Coles*. Date, *circa* 1680.]



## Corydon and Chloris.

“ Ah, *Chloris* ! 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,  
And lay by those terrible glances ;  
We live in an age that's more civil and wise  
Than to follow the rules of Romances.

“ When once your round bubbies begin for to pout,  
They'll allow you no long time of courting ;  
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out :  
For all Maidens are mortal at fourteen.”

—Earl of Dorset : *The Blind Archer*.

AS we have shown already, giving the words of the song (on p. 101), Dr. Nicholas Staggins composed the music of the ‘Pleasant Playhouse New Tune’ of *Amoret and Phillis* for Sir George Etherege’s comedy, “The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter,” 1676. This tune is cited for our Roxburghe Ballad of “*Corydon and Chloris* ;” amplification of a song called “The Lucky Minute,” attributed to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who died in 1680.<sup>1</sup>

Another ballad, “The Dying Shepherdess,” to the same tune of, “As *Chloris* full of harmless thought,” begins, “Alas ! my youthful *Coridon*,” with a prelude,

“ While *Coridon* did her forsake who loved him as her soul,  
For him, poor wretch ! she moan did make, and sadly him condole.”

(Pepys Coll., III. 380.) Printed for M. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.

Another Pepysian ballad, assigned to the same tune of “*Amoret and Phillis*” (which has been shown to be identical with “As *Chloris*, full of harmless thought”), is entitled “The Stubborn Lover Catcht,” beginning with the line, “Young *Coridon* whose stubborn heart.” It has a prelude in verse,

“ While *Coridon* disdain'd to love, and Beauty did despise,  
Those pleasant pains none could remove that spring from *Phillis*' eyes.”

(Pepys Coll. III. 382. Same publishers, except that F.C. is in place of M.C., Mary Coles, showing that her husband Francis Coles still lived.

It is not easy to distinguish from their namesakes the respective *Chloris*, *Chloe*, or *Phillis* of each ballad-writer with certainty. Even among the more aristocratic race of Court-poets one cannot feel on safe ground, in attempting to identify the varying *Cynthia* of the moment. We are forbidden to imagine that the young *Chloris* who had been addressed by Dorset (in our motto) may have been the same Beauty who, in her ripening charms, was praised by Sir Charles Sedley, in “The Mulberry-Garden,” 1668 (see our p. 130).

<sup>1</sup> It is given in *The Wits' Academy*, p. 115, 1677 ; in the 1685 edition of Earl Rochester's *Poems on Several Occasions*, p. 46 ; also, with music, in *The Merry Musician*, ii. 73 ; in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, i. 146 ; the 1749 edition of *An Antidote against Melancholy*, p. 118 ; and *The Convivial Songster* of Feb. 1782, p. 89. It enjoyed more than a hundred years of popularity.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 138; Douce Coll., I. 36.]

## Corydon and Cloris;

Or,

### The Wanton Shepherdess.

*Cloris*, a pretty Nymph, one summer's day  
 By a Brook side under a Willow lay;  
 It chanc'd that *Corydon* did there espy her,  
 And took the boldness for to ly down by her:  
 She blusht, and call'd him rude, but still the Swain  
 Kept close; at last she found words were in vain,  
 She sighing cry'd, "Ah! youth, what dost thou doe?"  
 But what he did, no matter is to you.  
 He pleas'd her well, she after was his wife;  
 And now they live a happy quiet Life.

TO A PLEASANT PLAY-HOUSE NEW TUNE: [*As*] *Amoret and Phillis*  
 [*sate*].



**A**S *Cloris*, full of harmless Thought, beneath the Willows lay,  
 Kind Love a comely Shepherd brought to pass the time away;  
 She blusht to be encounter'd so, and chid the amorous Swain;  
 But as she strove to rise and go, he pull'd her back again.

A suddaine passion seiz'd her heart, in spight of her disdain;  
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry part, and Love in ev'ry veine;  
 "Ah, youth," quoth she, "what charmes are these, that conquer  
 and surprize?"

Ah! let me (for, unless you please, I have no power) to rise." 8

She faintly spoke, and trembling lay, for fear he should comply;  
 But Virgins' eyes their hearts betray, and give their tongues the Lye.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus she, who Princes had deny'd, with all their pompous traine,  
 Was in the lucky Minute try'd, and yielded to the Swaine.

[Thus far only is by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.]

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

“ And since the sweets of Love I've found, my Bliss I'll ne're deny,  
 Fair *Corydon* my Joyes shall Crown, he Loves as well as I :  
 When *Hymen* both our hands has Joyn'd, I'll aske him to forgive,  
 Because that Virgins are confin'd in Chastity to Live. 16

“ God *Cupid* did me over-power, and made me try too soon ;  
 Fair *Corydon* in lucky hour did nip the Bud unblown :  
 But since he's constant to me still, who dares of me complain ?  
 No Mortall could withstand his will, so charming is my Swaine.

“ The Lovely *Phillis* did the same, when *Strephon* came to woo,  
 She did not think her self in blame : may not I frolick too ?  
 Love's powers are great, I must confess, and those that ne're have try'd,  
 With Blushes easily may guess such Joys can't be deny'd. 24

“ Since *Corydon* I've made my mate, I never shall repent :  
 But bless my timely happy Fate which brought me this content ;  
 I would not be a maid again for *Jove's* rich shower of gold ;  
 Whilst other Nymphs sit and complain, in pleasures I am bold.

“ We now together sit and sing, whilst that our flocks do feed ;  
 We hug and kisse like anything, he gives me what I need :  
 The neighbouring Nymphs do Garlands make, to Crown us happy pair,  
 Whilst I the choicest pleasures take with *Corydon* my Dear. 32

“ The pritty Birds in pleasant Groves do sweetly chirp and sing :  
 They seem to imitate our Loves, and usher in the Spring :  
 Fond *Amoret* I would advise to use her youthful Time ; [Cf. p. 101.  
*Phillis* and I have been more wise, we tooke it in our Prime.

“ You Shepherdeses of this plain, that hear me sing this Song, [sic.  
 Do not consume your times in vaine by living Maids too long :  
 Such Joyes are in a Marry'd Life, such pleasures do attend ;  
 She that's a faithful Shepherd's wife is happy to

The End. 40

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passinger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts: of these two were given on p. 91 ; the third and the fifth are on p. 134 ; the fourth shows a couple of Lovers, shot at by Cupid, as on p. 102. Date, about 1677.]

<sup>1</sup> Another reading is, “ Her lovely eyes her heart betray, and give her tongue the lye.” And “ with all their pomp and train,” in next line. The Broadside continuation is given in *brevier type*, the verses being redundant, although of merit.





## The Spring's Glory.

“ ‘ Farewell, the world and mortal cares ! ’ the ravish’d *Strephon* cry’d ;  
As full of joys and silent tears he lay by *Phillis*’ side :  
‘ Let others toil for wealth and fame ! whilst not one thought of mine  
At any other bliss shall aim but those dear arms of thine. ’ ”

— Song in Aphra Behn’s “ *Feigned Courtesan*,” 1679.

**T**HIS is another of the charming ballads written by J.P., which we are the first to reprint, after having mentioned it on p. 108 (*q. vide*). On the tune named for it, ‘ *Monk hath confounded*,’ we add this note.

Long before the end is reached of our projected *Ballads of the Civil War, Commonwealth, and Restoration*, 1637-1660, wherein we give the contemporary records of George Monk’s prowess and policy, we hope to have tracked home and identified the several tunes connected with his name. (1)—“ *General George*, that valiant Wight,” was sung to the tune of *Sir Eglamore: with a fal la la*. (2).—A Pleasant Dialogue, “ Now would I give my life to see,” etc., was sung to the tune of Montrose’s lines, *I’ll never love thee more !* the song to his Excellency the Lord General *Monk*, at Skinner’s-Hall, began thus: “ Admire not, noble Sir, that you should heare.” There were other tunes. (3)—*General Monk hath advanced himself since he came from the Tower*; (4)—*General Monk sail’d through the Gun-fleet*; (5)—*General Monk was a noble man*; and (6)—*Monk hath confounded*: the last-named being the one cited as belonging to J.P.’s ensuing ballad of “ *The Spring’s Glory*.”

We believe ‘ *Monk hath confounded* ’ to have belonged to 1667; that the lost or hidden ballad which held this first line, burden, or title, referred to the Dutch War of 1666. But it was not the same ditty as one that Samuel Pepys mentions, about that time seen by him, with the music on the broadside:—

6 *March*, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ .—“ To *Deptford*, and then by water home, wondrous cold, and reading a ridiculous ballad made in praise of the Duke of *Albemarle*, to the tune of *St. George*; the tune being printed too: and I observe that people have great encouragement to make ballads of this kind. There are so many that hereafter he will sound like *Guy of Warwick*.”—Pepys’ *Diary*, vol. iv. p. 261.

This ditty must have been the one entitled “ An Heroical Song on the worthy and valiant exploits of our noble Lord General *George Duke of Albemarle*, both by Land and Sea; made in August, 1666. London, printed by W. Godbid for John Playford, at his shop in the Temple, 1667.” A sheet with two columns of verses, and the music notes to the tune of “ *St. George he is for England !* ” The song begins, “ *King Arthur* and his men they valiant were and bold.”

Richard Barnfield’s words on the nightingale pressing its breast against a thorn, in his “ *As it fell upon a day* ” (long attributed to Shakespeare) are recalled by line 26 of our “ *Spring’s Glory* ” ballad :

Harke ! how the Nightingale tuneth her notes,  
Her tender breast leaning against a sharp thorn.

At the end of the present Group we give a sprightly Roxburghe Ballad, entitled, “ *The Woody Choristers*,” beginning, “ ‘ Oh ! ’ says the Cuckow, loud and stout : ” to the tune of *The Bird-Catcher’s Delight*. It is an aviary of feathered songsters, among whom is the Nightingale, in the sixth verse:—

Then said the bonny Nightingale, “ Thus I must end my mournful tale :  
While others sing, I sit and mourn, *leaning my breast against a thorn*.”

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 442; Jersey, II. 245; Huth, II. 95.]

## The Spring's Glory ;

Or,

A precious Posie for pretty Maidens.

Who walk in the Meadows to hear the Birds sing,  
With pleasure rejoycing to welcome the Spring.

THE TUNE IS, *Monk hath confounded, &c.* [See p. 136.]



Now that bright *Phæbus* his rays doth display,  
Warm *Zephrus* blows with a gentler gale,  
Nights they grow shorter to lengthen the day,  
And Wood-nymphs do trip it o're hill and o're dale :  
The Fawnes and the Satyrs nimbly cut capers,  
And dance Levaltoes round in a ring,  
*Then let us bear a part, and with a joyful heart,*  
*Deck flowry Garlands to welcome the Spring.*

8

*Flora's* fine Tapestry now doth adorn  
The earth with a Livery pleasant to view,  
Trees they do blossome which Winter had torn,  
And meadows are deckt in a very rare hue :  
The Fairies are tripping, and Lambs are skipping,  
Pretty birds chirping in the Woods sing :  
*Then let us bear a part, and with a joyful heart,*  
*Deck flowry garlands to welcome the Spring.*

16

With sweet smelling flowers, the sence to delight,  
 The fields are bespangled, like stars in the skies ;  
 With Cowslips and Primroses, yellow and white,  
 And other rare colours to please mortal eies ;  
 The Daffadown-Dilly, Violet and Lilly,  
 And Tulips lovely, pleasure do bring ;  
*Then let us bear a part, and with a joyful heart,*  
*Deck flowry garlands to welcome the Spring.* 24

Harke ! how the Nightingale tuneth her notes,  
 Her tender breast leaning against a sharp thorn ; [Cf. p. 136.  
 The Thrush and the Blackbird with their pretty throats  
 Do chant forth their melody evening and morn :  
 The Cuckow, well known, in City and Town,  
 Her constant old tone she sweetly doth sing :  
*Then let us bear a part, and with a joyful heart,*  
*Deck flowry garlands to welcome the Spring.* 32

*The Second Part, to the same Tune.*

**N**OW pretty maidens delight for to walk  
 Abroad in the meadows, so pleasant and green,  
 Whilst with their lovers they prattle and talk,  
 And pick up the flowers so gay to be seen :  
 Of which they make Posies, in the green closes,  
 Decked with Roses, home for to bring :  
*Then let us bear a part, and with a joyful heart,*  
*Deck flowry garlands to welcome the Spring.* 40

Pretty sweet *Betty* walks out with her love,  
 Rejoycing that Summer is drawing so near ;  
 Whilst *Dicky* doth call her his Turtle Dove,  
 And vows that no other but she is his dear :  
 Thus with their courting, and lovely sporting,  
 They are consorting, whilst the birds sing :  
*Then let us [bear a part, and with a joyful heart*  
*Deck flowery garlands to welcome the Spring].* 48

*Nanny* doth rise in the morning betimes,  
 To meet her beloved all in a fair grove,  
 Where he is composing of sonnets and rimes,  
 To set forth her praise and to welcome his love :  
 Her body is slender, and her heart tender,  
 He doth commend her for everything :  
*Then let us [bear a part, and with a joyful heart*  
*Deck flowery garlands to welcome the Spring].* 56

*Dolly* the Dairy maid smugs up her self,  
 And takes up her milk-pale to trace in the d[ew ;]  
 In hopes to meet *Roger*, who scorns to be base,  
 She often hath try'd him and still he prov'd tr[ue.  
 But oh! what a jumbling, and what a tumbling,  
 All without grumbling, Love hath his swing :  
*Then let us [bear a part, and with a joyful heart*  
*Deck flowery garlands to welcome the Spring].* 64

Now is the time that all creatures rejoyce,  
 By nature they know when the spring doth ap[pear,]  
 They lovingly couple, and freely make choice,  
 Before the hot Summer approacheth too nea[r.]  
 Let us take pleasure, whilst we have leasure,  
 Least such a pleasure chance to take wing :  
*Then let us [bear a part, and with a joyful heart*  
*Deck flowery garlands to welcome the Spring].* 72

Trim up your Arbors, and deck up your bowe[rs,  
 For this is a time to be merry and glad ;  
 Hang up your garlands, and strow your sweet fl[owers,  
 And let not a Lover once seem to be sad :  
 For we'll go a Maying, with musick playing,  
*Cupid obeying, Love is a King :*  
*Then let us bear a part, and with a joyful heart*  
*Deck flowery garlands to welcome the Spring.* 80

Licensed according to Order. [Written by] J.P.

Printed for *W. Gilbertson*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts, whereof two are on p. 137 ; the third is a man, on p. 140 ; and the fourth is the mutilated top-half of the Woman, given complete on p. 66, R. Date, probably, 1666 or 1667. Slightly mutilated.]

## A Word in Season.

*Rosalind*.—" But, Mistress, know yourself ! Down on your knees,  
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love !  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
 Sell when you can : you are not for all markets !  
 Cry the man mercy ! Love him, take his offer ! "

—*As You Like It*, Act iii. scene 5.

THIS lively ditty needs no farther introduction than a reference to our p. 58, where the two original stanzas are printed. The extension of the song into a broadside ballad is tolerably successful. The music was probably composed by Tom Farmer. He often did similar service for Tom D'Urfey, by whom the original was written.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 528 ; Jersey, I. 179 ; Pepys, III. 151.]

## A Word in Season : Or,

### Now or Never.

'Tis ne'r too late to be advised well ;  
 Regard it then, you Beauties ! that excell,  
 Both in external and internal parts,  
 And do not triumph over Captive hearts :  
 Least you ingrateful, being left to time  
 Bereft of Charmes, be punisht that black Crime.

A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, OF, *Sweet, use your time, &c.*



**S**weet, use your time, abuse your time  
 no longer, but be wise ;  
 Your Lovers now discover you  
 have Beauty to be priz'd :  
 But if you'r coy, you'l lose the joy,  
 so curst will be the fate ;  
 The Flower will fade, you'l die a Maid,  
 and mourn your chance too late.

8

At Thirteen years, and Fourteen years,  
 a Virgin's Heart may range ;  
 'Twixt Fifteen years and Fifty years  
 you'l find a wondrous change.  
 Then whilst in tune, in *May* or *June*,  
 let Love and Youth agree :  
 For if you stay till Christmas day,  
 the Devil shall wooe for me.

16

[Thus far went Tom D'Urfey's Original : ' Kingston Church.' See p. 58.]

For then Love's fire it will expire,  
and Beauty be no more ;  
You of each Charm Love will disarm,  
though now, 'tis true, you've store.  
O then, be wise, and be not nice,  
lest coyness does undoe you :  
Those Blushes hide that have defy'd  
the passions that pursue you. 24

Away with folly, come, be jolly,  
shame not your Creation ;  
For we were made in love to trade,—  
Love is our chief Vocation.  
Time is hasting, Beauty's wasting,  
grasp the happy moment ;  
Do not shun and be undone,  
rashly be not so bent. 32

The blushing Rose your Cheeks disclose,  
and Lillyes that are blooming,  
Though fragrant now, to Time must bow,  
which all things is consuming,  
Each windy blast does Beauty wast[e],  
which gone, your hopes are lost ;  
Then don't disdain a Lover's flame,  
least you at last are crost. 40

Proud Beauties still do want their will,  
when kind ones have content ;  
'Tis Fate does blind th' ambitious mind,  
and makes it oft repent ;  
Your Virgin-prime then use in time,  
send bashful fear away :  
Let not a blush destroy your wish,  
but Love's loud call obey. 48

Least the youth, to tell you truth,  
grows angry by delay,  
And you are forced to be divorce'd  
from pleasures many a day.  
You are deceived if you believed  
[“ if 'tis.”]  
'tis alwayes in your power  
To be beloved ; which many 'ave proved,  
in an unlucky hour. 56

For cruelty makes passion dye,  
ambition is its grave ;  
Like wand'ring fires, it still retires,  
whilst you your selves deceive ;



With hopes your chaine does strong remain,  
 with which you link'd our hearts :  
 But it does prove too weak for Love,  
 when scorned for its deserts.

64

Open your eyes then, and be wise  
 [Thus shall you] happy be ;  
 If joyes you'd tast[e] that never wast[e],  
 let Youth and Love agree.

[Defaced line.]

'Tis past dispute, Age does not suite  
 with Love, nor can it strive  
 With due desire to rouse that fire  
 which keeps the wor[l]d alive.

72

Then use your time ! pass not your prime,  
 but with inchanting smiles  
 And killing eyes our heart surprize ;  
 but, taken in your toiles,  
 Be full as free to Love as we,  
 to make your bliss compleat :  
 Then joyes will flow, which those ne'r know  
 who coyly make retreat.

80

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[In Black-letter. Six woodcuts, first, the Lady of p. 124 ; second, a small crowned and sceptred figure in Roman armour ; third, the Lady of p. 140 ; fourth, a winged Angel, holding a long sword ; fifth, a clumsy portrait head of Oliver Cromwell ; and sixth, Queen Catharine of Braganza, as on our p. 33. Three of these are given below. The man, interpolated on p. 140, was omitted from p. 139. Probable date, 1683.]

\* \* Of the next ballad, "The Loving Shepherd," Phaon and Phillis, we know three copies extant. It has more merit than the ordinary love-ditties, but is inferior to those written by J. P. (John Playford ?), already given.



[Suggestive Cuts : Sceptred Power attracts Cromwell : whose Guardian Angel leaves him.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 309; Huth, II. 8; Pepys, III. 285.]

## The Loving Shepherd :

Or,

Phaon's humble Petition to Beautiful Phillis, who readily answered  
his Request.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE [its own] MUCH IN REQUEST.

Licensed according to Order.



“When first on my *Phillis* I cast my eye;  
I wisht to enjoy her or else to dye,  
But she was so cruel, she would not give  
One token of Love, that I might live.  
‘*Phillis*,’ said I, ‘remove your disdain,  
And yield some relief to your restless Swain.’

} [Repeat.]

8

“O what Torments I indure both day and night,  
I ne’er can enjoy her nor take delight;  
But then she cry’d out, ‘O ye Gods, be kind,  
The pleasures of Love has possest my mind.’  
Thus all the night long our pastime was sweet,  
Till at length our joys call’d us fast a sleep.

} [Repeat.]

16

“When from those soft slumbers we did awake,  
She bid me my sorrowful sighs forsake;  
Since she in a Vision of Love beheld  
Those innocent joys which her heart had fill’d,  
So that she could no ways my suit deny;  
Fair *Phillis* was wounded as well as I.

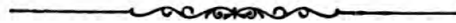
} [Repeat.]

24

- "So soon as I found her to love incline,  
 No joy in the world was so great as mine ;  
 Instead of the frowns which had wounded me,  
 I taken was then with an Extasie,  
 Said I, 'Loving *Phillis*, whom I adore,  
 Grant me but thy favour, I ask no more. 32
- "For thou art my Jewel and only joy,  
 Which can all my trouble and grief destroy ;  
 And since thou art willing to grant me love,  
 I tell thee, by all the Powers above,  
 There's none in the world I adore but thee,  
 Fair *Phillis*, my Amorous love," said he. [sic. 40
- "Kind *Phaon*, such passionate pains I feel,  
 That I can no longer my love conceal ;  
 The conquering power of *Cupid's* dart  
 Will make me surrender my yielding heart ;  
 And thou shalt enjoy it, my dear" said she,  
 "For why? I can give it to none but thee. 48
- "But if, after all, you ungrateful prove  
 To *Phillis*, your faithful and intire love,  
 In slighting the Favours which I bestow,  
 My eyes will like Rivers and Fountains flow ;  
 For true love it is a tormenting pain,  
 When ever requited with sad disdain." 56
- "Fair *Phillis*, by all the Powers Divine,  
 For ever, for ever, I will be thine.  
 In Bowers of Pleasure our days we'll spend,  
 Fair *Phillis*, my true and intire Friend ;  
 Young *Cupids* with garlands shall crown my dear,  
 Who does like the Goddess of Love appear." 64

[The first and second lines are repeated in each stanza of the broadside.]

[Printer's name cut off from Roxburghe copy, but the Pepysian was printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back*. Three woodcuts, of which the chief is the Shepherdess and Swain, given on p. 128 ; the others are on p. 143. Date of ballad, *circa* 1689. Probably this was originally a playhouse song. But we have not yet found it elsewhere, or the music belonging to it.]



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 485 ; Jersey, I. 363 ; Euing, No. 364.]

## The Tyrannical Beauty.

Beauty fadeth like a Flower ;  
Then, fair Ladies, be not Proud :  
Time and Sickness may Devour  
What at present you're allow'd.

TO A PLEASANT TUNE ; CALLED, *Prodigious Fate*.<sup>1</sup>



Since her Beauty's grown a Snare,  
And by that I'm deeply Wounded,  
Yet my hopes are quite confounded,  
'Cause my Love I can't declare :  
If my passion I discover,  
And my Love should me deny,  
She'll destroy a faithful Lover,  
And her Martyr I shall dye.

8

To the Grave then shall I post,  
While her Beauty is admired,  
And by all men much desired ;  
Yet I'll strive to love her most :

<sup>1</sup> We have not hitherto been able to identify this tune, or trace the first line from which these two words are a perplexing and imperfect citation. It may have been something like "All the woes *Prodigious Fate* heaps upon unhappy Lovers." This is guess-work and will not ensure a mark from a testy Examiner.

- When my Body is Interred,  
 She perhaps of me will say,  
 "There's the faithfull'st Lover buried,  
 That e're saw the Sun-shine day." 16
- On my Tomb these Lines I'll have,  
 And I'll get some loving Poet,  
 Who before I dye shall know it,  
 That she brought me to my Grave :  
 And these words I'll have Inserted,  
 That she broke my tender heart,  
 First my reason she perverted,  
 Then she sent her Killing Dart. 24
- Then the World shall justly say,  
 They must blame her charming beauty,  
 Which of all commanded Duty,  
 With this precept, you must pay :  
 And account your selves befriended,  
 If for me you pains indure,  
 For before your days are ended,  
 I perhaps may grant a Cure. 32
- By this means she doth command,  
 And they must by force obey her :  
 Who so bold as to gainsay her,  
 Or who can her power withstand ?  
 No man yet could e're oppose her,  
 In the strictest of her Charge,  
 For all mortal men that knows her,  
 Ne'r shall keep their minds at large. 40
- You that ne'r did see her face,  
 Keep your freedom while you have it,  
 'Tis in vain to hope to save it,  
 Such will be your hapless case :  
 If at any time you view her,  
 Whose fair eye commands the world,  
 In a moment, to be sure,  
 Into passion you'll be whirl'd ; 48
- Where a Prisoner you'll remain,  
 And for certain be confined,  
 As her Cruelty designed,  
 Till your heart is broke with pain :  
 Though a thousand she hath wounded,  
 And for love of her they dy'd,  
 And in Seas of sorrow Drownded,  
 Yet is she unsatisfied. 56

Killing Beauty, now give o're,  
 Be no more so deadly Cruel,  
 To Love's fires add no more Fuel,  
 Tyrannize o're men no more !  
 'Tis unjust they should be used,  
 For their Loves as they have been,  
 For their kindness much abused,  
 This is sure a deadly sin. 64

You in time may be repay'd,  
 When your Beauties are disbanded,  
 Which have you so much befriended,  
 And so many Captives made :  
 Then your power will be diminisht,  
 And your pride will sure abate ;  
 When your Tyranny is finisht,  
 Then your Captives will you hate. 72

Take my Counsel then in time,  
 And forbear to use severely  
 Those poor souls that love you dearly,  
 While your beauty is in prime :  
 For in time you may lament you,  
 When perhaps 'twill be too late ;  
 Former pride may discontent you,  
 Causing you to curse your fate ! 80

[Finis.]

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
 and *T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter ; with three woodcuts, of which the first is the Cavalier amid Carnations, on p. 63, left ; the second is a three-quarter-length figure of a Queen, somewhat resembling one in vol. iv. p. 118, right ; and the third is given on p. 145, at beginning of this ballad. Date doubtful, *circa* 1679.]

\* \* Woodcut here given belongs to p. 159 "Two Faithful Lovers," first copy. Second copy has an Elephant and Castle, *vide* "Contents"; also a Bemantled Girl.





## The Love-Sick Serving Man.

- " I often for my *Joany* strove, ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove  
 So lucky to find her pity move ; I'ze have no Reward for Love.  
 If you wou'd but think on me, and now forsake your cruelty,  
*I'ze for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be, joyn'd with none but only thee.*
- " When first I saw thy lovely charms, I kiss'd thee, wish'd thee in my arms ;  
 I often vow'd, and did protest, tis *Joan* alone that I love best.  
 I'ze have gotten twanty pounds, my Father's House, and all his Grounds,  
*And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be, joyn'd with none but only thee."*
- Original Song of *Billy and Joany.*

**T**HIS Roxburghe Ballad has been already mentioned, on p. 26, and the probability of it not being in close connection with another Clorinda ballad (Pepys Coll., III. 247) recognized. The tune named here, 'I often for my *Jenny* strove,' takes its name from a play-house song, given as motto: from this song a broadside ballad (1) was constructed, entitled, "The Constant Lovers; or, *Billy's* Invitation to his Sweet-heart *Joany*," beginning, "I often for my *Joaney* strove:" to a new Northern tune, whereof the music was given (Pepys Coll., V. 253); also in *Pills*, iii. 263.

It was answered by a ballad to the same tune (2), beginning "A Youthful Serving-man of Late" (Pepys Coll., III. 60): "An Answer to the Love-sick Serving Man; or, The Comfortable Returns of the kind Lady, surpriz'd by *Cupid*:" same tune and publisher.

In our ensuing "Group of Naval Ballads" we shall reprint (3) "The Undaunted Seaman," beginning, "My Love, I come to take my leave," which is appointed to be sung to the same tune. Also, in the "Group of Legendary Ballads" will appear (4) "Cupid's Revenge" upon King Cophetua, who loved the Beggar Maid: it begins "A King once reign'd beyond the seas;" to the same tune. Of others, (5) one begins "I once lay sleeping on my bed," = "The Damsel's Dream; or, her Sorrowful Lamentation for her most unhappy Disappointment." This appears to be a recasting of Laurence Price's earlier ballad, "The Dainty Damsel's Dream; or, Cupid's Vision," beginning, "As I lay on my lonely bed, I fell into a dream:" to the tune of, *As she lay sleeping in her bed* (Roxb. Coll., III. 226, given later). Another (6) was named "The Ladie's Looking-Glass; or, The Queen and the Cobbler," beginning, "A Queen beyond seas did command" (Pepys Coll., III. 95); printed for J. Millet. Yet another Pepysian ballad to the same tune is one (7) beginning "What Protestant can now forbear?" and entitled "The noble and Imprisoned Protestants; or, A copy of verses on a young Lord and Lady now prisoners in the Castle of *Dublin*" (Pepys Coll., IV. 63). In Roxburghe Collection (II. 387) is also (8), "The Old Miser Slighted," = "My mother duns me every day."

*A stable-groom* courts his master's daughter in "Love's Downfall."

[Roxb., II. 299 ; Jersey, I. 36 ; Pepys, III. 390 ; Huth, I. 163 ; Douce, II. 201.]

**The Lovesick Serving-Man :**  
**Shewing how he was Wounded with the Charms of a**  
**young Lady, and did not dare to reveal his Mind.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *I'se often for my Jenny strove.*

- “ E’er since I saw *Clorinda’s* Eyes,  
 My Heart has felt a strange surprize ;  
 No Pen is able to reveal  
 The killing Torment which I feel :  
 Yet I dare not let her know it,  
 ’Cause she’s Rich and I am Poor ;  
*No Charms above her, Oh ! I love her,*  
*And will do for evermore.* 8
- “ Oh ! that I might but let her know  
 My Sighs, my Tears, my Care, and Woe,  
 And how I’m tortured for her sake,  
 She might some kind of pity take :  
 But I fear I should offend her,  
 Whom I dearly do adore ;  
*No Charms above her, Oh ! I love her,*  
*And will do for evermore.* 16
- “ Both Sense and Reason tells me plain  
 That I bestowed my heart in vain,  
 Where no acceptance will be found,  
 No Balsom for this bleeding Wound :  
 She’s a fair and youthfull Lady,  
 I a Servant mean and poor ;  
*No Charms above her, &c.* 21
- “ I value not her Gold, her Pearl ;  
 For was I either Lord or Earl,  
 My very Heart would be the same ;  
 I raise her everlasting Fame :  
 Yet in vain are all my Wishes,  
 They will not my Joys restore :  
*No Charms above her, &c.* 32
- “ Young *Cupid*, bend thy Golden Bow,  
 And let thy silver Arrows flye,  
 That my fair charming Saint may know  
 The pains of Love as well as I ;  
 Tell her too that I lye wounded,  
 She may then my Joys restore,  
*No Charms above her, &c.* 40

“ Tho’ now mine Eyes like Rivers run,  
 As here in Sorrows I condole ;  
 Her Beauty, like the Rising Sun,  
 Can soon revive my drooping Soul :  
 But if I may ne’er enjoy her,  
 let me with a Dart be slain,  
 ’Tis better kill me, than to fill me  
 with this Love-tormenting pain.” 48

*The Young Lady’s Answer.*

NOW in a Vision, or a Dream,  
 Her Father’s Serving-man did seem  
 Before her Presence there to stand,  
 While *Cupid* held him by the hand,  
 Saying, “ Lady, you must love him ;  
 therefore now some pity show ;  
 Then don’t deny him, nor defie him,  
*for it must and shall be so.*” 56

A Thousand thoughts ran in her head,  
 As many *Cupids* round her Bed,  
 Which did like armed Angels stand,  
 With Golden Bows and Shafts in hand,  
 Every one was pleading for him,  
 and their Silver Shafts did show,  
 Saying, “ Receive him, do not grieve him,  
*for it must and shall be so.*” 64

The youthfull Lady did reply,  
 “ What ! must I love, or must I dye ?  
 Tell me, is there no other way  
 But this, to cast my self away  
 On my Father’s meanest Servant ?  
*well, I find it must be so :*  
 I well approve him, needs must love him,  
*though it proves my Overthrow.* 72

“ I know my Father he will Frown,  
 And Ladies too of high Renown ;  
 But yet I needs must love him still,  
 Let all the World say what they will :  
 My soft Heart is now enflamed,  
 Love in e’ery vein doth flow :  
 I’ll freely take him, ne’er forsake him,  
*for it must and shall be so.* 80

“ What tho’ my noble Father dear  
disowns his Daughter utterly,  
I have Five Thousand Pounds a year,  
of which no one can hinder me;  
’Tis sufficient to Maintain us,  
should my Father prove our Foe,  
My Love I’ll Marry, long not tarry,  
*for it must and shall be so.* ” 88

“ What tho’ a Serving-man he be,  
Whose Substance is but mean and small;  
His proper Person pleases me,  
True Love will make amends for all:  
’Tis beyond all Gold or Treasure,  
him alone my Heart doth crave,  
I will not tarry, but will Marry,  
and make him Lord of all I have.” 96

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[Black-letter. One woodcut, as on p. 120. Date, probably, *circa* 1684.]

\* \* One of two things happened; either this ballad was written by the same person who afterwards wrote the one on our p. 90, or else the second ballad quoted the burden of this, in Cupid’s speech,

“ For it must and shall be so ! ”

The following woodcut was delayed from p. 125, “The Faithful Inflamed Lover;” and from vol. iv. p. 413, “The Doting Old Dad.”



[This cut belongs to p. 125.]

## The Loves of Damon for Sappho and Celia.

“ *Celia*, that I once was blest  
Is now the torment of my breast ;  
Since, to grieve me, you bereave me of the pleasure I possess.  
Cruel creature, to deceive me ! first to Love, and then to leave me !

“ Had you the bliss refus'd to grant,  
I then had never known the want ;  
But possessing once the Blessing is the cause of my complaint ;  
Once possessing is but tasting ! 'tis no bliss that is not lasting.

“ *Celia* now is mine no more,  
But I'm hers, and must adore ;  
Nor to leave her will endeavour ; charms that captiv'd me before  
No unkindness can dis sever : Love that's true is Love for ever.”

—Dryden's *Amphitryon*, Act iii. 1691. (Cf. p. 127.)

TO a different tune, there has been already reprinted (on p. 89) a ballad that tells of “*Damon* comforted in distress,” by compliant *Phillis*. We now give two other *Roxburghe Ballads*, wherein a *Damon* is the successful Lover. In the one case (p. 153) he obtains a *Sappho* ; in the other (p. 155), a *Celia*. But it is not necessary to imagine either of these *Damons* to be identical with the wooer of *Phillis*, or with one another.

To “*The Loves of Damon and Sappho*” is assigned the tune called *Hail to the myrtle shade!* We reprinted the song, whereof this is the first line, from Nat. Lee's tragedy of “*Theodosius*,” 1680, with broadside continuation (in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. v. p. 422).

Also (in vol. iv. p. 344) we reprinted the words of Tobias Bowne's “*Doubting Virgin*,” (which gives a new name to the tune of *The Reprieved Captive*,) a tune-name cited in some other ballads following this, viz. “*Faithful Damon*,” and “*Shall I? Shall I? No, No, No!*” We prefixed a *Hand-List of Twelve Ballads written by Tobias Bowne*, author of “*The Doubting Virgin*” (*Ibid.*, pp. 342, 343), including “*Shall I? Shall I?*” and another entitled “*The Two Faithful Lovers*” (see p. 154), signed by his initials.

As to *Celia*, Tom D'Urfey wrote a song on the Lady G— [probably the Countess of Grafton], 1683 :—

### Song : On *Celia's* Eyes.

SHining Stars are *Celia's* eyes,  
Sweet Roses bloom in either cheek ;  
Love from those his flame supplies,  
From these he does sweet odour seek.  
Every grace that decks her face  
Shows her of more than mortal race ;  
Every charm does so controul,  
That she like Heaven forms the Soul.  
Soft as down each outward part,  
But ah ! no marble like her Heart.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 316 ; Jersey Coll., I. 255 ; Huth, II. 1.]

## The Loves of Damon and Sappho :

Or,

The Shepherd Crown'd with good Success.

You Lovers all, that would successful be,  
Be not too bashful, but in Love be free :  
Time but your passion, and you'l never fail,  
There is a time when you'l be sure prevail.  
Maids will deny, it's true, but soon will yield ;  
If once you charge, they soon will lose the Field :  
Though they deny, it is but for a fashion ;  
For when they do, they have the greatest passion.

A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades*. [See p. 152.]



“Come, turn thy Rosie face, leave blushing at me, my Dear ;  
Let's kindly now embrace, whilst *Cupid* does banish all fear :  
The Neighbouring Swains are gone to water their Flocks, you see :  
And now we are all alone, in pleasure let us be free.

“I fancy now to be like *Adam* in *Paradise* ;  
Then let me taste the Tree of pleasures, and be not nice :  
For Beauty fades away, Old Age will waste it quite ;  
And time for none will stay, then let's pursue Delight.



"Under this Spreading Shade, all near to this Chrystial Spring,  
Our vows they shall be pay'd, while th' Birds do pleasantly sing:  
A yielding in your Eyes, my *Sappho*, I do behold:  
Then let us act our joys, before that our passion's cold.

"The blooming Spices smell, and Summer is in her Pride,  
Come let us sport a while, and *Sappho* shall be my Bride:  
With Flowers I'll crown thy brow, thou shalt be Queen of the Field,  
Where all plenty does grow; Oh then, my fair *Sappho*, yield. 16

"See, Earth embroyder'd smiles, and all things do gay appear;  
While time our Love beguiles, come blush no more, my dear!  
Let's search for joys unknown, and each of us trade in bliss:  
Fair Nymph, we are alone, and you shall no more resist." [*orig.* 'in you.'

"Alas, my *Damon*, fie! Do not a poor Nymph betray:  
A Virgin I will dye, *Diana* I will obey:  
Then think, kind Swain, no more to flatter your self with Love:  
God *Cupid* I'll ne'r adore, nor rank him with powers above." 24

"O say not so, my joy! for Beauty's ne'r made in vain:  
Nor use is to destroy what the powers above ordain;  
Hark, how the Birds invite, and Love with their song do[th] charm,  
Alluring to delight, while thus we hold arm in arm."

"No more, sweet *Damon*, spare my blushes that do arise:  
O fie! kind Shepherd, forbear, and do not a Maid surprise.  
I am too young for Love, and must not as yet be won:  
Oh, help, ye Powers above! or I shall be quite undone." 32

"In vain, fair Nymph, you strive, for passion will have its way:  
And he that did love contrive, in these shades you must obey."

"Alas! I resistance loose, and now can resist no more;  
What coy I did refuse: Love's pleasures do over-power.

"Witness this pleasant Grove, I to denial was bent:  
Had not you forced my love, but now I shall ne'r repent."  
"No, never, my Dear! for we our mutual joys will increase;  
So happy we will be, and live in an endless peace." 40

*Finis.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
and *T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts: 1st, the Lady in oval wreath, on p. 143;  
2nd, the man, on p. 59; the other two are on p. 153. Date, soon after 1680.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 147; Jersey, I. 202; II. 235; Huth, I. 99; Douce, I. 73.]

## Faithful Damon,

Or,

### Fair Celia obtained.

Though Virgins they may say you nay, yet make a New Reply;  
And you will find they will be kind, they cannot you deny.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Doubting Virgin*. [See p. 152.]



Lately in a Shady Bower, *Celia* with her Love convers'd,  
Fairer than the Lilly Flower, with all vertues she was blest;  
*Damon* loving, often moving her to yield unto his will,  
*Celia* cryed, and replyed, "*I will live a Maiden still.*"

Then said *Damon*, "My sweet jewel, do not frown nor yet revile,  
Cease to be to me so cruel, send me now a gentle smile:  
Such a blessing, if possessing, of thy Love and kind good will."  
"Do not vex me, nor perplex me, *I will live a Maiden still.*" 8

"*Celia*, here's my hand, I love thee, do not seem to be so coy,  
I esteem no one above thee, thou shalt be my only joy:  
Be not froward, nor untoward, do not seek my heart to kill."  
"O forbear me, *Damon*, spare me, *I will live a Maiden still.*"

"O my *Celia*'s frowns are killing, nothing but a smile can cure;  
Now my heart with grief is filling, how shall I these pains endure?  
Then, come near me, Love, and hear me, grant me now thy kind  
good will!"

She replyed, "It's denied, for *I'll live a Maiden still.*" 16

"While a Maid remains unmarry'd, then we do enjoy our peace;  
For this cause I do defer it, least our troubles should increase:  
For my treasure is my pleasure, nothing can my comforts spill;  
But when double, then comes trouble, *thus I live a maiden still.*"

"*Celia*, I do highly prize thee, for my heart is in thy breast;  
Should my *Celia* now despise me, I should never be at rest:  
My dear Creature, none more sweeter, do not you my suit deny,  
I'll respect thee, and protect thee, *till the very day I dye.*" 24

"O, my love is most intire, nothing shall thee now annoy;  
Grant me what I do desire, I will Crown thy days with joy:  
Ne'r was creature more compleater in a Loyal Lover's eye,  
*Celia*, pitty, hear my ditty, *grant me love, or else I dye.*"

#### The Maid's Reply.

"**W**As I sure thou wouldst be Loyal, then I'de grant thee thy request,  
I would make no more denial, thou shouldst set thy heart at rest."  
Then he kist her, and he blest her, and imbrac'd her in his arms;  
No disputing, but saluting, thus began their pleasant charms. 32

While their joys they were compleated, nothing could their love annoy,  
Sweet embraces kindly greeting, sounding forth their mutual joy;  
Thus inviting, and delighting, nothing could their comforts spill,  
They commending, and extending, both their love, & kind good will.

#### Finis.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-street without Newgate.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts; two given on p. 63; the other two (busts) are the same as those on p. 153, belonging also to "The Loves of *Damon* and *Sappho*;" we substitute two cuts on p. 155. Date about 1681.]

\*.\* Another *Damon* and *Celia* ballad (Pepys Collection, III. 66) is "*Damon's* Triumph; or, *Celia's* Joy." To the Tune of "*Russell's* Triumph [1692];" or, "[Ah!] *Jenny*, gin." Begins, "My dearest Dear, could I relate;" prelude is,

When Lovers in their tender hearts do feel tormenting pain,  
Then *Cupid* he pulls out his Darts, and heals their wounds again.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. As to the tune of "*Ah! Jenny, gin your eyes do kill*," see p. 176 of the present Group.

On our next page we add a third and last ballad sung to the same tune of Tobias Bowne's "*Doubting Virgin*;" and probably from his own hand; as is certainly the one immediately following, p. 159. Both ballads, moreover, are in praise of "*Betty*" a name specially dear to Toby Bowne; as long afterwards was "*Nancy*" to Charles Dibdin (although it was borne by his own wife, then alive: a fact which did not hinder him from being unfaithful to her, *cela va sans dire*). "*Shall I? Shall I?*" was entered to George Larkins, 4th April, 1684.



[Roxb. Coll., II. 421 ; Jersey, II. 244 ; Douce, II. 189 *verso*.]

## Shall I? Shall I? No, No, No!

A wanton Lad and comely Lass did once together meet ;  
Tho' she seem'd coy, her heart he won with Complements most sweet.

TUNE OF, *The Doubting Virgin*. [See p. 142.]



"Pretty *Betty*, now come to me, thou hast set my Heart on fire ;  
Thy denial will undo me, grant me then what I desire :  
Prithee try me, don't deny me, lest it prove my overthrow,  
*Never dally, shall I? shall I?*"<sup>1</sup> Still she answered, "*No, no, no!*"  
In the Fields they went a-walking, he this Maid did sweetly court ;  
But the subject of his talking tended still to *Venus'* sport :  
He persuaded, she delay'd it, and would not be deluded so ;  
"*Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?*" But she answered, "*No, no, no!*"  
He bestow'd on her sweet kisses, hoping thereby to obtain  
And to taste true Lovers' blisses, which he long time sought in vain :  
With sighs & sobs & deadly throbs, he strove the Damsel's mind to know,  
"*Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?*" Still she answered, "*No, no, no!*"

<sup>1</sup> 'Shall I? shall I?' equivalent here to 'shilly shally' indecision.

To the Tavern then he took her, feasting her with costly Wine;  
 In the Face did often look her, swearing that she was divine:  
 She told the Youth it was untruth, "I would not have you flatter so."  
*"Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?" But she answered, "No, no, no!"*

With fair Words he did intreat her to him for to condescend;  
 As his Passion waxed greater, he her Beauty did commend:  
 She denied it, and defy'd it, vowing it should ne'er be so:  
*"Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?" But she answered, "No, no, no!"*

Thus he spent his time in Wooing, but found no encouragement;  
 His fingers itch'd for to be doing, and she perceived his intent;  
 She still at tryal gave denial, but Maidens often times do so:  
*"Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?" But she answered, "No, no, no!"*

He continued still to wooe her, but she made him this Reply:  
 That his aim was to undo her, and would know his reason why.  
 He protested that she jested, his design was nothing so;  
*"Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?" But she answered, "No, no, no!"*

But on hopes the Youngster builded, hoping she at last would yield;  
 And at length the Damzel yielded, with his Charms he won the field:  
 In the shade down her he layed, he himself lay smiling by,  
*"Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?" Then she answered, "Ay, ay, ay!"*

Then they fell to sweet imbraces—Lovers, you know what I mean;  
 So close did joyn their blushing faces you could not put a straw between;  
 In amorous chains there he remains, till he for breath did panting lye;  
*"Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?" Then she answered, "Ay, ay, ay!"*

She, who stoutly first deny'd him, by his Complements was won;  
 And she vow'd, when she had try'd him, that the job was neatly done.  
 Maids, beware, and have a care of flattering youths, who oft do try,  
*And will dally "Shall I? shall I?" Till you cry out, "Ay, ay, ay!"*

[Unsigned, but not improbably by **Tobias Bowne**.]

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Harp and Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts, on pp. 157; 76, left; and 120. Date, April, 1684.]



[This cut belongs to next page.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 480 ; IV. 77 ; Jersey, I. 354 ; Pepys, III. 286.]

## The Two Faithful Lovers :

Or,

### A merry Song in Praise of Betty.

Young men and maids, I do intend to sing a song that's newly Pen'd ;  
And if you please to have it out, 'twill please your fancies without doubt.

By T. B. [*i.e.* Tobias Bowne.] With Allowance.

TUNE OF, [An] *Amorous Damsel of Bristol City*. [See p. 161, *Note*.]

IN a *May* morning as I was walking,  
I heard two Lovers together talking ;  
With words so sweet he spake unto her,  
And thus he did begin to woove her.

Said he, " Well met, my dearest *Betty*,  
Thou art a Girl that is wondrous pretty ;  
If I could gain but your love and favour,  
I'd be thy dearest Love for ever.

8

" Slight not, Sweetheart, this loving motion,  
A hundred pound it is my Portion ;  
But if we never enjoy one penny,  
True-love is better than baggs of Money."

#### The Maid's Answer.

" Good Sir, your words are kindly spoken,  
But hasty Love is soonest broken ;  
'Tis good for you [t'] observe your doing,  
And be not you too quick in wooing.

16

" If I should grant you my love to marry,  
Perhaps you'd wish you did longer tarry ;  
And in one Year begin to flout me,  
And wish that you had gone without me.

" Some men do flout their Wives, 'tis certain,  
And say they might [have] had better fortune ;  
So thus they alwaies frown and lowre,  
And scarcely live one quiet hour."

24

#### The Man's Answer.

" Sweet-heart, my love on thee is fixed,  
Both night and day I am perplexed ;  
Then prithee, do not thou deny me,  
But come, sweetheart, and sit down by me.



" Doubt not, sweetheart, I'll ne'r offend thee,  
 My love is true which I pretend thee;  
 I'll not forsake thee for Gold nor Money,  
 Then do not slight me, my dearest Honey. 32

" *Betty*, blame me not for my speeches,  
 I do not aim for Gold or Riches;  
 My heart is fixed without moving;  
 Sweet *Betty*, be thou kind and loving.

" Grant but to me thy Love and Favour,  
 Both day and night I hard will labour;  
 If that I have but health, my honey,  
 Thou shalt not want for Meat nor Money." 40

*The Maid's Answer.*

" Young men have such a way in wooing,  
 To vow and swear they'll still be loving;  
 Yet in one year there is small regarding,  
 Which makes some Maids repent their bargain.

" Yet if I thought your love was constant,  
 Which you pretend now at this instant,  
 Methinks, I cannot well deny thee,  
 Because with words you satisfie me. 48

" For what you said I do commend you,  
 And in this cause I will befriend you;  
 Ask but the good-will of my Father,  
 And you and I will joyn together."

*The Man's Answer.*

" Oh! now thy words it doth revive me,  
 For I did fear thou would'st deny me;  
 While life doth last I'll ne'r forsake thee,  
 Since for my wife I mean to take thee. 56

" There is never a Maid in *London City*  
 In my conceit is like my *Betty*.  
 She is so handsome in her favour,  
 I think my self a-blest to have her."

So to conclude, I wish each Lover  
 To prove so constant to each other,  
 As those two did of whom I'm speaking:  
 There need not be so much heart-breaking. 64

[*Finis.*]

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts, the first is on p. 158; the second on p. 147,  
 see *Note* thereon: the third given later. Date unascertained, circa 1686.]

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 153; Jersey, II. 270; Pepys, IV. 3.]

## The Fair Lady of the West ; and The fortunate Farmer's Son.

Relating, how a Gallant young Lady in the West-Country, being courted by many Persons of Quality, refused them all, and cast her Affections upon a Farmer's Son ; to whom she discovered her love ; and, having neither Father nor Mother living to contradict her, they were privately Married to both their Hearts' desire ; and now live in joy and happy content.

This may a pattern be to young and old ;  
True Love is to be valued more than Gold.

TUNE OF, *A gallant Damsel in Bristol City, etc., or William the Weaver.*<sup>1</sup>

[The three cuts are the same as those on pp. 91 and 110.]

A Beauteous Lady of comely carriage,  
Whom many a gallant sought in Marriage,  
But she, with Modesty refusing,  
Would have a Lover of her own chuseing.

Both noble Knights, and worthy Squires,  
To gain her love it was their desires ;  
But she consented not to any,  
Although she courted was by many.

8

With patience she the time prolonged,  
Whilst many Suitors about her thronged ;  
Which gave her little Satisfaction,  
But in her mind did breed distraction.

For often-times she would confess it,  
And to her friends she did express it :  
"He is not come yet, that I shall marry ;  
And therefore longer I yet must tarry."

16

At length, one day she did discover  
The party that should be her lover :  
A Farmer's Son, of brisk behaviour ;  
He is the man must win her favour.

<sup>1</sup> The first of these tunes seems to be misquoted from "An Amorous Damsel of Bristol City," which takes its name from the opening line of a Naval ballad soon to follow, entitled "The Constant Maid's Resolution" (cf. p. 159). The other is (Roxb. Coll., II. 519) not yet reprinted. It is entitled, "The Witty Maid of the West," beginning "William the Weaver that lives in the West," sung to the tune of "You Ladies of London." (See p. 15, and Roxb. Ballads, iii. 369.) The first-named tune was also known as *I love thee, dear, but dare not show it*.

He wore no Robes of rich attire,  
For to Inflamm her heart's desire :  
But yet his person did so please her,  
That *Cupid* with his Dart did seize her.

24

Strange fancies in her mind did waver,  
That one of low descent should have her :  
Yet, by no means, she could withstand it,  
Since Destiny did so command it.

Being thus lost in Cogitation,  
She asked no one's Approbation :  
But sending for her dearest Lover,  
To him she did her mind discover.

32

Quoth she, " Your pardon, Sir, I crave it ;  
And by your looks, I hope to have it :  
Call not my modesty in question,  
For making of this bold transgression.

" My heart is prisoner at your pleasure :  
The God of Love hath made a Seizure :  
Then let my Love be kindly taken,  
That I may never be forsaken.

40

" I want no honour, nor no riches ;  
'Tis onely Love my heart bewitches ;  
For, many a Gallant I disdained,  
Who my affections ne're obtained.

" Then since it is my happy fortune  
Your Love at this time to Importune,  
'Tis your kind Answer I desire,  
Which for my Love I do require."

48

The young man, being much amazed,  
Upon her Beauty long he gazed :  
Admiring at her great perfection,  
Which brought her heart into Subjection.

At length, being with Love Surprized,  
This loving Answer he devized :  
And breaking silence, to her Honour,  
He thus replied in humble manner :

56

" Fair Lady, if your love be reall,  
I should be loath to make deniall :  
But bless my fates for such a fortune,  
If of your Love I may be certain.

“And, Madam, since it is your pleasure,  
For to possess me of a Treasure,  
Of which I am so far unworthy,  
With heart and soul, I’le ever love thee. 64

“Although I lowly am descended,  
With kindness all shall be amended :  
And what I want in wealth and beauty.  
I’le make it up in Love and Duty.”

Quoth she, “For this your loveing Answer,  
My heart and hand you shall command, Sir :  
And I will be thy own for ever.”  
And so they kist and went together. 72

And, to redeem the time they tarried,  
In private they were shortly married :  
For why ? she had no parents liveing  
For to oppose her marriage giveing.

And now they live with hearts contented,  
On neither side it is repented.—  
I wish all Lovers be so served,  
That for their constancy deserve it. 80

[*Finis.*]

[Colophon cut off.]

[Pepys copy printed for Wm. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood. In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, on pp. 110 and 91. Date of ballad, *circa* 1678.]



[These cuts belong to “*Dulcina*,” p. 166.]

J.W.E.

## The Wooing of Fair Dulcina.

- "A silly Shepherd woo'd, but wist not how he might his Mistress' favour gain.  
On a time they met, but kiss'd not—ever after that he su'd in vain.  
Blame her not, alas! tho' she said 'Nay!' to him that night, but fled away. .
- "A Woman's *Nay* is no denial, silly youths of Love are served so;  
Put her to a farther trial, haply she'll take it, and say 'No!'  
For 'tis a trick which women use, what they love they will refuse.
- Then never stand 'Sweet, shall I? shall I?' nor too much commend an after-wit:  
"Silly youth, why dost thou dally, having got time and season fit?  
*For he that will not when he may, when he will he shall have Nay!"*

—*The Silly Shepherd*: in *The Loyal Garland*, before 1686.

**O**DI profanum vulgus! Keep far away from us the tasteless churl and prurient prude who cannot feel the charm of this delicious and "Excellent Ditty, called the Shepherd's Wooing of fair Dulcina!" It was accredited to no less a poet than Sir Walter Raleigh, and is, in our judgement, not unworthy of the author who melodiously answered Kit Marlowe's glowing invitation, "Come live with me, and be my Love!" with the cold-hearted damsel's rationalistic response, beginning, "If Love and all the World were young." To the enraptured Lover had been vouchsafed a dream of idyllic happiness, innocent and unworldly, a revival of the Golden Age. But the maiden being of prematurely practical sagacity, must have already known something of the cares of housekeeping, so that she foresees any number of rocks ahead in such a Love-voyage, and refuses to embark her fortunes in the risky adventure. She feels no aptitude to endure the *res angusta domi*, and, we doubt not, she will sell her beauty to some mercenary Chapman who comes with a purse in his hand, and for whom she can feel no burdensome affection to controul her future movements. She will receive praise for prudence from her needy kinsmen, and be expected to serve them with her interest. Some few damsels will envy, while affecting to despise her, and to pity the discarded swain. Thereafter, her supposititious virtues will be proclaimed in marble on her monument, which shows her in statuary, stretched recumbently beside her subservient yoke-fellow, with two groups of insufferably conceited olive-branches in front, the boys on one side, the old-fashioned girls on the other, kneeling devoutly, making pretence of praying for a mother who had fulfilled respectably the duties of her station, but who had never let her heart beat save for her own well-beloved Self. If Sir Walter Raleigh gave us the original "Wooing of Fair Dulcina," he made full amends for the previous outrage on Love's unselfish infatuation. It was worth encountering many a disappointment in life, all the trouble that

arose from his own luckless misadventure with Queen Bess's fair Maid of Honour, his remorse (let us hope) for ingratitude to Essex, and the gloom of his final dungeon, to have written so melodious and seductive a strain as this of "As at Noon Dulcina rested." Shakespeare himself must have listened to it lovingly, and wished that it had been his own. Fortunately, nobody ever assigned it to him, or the modern criticasters would have despoiled him of it, as they are doing of most other writings, until they leave him shorn of all his wool.

We cannot advance any indisputable evidence of Raleigh's authorship, beyond popular attribution, but there is no obstacle or difficulty against accepting the theory. No other claim is better supported, and the date is sufficiently near to be satisfactory. As a *transferred* ballad, Dulcina was entered to John White and Thomas Langley, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, on 22nd of May, 1615. Several years before Raleigh's death the song must have been written. An inaccurate copy of the five early verses appears in the *Percy Folio Manuscript*, leaf 178 (p. 23 of the Printed Version, Fourth Part, absurdly misplaced therein; with an irreverent gird on p. iv at Bishop Percy, because he included it among the "*Reliques*" without indication of feeling shocked at the supposed immodesty or impurity of the ditty!!!) It is printed in *Westminster Drollery*, Part ii. p. 59, 1672. With music, and the continuation beginning "Day was spent, and Night approached," it was reprinted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vi. 206. In 1615 the tune bore name of the burden, *Foregoe me nowe, come to me soone*; next, *Dulcina* was interchangeable with "From Oberon in Fairy-Land" (for which see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 143). Pure warm-hearted girls sang the ballad fearlessly, without a thought of wrong. In Walton's *Compleat Angler*, p. 65, 1653, the Milk-maid's mother asks, "What song was it, I pray you? Was it . . . 'As at noon Dulcina rested'?"

\* \* \* *Note*.—We correct the broadside's misprints in a few places, following a better text of *The Westminster Drollery*, Part Second, 1672. The Roxburghe Collection exemplar reads as follows:—In first stanza, "so far that for a farther boon." Second Stanza has "means" and "let," instead of "tongues" and "bid." More important differences are mentioned in our final *Notes*, on p. 169. It will be noticed that in the Continuation-stanzas the rhyming of first and third lines has been neglected; showing a different hand from that of the original.

To the tune of *Dulcina* was sung "The Desperate Damsel's Tragedy," by Martin Parker, beginning, "In the gallant month of June."

Initial letters are found occasionally in the woodcuts of old ballads, when the blocks were not borrowed from earlier books. These initials represent the publisher's name. Thus "F.C.," on p. 131, means *Francis Coles*; and "R.I." on pp. 66, 166, 195, indicates the former property of *Richard Iohnes*.





[Roxburghe Coll., II. 402; Pepys, IV. 6; Douce, II. 204; Jersey, I. 295.]

An Excellent Ditty, called  
**The Shepherd's wooing Dulcina.**

[The] TUNE IS [its own], *Dulcina*.



J.W.E.

As at noon *Dulcina* rested,  
 In her sweet and shady Bower,  
 Came a Shepherd, and requested  
 In her arms to sleep an hour;  
 But, from her look, a wound he took,  
 So [deep] that for a farther boon,  
 The Nymph he prays; wherefore she says, ["so far."]  
*"Forgo me now, come to me soon!"* 8

But in vain she did conjure him  
 For to leave her presence so,  
 Having thousand [tongues] to allure him, [al. lect. means.  
 And but one to [bid] him go; [misprint, "let."]  
 Where Lips invite, and eyes delight,  
 And Cheeks as fresh as Rose in *June*,  
 Persuade to stay, what boots to say,  
*"Forgo me now! come to me soon"?* 16

Words, whose hopes have now injoynd  
Him to let *Dulcina* sleep;  
Could a man's love be confined,  
Or a Maid her promise keep?  
No, for her waiste, he held as fast  
As she was constant to her tune;  
And still she spake, "For *Cupid's* sake,<sup>1</sup>  
*Forgo me now, come to me soon.*" 24

He demands, "What time or leisure  
Can there be more fit than now?"  
She says, ["Night gives Love that pleasure,  
That the Day doth] not allow."<sup>2</sup>  
"The Sun's [kind light forgives delight,]"  
Quoth he, "More [easily] than the moon;  
In *Venus'* playes be bold!" She says,  
"*Forgo me now, come to me soon!*" 32

But no promise nor profession  
From his hands [could] purchase scope;<sup>3</sup>  
Who would sell the sweet possession  
Of such a beauty for a hope?  
Or for the sight of lingring night  
Forgo the present joys of noon?  
Though none so fair, her speeches were,  
"*Forgo me now, come to me soon!*"<sup>4</sup> 40

How at last agreed these Lovers? [At. lect. 'Now.'  
She was fair and he was young;  
[Tongue may tell what eye discovers:  
Joys unseen are never sung.]<sup>5</sup>  
He said, "My Dear, my Love not fear!  
Bright *Phæbus'* beams out-shines the Moon."  
*Dulcina* prays, and to him says,  
"*Forgo me now, come to me soon!*"<sup>6</sup> 48

**The Second Part: To THE SAME TUNE.**

**D**AY was spent, and Night approached;  
*Venus* fair was Lovers' friend,  
She intreated bright *Apollo*  
That his Steeds their race might end;  
He could not say this Goddess "Nay!"  
But granted Love's fair Queen her boon:  
The Shepherd came to this fair Dame,  
"*Forgo me now, come to me soon!*" 56

"Sweet," he said, "as I did promise,  
 I am now return'd again,  
 Long delay (you know) breeds danger,  
 And to Lovers breedeth pain."  
 The Nymph said then, "Above all men,  
 Still welcome, Shepherd, morn or noon."  
 The Shepherd prays, *Dulcina* says,  
 "Shepherd, I doubt thou'rt come too soon." 64

When that bright *Aurora* blushed,  
 Came the Shepherd to his dear;  
 Pretty Birds most sweet[ly] warbled,  
 And the noon approached near,  
 Yet still "Away!" the Nymph did say,  
 The Shepherd he fell in a swoond.  
 At length she said, "Be not afraid!  
 Forgo me now, come to me soon!" 72

With grief of heart the Shepherd hasted [qu. tripped?  
 Up the mountains to his flocks;  
 Then he took a Reed and piped,  
 Echo sounded through the Rocks:  
 Thus did he play, and wisht the Day  
 Were spent, and night were come e'r noon;  
 "The silent night is Love's delight:  
 I'll go to fair *Dulcina* soon!" 80

Beauteous Darling, fair *Dulcina*, [Al. lect. "Beautie's."  
 Like to *Venus* for her Love,  
 Spent away the day in passion,  
 Mourning like the Turtle-Dove;  
 Melodiously, notes low and hye,  
 She warbled forth this doleful tune,  
 "Oh come again, sweet Shepherd Swain!  
 Thou can'st not be with me too soon." 88

When that *Thetis* in her Palace  
 Had receiv'd the Prince of Light,  
 Came in *Corydon*, the Shepherd,  
 To his Love and heart's delight;  
 Then *Pan* did play, the Wood-Nymphs they  
 Did skip and dance to hear the tune;  
*Hymen* did say, "'Tis Holy-day,  
 Forgo me now, come to me soon!" 96

Printed for *F. Coles, F. Vere, J. Wright* and *J. Clarke*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts, two on p. 163, others on p. 166. Original date, without the Second Part, before May 22, 1615. Notes on next page.]

<sup>1</sup> The *Percy Folio MS.* reads, instead of this, "Though neere so fayre her speeches were." *Westminster-Drollery* agrees with our text.

<sup>2</sup> This fourth stanza is so incorrectly rendered in the Roxburghe broadside, incongruously, and injuring the sense, that we transfer it from the text to this place (substituting on p. 167 the better text of *The Westminster-Drollery*).

He demands, "What time or leisure  
Can there be more fit than now?"  
She says, "Men may say their pleasure,  
Yet I of it do not allow."  
"The Sun's clear light shineth more bright,"  
Quoth he, "more fairer than the Moon;  
For her to praise, He loves," he says, [sic.  
"Forgo me now: Come to me soon!"

The *Percy Folio MS.* agrees with *Westminster-Drollery* in reading "The Sun's kind sight forgives delight, quoth he, more easily than the moon," (except a blunder of writing "same" for "sun"), and reads rightly "be bold!" which the *Westminster-Drollery* misprints as "he told." In our pages the original text is at last restored, we hope, satisfactorily.

<sup>3</sup> We substitute the *Westminster-Drollery* "could" for broadside "to."

<sup>4</sup> This fifth stanza is omitted from the *Percy Folio MS.*

<sup>5</sup> We are unwilling to retain as our text the weakly-substituted broadside recast, "If you'll believe me, I will tell ye, True Love fixed lasteth long." Perhaps this reading was an expedient to suit the new continuation. But the quaint humour, *espièglerie*, of the original is inimitable: in effect: "Who can tell how it ended? The tongue may speak of what has been seen, but if the joys were by others unwitnessed they remain unsung."

<sup>6</sup> *Westminster Drollery* nearly coincides (changing 'Loves' to 'Joyes') with the *Percy Folio MS.*, which here reads:—

"But who knowes how agreed these lovers?  
She was fayre, and he was younge;  
Tongue may tell what eye discovers:  
Loves unseene are never sung.  
Did she consent, or he relent?  
Accepts he Night, or grants she Noon?  
Left he her Mayd, or not? she sayd,  
"Forgoe me now, come to me soone."

This original end of the song was spoilt by modifying, to admit the additional six stanzas as a sequel: none of them are in the *Percy Folio MS.*

London-born "Scotch" songs were written by D'Urfey and similar humorous dramatists; the tunes being composed to them by Tom Farmer and other popular musicians, who skilfully imitated the so-called "Northern" style of melody, common in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. The cool manner in which these ditties were "lifted" by some Caledonian freebooters, descendants of Border reivers who had 'conveyed' English beeves across Tweed and Cheviot aforetime, need surprise no one. William Chappell has done yeoman's service in retrieving the lost property, most of it bearing the London hall-mark. (Compare pp. 193 to 199.)

### Moggie's Jealousie.

"How short is the pleasure that follows the pain a poor Lover is forc'd to endure,  
The joys we long wait for we soon lose again, and relapse in the midst of the cure.  
"Ah, *Phyllis*! I wish you had still been unkind, since from you I so quickly  
must part;  
To think of a bliss I no longer can find is a grief that will break my sad heart."  
—*Song*, with music composed by John Reading, before 1691.

**B**EFORE giving the ballad founded on Aphra Behn's "City Heiress" song, beginning, "Ah, *Jenny*! gin your eyen do kill," we are glad to reprint another often-mentioned Anglo-Scotch song, entitled "*Moggie's Jealousy*; or, *Jockie's Vindication*." We have shown (in Vol. IV. p. 544, and Vol. V. p. 193) that the Duke of Monmouth had been impressed with this song, either in 1679 when he was in Scotland, or at latest early in 1685 when in Holland, thus he jotted down several of the stanzas, from memory. Compare the true text now given with the memoranda of Vol. IV. p. 544.

These memoranda are the more useful because they preserve, howsoever loosely, the words of "Wilt thou be wilful still, my Jo?" The alternative tune is so named, along with "You London Lads, be merry," which marks a ballad already given (in Vol. V. p. 24).

Among the numerous ballads appointed to be sung to the tune of "*Moggie's Jealousy*," we mention the following:—

- 1.—"As I went forth to view the Spring"—Last Lamentation of the Languishing Squire. (See page 228 of this group.)
- 2.—"As *Roger* and *Mary* were toying"—*Roger* and *Mary*.
- 3.—"My dearest, come hither to me"—Invincible Love.
- 4.—"My own dear *Nanny*, my fair one"—Jealous *Nanny*.
- 5.—"Now listen, and be not mistaken"—West-Country Wedding.
- 6.—"O *Cupid*! thou now art too cruel"—Shepherd's Complaint.
- 7.—"There was an a bonny young Lass"—Surpriz'd Shepherdess.
- 8.—"There was an Exciseman so fine."—The Crafty Miss.
- 9.—"Two Lovers by chance they did meet"—Love's Power.
- 10.—"When *Tommy* became first a Lover"—Faithful Shepherd.
- 11.—"You Lasses of London attend me"—A Mad Marriage.

Nos. 1, 4, 8, 9, 10, are in Roxb. Coll.; No. 10 on p. 174.

Having again mentioned the Duke of Monmouth, let us here note a fact that carries the tune named as *The Duke of Monmouth's Jigg* (compare p. 57) a few years farther back in date than 1678. In the second Part of *The Westminster-Drollery*, p. 107, is a song entitled "The Politick Girle," beginning, "My dearest *Katy*, prethee be but constant now;" and this is marked to be sung to the tune in question. We shall hereafter give "No more, silly *Cupid*, will I sigh and complain," to the same tune. The ditty is entitled the "Batchelor's Ballad." It is answered by another, beginning, "Who's here so ingenious, mis-spending his time?" Also given hereafter.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 358 ; Pepys, IV. 32 ; Douce, II. 158 verso.]

A

## New Song of Moggie's Jealousie :

Or,

### Jockie's Vindication.

*Moggy from Jockey she needs would depart,  
Though Jockey he lov'd his Moggy at heart;  
Jockey he wondred at Moggie's strange huff;  
But Moggy was jealous, and that was enough.*

TUNE OF, *You London Lads be Merry*; OR, *Woo't thou be wilfull  
still, my Joe?*



There was an a bonny young Lad  
Was keeping of bonny win Sheep;  
There was an a bonny young Lass  
Was a wading the waters so deep:  
Was a wading the waters so deep,  
And a little above her knee;  
And still she cry'd, "Bonny Lad,  
Wilt thou come and mow with me?"

[= few sheep.]



- "Where art thou ganging, my *Moggy*?  
And where art thou ganging, my *Dove*,  
And woo't thou go from thy poor *Jockey*,  
And so dearly that he does love?"
- "I'se ganging to fair *Edenborough*,  
To spir for a Lad that is true; [i.e. speir=ask.  
And if I return not to-morrow,  
Then, *JOCKEY*, *I'se bid thee adieu*." 16
- "How think'st thou that I can endure  
To part with thee all a long night?  
When I am not able, thou art sure  
To have thee once out of my sight."
- "'Tis a folly, my *Jockey*, to flatter,  
For I must gang where I did tell;  
Or offer to mince up the matter:  
So, *JOCKEY*, *I'se bid thee farewell*." 24
- "But shall I gang with thee, my fair one,  
And shall I gang with thee, my *Joe*?  
And shall it be welcome, my dear one,  
To gang with my *Moggy*, or no?"
- "We'll hand in hand trip to the house,  
That stands within ken of the Town;  
And there I will have a carrouse,  
And for ever take leave of my loon!" 32
- "But what have I done, my *Moggy*,  
That thou art so willing to part  
With poor unfortunate *Jockey*,  
And break his too loving heart?"
- "I'se warrant his heart for a plack.<sup>1</sup>  
Ye 'as mere a Mon then to rue,  
For a thing that ye cannot lack,  
And so, *JOCKEY*, *I'se bid thee adieu*!" 40
- "Then must we part, my *Jewel*,  
And I never see thee no mair?  
And can'st thou be so cruel  
To eyn that loves thee so dear?" [=to one.
- "An' have I not lov'd thee as muckle?  
And have I not shown it as true?  
But I scorn to another to truckle,  
So, *JOCKEY*, *I'se bid thee adieu*!" 48

<sup>1</sup> Insured at small risk. Twa bodles mak ae plack, ye ken, =  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a bawbee.

“ Now Heaven preserve my good woman !  
    'Ods Bread, she's jealous I trow !  
My *Moggy*, these tears are not common ;  
    Thy heart has had muckle to do :  
'Tis onely a love-sick mistake,  
    That ever can make me untrue ;  
But the Parson amends he shall make,  
    *If you never will bid me adieu.*” 56

“ How willingly I do believe thee,  
    And tye thee once more to my heart ;  
But if thou again does deceive me,  
    For ever, for ever we'l part :  
But I'se am in hopes that my *Jockey*  
    Will never more prove so untrue ;  
But ever be kind to his *Moggy*,  
    *Nor I'se never bid him adieu.*” 64

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*.

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts, all of which are given. The first is the oval portrait of Oliver Cromwell's wife (see reduction below) ; second is the top half of a Scotsman (p. 183, seen complete on p. 171) ; the third is a man cloaked, now given ; fourth, the woman on p. 171. Date of ballad, *as registered*, the 1st of June, 1684.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 150 ; Douce Collection, I. 77 verso.]

## The Faithful Shepherd ;

Or,

### The Loves of Tommy and Nanny.

TO A NEW SCOTCH TUNE ; or, *There was an a bonny young Lad*, &c. [p. 171].

WHEN *Tommy* became first a Lover,  
 His *Nanny* so fir'd ev'ry part,  
 That poor *Tommy's* eyes did discover  
 The Conquest she made of his heart.  
 "Ah ! *Nanny*," quoth he, "be not cruel,  
 reverse that ill fate of your mind !  
 Who[m] nature ordain'd for a jewel,  
*Should never be fair and unkind :*  
 Ah ! *Nanny*," quoth he, "[*be not cruel*,"] &c. 9

"Were all those plump smiling Graces,  
 That delicate supple white skin,  
 That seems to disoul in the Embraces, [qu. dissolve !  
 And would force a Senick to Sin : [=cynic.  
 Were these my dear *Nanny*, bestow'd thee  
 To keep a perverse peevish mind ;  
 Or to bless thy dear *Tommy* that loves thee,  
*Ah ! never be fair and unkind :*  
*Were these* [*my dear Nanny, bestow'd thee*,"] &c. 18

"The hopes of those Ivory Pillows,  
 To repose my poor head on at night,  
 Secures me from all Fortunes Billows,  
 Or ought that can Nature affright :  
 There's nothing but *Nanny* can please me,  
 To *Nanny* my soul is confin'd,  
 No, nothing but *Nanny* can ease me,  
*Then Nanny, dear Nanny, be kind ;*  
*There's nothing* [*but Nanny can please me*,"] &c. 27

"In *Nanny's* dear sight I have anguish,  
 Which Blushes proclaim in my face,  
 And out of her sight I do languish,  
 To think who possesses my place :  
 Ah ! *Nanny*, no more let me leave thee,  
 But both be together confin'd,  
 And of all my fears undeceive me,  
*and for ever for ever be kind :*  
 Ah ! *Nanny*, [*no more let me leave thee*,"] &c. 36

“ Ah! *Nanny*, you told me you lov'd me,  
 And bid me no more to complain,  
 And when I have sigh'd have reprov'd me,  
 And kist me, and vow'd it a Gaine ;  
 You told me that Fortune should never  
 Dispoyl what your Soul had design'd,  
 That you would be *Tommy's* for ever,  
*And for ever to Tommy be kind :*  
*You told [me that Fortune should never], &c.* 45

“ Remember, dear *Nanny*, you said it,  
 And call'd all the Gods to attest,  
 And blushing to think that you did it,  
 You laid your face close to my Breast :  
 Remember how dearly I blest ye,  
 And beg'd ne'r to alter your mind ;  
 Remember how often you kist me,  
*And vow'd you would alwayes be kind :*  
*Remember how [dearly I blest ye], &c.* 54

“ But now cruel *Nanny* has left me,  
 And owns me no more for her own,  
 And all my joys has bereft me,  
 And turn'd all my hopes to dispair :  
 That *Nanny* that once had so loving,  
 Obliedging, so gentle a mind,  
 That *Nanny* of all Creatures moving  
*Is now perjur'd, false, and unkind :*  
*That Nanny, [who once was so loving], &c.* 63

“ What tho' my dear *Nanny* be cruel,  
 And nothing her fancy can move,  
 Yet *Nanny* must still be my jewel,  
 And all that my Soul can love.  
 Perhaps 'tis no alter of Nature,  
 But only for Reasons Confin'd,  
 So lovely, so pritty a Creature,  
*Can never prove false and unkind.* 72

*Finis.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, given on p. 28. Date, soon after June, 1684.  
 Publisher's name cut off. The Douce copy was printed for Jonah Deacon.]



## The Loves of Jockey and Jenny.

- Wilding.*—"I love you extremely, and wou'd teach you to love."  
*Charlot.*—"Ah, weel a day!" (*Sighs and smiles.*)  
*Wilding.*—"A thing I know you do not understand."  
*Charlot.*—"Gued faith! and ye 're i' th' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often hear ye gay men talk of."  
*Wilding.*—"Yes, and no doubt have been told those pretty Eyes inspired it?"  
*Charlot.*—"Gued 'deed! and so I have. Ye men make fu' mickle ado about one's Eyes. Wae's me! I'se e'en tired with sic like compliments."  
*Wilding.*—"Ah! If you give us wounds, we must complain."  
*Charlot.*—"Ye may e'en keep out o' harms' way then!"  
*Wilding.*—"Oh, we cannot; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not."  
*Charlot.*—"Marry! and I'se have a Song to that tune, Sir."  
*Wilding.*—"Dear Creature, let me beg it."  
*Charlot.*—"Gued faith! ye shall not, Sir: I's sing without entreaty."  
(*She sings:* "Ah, Jenny! gen your eyes do kill,  
You'll let me tell my pain," etc.)

—Aphra Behn's *City Heiress*, Act iii. 1682.

THE original two verses of the play-house song, "Ah, Jenny, gin your eyen do kill," after the introduction which now forms our motto, were sung by Mrs. Butler, in the character of Charlot the City Heiress, in Aphra Behn's comedy of that name, 1682. Charlot is at the time masquerading as a simple Scotch Lass, to try the faith and affection of her lover Tom Wilding, the discarded Tory nephew of Whigmaleerie Sir Timothy Treat-all, "an old seditious Knight, that keeps open-house for Commonwealthsmen and true-blue Protestants"—a highly objectionable character, detested by all loyal Cavaliers and Courtiers in 1682. Tom Betterton played the nephew, Tom Nokes was the uncle, John Bowman and John Lee (actors often mentioned in our previous volumes) took two other parts, Dresswell and Sir Anthony Merrywill, "an old Tory Knight of Devonshire," in the same lively comedy. Despite some un-Greenlandish warmth and improprieties of free speech, with incidents as risky as a Palais-Royal Vaudeville, let us do her the justice to admit that Mistress Aphra Behn's comedies possess the high merit of keeping the audience amused: thus their sparkling dialogue, melodious verses, and incessant "stage business" gave opportunity for such actors as are named above, with Mrs. Barry, Dryden's friend Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Butler, and other ladies, to charm beholders.

The play-house song was printed with the music, composer's name not given, in the Fifth Book of John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, p. 25, 1684. This Fifth Book had been delayed in publication three months, he tells "all Lovers and Understanders of Musick," because "the late dreadful Frost put an Embargo upon

the Press for more than ten weeks," and we fully sympathize with the compositors and pressmen, since only a few found employment with George Croom, printing ballads and cards on the ice during "Frost Fair on the Thames," in February, 1683, as we have tried to show in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. v. pp. 457 to 469.

Speedily popular became the Aphra Behn song of "Ah! Jenny, gin your ey'n do kill" (it is less her handiwork than that of her friend Tom D'Urfey, who considered himself *facile princeps* in the writing of Anglo-Scotch ditties). To be amplified as two broadside-ballads, chanted and hawked in the streets, was the next advance. In the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1699, p. 280, and 1719, iii. 262, the music and two original verses are given. Of course, the word "gen" or "gin" is *Scoticé* for "If." Of *variæ lectiones* we may note, "My gloomy showering eyne," but it is "faded" in Playford and the broadside. "And on the Banks of shaded Brooks I pass my wearied time; I call the streams that glideth on," etc. *Brooksby's* and *Deacon's* *DISTINCT amplifications*, having only the original opening verses in common, are here reprinted complete, on pp. 178 and 181.

The tune of *Ah! Jenny gin* is often cited for ballads, in close union with *The Fair One let me in*, and *When busy Fame*; with *Young Phaon*; also *As I walk'd forth to take the air*. Among the many ballads thus distinguished we name the following:—

- 1.—"A merry milkmaid on a time"—Milkmaid's Morning Song.
- 2.—"Ah! woe is me!" etc.—*Jenny's* Lamentation (p. 184).
- 3.—"All you that do in love delight"—Life of Love (p. 191).
- 4.—"As I walk'd forth to take,"—Despairing Maiden Revived.
- 5.—"As I walk'd forth to take the air."—New-blos'm'd Marigold.
- 6.—"Give ear awhile unto my song"—Subtle Damosel's Advice.
- 7.—"How long, *Elisa*, shall I mourn?"—Good Luck at Last.
- 8.—"*Lucina*, sitting in her bower"—Fair *Lucina* Conq. (p. 189).
- 9.—"My Love is on the brackish sea"—Seaman's Sorrowful Bride.
- 10.—"None can endure the flames"—Seamen's Lamentation.
- 11.—"The night her blackest sable wore"—Kind Lady (p. 195).
- 12.—"There is a Lad in our town"—Love-sick Maid, etc. (p. 186).
- 13.—"Till from *Leghorn* I do return"—Loyal Constancy.
- 14.—"We that do lead a country life"—Merry Plowman and Milkmaid.
- 15.—"When *Cupid's* fierce and powerful dart"—False Man's Cruelty.
- 16.—"You that enjoy your heart's delight"—Love-sick Maid of *Wapping*.
- 17.—"Young Gallants all and Ladies fair"—Virgin's Tragedy.





[Roxb. Coll., II. 304 ; Pepys, IV. 110 ; Jersey, II. 122 ; Euing, 173 ; Huth, II. 2.]

# The Loves of Jockey and Jenny :

Or,

## The Scotch Wedding.

A MOST PLEASANT NEW SONG. [TO ITS OWN PLAY-HOUSE TUNE.]



E.

[Jockey sings.]

“ **A** H ! Jenny, gin, your Eyn do kill,  
 You'll let me tell my pain ;  
 Guid Faith ! I'se lov'd against my will,  
 But wou'd not break my Chain :  
 I eance was call'd a bonny Lad,  
 Till that fair face of yours  
 Betray'd the freedom once I had,  
 And all my blither hours.

[ = I once.

8

And now, wey's me ! like Winter looks,  
 My faded showring ey'n ;  
 And on the banks of shaddowing Brooks  
 I pass the tedious time :  
 I'se call the streams that glide soft on  
 To witness if they see,  
 On au' the banks they glide along,  
 So true a swain as me.

16

[Here ends the original Song.]

*Jockey [continues].*

“ Wey’s me, can *Jenny* doubt my Love,  
When au’ the Lasses see  
That I done slight each mickle Dove,  
And languish but for thee ?  
I’s have five Acres of good Lond,  
Both Sheep and muckle Kine ;  
And au’ for *Jenny* to command :  
Sweet *Jenny*, then be mine.”

24

*Jenny.*

“ Wey’s me, when *Jockey* kens my store,  
He’s will repent his pain ;  
And au’ his mickle suit give o’re,  
Poor *Jenny* he’ll disdain.”

*Jockey.*

“ Now by this blasted Oak I swear,  
I’s cannot chuse but moan :  
Does *Jenny* think I’s love for Geer,  
Ne[y,] ’tis her self alone.

32

“ I’s have a pail to milk the Ews,  
Two Dishes and four Spoon ;  
Besides Cheese-Fats, the Curds to scrue,  
A Pot and two new Shoon :  
A Ladle, Spit, and Dripping-Pan,  
Two Stools, and one Straw-Bed ;  
On which poor *Jockey* wad full fain  
Get *Jenny*’s Maiden-head.”

40

*Jenny.*

“ Nay, if mine *Jockey* be so stor’d,  
We’s ne[ed] no more to buy ;  
Geud faith ! I’s have a muckle hoard  
That will the rest supply :  
I’s have two Cheeses made of whey,  
A Pudding Tub, and Pan ;  
To fry Tripe on the Wadding-day,  
If *Jockey* be the Man.”

48

[*Jockey.*]

“ Geud faith ! since *Jenny*’s pleas’d to bless  
Her Love-sick humble Swain ;  
I’s by this shade do now profess  
I’s constant will remain :  
Yea, by th’ agreement now I’s swear,  
I’s auways loving prove :  
So that each Lass shall envy her,  
To see how well I’s love.

56

[*Jenny.*]

“ If *Jockey*’s Riches will not do,  
Thy *Jenny* will not fail,  
To take her Kettle and go Brew  
A cragg of Nappy Ale.

“ A strike of Mault with pain and care,  
 Well Houswiv'd may do well ;  
 'Tis stock enough for we poor Folk,  
 That Brew good Ale to sell. 64

“ Then let us gang to muckle *John*,  
 That he may tye the knot ;  
 That I your joys may hasten on,  
 Sin' 'tis kind *Jockey's* lot.”

[*Jockey.*]

“ With au his heart *Jockey* will gang,  
 And happy shall he be :  
 To hugg his *Jenny* au night long,  
 In mickle mirth and glee. 72

“ Then good Sir *Donkin*, by your leave, [*Vide infra.*]  
 A Wadding we mun have ;  
 Dost see the Skippets and Belloons,  
 With Lads and Lasses brave ?  
 I'se *Jockey* take thee *Jenny* true,  
 To be my wadded Wife ;  
 Forsake my Loons and Lubber-Loons,  
 To please thee all my life.” 80

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts in Roxb. Coll., II. 304 : of these we give two on p. 178 ; the third and fifth are small “*Alma Mater Cantabrigia*” emblems, given on p. 288 ; the fourth is a circular picture of Robin-Hood (see p. 229). The woodcuts on p. 178 represent earlier lovers than *Jockey* and *Jenny* : perhaps Ann Hathaway of *Shottery* courted by her own “sweet Will,” our “gentle Willie” Shakespeare ?]

\* \* \* “*Sir Donkin*” is addressed to the “*Mess John*,” or Minister, who has been already mentioned as “*Muckle John*.” Although the words are lost, there had been formerly a favourite tune “*Donkin Dargason*.” In this final verse there is a clear invitation for a second part to follow, and the noble courage of the ballad-writers could be depended on to take up the gage. (Compare *Note* on p. 183.) *Donkin* may have been a corruption of *Dominican*, used for any black-and-white-garbed officiating priest at marriages.

‘*Skippets*’ were straw-baskets. ‘*Belloons*’ or balloons were toy balls, for games.



### **Jockey's Lamentation turned to Joy.**

AS already mentioned, on p. 177, the broadside of “*Ah, Jenny ! gin*,” published by *Jonah Deacon*, is entirely different from *Philip Brooksby's* version (except in the two stanzas of the original song). We therefore add it on next page, from the apparently-unique exemplar in *B. H. Bright's Supplementary Volume*. Allured by counter-temptations of fine language and sentiment, *Deacon's* rhymester cannot steer clear of the sunken rocks and shivering-sands or *Kelpie's-Flow* of Anglo-Scotch dialect, in his ensuing “*Jockey's Lamentation*.”

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 18.]

**Jockey's Lamentation turn'd to Joy ;**

Or,

**Jenny yields at Last.**

Being a most delightful New Song, greatly in request both in  
Court and City.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAYHOUSE TUNE.



“ **A** H ! *Jenny* gin your eyn do kill, you'l let me tell my pain,  
Geud faith ! I'se lov'd against my will, but wou'd not break  
my Chain :

I eance was call'd a bonny Lad, till that fair face of yours,  
Betray'd the freedom once I had, and all my blither hours. 4

“ And now, wey's me ! like Winter looks my faded shadding eyn ;  
And on the banks of shadding Brooks, I pass the tedious time :  
I'se call the streams, that glide soft on, to witness if they see  
On all the banks they glide along so true a Swain as me. [Orig. end.]

“ No, none could e're so faithful prove, no love could mine exceed ;  
Yet in this Maze I'se still must move, where hopes are all my feed :  
Then *Jenny*, turn thy eyes on me, O turn thy blushing face !  
Let *Jockey* now some comfort spee, or else he dees apace. 12

" My flocks they all neglected are, and stray in yonder Grove ;  
 Whilst here I'se court my pritty fair, and fain would have her love :  
 Then prethee, *Jenny*, be not coy ! for a more constant Swain  
 Never did bonny Lass enjoy, upon this flowery Plain." 16

*Jenny.*

" Alas ! kind *Jockey*, I'se can grieve to hear you sigh and moan,  
 But wey's me ! I'se can ne'r believe you with such passion burn :  
 Swains now of late have got the knack, poor Damosels to betray,  
 But when they once have what they lack, ah ! then they's gang away.

" I'se cannot think, kind *Jockey*, you, who every Lass can court,  
 To any one can e're be true, should she once yield her Fort :  
 Forshou'd I'se now believe your tongue, and you shou'd break your troth  
 Wey's me ! then *Jenny* is undone, and looseth all she 'n hath." 24

*Jockey.*

" Ah ! my dear *Jenny*, think not I, my love so shallow build,  
 For if I'se have you not I'se dye, I'se swear by this gay field :  
 I'se languish often on these banks, to streams oft tell my moan ;  
 Witness, ye Swans, whose silver ranks in grief have seen me drown."

*Jenny.*

Alas ! could I but think you true, I'se willingly could love ;  
 Yet swear once by your Bonnet blew, you ever kind will prove :  
 And I'se consider on't a while, for, ah me ! love is blind,  
 And if you *Jenny* won't beguile, geud faith ! I'se may be kind." 32

*Jockey.*

" I by my Bonnet swear, and all that ever I'se hold dear,  
 Nay, I'se the woods and flocks do call to witness too, my dear :  
 O joyful me ! come let us gang, I'se can no longer stay,  
 My joys to mighty height are sprang, since *Jenny* says not nay."

*Jenny.*

" Come, take my hand, but I'se do fear, your love in time will waste,  
 And then, wey's me ! sad grief and care to death will *Jenny* haste."

*Jockey.*

" Fear not, my Love, my joy, my Bride, but let us hence away,  
 And you shall find by Virgin's side a blither lad ne'r lay." 40

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Angel*, in *Guiltspur-street*,  
 without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. Two given on p. 181 ; two on next page.  
 Date, probably, 1683 or 1684.]

The half-length woman, with exposed breasts (from J. Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis*, 1653, p. 311), here modified, represents Jenny.

Many of the blocks from this curious old book, representing monstrosities and peculiar customs of savage tribes, fell into the hands of ballad-publishers, and were introduced on broadsides with total disregard of appropriateness. One of these woodcuts will be found in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 442; another in our vol. iv. p. 14, left; also the square-hatted man on p. 488 of the same volume: others will follow soon. The man holding a glove, on p. 195, was copied from the same book, viz. Dr. J. Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis: Man Transformed; or, The Artificial Changeling, Historically Presented*: In the mad and cruel Gallantry, foolish Bravery, ridiculous Beauty, filthy Fineness, and loathsome Loveliness of most Nations, fashioning and altering their bodies from the mould intended by Nature: with [woodcut] figures of those Transformations. To which artificial and affected Deformations are added all the Native and National Monstrosities that have appeared to disfigure the Humane Fabrick." The learned and eccentric M.D.'s book in Mus. Brit. bears Thomason's date of purchase, 14th June, 1653. The Lowland Whig (shown below) carries gloves; in order to satisfy hesitating Southrons and Jenny, who refuse to join hands with him, in matrimony or friendship, owing to certain prejudices against cutaneous disorders identified with the Cremona of Ossian (or Caledonian violin): *toujours fidèle*, if all tales be true. With his cudgel or quarter-staff he affords a Shakespearian illustration: "I will not fight with a Pole, like a Northern-man?" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.)

\* \* There was a ballad-broadside, entitled a "Second Part of the Scotch Wedding," published (Roxb. Coll., III. 116), beginning, "As Jenny Crack and I together ligg'd in bed." But it is to a different tune (belonging to D'Urfey's "In January last"), and may be the sequel of *Jenny Crack*, "I told young Jenny." We add another Lamentation, or Scotch "Jenny" ballad (Roxburghe Collection, II. 224, and IV. 17). It is sometimes printed "A weel's me!" and "A woe's me!" (3rd copy), but we venture to give it as "Ah, woe's me! poor harmless Maid!" It is marked to the same tune of "*Ah! Jenny, gin.*" The other tune, composed by Tom Farmer, "When busy Fame o'er all the plain," was mentioned in vol. v. p. 422, 690, 692; and the ballad to which it belonged appeared in vol. iii. p. 568. "When Busy Fame" is distinct from "When Flying Fame"—the words of which we have not recovered: they were of earlier date. But we have reprinted the original song of "When busy Fame" on p. 102.





[Roxburghe Collection, II. 224 ; IV. 17 ; Huth, I. 139.]

## Jenny's Lamentation for the loss of her Jemmy.

She wander'd up and down for Love, till she was weary grown,  
Then sate down in a shady grove, and thus she made her moan.

TUNE OF, [*Ah!*] *Jenny, Gin* ; or, [*When*] *Busie Fame*.



[See Note, p. 185.]

**A**H, Woe's me! poor harmless maid! my hopes are quite undone,  
For *Jemmy* he is from me fled, who onst I thought my own :  
Alas! he's gone for evermore from her who lov'd him well,  
Who will his memory adore, whilst upon Earth I dwell.

"Ah! cruel Swain, that thou shou'd prove so perjur'd to thy Love,  
To make her wander in this grove, like to the Turtle Dove,  
Who, losing of her mate, does pine, and moane it self to death ;  
So shall I murmur to the wind as long as I have breath. 8

"Could thou so faithless prove to one that gave to thee her heart?  
Remember but the oathes thou'st sworn, that we shou'd never part :  
You kist my hand, and squeez'd it hard, and swore and vow'd [if] I  
Should ever you of love debar, immediately you['d] dye.

"But *Jemmy*, when you hear I'm gone, and that for you I dy'd,  
Your conquest then will soon be done, when once your charms are try'd :  
I'll pray to *Cupid*, tho' he's blind, that he will shoot his dart,  
And make thee love one that's unkind, and so to break thy heart.

"I wish the times I saw thee first had been my Burial day,  
Then I had ne'r had cause to [ha'] curst, nor any one to say :  
'Ah! *Jenny*, thou that onst was thought the glory of the Plain,  
Was by a faithless Shepherd caught, and by his falshood slain.'

"But farewell, cruel perjur'd Swain, for evermore adieu !  
Unto the gods I will complain how faithless and untrue,  
How much like them that he was made, in every part divine ;  
Yet has his Shepherdess betray'd, and does his vows decline. 24

"Be witness, Gods, I had no fault, except I lov'd too well ;  
My heart ne'r thought of a revoult, and that my eyes can tell :  
Let all young maids by me be warn'd, and keep intire their Love,  
For fear when onst their hearts are charm'd, they wander in this Grove."

She had no sooner said this word, but down the Damzel fell,  
And said, "Good-by, my dearest Lord, in whom all beauties dwell :"  
Then fetching of a dreadful groan, unto the winds she spoke,  
"Bear these my last words to my Love," and then her heart-strings  
broke. 32

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *West Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Date, in or after 1682. Five woodcuts : the four here given, and another (man with gloves) on p. 195. The small head certainly appeared in one of John Taylor's books : viz. as King Cuthred, B.C. 740, in *A Memorall of all the English Monarchs, from Brute to King Charles*, in the 1630 folio edition of *Taylor's Works*, p. 284. 'Jenny' on our p. 184 is doubly left-handed ! Of course we follow the original : probably a Daphne, or Flora. The two portraits below had belonged to some Civil-War tract, *temp. Caroli I.*]



[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 54. Probably unique.]

## The Love-sick Maid of Portsmouth.

See how by Heaven's great Providence these Lovers did Unite,  
For she lov'd him, and he lov'd her, and did themselves delight.  
At first he seem'd [*Bess*] to deny, at last he seem'd to bow,  
And gratified her faithful Love by keeping true Love's Vow.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Ah !*] *Jenny, Gin.* Ent' red according to Order.



There is a lad in our Town, a proper handsome Youth,  
He is a Carpenter by trade, I tell you but the truth.  
There is a lass in our Town, to him a wooing came,  
Give ear and listen unto me, and I'll declare her name.

She is a proper handsome lass, compleat in every part,  
She told this young-man such fair Tales she thought to win his heart.  
She came to him both night and day, as plainly doth appear:  
His name is *Richard*, and she said she loved him most dear.

Her name is pretty kissing *Bess*, a comely lass but brown,  
She is as kind a loving lass as lives in *Portsmouth* Town:  
But I have heard it often said, of all the neighbours by,  
Although she followed him so close, still he did her deny. 12

*Maid.*

"[*Ah !* why do you hard hearted prove, and never grant me rest ?]  
Give me one word of comfort now, to ease my troubled breast !  
Alas ! alas ! 'tis you alone, that can my help procure ;  
'Tis you, your selfe, that made the wound, and none but you can cure.

"Alas! my dearest love," she said, "You do not know my smart,  
That I endure, for your dear sake, ah me! 'twill break my heart:  
'Tis for your sake, good Sir, indeed, that I these pains indure;  
Unless you help me in my need, I can't expect a cure."

Man.

"The thing it is so great," he said, "that you of me do crave,  
Then take this for an answer flat, my heart you cannot have:  
A Carpenter's heart it is too small your lofty breasts to fill,  
You said you'll have forty for a groat, in that you did doe ill. 24

"No more of comfort can I give, [I still too near you keep;]  
Goods farthest fetcht and dearest bought, may lull your sence to sleep;  
But since you made so slight of me, I'll be as slight to you;  
Such scornful and Pragmatick Dames perchance your selves undoe.

"Sweet heart, you know it cannot be, alas! I am too young,  
And to a Marriage state I know not what thereto belongs;  
You say a Caulcer needs must be a favourite in thy breast, [caulker.  
But as I am I'll still be free, my mind is still exprest."

Maid.

"Indeed, good Sir, it is not so, a Caulcer I defie, [i.e. a stop-gap.  
And you will quickly break my heart, if you do me deny:  
Therefore come help me in distress, so strong is my desire,  
That I do burn in fiery flames, and feel Love's scorching fire. 36

"Alas! good Sir, now will I stay this seven years for your sake,  
And if you prove but kind to me, my vows I ne'r will break.  
Let gentle *Cupid* bend his bow, and with his nimble dart,  
So penetrate that you may know the pains of Lover's smart."

Man.

"Oh! never more expect from me a kind glance from my eye,  
I hate blind *Cupid's* cruelty, and must your suit deny;  
But what of me you seem to crave [you never yet shall see;]  
For till I'me layed in my grave, my fancy shall be free."

This Damsel then did trembling stand, to hear this young man speak.  
"Alas!" said she, "what shall I do, with love my heart will break."  
And therewithal she wrung her hands, her colour came and went;  
By which you well may undestand what true Love's passion meant.

Her Cherry lips that were so red did wax both wan and pale,  
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd, her vitals they did fail:  
And falling deep into a trance, for half an hour's space,  
This Young-man with an aching heart beheld her lovesick face.

He seeing of this sudden change, his heart began to melt,  
Full soon the heavy wounding smart, of *Cupid's* Arrows felt:  
This pain he could not more endure, but went to her in haste;  
And kindly in his loving arms this Damsel he embrac'd,

"My dear," said he, "content thyself, to end all further strife,  
As soon as e're my time is out, thou shalt be made my wife:"  
Thus you may see when Providence a marriage doth decree,  
That they shall meet in spite of fate, and cannot hindred bee. 60

Finis.

Printed for *J. Blare*, on *London Bridge*.

[In Black-letter, with five woodcuts. Three are given *seriatim* on p. 186; the other two on p. 22. We supply conjecturally, within square brackets, several lost lines. '*Genny Gin*' (*sic*) named as Tune. Date, probably 1682 or 1683.]

\* \* \* The first two lines of the fourth stanza and of the seventh are cut away in the original, and can only be supplied by guess, no other copy being known to us than the one in Roxb. Collection: mutilated in several places by the shears of Atropos, or of a still more objectionable being, the Book-binder. May a cairn be his burial-place! and a Suffragan preach his funeral sermon (he deserves it). Richard, the hero of the ballad, was an Apprentice, but his time must be out by this date, and Bess is his wife. Cf. Parish Marriage-Registers everywhere.



## Fair Lucina Conquered by Cupid.

"Sweet *Lucina*, lend me thy aid! Thou art my helper and no other;  
Pity the state," etcetera.

—*Roxburghe Ballad*: Robt. Guy's "*Witty Western Lasse*."

ONE more Roxburghe Ballad to the tune of *Ah! Jenny, gin your eyen do kill*, is given at this place (another will come in the "Group of Naval Ballads"). It has an alternative tune named, *viz.* Tom Farmer's music to Tom D'Urfey's song, "She rose and let me in." The ballad version follows speedily, on p. 195, under title of "The Kind Lady; or, The Loves of Stella and Adonis." In our ballad the heroine's name of *Lucina* is awkwardly suggestive; not that we wish to insinuate anything calumnious: quite the contrary; for we hope that it may be a propitious omen, although as a candid friend we acknowledge that we do not expect it to be so. Of course it is no business of ours, and belongs to a different parish. Nevertheless, the Countess of Castlemaine would say . . . but we spare you.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 156 ; Pepys, III. 229 ; Jersey, II. 10 ; Huth, I. 97.]

## Fair Lucina conquered by prevailing Cupid.

She that triumphed in disdain, at last was forc'd to yield,  
And of her self she thus complain'd when Cupid wonn the Field,  
" Though at the first I was unkind, yet now I'le loving be,  
And that my *Coridon* shall find if he'l return to me."  
When *Coridon* did hear these words, he did most joyfully  
Embrace his kind and dearest Love ; and they did both agree.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Jenny Gin* ; or, *The fair one let me in* [p. 195].



**L**UCINA, sitting in her Bower, was wounded with a dart,  
Ascending from the secret power which smote her to the heart :  
Immediately she thus did cry, " Who can my comforts spill ?  
Who can compell me for to love contrary to my will ? "

Quoth *Cupid*, " I will humble thee, and will subdue thy pride ;  
I'le make thee now submit to me, it shall not be deny'd :  
I'le send such Arrows to thy heart, proceeding from my bow,  
Shall make thee feelee love's fatal smart, whether thou wilt or no."

Quoth she, " I did design to live a Maiden untill Death,  
But now thou hast so wounded me, alas ! I pant for breath !  
'Thou pretty Nymph, be not unkind, to cast love quite away,  
I will be loyal thou shalt find unto my dying day.'

" Sweet *Coridon*'s deluding tongue hath so insnar'd my mind,  
That in Love's fiery flames I burn, and can no comfort find :  
I slighted him who was my Love, and held him in disdain,  
But now my ruine it doth prove, in vain I may complain. 16

" What sweet expressions did he use my favour to obtain,  
But I his kindness did abuse by foule and gross disdain ;  
For now I languish here in grief, and can no comfort see,  
Kind Death, afford me some relief, make haste and set me free !



"O proud ambition! why did I his kindness thus reject,  
 Who loved me so tenderly, and show'd me such respect?  
 A Princely presence, grac'd with Fame, which did adorn him so,  
 Which renders me indeed to blame for often saying no." 24

These words had scarcely pierc'd the air, e're her sweet *Coridon*  
 Did to his dearest Love repair, whose heart with Love was won.  
 All sorrow seem'd to vanish quite, each Lover had their bliss;  
 They both enjoy'd their Hearts' delight, and seal'd it with a kiss.

The pretty Birds with pleasant notes most sweetly they did sing,  
 With melody from their sweet throats, which made the Groves to ring:  
 Thus they proclaim'd their mutuall joy, when Lovers did agree;  
 Nothing seemed to annoy that gracious Harmony. 32

[Publisher's name cut off, also odd lines and end-words. Pepysian copy was printed for J. Conyers. Black-letter, with two woodcuts, the first of which will be given hereafter (belonging also to "The Dying Lover's Complaint" = "I am quite undone, my cruel one"); the other cut is a *reversal* of one on p. 159. We interpolate a substitute cut on p. 189. Date of ballad, in or soon after 1683. Faint traces of "Duck-Lane" seem to be discernible: we suppose the lost colophon to have been "Printed for *Josh. Coniers* at the *Black Raven* in *Duck-Lane*," as it is in *Bibliotheca Lindesiana*, VIII. 1 (formerly *Jersey*, II. 10.) Pepys copy has four cuts, and is marked "To the Tune of, *Jenny Gin*, or *Russel's Farewel*. This may be printed, *R. L. S.*" (i.e. *Roger L'Estrange*.) Thus it was of date between June, 1683 (Russell's death), and September, 1685.]



## The Life of Love.

*Romanello*.—"Doubts easily resolved: upon your virtues  
 The whole foundation of my peace is grounded."

—John Forde's *Fancies, Chaste and Noble*, 1638.

THERE appears to have been a run of popularity on ballads which, like this one entitled "The Life of Love," represented a Damsel complaining of her faithless Swain, or else a Swain denouncing the cruelty of his obdurate Damsel; in either case the misrepresented Lover overhears the complaint, then comes forward in self-vindication, and finally the story ends happily with a peal of wedding-bells. Hard-hearted must be the reader who begrudges to the young people such fulfilment of their hopes. Our recent literature is replete with disappointments, and we seldom find the end of a story so satisfactory nowadays as had been *Tom Jones* and other delightful romances of earlier time: "Then they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards." So mote it be!

[Roxb. Coll., II. 270 ; Jersey, I. 108 ; Pepys, III. 126 ; Euing, 180.]

## The Life of Love.

Let he or she, from chains are free, prize high their Liberty.  
Love's a Disease, that seems to please, yet breeds Captivity.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Fair one let me in* [see p. 195] ; Or,  
[*When*] *Busie Fame*. [pp. 102, 183.]

This may be Printed. R[ichard] P[ocock].



“ **A**ll you that do in Love delight, now mind what I relate ;  
And give your judgement now aright, of this my cruel Fate :  
I loved one most tenderly, that lov'd not me again :  
Though I for him could freely dye, *he pays me with disdain.*

“ And yet upon him I must dote, O what a Fool am I !  
Though yet I love him well, I know't, 'tis meer Simplicity,  
To mourn for him who laughs at me, i' th' midst of all my pain ;  
When he should be most kind to me, *he doth me most disdain.* 8

“ Hard hap I had in this my Choice to meet one so unkind ;  
Whilst others sweetly do rejoyce, no comfort I can find :  
But sighing waste my self away, and linger in my Chain ;  
I pine for him both night and day, *that doth me still disdain.*

“ This is Unjustice to the heighth, that Reason contradicts ;  
Both night and day for him to sigh, that my poor heart afflicts :  
Oh ! I had rather chuse to dye, than in this state remain ;  
'Tis worse than Death assuredly, *to meet with such disdain.* 16

“ Well, since I must this grief endure, I'le now resign my breath ;  
For being past all hopes of Cure, I covet for my Death :  
For I shall never quiet be, while I do here remain ;  
Come Death and strike immediately, *then farewell his disdain.*”

Then down her cheeks the tears did run, and oft she wisht in vain  
 For that which could not well be won, which much encreas'd her pain.  
 'Come Death,' quoth she, 'and pierce my heart, let me no more complain;  
 I long to feel thy killing dart, *since he doth me disdain.*' 24

*The Young Man's Loving Answer.*

"My dear, you're too too much unkind, against me thus to speak;  
 For thou shalt see I will prove kind, thy heart it shall not break:  
 For every tear that thou hast spent, I bottle up in store;  
 Believe me, Love, 'tis my intent *that thou should'st grieve no more.*

"No, no, forbear to mourn for me, who loves thee tenderly.  
 I will be faithful unto thee, and constant till I dye;  
 Thou art an Angel unto me, 'tis thee I do adore;  
 In thee alone I do delight, *then grieve for me no more.*" 32

"It pierc'd me through my tender heart to hear thee thus complain;  
 It is not in the power of Art to make me thee disdain:  
 My Love is spotless, I protest, none e're lov'd so before;  
 My dear, I do not speak in jest, *then grieve for me no more.*

"Let this my Love a pattern be, to all both young and old,  
 Who say, they love unfeignedly; but yet I dare be bold  
 To say, that many do deceive: for scarce one in a Score,  
 That say they love, you may believe, *but mind such Blades no more."*

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: the third is on p. 191; the second is the man on p. 59 n.; the first, seemingly a pious Mother, is here. Date, 1685-1688.]





## The Chaucer Society.

To do honour to CHAUCER, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted Manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society is founded. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need reconsideration. The founder's proposal is to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Royal 4to.) six of the best unprinted Manuscripts known. Inasmuch also as the parallel arrangement will necessitate the alteration of the places of certain tales in some of the MSS., a print of each MS. will be issued separately, and will follow the order of its original. The first 6 MSS. already printed are

1. The Ellesmere (by leave of the Earl of Ellesmere). 2. The Lansdowne (Brit. Mus.). 3. The Hengwrt (by leave of W. W. R. Wynne, Esq.). 4. The Corpus, Oxford. 5. The Cambridge Univ. Libr. MS. Gg. 4. 27. 6. The Petworth (by leave of Lord Leconfield).

To secure the fidelity and uniform treatment of the texts, Mr. F. J. Furnivall will read all with their MSS. The Society's publications are issued in Two Series,—the *First*, containing Texts of Chaucer's works; the *Second*, containing illustrations of them, as Originals and Analogues of his Tales, Essays on his Words and Works, supplementary *Canterbury Tales* written by his successors, etc. Between 1868, when the Society was founded, and 1884, the Society has issued in its *Original Series* the whole of the *Canterbury Tales* in the parallel column *Six-Text* edition, and also, in separate prints of each of the six MSS., with nearly contemporary drawings; also all *Chaucer's Minor Poems*, and his *Troilus*, in the *Parallel-Text* edition, with *Supplementary Parallel Texts*, *Old Texts*, and a *One-Text Print of the Minor Poems*; Chaucer's prose Treatise on the *Astrolabe*, address to his son Lowys in 1391 A.D.; Part I of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's line-by-line Comparison of Chaucer's *Troilus* with Boccaccio's *Pedroto*; Mr. Henry Cromie's *Rym-Index to the Ellesmere MS. of the Canterbury Tales*; and 29 Autotypes of the chief Chaucer MSS.

In its *Second Series* the Society has issued Part I of a Temporary Preface to its *Six-Text*, showing the right order of the *Canterbury Tales*, and the Days and Stages of the Pilgrimage; Part I of *Trial-Forewords* to the Minor Poems, arranging Chaucer's Works in their right order of time, and showing his long early hopeless love; *Essays on Chaucer*, Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; *Originals and Analogues* of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Parts 1, 2, 3;—Part 1, Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consilii et Consolationis*, A.D. 1246 (the Latin source of the French original of Chaucer's *Mede*);—the first four parts of Mr. Alexander J. Ellis's most important work on *Early English Pronunciation*, with special reference to *Shakespeare and Chaucer*; *Life Records of Chaucer*, Part 1, the Robberies of him on Sept. 3, 1390; ed. Walford D. Selby, Esq., Public Record Office; Part 2, Chaucer as Valet and Squire to Edw. III., with an enlarged autotype of him; Mr. Furnivall's re-edition of Thynne's *Animadversiones* (1599) on Speght's Chaucer, 1598, with the only known Fragment of *The Pilgrim's Tale*; and *The Tale of Beryn*.

Messrs. Trübner & Co., of 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., are the Society's publishers, Messrs. R. Clay & Sons its printers, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., its bankers. The yearly subscription is two guineas, due every Jan. 1st.

Prof. Child, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the Society's Hon. Sec. for America. Members' names and subscriptions received by the Publishers, or the Hon. Sec., W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.

## The Early English Text Society.

*Publishers*: TRÜBNER & CO., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

*Hon. Sec.*: W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.

*Bankers*: THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, Princes Street, E.C.

THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY was started in 1864, for the purpose of bringing the mass of Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England has long rested of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early life and language.

A large proportion of our early literature is still unprinted, and much that has been printed by exclusive clubs is almost as inaccessible as that which remains in MS. The E. E. T. Soc. desires to print in its *Original Series* the whole of our unprinted MS. literature; in its *Extra Series* to reprint in careful editions all that is most valuable of printed MSS. and early printed books. The Society was issued by its subscribers 122 Texts, most of them of great interest; so much so indeed that the publications of the first three years having been for some time out of print, a special fund had to be opened for reprinting them. The texts of 1864-5 are all reprinted, and four of those of 1866; the rest will be reprinted in due course.

The subscription is £1 1s. a year (and £1 1s. (Large Paper, £2 12s. 6d.) additional for the *EXTRA SERIES*, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, Princes Street, E.C., or by Cheque or Money Order (made payable at the Chief Office, London) to the Honorary Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. The Society's Report, with lists of past Texts and Texts to be published in future years, etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary or the publishers.



## PUBLICATIONS OF THE BALLAD SOCIETY.

- No. 1. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. I. Part 1.** contains: *Now a Dayes, circa 1520*; *Vox Populi Vox Dei, 1547-48*; *The Ruyn' of a Ream'*; *The Image of Ypocresye, 1533*; *Against the Blaspheming English Lutherans and the Poisonous Dragon Luther*; *The Spoiling of the Abbeyes*; *The Overthrowe of the Abbeyes, a Tale of Robin Hood*; *De Monasteriis Dirutis, 1868*.
- No. 2. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. I. Part 2.** Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, etc., with Index, Glossary, and Preface. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1872.
- No. 3. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. II. Part I. The Poore Mans Pittance,** by RICHARD WILLIAMS, containinge three severall subjects:—(1.) *The Fall of Anthonie Babington*. (2.) *The life and Deathe of Roberte, lorde Devereaux Earle of Essex*. (3.) *"Acclamatio patrie."* Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1868.
- Nos. 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13, 18, 19. **The Roxburghe Ballads. Part 1** (1869), **Part 2** (1870), **Part 3** (1871), **Part 4** (1872), **Part 5** (1873), **Part 6** (1874), **Part 7** (1875), **Part 8** (1879), **Part 9** (1880), with short Notes by W. CHAPPELL, Esq., F.S.A., Author of *"Popular Music of the Olden Time,"* etc., and with Copies of the original Woodcuts, drawn and engraved by Mr. W. H. HOOPER, and others. (*Three Volumes, forming the First Series, now complete.*)
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- No. 10. **Ballads from Manuscripts, Vol. II. Part 2.** containing Ballads on Queen Elizabeth, Essex, Campion, Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Warwick, and Bacon, "the Candlewick Ballads," Poems from the Jackson MS., etc. Edited by W. R. MORFILL, Esq., M.A., with an Introduction to No. 3. 1873.
- No. 11. **Love-Poems and Humorous Ones,** from manuscripts among "Various Poems," 1614-1619, in British Museum. Put forth by F. J. FURNIVALL. 1874.
- Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17. **The Bagford Ballads. Part 1** (1876), **Parts 2 and 3** (1877), **Part 4** (1878), edited by the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A. With copies of the original Woodcuts (more than 430), by the Editor and others. *Now complete in two volumes, with full Indexes of Ballads and of Subject-matter; also Supplement.*
- No. 20. **The Amanda Group of Bagford Poems,** on London Apprentices and Doll Tearsheets. Edited and Illustrated by the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, 1880. (*Complete in itself, or as a Supplement to the Bagford Ballads, with separate Indexes.*)
- Nos. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. **The Roxburghe Ballads. Part 10** (1881), commences the Second Series. Containing, *inter alia*, a large Group of *Anti-Papal Ballads* (336 pp. in all, and 112 Woodcuts). **Part 11** (1882), *Miscellaneous Ballads. Part 12* (1883), *A First Group of Historical Ballads on the Duke of Monmouth, his Victory at Bothwell-Bridge, Loyal Songs of the Court Party, and Satires on Jack Presbyter.* Completing Vol. I. of the New Series=Vol. IV. of the entire Series. *Ready for Binding.* **Part 13** (1884); beginning Vol. V., with a Second Group of Ballads on *The Struggle for the Succession between York and Monmouth. Part 14* (1885), continuing with a Third Group of Ballads on *The Struggle for the Succession between York and Monmouth*; the Rye-House Plot, with the Execution of Russell, Sydney, and Armstrong; the Great Frost on the Thames: death of Charles II. *Ready.* **Part 15** (1885) ends *The Monmouth Group* with the Western Insurrection; the Fight at Sedgemoor, and the Death of Monmouth. *Ready for binding,* ends Vol. V.=Vol. II. of New Series. **Part 16** (1886), beginning Vol. VI., a Group of *One Hundred True-Love Ballads*, and a Group of *Ten Good-Fellows.* Edited, with special Introductions, Notes, and Copies of all the original Woodcuts, drawn and engraved, by the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

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- The Civil War and Protectorate Ballads.** In Five Parts, arranged chronologically. Edited by the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A. With many curious engravings, copied in *facsimile*, from the rare originals, including portraits, and the caricatures of the time. Each volume complete in itself. (*First Part nearly ready; but postponed until completion of the Roxburghe Ballads Series.*)

\* \* \* Work is prepared far in advance of the Members' delayed Subscriptions.



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(DRAWN AND ENGRAVED AFTER THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.)

BY

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.



HERTFORD:

Printed for The Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1887.



## The Ballad Society.

THE BALLAD SOCIETY was started, on the completion of the print of the Percy Folio Manuscript in the spring of 1868, to continue the work begun by the undertaking, the rendering accessible to all subscribers, at the cost of ten annual guinea, of the rare and large stores of Ballads in the public—and, so far as possible, the private—collections of the country. The founder's wish was to have started the Society's work by printing the rarest of the collections, the Pepys; but the holders of it, the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, Cambridge, having refused to allow the printing of the Pepys Ballads by the Society, it became necessary to turn to the next most important set, the Roxburghe, in the British Museum. This Collection, the author best known in connexion with English Ballads, their tunes and history,—who had proved England to possess a wealth of early Ballads and Ballad-music, unsuspected before, and unequalled by any other country,—Mr. William Chappell, kindly undertook to annotate, if not to edit. But before he could proceed to his task, he wisht the whole of the three large folio volumes of the Roxburghe Collection to be copi'd, and careful indexes of all the other large collections to be made, namely, the Pepys, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, and Wood, so that he might know where other copies of all the Roxburghe Ballads were, and which (from the printer's name) was the earliest. The whole of this copying and indexing was accordingly done (by the kind leave of the authorities of Magdalen as regards the Pepys ballads) at considerable expense, and copies of the original woodcuts of the first Roxburghe ballads were made and engrav'd. The first portion of the work was issued as a Christmas-book for 1869, "*The Roxburghe Ballads, Part I.*"

The delay caused by copying and indexing these Roxburghes render'd it necessary that some other Ballads should be produc'd in 1868; and as *The Civil War and Protectorate Ballads* could not be prepar'd in time, Mr. Furnivall, the founder of the Society, issu'd for its first year a volume of "*Ballads and Poems on the Condition of England in Henry VIII.'s and Edward VI.'s Reigns (including the State of the Clergy, Monks, and Friars),*" with a long Introduction on the same subject, containing a series of extracts from Manuscripts and rare early Tracts. The second Text issu'd for 1868 was, "*Ballads from MSS.*" Vol. II. Part I. *The Fiore Man's Pylance*, by Richard Williams; being poems on Balington's conspiracy, the death of Essex, and Gunpowder Plot. These books of 1868 were reprinted in January, 1876.

The preliminary outlay for the Roxburghe Ballads was so large, that for its first three or four years the Society had to write off part of its income to meet the capital sunk in cuts, indexes, and copies; and Members had then to be content with smaller issues of Texts. In 1870, only Part 2 of the Roxburghe Ballads was issu'd.

For 1871 the Society's Texts were Part 3 of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. I. (with an Introduction, and a most valuable list of Ballad Publishers and Printers, by Mr. Chappell); and Laneham's Letter about Captain Cox and his Ballads (for Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575), with a full account of the Captain's Ballads and Books. For 1872 Part 2 of Vol. I. of *Ballads from Manuscripts* was issued (containing Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, the Death of Lady Jane Grey, etc.), and Part 4 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. For 1873 were issu'd Part 5 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and Part 2 of Vol. II. of the *Ballads from MSS.*, edited by W. R. Morfill, Esq., M.A., with the Introduction to R. Williams's *Fiore Man's Pylance* (No. 3). For 1874 a short set of *Love Poems and Humorous Ones*, and Part 6 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. II., were sent out. For 1875 Part 7 of the *Roxburghe Ballads* was issu'd; for 1876, *The Bagford Ballads, Part 1* (ed. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.)—there was no money for more; for 1877, *The Bagford Ballads, Parts 2 and 3*; for 1878, Part 4 of *The Bagford Ballads*, finishing that Collection. Part 8 of the *Roxburghe* was issued in 1879; and Part 9, completing Vol. III., in 1880. Also for 1880 was issued Mr. Ebsworth's *Amatada Group of Bagford Poems*. His Part X. of *Roxburghe Ballads*, rich in a *Group of Anti-Papal Ballads* and other historical memorials, beginning the Second Series and the fourth volume, was issued for 1881, and with Part XI., for 1882, and Part XII., for 1883, completed Vol. IV. (720+xxxii. pp.). Parts XIII. for 1884, and XIV., with XV., for 1885, concluded the Historical Ballads on the *Struggle between York and Monmouth*. Part XVI., for 1886, XVII., for 1887, Groups of *True-Love Ballads*, of *Good-Fellows*, and *Early Naval Ballads*. Part XVIII. will follow speedily, with *Legendary and Romantic Ballads*.

\*.\* The increase of the Society depends mainly on Members getting new Members to join; and thus securing large volumes of ballads and woodcuts.—F. J. F.

Hon. Sec. of the Ballad Society, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Subscription, One Guinea a year for small-paper copies (but 10s. 6d. a year; 4½ guineas, for first 9 years); Three Guineas for large-paper copies.

# The Roxburghe Ballads:

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB.; F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "DROLLERIES" OF THE RESTORATION,"  
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP  
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600:"  
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WITH COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VI. Part II.

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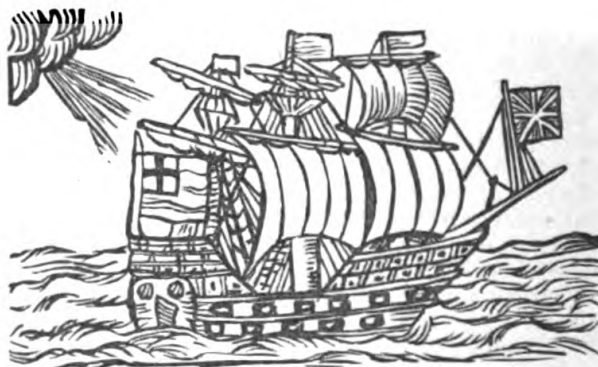


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## She Rose and Let me in.

“ ‘ O ! open the door, some pity to show, O ! open the door to me, O !  
 Tho’ thou hast been false, I’ll ever prove true ; O ! open the door to me, O !  
 “ ‘ Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek, but caulder thy love for me, O !  
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart is nought to my pains frae thee, O !  
 “ ‘ The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, and time is setting with me, O !  
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair I’ll ne’er trouble them nor thee, O !’  
 “ ‘ She has open’d the door, she has open’d it wide, she sees his pale corpse on the  
 plain, O !  
 ‘ My true love !’ she cried, and sank down by his side ; never to rise again, Oh ! ”

—*Song* by Robert Burns, 1792.

**T**HUS touchingly, a century later than the original “She rose and let me in !” did the true Scottish poet, best of song-writers in modern days, tell the story of some hapless lover perishing at the long unopened door of his sweetheart’s cottage. On the northern moor-lands such midnight visits must have been often paid in the bleak winter, and we listen to the pleading, the hints of coming death which paled the cheek of many a trustful lassie, when she feared lest her own hard-heartedness might end as fatally : so that she yielded instead, like the Stella or Nelly of our ballad.

There have been many unblushing adventurers in modern times, who, instead of contenting themselves with filching a purse by pocket-picking or qualifying themselves for a Bank of England’s capital prosecution by committing Note-forgery, left these time-honoured stations of the Rogue’s march to betake themselves to literature in a kindred spirit, devoted to petty larceny.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Such was the Scotch Dominie (“a Dominie’s deputy too !” as the Laird of Dumbiedykes described his rival, Reuben Butler), who made claim to have written the Rev. Charles Wolfe’s “Not a Drum was heard.” Such was the more recent Joseph Henry Liggins, of Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, who modestly avouched himself to be the author of the anonymously-issued “Scenes of Clerical Life,” “Adam Bede,” etc., and found dupes and supporters ; even deceiving so good and sensible a man as the Rev. Robert Quirk, afterwards vicar of Blandford, in Dorset (to whose beloved memory be all honour). Some crazy hysterical women, of the Delia Bacon type, were humoured in their whims or falsifications, by men of nobler qualities, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, when they were puffed up with flatulent theories (fit only for the Newest of all New Societies in Colney-Hatch or Broadmoor), assuming that Shakespeare’s plays were written by her namesake, the Essex-forsaking Francis Bacon. If she had possessed any true critical faculty, she would have recognized the incredibility of this supposition ; but when were false-theorizers capable of correct judgement ? Silly people have attempted from time to time to rob Sir Walter Scott of his laurels, advocating the supposititious claim of an obscure brother—“some mute inglorious Milton,” who had modestly retired to the back woods—as the veritable originator of the “Waverley Novels !” In short, there is no literary heresy or stupendous absurdity that has not found its proclaimers and adherents, among quidnuncs whose zeal outran their knowledge.



We may search far before we find a more baseless fraud and forgery than that advanced on behalf of "Francis Sempill or Sempel, Esquire, of Beltrees," to the authorship of the pathetic ditty, "She rose and let me in!" one of Tom D'Urfey's numerous Anglo-Scottish songs; or the attribution to another North-countryman (the Rt. Hon. Duncan Forbes, "of Culloden," Lord President of the Court of Session), of having "composed in 1710" the sweet English lyric which we reprinted complete on p. 130, beginning thus, "Ah! *Chloris*, that I now could sit as unconcern'd as when Your infant beauty could beget no happiness or pain!"—although it had been written and published by Sir Charles Sedley so early as 1668, in his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden."

Fortunately for truth and honesty, liars not only have short memories, but make blunders; crime being also folly: clear proofs or disproofs are generally forthcoming to confound and convict knaves, howsoever plausible may have been their tale on its first presentation. The following Roxburghe Ballad, entitled "The Kind Lady; or, the Loves of *Stella* and *Adonis*," is a broadside prolongation of the original new song, "The Generous Lover: set by Mr. Thomas Farmer," on pp. 56 to 59 of "*A Collection of Songs and Poems*;" By Thomas D'Urfey, Gent, London: Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Black Bull, in Cornhill: 1683." Words and music reappeared, without title, or composer's name, in John Playford's Fourth Book of *Choice Ayres*, p. 8, in the same year, 1683.

It would not be necessary to linger in discussion of the fraudulent Scotch claim, endorsed by such people as William Stenhouse and a biographer of James Fillans the sculptor, one James Paterson, (in his untrustworthy "*Poems of the Sempills of Beltrees*, now first collected," 1849), were it not that some deluded misbelievers are still lingering in Midlothian, a region where falsehood and garrulity always find zealous worshippers. Allan Ramsay was probably the first to include the song in an Edinburgh collection, 1725, but he could not fail to know that it was English, even if he forgot that it was written by his friend Tom D'Urfey, many of whose other ditties he included in his fourth and last volume of *The Tea-Table Miscellany*. (See *Additional Note*, p. 197.)

We had occasion to mention the song (in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iv. p. 20), when reprinting a vile profanation or parody of it, to the same tune, and with one of the same cuts as had been used for the original, a ballad entitled, "Debauchery Scared," beginning, "A Country Gentleman came up to Town, to taste the delights of the City."

We have noted in marginalia most of the ballad-variations from D'Urfey's "Generous Lover." In the 1683 *Songs and Poems*, the first stanza ended with "This Angel let me in!" It was altered in manuscript by some squeamish contemporary into "She rose and let me in." Our broadside reads, "The fair one let me in." Justly weighed, the ballad-adapter had been discreet, making few alterations and some improvement, such as changing D'Urfey's third verse absurdity, "So much a God was I!"—or "So happy a man was I!" of the aforesaid MS. emendator; or the "So great a God was I" of *Choice Ayres*—into "So happy then was I." Even the additional sixth and seventh stanzas, to eke out the pennyworth, are not worthless: which is more than can be said for the eighth and ninth stanzas, they being redundant, incongruous verbiage. We degrade them to nonpareil type.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 240 ; Pepys, III. 162 ; Jersey, II. 69.]

## The Kind Lady ;

Or,

### The Loves of Stella and Adonis.

A NEW COURT SONG MUCH IN REQUEST.

TO A NEW TUNE, Or, *Hey boys up go we ! The charming Nymph, or,*  
[*Ah !*] *Jenny, Gin.*



**T**He Night her blackest sable wore,  
all glooming were the Skies, [*al. lect. gloomy.*]  
And glittering Stars there were no more  
than those in *Stella's* Eyes ;  
When at her Father's Gate I knockt,  
where I had often been,  
And shrouded only in her Smock,  
*The fair one let me in.* 8

Fast lock'd within my close embrace,  
she blushing lay asham'd ;  
Her swelling Breasts, and glowing face,  
and every touch inflam'd :  
My eager passion ; I obey'd,  
resolv'd the Fort to win, [*Bd. "resolving."*]  
And her fond heart was soon betray'd  
*to yield and let me in.* 16

Then, then, beyond expressing, [Orig. Ah ! then.  
 immortal was the joy,  
 I knew no greater Blessing,  
 so happy then was I :  
 And she, transported with delight,  
 oft prayed me come again, ["to come"  
 And kindly vow'd that e'ry night  
*she'd rise and let me in.* 24

But, ah ! at last she prov'd with Bearn,  
 and sighing sate, and dull ;  
 And I, who had as much concern, [=I, that was so.  
 lookt then just like a fool :  
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran down,  
 repenting her rash Sin ; [Orig. sweet sin.  
 She sigh'd, and curst that fatal hour  
*that e're she let me in.* 32

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,  
 or from such Beauty part ?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 the Charmer for my heart ; [al. leet. of my.  
 But wedded, and conceal'd the Crime,  
 thus all was well again :  
 And now she thanks the blessed time  
*that e're she let me in.* 40

[Here ends the Original Song by Tom D'Urfey.

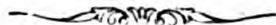
Such wanton youngsters seldom prove so true at heart as I,  
 But when they gain a Damsel's Love, too oft away they fly :  
 Whil'st I such Treachery abhor, for 'tis a deadly sin ;  
 And now no cause she has to grieve *that she did let me in.*

Those Rosie-blushes, that did stain her cheeks, do now grow pale,  
 Her heart is now reviv'd again, sighs did with me prevail :  
 She grieved was, and I perplex'd, but now rejoyce again,  
 And *Stella* now no more is vex'd *because she let me in.*

When young *Adonis* call'd to mind the tricks of wanton youth ;  
 He cry'd my *Stella* she was kind : this is the very truth.  
 Q[uo]th she, "Thou now hast got the knack a tender heart to win,  
 Good Lodging thou shalt never lack, *for I will let thee in.*"

With fiery eyes he then beheld *Stella*, his heart's delight ;  
 He vow'd to love he was compell'd by charms of beauty bright :  
 A thousand times he did her kiss, and then she did begin,  
 And said, "There is no joy like this : *I'me glad I have let thee in.*"

[Publisher's name cut off. Pepys copy was printed for *J. Conyers*, at the first shop in *Fetter-lane*, near *Holbourn*. Four woodcuts : 1st, the man holding glove (as in "*Jenny's Lamentation*") given on p. 195 ; 2nd, the Lady of p. 163 (*the Lady* on p. 195 is interpolated as a substitute, cf. p. 168) ; 3rd and 4th, the pair as on p. 78. In Black-letter. Date of original song and ballad, 1683.]



# ADDITIONAL NOTE :

*On the fraudulent Scotch claim to "She raiſe and looſt me in."*

In the ſecond volume of his dainty little 32mo. *Tea-Table Miſcellany*, iſſued in 1725, Allan Ramſay printed the Song which Tom D'Urfeſy had firſt published in 1683; but after a few alterations had been made to adapt the lyric to Edinburgh Society, alternately prim and prurient, the "Gentle Shepherd" poet and barber added the ſignature of "X" at the end, which was his avowedly uſual indication of "Author unknown." This opened the floodgates with a vengeance. Thenceforward moſt collections of "*Scots Sangs*" reprinted "The night her ſilent ſable wore;" and everybody admired it. There was national appropriateness recognized in "A bonnie Laffie no ſteeking the gate, or barrin' the door, on a cauld Winter's night, whan her Jo is chapping, and keeking ben." A claim was entered for Francis Semple of Beltrees having been the author of this ſong; as well as of other waifs and ſtrays, ſtolen, or "conveyed the wiſe it call," from English authors. Honest Allan ſhould have known that his former friend Tom D'Urfeſy had written, printed, and published the ſong, forty years earlier: yet he left open a loophole of "unaccredited authorſhip!"

Allan Ramſay had declared his moдеst intentions, as an Editor, addreſſed

To ilka lovely *British* Laſſ, frae Ladies *Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,*  
Down to ilk bonny ſinging *Bess*, wha dances barefoot on the Green.

In his Preface he ſomewhat oſtentatiously boaſts, "In my compositions and Collections I have kept out all ſmut and ribaldry, that the moдеst voice and ear of the fair ſinger might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my ſtudies being to gain their good graces." Tastes widely differ in adjudging him to have ſucceeded or failed. We may bear in remembrance Sir Walter Scott's anecdote about the old lady who had been accuſtomed in her youth to read Aphra Behn's novels and plays without any ſenſe of outraged proprieties; but who, late in life, found a reſerusal of the early favourite inſtigate a wiſh to "put the awfu buik at the fire-back." The Scottish Muſe went frequently "high-kilted," but ſhe was a blithesome laſſ, well timbered, and free from foulneſs of imagination; and if, like her Maggie Lauder, ſhe "up and wallop'd o'er the green," it was from innocent ſportiveneſs that could do no harm. Allan Ramſay, or ſome one of his "ingenuous young Gentlemen" who aſſiſted him, changed the name "*Stella*" into "*Nelly*," — "than thoſe in *Nelly's* eyes;" and read "So bleſt a man was I." Otherwiſe, the text was preſerved. It reappeared ſubſtancially the ſame, with muſic (modified from Tom Farmer's), in the ſecond volume of William Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius; or, A Collection of Scots Songs*, p. 30, 1733. But in James Johnson's firſt volume of *The Scot's Muſical Muſeum* (before Robert Burns became its regular and chief contributor), on p. 84, as Song 84, printed and published at Edinburgh, 1787, the ſong was conſiderably altered and "emendated." It became ſo colourleſs, taſteleſs, and altogether waſhed-out a piece of goody-goody imbecility that we feel almoſt aſhamed to add it here as a ſpecimen of what was conſidered propriety a century ago, in days of "Holy Willie's Prayer" and the witches' cantrips at "Alloway's haunted kirk," beheld by Tam O'Shanter. We prefer Tom D'Urfeſy's original, not as morality but as poetry.

## *She roſe and let me in.*

(*Scot's Muſical Muſeum* Verſion, 1786-87.)

THE night her ſilent ſable wore, and gloomy were the ſkies,  
Of glittering ſtars appear'd no more, than thoſe in *Nelly's* eyes:  
When to her Father's door I came, where I had often been,  
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame [!], to riſe, and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine, did my fond suit reprove;  
 And while she chid my rash design, she but inflamed my love.  
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before, while her bright eyes did roll:  
 But virtue only had the pow'r to charm my very soul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive, or from such beauty part?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave the charmer of my heart.  
 My eager fondness I obey'd, resolv'd she should be mine,  
 Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd my treasure so divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly's* love, transporting is my joy,  
 No greater blessing can I prove; so bless'd a man am I.  
 For beauty may a while retain the conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
 But virtue only is the chain holds, never to depart.

Although perhaps too late in date for her maleficent fingers, this emasculation looks like the notorious Lady Wardlaw's handiwork: 'The original "British Matron" prude. "If it be not Bran, it is Bran's brother!" or sister *canicula*!

The judgement on songs pronounced by Robert Burns, so far as taste and literary criticism are concerned, (although historical records may have been inaccessible, manuscript or printed, to supplement his gatherings from tradition) is almost invariably final. He wrote, "The old set of this song [*i.e.* *The Tea-Table Miscellany* version of Tom D'Urfey's with '*Nelly*,' instead of '*Stella*'], which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this [*viz.* the James Johnson "*Scot's Musical Museum*" re-cookery, quoted above]; but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull."—*Reliques of Robert Burns*, collected and published by R. H. Cromek, Second Edition, London, 1813, p. 228. The belief that Allan Ramsay had been the mutilator was erroneous.

There have not existed many more shameless assertors of barefaced falsehoods than William Stenhouse, the commentator on James Johnson's *Scot's Musical Museum*; author of *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland*, re-issued separately in 1853. Unblushingly he fabricated or imagined documents in proof of the most nefarious statements. Not one word of his can be safely accepted, without being tested; and every examination has been invariably damaging to his reputation. "These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable." But he knew how to tickle the fancy of his countrymen, by proclaiming the Scottish origin of whatever tunes or songs he had to mention. Facts were against him, but what cared he about facts? Did he fear to exert his faculties of misrepresentation? As well might W. H. Ireland, or Psalmanazar, Peter Cunningham, or Shapira be daunted, as William Stenhouse. His critical judgement worthily fits in with his erudition and conscientiousness. Here is *his* opinion, *contra* Burns, on the James Johnson shotten-herring, ("without his roe" as Mercutio says): "The verses in the *Museum* were retouched by an able and masterly hand, who has thus presented us with a song at once chaste and elegant, in which all the energetic force and beauty of the original are preserved, without a single idea to crimson the cheek of modesty, or to cause one pang to the innocent and feeling heart" !!!—*Illustrations*, p. 87. As for mere lies they are innumerable. *Ex. gratia*, his assertion about the Scotch music of the song, "composed long before Oswald was born: a copy of it, in square-shaped notes, is inserted [!] in an old MSS. virginal book in the possession of the Editor. The tune is here entitled, '*She roasse and leit me in.*' The same tune also appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725." It is sufficient here to answer, that the apocryphal antiquity of the "old MSS. Virginal book" in Stenhouse's keeping was amply discredited by its possessing some indisputably modern compositions. Not in 1725, or until 1733 (being in the second volume, when the size was reduced from folio to octavo), did the song and music appear in



*Orpheus Caledonius.* The Francis Semple claim, for a date *circa* 1650, is absurd, and the vague references to an authenticating MS. of his Poetical Works as being possibly "in the hands of one of his descendants, Mrs. Campbell of Paisley," is in harmony with Stenhouse's accustomed lubricity and deceit. Even so accomplished an Editor as G. F. Graham retained the air of "She rose and let me in" (although undoubtedly English Tom Farmer's) in vol. iii. p. 48, of Wood's excellent *Songs of Scotland*, first edition.

Oswald is James Oswald, whose collections of Scottish Airs were popular, *The Caledonian Pocket Companion*, etc., 1759. (He had composed the music for Robert Dodsley's "*Colin's Kisses*," 1743.)

The space occupied in considering this question is well expended, if we help to swell that chorus of reprobation which all competent judges raise in condemnation of every falsifier of documents, perverter of evidence, and remover of ancient landmarks. Antiquarian study is continually impeded by any such Arachne :

Destroy his web of sophistry? in vain!  
The creature's at his dirty work again.

So late as 1835, Peter Cunningham, in his *Songs of England and Scotland*, ii. p. 27, and in 1854 the equally untrustworthy *Salamandrine Bottle* poet, Charles Mackay (emasculator of sundry old ditties), in *The Illustrated Book of Scottish Songs*, p. 21, persisted in assigning "She rose and let me in" to Francis Semple. But Peter Cunningham had been forced to yield "Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit," to be by Sir Charles Sedley; long claimed as Scotch! The present editor has warm love for Scotland and for all the genuine poetry and melody belonging to her dear hills and dales, among which he spent many happy years, so he may be held free from suspicion of writing in prejudice against her.

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\* \* If "*The Charming Nymph*" (p. 195) be not another name for "*The Kind Lady*," we have not yet found her. The following List gives first lines of a few ballads that are marked to be sung to Tom Farmer's music, *viz.* to the tune of *The Fair One let me in* : (often conjoined with *When busy Fame*, and *Ah! Jenny, gin* : with *As Chloris full of harmless thought*, or, *Hey, boys, up go we!*)—

- 1.—"A Merry Milk-maid on a time" = Milkmaid's Morning Song.
- 2.—"All you that do in love delight." = The Life of Love.
- 3.—"As I walk'd forth to take the air:" = Despairing Maid Revived.
- 4.—"Farewell, farewell, my heart's delight;" = Love without Blemish.
- 5.—"Give ear awhile unto my song." = The Subtle Damosel's Advice.
- 6.—"Till from *Leghorn* I do return" = Loyal Constancy.
- 7.—"We that are bonny Country Girls" = True Love without Deceit.
- 8.—"When *Cupid's* fierce and powerful dart" = False Man's Cruelty.
- 9.—"When *Phæbus* with his glittering beams:" = *Flora* happily Revived.
- 10.—"You shall enjoy your heart's delight:" = Love-sick Maid of *Wapping*.

No. 2 was given on p. 191. No. 6 follows in *Group of Naval Ballads*.





## Come open the door, Sweet Betty.

“Go from my window, Love, go! Go from my window, my dear!  
The wind and the rain will drive you back again,  
You cannot be lodged here.

“Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy! begone, my Love, my dear.  
The weather is warm, ’twill do thee no harm;  
Thou can’st not be lodged here.”

—*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act iii. 1611.<sup>1</sup>

SHORTLY after the appearance of Tom D’Urfey’s “Kind Lady” —“She rose and let me in!” appeared “John’s Earnest Request and Betty’s Compassion,” with similarity of subject, a longer resistance than Stella’s, but a more speedy rectification by the bands of Hymen: “Next day they were join’d in marriage, and was not this honestly done?” Well, cert’nly! As Dame Quickly declared, “The young man is an honest man.” Nevertheless, with Dr. Caius, we murmur, “What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.”

Another of these night ramblers after forbidden fruit is described in “The Secret Lover; or, The Jealous Father Beguiled:” it begins, “A dainty spruce young Gallant,” and bears the gay burden, “And sing, *Go from the window, love, go!*” Given on p. 205. The lovers triumph, and the guardian is outwitted. No mention is made of the exercise of parson’s functions, or of their being deemed necessary.

Yet another of these irksome besiegers of maidens’ windows and doors will be found on p. 209; but there successfully resisted and discomfited, in “The Repulsive Maid,” who refuses to let the young man come in, plead he never so persistently. But she has a temper of her own, and admits that she had acquired experience in similar adventures previously.

An eighteenth-century four-verse song, of “Mrs. Mitchel and Borlan,” preserved by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, was suspected to be the composition of Lady Dick, who was not over-precise.

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<sup>1</sup> Another verse of the original, and otherwise lost song of “Go from my window, love, go!” is furnished in John Fletcher’s “*Monsieur Thomas*,” Act iii. sc. 3:

“Come up to my window, Love, come! Come to my window, my dear!  
The wind nor the rain shall trouble thee again:  
But thou shalt be lodged here.”

Parodied in Heywood’s ‘*Rape of Lucrece*,’ “Arise, arise, my juggie, my puggie!” From septuagenarian R. M. Bacon of Norwich, Mr. Wm. Chappell when fourteen years old learnt one traditional stanza and the music of this old ditty:—

“Go from my window, my Love, my Love! Go from my window, my dear!  
For the wind is in the west, and the Cuckoo’s in his nest,  
And you can’t have a lodging here!”

**Mrs. Mitchel and Borlan.**

"WHO's that at my Chamber door?" "It's I, my dear!" quo' *Borlan*.  
 "Come in," quo' she, "let's chat a while, you strapping sturdy *Norlan*!"

Fair *Mitchel* needed add no more, for *Borlan* straight did enter,  
 And on his knees he vow'd and swore, for her he all would venture.

Fair *Mitchel* answer'd with a blush, "Your love I don't mistrust, Sir,  
 But should it reach my father's ear, how would he puff and bluster!"

"O let him bluster as he will," replied the amorous Lover,  
 "If you'll consent my arms to fill, let him go to *Hanover*."

Amongst staunch Jacobites, in the presence of ladies, this was the genteel way of indicating a certain inauspicious but virtually identical locality, before Hong-Kong was familiarized to modern ears, and to avoid the profanity of misquoting Scripture in bidding people go to Jericho and tarry there until their beards were grown. Suitable for either sex, it meant equally uncomfortable exile.

How necessary it became to avoid the suspicion of profanity, when the sanctimonious took forcible possession of all available "loose" tunes, is shown by one of the three brothers, James, John, and Robert, "Wedderburne, the Clement Marot of Scotland," [*longo intervallo*, my Masters!] between 1555 and 1570, or 1589, perpetrating an adaptation of "Who is that at my window, who?"

"Quho is at my windo, quho, quho? Goe from my windo, goe, goe!  
 Quha callis there, so lyke ane strangere? Goe from my windo, goe, goe!"  
 "Lord! I am heir ane wratchit mortal, that for thy mercie dois crie and call;  
 Unto thé, my Lord celestially, sie quho is at thy windo, quho!"  
 "How dar thow for mercie crie, sa lang in sinne as thow dois lye;  
 Mercie to have thow art not worthie; goe from my windo, goe!"  
 "My gylt, gude Lord, I will refuse, and the wicked life that I did use;  
 Traistand thy mercie sall be my excuse; sé quho is at thy windo, quho!" etc.

Eighteen verses follow, ending thus:—"Cry no more there like ane strangere, but in at my doore thou goe!" 1599 is the date of the earliest edition of Wedderburne's "*Godly Songs and Ballads*" now extant. We suspect that "Quho is at my window" could not have been written before 1588, if we attribute rightly to the original ballad an entry in Stationers' Registers, B. fol. 226, a licensing of John Wolfe to print "A Ballade intituled *Goe from the window goe*!"—the same, perhaps, quoted by John Fletcher.

An original and early song, "Widow, are ye wakin?" seems to have perished. A modernization of it, avowedly to the same tune, is in Allan Ramsay's delightful *Tea-Table Miscellany*, The Second Part, 1725, and there entitled "The Auld Man's Best Argument" (*i.e.* his guineas), beginning thus:—

O wha's that at my chamber-door? "Fair widow, are ye waukin'?"  
 "Auld carle, your suit give o'er: your love lies a' in talkin'.  
 Gie me a lad that's young and tight, sweet like an *April* meadow;  
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight and bosom of a widow."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 238; Pepys, III. 62; Euing Coll., No. 154.]

## John's Earnest Request ;

Or,

Betty's compassionate Love extended to him in a time  
of Distress.

Late in the night, when all was fast, *John* came in both cold and wet ;  
And after some few words were past, her lover in she let.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST. [See *Popular Music*, 505.]

This may be Printed R[ichard] P[ocock.]

- “ Come open the Door, sweet *Betty*,  
For its a cold winter's night !  
It rains, and it blows, and it thunders,  
And the Moon it do's give no light.  
It is all for the love of sweet *Betty*,  
That here I have lost my way ;  
Sweet, let me lye beyond thee, [Orig. “ behind.”]  
Untill it is break of day.” 8
- “ I dare not come down, sweet *Johnny*,  
Nor I dare not now let you in,  
For fear of my Father's anger,  
And the rest of my other kin :  
For my Father he is awake,  
And my Mother she will us hear ;  
Therefore be gone, sweet *Johnny* !  
My Joy and only Dear.” 16
- “ If that thou dost love me, show it,  
And do not in anger frown,  
Thy Parents they need not know it,  
If thou wilt come softly down.  
Then prithee now don't deny me,  
But come at thy Lover's call ;  
For what tho' I should lye by thee,  
I'll do thee no harm at all.” 24
- “ Alas ! I am loath to venture,  
For if that they should awake,  
As soon as the Door you enter,  
A Racket I'm sure they'll make :  
You know that old Folks are froward,  
And jealous of handsome Men,  
And should we be overpower'd,  
In what a case were we then ! ” 32

"I'll shelter my Dear from danger,  
Should any Outrage begin ;  
Thou knowest that I am no stranger,  
Then prithee, Love, let me in !  
Long time in the Cold, I've tarry'd,  
Oh ! pitty thy True Love, *John* ;  
To-morrow we will be married,  
As I am an honest Man."

40

"This is a fair pleasing Story,  
Which almost my Heart has won,  
But if you should blast my Glory,  
And leave me when all is done,  
My Father would surely chide me,  
My Mother would scold and brawl,  
And all the young Maids deride me,  
Oh ! this is the worst of all."

48

"Thy *Johnny* will ne'er deceive thee,  
But love thee as dear as my life ;  
Nor will I one hour leave thee,  
Untill thou art made my Wife :  
Let me not stand any longer,  
For why ? dear *Betty*, behold,  
The Storm grows stronger and stronger,  
And I am both wet and cold."

56

It was about midnight hour,  
When *John* he did thus complain ;  
Poor heart ! she had not the power  
To let him stand in the Rain :  
Without any longer dodging,  
She open'd the door with speed,  
And let him into her Lodging :  
Good Man, he had ne'er more need.

64

It being cold Winter Weather,  
They strait did hurry to bed,  
And there they cuddl'd together,  
And *John* got her maiden-head.  
She was of a courteous carriage,  
By which young *Johnny* was won,  
Next day they were join'd in Marriage,  
And was not this honestly done ?

72

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, reserved ; one is in vol. iii. p. 349 ; others new, of a man and of a woman, each set in a frame like a miniature. Date, 1685-88, full two years later than Tom D'Urfey's "She rose and let me in," of 1683.]

## The Secret Lover.

“The Robin cam’ to the Wren’s nest, and keekit in, an’ keekit in !  
 ‘O ! weel’s me on your auld pow ! wad ye be in ? wad ye be in ?  
 Ye’s ne’er get leave to lie without, and I within, and I within ;  
 As lang’s I hae an auld clout to row you in, to row you in ! ’”

—*The Scots Musical Museum*, vol. v. 419, 1796.

IN the scrap of old nursery song used for our motto is embedded the very heart and soul of such love-ditties as tell of secret visits ending with “She rose and let me in.” By ‘bonny Jean’ it was crooned to soothe her children to slumber. With that tune in his ears, her husband wrote one of his last songs, and Mendelssohn set hearts thrilling with the notes throughout Europe:—“O wert thou in the cauld blast, on yonder lea, on yonder lea, My plaidie to the angry airt, I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee.” It lifts one far away from the present hour, or from the special ballad here following, with its burden of “Sing, go from my window, Love, go !” Many a cold night on Scottish moorland, or English fen, have lovers lingered outside the door where rustic beauty couched, but slept not ; and whether the window opened wide for remonstrance or the bolts were drawn noiselessly at last, the old story was ever fresh and new, either for sorrow or for joy. One Northern imitation, of which Robert Burns could only recover two stanzas, runs thus :

Blink over the burn, sweet *Betty*, it is a cauld Winter night ;  
 It rains, it hails, it thunders ; the moon she gives no light ;  
 It’s a’ for the sake of sweet *Betty*, that ever I tint my way :  
 Sweet, let me lie beyond thee, until it be break of Day !

Our tune named is, ‘*Alack ! for my Love, I must die.*’ This refers to a Pepysian ballad (also in C. 22, e. 2, 43, *verso*, and Wood’s Collection, E. 25, fol. 32), entitled “The Unfortunate Love of a *Lancashire* Gentleman, and the hard Fortune of a fair young Bride.”

Look, you faithful Lovers, on my unhappy state !  
 See my tears distilling, but pour’d out too late :  
 And buy no foolish fancy at too dear a rate :  
*Alack ! for my Love I shall dye.*

Lo ! here the dolefull Perill blind Fancy brought me in,  
 And mark what care and sorrow Forced Marriages do bring ;  
 All Men by me take Warning, and God forgive my sin !  
*Alack ! for my Love I shall dye.*

There are thirty-eight stanzas in all ; reprinted in J. Roberts’s Collection of *Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 236, 1723 ; and by J. Orchard-Halliwel in his *Palatine Anthology*, 1850, p. 136. It had been originally printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and W. Gilbertson.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 401; Jersey, I. 23; Pepys, III. 127; Douce, II. 203 verso.]

## The Secret Lover ;

Or, The Jealous Father beguil'd.

Love's passion is not easily kept under, nor faithful Lovers to be kept asunder ;  
Because, you know, the Proverb it is so, that *Love will creep when as it cannot go.*

TO A WEST-COUNTRY TUNE ; or, *Alack ! for my Love I must dye.*



**A** Dainty spruce young Gallant, that lived in the West,  
He courted a young Lady, and real love profest :  
And coming one night to her, his mind he thus exprest,—  
(*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go !*)

4

“What is my Love a-sleeping? or is my Love awake?”  
“Who knocketh at the Window, who knocketh there so late?”  
“It is your true love, Lady, that for your sake doth wait.”  
*And sing, Go from the Window, love, go !*

8

“Then open me your Father's Gate, and do not me deny ;  
But grant to me your true love, or surely I shall dye.”  
“I dare not open now the Gates, for fear my Father spy !”  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go !*

12



"O Dearest, be not daunted, thou needest not to fear;  
Thy Father may be sleeping, our loves he shall not hear:  
Then open it without delay, my joy and only Dear!"  
*And sing, Go from the Window, love, go!* 16

"My Father he doth watch me, his jealousie is so:  
If he should chance to catch me, O then what should we do?  
Therefore I dare not venture, my dear to open now."  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 20

"I wish there were no Hinges, nor yet no Key nor Lock;  
That I might come unto my love, now she is in her Smock!"  
"O peace and be contented! I hear my Father knock."  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 24

"O Daughter dear, why are you out of your Bed so late?"  
"O Father, I am very sick, and in distressed state."  
"Methinks I hear some body under your Window prate."  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 28

"O Father, 'tis the Watch-men, this Evening, passing by."  
Hark, how a faithful Lover can frame a pritty lye!  
"O Daughter, I command you unto your bed to hye."  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 32

"Dear Father, I obey you, and quickly I am gone;  
But yet I am not willing to leave my Love alone:  
So soon as you are Sleeping, I down again will come."  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 36

And then she sent her Maiden unto her Chamber straight;  
And came unto her true Love, who at the Door did wait:  
And open'd him the Wickit, for all it was so late.  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 40

Then softly he did enter, and to the Lady said:  
"My Love, there is no Danger, we cannot be betray'd:  
Let us enjoy our Pleasure, and never be afraid."  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 44

And thus this Faithful Couple their wishes had at last:  
For all her Jealous Father, the sweets of love they taste:  
And when the day appeared, her Love away did haste:  
*And sing, Go from my Window, love, go!* 48

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball*, near the Hospital-gate,  
in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts, two are on p. 205; the others are on p. 11.  
Date, unascertained, between 1672 and 1682.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 596.]

**A Favourite Love Song.**

**O**ne night, as I lay on my bed,  
 The thoughts of love came in my head;  
 I was sore oppress'd, could take no rest,  
 Away to my own true-love I'll go,  
 [And say, "*Open the window, my Love, do!*"] 5

Unto my Love's window I came,  
 I boldly call'd her by her name:  
 "'Tis for thy sake that I came here,  
 Thro' the bitter frost and snow.  
 So *open me the window, my Love, do!*" 10

"My Dad and Mammy's both awake,  
 And if they chance to hear you speak,  
 There will be no excuse, but sore abuse,  
 With words and many a blow,  
 And it's *Go from my window, my Love, do!*" 15

"Thy Daddy and Mammy's fast asleep,  
 For in their window I made bold to peep.  
 Without the door I heard them snore,  
 And their breath it was not low:  
 And it's *Open me the door, my Love, do!*" 20

My love she arose and open'd me the door,  
 Like an angel bright, she stood upon the floor;  
 Her eyes shin'd bright, and the stars gave light,  
 Like diamonds in her brow,  
 And still she cries, "*My jewel, whisper low!*" 25

To creep the room it was our doom,  
 Though our footsteps were but slow;  
 "It's you must stay till the break of day.  
 I'll freely give consent." We straight to th' pastime went;  
 And still she cries, "*My jewel, whisper low!*" 30

It was just in the breaking of the day,  
 My love awak'd, and bid me go away;  
 ["If] my Daddy dear should chance to hear,  
 [I dread, for you,] he will us both undo:  
 So it's *Rise my dear Jewel, and go!*" 35

It was underneath yon shady green tree,  
 Where my true love and I did first agree;  
 What we did there I'll never declare,  
 No mortal man shall know;  
 For *I'll love the girl while I've got breath to draw.* 40

[No printer's name. Woodcut on p. 145. White-letter: Slip. Date, *circa* 1770.]

\*.\* *Note.*—This being a *Roxburghe Ballad*, although printed at a very late date, far on in the eighteenth century, and a debased imitation of "Go from my window, Love, go!" it is here reprinted, because it helps to show the continuance of popularity enjoyed by the theme. It had been *mis*-arranged in eight four-line stanzas, with a final six-line verse. We re-arrange them, interpolating [square-bracketed] some dropt words and a dropt line. The text was corrupt.



## The Repulsive Maid; and The Young Man.

*Widow*— . . . . . “Every night he comes  
 With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
 To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us  
 To chide him from our eaves : for he persists,  
 As if his life lay on 't.” . . . . .  
*Diana*.— “When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window :  
 I'll order take my mother shall not hear.”

—*All's Well that Ends Well*, iii. and iv.

**A**LTHOUGH here entitled “The Repulsive Maid,” par excellence, this damsel is by no means a “Hog-faced Gentlewoman,” like either of the amiable creatures described in the ballads beginning respectively “Of horned *Vulcan* I have heard,” (entitled “A Monstrous Shape; or, A Shapeless Monster:” of date 1640) and “O! did you not hear of a rumour of late?” (Roxb. Coll., II. 279), entitled “The Long-nosed Lass,” and of date 1685-88, licensed by Richard Pocock. Our fair one is, on the contrary, only too attractive. We have simply to remember her as “The Repelling Maid,” for she determinately resists the assault, and despises the pleading of the young libertine who attempts to gain admittance.

Very different is the result of his application in “The Young Man's Shift,” beginning, “My pretty Turtle-Dove!” Modern Puritanic taste may start objections to the plain-speaking of this sad tale of Love Betrayed; even as we have heard squeamish maunderings against the episode of Hetty in “Adam Bede” and that of Effie Deans in “The Heart of Mid-Lothian.” Nevertheless, the ballad did more, efficaciously, to warn young women, and encourage them to resist temptation of dishonourable importunity than all the head-shakings or vague hints of self-conceited moralists and pulpiteers. Chastity is the loveliest of all feminine virtues, and licentiousness among the foulest of man's vices. We do not count William Hogarth a teacher admissible to nurseries or preparatory schools, yet his two pictures of “Before” and “After” were designed similarly to protect female innocence, by showing unmistakably the double revulsion of feeling when too late: the wronged girl clinging to her betrayer, who, in the success of his libertinism, is awakening to a sense of self-contempt and horror, as well as satiated weariness for his victim. This was the artist's true motive: as declared by Charles Robert Leslie.

For other words concerning our “Repulsive Maid” see p. 200.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 214 ; Book of Fortune, 31 ; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 170 ;  
Pepys, III. 115.]

## The Repulsive Maid,

Who

Once to[ok] a young-man, but now cannot win  
To open the door, and let him come in.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE: Or, [its own, *Sweet*], *Open the door,*  
*and let me come in.*



*Young-man.*

“**S**weet, open the door, and let me come in,  
For to be a Wooer I now begin,  
And say thy Lover I yet have been,  
I’le Love thee and no more.”

*Maid.*

“To open the door, Love, that could I do,  
And if it were for an hour or two ;  
But if that my father or mother should know,  
I should be beaten sore.”

8

*Young-man.*

“To be beaten for me, Love, that were a sin !  
Sweet, open the door, and let me come in ;  
Thy father or mother, nor none of thy kin,  
Shall never beat thee more.”

*Maid.*

“ To open the door, Love, I have been bold.  
 And many false tales I have been told;  
 But another man hath my heart in hold.  
 I cannot Love thee, therefore.”

16

*Young-man.*

“ Thou know'st, before when the time hath bin,  
 Thou hast open'd the door and let me come in;  
 But now, my love is not worth a pin?  
 I prethee, Love, tell me wherefore!”

*Maid.*

“ I am not disposed to tell thee now,  
 Go walk, a Knave! as thou knowest how;  
 For I can no entrance to thee allow;  
 Adieu for evermore!”

24

*Young-man.*

“ To knock and to call I will never lin,  
 Till thou open the door and let me come in;  
 With coming I fell, and I broke my shin,  
 Which grieves me very sore.”

[i.e. cease.

*Maid.*

“ If thou'ast broken thy shin, my Love, sorry am I,  
 Yet cannot I find in my heart for to cry;  
 I'll give thee a plaster for it by and by  
 Shall pain thee ten times more.”

32

*The Second Part, To THE SAME TUNE.**Young-man.*

“ I Prethee, Love, do not to jeer begin,  
 But open the door and let me come in!  
 I'll be more kind then ever I have been;  
 I prethee, Love, open the door!”

*Maid.*

“ Two words to a bargain, my small friend,  
 To open the door I do not intend;  
 My Father and Mother I oft did offend:  
 I'll never offend them more.”

40

*Young-man.*

“ Of Father and Mother do not tell me,  
 For I am come alone to visit thee,  
 And if my face thou wilt not see,  
 Then shew me a reason wherefore.”

*Maid.*

“ A reason just I can thee tell ;  
To do it now doth not like me well,  
I hate thee as much as the Devil of Hell :  
Then adieu for evermore ! ”

48

*Young-man.*

“ How comes it to pass, my Love, thou art curst,  
And wert so kind to me at first ?  
Of all men living my luck is the worst,  
To be hated and know not wherefore. ”

*Maid.*

“ Alasse, Sir ! I have found out your Tricks,  
You love do crave of five or six ;  
Yet take who[m] you will, it shall never me vex.  
Adieu for evermore ! ”

56

*Young-man.*

“ What though I have choice of six or seven,  
Nay, what if I had nine, ten, or eleven ?  
Yet thou may'st make the dozen even,  
And do as thou hast done before. ”

*Maid.*

“ I am not the first that hath done amiss,  
Nor shall be the last that a Knave will kiss :  
I pray pick *English* out of this !  
You never shall kiss me more. ”

64

*Young-man.*

“ The Rose is red, and the Leaves are green,  
And the daies are past which I have seen ;  
Another man may be where I have been,  
For now I am thrust out of door. ”

*Maid.*

“ ‘ Walk Knave ! ’ is a Parrot's note,  
And if the Hang-man don't get your coat,  
I'll meet you at *Holborn-hill* in a Boat,  
If ever I love you more. ”

72

*Finis.*

*London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.*

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts ; two of them on p. 163 ; a youth, as on p. 33 ; and the woman of p. 171. A cut given at beginning (p. 209) belongs to next ballad. C. 22, e. fol. 170 has different cuts, viz. the woman and man of *Roxb. Ballads*, iv. p. 362. Left ; the oval wreathed Lady of our p. 143 ; and the Cavalier of p. 13 : printed for J. Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger. We follow the earlier text, in *The Book of Fortune*, n.p.n. Date, circa 1655.]



## The Young Man's Hard Shift.

"Both wet and weary and sorely distrest."—*Vide* p. 213.

THE following ditty must be considered an unwarrantable intruder among our "True-Love Ballads," or, at least, that the truth resembles the Hibernian "reciprocity, all on one side," if anywhere. But the close connection with the other "Open the door ballads" justifies its own position, so, *Come away, pretty Betty, and open the Door.*

The tune of "The Young Man's Hard Shift" is named as *Bar up the Door*, which belongs to a ballad (Jersey Collection, I. 252), "The Politick Young Man; or, the Nimble-Pated Youngster's Forgeries," to a pleasant new tune, or, [its own] *Come away to my chamber, and bar up the door.* Printed for Charles Tyus, at the Three Bibles on London-Bridge. It has eight stanzas, beginning,

All hail! thou *Venus* bright, or darling of that Queen,  
For thou art the goddess which I will adore;  
I, like the God of War, have a stout champion been,  
I'll lay down my Arms, and humbly implore  
That we in conjunction together may joyn,  
Whilst *Mars* is with *Luna* and *Venus* in trine;  
Let us two devoutly our m[otives] combine:  
*Come away to my chamber, and bar up the door!*

The Second Part of the ensuing ballad reverses the position of the young couple, and it is the girl who remains outside, as in Dr. John Walcott's "Ah! ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!" which Burns praised, but Robert Jamieson accounted "a puerile and mean production." There are other versions of this pathetic appeal, where the damsel vainly beseeches admittance to the house of her betrayer, one, a fragment, being in the *Scots' Musical Museum*, i. 5, (May, 1787):

"OH, open the door, Lord Gregory! oh, open and let me in!  
The rain rains on my scarlet robes, the dew drops o'er my chin."  
"If you are the Lass that I lov'd once, as I trow you are not she,  
Come, give me some of the tokens that past between you and me!"  
"Ah! wae be to you, Lord Gregory! an ill death may you die,  
You will not be the death of one, but you'll be the death of three.  
O do n't you mind, Lord Gregory, 'twas down at yon burn, [lang syne,]  
We chang'd the ring off our fingers, and I put mine on thine?"

Later in the present volume we give the important and complete ballad-version, of earlier date, *not reprinted hitherto*, more trustworthy than Walter Scott's "Lass of Lochroyan" or Robert Jamieson's "*Annie of Lochroyan.*"

No jokes are admissible on the "Young Man's Hard Shift" of our title, in connection with the "smock" of pp. 195 and 206; or any insinuations that it recalls the unfortunate French translation of Colley Cibber's comedy-title, as "*La dernière Chemise d'Amour.*" Indeed, as he is pictorially shown on p. 239, Cupid went still more lightly clad. Longfellow's *Hyperion* mentions the foreign equivoque of "*L'Amour a vaincu Loth.*" popularly accepted as "*L'Amour a vingt culottes!*" with the response, "*Qu'il en donne une a l'auteur!*" To Burns, when he wrote "Tam O'Shanter," the gift would have been useful:

"Thir breeks o' mine, my ainly pair, that once were new, o' gude mohair!  
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies, for ae blink o' the bonnie Birdies."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 194. Probably unique.]

## The Young-Man's hard shift for a Maiden-Head.

With the Wenche's Lamentation for the losse of the same,  
Complaining of *William*, who was much to blame,  
Who promis'd her Marriage, but hath quite undone her,  
Since that he hath robbed her now of her honour.

THE TUNE IS, *Bar up the doore.* [See p. 212.]



“MY pretty Turtle-Dove, my Love, and heart's delight,  
in whom my joy and my comfort doth rest,  
Take pitty on me this cold tempestuous night,  
both wet and weary and sorely distrest ;  
I travel'd five miles to see your sweet face,  
O let me in quickly, it raineth apace,  
Methinks this should move you to pitty my case,  
*Come away, pretty Betty, and open the door.*

8

“Do not dresse you[r self] to prolong my misery,  
you shall be welcome to me in your Smock,  
More welcome then you were in all your bravery ;  
look not for the key, for it is in the lock.  
Come slip on your slippers, and trip down the stairs,  
And make no great noyse, Love, 't may lengthen our fears :  
Then make hast unto me, and shorten my cares,  
*Come away, [pretty Betty, and open the door !]*

16

" O do not say 'tis cold, when thou slip'st out of bed ;  
 if thou beest cold, I will warm thee again ;  
 With thought of a Baby thy fancy shall be fed,  
 I'll shew thee such sport, dear, thou shalt not complain.  
 When thou art below, Love, and I am above,  
 I'll shew thee such sport as thy mother did love ;  
 I think I have spoken enough for to move :  
*Come away, [pretty Betty, and open the door !]*

24

" If *Cupid* stand my friend, and hit thee in the dark,  
 I shall have hope to enjoy thee at last ;  
 For I have heard it said that he can hit the mark  
 as well in the night as the day that is past.  
 If I be happy then, *Besse* must be mine,  
 And I in conclusion of force must be thine :  
 Why should not our hearts then together combine ?  
*Come away, [pretty Betty, and open the door !]*

[*Cf.* p. 212.

32

" There's many proper Maids live in this place beside,  
 but you are the thief that hath stolen my heart ;  
 Give me my heart again, or yeeld to be my bride,  
 or else from thy lodging I'll never depart.  
 My heart thou hast stolen, I look for relief,  
 But if you'll change with me, I'll pardon the thief ;  
 Come do it then quickly, and ease all my grief :  
*Come away, [pretty Betty, and open the door !]*

40

" 'Tis you that may kill me, or lengthen my life ;  
 'tis you may give me blisse, or else my bane ;  
 'Tis you, sweet *Betty*, may help me unto a wife ;  
 'tis you that may spoyle me, and cure me again.  
 If you be disposed to ruine me quite,  
 Resolve and conclude then to do it to-night.  
 You may at this present now kill me outright :  
*Come away, [pretty Betty, and open the door !]*

48

When pretty *Betty* heard all that was spoken,  
 she opened the doore and she let him come in ;  
 And she cannot say but he left her a token,  
 to hug her and kisse her he now doth begin :  
 He so much prevailed that with her he lay,  
 And went away from her before break of day.  
 But she followed after, and thus she did say,  
 " *Come away, pretty William, and open the door !*"

56

" Sweet *William*, ope the door ! continue love to me,  
 shut not the door against me in disdain.  
 My heart is like to break, I am with child by thee,  
 to none but you now dare I complain."  
 Quoth *William*, " I have enough, *Betty*, of you."  
 " But I hope," quoth *Betty*, " you will not say so,  
 For I have no power from you for to go.  
*Come away, pretty William, [and open the door !]*

64

- " I op't the door for you, when you were cold and wet,  
a frozen Serpent I warm'd in my bed ;  
Can you, sweet *William*, these kindnesses forget ?  
I took pittie on you, when you were half dead."  
But *William* made answer, " I prethee, away !"  
Quoth *Betty*, " I cannot, for here I must stay.  
'Tis you have undone me, which makes me to say,  
*Come away, [ pretty William, and open the door ! ]*" 72
- " If a man warm his feet in a fair Maiden's bed,  
must he be followed and punisht beside ?"  
" Yes, if he climb so high to get her Maidenhead,  
promise, and then will not make her his bride."  
" Why did you not tell me then, when I was at it ?"  
" The plea-ant sport that we had made me forget it,  
You do but dissemble, for why well I wot it,  
*Come away, [ pretty William, and open the door ! ]*" 80
- " You say I stole your heart, you have it now again :  
would you could as well give me my Maidenhead ;  
No sooner I lost it, but I receiv'd my bane,  
when I entertained you into my bed.  
I cannot be blamed my mind for to break,  
For you should give loosers leave for to speak,  
But for my rash folly my heart it doth ake :  
*Come away, [ pretty William, and open the door ! ]*" 88
- Quoth *William*, " Learn more wit ! I am to prove you ;  
men they may proffer, but maids must say nay.  
What ever I did say I ne're did love thee :  
let this be your answer, and so go your way."  
" But I hope," quoth *Betty*, " you will yeeld anon."  
" No, never," quoth *William*, " I pray you be gone !"  
" I cannot go further, since I am undone :  
*Come away, [ pretty William, and open the door ! ]*" 96
- But she could not prevail, he barred up the door ;  
she might have done so ere she did begin.  
All you young Maidens take warning by her therefore,  
keep fast your wicket, and let none come in.  
If young men do enter, O they will go nigh  
To scale the low walls of your Virginitie ;  
Then you will be forced with *Betty* to cry,  
"*Come away, pretty William, and open the door !*" 104

Printed for *William Gilbertson*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, the first of which is removed to p. 209, the other is on p. 213. Date *circa* 1663.]

\* \* \* *Open the Door*, a ballad, beginning " You Maydens," was licensed to E. White, 1 Aug. 1586. Instead of opening the door, which has been done once too often, let us throw open the window and admit fresh air, by reprinting a more modern *Roxb. Ballad*, containing a father's advice to his son, in true-love matters, entitled, " Merry and Wise." In the Editor's Trowbesh Collection is a different edition, " Printed and sold by *Jennings*, 13, *Water-lane, Fleet Street, London*. We first give an earlier " Father's Admonition." For original words of the tune, p. 221.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 165; Jersey, II. 42; Pepys, II. 83.]

## The Father's Wholesome Admonition.

Or, A Lumpin' Penn'gworth of Good Counsel for Bad Husbands.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Grim King of the Ghosts*. Licensed according to Order.

**M**Y Son, if you reckon to Wed, and take to your self a kind Wife,  
Then, then, let it never be said but that you'll reform your old Life:  
There's many good pounds you have spent, the which you had reason to prize,  
But labour in time to repent, *'tis good to be merry and wise.* 4

Be sure keep a penny in store, 'twill help you when Friends they may fail;  
For should you spend all, and grow poor, your Case you'll have cause to bewail:  
In Troubles you'll strangely be hurl'd, the which will your senses surprize:  
But he that will thrive in this World *must learn to be merry and wise.* 8

Perchance you may meet with a Friend, which doth to your Dealings belong,  
If with him a Tester you spend, this can do you no great wrong,  
And then to your Labour again, it being enough to suffice;  
This care will your Houshold maintain, *'tis good to be merry and wise.* 12

There's many a Woman well bred has marry'd a prodigal Knave,  
So that the same day she was wed, 'twere better she had gone to her Grave,  
Her Lands and her Livings all sold, which caus'd Tears to flow from her eyes,  
And likewise true Friendship grew cold: *then 'tis good to be merry and wise.* 16

Son, if a Rich Wife be thy Lot, be carefull and thrifty, I pray,  
For Means is not easily got, as it may be squander'd away.  
Be carefull and always contrive those temporal Blessings to prize;  
For he that is willing to thrive *must learn to be merry and wise.* 20

There's some that are absolute poor, as well I can make it appear,  
Who will in strong Liquor spend more than some that has hundreds a year,  
And bring their poor families low, and can't get wherewith to suffice;  
But that Man would never do so, *who learns to be merry and wise.* 24

The Work-man that is a boon Lad, you'll find his Condition is such,  
If Trading shou'd chance to grow bad, he scarce has a Groat in his Purse;  
While he that doth get, spend, and save, has always enough to suffice:  
Then Son, if this Blessing you'd have, *then learn to be merry and wise.* 28

This Counsel which to you I give, oh prize it more dearer than Gold!  
And then you in Credit will live, and save something while you grow old.  
There's many has dearly bought Wit, when Fathers' good Words they despise,  
My Son, ne'er spend all that you get, *but learn to be merry and wise.* 32

Great Getters that spend all are like the Cow that gives much at a Meal,  
Who having done, straightways doth strike, and kick it all down with her Heel:  
Act like the industrious Bee, and then you to Riches may rise,  
And flourishing days you will see, *if you'll but be merry and wise.* 36

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

[In Black-letter. Four cuts: the second, man, on p. 219; others in vol. iii. pp. 403, n., 408 (man only), and *Bagford Ballads*, 205 L. Date, *circa* 1688.]

\*\*\* (Also in J. P. Collier's *Roxb. Ballads*, 1847, p. 143.) A more modern Roxburghe Ballad on the same theme follows on next page. Compare with these two the fragment of time-honoured *Wisdom of our Ancestors* on p. 1.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 399 ; and Trowbesh Slip-Songs.]

## Merry and Wise.

- “Come hither, my dutiful son, and take this good counsel of me,  
 All follies endeavour to shun, that you so may prosperous be.  
 In all the affairs of your life, that so you to riches may rise,  
 Also in chusing of a wife, *it is good to be merry and wise.* 4
- “Chuse not for a great many pence, among the fine, gaudy and gay,  
 For a woman well furnish'd with sense is fifty times better than they.  
 Here is one in her insolent pride perhaps [would] your calling despise,  
 When the other will draw by your side: *'tis good to be merry and wise.* 8
- “Be sure you draw both in a yoke, one hand, one heart and one purse ;  
 Each other pray never provoke, lest your blessing should turn to a curse ;  
 Be careful and kind to thy wife, and be not too soon [in] disguise ;  
 Be sober and lead a good life, *it is good to be merry and wise.* 12
- “Some men they nothing will save, like ragged extravagant elves,  
 And it is their desire to have their neighbours as poor as themselves ;  
 Be careful, and value them not, to ruin they'll fall while you rise :  
 There is a good name to be got *for those that are merry and wise.* 16
- “Some men they scorn and deride good men of industrious care,  
 That do by their labour provide both food and apparel to wear ;  
 They strive by their malice and spleen, like ragged wolves in disguise,  
 We very well know what you mean : *it is good to be merry and wise.* 20
- “I have been a father to you, and so I will be to your wife ;  
 Nothing shall be wanting of me, to the longest day of my life :  
 If you will mend what is amiss, and not my good counsel despise,  
 Then I will conclude all with this, *Dear son, you'll be merry and wise.* 24

[No printer's name ; see p. 215. White-letter slip, circa 1776, poor woodcut.]

\* \* The foregoing songs may be fitly taken as companions and correctives to the ensuing “True-Lover's Admonition,” which indulges in a series of warnings based on an assumed knowledge of constitutional temperament, indicated by colour of hair and other physical peculiarities. The tune named for it is, *So sweet is the Lass that loves me*. This line forms the burden and the sub-title of a ballad in the Rawlinson Collection (4to., 566, fol. 118), beginning, “Oh ! that I were with my True Love !” It is entitled “The Resolved Lover ; or, So sweet is the Lass that loves me.” To the tune of, *The Lilly and the Rose*, or, *So sweet is the lass that loves me*. Nine eight-line stanzas. Printed for John Hose over-against Staples-Inn in Holborn, near Gray's-Inn-Lane. Of date circa 1665-1673, as on the back is printed for T. Passenger a ballad on the Dutch War, “More News from the Fleet” = “Of English Acts I intend to write.”



[This cut belongs to p. 220.]



## The True Lover's Admonition.

"The Damaske Rose, nor Lilly faire, the Cowslip, nor the Pancy,  
With my true Love cannot compare for beauty, love, and fancy.  
She doth excell the rarest Dame in all the World that may be.  
Which makes me thus extoll her fame, *So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.*"

—Martin Parker's *Love's Solace* (1st stanza).

THE Rawlinson ballad of "The Resolved Lover" being marked (inaccurately, see p. 217), to be sung to the tune of *The Lilly and the Rose*, or, *So sweet is the Lass that loves me*, shows that "O that I were with my true Love" is the later version. An earlier ballad, also laying claim to the burden of *So sweet is the Lass that loves me*, is one by Martin Parker, entitled "Love's Solace." It has been already reprinted in Mr. William Chappell's portion of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 623. Tune, known as *The Damaske Rose*, but incorrectly cited in Rawlinson ballad as *The Lilly and the Rose*. Mr. Chappell mentions that the tune is often referred to under this name of *The Damaske Rose*, and sometimes under that of *Omnia vincit Amor* (as in the Skene MSS). Later tune-name, *So sweet is the Lass that loves me*. We give in this Group (p. 225), the Roxburghe Ballad, entitled "The Last Lamentation of the Languishing Squire; or, Love overcometh all Things;" to the tune of (1) *Billy and Molly*, or (2) *Jockey's Jealousy*. Each stanza ends with the burden required: *Omnia vincit Amor*. It seems probable that other names of the same tune were *Mock-Beggars' Hall*, and *Is not this your Northern Nancy?* (Compare *Popular Music*, p. 779.)

(2) *Jockey's Jealousy* was an amplification of the original song of "The Successful Lover," four stanzas; which we give on p. 220.

The full title of the Pepysian Ballad (unique) is "*Jockie's Jealousie; or, His Rival chiefly regarded by his beloved Moggie.*" With the music. Licensed according to Order. Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back. With the music.

(1) The Tune named *Billy and Molly* belonged to another unreprinted old Pepysian ballad, entitled "*Willy and Molly; or, A Match to go a Maying*" (Pepys Coll., III. 34). It began, "*Says Billy to Molly;*" and was appointed to be sung to the tune of *I am a Maid, and a very good Maid*: which took name from the burden of "The Loving Chambermaid; or, Vindication of a departed Maidenhead" (Roxb. Coll., III. 303); sung to a new tune. Begins,

Shut the door after me, pull off the Boule!  
I'll blow in the Candle the best of you all:  
*And all the world shall ne'er me persuade  
But that I am a Maid, and a very good Maid!*

[Roxb. Coll., II. 466 ; Jersey, I. 198 ; II. 58 ; Huth, II. 111.]

## The True Lover's Admonition.

Of all the colours in the world, the black hair is the best ;  
Though fair and brown may be well curl'd, yet black exceeds the rest :  
That is the colour I do prize, and love beyond all measure ;  
She that hath black hair and black eyes, esteem her as a treasure.

THE TUNE IS, *So Sweet is the Lass that Loves me.* [See Note on p. 217.]



- “ You pretty little young men all, come listen to my Ditty,  
Beware how you in love do fall, I'd have you wise and witty :  
But whensoever you make a vow, be sure you do not break it ;  
For there be fair Young Maids enough *that willingly will take it.* 4
- “ Let me a little you advise, that when you go a-wooing,  
You may chuse one that's fair and wise, least it be your undoing :  
The Lass that hath a rouling eye will vow and quickly break it,  
Though she at first seem to deny, *I'le warrant thee, boy, shee'l take it.* 8
- “ Do not thou chuse a long-nos'd Lass, for she's inclin'd to scolding,  
And [will] be to thee a plague, alas ! be not to her beholding :  
What though she store of money hath, you'd better take one naked ;  
Not one in twenty that draws breath *but will go near to take it.* 12
- “ And she that is splay-footed too, I'de have thee not to mind her ;  
But chuse you one that's fair and true, if you know where to find her !  
For here and there you'l find one fair, will vow and will not break it ;  
Not one in ten, I say agen, *but will go near to take it.* 16
- “ The Carrot pate be sure you hate, for she'l be true to no man,  
But put her too 't and she will do 't, and oft turns very common :  
She that is red upon the head will doubtless ne'r forsake it,  
But wanton be, assuredly, *and willingly will take it.* 20
- “ She that hath hair that's bright and fair, will do the trick most neatly ;  
Of her I'de have you have a care, least she cheat you compleatly :  
Then do not try, for certainly, if you but at her shake it,  
She will conclude you are not rude, *but freely she will take it.* 24

- " The Crump, the Hopper-a—e, and all, will make you no denial,  
They willingly will take a fall, if you come to the tryal :  
You'd find that I speak merrily, by no means will forsake it,  
It is well known there's few, or none, *but willingly will take it.* 28
- " The old, the young, the weak, the strong, full easily are tempted,  
They will not be persuaded from, nor from it be exempted :  
Then have a care, all colour'd hair will right and reason make it  
To use their own, since it is known *that more or all will take it.* 32
- " But let me not forget to praise the Glory of the Nation,  
For there is none that nowadays are free from Love's temptation :  
Except it be the Black, and she—hates Lust, and will forsake it,  
She'll live and die contentedly, *and never mind to take it,* 36
- " Except it be with her own Dear, and then she'll ne'r deny it,  
To trade a touch ; then there's no fear, but she'll resolve to try it :  
And willingly she will comply, though 't were to lye stark naked,  
For 'tis well known, that with one's own *it is no shame to take it.* 40
- " Then [all] you that do Wooing go, be by a friend advised,  
For why ? good counsel you do know, too often is dispised :  
Take some girls by the Petticoat, and do but gently shake it,  
Then presently she will plainly show 't, *that merrily she will take it.* 44
- " And now for to conclude, I say, you ought for to be careful  
That you throw not yourselves away, then be exceeding fearful :  
Try but the Black how she doth smack, she'll vow and ne'r will break it ;  
First do her wed, then go to bed, *and I warrant she will take it !*" 48

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye-Corner.

[Black-letter, two figure-cuts and border, p. 217. Date, between 1672 and 1682.]

### *The Successful Lober.*

(*The germ of the "Jockey's Jealousy" Ballad.* See p. 218.)

*Music composed by J. Snow, 1686.*

I Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd, long sighing and complaining,  
While me she shunn'd and disapprov'd, another entertaining ;  
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free, no favour she refus'd him :  
Judge how unkind she was to me, while she so kindly us'd him !  
His hand her milk-white bubbies press'd, a bliss worth kings' desiring ;  
Ten thousand times he kiss'd her breast, the snowy mounts admiring ;  
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair that to such passion mov'd him,  
She clapp'd his cheeks, and curl'd his hair, to shew she well approv'd him.  
The killing sight my Soul inflam'd, and swell'd my heart with passion,  
Which like my Love could not be tam'd, nor had consideration ;  
I beat my breast, and tore my hair, on my hard fate complaining,  
That plung'd me into deep Despair, because of her disdain.  
" Ah, cruel *Moggy* ! " then I cry'd, " Will not my sorrows move you ?  
Or if my Love must be deny'd, yet give me leave to love you :  
And then frown on, and still be coy, your constaint Swain despising,  
For 'tis but just you should destroy what is not worth your prizing."

## The Lunatic Lover.

*Hamlet*.—"I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw."—*Hamlet*, Act ii. sc. 2.

WHEN in 1765 Bishop Percy gave six "Mad Songs" in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, he included "The Lunatic Lover" as Mad Song the third. He added no comment, beyond mentioning "an old printed copy in the British Museum [probably the Bagford Coll., I. 53], compared with another in the Pepys Collection [*i.e.* IV. 61]; both in Black-Letter." Real knowledge of the subject was seldom displayed by Thomas Percy. Invaluable service was done by him, in leading thousands of new readers to see the merits of our early ballad-poetry; but it must be owned that he was neither a profound scholar in bibliography, nor a conscientiously exact transcriber and editor. Nor was he trustworthy as a critic in the higher departments of literature. He yielded to the prevailing taste, in tawdry ornament and sham sentiment. With apologetic servility he seems to ask pardon for having descended, from the gravity of a chaplain, to the editing of popular ballads. He probably felt surprise at his own success. The preferment which he gained in consequence was such as could not be won now : *Les Belles Lettres* being held by bigoted and political time-servers to disqualify for every ecclesiastical distinction except persecution. The lines of Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, fell in prosperous days for editors, and in more pleasant places.

In Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 494, the melody is printed, accompanying the more modern verses from Berkeley's "Can Love be controul'd by advice?" But in his *National English Airs*, ii. 81, he gave the original "Grim King of the Ghosts." To the same tune were sung Nicholas Rowe's lines, "Colin's Complaint," *viz.* "Despairing beside a clear stream;" often imitated. This delightful parody was attributed to Canning :

BY the side of a murmuring stream, an elderly Gentleman sat,  
On the top of his head was his wig, and a-top of his wig was his hat.  
The wind it blew high and blew strong, as the elderly gentleman sat;  
And bore from his head in a trice, and plunged in the river his hat.  
The gentleman then took his cane, which lay by his side as he sat;  
And he dropt in the river his wig, in attempting to get out his hat.  
His breast it grew cold with despair, and full in his eye madness sat;  
So he flung in the river his cane, to swim with his wig and his hat.  
Cool reflection at last came across, while this elderly gentleman sat,  
So he thought he would follow the stream, and look for his cane, wig and hat.  
His head, being thicker than common, o'er-balance'd the rest of his fat;  
And in plumpst this son of a Woman, to follow his wig, cane, and hat.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 317; Bagford, I. 53; Jersey, I. 22; Pepys, IV. 61.]

**The Lunatick Lober; or, The Young Man's Call to  
Grim King of the Ghosts.**

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE [its own]. Licensed according to Order.



**G**rim King of the Ghosts, make haste,  
And bring hither all your train;  
See how the pale Moon do's waste,  
And just now is in the wane!  
Come, you Night-Hags, with all you charms,  
And revelling Witches away,  
And hug me close in your arms!  
To you my Respects I'll pay.

8

I'll court you and think you fair,  
Since Love do's distract my Brain;  
I'll go and I'll wed the Night-Mare,  
And kiss her, and kiss her again:  
But if she proves peevish and proud,  
Then a pise of her Love! let her go! [sic.=Pish! tush!]  
I'll seek me a winding shroud,  
And down to the Shades below.

16

A Lunacy sad I endure,  
Since Reason departs away;  
I call to those Hags for cure,  
As knowing not what I say;  
The Beauty whom I do adore  
Now slights me with scorn and disdain,  
I never shall see her more:  
Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

24

I ramble and range about,  
 To find out my charming Saint,  
 While she at my grief do's flout,  
 And smiles at my loud Complaint :  
 Distraction I see is my doom,  
 Of this I am too too sure ;  
 A Rival is got in my room,  
 While torments I do endure. 32

Strange Fancies do fill my Head,  
 While wand'ring in despair ;  
 I am to the Desarts led,  
 Expecting to find her there :  
 Methinks in a spangl'd Cloud  
 I see her enthron'd on high,  
 Then to her I cry aloud,  
 And labour to reach the Sky. ["doth" 40

When thus I have rav'd a while,  
 And weary'd my self in vain,  
 I lie on the barren soil,  
 And bitterly do complain :  
 Till Slumber hath quieted me,  
 In sorrow I sigh and weep,  
 The Clouds are my canopy,  
 To cover me while I sleep. ["cry'd" 48

I dream that my Charming Fair  
 Is then in my Rival's bed,  
 Whose tresses of golden Hair  
 Are on the white pillows spread ;  
 Then this doth my Passion enflame,  
 I start, and no longer can lie :  
 " Ah ! *Silvia*, art thou not to blame,  
 To ruine a Lover ? " I cry. [Orig. 'Is on the fair' 56

Grim King of the Ghosts, be true,  
 And hurry me hence away ;  
 My languishing life to you  
 As Tribute I freely pay.  
 To th' *Elizium* Shades I post,  
 In hopes to be free from care,  
 Where many a bleeding Ghost  
 Is hovering in the air. 64

[In Black-letter. Douce Coll., II. 142, printed for *J. Walter*. Roxburghe copy, n.p.n. Bagford and Pepys are earlier, "Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the Hospital-Gate, *West Smithfield*. This may be Printed : **R.P.**" i.e. **Richard Pocock**, therefore the date is between August, 1685, and end of 1688. Three woodcuts. Third cut on p. 143, L. For Ghost, cf. V. 487.]





## Of some Languishing Squires.

"Happy 's the Man that's free from love, he'll range the woods and shady grove;  
He'll neither mind the great nor small: but a good Condition 's best of all."

—*Languishing Swain; or, Hard-hearted Shepherdess.*

**L**OST, stolen, or strayed, a "Languishing Squire!" Two of the 'Esquires' loved a Cynthia of the moment, and unavailingly; but the tunes of their ditties are different. "The Frantic Squire" took the tune of *Let Mary live long!* in days when Dorset's "Orange Moll" held a 'Regency,' forsooth, during the absence of her Sour William; while the nectar-preferring Squire sang Bacchanalian rhymes to the tune of *Let the Soldiers rejoice!* He admits candidly that he had been "in Bedlam bound," having been equally a Lunatic Lover with the earlier wight, who had (on p. 222) invoked the presence of a "Grim King of the Ghosts."

Of our "Frantic Squire" the music is in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vi. 83, "The Loyal Subject's Wish," words by Mrs. Anne Morcott: "Let *Mary* live long! she's virtuous and witty; all charmingly pretty; Let *Mary* live long!"

\*\* This Languishing Squire is somewhat perplexing, if we are to regard him as a solitary specimen, and not like Cerberus *tria juncta in uno*; or George Colman's Will Waddle, "two single gentlemen rolled into one." We have not yet unearthed 'The Languishing Squire's first Complaint,' which was that of an ill-used Lover, whom Cynthia discouraged; but his second complaint bade fair to be *Delirium Tremens*, if Carolian *bon vivants* knew such a designation. On p. 228, "The Last Lamentation of the Languishing Squire," is to a different tune, and therein he dies soberly if sillily. Two of the four woodcuts are given below; the others are found on pp. 61 and 50 (man).



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 177; Jersey, I. 221; Pepys, III. 248.]

### The Frantick Squire.

Whose Passionate Love for a Young Lady caused his Distraction,  
and since the restoration of his Senses, he with his own hand  
writ this Excellent new Ditty.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let Mary live long!* [See p. 224.]

**M**ELPOMENE, now assist a meek Lover!  
Whose tears will discover  
How false to her vow fair *Cynthia* has been;  
While I sigh and complain, she return'd me disdain,  
And would not expell my languishing passion,  
My languishing passion, but bade me farewell. 6  
From morning to night I wander'd distracted,  
Ah! what have I acted  
Which made her delight to torture me so?  
Through the shades did I post, like a hovering Ghost,  
Bereaved of rest; with sad lamentation,  
With sad lamentation, in sorrow opprest. 12  
My Riches I left, with dear Habitation,  
Each friend and relation;  
Of comfort bereft, distracted I ran,  
That a place I might find that was free from mankind,  
(Fair Women, I mean.) whose conquering Beauty—  
Whose conquering Beauty too late I have seen. 18  
My pillow I made on banks of green Rushes,  
Near Brambles and Bushes,  
Where weeping I laid my sorrowful Head;  
As I closed my eyes, the kind watery Skies  
Would weep to behold a Lover exposed,  
A Lover exposed to sorrow and cold. 24  
I valu'd not Crowns, with Kingdoms of Treasure,  
And wealth out of measure,  
Or fortifi'd Towns, for which they contend;  
There was *Cynthia* my Love, which I valu'd above  
An Emperor's Throne; her amorous Beauty,  
Her amorous Beauty was riches alone. 30  
To *Bedlam*, bound, at length they convey'd me, [Cf. p. 224.  
And there having laid me,  
Upon the hard ground, I took my repose;  
And my rich silken Bed, where I once laid my Head,  
Was turned to straws: of this my Distraction,  
Of this my Distraction was *Cynthia* the Cause! 36  
My Senses, once more, the hand of kind Heaven  
In pity hath given;  
And now I'll adore no Woman alive.  
Since my heart is at ease, let 'em frown if they please,  
I scorn their disdain: They never shall make me,  
They never shall make me a Captive again. 42

**Finis.**

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: man on p. 224; Lady on p. 237. Date, *circa* 1690.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 439 ; Jersey, I. 92 ; Douce, II. 212 *verso*.]

## The Squire's Grief crown'd with Comfort :

Dr, Nectar preferr'd before Scornfull Cynthia.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let the Soldiers Rejoyce*.<sup>1</sup>

Licensed according to Order.



Are the Fates so unkind as to keep me confin'd,  
Debarr'd of all Free—dom and Pleasure ?  
For the young Charming Saint ne'er regards my Complaint,  
But deny's me, deny's me the Fountain of Pleasure.

I'm catch'd in the Snare of a Beauty so fair,  
Whom all the whole Wor—ld will admire ;  
At her Feet when I bow, not a Smile she'll allow,  
But she leaves me, she leaves me, to burn with desire.

8

<sup>1</sup> This refers to a Pepysian ballad, so commencing, and entitled "Royal Courage; or, King William's Happy Success in Ireland" (Pepys Coll., V. 65). But the original words are by Thomas Betterton, actor and dramatist, belonging to his adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Prophetess; or, The History of Diocletian," Act ii. 1690; the music was composed by Henry Purcell, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 277. We reprinted the words in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 292.

When I tell her of Love, that I prize none above  
Fair *Cynthia*, my A—morous Jewel ;  
She returns me her Frown, which do's quite run me down ;  
Oh! was ever, was ever, a Creature so cruel ?  
When her Eyes I beheld, with Raptures I swell'd ;  
To gain her I u—s'd my endeavour ;  
But yet all was in vain, I might sigh and complain,  
She deny'd me, deny'd me, the Blessing for ever. 16  
Being clearly deny'd, I in sorrow reply'd :  
“ Whom Beauty a—lone hath invited,  
Is rejected at last, this my Glory doth blast,  
Oh! was ever, was ever, young Lover so slighted ? ”  
Thus with sorrow opprest, and deny'd of all rest,  
I started when e—'er I did slumber,  
For my sorrows were more than the sands on the shore,  
For I tell you, I tell you, they were out of n[umber]. 24  
But at length I took Heart, and defended the Dart,  
And with a good F—ace I can carry it,  
And solemnly declare there's no *Cynthia* so fair  
As a Bottle, a Bottle of delicate Claret. [cf p. 317.  
This my Joys will restore, I'll regard her no more,  
Nor trouble my Nod—dle about her ;  
For my Heart is at ease, I can love when I please,  
Therefore tell her, now tell her, I can love wi[thout her.] 32

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. With three woodcuts, as given. Date, 1690, or soon after.]



[Roxb. Coll., II. 276 ; Jersey, I. 33 ; Pepys, III. 367 ; Douce, I. 116<sup>vo.</sup> ; III. 71.]

## The Last Lamentation of the Languishing Squire ; or, Love overcomes all Things.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Billy and Molly* ; or, *Jockey's Jealousie*.

Licensed according to Order. [For the woodcuts see *Note*, below.]

AS I went forth to view the Spring, which *Flora* had adorned,  
In gorgeous rayment, every thing a Winter's rage out-scorned ;  
I cast mine Eye, and did espy a Youth, that made great clamour,  
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry, "It's *Omnia vincit Amor* !"

Upon his Face he lay along, hard by a Chrystal River,  
And mournfully his doleful Song with sighs he did deliver ;  
"Wo worth her face, her comely grace ! for which no man can shun her :  
Her splendid Rays cuts off my days, for *Omnia vincit Amor*.

"Her chrystal eyes like Comets fair, bright *Phæbus* beams out-shining,  
Hath caught my heart in *Cupid's* Snare, and makes me dye with pining.  
Fond foolish Nature did not well, so curiously to frame her,  
Her Beauty fair makes me, 'n despair, cry *Omnia vincit Amor*.

"You chrystal Streams that sweetly glide, be partners of my Mourning,  
You fragrant Fields and Meadows wide, condemn her for her scorning ;  
Let e'ery Tree a witness be how justly I may blame her :  
You chanting Birds, note these my Words, it's *Omnia vincit Amor*.

"I sigh and languish for her sake, ten thousand Griefs are growing,  
My fainting Heart I find will break, while dying Tears are flowing ;  
Here do I find her most unkind, therefore I needs must blame her,  
Her Beauty bright destroys me quite, it's *Omnia vincit Amor*.

"Love conquers more than Sword or S[hield,] or any warlike Power ;  
Renowned Kings are forc'd to yield ; no strong Defenced Tower  
Can e'er withstand Love's armed Band, and now I here must name her,  
Fair *Cynthia* she hath ruin'd me : 'tis *Omnia vincit Amor*.

"Had she been kind as she is fair, she might have been admired,  
In every place without compare, who hath my Death conspired."  
This said, his breath began to fail, he could not speak but stammer,  
He sighed sore, and said no more, "'tis *Omnia vincit Amor* !"

Thus I perceived him near his Death, and ran in haste to save him,  
But quickly he resign'd his breath, so deep a wound Love gave him ;  
Thus for his sake this Vow I'll make, my tongue shall still defame her,  
Upon his Herse I'll write this Verse, "It's *Omnia vincit Amor*."

[Colophon cut off : others "printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*"]

Four cuts ; man, p. 50 ; woman, p. 61 ; two on p. 224.]

\* \* See p. 218 for a note concerning each of these distinct tunes. "Jockey's Jealousy" is not a misprint for "Moggie's Jealousy," the ballad given on p. 171. *Omnia Vincit Amor* is No. 52 in the Skene MS., p. 238 of G. F. Graham's ed.



## The Master-piece of Love-Songs.

*Justice Clement.*—"What! all this verse? Body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose: let us see some of his subjects."

—Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act v. 1598.

ON p. 233 we reprint the ballad beginning "A week before *Easter* the day's long and clear;" we add another, also, from the Roxburghe Collection, but more modern by nearly a century of publication, beginning "The week before *Easter*, the day being fair;" and to the same tune. It bears title of "Love is the cause of my Mourning," and introduces the favourite line. It is preceded here by a third ballad to the same tune, and from the same collection, intermediate between the others in date, but much nearer to that of "The Forlorn Lover;" one that arrogates to itself the title of being "The Master-Piece of Love Songs," but generally known as "The Bold Keeper." We shall find a naval ballad in our next Group, "The Seaman's Renown," beginning, "There was a bold Seaman, a ship he could steer." Not improbably its opening line was suggested by "There was a bold keeper, that chased the deer."

Whosoever he may have been, modest self-depreciation was not the besetting weakness of the author of this ballad. If he did any good by stealth, he was quite ready to count it fame six minutes afterwards, and not willing to accept any of those "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." All the better for him, so far as worldly prosperity was concerned. The obtrusively-retiring tribe of every generation boast their unboastfulness, and we honestly confess that most of these "humble" ones turn out to be hypocrites. But they never write good ballads.

We interpolate an appropriate cut of a Hunter in the Forest; from p. 180.





[Roxburghe Coll., III. 532 ; Bagford, II. 123 ; Euing, 208 ; Huth, I. 22 ;  
Douce, II. 151 ; Jersey, II. 195 ; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 20 *verso*.]

## The Master-piece of Love Songs.

### Being

A Dialogue betwixt a bold Keeper and a Lady gay,  
Who woo'd his Lord's Daughter, and carried the Day,  
But soon after Marriage was forced for to fight  
With his Lord and six Gentlemen for his own Right ;  
He cut them, and hew'd them, and paid them with Blows,  
And made them his Friends, who before were his Foes.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A Week before Easter*. [See pp. 232, 233.]

- I**T was a bold Keeper that chased the Deer,  
Of a stouter bold spirit you never did hear,  
But he loved a Lady of Beauty most clear,  
And now you shall hear of his Wooing. 4
- Keeper.*] "O pity, fair Lady ! the Suit which I move,  
For I'm deep in Affection, and tossed in Love ;  
For you are the Lady, the Turtle and Dove,  
Whereon I have cast my Affection." 8
- Lady.*] "O Keeper, forbear ! I shall thus answer thee,  
I'm a match for a Lord of a high Degree ;  
For my Birth and yours they not equal be ;  
Therefore, Keeper, forbear your Wooing ! " 12
- Keeper.*] "The Repulse it maketh me sadly to grieve ;  
And true 'tis we all came from *Adam* and *Eve* ;  
One loving Word to my Life is a Reprieve,  
Tho' I'm linked fast in *Cupid's* Prison." 16
- Lady.*] "O why should you say you're a prisoner to me ?  
O hold, forbear, Keeper ! for that may not be ;  
We both may have Matches fitter for each Degree ;  
Then forbear, and take this for an Answer ! " 20
- Keeper.*] "No, not for an Answer, that I shall it take ;  
And yet this Denial makes my Heart to ake ;  
And I shall lay down my Life at the stake,  
To obtain the favour of my Lady." 24
- Lady.*] "It is a meer madness your Life to lay down ;  
What will people say, 'there's an end of a Clown !  
That pass'd many dangers, till Fortune did frown,  
And now died a pretended Lover.' " 28

- Keeper.*] The name of a Clown in my heart I do scorn,  
Being nobly descended, and a Gentleman born ;  
Yet I am a Keeper that must be forlorn,  
Except you can love me, fair Lady." 32
- Lady.*] " Well, Keeper, I perceive thou hast a good heart,  
Well art thou compacted in every Part ;  
If my Lord did know, we both would suffer smart :  
My Father would be so offended." 36
- Keeper.*] " Lady, if you will consent to be my Bride,  
I will gird up my Sword and Buckler by my side,  
And then to the Church in private we'll ride,  
Where we will be marry'd, fair Lady." 40
- She then gave Consent, and away they did ride,  
The valiant bold Keeper and his lovely Bride ;  
Not fearing of danger, whatever betide ;  
For she was a valiant young Lady. 44
- Being marry'd, they return'd back speedily,  
And riding along her Father did espy ;  
" Alack ! " quoth the Lady, " one or both shall die."  
" Fear nothing," quoth the Keeper, " fair Lady ! " 48
- The Lord he came posting so fast as he could hie,  
And six lusty Gentlemen for company ;  
Quoth he to the Keeper, " Villain ! thou shalt die,  
For deluding away my fair daughter." 52
- " Come on," quoth the Keeper, " 'tis no time to prattle,  
I see by your swords you're prepar'd for battle."  
With his sword and buckler he made them to rattle :  
The Lady held the Horse for the Keeper. 56
- He cut them and hew'd them, on the Place he did stand ;  
O then, quoth the Lord, " Bold Keeper, hold thy Hand ! "  
" If you'll give your daughter thirty thousand in Land,  
You shan't die by the hand of the Keeper." 60
- " Keeper," quoth the Lady, " 'tis too small a Portion."  
" Daughter," quoth the Lord, " your will shall be done ;  
I will love thy Husband, and thee ever own ! "  
Thus a Keeper gain'd a fair Lady. 64

[Two woodcuts. No Printer's name, or Colophon, in Roxburghe copy. Bagford's II. 123, and Euing, 208, are Black-letter, printed for *A. M[ilbourne]*, *W. O[nley]*, and *Tho[mas] Thackeray*, at the *Angel* in *Duck-Lane*. A similar copy is in C. 22. e. 2, fol. 20 *verso*. The woodcuts vary in different editions.]



## A Week before Easter.

“O Love, Love, Love, laddie! Love is like a dizziness!  
It winna let a poor body gang about his business.”

—The Ettrick Shepherd's “*Lovely Peggy*.”

THE tune of the following ballad, “The Forlorn Lover,” seems to have been known indifferently by the names of, *A Week before Easter*; *Three slips for a Tester*; and *Love is the cause of my mourning*. We gave, on p. 228, an early known *Omnia vincit Amor*.

On the 1st of January, 1724, there appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany of Scots Sangs*, vol. i. p. 32, “Love is the Cause of my Mourning,” which holds the same line in its burden, varied, and has the same rhythm as our ballad. This “Shepherd's Complaint” was (on the late authority of Robert Burns, MS. note) written by R. Scott, of Biggar. With music it reappeared in *The Merry Musician*, vol. iii. 146, and in *Calliope*, i. 96, 1738. The signature X., appended by Allan Ramsay, indicated that to him the author was unknown. It cannot have been published earlier than our “Forlorn Lover.” With the music, the song was reprinted in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, ii. 111, 1788. Here it is:—

### Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

(By R. Scott, of Biggar.)

BY a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess lay,  
“Be so kind, O ye nymphs!” I oft-times heard her say,  
“Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,  
And that *Love is the cause of my mourning*.  
“False Shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,  
You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never warms;  
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms.  
Oh, *Strephon! the cause of my mourning!*  
“But first,” said she, “let me go, down to the shades below,  
E'er you let *Strephon* know that I have lov'd him so:  
Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show  
That *Love was the cause of my mourning*.”  
Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,  
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;  
But finding her breathless, “Oh, heavens!” did he cry,  
“Ah *Chloris! the cause of my mourning!*  
“Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs! use your art.”  
They sighing reply'd, “’Twas yourself shot the dart,  
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' heart,  
And kill'd the poor *Chloris with mourning*.”  
“Ah! then, is *Chloris* dead? wounded by me!” he said;  
“I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent shade.”  
Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
Expir'd the poor *Strephon with mourning*.

X.

[Roxb. Coll., III. 324 ; Bagford, II. 130 ; Pepys, III. 103 ; Euing, 208 ; Douce.]

## The Forlorn Lover ;

Declaring how

A Lass gave her Lover three slips for a Tester,  
And married another a Week before EASTER.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [its own].

A Week before *Easter* the day's long and clear,  
So bright is the Sun, and so cool is the air ;  
I went into the Forest some flowers to find there,  
And the forest would yield me no posies.

The wheat and the rye, that grow green, [with oats ;]  
The hedges and trees, in their several coats ;  
The small birds do sing, in their changeable notes :  
But there grow no Strawberries or Roses. 8

I went into a meadow, some time for to spend,  
And to come back again did fully intend ;  
But as I came back I met with a Friend,  
And 'twas "*Love was the cause of my Mourning !*"

[*The Friend relates his woe.*]

"I lov'd a fair Lady this many a day,  
And now to requite me, she's married away ;  
Here she hath left me in sorrow to stay :  
But now I begin to consider. 16

"I loved her dear, and I loved her well,  
I hated those people that of her spoke ill ;  
Many a one told me what she once did say,  
Yet I would hardly believe 'em.

"But when I did hear my Love was in the Church,  
I went out of my seat, and sat in the Porch,  
I found I should falsely be left in the lurch :  
And thought that my heart would have broken. 24

"But when I did see my Love to the Church go,  
With all her Bride-maidens, they made such a show,  
I laugh'd in conceit, but my heart was full low,  
To see how much she was regarded. [*al. lect. "how highly."*]

"But when I saw my Love within the Church stand,  
Gold ring on her finger, well seal'd with a band, [*i.e. Bond,*  
He had so endued her with house and with land,  
That nothing but Death could them sever. 32

"But when the Bride-maidens were having her to bed;  
I stept in amongst them and kissed the Bride,  
And wished to have been laid close by her side:  
And by that means I got me a favour.

"When she was laid in bed, (drest up in white,)  
My eyes gusht with water, that drowned my sight:  
I put off my hat, and bid them all good night,  
'And adieu, my fair Sweeting, for ever!' [*a. lect.* "sweetheart."

"O dig me a grave, that is wide, large, and deep,  
With a turf at my head, and another at my feet! [*al. l.* "a root."  
There will I lye, and take a lasting sleep,  
And so bid her Farewel for ever.

"She plighted her faith to be my fair Bride,  
And now at last she hath me falsely deprived:  
I'll leave off my wrath, and wish God be my Guide,  
To save me from such another. 48

"I pitty her case, much more than my own,  
That she should imbrace and join hands in one  
Whilst I am her true Love, and daily do groan:  
My sorrows I cannot smother.

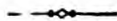
"Though marriage hath bound her, she is much to blame  
And though he hath found her, her Husband I am;  
Hereafter 'twill wound her that she put me to shame,  
When Conscience shall be her Accuser. 56

"Two Husbands she hath by this wild miscarriage,  
The one by a Contract, the other by Marriage:  
She doth her whole Family grossly disparage;  
But yet I'll not plot to misuse her."

Beware, all young Men, of Arts, or of Trades,  
Chuse warily when you meet with such Maids:  
You'd better live single, alone in the Shades,  
Than to love such an [heartless] Abuser. 64

*London*: Printed by *W. O.* and sold by the booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-bridge*.

[Black-letter. One woodcut, man and woman. Roxburghe copy, an eighteenth century reprint, in White-letter, with a few variations in reading. "*Newcastle*: Printed and sold by *John White*." We follow the earlier Bagford exemplar, as being a better rendering. Pepys, III. 103, was printed for *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*; Douce, I. 83, for *F. Coles*, etc.; but Douce III. 32, is modern, n.p.n. Original date, 1685 to 1688. Next page holds a wofully corrupted text: a weak imitation of our "*Forlorn Lover*." Cf. p. 319.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 672.]

## Love is the Cause of my Mourning ; or, The Despairing Lover.

SUNG WITH ITS OWN PROPER TUNE. [See pp. 229, 232.]

- THE week before *Easter*, the day being fair,  
The Sun shining bright, cold Frost in the air,  
I hied me to the Orchard, some flowers to pull there,  
But *Flora* could yield me no pleasures. 4
- The hills being covered with Midsummer's Clouds,  
The white and the red did spring from the Rocks,  
The Birds they were tuning their Musical Notes,  
There was neither Coughs nor Roses. 8
- I had not been in this Wood half an hour spent,  
When for to turn back again was my intent,  
I heard a young Man who sore did Lament,  
For *Love* was the cause of his Mourning. 12
- " I Loved a Lass this many long Day,  
And for to requite me she is Marri'd away ;  
With sighing and sobbing, lamenting for ay."  
Which was the cause of this Mourning. 16
- " Her Face was so fair, I loved her well,  
I hated all those that wished her ill,  
They said of my Suit I would never prevail,  
But yet I would never believe them. 20
- " Her Face was so fair my Joy to behold,  
Her Love I esteemed more dearer than gold ;  
For once she had my Heart in her Hold,  
But yet with disdain she rewards me. 24
- " When that I did see my Love to the Kirk go,  
With all her fair Maids, she had a fair show,  
My heart was so grieved I mourned for woe  
To see her so lowly regarded. 28
- " When that I did hear the Clerk publicly cry,  
' Is there any contrary ? it's time to draw nye,'  
I thought in my Mind good Reason had I,  
But yet it was best to conceal it. 32
- " When I did see my Love join hand in hand,  
With Rings on her Fingers to seal up that Band,  
He had so inticed her with goods, gear, and land,  
There was nothing but death could separate them. 36
- " When I did see my Love in her Bed right,  
My Eyes gusht out of water and blinded my sight,  
I took off my Hat and bad her good night,  
Pox on her ! for she will not leave him." 40

Finis.

[No Printer's name, or woodcut. White-letter. Eighteenth century mis-print.]



## The Love-Sick Maid Quickly Revived.

*Rosalind*.—"Come, woo me, woo me! for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent."—*As You Like It*, Act iv.

**T**WO tunes are named for the ballad of "The Love-Sick Maid Quickly Revived." One is, *What shall I do, shall I die for Love?* It is frequently mentioned, and gains distinctive title from the burden of a ballad (given additionally, on p. 246, with its sequel on p. 248) called "Virginity grown Troublesome; or, the Younger Sister's Lamentation for Want of a Husband." It begins,

I have a good old Mother at home, which keeps me from wedlock still;  
*What shall I do, shall I die for Love, and never have my will?*

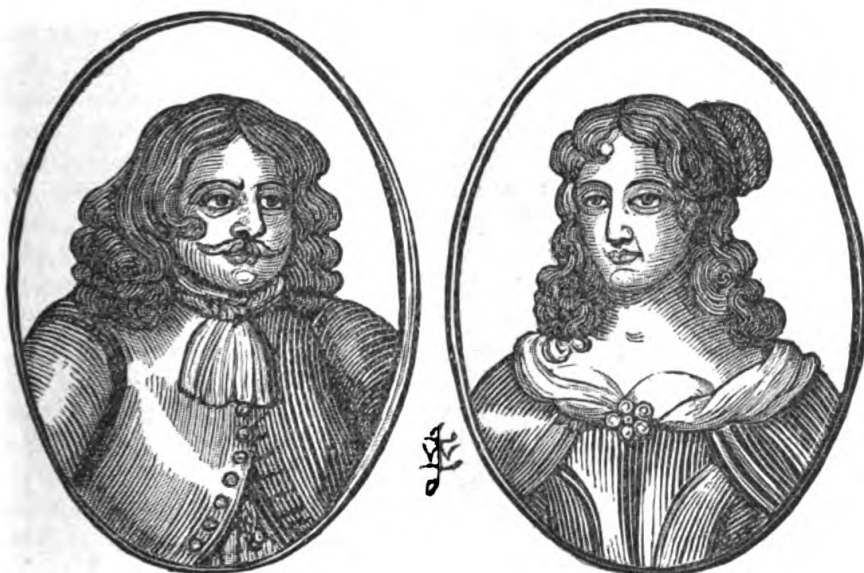
It is probably the same tune as one named *What shall I do to show how much I love her?*—which is used for "The Love-Sick Lady" (Roxburghe Coll., II. 298), a ballad beginning, "Near a fair fountain a Damsel sat weeping." Also for "The Ruined Lover; or, The Young Lady's Tragedy" (Pepys Collection, III. 369); and for "The Taylor's Wanton Wife of *Wapping*," beginning, "Here I will give you a perfect relation" (Roxb. Coll., II. 493). The tune of *What shall I do, shall I die for Love?* is named for "The Necessitated Virgin," beginning, "What shall I do in this deep distress?" (Pepys Coll., III. 200; and Douce Coll., II. 161); and for "The Male and Female Husband," beginning, "Come listen all unto my song! for why, it is most true" (Roxb. Coll., II. 356; Jersey Coll., now Earl Crawford's, I. 177). The name of the tune was frequently changed to accord with each newly-adopted burden. Here it is, *What shall I do, shall I die a Maid, and never married be?*

The other tune mentioned is *The Haymakers*: probably indicating one often named as *The Scotch Haymakers*. A broadside ballad thus entitled, "The *Scotch Haymakers*; or, Crafty *Jockey's* Courtship," is found in the Pepysian Collection (V. 266), beginning, "'Twas within a furlong of *Edinburgh Town*." The original song, of which it is an adaptation, was written by Tom D'Urfey, and was sung by the girl in Thomas Scott's comedy of "The Mock-Marriage," 1695. With the music, composed by Henry Purcell, it appears in Henry Playford's *Deliciæ Musicæ*, B. III. p. 2, 1696. Also in the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 234, 1699 edition; i. 327, 1719. One of D'Urfey's many Anglo-Scotch songs, that gained and retained popularity, it has been acclimatised and counted of native growth unhesitatingly by Scotch 'conveyers,' and turned into "'T was within a mile," etc. It was sung by Mrs. Wrighten at Vauxhall, as "Jenny's Prudent Resolution," to James Hook's music, in 1779. It is still a favourite in the Land of Cakes—and Ale.

Among others, the following ballads were sung to Henry Purcell's tune of *The Scotch Haymakers*, composed before 1695 :—

First Line.	Title.
1.—“As I of late was walking.” =	Rare News for the Female Sex.
2.—“As I was walking forth of late, I heard a man complaining.” =	My Wife will be my Master.
3.—“As I was walking forth of late, within the meadows gay.” =	Love-Sick Maid quickly revived.
4.—“Attend, young lasses all of <i>Edin- borough</i> town.” =	Answer to <i>Scotch Haymakers</i> .
5.—“Come, you lusty Lovers.” =	The Slighted Virgin.
6.—“Here's a Lamentation.” =	Young Damsel's Lamentation.
7.—“Here's a pleasant Ditty.” =	The Jolly Cheese-Monger.
8.—“In <i>Blackman</i> -street theredwelt.” =	Verses of a Baker and a Mealman.
9.—“Mother, let me marry.” =	Maltster's Daughter of <i>Marlborough</i> .
10.—“What's this my dearest Nanny?” =	Young Farmer's Answer.

We do not claim for the same tune a Euing-Collection Ballad, No. 49, entitled, “The Country People's Felicity; or, a brief Description of Pleasure. To a dainty new Tune, called *The Haymarkets' Mask*” (*sic* in Halliwell-Catalogue, 1856): By Laurence Price. It begins, “Down in a meadow, the river running clear.” Neither do we believe that a third ballad beginning with the same first line as Nos. 2 and 3 necessarily went to the *Scotch Haymakers'* tune. It is entitled “A Pleasant Song of Two Country Lovers,” or, in another issue, “The Faithful Wooings of Two Country Lovers,” beginning “As I was walking forth of late, in the prime of the weather.” John Wade was the author, and we reprint it (on p. 250) to avoid confusion. We also append (on p. 240) a modern Anglo-Irish ditty, entitled, “The Love-Sick Maid.” As listeners, we suppose the song to be sung by “Young Johnson,” who dramatically extemporises the complaint of his absent and disappointed Mistress. For the use of quotational commas the Editor solely is responsible. In *The London Rake's Garland*, 1765, it is called, “A new Song, made on a young Lady who fell in love with a Horse-Rider.” These woodcuts belong to p. 203 (here copied without their floral frame-work.)



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 296 ; IV. 57.]

**The Love-sick Maid quickly revived.**

Within the prime time of the Spring, within a Meadow she did sing,  
 And solemnly these words she said, "I fear that I shall dye a Maid!"  
 But her Sweetheart in ambush lay, and heard the words that she did say;  
 As in this Ditty you may hear, if that you please but to give ear.

TUNE IS, *What shall I do, shall I dye for love?* etc. ; or, *The Haymakers.*

**A**S I was walking forth of late, within the Meadows gay, [*May*,  
 It was in the prime time of the Spring, in the merry month of  
 I heard a Maiden sweetly sing, "Some young man, pittie me!  
*O what shall I do, shall I dy a Maid, and never married be?*

"Full twenty years of age am I, yea, almost twenty-one,  
 Which makes me cry, what luck have I so long to lye alone?  
 When younger maids they sweet-hearts have, as dayly I do see,  
*What shall I do, shall I dy a Maid, and never married be?* 8

"My Mantua-Gown is of pure Silk, made of the neatest fashion,  
 My smock is Cambrick, white as Milk, as any in the Nation:  
 My petticoats are made so short, young men my Legs may see,  
*O what shall I do, shall I dy a Maid, and never married be?*

"To Markets and Fairs I do repair, as other Maidens do,  
 To see what young man will be there, my person for to Wooe;  
 Yet all in vain, I come again, for none doth pittie me,  
*Which makes me afraid I shall dy a Maid, and never married be.* 16

"I go to Church as Maidens do, and for small Devotion sake,  
 But to see what true-Love I can find my Husband for to make:  
 I often wish, but dare not speak, my blushing hinders me,  
*Which makes me afraid I shall dy a Maid, and never married be.*

"What if my Portion be but small, I much of him will make;  
 And if such Fortune to me fall, great pains with him I'll take;  
 A constant wife, while I have life, he still shall find of me,  
*For loath I am to dye a Maid, but fain would married be.* 24

This young man he in Ambush lay, and heard this Maid what she  
 did say;

How she complain'd most civilly, for fear a Maiden she should dye.  
 Till at the last blind Cupid he did wound his heart with her Beauty:  
 Therefore to end up all the strife, he woo'd and wed her for his wife.

I, hearing of this Maiden's moan, as in the Bush I lay,  
 Delighting in her merry tone, I to my self did say,  
 "Thy beauty bright dazles my sight, if thy heart and tongue agree,  
*It shall never be said, thou shall dye a Maid, if thou canst fancy me."*

Then boldly I stept unto this Maid, and took her by the hand,  
And unto her these words I said, "Lady, at your Command,  
My Service, and my person both, is ready here you see,  
*It ne'r shall be said, thou dy'd a Maid, if you can fancy me.*

"Thy Portion be it great or small, for that I do not care;  
True Love and Fancy passes all, nothing with it can compare:  
Therefore grant me thy love, my dear, the like I'll do to thee,  
*It ne'r shall be said, thou di'dst a Maid, if thou can'st fancy me."* 40

Then with a smile this Maid reply'd, "I see I am betray'd!  
But yet your Suit is not deny'd, fulfill what you have said:  
Then of my love you need not fear, if constant you will be,  
*Then to your promise have a care, with speed to marry me."*

So to conclude, away they went, and married was that day,  
Their Parents giving their consent, did solemnize the day:  
Where now they live in sweet content, and lovingly agree,  
*A civil pattern for all maids, that fain would married be.* 48

**The Author's Advice.**

And so farewell, you Maidens all, living in Town or City,  
I speak to you both great and small, which hears this merry ditty:  
If twenty years be come and gone, then mark what here is said,  
*Be constant to your first true Love, for fear you dye a Maid!*

*London, Printed for Philip Brooksby at the Golden Ball, West-smithfield.*

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts; two of them are Cupids (not *joined*, as below);  
another cut is the Lady of p. 40 Left; the third is the Park scene, p. 44.  
Line 34 reads *I did say*: here corrected. Date, probably not before 1693.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 680; *London Rake's Garland*, 1765.]

### The Love-Sick Maid. (See p. 237.)

“THE Winter it is past, and the Summer come at last;  
 And the small Birds sing on every tree;  
 The Hearts of those are glad, whilst mine is very sad,  
 For my true Love is absent from me. [Orig. “Whilst.”]

“I’ll put on my cap of black, and fringes about my neck,  
 And Rings on my fingers I’ll wear;  
 All this I’ll undertake, for [my] true Lover’s sake,  
 For he Rides at the Curragh of *Kildare*. 8

“A Livery I’ll wear, and I’ll comb down my Hair,  
 And I’ll dress in the Velvet so green;  
 Straitways I will repair to the Curragh of *Kildare*,  
 And ’tis there I will get tydings of him.”

With Patience she did wait, ’till they ran for the Plate,  
 In thinking young *Johnston* to see;

“But Fortune prov’d unkind to that Sweetheart of mine,  
 For he’s gone to *Lurgan* from me! [In *Armagh*.]

“I should not think it strange the wide world for to range,  
 If I could obtain my Heart’s delight:  
 But here in *Cupid’s* chain I’m oblig’d to remain,  
 Whilst in tears I do spend the whole Night.

“My Love is like the Sun, that in the Firmament doth run,  
 Which is always constant and true:  
 But your’s is like the Moon, that doth wander up and down,  
 And in every Month it is new.” 24

All you that are in Love, and cannot it remove,  
 For [all of] you pittied are by me;  
 Experience makes me know that your Heart is full of woe,  
 Since my true Love is absent from me.

Farewel, my Joy and Heart, since you and I must part,  
 You are the fairest that e’er I did see:  
 And I never do design for to alter my mind,  
 Altho’ you’re below my Degree. 32

[No Printer’s name, or woodcuts. In White-letter. Date, before 1765.]

\*.\* This ballad has been erroneously described as written by Robert Burns, and adduced as *proof of the extreme lateness of date whereunto some additions in the Roxburghe Collection extend*. Burns in 1788 furnished James Johnson’s *Scots’ Musical Museum* (last page of vol. ii. p. 208), keeping the same tune, with a song which begins with the same first stanza as this one; using our sixth and seventh stanzas, slightly changed, as the *Museum’s* third and fourth stanzas, to end the song: it is distinctly an imitation, while this is the original “Curragh of *Kildare*.” Burns wrote only one new stanza for the *Museum* reprint, but altered some words (making our seventh stanza run, “All you that are in love, and cannot it remove, I pity the pains you endure: For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, A woe that no mortal can cure”). Here is his solitary additional stanza, which in the *Museum* followed our opening stanza:

The Rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the Linnet or the Bee;  
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my Lover is parted from me. [al. lect. “my true love.”]




## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

" Oh Love! that stronger art than Wine,  
Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,  
Wont to be priz'd above all wealth,  
Disease that has more joys than Health :  
Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain,  
And of thy tyranny complain,  
We all are better'd by thy reign."

—Aphra Behn's *Lucky Chance*, iii. 4, 1687.

NO mischief might befall if we left without settlement, before reaching a cosy corner in the Elysian Fields, an unsatisfactory dispute wherewith certain learned pundits have disquieted themselves regarding the precise locality indicated in the following ballad. The answer might be postponed; awaiting solution along with sundry riddles proposed in *Hydriotaphia*. The question is simply this: whether the 'Islington' here mentioned was some apocryphal microscopic agglomeration of wigwams, a "fortuitous congregation of atoms" (invisible on all save Ordnance maps), in *Norfolk*; or else the more pleasant suburban village-grown-town of *Islington in Middlesex*, "very dear to fancy." Thither on holidays the London 'Prentices joyfully escorted their sweethearts, to regale them with far-famed cheese-cakes, curds and cream, custards, or pudding-pyes; even on "the day that comes between the Saturday and Monday." Martin Parker's Medley (*Roxb. Bds.*, i. 55), *circa* 1647, records "At *Islington* there's pudding-pyes, hot custards."

Dr. Thomas Percy imagined that the Bailiff's Daughter had dwelt at Norfolk-Islington (and both J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps and John Glyde, Junior, agree, they respectively including the ballad in *The Norfolk Anthology*, p. 53, and *The Norfolk Garland*, p. 241). We cling with orthodox belief to Islington in Middlesex.

 *Nota Bene*.—Islington in Norfolk is so small that it was obliged to be conjoined with another village in order to become visible. It is *Tilney-cum-Islington*, five miles W.S.W. from Lynn. It had feebly emerged from the ooze of the Wash before Queen Bess came to the throne; hence, in momentary ardour, it secured a parish-register, dating from 1559. The Vicarage was in 1874 granted to the Rev. W. B. Punsfer (not a Punster, as mis-reported); chiefly because no other Fellow than one belonging to the Royal Geographical Society could possibly have found it. The combined population, by gigantic efforts, had, in 1881, reached the number of 275 souls, or bodies, including twins, all told. Two centuries ago Thomas Jordan or any other person would have scorned to write a ballad on one of its half-dozen inhabitants, or to fancy it a Bailiewicked place.

The Norfolkiens of old were proverbially litigious, and discontented. "The *Lass of Lynn*" was an exception, who said, "Aye, marry, and thank you too!" From Tilney, following the pilgrim Mayflower across the Atlantic, some of them escaped to Massachusetts. They there founded another miniature Islington! Does it claim to have produced "The Bailiff's Daughter" as its very own? If not, then why not? We pause for a reply, by cable, from a clever Child.



We admit that the distance to be traversed by either of the lovers, between the most northern estate in Middlesex township of Islington and the southernmost City warehouse, may appear insufficient to account for their being held asunder so long; being only two or three hours' ramble across the pleasant intervening meadows of old time: and "The walks of Islington and Hogsdon" were celebrated by Thomas Jordan the ballad-writer, and his comedy licensed, so early as August 2nd, 1641. This short distance may inadequately meet the requirements of the story. There would appear to be less likelihood of the Esquire's Son being thus kept apart from reunion with his Lady-love, while he fulfilled his seven years of apprenticeship in London, and she remained dwelling so nigh, that half a day's journey would have brought them together, than if they were separated by nearly a hundred miles. But surely they were ruled by other considerations than distance! She may have been closely watched and guarded; moreover, maidenly modesty kept her from following him uninvited, until separation became insupportable any longer. If either of them had been resolute in will at earlier date, so short a journey as that between London and Norfolk would not have hindered them. But in such a case the maiden must have necessarily spent more than one day on the road, and *we hear nothing whatever of any nightfall*, or of such fears as nightfall would occasion. We regard this fact as utterly destructive of the Norfolk-Islington theory.

As to her disguising herself, and going to meet him, whom she knew at once, while she was unrecognized in face or voice, is there any great difficulty here? We are accustomed to the vagaries of true affection, and she had thought of him more constantly than he believed possible: "Many a tear have I shed for her sake, when she little thought of me!" So men flatter themselves as to their superior constancy; nevertheless, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis Woman's whole existence." She travelled only part of one day, but she was anxious and affrighted; no wonder that her face flushed rosy red, and at first seemed unfamiliar to him, although he had never forgotten how she used to look in girlhood. To us the directness of the narrative is perfect.

For the purpose of the ballad-singer, we maintain that our now-suburban Islington was to all useful intents far enough distant; and we feel sure that London 'Prentices or their sweethearts would not have loved and sang this charming ballad, if they had not habitually associated the name of it with their own favourite haunt. Who cared a Brummagem-button about Norfolk? It is a far cry to Loch Awe! Our own northern heights of Middlesex lent sufficient romance to the story, and ensured its popularity. *Esto perpetua.*



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 457 ; III. 690 ; IV. 56. Pepys, III. 258. Douce, II. 239 ; III. 94.]

## True Love Requited :

### Or, The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

The Young-man's Friends the Maid did scorn,  
'Cause she was poor and left forlorn ;  
They sent the Esquire to *London* fair,  
To be an Apprentice seven year :  
And when he out on 's time was come,  
He met his Love a going home,  
And then, to end all farther strife,  
He took the Maid to be his Wife.

TO A NORTH COUNTRY TUNE, OR, *I have a good old Mother at home.*  
[See pp. 236, 245.]



There was a youth, and a well-belov'd youth,  
and he was a 'Squire's Son ; ["Esquire's."]  
He loved the Bayliff's daughter dear,  
that lived in *Islington*. 4

[But] she was coy, and she would not believe  
that he did love her so ;  
No, nor at any time she would  
any countenance to him shew. 8

- But when his friends did understand  
 his fond and foolish mind,  
 They sent him up to fair *London*,  
 an Apprentice for to bind. 12
- And when he had been seven long years,  
 and his Love he did not see; [a. l. "had not seen."  
 "Many a tear have I shed for her sake,  
 when she little thought of me!" 16
- All the Maids of *Islington*  
 went forth to sport and play;  
 All but the Bayliff's Daughter dear,  
 she secretly stole away. 20
- [Then] she put off her gown of gray,  
 and put on her puggish attire;<sup>1</sup>  
 She is up to fair *London* gone,  
 her true Love to require. 24
- [Now] as she went along the Road,  
 the weather being hot and dry,  
 There was she aware of her true Love,  
 at length came riding by. 28
- She stept to him, as red as any Rose,  
 and took him by the bridle-ring;  
 "I pray you, kind Sir, give me one penny,  
 to ease my weary limb." 32
- "I prithee, Sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me  
 where that thou wast born?"  
 "At *Islington*, kind Sir," said she,  
 "where I have had many a scorn." 36
- "I prithee, Sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,  
 whether thou dost know  
 The Bayliff's Daughter of *Islington*?"  
 "She is dead, Sir, long ago!" 40
- "Then will I sell my goodly Steed,  
 my saddle, and my bow;  
 I will into some far country,  
 where no man doth me know." 44
- "O stay! O stay, thou goodly Youth!  
 here she standeth by thy side;  
 She is alive, she is not dead;  
 and is ready to be thy Bride." 48

<sup>1</sup> "Doth set my pugging tooth on edge," *Winter's Tale*, iv. 2. *Id est*, tramper's garb: *puggish* is thievish. A modernized reading (Percy's) is "ragged attire."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
ten thousand times and more :  
For now I have seen my own true Love,  
that I thought I should have seen no more." 52

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, vary. Brooksby's issue, between 1672 and 1680.]

\*. \* On our p. 236 we furnished details identifying the borrowed tune. It is sometimes cited as *I have a good old Mother at home*; sometimes as *I have a good old Father at home* (i.e. the Sequel, on p. 248); otherwise, *I have a good old Wife at home*, and *I have a good old Woman at home* (see Douce Coll., III. 94, II. 229). From a burden, on p. 246, it is known as *What shall I do, shall I die for Love?*

The tune commonly appropriated to "*The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*" is given in Mr. William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 263, and in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, p. 100. Seeing that both "*I have a good old Mother at home*," and the similar assertion about a father, are lines in "*The Good Fellow: a Song*," we give it here, without delay.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 657.]

## **The Good Fellow.**

### **A New Song.**

SIX long years have I serv'd of my time, and no one will set me free,  
And so I will be a raking young blade, and care for nobody.  
So I will rant and roar, and call for more, let them say what they will;  
*For I am resolv'd, as long as I live, to be a Good Fellow still.* 4

I have a good old Father at home, and I have cost him many a pound,  
And now to make him amends for all, I will travel the country round;  
I will tell them how I have spent my [time,] and in roving I have  
had my fill:

*So I am resolved, as long as I live, to be a Good Fellow still.* 8

I have a good old Mother at home, and I have cost her many a tear,  
And now to make her amends for all, I will travel both far and near,  
I will tell them how I have spent my time, and in roving I have  
had my fill;

*So I am resolved, as long as I live, to be a Good Fellow still.* 12

My true Love sent me a broad piece of gold, I view'd it wond'rous well;  
But that will neither purchase houses nor land, nor keep me from  
heaven or hell.

But that will purchase a good brown bowl, as the girls may drink  
their fill;

*So I am resolved, as long as I live, to be a Good Fellow still.* 16

[No printer's name, or date. One woodcut. White-letter, 18th century.]

[Jersey Collection, I. 57; Huth, II. 132; Brit. Mus., C. 22. e. 2, fol. 222.]

## Virginity grown Troublesome ;

Or,

### The Younger Sister's Lamentation for Want of a Husband.

BEING A MOST PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL NEW SONG, MUCH IN USE, ETC.

Each Age grows riper, Love does still prevail,  
And Maidenheads at sixteen now are stale ;  
Young Girls to Mothers will be turn'd ere they  
Know what it means, sly *Cupid* does betray,  
Fires them with love, and then there's nothing can  
Cure their distemper, unless oyl of Man.

TO A PLEASANT NEW WEST-COUNTRY TUNE. [See p. 245.]



**I** Have a good old Mother at home, which keeps me from Wedlock still ;  
*What shall I do, shall I dye for love, and never have my will ?*

As I walkt forth within the fields, to see the Bushes spring, [Cf. p. 309.  
The little Birds they chang'd their notes, and I heard the Cuckoo sing.

My Sister is married to her content, and is made a wedded Wife,  
And with her Husband she doth live a sweet contented life.

But I, poor Soul, must lye alone, who am more fair than she ;  
*What shall I do, shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*

8

There is ne'r a one in all the Town that can compare with me :  
*What shall I do, shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*

Now I must into some far countrey, or in some forraign land,  
For to find out a bonny Lad, to be at my command.

Love-pleasures all things do surpass, as I do plainly see ;  
*What shall I do, shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*

Come, some brisk Lad, O come with speed, and me from care set free ;  
*O what shall I do, shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*

16

Alas ! for what was beauty made ? was't only for to see ?  
*What shall I do ? I am afraid I ne'er shall married be.*

*The Younger Sister's Lamentation ; and her Comfort.* 247

To languish thus is worse than death, some sweet youth, come wed me !  
*What ! shall I loose my Virgin breath, and never married be ?*  
 Kind Heaven my Sister did befriend, whilst none's more lov'd than she ;  
*What shall I do ? shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*  
 Good *Cupid*, at some gentle heart let thy swift Arrow flee !  
 Will no kind young man take my part, *that I may married be ?* 24  
 O cruel young men, what d'ye mean, from joy to hinder me ?  
*What shall I do ? shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*  
 Is it my Portion's smallness, then, that makes you not agree ?  
*What shall I do ? shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*  
 If it be that, I'll make it more, to labour I'll be free :  
*What shall I do ? shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*  
 O how I sigh to lye alone, and wish for Company ;  
*What shall I do ? shall I make moan, and never married be ?* 32  
 To tear my hair I scarce refrain, when Weddings I do see :  
*What ! shall I always feel this pain, and never married be ?*  
 How bless'd are they who in each Grove receive embraces free !  
*What shall I do ? shall I dye for love, and never married be ?*  
 Then some kind youth, come pluck the fruit from blooming Beauty's Tree !  
*What ! shall I dye, in this dispute, and never married be ?*  
 These twenty years now have I liv'd, and none e're asked me :  
*Let me not dye, kind youths, for love, and never married be !* 40

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts : the first and second are those on p. 21 ; the third is an oval portrait, meant to represent Prince Rupert, on p. 246 ; the fourth is the Lady with flying ribbons, of p. 22, Right. Date, *circa* 1680.]

\* \* The sequel to the above is reprinted on our next page. Two woodcuts below belong to "The Two Faithful Lovers," mentioned on p. 160 ; single figure from *Roxb. Coll.*, IV. 77, R., printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*. (Compare p. 147, and *Contents*, for Elephant, etc., from other copy.



[Left, from *Roxb. Coll.*, IV. 77 R. Two figured cut from *Ibid.* II. 480.]



[Pepys Collection, III. 129 ; Jersey, I. 126 ; Douce, I. 31<sup>vo</sup>. ; Huth, I. 56.]

### Crums of Comfort for the Youngest Sister.

The Youngest Sister in despair at last did comfort find,  
Which banisht all her grief and care, and eas'd her troubled mind ;  
A kind young man did promise her that she should married be,  
She answer'd him again, " Kind Sir, thereto I'm wondrous free."

TO A PLEASANT NEW WEST-COUNTRY TUNE. [See p. 245.]

- " I have a good old Father at home, an ancient man is he,  
But he has a mind that e're he dies *that I shall married be.*
- " And since I heard of thy Complaint, methought I pitt'y'd thee ;  
To me thou seemest like a Saint, *and thou shalt marry'd be.*
- " The Roses and the Lillies fair cannot compare to thee ;  
Then mine own Dear, do not despair, *for thou shalt married be.*
- " I have been curious in mine eye, but ne'r could any see  
That so much pleas'd my fantasie ; *and thou shalt married be.* 8
- " All night between my loving Arms thou shalt have embraces free ;  
And I'll secure thee from all harms, *when thou shalt married be.*
- " And would'st thou have a pretty Babe, I'll quickly get it thee ;  
Thy credit and my own to save, *when we two married be.*
- " A thousand joys I'll promise more, and all the world shall see  
That none like thee I will adore, *and thou shalt married be.*
- " What though thy Sister is bestow'd, let not that trouble thee,  
On her young men some years have blow'd ; *then thou shalt married be.*
- " Thou hast no wrinkles in thy face, and so I'm sure has she ;  
'T will be an honour, no disgrace, *that thou shalt married be.*
- " And tell me, now, can'st thou deny so kind a friend as me ?  
That saith thou shalt no Maiden die, *but thou shalt married be.*
- " If I walk through the Universe, I can no fairer see ;  
But every where I will rehearse *that we will married be.*
- " I'll crown thee with the joys of Love, some Mortals ne'r did see ;  
And some shall wish, that live above, *like us to married be.* 24
- " Can *Hymen* any joys provide, my Dear, for thee and me ?  
Out of his thoughts they cannot slide, *for thou shalt married be.*
- " No, no, torment thy self no more, nor fear Love's cruelty ;  
Thou art the girl that I adore, *and thou shalt married be.*
- " Give me thy hand, take here my heart, and be from sorrow free ;  
I know the worth of thy desert, *and thou shalt married be.*
- " 'T will be one day a blessed time, and we from cares be free,  
When thou art married in thy prime, *that I may happy be.*" 32

Printed for P. Brooksby.

[In Black-letter. Earl Jersey's copy, now Earl Crawford's, has four Woodcuts, of which the first is the king's head in an oval, given in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 443, Left ; the second on p. 568 of the same ; the third is already on our p. 84, viz. the couple hand-in-hand : the fourth represents a girl with dishevelled hair, sitting in a chair, holding an open book. Date, circa 1680.]



## John Wade's Two Country Lovers.

"Love me little, love me long! Let music rumble,  
Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble."<sup>1</sup>

—Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

THE Ballad registered to William Greffeth in 1569-70, entitled "Love me little, love me long," may have originated the popular phrase. Kit Marlowe used it incidentally, when he made Ithamore speak thus to Bellamira the Courtesan, in Act iv. of "The Jew of Malta" (before 1593). We are reminded of "Marlowe's mighty line" by it occurring again in our ballad:

*Love me little and love me long,  
For I do come to woo thee.*

The initialled signature, 'J.W.', shows the following ballad to have been written by John Wade, several of whose ditties have been already reprinted in *Bagford Ballads* ("Wade's Reformation," p. 6; a list of his ballads, pp. 1 to 5, 921 and 922); and some others will appear in a forthcoming "Good-Fellowship Group." They are generally full of vivacity, and afford a fair specimen of middle-class convivial Tavern life in Stuart days. But in "The Two Country Lovers" Wade disports in an unusual subject for his Muse, he being a London Royster, and only resorting to fair rural scenes and village nymphs as all Bow-Bells men have done in their occasional holidays. Nevertheless he wrote "The Kind Young Man's Answer to the Faithful Maid" (= "O what's the reason," etc.), and "A Serious Discourse between Two Lovers," beginning, "My pretty little Rogue, do but come hither!" This does not enter into our present volume (being confined to Wood's Collection, E. 25, fol. 2, 146, and Pepys Coll., III. 987). Tune of, *When Sol will cast no light*, or [*I am so*] *deep in love*: for which see p. 253. If there were a tune known by the name of *Love me little, love me long*! it was probably the same as the one indicated by opening line, *As I was walking forth of late*; but no tune-name is mentioned. In line 15 "abode ye" means "inhabit ye:" unless it be a misprint.

<sup>1</sup> See the admirable edition of *The English Dramatists* published by John C. Nimmo, and edited with scholarly precision and in genial spirit by Arthur H. Bullen (to whom we owe also *The Works of John Day*, *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Middleton*, and four volumes of *Old Plays* from Manuscripts, etc.).

In Marlowe, vol. ii. p. 93, is a note explaining that "the word 'incony' (which is found in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iii. sc. 1, etc.) means 'delicate, dainty.'"

From the famous *MS. temp. Jacobi I.*, our dear friend, the late John Payne Collier, F.S.A., gave a lively ditty of five stanzas, beginning,

"Love me little, love me long, is the burden of my song;  
Love that is too hot and strong burneth soon to waste;" etc.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 565 ; Huth, I. 102 ; Douce Coll., I. 79 *verso*.]

[A Pleasant Song of The Faithful Wooings of]  
**Two Country Lovers.**

The Young-man he with carriage bold did oft salute the Maiden,  
 And unto her these words he told, his heart with love was laden ;  
 And if to him her love she'd grant, he'd do his best endeavour  
 To maintain her, she should not want, and he'd forsake her never.  
 Because he was poor, the Maid was coy, and would not have him entertain'd,  
 But at last he became her love and joy, and much wealth with her he gain'd.

[To ITS OWN TUNE, *As I was walking forth of late.* See p. 237.]

**A**S I was walking forth of late, in the prime of the weather,  
 I spide a young man and a maid both walking close together.  
 The man begun, and thus he sung, "Sweet heart, do not forgo me!  
*Love me little and love me long, for I do come to woo thee."*

**Maid.**

"Woo me, good Sir, for what intent? you surely do but jear me;  
 I nev'r knew yet what Love meant, how then should I love you dearly?  
 I am too young to be a wife, and no love I can afford ye;  
 I hold still best a single life, *my Maiden head will not load me.*" 8

**Man.**

"Ye do but jest, sweet heart," quoth he, "my honour so to stain, Love.  
 My heart is Royal unto thee, and so it shall remain, Love.  
 My love is set on none but thee, sweet heart, meaning no harm to do thee;  
 Then let all sorrows from thee part, *for I do come to woo thee.*"

**Maid.**

"It is but in vain, young man," quoth she, "to talk of such a matter;  
 Then speak no more of Love to me, I know you do but flatter:  
 For young men they will cog and lye, and make much to abode yee,  
 But I am resolved a Maid to die, *my Maiden head will not load me.*" 16

**Man.**

"'Tis true, my dear, I must confess, that is but a light carriage;  
 Yet I wish I had the happiness to joyn with you in marriage.  
 Though I can't court and complement with fine speeches unto thee,  
 My heart is good and fully bent *at this time for to woo thee.*"

**Maid.**

"Alas! good sir, your time you waste, it so seems by your talking;  
 If that you be in such [great] haste, I pray you now be walking!  
 The door is wide, you may be gone, no love I can afford ye:  
 I had rather still to lye alone, *my Maiden-head will not load me.*" 24

Man.

"What is the cause, my Dear, of this, you should be so offended?  
If I have spoke any thing amisse, it shall be straight way amended:  
But what I speak is from my heart, meaning no harm to do thee,  
Then let all sorrows from thee part, *for my minde is still to woo thee.*"

Maid.

"I see sorrow with you is rife, and joy doth much refrain ye;  
But if I should become your wife, pray, how would you maintain me?  
That is a thing to consider on, if love I should afford yee;  
Yet rather still to lye alone: *my Maiden head will not load me.*" 32

Man.

"To maintain thee, my heart's delight, I'll do my best indeavour;  
I'll work for thee both day and night, and I'll forsake thee never.  
In wealth and woe on thee I'll tend, so thou'lt set no man above me;  
My person thy life it shall defend, *for dearly I do love thee.*"

Maid.

"Well, if you do but say, and hold, what you do want, I have it;  
I have seven hundred pound in gold, thou shalt quickly crave it;  
All this to thee I'll freely give, and never more forgo thee:  
But ever after, while I live, *I'll prove a good wife to thee.*" 40

He straight way took her by the hand, and a loving kiss then gave her,  
Quoth he, "I am at your command, to do my best endeavour.  
Now I am thine, and thou art mine, in spite of stormy weather!"  
So they both took hand in hand, *and both went home together.*

Man.

"Let all Lovers think on this, and be no more offended;  
And [let] those that have done amiss, strive in love to mend it.  
For my own part I gain'd a love, the truth I will not smother,  
Tho' I was poor, yet she was rich, *t'one will help out t'other.*" 48

Finis.

J[ohn] W[ade].

London, Printed by E. C., for F. Coles, in Vine-Street, near  
Hatton-Garden.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: on p. 78, and p. 249. Date about 1685.]

\* \* The alternate-verse burden sung by the Maid too closely resembles one used throughout the Roxburghe Ballad of "The Forlorn Damsel" to be an accidental coincidence. Being Roxb. Coll. II., 157, it will be reprinted in our vol. vii. It is to the tune of *Moggy's Jealousy* (our p. 171), and begins thus,

Come, pity a Damsel distressed, all you that have tasted the bliss,  
For while you with favours are blessed, I hardly can meet with a kiss:  
Which makes me resolve, in my anguish, in Desarts to take my abode,  
For I now in my sorrow do languish, *my Maidenhead is such a load.*



## Deep in Love.

### The Virgin's Complaint; and The Young Man's Vindication.

"If she be not as kind as fair, but peevish and unhandy,  
Leave her! she's only worth the care of some spruce jack-a-dandy.  
I would not have thee such an ass, had'st thou ne'er so much leisure,  
To sigh and whine for such a Lass, whose pride's above her pleasure."

—Sir George Etherege's *Comical Revenge*, ii. 1669.

**O**FTEN mentioned is the tune of *Deep in Love*, which is the same as *Cupid's Courtesie*: the name borrowed from a ballad beginning "Through the cool shady woods as I was ranging" (see *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 530). We found the date of this "*Cupid's Courtesie*" (not the ballad entitled "*Cupid's Courtesie* in the Wooing of the fair *Sabina*," which begins, "As on a day *Sabina* fell asleep,") entered in the Stationers' Registers on January 12th, 1663. The tune was then described simply as "a New Northern Tune: "*Cupid's Courtesie* was probably its first definite specification, unless *Robin the Devil* were a still earlier title.

We give the two ballads at this place, in order to clear them away (p. 254) before meeting two Naval ditties appointed to be sung to the same tune. The sequel is entitled "The Young Man's Vindication against the Virgin's Complaint." Another ballad to the same tune, possibly meant as Sequel, is preserved in the Pepysian Collection (V. 334), which gives the music. The title is, "The Young Man's Lamentation; or, Love and Loyalty rewarded with Cruelty." Licensed according to order. It begins, "I am so sick of Love."

The second part of this ballad (Pepys Coll., V. 335) is named "The Maid's Kind Answer to the Young Man's Lamentation; or, The most coy frowns turned to the most pleasing smiles." It begins, "As he was ready to faint." We need not expect to find in Sequels a close connection with their reputed antecedents, for they were seldom written by the original author. Then, as now, whenever any popular success was achieved, a number of unscrupulous imitators, rivals, and pirates, rushed forwards to secure a share of the plunder. The gang of pilferers, unable to originate, would steal from one another like so many sparrows.

A different ballad, beginning with a slightly varied first line, "I am so sick for Love," is entitled, "A Merry New Song of a Rich Widow's Wooing: "

I am so sick for Love, as like was never no man;

Which makes me cry, with a love-sick sigh,

Have at thy coat, Old Woman!

*Have at thy coat, Old Woman! Have at thy coat, Old Woman!*

*Here and there, and everywhere, have at thy coat, Old Woman!*

Printed at London for T. Langley. It is to a different tune, known earlier as *Stand thy ground, Old Harry!* (see *Popular Music*, p. 366, for the tune.)



[Roxburghe Coll., III. 482 ; Jersey, II. 172 ; Pepys, III. 220 ; Douce, II. 235.]

## The Kind Virgin's Complaint

### against a Young Man's Unkindness.

Of Young Men's Falsehood she doth much complain,  
Resolving never to love Man again ;  
Experience tells her Men love but for fashion :  
That makes her rail against them in such passion.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cupid's Courtesy*, etc. [See previous page.]

- " I Am so deep in Love, I cannot hide it ;  
It breaks me of my rest, and of my quiet :  
For when I see his face, it so inflames me,  
That I must love him still, though the World blame me.
- " O fye upon this Love ! it will undoe me ;  
I'll never love Man again, should the Gods woo me :  
For, if that once I can shake off this passion,  
I'll ne'er love Man again, but only for fashion. 8
- " There's no Belief in men, though they seem civil ;  
For when they sit like Saints, they think most evil ;  
Therefore be rul'd by me, Never trust no man !  
But if you needs must love, pray love a Woman !
- " I wish blind *Cupid* had been soundly sleeping  
When like a crafty lad he came so creeping  
To wound my tender heart, and pierce my marrow,  
I felt his fatal Dart, to my great sorrow. 16
- " Never poor Virgin was in such a taking,  
I oft look'd in my Glass, pleasure forsaking ;  
My cheeks were pale and wan, my lips did tremble,  
Because I lov'd a man that did dissemble.
- " Oh ! what a simple Girl I was, for certain !  
For to love Lord or Earl I would not hearken ;  
Not one in twenty score but is deceitful,  
Therefore I'll love no more : men are ungrateful. 24
- " It is their constant trade to cog and flatter,  
Or to delude a Maid, her for to banter ;  
But if they prate and lie, I'll not believe them :  
Such Love I'll never try, although it grieve them.
- " They'll profess and pretend much of affection,  
Until they make you bend to Love's Subjection :  
Of your hearts craftily they will bereave you,  
Till a new Face they 'spy, then they will leave you. 32



"Their words they are but wind, like Winter-weather,  
Unconstant and unkind, light as a feather :  
I tell you, flat and plain, I'll not abide it,  
To love a man again, once having try'd it.

"Blame me not, though I be something in passion,  
For now I plainly see it is the fashion ;  
For such false-hearted men are grown so common,  
That when I love again, I'll love a Woman.

40

"Why should a Woman dote on such a Bubble,  
That's good for nothing, but to procure trouble ?  
Every day I will pray for to live single,  
That my affection may with no man's mingle.

"Ladies, take my Advice, you have rare features,  
Always be coy and nice to such false Creatures ;  
No man will constant prove, no, not my Brother,  
Then if you need must love, Love one another !"

48

[No colophon or publisher's name in Roxburghe copy, which is a comparatively modern impression. We have followed a better one, in the Earl of Jersey's Osterley Park Collection (now the property of Earl Crawford), "printed for A. M[ilbourne], W. O[nley], and T. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-lane. At the back of it is a unique exemplar of "*Cupid's Revenge*," printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. The Pepysian copy of our ballad was printed for some of the same company, viz. for J. Clarke, William Thackeray, and Thomas Passinger. Roxburghe cut, two lovers and Cupid, p. 273. Jersey broadside has the ringletted girl of our p. 40 R; the fat flying Cupid, p. 50; and the Lady of p. 155. Date, *circa* 1664: before 1686.]

\* \* "Cupid's Revenge," mentioned above, begins thus, "Now, now, you blind boy, I you clearly deny, With your arts and your darts that you often let fly." To the tune of, *Now, now the fight's done* (see vol. iv. p. 243). We meet a different ballad of "Cupid's Revenge," on King Cophetua, in *Legendary Group*, "A king once reign'd." Tune, *I often for my Joany strove* (p. 148).

\* \* To the same tune as our "Kind Virgin's Complaint," viz. *I am so deep in Love*, was sung John Wade's "Serious Discourse between Two Lovers," beginning, "My pretty little Rogue, do but come hither!" Compare p. 249.

Also to the same tune is marked, "The Sweet Salutation on *Primrose-Hill*; or, I know you not," beginning, "In the pleasant month of *May*." (The alternative tune is, "*Though Father angry be*.") It has the prelude versicle:—

'I know you not!' What, doth the times so change?  
I knew the time we have not bin so strange:  
But this by Maids must never be forgot,  
When men intice, to say—I know you not!

Hence one (or both) of these tune-names gained a new substitute, being called "The Dancing of Primrose-Hill." See Wm. Thackeray's *List of Ballads*, No. 246, reprinted in the present Editor's *Bagford Ballads*, pp. XL to LXXVI, but not identified in time for p. LXXVIII. We come to other ballads with same tune in "The Pensive Maid" and "The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return," both in the *Naval Group* of our present Volume Sixth.



[Roxburghe Coll., III. 108; Pepys, III. 4, 16; Douce, II. 263*vo.*; Rawlinson, 29.]

## The Young Man's Vindication against the Virgin's Complaint.

She rail'd against young Men in passion great;  
But he more mildly seems with her to treat.  
Young men are not so false as she would make them,  
Some Maids are full as bad, how e're you take them.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The [kind] Virgin's Complaint, or Cupid's Courtesie.* [p. 252.]

- “ Sweet Virgin, hath disdain mov'd you to passion?  
Ne'er to love man again, but for the fashion?  
Was your abuse so great, beyond all measure,  
That you can quite forget to think of pleasure?
- “ Though one false-hearted man, not to be named,  
Made you look pale and wan, must all be blamed?  
As if scarce one were good in a whole City;  
Your peevish angry mood I can but pity. 8
- “ Men are not half so bad as you would make them,  
More Maidens may be had if you forsake them:  
Therefore I tell you plain, be not disdainful;  
If *Cupid* shoot again, you'll finde it painful.
- “ Young men had need beware, lest they be taken  
And drawn into a snare, and so forsaken:  
Many maids prove untrue: take it for certain,  
'Twill be too late to rue of a bad bargain. 16
- “ Maidens false-hearted are, I can report it:  
Their craft they will not spare, when they are courted:  
They'l bend unto your bowe, their wits are nimble,  
It's very hard to know when they dissemble.
- “ They'l powder, prank, and paint, with each new fangle;  
Sometimes sit like a Saint, for to intangle.  
Their pretty wanton eyes are so alluring,  
Life and death in them lies, killing and curing. 24
- “ Their beauty's like a charme, lovers intrancing;  
No man receives more harm than by their glancing.  
Like Syrens they will sing, their voices ravish;  
They will make the Ecchoes ring, their tongues are lavish.
- “ By such alluring baits young men are taken,  
And then it is their fates to be forsaken:  
For these inticing Girles are so unconstant,  
They're won and lost again all in an instant. 32

"I have experience had of their false dealing,  
Some of them are so bad they're not worth stealing :  
If one in half a score prove to be vertuous,  
She shall have Suiters store, her love is precious.

"Now tell me which are best, young Men or Maidens ?  
I think 'tis here confest, both have their failings :  
Therefore be rul'd by me, scorn not a young man ;  
There's as much truth in him as in a woman. 40

"Virgins, take my advice, be not disdainful ;  
Neither be coy and nice, squemish nor scornful.  
It's but a pettish strain for to love no man :  
If e're you love again, pray love a young man.

"I am resolved now, though some miscarry,  
I'll have a Virgin too, with her I'll marry.  
From Love I'll not refrain, though it be common :  
But when I love again, I'll love a woman ! " 48

*London, Printed for Rich. Burton at the Horseshoe in West-Smithfield.*

[In Black-letter, with two woodcuts: viz. the oval portrait on p. 173, and the running Cavalier of p. 78 Right. First Pepys copy was printed for *Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger*; second Pepys for *Clarke* substitutes *Whitwood*. Rawlinson copy, with four small woodcuts, printed for *Richard Burton*, and sold by *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright*. Douce's, later, printed for *C. Brown and T. Norris*. Date, probably soon after 1664.]

### The Faithful Lovers of the West.

THE following ballad bears at full length its author's name, William Blunden. We identify him as the same person whose initials "W.B." are appended to another ditty, entitled "Hang Pinching; or, The Good-Fellow's Observation 'mongst a Joviall Crew, Of them that hate flinching but is alwayes true blew." It is to the tune of, *Drive the Cold Winter away*, and has been already reprinted by Mr. Wm. Chappell in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 255. We found it entered to Thomas Lambert in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, July 1635 to June 1636 (D. fol. 392=Arber's *Transcript*, iv. 366). "Hang Pinching" begins thus:—

"All you which lay claim to a Good-Fellow's name,  
And yet doe not prove your selves soe,  
Give eare to this thing, the which I will sing,  
Wherein I most plainely will show,  
With prooffe and good ground, those fellowes profound  
That unto the Ale-wives are true,  
In drinking their drinke, and paying their chinke,  
*O such a Good Fellow's true blew.*

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 149; Jersey, I. 129; Huth, I. 101; Douce, I. 82*vo*.]

## The Faithful Lovers of the West.

Come, joyn with me all you that Love,  
And faithful to each other prove;  
Example take by this my Song,  
All you that stand within this throng.

TO THE TUNE OF, *As I walkt forth to take the air* [*i.e.* *True Love rewarded with Loyalty*: see p. 260.] By **William Blunden**.<sup>1</sup>

- “**W**Hy should I thus complain on thee?  
So cruelly thou murderest me;  
For unto thee it is well known  
Thou art the Maid I love alone.
- “In none but thee I take delight,  
I think on thee both day and night;  
I give to thee my heart away,  
Do not with hatred me repay. 8
- “When first thy sweet face I did see,  
I thought that none was like to thee;  
I wish I had not seen the day  
When first thou stol’st my heart away.
- “Hard is thy heart, harder than steel,  
Colder than Ice, that frosts congeal;  
How many thousand times doth [’t] make  
My heart to bleed for thy sweet sake. 16
- “I was forewarned, by thine eyes,  
Of thy most killing cruelties;  
But *Cupid* hath so blinded me,  
Now I shall dye for love of thee.
- “But O! how good had been my case,  
That I had never seen thy face,  
My captive heart had then been free,  
But now I can love none but thee. 24
- “When I am dead, this thou wilt say,  
That I have cast my love away;  
Too late ’twill be then to complain,  
If that you do, it’s all in vain.
- “Therefore, my dearest Love, comply,  
And ease me of this cruelty;  
Let me not dye in this despair,  
But grant thy love to me, my dear.” 32

<sup>1</sup> In his “Hang Pinching,” William Blunden thus characterizes his wares, “And now to conclude *my verses so rude* ;” but there is a nearer approach to elegance in the present ballad.

*The Maid's Answer.*

"Doubt not my Love, nor do not fear,  
 Thou art the man that I love dear ;  
 I did but try thy constancy,  
 For I do love no man but thee.

"Then grieve no more, nor yet complain,  
 Thy love to me is not in vain :  
 For constant I will ever be,  
 And I do love no man but thee. 40

"Why shouldst thou say thy heart will break,  
 And all for love of my sweet sake ;  
 I constant to thee still will prove,  
 As ever was the Turtle-Dove.

"Nothing shall part my Love and I,  
 Until the very day we dye :  
 We'll live in love, and so agree,  
 As man and wife they ought to be." 48

*The Young-Man's Answer.*

"O thanks be to the Heaven above,  
 Now I have gain'd my dearest Love ;  
 Thy words doth me so much revive,  
 I am the happiest man alive.

"Come, let us to the Church away,  
 And married be without delay ;  
 Although our Portions be but small,  
 True love is better worth than all." 56

So hand in hand away they went,  
 And had their parents' free consent ;  
 The musick then most sweet did play,  
 And thus ended their Wedding Day.

Young-men and maids in love agree,  
 And let this song a pattern be :—  
 The price, you know, it is but small,  
 A penny a piece, and take them all. 64

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: all have been already given, the lady on p. 61, the man on p. 50, Right, and other two on p. 63. Date, close on 1635-36.]



## True Love Rewarded with Loyalty.

“ Love, like death,  
Levels all ranks, and lays the Shepherd's crook  
Beside the Sceptre.”

—E. Bulwer Lytton : “ *The Lady of Lyons*.”

ONCE more we group together several ballads formerly sung to one popular tune, known as *True Love rewarded with Loyalty*, the ballad beginning “As I walk'd forth to take the air.” (See *Note*.)

Several among them name as an alternative tune, “*Flora, Farewell! I needs must go*.” This ballad, by Laurence Price, (reprinted on p. 105), agrees with the tune of *A thousand times my love commend*, written by Martin Parker. His ballad begins thus,

A thousand times my love commend  
to him that hath my heart in hold ;  
I tooke him for my dearest Friend,  
his Love I more esteem'd than Gold.  
When that mine eyes did see his face,  
and that mine eares had heard his voyce,  
His Love I freely did embrace ;  
My heart told me he was my choice.

This was of date before June 1629. Sixteen double-stanzas in all : reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 277. Another tune-name here mentioned is *O hark, my Love*. We have not hitherto been able to find any ballad so commencing (of date *circa* 1650), and it has possibly perished. But we are by no means ready to account as irretrievably lost anything of ballad-lore that may possibly survive, hidden away in some small unsuspected private collection. It is a humiliating confession for a ballad-lover to make, summing his experience of mankind, that many holders of literary treasures are as incapable of intellectually enjoying the stores they keep locked up so selfishly, as they are of understanding the pleasure of extending knowledge. We cannot name a dozen generous men, or more than one generous woman, among fortunate possessors of book and ballad rarities. We do not wonder at this, in the case of the exacting sex, but it is somewhat scandalous in regard to men ; and they deserve to be pilloried or gibbeted accordingly.

\* \* *Note*.—The same first line, “As I walk'd forth to take the air,” as in our (No. 1.)—“*True Love rewarded with Loyalty*,” belongs to two other ballads. (No. 2.)—“*The New-blossom'd Marigold* ;” mentioned on p. 177. But this was sung to the tune of *Ah! Jenny, gin*, etc. (No. 3.)—“As I walk'd forth to take the air, one morning in the Spring ;” entitled “*The Despairing Maiden revived by the Return of her Dearest Love*.” This was mentioned on p. 199, being sung to Tom Farmer's tune of *The fair One let me in*.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 350, and 354 ; Pepys, III. 146.]

## True Love rewarded with Loyalty ;

Or,

### Mirth and Joy after Sorrow and Sadness.

This young Man did walk in pensive Manner,  
Being a Soldier under *Cupid's* Banner ;  
In loving Terms he did express his Mind,  
Still fearing that his Love would prove unkind :  
But she, to ease him from all future Pain,  
Did chear his Heart, and grant him Love again.

TO A NEW WEST-COUNTRY TUNE, CALLED, *O hark, my Love ; or, Flora, Farewel.*  
[See p. 259.]



[These cuts are conjoined.]

AS I walk'd forth to take the Air,  
One Morning musing all alone ;  
I heard a young Man full of Care,  
Thus to himself did make great Moan.

“ My dearest Dear and I must part,  
So sad and heavy is my Heart ;  
It doth increase my Misery,  
My Love, that I must part from thee.

“ But no Leave of my Love I’ll take,  
I will now wander for her Sake ;  
And like *Leander* I will prove  
So true and constant to my Love.

“ For dost thou think I’ll vow and swear,  
And not my Promise quite fulfil ?  
Then deal with me as I deserve,  
If I be not thy true Love still.

16

“ My Lands and Livings are but small,  
For to maintain my Love withal :  
But with my Labour and my Pain,  
My dearest Dear I will maintain.

“ Thy Friends do owe to me a Grudge,  
Because to thee I bear Goodwill :  
But stand thou up in my Defence,  
And I will be thy true Love still.

24

“ If I had Gold and Silver store  
As much as ever *Cræsus* won,  
’Twere all too little for my Love,  
Considering what for me she’s done.

“ Now Hand in Hand with thee I’ll go,  
Thro’ Mirth and Melody, and Wo ;  
Nay, thro’ the World I’ll go with thee,  
Whate’er betides to my Body.

32

“ The pale-fac’d Moon shall lose her Light,  
The glorious Sun shall darken’d be,  
And Stars shall from the Heaven fall,  
My Love, e’er I prove false to thee.

“ There shall no Grass grow on the Plain,  
Nor Blossom bud upon the Tree ;  
All Fruit shall have a deadly Wound,  
My Love, e’er I prove false to thee.

40

“ The swiftest River shall run back,  
The Wind shall drive the Water-mill ;  
And the brightest Day shall turn to black,  
If I be not thy true Love still.”

Thus did he languish and complain,  
And sore he was oppress’d with Grief :  
At last his Love did hear his Moan,  
And straight she came to his Relief.

48

*The Maid's Answer.*

"MY dearest, why dost thou complain,  
And grieve my Heart, since I am true ?  
Fear not that I will thee disdain,  
I'll never change thee for a new.

"Thou shalt not part from me, my Dear,  
Nor wander in an unknown Land ;  
A Part of all thy Grief I'll bear,  
And always be at thy Command. 56

"As true as ever *Hero* was  
To her *Leander* I will prove :  
Were it to cross the *Hellespont*,  
I would not fear to find my Love. [*'To his.'*]

"Thy Oaths and Vows I do believe,  
And plainly I thy Love do see :  
It very much my Heart doth grieve,  
That thou should'st so lament for me. 64

"What tho' my Friends do at thee frown,  
And will not yield I shall thee love ?  
Fear not, since I will be thy own,  
And constant ever will I prove.

"The Lambs shall with the Lions play,  
And timorous Hares the Hounds pursue,  
The Elements shall pass away,  
E'er I to thee will prove untrue. 72

"No Snow shall lie upon the *Alps*,  
Nor Flames break out from *Ætna's* Hill,  
The wild Beasts shall forsake their Walks,  
If I be not thy true Love still.

"Therefore, my Dear, let Sorrow cease,  
I'm come for to embrace my own,  
Which will my former Joys increase,  
For thee I love, and thee alone." 80

*The Conclusion.*

WHEN he had heard her sweet Reply,  
His dying Spirits did revive ;  
Quoth he, "For Love I will not die :  
I am the happiest Man alive.

"Blest be the time that my true Love  
Did hither come to chear my Heart :  
Her Constancy I now do prove,  
Nothing but Death shall us two part." 88

Great Joy there was when they did meet,  
And loving Compliments did pass ;  
And many Times with Kisses sweet,  
He did embrace his amorous Lass.

Let all young Lovers, that do hear  
This Song, be faithful to their Choice ;  
Then each one may enjoy his Dear,  
Which makes true Lovers much rejoice.

96

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Printed and sold by John White.*

[White-letter : One woodcut (our two, conjoined). A reprint, issued at Newcastle-upon-Tyne by John White (who died *circa* 1769) in the Eighteenth Century. Of copies printed nearly a hundred years earlier, when the ballad appears to have been popular, the Jersey and Douce exemplars were printed for *Philip Brooksby* ; the Pepysian (III. 146) printed for *William Thackeray* and *Thomas Passenger* : in Black-letter. Date, probably *circa* 1672.]

\* \* \* To the tune of this ballad was sung "The Two Constant Lovers ; or, The 'Prentice obtain'd his Master's Daughter ;" beginning, "Come, listen to me, my True Love." It does not belong to our Roxburghe series, being Pepys, III. 61.

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## Love's Downfall.

*"All for the love of the Stable Groom!"*

"I feel for you, poor boy, acutely ; I would not wish to give you pain ;  
Your pangs I estimate minutely : I too have lov'd, and lov'd in vain :  
But still your humble rank and station for *Minnie* surely are not meet !'  
He said much more in conversation, which it were needless to repeat.  
Now I'm prepar'd to bet a guinea, were this a mere dramatic case,  
The Page would have elop'd with *Minnie* : but no—he only left his place."

—W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* : *Little Oliver*.

THE ballad here entitled "Love's Downfall" was formerly known in the trade of petty-chapmen and ballad-mongers as "The Stable Groom:" mentioned thus as No. 94 in *Wm. Thackeray's List, Bagford Ballads*, p. LXV. The object of the degenerate young lady's affections held this lowly situation. Riding habits suit "with every thing that pretty bin." Although addicted to raking, he was no libertine ; his mind was on the rack, but he curried favour in a 'strawdinary degree. The Mews was invoked for his literary theme. *Mens stabilis sibi conscia recti: stabilis vel constans*.

Earlier (on pp. 113, 149) we reprinted two other ballads of similar misadventures. One, entitled "Fancy's Freedom," told of a gentleman's daughter who fell (very low) in love with her father's serving-man ; and the other showed us "The Love-sick Serving-man," who admired Clorinda. Later, we give "The West-Country Wonder ; or, *William* the Serving-man's Good Fortune," beginning, "Attend to this relation" (Roxb. Coll., II. 516).

There are some choicely-suggestive mottoes distilled from these Pierian founts. You may take them or leave them, according to your humour: "Taste 'em and try 'em before you buy 'em!" men used to say concerning gingerbread nuts, whereof "if one warm you for a week, what will a pound do?"

Either, first.—*Love levels all ranks!* which is pretty philosophy for those who desire to be levelled up (p. 259, motto): as when the gardener's son weds Pauline Deschappelles.

Or, second.—*This comes of not keeping low people in their right place!* Examples too numerous to be mentioned. We permit King Cophetua to marry his Beggar-maid (see the ballad beginning "A King once reign'd beyond the Seas," later in this volume, in *Group of Legendary Ballads*, from Roxb. Coll., III. 278). Any man lifts any woman, so that she be virtuous, to his own rank and station. But the contrary of the process does not hold good. Society frowns on Phaleg James Forbes the Scotch tutor marrying the Earl of Ossory's daughter, or on Mons. Mirobolant the *Chef de Cuisine* at Clavering Park claiming the hand of Blanche Amory ("Pendennis"). Dancing-masters must not run off with boarding-school heiresses. Still less may John Thomas neglect his hair-powder because Love's phrenzy has affected his brain, and desert Abigail for Abigail's mistress, although he may have been sworn on the Horns at Highgate. When it comes to a Stable Groom marrying into the family, he brings the odour of the manure heap into their drawing-room. We like the two offices kept apart. There is something unsavoury to all right feeling of the English nation in such a notion as this, of a lady desiring matrimony with her father's stable-help, who had been trusted to keep her in view when she took her daily ride. It was forbidden socially in Stuart times. We are becoming considerably mixed, in these later days of screw-drivers, shoddy-weavers, and sophistical rhetoricians; but we still draw the line somewhere, and leave Jehu to keep in his own rank.

The third moral is announced in the final stanza.—'*T is Love brings many to despair!*' which is incontrovertible.

Fourth moral is in the Argument.—*A Warning to all Parents not to match their Children against their wills.*

\* \* Love-sick Serving-Men were generally successful in ballads, but the writers purveyed the food that was acceptable to their patrons, and domestics were good purchasers. In recent years Wilkie Collins made a bid in the same direction, when he sent forth an outrageous *Belgravian novellette*, entitled, "How I married him: A Young Lady's Confession" (January, 1882). In it, an impulsive young woman of "advanced opinions" actually marries her groom—as in "Love's Downfall"—whom she believed to be the son of her own step-mother: not that the knowledge extenuated her breach of the social *convenances*, insomuch as she had allowed herself to love him before she made discovery of his parentage. The perusal of such histories scarcely encourages male domestics to remain contentedly in that state of life for which they were most fitted.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 268 ; Pepys, III. 326 ; Jersey, II. 193 ; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 61 ; Rawlinson, 27 *verso* ; Douce, I. 130, 131.]

## Love's Downfal :

Being a sad and true Relation of a young Lady, who fell in love with her Father's Stable-groom ; but their loves being discovered, was disappointed by her own Father, who would have matcht her to a Knight ; but she, for love of the Groom, fell into Despair, and in conclusion made herself away. Likewise how her Death shortned her Father's Days, and how her faithful Friend, the Groom, ended his own Life with a sharp Weapon : Being a Warning to all Parents not to match their children against their Wills, etc.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Flora farewell* : OR, *True Love rewarded with Loyalty*, etc. [See pp. 105, 260.]

D raw near, young maidens, every one,  
 unto these words I shall declare,  
 I have for you a solid Song,  
 will grieve your heart the same to hear.  
 There was a Lady fair and bright,  
 her Parents had no more but she,  
 Who was belov'd of Lord and Knight,  
 as you [soon] after the same shall see. 8  
 Her Father kept three Serving-men,  
 that waited on him to and fro ;  
 She lov'd the chiefest amongst them,  
 which was the cause of all her woe.  
 But yet her Parents nothing knew,  
 though they kept her in private room,  
 That e'er her love it was so true,  
 or so set on the Stable-groom : 16  
 For on a time a gallant Knight,  
 that was of courage stout and free,  
 (In him her Father took delight,)  
 did come in hopes her love to be.  
 But because he was of mean estate,  
 and the other a Knight [was] of renown,  
 She durst not once her mind relate,  
 'cause fearing of her Father's frown. 24  
 He talkt, he walkt, and did propound  
 many questions unto she ;  
 But yet her heart was after found  
 none but the Stable-groom's to be.



This gallant Knight her Parents' love  
and favour he did so obtain,  
They sought all means her heart to move  
to grant him love for love again. 32

But all their words could not prevail,  
though they did urge her night and day,  
She thought from them away to steal,  
and to take a voyage another way.

But e'er that she could bring to pass,  
by her Father's strict command  
Her wedding-day appointed was,  
she should be married out of hand. 40

But when this news she then did hear,  
and she by no means could it shun,  
She wrung her hands, she tore her hair ;  
like one was frantick she did run.

They tydings to her Father bring  
What was befallen unto she ;  
Who wondred greatly at the thing  
that such a change so soon should be. 48

Then her Father to her came in haste,  
desiring her to tell him her mind,  
And he would ease her grief at last,  
a faithful friend she should him find.

" You have a Serving-man," quoth she,  
" the which you keep at bed and board,  
The which hath gained my heart from me ;  
I love him dearer than a Lord." 56

Then straight her Father's wrath did rise,  
in a close room he locked her then :  
Her words so much he did disdain,  
he turned away his Serving-man.

But when she heard that heavy news,  
her heart with sorrow it was slain ;  
She vowed all company to refrain  
until she saw her love again. 64

Then straight a letter she did write,  
and sealed the same with her own hand ;  
And these words she did [there] indite,  
and sent it him with strict command :

' *How happy is the country girl,  
the which sits spinning at her wheel ;  
I would give all my gold and pearl,  
I felt no more than she doth feel.* 72

' *Likewise thrice happy sure is she  
that her True-Love's presence can enjoy ;  
Sure Fortune will not favour me,  
but seeks my life for to destroy.*

' *Would I had been a scullian-maid,  
or a servant of a low degree,  
Then need not I have been afraid,  
to ha' loved him that would love me.* 80

' *But all my wishes are in vain,  
this loathsome life I do annoy ;  
For I shall ne'r see my love again,  
nor yet his company enjoy.*

' *So farewell, friends, and kindred all,  
yet I am bound to pray for you,  
Tho' you have brought me unto thrall,  
ten thousand times I'll bid adieu.* 88

' *And farewell, love, that could not gain,  
the flower affection of thy heart ;  
I hope that we shall meet again,  
tho' for a while we feel the smart.*

' *Although they take my love away,  
yet still they cannot hurt my soul ;  
Sweet Jesus Christ, to thee I pray,  
O Lord, forgive my sins most foul !'* 96

Then in her hand she took a knife,  
saying, " Farewel, Love, this is for thee ! "  
Which put a period to her life,  
and so she dyed most patiently.

But when her Father he did hear,  
and this sad news to him did come,  
How he had lost his daughter dear,  
all for the love of the Stable-groom, 104

He pined and mourned himself away,  
and wisht that hour had never been.  
Her true love he himself did slay  
with a weapon sharp and keen.

Thus you have heard a Pattern rare,  
for Lovers to take warning by :  
'T is Love brings many to despair,  
and so I end my Tragedy. 108

Printed for A. M[ilbourne], W. O[nley], T. Thackeray, at the *Angel, Duck-Lane*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, p. 173, L, and p. 78, R. Date, circa 1684.]

## The Shepherd's Glory.

" O Sovereigne *Pan* ! thou God of Shepheards all,  
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe ;  
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
 Doest saue from mischief the unwarie sheepe ;  
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard,  
 Then of the flocks which thou doest watch and ward :  
 " I thee beseech (so be thou deign to heare  
 Rude Ditties tunde to Shepheard's oaten reede,  
 Or if I euer sonnet sung so cleare,  
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)  
 Harken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,  
 The lawrell song of careful *Colinet*."

—Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar* : *December*.

THE Scotch gastronome, who rightly declared that he found an unco lot of promiscuous feeding on a sheep's head, may have been a lineal discendant of the anonymous author of this discursive ballad, celebrative of the Shepherd's Glory. It tells of Biblical characters and incidents, without any sympathy for the Egyptian despisers of Shepherd Kings ; leaps backward and forward across the centuries, and combines orthodox theology with practical utilitarianism : not unrelieved by natural description and "Birds' Harmony." To such feathered songsters we come soon in "The Woody Choristers," on p. 301, at end of this *Group of True-Love Ballads*, and the *Appendix*.

By Anthony Kytson, and by Abraham Vele, had been printed *circa* 1550 "The Parliament of Byrdes," beginning, "This is the parlyament of Byrdes ;" in the same metre as our "Birds' Lamentation," p. 305. John Wight about the same time printed the Skeltonic verses, "A proper new Boke of the Armony of Byrdes." Of these the forerunner was the Chaucerian "Assemble of Foules" ; whereof the theme was, like our Woody Choristers' own, *Qui bien aime tard oublie*.

Although he adopted the tune, or tunes, of *True-Love rewarded with Loyalty*, and *Flora's Farewell*, like William Blunden, the author of "The Shepherd's Glory" failed to mark that the rhymes should be given as in those ballads, alternately. He has made them consecutive couplets. Except the duplicate belonging to Earl Crawford (from the Jersey Collection), there is no other copy known than the Roxburghe exemplar ; of which the date is not likely to be earlier than 1672, having been printed for Philip Brooksby.

\* \* The ballad-text reads "Three Shepherds came from East so far," which is exactly what *they* did not do. Believing it to be a mistake for "Three Wise Men came," we make the necessary alteration [within square bracket, as invariably with interpolations] in the 35th line. And since the curious old woodcut belonging to Roxburghe Collection, I. 298, seems to represent the same Magi, paying homage to the miraculous star, wherein they behold transfigured the face of the infant Messiah, we add the picture on our next page (269). It is a curious illustration, and deserves repetition and comment. In the *Appendix* we notice John Tatham's civic pageant of the Cloth-workers, "London's Tryumph," 1658.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 428 ; Jersey, II. 121.]

## The Shepherd's Glory ;

Or,

A pleasant Song o' th' Shepherd Swain,  
Who feed their Flocks upon the plain :  
Whose Arms and Honour far out-shines  
The *Cæsar's* and great *Constantine's*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *True love rewarded with loyalty ; or, Flora Farewel.*  
[See pp. 66, 260, 268.]



Now I am in a merry vein,  
I'll sing about the Shepherd Swain ;  
Who night and day the Fields do keep,  
To wait upon the flocks of Sheep.

In Royal Tombs some of them lye,  
And are of great Antiquity :  
Their Ancientry quite out doth run,  
To Father *Adam's* second Son,

Who though he was by 's Brother slain,  
 Yet first he was a Shepherd Swain;  
 Who did a Lamb to th' Alter bring,  
 And made it his burnt-Offering.

The Lamb was innocent from harms,  
 And thence became the Shepherd's Arms:  
 The ignorant do little know  
 The Royal Escutcheons they can show. 16

The next man that i' th' field appears  
 Was *Abraham*, with his Ram i' th' briers;  
 But if he lead them in the Hain,  
 A Whistle brings them back again.

The Second Part,  
 the same tune.

And *Jacob* gain'd the Cherubim,  
 When th' Angel was o'recome by him;  
 Where like a Prince he did prevail,  
 And chang'd his name to *Israel*. 24

[*Genesis xxxii.*

The Knitter and the Taylor too  
 Without the Fleece can little do:  
 Were it not for the Shepherd Swain,  
 The Wheel and Loom were made in vain.

And *Moses* brought the Bush on Fire,  
 And joyn'd to *Abraham's* Ram i' th' Brier:  
 And *Judah*, Father of the Kings,  
 The mighty Couching Lyon brings. 32

A Bear and Lyon both were slain  
 When *David* was a Shepherd swain:  
 Three [Wise-Men] came from East so far,  
 Their onely guide the Shepherd's star.

[*I. Sam. xvii. 36.*

[See *Note*,  
 on p. 268.

These were the tydings they did bring,  
 To *Israel* is born a King:  
 And *David* us'd the staff and sling,  
 Before that he was *Judah's* King. 40

But when he had *Goliath* slain,  
 He left those Arms to th' shepherd swain;  
 Which in those days were of Renown,  
 When *Moses* spurn'd at *Pharaoh's* Crown;

[*I. Sam. xvii. 50.*

And left the Court, and took the Fields,  
 Which braver sport and pleasure yields:  
 Which are bestrew'd with pleasant flowers,  
 And are bedew'd with Chrystial showers. 48

Which makes their Beauty to excell,  
 And send forth a most fragrant smell:  
 Where Nightingales i' th' bushes sing,  
 For to salute the early Spring.

Where towering Larks do soar on high,  
In consort, making Melody :  
Where Chanting Birds i' th' woods do sing  
Which makes the hollow Vallies ring. 56

Where flocks of sheep straight on the dounds, [*i.e.* Downs.  
The Shepherds guide, and keep their bounds :  
And lead them into Valleys green,  
Where chrystial streams, the hills between,  
Do trickle down and freely spring,  
Which makes the shepherd swains to sing :  
A Horned sheep a Bell doth ring,  
And guides the rest much like a King. 64

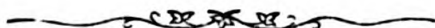
And from the hot and scorching Sun  
The Groves do shade the flock at Noon :  
The Shepherd with his pipe and Reed  
Makes Melody, while they do feed.  
A Box of Tar, a Dog doth bear,  
Which is for Sheep an Oyntment rare :  
The use whereof all Shepherds know,  
Therefore in vain the Fly doth blow. 72

Though Frost and snow do pinch with cold,  
The Shepherd will not leave his Fold :  
And carefully his flock doth feed,  
But doth supply what else they need.  
And while the Ews do eat their Hay,  
The Lambs do frisk about and play :  
The Shepherd's pleas'd for to behold  
The Lambs a dancing round the Fold. 80

None with the Shepherd may compare  
For useful and substantial Ware :  
'Tis with the Fleece that Women Spin,  
And so the Weaving trade comes in.  
Now Shepherd s[wains], I leave you all,  
To Him that doth [guard] and ever shall,  
Who can alone in safety keep,  
The pleasant Shepherds and their Sheep. 88

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, near the *Hospital-Gate*,  
in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: two are on p. 28. The third (on p. 314) has  
two Cupids with a Royal Crown. Date of Brooksby's issue *circa* 1673.]





[Roxburghe Collection, III. 110. Probably unique.]

## The Constant Country Maid ;

Or, Innocent Love at length Rewarded.

Which by these Lines is here set forth in part  
The constant love, that lodged in her heart ;  
Which was by no means for to be remov'd,  
Since she would venture all for him she lov'd :  
For which he did reward her at the last,  
And made amends for all her Sorrows past.

TUNE OF *True Love rewarded with Loyalty* [p. 260].

- “ **Y**OU Country Damsels, fine and gay, which o’r the Meadows trip along,  
Whilst that the little Lambs do play, come give attention to my Song.
- “ I am a simple harmless Maid, being with Sorrow sore opprest,  
The God of Love hath me betray’d, and so deprived me of rest.
- “ Whilst I enjoy’d my liberty, and was not bound in *Cupid’s* thrall,  
In floods of sweet prosperity I swam, and took no care at all.
- “ But now my poor and tender heart is unto Love a Captive made,  
In sorrow I must bear a part until my Dearest bring me aid. 8
- “ When first his person I did view, and to his melting words gave ear,  
Each time he did his suit renew, it did rejoyce my heart to hear.
- “ His flaxen hair like threds of Gold, his Ruby lips and rouling Eyes,  
Amazed me for to behold, and of my heart did make a prize.
- “ He is both proper, strait and tall, who did my love at once subdue :  
Compleat in every limb with all, as my poor eyes did find it true.
- “ When he appear’d upon the Green, amongst the Youth each Holy-day,  
He was so comely to be seen, that still he bore the Bell away. 16
- “ But now his absence makes me mourn, because I know no reason why  
That he should leave me here alone, for to bewail my misery.
- “ Perhaps he doth it for to try if that my love be firm and true,  
Which he shall find untill I dye, though with disdain he me pursue.
- “ For sooner shall the Mother dear her Babe forget that sucks her brest,  
Then he out of my mind shall wear, whom I have always loved best.
- “ The winds shall sooner cease to blow, and Starrs their wonted course refrain.  
E’er I will falsify my Vow, untill I see my Love again. 24
- “ The Ocean Sea shall break its bound, and mountains from their places move,  
The course of Nature shall turn round, e’er I forget my dearest Love.
- “ No Stranger’s suit that I will mind, nor to temptations once give ear,  
Untill my dearest love I find, my sad lamenting heart to chear.
- “ You Nymphs, who through the woods do stray, take pitty of my grievous moan ;  
Bring back my love without delay, that for no cause is from me gone.
- “ Let every gentle Shepherd Swain, which doth his harmless flocks infold,  
Strive for to bring my love again, that I his face may once behold. 32
- “ For never shall I rest in peace untill his person I do see ;  
Each day my sorrows will increase, untill he come and pitty me.”

Her Lover, hearing of her plaint, no longer could from tears refrain,  
But from a myrtle-grove he went, to ease her of her grief and pain. ["he came."  
Quoth he, "My Love, I understand thy love is constant, firm, and true;  
Loe! here I give thee heart and hand, I'll never change thee for a new."  
These words did much revive her heart, and, hand in hand, away they went,  
Resolving never more to part, but to enjoy their hearts' content. 40

**Finis.**

*London, Printed for W. Whitwood, at the Bell in Duck-lane.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts; Cavalier and Lady on p. 63. Date, *circa* 1679.]

**The Northamptonshire Lovers.**

*Jaques.*—"You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?"

—*As You Like It*, Act iii. sc. 2.

IN "The Northamptonshire Lovers," to the same tune, on next page, the young man seems to echo the ballad given, next thereafter, on p. 277, "Come turn to me, thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee." But he has other culled phrases, such as "If you love me, tell me so!" The maid caps verses with him, and quotes, "In my freedom is all my joy." She professes to have a scruple about losing a dram. This is in the twentieth line. After making her boast, she capitulates on honourable terms: "they went to Church with friends' good will, and strait were married out of hand!" In *their* days, two centuries ago, Malthus had not arisen to warn young people against the imprudence of early marriages: our ballad-writer declared his own disapproval of long delay in courtship.



[This woodcut, from Roxb. Coll., III. 482, belongs to our p. 254.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 180 ; Pepys, I. 532 ; Jersey, II. 227.]

**The Northamptonshire Lovers :**  
**Or, No Wealth can compare unto true Love.**

Young men and Maids that delight to hear  
How Lovers Couple, pray draw near ;  
And in this Sonnet you may find  
A fancy that may please your mind.

TO THE TUNE OF, *True Love rewarded with Loyalty, or, Love's Downfall.*  
[See pp. 260 and 265.] **With Allowance.**

**I**N Summer time, when leaves are green, and *Flora* in her rich array,  
With all sorts of flowers so sweet, she had bedeckt the fields so gay :  
I espyed a young man and a maid, a walking in the cool o' th' day ;  
The young man he was not afraid, but these words unto her did say.

*Man.*

- " Oh turn to me, my own Dear heart, and I my self will turn to thee ;  
For thou and I will never part, whilst life and breath remains in me.  
" Thou know'st these long seven years and more we two together have been in love ;  
And I have slackened my desires, only thy passions for to prove. 8  
" But here's my hand, for longer I no further trial here will make,<sup>1</sup>  
But love thee till the day I dye, therefore my Bride I mean to take.  
" I have six horses at my Plow, and six more in my Stable stand ;  
And here to thee I make a vow, they all shall be at thy command.  
" Besides, my grounds they are well stockt, for thee to walk in, to and fro ;  
In truth, my Dear, I do not mock, if thou can'st love me, tell me so." 14

*Maid.*

- " Your words, good Sir, are very fair, ten times better than I do deserve ;  
Yet 'tis good for me to have a care, lest you from them should quickly swerve.  
" For young men's tongues, now in these dayes, they are so tipt with words so fair,  
A maiden's beauty they will praise, till they have caught her in a snare.  
" But if yonder Bower was full of gold, and thou could'st give it unto me,  
Until I'm wed, I never would lose one dram of my Virginitie. 20

*The Second Part, to the same tune.*

- " Tho' foolish Knacks some maids entice, to yield unto a young man's will ;  
Then leave them in Fools' Paradice, and of repenting they have their fill.  
" For hasty marriage ne'er proves good, so it behoves me to be coy ;  
Altho' I'm young, I understood that in my freedom's all my joy.<sup>2</sup> 24  
" So for this time, good Sir, adew ! my Mother she for me doth stay ;  
And when I hear your heart is true, you then shall hear what I will say.

<sup>1</sup> This late copy mis-prints it as " no longer I no further trial will I make."

<sup>2</sup> We shall come later to the ballad of "The Virtuous Maid's Resolution," which holds this burden, *In my freedom's all my joy*. The tune agrees with '*I am a poor and harmless Maid.*' In our text is a misprint, "understand ;" here corrected, since the rhyme shows that it ought to have been "understood."

“ Till then, what ever me betide, let wealth or sorrow come to me,  
Until that I am made a Bride, I never mean to turn to thee.” 28

*Man.*

“ But wilt thou be gone, my love and joy, and leave me in this place alone?  
The cherping Birds will cease their notes, to hear me make my grievous moan.  
“ The waters, which are here so deep, without a shroud my grave shall be ;  
My body shall the fishes feed, if once you do depart from me. 32  
“ Therefore as thou’rt a Virgin pure, and I think thee to be no less,  
Some comfort now to me procure, to ease my grief and heaviness.  
“ Be not a talk to other maids, that they behind your back should say,  
‘ She was so peevish, and so coy, she cast her first true love away.’  
“ Then turn to me, my own dear heart, and I my self will turn to thee ;  
For thou and I will never part, whilst life and breath remains in me.”

*Maid.*

“ I would not for ten thousand Worlds that any friend of mine should say,  
I was so peevish and so coy to cast my dearest love away. 40  
“ But where he is I cannot tell, no, nor yet do I know his name ;  
Yet you pretend that you are him, with protestations on the same. [“art.”  
“ Yet a further trial I will have, ere that the true love’s knot I tye ;  
Before I’ll match to be a slave, I’d rather by this knife to dye.  
“ Tho’ some don’t look before they leap, I will be wary of such things ;  
For whilst I’m single I live well, but marriage many troubles brings.  
“ You say you’ve House, you say you’ve Land, yet all that does not please my mind,  
Your looks doth shew you dogged are, and will not to a Wife prove kind.  
“ Then what will riches profit me, if I have not a quiet life ?  
A Lady that lives discontentedly, she’d better be a Hoggerd’s wife.” 48

*Man.*

“ I can say no less, my only dear, these words are true you tell to me :  
When man and wife do live at strife, be sure no blessing there can be. [“doth.”  
“ But a loving man of me thou’lt find, as any lives beneath the Sun ;  
I ever to thee will prove kind, I’ll ne’er think much of what thou’st done.  
“ My promise I will keep and hold, so long as life remains in me,  
If thou want’s’ Silver or good Gold, I strait will give it unto thee.  
“ Therefore the bargain let us seal with a kiss or two that is so sweet.” 56  
And so much then he did prevail, that lovingly she did him greet.  
Now she no longer doth seem coy ; and this is all the young man’s song,  
“ Now I have gained my love and joy, we will be wedded ere [’t] be long.”  
And what he spoke he did fulfil, so far as I do understand,  
They went to Church with friends’ good will, and strait was married out of hand.  
Thus all young Lovers they may learn, where ever they do go or come ;  
Young men, if once a bargain you make, be sure that you do strike it home.  
For long delay does ne’er prove good ; a modest and a civil Girl,  
Tho’ she is poor and thou art rich, yet love outpasses Gold or Pearl. 64

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts : man on p. 195, woman on p. 181. Date, *circa* 1674.]

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## Come Turn to me, thou Pretty Little One.

“Immortal Lovers, smile, and run your happy races !  
Possess the pleasing toil of languishing embraces !  
Let zealots prate of joys above, they know not how or where,  
We know a Paradise in Love, and take no farther care.”

—*New Collection of Songs by Tom D'Urfey*, 1683.

THE following ballad is No. 194 in Wm. Thackeray's Stock-list of Ballads (given by us at the end of Introduction to *Bagford Ballads*, pp. LXX, LXXVII). To the tune here identified were sung these:—

1. The Slighted Maid; or, the Pining Lover. (Roxburghe Coll., II. 423.) Begins, “Was ever Maiden so scorn'd, by one that she lov'd so dear?” Tune of, *I prithee, Love, turn to me*.

2.—The English Sea-man's Resolution; or, The Loyal Subject's Undaunted Valour (before August, 1682): it begins, “I am an undaunted Sea-man, and for King *Charles* I will fight” (Euing Coll., No. 106); to the tune of *I prethee, Love, turn to me*; or, *When this old Cap was new*. The latter name gives the first line of Martin Parker's ballad of “Time's Alteration” (reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 581); whereof the tune is declared to be *I'le nere be drunk again* (belonging to “The Reformed Drinker,” for which see p. 317); and this tune agreed with *Old Sir Simon the King*, otherwise *Hey ding a ding!* which was already ‘ancient’ in 1575, the date of Laneham's Letter about Kenilworth revels. Tune also cited as *O such a Rogue would be hang'd*, and as *Ragged and torne and true*. Martin Parker advertised his own ware, when re-naming the tune, for it is his own ballad of “Well met, Neighbour!” beginning, “Whither away, good neighbour?” that holds the burden of *O such a Rogue would be hang'd!* (*Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 99.) It again is marked to be sung to the tune of *Ragged and torne and true*: which begins, “I am a poor man, God knowes,” sung to the tune of *Old Sir Simon the King*, “In a humour I was of late, as many good fellows may be,” given by Mr. Wm. Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 264. He identifies the same tune under aliases of *The Golden Age* (which is Tom D'Urfey's Newmarket Song of 1682, reprinted by us in *Roxburghe Ballads*, v. 144); and *Round about our coal-fire*, a country-dance tune. Additionally, we have ourselves identified it under the name of *All Trades* (see *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. pp. 65, 66, 70).

3.—Wit bought at a dear Rate: “If all the world my mind did know.” Tune of, *Turn, Love, I prithee, Love, turn to me*. To be given in second Good-Fellows Group (*Roxb. Coll.*, II. 520).

4.—The Old Man's Complaint; or, The Unequal Matcht Couple. Tune of, *I prethee, Love, turn to me*. Begins, “O! what a pitiful passion it is to be sick for Love” (*Roxb. Coll.*, III. 196).



[Rox. III. 140 ; Pepys, III. 226 ; Jersey, I. 236 ; Huth, I. 33 ; C. 22, e. 2, f. 37.]

**Come turn to mee, thou pretty little one ;  
and I will turn to thee.**

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE. [See p. 276.]



“ Sweet, if thou wilt be  
As I am to thee,  
Then by *Cupid's* Mother,  
I have vow'd to have  
none other she :  
*Then turn to me, thou pretty little one,  
And I will turn to thee.* 8

“ Those bright eyes of thine  
Which so dazzle mine,  
Like the stars of Heaven,  
Which do keep their even  
course and shine :  
Then let us in conjunction meet  
and both our loves combine.<sup>1</sup> 16

“ If that lovely Face  
Will to mine give place,  
That with love's devotion  
We may use the motion  
of imbrace :  
Then sit thee down, my pretty little one,  
and let us love a space. 24

“ What hurt is in this,  
For to take a kisse?  
If it may be granted ;  
I that long have wanted  
such a blisse :  
Then be not sparing of a few,  
whereas such plenty is. 32

“ If thy breasts do pant  
For the milk they want,  
Every Hill and Mountain  
To supply each Fountain,  
be not scant :  
Then give to me thy lilly white hand,  
and I thee mine will grant. 40

“ If so be that I  
May but thee come nigh,  
The Vine and Elm shall never  
Joyn more close together  
than will I.  
Then shew thy fruits, my amorous joy,  
and I'll with love supply. 48

<sup>1</sup> Possibly this was the line mocked on p. 212 ; with “ middles : ” but *cf.* 214.



" If that thou dost crave  
Silks and Garments brave,  
Or what rich attyre  
Could thy heart desire  
to receive :  
Declare to me, thou pretty little one,  
thou canst but ask and have. 56

" From the *Indies* far,  
Where rich Jewels are.  
I will bring thee treasure  
Far beyond all measure  
and compare :  
Then be not coy, my pretty little one,  
for I no cost will spare. 64

" Sweet-heart, for thy sake,  
I will never make  
Choice of any other ;  
Then by *Cupid's* Mother,  
freely speak :  
It's at thy choice, my dearest Love,  
either to leave or take." 72

" I, Thy Marygold, [She replies.]  
Wrapt in many fold,  
Like the golden Clyent,  
To the Sun suppliant,  
shew it's gold :  
Display the beams, my glorious Sun,  
and I'll to thee unfold." 80

" Those bright locks of hair [He sings.]  
Spreading o're each ear,  
Every crisp and curle,  
Far more rich then pearl,  
doth appear :  
Then be thou constant in thy love,  
and I will be thy Dear. 88

" Till I have possest  
Thee whom I love best,  
I have vow'd for ever  
In thy absence never  
to take rest :  
Deny mee not, thou pretty little one,  
In whom my hopes are blest." 96

" If a kisse or two [She replies.]  
Can thee a favour do,  
Were it more then twenty,  
Love 's indu'd with plenty ;  
Lovers know :  
For thy sweet sake a thousand take,  
for that 's the way to wooe. 104

" It doth grieve my heart  
From thee for to part ;  
It is to me more pleasant  
Ever to be present  
where thou art :  
Yet in the absence of a friend,  
my love shall never start. 112

" As to me thou art kind,  
Duty shall mee bind  
Ever to obey thee,  
Reason so doth sway mee  
to thy mind :  
Thou hast my heart where e're thou art,  
although I stay behind. 120

" In thy bed or bark,  
I will be thy mark ;  
Couples yet more loving  
Never had their moving  
from the Ark :  
Welcome to mee, my onely joy,  
all times be it light or dark." 128

*London, Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.*

[Black-letter. Three cuts : 1st, on p. 277 ; others on p. 288. Date, before 1682.]



[This cut belongs to p. 294.]

## The Valiant Commander's Lady.

“ A man of many cares new taken up,  
To whom there's nothing more can come in life  
But what is serious and solicitous :  
One who betakes him to his nuptial bed,  
His thoughts still busy with the watch and ward,  
And if his love breathe louder than her wont,  
Starts from his sleep, and thinks the bells ring backwards :  
A man begirt with eighty thousand swords,  
Scarce knowing which are in the hands of friends  
And which against him : such a sort of man  
Thy lover is—his fate for life or death  
Link'd to a cause which some deem desperate.”

—H. Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, ii. 3.

**F**OR many reasons this is an important and interesting ballad, of which we know six copies extant, two being in the British Museum, our Roxburghe exemplar, and C. 22. e. 2. fol. 200.

*First* :—It is a Civil-War Ballad, connected with the beleaguering of Chester by the Parliamentary soldiers in 1644-45 : the valiant Commander being a loyal Cavalier, not only surrounded but hemmed in by the rebels. We might have postponed republication, until we include it in our forthcoming work, *Ballads of the Civil-War, Commonwealth, and Restoration*, vol. ii., were it not for the present convenience of having it among these *True-Love Ballads*.

*Second* :—It is one of the few instances where a Husband writes or speaks as enthusiastically about his wife (before she has died and become his “sainted Maria!” or “never sufficiently-appreciated Jeanie,” at Chelsea,) as a Lover does of his Mistress.

*Third* :—It is one of the 301 ballads kept in stock by William Thackeray, about April, 1685, being No. 175 of the List, reprinted by us at end of Introduction to *Bagford Ballads* (from the rare, or unique, specimen, preserved in Bagford's own Collection, II. fol. 2). See pp. 276, 283, of the present volume vi. At the latter place we identify three of the hitherto-unclaimed dividends; leaving only other three to be sought elsewhere. These are,

No. 127.—*Jenny*, my Handmaid.

No. 187.—Bacon and Beans.

No. 229.—The Love in Joy my Heart.

Having established this much, that out of the 301 Ballads held in stock by Thackeray, *circa* May, 1685, there are certainly 298 still extant, although in many cases only a single exemplar is known, *we do not despair of finding the last three truants*. We now issue “a Cancel Leaf,” and hereafter may reprint *in extenso* an amended and completed reprint of the List, in our *General Introduction to the Roxburghe Ballads*, accompanying the *General Index*.

*Fourth:—The involved history of the tune.*

It is appointed to be sung to a new northern tune [*i.e.* one used in the North-country, which means England North of the Humber, and generally including the Scottish Lowlands—in other words, the ancient Kingdom of Northumbria). This special new *Northern* tune is to be known by the name of the ballad's own burden, '*I would give ten thousand pounds thou wert in Shrewsbury.*' Lastly, an alternative tune, or tune-name, is given, which is *Ned Smith*. (See *Note* below.) But both these designations refer to one and the same tune, which had been formerly used for the ballad (soon to be here reprinted) entitled "*Sir Richard Whittington's Advancement*," beginning, "Here must I tell the Praise of worthy *Whittington*." This *Whittington* ballad is one of Richard Johnson's writings, 1605. It reappeared in the 1612 edition of his *Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (reprinted in July, 1842, under the editorship of Mr. William Chappell, No. 23, vol. vi. p. 20, of the Percy Society's excellent series: It had been previously, in 1841, inserted in vol. i. p. 5, in C. Mackay's less satisfactorily-edited pamphlet, No. 2, devoted to Songs of the London Apprentices). The *Whittington* ballad, of our *Legendary and Historical Group*, is marked to be sung to the tune of '*Daintie, come thou to me.*'

When we travel back to "*A new Northern Jigge, called Daintie, come thou to me!*" we have reached the source of the stream. No earlier name is forthcoming, and its confirmation as a "*Northern*" lively or "*Jigge*" tune is satisfactory. In *Roxb. Coll.*, I. 204, is preserved the probably-unique original. It begins thus:

Wilt thou forsake mee thus, and leave me in misery?  
And I gave my hand to thee onely with thee to die!  
*Cast no care to thy heart, from thee I will not flee;*  
*Let them all say what they will; Daintie, come thou to me!*

It was "printed for the assignes of Thomas Symcocke," and forms the concluding ditty of Mr. William Chappell's vol. ii. of *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 629. He gives the music (with first verse of the *Whittington* ballad) in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855, p. 517.

In the Stationers' Company's Registers, B. fol. 269, 5th January, 1697, there was entered to William Wright "*a newe Northerne Jigge:*" which we here identify as "*Daintie, come thou to me!*"

\* \* Ned Smith lay in the jail at Bedford, and was hanged, in the reign of James the First, certainly some time before December, 1624, when a ballad on his approaching execution was sufficiently popular to be formally transferred to Cuthbert Wright. It was appointed to be sung to the already-mentioned tune of *Daintie, come thou to me!* "*I am a prisoner poore, opprest with miserie:*" It has been reprinted among these *Roxburghe Ballads*, in vol. ii. p. 465 (being in *Rox. Coll.*, I. 367). The full title of the ballad is, "*The Wofull Lamentation of Edward Smith, a poor Prisoner in the Jayle at Bedford, which he wrote a short time before his death.*" The *Roxburghe* copy was printed for the Assigns of Thomas Symcocke (loosely dating between 1613 and 1633); but the single Pepysian exemplar (*Pepys Coll.*, I. 59) was published by Cuthbert Wright, to whom the ballad-property had been transferred, December 14, 1624, as registered by the Stationers' Company. How much earlier than 1624 the original was issued is not yet ascertained, but probably not many years.

\* \* \* On p. 359, before *Naval Ballads*, we give another celebration of Shrewsbury's fair town. It is the often-cited, but now little-known, "*Shrewsbury for me!*"



[Roxb. III. 220 ; Jersey, I. 232 ; Pepys, II. 208 ; Euing, 367 ; Huth, II. 131.]

## The valiant Commander with his resolute Lady, Shewing

A brief discourse of a Commander bold,  
Who had a Wife was worth her weight in gold ;  
Shee bravely fought to save her Husband's life :  
Let all men judge, was not this a valiant Wife ?

TO A NEW NORTHERN TUNE, CALLED, *I would give ten thousand pounds shee was in Shrewsbury* ; OR, *Ned Smith*. (See p. 280.)



[This oval cut belongs to p. 294.]

G Allants, come list a while, a story I will tell,  
Of a Commander bold, and what to him befell.  
He was besiedged round, in *Chester City* fair,  
His Lady being with him, which fil'd his heart with care.  
This unto her he said, "*Dearest, come thou to mee,*  
*I would give ten thousand pounds thou wert in Shrewsbury !*" 12

"O my own heart's delight, my joy and turtle Dove,  
More dear than my own life, Heavens know I do thee love.  
Those beautious looks of thine my senses set on fire,  
Yea, though I love thee well, thy absence I desire ;  
*This makes me sigh, and say, 'Dearest, come thou to mee,*  
*[I would give ten thousand Pounds thou wert in Shrewsbury !]*" 24

"Thy red-coloured cheeks and thy bright shining eye  
Makes me alwayes inflam'd with thy sweete company.  
Thy breath smells far more rare than doth sweet frankincense.  
And yet for all these fumes, I wish thee farther hence :  
*This makes me sigh and say, ['Dearest, come thou to mee,*  
*I would give ten thousand Pounds thou wert in Shrewsbury.]*" 36

"Look how my Unkle stands, I dare not him come near,  
Because I love the King, and am a Cavalier ;  
Yet for my Lady and her son, my heart doth bleed for thee ;  
I would give ten thousand pound they were in *Shrewsbury* :  
*They were in Shrewsbury, some comfort for to find,*  
*Amongst the Cavaliers to ease a troubled mind.*" 48

"My heart bleeds in my breast for my fair Ladie's sake,  
And how to save her life I know no course to take :  
Hark ! how the Drums do beat, and warlike Trumpets sound ;  
See how the Musqueteers have now begirt us round :  
The Souldiers they cry out, 'Kill, Kill ! no quarter give !'  
What hopes then can I have that my true love should live ?" 60

*The Second Part : TO THE SAME TUNE.* [See *Note*, p. 283.]

WHEN he thus spoken had, his Lady he forsook,  
And with a manly heart his sword in hand he took :  
"Farewell, my Lady dear, now will I bandy blows,  
And fight myself to death amongst my desperate foes.  
*Dearest, farewell ! from mee ; dearest, farewell from mee !*  
*I would give ten thousand pound thou wert in Shrewsbury !*" 72

His Lady seeing then the danger they were in,  
She like a Souldier bold nobly then did begin :  
"My trusty Love," quoth she, "since thou so valiant art,  
What e're becomes of me, stoutly I'll take thy part :  
*Dearest, cast care away ! let kisses comfort thee !*  
*Thou and I'll ne'er depart ! I'll live and dye with thee !*" 84

"Put mee on man's attire, give mee a Souldier's coat,  
I'll make King *Charles's* foes quickly to change their note.  
Cock your match, prim[e] your pan, let piercing bullets fly !  
I do not care a pin, whether I live or dye.  
*Dearest, cast care away ! let kisses comfort thee !*  
*Thou and I'll ne'er depart ! I'll live and die with thee !*" 96



She took a Musquet then, and a sword by her side,  
 In disguise like a man, her valour so she tride ;  
 And with her true love she marcht forth couragiously,  
 And made a way with speed quite through the enemy.  
 "Dearest, cast care away ! let kisses comfort thee !  
 Thou and I'le ne'er depart ! I'le live and dye with thee !" 108  
 Their Souldiers brave and bold behav'd themselves so well,  
 That all the Northern parts of their deserts can tell ;  
 Thus have you heard the news of a most valiant wight,  
 And of his Lady brave, how stoutly they did fight.  
 "Dearest, cast care away ! let kisses comfort thee !  
 Thou and I'le ne'er depart ! Wee two will still agree !" 120

Finis.

[Roxburghe copy, White-letter, n.p.n. ; Pepys and Jersey "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, Wright, Clarke, Thackeray and Passenger." Four woodcuts: 1st, man, *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 302, Left; 3rd (Lady "in man's attire") on p. 281; 2nd, our new cut of a woman, on p. 171; and 4th, the woman on our p. 178, Right. Date of original, while Chester was held by the Royal troops, and before Shrewsbury was given up early in February, 1644.]

<sup>1</sup> The Commander, in beleaguered Chester, wishes that his lady were sheltered at Shrewsbury, while it remained loyal and protected. But Shrewsbury grew tired of "requisitions," and the townspeople betrayed it to the Parliamentarians, the garrison made terms for themselves, leaving the Irish to their fate, which was to be mercilessly hanged by the rebels. This was in February, 1644.

\* \* We had occasion, on pp. 263, 276, 279, to mention the important trade List of Wm. Thackeray's 301 Black-letter Ballads, which we reprinted, identifying most of them (at the end of Introduction to our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. LXX, etc.), and in the *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, pp. \*535 and \*536, giving additions of further identifications, so that only six remained hidden, lost or strayed. Of these six we have since found three (leaving three to be sought, see p. 279), viz.

No. 165.—With a *hah, hah, hah!* you will undo me. This is  
 = "Love's Victory Obtain'd."

Begins, "Walking in a pleasant Garden." (*Pepys Coll.*, II. 32.)

No. 175.—I would give [ten] thousand pound thou wert in  
*Shrewsbury*=The Valiant Commander, etc. (our p. 281).

Begins, "Gallants, come list awhile." (*Roxb. Coll.*, III. 220.)

No. 203.—*Nell* and *Harry*=*Nelly's* Constancy. (Cf. p. 27, No. 6.)

Begins, "I lov'd you dearly, I lov'd you well." (*Pepys Coll.*, V. 217.)

To this ballad (a unique copy), with Harry's Reply (also unique, recently found in the Osterley Park Collection, III. 42), beginning "Fair Maid, you say you lov'd me well, and I believe it, honest *Nell*," we return in the Naval Group. We also give (from *Neptune's Fair Garland*, dated 1686) "A new song of *Nelly's* Sorrow at the Parting with her beloved *Henry*, that was just ready to set sail to sea" To the tune of *My dearest Love and I must part*; or, *In Summer time*. The three ballads are in close connection, and this "New Song," re-issued or predated in 1686, may have been the special "*Nell and Harry*" of Thackeray's List. Although not a Love-ballad, we add "A Soldier's Repentance" on next page.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 190 ; Pepys, I. 465 ; Wood, 401, fol. 59.]

**A pleasant Song made by a Souldier, whose bringing up had been dainty : and partly by those affections of his unbridled youth is now beaten with his own rod ; and therefore termeth this his Repentance, or, the Fall of Folly.**

TO AN EXCELLENT TUNE, CALLED, *Calino* [*Castore me*].<sup>1</sup>

**I**N Summer time, when *Phæbus*' rayes  
Did cheer each mortall man's delight,  
Increasing of the cheerfull dayes,  
and cutting of[f] the darksome nights :  
When Nature brought forth every thing,  
By just return of *April* showers,  
To make the pleasant Branches spring,  
with sundry sorts of herbs and flowers : 8  
It was my chance to walk abroad,  
To view Dame Nature's new-come brood ;  
The pretty Birds did lay on load,  
with sugred tunes in every wood :  
The gallant Nightingale did set [Cf. pp. 302, 309.  
Her speckled brest against a Bryer,  
Whose mournfull tunes bewail (as yet)  
her brother *Tereus*' false desire. [Cf. *Ovid. Met., Lib. vi.*] 16  
The Serpents, haveing cast their coats,  
Lay listning how the Birds did sing,  
The pretty Birds with sugred notes,  
did welcome in the pleasant spring.  
I drew me to the Green-wood side,  
To hear this Country harmony,  
Whereas er'e long I had espy'd  
a wofull man in misery. 24  
He lay along upon the ground,  
And to the Heavens he cast his eye ;  
The bordering Hills and Dales resound  
the eccho's of his piteous cry :  
He wailing sore, and sighing, said,  
" Oh, Heavens ! what endlesse grief have I !  
Why are my sorrows thus delaid ?  
come, therefore, Death, and let me die. 32  
" When Nature first had made my frame,  
And set me loose when she had done,  
Steps Fortune in, that fickle Dame,  
to end what Nature had begun :  
She set my feet upon her knee,  
And blest my tender age with store,  
But in the end she did agree  
to mar what she had made before. 40

<sup>1</sup> *Calen o castore me* is quoted by Pistol, in *Henry V.* Act iv. sc. 4. This so-called Irish tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal-Book, No. 157, on p. 277, arranged by William Byrd. It was given in Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673, and also printed by Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, p. 993. It is the tune and burden of "A Sonnet of a Lover," in "*A Handfull of Pleasant Delities*," 1584: "When as I view your comly grace, *Calen o custure me*," etc. The Sonnet had been entered to J. Aldee in the Stationers' Registers, 10th March, 1581-2.

- " I could no sooner creep alone,  
But she forsook her fostered child,  
I had no lands to live upon,  
but trac'd abroad the world so wild. 44
- " At length I fell in company  
With gallant Youths of *Mars* his train,  
I spent my life in jeopardy,  
and got my labour for my pain ;  
I watched on the sieged walls,  
In thunder, lightning, rain and snow,  
And oft being shot with poudred Balls,  
whose costly markes are yet to show. 52
- " When all my kindred took their rest  
At home in many a stately Bed,  
The ground and pavement was my nest ;  
my Flask a pillow for my head :  
My meat was such as I could get,  
Of Roots and Herbs of sundry sort,  
Which did content my hungry mind,  
although my commons were but short. 60
- " My powder serv'd to salt my meat,  
My Murrion for a gilded Cup, [Morion.  
Whereas such drink as I could get  
in Spring or Ditch I drank it up ;  
My Rapier alwayes by my side,  
My Piece lay charg'd with match and light :  
Thus many a month I did abide,  
to ward all day, and watch by night. 68
- " I lived in this glorious vain,  
Untill my limbs grew stiff and lame ;  
And thus I got me home again,  
regarding no such costly fame.  
When I came home, I made a proof,  
What friends would do if need should be ;  
My nearest kinsfolks lookt aloof,  
as though they had forgotten me. 76
- " And as the Owl by chattering charmes  
Is wondred at of other Birds,  
So they came wondring at my harmes,  
and yeeld me no relief but words.  
Thus do I want, while they have store,  
That am their equall every way :  
Though Fortune lent them somewhat more,  
else had I been as good as they. 84
- " Come, gentle Death, and end my grief !  
Ye pretty Birds, ring forth my knell !  
Let *Robin* red-breast be the chief,  
to bury me, and so farewell.  
Let no good Souldier be dismayd, [N.B. vide infra, Tune.  
To fight in Field with courage bold,  
Yet marke the words that I have said :  
trust not to friends when thou art old." [By T. Stride, c. 1590.]

[No publisher's name in Roxburghe copy. Pepysian has "*London*, printed for *John Wright*;" Wood's printed for *F. Coles*, etc. One woodcut, as on p. 66 (man). Date of original, April 24, 1588, entered to Richard Jones, in Stat. Reg., ii. 488 : transferred, iv. 93, on 14 Dec., 1624. See *Introduction*, p. xxv, on *T.S.*]

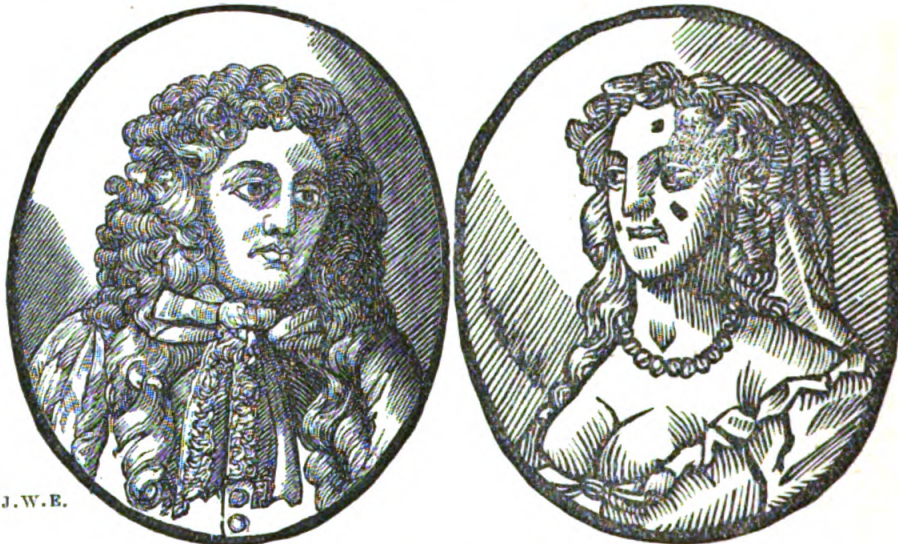
[Roxb. Coll., II. 250; Jersey, I. 51; Pepys, III. 216; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 14.]

## A Pattern of Love ; Dr, The Faithful Lovers well met.

Here's Love for Love you may behold,  
And true love better is than Gold :  
For if my Song you well do mind,  
Patterns of true love here you'l find.

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].

TO THE TUNE OF [*Hark ! I hear*] the Cannons Rore. [See Note, below.]



“ Come and help me to complain,  
E'er my heart doth break with pain,  
My love unkind doth me disdain,  
Which doth increase my passion :  
His person it is so compleat,  
All Females do delight to see 't,  
And stand amaz'd when him they meet,  
*The flower of all the Nation.*

8

We have already printed Tom D'Urfey's "Carouse to the Emperor, the Royal Pole" [John Sobieski], and the much-wronged Duke of Lorraine, in vol. v. p. 366. It was originally sung at the Theatres. Music in the *Dancing-Master*, 1686 edition, p. 203, under the title of *Vienna*; the song referring to the successful raising of the Siege of Vienna in September, 1683.

The two other woodcuts of present ballad were given in our vol. iv. p. 454.

“ He is so rare in every part,  
So full of vertue and desert,  
That he did quickly win my heart,  
And made such alteration :  
That all my comforts soon were gone,  
And him alone I doted on,  
Yea, night and day I think upon  
*The flower of all the Nation.* 16

“ Thus languishing in Bed all night,  
And thinking on my heart’s delight,  
As if he had been in my sight,  
Such was Love’s operation ;  
I wrung my hands and tore my hair,  
And almost fell into despair,  
Because my dearest was not there,  
*The flower of all the Nation.* 24

“ I often stretched forth my arms,  
And with a kind of seeming Charms,  
I strove to keep him from all harms,  
By *Cupid’s* strong perswasion ;  
Then in a moment I did cry,  
‘ O come, my Love, or else I dye,  
Wanting thy precious company,  
*I love best in the Nation.*’ ” 32

Now while she made this grievous moan [“ For.”  
For her beloved dearest one,  
He was hard by, to her unknown,  
And near her kept his station ;  
At last he blushing to her came,  
Which set the Damsel on a flame,  
‘ Cause she against him did exclaim,  
*She lov’d best in the Nation.* 40

“ Don’t complain, my dearest Dear,  
For I, thy heart’s delight, am here,  
And come to banish all thy fear,  
Then do no more torment thee ;  
For I will work both night and day,  
To keep my true love fine and gay,  
Then all the world will surely say,  
*I strive for to content thee !* 48

“ Nothing shall be too dear for thee,  
If it for Gold may purchas’d be,  
For since thou hast made choice of me,  
Thou need’st not to repent thee ;



Thy Beauty I most highly praise,  
I will be kind to thee always,  
And thou shalt see brave Golden days,  
*Let this, my love, content thee !* 56

“ And wheresoever I do go,  
The world shall all thy Vertues know,  
And I’le set forth thy praises so  
That nothing shall torment thee ;  
I’le write Encomiums on thy Name,  
And spread them on the Wings of fame,  
Then do no more thy true love blame,  
*That strives for to content thee !* 64

“ I’le truly keep my Nuptial Vows,  
As Law and Reason both allows,  
And be so careful of my Spouse,  
That nothing shall torment thee ;  
I’le feast mine eyes with thy dear sight,  
And in thy company delight,  
Yea, never leave thee day nor night,  
*My Dear, let this content thee !* 72

“ Unto the Church straightway we’l go,  
And to the world will plainly show  
The faithful love to thee I owe ;  
Then do not thou torment thee :  
According to thy just Desert,  
I’le change with thee my love-sick heart,  
Till cruel death our loves shall part :  
*My Dear, let this content thee !*” 80

[Publisher’s name cut off from Roxburghe copy ; Pepysian and Case 22 bear the Colophon, printed for *J. Blare* at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*. Four woodcuts, see p. 286. Date, probably, 1685.]



[The centre cut belongs to p. 180 ; the side-cuts to p. 278.]

## Love's Tyrannic Conquest.

"Cupid once, when weary grown  
 With women's errands, laid him down,  
 On a refreshing rosie bed;  
 The same sweet covert harboured  
 A Bee, and as she always had  
 A quarrel with Love's idle trade,  
 Stings the soft Boy: Pains and strong fears  
 Straight melt him into cries and tears:  
 As wings and feet would let each other,  
 Home he hastens to his Mother.  
 There on her knees he hangs his head,  
 And cries, 'Oh, Mother! I am dead.  
 An ugly creature call'd a Bee—Oh see,  
 I swell!—has murder'd me.'  
*Venus* with smiles reply'd, 'O Sir!  
 Does a Bee's sting make all this stir?  
 Think what pains attends those darts  
 Wherewith thou still hast wounded hearts!  
 E'en let it smart, perchance that then  
 Thou'lt learn more pity towards men."

—Song, set by Pelham Humphrey, before 1671.

THE tune named for the following ballad is *Blush not redder than the morning*. This tune belonged to the year 1679; the original song, an Epithalamium, having been written by Nat Lee for his "Caesar Borgia," Act iv. scene 1, with music composed by Thomas Farmer: printed in John Playford's *Choice Ayres*, Book iii. p. 10, and issued in November the same year. Also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vi. 195. The words alone are in *Wit and Drollery*, late edition, 1682, p. 308. At once seized on, and lengthened into a broadside ballad, it reappeared under the title of "The Virgin's Happiness; or, Love in Triumph." A copy is extant (Douce Coll., II. 237), printed for Philip Brooksby. Here is Lee's original Epithalamium, sung at the nuptials of Bellamira and Cæsar Borgia:

### To Bellamira.

BLush not redder than the morning, tho' the Virgins give you warning!  
 Sigh not at the chance befell you, tho' they smile and dare not tell you.

Maids, like Turtles, love the cooing, bill and murmur in their wooing;  
 Thus like you they start and tremble, and their troubled Joys dissemble.

Grasp the Pleasure while 't is coming, tho' your Beauties are in blooming;  
 Time at last your joys will sever, and they'll part, they'll part for ever.

(By Nat. Lee, 1679.)

The second half of each stanza was repeated in the singing; as also in the case of "Love's Tyrannic Conquest." *Al. lect.*, "Least old Time your joys do sever, Ah! then they part, they part for ever."



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 280; Bagford Coll., II. 168; III. 86.]

## Love's Tyrannick Conquest.

Love and Beauty have such power,  
Sometimes joyes they do devour;  
And those that of their power are tasting,  
Sighing dayly, still are wasting.

TUNE OF, *Blush no[t] redder than the morning.* [See p. 289.]

- “ *CUPID*, leave thy Tyrannizing!  
Thou art still new pains devising,  
Pains too great to be endured,  
Past all hopes for to be cured:  
*Pains too great to be endured,*  
*Past all hopes for to be cured.*
- “ Take some pitty of my anguish,  
Mind but how I sigh and languish.  
*'Tis your frowns my ruine tell me,*  
*And what fate by Love befell me.* } *Repeat.* 12
- “ 'Twas the charms of conquering Beauty  
That compel'd me to this duty,  
*Which so strangely doth enslave me,*  
*That of sence it doth bereave me.* } *Repeat.*
- “ 'Tis a most exceeding pitty  
You should be so fair and pretty,  
*Yet so cruel to undoe me,*  
*And not send one smile unto me.* } *Repeat.* 24
- “ Here I perish with desire,  
Burning in an endless fire,  
*Sighing like one discontented,*  
*Unregarded, unlamented.* } *Repeat.*
- “ Could I tell thee how I love thee,  
And respect thee, none above thee,  
*Thou would'st count my tongue too lavish*  
*So with charms thy heart to ravish.* } *Repeat.* 36
- “ Never was a soul so wounded  
By a reason so confounded  
*As to cover its own ruine,*  
*Hugging what is its undoing.* } *Repeat.*
- “ But, alas! it sore doth grieve me  
That mine eyes should so deceive me,  
*Thus to bring me to a Fetter,*  
*Love's a chain, and 'tis no better.* } *Repeat.* 48

"You that are with joyes surrounded  
Pitty me with love so wounded,  
*That I know not how to ease me,  
Nothing else but death can please me."* } Repeat.

When the Nymph heard him complaining,  
Of his passion strongly reigning,  
*She was mov'd with grief to hear him,  
And resolved to get near him.* } Repeat. 60

With a sigh and mournful wishes,  
She bestow'd on him some kisses,  
*"Mourn no more," quoth she, "for ever  
Thee to please I will endeavour."* } Repeat.

"She of whom thou stood'st in fear on,  
Now will prove thy only dear one ;  
*In my arms I will embrace thee,  
In my bosome I will place thee.* } Repeat. 72

"It wounds my soul that I should grieve thee,  
Now I vow I ne'r will leave thee ;  
*Then, my dearest, do not doubt me,  
For I cannot live without thee."* } Repeat.

Printed for C. Hussey, at the Flower-de-luce, in Little-Brittain.

[In Black-letter, with Music, and four woodcuts. The first two are heads, a Cavalier's and a Lady's, from Civil-War ballads of Charles I.'s time, given already on p. 185. The next holds four small Masqueraders' figures, one being a Queen, or Maid-Marion : given in our Contents, p. xvi. Lastly, the Angel with a long sword, as on p. 142, Right. Date of ballad, *circa* 1680.]



[ This cut belongs to p. 352, the third mentioned. ]

## A Trial of True Love.

" All the flatteries of Fate, and the glories of State,  
Are nothing so sweet as what Love doth create ;  
If Love you deny, 't is time I should die :  
Kind Death 's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

" In some shady Grove will I wander and rove,  
With *Philomet* and the disconsolate Dove ;  
With a down-hanging wing they mournfully sing  
The tragic events of Unfortunate Love.

" With our complaints we'll conspire to heighten Love's fire,  
Still languish in life, till at last I expire :  
But when I am dead, in a cold leafy bed  
Be interr'd with the dirge of this desolate Quire."

—A Song, in *Westminster-Drollery*, Part 1st, 1671.

**O**FTEN among ballad-tunes appears the name of one as "*The flatteries of Fate*," but of any broadside ballad, originating the title, we have not yet met a copy ; although we doubt not that such a one was published, about 1671, and not improbably it was named "Unfortunate Love." We are not left in doubt what the true reading is, viz. "*All the flatteries of Fate*," since we found it when editing those delightful song-books *The Westminster-Drolleries* of 1671 and 1672, for worthy Robert Roberts of Boston, Lincolnshire. We have given the original song, at the top of this page. As they say in "Love and Honesty" (p. 56) "What 's here to do? a pretty *Mode-ish* song turn'd to a Ballad?"

"A Tryal of True Love" was appointed to be sung to this tune ; with *Jenny, Jenny*, as an alternative : "*Jenny*" (p. 294) belongs to a Roxburghe Ballad, soon to be reprinted. It is the original of a still-popular Scotch song, known later as "Kind sir, for your courtesie," and is entitled "*Jenny, Jenny* ; or, The False-hearted Knight and the Kind Lass," beginning, "There was a Lass in our Town" (Roxb. Coll., II. 221). With the same first line a different ballad is preserved in two Collections (Brit. Mus. C. 22, e. 2, fol. 68 ; and Huth, II. 49), entitled "Opportunity lost ; or, The Scotch Lover defeated : " with burdens, *slea Willy Stenson*, and *pretty Peggy Benson*. Other ballads sung to the tune of *The flatteries of Fate* were

- 1.—"Come Gallants, and listen unto me a while." = The New-made Gentlewoman ; or, The Dishonest Lady. (Ro. C., II. 380.)
- 2.—"My fairest and rarest." = The Volunteer's Kind Answer to the Loyal Damosel's Resolution. (Pepys Coll., III. 307 : sequel to the "Trial of True Love : " virtually the same as No. 3.)
- 3.—"My Fairest, my dearest, I've heard what thou 'st told" (p. 295).
- 4.—"You Loyal Young Damoselles." (Now given : antecedent to Nos. 2 and 3, which bear reference to the Dutch War.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 122. Probably unique.]

## A Tryal of True Love :

Or,

### The Loyal Damosel's Resolution.

Wherein she doth declare her Mind is such,  
No Pains or Travel she at all will grutch ;  
To follow her dear Love, in Weal or Woe,  
To the remotest Climate she will go :  
A Pattern to all Maidens, for to see  
The sweet effects of Love and Constancy.

TUNE OF, [All] *The Flatteries of Fate* : OR, *Jenny, Jenny*, &c.  
[See previous page, and p. 294.]

- “ YOU Loyal young Damosells, whose Lovers are bent  
To serve in the wars with a valiant intent,  
Hear my resolution where ever you be,  
And say that my mind is a Kingdom to me.  
*I still will be constant and true to my Friend,* 6  
*For I will go with my love to the world's end.*
- “ I can have no Comfort in staying behind,  
But Sorrows and Anguish to trouble my mind,  
Therefore for my fancy with him I will go,  
Who now is my dearest and ever was so.  
*I still will be constant and true to my Friend, etc.* 12
- “ Since he is resolved his foes to ingage,  
Although that I am but of a tender Age,  
His loving Sweet company I'll not forgo  
But I will march with him in weal or in wo.  
*I still will be Constant and true to my Friend, etc.* 18
- “ I value not dangers ; my temper is free  
All hardship whatever to take patiently ;  
I'll find a reward for my Labour and pain,  
If once we return to old *England* again.  
*Therefore I'll be constant and true to my friend,* 24  
*For I will go with my love to the world's end.*
- “ The wars they are Irksome to Maidens we know,  
But yet so much love to my dearest I owe,  
That I am contented with him to abide,  
And never forsake him what ever betide.  
*I still will be constant and true to my Friend,* 30  
*For I will go with my love to the world's end.*

"His Love and his valour to me hath been shown,  
His vertue and courage through *England* is known,  
To fight for his King he will venture his blood,  
And I my self with him will cross the Salt Flood.  
*I still will be constant and true to my Friend, etc.* 36

"In *France* or in *Flanders*, where ever it be,  
In storms and in Tempests, in crossing the Sea,  
With patience I'll Suffer what falls to my Share,  
No hardship nor danger with love may compare.  
*I still will be constant, etc.* 42

"Then father, and mother, I pray, be content;  
Of my Resolution I ne'r shall repent:  
Then grant me your Blessing, pray let it be so,  
That well I may prosper where ever I go.  
*I still will be constant and true to my Friend, etc.* 48

"Dear Brother, and Sister, it grieveth my heart,  
That from my relations I now must depart;  
But I am in hopes for to see you again,  
If that I do live To come over the Main.  
*I still will be constant and true to my Friend, etc.* 54

"*Parthenia* to *Argalus* ne'er was more free [ See p. 298.  
Then I will unto my dear constant ever be  
'T is love that doth cause me such dangers to try,  
Since I am not fearful, but willing to dye.  
*I still will be Constant and true to my friend, etc.* 60

"And now, my own dearest, to thee I declare  
That I am resolv'd in thy fortune to share;  
Then let thy kind answer all sorrows remove,  
That I may have pleasure and joy in thy love.  
*For I will be constant and true to my Friend,  
And I will go with my Love to the World's end."* 66

*London; Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: first, the Man on p. 91, Left; second, the patched Lady on p. 281; third, the clumsy cut of harbour with ships, p. 278. Date, circa 1672. Compare Note on p. 298. The *Answer* follows on next page.]

\* \* "Jenny, Jenny," of our pp. 292, 293, begins thus:—

There was a Lass in our Town, and she was wondrous fair,  
There was a Knight of high renown, and he was wondrous rare;  
'Tis for the love of thee I dye, Jenny, Jenny! etc. (*Repeat.*)



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 134; Euing, No. 114.]

## The Faithful Young Man's Answer

To the Kind-hearted Maiden's Resolution. Likewise how he shows his full intent, his valorous mind, and his action, unto her whom he loves above all the rich treasures in the world.

To THE TUNE OF, *Jenny, Jenny*. [See pp. 292, 294.]

"MY fairest, my dearest, I've heard what thou'st told,  
I value thy words more than Silver or Gold ;  
[It] matter[s] not for Riches, for thou shalt have store,  
*If thou wilt go with thy Love all the world o'er.*

"As thou dost forsake Father and Mother beside,  
I'll make as much on thee what ever betide ;  
Thou shalt be my Comrade on Sea or on Shore,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.* 8

"Though we Travel to *Rome*, Love, to *France* or to *Spain*,  
Yet do you not fear but we shall turn again :  
I'll secure thee from the Tyger, the Wolf, and the Boar,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*

"As thou art so constant and steadfast in mind,  
As faithful a friend thou ever shalt find ;  
Then assure thy self, [Dear, that] I'll wrong thee on no score,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.* 16

"And if that thou goest with me, I'll promise thee fair,  
Instead of one boy, Love, I'll get thee a pair :  
I'll hug thee and kiss thee thy joys to restore,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*

"Though Sir *Guy* and St. *George* did venture their lives  
I'll do as much for thee as they did for their wives ;  
I'll be thy Champion against thousands and more,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.* 24

"He that seeks for to wrong thee I'll venture my Life,  
And you'll say a man can do no more for a Wife,  
But fight for a Sweet-heart in battles so sore :  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*

"Hang him, from his dearest will once stir or flinch !  
Or hang him, if he loves her, won't fight for a Wench ;  
Then give us more liquor, though we run on the score,  
*And come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.* 32

"I'll show thee what fashions *Europe* can devise,  
It may be by our travel we to fortune may rise,  
Thou know'st not what blessings the Lord hath in store,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*



"For to stay at home, Love, and sit by the fire,  
There's no recreation unto thy desire;  
Then let's to the fair, Love, where musick is store,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*" 40

"Love, never be daunted, nor yet do not fear,  
But I will be faithful unto thee, my Dear.  
No tongue but thy beauty and fame shall adore:  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*

"He that wou'd wrong thee is worse then a Jew,  
And he is a Knave that will not prove true;  
Such doings I hate, and shall love thee the more;  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*" 48

"Though I don't praise thy feature as thou hast done mine,  
Yet I'll stick as close to thee as the Bark to the Vine;  
Therefore do not tarry, but bar up the door,  
*Then come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*

"And thus, my own dearest, I've told thee my mind,  
And nothing but truth thou by me [still] shalt find,  
Then take this kiss [from me], for I'll say no more,  
*But come and go with thy Love all the world o'er.*" 56

Printed for *J. Clarke* at the *Bible and Harp* in *West-Smith-field*.

[Black-letter; two woodcuts, on p. 78. Date, 1665, or 1673, time of Dutch-War.]

### **The Passionate Lover.**

*Rosalind*.—"Ay, go your ways, go your ways! I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so come Death!"—*As You Like It*, Act iv.

IT may be objected that Love-ditties are generally of an effeminate order, the incidents mostly disastrous and the impression left by no means exhilarating. Few possess the robust vigour of George Wither's "Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair?" But we possess a goodly store of wholesome and joyful ballads of true affection, to counteract the suicidal wailings.

To the same tune, cited as "Sighs and Groans," was appointed to be sung a ballad entitled "The Distracted Young Man; or, The Overthrow of Two Loyal Lovers." It was licensed by Roger Lestrangle, printed for Jonah Deacon, and began with the line, "I lov'd one both beautiful and bright" (Pepys Coll., III. 387).

Another and earlier ballad entitled "The Passionate Lover," printed for Francis Groves, begins, "As I sate in a pleasant shade" (Pepys Coll., I. 320). It is to the tune of, *I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more*: words claimed for Sir Robert Aytoun, circa 1625; music composed by Henry Lawes. The answer begins, "Thou that lov'dst once, now lov'st no more," etc. Date, not before 1673.

[Roxb. II. 252 ; Jersey, II. 24 ; Pepys, V. 234 ; Douce, II. 177 ; Euing, 387.]

## The Passionate Lover ;

Or,

### The Damsel's Grief Crown'd with Comforts.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE, MUCH IN REQUEST.

This may be Printed. R[ichard] P[ocock].

Maid.

"Sighs and groans, and melancholly moans,  
I languish and anguish in dolefull Tones ;  
For him I loved dear I do complain,  
Because his company I can't refrain."

Man.

"Sighs and groans, you say you are opprest,  
You say I am he whom you loved best ;  
But if it be so, and your heart be true,  
Then I will bear a part as well as you."

8

Maid.

"Men are deceitfull, who can them believe ?  
[With] their flattering words, they Maids deceive ;  
With their Ruby Lips, and their tempting Eye,  
They terrifie poor Maidens till they dye.

"What cares he that never felt the smart  
Of this my languishing Love-sick Heart ?  
Had you a sence of what I do endure,  
Then you in love would grant a speedy cure.

16

"'Tis pale Death that now must give me ease,  
For there is nothing else my heart can please,  
Then on my Tomb, alas ! it shall be read,  
That here lies a loyal Lover dead."

Man.

"Thou hast no cause, my dearest, to complain,  
For as I am thy Love I will remain ;  
Do but believe me, thou shalt be my Bride,  
For I value none in the World beside.

24

"None but thee my Love I adore,  
Thy blessings, dearest, here I will restore ;  
Dry up thy Tears, and take this tender kiss,  
Being in token of a true Love's bliss."

**Maid.**

- " Was I sure that these thy words were true,  
Then might I bid my sorrows quite adieu ;  
Yet I have known Men say as much as this,  
And then have left their Lovers in distress.      32
- " For when they have brought us to their bow,  
They then do prove our final overthrow ;  
True-hearted Men I find there is but few,  
Nay, I may say the very same by you.
- " None but I, you say, you do adore :  
Have you not said as much as this before,  
When you declar'd that I should be your wife,  
And yet you left me near bereav'd of Life."      40

**Man.**

- " When I left [thee,] my love, it was to try  
Thy pure affections, and thy constancy.  
I know when *Cupid* doth Men's hearts invade,  
Females have oftentimes the Tyrants play'd.
- " But I find my Love is none of those,  
Therefore my heart to thee I will disclose ;  
Thy Loyalty my purest Love hath won,  
'Tis none I prize but thee beneath the Sun.      48
- " We'll never part while I remain alive.  
Then let thy drooping Spirits now revive ;  
The very Mountains shall as soon remove,  
As I [he] found disloyal to my Love."
- Now when he had uttered forth his mind,  
There was no grief, but both to love inclin'd ;  
Where he embrac'd her in his tender arms,  
With many sweet salutes and pleasing charms.      56
- Thus was [their] tears straight turned into joy,  
There's nothing can their comforts now annoy,  
By solemn vows their hearts are linked fast,  
And live in love, as long as life shall last.

[Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*]

[In Black-letter. Colophon supplied from the Pepysian copy. Douce's printed for J. Back. Two woodcuts: first a two-figured cut, on p. 120. The other, on p. 16, L. Date, Licensed, between August, 1685, and December, 1688.]

\*\*\* On p. 294, and p. xxvii of Introduction, *Argalus and Parthenia* are mentioned. Their story is in Sir Philip Sidney's *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, Book I. Also in a poem by Francis Quarles, 1629; again in a Tragedy by Hy. Glapthorne, 1639; and a *Most excellent Historie of Argalus and Parthenia* (printed for our T. Vere), 1672. This last work revived interest in the story.



### The Woody Choristers.

“Of all the brave birds that ever I see, the Owl is the fairest in her degree ;  
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes away flies she !  
Te whit, te whoo ! ‘To whom drink’st thou ?’—‘Sir knave, to you.’  
This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drinketh now.  
‘Nose, nose, jolly red nose ! and who gave thee that jolly red nose ?’  
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves: and that gave me my jolly red nose.”

—*Deuteromelia : King Henry’s Mirth*, 1609.

LOVE-SICK maids and forsaken or forsworn bachelors have filled the scene long enough, telling their mournful stories, somewhat wearisomely ; it must be a relief to listen to the twitterings of the “Woody Choristers” in our Roxburghe Ballad, although they too have similar complaints to utter. To them, even as to Felicia Hemans’s “Birds of Passage,” we may declare, “Sad is your tale of the beautiful Earth, Birds that o’ersweep it in joy and mirth !” A widower Love-Bird pines away in the absence of his mate, and refuses to be comforted. When Jenny Wren fell sick and died, Robin Redbreast laid the matter to heart ; none the less regretful because she had formerly been faithless, a “little cuttie Queen.” (See p. 304, motto, from 1776 edition of the *Scots Songs*.) What faithful victim ever ceased to love a damsel in secret, merely because she had jilted him ? It yields additional piquancy.

If the original “Bird Catcher’s Delight,” to the tune of which our present “Woody Choristers” is marked to be sung, was as pleasant a ditty as its name and its imitation indicate, the loss by the world sustained through its disappearance is grievous. We remember that in Charles the Second’s time one might have simultaneously picked the bones of a succulent Dodo, heard the Royal trumpeters play the music of “The Bird Catcher’s Delight,” and lovingly watched the smiles of Nell Gwynne, as grace after meat. This is suggestive of discontent : Fate having sent us into the world too late for perfect enjoyment of happiness. We cannot retrieve Nell Gwynne or the Dodo, (what a parson’s-nose was thereby lost to gastronomers !) but we can recover lost tunes and words of ballads.

From the United States we retrieve the tune, and one stanza :—

Out spoke a Wood-pecker sitting on a Tree,  
 " I once courted a fair Ladie ;  
 She prov'd fickle, and from me fled,  
 And ever since then my head 's been red."

Having thus recovered the tune of *The Bird-Catcher's Delight*, we may hope some day to find the words also. Meantime, an even greater gain has been found in an earlier version of "The Woody Choristers" entitled "The Birds' Lamentation." Of these two ballads eight stanzas are virtually in common, four others agree as to the birds named, but are recast, and the remaining eight are wholly distinct. We print each version separately *in extenso*.

The long-sought words of "It was in the Prime of Cucumber time" are in the *second stanza* of "The Trapann'd Taylor; or, A Warning to all Taylors to beware how they marry."

I 'le sing a Song, and a dainty song, it's neither of Seaman nor Saylor,  
 But to tell you the truth it's a bonny brave youth, a vapouring finicking Taylor.  
*It was in the prime of Cowcumber time, when Taylors had very much leisure, etc.*  
 Sung to the Tune of *How many Crowns and Pounds have I spent !*  
 Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke : *circa* 1674.

Another version, perhaps the original, begins "Come, hear a Song, and a very fine Song !" Signed J.P. (see p. 108) ; tune of *The Loving Lad and Coy Lass*, or, *Wanton Willie*. Same tune as our "Jack Presbyter's up." (Vol. V. 252.)

We suppose "the prime of Cucumber time" to indicate, not the very beginning, but the earliest perfection of the cucumber and holiday season, about mid-July. Taylors were reproached for being addicted immoderately to Cucumbers. Compare "The Lamentation of Seven Journey-men Taylors," printed for Jonah Deacon, beginning,

Attend, and you shall hear New News from *Yorkshire*,  
 Of a letter that was sent up in Rhime ;  
 Wherein they plainly show Seven Tailors' Overthrow,  
*And this was in Cowcumber time.*

But "to cabbage" was also known thus early, for in "*Oxfordshire Betty*," which begins, "Poor Tom the Taylor, don't lament !" we find the following attack on Taylors, in the seventh stanza :—

" You are a pack of nasty curs, in every long Vacation  
 You feed so much on *Cucumbers*, you 'd poyson half the Nation ;  
 And Cabbidge all the year beside, of which you are no failer,  
 What woman can lye by the side—lye by the side  
 Of a Mechanick Taylor ?

" My Husband is a Clergy-man, of worthy birth and breeding ;  
 I wear my Topping, Lace and Fan, and am on Daintys feeding," etc.





[Roxb. Coll., II. 581 ; III. 594 ; Pepys, IV. 267 ; Douce, II. 243, ro.]

## The Woody Queristers.

[Dr, The Birds' Harmony.] [See Note, p. 303.]

When Birds could speak, and Women they  
Had neither Good nor ill to say,  
The pretty Birds filled with pain,  
Did to each other thus Complain.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Bird-Catcher's Delight.*



“OH!” says the *Cuckoo*, loud and stout,  
“I flye the Country round about :  
While other Birds my young-ones feed,  
And I my self do stand in need.”

Then says the *Sparrow* on her nest,  
“I lov’d a Lass, but it was in jest ;  
And ever since that self-same thing,  
I made a vow I ne’er would sing.”

8

In comes the *Robin*, and thus he said,  
“I lov’d once a well-favoured maid :  
Her beauty kindled such a spark,  
That on my breast I bear the mark.”



- Then said the *Lark* upon the grass,  
 "I lov'd once a well-favour'd lass ;  
 But she would not heare her true-Love sing,  
 Though he had a voice would please a King." 16
- Then said the *Blackbird* as he fled,  
 "I loved one, but she is dead ;  
 And ever since my Love I do lack,  
 This is the cause I mourn in Black."
- Then said the bonny *Nightingale*, [Note, p. 309.  
 "Thus I must end my mournfull tale :  
 While others sing, I sit and mourn,  
 Leaning my breast against a thorn." 24
- Oh ! says the *Water-wag-tail* then,  
 "I ne'r shall be my self again ;  
 I loved one, but could not prevail :  
 And this is the cause [that] I wag my Tail."
- Then said the pretty coloured *Jay*,  
 "My dearest Love is fled away ;  
 And in remembrance of my dear,  
 A Feather of every sort I wear." 32
- Then said the Leather-winged *Batt*,  
 "Mind but my tale, and I'll tell you what  
 Is the cause [that] I do fly by night :  
 Because I lost my heart's delight."
- Then said the *Green-Bird* as she flew, [=Green-finch.  
 "I loved one that prov'd untrue,  
 And since he can no more be seen,  
 Like a Love-sick maid I turn to green." 40
- Then did begin the Chattering *Swallow*,  
 "My Love she is fled, but I would not follow ;  
 And now upon the Chimney high  
 I sing forth my poor Melody."
- "Oh !" says the *Owl*, "my Love is gone,  
 That I so much did dote upon ;  
 I know not how my love to follow,  
 But after her I [w]hoop and hollow." 48
- Then says the *Lapwing*, as she flies,  
 "I search the Meadows and the Skies,  
 But cannot find my Love again ;  
 So about I fly in deadly pain."
- Then said the *Thrush*, "I squeak and sing,  
 Which doth to me no comfort bring :  
 For oftentime I, at midnight,  
 Record my Love and heart's Delight." 56

The *Canary-Bird* she then comes in,  
To tell her tale she doth begin :  
"I am of my dear'st Love bereft,  
So I have my own Country left."

The *Chafinch* then begins to squeak,  
"For Love," quoth he, "my heart will break :  
I grieve so for my only dear,  
I sing but two months in a year."

64

Then quoth the *Mag-pye*, "I was crost  
In Love, and now my Dear is lost :  
And wanting of my heart's Delight,  
I mourn for him in Black and White."

"Oh!" says the *Rook*, and eke the *Crow*,  
"The Reason why in Black we go :  
It is because we are forsook :  
Come pittty us, poor *Crow* and *Rook* !"

72

The *Bulfinch* he was in a rage,  
And nothing could his wrath assuage :  
So in the Woods he would not dwell,  
But spent his time in lonesome Cell.

Thus you do hear the Birds' Complaint,  
Taking delight in their Restraint :  
Let this to all a pattern be,  
For to Delight in Constancy !

80

[Finis.]

[Colophon lost. Pepysian copy 'printed for J. Clarke, William Thackeray, and Thomas Passinger;' Douce, for T. Norris and J. Walter. Black-letter. Three woodcuts, see p. 308. 1st, transposed from p. 305; 2nd, a partridge (as in *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 514); 3rd, three toy-ducks, as below. Date, circa 1656.]

\* \* The sub-title of "The Birds' Harmony" (not in *Roxb. Coll.*, II. 581, or *Pepys*, IV. 267,) is added in *Roxb. Coll.*, III. 594, with a *Second Part* in different metre, which we give separately, on p. 308. See *Appendix* for Pepysian ballad of "The Birds' Harmony."



## The Birds' Lamentation.

"The *Wren* she lyes in *Care's* bed, in meikle dule and pyne, O!  
 Quhen in came *Robin Red-breast*, wi' sugar-saps and wine, O!  
 "Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?—it's sugar-saps and wine, O!  
 'Na, ne'er a drap, *Robin*, [I wis;] gin it be ne'er so fine, O!  
 ["Ye're no sae kind's ye war yestreen, or sair I hae mista'en. O!  
 Ye're no the Lass, to pit me by, and bid me gang my lane, O!"]  
 "And quhere's the Ring that I gied ye? Ye little cutty quean, O!  
 'I gied it till a Sodger, a kind Sweet-heart o' myne, O!'"

—*The Wren*; or, *Lennox's Love to Blantyre*, 1776.

**M**A<sup>R</sup>TIN & WOTHERSPOON printed, in 1769, "Oh! saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother, Or saw ye my true-love John?" of which an English version (inferior, but perhaps the original) is in *Vocal Music*, 1772, ii. 36. It ends thus:—

Up *Johnny* rose, and to the door he goes, and gently tirl'd the pin;  
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went, and she open'd and let him in.  
 "And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast, and is my *Johnny* true?"  
 "I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like my sell, sae lang sall I love you."  
 "Flee up, flee up, my bonny Grey Cock, and craw whan it is day!  
 Your neck shall be like the beaten gold, and your wings of the silver grey."  
*The Cock prov'd false, and untrue he was, for he crew an hour o'er soon:*  
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away, and it was but a blink  
 of the moon! (Scots Songs, 1769 edition, p. 324.)

Ever since the hour when the Scotch lassie sent away her true-love John unnecessarily early, through trusting what our American cousins in their supreme modesty call a "rooster" (who deceived her confiding nature by announcing sun-rise prematurely—not to say maliciously), there has been less of unreserved faith betwixt the feathered and the unfeathered bipeds than used to be of old, if we are to believe Catullus and Skelton. We fear that "bonny grey Cock" must bear the wyte of it. Juliet knew better, young as she was—"she's not fourteen!"—and declined to mistake the nightingale for the lark. Wisely said one, 'In the Garden' (see p. xviii)—

"Hark! how the marvellous music floats, beyond the elms, by Arthur's Grange!  
 The bird is new, the song is old: shapes, but not spirits, suffer change."

Whether we are to consider each "Lass" or "Love" mentioned in "The Birds' Lamentation" to have been a human being, or feathered like the bereaved warblers, is left an open question.

<sup>1</sup> The third stanza is from a hitherto unprinted MS. found in the Muniment Chest at Nirsends College: for anything known to the contrary. Compare p. 204, motto, and remarks on p. 299. *Lennox* being the Robin, and Lady *Blantyre* the Wren, we ask who was *Care* or *Carey*? Was he the "Sodger" (i.e. Soldier)?

[Jersey Collection, II. 120 ; Pepys, IV. 269.]

**The Birds' Lamentation.**

When Birds could speak, and Women they  
 Had neither Good nor Bad to say,  
 The pretty Birds, then fill'd with pain,  
 Did to each other thus complain.

"OH!" says the Cuckoo loud and stout,  
 "I flye the Country round about;  
 While other Birds my young ones feed,  
 And I my self do stand in need."

Then said the Sparrow on [his] nest,  
 "I lov'd a Lass, but it was in jest;  
 And ever since that self-same thing,  
 I made a vow I ne'er would sing."

[Orig., "her."]

8

Then said the Black-bird as he fled,  
 "I loved one, but she is dead;  
 And ever since my Love I do lack:  
 This is the cause I mourn in Black."

"Oh!" says the Water Wag-tail then,  
 "I ne'er shall be my self again;  
 I loved one, but could not prevail,  
 And this is the cause that I wag my tail."

16

Then did begin the chattering Swallow,  
 "My Love she is fled, but I would not follow;  
 And now upon the chimney high  
 I sing forth my poor Melody."

"Oh!" says the Rook, and eke the Crow,  
 "The reason why in Black we go,  
 It is because we are forsook:  
 Come pity us, poor Crow and Rook!"

24

"Oh!" says the Owl that flies by night,  
 "I have quite lost my heart's delight;  
 But since my Love is gone away,  
 I never fly out in the day."

"Oh!" says the squeaking little Thresh,  
 "My Sorrows now begin afresh;  
 For my poor Lover grows exceeding proud:  
 And that is the cause that I squeal so loud."

32

"Oh!" says the Robin Red-breast, "When  
 You do me see, conclude it then  
 The cold hard Winter's drawing nigh;  
 Which makes me towards the Houses fly."

"Oh!" says the pretty Skie-Lark, "I  
Up to the Element do fly;  
I lost my Love! that caus'd my pain,  
And I strive to sing it away in vain." 40

"Oh!" says the little Titty-mouse,  
"In secret hole I keep my House;  
Where mournfully I do complain,  
And curse my Lover's rash disdain."

"Oh!" says the Bull-finch, "Mind my moan,  
Like me great loss you ne'er had none;  
Then to my Lamentation hark,  
As I sit singing in the dark!" 48

"Oh!" says the Magpye, "What's the matter,  
That you admire me when I chatter?  
I lost my Love and dearest Mate;  
I think 'tis then high time to prate."

"Oh!" says the Jack-daw, "I'm perplext,  
I lost my Love, and am strangely vext;  
And now I am forc'd to lodge in straw:  
Most people still call me Jack-daw!" 56

"Oh!" says the Gold-finch, "mind me well,  
While my sad story I do tell;  
It often puts me in a rage  
To see me penn'd up in a Cage."

"Oh!" says the pretty little Linnet,  
"I loved well, but the deuce was in it; [ ' ducc. ' ]  
For I'm forsook for good and all,  
Though oft in vain on him I call." 64

"Oh!" says the pretty Nightingale,  
"Come listen a while unto my Tale;  
While other Birds do sleep, I mourn,  
Leaning my breast against a thorn." [ Cf. pp. 136, 309. ]

When they had mourn'd thus every one,  
Telling the cause they made such moan,  
All of a sudden away they flew,  
And ne'er so much as said adieu. 72

But I suppose to their Nests they went,  
To sleep all night was their intent:  
But when the morning came again,  
Then they began for to complain.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. Woodcut, given unvaried on p. 301. Date, *circa* 1676.]

## The Birds' Harmony.

"The Silvan Woods seem'd to complain  
Of gross inconstancy, the Birds in vain  
Did warble forth their griefs to ease their minds,  
And all did sympathise, though ease none finds."

—*The Birds' Harmony* (in Pepys Collection).

THE Second Part (so called) of Roxburghe Collection, III. 595, does not correspond in rhythmical flow with "The Woody Choristers" or "Birds' Lamentation," so that it cannot be a fragment of the lost *Bird Catcher's Delight*.

Several other ballads on the Birds' Harmony deserve mention.

- 1.—The Birds' Noats on *May*-day last, wherein, etc. (Compare p. 323, for title.) By C. H., to the tune of *Down in a Meadow*. Printed for Richard Burton, at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield, 1655. It begins, "In the merry month of *May*, when pritty birds do sing." (See p. 309.)
- 2.—*England's Joy* in the merry month of *May*; or, The various delights of the Spring. (With music.) Tune of, *Ah! how pleasant 't is to Love*, etc. (See vol. iv. p. 461.) Begins, "Hark! how sweet the Birds do sing."
- 3.—The Turtle Dove. Tune of, *The North Country Lass*. Begins, "When *Flora* she had deckt." (Reprinted in vol. ii., p. 592.)
- 4.—The Soldier, his Repentance. (Given on p. 284, though not a Love-ballad.)
- 5.—The Birds' Harmony. Tune, *The Delights of the Bottle*. Begins, "As I was walking in the shade." (See motto above, and *Appendix*.)

In connection with the final line of "The Birds' Harmony, Part Second," we urge this: Dickie birds who live in glass-houses ought not to throw stones. Who set up the Cuckoo as a Censor *Morum*? So early as the days of *Pammelia*, 1609, derision was proverbially

### The Cuckow's Song.

AS I mee walked in a May morning,  
I heard a bird sing, "Cuckow!"  
She nodded up and downe, and swore by her crowne  
She had friends in the towne, "Cuckow!"  
All you that marryed be, learn this song of me,  
So we shall all agree, "Cuckow!"  
All young men in this throng, to marry that think long,  
Come learne of mee this song, "Cuckow!"

There have been people so utterly besotted as to feel shocked at the words of "When daisies pied." The poor little weak-kneed greenhorns remodel the ditty from its sportive playfulness before they dare sing it in public. What foul imaginations they must have had! Do they carefully shun the country between April and July to avoid the objectionable notes? Are their withers wrung?



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 595.]

**Part Second [of The Birds' Harmony.]**

DOWN as I lay, one morning in *May*,  
 My hands they were coupled fast;  
 My heart did rejoice to hear the pleasant voice  
 Of the Birds in the air as they past.  
 Then comes [from the dale] the Nightingale,  
 Speaking the words so plain,  
 "I prithee, kind heart, take it in good part,  
 And love when thou art lov'd again." 8

Says Tom Tit-Mouse then, "There be some men  
 That will change nine times a day."  
 "O then," says the Wren, "There be some women  
 That will change as often as they."  
 "O then," says the Crow, "if it be so,  
 I'll give you leave to smite off my head;  
 For a man unjust, no woman will him trust,  
 Until the very day he is dead." 16

O then says the Pye, "Tell me the reason why  
 You judge so hardly of Men!"  
 O then, says the Lark, "I speak it from my heart,  
 That Women are worse than them!"  
 O then says the Dove, "I once had a love,  
 And she loved me very kind."  
 "O!" says the Rook, "I'll be sworn to a book,  
 Such another is hard to find." 24

"O!" says the Daw, "I care not a straw,  
 Altho' I may chuse me a mate."  
 O then says the Thrush, "You shall have her in a rush,  
 And take her a lower rate."  
 O then says the Duck, "I wish you better luck  
 Than a man that I do know:  
 When he's from home, there's another in his room!"  
 And so says the Cuckoo too. 32

*Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[Variation (birds only) of p. 301 woodcut. White-letter. Date, circa 1776.]

\* \* \* *There are three distinct woodcuts of assembled birds.* First, the (Jersey Coll.), picture, transposed from p. 305 to 301, with two lovers, seated. Second, a variation (Roxb. Coll., II. 581), omitting the lovers, but with a throned bird at top, given singly on p. 309. Third, a modern copy of the same cut, reversed (Roxb. Coll., III. 595). Partridge and Toy-Ducks accompany the 2nd copy only.

“CHAUNT, birds, in everie bush,  
The *Blackbird* and the *Thrush*,  
The chirping *Nightingale*,  
The *Mavis* and *Wagtaile*,  
The *Linnet* and the *Larke* :  
Oh ! how they begin, harke ! harke !”

—*Euerie Woman in her Hvmor*, Act v. 1609.

“IN the merry month of *May*, when pretty Birds do sing,  
With chirping and with sugared noats to welcome in the Spring,  
It was my chance to walk abroad into the fields so gay  
Where many a pretty Lad and Lass was then gathering *May*.

“*John* met with *Besse* betimes, before the break of day,  
And hand in hand to *Lambeth* fields they nimbly took their way :  
The grass being somthing slippery then, this couple down they fell,  
But what they said before they rose, O the pretty *Lark* can tell ! . .

“You Country Lads and Lasses, you think for to go free !—  
You have more twatling Birds, I’m sure, than near the City be :  
You gather *May* as well as we, and Time you have also  
To tumble on the grass so green, and this the Birds do know.” Etc.

—*The Birds’ Noats*, by C. H. (See pp. 307, 323.)

\*. \* We interpolate three lost words in fifth line of “The Birds’ Harmony,” on previous page. On p. 136 we mention *The Passionate Pilgrim* song, “As it fell upon a day, in the merry merry month of *May*,” with reference to the poetic common-place fallacy of the *Nightingale* stimulating her own agony : “She, poor bird, sat all forlorn, Lean’d her breast against a thorn.” (Compare p. 284 ) Her note of *Tiru, tiru, tiru* ! perpetually recalled the name of the ravisher *Tereus*, in Ovid’s story of *Philomela* and *Progne*, *Metamorphoses*, Lib. vi. Sir Philip Sidney tells the same tale, to the tune of *Non credo già che più felice amante* :—

The *Nightingale*, as soon as *Aprill* bringeth  
Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking,  
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,  
Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making,  
And mournfully bewailing,  
Her throat in tunes expresseth  
What grief her breast oppresseth  
For *Tereus*’ force on her chaste will prevailing. Etc.

☞ For sundry overpowering reasons a supplementary FINALE is given : viz., our apotheosis of Birds in general and of an annual migration from the Home-county, which holds the largest bed in England (someWare) ; also the Rye-House of crooked conspirators, engraved in our Fifth Volume. Printers consider the next page Ode to them, celebrating “The Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire.”



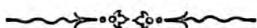
*Sic sedebat.*

# The Austinian Bird-Catcher's Delight.

INTERMEZZO ASHMOLENSIS.

(ORNITHOLOGICALLY HERTFORDIAN, AMATIVELY SONOROUS.)

"" Hark ! the Lark at heaven's gate sings. ' Larks is riz ! "—*Industrious Fleay.*



*SINCE* " It was in the prime of Cucumber-time "  
*At Osterley Park we found,* [vide p. 296.]  
*We sought day and night " The Bird-Catcher's Delight : "*  
*Is the ballad, we ask, above ground ?*  
*Such mystical rhymes, in the Olden Times,*  
*Were to Noviomagians dear,*  
*When with letters of gold the story they told*  
*Of the Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire !*  
*Still, still in the Present our pulses throb,*  
*And we strain our weary sight*  
*To find a fresh store of the Wayzgoose lore,*  
*And the Bird-catcher's lost Delight !!*  
*And still in the Future will Sages grim*  
*Through these Roxburghe Ballads peer,*  
*In hope to discern the Legend supern' :*  
*The Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire !!!*  
*Come back ! ye Bards of the ancient race,*  
*Who were grey when the world was young,*  
*And yield a straight tip, that we now may grip*  
*The Homeric Hymn once sung.*

*Long-lost Legendary Lay 'liminated 'luminously.*

*WHEN* into Noah's-Ark the birds all troop'd,  
*They flutter'd in pairs, we hear,*  
*Save one, that sublime in solitude droop'd :*  
*'Twas the Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire.*

*There were birds of bright plumage, of glittering eye,  
And some of sharp claws and beak ;  
There were Song-birds gay, and Birds of Prey,  
And Parrots who chatter'd in Greek ;  
There were fledgeling chicks, and the wise old Strix,  
Whose hootings, to wit, sound drear :  
But the one bird no aviary ever could fix  
Was the Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire.*

*Pert little Tom-Tits may flutter their wits,  
And Cock-Robins court wee Jenny-Wren,  
Or, when in right mood, re-leave Babes in the Wood ;  
While Jack-Hawk bags 'a good fat hen ;' [Bishop, Terry-fied.  
We count him in luck who dines off roast Duck,  
With green peas, and his swim of beer :  
But there's nought bearing wings, whereof poet sings,  
Like the Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire.*

*Let the Eagle rove as the Bird of Jove,  
And the Peacock show Juno's pride !  
Minerva's own fowl through the night may prow,   
Till Venus her Doves can guide ;  
On chill Caucasus, may Prometheus  
Yield a Vulture the sorriest cheer :  
But 'tis quite absurd to pair any bird  
With the Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire.*

*Though Winds blow cold, and Time grows old,  
Though Summer flits fast away,  
Mankind need not fret, while these Ballads they get,  
And the Editor's Song is gay.*

*Up to Larks, he will joke, though some Raven croak,  
A Cock o' the Walk scorns fear !  
Since in fame ranks high the best Bird of the Sky—  
The Wayzgoose of Hertfordshire.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.

Here endeth the Group of  
One Hundred  
True-Love Ballads :  
Chiefly from the Roxburghe Collection.



**A First Group**  
of  
**Ballads on Good-Fellows,**  
from the  
**Roxburghe Collection.**







(*Music composed by Francis Forcer, 1683.*)

“ Like Quires of Angels we’ll loyally sing,  
 Whilst Heav’n loves the musick, ‘ God prosper the King ! ’  
 And all his true subjects with us will agree,  
 None e’re in a Prince were so happy as we.  
 Pay him the best homage that people e’er gave,  
 Make him Lord of your hearts, and all that you have :  
 For *Charles* rules the kingdom by the very same right  
 That the Sun rules the day, and the Moon rules the night.

“ Phanaticks be damp’d, who Succession out-face, [ *Query the damp ?*  
 And tell us, ‘ Dominion is founded in Grace ; ’  
 With *Julian* and *Plato*, and all their Decrees,  
 Who set up new Princes when ever they please :  
 But long live the King, for to triumph o’re those  
 Who the Laws of the Crown or the Land do oppose ;  
 And when our great Monarch to Heav’n must begone,  
 May the rightful Successor then sit on his Throne.

“ When Rebels their oaths of allegiance forsook, [ *Rye-House.*  
 And did wait for the blood of the King and the Duke,  
 The stars in their courses appear’d for the Crown,  
 And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town :  
 And tho’ *Whigs* in Cabals do daily combine,  
 The Birds of the Air will reveal their design ;  
 And lawfull Succession just Heav’n shall secure,  
 As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.

“ Blest are the People, when Heav’n does espouse  
 The Cause of the King and establish his House ;  
 No Cant of Phanaticks, or Common-wealth zeal,  
 Can ever prevail by a *Whiggish* Appeal. [ *Appeal from the*  
 But *Charles* must for ever the Scepter command, *Country, 1680.*  
 Which the Powers above have repos’d in his hand ;  
 And we unto Heav’n will our gratitude pay,  
 And make his whole reign a long Thanksgiving-day.”

[ *The woodcut belongs to p. 271. Compare p. 319, where Cupids are anticipatively clad for a Church-Congress : but not by a prurient British Matron, alias Collicut Hoarsely.* ]

# A First Group of Ballads

## on

## Good Fellows.

- “ Let the grave folks go preach that our lives are but short,  
And tell us much Wine speedy death does invite,  
But we'll be reveng'd before hand with them for't,  
And crowd a Life's mirth in the space of a night :
- “ Then stand about with your glasses full crown'd,  
Till every thing else to our posture do grow,  
Till our cups and our heads and the whole house go round,  
And the cellar becomes where the chamber is now.
- “ The Sun, in the rays of his rich Morning Gown,  
Shall be rivall'd by faces as bright as his own,  
And wonder that mortals can fuddle away,  
More Wine in a night than he Water by day ! ”

—*The Good Fellow : a Catch*, 1702.



ALTHOUGH it appears heretical to suppose such an extremely improbable event as that of a profane person looking into this Sixth Volume of *Barburghe Ballads*, one dreads irreverent criticism detecting a resemblance between the present instalment (Part XVI.) and the renowned warrior known to the world as

“ One Captain Wattle,  
Who was all for Love, and a little for the Bottle.”

This comparison, being indubitably true, is no less libellous : since those perverse nondescripts the lawyers declare that the greater the truth is, the greater is the libel. We blushinglly own the soft impeachment, having devoted the first three hundred pages to a “ Group of True-Love Ballads,” and we now add a small “ Group of Good Fellows,” for the sake of wholesome variety. We reserve for a “ Second Group ” in the final volume many other roystering ditties. Among these will be :—

A Jest ; or, Master Constable	- - -	=	“ A Merry Jest I shall declare.”
Nick and Froth, the Good Fellow's Complaint	- - - - -	=	“ All you that are Free-men.”
Jolly Gentleman's Frolic	- - -	=	“ Give ear to a frolicsome ditty.”
In Praise of the Leather-Bottle	- - -	=	“ God above, that made,” etc.
Wit bought at a dear Rate	- - -	=	“ If all the world my mind,” etc.
The Noble Prodigal	- - -	=	“ Let's call and drink the cellar.”
The Bad Husband's Folly	- - -	=	“ To all Good Fellows now.”
Mark Noble's Frolic	- - -	=	“ One night, at a very late hour.”
Jack Had-land's Lamentation	- - -	=	“ To all good Fellows I'll declare.”
The Hyde-Park Frolic	- - -	=	“ One evening, a little,” etc.
The King of Good Fellows	- - -	=	“ I am the King . . of Drunkards.”

On the whole, these Good-Fellowship Ballads advocate the cause of temperance and frugality. We hold it to be a sound axiom, that "Little Fools will drink too much; and Big Fools not at all!" Total abstainers are generally half-reformed drunkards, devoid of judgement, and liable to relapse under temptation. He who knows exactly how much of pleasure and conviviality is good for him, and stops in time without excess, holds in his hand the key to the enjoyment of life. He passes unhurt betwixt the lions, and reaches the Halls of Delight; while cowards tremble at their roar and sculk round by the backstairs, to meet a notice of "No Admittance after Dark," as a fit requital. We have no sympathy with wasteful sots, who are generally as ready to sponge on others, and purloin the hard earnings of wife, children, and parents, as they had been to squander what was once their own. But when we see how cold are the hearts, and how barren are the brains, of the ostentatiously abstemious; how boastful they are of their own dwarfdom; how tyrannically harsh and slanderous in vituperation, directed alike against the moderate man and the dipsomaniac; how little the platform praters know, yet how arrogantly they vaunt their superior sapience: we give the silly despots a wide berth, leaving them to quarrel among themselves, and to go to their own place, of local option—which is certainly not the *Ballad-Society*.

In the days of the Merry Monarch, there was plenty of Sherris wine and Claret, for all who loved good drinking. The taverns were recognized as the natural antipodes of the conventicles. With less of piety (so called), there was assuredly less of hypocrisy than had been recently. The chief inducement of the Saintly to avoid drink was a fear of it endangering the secrets of their own carnal minds, by betraying the truth that they were no better than they should be; and not half so righteous as they tried to persuade themselves and others that they alone were. The sanctimonious took many a glass, like their livelier neighbours, but indulged in private tippling as in other secret vices. Lacking social warmth, they were unwilling to stand treat for anybody. So was it then, and the world has not since changed in any particular. The churl drinks, or does not drink, solely to please himself; the "Good-Fellow" cares more for the company than for the liquor which is consumed; and if he ruin himself in wasteful expenditure, it is quite as often in the attempt to make other folk happy, after their sort, and cheer them from their cares and despondency, as because he feels thirsty and lacks reflection. Throughout all literature the best work has been chiefly performed by men who indulged their social instincts unselfishly, though rarely to excess, in convivial entertainment. Ascetics were always pretentious and unsound, arrogant and unsatisfactory, dealers in sham-sentiment, mock-piety, and Brummagem patriotism or philology. Such people were utterly abominable

in the sight of Carolian Good-Fellows, who ran up reckonings, when cash failed, so long as chalk was possible; but who awoke to more wisdom on the morrow, over their Christofero Sly draught, "a pot of the smallest ale," than thin-blooded Puritanism could ever reach.

There is good sense in the following song of "The Reformed Drinker" (which has been already mentioned on our p. 276). We by no means share the admiration, expressed so frequently of old, for that poor tame drink of sour claret, which the Laird of Balma-whapple rightly characterized as "shilpit"; needing to be fortified thereafter with a hearty dram of brandy. Claret of two centuries ago may have been a richer beverage than it is now: perhaps resembling our present Burgundy. If so, our objection against claret ceases. "The Man in the Moon drinks Claret," according to one *Roxburghe Ballad* (ii. 261); but, he being a chilly moon-calf, "a cup of *Malaga Sack* would fire the bush at his back!"

### The Reformed Drinker.

(To the excellent Tune of *Old Sir Simon the King*.)

Come, my Hearts of Gold, let us be merry and wise!  
It is a proverb of old, 'Suspicion hath double eyes.'  
Whatsoever we say or do, let's not drink to disturb the Brain;  
Let's laugh for an hour or two, and *ne'er be Drunk again*.

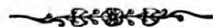
A Cup of old Sack is good, to drive the cold Winter away;  
'Twill cherish and comfort the blood, most when a man's spirits decay:  
But he that doth drink too much, of his Head he will complain,  
Then let's have a gentle touch, and *never be Drunk again*.

Good Claret was made for man, but Man was not made for it;  
Let's be merry as we can, so we drink not away our wit:  
Good Fellowship is abus'd, and Wine will infect the Brain:  
But we'll have it better us'd, and *ne'er be Drunk again*.

When with Good Fellows we meet, a Quart among three or four,  
'Twill make us stand on our feet, while others lye Drunk on the floor:  
Then Drawer, go fill a Quart, and let it be Claret in grain:  
'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart, but *we'll ne'er be Drunk again*.

Here's a Health to our noble King, and to the Queen of his Heart,  
Let's laugh and merrily sing, and he's a Coward that will start;  
Here's a Health to our General, and to those that were in *Spain*,  
And to our Colonel, [withal,] and *we'll ne'er be Drunk again*.

Enough's as good as a Feast, if a man did but Measure know;  
A Drunkard's worse than a Beast, for he'll drink till he cannot go:  
If a man could Time recal, in a Tavern that's spent in vain,  
We'd learn to be sober all, and *never be Drunk again*.



## Sack for my Money.

" When I smoke, I sees in my pipe, sometimes, of life a type,  
And I think, as my lips I wipe — a talking as is my way —  
' Here's the spirit in this red coal, that puts the life in the bowl ;  
In the fire I sees the soul imprisoned in the clay.'

" Mayhap I sits in my room, in the winter evening's gloom,  
And, as I think of man's doom, my spirit a'most it dashes ;  
For, I says, when I stops my breath, and the pipe goes out, ' That's death !  
We're dust, as the parson saith : '—and then I knocks out the ashes."

—*The Old Shepherd on his Pipe* : by F. C. Burnand.

**T**O moralize on the suggestive theme of smoke and ashes, thus representing spirit and matter, is a practice as old as that of stupefying the senses with the Virginian weed: "Think of this when you're smoking Tobacco." Smokers claim for their enjoyment that it alike increases mental activity and soothes them after exertion. The author of our two-centuries-old "Sack for my Money" declares as enthusiastically in favour of his beverage, "I hold it good to purge the blood and make the senses merry." Excuse is ready for yielding to temptation, as in Aldrich's *Five Reasons for Drinking* :—

**I**F on this theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why men drink :  
Good Wine ; a Friend ; because I'm dry ;  
Or least I should be, by and bye ;  
Or any other reason why.

The following ballad in praise of "the purest wine, so brisk and fine, the Allicant and Sherry," is appointed to be sung to the tune of *Wet and Weary*. To the same tune went two Roxburghe Ballads by Laurence Price, one being, "Come all you very merry London girls ;" the other entitled "The Famous Woman-Drummer," beginning, "Of a Maiden that was deep in love." (See "Group of Military Ballads" in next volume.) To the same tune is one by P. Fancy, beginning, "As I went forth one evening tide" (in *Book of Fortune Coll.*, 8). Title, "This is called, 'Maids look well about you ;' or, The Cunning Young Man Fitted." Printed for Richard Burton, *circa* 1654.

Good John Payne Collier, reprinting our ballad in 1847, said it was "a capital old drinking song, probably of the time of James I., though 'printed for W. Gilbertson, in Giltspur Street' some forty years afterwards." He forgot that W. Gilbertson published at least as early as 1640, and until 1660. In the latter year ale and beer were at a discount, loyal cavaliers seldom mentioned either without a gird at "the Brewer" Noll Cromwell. *Wet and weary* was a popular tune before 1654, and we can scarcely doubt that "Sack for my Money" belongs to the days of Interregnum, although such "merry meetings" in the country, with "ale and cakes at the town wakes," were rigorously discountenanced by sour Independents. For the present, we rest content with the date 1642-52.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 408 ; Jersey Collection, I. 374.]

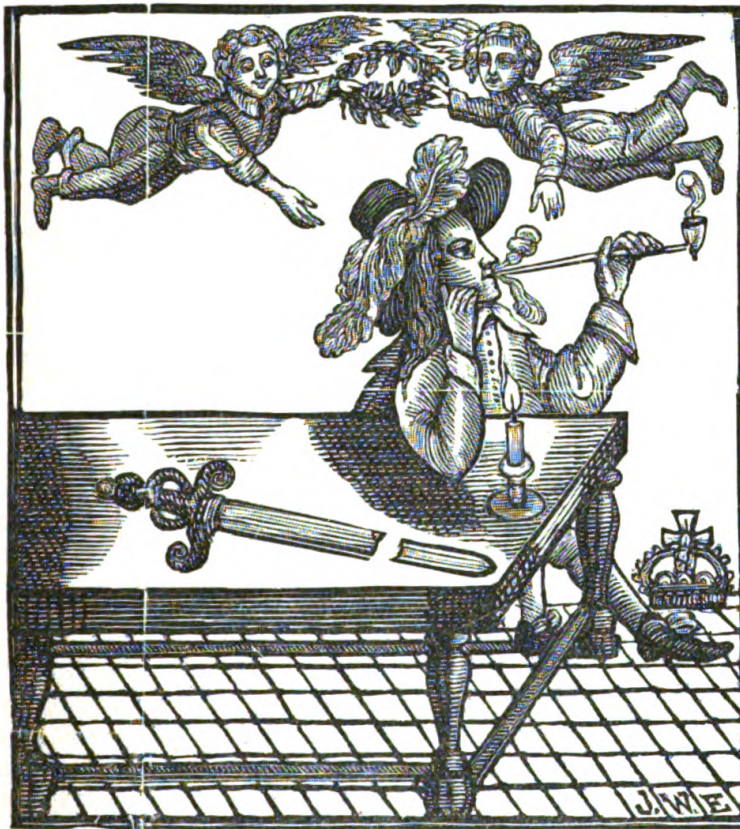
## Sack for my Money ;

Or,

A Description of the operation  
Of Sack that is still'd in the Spanish Nation.

Then buy it, deny it, like it or leave it,  
Not one amongst ten but is willing to have it.

THE TUNE IS, *Wet and Weary*. [See p. 318.]



GOOD FELLOWS all, both great and small,  
Rejoyce at this my Ditty,  
Whilst I do sing, good newes I bring  
To the Countrey and the City ;  
Let every Lad and Lass be glad,  
(For who will true Love smother ?)  
And being here, my joy and dear,  
We'll kindly kiss each other :



*The purest Wine so brisk and fine,  
The Alligant and Sherry,  
I hold it good to purge the blood,  
And make the sences merry.* 12

'Tis sparkling *Sack* that binds the back,  
And cherishes the heart; boys!  
For recompence just eighteen pence,  
You must give for a Quart, boys!  
Away with Beer, and such like geer,  
That makes our spirits muddy,  
For Wine compleat will do the feat,  
That we all notes can study,  
*The purest Wine so brisk and fine, &c.* 24

Rich *Malligo* is pure, I know,  
To purge out Melancholly; [Cf. p. 317.  
And he that 's sick it cureth quick,  
And makes their sences jolly;  
It rarifies the dullest eyes  
Of those that are most paler,  
And bravely can compose a man  
Of a very Prick-lows-Taylor,  
*The richest Wine so brisk and fine, &c.* 36

The meekest fool shall teach a School  
by *Claret's* operation,  
And make some fight like men of might,  
Or Champions of a Nation;  
It is more fine than *Brandewine*,  
The Butterboxes' Poison: [Id est, the Dutch.  
Who drinking dares, in *Neptune's* wars, [Van Tromp, 1652.  
Reigns Master of the Ocean.  
Canary Sack makes firm the back,  
Both Alligant and Sherry  
Are proved good to clear the blood,  
And make the sences merry. 48

A longing Lass, whose Custard-face  
Her inward grief discloses,  
With drinking Wine, so sweet and fine,  
Will gain a pair of Roses;  
It doth revive dead folks alive,  
And helps their former weakness:  
It is so pure that it doth cure  
A Maiden of her sickness.  
*This Rhenish Wine, so brisk and fine, &c.* 60

The Drawer still the same shall fill,  
 To elevate the heart, boys!  
 For *Rhenish* gay you now must pay  
 Just twelve pence for a Quart, boys:  
 Who would be ty'de to Brewers' side,  
 Whose measures do so vary,  
 When we may sit, to raise our wit,  
 With drinking of *Canary*?  
*The purest Wine, &c.*

72

The French Wine pure for 7 pence sure  
 You shall have choice and plenty,  
 At this same rate, to drink in Plate,  
 Which is both good and dainty:  
 A maunding Cove that doth it love, [ = vagabond beggar.  
 'Twill make him dance and caper, [See Note at end.  
 And Captain *Puff* will have enuff  
 To make him brag and vapor.  
*The purest Wine so brisk and fine,*  
*The Alligant and Sherry,*  
*I hold it good to purge the blood,*  
*And make the sences merry.*

84

And also we that do agree,  
 As one, for boon good fellows,  
 We'll sing and laugh and stoutly quaff,  
 And quite renounce the Alehouse;  
 For Ale and Beer are now both dear,  
 The price is rais'd in either,  
 Then let us all, both great and small,  
 To th' Tavern walk together:  
*The purest Wine, &c.*

96

The Tradesmen may at any day,  
 For their own recreation,  
 Be welcome still to *Ralph* or *Will*,  
 And have accommodation.  
 For why? their Coyn will buy the Wine,  
 And cause a running Barrel;  
 But if you'r drunk, your wits are sunk,  
 And gorill'd guts will quarrel. [ *gorill'd* = twisted.  
*The purest Wine, &c.*

108

The Cbler fast will stay the last,  
 For he's a lusty drinker,  
 He'll pawn his Soul to have a Bowl,  
 To drink to *Tom* the Tinker:

The Broom-man he will be as free,  
 To drink couragious flashes;  
 If Cole grow scant, before he'l want, [Coal=cash.  
 He'l burn his Brooms to Ashes,  
*The purest Wine, &c.* 120

The Fiddling Crowd that grows so proud,  
 Will pawn their Pipes and Fiddles;  
 They'l strike and crack with bowls of Sack,  
 And cut the queerest whiddles.  
 They'l rant and tare like men of War,  
 Their voyces roar like Thunder,  
 And growing curst, their Fiddles burst,  
 And break 'um all asunder.  
*The purest Wine, &c.* 132

The Country Blades with their own Maids  
 At every merry meeting,  
 For Ale and Cakes at their Town Wakes,  
 Which they did give their Sweetings,  
 Upon their friend a Crown will spend,  
 In Sack that is so trusty,  
 'Twill please a Maid that is decay'd,  
 And make a Body lusty:  
*Be rul'd by me, and we'l agree,*  
*To drink both Sack and Sherry,*  
*For that is good to cleanse the blood,*  
*And make our sences merry.* 144

*London, Printed for W. Gilbertson in Giltspur-street.*

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts: 1st and 2nd are mutilated, top halves of a black-hatted man (p. 33) and a woman with peaked head-dress (p. 66): the 3rd is on p. 319, it originally belonged to Sam Rowlands's *Melancholie Knight*, 1615 (see p. 314, and vol. iv. p. 47). Date of ballad-issue, *circa* 1642-52.]

\* \* \* We learn incidentally the current prices of various wines in favour, at date *circa* 1643; perhaps a few years earlier. Our royster was choice in his tippie, and drank no malt liquor while he could pay his grape shot. This was excusable, before the days of Bass, Allsop, and Rigden. Eighteen pence a quart was paid for sack; twelve pence a quart for Rhenish; "pure French wine" for seven pence: he ought to have defined the precise colour or locality. It was to be drunk in plate, and champagne goes better in glass. "Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking!" as Falstaff declared; but he had an object in preference, since Dame Quickly was thereby induced to pawn her plate. Claret being specified in the fourth stanza, with champagne, the "French wine" may be either red or white. We learn that "Ale and beer are both now dear; the price is rais'd in either." *The Birth, Life, etc., of Jack Puffe, Gentleman*, was printed in 1642.



## Return of the Figure of Two.

"Full forty years the Royal Crown hath been his father's and his own ;  
And is there any one but he that in the same shall sharers be ?  
For who better may the Scepter sway than he that hath such right to reign ?  
*Then let's hope for a Peace, for the wars will not cease  
Till the King enjoys his own again.*

"Though for a time we see *White-Hall* with cobweb-hangings on the wall,  
Instead of gold and silver brave, which formerly 'twas wont to have,  
With rich perfume in every room, delightful to that Princely train,  
*Which again shall be, when the time you see  
That the King enjoys his own again !*"

—Martin Parker, *circa* 1646.

THE reaction from Puritanic tyranny and hypocrisy caused some excesses of conviviality and licentiousness when the Restoration took place in May, 1660. Shortly before that date was issued the rare Ballad anticipative of the "Return of the Figure of Two," *i.e.* the Return of Charles the Second. It was sung during the last years of the Interregnum to the good old tune of *Ragged and Torns and True* ; the same tune as *Old Sir Simon the King* (see p. 276). There is a lively cheerfulness in the present Cavalier ditty that rejoices the heart. To its loyal wishes for the coronation of the Second Charles there is so little disguise, that worthy C. H., the author, would have met with sharp punishment had Don Lamberto and Fleetwood laid hands on him. Since *they* could not identify the holder of the initials, it is pardonable for us to hesitate. Let it suffice to affirm, at present, that he is the same C. H. who, in 1655, wrote the ballad mentioned on our pp. 307, 309 : "The Birds' Noats on *May*-day last, wherein many passages were discovered about *London* in the fields between Young Men and Maids, Lovers and their Sweethearts, Lords and Ladies, Men and their Mistresses : "

These birds doth spie the City round,  
Their noats there's many true hath found :  
Keep close your tongues wheresoe'er you walk,  
For fear some Birds should hear you talk.

To the tune of, *Down in a Meadow* [*the river running clear*]. The lark, blackbird, raven, jackdaw, magpie, swallow, cuckoo, and parrot, figure in the ballad. We give the opening stanza on p. 309, beginning "In the merry month of *May*, when pretty Birds do sing."

\* \* The second Charles being "The Figure of 2," we are to understand by "the rest of the issue renowned" *James*, Duke of York, *George*, Duke of Gloucester (who died in 1660), and the Princess *Henrietta*, their sister, whose marriage to the Duke of Orleans and her unhappy death are among the saddest events in the fatal chronicles of the Stuarts, our English Atridæ.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 344 ; Jersey, I. 372.]

## [The Figure of 2.]

A Merrp new song, wherein you may view  
The drinking Healths of a Jovial Crew,  
To t' happie Return of the Figure of Two.

THE TUNE IS, *Ragged and Torn and True.* [See p. 276.]

I Have beene a Traveller long,  
And seen the Conditions of all ;  
I see how each other they wrong,  
And the weakest still go to the wall :  
And here I'll begin to relate  
The crosse condition of those,  
That hinder our happy state,  
And now are turned our Foes.  
*Here's a health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the issue renown'd ;*  
*Wee'l bid all our sorrows adieu,*  
*When the Figure of Two shall be crown'd.*

[See Note.]

12

I crossed the Ocean of late,  
And there I did meet with a crosse ;  
But having a pretty estate,  
I never lamented my losse,  
I never lamented my harmes,  
And yet I was wondrous sad,  
I found all the Land up in Armes,  
And I thought all the folk had bin mad.  
[*Here's a Health to the Figure of Two, etc.*]

24

Kind Country-men, how fell you out ?  
I left you all quiet and still ;  
But things are now brought so about,  
You nothing but Plunder and Kill :  
Some doe seeme seemingly holy,  
And would be Reformers of men ;<sup>1</sup>  
But wisdom doth laugh at their folly,  
And sayes, they'l be Children agen.  
*Here's a Health to the Figure of Two, etc.*

36

But woe to the Figure of One,  
 King *Solomon* telleth us so ;  
 But he shall be wronged by none  
 That hath two strings to his Bow.  
 How I love this Figure of Two,  
 Among all the Figures that be,  
 I'll make it appeare unto you,  
 If that you will listen to me.  
*Here's a Health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the Issue Renown'd,*  
*Wee'l bid all our Sorrowes adieu*  
*[When the Figure of Two shall be crown'd.]* 48

Observe when the weather is cold,  
 I weare a Cap on my head,  
 But wish, if I may be so bold,  
 The Figure of Two in my bed.  
 Two in my bed I do crave,  
 And that is my selfe and my Mate ;  
 But pray doe not think I would have  
 Two great large hornes on my pate.  
*Here's a Health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the Issue Renown'd,*  
*Wee'l bid all our Sorrowes adieu*  
*When the Figure of Two shall be Crown'd.* 60

Since Nature hath given two hands,  
 But when they are foule, I might scorne them,  
 Yet people thus much understands  
 Two fine white gloves will adorn them :  
 Two feet for to beare up my body,  
 No more had the Knight of the Sun,<sup>2</sup>  
 But people would thinke me a noddy  
 If two shooes I would not put on.  
*Here's a Health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the Issue Renown'd,*  
*Wee'l bid all our Sorrowes adieu*  
*When the Figure of Two shall be Crown'd.* 72

<sup>1</sup> As with Rabelais, so here, the drolling is used to partially disguise the serious onslaught against political abuses and hypocritical cant.

<sup>2</sup> The hero of an old B. L. romance in Nine Books, of which the beginning is entitled, *The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood*. Wherein is showed the worthinesse of the *Knight of the Sunne* and his brother *Rosicleer*, sonnes to the great Emperour *Trebatio* : with the straunge loue of the beautifull and excellent *Princesse Briana*, and the valiaunt actes of other noble Princes and Knights. Now newly translated out of Spanish by M[argaret] T[iler]. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este [1579].



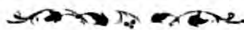
The Figure of Two is a thing  
 That we cannot well live without,  
 No more than without a good King,  
 Though we be never so stout :  
 And this we may well understand.  
 If ever our Troubles should cease,  
 Two needfull things in the Land  
 Is a King, and a Justice of Peace.  
*Here's a health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the Issue Renown'd,*  
*Wee'l bid all our Sorrows adieu*  
*When the Figure of Two shall be Crown'd.* 84

And now for to draw to an end,  
 I wish a good happie conclusion,  
 The State would so much stand our friend  
 To end this unhappie Confusion :  
 The which might be done in a trice,  
 In giving of *Cæsar* his due,  
 If we were so honest and wise,  
 To thinke on the Figure of Two.  
*Here's a health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the Issue Renown'd,*  
*Wee'l bid all our Sorrowes adieu*  
*When the Figure of Two shall be Crown'd.* 96

If any desire to know  
 This Riddle, I now will unfold,  
 It is a Man wrapped in woe,  
 Whose Father is wrapped in mould :  
 So now to conclude my Song,  
 I mention him so much the rather,  
 Because he hath suff'ed some wrong,  
 And beares up the name of his Father.  
*Here's a Health to the Figure of Two,*  
*To the rest of the Issue Renown'd,*  
*Wee'l bid all our Sorrowes adieu*  
*When the Figure of Two shall be Crown'd.* 108

C. H.

[Publisher's name cut off Roxburghe copy. Three woodcuts: 1st on p. 324 ;  
 2nd on p. 313 ; and 3rd on p. 227. Date, probably soon after September,  
 1658, and certainly before the Restoration, in May, 1660.]



## The Prodigal's Resolution.

"Come Worldlings, see what paines I here do take,  
To *Gather Gold* while here on earth I rake."

"Come, Prodigals, your selves that loves to flatter,  
Behold my fall, that with the Forke doth scatter!" [Cf. p. 335.]

-- *Martin Parker*, 1638.



[For the other half of this cut see p. 335.]

THE bygone generation celebrated in the ensuing ballad was a race of greedy usurers, and the rollicking Hector, who sings to us about his Resolution, is their prodigal offspring. While the old thus gather gold with a rake, the young scatter it with a prong-fork, according to the proverb and the *Roxburghe Ballad* of April, 1638 (of which the true title is "Gather-Gold the Father, Scatter-Gold the Son"), beginning, "Come, come, my brave gold."

Our affection attaches itself to the liberal disperser, instead of the penurious and defrauding Hunks whose wealth he re-distributes. The *via media* is best, no doubt, as in other things, but if we must have an extreme rebound of the pendulum, let us prefer the Prodigal. He *may* repent: but the miser never does. We shall find the correctives to "The Prodigal's Resolution" in some ballads by John Wade and Thomas Lanfiere. William Hogarth told the same story of a miserly usurer's Prodigal Son in his "Rake's Progress," 1735.

The tune to which the ballad was sung had been known under the title of *Jamaica*, and is in *The Dancing Master* (1670, p. 142), and *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 45. Also in several Ballad-Operas. The earliest appearance of the Prodigal's Song is in the Civic pageant of 1672, written by Thomas Jordan, the Mayoralty Laureate, "London Triumphant; or, The City in Jollity and Splendour." Sir Robert Hanson of the Grocers' Company was the dignitary of the occasion. At the dinner were sung five songs written by Thomas Jordan: 1st, The Planter's Song, beginning "This wilderness is a place full of bliss;" 2nd, a review of the times, "Let's drink and droll, and dance, and sing," to the tune of *With a fading*; 3rd, The Discontented Cavalier, "I'll never trust good-fellow more"; 4th, Touch and go: "Oh! who would fix his eyes upon these fading joyes under the Sun?" and lastly, our "I am a lusty lively lad!" which has been reprinted by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790: also by Frederick William Fairholt, F.S.A., in his *Civic Garland* for the Percy Society, 1845 (vol. xix. p. 48).

There was more liberality of feeling among merchants who assembled at a Guildhall dinner in 1672 than could be found ten or twelve years later, when bitter sectarianism had spoiled all harmony and compelled the cessation of the civic entertainment in 1682 and 1683. It was resumed by Thomas Jordan in 1684, his last Pageant. After Jordan's death, Matthew Taubman succeeded to the office. The jest against usury could not have been pleasant in the ears of Slingsby Bethel, or Sir Thomas Clayton, and others of that stamp, who united sanctimonious hypocrisy with the practice of men who were "keen hands at the grindstone."

The Prodigal's experience has been won among loose fish. He has acquired their canting dialect, and patters flash like a cadger or a Whitefriars bully-boy. Usurers of "thirty in the hundred" were fain, like Nigel's Trapbois, to reside in Alsatia, and be on friendly terms with its rulers. "The son of old John Thrashington" speaks of '*beggar's-velvet*,' which we take to be mole-skin; handsome to the eye, but offensive in scent. There were two towns named Washington; one in Durham, the other in Sussex: Jordan probably named *his own birthplace*. As to the '*Doxies*' and '*Dells*' (by modern euphemism styled "soiled doves" and Anonyms), see the "*Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*." The earliest known allusion to *Punchinello* as played in England, is in line 25. The last two stanzas on p. 330 are *additional* to the Pageant original.



[R. C. IV. 82 ; Pepys, IV. 240 ; Jersey, I. 189 ; Huth, II. 60 ; C. 22, fol. 167.]

## [The Prodigal's] Resolution ;

Or,

**My Father was Born before me.**

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [*Jamaica*. See p. 328].



**I** Am a lusty lively Lad, now come to one-and-twenty,  
My Father left me all he had, both Gold and Silver plenty ;  
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave, the Ladies shall adore me,  
I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this ? *My Dad did so before me.*

My Father was a thrifty Sir, till soul and body sundred,  
Some say he was an Usurer, for thirty in the hundred ;  
He scrapt & scatch'd, she pincht & patch'd that in her body bore me ;  
But I'll let flye, a good cause why—*My father was born before me.*

My Daddy had his Duty done, in getting so much treasure,  
I'll be as dutiful a Son, for spending it in pleasure :  
Five pounds a quart shall cheer my heart, such Nectar will restore me,  
When Ladies call, I'll have at all ; *My Father was born before me.*

My Grandam liv'd at *Washington*, my Grandsir delv'd in Ditches,  
The Son of old *John Thrashington*, whose lanthorn leathern Breeches  
Cry'd, 'Whither go ye, whether go ye?' though men do now adore me,  
They ne'r did see my Pedigree, *Nor who was born before me.* 16

My grandsir striv'd and wiv'd and thriv'd, till he did Riches gather,  
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd, O then he got my Father :

Of happy memory, cry I, that e're his Mother bore him,  
 I had not been worth one penny, *Had I been born before him*. ["a p."  
 To Free-school *Cambridge*, and *Gray's-Inn*, my Grey-coat Grandsir  
 put him,

Till to forget (he did begin) the Leathern-Breech that got him:  
 One dealt in Straw, 'tother in Law, the one did Ditch and Delve it,  
 My Fatherstore of Satin wore, my Grandsir Beggar's Velvet. [=Mole-skin.

So get I wealth, what care I if my Grandsir were a Sawyer?  
 My Father prov'd to be a chief, subtle and learned Lawyer,  
 By *Cook's Reports* and tricks in Court, he did with Treasure store me,  
 That I may say, Heavens bless the day, *My Father was born before me!*

Some say of late, a Merchant that had gotten store of Riches,  
 In's Drinking-room hung up his Hat, his staff and Leathern Breeches;  
 His stockings, garter'd up with straws, e're Providence did store him;  
 His Son was Sheriff of *London*, 'cause, *His Father was born before him*.

So many blades that rant in silk, and put on Scarlet Cloathing,  
 At first did spring from Butter-milk, their Ancestors worth nothing:  
 Old *Adam*, and our Grandam *Eve*, by digging and by spinning,  
 Did to all Kings and Princes give *their Radical beginning*. 36

My Father, to get me estate, though selfish, yet was slavish;  
 I'll spend it at another rate, and be as lewdly lavish:  
 From Mad-men, Fools, and knaves he did litigiously receive it,  
 If so he did, Justice forbid, but I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis-Court, I'll prove a noble Fellow,  
 I'll Court my Doxies to the sport, of O brave *Punchinello*; [p. 328.  
 I'll Dice and Drab, and Drink and stab, no Hector shall out-roar me;  
 If Teachers tell me tales of Hell, *My Father has gone before me*.

[Here ends Thomas Jordan's *Civic-Pageant* song.]

Our aged Counsellors would have us live by Rule and Reason,  
 'Cause they are marching to the Grave, and pleasure's out of season;  
 I'll learn to Dance the Mode of *France*, that Ladies may adore me;  
 My thrifty Dad no pleasure had, *Though he was born before me*. 48

I'll to the Court, where *Venus'* sport doth revel it in plenty,  
 I'll deal with all, both great and small, from twelve to five-and-twenty:  
 In Play-houses I'll spend my days, for they're hung round with Plackets,  
 Ladies, make room! behold I come! have at your Knocking Jackets!

[Printed for] *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W.*  
*Thackeray, and T. Passin[ger]*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the Cavalier of p. 81, Left; 2nd, and 4th,  
 on p. 329; the Lady (from a Civil-War tract, "*Here's Jack in a Box*," 1656,  
 wherein she stands with right foot on a barrel); 3rd, on p. 137. Date, 1672.]





## A Good Wife is a Portion every Day.

“ O Woman ! whom we tried to please,  
And found a vixen, prone to tease,  
When comes the pinch, and cash runs low,  
You always cry, ‘ I told you so ! ’ ”

— *Tercentenary Edition of Marmion*, 2108.

**I**MMEDIATELY preceding John Wade's laudation of "a Good Wife" in the Roxburghe Collection is "A Godly Guide of Directions for true Penitent Sinners in these troubled times," etc., beginning, "Good People all, I pray you understand These verses now which I do take in hand." It is by Robert Tipping, and sung to the lachrymose tune of *Aim not too high, at things beyond thy reach* (for which ballad see Roxb. Coll., II. 189, to be reprinted in next volume); the same tune as *Fortune, my Foe*.

Great is the gain for us, who escape from Robert Tipping's dreary conventicle whine of Pietistic "Directions," and find ourselves in company with the mirthful John Wade, a man who knows his way about town, able to pilot us amid the red lattices, without danger of pollution from any bona roba or apple-squire. Scarcely claiming to be an Olympian Bard, our jovial ballad-writer had learnt his own business, with sufficient skill to pour out his lively ditties to his favourite tunes. He warns boon companions against prodigal waste of time, health, and money. He chants the praise of temperance and matrimonial comforts. He does so here, celebrating the merits of a good wife. No doubt he possessed one himself, and drew the picture from life. On the whole, he proved to be a kind and loving husband, after having sown his crop of wild oats. In earlier days he may have stayed too long at the tavern, now and then, neglecting business next morning; : this caused the Robert Tipping people to turn up the whites of their eyes in doleful reprobation. But Wade had no evil temper to disturb him. He may have failed to exert himself for the worldly advancement of his children, and caused his wife some anxious moments until the latch clicked in "the wee sma' hours ayont the Twal"; but his unfailing good humour made amends. His humble home was happier than many a mansion inhabited by sanctimonious Cromwellian interlopers, who had fraudulently obtained the heritage of despoiled Cavaliers, and kept tight grip of the unholy spoil, while sectarian spite and purse-pride made the grim-visaged household peevish. To John Wade men turned for companionship at odd hours, when weary of the noise and self-proclamation so dear to schismatics and rebels. The date of his present song is probably *circa* 1673. In Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, on p. 121, is given the merry lilting tune, *Packington's Pound*, of which singers and hearers never wearied.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 191; Jersey, I. 153; Douce, I. 90 *verso*; Wood, 401, fol. 131; Rawlinson, 210.]

## A Good Wife is a Portion every day;

Or,

A Dialogue discovering a good Wife from a bad.

And happy is that man that hath such a one.

THE TUNE IS, *Packington's Pound.* J[ohn] Wade.



Come, young men, and listen to what I'll show,  
 then *William*, and *Harry*, and *Robin*, and *John*,  
 When as you are minded a wooing to go,  
 for these Lines do concern you every one:  
 And what I declare  
 I'll make it appear,  
 From *Eve* it sprang out, and has last' till this year,  
*For though she was Man's fall, mark what I say,*  
*A good Wife is a portion every day.*

9

For a good wife will be saving and fearful to waste,  
 but keep all things together so near as she can,  
 When that a Spendthrift will let fly as fast,  
 and seeks by all means to undo her good man;  
 Though he carps and doth care,  
 She'll not pinch nor spare,  
 But junket abroad, and must have her fine cheer,  
*She thinks what she brought will never decay:*  
*When a good Wife is a portion every day.*

18

- A wife that is vertuous and civil beside  
will honour her Husband, his words she'l obey ;  
She'l not strive to cross him, what ever betide,  
but make all things well when these should be a[*stray*] :  
With fair words she'l him draw  
To submit to her Law ;  
Though his Beard it be frozen, in time she'l it thaw :  
*Although he be given to wander and stray,*  
*A good wife will lead him into the right way.* 27
- But she that takes no care but only for Pride  
how Buckle and Thong together to hold,  
She will have her humour whatever betide,  
or else day and night at him she will scold :  
For let a man starve,  
As I am alive,  
First he must ask his wife if he shall thrive :  
*And if she says " No ! " his Estate will decay ;*  
*When a good Wife is a portion every day.* 36
- If a young man hath but little withal to begin,  
if he lights of a good wife, his stock will increase ;  
What he gets without doors she'l save it within,  
and if he be froward, she'l strive to keep peace :  
When a cross-grained wife,  
That's given to strife,  
Will seek to make a man weary on 's life :  
*What e're he says to her, she'l not him obey ;*  
*When a good wife is a portion every day.* 45
- Therefore, young Batchellors, wherever you be,  
let not this money your hearts so bewitch,  
For 't 'ant that which makes a good husband you see,  
nor Means altogether don't make a man rich.  
The reason I'le show you why,  
You shan't say I lye,  
She that brings a great deal looks to be maintained high ;  
*Her costly Attire an Estate will decay,*  
*When a good wife [is a Portion every day].* 54
- I heard of two Brothers, the one was the Heir,  
(the other had little at all to begin ;)  
He married a wife that was both rich and fair,  
then for his poor Brother he car'd not a pin :  
For he did live high,  
And his wife she let flye  
His means, till she brought him to poverty,  
*Then to his poor brother he sigh'd and did say,*  
*A good wife [is a Portion every day].* 63

334 John Wade's "*Good Wife is a Portion every Day.*"

Thus you may see how some are made poor,  
 and some that hath but little to fortune doth rise ;  
 Then he that has a good wife, make much of her therefore,  
 and do not against her no mischief devise :  
 But some men cannot see,  
 When as they well be,  
 But seek for to ruin their Family :  
*Then all the blame on the poor woman they lay,*  
*When a good [wife is a Portion every day].* 72

He that has a good wife, happy is that man,  
 if he does his endeavour his Living to get,  
 And not spend it abroad in Pot nor in Can,  
 she'l strive alwaies to keep him out of Debt ;  
 Good Counsel she'l him give,  
 If he'l it receive,  
 And set him all times in a way for to live :  
*But a wife that is froward, his Estate will decay,*  
*But a good [wife is a Portion every day].* 81

But, young men, you'l say how should a man know  
 how to choose a good wife from a bad :  
 In few lines I here will you show,  
 and teach you that will make your hearts glad :  
 Chuse one that is civil,  
 And strives to shun evil,  
 For some are too cunning, I think, for the Devil ;  
*But she that means honest will keep the right w[ay,]*  
*When a good [Wife is a Portion every day].* 90

Be sure don't take a wife that will swear and lye,  
 nor one that is given to flout or to jeer,  
 Though she has ne'r so much means, she'l make all flye,  
 and spend more in a week than thou'lt get in a year ;  
 Nor do not take one  
 That's too fluent in tongue,  
 She'l always be tattling of that she knows none,  
*Though it be nonsense, she will have her way ;*  
*When a good [wife's a portion every day].* 99

But if thou art minded for to have a Mate,  
 chuse one that is vertuous and civil beside ;  
 Although thou art poor, she'l live at the same rate,  
 and with patience will wait till thou can'st better provide.  
 For content is a thing  
 That comfort doth bring,  
 It makes a poor man as well as a Lord to sing :  
*Then let the red shank or Dane deny what I say,*  
*If a good wife [be not a Portion every day].* 108

Concluding my ditty of what I have told,  
make much of thy wife tho' thou'rt never so poor ;  
And if thou'st got children, esteem them as gold,  
then thou 'lt find a Salve for to cure thy sore :  
To work do thou strive  
To keep them alive,  
As thy charge grows up, thy stock it will thrive.  
*Then young men, remember these words that I say,*  
*A good Wife is a Portion every day.*

117

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball*, near the Hospital-Gate, *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts : two on p. 332 ; 3rd, oval on p. 173. Date, 1673. This cut, additional, is the right hand portion of one on p. 327, showing the Usurer, *Gather-Gold*, and his Prodigal Son, *Scatter-Gold*. The tree, half-withered, half "flourishing like a green Bay tree," is symbolical. Martin Parker's ballad of our p. 327 was entered to Henry Gosson, 9 Aprilis, 1638.]



## The Heavy Heart and a Light Purse.

" Too long have I been a drunken Sot,  
And spent my means on the Black Pot,  
Both Jugs and Flagons I loved dear,  
For all my delight was in Strong Beer :  
Once I had Gold, though now I've none,  
Whilst I had money, they'd wait me upon ;  
But now it is turn'd to Farthings three,  
*And 'tis old Ale has undone me.*" Etc.

—The Bagford Ballad of *Wade's Reformation*.

ANOTHER ballad by John Wade follows, the same in subject, length, and publishers, as his "*Wade's Reformation*" (for which see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 6), with its Argumentative-moral that "*Poverty parts good Company.*" The tune named is, *My Lord Monk's March to London* (1660), with an alternative tune-name of *Now we have our Freedom*: probably so called from burden of the same lost ditty. Music in *The Dancing Master*, 1665, No. 25.

It is strange but true that nearly all the contemporary ballads celebrative of George Monk have perished. We have mentioned several of these already (on p. 136, and in vol. v. pp. 154, 155).

Although there are differences apparent (such as alternate rhymes instead of consecutive couplets), sufficient resemblance exists in rhythm and burden, in addition to similarity of subject and treatment, to suggest the probability that one and the same tune was employed for "*The Heavy Heart*" and "*Wade's Reformation*," viz., the tune named (from the burden of the latter, as shown in our motto above,) *It is Old Ale hath undone me*; which certainly agrees with *The Maid is best that lyes alone*, beginning, "*You young Maids that would live chary*" (see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 1020), and this itself is another ballad by John Wade, of anterior publication. But we suppose "*The Heavy Heart*" to be earliest of the three. As one sang in the play of *Cromwell's Conspiracy*, acted in 1660:—

" When I do travel, in the night, the Brewer's Dog my brains doth bite,  
*My heart grows heavy*, and my heels grow light ; *And I like my Humour, well.*

" When with upsie frieze I line my head, my Hostess's cellar is my bed,  
The World's our own, and the Divil is dead ; *And I like my Humour well. . .*

" Then I grope to bed, but miss the way, forget me where my clothes I lay,  
I call for drink by break of day ; *and I like my Humour, well, well.*"

Another ballad with the burden of *The Maid is the best that lyes alone*, begins, "*Oft have I heard the Wives complain*" (Pepys Coll., V. 219). It is entitled, "*The Virgin's Advice to the Maids of London.*" Tune of "*Oh ! that I were young for you.*" Printed by Charles Barnet, who flourished late in the seventeenth century.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. p. 210; Bagford, II. 57; Euing, No. 136; Jersey, I. 305; Huth, I. 129.]

## The Heavy Heart, and a Light Purse.

Bring the Good Fellow's Vindication to all his Fellow-companions,

Wishing them all to have a care,  
and keep out of the Ale-wives snare,  
for when they are out you may get in,  
but when you are in you can't get out [agen];  
this by experience he hath found true,  
but now he bids them all adieu.

This Song it was composed and made,  
By a Loyal heart that is called **John Wade**.

TUNE OF *My Lord Monk's March to London*, or, *Now we have our Freedom*, etc. [See p. 336.]

**F**ULL fifty Winters have I seen, yet nine and forty too many,  
Except that I had better been, and not spend my means so vainly :  
For I did rore, and spend my store, no company could shun me ;  
But now I find, and bear in mind, *my kind heart hath undone me*. 8  
Once I had means and lived well, my neighbours all they know it ;  
But, by the ringing of the Ale-wives' bell, I quickly did forgo it.  
My Land I sold for silver and gold, they then so easily won me,  
Which makes me say, as well I may, *my kind heart hath undone me*.  
My Wife she would me [oft] intreat for to be[come] more wiser ;  
Then I told her with anger great, " It's rare to be a Miser :"  
" Hang it (quoth I), let money fly, sorrow shall ne'r o'rerun me ;"  
But now I see, I was so free, *that my kind heart hath undone me*. 24  
Before I'd give one penny to my wife, I'd spend two with my fellows ;  
My children must fast, which bred much strife, whilst I sate in the Ale-house ;  
Whilst I dranksack, they small beer did lack, no grief could over-run me,  
They lived in want, whilst I did rant *till my kind heart had undone me*.  
So long as I had store of coyn, I'de never leave my ranting,  
Whilst I did with good fellows joyn, my wife she sate a wanting.  
Though they did cry, yet what car'd I, sorrow should ne'r o'rerun me :  
Let who wou'd call, I'de pay for all, *till my kind heart had undone me*.  
Here would I trust, there would I lend, and spend my money vainly ;  
For strong liquor I oft would send, now I must tell you plainly,  
My children they would to me pray, " Good Father, let company shun ye ;"  
Yet I'de not spare, nor for them care, *till my kind heart had undone me*.



I had good house, I had good land, and lived in good behaviour ;  
 But I spent it all at their command, now jeers me for my labour.  
 My Hostis she would wait on me, my Host then easily won me,  
 'Cause they did see that I was free, *till my kind heart had undone me.*

"Run Tap, run Tapster," I would cry, "hang sorrow, let's be merry!"  
 My gold and silver I let fly in both White-wine and Sherry ;  
 For my own part, I ne'r will start, no company will shun me,  
 Good fellows all I in would call, *till my kind heart had undone me.*

My Hostis she would still provide for me Larks, Chickens and Cony ;  
 To bed at night she would me guide, but 'twas for the sake of my money !  
 She would me hap, my head would cap, thus by their tricks they won me ;  
 Thus with a pin they drew me in, *till my kind heart had undone me.*

My Hostis she was very wise, if that my head grew adle,  
 I' th' morn as soon as I could rise, she would provide me a Candel.  
 Then comes my Host strait with a Toast, saying, "Boy, I'le not shun thee."  
 Thus by their wile, they me beguile, *till my kind heart hath undone me.*

But when that I no money had, to call I could not leave it ;  
 To be rid of me then they was glad, at last they did perceive it.  
 Then where I spent and money lent, they strait began to shun me ;  
 My Hostis *Brown* began to frown, *when my kind heart hath undone me.*

I sent my child, thought to prevail, a shilling for to borrow,  
 Or else to trust me two quarts of ale, lo, thus began my sorrow !  
 She'd send me none, bid her be gone ! thus grief did over-run me :  
 Full forty pound with her I drown'd, *till my kind heart hath undone me.*

So by that means I strait grew wise, and quickly left my ranting,  
 You'l say 'twas time to be precise, when every thing was wanting.  
 For I scarce had to buy me bread, grief did so over-run me ;  
 They did not care, though poor I were, *when my kind heart hath undone me.*

Now I wish good fellows every one in time for to be ruled,  
 Let Alewives sing a mournful Song, and never by them be fooled.  
 You that do spend, in time amend, before grief over-run ye,  
 Those that do rant in time may want, *for my kind heart hath undone me.*

If I had but half that I spent in vain, methinks I should live in bravery,  
 For I lived once and paid no rent, though now I am bound to slavery ;  
 For I am poor, turn'd out of door, grief doth so over-run me :  
 So farewell all, both great and small ! *for my kind heart hath undone me.*

[Publisher's name cut off from Roxburghe copy : Bagford's was printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. Black-letter. Woodcut, p. 227. We read "in bravery" (final stanza), for mis-rhymed "bravely." Date, 1660-70.]



## The Good Fellow's Consideration.

*Falstaff*.—"If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge and leave Sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do." . . .

*Doll Tearsheet (to Falstaff)*.—"Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thy old body for Heaven?"

*Falstaff*.—"Peace, good *Doll*! do not speak like a death's-head! Do not bid me to remember mine end."—1st *Henry IV.* v. 4; 2nd, ii. 4.

**T**HOMAS LANFIERE, like JOHN WADE, seems to have loved well the utterance of warnings against improvidence and excess in tavern-haunting. No doubt, he had purchased his experience at the harsh school where such good lessons are taught. He is no railer or canter, and not cynical, although he shows the heartlessness of the hostess or the boon companions who are ready to tread on a man when his coin has run out. Here, as elsewhere (compare our p. 216), the primary sense of "a good Husband" is one who lays up a store for a rainy day, and without reference to his being married or single. Thus (on p. 343), in the same author's ballad, "The Good Fellow's Resolution," "I have been a bad Husband this full fifteen year," he means not matrimonial infidelities, but simply laments the prodigal waste of cash, health, and time. The use of a catch-word or refrain is seen in the burden of each verse, "*And keep my money in store.*" So that the wise mother-in-law of our p. 349, "The Good Wife's Forecast," might approve of this repentant spendthrift. Now if a mother-in-law can be propitiated, everything else is possible. But it is safer to bury her first.

"Who came to welcome wife's first Baby,  
And often call'd me 'dolt' and 'gaby!'  
Of whom therefore shall *Roxburghe Lay* be?—  
My Mother-in-Law!

"Who rul'd the roast, and curst the place,  
Knagging us all unto our face,  
Till she did hence each servant chase?—  
My Mother-in-Law!"

—*What's his Hymns: not Hers.*

The tune named for "The Good Fellow's Consideration," and also for "The Good Fellow's Frolic; or, Kent-street Club" (on p. 351), is the long popular *Hey, boys, up go we!* whereof an earlier name and burden was *The Clean Contrary Way*. It is given in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 428. The original words, by Francis Quarles, written in 1641, and the adaptation by Tom D'Urfey in 1682, beginning respectively "Know then, my brethren, heav'n is clear," and "Now, now the Tories all shall stoop," have been reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iv. pp. 260, 264.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 195 ; Jersey, II. 15 ; Euing, No. 133.]

## The Good Fellow's Consideration ;

Or,

### The Bad Husband's Amendment.

Here in this Ballad you may see  
What 'tis a bad Husband to be ;  
For drunkenness most commonly  
Brings many unto poverty.  
And when a man is mean and bare,  
Friends will be scarce both far and near,  
Then in your youth keep money in store,  
Lest in old age you do grow poor.

Lately written by **Thomas Lanfiere**, of *Watchat* town in *Sommersetshire*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we !* etc. (See preceding page.)

**G**OOD Fellows all, come lend an ear, and listen to my song,  
To you in brief I will declare how I have done myself much wrong  
By spending of my money too free : it brought me low and poor ;  
But now a good Husband I will be, *and keep my money in store.* 8  
It is well known, the fudling-school I have haunted many [a]year ;  
I wasted my money like a fool both in Wine and strong Beer :  
With my Companions day and night I'de both drink, sing, and roar ;  
But now bad company I'le slight, *and keep my money in store.* 16  
In the morning sometimes to an Alehouse I'de hie, and tarry there all day,  
Perhaps a crown or an angel I at one reckoning would pay :  
My pocket of money I'de empty make, e're that I would give ore ;  
But now such actions I'le forsake, *and keep my money in store.* 24  
My hostess she would smile in my face when I did merrily call,  
For why ? she knew I would not be base, but freely pay for all :  
Before the Flaggon was quite out she'd be ready to fill more ;  
But now I mean to look about, *and keep my money in store.* 32

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Sometimes she in a merry vein would sit upon my knee,  
And give me kisses one or twain, and all to sweeten me :  
She'd vow I was welcome indeed, and should be evermore ;  
But now I mean for to take heed, *and keep my money in store.* 40  
Thus I frequented the Ale-bench so long as my money would hold ;  
Whilst my Wife and children at home did pinch with hunger and with cold ;  
So I had my guts full of Ale and Beer, I lookt after nothing more,  
But now I mean to have a care, *and keep my money in store.* 48

My wife would often me perswade and mildly to me say,  
 "Good loving husband, follow your trade, and go not so astray."  
 But with foule words I'de her abuse, and call her bitch and whore;  
 But now her counsel I will chuse, *and keep my money in store.* 56

At last, through my lewd wicked vice, I had consumed all;  
 By drunkenness, with Cards and Dice, my stock it was brought small:  
 By keeping of bad company I was grown mean and poor;  
 But now I'le leave bad husbandry, *and keep my money in store.* 64

To my hostess one time I did repair, and desired one courtesie,  
 To trust me for half a dozen of beer, but she did me deny:  
 She told me she had made a vow to draw no drink on score;  
 But I am fully resolved now *to keep my money in store.* 72

Qd. she, "The Mault-man his money must have, also I must pay excise;  
 If I should trust every drunken knave, where will my money rise?  
 But if you have chink, you may have drink, if you've none, turn out of door."  
 But now from the Alehouse I will shrink, *and keep my money in store.*

Thus, all good fellows, you may see what 'tis to be in want,  
 A man shall not regarded be if money is with him scant:  
 But if money you have, they'l tend you brave; if you've none, they will give o're;  
 Then be careful your money for to save, *and lay it up in store.* 88

By experience 'tis plainly seen in *England* far and nigh,  
 Those that rich wealthy men has been at last come to poverty:  
 By spending too much in wine and beer there is many doth grow poor;  
 Then, good fellows, have a special care *to keep your money in store.*

If all bad husbands were of my mind in country and in town,  
 The Ale-wives a new trade should find, to pull their fat-sides down:  
 They shou'd work hard, both spin and card, we would keep them so poor;  
 And we wou'd be careful our money to save, *and lay it up in store.*

Now, all you married men, that are, and Batchelours so gay,  
 Of the main chance pray have a care, lest you fall in decay:  
 Be sure you time do highly prize 'twill not stay for rich nor poor;  
 Good fellows all, I you advise *to keep your money in store.* 112

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: the 1st is on p. 352, Right; the 2nd is the two-figured cut on p. 247; 3rd, a man and dog, is below. Date, *circa* 1677.]



## The Good Fellow's Resolution.

“ When I've a Saxpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka toun;  
But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gang by:  
O! Poverty parts good company.” [Compare p. 336.]

—David Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 191.

ANOTHER of Thomas Lanfiere's tavern ditties, or “Caveats for all Spendthrifts,” who evidently needed a considerable number of such sermons before they chose to “leave tippling and foining o' nights, to patch up their old bodies for heaven”: as expressed on p. 339, with more force than reverence. By artifice the Hostess is tempted to show her cards, and insult the man whom she believes to be penniless.

The Good-Fellows meeting in a Kent-street Club (p. 351) were jovial if not select. A Seaman was among them and might have declared with another Ancient Mariner, “We were a ghastly crew!” The Carman brought his whistle, for which he was renowned, as a man who knew and repeated the popular tunes: even so had his predecessor in the days of Justice Shallow, who thus picked up the over-worn melodies and considered them to be “rich and rare,” ballads that had been already “culled,” his “fancies” and “good-nights.” Others of the company were, a nimble weaver; a burly blacksmith; a tailor whose nick-name was proverbial; a lusty porter; a professor of the gentle craft called cobbling, a barber and a broom-man. They fell to wrangling, of course, Kent-street (near St. George's Church, Southwark) being in evil repute for racket. The Ale-wives in that locality seldom deserved more pity, than Lanfiere's; but this one of Kent-street seems to have endured *une mauvais quarte d'heure*. She little expected to be herself done so considerably like “the ale that was so brown.” She decayed, like Goldsmith's Madame Blaize, when “her wealth and finery fled:”

“ Let us lament in sorrow sore, for *Kent-street* well may say  
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—*she had not died to-day*.”

In next volume, a portrait of an Alewife, holding a beer mug and a spittoon for smokers, adorns the ballad of “The Good-Fellow's Counsel; or, The Bad Husband's Recantation.” It begins,

I had no more wit, but was trod under feet,  
and all was for want of money;  
I daily did walk in the fear of a writ,  
and all was for want of money;  
But now I'm resolv'd to be more wise,  
And early each morning I mean for to rise,  
There's none for a Sluggard that shall me despise,  
when I have no want of money.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 200 ; Jersey Collection, II. 268.]

**The Good Fellow's Resolution ;**

Or,

**The Bad Husband's return from his Folly.**

Being a Cateat for all Spend-Thrifts to beware of the Main Chance.

Here in this Ballad you may see,  
 The vain-ness of bad Husbandry :  
 Good advice here is to be found,  
 The which may save you many a Pound.

By **T. Lanfiere.**TO THE TUNE OF, *The Plow-man's Honour made known.* (See p. 345.)*Drink t'other Bowl, I'll follow thee.*

J. W. E.

I have been a bad Husband this full fifteen year,  
 And have spent many pounds in good ale and strong beer :  
 I have Ranted in Ale-houses day after day,  
 And wasted my time and my Money away :  
 But now I'll beware, and have a great care,  
 Lest at the last Poverty falls to my share :  
*For now I will lay up my Money in store,  
 And I never will play the bad Husband ne more.*

8

Too long I have lived in this idle course,  
 In spending my money, which hath made me the worse ;  
 When as I had got Silver plentifully,  
 I did not regard how fast I let it flye :



For sometimes I'de spend, and sometimes I'de lend ;  
 But the longest day now I see must have an end :  
*For now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 16

Sometimes in the Ale-house a week I would sit,  
 If I with Good-fellows did chance for to meet,  
 Until all my Money was wasted and gone,  
 Then it was high time to turn out and go home :  
 My proud Hostiss she would look scornful on me,  
 And tell me she did not love such Company :  
*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 24

*Doll Cleanly* that lives in the middle of the Town  
 Hath first and last of me had many a Crown ;  
 If then I did come to her, and bring store of money,  
 And call apace for drink, on me she'd look bonny ;  
 Both early and late a Boozing I have sat,  
 But my Hostis and I now are in great Debate :  
*For now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 32

Too much unto Gameing my self I would use,  
 There was no kind of Exercise I did Refuse ;  
 A Crown or an Angel I have lost on a day,  
 Which would have been better kept than thrown away :  
 Then Beer it was plenty, no Flaggons stood empty,  
 Sometimes on the Board stood full eighteen or twenty :  
*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 40

Such idle courses I us'd always to take,  
 For little account of my Money I'de make ;  
 I would call for strong tippie, and make my heart merry,  
 But now of such actions truly I am weary :  
 Though thread-bare I went, with my cloaths torn and rent,  
 Yet I to the Ale-house would always frequent :  
*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 48

My Landladys they would seem loving to be,  
 If that they saw money was plenty with me ;  
 But if that I had none at all for to show,  
 They would look coy on me, as if they did not me know :  
 And if so be that I was never so dry,  
 To trust me a Flaggon some s<sup>er</sup>v<sup>an</sup>t would deny ;  
*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 56

I went to an Hostiss where I us'd to resort,  
 And I made her believe that money was short ;  
 I askt her to trust me, but she answered "Nay,  
 Enough of such Guests I can have every day."  
 Then quoth she, "Pray, forbear, there's no staying here,  
 Except you have money, you shall have no beer."  
*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 64

I pull'd out a handful of Money straightway,  
 And shew'd it unto her, to hear what she'd say;  
 Quoth she, "You shall have Beer and ale of the best,  
 You are kindly welcome, I did speak but in jest."  
 "O no, no," said I, "your words I defie,  
 I'll see you hang'd e're with you I'll spend a penny."

*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 72

Thus here you may see and observe it full plain,  
 The Ale-wives and Inn-keepers all are for gain;  
 If a man on them spends all that e're he hath got,  
 He shall have no thanks, but be counted a Sot:  
 To you they'll seem kind, whilst you can them Cash find,  
 But when you have spent all, they will change their mind.

*But now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 80

If I had but sav'd half the money I have spent,  
 How it would rejoyce my heart with much content;  
 But since 'tis all gone, farewell unto it!  
 Henceforth I'm resolved for to learn more wit:

My folly I see, in spending so free,  
 The Ale-wives no more my Purse-bearers shall be:

*For now [I will lay up my Money good store], &c.* 88

Then, bad Husbands, of the main chance have a care,  
 Lest Poverty comes on you e're you are aware:  
 Take heed how idly your Money you spend,  
 Make much of that little which God doth you lend.  
 Endeavour always your stock for to raise,  
 Then of honest people you will have the praise:

*Strive for [to lay up of Money good store], &c.* 96

To conclude, take my counsel, do not it refrain,  
 You'll find it will be for your profit and gain,  
 Whilst you are young and lusty strive to get and save,  
 Then things necessary in old age you'll have:  
 Be sure do not waste, lest you want at last,  
 Those that plays in Summer in Winter must fast:

*Then learn for to lay up your money in store,  
 Resolve for to play the bad Husband no more.* 104

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,  
 and T. Passinger.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts. The first is part of what we give on p. 343, viz. the Devil grasping a man; and the second is the Morris-dancer half of the picture on p. 313. Date, before the end of 1682; the name of Thomas Vere being on the broadsheet. We have not identified the tune of *The Ploughman's Honour made known*, or recovered the ballad. It will continue to be sought.]



[Roxb. Coll., III. 80 ; Pepys, IV. 254 ; Huth, II. 32 ; Wood, E. 25, fol. 150 ;  
Douce, II. 160 *vo.*]

## 'Tis Money that makes a Man :

### Or, The Good-Fellow's Folly.

Here in this Song, Good-Fellow, thou mayst find  
How Money makes a Man, if thou'rt not blind !  
Therefore return, e're that it be too late,  
And don't on Strumpets spend thy whole estate ;  
For when all is gone, no better thou wilt be :  
But Laught to scorn in all thy poverty.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE: *Bonny black Bess* ; or, *Digby*.<sup>1</sup>

By J. Wade.

[The same woodcut as on p. 227.]

OH ! what a madness 'tis to borrow or lend,  
Or for strong Liquor thy Money to spend ;  
For when that is wanting, thy courage is cool,  
Thou must stand Cap in hand to every fool :  
But if thy pockets can jingle, they will take thy word ;  
Oh ! then thou art company for Knight or yet Lord :

*Then make much of a Penny as near as you can ;  
For if that be wanting, thou'rt counted no man.*

8

Then listen a while, and I'll tell you in brief  
The most of my sorrow, my care, and my grief :  
I had an estate, I'll make it appear,  
Besides all my stock, was worth Fifty a year ;  
But so soon as I to drinking then fell,  
My Land I then Mortgaged, my Cattle did sell ;  
*No sooner the money I for them had took,  
But it went to the Ale-house, I'll swear on a book.*

16

Thus in a short time my money did waste,  
And I found myself not a pin better at last ;  
Whilst other Tradesmen were working full hard,  
I from an Ale-house could not be debar'd ;  
There would I sit tipling day after day,  
And my Wife she unto me often would say,  
*" Make much of a Penny as near as you can ;  
For if that be wanting, thou'lt be counted no man."*

24

<sup>1</sup> As to these tune-names, the first refers to the Earl of Dorset's ballad, quoted on p. 127, and the other, *Digby's Farewell*, has been described fully on pp. 36 to 39 in this volume, it is also mentioned in the preceding volume. This helps us to determine the date (1672-82) of our present ballad by John Wade.

But the words that she spoke I'd regard not a straw,  
 But would kick her, and beat her, and keep her in awe;  
 My children at home might eat the bare wall,  
 Whilst I in an Ale-house for strong liquor did call:  
 And my Hostis, forsooth! must needs sit on my knee,  
 Though my wife she hath twice more beauty than she:  
*Yet that would not please my lecherous mind,  
 Because for my Money my Hostis was kind.* 32

But in the conclusion here comes all my care,  
 My back it grew thin, and my pockets grew bare;  
 Then I told my Hostis my pittiful tale,  
 In hopes that my sorrows she would bewail:  
 But she turn'd up her nose, and she looked a squoy, <sup>[askew]</sup>.  
 "You might have been wiser," she straight did reply:  
*This was all the comfort that I got from she,  
 That always pretended my friend for to be.* 40

Therefore, all young-men that loves the Ale-bench,  
 Some counsel I'll give them before they go hence;  
 If thou sit'st day and night, and drink'st never so fast,  
 Yet thou'lt find thy own home is the best at last:  
 It is but for your money they wait you upon;  
 And when that is wanting, you'r lightly look't on:  
*If she sees but two-pence you run on the score,  
 She'l swear by her troth she will trust you no more.* 48

Then have a care, young-men, be ruled in time,  
 Lest drink overcome [y]e, in old days you pine:  
 For you see Good-Fellows, how threadbare they go,  
 And what good-husbandry brings a man to;  
 For some lives most bravely, tho' means they have small,  
 And some that has hundreds so quickly spend all:  
*Then make much of a penny as near as you can;  
 For if that be wanting, thou'rt counted no man.* 56

'Tis money, you see, makes a Lord, or yet Earl:  
 'Tis money, you see, that sets out a young Girl;  
 Likewise 'tis money makes the Lawyer to prate,  
 And 'tis money doth make the man love his wife *Kate*;  
 And 'tis money breeds love, where never was none,  
 Although she be old, yet money makes her young:  
*"A Knight or a Begger, whatever they be,  
 If they have but money, they'r welcome to me."* 64

Thus money, you see, and do well understand,  
 If a poor man can but get it, he buys house and land;  
 But it must not be those that works hard all day,  
 And at night in an Ale-house doth throw it away.

Nay, that will not serve, but twice as much more,  
 This word it will pass, "He runs on the score :"  
*Then all the week after, though then he don't heed,*  
*He wanteth bread-corn his poor children to feed.* 72

Therefore, be advised, boon-Companions all ;  
 For you see the world's so they laugh at a man's fall ;  
 With speed your old haunts pray begin for to shun,  
 Take warning by others the which are undone :  
 You'll say "a good fellow it is a brave name,"  
 But many a man doth pay dear for the same :  
*The which hath all spent, now in Gaol he doth lye,*  
*And none will relieve him in his poverty.* 80

But some men have got such a spark in their throat,  
 That I would not be him that should quench 't for a groat ;  
 [Despite] all the fair words his wife can him give,  
 Yet he'll not be ruled, though poor he doth live ;  
 "Hang money !" he crys, till all on't is gone,  
 "As for house and Land, I mean to buy none :  
*I must see my Hostis to go neat and fine,*  
*Although that my family doth starve and pine."* 88

And thus have I told you the conditions of some,  
 That all 'long of strong liquor will never keep home ;  
 His stock it decays, although his wife cries,  
 And in the conclusion a begger he dies ;  
 But a good husband's means, you see, doth increase,  
 He maintains his household in joy and in peace :  
*Then make much of a penny, as near as you can,*  
*For if that be wanting, thou'lt be counted no man.* 96

Finis.

*With Allowance, Ro. L'Estrange.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
*and T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts : given respectively, 1st on p. 227 ; 2nd on p. 27 ; 3rd on p. 151, and (man) 78. Date, after May, 1672 (Battle of Sole-Bay, in which Captain Digby fell), and before August, 1682, when Vere died.]

\*.\* In "The Good Wife's Forecast" a sensible woman gives this good counsel to her married daughter ; but wearisomely reiterates her maxim of frugality :—

A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd ! [Which it is n't.]  
 She is doing her utmost to make her daughter an excellent wife, and husbands avoid the tavern when they find more happiness at home. Scolding wives drive men to clubs and beer-shops. Xantippe's tongue deserved blame for causing the idleness of Socrates, more than did his love of talk and conviviality among the young aristocrats, who welcomed his presence. We are too gallant a cavalier to say that it is always some woman's fault when a man goes wrong.

For the tune, see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 89. Music in *Pills to P. Mel.*, ii. 199.

[Roxburghe Coll. II. 194 ; Euing, 132 ; Douce, I. 91 ; Huth, I. 125.]

## The Good Wife's Fore-cast :

Or, The

### Kind and Loving Mother's Counsel to her Daughter after Marriage.

My Daughter dear, I pray give ear, this Lesson I have learn'd,  
I'll tell to you, you'll find it true, a penny sav'd, is earn'd.

TUNE OF, *Why are my Eyes still flow- - -ing*, etc.

This may be Printed.

R[ichard] P[acock.]

“MY Daughter dear, now since you are become a Bride,  
Take these my Precepts for to be your guide ;  
Therefore attend, and listen well ; for they are these,  
First you must strive your kind Husband to please ;  
The next is this which you must understand,  
Still to provide all things at the best hand :

*For I must tell you, this Lesson I learn'd :*

*A Penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.*

8

“Your Husband he by labour dayly does provide,  
Both meat and drink, likewise all things beside ;  
Therefore be sure you don't abroad with Gossips rome,  
For 'tis your duty to keep your own home ;  
E'ry thing needful alwayes to repair,  
This must still be your industrious care ;

*For by experience this lesson I learn'd,*

*A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.*

16

“Some Wives will boast that they their Family's maintain,  
And therefore over their Husbands may Reign ;  
Yet take no rule, dear Daughter, by such wives as these,  
But still be careful your husband to please ;  
What tho' you cannot get so much as they,  
If you will learn but to honour, [and] obey,

*This is the furthest you need be concern'd,*

*A Penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.*

24

“Daughter, for those that has been brought up to a trade,  
When they are marry'd, what use can be made  
Of that imploy, when as they have a Family,  
To guide and govern as it ought to be ?  
Then if that Calling, and work, it be done,  
All things beside that to Ruin must run.

*Therefore I think it may well be discern'd,*

*A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.*

32



" Maids by their trades themselves to such a pass do bring,  
 That they can neither brew, bake, wash, nor wring,  
 Nor any work that's tending to good housewifry ;  
 This amongst many too often I see ;  
 Nay, their young children must pack forth to nurse,  
 All is not got that is put in the Purse ;  
*Therefore of old I this lesson have learn'd,*  
*A penny well sav'd is as good as one earn'd.* 40

" Yet there are men that take no thought or care at all,  
 The comfort of their poor wives is but small,  
 For they must slave, or else be forst to starve ;  
 But such ill husbands good wives don't deserve :  
 Altho' a woman indeed may contrive  
 To help her husband in order to thrive,  
*But he's no better, I think, than a Knave,*  
*That takes a woman to make her a slave.* 48

" But you are blest with such a real honest man,  
 Who [but] expects you to do what you can ; [orig. " ne'er."  
 For he is always like unto the painful Bee,  
 What he does earn, he brings safe home to thee,  
 When he returns from his Labour at night  
 To you in whom he has plac'd his delight,  
*This, my dear daughter, you know to be true,*  
*I wish all wives were as happy as you."* 56

[*The Dutiful Daughter here replies to her Mother*]

" To all your words, dear Mother, I have giv'n good heed,  
 And do account it my duty indeed,  
 To prize them far more than the rich refined gold."  
 Then said her mother, " Dear Daughter, behold,  
 Here is my blessing to you I will give,  
 And be a friend to you as long as I live ;  
*And when I dye, all I have shall be thine,*  
*If you observe this good Counsel of mine."* 64

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, *Guiltspur-street* without *Newgate*.

[In Black-Letter. Two woodcuts of women : 1st in vol. iv. p. 409, Left ; 2nd in iii. p. 539, Right. Date, between August 1685 and December 1688.]

\*\*\* Some tavern open-handedness may be seen in the liberal choice of tunes offered on next page for "The Good-Fellow's Frolic." First of the three is *Hey, boys, up go we!* (on which see p. 339) ; the second is *The Seaman's mournful Bride* (properly entitled "The Seaman's Sorrowful Bride," a ballad in the ensuing NAVAL GROUP, beginning, "My Love is on the brackish sea :"  
 Roxb. Coll., IV. 93) ; and the third is Tom Farmer's tune, belonging to Tom D'Urfe's *Fair One let me in* (for which ballad see p. 195).

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 198; Pepys, IV. 209; Huth, I. 122; Douce, I. 86vo.]

## The Good Fellows' Frolick ;

Or,

[The] Kent-Street Clubb. [See p. 342.]

Good people all, come mind my merry tale,  
And you shall hear the vertue of good Ale,  
Whose charming power some men's humors hitts,  
It robs them of their money and their witts :  
For he in time will surely money lack  
That minds his belly better than his back.

TUNE OF, *Hey, boys, up go we !* [The] *Seaman's mournful bride ;* OR, *The fair one let me in.* [See p. 350.]

**H**ERE is a crew of jovial Blades that lov'd the nut-brown Ale :  
They in an alehouse chanc'd to meet, and told a merry Tale :  
A bonny Seaman was the first, but newly come to Town,  
And swore that he his guts could burst *with Ale that was so brown.*  
See how the jolly Carman he doth the strong Liquor prize,  
He so long in the Alehouse sate that he drank out his eyes :  
And gropeing to get out of door (Sott like) he tumbled down,  
And there he like a mad-man swore *he lov'd the Ale so brown.* 16  
The nimble Weaver he came in, and swore he 'd have a little,  
To drink good Ale it was no sin, though 't made him pawn his Shittle :  
Quoth he, "I am a Gentleman, no lusty Countrey-Clown,  
But yet I love with all my heart *the Ale that is so brown.*" 24  
Then next the Black-smith he came in, and said 't was mighty hot ;  
He sitting down did thus begin, "Fair maid, bring me a pot :  
Let it be of the very best, that none exceeds in Town ;  
I tell you true, and do not jest, *I love the Ale so brown.*" 32  
The prick-louse Taylor he came in, whose Tongue did run so nimble,  
And said he would ingage for drink his Bodkin and his Thimble :  
"For though with long thin Jaws I look, I value not a crown,  
So I can have my belly full of *Ale that is so brown.*" 40  
The lusty Porter passing by, with Basket on his back,  
He said that he was grievous dry, and needs would pawn his Sack :  
His angry wife he did not fear, he valued not her frown ;  
So he had that he lov'd so dear, *I mean the Ale so brown.* 48  
The next that came was one of them was of the *Gentle Craft ;*  
And when that he was wet within most heartily he laugh'd :  
*Crispin* was ne'r so boon as he, tho' some Kinn to a Crown ;  
And there he sate most merrily *with Ale that was so brown.* 56

But at the last a Barber he a mind had for to taste ;  
 He called for a pint of drink, and said he was in haste :  
 The drink so pleas'd, he tarried there till he had spent a crown ;  
 'T was all the money he could spare for *Ale that is so brown.*     64

A Broom-man as he passed by his morning's-draught did lack ;  
 Because that he no money had, he pawn'd his shirt from 's back :  
 And said that he without a shirt would cry Brooms up and down ;  
 But yet, quoth he, " I 'le merry be *with Ale that is so brown.*"     72

And when all these together met, oh, what discourse was there !  
 'T would make one's hair to stand an end to hear how they did swear :  
 One was a fool and puppy dogg, the other was a clown ;  
 And there they sate and swill'd their guts *with Ale that was so brown.*

The Landlady they did abuse, and call'd her na[m]es a se[re]ore ;  
 Quoth she, " Do you your reckoning pay, and get you out of door."  
 Of them she could no money get, which caused her to frown ;  
 But loath they were to leave behind *the Ale that was so brown.*     88

[Printer's name cut off, but Pepys copy, IV. 239, was printed for J. Coniers, in Duck Lane. Also in Huth Coll., I. 122 ; and Douce, I. 86 *verso*. In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, 1st, the same as on p. 227 ; 2nd, new emblem cut of a man bearing a burden (*see below*) ; 3rd is on p. 291. Date, not before 1683, as it mentions *The Fair One Let me in*, a tune, by Tom Farmer, which appeared in that year. Line 82 reads " nasty whore." Second Roxb. copy is printed at the waste-back of a Prophetical broadsheet (on a Comet of 1682).]



Here Endeth the First Group  
 of  
 Ballads on Good Fellows.

## An Antidote of Rare Physic.

*Maria.*—"Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan."

*Sir Andrew.*—"O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog."

*Sir Toby.*—"What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?"

*Sir Andrew.*—"I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough."

—*Twelfth Night*; or, *What You Will*, ii. 3.



WE have always felt respect for Miss Betsy Trotwood's friend, Mr. Dick, who wrestled life-long with the difficulty of keeping King Charles the First's head out of his projected memorial. Even in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, amatory, mirthful, sometimes rollicking in high spirits, we are ever and anon reminded of the taint left by the sanctimonious Puritans. When court and city, in natural reaction from the sedition and hypocrisy of the Interregnum, turned riotously jovial at the Restoration, the excesses were in great part due to the prevailing disgust at sham piety and formal parade of conventicle morality. A few years might have sufficed to work off this yeasty fermentation, had it not been that the very well-spring of Religion in Great Britain had been poisoned by Puritanism. To this day the bitterness remains. Grimly the Pilgrim-Fathers went out from England (chiefly from agueish flats like discontented Essex, silly Suffolk, and nonconforming Norfolk, with web-footed wanderers from Lincolnshire fens), avowedly to seek Religious Liberty. They took with them an ample supply of self-conceit that they alone possessed spiritual insight, perfect wisdom, and the right to emancipate themselves from every tyranny except that of oppressing their neighbour.

Remembering its destructiveness in the past, and seeing that it is still the cause of countless evils in the present, every true lover of ballads feels disgust at the puritanism which is alike disloyal to the Throne and menacing to the Church. We cannot forget the decapitation of King Charles the First. Since there are writers who still consider everything justifiable or meritorious that had been perpetrated by the Parliamentary rebels and regicides, we quietly take our stand beside the Cavaliers, and intend to keep it while life remains.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 1 ; Pepys, II. 46 ; Huth, I. 7.]

## An Antidote of Rare Physick.

No rarer thing that you can find,  
To cure a Discontented Mind ;  
A contented mind, it is most rare,  
If you serve the Lord and stand in fear :  
And let no want or Poverty  
Disquiet your mind, I tell to ye ;  
For God hath all things still in store ;  
If you have content, you need no more.

THE TUNE IS, *No love like a contented mind ;* OR, *Phancie's Phenix.*  
[See p. 356.]

I Ndeed this world be so unjust,  
Men cannot one another trust ;  
Some are so troubled in their mind,  
One scarcely now a friend can find :  
There is such wavering every way,  
Makes many a man stand at a stay :  
*A contented mind it is most rare,*  
*If we serve the Lord and stand in fear.*

8

If a man be poor, and have but small,  
If he be content, it's the best of all ;  
There 's some has Thousands at command,  
That 's not content, I understand ;  
They pinch and spare to make it more,  
And grind the faces of the poor :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

16

If sickness comes, count that no loss,  
But be content then with thy Cross :  
If it be God's will it must be so,  
It 's a Blessing, pray you say not no :  
And remember *Iob* in all his ways,  
He evermore gave God the Praise :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

24

If you be cast in Prison never fear,  
Let not your heart and mind despair ;  
But be content and hope the best,  
When God is pleas'd you shall be released :  
That man that serves the God of Might,  
If man do him wrong, God will do him right.  
*A contented mind it is most rare,*  
*If we serve the Lord and stand in fear.*

32

If a man have a charge of Children small,  
And has but little to maintain them withal,  
Let his prayers be still unto the Lord,  
Then relief for them he will afford ;  
And never murmur at your want,  
Although sometimes that things be scant,  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

40

Content it is a pleasant thing, therefore,  
And especially for the Poor ;  
If a man be brought into distress,  
It will relieve him in his heaviness ;  
And make him understand and see  
What our good God can do for thee and me :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

48

What ever Troubles comes or goes,  
Let's serve the Lord, and give him praise ;  
And keep our hearts both clear and sound,  
That no evil may our conscience wound :  
And love all men both Rich and Poor,  
And be content for evermore :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

56

If Maids and young men be cros'd in love,  
And neither party be unkind,  
Let them put their trust in God above,  
And he will ease their troubled mind :  
And never pine at it, I do say,  
Many has brought themselves unto decay :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

64

Content's the best thing we can find,  
If any trouble do vex our mind ;  
It will preserve us from all evil,  
And expel the Poyson of the Devil :  
For if our hearts be whole and sound,  
No evil thing can there abound :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

72

That man that lives without content,  
And hath his heart now on Riches bent,  
Ne'er has enough, he'd still have more,  
His wicked mind runs on his store :  
But the poor man that enjoys content  
Is in a better way when life is spent :  
*A contented mind [it is most rare], etc.*

80



Content will cure a wounded heart,  
 Content will never let it smart;  
 Content it is a precious store,  
 And he that hath it needs no more:  
 It's a Remedy for Rich and Poor,  
 And a Plaster for every wounded Sore;  
*Content it is so rare a thing,  
 Great Comfort to you it will bring.*

88

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts. Four of these were given in *Roxb. Ballads*, iv. 430, Left; iii. 585, Right; iii. 492, Left; and iv. 79, Right. A man holding a staff, is new. Date, in Stationers' Registers, 6th of June, 1685.]

"An Antidote of Rare Physick" gives us Puritanism in mildest solution. It was entered to Jonah Deacon on 6th June, 1685. The "amorous new tune" belongs to an earlier *Roxburghe Ballad*, "Fancie's Phœnix; or, The Peerless Paragon of the Times" (*Roxb. Coll.*, III. 128), beginning, "Come all you Batchelors so brave!" It will follow early in our next volume, accompanying "Fancie's Favourite; or, The Mirror of the Times." The other tune-name, *No love like a contented mind*, is drawn from the Antidote's own burden.

\*\*\* From the ensuing *First Group of Naval Ballads* we delay insertion of some new woodcuts, reserving them until the *Second Group*, wherein the more humorous misadventures on land or sea form the chief attraction, after the "*Legendary and Romantic Ballads*," promised for this sixth volume.

[This Frenchified group of Mummers or Masqueraders belongs to our p. 291. They were not meant for Siebel, Mephistopheles, Doctor Faustus, and Gretchen; but the second figure looks *uncanny*, like Wm. Blake's picture of a Fleay-biter. Take it *As You Like It*; but not for William of the Forest, Touchstone, the Hedge-priest Sir Oliver Mar-text, and Audrey. Are they May-day revellers: Maid Marion, Friar Tuck and his *dos à dos*, with Robin Hood?]



[This cut belongs to p. 437.]

## Shrewsbury for Ape.

"First *Camlet* cometh in, a *Montgomerian* maid,  
Her source in *Severn's* banks that safely having laid,  
*Mele*, her great mistress, next at *Shreusbury* doth meet;  
To see with what a grace she that fair town doth greet!  
Into what sundry gyres her wondered self she throws,  
And oft inisles the shore, as wantonly she flows,  
Of it oft taking leave, oft turns it to embrace;  
As though she only were enamour'd of that place,  
Her fore-intended course determined to leave,  
And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave:  
With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,  
Her journey towards the Sea doth seriously pursue."

—Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song VIII.

SHROPSHIRE does not happen to possess a Sea-port, any more than Bohemia, owing to an unlucky interposition of land between it and the ocean, but there need be no question that *it might have had one*, if such had been deemed necessary. By the way, this disposes of the silly outcry of dull pedants against Shakespeare's geography in 'The Winter's Tale.' It negatives conclusively any violent substitution of Bithynia for Bohemia, such as Charles Knight advocated and Charles Kean adopted: as if King Shakespeare could possibly do wrong! We concede total forgetfulness of all anachronisms while his immortal dramas are being acted. We let him follow his own inclination, whether it be to inundate Mid-Europe, or to populate "antres vast and deserts idle" with a Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban, or with "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow below their shoulders"—as the new race of sham professorial commentators might easily exemplify in person, for all the sense that is in their noddles.

The men of "Shrewsbury's Fair town" became good sailors, naturally gravitating down the Severn. The seventh stanza of their lively ballad, here preceding our Nabal Group, tells of their satisfaction on returning home safely, after a visit to Maidstone Jail. It is not stated in the text what motive led them into that particular nook of far-distant Kent, unless it were some unobjectionable bit of smuggling in Romney-Marsh, or a misunderstood experiment in the aquatic sports called Piracy. Far be it from ourselves to pry into the secrets of such worthy mariners. Whether they entered Maidstone Jail by choice or compulsorily (there being disagreeable prejudices against strangers, to fully account for pressure), their detention any way was brief, and "they left the Court without a stain on their character." We have this on the best authority, their own, and it must be gratifying to their descendants.

For anything known to the contrary, the famous Pirate Thompson (mentioned in the Petyt MS., No. 588, vol. xlv. fol. 456) may have first pulled an oar on Severn, the "fair river for all men to see," under the arches of Shrewsbury's two bridges, before anno domini 1549: when he was complained against by the council of the weakling Edward VI.; who founded a free-school there, which was all that he was fit to do. Richard Thompson, a prisoner in the Tower of London, at beginning of November in the same year, 1549, was probably the same man as our pirate. A worse criminal is held up to execration in a quarto pamphlet of 1673 entitled "*Bloody News from Shrewsbury; a true relation of a horrible villain, by name Thomas Reynolds, who before he was eighteen murdered Alice Stephens and her daughter Martha, and set their house on fire. He likewise set on fire one Goodman Merick's house, and twice attempted to murder Miss Corfields.*"

This precocious youth, Thomas Reynolds, cast no more credit on his native town than did "Bloudie Jack of Shrewsburie," the Shropshire Bluebeard (*circa* 1183); of whom Richard Harris Barham gave a memorable *Ingoldsby Legend* to delight 'the proud Salopians.' The celebrity of their town had been advanced when James the Second held his court there in 1687, one year before his fall. Moreover, Sir John Falstaff mentioned his own fight with Hotspur having lasted for "a long hour by Shrewsburie clocke." These indeed are annals of priceless fame.

The evident sincerity of praise in the ensuing ballad constituted its unknown author (modestly hiding himself in anonymity) the true Laureate of Shrewsbury's fair town. He needed no tinsel Barony, to puff him up with pride, and he bewailed not petulantly the overpressure of laudatory epistles. Good old atrabilious Joseph Ritson, vegetarian and spelling-deformationist, admired the choice ditty, and enrolled it among his *Ancient Songs and Ballads* (p. 399 of 1790 *editio princeps*). For some occult reason it has fallen out of notice since then, having been omitted by Haslewood and Thomas Park in 1829 reprint, and by W. C. Hazlitt in the Reeves and Turner re-issue of 1877. All the more necessary is it for us now to add it here. Mr. William Chappell does not give the music of the tune *Shrewsburie*, while admitting other Shropshire Rounds from the invaluable repository, varying with each successive edition, John Playford's *Dancing-Master*.

\*.\* The third stanza alludes to six parish churches of Shrewsbury. We suppose them to be the noble old Abbey Church (a fragment of the original, which was cruciform); St. Chad's; St. Mary's and St. Alkmund's, with spires; St. Giles's, and another. The Market Hall bears date 1596; the markets are held on Wednesday and Saturday. The "six gallant ministers in their black gowns" seem to indicate a time prior to the Act of Uniformity, 24 August, 1662.

[Pepys Coll., II. 135 ; Jersey, I. 310 ; Rawlinson ; Wood ; Douce, *vide infra*.]

## Shrowsbury for Me ;

### Being

A Song in praise of that Famous Town,  
Which hath throughout all *England* gain'd renown ;  
In praise thereof, let every one agree,  
And say with one accord, *Shrowsbury for me*.

To a delightful New Tune : or, *Shrowsbury for me*.

Come listen, you[ng] Gallants of *Shrowsbury* fair Town !  
For that is the place that hath gained renown :  
To set forth its praises we all will agree,  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !*

The merry Town of *Shrowsbury*, God bless it still,  
For it stands most gallantly upon a high Hill ;  
It standeth most bravely, for all men to see :  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !* 8

There's six Parish Churches all in that fair Town, [Note p. 358.  
And six gallant Ministers in their black Gowns ;  
There's twice a week Market, for all men to see : [Wed. and Sat.  
*And every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !*

O the brave bells of *Shrowsbury* merrily doth ring,  
And the gallant young men and maids sweetly they sing :  
There runs a fair River, for all men to see :  
*And every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !* 16

O the Pinnacle of *Shrowsbury* shews itself still,  
For it's mounted gallantly on a high Hill ;  
It standeth most bravely in view for to see :  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !*

The Trades-men of *Shrowsbury* drive a good Trade,  
Their Wives go most gallant, and bravely array'd,  
And like loving couples they always agree,  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !* 24

The Sea-men went to *Maidstone*, the Jayl for to see,  
And from thence to *London*, that noble City :  
Then home they returned by one, two, and three,  
*And every man to his mind, Shrowsbury for me !*

The young men of *Shrewsbury* are jovial Blades, [Note, *infra*.  
 When they are in company with pretty Maids :  
 They court them compleatly, with complements free,  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrewsbury for me !* 32

There's Fishing and Fowling at *Shrewsbury* Town,  
 There's shooting and bowling, both up hill and down,  
 With brave recreations for every degree :  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrewsbury for me !*

There is no man in *Shrewsbury* needs for to want,  
 For all things are plenty, and nothing is scant ;  
 What ever you can wish for, for all men is free :  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrewsbury for me !* 40

Then who would not gladly live in this brave Town,  
 Which flourishes gallantly with high Renown ?  
 The like of it is not in *England* to see,  
*Then every man to his mind, Shrewsbury for me !*

Then, brave lads of *Shrewsbury*, let us be merry,  
 Carrouse it most freely in White-wine and Sherry :  
 Cast up your caps bravely, for all men to see,  
*And still cry with one accord, "Shrewsbury for me !"* 48

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[Douce Collection, II. 205, and Rawlinson, 26, printed for *R. Burton* and sold by *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright*. In Black-letter. One woodcut, of a Londonderryish town, with Steeple-Church (a Civil War cut), besieged by cannon. This cut also belongs to "A Farewell to Gravesend," given in our *Second Naval Group*. The Pepys' Collection, II. 135, with Wood's, E. 25, fol. 44, Douce and Rawlinson, read "Come listen, young Gallants, etc." The Jersey copy has "you," but we restore "young." Date, *circa* 1662.]

\* \* \* The eighth stanza of "*Shrewsbury for Me*" was long afterwards plagiarized and imitated in the modern Irish ditty (while Ireland embodied fun ; not disloyalty, sedition, rapine, as now), "*The Boys of Kilkenny*," *circa* 1805 :—

O ! the Boys of *Kilkenny* are all roving blades,  
 And they take great delight too in courting fair Maids :  
 They kiss and caress them, and make their hearts free,  
 And, of all towns in *Ireland*, *Kilkenny* for me !  
 O ! musha ! fol de riddle lol lol, etc.

Thomas Crofton Croker attributed the song to Thomas Moore, which would fully account for any 'conveyancing,' the poet of Irish Melodies being a notorious borrower, and open to the merciless quizzing of the Watergrasshill parish priest (Rev. Francis Mahony), who burlesqued "the rogueries of Tommy Moore" in the *Recreations of Father Proul*.



A First  
Group of Early Naval Ballads,  
Chiefly from the Roxburghe Collection.

NOW FIRST EDITED AND ANNOTATED,  
WITH COPIES OF SOME OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

BY  
JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

" Dame Nature well knew what suited you,  
And me, fellow-Englishman,  
When she bade us be born, some far-back morn,  
Where Nature the coast might span.  
Whatever our toil, we slip off the coil,  
And regain lost jollity,  
When we seek the strand of our native land,  
To find rest beside the Sea."  
—*Kentish Garland*, ii. 827, 1882.

HERTFORD:  
Printed for the Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

---

1887.



### Sailor Song.

“ Little I knew of what troubles you,  
Ye Men of Money whom nought can please :  
Many your cares and small your ease.

“ Before the mast, in breeze or blast,  
Blythe at my work from day to day,  
I trusted in God in my own rough way.

“ Nor wonder nor fear, when death stared near,  
Could ye read in one face of all our crew :  
Each to his post and orders true.

“ The cold dark billow was my last pillow,  
And the rush of the stifled blood in my ears  
Died into the music of heavenly spheres.”

— John Le Gay Brereton (Sydney).

To His Royal Highness

PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST EDWARD,

Duke of Edinburgh,

*Earl of Ulster and Kent; Rear-Admiral in H.M. Fleet, etc.*

This Group of Early Nabal Ballads,

CELEBRATING BRITISH VALOUR ON THE SEAS,

IS

DEDICATED,

*With profound respect and loyalty by H.R.H.'s most grateful servant,*

THE EDITOR.

1887.

\* \* The "*Spes*" woodcut here introduced originally appeared in Stephen Bateman's quarto volume, *A Christall Glasse of Christian Reformation*, 1569, on sheet sign. N. iii. Afterwards the block fell into the hands of a broadside-ballad publisher, John Blare, *facilis descensus Avernus*: and was used to ornament "The Mariner's Misfortune; or. The Unfortunate Voyage of Two Lovers," reprinted by the present Editor in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 250, 1877. It begins, "A Seaman lov'd a Maiden pretty, and esteem'd her as his life."



"We be three poor Mariners, newly come from the Seas,  
We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others live at ease.  
*Shall we go dance the Round, around? Shall we go dance the Round?*  
*And he that is a Bully-boy, come, pledge me on this ground!*

"We care not for those Martial-men that do our states disdain;  
But we care for those Merchant-men that do our states maintain:  
*To them we dance this Round, around; to them we dance this Round;*  
*And he that is a Bully-boy, come, pledge me on this ground!"*

—John Hinton's *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

## Group of Early Naval Ballads.

### Rorburghe Collection.

"Sing the dangers of the Sea."

—George Alexander Stevens: *The Storm*, 1754.



INCE THE NAVAL HISTORY OF our Country is recorded in the fugitive popular Ballads, that were written and sung in connection with every important battle and commander, every victory or defeat, every memorable shipwreck or adventure of a seafaring life, it would be a congenial task to edit the voluminous chronicle. We have felt a warm interest in Sailors from early boyhood, when ocean was daily near in view, with its perils and attractions. During many years of concentrated attention we have gathered the material for such a work, but dare

not use more of it at present than such ballads as (with a few exceptions) belong to the Rorburghe Collection.

Our space being necessarily limited, we cannot enrich our pages from the documents officially stored at the Admiralty. Study of the national archives could not fail to increase our debt of gratitude to **Samuel Pepys**, the laboriously exact and conscientious Secretary of the Admiralty during the reigns of the Second Charles and James. The double life, the separately perfect, commingled but not confused, public and private employment of time, has seldom been more vividly contrasted than modern research has shown regarding him.

It were vain to praise anew that unequalled, unapproachable *Diary*, wherein he tells with charming frankness all those passages of family cares and joys, his smallest troubles and his chief amusements, the people whom he met, the manner in which daily trifles affected him, and how he looked on the public characters with whom he was by choice or necessity associated. The merits of the *Diary* are sufficiently recognized among all readers whose good will is worth gaining. It is assuredly a simple act of gratitude if we, in common with all who know how to use and to enjoy his priceless book, place on record our deliberate opinion that far too much stress has been laid of late on such faults as Pepys honestly

acknowledges himself to have committed. There is more than a little of Puritanical pride and hypocrisy in the censures which have been written and uttered concerning his failings. Such faults as he possessed were not only common in his time, but are by no means uncommon at any time, not excluding our own day of disingenuous affectation of superior sanctity, purity, or "grapplings of the spirit with the paradoxes and perplexities of existence" (as it has been elsewhere expressed). But if other men had ever dared to so thoroughly unbosom themselves, in detected cypher, as he had done for those memorable ten years of his life, the time of his greatest freedom, we suspect the revelation on earth would have been more generally disastrous than it can fairly be reckoned in the case of Samuel Pepys. Few men or women can bear being "turned inside out like a glove," showing the seamy side. The passages left unprinted by Mynors Bright were probably not worse scandal of the back-stairs and slums than the satires of Rochester, Dorset, or Wycherley.

It is not that we think lightly of any such offences against the proprieties, but we ask for common justice and the determined suppression of conventional cant. There is a disgusting greediness for scandal regarding every notable person, male or female, in what are called the "Society Journals" of later days. Offensive libels are the common garbage of impure minds. Literary men should be true to the best instincts of their calling, and stamp out these smouldering embers of detraction, that are filling the air with suffocating smoke, and darkening every reputation of the dead or of the living. Who wishes to hear the ravings of cynical bespatterers, the foul insinuations of prurient prudes, or the whining of narrow-minded bigots of the epicœne class? There are unfortunately such volunteer backbiters, like the Ecclefechanite who dwelt at Chelsea and calumniated Charles Lamb. Especially mean-spirited is it for any persons to rake up scandal against Samuel Pepys, while availing themselves of his priceless *Diary*.

In connection with Naval Affairs Pepys stands above suspicion. In those days of bitter acrimony he did not escape calumny, but like Deane he was assailed by political foes with charges of mismanagement and misappropriation that were triumphantly disproved. This, moreover, at a time when (as his own *Diary* shows) few officials were true and honest. That he was, in performance of his duties at the Admiralty, one of the most able and upright men of the honourable minority,—that he kept his subordinates faithfully to their stated tasks, and did his utmost to preserve order, sobriety, and economy, when to do so was most difficult and dangerous,—can be amply proved. Courtly as he was, with personal affection for the Duke of York and for King Charles, it grieved the very soul of Pepys to behold the wastefulness and neglect of the national treasure. He loved amusements himself, as well as any man alive;

knew well the truth, *dulce est dissipere in loco*; but to connive at frauds and blunders in the expenditure required for payment of sailors in our fleet, and the activity required at our dock-yards, was what he could not tolerate. That matters became not much worse than they admittedly were, (even at the time of the two Dutch Wars, illustrated imperfectly in our forthcoming ballads), is in great part owing to the care and patriotism of Samuel Pepys. Let them call him "a Philistine" and laugh, if they choose, at his inability to enjoy the wit of Hudibras or the poetry of Shakespeare; we like him none the less because he makes no pretence of understanding that which to him was incomprehensible. The man was genuine. Writing in his *Diary* he has no secrets and no shams, no conscious lies even of religious fervour. Where he marks down a self-reproach or implores Divine pardon hastily, it is at least as sincere as the more laboured piety of John Evelyn or Lucy Hutchinson. In every portion of his public life we may give him credit for being equally truthful, as in his private records of his mirthful hours and sustained parsimony in purchase of pleasures. His vindication was endorsed anew when the Pepys's Memorial was unveiled at St. Olave's, March 18th, 1884.

"Pepys was, beyond contradiction, one of the greatest and most useful Ministers that ever filled the same situation in England; the acts and registers of the Admiralty proving this beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishments in present use in these offices are well known to have been of his introducing, and most of the officers serving therein since the Restoration, of his bringing up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous assertor of order and discipline. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty, and subjection to command were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting, no interest or authority was capable of moving him in favour of the highest pretender. Discharging his duty to his Prince and country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, and neglected his own fortune."

In his unequalled collection of Black-letter Ballads preserved at Magdalen College, Cambridge, Samuel Pepys had included a large number of Naval Ballads, a goodly proportion of which we reprint. Many others of these Naval Ballads, that might also have appropriately adorned this Group, were earlier reprinted, either by the present Editor, in *The Bagford Ballads*, or by Mr. Chappell in the first three volumes of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. Thus we find, under his able editorship, "A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir *Andrew Barton*, a Pyrate and Rover of the Seas," beginning, "When Flora, with her fragrant Flowers" (*Roxb. Ballads*, i. 10); C. Birket's "Pleasant new song between a Seaman and his Love," beginning, "When *Sol* could cast no light" (*Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 127).

In our *Bagford Ballads* we have given "The Royal Triumph" (= "Valiant Protestant Boys," p. 297); "The Fair Maid's Choice; or, The Seaman's Renown" (= "As I through Sandwich town



passed along," p. 289); "The Seaman's Victory; or, Admiral Killigrew's Glorious Conquest over the French Fleet in the Straights" (= "Here's joyful newes come late from Sea," p. 283); "The Seaman's Compass" (= "As lately I travell'd towards Gravesend," p. 267); "The Mariner's Misfortune; or, The Unfortunate Voyage of Two Constant Lovers" (= "A seaman lov'd a maiden pretty," p. 250); "The Sea-man's Adieu" (= "Sweet William and pretty Betty," p. 274); and "Admiral Russel's Scouring the French Fleet; or, The Battle at Sea" (= "Thursday in the morn, the Ides of May, recorded be for ever the famous 'Ninety-two," p. 119). In connection with this we give on p. 446, "The Frighted French; or, Russel Scouring the Seas."

Including a single ballad on the Dutch War of 1665, "The Royal Victory," this Group illustrates the varied adventures of a seafaring life, with true love partings and reunions, sadness in absence, or a hope of marrying quickly; with dangers of shipwreck, pirates on the high seas, slavery after capture by Algerine Corsairs, and a sea-fight for "the Honour of Bristol."

We lead off the Group with an absolutely unknown ballad of "The Jovial Mariner; or, The Seaman's Renown," probably unique, in the highest degree racy: the work of "J. P.," whom we believe to have been John Playford (see pp. 110, 137).

The tune named for "The Jovial Mariner" is *I am a Jovial Batchelor*. This marks the first line of a ballad by Lawrence Price, entitled, "The Maiden's Delight; or, A Dainty New Dialogue, &c. To the tune of, *Behold the Man with the Glass in his hand; or, The Mountebank of York*" (same tune as the *Jovial Cocker*, L. Price's "I am a Jovial cocker, sir"). Printed for Francis Grove, on Snow-Hill. Date, before 1655. It thus begins,

"I am a Jovial Batchelor, and free from care and strife,  
I nothing in the world do want, and yet I want a Wife:  
Therefore, sweet *Cupid*, guide me, and help me to a Love,  
That may both kind and loving be, and honest to me prove."

The man sings the first six stanzas, as the *strophe*; the maid answers with the same number, as *antistrophe*, declining to have anything to do with him. Then he indignantly addresses her:

"Farewell, you scornful minion; I bid you now adieu;  
I never do intend to come again to trouble you.  
I'll rest myself contented until that I can find  
A Wife that is more fitting and agreeable to my mind."

She retains the last word, her trumpet giving no uncertain sound:

"Why then farewell, proud Coxcomb! and this I tell thee plain,  
Thy pride and thy ambition I hold in much disdain.  
Rather than such a Jack as thee should'st be my company-keeper,  
I'll marry with a Beggar-man, or with a Chimney-sweeper."

## The Jovial Marriner ;

### Dr, The Sea-man's Renown.

Sail forth, bold Sea-men, plough the liquid main ;  
 Fear neither Storms nor Pirates, strive for gain ;  
 Whilst others sleep at home in a whole skin,  
 Your brave adventures shall great honours win.

To the tune of, *I am a Jovial Batchelor, &c.* [By] J. P.

I Am a Jovial Marriner, our calling is well known,  
 We trade with many a Foreigner to purchase high renown ;  
 We serve our country faithfully, and bring home store of gold ;  
 We do our business manfully, for we are free and bold ;

*A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears a noble minde ;*

*He scorneth once to shrink or start for any stormy wind.* 6

'Tis known what hardships we endure abroad upon the seas,  
 Whilst others sleep at home secure, and spend their time in ease ;  
 We seldom dare lie down to rest, lest danger should ensue ;  
 Our heads with care is sore opprest : beleeve me it is true !

*A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, &c.* 12

A cowardly spirit must not think to prove a Sea-man bold,  
 For to be sure he may not shrink in dangers manifold ;  
 When Sea-fights happen on the main, and dreadful cannons rore,  
 Then all men fight, or else be slain, [and Braggarts proud look poor :

*A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, &c.]* [cut away.

'Tis Sea-men stout that doth deserve both honour and renown,  
 In perils great we may not swerve, though *Neptune* seem to frown ;  
 If once his curled front we spy, drencht in the foamy brine,  
 Then each man doth his business ply, there's none that doth repine :

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 24

When angry billows brush the skye, most hideous to behold,  
 Then up our Ships are tost on high, and with the waves are roull'd ;  
 When tempest fierce our sails doth tear, and rends the masts asunder,  
 O ! then we have great cause to fear, or else it were a wonder :

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 30

Great Rocks which lye amongst the waves do threaten us with death,  
 And many Sea-men finde their Graves in sands which are beneath ;  
 To see the masts of Ships appear, which hath been cast away,  
 Would make a Land-man dye for fear, 'tis best at home to stay.

*A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears a noble minde, &c.*

Brave *England* hath been much inricht by art of Navigation ;  
 Great store of wealth we home have fetched for to adorn our Nation :  
 Our Merchants still we do supply with Traffick that is rare,  
 Then Sea-men cast your caps on high, we are without compare.

*A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears a noble minde,*  
*He scorneth once to shrink or start for any stormy wind.* 42

Who should the Ladies' pallats please, with spices of the best,  
If Sea-men all should take their ease, and stay at home to rest?  
Our Gallants they would finde a want of silks to make them fine,  
And tearing boyes no more would rant if once they wanted wine.

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 48

Our Land it would invaded be if Sea-men were not stout;  
We let our friends come in yon sea, and keep our foes without;  
Our privilege upon the seas we bravely do maintain,  
And can enlarge it when we please in Royal *Charles* his Reign.

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 54

Such Countries as do lie remote doth tremble at our fame,  
For we have taught them all to note 'tis *England* bears the name:  
In foreign parts where ere we come our valour is well known,  
What ere they be they dare not mumm, if we say all's our own:

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 60

When as our Ships with merchandize are safely come to shore,  
No men like us under the skies to drink, to sing, and rore;  
Good wine and beer we freely tope, until the ground look blew:  
We value neither *Turk* nor *Pope*, we are a jovial crew. [We are, we are!]

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 66

We kiss our Wives when we return, who long for us did wait,  
And he that's single needs not mourn, he cannot want a mate:  
Young women still are wondrous kinde to Sea-men in their need;  
And sure it shows a courteous minde to do a friendly deed.

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 72

With pretty courteous dainty knacks we please the females well,  
We know what longing woman lacks, most surely we can tell;  
A Sea-man is a Cock o' th' Game, young maidens find it true;  
We never are so much to blame to let them want their due.

*A Sea-man hath [a valiant heart], &c.* 78

Thus, gallant Sea-men, I have spread abroad your high renown:  
Which shall survive when you are dead, and gain a lasting Crown;  
Your Praise to future ages shall most gloriously appear,  
Then courage, noble Sea-men all, 'tis you I love most dear.

*A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears a noble minde,  
He scorneth once to shrink or start for any stormy wind.* 84

*Finis.*

*London*, Printed for *T. Passenger*, on *London-Bridge*. With privilege.

[In Black-letter. With two woodcuts on the unique exemplar. 1st, the Naval Conflict, as on p. 433; 2nd, the couple sitting on a bed, *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 400. Date, *circa* 1670-84. Partly mutilated. Another of J.P.'s was "The Merchant and the Fiddler's Wife," = "It was a rich merchant man."



## Ballads on the Spanish Armada.

“ Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England’s praise,  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,  
When that great fleet ‘Invincible’ against her bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

“ It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;  
Her crew hath seen Castille’s black fleet, beyond Aurigny’s isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God’s especial grace;  
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe’s lofty hall;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.” . .

—*The Armada*: by Macaulay.

**A**LTHOUGH there are a few Naval Ballads of still earlier date extant, with the record of others that have perished, we begin our Group with some contemporaneous celebrations of that memorable and most important victory among English sea-fights, the dispersal and virtual destruction of the Spanish Armada; towards the tercentenary of which event the world is tending rapidly. Strange coincidence was it, that on its first centennial anniversary in England, in 1688, another great defeat of Rome’s ecclesiastical power took place; James the Second by his rash and headstrong folly having sacrificed alike his own sovereignty and the hopes of his Catholic subjects: as shown in volumes iv. and v. of this series.

Fortunately for our country and the ‘Reformed’ Church of England, the ill-omened marriage of Henry the Eighth’s legitimate daughter Mary to Philip the Second of Spain was a barren union. No offspring came to perpetuate the race. Evil enough had she wrought, during her four calamitous years. Bigotry and fanaticism crowded them with martyrdoms. Had a child been born, causing a long regency, a civil-war might have followed. It is doubtful whether the nation would have any longer endured such ruthless persecution of “heretics” as had been satisfactory to “bloody Mary” in her brief reign. Such experience was not to be forgotten, when her death released England from her husband’s presence, although his interference was continued: hence the antagonism of the zealous Reformers against the devout Catholics of the old religion had become specially embittered.

Elizabeth speedily fell into habits of cruelty, persecuting without excuse of necessity those who were willing to remain loyal subjects, although opposed to new-fangled Protestantism. It was a grave error: most of the troubles that ensued were its fitting punishment.

She could not be so wise, far in advance of her age, as to grant full religious toleration. But there was no excuse for the haste with which she enacted the most oppressive penal laws against all who continued to cherish the form of religion hitherto fostered by the State. At her accession the Catholics had shown themselves loyally willing to accept her as their Queen, without rebellion, such as the Protestants had earlier attempted when Edward the Sixth died. Yet Elizabeth's claim to the succession was certainly open to question. Daughter of Anne Boleyn, born during the lifetime of Queen Catharine of Arragon, Elizabeth's legitimacy was worse than doubtful. The injustice of her acts, even before the Pope launched his Bull of Excommunication against her, and still more in later years her jealousy, tyranny, treachery, and ruthless barbarity against the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, gave occasion for plots and conspiracies among those who had learnt to understand her defects of character, since no trust could be reposed in her pledged word or sense of honour. Her statecraft was unprincipled, vacillating, selfish, and ignoble. She was popular among the common people, nevertheless, for to them she was less cruel than her half-sister had been; Elizabeth confining her tyrannies to persons whose wealth she coveted or whose influence she feared. Often entangled amid foreign politics, she won little glory as an ally. She affected the position of an arbitress and protectress of the revolted Netherlanders, the escaped or exiled Protestants of France; but her deeds were seldom in accordance with her promises. She irritated Spain by habitual connivance with those adventurers who plundered argosies and carracks; yet she truckled oftentimes to the power of Philip, whom she pretended to defy. If we carefully study the succession of events, we cannot be surprised at the mingled hatred and scorn shown by Spain against England; not so much for what was done, lamely and ingloriously by our soldiers in the Netherlands, under the mismanagement of Leicester, as at the sharp practices of English privateers, pirates, plunderers of ships, destroyers of cities, desecrators of churches, and ravagers of convents, whose crimes were disallowed diplomatically, but publicly rewarded. Rapacious and parsimonious, she shared in the spoil. These deeds led Spain to make one supreme effort at reprisal with the "Invincible Armada."

France, after the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, had shared little interest or friendship. With the Netherlands, before trade-rivalries brought jealousy, the sympathy was chiefly felt among grim Calvinists, the early race of Puritans, who were soon to work more mischief than Romanists. But against Spain, partly in connection with the atrocities of Alva, there was a loathing and hatred manifested, seldom devoid of terror among the populace, such as may be read in many of our ensuing ballads.



In modern days Spain has never held a commanding position among nations. It has degenerated into a third or fourth-class power. Its enmity is ridiculed, its alliance is scorned. It has fallen from political importance, through intestinal feuds and jealousies, with ruinous blunders that history neither magnifies nor extenuates. Intrigues are woven there, as of old; fierce and sudden insurrections imperil the security of each successive ruler; frivolities and bloodshed, the decay of heroic patriotism, a besetting selfishness, and pride that ludicrously travesties the ancient haughtiness of the Hidalgo, combine to keep the once-powerful nation isolated and in low esteem. Sunk into decay, although not into squalor and contempt, because traces of the dignity remain, Spain still fascinates the traveller by picturesque antiquities, by legendary lore and historic memories, by the glowing life of its olden novelists and painters, by the grace of its Moorish architecture. All the interest belongs to the distant past, except the beauty and grandeur of scenery, which nothing can destroy.

Amid the general decay of energy, save in spasmodic and destructive outbursts of popular impatience or discontent, it requires an effort to bring back to the spectator a remembrance of the world-wide influence, the untold wealth, the indomitable pride, the haughty arrogance and tyrannical cruelty of that Spain, three hundred years ago, whence vauntingly came forth in 1588 the 'Invincible Armada,' of which the destruction was so speedy and so fatal.

Every successful adventure of our voyagers on the Spanish Main, even the Buccaneering marauders, was hailed with enthusiasm among the Elizabethans. The courage of our warriors was as famous as the later brilliancy of intellect in dramatists and poets. The nation could appreciate both, but preferred successful action.

Many times in our history it seemed as though only a miracle could have saved us; so conflicting have been the counsels, so ruinous the divisions among responsible advisers. Few were the brave and honest statesman who used their influence as a sacred trust. Wretched party wrangles absorbed the strength of those who ought to have laboured for the good of their country. The vilest motives intruded to spoil the noblest causes. Paltry spite and sordid greed were suffered to outweigh the claim of honour. Instead of being governed by the highest intellects, of pure and consistent gentlemen, the record shows a catalogue of vacillating blunderers, incapable of conceiving a lofty ideal, and too fickle or treacherous to be faithful to their own partizans or leaders. Ever and anon the government passed into the hands of some unscrupulous despots, whose own course lay through slime and blood, men who have left our annals dark beyond forgiveness or oblivion. Happy are we if the future repeat no past errors.



Well for enthusiasts that they still can cherish hope, looking forward to the coming of a brighter day, of wider sympathy, of more loving brotherhood, of contented labour and innocent enjoyment: a time when the grievous contrasts between sated luxury and phrensied want may cease; when the wild beast of our nature shall be not merely chained and scourged into subjection, but tamed and purified. It may be so, that such an earthly paradise is possible, but sure we are that no signs of its early arrival are visible, to those who have eyes to read and hearts to sadden over the lessons that each year brings forth. The individual peril passes away, or the blow falls, destroying some and leaving others free, uninjured. In past and present we behold this. But the incessant recurrence of the self-same trouble, the relapses into the besetting sin, the removal prematurely of the best and the constant survival of the unfittest, weary the heart of the historian, as they do also of the contemporary, so that our painful knowledge of the past discolours sadly every prospect of the future.

Not to feed this gloomy discontent do we study the annals of our naval victories. We draw from innumerable records the indication of terror at the impending invasion being widely spread. We prize the national courage and loyalty wherewith all classes united in one common purpose to defend their Queen and country (as, we trust, would be shown again, if the integrity of the empire were seriously imperilled): so that even the persecuted Roman Catholics rallied to support the throne, scorning all temptation in the hour of peril to avail themselves of any foreign invader, who might offer to advance their own religion as being a brother in the common faith. That the approach of the Armada dismayed our people is beyond doubt, but it also revealed the strength and courage, the single-mindedness of our best men and women. Bravely as our sailors fought, worthily as they were guided into action, the gross mismanagement and parsimony of Elizabeth's counsellors were such that not even Drake and Raleigh could have averted a woful defeat (howsoever temporary), had it not been that the elements fought for us, and completed what skill and fortitude began. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Remembering how much was wrought by the tempest, while our sailors were left unsupplied with ammunition to maintain the fight in 'Eighty-eight, we turn back more gladly to wonder at Drake's brilliant achievements one year earlier; achievements which remain to this day unequalled. On Sunday the 1<sup>st</sup> of April, 1587, he left Plymouth, where he had stayed a week to furnish his fleet, and put to sea with twenty-five sail, the four flag-ships being the *Elizabeth-Bonaventura*, 600 tons, under the command of the admiral, Drake; the *Golden Lion*, 500 tons, under vice-admiral William Burroughs, the timid and over-ruled controller of the

Navy; the Dreadnought, 400 tons, under the rear-admiral; and the Rainbow, 500 tons (of which vessel we shall read anon in the "Captain Ward" ballad). Others were merchant-adventurers' vessels and two pinnaces. Next day they chased two ships, men of war of Lyme, and persuaded them to join. After some tempestuous weather they reached Cadiz ("Cales" it was always called at that date) on the  $\frac{1}{2}$ th of April, and found "a great flete of shippes rydeing," as worthy Robert Leng tells us in his *True Discription of the last Voiage*; which was printed for our excellent Camden Society in 1863, from the original MS. in the British Museum; edited with unobtrusive thoroughness by Clarence Hopper, who thus writes:—

"In less than two months from the time of his departure from Plymouth, the intrepid Admiral completely swept from the coasts of Galicia, Portugal, and Andalusia every description of craft, from the formidable galley to the humble trawl, bearing the flag of, or politically connected with, the dynasty of Spain.

Drake's achievements in that brief space of time are absolutely unparalleled in the annals of naval warfare. In his rapid progress he annihilated the tunny fishery, upon the annual success of which the Spanish nation almost exclusively depended during Lent and other seasons of abstinence. To a devoted Catholic nation such a loss, in that age, was a serious if not an irreparable calamity. *In the harbour of Cadiz he destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping, besides warlike stores and provisions of incalculable value*, which had been laboriously gathered from the widely-spread dominions of Philip, and from other countries in alliance with the crown of Spain, to furnish supplies for the renowned and so-called 'Invincible' Armada.

The signal discomfiture and loss inflicted upon the Spaniards necessitated a postponement of their long-meditated invasion of our shores; whilst England, by the activity, courage, and skill of Drake, *gained an additional twelvemonth for making preparation to resist* her formidable and implacable foes; but that which was of infinitely greater importance, her gallant sea-captain had fairly tested the vaunted superiority of the large Spanish galleys, and taught his followers to despise them. In a few hours he demonstrated their unfitness to cope with the lighter vessels of Britain. Such a lesson was not lost upon his countrymen in the following year, when Drake saw the fulfilment of his boast, that *four of the Queen's ships were more than a match for the new-fangled and unwieldy argosies of Spain*.

This terrible visitation on the coasts of the Spanish monarch Drake, who appears to have been as witty as he was bold, was wont jocosely to term '*the singeing of King Philip's beard*.'

From Cadiz Sir Francis directed his course to the Azores, where his customary good fortune attended him. Off the island of Terceira he fell in with and captured a stupendous and richly-laden carrack [*San Philip*], returning from a lengthened voyage to the East Indies. As well from the commodities as from the journal, charts, and other papers and documents found on board that prize, our merchants learned for the first time the immense commercial resources of the East. It was, in fact, *the capture of this magnificent vessel that suggested the first idea of establishing the East India Company*. The name of Drake, although he did not live to see the company incorporated by royal charter [*i.e.* in Dec. 1600], is thus identified with the most superb acquisition of the British crown." [Cf. Thomas Greepe's poem *The True and perfect Newes of the worthy and valiant exploytes atchieued and done by that valiant Knight, Syr Frauncis Drake, 1587*. "Tryumph, O England, and reioyce."]

Drake's magnificent naval achievement, thus destroying in Cadiz harbour the fleet that was already being prepared against England, deserved to be celebrated in the best of naval ballads. But we have found none extant. He might not escape the affliction of being addressed in dreary and monotonous poems, written in his honour, but so tedious and long-winded that nobody could read them, unless debarred from all other literature and during an imprisonment long as that of Sir Walter Raleigh. Such was George Puttenham's *Partheniades* (Cottonian MS. Vespasian, E. viii. fol. 169 *etc.*), beginning, "Gracious Princesse, Where princes are in place," *etc.* Such, also, the anonymous "Verses upon the report of the death of the Rt. Hon. the Lord of Essex" (Robert Devereux, *vide post*), beginning, "Good God, what will at length become of us?" (Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 177). And such was the interminable poem by Gervase Markham, on Sir Richard Grenville's heroic fight in the *Revenge*, 1591, "The Most Honorable Tragedy of Sir Richard Grenville," 1595, which begins, "That time of yeare when the inamoured sunne." The allusions to Spain in such a Roxburghe Ballad as our forthcoming, "Five Sail of Frigates bound for Malago" (p. 411), with the irrepressible delight at plunder and destruction of property, suggest remembrance of the Spanish Armada 'scare.' It is true that we find in "The George Aloe and the Sweepstake too" (p. 409), equal exultation at the slaughter of "French dogs"; but in general the rule holds that the Spaniards were more hated than ridiculed, and the French more ridiculed than hated. This prevailed into modern times.

Although we have no ballad to give on "Drake at Cales, in 1587," we are more fortunate regarding his famous expedition round the world in 1581. A lively spirit, worthy of himself, is in these stanzas and in the later "Song on Sir Francis Drake."

### **The Fame of Sir Francis Drake.**

(*On his Return from Circumnavigating the World, in 1581.*)

SIR Drake, whom well the World's end knew,  
Which thou did'st compass round,  
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw,  
Which North and South do bound;  
The Starres above would make thee knowne,  
If men here silent were:  
The Sun him selfe cannot forget  
His fellow-traveller. [Ptolemaic system.]

Drake, Grenville, Frobisher, Hawkins, Cavendish, Raleigh, Monson, great men all, brave and skilful, can never be forgotten, but best of all, to many minds, is he whom our own early master David Scott nobly portrayed (in his Westminster-Hall Competition Cartoon), surveying calmly from the deck of his victorious ship the destruction of the Armada. [We hope to add it as Frontispiece.]

It is melancholy to remember how Drake, like others at that day (Hawkins, to wit, and in the same year, 1596), died as he had lived, thwarted and harassed by unworthy foes, despite the noble deeds by which we might have thought he could have put to shame such venomous intriguers as Crofts and Burleigh. If the virtues of those days were great, so were the vices. Drake was a true hero.

The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb,  
But for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room.

Here is the other song, by a different hand. Variations noted below.

### A Song on Sir Francis Drake.

(Written in 1581, or soon after.)

SIR *Francis*, Sir *Francis*, Sir *Francis* is come,<sup>1</sup>  
Sir *William* and eke Sir *Robert* his son,<sup>2</sup>  
And eke the good Earl of *Southampton*<sup>3</sup>  
Marcht on his way most gallantly on;  
Then came my Lord Chamberlain, with his white staff,<sup>4</sup>  
And all the people began for to laugh.  
And then the Queene began to speak,  
"You're welcome home, Sir *Francis Drake*!"

#### *The Queen's Speech.*

"Gallants all of British blood,  
Why do ye not saile on th' Ocean flood?  
I protest y' are not all worth a Philberd  
Compared with Sir *Humphrey Gilbert*."<sup>5</sup>

*The Queen's Reason.* [Probably added in 1584.]

For he walkt forth in a rainy day,  
To the *New-Found-Land* he took his way,  
With many a gallant fresh and green  
He never came home agen.  
God bless the Queen!

<sup>1</sup> We understand as the threefold holders of the name "Sir Francis" these persons: Sir Francis Drake, knighted by the Queen after his return from circumnavigating the world, in 1580; Sir Francis Walsingham; and Sir Francis Vere.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Cecil (Lord Burleigh), and his son Sir Robert (not Knighted till 1601)? We cannot feel sure as to the present reading being the correct one. A printed version begins differently; "Sir Francis, Sir Francis, Sir Francis his son, Sir Robert and eke Sir William is come."

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Southampton, Henry Wriothesley; but a MS. version reads "the Earl of Huntingdon," Henry Hastings, the 29th Earl, who died in 1595.

<sup>4</sup> By the Lord Chamberlain is probably meant the despicable Sir James Crofts, who hated and calumniated Drake, regarding him as a chief obstruction to that peace with Spain which Crofts intrigued to obtain.

<sup>5</sup> In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth, but was lost at sea in his voyage back to England in 1584. The allusions to his fate prove that the final stanza could not have been written (probably as an addition) until three years after the knighting of Sir Francis Drake in 1584, when he had come back in the *Pelican* from circumnavigation, as shown earlier. (Cf. Ashm. MS. 36, 37, fol. 296 verso.) He was the first English Commander who succeeded in such a feat.

378 *Dr. John Still's Hymn against the Spanish Armada.*

The following Hymn of Deliverance, sung when the Spanish Armada was approaching our shores, is preserved in a manuscript that had belonged to the late Mr. R. Pearsall, of Willsbridge.

**A Hymne to be sung by all Englande: Women, Youthes, Clarkes,  
and Souldiers. Made by J.S.**

**F**ROM merciless Invaders, from wicked men's deuce,  
O God! arise and helpe us to quele owre enemies.

*Kyrye eleison.*

*Christe eleison.*

Sinke deepe their potent Navies, their strengthe and corage breake,  
O God! arise and saue us, for Iesus Christ his sake.

Though cruel *Spain* and *Parma* with heathene legions come,  
O God! arise and arm us, we'll dye for owre home.

We will not change owre *Credo* for Pope, nor boke, nor bell;  
And yf the Devil come him self, we'll hounde him back to hell."

[Written by **John Still**, Bishop of Bath and Wells, author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, in which occurs the excellent song of "I cannot eat but little meat."]

The music of the *Hymne* is given in the Appendix to vol. 1st, p. 117, of Mr. William Chappell's excellent work (breaking absolutely new ground at the time) *A Collection of Ancient English Melodies*, 1840. Words in vol. 2nd, p. 188.

We have found no dated versions of the next song before 1656.

**Upon the Spanish Invasion in 'Eighty-Eight.**

(1656 version of Text.)

**I**N *Eighty-eight*, ere I was born, as I do well remember a,  
In *August* was a Fleet prepar'd, the month before *September* a.

*Lisbone, Cales, and Portugall, Toledo and Grenada,* [Cales = Cadiz.  
They all did meet and made a Fleet, and call'd it the *Armada*.

There dwelt a little man in *Spain*, that shot well in a gun a,  
*Don Pedro* hight, as black a wight as the *Knight of the Sun* a.

King *Philip* made him Admirall, and charg'd him not to stay a,  
But to destroy both man and boy, and then to come away a.

He had thirty thousand of his own, but to do us more harm a,  
He charg'd him not to fight alone, but to joyn with th' Prince of *Parma*.

They say they brought provision much, as biskets, beans, and bacon;  
Besides, two ships were laden with whips: but I think they were mistaken.

When they had sailed all along, and anchored before *Dover*,  
The English men did board them then, and heav'd the Rascalls over.

The Queen she was at *Tilbury*, what could you more desire a?  
For whose sweet sake Sir *Francis Drake* did set the ships on fire a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast, for if they come again a,  
Let them take heed they do not speed as they did they know when a.

There are sufficient variations in another version of this "Old Song on the Spanish Armada" to make it expedient for us to give it alongside, for comparison. We believe that the original belongs



to the reign of James the First, but not earlier. We have already had occasion to mention the Romance of *the Knight of the Sun* (see p. 325), more generally and early known as "*The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the worthiness of The Knight of the Sunne,*" etc. Consisting of Nine Parts, written in succession by different authors, it was published at intervals, between 1585 and 1601; and translated into English in 1598, etc. It is mentioned along with similar romances in the ballad-burlesque entitled *The Trimming of Tom Nash*, "Harke! harke! my Maysters, and be still, be still," in Sloane MS. Plut. xevi. E., to the Tune of *Harke! harke! my Masters, and give eare, give eare*:—

Harke! harke! my maysters and be still, be still, and giue good eare,  
And I will singe as merrye a jeast as you have hearde this yeare;  
For mirth methinkes this merrye ryme shold not come out of season,  
If any then fynde any faulte, he lackes both wit and reason;  
Yet sing I not of lo[rd] nor kn[ight] nor sq[ui]re of low degree,  
But of a merry Greeke who dwelt far hence i' th' North Countrey;  
Far hence i' th' North Countrey he dwelt; his name I have forgot,  
But since he was foole neere a kin to Monsier *Don Quixot*,  
And like him too, as like may bee, in bodye, mynde, and face,  
And for his doughtye deedes in fight, not bating him an ace;  
And he as many authors read as e're *Don Quixot* had,  
And some of them colde say by harte, to make the hearers glad.  
The valyand deeds o' th' *Knight of th' Sun* and *Rosicleer* soe tall, [N.B.]  
And *Pulmarinde of England* too, and *Amadis of Gaul*;  
*Bevis of Hampton* he had read, and *Guy of Warwicke* stoute,  
*Huon of Burdeux*, though so long, yet he had read him out:  
*The Hundred Tales*, and *Scoggings Jeasts*, and *Arthur of th' round Table*,  
*The twelve wyse men of Gotam* too, and Ballats innumerable. [O rare!]  
But to proceed, and not to make the matter long or garrishe,  
He was the only only youth that was in al our parishe.

Surely a goodly store: like that in the Library of Captain Cox at Kenilworth! Our desire would have been to make acquaintance with this most "merry Greeke" and his "ballads innumerable" (Huth Library). Sir Thos. Overbury mentions *the Knight of the Sun* fascinating a chamber-maid and tempting her to turn knight-errant.

### An Old Song on the Spanish Armado.

#### Sir Francis Drake; or, 'Eighty-Eight.'

(1670 Text.)

SOME years of late, in 'Eighty-Eight, as I do well remember-a,  
It was, some say, the nineteenth of May, and some say of September-a.<sup>1</sup>

The Spanish train launch'd forth amain, with many a fine bravado,  
Their (as they thought, but it prov'd nought), 'Invincible' Armado.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The double date is in this wise: the starting from Lisbon was on the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of May, storms delayed it, repairs took time until August.

<sup>2</sup> In saucy contemptuousness it would not be easy to beat this parenthesis.



There was a little man, that dwelt in *Spain*, that shot well in a Gun-a,<sup>1</sup>  
 Don *Pedro* hight, as black a wight as the Knight of the Sun-a.

King *Philip* made him Admiral, and bade him not to stay-a,  
 But to destroy both man and boy, and so to come away-a.

Their Navy was well victualled, with Bisket, Pease, and Bacon;  
 They brought two ships, well fraught with Whips; but I think they were mistaken.

Their men were young, Munition strong, and to do us more harm-a,<sup>2</sup>  
 They thought it meet, to joyn their Fleet all with the Prince of *Parma*.<sup>3</sup>

They coasted round about our Land, and so came in by *Dover*,  
 But we had men set on 'em then, and threw the Rascals over.

The Queen was then at *Tilbury*: what could we more desire-a?  
 Sir *Francis Drake*, for her sweet sake, did set 'em all on fire-a.

Away they ran, by sea and land, so that one man slew three-score-a;  
 And had not they all run away, O' my soul! we had kill'd more-a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast, for if they come again-a,  
 Let 'em take heed, they do not speed as they did *they know when-a!*

Although she rose admirably to the occasion when the Armada had closely approached our coast, and showed the dauntless courage befitting a Queen, to whom her subjects were loyally faithful in the hour of greatest danger, we must honestly admit that Elizabeth had brought on herself and on the nation many calamities. She by no means deserves either our love or our reverence, when we rightly examine her personal character. In youth her nature seemed good,

<sup>1</sup> The "little man, Don Pedro hight" is Pietro de Valdez. Alonzo Perez di Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, in 1588 commanded the Spanish fleet.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince or Duke of Parma mentioned above was Alexander Farnesse.

<sup>3</sup> The common belief that a cargo of torture-whips were brought over in one of the Spanish ships had found contemporary record by Thomas Deloney (*vide* p. 387, where we give the ballad complete *verbatim et literatim*). The subject is referred to in the fifth stanza of a ballad upon the death of Queen Elizabeth (see Miss de Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, i. 527, 1882), in Ashmolean MS. 36, 37, fol. 296 *verso*, *viz.* "I tell ye all, both great and small, and I tell ye all truly":

In 'Eighty-Eight how shee did fight  
 Is knowne to all and some,  
 When the *Spaniard* came, her courage to tame,  
 but had better haue stay'd at home:  
 They came with Ships, fill'd full of Whipps,  
 to haue lash'd her Princely Hide;  
 But she had a *Drake* made them all cry 'Quake,'  
 and bang'd them back and side.

A wiser Queene never was to be seen,  
 for a woman, or yet a stouter;  
 For if anie thing vext her, with that which came next her,  
 O how she would lay about her!  
 And her Scholarship I may not let slip,  
 for there she did so excell,  
 That amongst the rout, without all doubt,  
 Queen *Besse* she bore the bell.

but the dangers around had early trained her to be cunning. She became both treacherous and cruel. Ungrateful to her best subjects, always ready to sacrifice innocent victims to her caprices or to her selfish policy, she was meanly parsimonious where she ought to have been generous, paltry in her jealousies, exorbitantly exacting of deference and subjection, ridiculous in her insatiable vanity, and greedy of adulation. Her vacillation of purpose and inconstancy in affection were the sure signs of an unprincipled disposition, swayed by ignoble impulses; while her inherited obstinacy of the Tudor race became most ungovernable where a reasonable woman should have gracefully yielded. We may concede her claim to chastity, but grave doubts remain. If she remained virtuous, she gave herself unpardonable licence, both in speech and conduct, and deserved the "scandal about Queen Elizabeth."

At the same time, while admitting her great faults, we by no means accept as an absolutely faithful likeness of the Queen that besmirched and bedraggled caricature of weakest womanhood which James Anthony Froude was content to construct from the untrustworthy relations of foreign spies and gossiping ambassadors. He loves too well the bespattering process, and no lamp-black is dark enough for his palette, or for that of his former associate, Thomas Carlyle. They degraded history by making it embody their own personal spite and prejudice. Elizabeth could not have been idolized by the best men of her time, as she was, if her nature had been so utterly despicable as Froude tries to make us believe. But he has told the story of the Spanish Armada so well (let it be remembered to his credit, in offset against his literary delinquencies elsewhere), that we need not recapitulate the details of that glorious struggle. Our business is with the Ballads, not to criticize the vexatious counter-orders or the scandalous neglect of providing the mariners with ammunition and food. Let us first examine the record of ballads issued at the time.

For a few months after the 4th of March, 1588, when to John Wolfe was entered the ballads of "A Glorious Resurrection," [A Dialogue] "between Content and Povertie," and "Goe from the Windowe, goe!" (as mentioned on our p. 201), the Stationers' Registers bear record of a few miscellaneous ballads, until we reach the date of 29th June, when we find "A Dytie of encoragement to English men to be bold to fight in Defence of prince and cuntrey." This was entered to H. Kirkham. The danger of invasion brought forth many swiftly following broadsides. On 9th July, John Wolfe registered a similar "Ballad of Encoragement to English Soldiours valyantly to behaue them selues in Defence of the true religion and their Cuntrey." "An excellent newe songe of prayer and prowess," on the 3rd August, was entered to Richard Jones; while J. Wolfe had "A Joyfull Sonnet of the Redines of the shires and nobilitie of England to her Maiestie's Service." One week later we find the same printer authorized under Dr. Stallarde's hand for "A ballad of th' obteyninge of the Galeazzo wherein Don Pedro de Val[d]ez was chief." On the same day, the 10th of August, 1588, John Wolfe obtained permission to print another ballad, by a different writer, one "T. J." [who is unlikely to have been Thomas Jeney, the translator in 1568 of Ronsard's "Discourse of the present Troubles in France"], viz. "A ioyfull songe of the Roiall Receauing of the Queenes maiestie into her Campe at Tilbery: the 8 and 9 of August, 1588." Both of these ballads, each extant in single exemplars, and also a distinct ballad on "The Queen at Tilsburie," by Thomas Deloney, we reprint on pp. 384 to 397. Again to John Wolfe, there followed on 18th August, "A ballad intytuled the Englishe preparacon of the Spaniardes' navacon;" on the 23rd, "An excellent Songe of the breaking up of the Campe;"

and on the 28th, "A propper newe ballad briefly shewing the honorable Cumpanyes of horsmen and footemen which dyverse nobles of *Englande* brought before her maiestie, etc." On the last day of the month Thomas Orvyn paid the fee of sixpence for a ballad "*of the strange Whippes which the Spanyardes had prepared [for] the Englishemen and women.*" This ballad also is by Thomas Deloney, and is extant in a single exemplar (see p. 387). His three are printed on stout paper, one side only, and with evident care, superior to the workmanship displayed in later and smaller broadsides, whereof the paper is inferior in quality.

It may be that other ballads of the same date, on the Spanish Armada, failed to be registered and to be preserved. But it is clear that public taste soon shifted back to the usual subjects, for "*Tarleton's Farewell*" on 23rd September, "*Peggie's complaint for the Death of her Willye,*" on the 26th, are entered to John Wolfe; also two other ballads, on the 28th and 30th, viz. 1.—"*The late wonderfull Dystres whiche the Spanishe Navye sustayned yn the late fighte in the Sea, and vpon the West Coast of Ireland in this moneth of September, 1588.*" 2.—"*The valiant deedes of Mac Cabe an Irishe man.*" Henry Kirkham, on 7th October, was allowed "*A Ballad of Thankes gyving vnto God for his mercy toward hir Maiestie; begynnyng 'Reioyce England.'*" A few more complete the list unto the end of the year. To H. Carre and Thomas Orwyn on 3rd November, "*A ballad of the most happie Victory obtained over the Spaniardes, and their overthrowe in July last, 1588.*" To John Wolfe (who seems to have been loyally active) entered on November 4th and 14th, "*A songe wherein is conteyned the Treacherie of the wicked, and is made to be sung on the Coronacon Daye or at any other tyme;*" and another "*Joyful ballad of the Roiall entrance of Queene Elizabeth into her cyty of London the [blank] Day of November, 1588, and of the solemnity vsed by her maiestie to the glory of God for the wonderfull overthrowe of the Spaniardes.*" Also, "*A Dyttye of the exploit of the Erle of Cumberland on the sea,*" etc., in October, 1588, and of "*the overthrowe of 1600 Spaniardes in Ireland.*" Lastly, to Richard Jones, on 21st November, one "*under the Bishop of London's hand, entituled, a new ballad of Englands Joy and delight, In the back Rebound of the Spanyardes' spyght.*" One valuable contemporary record is entitled, "*A true Discourse of the Armie which the King of Spaine caused to be assembled in Hauen of Lisbon, in the Kingdome of Portugall, in the year 1588 against England: the which began to go out of the said Hauen on the 29 and 30 of May:*" translated out of French into English, by Daniel Archdeacon: printed at London by John Wolfe, 1588: we find a list of the Spanish Ships. On p. 24 is "*The army of the Ships of Andelouzie, of the which is captain don Pedro de Valdes,*" beginning with "*The Captain ship of 1550 tunnes, carieth 304 men of warre, 118 mariners, 50 canons, powder, bullets, and the rest of their provision.*"

Elsewhere we read, condensedly, concerning the total force, that the Spanish ships, 130 in number, were of different classes, 65 being galleons and larger vessels, 25 pink-built ships, 19 tenders, 13 small frigates, 4 galeasses, and 4 galleys. The soldiers on board amounted to 19,295; the mariners to 8050: of these 3330 soldiers and 1293 mariners had been supplied by Portugal: beside whom the rowers in the galeasses amounted to 1200, and in the galleys to 888. There were on board 2431 pieces of artillery, and 4575 quintals of powder [our defenders were scandalously neglected in this matter, while the Spaniards were so well furnished]: 347 of the pieces of artillery had been supplied by Portugal. Two thousand volunteers of the most distinguished families in Spain, exclusive of the sailors and soldiers already mentioned, are stated to have accompanied the expedition.—(Charles Knight's *Penny Cyclopædia*, 1834. ii. 348, *Armada*).

Besides these were prepared near Nieuport and Dunkirk an army of 30,000 foot and 4000 horsemen, under command of the Duke of Parma, intended to co-operate with the Armada.

Thomas Deloney's three following ballads, contemporary with the events of

which he sang, are preserved at the British Musum in a volume labelled "*Fragmenta*" (Case 18. e. 2). They were purchased from their discoverer, J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., who had previously reprinted thirty copies of them, in 1860, and thus doubly saved them from oblivion. On Deloney we give a paragraph extract from Thomas Nash; see p. 389.

We close this Introduction to the Deloney Ballads by prefixing a two centuries' later Song on the Spanish Armada (written exactly one hundred years ago, by John O'Keefe, for Weatherbang in "*The Siege of Curzola*," Act. ii.): it was sung at the Haymarket, by Davies and Brett. The music was composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold, in 1786.

### The Spanish Armada.

IN *May* fifteen hundred and eighty and eight,  
Cries *Philip*, "The English I'll humble;  
I've taken it into my majesty's pate,  
And their Lion, oh, down he shall tumble!  
They Lords of the Sea!"—then his sceptre he shook—  
"I will prove it an arrant bravado.  
By *Neptune*! I'll sweep them all into a nook  
With th' *Invincible Spanish Armado*!"

8

This fleet then sail'd out, and the winds they did blow,  
Their guns made a terrible clatter;  
Our noble Queen *Bess*, 'cause she wanted to know,  
Quill'd her ruff, and cried, "Pray, what's the matter?"  
"They say, my good Queen," replied *Howard* so stout,  
"The *Spaniard* has drawn his Toledo,  
Cock sure that he'll thump us, and kick us about,  
With th' *Invincible Spanish Armado*."

16

The Lord Mayor of *London*, a very wise man,  
What to do in this case vastly wonder'd;  
Says the Queen: "Send in fifty good ships if you can."  
Says my Lord, "Ma'am, I'll send in a hundred."  
Our fire-ships they soon struck their cannons all dumb,  
For the Dons run to *Ave* and *Credo*;  
Great *Medina* roars out, "Sure the devil is come  
For th' *Invincible Spanish Armado*."

24

On *Effingham's* squadron, though all in abreast,  
Like open-mouth curs they came bowling;  
His sugar-plums finding they could not digest,  
Away home they ran yelping and howling.  
When 'er *Britain's* foes shall, with envy agog,  
In our Channel make such a bravado,  
Huzza, my brave boys! we're still able to flog  
An *invincible Spanish Armado*.

32



[British Museum Collection, C. 18. e. 2, fol. 62.]

A ioyful new Ballad, declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo, wherein Don Pietro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the mightie power and prouidence of God, being a speciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodness towards vs, to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the defence of his gospel, and our good Queene of England.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Mounseurs Almaigne.*

O Noble *England*, fall doune vpon thy knee,  
And praise thy God with thankfull hart, which still maintaineth thee.  
The forraine forces, that seekes thy vtter spoile :  
Shall then through his especiall grace be brought to shamefull foile.  
With mightie power they come vnto our coast :  
To ouer runne our countrie quite, they make their brags and boast.  
In strength of men they set their onely stay,  
But we vpon the Lord our God will put our trust alway. 8

Great is their number of ships vpon the sea ; [See p. 382.  
And their prouision wonderfull, but Lord thou art our stay.  
Their armed souldiers are many by account,  
Their aiders eke in this attempt doe sundrie waies surmount.  
The Pope of *Rome*, with many blessed graines,  
To sanctify their bad pretense, bestowed both cost and paines.  
But little land, be not dismaide at all ;  
The Lord no doubt is on our side, which soon will worke their fall. 16

In happie houre our foes we did disery,  
And vnder saile with gallant winde as they cam passing by.  
Which suddaine tidings to *Plummouth* being brought,  
Full soone our Lord high Admirall for to pursue them sought.  
And to his traine coragiously he said :  
'Now for the Lord and our good Queene to fight be not afraide.  
Regard our cause, and play your partes like men :  
The Lord no doubt will prosper vs, in all our actions then.' 24

This great *Galleazzo*, which was so huge and hye,  
That like a bulwarke on the sea did seeme to each man's eye,  
There was it taken, vnto our great reliefe ;  
And diuers Nobles, in which traine *Don Pietro* was the chiefe. [See p. 380.  
Stronge was she stuf, with Cannons great and small,  
And other instruments of warre, which we obtained all.  
A certaine signe of good successe we trust,  
That God will ouerthrow the rest, as he hath done the first. 32

Then did our Nauie pursue the rest amaine, [Second column begins.]  
With roaring noise of Cannons great, till they neare *Callice* came.  
With manly courage they followed them so fast,  
Another mightie Gallion did seem to yeeld at last,  
And in distress, for sauegard of their liues,  
A flag of truce they did hang out, with many mournfull cries :  
Which when our men did perfectly espie,  
Some little Barkes they sent to her, to board her quietly. 40



But these false *Spaniards*, esteeming them but weake,  
When they within their danger came, their malice forth did breake.  
With charged Cannons, they laide about them then ;  
For to destroy those proper Barkes, and all their valiant men.  
Which when our men perceiued so to be,  
Like Lions fierce they forward went, to 'quite this injurie,  
And bourding them, with strong and mightie hand,  
They kild the men vntill their Arke did sinke in *Callice* sand. [=Calais.]

The chieftest Captaine of this Gallion so hie,  
*Don Hugo de Moncaldo*<sup>1</sup> he, within this fight did die,  
Who was the Generall of all the Gallions great :  
But through his braines w[ith] pouders force a Bullet strong did beat.  
And manie more by sword did loose their breath :  
And manie more within the sea did swimme and tooke their death.  
There might you see the salt and foming flood,  
Dyed and staine like scarlet red, with store of *Spanish* blood. 56

This mightie vessell was threescore yards in length :  
Most wonderfull to each man's eie, for making and for strength,  
In her was placed an hundreth Cannons great ;  
And mightily prouided eke, with bread-corne, wine, and meat.  
There was of Oares two hundreth I weene :  
Three-score foote and twelve in length, well measured to be seene,  
And yet subdued, with manie others more :  
And not a Ship of ours lost, the Lord be thankd therefore. 64

Our pleasant countrie, so fruitfull and so faire,  
They doe intend by deadly warre to make both poore and bare :  
Our townes and cities to racke and sacke likewise ;  
To kill and murder man and wife, as malice doth arise ;  
And to deflower our virgins in our sight ;  
And in the cradle cruelly the tender babe to smite.  
God's holy truth they meane for to cast downe : [3rd column begins.  
And to deprive our noble Queene both of her life and crowne. 72

Our wealth and riches, which we enjoyed long,  
They doe appoint their pray and spoile, by crueltie and wrong ;  
To set our houses a fier on our heades ;  
And cursedly to cut our throates, as we lye in our beds.  
Our childrens braines to dash against the ground ;  
And from the earth our memorie for ever to confound.  
To change our ioy to grieve and mourning sad :  
And neuer more to see the dayes of pleasure we haue had. 80

But God almightie be blessed euermore,  
Who doth encourage Englishmen to beate them from our shoare.  
With roaring Cannons, their hastie steps to stay,  
And with the force of thundering shot to make them flye away :  
Who made account, before this time or day ;  
Against the walls of faire *London* their banners to display,  
But their intent the Lord will bring to nought,  
If faithfully we call and cry for succour as we ought. 88

<sup>1</sup> Otherwise styled Monçada, chief of the Galleases, struck simultaneously by two musket-balls, he fell dead on the deck of his own vessel, while it was aground on Calais Bar.



And you, deare bretheren, which beareth Armes this day,  
 For safegarde of your native soile, marke well what I shall say.  
 Regard your dueties, thinke on your countrie's good :  
 And feare not, in defense thereof, to spend your dearest bloud.  
 Our gracious Queene doth greete you euery one :  
 And saith she will among you be in euery bitter storme.  
 Desiring you true *English* hearts to beare ;  
 To God, and her, and to the land wherein you nursed were.

96

Lord God almightie, which hath the harts in hand :  
 Of euerie person to dispose, defend this *English* land.  
 Bless thou our Soueraigne with long and happie life :  
 Indue her Councel with thy grace, and end this mortall strife.  
 Giue to the rest, of Commons more and lesse,  
 Louing harts, obedient minds, and perfect faithfulness.  
 That they and we, and all, with one accord  
 On *Sion* hill may sing the praise of our most mightie Lord.

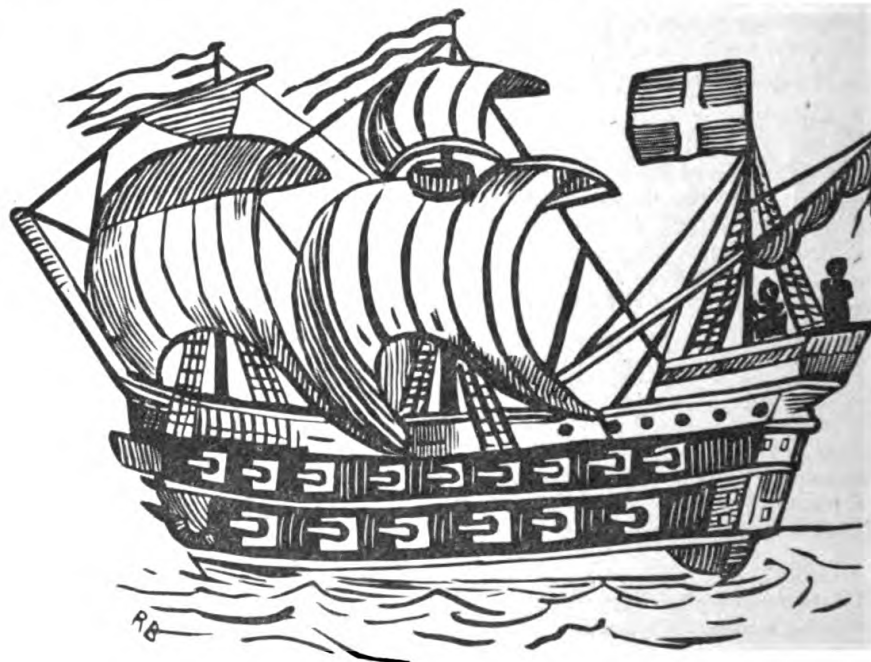
104

*Finis.*      T[homas] D[eloney].

London: Printed by *John Wolfe*, for *Edward White*, 1588.

[In Black-letter, with type-ornament border, and a small woodcut of two English ships. Date, as registered by Stationers' Company, on August 10, 1588.]

It is noteworthy that the late J. P. Collier (the ever-dear friend of the present editor) in 1868 privately reprinted twenty-five copies from a different issue of this same ballad, with a woodcut of a war-ship (like the one given here), but no tune-mark, from a broadside now unknown "imprinted at *London* for R. I.;" that is, Richard Jones, whom we have shown to have manifested equal activity with John Wolfe and Edward White in production of Armada ballads. The verbal differences (if we may depend on the reproduction) are not important.



[British Museum Collection, C. 18, e. 2, fol. 63.]

**A new Ballet of the straunge and most cruell Whippes which the Spanyards had prepared to Whippe and torment English men and women: which were found and taken at the ouerthrow of certain of the Spanishe Shippes in Iuly last past, 1588.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Valiant Soldiour.*

**A**ll you that list to looke and see what profite comes from *Spayne*,  
And what the *Pope* and *Spanyards* both prepared for our gayne,  
Then turne your eyes, and bend your eares, and you shall heare and see  
What courteous minds, what gentle harts, they beare to thee and mee.

They say they seeke for *England's* good, and wish the people well :  
They say they are such holie men, all other they excell.  
They bragge that they are Catholikes and Christe's only Spouse :  
And what so ere they take in hand the holie *Pope* allowes.

8

These holie men, these sacred Saints, and these that thinke no ill,  
See how they sought against all right to murder, spoyle, and kill.  
Our noble Queene and countrie first they did prepare to spoyle,  
To ruinate our liues and lands, with trouble and turmoyle.

And not content by fire and sword to take our right away,  
But to torment most cruelly our bodies night and day ;  
Although they ment with murd'ring hands our guiltlesse bloud to spill,  
Before our deaths they did deuise to whip vs first their fill.

16

And for that purpose had prepaarde of whips such wondrous store,  
So straungely made, that sure the like was neuer seene before.  
For neuer was there Horse nor Mule, nor dogge of currish kinde,  
That euer had such whips deuise by any sauadge minde.

One sorte of whips they had for men, so smarting, fierce and fell,  
As like could neuer be deuise by any deuill in hell ;  
The strings whereof with wyerie knots like rowels they did frame,  
That euery stroke might teare the flesh they layd on with the same.

24

And pluckt the spreading sinewes from the hardned bloudie bone,  
To pricke and pearce each tender veine within the bodie knowne ;  
And not to leaue one crooked ribbe on any side vnseene,  
Nor yet to leaue a lumpe of flesh the head and foote betweene.

And for our seelie women eke, their hearts with griefe to clogge,  
They made such Whips wherewith no man would seeme to strike a dogge :  
So strengthned eke with brasen tagges, and filde so rough, and thin,  
That they would force at euery lash the bloud abroad to spinne.

32

Although their bodies sweet and fayre their spoyle they ment to make,  
And on them first their filthie lust and pleasure for to take,  
Yet afterward such sower sauce they shoulde be sure to finde,  
That they shoulde curse each springing braunch that cometh of their kinde.

O Ladies fayre, what spite were this, your gentle hearts to kill :  
To see these deuilish tyrants thus your children's bloud to spill !  
What griefe vnto the husband deere, his louing wife to see  
Tormented so before his face with extreame villanie !

40

And thinke you not that they, which had such dogged mindes to make  
Such instruments of tyrannie, had not like hearts to take  
The greatest vengeance that they might upon vs euery one :  
Yes, yes, be sure, for godlie feare and mercie they haue none.

44

Euen as in *India* once they did against those people there, [i.e. S. America.  
With cruell Curres in shamefull sorte the men both rent and teare :  
And set the Ladies great with childe vpright against a tree,  
And shoot them through with pearcing darts, such would their practise bee.

Did not the *Romans* in this land sometime like practise vse,  
Against the *Brittaines* bolde in heart, and wonderously abuse  
The valiant King whom they had caught before his Queene and wife,  
And with most extreame tyrannie dispatcht him of his life ?

The good Queene *Voadicia*, and eke her daughters three, [See Note.  
Did they not first abuse them all by lust and lecherie :  
And after stript them naked all, and whipt them in such sorte  
That it would grieue each Christian heart to heare that iust reporte.

56

And if these ruffling mates of *Rome* did Princes thus torment,  
Thinke you the *Romish Spanyards* now would not shewe their desent ?  
How did they late in *Rome* reioyce, in *Italie* and *Spayne* :  
What ringing, and what Bonfires, what Masses sung amaine.

What printed Bookes were sent about, as filled their desire,  
How *England* was by *Spanyards* wonne, and *London* set on fire.  
Be these the men that are so milde, whom some so holie call :  
The Lord defend our noble Queene and Countrie from them all.

64

Finis. T[homas] D[eloney].

Imprinted at *London* by *Thomas Orwin* and *Thomas Gubbin*, and are to be solde  
in *Paternoster-row*, ouer against the *blacke Raven*, 1588.

[In Black-letter, surrounded by a favourite type-ornament of the time, as shewn  
on p. 1 of this volume. Two woodcuts, one representing the apocryphal whips,  
the other being a final block with initials of the publisher Thomas Orwin.  
Date, as registered by the Stationers' Company, 31st of August, 1588.]

Note.—Compare Cowper's once-popular poem on Boadicea, beginning thus :

“ When the British Warrior Queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsel of her country's gods, etc.

\* \* The Tune of *Wilson's Wilde* (as it is called in *Musick's Delight on the Cithern*, 1666) for next ballad appears to be elsewhere called *Wilson's New Tune*, 1586, and *Wilson's Delight* : though these may possibly be distinct tunes. Mr. Chappell identified *Wolsey's Wilde* of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book to be the same tune as *Wilson's Wile* of William Ballet's Lute-Book (Trinity College, Dublin, D. I. 21). He mentions as being “ in the Bagford Collection of Ballads, British Museum,” one by Thomas Deloney, dated 1586, “ The Lamentation of Beccles, a town in Suffolk,” to *Wilson's Tune*, somewhat differing in metre from our Tilbury ballad. We know of no Bagford copy. There is one in the Huth Collection, formerly George Daniel's, beginning “ With sobbing sighes and trickling teares.” Another ballad of 1586, “ to *Wilson's new Tune*,” is preserved by the Society of Antiquaries, beginning, “ When first the gracious God of heaven,” etc. A different name for the tune was *Weepe, Weepe*, assigned to two ballads, at least : 1.—A Proper new Ballad, etc., on Ballard and Babington, September, 1586, by T. Deloney, beginning, “ Rejoyce in hart, good people all ”

(Ouvry Coll., I. p. 5), twice reprinted by J. P. Collier, in 1840 and 1868); 2.—England's Lamentation for the late Treasons conspired against the Queenes Maiestie by Frances Throgmorton, July, 1584, by W.M., beginning, "With brinishe teares, with sobbing sighes." (Reprinted, 1870, by J. P. Collier.) We are not to confound our *Wilson's Wilde "Weep, weep,"* with the tune of an earlier ballad, June 17, 1579, "Declaryng the dangerous shootyng of the Gunne at the Courte," which begins,

"Weepe, weepe, still I weepe, and shall doe till I dye:  
To thinke vpon the gunne was shot at Courte so daungerovslye;"

for this is appointed to the tune of *Sicke and Sicke*, and differs in metre. Probably this "*Sicke*" was a ballad twice entered on the Stationers' Registers to Richard Jones (24th March and 19th June, 1579), entitled,

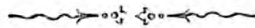
*Sicke, sicke in graue I would I were,  
For grieve to see this wicked world that will not mend, I feare.*

To us who study such of Thomas Deloney's ballads as are still extant, nearly all being of serious character, generally somewhat dreary and lugubrious, they appear to be by no means exhilarating as literature. The earliest known are of date 1586, but during the ten years onward he seems to have affected a jocular style in those works that either perished or remain unauthenticated by his signature. Thomas Nash in a satire directed against Spenser's friend Gabriel Harvey, in 1596, thus disrespectfully mentions the writer of our Armada ballads and the *Garland of Goodwill*:—"Thomas Deloney, the balleting silke-weauer, hath rime inough for all myracles, and wit to make a *Garland of Goodwill* more than the premisses, with an Epistle of *Momus* and *Zoylus*; whereas his Muse, from the first peeping forth, hath stood at Liurey at an Ale-house wispe, neuer exceeding a penny a quart, day nor night, and this deare yeare, together with the silencing of his loombes, scarce that; he being strained to betake him to carded Ale: whence it proceedeth that since *Candlemas*, or his liigge of *Iohn for the King*, not one merrie Dittie will come from him, but *The Thunderbolt against Swearers*,—*Repent, England, Repent*,—and *The Strange Iudgments of God*."—Nashe's *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden, or, Gabriel Haruey's Hunting Up*.—(Dr. Grosart's Huth Library reprint of Nash, vol. iii. p. 123.)

Thomas Deloney's ballad, "A most joyfull songe, made in behalfe of all her Maiesties faithfull and loving subiects: of the great joy which was made in London, at the taking of the late trayterous conspirators," etc., Sept., 1586, is to the tune of *O man in desperation*. It is signed "T. D.," and begins,

Oh Englishmen with Romish harts, what Deuil doth bewitch you,  
To seek the spoyle of Prince and Realme, like Traytors most untrue?  
Why is your duetie so forgot, unto your Royall Queene,  
That you your faith and promise breake, O viperous brood uncleene.

\* \* To prove the extent of the national awakening in presence of so great a danger, let attention be paid to a little volume of 127 pp. published by Alfred Russell Smith, London, 1886, "*The Names of those Persons who subscribed towards the Defence of this Country at the time of The Spanish Armada, 1588, and the amounts each contributed*," with Historical Introduction by T. C. Noble, and Index. It tells the names, places of abode, and callings of no less than 2416 persons, living in thirty-six counties. The sum total raised by this assessment was over £74,000.



[British Museum Collection, C. 18. e. 2, fol. 64.]

## The Duceneſ visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie, with her entertainment there.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Wilson's wilde*. [See previous page.]

**W**ITHIN the yeare of Christ our Lord a thousand and fve hundreth full,  
 And eightie eight by iust record, the which no man may disanull;  
 And in the thirtieth yeare remaining  
 Of good Queene *Elizabeth's* raigning,  
 A mightie power there was prepared by *Philip* then the King of *Spaine*,  
 Against the maiden Queene of *England*, which in peace before did raigne.  
 Her R[o]yall ships to sea she sent, to garde the coast on euerie side,<sup>1</sup>  
 And seeing how her foes were bent, her realme full well she did prouide,  
 With many thousands so prepared,  
 As like was neuer erst declared,  
 Of horsemen and of footemen plentie, whose good harts full well is seene,  
 In the safegarde of their countrie, and the seruice of our Queene. 12  
 In *Essex* faire, that fertill soile, upon the hill of *Tilsburie*,  
 To giue our *Spanish* foes the foile, in gallant campe they now do lye,  
 Where good orders is ordained,  
 And true iustice eke maintained,  
 For the punishment of persons that are leude or badly bent:  
 To see a sight so straunge in *England*, 'twas our gracious Queene's intent.  
 And on the eight of August she from faire Saint *James'* tooke her way,  
 With many Lords of high degree in princely robes and rich aray,  
 And to barge vpon the water,  
 Being King *Henryes* royall daughter,  
 She did goe with trumpets sounding, and with dubbing drums apace,  
 Along the *Thames*, that famous riuer, for to view the campe a space. 24  
 When she as farre as *Grauesend* came, right ouer against that prettie towne,  
 Her royall grace with all her traine was landed there with great renowne;  
 The Lords and Captaines of her forces,  
 Mounted on their gallant horses,  
 Readie stood to entertaine her, like martiall men of courage bold:  
 'Welcome to the campe dread soueraigne,' thus they said both yong and old.  
 The Bulworkes strong that stood thereby, well garded with sufficient men,  
 Then flags were spred couragiously, their cannons were discharged then.  
 E[a]ch Gunner did declare his cunning,  
 For ioy conceiued of her coming.  
 All the way her Grace was riding, on each side stood armed men,  
 With Muskets, Pikes, and good Caleeuers, for her Grace's safegarde then. 36

<sup>1</sup> MS. Reg. 18. C. xxi. details the regular forces of England, to oppose the Armada. The ships were of less heavy build than those of Spain, but, as already shown (p. 375), Drake's exploits in Cadiz harbour the year before had taught the lesson that our light vessels well manned needed not fear the encounter. The vessels, large and small, of our available navy, amounted to 181 ships, manned by 17,472 sailors. The military force consisted of two armies, one, commanded by the Earl of Leicester (18,449), for immediately opposing the enemy; the other, for defence of the Queen's person, under Lord Hunsdon, amounting to 45,362, besides the band of pensioners.



The Lord generall of the field had there his bloudie auncient<sup>1</sup> borne,  
The Lord marshall's coulors eke was carried there all rent and torne,  
The which with bullets was so burned,  
When in *Flanders* he sojourned.  
Thus in warlike wise they marched, euen as soft as foote could fall:  
Because her Grace was fully minded perfectly to view them all.

Her faithfull souldiers great and small, as each one stood within his place,  
Upon their knees began to fall, desiring God to saue her Grace:  
For ioy whereof her eyes was filled,  
That the water downe distilled.  
'Lord blesse you all, my friendes!' she said, 'but doe not kneele so much to me:'  
Then sent she warning to the rest, they should not let such reuerence be. 48

Then casting vp her Princely eyes vnto the hill, with perfect sight,  
The ground all couered she espyes, with feet of armed souldiers bright;  
Whereat her royall hart so leaped,  
On her feet vpriight she stepped,  
Tossing up her plume of feathers, to them all as they did stand,  
Chearefully her body bending, wauing of her royall hand.

Thus through the campe she passed quite, in manner as I haue declared:  
At Maister *Riche's* for that night her Grace's lodging was preparede.  
The morrow after her abiding,  
On a princely paulfrey riding,  
To the camp she cam[e] to dinner, with her Lordes and Ladies all:  
The Lord generall went to meete her, with his Guard of yeomen tall. 60

The Sargeant trumpet with his mace, and nyne with trumpets after him,  
Bare headed went before her grace, in coates of scarlet colour trim.  
The king of Heralds, tall and comely,  
Was the next in order duely,  
With the famous Armes of *England*, wrought with rich imbroidered gold,  
On finest veluet, blew and crimson, that for siluer can be sold.

With Maces of cleane beaten gold, the Queene's two Sargeants then did ride,  
Most comely men for to behold, in veluet coates and chaines beside.  
The Lord generall then came riding,  
And Lord marshall hard beside him:  
Richly were they both atired, in princelie garments of great price;  
Bearing still their hats and fethers, in their handes in comely wise. 72

Then came the Queene on pranceing steede, atired like an Angell bright:  
And eight braue footemen at her fecte, whose Ierkins were most rich in sight.  
Her Ladies likewise, of great honor,  
Most sumptuously did waite vpon her,  
With pearles and diamonds braue adorned, and in costly cales<sup>2</sup> of gold;  
Her Guard in scarlet then rid after, with bowes and arrowes stoute and bold.

<sup>1</sup> Ancient = standard, ensign, or flag.

<sup>2</sup> "Cales" (*sic*), not vales = veils, but the old French word, *cale*, signifying a head-covering, a cap, cowl, or *caul*. This name was used for the coveted child's birth-cap, which sailors believed to be a preservative against drowning.



The valiant Captaines of the field, meane space them selues in order set;  
And each of them, with speare and sheelde, to joyne in battaile did not let:

With such a warlike skill extended,  
As the same was much commended.

Such a battaile pitch in *England* many a day hath not beene seene:  
Thus they stood in order waiting for the presence of our Queene.

84

At length her grace most royally receiued was, and brought againe  
Where she might see most loyally this noble hoast and warlike traine;  
How they cam martching all together,  
Like a wood in winters weather:

With the strokes of drummers sounding, and with trampling horses than,  
The earth and aire did sound like thunder, to the eares of euerie man.

The warlike Armie then stood still, and drummers left their dubbing sound,  
Because it was our Princes' will to ride about the Armie round;

Her Ladies she did leaue behind her,  
And her Guardes which still did minde her:

The Lord generall and Lord marshall did conduct her to each place;  
The pikes, the colours, and the lances at her approach fell downe apace.

96

And then bespake our noble Queene, 'My louing friends and councouniemen,  
I hope this day the worst is seene, that in our wars ye shall sustaine:

But if our enimies doe assaile you,  
Neuer let your stomackes faile you,

For in the midst of all your troupe, we our selues will be in place,  
To be your ioy, your guide and comfort, euen before our enimies' face.'

This done, the souldiers all at once a mightie shoute or crye did giue,  
Which forced from the Assure skyes an Ecco loud from thence to drue.

Which fild her grace with ioy and pleasure,  
And riding then from them by leasure,

With trumpets sound most loyally, along the Court of garde she went:  
Who did conduct her Maiestie unto the Lord chiefe general's tent.

108

Where she was feasted royally, with dainties of most costly price:  
And when that night approached nye, her Maiestie, with sage aduice,

In gracious manner then returned,  
From the Campe where she sojourned;

And when that she was safelie set within her Barge, and past away,  
Her farewell then the trumpets sounded, and the cannons fast did play.<sup>1</sup>

*Finis.*      *T[homas] D[eloney].*

Imprinted at *London* by *John Wolfe* for *Edwarde White*, 1588.

[In Black-letter, with a graceful Floral and Fruit ornamental-border on each side (small mutilated portion of which is given in vol. iii. p. 396): at bottom the centre-piece of two dolphins and two ships: also a woodcut of an armed warrior, standing, with a sword leaning on left shoulder, some slaughtered whelps in his right hand. Date, probably soon after T. J.'s ballad on the same event, as registered by the Stationers' Company, 10th of August, 1588.]

<sup>1</sup> Accounts differ as to the number of Spanish ships and men destroyed. Strype reckons fifteen ships and above 10,000 men lost on the English coast, with seventeen ships and 5394 men slain, drowned, or taken on the coast of Ireland. Other statements, contemporary and authoritative, differ from him in making the total of men lost 10,185.

[Britwell Library Collection; formerly G. Daniel's and R. Heber's.]

**A Joyful Song of the Royall Receiving of the**  
**Queenes most excellent Majestie into her Highnesse Campe**  
**at Tilsburie in Essex: on Thursday and Fryday the eight**  
**and ninth of August, 1588.**

To the Tune of *Triumph and Joy*. [See p. 397.]

Good English men, whose valiant harts,  
 With courage great and manly partes,  
 Doe minde to daunt the overthwarts  
     Of any foe to *England*,  
 Attend a while, and you shall heare  
 What love and kindnesse doth appeare  
 From the princely mind of our Love deare,  
     *Elizabeth* Queene of *England*.  
 To cheare her souldiers one and all,  
 Of honour great or title small,  
 And by what name you will them call :  
     *Elizabeth* Queene of *England*.

12

The time being dangerous now, ye know,  
 That forraigne enimies to and fro  
 For to invade us make a show,  
     And our good Queene of *England*,  
 Her Maiestie, by grave advice,  
 Considering how the danger lyes,  
 By all good meanes she can devise  
     For the safetie of all *England*,  
 Hath 'pointed men of honour right,  
 With all the speede they could or might,  
 A campe of men there should be pight  
     On *Tilsburie* hill in *England*.

24

Her grace being given to understand  
 The mightie power of this her land,  
 And the willing harts thereon she fand  
     From every shire in *England*,  
 The mightie troupes have shewed the same,  
 That day by day to *London* came  
 From shires and townes too long to name,  
     To serve the Queene of *England*.  
 Her grace, to glad their harts againe,  
 In princely person took the paine  
 To honour the troupe and martiall traine  
     In *Tilsburie* campe in *England*.

[= found.]

36

394 *The Receiring of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Camp.*

On thursday the eight of *August* last,  
 Her Maiestie by water past,  
 When stormes of winde did blow so fast  
     Would feare some folke in *England*; [i.e. frighten.  
 And at her forte she went on land,  
 That neare to *Tilburie* (strong) doth stand,  
 Where all things furnisht there she fand  
     For the safe defence of *England*.  
 The great shot then did rage and roare,  
 Replied by a forte on the other shore,  
 Whose poudred pellets, what would ye have more?  
     Would feare any foe in *England*. 48

Her Highnesse then to the campe did goe,  
 The order there to see and know,  
 Which her Lord Generall did dutifully shewe [Leicester.  
     In *Tilburie* campe in *England*:  
 And euerie captaine to her came,  
 And euerie officer of fame,  
 To shew their duetie and their name  
     To their sovereign Queene of *England*.  
 Of tents and cabins thousands three,  
 Some built with bowes and many a tree,  
 And many of canvasse she might see  
     In *Tilburie* campe in *England*. 60

Each captaine had his colours brave  
 Set over his tent in winde to wave;  
 With them their officers there they haue  
     To serue the Queene of *England*.  
 The other lodgings had their signe  
 For souldiers where to sup and dine,  
 And for to sleepe, with orders fine  
     In *Tilburie* campe in *England*:  
 And vittaling booths in plentie were,  
 Where they sold meate, bread, cheese, and beere;  
 One should have been hang'd for selling too dear,  
     In *Tilburie* camp in *England*. 72

To tell the ioy of all and some,  
 When that her Maiestie was come,  
 Such playing on piphes and many a drum  
     To welcome the Queene of *England*:  
 Displaying of ensignes very braue,  
 Such throwing of hats, what would ye have?  
 Such cryes of ioy, 'God keepe and save  
     Our noble Queene of *England*!'

*The Receiving of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Camp.* 395

And then, to bid her grace good night,  
Great ordnance shot with pellets pight,      [=charged.  
Fourteene faire peeces of great might,  
To teare the foes of *England*.      84

Her Maiestie went then away,  
To the Court, where that her Highnesse lay,  
And came againe on the next day  
    To *Tilburie* campe in *England*.  
The captaines yerly did prepare  
To haue their battell set out faire,  
Against her Highnesse coming there,  
    To *Tilburie* campe in *England*;  
And long before her Highnesse came,  
Each point was ordered so in frame,  
Which served to set forth the fame  
    Of a royal campe in *England*.      96

The gallant horsemen mounted braue,  
With stomackes stoute that courage haue;  
Whose countenance sterne might well deprau  
    In fight the foe of *England*;  
The armde men, bowmen, and the shot  
Of muskets and calivers hot,  
None of these wanted, well I wot,  
    In *Tilburie* campe in *England*.  
Fiftie ensignes spread there were  
Of severall colours fine and faire,  
Of drums and phyphes great numbers there,  
    In *Tilburie* campe in *England*.      108

The battell plac't in order due,  
A mightie hoste, I tell you true,  
A famous sight it was to view  
    That royall campe in *England*.  
The hoast thus set in battell 'ray,  
In brauer sorte then I can say,  
For want of knowledge to display  
    So goodly a campe in *England*.  
How the maine battell and the winges,  
The vauntgarde, rearewarde, and such thinges,  
The horse men whose sharpe launces stinges  
    In fight the foe of *England*.      120

The noble men and men of fame,  
In duetie bound did show the same,  
To waite when that her Highnesse came,  
    Our soueraigne Queene of *England*:

396. *The Receiring of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Camp.*

And she, being come into the field,  
A martiall staffe my lord did yeelde  
Unto her Highnesse, being our shield  
    And marshall chief of *England*.  
Then rode she along the campe to see  
To euerie captaine orderly,  
Amid the rankes so royally,  
    The marshall chiefe of *England*.

132

What princely wordes her grace declarde,  
What gracious thankes in euerie warde,  
To euerie souldier, none she sparde  
    That serued any where for *England*.  
With princely promise none should lacke  
Meate or drinke or cloth for backe,  
Golde and siluer should not slacke  
    To her marshall men of *England*.  
Then might she see the hats to flye,  
And euerie souldier shouted hye,  
'For our good Queene we'll fight or dye,  
    On any foe to *England*.'

144

And many a Captaine kist her hand,  
As she past forth through euerie band,  
And left her traine farre off to stand  
    From the marshall men of *England*.  
Two houres she spent among them there,  
Her princely pleasure to declare,  
Where many a one did say and sweare  
    To liue and dye for *England*;  
And would not aske one penny pay,  
To charge her Highnesse any way,  
But of their owne would finde a stay  
    To serve her grace for *England*.

156

To my lorde's pavilion then she went,  
A sumptuous, faire and famous tent,  
Where dinner time her Highnesse spent  
    With martiall men of *England*;  
In the euening, when the tide was come,  
Her Highnesse thankt them all and some;  
With trumpets shrile and sound of drum  
    Returnd the Queene of *England*  
To the block-house, where she took barge,  
Their divers captaines had their charge,  
Then shot the cannons off at large,  
    To honour the Queene of *England*.

168

And thus her Highnesse went away,  
 For whose long life all *England* pray,  
 King *Henrie's* daughter and our stay,  
     *Elizabeth* Queene of *England*.  
 What subject would not spend his life,  
 And all he hath, to stay the strife  
 Of forraigne foe that seekes so rife  
     To inuade this realm of *England* ?  
 Therefore, deare countrie-men, I say,  
 With hart to God let us all pray  
 To blesse our armies night and day,  
     That serue our Queene for *England*.

180

Finis.

T. I.

London, Printed by *Iohn Wolfe* for *Richard Iones*, 1588.

[Black-letter. True date, registered by Stationers' Company, 10th August, 1588.]

\* \* \* The tune assigned to this ballad is named *Triumph and Joy*: it is rightly believed by Mr. William Chappell to be the same as the charming lilting tune of *Greensleeves is all my joy* (given in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855, p. 230). He supposed it might have taken its present title of *Triumph and Joy* from a lost ballad registered by the Stationers' Company as "The Tryumphe shewed before the Queene and the Frenche Embassadors," the precursors of the Duke of Anjou, when Queen Bess was coquetting after her usual insincere and conceited manner, playing fast and loose. But the entry cited, made on the first of July, 1581 (the entertainment had taken place on Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday), appears to have been demonstrably a book (the fee paid was sixpence), tolerated unto Robert Waldegrave, and is not there stated to be a ballad. Soon after, on the first day of October, we find mention of "a ballad intituled *The Entertainement of the Frenchemen*," licensed to Roger Warde. But so early as 9th August, 1579, a dispute had been regarding the same or a similar ballad on a previous 'Entertainment,' when the "court ordered [Roger] Ward to pay to [Yarrath] James 10s. to put an end to a controversy touchinge a ballad of *The Enterteinment of the Frenchmen*."

Perhaps "Alas! my Love, you do me wrong," was the original *Greensleeves*. To Richard Jones had been licensed on the third of September, 1580, "A newe Northern ditty of y<sup>e</sup> Ladye *Greene Sleeves*," which may seem to have been the original. On the same day, licensed to Edward White, "a ballad, beinge *Y<sup>e</sup> Ladie Greene Sleeves answers to Donkyn hir frende*." To Henry Carre on 15th September, 1580, was licensed "*Greene Sleeves* moralised to the Scripture, Declaringe the manifold benefites and blessinges of God bestowed on sinful manne." Three days later, to Edward White, was "tolerated by Master Watkins a ballad intituled *Greene Sleeves and Countenaunce, in Countenaunce is Greene Sleeves*." Also tolerated to Richard Jones by Master Watkins on the 14th December, 1580 (probably a fresh version), is "a ballad intituled a *merry newe Northen songe of Greene sleeves*, begynnyng The boniest lasse in all the land;" apparently the same as one paid for anew on 13th February, 1581, as "a ballad intituled, *A Reprehension againste GREENE SLEEVES*, by William Elderton." Certainly he could not have written "Alas! my love," etc. The tune and subject became instantaneously popular. On the 24th of August, 1581, to Edward White was licensed "a ballad intituled *Greene Sleeves is worne awaie, Yellowe Sleeves comme to decaie, Blacke Sleeves I hold in despite, But White Sleeves is my delighe*."



Evidently an imitation, in the same cadence. The original words are preserved in the unique copy of Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, and may have been written by him:—*A new Courtly Sonet, of the Ladie Green Sleeues*: To the new Tune of *Green Sleeues*. Eighteen stanzas, the first is this:—

Alas, my Loue! ye do me wrong, to cast me off discourteously;  
And I haue loued you so long, delighting in your companie.  
Green-sleeues was all my ioy, Green-sleeues was my delight:  
Green-sleeues was my heart of gold, and who but my Ladie Green-sleeues?

Since "A Warning to all false Traitors, by example of Fourteen" executed in August, 1588, was appointed to be sung to the Tune of *Green-Sleeues*, we may feel almost certain that *Triumph and Joy* was the same tune, as indicated by the resemblance between their several ballad burdens. The ditty of 1588 begins thus:

You Traitors all that doo deuise to hurt our Queene in trecherous wise,  
And in your hartes doo still surmize which way to hurt our *England*,  
Consider what the ende will be of traitors all in their degree;  
Hanging is still their destenye, that trouble the peace of *England*. Etc.  
(Ouvry Coll.)

*We here note some Naval-Ballad Entries in Stationers' Registers.*

15° Maij, 1591.

ANDREWE WHITE. Entred vnto him for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens,  
*The Wonderfull victorye obteyned by the 'Centuryon' of London,*  
*againste Fyve Spanishe gallies, the iiij<sup>th</sup> of Aprill, beinge Ester daye,*  
1591. vjd.

23 Julij, 1591.

EDWARD WHITE. Entred vnto him a ballad of *the noble departinge of the right*  
*honorable the Erle of Essex, lieutenant generall of her maiesties forces*  
*in Fraunce and all his gallant companie.* vjd.

19° Octobris, 1592.

JOHN KYDDE. Entred for his copie vnder master warden *Stirrops* hand, a  
ballad intituled *The Seaman's Caroll, for the takinge of the greate*  
*Caracke.* vjd.

4° die Decembris [1594].

EDWARD WHITE. A Ballad entituled, *A sorrowfull songe made vppon ye valiant*  
*Souldiour Sir Martin Frobisher who was slayne neere Brest in Fraunce*  
*in November last.* vjd.

14° Januarij [1594].

THOMAS CREEDE. A ballad called *the Saylers ioye*, to the tune of *heigh ho*  
*hollidaie*, vpon condicon that yt apperteyne to noe other man. vjd.

17 Decembris, 1595.

THOMAS MILLINGTON. Entred for his Copie vnder the [handes of the] wardens  
a Ballade intituled *A pyne for the Spanyardes.* vjd.

3 Januarij, 1595 [1594].

JOHN DANTER. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens . . . a  
ballad intituled *Englandes resolution to beate backe the Spaniardes.* vjd.

Ultimo Maij [1603].

WILLIAM WHITE. *The Erle of Essex going to Cales*, a ballad, to be stayed for  
him, begyns *Gallantes.*

## Sir Martin Frobisher.

- "We Sea-men are the bonny boyes, that feare no stormes nor rocks-a;  
Whose musick is the Cannon's noise, whose sporting is with knocks-a! . . .
- "'Tis brave to see a tall ship saile, with all her trim gear on-a;  
As though the Devill were in her taile, she for the wind will run-a! . . .
- "Come let us reckon what ships are ours, *the Gorgon* and *the Dragon*,  
*The Lyon* that in fight is bold, *the Bull* with bloody flag on. . . .
- "The *Bear*, the *Dog*, the *Fox*, the *Kite*, that stood fast on the *Rover*,  
They chas'd the *Turk* in a day and night from *Scandaroone* to *Dover*."  
—*Wit and Drollery*, 1656.

WITH the intermediate stanzas of our motto taken up for self-laudation by the contrasted Land-loupers, this was "A Song of the Sea-men and Land-Soldiers," sung before 1656, in defiance of the Dutch, who disputed with Blake the command of the seas. A century earlier from Spain came the chief dangers to our fleet.

Apparently written by Simon Forman about 1592, and preserved in his own manuscript at Oxford (MS. Ashmol., 208, f. 263), the lines in commendation of Martin Frobisher deserve reproduction.

### John Kirkham's Commendation of Martin Frobisher.

YOU Muses guide my quivering quill! *Calliope* drawe neare!  
*Sicilian* Nymphes accord my suit, and to my 'hestes give ear.  
Your sacred ayd a while I crave, my shivering sense to stave,  
Such haught' exploits I take in hand, that men to me may say,  
'Thy ragged rime and rurall verse cannot ascend soe hye,  
To touch the top of *Martin's* prayse, which fleeth the highest skie.  
When whirling spheres doe it resound, and dewish stars contain,  
What thund'ring trumpe of goulden fame in azure air so plaine?  
Whose hawtie acts not heavens alone contented are to have,  
But earth and skyes, the surging seas, and silvan's echoes brave,  
Doe all resound with tuned stringe of silver harmonye,  
How *Frobisher* in every coast with flickering flame doth flye.  
A martial knight adventurous, whose valour great was such,  
That hazard hard he light esteem'd, his country to enriche' . . .

[The transcript is not satisfactory, owing to the original phonetic spelling, it leaves much to be guessed: *e.g.* my suet; sacred ayd a wyll; hewt exploits; touth the tope; deweshe staress; azure ayer; hewtie acts; silvans eccoughes.]

Abraham Cowley wrote a spirited "Ode, sitting and drinking in a chair made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's ship" (*Choice Poems*, 1658), beginning,

Cheer up, my Mates! the wind does fairly blow,  
Clap on more sail, and never spare;  
Farewell all land! for now we are  
In the wide Sea of Drink and merrily we go.  
Bless me, 'tis hot: another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the burning Line.  
Hey, boys, she scuds away, and by my head I know,  
We round the world are sailing now. &c.

## The Winning of Cales, 1596.

- "O *England*, now lament in teares, in teares lament the dismall fall  
Of an heroick English peere, as euer liu'd or euer shall,  
Whose soule so sweet doth rest on high, to liue with Christ eternally. . .
- "A second *Mars* he was of myghte, *Apolloe's* wit adorn'd his minde,  
Noe pen was able to recite the giftes of God to him assygn'de :  
But Envy, that foule monstrous Feynd, hath broughte to death true Vertue's  
Frynde.
- "The *Spaniarde* prowde can well reporte the deedes of armes that he hath done;  
So witnesse canne theyr batter'd Forte, and stately *Cales* he manly wone,  
And, in despight of Spanishe pride, eyght dayes he did therin abide,
- "To see if *Philippe* wo'd redeeme his conquered towne [with gold] of *Spayne*,  
But when he saw his light esteeme, the towne on fyre he settes amayne;  
But to his men strayght Charge he gaue, that Mayds and Wiues noe hurte  
should haue . . .
- "Two stately shippes he lickwise wone, and England's armes on them advanced,  
Which *Cæsar's* actes when he had done, into the deepe he forthwith launc'd:  
Hoystinge vp sayles to cutte the streames, that shine agaynste the sunnes  
bright beames."

—(Tanner MS. 306) *Elegy on the Earl of Essex.*

**W**HATEVER objections might have been urged by the Spaniards against some of the marauding expeditions of Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, and others, who indulged their passions of revenge for the cruelties of the Inquisition, simultaneously with the acquisition of what Wemmick in modern days termed "portable property," there can be no doubt that our own nation rejoiced at every naval victory, and by no means scrupled to encourage similar adventures so long as they were successful. Sentimental considerations, or even the rigorous conformity to international law (so far as it was codified and understood), troubled no conscience. Satisfactory was this taking of the two great vessels, the *S. Matthew* and *S. Andrew*, with any number of treasure-ships, from the wealth stored at Cales (Cadiz). The failure of adventurers to indemnify themselves by successful spoliation was the one sin that could not be forgiven by monarch or nation. "The attempt and not the deed confounds us."

It may be taken for granted that the earlier successes of our Merchant-adventurers in capturing here or there a rich prize, a Spanish ship laden with ingots from Peruvian mines or spices from the East Indies, was of the same character as an Arab's plundering a caravan of pilgrims in the desert, or a Highway Hector's stoppage of wealthy graziers returning from market across a lonely heath. It was robbery, pure and simple. Strong was the emotion of Drake in 1578, when, after landing at Port Julian in South America, to decapitate the irrepressibly mutinous Doughty, Drake found a gallows already decorating the shore, the bequest of former visitors.

He gave thanks religiously to heaven for this token that civilization had reached the place beforehand. Some people might have counted it unlucky, *absit omen!* but Drake was a hero of truer mettle than to be affrighted by sound timber and pliant cordage.

When once it was fairly understood, in 1587, that Spain was preparing an Armada (and, after it was defeated next year, that she was again making great efforts to furnish another fleet, in hope of succeeding, despite the late miscarriage), the complexion of marauding changed entirely. It became a pious deed, an act of national virtue, to destroy the wealth of Spain, and thus hinder her from being able to furnish another aggressive fleet. The enormous gains from both the Indies would be employed to speedily reimburse the treasury of their enemy, unless the vessels were intercepted by our dauntless mariners. The escape of the argosies, often by the narrowest chance of a single day's misadventure, (as in August, 1589, outside of Lisbon bar, where Drake missed five such prizes), was hailed in Spain with rejoicings, and denounced in England with execrations. If we could not capture them, and share the plunder, it became almost as meritorious to sink them in the depths of the ocean. Every injury done to the commerce of Spain was known to be an additional safeguard for England. We, remembering this, have the clue to understand the labyrinth of State intrigues, and the popularity of our Naval ballads. Trustworthy records enable us to guess the marvellous amount of wealth drawn through the Portuguese and Spanish ships from the Indies, before the power of England blighted this harvest that had once been deemed inexhaustible. Jan Huygen van Linschoten, returning to Europe from Goa in November, 1588, and chased by English ships from Flores to Terceira, was forced to remain there for safety until December, 1591. His diary of the time indicates this wealth.

"Linschoten saw the entire quay of Angra, the chief village of Terceira, covered from November, 1589, to March, 1590, with chests of silver to the value of five millions of ducats, equal to one million pounds sterling (or in corresponding present value to four or five millions); all landed there at one time, together with a vast unregistered quantity of gold, pearls, and other precious stones, from two ships only, coming from the West Indies. What must the annual fleets have carried? A special fleet was sent from Spain for this treasure . . . The fleet went to Lisbon, and was, with the treasure, saved."—(Arber's *English Reprints*, vol. xiv. No. 28, p. 4, 1871.)

\* \* \* A Note on the tune, known as *Dub a Dub*, or *The Seaman's Tantara rara*, will be found on our p. 403. The *Cates* ballad is in *The Percy Folio MS.*, iii. 454.

[Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good-Will*.]

An Excellent Song on  
The Winning of Cales by the English.

[TUNE OF, *Dub a Dub* ; or, *The Seaman's Tantara rara*. (See p. 403.)]

Long had the proud *Spaniards* advanted<sup>1</sup> to conquer us,  
Threatening our Country with fire and sword ;  
Often preparing their Navy most sumptuous,  
With all the provision that *Spain* could afford.  
*Dub a dub, dub, thus strike their Drums ;*  
*Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, the English-men comes !*

To the Seas presently went our Lord Admirall,<sup>2</sup>  
With Knights couragious, and Captaines full good ;  
The Earl of *Essex*, a prosperous Generall,<sup>3</sup>  
With him prepared to passe the salt floode.  
*Dub a dub, etc.*

12

At *Plymouth* speedily took they shipp valiantly,  
Braver shippes never were seen under sayle ;  
With their fayre Colours spread, and streamers o're their head,  
Now, bragging *Spanyards*, take heed of your tayle.  
*Dub a dub, etc.*

Unto *Cales*, cunningly, came we most speedyllye, [al. lect., happily.  
Where the King's Navy did secretelye ride,  
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of Sacke, [a.l. banks.  
Ere that the *Spanyards* our coming descry'd.  
*Tan-ta-ra, rara, the English-men comes ;*  
*Bounce-a-bounce, bounce-a-bounce, off went the Guns.*

24

Great was the crying, running and ryding,  
Which at that season was made in that place ;  
Then Beacons were fyred, as need then required,  
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.  
'*Alas !*' they cryed, '*English-men comes,*' etc.

There you might see the shippes, how they were fired fast,  
And how the men drowned them selues in the Sea :  
There you may hear them cry, wail and weep piteously,  
When as they saw no shift to escape thence away.  
*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

36

The great *Saint Philip*, the Pryde of the *Spanyards*,  
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunke in the sea ;  
But the *Saint Andrew*, and eke the *Saint Matthew*,  
We took in fight manfully, and brought them away.  
*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

<sup>1</sup> *Al. lect.*, "advanced." Percy Folio MS. "Long the proud Spaniards had vanted."

<sup>2</sup> This was Lord Charles Howard, of Effingham, Lord Admiral. Among his officers were Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Vere, Sir Coniers Clifford, and Sir George Carew.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the General. See next ballad, and p. 427.



The Earl of Essex, most valyant and hardy,  
With horse-men and foot-men march'd towards the Towne,  
The enemies<sup>1</sup> which saw them, full greatly affrighted,  
Did fly for their safe-guard, and durst not come downe.

*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

48

"Now," quoth the noble Earl, "Courage, my Soldiers all!  
Fight and be valiant, then spoyl you shall have;  
And well rewarded all, from the great to the small:  
But looke that the Women and Children you save!"

*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

The Spaniards, at that sight, saw 'twas in vain to fight,  
Hung up their Flags of truce, yielding the Town;  
We march'd in presently, decking the walls on high  
With our English Colours, which purchas'd renown.

*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

60

Ent'ring the houses then, and of the richest men,  
For Gold and Treasure we searched each day;  
In some places we did find Pye baking in the oven,  
Meat at the fyre roasting, and men run away.

*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

Full of rich merchandize every shop we did see,  
Damask, and sattins, and velvet full fair;  
Which Soldiers measure out by the length of their Swords,  
Of all commodities each one hath a share.

*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

72

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave Generall  
March'd to the Market-place, where he did stand;  
There many prisoners of good account were took;  
Many crav'd Mercy, and Mercy they found.

*Dub-a-dub, etc.*

When as our brave Generall saw they delayed time,  
And would not ransom their Town as they said,  
With their faire wainscots, their presses and bedsteads,  
Their joint-stooles and tables, a fyre we made.

*And when the Town burned all in a flame,*

*With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra rara, from thence we came.*

Finis. [By Thomas Deloney.]

[This probably appeared in an early edition of *The Garland of Good Will*, which was mentioned by Thomas Nash in 1596 (*vide ante*, p. 389). A copy of the 1682 edition is at Cambridge; we use the text of 1678. Date of the Taking of Cales, *i.e.* Cadiz, 21st June, 1596.]

\*.\* In *The Garland of Good Will* no tune is specified, but it was referred to elsewhere as *Dub a Dub*, and as *The Seaman's Tantara*, from the burden or chorus. In the Stationers' Registers is an entry (to Thomas Nelson, 19 Julij, 1584) of a ballad *The Sayler's newe Tantara*. (*Vide Transcript*, ii. 434.)

<sup>1</sup> *Al. lect.*, "the Spanyards which saw them were greatly," etc.



## Queen Elizabeth's Champion.

"Happy were he coulde finish forth his fate  
 In some vnhaunted desert, moste obscvre  
 From all society, from loue and hate  
 Of worldly folkes; there might he sleep secure,  
 There wake againe, and giue God euer praise,  
 Content with hippes and hawes, and brambleberrie,  
 In contemplacion passing still his dayes,  
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merrie:  
 That when he dyes his tombe might be a bush,  
 Where harmles Robin dwells with gentle Thrush."

—*A Passion of my Lord of Essex*, 1599.

NO earlier edition of our 'Champion' is known than the two broadsides in the Bodleian and British Museum Libraries. No tune is mentioned beyond the martial burden, *Raderer tu, tandaro te; Raderer tadorer tan do re*.

To the nation deeply interesting were the career and calamities of Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex. The special incident of the ballad is apocryphal, his capturing the Emperor's son.

More trustworthy is the "Passion" (Ashm. MS. 781, our motto above), sent by Robert Devereux from Ireland in a letter to the Queen; and the following "sonet" written a twelvemonth later, when he had learnt the bitter ingratitude of Raleigh and Bacon.

[Royal MS. 17, B. L. p. 266.]

### Verses made by the Earle of Essex in his Trouble.

THE waies on earth haue paths and turnings knowne,  
 The waies on Sea are gone by needle's light,  
 The birds of Heauen the nearest way haue flowne,  
 And under earth the moules doe cast aright.  
 A way more hard than those I needs must take,  
 Where none can teach, nor noe man can direct,  
 Where no man's good for me example make,  
 But all men's faults do teach hoe to suspect.<sup>1</sup>  
 Her thoughts and myne such disproportion haue;  
 All strength of loue is infinite in mee,  
 She vseth the aduantage tyme and fortune gave  
 Of worth and power to get the libertie.  
 Earth, sea, heauen, hell, are subiect vnto lawes,  
 But I, poore I! must suffer and knowe noe cause.     **R. E. E.**

<sup>1</sup> Either "how to suspect" or "her to suspect." E, not "D." or "d'E." (perhaps for Robert Earl of Essex). The old form of the name was Evreux, two sons of the Count of Rosmar and Mantelake, Normandy, came over with the Conqueror and settled: their names were Edward and Robert. From the latter was descended Walter Devereux, who in 1550 was by Edward VI. created Viscount Hereford. His grandson was the Earl Walter Devereux who died in September, 1576; father of Robert who wrote the lines above. See Walter B. Devereux's *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex*, 1853.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 416; Douce, III. 80, *verso*.]

## Queen Elizabeth's Champion ;

Or, Great Britain's Glory. A Victory obtained by the Young Earl of Essex, over the Old Emperor of Germany by a Fight at Sea, in which he took the Emperor's Son, and brought him prisoner to Queen Elizabeth.

(Ome, sound up your Trumpets and beat up your Drums,  
And let's go to Sea with a gallant good cheer,  
In search of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,  
The like has not been for this fifty long years.  
*Raderer two, tandaro te,*  
*Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.*

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships,  
With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see,  
Rich top and top-gallants, Captains and Lieutenants,  
Some forty, some fifty Brass-Pieces and three.  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

12

They had not sail'd past a Week on the seas,  
Not passing a Week and Days two or three,  
But they were aware of the proud Emperor,  
Both him and all his proud company.  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

When he beheld our powerful Fleet,  
Sailing along in their glory and pride,  
He was amaz'd at their Valour and Fame,  
Then to his warlike Commanders he cry'd,  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

24

These were the words of the Old Emperor,  
"Praying, who is this that is sailing to me?  
If he be a King that weareth a Crown,  
Yet I am a better Man than he."  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

"It is not a King, nor Lord of a Crown,  
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come,  
But the young Earl of *Essex*, the Queen's Lieutenant,  
Who fears no foes in *Christendom*."  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

36

"Oh ! Is that [young] Lord then come to the Seas ?  
Let us tack about, and be steering away,  
I have heard so much of his Father before,  
That I will not fight with young *Essex* to-day."  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

Oh ! then bespoke the Emperor's Son,  
As they were tacking and steering away,  
"Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of ships,  
And I will go fight with [young] *Essex* to-day."  
*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

48

"Take them, with all my heart, loving Son;  
Most of them are of a capital size;  
But should he do as his Father has done,  
Farewel thine Honour and mine likewise."

*Raderer two, tandaro te, etc.*

With Cannons hot, and thundering Shot,  
These two Gallants fought on the Main,  
And as it was young Essex's Lot,  
The Emperor's Son by him was ta'n.

*Raderer two, tandero te, etc.*

60

"Give me my Son!" the Emperor cry'd,  
Who[m] you this day have taken from me;  
And I'll give to thee three Keys of Gold,  
The one shall be of *High Germany*."

*Raderer two, tandero te, etc.*

"I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,  
Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,  
But thy Son he shall to *England* sail,  
And go before the Queen with me.

*Raderer two, tandero te, etc.*"

72

"Then have I fifty good Ships of the best,  
As good as ever were sent to the Sea;  
And, e'er my Son into *England* [shall] sail,  
They shall go all for good company."

*Raderer two, tandero te, etc.*

They had not fought this famous Battle,  
They had not fought it hours but three,  
But some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,  
And some lay tumbling in the Sea.

*Raderer two, tandero te, etc.*

84

Essex he got this Battle likewise,  
Tho' 'twas the hottest that ever was seen;  
Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,  
And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen.

[*Al. lect. 'sharpest'*]

*Raderer two, tandero te, etc.*

Oh! then bespoke the 'Prentices all,  
Living in *London* both proper and tall,  
In a kind Letter sent strait to the Queen,  
For Essex's sake they would fight all.

*Raderer two, tandero te,*

*Raderer tandorer, tan do re.*

96

[No printer's name or tune mentioned. A modern reprint (probably by John White of Newcastle, *circa* 1767), from an earlier broadside, of date 1597.]

We feel loath to part thus hastily from Robert Devereux, best and most heroic of the Earls of Essex, whose faults indeed were such as made his execution not altogether unjustifiable, after his act of open rebellion, but whose death won back the love of the sorrowful people whose heart he had earlier gained. We regard as apocryphal the story of his signet-ring, detained by the Countess

of Nottingham (while at least three "genuine" rings hold rival claim to be the identical token; like conflicting *Scala Santa*). Nor can we give Elizabeth so much credit as to believe that her remorse for the judicial murder of Essex was chief cause of her final prostration in despair. For this misery there were many more probable inducements: the cold-blooded agnosticism of her irreligion, although she was nominally the head of the Church and Defender of the Faith; her tardy observation of her courtiers being impatient for her departure from the scene; the scorn which she must inevitably have felt towards her Stuart successor, James, while she was writhing under remembrance of deeds treacherously perpetrated against his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, the rightful heir to the English throne; and perhaps a prophetic understanding of the future perils of the land, under less competent guidance than her own, vacillating, remorseless, and unscrupulous though she had been. None could forget the stony horror of her gaze, the dumb despair of the still queenly woman; none that had gazed on her in the last hours. Propt up with cushions, she had lain stretched upon the floor, faint through abstinence from food, heedless of the weeping women who stood terrified behind her; scarcely taking notice of her bewildered counsellors, who knelt beseeching her to speak a word of guidance, and appoint some one to assume the sceptre that she could no longer hold; the sword she seldom had allowed to remain free from stains of blood. Was it the prospect of eternity that appalled her? Did the ghostly forms of her victims haunt her waking dreams? Was it a worse than purgatory that had already begun, even on this side of the grave? None can answer which of these it was, or if all of them together, but her end was terrible.

Not thus, hopelessly and miserably, did Robert Devereux face the death which should bring peace, although it met him on the scaffold. Less probably his own composition, than a tributary Elegy of loving friends, the stanzas of "*Essex, his Last Voyage to the Hauen of Happiness*," are tokens of his farewell. They begin:

Welcome, sweet Death, the kindest freind I haue,  
This fleshly prison of my sowle vnlocke;  
With all the speed thou can'st, prouide my graue,  
Gett an axe readie and prepare the blocke:  
Vnto the Queene I haue a debt to paye,  
This Febrewaryes fiae and twenty daye.

Come, Patience, come, and take me by the hande,  
And trew Repentaunce teach myne eyes to weepe;  
Humylity, in neede of thee I stande,  
My Sowle desires thy company to keepe:  
Base worldly thoughts, vanish out of my mynde,  
Leaue not a spott of you nor yours behinde.

(MS. Ashmol., 767, fol. 64.)

## The George Aloe and the Sweepstake.

*Jailor's Daughter (sings) :—*

“ The *George aloe* came from the South,  
From the coast of *Barbary-a* ;  
And there he met with brave gallants of war,  
By one, by two, by three-a.

“ Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants,  
And whither now are you bound-a ?  
O, let me have your company till  
We come to the Sound-a.”

—*The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act iii. 5.

TO recover the various songs and ballads that have been quoted or parodied by the old dramatists ought always to be a pleasant task. Few of the commentators on the plays were sufficiently acquainted with ballad lore to track home the allusions ; and those persons (their name is Legion) who “ love an old ballad in print,” and were so fortunate as to have their memory stored with traditional tunes, were not so deeply read in the masterpieces of tragedy and comedy as they ought to have been. The scraps of song that are chanted in her madness by the Jailor's Daughter in the ‘ Doubtful Play ’ of “ *The Two Noble Kinsmen* ” had not been hitherto identified. (The third stanza, about three fools seeing the *Howlet*, has no connection with the “ *George Aloe*.”)

On the disputed question as to whether Shakespeare by any possibility had written some portion (chiefly the earlier scenes) of the play, it is not necessary to enter. The mad-scenes could not have been written by him : they are in direct imitation and travesty of his *Ophelia's*. The Jailor's Daughter, like the horse she mentions, “ gallops to the tune of ‘ *Light o' Love*.’ ”

As to the date of the ballad :—It cannot have been earlier than July, 1590 ; or January 14, 159½, when *The Sailor's Joy*, that gives name to the tune, was first issued. And it cannot have been so late as the end of March, 1611, for before that time a Second Part of “ *The George Aloe* ” was registered by the Stationers' Company :

Ultimo Julij [1590].

THOMAS NELSON. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master Gravett and master Newberry, *A Dittye of the fight uppon the seas the 4 of June last in the Straytes of Jubraltare between the 'George' and the 'Thomas Bonaventure,' and viij Gallies with three Freggates.* vjd.

xiiij Januarij [159½.]

THOMAS CREEDE. Entred for his copie vnder master Warden Cawoodes hande, a ballad, called *the Saylers ioye*, to the tune of ‘ *heigh ho hollidaie*,’ vppon condicon yt apperteyne to noe other man. vjd.

RICHARD JONES. Entred for his copies : *Captayne Jennings his songe, which he made in the Marshalsey, and songe a little before his death ;* Item, the *seconde parte* of the ‘ *George Aloe* ’ and the ‘ *Swiftstake*,’ being both ballades. xijd.

[This, no doubt, was our original, “ *The George Aloe and the Sweepstake too*.” The broadside copies are reprints of the Second Part. *Fletcher quotes the First*.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 204 ; Rawlinson, 636, fol. 34.]

## The Sailor's onely Delight :

Shewing the brave fight between *George-Aloe*, the  
*Sweep-stakes* and certain *French-men* at Sea.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Saylor's Joy*.

THE *George-Aloe* and the *Sweep-stake* too,  
With hey, with hoe, for and a nony no :  
O they were Merchant men and bound for *Salée*, " *Safee*," *passim*.  
and alongst the coast of *Barbary*.

The *George-Aloe* to Anchor came,  
With hey, with hoe, for and a nony no ;  
But the jolly *Sweepstake* kept on her way,  
and alongst the coast of *Barbary*. [Repeat thus, *passim*.]

They had not sayled leagues two or three, *with hey*, etc.  
But they met with a Frenchman of war upon the Sea, etc.

"All haile, all haile, you lusty Gallants, *with hey, with hoe*, etc.  
Of whence is your fair Ship, or whither are you bound ?" etc.

"We are Englishmen, and bound for *Salée*, *with hey*, etc.  
Of whence is your fair Ship, or whither are you bound ?" etc.

"Amaïne, amaïne, you gallant Englishman." *With hey*, etc.  
"Come, you French Swads, and strike down your sayle," and etc.

They laid us aboard on the Star-boord side, *with hey*, etc.  
And they overthrew us into the Sea so wide, and alongst, etc.

When tidings to the *George-Aloe* came, *with hey, with hoe*, etc.  
That the jolly *Sweep-stake* by a Frenchman was tane, and alongst, etc.

"To top ! To top, thou little Ship-boy ! *with hey, with hoe*, etc.  
And see if this Frenchman of war thou canst discry."

"A Sayle, a Sayle, under our lee, *with hey, with hoe*, etc.  
Yea, and another under her obey," and alongst, etc. [=her sway.]

"Weigh anchor ! Weigh anchor, O jolly Boat-swain, etc.  
We will take this Frenchman if we can," etc.

We had not sayled leagues two or three,  
But we met the Frenchman of war upon the Sea,  
and alongst the Coast of *Barbary*.



[The Second Part, WITH LARGE CUT OF ENGLISH SHIP.]

"All haile, all haile, you lusty Gallants, *with hey*, etc.  
 Of whence is your faire Ship, and whither are you bound?"  
 "O wee are Merchant-men and bound for *Salée*."  
 "I, and we are French-men, and war upon the Sea." [= "Aye" . . .]  
 "Amaine, amaine, you English Dogges!" *with hey*, etc.  
 "Come aboard you French rogue, and strike downe your sailes."  
 The first good shot the *George-Aloe* [made], etc. ["*Aloe*, shot."  
 He made the French-men's hearts sore afraid, etc.  
 The second shot the *George-Aloe* did afford, etc.  
 He struck their Main-mast over the board, etc.  
 "Have mercy, have mercy, you brave English-men," etc.  
 "O what have you done with our Brethren, ["*B. on shore.*"  
*as they sayled in Barbarie?*  
 "Wee laid them aboard on the Starboard side, etc.  
 And we threw them into the Sea so wide," etc. ["*through.*"  
 "Such mercy as you have shewed unto them, etc.  
 Then the like mercy shall you have againe," etc.  
 Wee laid them aboard on the Larboard side, etc.  
 And we threw them into the Sea so wide, etc.  
 Lord! how it grieves our hearts full sore, etc.  
 To see the drowned French-men swim along the shore, etc.  
 Now gallant Sea-men all adieu, *with hey*, etc.  
 This is the last newes that I can write to you,  
*to England's Coast from Barbarie.*

92

*Finis.*

Printed for *F. Coles, J. Wright, Tho. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.*

[Black-letter. Each of the three woodcuts represent a ship in full sail: the first is Turkish with a crescent on the flags, the second is in heraldic-shield, with a sprawling Lion in the upper compartment. The third cut, a big ship bearing St. George's flag, is found in better condition in *The True and perfect Newes of the worthy and valiant exploytes by Sir Francis Drake, 1587* (C. 31. c. 41). The Turkish ship is a mutilated cut, half of one adorning *Newes from Sea, of two notorious Pyrats Ward..and Dansekar* (see our p. 422). Date of first ballad issue, as registered, 1590; and of ours, 1594.]

In a later ballad beginning, "Fair Isabel of Beauty bright," we hear how

"Along the Coast of *Barbarie*, the Algerines they flock to see  
 Our Royal Fleet of noble fame, and stood amaz'd to see the same."

Another, beginning, "Of a constant young Seaman a story I'll tell," sings of "The *Algiers* Slave's Releasement; or, The Unchangeable Boat-swain." To the tune of *Ah! Cloris, awake* (cf. pp. 128 and 447). Of later date is the ballad of "Captain *Glen's* Unhappy Voyage to *New Barbary*."

## The Famous Fight at Malaga.

"Winds now may whistle, and waves may dance to 'em,  
 Whilst merchants cry out such sport will undo 'em,  
 And the Master aloud bids 'Lee the helm, lee !'  
 But we now shall fear nor the rocks nor the sand,  
 Whilst calmly we follow our plunder at land,  
 When others in storms seek prizes at sea."

—*The History of Sir Francis Drake* (Davenant's), 1659.

**T**HIS Roxburghe Ballad tells of the victory obtained by "five sail of frigates bound for Malago." In order to bring it here, to its place in the Naval Group, it had been delayed from reprint in Vol. V. The Bagford copy is marked "to be sold by J. Deacon."

We can guess the true date of our Malaga ballad, and justify it by extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, C. 62.

Master Bysshop, Master.

3 Julij [1600].

Master Dawson }  
 Master Waite } Wardens.

17 Julij, [1600.]

**Walter Burre.** Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master *Dixe* and Master *White*, warden :

The report of a fight at sea in the streightes of Gibraltar betwene certen merchantes shippes of England and ffyve Spanish shippes of warr, the 25 of Maie, 1600. vjd.

18 Julij.

**Walter Burre.** Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master *Dixe* and the Wardens, a ballet of the *Fight at Sea* between the Shippes aforesed. vjd.

We have no substantial reason for believing that the ballad belonged to an earlier date than July, 1600. The entries to Walter Burre appear to refer to a quite new event, the burning of Malago harbour. We have shown in Thomas Deloney's ballads on the Spanish Armada, and in his "Winning of Cales," that the remembrance of threats and oppressions used by the Spaniards had been cherished fiercely. The nation never took kindly to the projected Spanish Marriage of Prince Charles, in 1623. It was interrupted and frustrated. His wedding the French Princess Henrietta Maria was to become a greater misfortune to England than the broken match with Spain might have been. The national vindictiveness is plainly discernible in our "Malago" ballad. There is shown no tender commiseration for the vanquished Spaniards, or for the slaughtered women and children, as there had been in "The Winning of Cales." On the contrary, we notice a sympathy with the English Captain's delight at damaging the 'Popish' Cathedral of Malago; all the greater because that church had been erected by Philip II., after the death of "bloody" Mary, who would have gladly put to death her half-sister, the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 146 ; Bagford, II. 76 ; Jersey, III. 90 ; Pepys, IV. 204 ; Huth, I. 104 ; Douce, I. 72 vo.]

## The Famous Fight at Malago ;

Or, The

### Englishmen's Victory over the Spaniards :

Relating how Five *English* Frigats, viz. the *Henry*, *Ruby*, *Antelope*, *Greyhound*, and *Bryan*, burnt all the *Spanish* Ships in their Harbour at *Malago* ; battered down their Churches and their Houses about their ears, killed abundance of their Men, and obtained an Honourable Victory.

Where ever *English* Seamen goes,  
They are a Terror to their Foes.

To the Tune [its own] of, *Five Sail of Frigats bound for Malago, &c.*

Come all you brave Sailors, that sails on the Main,  
I'll tell you of a fight that was lately in *Spain* ;  
And of five Sail of Frigats bound to *Malago*,  
For to fight the Proud *Spaniards* ; our orders was so. 4

There was the *Henry* and *Ruby*, and the *Antelope* also,  
The *Grey-hound*, and the *Bryan*, for fire-ships must go ;  
But so bravely we weighed, and played our parts,  
That we made the Proud *Spaniards* to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor so nigh to the Mould,  
"Methinks you proud *English* do grow very bold !"   
But we came to an anchor so near to the Town,  
That some of their Churches we soon battered down. 12

They hung out their Flag of Truce, for to know our intent,  
And they sent out their Long-boat, to know what we meant,  
But our Captain he answer'd them bravely, it was so,  
"For to burn all your Shipping, before we do go."

"For to burn all our Shipping, you must us excuse,  
'Tis not five Sail of Frigats shall make us to muse !" —  
But we burnt all their Shipping, and their Gallies also ;  
And we left in the City full many a Widow.

"Come then," says our Captain, "let's fire at the Church !"   
And down came their Belfrey, which grieved them much ;  
And down came the Steeple, which standeth so high ;  
Which made the Proud *Spaniards* to the Nunnery fly. 24

So great a confusion we made in the Town,  
That their lofty Buildings came tumbling down;  
Their wives and their children, for help they did cry,  
But none could relieve them, though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoak so increased their woe,  
That they knew not whither to run nor to go;  
Some to shun the Fire leapt into the Flood,  
And there they did perish in Water and Mud.

Our Guns we kept firing, still shooting amain,  
Whilst many a Proud *Spaniard* was on the place slain;  
The rest, being amazed, for succour did cry,  
But all was in vain, they had no where to fly.

36

At length being forced, they thought it most fit,  
Unto the brave *English-men* for to submit:  
And so a conclusion at last we did make,  
Upon such Conditions as was fit to take.

The *Spanish Armado* did *England* no harm,  
'Twas but a Bravado, to give us alarm;  
But with our five Frigats we did thom bumbast,  
And made them of *English-men's* Valour to taste.

[i.e. bombard.]

When this noble Victory we did obtain,  
Then home we returned to *England* again,  
Where we were received with Welcomes of Joy,  
Because with five Frigats we did them destroy.

48

*London*, Printed by and for *W. O[nley]* for *A. M[ilbourne]*,  
and sold by *C. Bates* in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. One Woodcut. Date of issue, *circa* 1684, but the true date earlier.]



## The Seaman's Return from the Indies.

“ He ventures for traffique upon the salt seas,  
To pleasure our Gentry which lives at ease ;  
Through dangerous places must often pass he,  
*Then of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me !*”

—Thomas Lanfiere's *Fair Maid's Choice*.

WE had occasion to mention the following ballad, when giving some others written by the same author, THOMAS LANFIERE, in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 287. He specially loved the name of ‘Betty.’

The alternative tunes (or one tune with different names?) are, 1.—*Five Sail of Frigates*, which refers to the preceding ballad of the Victory at Malago; and, 2.—*Shrewsbury for me*.

1.—We are acquainted through tradition with the tune of *Five Sail of Frigates bound for Malago*, to which the preceding ballad and “The Seaman's Return from the Indies” were appointed to be sung. In modern times it was used in “The Scuttled Ship” to accompany the words of the incidental song, “She goes down in deep waters, *Insured to the Nine*.”

2.—This ballad, preserved in the Pepysian and Rawlinson Collections, well deserved to be included among our *Roxburghe Ballads*: we have given it in the present volume, on p. 359. It begins,

Come listen, young Gallants of *Shrowsbury* fair town,  
For that is the place that hath gained renown ;  
To set forth its praises we all will agree,  
Then every man to his mind, *Shrowsbury* for me !

It is not improbable that Thomas Lanfiere wrote “Shrewsbury” himself, as he certainly wrote another ballad to the same tune, of *Shrewsbury for me*, viz. “The Fair Maid's Choice; or, The Seaman's Renown;” whence we borrow our motto, beginning,

As I through *Sandwich* Town pass'd along,  
I heard a brave Damsel singing of this song ;  
In the praise of a Saylor she sung gallantly,  
*Of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me !*

We have already reprinted it in the First Division of *Bagford Ballads* (pp. 286 to 291); and it also reappears in *The Kentish Garland*, edited by our most esteemed friend Miss Julia H. L. de Vaynes. The song finds its sequel in the now-following “Seaman's Return.” Later we come to several other ballads by Thomas Lanfiere, forming a group of “Good Fellows.” We know little of him except that he belonged to Watchat in Somersetshire, and wrote a fair number of ditties, sometimes signed in full, sometimes by his initials, and sometimes with an acrostic of his name.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 47; Bagford, II. 83; Pepys, IV. 161; Jersey, I. 311; Rawlinson, 97; Huth, I. 118; Douce, I. 87.]

## The Gallant Seaman's Return from the Indies;

Or, The Happy Meeting of two Faithful Lovers.

Wherein is shewed the Loyal constancy of a Seaman to his Love.  
with her kind salutation unto him for his Welcome home.

Observe this Song which is both neat and pretty,  
'Tis on a Seaman in his praise of *Betty*.

TUNE OF, *Five Sail of Frigats; or, Shrewsbury*. [See p. 359.]

By T[homas] L[anfiere]: with Allowance.

" I AM a stout Seaman newly come on shore,  
I have been a long Voyage where I nere was before;  
But now I am returned I'm resolved to see  
My own dearest honey whose name is *Betty*.

" I have been absent from her full many a day,  
But yet I was constant in every way,  
Though many a beautiful dame I did see,  
Yet none pleased me so well as pretty *Betty*.

" Now I am intended, what ever betide,  
For to go and see her, and make her my bride:  
If that she and I can together agree,  
I never will love none but pretty *Betty*."

12

The Gallant Seaman's Song at the Meeting of *Betty*.

" WELL met, my pretty *Betty*, my joy and my dear,  
I now am returned thy heart for to chear:  
Though long I have been absent, yet I thought on thee,  
O my heart it was alwayes with pretty *Betty*.

" Then come, my own dearest, to the Tavern let's go,  
Whereas we'll be merry for an hour or two,  
Lovingly together we both will agree,  
And I'll drink a good health to my pretty *Betty*.

" And when we have done to the Church we will hy,  
Whereas we'll be joyned in Matrimony,  
And alwayes I'll be a kind husband to thee,  
If that thou wilt be my wife, pretty *Betty*.

24



"I will kiss thee and hug thee all night in my arms,  
I'll be careful of thee and keep thee from harms,  
I will love thee dearly in every degree,  
For my heart it is fixed on pretty *Betty*."

"For thee I will rove, and sail far and near,  
The dangerous rough Sea shall not put me in fear;  
If I do get treasure, I'll bring it to thee,  
And I'll venture my life for my pretty *Betty*."

"And more than all this, I'll tell thee, my dear,  
I will [soon] bring thee home rich jewels for to wear,  
And many new fashions I will provide thee,  
So that none shall compare unto pretty *Betty*."

36

"Then come, my own Dearest, and grant me thy Love,  
Both loyal and constant to thee I will prove,  
If that thou wilt put trust and belief in me,  
I vow nere to love none but pretty *Betty*."

*The Second Part: TO THE SAME TUNE.*

*Betty's Reply, wherein she shows her Love,  
Promising him always constant to prove.*

"O Welcome, my Dearest, welcome to the shore,  
Thy absence so long hath troubled me sore;  
But since thou art returned, this I'll assure thee,  
*It is thou art the man that my Husband shall be.*

"Although that some Maids now-a-days prove untrue,  
Yet I'll never change my old Love for a new;  
My promise I'll keep, while life remains in me,  
*For 'tis thou art the man that my Husband shall be.*

48

"I have been courted by many a proper Youth,  
If thou wilt believe me I'll tell thee the truth:  
But all my affections I have set on thee,  
*For thou art the man that my Husband shall be.*

"Then, Dearest, be not discontented in mind,  
For to thee I'll alwayes prove loving and kind;  
Nor Lord nor Knight I'll have, if they would have me,  
*For 'tis thou art the man that my Husband shall be.*

"If that I might gain a whole Ship-load of money,  
I would not forsake my true Love and Honey;  
No wealth nor yet riches shall force or tempt me,  
To forsake him who ever my true Love shall be."

60

[*Showing how they were Married.*]

This lusty brave Seaman and his dearest Dear  
Was married full speedily, as I did hear,  
Now they both together do live happily,  
And he vows to love his pretty *Betty*.

He is over joy'd now he has gain'd his mate,  
They do love and live without strife or debate ;  
He is kind unto her in every degree,  
So I wish him well to enjoy pretty *Betty*.

All you young men and maidens, pray learn by my song,  
To be true to your sweet-hearts, and do them no wrong ;  
Prove constant and just, and not false-hearted be,  
And so I will now conclude my new ditty. 60

Printed for *F. Cole[s]*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackery*, *T. Passenger*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: the first is on p. 433, the second represents a Queen, in a frame, and the third is a fragment of a frieze with a Summer Cupid. Date, *circa* 1680. The woodcut below belongs to "Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands," p. 421 ; with other three cuts, already given, viz. a man, p. 59 ; a second ship (the other half of this cut as on p. 433), and the little man, Vol. III. p. 403.]



## Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low-Lands.

“ So they row'd him up *ticht* in a black bull's skin, *Eek iddle dee*, etc.  
And have thrown him o'er deck-buird, sink he or swim :  
*As they sailed to the Lowlands low . . .*

“ ‘ We'll no' throw you o'er a rope, nor pu' you up on buird, *Eek*, etc.  
Nor prove unto you as good as our word, *As we sail*, etc.

“ Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spake he ; *Eek iddle dee*, etc.  
‘ Then hang me but I'll sink ye as I sank the French Galley, *As you sail*.’

“ But they've thrown him o'er a rope, and have pu'd him up on buird ; *Eek*.  
And have proved unto him far better than their word, *As they sail'd*,” etc.

—*The Goulden Vanitee.*

THREE words were shouted by the Spanish Count Gondomar into the unwilling ear of King James I., the only coward of the whole Stuart race. (But deficiency of physical courage was congenital, caused by the infamous brutality of Darnley and his fellow-conspirators, assassins of David Rizzio, in the very presence of the Queen at a time when she deserved most consideration. This fact should be remembered, in excuse of King Jamie's timidity at the sight of a drawn sword.) To Queen Elizabeth the words, “*Pyrats ! Pyrats ! Pyrats !*” might not have sounded so unpleasantly. Her remembrance of encouragement given to “Merchant-adventurers,” so long as they could successfully waylay the costly argosies and the carracks of any foreign power (whether under cover of lawful warfare or otherwise need not be enquired into curiously), might be enough to soften her diplomatic indignation. She was ready to plead, with a much later casuist, “I'm very sorry ; very much ashamed ! and mean—next winter—to be quite reclaim'd.”

But King James was of a different temper, and, although he well loved any accession of plundered wealth, the persistent reproaches against himself for connivance in such extra-judicial acts of the sea-solicitors could not fail to be distasteful. Personal antipathy was the secret mainspring, but Gondomar's ‘three words’ secured ultimately the death of Raleigh, whose faults were great and whose chief work was ended. Modern historians and biographers are apt to become dazzled by the glitter of romance, disguising the cruelty and rapacity of the old Vikingr, buccaneers, and privateers ; yet we entertain too deeply-rooted contempt for the peace-at-any-price pseudo philanthropists, who denounce all warfare indiscriminately, for us to add reproof of sharp practices on the open seas.

Sir Walter Raleigh never secured the popularity, the national affection, which was frankly given to Robert Devereux the Earl of Essex. Not only was Raleigh deemed arrogant, selfish, with the airs of an upstart, insolent to superiors, unconciliating with equals,

and heartlessly indifferent to those in lower position, but his base ingratitude towards Essex was of itself sufficient to diminish the regard which his more brilliant qualities might have gained for him, and this consideration no doubt explains the absence of all public regret for his downfall. It was believed to be a rightful retribution. "Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true; *the wheel has come full circle: I am here!*"

The subject of the following ballad is fictitious—sheer invention, of course, but anticipative of our modern torpedo practice: in the augur-instrument that "bored thirty holes at twice." The selfishness and ingratitude displayed by Raleigh agreed with the current estimate: and he certainly had a daughter. The song would not have been accepted, if proffered by calumniators of Essex.

The extant broadsides are not of earlier imprint than *circa* 1682 (issued by Joshua Conyers, at the Black Raven in Fleet-street). The ballad may have appeared previously; but, being marked with the imprimatur of Roger L'Estrange (Pepys Coll., IV. 196), not before 1663. The (Pepys and Euing) name of the ship, 'the Sweet Trinity,' is corrupted into "The Golden" or "Goulden Vanity" in modern versions. One we add here. Thirty years ago we heard the other jovially sung in Edinburgh, by Mr. P. S. Fraser, F.S.A. Scot.; a Scottified and traditional version, with a 'keekling' accompaniment of *Eck iddle dee, and the Lowlands-low*," and the profound gravity with which it was mentioned how "Then he took out an INSTRUMENT, bored thirty holes at twice," can never be forgotten. Professor John Wilson, "Christopher North," delighted in the song (music and words are in Mrs. Gordon's memoir of her father, 1862, vol. ii. p. 317); so did Lord Patrick Robertson, Professor Aytoun, J. G. Lockhart, and others; but none of them, Fraser included, knew anything of the early-printed original. The Scotch traditional version begins,

"There was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,  
*Eck iddle dee, and the Low-lands low;*  
And she was called 'The Goulden Vanitee,' as she sailed to the Lowlands low."

### **The Golden Vanity.**

(Corrupt Modern Stall-copy: Printed at the Pitts Press.)

"I Have a Ship in the North Countrie,  
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity;  
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,  
*As she sails on the Low-Lands Low.*"

Then up starts our little Cabin Boy,  
Saying, "Master, what will you give me if I do them destroy?"  
"I will give you gold, I will give you store;  
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,  
*If you sink them in the Low-Lands Low.*"

The Boy bent his breast, and away he jumpt in;  
He swam till he came to the Turkish galleon,  
*As she laid on the Low-Lands Low.*

The Boy he had an augur to bore holes two at twice;  
While some were playing cards, and some were playing dice;  
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,  
*And he sunk them in the Low-Lands Low.*

The Boy he bent his breast, and away he swam back again,  
Saying, "Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,  
*For I have sunk them in the Low-Lands Low.*"

"I'll not take you up," the master he cried,—  
"I'll not take you up," the master replied;  
"I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the tide;  
*I will sink you in the Low-Lands Low.*"

The Boy he swam round all by the starboard side;  
They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon died:  
Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide,  
And they threw him over-board to go down with the tide,  
*And they sunk him in the Low-Lands Low.*

[How came that old cow on board, for her hide to have been taken? Miss Prue in William Congreve's "Love for Love" calls Ben "a great sea-calf;" but sea-cows are *rare aves*. "*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?*" The "black bull's skin" is a genuine relic of early superstition. It was of evil omen, like the black sail to Theseus, and a Scottish king knew what was impending when a black bull's head was brought to table as his death-warrant.]

Let us here (lacking space elsewhere) insert an earlier printed ballad,

### *The Attempt on the Towne of Cales, 1625.*

[This ballad is preserved in William Crosse's continuation of Edward Grimestone's *General History of the Netherlands*, 1627 (P. Mark 591, i. 7.), pp. 1580-1581: 'The summe of this vnfortunate journey was epitomised into these verses, by a gentleman who was present in all that service:']

Our came to *Cales*; three thousand cannot shot [Cadiz.  
Puntal's strong fort; from *Bastamonte* got,  
We marcht to *Soto's* house, carows'd his wine,  
And spent three dayes; which intercourse of time  
Gaue meanes vnto Great *Philip's* ships to free  
Themselves from our surprise, by sinking three.

On thursday we retir'd, where brave *Horwood*  
With *Essex* and with *Morton* made it good  
Against the foes, till our ingaged Bands  
Imbarkt themselves on the *Calesian* sands.  
From thence we tooke the *Maine*, and plow'd those waves [28 Oct.  
Whose beating Surge the Southerne foreland laves.

Where plying off and on, for nineteene dayes,  
Vpon the twentieth, all our Armie sayles [17 Nov.  
(Being victuall scant) towards that deepe sound,  
Where christal *Plim* from *Plimouth* doth rebound.  
There safe arriuing, all our former toyle [Falmouth, 5 Dec.  
Lay buried in the sight of *England's* soyle.

[Horwood was Sir Edward Horwood, Sir Thomas Morton and Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, are the others named. The fort of Puntal yielded upon composition after Colonel Burrowes [= Sir John Burroughs] was landed in the eye of them: Captain Thomas Porter commanding the ordnance of the Convertine.]

[Pepys Collection, IV. 196; Euing, 334; Case 22, e. 2, fol. 76.]

## Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low-lands.

Shewing how the famous Ship called the *Sweet Trinity* was taken by a false Gallay, and how it was again restored by the craft of a little Sea-boy, who sunk the Gallay; as the following Song will declare.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Sailing in the Low-lands.*

Sir *Walter Raleigh* has built a Ship, in the Neather-lands,  
Sir *Walter Raleigh* has built a ship in the Neather-lands!  
And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*,  
And [it] was taken by the false Gallaly, sailing in the Low-lands.

“Is there never a Seaman hold in the Neather-lands:  
Is there never a Seaman bold in the Neather-lands,  
That will go take this false Gallaly,  
And to redeem the *Sweet Trinity*; sailing in the Low-lands?”

Then spoke the little Ship-boy, in the Neather-lands, [Repeat.

“Master, master, what will you give me, and I will take this false Gallaly,  
And [so] release the *Sweet Trinity*, sailing in the Low-lands?”

“I’ll give thee gold, and I’ll give thee fee, in the Neather-lands; [Bis.  
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be, sailing in the Low-lands.”

He set his breast, and away he did swim, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
Until he came to the false Gallaly, sailing in the Low-lands.

He had an Augur fit for the [n]once, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
The which will bore fifteen good holes at once, sailing in the Low-lands.

Some were at Cards, and some at Dice, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
Until the salt water flash’d in their eyes, sailing in the Low-lands.

Some cut their hats, and some cut their caps, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
For to stop the salt-water gaps, sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast, and away did swim, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
Until he came to his own ship again, sailing in the Low-lands.

“I have done the work I promised to do, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
For I have sunk the false Gallaly, and released the *Sweet Trinity*,  
Sailing in the Low-lands.

“You promised me gold and you promised me fee, in the Neather-lands, [Bis.  
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be, sailing in the Low-lands.”

“You shall have gold, and you shall have fee. in the Neather-lands; [Bis.  
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be,  
For sailing in the Low-lands.”

“Then fare you well, you cozening Lord, in the Neather-lands. [Bis.  
Seeing you are not so good as your word, for sailing in the Low-lands.”

And thus I shall conclude my Song of the sailing in the Low-lands, [Bis.  
Wishing all happiness to all Seamen both old and young  
In their sailing in the Low-lands.

*This may be printed, R.L.S.*

Printed for *J. Conyers*, at the *Black-Raven*, the first shop in *Fetter-Lane* next *Holborn*. [Black-letter. Four woodcuts, see p. 417. Date, licensed, 1665-85.]



## Captain Ward's Fight with the Rainboto.

“ You are the man we couet, [you,] whose valor  
Hath spake you so impartiall worthy,  
We should do wrong to merit, not gracing you.  
Beleeue me, Sir, you haue iniur'd much your selfe,  
Vouchsafing familiarity with those  
Men of so common rank as *Dansiker* :  
Your hopes should flye a pitch aboue them.”

—Robert Daborne's *A Christian turn'd Turke*, 1612.

**M**ENTION has been made of a vessel called 'The Rainbow,' that distinguished itself against the Spanish Armada (*vide* p. 375), and probably it is the same ship of war that re-appears in the "Famous Sea-Fight" of Captain Ward.

There is a different version, one that must certainly have been antecedent to our Roxburghe and Bagford exemplars (by far the more common and popular, the other being very rare and never hitherto reprinted): it is fully entitled "The Sea-man's Song of Captain Ward, the famous Pyrate of the World and an Englishman born." It begins, "Gallants, you must understand," was printed for F. Coles, and had been appointed to be sung to the Tune of 'The King's going to Bulloign,' a lost ballad, of different rhythm from "Captain Ward."

The Stationers' Registers record the Seaman's Song of Ward and Dansekär.

3 Julij, 1609.

JOHN BUSBY. Entred for his copyes vnder t' hand of Master Warden Lownes  
2 ballades,  
th' one called *the Seamens Songe of Captayne WARDE, the famous Pirate of the World, an Englishman.*  
th' other, *the Seamens Songe of DANSEKAR the Dutchman his robberyes and fightes at Sea.* xijd.

On the previous 2nd of June there had been "entered to John Busby, senior, for his copie vnder t' hand of Master Warden Lownes a booke called *Newes from the Sea sent by an Englishe merchant of certen piracies committed in April, 1609*, by certen Turkes confederates with the great Pyrate *WARD* and Capitaine *DANSEKER* [*sic*] a Dutchman vppon ye merchantes shippes traffique from th' English, French, Dutche and Spanish nations, Provided that yt is not to be printed without further Auctoritie. vjd."

This authorization was obtained after an interval of more than four months (*vide Transcript*, iii. pp. 411, 414, 422, during which time the two-part ballad had been licensed), viz. on 24 October, 1609, when John Busby, junior, had entered to him a fresh payment of sixpence for "A booke called *A true and certen report of the begynninge, proceedinges, ouerthrowes, and nowe present estate of Captain WARD and DANSEKER, the two late famous Pirates, from their first settinge forth to this present tyme; as also, the fying of 25 saile of the Tunis men of waire, together with the Death of diuerse of WARDES best Captaynes*, published by ANDREW BARKER, master of a ship, who was taken by the confederates of WARD and by them sometymes Deteyned prisoner." [A copy of this book is in the British Museum Library, C. 27. c. 6. *B. M. W. Hall*,... Sold by J. Holme London, 1609. See also *Newes from Sea of two notorious Pyrats Ward the Englishman and Dansekar the Dutchman, with a true relation of all or the most piracies by them committed unto the sixt of Aprill, 1609.* *B. M.* Printed for N[athaniel] Butter, London, 4to. Grenville, 7343.]

[Wood's Collections, 401, fol. 80, 402, fol. 40; Douce, II. 199.]

**The Song of Dansekar the Dutchman.**

[Second Part of the Sea-man's Song of Ward and Dansekar.]

TUNE OF, *The King [Henry]'s going to Bulloign.*

Sing we Sea-men, now and than,  
Of *Dansekar the Dutchman*, [See p. 425.  
Whose gallant mind hath won him great renown;  
To live on land he counts it base,  
But seeks to purchase greater grace,  
By roving on the Ocean up and down.

His heart is so aspiring,  
That now his chief desiring  
Is for to win himself a worthy name;  
The land hath far too little ground,  
The sea is of a larger bound,  
And of a greater dignity and fame. 12

Now many a worthy gallant,  
Of courage now most valiant,  
With him hath put their fortunes to the Sea;  
All the world about have heard  
Of *Dansekar* and *English Ward*,  
And of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any kingdom,  
In *Turkey* or in *Christendom*,  
But by these Pyrates have received loss;  
Merchant-men of every land  
Do daily in great danger stand,  
And fear do much the ocean main to cross. 24

They make children fatherless,  
Woful widows in distresse,  
In shedding blood they too much delight;  
Fathers they bereave of sons,  
Regarding neither cries nor moans,  
So much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant bearing  
To hear the cannons roaring,  
And musket shot to rattle in the sky;  
Their glories would be at the highest  
To fight against the foes of C[h]rist,  
And such as do our Christian faith deny. 36

But their cursed villanies,  
And their bloody pyracies,  
Are chiefly bent against our Christian friends;  
Some Christians so delight in evils,  
That they become the sons of divels,  
And for the same have many shameful ends.

424 *The Seaman's Song of Captain Ward and Dansekar.*

*England* suffers danger,  
As well as any stranger  
Nations are alike unto this company ;  
Many *English* Merchant-men,  
And of *London* now and then,  
Have tasted of their vile extremity. 48

*London's* ' *Elizabeth* '   
Of late these rovers taken hath,  
A ship well laden with rich merchandize,  
The nimble ' *Pearl* ' and ' *Charity* ,'  
All ships of gallant bravery,  
Are by these pyrates made a lawful prize.

The ' *Trojan* ' of *London* ,  
With other ships many a one,  
Hath stooped sail, and yielded out of hand ;  
(These pyrates they have shed their bloods,  
And the *Turks* have bought their goods,)   
Being all too weak their power to withstand. 60

Of *Hull* the *Bonaventer* , [ *Cf.* p. 40s.  
Which was a great frequenter  
And passer of the Straits to *Barbary* ,  
Both ship and men taken were  
By pyrates *Ward* and *Dansekar* ,  
And brought by them into captivity.

*English Ward* and *Dansekar*  
Begin greatly now to jar  
About [the true] dividing [of] their Goods ;  
Both ships and soldiers gather head,  
*Dansekar* from *Ward* is fled :  
So full of pride and malice are their bloods. 72

*Ward* doth only promise  
To keep about rich *Tunis* ,  
And be commander of those *Turkish* seas ;  
But valiant *Dutch*-land *Dansekar*  
Doth hover neer unto *Argier* , [ = *Algiers*  
And there his threat'ning colours now displays.

These Pyrates thus divided,  
By God is soon provided  
In secret sort to work each other's woe ;  
Such wicked courses cannot stand,  
The Divel thus puts in his hand.  
And God will give them soon an overthrow. 84

*Finis.*

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson*. [B.L. Orig. date, 1609.]

Robert Daborne wrote a tragedy, in prose and verse, entitled "*A Christian turn'd Turke; or, the tragicall Lives and deaths of the two famous Pyrates, Ward and Dansiker*." Printed by [and] for *W. Barrenger*, London, 1612, in 4to. (644. b. 15; and C. 12. f. 6, art. 1.) From this we take our motto, on p. 422.

"His monument in brass wee'l thus engraue:  
*Ward* sold his country, turn'd *Turke*, and died a slaue."

In our *Appendix* is given the original "Seaman's Song of Capt. Ward." He was by birth a 'Man of Kent,' and it is probable that his baptismal register is still extant, unsuspected by all save ourselves, in the church of his native town Faversham. Even his Christian name, *John*, had been forgotten in tradition. He was simply remembered as "Captain Ward, the Englishman and Pirate." We need not expect that one whom he had plundered, such as Andrew Barker, could be disposed to give a flattering report of Ward's life and conversation. We take his contemporary account *cum grano salis*, thankful for small mercies, not believing his word of Ward's cowardice, but admitting drunkenness and profanity. In the last year of Elizabeth's reign, at beginning of the seventeenth century, our John Ward was living at Plymouth, "a fellow poore, base, and of no esteeme, one as tattered in cloathes as he was ragged in conditions, the good past that he could boast of himselfe might bee, that hee was borne in a Towne called *Feuersham* in *Kent*, and there lived as a poore fisherman" (*A True and certaine Report of . . . Capitaine Ward and Dansekar the two late famous Pirates*, etc., 1609, p. 2). Barker says that "he was commonly called *Jack Ward*, one that was welcome into any tap-house, more for love of his coyne than love of his company, and all the reputation that his own crue held of him was but this, that he was a mad rascall, would sweare well, drinke stiffe, stick too't, and like a good cocke he would neuer out of their damnable pit, if there were either money in his purse or credible chalke in his hoste's hand, being once in."

In the beginning of James I.'s reign, Ward obtained employment in a King's ship, *The Lion's Whelpe*. He ingratiated himself with the crew, persuaded them to trust him, and commence marauding for mutual profit, on land and sea. So he became their captain, and there is a long list of vessels that fell under his piratical attacks. His chief ally was "Dansekar the Dutchman," whose right name (according to Andrew Barker) was Simon Danser. Other chief associates were William Graves, Thomas Hussey, and John White. Danser, or Dansekar, had belonged to Flushing, whence, after having served the States, he went to Marseilles, and there left his wife and son. Among the vessels that he took, one was the *Diamond*, of London; another, the *Centurion* (*Ibid*, p. 24). His wife tried to induce him to return, with the offer of pardon from the King of France if Dansekar would devote himself to his service.

The King of Spain sent an expedition against Ward and Dansekar, of twelve ships and eleven galleys. Captain Boniton, a Cornishman, and one Abraham Collings (ancestor of Jesse?), were taken, and soon carried to Marseilles. Boniton was executed: others, sixty-four in all, were condemned for life to the galleys. Barker in 1609 rejoiced in the hope that the Spaniards had thus far crippled Ward's power. Many a bad half-hour the pirates must have suffered at that date. Thus we read the quarto volume (with our ship cut of p. 386), telling of the *Execution of Nineteen late Pyrates, Harris, Jennings, Longcastle* [one of Ward's men], *Downes, Haulsey*, etc., executed on 22 December last [1609?], in *Southwarke*. This is dated January, 1609 [1610?]

Ward appears to have been on good terms with the Tunisians and Algerines: like Dansekar, he is said to have been a renegade to the faith. A inconstant Turkish woman, Voada, accused and ruined him.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 56, 652-4, 861; Bagford, I. 65; II. 78; Pepys, IV. 202; Douce, III. 56.]

## The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward and the Rainbow.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Captain Ward*, etc.<sup>1</sup> [Cf. vol. i. p. 249.]

STrike up, you lusty Gallants, with Musick and sound of Drum,  
 For we have deseryed a Rover upon the Sea is come;  
 His name is Captain *Ward*, right well it doth appear,  
 There has not been such a Rover found out this thousand year.  
 For he hath sent unto our King, the sixth of *January*, [James I.  
 Desiring that he might come in, with all his Company;  
 "And if your King will let me come, till I my tale have told,  
 I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of gold." <sup>2</sup> 8  
 "O nay! O nay!" then said our King, "O nay, this may not be,  
 To yield to such a Rover my self will not agree;  
 He hath deceiv'd the *French-man*, likewise the King of *Spain*,  
 And how can he be true to me, that hath been false to twain."  
 With that our King provided a Ship of worthy fame,  
 '*Rainbow*' she is called, if you would know her name;  
 Now the gallant *Rainbow* she rowes upon the Sea,  
 Five hundred gallant Seamen to bear her company. 16  
 The *Dutch-man* and the *Spaniard* she made them for to flye,  
 Also the bonny *French-man*, as she met him on the Sea.  
 When as this gallant *Rainbow* did come where *Ward* did lye,  
 "Where is the Captain of this Ship?" this gallant *Rainbow* did cry.  
 "O that am I," says Captain *Ward*, "there's no man bids me lye;  
 And if thou art the King's fair Ship, thou art welcome unto me."  
 "I'll tell thee what," says *Rainbow*, "our King is in great grief  
 That thou should'st lye upon the Sea, and play the arrant thief, 24  
 "And will not let our Merchants' ships pass as they did before,  
 Such tydings to our King is come, which grieves his heart full sore."  
 With that this gallant *Rainbow* she shot, out of her pride,  
 Full fifty gallant brass pieces, charged on every side.  
 And yet these gallant Shooters prevailed not a pin,  
 Though they were brass on the out-side, brave *Ward* was steel within.  
 "Shoot on, shoot on!" says Captain *Ward*, "your sport well pleaseth me;  
 And he that first gives over, shall yield unto the Sea. 32  
 "I never wrong'd an *English* Ship, but *Turk* and King of *Spain*,  
 For and the jovial *Dutch-man*, as I met on the Main.  
 If I had known your King but one two-years before,  
 I would have saved brave *Essex* life,<sup>3</sup> whose death did grieve me sore.



"Go, tell the King of *England*, go tell him thus from me,  
If he reign King of all the Land, I will reign King at Sea."  
With that the gallant *Rainbow* shot, and shot, and shot in vain,  
And left the Rover's company, and return'd home again. 40

"Our Royal King of *England*, your Ship's return'd again;  
For *Ward's* ship is so strong, it never will be tane."  
"O everlasting!" says our King, "I have lost jewels three,  
Which would have gone unto the Seas, and brought proud *Ward* to me!  
"The first was Lord *Clifford*, Earl of *Cumberland*; <sup>3</sup>  
The second was the Lord *Mountjoy*, as you shall understand; <sup>4</sup>  
The third was brave *Essex*, from field would never flee; <sup>5</sup>  
Which would 'a gone unto the Seas, and brought proud *Ward* to me!"

**Licensed and entred.**

*London*: Printed by and for *W. Onley*, and are to be sold by the  
Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-bridge*. [Bagford duplicates.]

[Black-letter, woodcut on p. 433. Copies vary. Original date, *circa* 1620.]

\* \* We run-on half-lines into whole. Roxb. Coll. III. 56 is F. Coles's copy,  
printed in half stanzas. The other Roxb. are late Aldermay Churchyard reprints.

<sup>1</sup> The tune marked (as though its own) as "*Captain Ward*" is certainly not the same as that belonging to "The Seaman's Song of Captain Ward and Dansekar," which is *The King's going to Bulloigne*; nor is it probably the same as one bearing the name of *Lusty Gallants*. (See p. 422, and *Popular Music*, p. 92.)

<sup>2</sup> Similar offer of service, in atonement for lawless life, was made by Johnny Armstrong, in the "Good Night" ballad, when the King rejects his submission: "What wants the knave that a king should have, But the sword of honour and the crown?" Pardon was offered to Dansekar (*cf.* p. 425).

<sup>3</sup> George Clifford, 3rd Earl of Cumberland (Earldom conferred 18 June, 1525), who married Lady Margaret Russell in 1577, and distinguished himself as a naval commander, voyaging at his own expense, impoverishing his estate by horse-racing and tournaments. Separated from his wife, he died at the Duchy House, the Savoy, 30 October, 1605, aged forty-seven years complete. It was his great-grandfather whose early life, passed in obscurity, is so beautifully described by William Wordsworth, in his "Feast at Brougham Castle," printed in 1807:—

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills;  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoye, who had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the closing years of Elizabeth's reign. Knighted in 1586, he had served against the Spanish Armada. James I. re-appointed him as Lord-Lieutenant, made him a K.G., Master of the Ordnance, and Earl of Devonshire. His adulterous connection with Lady Rich, continued many years, was made light of; but his marrying her, after she was divorced, caused so much indignation and scandal that his disgrace was believed to have shortened his life. He died in 1606, aged 43 years. He appears in "Kenilworth," as Sir Charles Blount.

<sup>5</sup> Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex, executed 25 February, Ash-Wednesday, 1607. See pp. 402 to 407; also vol. i. p. 564.



## The Honour of Bristol.

"Behold the touchstone of true love,  
*Maudlin* the Marchant's daughter of *Bristowe* towne,  
 Whose firm affection nothing could moue,—  
 Such fauour beares the louely browne."

—Hy. Huth's *Ancient Ballads and Broad-sides*, 1867, p. 98.

THE following ballad appeared in a little book written by Lawrence Price, entitled "Fortune's Lottery," 1657; probably a reprint, but they seldom took the trouble to indicate which edition it might happen to be. His initials, "L. P.," are attached to another ballad, "to the Tune of *The Angel Gabriel*, of date 15 October, 1639" (soon to be reprinted in our *Civil War Ballads*, vol. i.), beginning, "All you that are brave Sailors, of courage stout and bold." The title of Price's ballad is "A New Spanish Tragedy; or, More Strange Newes from the narrow seas . . . two most dreadful sea-fights," etc. Printed for Samuel Rand, on Holbourne Bridge. And assuredly our "Honour of Bristol" had preceded it in publication, that is, before October, 1639; probably between April, 1635, and 19 February, 1638 (like Martin Parker's "Stormy winds do blow").

Of the tune named, "*Our noble King in his Progress*," we must reserve a full identification. It is cited in a few other early ballads, and we believe the original ballad describes the Royal Progress of James the First to open his Parliament, 15 March, 1604. But we have not found its original, or reprint, or manuscript copy. To this tune was sung Martin Parker's ballad, "The Honor of the Inns of Court Gentlemen," 1633, beginning, "My noble Muse assist me!" (Ouvry Coll., i. 23).

A sheaf of Roxburghe Ballads devoted to celebrating the Honour of Bristol await our early opportunities for reproduction. 1.—"The West Country Nymph," beginning, "Come all you maidens fair, and listen to my ditty; In *Bristol* City fair there liv'd a damsel pretty." 2.—"The Fair and Loyal Maid of *Bristol*," beginning, "There liv'd in *Bristol* City fair, a maiden fair and bright." 3.—"The Constant Maiden's Resolution," beginning, "An Amorous Damsel in *Bristol* city." 4.—"The Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter of *Bristol*." 5.—"The *Bristol* Bridegroom" (a variation of No. 4). 6.—"The *Bristol* Garland." 7.—"A New Song called the Mermaid," beginning, "On Friday morning as we set sail." The first and second of these we give on pp. 441 to 443. They are closely connected.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 214 ; Pepys IV. 203 ; Bagford, II. 85 ; Euing, 142.]

## The Honour of Bristol.

Shewing how the *Angel Gabriel*, of *Bristol*, fought with three  
[*Spanish*] Ships, who boarded us many times, whereon we  
cleared our Decks, and killed five hundred of their men, and  
wounded many more, and made them fly into *Cales*, where we  
lost but three men ; to the honour of the *Angel Gabriel* of *Bristol*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Our Noble King in his Progress.*

A Ttend you and give ear a while, and you shall understand,  
Of a battel fought upon the seas, by a ship of brave command ;  
The fight it was so famous, that all men's heart doth fill,  
And makes them cry "to sea, with the *Angel Gabriel* !"

The lusty ship of *Bristol* sail'd out adventurously,  
Against the foes of *England*, their strength with them to try ;  
Well victual'd, rig'd, and man'd, and good provision still :  
Which makes men cry "to Sea, with the *Angel Gabriel* !" 8

The Captain, famous *Netheway*, so was he call'd by name ;  
The Master's name *John Mines*, a man of noted fame :  
The Gunner *Thomas Watson*, a man of perfect skill :  
With other valiant hearts, in the *Angel Gabriel*.

They waving up and down the Seas, upon the Ocean Main ;  
"It is not long ago," quoth they, "since *England* fought with *Spain* !  
Would we with them might meet, our minds for to fulfill,  
We would play a noble bout, with our *Angel Gabriel*." 16

They had no sooner spoken, but straight appear'd in sight  
Three lusty *Spanish* vessels, of warlike force and might ;  
With bloody resolution they sought our men to spill,  
And vow'd to make a Prize of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Then first came up their Admiral, themselves for to advance,  
In her she bore full forty-eight pieces of Ordinance ;  
The next that then came near us was their Vice-Admiral,  
Which shot most furiously at our *Angel Gabriel*. 24

Our gallant ship had in her full Forty fighting men ;  
With twenty pieces of Ord'nance we play'd about them then :  
And with Powder, Shot, and Bullets, we did imploy them still,  
And thus began the Fight with our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our Captain to our Master said, "Take courage, Master bold ;"  
The Master to the Seamen said, "Stand fast, my hearts of Gold ;"  
The Gunner unto all the rest, "Brave hearts, be valiant still,  
Let us fight in the defence of our *Angel Gabriel* !" 32

Then we gave them a Broadside, which shot their Mast asunder,  
And tore the Bowsprit of their Ship, which made the *Spaniards* wonder;  
And caused them for to cry, with voices loud and shrill:  
"Help! help! or else we sink, *by the Angel Gabriel.*"

Yet desperately they Boarded us, for all our valiant shot;  
Three-score of their best fighting-men upon our Decks were got,  
And then at their first entrance full thirty we did kill,  
And thus we clear'd the Decks of *the Angel Gabriel.* 40

With that their three ships boarded us again with might and main,  
But still our noble *English-men* cry'd out, "A fig for *Spain!*"  
Though seven times they Boarded us, at last we shew'd our skill,  
And made them feel the force of *our Angel Gabriel.*

Seven hours this fight continued, and many brave men lay dead,  
With purple gore and *Spanish* blood the Sea was coloured red;  
Five hundred of their men we there outright did kill;  
And many more were maim'd *by the Angel Gabriel.* 48

They seeing of these bloody spoils, the rest made haste away,  
For why? they saw it was no boot, any longer for to stay;  
Then they fled into *Cales*, and there they must lye still, [Cadiz.  
For they never more will dare to meet *our Angel Gabriel.*

We had within our *English* Ship but onely three men slain;  
And five men hurt, the which, I hope, will soon be well again;  
At *Bristol* we were landed, and let us praise God still,  
That thus hath blest our men, and *our Angel Gabriel.* 56

Now let me not forget to speak, of the Gift given by the Owner  
Of the *Angel Gabriel*, that many years have known her;  
Two hundred pounds in coyn and plate he gave with free good will,  
Unto them that bravely fought in *the Angel Gabriel.*

[Probably by **Lawrence Price.**]

Printed for *T. Vere*, at the sign of the *Angel* without *Newgate*.  
Roxburghe copy printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray,  
and T. Passinger; the same as Pepysian.

[In Black-letter. With two woodcuts on Vere's copy (which we here follow,  
probably the earliest extant, from Ebsworth and Euing), 1st, a small map-  
like view of Bristol, which does service for any other inland city required  
in broadsides; 2nd, the three ships with man swimming, as on p. 413.  
Date, before October, 1639.]

## When the Stormy Winds do Blow.

"Great *Charles*, your valiant Seamen, upon our bended knee,  
Present our selves as freemen, unto your Majesty;  
Beseeching God to bless you, where ever that you go:  
So we pray, night and day, *When the stormy winds do blow.*"

—*The Valiant Sea-man's Congratulation*, 1660.

OUR Roxburghe Collection broadside, entitled "Neptune's Raging Fury; or, The Gallant Seaman's Sufferings," is not the early edition, for it began "Countriemen of England," bore the title of "The Praise of Saylor's here set forth, with the hard Fortunes that do befall them on the seas, when Landmen sleep safe on their beds. To a pleasant new Tune—*The Jovial Cobler*. (Cf. p. 368.) Printed at London for C. Wright," *circa* 1635. Later issues were printed by T. Mabb for Richard Burton (*circa* 1650); for F. Coles, Thomas Vere, and William Gilbertson (before 1682). The author of this spirited ditty, the original of the present adaptation, was Martin Parker, many of whose ballads have already reappeared in these volumes, and others will come into the *Civil War Series*, among them being the historical hope-inspirer, "When the king enjoys his own again."

It is beyond dispute that Thomas Campbell won inspiration by often hearing this old ballad sung, beginning, "You gentlemen of England, that live at home at ease," and that to his delight in it we owe the production of his own noble lyric, "Ye mariners of England, who guard our native seas." Campbell was inclined to conceal his borrowings, most disingenuously (as shown in the case of his disparaging the Silurist, Henry Vaughan, after plagiarizing the lines on the Rainbow and "the youthful world's gray fathers" of the flood); indeed there was an absence of large-heartedness about the Scotchman, despite his ability to write such songs as "Hohenlinden" and "The Battle of the Baltic" ("Of Nelson and the North, sing the glorious days renowned"). His truckling to Lady Byron, and his mean-spirited abuse of her husband, show this painfully. But it was impossible to hide the obligation to Martin Parker's earlier song, which was still well known, and too many witnesses were ready to avouch their having heard the song sung to him, at his repeated desire. So he avowed the truth for once, and it disagreed with him less than he expected.

To a second Naval Group we reserve the somewhat dreary and long-winded ballad (stanzas), "The Valiant Virgin; or, *Philip and Mary*: In a description of a young gentlewoman of *Worcestershire*, etc., To the same tune of, *When the stormy winds do blow.*" Music in Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 293.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 543, *verso* ; Bagford, II. 81 ; Pepys, IV. 201 ; Euing, 239.]

## Neptune's Raging Fury ;

Or,

### The Gallant Seaman's Sufferings.

Being a Relation of their Perils and Dangers, and of the extraordinary Hazards they undergo in their noble Adventures. Together with their undaunted Valour and rare Constancy in all their Extremities, and the manner of their Rejoycing on Shore, at their return home.

[TO ITS OWN] TUNE OF, *When the Stormy Winds do Blow, etc.*

**Y**OU Gentlemen of *England*, that lives at home at ease,  
Full little do you think upon the dangers of the Seas :  
Give ear unto the Marriners, and they will plainly show,  
The cares and the fears *when the stormy winds do blow.*

All you that will be Sea-men, must bear a valiant heart,  
For when you come upon the Seas, you must not think to start,  
Nor once to be faint-hearted in hail, rain or snow,  
Nor to shrink, nor to shrink *when the stormy winds do blow.* 8

The bitter storms and tempests poor Sea-men must endure,  
Both day and night, with many a fright, we seldom rest secure ;  
Our sleep it is disturbed, with visions strange to know,  
And with dreams on the streams, *when the stormy winds do blow.*

In claps of roaring thunder which darkness doth enforce,  
We often find our ships to stray beyond our wonted course ;  
Which causeth great distractions, and sinks our hearts full low,  
'Tis in vain to complain *when the stormy winds do blow.* 16

Sometimes in *Neptune's* bosom our ships is tost in waves,  
And every man expecting the Sea to be their graves :  
Then up aloft she mounteth, and down again so low :  
'Tis with waves, O with waves *when the stormy winds do blow.*

Then down again we fall to prayer, with all our might and thought,  
When refuge all doth fail us, 'tis that must bear us out :  
To God we call for succour, for he it is, we know,  
That must aid us, and save us *when the stormy winds do blow.* 24

The Lawyer and the Usurer, that sits in gown of fur,  
In closets warm can take no harm, abroad they need not stir ;  
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce and beats with hail and snow,  
We are sure to endure *when the stormy winds do blow.*



We bring home costly merchandize, and jewels of great price,  
To serve our *English* gallantry with many a rare device :  
To please the *English* gallantry our pains we freely show,  
For we toyl and we moile *when the stormy winds do blow.* 32

We sometimes sail to the *Indies*, to fetch home spices rare,  
Sometimes 'gain to *France* and *Spain*, for wines beyond compare ;  
Whilst gallants are carousing in taverns on a row,  
Then we sweep o'er the deep *when the stormy winds do blow.*

When tempests are blown over, and greatest fears are past,  
Ay, weather fair and temperate air, we straight lye down to rest :  
But when the billows tumble, and waves do furious grow,  
Then we rouse, up we rouse *when the stormy winds do blow.* 40

If enemies oppose us, when *England* is at wars  
With any Forreign Nations, we fear not wounds and scars ; ["scars."  
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to know,  
Whilst they reel in the keel, *when the stormy winds do blow.*

We are no cowardly shrinkers, but *English-men* true bred :  
We'll play our parts like valiant hearts, and never fly for dread ;  
We'll ply our business nimbly, where e'er we come or go,  
With our mates to the *Straights*, *when the stormy winds do blow.* 48

Then courage all brave Marriners, and never be dismaid,  
Whilst we have bold adventures we ne'er shall want a trade :  
Our Merchants will imploy us to fetch them wealth, I know ;  
Then be bold, work for gold, *when the stormy winds do blow.*

When we return in safety, with wages for our pains,  
The Tapster and the Vintner will help to share our gains,  
We'll call for liquour roundly, and pay before we go ;  
Then we'll roar on the shore, *when the stormy winds do blow.* 56

[Altered from **Martin Parker.**]

*London* : Printed for *A. M[ilburne]*, *W. O[nley]*, and *T. Thackeray*,  
at the *Angel* in *Duck Lane.*

[In Black-letter (Bagford's in white), with this woodcut. Original date *circa* 1635.]





## The Dutch Wars.

“A country that draws fifty foot of water,  
 In which men live as in the hold of Nature,  
 And when the Sea does in upon them break  
 And drown a province, does but spring a leak;  
 That always ply the pump, and never think  
 They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;  
 That live as if they had been run a-ground,  
 And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;  
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
 Upon the goods all Nations' fleets convey:  
 And, when their merchants are blown-up and crackt,  
 Whole Towns are cast away in storms and wreckt;  
 That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,  
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:  
 A Land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,  
 In which they do not live, but go a-board.”

—S. Butler's *Genuine Remains: Description of Holland*.

**H**OLLAND was no less ably satirized contemporaneously by Andrew Marvell, in “The Character of Holland,” 1672, beginning,

*Holland*, that scarce deserves the name of land,  
 As but th' off-scouring of the British sand,  
 And so much earth as was contributed  
 By *English* pilots, when they heav'd the lead,  
 Or what by the Ocean's slow alluvion fell  
 Of ship-wreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell:  
 This indigested vomit of the Sea  
 Fell to the *Dutch* by just propriety. Etc.

(See the only trustworthy and ‘first adequate edition’ of *The Complete Works of Marvell*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Alex. B. Grosart, 1872, i. 243.)

In the bitterness of polemical satire (and Marvell is more acrid than Butler, with less excuse, not having been soured by neglect and penury), the noble conquest achieved by the Dutch over the elements was turned into ridicule, while deserving of admiration. Not here need be told again—yet has it never been told too often, or with redundancy of detail—the continuous battle waged by the brave, industrious, and skilful Hollanders against the waves of ocean: that ocean which they held in check so long, and learned to make their best friend in alliance.

The courage and perseverance of the Dutch, well displayed in their valiant deeds at sea, no less than in recapture of their own threatened mainland, need not blind us to the cruelty, selfishness, and arrogance which too frequently excited the disgust of their neighbours. Their worst qualities survive in the marauding and brutal Boers of South Africa, to whom pusillanimous counsels have yielded territory that ought to have been defended for the national honour. The atrocious tyranny perpetrated by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1623, left a rankling desire for vengeance, and the indignant protest in Dryden's tragedy, 1673, found an echo in many hearts: as it was intended to do, and enforced Shaftesbury's declaration that “the States of Holland were England's eternal enemies, both by interest and inclination.”

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 240 ; Wood's, 402, art. 95 ; Euing, No. 311.]

## The Royal Victory.

Obtained (with the providence of Almighty God) against the *Dutch Fleet*, June the 2d and 3d, 1665. A Fight as bloody (for the time and number) as ever was performed upon the Narrow-Seas, giving a particular account of Seventeen Men of War taken ; Fourteen Sunk and Fir'd. But forty that could escape of their whole Fleet, which at this time are hotly persued by the Earl of *Sandwich*. Their Admiral *Opdam* slain by the Duke of *Yorke's* own Frigate. *Van Trump* Sunk by Capt. *Holmes*.

The number of their Kill'd Men amounts to 10,000.

To THE TUNE OF *Packington's pound*. [See p. 331.]

Let *England*, and *Ireland*, and *Scotland* rejoyce,  
And render thanksgivings wi<sup>th</sup> heart and wi<sup>th</sup> voice ;  
That surley *Fanatick* that now will not sing,  
Is false to the Kingdom, and Foe to the King ;

For he that will grutch,  
Our Fortune is such,

doth deal for the Devil, as well as the *Dutch* :  
For why should my nature or conscience repine  
At taking of his life, that fain would have mine ? 9

So high a Victory we could not comma<sup>nd</sup>,  
Had it not been gain'd by an Almighty hand ;  
The great Lord of Battels did perfect this work,  
For God and the King, and the good Duke of *York*.  
Whose Courage was such,  
Against the *Low-Dutch*,

that vapour'd and swager'd, like Lords in a hutch ;  
But let the bold *Hollanders* burn, sink or swim,  
They have honour enough to be beaten by him. 18

Fire, aire, earth and water, it seemes were imploy'd  
To strive for the Conquest, whi<sup>ch</sup> we have injoy'd ;  
No honour, or profit, or safety can spring,  
To those that do fight against God and the King :

The Battel was hot,  
And bloudily Fought,

the Fire was like Rain, and like Hail was y<sup>e</sup> Shot,  
For in this Ingagement ten thousand did bleed  
Of *Flemmings*, who now are y<sup>e</sup> *Low-Dutch* indeed. 27

In this cruel Conflict stout *Opdam* was slain  
 By the great Duke of *York*, and lyes sunk in y<sup>e</sup> Main :  
 'Twas from y<sup>e</sup> *Dukes* Frigat that he had his doome,  
 And by the Duke's valour he was overcome ;

It was his good Fate  
 To fall at that Rate,

who sink under Princes, are buried in State :  
 Since valour and courage in one grave must lye,  
 It is a great honour by great hands to dye.

36

*The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.*

That gallant bold fellow, y<sup>e</sup> Son of *Vantrump*, [Cornelius.  
 Whose brains were beat out by the head of the *Rump*, [Mart. c. T.  
 Ingageing with *Holmes*, a brave Captain of ours, [Robert H.  
 Retreated to *Neptune's* salt waterie bowers ;

His Fate was grown grim,  
 He no longer could swim,

but he that caught Fishes, now Fishes catch him ;  
 They eat up our Fish without Reason or Lawes,  
 But now they are going to pay for the Sauce.

45

To mock at men's misery is not my aime,  
 It never can add to an *English*-man's fame ;  
 But I may rejoyce that the Battel is wonn,  
 Because in the victory God's will is done,

Whose Justice appears  
 In such great Affairs,

who will for *Amboina* plague them and their Heirs : [1623  
 For he that doth comber his conscience with g[u]ilt,  
 In shedding of blood, his own shall be spilt.<sup>1</sup>

54

In this cruel Contest (our fortune was such)  
 We tooke seventeen Men of War from the *Dutch*,  
 And likewise (as then the occasion requir'd,  
 And as God would have it) fourteen more were fir'd.

At *Amboina* when  
 They Tortur'd our men,

they look'd not to have the same paid them agen :  
 With fire and with water their Sinews they crackt,  
 In fire and in water they dy'd for the Fact.

63

<sup>1</sup> News of the atrocities perpetrated by the Dutch at Amboyna, in February, 1623, against Captain Gabriel Towerson and nine other English merchants of distinction, came tardily next year to James I. The wrongs were left unavenged, simply because of his family affairs making it expedient to form a treaty with Holland, to favour the husband of his daughter Elizabeth, the Elector Palatine. See *Colonial Papers, Record Office Series*, vol. iv. and *Purchas's Pilgrimage*, vol. ii.

According as our God of Battel commanded,  
The best of their Vessels were Fir'd and Stranded ;  
All ships, Men of War ; for what power hath man  
To fight with that Army, where God leads y<sup>e</sup> Van ?  
They Steere, and they Stem,  
But 'twas so extream,  
our men were neer dying, with killing of them ;  
They lost (when y<sup>e</sup> muskets and cannon so thunder'd)  
Twice so many thousand as we have lost hundr'd. 72  
'Twould make a brave *Englishman's* heart leap to see't,  
But forty ships made an escape of their Fleet ;  
Which our men persue with much courage and strength,  
'Tis doubtless but we shall surprize them at length ;  
If God be our guide,  
And stand by our side,  
we shall be befriended with fair Wind and Tide ;  
If Providence prosper us with a good Gale,  
The *Dutch* nor the Devil shall ever prevaile. 81  
Prince *Rupert* like lightning flew thorough their Fleet,  
Like flame mixt with powder, their Army did meet,  
Ten thousand slain bodies the Ocean orespread,  
That in few hours' distance were living and dead,  
Their Admirals all,  
Save one, there did fall,  
and death had command like a chief General ;  
Brave *Smith* in the *Mary* did shave out his way [Jeremy.  
As Reapers do Wheat, or as Mowers do Hay. 90  
Stout *Lawson*, and *Minn*, there did both play their parts, [John,  
Who emptied their Guns in their Enemies' hearts ; bis.  
The burly fat *Dutchmen* being cut out in slips,  
The Vessels did looke more like Shambles than Ships.  
God prosper the Fleet,  
And send they may meet  
*Du Ruiter*, to make up the Conquest compleat.  
God bless all the Princes, and every thing  
That Fights for y<sup>e</sup> Kingdom, and prays for y<sup>e</sup> King. 99

With Allowance, June the 9th, 1665.

*London*, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *R. Gilbertson*.  
[Black-Letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, a cavalier (see iii. 576) ; others on pp. 440,  
and 442. Date, June 9th, 1665.]

Well deserving a separate volume is the ballad-history of the various Wars waged against the Dutch by our countrymen, under Richard Deane, Robert Blake, and George Monk, during the Commonwealth ; and later, in Charles the Second's reign, the sea-fights described by Sir John Denham and Andrew Marvell, in "Instructions to a Painter." Here are a few Roxburghe specimens.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 236 *verso*. Probably unique.]

## Lobe and Gallantry ;

Or,

A Noble Seaman's last adieu to his Mistris, at the time of his being unfortunately drowned in the Last Engagement with the *Dutch*.  
With her passionate answer thereunto.

To THE TUNE OF, *Farewel, my Calista*. (See p. 40.)

“**F**arewel, my *Clarinda*, my life and my soul,  
I am plung'd in the sea, and on surges must rowl ;  
Severe is my Fate, yet the waves do not blame,  
Though they drown me, they cannot extinguish my flame.  
Through secret paths, to blest regions above,  
I wander, yet still must remember my Love :  
When the charming Beauties of Angels I see,  
How can I, my dearest, but think upon thee ?

8

“ Sometimes from those mansions I hope to descend  
To whisper my Love in the ears of my friend ;  
To Court her pure soul on that delicate Theam,  
In the welcome delights of an amorous Dream ;  
To fan the cool air on her face as she lies,  
And acknowledge my self still a slave to her eyes :  
Too gross is the Love and too drossie the fire,  
That vanquishes soon as the breath doth expire. [Qu. vanishes !

“ The deeds I have done I leave upon score,  
And am heartily sorry I made them no more ;  
For the best of all Princes I fought, in whose cause  
Even Cowards would dye for to merit applause :  
May good success equal the right of his Arms,  
And providence ever protect him from harms !  
Some generous thoughts in one's soul it must bring,  
To love such a Mistriss, and serve such a King.

24

“ Whilst thundering Cannons rung out my sad knell,  
I kept time with Broad-sides their fury to quell ;  
I fear'd not the Bullets, and thought no surprize,  
Could equal those darts that were shot from thine eyes.  
Alas ! what more Terrour in death could there be,  
When before I was kill'd by my absence from thee ?  
Thus resolv'd, I lay down on a wat'ry Pillow,  
And was rockt to eternal sleep with a Billow.

32

" 'Tis far nobler, methinks, thus bravely to dye,  
Couragiously fighting a bold Enemy,  
Than that our life's Taper should dully blaze out,  
By Feaver, Consumption, Scurvy, or Gout;  
I hate all delays, and do welcome that death,  
That comes on a sudden and puffs out one's breath:  
Yet to sweeten my fall, kind fate did decree,  
I should not be wounded by any but thee. 40

" If the Waves to the shoar my dead body shall bear,  
And thy fair Eyes [may] come to Embalm 't with a tear;  
If with some kind wishes the Corps[e] thou shalt view,  
And acknowledge my love and my services true;  
I then shall rejoyce, not repine at my fate,  
And Princes may envy my happier state:  
For who would not dye, if sure he cou'd be,  
But after his death beloved by thee?" [“to be loved.”]

*Her Answer.*

" **C**ALL not your *Clarinda* your life, and your soul,  
She dyes and turns statue to hear where you rowl—  
To bid her farewell, alas! 'tis but vain,  
And rememb'ring our love, but encreases her pain;  
Fate cannot decree to commit such a wrong,  
Unless it intend too to take me along:  
Our death, as our life, such a sympathy bears,  
You are drown'd in the Ocean, and I in my tears. 56

" In vain for thy safety, with vows, and with prayers,  
Have I interceeded and brib'd heaven's ears,  
Sure Destiny takes a delight to oppresse  
The brave, and denyeth the worthy successe;  
Yet shall not the envy of Fate undermine.  
The Glory attends me in having been thine:  
I never fear'd death should extinguish thy Love,  
For I know by my own that it endless would prove. 64

" The deeds thou hast done are recorded by Fame,  
Which so loudly does eccho thy glorious name,  
That the wond'ring world this fam'd truth shall approve,  
Thy valour was equal'd by nought but thy Love:  
Our merchants by thee were relieved from their fears,  
The Pyrates did tremble, thou humblest *Algiers*, [cf. p. 447.  
Where poor Christian slaves shall thy memory bless  
Releas'd by thy conduct and freed from distress. 72



"In all the fierce warrs with the *Dutch*, we must own,  
 Thy courage as great and as gallantly shown;  
 Full well to their cost when the enemy knew,  
 And have cause to remember the blows of the Blew. [*sic. qu.*  
 In brief thy exploits are so many and great, "True-Blue."  
 Thou only could'st dye, for to make them compleat:  
 Oh dye! how 'twould grieve me, did I not know ["yt did."  
 This comfort from fate, that my self can dye too. 80

"Farewel, loathsome life, for I only will stay,  
 Once more to embrace these dear reliques of clay,  
 To seal his cold lips with a languishing kiss,  
 And tell him I come to be his partner in Bliss;  
 Then decently laid in his Grave from my eyes,  
 A deluge of water shall presently rise,  
 Whose high swelling Billows to Heaven being Hurl'd,  
 Shall waft my soul over into a new world. 88

"Then meeting above in the seats of the blest,  
 Where lovers in peace may eternally rest,  
 Where wars are quite banisht, and where they need fear  
 No whispering tongue, nor eves-dropping ear,—  
 Where pleasures are grac'd with a permanent joy,  
 And waters can't drown, nor can bullets destroy—  
 There linkt in each other's kind arms will we sit,  
 Whilst our fancies each moment new blisses beget." 96

Printed for *Phillip Brooksby*, in *West-Smith-field*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. Date, 1672 or 1673. Printed at back of a broadside of "A True Relation of the Great Floods," by L. W., beginning, "O England!" This cut belongs to p. 437.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 504 ; Douce, II. 248.]

# The West Country Nymph ;

Or,

## The Loyal Maid of Bristol.

The flower of *Bristol* doth complain  
For the absence of her Love,  
And vows she constant will remain  
Like to the Turtle Dove.

TUNE, *Young Jammy*. [See Vol. IV. p. 656.]

Come all you Maidens fair, and listen to my Ditty ;  
In *Bristol* City fair, there liv'd a damsel pretty :  
She to a Seaman was engag'd, him she did love most dear,  
And when the roaring Billows rag'd, her heart was filld with fear.  
When stormy winds did blow she sorely was oppressed,  
Her countenance did show that she was much distressed.  
Quoth she, " You gods, what do you mean to fill me thus with fear ?  
Such storms as these were never seen, but yet preserve my Dear. 8  
" For I will constant be and ever faithful to him,  
Thrice happy shall I be, if e'er I live to view him ;  
But shou'd he dye and not return, as I do greatly fear,  
I with the Turtle Dove will mourn for my beloved Dear.  
" For he is in mine eye the glory of this Nation,  
And at his constancy I stand in admiration :  
It would my heart most joyful make to see my love appear,  
Which now with fear doth sadly ake for my beloved dear. 16  
" You that are cross'd in Love, my happiness admire :  
My dear doth constant prove, what can I more desire ?  
I'll go and stand on *Dundre* Hill, to see his ship appear,  
Where by my self I'll weep my fill for my beloved dear.  
" But if by cruel fate my true love should miscarry,  
Who could my grief relate ? In *Bristol* I'de ne'r tarry.  
To some strange Deserts I would fly, and wander far and near,  
With woful shrieks to pierce the sky for my beloved dear. 24  
" But yet my Love so kind I think the duce was in thee  
To leave me here behind and sail unto *Virginny* :  
Make hast[e] and home return again, or I shall dye with fear,  
For my poor sake now leave the Main, mine own beloved dear.  
" Didst thou the torments know that I have long endured,  
It would procure thy woe I'me certainly assured ;  
Thou'rt unacquainted with my pain, my sorrow and my fear,  
Oh ! then make hast and come again, mine own beloved dear. 32

"No soul beneath the Sun hath been more heavy hearted,  
 Since my true Love was gone and from his dearest parted.  
 But time I hope will make amends for all my care and fear,  
 When we two meet like faithful friends, then will I hug my dear.

"Till then I shall lament for the absence of my true Love,  
 And pine in discontent—I hope 'tis so with you, love;  
 And every day I wish for thee, to banish all my fear,  
 O! quickly come and comfort me, my own beloved dear." 40

[Colophon lost, but the exemplar in Douce Collection, II. 248, was "Printed for Philip Brooksby," whose publishing time was 1672-1695. The date of this broadside (in Black-letter, with four woodcuts) must have been soon after the issue of Aphra Behn's *Roxburghe Ballad* on James Scot, Duke of Monmouth, 1681-2. (See Vol. IV. pp. 503, 656 *et seq.*) Of the four woodcuts, the 1st is a ship, with 'Courage' on bowsprit flag; 'Fidelity,' 'Piety,' and 'Loyalty' on the three pennons. 2nd, the Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon cut, as in *Bagford Ballads*, iii. p. 530; 3rd, Duke of Monmouth, as in *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. p. 412; 4th, a new lunette of a Dutch girl with loose falling cap and vase of flowers. Date *circa* 1682. The cut here given belongs to p. 437.]

\*\*\* *Note.*—Some close connection binds together the two "Loyal Maid of Bristol" ballads of pp. 441-443 (both published by Brooksby): she keeps watch from *Dundre-Hill* for her sailor-lover who has gone to *Virginia*. In the second ballad he is lost at sea, and she dies of grief. But (without mention of *Bristol*, or *Dundre-Hill*, and with *Holland* substituted for *Virginia*) there is a third ballad (on p. 444), sung to the same tune, and with notable coincident mention of "the brackish Sea," giving a happy ending, a safe return to the maiden-bride. This was published by Jonah Deacon. We suspect that one author wrote all three ballads. Compare "*The Lowlands of Holland*" = "The love that I had chosen," and "My love has built a bonny ship" (see John Muir Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, i. 85), of later compilation, founded on our p. 444.



[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 46. Probably unique.]

## The Fair and Loyal Maid of Bristow.

Dame Fortune on this Maiden frown'd, that once on her did smile;  
She was in tears of sorrow drown'd that death did her beguile.

To THE TUNE OF, [*Ah!*] *Jenny ginn*, Or, [*When*] *Busie Fame*. [See p. 177.]

There liv'd, in *Bristol* city fair, a Maiden fair and bright,  
To whom a Seaman did repair, she was his heart's delight:  
No comfort had he in this life, when she was from him gone,  
'Twas she, he vow'd, should be his wife, and her he do[a]ted on.

But Fortune did upon them frown, that once on them did smile,  
And she, that did these Lovers crown, at last did them beguile:  
And to *Virginia* he must go, his fortune to advance,  
Which did procure their overthrow, Oh sad unhappy chance! 8

And at his parting, showres of tears came trickling from their eyes,  
She was possest with deadly fears, and doubt did her surprize:  
Least he should ne'r return again, to crown her Nuptial day,  
And as she sadly did complain, thus he to her did say:—

“Cease, cease, my dear, do not complain; I’le faithful be to you,  
And let me perish on the main if e’re I prove untrue:  
And with a thousand kisses I my faithful promise seal:”  
While she perceived from his eye a trickling tear to steal. 16

More faithful Lovers [n]ever could in this same Land be found,  
She that was made of Beauty’s mould in virtues did abound:  
And down upon her bended knee this lovely Dame did fall,  
And pray’d for his prosperity, with his return, and all.

So to the brackish Seas with speed this Loyal Seaman went, [Cf. p. 444.]  
Which did in her much trouble breed, and caus’d her discontent:  
For e’re he to *Virginia* came he lost his dearest life,  
And ne’r return’d to her again, to espouse her as his wife. 24

But this to her was still unknown, in vain did she expect  
Her true and faithful Lover home, whom she did so affect;  
But oft to *Dundree* Hill she went, to see ships under sail, [Cf. p. 441.]  
Where she most sadly did lament, and courage then did fail.

“Ah me! of all unfortunate!” thus to herself she said, [“sed.”]  
“I fear that cruel rigid Fate hath struck my true love dead;  
But if it prove for to be true, that my dear Love is gone,  
All comforts then I’ll bid adieu, alas, I’m quite undone. 32

“I’le melt away in brinish tears, mine eyes no more shall close,  
And I’le add sorrow to my fears, all comforts I’le oppose:  
I’le have a metto on my Tomb, shall make true Lovers mourn,  
Till for my sake they shall consume, and languish here forlorn.”

At last the tydings to her came, that her true Love was dead,  
And to the world she did proclaime her joys were gone and fled;  
No comfort in this world she took, but night and day she cry’d,  
She was of blessings quite forsook, and so, poor soul, she dy’d! 40

Finis.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the *Golden Ball*, near *Hospital-gate* in *Smithfield*.  
[Black-letter. Five cuts, a man, a ship, a Goshawk, wind, a ship. Date, c. 1683.]

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 73 ; Pepys, IV. 193 ; Huth, II. 74.]

## The Seaman's Sorrowful Bride.

See here the constant mournful Bride,  
In sorrow doth complain ;  
For fear her joy and heart's delight  
Should ne'r return again.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Ah ! Jenny gin.* [See pp. 177, 443, 445.]

- “ MY Love is on the brackish Sea, and I am on this side,  
’Twould break a poor young creature’s heart, that lately was a Bride :  
That lately was a joyful Bride, so pleasant to the eye,  
But *Holland’s Land* doth me withstand, *and part my Love and I.* ”
- “ The Love that I in heart have chose, therewith I am content,  
The floating sea shall dryed be before I will repent ;  
But cruel Fate my joys arrest, it cannot helped be,  
Whilst I do cry, most mournfully, ‘ *Fate parts my Love and me !* ’ ” 8
- “ O gentle *Neptune*, be so kind, to send him back again,  
He ne’r will be out of my mind, that now hath crost the Main ;  
Oh, hapless Bride ! so soon to loose the pleasure of thine eye,  
But rigid Fate my bliss doth hate, *and parts my Love and I.* ”
- “ No sleep shall give my troubled mind a comfortable hour ;  
For while my Love is on the Main, fears do my joys devour :  
And e[v]’ry blast that blows, I fear, my love should drowned lye,  
But ’tis a grief beyond relief, *so Love for thee I’ll dye.* ” 16
- “ Ah ! cruel Fate, too much unkind, why dost thou serve me so ?  
Give ease to my distressed mind, and banish all my woe :  
For I shall never be at rest, till I my Love do see,  
Then gentle wind be sure be kind, *n’er part my Love and me.* ”
- “ You sturdy Rocks be sure give way, and let my Love sail by,  
For if he should be made your Prey, in what a case were I !  
Or if the waves should cruel prove, which I ne’r hope to spy,  
I should be lost, and strangely crost, *to part my Love and I.* ” 24
- “ Blow wind, and send a happy Gale, that he may home return,  
If thou but fill his prosperous Sail, I need no longer mourn :  
My happiness will be compleat, when him I chance to see,  
Now I lament in discontent, *since Fate parts him and me.* ”
- “ You powerful Stars, that mortals rule, mind but my sad complaint,  
And send me home my Love again, that now am like to faint ;  
I sigh, I pant, I waste away, no pleasures can I see,  
Since my Delight is out of sight, *and Fate parts him and me.* ” 32
- “ Now must I blame the cruel wind that sent my Love away,  
O Fates ! why were you so unkind, as not to let him stay ?  
Just in the bud of all my joys, could you so cruel be,  
To banish hence my Love, my Prince, *and part my Love and me !* ”
- “ Is it in vain to sigh and mourn ? unhappy then am I,  
Or now, because I am forlorn, must I in sorrow dye ?  
No, no, I hope there’s joys in store, that I may live to see,  
Though now opprest, I may be blest : *Heavens bless my Love and me !* ” 40



The Seaman's Answer.

"Leave off thy tears, my only joy, since I am safe arriv'd,  
Let not this grief my Love destroy, nor be of hopes depriv'd;  
For I'll embrace thee in my arms, and fill thee with such bliss,  
That *Venus* with her dallying Charms envies our happiness.

"Though I upon the Seas was tost, when absent from my Dear,  
Fearing each moment to be lost, yet this my comfort were,  
That I should safe again return, which now I find is true,  
And since I in Love's passion burn, I bid the Seas adieu.

48

"Now we will revel day and night, within each other's arms.  
In thee shall be my chief delight, I'll shield thee from all harms;  
Kindly thy body I'll embrace, and ever constant be,  
No other joys shall e'er take place, I'll live and dye with thee."

Printed for J. Deacon, in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Four cuts, Lovers with flying Cupid, *Roxb. Bds.* III. 628, left;  
girl with fan, *Ibid.* IV. 76; a ship; large view of a sea-port. Date, c. 1683.]

\* \* The tune marked on p. 444, belonging to Aphra Behn's song, "*Ah, Jenny! gin your eyne do kill*," afterwards borrowed from the present ballad its alternative title, *My Love is on the brackish Sea*. It is cited thus in "*Love's Glorious Conquest*; or, the *Harmony of True Content*," begins, "*Adieu to grief and discontent*" (*Pepys Coll.*, III. 213); printed for J. Blare, with prelude:—

Oft did *Phyllis* sigh and languish, and, her soul, oppress with anguish,  
She could discover no relief;  
As she her thought was thus beguiling, came her gentle Lover smiling,  
And eased her of all her grief:  
The residue of their time was spent in pleasant Joy and sweet Content.

Not all seamen's wives were so held up to admiration in ballads. Contrast (*Pepys Coll.*, IV. 168) "*The Sea-man's Wife's Ranting Resolution*; or, *Make use of time while Time serves*." It begins "*My good man is gone to Sea*." Burns's "*Musing on the roaring ocean*" is in *The Scots Musical Museum* (1788).

"Musing on the roaring Ocean, which divides my Love and me,  
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion, for his weal where'er he be;  
Hope and Fear's alternate billow yielding late to Nature's law,  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow talk of him that's far awa.

"Ye, whom sorrow never wounded; ye, who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, gaudy Day to you is dear.  
Gentle Night, do thou befriend me! downy sleep, the curtain draw!  
Spirits kind, again attend me, talk of him that's far awa!"



The Frighted French; or, Russell scowring the Seas.

In Roxburghe Collection, II. 248, is a fragment of a ballad (lacking the earlier part and title) on the Naval Warfare of 1692, "*To God alone let us all Glory give*." It is reserved, in prospect of our recovering the lost stanzas. Instead, we give a complete ballad, not hitherto reprinted; additional to the account already given of Russell, Killebrew, and "*The famous Ninety-Two*" in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 117-120, 277-285. (See correction, on *Tourville*, over leaf.)



[Jersey Collection, III. 67. Probably unique.]

An Excellent Song, call'd the Frighted French ; or, Russel Scouring  
the Seas.

TO A PLEASANT TUNE.

Russel on the Ocean, minding *Turvil's* motion,  
Made them to run, at the noise of our guns,  
And *Thoulon* shall be their portion ;  
The *French* must trot it home by land,  
Whilst *Russel* on the Seas command —  
*Sound the trumpet, beat the drum, while the French do run,*  
*Sound the trumpet, etc., Sound, etc., while the French do run Still before us.*

Now the Spring's a coming, our *English* will be burning  
Your towns that be builded near the Sea :  
You'll find the sea-men booming,  
Then let your Armies all advance,  
Yet we'll lye on the Coast of *France*  
*Sounding trumpets, beating drum, while the Towns do burn,*  
*Sounding trumpets, etc., Sounding trumpets, Towns do burn Unto ashes.*

The *Turk* and the *Barbarian*, how the *English* Fleet do scare in,  
And make them to know, before they do go,  
That the *French* shall dread and fear 'em ;  
Now Monsieur bring out all you can,  
We'll fight you ship or man to man :  
*Sound the trumpet, etc., Sound, etc. man to man, We will fight 'em.*

Each brave *English* Freeman will be a jolly Seaman,  
With *Russel* we'll go to fight the Foe, for the honour of old *England*.  
Let *Tourvil* with his Fleet then come, some we'll sink, and some we'll burn,  
*Gun for gun we'll give them too, while they cry 'Morbleu !'*  
*Gun for gun, etc., Gun, etc., while they cry, 'We are routed !'*

The *Turks* they are much grieved, altho' they still believed  
That the *French* Fleet could the *English* beat, but now they are deceived ;  
In *Thooloon* they all do sneak and hide, whilst *Russel* in the Straights do tide,  
*Daring Tourvil for to come, and bring out his Fleet,*  
*Daring Tourville, etc., Daring, etc., bring out his fleet, for to fight us.*

Since the *French* are frightened, they by the World are slighted,  
For *Russel* the brave is resolved for to have the *English* Nation righted,  
He cares not what the *French* can do, since the *Red* squadron and the *Blew*,  
*Are full resolved for to be Masters of the Sea.*  
*Are full resolved for to be, Are, etc., Masters, etc., In spite of Monsieur.*

London : Printed and sold by T. Moore, 1695. [White-letter, no woodcut or music.]

\* \* An important correction of a mis-statement in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 282, may here be noted. Read "As *Thurot* in his cabin lay" : not "As *Tourville*," etc. ; imperfectly remembered by J. P. Collier. It is the third stanza of "*Thurot's Dream*" (Trowbesh Coll., slip songs), 1760, beginning, "On the twenty-first of April, as I heard many say" Another inaccurate version, from MS., appeared in the Percy Society publications (No. 67, Nov. 1846), vol. xxi. 17.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 30; Pepys, IV. 188.]

# The Algiers Slave's Releasement ;

Or,

## The Unchangeable Boat-swain.

No pain like the Jail of Love, nor no such torments found ;  
 To those that loyal mean to prove, whose loves are firm and sound :  
 This loyal person ne'r would change, like a true Lover, he,  
 Indur'd his Fetters and his chains, and *Betty's* Captive be.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Awake, Oh my Cloris !* [= *Ah, Cloris ! awake.* P. 28.]

OF a constant young Seaman a Story I'll tell,  
 That I hope all true Lovers will please very well,  
 All his cry was still, " Though I continue a Slave,  
*Yet the want of my Dear is far worse than a Grave.*

" All the tedious long Night in close Prison I lye,  
 But methinks I behold my dear Love lying by ;  
 In the midst of my pains, this doth still give me ease,  
 That is pleasant to me, which some call a Disease. 8

" Sometimes to the Gallies I'm forced to go,  
 Though amongst all my fellows like a Slave I do row ;  
 And when I am spent with this labour and pain,  
 The thoughts of my Love doth revive me again.

" And when with Strappadoes sometimes I do meet, [Cf. Nares.  
 I find little pain, if I think on my sweet ;  
 Thus 'twixt Pleasure and Pain my time I do spend,  
 Yet vow to be constant unto my Life's end. [Orig. " Lives."

" No torture nor pain shall make me forsake  
 Nor flye from my Reason for my *Betty's* sake ;  
 I do slight all the torments bestow'd by the *Turk* :  
 When I think on my Dear, and in Gallies do work.

" But [tho'] a Renegado to make me they strive,  
 I'll never consent to 't, whilst I am alive ;  
 But will a courageous true Protestant be :  
 I'll be true to my faith, and be constant to thee. 24

" Ah *Betty*, when Billows do rage and do roar,  
 For want of thy sight I am troubled sore :  
 Whilst others are troubled with terror and fear,  
 Yet I am chear'd up with the thoughts of my Dear.

" No Prison is like to the want of thy sight,  
 Which locks up my bliss, for thou art my Delight :  
 Though distant I am, therefore only opprest,  
 Yet still, my dear *Betty* doth lodge in my breast. 32

"In the midst of my sorrows, whilst others do mourn,  
'Tis the want of my Love that doth make me forlorn;  
Yet [I] would not enjoy thee in this cursed place,  
Though for want of thy Love my tears trickle apace.

"But be of good cheer, for every one knows  
'Tis an Ill Wind indeed that no comfort blows:  
And again I do hope thee in *England* to see,  
Then who'l be so happy as *Betty* and me?" 40

"And now, thorough Providence, I am return'd,  
By Shipwrack I 'scap'd, for our Ship it was burn'd;  
No torment like mine was, when I was a Slave,  
*For the want of my Betty was worse than a Grave.*" 44

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at *Rain-Bow*, near *David's-Inn*, in *Holborn*.

[In Black-letter. Six cuts, of which some are given in Vol. III., two on p. 395, one on p. 628, left; others are of small ships. Date, uncertain, about 1684.]  
For tune see pp. 128, 410. To the same was sung another Naval-ballad, "*The Unchangeable Lovers*" (Roxb. Coll., II. 550), begins, "*Deare, comfort I must.*"

**Here Ends the First Group of Early Naval Ballads.**

L'ENVOI.

*Après Février vient le Juin.*

(Longo Intervallo.)

*When the heart of Hope is dry and crush'd within us,  
When the dreary days more dreary come and go,  
With their bleak winds, doom'd as now to blight and thin us,  
Varied only by dense fog or drifting snow;  
When remembrance of the suffering Poor doth sadden—  
Crime or punishment, gaunt hunger or fierce drouth,  
Rash misleaders tempting men to wreck and madden:—  
Grant us refuge, O fair Islands of the South!  
There, our fancy tells, no more shall evils vex us;  
Long enough on land we bore distress and pain:  
Doubting cynics shall not mockingly perplex us,  
Smug Philistia cannot gall us with her chain.  
Left unsolved the Sphinxian riddle by the wayside;  
Left behind the scornful eyes, the blatant mouth;  
Sick of thankless toil, we turn, and try the play-side:  
Hastening hence, to sunny Islands of the South.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.



## The Chaucer Society.

To do honour to CHAUCER, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted Manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society was founded. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need re-consideration. The founder's proposal was to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Roy. 4to.) six of the best unprinted MSS. known. A print of each MS. will be issued separately. The first 6 MSS. already printed are—  
1. The Ellesmere (by leave of the Earl of Ellesmere). 2. The Lansdowne (Brit. Mus.) 3. The Hengwrt (by leave of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq.). 4. The Corpus, Oxford. 5. The Cambridge Univ. Libr. MS. Gg. 4. 27. 6. The Petworth (by leave of Lord Leconfield).

To secure the fidelity and uniform treatment of the texts, Mr. F. J. Furnivall will read all with their MSS. The Society's publications are issued in Two Series,—the *First*, containing Texts of Chaucer's works; the *Second*, containing illustrations of them, as Originals and Analogues of his Tales, Essays on his Words and Works, supplementary Canterbury Tales written by his successors, etc. Between 1868, when the Society was founded, and 1884, the Society has issued in its *Original Series* the whole of the Canterbury Tales in the parallel column Six-Text edition, and also, in separate prints of each of the six MSS., with nearly contemporary drawings; also all Chaucer's *Minor Poems*, and his *Troilus*, in the *Parallel-Text* edition, with *Supplementary Parallel Texts*, *Old Texts*, and a *One-Text Print of the Minor Poems*; Chaucer's prose Treatise on the *Astrolabe*, address to his son Lowys, A.D. 1391; Part 1 of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's line-by-line Comparison of Chaucer's *Troilus* with Boccaccio's *Filistrato*; Mr. Henry Cromie's *Ryme-Index to the Ellesmere MS. of the Canterbury Tales*; and 29 Autotypes of the chief Chaucer MSS.

In its *Second Series* the Society has issued Part 1 of a Temporary Preface to its *Six-Text*, showing the right order of the Canterbury Tales, and the Days and Stages of the Pilgrimage; Part 1 of *Trial-Forwards* to the Minor Poems, arranging Chaucer's Works in their right order of time, and showing his long early hopeless love; *Exempla in Chaucer*, Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; *Originals and Analogues* of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Parts 1, 2, 3, 4;—Part 1, Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consilii et Consolationis*, A.D. 1246 (the Latin source of the French original of Chaucer's *Melibe*);—the first four parts of Mr. Alexander J. Ellis's most important work on *Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer*; *Life Records of Chaucer*, Part 1, the Robberies of him on Sept. 3, 1390; ed. Walford D. Selby, Esq., Public Record Office; Part 2, Chaucer as Valet and Suite to Edw. III., with an enlarged autotype of him; Mr. Furnivall's re-edition of Thynne's *Animadversions* (1599) on Spoght's Chaucer, 1598, with the only known Fragment of *The Pilgrim's Tale*; and *The Tale of Beryn*.

Messrs. Trübner & Co., of 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., are the Society's publishers, Messrs. R. Clay & Sons its printers, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., its bankers. The yearly subscription is two guineas, due every Jan. 1st.

Prof. Child, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the Society's Hon. Sec. for America. Members' names and subscriptions received by the Publishers, or the Hon. Sec., W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.

## The Early English Text Society.

*Publishers:* TRÜBNER & CO., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

*Hon. Sec.:* W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.

*Bankers:* THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, Princes Street, E.C.

THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY was started in 1864, for the purpose of bringing the mass of Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England has long rested of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early life and language.

A large proportion of our early literature is still unprinted, and much that has been printed by exclusive clubs is almost as inaccessible as that which remains in MS. The E. E. T. Soc. desires to print in its *Original Series* the whole of our unprinted MS. literature; in its *Extra Series* to reprint in careful editions all that is most valuable of printed MSS. and early printed books. The Society has issued to its subscribers 127 Texts, most of them of great interest; so much so indeed that the publications of the first three years having been for some time out of print, a special fund had to be opened for reprinting them. The texts of 1864-5 are all reprinted, and four of those of 1866: the rest will be reprinted in due course.

The subscription is £1 1s. a year (and £1 1s. (Large Paper, £2 2s. 6d.) additional for the *EXTRA* Series, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, Princes Street, E.C., or by Cheque or Money Order (made payable at the Chief Office, London) to the Honorary Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. The Society's Report, with Lists of past Texts and Texts to be published in future years, etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary or the publishers.



# PUBLICATIONS OF THE BALLAD SOCIETY.

- No. 1. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. I. Part 1.** contains: *Now a Dayes, circa 1520*; *Vox Populi Vox Dei, 1547-48*; *The Ruyn' of a Ream*; *The Image of Ypocresye, 1533*; *Against the Blaspheming English Lutherans and the Poisonous Dragon Luther*; *The Spoiling of the Abbeyes*; *The Overthrowe of the Abbeyes, a Tale of Robin Hood*; *De Monasteriis Dirutis, 1868*.
- No. 2. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. I. Part 2.** Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, etc., with Index, Glossary, and Preface. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1872.
- No. 3. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Vol. II. Part I.** *The Poore Mans Pittance*, by RICHARD WILLIAMS, containyng three severall subjects:—(1.) *The Fall of Anthonie Babington*. (2.) *The life and Deathe of Roberte, lorde Devereux: Earle of Essex*. (3.) *"Acclamatio patrie."* Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1868.
- Nos. 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13, 18, 19. **The Roxburghe Ballads. Part 1** (1869), **Part 2** (1870), **Part 3** (1871), **Part 4** (1872), **Part 5** (1873), **Part 6** (1874), **Part 7** (1875), **Part 8** (1879), **Part 9** (1880), with short Notes by W. CHAPPELL, Esq., F.S.A., Author of *"Popular Music of the Olden Time,"* etc., and with Copies of the original Woodcuts, drawn and engraved by Mr. W. H. HOOPER, and others. (*Three Volumes, forming the First Series, now complete, except General Index.*)
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- \* \* \* Work is prepared far in advance of the Members' delayed Subscriptions.  
THEY ARE URGED TO PAY UP ARREARS.



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**JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.**



HERTFORD :  
Printed for The Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1888.



## The Ballad Society.

THE BALLAD SOCIETY was started, on the completion of the print of the Percy Folio Manuscript in the spring of 1868, to continue the work begun by that undertaking, the rendering accessible to all subscribers, at the cost of an annual guinea, of the rare and large stores of Ballads in the public—and, so far as possible, the private—collections of the country. The founder's wish was to have begun the Society's work by printing the rarest of the collections, the Pepys; but the holders of it, the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, Cambridge, having refused to allow the printing of the Pepys Ballads by the Society, it became necessary to turn to the next most important set, the Roxburghe, in the British Museum. This Collection, the author best known in connexion with English Ballads, their tunes and history,—who had proved England to possess a wealth of early Ballads and Ballad-music, unsuspected before, and unequalled by any other country,—Mr. William Chappell, kindly undertook to annotate, if not to edit. But before he could proceed to his task, he wisht the whole of the three large folio volumes of the Roxburghe Collection to be copi'd, and careful indexes of all the other large collections to be made, namely, the Pepys, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, and Wood, so that he might know where other copies of all the Roxburghe Ballads were, and which (from the printer's name) was the earliest. The whole of this copying and indexing was accordingly done (by the kind leave of the authorities of Magdalen as regards the Pepys ballads) at considerable expense, and copies of the original woodcuts of the first Roxburghe ballads were made and engrav'd. The first portion of the work was issued as a Christmas-book for 1869, "*The Roxburghe Ballads, Part I.*"

The delay caused by copying and indexing these Roxburghes rendered it necessary, that some other Ballads should be produc'd in 1868; and as *The Civil War and Protectorate Ballads* could not be prepar'd in time, Mr. Furnivall, the founder of the Society, issu'd for its first year a volume of "*Ballads and Poems on the Condition of England in Henry VIII.'s and Edward VI.'s Reigns (including the State of the Clergy, Monks, and Friars),*" with a long Introduction on the same subject, containing a series of extracts from Manuscripts and rare early Tracts. The second Text issu'd for 1868 was, "*Ballads from MSS.*" Vol. II. Part 1. *The Poore Man's Pittance*, by Richard Williams; being poems on Babington's conspiracy, the death of Essex, and Gunpowder Plot. These books of 1868 were reprinted in January, 1876.

The preliminary outlay for the Roxburghe Ballads was so large, that for its first three or four years the Society had to write off part of its income to meet the capital sunk in cuts, indexes, and copies; and Members had then to be content with smaller issues of Texts. In 1870, only Part 2 of the Roxburghe Ballads was issu'd.

For 1871 the Society's Texts were Part 3 of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. I. (with an Introduction, and a most valuable list of Ballad Publishers and Printers, by Mr. Chappell); and Laneham's Letter about Captain Cox and his Ballads (or Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575), with a full account of the Captain's Ballads and Books. For 1872 Part 2 of Vol. I. of *Ballads from Manuscripts* was issued (containing Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, the Death of Lady Jane Grey, etc.), and Part 4 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. For 1873 were issu'd Part 5 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and Part 2 of Vol. II. of the *Ballads from MSS.*, edited by W. R. Morfill, Esq., M.A., with the Introduction to R. Williams's *Poore Man's Pittance* (No. 3). For 1874 a short set of *Love Poems and Humorous Ones*, and Part 6 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. II., were sent out. For 1875 Part 7 of the *Roxburghe Ballads* was issu'd; for 1876, *The Bagford Ballads, Part 1* (ed. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.)—there was no money for more;—for 1877, *The Bagford Ballads, Parts 2 and 3*; for 1878, Part 4 of *The Bagford Ballads*, finishing that Collection. Part 8 of the *Roxburghe* was issued in 1879; and Part 9, completing Vol. III., in 1880. Also for 1880 was issued Mr. Ebsworth's *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*. His Part X. of *Roxburghe Ballads*, rich in a *Group of Anti-Papal Ballads* and other historical memorials, beginning the Second Series and the fourth volume, was issued for 1881, and with Part XI., for 1882, and Part XII., for 1883, completing Vol. IV. (720+xxxii. pp.). Parts XIII. for 1884, and XIV., with XV., for 1885, concluded the Historical Ballads on the *Struggle between York and Monmouth*. Part XVI., for 1886, XVII., for 1887, Groups of *True-Love Ballads*, of *Good-Fellows*, and *Early Naval Ballads*. Parts XVIII. and XIX., 1888, 1889, contain *Legendary and Romantic Ballads*.

\*.\* The increase of the Society depends mainly on Members getting new Members to join; and thus securing large volumes of ballads and woodcuts.—F. J. F.

Hon. Sec. of the Ballad Society, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Yearly Subscription (which constitutes Membership). One Guinea a year for small-paper copies (but 10s. 6d. a year, or 4½ guineas for the first 9 years); Three Guineas for large-paper copies. The Subscriptions should be paid to the Hon. Secretary in January.

The  
**Roxburghe Ballads.**

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY  
J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "‘DROLLERIES’ OF THE RESTORATION,"  
"THE BAGFORD BALLADS" WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP  
OF POEMS," "THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600:"  
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY; OR,  
OUR OLD COLLEGE AT NIRGENDS,"  
AND "CAVALIER LYRICS, FOR  
CHURCH AND CROWN."

WITH COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

**Vol. VII. — Part 3.**

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[Very good 'Contents'; despite the Suffragan Critic *en derrière*.]

## CONTENTS OF PART XVIII.

**\*\* Important Notice.**—Owing to the necessity of our breaking up the four-hundred pages of new matter into two separate issues, *viz.* Part XVIII. and Part XIX., completing the *penultimate* Volume Sixth, this *Temporary Table of Contents* is here given, showing the entire continuation as now ready for issue, in the *Two Parts*: except that the Part XIX. contains additionally the *Prologue*, *Preface*, *Camarades Deux*, with full *Tables of Contents*, and of *Errata* to Vol. VI.

Although separated, for financial reasons, both portions are completed ready for simultaneous issue to subscribers, who pay up arrears for 1888 and 1889. Progress is already being made on Vol. VII., in conclusion of the Roxburghe Ballads, for the following years' issue. Members are careless of the risk they run through their own delay of payments to keep the printing maintained in its present efficiency.—THE EDITOR.

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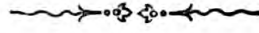
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## A New Stave to an Old Tune.



*WHEN we all grow so rigidly moral  
That we cannot afford to be shock'd,  
But, like dear little Babes sucking coral,  
Are in Cradle-Delusions well rock'd,  
There may then be no call for Old Ballads,  
French-novels, cayenne, or game-pie :  
We shall all mope on cold tea and sallads,  
In the pale wash'd-out time, By and Bye !*

*When we've Peace-Arbitrators to rule us,  
No nation allow'd to make war,  
Future Bismarcks or Ferrys may fool us,  
And Court-plaister with Treaties each scar ;  
Woolwich-Infants, torpedoes, Greek-fire,  
Iron-clads, rifle-bores, folks decry :  
Let us hope they'll of quarrels grow shyer,  
With nought to defend, By and Bye.*

*When we grow most heart-rendingly pious,  
Salvationists being upheld,  
Although they outrageously try us  
In temper, while ' War-Cries ' are yell'd ;  
We may yield our Cathedrals and Abbeys,  
Our old Minsters that soar to the sky,  
To be white-wash'd for ranters and tabbies—  
But not yet, till we reach By and Bye.*

*When they heave down each monarch and bishop,  
As ' expensive, luxurious, effete,'  
They a substitute brand-new must fish-up,  
To make their millennium complete.  
Vegetarians may croak things unpleasant,  
Local Option keep ev'ry one dry ;  
For my part, still content with The Present,  
I won't stay till their sweet By and Bye.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

## Hallo, my Fancy !

“ And near me on the grass lies Glanvil’s book—  
 Come, let me read the oft-read tale again,  
 The story of that Oxford scholar poor  
 Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,  
 Who, tired of knocking at Preferment’s door  
 One summer morn forsook  
 His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,  
 And roam’d the world with that wild brotherhood,  
 And came, as most men deem’d, to little good,  
 But came to Oxford and his friends no more.”

—Matthew Arnold’s *Scholar Gipsy*.

WE possess in the *Roxburghe Collection* the original ballad of “Hallo, my Fancy! whither wilt thou go?” and the clever imitation of it, written by Dr. Robert Wild, beginning “In a melancholy study, none but my self.” Additional verses of the former were attributed as early work to William Cleland, a Lieut.-colonel among the Covenanters in the North, but he is said to have been born in 1661, and there are extant printed copies of Wild’s imitation, dated 1656, in *Wit and Drollery*, p. 143; and 1661, p. 223.

Dr. Wild’s “The Shiftless Student” (p. 456) was certainly written before the close of 1641, *circa* February, 1642; the original six stanzas were entered in the *Stationers’ Registers* to Richard Harper, 30 Dec., 1639, as ‘*Ha, ha, my fancy!*’ We attach little weight to the claim advanced posthumously in 1697 for Cleland’s authorship. At that date, in “*A Collection of several Poems and Verses composed upon various Occasions*,” it appears as the opening piece, “Hollow, my fancie?” It was afterwards reprinted by James Watson in “*A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Songs*,” 1706; but Scotch publishers and critics enjoy an unenviable notoriety for annexing unblushingly the works of English writers, declaring them to be indisputably of Caledonian birth. They *falsely* claim for him the final stanza.

As to Cleland, if we were to admit the claim made for him as author of eight of the ten supplementary stanzas, we defy any person to regard these additions as worthy companions of the rich and fanciful original six stanzas belonging to a much earlier date. In them are visible alike poetic imagination and constructive talent. To mark the distinction clearly, and for all time, we degrade into brevier type the somewhat incongruous Clelandisms, while printing the original stock in long-primer type. Moreover, we give on p. 451 the authentic transcript of the unextended poem, as copied into the Percy Folio MS., certainly before 1650. To this we owe the important correction “Through the *welkin* dance I;” instead of the corrupt reading “*Vulcan* dansy,” in third line: and “fiery elf,” *i.e.* Will-of-the-Wisp, instead of ‘Fairy elf,’ in the fourth line.



[Percy Folio MS., British Museum Add. MS., 27,879, fol. 194, 195.]

## Hollowe me Fancye.

**I**N a Melancholly fancy, out of my selfe,  
 thorow the welkin dance I,  
 all the world surveyinge, noe where stayinge ;  
 like vnto the fiery elfe, [=Will o' th' Wisp.  
 Ouer the topps of hiest mountaines skipping,  
 Ouer the plaines, the woods, the valleys, tripping,  
 Ouer the seas without oare of shipping,  
 hollow, me fancy ! wither wilt thou goe ?

Amydst the cloudy vapors, faine wold I see  
 what are those burning tapors  
 w<sup>ch</sup> benight vs and affright vs,  
 & what the Meetors bee.  
 Faine wold I know what is the roaring thunder, [fo. 195.  
 & the bright Lightning w<sup>ch</sup> cleues the clouds in sunder,  
 & what the cometts are att w<sup>ch</sup> men gaze & wonder,  
 Hollow, me, &c.

Looke but downe below me where you may be bold,  
 where none can see or know mee,  
 all the world of gadding, running of madding,  
 none can their stations hold :  
 One, he sitts drooping all in a dumpish passion,  
 another, hee is for mirth, and recreation ;  
 the 3<sup>d</sup> he hangs his head because hees out of fassion,  
 Hollow, &c.

See, See, See, what a bustling !  
 Now I descry one another Iustlynge !  
 how they are turmoyling, one another foyling,  
 & how I past them bye !  
 hee y<sup>ts</sup> aboue, him [tha]ts below despiseth ; [blotted.  
 hee y<sup>ts</sup> below, doth enuye him that ryseth ;  
 eu[er]ye man his plot & counter plott deviseth.  
 Hollow[, etc].

Shippes, Shipps, Shipps, I descry now !  
 crossing on the maine, I'le goe too, and try now,  
 what they are p[ro]iecting & p[ro]tecting ;  
 & when thé turne againe.  
 One, hees to keepe his country from inuadinge ;  
 another, he is for Merchandise & tradinge ;  
 the other Lyes att home like summers cattle shadding.  
 Hollow[, etc].

Hollow, me fancy, hollow !  
 I pray thee come vnto mee, I can noe longer follow !  
 I pray thee come & try [me] ; doe not flye me !  
 Sithe itt will noe better bee,  
 Come, come away ! Leave of thy Lofty soringe,  
 Come stay att home, & on this booke be poring !  
 For he y<sup>t</sup> gads abroad, he hath the lesse in storinge.  
 Welcome, my fancye ! welcome home to mee !

**Finis.**

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 537. Also, with differences, Douce, II. 269.]

## Bedlam Schoolman.

Or, some Lines made by an *English Noble Man*, that  
was in *Bedlam*.

TO ITS OWN PROPER TUNE, *Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?*

I Nto a Melancholick *Fancie*,  
Out of my self;  
Into the [Welkin dance I], ["*Vulcan dancie*."  
All the World surveying, No where staying,  
Just like a *Fairie Elf*: [Cf. p. 450.  
Out o're the tops of highest mountains skipping,  
Out o're the hills, the trees, and valleys tripping,  
Out o're the ocean Seas, without an oare or shipping:  
*Holow, my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?*

Amidst the misty vapours,  
fain would I know  
What doth cause the tapers? ["*Tapours*."  
Why the Clouds benight us, and affright us;  
while we travel here below?  
Fain would I know what makes the roaring Thunder?  
And what these lightnings be, that rent the clouds asunder?  
And what these Comets are, on which we gaze and wonder?  
*Holow, my Fancie! [whither wilt thou go?]*

Fain would I know the reason,  
why the little Ant, [misprinted "*Aunt*."  
All the Summer season,  
Layeth up provision, upon condition,  
to know no Winter's want?  
And how these Huse-wives, that are so good and painful,  
Do unto their Husbands prove so good and gainful?  
And why these lazy *Drones*, to them do prove disdainful?  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

Ships! Ships! I will diserie you,  
amidst the main;  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting, and projecting,  
What's your end and aim?  
One goes abroad for Merchandise and Trading,  
Another staves to keep his Countrey from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and wealth of loading.  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

When I look be[low] me, ["before me"]  
 there I do behold,  
 There's none that sees or knows me;  
 All the World's a-gadding, Running and madding,  
 none doth his station hold:  
 He that is below envieth him that riseth,  
 And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,  
 So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

Look! Look! what a bustling, [Al. lect., "See, see."]  
 Here I do espy!  
 Each one another justling,  
 Every one turmoiling, One another spoiling,  
 As I did pass them by:  
 One sitteth musing in a dumpish Passion,  
 Another hangs his head, because he's out of fashion,  
 A third is fully bent on sport and recreation:  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*<sup>1</sup>

Fain would I be resolved,  
 how things are done?  
 And where the Bull was calved,  
 Of bloody *Phalaris*, And where [the] Taylor is, ["Falaris."]  
 that works to the Man-in-the Moon?  
 Fain would I know how *Cupid* aims so rightly?  
 And how these little *Fairies* do dance and leap so lightly?  
 And where fair *Cynthia* makes her ambles nightly?  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

In conceit like *Phaeton*, [Attrib. to Cleland.]  
 I'll mount *Phoebus'* chaire!  
 Having ne're a hat on,  
 All my hair's a-burning, in my journeying,  
 Hurrying through the Air!  
 Fain would I hear his fiery Horses neighing!  
 And see how they on foamy bitts are playing!  
 All the Stars and Planets I will be surveying!  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

<sup>1</sup> Here intervenes a stanza (but not by William Cleland) in later copies:—

Amidst the foamie Ocean,  
 Fain would I know  
 What doth cause the motion,  
 And returning, in its journeying,  
 And doth so seldom swerve?  
 And how these little Fishes, that swim beneath salt water,  
 Do never blind their eye, methinks, it is a matter  
 An inch above the reach of old *Erra Pater*!  
*Holow, my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?*

["*Erra Pater*:" see introduction and notes to the "Wandering Jew," *post.*]

*The original "Hallo! my Fancy."*

O, from what ground of Nature, [Cleland's.  
 Doth the *Pelican*,  
 That self-devouring creature,  
 Prove so froward, and untoward,  
 Her Vitals for to strain!  
 And why the subtile *Fox*, while in death's wounds is lying,  
 Doth not lament his pangs, by howling and by crying?  
 And why the milk-white Swan doth sing when she's a dying.  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

Fain would I conclude this, [Cleland's.  
 at least make an essay,  
 What similitude is;  
 Why Fowls of a feather Do flock and fly together?  
 and *Lambs* know Beasts of prey?  
 How Nature's Alchymists, these small laborious creatures,  
 Acknowledge still a Prince in ordering their matters,  
 And suffers none to live, who slothing lose their features?  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

I'm rapt with admiration, [Cleland's.  
 when I do ruminate,  
 Men of one Occupation,  
 How each one calls him 'Brother!' Yet each envieth other,  
 and yet still intimate!  
 Yea, I admire to see, some Native's farther sund'red  
 Than *Antipodes* to us. Is it not to be wond'red,  
 In Myriads ye'll find of one mind scarce an hundred!  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

What multitude of notions [Cleland's.  
 doth perturb my Pate,  
 Considering the motions,  
 How [th'] Heavens they are preserved! and this World served,  
 in moisture, light, and heat!  
 If one Spirit sits the outmost Circle turning,  
 Or if one turns another continuing in journeying;  
 If rapid circles' motion be that which they call burning,  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

Fain also would I prove this, [Cleland's.  
 by considering,  
 What that which you call Love is?  
 Whether it be a Folly, or a Melancholy,  
 or some Heroick thing!  
 Fain would I have it proved, by one whom Love hath wounded,  
 And fully upon one [his own] desire hath founded, ["their."  
 That nothing els could please them. tho' the World were rounded?  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

To know this World's Center, [Cleland's.  
 Height, depth, breadth, and length,  
 Fain would I adventure,  
 To search the hid attractions of Magnetick actions,  
 and Adamantick strength! [Adamantine.  
 Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,  
 Where the Moon sojourns, if there be trees or fountain?  
 If there be beasts of prey? or yet be fields to hunt in?  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

Fain would I have it tried, [Cleland's.  
by Experiments.  
By none can be denied;  
If in this bulk of Nature there be voids less or greater,  
Or all remains compleat?  
Fain would I know if Beasts have any Reason?  
If *Falcons* killing *Eagles*, do commit a Treason?  
If fear of Winter's want makes Swallows fly the season?  
*Holow, [my Fancie! whither wilt thou go?]*

*Holow! my Fancie, holow!* [Original, resumed.  
Stay thou at home with me,  
I can thee no longer follow,  
Thou hast betray'd me, and bewray'd me;  
It is too much for thee.  
Stay, stay at home with me! leave off thy lofty soaring;  
Stay at home with me, and on thy books be poring:  
For he that goes abroad, layes little up in storing:  
*Thou[rt] welcome home, my Fancie, welcome home to me!*

## Finis.

[No publisher's imprint or woodcut. In white-letter, a comparatively modern Reprint. Date of earliest composition—without additions—certainly before 1641. The original is virtually preserved for us in its integrity, without later admixture, in the *six stanzas* version of the invaluable PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, now in the British Museum, Addit. MS. 27,879, which we print, for comparison, in our introduction on p. 451. Its first and second stanza correspond with ours; its third with our fifth; its fourth with our sixth; its fifth with our fourth; and, finally, its sixth with our sixteenth, or seventeenth if we include the stanza in note, p. 453. So there are eleven stanzas not of original manufacture. It is reprinted, similarly, in *Wit and Mirth*, 1684, p. 73.]

\* \* The gallant Cavalier is anonymous who gave us this 'Bedlam Schoolman,' with its burden of "*Hallo, my Fancy! whither wilt thou go?*" He found a worthy imitator, and speedily, *not later than* 1641, in Dr. Robert Wild, whose "*Alas, poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?*" follows, to the same tune, on our p. 456:—the prototype of Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy," with all his associations of Oxford loveliness clinging around him for ever. It is a vigorous and lively satire, worthy of John Cleveland, displaying the college student of troubled times; far beyond anything that in *later days* young Cleland could have written at St. Andrews or Edinburgh. It was printed among Dr. Robert Wild's poems, in earliest collected editions, but this is not certain evidence though plausible. Wild was ultimately a non-conformist, but not disloyal. He wrote the "*Iter Boreale*," beginning "The day is broke, *Melpomene* be gone!" in honour of Lord General George Monk's march from Scotland to London, 1660. Also, a comedy, called "The Benefice," printed in 4to. 1689. This was founded on the long-earlier "*Return from Parnassus; or, The Scourge of Simony*," acted at Cambridge in 1602, and reprinted at Oxford (with the long-lost preceding 'two parts,' from Thomas Hearne's MSS., at the Bodleian) in 1886.

From Arnold's poem of 'The Scholar Gipsy,' mentioned above, we have taken the fourth stanza as our motto, on p. 450. In exquisitely melodious verse, it tells anew the story from Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661, and embodies the dissatisfied weariness of our later day; even as James Thomson did, appallingly, in his *City of Dreadful Night*, 1880. Robert Wild's 'Poor Scholar' or 'Shiftlesse Student,' is sadder than Glanvil's, despite the vein of mockery.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 633.]

# Alas, poore Scholler ! Whither wilt thou go ? or,

Strange Alterations which at this time be,  
There's many did think they never should see.

To THE TUNE OF, *Halloo, my Fancy, etc.*

**I**N a Melancholy Study,  
None but my self,  
Methought my Muse grew muddy  
After seven years Reading, and costly breeding,  
I felt, but could find no pelf:  
Into learned rags I've rent my Plush and Satten  
And now am fit to beg in *Hebrew, Greek, and Latin* ;  
Instead of *Aristotle*, would I had got a Patten. [monopoly, patent.  
*Alas, poor Scholar ! whither wilt thou go ?*

*Cambridge*, now I must leave thee,  
And follow Fate,  
College hopes do deceive me ;  
I oft expected to have been elected,  
But Desert is reprobate.  
Masters of Colleges have no common Graces,  
And they that have Fellowships have but common places,  
And those that Scholars are, they must have handsome faces :  
*Alas, poor Scholar ! whither wilt thou go ?*

I have bow'd, I have bended,  
And all in hope  
One day to be befriended :  
I have preach'd, I have printed, what e'er I hinted,  
To please our English Pope. [i.e. Archbp. Laud.  
I worship'd towards the East, but the sun doth now forsake me ;  
I find that I am falling, the Northern winds do shake me : [1641.  
Would I had been upright, for Bowing now will break me :  
*Alas, poor Scholar ! whither wilt thou go ?*

At great preferment I aimed,  
Witness my Silk ;  
But now my hopes are maimed :  
I looked lately to live most stately  
And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes'-Milk ; [i.e. Benefice.  
But now, alas ! my self I must not flatter,  
Bigamy of Steeples is no laughing matter : [Pluralities.  
Each man must have but one, and Curates will grow fatter.  
*Alas, poor Scholar ! whither wilt thou go ?*

Into some Country Village  
 Now I must go,  
 Where neither Tythe nor Tillage  
 The greedy Patron and parched Matron  
 Swear to the Church they owe:  
 Yet if I can preach, and pray too on a sudden, [i.e. extempore.  
 And confute the *Pope*, at adventure, without studying,  
 Then ten pounds a year, besides a Sunday Pudding!  
 [*Alas, poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?*]

All the Arts I have skill in,  
 Divine and Humane,  
 Yet all's not worth a shilling;  
 When the women hear me, they do but jeer me,  
 And say I am profane:  
 Once, I remember, I preached with a Weaver,  
 I quoted *Au'stin*, He quoted *Dod* and *Cle[a]ver*.  
 I nothing got; He got a Cloak and Beaver:  
*Alas, poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?*

Ships, ships, ships, I discover,  
 Crossing the Main:  
 Shall I in, and go over,  
 Turn Jew or Atheist, Turk or Papist,  
 To *Geneva* or *Amsterdam*?  
 Bishopricks are void in *Scotland*, shall I thither?  
 Or follow *Windebank* and *Finch*, to see if either  
 Do want a Priest to shrive them? O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.  
*Alas, poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?*

Ho! ho! ho! I have hit it,  
 Peace, good-man Fool!  
 Thou hast a Trade will fit it;  
 Draw thy Indenture, Be bound at adventure  
 An Apprentice at a Free-School.  
 There thou may'st command by *William Lillye's* Charter;  
 There thou may'st whip, strip, and hang, and draw, and quarter,  
 And commit to the Red Rod both *Will* and *Tom* and *Arthur*.  
*Aye, aye, 'tis thither, thither will I go.* [Orig., I, I, 'tis.

[Written by **Robert Wild**, D.D.]

[No imprint. Three woodcuts. Printed for the Booksellers in *London* before 1668. Date of composition 1641: time of Secretary *Windebank* and *Finch's* flight from England to France, January 1649. The cuts are not yet re-engraved. They are, 1st, a studious man, enrobed, sitting disconsolately, gazing on the hearth where damp twigs are smouldering; a tortoise at his feet. 2nd, a Pilgrim, with cockle-shell of *St. Iago* in flap-hat, and staff in hand. 3rd, picture of a ship, within an ornamental frame.]

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 81 ; Pepys Coll., III. 329.]

### The Young-Man's Labour lost.

He with a fair Maid was in love,  
But she to him unkind did prove :  
As by this ditty you shall hear,  
If young men they will but draw near ;  
And Maidens too it doth advise,  
To learn henceforth to be wise.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Jeering Young Man*. [See p. 459.]

AS I past by a green-wood side, a pritty couple I espy'd,  
A young-man and a dainty lass, but mark what after came to pass :  
He thought her humours for to fit, but yet she was too ripe a wit ;  
She would not yield to his desire, as by this 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 ;  
Quoth he, " I am my father's heir, and 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 deny'st thou wilt break my heart, for did'st thou know the deadly smart  
Which I sustain both day and night, for thee which art my heart's delight,  
Therefore my dearest pitty 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 thee plain.

" You say you have threescore pound a year, what if thou hast ? I do not care,  
I knew those who 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, and on the maid did 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're I see, I never heard the like of thee.

" Sweet-heart, believe me, or else chuse, I'de 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 advis'd, It's good to be merry and wise :  
For friends I see are very scant, if that a man do 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 couzen maids is your delight :  
But thou shalt ne'r prove false to me, or I will ne'r prove true to thee.

" Therefore forbear my company, and henceforth come not [to] me nigh,  
For I am not resolv'd to wed, nor yet to lose my maiden-head :  
A single life is void of care, for marry'd 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 resolv’d to change my mind :  
A hundred pound I have in store, and threescore pound a year and more :  
If I can find an honest girl, I’le prize her more than gold or pearl,  
And she shall live a Ladie’s life, after she’s made my wedded wife.  
And so farewell, thou scornful dame, in time thou may’st repent the same,  
That thou to me didst prove untrue, in time thou mayst have cause to rue :  
Before that I will marry thee, I will be hang’d upon a tree :  
Rather I will give my wealth and store to one that begs from door to door.”

**Maid.**

“ Farewel, be gone, thou sawcy Jack, with thy wealth and money prithee pack !  
My portion is an hundred pound, in silver and good 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 said’st, 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 sorrow and care, so in it I’le not have a share :  
Since young-men are so fickle grown, I am resolv’d to hold my own.”  
So maids of you I’le take my leave, let no false young-man you deceive ;  
For many they 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 you do wed, for fear you bring a knave to bed.

**Finis.**

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts : as below. Date, *circa* 1676. “The Jeering Young Man” (not yet found) was entered on the Registers in 1674 ; as a transfer.]



J. W. E.



## Phyllida flouts me.

“My Phyllida, my Phyllida, is all the world to me!”

—Austin Dobson: *At the Sign of the Lyre*.

**T**HIS is the delightful complaint of a befooled Inamorato; not many degrees removed above Master Slender, whose disappointed passion for “Sweet Anne Page” brought him to an untimely end, if we are to believe Jem White’s *Falstaffe Letters*. That ‘Phyllida flouts me’ belongs to the closing days of Queen Besse is proved by it being styled ‘a new Northern tune,’ when cited for “A short and sweet sonnet made by one of the Maides of Honor upon the Death of Queene Elizabeth,” 1602, beginning, “Gone is Elizabeth,” and printed in the 1612 edition of *The Crowne Garland of Golden Roses*. It was probably the same tune as *I am so deep in love* (see p. 252).

“Phyllida flouts me” was one of the fair milkmaid’s three songs mentioned in Izaak Walton’s *Compleat Angler*, 1653, along with “Come, Shepherds, deck your heads,” and “As at noon Dulcina rested,” already given on p. 166. The music is reprinted in Mr. William Chappell’s *Popular Music*, p. 183, with the words from *The Theatre of Compliments; or, New Academy*, 1689; as previously adopted by Joseph Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 235, 1792.

Its highest grace and honour came in recent days, when the witcheries of the old flirtation and perplexity were made pictorial, by the dainty sportiveness of Edwin A. Abbey (*cf.* pp. 463, 464).

[*Other readings*:—1st stanza, Oh, what a pain . . . I cannot bear it . . . She so torments . . . heart faileth, And wavers . . . may, She loves still to gainsay, etc. 2nd stanza, *Will* had her to the *Vine* . . . lookt askance, etc. 4th stanza,

I often heard her say, that she loved posies;      [our 7th stanza.  
In the last month of *May* I gave her roses,  
Cowslips and gilly-flowers, etc.

Our fourth stanza comes next,—Swig whey until you burst, eat bramble-berries [doubtful reading, as ‘*whig*’ meant sour whey, the supposed origin of the nickname applied to the *sour-douk* butter-milk drinking Scotch disloyalists]: *wether’s* skin [the right word, not ‘weaver’s,’ *al. lect.*, unless that were a cant-word for silk]. Instead of our ninth stanza, beginning “I cannot work,” some run thus—

Which way soe’er I go, she still torments me;  
And, what soe’er I do, nothing contents me.  
I fade and pine away,  
. . . all because my dear, etc.

Lastly, “She hath a cloth of mine,” instead of “if she frown,” this reading,

But if she flinch on me, she shall ne’er wear it;  
To *Tibb* my t’other wench I mean to bear it.  
And yet it grieves my heart,  
So soon from her to part,  
Death stings me with his dart:

*Phyllida flouts me!*

[See also *Marginalia*.

With music it was reprinted by John Watts in *The Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii. p. 132, 1729, and on p. 136 there followed “The Answer” (see our p. 463, *post*).



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 142, apparently unique, as broadside.]

## Phillida flouts me ;

### Dr, [The] Country Lober's Complaint.

Who seeks by all means for to win his Love,  
But she doth scorn him, and disdainful prove ;  
Which makes him for to sigh, lament and cry,  
He fears for *Phillida* that he shall dye.

TO A PLEASANT TUNE, Or, *Phillida flouts me.*

**O**H! what a plague is Love! How shall I bear it?  
She will unconstant prove, I greatly fear it:  
It so torments my mind, that my strength faileth,  
She wavers with the wind, as the ship saileth.

Please her the best you may,  
She looks another way,  
Alas and well-a-day!

*Phillida flouts me.*

At the Fair yesterday, she did pass by me ;  
She lookt another way, and would not spy me.  
I woo'd her for to dine, I could not get her ;  
*Dick* had her to the wine : he might intreat her!

With *Daniel* she did dance,  
On me she would not glance,  
Oh thrice unhappy chance!

*Phillida flouts me.*

16

Fair Maid, be not so coy, do not disdaine me ;  
I am my mother's joy : Sweet, entertain me !  
Shee'l give me, when she dyes, all things that's fitting,  
Her Poultry and her Bees, and her Geese sitting ;

A paire of *Mallerds* beds,  
And barrel full of shreds.

[Eider-down ;  
al. i. mattress.

And yet, for all these goods,

*Phillida flouts me !*

Thou shalt eat curds and cream, all the year lasting,  
And drink the chrystal stream, pleasant in tasting ;  
Wig and whey till thou burst, and Bramble Berries ;  
Pye-lid and pasty-crust, Pears, Plums, and Cherries.

Thy raiment shall be thin,  
Made of a weather's skin ;  
All is not worth a Pin :

*Phillida flouts me !*

32

*Cupid* hath shot his Dart, and hath me wounded,  
 It prickt my tender heart, and ne'er rebounded :  
 I was a fool to scorn his Bow and Quiver,  
 I am like one forlorn, sick of a Feaver :

Now I may weep and mourn,  
 Whilst with Love's flames I burn,  
 Nothing will serve my turn,  
*Phillida flouts me.*

I am a lively Lad, howe'er she take me,  
 I am not half so bad as she would make me.  
 Whether she smile or frown, she may deceive me ;  
 Ne'r a girl in the Town but fain would have me.

Since she doth from me flye,  
 Now I may sigh and dye,  
 And never cease to cry  
*Phillida flouts me !*

48

In the last moneth of *May*, I made her posies,  
 I heard her often say that she loved Roses ;  
 Cowslips and Jilli-flowers, and the white Lilly,  
 I brought to deck the bowers, for my sweet *Philly*,  
 But she did all disdain,  
 And threw them back again,  
 Therefore it's flat and plain,  
*Phillida flouts me.*

Fair Maiden, have a care, and in time take me ;  
 I can have those as fair, if you forsake me,  
 For *Doll* the dairy-maide laught at me lately,  
 And wanton *Winifred* favours me greatly.

One cast milk on my clothes,  
 T'other plaid with my nose ;  
 What wanton toys are those ?  
*Phillida flouts me.*

64

I cannot work and sleep, all at a season ;  
 [Love] wounds my heart so deep, without all reason.  
 I fade and pine away, with grief and sorrow, [“Grief,” orig.  
 I fall quite to decay, like any shadow. [a. l. “I ’gin to.”]

I shall be dead, I fear,  
 Within a thousand year,  
 All is for grief and care :  
*Phillida flouts me.*

She hath a cloute of mine, wrought with good *Coventry*,  
Which she keeps for a sign of my Fidelity.  
But in faith, if she frown, she shall not weare it :  
I'll give it *Doll* my maid, and she shall tear it.

Since 'twill no better be,  
I'll bear it patiently,  
Yet all the world may see  
*Phillida flouts me!*

80

London, Printed for F. Coles, in Wine-street, near Hatton-Garden.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts (to be re-engraved), oval busto of a young Cavalier; ditto of a Cavalier Lady. Date of original issue, *circa* 1600.]

\* \* On p. 460, *ante*, we mentioned the modern reply, printed by and for *John Watts*, at *Wild's Court*, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1729. The imitation shows Bradley's inability to understand the true character of the Swain or of the Jilt:—

### The Answer.

(By Mr. A. BRADLEY.)

O H! where's the plague in Love, that you can't bear it?  
If men would constant prove, they need not fear it.  
Young Maidens, soft and kind, are most in danger;  
Men waver with the wind, each man's a Ranger.  
Their falsehood makes us know  
That two Strings to our Bow  
Is best, I find it so :  
*Barnaby doubts me!*

Of the eight stanzas we give the fourth, and the eighth, *finale* as:—

What tho', when I did say that I lov'd Posies,  
You, in the month of *May*, brought me sweet Roses?  
You never shew'd the thing that most wou'd please me;  
A gay gold Wedding-Ring wou'd soon have eas'd me.  
I should not with disdain  
Have thrown it back again;  
I think 'tis flat, and plain,  
*Barnaby doubts me!*

The Cloth I have of thine, wrought with blue *Coventry*,  
Which thou gav'st as a sign of thy Fidelity,  
I'll give it back again, to thee, as Token  
That by a perjur'd Swain, my sad heart's broken.  
Oh! *Barnaby* unkind,  
Thou'lt quite distract my mind :  
Too late, alas! I find  
*Barnaby doubts me!*

\* \* We on p. 460 told of the charming illustrations to "*Phillida Flouts me*," furnished by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey to *Harper's Monthly Magazine* in 1887, lxxv. 188. He deserves a better tribute of thanks than our poor payment on p. 464.

## From the Priory to the Abbey.



*THE world had grown sordid and shabby ;  
 " Is it worth while to live ? " men could ask :  
 Their biceps once firm now felt flabby,  
 They were tired of frolic or task.  
 Had this gone on much longer, the nation  
 Would have found itself forced to conjoin  
 In one grand Suicide operation :  
 Cut adrift from love, freedom, and coin.*

*The world had grown sordid and shabby ;  
 But there came here across the Big main,  
 To comfort worn hearts, Edwin Abbey,  
 Who fills life with enjoyment again.  
 His the fancies, brisk, varied and loving,  
 His the pencil, with lightness and grace,  
 To bring back what old Time was removing—  
 Pluck the veil from each long-hidden face.*

*The world had grown sordid and shabby  
 To eyes that were blinded or dim,  
 School'd to death by each epicæne Tabby,  
 But it always held bright gleams for him.  
 Guiding back to the lost Happy Valley,  
 Where Herrick or Goldie could dream,  
 He recalls to bloom Carey's nymph ' Sally,'  
 With her Islington strawb'ries and cream.*

*The world has grown sordid and shabby,  
 But it knows its best friends, even now ;  
 It welcomes with praise Edwin Abbey—  
 'Twines English rose-wreaths for his brow ;  
 Lists to ballades from Dobson and Lang too,  
 " At Sign of the Ship " or " of Lyre ; "  
 Grown happy, by true poets sang to :  
 Their Lays, like his brush, all admire.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.

JANUARY 20, 1887.

A Second Group  
of  
Ballads on Good-Fellows,  
from the  
Roxburghe Collection.



“ Too long have I been a drunken Sot,  
And spent my means on the Black Pot,  
Both jugs and flaggons I loved dear,  
For all my delight was in strong Beer.  
Once I had Gold, though now I've none,  
Whilst I had money they'd wait me upon,  
But now 'tis turn'd to Farthings three,  
*And 'tis Old Ale has undone me !*  
— *Wade's Reformation* (See p. 469).”



## In Praise of the Black Jack.

(1671. To the Tune of *The Leather Bottel*.)

“ Be your liquor small, or as thick as mudd,  
 The cheating bottle cryes ‘ Good, good, good ! ’  
 Whereat the master begins to storm,  
 ‘ Cause it said more than he could perform,  
*And I wish that his heirs may never want Sack,  
 That first devis’d the bonny Black Jack.*

“ No Tankard, Flaggon, Bottle nor Jugg,  
 Are halfe so good, or so well hold Tugg, [Stiff drink.  
 For when they are broke, or full of cracks,  
 Then we must fly to the brave Black Jacks.  
*And I wish that his heirs may never want Sack, etc.*

“ When the Bottle and Jack stand together, O fie on’t !  
 The Bottle looks just like a dwarfe to a gyant ;  
 Then had we not reason [such] Jacks to chuse,  
 For this ’l make Boots, when the Bottle mends shooes.  
*And I wish that his heirs, etc.*

“ And as for the bottle, you never can fill it  
 Without a Tunnell, but you must spill it ; [i.e. Funnel.  
 ‘Tis as hard to get in, as ’tis to get out :  
 ‘Tis not so with a Jack for it runs like a spout.  
*And I wish that his heirs, etc.*

“ And when we have drank out all our store,  
 The Jack goes for barme to brew us some more ;  
 And when our stomachs with hunger have bled,  
 Then it marches for more to make us some bread.  
*And I wish that his heirs, etc.*

“ I now will cease to speak of the Jack,  
 But hope his assistance I never shall lack,  
 And I hope that now every honest man  
 Instead of *Jack* will y’clip him *John* :  
*And I wish that his heirs may never want Sack,  
 That first devis’d the bonny Black Jack.*”

\* \* \* The Black Jack was often a converted Jack-Boot, that had given up warfare or foreign travel, and settled down into assisting conviviality. See the fine specimens preserved respectively at the British Museum (marked C. R. 1646, formerly at Kensington Palace) ; at the Cambridge Antiquarian Society ; and in Edinburgh at the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. (See p. 469, *post*.)

## A Second Group of Good Fellows.

*Cryticus.*—"Merry knaves are we three-a.

*Molus.*—"When our songs do agree-a.

*Calypho.*—"O now I well see-a,  
What anon we shall be-a.

*Cryticus.*—"If we ply thus our singing,

*Molus.*—"Pots then must be flinging,

*Calypho.*—"If the drinke be but stinging.

*Molus.*—"I shall forget the rules of grammar,

*Calypho.*—"And I the pit-pat of my hammer.

*Chorus.*—"To the Tap-house then let's gang and rore,  
Call hard, 'tis rare to vamp a score,  
Draw dry the tub, be it old or new,  
And part not till the ground looke blew."

—John Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, ii. 3, 1584.



**H**ETHER Dullness has not slain more souls than Drink has engulphed, is an enquiry debated with useful result, if we arrive at an affirmative conclusion. Dullness drives men and women to dissipation, or else they stagnate into imbecility. Temperance is herself so beautiful, while purity and cheerfulness are the graces that adorn her, that one might expect her professed worshippers to be eloquent in hymning her praise. Yet how dreary are the platitudes in which they indulge! how repellingly and not alluringly they paint her portrait, until it becomes vulgar and ugly as their own hypocritical faces. Affecting to be religiously abstemious and self-denying, how is it that their bleared eyes, and the unsightly feature which stands sentry betwixt them, always serve as beacons to warn us back from a treacherous shore? No wonder that an indignant poet raised his howl of reprobation, mistaking the false prophets as the accredited agents of an obnoxious creed. Hence came delirious prayers to be freed from the thralldom of sanctimonious pretences, as when he wildly sang,

‘What ailed us, O gods, to desert you  
For creeds that refuse and restrain?  
Come down and redeem us from virtue,  
Our Lady of Pain!’

He seemed longing, in sheer perversity, to exchange in a trice

‘The lilies and languors of virtue  
For the raptures and roses of vice.’

This was paying a tribute of deference to the Tartuffes, Maw-worms, and Stigginses of the hour, such as no sensible men of the world need offer. We should *use* the good gifts of Bacchus, Ceres, Momus and Thespis, without abusing them. Why leave the cakes and ale to be enjoyed by the fools alone, or to be pilfered on the sly by the unco-guid and rigidly-righteous when nobody is looking? We know their tricks and their manners. Let us take our lawful share, being wise in our generation, and laugh good-humouredly at the "little fools who drink too much," but still louder at the "greater fools" who refuse to drink at all.

The broadside-ballad writers usually knew their way about town; in at the ale-house door, without blushing; walked out sober after a tolerable interval; and got home betimes. If not always thus discreetly, they at least paid their score, by giving their unconverted companions or ingenuous youth the benefit of their own experience. They had "learnt in suffering what they taught in song." So we accept another Group of their instructive Bacchanalian ditties. They were liberal-hearted, and bestowed 'A Groat's-worth of Good-counsel for a Penny' (the invariable price of a ballad-sheet). 'Wit is bought at a Dear Rate' is, on the contrary, the theme of another. 'Jack Had-land's Lamentation' agrees in principle with 'The Bad Husband's Folly.' 'A Jest' is the song about "Master Constable," a precursor of "Mark Noble's Frolick." For its rollicking praise of a convenient drinking-cup commend we "The Leather Bottél." Good wine needs no bush, and most people care not what it is held in, so long as it comes to hand or mouth. 'Glasses, glasses is the only drinking!' said Falstaff; but he had a bias when bowling over Dame Quickly's silver goblets.

The genuine *Leather Bottél* resembled what we should now-a-days call a "pocket-pistol" while out deer-stalking or peppering the grouse. It seldom erred by being too small (an unpardonable fault, whenever the liquor is good, since even at the change-house, in Tam O'Shanter's time, "the ale was growing better"). One good leather-bottél ought to hold enough drink for two, because "company is aye the best, crossing o'er the heather." Well ribbed, of stout leather, the bottél defied breakage or leakage. Specimens were figured in the late Llewellyn Jewitt's '*Reliquary*,' vol. xxv. They became scarce articles of jewellery, owing to their having been 'loved not wisely but too well' of old, and country squires are charitably supposed to have taken them to the grave, 'loath to depart' without them. Whether this was on the same principle of prevision and provision for the "Happy Hunting-Grounds" as our American cousins, Indians of the wild West; or wisely to remove temptation from a later and degenerate race whose heads appear weak in comparison, this Deponent sayeth not.

As to the tune, it is surely found on p. 514, in that treasury of

all such good melodies, William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (whereon, even now, we ourselves are working at his desire to prepare a *Second Edition*). It was also in his *Collection of National English Airs*, 1858, i. 21; ii. 53. Probably, the name of "*The Bottel-maker's Delight*" refers to an earlier version.

As to the authorship, it has hitherto been considered anonymous, but we are the first to publicly acknowledge (from evidence in the Bodleian Library) its parent to have been JOHN WADE. He has been mentioned already on pp. 331, 336, where two of his ballads appear. To the same tune as "Wade's Reformation," viz. *It is Old Ale hath undone me*, was appointed to be sung "Jack Had-Land's Lamentation" (pp. 465, 475): perhaps Wade's.

In Wm. Chappell's *Old English Ditties*, p. 192, "The Leather Bottel" begins, "When I survey the world around;" but it is modernised. Some variations begin, "Now God above," etc.; a Somersetshire version is "God above who rules all things" (Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, n.d. p. 203, founded on James Henry Dixon's Percy Society compilation, 1846, p. 208), and the number of stanzas differs in the numerous editions. "That God above," etc., is another variation. Two copies are in the Roxburghe Collection (II. 257; III. 432); Bagford, I. 49; Pepys, IV. 237; Wood, E. 25, art. 56; Douce, I. 119 *verso*, and a British Museum 4to. p. 14. It is also, there beginning "Now God above," found in the *New Academy of Compliments*, 1671, p. 310; *Wit and Drollery*, 1682, p. 96; several editions of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, in that of 1719, iii. 246; and on the first page of *Wit and Mirth*, 1684. As "Now God alone," etc., it is on p. 75 of the 4to. Collection of *Diverting Songs*, 1738, so it has had a long lease of well deserved popularity. A companion ditty soon followed, in praise of the Black Jack (from one splendid specimen of which we made a drawing, a quarter of a century ago, at the Scottish Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh). We have no doubt that the original song "In Praise of the Black Jack" is the short version given on our p. 466 (from *Westminster-Drollery*, part ii. 1672, p. 94), and that the eleven-stanza version (which we added complete in *Appendix*, p. lxx to our reprint of the same work in 1875), had been 'spun out.' It thus began:—

'Tis a pitiful thing that now a days, Sirs,  
Our Poets turn *Leather-bottel* praisers;  
But if a Leather theame they did lack,  
They might better haue chosen the bonny Black Jack;  
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,  
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be said;  
*And I wish his soul much good may partake*  
*That first devis'd the bonny Black Jack.*

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 257 ; Bagford, I. 49 ; II. 111 ; Pepys, IV. 228 ;  
Wood, E. 25, art. 56 ; Douce, II. 257 ; III. 432.]

A Song  
in Praise of the Leather Bottel ;  
Shewing

How Glasses and Pots are laid aside,  
And Flaggons and Noggins they cannot abide ;  
And let all Wives do what they can,  
'Tis for the Praise and Use of Man ;  
And this you may very well be sure,  
The Leather Bottel will longest endure :  
And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,  
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

To the Tune of, *The Bottel-maker's Delight*, etc.



GOD above, that made all things,  
The Heavens, the Earth, and all therein,  
The Ships that on the Sea do swim,  
To keep th' Enemies out that none comes in ;  
And let them all do what they can,  
'Tis for the Use and Praise of Man :  
*And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,  
That first devised the Leather Bottel.*

Then what do you say to those Cans of Wood ?  
 In faith they are, and cannot be good ;  
 For when a Man he doth them send  
 To be filled with ale, as he doth intend ;  
 The Bearer falleth down by the way  
 And on the ground the Liquor doth lay ;  
 And then the Bearer begins to ban,  
 And swears it is 'long of the Wooden Can ;  
 But had it been in a Leather Bottel,  
 Although he had fallen, yet all had been well ;  
*And I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell,] etc.*

Then what do you say to those Glasses fine ?  
 Yes, they shall have no Praise of mine ; [qu. Yet ?]  
 For when a company they are set  
 For to be merry, as we are met ;  
 Then if you chance to touch the Brim,  
 Down falls the Liquor and all therein ;  
 If your Table-Cloath be never so fine,  
 There lies your Beer, Ale or Wine :  
 It may be for [such] a small Abuse  
 A young Man may his Service lose :  
 But had it been in a Leather Bottel,  
 And the Stopple in, then all had been well :  
*And I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell,] etc.*

Then what do you say to these black Pots three ?  
 True, they shall have no Praise of me,  
 For when a Man and his Wife falls at Strife,  
 As many have done, I know, in their Life ;  
 They lay their Hands on the Pot both, 40  
 And loath they are to lose their Broath ;  
 The one doth tug, the other doth ill,  
 Betwixt them both the Liquor doth spill ;  
 But they shall answer another Day,  
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away :  
 But had it been in the Leather Bottel,  
 [The one may have tugg'd, the other have held ;]  
 And they might have tugg'd, till their Hearts did ake,  
 And yet their Liquor no harm could take :  
*Then I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell,] etc.*

What do you say to the Silver Flaggons fine ? ['Then']  
 True, they shall have no Praise of mine ;  
 For when a Lord he doth them send  
 To be filled with Wine as he doth intend ;



The Man with the Flaggon doth run away,      ['he doth']  
 Because it is Silver most gallant and gay :  
 O then the Lord he begins to ban,  
 And swears he hath lost both Flaggon and Man ;  
 There is never a Lord's Serving-Man, or Groom,  
 But with his Leather Bottel may come :

*Then I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell], etc.*

A Leather Bottel we know is good,  
 Far better than Glasses or Cans of Wood,  
 For when a Man is at work in the Field,  
 Your Glasses and Pots no comfort will yield ;  
 Then a good Leather Bottle standing him by,  
 He may drink always when he is a dry ;  
 It will revive the Spirits and comfort the Brain,  
 Wherefore let none this Bottle refrain :

*For I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell], etc.*

Also the honest Sith-man too,      [Scythe-man.  
 He knew not very well what to do,  
 But for his Bottle standing him near,  
 That is filled with good Household-beer :  
 At Dinner he sits him down to eat,  
 With good hard Cheese, and Bread or Meat,  
 Then this Bottle he takes up amain,  
 And drinks and sets him down again ;      80  
 Saying, " Good Bottle, stand my Friend,  
 And hold out till this Day doth end :

*For I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell]," etc.*

And likewise the Hay-makers they,  
 When as they are turning and making their Hay,  
 In Summer-weather, when as it is warm,  
 A good Bottel full then will do them no harm ;  
 And at Noon-time they sit them down,  
 To drink in their Bottles of Ale nut-brown ;  
 Then the Lads and Lasses begins to tattle,  
 " What should we do but for this Bottle ?"  
 They could not work if this Bottle were done,  
 For the Day's so hot with heat of the Sun :

*Then I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell], etc.*

Also the Leader, Lader, and the Pitcher,      [Corn-stackers.  
 The Reaper, Hedger, and the Ditcher,  
 The Binder, and the Raker, and all  
 About the Bottel's Ears doth fall ;      100  
 And if his Liquor be almost gone,  
 His Bottel he will part with to none,

But says, "My Bottel is but small,  
One Drop I will not part withal :  
You must go drink at some Spring or Well,  
For I will keep my Leather Bottel :"

*Then I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell], etc.*

Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottel,  
When it is filled with Liquor full well,  
Though the Substance of it be but small,  
Yet the Name of the thing is all.  
There's never a Lord, Earl, or Knight,  
But in a Bottel doth take Delight,  
For when he is hunting of the Deer,  
He often doth wish for a Bottle of Beer :  
Likewise the Man that works at the Wood,  
A Bottel of Beer doth oft do him good :

110

*Then I wish [in Heaven his Soul may dwell], etc.*

Then when this Bottel doth grow old,  
And will good liquor no longer hold,  
Out of the side you may take a Clout,  
Will mend your Shooes when they'r worn out ;  
Else take it and hang it upon a Pin,  
It will serve to put many odd Trifles in,  
As Hinges, Awls, and Candle-ends,  
For young Beginners must have such things :

*Then I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,  
That first devised the Leather Bottel.*

130

[Written by **John Wade.**]

*London* : Printed by and for *W. O.* and sold by *I. Walter*, at the  
*Hand and Pen* in *High Holbourn*.

[In White-letter. One woodcut, as on p. 470. Date of composition *circa* 1662.

In only one early, and rare copy, have we found the authorship assigned, as above, viz. in Anthony à Wood's, E. 25, (56), where it is described as "a pleasant new Song in Praise of the Leather Bottell by JOHN WADE. *London*, Printed for *R. Burton*." The Pepysian was printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, Clarke, Thackeray and Passinger. Both of Bagford's in white-letter for W. Onlen, the first sold by B. Deacon. Douce's first is like our own, for W. O., Sold by I. Walter; Douce's second is merely an Aldermay Church-yard, Bow-Lane, modern reprint. Such is Roxb. Coll., III. 432, with its two rude woodcuts, 1st, a bewigged *bon-vivant* sitting at a table, smoking a long pipe; 2nd, a Silenus-like naked Bacchus, holding a huge drinking-cup in one hand and a bottle in the other. The popularity of 'The Leather-Bottel' is proved by these numerous editions. Line 46 is from *Deacon's*.]

\* \* That delightful artist, Edwin A. Abbey, who has caught the spirit of our old ballads, promises speedily to illustrate "The Leather Bottel" in *Harper's Monthly*, as he has already done "Phillida flouts me!" "Sally in our Alley," George Wither's "I loved a Lass, a fair one," and, earlier, Herrick's love-songs.

### Jack Had-land's Lamentation.

WE have already (on p. 469) mentioned the tune of *It is Old Ale that has undone me*, one appointed for the following ballad, and taking its name from the burden of "Wade's Reformation," in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 6 (1st stanza is on p. 465). Another name of the same tune is *The Maid is best who lies alone*. (See ballad with this burden given in the *Appendix to Bagford Ballads*, p. 1020. Another is extant, in the Pepys Collection.)

That John Had-land, or Jack Had-land, was a proverbial expression for one who, like the melancholy Jacques, had spent the profits of his own land in seeing the lands of other people, appears the more probable when we remember that Frances Coules had about 1628 printed a ballad written and signed initially by Richard Climsell *alias* Crimsell, entitled "John Had-land's Advice," beginning "To all men now I'll plainly show how I have spent my time." It was sung to the tune of *The bonny bonny Broome*, and has been reprinted by Mr. William Chappell (*viz.* on p. 268 of Vol. III. among these *Roxburghe Ballads*, from Roxb. Coll., I. 522). The burden is sufficiently lugubrious:—

*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 cloathes.*

Climsell is a dreary long-winded complainer, by habit and repute. His thirteen twelve-line stanzas are a heavy infliction. To have eaten one's cake and thereafter bemoan or grumble because the coin that paid for it is no longer kept in hand or laid out at usury, is to our mind the silliest of unmanly maundering. Horace knew better, wise old heathen that he was. A puling race has succeeded; cheap sensualists, sneaking 'Dead-heads,' who evade payment of entrance fees or garnish, and are discontented with the entertainment to which they contributed neither profit nor applause. Shame it is:

Ah, miserable race! too weak to bear,  
Too sad for mirth, too sceptical for prayer!  
Surely on you the Scripture is fulfilled,  
To bid the mountains cover your despair!

Whatever whim possessed hearty John Wade to enter into competition with Crimsell, and beat him unmistakeably, by adopting name and subject about forty years later, can only be learnt satisfactorily some midnight hour when his ghost revisits this upper sphere and discloses the secrets of the prison-house. We wait patiently till then. It is a fact not generally known, except by Swedenborgian *illuminati*, that the lemures and eidola of people retain their former characteristics in the Elysian fields—and elsewhere. Hence it is that Wade is still a pleasant companion, inspiring convivial ditties, while Climsell afflicts our righteous soul with unimprovable sermonizing, in *sæcula sæculorum*.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 228; Bagford Coll., II. 59; Pepys, II. 23; Huth, I. 136; Douce, I. 99; Jersey, II. 27.]

## Jack Had-Land's Lamentation,

That sold and made away his 'State,  
And spent his money early and late;  
And let his Wife and Children want,  
Now he makes great moan and does repent;  
And desires all good-fellows where e're they be  
To take warning of his poverty.  
He was cast in prison, at that bout,  
His poor Wife she helpt him out:  
She had small reason to do that thing,  
But true love is a gallant thing;  
There is scarce a 'Tap-house in *London* town  
Will help a Man when he is cast down.

To the Tune of, *It is Old Ale that has undone me* [see p. 474].

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[acock].



TO all Good-fellows I'll declare,  
To take Example and have a care,  
And do not spend your means in waste,  
For you will repent it at the last:  
For I my self was blindly led,  
And made all away, I was so bad;  
*Let all I say be warn'd by me,  
Of drinking and bad company.*

I had Land and Living of my own,  
 And a fine Estate, it was well known;  
 It was worth threescore pound a year,  
 And I spent it all in Ale and Beer,  
 My Hostess was all my delight,  
 And I sat up swilling day and night.

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

16

I never took no care at all,  
 God knows I had a sudden fall;  
 I sold my 'State then all away,  
 To maintain the Ale-house night and day.  
 My Wife and Children was so poor,  
 Neighbours cry'd shame at me therefore:

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

24

I would come home drunk unto my Wife,  
 And lead her such a weary life,  
 And she would speak me then so fair,  
 And intreat me with a lovely care,  
 And say, 'Good Husband, be content,  
 Alas! you will these things repent;'

*Let all, I say, be warn'd by me,*

*Of drinking and bad company.*

32

My little naked Children, they  
 Were almost pin'd, as neighbours say,  
 And starv'd so sore for want of close,  
 I had no care of them, God knows;  
 Now all is gone, and nothing left,  
 I may say, 'Farewell Dagger with dudgeon and Haft:'

[=emaciated.

[=cloathes.

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

40

I cast myself into some Debt,  
 And was arrested then for it;  
 Because that I could get no Bail,  
 They cast me in a nasty Gaile;  
 And there I lay from my poor Wife,  
 She reliev'd me or I had lost my life:

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

48

When I was in that misery,  
 Ne'r an Ale-wife that would come to me;  
 For all I had spent my 'state away,  
 I had no help of them, I say:  
 But my poor wife was my best friend,  
 And succoured me unto the end:

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

56

Then my poor wife she sought about,  
And she made a friend and got me out ;  
She sold her Wedding-Ring away,  
To pay my Fees without delay ;  
And did so rejoyce at my release,  
And brought me home agen in peace :

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

64

Now all is spent I plainly see  
There is no help nor no remedy,  
But labour hard and work full sore,  
That money will be better than all before ;  
And bring it home unto my Wife,  
And love her as I love my life :

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

72

A man that has a state or has good means  
Ne'r use so much these tippling Queans ;  
They drown your money so very sore,  
And make you at the last be poor ;  
I am sure that I may say the same,  
But alas, alas, I was to blame :

[=estate.]

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

80

Let every one that goes along,  
Take notice of this new-made Song,  
And take example now by me,  
That am fallen into this Poverty ;  
I wish that I might be the last,  
But alack-aday, I am not the first :

*Let all, I say, [be warn'd by me,] &c.*

88

So to conclude, to end the strife,  
Let every man love his own Wife ;  
And save his money, and keep his store,  
Drink not too much to make you poor,  
A man that has Grace will then repent  
To see his Wife and Children live in want.

*Let all, I say, be warn'd by me,*

*Of Drinking and lewd Company.*

96

[Probably by **John Wade**: and to his Tune.]

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, 1st, the Hostess (belonging also to "The Bad Husband's Folly," *post*, p. 493), given on p. 475 ; 2nd and 3rd are on p. 486. Date, between August, 1685, and December, 1688, being licensed by R. Pocock.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 520; Pepys, IV. 259; Jersey, I. 365.]

## Wit bought at a Dear Rate.

Being a Relation of the Misery one suffers by being too kind-hearted.  
Wishing all people to beware of that undoing quality, and to be frugal and saving, that in aged years their life may be as comfortable as in youth it was pleasant and folly.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Turn, Love, I prethee, love, turn to me.*<sup>1</sup>



IF all the World my mind did know, I would not care a pin,  
If I were young, I would take heed, my life how to begin;  
I would not be kind-hearted, but money keep in store,  
Which if that I in youth had done, *I should not now be poor.*

When in prosperity I was, I then of friends had plenty,  
But now adversity is come, I find not one in twenty;  
Then was I treated well of all, and had of gifts good store,  
If wise I had been in my youth, *I should not now be poor.*

8

This World I liken to the tide, which oft doth ebbe and flow,  
Some are to great riches brought, and some do fall full low;  
The joys and pleasures of this life, like flowers fade, therefore  
We in our youth must frugal be, *or in age must be poor.*

Some for an honest livelihood do use endeavours great,  
And though they work both day and night, they scarce get bread to eat;  
There's some again, with little pains, have riches in great store;  
To me blind Fortune is unkind, *therefore I must be poor.*

16

Yet I a little comfort find, that I am not alone;  
Thousands there be as good as I, do daily make their moan:  
If yet I could some money get, I would it keep in store,  
Too kind I have been in my youth, *and now I must be poor.*

Some with extravagant expence make their estates to fly,  
And some who little had before, are made when friends do dye:  
So various are our fortunes here, some need, and some have store,  
But if in youth we be not wise, *we must in age be poor.*

24

<sup>1</sup> The tune here mentioned belongs to a ballad reprinted on p. 277, "Come turn to me, thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee." The line above might have read, "pleasant and jolly." See *Popular Music*, p. 528, for the air.

This age is grown to such a pass, that they who go but mean,  
And to their friends for kindness go, they give them no esteem :  
So cruel and hard-hearted are people now, therefore,  
Youth must be wise, and careful be, *or else in age be poor.*

When plenty in my purse I had, I then relieved many,  
But now I come to need myself, not pittied am by any :  
I toil and weary out my days, yet still am troubled sore,  
For charity is waxed cold, *and quite turn'd out of door.* 32

Love from me long time since is gone, but patience tarries still,  
Poverty comes oft to my door, and vows to have his will :  
If Providence doth not step in, as he hath done before,  
I always shall in sorrow sit, *and in my age be poor.*

Good people all be warn'd by me, do not too freely live,  
Slight not my Council nor Advice, which here to you I give :  
Make use of it at present time, lest you for evermore,  
Hereafter dearly do repent, *and in your age be poor.* 40

Youth for most part is prodigal, age bears a frugal mind,  
More families are not undone, than those who are too kind :  
If that in time my words you mark, you may still more and more  
Live in esteem, continue rich, *(if not) live to be poor.*

While that you live in good estate, you shall have company,  
But when that you have need of some, you then alone shall be :  
While you do feast and give good gifts, keep for your self some store,  
For if that you do part with all, *you then must needs be poor.* 48

Despise not now what I here say, but take it in good part,  
What here you read you well may think is spoken from the heart :  
It comes from one who troubled is, each day, in mind full sore,  
Who in their youth have been too kind, *therefore must now be poor.*

Farewel, my friends, I wish you all may warning by me take,  
And in your youth while you are strong, your future fortunes make :  
Be courteous, kind, to every one, yet as I said before,  
Be careful in your youthful time, *or else in age be poor.* 56

With Allowance.

Finis.

London, Printed for F. Coles, in Vine-Street, near Hatton-Garden.

[Black-letter. Two cuts, 1st, the long-robed man given in Vol. II. p. 349 ;  
2nd, as on p. 478. Date, *circa* 1646-72.]

\* \* \* The ballad of "A GROAT'S-WORTH OF GOOD COUNSEL FOR A PENNY" appealed to customers by a double temptation, it offered a bargain below cost price, a fourfold gain, and, while practically recommending outlay for purchase, it theoretically encouraged thrift, as the 'bad Husband's' Repentance had nothing to do with matrimony; he was merely a man who failed to '*husband*' his resources frugally. The same consideration applies to "Two Penny-worth of Wit for a Penny; or, the Bad Husband turned Thrifty" (on p. 483).



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 204 ; Pepys, IV. 78 ; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 19 ; Huth, I. 127 ; Jersey, II. 93.]

## A Groatworth of Good Counsel for a Penny; or, The Bad Husband's Repentance.

Bad Husbands all, come hear what I have pen'd,  
I hope this song to you will be a friend,  
And let no man now spend his means in waste,  
It brings him into poverty and disgrace,  
And now bad Husbands hear what I say,  
And save a groat against a rainy day.

TO THE TUNE OF *Packington's Pound*; or, *Digby's Farewel*. [Cf. pp. 331, 346, 483.] With Allowance.

Come hither, good fellows, and hear what I say,  
A new song I will sing if you please for to stay,  
And if you will be [all] warned by me,  
To be careful in time and save your mon[e]y :  
Foul Winters are long, and cold weather is hard,  
And a man without money no one will regard,  
Let your wife and your children be your chief care,  
For wring-spiggots care not, how hard they do fare. 8

There's some are so cunning they'l hold you in play,  
For to get your money, they'l cause you to stay :  
With so many fine words, and may chance a fine bit,  
While your money doth last, she will cause you to sit  
Until their strong liquor doth fire in your face,  
You are apt all your money then to part with apace ;  
Then the ale-wives market is got to a head,  
While your wife and children may chance to want bread. 16

If you sell house or Lands, or put goods into sale,  
If they see you have money you shall not want ale ;  
For as long as my money did hold out and run,  
I was bravely respected by every man :  
But now I do know and I plainly do see,  
It was more for the love of my money than me ;  
As long as a man has a coat on his back,  
To fill in their liquor they will not be slack. 24

This by experience I find to be true,  
Which makes both my back and my belly to rue ;  
For when I had gold and silver good store,  
There would be such bussings to set me ashore :

But I have spent and wasted my store,  
I may knock twenty times e're they open the door,  
And if I say, 'I want money, will you trust me a quart?'  
Then they say, 'Honest friend, we're not trusted malt.' 32

If a man can be wise and consider this Song,  
It may chance do him good for to guide him along,  
For spending and wasting consumes a man's state,  
Then he falls into misery and repents when too late.  
But that's not the way, as I told you to-day,  
It's the ale-wives' delight to make them their prey.  
The best thing that I know is for a man to take care,  
Then his wife and his children the better will fare. 40

What is a man better to have store of means [won],  
And waste it away like butter in the sun,  
Then [is] he, like a cow that doth fill a great pale, [=pail.  
And after to cast it all down with her heel,  
But be careful to labour in an honest way,  
Then God he will bless you by night and by day,  
That man is bewitcht that hath a good state of his own,  
And not be content till 'tis gone down the red lane. [i.e. gullet.

If you drink the very shirt and coat from your back, [2nd Part.]  
If some get your money they care not who lack,  
And they sit in their chair in pomp and in state,  
As long as you have a penny they'll hold you in prate;  
But if they see that your pockets are bare,  
They say, 'Honest friend, we will fill no more beer:  
Pray pay your reckoning and go home to your wife,  
If she chance to [o'er] look you, she'll lead you a bad life' 56

I told you before in a Song I did sing,  
That winter is long<sup>1</sup> and much hunger doth bring,  
And many a family comes unto want,  
Where husbands are given to drink and to rant:  
Therefore it is good to keep something in store,  
And learn to pass by [their] ale-houses' door,  
And think of cold winter, for be sure it will come,  
If means then be wanting then all are undone. 64

Let old Age and Sickness be a man's chiefest care,  
Be sure it will come, we must all have a share,  
Then bad husbands will think what they spent in vain pots  
When they have gone home and made themselves sots;

<sup>1</sup> This cannot refer to "Drive the cold winter away!" which is by Martin Parker, and of much earlier date ("All hail to the days," in *Roxb. Ballads*, i. 84). It more probably alludes to the opening portion of the present song (Cf. lines 5 and 6), while the final half-sheet counts as a Second Part. *Digby's Farewell* was not of earlier date than 1672, the action at Sole Bay, on May 28.

Is it not then folly for a man to do so?  
 He knows not his friend then, I say, from his foe;  
 He wasteth his wit and consumes his estate,  
 And repenteth his folly when it is too late. 72

Now in spending your money be not too free,  
 But trust to yourselves when you do not see me,  
 And be sure to save something against a rainy day,  
 Then your own pot at home the better will play;  
 And to your own Wife and Children be kind,  
 And that will be the part of an honest man's mind,  
 And not spend your money in a drunken crew,  
 Lest they want it at home, then the fault is in you. 80

Now in the Conclusion I have a word more to say,  
 Take every one one [ballad], and make no delay,  
 The price is but a penny, and that is not dear,  
 The best penny worth of wit that you bought this 2 year;  
 And be sure to observe it when you have it at home,  
 It may chance do you good when I am dead and gone,  
 It may save you a groat when you would cast it away,  
 For to do you good in a cold winter's day. 88

[Publisher's name cut off from Roxburghe copy. Huth's and Rawlinson's were printed for *P. Brooksby* and Licensed by *Roger L'Estrange*. In Black-letter. One woodcut, the same as on p. 490. Date between 1672 and September, 1685.]

\* \* \* An Answer to this is extant (in the Jersey Collection, I. 20, now Earl Crawford's Bibliotheca Lindesiana, and), in C. 22. e. fol. 150:—

The Merry Gossip's Vindication  
 To the Groatworth of Good Council Declaration.

To the [same] Tune of *Digbie's Farewell*. Eleven stanzas in all. It begins,

"A company of gossips that love good bub [i.e. Drink.]  
 They met at an Alehouse, where they did Club,  
 They call'd for the Short Pot, and likewise for the long,  
 'Come, Tapster, be quick, for we soon must begon.'  
 They cupt it about, and they made such great hast[e],  
 Till their nose and their face were all in a blaze;  
*A man he may work all the days of his life,  
 But he must ask his wife's leave if he intends for to thrive.*"

Printed, like our original, for *Philip Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*. With the same woodcut to both, as on our p. 227, and 462. Martin Parker had written "A Pennyworth of Good Counsell," beginning, "Of late it was my chance to walk, for recreation in the Spring." Reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. 295, to the tune of *Dulcina*: a ballad in this vol., p. 166.

### Two Penny-Worth of Wit.

Another self-pitying complaint for having been "too kind" to fellow-revellers and hostesses. Compare *Note* on p. 479. Bankrupt revellers expected to enjoy unlimited credit: it seemed reasonable to the thirsty.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 482; IV. 66; Douce, II. 231<sup>vo</sup>.; Jersey, I. 60.]

## Two-penny-worth of Wit for a Penny; or, The bad Husband turn'd Thrifty.

This Man that wrought his own decay,  
And spent his money night and day;  
Is turn'd to saving, I do swear,  
There's few with him that can compare:  
And lives so civil in his ways,  
That all his neighbours give him praise,  
And does repent his wicked crime,  
And desires good Fellows to turn in time;  
There's many a man runs himself clear out,  
When Ale's in his head, then Wit is out.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound*. [See p. 331.]



**A**ll Company-Keepers come hear what I say,  
Here's a notable Song if you please for to stay,  
It will learn you good counsel, be rul'd by a friend,  
If you go to an alehouse your money to spend:  
For four-pence or sixpence, you may spend I do say,  
If you call any higher it's all thrown away;  
Then *Barnaby* will begin to work in your head,  
There's many does forget that their Children want Bread. 8

Observe a good hour, and loose not your time,  
If you meet with a friend that you needs must go drink,  
I desire you to take this counsel of mine,  
Keep wit in your noddle, and your pockets some chink:  
Then your wife will [be] pleased, your children glad,  
And a great deal of comfort there will to be had:  
But if you spend all your money and make your self poor,  
Then your rent will be wanting, you'll be turn'd out of door. 16



To see some men when they are full of drink,  
 What a beastly condition it is we may think,  
 That they hardly can know one man from another,  
 They abuse their best friend if it be their own brother.  
 They'l tumble i' th' dirt, and they'l stagger i' th' street,  
 And affront e'ry man and woman they meet,  
 That when they are sober will scorn to do so,  
 For they hardly can know their friend from their foe. 24

For I my own self have been in the same way,  
 And wasted my money by night and by day,  
 And never did think how my Children was serv'd,  
 Till neighbours did say that they almost were starv'd.  
 If my wife chance to say that any thing she did lack,  
 I would call her base whore and be sure pay her back ;  
 That was the best comfort I could her afford,  
 Then I out to the Ale-house, and spent like a Lord. 32

I sold all my goods, and I wasted my store,  
 And at the long run I was grown very poor,  
 A hundred and fifty good pounds I have spent,  
 As long as any was left I could not be content ;  
 My hostess she would be so merry with me,  
 When I call'd for liquor and paid for 't too free ;  
 And with slabering and kissing she pleas'd me to th' life,  
 Thus I like a villain did wrong my poor wife. 40

At last I consider'd, and did think in my mind,  
 How to my own family I had been too unkind ;  
 Which troubles my conscience to think on the same,  
 That with drinking and swilling I was much to blame ;  
 My Children was bare, and hard they did fare,  
 And I of their misery never took care,  
 But now I'll begin for to live a new life,  
 And take pains to maintain both my Children and wife. 48

For I to the Ale-house have been too kind,  
 Which to my undoing I plainly do find ;  
 My poor little Children are fallen into want,  
 Which grieves me to see them, full sore I repent,  
 That I had such fortune for to be so led,  
 With Drunken companions which caus'd me be bad,  
 But he runs a long race, that ne'r has an end, [Cf. 494.  
 I make much of my money that God does me send. 56

I'll be careful of my children and make much of my wife,  
 And provide meat and drink for to preserve their life,  
 That little that's left I hope to make it more,  
 With taking of pains, and with working full sore :

And ale-wives go hang themselves with what they have got,  
No more of my money shall fall to their lot ;  
I have sow'd my wild Oats and I will have a care, [See p. 495.  
Of drunken companions that made me so bare. 64

It is a brave thing when a Winter comes cold,  
To have something in store, with that a man may be bold,  
Either land-men or sea-men what ever they be,  
All young-men consider, be ruled by me,  
For hostesses [of] tap houses will fill you no beer, ["and."  
No longer than your money holds out, you may swear,  
For I my own self now do find it too true,  
Which makes me to speak, for what I spent I do rue. 72

Since I took a good course and forsaken the bad,  
With my wife and my Children there is enough to be had,  
But while I kept drinking and losing my time,  
All my whole household was ready to pine :  
But it is a long day that ne'r has an end,  
Therefore all good-fellows be rul'd by a Friend,  
Keep money in your pockets and good cloaths to your back,  
Drink to do your selves good, but take heed of a Crack.<sup>1</sup> 80

Now in the conclusion that man is well blest,  
That lives sober, and quietly, and forgoes Drunkenness,  
He never will be out of reason with his wife,  
If God give him a blessing he's free from all strife.  
It is a brave thing if a man do take pains,  
If he work ne'r so hard if he bring home the gains ;  
Therefore take this counsel I pray you of mine,  
It's a penny well bestow'd, he that takes up in time. 88

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur Street*.

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts, first, the Old Cavalier, on p. 137, or p. 186 ; second, a table and cups, being fragment of Tinker-ballad cut, Vol. V. 164 ; third, for a small new cut of revellers at table with musicians in gallery, we have substituted a small cut on p. 483. Date of the ballad, *circa* 1680.]

*Note.*—*A Crack* was a loose bona roba, such as Justice Shallow had known.

\* \* With the ensuing ballad entitled "*NICK AND FROTH*," denouncing the tricks of tapsters and hostesses in giving false measure, may be associated Humphrey Crouch's ballad "*The Industrious Smith*" (reprinted in vol. i. pp. 469—474), he remonstrating against objectional practices, was answered :—

"But," quoth the good wife, "Sweet heart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale!"

Tune and burden of *We'll drink this Old Ale no more, no more!* not identified.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 376; Huth, II. 42; Jersey, II. 162.]

## Nick and Froth ;

Or,

### The Good-fellow's Complaint for want of full Measure.

Discovering the Deceits, and Abuses of Victuallers, Tapsters, Ale Drapers; and all the rest of the Society of Drunkard-makers: By filling their Drink in false Flaggons, Pimping Tankerds, Cans, call'd Ticklers; Rabbits, Jugs, and short Quarterns, to the grand abuse of the Society of Good-fellowship.

Good Fellows Drinks their Liquor without finching,  
Then why should Knavish Tapsters use such pinching.

TUNE OF, *We'l Drink this Old Ale no more, no more.*



[These cuts belong to p. 477.]

**A**Ll you that are Free-men of Ale-Drapers hall  
And Tapsters where ever you be,  
Be sure you be ready to come at my call,  
And your knavery here you shall see.

A knot of Good-fellows we are here inclin'd,  
To challenge you out if you dare,  
A very sharp Tryal you're like to find,  
Although it be at your own Bar.

Your cheats and abuses, we long did abide,  
But times are so wondrous hard,  
That Losers may speak, it cannot be deny'd,  
Of our Measure we have been debar'd.

But now we'll show you a trick (you knaves),  
And lay you all open to view,  
It's all for your Froth and your Nick (you slaves),  
And tell you no more than is true.

If in a cold morning we chance to come,  
And bid a good morrow my Host,  
And call for some Ale, you will bring us black Pots,  
Yet scarce will afford us a Toast.

20

For those that drink Beer, 'tis true as I'me here  
Your counterfeit flaggons you have,  
Which holds not a quart, scarce by a third part,  
And that makes my Hostis go brave.

But now pimping tankerds are all in use,  
Which drains a man's pocket in brief:  
For he that sits close, and takes of his dose,  
Will find that the Tankerd's a thief.

Bee't tankerd or flaggon, which of them you brag on,  
We'll trust you to Nick and to Froth;  
Before we can drink, be sure it will shrink,  
Far worser than *North* Country cloth.

When Summer is coming, then hey, brave boys,  
The tickling Cans they run round,  
Pray tak't in good part, for a *Winchester* Quart  
Will fill six, I dare lay you a Pound.

Your Rabbits and jugs and coffee-house Mugs  
Are ready when e're you do call,  
A P—— take his trade, such measures that made,  
I wish that Old *Nick* had them all.

40

When we have a fancy our noses to steel,  
And call for some *Nance* of the best,  
Be sure the short Pot must fall to our lot,  
For now they are all in request.

[=*Nantz*.]

Scarce one house in twenty, where measure is plenty,  
But still they are all for the Pinch;  
Thus every day, they drive custome away,  
And force us good Fellows to flinch.

Sometimes a man may leave something to pay,  
 Though seldom he did it before ;  
 With *Marlborough* Cholke, you his patience provoke  
 When ever he clears off his score. [vide, Note.]

The women likewise, which are not precise,  
 But will take a Cup of the best,  
 Tho' they drink for pleasure, they'l have their measure,  
 Or else you shall have little rest.

There's *Billings-gate* Nan, and all her whole gang  
 Complaining for want of their due :  
 True Topers they are, as e're scor'd at Bar,  
 For they'l drink till their noses look blew. 60

A Pot and a Toast will make them to boast  
 Of things that are out of their reach :  
 So long as a groat remains in the coat,  
 They over good Liquor will preach.

In *Shoo-makers Row* there's true hearts you know,  
 But give them their measure and weight,  
 They'l scorn for to stir, but stick like a Bur,  
 And tope it from morning till night.

Then there's honest *Smug*, that with a full jug  
 Will set all his brains on a float :  
 But you are such Sots to fill him small Pots,  
 Will scarce quench the spark in his throat.

With many such Blades, of several trades,  
 Which freely their money will spend ;  
 But fill them good drink, they value not chink  
 Where ever they meet with a friend.

Most Trades in the Nation give their approbation  
 How that you are much for to blame :  
 Then make no excuses, but cease your abuses,  
 And fill up your measure for shame. 80

[Colophon lost, but the Huth copy was printed for *R. Burton*, in *West-Smithfield*. In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the smokers on p. 490; 2nd, the girl (fragment) on p. 329; 3rd, the man, vol. iii. p. 613; 4th, mutilated, of man, vol. i. p. 210. We insert cuts belonging to p. 477. Date circa 1665.]

\* \* \* '*Marlborough* chalk' had a slit in it, so that each downward stroke left a *double-score* for the reckoning. This kind of second-sight was limited to tapsters. Tipplers had the gift of double-vision in a different way; like the Westminster Home-un-Ruler, who, looking at the full moon alongside the illuminated Clock-Tower (at an angle), said, "I must be very far gone. I've often seen *two* moons; but to-night I see *six*!" Charles Keene immortalized the speaker, in *Punch*.

## The Noble Prodigal.

THIS jovial ditty belongs to the date immediately preceding the Restoration, 29 May, 1660. The reference to George Monck, afterwards the Duke of Albemarle, is in second portion. As "A Medley" it reappeared in the rare first edition of *Merry Drollery*, p. 130, 1661; p. 138 of the edition 1670 (and reissue in 1691). It was also in the *Loyal Garland* of 1686 (reprint p. 69), and probably earlier in five lost editions. That it was composed for some city banquet appears certain, and it may not improbably have been one of Thomas Jordan's numerous successes. It was sung to six consecutive dance-tunes:—First, *the Jew's Coranto*; second, *the Princess Royal*; third, *Come hither, my own Sweet Duck* (from a lively ballad "The Insatiate Lover," which we reprinted in our 1876 edition of *Choice Drollery*, p. 247, from *Merry Drollery*, ii. 106, 1661 edit.); fourth and fifth, *French Tricotees*, and sixth, *A new Country dance*. Thus the jig was kept up throughout. The variations in book versions are not important. Line 10, 'He was, Sir Reverence, a Parliament man.' Line 14, 'Then Royalists, since you are undone.' Lines 17, 18, 'We'll tipple . . . and drink our woes,' etc. Line 30, 'Sackifie.' Lines 35, 36, we may read 'belfry' if we choose, preferring the fry, 'and a snatch.' Line 37, 'Wee's be bonny and jolly.' Line 43, 'Till *Mauris ap Shenkim*,' etc. Line 50, '*Intreut*, Monsieur.' Line 54, *caret. Nota Bene*. The two other portions to end are absent from *Merry Drollery*, but are valuable as indicating the hopes cherished of a return to monarchy. Royalists did not forget the baseness of the Scots selling their own native-born King Charles I. to the Parliament in 1642; therefore they marked the strangeness of Scotland to begin to be true. It certainly had not recently proved itself the Land of the Leal. There was still half-heartedness in the Presbyterian acceptance of Charles II. In next lines is one of the stale allusions to Cromwell as a brewer's drayman of Huntingdon; another to the short-cloaked Independent as a Jesuit in spirit; and a third to the ballad-singers having been severely persecuted whenever they dared to turn the Rump Parliament into ridicule, by simply telling to what depths of degradation it had fallen. Here is the first stanza of "The Insatiate Lover."

Come hither, my own sweet Duck, and sit upon my knee,  
And thou and I will truck for thy commodity,  
If thou wilt be my honey, then I will be thine own;  
Thou shalt not want for money, if thou wilt make it known.  
*With hey ho, my honey!* My heart shall never rue,  
For I have been spending money, and among the jovial crew.  
[16 stanzas.]

Music is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1665 and 1686 editions.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 372 ; Huth, II. 44 ; Jersey (Lindesiana), I. 383.]

## The Noble Prodigal ;

or,

The Young Heir newly come to his Estate.

Who very kindly doth invite you all,  
To feast upon his Father's funerall.

A NEW MEDLY OF SIX AYRES.

*First Ayr. The Jew's Coran[to].*



**L**et's call, and drink the Cellar dry,  
There's nothing sober underneath the sky,  
The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lye,  
Since all the world grow mad, why may not I ?

My Father's dead, and I am free ;  
He left no children in the world but me.  
The Diuel drank him down with usury,  
And Ile repine in liberality.

When first the *English* war began,  
He was precisely a politick man,  
That gain'd his state by Sequestration,  
till *Oliver* began  
To come with sword in hand, and put him to the run.

Then, jovial Lads, who are undone  
 So by the Father, come home to the Son,  
 Whom wine and musick now do wait upon,  
 he'll tippie up a tun,  
 And drink your woes away, jolly hearts, come on, come on.

Second Ay. Princess Royal.

Here's a health to him that may	[i.e. to George Monk.
Do a trick that shall	
advance you all,	
And beget a very jovial day.	[al. lect. a merry.
Fill another bowl to hee	
Who hath drank by stealth	24
his Landlord's health,	[i.e. the absent Charles II.
If his spirit and his tongue agree	
The land shall celebrate his fame,	
All the world enbalm his name,	
Not a right good fellow	
But will satisfie the same.	[al. lect. Sackific.
The bells full merrily shall ring.	
All the town shall dance and sing,	
More delights than I can tell ye	
When we see this noble Spring,	
Wee'l have Ladies by the belfry,	
And a snatch at t'other thing.	36

The Third Ayer. Come hither, my own sweet Duck.<sup>1</sup>

Wee's aw be merry and jolly,	
Quaff, carouse and reel ;	
Wee's play with <i>Peggy</i> and <i>Molly</i> ,	
Dance, and kiss, and feell ;	
Wee's put up the Bag-pipe and Organ,	
And make the <i>Welch</i> Harper to play,	
Till <i>Mauris</i> ap <i>Shon</i> ap <i>Morgan</i>	[a.l. ap <i>Shenkin</i> ap.
Frisk as on St. <i>Taffie's</i> day.	[misprint, <i>Fisk</i> .
Hold up, <i>Jinny</i> .	
Piper, come play us a Spring,	
All you that have musick in ye,	
Tippie, dance, and sing.	48

<sup>1</sup> Page 489 holds first stanza of original (c. 1656) ; here is the second :—

I prethee leave thy scorning, which our true love beguiles,  
 Thy eyes are bright as morning, the sun shines in thy smiles ;  
 Thy gesture is so prudent, thy language is so free,  
 That he is the best Student which can study thee.  
*With hey ho, my honey ! my heart shall never rue, etc.*

*Fourth Ayer. French Tricatees.*

Let de *French Mounseieur* come and swear,  
 Begar, Mounseieur!  
 Dis is de ting vee long to hear  
     So many a year,  
     Dancing vill be lookt upon,  
     Now de man of Yron is gone, [i.e. Old Noll.  
     Me glad his dancing day be done.  
 When de flower de luces grows  
 With de *English* Crown and Rose,  
 Dat's very good as we suppose,  
 De *French* can live without de nose. [Morbo gallica.

*Fifth Ayr. French Tricatees.*

*Spain* and *England* then,  
     like men,  
 Shall love and make a League agen,  
     *Holland* Boors shall quaff,  
     and laugh,  
     Poor *Irish* swim in *Usquebaugh*,  
     *James* and *Jinnikin* [=*Jenkin*.  
     touch the *Minnikin*,  
 Drink till all the sky look blew;  
     by this sweet change  
 Wonders shall ensue,  
     almost as strange  
 As *Scotland* to be true. 72

*Sixth Ayr. A new Country-dance.*

No Drayman shall with his dul feet [u]prear,  
     Lord in the Common-weal;  
 Or Jesuite in the Pulpit appear,  
     Under a Cloak of zeal:  
 Musician[s] never be noted  
     For wandering men of ease, [i.e. cited as vagabonds.  
 But they shall be finely coated,  
     And permitted to sing what they please.  
 If all things do but hit well, as  
     Who knows but so't may be,  
 Though now you be very jealous,  
     Then you'l laugh and be merry as we. 84

[In Black-letter. Roxburghe and Huth, no imprint. Three woodcuts: one on p. 490; the second, a man, on p. 163; the third, a woman, on p. 166. Date, the eve of the Restoration, early in May, 1660.]

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 31 ; Pepys, IV. 77 ; C. 22. e. 82.]

## The Bad-Husband's Folly ;

Or,

### Robert made known.

A Man may waste and spend away his store,  
But if misery comes he has no help therefore ;  
This man, that brought himself into decay,  
Shews other Good Fellows that they go not astray.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Come hither, my own Sweet Duck.* [See p. 489.]



TO all Good-Fellows now I mean to sing a Song,  
I have wrought my own decay, and have done myself great wrong ;  
In following the Ale-house I have spent away my store,  
*Bad Company did me undo, but I'le do so no more.*

That man that haunts the Ale-house, and likewise the Drunken Crew,  
Is in danger to dye a Beggar without any more ado ;  
Would I might be an Example to all Good-Fellows sure ;  
*Bad Company [did me undo, but I'le do so no more].*

I had a fair Estate of Land, was worth forty pounds a year,  
I sold and mortgaged all that, and spent it in strong Beer ;  
My wife and friends could not rule me, until I did wax poor :  
*Bad Company [did me undo, but I'le do so no more].*

I came unto my Hostis[s], and called for Liquor apace,  
She saw my money was plenty, and she smiled in my face ;  
If I said "Fill a Flaggon !" they set two upon the score,  
*Bad Company [did me undoe, but I'le do so no more].*

I ranted night and day, and I let my Money flye,  
While my wife was almost dead with grief, to hear her children cry;  
For they were almost starv'd and pin'd, they wanted food so sore:  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so no more*].

At two a clock i' th' morn I would come Drunken home,  
And if my wife spoke but a word, I'd kick her about the room;  
And domineer and swear, and call her [foul names a sc]ore,  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so no more*]. 24

Then I fell sick upon the same, and lay three months and more,  
But never an Ale-wife in the Town would come within my door;  
But my poor wife was my best friend, and stuck to me therefore:  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so more*].

My wife she sold her Petticoat, and pawn'd her Wedding-Ring,  
To relieve me in my misery, in any kind of thing;  
O was not I a woful man, to waste and spend my store,  
*And let my wife and children want at home, but I'le do so no more.*

When I began to mend a little, I walkt to take the air,  
And as I went along the Town I came by my Hostise's door;  
I askt her for to trust me two-pence, she denyed me [and swore]:  
*The Money that I have spent with her! but I'le do so no more.* 36

As soon as I get strength agen I'le fall to work apace,  
To maintain my wife and children, for my Hostises are base:  
I see who is a man's best friend, if he be sick or poor,  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so no more*].

And when I do get money agen, I'le learn for to be wise,  
And not believe the Drunken Crew, that filled my ears with lyes;  
And carry it home unto my wife, and of my Children take more care;  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so no more*].

He runs a very long Race that never turns again, [Cf. 481.  
And brings himself unto disgrace, and poverty for his pain;  
But now I will be careful sure, and forgo the Ale-house door;  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so no more*]. 52

Now to conclude and make an end what I have put in Rhime,  
That all Good-fellows they may see to amend their lives in time;  
And learn for to be Thrifty, to save something by in store:  
*Bad Company* [*did me undo, but I'le do so no more*].

Printed for *J. Deacon* at *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street* without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, as on p. 475. Date *circa* 1680. We have taken the liberty of making two small alterations of the text which we generally reproduce in its integrity. Line 23 is "call her b——h and w——;" and line 35 was "denyed me the more." We substitute another cut on p. 493.]

## News from Hyde-Park.

“ You have known better days, dear ? So have I—  
And worse too, for they brought no such bud-mouth  
As yours to lisp ‘ You wish you knew me ! ’ Well,  
Wise men, ’tis said, have sometimes wished the same.”  
—*Robt. Browning.*

EVERY sensible person must feel contempt for such weak-kneed hypocrites and prurient prudes as those who raise an outcry if by chance they surreptitiously catch sight of this really harmless ballad. Cattle of that sort are easily shocked. They have so keen a scent for impropriety that they have been heard to denounce “The Vicar of Wakefield” because of a seduction in it; and they refuse to go up the Thames beyond Twickenham, or to visit the Peak of Derbyshire, because there are objectionable names of localities in the neighbourhood. They are for ever finding bodkins at the World’s-end, and other inopportune places, like Mrs. Foresight in Congreve’s “Love for Love,” or losing them, like Mrs. Frail; so it is whispered. Wolves-in-sheep’s-clothing, “Thomas Maitland” and Co., may denounce the “Hyde-Park Frolic!”

The fact is, the Roxburghe-Ballad of “Newes from Hyde-Park,” is all “square fun.” Its mirthful warning against the gaudy “Peacocks” who are dangerous whited-sepulchres is quite as potent as any Puritan sermon, and couched in decent language. The baffled Gallant may behave better in the country than he threatens. It is all idle talk. He will again escape out of mischief, and discreetly enter into the torpedoed harbourage of matrimony (poor fellow!); perhaps as happily as Jerry Hawthorn in Pierce Egan’s book, “The Finish,” after Bob Logic had painfully died on a sick-bed, Corinthian Kate swallowed poison, and Corinthian Tom broken his neck at a steeple-chase. Wild oats that have to be sown are an ill-favoured crop, we admit, but worse if they are scattered late in life, when the corrupt harvest is more abundant. Our gallant nearly burnt his fingers, but we have it on good authority, that he “left sack, and lived cleanly, as a nobleman should do.” In the reign of the Merry Monarch were a few naughty damsels, beside cakes and ale. “The pity of it, Iago! the pity of it!”

The tune took its name of “The Crost Couple” from the title of a ballad beginning “I’le tell you a tale no stranger than true” (Roxb. Coll., II. 94, reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 648). Other names were adopted from the present ballad, one being *Hide Park*, and another from the burden, *Tantara rara tantivee*. Music is given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 138, and in Mr. Chappell’s *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 326. It was “a New Northern Tune, much in fashion;” compare *Sir Eglamour* and *The Friar in the Well*, as similar tunes, *Ibid.*, 274, 276.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 379; Pepys, III. 257; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 92; Euing, 250; Douce II. 166, III. 67; Jersey, II. 220; Ouvry, I. 47.]

## News from Hide-Park ;

Or,

A very merry Passage which hapned betwixt a North-Country Gentleman and a very Gaudy Gallant Lady of Pleasure, whom he took up in the Parke, and conducted her (in her own Coach) home to her Lodgings, and what chanced there, if you'll venter Attention the Song will declare.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Crost Couple*. [See 495, and vol. iii. p. 648.]



ONE evening, a little before it was dark,  
Sing *Tantara rara tan-tivee*,  
I call'd for my Gelding and rid to *Hide-Parke*,  
On *tantara rara tan-tivee*.

It was in the merry month of *May*,  
When meadows and fields were gaudy and gay,  
And flowers apparrell'd as bright as the day,  
I got upon my *tan-tivee*.

The Park shone brighter than the skyes,  
Sing *Tantara rara tan-tivee*,  
With jewels and gold and Ladies' eyes,  
That sparkled and cry'd, "Come, see me!"

Of all parts of *England*, *Hide-Park* hath the name  
For coaches and horses, and persons of fame ;  
It look'd, at first sight, like a field full of flame,  
*Which made me ride up tan-tivee.*

16

There hath not been seen such a sight since *Adam's*,  
For perriwig, ribbon, and feather.  
*Hide-Park* may be term'd the market of Madams,  
Or Lady-Fair, chuse you whether ;  
Their gowns were a yard too long for their legs,  
They shew'd like the Rainbow cut into rags,  
A Garden of flowers, or a Navy of flags,  
*When they all did mingle together.*

Among all these Ladies I singled out one,  
To prattle of Love and Folly ;  
I found her not coy, but jovial as *Joan*,  
Or *Betty*, or *Margret*, or *Molly* ;  
With honours and Love, and stories of chances  
My spirits did move, and my blood she advances,  
With twenty quonundrums and fifty-five fancies, [q. Conun-  
drums !]  
*I'd [soon] have been at her, tan-tivee.*

We talk't away time until it grew dark,  
The place did begin to grow privee ;  
For Gallants began to draw out of the Park,  
Till their Horses did gallop, *Tan-tivee* :  
But finding my courage a little to come,  
I sent my Bay-Gelding away by my Groom,  
And proffer'd my service to wait on her home,  
*In her coach we went both, tan-tivee.*

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her straight-laced,  
She cry'd, " I shall never believe ye ; "  
This arm-full of Sattin I bravely embraced,  
And fain would have been at *tan-tivee* :  
Her lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,  
She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,  
And like a bold Archer I aim'd at the white,  
*Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee !*

48

With many denials, she yielded at last,  
Her Chamber being wondrous privee,  
That I all the night there might have my repast,  
To run at the Ring *tan-tivee*.  
I put off my cloathes, and I tumbled to Bed ;  
She went to her Closet to dress up her head,  
But I peep'd in the key-hole to see what she did,  
*Which put me quite beside my Tan-tivee.*

She took off her head-tire, and show'd her bald pate,  
 Her cunning did very much grieve me,  
 Thought I to myself, " If it were not so late,  
 I would home to my lodgings, believe me ! "  
 Her hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hagg,  
 Her bald-pate did look like an *Estriche's* Egg,  
 " This Lady " (thought I) " is as right as my leg,  
*She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.*"

64

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,  
 Which did to amazement drive me ;  
 She put up her finger, and out dropt her Eye,  
 I pray'd that some Power would relieve me :  
 But now my resolve was never to trouble her,  
 Or venture my carkis with such a blind hobbler,  
 She look'd with One Eye just like *Hewson* the Cobler,  
*When he us'd to ride tan-tivee.*

I peept, and was still more perplexed therewith :  
 Thought I, " Tho't be Mid-night I'll leave thee ;  
 She fetcht a yawn, and out fell her Teeth,  
 This Quean had intents to deceive me :  
 She drew out her handkerchief, as I suppose,  
 To wipe her high fore-head, and off dropt her Nose,  
 Which made me run quickly and put on my hose,  
*" The Devil is in my Tan-tivee ! "*

80

She washt all the Paint from her visage, and then  
 She look'd just (if you will believe me)  
 Like a *Lancashire Witch* of four-score and ten,  
 And as [if] the Devil did drive me  
 I put on my cloathes and cry'd 'Witches' and w[orse],  
 I tumbl'd down stairs, broke open the doors,  
 And down to my Country again to my Boors  
*Next morning I rid Tan-tivee.*

You North-country Gallants that live pleasant lives,  
 Let not curiosity drive ye  
 To leave the fresh air and your own Tenants' wives,  
 For Sattin will sadly deceive you :  
 For my part I will no more be such a Meacock  
 To deal with the plumes of a *Hide-park Peacock*,  
 But find out a russet-coat wench and a haycock,  
*And there I will ride tan-tivee.*

96

*London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts; 1st, on p. 496; 2nd, new, but similar to one on p. 89, with Venus drawn by doves in a car, above little figures; 3rd, the couple toying, as in vol. iii. p. 400. Date, soon after Restoration, 1660.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 196 ; Jersey, II. 55 ; Huth Coll. I. 121 ; Rawlinson, 149 ; Wood, E. 25, fol. 19.]

## The Good-Fellow's Counsel :

### Dr, The Bad Husband's Recantation.

Probing by Arguments, both just and fit,  
That he which spends least money has most wit.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tan Tivye*. [See p. 495.]

I Had no more wit, but was trod under feet,  
    *And all was for want of money ;*  
I dayly did walk in the fear of a Writ,  
    *And all [was for want of money ;]*  
But now I'm resolved to be more wise,  
And early each morning I mean for to rise,  
There's none for a sluggard that shall me dispise,  
    *When I have no want of money.*

I was such a drudge, that it made me to grudge,  
    *Because I had got no money,*  
On each man's occasions I forced was to trudge,      ["for'st."  
    *Because I had got no money.*  
But now I'm resolved I'll do so no more,  
I'll drink no strong Ale upon the old score,      [*Cf.* p. 486.  
And then I do hope I shall never be poor,  
    *When I have no want of money.*      16

I was such a[n un]thrift, that I could not make shift,  
    *And all was [for want of money.]*  
I was ready to hide my head in a clift,  
    *And all [was for want of money ;]*  
But now I'm resolved my trade for to mend,  
I'll work and get money to keep and to spend,  
And then I am sure my foes will me befriend,  
    *When I have no [want of money].*

I was like a Fool, that's sent unto school,  
    *And all [was for want of money] ;*  
And every vile fellow my actions did rule,  
    *And all [was for want of money ;]*  
But now I'm resolved, I will mend my trade,  
I'll get as good cloath[e]s, as I can get made,  
And then I shall be a bonny bonny Blade,  
    *When I have no want of money.*      32

*The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.*

For when I was poor and had not a store,  
*Of that which we use to call money,*  
 Then all my proud Neighbours would pass by my door,  
*Because they knew I had no money.*  
 I'll warrant you, they'd never ask me to go  
 To drink a strong pot, because they did know  
 My purse and my credit was grown very low,  
*For want of this raskally money.*

Then all my acquaintance my person did slight,  
*And all was for want of this money,*  
 And some with-held from me that which was my right,  
*Because they knew I had no money.*  
 Let me go, let me come, there was no man would heed,  
 When I try'd to be trusted I never could speed,  
 But all my friends fail'd at the time of my need,  
*Because they [knew I had no money].*

48

Now, all my dear friends, be advised by me,  
*All you that have wanted this money,*  
 Observe but rich people, they are not so free,  
*Because they do love to get money.*  
 Though present you be, all the whilst that they dine,  
 You'll find them as free 'as a hungry swine,'  
 Then I'll not be lavish of that which is mine,  
*And I shall have plenty of money.*

For a nig[g]ardly gallant I'll not be a slave,  
*That is not the way to get money;*  
 Their cloath[es] are so gay, they are forced to crave,  
*And to pinch the poor Labourer's money.*  
 These needy young Gallants they are not for me,  
 Your ordinary people are always most free,  
 And 'tis better to work for a Farmer than he,  
*For then a man's sure of his money.*

[Is he! ?]

From a paunch-belly'd Hostess I am to refrain,  
*If ever I mean to get money,*  
 For she both my purse and my credit will stain,  
*In making me spend all my money.*  
 She'll ask me to eat when she thinks I have din'd,  
 Or of some salt bit she will put me in mind,  
 That will make me to drink, and be spending my coin,  
*That she might be taking my money.*

With a Pick-pocket longer I am not to deal,  
*If ever I mean to get money ;*  
 For they have broke more than ever they'l heal,  
*In cheating poor men of their money.*  
 I never will give to a counsel a Fee,  
 An A[t]torny shall ne'r take a penny of me,  
 For I with my neighbours so well will agree,  
*When I have got plenty of money.*

80

All roystering blades I do mean to forsake,  
*If e're I intend to get money ;*  
 They'l tempt me to wrestle and cudgels at wake,  
*And cause me to spend all my money.*  
 We sing, and we dance, and we fuddle about,  
 And when we are in we can never get out,  
 Until we have given our pockets the rout,  
*But that's not the way to get money.*

But here comes a danger, that's worse than the rest,  
*That will tempt a young man to spend money,*  
 A beautiful decoy when she's handsomely drest,  
*Will quickly consume a man's money.*  
 But all such decoys I intend for to shun,  
 And honestest ways I do mean for to run,  
 My credit shall raise in the face of the Sun,  
*When I have got plenty of money.*

96

I'll buy me a house, and I'll buy me some Land,  
*When I have got plenty of money ;*  
 And I will keep servants shall be at command,  
*When I have got [plenty of money :]*  
 And after all this, I will get a rich Wife,  
 For I shall be free from care and from strife,  
 And I shall live richly all [th'] days of my life,  
*When I have got plenty of money.*

Finis.

Printed for P. Brooksby, next the Golden Ball by the Hospital-Gate  
 in West-Smithfield.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, an Ale-wife with jug and spittoon (to be given hereafter), and the youth, p. 73 R. Date of issue, *circa* 1672, or earlier.]

\*.\* See *Tantivee* note, p. 505, on "Tom Tell-Troth," to the same tune. Also for *King of Good-Fellows* note, instead of an *Introduction* to the ballad.





[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 52.]

**The King of Good Fellows ;**

Or,

**The Merry Toper's Advice.**

BEING A PLEASANT NEW SONG MUCH IN REQUEST.

This is the Man whose Company once had  
 Will make men cheearful, though of late but sad :  
 He hates curmudgeons, but does court the blade,  
 That will spend free, for Drinking is a Trade ;  
 By it long Nights flye swift, and seem but short,  
 No pastime's like unto true Tippling sport.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE. [See p. 505.]

**I** Am the King and Prince of Drunkards,  
 Hectoring roaring tipling Boys :  
 I always use to drink whole Bumpers,  
 And the Ale-house fill with noise.  
 In the Tavern I do rant and roar,  
 I drink more Wine then any can ;  
 Therefore am I, both far and nigh,  
 Call'd a Hogshead, not a Man.

I rant and roar, and I call for more,  
 I practice drinking night and day :  
 I always boast that I drink most,  
 Yet never a farthing do I pay.  
 But if any falls asleep, to their pockets I do creep,  
 And out their Purses I do draw,  
 The Reckoning I do pay, and so go my way,  
 And I leave them a sighing, Ye, ho!

16

Some says, Drinking does disguise men,  
 And their wits turns out of doors :  
 Fools they are, and I am sure no wise men,  
 For they lye like sons of w . . . es.  
 For when a man's in drink, he speaks what he [doth] think,  
 He's not drunk, but frank and free.  
 It is not with them so [when] they'r a cup too low,  
 For they are disguiz'd with modesty.

*The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.*



All the night I do tipple good Wine,  
Which resists both heat and cold :  
And pay devotion at *Bacchus* his shrine,  
Whilst the Hogshead it does hold.  
For the meanest slave, by drinking grows brave,  
And all cares they are lay'd aside :  
The Prisoner is free, if drunk he be,  
And no longer does grief abide.

'Twas I that lately drank a Pi[nt] pot,  
Fill'd with Sack unto the brim,  
And to my Friend, and he drank his Pot,  
So merrily went about the Whim :  
Two gaspins at a draught I pour'd down my throat, [Al. lect.  
Gallons.]  
But hang such trifling things as these !  
I laid me all along, put my nose unto the Bung,  
And drank out a Hogshead-full with ease.

I heard of a man that drank whole Tankards,  
 Called himself "The Prince of Sots :"  
 Dam such idle puny Drunkards,  
 Melt their tankards, break their pots.  
 A friend and I did joyn for a cellar full of Wine,  
 And we drank the Vintner out of door,  
 We drunk it all up, in a morning at a sup,  
 And greedily stared about for more : 48  
 With that my friend he made a motion,  
 Said, "Let's not part with such dry Lips !"  
 And straight we went unto the Ocean,  
 Where we met with a fleet of Ships ;  
 They were laden all with Wine, and they swore 'twas superfine,  
 And they said they had ten thousand Tun :  
 We drank it all at sea, not a drop suckt the key, [quay.  
 And the Vintners swore they were undone.  
 For a man that can stoutly tippie  
 Need not fear, the World goes well :  
 It will make [one] caper, though a cripple,  
 And bid sorrows all farewell.  
 Then "t' other round !" is still the sound,  
 "Come fill us more wine, boys, with speed !  
 We ne'er ought shall lack, whilst we hand [round] Sack,  
 'Tis that which our spirits does feed." 64  
 Come bring in twenty Gallons more,  
 Let us drink till the world it runs round ;  
 And twenty to that we'll set o' th' score,  
 We can but be put in the Pound. [Absit omen !  
 But catch me if they can, for I will be gone,  
 And find out fresh quarters next night :  
 I'll drink the Town dry, and what care I ?  
 I'll do 't if it be but for spight.  
 Come, wash the glass, fill a bumper,  
 Here's a health to each honest Lad :  
 And a confusion to each Rumper,  
 Let's drink while 'tis to be had :  
 Whilst the Stars they look blew, and day again we view,  
 For there's nothing that's sober found :  
 The sun sucks the Ocean, the stars in their motion  
 All do carrouse it round. [Cf. p. 505, on Cowley.

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Jordan*, at the sign of the *Angel*, in *Guiltspur-street*,  
 without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts; on p. 475 and p. 503. Date, *circa* 1665.]

Of this same ditty a mutilated version, entitled "Bacchus Overcome," and beginning "My friend and I, we drank whole pi. pots," is extant in J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1725, vol. iii. p. 145. A different adaptation of our Roxburghe Ballad, beginning "I am the jolly Prince of Drunkards," with the music-notes of the tune, is in *Vocal Music*, 1775, vol. iii. p. 70, London, printed by Baker and Galabin in Cullum-street, for Robert Horsfield, No. 5, in Stationers-Court, Ludgate-street. Only four stanzas, the second begins "I've heard that a fop, who could toss a full tankard" (in *Old Ballads* this is "I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards"); the third commences "My friend to me did make a motion : " the fourth deserves reproduction :—

"Then we went unto the *Canaries*,  
Thinking to light on a better touch ;  
There did we meet with the *Portuguese*,  
Likewise the *Spaniards* and the *Dutch*.  
'Twas in the river *Rhine*  
We drank up all the wine,  
Thinking to drain the ocean dry.  
*Bacchus* swore he never found,  
In the Universe all round,  
Two such thirsty souls as my friend and I."

This is supplemented, finally, in the *Old Ballads*, p. 147, with another stanza :—

"Out ! " cries one, ' what a Beast he makes himself ;  
He can neither stand nor go.'  
Out ! you Beast, that's a grand mistake, Sir,  
When e'er knew you a Beast drink so ? [N.B.  
'Tis when we drink the least  
That we drink the most like a Beast,  
But when we carouse it Six in a hand,  
'Tis then, and only then,  
That we drink the most like Men,  
When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

We need do no more than refer to Cowley's verse-paraphrases of Anacreon, allusions to the thirstiness of the sun, and the unsteady motion of the planets. Sack says, "What are all these tipplings worth, if thou sip not me ? " Ritson gave our ballad in his *English Songs*, 1783, vol. ii. 44, music in vol. iii.

\* \* Note to p. 501. Another ballad, Roxburghe Coll., IV. 79, to the same tune of *Tantara ra ra Tan-tivee*, is entitled "Tom Tell-Troth ; " printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger ; excessively silly thus begins :

"I kill'd a Man, and he was dead, *fa la la la la la*,  
I kill'd a Man, and he was dead, *fa la, etc.*  
I kill'd a Man, and he was dead,  
And run to St. *Albans* without a head,  
With a *fa la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la*." [Twelve stanzas.]

Of Dr. Walter Pope's "Old Man's Wish," there are two parodies, recorded on next page, 506 (contained in *One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, pp. 235 to 238). Another is entitled "Jack Presbyter's Wish," already reprinted (*vide* iv. 648), "If the Whigs," etc. To a different tune is "A Young Man's Wish," beginning, "What strange affections ; " and a second, in triplets, beginning :—

"If I could but attain my Wish,  
I'd have each day one wholesome dish,  
Of plain meat, or fowl, or fish."—*Bell's Peasantry*, p. 22.



## The Old Man's Wish.

"As life itself becomes disease,  
Seek the chimney-nook of ease."

—Burns: *Friar's-Carse Hermitage*, 1788.

AMONG our *Roxburghe Ballads* have already appeared several composed by Walter Pope, M.A., M.D., and an original F.R.S., whose celebrated "Old Man's Wish" adorns the next page: in 1684 it set a fashion in song-writing. His "Catholick Ballad," 1674, is in vol. i. pp. 89-93; a Continuation, supposed to be his also, was added in our vol. iv. pp. 105-109, entitled "Room for a Ballad, or a Ballad for Rome," 1674. His "Miser" and his "Salisbury Ballad" were named in the *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 647-648, 770, 1878; this "Geneva Ballad" is in *Roxb. Bds.*, iv. pp. 649-652, with its "Answer."

Walter Pope was born at Faulsey, North Hants, and became first Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford; submitting to the intolerant Parliamentary visitation, he was admitted probationary Fellow on 9th of July, 1651. In 1658 he became one of the University Proctors; avowed himself as a loyalist at the Restoration in 1660, and retained his Fellowship; became Gresham Astronomy-Professor in 1661; was made Registrar of Chester by his uterine brother John Wilkins, the bishop of that diocese, and resided often at Salisbury. His life was considered heathenish or pagan, even for that not excessively strict age. He cherished a grievance against Claude Duval the handsome Normandaise (who had an unfortunate fall from a cart, with a rope round his neck to avoid injury by reaching the ground prematurely: see our forthcoming *Cavalier Lyrics, Second Series*; one entitled "A Romance of the Road, Anno Domini 1669," being devoted to the memory of the gallant highwayman); a contemporary broadside on whom was reprinted among our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 14-16, 1876, "Devol's Last Farewell." Duval's superior attractions had withdrawn from Dr. Walter Pope's 'protection' a certain "Miss," and the turncoat Fellow avenged himself on his successful rival by lampooning him after death, in a fictitious *Memoir of Duval*, and forging a Testamentary Letter, suppositiously addressed to the ladies who bewailed the gallant malefactor. Walter Pope had been intimate with Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, and quarrelled with him for the same cause, the abduction of another "Miss," which loss he similarly avenged by lampooning his rival. Surely Pope's temper or miserliness must have told against him, since so many Light-skirts proved fickle. Still, not everybody can boast of having been twice jilted, for the sake of a bishop and a highwayman. These are his chief claims to distinction, mentioned by Anthony à Wood (in *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. iv. p. 725, Bliss's edition), who gives an additional verse of "The Old Man's Wish," "which went about the great city in manuscript," dispersed through London in November, 1685:

May I live far from *Tories* and *Whigs* of ill nature,  
But farthest of all from a sly *Observer*;  
May I ne'er live so long as to write for my bread,  
And never write longer than wise men will read.

*The Observer*, viz., Sir Roger L'Estrange (see our vol. iv. pp. 243, 257), gave a biting reply. That Walter Pope was a time-server and turn-coat, of loose morals, and irreverent, is beyond dispute. His fourth line shows resemblance to Doll Tearsheet's fondling of Falstaff's white head in *Henry IV., Part Second*, act ii. scene 4: "Look whether the withered Elder hath not his poll clawed like a Parrot!" Walter Pope had liking for Dolls, Hits and Misses.

Music and words of "The Old Man's Wish" are found in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, iii. 17; with two parodies, each entitled "The Old Woman's Wish," beginning, "When my hairs they grow hoary," and "If I live to be Old, which I never will own." They are not *too* moral in tone. Compare p. 505.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 386 ; Pepys, IV. 370 ; Douce, II. 171 *verso*.]

## The Old Man's Wish :

The Old Man he doth wish for Wealth in vain,  
But he doth not the Treasure gain ;  
For if with Wishes he the same could have,  
He would not mind nor think upon the Grave.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE.



**I**F I live to grow old (for I find I go down),  
Let this be my fate in a Country Town ;  
Let me have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,  
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald pate :  
*May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,  
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

In a Country Town, by a murmuring brook,  
The ocean at distance, on which I may look ;  
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,  
And an easy pad-nagg to ride out a mile :  
*May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,  
To grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away ;  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

14

With a pudding on *Sunday*, and stout humming liquor,  
And remnants of *Latine* to puzzle the Vicar ;  
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy*-wine,  
To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine :  
*May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,  
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away ;  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*



With *Plutarch*, and *Horace*, and one or two more <sup>1</sup>  
 Of the best Wits that liv'd in the ages before ;  
 With a dish of roast mutton, not venison nor teal,  
 And clean (tho' coarse) linnen at every meal ;

*May I govern my passion, etc.*

28

And if I should have Guests, I must add to my wish,  
 On *Frydays* a mess of good buttered fish ;  
 For full well I do know, and the truth I reveal,  
 I had better do so, than come short of a meal :

*May I govern my passion, etc.*

With breeches and jerkin of good country gray,  
 And live without working, now my strength doth decay :  
 With a hog's-head of Sherry, for to drink when I please,  
 With Friends to be merry, and to live at my ease ;

*May I govern my passion, etc.*

42

Without molestation may I spend my last days,  
 In sweet Recreation, and sound forth the praise  
 Of all those that are true to the King and his Laws,  
 Since it be their due, they shall have my applause :

*May I govern my passion, etc.*

With a country Scribe for to write my last Will,  
 But not of the tribe that in chousing have skill :  
 For my easie pad-nagg I'll bequeath to *Don John*,<sup>2</sup>  
 For he's an arch wag, and a jolly old man :

*May I govern my passion, etc.*<sup>3</sup>

56

With courage undaunted may I face my last Day ;  
 And when I am dead, may the better sort say,  
 " In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,  
 He is gone, and has left not behind him his Fellow :  
*For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,*  
*And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,*  
*Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

[By Dr. *Walter Pope*.]

Printed by *W. O.* for *B. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, as on p. 507. Date of publication, 1684.]

<sup>1</sup> *Alter lection*, "With *Horace* and *Petrarch*," etc.

<sup>2</sup> Nickname, from "Don John" of Spain, concerning whom Charles II. cross-examined that atrocious perjurer Titus Oates? Compare *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 66.

<sup>3</sup> In other prints we find this penultimate stanza :—

When the days are grown short, and it freezes and snows,  
 May I have a Coal-fire as high as my nose ;  
 A fire, which (once stirr'd up with a prong)  
 Will keep the Room temperate all the night long, *May I govern, etc.*

## Mark Noble's Frolic.

*Flute*.—"Must I speak now?"

*Quince*.—"Aye, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and to come again."

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1.

WE have already (in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 202-208) printed an unique version of this pleasant story, the Bagford, entitled "The Ranting Rambler," to the tune of *The Rant, Dal derra rara*, and beginning, "I pray now attend to this ditty." We also (*ibid.* p. 203) gave extracts from "The Jolly Gentleman's Frolick; or, the City Ramble," of date before 1686, beginning, "Give ear to a frolicsome ditty." Yet another version is preserved in the Pepysian Collection, V. 199, in white-letter, beginning, "Behold, what noise is this I hear!" Sung to the tune of *Logan Water* (see iii. 476), it bore title of "The Frolicsome Wager;" or, The Ranting Gallant's Ramble through the City, where being stopp'd by the Watch and Constable [he] was sent to the Counter, brought before the Mayor, whose Daughter begg'd his Pardon." Printed for Charles Bates, or Jonah Deacon. They are all on a similar foundation.

It is altogether unprecedented this five-fold telling of the same tale in a set of ballads *not* founded on a theatre-song. Or let us say four-fold, since there is little beyond general resemblance in the rare original, "A Jest, or, Master Constable" (see our p. 515), of date *circa* 1650. Although here the point of the jest is that the Dogberry of the Watch is being perpetually worried or bantered as "Master Constable," we already find the quibble about "twenty shillings" as equivalent to a name, it being *Mark Noble*; also his play on the local title of Little-Britain. The tune and the swing of verse were then changed, with more liveliness and brevity to recommend the ditty. Of the three ballads to the dance tune of *The Rant* (= "How happy could I be with either!") our unique Bagford "Ranting Rambler" appears the best; but "Mark Noble's Frolic" is little behind it. We have only a poor modern Bow Church-yard exemplar, corrupted from the editions *circa* 1665 of "The Jolly Gentleman's Frolic." The unique Pepysian "Frolicksome Wager" adopts a different tune, dissimilar in metre. Where five authors have already laboured, none except a churl begrudges the small additional cost of catgut in celebrating the Sequel, and we give it on p. 518, as *Finale* to the Second Group of Good-Fellows.

*The Rant* tune is in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 554.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 359 ; Pepys, IV. 324 ; Huth, II. 21 ; Jersey, I. 98.]

## Mark Noble's Frolick ;

Who being

Stopp'd by the Constable near the Tower, was examin'd where he had been ; whither he was going ; and his Name and Place where he dwelt : to which he answered, 'where the Constable would have been glad to have been' ; and where he was going 'he dare not go for his Ears' ; as likewise his Name, which he called Twenty Shillings ; with an Account of what followed, and how he came off.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The New Rant*. Licensed according to Order.



One night, at a very late hour,  
A Watch-maker home did repair ;  
Who, coming along by the Tower,  
Was stopp'd by the Constable there.

[“ When.”

“ Friend, come before Mr. Constable,  
To see what his Worship will say ! ”  
“ You'd have me do more than I'm able,  
I fear I shall fall by the way.”

8

“ Sir, tell me, and do not deceive me,  
Where have you been playing your part ? ”  
“ Kind Mr. Constable, believe me,  
Where you'd have been with al[l] your Heart.

" Sweet *Bacchus* in Bumpers w[as] flowing;      [' were.'  
     Which Liquor all mortal Men chears,  
     And now after all I am going,  
     Where you dare not come for your Ears."      16

" Your Words they are sawcy and evil,  
     This may be a Charge to your Purse :  
     For why ? you are something uncivil,  
     To answer a Constable thus.

" Oh, where do you dwell, with a whennion ?      [i.e. curse.  
     Cross Humours we will not allow."

" Sir, out of the King's own Dominion,  
     Pray, what can you say to me now ?"      24

" Pray, what is your Name ? you cross Villain,  
     Be sure that you answer me true."

" Why, Sir, it is just *Twenty Shilling*,  
     I think I have satisfied you."

" What Trade are you, Brewer or Baker ?  
     Or do you a Waterman ply ?"

" No, Sir, I'm an honest Watch-maker,  
     My Trade I will never deny."      32

" Have you e'er a Watch you can show, Sir ?  
     We'll see how it suites with our Clocks."

" Yes, Faith, and a Constable too, Sir,      [i.e. watch-key.  
     I wish you were all in the Stocks."      [wheels-rack.

" You Sawcy impertinent Fellow,  
     Because you have answer'd me so,  
     Although your mad Brains they be mellow,  
     This Night to a Prison you go."      40

Therefore without any more dodging,  
     The Lanthorns were lighted streightway;      [" was."  
     They guarded him to his strong Lodging,  
     To lye there while Nine the next day.      [while=until.

Next Morning the Constable brought him  
     Before a Justice to appear,  
     And earnestly then he besought him,  
     A Sorrowful Story to hear.      48

[So] all the Transactions he told him,      [mutilated.  
     To which the good Justice reply'd,  
     From Liberty he would withhold him,  
     Till the Naked Truth should be try'd.

The Tradesman returned this answer,  
 "The Truth I will never deny;  
 If I may speak without offence, Sir,  
 I scorn'd to be catch'd in a lye.

56

"I said nothing which was unfitting,  
 As solemnly here I profess;  
 The King he is King of *Great Britain*,  
 And I live in *Britain the less*.

"The next thing that causes the Trouble,  
 My Name he would have me to show,  
 The which is right honest *Mark-Noble*,  
 And that's Twenty Shillings, you know.

64

"Then asking me where I was going,  
 And I being void of all fears,  
 Right readily made him this Answer,  
 Where he dare not go for his ears.

"I rambl'd all day, yet the centre,  
 At night was to lye by my wife;  
 Instead of his ears, should he venture,  
 I' faith, it might cost him his life."

72

Now when he had given this relation,  
 Of all that had past in the night,  
 It yielded most pleasant diversion,  
 The Justice he laughed outright.

"It seems that a glass of Canary  
 Conducted the Gallant along;  
 I find that he's nothing but merry,  
 Intending no manner of wrong.

80

"Therefore I will free him from Prison,  
 Without any charges or f[ee]s,  
 It being no more than right [reason],  
 You watch not for such m[en as these]."

Printed for *B. Deacon at the Angel in Gilt-spur-street.*

[In Black-letter, slightly mutilated near the end. Three woodcuts: 1st, the cupola tower, a fragment of the Rupert cut, vol. v. p. 380; 2nd, the man, of this vol. p. 59; 3rd, the young man, p. 510. Date of issue before 1668.]

Henry Huth's copy was printed for *Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back.*



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 430; Ouvry Coll., I. 70; Huth, I. 142; Pepys, IV. 336; Jersey, I. 43; Douce, I. 106 verso.]

## The Jolly Gentleman's Frolick; or, the City Ramble.

Being an Account of a Gentleman who wager'd to pass by the Watch, and give no Answer, but was stop'd by a Constable, and sent to the Counter, and next Day clear'd before my Lord Mayor, by the Intercession of his Daughter.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE OF, *The Rant, Dal dera Rara*, etc.

GIVE ear to a Frolicksome Ditty, of one that a Wager would lay,  
He'd pass e'ery Watch in the City, and never a word he would say,  
But, *Dal dera rara, del dara*, etc. [*'Doll-ra-roll,' passim.*]

The Constable spoke to his Watch-men, "Brave Boys, it is my delight,  
And orders I have, to catch men, who ramble too late in the Night,  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc.

"The streets do ecchoe, we hear, Boys, with Mad-men coming along,  
My staff is ready, ne'er fear, Boys, we'll make them alter their song,  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*," etc. 9

"Stand, stand!" said the Watch-man, "the Constable now come before,  
And if a just story you'll [hatch], man, I'll light you home to your own door."  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc. ["tell"]

"This is a very late season, which surely no honest men keep,  
And therefore it is but just reason that you in the Counter should sleep."  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc.

"Take away this same Fellow, and him to the Counter convey.  
Although his Frolick is mellow, he something To-morrow will say.  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc. 18

"Open the gate, make no scorning, take charge of the Prisoner there,  
And we will soon in the morning appear before my Lord-Mayor."  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc.

"A Bottle of Claret I'll fill, Sir, some pipes of tobacco beside,  
And if that it now be your will, Sir, a Bed for you soon we'll provide."  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc.

The Frolick soon eccho'd the Prison, the Debtors his Garnish would have;  
Without demanding the reason, whate'er they requir'd he gave.  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc. 27

The Constable soon the next day, Sir, this comical matter to clear,  
The Gentleman hurries straightway, Sir, before my Lord-Mayor to appear.

"My Lord, give ear to my story, while I the truth do relate,  
The Gentleman who stands before ye, was seiz'd by me at *Cripplegate*.  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc.

"I nothing could hear but his singing; wherefore in the Counter he lay,  
And therefore this morning I bring him, to hear what y'r Lordship would say."

"Come, Friend, the case does appear now, that you was in a mad fit;  
I hope that you may be clear now, since sleep has restored your wit."  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara]*, etc. 39



"This Gentleman sure is distracted, he has over-heated his brain ;  
Since he in this manner has acted, to the Counter I'll send him again.  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara], etc.*

"A Prison sure it will tame him, and bring him soon to his sense ;  
There's nothing else can reclaim him, from this his notorious offence."

O then bespoke my Lord's Daughter, and thus for him did intercede :  
"Dear Father, you'll hear that hereafter this was but a Wager indeed.  
*The Humour [of Dal dera rara], etc.*

48

"Therefore be pleased, kind Father, to hear one word more of me,  
And show to me so much favour, this Gentleman may be set free."

"Well, Daughter, I grant the petition, the Gentleman home may repair ;  
But then 'tis upon this condition, of paying my Officers there."

"Come, Sir, your Fees we require, you now are freed by the Court,  
And all that we do desire, you'll find out some other new sport."

Thus seeing he might be released, if he his Fees did but pay ;  
He then was very well pleased, and so he went singing away,  
*'The Humour [of Dal dera rara], etc.*

60

Printed in *Bow-Church-Yard, London*, where may be had all sorts of Old and  
New Ballads.

[In white-letter, with one rude woodcut, not worth copying, of a man holding a quarter-staff or oar, a tree behind him on one side, a house on the other. The late J. P. Collier's copy, afterwards the late Frederick Ouvry's, and now the Earl Crawford's, is a much earlier edition. It was printed for *Charles Bates*, at the Sun and Bible, in Guilt-spur Street, before 1685. The Huth exemplar for *Bates*, at White Hart in West Smithfield. Douce's for J. Cluer and J. Cobb.]

\* \* The *Bagford Ballads* version (pp. 202-208 of our 1877 reprint) ends more gallantly, although it gives not in detail the speeches of the Lord-Mayor and his daughter, the youth with courtly grace recognizing the service of the lady:—

To pay which the Gallant was ready, yet never a Word did he say,  
But made a Bow to the Young Lady, and then he went singing away,  
*The Rant, dal derra rara, etc.*

There is no wife in this version. Of course not. The wife was not *in posse*, only *in esse*. We know all about it and have already told the sequel of the story, condensed in prose narrative in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 204, whereunto Ballad-Society members can return, and much good may it do them.

We give on p. 518 additional verses, hitherto unprinted, from the unique MS. preserved in the Muniment chest at Nirgends College (where are gathered uncatalogued treasures, most of the waifs and strays that have been vainly sought for centuries, and which form a sort of spectral library, absolutely priceless and occasionally undecipherable, for perusal of which "No Irish need apply").

On p. 515 we for the first time reprint, from the Roxburghe Collection (III. 208), what appears to be the original version of the whole series, "A Jest ; or, Master Constable." It is of no literary merit, all the charm of the narrative being reserved for "Mark Noble's Frolick" and "The Ranting Rambler." It is long-winded in the extreme, the ballad-writer's Pegasus being a steed, like *Pyramus*, "as true as truest horse that yet would never tire,"—except the unhappy outside spectators and auditory. No other copy is known, both "A Jest" (circa 1650) and "The Ranting Rambler" (date certainly before 1668) being unique.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 208.]

## A Jest; or, Master Constable.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Three Pilgrims*.<sup>1</sup>

A Pretty Jest I shall declare, which I not long agoe did hear,  
Of one who did intend to jeere, *Master Constable*.

I hope there's none wil matter make Of that that I intend to speake,  
Of a busy man who the place did take, *Of a Constable*.

For I hope each wise man wiser is Than to think he is touch'd in this,  
For thinking so, he thinks amiss, 'Twas a busy *Constable*.

For this is but a merry Jest, Which will, I hope, no man molest,  
For I no grudge beare, I protest, *To any Constable*. 8

Then pray you let this poor man pass, for he for money sings, alas!  
Let none then show himselfe an asse, *Like this Constable*.

He, as his Office did direct, to set his watch was circumspect,  
And nothing therein did neglect, *Like a Constable*.

Also when any passed by, he did examine them strictly,  
Observing with discretion's eye; *A wise Constable*.

At length it chanc'd that one came neer, And he demanded "Who goes there?"  
"You know not," (said he, without fear) "*Master Constable*." 16

"Come hither, that I may you see, and now what are you? show to me."  
"No Man nor Woman," replied he, "*Master Constable*."

"Where have you been?" then asked he, "That you thus crossly answer me:  
Know you not the authority *Of a Constable*?"

"Yes, I know your authority, and I have been for certainty  
Where you would have been glad to be, *Master Constable*!"

Then said the Constable, "Some end will come hereof, but say, my friend,  
Whither to goe doe you intend?" "*Why, Master Constable*:" 24

<sup>1</sup> Any ballad of *The Three Pilgrims* we have not yet found, but the tune agrees with that of "The Essex Ballad," beginning "In *Essex* long renown'd for Calves" (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 752), and is probably the same tune early known as *With a fading*; next as *A Pudding*, but in Revolutionary times revived as *An Orange*.

"I am going thither where — you dare not goe for your right eare."

"What, you are set upon the jeere!" *said the Constable.*

"What is your name? pray tell me that, who dare so boldly to me prate, Be briefe, and truth to me relate," *said the Constable.*

"Twenty shillings I am nam'd, I thereof need not be asham'd, Although by you I may be blam'd, *Master Constable.*"

"Sir, that hereafter we shall see, But in the meantime tell to me Where your dwelling place may be," *Quoth the Constable.*

32

"Out of the King's dominion, I doe dwell," said he, "assuredly, As my Neighbours can testifie, *Master Constable.*

"But in the King's dominion you are now, my friend, and you shall rue That still cross-language you renew *To a Constable.*"

"I am at your dispose," said he, "But pray you hear this word from me, You shew your selfe herein to be *A wise Constable!*"

To prison then incontinent the Constable this good man sent, Although the same he did repent, *Like a Constable.*

40

Before a Justice, the next day, the Constable bore him away, And to his Worship thus did say, *like a Constable:*

"Sir, in my Watch the last night I this fellow tooke, who saucily Jeer'd me and my authority," *said the Constable.*

Then quoth the Justice, "What said he, that might to you distasteful be? And I'll be between you judge fairly, *Master Constable.*"

"First 'who goes there?' was ask'd by me; 'you cannot tell,' replied he: And thus he did begin crossly," *said the Constable.*

48

"'Come before my authority, and now what are you, tell to me:' 'No Man nor Woman,' replied he," *said the Constable.*

"'Where have you been, then?' I enquir'd, 'Where you to be would have desir'd.' Thus I againe by him was jeer'd," *said the Constable.*

"'Whither goe you?' then said I, and he still crossly did reply, Where for my ears I durst not be," *said the Constable.*

"'What is your name, Sir, tell to me:' 'Twenty shillings,' replied he, ['Deem you] these answers fit to be *give[n to] a Constable?*'

"I askt his dwelling place also, and he this answer did bestow, 'Out of the King's dominion know,'" *Quoth the Constable.*

56

"But when he saw I'de him convey to prison untill the next day, 'You are,' quoth he, 'I needs must say, *A wise Constable!*'

"You my complaint have heard," said he, "Now pray you judge 'twixt him and me, That I may satisfied be, *being a Constable.*"

Then said the Justice, "Was not he in drink that he thus answer'd thee? If so, that might the reason be, *Master Constable!*"

"No, to your Worship I doe vow, he was as sober as we are now; And therefore doe no favour show," *said the Constable.*

64

Then said the Justice, "What say you, Is this that he alledges true? If? how durst you such carriage shew *Toward a Constable?*"

"Sir, I speake truth, first he ask'd 'Who goes there?' I said he did not know,  
If he had he would let me goe, *Like a Constable.*

"And I am a Taylor by my Trade, 'who are no men' by your proverb made ;  
Nor am I a Woman, I'll perswade *Master Constable.*

"Then next he asked of me where I had been? which was at good cheer,  
And you'd as gladly have been there, *Master Constable.* 72

"And I was going, thus I said, where you durst not go for your head ;  
For it was with my wife to bed, *Master Constable.*

"And, Sir, *Marke Noble* is my name, and in your ears I dare proclaim  
That twenty shilling is the same, *Master Constable.*

"The King of Great *Brittain* is King, as fame throughout the world doth ring,  
But in little *Brittain* is my dwelling, *Master Constable.*

"And I pray your worship further, here, If I in any thing did erre,  
It was that I did him prefer *For a wise Constable.* 80

"And Sir, he ought [to] give me content, both for my wrong imprisonment,  
And loss of time with money spent *Through the Constable.*"

Then said the Justice, "Good Sir, heare! this man makes all his words appear  
To be the truth, and not a feere, *Master Constable.* [i.e. tricky sprite.]

"And you have been too much to blame, to take away thus his good name,  
And 'tis fit you pay [him] for the same, *Master Constable.*

"You said that he was not in drinke, and therefore come lay down your chink,  
It is in vaine backward to shrink, *Master Constable.* 88

"To pay his charges I you enjoyne, and a French crown for loss of time,  
And friendly drink a pint of Wine: *So farwell, Constable.*"

Which done, the man went merrily home, his wife rejoyc'd to see him come,  
Where he to her told the whole summ, *of the Constable.*

Thus of this Constable I end, desiring favour of each Friend,  
For what in mirth by me is pen'd *of this Constable.*

But if there's any fault doth find, such men they have a guilty mind,  
Or too too busy are inclin'd, *Like this Constable.* 96

**Finis.**

*London*, Printed for *Francis Grove* on *Snow-hill*. Entered according to Order.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts, of which the first is a black-hatted Cavalier in cloak, trunk-hose, and riding boots; second the man with staff as on p. 329; third, on p. 515, but without Watchman's dog; fourth, here. Date, *circa* 1650.]



Finale to Second Group of Good-Fellows.

## How the Frolic Ended.

Being a Sequel to the Bagford Ballad called "The Ranting Rambler," and to the same Tune of the Rant, dal derra rara.

(See p. 503.)

*YOU have heard of the frolicsome Wager  
Our young 'Ranting Rambler' did win :  
When he saw the fair maid, to engage her  
Affection he fain would begin,  
With a Rant, dal derra rara, etc.*

[Repeat, passim.]

*If he talk'd of a Wife, it was fibbing ;  
No wife, trade, or business had he :  
He loved wagers and mirth, not wine-bibbing,  
His heart was still open and free.*

*Altho' lock'd up for jesting and singing,  
Where rogues may alone sin or crime,  
No discomfort could daunt him from springing  
Brisk as lark in the next morning's prime.*

*The Lord Mayor's only daughter that morning  
Thought well of this handsome young spark ;  
She who look'd on all tipplers with scorning,  
And roysters who brawl in the dark.*

*" It were pity so handsome a fellow  
By revels imperill'd his health !  
He once on a turn has been mellow :—  
Ah me ! I have youth and I've wealth.*

*" His ruffles lack neat-handed mending,  
I'm sure that he has not a wife ;  
There's no pleasure in ranting or spending,  
He is wasting good looks and good life."*

*He had seen she was fair, sweet, and modest,  
Her blue eyes shone brightly he knew ;  
Their first meeting had been of the oddest,  
Better chances next time might ensue.*

*So they each stray'd across Temple-gardens,  
(Fortune favours young Lovers like these,)  
They met without tutors or wardens,  
To talk or touch hands at their ease.*

*Did she blush when she saw him, and smile too ?  
Did he stammer, feel somewhat ashamed ?*

*" She thinks I was foolish, and vile too !"  
But she frown'd not, she never once blamed.*

*She turn'd not aside with aversion,  
But found courage to give him hope soon ;  
They took boat on the Thames for diversion,  
And came back by the light of the moon.*

*With Scriveners' and Usurers' charges  
His estate had been burthen'd full sore ;  
Since she sighs for his past, he enlarges  
On his love, now his folly's no more.*

*Let him win back his Home, she will share it ?  
Such a wife would yield heavenly bliss !  
Her father may threaten. . . . To dare it  
He needeth no bribe save her kiss.*

*Was it wrong that she kept on believing  
The words of so gallant a youth ?  
In such fervour could be no deceiving :  
His eyes—and his lips—told of truth !*

*How it ended needs no tame narration,  
Her father she coax'd to be kind ;  
Content with his daughter's new station,  
Wish'd them joy, tho' he growl'd "Love is blind !"*

*He bought-up all Mark's debts and mortgages ;  
He punished the sharpers and cheats,  
In the pillory dealt them just wages,  
Cart-tail'd them well-whipt, in the streets.*

*It is said that from Trade he retired,  
The wealthiest Mayor of his day,  
So soon as he thrice was grand-sired,  
And sang to her babes in their play,  
The Rant, dal derra rara, etc.*

*"Old Rowley" himself once invited  
The Bride and her Rambler to Court ;  
But they still kept aloof, more delighted  
With safe rural virtues and sport.*

*Should you pass near their mansion in Surrey,  
You will find I have told you no lie ;  
None leaves it in dudgeon or hurry,  
But would gladly stop there till he die.  
The Rant, dal derra rara, etc.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.

November 2, 1887.

End of the Groups of Good-Fellows.

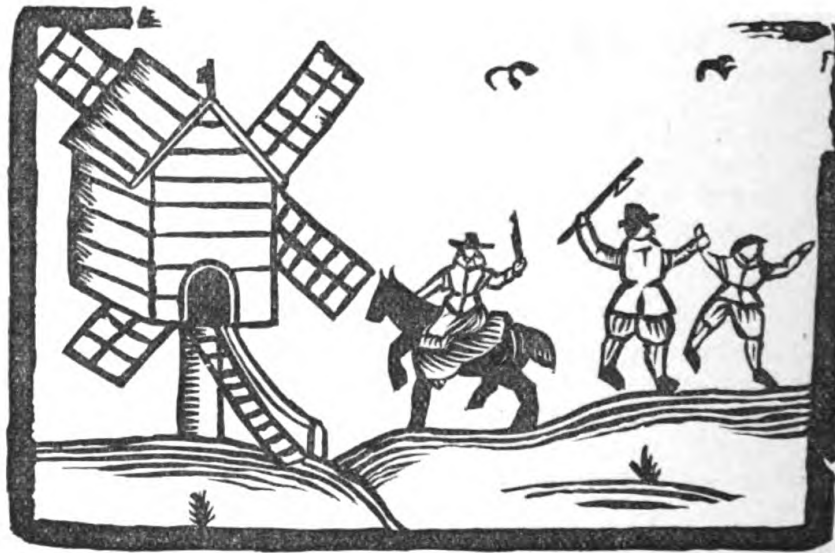


*Additional Note on 'God speed the Plough.'*

\* \* \* Our next ensuing ballad, "God Speed the Plough," has been reprinted by Mr. John Payne Collier in his *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847, p. 312. Modern variations occur in the Suffolk version, J. H. Dixon's *Ancient Poems and Songs of the Peasantry*, printed for the Percy Society, 1846, p. 42, and the Rev. Mr. Broadwood's *Old English Songs as now sung by the Peasantry of the Weald of Surrey and Sussex*, 1843. The earliest known dated copy is one beginning "Well met, my friend, upon the high-way walking on," in *The Loyal Garland*, 1686 edition (reprint, for Percy Society, No. lxxxix. 1850, p. 66), but it is probable that it had appeared long before, this being the fifth edition. Whether the Plough song appeared in early copies of 1665 is not certain. There are many differences in the versions. The woodcut, on p. 523, with its quaintly introduced labels, like pennons, had been seen in Civil-War tracts of 1641. The very old tune, "*I am the Duke of Norfolk*," was mentioned in vol. iv. p. 355.

For two other songs, "The Painful Plough," beginning, "Come all you jolly Plough-men, of courage stout and bold;" and "The Useful Plough," beginning "A Country life is sweet, in moderate cold and heat, To walk in the air;" also "The Farmer's Song," beginning "Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight," see James Henry Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1846, Percy Society, No. lxii. vol. xvii. pp. 167 to 173.

The Woodcut here given belongs to "True Blue the Plough-Man," of our pp. 532-534; apparently introduced into that ballad because of its reference to Millers and Windmills. For a similar reason the other woodcut of the same ballad, viz., "*Tom Taylor and his wife Joan*," serves the purpose, for the sixth stanza, but originally belonged to "*Tom the Taylor near the Strand*," Roxburghe Collection, II. 263; IV. 27.



[See p. 534.]

## God Speed the Plough.

“ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

—Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

THE title of this ballad was chosen to secure popular acceptance. The early condition of our agricultural labourers in England has scarcely been examined with the attention and impartiality it may deserve. Even now, when politicians, as well as local democrats, are working as agitators to secure their own ends, we are nationally indifferent to the welfare of a large decreasing class of ill-educated workers, hitherto industrious, patient, and simple-minded, who have been indispensable to the welfare of our country in times past; who have only recently begun to think for themselves on the great social problems, and coöperate for attainment of what they believe to be their just rights; but whose future, unless they resort to Emigration, is one of the most inscrutable of mysteries, such as no Parliamentary sphynx can answer, “staring right on, with calm eternal eyes.”

In regard to physical comfort, perhaps also in social morality and individual intelligence, the improvement among our ploughmen is indisputable. Despite the increasing difficulties met by our farmers, exposed to the ruinous competition of foreign producers, in grain and cattle, the hired labourers of the present race secure a better habitation, more abundant and wholesome food, with unbroken rest, than what rewarded the toil of their forefathers: that is, so long as children come not too fast, and sickness does not break down the bread-winner, the two evils destroying independence. Records are far from ample, but such as are attainable seem to indicate that “the hewers of wood and drawers of water,” the lower orders of countrymen in days of old, had a hard lot to bear. The changeful seasons regulate labour with succession of variety, like the crops produced, so that no monotony of toil is felt long enough to be unbearably wearisome. Yet the mechanical routine from day to day superinduces a certain amount of deadness or dullness in the mind, which enables the ploughman to endure without a murmur such hours of little altered employment as might appear slavery to the more irritable and insubordinate town-dweller. Like the horses that he guides, the sheep that he tends, the very poultry and cattle that he feeds, his pleasures are centred in the due acceptance of food and drink and slumber, with that half-recognized sense of freedom and robustness which help to balance the discomforts of inclement wind and weather. “The rest of the labouring man is sweet.” His enjoyments are few, but are keenly welcomed.

His children are happier, their mother is more easily contented, and he himself is less fearful of the future, than are those persons whose lives are devoted to commerce and manufactures. If it be difficult to awaken him to higher thoughts than his mill-horse round of daily routine, he at least enjoys the freedom from imaginary cares, or far-reaching speculations.

There is a great gulf, of more than three centuries, between the ploughman, as described in the Vision of William Langley, about 1377, and the following ballad. But, as we know, it was only as a mask of disguise that "Piers the Ploughman's" character was assumed. Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrim is a safer portrait for our guidance, and the honest simplicity of that weather-beaten conscript-father, whose toilsome lot was cheerfully borne, cannot fail to touch the heart of all who are not spoilt by luxury and selfishness. Chaucer (to whom is attributed wrongly "The Plowman's Tale") makes him own-brother of the poor parson of a town:—

With hym ther was a Plowman that was his brother,  
That hadde ylad of donge ful many a fother,  
A trewe swynkere and a good was he,  
Lyuyng in pees and parfit charitee.  
God loued he best with al hese hoole herte,  
At alle tymes thogh he gameed or smerte,  
And thanne his nyȝhe-bour riȝt as hym selue.  
He wolde thressche and perto dyke and delue,  
For Cristis sake for euery pore wight,  
With-outyn hyre, ȝif it laye in his myȝt.  
*His tythes payde he ful faire and wel,*  
Bothe of his propre swynk and his catel.  
In a Tabbard he rood vpon a mere.

—Cf. *Ellesmere MS.*, 529—541.

Following our Roxburghe Ballad, as text, our notes or marginalia show variations of *The Loyal Garland*. To adapt any poem for popular acceptance in the broadside-ballad-form, more was necessary than adding a few incongruous or appropriate woodcuts. Theatre-songs were too short, and book-poems too long, to suit the penny market. Moreover, some spicery might be required for the mild lentils; while over-proof liquors were watered down to the bar-standard of easy tipple. There being no real newspapers, and the modern novel newly at its birth, our street ballads were the people's library; the travelling Chapman was the priest of their secular literature—the Orpheus who moved stocks and stones with music. As Wordsworth sang,

"An Orpheus! an Orpheus! he works on the crowd,  
He sways them with harmony merry and loud,  
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—  
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?"

For an *Additional Note* on the ballad, see p. 520.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 188 ; Pepys, IV. 272 ; Euing, 127.]

## God speed the Plow, and bless the Corn=Now.

### A Dialogue between the Husband=man and Serving=man.

The Serving-man, the Plow-man would invite  
To leave his calling, and to take delight ;  
But to that by no means [he] will agree,  
Lest he thereby should come to beggary.  
He makes it plain appear a country life  
Doth far excell ; and so they end the strife.

THE TUNE IS, *I am the Duke of Norfolk*. [See vol. iv. p. 355.]



J.W.E.

**M**Y noble Friends, give ear, if mirth you love to hear,  
I'll tell you as fast as I can,  
A story very true, then mark what doth ensue,  
Concerning of a Husband-man.

#### Serving-Man.

A Serving-man did meet a Husband-man in the street,  
And thus unto him he began :  
“ I pray you tell to me of what Calling you be ;  
Or if you be a Serving-man.”

8

#### Husband-man.

Quoth he, “ My brother dear, the coast I mean to clear,  
And the truth you shall understand.  
I do no one disdain, but this I tell you plain,  
I am an honest Husband-man.”

**Serving-Man.**

" If a Husband-man you be, then come along with me,  
 I'll help you as soon as I can,  
 Unto a gallant place, where in a little space,  
 You shall be a Serving-man." 16

**Husband-Man.**

" Sir, for your diligence, I give you many thanks,"  
 Then answered the Plowman again,  
 " I pray you to me show, whereby that I might know,  
 What pleasures hath a Serving-man."

**Serving-Man.**

" A Serving-man hath pleasure, which passeth time and measure,  
 When the Hawk on his fist doth stand,  
 His hood and his verril's brave, and other things we have,  
 Which yeelds joy to a Serving-man." 24

**Husband-Man.**

" My pleasure's more than that, to see my Oxen fat,  
 And to prosper well under my hand.  
 And therefore I do mean, with my horse and team,  
 To keep my self a Husband-man."

**Serving-Man.**

" O 'tis a gallant thing, in the prime time of the Spring,  
 To hear the hunts-men now and then.  
 His Beagle for to blow and the hounds run all a row, [bugle.  
 This is pleasure for a Serving-man : 32

" To hear the Beagle cry, and to see the Faulcon fly,  
 And the hare trip over the plain,  
 And the hunts-men and the hound, makes hill and dale resound,  
 This is pleasure for a Serving-man." ["rebound."

**Husband-Man.**

" 'Tis pleasure you know to see the Corn to grow,  
 And to grow so well on the land ;  
 The plowing and the sowing, the reaping and the mowing,  
 Yeelds pleasure to the Husband-man." 40

**Serving-Man.**

" At our table you may eat all sorts of dainty meat ;  
 Pig, cony, goose, capon, and swan ;  
 And with lords and ladies fine, you may drink beer, ale, and wine,  
 This is pleasure for a Serving-man."

**Husband-Man.**

“ While you eat goose and capon, I’le feed on beefe and bacon,  
And piece of hard cheese now and then ;  
We pudding have, and souse,<sup>1</sup> always ready in the house,  
Which contents the honest Husband-man.” 48

**Serving-Man.**

“ At the Court you may have your garments fine and brave,  
And Cloak with gold lace layd upon,  
A shirt as white as milk, and wrought with finest silk,  
That’s pleasure for a Serving-man.”

**Husband-Man.**

“ Such proud and costly gear is not for us to wear,  
Amongst the bryers and brambles many on[e ;]  
A good strong russet Coat, and at your need a groat,  
Will suffice the Husband-man.” 56

“ A Proverb hear I tell, which likes my humour well, [q. hear ?]  
And remember it well I can ;  
If a Courtier be to[o] bold, he’l want when he is old,  
Then farewell the Serving-man.”

**Serving-Man**

“ It needs must be confest that your Calling is the best, ;  
No longer discourse with you I can,  
But henceforth I will pray by night and by day,  
Heavens bless the honest Husband-man.” 64

**Finis.**

[“ FINIS.”

[Publisher’s name cut off. Euing copy, printed for *W. Gilbertson*, at the sign of the *Bible*, in *Gilt-spur-street*. One woodcut, on p. 523. Date, circa 1665.]

<sup>1</sup> Souse is meat (pork chiefly) laid in brine-pickle, ready for boiling.

**The Ploughman’s Art of Wooing, and The Milk-Maid’s Resolution.**

**H**ITHERTO we have heard the Ploughman’s praise, chanted by himself without any pretence of modest diffidence. We now give two ballads to the favourite tune of *Cupid’s Trappan*. (See *Popular Music*, pp. 555-557 for the notes of this tune, with mention of the various names it bore, chiefly, from the original, “*Cupid’s Trappan*”; or, *Up the Green Forest*,” beginning, “Once did I love a bonny, bonny Bird,” found in Euing Collection, 35; Pepys, III. 107; and Douce, I. 39 verso.) It was originally described as A New Northern Tune. First, comes the Damsel’s complaint, “Once did I love.” Second, “The Young-man put to his Shifts.” Third, the Ploughman proclaims his irresistible attraction, as a conqueror of hearts. Fourth, the Milk-maid indignantly rebukes his boastfulness. Second and fourth begin similarly, but come from different publishers. They are all four sung to the same tune. We delay “A Young Man put to his Shifts; or, The Ranting Young Man’s Resolution,” which begins “Of late did I hear a young damsel complain” (see *Note* on p. 528).



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 260 ; Huth, II. 54 ; Jersey, III. 85.]

## The Plowman's Art in Wooing.

The brisk young Plowman doth believe  
If he were put to tryal,  
There's not a maid in all the Shire  
Could give him the denyal.

TUNE OF, *Cupid's Trappan*. [See p. 528.]

I AM a young man that do follow the Plow,  
But of late I have found out an art,  
And can when I please with abundance of ease  
Deprive any maid of her heart, brave boys,  
*Deprive [any maid of her heart].*

To think how they'l yield, as I walk in the field,  
Mythink is so pleasant to me,  
I long to be nigh her who'l burn like a fire,  
If she but my favour doth see, brave boys !  
*If she [but my favour doth see].*

10

Such wenches, I think, must be certainly mad,  
Whose hearts are betray'd with a smile,  
But they quickly find such a change in my mind,  
That will them of all pleasure beguile, brave [boys !]  
*That [will them of all pleasure beguile].*

[It] will make them look pale, like maidens so stale, [‘And’  
That for a good Husband doth long,  
And this unto me such pleasure will be,  
That I shall thereof make a song, brave [boys !]  
*That [I shall thereof make a song].*

20

For who can delight in a thing that is fond ? [i.e. foolish.  
'Tis a thing that I never could do ;  
My passion is gone when she doates upon *John*,  
Then another Girl I must go wooe, brave [boys !]  
*That [another girl I must wooe].*

And in a month's space, it will be her case,  
If she can be easily wonn,  
To mourn and bewail beneath the *Milk-pale*, [pail,  
And to cry she's forsook and undone, brave [boys !]  
*And to cry [she's forsook and undone].*

30

I could ne'r understand there's a man in the land  
Could delight in what's easily gain'd,  
But if it be so, that Love they long show,  
Then their passion must surely be feign'd, brave [boys!  
*Then [their passion must surely be feign'd].*

Then give me the wench that has so much sence  
When a Youngster doth come upon tryal,  
Will so cunningly deal that his heart she may steal, '  
And seemingly give the denyall, brave [boys!  
*And [seemingly give the denyal].* 40

She surely will find young men be more kind,  
If she be but strange and untoward;  
For men like the fire do burn with desire,  
If they meet with a maid that is froward, brave [boys!  
*If [they meet with a maid that is froward].*

But it is the fashion throughout all the nation,  
And chiefly in Country Townes,  
Men maidens beguile who are won with a smile,  
And then they'r destroy'd with their frowns, brave [boys!  
*And [then they're destroy'd with their frowns].* 50

And it may be said, there's not a Milk-maid,  
Although she be never so fair,  
But if once I begin, her heart I would win,  
And by my fair words would betray her, brave [boys!  
*And by [my fair words would betray her].*

It is a rare thing to hear the Girls sing  
" Oh! my love hath forsaken me quite,  
And for his dear sake, my heart it doth ake,  
I languish by day and by night, brave boys:  
*I languish [by day and by night]."* 60

As I follow the Plow, my thinks I see how  
They look pale, and their lips they do tremble;  
'Cause they were mistaken, and are forsaken,  
By youngsters that much did dissemble, brave [boys!  
*By youngsters [that much did dissemble.]*

I will have t'other bout, and without any doubt  
I'll compass the thing I desire;  
For I cannot well pass, if I meet with a Lass,  
Till her heart it be set on a fire, brave [boys!  
*Till her [heart it be set on a fire].* 70

There's *Margret* and *Jone* who still lye all alone,  
 But I'll venture to lay twenty shilling,  
 If a motion I make to cure their heart ake,  
 To lye with me both will be willing, brave [boys!  
*To lye [with me both will be willing].*

There's *Susan* and *Kate* that long for to ha't,  
 And are vigorous in their desire,  
 But before they are mad, let some lusty young lad  
 Make haste and extinguish their fire, brave [boys!  
*Make [haste and extinguish their fire].*

80

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *West-Smith-field*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, viz. the Prince Rupert of p. 246, and the Spotted Girl, in oval, of p. 40, Left. Date, circa 1672.]

\* \* \* The tune of *Cupid's Trappan*, mentioned on our pp. 526 and 529, was known also as *I've left the world as the world found me*, and *The Twitcher*, or properly *The Maid's Twitcher*, with its first line, "*A Damsel I'm told*," of late date, circa 1731. Four of its earlier names were borrowed from a single ballad in Pepys Coll., Douce, III. 107, and Euing. 35, viz. *Cupid's Trappan*, or, *The Scornor Scorn'd*; or, *The Willow turn'd into Carnation*; "this was then "A New Northern tune now all in fashion." From its first line of first verse, of second verse, and the burden, it was entitled *Bonny, bonny Bird; Up the green Forest*; and *Brave Boys*. (See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pp. 555-557; music given from *Flora*, ballad-opera.) The original tune begins:

Once did I love a *bonny bonny Bird*,  
 And thought he had been my own;  
 But he loved another far better than me,  
 And has taken his flight, and is flown, *Brave Boys!*  
 And has taken his flight and is flown.

*Up the Green Forest*, and down the green Forest,  
 Like one much distressed in mind,  
 I whoop'd and I whoop'd, and I flung up my Hood,  
 But my Bonny Bird I could not find, *Brave Boys!*  
 But my Bonny Bird I could not find. Etc.

It is barely possible that the reserved ballad "A Young Man put to his Shifts," beginning "Of late did I hear a young Damsel Complain" (Roxburghe Coll., ii. 548—see *Appendix*), may, as Mr. Chappell believed, have preceded those of the Plowman and Milk-maid, our pp. 526 and 529. But these two were certainly in sequence: the other held less connection with "Once did I love," than did "The Batchelor's Forecast; or, *Cupid Unblest*," printed by P. L. for R. Burton, and beginning "Once did I love and a very pretty girl." This was the true "*Answer to Cupid's Trappan*, or *Up the Green Forrest*," as it claims to be:—

Of late did I hear a young damsel complain,  
 And rail much against a young man;  
 His cause and his state I'll now vindicate,  
 And hold battle with *Cupid's trappan*, brave boys,  
*And hold battle with Cupid's trappan.* Etc. (Cf. p. 525.)

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 347 ; Jersey, III. 78.]

## The Milkmaid's Resolution.

Let young men prate of what they please,  
Cause young men have been kind,  
They'l find no more such Fooles as these  
To please each apish mind.

TUNE, *Cupid's Trappan*. [See p. 528.]

OF late I did hear a young man domineer,  
And vapour of what he could do ;  
But I think he knew how for to manage the Plow,  
Far better than maidens to woo, brave boys !  
*Far better [than maidens to woo].*

And he surely doth think that we maidens are mad,  
For to mind ev'ry clown we do see ;  
Should his love be exprest with a vow and protest,  
I'de believe no such boobies as he, brave [boys !  
*I'de [believe no such boobies as he].*

10

Though his bottles of Ale, and other fine things,  
He bestows on me ev'ry day,  
It is my intent, when his money is spent,  
To bid him begone and away, brave boys !  
*To bid [him be gone and away].*

I'le give him good words while his money doth last,  
And tell him I dearly do love him ;  
When his cash is all gone, I'le tell him, my man *John*,  
There's others I fancy above him, brave [boys !  
*There's others, I fancy above him.]*

20

And that which is worse, when once they do find  
A maiden's poor heart it is won,  
They'l laugh and they'l jeer, they'l giggle and sneer,  
That they this poor maid hath undone, brave [boys !  
*That [they this poor maid have undone].*

Some men they [make] love for what they can get,  
And 'tis certain there's many a Lubbard ;  
Will sigh and will pant, seeming ready to faint,  
And all for the love of the cubbard, brave boys !  
*And all [for the love of the Cup-board].*

30

And others, so long as they think a poor maid  
 Has been careful and saved some money,  
 This maiden will find he will prove very kind,  
 And call her his joy and his honey, brave boys !  
*And [call her his joy and his honey].*

Yea, if this poor soul will be such a foole  
 To hearken to this fellow's tale,  
 Shee'l to poverty fall, he'l beguile her of all  
 She hath got by the merry milk-pail, brave boys !  
*[She hath got by the merry milk-pail].*

40

And she that doth carry the merry milk-pail,  
 And delights for to milk the brown Cow,  
 May sure be as good, be it well understood,  
 As the Looby that follows the Plow, brave [boys !  
*As the [Looby that follows the Plow].*

Yet each pittiful clown will boast up and down  
 Of the maidens that he hath betray'd ;  
 If all were like me, such things should not be,  
 Nor ever hereafter be said, brave boys !  
*Nor [ever hereafter be said].*

50

Keep but at a distance, and then they will be,  
 Like men quite bereaved of sence ;  
 Then the best of them all into passion will fall,  
 And be ready to dye for a wench, brave boys !  
*And [be ready to dye for a Wench].*

Tho' some of them now, do say they know how  
 To make any maiden to yield,  
 But I would defie any man that should try  
 In the midst of the merry Broom field, brave [boys !  
*In [the midst of the merry Broom-field].*

60

For my modesty shall defend me from all  
 That say 'tis so easy to win  
 The poor virgin's fort, of which they make sport,  
 And delight in this treacherous sin, brave boys !  
*And [delight in this treacherous sin].*

Then maidens beware, of such villains take care,  
 Whose delight is your absolute ruine ;  
 If they conquer with ease, and gain what they please,  
 They'l soon be a-weary of wooing, brave boys,  
*[They'll soon be a-weary of wooing].*

70

But if you stand off, and at them do scoff,  
You'll find they will burn like a fire,  
When you make them to bow, let your reason know how  
To grant them the thing they desire, brave [boys,  
    *To grant [them the thing they desire].*

Then take my advice, you maids that are wise, [' free '  
I'll assure you I speak not in jest,  
Ne'r play with the dart till you poyson your heart,  
For a single life it is the best, brave [boys!  
    *For [a single life it is the best].*

There's some that are married before they had wit,  
That with sorrows are sorely opprest,  
Then think it not strange, I am not for a change,  
For a single life it is the best, brave boys,  
    *For [a single life it is the best].* 85

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, *both reserved*: 1st, a Young Cavalier, with love-locks and plumed hat; full-length of Milk-maid in flowered gown, with milk-pail on her head (it belongs also to the "Deptford Frolic," Cf. our vol. iv. p. 31). Date, *circa* 1665.]

### True-Blue, the Ploughman.

"True-Blue will never stain."—*Old Ballad truism.*

**B**ALLADS on a succession of Trades and Callings were always popular of old. They afforded the sort of Saturnalia that bestows more than customary license; even when the Lord of Misrule held his Court at Yule, or when a mock Tilt was held within the lists, and the Hobby-Horse riders plunged and reared their "fiery and untamed steeds"; flapping meanwhile at everybody in turn with bladders full of peas, a saucy weapon at the end of a Fool's bauble. There were many, no doubt, who felt equally afflicting the smart and sting of a festive singer in the market-place; with such a strain as "True-Blue, the Ploughman," for example, they were compelled to repress publicly their indignant anger. To 'grin and bear it' was the only safe response.

The tune is named *The Country Farmer*, from a *Roxburghe Ballad*, reprinted in vol. iii. p. 363, followed by a Sequel, p. 366, and second Sequel in vol. iv. on p. 17. Tune in *Popular Music*, p. 562. Begins, "There was a brisk Lass."

Thomas Pearson's bookbinders committed manifold offences in shearing off lines from broadsides, to force the future *Roxburghe Ballads* within their type-ornament environment. They robbed us of lines 33, 34 of "True-Blue the Ploughman;" also its colophon with *Philip Brooksby's* name. Thanks to our knowledge of an unmutated duplicate, and the unfailing courtesy of the Earl of Crawford, our reprint is correct.





[Roxburghe Collection, II. 471; Jersey, II. 26.]

## True Blew the Blowman ;

Or,

A character of several callings which he could not freely  
fancy, when he found their grand Deceit.

He never yet would change his Note,  
He'd rather be a slave,  
Nay, wear a poor and thread-bare Coat,  
Than be counted as a Knave.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Country Farmer* [See p. 531].

This may be Printed R[ichard] P[ocock].

NOW Trading is dead, I resolve to contrive,  
And study some calling in order to thrive,  
But I will be just in whatever I do,  
My name I must tell you is honest *True Blew* :  
Though Fortune does oftentimes smile on a Knave,  
By their unjust dealings they do get and save,  
But honest *Plain-dealing* does live like a slave.  
While Ranting brave *Hectors* goes gallant and brave.

At first I considered what Trade I might be,  
To live with *Plain-Dealing* without Knavery,  
I would be a Brewer at first I did think,  
And then to be sure I shall never want drink :  
But straightways I thought of the Brewers' old fault  
Who put in the *Water* and left out the *Mault* ;  
If I should do so, and make pittiful Beer,  
I should have the curse of the *Tinkers* I fear.

16

As I was a walking along very sad,  
I met a fine Hostess that wanted a Lad,  
Her words were so winning, I could do no less,  
But go along with her to tend on the Guests.  
She said, " When you wait on a jolly boon crew,  
Each Pot as you draw, then be sure you score two,"  
I told her " False-dealing now never would do,"  
'Twas better be " ragged and torn and true." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These words recall the burden and title of an excellent ballad by Martin Parker, reprinted in vol. ii. p. 409, beginning, " I am a poor man, God knows."

"If this be your dealings I never will stay,"  
 Thought I then, "I'll pack up my awls and away,"  
 I finding by this how the current did run,  
 Poor men by those Ale-wives are often undone :  
 No wonder it is now that they are so great,  
 To flourish in Silks at so gallant a rate,  
 'Tis folly that makes men to sell their Estate,  
 While Ale-wives can flourish and drink in their plate. 32

[Then home to my Father I went again,  
 And of my hard fortune I did complain.]<sup>1</sup>  
 He told me no trouble nor cost he'd spare,  
 Of me he would take a particular care :  
 I would have a calling without all deceit,  
 But with such a one, I as yet could not meet ;  
 My Father was willing my joys to compleat,  
 And now of a *Taylor* I mean for to treat.

I went upon liking a *Taylor* to be,  
 And now I will tell you a passage I see,  
 One brought [to] my Master some cloath for a cloak, ['in.'  
 And he at his cabbaging had a good stroak :  
 For taking his Sheers he whipt off an ell, ['Shiers.'  
 And straight he condemn'd it, and sent it to Hell,<sup>2</sup>  
 Down under his shop-board, which when I did see,  
 Thought I then "I'll ne'r be Prentice to thee." 48

A lusty brave *Miller* came up to the Town,  
 And I as a Prentice with him must go down,  
 Thought I, "With an honest man now I am blest,"  
 But soon I did find him as bad as the rest :  
 For if you'll believe me, I think in my soul,  
 He had a great Dish was as big as a bowl,  
 And there was old taking and taking of Toul,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thus he would be fishing against all controul.

Beside he was counted a slippery blade,  
 And fain would be toying with every Maid ;  
 There was a young Lass, and her name it was *Kate*,  
 With whom he would fain have bin playing the mate :  
 One day as she came with her grist to the mill,  
 My master the *Miller* was tempting her still,  
 The maiden with courage catch'd hold of his ham,  
 And tumbled him headlong into the Mill-dam. 64

<sup>1</sup> Two lines lost, fifth stanza : we recover them from Earl Crawford. Cf. p. 531.

<sup>2</sup> No profanity : he indicates the *receptacle under the shop-board* wherein odd pieces of cloth accumulate for future use. 'Hell' is always full, of cabbage.

<sup>3</sup> Taking toll like Chaucer's Miller of Trumpington. 'Old' = continuous.

It hap'ned to be the lower-side of the Mill, [down-stream.  
 But yet he lay crying and calling out still;  
 I could not tell well what the matter might be,  
 And therefore to him I did run hastily.  
 But when in the River I did him find,  
 Thought I, in my heart, "Thou art serv'd in thy kind,"  
 And thus by the maiden the *Miller* was fool'd,  
 For then in the river his courage was cool'd.

Thought I, "I will ne'r be a slave to this elf,  
 For fear he should make me as bad as himself,  
 With some honest Farmer I'll get me a place, [v. *infra*.  
 Where I may live happy, and free from disgrace."  
 And thus I did leave the old *Miller*, I'll vow,  
 Then taking my self to the *Harrow* and *Plow*,  
 'Tis free from deceiving, all men will allow,  
 I labour and live by the sweat of my brow. 72

[Printed for *P. Brooksby*. Two woodcuts: one below, the other on p. 520:  
 see *Note* there. Date, as licensed by R.P., 1685-88.]

\* \* \* Alas! for this conscientious inspector of moral nuisances. If he took  
 service, likely enough, with the 'Rich Farmer' whose 'Ruine' is chronicled in  
 the next ballad (Roxb. Coll., II. 396), the scrupulous lad would find that calling  
 exposed to temptation like the tailor's and miller's. Another ballad is "A Warning  
 to all Corn-Hoarders," the fate of Inglebred, a miserly farmer, "Good people all."



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 396 ; Huth, II. 66 ; Douce, II. 186 *verso* ; Euing, 398.]

## The Rich Farmer's Ruine ;

Who murmured at the Plenty of the Seasons, because  
he could not sell Corn so dear as his covetous heart  
desired.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Why are my Eyes still flowing*, As it is play'd on the Violin.

[See p. 536 for *Note*.] This may be printed R[ichard] P[acock].

A Wealthy man, a Farmer, who had of Corn great store,  
Yet he was cruel always to the poor ;  
And as the truth of him does very well appear,  
He thought he ne[ve]r sold his Corn too dear ;  
As to the Market one day he did go,  
Finding the prices of corn to be low, [orig. Prizes.  
Said he, " Before I will sell ought of mine,  
I'll carry it home for to fatten my Swine.

" In former days, as I can make it well appear,  
By my own Farm I got a hundred a year ;  
I sold for ten the corn that will not now fetch five,  
Is this the way for a Farmer to thrive ?  
Yet I will now sell no more at this price,  
But am resolved to stay for a Rise."  
Thus he resolved to hoard up his store,  
That he might then make a prey of the poor. 16

Another Farmer likewise then was standing by,  
Who, when he heard him, he thus did reply ;  
" You have a Farm, and likewise Land, which is your own,  
What cause have you then to make this sad moan ?  
I that have nothing but what I do Rent,  
With years of plenty, rejoyce in content :  
Give Him the praise who such plenty does send,  
Lest when you murmur you highly offend."

Said the Miser, " What tho' I have got house and land ?  
Yet I would have you now well understand,  
I am not free to see the wasting of it all,  
And after that into poverty fall :  
Have we not reason, alas ! to complain,  
To see the Cheapness of all sorts of Grain ?  
If it continue, as sure as the Sun,  
I shall be ruin'd and clearly undone." 32

"Aye! but neighbour, pray tell me wherefore do you grieve?  
 Does not a plenty the poor men relieve?  
 Here do I find, had you your will in selling Grain,  
 Then might the poor soon have cause to complain:  
 For you are cruel, most harsh and severe,  
 And think you can never sell it too dear."  
 "Why," says the other, "what's poor men to me?  
 I'll keep my corn till one peck will fetch three."

Then home he went, and bitterly he did repine,  
 And in his substance he soon did decline;  
 For he was soon as poor as any man alive,  
 For after this he by no means could thrive;  
 As he was walking one day round his ground,  
 His House was robb'd of five hundred pound;  
 Yet this was but the beginning of woe,  
 For in two years he was brought very low. 48

His Corn did waste, and many of his Cattle dy'd,  
 Also great losses and crosses beside;  
 Both house and land through perfect need at length he sold,  
 Nothing but Ruine he then could behold:  
 Tho' all was blasted and clearly decay'd,  
 Yet none would pity him, but thus they said:  
 "Seeing the poor he did thus circumvent,  
 This is no more than a just Punishment."

Like one forlorn and desolate, he then did roam,  
 Having no dyet, apparel, or Home,  
 But his poor life he ended, lodging in a barn;  
 From whence all covetous Farmers may learn  
 How to give thanks for a Plentiful Year,  
 And not to murmur that Corn is not dear:  
 For those that shall do it most highly offend:  
 Think of this *Farmer's* Unprosperous End. 64

*Finis.*

Printed for *I. Back*, at the *Black Boy* on *London-Bridge*, near the  
*Draw Bridge.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, resembling the Shepherd on p. 166, Left;  
 but with cottages, and no crook at the end of his staff; 2nd, a group of figures,  
 men, women, children, on the ground. Date, 1685-88.]

The tune of "The Rich Farmer's Ruine" is named from a ballad beginning  
 "Why are my eyes still flowing?" reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 89, 1877.



A Group of  
**Legendary and Romantic Ballads**  
From the Roxburghe Collection.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED

BY

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

" To them was Life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run ;  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe,

" Man now his virtue's diadem  
Puts on, and proudly wears—  
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them  
Like instincts unawares :  
Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play."

—*R. M. Milnes*, 1846.

HERTFORD:  
**Printed for the Ballad Society,**  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

---

1888.



THIS GROUP OF  
**Legendary and Romantic Ballads,**

*(Several not hitherto Reprinted.)*

IS DEDICATED

TO A TRUE FRIEND, STUDENT OF HISTORY AND LOVER OF  
BALLAD LITERATURE,

**J. H. L. DE VAYNES,**  
OF UPDOWN, THANET,

EDITOR OF 'THE KENTISH GARLAND,' 1881-2:

*With thanks from Fellow-Members of the Ballad Society.*  
1888.

**M**Y FRIEND, whose thirst for Ballad-lore  
 Has been approved this many a year,  
 Accept from me one Tribute more,  
 You, who my 'Lyrics' hail'd of yore :  
 Tribute no less sincere.

They were of modern growth, to fade,  
 Like wild-flowers the hot hand soon kills ;  
 Pluck'd haply where few feet had stray'd,  
 'Mid moss-boled trees in woodland glade,  
 Water'd by tinkling rills.

Whatever charm of freshen'd hue  
 Or graceful shape they hoped to bear,  
 They gain from praise bestow'd by you :  
 Loyal to Church and Crown, and true  
 To those who Oak-leaves wear.

But now I bring no Songs of mine,  
 Save this, to greet your willing eye ;  
 From Bards of a far earlier line  
 These ballad-histories I entwine :  
 You will not cast them by.

Legends and Love-tales fanciful,  
 That cheer'd the ingle nooks of old ;  
 When wintry skies were grey and dull,  
 And ghostly memories would pull  
 The trailing garment's fold.

Stories that oft drew smile or tear,  
 To harm no listening maid or youth ;  
 Of warnings breath'd by mystic Seer,  
 Slain lovers borne on rustic bier,  
 Or scorn that turn'd to ruth.

When Barons' halls were gay with song  
 Of Minstrels plying harp and voice,  
 Men gladly heard—nor deem'd too long—  
 These tales of crush'd oppressors'-wrong,  
 That made their hearts rejoice.

*For wholesome faith in HIM Who rules  
 Guided the teaching of their day ;  
 They had not learnt in hopeless schools  
 The doctrine of our knaves and fools,  
 Who neither love nor pray :*

*They welcomed sunshine on their path,  
 They bravely faced the chilliest blast ;  
 Staunch upright men, whom England hath  
 Found prompt to curb th' Invaders' wrath,  
 In many a peril past.*

*We, also, in our later times,  
 Unconquer'd yet by gloom or cold,  
 Find pleasure in these ancient rhymes ;  
 Such as give joy in other climes :  
 More loved because they're old,*

*Where e'er our Empire fronts her fate ;  
 Whether beyond the Atlantic wave,  
 Or where that loyal burst of late  
 Spoke Australasia's heart elate,  
 Ready and firm and brave ;*

*Wherever English speech may sound,  
 Even though our little Isle be dumb,  
 There, doubt not, in the Earth's wide round,  
 These Ballads old shall long be found :  
 Welcome to them must come.*

*So let me link with them your name,  
 For sweeter then may seem their strains ;  
 They wear no vulgar smirch of shame,  
 Though rough and crude : sufficient fame  
 If prized by thee, De Vaynes.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

A Group of  
Legendary and Romantic Ballads.

The Greeks' and Trojans' Wars.

"As one that for a weary space has lain  
Lull'd by the song of *Circe* and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of *Proserpine*,  
Where that *Ææan* isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours,  
They hear like ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*."

—*Andrew Lang*.



OF THE ENSUING BALLAD, AS OF SOME others in this Group, "*Legendary and Romantic*," the rarity is great: we know only three exemplars, the Roxburghe, the Douce, and the Rawlinson. It appears to have never hitherto been reprinted, and therefore it is the more fitting to open our Group, with its striking chief woodcut, originally from some untraced book. The cut fell into the hands of Thomas Symeocke, and perished in the Great Fire of 1666.

It is unnecessary and inexpedient, in our limited space, to enter fully into the subject of the Ten Years' War and Siege of Troy; on which also are several other consecutive ballads, celebrating the "Wandering Prince of Troy," the so-called "Pious *Æneas*," Dido Queen of Carthage's fickle lover; with separate Praise of Penelope, the lady of the web, whose cupboard-lovers found *un mauvais quart d'heure*, when the husband Odysseus returned home unexpectedly to his Ionian isle; as Lambro the sea-solicitor did to his daughter Haydee on her island of the Cyclades. The lovers of the Hellespont have two ballads devoted to their woes, their meetings and their hapless fate. These are the only Grecian legends in our Group, which holds the "Roman Wife," but is otherwise confined to early and apocryphal British history or more modern romance.

To Humphrey Crouch, author of this ballad (probably the father of John Crouch, an almost contemporary elegiac poet, who survived to write in May, 1681), we are indebted for several other ballads, already reprinted from the Roxburghe Collection (Vol. I. 158; I. 264; and II. 362), viz. 'The Industrious Smith,'="There was a poor Smith," *circa* 1635 (*Roxb. Ballads*, i. pp. 469-474); and 'The Mad-Man's Morrice'="Heard you not lately of a man" (*Ibid.*, ii. pp. 154-158), which is also in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, i. 169, and *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1670 and 1694, p. 178. On a subsequent page of the present volume we reprint his ballad of "Hero and Leander," beginning "How fares my fair *Leander*?" (*Roxb. Coll.*, III. 150 and 478), and a fragment of his prose account of "Guy, Earl of Warwick," 1655 (*Ibid.*, III. 218), accompanying the ballad on that warrior, 159½ (*Ibid.*, III. 50 and 708). That Crouch was popular among the prentices and humbler citizens (if any citizens could be considered humble during the contentious intolerance of Civil-War times when our Humphrey flourished) is certified by the great sale of his cheap writings, many a time re-issued. He had a certain rough and ready manner, suited for Chap-book literature, in which his *Love's Court of Conscience*, 1637, *The Distressed Welshman*, *Welch Traveller*, *Tom Tram*, *England's Jest*s Refined were esteemed 'hugely.' He is believed to have been 'the moderniser of *The History of Tom Thumb*,' according to W. C. Hazlitt, who reprinted the original *Tom Thumbe, His Life and Death*, 1630, in John Russell Smith's Library of Old Authors, the second vol. of *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, p. 175 (as Joseph Ritson had done in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, pp. 93-113); and added, on pp. 192-250, *The History of Tom Thumb*, in three parts, the extended version attributed to Humphrey Crouch. To him is also assigned, on credit simply of initials (which might as well refer to Hugh Crompton, whose portrait is in *Pierides*, 1658), "An Elegie sacred to the Memory of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey," 1678: unlikely to be his.

The tune of Crouch's "Greeks and Trojan Wars" is marked as *The Conscionable Caveat*. We have met with no ballad of this name: the one entitled "A Conscionable Couple," beginning "This doth make the world to wonder" (reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 561, from *Roxb. Coll.*, II. 66), is in different metre, and to the tune of *The Faithful Friend*. But we venture to assert our belief, that the missing "Conscionable Caveat" ballad began with the line "Young man, remember delights are but vain;" the same tune being used for his "Industrious Smith," already mentioned above as reprinted, ii. 469.

The ensuing ballad is on the subject of Achilles and his faulty relations with Deidamia. (Compare Note on p. 544.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 158; Rawlinson, 184; Douce, III. 27 verso.]

## The Greeks' and Trojans' Wars.

Cursed by that wanton Knight, Sir *Paris*,  
Who ravishes *Hellen* and her to *Troy* carries;  
The *Greeks*, in revenge (and to fetch her again)  
A mighty great army do quickly ordain:  
Imagine you see them besieging old *Troy*,  
Which after ten years they at th' last destroy.

TUNE IS, *A Conscionable Caviat* [sic. see p. 542].





8

16

24

32

“My dear *Achilles*,” then said she,  
 “Alas! what shall become of me?  
 My heart thy love ’t hath set on fire,  
 I gave to thee what thou didst desire.”

<sup>1</sup> Deidamia was the lady in question. Thetis, to keep her own son Achilles from going to Troy, where she foresaw he would be slain, had concealed him disguised in feminine attire among the women at the court of Lycomedes. He debauched Deidamia, and the fruit of this dishonourable imprudence was her disgrace and the birth of Pyrrhus, who became king of Epirus. Homer avoids this scandal. (See Pausanias, and John Gay's Opera of *Achilles*, 1733.)

"'Vaunt, foolish girle! bright honour is the pearl  
I must seek:  
Wanton courting, idle sporting,  
Fits not now a valiant *Greek*." 40

"Thou knowest, sweet-heart, I am with child,  
Thy flattering tongue hath me beguil'd;  
Why then from me wilt thou depart,  
And leave my breast without a heart?"  
"Cease complement, for now my mind is bent  
other waies;  
Such injoyment is imployment,  
Fit for idle peaceful daies." 48

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

"*Ulysses* would seem mad 'cause he  
Would stay with his *Penelope*;  
But no illusions must take place,  
Though millions dye for one fair face,<sup>1</sup>  
It shall be seen their *Lacedemon's* Queen,  
whom that Boy  
Violated, shall be rated  
At the price of *Greece* or *Troy*." 56

"If Sir," saith she, "one face hath force  
To raise so many foot and horse,  
Why may not mine, prais'd oft by you,  
Have power to keep what is my due?"  
"Plead not thy face, there's difference in the case,  
very great:  
Our monar'chal light were dark all  
Should we wink at this defeat." 64

<sup>1</sup> Compare the Clown's mocking song, on Helen of Greece, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. sc. 3:—

"Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy*?  
Fond done, done fond! [*bis*]  
Was this king *Priam's* joy?  
"With that she sighed as she stood [*bis*]  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good [*bis*]  
There's yet one good in ten."

See also scene fourteen of Marlow's *Dr. Faustus*, before 1593:—

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of *Ilium*?  
Sweet *Helen*, make me immortal with a kiss!  
Her lips suck forth my soul," etc. [*Compare Note*, p. 556.]

Let noble *Britains* notice take  
 Of this allusion which I'll make;  
 Imagine all the power of *Greece*,  
 To fetch great *Agamemnon's* Niece,  
 Are sacking *Troy*, which they at last destroy  
                  utterly;  
 They will fetch her, from her Letcher,  
      By all this extremity.

72

*Ireland* is our *Hellen* fair,  
 Ravish'd from us through want of care  
 The *Paris* that hath done this rape  
 Is fond security (that ape!)  
 As now you hear, *Achilles* with his Dear  
          Will not stay;  
 If *Mars* summon, no fond woman  
      Can a Souldier's soul betray.

80

So let brave *English* Souldiers seek  
 For president that gallant *Greek*:  
 Let's leave our toies, which slaves retard,  
 And to our honour have regard:  
*Ireland* doth shake our honour at the stake,  
          lies ingaged.  
 'Tis our *Hellen*, stoln by villain:  
      Fall on him like *Greeks* intraged.

88

Let all home-bred strife alone,  
 And as the *Greeks* all joyn'd in one  
 Their loss and honour to repair,  
 Let their example be our care,  
 And never leave, until that we receive  
          for our pains  
 Death or honour: when w' have won her,  
      We shall find sufficient gains.

96

¶iniz.       H[umfrey] C[rouch].

*London*, Printed for *F. Grove*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the armed warrior of p. 566; 2nd, the Lady of p. 171, R.; 3rd is on p. 543. Date, *circa* 1640.]

The Rawlinson copy was Printed for *F. Coles*, T[homas] Ve [*sic*, for *Vere*, *John*] Wright, and *J. Clarke*. Douce, Book III. 27 verso, has *London*, but n.p.n., "New Tune," and the title of this modern copy runs "An excellent new Ballad of fair *Hellen* of *Greece*, and *Paris*, Prince of *Troy*," etc. Date, *c.* 1641.]

\*\*\* Our final three or four stanzas form political landmarks in Charles I.'s reign. Crouch perverted his theme, in order to secure attention by referring to that always-discontented Ireland, alike the Jonah and the evil-genius of Britain.

## The Wandering Prince of Troy, or Queen Dido.

"When *Dido* found that *Aeneas* would not come,  
She mourn'd in silence, and was *di do dum*."

—*Porson: Facetiæ cantat.*

BY both these names was the ballad popularly known, "*Aeneas, the wandering Prince of Troy*" (as in the seventh line), and "*Queen Dido*;" while *Troy Town* was an additional title for the tune. Although we find entered in the Stationers' Registers, on 8th June, 1603, our 'ballade,' to Edward Aldee, "*The Wandring Prince of Troy*," Book C., fol. 96 verso (*Transcript*, iii. p. 236), there is no earlier copy known to be extant than John Wright's, *circa* 1620, and a later one of *Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger*, after the Restoration of 1660 (Pepys Coll., I. 84 and 48).

Probably this ballad-tune is the same as that of "*Diana and her Darlings dear*" (a ballad already reprinted in vol. ii. p. 520: *vide post* and index). The music is given in Mr. Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 372, with the whole of our ballad, quotations from *The Penniless Parliament of thread-bare Poets*, 1608; from James Fletcher's *The Captain*, act iii. 3, and *Bonduca*, i. 2; with Sir Robert Howard's *Poems and Essays*, 1673. Also an incomplete list of ballads sung to the tune, including *The Roxburghe Ballads*, "*When God had taken for our sins*," and "*You that have lost your former joys*" (respectively reprinted in vol. i. p. 288, "*The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity*," and ii. 454, "*The Spanish Tragedy*" of 'haplesse Hieronimo,' the subject of Kyd's drama). We print two other ballads to the same tune, "*A Looking-Glass for Ladies*," *Penelope* (on p. 553), and "*Lord Wigmore*," *post*.

In the Additional MS. No. 27,879, page 515 (=iii. 502 of 1868, *i.e.* the *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*), is a print of "*Queene Dido*," agreeing with that on our pages. We cannot claim poetic grace or pathos for the ballad. But it was a favourite with the populace in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. It had 'a story.'

Most of the ballads in this "Legendary and Romantic Group" have a fullness of incident, in contrast to the commonplace sentiment and emotionalism characterising the ordinary ephemeral broadsides—at least, those which are not coarse and broad in humour, dear to the lower-class readers. It was unkind and irreverent of Charles Cotton to make Dido kill herself *sus per col.* (*Scarronides*, Book iv.)

"With what natural and affecting simplicity our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the Classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand than that celebrated poet."—Dr. Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 2nd edition, iii. 193, 1767.

Ovid's *Fasti*, Book 3, tells of Dido's Ghost appearing to her sister Anna:

"Nox erat: ante torum visa est adstare sororis  
Squalenti Dido sanguinolenta comâ,  
Et 'Fuge ne dubita, mœstum fuge,' dicere, 'tectum.'"

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 43, 730; C. 20, f. 14, art. 21; Bagford, II. 10; Euing, 87, 88; Jersey, II. 314; Pepys, I. 84, 548; Douce, III. 102 *verso*, IV. 35.]

A proper new Ballad, intituled  
**The Wandering Prince of Troy.**

THE TUNE IS, *Queen Dido*. [See p. 447.]

WHEN *Troy* Town for ten years' warrs  
Withstood the *Greeks* in manfull wise,  
Then did their foes increase so fast,  
That to resist none could suffice;  
Waste lye those walls that were so good,  
And Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

*Aeneas*, wand'ring Prince of *Troy*,  
When he for land long time had sought,  
At length, arrived with great joy,  
To mighty *Carthage* walls was brought,  
Where *Dido*'s Queen, with sumptuous Feast,  
Did entertain this wand'ring guest.

12

And as in hall at meat they sate,  
The Queen desirous news to hear,  
"Of thy unhappy ten years' warrs  
Declare to me, thou *Trojan* dear,  
The heavy hap and chance so bad  
That thou, poore wand'ring Prince, hast had."

And then anon this worthy Knight [*al. lect.*, comely.]  
With words demure, as he could well,  
Of his unhappy ten years' warrs  
So true a tale began to tell,  
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,  
That oft he made them all to weep.

24

And then a thousand sighs he fetcht,  
And every sigh brought tears amain,  
That where he sate the place was wet,  
As if he had seen those wars again.  
So that the Queen with ruth therefore,  
Said, "Worthy Prince, enough! no more."

The darksome night apace grew on, [*a. l.*, drew on.]  
And twinkling stars i' th' skys were spread, [in skyes.]  
And he his dolefull Tale had told,  
As every one lay in his bed:  
Where they full sweetly took their rest,  
Save only *Dido*'s boylling brest.

36

This silly woman never slept,  
 But in her chamber all alone  
 As one unhappy always kept, [a.l. wept.  
 Unto the walls she made her moan : [And to.  
 That she should still desire in vaine  
 The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,  
 Till twinkling stars from skys were fled ;  
 And *Phæbus* with his glist'ring beams  
 Through misty clouds appeared red.  
 Then tydings came to her anon  
 That all the *Trojan* ships were gone : 48

And then the Queen, with bloody knife,  
 Did arm : her heart as hard as stone :  
 Yet some-what loath to loose her life,  
 In wofull case she made her moan, [a.l. woeful wise.  
 And rowling on her care-full bed,  
 With sighs and sobs, these words she said.

" O wretched *Dido*, Queen ! " quoth she,  
 I see thy end approaching neer, [a.l. approacheth.  
 For he is gone away from thee,  
 Whom thou did'st love and hold so dear :  
 Is he then gone, and passed by ?  
 O heart, prepare thy selfe to dye ! 60

" Though reason would thou should'st forbear,  
 To stop thy hand from bloody stroke,  
 Yet fancy said thou should'st not fear, [sayes.  
 Who fettered thee in *Cupid's* yoke :  
 Come, Death," quoth she, " and end the smart ! "  
 And with those words she pierc'd her heart.

[The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.]

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart  
 Of *Dido*, *Carthagenian* Queen,  
 And bloody knife did end the smart  
 Which she sustain'd in wofull teene,  
*Aeneas* being shipt and gone,  
 Whose flattery caused all her moan : 72

Her Funerall most costly made,  
 And all things finisht mournfully,  
 Her body fine in mould was laid,  
 Where it consumed speedily.  
 Her Sister's tears her Tomb bestrew'd,  
 Her subjects' grief their kindnesse shew'd.



Then was *Æneas* in an Isle,  
 In *Grecia*, where he liv'd long space,  
 Whereas her Sister in short while  
 Wrote to him to his foule disgrace : [*a.l.* lect. vile.  
 In phrase of letters to her mind,  
 She told him plain he was unkind. 84

"False-hearted wretch," quoth she, "thou art,  
 And trayterously thou hast betray'd [*a.l.* treacherously.  
 Unto thy lure a gentle heart,  
 Which unto thee such welcome made ;  
 My Sister dear, and *Carthage* joy,  
 Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

"Yet on her death-bed when she lay  
 She pray'd for thy prosperity,  
 Beseeching God that every day  
 Might breed the[e] great felicity :  
 Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend ;  
 Heaven send thee such untimely end ! " 96

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
 Perused had, and weigh'd them right,  
 His lofty courage then did fall,  
 And streight appeared in his sight  
 Queen *Dido's* Ghost, both grim and pale,  
 Which made this valiant Souldier quail.

"*Æneas*," quoth this grisly Ghost, [*a.l.* ghastly.  
 "My whole delight while I did live ;  
 Thee of all men I loved most,  
 My fancy and my will did give :  
 For entertainment I thee gave,  
 Unthankfully thou digg'dst my Grave, 108

"Wherefore prepare thy fleeting Soule  
 To wander with me in the ayre,  
 Where deadly grief shall make it howle,  
 Because of me thou took'st no care.  
 Delay no time ! thy glass is run,  
 Thy date is past, and Death is come."

"O stay awhile, thou lovely spright ! [*Æneas* replies.  
 Be not so hasty to convey  
 My soul into eternall night,  
 Where it shall nere behold bright day :  
 O do not frown ! thy angry look  
 Hath made my breath my life forsooke. 120

“ But woe is me, it is in vain, [*al. lect.*, all is in vain.  
 And bootlesse is my dismall cry ;  
 Time will not be recal'd again,  
 Nor thou surcease before I dye :  
 O let me live, to make amends  
 Unto some of thy dearest friends ! [text, “my.”]

“ But feeling thou obdurate art,  
 And wilt no pity to me show,  
 Because from thee I did depart,  
 And left unpaid what I did owe,  
 I must content my selfe to take  
 What lot thou wilt with me partake.” 132

And like one being in a Trance,  
 A multitude of ugly fiends  
 About this wofull Prince did dance,  
 No help he had of any friends :  
 His body then they tooke away,  
 And no man knew his dying day.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.*

[The Bagford copy was licensed and entred according to Order: *London*, printed by and for *W[m]. O[nley]*, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-Bridge*. Euing, 87, for *Coles, Vere, and J. Wright*; *Ibid.*, 88, by and for *A. Milbourne*, in white-letter. 2nd Roxb., is of Aldermay Church-yard; Pepys, I. 84, for *John Wright*; *Ibid.*, I. 548, for *Clark, Thackeray, and Passinger* (Cf. p. 547). In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a small fragment of procession at opening of Parliament, 1640, King Charles I. on horseback; 2nd, the Turkish ship (like one below), also belonging to *Captain Ward* pamphlet, mentioned on p. 410 *ante*; 3rd, new cut of the burning city, meant to represent destruction of Troy, with a Knight and Lady. 2nd Roxburghe has only one woodcut, across both columns: of Dido meeting *Æneas* on the sea-shore. Date of re-moulding, May, 1603. An original issue, 1564-5, of “A ballett intituled *The Wanderynge Prynce*,” entered to T. Colwell, in Stationers’ Registers (*Transcript* I. 270), was probably distinct from ours.]



[This cut belonged to John Taylor's *Praise of Hempseed*, 1620.]

### Constant Penelope: A Looking-Glass for Ladies.

"From night to morn I take my glass,  
In hope to forget my Chloe."—*Old Song*.

**E**XEMPLARY people, of unassailable moral propriety, are unfortunately addicted to make their possession of all the cardinal virtues a public and private nuisance, by pharasaical self-proclamation and obtrusiveness. It need not be wondered at that good-tempered, easy-going sinners give them a wide berth; not having Bensonian ethics laid to heart as regulating their choice and affections. To find "Constant Penelope" held aloft throughout the ages, as a model for imitation, "A Looking Glass for Ladies," when addicted to taking a glass at odd moments, must be as trying an ordeal to the bewitching but worryingly incomprehensible sex, as it was for the proverbial ostracizer in Athens, whose sole objection to his guide, philosopher and friend, at voting-time with the shard, was that he was weary of hearing him called "Aristides the Just."

Readers who have lost confidence in "pious Æneas," as we have in most demonstratively pious hypocrites from the Puritans upward (there is no going downward to a deeper deep than those gentry), will be glad to resume acquaintance with the much nobler "wandering Prince" Odysseus, "he the wise and good Ulysses, kept from Ithaca so long." We see his impress on his Penny (unknown to numismatical classic-coin collectors), the girl he left behind him, and whom he found still desirable but somewhat the worse for un-wear at his return. "Match'd with an aged wife," Tennyson showed him, when the old insatiable longing had recaptured him, and tempted him "to sail beyond the sunset, and the baths, of all the western stars until he die." Although there are extant three copies, distinct publications of our ballad, which is above the average of merit, it is remarkable that it appears to have been never reprinted in modern time, except in Percy's *Reliques*, Book iii. of third vol., 1765, etc.

We must not quit *Troy Town* memories, or 'Dido Dumb,' or 'Pious Æneas'! (so named from his filial attention to Anchises, beside his supposed obedience to the Gods: paying his own expenses and taking his pleasure by the way,) without giving a ballad that was sung so early as 1618; and quoted by Humfrey Crouch, 1637, in his *Love's Court of Conscience* (cf. p. 543); music in *Pills*, vi. 192:—

#### The Sonet of Dido and Æneas.

"Dido was a Carthage Queen, and loved a Troian Knight, [a. l. When D.  
Which wand'ring many a coast had seen, and many a dreadful fight;  
As they a hunting rode, a showre drove them in a lucklesse hour  
Into a darksome Cave,  
Where Æneas, with his charms, lockt Queene Dido in his arms,  
And had what he would crave.

"Dido Hymen's rites forgot, her love was wing'd with haste;  
Her honour she regarded not, but in her brest him plac't.  
And when her love was new begun, Jove sent down his winged sonne  
To fright Æneas' sleeping.  
Who bade him by [the] break of day from Queen Dido steale away,  
Which made her fall a weeping.

Dido wept, but what of this? the Gods would have it so:  
Æneas nothing did amisse, for he was forc't to go.  
Learn, Lordlings, then no vows to keep with false loves, but let them weep;  
'Tis folly to be true.  
Let this lesson serve your turn, and let twenty Didoes mourn,  
So you get daily new."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. p. 284; Rawlinson, 83; Jersey, I. 241; Pepys, IV. 81.]

## A Looking Glass for Ladies;

Or,

### A Mirrour for Married Women.

Libely setting forth the rare Constancy, Chastity, Patience, and Purity of *Penelope*, the Wife of *Ulysses*, one of the *Grecian* Generals, who during the Ten Years' absence of her Husband at the siege of *Troy*, was solicited, and importun'd, by numbers of Eminent Suitors; who attempted her Chastity, and endeaboured to violate her Honour; but never could prevail. She addicted her self wholly to Charity, and good Housewifery, until her Husband's return. Which may serve as a Pattern for all Ladies, Gentlewomen, and others to imitate her virtuous Example.

With Allowance.

TUNE OF *Queen Dido*; or, *Troy Town*. [See p. 547.]

When *Greeks* and *Trojans*, fell at strife,  
And Lords in armour bright were seen,  
When many a Gallant lost his life,  
About fair *Hellen*, beautie's queen:  
*Ulysses*, General so free,  
Did leave his dear *Penelope*.

When she this woful news did hear,  
That he would to the Warrs of *Troy*,  
For grief she shed full many a tear,  
At parting from her onely joy;  
Her Ladies all about her came,  
To comfort up this *Grecian* Dame.

12

*Ulysses*, with a heavy heart,  
Unto her then did mildly say,  
"The time is come that we must part,  
My honour calls me hence away;  
Yet in my absence, dearest, be  
My constant Wife, *Penelope*."

"Let me no longer live," she said,  
"Than to my Lord I true remain;  
My honour shall not be betraid,  
Until I see my love again:  
For ever I will constant prove,  
As is the harmless *Turtle-Dove*."

24

Thus did they part with heavy cheer,  
 And to the Ships his way he took ;  
 Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,  
 Still casting many a longing look :  
 She saw him on the surges glide,  
 And unto *Neptune* thus she cry'd :

“Thou God, whose power is in the Deep,  
 And rulest in the Ocean Main ;  
 My loving Lord in safety keep,  
 Till he return to me again :  
 That I his person may behold,  
 Which I esteem far more than gold.”

36

Then straight the ships with nimble sayls,  
 Were all convey'd out of her sight,  
 Her cruel fate she then bewails,  
 Since she had lost her heart's delight :  
 “Now shall my practice be,” quoth she,  
 “True vertue and humility.”

“My patience I will put in ure,  
 And charity I will extend,  
 Since for my woe there is no cure,  
 The helpless now I will befriend :  
 The Widdow and the Fatherless,  
 I will relieve, when in distress.”

[i.e. practice.]

48

Thus she continued, year by year,  
 In doing good to every one ;  
 Her fame was noised everywhere,  
 To young and old the same was known :  
 No company that she would mind,  
 Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Meanwhile *Ulysses* fought for Fame,  
 'Mongst *Trojans* hazarding his life,  
 Young Gallants hearing of her name,  
 Came flocking for to tempt his wife :  
 For she was lovely, young and fair,  
 No lady might with her compare.

60

With costly gifts, and jewels fine  
 They did endeavour her to win,  
 With banquets, and the choicest wine,  
 For to allure her unto Sin :  
 Most persons were of high degree,  
 Who courted fair *Penelope*.

With modesty and comely grace,  
Their wanton suits she did deny ;  
No tempting charms could ere deface  
Her dearest Husband's memory ;  
But constant she did still remain,  
Hopeing to see him once again. 72

Her Book her daily practice was,  
And that she often did peruse ;  
She seldom looked in her glass,  
Powder and paint she did not use ;  
I wish all ladies were as free  
From Pride, as was *Penelope*.  
She in her Needle took delight,  
And likewise in her Spinning-wheel,  
Her maids about her, all, she taught,  
To use the Distaff, and the Reel :  
The Spiders that on rafters twine,  
Scarce spins a thread more pure and fine. 84

Sometimes she would bewail the loss  
And absence of her dearest love ;  
Sometimes she thought the Seas to cross,  
Her fortune on the waves to prove :  
"I fear my lord is slain," quoth she,  
"He stays so from *Penelope*."  
At length the Ten years' Siege of *Troy*  
Did end, the flames the City burn'd ;  
Which to the *Grecians* was great joy,  
To see the Towers to ashes turn'd :  
Then came *Ulysses* home to see  
His constant Dear, *Penelope*. 96

Then blame her not if she was glad,  
When she her Lord again had seen :  
"O welcome home, my dear," she said,  
"A long time absent you have been :  
The wars shall never me deprive,  
Of thee again, whilst I'm alive."  
Young ladies may example take,  
And by this lesson they may learn,  
And keep this pattern for her sake,  
'Twixt vice and virtue to discern :  
And let all women strive to be  
As constant as *Penelope*. 108

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[Black-letter. Five cuts : 1st and 3rd on p. 552 ; 2nd, the ship, p. iv ; 4th, ditto, repeated ; 5th, the couple on p. 419, right, of vol. iii.]



## The Tragedy of Hero and Leander.

“ On *Hellespont*, guilty of true love's blood,  
 In view and opposite two cities stood,  
 Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by *Neptune's* might ;  
 The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.  
 At *Sestos* *Hero* dwelt ; *Hero* the fair,  
 Whom young *Apollo* courted for her hair,  
 And offer'd as a dower his burning throne, [N.B.]  
 Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon. . . . .  
 It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
 For Will is over-rul'd by Fate. . . . .  
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight ;  
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight.” [N.B.]

—*Hero and Leander*, by Christopher Marlow.

NOT printed until 1598, five years after the untimely death of Marlow (followed by a second edition with completion by George Chapman), the unfinished poem, *Hero and Leander*, by nobility of style, the rich sonorous music, the tender pathos and beauty of the Sestiads, deserved the high honour received from Shakespeare a few months later, by being in so unexampled a manner quoted, and the silent singer with his ‘mighty line’ affectionately addressed,

*Phæbe*.—“ Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
 ‘ Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ! ’ ”

—*As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 5.

Seeing that this clearly refers to Marlow (to be recognized by every contemporary), we may feel certain that the playful allusion to the same theme, in the self-same comedy, resulted from the dead shepherd's bequest of his theme:—

*Rosalind*.—“ Leander, he would have lived many a fair year though *Hero* had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot Midsummer-night ; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the *Hellespont*, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned : and the foolish coroners of that age found it was ‘ *Hero of Sestos*. ’ But these are all lies.”

—*As You Like It*, Act iv. sc. 1.

Moreover (parathetically we note), Marlow's words on Helen's beauty, “ Was this the face that launched a thousand ships ” (cf. p. 545) were remembered and quoted, when Shakespeare had anew to describe Helen in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. sc. 2, “ She is a pearl, whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships.”

Even, the Duke's speech in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1, “ Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne ” was an additional token of Shakespeare's remembrance of Marlow. (See our motto above.) Others were the playful quotations of “ By shallow rivers,” etc., in *The Merry Wives*, from Marlow's pastoral song, “ Come live with me ” ; and Pistol's “ Holloa ! you pamper'd jades of Asia,” from *2nd Henry IV.*, from *Tamburlaine*, Part II. iv. 4.

The tune used for our “ Tragedy of *Hero and Leander* ” is known from the burden of the original, *I'll never love thee more !* a ballad temp. *Jacob. I.*, beginning, “ My dear and only love, take heed.” On our p. 581, we here give (from *Roxb. Coll.*, III. 579) the song

written by the brave Montrose (after he had awakened from being misled by the rebellious Covenanters in the north), loyally fighting to make reparation for his first error: he kept the same burden, and began similarly with "My dear and only love, I pray." Ours is the only known broadside copy of early date. It is reprinted by James Watson, in his *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, part iii. p. 107, 1711. The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 380, from Gamble's MS., 1659, and it is also in *The Dancing Master* of 1686. It is the same tune as *O no, no, no! not yet*, a tune cited already in these *Roxburghe Ballads* (reprinted in vols. i. p. 282, "Death's Dance;" ii. 198, "A Pleasant Ditty of a Maiden's Vow;" iii. 179, "The Pensive Prisoner's Apology," alternated with the tune of Lovelace's *When Love with unconfined wings*). The original ballad appears to be "The Night Encounter," of *Merry Drollery*, p. 69, 1661, and *Merry Drollery Compleat*, p. 250, 1670, 1691; it was reprinted under the present Editor in 1875, by Robert Roberts of Boston, beginning thus,

When Phæbus had drest his course to the West, [=address.  
To take up his rest below,  
And Cynthia agreed in her glittering weed  
Her light in his stead to bestow;  
I walking alone, attended by none,  
I suddenly heard one cry,  
"O do not, do not kill me yet,  
For I am not prepared to die."

In our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 142, 1877, we reprinted "The Swimming Lady," beginning "The Four and Twenty day of June," to the same tune. To this tune was sung "I wish I was those gloves, dear heart!" which is a proper new ballad on the Regret of a true Lover for his Mistress's Unkindness (Roxb. Coll., II. 574). Others are in Douce Coll., III. 86 verso and 87 verso; also the Pepysian Coll., Vol. I. pp. 256, 280, 278, and 394, all to the same tune.

Our ensuing ballad was included by our well-loved friend the late John Payne Collier in his *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 227, 1847. He also indicates the translation from Martial's Epigram at the close of our third stanza. A Pepysian ballad by William Meash, "*Leander's Love for Loyal Hero*," to the tune of *Shackley Hay* (v. *Popular Music*, 367), beginning, "Two famous lovers once there was" (*Percy Folio MS.* iii. 296), was printed at London by J. W., i.e. John Wright. There is a modernization of our ballad in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, part iv., 1740, "Hero and Leander: an old Ballad," beginning with our second stanza, "*Leander on the Bay of Hellespont all naked stood.*" Also in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1791 reprint, vol. i. 258. Martial's line is:—

Parcite, dum propero; mergite, dum redeo.—*Spect. Liber*, xxv.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 152 ; Euing, No. 347 ; Douce, II. 224 *verso*.]

## The Tragedy of Hero and Leander ;

### Or, The Two Unfortunate Lovers.

Famous *Leander* for his love renown'd,  
In crossing of the *Hellespont* was drown'd ;  
And *Hero* when his corps she once espy'd,  
She leapt into the waves, and with him dy'd.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE ; OR, *I will never love thee more*. [See pp. 556, 583.]

COME, mournful Muse, assist my quill, whilst I with grief relate,  
A story of two Lovers true, cut off by cruel fate :  
Death onely parts united hearts, and brings them to their graves,  
Whilst others sleep within the deep, or perish in the waves.

*Leander* on the bay of bliss, *Pontus*, he naked stood ;  
In passion of delay he sprang into the fatal flood.  
The rageing seas, none can appease, his fortune ebbs and flows,  
The heaven down showres, and rain down pours, and the wind  
aloft it blows. 8

The Lad forsook the land, and did unto the Gods complain,  
" You rocks, you rugged waves, you elements of hail and rain !  
What 'tis to miss true Lovers' bliss, alas ! you do not know ;  
Make me a wrack as I come back, but spare me as I go."

" Behold on yonder tower, see, where my fair beloved lyes !  
This th' appointed hour, hark how she on *Leander* crys !"  
The Gods were mute, unto his sute, the billows answered, " No ;"  
The surges rise up to the skyes, but he sank down below. 16

Sweet *Hero*, like dame *Venus* fair, all in her Turrit stood,  
Expecting of her Lover dear, who crossing was the flood :  
A feeble light, through darksome night, she set her Love to guide :  
With waveing arms, and love's alarms, with a voice full loud she cry'd.

" You cruel waves, some pitty show unto my dearest friend ;  
And you, tempestuous winds that blow, at this time prove more kind :  
O, waft my love secure to shore, that I his face may see ;  
With tears your help I do implore, your pitty lend to me." 24

" Let each kind Dolphin now befriend, and help my love along ;  
And bring him to his journey's end, before his breath is gone ;  
Let not a wave become his grave, and part us both for ever ;  
Pitty my grief, send him relief, and help him now or never."

The fierce and cruel tempest did most violently rage ;  
Not her laments nor discontents its fury could assuage ;  
The winds were high, and he must dye, the Fates did so ordain :  
It was design'd, he ne'r should find his dearest Love again. 32

She spread her silken vail for-to secure the blazing light,  
To guide her Love, lest on the rocks his wearied limbs should smite :  
But cruel Fate, it prov'd his date, and caused him to sleep ;  
She from above, beheld her love lye drowned in the deep.

Her show'ry eyes with tears brought in the tide before its time ;  
Her sad lamenting groans likewise unto the skys did climb :  
" O Heavens! (quoth she) against poor me, do you your forces bend?"  
Then from the Walls in haste she falls, to meet her dying friend.  
Her new bedewed arms about his senceless corps she clipps, ["new."  
And many kisses spent in vain upon his dying lipps :  
Then wav'd her hands unto the lands, singing with dying pride,  
" Go, tell the world, in billows strong, I with my Love have dy'd."  
Thus did they both their breath resign unto the will of Fate ;  
And in the deep, imbrace and twine, when Death did end their date.  
Let Lovers all example take, and evermore prove true,  
For *Hero* and *Leander's* sake, who bids you all adieu. 48

Printed for *R. Burton*, at the *Horse-shoos* in *West Smithfield*, neer  
the *Hospital-gate*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, half-lengths of a hatted Cavalier and Lady; 2nd,  
Ships, on p. 413; 3rd, a Lady, busto. Date, circa 1649. Cf. pp. 541-542.]



### An Excellent Sonnet of the Two Unfortunate Lovers, *Hero* and *Leander*.

"Priscian a little scratched. 'Twill serve."—*Love's Labour Lost*, Act v. sc. 1.

WE entertain a faint suspicion that Humfrey Crouch (who avowedly wrote the "Excellent Sonnet of the Unfortunate Loves of *Hero* and *Leander*") was the unnamed author of our earlier written *Roxburghe Ballad*, p. 564, entitled, "*Gerhard's Mistress*," beginning, "Be gone, thou fatal Fiery Fever." Crouch met us in "*The Greeks and Trojan Warres*," on p. 544; and comes once more into this volume with a poem, not ballad, on "*Guy, Earl of Warwick*," *post*. It is permissible to express wonder at the glaring oversight whereby he misrepresents the respective sex of the two hapless lovers. To interchange them thus, when unable to defend themselves, was "adding a fresh terror to death": like having one's Obituary celebration written by Walter Maitland, and sung to a 'hanging tune.' Humfrey Crouch's classical knowledge cannot have been profound or expansive, for he thought the Hellespont was a river, though no doubt his readers were content; since the water drowned the young people, whether it were salt or fresh. But to name the lady of Sestos '*Leander*,' and the swimming youth of Abydos a '*Hero*' (a less unnatural blunder, suggestive in its way), was inexcusable. If in the manner of Sterne's Obadiah, when sorely badgered, concerning the mishap caused by the other Jackass, Crouch similarly tried to shirk the responsibility, saying that it was not *his* fault, we are apt to be incredulous, like Father Shandy, who replied, "How, do I know that?"

The five-line *Argument* on next page is from second copy (Roxb. Coll., III. 478, reprinted by *J. White* of *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, with two cuts, circa 1755).

[Roxb. Coll., III. 150, 478; Pepys, III. 322; Douce, 195 *verso*; Euing, 89.]

## An Excellent Sonnet of the Unfortunate Loves of Hero and Leander.

TUNE OF *Gerard's Mistress*. [See note on pp 566.]

[Giving an Account how *Leander* fell in love with the famous *Hero*; but being disappointed by her cruel Father, who confined her in a Tower, *Leander* resolving to swim over the *Hellespont* to fetch her away, a mighty Storm arose, and he was drowned near her window; for sorrow of which, she leaped into the Sea to him.]

Hero.

[For *Hero* read *Leander* and *vice versa*, *passim*.

[= *Hero*, see p. 559.

“HOW fares my fair *Leander*?

O vouchsafe to speak, lest my heart break,

I banisht am from thy sweet company;

'Tis not thy Father's anger can abate my love, [al. *lect.*, 'abase.'

I still will prove

Thy faithful friend until such time I dye; though Fate

And Fortune doth conspire to interrupt our love :

In spite of Fate and Fortune's hate,

8

I still will constant prove,

And though

Our angry friends in malice now our bodies part,

Nor friends nor foes, nor fears nor blows,

Shall separate our hearts.”

[Line 18 in original.

Leander.

[i.e. *Hero*.

“What voice is this that calls *Leander*

From her bower? from yonder Tower,

The eccho of this voice doth sure proceed.”

16

Hero.

[i.e. *Leander*.

“*Leander*, 'tis thy *Hero*, fain

Would come to thee, if it might be,

Thy absence makes my tender heart to bleed, but oh!

This pleasant river *Hellespont*, which is the people's wonder,

These waves so high do injury, by parting us asunder,

And though there's Ferry-men good store,

Yet none will stand my friend,

To waft me o'er to that fair shore,

24

Where all my grief shall end.”



**Leander.**

[*Hero.*

"*Hero*, though I [*Leander*,]  
Am thy constant Lover still, and ever will,  
My angry Father is thy Enemy; He still  
Doth strive to keep 's asunder;  
Now and then, Poor Ferry men!  
They dare not waft thee over, lest they dye.  
Nor yet, dare they convey me, unto my dear *Hero* now; [= *Leander.*  
My father's rage will not assuage, nor will the same allow.  
Be patient  
Then, dear *Hero*, now, as I am true to thee; [= *Leander.*  
Even so I trust thou art as just, and faithful unto me." 36

**Hero.**

[= *Leander.*

"Is there no way to stay  
An angry Father's wrath, whose fury hath  
Bereav'd his child of comfort and content?"

**Leander.**

[= *Hero.*

"O no! Dear *Hero*, there's no way  
That I do know, to ease my Woe;  
My days of joy and comfort now are spent.  
You may,  
As well go tame a lyon in the wilderness,  
As to persuade my Father's aid, to help me in distress.  
His anger, and this River, hath kept us asunder long;  
He hath his will, his humour still,  
And we have all the wrong." 48

**Hero.**

[*Leander.*

"'Tis not thy Father's anger  
Nor this River deep, the which shall keep,  
Me from the imbracements of my dearest friend;  
For through this silver Stream my way I mean to take,  
Even for thy sake.  
For thy dear sake my dearest life I'll spend,  
Though waves and winds should both conspire  
Mine enemies to be;  
My love's so strong, I fear no wrong can happen unto me:  
O meet me in thy garden  
Where this pleasant river glides,  
Lend me thy hand, draw me to land,  
What ever me betides." 60



“Now must I make my tender  
 Slender arms my oars! Help! watry powers,  
 Yea, little fishes, teach me how to swim!  
 And all the sea-nymphs guard me, unto yonder banks!  
    I’ll give you thanks;  
 Bear up my body, strengthen every limb!  
 I come, *Leander*, now prepare thy lovely arms for me!      [*Hero.*]  
 I come, dear love! assist me, *Jove*, I may so happy be!”  
 But oh! a mighty tempest rose, and he was drown’d that tide,  
    In her fair sight, his heart’s delight,  
    And so with grief she dy’d.      72

But when her aged Father  
 These things understands, he wrings his hands,  
 And tears his hoary hair from off his head;  
 Society he shuns and doth forsake his meat,  
    His grief’s so great:  
 And oft doth make the lowly ground his bed.  
 “O, my *Leander*! would that I had dyed to save thy life;  
 Or that I had, when I was sad,  
    Made thee brave *Hero*’s wife!      [*Read Leander’s.*]  
 It was my trespass, and I do confess  
    I wronged thee;  
    Posterity shall know hereby,  
    The fault lay all in me.      84

“But since the waves have cast  
 His body on the land, upon the sand,  
 His corps[e] shall buried be in solemn wise;  
 One grave shall serve them both, and one most stately Tomb:  
    She’ll make him room,  
 Although her corps[e] be breathless where she lies.  
 Ye Fathers, have a special care now, whatsoe’er you do!  
 For those that parts true loyal hearts,  
    Themselves were never true.  
 Though Fate and Fortune crosse poor Lovers,  
    Sometimes, as we know,  
    Pray understand, have *you* no hand  
    Even in their overthrow!”      96

*Finis.*    [*Written by*] **H[umfrey] Crouch.**

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

[In Black-letter, duplicate of Euing’s exemplar at Glasgow, formerly J. O. Halliwell’s. Douce’s, by and for *W. O.* Four woodcuts: 1st, the youth on p. 585, left, of vol. iii.; 2nd, the woman in *this* vol. p. 166, right; 3rd and 4th, man and woman, on p. 168. Date, *circa* 1661.]

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 300 ; III. 901 ; Bagford, II. 120 ; Jersey, II. 174 ; Pepys, III. 324, 344 ; Douce, I. 133, 136 ; III. 39 ; Euing, 171 ; Huth, I. 162.]

## The Love-Sick Maid ;

Or,

### Cordelia's Lamentation for the absence of her Gerhard.

TO A PLEASANT NEW [PLAYHOUSE] TUNE.

“ **B**Egone !  
 Thou fatal fiery feaver, now be gone !  
                                     Let Love alone,  
 Let his ethereal flames possess my breast,  
                                     His fires  
 From thy consuming heat no aid requires,  
                                     For swift desires  
 Transports my passion to a throne of rest ;  
                                     Where I,  
 Who, in the pride of health,  
 Did never feel such warmth to move,  
 By sickness tam'd am so inflam'd,  
 I know no joys but love :  
                                     And he,  
 That trifled many tedious hours  
 Away, my love to try,  
 In little space hath gain'd the grace,  
 To have more power than I.

18

“ Depart !  
 Thou scorching fury, quick from me depart !  
                                     Think not my heart  
 To thy dull flame shall be a sacrifice ;  
                                     A Maid,  
 Dread *Cupid*, now is on thy Altar laid,  
                                     By thee betray'd ;  
 A rich oblation to restore thine eyes :  
                                     But yet,  
 My fair acknowledgment  
 Will prove thou hadst no craft  
 To bend thy Bow against thy foe,  
 That aim'd to catch the shaft :  
                                     For if  
 That at my breast thy arrows  
 Thou all at once let flie,  
 She that receives a thousand sheaves,  
 Can do no more but dye.

[See Note, p. 364.]

36

[Note.—Thus far we print with the wasteful expenditure of space, in broken lines, following the text, to show the system. *We compress the 18-line stanzas.*]

"No more!  
 You learn'd physitians, tire your brains no more,  
                     Pray give me o're!  
 Mine is a cure in Physick never read;  
 Although you skilful Doctors all the world doth know,  
                     Pray let me go! [a. l. In Learning flow.]  
 You may as well make practice on the Dead;  
     But if  
 My *Gerrard* dai[g]n to view me, with the glory of his looks,  
 I make no doubt to live without Physitians and their books.  
     'Tis he  
 That with his balmed kisses can restore my latest breath;  
 What bliss is this, to gain a Kiss, ["That."]  
 Can save a maid from death? 54

    "To you,  
 That tell me of another World, I bow,  
                     and will allow  
 Your Sacred Precepts, if you'll grant me this,  
                     That he  
 Whom I esteem of next the Deity  
                     May go with me,  
 Without whose presence there can be no bliss:  
     Go, teach  
 Your Tenets of Eternity to those that aged be!  
 And not perswade a Love-sick Maid  
 There's any heaven but he.  
     But stay!  
 Methinks an icy slumber hath possest my frenzy'[d] brain;  
 Pray bid him dye, if you see I shall never wake again." 72

*Note.*—Instead of our broadside reading at end of the second stanza,

"For if that at my breast thy arrows thou all at once let flie,  
 She that receives a thousand sheaves can do no more but dye."

The following is the version used by Henry Bold for his translation in 1664:—

Nor did I fear, though at my Bosom, all at once,  
     Such Darts did move;  
 She that receives a thousand sheaves,  
     She can no more but love.

Henry Bold published this ballad, "An excellent new Song called *Gerhard* and his Mistress," in his *Poems Lyrique*, etc., p. 105, with his parodies of it, beginning, "Away, you grievous things call'd Mistresses!" as "A Mock to 'Be gone, thou fatal fiery fever!'" followed by "Away you fool! wilt thou love less?" and Henry Bold's own Answer, "Now thou knowest, I love more." The 1664 version ends without "The Answer," of our pp. 565, 566. The phrase 'playhouse tune' suggests that the first two stanzas were the entire original song, at some theatre, in a lost drama. All that follow are mere ballad-monger's work. Was it by *Humphrey Crouch*? He copied both rhythm and tune, on p. 560.

*The Young-Man's Answer ; or, his Dying Breath,  
Lamenting for his fair Cordelia's Death.*

TO A DELIGHTFUL NEW TUNE.

"Come on ! thou fatal messenger from her that's gone ;  
    Lest I alone  
Within that quenchless flame for ever fry ;  
The Lake of love being kindled, wherein none can take  
    rest, but [to] wake  
Where slumber hath no power to close the eye ;  
    Whilst I,  
That by my fair *Cordelia* desire to take a sleep,  
With lids wide-spread upon my bed, am forc'd a watch to keep :  
    And she,  
That waited many tedious hours, my constancy to try,  
Is now at rest, while I, opprest, fain would but cannot dye.  
"Dispatch, thou scorching Fury, quickly now dispatch !  
    By Death I watch  
To be releast from this tormenting flame ;  
The Dart, sent from dread *Cupid*, sticks fast in my heart,  
    I, wanting art,  
Had not the power for to resist the same ; though she,  
Who, by her late acknowledgement,  
Profest thou had'st no craft, [the shaft :  
Yet from thy bow thou mad'st her know what power lay in  
    But then  
Thou sent'st another arrow, which me of hopes bereft ;  
Most like a foe, to wound me so, for whom no cure is left.  
"Wherefore did you Physitians give my Mistress o're ?  
    Had you no more  
Experience, but what you in books have read ?  
Or why (you learned Doctors) did you cease to try  
    Your skills, when I  
Might have reviv'd her, if she'd not been dead ?  
    And yet  
Suppose that I in person had present been to view her ;  
Is there such grace in any face to work so great a cure ?  
    But now  
I'm come too late to kiss her, which were it not in vain,  
After her death, I'd spend my breath to fetch her back again.  
"Unto the fair *Elizium*, thither will I go,  
    Whereas I know  
She is amongst those Sacred ones prefer'd. When I  
Shall be admitted for to come so nigh,  
    " Pardon ! " I'll cry,

" For my long absence, wherein I have err'd :  
     And since  
 By her I was esteem'd, so much on Earth, being here,  
 Hence, for her sake, no rest I'll take,  
 Till I have found her there :  
     No more,  
 But only I desire to hear my Passing-Bell ;  
 That Virgins may lament the day  
 Of *Gerhard's* last Farewell."

144

[Printed for *Wm. Onley*. 2nd copy, printed for *Wm. Thackeray*, *Will. Whitwood*, and *Tho. Passinger*.]

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st and 2nd, together, as in vol. iii. p. 664 ; 3rd, p. 84 right, of present vol. Some copies, with our woodcut of p. 104, were printed by and for *A.M.*, i.e. *Andrew Milbourne* ; Douce 2nd is for *W. Thackeray*. Date, certainly a few months or years before 1664. (Cf. p. 564.) Probable date of *Gerhard's Mistress* is 1660. This woodcut belongs to p. 546.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 762; Pepys, III. 142; Wood, E. 25, fol. 75;  
Douce, I. 83 *verso*, III. 30 *vo.*, 110 *vo.*, IV. 26; Euing, 111.]

The  
**Famous Flower of Serbing-Men ;**  
**Or, the Lady turned Serbing-Man.**

[Her Lord being slain, her Father dead,  
Her Bower robb'd, her Servants fled,  
She drest her self in Man's attire,  
She trimm'd her Locks, she cut her Hair.  
And therewithal she chang'd her name,  
From fair *Elise* to Sweet *William*.

*Euing copy.*]

[TO A DELICATE NEW TUNE, or *Flora's Farewell* (cf. p. 105); or *Summer Time*;  
or *Love's Tide*. See Note, p. 570.]

“YOu beaوتous Ladies great and small,  
I write unto you, one and all ;  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in this land.

“I was by birth a Lady fair,  
My father's chief and only heir ;  
But when my good old father dy'd,  
Then I was made a young Knight's bride. 8

“And then my love built me a bower  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower ;  
A braver bower you ne'er did see,  
Than my true-love did build for me. [“ what m.l.”

“But there came thieves late in the night,  
Who rob'd my bower and slew my Knight ;  
And after that my Knight was slain,  
I could no longer there remain. 16

“My servants all did from me fly  
In the midst of my extremity,  
And left me by myself alone,  
With a heart more cold than any stone.

“Yet tho' my heart was full of care,  
Heaven would not suffer me to despair ;  
When in haste I chang'd my name  
From fair ‘*Elise*’ to sweet *William*. [“ *Eliza*.” 24

“And hereupon I curl'd my hair,  
And drest my self in man's attire, [a.l. therewithal.  
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,  
And a golden band about my neck.



" With a silver rapier by my side,  
 Much like a Gallant I did ride ;  
 The thing that I delighted in,  
 It was to be a Serving-man. 32

" Thus cloath'd in sumptuous man's array,  
 I nobly rid along the highway ;  
 And at [the] last it chanced so  
 That I to the King's Court did go.

" Then to the King I bow'd most low,  
 My love and duty for to show ;  
 And so much favour I did crave  
 That I a Serving-man's place might have. 40

" ' Stand up, brave youth ! ' the King reply'd,  
 Thy service shall not be deny'd :  
 But tell me first what thou can'st do ?  
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

" ' Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
 To wait upon my Nobles all,  
 Or wilt thou be tapster of my wine,  
 To wait on me when I do dine ? [a.l. Taster. 48

" ' Or wilt thou be my Chamberlain,  
 To make my bed so soft and fine ?  
 Or wilt thou be one of my Guard,  
 And I'll give thee a great reward ? ' "

Sweet *William* with a smiling face,  
 Said to the King, " May it please your Grace  
 To shew such favor unto me,  
 Your Chamberlain I fain would be." 56

The King did then his Nobles call,  
 For to ask council of them all,  
 Who gave consent Sweet *William* he  
 The King's own Chamberlain should be.

[The Second Part, to the same Tune.]

Now mark what strange thing came to pass,  
 As the King one day a-hunting was,  
 With [all] his Lords and noble train,  
 Sweet *William* did at home remain. 64

Sweet *William* had no company then,  
 With him at home but an old Man ;  
 And when he found the house was clear,  
 He took a Lute that he had near. [orig. "flute."

*The Famous Flower of Serving-Men.*

569

Upon the Lute *Sweet William* play'd,  
And to the same he sung and said,  
With a sweet melodious voice,  
Which made the old man to rejoice :—

[*Ibid.*

72

“My father was as brave a Lord  
As ever *England* did afford,  
My mother was a Lady bright,  
My husband was a valiant Knight :

[*a.l. Europe.*

[*a.l. gorgeous.*

“And I my self a Lady gay,  
Bedeck'd in glorious rich array,  
The bravest Lady in the Land,  
Had no more pleasure at command.

80

“I had my musick every day,  
Harmonious lessons for to play ;  
I had my virgins fair and free,  
Continually to wait on me.

“But now, alas ! my husband's dead,  
And all my friends are from me fled ;  
My former joys are past and gone,  
For now I am a Serving-man.”

88

At last the King from hunting came,  
And presently upon the same,  
He called for his good old man,  
And thus to speak the King began :

[Original *G.o.M.*

“What news, what news, old man ?” said he, [=quoth.  
“What news hast thou to tell to me ?”  
“Brave news,” the old man he did say,  
“*Sweet William* is a Lady gay.”

96

“If this be true thou tell'st to me,  
I'll make thee a Lord of high dégree ;  
But if thy words do prove a lie,  
Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.”

But when the King the truth h[ad] found, [“he found.”  
His joys did more and more abound ;  
According as the old man did say,  
“*Sweet William* was a Lady gay.”

104

Therefore the King, without delay,  
Put on her gallant rich array,  
And on her head a crown of gold,  
Which was most famous to behold.

[*a.l. glorious.*

And then for fear of farther strife,  
 He took 'Sweet-William' for his wife :  
 The like before was never seen,  
 A Serving-Man to become a Queen !

112

[By Laurence Price.]

Printed and Sold in *Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow Lane, London.*

[In White-letter. Two modern woodcuts, not important : 1st, a Lady sumptuously dressed ; 2nd, a poor copy of the female conclave cut, given already in vol. iii. p. 532. Douce copy printed for *Elizabeth Andrews* ; Wood's "for *J. Hose*." In the Euing copy the authorship is marked "By L. P.," for Laurence Price, concerning whom see pp. 64 to 66, and 105 note. Also the list of alternative tunes and the argument motto-verse between title and ballad, here restored to place. With three cuts and in Black-letter. *London*, Printed for *John Andrews*, at the *White Lion* near *Pye-Corner*." Date, *circa* 1657. Pepys copy printed for *W. T.* and *T. P.*, to a dainty Tune, etc.]

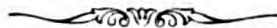
\* \* Doubting the ability of any Lady or Serving-man to sing an autobiographical ditty while playing on the flute, except in symphony or between the stanzas, we follow an older version which renders it 'Lute,' instead of our broadside's 'flute.' Thus 'the faire *Elise*' could sing intelligibly. Bishop Percy's modernizer was probably himself, "I think we do know the sweet Roman hand !" He ignores the *g.o.m.* of line 91, and makes the king overhear the lady's song. Like Othello, "Upon this hint he spake." It is wholly autobiographical and sweetly imbecile. Moreover, the enamoured king makes dishonourable proposals to her, which are rejected, before he advances his bid to an offer of marriage :—

"The richest gifts he proffer'd me, His mistress if that I would be !"

These are the Episcopal "improvements !" (*sic, sic*, "and very sick !")

*Note.*—We here first identify the authorship as by *LAURENCE PRICE*, but have no space or inclination to trace the foreign imitations, analogues, or possible precursors in Swedish and Danish collections ; or the garbled traditional "Sweet Willie" of Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 96. This is one of those genuine story-ballads that gave pleasure of old, and secured popularity, attested by numerous editions. Like most of its class, while failing to stir the emotions by pathetic language, it employs the dramatic style of autobiographic monologue in part, and then reverts to ordinary narrative. It was a bold expedient to make the romantic adventures of this widowed lady effect as great a conquest over the bewildered King as though the 'fair *Elise*' had been a maiden pure, hitherto unawakened to love. We are incapable of deeming her bold and forward. One might as soon think of censuring *Viola*, who captivates the Count *Orsino* ; but in *Twelfth Night* it is the man who is fickle, not the girl who admits a second love.

We have here abundant choice of tunes. For the first tune, *Flora's Farewell* (by the same *Laurence Price*) and our introduction, on pp. 105-107, *ante* ; for the second tune, of the numerous ballads (chiefly of the Robin Hood series), beginning "In Summer-time, when leaves grow green," the tune befitting our "Famous Flower," is given in *Popular Music*, p. 393, belonging to "King Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth," also to "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar." The third tune is of "*Love's Tide* ; or, A Farewell to Folly," a ballad in the Douce Collection, I. 134, beginning, "How cool and temperate am I grown !" Printed for *F. Coles*, etc. To the Tune of, *Wert thou more fairer than thou art*, or *Lusty Bacchus*. Of the original song, "Love in a Calme," printed in Playford's *Select Ayres*, p. 42, 1659, the music was by Henry Lawes.



## Constance of Cleveland.

WE have here a romantic ballad belonging to the first year of James I.'s reign, incontestably entered to William White, on 13th June, 1603 (*vide* Stationers' Company Registers, Book C., fol. 97=vol. iii. p. 237, of Edward Arber's *Transcript*, 1876): again registered as a *Transfer*, 14th Dec., 1624). The already-ancient tune was printed, with the opening line, "'Twas a youthful Knight, which loved a gallant Lady," in the Jan Jans Starter's collection of music, *Frische Lust-Hof*, printed at Amsterdam in 1634, and probably also in earlier editions. The tune had been used in "bloody Mary's" reign for a ballad beginning "*Mary* doth complain, Ladies, be you moved, With my lamentations and my bitter groans." It is in the *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*. Another ballad to the tune of *Crimson Velvet*, beginning "In the days of old, when fair *France* did flourish," was written by Thomas Deloney, entitled "An excellent Ballad of a Prince of England's courtship of the King of France's Daughter;" reprinted by Mr. William Chappell, from Roxb. Coll., I. 102, in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 309; he has also given the tune and the words of our ensuing ballad in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 179. The words alone had been reprinted previously by the late John Payne Collier in his *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 163, in 1847, with remarks that deserve to be quoted completely. It shows how accurately he had guessed the date (the registration is 13 June, 1603 as noted above); he may have remembered having consulted the Registers, when beginning his admirable *Extracts* from them for the genuine Shakespeare Society, that issued so much good unpretentious work deserving of respect and gratitude:—

"This romantic ballad, in a somewhat plain and unpretending style, relates incidents that may remind the reader of the old story of *Titus and Gisippus*, as told in English verse by Edw. Lewicke, as early as 1562: the ballad is not so ancient by, perhaps, thirty or forty years; and the printed copy that has come down to our day is at least fifty years more recent than the date when we believe the ballad to have been first published. The title the broadside ('Printed for F. Coles, J. W., T. Vere, W. Gilbertson,') bears is, 'Constance of Cleveland: a very excellent Sonnet of the most fair Lady Constance of Cleveland and her disloyal Knight.' We conclude that the incidents are mere invention, but 'Constance of Rome' is the name of a play, by Drayton, Munday and Hathway, mentioned in Henslow's Diary under the year 1600 (p. 171). The tune of '*Crimson Velvet*' was highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor."

\* \* None need doubt that the name of the tune is derived from the 185th half-line in Thomas Deloney's 'King of France's Daughter,' mentioned above:—

The Children [they did bring] as their father willed,  
Where the Royal King must of force come by.  
Their mother, richly clad in fair *Crimson Velvet*,  
Their father all in gray, comely to the eye. Etc.

[N.B.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 94 ; Pepys Coll., I. 138, 476 ; Jersey, II. 322.]

## Constance of Clebeland :

A very excellent Sonnet of the most Fair Lady, Constance of Clebeland, and her disloyall Knight.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Crimson Velvet*. [See p. 571.]

IT was a youthfull Knight lov'd a gallant Lady,  
 Fair she was and bright, and of vertues rare,  
 Herself she did behave so courteously as may be,  
 Wedded they were brave, joy without compare.  
 Here began the grief, pain without relief,  
 Her husband soon her love forsook ;  
 To women lewd of mind, being bad inclin'd,  
 He only lent a pleasant look.  
 The Lady she sate weeping while that he was keeping,  
 Company with others moe.  
 " *Her words, my Love, beleeve not ! come to me, and grieve not !*  
*Wantons will thee overthrow.*" 12

His fair Ladie's words nothing he regarded ;  
 Wantonnesse affords such delightfull sport.  
 While they dance and sing, with great mirth prepared,  
 She her hands did wring in most grievous sort.  
 " O what hap had I, thus to wail and cry ?  
 Unrespected every day.  
 Living in disdain, while that others gain  
 All the right I should enjoy.  
 I am left forsaken, others they are taken,  
 Ah, my love, why dost thou so ?  
*Her flatteries beleeve not, come to me and grieve not !*  
*Wantons will thee overthrow.*" 24

The Knight with his fair piece at length the Lady spied,  
 (Who did him daily fleece of his wealth and store),  
 Secretly she stood, while *she* her fashions tryed,  
 With a patient mind, while deep the strumpet swore :  
 " O Sir Knight," quoth she, " so dearly I love thee,  
 My life doth rest at thy dispose.  
 By day and eke by night, for thy sweet delight,  
 Thou shalt me in thy arms inclose.  
 I am thine for ever, still I will persevere  
 True to thee, where ere I go."  
*Her flatteries beleeve not ; come to me, and grieve not !*  
*Wantons will thee overthrow.* 36

The vertuous Lady mild enters then among them,  
 Being big with child as ever she might be.  
 With distilling tears, she looked then upon them,  
 Filled full of fears, thus replied she :  
 “ Ah ! my love, and dear, wherefore stay you here ?  
 Refusing me your loving wife ;  
 For an harlot's sake, which each one will take,  
 Whose vile deeds provoke much strife :  
 Many can accuse her, O my love, refuse her,  
 With thy lady home return !  
*Her flatteries beleave not, come to me, and grieve not !  
 Wantons will thee overthrow.*”

48

All in a fury then, the angry Knight up-started :  
 Very furious when he heard his Ladie's speech.  
 With many bitter terms his wife he ever thwarted,  
 Using hard extreames while she did him beseech.  
 From her neck so white he took away in spite  
 Her curious chain of purest gold,  
 Her jewells and her rings, and all such costly things,  
 As he about her did behold.  
 The harlot in her presence, he did gentle reverence,  
 And to her he gave them all.  
 He sent away his Lady, full of wo as may be,  
 Who in a swoond with grief did fall.

60

[The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.]

At the Ladye's wrong the Harlot fleer'd and laughed ;  
 Enticements are so strong, they overcome the wise ;  
 The Knight nothing regarded to see the Lady scoffed,  
 Thus was she rewarded for her enterprize.  
 The Harlot all this space did him oft imbrace,  
 She flatters him, and thus doth say :—  
 “ For thee I'll dye and live, for thee my Faith I'll give,  
 No wo shall work my love's decay,  
 Thou shalt be my treasure, thou shalt be my pleasure,  
 Thou shalt be my heart's delight.  
 I will be thy darling, I will be thy worldling,  
 In despite of Fortune's spight.”

72

Thus he did remain in wastfull great expences,  
 Till it bred his pain, and consum'd him quite.  
 When his lands were spent, troubled in his sences,  
 Then he did repent of his late lewd life.



For relief he hyes, for relief he flyes,  
 To them on whom he [had] spent his gold ;  
 They do him deny, they do him defie,  
 They will not once his face behold.  
 Being thus distressed, being thus oppressed,  
 In the fields that night he lay,  
 Which the harlot knowing, through her malice growing,  
 Sought to take his life away.

84

A young and proper lad they had slain in secret,  
 For the gold he had, whom they did convey,  
 By a Ruffian lewd, to that place directly,  
 Where the youthfull Knight fast a-sleeping lay.  
 The bloody dagger then, wherewith they kill'd the man,  
 Hard by the knight he likewise laid,  
 Sprinkling him with blood, as he thought it good,  
 And then no longer there he stayd.  
 The Knight being so abused was forthwith accused,  
 For this murder which was done ;  
 And he was condemned, that had not offended :  
 Shamefull death he might not shun.

96

When the Lady bright understood the matter,  
 That her wedded Knight was condemn'd to dye,  
 To the King she went with all the speed that might be :  
 Where she did lament her hard destiny.  
 " Noble King " (quoth she) " pitty take on me,  
 And pardon my poor husband's life :  
 Else I am undone, with my little son :  
 Let mercy mitigate this grief."  
 " Lady fair, content thee, soon thou would'st repent thee,  
 If he should be saved so.  
 Sore he hath abus'd thee, sore he hath misus'd thee,  
 Therefore, Lady, let him go."

108

" O my liege," quoth she, " grant your gracious favour,  
 Dear he is to me, though he did me wrong."  
 The King reply'd again, with a stern behaviour,  
 " A Subject he hath slain, dye he shall e're long,  
 Except [that] thou canst find any one so kind  
 That will dye and let him free."  
 " Noble King," she said, " glad am I apaid,  
 That same person will I be.  
 I will suffer duly, I will suffer truly,  
 For my Love and husband's sake."  
 The King thereat amazed, though he her beauty praised,  
 He bad[e] from thence they should her take.

120

It was the King's command, on the morrow after,  
 She should out of hand to the Scaffold go :  
 Her husband was to bear meanwhile the sword before her,  
 He must eke, alas ! give the deadly blow.  
 He refus'd the deed, she bid him proceed,  
 With a thousand kisses sweet.  
 In this wofull case, they did both imbrace,  
 Which mov'd the Ruffians in the place  
 Straight for to discover this concealed murder,  
 Whereby the Lady saved was.  
 The harlot then was [starved], as she well deserved : ["hanged."  
 This did virtue bring to passe. 132

Printed for *F. Coles, J. W[right], T. Vere, W. Gilbertson.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st, the woman and man on p. 209 ; 2nd, the black-hatted figure of p. 281, Left ; 3rd, the Woman in hoop with feather-fan, of vol. i. 253. Date of original issue, as registered, 13th June, 1603. Our exemplar was printed later, after the Pepysian (for Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke), c. 1655. The penultimate line "might have rhymed," says Horatio.]

## The New Baloo.

"Peace, wayward bairn ! O cease thy mone !  
 Thy far more wayward Daddy's gone,  
 And never will recalled be  
 By cryes of either thee or me :  
 For should we cry until we dye,  
 We could not scant his cruelty. *Ballow, Ballow, etc.*  
 "He needs might in himself foresee  
 What thou successively might'st be ;  
 And could he then (though me forego)  
 His Infant leave 'ere he did know  
 How like the Dad would be the Lad,  
 In time to make fond maidens glad ? *Ballow, Ballow, etc.*

—Brome's *Northern Lasse*, Act. iv. Sc. 4, 1632.

THERE have been acrimonious controversies carried on, without dignity or knowledge, in recent years, concerning one or other of the versions extant of a song known as "*Baloo*" or "*Balow my Babe !*" We can first settle the authorship of the original *Balloo* "*Lullaby*"—the writer of which was neither Scotchman nor Scotchwoman, Lady Anne Bothwell or 'Lady' Wardlaw (Robert Chambers's Mrs. Harris, supposed to have written everything Scotch, and much more, in ballad literature, at beginning of 18th century) ; but an Englishman whose date was *circa* 1545–1626, *viz.* Nicholas Breton ; who had printed the original 'Sweet Lullabie' in his '*Arbor of Amorous Deuices*,' 159 $\frac{3}{4}$ . It is strange that this poem, (so popular when reprinted as a street-song that we are able to record five exemplars) was not recognised as his, although little changed on the broadsides. There is only one copy of the book,

and that imperfect; preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge. The Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart reprinted it in the *Works of Nicholas Breton* (see his excellent *Chertsey Worthies' Library*, 1879, Part 80).

We add here "A Sweet Lullaby," on p. 580, for comparison with our "New Balow," because there are corruptions of text in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 525. The poem deserves to be seen in its integrity. It is the fountain-head of all the Balloo rivulets.

It is indeed a "*Sweet Lullaby*." As a broadside ballad, with corruptions and variations of text, it is in Roxb. Coll., I. 387; Bagford Coll., I. 56; II. 151 (no p. n.); Pepys, I. 480; Douce, II. 206. The Roxb. was 'Printed by and for A.M. (that is, Andrew Milbourne), and Sold by the Booksellers of London.'

The next in date appears to be the version (*vide* Percy Folio MS., iii. 516), in Elizabeth Rogers's MS. Virginal Book (Addit. MS., 10,337), beginning "Baloo, my boy, lye still and weep!" In John Gamble's MS., *with the music*, of date 1649, the first line is "Ballowe, my babe, lye still and sleepe." Pinkerton's MS., 4to., 46, 'The Ballow (Allane's),' begins, "Balow, my babe, frowne not on me; who still," etc. This has seven stanzas. In Palmer's MS., six stanzas, the commencement is "Balow, my babe, ly still and sleepe! It grieves," etc. Percy Folio MS., iii. 522, followed by Dr. Thomas Percy, has "Balow, my babe, lye still and sleepe! It greeues me sore to see thee weepe;" etc. We now reprint "The New Balow; or, A Wenche's Lamentation," etc., 1626-27, beginning "Balow, my babe, weep not for me." (We need scarcely mention the composite and 'popular' versions, in Whitelaw's *Scottish Ballads*, 196; whence comes the copy in *Illustrated Book of Scottish Songs*, p. 340; or one in *Watson's Choice Collection of Scots Poems*, iii. p. 79, 1711, claimed as Scottish and there first entitled "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament;" followed similarly in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725, vol. ii. Some modern issues are in S. C. Hall's *Book of British Ballads*, p. 411, and in Robert Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*; W. E. Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, ii. 44, 1858.

Our Roxburghe Ballad on next page is a probably unique broadside and has been reprinted once only to our knowledge, *viz.* in R. H. Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 259, 1810. As "Baloe my Babe," it was early entered to Margaret Trundle in Stationers' Registers, under date of 1626-27, among the *Ballades*, Book D. fol. 145 = *Transcript*, iv. p. 181.

In our *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, 1880 (No. 20 of Ballad Society Publications), p. \*477, we reprinted a rare imitation, four stanzas, entitled "The Forsaken Maid. To the tune of 'Balloo.'" From the *Drollery Mock Songs and Joking Poems*, 1675, p. 126. It begins, "My dearest Baby, prethee sleep, it grieves me sore to see thee weep." We need not repeat it here.

\* \* The supposed Scottish origin, a hundred years too late, and all the senseless chatter about Lady Anne Bothwell, may be consigned to Mr. Donnelly and his 'Hang-Hog is the Latin for Bacon' crypto-grammarification.

By the way: of all the idiotic '*fads*,' or fraudulent misrepresentations, utterly unworthy of acceptance by any person outside of Earlswood Asylum, Hanwell, Colney-Hatch, or Morningside, the Delia-Bacon craze or Bacon-dethronement-of-Shakespeare pretence, re-issued by Donnelly and Co., Limited (illegitimately shooting leaden pellets, across the stalking-horses of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Daily Telegraph*, long before the still-unrealized production of distinct evidence or proofs, Feb. '88), was the most audacious and culpable slander of the greatest Englishman ever born. It came, as immoral dynamite, from an Irish-American. Shakespeare answered him anticipatively in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5:—*Malvolio*.—"What should that alphabetical position portend?"

*Fabian*.—"Did not I say he would work it out? *the cur is excellent at faults!*"

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 573. Probably unique.]

## The New Balow ;

Or, a Wenche's Lamentation for the loss of her Sweet-  
heart, he having left her with a Babe to play her,  
being the Fruits of her Folly.

THE TUNE IS, *Balow*. [See previous page.]

**B**alow, my Babe, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee ;  
But pity her deserving smart,  
Who can but blame her own kind heart,  
For trusting to a flattering friend ;  
The fairest tongue, the falsest mind.

*Balow, my babe, [weep not for me], etc.*

7

Balow, my Babe, ly still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep :  
If thou be still I will be glad,  
Thy weeping makes thy mother sad ;  
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father wrought me great annoy.

*Balow, balow [weep not for me], etc.*

14

First when he came to court my love,  
With sugred words he did me move :  
His flattering and fained chear  
To me that time did not appear.  
But now, I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

21

I cannot choose but love him still,  
Altho' that he hath done me ill ;  
For he hath stolen away my heart,  
And from him it cannot depart :  
In weal or woe, where ere he go,  
I'll love him, though he be my foe.

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

28

But peace, my comfort ! curse not him,  
Who now in seas of grief doth swim,  
Perhaps of Death : for who can tell  
Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,  
By some predestinated death,  
Revenging me, hath stopt his breath,

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

35

If I were near those fatal bounds,  
 Where he ly[es] groaning in his wounds,  
 Repeating as he pants for breath,  
 Her name that wounds more deep than death,  
 O then what woman's heart so strong  
 Would not forget the greatest wrong?  
*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

42

If linen lack, for my love's sake,  
 Whom I once loved, then would I take  
 My smock even from my body meet,  
 And wrap him in that winding sheet ;  
 Ay me ! how happy had I bin,  
 If he had nere been wrapt therein.  
*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

49

Balow, my babe, spare thou thy tears,  
 Until thou come to wit and years ;  
 Thy griefs are gathering to a sum,  
 Heaven grant thee patience till they come :  
 A mother's fault, a father's shame,  
 A hapless state, a bastard's name.  
*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

56

Be still, my babe, and sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wakes then sweetly smile !  
 But smile not as thy father did  
 To c[o]usen maids : O heaven, forbid !  
 And yet into thy face I see  
 Thy father dear, which tempted me.  
*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

63

Balow, my babe ! O follow not  
 His faithless steps who thee begot,  
 Nor glory in a maid's disgrace,  
 For thou art his too much, alace !  
 And in thy looking eyes I read  
 Who overthrew my maiden-head.  
*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

70

O ! if I were a maid again,  
 All young men's flatteries I'd refrain :  
 Because unto my grief I find  
 That they are faithless and unkind ;  
 Their tempting terms hath bred my harm,  
 Bear witness, babe, lyes in my arm.  
*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.*

77

Balow my babe, spare yet thy tears,  
Until thou come to wit and years;  
Perhaps yet thou may[’st] come to be  
A courteour by disdaining me:  
Poor me, poor me! alas, poor me!  
My own two eyes have blinded me.

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.* 84

On Love and fortune I complain,  
On them, and on my self also:  
But most of all mine own two eyes  
The chiefest workers of my wo;  
For they have caused so my smart,  
That I must die without a heart.

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.* 91

Balow, my babe, thy father’s dead—  
To me the Prodigal hath plaid:  
Of heaven and earth regardless, he  
Prefer’d the wars to me and thee.  
I doubt that now his cursing mind  
Make him eat accorns with the swine.

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.* 98

Farewel, farewel, most faithless youth  
That ever kist a woman’s mouth!  
Let never a woman after me  
Submit unto the curtesie;  
For if she do, O cruel thou,  
Would wrong them: O who can tell how?

*Balow, balow, [weep not for me], etc.* 105

*Finis.*

[No publisher’s name or woodcut. Black-letter. Original issue, 1626-7.]





## A Sweet Lullabie.

[See p. 576.]

Come, little babe, come silly soule,  
 Thy father's shame, thy mother's grieve,  
 Borne as I doubt to all our dole,  
 And to thy selfe unhappie chiefe :  
 Sing Lullabie and lap it warme,  
 Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme.  
 Thou little think'st, and lesse doost knowe,  
 The cause of this thy mother's moane ;  
 Thou want'st the wit to waile her woe,  
 And I my selfe am all alone :  
 Why doost thou weepe? why doost thou waile?  
 And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle. 12  
 Come, little wretch, ah silly heart!  
 Mine onely ioy, what can I more?  
 If there be any wrong thy smart,  
 That may the destinies implore :  
 'Twas I, I say, against my will,  
 I wayle the time, but be thou still.  
 And doest thou smile, oh thy sweete face,  
 Would God himselfe he might thee see,  
 No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,  
 I know right well, for thee and mee ;  
 But come to mother, babe, and play,  
 For father false is fled away. 24  
 Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance,  
 Thy father home againe to send,  
 If death do strike me with his launce,  
 Yet may'st thou me to him cōmend :  
 If any aske thy mother's name,  
 Tell how by loue she purchast blame.  
 Then will his gentle heart soone yeeld,  
 I know him of a noble minde,  
 Although a Lyon in the field,  
 A Lamb in towne thou shalt him finde :  
 Aske blessing babe, be not afrayde,  
 His sugred words hath me betrayde. 36  
 Then may'st thou ioy and be right glad,  
 Although in woe I seeme to moane,  
 Thy father is no Rascall lad,  
 A noble youth of blood and boane :  
 His glancing lookes, if he once smile,  
 Right honest women may beguile.  
 Come, little boy, and rocke a sleepe,  
 Sing lullabie, and be thou still ;  
 I that can doe nought else but weepe,  
 Wil sit by thee and waile my fill :  
 God blesse my babe, and lullabie,  
 From this thy father's qualitie. 48

Finis.

[By Nicholas Breton.]

[Printed by R.I. (Richard Jones), in *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 1594.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 579.]

[Montrose's Lynes; Or,]

**A Proper New Ballad.**TO THE TUNE OF, *I'le never Love thee more.*<sup>1</sup>

**M**Y dear and only love, I pray  
 That little World of thee  
 Be govern'd by no other sway  
 But purest Monarchie;  
 For if Confusion have a part,  
 Which vertuous souls abhore,  
 I'le call a Synod in my heart,  
*And never love thee more.*

[A.D. 1643.]

8

As *Alexander* I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone;  
 My thoughts did ever yet disdain  
 A Rival on my Throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 That dares not put it to the touch,  
*To gain or lose it all.*

[misp., 'at all.']

But I will reign and govern still,  
 And alwayes give the Law,  
 And have each Subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in aw[e]:  
 But 'gainst my Batteries if I find  
 Thou kick, or vex me sore,  
 As that thou set me up a blind,  
*I'le never love thee more.*

[a. l., 'storm.']

[As if.. me as a.]

24

And in the Empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to share with me:  
 Or Committees if thou erect,  
 And go on such a score:  
 I'le laugh and smile at thy neglect,  
*And never love thee more.*

[“dares.”]

[pron. Committēes.]

[a.l. smiling mock.]

32

<sup>1</sup> On p. 557 we mentioned this tune of *I'll never love thee more*, which takes its name from the burden of the original anonymous song beginning “My dear and only Love, take heed,” of date *circa* 1625, antecedent to the spirited lines of Montrose by nearly a score of years. Although thus written earlier, the original here appears as a *Second Part*, on p. 582; having been dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Conqueror, to swell his triumph.

But if thou will prove faithful then,  
 And constant in thy word,  
 I'll make thee glorious by my Pen,  
 And famous by my Sword :  
 I'll serve thee in such noble [ways], ["sort."  
 Was never heard before :  
 I'll crown and deck thy head with bays,  
*And love thee more and more.* 40

[By James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.]

[*Note.*—Other versions "But if no faithless action stain thy love and constant word, I'll make thee famous by my pen, and glorious by my sword." Here end 'Montrose's lines,' as they are styled in MS., early written on the broadside.]

*The Second Part* [not by Montrose.]

**M**Y dear and only love, take heed, how thou thy self expose,  
 Let not a[ll] longing lovers feed upon such looks as those :  
 I'll marble-wall thee round about, my self shall be the door,  
 And if thy heart chance to slide out, *I'll never love thee more.*  
 Let not th[eir] oaths, like volies shot, make any breach at all, ["thy."  
 Nor smoothness of their language plot which way to scale the wall ;  
 Nor balls of wild-fire love consume the Shrine which I adore,  
 For if such smoak about thee fume, *I'll never love thee more.* ["foam."  
 I know thy vertues be too strong to suffer by surprise ;  
 If that thou slight'st their love so long, their siege at last will rise,  
 And leave thee conqueror in thy health and state thou was[t] before,  
 [Yet] if thou prove a common wealth, *I'll never love thee more.*  
 But if by fraud, or by deceit, thy heart to ruine come,  
 I'll sound no trumpet as I wont, nor march by tuck of drum :  
 But hold my arms as Ensigns up, thy falsehood to deplore ;  
 And after sigh, and bitter weep, *that e're I lov'd so sore.*<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll do with thee as *Nero* did, when *Rome* he set on fire :  
 Not only all relief forbid, but to an hill retire :  
 And scorn to shed a tear to save thy spirit grown so poor, ["smile."  
 But laugh and [sing] thee to thy grave, *and never love thee more.*  
 [Here ends the original song, as in *Wit and Drollery*, p. 33, 1656. This unauthorized portion is virtually a *Third Part*, of less merit, anonymous.]  
**T**HEN shall my heart be set by thine, but in far different case,  
 For mine was true ; so was not thine, but lookt like *Janus* face.  
 Thy beauty shin'd at first so bright, and woe is me therefore !  
 That e're I found the love so bright, *that I could love no more.*  
 My heart shall with the Sun be fixt, for constancie most strange ;  
 And thine shall with the Moon be mixt, delighting still in change :  
 For as thou waves with everie wind, and sails through everie shore,  
 And leaves my constant heart behind, *how can I love thee more ?*

<sup>1</sup> *Al. lect.*, preferable :—And after such a bitter cup, *I'll never love thee more.*

*A Proper New Ballad : "I'll never love thee more."* 583

Yet for the love I bare thee once, lest that thy name should die,  
A monument of marble stone, the truth shall testifie ;  
That every Pilgrim passing by may pity and deplore,  
And sighing read the reason why *I cannot love thee more.*

The golden Laws of Love shall be upon these pillars hung,  
A single heart, a simple eye, a true and constant tongue :  
Let no man for more loves pretend, than he hath hearts in store :  
True love begun will never end, *love one and love no more.*

And when all gallants, led about, this monument to view,— ["lead."  
It's written both within and out, thou'rt treacherous, I true :  
Then in a passion they shall pause, and thus [cry,] sighing sore,  
"Alas! he had too just a cause, *never to love thee more.*"

And when the 'tressing gods do face, from East to West doth flee,  
They shall record it, to thy shame, how thou hast loved me :  
And how in odds our love's been such as few hath been before,  
Thou lov'd too many, I too much : *that I can love no more.*

The misty mounts, the smoking lakes, the rocks' resounding echo,  
The whistling winds, the woods that shake, shall all with me sing hey ho :  
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats, tears dropping from each oar,  
Shall tune with me their turtle notes, *I'll never love thee more.*

Yet as the turtle chast[e] and true her fellow so regrates,  
And daily sighs for her adieu, that ne're renews her notes :  
But though thy faith was never fast, which grieves me wondrous sore,  
Yet I shall live in love so chast[e], *that I shall love no more.*

*Finis.*

[No publisher's name, or woodcut. White-letter. Early part called in MS. "Montrose's Lynes." Date of his portion soon after 1643. In the Douce Collection, I. 101 *verso*, to the same tune, is a ballad beginning, "My dear and only joy, take heed," entitled. "I'll never love thee more; being the Forsaken Lover's Farewell to his Fickle Mistress." In Rawlinson Coll., 190 *verso*, is "My dear and only love, take heed," similar to our second part; also Pepys Coll., III. 266, the *original* ballad (eight stanzas, similar to our Second Part, p. 582); it is entitled "I'll never Love thee more; being a true Love-Song between a young Man and a Maid. To a new Tune, called, *O no, no, no, not yet!*" It has the same beginning, etc., as ours, "My dear and only Love, take heed." London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke. Douce's broadside is a distinct issue, printed for Wm. Whitwood, at the Golden Lyon, in Duck-lane.]

\* \* Although of little merit intrinsically, three Roxburghe Ballads are here for the first time reprinted, one of them appointed to be sung to the same tune; and the other two (themselves connected together by names and subject) probably taking it as an alternative tune, instead of *The Bonny Broom*. Both the latter ballads treat of *Diaphantas* and *Caridora*. All three were printed in sequence, on one side of a sheet (unique), and are in the same measure. We cannot affirm that they were distinguishedly 'beautiful in their lives,' but 'in their death they were not divided.' (For the tune of *The Bonny Broom* see Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 461.) Until we find proof to the contrary, we shall regard the three songs as portions of one story. See the *Trois étoiles* Note on p. 586.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 574. Probably unique.]

## A Proper New Ballad;

Being the Regrate of a true Lober for his Mistriss' Unkindnesse.

TO A NEW TUNE, *I'll ever love thee more.*

I Wish I were those gloves, dear heart, which could thy hands inshrine;  
 Then should no sorrow, grief, nor smart, molest this heart of mine:  
 But since the Fates doth this deny, which leaves me to deplore,  
 My dribling eyes shall never dry, *until thou love me more.*

But O! that I might shrouded be within these arms of thine,  
 And that my soul might say of thee, that thou were freely mine:  
 Then prostrate at thy feet I would thee, doubtlesse, still adore,  
 And so in sight of Fate I should *essay to love thee more.*

16

I shall defy that mortal Wight, enjoy thee who so will,  
 Than I to soar an higher flight in love, or mount me till: [till = *Until*.]  
 But since to one I must resigne thee quite, and give thee o're,  
 I'll love him for that face of thine, *which made me love thee more.*

Nay, sure, some sacred Angel haunts within that heart of thine,  
 Whose secret power my soul enchants, which from thy eyes do shine:  
 But O! that I could thee inflame, as I did him implore,  
 That so by reason of the same, *thou yet might love me more.*

32

But happie is thy servant sure, that such a love enjoies,  
 Whose smiles does all disasters cure, whose frowns breeds all annoies:  
 As *Phæbus*, breaking through the cloud, gives heat and light in store,  
 So when thou doth thine eyes unshroude, *they make me love thee more.*

I wish I were a Hauk, to soar within the skie of love,  
 And that thou metamorphos'd were into a Turtle Dove:  
 There would I catch thee with delight, with pleasure plum[e] thee o're,  
 And so should none beneath our flight *attempt to love thee more.*

48

Thy face is as a heaven which holds two shining suns of love,  
 The which thine eye-lids clouds infold, in ivorie orbs they move:  
 Their absence makes me like to die, their presence burns me sore;  
 So still in these extreame I lie, *and yet must love thee more.*

To lodge betwixt those ivorie hills, which in thy bosom dwells,  
 From whence the sugred nectar trills, in sweetness that excells;  
 There would I surfeit with delight, my self, and ne're give o're,  
 Till love should so our souls unite, *as ay to love thee more.*

64

I like the Salamander am, that in the fire remains,  
 And not consumed with the flame, I live in pleasant pains:  
 O! that these bodics were to act, as free as minds to soare,  
 Then surely I at length would make *my Lasse to love me more.*

Since of the days desires our dreams the true ideas are,  
 I wish that of mine eyes the beams in sleep inclosed were:  
 That slumbring I might thee possess, whom daylie I adore,  
 For waking I dare scarce transgress, *and yet must love thee more.*

80

But yet if thou would condescend unto my dear request,  
 And suffer me my health to spend, upon thy candid breast:  
 Then surelie I, or ever let, imperiously would soare,  
 As praising thee at highest rate, *and so would love thee more.*

[ = candida.  
[let = hindered.]

Some comfort unto those belong, who common lovers be,  
Since they upon surmise of wrong, can set their fancie free :  
But should I die by thy disdain, which others would abhore,  
My pure affection shall, unstain'd, *aspire to love thee more.* 96

Then let not black ingratitude so dear a Saint disgrace,  
For it would taint the finest blood, and stain the fairest face :  
Since thou mayest love, and yet be chaste, and still behind have store,  
Then slight not him who doth attest *the gods, he'll love thee more.*

Finis.

### Diaphantas' Words to Caridora, upon a Disaster.

THE sweetest saint incenc'd may be, and for a moment mov'd  
To wrath by some disaster hie, against her best belov'd :  
But let it be, I were thy foe, as first I'le lose this breath,  
Thou should'st not suffer down to go the sun upon thy wrath.

" I'le only curse the sullen star, reveal'd th' unhappie hour,  
Which did me from thy presence bar by his malignant power :  
That planet I shall still allow, while as I here remain,  
Whose bless'd aspect shall bring me to my first estate again. 16

" But yet these strains which I to thee in favour did impart,  
Thou slighted them, which threw on me a deadlie wounding dart :  
And yet I shall be loath to grieve thee in the least degree,  
For thou shalt *Charidora* live, I *Diaphantas* die. [sic. 48

" In holie writs heavens pardons such, [who] true as infants be, ['as.']  
But I could wish to weep as much for sin's I mourn for thee :  
Resemble then these heavenlie powers, and grant him thy good will,  
Who wishes all to you and yours, that heaven can bring you till. [=to. 32

" How like am I unto a [K]night, that dwells beneath the Pole !  
Who entertains a six months' night before their sun doth role :  
Since in thy absence night doth lie, thy presence shineth clear,  
Lend but the twilight of thine eye, to make my day appear.

" So shall my leaden spirits rise from out this bed of care,  
To welcome thee into our skies, which now in darkness are :  
But if my suit thou shalt denie, and render frowns for love,  
Then shall that stain upon thee lie, while I shall constant prove. 48

" The ship that cuts the aisure tide, and from her course is driven [=azure.  
By tempest, the magnetick guide yet brings her to the haven :  
So we, in midst of Nature's main, when passion's storms do blow,  
Are driven averse, yet back again by love are led also.

" Since grace and nature doth agree, things striving to restore,  
Shall such a stain be found in thee ? the saint whom I adore,  
As to denie for to be led by grace, and stop thine ears,  
O do not ! lest for thee I shed my sanguine drops in tears." 64

Finis.

[In Black-letter. No woodcut. What follows, in a continuation, may be a reply to a Pepysian ballad, being marked to the same tune as it is, viz. *The bonny bonny Broom*, yet it evidently is connected with our two preceding ballads, and could be sung to the tune of "Montrose's Lines," My dear and only love, I pray" = *I'll never love thee more.* Note the Scotticism *till* = to, in them both.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 575. Probably unique.]

## The Forlorn Lover's Lament.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The bon[n]y Broom.* [See *Note*, below.]

SIR, do not think these lines have flow'd from youthful hearts or hands,  
But from a friend, who's thrice conjoin'd in *Hymen's* holy bands :  
Nor *Charidora* did not prove, by half so much unkind  
To *Diaphantes*, since his love could never match my mind.

“ Nor *Coradon*, who turn'd his song, and sorrows to the Broom, [N.B.  
Could never match with me in wrong, which shows me to consume :  
Poor Lovers in this lovelesse age are left to mourn alone,  
And wondred at by such as rage my love to look upon. 16

“ Even as the Lillie in the hedge is prick'd on either side,  
So I'm tormented by the rage of those who swell with pride :  
The surges of the swelling tide, and the walls broad that be,  
As yet they never could divide my heart from loving thee.

“ I live in anguish, grief, and smart, for thou enjoyest mine,  
And I must live without an heart, until thou send me thine :  
Which if thou could incline to do, it should such comfort send,  
To me, who comfortlesse am now, and like my life to end. 32

“ For I should take it as a pledge, since thou hast mine from me,  
Least I should die without an heart, let me have thine from thee :  
Then might we both together live, as one by hearts exchang'd,  
But keeping both, if thou survive, just heavens will be aveng'd.

“ But I will rest in hope that thou will send me answer kind,  
To me who live in torment now, until I know thy mind. [‘lives.’  
I do expect no frowns from thee, because I did presume  
To send these lines, when minding me to sing them as the Broom. 48

*Finis.*

[Black-letter. No Publisher's name (*Scottish*), or woodcut. Date, *circa* 1675.]

\* \* Pepys Collection, I. 40, is a Black-letter ballad of seven stanzas, entitled,  
“ The new Broome.” *London*, printed for *F. Coles*. Begins thus :—

Poore *Coridon* did sometime sit hard by the broome alone,  
And secretly complained to it against his only one.  
He bids the broome, that blooms him by, beare witness to his wrong,  
And, thinking that none else was nie, he thus began his Song :  
*The bonny broome, the well-favour'd broome, the broome blooms faire on hill,*  
*What ail'd my love to lightly mee, and I working her will ? Etc.*

See second stanza of our ballad, “ The Forlorn Lover's Lament,” and *Appendix*.

We need not here pursue the enquiry how far or how little this “ New Broome ” sweeps onward in imitation of the old “ *Broome, broome on Hill, broome,* ” mentioned in Wager's “ The Longer thou livest the more fool thou art,” *circa* 1567. Still earlier named in *The Complaint of Scotland*, 1549 : “ *Brume, brume on hil* ” (*Early English Text Society, Extra Series*, No. xvii. p. 64, 1872.)

## The Gallant Grahams of Scotland.

"Presbyteriani ligaverunt, Independantes trucidaverunt."—*Salmasius*.

TO the best of our belief, the broadside ballad of "The Gallant Grahams," contained in the Roxburghe and Douce Collections and therein alone, has not been hitherto reprinted. It was probably little known, except to Joseph Ritson, at the beginning of this century, and (through his sending a transcript) to "Mr. Walter Scott, Advocate, of Edinburgh," who was even then preparing his delightful work *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. In vol. iii. pp. 171-187, the first edition, 1803, appears the ballad "from tradition, enlarged and corrected by an ancient printed edition, entitled 'The Gallant Grahams of Scotland,' to the tune of *I will away, and I will not tarry*, of which Mr. Ritson favoured the editor with an accurate copy." *The Tune is not yet identified*; but the words seem to refer to the second line of the Scottish version: "*I maun away, and I may not stay*."

Had we been able to see in its integrity, or its absolute corruption (such being the more probable condition), the ballad as first taken down from oral tradition, always inaccurate, mis-remembered and mis-transmitted, before it reached Walter Scott in fragments, we should find little in common with our broadside beyond the general idea, with here or there some local designation. But Ritson soon enabled Scott to use the connected although corrupted printed copy. He was fated to work more restorative-wonders with the *Border Ballads* than the duller-witted, heavy-styled, and injudiciously 'emendatory' Bishop Percy had done when he produced the *Reliques* in 1765. Scott well knew how to bridge over gulfs, and make dry bones to live. That he himself was the remodeller or re-constructor of many intelligible glowing ballads, persistently, throughout *The Minstrelsy*, from the suggestive but self-contradictory fragments which his ready instinct showed him to have been formerly connected, is demonstrable. He gave us marvellous treasures in these Border-Ballads. But he was the Arachne who spun the threads from within. Many of them, by their superiority to rival manufactures, approve the Master's hand. Some were as thoroughly his own entire creation (beside "The Eve of St. John,") as were his soon-following "Novels by the Author of *Waverley*." Scott thus ends his introductory remarks on the Gallant Grahams:

"There seems an attempt to trace Montrose's career, from his first raising the royal standard, to his second expedition and death; but it is interrupted and imperfect. From the concluding stanza, I presume the song was composed upon the arrival of Charles [the Second] in Scotland, which so speedily followed the execution of Montrose, that the King entered the city, while the head of his most faithful and most successful adherent was still blackening in the sun." (Cf. p. 589.)

**The Gallant Grahams.**[Scott's *Minstrelsy* version.]

- “**N**OW, fare thee weel, sweet *Ennerdale* !<sup>1</sup> baith kith and countrie I bid adieu ;  
For I maun away, and I may not stay, to some uncouth land which I  
never knew.
- “ To wear the blue I think it best, of all the colours that I see ;  
And I'll wear it for the gallant *Grahams*, that are banished from their countrie.
- “ I have no gold, I have no land, I have no pearl, nor precious stane,  
But I wald sell my silken snood, to see the gallant *Grahams* come hame.
- “ In *Wallace* days when they began, Sir *John* the *Graham* <sup>2</sup> did bear the gree,  
Through all the lands of *Scotland* wide ; he was a lord of the south countrie.
- “ And so was seen full many a time : for the summer flowers did never spring,  
But every *Graham*, in armour bright, would then appear before the King.
- “ They all were dressed in armour sheen, upon the pleasant banks of *Tay* ;  
Before a King they might be seen, these gallant *Grahams* in their array.
- “ At the *Goukhead* our camp we set, our leaguer down there for to lay ;  
And in the bonnie summer light, we rode our white horse and our gray.
- “ Our false commander sold our king unto his deadly enemy,  
Who was the traitor *Cromwell*,<sup>3</sup> then ; so I care not what they do with me.
- “ They have betrayed our noble prince, and banish'd him from his royal crown :  
But the gallant *Grahams* have ta'en in hand for to command those traitors down.
- “ In *Glen-Prosen* <sup>4</sup> we rendezvoused, marched to *Glenshie* by night and day,  
And took the town of *Aberdeen*, and met the *Campbells* in their array.
- “ Five thousand men, in armour strong, did meet the gallant *Grahams* that day,  
At *Inverlochie* where war began, and scarce two thousand men were they.
- “ Gallant *Montrose*, that chieftain bold, courageous in the best degree,  
Did for the King fight well that day ; the Lord preserve his Majesty !
- “ *Nathaniel Gordon*,<sup>5</sup> stout and bold, did for King *Charles* wear the blue ;  
But the Cavaliers, they all were sold, and brave *Harthill*,<sup>6</sup> a Cavalier too.
- “ And *Newton Gordon*,<sup>7</sup> burd-alone, and *Dalgatie*,<sup>8</sup> both stout and keen,  
And gallant *Veitch*,<sup>9</sup> upon the field a braver face was never seen.
- “ Now, fare ye weel, sweet *Ennerdale* ! countrie and kin, I quit ye free ;  
Cheer up your hearts, brave Cavaliers, for the *Grahams* are gone to high *Germany*.
- “ Now brave *Montrose* he went to *France*, and to *Germany* to gather fame,  
And bold *Aboyne* <sup>10</sup> is to the sea, young *Huntly* is his noble name.
- “ *Montrose* again, that chieftain bold, back unto *Scotland* fair he came,  
For to redeem fair *Scotland's* land, the pleasant, gallant, worthy *Graham* !
- “ At the water of *Carron* he did begin, and fought the battle to the end ;  
Where there were killed, for our noble king, two thousand of our *Danish* <sup>11</sup> men.
- “ *Gilbert Menzies*,<sup>12</sup> of high degree, by whom the king's banner was borne,  
For a brave Cavalier was he, but now to glory he is gone.
- “ Then woe to *Strachan* and *Hacket* <sup>13</sup> baith ! and, *Lesley*, ill death may thou die,  
For ye have betrayed the gallant *Grahams*, who aye were true to majestie.
- “ And the laird of *Assint* has seized *Montrose*, and had him into *Edinburgh* town ;  
And frae his body taken the head, and quartered him upon a trone.
- “ And *Huntley's* gone,<sup>14</sup> the self-same way, and our noble king is also gone ;  
He suffered death for our nation, our mourning tears can ne'er be done.
- “ But our brave young King is now come home, King *Charles* the Second in degree ;  
The Lord send peace into his time, and God preserve his Majesty ! ” <sup>15</sup>

\* \* Sir Walter Scott gives no less than seven pages of small-type *Notes* to his version in the *Minstrelsy*, which owes so much to his having inspected Ritson's copy of our broadside. Than his *Minstrelsy Notes* no man ever wrote better, few equal: in them the future 'Wizard of the North' fleshed his maiden sword in unconscious preparation for the *Waverley Novels* of later years. To them, in their entirety, readers must turn. We condense the chief explanations.

<sup>1</sup> "*Ennerdale*, a corruption of *Endrickdale*. The principal and most ancient possessions of the Montrose family lie along the water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire." (Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy S. B.*, iii. 181.)

<sup>2</sup> "Sir John the Graham, the faithful friend and adherent of the immortal Wallace, slain at the battle of Falkirk."—*Ibid.* A.D. 1298.

<sup>3</sup> *Cromwell*. "This extraordinary character . . . was no favourite in Scotland." It was a Scotchman (though only an Ecclefechanite, soured and dyspeptical) who was to come forward as an enthusiastic white-washer of faulty but brave 'Old Noll.' In more recent years Midlothianites lost their senses, crofters took to rebellion and deer-stealing, or greedy for plunder began to hunger anew for disestablishment.

<sup>4</sup> *Glen-prosen*, in Angus-shire.

<sup>5</sup> *Nathaniel Gordon* was one of the Gordons of Gight. He pillaged Elgin for 14,000 marks in silver on 24 July, 1645. He was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh. Owing to the bloodthirsty cravings of the Presbyterian clergy, perverting the Scripture which told of Samuel demanding the slaughter of Agag, Nathaniel Gordon was brought first of the prisoners to the block, on 6th January, 1645.

<sup>6</sup> *Harthill*. Leith of Harthill, a determined loyalist, and hater of the Covenanters. In most of Montrose's engagements, and comrade of Nat. Gordon.

<sup>7</sup> *Newton Gordon*, burd alone (*i.e.* surviving son), that is, Gordon of Newton.

<sup>8</sup> *Dalgatie*. Sir Francis Hay of Dalgatie. Condemned to death along with Montrose, he was deprived of spiritual attendance and comfort as a Catholic, refusing on principle the service of bigotted Calvinists, he died gallantly, first kissing the axe while devoid of a crucifix, and avowing his fidelity to his Sovereign. What could they do with our brave Cavaliers except butcher them in cold blood, whenever they won the chance? Shall there be forgetfulness of such things, and men be allowed to drift anew into rebellion, separatism, and anarchy, to be inevitably followed by worse tyranny?

<sup>9</sup> Gallant *Veitch*, presumably David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick, who with others of Peebleshire gentry was taken at Philiphaugh, 13 Sept., 1645.

<sup>10</sup> *Aboyne and Huntly*. James Earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and died there, broken-hearted, on hearing of King Charles's execution in 1645. He became representative of the Gordons, as 'Young Huntly,' on the death of his brother George at the battle of Alford, 2 July, 1645.

<sup>11</sup> *Danish men*. Montrose's foreign auxiliaries, not exceeding 600 in all.

<sup>12</sup> *Gilbert Menzies*, younger of Pittfoddells, who bore the royal banner in Montrose's last battle, refused to accept quarter, and died in defence of his charge.

<sup>13</sup> *Strachan and Hacket*. Sir Charles Hacket and Colonel *Strachan*, victor at Corbiesdale, May, 1650: officers in the service of the so-called Estates.

<sup>14</sup> "And *Huntly's* gone, the self-same way" of martyrdom. This was "George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntley, one of the very few nobles in Scotland who had uniformly adhered to the King from the beginning of the troubles; was beheaded by the sentence of the parliament of Scotland (so calling themselves) upon the 22 March, 1645, one month and twenty-two days after the martyrdom of his master." (Scott's whole note is excellent, on Huntley's natural distrust for Montrose, whose early disloyalty he could not forget.)

<sup>15</sup> This final stanza appears incongruous with the beginning, and added later. Or was the first stanza prefixed afterwards to localize the ballad to Ennerdale or Endrickdale? The farewell to the place, "to kith and kin," was quite unnecessary after the Restoration. Was it only the coronation, June, 1651.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 380 ; Douce Coll., III. 39 *verso*.]

An excellent New Ballad, entituled,  
**The gallant Grahams of Scotland.**

TUNE OF, *I will away, and I will not tarry*, etc. [Cf. line 87.]

- “ B Etrayed me ! how can this be ?  
 When by day-light upon a Day,  
 I met Prince *Charles* our Royal King,  
 And all the *Grahams* in their array.
- “ They were all dress’d in armour keen,  
 Upon the pleasant Banks of *Tay* :  
 Before a King they might be seen,  
 Those gallant *Grahams* in their array. 8
- “ I have no gold, I have no land,  
 Nor have I pearl nor precious stones ;  
 But I would sell my silken snood,  
 To see these *Grahams* but well come home.
- “ To speak of these *Grahams*, I think it best,  
 They’re Men amongst good company ;  
 Into the lands where we did walk,  
 They’re Lords into the South Country. 16
- “ They won the praise in *Wallace’s* days,  
 For the summer flowers did never spring  
 But the gallant *Grahams*, in armour clear,  
 Did then appear before the King.
- “ At the *Goukhead* we set our Camp,  
 Our Rigour down there for to stay, [q. *misp.* Leaguer ?  
 Upon a dainty summer’s day,  
 We rode our white horse and our grey. 24
- “ For they were then in armour seen,  
 As gold shines on a summer’s day,  
 The gallant *Grahams* were assembled there,  
 Before King *Charles*, his Majesty.
- “ I’ll crown them night, I’ll crown them day,  
 And above great Lords of high degree,  
 For all the Lords that I have seen,  
 The *Grahams* are the bravest company.” 32
- As I came by the *Bunche’s* Park,  
 I heard my true love’s sister’s [sing] ; [“ son.”  
 “ We loos’d our cannon on every side,  
 Even for the honour of our King.



- “ Our false Commander has betray’d our King  
 And sold him to his enemy, [1646.  
 By a nobleman, to *Cromwel* then;  
 So I care not what they do with me. 40
- “ For he strives to subdue the land,  
 And over *England* to be King,  
 Fair *Scotland* by him to be govern’d,  
 And over the nations for to reign.
- “ They have betray’d our Noble Prince,  
 And banish’d him from his Royal Crown;  
 But the gallant *Grahams* have ta’en in hand,  
 For to command that Traytor-Lown. 48
- “ Now *Dalgitie* was stout and bold,  
 Courageous in high degree;  
 [But] the Cavaliers they were all sold, [“ At.”  
 And young *Harthil*, a Cavalier too.
- “ *Nathaniel Gordon*, both stout and keen,  
*Newton Gordon*, Burd alone; [i. e. last-left son.  
 Upon the Green he might be seen;  
 For a bolder face was never known. 56
- “ A braver man was never seen,  
 Neither in *Kent* or *Christendom*:  
 To fight now for his Royal King,  
 Lord give his enemies their doom!
- “ At *Bogle haugh*, where we did advance,  
 Our Parliament there for to stay,  
 But our Nobles they were banish’d off,  
 At *Goln-Yla* where we advance. [q. *Glen Isla*? 64
- “ *Glemproson*, where we rendezvous’d  
 To *Glenshie* we march’d both night and day,  
 And of *Bredainlie* we took the town, [a. l. *Aberdeen*.  
 And met the *Campbells* in their Deray.
- “ Ten thousand men in armour strong [a. l. five t.  
 Did meet the gallant *Grahams* to play,  
 At *Inverlochie* where they began,  
 And about two thousand men were they. [a. l. scarce. 72
- “ And tho’ their number did far exceed  
 The gallant *Grahams* upon that day,  
 Yet their hearts were true, they did not fear,  
 To meet the *Campbells* in their Deray.



- “ For the *Gordons* then did give a while, [i.e. hesitate.]  
 To face the *Campbells* upon that day ;  
 Who from their friends fell far aback ;  
 Unto their enemies for ever and ay. 80
- “ Gallant *Montrose*, then that chieftain bold,  
 Courageous in high degree :  
 Did for the King fight valiantly,  
 The Lord preserve his Majesty.
- “ Now fare you well, you *Innerdale*,  
 Lord *Keeth* and kindred I bid adieu ;  
 And I shall away, and I shall not stay,  
 To some uncouth land that I never knew. 88
- “ To wear the Blue I think it best, [qu. colour ?]  
 By any Colonel that I see ;  
 [C]heer up your hearts, brave Cavaliers,  
 For the *Grahams* are gone to *Germany*.
- “ To *France* and *Flanders*, where they advanc’d,  
 And *Germany*, who gave [them] fame ;  
 For my Lord *Alboin* is to the sea, [James, E. of Abeyne.]  
 Young *Huntly* is his noble name. 96
- “ He went to *France* for his Royal King,  
 King *Charles* then, and above degree  
 I’ll give the honour to the gallant *Grahams*,  
 For they are a brave company.
- “ *Montrose* then, our chieftain bold,  
 To *Scotland* free is come again ;  
 For to redeem fair *Scotland’s* land,  
 The pleasant, worthy, gallant *Grahams*. 104
- “ At the Water of *Ensdale* they did begin,  
 And fought a battle to an end ;  
 Where there were kill’d for our noble King,  
 Two thousand of our *Danish* men. [“ Danish.”]
- “ *Gilbert Menzies*, and of high degree,  
 The King’s Baron bold was born,  
 For a brave Cavalier was he,  
 But now into glory he’s gone. 112
- “ The King’s banner in hand he bore,  
 For he was a brave valiant man ;  
 Betrayed was he a night before,  
 By Colonel *Hacket* and *Strachen* then.

To the[e] Colonel *Hacket* now,  
And *Strachen*, ill death may thou die!  
For ye have betrayed our gallant *Grahams*,  
Who were true to his Majesty. 120

The Laird of *Ashen* has catch'd *Montrose* [a.l., Assint.  
And had him into *Edinburgh* town;  
And from his body ta'en his head,  
And quarter'd him upon a Trone. [=weighing-scaffold.

Now *Huntley's* gone that same way,  
Prince *Charles* also, our Royal King,  
Hath suffer'd death for our Nation,  
Our mourning tears can ne'er be done. 128

Our gallant young King is now come home, [qu. 1651?  
Prince *Charles* the Second, and above degree:  
The Lord send Peace in his time  
And God preserve his Majesty!

Now fare you well, you *Innerdale*, [Endrickdale.  
Kith and kin that you may well ken;  
For I will sell my silken snood  
To the gallant *Grahams* came home. [To=so that. 136

Since *Wallace's* days that we began,  
Sir *John* the *Graham* did bear the gree; [prize, misp. 'Green.'  
For the honour of our Royal King,  
The Lord preserve his Majesty!

'For[e] all the lords in fair *Scotland*,  
From the highest to the lowest degree;  
The noble *Grahams* are to be preferr'd,  
So God preserve *Charles* his Majesty. 144

[No printer's or publisher's name, or date. One woodcut. Douce copy is duplicate of Roxburghe. Date doubtful, as to composition, but this broadside must have been printed about the middle of 18th century—probably a reprint or modernization of an earlier suppressed edition. That it had been rigorously hunted down by Government is betokened by its extreme rarity. It has not hitherto been reprinted thus direct from the broadside, to the best of our knowledge. Probably the Restoration stanza, the 33rd, was a late addition; the original belonging to the Interregnum, circa 1651. The traditional version of Walter Scott begins with our line 33, "Now fare thee weel, sweet *Ennerdale*!" (p. 588). The woodcut, coarse in execution, is a portrait of Charles I., in an oval frame, with two winged Cupids for angels above. Compare *Notes*, p. 589, *passim*.]



## Sir Hugh of the Graeme.

"The man shall have his *Mare* again, and all shall be well."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

SEEING how often, for the sake of 'the penny siller' or 'the gude red goud,' King Jamie the First of England sold what had hitherto been considered the honours of knighthood to a crowd of disreputable adventurers, we need not begrudge the privilege to the ballad-writer who conferred the title of 'Sir Hugh of the Grime' on the moss-trooper Hughie Græme or Graham, as he is rightly styled on p. 597. We have here the English original of the ballad; long antecedent to any authoritative record of the Scottish traditional version, used by Walter Scott, from materials gathered by William Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, Selkirkshire. We on p. 600 add one of these later Scotch versions. Their final stanza forms a prelude to "Johnny Armstrong's Good-Night" (p. 604).

The dense dull stupidity of our English populace during the eighteenth century, and to a less degree in the closing quarter of the preceding century, is well proved by the prosaic tenor of their street ballads. All that is brightest and best in the "popular ballads of England and Scotland" belongs to the northern land, where poetry found a worthy reception in the mind of the lads and lasses whose own lovely mountains and lakes, wild moorlands, and romantic streams, appeared to be the native home of legendary lore. The witcheries of old time there lingered, with music and tenderness, that the outer world still receives with wonder and delight. Into the consideration of the Scottish traditional ballads, the separation of the borrowed or adulterated materials from the genuine foundation, we dare not enter here. The subject has been one of our favourite studies since we early roved through the 'land of the mountain and the flood,' and some day we may be able to succinctly relate the result of our investigations. Meantime, let us declare unhesitatingly that to Sir Walter Scott (*facile princeps* among collectors, compilers, and re-arrangers in dramatic form of fragments and corrupt versions that fell in their way,) is owing the highest credit for giving us such an unequalled body of ballad-literature, text and annotations, as he furnished in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. He was at heart too true a poet, too skilful a romantic novelist, to be content with such antiquarian exactitude and drudgery as satisfied the worthy but atrabilious Joseph Ritson. Fortunately we hold both of them: each foremost in his own way. But, seeing how perishable was traditionary ballad-lore, it is well for us that Scott arose at the right time to save much that had survived; with the creative art to weld into completeness what he found in scraps, self-contradictory, garbled, and inconclusive.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 294; III. 344; Pepys, II. 148; Jersey, I. 173;  
Rawlinson, 566, fol. 9; Douce, II. 204, *verso*.]

## The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

[No tune mentioned.]

AS it befell upon one time,  
About Mid-summer of the year,  
Every man was taxt of his crime,  
For stealing the good Lord Bishop's mare.

The good Lord *Scr[oop]* he saddled a horse,      ["*Screw*."  
And rid after this same scrime,  
Before he did get over the Moss,  
There was he aware of Sir *Hugh of the Grime*.      8

"Turn, O turn, thou false traytor,  
Turn and yield thy self unto me;  
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishop's mare,  
And now thou thinkest away to flee."

"No, soft, Lord *Screw*, that may not be,  
Here is a broad-sword by my side,  
And if that thou can'st conquer me,  
The victory will soon be try'd."      16

"I ne'r was afraid of a traytor bold,  
Although thy name be *Hugh in the Grime*,  
I'le make thee repent thy speeches foul,  
If day and life but give me time."

"Then do thy worst, good Lord *Screw*,  
And deal your blows as fast as you can:  
It will be try'd between me and you,  
Which of us two shall be the best man."      24

Thus as they dealt their blows so free,  
And both so bloody at that time,  
Over the Moss ten yeomen they see,  
Come for to take Sir *Hugh in the Grime*.

Sir *Hugh* set his back against a tree,  
And then the men encompass him round,  
His mickle sword from his hand did flee,  
And then they brought Sir *Hugh* to the ground.      32

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* now taken is,      [*Carlisle*.  
And brought back to *Garland* town,  
The good wives all [cry'd] in *Garland* town,  
"Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*, thou'st ne'r gang down."

The good Lord Bishop is come to the town,  
 And on the Bench is set so high,  
 And every man was taxt to his crime,  
 At length he called Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*. 40

“ Here am I, thou false Bishop,  
 Thy humours all [for] to fulfil,  
 I do not think my fact so great,  
 But thou may’st put it into thy own will.”

The Quest of Jury-men was call’d,  
 The best that was in *Garland* town,  
 Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,  
 “ Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*, thou’st ne’r gang down.” 48

Then other Questry-men was call’d,  
 The best that was in *Rumary*,  
 Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,  
 “ Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*, thou’st now guilty.”

Then came down my good Lord *Boles*, [? Sir *Geo. Bowes*.  
 Falling down upon his knee,  
 “ Five hundred pieces of gold would I give  
 To grant Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* to me.” 56

“ Peace, peace, my good Lord *Boles*,  
 And of your speeches set them by ;  
 If there be eleven *Grimes* all of a name,  
 Then by my own honour they all should dye.”

Then came down my good Lady *Ward*, [? Lady *Gray*, of *Wark*.  
 Falling low upon her knee,  
 “ Five hundred measures of gold I’le give  
 To grant Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* to me.” 64

“ Peace, peace, my good Lady *Ward*,  
 None of your proffers shall him buy ;  
 For if there be twelve *Grimes* all of a name,  
 By my own honour they all should dye.”

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*’s condemn’d to dye,  
 And of his friends he had no lack,  
 Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,  
 His hands bound fast upon his back. 72

Then he lookt over his left shoulder,  
 To see whom he could see or spy,  
 There was he aware of his Father dear,  
 Came tearing his hair most pittifully.

"Peace, peace, my Father dear,  
And of your speeches set them by;  
Though they have bereav'd me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of heaven so high." 80

He lookt over his right shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spy,  
There was he aware of his Mother dear,  
Came tearing her hair most pittifully.

"Pray have me remembred to *Peggy* my wife,  
As she and I walkt over the Moor,  
She was the causer of my life,  
And with the old Bishop she plaid the whore." 88

"Here *Johnny Armstrong*, take thou my sword, [cf. p. 595.  
That is made of the mettle so fine:  
And when thou com'st to the border side,  
Remember the death of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*."

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *West-Smith-field*,  
neer the *Hospital-gate*.

[In Black-letter. One woodcut. Some other copies begin "As it befell upon a time." Compare the Scottish Border ballad, or "Hughie the Græme," beginning "Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane," and the later ditty, "Hughie Graham," beginning "Our Lords are to the mountains gane." Variations noted. Date of Brooksby's issue, 1672-92. 2nd is of Bow Churchyard.]

\* \* The woodcut seems to have originally belonged to a Robin Hood ballad, and is to follow in the group of seven or more in the concluding volume. A severed portion, to right, is the figure of a Friar (see Vol. IV. p. 253); two Archers stand facing him, with bows, and a Lady sits on the ground betwixt them.

The Bishop of Carlisle, whose mare Hughie Graham 'conveyed,' is supposed to have been Robert Aldridge, consecrated in 1537, holding the see until his death on March 5, 1558. Previously he had been Canon of Windsor, May, 1534, and Provost of Eton College, June, 1536. The attack on his moral character *in re fæminæ*, is possibly a grace of the balladist. But it *moght ha' bin*. That it was a shady episcopate in his time may be taken for granted, seeing that Bernard Gilpin, 'the Apostle of the North,' shied at it, for substantial reasons, when offered to him: "In that diocese I have so many acquaintances and friends, of whom I have not the best opinion, that I must either connive at many irregularities, or draw upon myself so much hatred that I should be less able to do good there than anywhere else." Bishop Aldrich had earned by subserviency most of his temporal 'good things' from Henry VIII., etc., favouring the divorce, and being a Boleynite, until he became Almoner to Jane Seymour. Yet Erasmus wrote of him as '*juvenis blandæ cujusdam eloquentiæ*' (*Periginatio Religionis ergo*); this was early, before intercourse with Cranmer taught Aldrich the worse ways. He was an Episcopal Vicar of Bray. Leland wrote an Encomium on him. In 1555 bills of complaint were exhibited before him, against 400 borderers, among whom may have been Hughie Graham. The man's Mare (whichever way we take it) secured his condemnation.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 456.]

## Sir Hugh in the Grime's Downfall ;

Or, a New Song made on Sir Hugh in the Grime, who was  
hang'd for stealing the Bishop's Mare. [Note, p. 597.]

GOOD Lord *John* is a hunting gone,  
Over the hills and dales so far,  
For to take Sir *Hugh in the Grime*.  
For stealing of the Bishop's mare. *He derry derry down.*

*Hugh in the Grime* was taken then,  
And carried to *Carlisle* town ;  
The merry women came out amain,  
Saying the name of *Grime* shall never go down. *He derry derry down.*

O then a jury of Women was brought,  
Of the best that could be found :  
Eleven of them spoke all at once,  
Saying the name of *Grime* shall never go down. *He derry derry down.*

And then a jury of Men was brought,  
More the pity for to be !  
Eleven of them spoke all at once,  
Saying "*Hugh in the Grime*, you are guilty," etc.

16

*Hugh in the Grime* was cast to be hang'd,  
Many of his friends did for him leet,  
For 15 foot in the prisin he did jump,  
With his hands tyed fast behind his back, etc.

[leet=attend.]

Then bespoke our good lady *Ward*,  
As she set on the bench so high,  
" A peck of white pennys I'll give to my lord,  
If he'll grant *Hugh Grime* to me. *He, etc.*

" And if it be not full enough,  
I'll stroke it up with my Silver Fan ;  
And if it be not full enough,  
I'll heap it up with my own hand," etc.

" Hold your tongue now, lady *Ward*,  
And of your talkitive let it be ;  
There is never a *Grime* came in this Court  
That at thy bidding shall saved be," [etc.]

32

Then bespoke our good Lady *Moor*,  
As she sat on the Bench so high,  
" A yoke of fat oxen I'll give to my lord,  
If he'll grant *Hugh Grime* to me," etc.

" Hold your tongue now, good Lady *Moor*,  
And of your talkitive let it be,  
There is never a *Grime* came to this Court,  
That at thy biding shall saved be," etc.

Sir *Hugh in the Grime* look'd out of the door,  
With his hand out of the Bar,  
There he spy'd his father dear,  
Tearing of his golden hair. *He derry, etc.*

“ Hold your tongue, good Father dear,  
And of your weeping let it be :  
For if they bereave me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of the Heavens so high.

48

Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* look'd out at the door,  
Oh ! what a sorry heart had he !  
There spy'd [he] his Mother dear,  
Weeping and wailing, “ Oh ! woe is me ! ” etc.

“ Hold your tong[u]e now, Mother dear !  
And of your weeping let it be ;  
For if they bereave me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of Heaven's fee. etc.

“ I'll leave my sword to *Johnny Armstrong*,  
That is made of mettal so fine :  
That when he comes to the Border side,  
He may think of *Hugh* in the *Grime*.” *He derry, etc.*

[*Cf.* pp. 594, 604.

60

*London* : Printed and sold by *L. How*.

[In White-letter. Two rude woodcuts: a horseman, and gibbet with its usual adornment. Date of print, *circa* 1770 ?]



[This woodcut belongs to “*Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good-Night*,” on p. 604.]

## Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night.

"The night is my departing night,  
For here nae longer must I stay;  
There's no a friend or fae of mine  
But wishes that I were awa'.

"What I hae done for lack o' wit  
I never, never can reca';  
I trust ye're a' my friends as yet:  
Gude night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

—[Thomas] *Armstrong's Good Night*, 1600.

AMONG our "Romantic Ballads" we are glad to have the right to include a few from the Roxburghe Collection that form connecting links with the Scottish ballads. We admit unhesitatingly the woful inferiority of our English street-ditties, the reprints of penny broadsides, the literature of our lower and middle classes two hundred years ago, and a century earlier, as compared to those spirit-stirring and pathetic Border-Ballads for the chief part genuinely and intensely Scottish, that have floated down to us traditionally, and been snatched by such men as David Herd, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Jamieson, William Motherwell, and a few others (disregarding the mere rubbish and forgeries produced in emulation of the industry and good fortune of these true searchers and recorders). The baldness of narrative, devoid of all gleams of brilliant poetry, "the light that never was on land or sea, The consecration and the Poet's Dream," in our prosaic hum-drum dreary "Tragedies" and "Laments," leaves much to be desired. We remember "The Clerk's Two Sons of Owsenford," which, with other of those loveliest Scottish ballads, may nevertheless have had an originally English foundation; but, if so, they have passed through an alchemist's alembic in the North Countrie, and all that might otherwise have been dull and commonplace has "suffered a sea-change, Into something rich and strange." We remember a score, many a score, of beautiful ditties which belong to the Scottish people exclusively beyond dispute, and which any nation ought to be proud of possessing. It is the fashion of the day, harmless enough, but seldom pursued with either taste or discriminating learning (mere pedantry and laborious idleness instead thereof, that affect the bulk of material and self-display for professorship, with coöperation of multitudinous nobodies in our "Daylight of the Dwarfs"), to announce the close connection of poems, ballads and myths, with their transmutation during dispersal. Every tale or fancy must, according to these stupendous Pundits, have been originally a Solar Myth or a Nature Cryptogram. Nothing could have been meant to be what it appears! Nobody ever was able to

enjoy a romance for its own sake, but must perpetually have been 'sat upon' by his Magi, the teachers of occultism: *i.e.* that the seasons succeed one another; that the sun disappears when it goes below the horizon; that the wind is forcible, and takes liberties unwarrantably with an octogenarian's unshorn beard; that buried grain may possibly, under favourable circumstances, reappear in a new crop, "brought to me like Alcestis from the grave," etc., etc., etc. One might imagine that a School-Board regulated the dream-language of the civilized world since the Deluge. But the stupidity is in the interpreters, not in the ancient Greeks, poets or sculptors. We have to endure the vivisectionists of literature and art, who "murder to dissect." They are not of genius, like Paganini, although they fiddle continually on one string. He lifted up our souls in rapture with his wondrous skill, his "Witch's Dance under the Walnut Tree;" but they—send their listeners to sleep, or drive them frantic. Surely they might leave unrack'd, undismember'd, unbranded into ugliness, our *Romantic and Legendary Ballads*.

Unhappily for ourselves we are here limited to such as belong to the Roxburghe Collection. Let us at least avail ourselves of our legal rights, in "Sir Hugh of the Græme," "Johnny Armstrong," the "New Balow," and "The Gallant Grahams."

Our earliest English version of "Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good Night," there entitled "A Northern Ballet," resolves itself, so far as we have evidence, into the appearance of that pleasant Drollery of the Interregnum, "*Wit Restored*, 1658, in several Select Poems not formerly published," p. 123. The book owes its birth to the friendship of two gallant and loyal Cavaliers (the terms were synonymous, and naturally so), Sir John Menzies, or Mennis, and Dr. James Smith. Hence, we are of opinion that to Sir John Menzies we are indebted for the introduction of such northern ditties as "The Old Ballet of Shepherd Tom," "Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnard" (see our p. 631), "The Miller and the King's Daughter," and the present ballad. In fact, it is by no means improbable that Menzies and Smith themselves might have been the authors of considerably more than they are accredited with, in *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656, *Wit Restored*, 1658, and even possibly in *Wit's Recreation* of 1640.

It is unlikely that any extant ballad on Johnny Armstrong's death, or of his men, appeared until 1600. But the lines quoted as motto on our previous page are believed traditionally to have been composed by Thomas of the gang, when about to be executed for having, in the way of business, slain Sir John Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches. The death of Armstrong had mischanced in March, 1528, under James V.; but the ballad account applies clearly to King James VI. of Scotland, before he crawled south, there to become a mischievous James I., unhappily for England.

He drove the Catholics by his severe penal laws to the abortive Powder Plot. Johnnie Armstrong sadly declares the truth :—

I have ask'd grace from a graceless face,  
No pardon there is for you or me.

The description is life-like, but it is of James VI., not of James V. Instead of the 'waeful Woodie,' it were better to think of Johnnie dying on a well-fought field; although stabbed treacherously in the back by 'a cowardly Scot,' the reiver fell not in flight from his foes. That Edinburgh had risen, like the later Porteous mob, to wreak the vengeance of petty traders on the eight-score men and their leader, in sheer spite, not loyalty, is exactly what might have been expected. Much of the gorgeous finery could not have been previously purchased honestly with money, 'chalk' was out of the question, and since the spoiling of the Egyptians there have been few concessions to borrowers. Dare we hint that the night's minions, St. Nicholas's Clerks, and agents of Mercury, had employed another process of transfer?

In earliest boyhood we rambled frequently, making many sketches, amid the border keeps and other localities of legendary and ballad lore. We retain a few of these sketches, unpublished, one being the so-called "Johnny Armstrong's Gilnockie Tower," with its bare walls frowning across the meadows and corn-fields, and a small cottage farm peacefully nestling beside what was formerly a threatening haunt of men, who held cheap the lives of others and themselves, and in their mis-governed country as often righted abuses of the feudal tyranny and Calvinistic fanaticism as they inflicted wrongs on those who opposed their 'conveyancing.'

On the prowess, fortune and fate, of our Johnnie Armstrong we need not dwell, seeing that he found already his chronicler in the best of all ballad-editors, that great and good Walter Scott to whom we owe so much, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. That his death took place *circa* 1529, and at the hands of James V. of Scotland, not at Edinburgh, but when the King, leading an army of ten thousand men, marched through Ettrick Forest and Ewdsdale, appears certain. And that the brave Armstrong died on the gallows-tree, and not fighting with sword in hand as our English broadside misrepresents, is a fact we cannot gainsay, awkward though it sound. Yet how many heroes, before and since, have gone "up a long ladder and down a wee tow," without more than physical damage. Remembering that John Brown was hanged, and that thousands of scoundrels still remain without a rope-cravat round their thrapple, it almost appears an honourable distinction to have been suspended. Better are the hanged than the unchanged in the world's history. Have not poets loved to celebrate their deeds and chant their requiem? Have not romancers and dramatists bent their genius to extend such renown, while tears on ladies' cheeks attested



their sorrow? Imitation being the sincerest flattery, a weaker race try to emulate their lawlessness, and attain their reward.

The old ballad first printed, from the Bannatyne MS., by Allan Ramsay, in his Collection entitled *The Evergreen*, 1724, keeps more closely to the historical fact than does ours, which he styles "the common one." The original "*Johnnie Armstrong*" begins thus:—

Sum speiks of lords, sum spekis of lairds,  
And sic lyke men of hie degrie;  
Of a Gentleman I sing a sang,  
Sum tyme call'd Laird of *Gilnockie*.  
The King he wrytes a luving letter,  
With his ain hand sae tenderly,  
And he hath sent it to *Johny Armstrong*,  
To cum and speik with him speedily.  
The *Eliots* and *Armstrangs* did convene;  
They were a gallant company—  
"We'll welcome Hame our Royal King;  
I hope he'll dine at *Gilnockie*."

The fatal locality is indicated in the penultimate or 32nd stanza:

"Fareweil! my bonny *Gilnock* hall,  
Quhair on *Eske* syde thou standest stout!  
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,  
I wad haife gilt thee round about."  
*John* murder'd was at *Carlinrigg*,  
And all his gallant companie;  
But *Scotland's* heart was never sae wae,  
To see sae mony brave men die—  
Because they saved their country deir  
Frae *Englishmen*! Nane were sae bauld,  
Quhyle *Johnnie* liv'd on the Border syde,  
Nane of them durst cum neir his hauld.

On pp. 343-348, vol. i., of the *Appendix* to an excellent Collection of '*Scotish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditional*' (edited, with thorough mastery of the subject, by the late James Maidment, and published by William Paterson, Edinburgh, 1868), is given an abstract of a book called "The pleasant and delightful History of *Johnny Armstrong*, showing his many noble deeds in his youth, in divers countries," etc.; an apocryphal narrative, printed and sold by C. Randall of Stirling in 1803; no doubt "an abridgement of an earlier edition of a popular story on the subject of Armstrong." Herein he appears as a 'brave jolly man,' living at his own castle in Westmoreland. A brief memoir of Johnnie Armstrong is furnished to *The Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. ii. pp. 93, 94, 1885 by Arthur Henry Bullen. The Thomas Armstrong (nephew of '*Kinmont Willie*' Armstrong), who is credited with having written the "Good Night" which forms our motto on p. 600, was executed in November, 1600; his slaughter of the Warden of the Middle or West-Marches, Sir John Carmichael, having taken place near Lochmaben, on the previous 16th of June, 1600.



[Roxburghe Coll., III. 513; Bagford, I. 64; II. 94; Pepys, II. 133; Euing, 151; Wood, 401, p. 93; 402, p. 59; Douce, I. 103; III. 45; Huth, I. 141.]

## Johnny Armstrong's last Good-night. Declaring how he and his Eight-score Men fought a bloody Battle with the Scottish King at Edinburgh.

[TO A PRETTY NORTHERN TUNE, *Fare you well, Giltknock-hall.* (Wood's)]  
Licensed and Entered according to Order.

" IS there never a man in all *Scotland*, [*The King asks of one* :  
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,  
That can shew himself now before the King?  
*Scotland* is so full of treachery ! "

" Yes, there is a man in *Westmoreland*, [*The Reply.*  
*Johnny Armstrong* they do him call ;  
He hath no lands, nor rent coming in,  
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall. 8

" He has horse and harness for them all,  
With goodly steeds that are milk white,  
With their goodly belts about their necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike."

The King he writes a loving letter,  
And with his own hand so tenderly,  
And hath sent it unto *Johnny Armstrong*,  
To come and speak with him speedily ; 16

When *Johnny* look'd [on] this letter, Good faith ! [*Transposed.*  
He look'd as blith as a bird on a tree ;

" I was never before a King in my life,  
My father, grandfather, nor none of us three.

" But seeing we must go before the King,  
Lord ! we will go most gallantly ;  
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,  
Laid down with golden laces three. 24

" And ye shall every one have a scarlet cloak,  
Laid down with silver laces fine, [*a. l. 'five.'*  
With your golden belts about your necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike."

But when *Johnny* went from *Giltknock-Hall*, [*i. e. Gilnockie*  
The wind blew hard, and full fast it did rain ; Tower.

" Now fare thee well, thou *Giltknock-Hall*,  
I fear I shall never see thee again." 32

Now *Johnny* is to *Edenborough* gone,  
With his eight-score men so gallant to see,  
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,  
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when *John* came the King before,  
With his eight-score men so gallant to see,  
The King he mov'd his bonnet to him,  
He thought he had been a king as well as he. 40

"O! pardon, O! pardon, my sovereign Liege,  
Pardon for my eight-score men and me;  
For my name it is *Johnny Armstrong*,  
A subject of yours, my Liege," said he.

"Away with thee, thou false traitor,  
No pardon I will grant to thee;  
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,  
I will hang up thy eight-score men and thee." 48

Then *Johnny* look'd over his left shoulder,  
And to his merry men thus said he,  
"I have asked grace of a graceless face,  
No pardon there is for you or me."

Then *John* pull'd out his nut-brown sword,  
And it was made of metal so free;  
Had not the King mov'd his foot as he did,  
*John* had taken his head from his fair body. 56

"Come follow me, my merry men all,  
We will scorn one foot for to flye;  
It shall ne'er be said we were hung like dogs,  
We will fight it out so manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold,  
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,  
'Till they had kill'd all the king's good guards;  
There were none left alive, but two or three. 64

But then rose up all *Edenborough*,  
They rose up by thousands three;  
A cowardly Scot came *Johnny* behind,  
And run him thorow the fair body.

Said *John*, "Fight on, my merry men all,  
I am a little wounded, but am not slain,  
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,  
Then I'll rise and fight with you again." 72

Then they fought on like mad men all,  
 'Till many a man lay dead on the plain;  
 For they were resolv'd before they would yield,  
 That every man should there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,  
 'Till most of them lay dead there, and slain;  
 But little *Musgrove*, that was his foot-page,  
 With his bonny *Grizzle* got away unta'en. [grey-steed. 80

But when he came to *Giltknock* hall,  
 The Lady spied him presently,  
 "What news? what news? thou little foot-page,  
 What news from thy Master and his company?"

"My news [it] is bad, Lady!" he said,  
 Which I do bring, as you may see:  
 My master, *Johnny Armstrong*, is slain,  
 And all his gallant company." 88

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny *Grizzle*,  
 Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,  
 But now thou shalt be fed with bread [and] wine;  
 Thy sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,  
 As he sat on his Nurse's knee,  
 "If ever I live to be a man,  
 My father's death reveng'd shall be." 96

[By T. R.]

[No Publisher's name on Roxburghe copy, which is in white-letter, but Anthony à Wood's couple, black-letter, were printed for *Francis Grove*, and bear the initials of T.R. as author. Can these be for Thomas Robins? Pepys copy for *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*. The Bagford couple and Euing's copy are marked 'London, Printed for and by *W[illiam] O[nley]* and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-Bridge*. 1st Douce, *London*, by *T. Norris*, to Northern Tune, 'Fare thou well, *Giltknock Hall*. 2nd Douce, n.p.n. to North-country Tune. Title, "The last Good Night of the valiant *Johnny Armstrong*, showing how," etc. W.O.'s issue has "Licensed and entered according to Order," and "To a pretty Northern tune." Our Roxburghe woodcut (p. 599) is in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 365, "The Courageous Soldiers of the North," 1690; nearly the same date of issue as this Roxburghe print.]

\* \* It is possible, and not improbable, that this "*little Musgrove*," who was Johnnie Armstrong's foot-page, and escaped on his leader's "bonnie *Grizzle*" (lines 79, 80), was identical with the "*Little Musgrave*," a Northern Borderer (Cf. our ballad on pp. 631 to 634), who became entangled with the Lady Barnard or Barnet: perhaps of Barnard-Castle, Yorkshire.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 572 ; III. 725.]

A Delectable New Ballad, intituled  
**Leader-Haughs and Yarow.**

TO ITS OWN PROPER TUNE.

WHen *Phæbus* bright the azure skies with golden rayes enlightneth,  
These things Sublunar he espies ; herbs, trees, and plants he quick'neth ;  
Among all those he makes his choise, and gladly goes he thorow,  
With radiant beams, and silver streams, through *Leader Haughs* and *Yarow*.<sup>1</sup>

When *Aries* the day and night in equal length divideth,  
Old frosty *Saturn* takes the flight, no longer he abideth ;  
Then *Flora* Queen, with mantle green, casts off her former sorrow,  
And vows to dwell with *Cæres* fell in *Leader Haughs* and *Yarow*.

*Pan* playing on his Oaten reed, with Shepherds him attending,  
Doth here resort their flocks to feed, the Hill and Haughs commending ;  
With bottle, bag, and staff with knag, and all singing good morrow,  
They swear no fields more pleasure yields, than *Leader Haugh* and *Yarow*.

One house there stands on *Leader* side, surmounting my descrying, [*Thirlestane*.  
With ease-rooms rare, and windows fair, like *Dædalus*' contriving ;  
Men passing by do often say in [th'] South it has no marrow ; [i.e. peer.  
It stands as fair on *Leader* side, as *New-wark* does on *Yarow*. 16

A mile below, who list to ride, they'll hear the Mavis singing.  
Into St. *Leonard's* bank she'l bide, sweet Birks her head o'er-hinging ;  
The Lint-white loud, and *Progne* proud, with tender throats and narrow,  
Into St. *Leonard's* banks do sing as sweetly as in *Yarow*.

<sup>1</sup> Note.—The broadsides read 'Yarow' instead of *Yarrow*, *passim*.

On Nichol Burn (as he calls himself, not Burne) is a brief note in Robert Chambers' *Songs of Scotland*, 1829, p. 305, "This song is little better than a string of names of places [!]. Yet there is something so pleasing in it, especially to the ear of a 'south-country man,' that it has long maintained its place in our [Scottish] collections. We all know what impressive verse Milton makes out of mere catalogues of localities.

"The author, *Nicol Burne*, is supposed to have been one of the last of the old race of minstrels. In an old collection of songs, in their original state of *ballants*, I have seen his name printed as '*Burne the Violer*,' which seems to indicate the instrument upon which he was in the practice of accompanying his recitations. I was told by an aged person at Earlstoun that there used to be a portrait of him [i.e. of *Burne*] in Thirlestane Castle representing him as a douce old man, leading a cow by a straw-rope. Thirlestane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, near Lauder, is the castle of which the poet speaks in such terms of admiration. It derives the massive beauties of its architecture from [Jn. Maitland] the Duke of Lauderdale, who built it, as the date above the doorway testifies, in the year 1674. The song must therefore have been composed since that era. It was printed in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*," 1725. Robert Chambers did not reprint the three final stanzas of our broadside.

Our minstrel '*Nicol Burn the Violer*' must not be confounded with another Nicol Burn, Burne, or Brown, controversialist and Scotchman, who, in 1581, had published in Paris a "Disputation concerning the Controversit Headdis of Religion haldin in the Realm of *Scotland*." He was a right-minded Professor of Philosophy at St. Andrews ; where Professors were, and are, scholars.

The lap-wing lilteth o'er the Lea, with nimble wings she sporteth,  
 But vowes she'll not come near the tree where *Philomel* resorteth ;  
 By break of day, the Lark can say, I'll bid you all good morrow,  
 I'll yout and yell, for I may dwell in *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*. 24

*Parke*, *Wanton-Walls*, and *Wooden-cleugh*, the *East* and *Wester Maines*,  
 The Forrest of *Lawder's* fair enough, the corns are good in *Blanshies* ;  
 Where Oats are fine and sold by kind, that if ye search all thorow,  
*Mearns*, *Buchan*, *Marr*, none better are, than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn-Milne-boge* and *Whitslead-Shawes*, the fearful Hare she haunteth,  
*Bridge-haugh* and *Broad-wood-shiel* she knawes, to the *Chapel-wood* frequenteth ;  
 Yet, when she irks, to *Kaidslie-Birks* she runs, and sighs for sorrow,  
 That she should leave sweet *Leader Haughs*, and cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter Musick would ye hear, than Hounds and Beigles crying ?  
 The Hare waits not, but flees for fear, their hard pursuite defying ;  
 But yet her strength, it failes at length, no bielding can she borrow,  
 At *Haggs*, *Cleckmae*, nor *Sorr[ow]lesfield*,<sup>1</sup> but longs to be at *Yarrow*. 36

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Rival*, *Aymer*, still thinking for to view her,<sup>2</sup>  
 But O ! to fail her strength begins, no cunning can rescue her ;  
 O'er dubb and dike, o'er s[h]eugh and syke, she'll run the fields all thorow,  
 Yet ends her dayes in *Leader Haughs*, and bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Thou *Erslington*<sup>3</sup> and *Colden-knowes*,<sup>4</sup> where *Humes* had once commanding,  
 And *Dry-Grange* with thy milk-white Ewes, 'twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing ;  
 The birds that flees through *Rid-path* trees, and *Gledswood* banks all thorow,  
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader-Haughs*, and the bony Banks of *Yarrow*.

But *BURN* cannot his grief asswage, whileas his dayes endureth,  
 To see the Changes of this Age, which day and time procureth ;  
 For many a place stands in hard case, where *Burns* were blyth beforrow,  
 With *Humes* that dwelt on *Leader-side*, and *Scots* that dwelt in *Yarrow*. 48

### The words of BURN the Violet.

What ? shall my Viol silent be, or leave her wonted Scriding ?  
 But choose some sadder Elegie, not Sports and Mirs deriding ;  
 It must be faine with lower strain, than it was wont beforrow,  
 To sound the praise of *Leader Haughs*, and the bon[n]y Banks of *Yarrow*.

But floods has overflown the Banks, the greenish Haughs disgracing,  
 And trees in Woods grows thin in ranks, about the Fields defacing ;  
 For Waters waxes, Woods do waind ; more, if I could for sorrow,  
 In rural verse, I would rehearse, of *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow* ; 56

But sighs and sobs o'rsets my breath, sore saltish tears forth sending,  
 All things sublunar here on Earth are subject to an ending ;  
 So must my Song, though some what long, yet late at even and Morrow,  
 I'll sigh and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*, and the bon[n]y Banks of *YAROW*.

*Hic terminus hæret.*

*Finis.*

[Black-letter, 2nd copy in White-letter. No p.n. Date, circa 1690.]

Notes.—<sup>1</sup> *al. lect.*, "In Sorrowless Fields."

<sup>2</sup> *al. lect.*, "With sight and scent pursue her."

<sup>3</sup> = *Earlston*, formerly *Ercildoun*.

<sup>4</sup> *Cowden-knowes*, with its *Broom*.



### The Lass of Ocrum.

- “ Ah, ope, Lord *Gregory*, thy door ! a midnight wanderer sighs,  
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar, and lightnings cleave the skies.”  
“ Who comes with woe at this dread night—a pilgrim of the gloom ?  
If she whose love did once delight, my cot shall yield her room.”  
“ Alas ! thou heard’st a pilgrim mourn, that once was prized by thee :  
Think of the ring, by yonder burn, thou gav’st to Love and me !  
“ But should’st thou not poor *Marian* know, I’ll turn my feet and part ;  
And think the storms that round me blow, far kinder than thy heart.”

—*Lord Gregory*, by Dr. John Walcott, c. 1787.

WE are happy to be the first (so far as we know) to reprint “The Lass of Ocrum,” which probably affords the earliest extant text of this truly interesting and pathetic love-tale. On it Dr. Walcott at his best (see above; also p. 212, where a fragmentary song of 1787 is given), and Sir Walter Scott still later, tried their powers. There are various corrupt and fraudulent versions afloat, and even our Roxburghe Ballad is somewhat flawed, a modernized reprint of *one that may have belonged to the days of Mary Queen of Scots*. It is the authentic fountain-head of all the others.

Rude as it is, and evidently damaged in transmission to us (notably in the opening stanza, with its three-fold “sure,” and its reiterations concerning the building of the “ship of Northern fame”), it has a touching simplicity and directness. The girl, whose honour had been basely wounded in the past by her sordidly-trafficking lover, makes a last appeal to him, in the darkness of the night, amid inclemency of wind and rain. She finds the castle-door closed against her prayers for shelter; with disguised voice the hateful mother of the wronger, Lord Gregory, questions her thrice from the grating, until she gains the knowledge that her prurient malice had desired, when she reviles and drives hence the poor despairing victim to perish with her unfathered baby in the storm. A stanza or more may have been lost, but the leaving unbridged such abrupt transitions was far from unusual of old. The awakening of the tardy lover, too late to save the girl from insult and destruction, is followed by the malediction on his own mother who had acted so remorselessly.

In a fragment from *The Scots’ Musical Museum* (see p. 212 *ante*), the cold brutality of the lover is unredeemed by kindness:—

“ If you are the lass *that I lov’d once*, as I trow you are not she,  
Come, give me some of the tokens that past between you and me !”

Such a demand, urged at so inauspicious a time, would be amazing, if we did not gain the clue from our “Lass of Ocrum” ballad, that it is the feigned voice of the mother speaking, instead of the lover, while he sleeps unconscious of her cruel treachery.



The curse is left to speed home to its mark, not "coming home to roost," but poetical justice demands that the woman who has unsexed herself to torture a lost girl may wither away in heart and soul, dreading to die, yet shuddering at each return of dawn.

In his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (vol. ii. p. 58), Sir Walter Scott gave 39 stanzas; "The Lass of Lochroyan: now first published in a perfect state;" beginning with our lines 61-76, p. 614:—

"O wha will shoe my bonny foot, and wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp wi' a lang lang linen band? [cf. p. 611.  
"O wha will kame my yellow hair, with a new made silver kame?  
And wha will father my young son, till Lord Gregory come hame?"  
"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot, thy mother will glove thy hand,  
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp, till Lord Gregory come to land.  
"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair, with a new made silver kame,  
And God will be thy bairn's father, till Lord Gregory come hame."  
"But I will get a bonny boat, and I will sail the sea;  
And I will gang to Lord Gregory, since he canna come hame to me." etc.

Scott's version was compounded from "three manuscript copies and two from recitation. Two of the copies are in Herd's MSS.; the third is that of Mrs. Brown of Falkland."—*Minstrelsy S.B.*, iii. 56, 1803. By the way, "Love Gregory," or Gregor (perhaps MacGregor), not Lord Gregory, appears to have been the true title. Lochroyan is in Wigtonshire, near Stranraer.

David Herd and George Paton had earlier printed in their *Ancient and Modern Songs, Heroic Ballads*, etc. (vol. i. p. 149, 1776: not in the single vol. edition, 1769), "The Bonny Lass of Lochroyan," twenty-eight and a half four-line stanzas, beginning, "O, wha will shoe my bonny feet? Or wha will glove my hand?" Our "proud merchant-man" (Scott's "rank robber," and Herd's "rude rover,") then directs her where to find her "love Gregory." The "bonny ship" is described as "cover'd o'er with pearl: and at every needle-tack was in't there hang a siller-bell." This is more fanciful than our Roxburghe-ballad prototype of an armour-clad, with its "sides of the beaten gold, and doors were of block-tin." The Rover is dazzled by her beauty, and asks:—

"O whether art thou the Queen hersell? or ane of her *Maries* three? [*N.B.*  
Or art thou the Lass of *Lochroyan* seeking love *Gregory*?"  
"O I am not the Queen hersell, nor ane of her *Maries* three;  
But I am the Lass of *Lochroyan*, seeking love *Gregory*."  
"O sees na thou yon bonny bower, it's a' cover'd o'er wi' tin:  
When thou hast sail'd it round about, love *Gregory* is within."  
When she had sail'd it round about, she tirl'd at the pin,  
"O open, open, love *Gregory*, open and let me in!"  
"For I am the Lass of *Lochroyan*, banisht frae a' my kin."  
[Then his mother heard, and spak till her, while *Gregory* sleepit within.]

Next follow the demands to tell the love-tokens: the exchanged rings come first (no word of the changed linen); then the confession of dishonour is obtained; yet surely unnecessarily (except on the supposition of it being misplaced) is a later inquiry made for "mair o' the tokens, past between me and thee"<sup>1</sup>:—

Then she turn'd her round about, "Well since it will be sae,  
Let never woman who has born a son hae a heart sae full of wae.

"Take down, take down that mast of gould, set up a mast of tree,  
For it disna become a forsaken lady to sail sae royallie." [See Note 2.

Then comes, abruptly, Gregory's awakening, with his telling the dream which had been caused either by half-hearing her voice, or by that true mystic sympathy, which materialists reject and despise.

"I dreamt a dream this night, mother, I wish it may prove true,  
That the bonny Lass of *Lochroyan* was at the yate just now."

"Lie still, lie still, my only son, and sound sleep may'st thou get;  
For it's but an hour or little mair since she was at the yate."

"Awa, awa, ye wicked woman! and an ill death may you die;  
Ye might have either letten her in, or else have waken'd me.

"Gar saddle to me the black," he said, "Gar saddle to me the brown,  
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed that is in a' the town."

Now the first town he came to, the bells were ringing there;  
And the neist town he came to, her corpse was coming there.

"Set down, set down that comely corpse, set down and let me see,  
Gin that be the Lass of *Lochroyan*, that died for love o' me."

And he took out his little pen-knife, that hang down by his gar'e;  
And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet, a long cloth-yard or mair.

And first he kist her cherry-cheek, and syne he kist her chin,  
And neist he kist her rosy lips; there was nae breath within.

And he has ta'en his little pen-knife, with a heart that was fou sair;  
He has given himself a deadly wound, and word spoke never mair.

Thus ends Herd's version, printed in 1776, saved from earlier years. Where he found fragments he honestly gave them as such. He was the best of our Early-Ballads editors, rival seekers for *Reliques*. Jamieson and Motherwell (himself a true poet) were able men, but could not resist the temptation to manufacture and add connecting links or "improvements." Allan Cunningham was fraudulence

<sup>1</sup> Here, if anywhere, comes in a doubtful 38th stanza given by Maurice Ogle in 1871 (*Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland*, p. 7), *Fair Annie of Lochryan*:—

"Oh! ha'e ye gotten anither fair love, for all the oaths ye sware?  
Then fare ye weel, fause Gregory, for me ye's ne'er see mair!"

<sup>2</sup> Robert Jamieson's remembered 23rd stanza (1805) might follow Herd's on the 'mast of gold' being unsuitable for a forsaken lady:—

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk, set up the sails o' skin;  
Ill sets [=suits] the outside to be gay, whan there's sic grief within."

He reads, "lace my middle jimp wi' a new-made London band:" Scott, '*linen*.'

personified, and thus well suited Cromek. We entertain respect and liking for Robert Kinloch, an assiduous hunter of waifs and strays, late in the day, when the game had become scarce. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe was a genuine Last of the Mohicans, shrewd, skilful, and honest, to whom we owe lasting gratitude: we often saw him in our young days, and twice was this small editorial head patted by his hand, while we gazed at his spotless gaiters with awe. Wm. Edmondstoune Aytoun stood among the best of workers at interweaving the most telling stanzas of differentiated versions into one harmonious narrative. He neither falsified nor mutilated causelessly: he simply re-cast or soldered them into mosaic-work.

As for the untrustworthy recitations, the so-called "traditionary" variations, pretended to be carried down from hoar antiquity by garrulous old women, half-blundering and half-fraudulent, they need not detain us here. Elizabeth Cochrane's song-book version begins, "Fair *Isabell* of *Rockroyall* she dreamed where she lay," and by aid of idle repetitions it is inflated to thirty-five stanzas. Nor care we more for Widow Stevenson's nearly-worthless version, (in Pitcairn's MSS., iii. p. 1), which, lacking the beginning, starts with "She sailed west, she sailed east, she sailed mony a mile; Until she cam to Lord *Gregor's* yett, and she tirl'd at the pin." Here the seeker is called "the bonny Lass of Ruchlaw Hill." In Peter Buchan's MSS. ii. 149, his *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 198, 1828, and J. H. Dixon's *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society, vol. xvii. 1845), one beginning, "It fell on a Wodensday, Love *Gregory's* ta'en the sea," she is "Lady Janet," but in Robert Jamieson's she is "Annie of Lochroyan." Some few genuine relics are in "The Lass of Aughrim" (transferring the scene to *Aughrim*, Roscommon, Ireland, and with curious similarity of name to our Roxburghe "*Ocrum*"), preserved by Mr. G. C. Mahon of Ann Arbor, Michigan, as it had been sung by a labourer at Tyrrelspass, West Meath, Ireland, about 1830. It begins, "Oh! who'll comb my yellow locks, with the brown berry comb?" Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's fragment, from Galloway and Dumfriesshire, holds no more than one valuable stanza:—

"O open the door, Love *Gregory*, O open and let me in;  
The wind blows through my yellow hair, and the dew draps o'er my chin."

In Herd's version we note the absurdity of Gregory ordering his horses and riding after his mistress, who had gone off from his castle, even as she had come to it, in a ship by sea. The ring, the ship, and the castle (Rock Royal) are persistently described as of "block tin!" Was the author a Cornish miner? Dervaux says, perhaps it was all on account of Love Gregory being on an island, blockt in by the waves, and over-wearied by his "witch-mother."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 488.]

## The Lass of Ocram.

- I Built my Love a gallant ship,  
 And a ship of Northern fame,  
 And such a ship as I did build,  
 Sure there never was seen ;  
 For the sides were of the beaten gold,  
 And the doors were of block tin,  
 And sure such a ship as I built,  
 There never [before] was seen. [Text, "There sure."]
- And as she was a sailing  
 By herself all alone,  
 She spied a proud merchant-man  
 Come plowing o'er the main.  
 "Thou fairest of all creatures,  
 Under the heavens," said she,  
 "I am the Lass of *Ocram*,  
 Seeking for Lord *Gregory*." 16
- "If you are the Lass of *Ocram*,  
 As I take you for to be,  
 You must go to yonder island,  
 There Lord *Gregory* you'll see."
- "It rains upon my yellow locks,  
 And the dew falls on my skin ;  
 Open the gates, Lord *Gregory*,  
 And let your true love in !" [She lands. 24
- "If you're the Lass of *Ocram*,  
 As I take you not to be,  
 You must mention the three tokens  
 Which pass'd between you and me."
- "Don't you remember, Lord *Gregory*,  
 One night on my father's hill,  
 With you I swaft my linen fine,  
 It was sore against my will ; 32  
 For mine was of the *Holland* fine,  
 And yours but *Scotch* cloth ;  
 For mine cost a guinea a yard,  
 And yours but five groats."
- "If you are the Lass of *Ocram*,  
 As I think you not to be,  
 You must mention the second token,  
 That pass'd between you and me." 40

“ Don’t you remember, Lord *Gregory*,  
 One night in my father’s park,  
 We swaffed our two rings,  
 It was all in the dark ;  
 For mine was of the beaten gold,  
 And yours was of block tin ;  
 And mine was true-love without,  
 And yours all false within.” 48

“ If you are the Lass of *Ocrum*,  
 As I take you not to be,  
 You must mention the third token,  
 Which past between you and me.”

“ Don’t you remember, Lord *Gregory*,  
 One night in my father’s hall,  
 Where you stole my maidenhead,  
 Which was the worst of all.” 56

“ Begone, you base creature !  
 Begone from out of the hall !  
 Or else in the deep seas  
 You and your babe shall fall.”

“ Then who will shoe my bonny feet,  
 And who will close my hands,  
 And who will lace my waste so small,  
 Into a landen span ?” 64

[*cf.* p. 611.]

“ And who will comb my yellow locks,  
 With a brown berry comb ?  
 And who’s to be father to my child,  
 If Lord *Gregory* is none ? ”

“ Let your brother shoe your bonny feet,  
 Let your sister close your hands,  
 Let your mother lace your waist so small,  
 Into a landen span. 72  
 Let your father comb your yellow locks,  
 With a brown berry comb,  
 And let God be father of your child,  
 For Lord *Gregory* is none.”

“ I dreamt a dream, dear mother, [Lord *Gregory* speaks.  
 I could wish to have it read,  
 I saw the Lass of *Ocrum*  
 A floating on the flood.” 80

“ Lie still, my dearest son,  
 And take thy sweet rest ;  
 It is not half an hour ago,  
 The maid pass’d this place.”

“ Ah! cursed be you, mother!  
And cursed may you be,  
That you did not awake me,  
When the maid pass'd this way!  
I will go down into some silent grove,  
My sad moan for to make;  
It is for the Lass of *Ocrum*,  
My poor heart now will break.”

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[White-letter. No printer's name. Woodcut of ship. Date of issue, *circa* 1765.  
See the introduction for variations, especially the conclusion given by Herd.]



\* \* If we are enabled to see the seventh volume of these *Roxburghe Ballads* to its conclusion, the legitimate FINALE of the whole series, whereof we are unwilling to despair, there will be a small group devoted to the ballads illustrating the stormy reign or usurpation of William and Mary. For this group might have been kept waiting “THE MEMORABLE BATTLE FOUGHT AT KILLIECRANKIE,” July 17, 1689, wherein the usurper's forces were routed under General Mackay by the gallant Claverhouse, John Graham, Viscount Dundee. But amid the uncertainties of this slippery world, wherein many an *oubliette* opens suddenly and our comrades unexpectedly sink to disappear for ever, our only safety lies in making sure of the present. Therefore, availing ourselves of the pretext that surely the glorious death of Claverhouse was an event alike romantic and tragical, we introduce it without delay, in sequence to others of “The Gallant Grahams.” The noblest of the race were Montrose and Claverhouse, both loyal and chivalrous, both giving their lives cheerfully for their respective kings of the Stuart line.





[Roxburghe Collection, III. 404 ; Douce Coll., III. 51.]

## The Memorable Battle fought at Killycrankie, by Chief Clavers and his Highland Men.

TO THE TUNE CALL'D, *Killy Cranky*.

(Clavers and his *Highland* men came down upon the raw then,  
Who being stout gave many a clout, the Lads began to claw then :  
With sword and targets in their hands, wherewith they were not slaw then,  
And clinkin clankin on their crowns, the Lads began to claw then.

O'er brink and brank, o'er ditch and stank, he staik amang them a' then,  
The *Butter-box* got many knocks, the riggans pay'd for a' then. [*riggan*=backbone.  
They got their Paiks with sudden Straiks, which to their grief they saw then,  
And double dunts upon their rumps, the lads began to fa' then. 8

Her skip'd about, and leap'd about, her flang amang them a' then,  
The *English* blades got broken heads, their crowns her clave in twa then,  
The *Durk* and *Door* made their last hour, such was their final fa' then, [*Skene dhu*.  
They thought the D——l had been there, that gave them such a paw then.

*Jock Presbyter* an's Covenant came whigging up [th'] hill then,  
Though *Highland Trews* would not refuse for to subscribe the Bill then ;  
In *William's* name he thought na shame, would stop the deed at a' then ;  
But her nane sell *Stock*, with many a knock, cry'd *furich Whigs awa' then*. 16

*Sir Hugh Macdow* with his men true, came skipping o'er the brink then ;  
The *Hogan Dutch*, that feared such, they bred a horrid stink then :  
The true *Maclain* his gate has gone, and come upon a raw then ;  
None could withstand his heavy hand, he strake with such a paw then.

[White-letter, one cut: a hand-to-hand battle of footmen. Here ends the  
broadside, without colophon. A printed copy in the Editor's possession, dated  
1778, gives various readings and two additional stanzas. These stanzas, late  
additions, were adopted by Joseph Ritson, in his *Scottish Songs*, 1794 :—

“ *Oh' on a ri ! Oh' on a ri !* why should she love King *Shames*, man ?  
“ *Oh' rig in di ! Oh' rig in di !* she shall break a' her banes then ;  
With ‘ *Furichinish*,’ and stay a while, and speak a word or twa, man,  
She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck, before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane, her nainsell's won the day, man.  
King *Shames*' red coats shou'd be hung up, because they ran awa' then :  
Had bent their brows, like *Highland trews*, and made as lang a stay, man,  
They'd saved their King, that sacred thing, and *Willie* ran awa' then.

*Variations*, line 4.—Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh (weak and inadmissible) ;  
line 5, O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch o'er stank (a stank is a pool of stagnant  
water, broader than a ditch) ; the *Butter-box* was a time-honoured nick-name  
for the Dutch common-people and soldiers, even as *Hogen-Mogens* applied to  
their High-Mightinesses who ruled them ; *paiks* are pokes, and *dunts* are  
knocks, very often double-knocks, in this case well administered : line 16,  
*Furich-Figs awa' man* (corrupt version ; the meaning is, ‘ Aggressive Whigs, be  
off ! ’ ; line 17, *Sir Evan Du*, i.e. *Evan Dhu*, or the black *Evan* ; *Maclain* =  
our *Maclain* ; penultimate stanza, *Och on a rie !* a highland lament, *Och !* =  
Alas ! as is *Oh' rig in di !* *Furichinish* is not (as John Jasper said) “ unin-  
telligible,” probably from *furich*, otherwise *fooroch*, or *foorich*, signifies bustle,  
confusion caused by haste. We repeat, the battle was fought on July 17, 1689.]

### Three Ballads on the Earl of Mar.

“ There’s some say that we wan, some say that they wan,  
Some say that nane wan at a’, man ;  
But one thing I’m sure, that at *Sheriffmuir*  
A battle there was which I saw, man :  
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,  
And we ran : and they ran awa, man ! ”

—*Sheriffmuir*, by the Rev. Murdoch McLennan of Crathie.

THE solution of the difficulty as to who deserves to be held the triumphant victor in any sharply contested game, or one played without skill and determinate courage on either side, may be safely left to occupy our attention during the coming glacial period, when the sun gives up business, the earth has exhausted her coal-mines and cooled her inside, as thoroughly as she has unbaked her crust. The indecision is not alone for ‘the Race of the Sherriemuir’ on 13 November, 1715, or as it is sometimes styled “The Bob of Dumblane.” “Gin it were na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit, an it were na well bobbit we’el bob it again !” sang John Campbell, second and best Duke of Argyle, who appears in our ensuing ballads. They deserve preservation here, although they are somewhat intrusive among our less-historical Romantic Ballads. We afford them shelter and annotation ; being unwilling to leave them to the tender mercies of Chance, awaiting a seventh volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*.

The tune cited for use in “*Mar’s Lament*,” in 1715, had been composed for Tom D’Urfey’s opera of “The Modern Prophets,” 1707, a song full of national ardour, not to say boastfulness (some folks, like Dame Quickly, “cannot abide swaggerers,” but then they keep disorderly houses themselves): Boasting, *with deeds*, not being a bad thing while the country is endangered by foreign foes and internal divisions, although anti-Jingoists and pro-Separatists may affect to be shocked. We give the song complete, but need not annotate the interpolation. The music is in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 25, and in *The Merry Musician*, i. 239, 1716.

#### A Song by Tom D’Urfey.

NOW, now comes on the Glorious Year ! *Britain* has hope, and *France* has fear ;  
*Lewis* the war has cost so dear, he slyly peace does tender :  
But our two Heroes so well know the breach of his word, some years ago,  
They resolve they will give him another blow, unless he *Spain* surrender.  
Health to the Queen, then straight begin ! to *Marlborough* great, and to brave *Eugene*.  
With them let valiant *Webb* come in, who late perform’d a wonder :  
Then to the ocean an offering make, and boldly carouze to brave Sir *John Leak*,  
Who with mortar and cannon *Mahon* did take, and make the Pope knock under.  
Beat up the Drum a new Alarm, the foe is cold, and we are warm ;  
The *Monsieur’s* troops can do no harm, tho’ they abound in numbers :  
Push then once more, and the War is done, old men and boys will surely run ;  
And we know we can beat ’em if four to one : which he too well remembers.

Seven years later Tom D'Urfey again wrote words to the same tune, on what he chose to call "The happy Accession to the Crown and coming-in of our Gracious Sovereign, King George" the First. It also has three stanzas, of which this is the opening:—

*Britains*, now let joys increase, revel all in happy days,  
Royal *George* has crost the seas: ye natives, homage tender.  
Fate to save us made him haste, *Britain's* Genius doubly blest,  
And renown'd as was e'er in Ages past the Saint our Isles defender. Etc.

Tom won nothing by his attempts to propitiate the pigmy Georgius of Hanover: who "hated arts and despised literature, but liked train-oil in his salads, and gave an unlimited patronage to bad oysters." Did he not publicly declare, "I hate all Boets and Bainters," and did not his precious son, George II., threaten our Hogarth with a flogging at the halberts, because he lampooned the silliness of the Grenadiers' March to Finchley?

As to the tune of *Bonny Katharine Ogie*, named for the ballad on p. 622, "The Clans' Lamentation against *Mar* and their own Folly:" The music is in Playford's *Dancing Master* of 1686, the Appendix, entitled "*The Lady Catharine Ogle*, a new Dance."

The earliest known words sung to the tune were written by Tom D'Urfey, one of the Anglo-Scotch indecorous absurdities wherein Londoners delighted, and which were often adopted with favour in the North Country, even in sapient Auld Reekie (conceiting itself later with being 'Modern Athens' and *arbiter elegantiarum*). He called it "*Bonny Kathern Loggy: A Scotch Song*" Its seven stanzas are unworthy of type-reprint, but this is the first of them, for identification (music and words in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vi. 274-276, 1720):

As I came down the hey-land [*vel* Highland] Town, there were Lasses many  
Sat in a rank on either bank, and ene more gay than any;  
Ise leekt about for ene kind face, and I spy'd *Willy Scroggy*,  
Ise spir'd of him what was her name, and he caw'd her *Kathern Loggy*.

The date of this was certainly as early as 1715, or earlier, because it is not only named for the tune of the "Clans' Lamentation," 1715, but also for a discreet "New Song to the tune of *Katherine Loggy*, in *The Merry Musician*, i. 224 (dated 1716), beginning, "As I walk'd forth to view the plain, upon a morning early, with a sweet scent to cheer my brain." The burden was *Katherine Ogie*: eight stanzas. By some unknown hand, altered and adopted as Scotch, it was reprinted in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* (vol. i. p. 133, first edition, song lxi.), as *Catherine Ogie*, commencing, "As walking forth to view the Plain, upon a morning early, While May's sweet scent," etc.

Stalwart Cavaliers entertain a sovereign contempt for the weak-minded, unfilial, and fulsomely belauded "Good Queen Anne;" they never forgive her omission of the often-projected but unperformed act of reparation to her family. She had enjoyed selfishly all that life enabled her to grasp or retain. Conscience pricked her, but she hesitated. The intrigues woven around her death-bed having led to the Elector of Hanover's accession to the English throne, for which he was unfitted by anything save the courage of a military adventurer, the Chevalier de St. George's hand was soon forced by John Erskine, Earl of Mar, raising the flag of insurrection

(we cannot call it rebellion, since it was in behalf of the rightful heir, although unseasonably). There remained nothing but to fling away the scabbard, and use the sword and target, as many brave Highlanders were ready to do, at Braemar in Aberdeenshire, on that memorable 26th of August, 1715. Huntly, Tullibardine, Seaforth, Linlithgow, with the Viscounts of Kilsythe, Kenmure, and more, swore allegiance to King James III., "the Old Pretender."

"God bless the King, God save the State's defender!  
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!—  
But who Pretender is, and who is King,  
God bless us all! is quite another thing."

By the 6th September the noblemen and chieftains of clans, with their respective feudal retainers, gathered at Aboyne, where Mar raised the Standard and proclaimed James King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. How the inaction and divided councils depressed their hopes, to ruin the few chances of success, among the gallant gentlemen who threw away their lives for the lost cause (as others equally impetuous and noble were to do thirty years later, when they "went out in the 'Forty-five"), is a tale that can never become wearisome or forgotten.

Unfortunately for their fortunes and lives, Mar was not a skilful commander, being wholly destitute of the military judgment and overwhelming power that had been shown successively by Montrose and by Claverhouse. Otherwise he might certainly have gained all Scotland for James, and it is not improbable that England would have followed soon after. As mismanaged, however, it became inevitable failure, and the defeat in 1715 was the real cause of ruin in 1746, when the old gentry hung back from Derby.

On the 10th November Mar consented to move his forces southward from Perth. Then followed "The Bob of Dumblane" with Argyle, in which the advantages remained with the Whigs. With only half of his forces retained on the morning of the 14th, Mar retreated to Perth, and our three ballads tell some portion of the saddening story of the Stuart loyalists.

The Old Chevalier, James Frederick Edward Stuart, arrived 22 Dec. His flight on Feb. 4th, 1714, with Mar, Melfort, Drummond, and others, was a sorry exchange for death on a well-fought field.

These rude ballads are all on the side of the government. Though they exaggerate the excesses of the Highlanders, they are not so rancorous or foul as the London political squibs of the same date. The tune, *The Hart* (*sic*, for *Hare*) *Merchants Rant*, is not found.

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Notes to p. 620.—<sup>1</sup> John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle, Commander-in-Chief of the Georgian forces. He survived until 1743.

<sup>2</sup> John Erskine, Earl of Mar, went abroad with James III., died in 1733.

<sup>3</sup> The headstrong river Allan, rushing past the ruined Abbey of Dumblane.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 329.]

## A Dialogue between his Grace the Duke of ARGYLE, and the Earl of MAR:

Or, an Excellent New Song, to the Tune of *the Hart Merchant's Rant*, etc.

ARGYLE and Mar are gone to war, which hath bred great confusion,  
 For Church and State they do debate, through difference and division.  
 And yet, for what I know not that, I hope I speak no treason,  
 Some say it's Self, some say it's Pelf, and some say it's Religion,  
 Which e'er it be, I tell to thee, and that I will not spare, Sir,  
 The Blades come from the Braes of Mar, they brave us every where, Sir.

Argyle.<sup>1</sup> [See *Notes*, p. 619.]

Says great Argyle within a while, "I'll make Mar for to rue, Sir,  
 That such great Folly in his brain did happen for to brew, Sir,  
 Tho' Mar's men now do ramble throw the North, both here and there, Sir,  
 I'll make them to draw up their Trew, and whipe their buttocks bare, Sir.

Mar.<sup>2</sup>

Says good Lord Mar, "Do you so dare both me and all my men, Sir,  
 While I have might, I will you fight, from *Stirling* flit your Den, Sir."

"The last time that I flited it, you had no cause to boast, Sir, Argyle.  
 For any thing that then you wan, it was unto your Coast, Sir, [=cost.  
 When at *Dumblain*, unto your pain, we fought it very fair, Sir,  
 When that Mar's men were forc'd and fain to run like any Hare, Sir; [cf. tune.  
 Some to the hills, some to the haughs, and some to *Allan Watter*.<sup>3</sup>  
 And unto some it was no more, their skulls were made to clatter.  
 And those that did escape the sword, did we not them surround, Sir,  
 When the four-score of Highland Men were in the water drown'd, Sir?"

Mar.

"Though my men do ramble thorough the North both here and there, Sir,  
 The half of what's said is not true: the Truth I do declare, Sir,  
 It's said they pillage and plunder all, in places where they come, Sir,  
 But by this they soon would catch a fall, and unto ruin run, Sir,  
 And as for that was at *Dumblain*, we lost so many men, Sir,  
 Perhaps we may recruit again, and that we'll let you ken, Sir.  
 If that once more we shall engage, we shall know how it goes, Sir,  
 Whiskie shall put our brains in rage, and Snuff shall prime our nose, Sir.  
 With Swords and Guns into our hands, we'll stoutly venture on, Sir,  
 Yea, Durks and Targets at command, of these we shall want none, Sir."

Argyle.

"Do what you can to prove the Man, your attempts shall prove in vain, Sir,  
 For sure Argyle shall lead the Van, and the victory shall gain, Sir.  
 Tho', like a Cock, Mar, in the North, abroad hath sent his crow, Sir,  
 Clapping his wings now beyond *Forth*, perhaps he'll get a blow, Sir.  
 Argyle, like to a Lyon bold, will grip him in his paws, Sir,  
 And that perhaps e're it be long, he'll make him stand in awe, Sir.  
 For lo! a conjunct company, both of Scots and Dutch men,  
 They're at a call on Mar to fall; they're almost all none-such Men:  
 Besides great numbers of Gentlemen, whom they call Volunteers, Sir,  
 The most and best whereof consist of valiant Scottish Peers, Sir."

Finis.

[In White-letter. Two rude chap-book woodcuts, 1st, a man shooting with bow-and-arrow; 2nd, a kilted Scot riding in woman-fashion on a nag, and playing a [Scotch] fiddle, symbolically. *Notes* are on p. 619. No colophon. Date, 1715.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 585.]

An Excellent New Ballad, intituled,  
**Mar's Lament for his Rebellion.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *Now comes on the Glorious Year.* [See p. 617.]

**N**Oble *Argyle* when he went on, while drums did rattle and trumpet sound,  
 "Come, brave Boys, we'll stand our ground, for three to one we'll fight them."

As soon as *Mar* did see the same, he cryed aloud with grief and woe,  
 "We are not able to fight our Foe, let us turn back with mourning."

"Yonder's *Argyle*, that champion great, who to our King hath no respect;  
 With bombs and cannons he'll make us quake, let us for Peace implore him."

These men with courage bold went on, like lyons to the prey each one,  
 "For if to the King this thing be known, he'll nobly reward us!" 8

Each man unto the spoyle he gat, some got plaids and snuff-mills in their pack,  
 Some had Targets, and some had none, to keep them from the volleys.

Saith *Mar*, "I will to *London* go, perhaps the King will favour show,  
 But mercy, I fear, there will be none to such a rebel as I am."

"I have wrought folly in this land, both sword and gun I did command,  
 Out of every place I fetcht a Clan, for to revenge this quarrel."

"With fear and terror I may dread, what shall be the Exent of this Head, [*sic.*]  
 Our Land's become a Field of Blood, it's all through my occasion." 16

He hath brought us from our native place, here to suffer much disgrace;  
 His heavy Curse come on his face, for he hath wrought our Ruine.

"All for our King we did appear, our cries and groans we thought he'd hear,  
 And for our Laws he would appear, yet he doth not regard us."

"Two thousand men from me are gone, to pull the King out of his Throne;  
 But now they are taken every one, they are made to beg for pardon."

"Here in *St. Johnstoun* I do ly, with sighs and groans and tears I cry; [= *Perth*]  
 I know that many of us shall dye, like dogs we must be hanged." 24

"Here I am surrounded about, no place nor corner [I] can get out;  
 For if to the fields I should go out, they're at my heels pursuing."

"For if to the Highlands I should flee, there will be no Refuge for me,  
 No cove, no grove, no rock I see, to keep me from their Fury."

"*Argyle* he is so valiant still, that many of my men he'll kill,  
 Upon me he advances still, at length he will undo me."

"He with his mighty cannon-balls, he'll batter down both Towns and Walls,  
 And many of my Captains falls, they bleeding ly before him." 32

"Certainly we have all been mad, first when that bargain we had made;  
 He'll send us neither help nor aid, to keep us from their fury."

"My rebellious weapons I'll lay down, and will be Subject to the Crown,  
 To all generations its be-knownn, that I shall still be Loyal."

"Our horrid plots we did contrive, thinking the King for to deprive,  
 But none of our designs did thrive, they were so ill contrived."



622 *Mar's Lament ; and The Clans' Lamentation, 1715.*

" We were forty thousand in this Land, all bound by Association Band,  
We thought we would get help at hand, but *France* has us deceived. 40

" A bold Attempt indeed we did make, when the Castle we design'd to take,  
But all did prove to no effect, our plots were all discover'd. [*Edinburgh, 1715.*]

" We know not which way now to turn, for our Magazine's all destroy'd and burn'd;  
For all our projects are backward turn'd, we've wrought our own Confusion."

*Finis.*

[White-letter. Two cuts; man smoking, and ship. No colophon. Date, Oct. 1715.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 336. No duplicate known, or recorded.]

**The Clans' Lamentation**  
**against Mar and their own Folly.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *Bonny Katharine Ogie.* [See p. 618.]

AS I did travel in the *North*, I in discourse took pleasure,  
To talk with those that were our Foes, when that we could get leasure :  
That they rose in Rebellion, I did ask, what was the reason ? [*Text transp.*]  
And what great madness moved them, for to work such great Treason ?—

Against both King and Parliament, and Government all over,  
And would not join to *George* our King, the great Prince of *Hanover*.  
They answer'd me with one accord, " We may think shame to tell you,  
That we such simple fools have been to join with such a fellow. 8

" He did send letters unto us, and falsly did us flatter,  
Desiring us for to arise, and *Hanoverians* scatter ;  
And that he would bring o're our King, and would put off *Hanover* ;  
And that our King he should possess both *North* and *South* all over.

" But now, alas ! we suffer for our Folly in this matter,  
For now we risen are, and we shall never be the better ;  
For we did once encounter with that mighty man of valour,  
Who's like a *Lyon* in his strength, but comely in his feature. 16

" Even great *Argyle* your General will make us to repent it,  
That we so foolishly should have even unto *Mar* consented :  
And tho' many of us fell, ev'n at the same engagement,  
Yet we did go along with him, by his false To[ol's e]nticement. [*mutilated.*]

" He told us we should see our King, e're we were two months older,  
But now we see it is a lye which makes our hearts the colder :  
For he did bring a man to us, that might have been his father,  
Who said, he would not [want] *Pop'ry* quite, but want our kindness rather. 24

" It had been better for us all, that *Mar* had ne're been born,  
For now, alas ! we are become all the whole Nation's scorn :  
For now we have left all our lands, likewise our life's in danger ;  
Alas ! that e're we did agree for to fetch in a Stranger.

- " But now we're forc'd to take [our] flight before King *George's* army,  
Of soldiers brisk, and volunteers, like them there are not many,  
That made us from Saint *Johnstoun* run, and likewise from *Dundee*, Sir,  
And also thorow all the towns, into the *North-country*, Sir. 32
- " Alas ! alas ! we are undone, for now and evermore then ;  
We know not where to hide our selves, neither in hole nor bore then :  
For like a *Partridge* they do hunt us, both o're Hills and Glens, Sir,  
Which makes us for to rue the day, that we were named *Clans*, Sir.
- " But now, alas ! we cannot help what we have done amiss, Sir,  
But now we're like to end our days, in grief and heaviness, Sir,  
Oh, and alas ! we leave our lands, with Lamentation, Sir,  
Likewise our wives and children all : have pity them upon, Sir. 40

Finis.

[No publisher's name or woodcut. White-letter. Date, Nov. 1715. "A weak invention of the enemy !" fabricated by a Scotch non-combatant : the rhyme in penultimate line, *Lamen-ta-shee-on*, is decisive. The tune belongs to Tom D'Urfey's song, in *Pills to P.M.*, vi. 275 ; the music is given in the admirable new edition, 1887, of Mr. John Muir Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, p. 60.]

Note on Line 31.—'St. Johnstoun' is, of course *Perth*, the fair city on the Tay, the beauty of which is measured by more than its Inches.



Culloden, and 'the butcher' Cumberland.

- " Let mournful *Britons* now deplore the horrors of *Drummossie Day* !  
Our hopes of Freedom all are o'er : the Clans are all away, away !  
The clemency so late enjoyed, converted to tyrannic sway,  
Our laws and friends it once destroy'd, and forced the Clans away, away.
- " This fate thus doom'd, the *Scottish* race to Tyrants' last power a prey,  
Shall all those troubles never cease ? Why went the Clans away, away ?  
Brave sons of Mar, no longer mourn ! Your Prince abroad will make no stay ;  
You'll bless the hour of his return, and soon revenge *Drummossie Day*."

—*Jacobite Song*, to the tune of *The Clans are coming*, 1746.

SUCH was the rose-coloured prospect beheld by a sentimentalist who stayed safely at home during the final struggle for the Stuarts in 1746 ; if indeed the song were not written at a later date by one of those true-hearted Jacobite Ladies who sang all the most touching Laments for the lost cause, keeping alive the love, although devoid of hope. We ourselves possess a large private collection of genuine *Jacobite Relics* (James Hogg's were untrustworthy, catchpenny, and garbled, some absolutely fraudulent) ; but few of them have poetic merit. We restrict ourselves here to the rare Roxburghe Collection originals, all of them, unhappily, on the wrong side.

The tune here assigned to the "New Song, on the Duke of *Cumberland's* Victory at *Culloden-Moor*" is marked as *The Earl of Essex*. But it is neither, 1st, the one known as *Essex's Last Good Night*, or *Well-a-day !* so called from ballads, beginning, respectively, "All you that cry, 'O hone ! O hone !'" and "Sweet *England's* prize is gone ! Well-a-day !" Nor does it agree with the rhythm of, 2nd, *Essex's Lamentation*, or "What if a day !" i.e. "What if a day, or a month, or an hour, crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings." (Both these tunes are given in *Popular Music*, pp. 176 and 311.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 789.]

## A New Song.

Call'd the Duke of Cumberland's Victory o'er the Scotch Rebels at  
Cullodon-Moor near Inverness. Made by a Soldier who was in the  
Engagement.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Earl of Essex*. [See p. 623.]

YOU Subjects of *Britton*, now you may rejoice,  
And pray for King *George* with heart and voice.  
The Popish Pretender has now run away,  
Just like his old Daddy no longer could stay.

The brave Duke of *Cumberland* he did command,  
And happy was we that had such a Hand.  
He greatly encouraged his Soldiers that Day,  
And it was our care his Command to obey. 8

We followed the Rebels thro' dirt and thro' mire,  
And for to come up with them was our desire;  
At length we did wade through the fresh River *Spey*,  
And when we came over they still run away.

We still advanc'd after them [during] four days,  
Over mountains, thro' rivers, and many rough ways;  
At length we came up with them near *Inverness*,  
And there we quickly put them to distress. 16

They had thirteen Pieces of Cannon that Day,  
Which quickly upon us began for to play;  
Our cannon we turned it, and levell'd it so true,  
We made all the Rebels begin to look blue.

They thought to come in upon Us sword in hand,  
But as we was ordered, we firmly did stand;  
We poured in our small Shot so, when they drew nigh,  
That many fell dead, and the rest they did fly. 24

They was in such hast[e] they their Cannon did leave,  
And then the *Pretender* did weep and did grieve;  
They left all their Baggage their hast[e] it was such,  
And their Amunition, which grieved them much. [Fact!]

Our Light-horse and Dragoons they did closely pursue,  
With Broad Swords and Pistols great numbers they slew,  
The ground it was covered with wounded and slain;  
So, *Popish* Pretender, thy hopes are in vain! 32

Three thousand that Day we la[id] dead on the ground, ["lay"]  
Besides many skulking in Cabbins we found;  
And many deserted, their kale-yards to set,  
Which put the *Pretender* into a great fret.

Altho' they had got an Assistance from *France*,  
The brave Duke of *Cumberland* made them to dance,  
He took many Prisoners, and blasted their hope,  
For he was not commanded by General *Cope*. [See Note.]

To hang all the Rebels you have my consent,  
Because with a good King they are not content;  
The World it is come to a very bad Pass,  
For they want to have *Britton* be ruled by an Ass. 44

Let each Loyal Subject then fill up a Glass,  
And drink to King *George* and about let it pass ;  
And when your hand's in, let your Liquor not stand,  
But fill up another to brave *CUMBERLAND*.

For He's a Commander couragious and bold,  
In following the Rebels he will not be controul'd ;  
I wish he may always have Health and Success,  
For such a Commander is a great Happiness.

52

*Note.*—Line 40 is a well-deserved gird against sleepy-headed Sir John Cope ('Hey ! *Johnnie Cope*, are ye waukin' yet ?'), who was caught napping, as Morse found his mare, by Charles Edward Stuart before the Battle of Prestonpans, near Tranent, 21st Sept. 1745. *Johnnie Cope* was unanimously absolved from blame by a council of officers, and died 28 May, 1760.

[The Colophon is at the end of the companion ditty, "England's Glory," p. 626.]

\* \* \* Printed on the same sheet with the other ballad, William, Duke of Cumberland, and the victory at Culloden, but by an inferior hand. The author of this "New Song" possessed far more of the spirit of olden bard and warrior than did any of the common herd, the political hacks who wrote their Grub-street rhymes to order of the Walpole clique pay-masters in town. Remembering the cruel butchery which followed so speedily on the defeat of the brave Highlanders, the slaughter of their wives and children by the troopers of Cumberland William, eternally remembered as "the Butcher," not to mention the ruthless execution of many gallant gentlemen and noblemen on scaffolds reeking with the best Scottish blood, it is noteworthy that these two ditties were appropriately issued, along with other Sheffield cutlery, "*Near the Shambles*."

There is one small woodcut of a Grenadier at top of "A New Song," on the same sheet. For this we here substitute our own reduced copy of another Royal Grenadier of the same date, from Hogarth's Foundling-Hospital picture, "*The March to Finchley*" (mentioned on p. 618).



[Roxburghe Collection III. 789, on same leaf.]

## England's Glory;

Or, Duke William's Triumph over the Rebels in Scotland.

**B**RITTONS all your voices raise,  
 Huza! the *British* Hero;  
 And sound the brave Duke *William's* Praise,  
 And make the Vallies echo;  
 For now me Boys we've got the Day, [sic. *Hibernicæ*.]  
 For which we long did wish and Pray,  
 Let every Churchman with me say,  
 God save the brave Duke *William*. 8

When our Champion orders gave,  
 To march and give them Battle,  
 Our Soldiers gave three loud Huzzas,  
 Whilst Cannon loud did Rattle;  
 When to the river *Spey* they came,  
 So eager was they for the game,  
 They all leaped in and through it swam,  
 Lead on by brave Duke *William*. [=led.]

The Rebels look'd like Men amaz'd,  
 To see the *Brittons* coming;  
 They 'spyed the Duke and on him gazed,  
 But soon they all were running;  
 On *Cullodon-Moor* they made a stand,  
 Eight thousand Men with sword in Hand;  
 But all the World must needs commend  
 The conduct of brave Duke *William*. 24

Our Soldiers bravely stood their ground  
 And briskly they did Fire,  
 The vain Pretender quickly found  
 'Twas time for to retire.  
 Three thousand slain they left behind, [text, "Sousand,"]  
 A thousand more that's now confined;  
 And *Monsieur* you shall quickly find  
 A Champion in Duke *William*.

Pray God preserve great *George* our King,  
 The Glory of our Nation;  
 Let every Popish Rebel swing  
 At *TYBURN*, their old Station:  
 But loyal subjects soon will see,  
 The sweet effects of Liberty,  
 Preserved from Popish Tyranny,  
 By *GOD* and brave Duke *William*. 40

*Sheffield*: Printed by *Francis Lister*, near the *Shambles*, 1746.

[In White-letter. One woodcut of a Grenadier: Cf. p. 625. Date, April, 1746.]

\* \* With this sub-section of Jacobite, or *Anti-Jacobite Roxburghe Ballads*, we quit for the present the Scottish portion of our group. But there is good reason for believing that "Little Musgrave" was of the Armstrong Borderers, and Lady Barnard of the Barnard-Castle Yorkshire family (cf. pp. 606, 627).

## Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

"The Hunt is up! the Hunt is up! and now it is almost day,  
And he that's in bed with another man's wife,  
It's time to get him away."

—Wedderburne's *Gude and Godly Ballatts*, 1621.

ALTHOUGH there have been, as usual, many claims urged from the North for the Scottish authorship of this grand old ballad, grounded on the existence of numerous and widely varying 'traditionary' misrecollections thereof, collected zealously with more or less inaccuracy (especially less), no tittle of trustworthy evidence has ever been produced in support of such claims. On the contrary, we possess proofs manifold and convincing, more than a century older than any Scottish versions or garbled reminiscences of the English broadsides, that it belonged solely to us. Little Musgrave himself may have been a Westmoreland Borderer. Names of towns or other special localities were often modern interpolations to suit particular markets and auditories, changeable at will; but as far as they go, the references to Oxfordshire and Bucklesfieldbury point clearly to the home of the story: though modern Scotch recitations introduce "Dundee" recklessly.

That every existing copy is partially corrupt may be granted, since the progress of deterioration was rapid in the transmission of ballads orally, and little less so in the reprinting from an early edition. Not alone sheer blundering, but wanton interpolation by incompetent hands, were always to be feared and expected. As an example of this, take the original final stanza, which assigned the higher place within the grave to Lady Barnard, because she "came of the nobler kin," being corrupted in both of the distinct Roxburghe modern exemplars into the absurdity of misprints, "for she's of the better *skin*."

It was, evidently, already an old-established favourite ballad before it was quoted or intentionally misquoted by James Fletcher, after his merry use and wont, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act v. sc. 3, printed in 1613, but of date 1610 (our 14th stanza):—

And some they whistled, and some they sung,

*Hey down, down!*

And some did loudly say,

Ever as the Lord *Barnet's* horn blew

"Away, *Musgrave*, away!"

In his *Bonduca* (act v. sc. 2, before March, 1619), he shows a loose remembrance (or recovery) of one stanza in the *Drolleries'* version:—

[*He*] set the sword unto her breast,

[Misquoted, "*She*."

Great pity it was to see

That three drops of her life-warm blood

Ran trickling down her knee.



Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, act iv., holds the unmistakeable parody of Lord Barnard's conditional promise and threat:—

"If this be true, thou little tiny page,  
This tale that thou tellest me,  
Then on thy back will I presently hang  
A handsome new livery.

"But if this be false, thou little tiny page,  
As false it well may be [so],  
Then with a cudgel of four feet long  
I'll beat thee from head to toe."

There is a virtual completeness in the version given in *Wit Restored*, 1658 (twice reprinted, Park, 1817; Hotten, 1873, but never rightly edited, as it well deserved to be), and again in *Wit and Drollery*, third extant edition, 1682, p. 81. Much earlier than any of these had been transcribed the Percy Folio MS., p. 53, but it is unfortunately woefully mutilated, lacking nine and a half of the opening stanzas, and seven and two halves nearer the end of our *Wit Restored* print. Of broadside versions now remaining, the earliest in date of issue is Henry Gosson's (Pepys Coll., I. 364); another (Pepys, III. 314) was printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger; one of our Roxburghes (III. 146) was for Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke; the Bagford (I. 36), for W. Onley.

We need write no more on the Scottish so-called traditional versions, than record on p. 630 their first lines, titles, and position. They have no authority whatever, being self-evidently imitations.

We depend on the three distinct embodiments, 1st, the Drolleries; 2nd, Henry Gosson's broadside; and 3rd, the Percy Folio fragments, copied on next page. The Roxburghe copy has a sorry ending, with its methodistical moralization, clumsily expressed (p. 634).

Amid all imperfections of its gradual deterioration, there is visible to any true espial the tragic beauty of the story. Except in one hideous stanza (26th of *Wit Restored*, where the Lady is treated similarly to Sta. Agatha: the stanza being clearly condemned on the authority of the *Bonduca* quotation), the injured husband stands forward as a noble figure, a man who disdains to take any unfair advantage of an unarmed foe; who lets him win the first stroke, but who, when he himself deals the second stroke, leaves no third blow to be needed. Goaded to desperation by his Lady, who desires not to live, he slays her in one fierce moment of uncontrollable rage. But pity for the ill-starred pair comes to him, and he yields them the grace of re-union in the grave; all the more willingly (if we are to accept the Percy Folio reading and some others) because of his discovery that her folly or crime had been caused by the delirium of impending child-birth, a mere craze to bring Little Musgrave close beside her—and that he has slain his own true child, his son and heir indisputably, in slaying her.

It is almost as with Haidee (that exquisite episode in the *Don Juan* of Byron, whom the paltriest scribblers now traduce and disparage):

She died, but not alone; she bore within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin,  
But closed its little being without light,  
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
Blossom and bough lay withered with one blight:  
In vain the dews of heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

This ill-omened secret meeting of the lady and Musgrave was their first as well as their last: this fact the husband himself is prompt to recognize. No question could arise as to her former sinlessness: none as to the lawful paternity of the unborn son. This consideration mitigates the horror and loathing that might otherwise attend our judgement of her shameless avowal of passion. It is like a glimpse into Nature's dreadful secrets.

[Percy Folio Manuscript, Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 27,879, fol. 53.]

[*A Fragm<sup>t</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> Ballad of Lord Barnard & the Little Musgrave.*]

[*The beginning half-page is lost.*]

For this same night att B[ . . . ]/ litle Musgreue is in bed w<sup>th</sup> thy wife :  
If it be trew, thou litle foote page/ this tale thou hast told to mee,  
then all my lands in Bucklefeildberry/ Ile freely giue to thee.  
But if this be a lye, thou litle foot page,/ this tale thou hast told to mee,  
then on the highest tree in Bucklesfeild-berry/ all hanged that thou shalt bee.  
Saies Vpp & rise my merrymen all/ & saddle me my good steede,  
for I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry/ god wott I had neuer more need.  
But some they whistled, and some thé sunge/ & some they thus cold say,  
“ When euer as Lo: Barnetts horne blowes/ away Musgerue, away ! ”  
“ Mie thinks I heare the throstlecocke,/ me thinks I heare the Jay,  
Me thinks I heare Lo: Barnetts horne :/ away, Musgreue, away.  
“ But lie still, lie still, litle Musgreue/ & huddle me from the cold,  
for it is but some sheaperds boy/ is whistling sheepe ore the Mold.  
“ Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch/ thy horsse eating corne & hay,  
& thou, a gay lady in thine armes/ & yett thou wold goe awaw.  
By this time Lo: Barnett was come to the dore/ & light vpon a stone,  
and he pulled out 3 silver kayes/ & opened the dores euery one.  
And first he puld the couering doune/ & then puld doune the sheete,  
Saies, “ how now, how now, litle Musgreue/ dost find my gay lady sweet ? ”  
“ I find her sweete,” saies litle Musgreue/ the more is my greefe and paine ;

[. . . *Lower half of the page is lost : having broken away.*]

Soe haue I done the fairest Lady/ y<sup>t</sup> euer wore womans weede, [fol. 54.  
Soe haue I done a heathen child/ w<sup>ch</sup> full sore griueth mee,  
for w<sup>ch</sup> Ile repent all the dayes of my life,/ and god be with them all 3.

Fin[i]s.

[“ Heathen child ” was so misinterpreted as to be glossed “ ? wild, loose knight : ”  
although the reference is clearly to an *unbaptised* because *unborn infant*.]

It must have been a direct recognition of the slain child; judging by Lord Barnard's final prayer "and God be with all three." The Scotch MSS. generally agree in this particular incident, amid their divarications. Thus the Campbell MS., II. 43, which indulges in wholesale slaughter (making Musgrave a married man, brutally and unnecessarily), ends thus idiotically:—

He's ta'en out a rappier then, he's struck it in the strae, [= stroked.  
And thro' and thro' his lady's sides he gar'd the cauld steel gae.  
'I am not sae wae for Little *Musgrave*, as he lys cauld and dead,  
But I'm right wae for his lady, for she'll gae witless wud. [*id est*, mad.  
'I'm not sae wae for my lady, for she lies cauld and dead;  
But *I am right wae for my young son*, lies sprawling in her bluid.'  
First crew the black cock, and next crew the sparrow;  
And what the better was Lord *Barnaby*? He was hanged on the morrow.

Robert Jamieson (a sensible editor, worth a dozen Peter Buchan mosaicists and mud-pie reconstructors) adds a final stanza, after the "A grave, a grave":—

But oh, how sorry was that good lord,  
For a' his angry mood,  
When he beheld his ain young son,  
All weltring in his blood!

Motherwell's MS. p. 643 (from recitation of Mrs. McConechie, Kilmarnock), accounts for the three deaths by making Lord Barnard kill himself:—

He lean'd the halbert on the ground,  
The point o't to his breast,  
Saying, 'Here are three souls gaun to heaven,  
I hope they'll a' get rest.' [*Cf.* p. 649.

A silly drivelling version recovered by Dr. Joseph Robertson at Leochel, in Aberdeenshire, Feb. 12, 1829, begins, "It's four and twenty bonny boys;" ends,

There was nae main made for that Ladie,  
In bower whar she lay dead!  
But a' was for her bonny young son,  
Lay blobberin amang the bluid.

Instead of the calm deep anguish of the husband, so reticent, in his penance, Peter Buchan's tiresome tediousness ravel out the threads (192 lines!!) thus:—

'Ye'll darken my windows up secure, wi' stanchions round about,  
And there is not a living man shall e'er see me walk out.  
'Nae mair fine clothes my body deck, nor kame gang in my hair,  
Nor burning coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair.

In Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806, i. 170, "Lord Barnaby," begins "I have a tower in Dalisberie." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* fragment in his Appendix, 1829, p. xx, "It fell upon a Martinmas time." (For Motherwell's MSS. pp. 120, 305, 371, 643, see *English and Scotch Popular Ballads*, 4to., July, 1885, vol. ii. p. 242, *et seq.*, viz. "Little Musgrave is to the Church gone;" Little Sir Grove—"It's gold shall be your hire," she says;" Lord Barnabas's Lady—"Four-and-twenty Ladies fair;" and Wee Messgrove—"Lord Barnard's awa.") Kinloch's MS. has "There were four-and-twenty gentlemen a playing at the ba'." Peter Buchan's untrustworthy MS., I. 27, and James Henry Dixon's *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 21), begin, "Four-and-twenty handsome youths."

\*\*\* The earliest printed copy, extant, the *Wit Restored* version, of 1658, being a less corrupted text than our comparative late broadsides, we give it also.

[Wit Restor'd, 1658, p. 174 ; *Ibid.* 1873, p. 388.]

## The old Ballad of Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnard.

AS it fell one holy-day, *hay downe*, as many there be in the yeare,  
When young men and maids together did goe, their Mattins and  
Masse to heare,

Little *Musgrave* came to the church-dore, the Preist was at private  
Masse,  
But he had more minde of the faire women, than he had of our  
Lady['s] grace.

The one of them was clad in green, another was clad in pale,  
And then came in my Lord *Barnard's* wife, the fairest amongst  
them all ;

She cast an eye on little *Musgrave*, as bright as the summer sun,  
And then bethought this little *Musgrave*, ' This lady's heart have I  
woonn.'

Quoth she ' I have loved thee, little *Musgrave*, full long and many  
a day.'

' So have I loved you, fair Lady, yet never word durst I say.'  
' I have a bower at *Bucklesfordbery*, full daintyly it is geight, [*dight*.  
If thou wilt we[n]d thither, thou little *Musgrave*, thou's lig in mine  
armes all night.'

Quoth he, ' I thank yee, faire lady, this kindnes thou showest to me ;  
But whether it be to my weal or woe, this night I will lig with thee.'

With that he heard a little tyne page, by his ladyes coach as he ran,  
' All though I am my ladye's foot-page, yet I am lord *Barnard's* man.  
My lord *Barnard* shall knowe of this, whether I sink or sinn ;'  
And ever where the bridges were broake, he laid him downe to  
swimme.

' A sleepe or wake ! thou Lord *Barnard*, as thou art a man of life,  
For little *Musgrave* is at *Bucklesfordbery* : abed with thy own wedded  
wife.'

' If this be true, thou little tinny Page, this thing thou tellest to mee,  
Then all the land in *Bucklesfordbery* I freely will give to thee.  
But if it be a ly, thou little tinny Page, this thing thou tellest to me,  
On the hyest tree in *Bucklesfordbery* then hanged shall thou be.'

He called up his merry men all, ' Come, saddle me my steed !  
This night must I to *Bucklesfordbery*, for I never had greater need.'

And some of them whistl'd and some of them sung, and some these  
words did say,  
And ever when my lord *Barnard's* horn blew, 'A-way, *Musgrave*,  
a-way!'

'Me-thinks I hear the Thresel-cock, me-thinks I hear the Jaye,  
Me-thinks I hear my Lord *Barnard*, and would I were away.'

'Lye still, lye still, thou little *Musgrave*, and huggell me from the cold;  
'Tis nothing but a shephard's boy, a driving his sheep to the fold.  
Is not thy hawke upon a perch? thy steed eats oats and hay;  
And thou [a] fair Lady in thine armes, and would'st thou be away?'

With that my lord *Barnard* came to the dore, and lit a stone upon,  
He plucked out three silver keys, and he open'd the dores each one.  
He lifted up the coverlett, he lifted up the sheet,

'How now, how now, thou litell *Musgrave*, doest thou find my lady  
sweet?'

'I find her sweet,' quoth little *Musgrave*, 'The more 'tis to my paine;  
I would gladly give three hundred pounds that I were on yonder  
plaine.'

'Arise, arise, thou littell *Musgrave*, and put thy cloth-es on,  
It shall ne'er be said in my country I have killed a naked man.  
I have two Swords in one scabberd, full dere they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them, and I will have the worse.'

The first stroke that little *Musgrave* stroke, he hurt lord *Barnard* sore;  
The next stroke that Lord *Barnard* stroke, Little *Musgrave* ne're  
struck more.

With that bespake this faire lady, in bed whereas she lay,  
'Although thou'rt dead, thou little *Musgrave*, yet I for thee will  
pray,

'And wish well to thy soule will I, so long as I have life:  
So will I not for thee, *Barnard*, although I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her paps from off her brest, great pittie it was to see,  
That some drops of this ladie's heart's blood ran trickling downe  
her knee. [Cf. pp. 627, 628.]

'Woe worth you, woe worth, my merry men all! you were ne'er  
borne for my good:

Why did you not offer to stay my hand, when you see me wax so  
wood? [i.e. wud = mad.]

'For I have slaine the bravest Sir Knight that ever rode on steed,  
So have I done the fairest lady that ever did woman's deed.

'A grave, a grave,' Lord *Barnard* cry'd, 'to put these lovers in:  
But lay my lady on upper hand, for she came of the better kin.'





[Roxburghe Collection, III. 146, 340 ; Bagford, I. 36 ; II. 65 ; Pepys, I. 364 ; III. 314 ; Wood, 401, fol. 91 ; Douce, I. 151 *verso* ; Jersey, II. 185.]

## A Lamentable Ballad of the Little Musgrove, and the Lady Barnet.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE. [See *Popular Music*, p. 170.]

AS it fell out on a [high] Holly-day, as many more be in the Year,  
Little *Musgrove* would to the Church and pray, to see the fair Ladies there :  
Gallants they were of good degree, for beauty exceeding fair, ["there"]  
Most wondrous lovely to the eye, which did to the Church repair.

Some came down in red velvet, and some came down in Pale : [a.l. Pall.  
The next came down the Lady *Barnet*, the fairest among them all :  
She cast a look on Little *Musgrove*, as bright as the Summer's Sun,  
Full well then perceived Little *Musgrove*, Lady *Barnet's* Love he had won.

The Lady *Barnet* meek and mild saluted this Little *Musgrove*,  
Who did repay her kind courtesie, with favour and gentle love :  
"I have a Bower in merry *Barnet*, bestrewed with Cowslips sweet,  
If that you please, [my] Little *Musgrove*, in Love me there to meet.

"Within mine arms one night to sleep, for you my love have won ; [a.l. to lie.  
You need not fear my suspicious Lord, for he from home is gone."  
"Betide me life, betide me death, this night I will lye with thee ;  
And for thy sake I'll hazard my breath, so dear is my love to thee."

"What shall we do with our little Foot-page, our counsel for to keep,  
And watch for fear Lord *Barnet* come, while we together sleep ?" [a.l. meet.  
"Red Gold shall be his hire," quoth he, and silver shall be his fee ;  
So he our counsel safely keep, that I may sleep with thee." [If . . he but keep.

"I will have none of your gold," he said, "nor none of your silver fee :  
If I should keep your counsel, Sir, 'twere great disloyalty. [a.l. Madam.  
I will not be false unto my Lord, for house, nor yet for Land,  
But if my Lady prove untrue, Lord *Barnet* shall understand."

Then swiftly ran this little Foot-page unto his Lord with speed,  
Who then was feasting with his own friends, not dreaming of this ill deed :  
Most speedily the Page did hast[e], most swiftly he did run,  
And when he came to the broken bridge, he bent his breast and swam.

The Page did make no stay at all, but went to [his] Lord with speed, ["to the."  
That he the truth may say to him, concerning this wicked deed : [might tell.  
He found his Lord at Supper then, great merriment they did make,  
"My Lord," quoth he, "this night upon my word, *Musgrove* with your Lady doth sleep."

"If this be true, my little Foot-page, and true that thou tellest to me,  
My eldest Daughter I'll give thee, and wedded thou shalt be :  
If this be a lye, my little Foot-page, and a lye thou tellest to me,  
A new pair of Gallows shall be set up, and hanged thou shalt be."

"If this be a lye, my Lord," (he said), "and a lye that thou hearest of me,  
Never stay a pair of gallows to make, but hang me on the next tree.  
Lord *Barnet* call'd his merry men all, away with speed he would go,  
His heart was so perplex'd with grief, the truth of this he must know. [a.l. sore.



"Saddle your horses with speed," he said, "and saddle me my white Steed;  
 If this be true, as the Page hath said, *Musgrove* shall repent this deed."  
 He charged his men to make no noise, as they rode along the way,  
 "Wind no horn" (quoth he) "on your Life, lest our coming it should betray."  
 But one of them that *Musgrove* did love, and respected his friendship most dear,  
 To give him notice Lord *Barnet* was come, did wind the Bugle most clear;  
 And evermore as he did sound, "Away, *Musgrove*, and away!  
 For if he take thee with my Lady, then slain thou shalt be this day."  
 "O hark! fair Lady, your Lord is near, I hear his little horn blow,  
 And if he find me in your arms thus, then slain I shall be, I know.  
 "O lye still, lye still, little *Musgrove*, and keep my back from the cold,  
 I know it is my father's Shepherd, driving sheep unto the Pinfold.  
*Musgrove* did turn him round about, sweet slumber his eyes did greet,  
 When he did awake, he then did espy Lord *Barnet* at the bed's-feet.  
 "Rise up, rise up, little *Musgrove*, and put thy clothing on; ["O rise."  
 It never shall be said in *England* fair, that I slew a naked man.  
 "Here are two good swords," Lord *Barnet* said, "the choice *Musgrove* shall make,  
 The best of them thy self shall have, and I the worst will take;  
 The first blow [that] *Musgrove* did strike, he wounded Lord *Barnet* sore;  
 The second blow Lord *Barnet* gave, *Musgrove* could strike no more.  
 He took his Lady by the white hand, all love to rage convert,  
 And with his sword, in most furious wise, he pierc'd her tender heart;  
 "A grave, a grave!" Lord *Barnet* cry'd, "prepare to lay us in.  
 My Lady shall lye on the upper side, because she is the better kin." ["Skin."  
 Then suddenly he slew himself, which griev'd his friends full sore,  
 The death of these [three] worthy wights with tears they did deplore. [*a.l.* lovely w.  
 This sad mischief by lust was wrought, then let us call for Grace,  
 That we may shun this wicked vice, and fly from sin apace. [*a.l.* such w. deeds.

*London*, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, on p. 137, one here. The modern edition (Roxb. C., III. 340), was "printed and sold in *Aldermary* Church-yard, Bow Lane, *London*," with the stanzas sub-divided like (Bagford's) *W. Onlen's*, beginning "As it fell out on a *high* holiday." Wood's exemplar = 1st Roxb.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 499; Euing, 384; Jersey, II. 48; Douce, II. 245 *vo.*, 254 *vo.*]

## The West-Country Damosel's Complaint.

Or,

The Faithful Lovers' last Farewel. Being the Relation of a Young  
Maid who pined herself to death, for the Love of a Young-man,  
who, after he had notice of it, dyed likewise for grief.

Careless young-men, by this a warning take,  
How you kind Virgins (when they Love) forsake;  
Least the same fate o're-take you, and you dye  
For breach of Vows, and Infidelity.  
Be kind, but swear not more than what you mean,  
Least Comick Jests become a Trajeck Scean.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Johnny Armstrong*. [See p. 604, and *Note*.]

“WHEN will you marry me, *William*,  
And make me your wedded wife?  
Or take you your keen bright Sword,  
And rid me out of my life.”

*Will.* “Say no more so then, Lady,  
Say you no more then so;  
For you shall into the wild forrest,  
And amongst the buck and doe.

8

“Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws,  
And the roots that are so sweet,  
And thou shalt drink of the cold water,  
That runs underneath [thy] feet.”

Now she had not been in the wild forrest  
Passing three months and a day,  
But with hunger and cold she had her fill,  
Till she was quite worn away.

16

At last she saw a fair tyl'd house,  
And there she swore by the Rood,  
That she would to that fair tyl'd house,  
There for to get her some food.

---

*Note.*—Although no early exemplar of this ballad is known, it is probable that it had first appeared long before *Philip Brooksby's* reprint. The subject and the treatment show it to be antique, of similar date with *Constance of Cleveland*, certified by Stationers' Registers as June 11th (not 13th, on our p. 575), 1603.

- But when she came unto the gates,  
 Aloud, aloud she cry'd,  
 " An alms, an alms, my own Sister,  
 I ask you for no pride." 24
- Her Sister call'd up her merry men all,  
 By one, by two, and by three,  
 And bid them hunt away that wild Doe,  
 As far as e're they could see.
- They hunted her o're hill and dale,  
 And they hunted her so sore,  
 That they hunted her into the forrest,  
 Where her sorrows grew more and more. 32
- She laid a stone all at her head,  
 And another all at her feet,  
 And down she lay between these two,  
 Till Death had lull'd her asleep.
- When sweet *Will* came and stood at her head,  
 And likewise stood at her feet,  
 A thousand times he kist her cold lips,  
 Her body being fast asleep. 40
- Yea, seaven times he stood at her feet,  
 And seaven times at her head,  
 A thousand times he shook her hand,  
 Although her body was dead.
- " Ah, wretched me ! " he loudly cry'd,  
 " What is it that I have done ?  
 O wou'd to the powers above I'de dy'd,  
 When thus I left her alone. 48
- " Come, come, you gentle red-breast now,  
 And prepare for us a tomb,  
 Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,  
 And sing like a swan my doom.
- " Why ! could I ever cruel be  
 Unto so fair a creature ?  
 Alas, she dy'd for love of me,  
 The loveliest she in nature ! 56
- " For me she left her home so fair,  
 To wander in this wild grove ;  
 And there with sighs and pensive care,  
 She ended her life for Love.
- " O, Constancy ! in her thou'rt lost,  
 Now let women boast no more ;  
 She's fled to the *Elizium* coast,  
 And with her carry'd the store. 64

- " O break my heart, with sorrow fill'd,  
Come, swell, you strong tides of grief,  
You that my dear love have kill'd,  
Come yield in death to me relief.
- " Cruel her sister, was 't for me  
That to her she was unkind?  
Her husband I will never be,  
But with this my love be joyn'd. 72
- " Grim Death shall tie the marriage bands  
Which jealousie shan't divide,  
Together shall tye our cold hands,  
Whilst here we lye side by side.
- " Witness, ye groves, and chrystial streams,  
How faithless I late have been,  
But do repent with dying leaves,  
Of that my ungrateful sin. 80
- " And wish a thousand times that I  
Had been but to her more kind,  
And not have let a virgin dye,  
Whose equal there's none can find.
- " Now heaps of sorrow press my soul,  
Now, now 'tis she takes her way,  
I come, my love, without controule,  
Nor from thee will longer stay." 88
- With that he fetch'd a heavy groan,  
Which rent his tender breast,  
And then by her he laid him down,  
When as Death did give him rest.
- Whilst mournful birds, with leavy boughs  
To them a kind burial gave,  
And warbled out their love-sick vows  
Whilst they both slept in their grave. 96

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *West-Smithfield*, neer  
the *Hospital-gate*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st and 2nd, the lady and young man of p. 666 ;  
3rd, Cupid shooting at a girl under a tree, given on p. 189. Date, *circa* 1673.]

\* \* \* Another *William* appears in the following lively ballad, also of the  
West-country. It is a happier and more prosaic love-tale than the present  
lugubrious ditty, which is nevertheless not without its own charm and pathos.  
" It dallies with the innocence of Love, like the Old Age." Sir William of the  
West belongs conclusively to the last reigns of the Stuarts, *circa* 1685.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 518; Pepys, III. 283; Jersey, I. 335.]

## Sir William of the West ;

Or,

The Entire Love and Courtship between a Noble  
Knight and Beautiful Mary ; a Minister's Daughter  
in Dorsetshire.

TUNE OF, *The Ring of Gold*. [See p. 639.] Licensed according to Order.

YOUNG William met his love, taking her pleasure,  
Whom he did prize above all wordly treasure ;  
When she appear'd in sight, said he, " Sweet jewel,  
Thou art my heart's delight, O ! be not cruel.

" Let me one smile injoy, thy heart surrender ;  
Love, be no longer coy to thy Pretender ;  
My fading joys restore, why should'st thou grieve me ?  
Thy charms I do adore, dearest, believe me ! 16

" Mary, my only joy, pity thy Lover !  
Do not my life destroy, while I discover,  
How I am here inflam'd by thy fair beauty :  
Sure I cannot be blam'd to own my duty.

" I am commanded so by *Cupid's* power ;  
Darts from whose fatal bow soon will devour  
My life, if I deny to fall before thee,  
Therefore, Love, live or dye, I will adore thee. 32

" Five hundred pounds a year I am possessing,  
And if thou wilt, my dear, grant me the blessing,  
Thou shalt be Dame of all, I can't deny thee ;  
If now in love I shall, dearest, lye by thee.

" Here take both heart and hand, I dearly love thee,  
No Lady in the land shall shine above thee ;  
The same shall ever hold, no friend shall check thee,  
In robes of shining gold and pearl I'll deck thee. 48

" Love, had I now this day the gold of *Cæsus*,  
I'd not be drawn away ; kind Heaven bless us :  
Still will I dote on thee, this is no story,  
Thou should'st a partner be of all my glory."

The Damsel then reply'd, " If you are loyal,  
I yield to be your Bride without denial :  
Gain but my friends' good will, father and mother,  
Whom I have honour'd still, above all other. 64

"When you have their consent that we should marry,  
Then I am well content, long we'll not tarry;  
At their discretion I still will be guided,  
Who from my infancy for me provided."

"I hope," said he, "my Love, they'll not deny me,  
If my sweet tender Dove will but stand by me."  
With that he streight did go, in hopes to have her;  
They never answer'd no, but freely gave her. 80

She was a fair young dame, a Parson's daughter;  
He from a Baron came, of whom hereafter  
A large account I'll give when I have leisure,  
How they in triumph live, joy, peace, and pleasure.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, 1st.—The Lady with mask and small ridiculous dog, of vol. iv. p. 409, left; 2nd.—The Young Man of our p. 510; and 3rd.—The zig-zag and tears ornament, given below. The tune of *The Ring of Gold* is not identified, but it is cited in ballads, beginning respectively thus:

- 1.—"A wealthy Yeoman's Son;" title, "The *Kentish* Yeoman and *Susan* of *Ashford*."
- 2.—"All joy I bid adieu;" = Answer to The Lady's Tragedy.
- 3.—"My youthful charming fair;" = Answer to the Covetous-minded Parents.
- 4.—"Ranging the silent shades;" = Bleeding Lover's Lamentation.
- 5.—"Stout Seamen, come away!" = The Boatswain's Call.
- 6.—"*Susan*, my heart's delight;" = The Courageous Cornel.
- 7.—"*Thomas*, why come you not?" = The Bashful Bachelor.
- 8.—"Why is my Love unkind?" = The Lady's Tragedy.
- 9.—"Young *William* met his Love;" = Sir *William* of the West.

Of these, Nos. 4, 5, and 9 are reprinted among *Roxburghe Ballads*, the former two in vol. iii. pp. 456, 463; the last is here given. Others elsewhere.

\*.\* A promise is given, in the final stanza, which was probably left unfulfilled, for we know not of any Sequel or so-styled Answer to the present Ballad. Happy is the land that has no annals, was said of old. Lucky is the marriage devoid of all tragic sequel beyond that which quiet decay and death must bring. And these have more of blessing than of suffering.





## Fair Margaret's Misfortunes.

" You are no love for me, *Margaret*,  
I am no love for you."

—*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iii. 3.

" When it was grown to dark midnight  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came *Margaret's* grimly ghost  
And stood at *William's* feet."

—*Ibid.*, ii. 8 (*Beaumont and Fletcher*, 1610).

THAT there is a close relation existing between the two ballads (reprinted on pp. 645 to 649) devoted to the tragedy of Lord Thomas the Forester with Fair Eleanor, and the present ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (on p. 641)—better known as "Margaret's Ghost," cannot fail to impress every thoughtful reader, and suggest the suspicion that they are all three variations of one tale. In two of them the "Brown Girl," *alias* "Brown Bride," whose wealth is her chief or only charm, holds little prominence of character and position; but in the one beginning "Lord Thomas he was a bold Forester" she is the malignant and uncontrollable fury whose sudden outburst of (not altogether unreasonable) jealousy impels her to murder her beautiful rival. She cannot brook Eleanor's quietly contemptuous criticism, "Methinks she looks wondrous brown!" and by her savage resentment she draws down on her own head the punishment which her intended husband is not unwilling to inflict. In the other *Roxburghe* version (p. 645), "The Unfortunate Forester," the deserted Eleanor stabs herself, and is not stabbed by the Brown Girl; who, for anything asserted to the contrary, might survive them all. This guiltlessness and final safety of the Brown Girl combine to set a wide division between the two versions.

After all, the resemblances and coincidences with "Lord Thomas" in "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes" are little beyond what may be called the common stock-in-trade of a ballad-monger's art. Chief are, the friendship that had well-nigh blossomed into love, and the reckless manner in which the girl, who knows herself to have been secretly beloved, publicly avows her affection and despair.

\* \* \* The incidents of the growth and intertwining of a Rose and a Briar above the graves of lovers occur also in "Lord Lovel," and other ballads of similar date. These were "stock properties," transferable like the woodcuts.

At the close of his labours in Editing these *Roxburghe Ballads* (on pp. 666-676 of vol. iii.), our revered friend Mr. William Chappell, F.S.A., mentioned this broadside, and hoped for the discovery of an earlier issue than those which remain alone accessible. We partially follow his suggestion of adopting [but square-bracketed], as true text, the quotations from *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, written in 1610. Against his decision *in re* David Malloch, *alias* Mallet, the Supreme Court refuses to sanction any appeal. Dismissed with costs.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 338; Douce, III. 27.]

# Fair Margaret's Misfortunes ;

Or,

Sweet *William's* Dream on his Wedding Night, with  
the sudden Death and Burial of those noble Lovers.

[ITS OWN TUNE, *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* ; *Popular Music*, p. 383.]

AS it fell out upon a day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;  
They sat together a long summer's day,  
And could not take their fill.

[“set,” *bis*.[*al. lect. talk.*

“ I [am] no [love for] you, *Margaret*, [“ I see no harm by you.”  
And you [are no love for] me ; [“ see none by me.”  
Before to-morrow at eight o’[the]clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.”

Fair *Margaret* sat in her bower-window,  
A combing of her hair ;  
And there she espy’d sweet *William* and [his] bride,  
As they were a riding near.

12

Down she laid her ivory comb,  
And up she bound her hair ;  
She went away forth from the bower,  
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
There came the spirit of fair *Margaret*,  
And stood at *William's* bed-feet.

- " God give you Joy, you true lovers,  
 In bride-bed fast asleep;  
 Lo ! I am going to my green-grass grave, [text, " Grove."  
 And I am in my winding-sheet." 24  
 When day was come, and night was gone,  
 And all men wak'd from sleep,  
 Sweet *William* to his Lady said,  
 " My dear, I've cause to weep.  
 " I dream'd a dream, my dear Lady,  
 Such dreams are never good ;  
 I dream'd thy bower was full of red swine,  
 And my bride-bed full of blood."  
 " Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,  
 They never do prove good ;  
 To dream thy bower was full of swine,  
 And thy bride-bed full of blood." 36  
 He called [up] his merry men all,  
 By one, by two, and by three ;  
 Saying, " I'll away to Fair *Margaret's* Bower,  
 By the leave of my Lady."  
 And when he came to Fair *Margaret's* Bower,  
 He knocked at the ring ;  
 So ready were her seven Brethren  
 To let Sweet *William* in.  
 The[n] he turn'd up the covering sheet,  
 " Pray let me see the dead !  
 Methinks she looks both pale and wan,  
 She has lost her cherry red. 48  
 " I'll do no more for thee, *Margaret*,  
 Than any of thy kin,  
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
 Tho' a smile I cannot win."  
 With that bespoke the seven brethren,  
 Making most piteous moan,  
 " You may go kiss your jolly brown dame,  
 And let our sister alone."  
 " If I do kiss my jolly brown dame,  
 I do but what is right ;  
 For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
 By day nor yet by night. 60  
 " Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,  
 Of white bread and your wine ?—  
 So much as is dealt at her Funeral to-day,  
 To-morrow shall be dealt at mine."

Fair *Margaret* dy'd to-day, to-day,  
Sweet *William* he dy'd [on] the morrow;  
Fair *Margaret* dy'd for pure true-love,  
Sweet *William* he dy'd for sorrow.

*Margaret* was buried in the lower chancel,  
And *William* in the higher;  
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

[*Note*, on p. 640.

72

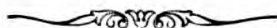
They grew as high as the church top,  
'Till they could grow no higher;  
And there they grew in a True Lover's Knot,  
That made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you this truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

80

Printed and Sold in *Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[White-letter, with two woodcuts, one on p. 641; the other of a funeral.]



## Two Ballads on Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.

"Beauty and Anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope to death."

—Tennyson's *A Dream of Fair Women*.

OF our two distinct versions, one, "The Unfortunate Forester," has not been previously included among Collections of Reprints. It is appointed to be sung to the tune of the well-known ballad, *Chevy Chase* (see p. 740), viz. "God prosper long our noble King, our lives and safeties all, A woful hunting once there did in *Chevy Chase* befall." Music of this ballad is given in Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 199. In the same priceless collection, p. 145, is given the tune of *Lord Thomas*, which is shown to be an adaptation of *Who list to lead a soldier's life?* to which tune was sung "The Lord of Hosts hath blest our Land." Ritson mentioned in 1790 a minstrel who "was within these two years to be seen in the streets of London; [where] he played on an instrument of the rudest construction, which he, properly enough, called a *hum strum*, and chanted (among others) the old ballad of *Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor*, which, by the way, has every appearance of having been a minstrel song."—*Ancient Songs*. (We give on our next page a woodcut, illustrating this rude musical instrument.)

All the extant copies of this antique ballad are indisputably corrupt; and we cannot expect to benefit largely by turning to the so-called traditional versions, which are usually still less trustworthy. (Compare Note on p. 649.) Among the curious variations one most interesting is the long-winded "Lord Thomas and fair Annie," which shows the interweaving (early or late) with "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," the ghost appearing to the bridegroom on his wedding-night, summoning him from his Brown Bride.

"Lord Thomas and fair Annet sat a' day on a hill,  
When night was cum and the sun was set,  
They had not talkd their Fill."—(41 stanzas.)

Dr. Percy printed this in his *Reliques* (iii. 240, 1767, second edition), with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland; probably sent by G. Paton. In *Scottish Traditional Ballads* (Percy Society, xvii. 94, 1845), is a version of "Lord Thomas" beginning, "I'm here at thy Gate," from *The Cigar* of 1825; of no importance.

Our p. 647 Roxburghe version of "Lord Thomas" is nearly identical with that of J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, i. 249; *Coll. Diverting Songs*, 1738, p. 453; Percy's *Reliques*, 1767, iii. 78 (there said to be from the Pepysian black-letter broadside); Joseph Ritson's *English Songs*, ii. 185, 1783, and his *Ancient Songs* of 1790, p. 89. Allied to this, in Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 22, 1806 (from Mrs. W. Arnot of Aberbrothick's recitation), is a version beginning "Sweet Willie and fair Annie sat a' day on a hill."

The moralization at close of "The Unfortunate Forester" would of itself suggest it to be the later version. Objectivity belongs to a healthy youth-time of poetry; subjectivity is generally a sign of mental decrepitude and poetical disease or decadence. Sometimes a song stops flowering, runs to seed, and be-pods into a sermon.



[*"Singing Sam"* of Derbyshire's "*Hum-Strum*," 1760. See p. 643.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 553 ; Pepys, IV. 48 ; Jersey, I. 362.]

## The Unfortunate Forrester ;

Or, Fair Elener's Tragedy.

Shewing how Lord Thomas, once a bold Forrester, fell in love with the fair Lady Elener, but his Mother would not suffer him to marry her, but told him of another that was far Richer : then the Lord Thomas, not willing to be undutiful to his Mother, appoints his Wedding-Day, and invites fair Elener to come to his Wedding : who contrary to her Mother's knowledge came, and having seen his Bride she stabb'd herself, which Lord Thomas seeing, took the same Dagger, and kill'd himself.

TUNE IS, *Chevy Chase* [pp. 643, 740]. With Allowance.

**A**mongst the Forresters of old, one *Thomas* of great fame ;  
A Champion great, both stout and bold, Lord *Thomas* was his name.  
In shooting too his name was good, the King's deer he did slay,  
He did excel bold *Robin Hood*, and often won the day.

Lord *Thomas*, as they did him call, with beauteous *Elener*,  
So deep in love did chance to fall, he could love none but her.  
She also loved him as well, and no love there was lost ;  
But mark what afterwards befell, both in their loves were crost. 8

This *Elener* that was so fair, no portion had at all ;  
Lord *Thomas* if he come but near, would always on her call.  
Lord *Thomas* had a mother who his love did understand,  
She made him swear he would nothing do unless she did command.

He promis'd her he would obey, and hearken to her voyce ;  
Therefore desir'd her to say, where he should make his choice. [for.  
" Oh ! Son," quoth she, " this *Elener* is fair enough, 'tis true ;  
And thou may'st chance to beg with her ! Such matches fit not you.

" I know a pritty black-brow'd Lass, though not so handsome quite ;  
She her in wealth doth far surpass, which will give thee delight."

" Well, Mother, since it is your will," Lord *Thomas* humbly said,  
" I straight way will the same fulfill, & marry the Black-brow'd Maid."

This thing did much his mother please, and so she went away ;  
But Lord *Thomas* he could find no ease, by night, nor yet by day.  
He on the morrow mounts his steed, and to *Elener* did ride,  
His love-sick heart with grief did bleed, to think what would betide.

When to fair *Elener* he was come, he knockt hard at the gate ;  
The fearful Virgin being at home, ask'd who 'twas knock'd so late ?  
" 'Tis I, fair *Elener*, my dear !" his voice she streight-way knew :  
And as soon as e're she heard him there, the gates streight open flew.



Lord *Thomas* uttered then his mind, and with great grief he cry'd,  
 "My mother to me is unkind, and hath gotten me a new Bride.  
 "You to my Wedding I invite, and I must not be deny'd;"  
 They crying kist, then bid good night, and Lord *Thomas* away did ride.

Fair *Elener* with grief and woe was stricken almost dead,  
 She to her mother streight did go, and told her what he said.  
 She ask'd her mother leave to ride, to see if he had got,  
 Instead of her, another bride, for she believ'd him not.

Her mother would not give her leave, that she should go to see,  
 But she her mother did deceive, and slipt out privately.  
 She cloath'd her servants all in green, and with her they all did ride,  
 She did excel Beautie's fair Queen in all her glorious pride. 40

When to Lord *Thomas* she was come, she ask'd to see his Bride;  
 He took her into a private room, where they together cry'd.  
 He bid her look at that window, for there she might be seen:  
 "Methinks," quoth she, "good Sir, you know, I am to her a Queen."

Herself to murder she was bent, and turning to a bed,  
 A dagger to her heart she sent, and streight-way fell down dead.  
 Lord *Thomas*, seeing she was slain, the self-same dagger took;  
 He vow'd in Heaven her to obtain, then to his heart he strook. 48

Let Parents therefore have a care, how that they do deny  
 Their children's choice, lest that they share those Lovers' destiny.

*London*, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: woman and man (without the *Cantabrigian* centre-piece) on p. 288, and ornament with vase. Date, *circa* 1676.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 554; Bagford, II. 127; Pepys, III. 316; Douce, I. 120 *vo.*; III. 58 *vo.*; IV. 36; Ouvry, II. 38; Jersey, III. 88.]

**A Tragical Ballad on the Unfortunate Love of  
Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor:  
Together with the downfal of the Brown Girl.**

TO A PLEASANT TUNE, CALL'D, *Lord Thomas, etc.* [See p. 643.]

LORD *Thomas* he was a bold Forester,  
And a Chaser of the King's Deer;  
Fair *Eleanor* was a fine Woman,  
And Lord *Thomas* he lov'd her dear.

"Come, riddle my Riddle, dear Mother," he said,  
And riddle us both as one,  
*Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanor,*  
*And let the Brown Girl alone?"*

"The Brown Girl *she has got Houses and lands,*  
*And fair Eleanor she has got none;*  
*Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,*  
*Bring me the Brown Girl Home."*

And as it befell on a high Holiday,  
As many did more beside,  
Lord *Thomas* he went to fair *Eleanor*,  
That should have been his Bride.

[*Cf.* p. 633.]

16

But when he came to fair *Eleanor's* Bower  
He knocked there at the Ring;  
But who was so ready as fair *Eleanor*,  
For to let Lord *Thomas* in?

"What news, what news, Lord *Thomas*?" she said,  
"What news hast thou brought to me?"

"I am come to bid thee to my Wedding,  
And that is bad news for thee."

"O God forbid! Lord *Thomas*," she said,  
"That such a thing should be done:

I thought to have been thy Bride my own self,  
And you to have been the Bridegroom."

"Come, riddle my Riddle, dear Mother!" she said,  
"And riddle it all in one,

*Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' Wedding,*  
*Or whether I shall tarry at Home?"*

32

"There's many that are your Friends, Daughter,  
And many that are your Foe.  
Therefore I charge you, on my Blessing,  
To Lord *Thomas*' Wedding don't go!"

"There's many that are my Friends, Mother,  
If a thousand more were my Foe:  
Betide my life, betide my death,  
To Lord *Thomas*' Wedding I'll go."

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,  
And her merry Men all in Green;  
And as they rid thorough every Town,  
They took her to have been a Queen.

But when she came to Lord *Thomas*'s Gate,  
She knocked there at the Ring;  
But who was so ready as Lord *Thomas*  
To let fair *Eleanor* in?

48

"Is this your Bride?" fair *Eleanor* said,  
"Methinks she looks wonderous brown:  
Thou might'st have had as fair a Woman,  
As ever trod on the ground."

["she said."]

"Despise her not, fair *Eleanor*," he said,  
"Despise her not unto me:  
For better I love thy little finger,  
Than all her whole Body."

[*al. l. 'Ellin.'*]

This brown Bride had a little Pen-knife,  
That was both long and sharp;  
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,  
Prick'd fair *Eleanor* to the Heart.

"Oh! Christ now save thee!" Lord *Thomas* he said,  
"Methinks thou looks wonderous wan:  
Thou us'd for to look with as fresh a Colour  
As ever the Sun shined on."

64

"Ah! art thou blind? Lord *Thomas*!" she said,  
"Or can'st thou not very well see?  
Oh! dost thou not see my own Heart's Blood  
Run trickling down my knee?"

Lord *Thomas* he had a sword by his side,  
As he walked about the Hall;  
He cut off his Bride's head from her shoulders,  
And he threw it against the wall.

He set the hilt against the Ground,  
And the point against his Heart.  
There was never three Lovers that ever met,  
Did e'er so soon depart.

76

Licensed according to Order.

Finis.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Printed and sold by Thomas Saint.

[In white-letter, duplicate of Douce, III. 58. The Douce I. 120 *verso* is dated 1677, Printed for F. Coles; but Douce IV. 36 is modern, J. Pitts, of *Seven Dials*. Two woodcuts, Bagford, for W. Onley, and the booksellers. The earliest reprint was printed for Thomas Lambert (circa 1636-41), but not accessible, and perhaps a mistake for Thomas Saint. The Pepys exemplar (III. 316) has "This may be Printed, Ro. L'Estrange. Printed for J. C., W. T., and T. P.;" i.e. J. Clarke, Thackeray and Passinger, before 1685, with five woodcuts. Our Roxburghe cuts are the Youth of p. 33, left, and the Lady of iii. 402 right.]

\*.\* In Graham R. Tomson's (*Canterbury Poets*) edition of *Border Ballads*, 1888, there is given on p. 41, as though it were a rich discovery, a garbled copy of our present broadside, but reported as "from a MS.," telling that "this poem was, with the tune to which it is sung, learnt by my grandmother from an old woman named Becky Duck, who was my great-grandmother's nurse." It is simply a slightly disguised copy of our broadside version, stupidly entitled "Lord Thomasine and Fair Ellinnor." We suppose the peculiar feminine spelling was adopted as a cheap trick to give it an antique *æru*go. Where it differs from the *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 647-649, it differs for the worse. Thus two additional Stanzas are given following our final line, "There was never three Lovers that ever met, Did e'er so soon depart,"—which is rendered, nonsensically, "And never three lovers so soon did meet, Nor sooner did they part." (Onley's print reads, "More sooner they did depart.") The heart-stricken dead man is made to deliver an exordium, including the Brown girl in his posthumous arrangements:—

"A grave, a grave let there be made,  
And let it be wide and deep;  
And fair Ellinnor shall rest by my side,  
And the brown girl at my feet."  
"A grave, a grave there then was made,  
And it was both wide and deep;  
And fair Ellinnor was laid by his side,  
And the brown girl at his feet."

This is merely an unwarrantably-borrowed and inappropriate 'conveyance' from the end of "Little Musgrave." (Compare our pp. 632, 634, 640, and 644.) We admit that the old ballad minstrels had a certain stock-in-trade of phrases and stanzas, such as the coming to a yett and tirling at the pin (or knocking at the Ring, if Southron); the description of a foot-page hastening by road, and breasting the water when he swam; the rose and briar intertwining; the stroking a sword-blade on the straw, to cleanse it of blood, or, like stropping a razor, to give it an edge. We need not accept fresh transmutation of stock.



## The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

*Isbrand.*—"A fragment, quite unfinished,  
Of a new ballad, called 'The Median Supper.'  
It is about *Astyages*: and I  
Differ in somewhat from *Herodotus* :—

'*Harpagus*, hast thou salt enough? hast thou broth enough to thy kid?  
And hath the Cook put right good stuff under the pasty lid?'  
'I've salt enough, *Astyages*, and broth enough, in sooth;  
And the Cook hath mixed the meat and grease most tickling to my tooth.'"

—*Death's Jest Book*, iv. 4.

OF impious and inhuman banquets the seekers after sensation could generally find exemplary narratives at all periods of the world's history. In classic story we have Thyestes and the ill-starred Itys, slain by revengeful Progne to punish Tereus for the wrong done to her and Philomela. Dante has shown to us the grim satisfaction of Ugolino when gnawing eternally the skull of his mortal foe. The horrible depravities of Sawney Bean Lean and his gang of cannibals in their cave afforded an attractive chap-book, sure to be purchased at Falkirk Tryst and when Leith carters held their annual 'ploy,' even as the lowest rabble of Seven-Dials and Whitechapel to this hour revel in the still more disgusting serial issues of 'Sweenie Todd, the Demon Barber,' and his neighbour Cook who baked the savoury meat-pies. There were people to revel in such literature, ever since nursery romances diverted childhood with Blunderbores and other bone-pickers, whom Jack the Giant-killer slew. If you incline to listen to such legends as may "make your flesh creep," nobody need object now to "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy." It had a long term of favour, and the requital of the meritorious Scullion-boy was popularly appreciated, also the execution of the cruel Cook, who was boiled in lead (like Lord Soulis, of later ballad-date): this became pictorially a Decapitation grant.

The tune (sometimes marked *Agincourt*) is entitled *The Lady's Fall* (p. 765, delayed), ballad begins, "Mark well my heavy doleful tale, you loyal Lovers all; and heedfully bear in your breasts a gallant Lady's Fall." Before it was thus named the tune was known as *In pescod time*: *Popular Music*, p. 196 :—

In Peas-cod time when hound to horn gives ear till Buck be kill'd,  
And little lads, with pipes of corn, sat keeping feasts a-field, etc.

(See, for the words, Arthur Hy. Bullen's handsome 1887 reprint of *England's Helicon*, of date 1600, "The Shepherd's Slumber," p. 222.) The tune was also known as *The Hunt is up*, and was one of those used for the ballad of *Chery Chase*. Several other *Roxburghe Ballads* were sung to the same tune, viz. "The Bride's Burial;" "The Cruel Black;" "The Gentleman in Thracia;" "A Warning to Maidens," or, "Young Bateman;" "Belgick Boar;" "Bloudy News from Germany;" "A Warning for Married Women;" and "John True." (*Roxb. Bds.*, vol. i. 186; ii. 49; iii. 194; ii. 262; iii. 437, 467, 200; and ii. 644). Also, another ballad (given on p. 693), "The Wandering Jew."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 278; III. 682; Bagford, I. 35; II. 66; Euing, 182; Pepys, II. 149; Wood, E. 25, fol. 54; Jersey, II. 117; Douce, I. 111; II. 142 *vo.*; III. 60; Ouvry, II. 36.]

## The Lady Isabella's Tragedy ;

Or,

### The Step-Mother's Cruelty.

Being a Relation of a most lamentable and cruel Murder, committed on the Body of the Lady Isabella, the only Daughter of a Noble Duke, occasioned by the means of a Step-Mother and [acted by] the Master-Cook, who were both adjudged to suffer a cruel death for committing the said Horrid Act.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Ladie's Fall.*

[See pp. 650, 761, 765.]

There was a Lord of worthy fame, and a-Hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble Train of Gentry by his side.  
And whilst he did in chase remain, to see both sport and play,  
His Lady went, as she did feign, unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair, whose beauty shin'd so bright :  
She was belov'd both far and near of many a Lord and Knight.  
Fair *Isabella* was she call'd, a Creature fair was she,  
She was her father's only joy, as you shall after see. 8

But yet her cruel step-mother did envy her so much,  
That day by day she sought her life, her Malice it was such.  
She bargain'd with the Master-Cook to take her life away,  
And, taking of her Daughter's book, she thus to her did say :

"Go home, sweet daughter, I thee pray, go hasten presently,  
And tell unto the Master-Cook these words that I tell thee.  
And bid him dress to dinner straight that fair and milk-white Doe  
That in the Park doth shine so bright, there's none so fair to show."

This Lady, fearing of no harm, obey'd her Mother's will,  
And presently she hasted home, her mind for to fulfill.  
She streight into the Kitchin went her message for to tell ;  
And there the Master-Cook she spy'd, who did with malice swell.

"You Master-Cook, it must be so, do that which I thee tell,  
You needs must dress the milk-white Doe, which you do know full well."  
Then streight his cruel bloody hands he on the Lady laid,  
Who quivering and shaking stands, whilst thus to her he said : 24

"Thou art the Doe that I must dress ; see here, behold my knife !  
For it is pointed presently to rid thee of thy life."  
O then cry'd out the Scullion-boy as loud as loud might be,  
"O save her life, good Master-cook, and make your pies of me :



"For pity sake, do not destroy my Lady with your knife;  
 You know she is her Father's joy, for Christ's sake save her life."  
 "I will not save her life," he said, "nor make my pies of thee;  
 But if thou dost this deed bewray, thy butcher I will be." 32

[Now] when this Lord he did come home, for to sit down and eat,  
 He called for his Daughter dear to come and carve his meat.  
 "Now sit you down," his Lady said, "O sit you down to meat,  
 Into some Nunnery she is gone, your Daughter dear forget."

Then solemnly he made a vow before the company,  
 That he would neither eat nor drink untill he did her see.  
 O then bespake the Scullion-boy, with a loud voice so high,  
 "If that you will your Daughter see, my Lord, cut up that Pye;  
 "Wherein her flesh is minced small and parched with the fire:  
 All caused by her Step-mother, who did her death desire:  
 And cursed be the Master-cook, O cursed may he be!  
 I proffer'd him my own heart's blood, from death to set her free."

Then all in black this Lord did mourn, and for his Daughter's sake,  
 He judged for her Step-Mother to be burnt at a stake.  
 Likewise he judg'd the Master-cook in boyling lead to stand;  
 And made the simple Scullion-boy the Heir to all his Land. 48

[London:] Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter. Inappropriate woodcut, a Decapitation. We follow Bagford's first copy (2nd is in White-letter), printed for *W.O.*, with same cut. Date, c. 1672.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 682; John White's Newcastle Reprint.]

### **Their Lamentation.**

[*Cf.* p. 683.]

**N**OW when the wicked Master-Cook beheld his Death draw near,  
 And that by friends he was forsook, he pour'd forth many a Tear,  
 Saying, "The Lady whom I serv'd prompt me to do this Deed,  
 And as a Death I have deserv'd, 'tis coming on with speed.

"I must confess these hands of mine destroy'd the Innocent,  
 When her dear breath she did resign, my heart did not relent."  
 This said, into the boiling Oil he presently was cast;  
 And then, within a little while, the Lady went at last 56

From Prison to the burning Stake, and as she pass'd along,  
 She did sad Lamentation make unto the numerous Throng:  
 These were the very words she spoke, "The Daughter of my Lord  
 I doom'd to death, the Laws I broke, and shall have my Reward."

Then to the burning Stake they ty'd the worst of all Step-Dames,  
 Where by the Laws she fairly dy'd, in smoak and burning flames.  
 Now let their Deaths a Warning be to all that hear this Song:  
 And thus I end this Tragedy, the Duke he mourned long. 64

### **Finis.**

[*Newcastle-upon-Tyne*: Printed and sold by *John White*.]

## The Spanish Lady's Love.

*Phraxonor*.—"Thou art not form'd to love, but ever to be loved."

*Joseph (Aside)*.—"This fascinating danger walls me round,  
Leaving no door that's open to escape.  
She's gone too far for one who ne'er recedes,  
And her blind passion, as a torch illum'd,  
Will ne'er recoil before explosion.  
A single hope remains invisible,  
A silken thread to carry all this weight.  
Could I allume a virtuous fire in time,  
We were all saved."

—*Joseph and his Brethren*, by Charles Wells, Act ii. sc. 3.

SEEING that we know the date of this ballad issue to have been early in June, 1603 (it having been entered to William White along with eight others, including "The Ladye's Fall," "The Bryde's Buryall," and "Ye fayre Lady *Constance* of *Cleveland* and of her Disloyall Knight," on '11th Junij, 1603:'), we are freed from many vague conjectures, indulged in heretofore. We safely regard the descent of the English seamen-warriors on Cadiz to have taken place a few years earlier, *viz.* in 1596. If we feel inclined to examine the conflicting claims of various families to be the lineal descendants of this gallant Englishman, and (every one of them) the indisputable possessors of the identical necklace of brilliants which the generous 'Spanish Lady' bestowed, both in the ballad and its woodcut, even as Rebecca gave her noble gift to Rowena, why it is free for us to choose or to reject whomsoever we may.

Of course, it was virtuous in the extreme for the Englishman to remain "always true to Poll," and we laudably extol the continence of Scipio as we do that of patriarchal Joseph, or any other exemplary character. But, as Robert Nichol sang, "Wisdom's aye sae cauld! I wad rather ha'e the ither ane than *this Bessie Lee!*" We hanker after that impassioned Spanish Lady, and we might have yielded to her virtuous attraction. "One is not loved every day," in that self-sacrificing fashion. She deserved a happier fate than abandonment to the nunnery or the Inquisition. It would be too much to hope that the Englishman went back again to Spain, after his English wife died (she *did* die, we suppose, some time or other—they certainly buried her—or else she must now be a mature ter-centenarian). People get double chances occasionally, though Sir John did not. It is almost certain that Potiphar's wife (with due propriety, and after a discreet interval) became the lawful wife of Joseph in Egypt and the mother of Ephraim and Manasses. Nothing stands against the theory, except the Masoretic points; but they count for nothing with modern interpreters and commentators, or with catechetical Zulus and Coxian laudators of the Hymnologist who erased the Lord's Prayer, and substituted the Multiplication Table for the Ten Commandments at Natal.

Our ballad continued to be popular, and was transferred with many others, on 14 Dec., 1624, to John Wright, Cuthbert and Edward, with Pavier, Grismond, and Henry Gosson. On it a correspondence took place in 1846, in the *Times* (April 30, May 1). The *Edinburgh Review* devoted a paper (No. 168, vol. lxxxiii., April, 1846), also the *Quarterly Review* (No. 156, vol. lxxviii., Sept. 1846), to reviewing Lady Dalmeny's pictorial illustrations of "The Spanish Lady's Love."

The conflicting claimants number among them Sir John Bolle of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire, Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, Staffordshire, Sir John Popham of Littlecot, Wilts, Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, Cheshire, and, for anything known to the contrary, the Tichborne *vel* Orton himself. "On Sir John Bolle's departure from Cadiz the Spanish Lady sent as presents to his wife a profusion of jewels and other valuables, among which was her portrait drawn in green ['green is forsaken']; plate, money, and other treasures." There is also a portrait of Sir John Bolle, taken in 1596, *ætatis* 36, "with a gold chain round his neck," as Celia tells Rosalind: of course, the very identical chain given to him by his Spanish lady-love. Is not this convincing? But so many chains and jewels were brought away, so many hearts broken or made tender by our irresistible Lady-killers, that some people remain incredulous.

The portrait of Sir John Bolle was engraved by Basire. In 1846 it was at Ravensfield Park, Yorkshire, Mr. Bopville being owner. It had been painted by Zuccaro, and "represents a true soldier, with a quiet determined look. His hair is scanty and closely cut, his brow both broad and lofty, the face long, glance mild and thoughtful, nose aquiline, beard thick and square; he is dressed in a tight surtout, embroidered at the cuff and collar: and he grasps his toledo as a man who knows the use thereof" (*Quarterly Review*, lxxviii. 340). Born in 1560, he had married Elizabeth Waters, about 1595, before the Cadiz expedition, his son and heir Charles Bolle coming of age in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death. (*Vide* Archdeacon Cayley Illingworth's *Topographical Account of the Parish of Scampton*, 1808, 4to.) He seems to have never returned to Cadiz (Elizabeth had knighted him for his exploits there under Essex, who made him Governor of Kinsale), since he died so early as 1606, and was buried in Haugh Church; with three sons and four daughters, lawful issue, grouped in funereal effigies on the tomb, behind his kneeling self, and his wife. It is interesting to know that the portrait of "the Green Lady" (as the Spanish Virgin was called, from her then-fashionable but suggestive costume) was preserved at Thorpe Hall until 1760; "where to this day there is a traditionary superstition among the vulgar [why vulgar?], that Thorpe Hall was haunted by the green lady, who used nightly to take her seat in a particular tree ['all among the leaves so green, O!'] near the mansion; and that during the life of his son, Sir Charles Bolle, a knife and fork [not a spoon?] were always laid for her, if she chose to make her appearance." Thackeray, who made a Titmarshian attack on the post-nuptial character of *Ivanhoe's* Saxon wife, in his *Rebecca and Rowena*, would have chuckled over the probable discomfort of Lady Elizabeth Bolle, *née* Waters, under this visitation and ceremonial. But we, who are accustomed to entertain any number of Cavalier ghosts and fair ghostesses, and who devoutly believe in a certain "African Princess" with a few other articles of faith, not admissible into Horatio's philosophy, can fully sympathise with Sir John's remembrances—although he returned home to his *première amour*: leaving the girl behind him.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 406; Bagford, I. 48; II. 36; Jersey, III. 86; Euing, 340; Pepys, III. 148; Wood, E. 25, fol. 11; Douce, II. 210, 211 *vo.*; III. 84 *vo.*]

## The Spanish Ladie's Love.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

**W**ILL you hear a *Spanish* Lady, how she woo'd an *English* man?  
Garments gay, as rich as may be, bedeckt with jewels, had she on:  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she;  
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her, in his hands her life did lye;  
*Cupid's* bands did tye them faster, by the liking of an eye:  
In his courteous company was all her joy;  
To favour him in any thing she was not coy. 8

But at last there came commandment for to set all ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned: none to do them injury:  
O then said this Lady gay, "Full woe is me!  
O let me still sustain this kind Captivity!"

"Gallant captain, take some pittie on a woman in distress;  
Leave me not within this City, for to dye in heaviness:  
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free;  
But my heart in prison still remains with thee." 16

"How should'st thou, fair Lady, love me whom thou knowst thy  
country['s foe?]  
Thy fair words make me suspect thee: serpents lye where flowers grow." [text "hate."  
"All the harm I think on thee, most courteous Knight,  
God grant upon my head the same may fully light!"

"Blessed be the time and season that thou came on *Spanish* ground,  
If you may our foes be termed, gentle foes we have you found:  
With our City, you have won our hearts each one,  
Then to your country bear away that is your own." 24

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

"Rest you still, most gallant Lady, rest you still, and weep no more,  
Of fair flowers you have plenty, *Spain* doth yield you wonderous store.  
*Spaniards* f[r]aught with jealousie we oft do find,  
But *English-men* throughout the world are counted kind."

"Leave me not unto a *Spaniard*, thou alone enjoy'st my heart,  
I am lovely, young and tender, love is likewise my desert:  
Still to save thee, day and night my mind is prest;  
The wife of every *English-man* is counted blest." 32

"It would be a shame, fair Lady, for to bear a Woman hence,  
*English* Souldiers never carry any such without offence."

"I will quickly change my self if it be so,  
 And like a page will follow thee where e're thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver to maintain thee in this case,  
 And to travel is great charges, as you know, in every place."

"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,  
 And eke a[n] hundred pound in gold that lies unknown." 40

"On the seas are many dangers, many storms do there arise,  
 Which will be to ladies dreadful, and force tears from wat'ry eyes."

"Well in worth I shall endure extremity:  
 For I could find [it] in [my] heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous Lady, leave this folly! here comes all that breeds the strife,  
 I in *England* have already a sweet woman to my wife;

I will not falsifie my vow for gold nor gain;  
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in *Spain*." 48

"O how happy is that woman that enjoys so true a friend!  
 Many happy days God send her! and of my suit I'll make an end:

On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
 Which love and true affection did first commence:

"Commend me to that gallant Lady, bear to her this chain of gold;  
 With these bracelets for a token, grieving that I was so bold;

All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,  
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me. 56

"I will spend my days in prayer, love and all her laws defie;  
 In a Nunnery I will shrowd me, far from any company;

But e're my prayer have an end, be sure of this,  
 To pray for thee and for thy love, I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gallant Captain, farewell to my heart's content!  
 Count not *Spanish* Ladies wanton, tho' to thee my mind was bent:

Joy and true prosperity remain with thee."  
 "The like fall unto thy share, most fair Lady." 64

[Written, probably, by **Thomas Deloney**.]

[Black-letter, colophon cut away, apparently *Brooksby's*, but Bagford first copy was printed by and for *W. Onley*; the second, n.p.n., is in white-letter. Euing's printed for *F. Coles, T. V.*, and *W. G.*; Pepys for *Clarke, W. T.*, and *T. P.* One woodcut, on p. 110; second Roxb. has a poor copy of cut given on p. 27.]

\* \* \* Date of entry, to William White, in Stationers' Company Registers (= Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 237), 13 June, 1603. It was reprinted, among many of Thomas Deloney's other ballads, in *The Garland of Good-Will*, by *J. Wright*, William's son or grandson, whose shop was the sign of the Crown on Ludgate-Hill, 1678. There must have been numerous editions of the *Garland* previously issued, beside those known of 1631 and 1659. One came so late as 1709.





## The Chaucer Society.

To do honour to CHAUCER, and to aid the lovers and students of English literature, the best unprinted Manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society was founded in 1868. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need re-consideration. The founder's proposal was to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Roy. 4to.) six of the best unprinted MSS. known. A print of each MS. will be issued separately. The first 6 MSS. already printed are 1. The Ellesmere (by leave of the Earl of Ellesmere). 2. The Lansdowne (Brit. Mus.) 3. The Hengwrt (by leave of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq.). 4. The Corpus, Oxford. 5. The Cambridge Univ. Libr. MS. Gg. 4. 27. 6. The Petworth (by leave of Lord Leconfield).

To secure the fidelity and uniform treatment of the texts, Mr. F. J. Farnivall will read all with their MSS. The Society's publications are issued in Two Series,—the *First*, containing Texts of Chaucer's works; the *Second*, containing illustrations of them, as Originals and Analogues of his Tales, Essays on his Words and Works, supplementary Canterbury Tales written by his successors, etc. The Society has issued in its *Original Series* the whole of the Canterbury Tales in the parallel column *Six-Text* edition, and also, in separate prints of each of the six MSS., with nearly contemporary drawings; also all Chaucer's *Minor Poems*, and his *Troilus*, in the *Parallel-Text* edition, with *Supplementary Parallel Texts*, *Odd Texts*, and a *One-Text Print of the Minor Poems*, etc.; Chaucer's prose Treatise on the *Astrolabe*, A.D. 1391; two texts of his *Boece*; Mr. W. M. Rossetti's line-by-line Comparison of Chaucer's *Troilus* with Boccaccio's *Filistrato*; Mr. H. Cromie's *Rhyme-Index to the Ellesmere MS. of the Canterbury Tales*; 29 Autotypes of the chief Chaucer MSS., etc., etc.

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\* \* Work is prepared far in advance of the Members' delayed Subscriptions.

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HERTFORD :  
Printed for The Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1889.



## The Ballad Society.

THE BALLAD SOCIETY was formed by Dr. Furnivall in the early part of the year of the Percy Folio Manuscript in the spring of 1868, its object being by first undertaking the rendering accessible to all subscribers, at the cost of its annual income, of the rare and large stores of Ballads in the public—and, so far as possible, the private—collections of the country. The founder's wish was to have begun the Society's work by printing the rarest of the collections, the Pepys; but the holder of it, the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, Cambridge, having refused to allow the printing of the Pepys Ballads by the Society, it became necessary to turn to the next most important set, the Roxburghe, in the British Museum. This Collection, the author best known in connexion with English Ballads, their times and history,—who had proved England to possess a wealth of early Ballads and Ballad music, unsuspected before, and unequalled by any other country,—Mr. William Chappell, kindly undertook to annotate, if not to edit. But before he could proceed to his task, he wisht the whole of the three large folio volumes of the Roxburghe Collection to be copi'd, and careful indexes of all the other large collections to be made, namely, the Pepys, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, and Wood, so that he might know where other copies of all the Roxburghe Ballads were, and which (from the printer's name) was the earliest. The whole of this copying and indexing was accordingly done, at considerable expense, and copies of the original woodcuts of the early Roxburghe ballads were made and engrav'd. The first portion of the work was issued as a Christmas-book for 1869, "*The Roxburghe Ballads, Part 1.*"

The delay caused by copying and indexing these Roxburghe rendered it necessary that some other Ballads should be produc'd in 1868; and as *The Civil War and Protectorate Ballads* could not be prepar'd in time, Mr. Furnivall, the founder of the Society, issu'd for its first year a volume of "*Ballads and Poems on the Conquest of England in Henry VIII.'s and Edward VI.'s Reigns (including the State of the Clergy, Monks, and Friars),*" with a long Introduction on the same subject, containing a series of extracts from Manuscripts and rare early Tracts. The second Text issu'd for 1868 was, "*Ballads from MSS.*" Vol. II. Part 1. *The Poor Man's Pittance*, by Richard Williams; being poems on Basington's conspiracy, the death of Essex, and Gunpowder Plot. These books of 1868 were reprinted in January, 1876.

The preliminary outlay for the Roxburghe Ballads was so large, that for its first three or four years the Society had to write off part of its income to meet the expense sunk in cuts, indexes, and copies; and Members had then to be content with smaller issues of Texts. In 1870, only Part 2 of the Roxburghe Ballads was issu'd.

For 1871 the Society's Texts were Part 3 of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. I. (with an Introduction, and a most valuable list of Ballad Publishers and Printers, by Mr. Chappell); and Lancham's Letter about Captain Cox and his Ballads (or Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575), with a full account of the Captain's Ballads and Books. For 1872 Part 2 of Vol. I. of *Ballads from Manuscripts* was issued (containing Ballads on Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, the Death of Lady Jane Grey, etc.), and Part 4 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. For 1873 were issu'd Part 5 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and Part 2 of Vol. II. of the *Ballads from MSS.*, edited by W. R. Morfill, Esq., M.A., with the Introduction to R. Williams's *Poor Man's Pittance* (No. 3). For 1874 a short set of *Love Poems and Humorous Ones*, and Part 6 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, completing Vol. II., were sent out. For 1875 Part 7 of the *Roxburghe Ballads* was issu'd; for 1876, *The Bagford Ballads, Part 1* (ed. J. W. Elsworth, M.A.)—there was no money for more;—for 1877, *The Bagford Ballads*, Parts 2 and 3; for 1878, Part 4 of *The Bagford Ballads*, finishing the Collection. Part 8 of the *Roxburghe* was issued in 1879; and Part 9, completing Vol. III., in 1880. Also for 1880 was issued Mr. Elsworth's *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*. His Part X. of *Roxburghe Ballads*, rich in a *Group of Anti-Papal Tracts*, and other historical memorials, beginning the Second Series and the fourth volume, was issued for 1881, and with Part XI., for 1882, and Part XII., for 1883, completed Vol. IV. (720+xxxii. pp.). Parts XIII. for 1884, and XIV., with XV., for 1885, end Vol. V., the Historical Ballads on the *Struggle between York and Monmouth*. Part XVI., for 1886, XVII., for 1887, Groups of *True-Love Ballads*, of *Good-Fellows*, and *Early Naval Ballads*. Parts XVIII. and XIX., 1888, 1889, contain *Legendary and Romantic Ballads*, a *Second Group of Good-Fellows*, and *Miscellaneous Ballads*. With an *Appendix*, and a full *Ballad-Index*, thus ending the (penultimate) Vol. VI.

\* \* \* The increase of the Society depends mainly on Members getting new Members to join; and thus securing large volumes of ballads and woodcuts.—F. J. F.

Hon. Sec. of the Ballad Society, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Yearly Subscription (which constitutes Membership), One Guinea a year for small-paper copies (but 10s. 6d. a year, or 4l. guineas for the first 9 years); Three Guineas for large-paper copies. The Subscriptions should be paid to the Hon. Sec. in January. [Irregularity of payments seriously delays the work.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 246.]

**A Dialogue between an Englishman and a Spaniard.**A NEW SONG. [Music in Egerton Leigh's *Ballads of Cheshire*, 1867, p. 47.]

**A** *Cheshire* man sail'd into *Spain*, there to trade for merchandise ;  
When he returned there again, a *Spaniard* by chance he espies.

He said, " You *English* rogue, look here ! what fruits and spices fine  
Our land produces twice a year : thou hast not the like in thine."

The *Cheshire* man ran to his hold, and thence fetch'd out a *Cheshire* cheese,  
And said, " You *Spanish* rogue, look here ! we can produce such fruits as these.

" Your fruits are ripe but twice a year, as you yourself did say ;  
But such as I present you here, our land produces twice a day." 16

" What signifies your *Cheshire* cheese, that you do boast so fine !  
It don't my dainty palate please, so well as our country wine."

" Your wine makes drunken knaves and fools, likewise does [to] many ill,  
And of mankind it maketh slaves ; but mine doth the belly fill."

So to conclude and end my song, I would have them pay the gold,  
Which they have robb'd us of so long, like knavish rogues and villains bold.

For while we here do rest at ease, the *Spaniards* take a mighty power,  
To make our *Englishmen* their slaves, and use them basely every hour. 32

[White-letter. N.p.n. Two cuts : Turk's Head, and flagon. Date, *circa* 1770.]

\* \* \* Since we are on the subject of English and Spanish people in friendly dispute, we give a later ditty, sometimes entitled " CHESHIRE CHEESE." The two versions reprinted in *Ballads and Legends of Cheshire*, 1867, begin thus :—1st, " A *Cheshire* man set sail for *Spain* : " 2nd, " A *Cheshire* man went o'er to *Spain*."

[This woodcut serves to illustrate " The Spanish Lady's Love," of p. 555.]





## Cupid's Revenge on King Cophetua.

" Her arms across her breast she laid ; she was more fair than words can say ;  
Bare-footed came the beggar-maid before the King *Cophetua*.  
In robe and crown the King stept down, to meet and greet her on her way ;  
' It is no wonder,' said the lords, ' She is more beautiful than day.'

" As shines the moon in clouded skies, she in her poor attire was seen ;  
One praised her ancles [!], one her eyes, one her dark hair and lovesome mien.  
So sweet a face, such angel grace, in all that land had never been :  
*Cophetua* sware a royal oath : ' This beggar-maid shall be my Queen !' "

—*Alfred Tennyson*, 1842.

**K**ING COPHETUA and the Beggar-maid was an early favourite, as may be plainly seen by the numerous allusions to the subject in the dramatic literature of Elizabethan and Jacobean times. Of the two versions extant the claim to priority must be given to Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612 (for the most part a collected reprint of his scattered pieces), where it is entitled "A Song of a Beggar and a King," beginning, "I read that once in *Africa*" (see p. 659, where it is given complete), but that this was not the first of all ballads on the subject, or that there may have been a popular play founded on the Love-story, is tolerably clear. Shakespeare in his early *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2 (printed 1598, but probably written and acted several years before) makes the Euphuist Don Armado inquire of his page, Moth,

" Is there not a ballad, Boy, of the King and the Beggar ? "

Whereto Moth answers : " The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found." The ballad, if lost, would have been anterior to Richard Johnson's. But in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. sc. 1, Mercutio jests concerning

" Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so true, [misq. for 'trim.'  
When King *Cophetua* loved the beggar-maid."

Compare the second stanza of Richard Johnson's ballad, "The blinded Boy, that shootes so trim." In *Henry IV.*, Second Part, Act v. sc. 3, Falstaff, adopting Pistol's braggart style, demands,

" O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy news ?  
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof."

Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1598, Act iii. sc. 4, makes Oliver Cob say, "I have not the heart to devour you, an' I might be made as rich as King *Cophetua*." Somehow, neither painters nor poets have achieved great success with it, though Burne Jones made a winsome portraiture of the pallid maiden, daintily sweet in her slimness of figure and scantiness of sombre attire. Of Tennyson's heroine "yet the memory rankles" (says Browning in "Youth and Art"), with the irreverence of "she and her ancles!"

As to where King Cophetua originally reigned, the Johnsonian ballad rightly declares it to have been "in Africa;" a Coptic monarch, without his native bronze. There should be trace of him in Chaucer, had all his works survived, but the Italian and French story-tellers no doubt caught up the fable. Here is the *Crowne Garland* ballad, of date before 1612. It well deserves to be rescued from forgetfulness, and contrasted with our broadside ballad.

**A Song of a King and a Beggar.**

[We follow *verbatim* the Black-letter text, but run-on the lines, from 'The Crowne Garland of Golden Roses: Gathered out of England's Royall Garden. Set forth in many pleasant New Songs and Sonets, with new additions never before imprinted. Divided into two Parts. By Richard Johnson. London, Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his Shop without Newgate, 1631.']

**I** Read that once in *Africa* a Prince that there did reigne,  
Who had to name *Cophetua*, as Poets they did faine,  
From Nature's lawes he did decline, for sure he was not of my minde,  
He cared not for women-kinde, but did them all disdaine.  
But marke what hapned on a day, as he out of his window lay,  
He saw a Begger all in gray, which did increase his paine.

The blinded Boy, that shootes so trim, from heauen down did hie; [N.B.  
He drew a dart and shot at him, in place where he did lye:  
Which soone did pierce him to the quick, For when he felt the arrow pricke,  
Which in his tender heart did sticke, he lookt as he would dye.  
"What sudden chance is this?" (quoth he) That he to loue must subject be,  
Which never thereto would agree, but still did it defie.

Then from the window he did come, and laid him on his bed,  
A thousand heapes of cares did run within his troubled head:  
For now he meanes to craue her loue, and now he seekes which way to proue,  
How he his fancie might remoue, and not this Begger wed.  
But *Cupid* had him so in snare, that this poore Begger must prepare  
A salve to cure him of his care, or else he would be dead. 18

And as he musing thus did lye, he thought for to deuise  
How he might haue her company, that so did maze his eyes.  
"In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life; for surely thou shalt be my wife,  
Or else this hand, with bloudy knife, the Gods should sure suffice."  
Then from his bed soone he arose, and to his Palace gate he goes;  
Full little then this Begger knowes, when she the King espies.

"The Gods preserue your Majestie!" the beggers all 'gaine crie;  
"Vouchsafe to giue your charity, our children's food to buy!"  
The King to them his purse did cast, and they to part it made great haste;  
This silly woman was the last after them that did hie.  
The King he cal'd her backe againe, and unto her he gaue his chaine,  
And said, "With vs thou shall remaine till such time as we die.

"For surely thou shalt be my wife, and honoured like the Queene;  
With thee I meane to lead my life, as shortly shall be seene;  
Our wedding shall appointed be, and euery thing in it[s] degree;  
Come on," quoth he, "and follow me, thou shalt goe shift thee cleane.  
What is thy name? say on," quoth he. "*Penelophon*, O King!" quoth she;  
With that she made a lowe courtesie, a trim one as I weene. 36



Thus hand in hand along they walke vnto the King's Palace ;  
 The King with courteous comely talke this Begger doth embrace.  
 The Begger blushed scarlet red, and straight againe as pale as lead,  
 [But not a word at all she said,] she was in such a Maze. [Rec. from *al. lect.*  
 At last she spake, with trembling voyce, and said, "O King, I doe rejoyce  
 That you will take me for your choyce, and my degree so base !"

And when the Wedding-day was come, the King commanded straight  
 The Noblemen both all and some upon the Queene to wait :  
 And she behau'd her selfe that day, as if she had neuer walkt that way ;  
 She had forgot her gowne of gray, which she did weare of late.  
 The Prouerb old is come to passe, the Priest when he begins his Masse  
 Forgets that ever clarke he was : he knoweth not his estate.

Here you may reade *Cophetua*, through fancie long time fed,  
 Compelled by the blinded Boy the Beggar for to wed :  
 He that did louers' lookes disdain, to doe the same was glad and faine,  
 Or else he would himselfe haue slaine, in stories as we reade.  
 Disdain no whit, O Lady deare, but pitie now thy Seruant here,  
 Lest that it hap to thee this yeare, as to the King it did. 54

And thus they led a quiet life during their princely reigne,  
 And in a tombe were buried both, as writers show vs plaine.  
 The Lords they took it grievously, the Ladies took it heauily,  
 The Commons cryed pitiously, their death to them was paine.  
 Their fame did sound so passingly, that it did pierce the starry skye,  
 And thorowout all the world did flye to euery Prince's Realme.

By Richard Johnson.

Our Roxburghe Collection version is the one that appears in J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 141, 1723, wherein the Editor or Compiler offers the suggestion that there may have been originally an intentional allusion to the marriage of Henry VI. of England to Margaret of Anjou : but assuredly with little plausibility. We believe that David Malloch, *alias* Mallet, had nothing to do with vol. i. (although he certainly handled vol. iii.), but it looks odd when the reader is referred "to Mr. Phillips's tragedy *Humphry, Duke of Gloucester*," 1723, seeing that Ambrose Phillips is generally credited with writing the introductions to the *Old Ballads*.

The tune mentioned (but not in the very modern exemplar of our Roxburghe Collection, III. 278) is, *I often for my Jenny strove*. (See p. 148, where the original song is reprinted : the music is given in Pepys Coll., v. 253, of date *circa* 1684, and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 264, 1719.) But '*Cophetua*,' being of far earlier date, must have had a different tune. The ballad was reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765 ; in R. H. Evans's *Old Ballads*, ii. 361, 1810.

The late Mortimer Collins (died 28 July, 1876) wrote "The King and the Beggar Maid, A New Reading" = "The young King stands by his palace-gate, O what a joy is the youth of a King !" With true lyric grace he ends thus :—

What the young King whispers none has heard,  
 Hey for the heath where the wild birds sing !  
 But the echo is caught of the Beggar's word :  
 "I love my love, and he is not a King."

We substitute two earlier appropriate cuts, for those mentioned on p. 662.

[Roxb. Coll., III. 278 ; Pepys, III. 42 ; Huth, I. 61 ; Douce, III. 18 *verso*.]

## Cupid's Revenge ;

Or,

An Account of a King, who slighted all Women, and at length was forced to marry a Beggar.

[To THE TUNE OF, *I often for my Jenny strove*. See p. 660.]



A King once reign'd beyond the seas, as we in antient story find,  
Whom no [fair] Face could ever please, he cared not for  
Women-kind

He despis'd the fairest beauties, and the greatest fortunes too,  
At length he marry'd to a Beggar ! see what *Cupid's* darts can do !

The blinded Boy, that shoots so trim, did to his closet window steal,  
Then drew a Dart, and shot at him, and made him soon his power feel,  
He that ne'er car'd for woman-kind, but did females ever hate,  
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned, for a Beggar at his gate.

But mark what happened on a day, as he look'd from Window high,  
He spy'd a Beggar all in grey, with two more in her company.  
She his fancy soon enflamed, and his heart was grieved sore ;  
" Must I have her, court her, crave her ?—I that never loved before."

This noble Prince of high renown, did to his chamber straight repair,  
 And on his couch he laid him down, opprest with love-sick grief & care.  
 "Ne'er was Monarch so surprised, here I [lye] a captive slave;  
 But I'll to her, court her, wooe her, she must heal the wound she gave."  
 Then to his palace gate he goes, the beggars crav'd his charity;  
 A purse of gold to them he throws: with thankfulness away they fly.  
 But the King [he] call'd her to him, tho' she was but poor and mean:  
 His hand did hold her, while he told her, she should be his stately Queen.  
 At this she blushed scarlet red, and on this mighty King did gaze;  
 Then strait again as pale as lead, alas! she was in such a maze.  
 Hand in hand they walk'd together, and the King did kindly say,  
 He'd respect her. Strait they deck'd her, in most sumptuous rich array.  
 He did appoint the Wedding-day, and likewise them commanded strait,  
 That noble Lords and Ladies gay upon this gracious Queen should wait.  
 She appeared a splendid beauty, all the Court did her adore;  
 She in marriage shew'd a carriage, as if she'd been a Queen before.  
 Her fame thro' all the world did ring, altho' she came of parents poor;  
 She by her sov'reign Lord the King did bear one son and eke no more.  
 All the Nobles were well pleased, and the Ladies frank and free,  
 For her behaviour always gave her a title to her dignity.  
 At length the King and Queen were laid together in the silent tomb,  
 Their royal son the sceptre sway'd, who govern'd in his father's room.  
 Long in glory did he flourish, wealth and honour to increase,  
 Still possessing such a blessing, that he liv'd and reign'd in peace.  
 [No Colophon. In White-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, a young man in a ruff,  
 crowned; 2nd, a beggar girl standing at a palace gate. The Pepys exemplar  
 was printed for Philip Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.]

### Mucedorus and Amadine.

*Theseus.*—

"I will hear that play;  
 For never anything can be amiss  
 When simpleness and duty tender it . . .  
 The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.  
 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;  
 And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
 Takes it in 'might [have been],' not merit . . .  
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
 In least speaks most, to my capacity."

—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act V.

IN the year 1598 ('doubtless in existence before Shakespeare joined a theatrical company') was printed in 4to. *A most pleasant Comedy of Mucedorus, the King's Sonne of Valentia, and Amadine, the King's Daughter of Arragon, with the merry Conceits of Mouse*. Followed by many editions, it appears to have been frequently performed on the Stage, being resuscitated after the Restoration.

Moreover, it was included (with some additions) in the 1664 folio edition of Shakespeare's works, and is thus entitled to remembrance among the *Doubtful Plays* ascribed to the master-spirit. Charles Knight condemned it with severity, as "a rude, inartificial, un-poetical, and altogether effete performance." Knight, like other critics, was subject to cold fits of superfine exactingness, ready to 'die of a rose in aromatic pain,' and complain (after the manner of Hotspur's 'popinjay') against anybody bringing foul corpses 'betwixt the wind and his nobility.' With large-hearted tolerance Theseus (*see our motto*, p. 662) announces the true Catholic faith.

Henry Tyrrell, in 1851, accorded a more just estimate of *Mucedorus*, considering it to be "a pleasing and lively comedy, in which the interest never flags, or if so, but for a moment; and which frequently exhibits a warm and luxuriant vein of poetry. Throughout it there is the fresh sweet breath and glow of forest life; and the numerous adventures of the prince and princess are so far skilfully treated that we readily yield ourselves to a belief of them." With this we agree.

"*Mucedorus*" was reprinted in October, 1877, by John Payne Collier in his beautiful quarto edition, each work separate, of Shakespeare's Plays, Poems, and the Doubtful Dramas, almost his final labour; very precious to those among us who loved him and despise the base slanders of his calumniators, the self-conceited 'experts,' whose ignorance equalled their arrogance. He followed the edition of 1609, which contains the one scene esteemed by him as possibly the interpolated work by Shakespeare, perhaps for some performance before James I. He wrote, "On this account only we now reprint it; bearing in mind that, in its original state, the drama probably belongs to the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth." We suppose '*Mucedorus*' to have been written before the imperfect printed copy in 1598. Here is the specified scene, not found earlier than the 1609 edition:

[Scene IX.] *Sound Music. Enter the KING OF VALENCIA, ANSELMO, RODERIGO, LORD BORACHIUS, with others.*

*King Valencia.*—"Enough of music! it but adds to torment.  
Delights to vexed spirits are as Dates  
Set to a sickly man, which rather cloy than comfort.  
Let me intreat you to repeat no more."

*Roderigo.*—"Let your strings sleep: have done there." [*Music ceases.*]

*King Valencia.*—"Mirth to a soul disturb'd are embers turn'd,  
Which sudden gleam with molestation,  
But sooner lose their light for't. ["sight," 1610,  
"Tis gold bestow'd upon a rioter  
Which not relieves, but murders him:  
"Tis a drug given to the healthful,  
Which infects, not cures.  
How can a father that hath lost his son,  
A prince both wise, virtuous, and valiant,  
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?  
No, no! till *Mucedorus* I shall see again,  
All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain."

*Anselm.*—"Your son, my lord, is well."

*King Valencia.*—"I prithee speak that twice!" ["thrice," 1610.

*Anselmo.*—"The Prince, your son, is safe!" . . .

*King Valencia.*—"Thou not deceivest me? I ever thought thee,  
What I now find thee, an upright loyal man . . .  
Music, speak loudly! now the season's apt,  
For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt."

[*Music. Exeunt Omnes.*]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 490 ; Pepys, III. 282 ; Jersey, I. 237.]

## The Wandering Prince and Princess,

Or,

*Musidorus* and *Amadine*, both of Royal Progeny, who being unfortunately separated by means of their Parents disagreeing ; as fortunately met in a Desert, while they both resolved never to cease from searching, till they had found out each other.

In shady Deserts where was none  
But Beasts to hear these Lovers moan,  
There these faithful Lovers met,  
Their Marriage-day was quickly set.

—TUNE, *Young Phaon*. (See p. 100.)

WHEN *Musidorus* fell in love  
With *Amadine* most fair,  
Her Father cross to him did prove,  
Which caus'd him to despair :  
And for to ease his troubled mind,  
He wandered in disguise,  
Hoping he might soon comfort find,  
Yet tears dropt from his eyes.

"Alas !" (quoth he) " what shall I do ?  
I am unfortunate,  
And though my Love is firm and true,  
I meet with Rigid fate ;  
For she who is my heart's delight,  
Her Father is my foe,  
Which causes me to take my flight,  
Now to the woods I go.

16

" In woods and deserts I'll reside,  
Since my poor *Amadine*,  
Whom once I thought to make my bride,  
She must not now be mine :  
My father's Court I quite forsake,  
Never again to see ;  
For love my heart will surely break,  
My dear, I'll dye for thee."

Thus went this wandering Prince to seek  
Throughout the deserts wide  
Some secret place where he might keep  
And secretly abide :

At last he did a Shepherd turn,  
Still minding of his flocks;  
Which caus'd his *Amadine* to mourn  
And tear her golden Locks.

32

"Alas, alas!" this Princess cry'd,  
"Has he forsaken me?  
Who I did think could ne'r abide  
Where I should absent be?  
Some sudden change possest his brest,  
That makes him prove unkind;  
Whilst *Amadine* can take no rest  
To ease her love-sick mind."

[text, "heart."]

Thus *Amadine*, whose troubled mind  
Was sorely fill'd with grief,  
For want of *Musidorus* pin'd,  
And could find no Relief;  
Then she a Resolution took,  
What e're did her betide,  
Her Prince so dear she would go look  
Throughout the world so wide.

48

And privately away she went,  
To all her friends unknown,  
To give her troubled mind content  
She wandred all alone,  
Until she came into a place  
Where savage beasts alone  
Were known in numbers to increase,  
And thus she made her moan.

"Ah! hapless wretch," quoth she, "I am  
Of Lovers, yea, the worst;  
While some delight to feel love's flame  
I think myself accurst:  
Yet will I never rest till I  
Find out this Prince of mine,  
Who strangely and so privately  
Forsook his *Amadine*."

64

A shower of tears then trickled down  
From her bright shining eyes,  
Whose beauty did the deserts crown,  
Whose sighs then fill'd the skies;  
And *Musidorus* being near  
Did chance to hear her voice,  
Though first he was possest with fear,  
At last he did rejoyce.



"Certain it is," quoth he, "the Tongue  
Of my poor *Amadine*,  
To whom I have done too much wrong,  
Which grieves this soul of mine :  
To her sad heart I will give ease,  
Since she is in distress ;  
For love is such a strange disease  
No tongue can well express."

80

To *Amadine* he then appear'd,  
Who startled was to see  
She was by any over-heard  
And in a sound fell she :  
But her dear Prince with kisses sweet  
Brought her again to life ;  
That meeting was to them most sweet,  
He made her soon his wife.

[ = swoon. ]

[In Black-letter. Publisher's name cut off from Roxburghe.]

[Pepys copy printed for *M.C., T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, William Thackeray, and Thomas Passenger*. Four woodcuts : 1st, the Lady, of p. 157 ; 2nd, the long-haired Youth, p. 13 ; 3rd, a Shepherdess, and 4th, a Shepherd. Date uncertain, re-issued *circa* 1676. Reprinted in *Old Ballads*, i. 263, 1810.]



[These woodcuts belong to our p. 637.]

## Fair Rosamund.

*Rosamund (rising, after kneeling to Eleanor).—*"I am a Clifford,  
 My son a Clifford and Plantagenet . . . .  
 And I will fly with my sweet boy to heaven,  
 And shriek to all the saints among the stars :  
 'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of England !  
 Murdered by that adulteress Eleanor,  
 Whose doings are a horror to the East,  
 A hissing to the West !' Have we not heard  
 Raymond of Poitou, thine own uncle—nay,  
 Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own husband's father—  
 Nay, ev'n the accursed heathen Saladdeen—  
 Strike !  
 I challenge thee to meet me before God.  
 Answer me there."

—Tennyson's [*Thomas à*] *Becket*, act iv. sc. 2.

**T**HOMAS DELONEY, "the balleting silk-weaver of Norwich," wrote, to his favourite tune of *Flying Fame*, "The Death of the faire Lady Rosamond," the ballad beginning "When as King Henry ruled this land" (reprinted at the commencement of his *GARLAND OF GOOD-WILL*, to which we believe an entry refers, on 5 March, 1593, to Edw. White; the ballad is reprinted for the  $m+n$ th time, on our p. 673). He felt tolerably proud of having done so, as we may judge from the position he gave to it. He is supposed to have died A.D. 1600, and as most if not all of his writings were literally works of necessity, bread-winners, it is probable that the verses were originally issued some few years before the close of the sixteenth century. We know not the exact date of the first edition of the said *Garland* (one was in 1604, another was entered to Master Bird on 9 November, 1629, in "Three Partes"), but it appears to have been popular even to a proverb before 1633, at which time it is twice referred to by contemporary dramatists. Thus John Ford in his noble tragedy of *The Broken Heart*, Act iv. scene 2, after Grausis compliments, "Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty!" makes Phulas continue by saying, "*The Garland of Good Will*." And in William Rowley's comedy, "*A Match at Midnight*," Act ii. scene 1, Bloodhound says, "These are out of ballads! she has all *The Garland of Good-Will* by heart."

Although this ballad is found in Thomas Deloney's (and some other writers') '*STRANGE HISTORIES, or, Songes and Sonets of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen*,' imprinted at London for W. Barley, etc., 1607, it is the Eleventh Canticle, while the *Table of Contents*, extending only to Cant. X., seems to mark the original bulk of the Collection. This affords a certainty that the date of the Rosamund ballad was, at the very latest, 1607.

Not improbably, it was added earlier, to immediately follow Deloney's other recognised works (before Nos. XII. and XIII., the latter of which, "Faire sweete, if you desire to know," is signed T.R., and XIV., "A Mayde's Letter," signed A.C.). The title here is "A Mournefull Dittie of the Death of Faire *Rosamond*, King *Henrie* the Second's Concubine." These words reappeared when it was inserted in the late editions of what originally, in 1612, had been Richard Johnson's CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN ROSES; the editions of 1659, 1692, etc.

On the historical foundation of the Rosamond legend, and the growth of the popular belief in the proffered poison cup or dagger, we cannot linger long. The existence of Rosamond Clifford (born *circa* 1140, died *circa* 1176, the daughter of Walter de Clifford of Herefordshire and Margaret his wife), the acknowledged mistress of Henry II., in and before 1174, is incontestably proved; also her having been hidden from Queen Eleanor at Woodstock in a chamber of 'Dædalian workmanship' (which popularly became styled a 'maze'), and afterwards buried at Godstow nunnery, whither she had possibly retired in her last days. The fact of a cup having been sculptured on her tombstone may have suggested the addition of the incident which caught the imagination of later poets and romancers, *viz.* the choice proffered by the jealous Queen between the dagger and the bowl. It appears in Samuel Daniel's impressive poem, "The Complaint of Rosamond" (4 February, 159½, such being most probably an enlarged re-issue), which thus begins:—

"Ovt from the horror of Infernall deepes,  
My poore afflicted ghost comes heere to 'plaine it,  
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,  
The spot wher-with my kinde and youth did staine it.  
My body found a graue where to containe it:  
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,  
For Fame findes neuer tombes to t' inclose it in.

7

"And which is worse, my soule is now denied  
Her transport to the sweet *Elisian* rest,  
The ioyfull blisse for ghostes repurified,  
Th' euer-springing Gardens of the blest:  
*C[h]aron* denies mee waftage with the rest,  
And sayes my soule can neuer passe the Riuer,  
Till Louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer." Etc.

14

Samuel Daniel has been far too long neglected. This "Complaint" alone, not to mention his "Civil Warres" and the Sonnets to "Delia," ought to ensure that loving reverence be paid to his memory. John Payne Collier was the earliest to do it justice, in his careful reprint, 1870, and the Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart's scholarly edition of the "Complete Works in Prose and Verse," 4 vols. 1885, *et seq.*, has given to the world an authoritative and satisfactory text. The account of the poisoning deserves reproduction here.

" And this our stealth shee [*i.e.* Fame] could not long conceale,  
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :  
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,  
That she the whole of all our practise learned,  
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,  
In absence of the King, to wreak her wrong,  
With such reuenge as shee desired long. 581

" The Laberinth shee entred by that Threed  
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,  
Left there by chaunce, reseru'd for such a deed,  
Where shee surpriz'd mee whom shee so abhor'd.  
Enrag'd with madnesse, scarce shee speakes a word,  
But flies with eager furie to my face,  
Offering mee most vnwomanly disgrace. 588

" Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelpe  
Runns fiercely ranging through the Woods astray :  
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,  
Furiously assaults what's in her way,  
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray,) [= prey.  
So fell shee on mee in outrageous wise 595  
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

" And after all her vile reproches vsde,  
Shee forc'd mee take the poyson she had brought  
To end the lyfe that had her so abuse,  
And free her feares, and ease her ialous thought.  
No cruelty her wrath would leaue vnwrought,  
No spightfull act that to Reuenge is common ;  
(No beast being fiercer than a ialous woman.) 602

" Heere take (saith she) thou impudent vncleane,  
Base graceles strumpet, take this next your hart ;  
Your loue-sicke hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene  
With pleasures surfeite, must be purg'd with arte.  
This potion hath a power, that will conuart  
To nought, those humors that oppresse you so.  
And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I goe. 609

" What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ?  
Tremble you, (minion) ? come, dispatch with speed ;  
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack, [= stead.  
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed ;  
Those dainty fingers needes must doe the deed.  
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,  
And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.' 616

" Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,  
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :  
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,  
Presenting mee the horror of my last : [query, lust ?  
All hope of pittie and of comfort past.  
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,  
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end. 623

"Those hands, that beauties Ministers had been,  
 They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,  
 That mouth, that newly gaue consent to sin,  
 Must nowe receiue destruction in thereat,  
 That body, which my lust did violate,  
 Must sacrifice it selfe t' appease the wrong.  
 (So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

630

"And shee no sooner saw I had it taken,  
 But forth shee rushes (proude with victorie)  
 And leaues m' alone, of all the world forsaken,  
 Except of Death, which shee had left with me.  
 (Death and my selfe alone together be :)  
 To whom shee did her full reuenge refer.  
 Oh, poore weake conquest, both for him and her."

637

Stow's *Chronicle of England*, 1580, mentions her as "*Rosamond*, the faire daughter of *Walter*, Lord *Clifford*." In the Hundred Rolls of Ed. I. (ii. 93, 94) the verdict of the jurors of Corfham runs, "Dicunt quod [Corfham erat in] antiquo dominico Regum, set *Henricus* Rex pater *Johannis Regis* dedit [*Waltero*] *de Clyfford* 'pro amore *Rosamundæ* filiæ suæ.'" Thus it is indisputable that so early as 1274 it was already accepted popularly on a Clifford Manor that Rosamond Clifford had been a mistress of Henry II. Some think that the connection began while he was still unmarried and uncrowned, but this is worse than doubtful. Giraldus Cambrensis tells that Henry II. after having imprisoned his wife Eleanor (whose previous character had been notoriously infamous), began to live in open adultery, and Rosamond is almost certainly indicated: "[Rex] qui adulter antea fuerat occultus effectus postea manifestus non mundi quidem rosa juxta falsam et frivolutissimam compositionem sed immundi verius rosa vocata palam et impudenter abutendo" (*De Principis Institutione*, pp. 21, 22). The date is fixed, as shortly after the suppression of the rebellion in September, 1174. John Brompton, Knyghton, and Higden (*circa* 1350), following Giraldus, add details, all mentioning the Woodstock secret chamber, also that Rosamond died soon after the open acknowledgement by the King, and that she was buried in the Chapter House at Godstow; which latter fact is established by a charter (printed in the *Monasticon*, iv. 366, No. 13), the bestowal of a salt-pit at Wick on the Godstow Nunnery, by Osbert Fitz-Hugh (who is supposed to be Rosamond's brother-in-law), at the petition of her father Walter, for the salvation of her soul and that of his wife, "quarum corpora ibidem requiescant." Other charters prove that Walter endowed the nunnery at Godstow, "pro animabus uxoris meæ *Margaretæ Clifford* et nostræ filiæ *Rosamundæ*."

Fair Rosamond's tomb had in 1191 assumed almost the pomp and sanctity of a pilgrim shrine and sanctuary, for it was set in the middle of the church choir, in front of the altar, and was



adorned with silken hangings, lighted lamps and waxen candles. The so-called St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, found it thus distinguished, when on his visitation to Godstow, in that year, he gave command that her body should be taken up and buried outside the church. Episcopal mandates being eluded, she was re-interred in the Chapter-house, where her tomb bore the inscription:—

Hic jacet in tumulo Rosa mundi non Rosa munda :  
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.<sup>1</sup>

It remained undisturbed until the excesses of the Reformation, when it was partially destroyed (Leland, *Monasticon*, iv. 365).<sup>2</sup>

The commonly-received account of Fair Rosamond bearing two sons to Henry II., viz. Geoffrey, who became Archbishop of York, and William, known as William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, was of late origin, and appears to be unworthy of credence, being refuted by the assigned dates. Geoffrey was born in 1151–52, and his mother's name was Ykenai, Aikenai, or 'Akeny.' 'The French Chronicle of London' tells of a Queen Eleanor's vengeance, but makes her the wife of Henry III., and she bleeds Rosamond to death in a hot bath at Woodstock. The silken clue first appears in Fabyan's *Chronicle* (Ellis's edition, pp. 276, 277): "The comon fame tellyth that lastly the quene wane to her [= Rosamond] by a clewe of threde or sylke, and delte with her in such maner that she lyved not long after. Of the maner of her death speakyth not myne auctour."

In William Warner's *Albion's England*, Book II. 1586, the story of Fair Rosamond is 'ouer-passed.' It comes in cap. XLI., 1597:—

With that she dasht her on the Lippes, so dyed double red :  
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow, soft were those lips that bled. [p. 201.

Michael Drayton's *Heroical Epistles*, 1597, commence with one from Rosamond to King Henry, "If yet thine eyes (great Henry) may endure," and the Answer, from Henry to Rosamond, beginning "When first the post arrived at my tent."

Joseph Addison's opera of *Rosamond*, praised by Tickell, scarcely merits the briefest mention here: it was a musical mistake of 1707,

<sup>1</sup> The following paraphrastic translations of the inscription (reading "tombo Rosa mundi") are given in the 1594 edition of *The Complaint of Rosamond*:—

Heer lyes intoumbd w<sup>th</sup>in this compast stone,  
Fayre Rosamond, not nowe the world's fayre rose;  
Who whilome sweetest smelt, follow'd by none,  
Doth nowe w<sup>th</sup> deadly staunch infest y<sup>e</sup> nose. F. L.

AND

This marble stone doth here enclose the world's fayre not too sweet rose;  
In whome too late the world's repose doth nowe w<sup>th</sup> stinch offend the nose.

<sup>2</sup> See T. A. Archer's excellent paper on Rosamond Clifford in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, xi. 75–77. To this we are greatly indebted for information.



(net wedded to the melodies of T. A. Arne till 1733,) adulatory of Queen Elinor, as though she were alive and likely to become his patroness. The poison-bowl is merely a sleeping draught, and when Rosamond retires to the nunnery, Henry becomes a good boy, *tout-à-fait*, and acknowledges the superior virtues of his Queen. Moral (drenchingly, *bis*):—

“Who to forbidden joys would rove  
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?” [Decree Niecey, Nisi!]

Another Roxburghe Ballad on the same subject follows, on our p. 676, “The Unfortunate Concubine; or, Rosamond’s Overthrow,” beginning, “Sweet, youthful, charming Ladies fair.” It does not appear to be of much earlier date than its reappearance in J. Roberts’s *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, where it begins volume first, p. 4. Ours is a late Aldermay Church-yard broadside, but little known. “Queen Eleanor’s Confession” of our p. 680 is virtually a sequel to “Fair Rosamond:” the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges.

The present ballad was intentionally *mis*-quoted in Wm. Rowley’s “Match at Midnight,” 1633, Act iii. sc. 1, by the Welsh singing-man Randall,

“When high-king *Henry* rul’d this land, the couple of her name,  
Besides hur queen was tearly lov’d a fair and princely — widows.”

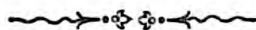
In Act v. sc. 1, he perverts a verse from “The Spanish Lady’s Love” (p. 655):

“Will you hear a noble *Pritain*, how her gull an English flag?” [= Ensign.]

So early as 1854, in his fascinating volume of *Poems by a Painter*, one of the Editor’s friends, William Bell Scott, had adorned with pen and etching-needle the legend of Fair Rosamond. His “Woodstock Maze” ends thus:—

“Hark! he comes! yet his footstep sounds  
As it sounded never before!  
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,  
But I’ll hide behind the door.’  
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—  
It was Queen Eleanore,—  
And at once she felt what sudden death  
The hungering she-wolf bore.  
*Oh the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,  
Fall and fall over churchyard and hall.*

[Roxburghe copy has a modern cut of Queen Eleanor visiting Fair Rosamond in Woodstock Bower, probably copied from the copperplate illustration to the other Rosamond ballad (our p. 676), in J. Roberts’s *Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 1. 1723. Date of the present ballad, *circa* 1598; but the *Bow Church-yard* copy nearly two centuries later. Pepys Black-letter copy was printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger, *circa* 1670; Wood’s for F. Coles, etc., perhaps a few years earlier: but the true date must have been before 1600. The Douce Coll., III. 25 *verso* (n.p.n.), like Ouvry Coll., II. 71 (*J. Pitts*), is entitled “A lamentable ballad of Fair *Rosamond*, Concubine to *Henry* 2nd, who was put to death by Queen *Eleanor*, in the famous Bower of *Woodstock*, near *Oxford*.” The tune (unmarked in Roxb.) is *When Flying Fame*, see *Pop. Music*, p. 198.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 714 ; Pepys, I. 498 ; Wood, 401, fol. 7 ; etc.]

The  
**Life and Death of Fair Rosamond,**  
 King Henry the Second's Concubine.



**W**hen as King *Henry* rul'd this land, the second of that name,  
 Beside the queen, he loved dear a fair and comely dame.  
 Most peerless was her beauty found, her favour and her face ;  
 A sweeter creature in the world could never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold appear'd to each man's sight,  
 Her comely eyes like orient pearl, did cast a heavenly light.  
 The blood within her crystal cheeks did such a colour drive,  
 As tho' the lilly and the rose for mastership did strive. 8

Fair *Rosamond*, Fair *Rosamond*, her name was call'd so,  
 To whom dame *Eleanor* our Queen was known a deadly foe.  
 The king therefore, for her defence, against the furious queen,  
 At *Woodstock* builded such a bower, the like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built of stone and timber strong,  
 An hundred and fifty doors did to this bower belong :  
 And they so cunningly contriv'd, with turnings round about,  
 That none without a clue of thread could enter in and out. 16

Now for his love and lady's sake, who was both fair and bright,  
 The keeping of this bower he gave unto a valiant Knight.  
 But fortune, that doth often frown where it before did smile,  
 The king's delight, the lady's joy, full soon she did beguile.

For why, the king's ungracious son, whom he did high advance,  
 Against his father raised wars within the realms of *France* ;  
 But yet before our gracious king the *English* land forsook,  
 Of *Rosamond*, his lady fair, his farewell thus he took : 21

"My *Rosamond*, my only Rose, who pleaseth best mine eye,  
 The fairest flower in all the world, to feed my phantasy,  
 The flower of my affected heart, whose sweetness doth excel,  
 My royal rose, an hundred times I bid you now farewell.

"For I must leave my fairest rose, my sweetest rose, a space,  
 And cross the Ocean into *France*, proud rebels to debase.  
 But still, my rose, be sure thou shalt my coming shortly see,  
 And in my heart, when hence I am, I'll bear my rose with me."

When *Rosamond*, the lady bright, did hear the king say so,  
 The sorrows of her grieved heart her outward looks did show.  
 And from her clear and crystal eyes the tears gush'd out apace,  
 Which like the silver pearly dew ran down her comely face.

Her lips like to the coral red, did wax both wan and pale.  
 And for the sorrow she conceiv'd, her vital spirits fail.  
 And falling down into a swoon before king *Henry's* face,  
 Full oft within his princely arms, her body [he] did embrace. 40

And twenty times with watery eyes he kiss'd her tender cheek,  
 Until he had reviv'd again, her spirit mild and meek.

"Why grieves my rose? my sweetest rose?" the king did often say.  
 "Because," quoth she, "to bloody wars my lord must pass away.

"But since your grace in foreign coasts, amongst your foes unkind,  
 Must go to hazard life and limb, why must I stay behind?  
 Nay, rather let me, like a page, thy sword and target bear,  
 That on my breast the blow may light that shall offend my dear.

"O let me in your royal tent prepare your bed at night,  
 And with sweet baths refreshen you, as you return from fight.  
 So I your presence may enjoy, no toil I will refuse:  
 But wanting you, my life is death, which doth true love abuse."

"Content thyself, my dearest love, thy rest at home shall be,  
 In *England's* sweet and pleasing court, for travels fit not thee.  
 Fair ladies brook not bloody wars, sweet peace their pleasure breeds,  
 The nourisher of heart's content, whose fancy first did feed. 56

"My rose shall rest in *Woodstock* bower, with music's sweet delight;  
While I among the piercing pikes against my foes do fight:  
My rose in robes of pearl and gold, with diamonds rich and bright,  
Shall dance the galliards of my love, while I my foes do smight.

"And you, Sir *Thomas*, whom I trust, to be my love's defence,  
Be careful of my gallant rose, when I am parted hence."  
And herewithal he fetch'd a sigh, as tho' his heart would break:  
And *Rosamond*, for very grief, not one plain word could speak. 64

And at their parting well they might in heart be grieved sore:  
After that day, Fair *Rosamond* the king did see no more.  
For when his grace passed the seas, and into *France* was gone,  
Queen *Eleanor* with envious heart to *Woodstock* came anon.

And forth she calls the trusty Knight, who kept the curious bower,  
And with a clew of twisted thread came from this famous flower.  
And when that they had wounded him, the Queen this thread did get,  
And went where lady *Rosamond* was like an angel set. 72

But when the queen, with stedfast eyes, beheld [t]his heavenly face,  
She was amazed in her mind, at such exceeding grace. ["fine."

"Cast off," said she, "these [royal] robes, that rich and costly be,  
And drink you up this deadly draught which I have brought to thee."

But presently upon her knees Fair *Rosamond* did fall,  
And pardon of the queen she crav'd for her offences all.  
"Take pity on my youthful years," Fair *Rosamond* did cry,  
"And let me not with poison strong be forced for to die. 80

"I will renounce my sinful life, and in some cloister bide,  
Or else be banish'd if you please, to range the world so wide.  
And for the fault which I have done, tho' I was forc'd thereunto,  
Preserve my life, and punish me, as you think fit to do."

And with these words her lilly hands she wrung full often there,  
And down along her comely face proceeded many a tear.  
But nothing could this furious queen herewith appeased be:  
The cup of deadly poison strong, which she held on her knee, 88

She gave this comely dame to drink, who took it from her hand,  
And from her bended knees arose, and on her feet did stand.  
When casting up her eyes to heaven, she did for mercy call,  
And drinking up the poison strong, she lost her life withal.

And when [that] death thro' every limb had done its greatest spite,  
Her chiefest foes could but confess she was a glorious wight.  
Her body then they did entomb, when life was fled away,  
At *Woodstock*, near to *Oxford* town, as may be seen this day. 96

[Written by **Thomas Deloney**.

Printed and sold in *Bow-Church-Yard*, *London*. [White-letter. See p. 672.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 658 ; Douce, III. 98 *verso* ; Euing, 238.]

## The Unfortunate Concubine ;

Or,

Rosamond's Overthrow. Occasioned by her Brother's  
praising her Beauty to two young Knights of  
Salisbury, as they rid along the Road.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *The Court Lady*.]

Sweet youthful charming ladies fair, fram'd of the purest mold,  
With rosy cheeks and silken hair, which shine like threads of gold,  
Soft tears of pity here bestow on the unhappy fate  
Of *Rosamond*, who long ago prov'd most unfortunate.

When as the second *Henry* reign'd on the imperial throne,  
How he this beautiful flower gain'd I will to you make known,  
With all the circumstances too which did her life attend,  
How first she into favour grew, and of her fatal end.

As three young Knights of *Salisbury* were riding on their way,  
One boasted of a lady fair within her bower so gay :  
" I have a sister," *Clifford* swears, " but few men do her know,  
Upon her face the skin appears like drops of blood or snow." 12

My sister's locks of curled hair outshine the golden ore ;  
Her skin for whiteness may compare with the fine lilly flower.  
Her breasts were lovely to behold, like to the driven snow ;  
I would not for her weight in gold King *Henry* should her know."

King *Henry* had a bower near, where they were riding by,  
And he this *Clifford* over-hears. Thought he immediately,  
" Tho' I her brother should offend ; for that fair white and red,  
For her I am resolv'd to send, to grace my royal bed."

The King, who was of high renown, would not his fancy pall ;  
For having wrote his pleasure down, he did young *Clifford* call :  
" Come hither to me, out of hand, come hither unto me,  
I am the King of *England*, my messenger thou shalt be." 24

" I to your sister here have writ three letters seal'd with gold,  
No messenger I think so fit as you. Therefore, behold,  
Convey them to her hand with speed, make not the least delay,  
My will and pleasure let her read, and my commands obey."

Young *Clifford* then the letter took from *Henry's* royal hand,  
Tho' with a melancholly look, and mounted out of hand.  
Soft tears bedew'd his noble sight, his griev'd heart was sad,  
Altho' he was as brave a knight as ever *Henry* had.

With that this noble knight of fame rode on without delay,  
Until he to the bower came, which was both rich and gay.  
She said, when he knocked at the ring, " Who raps so fierce and bold ?"  
" Sister, I have brought from the King three letters seal'd with gold." 36



Then with her fingers long and small she broke the seals of gold ;  
And as she did to reading fall, at first you might behold  
The smiles of pleasant sweet delight, as if well satisfied ;  
But e'er she had concluded quite, she wrung her hands and cry'd :

“ Why did you go beyond your bounds, when *Oxford* you did see ?  
You might have talked of your hounds, and never brag'd of me.  
When by the King I am defiled, my father's griefs begin,  
He'll have no comfort of his child, nor come to my wedding.

“ Go fetch me down my Planet book, straight from my private room,  
For in the same I mean to look what is decreed my doom.”  
The Planet-book to her they brought, and laid it on her knee,  
She found that all would come to nought, and poisoned she should be. 48

“ I curse you brother ! ” then she cry'd, “ who caus'd my destiny ;  
I might have been a Lord's fair bride, but you have ruin'd me.”  
With that she call'd her waiting-maid to bring her riding weed,  
And to her groom she likewise said, “ Saddle my milk-white steed.”

Some rode before her to report her coming to the king,  
As she approach'd the royal court, sweet peals of bells did ring.  
A garland over her head they bore, to magnify her charms,  
And as she came before the king, he clasp'd her in his arms.

With blushes then she did beseech the king on her bare knee,  
These words she said, “ I pray, my liege, what is your will with me ? ”  
Said he, “ I sent for you, my rose, to grace my royal bed ”  
Now as he did his mind disclose, she blush'd like scarlet red. 60

“ Blush not, my fairest *Rosamond*, fear no disastrous fate ;  
For by my kindly power I can place thee in happy state.  
No lady in this court of mine can purchase thy desert,  
Thy pleasant looks and charms divine have won my royal heart.”

The gifts and presents of a king did cause her to comply ;  
Thinking there was not anything like royal dignity.  
But as her bright and golden scene in court began to shine,  
The news was brought unto the queen of this new concubine.

At which she was enraged so, with malice in her breast,  
That till she wrought her overthrow she could not be at rest.  
She felt the fury of a queen, e'er she had flourished long,  
And dy'd, just as she had foreseen, by force of poison strong. 72

The angry queen, with malice fraught, could not herself contain,  
Till she had brought fair *Rosamond* to her sad dismal bane :  
The said sweet and precious rose, King *Henry's* chief delight.  
The queen she to the bower goes, and wrought her hateful spite.

But when she to the bower came, where Lady *Clifford* lay,  
Enraged *Eleanor* by name, she could not find the way,  
Until the silken clue of thread became a fatal guide,  
Unto the queen, who laid her dead, e'er she was satisfy'd.

Alas ! it was no small surprise to *Rosamond* the fair ;  
When death appear'd before her eyes, no faithful friend was there,  
Who could stand up in her defence, to put the poison by ;  
Thus by the hand of violence compelled she was to die. 84

“ O most renown'd and gracious Queen, compassion take on me ;  
I wish that I had never seen this royal dignity.  
Betray'd I was, and by degrees a sad consent I gave ;  
And now upon my bended knees your pardon I do crave.”



"I will not pardon you, [she cry'd :] then take this fatal cup ;  
 And you may well be satisfy'd I'll see you drink it up."  
 Then with her fair and lilly hand the fatal cup she took ;  
 Which being drunk, she could not stand, but soon the world forsook.

Now when the king was well inform'd what *Eleanor* had done,  
 His breast he smote, in wrath he storm'd, as if he would have run  
 Besides his senses, and he swore, for this inhuman deed,  
 He never would bed with her more, his royal heart did bleed.

96

The king [then] stood not pausing long how to reward her spleen,  
 But straitway in a prison strong he cast this cruel queen.  
 Where she lay six-and-twenty years, a long captivity ;  
 Bathed in floods of weeping tears, 'till his death set her free.

Now when her son did [first] succeed his father, Great *Henry*,  
 His royal mother soon he freed from her captivity.  
 And she [was] set [once] more at large, who long for debt had lain ;  
 Her royal pity did discharge thousands in *Richard's* reign.

104

Printed and Sold at the Printing Office, in *Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[White-letter, one woodcut. An edition printed at *Tewkesbury*, about 1790, has B M. press-mark 11621. c. l. art. 52 ; another, n.p.n., has p.m. 1876. e. 1, fol. 22. Euing's broadside was printed for *W. Onley*, sold by the booksellers of *Pye Corner* and *London-bridge*, Date, circa 1670-90.]

### Queen Eleanor's Confession.

" 'Alas ! alas !' a low voice, full of care,  
 Murmur'd beside me : ' Turn and look on me :  
 I am that *Rosamond* whom men call fair,  
 If what I was I be.  
 " ' Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !  
 O me, that I should ever see the light !  
 Those dragon eyes of anger'd *Eleanor*  
 Do hunt me, day and night.'  
 " She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :  
 To whom the Egyptian : ' O, you tamely died ;  
 You should have clung to *Fulvia's* waist, and thrust  
 The dagger thro' her side.' "

—Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

THE popular old ballad of "Queen Eleanor's Confession" is quite independent of historical reality, or originality of basis. It may possibly be true, as is asserted so persistently, that Queen Eleanor was not matrimonially unfaithful to her by-no-means-constant husband the young Count of Anjou, afterwards our King Henry II., who had married her in his nineteenth year, six weeks after her divorce. But she had proved herself to be so incurably vicious in her former married state, while nominally the wife of Lewis VII., King of France, and indulging in forbidden pleasures with Saladin to an extent that scandalized the orthodox (who

might have condoned her offences had they been shared with the faithful, and not extended to the Saracenic followers of Mahound), that we are free to give her the benefit of a doubt, the wrong way, and consider it to be unlikely she ever walked straight thereafter, although she may have gained by experience some skill in concealing her trespasses. If we admit her share in causing the death of Fair Rosamond (avowedly an open question), and in exciting the rebellion of her sons against their unhappy father, which is generally supposed to be incontrovertible, a few more crimes and misdemeanours can scarcely affect the verdict. She resembles the nigger who was so black that charcoal made a white mark on him.

We need not pursue the investigation into the early origin of such an incident as the surreptitiously obtaining a hearing of a guilty woman's confession by the husband going disguised as a priest to shrive and absolve her. Several of the old collections of nouvelles and fabliaux relate it. Among them are Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Giorn. vii. Nov. 5), Barbazan, *Du Chevalier qui fist sa fame [femme] confesse*, III. 229; Bandello's Novelli; those of Malespini; La Fontaine's *La Mari Confesseur*, which is copied from the admirable *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, Nouvelle lxxviii. (Paris, 1887, ii. 174). Anyhow, it was a grave indefensible act of profanation and sacrilege, deserving of the heaviest condemnation and punishment that could possibly be inflicted. Still, the story is a good one, and told fairly well. Poetical justice was not carried out. Eleanor survived her husband Henry, who died in 1189, until the sixth year of her son John, in 1204. She had certainly been imprisoned in 1173, when she had endeavoured to escape in man's apparel and join her contumacious sons. It is satisfactory to learn that she had it not all her own way, "for she wor a bad un, wor she!" as Tennyson puts it, elsewhere. His 'Northern Farmer' had in 1864 a *Dream of some very Unfair Women*.

\*.\* There are, as usual, garbled and fictitious traditional versions in the northern ballad-books. One in Kinloch's (p. 247) begins, "The queen fell sick, and very, very sick;" another had been given by Motherwell (*Minstrelsy*, 1829, p. 1), as "Earl Marshall," beginning the same as our Roxburghe; Buchan's *Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish Scarce Old Ballads*, 1825, p. 77, same title, begins, "The Queen's fa'en sick, and very very sick, sick and going to die."

Since there is an evident *lacuna* in Earl Martial's craving a boon, we interpolate four unauthorized long-lines, but keep them square-bracketted and in bavier italic type. Motherwell's 'traditionary' stanza has no better claim to be authentic:—

"O no, O no, my liege, my king, Such things can never bee;  
For if the Queene hears word of this, Hanged she'll cause me to bee."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 634 ; Bagford, I. 33 ; II. 26 ; Jersey, II. 177 ; C. 22. e. 2. fol. 71 ; Euing, 291 ; Douce, III. 80.]

## Queen Eleanor's Confession :

Shewing how King Henry, with the Earl Martial, in Friars Habits came to her, instead of two Friars from France, which she sent for.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE. [See *Popular Music*, p. 174.]

QUEEN *Eleanor* was a sick woman, and afraid that she should die ;  
Then she sent for two Friars of *France*, for to speak with them  
speedily.

The King call'd down his Nobles all, by one, by two, and by three,  
And sent away for Earl *Martial*, for to speak with them speedily.

When that he came before the King, he fell on his bended knee,  
" A boon, a boon, our gracious King, that you sent so hastily.  
[*You ask me to hear a sick Woman, who know not what she may say,  
And she may cause my overthrow, her words can a man betray.*

" So I crave a boon from my liege Lord, to pawn his Faith and Crown,  
That whatever Queen *Eleanor* says of me, no word the King writes down." ]

" I'll pawn my living and my lands, my scepter and my crown,  
That whatever Queen *Eleanor* says, I will not write it down.

" Do you put on a Friar's coat, and I'll put on another,  
And we will to Queen *Eleanor* go, one Friar like another."  
Thus both attired then they go, when they came to *Whitehall*,  
The bells they did ring and the Quiristers sing, and the torches did  
light them all.

When they came before the Queen, they fell on their bended knee,  
" A boon, a boon, our gracious Queen, that you sent so hastily."  
" Are you two Friars of *France*?" she said, " which I suppose you be ;  
But if you are two *English* Friars, then hanged shall you be."

" We are two Friars of *France*," they said, " as you suppose we be,  
We have not been at any Mass since we came from the Sea."

" The first vile thing that e'er I did, I will to you unfold,  
Earl *Martial* had my maidenhead, underneath this cloth of gold."

" That is a great sin," then said the King, " God may forgive it thee."

" Amen, Amen!" quoth Earl *Martial*, with a heavy heart then spoke he.

" The next vile thing that e'er I did, to you I'll not deny,  
I made a box of Poison strong, to poison King *Henry*."

" That is a vile sin," then said the King, " God may forgive it thee."

" Amen, Amen!" quoth Earl *Martial*, " and I wish it so may be."

" The next vile thing that e'er I did, to you I will discover,  
I poisoned Fair *Rosamond*, all in fair *Woodstock* bower."

"That is a vile sin," then said the King, "God may forgive it thee."

"Amen, Amen!" quoth Earl *Martial*, "and I wish it so may be."

"Do you see yonder a little boy, a tossing of the ball?"

That is Earl *Martial's* eldest son, and I love him the best of all.

"Do you see yonder a little boy, a catching of the ball?"

That is King *Henry's* son," she said, "and I love him the worst of all.

His head is like unto a bull, his nose is like a boar."

"No matter for that," King *Henry* said, "I love him the better therefor."

The King pull'd off his Friar's coat, and appear[ed] all in red;

She shriek'd, she cry'd, she wrung her hands, and said she was betray'd.

The King look'd over his left shoulder, and a grim look looked he:

And said, "Earl *Martial*, but for my oath, then hanged should'st thou be."

Newcastle: Printed and sold by Robert Marchbank, in the Custom-house entry.

[White-letter, but Bagford's and Euing's are in Black-letter, both printed for C. Bates, in *Pye Corner*. One Woodcut: see *Notes*, pp. 672, 679.]

## A Pattern of True-Love.

THIS now-forgotten ditty must once have been in great demand, there being at least seven copies extant, of three or more distinct editions or issues, one of which, for *John White*, at *Newcastle*, was the latest reprint. Something in it had touched the heart of the crowd, probably the trial of the lady's affection by the substituted head of "a hanged man" being shown to her, with the treacherous design of misleading her into a belief that her lover was slain, so that she need no longer be disobedient to her cruel father. Her love bears the strain; as did *Imogine's*, who had beheld the headless corpse of *Cloten*, disguised in the garments of *Posthumous*. The end of both stories is similar, the father yields, and the lovers are re-united. Certainly the husband of the noble *Imogine* deserved not to be so loved, and ultimately graced with her companionship. But the best women have squandered their affection on unworthy objects: like the sun "being a god, kissing carrion." This is an oft-told tale, generally a tragedy, renewed throughout the centuries.

The tune, *Daintie, come thou to me* (for which see *Popular Music*, p. 517), gained its name from the burden of "A new Northern Jigg" (printed in *Roxb. Bds.*, i. 629), beginning, "Wilt thou forsake me thus, and leave me in misery?" No other exemplar of it is known, beyond *Roxb. Coll.*, I. 204. To the same tune was sung "*Ned Smith*" (*Ibid.*, ii. 465), "I am a prisoner poore, opprest with miserie." A variation of *Daintie, come thou to me* (*J. P. Collier's Old Manuscript Ballads and Songs*, 1869, p. 51, twelve stanzas), begins, "Wilt thou from me thus part, and leave me in miserie?"

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 579 ; III. 426 ; Bagford, LI. 121 ; Douce, III. 68 ;  
Ouvry, I. 50 ; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 174 ; Wood's E. 25, fol. 35.]

## [The Noble Lord's Cruelty ;

Or, A Pattern of True Love.]

A Pattern of true Love to you I will recite,  
Between a Beautiful Lady and a Courtious Knight.

To THE TUNE OF, *Dainty, come thou to me, etc.*

Licens'd and Entred according to Order.

"DEAR Love, regard my grief, do not my suit disdain,  
O yield me some relief, that am with sorrow slain :  
These seven long years, and more, have I still loved thee ;  
Do thou my joys restore : *fair Lady, pity me.*

"Pity my grievous pain, long suffer'd for thy sake ;  
Do not my suit disdain, that no time Rest can take ;  
These seven long years, and more, have I still loved thee,  
Do thou my joys restore : *fair Lady, pity me !*"

"How should I pity thee ?" this Lady then reply'd,  
"Thou art no match for me, thy suit must be deny'd :  
I am of noble blood, you but of mean degree ;  
It stands not for my good, *fondly to match with thee.*"

12

This Answer had he most, which cut his heart so deep,  
That on his bed full oft would he lye down and weep :  
With tears he did lament his froward destiny ;  
With sighs yet would he say, "*Fair Lady, pity me !*"

"While I live, I must love, so Fancy urgeth me,  
My [heart] cannot remove, such is my constancy :  
My mind is nobly bent, though I [am] of low degree ;  
Sweet Lady, give consent to *love and pity me !*"

[text, "mind."

The Lady, hearing now the moan that he did make,  
Did of his suit allow, and thus to him she spake,

"Sir Knight, mourn thou no more, my faith I plight to thee ;  
May this thy joys restore, thou hast thy wish of me."

24

"But first, sweet Love," (quoth she) "what shift then wilt thou make,  
With speed to marry me, and thy delight to take ?  
It were a bargain bad to get a wanton Wife,  
And lose with sorrow great thy sweet distressed life.

"If that my Father knew the Love I bear to thee,  
We both the same should rue, therefore be rul'd by me :  
When my Father is in bed, and all his waiting-men,  
Through the window will I get, see that you meet me then."

"Content, Lady," (he said) "he's but a Coward Knight  
Whom aught shall make afraid to win a Lady bright."  
Thus then they went away, but by the Master-Cook—  
Coming through the window wide—was this fair Lady took.

36



"O gentle Cook," (quoth she) "do not my deed bewray!  
Some favour to me show, and let me pass away:  
Love that doth conquer Kings forc'd me to do this deed;  
Whilst others sits and sings, make not my heart to bleed."

"Not so, then," (said the Cook) "fair Lady, pardon me;  
Who can this trespass brook, committed thus by thee?  
My Lord, your Father, shall the matter understand;  
For false I will not be, neither for house nor land."

Then from the Lady's face fell down the tears amain,  
She was in wofull case and thus she made her moan:

"Alas! my own dear Love, little know'st thou my grief,  
Great sorrows must we prove, hope yielding no relief." [al.l. "Ah." 48]

Her Father, in a spleen, lock'd up his Daughter bright,  
And sent forth armed men to take this worthy Knight:  
Who then was judg'd to be quite banish'd from the land,  
Never his Love to see, so strict was the command.

And at the Sessions next, after the Knight was gone,  
To his Daughter, full of woe, they brought a hanged man,  
Whose head was smitten off, the Maiden's truth to prove,  
Quoth her Father, "Wanton Dame, now take thee here thy Love!"

Her tears fell down amain, when this sight she did see,  
And sorely did complain of [her] Father's cruelty;  
His body she did wash with tears that she did shed;  
An hundred times she kist his body being dead. 60

"Alas! my Love," (she said) "dear hast thou paid for me;  
Would God, in heaven's bliss, my soul were now with thee!  
But whilst that I do live, a vow I here do make,  
Seven years to live unwed, for my true Lover's sake."

Her Father hearing this, was grieved inwardly;  
He pardon'd her amiss, and prais'd her constancy;  
And to this courteous Knight, her Father did her wed:  
God grant the like success: where perfect Love is bred.

### Finis.

[Printer's or publisher's name cut off. In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st and 2nd are small, a man and a woman, each in a peaked hat; 3rd is the Scaffold scene of Decapitation belonging to "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy," of our p. 653. 2nd Roxburghe is a *Newcastle-on-Tyne* reprint, for *Jn. White*. The Pepys exemplar was printed for *J. Clarke*, *William Thackeray*, and *Thomas Passenger*, with a title like our Roxburghe, II. 579, "A Pattern of True Love," unpreceded by the words "The Noble Lord's Cruelty; or, A Pattern of True Love," which John White probably copied from an early broadside. We square-bracket this, in larger black-letter, as heading. Date, before 1651.]

\* \* There are such strong resemblances of thought and treatment, ideas and language, connecting this ballad with "*The Lady Isabella's Tragedy*" of our p. 653, (both holding the same woodcut!) wherein another "Master Cook" figures more ignobly than this Master Cook Marplot, that it appears probable the same author wrote both ballads. Why was he so irate against the Chef? Had he ever been by him "personally conducted," at such an early time?



## Jephtha, Judge of Israel.

*Hamlet*.—"O *Jephtha*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure had'st thou!"  
*Polonius*.—"What a treasure had he, my lord?"  
*Hamlet*.—"Why, 'One fair daughter and no more,  
 The which he loved passing well.'"  
*Polonius (Aside)*.—"Still on my daughter."  
*Hamlet*.—"Am I not i' th' right, old *Jephtha*?"  
*Polonius*.—"If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love  
 passing well."  
*Hamlet*.—"Nay, that follows not."  
*Polonius*.—"What follows then, my lord?"  
*Hamlet*.—"Why, 'As by lot, God wot,'  
 and then, you know,  
 'It came to pass as most like it was,'—  
 the first row of the pious chanson will show you more."—*Hamlet*.

TO have been thus quoted, even with burlesque intentions, in such a foremost work of the world's literature, one of its 'Hundred best Books,' is a sufficient plea to justify our reprint of this 'pious chanson,' although it be dull enough to suit the ballad-capacity of Polonius himself, or his prototype, Will Cecil, Lord Burleigh.

A strange tale is related by Dr. Thomas Percy (when printing an imperfect copy, said by him to have been "retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory as she had formerly heard it sung by her father: I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens"), to the effect that, having heard of the original ballad in black-letter being among Anthony à Wood's Collections in the Ashmolean Museum, "upon application lately made [1794], the volume which contained this Song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former Edition," i.e. of 1765.—*Reliques*. George Steevens was styled, by Isaac D'Israeli, "The Puck of Commentators!" Was the lady an apocryphal Mrs. Harris, and did Puck Steevens hide the volume after making an extract? Could a volume of Wood's ballads disappear bodily? Or is it some garbled episcopal bemuddlement, seeing that an Oxford broadside is extant in Rawlinson 566, fol. 123? Percy's version (six stanzas, two of them imperfect, instead of our eight) begins:—

"Have you not heard, these many years ago  
*Jephtha* was judge of *Israel*?  
 He had one only daughter and no mo,  
 The which he loved passing well:  
 And as by lott,  
 God wott,  
 It so came to pass,  
 As God's will was,  
 That great wars there should be,  
 And none should be chosen chief but he."

On the close resemblance existing between the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter (*Judges*, xi. 30-40) and the sacrifice of Iphigenia (with her *al. lect.* preservation, resembling that of Isaac), we need not linger.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 201.]

A proper new ballad, intituled,  
**Jepha Judge of Israel.**



**I** Read that many years agoe,  
 when *Jepha* Judge of *Israel* [sic. for *Jephtha*, *passim*.]  
 Had one fair Daughter and no more,  
 whom he loved so passing well.  
 And as by lot, God wot,  
 It came to passe, most like it was,  
 Great warrs there should be,  
 and who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.

When *Jepha* was appointed now chiefe Captain of the company,  
 To God the Lord he made a vow, if he might have the victory,  
 At his return, to burn,  
 For his offering, the first quick thing should meet with him then,  
 From his house when he came agen, agen. 16

It chanced so these warrs were done, and home he came with victory,  
 His Daughter out of doores did run to meet her Father speedily,  
     And all the way did play  
 To Taber and Pipe, and many a stripe, and notes full high,  
     For joy that he was so nigh, so nigh.

When *Jepha* did perceive and see his Daughter firm and formostly,  
 He rent his clothes and tore his haire, and shrieked out most piteously.

    " For thou art she " (quoth he),  
 " Hath brought me low, alas for woe! and troubled me so,  
     That I cannot tell what to do, to doe. 32

    " For I have made a vow " (quoth he) " which must not be diminished,  
 A sacrifice to God on high, my promise must be finished."

    " As you have spoke, provoke  
 No further care, but to prepare, your will to fulfill,  
     According to God's will, God's will.

    " For sithence God hath given you might to overcome your Enemies,  
 Let me be offered up, as right, for to perform all promises.

    And this let be! " quoth she,  
 " As thou hast said, be not afraid, although it be I.  
     Keep promise with God on high, on high. 48

    " But, Father, do so much for me, as let me goe to [th'] Wildernesse,  
 There to bewail my virginity, three months to bemoan my heavinesse,  
     And let there go some moe,  
 Like Maids with me." " Content," quoth he, and sent her away,  
     To mourn, till her latter day, her day.

And when that time was come and gone that she should sacrificed be,  
 This Virgin sacrificed was, for to fulfill all pro[phecie], [" promises."]

    As some say, for aye,  
 The Virgins there three times a year, like sorrow fulfill,  
     For the Daughter of *Jepha* still, still, still. 64

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson*.

[In Black-letter, with two rude woodcuts, one of an antique warrior with curved sword, as on p. 685; the other, a lady with half-opened fan (to represent *Jephtha's* daughter!) A MS. note on Rawlinson's copy gives the date of issue as 1675. But '*the godly ballet*' was of much earlier date, as shown in our Introduction, it being quoted, as already popular, in the 1603 edit. of *Hamlet*.]

\* \* Another version of the *Jephtha* ballad, preserved on a broadside in the Douce Collection, III. 46, *verso*, commences: "When Israel did first begin."

## The Wandering Jew.

“ Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant ;  
 Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,  
 Though still the less we knew of its intent :  
 The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year,  
 Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,  
 Hung round about a little room, where play  
 Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.”

—*Epilogue to Wm. Morris's Earthly Paradise, 1870.*

THAT the idea of an indefinitely continued existence, testifying to the truth of the Incarnation and Atonement, was at first not regarded as punishment, but rather as a privilege, may be guessed rightly when we remember two passages of Holy Writ. The earlier of these belongs to a period before the Crucifixion; the second to that when the risen Saviour appeared on the shores of Lake Tiberias. When we read the words (*SS. Matth. xvi. 28, Mark, ix. 1*), “ Verily, I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom,” our soul revolts against any poor and insufficient quibbling interpretation which assumes such a solemn declaration to apply merely to the not-far-distant time when Jerusalem should be destroyed. Such a comment is an insult to the understanding. But what here might seem to be a promise becomes a mysterious threat of doom in another passage (*S. Luke, ix. 26, 27*), “ Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels. But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God.” If it be possible to exceed the solemnity and suggestiveness of such a declaration, we find this in the words spoken to S. Peter concerning S. John: “ *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me!*” In these words, decidedly not spoken as doom, but as implying a blessing on the beloved disciple, we have an explanation of what must always have been a haunting thought among those chosen men.

We who live in weariness and toil and sorrow, to a great extent, cannot welcome the possibility of an undying pilgrimage with anything like the joy wherewith such a prospect might have filled men of the earlier race. Yet perhaps the deep undertone of sadness among our present poets, the wailing and gloom, the perpetually reiterated complaint against Death closing the scene so early, and poisoning all enjoyment, is sufficient proof that the brevity of life is considered to be an evil, enough to outweigh or banish happiness.



Of old this myth of THE WANDERING JEW lent coherence to stray thoughts of an exemption from mortality. It was clearly recognised, in an age of faith, as being a heavy doom. And the commital of an atrocious crime was pre-supposed, in order to account for, that is, to justify, so awful a punishment.

It would not have been surprising if there had been a legend assigning to the traitor Judas the inability to die: the vain struggle to cease from feeling the agonies of remorse, which was unhallowed by contrition or repentance. One of our Roxburghe Collection Ballads (III. 737, sung to the tune of *Christ is my Love, He loves me*), beginning "Who that antique story reads, and ancient tales of old," tells in dreary verse, borrowing its horrors from the tale of *Œdipus* and *Jocasta*, of supposititious crimes and sins committed by the Betrayer, until there is "The Dream of Judas's Mother fulfilled." But even in this imbecile and harrowing broadsheet (reprinted in the *Appendix* to the present volume) there is no hint of Judas being reserved for such a doom as by legend was allotted to "the Shoemaker of Jerusalem," the Wandering Jew.

The ballad itself (of date 21 August, 1612) gives the narrative with commendable distinctness, and without straining after effect or adventitious ornament. We find it entered in the Stationers' Registers under the date of "21<sup>mo</sup> Augusti, 1612," to Edward Marchant, for his copy under "A ballad called *Wonderful strange newes out of Germanye of a Jewe that hathe lyued wandring euer since our Saviour CHRIST.*" Again (to John Marriott and John Grisman alias Grismond) "on 9<sup>o</sup> Octobris, 1620."

It is probable that we have an almost uncorrupted text, although none of the few broadsides still extant are of the 1612 or 1620 issue.

It is believed that the earliest known reference to the legend concerning the Wandering Jew was found in the book of the *Chronicles* of St. Alban's Abbey, transcribed and continued by Matthew Paris; since, for the year 1228, he mentions, "a certain Archbishop of Armenia major came on a pilgrimage to England to see the relics of the saints, and to visit the sacred places of the kingdom, as he had done in others; he also produced letters of recommendation from his Holiness the Pope," etc. At length it transpires that the Jew "*Joseph*, a man of whom there was much talk in the world, who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to Him, and who is still alive, in evidence of the Christian faith," had eaten at the Archbishop's table in *Armenia*, and been conversed with. When asked what had passed, this Joseph had replied:—

"At the time of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, He was seized by the Jews, and led into the Hall of Judgement before *Pilate* the Governor, that He might be judged by him on the accusation of the Jews; and *Pilate*, finding no cause for adjudging Him to death, said to them, 'Take Him and judge Him according to your law;' the shouts of the Jews, however, increasing, he, at their request, released unto them *Barabbas*, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When,

therefore, the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, *Cartaphilus*, a porter of the hall, in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out of the door, impiously struck Him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, 'Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?' and Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, '*I am going, and you will wait till I return.*' And according as our Lord said, this *Cartaphilus* is still awaiting His return. At the time of our Lord's suffering he was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this *Cartaphilus* was baptised by *Ananias* (who also baptised the Apostle *Paul*), and was called *Joseph*. He often dwells in both divisions of Armenia, and other Eastern countries, passing his time amidst the bishops and other prelates of the Church; he is a man of holy conversation, and religious; of few words, and circumspect in his behaviour; for he does not speak at all unless when questioned by the bishops and religious men; and then he tells of the events of old times, and of the events which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection, namely, those who rose with Christ and went into the holy city, and appeared unto men. He also tells of the creed of the Apostles, and of their separation and preaching. And all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation, as one who is well practised in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with fear to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the Last Judgement he should find Him in anger whom, when on His way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers come to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters on which he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered to him, being content with slight food and clothing. He places his hope of salvation on the fact that he sinned through ignorance, for the Lord when suffering prayed for His enemies in these words, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'"

Such, in its simplicity and solemn strength, is the legend of the Wandering Jew. Seeing that we have to do with the ballad solely, and are not writing any disquisition on the myth, or a sermon on the doctrine, or a bibliography of its literature, we leave students to follow up the subject in the able and interesting volume by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, entitled *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 1869, second edition: a work full of suggestive scholarship, worthy of him who more recently wrote the masterly novel, "*Mehalah*," and in a different style the grotesque "*Court Royal*." He traces many of the later accounts of the Wandering Jew; Philip Mouskes, afterwards Bishop of Tournay, his rhymed chronicle, 1242, his narrative drawn from the same Armenian prelate; the Bohemian story of 1505; the Arab capture of Elvan, with Fadhilah's interview with the Jew; the relation of Dr. Paul von Eitzen (1522-1598), Bishop of Schleswig, how in 1547 he had seen the Jew at Hamburg, "a tall man with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefoot during the sermon, over against the pulpit," and how the man told, modestly, that he was a Jew by birth, a native of Jerusalem, by name *Ahasverus*, by trade a shoemaker, who had been present at the crucifixion of Christ, and had lived ever since, travelling through various lands and cities, etc., with exact details. Then follows the account given of the secretary Christopher Krause

and Master Jacob von Holstein in 1575, legates to the Court of Spain; of a letter in December, 1599, from Brunswick to Strasburg; of Ahasverus being at Lubeck in 1601 or 1603; at Paris in 1604 (apud Rudolph Botoreus), and in 1721, 22nd of July, at Munich. Among the book-lists are noticeable, Grässe, *Die Sage vom Ewigen Juden*, 1844; M. Gustave Brunet's *Sur les Juifs-errants*, 1845; M. Mangin's *Causeries et Méditations historiques et littéraires*, 1843; the late esteemed Paul Lacroix ('Le Bibliophile Jacob'), Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris, his *Légende du Juif Errant*, 1856, and his *Curiosités de l'Histoire des Croyances populaires*, 1859; also Moncure Daniel Conway's recent volume, entitled, *The Wandering Jew*, 1881. Of other treasures, the many admiring readers of Charles G. Leland cannot forget his rendering of "Ich bin der alte Ahasver!" beginning, "I am the old *Ahasver*, I wander here, I wander there; my rest is gone, my heart is sair, I find it never, never mair." (See remainder in *Appendix*, p. 779.)

Of this justly-popular *Volks lied*, "*Ahasver*," the complete text is given on our p. 699.

In the *Première Série* (1843 edition) of *Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France*, published at Paris by Garnier Frères, Libraires-Editeurs (iii. 82), Le Bibliophile Jacob had declared that:

"La vieille légende du *Juif-Errant* est certainement une allégorie de la destinée du peuple juif, qui, depuis la mort de Jésus-Christ, se trouve dispersé parmi les autres peuples et promène de pays en pays son existence vagabonde, comme pour accomplir une grande expiation; car eux qui demandèrent que Jésus fût crucifié, disaient: 'Que son sang retombe sur nous et sur nos enfants!'"

"Cette légende, dont nous ne rencontrons pas de traces avant le treizième siècle, était bien faite pour frapper vivement les esprits et pour s'y graver à l'aide d'un chant populaire; l'ancien chant s'est perdu, et la complainte, qui l'a remplacé et qui court encore dans les campagnes de France et de Belgique, ne remonte guère qu'au dix-septième siècle." (*Appendix*, p. 778.) The *Complainte du Juif Errant* is in twenty-four stanzas, beginning, "Est-il rien sur la terre" (on p. 691).

In the *STATIONERS' REGISTERS* we read, "11<sup>o</sup> Augusti, 1634, **Thomas Lambert**. The Wandering Jewes Chronicle . . . vjd." The tune (date Oct. 1623), *Our Prince is welcome out of Spain*, marks the abortive Spanish-marriage.

Of a later date than our present *Roxburghe Ballad* of the Wandering Jew, and wholly devoid of all romantic interest, though once popular among the rabble (as proved by there being three distinct editions exemplified in the same Vol. III. of the Roxburghe Collection), is another in the same collection, with a curious and dull list of English Sovereigns, viz. the never-recently reprinted "*WANDERING JEW'S CHRONICLE*" (see our p. 695). The writer, or writers, (for the original issue went not beyond Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta Maria, or "Mary") took no pains to preserve a semblance of the semi-Sacred character. Had it been Charles Dibdin's "*Last Shilling*" or Tom Dibdin's "*Oak Table*," the catalogue of events might have been given with far more vigour and brilliancy. Lead, not silver, is here, and it cannot ring clearly; nor does the sound echo from such elder-pith as it would have done from heart of oak. And so say all of us.

Goethe in 1774 projected and began an epic poem, *Der Ewige Jude*. There may be a connection or identity between T. Deloney's "*Repent, O England!*" (mentioned by Thomas Nash in 1596: see our p. 389) and our p. 693, '*The Wandering Jew*.'

Complainte du Juif-Errant.

*Air de Chasse, 1774. (See p. 690.)*

EST-il rien sur la terre qui soit plus surprenant,  
Que la grande misère du pauvre Juif-errant ?  
Que son sort malheureux paraît triste et fâcheux !

Un jour, près de la ville de Bruxelles, en Brabant,  
Des bourgeois fort dociles l'accostèrent en passant ;  
Jamais ils n'avaient vu un homme si barbu. [d'une façon civile  
l'accostent.

Son habit, tout difforme et très mal arrangé,  
Leur fit croire que cet homme était fort étranger,  
Portant, comme ouvrier, devant lui, un Tablier.

On lui dit : " Bonjour, maître, de grâce accordez-nous  
La satisfaction d'être un moment avec vous :  
Ne nous refusez pas, tardez un peu vos pas."

" Messieurs, je vous proteste que j'ai bien du malheur,  
Jamais je ne m'arrête, ni ici, ni ailleurs :  
Par beau ou mauvais temps, je marche incessamment."

" Entrez dans cette auberge, vénérable vieillard,  
D'un pot de bière fraîche vous prendrez votre part :  
Nous vous régalerons le mieux que nous pourrons."

" J'accepterais de boire deux coups avecque vous ;  
Mais je ne puis m'asseoir ; je dois rester debout :  
Je suis, en vérité, confus de vos bontés."

" De savoir votre âge nous serions curieux,  
A voir votre visage vous paraissez fort vieux :  
Vous avez bien cent ans, vous montrez bien autant." [a.l. connaître.

" La vieillesse me gêne ; j'ai bien dix-huit cents ans,  
Chose sûre et certaine, je passe encore douze ans :  
J'avais douze ans passés quand Jésus-Christ est né."

" N'êtes vous point cet homme de qui l'on parle tant,  
Que l'écriture nomme *Isaac*, Juif-Errant ?  
De grâce, dites-nous, si c'est sûrement vous ?"

" *Isaac Laquedem* pour nom me fut donné ;  
Né à *Jérusalem*, ville bien renommée :  
Oui, c'est moi, mes enfants, qui suis le Juif-errant.

" Juste ciel ! que ma ronde est pénible pour moi !  
Je fais le tour du monde pour la cinquième fois :  
Chacun meurt à son tour, et moi je vis toujours.

" Je traverse les mers, les rivières, les ruisseaux,  
Les forêts, les déserts, les montagnes, les côteaux,  
Les plaines et les vallons, tous chemins me sont bons.

" J'ai vu dedans l'*Europe*, ainsi que dans l'*Asie*,  
Des batailles et des chocs qui coûtaient bien des vies ;  
Je les ai traversés sans y être blessé.

" J'ai vu dans l'*Amerique*, c'est une vérité,  
Ainsi que dans l'*Afrique*, grande mortalité :  
La mort ne me peut rien, je m'en aperçois bien.

- " Je n'ai point de ressource en maison ni en bien ;  
J'ai cinq sous dans ma bourse, voilà tout mon moyen :  
En tous lieux, en tous temps, j'en ai toujours autant."
- " Nous pensions comme un songe le récit de vos maux ;  
Nous traitions de mensonge tous vos plus grands travaux :  
Aujourd'hui nous voyons que nous nous méprenions.
- " Vous étiez donc coupable de quelque grand péché,  
Pour que Dieu tout aimable vous eût tant affligé ?  
Dites-nous l'occasion de cette punition ! "
- " *C'est ma cruelle audace qui causa mon malheur ;  
Si mon crime s'efface, j'aurai bien du bonheur ;  
J'ai traité mon Sauveur avec trop de rigueur.*
- " Sur le mont du Calvaire Jésus portait sa croix :  
Il me dit débonnaire, passant devant chez moi,  
' Veux-tu bien, mon ami, que je repose ici ? '
- " Moi, brutal et rebelle, je lui dis sans raison :  
' Otes-toi, criminel, de devant ma maison,  
Avance et marche donc, car tu me fais affront.'
- " Jésus, la bonté même, me dit en soupirant :  
' *Tu marcheras toi-même pendant plus de mille ans.  
Le dernier Jugement finira ton tourment.*'
- " De chez-moi, à l'heure même je sortis bien chagrin,  
Avec douleur extrême, je me mis en chemin.  
Dès ce jour-là je suis en marche jour et nuit.
- " Messieurs, le temps me presse. Adieu la Compagnie ;  
Grâce à vos politesses, je vous en remercie.  
Je suis trop tourmenté quand je suis arrêté."

### Finis.

[As it was to be long afterwards in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' so had it been here in the legend and poem : brutal and inexcusable cruelty had to be punished by long probation and atonement, for the end could not come until the better nature revived. The wonderful series of designs by Gustave Doré, with the procession of the Cross recurring in each, shows the end of the pilgrimage when the World reaches the Judgement-Day.]

Another "Juif Errant, Complainte," of date 1805, to the air of a Vaudeville *Du Juif-Errant ; ou, Vite en route*, Anonymous, produced, successfully, at L'Ambigu-Comique, begins, "Voilà dix-huit cents ans et plus," with a refrain of

" *Marche ! marche ! paresseux, marche !  
Marche ! marche ! marche toujours !*"

Yet another was written by Justin Cabassol, 1836, "Plaintes du Juif-Errant," beginning, "Depuis dix-huit cents ans, hélas !" to the tune of Béranger's *Le bonheur est là-bas*. William Wordsworth in 1800 wrote a "Song for the Wandering Jew," beginning "Though the torrents from their fountains roar down many a craggy steep." Here is the seventh and final stanza :—

" Day and night my toils redouble,  
Never nearer to the goal ;  
Night and day, I feel the trouble  
Of the Wanderer in my soul."



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 718; Bagford, II. 8; Ouvry, II. 39; Pepys, I. 524; Wood, 401, 123.]

## The Wandering Jew ;

Or,

The Shoemaker of Jerusalem. Who lived when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was Crucified, and by him [was] appointed to Live till his Coming again.

[TUNE OF, *The Lady's Fall*, etc. See pp. 650, 764.]

WHEN as in fair *Jerusalem* our Saviour Christ did live,  
And for the Sins of all the World his own dear Life did give;  
The wicked Jews, with scoffs and scorns, did daily him molest,  
That never, till he left this life, our Saviour could have rest.

*Repent therefore, O England! Repent while you have space ;  
And do not (like the wicked Jews) despise God's proffered Grace.*

When they had crown'd his head with thorns, and scourg'd him with disgrace ;

In scornful sort they led him forth unto his dying place ;  
Where thousand thousands in the street did all him pass along ;  
Yet not one gentle heart was there that pity'd this his Wrong.

*Repent [therefore, O England, repent whilst you have space], etc.*

Both old and young reviled him, as thro' the streets he went ;  
And nothing found but churlish taunts, by every one's consent.  
His own dear Cross he bore him self (a burden far too great !)  
Which made him in the street to faint, with blood and water-sweat.

Being weary, thus, he sought for rest, to ease his burthen'd Soul,  
Upon a stone ; the which a Wretch did churlishly controul.  
And said, "*Away, thou King of Jews, thou shalt not rest thee here ;  
Pass on ; thy Execution-place, thou seest, now draweth near.*" 24

And thereupon he thrust him thence, at which our Saviour said,  
"*I sure will rest, but thou shalt Walk, and have no journey stayed.*"  
With that this cursed Shoemaker, for offering Christ this wrong,  
Left wife and children, house and all, and went from thence along.

Where after he had seen the Blood of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
And to the Cross his Body nail'd, away with speed he fled,  
Without returning back again unto his dwelling-place ;  
And wandereth up and down the world, a Runagate most base. [Rene-  
gade.]

No resting could he find at all, no ease, or heart's content ;  
No house, nor home, nor dwelling-place, but wandering forth he went.  
From town to town, in foreign lands, with grieved Conscience still,  
Repenting for the hainous Guilt of his fore-passed Ill. 42

Thus, after some few Ages past, in wandering up and down,  
 He once again desired to see *Jerusalem's* fair town.  
 But finding it all quite destroy'd, he wander'd thence with woe;  
 Our Saviour's words which he had spoke to verify and show:

'*I'll rest,*' said he, '*but thou shalt walk!*' so doth this Wandering Jew  
 From place to place, but cannot stay for seeing countries new,  
 Declaring still the Power of Him, where'er he comes or goes;  
 And of all things done in the East, since Christ his death, he shows.

The World he still doth compass round, and see those nations strange,  
 That, hearing of the Name of Christ, their Idol Gods do change.  
 To whom he hath told wonderous things, of times fore-past and gone;  
 And to the Princes of the World declar'd his cause of moan. 60

Desiring still to be be dissolv'd, and yield his mortal breath;  
 But as the Lord had thus decreed, he shall not yet see Death.  
 For neither looks he Old [n]or Young, but as he did those times  
 When Christ did suffer on the Cross, for mortal sinners' crimes.

He passed many foreign lands, *Arabia, Egypt, Africa,*  
*Grecia, Syria,* and Great *Thrace*, and through all *Hungaria*,  
 Where *Paul* and *Peter* preached Christ, those blest Apostles dear,  
 Where he hath told our Saviour's words, in countries far and near.

And lately in *Bohemia*, with many a German Town;  
 And now in *Flanders*, as 'tis thought, he wandereth up and down.  
 Where learned Men with him confer, of those his lingering days,  
 And wonder much to hear him tell his journeys and his ways. 78

If people give this Jew an alms, the most that he will take  
 Is not above a groat a time; which he for *Jesus'* sake  
 Doth kindly give unto the poor, and therefore makes no spare,  
 Affirming still that Jesus Christ of him hath daily care.

He was not seen to laugh or smile, but weep and make great moan,  
 Lamenting still his miseries, and days fore spent and gone.  
 If he hears any one Blaspheme, or take God's name in vain;  
 He tells them that they crucify Our Saviour Christ again. 90

"*If thou had'st seen grim Death,*" said he, "*as these mine eyes have done,*  
*Ten thousand thousand times, would ye his Torments think upon;*  
*And suffer for His sake all pains, all torments, and all woes.*"

These are his words, and this his Life, where'er he comes and goes.

[*Doubtful*, if originally by **Thomas Deloney**. Cf. p. 389.]

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in *Bow-Church-Yard, London*.

[There is an older edition, white-letter, of this ballad in the Bagford Collection, Vol. II. 8, "printed by and for *W. O[nley]*, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-bridge*. Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order." It has (see next vol.) a German woodcut of the Wandering Jew. We collate the Bagford text. Date of the original issue, 21 August, 1612; or 9 Oct., 1620.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 47, 732, 733; Pepys, I. 482; Wood's, 401, fol. 121; Douce, II. 240.]

## The Wandering Jew's Chronicle ;

Or,

The old Historian, his brief declaration,  
Made in a mad fashion, of each Coronation,  
That pass'd in this Nation, since *William's* Invasion,  
For no great occasion, but meer Recreation,  
To put off Vexation.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Our Prince is welcome out of Spain.*

(Woodcut portraits of the Kings, from William I. to Charles I. and Queen.)

WHEN *William* Duke of *Normandy* with all his *Normans* gallantly  
This Kingdom did subdue ;  
Full fifteen years of age I was, and what e're since hath come to pass,  
I can repeat for true.

I can remember since he went from *London* for to conquer *Kent*,  
Where, with a walking Wood,  
The men of *Kent* compassed him, and he for aye confirm'd to them  
King *Edward's* Laws for good. 8

Likewise I *William Rufus* knew, and saw the Arrow that him slew,  
Hard by a Forrest side :

I well could tell [you] if I list, or better tell you if I wist,  
Who next to him did ride. [Sir *Walter Tyrrel* ?

First *Henry* I, and *Stephen* knew, who no man here but I did view,  
I saw them Crown'd and dead ;

I can remember well also the Second *Henry's* Royal show,  
That day that he was wed.

[flower,  
I likewise was at *Woodstock* Bower, and saw that sweet and famous  
Queen *Elenor* so did spight ; [Rosamond, cf. p. 673.

I found the clew of thread again, after that worthy knight was slain,  
'Twas green, blew, red and white. [Knt. = Sir *Thomas*.

I saw King *Richard*, in his shirt, pull out a furious Lyon's heart,  
Whereby his strength was try'd ;

I saw King *John*, when as the Monk gave him the Poison which he  
And then forsooth he dy'd. [drunk,

I mark'd the Barons when they sent for the *French Doulphin*, with intent  
To put Third *Henry* down : [i.e. the Dauphin.

I saw the Earl of *Leicester* stout (call'd *Simon Mun'ford*) with his Tent  
Besiege fair *London* Town. ['Tent,' *qu. rout* ?

And I have the First *Edward* seen, whose Legs I still thought to have  
 A yard and more in length : [been  
 With him I into *Scotland* went, and back again incontinent,  
 Which he subdu'd by strength. 32

I knew *Carnarvon's* Minion dear, and saw the fall of *Mortimeer*,  
 With all the Barons' Wars.  
 And likely was to have been sent, at *Burton* Battel upon *Trent*,  
 Where I receiv'd these scars.

Third *Edward* and his valiant Son, by whom great feats of arms were  
 I saw on *Cressy* Plain ; [done,  
 Which day, when bows and arrows keen, grew scant, with mighty  
 Were many *French-men* slain. [stones I ween,

I knew *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw*, and I the Mayor of *London* saw,  
 In *Smithfield*, which him slew :  
 I was at *Pomfret* Castle, when the Second *Richard* there was slain ;  
 Whose death e're since I rue.

I saw when *Henry Bullingbrook* the crown and scepter on him took,  
 Which he became full well :  
 I saw when *Henry Hotspur*—he, and many Lords at *Shrewsbury*,  
 Were slain—in Battel fell. 48

I saw the brave victorious Prince (whose death I have bewailed e'er  
*Henry* the Fifth I mean : [since)  
 And I can give you just report, how many *French* at *Agincourt*  
 Were in one Battel slain.

I saw the White and Red-Rose fight, and *Warwick* great in armour  
 In the Sixth *Henry's* Reign : [bright,  
 And present was that very hour, when *Henry* was, in *London* Tower,  
 By crook'd-back *Richard* slain.

I in a Gold-smith's shop have seen Fourth *Edward's* famous Concubine  
 Whose name was fair *Jane Shore* ; [vol. i. p. 483.  
 I saw when *Richard's* cruelty did put her to great misery,  
 And I was griev'd therefore. 60

Also I was at *Bosworth* field, well armed there with spear and shield,  
 Meaning to try my force :  
 Where *Richard*, losing Life and Crown, was naked borne to *Leicester*  
 Upon a colliar's horse. [Town,

To the Seventh *Henry* then I was a servant, as it came to pass,  
 To serve him at his need :  
 And while I did in Court remain, I saw in the Eighth *Henry's* reign,  
 Full many great men bleed.

I, as a Souldier bold, with him o'er *Neptune's* curled breast did swim,  
Unto the Realm of *France* :

I helpt to ransack *Bulloign* Town, and many places of renown,  
Yet home I came by chance. 72

I knew Sixth *Edward* as a child, whose countenance was very mild,  
A hopeful Prince he was.

I knew Queen *Mary*, in her reign, put Protestants to mickle pain,  
And re-set up the Mass.

And (to my comfort), I have seen *Elizabeth*, that Maiden-Queen,  
Queen *Mary's* only sister :

Though she reign'd four-and-forty years, her subjects show'd well by  
That they too soon had miss't her. [their tears

I saw King *James* come from the North, like to a Star that shineth forth,  
To glad the People's sight :

He brought a salve to cure our wounds, and made *Great Britain* safe  
Through equity and right. [and sound,

He was in troth a Prince of peace, and made all former jars to cease,  
'Twixt *English-men* and *Scots*.

The *English-men* sung merry Sonnets, the *Scots* they then threw up  
For joy at their good lots. [their Bonnets,

In *Scotland* born, in *England* nurst, was Pious Princely *Charles* the  
Who had to wife Queen *Mary* ; [First,

But by the rage of Rebels' hate, Murthered and Martyr'd at his Gate,  
This good King did miscarry.

King *Charles* the Second, that had spent many long years in Banishment,  
And scap'd with life so nearly :

By Miracle and means unknown, sits in the brightness of his Throne,  
Where he doth shine most clearly. 96

Queen *Katherine* his betrothed Wife, the Lady of his Love and Life,  
Is likewise now come hither :

And may their bodies both encrease in Love and Children, joy, and  
Long as they live together. [Peace,

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, F. Wright* and *F. Clarke*.

[Three distinct issues are represented by the Roxburghe exemplars, the 1st copy ending as above, 1662 (early issue was 11 August, 1634), Black-letter with a double row of portraits of the Sovereigns, beginning with William the Conqueror, ending with Charles I. and his Queen "Mary," no space left for Charles II. The 2nd has *no cuts*, ends with George II., and was printed for *J. White, Newcastle-on-Tyne*. The 3rd, a *Bow Church-yard copy*, has a different double-row of Monarchs, William I. to George II. and Queen Caroline.]

\* \* This 3rd, Bow Church-yard *Continuation* follows on next page.



[Roxb. Coll., III. 732-33. *CONTINUATION, instead of the 25th Stanza.*]

I saw his Royal Brother *James*, who was led on to such Extreams,  
Which made the Nation weep ;  
I saw his Coronation-day, and how he did the sceptre sway,  
Which long he could not keep.

Lord Chancellor I saw likewise, when he did rule and tyrannize  
By arbitrary power ; [i.e. *George Jeffereys*.]  
And I was in the Council-room, when *Peters* he was pleas'd to doom  
The Bishops to the Tower.

I present was that very Morn, when the *Pretender* he was born,  
Being the Tenth of *June*,  
In Sixteen Hundred Eighty-Eight, but this day prov'd unfortunate,  
It put all out of tune.

I saw King *William* cross the Seas, to give the Land and Nation ease,  
With a most glorious Fleet ;  
I saw him cross to *Ireland*, with a right valiant armed Band,  
Making his foes retreat.

I have his Royal Consort seen, *Mary*, our most religious Queen,  
In all our Courtly Train ;  
I saw her Royal Funeral, and how the showers of tears did fall,  
While Subjects did complain.

I saw the Duke of *Gloucester's* birth, the glory, triumph, joy and mirth,  
That was on this great Day ;  
I saw his Royal Mother's tears, when in the blossom of his years  
Death snatch'd him hence away.

I saw King *William*, when he dy'd, who was the Land and Nation's Guide,  
A scourge to *France* and *Spain*.  
I saw Queen *Ann* come to the throne, whose royal favours she made known,  
During her glorious Reign.

I saw her Commons, Lords and Peers, who paid a tribute of sad tears,  
Before her Royal Tomb ;  
I saw King *George* pass thro' the Town, all to possess the Royal Crown,  
And govern in her room.

I saw King *George* the Second come, with loud Huzzas to *Britain's* Throne,  
And glorious *Caroline* ;  
Like bright *Aurora*, sweet and gay, that chases all dim clouds away,  
The joy of Woman-kind.

I saw their numerous progeny, the pledges of Prosperity  
For many years to come ;  
I saw the King and Queen when crown'd, with men and angels compass'd round ;  
Long may they grace the Throne !

Printed and Sold in *Bow Church-yard*.

[Thus ends the extended version, evidently soon after the Coronation of King George II. and Queen Caroline, an event which took place on October 11, 1727.]

\*.\* As giving a much later complaint of the Wanderer, and from that *Faterland* which first (according to the Stationers' Registers of 1612) sent news of him, no mortal Editor could resist inserting this sublime Appendixial lied, p. 699 : It is sung to the melody of Wilhelm Hauff's Volksweise 'Treue Liebe,' of 1824.

Ahasver.

Mel.—'Steh' ich in finst'rer Mitternacht.'

Ich bin der alte *Ahasver*, ich wandre hin, ich wandre her; meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich find' sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

\*Es brüllt der Sturm, es rauscht das Wehr, nicht sterben können, o Malheur! mein Haupt ist müd', mein Herz ist leer, ich' bin der alte *Ahasver*.

Es brummt der Ochs, es tanzt der Bär, ich find' sie nimmer und nimmermehr; ich bin der ewige *Hebrä'r*, meine Ruh' ist hin, ich streck's Gewehr.

Mich hetzt und jagt, ich weisz nicht wer, ich wandre hin, ich wandre her, zu schlafen hab' ich sehr Begehr, ich bin der alte *Ahasver*.

Ich komme wie von ohngefähr, meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich fahre über Land und Meer, ich wandre hin, ich wandre her.

Mein alter Magen knurret sehr, ich bin der alte *Ahasver*, ich wandre in die Kreuz und Quer, ich find' sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Ich lehne an die Wand den Speer, ich habe keine Ruhe mehr, meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich schweife nach der Pendellehr'.

Schon lang' ist's dasz ich übel hör', Kuraço ist ein fein Likör, einst war ich unterm Militär, ich finde keine Ruhe mehr.

Was hindert, dasz ich aufbegehr', meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich bin der alte *Ahasver*, jetzt aber weisz ich gar nichts mehr.

Finis.

[Perhaps in the old Johann-Fust days Ahasuerus had picked up part of his *refrain* from 'Gretchen, or she hers from him, at Leipzig. This is a curious question: resolvable when we know what name the son of Thetis bore (*Pyrrha*, says John Gay, 1733), before Deidameia found out his real one. Other discoveries have to be made: the sooner they are, the better, since the sands are falling swiftly.]



[These 'Doctor Faustus' cuts belong to p. 705. The Conjurer, with Witches or Fairies, and the warm corner awaiting suggestively below, adorned the Bagford exemplar. The Buff-coated trooper is second cut in first Roxburghe. Bagford reads "to live in pleasure," line 24 of p. 704; Roxb. 'in peace.']

## The Ballad of Dr. Faustus.

“ When Goethe’s death was told, we said—‘ Sunk then is Europe’s sagest head :  
 Physician of the Iron Age, Goethe has done his pilgrimage.’  
 He took the suffering human race, he read each wound, each weakness clear—  
 And struck his finger on the place, and said—*Thou ailest here, and here.*—  
 He look’d on Europe’s dying hour of fitful dream and feverish power ;  
 His eye plunged down the weltering strife, the turmoil of expiring life ;  
 He said—*The end is everywhere : Art still has truth, take refuge there.*  
 And he was happy, if to know causes of things, and far below  
 His feet to see the lurid flow of terror, and insane distress,  
 And headlong fate, be happiness.”—*Matthew Arnold’s Memorial Verses*, 1850.

THERE has grown up a maze of literature around the old myth, fable, or legend of Johann Faust or Fust, suspected of diabolical arts because he was able to print innumerable copies of what could not have been executed formerly without the careful handiwork of illuminators and transcribers. The true history offers us an example of the sadly-recurring mischance, the persecution and calumny attending on our benefactors, owing to the ignorance and malignity of those who were served in a generous spirit by leaders, “ of whom the world is not worthy.” In the poetic legend, we are fascinated by the revelation of a mere perishable mortal attaining superhuman powers of knowledge, and victory over the limitations of time and space: one who is admitted to view Nature’s secret processes of creation and restorative changes, to whom the spiritual world is in a great measure unbarred, who flits through space and descends into the recesses of the earth: who has such access to wealth that he can afford to despise whatever is purchaseable by money, and whose supremacy in occult learning renders the past or future an open book for his study; who feels no sickness or age, but maintains unimpaired youthful vigour, intellectual supremacy, and the enjoyment of every faculty that takes tribute of pleasure and renown. All the dreams of philosophy, benevolence and poetry combine to shed some rays of glory on such an ideal embodiment; but, as of old, there is always heard a sad undertone of misery, that surely conquers the first triumphant notes of joy. The dark clouds gather round at the close, and he who has for a brief time soared above his fellow-sufferers, the toiling, the sordid, the oppressed and only half-emancipated, disappears at last with wailing and reproach, no longer envied but decried, scarcely lamented, only shuddered over by the pitying, abhorred by the bigotted and the cruel.

Elsewhere must readers turn for records of the legend in its dawn, closely associated as it is with the first glory of the printing-press. The puppet-plays, of the years following closely what we perhaps mistakenly call the Dark or Middle Ages, speedily familiarized the populace with the story of a compact between man and his arch enemy, whereby for great extension of powers, sensual, political,

social, spiritual, and well-nigh universal, the Faustus of antiquity bartered his soul and hopes of salvation; soon to pay the forfeit, despairingly, after a brief and phrensied career devoid of happiness, because it was devoid of inward peace and religious trust. There were fantastic tricks and marvels, to amuse the populace, rude horse-play and sudden transformations or transmigrations, overturnings of thrones, mockery of tyrants, profuse indulgence in all luxurious excesses befitting the world, the flesh and the devil, in close alliance according to use and wont. Always came the remembrance of his impending doom, to intensify yet poisonously embitter each successive enjoyment. No wonder that the nobler minds delighted in meditating on this stupendous theme, while the common masses were content to be amused or terrified. Thus our own Marlowe, moulder of the "mighty line," threw into his magnificent tragedy, "Dr. Faustus," of 1588-93, so much of the loveliness, the gloom, the horror (if not also the buffoonery and the scholastic pedantry), which his soul recognised intensely, and flung together, as it were disdaining the auditory to whom it was submitted. So, nearly two centuries later, the last work of that most marvellous master-mind that our times have known, was to lend completion to the "Faust" on which he had laboured intermittingly more than thirty years (1774-1808, the first part; August, 1831, the end); which must for ever be, like "Hamlet," an embodiment of all that is highest, saddest, and most mysterious in human nature.

Byron's *Manfred*, Shelley's *Prometheus*, Bailey's *Festus*, and the late Dr. Edward Kenealy's *New Pantomime*, what are they all but reflected lights, caught from the one great legend: man's inordinate ambition, his soaring above mortality, his inevitable defeat?

To our Roxburghe Ballad of "The Judgement shewed upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity," we need not look expectantly for anything sublime or rapturous in poetry. We believe it to have been issued *independently* of, if not *before* Marlowe's tragedy,

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<sup>1</sup> Goethe's *Faust*, the first Part, was produced on the stage of the Brunswick *Hoftheater* on 19 January, 1829, at the desire of the young Duke Karl; the adaptation being made by August Klingemann, who had himself written and successfully introduced previously a dramatic version of the Faust legend, distinct from Goethe's. Later in the same year, on 27 August, 1829, Goethe's *Faust* was brought out at Dresden, under the management of Ludwig Tieck. The successful French adaptation in modern times, translated and transferred to the Princess's Theatre twenty-five years ago, 1854, during the management of Charles Kean (impersonator of a somewhat low-comedy Mephistopheles, with Carlotta Leclerc as Gretchen, and the loveliest reproduction of Van Mücke's "Translation of St. Catharine" in the final scene), virtually prepared the way for the truly marvellous and effective "Faust" at the Lyceum, with the enchantment of scenic effects and dramatic completeness, including Henry Irving's unequalled triumph as Mephistopheles, such as can never be forgotten by any spectator. It transcends all possible praise. Yet there are idiots who rave against the Stage, and swell with envious venom against the dramatic profession. They also dislike Ballads!

(The foundation was P.F.'s translation of the Frankfort prose *Faustus*, 1587.) It attained enormous popularity among the common people. The number of extant early-copies is one sure token, solitary relics of distinct editions, frequently re-issued, and, pasted on walls of workshops, untimely destroyed.

In Stationers' Company Registers, Book B, f. 241<sup>ro.</sup>, f. 168<sup>ro.</sup>,

Nono die Maij [1580],

Henry Carre. *A ballat of the iudgement of GOD* . . . . . iij<sup>d</sup>.

Ultimo die Februarij [1588].

Ric. Iones. Allowed vnto him for his Copie, *A ballad of the life and death of Doctor FAUSTUS the great Cunneger* . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup>.

This is sixteen years antecedent to the earliest known print of Christopher Marlowe's tragedy of '*Plaie of Doctor Faustus*,' which is entered in the Stationers' Registers on January 7, 1601; but was probably acted in 1589. Marlowe died June 1, 1593. To Henry Carre on xv. Aprilis, 1590, was entered "*A ballad wherein twoo lovers exclaime against fortune for the losse of their ladyes, with the ladies comfortable answer.*" This may be "*Fortune, my Foe*," to which tune our *Dr. Faustus* was appointed to be sung: a tune again named on 15 July, 1592, in the Registers. Cuthbert Burbye was publishing *The second Reporte of Doctour JOHN FAUSTUS with the ende of WAGNER'S life* on xvi November, 1593. The "*Doctor Faustus*" ballad was transferred, with 127 others, on 14 Dec., 1624, to six publishers, Tho. Pavier, three Wrights (John, Cuthbert, and Edward), John Grismond and Henry Gosson.





[Roxburghe Coll., II. 235 ; III. 280 ; Euing, 145 ; Bagford, II. 55 ; Pepys, II. 142 ; Douce, III. 47 ; Wood, 401, 53 ; Jersey, II. 205 ; C. 22. e. 2, 132.]

The Judgment of God shewed upon one  
**John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity.**

TUNE OF, *Fortune my Foe.* [See Note on p. 706.]



[This woodcut is from a copper-plate in the 1598 *Dr. Faustus*, ill copied in Roxb. Coll., III. 280. Other cuts are on pp. 699 and 702 (Cf. p. 705).]

**A**Ll Christian men, give ear a while to me,  
 How I am plung'd in pain but cannot die ;  
 I liv'd a life the like did none before,  
 Forsaking Christ, and I am damn'd therefore.

At *Wittenburge*, a town in *Germany*, [Born at *Rhodes*, *Weimar*.  
 There was I born and bred of good degree,  
 Of honest Stock, which afterwards I shamed,  
 Accurst therefore, for *Faustus* was I named.

In learning, loe ! my Uncle brought up me, [Cf. P.F.'s *Faustus*.  
 And made me Doctor in Divinity :  
 And when he dy'd, he left me all his wealth,  
 Whose cursed gold did hinder my soul's health.

Then did I shun the Holy Bible book,  
Nor on God's word would ever after look,  
But studied accursed Conjuraton,  
Which was the cause of my utter Damnation.

The Devil in Fryar's weeds appeared to me,  
And streight to my Request he did agree,  
That I might have all things at my desire,  
I gave him soul and body for his hire.

Twice did I make my tender flesh to bleed,  
Twice with my blood I wrote the Devil's deed,  
Twice wretchedly I soul and body sold,  
To live in [pleasure], and do what things I would.     24

For four-and-twenty years this bond was made,  
And at the length my soul was truly paid ;  
Time ran away, and yet I never thought  
How dear my soul our Saviour Christ had bought.

Would I had first been made a Beast by kind,  
Then had not I so vainly set my mind ;  
Or would, when reason first began to bloom,  
Some darksome Den had been my deadly tomb.

Woe to the day of my nativity,  
Woe to the time that once did foster me,  
And woe unto the hand that sealed the Bill,  
Woe to myself, the cause of all my ill!     36

**T**He time I past away with much delight,  
'Mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight;  
I wrought such wonders by my Magick Skill,  
That all the world may talk of *Faustus* still.

The Devil he carried me up into the Sky,  
Where I did see how all the world did lie ;  
I went about the world in eight daies' space,  
And then return'd unto my native place.

What pleasure I did wish to please my mind,  
He did perform as bond and seal did bind,  
The secrets of the Stars and Planets told,  
Of earth and sea, with wonders manifold.     48

When *four-and-twenty years* was almost run,  
I thought of all things that was past and done ;  
How that the Devil would soon claim his right,  
And carry me to Everlasting Night.

Then all too late I curst my wicked Deed,  
The dread whereof doth make my heart to bleed,  
All daies and hours I mourned wondrous sore,  
Repenting me of all things done before.

I then did wish both Sun and Moon to stay,  
All times and seasons, never to decay;  
Then had my time nere come to dated end,  
Nor soul and body down to Hell descend. 60

At last, when I had but one hour to come,  
I turn'd my glass for my last hour to run,  
And call'd in learned men to comfort me,  
But Faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve a clock my glass was almost out,  
My grieved Conscience then began to doubt;  
I wisht the Students stay in chamber by,  
But as they staid they heard a dreadful cry.

Then presently they came into the Hall,  
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall,  
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,  
My bowels gone: this was an end of me! 72

You Conjurors and damned Witches all,  
Example take by my unhappy fall:  
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,  
See that the smallest hair you do not sell.

But hope that Christ his Kingdom you may gain,  
Where you shall never fear such mortal pain:  
Forsake the Devil and all his crafty ways,  
Embrace true faith that never more decays. 80

Printed by & for *A. M[ilbourne]* & sold by the Booksellers of *London*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a rude early block, much worm-eaten, of a horned and tailed Devil appearing to Faustus in his study; 2nd, a single buff-coated figure; 3rd, the same as in iii. 107. But Roxb. Coll., III. 280, is in bold white-letter, n.p.n., with a single woodcut, a modern copy of the fine copper-plate frontispiece of the 1598 4to. of *Dr. Faustus*, (p. 703), a reprint from the broadside of 1628. Pepys copy p. for *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passinger*, circa 1670. The Bagford II. 55 exemplar, in B.-letter, has our first-named cut and an additional small one, curious, of a Conjuror standing in a circle (but looking like a boy trundling a hoop, as the circle is continued in front of him; see p. 702): London, printed by *W. O[nley]*, and sold by the Booksellers.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 531. Apparently Unique.]

## Witchcraft discovered and punished.

Or,

The Tryals and Condemnation of three Notorious Witches, who were Tryed the last Assizes, holden at the Castle of Exeter, in the County of Devon : where they received Sentence for Death, for bewitching several Persons, destroying Ships at Sea, and Cattel by Land, etc.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Doctor Faustus* ; or, *Fortune my Foe*. [See Note below.]



Now listen to my song, good people all,  
And I shall tell you what lately did befall  
At *Exeter*, a place in *Devonshire*,  
The like whereof of late you ne're did hear.

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\*\*\* Since it is appointed to be sung to the same tune of *Dr. Faustus*, or *Fortune my Foe* (for which tune see *Popular Music*, p. 162 ; the words were given complete in our *Bagford Ballads*, 1878, p. 961), we here add the curious and probably unique ballad on the condemnation at Exeter in 1682 of three poor old women as witches. We would gladly exchange this Exeter witchcraft ballad for one (apparently lost) entered on 22 August, 1634, to Thomas Lambert, entitled 'The Witches Dance.' Visions of it arise, the Walpurgis-nacht Spiel !

At the last Assizes held at *Exeter*  
Three Aged Women, that Imprisoned were  
For Witches, and that many had destroy'd,  
Were thither brought in order to be try'd,

For Witchcraft, that Old Wicked Sin,  
Which they for long time had continued in :  
And joyn'd with Satan, to destroy the good,  
Hurt Innocents, and shed their harmless blood.

12

But now it most apparent does appear,  
That they will now for such their deeds pay dear ;  
For *Satan*, having lull'd their Souls asleep,  
Refuses Company with them to keep.

A known deceiver he long time has been,  
To help poor Mortals into dangerous Sin ;  
Thereby to cut them off, that so they may  
Be plung'd in Hell, and there be made his Prey.

So these Malicious Women, at the last,  
Having done mischiefs, were by Justice cast :  
For it appear'd they Children had destroy'd,  
Lamed Cattel, and the Aged much annoy'd.

24

Having Familiars alway at their beck,  
Their wicked rage on Mortals for to wreck :  
It being prov'd they used wicked Charms  
To murder men, and bring about sad harms ;

And that they had about their bodies strange  
And proper Tokens of their wicked change,  
As pledges that, to have their cruel will,  
Their Souls they gave unto the Prince of Hell.

The Country round where they did live came in,  
And all at once their sad complaints begin :  
One lost a Child, the other lost a Kine,  
This his brave Horses, that his hopeful Swine.

36

One had his Wife bewitched, the other his Friend,  
Because in some things they the Witch offend :  
For which they labour under cruel pain,  
In vain seek remedy, but none can gain,

But roar in cruel sort, and loudly cry,  
" Destroy the Witch, and end our misery ! "  
Some used charms by *Mountabanks* set down,  
Those cheating *Quacks*, that swarm in every Town.



But all's in vain, no rest at all they find,  
 For why? all Witches to cruelty are enclin'd,  
 And do delight to hear sad dying groans,  
 And such laments as wou'd pierce Marble Stones. 48

But now the Hand of Heaven has found them out,  
 And they to Justice must pay lives, past doubt:  
 One of these wicked wretches did confess,  
 She four-score years of age was, and no less;  
 And that she had deserved long before  
 To be sent packing to the *Stigian* shore,  
 For the great mischiefs she so oft had done,  
 And wondered that her life so long had run.

She said the Devil came with her along,  
 Through crouds of people, and bid her be strong,  
 And she no [hurt] should have: but, like a Lye, ["hand."]  
 At the Prison-Door he fled, and ne're came nigh her. 60

The rest aloud crav'd Mercy for their Sins,  
 Or else the great deceiver her Soul gains;  
 For they had been Lewd Livers many a day,  
 And therefore did desire that all would pray  
 To God, to Pardon them, while thus they lie  
 Condemned for their Wicked Deeds to Die:  
 Which may each Christian do, that they may find  
 Rest for their Souls, though Wicked once inclin'd.

### Finis.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st and 2nd are unimportant, two small fanciful figures in fluttering garments, crowned with feathers. The third is our Robin Goodfellow satyr, holding candle and broom, encircled by little black fairies and night-birds (1637), p. 706. No p.n. Date of ballad, 1682.]

\* \* A quarto tract is extant, entitled, *A true and impartial relation of the Informations against three Witches, who were indicted, arraigned, and convicted at Exon., August 14, 1682, with their severai Confessions.* This refers to the same events and persons as our Roxburghe Ballad, and thus furnishes the date, usefully, since the colophon is lost from this unique broadside-ballad (J. Deacon's).

Another quarto tract, on the same subject, is extant: *The Tryal, Condemnation, and Execution of Three Witches*; viz. Temperance Floyd [*properly* Lloyd] Mary Floyd [*otherwise* Trembles], and Susanna Edwards, who were arraigned at Exeter on the 18th of August, 1682. And being proved guilty of Witchcraft were condemned to be hanged which was accordingly Executed [on 25 August] in the view of many Spectators, etc. Printed for J. Deacon, at the Sign of the Rainbow, a little beyond St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn, 1682.

One Thomas Eastchurch lived at Bideford, Devon, with his undeceased wife Elizabeth's maiden sister, Grace Thomas, whose nervous attacks were attributed to witchcraft. Suspicion fell on *Temperance Lloyd*, against whom informations were sworn at a Town-hall inquisition on Sunday, 3rd July. After arrest, she incriminated the two other women. She had been in similar trouble in 1670, about Wm. Herbert's death, but was acquitted. The new evidence was hearsay, but the harassed culprits believed themselves guilty. Lord Keeper North wrote a letter about it, still extant, from Exeter, dated 19 August, to Sir Leoline Jenkins.

## King Lear and his Three Daughters.

" My grandsire, *Bladud* hight, that found the Bathes by skill, [*Bath, c. 44*  
A fethered king that practisde for to flye and soare ; B C.  
Whereby he felt the fall, God wot, against his will,  
And neuer went, rode, raign'd, nor spake, nor flew no more.

Who dead, his sonne my father *Leire* therefore  
Was chosen King, by right apparent heyre,  
Which after built the towne of *Leirecester*. [ = *Leicester*.

" He had three daughters, first and oldest hight *Gonerell*,  
Next after her, my sister *Ragan* was begote ;  
The third and last was I, the yongest, named *Cordell*, [*a.l. Cordila*.]  
And of vs all our father *Leire* in age did dote.

So minding her that lou'd him best to note,  
Because he had no sonne t' enioye his lande,  
He thought to giue, where fauour most he fand. [ = found.]

" What though I yongest were, yet men me iudg'd more wise  
Then either *Gonerell* or *Ragan*, had more age ;  
And fayrer farre : wherefore my sisters did despise  
My grace and gifts, and sought my praise t' swage.  
But yet though vice gainst vertue die with rage,  
It cannot keepe her vnderneath to drowne ;  
For still she flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

" [My father] thought to wed vs vnto nobles three, or Peeres,  
And vnto them and theirs diuide and part the lande :  
For both my sisters first he call'd (as first their yeares  
Requir'd), their minds and loue and fauour t' vnderstand.  
(Quoth he) ' All doubts of dutie to aband,

I must assaye and eke your frendships proue :  
Now tell me eche how much you do me loue ? "

—*A Mirour for Magistrates*, 1574 (fol. 48).

TO no reasonable person can there be difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that, if our present ballad of "King Leir and his Three Daughters" (of a date before 1620) were not founded on Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear," certainly the tragedy was not on the ballad. The external evidence supports this view, in addition to the fact that there was already a drama at the playhouse when Shakespeare's noble modification of it, amounting to a new creation, in December, 1606 (acted at Whitehall during the Christmas holidays, before James I.), gave us the completed work; two editions of which were printed in 1608, each bearing the name "M. William Shake-speare" at the top of their title-page. There being plenty of people in the world who are not wise, but otherwise, an auditory always awaits the irrational iconoclasts of the Donnelly order (*cf.* p. 720), maniacs of 'fads' and delusions, prone to 'believe a lie' or any absurdity sufficiently idiotic. To them may be left an opinion that the ballad-writer created the story. But whether he availed

himself of Shakespeare's tragedy or of the two previous dramas on the subject (one of which may have been more closely followed by Shakespeare than the *Chronicle History*), or of Holinshed, Higgins, Warner, and Spenser, are different questions, less easily answered.

Our ballad-text is (virtually unchanged) the text of Richard Johnson's black-letter volume, *The Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and delicate Delights*, the third time imprinted, 1620. No copy of the earlier editions is known, and even this one is nearly unique, an exemplar that belonged to Mr. Corser. The contents ensuring popularity, such a book would take few months to reach a third edition, and therefore we may feel certain that it could not possibly have appeared before 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, when his tragedy had already been printed in quarto for eight years. Johnson gave this ballad the foremost place: it shows his own opinion of its attractiveness, and there had probably been a previous issue of it on a broadside, but the four years must amply cover this date of earliest publication.

The names of the daughters, in *The Golden Garland*, are Ragan, Gonorell, and Cordella (Shakespeare's Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia: names adopted in the modernized ballad-broadside). We follow the authentic black-letter text of the *Garland*, despite the variations or corruptions of R. Marshall's Aldermay Churchyard reprint, except the proper names. A second version is on our p. 717.

"*The moste famous Chronicle historye of LEIRE Kinge of England and his three Daughters*" was entered to Edward White on 14th of May, 1594, in the Stationers' Registers, B. fol. 307 (*cf. Transcript*, ii. 649), but no copy of earlier date than 1605 is now known. Shakespeare's tragedy is thus entered, "1607.—5 Regis. 26 Novembris. Nathanael Butter [and] John Busby. Entred for theer copie vnder t. handes of Sir George Buck, Knight, and th. Wardens, A booke called Mr. William Shakespeare his '*historye of Kinge Lear*,' as yt was played before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephans night at Christmas Last by his maiesties servantes playinge vsually at the Globe on the Banksyde." (*Stationers' Registers*, C. 161 verso = *Transcript*, iii. 366: *cf. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, sixth edition, 1886, i. 306). Steevens deduces (from the names of the fiends in "Lear" coinciding with those in Dr. Harsnet's *Discovery of Egregious Popish Impostures*) that the tragedy could not have been written as a whole before 1603: with which opinion we agree.

The subject of King Lear and his Daughters had long been familiar to the public. Geoffrey of Monmouth had told of it, and Holinshed had followed him. In that vast quarry of saddening monologues known as *A Mirovr for Magistrates: being a true Chronicle Historie of the vntimely falles of such vnfortunate Princes and men of note*, etc., John Higgins's ninth portion (1575) tells "*How Queene Cordila in dispaire slew her selfe*, the yeare before Christ 800." Beginning thus, "If any wofull wight haue cause to waile her woe, Or griefes are past do pricke vs, Princes, tell our fall," Cordila the self-slain relates the story of her house. She wins the battle, with the aid of the French arms, and restores her father to his throne, so that he reigns for "three years in peace, after that he died." Her five years of untroubled rule is described.

“ And I was Queene the kingdome after still to hold,  
Till fūe yeares past I did this Island guyde ;  
I had the *Britaynes* at what becke and bay I wolde,  
Till that my louing King. myne *Aganippus*, dyed.  
But then my seat it faltered on each side. [*al. lect.*  
My sisters sonnes began with me to iarre, [‘Two churlish Imps.’]  
And for my crowne wag’d with me mortall warre.”

One is Morgan, Prince of Albany ; one Conidagus, King of Cornwall and Wales (ill omened, contentious place at all times). They prevail against the widowed queen and she is taken prisoner. Hopeless of redress or escape, after long suffering in her dungeon, she is tempted by Despair, and stabs herself. The next history tells of retribution, “*How King Morgan of Albany was Slaine at Glamorgan in Wales*, the year before Christ, 766,” Morgan having quarrelled with his cousin Conidagus, son of Ragan ; who is left in possession.

On 1st of December, 1589, Edmund Spenser published the early portions of his *Faerie Queene* ; in Book II. canto x., “A Chronicle of Briton Kings, from *Brute* to *Vther’s* rayne,” lines 240 to 293 are devoted to “King Leyr and his daughters, Gonorill, Regan, and Cordelia.” Six stanzas : we give the second and sixth :—

The eldest *Gonorill*, ’gan to protest 248  
That she much more then her owne life him lou’d :  
And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,  
Then all the world, when euer it were proou’d ; [*‘Then’ = than : passim.*]  
But *Cordeill* said she lou’d him, as behoou’d :  
Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre  
To paint it forth, him to displeasance moou’d,  
That in his crowne he counted her no hayre,  
But twixt the other twain his kingdome whole did shayre . . .

So to his crowne she him restor’d againe, 285  
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,  
And after wild, it should to her remaine ;  
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,  
And all men’s harts in dew obedience held ;  
Till that her sisters’ children, woxen strong  
Through proud ambition, against her rebel’d,  
And ouercommen kept in prison long,  
Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.<sup>1</sup>

*Note.*—Not self-immolated, either with rope or dagger, was the later Cordelia “to be done to death,” but by the hands of murderers at Edmund’s bidding. Nor could Shakespeare tolerate the bathos of restoring the heart-stricken King Lear to the sovereignty which he had relinquished, and for which he knew himself to be no longer fitted. On this subject the final word was spoken in 1811 by Charles Lamb :—“A happy ending ! as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain the world’s burden after, why all this pudder and preparation ? Why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy ? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station ; as if at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die.”—(*Theatralia* : L. Hunt’s *Reflector*, ii. 309).

## Of King Leir and his Three Daughters.

(From Warner's '*Albion's England*,' Booke 3rd, 1589.)

A Bout a thirtie yeares and fve did *Leir* rule this Land,  
 When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand  
 To tell how much they loued him, The Eldest did esteeme  
 Her life inferior to her loue, so did the Second deeme :  
 The Yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,  
 And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.  
 The formost two did please him well, the yongest did not so :  
 Upon the Prince of *Albanie* the First he did bestoe :  
 The Middle on the *Cornish* Prince : their Dowrie was his Throne,  
 At his decease : *Cordella's* parte was very small or none  
 Yet for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble *Gallian* King  
 Did her, vn-dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.

Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their Husbands by consent  
 Did ioyne in Armes : from *Leir* so by force the Scepter went :  
 Yet, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content. }  
 In *Albanie* the quondam king at eldest Daughters Court  
 Was settled scarce, when she repynes and lessens still his Port,  
 His second Daughter then, he thought, would shewe her selfe more kinde,  
 To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.  
 Ere long, abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,  
 That of two badds, for betters choyse he backe agayne did goe.  
 But *Gonorill* at his returne, not only did attempt  
 Her father's death, but openly did hold him in contempt.

His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,  
 He sayd : ' O God, who so thou art, that my good hap withstands,  
 Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-lieue,  
 When those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.  
 Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my wealth, stand euermore to tell  
 Thy Founder's Fall, and warne that none do fall as *Leir* fell.  
 Bid none affie in Friends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke :  
 Yea, those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke.  
*Cordella*, well *Cordella* sayd, she loued as a Childe :  
 But sweeter words we seeke than sooth, and so are men begilde.  
 She only rests vntryed yet : but what may I expect  
 From her ? to whom I nothing gaue, when these do me reiect.  
 Then dye, nay trye, the rule may fayle, and Nature may ascend :  
 Nor are they euer surest friends, on whom we most do spend.

He ships himselfe to *Gallia* then, but maketh knowne before  
 Unto *Cordella* his estate, who rueth him so poore,  
 And kept his there ariually close, till she provided had  
 To furnish him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,  
 And nobly intertayned him : the Queene, with teares among,  
 (Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.  
 Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and increasing loue, he found  
 In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound  
 For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others' crime.  
 And King-like thus in *Agamp's* Court did *Leir* dwell, till time  
 The noble King his Sonne-in-law transports an Armie greate,  
 Of sorcie *Gawles*, possessing him of dispossessed Seate. }  
 To whom *Cordella* did succede, not raigning long in queate.

But how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of them slew th' other  
 Shall followe : but I will disclose a most tyrannous Mother. [i.e. Q. *Idem*.]

[Next 'Chapter' tells of *Ferrex* and *Porrex* : subject of Lord Brooke's tragedy.]



Of all that is grandest and sweetest in the marvellous tragedy of "King Lear" our Shakespeare was the sole author. He made those dry bones live. According to his custom, as in *Othello* and *Macbeth*, he compresses time, and hurries on events, to accelerate the dramatic action. This trick (for in "Othello" it is indeed marvellous subtlety; as was demonstrated in the *Dies Boreales* of 'Christopher North,') is such as others often used, among the dramatists. But none like Shakespeare could have lifted the self-indulgent doting king into his sublimity of outraged grandeur; claiming kindred with the heavens because they themselves are old; from the pitiful down-trodden suppliant for the cast-off scraps at his daughter's kitchen. Seldom, except by the cleansing and ennobling touch of Death's forefinger, do we see upraised, for a brief hour, an abject, contemned human castaway, crowned anew with the immortal radiance: such as Caroline Bowles had the grace and tenderness to show in her "Pauper's Death-Bed." But in Lear the transformation is even yet more wonderful, for it comes in this present life, and after the second childishness had begun. The man turns mad, phrenzied by his wrongs that outrage the laws divine and human; then at once the heavens take his part. In that wild scene of elemental storm upon the heath, mocked with the heartless assumption of 'Tom à Bedlam' craziness by Edgar, careful only of himself, the tearful half-witted affection and bewilderment of the poor Fool deepening the horror by his incongruous sarcasms, while loyalty is shown by Kent and by ill-starred Gloucester, soon to pay a heavy price for his fidelity, the gradual descent from reason to unreason of him who is, even in that terrific hour, "every inch a king"—one "more sinned against than sinning,"—is such as no other enchantment could have conceived or embodied. Far away, far above all suggestions of the prosaic chroniclers, ballad-mongers, and early weavers of dramatic tissue, to regions that are swept by the wings of none but Jove's noblest ministers—Æschylus, Sophocles and Dante, these his only peers—Shakespeare has lifted our thoughts, from the paltriness of human crime and folly, into contemplation of the eternal verities. We know once more, what amid the petty chicanery had been well nigh forgotten, that there is a God Who judges wrong-doing, and holds unerringly the balance.

No restoration to his shattered throne, no short-lived pampering with splendour or luxury, that in almost superhuman or prophetic insight he had awakened to understand and to scorn, was necessary for Lear, or was possible. Kent speaks the verdict of all true thinkers, when he pleads for his master the right to die in peace:

*Kent.*—"Vex not his ghost. O let him pass! He hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer."

*Edgar.*—"He is gone, indeed."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 542. B. M., 1876, c. I. fol. 27 p.m.]

[A Lamentable Song of the Death of]  
**King Leare and his Three Daughters.**

[To the Tune of *When Flying Fame*. See Note, p. 672.]

**K**ing *Leare* once ruled in this land, with princely [power] and peace:  
 And had all things with [heart's] content, that might his ioyes  
 encrease.

Amongst those [gifts] that nature gaue, three daughters faire had he,  
 So princely seeming beautifull, as fayrer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the King, a question thus to mooue:  
 Which of his daughters to his grace could shew the dearest love:  
 "For to my age you bring content," quoth he, "then let me heare,  
 Which of you three in plighted troth the kindest will appeare?"

To [whom] the eldest [thus] began, "Deare father [mine]," (quoth  
 she,) ["this . . . first . . . mild."]

"Before your face to doe you good my blood shall tend'red be:  
 And for your sake my bleeding heart shall heere be cut in twaine,  
 'Ere that I see your reuerend age the smallest griefe sustaine." 12

"And so will I," the second said, "Deare father, for your sake,  
 The worst of all extremities I'le [gently] undertake. ["for you."  
 And serue your highnesse night and day, with diligence and loue;  
 That sweet content and [quietnesse] discomforts may remoue."

"In doing so, you glad my soule," the aged [King] reply'd.  
 "But what say'st thou, my yongest Girle? How stands thy loue  
 allyed?"

"My loue," quoth young *Cordelia*, then, "which to your grace I owe,  
 Shall be the duty of a childe, and that is all I'le [shew]."

"And wilt thou shew no more," (quoth he,) "than doth thy duty  
 binde?"

I well perceiue thy love is small, when as no more I finde.  
 Hence forth I banish thee my Court; thou art no child of mine:  
 Nor any part of this my Realme by fauour shall be thine." 24

Thy elder sisters' [loues are] more than well I can demand;  
 To whome I equally bestow my kingdome and my land,  
 My pomp[all] state and all my goods, that louingly I may  
 With these thy sisters be maintain'd, vntill my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renowne, by these two sisters here:  
 The third had causeless banishment, yet was her loue most deare:  
 For poor *Cordelia* patiently went wand'ring vp and downe,  
 Unhelp'd, vnpy'd, gentle maid, thro' many an English towne.

Untill at last, in famous *France*, she gentler fortunes found :  
 Though poore and bare, yet was she deem'd the fairest on the ground.  
 Where when the King her vertues heard, and this fair lady seene,  
 With full consent of all [his] Court he made her his wife and Queene.  
 Her father, old king *Leare*, this while with his two daughters stayed,  
 Forgetful of their promis'd loues, full soon the same denaide,  
 And liuing in Queen *Regan's* Court, the elder of the twaine,  
 She tooke from him his chiefest meanes, and most of all his traine,  
 [For] whereas twenty men were wont to waite with bended knee;  
 She gaue allowance but to ten, and after scarce to three.  
 Nay, one she thought too much for him, so tooke she all away :  
 In hope that in her Court, good King! he would no longer stay. 44  
 "Am I rewarded thus?" [quoth] he, "in giving all I haue  
 Unto [my] children? and to beg for what I want or crave?  
 I'll goe unto my *Goneril*, my second child I know [a.l. lately gaue.  
 Will be more kinde and [pittifull] and will relieue my woe."  
 Full fast he hies unto her Court, where when she heard his moane,  
 Return'd him answer that she grieu'd that all his meanes were gone.  
 But no way could relieue his wants, yet, if that he would stay,  
 Within her kitchen, he should haue what Scullions gaue away.  
 When he had heard, with bitter teares, he made his answer then,  
 "In what I did, let me be made example to all men.  
 I will returne again," [quoth] he, "vnto my *Ragan's* Court;  
 She will not vse me thus, I hope, but in a kinder sort." 56  
 Where, when he came, she gaue command to driue him thence away ;  
 When he was well within [her] Court, (she said) he could not stay ;  
 Then backe againe to *Goneril*, the wofull King did hie :  
 That in her kitchen he might haue what Scullion [boyes] set by.  
 But there of that he was denied, which she had promis'd late ;  
 For once refusing he should not come after to her gate. [a.l. one.  
 Thus 'twixt his daughters, for reliefe, he wand'red vp and downe,  
 Being glad to feed on beggar's food, that lately wore a Crowne, 64  
 And calling to remembrance then his yongest daughter's words,  
 That said, 'the duty of a childe had all that loue affords.'  
 But doubting to repaire to her, whom he had banish'd so,  
 Grew frantiecke mad, [for] in his minde he bore the wounds of woe.  
 Which made him rend his milk white locks and tresses from his head ;  
 And all with blood bestaine his cheekes, with age and honour spred :  
 To hills and woods, and wat'ry founts, he made his houely moane ;  
 Till hills and woods, and senceless things, did seem to sigh and groane.  
 Euen thus [possest] with discontents, he passed o're to *France*,  
 In hope from [faire] *Cordelia* there to find some gentler chance.  
 Most vertuousdame! where, when she heard of this her father's griefe,  
 As in duty bound, she quickly sent him comfort and reliefe. 76

And by a traine of noble Peeres, in braue and gallant sort,  
She gaue in charge he should be brought to *Aganippus's* Court;  
Her royall King, whose noble minde so freely gaue consent,  
To muster up his knights at armes, to fame and courage bent.

And so to *England* came with speed, to repossesse King *Leare*,  
And drue his daughters from their thrones by his *Cordelia* deare.  
Where she, true-hearted noble Queene, was in the battell slaine;  
Yet he, good King, in his old dayes, possess'd his crowne againe.

But when he heard *Cordelia* dead, who dy'd indeed for loue  
Of her deare Father, in whose cause she did this battell mooue;  
He swoounding fell vpon her breast, from whence he neuer parted,  
But on her bosome left his life, that was so truely hearted. 88

The Lords and Nobles when they saw the end of these events,  
The other Sisters vnto death they doomed by consents;  
And being dead their crownes [were] left vnto the next of kin:  
Thus haue you heard the fall of pride, and disobedient sinne.

[Written by **Richard Johnson**, printed before 1620.]

Printed and Sold by *R. Marshall, Aldermay Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[White-letter broadside with one large woodcut of Cordelia going away weeping—Lear throned, in Georgian robes and crown, at centre, the other daughters sit on chairs at his right hand. In this late broadside the names are in accord with Shakespeare, *Cordelia*, *Goneril*, and *Regan*; but in the 1620 *Garland* they had appeared as *Cordela*, *Gonorell*, and *Ragan*. There are some few corruptions of text in the broadside: *pride* for power, in 1st line; *things* for gifts, etc.]

\* \* \* The following additional version of "The tragical History of King *Leare* and his Three Daughters" belongs no less to our Roxburghe Collection. This broadside has not previously been reprinted. A modernized rescension of Richard Johnson's earlier black-letter ballad (*viz.* our pp. 714–716), it shows the continued popularity of the story. (Fifty years ago, in a melodrama, entitled "*The Lear of Private Life*," Dibdin Pitt held the rôle of the persecuted father.)

Name of printers or publishers, and of tune, left unmentioned on the two Roxburghe and Douce broadsides, modern, in White-letter, of the *Aldermay* and *Bow Church-yard* type, with a large central woodcut of a King and Queen in (Hanoverian) royal robes; a Cupid fluttering above each figure bearing a crown and palm-branch. Four small cuts surround this: one is the lady of our p. 13; another is a quaint cut (see J. P. Collier's *Black-letter Ballads*, p. 1, 1868).



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 275; Douce, III. 52.]

## Tragical History of King Lear, and his three

Daughters: *First*, Shewing how he gave the two Eldest the full and whole Possession of his Crown. *Second*, How he banish'd the Youngest his Court and Presence, who fled into *France*, and married the *French King*. *Third*, How his two eldest Daughters, in some time after, took away his Attendance, and turn'd him out of Court, when, being destitute, he travelled into *France*, where his youngest Daughter relieved him, raised an Army to restore him to the Possession of his Crown, in the Attempt of which she was kill'd in the Field of Battle, and her Father immediately died with Grief for the Loss of his Daughter.

### PART I.

A Certain great King once did rule over this Land,  
Who had all the pleasure a King could command,  
And liv'd in great Splendour with Honour and Peace,  
He reign'd many years not without great Increase.

He had three fine Daughters, of Beauty most bright,  
In whom this same King he did take much delight;  
For Virtue and Wisdom none could them come near,  
Which caused their Father to love them most dear.

The King had a fancy to try all their Love,  
Which pleased him well then this Question to move,  
To see which of them then did love him the best,  
So call'd them before him the Truth to protest.

12

"For unto my Joy and Comfort I see  
Three beautiful Children do stand before me:  
Now which of you three will do most for my Sake,  
Suppose that my Life now should lie at the Stake?"

To which then the Elder did make this reply,  
"The worst of all Deaths for thy sake I could die,  
With the greatest of Tortures that Nature can name;  
O this I will bear for your Majesty's Fame!"

The second made answer, "My Love is more dear  
Than ever my Sister's, as it shall appear;  
Although she expresses much fidelity,  
My Love shall be seen unto your Majesty."

24

"Well spoke, my dear Daughters," the aged King said,  
"My heart is enamour'd, and [nearly] betray'd;  
But what says my youngest Girl? prithee tell me,  
I want to hear thy Love amongst all the three."

['meerely.']

"My Love," said the youngest, "that I to you owe,  
Is the abundant duty a Child ought to show;  
To honour my Father until that I die,  
And ne'er in extremity from you will fly."

"Thy Love is but small," said the King, "I do find,  
That you'll show no more than what Nature doth bind;  
I thought you had Reason to be as sincere  
As your eldest Sister, who loves me most dear.

36



"Henceforth I do banish you quite from my Court,  
And charge you no more in my Presence resort;  
I justly may say, thou art no Child of mine,  
Because you in Love from the rest do decline.

"So I will make over my Scepter and Crown  
To your eldest Sisters of fame and renown;  
And they shall be Heirs to my whole Land,  
For all that I have shall be at their command.

"My pompous Estate, nay, and my noble Train,  
For those thy two Sisters shall be to maintain;  
That peaceable now I may pass my Time away,  
And live with my Daughters till my dying Day."

48

## PART II.

*The Youngest Daughter's Misfortune; of her travelling into France; and how  
the King of France made her his Queen.*

THEIR flatt'ring speeches at length won his Heart,  
But now mind at length how he had his Desert;  
For his youngest Daughter's causeless Banishment,  
The which he had Reason e'er long to repent.

For his poor young Daughter she wander'd up and down,  
Through many a Village and brave *English* Town;  
Because that her Father held her in Disdain,  
She then did resolve for to cross o'er the Main.

At length to fair *France* then this fair Lady came,  
The King then perceiving this beautiful Dame,  
He quickly was wounded by young *Cupid's* Dart,  
Which deeply did wound him to the very heart.

60

Likewise the King of her Virtues had heard,  
His heart was more and more to her endear'd;  
Said he, "That my love to her shall be seen,  
Before my whole Court I will make her my Queen."

Her aged old Father is now all the while  
With his eldest Daughters, who soon did beguile  
Him of his whole Kingdom, nay, Scepter and Crown,  
And quickly their aged old Father pull'd down.

The King for a while in his Court did remain,  
But his eldest Daughter soon lessen'd his Train;  
Then after so done, she did quickly contrive  
Him of all his riches and means to deprive.

72

Whereas twenty Men he was wont for to have,  
To wait and attend on his Majesty grave;  
She lessen'd his Number, and brought him to ten,  
And quickly reduc'd them to only three Men.

Nay, one she thought much for her Father to have,  
She took him away, that her Father might leave  
The Court and begone, and there no longer stay,  
Which grieved the King, and made him thus say,

"Am I thus rewarded," the King then reply'd,  
To be of my own at this rate so deny'd?  
It grieveth my heart to think what I've done,  
But now to my second Child I'll make my moan."

84

PART III.

*How the King was dethron'd by his two eldest Daughters; and how his youngest Daughter restored him again.*

“MY second dear Daughter with pity, I know,  
Will quickly consider my sorrow and woe;  
I'll go now unto her, and tell her my Grief,  
I make no doubt but she'll afford me Relief.”

The King he full fast to the Court then did go,  
Desiring his sorrows for to let her know;  
She made him this Answer, “That she was much griev'd  
For all these repulses that he had receiv'd;

“But no ways could help him in this his Distress,  
Nor yet in the least could afford him Redress;  
But if he a while in the Kitchen would stay,  
She'd order him such as the Scullions give away.”

96

The King made this Answer to his Daughter then,  
“Surely, I am served the worst of all men;  
For doing as I did by my Daughter dear,  
Which makes me lament, and shed many a tear.

“To my eldest Daughter again I'll return,  
Perhaps she'll give ear to my pitiful moan.”  
Then straitway he went again to the Court,  
In hopes to find her in a better sort.

And when he came there she straitway gave command,  
For to have him sent away out of hand;  
And order'd them quickly to drive him away,  
Saying, “That in her Court he no longer should stay.”

108

Then he to his second Child again did hie,  
To eat of her scraps that her Scullion set by,  
For such as for Charity ask'd at the door,  
Which grieved the King to the heart more and more.

But there of her Promise he then was deny'd,  
Which caused the King to be dissatisfy'd;  
“For on his refusing her offer most kind,”  
She said, “At her gate he small comfort should find.”

Calling to remembrance his young Daughter's word,  
It did to his grief new sorrow afford;  
To think how he had this poor creature beguil'd  
Of all her whole Fortune, and ruin'd the child.

120

Which made him be troubled, nay, to rave and tear,  
And rending the locks of his silver hair,  
Which was such an ornament to his old Age;  
Yet nothing at all could his trouble assuage.

To rocks, and to rivers, and wat'ry founts,  
To hills, and to woods, and the highest of mounts,  
He made his Complaint, and his hourly moan,  
Until at length all those things seem'd to [groan].

[text, “moan.”]

Then being thus possess'd with discontent,  
Being fully resolv'd, he over Sea went,  
And soon found his Daughter, being Queen of *France*,  
Which made him amazed at her noble chance.

136

Most virtuous Lady ! when this she did hear,  
She sent for her Father, in duty most dear ;  
" Most welcome are you, my reverend Lord,  
To what my whole Kingdom and Court doth afford."

Then her noble King, for to grace his Queen,  
Shew'd him all the honour and love could be seen ;  
He for his whole Court then of Noblemen sent,  
For [on] great acclamations of joy they were bent.

But as they in banqueting merrily were,  
She said, " My dear Father, how goes your affairs ? "  
" Indeed, my dear Daughter, I quite am disown'd  
By your eldest Sisters, who have me dethron'd."

148

Then she started up from the Table, and said,  
" Of my cruel Sisters, who have me betray'd,  
I will be revenged, and that instantly,  
If that I am sure in the Battle to die."

The King and his Nobles did soon Answer make,  
" My honoured Queen, for your dear Father's sake,  
We'll venture our lives to see him on the Throne  
In spite of all those that do him disown."

Then straight unto *England* they came in great haste,  
But now comes the Tragedy here at the last ;  
The Fight was no sooner begun, to be plain,  
But this noble Queen in the Battle was slain.

160

The Queen being dead, [w]hen her Father espy'd,  
He laid himself by her, and instantly dy'd ;  
Then straightway seeing this sudden event,  
They put the two Daughters to Death by consent.

[ " then." ]

The Crown was left vacant, for want of an Heir,  
There being none equal the Crown for to wear ;  
The [Throne] was left useless, being without King ;  
So sad Disobedience is the wo[r]st of all Sin.

[ " Crown." ]

[Colophon cut off. White-letter, modern : See p. 716. Original date, *circa* 1670.]

\* \* Since our p. 576 went to press, the be-trumpetted "*Great Cryptogram*" (prophesied to be fatal for ever to Shakespeare's fame), has whizzed and puffed, not as a rocket but as a squib, in the month of *un poisson d'Avril*. A faint odour of brimstone and a few inglorious sparks remain. *Sic non sequitur ad Astra*.

IGN. DONY.

*PALTRY traducer of our Shakespeare's name,  
Conceited egotist, spawn'd in the West,  
Spitting thy venom, one sole chance of fame  
Thy croaking notoriety as Pest ;  
'Mid Time's roll-call of follies, thou shalt claim  
To have endorsed anew the silliest craze,  
When men shall talk of Indignatius' days,  
The mare's-nest Cryptogram, and Bacon's shame.  
Thy petty malice hobbles blind and lame,  
Mock'd by true scholars as a pointless jest,  
Though quidnuncs echo while the Long-eared brays.*

25 V. '88.

J. W. E.

## Lancelott du Lac.

"Joyfully  
Her cheek grew crimson, as the headlong speed  
Of the roan charger drew all men to see,  
The knight who came was Launcelot at good need."

—Wm. Morris's *Defence of Guenevere*, 1858.

**T**HOMAS DELONEY is the accredited author of this ballad: in his *Garland of Good Will*. It is deludingly mis-named, for it tells nothing of the kingly acts of Arthur—but is merely a spirited episode (Sir Lancelot's combat with Tarquin), adapted from Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Caxton, 1485: a work nobly reproduced by Dr. H. O. Sommer, 1889. (Arthur as the "blameless King" is shorn of his strength by Alfred Tennyson: "King Arthur as a modern gentleman.") Here is the concluding estimate of Sir Lancelot du Lac:—

"Then went Syr Bors vnto Syr Ector, and told hym how there laye hys brother Syr Launcelot dead. And then Syr Ector threw hys shielde, his swerd and hys helme from hym. And when hee beheld Syr Launcelot's visage, hee fell downe in a sowne. And when he awaked, it were harde for anie tongue to tell the dolefull complainytes, that he made for hys brother. 'Ah, Syr Launcelotte,' sayde hee, 'thou were head of all Chrystian Knyghtes, and now I dare saye,' sayde Syr Bors, 'that Syr Launcel, there thou lyst, thou were neuer matched of none earthlie Knyghtes handes. And thou were the curtiest Knyght that euer beare sheelde. And thou were the truest frende to thy loue that euer bestrood horse. And thou were the truest loue of a sinful man that euer loued woman. And thou were the kindest man that euer strooke wyth swerde. And thou were the goodlyest parson that euer came among presse of knyghtes. And thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that euer eat in Hall among Ladyes. And thou were the sterneste Knyght to thy mortall foe that euer put speere in the rest.' Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure."—*Morte d'Arthur*, 1557 ed.

Although uttered in the *Sturm und Drang Zeit* of incongruous thoughts and commands, the opening line of our ensuing ballad having been warmly quoted by Sir John Falstaffe (*King Henry the Fourth*, Part II. Act ii. scene 4), is sufficient to renew the bill at interest for many succeeding generations:—

"When *Arthur* first in court . . . And was a worthy king!"

This identifies it, and Shakespeare knew the whole. What did he not know?

Malevole quotes the same line, "When *Arthur* first in Court began," in John Marston's *Malcontent*, Act ii. scene 2, 1604 (Arthur Bullen's edition, i. 240). Beaumont and Fletcher's *La Writ* (*The Little French Lawyer*, Act ii. scene 3, 1616) gives, "Was ever man for Lady's sake? Down, down!" and other scraps of our Lancelot ballad, the fourth being a free imitation of Deloney:—

"He strook so hard, the bason broke,

And *Tarquin* heard the sound."

"And then he struck his neck in two."

"Thou fierce man that like Sir *Lancelot* doth appear,

I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make here."

"Oh, ho,' quoth *Lancelot* though."

With his usual quick merry humour, Fletcher hits the blot, for in no other ballad is the rhyming eked out so frequently by the word "though" as it is here: in lines 25, 61, 82, 102, and 117. "Oh, ho,' quoth *Lancelot* though."

[Roxb. Coll., III. 25; Bagford, II. 14, 15; Pepys, II. 100; Wood, 401, fol. 62.]

**The Noble Acts, newly found,  
Of Arthur of the Table Round.**

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame* [See p. 672].

**W**Hen *Arthur* first in Court began, and was approved King,  
By force of arms great victories won, and conquest home did bring,  
Then into *Brittain* straight he came, where fifty stout and able  
Knights then repaired unto him which were of the round Table.

And many J[o]usts and Turnaments before him there were prest,  
Wherein these knights did then excel, and far surmount the rest;  
But one Sir *Lancelot du Lake*, who was approved well,  
He in his fights and deeds of Arms all others did excel. 16

When he had rested him awhile, to play, and game, and sport,  
He thought he would approve himself in some adventurous sort;  
He armed rode in Forrest wide, and met a Damsel fair,  
Who told him of adventures great, whereto he gave good ear.

"Why should I wot?" (quoth *Lancelot* tho') "for that cause came  
I hither!"

"Thou seem'st" (quo' she), "a knight right good, and I will bring  
thee thither

Whereas the mightiest knight doth dwell, that now is of great fame:  
Wherefore tell me what knight thou art, and then what is thy name."

"My name is *Lancelot du Lake*." Quoth she, "It likes me then;  
Here dwells a knight that never was o're matcht of any man;  
Who hath in prison threescore knights, and some that he hath bound,  
Knights of King *Arthur's* Court they be, and of the Table round."

She brought him to a river then, and also to a tree, 42  
Whereas a copper bason hung, his fellows' shields to see;  
He struck so hard the bason broke, when *Tarquin* heard the sound,  
He drove a horse before him straight, whereon a knight was bound.

"Sir Knight (then said Sir *Lancelot*) bring me that horse-load hither,  
And lay him down and let him rest, we'll try our force together:  
For, as I understand, thou hast, as far as thou art able,  
Done great despight and shame unto the knights of the round Table."

"If thou art of the Table round," quoth *Tarquin*, speedily, 58  
"Both thee and all thy fellowship I utterly defie."

"That's overmuch," quoth *Lancelot* tho', "defend thee by and by."  
They put their spurs unto their steeds, and each at other fly;



They couch their spears, and horses run, as though they had been thunder,  
And each struck then upon the shield, wherewith they break asunder;  
Their horses' backs brake under them, the knights were both astoned,  
To void their horses they made haste to light upon the ground. 72

They took them to their shields full fast, their swords they drew out then,  
With mighty strokes most eagerly each one at other ran :

They wounded were, and bled full sore, for breath they both did stand,  
And leaning on their swords awhile, quoth *Tarquin*, "Hold thy hand,

"And tell to me what I shall ask." "Say on," quoth *Lancelot*, tho.

"Thou art," quoth *Tarquin*, "the best knight that ever I did know ;

And like a knight that I did hate, so that thou be not he,

I will deliver all the rest, and eke accord with thee." 88

"That is well said," quoth *Lancelot*, then, "but sith it so must be,

What is that knight thou hatest so, I pray thee shew to me ? "

"His name is Sir *Lancelot du Lake*, he slew my brother dear ;

Him I suspect of all the rest, I would I had him here."

"Thy wish thou hast, but now unknown, I am *Lancelot du Lake*,

Now knight of *Arthur's* Table round, king *Hands'* son of *Benwake* ;

And I defie thee, do thy worst ! " "Ha, ha," quoth *Tarquin* tho',

"One of us two shall end their lives, before that we do go. 104

"If thou be *Lancelot du Lake*, then welcome shalt thou be ;

Wherefore see thou thyself defend, for now I thee defie."

They hurled then together fast, like two wild Boars so rashing,  
And with their Swords and Shields they ran, at one another flashing :  
The ground besprinkled was with blood, *Tarquin* began to faint,  
For he had hackt and bore his Shield so low he did repent ; 116

That soon espyed Sir *Lancelot* tho, he leapt upon him then,  
He pull'd him down upon his knee, and rushed off his Helm ;  
And then he struck his neck in two, and when he had done so,  
From Prison threescore Knights and four *Lancelot* delivered tho.

[Written by **Thomas Deloney.**]

London, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere & J. Wright.*

[In Black-letter, no woodcut. Wood's exemplar also was printed for *F. Coles*, etc. ; the Pepysian for *Alex. Milbourne*, in *Green Arbor Court*, in the *Little Old Bailey*. Two columns of verse, undivided into stanzas. Date, before 1600. Cf. Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Bk. vi. cap. 7, 8, 9 (=106-108, 1634). On p. 760 we give one of the woodcuts from Bk. ii. 1557].

\* \* Algernon Charles Swinburne condemned Tennyson's suppression of Arthur's sin that led to the birth of Mordred, consequently leaving absent any retribution in his rebellion. This was enforced in S.'s "*Under the Microscope*," his conclusive answer to the base and cowardly pseud-anonymous poison-stabs against Dante Rossetti by *Truth's* 'not possible' R.B. (*nominis umbra*) 'Thomas Maitland,' 1871.



## St. George for England, and the Dragon.

"When many hardy strokes he'd dealt, and could not pierce his hide,  
He run his sword up to the hilt, in at the Dragon's side;  
By which he did his life destroy, which cheer'd the drooping King,  
This caus'd an universal joy, sweet peals of Bells did ring."

—Rich. Johnson's *Seven Champions of Christendom*.

IT is very sad for a true-born Englishman to have to confess it, in the face of bumptious (far from 'gallant') "little Wales"—where Taffy was proverbially what he has continued to be in modern days, noted for petty-larceny, of tithes-rent or other small matters since Rebecca's daughters broke toll-gates; and with the certainty that the meek Scot and the rational law-abiding Irish Leaguer (when found) may take a mean advantage of us for being candid; but it is really impossible to get up any enthusiasm for St. George, patron saint though he be chosen of our noble land, and glorified on our desirable golden coinage. We prefer the Dragon. Of the two he appears to be the more sincere character. Ugly whispers have long been heard of the Bacon-seller of Cappadocia, and how he made money—as people in the Commissariat department of other than the Roman army have generally contrived to do, down to the Crimean epoch and that of more lamentable Sedan. Alban Butler has not much to chronicle concerning so lucky a saint, except his birthplace, his mother's return to Palestine, and the "considerable estate which fell to her son George," before he became "a tribune or Colonel in the army," his promotion by Diocletian, and later abandonment of profitable posts when the Christians were next persecuted, so that he underwent imprisonment and decapitation. We must turn to the *Legenda Aurea* for the mythological narrative of the Princess Sabra being saved from the Dragon, whom she binds with her girdle after it has been taught good manners by sundry spear wounds; and how the king her father, with 15,000 men, and any convenient number of women and children, are all at once converted and baptized, so soon as ever the ill-used Dragon has had his head cut off. We offer no objection to the four carts, drawn by oxen, required to carry off the Dragon's body from that city of Lybia called Sylene near the stagnant lake. While we were about it we would have conceded a dozen carts, if demanded: "How a score of bullocks?" as Justice Shallow used to say. "*Sir Bevis of Hampton*" furnished the materials ready made. We may suspect that the Sir Bevis legend and the St. George legend were misremembered echoes of Perseus and Andromeda, perhaps also of St. Michael trampling on the Arch-enemy; with a nobly caparisoned steed thrown in, to add the spice of novelty as an angel on horseback. But if such a thing were mentioned what a grievous outcry might be made by the folk-

lore maunderers, and how quickly they would all resolve it into a Sun-myth or Nature-apologue. Sabra then becomes a snow-ball and the Dragon a hard frost, St. George *alias* Sol riding his last horse, counteracting the chill, and 'making it hot' for the Dragon.

The other Champions of Christendom belong to Richard Johnson.

Ours was an old ballad when it was mentioned by Ben Jonson in his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, Act ii. scene 1, October, 1614, where Nightingale proffers his songs:—

Nightingale.—“ Ballads, ballads ! fine new ballads !—  
Hear for your love, and buy for your money,  
A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney . . .  
Or St. George that O ! did break the Dragon's heart.”

Percy printed the ballad in his *Reliques*, vol. iii. book 3rd (p. 306 of edit. 1767), from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, “imprinted at London, 1612.” (This is Pepys Coll., I. 87, given on our p. 780, viz. “Why do you boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?”)

A totally different ballad on St. George and the Dragon, beginning, “Of *Hector's* deeds did *Homer* sing, and of the sack of stately *Troy*,” is in Roxburghe Collection, I. 128 ; III. 620 ; III. 849 ; and has been already reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 380. Also reprinted in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, ii. 122, and in the *Antidote against Melancholy* of the same year ; in *Wit and Drollery* of 1682, p. 273 ; and in *Wit and Mirth*, 1684, p. 29.

That our present ditty was imitated, mocked, or parodied by the saucy and unexpurgated “New Ballad of King Edward IV. and Jane Shore” needs no formal demonstration. The imitation was ‘written by D. D—,’ and circulated *circa* 1672. Its authorship was fraudulently assigned to Samuel Butler, in so-called *Posthumous Works* of 1719, iii. p. 72. A copy of this imitative ballad is in Roxb. Coll., III. 258, but it is unsuitable for our present Group. It begins (correcting “*Laius*” into *Lais*) thus,

Why should we boast of *Lais* and her knights ?  
Knowing such champions entrapt by whorish lights ;  
Or why should we speak of *Thais'* curled locks ?  
Or *Rhodope* that gave so many men [worse shocks] ?  
Read old stories, and there you shall find  
How *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she pleas'd King *Edward's* mind.  
*Jane Shore she was for England, Queen Fridegond was for France,*  
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense !*

It is also in the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 273, 1719 edition ; in J. Roberts's *Old Ballads*, i. 153, 1723 ; and Evans's, i. 324.

Another burlesque ballad, belonging no less to the Roxburghe Collection (III. 626), and no less delayed for the present to the final volume vii. of *Roxburghe Ballads*, is that describing the victory won by Moore of Moore Hall over the Dragon of Wantley, beginning, “Old stories tell how *Hercules* a Dragon slew at *Lerna*.” Pepys copy was printed for Randal Taylor, near Stationers' Hall, 1685.

Even the absurdity of the perpetual shifting of characters throughout our present "St. George and the Dragon" made it the greater favourite. It became a roll-call of chivalric tales, and helped to amuse those who remembered the goodly books which are now found unreadable; prized as specimens of early printers in black-letter or MSS. for the E.E. Text Society. The same principle of cataloguing names, but with an admixture of double-entendre or direct grossness, was kept in view for the Edward IV. and Jane Shore ballad (of *Roxb. Ballads*, Vol. VII.).

Our "St. George for England" had a long *Second Part* attached to it by John Grubb (1645-1697); this, printed in 1688, "*The British Heroes, A New Poem in honour of St. George*, by Mr. John Grubb, School-master of Christ-Church, Oxon," not being in the Roxburghe broadsides, and already accessible in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. iii., and *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, p. 303 (1699), or iii. 315 (1719), need not burden our crowded pages. It is terrifically long-winded, being twelve irregular stanzas, a total of 402 lines as usually printed, but compressible into half the number. It begins thus:—

The story of King *Arthur* old is very memorable,  
The number of his valiant knights, and roundness of his Table,  
The Knights around his Table in a circle sate, d'ye see:  
And all together made up one large hoop of chivalry.  
He had a Sword, both broad and sharp, y-cleped *Caliburn*, [= *Excalibur*.  
'T would cut a flint more easily than pen-knife cuts a corn;  
As case-knife does a Capon carve, so would it carve a rock,  
And split a man at single slash, from noddle down to nock.  
As *Roman* Augur's steel of yore dissected *Tarquin's* riddle, [poppy-heads.  
So this would cut both conjuror and whetstone through the middle.  
He was the cream of *Brecknock*. and flower of all the *Welsh*;  
But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy squelch. [= crush.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France,  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

With a pleasant humour it mentions the amazon Thalestris:—

She kept the chasteness of a nun, in armour as in cloyster:  
But *George* undid the Dragon just as you'd undo an oyster.

A unique modernization of our St. George ballad, entitled "St. George for England, and St. Dennis for France," is in Wood's Collection, 401, fol. 117, subscribed "S. S." (probably Samuel Shepherd), printed *circa* 1659 for Wm. Gilbertson, in Guilt-Spur Street (tune in *Popular Music*, p. 287). It begins thus:—

What need we brag or boast at all of *Arthur* and his Knights,  
Knowing how many gallant men they have subdued in fights;  
For bold Sir *Lancelot du Lake* was of the Table Round;  
And fighting for a lady's sake, his sword with fame was crown'd;  
Sir *Tarquin*, that great giant his vassal did remain: [Cf. p. 723.  
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath slain.  
St. *George* he was for England, St. *Dennis* was for France,  
*O honi soit qui mal y pense!*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 716, 720 ; Bagford, II. 16 ; Jersey, II. 219 ; C. 22. c. 2. fol. 4 ; (Pepys I. 87 ;) Euing, 222 ; Douce, III. 89.]

## An Excellent Ballad of St. George and the Dragon.

[The Tune is, *When Flying Fame.*]



Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,  
Knowing how many Men have performed Fights ?  
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, [Cf. p. 726.  
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies' sake ?  
Read but old Stories, and there you shall see  
How *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon flee.  
    *St. George* he was for England, *St. Dennis* was for France,  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y Pense !*

*Note.* — As mentioned on p. 672, this tune (given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 287) takes its name from a lost ballad, beginning "*When Flying Fame.*" Quite distinct from "*When Busy Fame,*" of date 1684 : see the words on p. 102.



To speak of [the] Monarchs it were too long to tell,  
 And likewise to[o] the *Romans*, how far they did excel.  
*Hannibal* and *Scipio* in many a Field did Fight;  
*Orlando Furioso*, he was a valiant Knight;  
*Romulus* and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd,  
*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France*, etc. 30

*Jephthah* and *Gideon* they led their Men to fight, [See Note p. 729.  
 The *Gibbionites* and *Ammonites*, they put them all to Flight:  
*Herculus* and his Labour was in the Vale of *Bass*;  
 And *Sampson* slew a Thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass;  
 And, when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to the ground:  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound.  
*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France*, etc.

*Valentine* and *Orson*, they came of *Pepin's* Blood;  
*Alfred* and *Aldricus*, they were brave Knights and good;  
 The four Sons of *Ammon*, that fought with *Charlemain*, [i.e. *Aymon*.  
*Sir Hugh[on] de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bulloign*,  
 These were all *French* Knights, the *Pagans* to convert;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he pull'd out the Dragon's Heart.  
*St. George he was for England*, etc. 60

King *Henry* the Fifth, he conquered all *France*; [Cf. p. 744.  
 He quartered their Arms his Honour to advance:  
 He rased their walls, and pull'd their Cities down, [text, "rais'd."  
 And he garnish'd his Head with a double-tripple-Crown:  
 He thumped the *French*, and after Home he came;  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon tame.  
*St. George he was for England*, etc.

*St. David*, you know, lov'd Leeks and toasted Cheese;  
 And *Jason* was the Man brought home the Golden Fleece;  
 And *Patrick*, you know, he was *St. George's* Boy; [Suggestive, very!  
 Seven years he kept his Horse, then stole him away,  
 For which knavish Act a Slave he doth remain:  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he hath the Dragon slain.  
*St. George he was for England*, etc. 90

*Tamerlane*, the Emperor in Iron Cage did Crown, [Sultan Bajazet.  
 With all his bloody Flags display'd before the Town;  
*Scanderberg*, magnanimous, *Mahomet's* Bashaws did dread,  
 Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was dead;  
 His *Beglerbegs* he scorn'd like dregs, *George Castriot* was he call'd:  
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.  
*St. George he was for England*, etc.

Ottoman the Tartar, he came of Persia's Race ;  
 The great Mogul with 's chest so full of cloves and mace ;  
 The Grecian Youth, Bucephalous he manfully did bestride : [Alex.  
 But these, with their Worthies Nine, St. George did them deride.  
 Gustavus Adolphus was Swedeland's warlike King :  
 But St. George, St. George, he pull'd forth the Dragon's sting.  
 St. George he was for England, etc. 120

Pendragon and Cadwallader, of British Blood do boast ;  
 Tho' John of Gaunt his Foes did daunt, St. George shall rule the Roast :  
 Agamemnon and Clemedon, and Macedon did Feats :  
 But compared to our Champion, they are but meer Cheats.  
 Brave Malta Knights in Turkish fights their brandish'd swords out-  
 drew : [text, "flights."  
 But St. George met the Dragon, and run him through and through.  
 St. George he was for England, etc.

Bidia the Amazon, Poetus overthrew, [al. lect. Photius, Proteus, Porus.  
 As fierce as either Vandal, Goth, Saracen or Jew :  
 The potent Holofernes, as he lay in his Bed,  
 In came Wise Judith, and subtilely stole his Head :  
 Brave Cyclops stout with Jove fought, tho' he shower'd down thunder :  
 But St. George kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a Wonder ?  
 St. George he was for England, etc. 150

Mark Anthony, I'll warrant you, play'd feats with Egypt's Queen ;  
 Sir Eglamore, that valiant Knight, the like was never seen.  
 Grim Gorgon's might was known in fight, Old Bevis most men frightened ;  
 The Myrmidons and Prester Johns, why were not these men knighted ?  
 Brave Spinola took in Breda, Nassau did it recover :  
 But St. George, St. George, turn'd the Dragon over and over,  
 St. George he was for England, [St. Denis was for France.  
 Sing Honi soit Qui mal y Pense].

[White-letter. 1st has no colophon, the 2nd and later was Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London. Each has one woodcut of St. George on horseback, slaying the Dragon: for which we substitute the cut from "Sir Eglamore," on p. 725. Euing copy was printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Whitwood. Others for W. Onley. Date before 1661.]

\* \* Of the numerous heroes mentioned, many were made the theme of separate ballads: Sir Lancelot du Lac, Sir Guy of Warwick, and Henry the Fifth, here preceding or immediately following. Jephtha, Samson, Alfred the Great, and Sir Eglamour, have been already reprinted, respectively in vi. 685; ii. 460; ii. 211; and iii. 607. See the Appendix to present vol., p. 774 (Pepys' Version).

There are numerous variations in our St. George, from that given in the *Mysteries of Love and Eloquence; or, The Art of Wooing and Complimenting* [by Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew], 1658.

Not hitherto reprinted was the ballad mentioned by Pepys, as having been read by him, 6 March, 1667, "in praise of the Duke of Albemarle, to the tune of St. George—the tune being printed too" (see our p. 136, and the Luttrell Collection, I. 101), "made in August, 1666": it is given on our next page.

**An Heroical Song on the Worthy and Valiant Exploits  
of our Noble Lord General,  
George, Duke of Albemarle, etc.,  
Both by Land and Sea.**

*Made in August, 1666. TO THE TUNE OF St. George. [See p. 727.]*

**K**ING Arthur and his Men they valiant were and bold,  
The Table Round was high renown'd, twelve hardy knights did hold;  
All, in the dayes of old, extoll'd for Chivalrie:  
But they long since are dead, and under ground do lie.  
To keep up *England's* Fame, our present Story tells  
How Lord George, Lord George, in prowess now excells.  
*Lord George was born in England, restor'd his Countrye's joy;*  
*Come, let us sing Vive le Roy! Vive le Roy!* 8

The Monarchies, all four, were purchased with blood;  
*Carthage* of old, and *Rome* as bold, each other long withstood;  
And many lives were lost in every enterprize.  
*Orlando Furioso*, he was more rash than wise:  
But never heard before, so well contrived a thing,  
How Lord George, Lord George, in Peace brought home our King.  
*Lord George was born in England, restor'd his Countrye's Joy, etc.*

*French Mounsieur* complements, his cracks and cringes many;  
The Spanish Don his Hat keeps on, and looks as big as any;  
The *Irish Tory* fierce; *Venetians'* courage hot; [N.B.  
The *Welshman* still high born; most subtle is the Scot:  
But yet among them all, deny it now who can,  
Still Lord George, Lord George, Renowned *Englishman*:  
*Lord George [was born in England], &c.*

*Darby* and *Capel* both did Noble Martyrs die,  
Their latest breath, unto the Death, pronouncing Loyaltie;  
Good Subjects many more did suffer death most vile,  
In *Scotland* brave *Montrose* was murder'd by *Argyle*:  
For King and Countries sake, all these laid down their lives;  
But Lord George, Lord George, to serve his Prince survives.  
*Lord George [was born in England], &c.* 32

Brave famous Noblemen, and others here, did fight  
For *Charles* his Cause, when 'gainst the Lawes detained was his Right,  
In those unhappy Wars dy'd many Worthies good,  
Did win Immortal Fame by losing loyal blood:  
Yet maugre all their force, Usurpers got the Throne;  
But Lord George, Lord George, he gave the King his own.  
*Lord George [was born in England], &c.*

By many Battles fought, the *Turk's* a potent Lord;  
King *Philip's* Son of *Macedon* got all the world by 's sword;  
Great *William* 'gain'd this Land, and all the *Danes* drave out;  
Fifth *Harry* Conquer'd *France*, by force and valour stout: [Vide p. 744.  
Their greatness to encrease, these exercised their might;  
But Lord George, Lord George, doth for his Master fight.  
*Lord George [was born in England], &c.* 48

*Jephtha* and *Gideon* by Miracle did strike, [Vide p 685.  
The Son of *Nun* did stay the Sun, no Man did do the like ;  
*Sampson* was the strongest begot of humane race ;  
*Jonathan* and *David* kill'd *Philistin*[e]s apace :  
All those did fight on Land, their foes when slaughter'd they ;  
But Lord *George*, Lord *George* rides Conquerour at Sea.

Lord *George* [*was born in England*], &c.

Of many brave Exploits do ancient Stories tell,  
But Sea-fights such as ours with *Dutch*, yet none could parallel —  
Towards *Midsummer* the Moon works strongly on their brain,  
If in the month of *June* they venture once again ;  
For thrice they had the worst at that time of the year,  
And Lord *George*, Lord *George* still keeps them all in fear.

Lord *George* [*was born in England*], &c.

64

We often read of Knights, [who] wilde Beasts did overcome ;  
Our General, beyond them all, beats *Belgick Lyon* home ;  
A Beast of wondrous size, sometime did hold him play,  
But he the Conquest gain'd upon St. *James's* day. [i.e. 25, 26 June, 1666.  
The *Lyon* then was hurt, did lamentably rore,  
But Lord *George*, Lord *George* since that did wound it more.

Lord *George* [*was born in England*], &c.

The Victory obtain'd, was further still made good,  
Our *Englishmen*, unto their Den, the *Dutchmen* home pursu'd ;  
Their Fleet in Harbour fir'd, their Village sack'd and burn'd,  
Made *Butterboxes* swear the *Monck* to Devil was turn'd ; [= *Dutch*.  
As flam'd the *Trojan* Walls, so did their Ships, or worse,  
For Lord *George*, Lord *George* sent in the Wooden-horse.

Lord *George* [*was born in England*], &c.

80

If daring *French-men* now our Valour longs to try,  
Soon us he will, we ready still, his mind to satisfie,  
His Itch shall quickly Cure, when he shall feel our sword,  
With *Dutch* not blunted yet, we'l t'other Bout afford ;  
And if he thinks it good, the *Dane* may likewise call,  
For Lord *George*, Lord *George* doth hope to beat them all.

Lord *George* [*was born in England*], &c.

Success wait on his Arm, till Tryumph bring him home  
To Native soil, enrich'd with spoil of Enemies o're-come :  
Whilst they by *Weeping-Cross* are driven back again,  
May he with joy return to his Dear Sovereign ;  
And in his proper Orb, with Honour still attend,  
Till Lord *George*, Lord *George* 'mong Angels shall ascend.

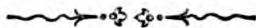
Lord *George* was born in England, Restor'd his Country's Joy,  
Come, let us end, Vive le Roy.

96

(*Licens'd* according to Order.)

London, Printed by *W. Godbid* for *John Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*, 1667.

[In White-letter, with staves of music above, double columns, no woodcut.]



## Sir Guy of Warwick.

*Merrythought.*—(*Sings.*) “Was never man for Lady’s sake, *Down down*,  
Tormented as I poor *Guy*—*De derry down*.  
For *Lucy*’s sake, that Lady bright—*Down, down*,  
As ever man beheld with eye: *De derry down*.”

—*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii. sc. 7.

OUR ballad-hero, Sir Guy of Warwick, was so deservedly famous of old, thanks to romancers and minstrels who delighted to sing in praise of his valiant acts, and how ‘he made a good end,’ that to be named after him, and esteemed to resemble him in courage, faithfulness and purity, was high honour. *Nous avons changea tout cela!*

To call any man ‘a Guy,’ or ‘a regular Guy,’ could scarcely be esteemed a compliment in modern days, when ignorant perversion of judgement has discredited the name of hapless Guido Fawkes, who had been willing to immolate his own life after the manner of Samson, to ensure the destruction of the enemies and persecutors of his faith and creed. There have been worse men, murderers and rebels against law, for whom party spite dares claim the title of martyrs, but few, except Charles Lamb and W. Harrison Ainsworth, tried to do justice to the man of forlorn hope, who died in 1605.

Registers of the Stationers’ Company, B. fol. 283 = *Transcript*, ii. 601, mark the original of our ballad:—

On V<sup>to</sup> January 159½ to Richard Jones, was “entred vnto him for his copie under master *Watkins* hande, *A plesante songe of the valiant actes of GUY of Warwicke*: to the tune of, ‘Was euer man so lost [or tost] in love’ . . . vjd.”

This is indisputably our present Roxburghe Ballad, but of the earliest edition, and sung to its own tune. Bishop Percy tells that a French history of Sir Guy appeared in 1525, (and that it is alluded to in the old Spanish romance, *Tirante el Blanco*, written not long after 1430, according to the French translation thereof). Puttenham records that the antique English romance (an imperfect copy of which, printed for Wm. Copland, circa 1560, is in Brit. Mus.), in verse, was ‘sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales.’—Puttenham’s *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. Richard Corbet (1582-1635) made an episcopal onslaught, by writing in his *Iter Boreale*:—

“May all the ballads be call’d in and dye,  
Which sing the warrs of *Colebrand* and Sir *Guy*!”

Fletcher had launched a playful shaft of burlesque at it (motto above), in 1610; and Samuel Butler, in describing *Tulgol*, sang,

‘He many a boar and huge dun-cow  
Did, like another *Guy*, o’erthrow;  
But *Guy* with him in fight compar’d  
Had like the boar or dun-cow far’d.’—

*Hudibras*, Part I. canto 2, l. 308.



The history of the various phases of the Guy of Warwick legend is interesting (see *Percy Folio Manuscript, Ballads and Romances*, 1868, ii. 509-526, Introduction to 'Guy and Colebrande' = "When meate and drinke is great plentye . . . the most I prayse Sir Guy of Warwicke, that noble knight"). We give here what remains of our ballad in the MS. The name of Guy's relinquished wife, now printed as Phillis, is by John Rous (appointed priest at the chapel of Guy's Cliff, erected by Richard Beauchamp in 1422, with a statue of Guy), given as Dame Felys; elsewhere, by Leland, as *Felice*. Guy flourished in the tenth century, in reign of Athelstan.

[Percy Folio Manuscript, Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 27879, fol. 125=p. 254.]

[Fragment of 'Guy and Phillis': beginning destroyed by Bp. Percy, 1794.]

In Winsor Forest I did slay / a bore of passing might & strenght,  
Whose like in England neu[er] was / for hugenessse, both for breadth & lenght;  
Some of his bones in Warwicke yett / within the Castle there doth lye;  
one of his sheeld bones to this day / doth hang in the Citye of Couentrye.  
on Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe / a mightye wyld & cruell beast  
cald the Duncow of Dunsmore heath / w<sup>ch</sup> many people had opprest.  
Some of her bones in warwicke yett / there for a monument doth lye,  
w<sup>ch</sup> vnto eury lookers veue / as wonderous strange they may espye.  
Another Dragon in this Land / in fight I also did destroye,  
Who did bothe men & beasts oppresse / & all the cuntrye sore anoye:  
& then to warwicke came againe / like Pilgrim poore, & was not knowen;  
& there I liued a Hermitts liffe / a mile & more out of the towne.  
Where w<sup>th</sup> my hands I hewed a house / out of a craggy rocke of stone,  
& liued like a palmer poore / w<sup>thin</sup> the caue my selfe alone.  
& dayle came to begg my foode / of Phillis at my castle gate,  
not knowing to my loued wiffe / who daylye moned for her mate. [known.  
till att the last I fell soe sicke / yea, sicke soe sore that I must dye.  
I sent to her a ring of gold / by w<sup>ch</sup> shee knew me presentlye:  
then shee, repairing to the graue / befor that I gaue vp the ghost,  
Shee closed vp my dying eyes / my Phillis faire, whom I loued most.  
thus dreadfull death did me arrest / to bring my corpes vnto the graue;  
& like a palmer dyed I. wherby I sought my soule to saue,  
tho now it be consumed to mold / my body that endured this toyle, [transp.  
my stature ingrauen in marble [c]old / this pre<sup>sent</sup> time you may behold. ["Mold."

### Fin[i]s.

[Oddly enough, such hiding away voluntarily from a beloved wife, yet contriving to see her daily, though unknown by her, meets us again in modern time, in Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of "Wakefield" (see *Twice-Told Tales*, 1851: compare his *Note-Books*, where the incident is recorded). Mentioning Guy, in *Hudibras*, Dr. Zachary Grey refers to *The Tatler*, No. 148; Heylin's *History of St. George*, Part I. cap. iv. sect. 8; Part II. c. i. s. 9; Nath. Salmon's *Hist. of Hertfordshire*, pp. 140, 141; Chr. Brooke's *Panegyric Verses upon T. Coryat and his Crudities*; and Dr. King's *Art of Cookery*, p. 27.]

The fragments of Humphrey Crouch's *History of Guy Earl of Warwick*, 1655, have been already mentioned on our p. 542 (read *prosaic*; not prose). Since they belong to the Roxb. Coll. (III. 218-219 *verso*), and are on the same subject, they are given on p. 737.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 50; Bagford, II. 19; Pepys, I. 522; Douce, I. 92 verso; III. 83 verso; Wood, 401. 3; 402. 6.]

A pleasant song of the Valiant Deeds of Chivalry,  
 atchieved by that Noble knight, Sir Guy of Warwick,  
 who for the love of fair Phillis became a Hermit, and  
 dyed in a Cave of a Craggy Rock, a mile distant from  
 Warwick.

To the Tune of *Was ever man*, &c.



**W**As ever Knight for Ladie's sake so lost in love as I Sir Guy?  
 For Phillis fair, that Lady bright, as ever man beheld with eye;  
 She gave me leave myself to try the valiant Knights with shield  
 and spear  
 Ere that her love she would grant me, which made me venture far  
 and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a barron bold, in deeds of arms the Doubtful  
 Knight, [i.e. the Redoubtable Knight].  
 That every day in England was, with sword and spear in field to fight:  
 An English-man I was by birth, in faith of Christ a Christian true;  
 The wicked Laws of Infidels I sought by power to subdue. 16

Two hundred twenty years and odd after our Saviour Christ his birth,  
 When King Athelston wore the Crown, I lived here upon the earth:  
 Sometimes I was of Warwick Earl, and as I said, in very truth,  
 A Ladie's love did me constrain to seek strange vertues in my youth.

To try my fame by feats of Arms, in strange and sundry heathen  
Lands,  
Where I atchieved for her sake right dangerous conquests with my  
hands.  
For first I sail'd to *Normandy*, and there I stoutly won in fight  
The Emperor's daughter of *Almany* from many a valiant worthy  
Knight. 32

Then passed I the Seas of *Greece*, to help the Emperor to his right,  
Against the mighty Soldan's Hoast, of puissant *Persians* foe to fight:  
Where I did slay of *Sarazens* and heathen Pagans many a Man;  
And slew the *Soldan's* Couzin dear, who had to namedaughty *Calbron*.

*Ezkeldred*, that Famous Knight, to death likewise I did pursue,  
And *Almain*, King of *Tyre*, also, most terrible too in fight to view.  
I went into the *Soldan's* Hoast, being thither on ambassage sent,  
And brought away his head with me, I having slain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon in the Land, which also I myself did slay,  
As he a Lyon did pursue, most fiercely met me by the way:  
From thence I past the Seas of *Greece*, and came to *Pavy* land aright,  
Where I the Duke of *Pavy* kill'd, his hainous treason to requite.

And after came into this Land, towards fair *Phillis*, Lady bright,  
For love of whom I travelled far to try my manhood and my might:  
But when I had espoused her, I staid with her but forty days,  
But there I left this Lady fair, and then I went beyond the Seas.

All clad in gray in Pilgrim sort, my voyage from here I did take,  
Unto that blessed Holy Land, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake:  
Where I Earl *Jonas* did redeem, and all his Sons, which were fifteen,  
Who with the cruel *Sarazens* in Prison for long time had been. 72

I slew the Gyant *Amarant* in battel fiercely hand to hand,  
And Daughty *Barknard* killed I, the mighty Duke to that same Land:  
Then I to *England* came again, and here with *Colbron* fell I fought,  
An ugly Gyant, which the *Danes* had for their Champion thither  
brought. [Otherwise, *Colebrand*, p. xxxi\*.

I overcame him in the field, and slew him dead right valiantly;  
Where I the Land did then redeem, from *Danish* tribute utterly:  
And afterwards I offered up the use of weapons solemnly;  
At *Winchester*, whereas I fought in sight many far and nigh. 88

In *Windsor* Forest I did slay a Boar of passing might and strength,  
Thelike in *England* never was, for hugeness both in breadth and length;  
Some of his bones in *Warwick* yet within the Castle there do lie;  
One of his shield bones to this day hangs in the City of *Coventry*.

On *Dunsmore-heath* I also slew a monstrous wild and cruel beast,  
 Call'd the *Dun Cow* of *Dunsmore-heath*, which many people had opprest:  
 Some of her bones in *Warwick* yet still for a monument do lie;  
 Which unto every looker's view as wondrous strange they may espy.

Another Dragon in the Land I also did in fight destroy,  
 Which did both man and beasts oppress and all the Country sore annoy:  
 And then to *Warwick* came again, like *Pilgrim* poor, and was not  
 known,<sup>1</sup>

And there I liv'd a Hermit's life, a mile and more out of the town.

Where with my hand I hew'd a house out of a craggy rock of stone,  
 And lived like a Palmer poor within that Cave my self alone:  
 And daily came to beg my food of *Phillis* at my Castle Gate,  
 Not known unto my loving Wife, who mourned daily for her mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sick, yea sick so sore that I must dye;  
 I sent to her a ring of gold, by which she knew me presently:  
 Then she repairing to the Cave, before that I gave up the Ghost;  
 Herself clos'd up my dying eyes, my *Phillis* fair, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest, to bring my corps unto the Grave.  
 And like a Palmer dyed I, whereby I sought my life to save:  
 My body in *Warwick* yet doth lie, though now it be consum'd to mold,  
 My statue there was graven in stone, this present day you may  
 behold.<sup>2</sup>

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[Registered by Stationers' Comp., 5 January, 159½. Black-letter. Two cuts.]

<sup>1</sup> "Like Pilgrim poor, in place obscure," begins an early ballad. It is in *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593, and Harl. MS. No. 6910, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Note, p. 781.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 218, 219 verso.]

**The Heroick History of Guy, Earle of Warwick.**

LONDON: WRITTEN BY HUMPHERY CROVCH.

[Fragments only . . . .]

Valiant *Guy* bestirs his hands, the Dragon back did shrink,  
 The Giant *Rumbo* quaking stands: and knew not what to think.  
*Guy* gets the victory at last, which made great *Rumbo* glad:  
 He was full glad the fight was past, for he before was sad:  
 The greatfull Lion *Guy* did greet, when he to him did goe,  
 And thankfully did lick his feet.

Because

And when my father heares the truth, take *Phelice* for thine owne.  
 Win honour by thy marshall hand, and by a war-like life,  
 When this I came to understand, take *Phelice* for thy wife."  
 " *Phelice*, I aske no more," said he, " call *Guy* a coward swain,  
 If he refuse to fight for thee, thy love for to obtaine."  
 O woe to him that counts that good, that doth procure his care,  
 Who wins a wife with losse of blood, doth buy his barga[i]n deare.  
 Yet whilst he hath a drop to bleed, *Guy* will not idle lye,  
 Performing many a worthy deed, and acts of Chivelry.  
 In France he prov'd himself a man, unhorst them one by one,  
 He there cast down both horse and man, and fame and honour won,  
 He then to England comes a maine, to see his Heart's delight,  
 But *Phelice* sends him forth againe, sence he so well could fight. [since.  
 To fight for her he would not grutch whom he esteemed deare,  
 Because he loved her so much, no danger did he feare,  
 No danger may he fear that strives to winn a Ladies love,  
 And howsoever the business thrives, obedient he must prove.

He

He takes his leave once more, and goes her pleasure to fulfill.  
 He longs to be a dealing blowes, to win more honour still.  
 And through a Forist as he rides, he meets a mighty Giant,  
 Two yards at every step, he strides, far stronger than a Lion,  
 " Friend," quoth the *Giant*, " hast thou heard  
 Of one they call him *Guy*, who all the power of *France* hath feard  
 With acts of Chivellerie.

And

[ WRITTEN by Humphery Crovch. ]

London, Printed for Jane Bell, at the east end of Christ Church, 1655.

[With three large woodcuts. 1st, on title-page, *Guy* in full suit of armour, helmed and plumed, riding a plumed *Destrier* or war-steed, and holding aloft a Boar's-head, while the rescued lion trots beside him. 2nd, the combat between the lion and the dragon, which turns its head towards *Guy*, who is about to cut it down with his sword. 3rd, the duel between Colbrand the gigantic Dane and *Guy* of Warwick, both in armour. These four pages were printed on one side of the paper whereof *Richard Harper* afterwards used the blank verso for a ballad of "Mock-Beggars Hall" (reprinted on our p. 762), beginning, "In ancient times when as plain-dealing was most of all in fashion," with woodcut of a moated castle, a young knight and a lady, from Malory's *King Arthur*, book 2 (cut given, p. 766). W. Copland's edition, 1557.]



## Chevy Chace.

"I neuer heard the olde song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart mooned more then with a Trumpet."—Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595.

**B**E it knowen unto all men by these presents (and presents endear absents, as hath been emphasized with discretion), that we are requested to here reprint the Roxburghe ballad of "Chevy Chace."

*A Meeting was held in the Elysian Fields on the 31st of May, in this Jubilee Year, 1888, summoned and attended by the Shades of former Members of the Ballad Society, who had during their lifetime paid their subscription-money punctually to a well-beloved Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., but they each had unfortunately omitted to instruct their own respective executors to continue such payments uninterruptedly, year by year, up to date. Imprimis, Frederick Ouvry, formerly President of the Society of Antiquaries, was unanimously called to the Chair, then Thomas Babington Macaulay was admitted by acclamation as an honorary member; he having requested this favour, since he deeply regretted that circumstances beyond his controul had summoned him away ten years before the foundation of the Ballad Society: moreover, he confessed that his utterly incompetent nephew, G.O.T., had g.o.t. none of his brains, his consistency, or his enthusiastic love of ballads; whatever else he might have unworthily inherited: and, after having been early known for self-conceit as a Competition Wallah, he would no doubt degenerate into a 'Wobbler,' and be too lazy for Lays. John Payne Collier, of the Percy Society, explained how he himself alone had been precluded from joining the Ballad Society, as he had long desired to have done. The report of the farther proceedings, in our Special Ghostograph, is deeply interesting, and it reminds the neutral world that a similar meeting of the living Subscribers has never yet been organized. Although now too late, it would put to the blush the conversational gatherings of the Bacon-and-Beans Society, the Mutual-Admiration Log-Rolling Society, with other Ego et non-Eggoists (some incubated, more addled). The chief business of the Meeting was, 1st, to enjoy reading the proof-sheets of Vol. VI. of the Roxburghe Ballads; 2nd, to congratulate one another on the near prospect of the General Index to the six volumes; and, lastly, to deprecate any omission of the long-winded but nationally popular "Chevy Chace" from the 'Group of Legendary and Romantic Ballads,' to which it indisputably belongs. It was accordingly moved that a memorial be presented, craving for the inclusion of the said "Chevy Chace," and forwarded to their faithful representative, the present Editor, at Molash Priory, before he rejoined their company (unlimited). Carried nem. con., and the Meeting dissolved (into thin air), hoping to re-coöperate with him speedily when convenient.*

*By Authority. Long live the Queen and Empress (at her Windsor Library), subscriber to the Ballad Society!*

While admitting ungrudgingly the version which has always been the most popular of the three principal sources, we feel utterly unable to spare the requisite number of pages to their elaborate exposition. Few ballads have been so exhaustively treated, and the books are by no means inaccessible to students or general readers (a lazy race, who never contribute one sixpence or an hour's labour, but who prefer the shallowest compilations and the flimsiest commentary, backed as they are by professional critics of the Press. "You know who the critics are: the men who have failed in literature and art," "with just enough of malice to misquote").

There is, *first*, the grand early version, taking the Scottish view of the events in Richard II.'s twelfth year, 1388,—the version mentioned by Hume of Godscroft: "The Scots song made of Otterbourne telleth the time—about Lammas; and also the occasion—to take preys out of England; also the dividing armies betwixt the Earls of Fife and Douglas, and their several journeys, almost as in the authentic history," and he quotes the first stanza, which is this:

Yt felle abowght the *Lamasse* tyde,  
Whan husbonds wynn ther haye,  
The dowghtye *Dowglass* bowyned hym to ryde,  
In *Ynglond* to take a praye." [70 stanzas in all.

Of this "Battele of Otterburne" (from Cotton MS. Cleopatra, C. iv. fol. 64, *circa* 1550, and Harl. MS. 293, fol. 52, etc.), a print is in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. book iii. p. 254, 1767.

*Second*.—"The more modern ballad of 'Chevy Chace'"—*here given* (pp. 740–743)—of many broadsides. By Henry Bold it was translated into Latin verse, at the bidding of Henry Compton, sometime Bishop of London (a translation printed in Dryden's *Miscellanies*, iii. 239, 1685, and in Bold's *Songs in Latine*, 1685). It begins,

*Vivat Rex noster nobilis, Omnis in tuto sit, &c.*

God prosper long our noble King, our lives and safetyes all. (See p. 740.)

The Percy Folio Manuscript held this ballad version (ii. p. 7, 1868). Also in Bagford Coll., I. 32, II. 37; Pepys, I. 92; Euing, 212, etc.

*Thirdly*.—"The Hunting of the Cheviot," from Hearne's Preface to the *History of Gulielmus Neubrigiensis*, p. lxxxii, 1719, taken from a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. It begins,

The *Persè* owt off *Northomberlande*,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wold hunte in the mountayns  
Off *Chyviat* within days thre,  
In the mauer of doughtè *Dowgles*,  
And all that ever with him be. [24 irregular stanzas.

Also, *Fourth*, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* version:—

It fell and about the *Lammas* time,  
When husbandmen do win their hay,  
Earl *Douglas* is to the *English* woods,  
And a' with him to fetch a prey. [14 stanzas.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 66, 436, 438, 440; Ouvry, II. 47, 57; Wood, 401, 47; 402, 30; Douce, I. 27; III. 99, etc. Cf. p. 739.]

**A Memorable Song on the unhappie hunting in Chevy-Chase between Earl Piercy of England, and Earl Dowglas of Scotland.**

TUNE OF, *Flying Fame*. [See pp. 672, 750.]

GOD prosper long our noble King, our lives and safeties all,  
 A woful hunting once there did in *Chevy-Chase* befall :  
 To drive the Deer with hound and horn Earl *Piercy* took his way,  
 The child may rue, that is unborn, the Hunting of that day. 8  
 The stout Earl of *Northumberland* a vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods three summers days to take,  
 The chiefest harts in *Chevy Chase* to kill and bear away,  
 These tydings to Earl *Dowglas* came, in Scotland where he lay ;  
 Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word, he would prevent his sport ;  
 The English Earl, not fearing this, did to the woods resort, 20  
 With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold, all chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of need, to aim their shafts aright.  
 The gallant gray-hounds swiftly ran to chase the Fallow Deer,  
 On Munday they began to hunt, when day light did appear,  
 And long before high noon they had an hundred fat bucks slain,  
 Then, having din'd, the Drovers went to rouse them up again. 32  
 The Bow-men mustred on the hills, well able to endure,  
 Their backsides all with special care that day were guarded sure.  
 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods the nimble Deer to take,  
 And with their cries the hills and dails an Echo shrill did make.  
 Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went, to view the tender Deer,  
 Quoth he, " Earl *Dowglas* promised this day to meet me here, 44  
 " But if I thought he would not come, no longer would I stay."  
 With that a brave young gentleman thus to the Earl did say,—  
 " Lo, yonder doth Earl *Dowglas* come, his men in armour bright,  
 Full twenty hundred *Scottish* spears, all marching in our sight ;  
 All men of pleasant *Tiv[ot]dale*, fast by the River *Tweed*."  
 " Then cease your sport," Earl *Piercy* said, " and take your bows with speed.  
 " And now with me, my Countrymen, your courage forth advance,  
 For never was there champion yet, in *Scotland* or in *France*, 60  
 " That ever did on horse-back come, but if my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter man for man, with him to break a spear."  
 Earl *Dowglas* on a milk-white steed, most like a Baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company, whose armour shone like gold.

"Shew me" (he said) "whose men you be that hunt so boldly here.  
That without my consent do chase and kill my fallow Deer." 72

The man that first did answer make was noble *Piercy*, he,  
Who said, "We list not to declare, nor shew whose men we be :

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood, thy chiefest Harts to slay."  
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath, and thus in rage did say,—

"E're thus I will outbraved be, one of us two shall dye,  
I know the[e] well, an Earl thou art, Lord *Piercy*, so am I. 84

"But trust me, *Piercy*, pitty it were, and great offence, to kill  
Any of these our harmless men, for they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battel try, and set our men aside."  
"Accurst be he," Lord *Piercy* said, "by whom this is deny'd."

Then stept a gallant Squire forth, *Witherington* was his name.  
Who said he "would not have it told to *Henry* our King for shame,

"That e're my captain fought on foot, and I stood looking on.  
"You be two Earls," said *Witherington*, "and I a Squire alone. 100

"I'll do the best that do I may, while I have power to stand,  
While I have power to weild my sword, I'll fight with heart and hand."

**The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.**

Our *English* archers bent their bows, their hearts were good and true,  
At the first flight of Arrows sent, full threescore *Scots* they slew.

To drive the Deer with hound and horn Earl *Douglas* had the bent ;  
A Captain mov'd with mickle pride, the Spears to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side, no slackness there was found,  
And many a gallant gentleman lay gasping on the ground. 116

O Christ ! it was great grief to see, and likewise for to hear,  
The cries of men lying in their gore, and scattered here and there.

At last these two stout Earls did meet, like Captains of great might,  
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load, and made a cruel fight.

They fought, until they both did sweat, with swords of tempered steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain, they trickling down did feel. 128

"Yield the[e], Lord *Piercy* !" *Douglas* said, "in faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be by *James* our *Scottish* King.

"Thy ransome I will freely give, and thus report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous Knight that ever I did see."

"No *Douglas*," qd. Earl *Piercy* then, "thy proffer I do scorn ;  
I will not yield to any *Scot* that ever yet was born." 140

With that there came an arrow keen out of an *English* bow,  
Which struck E[arl] *Douglas* to y<sup>e</sup> heart, a deep and deadly blow,—

Who never spoke more words than these, "Fight on, my merry men all,  
For why, my life is at an end, Lord *Piercy* sees my fall." [=Because.

Then leaving life, Earl *Piercy* took the dead man by the hand,  
 And said, "Earl *Douglas*, for thy life, would I had lost my Land.  
 "O Christ! my very heart doth bleed, with sorrow for thy sake,  
 For sure a more renowned Knight mischance did never take." 156

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was, which saw Earl *Douglas* dye,  
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge upon the Earl *Piercy*.  
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he cal'd, who with a spear most bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant Steed, ran fiercely through the fight,  
 And past the *English* archers all, without [or] dread or fear, [text, "all."  
 And through Earl *Piercie's* body then he thrust his hateful spear,—  
 With such a vehement force and might he did his body gore,  
 The spear went through y<sup>e</sup> other side, a large cloth yard and more.  
 So thus did both these nobles dye, whose courage none could stain;  
 An *English* archer then perceiv'd the noble Earl was slain. 176

He had a bow bent in his hand, made of a trusty tree,  
 An arrow of a cloath-yard long, unto the head drew he.  
 Against Sir *Hugh Montgomerie*, so right his shaft he set,  
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon in his heart blood was wet.  
 This fight did last from break of day till setting of the Sun;  
 For when they rung the evening bell, the battle scarce was done.  
 With y<sup>e</sup> Earl *Piercy* there was slain Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,  
 Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*, Sir *James* that bold Baron. 192

And with Sir *George*, and good Sir *James*, both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain, whose prowess did surmount.  
 For *Witherington* needs must I wail, as one in doleful dumps,  
 For when his legs were smitten off, he fought upon his stumps.  
 And with E[arl] *Douglas* there was slain Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,  
 Sir *Charles Currel* that from the field one foot would never flye;  
 Sir *Charles Murrell* of *Ratcliff* too, his sister's son was he,  
 Sir *David Lamb*, so well esteem'd, yet saved could not be; 208

And the Lord *Markwell* in like wise did with Earl *Douglas* dye;  
 Of twenty hundred *Scottish* spears, scarce fifty-five did flye.  
 Of fifteen hundred *English* men went home but fifty-three,  
 The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase* under the Green-wood tree.  
 Next day did many Widdows come, their husbands to bewail;  
 They washt their wounds in brinish tears, but all would not prevail.  
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood they bore with them away;  
 They kist them dead a thousand times, when they were clad in clay.  
 This news was brought to *Edenburg*, where *Scotland's* King did reign,  
 That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly was with an arrow slain. 228

"O heavy news!" King *James* did say, "*Scotland* can witness be,  
 I have not any Captain more of such account as he."  
 Like tydings to King *Henry* came, within as short a space,  
 That *Piercy* of *Northumberland* was slain in *Chevy-Chase*.



"Now God be with him!" said our King, "sith 'twill no better be,  
I trust I have within my realm five hundred as good as he. 240

"Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say but I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all, for brave Earl *Piercie's* sake."

This vow full well the K[ing] perform'd, after on *Humble Down*,  
In one day fifty Knights were slain, with Lords of great renown ;

And of the rest of small account did many hundreds dye,  
Thus ended the hunting of *Chevy-Chase* made by the Earl *Piercie*.

God save the King, and bless the land, in plenty, joy, and peace,  
And grant henceforth that foul debate 'twixt Noble men may cease !

**Finis.**

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

[Black-letter. No woodcut. For date, see Introduction, but *circa* 1580.]

The other Roxburghe copies are modern, white-letter, n.p.n. One of the many parodies on *Chevy Chase*, 1747, sung to the same tune, is a political squib given on p. 777, entitled "The Lord's Lamentation; or, The *Whittington* Defeat: "

God prosper long our noble King, our lives and safeties all,  
A woeful Horse-race late there did at *Whittington* befall,  
Great *B[edfor]d's* Duke, a mighty Prince, a solemn vow did make,  
His pleasure in fair *Staffordshire* three summer days to take.

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### King Henry the Fifth's Conquest.

"*Agencourt, Agencourt!* know ye not *Agencourt?*  
Where the English slew and hurt  
All the French foemen:  
With our guns and bills brown,  
O the *French* were beaten downe,  
Morris-pikes and bowmen."

—T. Heywood's *King Edward IV.*, Part I. iii. 2, 1599.

WE have neither space nor inclination to enter on the subject of Henry V. and his French Wars. "There would have been a time for such a word," but not now, near the close of our Group.

"*Agincourt*" was a favourite subject. Far beyond "A Council gave our King did hold" (tune of *When Flying Fame*), in *The Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses*, the noblest praise of Henry V.'s Conquests is Michael Drayton's poem to the Cambro-Britons, beginning, "Fair set the wind for *France*." (It inspired Tennyson to celebrate, in precisely similar rhythm, the glorious *Balaclava Charge of the Light Brigade*: the 'noble Six Hundred!')

They now to fight are gone, [Drayton's 8th stanza.  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
To hear, was wonder ;  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet,  
Thunder to thunder.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III., 358; Coll. Bibl. Lindesiana; Chet. Manchester.]

## King Henry V. his Conquest of France.

In Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King;  
in sending Him (instead of the Tribute) a Ton of  
Tennis Balls.

[For Tune, see *Note*, on p. 745.]

AS our King lay musing on his bed,  
He bethought himself upon a time  
Of a tribute that was due from *France*,  
Had not been paid for so long a time.  
*Fal, lal, [de ral de ra, fal lal, fa la la] etc.*

He called for his lovely page, [O, then, . . . trusty.]  
His lovely page then called he;  
Saying, "You must go to the King of *France*,  
To the King of *France*, Sir, ride speedily."

O then went away this lovely page,  
This lovely page then away went he;  
When he came to the King of *France*,  
And low fell down on his bended knee. 15

"My master greets you, worthy Sir,  
Ten ton of Gold that is due to he,  
That you will send him his tribute home,  
Or in French land you soon will him see." *Fal, etc.*

"Your master's young and of tender years,  
Not fit to come into my degree;  
And I will send him three Tennis Balls,  
That with them he may learn to play."

O then returned this lovely page. [read trusty, *passim*.]  
This lovely page then returned he;  
And when he came to our gracious King,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee. 30

"What news, what news, my trusty page? [Line-cut off.]  
"What is the news you have brought to me?"  
"I have brought such news from the King of *France*,  
That he and you will ne'er agree.

"He says you're young and of tender years,  
Not fit to come into his degree;  
And he will send you three Tennis Balls,  
That with them you may learn to play."

"Recruit me *Cheshire* and *Lancashire*,  
 And *Derby* Hills that are so free !  
 No marry'd man, or widow's son,  
 For no widow's curse shall go with me !"  
 45

They recruited *Cheshire* and *Lancashire*,  
 And *Derby* Hills that are so free ;  
 No marry'd man, nor no widow's son,  
 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we marched into the *French* land,  
 With drums and trumpets so merrily ;  
 And then bespoke the King of *France*,  
 "Lo yonder comes proud King *Henry*."  
 The first shot that the *Frenchmen* gave,  
 They killed our *Englishmen* so free.  
 We kill'd ten thousand of the *French*,  
 And the rest of them they run away.  
 60

And then we march'd to *Paris* gates,  
 With drums and trumpets so merrily ;  
 O then bespoke the King of *France*,  
 "The Lord have mercy on my men and me !  
 "O I will send his tribute home,  
 Ten ton of Gold that is due to he ;  
 And the finest flower that is in all *France*,  
 To the Rose of *England* I will give free."

[See Note.

[del. 'the,'

[i.e. Kate.

Printed and sold in *Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.*

\* \* The present Editor learnt the ballad and its traditional tune from his father, Joseph Ebsworth (who died on June 22nd, 1868, aged 80); he having heard it sung by his own grandmother, a South-Berwick woman, nearly a centenarian. Thus discrepancies and corruptions of the broadside version could be corrected. James Henry Dixon was the earliest to reprint it, partly from the singing of a man named King, known in Yorkshire as the 'Skipton Minstrel,' and it was published in 1846 for the Percy Society.

Among other corruptions in the printed version, the recurring substitution of the word *lovely* ("after the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," whether English or Prioress' French) should be rectified by the Molash Prior's *genuine text* reading "Trusty Page." Fortunately, the manly cadence of the ninth stanza is virtually uninjured. The Editor remembers it flowing thus, in the traditional version :—

'No married man, no widow's son :  
 No widow's curse shall go with me ?'

Such a verse embalms the ballad. No ancient exemplar of it is known.

The quotations are so twisted in Martin Parker's "Excellent new Medley, to the tune of *Tarleton's Medley*," beginning "In Summer time when folkes make Hay, all is not true which people say," that one dare not lay stress on the thirty-third line, "When the fifth *Henry* sail'd for France." It was reprinted in vol. i. p. 52 of these *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1869, edited by Mr. Wm. Chappell. But the *Roxburghe* two copies of Martin Parker's *Medley* are not the only copies that are extant. Another is in Pepys Coll., IV. 342; a fourth is Euing, No. 86; and the fifth belonged to the late J. P. Collier, afterwards Frederick Ouvry's.

## King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

"Not with blinded eye-sight poring over miserable books!"

—Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*.

TO be inconstant in their moods, so as at times to decry the pursuit of knowledge which had earlier won their heart, is the common fate of students; such it was caused Faustus to listen to Mephistopheles, when regretting his past relinquishment of enjoyment: such also may have suggested the popular ballad of "The King and the Abbot of Canterbury."

Spiteful Puritans of later times (see p. 750, *quotat.*) exultantly seized the chance of depreciating book-learned Churchmen, by contrasting the superior sense of the illiterate laity, to which themselves belonged. Modern realistic novelists might similarly demonstrate a monopoly of virtues and intellect in the laborious poor; whether it be to level them up, or more probably to level down the episcopate to '*Les Misérables*'—'*Les Travailleurs de la Terre*,' or Zola's '*La Terre*,' itself.

Attempts have been made to trace to their origin the employment of such presumably insoluble questions as those in our text, questions admitting of simple and conclusive answers, such as would disappoint the propounder's greediness for gain of an expected forfeiture. The search leads through the literature of many nations and to remote ages.

It is not only to the *Gesta Romanorum*, to Sacchetti's *Novelli*, No. 4; to the *Contes à Rire*; or to the translation from Alain Chartier, 1511 and 1566: *Delectable Demaundes and Pleasant Questions*; but to the disputations or wit-combats of the Middle Ages, such as the so-called Anglo-Saxon of *Salomon and Saturn*. The opposition of a clownish buffoon, such as Marcolf, enhanced the solemnity of the other disputation. (We trace this contrast throughout the bantering between Olivia and Feste the Jester, in *Twelfth Night*.) Reference is made elsewhere to Jewish tradition; to the questions interchanged by King Solomon and Hiram of Tyre, or with the Queen of Sheba. Of such disquisition we pass not the threshold. As in Browning's *Solomon and Balkis*—

"She proves him with hard questions: before she has reached the middle  
He smiling supplies the end, straight solves them, riddle by riddle."

The story is ancient, exemplifying that 'Riddle-me-Ree' Puzzlewit suitable for minstrels of interminable verbosity, at winter firesides in rural mansions. The earliest and most complete version extant is in the Percy Folio MS. (p. 184), as "Kinge John and Bishopp," beginning "Of an ancient story I'll tell you anon, of a notable Prince t[hat] was called *K. John*:" (printed direct from the MS., our own collation, in Miss De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, pp. 461-465). It is in length 166 lines, and was afterwards condensed *temp. Jac. I.*, into its present form. Other versions begin respectively, "An ancient story," "I will tell you a story," etc. Bürger translated it into German, as *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, beginning, "Ich will euch erzählen ein Märchen, gar schnurrig." The tune (known later as *Death and the Coffer*, and from Richard Leveridge's song, '*A Coffer there was*'), with its burden of *Derry down*, is in *Popular Music*, p. 350. Other copies are in Bagford Coll., II. 27; Pepys, II. 128; Euing, 223; Ouvry, I. 60. Compare the two following ballads on the same theme, on our pp. 751-754.

[Roxburgh Collection, III. 494, 883; Jersey, II. 124. Cf. p. 746.]

## A New Ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

TO THE TUNE OF *The King and the Lord Abbot.*

With Allowance. Ro. L'Estrange.

I Le tell you a Story, a Story anon,  
Of a noble Prince, and his Name was King *John*,  
For he was a Prince, and a Prince of great might,  
He held up great Wrongs, he put down great Right.  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

Ile tell you a Story, a Story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury*,  
And of his House-keeping and high Renown,  
Which made him resort to fair *London Town*.  
*Derry down, [down, hey derry down.]*

10

"How now, Brother Abbot? 'tis told unto me  
That thou keepest a far better House than I:  
And for thy House-keeping and High Renown,  
I fear thou hast Treason against my Crown."  
*Derry down, [down, hey derry down.]*

"I hope, my Liege, that you owe me no grudge,  
For spending of my true-gotten goods."

"If thou dost not answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy Body. *Derry down.*"

20

"When I am set on my steed so high,  
With my Crown of Gold upon my head,  
Amongst all my Nobility with joy and much mirth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth. *Derry d.*"

[As in l. 51.]

"And the next Question you must not flout,  
How long I shall be riding the World about:  
And the third Question thou must not shrink; [*al. lect. 'And from,'*]  
But tell to me truly what I do think." *Derry down.*

30

"O these are hard Questions for my shallow wit,  
For I cannot answer your Grace as yet;  
But if you will give me but three days' space,  
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

"O three days' space I will thee give,  
For that is the longest day thou hast to live;  
And if thou dost not answer these questions right,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite." *Derry d.*

40



- And as the Shepherd was going to his fold,  
 He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along,  
 "How now, Master Abbot? you'r Welcome Home,  
 What News have yon brought from good King *John*?" *Derry.*
- "Sad news, sad news, I have thee to give,  
 For I have but three days' space for to live;  
 If I do not answer him questions three,  
 My head shall be taken from my body. *Derry down.* 50
- "When he is sat so high on his Steed, [transp. in III. 883  
 With his Crown of Gold upon his head,  
 Amongst all his Nobility with joy and much mirth,  
 I must tell him to one penny what he is worth. *Derry down.*
- "And the next Question I must not flout,  
 How long he shall be riding the World about;  
 And the third Question thou must not shrink. [a.l. And from.  
 But tell to him truly what he does think." *Derry down.* 60
- "O Master, did you never hear it yet,  
 That a Fool may learn a Wise man wit; ['learn' = teach.  
 Lend me but your Horse and your apparel,  
 Ile ride to fair *London*, and answer the Quarrel." *Derry down.*
- "Now I am set so high on my steed, [The King asks.  
 With my Crown of Gold upon my head,  
 Amongst all my Nobility with joy and much mirth,  
 Now tell me to one penny what I am worth." *Derry down.* 70
- "For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,  
 Amongst the false Jews, as you have been told;  
 And nine-and-twenty's the worth of thee,  
 For I think thou art one penny worser than he." *Derry down.*
- "And the next question thou mayest not flout,  
 How long I shall be riding the World about?"
- "You must rise with the Sun, and ride with the same,  
 Until the next morning he rises again; *Derry down.*
- "And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,  
 But in twenty-four hours you'l ride it about."
- "And the third question you must not shrink, [i.e. shirk.  
 But tell to me truly what I do think." *Derry down.*
- "Well that I can do, and 'twill make you merry,  
 For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury*;  
 But I'm his poor Shepherd, as you may see,  
 And am come to beg pardon for him and for me." [a.l. 'he and me.'  
*Derry down.*

The King he turn'd him about, and did smile,  
Saying, "Thou shalt be the Abbot the other while."  
"O no, my Grace, there is no such need, [a.l. "my Liege."  
For I can neither Write nor Read." *Derry down.*

"Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee,  
For this merry true jest thou hast told unto me;  
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.* 100

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[Roxb. Coll., III. 883, is in Black-letter, of not later date than August, 1685, licensed by Roger L'Estrange: two woodcuts, a king and the man of p. 50. Roxb. Coll. (III. 494) is in White-letter, with two woodcuts, one on p. 217: colophon, "*Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. Printed and sold by *John White*" (circa 1777), reprinted from an earlier edition than Philip Brooksby's, which has, twice, misprint "sat on his steed so high," spoiling the rhyme, instead of "sat so high on his steed;" also, "for he and for me," line 89.]

## **The King and the Bishop.**

"Ah! que vous savez mal vous défendre pour un homme de cour."—*Molière*.

THIS is No. 22 in *Thackeray's List*, April, 1685. (*Bagford Ballads*, p. lxi.) So long ago as 1882, in a foot-note to the second volume, p. 469, of Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes' *Kentish Garland* (printed by Messrs. Stephen Austin and Sons, Hertford, a book already 'rare' and prized), the present Editor recorded a definite promise to reprint "The King and the Bishop;" also "The old Abbot and King Olfrey." This promise is now fulfilled, on our pp. 751, 753. Every promise may be kept in due time, if the Wandering J.W.E. be allowed a long lease, like the other Wandering JEW, *vide ante* pp. 688-700). The reprint comes fitly into the "Group of Legendary and Romantic Ballads," dedicated to the same faithful friend, in whose *Kentish Garland* the promise was made.

There are inconveniences in having acquired a good character. Persons who enjoy the possession of an utterly bad one place us at a terrible disadvantage. If they ever, by accident or design, perpetrate a generous and meritorious action, their good deed so shines in a naughty world, and brings upon people the sense of surprise from being wholly unexpected and unprecedented, that praise and pudding become their instantaneous payment. Few men feel truly grateful to an habitual benefactor? (see Margaret Velej's '*Damocles*'). A benefactress who has devoted her life to sweetness and generous gifts can seldom in this world meet her due reward. Ingratitude

to a woman is "No new thing," as W. E. Norris has shown, and Thackeray, with unwonted sweetness, foreshadowed it, when thus describing Lady Castlewood:—

"It was this lady's disposition to think kindnesses, and devise silent bounties, and to scheme benevolence, for those about her. We take such goodness, for the most part, as if it was our due; the Marys who bring ointment for our feet get but little thanks. Some of us never feel this devotion at all, or are moved by it to gratitude or acknowledgement; others only recall it years after, when the days are past in which those sweet kindnesses were spent on us, and we offer back our return for the debt by a poor tardy payment of tears. Then forgotten tones of love recur to us, and kind glances shine out of the past—O so bright and clear! O so longed after!—because they are out of reach; as holiday music from within-side a prison-wall—or sunshine seen through the bars; more prized because unattainable—more bright because of the contrast of present darkness and solitude, whence there is no escape."—*Esmond*, Book I. chapter ix.

Bishop Percy's words are these (*Reliques*, 1767 edition, ii. 306):—

"The common popular ballad of '*King John and the Abbot*' seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, entitled '*King John and the Bishop of Canterbury*.' The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving. The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers: for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled *KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT*."

"Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning '*King Henry and a Bishop*,' with this stinging moral:

'Unlearned men hard matters out can find,  
When learned bishops princes' eyes do blind.'"

\* *Percy's Note*.—"See the *Collection of Hist. Ballads*, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes *Olfrey* to be a corruption of *Alfred*, in his pamphlet concerning the *White Horse* in Berkshire, p. 15."

[The pamphlet here indicated by Dr. Percy is *A Letter to Dr. Mead, concerning some Antiquities in Berkshire*: By Francis Wise, B.D., Oxford, 1738. He declares that King Alfred "is the person meant by King Olfrey in the original ballad, tho' more modern bards have transferred the story to King John;" and he cites J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, vol. ii. p. 50. Wise's erroneous allegations were controverted by a Mr. Bumpstead, who under the pseudonym of *Philaethes Rusticus* in 1740 wrote a shilling quarto, entitled, *The Impertinence and Imposture of Modern Antiquaries Displayed; or, a Refutation of the Rev. Mr. Wise's Letter to Dr. Mead*, etc. This, in 1741, was followed by *An Answer to the scandalous Libel, entitled 'The Impertinence and Imposture.'*]

Probably for the first time, these three distinct versions are now brought together (the Percy Folio MS. earlier version is reprinted in *The Kentish Garland*). The unwise attempt to connect good King Alfred's name with such a transaction is absurd and libellous. Thomas Hill's ballad, "Can you Dance *The Shaking of the Sheets?*" 1589, has been reprinted in vol. iii. p. 184 of *Roxburghe Ballads*, by Mr. Wm. Chappell, who gave the tune in his *Popular Music*, p. 85; and on his pp. 198, 199 the two tunes for *Chery Chace*, one being *In peas-cod time*, the other, alternatively, *When flying Fame*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 170 ; Douce (*dupli.*), I. 109 *verso* ; Pepys, I. 472.]

## The King and the Bishop ;

Or,

Unlearned Men hard matters out can find,  
When Learned Bishops [miss the mark, and] Princes eyes do blind.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cherry Chase*. [See pp. 672, 740, 750.]

IN Popish time, when Bishops proud in *England* did bear sway,  
Their Lordships did like Princes live, and kept all at obey ;  
Their Palaces with arrace hang'd, their houses shin'd with gold : [arras.  
Their train of gallant Gentlemen, most stately to behold.

A King then in this land did reign, (some say 'twas old *Henry*)  
One day he for a Bishop sent, his scholarship to try ;  
Then straightway to the Court he went, in all his pomp and state,  
And took it for a favour great, upon the King to wait. 8

And when [he] came unto the King, he did both bow and bend,  
His Grace's pleasure he did crave, why he for him did send.  
" Bishop " (quoth he), " I sent for thee, to put thee to a task,  
And I resolved true will be of three things I will ask.

" And three weeks' time I will thee give on it to meditate,  
And then if you not tell me true, I vow to have thy pate."  
" If that it like your Majesty " (the Bishop then did say),  
" I'll try the utmost of my skill your will for to obey." 16

" The first thing now " (then said the King) " is this that I would know,  
Unto a very hour the time a traveller may go  
About the vast and spacious world, and then return again  
Unto the place he did set forth, and this I know would fain.

" The second thing that tell you must, even to one poor half-crown,  
What I am worth, that am a King ; " (this made the Bishop frown)  
" The third thing it is this " (he said) " the which you must explain,  
To tell to me what I do think, when you come here again. 24

" And so, good Bishop, you do know what things I do desire,  
And for to be resolv'd therefore of you I do require.  
Tell me the truth and keep your time, or else your head shall flye  
From off your shoulders when you come : your wits you now must try."

" These are hard things to be resolv'd," unto the King he said ;  
" No man on earth can tell the same, I greatly am afraid :  
Yet I will try the greatest skill," and so he took his leave—  
The task and sentence both were hard, which made his Lordship grieve. 32

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

When he came home to study hard the Bishop then did go,  
His brains did hammer in his head, his heart was fil'd with woe ;  
But yet for all his learning great, these things he could not find.  
The time began for to expire, which did torment his mind.

The heavy sentence of the King did touch him to the quick ;  
With grief and overstudying he presently fell sick.  
The Bishop he a brother had, a man that hard did fare,  
A Shepherd by profession, for whom he did not care. 40

This Shepherd when that he did hear his brother sick did lye,  
To visit him he did think best before that he should dye.  
With much ado, at length he got admittance him to see ;  
It griev'd the poor man to the heart at this his misery.

Saluting his Lord brother then, asked him how he did do ;  
He answered him with heavy heart, " O full of grief and woe ;  
You cannot help my misery, no man my life can save,  
The task's too hard for me to do, the King my head will have." 48

" Dear brother " (then the Shepherd said) " to me your grief explain,  
And if that I can save your life, I'll venture to be slain."  
The Bishop told him every thing 'cause he ado did make.  
" If this be all," the Shepherd said, " the same I'll undertake.

" You know that we are very like in person, speech and face,  
Let me put on your Robes of State, I'll execute the place.  
Your trains of gallants to the Court must bear me company,  
And if I do not tell these things, instead of you I'll dye." 56

The time being come, next day he went to see his Majesty,  
Who presently was entertain'd with courtlike courtesie.  
" Now, welcome, Bishop," (quoth the King) " can you resolve me true ?  
And if you cannot," he did say, " I know what I must do."

" Unto your Grace's question, the first, I answer make :  
Let any man ascend the sky, and the Sun's chariot take,  
In twenty and four hours' time, about the world may ride,  
The which is but one day and night, this journey to abide." 64

" Thou sayest true " (then said the King), " unto the second then."  
" Now unto that " (the Shepherd said), " I answer thus agen ;  
The King of Kings, our Saviour Christ, for thirty pence was sold,  
I under-value you by far, for all your Crown of gold."

Then said the King, " Bishop, 'tis right, what thou hast said before ;  
Now tell me truly what I think, and I will ask no more."  
" You think that I the Bishop am," the Shepherd then did say :  
" Why so I think," then quoth the King, " in spite of all says nay." 72

" You have confest I told your thought, an't like your Majesty,  
Although I w[e]are the Bishop's robe, a Shepherd poor am I :  
One father and one mother both we had, and brethren are,  
And for to please your Royal Grace my brother had a care.

" He now lies sick neer unto death, and hither did me send,  
Who bid me tell you all these things, for fear he should offend."  
" Commend me to him " (quoth the King) " and thank him heartily,  
He now hath satisfied my mind, and pleased well am I." 80

A hundred pound the King bestowed upon the Shepherd then,  
And taking leave away he went with all his Gentlemen.  
When to the Bishop he did come, all things he did relate,  
He thank'd his brother, and was glad of this his happy fate.

Upon him he bestow'd a Farm, of forty pounds a year,  
As well he might for he did find of him a brother dear.  
And thus unlearned men sometimes, hard matters out can find,  
When learned Bishops miss the mark, and Princes' eyes do blind.

*London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* 88

[Black-letter, two cuts: 1st, a King (on p. 661), 2nd, a Bishop (*Williams*).  
Pepys p. for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, T. Passinger*. Written, 1642.]



[Pepys Collection, II. 127 ; Douce, II. 169.]

**The Old Abbot and King Olfrey.**TO THE TUNE OF, *The Shaking of the Sheets.* [See p. 750.]

**I**N old times past there was a King, we read, was bountiful in each degree,  
That gave rewards to each Subject's need, so orderly as it might be ;  
And kept his Princely Pallaty, in every kingly quality,  
Maintaining Hospitality.

Then the King was given to understand, there liv'd an Abbot in those days,  
That kept a noble House, and such a band of comely Men at all assays :  
That made the King to marvel much, the Abbot's living should be such,  
And how he came to be so rich.

Then the King sent for the Abbot strait, to come to Court he might him see,  
To number the Men on him did wait, the multitude as it might be ;  
And thither went the Lord Abbot then, and after him Five Hundred Men,  
To guard him out and home again. 12

Then the noble King he did demand, of his House-keeping and all his Train,  
"How chance you keep so many men ?" quoth he, "Or how come you by all  
your Gain ?" [Sic. qu. 'Quoth he' *redundant* ?]  
"Unto your Grace I'll make it known, I hope my cause is quickly shown,  
For I spend no more than is my own."

"Thou art too wealthy," said the King, "and it is time to cut off your Head :  
For I do suppose in every thing how daintily you must be fed :  
Unless you can resolve to me, within one year these Questions three,  
Your Head shall be off, I'll warrant ye.

"First of all, you must declare to me, to the uttermost what I am worth ;  
See that you have a ready care," quoth he, "for to study, and to bring it forth.  
And Secondly, the Truth to know, How I about the World must go ;  
This is the Second Riddle, you know. 24

"The last of all, To tell me what I Think ; and then you shall your Pardon have,  
Readily set down with pen and ink, your Lands and Livings all to save.  
If you your Livings mean to hold, with all your Gallants in their Gold,  
See these Riddles you readily unfold."

And then the Abbot he sought out to the cunningest Man that there might be,  
How his Purpose then he might bring about, and for to set his Livings free :  
But yet by no good men could he these Riddles expound in any degree,  
Nor yet by University.

Then the old Abbot he a Brother had, a silly Man that kept his Sheep ;  
Who musing how his Brother came so sad, and how he came in Dump so deep ;  
Saying, "Dear Brother, tell to me how chance you look so heavily,  
That none of your Friends can remend ye." 36

Then the Lord Abbot told his Brother all the Questions three, which made him sad ;  
He said, "Dear Brother, shall I be so bold to answer them, and make you glad ?  
Let me put on your Abbot's Weed, and I'll go to Court like in your stead,  
And see, dear Brother, how I shall speed."

"If you these Questions readily can put out, and answer them to my Discharge ;  
Half of my Living that I have, no doubt, shall be thy own, to live at large."  
And thither went the Shepherd then, and after him five hundred Men,  
To guard him out and home again.

"Now you be very welcome!" said the King. "Indeed your Day is just come forth ; I make no doubt but to me you bring to the uttermost what I am worth."

"Yea, I'll assure your Grace," quoth he, "Worth Nine and Twenty Pence you be,  
Not a Penny more, I'll warrant ye. 48

"For *Jesus Christ*, who was the King of Kings, was sold but for one Penny more, When *Judas* sold him to the *Jewish* Things, the Scripture bringeth forth therefore. Then I do trust your Grace will say, You are worth no more, no manner of way, But a Penny lesser than they did pay.

"Then touching how to go the World about : In twice twelve Hours, as you may see, The Sun doth take its speedy Course about, so speed[il]ly as it may be ;

If you about the World would go, in twice Twelve Hours you may do so :  
And this is the Second Riddle, you know.

"Then last of all, to tell you what you Think ; I am sure you think that it is I Am the Lord Abbot which to you did bring these Questions so readily ;  
No, I am but his Brother, God wot, in field which after his sheep do trot,  
For Lands and Livings I have not." 60

When as the Noble King had heard, his Questions he had answer'd so,  
He hearing that the Shepherd had need, a Living on him did bestow :  
And his Brother likewise he did yield Half of the Livings which then he held ;  
Thus was he promoted from the Field.

[Pepys', in Black-letter, with two woodcuts: printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger* ; Douce's, for *A. Milbourne*. Date, circa 1682.]

### The Old and New Courtier.

*Steward*.—"The case is altered since we lived i' the Country ;  
We do not now invite the poor o' the parish  
To dinner, keep a table for the tenants ;  
Our kitchen does not smell of beef ; the cellar  
Defies the price of malt and hops ; the footmen  
And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen,  
With wine ; nor will three Fiddlers upon holidays  
With aid of bag-pipes, that called in the country  
To dance and plough the hall up with their hob-nails,  
Now make my Lady merry. We do feed  
Like Princes, and feast nothing else but princes."

—James Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, Act ii. sc. 1. 1635.

HE who reads the rich store of Plays belonging to the reigns of James I. and his son Charles I., the choicest Comedies of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, and Shirley, will find luxurious revellings, profuse expenditure, proud wantonness and arrogant folly enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving for satirical and social records. What our ensuing ballad tells of the degeneracy into riot and effeminacy of The King's Young Courtier is amply borne out by contemporary description. Professional historians never enjoyed the humour of the playwright. They show only the dullness and formality of law and politics, State-craft and foreign warfare, rivalries of Court favourites, and envious plotting or rebellion of mock patriots; they preach dreary sermons about the vanity of this world, and the price paid for glories. It is from the ballad-singers,

the poets of the bye-ways, the lively chroniclers of passing follies, passing sorrows, that we receive best instruction, concerning the daily life of rich and poor, the soundness or the rottenness of our citizens and countrymen: before the modern novel, that mirrors common life, had found a few of its earliest students.

Regarding the decay of Hospitality, here alleged, we may not be tempted into any lectures on political economy, most exasperating and pretentious of nuisances. The older style of wastefulness had worked evil in increasing pauperism and idleness. (But see p. 762.)

Although we have no certain record in print of this ballad before Tom Underhill's political parody in 1642, it had circulated freely before Charles the First sat on his tottering throne. Nevertheless, it seems to have been a novelty to Samuel Pepys, when he heard it sung on the 16th of June, 1668 (Tuesday), at Newbury, where he had dinner—"and musick: a song of the old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth's, and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out."—*Diary*, v. 309-310, 1877 (Mynors Bright's edition).

There are many variations. One version, modernised, "With an Old Song," is in Ritson's *English Songs*, ii. 140, 1783 (music in vol. iii.). Also with music, the old song had been given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 280, 1719. When reprinted in *the Convivial Songster*, 1782, p. 210, with music, a foot-note told that "Some people, instead of the above burden of the *Old and New Courtier*, sing—'Moderation, moderation, this was ancient moderation!' and, at the change of the burden—'Alteration, alteration, this is modern alteration!'" Edwin the actor (as Gregory, in J.S.'s "Battle of Hexham," act iii. sc. 2) sang the following imitation, or parody, at the Theatre Royal, Crowe Street, London, in 1789:—

### Moderation and Alteration.

IN a quiet old parish, on a brown healthy old moor,  
Stands my master's old gate, whose threshold is wore,  
With many old friends who for liquor wou'd roar,  
And I uncork'd the sherry that I tasted before.

*Moderation!*

Then I had my quiet pantry, of the servants was head,  
Kept the key of the old cellar, old plate, and chipp'd the brown bread;  
If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily said,  
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.

*Moderation!*

10

But we had a good old custom, when the week did begin,  
To shew by my account I had not wasted a pin;  
For my lord, tho' he was bountiful, thought waste was a sin,  
And never wou'd lay out much, but when my lady lay-in.

*Moderation!*

Good lack, good lack, dame Fortune on me did frown,  
And I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to town,  
Worn off my old legs, in search of bobs, thumps, and cracks of the crown,  
I was fairly knock'd up, and almost foully knock'd down.

*Alteration!*

20

—Written by George Colman, the Younger.

## Old Courtier.

[Our earliest printed copy follows ' *Le Prince d'Amour*,' printed for *William Leake*, at the Crown in Fleet Street, betwixt the two Temple Gates, June, 1660.]

**A**N old song made by an old aged Pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, had a wealthy estate,  
That kept an old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old Porter to relieve poor people at his gate,  
*Like an old Courtier of [the] Queen's,* [i.e. of Q. Elizabeth.]  
*And the Queen's old Courtier.*

With an old Lady whose anger one word asswageth,  
Who every Quarter paid his old Servants their wages,  
Who never knew what belonged to Coachman, Footmen, nor Pages,  
But kept two and fifty men in Blew caps and badges.  
*Like an old Courtier [of the Queen's], &c.* 12

With an old Study, stufte full of old learned books,  
And an old Parson, you may know him by his looks;  
And an old Butt'ry-hatch worn quite off the old hooks,  
And an old Kitchin that maintain'd half a dozen old Cooks.  
*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.*

With an old Hall hung with Pikes, Guns, and Bows,  
And old blades and Bucklers, had borne many shrowd blows,  
With an old Freezadoe coat to cover his trunck hose,  
With an old cup of Sherry to comfort his old nose.  
*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.* 24

With an old fashion, when Christmas was come,  
To call in all his old neighbors with a Bagpipe or a Drum,  
And good cheer enough to furnish out every old room,  
And Beer and Ale would make a cat to speak, and a wise man dumb.  
*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.*

With an old Faulkner, a Huntsman, and a Kennel of Hounds,  
That never Hauked nor hunted but in his grand-father's old grounds,  
Who like a wise man kept himself in his own old bounds [*mispr.* "pounds."  
And when he died gave each child a thousand old pounds.  
*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.* 36

But to his son and heir his lands he assign'd,  
With an old will to charge him to keep the same bountiful minde,  
To be good to his old Tenants, and to his old neighbours kinde,  
But in the next ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'de.  
*Like a new Courtier of the King's,* [i.e. of James I.]  
*And the King's new Courtier.*

[The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE, of the *Queen's Courtier*.]

### New Courtier.

WITH a new flourishing Gallant, [who] is newly come to his land,  
Who keeps a brace of painted Creatures at his own command,  
And can take up readily a thousand pounds on his new Bond,  
And drink in a new Tavern, till he can neither go nor stand,  
*Like a new Courtier [of the King's, and the King's new Courtier].*

With a new Lady whose face is beautiful and fair,  
Who never knew what belong'd to House-keeping nor care,  
But purchas'd seven colour'd Fans to play with the wanton ayr,  
And seventeen new Dressings of other women's hair,  
*Like a new [Courtier of the King's], &c.*

With a new study full of Pamphlets and playes,  
With a new Chaplain, that drinks oftener than he prays,  
With a new Butt'ry-hatch opens once in five or six days,  
With a new *French* Cook to devise Cickshaws and toys, *[quelques-choses.*  
*For the new [Courtier of the King's], &c.* 60

With a new Hall builded where an old Hall stood,  
Hung round with new pictures, does the poore little good,  
With a new Shouel-board whereon never stood food,  
With 22 fair Chimnies never burnt coals nor wood.  
*For the new [Courtier of the King's], &c.*

With a new fashion when *Christmas* was drawing on,  
Upon a new journey they must all to *London* be gon,  
And leave none to keep house in the Country, but their new man *John*,  
Who relieves all his Neighbors with a great thump on the back with a cold stone,  
*Like a new [Courtier of the King's], &c.* 72

With a new Gentleman-Usher whose carriage is compleat,  
With a new Coachman, and two footmen to carry up the meat,  
With a new waiting Gentlewoman whose dressing is very neat,  
Who when her Lady hath dined gives her fellows very little meat,  
*Like a new [Courtier of the King's], &c.*

With new titles of honor bought with his Grand-father's old gold,  
For which most of his father's Mannors were all sold,  
And that's one cause housekeeping is grown so cold,  
Yet this is the new course most of our new Gallants hold.  
*Like new Courtiers of the King's, and the King's new Courtiers.*

Thus have you heard of the old Courtiers and the new,  
And for the last I could wish never a word were true,  
With these rude lines which I dedicate to you,  
And these rude verses I present to your view,  
*By the poor Courtier of the King's, and the King's poor Courtier.*



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 72; Pepys, II. 211; Douce, II. 172 *verso*.]

**An Old Song of the Old Courtier of the King's, [<sup>prop.</sup>  
Queen's].**  
**with a New Song of a new Courtier of the King's.**

THE TUNE IS, *The Queen's Old Courtier*.

*Old.*

**A**N old song made, of an Old aged pate,  
Of an old Gentleman who had a wealthy estate,  
Who kept an old House at a bountiful rate,  
[And an old Porter to relieve the old poor at his gate], [*caret.*  
*Like an old Courtier of the King's,* [*sic. mis-printed for "Queen's"*  
*And the King's old Courtier.*

*New.*

**A** new flourishing Gallant, newly come to his Land,  
And can take up a thousand pound on his own new Band, [*bond.*  
Who keeps two painted creatures at his own command,  
[And gets drunk in a Tavern, till he can neither go nor stand:] [*caret.*  
*Like a young Courtier of the King's, and the King's new Courtier.* 12

*Old.*

An old Lady, whose anger one word asswages,  
And every quarter pays her old Servants their wages;  
Who never knew what belongs to Coach, Footmen, nor Pages,  
But keeps fifty-two stout fellows in blew Coats and badges;  
*Like an old Courtier [of the Queen's], &c.*

*New.*

A new Lady, whose face is beautiful and fair,  
And never knew what belong[*d*] to house-keeping nor care,  
But buyes a new Fan to play with the wanton air,  
And several new dressings of other women's hair;  
*Like a young Courtier [of the King's], &c.*

24

*Old.*

An old Hall, hung round with Pikes, Bills, and Bows,  
Swords, blades, and bucklers, that have endured stout blows,  
And an old Frizadow Coat, to cover his worship's Trunck-hose,  
And an old cup of Sherry to burnish up his honourable Nose.  
*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.*

*Note.*—Our copy (Roxb. Coll. III. 72) "printed for *F. Coles*, in *Wine-Street*, on *Saffron-Hill*, neer *Hatton Garden*," early in the reign of Charles II., is declared to have been "Written by T. Howard, Gent." Evidently this means that he wrote the said broadside version. It is improbable, therefore, that he wrote the (p. 756) *Prince d'Amour* version. No one who possessed the skill there displayed could have been idiot enough to mutilate and disintegrate the complete ballad by interweaving the two Parts, alternating each stanza of the "Old Courtier" with one of "The New Courtier," moreover making them both "Courtiers of the King's" (*sic*). T. Howard is to be held merely as the cobbler or patcher-up of a garbled version. Nevertheless (as it belongs to the Roxburghe Collection, and is a rarity in this broadside reconstruction), it is reproduced here. The *original* was of 1611-14, when the newly-made £1080 baronets and £40 knights were drugs in the market: compare p. 757, lines 79 to 84 (omitted from T. Howard's version).

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

*New.*

A New Hall, built where the Old Hall stood,  
Hung round with pictures, that does the poor but little good,  
And a new Chimney that never burnt cole nor wood,  
And a new Shuffle-board-table whereon meat never stood.

*Like a new Courtier [of the King's], and the King's new Courtier.* 36

*Old.*

And an old Study, stuff full of old learned books,  
And an old reverend Chaplain, you might know him by his looks;  
And an old Kitching that maintains half a dozen old Cooks,  
And an old butt'ry-hatch [that is] worn off the old hooks,

*Like an old Courtier [of the Queen's], &c.*

*New.*

A new Study, stuff full of Pamphlets and plays,  
And a new drunken Chaplain, [who] swears faster than he prays,  
And a new buttery-hatch opens once in four or five days,  
[And a new *French* Cook, to devise fine *kick-shaws* and Toys.]

[*caret.*

*Like a new Courtier [of the King's], &c.*

48

*Old.*

An old Faulkner, a Huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,  
And his worship did never hawk nor hunt but in his Grand-father's grounds,  
And when he dyed left every child a thousand of old pounds,

*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.*

*New.*

A new fashion when Christmas was drawing on,  
This new Knight and his Lady to *London* must be gone,  
And left none at home, but the new Porter *John*,  
To relieve poor people with a thump on the back with a cold stone.

*Like a new Courtier [of the King's], &c.*

60

*Old.*

An old fashion when *Christmasse* was drawing on,  
Calls all his neighbours and tenants together with bag-pipe and drum,  
And meat enough to furnish every old room,  
And beer that will make a [Cat] speak, and a wise man dumb. [text, 'Cur.']

*Like an old [Courtier of the Queen's], &c.*

*New.*

And when he dyed to his Son and heir he assign'd  
To be good to his Neighbors, and to his Tennants kind,  
And to keep still the same bountiful mind,

*Like an old Courtier [of the Queen's], &c.*

72

*New.*

A new Gentleman Usher whose carriage is compleat,  
And the Coachman, Grooms, and Foot-men to carry up the meat,  
And when they din'd left them little to eat.

*Like a new Courtier of the King's,*

*And the king's new Courtier.*

Written by T. Howard, Gent.

London, Printed for F. Coles, in Wine-Street, on Saffron-Hill, neer Hatton-Garden.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, given already. 1st, is of Prince Henry (?), on p. 66, Left; 2nd, the man making obeisance, p. 478. Date of this issue (same as Pepys') probably circa 1661-74; *bis-cocta* by T. Howard. See *Note*, p. 758.]

**Here Ends the Group of  
Legendary and Romantic Ballads.**



**Editorial Epilogue.**

**H**ERE ends our "Group of Ballads choice,  
Romantic Legendary lore ;"  
Whereto the Minstrel tuned his voice  
And twanging harp in days of yore.

The grim old Baron bent his ear,  
Miladi, still the wanderer's friend,  
Gave largesse, and perchance a tear,  
When sadder story near'd the end.

8

Gather'd around them, glad to trace  
The varying fortunes of the tale,  
The sturdy henchmen, bronzed of face,  
With young handmaidens, flush'd or pale.

Then heard they of Adventures brave,  
Of Love that could nor faint nor fail,  
Of Faith triumphant o'er the grave,  
Of Dames oppress'd, and Infant's wail ;

16

How Kings must yield to Cupid's dart ;  
How Traitors are unmask'd by Time ;  
How loyal Service plays its part,  
To punish arrogance or crime.

Behind th' enraptur'd fire-lit throng,  
Contented, happy, warm and fed—  
From bleak grey moorland, boding wrong,  
Lurk'd spectral Shadows of the Dead.

24

Thus, while you scan these Ballads rare,  
COMRADE, of many a bygone year,  
We raise anew some Visions fair,  
Gleaming from background dark and drear.

## Appendix.

"Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past."

—Tennyson's *Lotus-Eaters*, 1832.



FEW light taps of the drum, and "the tune of our catch played by the picture of Nobody," ought to suffice to call around the *Appendix* Maypole those who have not yet grown weary of *Roxburghe Ballads*. The Sixth Volume is nearly ended, but it seems hard to leave outside, shivering in the cold, three 'strays' for which no shelter had been afforded within the "Group of Legendary and Romantic Ballads." One is the doleful ditty sang or screeched by a ballad singer amid the crowd gathered at the window of "The Distressed Musician," as painted and engraved by Hogarth in 1740: that "*Lady's Fall*," the tune of which had been already cited on pp. 650, 651, 693, and elsewhere. A second is "The Fair Maid of Dunsmore's Lamentation, occasioned by Lord Wigmore, once Governor of Warwick Castle." Neither of these won admittance to the group, for substantial and patent reasons. The third (now placed before them on p. 762), entitled "Mock-Beggar's Hall," holds sufficiently close connection with "The Old and Young Courtier" of our pp. 754, 759, to justify its being here brought into contrast without delay. It moreover resembles "The Map of Mock-Beggar's Hall," already reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. pp. 132-136, 659.

"Mock-Beggar's Hall" was a conventional title for a showy outside, cheerless within; a palatial structure devoid of hospitality. This is well described in the penultimate stanza of the ensuing ballad, the pretentious mansions having been built sumptuously to extol the repute of their owners, and not to harbour strangers: they are hypocritical whited-sepulchres of evil guise.

Let any Poor to such a door  
Come, they expecting plenty,  
They there may ask till their throats are sore,  
*For Mock-Beggar Hall stands empty.*

Charles I. attempted to stem the influx of town-seeking country gentry, which had caused much discontent in rural districts. In modern times also complaints have been frequent against *Absenteeism*; but this always meant absent-dinnerism.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 218.]

**Mock-Begger's Hall,****With its situation in the spacious Country called Anywhere.**TO THE TUNE OF, *It is not your Northern Nancy ; or, Sweet is the Lass that loves me.* (See p. 763.)

**I**N ancient times, when as plain dealing was most of all in fashion,  
 There was not then half so much stealing, nor men so given to passion ;  
 But now-a-days Truth so decays, and false knaves there are plenty,  
 So Pride exceeds all worthy deeds, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

The Hangman now the fashion keeps, and swaggers like our Gallants ;  
 While Love and Charity sits and weeps, to see them waste their Talents ;  
 Spend all their store, untill no more, such Prodigals there are plenty,  
 Thus brave it out, while men them flout, *and Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

*Ned Swash* hath fetched his cloth[e]s from pawn, with dropping of the barrell ;  
*Joan Dust* hath bought a smock of Lawn, and now begins to quarrell :  
 She thinks her selfe, poor silly Elfe, to be the best of twenty,  
 And yet, the whore is wondrous poor, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

I read in ancient times of yore, that men of worthy calling, [N.B.]  
 Built Alms-houses and Spittles' store, which now are all down falling ;  
 And few men seek them to repair, nor now is there one among twenty,  
 That for good deeds will take any care, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

[With this, our *fourth* stanza (which is the *first* in the other, Roxb. Coll., I. 252), the two versions coalesce, for nine stanzas (see *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. pp. 131-136) ; the tenth of the other being substituted for our thirteenth of Roxb. Coll., III. 218 : the next-following stanza being common to both.]

Farm-houses, which their fathers built, and Land well kept by tillage,  
 Their prodigal sons have sold for gilt, in every town and village. [i.e. cash.]  
 To the City and Court they do resort, with gold and silver plenty ;  
 And there they spend their time in sport, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

Young Landlords, when to age they come, their rents they would be racking ;  
 The Tenant must give a golden sum, or else he is turn'd packing :  
 Great fines, and double rent beside, or else they'll not contented be :  
 It is for to maintain their monstrous pride, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

Their fathers went in homely freez, and wore good plain cloth breeches ; [frieze.]  
 Their stockings with the same agrees, sowed on with good strong stitches ;  
 They were not then call'd Gentle-men, though they had wealth great plenty,  
 Now every Gull's grown worshipfull, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

No gold or silver parchment Lace was worn, but by our Nobles ; [2nd Part : same tune.]  
 Nor would the honest harmless face wear Cuffs with so many doubles ;  
 Their bands were to their shirts sown then, yet cloth was full as plenty ;  
 Now one hand hath more cloth than ten, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

Now we are Apes in imitation, the more indeed's the pity ;  
 The City follows the Stranger's fashion, the Country follows the City :  
 And ere one fashion is known throughout, another they will invent yee ;  
 'Tis all your Gallants study about, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

Me thinks it is a great reproach, to those that are nobly descended,  
 Wh[o] for their pleasure cannot have a Coach, wherewith they might be attended,  
 But every beggerly *Jack* and *Gill*, that eat scant a good meal in twenty,  
 Must through the streets be jaunted still, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*



There's some are rattled thorow the streets ; *Probatum est*, I tell it,  
Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets ; it grieves their hearts to spell it :  
They are not able two men to keep, with a Coach-man they must contented be,  
Which at Goldsmiths-hall door in 's box lies asleep, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

Our Gentle-women, whose means is nothing, to that which they make shew of,  
Must use all the fashions in their cloathing, which they can hear or know of ;  
They take such care themselves to deck, that Money is oft so scanty,  
The belly is forc'd to complain to the back, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

There is a crue, and a very mad crue, that about the Town doth swagger,  
That seems like Knights to the people's view, and wear both sword and dagger ;  
That sweetens their clothes once a week ; Hunger with them is so plenty,  
The Broker will not have them to seek, *while Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

[For the above, our thirteenth stanza, the "*Map of Mock-Begger Hall*" version gives an equivalent, tenth stanza, as already told, viz. :—

*It may well be that some will muse, Wherefore, in this relation,  
The name of Mocke-begger I doe use, without any explanation ;  
To cleare which doubt before I end, because they shall all content be,  
To shew the meaning I doe intend, of Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

The next stanza coincides in both broadsides, beginning, "Some Gentlemen." ]  
Some Gentlemen and Citizens have, in divers eminent places,  
Erected Houses fine and brave, which stood for the Owners' graces.  
Let any poor to such a door come, they expecting plenty,  
They there may ask till their throats are sore, *for Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

[Next follows a final stanza, in each, differing so far that we add in *Italic type* the other version for comparison in a footnote below. This is our exemplar's :—]

Thus plainly I to you declare how strangely times are changed ;  
What Humours in the people are, how virtue is estranged :  
How every *Jackanapes* can strut, such Coxcombs there are plenty ;  
But at the last in [the] Prison shut, *so Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

### Finis.

Printed at London for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harp, Smithfield.

[In Black-letter, with a woodcut, *Malory's*, used for "Love's Lunacie," now reproduced on p. 766. Date, circa 1636-42, not later, and probably earlier.]

*Note.*—Here is the final stanza, twelfth, of "*The Map of Mock-Begger Hall*," "printed neere to the Hospitall-gate in Smithfield, for Richard Harper."

*Thus in these times we can perceive small Charity, comfort yielding,  
For Pride doth men of Grace bereave, not only in Cloathes, but in Building ;  
Man makes the senselesse stones and bricke, which by Heaven's goodnesse lent be,  
Expresse his pride by these vaine trickes ; thus Mock-begger Hall stands empty.*

\* \* \* Of the two names to the tune, mentioned for this ballad, the first is *Northern Nancy*, or '*It is not your Northern Nancy*' (probably the first line of the lost ballad). See Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 355. The other tune-name, *So sweet is the Lass that loves me*, is of Martin Parker's ballad, "Love's Solace" (reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 623), to a new Court tune called *The Damask Rose*, believed to be *Omnia vincit Amor* of the Skene MS., "O ! that I were with my true Love."



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 148, 164, 570; Pepys, I. 510; Euing, 196;  
Douce, III. 62 *verso*; Jersey, II. 317.]

## A Lamentable Ballad of the Ladie's Fall.

Declaring how a Gentlewoman through her too much trust came to  
her end, and how her Lover slew himself.

THE TUNE IS, *In Pescod time*. [See p. 650.]

MARK well my heavy doleful tale, you Loyal Lovers all,  
And heedfully bear in your brest a gallant Ladie's fall:  
Long was she woo'd ere she was won to lead a wedded life,  
But folly wrought her overthrow before she was a wife.

Too soon, alas! she gave consent to yield unto his will,  
Though he protested to be true, and faithful to her still:  
She felt her body altered quite, her bright hue waxed pale,  
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white, her strength began to fail.

So that with many a sorrowful sigh this beauteous Maiden mild. [*Lady.*]  
With grievous heart perceiv'd her self to be conceiv'd with child:  
She kept [it] from her father's sight, as close as close might be,  
And so put on her silken gown none might her swelling see. 12

Unto her lover secretly she did her self bewray, [*a.l. her grief she.*]  
And walking with him hand in hand, these words to him did say:  
"Behold," said she, "a Maid's distress, my love, brought to thy bow,  
Behold I go with child by thee, but none thereof doth know.

"The little babe springs in my womb to hear the father's voice;  
Let it not be a bastard call'd, sith I made thee my choice:  
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow, and wed me out of hand;  
O leave me not in this extreame, in grief alwayes to stand!

"Think on thy former promise made, thy vows and oaths each one;  
Remember with what bitter tears to me thou mad'st thy moan:  
Convey me to some secret place, and marry me with speed,  
Or with thy rapier end my life, ere further shame proceed." 24

"Alas! my dearest Love," quoth he, "my greatest joy on earth,  
Which way can I convey thee hence, without a sudden death?  
Thy friends they be of high degree, and I of mean estate,  
Full hard it is to get thee forth out of thy father's gate."

"Dread not thy [life] to save my fame, and if thou taken be,  
My self will step between the swords, and take the harm on me;  
So shall I scape Dishonour quite, if so I should be slain,  
What could they say? but that true love did work a Ladie's bane.

"And do not fear any further harm, my self will so devise,  
That I will go away with thee unseen of mortal eyes; [*a.l. ride.*]  
Disguised like some pretty Page, I'll meet thee in the dark;  
And all alone I'll come to thee hard by my father's park."

And then, quoth he, "I'll meet my love, if God do lend me life,  
And this day moneth without all fail, I will make thee my wife."  
Then with a sweet and loving kiss, they parted presently,  
And at their parting brinish tears stood in each other's eye. 36

At length the wished-day was come, where[in] this lovely Maid, [*'as.*  
With lo[nging] eyes and strange attire for her true lover staid;  
When any person she espy'd come riding o're the plain,  
She thought it was her own true love, but all her hopes were vain.

Then did she weep, and sore bewail her most unhappy state,  
Then did she speak these woful words, when succourless she sat.  
"O false, forsworn, and faithless wretch, disloyal to thy love, [*a.l. man.*  
Hast thou forgot thy promise made, and wilt thou perjur'd prove?

"And hast thou now forsaken me, in this my great distress,  
To end my days in open shame, which thou might'st well redress?  
Wo worth the time I did believe that flattering tongue of thine,  
Would God that I had never seen the tears of thy false eyne!" 48

And thus, with many a sorrowful sigh, homewards she went again;  
No rest came in her wat'ry eyes, she felt such bitter pain.  
In travel strong she fell that night, with many a bitter throw,  
What woful pangs she felt that night doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting-maid, that lay at her bed's-feet,  
Who musing at her Mistress woe, did strait begin to weep.  
"Weep not," said she, "but shut the door and windows round about,  
Let none bew[ray] my wretched case, but keep all persons out." [*'bewail.'*

"O Mistress, call your mother dear, of women you have need,  
And of some skilful mid-wives' help, the better you may speed.  
"Call not my mother, for thy life, nor call no women here;  
The mid-wives' help comes now too late, my death I do not fear." 60

With that the babe sprang in her womb, no creature being nigh,  
And with a sigh that broke her heart, this gallant dame did dye:  
This living little infant young, the mother being dead, [*a.l. little lovely.*  
Resign'd his new-received breath to Him that had him made.

Next morning came her Lover true, affrighted at this news, [*a. own true l.*  
And he for sorrow slew himself, whom each one did accuse;  
The mother with the new-born babe, were both laid in one grave,  
Their Parents overcome with woe, no joy of them could have. [*over worn.*

Take heed, you dainty damsels all, of flattering words beware;  
And of the honour of your name have you a special care!  
Too true, alas! this story is, as many one can tell,  
By others' harms learn to be wise, and thou shalt do full well. 72

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. 1st and 2nd on p. 163, *ante*; 3rd, new, a woman in bed, another woman standing near; 4th, adjoined, the man killing himself, as on p. 794. This ballad of the "*Lady's Fall*" was entered to William White on 11th June, 1603, in the Stationers' Registers, book C., fol. 97 (=Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 237), along with other ballads (*cf.* pp. 571, 653, 656). It is in the *Reliques*, and Ritson's *English Songs*, ii. 209. Lines 19, 20, and last couplet *carent* in *Percy Folio MS.*, pp. 268-270, whence corrections are won. Roxb. Coll., III. 570, is modern, n.p.n.]

\*\* Another tragic ballad, of heartless seduction and misery, is the account of Fair Isabel of Dunsmore Heath, Warwickshire, and Lord Wigmore of Warwick Castle. We give two versions. *Dunsmore-Heath* had previously produced the *Dun Cow*, which was slain by *Guy of Warwick* (pp. 729, 733, 736, 781), before it gave nurture to the apocryphal maiden, *Isabel*, of next page.



### Lord Wigmore and Fair Isabel of Dunsmore.

"There lately was a Maiden fair, . . . that lived on *Dunsmore-Heath*, Sir."

—*Dunsmore Kate*, 1698. (Cf. p. 772.)

ANOTHER version of the story of Lord Wigmore and Isabel of Dunsmore Heath, differing in diction but not in the incidents from our pp. 767-770, and issued by the same publishers, is preserved in *Cupid's Garland*, set round about with *Guildded Roses*: containing many pleasant Songs and Sonnets, newly written. The motto is, '*Omnia amatores Debuerat fortis implicuisse comas.*' Printed for John Clarke, William Thackeray, and Thomas Passinger. The contents in part coincide with Richard Johnson's *Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses*, of much earlier date, viz. 1612, including this very piece; named in *Cupid's Garland* as 'A song of the Lord Wigmore and the Fair Maid of Dunsmore in Warwickshire, which may be a warning to all maids to shun the alurements of wanton Gallants.' Tune of, *The Earl of Essex's last good night* [for mention of which see our p. 623]. It begins, like ours on p. 771 (in which we accept *The Crowne Garland* version), "In Warwickshire there stands a down." It is followed immediately by its second part, "The sad Complaint of fair Isabel, for the loss of her maiden honour; at the end whereof, like Roman Lucrece, she slew herself. To the same Tune." It begins differently from ours, "Lord Whigmore, pittie take on me!" five stanzas of eight lines each, and the burden of 'Lord Whigmore, this is 'long of thee:' fourteenth line of "The Complaint." Richard Johnson's *Crowne Garland of Golden Roses* was entered to John Wrighte (Stationers' Registers, C. 216 verso), 18 Feb., 1611.



[Woodcut (from *Morte d'Arthur*, Book 2nd), belongs to pp. 710 and 762.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 170; III. 893; Bagford, II. 28; Jersey, II. 187;  
Euing, 117; Wood, E. 25. 71.]

## The Fair Maid of Dunsmore's Lamentation.

Occasioned by Lord Wigmore, once Governour of  
Warwick-Castle.

Being a full and true Relation, how Lord Wigmore enticed the fair Isabel of Dunsmore, in Warwick-shire, a Shepherd's daughter, to his Bed; she afterwards perceiving her self to be with child by him, rather than she would undergo the vulgar disgrace amongst her Friends, did stab her self, and dyed immediately.

TUNE OF [*When*] *Troy Town*. [See p. 548.] With allowance.

ALL you that ever heard the name  
Of *Wigmore*, that renowned Lord,  
Who once had gain'd a glorious fame,  
But lost it of his own accord,  
*A lustful love did cause her woe,*  
*Which did his Honour overthrow.*

The King had made him Governour  
Of *Warwick-Castle*, where he dwelt  
Not long, but quickly heard of her,  
Whose name to name my heart doth melt:  
*A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.* 12

Fair *Isabel* they did her call,  
A Shepheard's Daughter fair and bright,  
Which caus'd this man of might to fall  
In love with her at the first sight:  
*A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.*

Lord *Wigmore* on a Summer's day,  
With his own Servant walkt the field,  
By a small river they took their way,  
Whose murmuring current did pleasure yield,  
*But a lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.* 24

They had not walked very far,  
But easily they might espye  
Fair *Isabel's* body to appear,  
A-washing of herself just by:  
*A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.*



She in the silver stream alone  
 Was washing of her milk-white skin ;  
 But had she her misfortunes known,  
 She would not in that place have been :  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.* 36

The more he lookt, the more he lov'd,  
 Till looking did for action call ;  
 With flames of lust his heart was mov'd  
 To work her ruin and his fall.  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.*

Thus viewing her with burning pain,  
 He could no longer there abide,  
 But to his castle returns again,  
 And there would fain his passion hide.  
     *But lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.* 48

But all in vain, the more he strove  
 From love-sick fancies to retire,  
 The more he burnt in lustful love,  
 And *Isabel* must quench the fire :  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.*

A trusty servant forth he sends,  
 To bring her to him without delay,  
 Resolving for to have his ends,  
 And quickly too, he could not stay,  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.* 60

The servant goes at his command,  
 And vows he will not be deny'd,  
 There did he spy fair *Isabel* stand,  
 Just dressed by the river side,  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.*

The servant told her courteously,  
 His Lord desired her for to come,  
 For he must speak with her instantly ;  
 She grants, and went into his room.  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.* 72

Lord *Wigmore* fell upon his knees,  
 And beg'd to him she would be kind,  
 Crying, "*Isabel*, my dear, none sees,  
 Blush not, my sweetest, love is blind."  
     *A lustful love [did cause her woe], etc.*

Her innocence was overcome,  
 Oh pitty 'twas, she was beguil'd,  
 She afterwards returned home,  
 And from that time conceiv'd with child.  
     *A lustful love did cause her woe[, etc.].* 84

*Fair Isabel's Mournful Recantation.*

**A**T *Dunsmore* the fair *Isabel*  
Near unto *Warwick*, that brave town,  
There 'twas she mournfully did dwell,  
Repenting what was yet unknown.  
*With sighs she cries, "Heaven pity me,  
Lord Wigmore, this is 'long of thee!"*  
Quoth she, "Alas! what shall I do,  
Or unto whom shall I make my moan?  
Each day and hour increase my woe,  
And yet I dare not make it known."  
*With sighs [she cries, "Heaven pity me!"] etc.* 96

"Oh, that I had ne'r been born,  
[Or] being born, had dyed just then! [Text "and."  
Each Virgin will hold me in scorn,  
And shall be scoff'd by all young men."  
*With sighs [she cries, "Heaven pity me!"] etc.*

At six months' end she could perceive  
Her belly swelled and big did grow,  
The Babe within her womb did strive,  
And friends began the cause to know.  
*With sighs [she cries, "Heaven pity me!"] etc.* 108

Poor *Isabel*, distrest with grief,  
Laments her folly, but too late;  
Instead of giving her relief,  
Her friends do prosecute their hate.  
*With sighs [she cries, "Heaven pity me!"] etc.*

But she, not able to endure  
Their anger and her own disgrace,  
Resolves to find a speedy cure,  
In some convenient private place.  
*With sighs [she cries, "Heaven pity me!"] etc.* 120

With this sad resolution bent,  
She takes a dagger in her hand;  
'T will make a heart of stone relent  
The truth of this to understand,  
*With sighs [she cries, "Heaven pity me!"] etc.*

She prays that heaven would her forgive,  
Then to her heart her dagger sent,  
And down she dropt; let those that live  
Take care betimes, and all Repent.  
*At last she cry'd, ["Heaven pity me!"] etc.* 132

Lord *Wigmore* hearing of this [deed],  
 He never more had quiet rest,  
 His guilty heart did in him bleed,  
 And privately his sins confest,  
 "Fair Isabel, forgive, and I  
 Will pine with sorrow till I dye.

"I must confess I did thee wrong,  
 And openly will it proclaim;  
 Let all young men that hear this song  
 Take care they ne'r commit the same.  
 Fair Isabel, [forgive, and I], etc.

144

"And when I am dead, and blood is cold,  
 To shew my dear I lov'd thee well,  
 One Tomb shall both our bodies hold,  
 Such is my love for Isabel.  
 Fair Saint, forgive my crime, and I  
 Will pine with sorrow till I dye."

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st and 2nd (originally conjoint) are on p. 47.  
 3rd, the girl stabbing herself, p. 794, left. Substituted cut is given below.]



J.W.A.

[Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses, 1612, 1659; Cupid's Garland, c. 1638.]

**The Lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmoore, Governor of Warwicke Castle, and the Fayre Maide of Dunsmoore: as a Warning to all Maids to have care how they yeeld to the wanton Delights of young Gallants.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *Diana* [and her Darlings deare. See vol. ii. p. 520].

**I**N *Warwick-shire* there stands a downe, and *Dunsmoore-Heath* it hath to name,  
Adjoyning to a country toune, made famous by a maiden's fame:  
Faie *Isabel*, she called was, a Shepheard's daughter, as some say;  
To *Wigmoore's* eare her fame did passe, as he in *Warwicke-Castle* lay.

Poore Love-sick Lord immediately upon her fame set his delight;  
And thought much pleasure sure did lie, possessing of so sweet a wight.  
Therefore to *Dunsmoore* did repair, to recreate his sickly mind;  
Where in a Summer's evening faie his chance was *Isabell* to find. 8

She sat amidst a meddow greene, most richly spred with smelling flowers,  
And by a river she was seene to spend away some evening howers,  
There sat this maiden all alone, washing her self in secret wise,  
Which Virgin faie to look upon did much delight his longing eyes.

She, thinking not to be espied, had lay'd from her her countrey 'tire;  
The tresses of her Haire untied hung glist'ring like the golden wire;  
And, as the flakes of winter snow, that lie unmelted on the plaines,  
So white her body was in show: like silver springs did run her veines. 16

He, ravisht with this pleasant sight, stood as a man amazed still;  
Suff'ring his eyes to take delight, that never thought they had their fill.  
She blinded his affection so, that Reason's rules were led awry;  
And Love the coales of lust did blow, which to a fire soone flamed hye:

And, though he knew the sinne was greate, yet burned so within his brest,  
With such a vehement scorching heat, that none but she could lend him rest.  
Lord *Wigmoore* being thus drown'd in lust, by liking of this dainty dame,  
He call'd a Servant of great trust, inquiring straight what was her name. 24

"She is," quoth he, "no married Wife, but a Shepheard's daughter, as you see,  
And with her father leads her life, whose dwellings by these pastures bee:  
Her name is *Isabel* the faie." "Then stay" (quoth he), "and speak no more,  
But to my Castle straight her beare, her sight hath wounded me full sore."

Thus to Lord *Wigmoore* she was brought; who with delight his fancies fed,  
And through his sute such meanes he wrought, that he entic'd her to his bed.  
This being done, incontinent, she did return from whence she came,  
And every day she did invent to cover her received shame. 32

But ere three months were fully past, her crime committed plaine appeares:  
Unto Lord *Wigmoore* then, in haste, she long complain'd with weeping teares.

[Second Part.]

**The Complaint of Faie Isabell for the Losse of her Honour; at the end whereof she slew her selfe.**

**L**ord *Wigmoore*! thus I have defil'd and spotted my pure Virgin's bed;  
Behold I am conceiv'd with childe, to which vile folly you me led.

"For now this deed that I have wrought throughout this country well is knowne,  
And to my woful parents brought, who now for me do make great mone. ["whom"]  
How shall I looke them in the face, when they my shamelesse selfe shall see?"  
Then sed [she]: "*Eve!* I feele thy case, when thou had'st tasted of the tree; 40

"Thou hid'st thy selfe, and so must I, but God thy trespasse quickly found;  
The dark may hide me from man's eye, but leave my shame still to abound.  
Wide open are mine eyes to look upon my sad and heavy sinne;  
And quite unclasped is the Booke where my accounts are written in.

"This sin of mine deserveth death; be judge, Lord *Wigmore*, I am shee,  
For I have tread a strumpet's path, and for the same I needs must die!  
Be-spotted with reproachfull shame to ages following shall I bee,  
And in records be writ my blame: Lord *Wigmore*, this is 'long of thee! 48

"Lord *Wigmore*, prostrate at thy feete, I crave my just deserved doom,  
That death may cut off from the roote this Body, blossom, branch and bloome!  
Let Modesty accurse this crime! let Love, and Law, and Nature speak!  
Was ever any wretch yet seene that in one instant all did breake?

"Then, *Wigmore*, justice on me show, that thus consented to this act,  
Give me my death: for death is due to such as sinne in such a fact:  
O that the wombe had beene my grave, or I had perisht in my birth!  
O that same day may darknesse have, wherein I first drew vitall breath! 56

"Let God regard it not at all! Let not the sunne upon it shine!  
Let misty darknesse on it fall, for to make knowne this sinne of mine!  
The night wherein I was conceiv'd, let be accurst with mournfull eyes!  
Let twinkling starres from skyes be reav'd, and clouds of darknesse thereon rise!

"Because they shut not up the powers that gave the passage to my life.  
Come Sorrow, finish up mine howers, and let my time here eud with greefe!"  
And having made this wofull moane, a knife she snatched from her side.  
Where *Lucesse*' part was rightly showne, for with the same, fayre *Isabell* dyed. 64

Whereat Lord *Wigmore* grieved sore, in heart repenting his amisse,  
And after would attempt no more to crop the flowers of maidens' blisse:  
But lived long in woofull wise, till Death did finish up his dayes,  
And now in *Isabel*'s grave he lyes, till Judgement comes them both to raise.

[Written by Richard Johnson.]

At London. Printed by G. Eld for John Wright, and are to be sold at his  
Shop at Christ Church Gate, [February] 1612.

[Various readings in the Edition of 1659. Line 40, "O cursed *Eve*, I feel thy case," etc. Line 42, "No dark may hide me from God's eye," etc. Line 46 (which we adopt instead of *tread*, as in 1612 edition), "For I have *trod*," etc., and line 49 (also here adopted), "*Just* deserved doom," but 1612 edition is misprinted "*first*." Line 51 has "Let Modesty *accurse* this crime!" (preferable to "*accuse*" of 1612). Lines 55-60 are paraphrased from *Job*, chapter iii. 3, et seq. "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above; neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it . . . Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark . . . Why died I not from the womb?" ]

*Dunsmore-Kate* (p. 766) begins thus (in *Dancing-Master*, 1698; *Pills*, iv. 210:

"There lately was a Maiden fair, with ruddy cheeks and nut-brown hair,  
Who up to Town did trudge, Sir;  
This pretty Maid, whose name was *Kate*, met here a hard unlucky fate,  
As you anon shall judge, Sir . . .



"Quoth she, 'If these be *London* tricks, God send me down among my *Dicks*,  
That live on *Dunsmore* Heath, Sir;  
If ever I come here again, or e'er believe one man in ten,  
May the De'll come stop my breath, Sir.'" [Finis.]

The Roxburghe Collection unique copy of "A New Northern Jigge" is in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 629; with it compare the following, from J. P. Collier's MS., *Twenty-Five Old Ballads* :—

Daintie, come thou to me.

[He begins :—]

Wilt thou from me thus part, and leave me in miserie,  
When I gave thee hand and hart, onely with thee to live and dye?  
*Cast from thy hart all care, from thee I nere will flee,*  
*Let them say what they will [dare], Daintie, come thou to mee!*  
Were my state or good or ill, rich or else in povertie,  
Yet would I ever love thee still; prove thou me, and thou shalt see.  
*Cast from thy hart, etc., Daintie, come thou to me!* 8  
Were you rich, or were you poore, it sholde be the same to mee,  
I would beg from doore to doore, if neede were, to maintaine thee.  
*Cast from thy hart, etc. [sic. passim.]*  
Were I a Lord, were I a Knight, or came I of a hie degree,  
All my landes should be thy right, prove thou me, and thou shalt see. 16  
If the *Indian* golde were mine, and all the countless welth of *Spain*,  
That, and more, it shold be thine: prove me, Love, yet once againe.  
Thy beauty doth the world excell, above all worldes I love but thee;  
With thee I faine would ever dwell: prove me, Love, and thou shalt see. 24  
I promise truely for thy sake, all other[s] I will constant flee,  
And to thee only will I take: prove me, Love, and thou shalt see.  
Let me, then, thy love obtaine, or my death thou 'rt sure to bee;  
Return to me now once againe: Sweete, I love, and onelie thee. 32  
If thy frendes doe frowne and fret, and thy parentes angrie bee,  
That, I pray thee, be no lett [=hindrance]: I will love but onelie thee.

[THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE. She replies.]

"Here is my hand, and here my hart, faith and troth I plight to thee,  
From thy side I nere will part, prove thou me and thou shalt see. 40  
"Friendes and parentes I forsake, with thee I vow my life to spend,  
And refuse no paine to take, untill my life doe come to ende."

[He sings :—] Fare thee well, thou trustie Love, of me thou never shalt complaine;  
I will ever constant prove, and full soone we meete againe. 48

(He and She.)—*Cast from thy hart all care,*  
*From thee I never will flee,*  
*Let them say what they will [dare],*  
*Daintie, come thou to me!*

Finis.

[In the Roxburghe Collection printed version the burden runs,

*Cast no care to thy heart, from thee I will not flee,*  
*Let them say what they will: Dainty, come thou to me!*

It does not bring clearly the Lady's reply, dialogue-wise, or the combination of the two voices at the end, like the manuscript. *Quantum valeat.* Cf. pp. 280, 681.]



774      *The original Song, foundation of "Love's Tide."*

"Love in a Calm" is mentioned, at foot of p. 570. The song, when extended into the Douce ballad, was called "Love's Tide; or, A Farewell to Folly."

*Love in a Calme.*

TO THE TUNE OF, *Wert thou much fairer than thou art, or, Lusty Bacchus.*

How cool and temperate am I grown,  
 Since I could call my heart my own!  
 Beauty and I now calmly play,  
 Whilst others burn and melt away.  
 Not all those wanton hours I have spent  
 Can rob me of this new content. 6

Love's mists are scatter'd from my sight,  
 Which flatter'd me with new delight,  
 And now I see 'tis but a face  
 That stole my heart out of its place.  
 Then Love forgive me, I'll no more  
 Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore. 12

Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,  
 Farewell each look that can surprize,  
 Farewell those curls and amorous spells,  
 Farewell each place where beauty dwells.  
 And farewell each bewitching smile,  
 I must enjoy my self a while. (1659. Music by Hy. Lawes.)

*Diaphantus and Charidora.*

EIGHT poems are declared to have been "writ by Sir Robert Aytoun, Secretary to Anne [of Denmark] and [Henrietta] Mary, Queens of Great Britain," and were published in the Third Part of the often-cited and rare compilation (not in the British Museum) entitled *A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern. By several hands. Edinburgh, Printed by James Watson, and sold at his Shop next door to the Red-Lyon, opposite to the Lucken-booths, 1711.* Of "Diaphantus and Charidora," the first of these eight poems, no earlier edition is known to us; but it may have been printed separately during the lifetime of its accredited author. (He was born at Kinaldie in 1570; died at Whitehall, 1638; and buried in Westminster Abbey.) But William Drummond of Hawthornden, in a list of his own English books, mentions one called "*Diaphantus*, price 6d." This occurs in his diary, A.D. 1611, a hundred years before James Watson reprinted the poem. Aytoun in a Latin panegyric addressed to James I. in 1603 alludes to *Diaphantus* by name:—

Culpa quidem ingenii permultum deterit, at nos [copied *lim.*  
 Non adeo agresti carmen tenuamus avenâ,  
 Ut tibi non olim patrio vernacula versu  
 Riserit, occultos dum suspiraret amores,  
 Et Charidoreo Diaphantus ferveret æstu  
 Forsit et hæc, quamvis grandi fastosa boatu  
 Non fremat. at tenui tantum spiramine musset,  
 Oceani transvecta domos et cærulea regna,  
 Augustas grata novitate morabitur aures. [Delitæ Poet. Scot.

We have (on pp. 584-586) reprinted the poems '*Diaphantas and Charidora*' (or '*Caridora*'). There is no evidence adduced of these being so early in date as *circa* 1603; and they probably were later. But the date is uncertain, like the authorship. Possibly they were written by Sir Robert Aytoun. We suspend judgement, but add the longer poem, to our reprinted *Roxburghe Ballads*.

## On Diaphantus and Charidora.

(By Sir Robert Aytoun, before 1603.)

**W**Hen *Diaphantus* knew the Destinies decreet,  
 How he was forced to forgoe his dear and only Sweet,  
 O'err vaulted with the vail of beam-rebeating trees,  
 And ghastly gazing on the ground, even Death-stroke in his eyes :  
 Oft pressed he to speak, but whyll he did assay,  
 The agonizing dreads of Death his wrestling voice did stay.  
 At last, as one that strives against both woe and shame,  
 " Dear *Charidora*, ah ! " he cries, " my high adored Dame ; 8  
 First I attest thy name, and then the Gods above,  
 But chief of those, the Boy that bears the stately style of *Love*.  
 Let those record with me what was my constant part,  
 And if I did not honour thee with a well-hallowed Heart :  
 I sacrificed to thee my secret chaste Desires,  
 Upon thy Beantie's Altar burnt, with never-quenching fires.  
 Thou was that Idol still whose image I adored,  
 The Saint to whom I made my vows, whose pitties I implored ; 16  
 The Star that saved my ship from tempest of Despair,  
 When the Horizon of my Hope o'er-clouded was with care :  
 Thou was the sovereign Balm, that sweet *Catholicon*, [= *Panacea*.  
 Which cured me of all my cares, when I did grieve and groan ;  
 Tho' now, such strange events are interveen'd since syne,  
 As I dare not avow to say, or think that thou art mine ;  
 Which makes me thus insert, in those my sorrowing Songs,  
 The History of my Mishap, my Miseries and Wrongs : 24  
 Not that I can accuse my *Charidora*, no !  
 I only execrate the Fates, chief workers of my Woe.  
 " Should She whom I have lov'd, so many loathsome years,  
 For whom my dew-distilling eyes have shed such streams of tears—  
 Should She, I say, be made a prey to such an one,  
 Who for her sake yet never gave not one untymely groan ?  
 No, surely, surely no ; the Fates may do me wrong,  
 And make her, by their bad Decreet, to whom they please belong. 32  
 Yet I dare boldly say, and peradventure vaunt,  
 That she is mine by Lot of Love, tho' Luck in Love I want.  
 And tho' my Horoscope envy my worldly things,  
 Yet unto Love it gave me leave for to compair with Kings,  
 And if I knew the Vyer, under the starry sky, [= *Vyer* = Rival.  
 That durst avow to love my Dame more faithfully than I,  
 I should tear out this heart, that entertains my breath,  
 And cast it down before her feet, to dye a shameful death. 40  
 " But since both Time and She have try'd me to be true,  
 And found such faithfulness in me as shall be found in few ;  
 I rest secure in this, and care not who pretend,  
 The mo'e pursues, the more my part proves perfect to the End.  
 And others' faithless Faiths in ballance weigh'd with mine,  
 Shall make my Faith for to triumph, and as the Sun to shine.  
 There shall no change of things, of time, of soyl, nor air,  
 Inforce me to forgoe the Vows made to my fairest Fair, 48  
 Which here I do renew in solemn form again,  
 To witness, as I did begin, so shall I still remain.  
 " I swear by those two Eyes, my only dearest Dear,  
 And by the *Stygian* stanks of Hell, whereby the Gods did swear,

That thou art only she whose Countenance I crave, [ =she alone.  
 And shall be both in life and death thy best affected Slave ;  
 That there shall no deceits of lovely laughing Eyen,  
 No sugar'd sound of *Syren* songs, with far-fetch'd sighs between, 56  
 Deface out of my mind what Love did so ingrave,  
 Thy words, thy looks, and such things else, as none but Angels have.  
 And this which here I swear, and solemnly protest,  
 Those Trees which only present are shall witness and attest.  
 But Chiefly, above all, this holy Shade and Green,  
 On which the Cyphers of our Names character'd shall be seen.  
 "O happy, happy Tree, into whose tender rynd  
 The trophies of our Love shall live eternally inshryn'd ; 64  
 Which shall have force to make thy memory remain,  
 Sequestrate from the bastard sort of Trees which are prophane.  
 And when with careless looks the rest ov'rpast shall be,  
 Then thou shall be ador'd and kist for *Charidora's* Tree.  
 And peradventure too, for *Diaphantus'* sake,  
 Some civil person that comes by shall Homage to thee make.  
 Thus blest shall thou remain, while I unhappy prove,  
 And doubtful where I shall be blest, when I shall leave my Love. 72  
 "Indeed, all is in doubt ; but thus I must depart, ["but this." MS.  
 The Body must a Pilgrim be, and she retain the Heart.  
 The thoughts of which Exile and dolorous Divorce  
 Works sorrow ; Sorrow doth from me those sad Complaints inforce :  
 For while I was resolv'd to smother up my Grief,  
 Because it might but move in men more marvel than belief :  
 The never-ceasing frowns of mal-encountrous Fates  
 Extorted those abortive births of importune Regrets, 80  
 To witness to the world that my Mishaps are such,  
 As tho' I mourn like one half mad, I cannot mourn too much.  
 For if of all Mishaps this be the First of all,  
 To have been highly happy once, and from that height to fall,  
 I'm sure I may well say that *Diaphantus'* name  
 Is the Synonyme of Mishaps, or else exceed the same.  
 Or if there be no Hell but out of Heaven to be,  
 Consider what her Want should work, whose Sight was such to me." 88  
 I think all these that speak of Sorrow, should think shame,  
 When *Diaphantus* shall be heard, or *Charidora's* name ;  
 Her Worth was without spot, his Truth was unrepov'd :  
 The one deserv'd at least to live, the other to be lov'd.  
 Yet hath the dev'lish Doom of Destinies ordain'd  
 That he should lose both Life and Love, and she a faithful Friend.  
 Wherefore all you that hears those am'rous tragick Plays,  
 Bestow on him a World of Complaints, on her a World of Praise. 96

### The Whittington Defeat.

THE race-course on Whittington Heath, near Lichfield, was the scene of this "Banging Bout," August 1747 (*Cf.* p. 743). "Mr. Heston Humphrey, a country attorney, horsewhipped [John] the [fourth] Duke [of Bedford], with equal justice, severity and perseverance on the course at Lichfield. Rigby and Lord Trentham were also cudgelled in a most exemplary manner."—*Letters of Junius*, Letter xxiii., by H. S. Woodfall. Trentham was son of John, first Earl Gower, "The Staffordshire Jacobite," father-in-law of Bedford. 'The Three-Legged Mare' and *Triple-stump* refer to the adjacent gallows. Line 24 : "All who did joke the *Royal Oak*, were well rubb'd by its towels." So may it ever be, we hope !

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 440.]

## The Lord's Lamentation ;

## Or, The Whittington Defeat.

"[*Tum vero*] *immensas surgens ferit aurea clamor*  
*Sydæra* ; — . . . .  
*Sæviti atrox Volsçens.*"—*Virg[ilii] Æn[eidos]*, Lib. xi. 832-4].

[TO THE TUNE OF *Chevy Chase* (*vide ante*, p. 743).]

God prosper long our noble KING ! our Lives and Safeties all : [sic.  
 A woeful Horse-race late there did at *Whittington* befall.  
 Great *B[edfor]d's* Duke, a mighty Prince ! a solemn vow did make ;  
 His pleasure in fair *Staffordshire* three Summer's days to take.  
 At once to grace his Father's race, and to confound his Foes ;  
 But ah ! (with grief, my Muse does speak) a luckless time he chose.  
 For some rude *Clowns*, who long had felt the weight of Tax and Levy,  
 Explain'd their case unto his G[rac]e, by arguments full heavy. 8  
 "No *G[o]w'r*," they cry'd ! "No tool of pow'r !" At that the E[ar]l turn'd pale :  
 "No *G[o]w'r*, *G[o]w'r*, no tool of pow'r !" re-echo'd from each dale.  
 Then *B[edfor]d's* mighty breast took fire, who thus inrag'd did cry,  
 "To horse, my *Lords*, my *Knights*, my '*Squires* ; we'll be reveng'd or die."  
 They mounted straight all Men of Birth, Captains of land and sea ;  
 No Prince or Potentate on earth had such a troop as he.  
 Great Lords, and Lordlings close conjoin'd, a shining squadron stood :  
 But, to their cost, the *Yeomen* host did prove the better blood. 16  
 "A *G[o]w'r*, a *G[o]w'r* ! ye son o' th' whore, vile spawn of *Babylon* !"   
 This said, his Grace did mend his pace, and came full fiercely on.  
 Three times he smote a sturdy foe, who undismay'd reply'd,  
 "Or be thou *Devil*, or be thou *D[uk]e*, thy courage shall be try'd."  
 The Charge began ; but on one side some slackness there was found ;  
 The smart *Cockade* in dust was laid, and trampled on the ground. [white c.  
 Some felt sore thwacks upon their backs, some, pains within their bowels ;  
 All who did joke the Royal Oak were well rubb'd with its towels. 24  
 Then terror seiz'd the plumed troop, who turn'd themselves to flight ;  
 Foul rout and fear, brought up the rear, Oh ! 'twas a piteous sight !—  
 Each warrior urg'd his nimble steed ; but none durst look behind ;  
 Th' insulting foe, they well did know, had got 'em in the wind :  
 Who ne'er lost scent, untill they came, unto the gallow-tree :  
 "Now," said their foes, "We'll not oppose your certain destiny.  
 "No farther help of our ye lack, gra'-mercy with your doom !  
 Trust to the care o' th' Three Legg'd-Mare, she'll bring ye *all* safe home." 32  
 Then wheel'd about, with this old shout, "Confusion to the *R—p*,"  
 Leaving each Knight to mourn his plight, beneath the triple-stump.—  
 Now Heaven preserve such hearts as these from secret treachery !  
 Who hate a *Knave*, and scorn a *Slave*, may such be ever free !

Finis.

[White-letter. Re-printed in *The Foundling Hospital for Wit*, under the title of  
 "The Whittington Defeat." Date, Sept. 1747.]



It is better to swell the bulk of the present volume than to make a wholesale "Slaughter of the Innocents," as in Parliament at the close of a protracted Session. *Our* Innocents are more valuable. Who ensures to us the completion of another volume, containing all that should fitly be given to regale the worthiest Lovers of Ballads?



Since we have given one French version of *The Complaint of the Wandering Jew* (on p. 690) and a German *Volks-Lied* of 'Ahasverus,' we add a specimen of an earlier *Chanson*, and Leland's translation from the German *Ahasver*.

Connected with p. 690, Paul Lacroix's words are memorable:—

"Le passage du *Juif-Errant* en France, dans le cours de 1604, fut signalé par la publication de diverses brochures, entre lesquelles on distingue le *Discours véritable d'un Juif-Errant* . . . , imprimé, in-8, à Bordeaux, en 1608, et par la composition d'une *Complainte en forme et manière de Chanson* sur l'air des *Dames d'Honneur*. Cette complainte, qui a servi de texte à celle que les *porteurs de rogatons* et les rhapsodes de villages ont refaite sur un autre air à la fin du dix-septième-siècle, renferme presque les mêmes particularités, souvent exprimées de même:—

### Le Juif-Errant.

**L**E bruit courait çà et là par la France depuis six mois, qu'on avait espérance Bientôt de voir un *Juif* qui est errant parmi le monde, pleurant et soupirant.

Comme de fait, en la rase campagne, deux gentilshommes au pays de *Champagne*, Le rencontrèrent tout seulet cheminant, non pas vêtu comme on est maintenant.

De grandes chausses il porte à la marine, et une juppe comme à la *Florentine*,  
Un manteau long jusqu'à terre trainant: comme un autre homme il est au  
demeurant. 6

Ce que voyant, lors ils l'interrogèrent d'où il venait, et ils lui demandèrent  
Sa nation, le métier qu'il avait: mais cependant toujours il cheminait.

"Je suis," dit-il, "juif de ma naissance, et l'un de ceux qui par leur arrogance  
Crucifièrent le Sauveur des humains, lorsque *Pilate* en lava ses deux mains." . . .

De son métier, cordonnier il dit être, et à le voir, il semble tout champêtre:  
Il boit et mange avec sobriété, et est honnête selon sa pauvreté. . . . 12

Lacroix adds that the Wandering Jew returned more than once to France:—

—"ne fût-ce que pour avoir le plaisir d'entendre chanter sa complainte: mais on n'a pas gardé malheureusement les dates de ses apparitions, excepté celle de son arrivée à Bruxelles, le 22 Avril, 1774: cette date à jamais célèbre accompagne son portrait, dessiné sans doute d'après nature par les bourgeois de la ville qui eurent l'avantage de le voir 'si barbu.' Ce portrait, gravé en tailles de bois par les imagiers d'Epinal et de Troyes, illustre la complainte nouvelle qui a des échos dans toutes les foires et tous les marchés où la langue française n'est pas absolument inconnue. Ce portrait figure dans toutes les chaumières, appendu à côté du portrait de l'Empereur."—*Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France*, 1843 (=Tom. 3, No. 82: of undated edition, Paris, Garnier Frères, circé 1868).

Here, by Charles George Leland (author of *Hans Breitmann*, etc., Trübner, 1872), is his own *Gaudeamus* translation of '*Ich bin der alte Ahasver*': compare our pp. 690 and 699. We run each of the eight-line stanzas into two lines:—

Ahasuerus: The Song of the Wandering Jew.

"I Am the old *Ahasuér* ; I wander here, I wander there.  
My rest is gone, my heart is sair ; I find it never, never mair.  
Loud roars the storm, the mill-dams tear ; I cannot perish, O Malheur !  
My heart is void, my head is bare : I am the old *Ahasuér*.  
Belloweth Ox, and danceth Bear ; I find them never, never mair. [is sair.  
I'm the old *Hebrew*, on a tear [*Ameriqué*=rampage] : I order arms, my heart  
I'm goaded round, I know not where ; I wander here, I wander there.  
I'd like to sleep, but must forbear ; I am the old *Ahasuér*. 8  
I meet folks alway unaware ; my rest is gone, I'm in despair.  
I cross all lands, the sea I dare : I travel here, I wander there.  
I feel such pain, I sometimes swear ; I am the old *Ahasuér*.  
Criss-cross I ramble anywhere : I find it never, never mair.  
Against the wall I lean my spear ; I find no quiet, I declare.  
My peace is lost, I'm in despair ; I swing like pen-dulum in air.  
I'm hard of hearing, you're aware. *Curaçoa* is a fine *liqueur*.  
I listed once *en militaire*. I find no comfort anywhere. 16  
But what's to stop it ? Pray declare ! My peace is gone, my heart is sair.  
I am the old *Ahasuér*. Now I know nothing, nothing mair.

[Perhaps this is "playing it low" on the old man, who is well nigh a Bible character, but Jehu is a proverbial charioteer, for driving furiously, "the piper that played before Moses" was cited by Patlanders while they had any fun in them, and it is our national habit to laugh at the most solemn beliefs or subjects.]

Our *Appendix* would be incomplete, were we not to give here the following adjuncts to preceding ballads:—

1st.—(Instead of keeping them for the 'Second Group of Naval Ballads' in the final Vol. VII.) the intertwined 'Nell and Harry' Series, mentioned in our "Group of One Hundred Love Ballads," p. 283. (*These we now give on pp. 789-792.*)

2nd.—The Pepysian version of 'The Birds' Harmony,' belonging to our p. 307. (*This is now on p. 782.*)

3rd.—The Bodleian version of "The Seaman's Song of Captain Ward," mentioned on pp. 423, 425. (*Now reprinted on our p. 784.*)

4th.—The identification, never before made, of the supposed-to-be-lost ballad (cited as name of tune by Martin Parker in his "Inns of Court" ballad of 1635, and by Laurence Price in his "Honour of Bristol," p. 428), viz. *Our noble King in his Progress*: see for this our p. 786. Not improbably by Martin Parker, or Price.

5th.—Martin Parker's original "Sailors for my Money," (on p. 797,) to be compared with the later popular adaptation of it, beginning "You Gentlemen of England," as indicated on p. 431.

6th.—After having given the Roxburghe Collection version of "St. George [for England] and the Dragon," on p. 727, we add, on p. 780, the variations belonging to an earlier version, of 1612.

[Pepys Collection, I. 87, apparently unique. Cf. ante p. 726.]

(The Earlier Version of "St. George for England and the Dragon," 1612.)

## Saint George's Commendation to all Souldiers;

Or,

S. George's Alarum to all that professe Martial discipline, with a memoriall of the Worthies, who have been borne so high on the winges of Fame, for their brave adventures, as they cannot be buried in the pit of Oblivion.

To A pleasant new Tune.

- 1.—Why doe you boast of *Arthur* and his Knightes? etc. [p. 727.  
endured fightes?  
For besides King *Arthur*, *Lancelot du Lake*,  
Dragon made to flee, etc.  
Or Sir *Tristram de Lionel* . . . old Histories. Etc.
- 2.—Mark our father *Abraham*, when first he resckued *Lot*,  
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:  
*David* was elected a Prophet and a King,  
He slew the great *Golia[h]*, with a stone within a sling:  
Yet these were not Knightes of the Table round;  
Nor *St. George*, *St. George*, who the Dragon did confound.  
*St. George he was for England*, *St. Dennis was for France*;  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 30
- 3.—*Jephtha* and *Gideon* did lead their men to fight, etc. [p. 728.
- 4.—The warres of ancient monarches it were too long to tell, etc. [*Ibid.*
- 5.—The noble *Alphonso*, that was the *Spanish* king,  
The Order of the Red scarffs and Bandrolles in did bring: [Note.  
For he had a troope of mighty Knightes, when first he did begin,  
Which sought adventures farre and neare, that conquest they might win:  
The rankes of the *Pagans* he often put to flight,  
But *St. George*, *St. George* did with the Dragon fight.  
*St. George he was for England*, *St. Dennis was for France*;  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 75
- 6.—Many [Knights] have fought with proud *Tamberlaine*;  
*Cutlax* the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:  
*Rowland* of *Beame*, and good [Sir] *Olivere*,  
In the Forest of *Acon* slew both *Woolfe* and *Beare*;  
Besides that noble *Hollander* [Sir] *Goward* with the Bill:  
But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon's blood did spill.  
*St. George he was for England*, *St. Dennis was for France*;  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 90
- 7.—*Valentine* and *Orson* were of King *Pepin's* blood, etc.  
These were all *French* Knightes that lived in that age,  
But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did assuage, etc. [r. p. 728.

Note.—Line 62 refers to *The Order of the Band*, v. Ames, Typ., 327.

\* \* \* The variations are so numerous in the Roxburghe Collection broadside, or others, from this valuable and much earlier exemplar, that we have here given the original for comparison, not reprinting the lines which are identical in both.]

*The original ' St. George for England, and the Dragon.' 781*

- 8.—*Bevis* conquered *Ascupart*, and after slew the Boare,  
And then he crost beyond the Seas to combat with the Moore;  
Sir *Isenbras* and *Eglamore* they were Knightes most bold;  
And good Sir *John Mandeville* of travel much hath told:  
There were many *English* Knights that *Pagans* did convert,  
But *St. George*, *St. George* pluckt out the Dragon's heart.  
*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France:*  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 120
- 9.—The noble Earl of *Warwick*, that was call'd Sir *Guy*,  
The Infidels and *Pagans* stoutly did defie; [*vide Note, and p. 732.*]  
He slew the Giant *Brandimore*, and after was the death  
Of that most g[h]astly Dun Cowe, the divell of *Dunsmore* Heath;  
Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas:  
But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did appease.  
*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France;*  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 135
- 10.—*Richard Cœur-de-Leon*, erst King of this Land,  
He the Lion gored with his naked hand;  
The false Duke of *Austria* nothing did he feare,  
But his son [*Richard*] killed with a boxe on the eare;  
Besides his famous actes done in the Holy Lande:  
But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did withstande.  
*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France;*  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 150
- 11.—*Henry* the Fifth he conquered all *France*,  
And quartered their Arms, etc. [*Cf. p. 728.*]  
He their Cities razed, and threw their Castles down,  
And his head he honoured with a double Crowne;  
He thumped the *French-men*, etc.
- 12.—*St. David* of *Wales* the *Welsh-men* did advance,  
*St. Jaques* of *Spain*, that never yet broke lance;  
*St. Patricke* of *Ireland*, which was *St. George's* boy.  
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him away:  
For which knavish act, as Slaves they doe remaine. [*Cf. p. 728.*]  
But *St. George*, *St. George* he hath the Dragon slaine.  
*St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;*  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 180

Imprinted at London by *W. W*[right, or *White*], 1612.

[In Black-letter, with one woodcut. Probably unique exemplar.]

*Note*, l. 121.—The Rev. Samuel Pegge, M.A., read to the Society of Antiquaries (May 7, 1767), a *Memoir of the Story of Guy, Earl of Warwick* (printed in *Bibl. Topogr. Britan.* No. xvii., with copper p. eng. of the neglected remains of Guy in the chapel at Guy's Cliff, from sketch, 30 July, 1782, by S. Carter. Felicia (whose son was named *Reynburn*=*Reinbrun*, *vide Auchinlech MS.*) was the only daughter of Rohand, Earl of Warwick, who flourished in the reigns of Alfred and Edward the Elder. Guy, son of Siward, baron of Wallingford, married her, and became in her right Earl of Warwick.—*Dugdale*, p. 299. Guy died A.D. 929, aged 70. (*Cf. p. xxxi\*.*)

[Pepys Collection, IV. 268; Douce, I. 13 verso.]

**The Birds' Harmony.** [Cf. pp. 307, 779.]

The Silvan woods seem'd to complain  
 Of gross inconstancy, the Birds in vain  
 Did warble forth their griefs to ease their minds,  
 And all did Sympathize, though ease none finds.

TUNE, *The delights of the Bottle*, &c. [1675: for music, see vol. iv. p. 43.]

**A**S I was walking in the shade  
 Which Summer's heat with leaves had made,  
 The Birds did seem for to lament,  
 And did complain of grief and discontent;  
 But as they fled from Tree to Tree,  
 They made such moan as sorely troubled me.

Then came the *Cookoo*, bold and stout,  
 Flying the country round about,  
 While other birds her young ones feed,  
 And they for help of others stand in need,  
 The Syre unkind no care doth take,  
 But leaves the young ones some strange shift to make. 12

Then said the *Black-bird* as he fled, [text, "she."  
 "I had a Love, but now she's dead;  
 And now my love I dearly lack,  
 Which is the cause that I do go in black;  
 And by my self I sadly mourn,  
 Like one forsaken, helpless, and forlorn."

Then said the pretty *Nightingale*,  
 "Attend, and hear my mournful tale,  
 Whilst other Birds do sleep, I mourn,  
 Leaning my brest against some prickly thorn;  
 And in the silent darksome night  
 To send forth mournful Notes I take delight." 24

Then said the *Sparrow* from her Nest,  
 "I had a Love, but 'twas in jest,  
 And ever since, for that same thing,  
 I made a promise I would never sing;  
 Which I intend, for my love's sake,  
 That I will keep, and will by no means break."

Then said the *Lark* upon the grass,  
 "Once I did love a pretty Lass,  
 But she'd not hear her true Love sing,  
 Although he had a voice would please a King; [text, 'she.'  
 And since, on high, into the Air  
 I fly, that none my warbling voice may hear." 36



Then next poor *Robin* she exprest  
What chang'd the colour of her brest,  
Because her love he would not yield,  
She would desert the grove and flow'ry field :  
And near the Houses there complain  
In Winter Morn, how she did love in vain."  
The *Swallow*, with the wings so long,  
Complain'd that she received wrong,  
And being past all kind of hopes  
Of love, complain'd in strange confused Notes :  
No one can understand her tale,  
In such disorder she doth brawl and raile. 48

The *Thrush* also did make her moan,  
And sayes that kindness she found none,  
But loves to be in silent holes,  
Where none may hear how she her Case condoules :  
Far from the Houses in the Wood  
She chants her Notes, so little understood.  
The little [*W*]renn, whose love unkind  
Did cause those griefs to [seize] her mind, [misp. "cease."  
Which hindred her to grow or thrive,  
Because her love no longer could survive ;  
This was the cause she was so small,  
Her love being dead she could not thrive at all. 60

Thus may you see how little Birds  
Do grieve for love in mournful words,  
Let men and women then be true  
And constant to each other, so that you ["others."  
In peace may live, and when you die,  
You then may boast of Truth and Loyalty.  
Let not your minds be discompos'd  
When your poor eyes must needs be clos'd,  
But rather let your faithful mind  
Be such as you from thence may comfort find :  
Be kind, be true, that so you may  
Find peace on Earth, comfort another day. 72

Who so proves faithful, firm and true,  
Shall have no reason for to rue,  
But Triumph over grim-fac'd Death,  
When he shall come to stop his latest breath :  
Young people all, let this you move,  
For to be true and loyal in your love.

[London,] Printed for *M. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thacker*[a]y, and *T. Passenger*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts. Date, circa 1676.]

[Wood's Collection, 401, fol. 79; 402, fol. 39; Douce, II. 199; Euing, 327.]  
**The Seaman's Song of Captain Ward, the famous Pyrate of the  
 World, and an English-man Born.**

TUNE, *The King's going to Bulloign.* [See pp. 422, *et seq.*]

G Allants, you must understand,  
 Captain *Ward* of *England*,  
 A Pyrate and a Rover on the Sea,  
 Of late a simple Fisherman  
 In the merry town of *Feversham*,  
 Grows famous in the world now every day.

From the Bay of *Plimouth*  
 Sayled he towards the South,  
 With many more of courage and of might,  
 Christian Princes have but few  
 Such Seamen, if that he and we were true,  
 And would but for his King and Country fight.

12

Lusty *Ward* adventurously  
 In the Straights of *Barbary*  
 Did make the Turkish Gallies for to shake.  
 Bouncing cannons fiery hot  
 Spared not the *Turks* one jot,  
 But of their lives great slaughter he did make.

The Islanders of *Malta*,  
 With Argosies upon the Sea,  
 Most proudly braved *Ward* unto his face,  
 But soon their pride was overthrown,  
 And their treasures made his own,  
 And all their men brought to a wofull case.

24

The wealthy ships of *Venice*  
 Afforded him great riches;  
 Both gold and silver won he with his sword.  
 Stately *Spain* and *Portugal*  
 Against him dare not bare up sail,  
 But gave him all the title of a Lord.

Golden seated *Candy*,  
 Famous *France* and *Italy*,  
 With all the countries of the Eastern parts,  
 If once their Ships his pride withstood,  
 They surely all were cloath'd in blood,  
 Such cruelty was plac'd within their hearts.

36

The riches he hath gain'd,  
 And by blood-shed obtained,  
 Well may suffice for to maintain a King;  
 His fellows all were valiant Wights,  
 Fit to be made Prince's Knights,  
 But that their lives do base dishonors bring.

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*Note.*—Virtually the genuine text of the original "*Seaman's Song of Captain Ward*," entered on the Stationers' Company Registers, 3 July, 1609; written before news of Ward's death arrived. "*Captain Ward's fight with the Rainbow*" (p. 426) popularly displaced the present ballad, which we are the first to reprint.

This wicked-gotten treasure  
Doth him but little pleasure,  
The land consumes what they have got by sea,  
In drunkenness and letchery,  
Filthy sins of sodomy,  
These evil-gotten goods do wast[e] away.

48

Such as live by thieving  
Have seldome-times good ending,  
As by the deeds of Captain *Ward* is shown :  
Being drunk amongst his Drabs,  
His nearest friends he sometimes stabs ;  
Such wickednesse within his heart is grown.

When stormy tempest riseth,  
The Causer he despiseth,  
Still denies to pray unto the Lord.  
He feareth neither God nor Devil,  
His deeds are bad, his thoughts are evil,  
His onley trust is still upon his Sword.

60

Men of his own Country  
He still abuseth vilely,  
Some back to back are cast into the waves ;  
Some are hewn in pieces small,  
Some are shot against a wall ;  
A slender number of their lives he saves.

[N.B., cf. p. 797.]

Of truth it is reported,  
That he is strongly guarded  
By *Turks* that are not of a good belief ;  
Wit and reason tells them  
He trusteth not his country-men,  
But shews the right condition of a thief.

72

At *Tunis* in *Barbary*  
Now he buildeth stately  
A gallant Palace and a Royal Place,  
Decked with delights most trim,  
Fitter for a Prince than him,  
The which at last will prove to his disgrace.

To make the world to wonder,  
This Captain is Commander  
Of four-and-twenty mighty Ships of sayl,  
To bring in treasure from the sea  
Into the markets every day :  
The which the *Turks* do buy up without fail.

84

His name and state so mounteth,  
These countrey-men accounteth  
Him equal to the Nobles of that Land ;  
But these his honours we shall find  
Shortly blown up with the wind,  
Or prove like letters written in the sand.

*Finis.*

*London*: Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and William Gilbertson.*

[In Black-letter. Three cuts. Date of first issue, 3 July, 1609; see p. 422.]

A Pleasant Ditty of  
The King and the Souldier.

TO A NEW TUNE. [See p. 779.]

O Ur noble King in his progress, as he went to the South,  
Upon a goodly plain, a plain, which men do call a down a down,  
So merrily he walked towards the Town of *Portsmouth*,  
Always by a bankside, not passing half a mile, a mile,  
a mile from *Guil[d]*ford Town,  
There met he with a Souldier, was full of great lamentation,  
O sick and faint he was, and ready for to dye,  
Saying, "Wo[e] be unto Death, and Fortune variable!"

Upon a goodly Gelding this Souldier did ride, did ride,  
His arms they were unfolded, his shield hung by his side,  
The one foot in the stirrop, the other hung beside;  
His saddle was ungirt, his bridle was unti'd:  
This Souldier kept not path, but wandered here and there,  
Sighing and sorrowing, great ruth it was to hear;  
Most like a doleful man, he rent and tore his hair;  
Saying, "Woe be unto Death, and Fortune variable!"

It was not onely I alone, but thousands as well as I, as I,  
That did behold the forlorn man that ready was to dye.  
A Captain of Leagure, a very bold souldier,  
Sometimes a Martial-man to our noble King *Henry*.  
At all manner of pastimes he was our Sovereign's minion;  
A gamester with our noble king, men called him *Labinion*.  
Just he was in judgment, it was this man's opinion;  
Saying, "Woe be unto Death, and Fortune variable!"

[Possibly by **Martin Parker** or **Laurence Price**.]

\* \* In giving back to the world this long-lost (supposed-to-be-irrecoverable) old "Ditty," we venture to transpose several of the lines in the final division, restoring what we believe to be the original construction, which had become corruptly disorganized; but we make no other change beside this transposition. Our disorderly exemplar reads "Sovereign's minion, Saying, Woe be unto death, and fortune variable. Just he was in judgment, it was this man's opinion; A Gamester with our noble King, men called him *Labinion*. A Captain of Leagure, a very bold Souldier, Sometimes a Martial man to our noble King *Henry*." Thus it ends. We think the re-arrangement simply restorative: the finale must have been identical with the end of the preceding stanzas. And the regulation of the rhymes in the second stanza guide our choice of them in the third. It bears token of an earlier hand than Martin Parker's. Is not *Labinion* a *Huguenot*?

We now give an elegy (Luttrell Coll., II. 16.), hitherto unreprinted, on the bold Colonel Thomas Blood, who stole the Crown Jewels on May 9, 1671.

An Elegie on Colonel [Thomas] Blood,  
Notorious for Stealing the Crown, etc.

(Who dyed [on] the *Twenty-sixth* of *August*, 1680.)

Thanks, ye kind Fates, for your last Favour shown  
Of stealing *BLOOD*, who lately stole the Crown ; [Cf. iv. p. 683.  
We'l not exclaim so much against you since ;  
As well as *BEDLOE*, you have fetcht him hence,  
He who hath been a Plague to all Mankind,  
And never was to any one a Friend :  
Nay to himself such torment was at last,  
He wisht his Life had long ago been past. 8  
For who can bear a discontented minde,  
Or any Peace with an ill Conscience finde,  
Thro' his whole Life he practis'd Villany,  
And lov'd it, tho' he nothing got thereby ;  
At first uneasy at the King's return,  
With secret Malice his bold heart did burn  
Against his Sovereign, and on pretence  
He had much wrong'd his feigned Innocence, 16  
To *IRELAND* went, and several ways did try, }  
Rather than he would unrevenge'd dye, }  
To vent his Malice on his MAJESTY. }  
But finding there all his attempts prove vain  
To *ENGLAND* forthwith he returns again,  
And after some small time he had liv'd here,  
The first great thing in which he did appear  
Was rescuing from Justice CAPTAIN *MASON*, 24  
Whom all the World doth know t' have been a base one.  
The next ill thing he boldly undertook  
Was barbarously seizing of a DUKE, [James Butler.  
Whom, as he since confess'd, he did intend  
To hang for injuries he did pretend  
The DUKE had done him : though the World does know  
His Grace was ne'er to a Good Man a Foe :  
Having through all his many well-spent days 32  
Served his King and Country several ways,  
And patiently his troubles underwent  
Finding a sweetness ev'n in Banishment,  
And Death he patiently wou'd have endur'd,  
The King's Restoring cou'd he have secured :  
A DUKE who, being by Providence preserv'd [i.e. of Ormond.  
Hath begot sons who valiantly have serv'd  
His Majesty, and great Renown obtain'd 40  
In many battles by your valour gain'd :  
Great *OSSERY*, who by his conduct wise  
Did oft by Stratagems his Foes surprize  
And hath as often beat them with his Sword,  
Was the Eldest Son of this most noble Lord.  
But I my HEROE almost had forgot,  
And th' next thing he engag'd in was a PLOT  
To seize the Crown, and without doubt he who 48  
So great a piece of villany would do,  
When he saw time wou'd have attempted too  
His MAJESTY ; but failing of the prize,



About the Town he undiscover'd lies  
 Harbour'd by some of 's fellow-Rogues, yet see  
 How few can 'scape concern'd in Villany.  
 In a short time he apprehended was,  
 And brav'd his MAJESTY ev'n to his face : 56  
 Yet when one wou'd have thought he shou'd have had  
 Reward for 's Villany, and have been made  
 Example to all Ages, our good King  
 Gave him his Life (who long has strove to bring  
 Destruction on him,) and did him restore  
 To liberty, thinking he ne'er wou'd more  
 Do any thing unjust again, when loe,  
 His stirring Spirit was not contented so, 64  
 For he engages in th' Conspiracy  
 To ruine th' honour, life and liberty  
 Of a deserving noble honest Peer, [i.e. D. of Buckingham.  
 And had him brought unto Destruction near,  
 But Divine Providence, for ever blest,  
 Prevented this, as well as all the rest,  
 By th' coming in of some that were concern'd  
 Which all your PLOT into confusion turn'd. 72  
 At last our famous Heroe, Colonel BLOOD,  
 Seeing his prospects all will do no good,  
 And that Success was to him still deny'd,  
 Fell sick with Grief, broke his great Heart and dy'd.

### The Epitaph.

HERE Lies the Man, who boldly hath run through  
 More villanies than ever ENGLAND knew ;  
 And nere to any Friend he had was true.  
 Here let him then by all unpittied lye,  
 And let's rejoyce his time was come to Dye.

### Finis.

London, Printed by J.S., [i.e. J. Shorter], in the year 1680. [White-letter.]

\* \* A manuscript note of it having been purchased by Narcissus Luttrell, 30th of August, 1680, is on this rare broadside, possibly unique. It is here reprinted for substantial reasons, the final 'Epitaph' having been quoted, by the Editor of *Roxburghe Ballads*, in Messrs. Smith and Elder's *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. v. p. 235 ; where he has given a full account of the Colonel's eventful life and daring adventures. He was mentioned in *Roxb. Bds.* vol. v. pp. 688, 689, and (probably) his son, in connection with Monmouth's imprisonment.

"The Batchelor's Triumph" of *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. pp. 427-429, is defective in the endings of several lines (supplied by guess, *Ibid.* p. 682). Here are the authoritative corrections, in *Italic*.

- Line 57.—Of what they possess there's nought *that's deny'd*.  
 „ 60.—When Love's sweet accents so *plentifully flow* :  
 „ 63.—And can abridge them when weary *we grow*.  
 „ 66.—Frownings and poutings from wives *when displeas'd* ;  
 „ 69.—Which on their Gallants so kindly *bestowes* :  
 „ 72.—Whilst the lov'd silver procures *us fine cloaths*.  
 „ 75.—And by the cradle a rocking he *sits*.  
 „ 78.—But we'r resolv'd to court single *delight* :  
 „ 81.—Slaves for his wife both by day *and by night*.

[*Neptune's Fair Garland*. Licensed by Richard Pocock, 1686.]

A New Song of Nelly's sorrow at the parting with her well-beloved  
Henry, that was just ready to set Sail to Sea.

THE TUNE IS, *My dearest dear and I must part*; Or, *In Summer time*.

FAIR Nelly and her dearest dear, their love the world could never stain,  
But yet at last it did appear, that he must cross the Ocean Main.

Alas! he was compell'd to go, with her he could no longer stay;  
Tears from fair Nelly's eyes did flow, when he to her these words did say:

"My Love, I come to take my leave, now we are hoisting up our sail,  
Take here a kiss and do not grieve; pray we may have a pleasant gale. 12

"Love, set thy heart and mind at rest, fear not but *Neptune* will be kind;  
When I have cross'd his throbbing breast, thou shalt by letters know my mind.

"Thy praises I will dayly sing, though we shall now divided be;  
My dearest, here take thou my Ring, and keep it as a pledge for me."

Then with a sigh she did reply, "Alas! is there no remedy?  
Sweet Death, come ease my misery, 'tis thou alone can'st set me free." 24

Thus bitterly she did bewail, her heart was fill'd with grief and woe:  
Her sweet complexion waxed pale, and tears in multitudes did flow

From her fair eyes, which did declare the perfect message of her mind,  
She almost drowned in despair, but he was most exceeding kind.

Said he, "My Love, do not lament, let not thy sorrows much abound;  
If thou wilt labour for content, then joy and comfort will be found. 36

"My dear, be not possess'd with fears! why should my absence thee surprize?  
Why should those soft distilled tears flow from the fountains of thine eyes?"

"Sweet Nelly, prythee, tell me why thou should'st in sorrow thus complain?  
There's many more as well as I, with me must sail the Ocean Main.

"Love, I must bid thee now adieu, for why I can no longer stay,  
Our Noble Captain and his crew, they'll hoist up Sail and will away." 48

"Well, Love," said she, "since thou must go, the Heavens be thy careful guide;  
Unto my dear some pitty show, when thou art on the Ocean wide.

"To guard my Love from frightful fears, and then the less will be my care."  
With many solid sighs and tears, these Loyal Lovers parted were.

[*The Sequel* here follows, from the same *Garland*.]

A New Song of Henry setting forth to Sea; with an account of  
their unhappy Voyage, wherein their Ship was cast away, and  
most of their Men drowned; but Henry escaping with some few  
more, through many difficulties is returned to fair Nelly his love,  
where their joys was at length compleated.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The First Part*. [See Note.]

THEIR Sails were spread, and Anchor weigh'd, they had a pleasant Gale of wind,  
Their Flag and streamers they display'd, the Seas were calm, and *Neptune* kind.

Their hearts was fill'd with sweet content, when they their Voyage first did take,  
Then to the Seas away they went, with all the Sail that they could make.

Their joys was quickly turn'd to woe, their sails were rent, their ship did roul ;  
The rain did beat, the wind did blow, the Seas was most exceeding foul.

The Clouds was dark'ned in the Skyes, the Billows then began to roar,  
A Storm and Tempest did arise, when they were many leagues from Shore.

They had not sailed past a week, before this Storm their joys deprives ;  
Their Ship began to spring a Leak, they pump't and labour'd for their lives.

But yet, alas ! 'twas all in vain, for why, the leak could not be found ;  
Their Ship was sinking in the Main, and they in sorrow compast round.

They handed forth the Long Boat then, but yet behold their woful case,  
Their Ship, with many of their Men, was swallow'd up before their face.

But they continued still in Prayer, that Heaven would preserve their Boat,  
Alas, alas ! their lives to spare ; while they about the Seas did float.

Each Wave did make them sigh and grieve, no sign of help approached nigh,  
Yet we have cause for to believe their Prayers was heard to Heaven high.

For in the midst of all their grief, while they was in this doleful plight,  
The Heavens did afford relief, a Ship came sailing in their sight.

The sight of which did them revive, now in their sad extremity ;  
Eleven went aboard alive, that had been floating in the Sea.

The ship was bound to *Yarmouth* then, where they in safety did arrive,  
And there these poor distressed men rejoiced that they were alive.

Fair *Nelly's* Love was one of those that Providence had brought on shore,  
And then away to her he goes, which he ne'r thought to have seen more.

To her he freely did unfold the sorrows which they had gone through :  
As sad a thing as e'er was told, and yet no more than what is true.

"My dear," said she, "thou shalt not roam, nor run the hazzards of the Sea,  
Thou shalt in safety stay at home, I'm glad thou art alive with me."

Her friends and his were all agreed, and he himself did give consent,  
That they should marry'd be with speed, and live at home in sweet content.

Printed by J.M. [John Millet] for J[onah] Deacon, at the *Angel*,  
in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*, 1686.

\* \* We have not yet found the ballad which gives name to the tune of these ditties, it either began with the words "*My dearest Dear and I must part*," or held them as its burden. The alternative tune (cf. p. 274) is *In Summer time*, which had long been a favourite, belonging to three of the twelve Robin Hood ballads reserved for our final volume. They begin thus, "In Summer-time, when leaves grow green." 1.—*Robin Hood* and the Curtal Friar ; 2.—*Robin Hood* and the Jovial Tinker ; 3.—The Noble Fisherman ; or, *Robin Hood's* Preferment.

We refuse to believe the faithful *Henry* of the *Neptune's Fair Garland*, 1686, to be the same person as the un-named "Unkind Lover" of the next-following song, "*Nelly's* Constancy," and its Answer. Two different Nellies, perhaps, but either one deserving a toast as the Lass that loves a Sailor.

"Some sweet-heart or wife, that he loved as his life,  
Each drank, while he wish'd he could hail her ;  
But the standing toast, that pleased the most,  
Was, 'The wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
And the Lass that loves a Sailor !'"

[Pepys Collection, V. 217. Apparently unique.]

**An excellent New Song, call'd Nelly's Constancy ;  
Or,**

**Her Unkind Lober. Who, after Contract of Marriage, leaves his  
first Mistress, for the sake of a better fortune.**

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE ; or, *Languishing Swain.* [See pp. 27, 283.]

Licensed according to Order.

I Lov'd you dearly, I lov'd you well,  
I lov'd you dearly, no Tongue can tell.  
You love another, you love not me,  
You care not for my company.

You love another, I'll tell you why,  
Because she has more means than I,  
But *Means* will waste, Love, and *Means* will fly ;  
In time thou may'st have no more than I.

8

If I had gold, Love, you should have part,  
But as I've none, Love, thou hast my Heart :  
Thou hast my Heart, Love, and free good will,  
And in good truth I love thee still.

How often has your tongue this told,  
You lov'd [me] not for silver nor gold ;  
And this to me you did impart,  
All you desired was my Heart.

16

Your tongue did so inchant my Mind,  
Till I for ever must be kind,  
Though you prove false, yet I am true,  
And own I am undone by you.

What makes young Men be thus unkind,  
To gain Maids' loves, then change their mind ?  
As here I find it to my grief,  
He's stole my Heart, *Stop Thief ! Stop Thief !*

24

My Heart you have, go where you will,  
And though you leave me I love you still ;  
But had I sums of gold in store,  
You'd court me as you did before.

'Tis Money is your chiefest aim,  
All Women else would be the same.  
Oh ! what a world is't we live in,  
No true love can be found in Men !

32

Although you do another take,  
And leave your first Love's Heart to break,  
It pleases me to dye for Love,  
And do a faithful Virgin prove.

Then my advice is to each Maid,  
Be careful lest your Heart's betray'd :  
Believe not all young Men do say,  
They'll vow they'll Love, yet go their way. 40

Like my dear Love that courted me,  
Who's wed another, and gone to Sea,  
Yet I a Sailor Boy love still,  
And none but such shall gain my will.

*Then call a Boat, boys, unto the ferry,  
For we are come, Boys, to be merry ;  
It shall nere be said, Boys, when we are dead,  
But the Jolly Sailors are rarely bred.* 48

Printed and Sold by Charles Barnet. [In White-letter. Date, c. 1686.]

[Earl of Jersey's Osterley Park Collection, III. 42.]

**The Seaman's Answer to his Unkind Lover.**

TUNE OF, *I lov'd you dearly*, etc., or, *Languishing Swain* [see pp. 27, 283].

Licensed according to Order.

**F**AIR Maid, you say you lov'd me well ; I do believe it, honest *Nell*,  
And likewise tell you what is true, Once there was none I lov'd like you.

'Twas not for Money that I wed, I never ask'd her what she had,  
You said you would not married be, Till I return['d] again from Sea. 8

That was the reason, pritty Dove, which made me seek for another Love,  
I thought when I to Sea was gone, You'd wed before I cou'd return.

As for thy kindness still to me, A thousand thanks I return to thee.  
And I am glad you do impart *A Seaman still shall have thy Heart.* \* 16

I have a Brother with me here, who's younger than I by one year,  
He is a Seaman truly bred, My dearest *Nell*, let him thee wed.

You cry *Stop Thief*, your Heart I have, My Brother he the same do[es] crave,  
And begs that I would write to you, to give thy free consent thereto. 24

If you but saw us both together, you could not tell one from the other ;  
Then prithee, *Nell*, do not deny, though I am wed, let him *injoy*.

I hear thou'rt ranging o'er the Sea, with full intent to come to me ;  
May Heavens keep thee from all harms, and bring thee safely to my arms. 32

We're both in the *Britannia* bold, i' th' *Straights* where strangers much behold,  
For there was never seen before So great a ship near the *Turkish shoar*. [Cf. p. 79.]

Then come, my fair One, come away ! My Brother longs to see the day  
That you will be his happy Bride, Then waft her hither, wind and tide ! 40

If thou wert come, then we'd be merry, in Bowls of Punch and good Canary,  
And thou wilt find he'll love thee well, Though I did leave my honest *Nell*.

I prithee, *Nell*, do not deny, thou'lt find him kinder far than I.  
Although you prove not to be my Wife, yet my dear Sister all my life. 48

Printed and Sold by T. Staples.

[In White-letter. Without woodcut, or music. Date, circa 1686.]



[(Roxburghe Collection, III. 441 ;) Pepys, V. 361 ; Jersey, III. 67.]

The Faithful Marriner ;

Or,

A Copy of Verses, writ by a Seaman on Board the *Britannia*, in the Straights, and directed to Fair *Isabel* his loyal Love, in the City of London.

Tune of, *The False-hearted Yonng Man* ; or, *The Languishing Swain*. [See Note.]

Fair *Isabel*, of Beauty bright,  
To thee in Love these lines I write  
Hoping thou art alive and well  
As I am now, as I am now, Fair *Isabel*. 5

On Board the brave *Britannia* bold, [Roxb. text misp. "Beauty."  
I have the fortune to behold  
The sweet delightsome banks of *Spain*,  
While in the *Straits*, while in the *Straits*, we do remain. 10

The *Spanish* Lords of high renown,  
And gentry come swarming down,  
To see the *Brittish* Royal Fleet,  
With swelling sails, with swelling sails, and streamers sweet.

While we appear'd in all our Pride,  
The Seas were ne're so beautifi'd,  
With able Men of War before,  
Along the *Straits*, along the *Straits*, of *Spanish* shore. 20

We have no storms, or weather foul,  
To make the Roaring Billows roll,  
But pleasant breathing gentle-gales,  
Enough to fill, enough to fill, our swelling sails.

Along the Coast of *Barberie*  
The *Algerines* they flock'd to see  
Our Royal Fleet of noble fame, [Jersey reads "warlike fleet."  
And stood amaz'd, and stood amaz'd, to see the same. 30

The longer they the Fleet beheld  
The more they were with wonder fill'd  
As knowing we were *Britains* bold,  
And that the *French*, and that the *French*, false Tales had told.

*Note.*—This ballad has been already mentioned on p. 410, and should have been specified previously on pp. 27 and 28 (under sections *a* and *e*), as being allotted to the tune which is indifferently named *The Languishing Swain* and *The False-hearted Young Man*. We have shown this tune to coincide with *I loved thee dearly, I loved thee well* (cf. p. 283: we print the title-ballad words on p. 791), and *All happy times when free from Love*, and *Charon make haste* (words given on our p. 24). Despite the difference of sweethearts' names, *Nellie* and *Isabel* (like the change from 'Britannia' to 'Beauty' as name of the seaman's ship, in successive issues of this *Isabel* ballad), there may be closer connection between these two ballads of "*The Straights* [*of Gibraltar*]" than merely the tune. (Compare p. 792.) Therefore, they are better brought together at once, and in the same vol. as "*The Frighted French*" antecedent ballad of p. 446.

For *Turvy* made the *Turk* believe [scilicet *Tourville*, p. 446.  
 That they no damage could receive ;  
 For of a Truth he did declare,  
 That Masters of, that Masters of, the Seas they were. 40

This will for Truth no longer go,  
 For *Turvy* fears great *Russel* so,  
 That from *Toulon* he steard away, [Roxb. "they stear'd."  
 He ha'n't forgot, he ha'n't forgot, the month of *May*.

With *Russel* he is loath to deal,  
 For fear a second warlike Real  
 Should shake their whole foundation so [Roxb. "the," omits "so."  
 That it might prove, that it might prove, their overthrow. 50

Once more, my Dear and tender Dove,  
 Fair *Isabel*, my Loyal Love,  
 Accept of these few lines I send, [misp. "Except of."  
 Who will remain, who will remain, your Faithful Friend.

Tho' we are separated now,  
 I'll not forget that Solemn Vow  
 Made, when I left my Native Land,  
 I'll go on board, I'll go on board, under command. 60

My Dearest, do not grieve or mourn, [Jersey, "Then dearest, do."  
 With Patience wait my safe return,  
 And then we'll both united be,  
 In lasting Bonds, in lasting Bonds, of Loyalty.

The Figure of a Heart I send,  
 And round the same these lines are pen'd,  
 'The Chain of Love has link'd it fast,  
 So long as Life, so long as Life and breath shall last.' 70

Finis.

London: Printed for *J. Blare*, on *London-Bridge*.

[In White-letter. Colophon and text followed from Pepys and Jersey earlier copies, better than the corrupt modern Roxburghe. Date, probably, 1692-3.]



[These cuts belong to p. 770.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 550 ; Jersey Coll., I. 123.]

**The Unchangeable Lovers.**

No stormy winds can fright the Seaman bold,  
 Nor can his mind be easily controul'd,  
 His love is seel'd, ne'r to change his mind [ = seal'd.  
 Whilst *Amarillis* voweth to be kind.

TUNE [OF, *Ah !*] *Cloris, awake.* [See p. 128.]

**D**ear, comfort I must, though it grieves me to go,  
 To leave thee behind me breeds sorrow and woe,  
 But the greatest of Storms shall ne'r cause me to fear,  
 For I'll cheer up my heart *with the thoughts of my dear.*

When the winds they do blow, and the Billows do roar,  
 If I call but to mind my dear Love on the Shore,  
 My heart will rejoyce, and I'll banish all fear,  
 In hopes to return *to my love and my dear.* 8

Then be but as Loyal as I'll be to thee,  
 And nothing but death shall e're part thee and me,  
 If women like Angels to me should appear,  
 Yet still I'll be true *to my Love and my dear.*

'Tis true that we Sailers strange wonders do see,  
 And strangers oft kind to the *English* will be,  
 But the beauties of *Venice* can never come near  
 Thy feature, my Darling, *my Love and my dear.* 16

Believe what I say, my heart's chiefest delight,  
 That think on thee still both by day and by night.  
 For at home and abroad it shall alwaies appear,  
 That I will be true *to my Love and my dear.*

**The Maiden's Answer.**

**I** Hear, my true-love, this most sorrowful news,  
 Which makes me lament, alas ! how can I choose ?  
 The Seas, I do fear, will my comforts destroy,  
 And rob me at last *of my comfort and joy.* 24

Oh ! when thou art absent, what joy can I find ;  
 Or what can give ease to my troubled mind ?  
 E'ry wind that doth blow will my pleasures destroy,  
 For fear I should lose *my delight and my joy.*

Go thou but to *Venice*, thou never shalt find  
 A lover so true, or so faithful and kind.  
 Though at first I did seem to be childish and coy,  
 Thou now art my comfort, *my love and my joy.* 32

Then never forsake me, for profit or gain ;  
 Nor leave thy true love, for the wealth of the main ;  
 A Jewel to Love, is an absolute Toy ;  
 Then never forsake me, *my love and my joy.*

But if thou wilt go to the Seas that do rage,  
 Give me but thy promise, and firmly ingage,  
 Then I'll wait thy return, nothing shall me annoy,  
 But I constant will prove *to my comfort and joy.* 40

Such Loyalty never by any was shown  
 As I'll show to thee, for I love thee alone ;  
 When we once are fast ty'd, I'll applaud the Blind Boy,  
 That taught me to love thee, *my comfort and joy.*

Printed for *J. Conyers*, at the *Black Raven*, in *Duck Lane*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, one on p. 278. Date, *circa* 1680.]

\* \* \* The other woodcut (new) represents a Gentleman and Lady walking beside a river (Thames, opposite St. Mary Overy), looking at the numerous wherries.

The burden or *refrain* of the Second Part identifies the tune of this ballad with another tune-name than *Ah, Chloris, awake!* viz., *Comfort and Joy*.

### Saylors for my Money.

ALTHOUGH unable to give in the present volume an already carefully-prepared "*Second Group of Early Naval Ballads*" (as to which see our *Preface*, p. xiii\*), it is much that we who had for the first time mentioned and reprinted the excellent ballad of "*The Jovial Mariner; or, The Seaman's Renown*," by J. P., (on p. 369), now add Martin Parker's original "*Saylors for my Money*" (on p. 797); both ditties being written to the same tune, used for Laurence Price's ballads, "*I am a jovial Batchelor*," and "*I am a Jovial Cobbler, Sir*," printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger. It was in Black-letter, with a single woodcut.

There seems to have been a friendly competition between Parker and Price, for they frequently chose the same theme and the same melody (two instances being cited, viz. one on p. 779, the other here). Martin Parker remains known of the rival balladists; but Laurence Price had in his own day enjoyed nearly equal popularity. He was a voluminous writer, as we have shown on p. 64, many of whose ephemeral pamphlets have perished or escaped observation.

We have here no available space for redeeming half-promises made on pp. 268, 528, 688, etc., concerning '*London's Triumph*,' '*The Dream of Judas's Mother Fulfilled*;' '*A worthy Example of a Virtuous Wife*' (p. 541 = '*In Rome, I read, a noble man*'); '*A Young Man put to his Shifts*' ('*Of late did I hear*'); and a continuation of the *Naval Ballads*. For the present we appropriately close with the far-back original of Tom Campbell's "*Ye Mariners of England*."

Modern warfare has so far changed the situation, introducing such explosive-ammunition, long-ranges, armour-plating, and steam-power for swift cruisers, that it is by no means certain "*Britannia needs no bulwark, no towers along the steep*." But her seamen have not degenerated, and will do their best for their country. "*Her march is o'er the mountain-waves, her home is on the deep.*"

"Where *Blake* and mighty *Nelson* fell  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow."

## Saylors for my Money.

A new Ditty composed in the praise of Saylors and Sea affaires, breifly shewing the nature of so worthy a calling, and effects of their industry.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Iovial Cobbler* [cf. pp. 368, 431, 796].

COUNTRIE men of *England*, who live at home with ease,  
And little thinke what dangers are incident o' th' Seas :  
Give eare unto the Saylor who unto you will shew  
His case, his case : *How ere the winde doth blow.*

He that is a Saylor must have a valiant heart,  
For, when he is upon the sea, he is not like to start ;  
But must, with noble courage, all dangers undergoe :  
Resolve, resolve : *How e're the wind doth blow.* 8

Our calling is laborious, and subject to much [care] ; [text, "woe."  
But we must still contented be, with what falls to our share.  
We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest, raine or snow,  
Nor shrink : nor shrink : *How e're the winde doth blowe.*

Sometimes on *Neptune's* bosome our ship is tost with waves,  
And every minute we expect the sea must be our graves. ['minute.'  
Sometimes on high she mounteth, then falls againe as low :  
With waves : with waves : *When stormie winds do blow.* 16

Then with unfained prayers, as Christian duty bindes,  
Wée turne unto y<sup>e</sup> Lord of hosts, with all our hearts and minds ;  
To Him we flie for succour, for He, we surely know,  
Can save : can save, *How ere the wind doth blow.*

Then He who breaks the rage, the rough and blustrous seas,  
When His disciples were afraid, will straight y<sup>e</sup> stormes apease.  
And give us cause to thanke, on bended knees full low :  
Who saves : who saves, *How ere the wind doth blow.* 24

Our enemies approaching, when wée on sea espie,  
Wée must resolve incontinent to fight, although we die,  
With noble resolution we must oppose our foe,  
In fight, in fight : *How ere the wind do[es] blow.*

And when by God's assistance, our foes are put to th' foile  
To animate our courages, wee all have share o' th' spoile.  
Our foes into the ocean we back to back do throw, [See Note.  
To sinke, or swimme, *How ere the wind doth blow.* 32

*Note.*—Judging from line 31, the piratical ways of Captain Ward (cf. p. 785, line 63) were imitated in our British navy. Clemency to a conquered foe was not learnt early. In later days popular sympathy is reserved for imprisoned criminals malingering. The 56th line in original is misprinted "*th'eile roare o' th' shore.*"



## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Thus wée gallant Sea-men, in midst of greatest dangers,  
 Doe alwaies prove our valour, wée never are no changers :  
 But what soe ere betide us, wée stoutly undergoe,  
 Resolv'd, resolv'd, *How ere the wind doth blow.*

If fortune doe befriend us, in what we take in hand,  
 Wée prove our selves still generous whē ere we come to land,  
 Ther's few y<sup>t</sup> shall out brave us, though neere so great in show,  
 Wée spend, and lend, *How ere the wind doth blow.* 40

We travell to the *Indies*, from them we bring som spice,  
 Here we buy rich Merchandise at very little price. ["prize."  
 And many wealthy prizes, we conquer from the foe : ["prices."  
 In fight : in fight, *How ere the wind doth blow.*

Into our native Country, with wealth we doe returne :  
 And cheere our wives and childrē, who for our absence mourne.  
 Then doe we bravely flourish, and where so ere we goe,  
 We roare : we roare : *How ere the wind doth blow.* 48

For when we have received our wages for our paynes,  
 The Vintners and the Tapsters by us have golden gaines.  
 We call for liquor roundly, and pay before we goe :  
 And sing : and drink, *How ere the wind doth blow.*

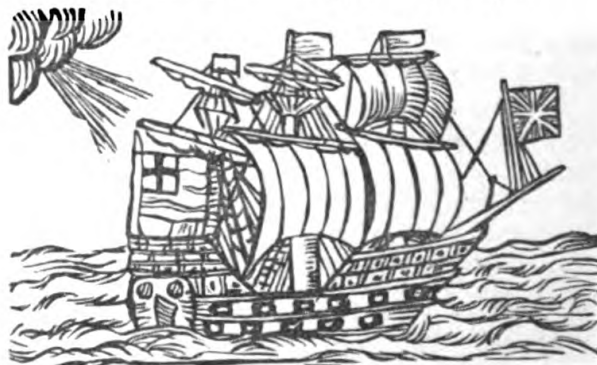
Wée bravely are respected, when we walke up and downe,  
 For if wee méete good company, wee care not for a crowne,  
 Ther's none more free than saylors, where ere he come or goe,  
 Tho' he'll roare o' th' shore, *How ere the winde doth blow.* 56

Then who would live in *England* and no[u]rish vice with ease,  
 When hée that is in povertie may riches get o' th' seas ?  
 Let's saile unto the *Indies*, where golden grass doth grow :  
 To sea, to sea, *How ere the wind doth blow.*

Finis.

M[artin] P[arker].

Printed at London for C[uthbert] Wright.



## Accredited Authors

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## Editorial Finale to Vol. VII.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"—Burke.

TO A. M. ADAM, OF BOSTON.

IT seems unto me, whose thoughts flit free,  
 (Not in grooves, like Parson-professionals',)  
 That this world of ours, with its brambles and flowers,  
 Is a race-course for crazed processions.  
 Whence they all flow, or whither they go,  
 None know, or can show in *Historia*?  
 Living-dead, dead-alive, they junket and strive,  
 A ghastly *Phantasmagoria*.

Hans Holbein, of old, in quaint emblems told  
 What he thought of *Life's Masque precarious*;  
 To their latest breath, in such *Dance of Death*,  
 Mortals frolic, like Saint Macarius:  
 In a phrensied whirl, they twist, and twirl,  
 Shout *Hélas!* or *Juch he!* or *Gloria!*  
 Neither daring to pause, nor consider the cause  
 They are only *Phantasmagoria*.

Ballad Book-men choose quiet, apart from mad riot,  
 But can little boast, in comparison:  
 Unless we shut out each beleaguering Doubt,  
 We find mutiny cripples the garrison.  
 Laugh we or weep, or grim silence keep,  
 Servile drudge, and luxurious Doria,  
 We too fade away, from our own brief day,  
 Like the giddy *Phantasmagoria*.

We mingle betimes, with sermons and rhymes,  
 Love and war, wealth and poverty pitiful;  
 Whether Hermit recluse, or Roué profuse,  
 Heeding all diverse lives, a whole city-full:  
 Half-angel, half-brute, clad in *Motley* suit,  
 'Vae Victis!' we gasp; not 'Victoria!'  
 Having seen quite enough, of smooth and rough,  
 In our share of *Phantasmagoria*.

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

THE PRIORY, MOLASH, 1888.



[This cut belongs to pp. 147, 247.]

## Index

### Of First Lines, Burdens, Titles and Tunes.

*Prefatory Note.*—This list includes "First Lines," *burdens*, titles and sub-titles (*i.e.* secondary titles), and tunes. It distinguishes the ballads that are merely alluded to in passing, as 'mentioned,' from those whereof the opening stanza or other portion is given, as 'quoted': while the absence of either sign shows those that are given complete. "First Lines" are indicated by being within double quotational commas. Tunes are named as tunes. *Burdens*, *refrains*, or *choruses* are so entitled, in *Italic* type. Most ballads of old were printed without being dated; but we have endeavoured throughout vols. iv., v., and vi. to supply this deficiency within square brackets, after careful study of external and internal evidence. Every clue of publisher or printer's name or initials, tune, burden, or allusion to contemporary events, becomes valuable in these investigations (and we recover from other collections what was mutilated by the binders of the Roxburghe), since we generally re-arrange our material chronologically or in 'groups' when practicable.—J. W. EBSWORTH.

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Finis.

(P.S.)

**A Hugwump speaks the Verdict.**

*"THINK not, because I laugh and jest,  
 Quaffing at banquets with the best,  
 I cannot see, or seeing feel,  
 The woes of those who lack a meal.  
 My revels are unsought and rare :  
 Of Banian-days I took my share.*

*"Think not, because I rave not loud  
 With all the factions' vicious crowd,  
 Who preach for Plunder levelling creeds,  
 I heed no wrongs where victim bleeds.  
 Too well I know the hateful gang,  
 Misleaders, who leave dupes to hang.*

*"Think not that I, with narrow'd mind  
 Keeping aloof, grow deaf or blind  
 To gross defects in Church and State,  
 That crush the Poor, maintain the Great :  
 But while gaunt Evils thus increase,  
 I till my little rood in peace.*

*"Do thine own work ! in patience wait,  
 And leave the Demagogues to prate ;  
 Toil in the Present, none may know  
 What Future dawns on us below.  
 Be just and fear not, though thou be  
 Mis-judged : no hurt can come to thee !"*

J. W. EBSWORTH.

## Important Notice.

IN the twenty years of its existence (founded in 1868, but the *Roxburghe Ballads*, Part 1, not issued until 1869), the BALLAD SOCIETY has had necessarily to sustain annually a heavy loss in the death of Subscribers; additional to the "dropping away" of payments, by the lukewarmness, fickleness, or abatement of interest in heedless members. From the date when the present Editor first joined the Society (it then being already most woefully weakened, and restricted in funds), he has done his best to carry on the thankless work, keeping it at least to not less than its former rate of progression, but, he hopes, with still more completeness, despite the totally-inadequate support by the Society's funds, required wholly for the expenditure on print and paper. His experience has been enough to damp the courage, and disgust the liking, of any other Editor. Nevertheless, we have here reached successfully the end of the Sixth Volume. *One more volume is needed* to contain the still-remaining ballads (nearly three hundred, unreprinted), and thus *complete befittingly the celebrated ROXBURGHE COLLECTION*.

The Editor (as the sole remaining means of advance in printing) most urgently calls on the diminished number of Subscribers to the Ballad-Society, to enable him (by prompt payment of their subscriptions to the Treasurer, Mr. W. A. Dalziel), to speedily issue Part XX. and other parts of the *final Volume*, with the *General Index* to the whole work; and thus render "The Roxburghe Ballads" a completed work, of eminent historical interest. "The Civil War Ballads" cannot be proceeded with until this, "The Roxburghe Collection" is finished; but there is no encouragement of hope for a fresh undertaking.

His personal friends have nearly all died and left us. The few subscribers who remain might well take the warnings, after so many have been given, and avoid the risk of the *Roxburghe Ballads* being left incomplete, in case the health or life of the Editor should be prematurely ended. Death must come to him as to the others. To no one could he willingly or hopefully transfer his duties; for now that J. P. Collier, William Chappell, and J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, have passed away (compare *Preface* to this Sixth Volume), there is absolutely no man known to him in England, and certainly not in America, possessing the qualifications to adequately carry on the work, in case death deprived the Members of the willingly-rendered services of their ill-supported friend,

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