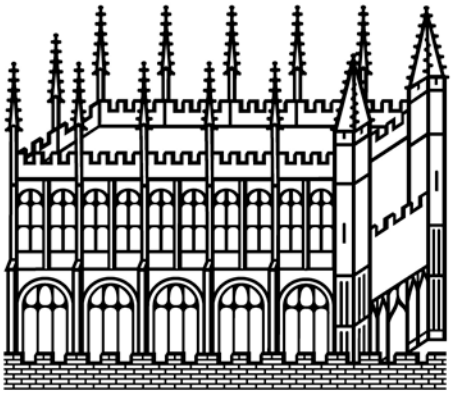


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Roxburghe Ballads.

*** The great bulk of the Final Volume of *Roxburghe Ballads* (a total for Binding of no less than 1.232 pp.) makes it necessary to separate the materials into Two Divisions. They are provided severally with special Frontispieces, Title-pages, Introductions, and Tables of Contents. But they hold in common one 'Ballad Index to Vol. VIII' on pp. 881-936.

The First Division holds exactly 624 pages (cxliv + 480). The Second Division has 608 pages (viz. cxxxvi* + xvi** + 456).

☞ Bookbinders are warned *not to cancel any of the intermediate Prefaces*, or other pages issued for temporary use, as all of them contain Ballads, Notes, and Woodcuts deserving of preservation.

¶ When the projected General Index of Historical Names and Events is accomplished, it will not exceed a thin Half-Part of one hundred pages, for separate binding: always the best plan when indexing voluminous works.



Murder of Thomas Arden of Feversham, 15 Feb., 155$\frac{9}{1}$. (Ballad of 1633, on p. 49.)

The Roxburghe Ballads.

Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

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

AUTHOR OF 'KARL'S LEGACY,' 1868, AND 'CAVALIER LYRICS,' 1888.
EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED 'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION;
OF 'THE BAGFORD BALLADS'; 'THE AMANDA GROUP';
'THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600'; 'THE POEMS OF
THOMAS CAREW,' 1893; ETC.

WITH HIS COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VIII.

IN TWO DIVISIONS: FIRST DIVISION.

Final Groups of 'Religious and Romantic Ballads'; 'Historical Ballads of Queen Anne and of the First Three Georges'; 'Sempill Ballads' of Scotland, 1567 to 1574; 'Nautical,' and 'Anglo-Scotch Ballads.'

"So, take and use thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim."
—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

HERTFORD:

Printed for the Ballad Society,

BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

IN H.I.M.'S DIAMOND-JUBILEE YEAR, 1897.

(*Delayed from Issue: due for* 1899.)

HERTFORD

PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.



THESE EIGHT VOLUMES OF

Roxburghe Ballads

ARE REVERENTLY

DEDICATED

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Victoria,

EMPRESS-QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND INDIA.

TO thee, whom all the nations greet,
Our QUEEN, *of sixtieth year complete,*
We lay this offering at thy feet.

True, loyal to the Stuart *race—*
True in their splendour and disgrace;
Whose downfall could no love efface:

True, loyal, unto thee no less,
Whose reign prolonged doth dower and bless
Thy land, once theirs, with happiness.

Purer and nobler thou hast stood
In all thy stainless womanhood,
Than the proud Queen of Tudor *blood.*

We hail the harvest thou hast sown:
Obeyed and loved, wherever known,
GOD BLESS OUR QUEEN! *and guard her Throne.*

J. W E.

June 22, 1897.



J. W. E.

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J. W. E.

Introduction to the Final Volume

of the Double Series of Roxburghe Ballads.

"THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old . . .
The last of all the Bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest. . . .
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the *Stuarts'* throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime:
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear."

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

§ 1. Survival of Early Historical Ballads.

WHEN the reader opens a new book, he is eager to enjoy it, whether as amusement or for deeper study and instruction. He is naturally unwilling to linger at the gate, and be detained by a tall Preface. Too often it stands forbiddingly, even as the 'proud porter' who at Lord Bateman's door barred the passage of the fair Saphira. (He had waited there thirty years, and said "the like of her I never did see!" This enraged the mother,

J. W. E.

"Who never was heard to speak so free:
'If ye had not excepted the bonny Bride,
Ye might well ha' excepted *Me!*'"—See p. 844.)

The Editor had hoped to complete the present work by giving a full 'HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO BALLADS; traditional or broadside,' whether legendary, folklore, or chronicles; showing their interweavings, and their distinct usages. (See p. 737.)

As a compromise, little beyond a brief summary is attempted here: not "a Postscript, that should have been a Preface," as 'the author of Waverley' wrote at the end of his first novel; a phrase already quoted in the Introduction to our own *Bagford Ballads*, 1878, twenty years ago. To that Bagford Introduction we bid present readers return, for it is an original account of 'Political Street-Ballads and Ballad-Singers.' Saving us from needless repetition, it applies equally well, so far as it goes, to these more numerous *Roxburghe Ballads*. Our two works may be considered as 'Two Inseparable Brothers,' like those described by Martin Parker in November, 1637 (the missing lines are retrieved on p. 876), and delineated in facsimile of the original woodcut on p. 25: where, as Felicia Hemans declared, "They grew in beauty side by side." But whether "they fill'd one home with glee!" is another story.

The score of intervening years have increased our knowledge of the multitudinous political ballads of successive ages, and of the intricate intervolution or modifying of them caused by the influence of opposing factions. Naturally, the weaker and the more hopeless the faction were, so much greater became the virulence and license. No surer proofs can be found than these broadsides of the populace, or the squibs and crackers of satirical spite and impotence among the intriguers, to demonstrate the state of unrest at a given period. Few men, or none, understood this better than Robert Harley, for whom the Roxburghe Ballads were collected by John Bagford; except alone Lord Macaulay in our later day. Macaulay availed himself, in his *History of England*, of the thousandfold details gathered from perusing them, and retained for use within that capacious memory of his.

It surpassed even 'Memory Woodfall's' in early Parliamentary reporting, before notebooks were admitted into 'The House.' (The godfather of the present Editor, in 1824, was Thomas Woodfall, son of 'Memory Woodfall,' Henry Sampson Woodfall, original publisher of '*The Letters of Junius.*')

All of these ballads have been identified, and nearly the whole that Macaulay had seen, whether of the Harleian *alias* Roxburghe Collection, or those at Cambridge and at Oxford, are reproduced in the last five volumes of the Ballad-Society's *Roxburghe Ballads*. Political ballads are absent from the first three volumes, except 'The *Belgick* Boar,' a bitter attack on William III.

Of purely historical ballads, from long-hidden manuscripts and unique Black-letter broadsides among our unused stores, let one be given as a specimen. Lost as a broadside, it is preserved in the contemporary Shirburn transcript, and bears date "1602." (Compare pp. xii, xviii, xix of the *Preface* to vol. vii, Part XXII, 1893.)

A ioyfull new ballad of the late Victory obtained by my Lord *Mount-Joy* and her Maiesties forces in *Ireland* against ye arch-traytor *Tirone* and his confederats, upon the 24 of *December* last [1601]. Also of the yeelding of the towne of *Kingsale*, with 3 or 4 other houldes, by *Don Jhon* at *Aquila*, Generall of the *Spanish* army, which was yeelded up the 9 of *January* last, 1602 [1601–2].

To the Tune of, *Fortune, my Foe.* [See p. 49.]

ENgland, giue prayse unto the Lord thy God,
The which in mercye doth withhold his rod
From us, whose synnes deserved haue the same,
Yet we continewe, *Sodome*-like, past shame.
From us whose sinnes deserved haue the same, etc.

Oh, let us now returne unto the Lord,
And to his prayse singe Psalmes with one accord,
Which hath defended little *England*'s right
From forraigne foes, their cruelty and might.

Oh, give Him thanks for that which He hath done!
In *Ireland* through Him hath *England* won [*text*, haue.
A victory, which doubted was of all,
Till through God's help they saw the rebels fall.

For on the xx of *December* last
Tyrone with many *Spaniards* hyed fast: [*Hugh O'Neill.*
Syx thousand foote, fiue hundred horse, in all,
With courage bold, to work L[ord] *Mountioy*'s fall:

Who had layd syedge that time vnto a Towne,
Kinsayle by name, with hope to beate it downe,
Or els to force them for to yeelde at last,
Which to effect his Ordinance plyed fast.

Kinsale that time the *Spaniards* did defende,
Till they were forced for more succour sende,
Which came in number, as before is tolde,
With hope to beate our forces frō their holde.

It was agreed, the *Spanish* Captaine should
Out of the towne yeeld all the force they could
Againste the trenches, which we did defende,
And many *Spaniards* to their fellowes send.

While we our foes with valour did annoye,
Sir *Richard Wingfield* came to L[ord] *Mountioye*, [W. of *Kimbolton*, aft. Visc. *Powerscourt.*
Saying: "*Tirone*, with many rebels more—
The number I reported haue before—

"Are mouing hither, and are very neare." [2*nd Octave.*
Quoth L[ord] *Mountjoie*: "And they shall buy it deare.
Yf God assist me, I will them withstande,
Hoping he will defend me with his hand.

" Courage, brave Marshall, for our Queene we fight. [*Wingfield.*
Let us goe forward; 't is for *England*'s right.
'God and S. *George* for *England*,' still we crye:
Let us proceed: methink the cowards fly!"

My Lord gaue order to his forces straight
Some should the trenches and the townesmen wait;
And he himselfe, with fifteene hundred more,
March to the army, which was fled before.

And when my Lord did see them to retier
In such bad order, he had his desire:
For presently he followed them soe fast
That he enforced them to stand at last.

Then settinge all his men in order right,
He presentlye gave onset to the fight:
Which was perform'd with valour and with skill,
Forceing the *Irish* dearest bloud to spill.

The fight did not continue very longe,
Although *Tirone* with *Spaniards*' help was strong:
Yet did our men behaue them selues soe well,
That many *Spaniards* gayned heauen or hell.

The Rebels, fearing for to lose the daye,
Threw downe their Armor, and ran all awaye,
Which we perseiuinge, followed them amaine,
Almost two miles, ere we returnde again.

Tirone the Rebell thought y^t^ noe disgrace
To take his horse, and ride away apace:
No more did *O'doneall*, which ran awaye, [*Hugh O'Donnell*, aft. E. *Tyrconnel.*
Knowing it folly longer for to staye.

Chiefe of the *Spaniards*, *Allonso* by name, [*3rd Octave.*
Was taken prisoner, unto *England*'s fame,
Six *Allsaris*, and forty Souldier's more:
They that were *Irish* hanged up fo[u]r score.

Three Captaines taken prisoners in that fight,
Eight hundred hurt, twelve hundred slaine outright:
Two thousand armes, their drums and powder-store,
The Rebels left, the which they had before.

Nine Ensignes there was taken at that time;
Six were the *Spaniards*, whose disgrace did clime
A higher pitch th[a]n willingly they would:
Thankes be to God, which haue their courag[e] coolde.

Hurt of our side was fowre of account,
Whose deeds that day in valour did surmount:
Syxe common souldiers in that fight was slaine,
Some horses kilde, and some still hurt remaine.

There was not one that on that day did fight
But gaue the Rebels that which was their right;
Chiefly my Lord *Mountioy* perform'd that day
Such warlike deeds as neuer will decaye.

The Earle *Clanrickard* at that same place [*Richard de Burgh*, 4th Earl, surn. of *Kinsale*. *Ob.* 1635.
Did through his valour purchase so much grace,
That my Lord *Mountioy* knighted him even there,
Whereas the bodyes kilde and mangled were.

The fight endinge, he cal'd his forces all,
And willed them vpon their knees to fall,
Praysing the Lord for this great victorye;
The which they did, kneeling immediatlye.

" Glory and prayses be gyven to thee, O Lorde!
Thy holy name we prayse with one accorde:
The which hast kept us from our enemies all,
And gyven us victorye, with their downefall.

" Oh God, continue this thy favour still, [*4th Octave.*
To us thy servaunts yf yt be thy will,
That *Pope* and *Spaine*, with all their *Irish* rout,
May alwayes say, 'The Lord for *England* fought!'"

Then rising straight, and takeing up the spoyle,
They left the place where Rebels had the foyle,
And to their trenches came in all the haste,
The which they found in order, none displast.

THey had not stayed there full yet syxe dayes,
Eare *Jhon Aquila* did our Generall prayse,
Saying he was an honorable man,
Who sayd for him, "I 'le doe the best I can:

" For I doe loue him, though mine enemye,
And hate *Tirone*, for all his flatterye:
Who being come with all the force he had,
To take their heels, the cowards! all were glad.

" Wherefore, upon condition that you will
Our [own] condition[s] with consent fulfill,
We straight will leave this town, with many more
That any *Spaniard* had in hould before;

" And we will leave the traytor Earle *Tirone*
In *Ireland* with grief to make his mone." [He fled to *France*, 1607.
They did agree, and *Spaniards* all depart,
Which was great ioye to good Lord *Mountioye*'s h[e]art.

Thus hath my Lord, to Earle *Tirone*'s disgrace,
Possest those houlds, and *Spaniards* are defast,
To *England*'s comfort and Lord *Mountioye*'s prayse.
To God aboue be glory gyven alwayes.

To God [giue praise, for He] doth still defende.
Lord, on [t]his [people still] thy blessing sende.
Preserve our Queen, her Counsayle graue and wise,
Confound her foes that doth the truth despise.

[Finis.]

[*Note.—A few words bracketted in this last stanza are conjectural.* "Damp *and the bookworm have done for the rest*" at top of fol. 159. We give it unmutilatedly. No one, except old Polonius (quietly buried where men go down the staircase), could have objected: "*This is too long!*" He died unregretted, unless by 'the fair Ophelia': whom Ludwig Tieck calumniated. As to any remorse of Hamlet, "Whistle o'er the lave o't."]

§ II. Mistakenly deemed Lost.

"It is not lost; but an if it were?"—*Othello*, iii, 4.

On '22 Januarij,' 1601–2, a ballad was entered to Thomas Pavier and John Hardie, 'All the newes out of *Ireland*, with the yeilding vp of *Chinsale* [=*Kinsale*], &c.' Letters and sermons celebrated the welcome victory over Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and his brother-in-law, Hugh O'Donnell. Another ballad was soon afterwards entered to Thomas Pavier, 16 June, 1603, 'A ballet called *The joyful welcome of the Right Honorable the Lord* MOUNTJOY *at his late comminge from* Ireland,' &c.

This Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy, on 21 July, 1603, became Earl of Devonshire, and on 26 December, 1605, was by his chaplain, William Laud, married to Penelope, the Stella of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella'; the divorced wife of Robert, third Baron Rich: a beautiful bad woman. It was a vile transaction (as all such sinful profanations of matrimony are), she having acknowledged that five of her children, born after 1590, owed their paternity to Charles Blount. He, Mountjoy, survived this ill-omened marriage less than four months, dying on 3 April, 1606. Sam. Daniel wrote a 'Funerall Poem' on him.

A few days later another ballad was entered to Thomas Pavier, on 14 April, 1606, 'The Souldier's lamentacon for the Deathe of the honorable minded man the Lord MOUNTJOY.' (Registers of Stat. Comp., iii, fol. 138.)

Three weeks later, to Christopher Hunt, was similarly entered, on 5 May, 1606, 'A ballett called the Shamefull Downefall of the Pope's Kingdome, conteyning the lyfe and deathe of STEPHEN GARNETT, the Pope's Cheif preiste in *England*; [being executed in *Paule*'s Church-yard in *London*, the 3 of *May* last, 1606].'

These ballads with many others have been rashly deemed to be irretrievably lost. Their extinction was proclaimed, *ex cathedrâ*. We prefer to say of such 'Not yet found!' Hidden away now in some dark dusty corner, or misbound inside the cover of a dull tractate, where readers are more unwilling to intrude than was Sibrandus Schaffnaburgensis, lurks many a delectable ballad, such as those that had been stolen from Helmingham Hall in Suffolk; or those Restoration ditties, leather-stained and mutilated, that lurked unseen, forming the lining of a trunk, at Wallington, Northumberland, until they were found and given to the British Museum by the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe. (These 'Trunk Ballads' are reprinted in our *Prefatory Note to 2nd Division*.)

'The Shamefull Downefall of the Pope's Kingdome,' a ballad on the cruel death of Father *Garnet* (for not revealing the 'Gunpowder-Plot' of 1605), is no more lost than are the Lord Mountjoy ballads. We give all that remains of it, for the first time.

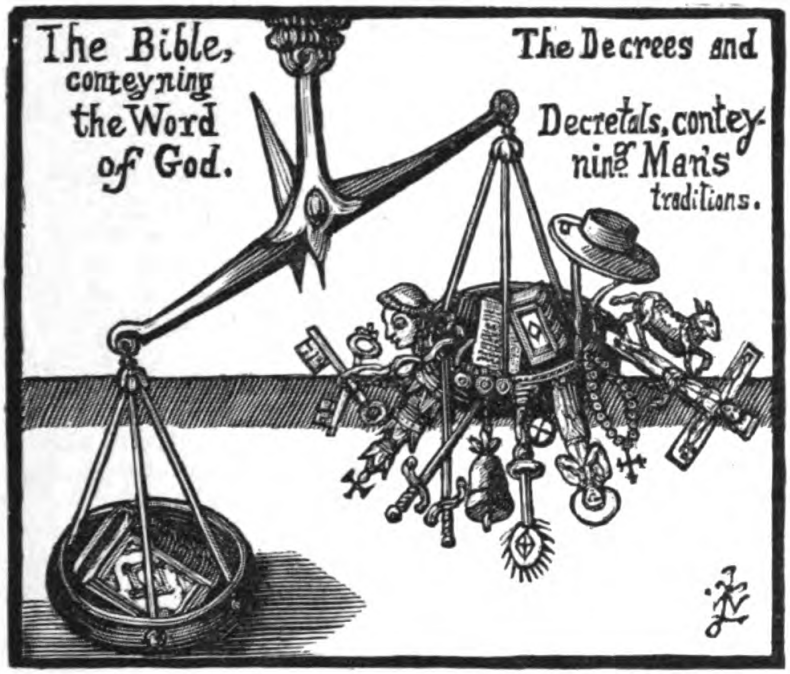
The anti-Papal virulence of the anonymous author was as execrable as his spelling: he would have apostatized if a change of creed had appeared profitable. Such zealots are always open to bribery and corruption, like Elkanah Settle or the 'Popish-Plot Discoverers' seventy-three years later. From a broadside of later date, 1679, *our woodcut* is substituted for portrait of '*Garnet*' on p. xv***.

The Shamefull Downefall of the Pope's Kingdome:

Containing the life and death of *Steeuen Garnet*, the Pope's Chiefe Priest in *England*: being executed in *Paule's* Church-yard in *London*, the 3 of *May* last, 1606.

[*Woodcut*:] GARNET, *the Pope's chief wandring Priest*, [*in*] *his habit and attire.*

TUNE OF, *Triumph and Joy.* [See vol. vi, p. 397.]



LEt all true *English* heartes now sing | unto the Lord our heauenly King,
Which Treasons vnto light doth bring, | *to th' authors' endlesse shame.*

No treason was more vild and bad, which Popish crew conspired had,
To make all England mo[u]rne and sad, *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Nor former age was euer bent such Treason strange for to inuent,
And turne them to so ill intent: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

The Treasons all, God hath beraide, which Pope and Priests and Papists laide:
For God aboue is still our ayde, *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

These thirtie yeares no Traytors' spyght was wrought against the Gospels' light;
Nor yet against our Soueraigne's right, *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

But *Steeuen Garnet* (voyde of grace) knew when, and how, and where the place,
That Treasons plotting were apace: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

He trauaile did both farre and neare, like to a Woolfe and ravenous Beare,
So kept poore silly soules in feare: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

He hath seduced many a soule, and in his Booke did them inroule,
To make them pay the Diuell toule: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

[*Garnet* was one] which euer sought . . . . . .
. . . . . [*Of this ninth stanza, only three words remain.*]

[*Tenth stanza, at bottom of first column, wholly lost: assailing the Pope.*]

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

For he, to bring them in the briers, hath sent part hence for to be Friers, [*col.* 2.
And trayterous seducing liers: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

The Women Nunes he hath ordayn'd, thinking thereby that he hath gain'd
Their soules in Hell for to be chain'd: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

His Pardons and his Bul[l]s are crost, his Popish dignitie is lost;
His Reliques eke, to his great cost, *and Papists' endlesse shame.*

His holy Bones and holy Stockes, his holy Shirtes and holy Smockes,
Are come unto the Hang-man's boxe, *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

His Holinesse' pride 's now pull'd downe, which Traytors lou'd in citie and towne:
Derrick (the Hang-man) hath his gowne, *to Papists' endless shame.*

Now nought auailes his holy Masse, for time hath brought it so to passe
That he is prooued worse than an Asse, *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

His Abbots, Priors, Monks, and Friers, and other his religious Squiers,
Haue prooued them selues all to be liers: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Their great Commaunder he is gone, which Holinesse seem'de to put on,
But proou'de him selfe a trayterous on[e]: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

The . . . . third . . . . [*All lost but two words: the rest torn away.*

. . . . . .

[*Stanza* xx, *at bottom of column lost: probably telling of* Garnet *having been captured by* Sir Hy. Bromley *at* Hendlip Hall, *near* Worcester.]

And by the Sherif of *London* [then], hee thence was brought with u[ther men],
Even as a Woolf forst from his [den]: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

In *Paule*'s Church-yard, on scaff[old high], was built a Gibbet painefully,
On which this rauenous Wo[olf should dye,] *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Unto which place they did him [bring], there for to learne him for to s[wing],
And take his farewell in a string: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Hee traytor-like was hanged ther[e]; but that to hange they did him spare
Till he was dead, and that was his share: *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Hee then was quartered presently, by *Derricke* and his men the[re] by,
To be set vp in places hi[gh], *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Hee well was called *Garnet* [stone], being counterfayte to R[ock of *Rome*;] [*torn.*
For his repro[a]ch will still [be showne] *to Papists' endlesse shame.*

Let Poope and Papistes b[e accurst], that such a Counterfayte [haue nurst,]
Which hath their Kingdome [shewne the worst], *to Papistes' endlesse sham*[*e*].

And let them, with Cand[le, Booke, and Bell], curse all the Divels their [mates to
Which makes them against K[. *James* rebel], *to Papists' endles shame.* [Hell,]

Let Christians p[ray unto their God] which brough[t them safely on their road,]
And hath [redeemed with Christ his blood,] *to P*[*apists' endlesse shame.*] [*torn.*

P[ray that we all of us may see] D[ownfall of *Rome* and Popery . . [*torn off.*
. . . . . [¶ *All the bottom of third column gone*, ended with
. . . . . stanza xxx, *Finis*, and colophon. *Three stanzas* are
. . . . . *wholly* lost; others torn. We reprint all the letters
. . . . . or words which remain. Within brackets we supply
. . . . . conjecturally a few lost words, to complete the
. . . . . sentences. Black-letter. Date of sheet, 5 *May*, 1606.]

§ III. Street-Ballads, forerunners of Newspapers.

"They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages: making parties strong,
And 'feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes."—*Coriolanus*, i, 1.

It is more marvellous that so much escaped destruction at the crucial holocausts of the Rebellion and Civil Wars, when every scrap of Shakespeare's manuscripts perished, than that many of these ballad-broadsides should have disappeared. They were the news-sheets of their day; with their other side left blank, pasted on the walls.

Elegies and Obituary Verses were predoomed to speedy silence, after any payment of the funeral expenses. Gratitude is short-lived, but one transcript and B.-L. broadside survive of 'The Poore People's Complaynt, bewailying the death of their famous benefactor, the worthy Earle of *Bedford*.' Twenty-seven stanzas; sung to the tune of *Light o' Love*, 1638. (Tune in *Pop. Music*, p. 224.)

This 'benefactor' may have been Edward Russell, third Earl, who died on 1 May, 1627. Francis, fourth Earl, died 9 May, 1641.

"WE goe to brave buildings of fayre brick and stone,
Where men of great calling live lordly alone;
We aske yt for Gode's sake, but none will come neare us,
We crave yt for Christ's sake, yet no man will heare us.
Lorde, help us, Lorde, helpe us, Lorde, helpe us with speede;
Come now, Lorde, and helpe thy poore people that neede."

Like many of the ballads quoted hereafter, it was preserved in a contemporary manuscript. Also, 'The Lover being sorrowfull for the death of his Lady, *E. C.*, writeth this EPITAPH following':—

"COme, Sisters Three, with fatal knife
and cut the thread in twaine,
That spunne and twisted was by lyfe,
but pineth now in paine." Etc. [29 stanzas.

Sometimes the long title supplied an epitome of the ballad.

Examples.—1. 'Strange and wonderfull Prodictions [*sic*]. Declared in a message (as given from the Lord) to his Excellency Sir *Thomas Fairfax* and the Councell of his Army. By *John Saltmarsh*, Preacher of the Gospell, with his severall Speeches, and the manner of his death.' 1648. It begins, "The wonders of the Lord are past." J. S. wrote *Poemata Sacra*, 1636, and *Holy Discoveries*, 1640.

2. 'The *Anabaptists* out of order; or, The Relation of *Samuel Oates*, who lately seduced divers people in the County of *Essex*,' etc. The first column is mutilated: ". . . . while give eare . . . . advised." The Second Part begins, "He much commending of the streame." Essex might have claimed the title of 'The disthressful Country,' otherwise monopolized by Ireland, having been always discontented, and consequently afflicted. It is like "The Auld Man's Mear" that seemed prematurely dead after having indulged in every ailment known to the equine race. Essex and Norfolk were resolutely 'noncon.' They 'went out in the *Mayflower*' to Plymouth rock, where the master grew tired of "a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel." This is what "one of their own poets has said."

3. 'No naturall Mother, but a Monster; or, The exact relation of one, who for making away her owne new-borne childe, about *Braineford*, neere *London*, was hang'd at *Teyburne* [= *Tyburn*], on Wednesday the 11 of December, 1633.' Begins, "Like to a dying Swan, pensively, pensively, With mourning I looke wan, for my life passed; I am exceeding sad, for my misdeeds too bad: O that before I had Better fore-casted." Ent. in Stat. Registers, iii, 297, to John Wright, etc.

4. Another, beginning, "Kind Country-men, pray listen now": 'The Wicked Midwife, the Cruel Mother, and the harmlesse Daughter; or, A cruell Murther committed upon a new-borne childe by the Midwife, whom the grandmother hyred to kill [it], but unknowne to the mother of the child. Now the Mother of this Infant being falsely accused by her owne Mother, was executed at *Lancaster* Assize, at Midsummer last.' No date given, probably soon after 1606.

5. Of a ballad beginning "When men and women leave the way," the mutilated title is, '. . . . . *Salisbury* Assizes, [trial of the wiz]ard of Witch-craft: Being a true Relation of one Mistris *Bodnan*, living at *Fisherton*, next house but one to the Gallows, who being a witch,' etc.

6. Another (with part of title lost): '. . . . . or, A brief relation of an Atheistical creature living at *Lambert* [query, *Lambeth*], which is of a strange opinion that his sins are too big for him to goe to Heaven, and too little for him to goe to Hell.' Date, *c.* 1646. Begins, "Good Christians all, give eare a while."

7. Laurence Price, the prolific writer of many Roxburghe Ballads, signs his initials to another in B.-L., beginning, "You that the Lord ha[th] blest with riches store." It has a sub-title, 'By the directions of the Scriptures, and the example of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Written for the good of all sorts of people, both rich and poore, in this miserable time of necessity.' No date. To the tune of, *Ayme not too high, for things beyond thy reach.*

Compare with the meagre fragmentary outlines of news afforded by tantalizing 'Gazettes' or 'Intelligencers,' beginning to circulate at the time of the unruly Long Parliament in 1640, the graphic accounts given on penny broadsides, such as the poem describing 'Northampton in Flames,' 1775 (Bagford Collection, III, 79):

"Confused cryes fill all the people's eares."

We turn to another, an earlier unique ballad of 1601, Black-letter: 'A newe Ballad of the most wonderfull and strange fall of *Christ's Church* pinnacle in *Norwitch*, the which was shaken downe by a thunderclap on the 29 of *Aprill*, 1601, about 4 or 5 o' clocke in ye afternoone. With a description of a miraculous fire, which ye verye next morninge consumed and burnt downe a great part of the Cloyster. To the tune of '[*When*] *flyinge fame*.' It begins thus:

"IF ever words did move a wight to shed a wofull teare,
Then can no creature choose but weepe, this dolefull tale to heare.
Norfolke, thou hast great cause to weepe, to sigh and to lament,
The heavenly God to thee of late hath manye warnings sent." [17 stanzas.

A mysterious murder or a startling judgment found a ready sale. Both were combined, profitably, in one entitled: 'The fearefull Judgement of Almighty God shewed upon two Sonnes, who most unnaturally murthered their naturall Father.' 'To the tune of *The Marchant of Emden*.' (Emden is a seaport in Friesland.)

"A Heavy dolefull storye I am about to write,
The like was neuer h[e]ard before, nor seene by any wight.
A bloudy murther: I intende, the truth for to declare,
Of euery and each accident, that others may beware.
A rich marchant-man there was, then dwelt at *Amsterdam*,
Who had issewed of his loynes two Sonnes that did the same:
They both did act this murther vile upon their father deare,
Euen on the high waye as he rid: as after you shall heare."
. . . . . [*Etc. Eight stanzas: followed by,*

The Second Part of God's Judgement shewed upon two Sonnes that murthered their owne Father. To the Same Tune.

"The Father mangled in such sort that no man should him know,
Even by his owne unnatural Sonnes, a heavy sight to show:
Thus when they had conveyed him, as I have sayd before,
They tooke their way dyrectlye, each one unto a wh . . ." [10 stanzas.

[This ascription of tune, *Merchant of Emden*, is annotated in MS., "or, *Crimson Velvet*": see *Popular Music*, p. 179, and these *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. vi, p. 571. Earlier than 'Constance of Cleaveland,' 13 June, 1603, the *Crimson Velvet* tune-name was drawn from the 186th half-line of Thomas Deloney's "In the days of old, when fair *France* did flourish" (vol. i, p. 308), viz., "Their mother richly clad in fair *Crimson Velvet*, their father all in grey," etc.]

'A Cruel Stepmother that sought the destruction of her Husband's children,' in Kent, was entered as a ballad to Edward Alldee on 8 Junij, 1603. Not found. Another woman, equally murderous, of similar date, is described in Shirburn manuscript: 'A most Lamentable and dolefull Dittye, of an *Italian* Gentleman and his three Sonnes: shewing how two of them were poysoned by their Step-mother, and how in the end, through her villanous practices used towards the other Sonne, she came to her owne vntymelye death.'

To the Tune of *The Ladye's Fall* [vol. vi, p. 764].

"MArk well this storye strange and trew, you wicked Lovers all,
Retyre you from the loathed lives, for Vice will have a fall.
Shun all incestuous lustfull pathes, which do direct to hell;
And give attentive eare the while to this which I will tell."

This tale was continued throughout twenty-six stanzas. Following it in the MS., and to the same tune, is another, entitled, 'A most strange but trew ballad of a Monstrous Child borne in *Southampton* upon Tuesday, being the 16 day of *March* last, 1602, as it is veryfied by the majestrates and officers of the same towne, witnesses to this most fearfull sight.' To the Tune of *The Ladye's Fall.*

"GOod Christians all, attend a while to this which I shall tell,
Which was a matter very strange, yet knowne to many well.
It is not fai[g]ned nor devisde, but certaine 't is and trewe,
As many man can witnesse beare: then marke what doth ensewe."

There must have been showers of prodigious births, as well as 'showers of wheat' and of blood, according to the broadsides about monstrous pigs and children that were sold throughout the land. Autolycus knew they were saleable wares. The original production of '*A Winter's Tale*' was too early (*circâ* May, 1611) for him to have offered as a 'fairing' to Mopsa the following ballad: '*Miraculous Newes from Holdt*,' 1616. She "loved a ballad in print." Otherwise, it might have pleased her.

On p. 845 an extract was given from 'Miraculous Newes from the Citie of *Holdt* in Germany,' with reference to the woodcut of three skeletons (which appears in the Roxb. Coll., II, 545, edition of the 'Clerk of Bodnam's Earnest Petition' = "Now my painful eyes lie rowling": see vol. vii, p. 40). The 'Miraculous Newes' ballad, 1616, tells of a great tempest of thunder and lightning, and mysterious outcries in the churchyard, whereunto the affrighted people gather, "crying loude unto the Lord for mercy: For there they beheld coming out of their graves three most ghostly and fearfull dead bodyes," etc. It begins, "The dreadfull day of Doome draws neare." Sixteen stanzas in all. The second part of the ballad continues, to the same tune of *The Ladye's Fall*:—

"Whereof the first did seeme to be from flesh consumed quite,
Yet of a humane shape to see, most seemly cleere and white:
Who spake these wordes: 'Now is the time, the Lord be blest therefore,
That we have lookt for, day by day, these thousand yeares and more.'"

This displaced stanza belongs to it, ninth of second part:—

"For in that cittye at this day so great a plague is seene
That like not in the world, I thinke, before hath ever beene.
For people dye within their streets, as they abroad doe goe:
Thus God for their fore-passed sinns his heavy hand doth showe."

People delighted in such horrible recitals in the reign of James I, who encouraged belief in witchcraft. Ghosts, portents, meteors, and comets, as at Bawlkin-Green, Berkshire, 9 April, 1628; love-philtres, amulets, bags of favourable winds, sold to mariners on leaving port, infants' cauls; charms against the Evil-eye; wehr-wolves, binding-spells laid on cattle to cross their calving; and all the silliness of ignorance and of superstition that exists without religious faith, may be studied by the credulous or the scoffers. Before the Stuart cause perished, the royal 'Touch for the King's Evil' prevailed. Charles II touched 92,107 persons thus afflicted. (Compare "True Subjects," pp. xl*, xlii*.) Monmouth, the illegitimate, assumed to have the gift (*Bagford Bds.*, p. 800). Also the unfilial Queen Anne. In 1714, George I advanced no claim to it. Scepticism became fashionable. Thus, on 11 March, 1750, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, Horace Walpole records, at a time of tremors and panics:—

"A parson who came into *White*'s the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on, whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet were to sound they would bet puppet-show against Judgment.'"

The woodcut on p. 788, originally belonging to '*Good Newes to Christendome*,' 1620, shows the sky dropping blood, to the wonder of the terrified Moslem, with an army of horsemen and foot-soldiers above the clouds, in addition to a Sibyl with open book of doom and an outstretched sword. It was found expedient to reissue the portent. with a new picture, in 1642 (see Mason Jackson's *Pictorial Press*, p. 102), when people were mad enough to believe any fanatical tale, or worse. The old woodcut, without the falling gouts of blood, did fresh service in May, 1660; as we see it in vol. vii, p. 800.

'*Callis*, a wofull Lamentation for her hapless spoyle': to the tune of *Crimson Velvet* or the *Merchant of Emden* (p. xviii); six stanzas of twenty half-lines:

"IF ever wofull tale | moved man to pittye,
Or oppressed greefe urged a mournfull songe." Etc. [*Cadiz?*

'A most miraculous strange and trewe ballad of a Young Man of the age of Nineteene yeares, who was wrongfully hangd at a towne called *Bon* in the Lowe-Countryes, since Christmas last past, 1611; and how God preserved him alive, and brought his false accuser to deserved destruction.' The tune is '*O man in desperation.*'

O man in desperation seems to have been first used as a tune-name, from the first line of 'A Ditty of the Lord *Darley* [*Darnley*], sometime King of *Scots*' (see p. 341): entered at Stationers' Hall, 8 August, 1586. In a manuscript note, *penes me*, Mr. William Chappell recorded that "the tune is mentioned by [Thomas] Nash in '*Strange Newes*,' 1592; by Geo. Peele, in the '*Old Wives' Tale*,' 1595; in [Nash's] '*Summer's Last Will and Testament*,' 1600. A ballad to the tune is in the *Crowne Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612." Compare Forbes's Aberdeen *Cantus*. The Rawlinson ballad, "*Jerusalem*, my happy home," was sung to *O man in desperation* (see *Roxb. Bds.*, vol. vii, pp. xix and 796).

To the Tune of, *O man in desperation.*

"THE wondrous works of God above
Man's thoughts cannot conceive,
For all that him doe feare and love
In daunger hee 'll not leave.
The proofe of which in Holy Writ
Most sacredlye is showne;
And in this story wondrous fit,
His mighty power is knowne." [Six stanzas.

Then follows 'The Second Part of a most miraculous straunge and trew ballad of a Young-man of [*Dort*] of 19 years, who was wrongfully hanged fyue dayes at a towne called *Bon* in the Lowe-Countries.' [Ent. in Stat. Regist., 13 Feb. 16½.]

"At last, in dead of drowzie night,
When euery one was sleepinge,
This filthy Hoast unto the male [*i.e.* malle, mail.
Of money, up comes creeping;
And from the Marchant steales the gold,
And then invents a drift
The Young-man might be in suspect
For his abhorred theft." Etc. [Ten stanzas.

The colophon is: "The truth of this straunge accident men neede not farre to looke for: 't is confirmed by good men's hands and printed in a booke. *Finis.*"

Autolycus had been prospectively right: "Five justices' hands to it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold." If this were not enough, was there not a ballad celebrating 'A Fasting Girl,' unique like these others. It tells of one who (like Catherine Cooper in 1589) was profitable to board and lodge in a season of scarcity. Here is the full title:—

'Of a Maide now dwelling at the towne of *Meuros* in *Dutchland*, that hath not eaten any foode these 16 yeare, and is not yet neither hungry nor thirsty: which Maide hath lately been presented to the Lady *Elizabeth*, the Kingis daughter of *England*. This song was made by the Maide her selfe, and nowe translated into *English*.'

To the Tune of, *The Ladie's Fall.* [The date whereof is June, 1603.]

"YOu gallant Maidens of the world, of beauty faire and fine,
Behould a heavenly blessing given unto this life of mine.
Full sixteene yeares are past and gone since last I tasted food,
And to this houre no meate nor drinke can doe my body good."

There are eight stanzas in the first part, eleven in the second, which begins thus:

"Where after many speeches past, the Countesse sought some other way her purpose to obtaine, and trained me to an Orchard forth where pleasant cherries grew; And unawares the one of them into my mouth she threw." ("The juice of the cherry touching her tongue cast her into a grievous sickness, which tasked the skill of the physician to recover her.") Lady Elizabeth is the daughter of James I; the Princess who became Queen of Bohemia and "Queen of Hearts," the unfortunate wife of the Palatine Frederick, married 14 Feb. 1613, mother of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, nephews of King Charles I.

A ballad in black-letter (sorely mutilated in the unique exemplar, even to the title) is on these two brother princes, '[*Rupert* and *Maurice*, their Farewell to ENGLA]ND, with the manner of their taking ship at *Dover*, and of their departure, set forth in Dialogue verse,' beginning, "Come, *Maurice*, my brother, Let us go together." It belongs properly to the series of '*Historical Ballads of the Civil-War*,' but (despairing of an early issue) we reprint it on p. xxiii.

Their enforced departure is the subject of this recovered contemporary ballad, of date July, 1646, now first reprinted and made known. It gives a spiteful view of the generous Rupert, and does a gross injustice to his affectionate brother Maurice, who loved him devotedly amid all changes of fortune until the very end, when he was himself cast away and drowned in a hurricane in the West Indies, 1652. "In this fatal wreck—besides a great many brave gentlemen, and others—the sea, to glut itself, swallowed the Prince *Maurice*, whose fame the mouth of detraction cannot blast, his very enemies bewailing his loss." (*Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, iii, 382.) Maurice would have been the last to act the despicable part of 'the candid friend,' mocking his brother with knagging retorts in the hour of distress.

The ballad must have been written by some disappointed libeller, turning into a Cromwellian Roundhead, with a bitter remembrance of the disastrous results of Rupert's rashness, which had been fatal to the King's cause at Naseby, and of the still later inexplicable (unless from a humane motive) surrender of Bristol and of Oxford. Charles I felt himself entitled, on 14th Sept., 1645, to revoke the commission which had constituted Rupert general of the royal forces, under the Prince of Wales; but more in sorrow than in anger he wrote about him to Maurice, who was lying sick and despondent. Dated at Newtown, 20th September, 1645:—

"I have not yet . . . . spoken to you freely of your brother *Rupert*'s present condition. The truth is, that his unhandsome quitting the castle and fort of *Bristol* hath enforced me to put him off those commands which he had in my armies, and have sent him a pass to go beyond seas. . . . I am most confident that this great error of his . . . . hath noways proceeded from his change of affection to me or my cause," etc.—*Mem. of P. Rupert*, iii, 189.

In the mutilated broadside the tune is the same as Alexander Brome's "Though *Oxford* be yielded, and *Reading* be taken, I'll put in for quarter at thy *Maidenhead*": 'written in 1643' (*Songs by A. Brome*, p. 155, 3rd ed., 1668): with the burden—"*There's nobody else shall plunder but I.*" The same tune was used for L. Price's 'True Lovers' Holidaies' = "My sweetest, my fairest, my rarest, my dearest" (vol. vi, p. 73): "*No body else shall enjoy thee but I.*"

[Trowbesh Transcript of unique broadside: Black-letter: mutilated.]

[Prince *RUPERT* and Prince *MAURICE*, their Farewell to *ENGLA*]*ND*, with the manner of their taking Ship[ping at] *DOVER*, and of their departure, set forth in dialogue verse.

(God send them good Shipping and a faire Wind.)

First, *Rupert* to his Brother
Doth expresse his mind;
They answer one another
Here, as you shall find.

Maurice seems to ieare him
For his former sinnes;
Which, if you please to heare him,
Rupert thus begins.

To the Tune of, *Plundering Jack;* or, *No body else shall plunder but I*, etc.

[Four woodcuts: 1, Cavalier armed; 2, Man unarmed; 3, Ship; 4, Harbour.]

[*N.B.—The final stanzas are sorely mutilated, few words being left. All the conjectural words and letters are here enclosed within square brackets.*]

"COme, *Maurice*, my Brother, let us go together,
[T]ake shipping, and saile to our Country againe."
"In truth, Brother *Rupert*, would I 'de not come hither,
[With] this my hard fortune, as makes me complaine."
[Says] *Maurice*, "Thou know'st we have Gold in our purses!"
["Yes,] *Rupert*, and with that a thousand men's curses:
[It de]pends on my conscients, what way shall I shun them, [*sic.*
[Since t]he country complaining cryes out we 've undone them,
So that we are forc't to bid England *adue.*

"Faith, Brother, beleeve me, the matter doth grieve me,
[T]hat we are sent packing, with shame and rebuke."
"Indeed, Brother *Maurice*, my hopes did deceive me.
[I tha]t master of [them] (they call'd '*Plunderland Duke*') [*torn.*
[Whi]ch filled the hearts of the People with terrour."
["Yes,] *Rupert*, and therefore the more was thy errour.
[If th]ou had'st striven their loves to have gained,
[Still] in this Kingdome we might have remained:
[*But*] *now we are forc't to bid* England *adue.*"

"Our hopes are frustrated, for which we have waited;
[It seem]s but folly to fight any more.
Amongst all the Round-Heades I 'me generally hated;
Did ever man meet with such Divells before?"
"I 'll tell the[e] what, *Rupert*, in that they had reason,
For thou plaid the Divell too, there, a long season;
And if, by such Divells, the Divell was tamed,
In this the bold Round-Head is not to be blamed,
Although we are forc't to bid England *adue.*"

"At *Edge-Hill* and *Wor'ster*, when first we did muster [1642.
Our forces, me thought then it was a rare sight:
Then *Rupert* and *Maurice* were in their full luster,
Amongst the brave Cavaliers there in that fight,
Whilst trumpets were sounding, & can[n]ons were thundering."
"Yes, *Rupert*, I know it: a pox on the plundering!
For we, like St. *Georges*, had kill'd all the Draggons,
But thou was[t] so greedy to plunder their waggons,
So that we are forc't to bid England *adue*."

"'T is true, Brother *Maurice*. But yet, to my glory,
The City of *Bristoll* soone after was tai'ne."
"Faith, *Rupert*, thou needs not to boast of that story,
For thou like a Coward did loose it againe."
"Indeed I confesse it, but this was my Barga[i]n,
That they should deliver me good store of *Argan;* [i.e. *argent*.
Yet, by my trouth, *Maurice*, I since have repented,
That to the Surrender thereof I consented:
Seeing that I am forc't to bid England *adue*.

"Some men for their concients their lives goes to hazard,
And I onely fought for the Luker of Gold." [= conscience.
"In that, Brother *Rupert*, thou art but a Buzard,
Which hath both thine Uncle and Honour thus sold.
It is not thy money can buy us such Places
As we had in *England*, with so many graces:
'Prince *Rupert*,' 'Prince *Maurice*,' for so we were named!
Whilst we all the Round-heads bold Rebells proclaimed.
But now we are forc't to bid England *adue*."

"But tell me, sweet *Maurice*, without any mocking,
I think I did bang them at *Newbury* fight." [Sept., 1643.
"Indeed, brother *Rupert*, there was handsome knocking;
Yet they had the best on 't, if [I] should speake right.
A[lac]ke! thou was routed, at *Naseby* quite scattered,
And yet in thy folly thou loves to be flattered:
(Though something the better we had at the first on 't)
Now set altogether, and [own, we 've the worst on 't.] [*4th col. torn.*
For now we are forc't [*to bid* England *adue*."]

"Since *Oxford* surrendered, Our free[dom we kept]. [*Note.*
We have broke the [conditions we chose to accept."]
"In that[, I confess, we] Our wit [have not shown],
Having six moneth[s to dwell here, we might call our own],
Yet we in our time [have to take flight and roam],
But came unto *O*[*xford*, and thought it our home;] [*torn.*
And for our tra[nsgressions of limit and trust,]
Within ten Da[ys' time, take shipping we must:]
So that we are [*forc't to bid* England *adue*."]

" But w[hy do we linger,] now [time it is to go ?"]
" In truth, Br[other *Rupert*, that is more than I know.]
Yet [why need we haste], w[hen thus forc'd to depart ?]
A little con[tention has lightened our heart :] [*Torn off.*
Although f[or our follies we cannot here stay,]
Our greate [Cause may prosper in Triumph one day.]
Let 's drin[k to the Health of *Charles* our true King,]
Whose va[lour and wisdom shall Victory bring :]
Thus Rup[ert *and* Maurice *bid* ENGLAND *adue.*"]

London, Printed by *John Hammand*, dwelling over-against St. *Andrew*'s-Church.

[Black-letter. With four woodcuts : 1st, a Cavalier, with sword, stick, and spurs ; 2nd, another man, but without weapons, in lace collar ; 3rd, a ship, in full sail, going before the wind ; 4th, Ships in harbour, a man asleep on the ground : rocks, fortifications in distance : a trumpet is being blown, issuing from the cloud above, to awaken him. Date, soon after 5 July, 1646.]

Note.—On that day Prince Rupert embarked at Dover for Calais. Three days later, on the 8th, Prince Maurice took shipping separately to Holland, and went straight to St. Germains, where Queen Henrietta Maria received him.

Previously, when Oxford capitulated to Thomas Fairfax, 24 June, 1646, "the Palatine Princes gained special terms in consideration of their valour and their rank ; these were, that they should have leave to reside where they pleased in England for six months, provided they did not approach within twenty miles of London ; they were to be attended by all their servants, with seventy horses, and all their property."—*Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, by Eliot Warburton, vol. iii, p. 230, 1849.

Soon afterwards, the rebel Parliament, "taking advantage of the Princes coming to within twenty miles of London, notwithstanding the liberty granted them by General *Fairfax* so to do, declared [on the previous] June 26th that the two Princes, *Rupert* and *Maurice*, and their servants, by their coming to *Oatlands*, had broken the articles agreed upon concerning them, upon the surrender of *Oxford* ; passing a vote also, that a command should be given from that House to the two Princes, *Rupert* and *Maurice*, and their servants, to repair to the sea-side within *ten days*, and forthwith to depart the Kingdom."—*Ibid.*, iii, p. 234.

Although in making historical researches the student tries to free himself from all bias and prejudice, it is utterly impossible, and inexpedient even if it were possible, to avoid ranging one's self unhesitatingly on 'a side' after having become convinced where principles of honour and affection dictate the choice of leader. "He that is a clear Cavalier" became so, and continued to be so ; deliberately faithful to monarchy, whatever the occasional errors of its representative were, beset by calumniating foes. The men who early stood firm against the rebellion, held within them a truer sense of liberty than those who raved against tyranny and shouted "Privilege!" when Charles rashly adventured himself unarmed to arrest 'the Five Members' in 1642. Thirteen years later, Cromwell brought his army into the House, to insult the Speaker and expel the members by brute force. (*Cf.* p. xlvii*.)

" That in the Captain is but a choleric word,
Which in the So[vereign] is rank blasphemy."

"The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them [*i.e.* the Cavaliers]; they were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood and the venerable names of history, threw a spell over them potent as that of *Duessa*. . . . . It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant Church that they fought, but for the old banner that had waved over the head of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues—courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had also far more of profound and polite learning than the Puritans, their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful."—*Macaulay: Edinb. Review*, vol. xlii, Aug., 1825; Essay on Milton.

We have access to an unreprinted ballad on the other Prince Maurice, Maurice of Nassau, son of William of Orange and Ann: 'A true discourse of the Winning of the towne of *Berk*, by Grave [=Graff] *Maurice*, who besieged the same on the 12 day of *June*, 1601, and continued assaulting and skirmishing there untill the last day of *July*, at which time the towne was yielded.' To the tune of, *All those that are good fellows* [see p. 19]. Eighteen stanzas, with the music.

"THat gallant Prince, Grave *Maurice*, whose fame for Chivalrye
Throughout all parts of Christendome is blazed far and nye,
Having conferred with the Stat[e]s, and let them understand
The enemye by keeping *Berke* did hurt the *Netherland*."

'Siege of the towne of *Grave* by Prince *Maurice*,' registered 31 Aug., 1602.

We have 'A dolefull ditty of Five Unfortunate Persons that were drowned in their drunkennes in crossing over the *Thames* neare *Ivy-Bridge*, upon Sunday night the 15 of *October* last, 1616. Set forth for an example for all such prophaners of the Lord's Sabaoth daye.' Tune of, *Essex's Good-night*.

"WHat h[e]art so hard, but will relent,
of Strangers' suddaine death to heare;
And of God's dreadful punishment
he cannot choose but stande in feare." Etc. [12 stanzas.

The Second Part.

"Scarce could they stay God's service end,
so soone from Church they needs must goe:
Good Lord, us sinners all defend
from seekinge thus untimelye woe!" [18 stanzas.

Colophon: "*Finis*. The professions of these fyve persons so unfortunately drowned were—1, a haberdasher; 2, a taylor; 3, a sadler; 4, a barber; 5, a waterman."

People in 1616 were ready to shout "A judgment! lo, a judgment!" They could not learn that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Of such was the minister who "joyfully looked for a glad resurrection, and be first on his feet to send round the collection." As it was in 1616, it is now, and for a while shall continue to be. Had they a Pisgah sight of what was to be a *Sketch* poem, two hundred and eighty-one years later, on May 26?

"*Dunoon, Dunoon!* beware of the day,
When the anti-Sabbáoths shall claim thee as prey,
And passenger steamers o' Sundays shall glide
With 'wicked' excursionists far down the *Clyde*.
Right glad to be rid of the toil of the town,
The sermon, the kirk, and the minister's gown,
They 'll take to the 'watter' like ducks to a pond,
In spite of the grim Presbyterian bond."

§ IV. Wisdom crying aloud in the Streets.

"GOD of our Fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

——RUDYARD KIPLING: '*Recessional.*'

Such specimens of 'doleful ditties' as Laurence Price's "Look down, O Lord, upon this sinful Land" (vol. iii, p. 132), represent popular literature degraded to the gloom of Puritan theology.

This sepulchral dreariness lingered long in the land. Nay, it has not yet evanished: the more is the pity. On p. xx of the *Preface* to vol. vii was quoted the first stanza of another ballad, lost from a broadside-issue of 1614, but saved in the contemporary Shirburn MS. (fol. 116 *verso*, to 119). This ballad is now printed entire, as a suggestive document, foreshadowing the Puritanic revolt. It was quaint, full of truisms, perhaps not less applicable now than it was in 1614, nearly three centuries ago.

A proper new Ballad, devised upon the theam *I know not what;* wherein is shewed how men ought not to set their mindes on worldly pleasure, but on the lyving Lord. 1614.

To the tune of, *Labandalashot.* [See *Preface* to vol. vii, p. xx.]

WHo viewes the lyfe of mortall Man, his state and whereof he began,
Shall find such hugy heapes of woe, as neither tongue nor pen can showe,
Wherewith our minds may daunted be from usinge worldly mirth and glee,
And move us to consider well what paines there are prepared in hell
For wicked people as their lot, *which have done here they know not what.*

If every man would heare God's word, and reverently obey the Lord,
Then wickednesse would not abound, but grace and vertue would be found:
In younge and olde, in high and low, in servaunts and children also;
In rich and poore, in great and small, in Preachers and in people all:
Who now delight in this and that, *and often doe they know not what.*

Look round about on each degree, and marke what faults and crimes we see.
Behould the Court and Country too, and then note well what great adoe
There is in every kind of state, few are content with simple rate:
But every one will climb aloft, till triall hath them plainely taught
'T is vaine in hope of this or that *to say or doe they know not what.*

Love is not found but here and there, lewd lust doth flourish everywhere;
Good lawes are made, but kept at will; loose lyvinge now increaseth still;
Like swine we wallow in the mire, and seeke to follow vain desire;
Let God or man say what they please, we hunt for pleasure, wealth, and ease:
And for the love of this and that *we say and doe we know not what.*

In pompe and pride we doe excell, like *Lucifer* the divell of hell;
All new found fashions we do crave, to make our bodyes fine and brave:
But for our soules we little care, small suites for it we doe prepare.
We gird and lace us round about, in Jigges and Jagges we jet it out; [*what.*
Some will weare this, some will weare that, *and some will weare they know not*

"All whoredome is but tricks of youth," say those that doe not know the truth:
Not one of twenty, when they wedd, *do bring unto their marriage bedd*
Their bodies pure, as Christians ought, but fleshlye pleasures first is sought;
And for to cloake their filthy deed the[y] must be married with all speed:
Then do they live like dogge and cat, *because they did they know not what.*

Much swearing many a one doth use, and soe the name of God abuse;
Some sweare by 'wounds,' blood, and heart, by foote and sydes and every part;
By Masse, by Crosse, by light, by fire, by bread, and all they can desire;
By faith and troth, though they have none; by Saincts and Angels, and many a one:
Some sware by this, some sware by that, *and some doe sware they know not what.*

Fye on the drowsye drunken sort, that in excesse delight and sport! [*Note.*
Fye on the Ale-knight that will quaffe, and make men drunken that they may laugh!
Fye on all pot-mates that delight to serve God *Bacchus* day and night!
To them belongs red eyes and nose, to them belongs the ragged cloathes,
For they still drink of this and that, *untill they doe they know not what.*

O! when will Couetousness be left, with fraud and guile, deceit and theft?
Or when will Usury take his flyght, with flattery, falshood, craft, and spite?
When shall the poore in good state lyve, by helpes and gyftes that rich men gyve?
When will our Landlords be content to let their farmes at the old rent?
Alasse! they cannot heare of that, *but they would have they know not what.*

See how the Sabaoth is abused, and all good exercise refused; [*Cf.* p. xxvi.
O see what pastimes men devise to please their carnall eares and eyes!
Few take delight to heare God's word, but lyke brute beasts they rise from board,
To daunce, to bowle, to gawde and game, though Preachers oft reproove the same;
Some follow this, some follow that, *and some do follow they know not what.*

The Dice and Cardes esteemed be of rich and poore, we dayly see:
Till all is gone there is no staye, but at the Dice it must away.
The married man, the batchellor, the 'prentice, and the traveller,
Do follow Gaming earnestlye, untill they come to beggary.
Example drawes them not from that, *but still they do they know not what.*

Enforst I am to tell you plaine, what synnes among us doe remaine,
That trew repentaunce may abounde, while God his mercy may be founde:
For the time will come when we shall say, "What fooles were we to goe astraye!"
And yf we knew, 't will be too late, for we shall answered be at gate:
"Depart from hence, I know you not, *which have done here you know not what.*"

Repentaunce God doth not deny, if we doe aske before we dye,
And put not off, from time to time, the amendment of each fault and crime;
And marke also what things are taught, and print them in your minde and thought;
Beat downe your will with witt and grace, and foster not in any case
Your lewd attempts to this or that, *but in God's word learne what is what.*

In humble sort pray we, pray we, unto one God and persons three;
O let us magnifye his name, and sound out prayses to the same:
For he in mercye did us bringe a godly, wise, and vertuous Kinge: [*James* I.
Nothing we lacke, in these our dayes, wherefore let us walke in his wayes;
Regarding neyther this nor that, *but seeke to know still what is what.*

Here will I knitt up and conclude, here will I ende my verses rude.
All you that are disposed to singe, to read, to heare this simple thing,
Desire of God, and soe will I, that we may profit well hereby;
Euen for his Sonne CHRIST JESUS sake, to whom let us our selves betake:
So shall we never be forgot, *for he will teach us What is What.*

Finis. [Probably by **Edward White.**]

We may take for granted that the author of this avowedly 'proper new ballad,' writing in 1614, a time when many improper new ballads were in circulation, was no other than Edward White, who wrote 'the excellent new ballad showing the *Petigree* of our Royall King *James* the First of that name in England': 16 June, 1603 (reprinted on our pp. 758, 759). He had been rewarded by 'King Solomon, the son of David' (an enemy's allusion to Rizzio), and with the gratitude that looks towards future favours is now, eleven years later, thankful for the coming of "a godly, wise, and vertuous king." Holding a different opinion of James I, Raleigh was at that date in the Tower, writing his apostrophe to Death.

The ballad is not the work of any scurrilous and rebellious ranter who claims license to rail at everyone outside of his own exclusive sect, especially at all loyal Cavaliers. Unselfish and pious, he seeks to make his neighbours turn from wickedness. Like Jacques, he would "Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, if they could patiently receive his medicine." Unlike Jacques and all the tribe of virulent satirists, he has not been "a libertine, as sensual as the brutish sting itself." His moralization has

> "Fallen into the dusty crypt
> Of darkened forms and faces."

His rebuke of profane swearing (seventh stanza) is confirmed later in R. Tipping's 'Godly Guide of Directions,' given on p. 106:

> "There never was so much swearing in this land,
> And taking of God's sacred name in vain;
> It hurts our peace and does destroy our Land,
> And sore offends our gracious God of Heaven."—R. T.

The author of *'I know not What'* bemoaned a prevalent 'disregard of the sanctity of the Sabbath.' He rebuked frivolity: "What pastimes men devise to please their carnal ears and eyes!" *Cf.* p. 247.

"Fie on the Ale-knight that will quaffe, and make men drunken that they may laugh!" (E. W.'s 8th stanza) may be "a hit, a very palpable hit" at Sir John Falstaff, whose originator was then alive.

Who can possibly fancy Bacon able to see the faintest gleam of Falstaffian humour? or that he sympathized with the fidelity of Bardolph when his master died—"Would I were with him, wheresomever he is, either in heaven or in hell"? Bardolph, weighed in the scales, was a truer man than Bacon, the truckling timeserver, who was false to the core, and had done his utmost to ruin Essex, his former friend, whom he betrayed, and whom loyal Shakespeare loved.

Falstaff was no wallower in ale, no 'Malt-worm.' His only 'vanity' was glorious 'sack,' and plenty of it. He may have wondered—as E. FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám had wondered, centuries earlier—what wine-merchants could buy with money gained from any customer, better than the wine they sold.

> "And much as Wine has proved the Infidel,
> And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well,
> I wonder often what the Vintners buy
> One half so precious as the stuff they sell!"

§ V. 'Love rules the Court, the Camp, the Grove.'

"Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?"
——*Lycidas.*

While the growing faction of schismatical Puritans, who hated plays and ballads, were denouncing as sinful the most innocent amusements, they kept widening the breach betwixt themselves and the more truly religious Cavaliers. Loyalists found they were beset by hornets and calumniated socially, before the call to arms at raising the King's standard in 1642 ranged them face to face with their foes on the battlefield. Hitherto there had been "cakes and ale"; "ginger had been hot in the mouth too": and "Love had still been lord of all" in many a bower.

Even in the early days of the Stuarts, little remained of that high-toned chivalry and romantic self-sacrifice which professed to have flourished in the Elizabethan time, but with a superabundance of far-fetched conceits, displaying insincerity. Sir Philip Sidney had been the popular embodiment of this fashion; its golden rules were emblazoned in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.* Yet he wasted his passion on the wanton Penelope Devereux, sister of Robert, second Earl of Essex; before Sir Charles Blount (p. xiv, *ante*) became her paramour. Insatiable Vampires, foredoomed to "betray more men," whether a Samson, a Lancelot, or a Mountjoy, drew from them their honour, if not their blood.

After the Rebellion, when the shattered remnant of the Cavaliers found partial restoration to their 'forfeited' estates, Love-ditties acquired more sensuality and warmth. They had lost the frigid metaphors and self-conscious posturings that had been earlier in fashion. Perhaps also the ladies became compliant, yielding themselves willingly to a coarser flattery and more robust wooing. The best songs in both periods were seized on by musicians who wedded the verse to melodies that have not died, in their '*Choice Ayres*' and '*Canzonnettes.*' Several found favour among people of lower rank, and circulated in penny broadsides. Fortunately, a discovery has been made of the relics, sometimes in fragments, at other times in contemporary manuscripts of James I's reign, and specimens of them are now first given back in these pages. They often form connecting links with rarities that had remained in print.

The lovely Lamentation of a Lawyer's Daughter, for lack of a Husband.

To the tune of, *The Oyster Pye*; or, *Robinson's Galliard.*

"NOw drawes on the fruitful tyme when flowres sweetly spring,
And on everye blossom'd bough the Cuchoes merrye sing,
And also when the blushing buds of Virgin's chastitye
Do flourish forth, but beare no fruite untill they married be." [18 stanzas.

In our search to discover the music of "Wit, whither wilt thou?" we learn that the earlier name of the tune had been *Heart's-ease.*

A pleasant new Ballad, shewing how Love doth bereave a man of health, witt, and memory.

To the Tune of, *H[e]art's-ease.*

"WIt, whither wilt thou? Woe is mee,
Alwayes musinge: fye for shame!
Sorry I am the same to see,
That love hath brought the[e] out of frame;
Out of frame and temper too:
This can Love and Fancy do.
Out of frame and temper too:
This can Love and Fancy do." [Five stanzas.

It was followed by a Sequel, sung to the same tune.

The description and quality of an Unconstant Lover.

To the Tune of, *Wit, whither wilt thou?* [= *Heart's-ease*].

"WHat greater griefe than losse of love
Can happen to a constant minde?
What greater paines can any prove
Than for to meet with one unkinde?
Unkinde is she, whom I did love;
Her falsehood I too soon did prove." [19 stanzas.

Another glimpse of true poetry (as in *Bar'ra Faustus' Dream*, p. 596; or "Hallo! my Fancy," p. 770) is given back to the world in the manuscript copy of 'A Dialogue,' which the man begins, and a woman continues. It is assigned to a New Tune, and entitled,

A Pleasant Dreame.

"REst thee, Desire! gaze not on such a starre.
Sweete Fancy, sleepe! Love, take a nap awhile.
My busy thoughts, that reach and roame soe farre,
With pleasant dreames the length of tyme beguile.
Dame *Venus* coole my overheated breast,
And let my Fancy take her wonted rest."

[*Note.*—"There are eight stanzas in this piece (which occupies fol. 257 and 257 *verso*, the last leaf of the MS.), dialogue-wise between 'man' and 'woman'; with a ninth stanza narrating peace made between the man and his wife."—From the Rev. Andrew Clark: to whom we owe much gratitude and affection.]

'The Maiden's *Nay, fye! nay, fye!*' was an early ballad, not later than *c.* 1606. It anticipated this other ballad, beginning:

"A Young man walking all alone abroad to take the air,
It was his chance to meet a maid, of beauty 'passing fair:
Desiring her of courtesie down by him for to sit,
She answered him most modestly, '*O nay! O nay!* not yet!'"

If 'The Maiden's Fye! Fye!' be still to seek, we have at least recovered its sequel, 'The Lover's Replye, to the Maiden's Fye! Fye!'

sung to the same tune of *Nay, fye! nay, fye!* or, "*Newton feilde.*" Eight and a half stanzas; first, telling of the Nightingale:

"IN the merry month of *Maye*, when birds do chirp on thorne,
Wherein their sweetest lay the season [doth] adorne,
At midnight comes a swaine to the window of his love,
'*Nay, fye! nay, fye! nay, fye!*' her friendship for to prove."

One solitary exemplar preserves the Elizabethan ballad of 'The Bride's Good-Morrow' (Roxb. Coll., I, 15; reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, i, 62, and by J. Payne Collier in his *Book of Roxb. Ballads*, p. 60, 1847: "The night is passed and joyfull day appeareth, most cleare on every side; with pleasant musick we therefore salute you: Good morrow, Mistress Bride!"). To this tune was sung another unique 'Pleasant Ditty, which doth pleasantly displaye The joyfull walkes in the month of *Maye*. Tune, *The Bride's Good-Morrow.*'

"RIse up, my darling, abroad let us be walking;
The radiant Sunne doth shew the sweet doves are mounting,
The pretty Birds are singing, the cheereful Cocke doth crowe."

An early prototype of 'The Valiant Trooper and Peggie,' *alias* 'Peggie has gone over the sea with a Souldier' (see p. 847), is without title. In manuscript it is annotated '*Orlandoe's Musique.*'

"MY deare, adewe! my sweet love, farewell!
Adewe, for I must awaye,
Though to my paine and woe, sweetest damsell;
Trew it is I cannot staye." Etc.

Sang alternately by the Commander and his Mistress; ending thus:

"My Souldiers call me, and I must leave thee;
Once more, my sweet love, adewe!
Great charge was gyven me that I should hye me:
I know not what may ensewe."

It virtually anticipates, by nearly a century, the farewell of Mally Stuart's lover, a King James's trooper, who boasts that "I am one of the King's Life-guards, and must go fight for my King" (given complete on p. 784). It may be suspected that many a "gallant gay Lothario" was not 'loath to depart' when a little weary of 'the girl he left behind him.' "I'm lonely since I left *Blythe Camp*," or "Farewell, my dearest *Nancy! we shall no more go in Warley Camp to lie.*" Also, 1672, *Dundalk Camp*: "Upon the banks of *Ireland.*"

We hold no earlier record than (*circâ* 1771, Add. MS., 22,312, fol. 51, *vo.*) this pathetic fragment, a forsaken girl's lament:—

"O Wat, wat, O wat and weary!
Sleep I can get nane, for thinking on my Deary:
A' the night I wake; a' the night I weary.
Sleep I can get nane, for thinking o' my Deary."

There had certainly been an English ballad before 1642, with tune bearing the name of *Wet and Weary.* (To this was sung 'Sack for my Money,' vol. vi, p. 319; 'The Maidens of *London*'s brave Adventures,' vol. vii, p. 491; also, 'The Famous Female Drummer' who marched with her husband, a musketeer: '*Wet and weary she march'd with him, in Winter and in Summer*'; vol. vii, p. 732. Both these military ballads were written by Laurence Price: and perhaps 'Sack.')

Of 'The Trooper and Peggie' one version, heard in Morayshire by Robert Jamieson (*Popular Bds. and Songs*, ii, 158), began thus:—

"There came a Trooper frae the west, and he 's ridden till his dearie:
'It 's open and lat me in,' he says, 'For I am wet and wearie.'"

In many versions of 'Trooper and Maid,' she is named Peggie.

Registered to Mrs. Griffin, 24 April, 1639, one is named 'The Souldier's Delight in the North; or, A new North-Country Jig,' etc., beginning, "*Cuddie* and *Peggie* together." Another is 'The Loyal Soldier's Courtship, with *Peggy*'s Kind Answer': "Upon the banks of *Ireland*, when first we landed there; so cold was then our lodgings, yet harder was our fare; for want of meat and drink, sir, our men did pine and dye, *And I will no more go into* Dundaugh *Camp to lye.*" Peggie replies, "I'll leave my fond relations," etc., "A musquet on my shoulder I'll bear right valiantly." Buchan's 'Trooper and Fair Maid' is of later date:

"ONe evening as a Maid did walk, the moon was shining clearly,
She heard a Trooper at the gates, she thought it was her dearie.
She 's ta'en his horse then by the head, and led him to the stable,
And gi'en to him baith corn and hay, to eat what he was able.
'Bonny Lass, gin I come near ye; bonny Lass, gin I come near ye,
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel, bonny Lass, or e'er I leave ye.'"

Like 'Mally Stuart,' she is with him at Stirling, and wants him to marry her, but he is unwilling, and puts her aside with excuses.

"'O turn back, my bonny Lass, and turn back, my dearie;
For the Highland hills are ill to climb, and the bluidy swords wou'd fear ye.'
. . . . . .
"'O when shall we two meet again, or when shall we two marry?'
'When cockle-shells grow silver bells. No longer must I tarry!'"

Similar love intrigues account for the military desertions in 1600 and later. That Queen Elizabeth's soldiers were 'backward in coming forward' to fight for her, in Ireland or elsewhere, is attested by the survival of another ballad, hitherto unrecorded: 'A Warning for all Souldiers that will not venture their lyves in her Majestie's cause and their countrie's right: wherein is declared the Lamentation of *William Wrench*, who, for running away from his Captaine, with other two more were executed for the same fact in severall places about *London* upon the viii day of *September* last, 1600. To the tune of, *Shore Wife's Lamentation*' (see p. 847).

"WIth h[e]art opprest, with grief and care,
I wish all young men to beware,
Least they in such lyke steps do tread,
And lead the lyfe that I have led." [21 stanzas.

"Made with his owne hand, after his condemnation, in *Newgate*, **W. Wrench.**"

'A most pleasant and new Ballad of a young Gentleman and a young Gentlewoman. To a new tune, called *Pittye, Pittye me.*'

"AWay, I forsake her company, yf that I be delayde!
And yet—her modest kinde civility maketh me not dismaide.
For when I dally, kysse, and play with her,
H[e]art, lyfe, and all is spent.
Then she, with a pleasant pretty, pretty, pretty grace,
Prayeth me to be content." [Nine stanzas.

In the Shirburn MS. is 'The Second Part of *Jeamye.* To the tune of, *Gigge-a-gogge,* or, *Widdycocke* '= *Over the water fain would I pass. Jig-a-gog-goo* was the burden of 'A Job for a Joyner'= "Come and attend, you Virgins all!" (Wood's Coll., E. 25, 34).

"MY heart is in paine my body within,
By [the] cause I must tell you, when I do begin,
For once I loved a Mayden fayre,
But now I am forced from her to repayre:
For once I loved a Mayden fayre,
But now I am forced from her to repayre." [14 stanzas.

Followed by 'The Mayden's Answere' (four stanzas), beginning:

"IF I might intreat you to alter your mind,
Then should I thinke myselfe beholding to you;
For you have intreated me, earnestly,
To playe with my hey nonnye, nonny, nonny: [*Cf.* p. 663.
For you have intreated me earnestly." Etc.

John Aubrey wrote of Sir John Selby and Mistress Tyndale (*vide* p. 663), as having been the originals in the Pastoral ballad of 'The Shepherd's Lamentation for the Loss of his Loue' (printed in *Choyce Drollery,* 1656, pp. 65–7). This weakens our suspicion that 'The Mayden's Answer' is a reply to "Down lay the Shepherd Swaine." Nevertheless, the 'Answer' seems to suit it, and credulous Aubrey was not famed for accuracy or judgment. On our p. 663 was quoted the first stanza of "Down lay the Shepherd Swaine"; the seventh and eighth stanzas are given on p. 691. They have certainly an archaic phraseology. These intermediate stanzas, second to sixth inclusive, complete the ballad:—

"His teares fell as thin as water from a still;
His haire upon his chin grew like thyme upon a hill;
His cherry cheeks were pale as snow, testifying his mickle woe:
And all was for the loss of her Hey nonny nonny no.

"'Sweet she was, as fond of love as ever fettred Swaine;
Never such a bonny one shall I enjoy again.
Set ten thousand on a row, I 'le forbid that any show
Ever the like of her Hey nonny nonny no.

"'Faced she was of Filbart hew, and bosom'd like a Swanne,
Back'd she was of bended yew, and waisted by a span.
Haire she had as black as Crow, from the head unto the toe,
Down, down, all over Hey nonny nonny no.

"'With her mantle tuck'd up high, she foddered her Flock,
So buckesome and alluringly, her knee upheld her smock;
So nimbly did she use to goe, so smooth she danced on tip-toe,
That all men were fond of her Hey nonny nonny no.

"'She simp'red like a Holy-day, and smiled like a Spring,
She prattled like a Popinjay, and [could] like a Swallow sing.
She tript it like a barren Doe, and strutted like a Gar-crowe:
Which made me so fond of her *Hey nonny nonny no.*

"'To trip it on the merry Down, to dance the lively *Hay,*
To wrastle for a Green-gown in heat of all the day.
Never would she say me no. Yet methought I had, tho',
Never enough of her Hey nonny,'" etc. [See p. 691 for final stanza.

In connection with the burden of *O hone, honinonero, tarrararara, tarrararara hone,* belonging to the two ballads beginning "Gallants, all come mourn with me," and "England, with chearefull he[a]rt give eare" ('Pedigree of King James I, the Sixth of Scotland': given on p. 758), two disparted ballads found in the same MS. are suggestive. One, without its antecedent, is 'The Second Part' of a ditty (fol. 141), tune of *So Ho* (long before Monmouth's warcry):

"O Smile, O smile! O my joy, O my sweetinge!
Let not my Love despare;
Crowne you my thought with a friendly greeting,
Else shall I dye with care.
For my h[e]art with *Cupid*'s dart
Is stricken very sare.
With a Honononero hone." Etc. [Five stanzas.

The other, 'To the tune of *Oh hone!*' on fol. 167, *vo.* (12 stanzas), is entitled:

The Ladye's replye to the answere made to her Lamentation.

"YOur answere to my sad laments
I have receiv'd, and the contents
Have well perused, but therein finde
No salve to 'swage a grieved minde.
The wisest man that lyves this daye
With words cannot my woes delaye.
O hone, hone, an alergo, alergo tarraralergo hone."

The same early MS. solves another problem, viz., the identification of an early version of "All in a garden green."

So early as 1563 William Pickering was licensed in the Stationers' Comp. Registers to print 'A Ballett intituled *All in a garden grene*, between two Lovers.' Licensed to William Griffith in 1568–69 (Reg, i, 196). To this tune, *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites* contains 'An Outcast Lover': "My fancie did I fixe, in faithful forme and frame." This was noted by Mr. Chappell in *Popular Music*, pp. 110, 111, where he gave the tune, adding words from John Payne Collier's somewhat doubted 'MS. temp. Jacobi I,' beginning, "All in a Garden green, | two lovers sat at ease, | As they could scarce be seen, | among the leavy trees," etc. Whatever may have been the original words they were still popular in 1603, when the Waterman in '*Westward for Smelts*' (reprinted by the Percy Society, 1840) offers to give a new song to keep his customers awake, "yet not to cloy their eares with an old fidler's song, as *Riding to Rumford* [=*The Weaver's Shuttle*, and *Through the Cool Shady Woods*, in vol. iii. p. 530], or, *All in a Garden Greene.*" A more trustworthy MS., fol. 204, unknown to both J. P. Collier and W. Chappell, gives the earlier version, deemed lost, 'A merry new ballad of a Country Wench and a Clowne. To a fine Tune'—

"ALL in a garden greene, where late I layde me downe,
Uppon a banke of Camemeyle, where I sawe upon a style." Etc.

The lady was entitled to say, with Sir Harry Wildair's heroine, in 1700: "I may conclude you will be rude; but if you are, you may." This was before Pope's Sappho, Lady Mary W. Montague, wrote buoyantly to Congreve:

"But when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last . . .
Till, lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive."

L. White wrote a ballad, 'The Ill Fortune of a Younger Brother; And I wish no man's Fall by such another'; beginning, "Down in a garden green, as I abroad was walking" (Wood's Coll., E. 25, fol. 4), but it was sung to the tune of '*If I should marry a young wife.*' Printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke.

'The Weaver's Shuttle,' mentioned on p. xxxv, has a sub-title, 'A Love-Song made by a Prentise of *London* that loved a young Gentlewoman in the Countrey.'

To the Tune of, *Riding to Rumford* [= *Thro' the cool*, etc., vol. iii, 630].

" O how I sigh and sob ! O how I languish !
O how my heart does throb with grief and anguish !
My song I cannot tune, for love I do consume.
I cannot work in loome. Hang up my shuttle ! "
——*Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, 3rd ed., 1620.

§ VI. 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.'

Dogberry.—" This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men."
——*Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 3.

Nowhere better than in this large collection of Roxburghe Ballads, with the Bagford and Pepysian conjoined, are the varieties of character in middle class and among the lower order displayed. It is a modern craze to go 'slumming.' Sometimes it is with a genuine intent to charitably help the neglected poor, but very often with no higher motive than the impertinent curiosity of a busybody. In Pierce Egan's '*Life in London*' and '*The Finish*' (1821–28) the attraction was towards low companionship in shady neighbourhoods, of boozing-kens, cracksmen's cribs, and the open-all-night houses. Corinthian Tom dispensed with formalities, and could slip away from Almacks to feast among the cadgers in 'Holy Land' or Drury Lane. The courtiers of Charles II (even the 'Merry Monarch' himself, gossip said) occasionally disguised themselves, as quack doctors or seamen, to frolic unrecognized at Wapping, in search of adventures, or to study character in the rough; as a relief from State etiquette or worse dissipation. Two Maids of Honour, who dressed themselves as orange-wenches, Miss Price and Miss Jennings, narrowly escaped dishonour. Anthony Hamilton tells the story (*Mémoirs de Gramont*, cap. xi), and that gay *raconteur* is amply confirmed elsewhere. The maids met the odious Henry Brounker, who was expelled from the House of Commons. Gilbert Burnet, "whose word no man relies on," asserts that even Queen Catharine "went about masked, and came into houses unknown and danced there, with a great deal of wild frolic" ('*History of his Own Time*').

Low life was displayed freely by the dramatists, as in Richard Brome's 'Jovial Crew; or, The Merry Beggars,' of Restoration days; to an earlier generation belonged Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Beggar's Bush,' or Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' in 1614.

Broadside black-letter ballads gave favourite portraits of each 'Jovial Tinker,' 'Ragman,' 'Pudding-Pie Woman' (p. 777); the 'Merry Ploughman and Loving Milkmaid'; the 'Gallant Sailor,' 'Tom the Tailor,' the London Sharper as a 'Swaggering Man,' and 'Master Constable': all of whom enlivened the pages of this Roxburghe Collection, with no small number of 'Roguish Millers' and rambling 'Ladies of Pleasure.' One ballad is on a Ratcatcher (from Macclesfield MS., also a B.-L. broadside in Pepys Coll., I, 458).

The Famous Rat-katcher, with his trabels in *France*, and his return to *London*.

To the Tune of, *The Joviall Tinker* [= "It was a Lady": vol. vii, p. 74].

" THere was a rare Rat-katcher, did about the country wander,
The soundest blade of his trade, or I should him deeply slander.
For still would he crye, "*A Rat rat rat, tara Rat !*" ever:
To catch a mouse, or to carouse, such a Ratter I saw never." [12 stanzas.

In 1832 we saw Ratcatchers wearing their yellow scarves adorned with black rats. 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter' was sung by Sam Cowell in 1854. Humphrey Crouch (see vol. vi, p. 542; vol. vii, p. 826) has a unique B.-L. ballad, still extant, entitled, 'Come, buy a Mouse-trap; or, A new way to catch an old Rat' = "This Nation long time hath bin plagued with old Rats," etc.

So early as vol. i, p. 503, in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, the tune of *The Paratour* was mentioned (*i.e.*, The Apparitor, or Summoning Officer of the Ecclesiastical Courts). Chaucer, in the *Prologue* to his *Canterbury Tales*, describes at full length 'The Sumpnour,' who "sought out cases for the Archdeacons to punish," and whose inflamed visage was in keeping with his vile Court of Arches.

" A Sumpnour was there with vs in that place,
That hatte a fyre-redde Cherubynne's face,
For sawceflewm he was, with eyen narrow, [*sansfleme*=pimpled.
And hot he was, and lecherous as a sparrow."
——*Canterbury Tales*, ll. 623–6.

The Apparitor was universally hated, and shunned. A sequel, beginning, "A ballet late was made," may possibly refer to 'A new Ballad of the Parrator and the Divell': to the tune of *The Miller he would a wooing ride* (see p. 611), earlier named *Nutmegs and Ginger*.

" IT fell upon a Sabaoth day
The Divell he would a hunting ride.
To rang[e] and ravine for a praye, [=prey.
He beat the bushes that were soe wide.
At last he tumbled on a bush,
A proud 'Parritor out did rushe:
His *coram nomine* ready had he,
His pen and inke-horne standing by." Etc. [18 stanzas.

But this scarcely agrees with the rhythm of Martin Parker's '*John* and *Joan*; or, A Mad Couple well met' = "You nine *Castalian* sisters, that keep *Parnassus* hill, Come down to me and let me be inspired by your skill" (vol. i, 504). 'To the tune of, *The Paratour*.' Among transfers registered 14 Dec., 1624, and 1 June, 1629, was this 'Devil and the Paritor': therefore it is of earlier date.

§ VII. Revival of Interest in English Ballad-lore.

" Merry it was in grene forrest, amonge the leaves grene,
When that men walke east and weste, with bowes and arrowes kene."
——ADAM BELL: *Clym of the Clough*, etc., 1550.

Interest in the recital of old chronicles, and the singing of romantic ballads by wandering minstrels, each giving a variation suitable to his audience and locality, or the defects of memory, had not ceased among the common-people until long after their acquaintance began with printed broadsides and folded chap-books, brought round by wandering pedlars or sold at village wakes and hiring-fairs. Rough woodcuts supplied the loss of music from the harper. A few scholars, like John Selden, Anthony à Wood, Sam Pepys, Dr. Rawlinson, or the anonymous collector of the Elizabethan sheets that came afterwards to George Daniel of Canonbury, stored this fugitive literature for present amusement and future libraries.

Writing in the time of James I, David Hume of Godscroft, in the '*History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*,' printed 1644, quotes a verse then current, in attestation of the popular loathing with which the treacherous 'murder under trust' of William the sixth Earl of Douglas and his young brother David, in 1440, was regarded. It was at the memorable banquet-table of Sir William Crichton, chancellor, that the black-bull's head was displayed, as the signal of coming death. " It is sure the people did abhorre it, execrating the place where it was done, in detestation of the fact, of which the memory remaineth yet to our dayes in these words:—

" '*Edinburgh*-Castle, towne and toure,
God grant thou sinke for sinne;
An' that even for the black dinoure
Erle *Douglas* get therein.' "

Such materials as remain extant, the foundation for a 'National Account of Historical Ballads,' have never yet been systematically arranged. For their own brief day, Thomas Deloney's '*Strange Histories*' with '*Garland of Good-Will*,' Wm. Johnson's '*Golden Roses*' and '*Champions*' and the drearier '*Mirrour for Magistrates: Unhappy Fates of Princes*,' educated the people.

John Selden marked the popularity of old ballads, and collected many of them. Bearing his endorsement and pagination, Selden's broadsides were transferred to his friend, Samuel Pepys (see p. 789), " whose only care was to increase his store "; like Norval's father.

In the posthumous edition of Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, 6 vols., 1716, a large addition of old ballads and songs was made to the original 8vo. collection of 1685. *The Merry Musician*, 1716, etc., *Wit and Mirth*, from 1684 to 1720, gave others; and in 1738 the 4to. *Collection of Delightful Songs* was still richer in old ballads.

In 1723 J. Roberts sent out *A Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. i: illustrated with copper-plate engravings, and edited by Ambrose Phillips, who knew how to amuse the beaux and belles by his gay comments on the romantic tales, mixed with sportive ditties, not too straitlaced for the Court ladies.

Loud was the applause that saluted the appearance in 1765 of the '*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,' compiled and edited by Dr. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore (*obiit* 1811). Welcome it was, and useful, stimulating a revival of interest in the ballad-lore of early days; but dry, unsympathetic task-work, encumbered with pedantry, and with implied apologies for the 'condescension unto trifles,' at that time accounted suitable for the vulgar, but almost scorned by people of importance. Percy to a large extent induced them to study ballad poetry, as Addison had earlier tried to do; and he popularized it among the learned, despite the mockery and growls of 'Ursa Major.' Joseph Ritson held a sounder knowledge than Dr. Percy of early popular literature, and seldom erred in details, despite his irascibility. But he was disqualified socially from taking the position that was due to his merits. He was full of crazy whims or ridiculous crochets, of phonetic spelling, vegetarianism, and extreme views, or 'fads.' He exposed himself to contemptuous disparagement, that weakened his authority as a critic; but was a stickler for adherence to genuine texts, pertinacious in his efforts to ensure accuracy, and was loyal in his loving reverence for Mary Queen of Scots. In her memory he broke a lance manfully in 1801 against John Graham Dalyell — whom we remember very crabbed in his old age, as 'Sir John'—an early reproducer of the *Sempill Ballads* (see p. 397). Finally, Ritson lost self-control. His experience of life had always been unfortunate; his few errors claim compassion instead of reproach. Students owe more to Ritson than to the Bishop, who grossly mutilated the 'Percy Folio MS.,' although preserving remains of it. Percy won popularity and preferment. Ritson was neglected.

Mr. Chappell defends Dr. Percy: "By his emendations and by his taste [the taste of a vitiated time, let us remember], public opinion was first drawn to the ballad literature of our country, and so far am I from condemning him, that I hold him to have been a benefactor to literature. If *Percy* is to be condemned, and if what he did [conjecturally] is a fault, there is, at least, no lack of others to share the blame with him; *especially if we turn our eyes towards the further side of the border*."—*Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii, p. 450.

Devoid of editorial care, with innumerable misprints, and the total omission of such useful details as the recording of both tunes and publishers or printers of the cited broadside-ballads, Thomas Evans and R. H. Evans, auctioneers, caught the popular fashion of revived interest in ballads and produced two vols. in 1779 and other two in 1789 of their *Collection of Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative* (recast in four vols. by R. H. Evans in 1810). They included modern imitations; displaying a forty-parson power of sermonizing.

Printed in 1787, but not published until 1790, Ritson's '*Ancient Songs and Ballads, from the reign of Henry the Second to the Revolution*,' with 'Observations on the Minstrels' and a 'Dissertation on Ancient Songs and Music,' was in truth of higher merit than its precursor, Bishop Percy's more popular '*Reliques*.' Even to this day the fame of the inferior work far transcends that of Joseph Ritson, who accomplished much, with scholarly exactitude, amid disquietudes and difficulties that might have daunted any other man. His spirit turned sour within him. So late as 1823, at a Bannatyne Club Dinner, Walter Scott bantered his memory thus:

"Assist me, ye Friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of Old *Scottish* lore,
As enables each age to print *one volume more*.

"And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright '*Evergreen*'; [1724.
Two light little volumes (intended for four)
Still leave us the task *to print one volume more*.

"His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out, or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore:
So this accurate age calls for *one volume more*.

"As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a *Nebuchadnezzar*,
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more. [1790.
But one volume more, my friends, one volume more;
We'll dine on roast beef, and print one volume more!"

At Abbotsford, Scott first met Buchan, under the wing of an Edinburgh publisher of Scottish antiquarian books. Thus recorded:

"August 23, 1827.—A whimsical party, consisting of John Stevenson the bookseller, Peter Buchan from Peterhead, *a quiz of a poetical creature*, and a bookbinder, a friend of his. The plan was to consult me about publishing a great quantity of ballads which this Mr. Buchan had collected. I glanced them over. He has been very successful, for they are obviously genuine, and many of them very curious. Others are various editions of well-known ballads. I could not make the man comprehend that *these last were of little value, being generally worse readings of what was already published*. A small edition, published by subscription, may possibly succeed. It is a great pity that few of these ballads are historical, almost all being of the romantic cast. They certainly ought to be preserved, after striking out *one or two which have been sophisticated, I suppose by Mr. Buchan himself*, which are easily distinguishable from the genuine ballads."—*Journal of Sir Walter Scott, from the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford*, ii, 24.

Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, 2 vols., 8vo, 1828, and his Manuscript Collection at the British Museum (Add. MSS., 29,408), show clearly that they had been "sophisticated." Scott was generously trustful, being free from jealousy of rival claimants: thus he gave Buchan the benefit of the doubt.

Happily, the 'Bannatyne MS.' has been wholly printed at last, for the subscribers to the Hunterian Club of Glasgow (*cf.* p. 341).

As memoranda of Historical ballads outside of those scattered amidst the aforenamed Collections, and the neat volumes of the Percy Society and the Camden Society's *Metrical Chronicles* and *Miscellanies*, let these be named:—

1.—The Roxburghe Society printed *Songs and Ballads, with other short Poems: chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary.* Edited from a MS. in the Ashmolean Library (B. M. Grenville Lib. Catalogue, Ac. 8104/72).

2.—*The Political Songs of England from the reign of John to Edward III.* Translated by T. Wright, in 1839, for the Camden Society.

3.—Thomas Wright edited for the Treasury in 1859 and 1861, by direction of the Master of the Rolls, '*Political Poems and Songs*, relating to Eng. Hist., comp. during the period from Accession of Edward III to that of Richard III.' (Part of series, Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland, during the Middle Ages.)

4.—With gross inaccuracy, leaving unspecified multitudinous expurgations, substitutions, and interpolations (concessions, for popularity, that made the book worthless to historical students), the same Thomas Wright in 1841 had edited for the Percy Society's third volume, 276 pp. of '*Political Ballads published in England during the Commonwealth.*' Fifty-one in number, chiefly drawn from the celebrated Thomason Collection of broadsides (Brit. Mus., press-mark 669, f. 1, etc.; London; fol.), and agreeing generally with '*The Rump*' Collection, 1660, 1662; and '*Loyal Songs*,' 1731. Wright had a Quaker's peevish prejudice against Cavaliers. He added two of Sir Walter Trevelyan's '*Trunk Ballads*.'

On our pp. 787, 789, of 'Additional Notes,' two 'Trunk Ballads' (835, m, 10) were left unspecified. Both are mutilated. One lacks the first word of opening verse; of the other the title is totally lost. Each is unique. 'The Case is Alter'd; or, Sir Reuerence the Rump's last Farewell,' to the tune of *Robin Hood*; we probably read "[Bo]th Commons and Peers, come prick up your eares." It was printed for John Andrews. The other was printed for Francis Grove, and begins, "Come, you Poets, drink a round." These two ballads, unique and never hitherto reprinted, are given in the '*Prefatory Note to the Second Division*' of the present vol. viii, with two other unique 'Trunk Ballads': also 'The Second Part of St. George for England' and 'England's Joy' at the Restoration; sung before Monk at civic feasts, 17 March and 13 May, 1660.

The halves (top of one, the end of another, all that remain of them) of two valuable Restoration ditties (H. W. Ball's B.-L. broadsides), are on pp. 787, 788.

Here is a curious 'three-man song' (satirically so named), of date 1639, taken from *The Scots Scout's Discoveries by their London Intelligencer*, 1641:—

O Good King *Charles!* blame not my pen;
Spare your Purse, and save your men;
Give *Laud* to the *Scots*, and hang up *Wren:* [Matthew Wren, Bp. of *Ely*.
The Echo answered still "*Amen!*"

Compare 'The Organ's Echo' of 1641, beginning "*Memento Mori!*" (in vol. vii, p. 610). Also these lines, of nearly the same date, 1642, written by Oxford chronogrammatists, *Parnassus Biceps*, '**Upon the Times.**'

THE Parliament cries 'Arme!' the King says 'No!'
The new Lieutenants cry, 'On, let 's go!'
The People all amaz'd ask 'Where 's the Foe?'
The bugbear *Scots* behind the door cry 'Boh!'
Patience awhile, and time will plainly shew
The King stands still, faster than they can go."

"Tv DeVs IaM propItIVs sIs regI regnoqVe hVIC VnIVerso."
"O goD noVV sheVV faVoVr to the kIng and this VVhoLe LanD."

§ VIII. Allan Ramsay and Scottish Ballad Revival.

"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."
——WORDSWORTH: *Brougham Castle.*

The preservation of vanishing traditionary ballads and songs was confined to a few recluse students. Many must have perished unrecorded, or were dispersed unheeded at the death of each respective gatherer. Greedy heirs, unjust stewards, and ignorant housekeepers made short work of mouldering broadsides and fading memoranda. Worse enemies, if worse be possible to find, were the puritanical and prurient, who affected to be scandalized by what they secretly perused, but publicly anathematized. They exceeded an Anti-Rabelaisian in zeal for destruction, untempered by knowledge or discretion. Theirs was the squint 'eye of childhood,' that "fears a painted devil." To scent 'popery' was fatal, and the word 'dancing' afflicted them, worse than douce Davie Deans. The 'Merry Muses' fled the land, or became more outrageously 'high-kilted,' because intolerance persecuted them, with cuttie-stools and enforcement of fines by the Kirk-Session.

Ballads are good teachers of national and individual character. Stern though the climate was in the North-country, and gloomy as were the tenets of irreconcilable Calvinism, there reigned a blither spirit of song in Scotland than in England. Far more romance of poetry and beauty lingered in Scottish legendary ballads, than could withstand the soul-deadening religious fanaticism in England, bequeathed by what was audaciously called the 'Reformation.'

From Craigforth, on the 2nd of April, 1781, John Callander launched forth in a handsome volume '*Two Ancient Scottish Poems:* "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with Notes and Observations.' The notes were philological, on Celtic etymology; meant for the disputatious. Callander does not spoil his choice venison by critical comment on the humour of the accredited author, King James the Fifth of Scotland, father of the hapless Mary whose birth saddened his deathbed. The book was dedicated to Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, and is a curiosity. Far may we wander before we find a more delightful ballad than 'The Gaberlunzie Man'—

"THe pauky auld Carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to mee,
Saying, 'Gudewife, for zour courtesie
Will zee ladge a silly poor man?'
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azont the ingle he sat;
My dochter's shouthers he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang." Etc.

[=guileless.

[*Cf.* p. 345.

Here is no disguised monarch, as in James V's other ballad, "There was a Jolly Beggar, and a begging he was bound," etc., with its chorus of '*We 'll go no more a-roving, a-roving in the night, We 'll go no more a-roving, tho' the moon shine ne'er so bright, And we 'll go no more a-roving.*' Popular it is in the North to this day, as it was when sung *con spirito* by James Templeton at Auld Reekie, '*consule Planco.*' But the Gaberlunzie is a genuine Beggar-man, and wins his lass by sheer seductiveness of speech and person: not by rude capture in the mirk midnight, after the fashion she attributed to the 'Laird of Brodie' (compare p. 792).

" 'O ken'd my minny I war wi' you, [*i.e.* = my mother.
Ill-fa'rdly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a puir man she 'd nivir trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man!'
'My dear,' quod he, 'ye 're zet o'wr zoung,
An' haena learn'd the beggar's-tongue,
To fallow me frae toun to toun,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

" 'Wi' kauk and keel I 'll win zour bread,
And spinnels and quhorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I 'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
An' draw a black clout owr my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we will be merry and sing.' "

In the first of his two small volumes, '*The Evergreen: A Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before* 1600,' Allan Ramsay, the good song-writer and librarian of Edinburgh, in 1724, reprinted 'Chryst's-Kirk o' the Grene': "Was nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene sic dancing nor deray. Nowthir at *Falkland* on the Grene, nor *Pebilis* at the Play." We have not ourselves editorially taken advantage of the broadside version of this famous old poem, which is in the Roxburghe Collection (III, 706, as mentioned on p. 182 in the present vol. viii), it being neither ballad nor song: also accessible elsewhere. Eighteen years before the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' included it, along with many complete pieces from the Bannatyne MS., in his *Evergreen*, and printed his two cantos of continuation among his own Poems, James Watson had similarly reprinted 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' at the beginning of his '*Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern*, Part I, 1706,' a work mentioned in these pages. Although it was no more than a bookseller's speculation, tentatively issued, continued in 1707 and 1710, with no better editing than such as an ordinary press-reader at that date could manage, it was a step in the right direction.

The early literature was recommended to students in Scotland, a more grave assembly than the fribbles of London coffee-houses.

In the years 1722, 1723, Allan Ramsay was preparing to meet the national taste in Edinburgh, by beginning his diminutive volumes, '*The Tea-Table Miscellany*,' of Scottish songs, 1724, 1725, 1727, and at last, with London songs of the D'Urfey type almost filling the final volume, in 1740. These dainty booklets suited alike the vest-pocket and the code of morals, although Ramsay protested that he had carefully omitted all that could possibly raise a blush.

"In my compositions and collections I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront."

As to the precise point where the ribaldry was limited, let us "whistle o'er the lave o 't." Changes were made, truly, but they were the mock refinements of a sickly taste.

Lost are the large stores of earlier 'Scottis Sangis' acquired by Allan Ramsay, before his conceited 'young gentlemen' improved them out of all recognition with their inane puerilities. Proud of their social alliance, barber Allan feared to cross them; as did the Nethermost host who confessed to Rudyard Kipling's 'Tomlinson'—

"'Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave him place,
My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to my face.
They 'd call my house a [*Tea-Table Misc.*], and me a careless host,
And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake of a shiftless ghost.'"

Knowing the value of what they could retrieve from oblivion, in the melodies of the past, already endangered by the changes of fashion, David Herd and his colleague, George Paton, gave to the world in 1769 and 1776 genuine unspoilt fragments that have been welcome for more than a century. Some of their manuscripts are saved from destruction. These are the materials gathered for a proposed third vol. of *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs* (Add. MSS., 22,311 and 22,312). They remained unprinted, lacking encouragement and funds for publication, but were shown to Dr. Thomas Percy, who was not made a bishop until 1782.

Percy, being at Alnwick Castle, 22 August, 1774, before the publication of Herd's second edition, received the loan of the *Herd* Manuscripts (as he had also before, 21 July, held the Bannatyne MS. in trust from the Librarian of the Edinburgh Faculty of Advocates—at great risk of it being lost or mutilated and defaced: it was retained by Percy a year longer, until 28 July, 1775). He writes, suggestively—"I have looked over the *MS. Collection of Scottish Songs*, and find most of them are fragments, too mutilated and imperfect to afford much pleasure to a reader in their present state; and yet most of them contain charming hints, which might give occasion [*sic*] to very beautiful songs, if supplied and filled up, in the manner that old fragments of antique statues have been repaired and completed by modern masters [*e.g.* Venus de Med. by Bernini!]. I think I could fill up the breaches of some of them myself." (No doubt—with foreknown elephantine agility, taste, and discretion, as per sample!) Percy announced his (unfulfilled) intention of thereafter publishing "a volume or two more of Old English and Scottish poems, in the manner of my [medicated] *Reliques of Ancient*

English Poetry. I shall then insert some of these fragments if the editor will give me leave to transcribe and *fill up the deficiencies of some of them, in the manner I attempted before*; and from my book he may reprint such of them as suit his subject and plan in his third volume, in like manner as he did in his first volume." (*Query*, Was *it* 'medicated' by Percy, *more suo*? We trust not.) "P.S.—As I make these things only *the amusements of my most idle and leisurely moments*, it will require time to compleat such fragments."—*Letters from Thomas Percy, D.D.*, pp. 46, 48. (Not printed until 1830.)*

* *Reply sent by special P.D.*—"Rev. Sir, Your kind offer is declined with thanks. We prefer to regain and retain the MSS., with text, *non bis-cocta*, and surrender into limbo the third vol., reconstructed in harmony with your own 'amusements of most idle and leisurely moments.' R.S.V.P. Warmly yours, POSTERITAS: *pro* Geo. Paton *cum* Dav. Herd. *Balneum Sulphureum, in loco poenitentiae.*" Date undecipherable: presumably *not* caused by damp.

These Herd MSS. were purchased for the British Museum so long ago as 24 March, 1858, at Sotheby's sale of J. M. Gutch's Library, Lot 2,471. They had once belonged to Archibald Constable. From them Walter Scott transcribed 'Lord Ingram' for Jamieson, 1806.

Among the Herd MSS. are 'The Bonny Hynd,' a harrowing ballad; two versions of 'Clerk Saunders' (respectively beginning, "Clerk *Saunders* and a gay lady" and "Clerk *Saunders* and May *Marg'ret*," with the lines "And well [wild?] and waesome was the nicht, I wat it was, between these twa": *cf.* p. li, *post*); a version of 'Captain Wedderburn's Three Questions,' beginning, "The laird of *Roslin*'s [*a.l. Bristol*'s] daughter was in the greenwood walking": here entitled, from the burden, '*She'l no lye neist the wall.*' An interminably long ballad, entitled, 'The Duke of Milk,' is comparatively worthless. It begins, "The Duke he was a bonny Lad." Of more value are the early versions of 'Katharine Jaffrey' (*sic*): "The gallant Laird of Lamington"; 'Young Hunting' = "O Lady, rock never your young son"; the ballad on Annet, Margaret, and Marjorie, "There won'd three Ladies in a bower"; 'Auld Ingram' = "Lady Maisdry was a lady fair"; 'Lady Mazery,' beginning, "When we were sisters seven, and five of us died with child; And there is nane but you and I, and we'll go maidens mild" (='Laird of Livingston'). Among the fragments, and short snatches of song, is an early version of "Green grows the rashes, O!"

"*Green grows the rashes, O!* | *Green grows the rashes, O!*
The feather-bed is no sae saft | *As a bed among the rashes.*" [Three stanzas.

We hold an earlier version, named '*Willy*'s Ramble to *London*,' in *The Country Farmer's Garland*, beginning, "If she will not marry me, and if she will not marry me, Shall I lie down and die for that? The de'il a foot, I'll warrant ye. *So green grows the rashes, O!*" etc. Sixteen stanzas. Another version is "My *Jockey* blyth, for what thou 'st done": 1724, *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

Not improbably some few of the short songs had been gathered for Herd by his intimate friend the unfortunate Robert Fergusson (to whose memory true-hearted Burns raised lovingly a tombstone in the Canongate kirkyard); among them the original of 'The Lea-Rig,' beginning, "Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, . . . my ain kind dearie, O." (It suggested to Burns his new song, "When o'er the hill the eastern star." Being "a picker up of unconsidered trifles," he never neglected wild flowers.) These lines are from Herd's MS.:—

"I'll row you east, I'll row you west,
I'll row you the way that you like best;
And I'll row you o'er the lea-rig, Mine ain kind dearie O."

"Tho' the night were ne'er sae dark, and I were ne'er sae weary,
I'd meet on the Ley Rig myn ain kind Dearie."

We have (on pp. 609 to 640, also on p. 850, and elsewhere, specified) given ample evidence concerning the rogueries of millers, in their behaviour towards lasses whom their mother imprudently sent to the mill with sacks of corn to be ground. Here is a Scots song (from vol. ii, 47, of the Herd manuscript), 'THE MILL, MILL, O!'

"WHen I gaed to the Mill my lane, for to ground my malt,
The Miller-laddie kist me: I thought it was nae fault.
What tho' the Laddie kist me, when I was at the Mill,
A kiss is but a touch, and a touch will do nae ill.

"O! I lo'e the Miller-laddie, and my laddie lo'es me;
He has sic a blyth look, and a bonnie blinking e'e.
What tho' the Laddie kist me, when I was at the Mill,
A kiss is but a touch, and a touch can do nae ill."

The Maid's faith is cheerful, as Shelley's 'Love's Philosophy':

"What are all these kissings worth, if thou kiss not me?"

We hope faith led not to folly. Some wise woman, who 'knew the ropes,' must have whisper'd advice to her young neighbour, bidding her "to wed an auld man with siller, and then his auld brass may buy you a new pan" (p. 245). Few young men without 'the penny siller' find advocates. One gossip has sense enough to weigh their manhood against the wealth of any aged rival.

"KIss ye *Jean*, kiss ye *Jean*,
Never let an auld man kiss ye, *Jean!*
An auld man's nae man till a young man: [*i.e.* compared with.
Never let an auld man kiss ye, Jean!"

A song, "Oh! ay sinsyne, Minny," has this burden: "*Still cauld, ay cauld, Still cauld cauld am I,* | *A' the lads about this town* | *Canna keep the cauld frae me.*"

Supreme above all other collectors were David Herd and George Paton, for they gave us unadulteratedly the genuine traditional remains of Scottish song; not tampering with the text editorially as Allan Ramsay had done forty-five years earlier, neglecting his far greater opportunities, and spoiling much that he found. But David Herd revered his memory, and had intended to include all the songs of Ramsay's '*Gentle Shepherd*' in the third volume. Allan wrote on Poets, 1724:

"Fashions of words and witt may change,
And rob in part their fame,
And make them to dull Fops look strange,
But Sense is still the same."

Of Joseph Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, with the 'Historical Essay' on them, the result of his careful researches, the first edition appeared in 1794, and deserved a better reception than it won. He gave the music of the melodies. A little earlier, in 1786–7, James Johnson, of Edinburgh, had started his six-volumed '*Scots' Musical Museum*,' which continued to appear at intervals until 1803; seven years after he had lost the help of its virtual Editor, who generously contributed the best of his own songs, with such scraps of earlier versions or originals as he was able to collect: ROBERT BURNS.

"No one but Burns ever succeeded in patching up old Scottish songs with any good effect."—*Scott's Journal*, 23 Aug., 1827.

Robert Burns.

TRUE manhood speaking in the fearless eye,
Foot pressed on native sod, a daisy flower
Held in his hand, with gentleness and power
He stands before us in his majesty:
Honest and brave and loving: the free sky
Of Scotland smiles on him through Summer shower,
Sprinkling the sunlit drops on Doon-side bower,
And wakening in his heart fresh melody.
The joy of Love, among these fields and hills,
Where toiling men their birthright boldly claim,
He sings—and blithely, as a wild bird trills;
While servile Greed, Hypocrisy, and Shame
Shrink from his scorn: his mirth their malice kills.
He hath not died. The wide world holds his fame.

Burns has been assailed by ecclesiastical and critical detractors, merciless, libellous, self-opinionated. They could never forgive his denunciations of hypocrisy, his avowed good-fellowship, and sympathy with manly Scottish independence. He was essentially a son of the People, the laureate of honest labour, the champion of all who were oppressed, the prophet of a still distant future, when "man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that!"

The unclean spirit of London journalism tempted the over-rated egotist and *poseur*, R. L. Stevenson, to insult the memory of Burns, whom he envied, and decried in an atrocious monograph in October, 1879, *Cornhill Magazine*, "Some Aspects of Robert Burns." "Mr. Carlyle made an inimitable bust of the poet's head of gold; may I not be forgiven if *my business* should have *more to do with his feet, which were of clay*?" (xl, p. 409). Nay, never to be 'forgiven'!

In defence of the dead poet, let the beautiful and tender letter by Mrs. Riddell, who visited Burns in his last days, and recorded his manly words of self-condemnation, be ever remembered as the *Apologia pro vitâ sua* for the best of Scottish song-writers. His native land may well be proud to own him.

The Scottish nation believes in 'Highland Mary' as a pure and loving maiden, solemnly and stainlessly plighted to marry Robert Burns; this engagement was the best and most memorable episode in the poet's chequered life.

Note.—Burns died on 21 July, 1796. A hundred years later has appeared a noble '*Centenary Burns*' (Edinburgh, T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1896, 1897, in four vols., illustrated); edited and thoroughly annotated by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. They laboriously and skilfully trace (as we have done occasionally throughout these *Roxburghe Ballads*) Burns's manifold obligations to the rich remains of antecedent Scottish Songs; and of English songs also. For ten years past, the late Wm. Scott Douglas's '*Library Edition of the Works of Robert Burns*,' 6 vols., imp. 8vo., held a good available text (Edinburgh: Wm. Paterson, 1887–9). '*The Centenary Burns*' surpasses it in accuracy.

The prelude to Walter Scott's *'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'* 1805, lent an appropriate motto for this Introduction on p. ix.

Our own earliest rambles were to his home at Abbotsford, to his grave at Dryburgh, the ruins of Melrose, the triple crest of Eildon Hill, and all the loveliest scenes of Tweed, Teviot, Yarrow, and the Borders: now consecrated to the author who made them famous by his 'Minstrelsy.' Every lonesome glen and reiver's 'keep' from Neidpath to Gilnockie Tower and Smailholme spoke of him. The whole of the country that he loved—"this is my own, my native land"—had before his death, in 1832, become 'The Land of Scott.' "Caledonia stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child," was also 'The Land of Burns': a land enriched by both true poets, each supreme head of his class. From the Cheviots to the Orkneys, every hill and stream that formed the background of Scott's studies, whether prose romance or verse; every living man or woman whom he knew and loved, the worthiest of their day; every episode that he touched, and touched but to adorn, became holy unto those who know how great and good he was, how honest and sincere in thought, in word, and deed. By each fresh revelation of his 'Journal' and 'Familiar Letters' (following the 'Life of Scott,' by John Gibson Lockhart), we learn to prize him better, seeing him stainless and stalwart, a hero in whom no espial could defect a flaw: a hero, national and not provincial; a gentleman in heart and soul, of courage, industry, and genius; kind to all, devoid of envy, malice, or uncleanness: a loving and an upright man.

Moreover, he was the best lover of Old Ballads in our modern day.

Walter Scott.

WE saw him haunt the towers of feudal-time,
Tracing their records long obscured or lost;
Deciphering quaintest legend, gravestone moss'd
In lonely glen, old ballads where the rhyme
Of wandering minstrel told of love and crime,
Sere parchments that revealed how, at cost
Of truth and virtue, by mischances crost,
Ambitious men to tyranny dared climb.
We know him, mirth and shrewdness in his eye,
Warmth in his heart, with fellowship for all,
From courtliest knight to lowliest poverty;
One whom mischance or loss could not appal,
Though it might shatter; who courageously
Toiled life-long, honoured in success and fall.

§ IX. Legendary Ballads and Border-Ballads.

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here:
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear."
—HENRY VAUGHAN.

Before this century opened, two searchers after traditionary ballads, exceeding in zeal and ability all their predecessors, were attracted to the Scottish borderland of Cheviot and the Northumbrian Marches; both had recourse to one Mrs. Brown, of Falkland (see p. lx***), who professed to hold genuine recollections. Neither of the seekers knew of his rival's quest. They were Robert Jamieson and Walter Scott, the best of all who sought and found. *Facile princeps* was he, the loyal gentleman who began our century with three entrancing volumes of ballad-illustration, his '*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,' 1802 and 1803 (the materials for which he had gathered in Liddisdale and elsewhere during ten previous years): precursors of his glowing narratives in verse and prose, his 'Lay,' his 'Lady of the Lake,' and his 'Marmion'; culminating in that perfect library of fiction, the '*Novels and Romances by the Author of Waverley*.'

John Gibson Lockhart wrote thus of Scott's '*Minstrelsy*':—

"The ancient ballads in his collection, which had never been printed at all before, were in number forty-three. . . . . He had, I firmly believe, interpolated hardly a line or even an epithet of his own; but his diligent zeal had put him in possession of a variety of copies in different stages of preservation; and to the task of selecting a standard text, among such a diversity of materials, he brought a knowledge of old manners and phraseology, and a manly simplicity of taste, such as had never before been united in the person of a poetical antiquary. From among a hundred corruptions he seized with instinctive tact the primitive diction and imagery, a picture of manners. The Scottish *Minstrelsy* is not surpassed, if equalled, by any similar body of poetry preserved in any other country; and it unquestionably owes its superiority in this respect over Percy's *Reliques* to the Editor's conscientious fidelity, on the one hand, which prevented the introduction of anything new (*i.e.* fraudulent, innovated); to his pure taste, on the other, in the balancing of discordant recitations. His introductory essays and notes teemed with curious knowledge, not hastily grasped for the occasion, but gradually gleaned and sifted by the patient labour of years, and presented with an easy unaffected propriety and elegance of arrangement and expression."
—*Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1837, vol. i, p. 381.

Never again shall we see such an editor of traditionary Ballads. Compilers nowadays draw or accept any amount of forged cheques on an imaginary 'Bank of Elegance.' They display absolute ignorance on the subject of ballads, when they pretend to trace one to its source. Nineteen out of twenty of the variations are merely corruptions. Amid their self-contradictions and 'embellishments' they spoil the primæval story. Sometimes there is merit in the half-forged modernization. But the untainted spring was sweeter. As one prehistoric bard learned betimes 'In the Neolithic Age,'

"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right."

The influence and popularity of Sir Walter Scott tempted many men to imitate him, with more or less success, in gathering local or traditionary ballads, recited by old women, who professed to have inherited them from hoar antiquity. Some fragments were genuine, no doubt, but the greater part were either fraudulent impostures or imperfect recollections of what had been learned from broadsides, slip-songs, or chap-books, vended as 'stall-copies.'

Among the best of these ballad-collectors was the eccentric friend of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He was accurate as David Laing, brimful of quaint old-world knowledge and gossipry, most delightful of etchers, conversationalists, and letter-writers; with kindness equal to his whimsicality and precise neatness in costume. Upright in gait he was, as in conduct, staunch Tory and true gentleman, his only error was the trusting 'Peterhead' Buchan.

Against R. H. Cromek and his deft ally Allan Cunningham, we are forearmed, knowing "their tricks and their manners."

To Sharpe, in 1827, was fitly dedicated the quarto volume (in importance next to Walter Scott's and to Robert Jamieson's, of 1802 and 1806) entitled '*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with an Historical Introduction and Notes: by William Motherwell.' It was published at Glasgow by John Wylie. Motherwell furnished the best chronological list of the gradual enrichment of popular traditionary ballad-lore that has been hitherto compiled. He died in 1835, and was buried in Glasgow's Necropolis; his grave was marked in 1851 by James Fillans's monument. The spot is described by *Bon Gualtier* in 'The Rhyme of Sir Launcelot Bogle.'

"There 's a pleasant place of rest, near a City of the West,
Where its bravest and its best find their grave;
Below the willows weep, and their hoary branches steep
In the waters still and deep:
Not a wave!

"And the old Cathedral wall, so scathed and grey and tall,
Like a priest surveying all, stands beyond,
And the ringing of its bell, when the ringers ring it well,
Makes a kind of tidal swell
On the pond!

"And there it was I lay, on a beauteous summer's day,
With the odour of the hay floating by;
And I heard the blackbirds sing, and the bells demurely ring,
Chime by chime, ting by ting,
Droppingly.

"Then my thoughts went wandering back, on a very beaten track,
To the confine deep and black of the tomb,
And I wonder'd who he was, that is laid beneath the grass,
Where the dandelion has
Such a bloom."

Motherwell's sweetest poem was 'Jeanie Morrison': "I've wandered east, I've wandered west, through many a weary way; But never, never can forget the love o' life's young day." In his last years he degenerated into a virulent Party-journalist, and sold his poetic birthright for a mess of pottage.

Worthily are remembered John Leyden, "a light untimely quenched," John Finlay, 1808, and George Ritchie Kinloch (1796–1877), for their small books of '*Scottish Traditional Ballads, recovered from Recitation.*' (We ourselves transcribed Kinloch's manuscripts, many volumes; differing in details from his early printed versions, 1826.)

Among the antiquaries who "dearly loved a ballad in print," James Maidment was well trained in editorial work, and did good service on Scottish historical ballads and English dramatists. His geniality and tastes were shared by his comrade, W. H. Logan. They gathered materials, annotated them, discoursed pleasantly as well as learnedly, but brought little absolutely new to the banquet. Such good men are missed socially when they are called away. They are totally distinct from the soulless hirelings to whom literature is nothing but a trade for money-getting with the least expenditure of love and trouble. Few writers possess the penetration, the width of range, the intense and pathetic sympathy, or the combined subtlety and sarcasm, with occasionally impressive grandeur of language, employed by the late Andrew Wilson (dear to us, from long ago and to the end of his life), author of '*The Ever-Victorious Army*—the Suppression of the Tae-Ping Rebellion,' and '*The Abode of Snow*' (the Himálaya). He, by his 'Infanti Perduti' in the '*Edinburgh Essays*,' and in his *Blackwood's Magazine* 'Wayside Songs, Original and Selected,' gave generous praise in defence of Robert Burns. No one has written better, either in extenuation of his errors or in recognition of his genius: "Happier, indeed, had it been for Burns had he not been thrown into these stony Scottish hills; but it was there he was needed, there to reveal once more where the true beauty of life lay—how the daisy on the furrow and the honest man on the moor-side were fulfilling great Nature's plan."—*Infanti Perduti*, p. 164.

Andrew Wilson also praised warmly the untraced authors of the best early ballads, traditional and beloved: "'Clerk Saunders,' after the seven bluidy brothers had thrust the 'bright brown brand' right through his 'fair bodie,' and as he lay sleeping in May Margaret's arms,

> 'Yet sad and silent was the night that was atween thir twae;'

the 'Clerk's two sons of Owsenford,' when, 'for a little of dear boucht love,' they were hanged high at morn; young Barthram, in the misty morning, when

> 'They shot him dead at the Nine-stane Rig,
> Beside the headless Cross,
> And they left him lying in his blood
> Upon the moor and moss.'"—*Ibid.*

['Barthram's Dirge' is not a genuine antique. It was a modern fabrication, written by Robert Surtees, contributed to the *Border Minstrelsy*, as taken down from the recitation of a 'weeder,' Annie Douglas. It is beautiful, but fraudulent. Later, it was nobly illustrated by Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.]

Many verses of old ballads lingered tunefully among the Scottish peasantry, remembered chiefly by women, who knew the outline of each tragic story. They felt a morbid fascination towards songs of unlawful love, followed by sorrow and crime, but not repentance. Tales of horror and violation repelled them not.

In the tragedy of 'Glenkindie,' the wronged maiden slays herself, on finding that the 'lither lad' took advantage of the assignation:

"'Forbid it, forbid it,' says the lady, 'that ever sic shame betide;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass, and then a young knight's bride.'"
——JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, i, 99.

In the early English version, named 'Glasgerion,' it runs thus:—

"The Lady was more than true of promise, rose and let him in.

"Saies: 'Whether have you left with me your bracelet or your glove?
Or you are returned backe againe to know more of my loue?'

"*Glasgerion* swore a full great othe, by oake and ashe and thorne:
'Lady, I was never in your chamber sith the time that I was borne.'

"'O then it was your little foote-page, falsly hath beguiled me':
And then shee pull'd forth a little pen-knife that hanged by her knee:

"Sayes, 'There shall never noe churle's blood spring within my body!'"
——*Percy Folio Manuscript*, fol. 95.

[In the '*Reliques*' Percy interpolated a line "No churle's blood shall e'er defile the dau'ter of a King"; and read previously, "within my body spring."]

Stories that resembled others in expression or incidents were intermingled by the reciters, either intentionally plagiarizing or accidentally transplanting. Family names and localities were changed without scruple, and every guiding landmark removed to avoid detection. As a sample, take the North-Country version of 'Warenston and the Duke of York's Daughter,' beginning, "My father was the Duke of *York*, my mother a Lady free; Myself, a dainty damosel, Queen *Mary* sent for me."

Like many another of the Scottish ballads, it tells of infanticide (shown by statistics to have been frightfully common. It has a connection with the legend of Mary Hamilton, one of the 'Queen's Four Maries,' here called 'Lady Maisry' (from another ballad), whose guilt had been detected by the Queen.

"'Make never moan for me,' she says, 'make never moan for me:
Seek never grace frae a graceless face, for that ye'll never see.'"

This phrase was borrowed from stanza thirteenth of 'Johnny Armstrong's last Good-night' (see these *Roxb. Ballads*, vi, 605)—

"Then *Johnny* look'd over his left shoulder, to his merry men thus said he:
'I have asked grace of a graceless face: no pardon there is for you or me.'"

Ten years ago, when reprinting this 'Armstrong's Good-night' (vi, 600), we contrasted the superiority of the Scottish romantic ballads with the prosaic character of others addressed to the English populace, our *plebs* and *demos*. That verdict we hold unchanged. 'The Clerk's Twa Sons of Owsenford' may have had an English foundation (perhaps "of Oxford"), like the 'Glasgerion' precursor of 'Glenkindie'; but, if so, with many other ballads of poetic suggestiveness, it passed through the alembic of North-Country imagination, changing lead into silver: dense dulness "suffered a sea-change, into something rich and strange."

§ X. Scottish Traditional Ballads.

„Ueber allen Gipfeln
Iſt Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürеſt du
Kaum einen hauch;
Die Vögelein ſchweigen in Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruheſt du auch."—GOETHE.

The pervading romance and grandeur of Scottish scenery, the keen mental stimulus given by its bracing climate, the sense of mystery generated amid the fogs or mists in its sublime mountain ranges, and the wide stretch of its moorland with purple heather and unlimited freedom, have ennobled the national character. Far more of sensitiveness to poetry has been felt in the Northern land than our dull phlegmatic Saxon race of boors in the South could understand or share. It is a mere supposition, and one wholly unsupported by proofs, to claim as aboriginally Scotch the multitude of songs belonging to Stuart times that were printed on English broadsides of much earlier date than any extant remains beyond the Tweed or Cheviot Hills can warrant.

Nevertheless there remains this incontestible fact, that, whatever is common property of the two countries in the domain of legend or tradition, the higher spirituality, heroism, and pathos are found in the Scottish ballads. Fragmentary and disjointed they may often be, showing manifold discrepancies or incongruities and plagiarisms from one another, with ignorant interpolations patched (not always explicable by the idea that "each blank in faithless memory's void, the poet's glowing thought supplied"). But they glow with the attributes of genuine poetry. Apart from the towns, the mind of both Lowlander and Highlander was more reverently religious, more nationally heroic, better attuned to melody and romance, than the mind of the English.

In Scott's '*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,' the world soon felt the spell. Already the glamour of the 'Wizard of the North' was cast around him, by his notes and introductions. The vital glow which "makes these dry bones live" is due to him, who was thereafter to become the best creative genius since Shakespeare.

Take one instance of the inherent difference in tone and feeling between the earliest known original in English broadsides, and the much later legendary Scottish versions: viz., the beautiful and almost fantastic poems called 'The Cruel Mother,' 'The Bonny Bairns,' 'Fine Flowers in the Valley,' etc. Dear they are to all who love to dream "lone sitting on the shores of Old Romance." Here is the English analogue or antecedent of them, *circâ* 1684.

[Pepys Collection, V, 40; Jersey, III, 69; Lind., 1,127. No woodcut.]

The Duke's Daughter's Cruelty;

Or, The Wonderful Apparition of Two Infants who[m] she Murthered and Buried in a Forrest, for to hide her Shame.

To an excellent new Tune. Licensed according to Order.

THere was a Duke's Daughter liv'd in *York;*
Come bend and bear away the Bows of Yew;
So secretly she loved her Father's Clark;
Gentle hearts, be to me true.
She loved him long and many a day, *Come bend, etc.* [*passim.*
Till big with child she went away: *Gentle hearts, etc.* [*passim.*
She went into the wide Wilderness,
Poor she was to be pitied for her heaviness.
She leant her back against a tree, [*Cf.* "O Waly, waly!"
And there she endured much misery.
She leant her back against an Oak,
With bitter sighs these words she spoke.
She set her foot against a Thorn,
And there she had two pritty Babes born.
She took her filleting off her head,
And there she ty'd them hand and leg.
She had a Pen-knife long and sharp,
And there she stuck them to the heart.
She dug a Grave, it was long and deep,
And there she laid them into sleep.
The coldest Earth it was their bed,
The green Grass was their coverlid.
She cut her hair, and changed her name
From Fair *Elinor* to Sweet *William.*

AS she was going by her Father's hall,
She see three Children a playing at ball:
One was drest in scarlet fine,
And the other as naked as e're they was born.
[The] mother [cry'd], "O, if these children was mine,
I would dress them [both in the] Scarlet fine."
"O Mother! O Mother! when we was thine, you did not dress us in scarlet fine.
You set your back against a tree, and there you endured great misery.
You set you[r] foot against a Thorne, and there you had us pritty Babes born.
You took your filleting off your head, and there you bound us hand to leg.
You had a penknife long and sharp, and there you stuck us to the heart.
You dug a grave, it was long and deep, and there you laid us into sleep.
The coldest Earth it was our Bed, the green Grass was our Coverlid.
O Mother, O Mother, for your Sin, Heaven's-gate you shall not enter in.
O Mother, O Mother, for your Sin, Hell's-gate stands open to let you in."
The Lady's cheeks lookd pale and wan.
"Alas!" said she, "what have I done?"
She tore her silken locks of hair,
And dyed away in sad despair.
Young ladies all, of beauty bright, *Come bend and bear away the Bows of Yew;*
Take warning by her last Good-night: *Gentle hearts, be to me true.*

London: Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Angel, Guiltspur-street.*

Of the many Scottish variants, widely differing from one another, the *Minstrelsy*'s is modern: 'Lady Anne' = "Fair Lady *Anne* sate in her bower, down by the greenwood side" (iii, 261, 1803). Of the "three bonnie boys" one is her own, the others are Peter and Paul. A better version is given by G. R. Kinloch, from the recitation of Miss C. Beattie: it is 'The Cruel Mother' = "There lives a lady in London—*All alone and alonie*—She 's gane wi' bairn to the Clerk's son—*Doun by the greenwood sae bonnie*" (*Anc. Scot. Bds.*, p. 46, 1827), ending thus: "'But now we're in the heavens high—*All alone and alonie;* and ye have the pains o' hell to dree'—*Doun by the greenwood sae bonnie.*"

The earliest Scottish variation of this is in Herd's fragments (vol. ii, 237, 1776).

"AND there she 's lean'd her back to a thorn,
Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!
And there she has her baby born:
Ten thousand times good-night, and be wi' thee.
She has houked a grave ayont the sun: *Oh, and alas!* etc.
And there she has buried the sweet babe in: *Ten*, etc.
And she 's gone back to her father's ha',
She 's counted the leal.est maid o' them a'.

* * * * * [*Sic.*

"'O look not sae sweet, my bonny babe,
Gin ze smyle sae, ze 'll smyle me dead:' *Ten*," etc.

It was sung to the old tune of '*Fine flowers in the valley.*' This is a distinct ballad, given by Herd in his *Scottish Songs*, i, 88, 1776, beginning, "There was three ladies in a ha', *Fine flowers i' the valley;* There cam three lords amang them a': *The red, green, and the yellow.* The first of them was clad in red," etc. Burns gave seven stanzas of 'The Cruel Mother' to the *Scots' Musical Museum*, iv, p. 331, 1792, and entitled them 'Fine Flowers in the valley': "She sat down below a thorn, *Fine flowers in the valley;* And there she has her sweet babe born: *and the green leaves they grow rarely.*" Next: "Smile na," etc.; "She 's ta'en out her little penknife, and twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life. She 's howket a grave by the light o' the moon," etc. Finally, these three stanzas: "As she was going to the church, she saw a sweet babe in the porch; 'O sweet babe! an' thou wert mine, I wad cleed thee in the silk so fine.'—'O mother dear, when I was thine, you did na prove to me sae kind,' *and the green leaves they grow rarely.*" (This version appears to be the best.) The words were partly remembered by Scott, who forgot that they were given by Herd and by Burns. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161, affects to complete Scott's fragment, beginning, "She leaned her back against a thorn: *Three, three, and three by three,*" eleven stanzas, ending absurdly—"'O cursed mother! hell is deep, And there thou 'll enter step by step.'" Allan Cunningham fabricated the piece of sentimentalism entitled 'The Bonny Bairns'—

"The Lady she walk'd in yon wild wood, aneath the hollie tree,
And she was aware of twa Bonnie Bairns, were running at her knee.
The tane it pull'd a red, red rose, with a hand as soft as silk;
The other it pull'd the lily pale, with a hand mair white than milk."

Six stanzas follow, telling how the children pleaded for their guilty mother, but pleaded in vain, to "wash her twa hands free frae sin." It is commendably pious (A. C.'s *Songs of Scotland*, ii, 70, 1825), but lamentably weak. Peter Buchan has two versions, one 'The Minister's Dochter of New York' or 'of Newark.' Buchan's 'Cruel Mother' ("It fell ance upon a day, *Edinbro'*, *Edinbro'*") ends thus: "She threw hersell ower the castle-wall: there, I wot, she got a fall." Honest John Finlay left the 'Cruel Mother' alone. Aytoun's is mosaic work. We want no 'New Lamps for Old Ones.' Documentary proof of authenticity, whether printed or manuscript, can alone be trusted.

Another Scottish traditional ballad (borrowed from a still earlier original than the 'Shepherd's Daughter'), viz. 'The Bonny Hynd' of Scott's '*Minstrelsy*,' was from David Herd's MSS., "copied from the mouth of a milkmaid, 1771, by W. L." Scott made an apology for "the disagreeable nature of the subject." It shares offensiveness with the Scandinavian ballad of 'Margaret,' daughter of the Norwegian king Magnus and Queen Gertrude. The ravisher is their son Olaf, 'brought up in the woods.'

The haunting melody lingers, although there is a succession of voices in these traditionary ballads. It is as '*Orwell*' sings:

> "Hark! how the marvellous music floats
> Beyond the elms by *Arthur's Grange*.
> The bird is young, the song is old;
> Shapes, but not spirits, suffer change."

The tragic fatalism, where awfulness deepens into horror, recalls that of the ancient drama, once so dear to the Athenians. An outrage against laws divine and human is found in the ballad of 'The Bonny Hynd,' beginning, "O *May* she comes, and *May* she goes, down by yon garden green; And there she spied a gallant Squier, as Squire had ever been." The wrongdoing which follows is strikingly similar to that related in an early ballad of England (but without the unpremeditated incest), entitled 'The Beautiful Shepherdess of *Arcadia*; a new Pastoral Song,' which ends tamely in an enforced marriage. [This is quite distinct from the unique B.-L. ballad of 1659, entitled 'The Mournfull Shepherdess of *Arcadiah* (*sic*); or, The Sollitary Solitudes of the Matchlesse Shepherdesse.' Begins, "Assist me, Muses, with your power divine." To Lawes' tune of S. Sheppard's '*Tell me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the air.*']

When reprinting 'The Beautiful Shepherdess of *Arcadia*' (belonging to the close of the sixteenth century), Mr. Wm. Chappell traced back its history and popularity to 1611, when it was quoted by James Fletcher in '*The Pilgrim*' and in '*The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*' The ballad is named 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter' in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765 (see *Roxb. Bds.*, vol. iii, p. 451). It begins, "There was a Shepherd's daughter came tripping on the way, and there she met a courteous Knight, which caused her to stay: sing *trang dildo lee.*" He accosts her, is answered modestly, and then violently conquers her in his brutal passion. Her remonstrance follows—

> "'Now you have had your will, good sir, and put my body to shame,
> Even as you are a courteous Knight, tell me what is your name?'
>
> "'Some do call me *Jack*, sweet-heart, and some do call me *John*;
> But when I come to the King's Court, they call me Sweet *William*.'
>
> "He set his foot into the stirrup, and away then he did ride," etc.

Margaret says, fiercely, in the Färöe and Icelandic version:

> "'Now you have torn off all my clothes, and done me sin and shame,
> I beg you, before God most high, tell me what is your name?'"

The Scottish 'Bonny Hynd' sinks to a lower level, almost to jesting, when she seeks to identify the betrayer; but on the discovery, she avenges herself nobly—

> "'Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir; perhaps there may be nane;
> But if you be a courtier, you 'll tell to me your name.'
>
> "'I am nae courtier, fair maid, but new come frae the sea;
> I am nae courtier, fair maid, but when I court wi' thee.

" 'They call me *Jack*, when I 'm abroad; sometimes they call me *John;*
But, when I 'm in my Father's bower, *Jock Randal* is my name.'

" 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad! sae loud 's I hear ye lee!
For I 'm Lord *Randal*'s ae daughter: he has nae mair nor me.'

" 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny may! sae loud 's I hear ye lee!
For I 'm Lord *Randal*'s ae ae son, just now come o'er the sea.' [=only.

" She 's putten her hand down by her gare, and out she 's ta'en a knife;
And she has putten 't in her heart's bluid, and ta'en away her life.

" And he 's ta'en up his bonny sister, with the big tear in his e'en;
And he has buried his bonny sister, amang the hollins green.

"And syne he 's hyed him o'er the dale, his father dear to see:
'Sing O and O for my Bonny Hynd, beneath yon hollin tree!' "

The story of 'The Bonny Hynd,' with variations of diction, is in Motherwell's two MSS. *First* (from Mrs. Storie, of Lochwinnich), 'The King's Dochter Lady *Jean*,' which begins, "The King's young dochter was sitting in her window, sewing at her silken seam; She lookt out at the bow-window, and she saw the leaves growing green," etc. She goes away to the merry greenwood, is encountered by "a braw young man," who rebukes her for bending a nut-tree without his leave. He then dishonours her. She pleads:

" 'Now syn ye hae got your will o' me, pray tell to me your name: [hame.'
For I am the king's young dochter,' she said, 'and this nicht I daurna gang

" 'Gif ye be the king's ae dochter,' he said, 'I am his auldest son:
I wish I had died on some frem isle, and never had come hame!'

" She put her hand doun by her side, and doun into her spare,
And she pu'd out a wee pen-knife, and she wounded herself fu sair."

She goes home, dying, and says that a heavy stone had fallen on her breast.

" Her brither he cam' trippin' down the stair, his steps they were fu' slow:
He sank into his sister's arms, and they died as white as snow." [20 stanzas.

Motherwell's *second* MS. ("Lady Margaret sits") is a bundle of confused fragments. It makes the brother inflict the death-wound.

" She says: 'Young man, what is your name? for ye 've brought me to meikle
For I am the king's youngest daughter, and how shall I gae hame?' [shame:

" 'If you 're the king's youngest daughter, it 's I am his youngest son;
And heavy, heavy is the deed, sister, that you and I have done.'

" He had a penknife in his hand, hang low down by his gair, [=garter.
And between the long rib and the short, he wounded her deep and sair.

. . . [*Lost half-stanza.*] . . . . . .

" And fast and fast her ruddy bright blood fell drapping on the ground.

" She took the glove off her right hand, and slowly slipt it in the wound,
And slowly has she risen up, and slowly slipped home.

" 'O sister dear!'—when [s]h[e] gaes hame, unto th[e] father's ha',
'It 's make my bed baith braid and lang, wi' the sheets as white as snaw.'

. . . . [*Stanza, or stanzas lost.*] . . . . .

" 'When I came by the high churchyard, heavy was the stain [I did feel;]
Heavy was the stane that bruised my heart, I 'm afraid it shall never heal.' "

[*Caetera desunt.*]

Motherwell gave also the fragment of another version, beginning: "Lady *Margaret* sits in her bow-window, sewing her silken seam; She dropt her thimble on her toe, her scissors at her heel, And she 's awa' to the merry greenwood, to see the leaves grow green."

This ranks among the variations from 'The Bonny Hynd.' Perhaps the worst of the imitations is the 'Lizie Wan' of Herd's *Scots Songs*, i, 91, 1776: "*Lizie Wan* sits at her father's bower-door, weeping and making a mane." The causer of her grief, soon to be her murderer, is her own brother, Geordie Wan. Another is Buchan's 'Castle Ha's Daughter' ("As *Annie* sat into her bower"), where the betrayed sister dies, not from penknife or dagger, but from remembrance of his outrage. After her return home, she is aroused:

"'Win up, and see your ae brother, that 's new come ower the sea.'
'Ohon, alas!' says fair *Annie*: 'He spake ower soon to me.'

"To her room her brother is gane, stroked back her yellow hair;
To her lips his own did press, but word spake never mair."

These grim tragedies were known throughout Scotland, and loved. It was in the second volume of the '*Minstrelsy*' that the ballads dealing with seduction or violation appeared. None were in the first.

They did not contain '*The broom blooms bonnie*,' beginning, "It is whisper'd in parlour, it 's whisper'd in ha', *the broom blooms bonny! the broom blooms fair:* Lady *Marg'et* 's wi' child amang our ladies a', *And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair*" (*Scots' Mus. Museum*, v, 474, 1796). But Motherwell gave it accurately in his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern* (p. 190, 1827).

IT is talk'd, it is talk'd, the warld all over,
The broom blooms bonnie, and says it is fair;
That the king's dochter gaes wi child to her brother:
And we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.
He 's ta'en his sister down to her father's deer-park,
Wi' his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung at his back.
"O when that ye hear me gie a loud loud cry,
Shoot an arrow frae thy bow, and there let me lye;
And when that ye see I am lying cauld and dead,
Then ye 'll put me in a grave wi' a turf at my head."
Now when he heard her gie a loud loud cry,
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly.
He has houkit a grave that was lang and was deep,
And he has buried his sister wi' her babie at her feet,
And they 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

The coincidences with 'The Bonny Hynd' are remarkable, in the relation between 'the King's dochter' and her brother, who "has houkit a grave that was lang and was deep, and he has buried his sister wi' her babie at her feet, *and they 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair*." Also his return disconsolately to his father, lamenting the irrevocable loss of his knife, and the sheath that now holds it. But here there has been a long interval since the first wrongdoing, and the girl herself implores him to kill her: "shoot an arrow frae thy bow, and there let me lye." It is known also as 'Sheath and knife.' The two ballads may have had a common origin, and are reconcileable.

George Ellis (in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. i, No. 2, 1803) criticized Scott's '*Minstrelsy*,' and animadverted coarsely on what he deemed the gross immorality of the heroines in the Border Ballads: who "have the misfortune to be mothers before marriage." His English prejudices outran any private friendship cherished for the editor, who was too magnanimous to feel the treacherous blow.

Ellis secured position and remembrance by his '*Specimens of Early English Poets*,' 1790, and his '*Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*,' 1805. He had taste and refinement, somewhat fastidious.

The first volume of Scott's '*Minstrelsy*' had been devoted to incidents of predatory warfare and personal daring, with the copious notes of the editor (which Wm. Allingham in 1865 had the gracelessness to describe in his eclectic '*Ballad-Book*' as "heavily loaded with antiquarian commentary"). Scott was welcome on both sides of the Border to a people who dearly loved tales of lawless adventure, and to see the courage of such a one as 'Kinmont Willie' triumph over many enemies. In the childhood of a nation, as in the youth of an individual, a halo of romance surrounds those who defy the control of any law but their own: buccaneers of the Spanish main, raiders and forayers, seekers after treasure hidden by Captain Kid (*ex. grat.* E. A. Poe's 'Gold Bug'); even highwaymen, smugglers, or housebreakers. Scottish caterans and reivers, who let their hand be sole guard for their head, and talked not about rights, but held their own firmly, were of better manhood than the savage murderers and prison-breakers who formed the subject of multitudinous street ballads in London, circulating in the Home-Counties and beyond; to be imitated in the North, as 'The Downfall of William Grismond,' 1651, was by 'William Guiseman,' in 1827 (see pp. 70 and 145: *corrigendum* in top line, read '*Grismond*'). Both nations delighted in news of bloodshed and punishment. But an English mob supped greedily on sordid brutality, the lowest class of criminals attracted their curiosity; while Scottish men and women were fascinated by romance. Ballads and plays in the South fixed attention on the 'Murder of Thomas Arden of Feversham,' 1551 (p. 49 in this vol.); or of Master Page, of Plymouth, similarly betrayed and murdered by an adulterous wife, Ulalia, and her paramour, George Strangwidge, 1591 (vol. i, pp. 553 to 563); or, with many ballads written, the murder of Thomas Beache, in August, 1594, by Rachel and Thomas Merry her brother; or the fratricide in 1655 by Freeman Sondes committed on Sir George Sondes, of Lees Court, Feversham, Kent. Similarly, in our own days, the London populace has delighted in crime and executions: for instance, the murder of Weare by Thurtell in Herts, 1824; by Greenacre in '37; by Rush at Stanfield Hall, and one by the Mannings, in '49; by Wm. Palmer, of Rugeley, the poisoner, in '56; and by Franz Müller in a railway carriage, '64. Scotland had her own *cause célèbre*, in 1857, but Madelaine Smith's verdict was 'non proven.'

The taunt of immorality levelled at the 'Border' women by George Ellis came with an ill grace from an Editor of Metrical Romances, where the 'light-of-loves' hold sway. The sin of Guinevere disgraces the career of Lancelot; the earlier sin of Arthur (not a "blameless king," as purified in the Tennysonian Idylls) brought on the retribution through Mordred. There were as many foul-tongued Viviens and alluring Duessas, betraying and self-betrayed in all their wanton wiles, as there were valiant knights, redressing wrong, and famed for deeds of chivalry like Guy of Warwick (see final *Frontispiece* to this vol. viii).

> "I saw pale kings and princes too,
> Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
> They cried—'*La belle Dame sans Merci*'
> Hath thee in thrall."

Even where the women were neither false nor venomous, but weak to resist temptation, as in the Scottish legendary ballads, their lives were early blighted. Thus, the dreamer of 'Fair Women' has recorded—

> "In every land
> I saw, wherever light illumineth,
> Beauty and Anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope to death."

The hearers of each sad traditionary legend, who themselves had known love and sorrow, bereavement, and the remorse that is more hard to bear, told it to others. Then these listeners with varying words told it anew! half consciously mingling diverse melodies and clinging phrases, until the original text was forgotten, and the new birth grew nobler or grew worse, according to the nature of the transmitter—as jests are apt to do, depending on weak memories. The ballads were carried on the wind like thistledown, to sow themselves in foreign soil.

The present Editor is old enough to remember a now extinct class of wandering reciters, who chanted rather than sang old poems, often in dialogue alternately with a boy (see woodcut, vol. vi, p. 644): long narratives, eagerly heard by town and country, in the Lowlands. The incidents of these fugitive ballads were recollected better by the minstrels than were the special turns of speech, for they varied. One such wanderer in 'Auld Reekie,' 1835, was named 'Watty, with his coat of many colours'; it was made of patchwork selvages of woollen cloth. Watty, blue-bonnetted, always cheerful, was the delight of schoolboys, who feasted him with half their luncheon of baps and scones and apples, or salt speldrons, when bawbees were scarce. He was a fluent Improvisatore (like poor Charles Sloman, see p. 847), and could rhyme on any given theme.

The Aberdonian Professor Thomas Gordon's youngest daughter, Mrs. Brown, of Falkland, revealed her stores of ballads to Scott, to Jamieson, and Motherwell. Also to Alex. Fraser Tytler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee. To him, in a letter dated 23 December, 1800, she wrote thus, showing her *modus operandi*:—

"I have lately, by rummaging in a by-corner of my memory, found some Aberdeenshire ballads which totally escaped me before. They are of a different class from those I sent you, not near so ancient, but may be about a century ago. I cannot boast much of their poetical merit, but the family incidents upon which they are founded, the local allusions which they contain, may perhaps render them curious and not uninteresting to many people. They are as follows: 1st, 'The Baron of *Braichly*'; 2nd, 'The Lass of *Philorth*' [*i.e.* 'Lord *Saltoun* and *Auchanachie Gordon*']; 3rd, 'The Tryal of the Laird of *Gycht*' [agreeing with '*Gycht*'s Lady': see vol. vii, pp. 68, 73]; 4th, 'The Death of the Countess of *Aboyne*' [beginning, "The Earl of *Aboyne*," etc.]; 5th, 'The Carrying-off of the Heiress of *Kinady*' [="*Charlie McPherson*": see Buchan's *Anc. Pop. Ballads*]. All these I can recollect pretty exactly. I never saw any of them either in print or manuscript, but have kept them entirely, from hearing them sung when a child." She was born in 1747.

It was profitable education for her and for us. Such knowledge remains in memory, whatever else may be forgotten, until the daisies grow above us. Byron sang, "I learn'd the little that I know by this."

We ourselves can bear witness to one fair maiden of Perthshire (Miss Jessie Archer, of Tullibardine, afterwards Mrs. Hugh Dunlop, of Langside, N.B., who died in Arran, 29 Aug., 1893, deeply regretted), having learned by heart, and often repeated accurately, the whole of W. E Aytoun's spirited *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. She had read them first in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1843, *et seq.*, before they were collected in 1848. She knew the best Scotch songs and ballads, singing them sweetly, as many bonny lasses did of old. Both in memory and enthusiasm the North excelled the South, as Tennyson well knew:

> "O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
> That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
> And dark and true and tender is the North."

§ XI. Varied Character of Roxburghe Ballads.

"If when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar."

——WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED: *The Vicar.*

The broadside ballads of the Roxburghe and Pepysian Collections, here reprinted in our ten volumes (*Roxburghe* and *Bagford*), may be broadly divided into three classes.

FIRST. — The ordinary story-telling ballads, whether romantic fiction or assumed facts. The best Love-Tales belong to an early date. If not distinguished by the grace of poetry in the ballads, many told of courage, honour, piety, fortitude, and sustained affection amid reverses of fortune. They furnished the favourite reading among people whose only libraries were these roughly adorned sheets. The study and remembrance of them, with few exceptions, did far more humanizing good than all the polemical disputes and exhortations of the day. Such English Idylls as 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' and 'Constance of Cleveland,' the 'Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green,' 'Margaret's Ghost,' or 'Maudlon, the Fair Maid of Bristow,' were as welcome at winter firesides and harvest-homes, as had been 'Chevy Chace,' 'The Heir of Linne' or 'St. George for England,' and 'The Children in the Wood' (p. 854). There was a tendency to coarseness, no doubt, in narratives where mirth prevailed, but the sportiveness suited men who were not sham-saints and hypocrites. Could anyone be hurt by 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,' by 'Ragged and torn and true,' 'Dulcina,' "From Oberon in Fairyland," the 'Robin Hood Ballads,' the 'Jovial Tinker,' and 'Jolly Beggars,' or even by 'The Wanton Wife of Bath'? If so, he might go thither and get his head shaved.

Matrimonial quarrels formed the popular subject of ballads, that gave a warning to bachelors, but no consolation to henpecked husbands. (See the *Supplementary Note* to the 'Thackeray List of Ballads,' on p. lxxxii***. 'An Easie Way to tame a Shrew,' is a substitute for the undiscovered 'Fighting for the Breeches.')

SECOND. —There was a large assortment of personal complaints and autobiographies, half of them assuming to be either remorseful confessions or boastful self-proclamations of success in love, war, and roguery; the other half appeals for sympathy and compassion by discarded swains and betrayed maidens. The demand for these was enormous, and the market supply always steady.

A fair proportion of them were simply amplifications of already popular theatre-songs, with music by good composers. Dryden, Davenant, D'Urfey, Mrs. Aphara Behn (p. 856), and other favourites had supplied the opening stanzas: thus in several cases we retain three distinct continuations of the same original, under distinct titles, and from different hack-writers of rival publishers. It was a recognized branch of lucrative trade, to prolong a playhouse song into a broadside ballad, and nobody pleaded 'copyright' or monopoly.

THIRD.—In all its ramifications, there was a thorny maze of political satires, squibs, lampoons, travesties or burlesques, against anyone whom it was considered profitable to assail and bespatter.

They were often printed in Roman white-letter. One such, that we transcribe from a contemporary MS. of 1642, belonging to our good friend Mr. H. W. Ball, of Barton-on-Humber, we give here as an excellent specimen. It was sung to the tune of *The Old Courtier of the Queen's* (vol. vi, p. 750).

Verses made in 1642 by N. N.

TO make *Charles* a great King and give him no power,
To honour him much, and obey him not one hour,
To provide for his safety, and take away the Tower,
To mayntaine all is sweet, bee it never so sower:
Is the new Order of the Land, and the Land's new Order.

To secure men their lives, liberties, and states,
By an Arbitrary power as it pleaseth the Fates,
To take away taxes by imposing great rates,
To make a new playster by breaking our pates: *Is the new*, etc.

To sitt and consult for ever and a day,
To countenance treason in a parliamentary way,
To quiet the land by a tumultuous sway,
New plots to devise, and them to destroy: *Is the new*, etc.

To leave all holy face by using of an . . . , [*MS. split.*
To have one make petitions for Country by course;
To make *Pym* as great as his mother's great horse,
Which *Waller* left *Agnes*, though his meaning is worse: *Is*, etc. [Sir *Wm.*

To encourage good Souldiers by cashiering the band,
To hearten brave spirits by expelling them the land, [Sir *Ken. Di.*
To quit *Digby* and *Deering*, whome they do not understand, [Sir *Ed. De.*
To frame not new lawes but new words if well scan'd: *Is the*, etc.

To passe by grave *Oxford*, because they are taught
To sett up for preacher-men very well wraught;
Who all the day fish, but ne'er anything caught;
These brethren are good, if they were not so nought: *Is*, etc.

To send all the Jesuits to heaven in a stringe, [*i.e.* a noose.
Who else to confusion Religion would bringe;
To say the Lord's Prayer is a Popish thinge;
To pray for themselves, but leave out the Kinge:
Is the new Order of the Land, and the Land's new Order.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the treasures that have been reprinted and annotated in these eight volumes, belonging to each of the above-named divisions. *Search and see, how good they be:*

Not Desert sterile, "as dull fools suppose,"
But Gardens, rich with every flower that blows.

§ XII. 'Conclusion of the whole matter.'

" Nor do I now despond. All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerately,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage ;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes."—*Philip van Artevelde.*

Into a goodly heritage of Old Ballads we have come. They may cheer the next generation. The best and brightest poetry can never die. All that is false and sickly is doomed to perish. The gods be thanked for this! But on Olympus there is a survival of the fittest. A nation that boasts such men as those whom England and Scotland have produced can never long consent to tolerate mediocrity, or folly masquerading above its due level, but will in quiet moments turn back to "her bravest and her best." Not bulk, but essence; not ponderous quantity, but condensed and refined perfection, reward the student of old song and legend. He chooses thereof for himself with sane judgment, unaffrighted and unallured by whatever false taste may chance to rule the hour, since folly or cupidity too often sway the crowd. If he be wise, his resort is seclusion, keeping aloof from all the noisy discords of the trafficker. He learns that happiness dwells (where we ourselves had early found it) in solitude and song. Undazzled by the passing show, or by weak repining for an imaginary Golden Age, he accepts from the Past whatever has been worth preserving. It was tested in the furnace, as true gold. He will abide by goodness, purity, and peace. Deep in his heart remains the lesson, taught by Matthew Arnold's 'Scholar Gipsy':—

" O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames,
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

" But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mortal strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made:
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last and die like ours."

As it was when we finished '*Bagford Ballads*,' in 1877, twenty years ago, so here in our equally completed '*Roxburghe Ballads*,' let the final word be a tribute to their earlier Editor. He, in his '*National English Airs*,' 1838, 1840, and in the unprecedented treasure-store of 1855, his '*Popular Music of the Olden Time*,' first revealed the wealth of Old England in her ancient melodies and in her literature of song and ballad. Where had there ever been his equal in such work? Where, in the present daylight of the dwarfs, can we look for any successor to him, at once so able and so modest, so untiring and warm-hearted? Among friends and musicians, no one was dearer or more truly mourned than WILLIAM CHAPPELL. Over his grave at Kensal-Green Cemetery, it was our solemn privilege to speak the message of eternal life from the Church of England's Burial Service; also, in *The Athenæum* of September 1st, 1888 (and in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, Preface to vol. vi, p. x*), to write the Obituary Notice of our friend. All that we ourselves have tried to do for the Ballad-Society during more than a score of years, in this long series of volumes, the 'Bagfords' and the 'Roxburghes,' must stand as fulfilment of his wishes, consecrated to such friendship, and thus to be associated with the name of him who "being dead yet speaketh." Our own special task is now completed, which was that of loyally "*Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts.*"

The Last Word.

IF it be said to those who loved me long,
"He left no trophy justifying praise,
But gave the heedless world these idle lays!"—
One voice may dare to vindicate my song:—
"There was no blinding of his soul to wrong,
No weak repining at the toilsome days:
On the still glowing Past he bent his gaze:
Searching for Truth his heart was ever strong.
Calm in success, in failure mute and proud,
Nature consoled him for each loss in Art.
Not for reward he laboured; where he bowed
His energies, he first had given his heart:
He claimed no wreath, no dirge, from the mad crowd.
Glad to have Lived! not sorry to Depart."

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH PRIORY, ASHFORD, KENT, 1897.

Wm. Thackeray's List of Ballads, 1685.

[Recast, in Alphabetical Order of recovered "*First Lines*," here marked by quotational commas. Numbered as in the Editor's own 'Introduction' to '*The Bagford Ballads*,' p. lx *et seq.*, 1878; but now extended and corrected; brought up to date (1897). Three ballads alone are left without identification: viz., Nos. 127, 144, and 229. See *Supplementary Note*, pp. lxxxi, etc.***]

Nos. with Titles of Thackeray's List.	'First Lines' identified.	Where found.
	"A BEAUTEOUS Lady of comely carriage."	*Roxb. Ballads*, vi, 161
212.	A Fair Lady of the West.	
	"A Country Farmer, as 't is said."	,, ,, viii, 566
56.	Skilful Doctor of Glou'ster.	
	"A Gallant Youth at Gravesend lived."	,, ,, vii, 495
70.	Same title [=Gallant Seaman's Resolution].	
	"A handsome buxom Lass."	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 543
255*b*.	Green Sickness [Maid. Compare "Come, Come"].	
	"A lusty Country Lad, that lately came to town."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 623
177.	Dick the Miller's Son. [Title, Ill-gotten Goods.]	
	"A noble Marquess, as he did ride a hunting."	,, ,, ii, 269
28.	Noble Marquess [and Patient Grissel].	
	"A pox upon this cursed life." (Quoted.)	*Introd. to R. B.*, viii, lxxxiv
144.	Fighting for the Breeches.	
	"A pretty jest I will you tell" (="A story strange").	*Ibid.*, viii, cii
276.	Gelding the Devil. (See '*Merry Drollery*,' 1661.)	
	"A rich Merchant man there was."	*Roxb. Ballads*, i, 320
38.	Rich Merchant-man.	
	"A thousand times my love commend."	,, ,, i, 277
165.	Same title [=The Distressed Virgin].	
	"A week before Easter the day 's long and clear."	,, ,, vi, 233
80.	Same title [=The Forlorn Lover].	
	"A Woman would wear the Breeches" (1629: see p. lxxxiv).	*caret.*
144.	Fighting for the Breeches.	
	"A wonder stranger ne'er was known."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 43
184.	Suffolk Miracle.	
	"A young man and a pretty maid." (Pepys, $\frac{4}{95}$.)	*caret.*
207.	To hold the buckle and thong together. 1674.	
	"Abroad as I was walking." (C. 22, e. 2, fol. 120.)	*caret.*
219.	The Gowlin. [By Tom D'Urfey.]	
	"Accept, dear love, these shadows of my grief."	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 655
42.	Young Man's A B C	
	"Adieu to the pleasures and follies of Love."	,, ,, iv, 462
142.	Musical Shepherdess[; or, Dorinda's Lamentation].	
	"Aim not too high, in things above thy reach."	,, ,, i, 326
299.	Same title [=Great Consolation for a troubled Mind].	
	"All Christian men, give ear a while to me."	,, ,, vi, 703
69.	Dr. Faustus, [The Just Judgment of God on].	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"All Gentlemen and yeomen good."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 490
11.	Robin Hood and the Shepherd.	
	"All hail! thou bright and bonny Lass."	,, ,, vii, 289
247.	William and Jane [=Loving Lad and Coy Lass].	
	"All in a pleasant morning, in the merry month of May."	,, iii, 564
141.	[The] Comber's Whistle.	
	"All in the month of May, when all things blossom."	,, viii, 691, 865
220.	*Lady, lye near me.* [Burden. By Robert Guy.]	
	"All tender hearts that ake to hear." (Pepys, $\frac{2}{143}$; Percy's Reliq.)	*caret.*
129.	Spanish Virgin[; or, Effects of Jealousy].	
	"All you that cry 'O hone, O hone!'"	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 571
84*b*.	Earl of Essex [his Death, in 1601].	
	"All you that delight for to hear a new Song." (*Pref. N.*)	,, viii, lxxviii
183.	Poor Robin's Prophecie.	
	"All you that delight for to spend some time."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 497
16.	Robin Hood, Little John, and the Four Beggars.	
	"All you that do desire to know."	,, ,, vii, 635
230.	[What is become of the] King of Scots.	
	"All you that fear the Lord that rules the sky."	,, ,, viii, 110
286.	A Looking Glass for all true Christians.	
	"All you that freely spend your coyn." (Pepys, $\frac{4}{285}$.)	*caret.*
161.	No Money, no Friend.	
	"All you whose minds be high and heavenly bent."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 814
91.	Lesson for all true Christians.	
	"All youthful virgins, to this Song give ear."	,, ,, iii, 651
41.	Virgin's A B C.	
	"All Youths of Fair England."	,, ,, viii, 61
48.	George Barnwell.	
	"Amintas loved Cloris, that fair one." (Wood's Coll., $\frac{\text{E. 25}}{127}$.)	*caret.*
193.	Love's Wounds and Love's Cures.	
	"Amintas on a Summer's day."	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 608
250.	Same title [The Tragedy of Phillis].	
	"Amongst the Nine, all nymphs divine."	,, ,, i, 599
190.	*Locks and Bolts do hinder* [=Lover's Joy and Grief].	
	"Amongst the wonders God hath shown" (*a.l.* 'known')	,, ,, viii, 86
76.	Godly Maid at Leicester.	
	"An ancient story I 'll tell you anon."	,, ,, vi, 747
178.	King and the Abbot [of Canterbury].	
	"An elder time there was of yore" (*a.l.* 'In elder').	,, ,, iii, 212
39.	King [Alfred] and the Shepherd.	
	"Andrew, Maudlin, Rebecca, and Will." (Wood's, $\frac{\text{E. 25}}{23}$.)	*caret.*
153.	Young Man's Ramble.	
	"As at noon Dulcina rested."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 166
240.	Same title. [Before 1614: attributed to Raleigh.]	
	"As I by chance was walking, on a Summer's day."	*Bagford Bds*, p. 475
106.	Samuel and Sarah [=Two Constant Lovers].	
	"As I did walk abroad one time."	,, ,, p. 447
182.	*Alass, poor thing!* [Title, Mourning Conquest.]	
	"As I lay musing all alone: *Fa, la.*"	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 222
271.	Friar in the Well.	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"As I lay musing all alone: Great store."	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 142
221.	Life and Age of Man. [By Richard Climsal.]	
	"As I lay musing in my bed, full warm."	,, ,, viii, lxxxi*
269*a*.	Praise of Saylors. (*Cf.* "Countrie men of England.")	
	"As I lay slumbering in my bed one night."	,, ,, ii, 491
50.	St. Bernard's Vision.	
	"As I through a Meadow one morning did pass." (Pepys, $\frac{4}{13}$.)	*caret.*
192*b*.	Merry Milkmaid's Delight [=Merry Milk-Maid].	
	"As I to Ireland did pass, I saw a ship at anchor lay."	*R. Bds.*, vii, 601
108.	True Lovers' Knot Untied. [Lady Arabella.]	
	"As I walk'd forth in the merry month of June."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 353
196.	Give me the Willow Garland.	
	"As I walked forth to take the air."	,, ,, vi, 260
158.	True Love rewarded with Loyalty.	
	"As I was walking forth of late, I heard a man," etc.	,, ,, vii, 188
228.	My wife will be my Master.	
	"As I was walking through Hyde Park."	,, ,, iv, 517
157.	Turn-Coat of the Times.	
	"As I went forth one sunshiny day, a dainty young couple." (Rawlinson, 67.)	*caret.*
262*a*.	Nightingal[e's Song; or, The Souldier's rare Music].	
	"As I went through the meddowes green."	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 300
259.	Plowman and the Serving-man.	
	"As I went through the North Country"	,, ,, ii, 373
88.	Sir John Barleycorn.	
	"As it fell out on a high Holy-day" (="a holiday, *hay down*")	vi, 633
273.	Little Musgrove.	
	"As Jenny sat under a Siccomore tree."	,, ,, viii, 468
251.	[New Scotch Jigg: Answer to] Bonny Cravat.	
	"As Johnny met Jenny on a Summer's day."	,, ,, viii, 466
202.	Scotch Corant[; or, Johnny's Cravat].	
	"As lately I, to take the fresh air, within," etc. (Pepys, $\frac{2}{125}$.)	*caret.*
140.	Young Man's Joy and Maiden's Happiness.	
	"As lately I travelled towards Gravesend."	*Bagford Bds.*, p. 267
121.	Seaman's Compass.	
	"As on a day Sabina fell asleep."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iii, 645
103*b*.	Cupid's Courtesie. [*Cf.* "Thro' the cool shady Woods."]	
	"As Thomas and Mary did meet."	,, ,, vii, 111
135.	Fairing for [Young Men and] Maids.	
	"As we was a ranging upon the salt seas." (p. lxxx.)	,, ,, v, 543
170.	Two English Travellers. (Coronation of James II.)	
	"Attend, good Christian people all."	,, ,, viii, 79
131.	Gabriel Harding [Strange News from Westmoreland].	
	"Attend, my Masters, and listen well."	,, ,, i, 99
57.	Cooper of Norfolk. [By Martin Parker.]	
	"Attend you, and give ear a while."	,, ,, vi, 429
285.	Honour of Bristol.	
	"Attend, you Lovers, and give ear."	,, ,, ii, 644
72.	[Two Unfort. Lovers:] John True [& Susan Mead].	
	"Awake, awake, O England."	,, ,, iv, 468
110.	England's New Bellman	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"Be gone, thou fatal fiery fever."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 563
77.	Gerrard's Mistress.	
	"Beauty, thou throne of graces." (Euing Coll., 172.)	,, ,, vii, 415
223.	Young Man's Torments [eased by Death].	
	"Behold the touchstone of true love."	,, ,, ii, 87
45.	Maudlin.	
	"Both men and women, listen well."	,, ,, vii, 185
283.	Woman to the Plough, Man [to the Hen-roost].	
	"Both young and old, both rich and poor."	,, ,, vii, 811
160.	A Letter for a Christian Family.	
	"Brave West-Country Blades, come listen, I'll sing." (Pepys, $\frac{4}{247}$; Wood, $\frac{E.\ 25}{130}$.)	*caret.*
217.	West-Country Cheat upon Cheat. [No Jest, like unto a True Jest.]	
	"Break heart, and die, I may no longer live."	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 254
291.	*Ibid.* [The Despairing Lover.]	
	"Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?"	,, ,, iii, 184
154.	Doleful Dance and Song of Death.	
	"Captain Chilver is gone to Sea."	,, ,, vii, 529
222.	*Benjamin O.* [The Benjamin's Lamentation.]	
	"Captain Robert is gone to Sea."	*Introd. to* ,, ,, viii, xciii
226.	Seaman's Frollick[; or, a Cooler for the Captain].	
	"Come, all ye brave Gallants, and listen a while."	,, ,, viii, 535
20.	Robin Hood and the Butcher.	
	"Come, all you Bachelors so brave."	,, ,, vii, 42
133.	Fancy's Phœnix.	
	"Come, all you brave Sailors, that sails on the Main."	,, ,, vi, 412
279.	[Famous] Fight at Malago.	
	"Come, all you young maidens, and lend an ear." (*Cf.* viii, 843.)	vii, 557
174.	Huntsman's Delight. [By Joseph Martin.]	
	"Come, and do not musing stand."	,, ,, ii, 29
88*c*.	[Little] Barlicorn.	
	"Come, buy my new ballet."	,, ,, iv, 605
156.	Cloak['s Knavery].	
	"Come, come away, you maidens fair."	,, ,, vii, 77
132.	Fancy's Favourite.	
	"Come, come, my roaring ranting boys." (*Cf.* "You rural.")	,, v, 82
192*b*.	Merry Milkmaids' Delight.	
	"Come, come, my sweet and bonny one." (Euing Coll., 125.)	*caret.*
255.	Green Sickness [Grief]. (Transfer, 1 June, 1629.)	
	"Come, friend, if thy leisure permit thee to stay."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 103
118.	Poor Man's Councellour.	
	"Come from the Temple away to the Bed."	,, ,, vii, 457
113.	Hasty Bridegroom.	
	"Come, Gentlemen all, and listen a while."	,, ,, ii, 449
18.	Robin Hood and the Bishop.	
	"Come hear a Song, and a very fine song." (Pepys, $\frac{3}{54}$.)	,, ,, vii, 469
	"I'le sing a Song, and a dainty brave Song."	,, ,, vii, 467
137.	Trappan'd Taylor.	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"Come hither, my Muse, if that thou beëst cold."	*Bagford Bds.*, p. 401
120.	Michaelmas Term. (1632.)	
	"Come hither, sweet Husband, and listen to me."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iii, 364
159.	Harry and Elizabeth.	
	"Come, let us drink, the time invites." (*2nd Div.*)	,, ,, viii, xciv*
201.	Same title [Loyal Subject; or, Praise of Sack].	
	"Come light and listen, you gentlemen all."	,, ,, viii, 517
8.	Robin Hood and the Beggar.	
	"Come listen a while, you Gentlemen all."	,, ,, ii, 426
17.	Robin Hood newly Revived [and the Stranger].	
	"Come listen to me, you Gallants so free."	,, ,, viii, 493
2.	Robin Hood and Allan of Dale.	
	"Come listen, young Gallants, of Shrowsbury fair Town."	,, vi, 359
233.	Shrowsbury for me.	
	"Come mourn, come mourn with me!"	,, ,, i, 186
78.	Bride's Burial.	
	"Come, mournful Muse, assist my quill." (*Cf.* "How fares.")	vi, 558
185*a*.	Hero and Leander.	
	"Come, you Gallants all, to you I do call."	,, ,, viii, 512
9.	Robin Hood's Chase.	
	"Country-men of England." (M. P.'s '*Stormy Winds.*')	,, ,, vi, 797
269*b*.	Praise of Saylors. [*Cf.* "As I lay musing," lxxxi*.]	
	"DEAR Love, regard my grief."	,, ,, vi, 682
73.	Tryall of True Love.	
	"Diana and her darlings dear."	,, ,, ii, 520
68.	Diana [and Actæon].	
	"Dick resolv'd to court Young Nan." (Douce Coll., $\frac{1}{8^{vo}}$, *vo.*)	*caret.*
239.	Dick and Nancy.	
	"Down by a Forrest as I did pass."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 422
109.	Down by a Forrest. [Woful Complaint.]	
	"Draw near, young maidens, every one."	,, ,, vi, 265
94.	[Love's Downfal; or,] Stable Groom.	
	"ENGLAND's fair dainty dames."	,, ,, viii, 20
86.	Same title [Pride's Fall].	
	"FAIR Angel of England, thy beauty most bright."	,, ,, i, 181
116.	*Ibid.* [Fair Maid of London.]	
	"Fair England's Joy is fled."	*Introd. to* ,, ,, viii, xc
151.	The King's last Speech.	
	"Farewel, my heart's delight, Ladies adieu!"	*Bagford Bds.*, p. 471
96.	*Ibid.*	
	"Flora, farewell! I needs must go."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 105
112.	Flora's Farewell.	
	"Forth from my sad and darksome cell."	,, ,, ii, 251
62.	New Mad Tom of Bedlam.	
	"Forth walking in the Summer's time." (Pepys, $1\frac{4}{12}$.)	*caret.*
179.	[*You*] *Pritty little Lad*[*ies*] *will do so.*	
	"Frankin, my loyal friend, *O hone, O hone!*"	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 418
152.	Frankill [*sic.* A Mournfull Carol].	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"Friends, will it please you to hear me tell?" (Pepys, $1\frac{2}{24}$.)	*caret.*
126.	A Cuckold by Consent [=Frolic Miller, p. 850].	
	"From Oberon in Fairy Land." (*Cf.* p. cxi*.)	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 81
275.	Robin Goodfellow. [Attributed to Ben Jonson.]	
	"Full fifty Winters have I seen."	,, ,, vi, 327
242.	Heavy heart and a light Purse. [By John Wade.]	
	"GALLANTS, come list a while."	,, ,, vi, 281
175.	*I'd give a thousand pounds thou wert in Shrewsbury.*	
	"Give ear unto a Maid that lately was betray'd."	,, ,, vii, 511
282.	*Virginia O!* [=The Trappan'd Maiden: see p. xcv].	
	"God above that made all things."	,, ,, vi, 470
298.	Leather Bottle.	
	"God prosper long our noble King."	,, ,, vi, 740
79.	Chevy Chase.	
	"God's judgments now"; and "'Mongst Lions fell."	,, ,, viii, 73
25*a*.	George Saunders [Confession and Repentance of].	
	"Gold ta'en from the King's Harbengers."	,, ,, ii, 419
13.	Robin Hood and Queen Katherine.	
	"Good people all, listen a while." (Wood's, $\frac{E.25}{142}$.)	*caret.*
261.	Dying Man's good Counsel.	
	"Good people, I 'll tell you now of a fine Jest."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iii, 547
130.	Cloath-worker caught in a Trap.	
	"Great are the wonders that our God hath done." (Euing C., 65.)	*caret.*
171.	Dying Tears [for Henry Duke of Gloucester].	
	"HANG sorrow, cast away care."	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 509
138.	*Ibid.* [Joy and sorrow mixt together.]	
	"Heard you not lately of a man."	,, ,, ii, 154
107.	Mad Man's Morrice.	
	"Heard you not of a Valiant Trooper." (Quoted.)	,, ,, vi, 507
124.	Valiant Trooper and Beggar. (Pepys, $\frac{4}{40}$.)	
	"Henry our royal King would ride a hunting."	,, ,, i, 539
253.	King and the Miller [of Mansfield].	
	"How fares my fair Leander?" (By H. Crouch.) / "Two famous Lovers once there was." Pepys, $\frac{1}{344}$.	,, ,, vi, 560
185*b*.	Hero and Leander. (*Cf.* "Come, mournful.")	
	"How now, good fellow, what all amort."	*Bagford Bds.*, p. 973
168.	Poor Robin's Dream. [Poor Charity. By R. Winstanly.]	
	"I, A young Lass, have been courted by many."	*caret.*
173.	I, Trap[; or, The Young Lass]. (Wood's Coll., $\frac{E.25}{81}$.)	
	"I am a poor prisoner condemned to die."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 56
241.	Luke Hutton [his Lamentation: 1595].	
	"I am a stout Seaman, newly come on shore."	,, ,, vi, 415
256.	Gallant Seaman's return [from the Indies].	
	"I am a woman poor and blind."	,, ,, i, 31
85.	Woman poor and Blind. [Anne Askew.]	
	"I am so deep in love."	,, ,, vi, 253
253.	Deep in love. [=The Kind Virgin's Complaint.]	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	" I come, my blessed Saviour."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 626
151*b*.	The King's Last Speech. (See "Fair England.")	
	" I have heard talk of Robin Hood."	,, ,, viii, 509
1.	Robin Hood's Golden Prize.	
	" I 'le sing a song, and a dainty fine song."	,, ,, vii, 467
137*b*.	Trappan'd Taylor. [See also, "Come hear a Song."]	
	" I 'le tell you a story, a story anon."	,, ,, vi, 747
178*a*.	King [John] and the Abbot.	
	" I loved you dearly, I loved you well."	,, ,, vi, 791
203.	Nell and Harry.	
	" I met with a Jovial Beggar."	,, ,, vii, 376
172.	Knight and Beggar-Wench.	
	" If Rosamond that was so fair."	,, ,, i, 483
46.	Jane Shore.	
	" In a melancholy passion I was walking."	,, ,, vii, 144
198.	*In my Freedom is all my Joy.* [Burden.]	
	" In Bath a wanton wife did dwell."	,, ,, vii, 213
90.	Wanton Wife [of Bath].	
	" In elder time there was of yore."	,, ,, iii, 212
39.	King [Alfred] and the Shepherd.	
	" In London liv'd a wealthy Merchant's Wife."	*caret.*
211.	[Down] Fall of Pride. (Pepys Coll., $\frac{2}{5}$.)	
	" In Nineve old Toby dwelt."	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 621
43.	Old Toby.	
	" In Nottingham there lives a jolly Tanner."	,, ,, viii, 503
6.	Robin Hood and the Tanner.	
	" In Popish time, when Bishops proud."	,, ,, vi, 751
22.	King and the Bishop.	
	" In Rome, a Noble man did wed."	,, ,, ii, 49
54.	Blackamoor and the Lady. (Registered in 1569.)	
	" In Rome, I read, a Nobleman."	,, ,, viii, 4
49.	[Vertuous Wife who] Fed her Father.	
	" In searching famous Chronicles."	,, ,, ii, 74
23.	Ungracious Son [who denyed his own Father].	
	" In Summer time when folks make hay."	,, ,, i, 52
231.	An Excellent Medley (Martin Parker's).	
	" In Summer time when leaves are green."	,, ,, vi, 274
24.	Northampton[shire] Lovers.	
	" In Summer time when leaves grow green, and birds."	,, i, 531
111.	King and the Tanner [of Tamworth].	
	" In Summer time when leaves grow green, and flowers."	,, viii, 521
4.	Robin Hood and the Curtal Fryar.	
	" In Summer time when leaves grow green, *down a down*."	,, viii, 527
15.	Robin Hood and the Tinker.	
	" In Summer time when leaves grow green, when they."	,, viii, 478
3.	Robin Hood and the Fisherman.	
	" In the days of old, when fair France did flourish."	,, ,, i, 309
59.	In the days of Old. [Prince of England, etc.]	
	" In the month of February, the green leaves." (Rawlinson, 125.)	*caret.*
180.	*Ibid.* [True-Lovers' Good-morrow.]	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"In the pleasant month of May." (*Pref. N.*)	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, lxxxvi*
246.	[Sweet Salutation on] Primrose Hill.	
	"In the West of England."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 575
98.	[Life and death of] Thomas Stukely.	
	"In Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder."	,, ,, viii, 531
10.	Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield.	
	"Is there never a man in all Scotland."	,, ,, vi, 604
102.	Johnny Armstrong.	
	"It grieves my heart to tell the woe."	,, ,, vii, 595
162.	Wharton and Stuart [their lamentable Combate].	
	"It was a blind Beggar that long lost his sight."	,, ,, i, 38
58.	Blind Beggar [of Bethnal-Green].	
	"It was a bold Keeper that chased the deer."	,, ,, vi, 230
260.	Bold keeper. [Masterpiece of Love Songs.]	
	"It was a brave Souldier that long lived in wars."	,, ,, ii, 476
128.	Peggy and the Souldier. [By Rich. Clymsal.]	
	"It was a Lady of the North, she loved a Gentleman."	,, ,, vii, 274
214*b*.	[Room for a] Jovial Tinker. [*Cf.* "There was."]	
	"It was a rich Merchant man, that had both ship and all."	*caret.*
249.	Merchant-man and the Fidler's Wife. (Pepys, $\frac{1}{163}$.)	
	"It was a Scotchman, a Scotchman lewd of life."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iii, 104
30.	Jasper Cuningham [of Aberdeen, a Blasphemer].	
	"It was a worthy Lord of Lorn."	,, ,, ii, 56
31.	Lord of Lorn.	
	"It was a youthful Knight."	,, ,, vi, 572
83.	Constance of Cleveland.	
	"It was an Old Man which with his poor Wife."	,, ,, ii, 348
277.	[Unnatural Son.] Old Man and his Poor Wife.	
	"It was my chance to be amongst a Jovial Crew."	*caret.*
235.	Tom Brown's Delight. (Rawlinson Coll., $\frac{566}{fol.\ 116}$.)	
	"JENNY my Handmaid." (See *Suppl. Note to Int.*, p. lxxxvi.)	*caret.*
127.	Jenny my Handmaid.	
	"Joseph, an aged man truly."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 781
225.	Same title [Joseph the Carpenter].	
	"Jury [=Jewry] came to Jerusalem."	,, ,, ii, 549
270.	Same title [The Birth of Christ].	
	"KIND Country-men, list to my Ditty."	,, ,, viii, 556
200.	Tryal of Skill [by a Poor Gentlewoman].	
	"Kind Couzen David, prithee stay."	,, ,, ii, 183
199.	Edmond and David. [Man's Felicity and Misery.]	
	"Kind Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?"	,, ,, ii, 441
19.	Robin Hood's Birth, [Breeding, and Marriage].	
	"King Charles was once a Prince of great State."	,, ,, vii, 622
64.	The King's Tryal [at Westminster Hall].	
	"LATE in the Country as I was walking." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{3}{1}$.)	*caret.*
166.	Love without Measure. [Title and tune.]	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	" Late in the morning, as I abroad was walking."	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 42
67.	Love in a Maze[; or, Young Man put to his Dumps].	
	" Lavender's green, *Diddle diddle*."	,, ,, iv, 434
195.	*Diddle diddle.*	
	" Let us sing and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice."	,, ,, iii, 484
169.	*A Hundred Years hence.* [By Thomas Jordan.]	
	" Look, you faithful Lovers."	(*Second Div.*) *Roxb. Bds.*, viii, lxxxiii*
101.	*Alack! for my Love* [*I shall dye.* Title: Unfortunate Love of a Lancashire Gentleman].	
	" Lord Thomas he was a bold Forrester."	,, ,, vi, 647
105.	Lord Thomas [and fair Elinor].	
	" Love with unconfined wings." ["When Love."]	,, ,, iii, 179
236.	Pensive Prisoner's Apology. [Orig. by Lovelace.]	
	" MARK well my heavy doleful tale."	,, ,, vi, 764
44.	[The] Ladie's Fall.	
	" Mars shall to Cupid now submit."	,, ,, vii, 411
294.	Same title [The Ruined Lover: a rare Narrative].	
	" 'Mongst Lyons fell," etc. (See " God's Judgments now.")	,, viii, 74
25.	George Saunders [his Repentance in Prison].	
	" Mournful Melpomony, assist my quill " (*sic*).	,, ,, vii, 631
267.	Melpomine. [*sic* Lamenting Lady's last Farewell.]	
	" My Betty, thou know'st I have courted thee long."	,, vol. vii, ix*
188.	Lancashire Lovers.	
	" My bleeding heart with grief and care."	,, ,, iii, 23
75.	My Bleeding Heart [= Warning to lewd Livers].	
	" My children dear, mark well my words."	,, ,, i, 428
60.	A Hundred Godly Lessons.	
	" My dear and only Love, I pray"; and "My. . . . take heed."	vi, 581
210.	*I'll never love thee more.* [Montrose's lines.]	
	" My friend, if you will understand."	,, ,, vii, 273
300.	*Great Booby.* [Burden and title.]	
	" My good man is gone to sea." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{4}{10}$ *s.*)	*caret.*
181.	Seaman's Wife's [Ranting] Resolution.	
	" My heart is opprest with sorrow, sweet Wife." (Pepys C., $\frac{4}{52}$.)	*caret.*
117.	Poor Man's Comfort. (Mentioned in vol. viii, p. 105.)	
	" My Joy and only Dear, come sit down by me."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 252
135.	West-Country Wooing.	
	" My Mind to me a Kingdom is." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{1}{339}$.)	*caret.*
206.	Same title. [Accredited to Sir Edward Dyer.]	
	" My name is Tom of all Trades, there 's many knows me well."	*caret.*
263.	[Merry] Tom of all Trades[; A Trick to get money at every dead lift. Rawlinson Coll., 186].	
	" My pretty Betty, I now must leave thee."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 510
123.	Voyage to Virginia.	
	" My pretty little Rogue, do but come hither."	,, ,, vii, 254
139.	Serious Discourse between two Lovers. [By John Wade.]	
	" My sweetest, my fairest, my rarest, my dearest."	,, ,, vi, 73
227.	True Lovers' Holyday. [By Laurence Price.]	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"My thinks [*sic*] I feel fresh bleeding wounds." (Pepys, $\frac{2}{381}$.)	*caret.*
290.	Wounded Lovers.	
	"Now, mortals, all prepare to hear reason."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, lxxxvi
187.	*Bacon and Beans* [=Good-Fellow's Three Wishes].	
	"Now my painful eyes lie rowling."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 40
167.	Clerk of Bodnam [Bodmin, Cornwall, not Bodenham].	
	"Now Pan leaves piping, the Gods have done feasting."	,, ,, iii, 312
97*a*.	Hunting the Hare. (*Cf.* "Of all delights.")	
	"Now ponder well, you Parents dear."	,, ,, ii, 216
47.	Children in the Wood.	
	"Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and little John."	,, ,, ii, 432
21.	Robin Hood and the Prince of Arragon.	
	"Now the Tyrant hath stolen my dearest away."	,, ,, vi, 67
122.	The Tyrant.	
	"Now the weather grows warm." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{3}{52}$.)	*caret.*
252.	John and Betty; or, The Vertue of Cherry-stones.	
	"Now to discourse of Man I take in hand."	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 217
221*b*.	Life and Age of Man.	
	"O come, you wilful young men."	,, ,, viii, 71
297.	William Grismond.	
	"O my dearest, come away."	,, ,, vi, 116
164.	True Lovers' Happiness.	
	"Of a stout cripple that kept the highway."	,, ,, ii, 532
66.	Cripple of Cornwal.	
	"Of a worthy London Prentice."	,, ,, vii, 589
74.	London Prentice.	
	"Of all delights that Earth doth yield." [*Cf.* "Now Pan."]	,, vii, 87
97*b*.	Hunting the Hare.	
	"Of all the Trades that ever I see."	,, ,, ii, 127
248.	Bonny Blacksmith['s Delight. By Dr. James Smith].	
	"Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing."	,, ,, i, 380
51.	St. George [and the Dragon].	
	"Of late did I hear a young damsel complain."	,, ,, vii, 179
197.	Young Man put to his shifts.	
	"Oft have I heard the Wives complain." (Pepys, $\frac{6}{219}$.)	*caret.*
216*a*.	*The Maid is the best that lies alone.*	
	[The Virgin's Advice. *Cf.* "You young maids."]	
	"Oft have I swore I'd love no more." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{4}{5}$.)	*caret.*
134.	Same title. (By Dr. Hughes: 'Lawes's Ayres,' iii.)	
	"Oh! says the Cuckoo, loud and stout."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 301
163.	Woody Queristers.	
	"Oh what a madness 't is to borrow or lend."	,, ,, vi, 346
186.	Money makes a Man. (By John Wade.)	
	"Oh, when shall I be married? hoch! be married." (Wood, $\frac{E.\ 25}{27}$.)	*caret.*
149.	Maid's [Complaint] for want of a Husband.	
	"On the bank of a brook, as I sat fishing."	*Introd. to Roxb. Bds.*, viii, xcv
244.	Same title [=The Happy Lovers' Pastime].	
	"On yonder hill there springs a flower."	,, ,, ii, 528
245.	The Shepherd's Delight.	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"Once did I love a bonny bonny Bird."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 359
281.	Cupid trapanned.	
	"One evening a little before it was dark."	,, ,, vi, 496
301.	News from Hyde-Park.	
	"Robin Hood he was a tall young man."	,, ,, viii, 500
12.	Robin Hood and the Fifteen Foresters.	
	"Says Billy to Molly, 'Together let 's go.'" (Pepys Coll., $\frac{3}{34}$.)	*caret.*
189.	Will[y] and Moll[y; or, A Match to go a Maying].	
	"Sir Eglamore, that valiant Knight."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iii, 607
191.	Sir Eglamore [and the Dragon].	
	"Some Lasses are nice and strange."	,, ,, vii, 27
	(*Cf.* "As I thro'"; "Come, come"; "You rural.")	
122.	Merry Milkmaid's [=Innocent C. Maid's] Delight.	
	"Sore sicke, deare friends."	,, ,, i, 223
26.	Dead Man's Song [describing Hell, etc.].	
	"Strike up, you lusty Gallants."	,, ,, vi, 426
92.	Captain Ward [and the Rainbow].	
	"Sweet England's prize is gone."	,, ,, i, 564
84*a*.	Earl of Essex [his Death].	
	"Sweet, if thou wilt be, as I am to thee."	,, ,, vi, 277
194.	Come turn to me, thou pritty little one.	
	"Sweet Margery, I am prest to Sea." (Pepys, $\frac{4}{158}$.)	*caret.*
284.	Sweet Margery [The Seaman's Leave-taking of his].	
	"Sweet, open the door, let me come in."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 209
287.	Same title [='The Repulsive Maid'].	
	"Sweet Virgin, hath disdain."	,, ,, vi, 255
254.	The Answer to 'Deep in Love.'	
	"The blazing torch is soon burnt out."	,, ,, i, 418
234.	The Glasing [*sic*] Torch.	
	"The fifteen day of July."	,, ,, iv, 8
93.	Lord Willoughby.	
	"The gift is small, a dozen of points."	,, ,, vii, 778
114.	Dozen of Points. (Formerly Roxb. Coll., II, 571.)	
	"The Loving Joy my heart doth feel." [Probably true reading.]	*caret.*
229.	The Love in Joy my heart.	
	"The Summer's Sun o'erheating."	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 276
238.	Posie of rare Flowers.	
	"There dwelt a Fair Maid in the West."	,, ,, iii, 200
71.	Jane Reynolds.	
	"There dwelt a man in Babylon."	,, ,, i, 190
33.	[The Constancy of] Susanna.	
	"There liv'd in Bristol City."	,, ,, vi, 445
232.	Bonny Lass of Bristow.	
	"There was a Fair Maid of Islington."	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 470
289.	Fair Maid of Islington.	
	"There was a jovial Beggar man." (Pepys, $\frac{3}{78}$.)	*caret.*
143.	Politick Beggar-Man.	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"There was a Jovial Tinker dwelt in the town of Turvey."	*caret.*
214*a*.	The Jovial Tinker	
	"There was a Jovial Tinker, which was a good Ale-drinker."	*caret.*
119.	Jone's Ale 's new. (Pepys Coll., $\frac{4}{2\,4\,5}$; $\frac{\text{C. 22, e, 2}}{52}$.)	
	"There was a jovial Waterman."	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 257
145.	Waterman's Delight.	
	"There was a Lady of the North Country."	*Roxb. Bds. Int.*, viii, lxxxvii
292.	*Lay the bent to the bonny broom.* ['A Noble Riddle.']	
	"There was a Lord of worthy fame."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 651
293.	[The Lady] Isabella['s Tragedy].	
	"There was a man in Babylon."	,, ,, i, 90
33.	[The Constancy of] Susanna.	
	"There was a Shepherd's Daughter." (*Introd.*, viii, p. lvi.)	,, iii, 451
95.	[The Knight and the] Shepherd's Daughter.	
	"There was a wealthy man, in Sussex he did dwell."	,, ,, ii, 189
27.	[The] Mercer's Son [of Guildford].	
	"There 's some will talk of Lords and Knights." (Douce, $\frac{3}{1\,1\,3}$.)	*caret.*
7.	Robin Hood's Delight.	
	"Those gentle hearts that true love crave."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iv, 420
268.	Hugh Hill and Sarah.	
	"Those that will run a virtuous race."	,, ,, ii, 539
87.	Solomon's Sentences.	
	"Through the cool shady woods." (By J. P.)	,, ,, iii, 530
103*a*.	Cupid's Courtesie. (*Cf.* "As on a day Sabina.")	
	"Through the Royal Exchange as I walked."	,, ,, ii, 24
274.	London's Ordinary.	
	"To drive away the weary day."	,, ,, 521
52.	King and the Northern Man. [By Martin Parker.]	
	"To little or no purpose I spent many a day." (Pepys, $\frac{3}{3\,1\,0}$.)	*caret.*
215.	O how [I] sigh when I think of a Man.	
	"To lodge it was my chance of late."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 604
147.	Musgrove's Lamentation.	
	"Tom and Will were shepherd swains."	,, ,, vii, 257
257.	Tom and Will.	
	"Too long have I been a drunken sot."	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 6
213.	Wade's Reformation.	
	"Toul, toul, gentle Bell, for a soul."	*Roxb. Bds.*, iv, 430
243.	Toll, toll. [Answer: "Ring, ring, merry Bells."]	
	"Twa Bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey."	,, ,, v, 613
176.	Sawney and Jockey. [By Tom D'Urfey.]	
	"'T was a Lady born of high degree."	,, ,, iv, 368
208.	Dubb'd Knight [of the Forked Order].	
	"Two Lovers in the North, Constance and Anthony."	,, ,, i, 24
55.	Bonny Anthony.	
	"UNHAPPY I, who in the pride of Youth."	,, ,, viii, 113
124.	Looking-Glass for Maids.	
	"Unhappy she, whom Fortune hath forlorne."	,, ,, i, 555
37.	Page's Wife of Plymouth. [By T. Deloney.]	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"Upon a time it chanced so, abroad as I did walk." (Pepys, $\frac{3}{118}$.)	*caret.*
280.	Bugle Bow[; or, A Merry Match of Shooting].	
	"Upon the Change where Merchants meet."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 266
150.	*Have at all.* [Title, The New Courtier.]	
	"WALKING in a pleasant Garden." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{3}{312}$.)	*caret.*
	Love's Victory [Obtain'd: A Pleasant Meeting].	
165.	*With a hah hah thou wilt undo me.* [Burden.]	
	"Was ever Knight for Lady's sake."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 734
61.	Guy of Warwick. (*Frontispiece*, p. iv*, 2nd Division.)	
	"What ails my love to be so sad?"	,, ,, vii, 357
218.	Willow Green turn'd White.	
	"What doth aile my love so sadly?"	,, ,, ii, 470
288.	*First Kiss, & bid me welcome home.* [Sailor and his Love.]	
	"What faithless, froward, sinful man."	,, ,, i, 389
82.	Resurrection of Christ.	
	"What if a day, or a month, or a year."	,, ,, i, 348
209.	Same title. [By T. Campion.]	
	"What serpent is this, that at me doth hiss?"	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 160
146.	Hubert's Ghost.	
	"When as in fair Jerusalem."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 693
63.	Wand'ring Jew.	
	"When as King Henry rul'd the land."	,, ,, vi, 673
29.	[Fair] Rosamond.	
	"When Aurora in Azur was blushing."	,, ,, iii, 533
204.	Cupid's Golden Dart.	
	"When Captain Courageous, whom death," etc.	*Bagford Bds.*, p. 311
295.	Mary Ambre[e].	
	"When Christ our Lord drew nigh unto Jerusalem."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 787
272.	Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.	
	"When David in Jerusalem."	,, ,, i, 271
266.	David and Bersheba [=Bathsheba].	
	"When Edward was in England King."	,, ,, ii, 69
296.	[Lamentable Fall of] Queen Elinor.	
	"When first the Scottish Wars began."	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 331
155.	Same title.	
	"When Flora with her fragrant flowers."	*Roxb. Bds.*, i, 10
35.	[Sir] Andrew Barton.	
	"When God had taken for our Sin."	,, ,, i, 288
36.	Duchess of Suffolk [her calamity. By T. Deloney].	
	"When Jesus Christ was twelve years old."	,, ,, vii, 791
89.	Same title.	
	"When righteous Joseph wedded was."	,, ,, vii, 777
115.	Angel Gabriel.	
	"When Robin Hood in the green Wood stood." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{2}{106}$.)	*caret.*
14.	Robin Hood and Will Stutley.	
	"When Robin Hood was about twenty years old."	*Roxb. Bds.*, viii, 504
5.	Robin Hood and Little John.	
	"When Titan's fiery steeds." (Stat. Reg., 29 Ap. 1634.)	,, ii, 555
125.	Make use of Time [='Take time.' By M. Parker].	

Thackeray-List No.	First Lines.	Where found.
	"When Troy town for ten years wars."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vi, 548
32.	Wandering Prince of Troy.	
	"When William, Duke of Normandie."	,, ,, vi, 695
65.	Wandering Jew's Chronicle.	
	"Ye Gallants all, that love to play" [="You G."].	,, ,, vii, 615
	"Ye merry hearts, that love to play."	,, ,, vii, 685
205.	New Game at Cards.	
	"You beauteous Ladies, great and small."	,, ,, vi, 567
104.	Lady turned Serving-Man.	
	"You dainty dames, so finely framed."	,, ,, iii, 194
40.	[Young] Bateman [=A Warning for Maidens].	
	"You Gallants that resort to Hyde Park or Totnam Court."	,, ii, 251
262.	[The] Nightingale [whose curious Notes, etc.].	
	"You Gentlemen of England."	,, ,, vi, 432
99.	*Stormy Winds* [*do blow:* Burden].	
	"You I love, by Jove, I do! more than all things here below."	*caret.*
290.	Wounded Lover's [Lamentation to Silvia: $\frac{\text{C. 22, e, 2}}{209}$].	
	"You lovers all, where e'er you be."	*Bagford Ballads*, p. 523
258.	Time's Darling.	
	"You noble minds and famous martial Wights."	*Roxb. Bds.*, ii, 544
34.	Titus Andronicus.	
	"You Rural Goddesses, that woods and fields possess."	,, ,, ii, 116
192*c*.	Merry Milkmaid's Delight. [*Cf.* "As I through"; and "Some lasses."]	
	"You young Maids that would live chary."	*Bagford Bds.*, p. 1020
216*b*.	*The Maid's the best that lyes alone.* [*Cf.* "Oft have I h."]	
	"Young Maidens, I pray you be careful." (Douce, $\frac{1}{129}$.)	*caret.*
148.	Maid's Counsel to all her Fellow Maids.	
	"Young Men and Maids, come listen awhile." (Pepys, $\frac{1}{82}$.)	*caret.*
237*e*.	Young Men and Maids. [Innocent Maid Deceived.]	
	"Young Men and Maids, I pray attend."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 31
237*b*.	Young Men and Maids. [Huntingdonshire Ploughman.]	
237*c*.	"Young Men and Maids, I pray give ear." (Madden C., $\frac{2}{205}$.)	*caret.*
	"Young Men and Maids, lend me your aids, to speak."	*caret.*
237*a*.	Young Men and Maids. [*t.* A Constant Wife and a Kind Wife. Pepys, $\frac{1}{390}$.]	
	"Young Men and Maids that live in love."	*Roxb. Bds.*, vii, 355
278.	Willow Green[; or, Distressed Lover's Complaint].	
	"Young Men and Maids, to these few lines give ear." (Pepys, $\frac{4}{313}$.)	*caret.*
237*d*.	Young Men and Maids. [=Despairing Prodigal.]	
	"Young men's hearts of London City." (Pepys Coll., $\frac{3}{241}$.)	*caret.*
264.	Tender Citizen[s; or, London Young Men's Kindnesses].	
	"Young Palmus was a Ferry-man."	*Roxb. Ballads*, iii, 6
81.	Shackley Hey.	

In summing up, we have the proud satisfaction of knowing, and proving by demonstration, that we have traced *all but three* of the three hundred and one ballads: still extant and accessible.

Thackeray-List No. First Lines. Where sought.

No. 127. Jenny my Handmaid.

See Supplementary Note to this *Introduction*, p. lxxxvii

No. 144. Fighting for the Breeches.

See Supplementary Note to this *Introduction*, p. lxxxiv

Probably the same as "A Woman would wear the Breeches"; mentioned in Stationers Registers; entered to Francis Grove, 26 Nov., 1629. This ballad is not yet traced home.

No. 229. The Loving Joy my Heart. Not found.

*** No. 237 was *almost certainly*, either 'A Constant Wife and a Kind Wife' (Pepys Coll., $\frac{4}{312}$), or, 'The Huntingdonshire Plow-Man' (Roxb. Bds., vii, 31). It is difficult to decide the choice among the five known ballads, each beginning "Young Men and Maids." None of them bear Thackeray's imprint to guide us. *It cannot be* (sixth) '*The Willow Green*': that is named as No. 278.

¶ Not many of our 'Lost and Strayed' remain absent at Roll-Call. We were wistful to espy 'The Ring of Gold,' oft named: now found. Also the earlier 'King's going to Bulloigne,' which probably began thus: "When the fifth Henry sail'd to France"; or, "Our noble King in his progress." We have conjecturally half-identified 'My Father gave me House and Land.' We know thirteen ballads now extant, appointed to be sung to the tune of *The Ring of Gold*, or of its *alias*. They are these:—

1.	"A wealthy Yeoman's son."	Kentish Yeoman and Susan of Ashford.
2.	"All joy I bid adieu."	Answer to (No. 12) Lady's Tragedy.
3.	"Before you went to Town."	One of the Sequels to No. 4.
4.	"Farewell, my dearest dear."	(*Ring of Gold.*) Unconstant Maiden.
5.	"I am a damosel fair."	Covetous-minded Parents (p. lxxiii*).
6.	"I am a mournful Bride."	Sequel to (4) Unconstant Maiden.
7.	"My youthful charming Fair."	Answer to (5) Covetous-minded Parents.
8.	"Ranging the silent shade."	Bleeding Lover's Lamentation (iii, 456).
9.	"Stout Seamen, come away."	Boatswain's Call (iii, 463).
10.	"Susan, my heart's delight."	The Couragious Coronet.
11.	"Thomas, why come you not?"	The Bashful Bachelor (iii, 421).
12.	"Why is my love unkind?"	The Lady's Tragedy (see No. 2).
13.	"Young William met his Love."	Sir William of the West (vi, 638).

Of these thirteen, ten are reprinted in these volumes. All the thirteen, except No. 3 (which Tom Moore pirated), were published by Philip Brooksby and his partners Deacon, Blare, and Back.

Nos. 5, 8, 9, 11, and 13 are reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads* (vol. iii, 616, 456, 463, 421, and vi, 638). No. 4, "Farewell, my dearest dear," is added later in *this volume, Pref. Note to Second Division*; along with Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7. This No. 7 is the 'Answer to the Covetous-minded Parents,' which is on p. lxxiv*. Nos. 101, 246, 269 of ballads in the foregoing *Thackeray List*: viz., "Look! you faithful lovers"; "In the pleasant month of *May*" (Primrose Hill); and "As I lay musing in my bed, full warm and well at ease," are also added. Of *Thackeray's List*, No. 183, 'Poor Robin's Prophecy' is on p. lxxviii*; and of No. 275, a second 'Robin Goodfellow' is on p. cxi*.

Thackeray's List of Ballads in stock includes nothing later than No. 170, the celebrated 'Success of the Two English Travellers, newly arrived in London,' on the 23rd April, St. George's Day, 1685; being the day of James the Second's Coronation: twenty-four years after that of his brother Charles. (See *Prefatory Note to Second Division*, p. lvii* *et seq.*, and vol. v, pp. 538–550.) The Thackeray List holds no ballad of Monmouth's Rebellion, although broadsides were issued, many of them preserved in the Bagford and the Luttrell Collections. This singular fact indicated to us the precise date of the List, as first shewn on p. LIII of our Introduction to the *Bagford Ballads*.

Two English Travellers had roved through divers lands, France, Spain, Italy, twenty years' wandering, everywhere reviled because they were recognized to belong to a nation that had not only broken into rebellion—that sin had been shared by others—but had so degraded itself as to butcher in cold blood and with the paltriest mockery of trial, by an illegally-constituted and browbeating 'High Court of Justice,' their defeated 'Sovereign lord the King,' Charles I.

"AS we was a ranging upon the salt Seas,
For *France* and for *Spain*, our humours to please,
But when we came there, the first news we did hear,
Was, '*You Rebels of* England, *what do you here?*'

"When we was walking along in the street,
Both men, wives, and children, and all we did meet,
They gather'd up Stones, and at us did fling,
Crying, '*Rebels of* England, *you murther'd your King!*'

"All this being odious unto our own heart,
Then from the *French* we were forc'd to depart;
The *French* did deride us, with scornful disdain:
We hoisted up *Top-Sail*, and sailed for *Spain*.

"But when we came there, we 'd not set foot on Land
But straight they perceiv'd we were *English*-Men;
With their hands on their Rapiers, their Cloaks off did fling,
Crying, '*Rebels of* England, *you murther'd your King!*"

——*Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. v, p. 544. Six stanzas follow.

Compare 'The King's Last Speech,' p. xc***; also 'The Elegie' upon him, *Pref. Note, 2nd Division*, p. cv*.

In the present volume (*Second Division*, p. lxv*) and earlier vols. are reprinted unique ballads written by John Wade, Thomas Jones of Oxford, and others, celebrating the perilous adventures of Charles the Second, his escape after Worcester fight. Among them is 'The Wonderful and Miraculous Escape of our gracious King from that dismal, black, and gloomie defeat at *Wor'ster*.' It is on p. lxvii* of *Prefatory Note to Second Division*.

Among the fortunate escapes of Charles the Second we count his having died in time to avoid seeing the rebellion, humiliation, and punishment of his ungrateful and favourite son, James Scott, the Duke of Monmouth. It would have caused him more grief than all other misfortunes. Such events could not have happened in Charles's lifetime. They were precipitated by his sudden death, and by the accession to the throne of James II, the priest-swayed Duke of York. He was implacable and merciless, when Monmouth's Insurrection in the West-Country gave him the opportunity of removing a headstrong, but vacillating, illegitimate pretender to the Crown. See our vol. v, *passim*.

Supplementary Note to the Thackeray List:

Roxburghe Ballads, Volume Eight, First Division.

"Nor would I have a Scold one penny here bestow;
But honest men and wives buy these before you go."
——*How the Devil was gull'd by a Scold*, 1630.

IT was the general impression, a few centuries ago, that even the Devil himself was no match for a Scold. Sometimes he had been so imprudent as to make a bargain with the husband, and relieve him of his termagant wife (unmarried shrews were left to the insufficient guidance of their parents, who had spoiled them into incorrigibility, while sparing any use of the rod: from which boys were seldom exempt). It was currently believed that the result had not been satisfactory, but inquirers are referred to one Mavis Claire, who affects to be conversant with the "Sorrows of Satan."

Our motto is drawn from 'A pleasant new ballad, you may behold, How the Devill though subtill, was gull'd by a Scold.' (It is reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 361.) When her time came, she rode on his shoulders, not walked, to the place that seemed most fit for her future residence, but she made it considerably too hot to hold her, and was released speedily.

"'Here, take her!' quoth the Devill, 'to keep her here be bold;
For hell will not be troubled with such an earthly Scold.
When I come home I may to all my fellows tell
I lost my labour, and my bloud, to bring a Scold to hell.'"

Scolding wives must have abounded before Restoration days, having been generated in the Puritan revolt. They were the 'returned empties' of the Commonwealth. Female emancipation led 'the parliament of women,' the redundant and irresponsible sex, to despise matrimonial bondage. Young men grew shy of wedlock. Vainly was the net spread in the sight of any male bird.

In vol. vii, pp. 182 to 199, are a swarm of 'Scolding Wives,' and we give others in the present vol. viii, pp. 660 to 671, with the 'Horn Fair' revelry at Charlton, Kent. Cuckoldom and Shrewishness are halves of one pair of scissors. When marriages go wrong, the wife is always to blame. Carried *nem. con.*

A black-letter ballad named 'A Caution for Scolds; or, A true Way of Taming a Shrew,' begins, "A noble man he marry'd with a cruel Scold, who in her humours would never be controul'd, So that he was almost a-weary of his life, by the cross humours of his froward wife." The cure is entrusted to a skilful doctor. Disregarding her railings, he treats her as a lunatic, "binds her in bed, letting her blood, likewise shaving her head." "Sirrah," said she, "I would have you to know that you shall suffer for serving me so." Undismayed he threatens to bleed her in the tongue. She soon yields. "Thus by sharp usage and keeping her low, he had the fortune to conquer the Shrow." (See vol. iii, p. 508. Roxb. Coll., II, 51, is not unique, as W. C. believed: duplicates are Jersey, I, 63 = Lind., 873; and Huth, I, 24.) Among Trowbesh transcripts another B.-L. ballad is on a better method, and entitled 'An Easie Way to tame a Shrew; or, The Young Plow-man's Frollick' (= "Be merry, all you that be here!"): tune of, *The Collier of* Croydon *had coles for to sell.* Date, *circâ* 1672, or earlier. It is a substitute for the Thackeray List No. 144, '*Fighting for the Breeches.*'

[Trowbesh Coll., Black, 4to.; Huth, I, 87; Jersey, II, 123 = L., 166.]

An Easie Way to tame a Shrew;

Or, The Young Plow-man's Frollick.

He that a Shrew would gladly tame, Example take here by the same,
As in this Ditty you may find, Fair words doth please a Woman's mind:
And all good Wives, where e'er you be, Pray listen well to this Ditty;
To please you all I know not how, But yet I say, *God speed the Plow!*

To a delightful new Tune, or, *The Collier of* Croydon *had coles for to sell.*

BE merry, all you that be here! here present in this place,
And with a song I will you please, as God shall give me grace:
Then give ear a little space.

A Young-man lived in our Country, which of late did set up Plow,
He wanted strength to till his ground, he had but Horses two:
Alack! what could he do?

He got up early in the morning, because he fain would thrive;
He went but fairly with his draught, and he hired a boy to drive:
You shall hear more belive. [i.e. *presently.*

[*His adventures*: 'Then an aged man came riding by, of him he did not dream; He did commend his plowing well with such a slender team: For he wanted but a beam. "I have a horse," the old man said, "so furious and void of fear, No work nor beating can him tame, for he breaks all our gear." Attend, all you that hear. "I can him tame," the Young-man said, "if you will sell him me." The old man replied, "The grief [price] is small": then soon they did agree: "His proof I fain would see!" He ty'd the horse up two or three days, to tame his sturdy fit; He gave him gentle words enough, but meat never a bit: Thus he did try his wit. And then he brings him forth to work, and in the midst he goes; He takes a bottle of his best Hay, and he hangs it before his nose: He drew then, you may suppose. And as he drew he gave him some, so brought him to good frame; the aged man within few days did come to see the same. What said he when he came? "Thou sure hast done a mighty feat, for I could never bring him to saddle nor to draw: thou hast conquer'd like a king!" Aye, but hunger did the thing.'] 'The Second Part, to the same Tune, shewing *How the Old Man married his Daughter to the Young-man. And how the Young-man deals with his cross-grain'd wife, yet after liv'd a sweet contented life.*'

"I have a daughter," the old man said, "my Heir and only child,
But in condition she is a Shrew, both sturdy, stout, and wild,
Her nature is not mild.

"If thou 'lt but please to marry her, her Portion is not small.
Five hundred pounds I will thee give, and when I dye she shall
Whatever doth befall." [have all,

"I 'll see your daughter," the young man said: "if I can but favour
I make no doubt to bring it about, to win her to my mind; [find,
And I 'le to her prove kind."

But when he to this Damosel came, as plainly doth appear,
She liked him, and loved him so, they quickly marryed were:
What followed you shall hear.

Next morning early he got up, and for to go to the Plow,
Then with speeches fair he did prepare to tell her what to do:
[W]hen he came his Wife unto. [*t.* T.

Then he brought unto her chamber-door a wheel and flax to spin,
And said: "Good Wife, with our own hands our living we must win."
Oh, in time he did begin.

"I will not work at all," quoth she, "my portion is so great."
"Nay, you must work, good wife!" he said, "or nothing you must eat."
This was his subtile feat.

No meat at all she had that day, for out she could not get;
He lock'd the door, and went to Plow, and left her there to fret.
But she did not dye o' th' Pet.

At night when he came home from Plow, he proffer'd her a kiss.
"Nay, churl!" said she, "away, be gone! I will tell my parents this."
Then he thought all was amiss.

Next morning her wheel she took in hand, and spun up eight good Lease, [*sic* = hanks.
And said: "Kind Husband, by all means I will seek your mind to please."
Oh then she found better ease.

But when her Parents they did come, to see how they did agree,
They found her busie at her work, and singing merrily;
They wond'red that to see.

"My Husband loves me well," said she, "I have anything I crave,
But I must work, as well as he, or nothing I must have;
I must either gain or save."

"We be hungry, Daughter," they said, "will you give us some meat?"
"Nay, you must work before," said she, "or nothing you must eat."
She had learn'd the subtile feat.

But when her Husband he came home, and found her Parents there,
He made them welcome heartily, he laugh'd and made good cheer:
Oh then they merry were.

Thus you have heard the Tameing of a Shrew by gentle means, and how:
Then all good Wives, while you have lives, help to maintain the Plow;
And it will you means allow. Finis.

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

[Black-letter. Cuts: saddled horse; man with staff, Falstaff; and woman. Date of Brooksby's reprint from an earlier edition, 1672.]



[*These figures belong to the preceding ballad: 'Falstaff' representing the father of the Shrew; with the Ploughman added.*]

Robert Burns wrote for Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum* (vol. iv, No. 179), 1792, a long ballad on the same theme, beginning, "There lived a carl in *Kellyburn-Braes*." Burns said, "These words are mine, I composed them from the old traditionary verses"; but they lack his usual charm. He knew not the English B.-L. 'Devil gull'd by a Scold': only some degenerate imitation such as 'The Sussex Whistling Song.' = "There was an old Farmer in *Sussex* did dwell" (Percy Society, vol. xvii, p. 210). His own fourteen stanzas end thus:—

"The devil he swore by the Kirk and the Bell,
He was not in Wedlock (thank Heaven!), but in Hell.

"Then *Satan* has travell'd again wi' his pack;
And to her auld husband he 's carried her back.

"'I ha'e been a Devil the feck o' my life [=main part.
(*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme*);
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a Wife:'
(*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime*)."

In another version ("There was an auld man") Burns wrote preferably: "'I've lived in hell the feck o' my life, But never was damn'd till I met wi' your wife.'"

Some doubt lingers over the tentative identification of No. 144, 'Fighting for the Breeches,' inasmuch as no such title or burden, or even tune-name, has been found on any broadside; although a woodcut at the Bodleian seems to have belonged to it, appropriately. Probably it was 'A Woman would wear the Breeches': entered to Francis Grove in Stat. Reg., 26 November, 1629. It is guesswork to connect the name with a 'Skimmington' ballad (cf. *Hudibras*, Part ii, c. 2), a total of eight stanzas, whereof we give three:—

"A Pox upon this cursed life, where shall I make my moan?
For I am troubled with a Wife, like her there 's few or none.
Like unto her there cannot be another such a one;
For when the Priest did marry me, then my good days were done.

"Therefore take heed, good Neighbours all, I wish you to beware,
For when my Wife doth scold and bawl, then *Skimmington* is there;
This sawcy Jack behind my back, and eke before my face,
Maintains my Wife to bait and strife, which is a woful curse.

"And now I see no Remedy, but I must needs complain
On him, you know, who wrought this woe, in *England* or in *Spain*;
One *Skimmington* about doth run, in City and in Town:
Come, man and child, with spear and shield, and help to beat him down."

IN bringing to completion this voluminous reprint of the celebrated '*Roxburghe Ballads*,' 1567–1780 (including many others that were closely connected with them, but lodged in diverse public or private collections), to the total number of fully eighteen hundred distinct ballads and songs, we gladly refer to the statement made in 1871 by the late William Chappell, F.S.A., at that time Editor, on his concluding the first volume of the First Series. To his admirable 'Introduction,' xxxii pp., we have already paid tribute on pp. 737, 742 of the present vol. viii, and supplemented it with more precise details of the relative proportions in the chief ballad-collections. The original plan of the reprint, as announced by him, has been fully sustained to the end, but with enlargement of Editorial Notes, and grouping of ballads, warranted by special circumstances; to the increased value of the completed work.

Extract.—"The Roxburghe Collection, which it is now proposed to reprint, as nearly as may be in a complete form, is of the same miscellaneous character as Thackeray's List. Some might argue that selections would be preferable to a reprint of the whole; but that would be to paint only in rose-colour. If we wish to view the age [of the Stuarts], we must look at its dark side as well as at the bright. The latter is less agreeable to the eye, but just as necessary to the picture. They who are accustomed to read of manners and customs in old libraries, know that coarseness of expression must sometimes be encountered. Vice was not wrapped up in such delicate swaddling clothes in former days as now, in order to fit it for ears polite. It stood in a less attractive form, and was less likely to corrupt. The intention of the present limited reprint is to afford to subscribers, who are at such a distance from the British Museum as to be unable to go there [where the Roxburghe Collection has been housed since it was purchased in 1845], the opportunity of seeing a faithful copy of the collection." —W. Chappell's *Introduction to the Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i, p. xxviii, 1871.

He first drew attention to the List of Black-letter ballads kept in stock by William Thackeray for popular demand in April, 1685, after the accession of James II. (See No. 170, 'Two Travellers' = "As we was a ranging upon the salt seas," vol. v, p. 543.) We identified many of them in the List prefixed to our *Bagford Ballads*: there now remain only three ballads, not demonstrated to be extant, out of the three hundred and one. They are Nos. 127, 144, 227.

No. 127.—*Jenny*, my Handmaid.
,, 144.—Fighting for the Breeches. [See pp. lxv***, lxxxiv***.]
,, 227.—The Love in Joy my Heart. [Qu. misp. for "Loving Joy."]

Of W. Thackeray's List, 301 ballads, we have reprinted 277, chiefly from Roxb. Coll., but a goodly number from outside of it. Our New List, fully up to date, in alphabetical order, is useful for reference on pp. lxv to lxxx***, identifying all that are reprinted, either in *Bagford Ballads* or in *Roxburghe Ballads*.

As to No. 127 of Thackeray's List, '*Jenny*, my Handmaid,' it may have been an unrecovered broadside adaptation of the playhouse song *circâ* 1683, 'A Short Wooing,' beginning thus:—

"*Jenny*, can you love me? If you can, say so!
Faith, if once you prove me, you will not say no." Etc.

Another candidate is a unique broadside, licensed according to Order, printed for Philip Brooksby, 1672, to an excellent new *Scotch* tune. It is entitled 'Beauteous Jenny; or, The Maiden Mistress,' beginning, "*Jenny* has a thousand charms, Oh that she were in my arms!"

Not improbably No. 127, '*Jenny*, my Handmaid,' is the original "*Jenny*, my blithest Maid." It is of the required date, 1684.

Amorous Jockey and Yielding Jenny.

"*JEnny*, my blithest maid, prithee listen to my true love now:
I am a bonny Lad, gang along with me to yonder Brow,
Au the boughs shall shade us round, while the Nightingale and Linnet
Teach us how the lad the lass may woo: Come, & I'll shew my *Jenny* what to do.

"I ken full many a thing, I can dance and whistle too;
I many a song can sing, Pitch the Bar, and I can wrestle too.
The bonniest Lass of au our town gave me Bead-Lace, and Kercheffs many,
Only *Jenny* 't was could win *Jockey* from the Lasses of the Green.

"Then lig thee doon, my Bearn, I'll not spoil thy gaudy Goon; [*Cf* p. xci***.
I'se make a bed of Fearn, and I'se gently lay thee doon.
Let me thy kerchief lift, and see thy charms full store:
Show thy beauties to me more! *Jenny*'s the only lass that I adore.

"*Jenny* shall ne'er repent, for I brawly will behave me;
But, to her heart's content, send more pleasure than she gave me.
Then lig thee down, *Jenny*, my dear, and I will lig my self alone;
Never was less cause of fear, for *Jenny* ne'er shall say, 'I am undone!'"

"*Jockey*, sae we'll compleat our bliss, I'se may justly fear he can undo
Any poor harmless Maid, whomever he pretends to woo:
But gin my *Jockey* loves me best, I'se not wrestle long to ga' doon,
He sae much Love sae weel exprest, I'se forgive thee moiling my gay Goon."

Then, looking in her eyes: "Now, *Jenny*, now "(quoth he) "'s the hour."
She, blushing, "*Jockey!*" cries, "Geud Sir, use her kindly in yere power."
The storm was now no more, for *Jockey* fell a kissing of her eyes,
And gave the combat o'er, before poor *Jenny* had a mind to rise.

Then with a sigh she cried: "Is this your mighty blessing you adore?
Was it for this you dy'd? And now you have it, will dye no more?
Either convince me of the same, or else your words no more I'll credit;
Then try your skill to me again, or I shall swear that my poor *Jockey* is libbet."

London: Printed for *Nathanael Thompson*, 1684.

In vol. vii, p. 364, Tom D'Urfey's 'Scotch Lad's Moan,' beginning, "A lad o' the town thus made his moan," mentioned "*Moggie*'s bed so near me": compare the later Scotch song, with its burden, ending, '*Johnny's bed sae near me.*'

The tune was known as *Jenny dang the Wearer*. Allan Ramsay 'sophisticated' this phrase into '*Jenny beguil'd the Wabster*'; but 'Dang' is bedazzled, dumbfoundered. Ramsay's song is good, "O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear, tho' I'm baith good and bonny," etc. (*Tea-Table Miscellany*, ii, 37, 1725; *Orph. Caled.*, ii, 83; *Scots' Mus. Museum*, ii, 133). Herd gives the probably antecedent "As I came in by *Fisher-raw*, *Musselburg* was near me." The original chorus was, "*Up stairs, down stairs, timber stairs fear me; I thought it lang to lie my lane, an'* Johnny's *bed sae near me.*" We add Ramsay's song on p. lxxxvii***.

"O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear, tho' I 'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep I start and dream of *Johny*.
When *Johny* then comes down the glen to woo me, dinna hinder,
But with content give your consent! for we twa ne'er can sinder.

"Better to marry, than miscarry; for shame and skaith 's the clink o 't,
To thole the dool, to mount the Stool: I downa 'bide to think o 't.
Sae, while 't is time, I 'll shun the crime that gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With hainches fu', and eyen sae blue, to a' the Bedral's bindging. [= beadle's scolding.

"Had *Eppie*'s apron bidden down, the Kirk had ne'er ha' kend it,
But when the word 's gane thro' the Town, Alack! how can she mend it?
Now *Tam* maun face the Minister, and she maun mount the Pillar;
And that 's the way that they maun gae: for poor Folk has nae Siller.
Up stairs, down stairs, timber stairs fear me; [*i.e.* frighten me.
I thought it lang to lie my lane, an' Johny's *bed sae near me.*" [*Anglice*, alone.

"Now haud your tongue, my Daughter young!" replied the kindly mither:
"Get *Jockey*'s hand in hally band; syne wap your wealth together.
I 'm o' the mind, if he be kind, ye 'll do *your* part discreetly:
And prove a Wife will gar his life and barrel run right sweetly."

The mother is a sensible woman and believes that the girl will make a good wife: "Get *Johny*'s hand in holy band, syne wap your wealth together." It affords an excellent picture of rural courtship and the Scottish Kirk's discipline.

In 1787 old Armour failed to control his daughter Bonny Jean, for whom Robert Burns sacrificed himself. She became a patient enduring wife. But she was "of the earth, earthy," in comparison with '*Highland Mary*.' Scotland bravely defends Mary Campbell, unjustly defamed of late. (See p. xlvii.)

Among the treasures of the Auchinleck Library, Balmuto, Fife, may have been preserved the original 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' from which James Boswell's son, Sir Alexander, reconstructed his song, "At *Willie*'s wedding on the green," with the chorus '*And Jenny dang, Jenny dang, Jenny dang the weaver, Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen; but Jenny dang the weaver.*' (It is reprinted in J. Muir Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, Balmoral Edition, p. 192, 1887.)

Here is another '*Timber Stairs fear me!*' (Herd MSS., i, 105).

"O *Peggy*, dinna say me na, but grant to me the treasure
Of Love's return, 't is unco bra' when ilka thing yields pleasure.
Nae pleasure is like Love's return, dear *Peggy*, grant it to me;
Nae mair wi' thy coy slighting spurn, when I my love do shew thee.

"The forest Birds example shew, my handsome bonnie Lassie,
That lovers should na single go; therefore be nae mair saucie,
But yield unto my fond desire, my dearest charming Jewel!
And quench the flame o' *Cupid*'s fire, that burns me up like fuel.

"Thy face, so beautiful and gay, engageth me to love thee.
Thou 'rt sweeter than the flower in *May*: there 's nane I prize above thee.
Thy wit shines so into my eyne, aboon a' human creatures,
That *Cupid* caught me as a prize, beholding thy fine features.

"The ways of Virtue, *Peggie*, trust, I will observe fu' brawly;
I 'll shun the staps of *Venus*' Lust, whar ithers wi' them dally.
Up stairs, down stairs, Timber stairs fear ye!
I pray now drap your foolish fears, dear *Peggie*, and come near me!"

There was good excuse for a girl's fear, since 'timber stairs' might creak, howsoever lightly a lover's foot trod on them in nocturnal escalades, especially so long as a "waukife minnie hadna steekit her lugs." Such were the perils.

That the bygone literature of Scotland had been rich in its revelation of character, is indisputable. Who now knows what local squabble in the kingdom of Fife, and the 'lang toun o' Kirkaldy,' extorted this wail for defeat of the Scottish Kirk's *auld-licht* candidate? It is in David Herd's MS., 22,312.

John Paterson's Mare.

THe Kirk's gaeing down, make room for a loun!
John Paterson's mare gangs forward.
True-Blue was sair gray, thought to win the day,
But *John Paterson*'s mare wan forward. (*Bis.*)
Jack's cloak was not soun', make room, make room, [*Jack Presbyter?*
Till *John Paterson*'s mare wins forward!
The Black and the Brown ran for the lang toun, [*Kirkaldy?*
But *John Paterson*'s mare gangs forward.
True-Blue and the Gray thought to win the day,
But *John Paterson*'s mare got foremost.
The Kirk's gaeing doun, make room for the loun!
John Paterson's mare 's gat foremost.

No. 187 of Thackeray's List is the long-sought '*Bacon and Beans.*'

'An excellent Play-house tune, or, *Bacon and Beans*,' was cited for a Rawlinson ballad (566, fol. 119) printed for P. Brooksby and E. Oliver, *circâ* 1672: title, '*Dolly* and *Molly*; or, Two Country Damosels' Fortunes at *London*.'

"*Dolly* and *Molly* are new come to town;
Doll hath got nothing, but *Moll* a silk Gown.
Dolly was handsome, though peevish and coy,
But *Molly* was buxome, and free to enjoy."

The Argument-verse, prefixed, tells the story sufficiently, thus:—

"*Dolly* and *Molly* came up to the Town,
To try their fortune, wand'ring up and down;
At length both marcht together to a Ball,
There *Moll* a Gallant got, *Doll* none at all.
But *Doll* at last in town was richly marry'd,
Moll got [mish]ap, and shamefully miscarry'd."

Several years ago we had reached near to '*Bacon and Beans.*' It chanced thus:

In the unpublished diary or Log-book kept by an ancestor of brave Admiral Sir James Wishart (whose portrait is at Greenwich Hospital, No. 98), an account of the Sole-Bay fight, 1673, tells that "Bacon and Beans was a favourite song among the sailors." The MS. furnished our text.

In the recovery of No. 187, '*Bacon and Beans*' (here reprinted), we also retrieve the twelith of the lost broadsides that formerly belonged to Major Thomas Pearson. He had it indexed in print by its first line, "Now, mortals all, prepare to hear," as p. 572 of his Second Vol.; lost before the other ballads entered the seventh Duke of Roxburghe's Collection, in April, 1788-9.

We have long known that many treasures are retrievable, although shipwrecked and lost to view. They were nevertheless preserved in safety; whether mislaid accidentally, or intentionally kept hidden by some miserly possessor in sheer cursedness. Truly sang Byron, in '*Don Juan*'—

"'T is strange: the shortest letter that man uses,
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of Ages. To what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this—
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that once were his!"

[Lost from Roxburghe Collection, II, 572; recovered from Wishart Transcript.]

The Good-Fellow, his Three Wishes:

Being the Confession of his Love for Bacon and Beans.

To a delightful new Playhouse Tune, much in Request.

This may be printed, **R. L. S.**

NOw, mortals all, prepare to hear Reason!
Good-Fellows and Toss-pots you should not despise;
They keep them selves free from plotting of Treason,
Their minds are devoted to studies more wise.
The Philosopher's-Stone they set out to discover,
It yields men long life, and we know what that means;
The secret was hidden from all but a Rover,
And he found the true wisdom is—Bacon and Beans.
Bacon and Beans, Bacon and Beans!
The wisdom of Life is in Bacon and Beans.

He that lives many years can be seldom mistaken,
Full share of the Harvest a Good-Fellow gleans;
His sorrows are lessened by Beans and by Bacon,
His joys are twice doubled by Bacon and Beans.
Dame Fortune these gifts from her Horn has well shaken,
Since childhood he knows not what Hungry-gut means:
Yester'night he had Beans and a dole-up of Bacon;
To-day he has Bacon and a dollup of Beans.
Bacon and Beans, Bacon and Beans!
To-day has brought Bacon and a dollup of Beans.

Care, avaunt! while content I on Three Wishes reckon,
Although a Bad-Husband, and loaden with sins. [=Spendthrift.
All the Beans in the world I would have; all the Bacon:
And then, for my Third Wish, more Bacon and Beans!
In this banquet are charms, by no other partaken,
Lucullus from lampreys and stall'd-oxe it weans;
Stick his fork in the fat, wrap his Beans round the Bacon:
He can live and die happy with Bacon and Beans.
Bacon and Beans, Bacon and Beans!
We live and die happy on Bacon and Beans.

London: Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*, 1671.

[Black-letter. Woodcut, vol. i, p. 370: *Front.* to Part XXIV. Date, 1671.]

Note.—This appears to be the whole of the original Playhouse song as it was sung at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset-Gardens, in 1671, by S. Houghton, brother of Thomas Houghton, who wrote "Miners of Minerals, where'er you be. *And I'll ask no more!*" (see vol. v, p. 69). One stanza of the 'Three Wishes' was sung in this mid-century, under the changed title, '*Bacon and Greens.*'

Thomas Houghton's '*Iter Boreale*, the Second Part,' is in vol. vii, p. 670. It is quoted on p. xii* of the *Prefatory Note to Second Division*, in this vol. viii.

Nota Bene.—Thackeray's List, No. 151, is 'The King's last Speech.' We no longer believe that this entry designated "I come, my blessed Saviour!" (formerly in the Pearson Coll., vol. ii, p. 571; thence lost: but we recovered it in Pepys Coll., II, 203, and reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vii, p 626). Here is the true original, "Faire *England*'s Joy is fled: *weladay, weladay!*" The Second Part of it is lost. See *Pref. Note*, p. lii*, and the 'Elegie,' p. cv*.

[Trowbesh Transcripts: Lancashire B.-L. Ballads, II, xx. Unique.]

King *CHARLES*,

His Speech, and last Farewell to the World, made upon the Scaffold at *White-hall*-gate, on *Tuesday, January* 30, 1648[-49].

To the Tune of, *Weladay!* [=*Sweet England's pride is gone*, i, 564].

[Woodcut: Execution of King Charles: *see Frontispiece to* vol. vii.]

FAire *England*'s joy is fled, *Weladay, weladay!*
Our Noble King is dead, sweet Prince of Love;
This heavy news so bad, hath made three kingdoms sad,
No comfort to be had, but from above.

On Tuesday last his Grace, Chearfully, cheerfully,
Went to his dying place, to end all strife.
Where many a weeping eye, with groans unto the skie,
To see his Majesty there end his life.

His foes he did forgive, Graciously, graciously;
And [wisht] we all might live in quiet peace.
He wisht what e're was past, that he might be the last:
No sorrow we might taste, but wars might cease.

There 's nothing griev'd him so, *Weladay, weladay!*
As when he thought that woe might light on all.
The tears stood in his eyes, to heare the people's cries,
And think what miseries on us should fall.

Upon the Scaffold then, *Weladay, weladay!*
In hearing of all men, this he made knowne:
"That Hee was innocent of all the blood was spent;
He strove with Parliament but for his owne."

Quoth he, "Themselves confest"—*Weladay, weladay!*—
"And thus much have exprest in mine own hearing:
The Militia in mine hand was granted by the land
To be at my command, none with me sharing

"The keeping of the same"—*Weladay, weladay!*—
"I know not who to blame, they did desire:
Which made us disagree; the fault 's now laid on me:
This, all the world may see, set all on fire."

[*Second Part and Colophon lost.*

No. 167 of Thackeray's List is 'The Clerk of Bodnam' (reprinted in vol. vi, p. 140), "Now my painful eyes lie rowling." Probably by T. W.: who wrote a ballad (Thomason Coll., dated 27 July, 1647) entitled, 'Strange and True Newes of an Ocean of Flies dropping out of a Cloud upon the Town of *Bodnam* in *Cornwall*. To the tune of *Chevy Chace*, Printed in the Year of Miracles, 1647.'

> "When kings have lost their reignes and power,
> The clouds upon us judgements shower."

T. W. may have been Thomas Weaver, author of '*Plantagenet's Tragical Story*,' in 1649, and the clever '*Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery*,' 1654.

No. 170 of Thackeray's List is 'The Two English Travellers,' on the Coronation of King James II, "As we was a-ranging upon the salt seas" (reprinted in vol. v, p. 543). Being of April, 1685, it is noteworthy as the latest in date among the 301 B.-L. ballads enumerated as kept in stock by William Thackeray.

In Thackeray's List, No. 220, was '*Lady, lay near me.*'

This is 'The Longing Shepherdess; or, Laddy, lie near me!' It begins, "All in the moneth of May, when all things blossom." It was written by Robert Guy, author of several *Roxburghe Ballads*: 1st.—'The Country-man's new Care away!' printed for H. Gosson, beginning, "If there were imployments" (see vol. i, p. 111). 2nd.—'The Merry Carelesse Lover,' beginning, "Oft have I heard of many men" (reprinted, vol. ii, 105). 3rd.—'The Merry Old Woman,' beginning, "Come hither, good fellowes, come hither!" (reprinted, vol. ii, p. 164: it is to the tune of the 4th). 4th.—'The New-found Northern Deedle': "My Mother 's a good old woman" (see vol. ii, p. 246). 5th.—'The Witty Westerne Lasse,' beginning, "Sweet *Lucina*, lend me thy aid." (Registered, 5th Sept., 1631; reprinted, vol. iii, p. 47.) Guy probably wrote also: 6th (*Roxb. Ballads*, ii, 689)—the famous '*Love will find out the way!*'—burden of "Over the mountains and under the waves"; but it bears no signature, and the title is 'Truth's Integrity; or, A Curious Northern Ditty.' He certainly chose this tune of '*Love will find out the way*' for his 'Country-man's Care away,' as he took the tune of his No. 4 for his No. 3. The date of No. 6 was before 1635.

Four other ballads signed Robert Guy are in the Pepysian Coll., vol. i, on pp. 204, 224, 288, 440. Their titles are, respectively: 7th.—'Sure my nurse was a witch': beginning, "In *London*'s citty faire, a merry Nurse doth dwell." 8th.—'The Merry Forrester': "Of late I chanced to be where I." 9th.—'A Warning to all Good-Fellows': "Assist me, kinde Muses, that I may expresse"; (p. xciii***) '*O come no more there, Boyes!*' 10th.—'It is bad Jesting with a Halter': "Three jovial sparks together." No additional ballads by Robert Guy are found in the Wood Collection, Douce, Jersey, or Euing.

Although it does not belong to the Roxburghe Collection, we have reprinted 'The Longing Shepherdess' complete in the present vol. viii, pp. 691, 865. We now add a valuable unique companion-ballad, entitled 'The Courteous Shepherdess,' sung to the same tune. That it had been suggested by Robert Guy's original is self-evident. Probably some rival had taken up his challenge, with remembrance of the two earlier ballads of *Dulcina*: one, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, "As at noon *Dulcina* rested" (see vol. vi, p. 164); the other, unique, quoted on p. 794, "The golden god, *Hyperion*, by *Thetis* is saluted." Worthy of being recovered from oblivion. Our flie-away 'Courteous Shepherdess' was willing to cry with Dulcina, "foregoe me now; come to me soon!" She was in the fashion of 'The Coy Lass,' who objected to having her holiday-gear ruffled and rustled, instead of her 'worky-day' clothes (see "Do not rumple my Top-knot! I 'll not be kiss'd to day": *Bagford Ballads*, 932). Truly, our 'Courteous Shepherdess' conditionally capitulates: "If thus you spoyle my cloathes, I 'le not come neere you!" (See p. xcii***.)

[Trowbesh Transcripts of Manch. F. Lib. B.-L. Ballads, II, 35. Unique.]

The Courteous Shepherdess:

Who though [she] her Love so often denies, The Northern Lad, at last, obtains the Prize.

To the Tune of, *Laddy, lye neere me* [pp. 691, 865].

BLithe Lad, I prethee goe! Thou wilt deceive me;
If long thou flatter so I shall beleeve thee.
Flye away! flye away! come no more to me: [*Passim.*
If here you longer stay, faith, you will undo me.

Nay, fie, you lye too neere, I 'le not indure it:
All the art you have here cannot procure it.

Be gone, or, as I live, I 'le call your Mother:
Here 's the last kisse I 'le give: nay fie! you smother.

In troth, you strive in vain, 't is but a folly;
'T will but procure disdaine and melancholy.

Harke, hark! I heare a [noise]: now cease to woo me. [*t.* 'voyce.'
Sure 't is my Father's voyce, he 's coming to me.

Was ever Mayd perplext thus with a Lover?
I sweare you 'l make me vext: prethee, give over.

I know I am too kinde, and words may sway me;
I finde a yeelding minde that will betray me.

Pray keepe your vowes and oaths! I cannot heare you;
If thus you spoyle my cloathes, I 'le not come neere you.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

NOw let us sit, and heare the feather'd Singers.
Faith, if you come so neere, I 'le prick your fingers.
Indeed, I 'le kiss no more, why doe you pull me?
You had as good give o're, you shall not gull me.

What will the world suppose, when my owne blushes
Declares my Virgin Rose pluck'd from the bushes?
Then, prethee, let 's depart! I finde the building
So weake, that holds my heart, I shall be yeelding,

The Virgins all will cry, "Oh, fie upon her!
[Coul]d she not once deny, [to] save her honour?" [*Torn away.*
And yet, I doe believe, were they but by him,
To heare him plead and grieve, they 'd not deny him.

I do not bid you fly, with will to hurt you:
But if you stay so nigh, I fear my vertue.
I know I am so weake, should you stay [long]er, [*Ditto.*
You have an art [to see]ke, would make y[ou stron]ger.

Then let us par[t, awhile,] to quench the [rapture;] [*Conjectural restorations.*
Each wanton ki[ss or smile] enflameth the [capture]
Aye me! that all I say cannot content you:
Take love and life away, and then repent you.
Never flie! never flie, now you have won me;
And I will never cry 'faith! you have undone me.' Finis.

London, Printed for *F. Grove*, dwelling on *Snow-hill.*

[Black-letter. Four cuts: Cavalier and a Lady to each Part. Date, *c.* 1635.]

No. 226 of Thackeray's List is 'The Seaman's Frolick.' It was quoted on p. 531 of vol. vii, *Roxb. Ballads*; but it is such a genuine foc'sle song of the time, *circâ* 1665, that we must give it complete (condensing the interminable chorus, that had been repeated *passim*).

[Pepys Collection, IV, 213; Douce Coll., II, 197.]

The Seaman's Frolick; or, A Cooler for the Captain.

You Seamen bold that plough the Ocean Main,
To read this Song do not at all disdain;
But rather learn thereby how to avoid
The whore's increase, which many hath destroy'd.
To a New Tune [its own]; or, *Come no more there*, etc.

CAptain *Robert* is gone to Sea, *and I lov'd him well, and I lov'd him well;*
With all his merry merry company, *there's them can sing and say.*
Captain *Robert* is gone to Sea, the Girls for his return doth pray,
And shall we never, never, while we live, come no more there?
We'll come no more there, brave boys, we'll come no more there,
We'll come no more there, brave boys, we'll come no more there;
And we shall never, never, while we live, come no more there.
[Compare xci***.

Our Captain is a jovial blade, *and I lov'd him well*, etc.,
And well he loves a pretty Maid, *there's them can sing and say;*
Our Captain is a jovial blade, and many a Gun hath under laid,
And shall we never, never, while we live, come no more there?
"I wish I was on the Starboard side, with all my merry men in their pride;
I wish I were on the Starboard side, with each an Anchor for to ride.
To the top, to the top, my little ship-boy, and see what ships come sailing by!"
And shall we never, never, . . . come no more there?

We pitcht our Anchor in *Plymouth* Sound, and there we wasted many a pound.
We pitcht our Anchor in *Plymouth* Sound, and spent all our money to one half-Crown,
And with that money I bought a cony, with sauce more sweet than any honey.
Our Captain did a small pinnace board, and left his own Ship in the Road,
Our Captain did a small pinnace board, whilst we his merry men sang and roar'd.
She did abide him many a shot, before the upper hand he got;
She did abide him many a shot, but under deck she prov'd too hot:
It prov'd to him a sad mishap, by thinking for to stop the gap,
It prov'd to him a sad mishap, for by report he got a [c]lap.

Our Captain he hath got a red face, and now is in a pitiful case,
Our Captain he hath got a red face, he does belay to the whore's increase.
Therefore, brave Seamen, all beware, before you venture take a care;
Therefore, brave Seamen, all beware, how that you meddle with such ware.
When as you do desire to range, and warre for warre for to exchange,
When as you do desire to range, cast Anchor in no harbour strange:
For fear you never, never, while you live, come no more there, etc. [Finis.

Printed for *M. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, & T. Passinger.*

Of another totally distinct and later 'Sailor's Frolic' (*alias* 'Tit for Tat; or, The Merry Wives of *Wapping*'), five of the twenty-seven stanzas were quoted on p. 438, with a synopsis: "All you that delight in a frolicksome song." Eight others are here.

"The Captain's chops water'd at her full sore; [Sta. 3.
One day he commanded the woman on shore,
And every man on board he must be,
While [the Captain] his fair charmer went to see.

"When the charming *Molly* took leave of her dear,
The Captain after her soon did steer;
Being late in the evening, before he went home,
Begging to tell her his amorous moan.

"'Thou fairest of creatures, take pity on me,
And keep it a secret what I tell to thee:
The charms of thy beauty my favour have won,
And if you slight me I'm fairly undone.'"

"She said, 'Noble Captain, your suit is in vain.'" [Etc., p. 438.

After Sailor Jack has discovered his 'Charming Molly's' falsehood, he goes to the house where the Captain's lady dwells on shore. Jack is dressed in her husband's uniform, and he is admitted by the maid, who leads him to her mistress by mistake. He has no scruples, and is quickly pardoned by the lady when he has told the story of his wrongs: she holds it to be a fair reprisal, '*Tit for Tat.*'

"But when in the morning she did see [*Jack*'s] face,
She began to cry out in a pittiful case.
He cries: 'My sweet Lady, be not in affright,
For the Captain 's been kissing my wife all the night."

"She laugh'd . . . how he looks in his Tarpaulin dress." [See p. 438.

"The Sailor and Lady upstairs did trip, [At Jack's home.
And the Captain there wearing *John*'s jacket did sit.
The Sailor said: 'Captain, I thought you on board.'
But the Captain sat still, and said not a word.

"He took up a stick, gave the Sailor a stroke:
'Now, sirrah' (said he), '*Jack*, pull off my coat!'
The Lady cries: 'Captain, pray where might you be,
When he got your coat, and came to bed to me?

"'I vow it has made a woful mistake.'
'I hope' (quoth the Captain) 'he ha' n't horn'd my pate.'
'Husband' (quoth the Lady), 'I say nothing to that:
You know, if he has, it is but *Tit for Tat.*'

With that the Captain flew into a rage,
And nothing at first could his passion assuage:
'But you must pay dearly!' the Sailor reply'd,
'For horning of me, being witness'd beside.'" ["Come," p. 438.

Austin Dobson said, in '*Fables of Literature and Art*': "There is no moral to this Tale." In 'Tit for Tat,' six morals are provided for the inquisitive. 1st.—'People who dwell inside glass-houses, Hymeneal, should not throw stones.' 2nd.—The sailor's wife is silently sent to Coventry (but a good Wapping is her due desert). 3rd.—The other daughter of Eve is absolved: but "Joan is as good as my Lady, in the dark." 4th.—There was an old tune known as '*Petticoat Loose.*' (See, for it, Wm. Chappell's own '*Popular Music*,' p. 724: the only complete and valuable *editio princeps, circâ* 1855.) We recovered the original words: "The Captain's lady is always ready: her petticoat 's loose, *her petticoat 's loose.*" Wm. Shield deemed the tune Irish, and adapted it in MacNally's '*Robin Hood; or, Sherwood Forest*,' 1784: "Don't shilly shally, nor with love dally." 5th.—*Cuckolds all-a-row.* 6th.—What you please, except an Immoral.

No. 244 of Thackeray's List is not in the Roxb. Coll. The title is,

The Happy Lovers' Pastime:

Shewing how a Nymph and Shepherd vow'd to love,
As long as they had life and strength to move;
They count all pleasure else but a toy
To that of Love, it is the Life of Joy.
They constant prove, in all things do agree:
To Lovers all I wish the like may be.

To a pleasant Tune [by John Banister], called, *On the bank of a Brook.*



J. W. E.

ON the bank of a brook, as I sate Fishing,
Hid in the Osiers that grew on the side,
I overheard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing
No time or fortune their love might divide.
To *Cupid* and *Venus* each offered a vow,
For to love ever as they loved now.

"O," said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, "What a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone!
Love must be secret kept, like Fairy Treasure
When 't is discover'd 't will quickly be gone:
For Envy or Jealousy, if it should stay,
Would too soon, alas! make it decay."

"Then let us leave this world and care behind us,"
Said the Nymph, smiling, and gave him her hand:
"All alone, all alone, where none shall find us, [*a.l.* 'fair.'
In some far Desart we 'll seek a New Land:
And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
And a World to each other we 'll be."

[The original song ended here: Printed for *H. Brome*, at the sign of the *Gun*, etc., 1671. The B.-L. broadside version, Pepys, IV, 4, has twelve stanzas, Printed for *Charles Passinger*, of the *Seven Stars*, on *London-Bridge*.]

'Rejoyce in Triumph!' is a sequel to (vol. v, p. 366) D'Urfey's song, 'On the late Victories over the Turks,' 1683—"Hark! I hear the cannons roar."

Later issues, in 1685, and by Richard Butt in 1694, misprinted the name '*James*' Duke of *York*, Lord High Admiral, for '*Charles*' in lines 20 and 30.

Rejoyce in Triumph;

Or, A Plaudite on the Ottoman defeat at Vienna.

[To the same new Tune of, *Hark how the thundering cannons roar !*]

I'M glad to hear the cannons roar, resounding from the *German* shoar,
Better news than hertofore, that *Babel*'s beast is wounded:
The *Christians* brave, both all and some, charge with the Horse and Kettle-drum
The Enemy of *Christendom*, till *Turks* are quite confounded.

The King of *Poland* (in a phrase) the great *Grand Seigneur* did amaze,
And the noise his Siege did raise, couragious *Solymannus !*
" If you resolve to come again, you must recruit both might and main,
Or else it will be all in vain to think that they 'll trapan us."

His Christian Majesty of *France* doth Booty play, the *Germans* dance,
And he doth laugh at our mischance, himself he dare not venture;
But Pimp the Beast and *Babel*'s Whore, and he Bo-peep stands at the door,
While the wanton cannons roar: then *Hector*-like he 'll enter. [W. = Until.

But spite on *Turk* and Great *Mogul*, and pox upon the *Scarlet trull*,
And we [their] *Poppie* too dare pull, if *James* be our Commander;
For tho' he neutral seem to be, he can command both land and sea,
And overthrow the big-look'd Three, and face brave *Alexander*. [*a.l.* trace.

Then let no rancour joyn'd with hate make ruptures in the Church or State,
But all submit to Divine Fate, and keep within our Border;
Let none old *England* then forsake (since Crown and Kingdom lye at stake),
If foreign War to undertake, till *Charles* give further order. [*Note.*

The *Germans* tell that heretofore they captive took one Bull and Boar,
The *Minotaurus* of a whore did roar like any thunder;
Then *P. P.* how could this be, the great *Gibralter* of the Sea?
Whose army was to fight with thee, and force the world to wonder.

But, *Ottoman*, pray get you gone ! we Christians do but draw you on;
We 'll greater booty have, or none; and if not [who 'll] prevent it?
If ever you turn your face this way, we 'll make the *Cannon-musick* play,
And you shall dance the *English Hay*, till all your bones lament it. [*Cf.* p. 691.

Our royal *James* will make you know the sharpness of a *Yorkshire Ho*,
And prove by land and sea your Foe, if *Charles* command to do it.
Both *England*, *Scotland*, *Dutch*, and *Dane*, and all his Islands of the Main,
Will not be able to refrain, if he once bid to do it.

Then fill the pi[nt]-pot to the Swine: heap me a rousing glass of Wine,
The dancing *Thames* shall pledge the *Rhine*, and *Tiber* shall be *præses*.
Then here 's to *James* that rules the Main, to *Poland*, *Holland*, *Scot*, and *Dane*,
To *Germany* and brave *Lorrain*, but pray you *potus nesis !*

Finis.

London: Printed and Sold by *Nathanael Thompson*, 1684.

We are " glad to hear " that *Roxb. Bds. illustrating the Reigns of the Stuarts* are welcomed within the Imperial Library of Vienna. Austria was always England's best ally, and is so now. Its honoured Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress were newly married when the present Editor saw them at Vienna, in 1854. Long may they live and flourish ! A nobler couple does not exist.

[Euing Collection, No. 149. Probably unique.]

The Kind-hearted Maiden's Resolution,

Wherein she doth shew her real affection and true Love unto her dearest Friend.

Her Father and Mother they still do say 'No!'
Yet she is resolved with her Love for to go.

To the Tune of, *Jenny, Jenny.* [See pp. xcix***, 127; and vol. vi, p. 292.]



[*Guy Earl of Warwick, and his Fair Phillis.*]

NOw farewell, dear Father, and Mother also,
Pray give me your blessing before I do go!
Whether I travel on Sea or on Shore,
For I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

"But I hope, my dear Daughter, you'l not be such a one
As to go and forsake us, and leave us alone;
Now we have brought you up, and by you set great store,
Now you will go with your Love, all the world o're.

"But let reason rule you, at home for to stay,
And go not such a journey, least you loose your way.
Thou shalt have all when we dye: what would'st thou ha' more?
If thou 't not go with thy Love, all the world o're."

I value not your Riches, nor your brave attire,
So I have but the Man whom my heart doth desire.
There 's no Locks nor Bolts shalt keep me in-a-door,
But I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

For his sight and his presence is dearer to me
Than all the rich Treasures i' th' world I can see.
In my arms I 'le imbrace him, his joys to restore,
And I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

For what joy or what comfort has any young Girl,
Though she wears rich jewels of Gold or yet Pearl,
If her Sweet-heart be wanting? her heart will be sore:
So I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

Does not Ladies of Honor a man much regard,
And shall I with disdain his kindness reward?
No, first I 'le be hanged upon the next door:
For I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

Oh, did not fair *Phillis*, that Lady so bright, [Vol. vi. p. 734. *Guy of Warwick.*
Unknown at her gate fed her husband and knight?
And at his death she [must have] grieved full sore:
So I will go with my Love, all the world o're. [p. xcix***.

Then why may not I be as true to my friend,
As ever was *Phillis*, unto my life's end? [text, 'lives.'
There 's no inchanting tongue shall win me on no score:
But I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

He may be in danger, or sick he may lye,
And for want of my company there he may dye,
But I 'le be his Surgeon for to cure his sore:
And I will go with my Love, all the world o're. [mutilated.

All that I can do for him, the truth for to tell,
Nothing shall be wanting, my Love to maintain [well].
I 'le run through fire and water, or through the deep s[h]ore,
But I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

His behaviour and favor, and so civil in 'is ways,
That whoever sees him they give him the praise;
Which makes me so much his fame to implore,
And for to go with my Love, all the world o're.

He 's no Ranter nor Swearer, nor Drunkard at all,
Yet he 'l laugh and be merry, yet modest withal;
He 's courteous and humble to th' Rich and to Poor:
Which makes me go with my Love, all the world o're.

And thus have I told to young Maids in some part
The conditions of him whom I love as my heart:
But pray don't long for him, nor yet cry nor roar,
For I will go with my Love, all the world o're.

Printed for *J. Clarke*, at the *Harp and Bible* in *West-Smithfield.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts; we substitute on p. xcvii*** '*Phillis* visiting *Guy* of *Warwick*': she being mentioned in the eighth stanza. Another woodcut of Guy, in his earlier time, on horseback and in armour, with the rescued lion beside him, is the *Frontispiece* to our *Second Division*, p. iv*. Date, 1650-71.]

*** Seeing that our Roxburghe ballad on p. 127, 'The Faithful Young-Man's Answer,' required for due completion its antecedent 'Kind-hearted Maiden's Resolution,' we take this last opportunity of reuniting them. Even in the Euing Collection (once Halliwell's) they were separated, being Nos. 149, 114: transposed in sequence.

Sequel is to the same tune, *Jenny, Jenny*, and from the same publisher, John Clarke. Begins, "My fairest, my dearest, I 've heard what thou 'st told."

The two ballads hold a nearly identical burden, '*For I will go with my Love, all the world o're*,' and in the sequel, p. 127, '*If thou wilt go with thy Love, all the world o're.*' This burden was imitated closely in 1672, during the Dutch War, in 'A Tryal of True Love' (see vol. vi, p. 293): '*For I will go with my love to the world's end.*' All three ballads take the same tune of '*Jenny, Jenny.*' This title and tune belong to 'Jenny, Jenny; or, The False-hearted Knight.' It begins, "There was a Lass in our town, and she was wondrous fair." (In vol. vii, p. 350, the Roxburghe ballad is reprinted.) By half a century it anticipated Allan Ramsay's song of 'My jo, *Janet*,' wherein she requests her niggard lover to bring gifts: but the canny Scot tries to shirk the cost of purchase. His return home through East-Lothian is implied, by her naming the Bass-Rock, off Tantallon Castle. No reference is here made to any *Bass* in Aberdeenshire, as wrongly supposed by Peter Buchan.

"Sweet Sir, for your courtesie, when ye come by the *Bass* then,
For the love ye bear to me, buy me a keeking-glass then." [*i.e.* mirror.

"Keek into the draw-well, *Janet, Janet!*
And there ye 'll see your bonny sel', my jo *Janet!*"

The Roxburghe ballad '*Jenny, Jenny*' thus far resembles 'The Beautiful Shepherdess of *Arcadia*' (*vide ante*, pp. lvi***, lvii***), in the damsel's remonstrance, pleading with her betrayer. Yet, perchance, the words were common property of many singers and writers. Such are these, sung by Jenny:

"But what if I should prove with child, as it perhaps may be;
Then you must provide a Nursing-bower for your young son and me!"
"Then down to yonder green-wood go, *Jenny!*" quoth he.
"*Then down to yonder green-wood go*, Jenny, Jenny."

. . . . . .

"Now you have had your will of me, and brought me unto shame,
If I do beg some boons of ye, say not I am to blame." Etcetera.

[Pepys Coll., III, 19; Rawlinson, 193; Douce, II, 168, *vo.*; Euing, 253; Wood, E. 25, fol. 15.]

A Noble Riddle wisely Expounded; or, The Maid's Answer to the Knight's Three Questions.

She, with her excellent wit and carriage,
Won a young knight to join with her in marriage;
This gallant couple now is man and wife,
And she with him doth lead a pleasant life.

To the Tune of, *Lay the bent to the bonny broom.* [See *Popular Music*, p. 531.]

THere was a Lady of the North Country, *Lay the bent to the bonny broom,*
And she had lovely Daughters three: *Fa la la la, fa la la la, la re.* [*passim.*
There was a knight of noble worth, which also lived in the North,
The Knight, of courage stout and brave, a wife he did desire to have.

He knocked at the Lady's gate, one evening when it was late.
The eldest Sister let him in, and pin'd the door with a silver Pin.
The second Sister she made his bed, and laid soft pillows under his head.
The youngest Daughter, that same night, she went to bed to this young Knight.
And in the morning, when it was day, these words unto him she did say: [me?"
"Now you have had your will," quoth she, "I pray, Sir Knight, will you marry

The young Knight to her reply'd: "Thy suit, fair Maid, shall not be deny'd.
If thou can'st answer me Questions Three, this very day I will marry thee."
"Kind Sir, in love, O then," quoth she, "tell me what your three questions be."
"O what is longer than the Way, or what is deeper than the Sea?
Or what is louder than the Horn, or what is sharper than a Thorn?
Or what is greener than the Grass, or what is worse than a Woman was?"

[The three riddles were generously made easy to answer, the knight having already 'paid his expenses' in Eugène Sue's Duriveau manner. She quickly solves them, and is rewarded by marriage 'making an honest woman' of her. It was a perilous experiment, but not unusual. Compare p. xcix***.]

"O Love is longer than the Way; and Hell is deeper than the Sea;
And Thunder 's louder than the horn; and Hunger 's sharper than a thorn?
And Poyson is greener than the Grass; and the Devil 's worse than Woman was."

When she these questions answer'd had, the Knight became exceeding glad;
And having truly try'd her wit, he much commended her for it;
And after, as it is verified, he made of her his lovely Bride.

So now, fair Maidens all, adieu! this song I dedicate to you.
I wish that you may constant prove, *Lay the bent to the bonny broom,*
Unto the man that you do love: *Fa la la la, fa la la la, la re.*

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

The original must have been of earlier date than any of the editions extant. It was registered as a transfer so late as 1674. With its double refrain, it was suited to be a duet for the crowder, or for a harp accompaniment of the wandering minstrels. Across the Border it was a favourite in the Scottish versions, known as 'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship,' or 'Wedderbourne's Three Questions,' some beginning "The Laird of *Roslin*'s daughter was in the woods walking" (*alter lect.* "The Lord of *Bristol*'s daughter"); "and by came Captain *Wedderbourne*, a servant to the King" (Herd's MSS., I, 161, and II, 100: compare this Introduction, p. xliv***): with varying burden, *Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not lye neist the wa'.*

A worse than doubtful 'West-Country version' of it, in ten stanzas, is this:—

THere were three sisters fair and bright,
Jennifer, Gentian, and Rosemaree; [*a.l.* '*Gentle.*'
And they three loved one valiant knight,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree. [*Vide infra.*

The eldest Sister let him in,
And barred the door with a silver pin.

The second Sister made his bed,
And placed soft pillows under his head.

The youngest Sister, fair and bright,
Was resolv'd for to wed with this valiant Knight.

"And if you can answer Questions Three,
O then, fair Maid, I will marry with thee:—

"What is louder than a Horn?
And what is sharper than a Thorn?"

"Thunder is louder than an Horn,
And Hunger is sharper than a Thorn."

"What is broader than the Way?
And what is deeper than the Sea?"

"Love is broader than the way;
And Hell is deeper than the Sea."

["*Thus have you answered questions three,*] [Lost line.
And now, fair Maid, I will marry with thee."

Davies Gilbert gave it, as though genuine, among *Ancient Christmas Carols*. Falstaff had earlier declared, "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying." The burden suggests C. S. Calverley's '*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese!*'

Of one ballad in Thackeray's List, No. 276, we had felt loath to include another reprint: having earlier given it complete in the 1875 edition of '*Merry Drollery*, 1661.' A version in *Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, began: "Now listen a while and I will you tell." A third was circulated in 1653–56: "A story strange I will you tell." It reappeared in *Wit and Mirth*, p. 40, 1684; *Pills to p. Mel.*, vol. iii, 141, 1719, following *Antidote against Melancholy* text.

The humour is extremely coarse, but scarcely worse than it is in Chaucer's story of 'The Miller of Trumpington,' told to Canterbury Pilgrims on their way to Thomas à Becket's greatly overrated shrine. It found acceptance among the democracy, calling for frequent reproductions. In old broadsides, particularly one of the Bagford exemplars, the rude woodcut outruns discretion.

The Miller's wife, dressed in his clothes, riding on his gelding, is seen in the distance, going to market, and already meeting the devil. She thus makes her entrance prematurely, "not being on in this scene." Her cue comes later.

The locality named is Mansfield; a town notorious for another 'Miller of Mansfield' ("*Henry*, our royal King, would ride," etc., reprinted, vol. i, p. 539).

The author was probably Sir John Birkenhead, *Mercurius Aulicus*. Being in Roxb. Collection, and Douce, III, 57, this ballad is retained, less a few words.

Colophon lost from 1st Roxb. B.-L.; 2nd is W.-L., *Aldermary* Church-yard, Bow-Lane, *London*. Bagfords, both, printed for *Wm. Onley*; Pepys (and 1st Roxb.) p. for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, John Clarke*. Date, *circâ* 1656.

[Roxb. Coll., II, 192; III, 330; Pepys, IV, 351; Bagford, I, 55; II, 128.]

The Gelding of the Devil;

Or, the Prettiest Jest that ever was known, How the Baker's Wife her skill has shown.

Then listen a while, and the news I 'll tell,
Betwixt the Baker and the Devil of Hell.

To a dainty new Tune, call'd *The G. of the Devil;* or, *The Card Players.*

A Pretty Jest I will you tell, of the gelding of the Devil of Hell.
There was a Baker of *Mansfield* town, to *Nottingham* market he was bound,
And riding under the willows clear, the Baker sung with a merry cheer:
And riding under the Willows clear, etc. [*Repeat last line, passim.*

The Baker's horse was lusty and sound, well worth, in judgment, full five pound;
His skin was smooth, his flesh was fat, his Master was well pleas'd at that:
Which made him sing so merrily, as he was riding along the way.

But as he rode over the hill, O there he met with the Devil of Hell.
"O Baker! O Baker!" then cry'd he, "How came thy horse so fat to be?"
These be the words Dick the Baker did say: "Because his [corns] be cut away."

"Thou shalt [trim] me before thou dost go," then said the Devil, "if it be so.
First tye thy horse to yonder tree, and with thy [skill attend to] me." Etc.

The Baker, as it came to pass, in haste alighted from his horse,
And the Devil on his back he lay, while the Baker cut his [corns] away;
Which put the Devil to great pain, and made him to cry out amain.

"O," quoth the Devil, "beshrew thy heart! thou dost not feel how I do smart;
And for the deed that thou hast done, I 'll be reveng'd on thee anon,
And underneath this Greenwood tree, next market-day I will [thus trim] thee."

The Baker then but little said, yet in his heart was sore afraid:
He durst no longer there to stay, but he rode home another way,
And coming home to his wife did tell how he had [met] the Devil of Hell.

[She forbids his submission to the *lex talionis* 'trimming' from the Devil.]

"Oh!" (quoth the good-wife) "without doubt, I had rather both thy eyes were
Then hold content, and be thou wise, and I 'll some pretty trick devise. [out.

"I 'll make the Devil change his note. Give me thy hat, thy band, and coat,
Thy hose, and doublet eke also, and I like to a Man will go.
I 'll warrant thee, next Market-day, I 'll fright the Devil quite away."

When the Baker's wife she was so drest, with all her bread upon the beast,
Unto *Nottingham*-Market, that brave town, to sell her bread, both white and brown;
And riding merrily over the hill, O there she 'spy'd two devils of hell:
A little devil and another, as they were playing both together.

"O!" quoth the Devil, then right fain, "Here comes the Baker riding amain.
Now be thou well, or be thou woe, I will [trim] thee before thou dost go." Etc.
The Baker's wife to the Devil did say, "Sir, I was [trim'd thus] yesterday."

[He does not notice that the woman has come instead of the baker.]

"O!" said the Devil, "thy life 's not long: thy breath smells so horribly strong:
Therefore go thy way and make thy Will, thy wounds are past all human skill.
Be gone! be gone! make no delay, for here thou shalt no longer stay."

The good wife of this news was glad, so she left the Devil almost mad;
And, when she to her husband came, with joyful heart she told the same.
The story pleas'd him wondrous well, how she had couz'ned the Devil of Hell.

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

For use where deem'd needful, with edges gumm'd down,
To shut out the 'Baker of fam'd Mansfield *town,'* [1656.
Call'd "The Prettiest Jest that ever was known,
How the Baker's wife her skill has shewn."
It suited Hugh Peters *or* Desb'rough *the Clown,* [*sic.*
Howe'er he pretended to grunt and to groan
(In secret he chuckled, and did not frown):
But deserves here no farther meed of renown.

☞ As in *Nicholas Nickleby*, cap. lii, one remarks, "It is necessary to draw the line somewheres: we draw the line there. *We cannot go beyond Bakers.* If we was to get any lower than bakers, our customers would desert us. You must try some other establishment, sir." [See *Merry Drollery*, 1661, or *Pills to purge Melancholy*, iii, 141; where the knavish Jest is given complete.]

It is better to take the advice given by the Sultan Saladin to Richard Cœur de Leon (*vide* p. clxxviii* of *Prefatory Note, post*):

"When the rich carpet is soiled, the wise man covers it with his foot." (But it was obligatory, by an erroneous promise, to give every Roxburghe and Bagford Ballad complete, and this one doubly, in both collections, Roxb., II, 192; III, 330; Bagford, I, 55; II, 128; and Pepys, IV, 351.) As Lady Macbeth says (Act ii, 2)—"A little water clears us of this deed." By Gum!—H. E. D.

¶ We substitute two from the sixteen stanzas belonging to an unreprinted and unique ballad, in black-letter, one of Philip Brooksby's, *circâ* 1672, entitled, 'The Old Gentlewoman's last Legacy to her Sons and Daughters, upon her Death-bed, a little before she departed out of this world. With her good Instructions that she gave them to live a godly sober Life, for the good of their own souls, till God call them out of the world.' (Jersey Coll., II, 68.)

Tune of, *My bleeding heart* [*with grief and pain;* or, *Aim not too high*, p. 31].

"MY own dear Children, understand
I would wish you to obey your Mother's command:
You see my sickness in my Bed,
think on my words when I am dead.
Fear God, and keep up his Command,
All things will prosper in your hand.

"Avoid bad company and make no strife,
and be careful how you lead your life;
And be charitable to the Poor,
then God's blessing will ne'er depart from your door.
Fear God, and keep up his Command," etc.

Battle between Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

In the Group of Robin Hood Ballads, on pp. 481–540, beginning the Second Division, and in the closing List of extra ballads, No. 10, this Battle is mentioned. It is in Anthony à Wood's Collection at the Bodleian, and atones for suppressing the Baker.

[Ant. à Wood's Collection, 401, fol. 21, *verso*.]

A Famous Battle between Robin Hood and Maid Marian,

Declaring their Love, Life, and Liberty.

TUNE, *Robin Hood Reviv'd; or, R. H. and the Stranger* [p. 177].



A Bonny fine Maid, of a noble degree, *With a hey down, down a down, down,*
Maid Marian called by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth, for shee was a gallant Dame.
For favour and face, and beauty most rare, Queen *Hellen* shee did excell:
For *Marian* then was praised of all men that did in the Country dwell.

'T was neither *Rosamond* nor *Jane Shore*, whose beauty was clear and bright,
That could surpass this Country Lass, beloved of Lord and Knight.
The Earl of *Huntingdon*, nobly born, that came of noble blood,
To *Marian* went, with a good intent, by the name of *Robin Hood*.

With kisses sweet their red lips meet, for shee and the Earl did agree;
In every place they kindly imbrace, with love and sweet unity.
But Fortune bearing these Lovers a spight, that soon they were forced to part;
To the merry Green wood then went *Robin Hood*, with a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And *Marian*, poor soul! was troubled in mind, for the absence of her friend;
With finger in eye, shee often did cry, and his person did much commend.
Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind, shee dressed her self like a Page,
And ranged the wood to find *Robin Hood*, the bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all, thus armed was *Marian* most bold;
Still wandering about, to find *Robin* out, whose person was better than gold.
But *Robin Hood* hee himself had disguis'd, and *Marian* was strangely attir'd,
That they prov'd foes, and so fell to blowes, whose valour bold *Robin* admir'd.

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went, at least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold *Robin*'s face, and *Marian* was wounded sore.
" O hold thy hand !" said *Robin Hood*, " and thou shalt be one of my string
To range in the wood, with bold *Robin Hood*, to hear the sweet nightingale sing."

When *Marian* did hear the voice of her love, her self shee did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet, like to a most loyall lover.
When bold *Robin Hood* his *Marian* did see, Good Lord! what clipping was there !
With kind embraces, and jobbing of faces, providing of gallant cheer.

For *Little-John* took his bow in his hand, and wand'ring in the Wood,
To kill the Deer, and make good chear, for *Marian* and *Robin Hood*.
A stately Banquet the[y] full soon, all in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat, and were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of Wine were set on the board, and merrily they drunk round,
Their boules of Sack, to strengthen the back, whilst their knees did touch the ground.
First *Robin Hood* began a health to *Marian*, his onely dear;
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall, did quickly bring up the rear.

For in a brave veine they tost off the bouls, whilst thus they did remain, [*al.* venie.
And every cup, as they drunk up, they filled with speed again.
At last they ended their merryment, and went to walk in the wood,
Where *Little-John* and *Maid Marian* attended on bold *Robin Hood*.

In sollid content together they liv'd, with all their yeomen gay;
They liv'd by their hands, without any lands, and so they did many a day.
But now to conclude, an end I will make, in time, as I think it good;
For the people that dwell in the North can tell of *Marian* and bold *Robin Hood*.

S. S. [Sam. Sheppard: see pp. xlvii*, cxxiii*, 678, 861, *in Second Division*].

[Black-letter. *Cf.* p. 539, No. 10. No p.n. Date, *circâ* 1653.]

¶ The woodcut (p. ciii*), of *Robin Hood* and *Maid Marian* in centre, with *Little John* and the *Curtal Friar*, supporters, was incongruous in '*Sir Hugh of the Grime*' (Roxb. Coll., II, 294): see vol. vi, p. 597. Friar alone is on p. 521.

When Cromwell, on 20 April, 1653, sent away 'the bauble' Mace, Sam Sheppard wrote his ballad 'The Parliament Routed; or, Here's a House to be Let': " Cheare up, kind Countrymen, be not dismaid." He eulogized Monck in the Dutch war, by a modernized 'St. George for England,' viz., 'An Heroical Song on the worthy and valiant exploits of our noble Lord General *Monck*, Duke of Albemarle, both by sea and land, made in August, 1666.' Not until 6 March, 1667, did Samuel Pepys read this identical "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 on him of this kind. There are so many that hereafter he will sound as '*Guy of Warwick*.'"—*Diary of Sam. Pepys*, iv, 261, 1877 edition. It is in Wood's Collection. We reprinted it in vol. vi, p. 726, beginning 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 *Launcelot du Lake* was of the *Table-Round*,
And fighting for a Lady's sake his sword with fame was crown'd."

Here ends the "Supplementary Note,"
belonging to the General Introduction and the Thackeray List.

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Roxburghe Ballads.



FRONTISPIECE TO PART XXIII.



" As I lay mvsing all alone, great store of things I thought vpon,
And specially of Man's estate, and how hee's subject vnto Fate. . . .

" Man's life is like a Ship o' th' Seas, which is sometimes, as Fortune please,
Sometimes in safety; yet not still so, even as proud *Boreas*' blasts doe blow."
——*Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. pp. 142, 144.

" Behold the Touchstone of true love."—*Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 147.
" *Maudline*, the Merchant's daughter of *Bristow* towne."—*Ibid.*, ii. 87.

" The Merchant's daughter of *Bristol*, who
Unto her lover prov'd just and true;
When many storms were overblown,
She to her lover herself made known."
—*Ibid.*, viii. 147.

The Roxburghe Ballads.

Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

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

EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED "'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION"; "THE BAGFORD BALLADS," WITH THEIR "AMANDA GROUP OF POEMS"; "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600"; "THE POEMS AND MASQUE OF THOMAS CAREW."

WITH COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VIII. Part I.

(*Being the Last Part but One*).

Final Groups of 'Religious and Romantic Ballads'; 'Historical Ballads, of Queen Anne and of the First Three Georges.'

"Here was he merry, hearing of a song."
As You Like It, II. 7.

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

1895.

HERTFORD.



PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

BODLEIAN
LIBRARY

Temporary Preface to Part XXIII.

Vol. VIII.

Our task nearly ended, and honestly wrought,
We appeal to all those who rare ballads have sought,
As did Scott, for his Bannatyne Tomes of yore :
"*Pay down your subscriptions*," for Half-volume more!
Part Twenty-Four you need, Part Twenty-Four ;
You reach the true *Finis* in Part Twenty-Four.

THE Present Part XXIII. of *Roxburghe Ballads* contains more than half of the final Vol. VIII. *Above a hundred complete ballads are here given ;* many of them being important, nearly all taken from unique exemplars, unreprinted hitherto. The first group (p. 1 to 188) gives fifty ballads of '*Romantic and Religious*' or Moral character. A small group follows, to lend variety of subject, on such '*Unhallowed Marriages*' as those wherein a rich Old Dotard weds a Young Girl, against her inclination, with miserable results. The other large group is of 'Political and Historical Ballads,' in fourfold division (pp. 209–320). 1st, *The Reign of Queen Anne*, with Scottish discontent at the Union, and English intrigues, of unscrupulous partizan warfare; 2nd, *The Jacobite Insurrection*, of 1715, with the abortive attempts made in 1719, during the time of George I.; 3rd, *The Final Insurrection* of 1745, and several episodes of nautical engagements under Admirals Matthews and Vernon; 4th, lastly, a few ballads on public occurrences, of social interest other than political, *The Early Years of George III.;* ending with ballads on Admiral Keppel and on Commodore Paul Jones, in 1779, during the war with France and the struggle for American Independence. 1780 ends *The Troubles of the Georges.*'

A few small groups remain to be reprinted. A dozen '*Robin Hood Ballads*,' as described on pp. 177, 178. Ten '*Sempill Ballads*,' of 1565 to 1574, of Mary Queen of Scots, are the oldest broadsides of the collection (see *Note*, p. ix.). Lastly, a group of Anglo-Scotch ditties and mirthful ballads on the rogueries of Millers, etc. These, with a few Supplementary Notes, the *Ballad Index* of titles, tunes, and burdens, and the *General Index* to the entire work of eight volumes, will form the contents of the sole remaining part, finally completing the 'Roxburghe Ballads.'

Delay in providing the funds required for closing this large and important work would be most injurious, and the Editor appeals to the Subscribers to ensure payment for printing the indispensable *One Part More*, early as possible, in the current year, 1895.

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

ASHFORD, KENT, 1895.

The Roxburghe Ballads.

EDITORIAL ENVOI.

THEY have led us back to the Stuart *times,*
With quaint old woodcuts and uncouth rhymes,
These Black-letter broadsides of Ballad lore:
We can hear the glad Restoration chimes,
Where re-echo'd the sullen Puritan roar;
We can see the courtly 'Beauties,' and mimes,
We track the 'Plotters,' their follies, their crimes,
Hailing Dutch William, *so hated of yore,*
Or Queen Anne, *who the crown unsteadily wore,*
Till the White Horse of Hanover *tramples our shore,*
While the last Stuarts *languish in foreign climes:*
Foredoom'd to disaster, too proud to deplore,
Yet to loyal hearts dearest for evermore.

J. W. EBSWORTH.

January 30, 1895.

The Sempill Ballads.

(*Mentioned in Temporary Preface. Note.*)

OF the historical broadsides written by Robert Sempill or Semple, and known as the 'Sempill Ballads,' there are not less than Ten in the Roxburghe Collection (beside one other, 'The Complaint of Scotland,' R.C., II. 49, which has been already reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 501, beginning, "Adew, all glaidness, sport, and play!"—a duplicate of which is at the Record Office). One is in Vol. II. p. 569, and the other nine in Vol. III. They are all in early Black-letter, imprinted at Edinburgh, by Robert Lekpreuik, bearing the date of 1567, 1570, and 1574 respectively, during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

R.C., II. 569.—Ane Declaration of the Lordis just Quarrell. (1567.)*
="Not lang ago, as I allone did walk."

III. 2.—The Regentis Tragedie, ending with ane exhortation. (1570.)*
="*James*, Erle of *Murray*, Regent of Renoun."

III. 3.—The Kingis Complaint. (N.d.)*
="With havie hart on *Snadoun* hill."

III. 4.—The Cruikit liedis the Blinde. (1570.)
="This warld it waggis I wat not how."

III. 1.—The Poysonit Schot. (1570.)
="Gif wicked Vice first sen the warld began."

III. 5.—The Admonition to the Lordis. (1570.)
="For lois thow *Lythquo* may miserably lament."

III. 6.—Maddei's Lamentation. (1570.)*
="Quhen bludy *Mars* with his ondauntit rage."

III. 7.—Maddei's Proclamatioun. (N.d.)*
="In loftie veirs I did reheirs."

III. 9.—A New Balade or Songe, of the Lambes Feast. (1574.)* By W. S., Veritatis Amatorem.
="I hearde one saye, Com now awaye."

III. 8.—Another [Balade] out of Good Will. (1574.)*
="The Grace from God the Father hye."

Of the ten, *seven* are unique: viz. those marked.* It is desirable that these ten may be set in type speedily, with a brief summary of the other ballads of the series, which are dispersed, respectively at the Record Office, the Society of Antiquaries, The Advocates Library, and Britwell. We had hoped to reprint the whole of them, re-united and in chronological sequence, but the others can be relinquished, being outside the Roxburghe Collection. Our General Index is more urgently necessary than these extra ballads, and needs all the available and prospective funds to meet expense of printing. The ten *Sempill Ballads* suffice to complete our Stuart records, furnished by the *Roxburghe Ballads*.

"All of us who have been collectors of books and ballads are apt to esteem our treasures more highly when we know that they were prized by former possessors who were men of mark, and who left their autographs and book-plates in attestation. They lose their value when they are idiotically removed, as in these days of *ex libris* notoriety they are often dispersed, for 'filthy lucre', and sent widowed and orphaned through the wilderness of trade. I never remove an autograph or book-plate from the volumes where C. K. Sharpe, G. R. Kinloch, Robert Southey, Dante G. Rosetti, or Andrew Lang affixed their honoured names."—*Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vii. 143. 1895.

The Prior's Book-Plate.

(To Roxburghe and Bagford Ballads.)

DEARER to us than 'books in vogue' are those of long ago;
By book-plate or by autograph past ownership they show;
And, while we clasp them, we may feel in touch with men who held—
Men who once prized them, as we prize, for charms not yet dispell'd:
Their loving care kept free from stain these pages that we read,
And gladly would we leave them thus, to whomsoe' may succeed.
To us they spoke their messages, from days when books were rare,
And every line was conn'd, each leaf preserv'd from blot or tear.
But sometimes, as in Rapin's *tomes, we trace the pencill'd dates*
Of patient students, month by month, not void of loves or hates.
Sometimes a rose-leaf, shred of moss, or ribbon book-mark, tells
Of lingering twilight, lovers' vows, where Memory's secret dwells.
Sometimes on neat inserted scrip—or to confirm the text,
Or to correct erroneous words that for one moment vexed—
A dainty comment may appear, in meek humility,
Or bold denial of Untruth, or key to mystery.
So now to others we pass on these books, that have been dear,
And wonder who shall read them next, in many an after year;
When we, their stewards for brief time, must fade away to rest,
Leaving to brighter eyes than ours the books we loved the best.

J. Woodfall Ebsworth.

The Priory, Ashford, Kent.



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End of the Political Ballads and Troubles of the Georges.

Prefatory Note to the Religious Ballads.

*** On p. 264 of the present vol. viii. a lost ditty is named, "*Alace, that samyn sweit face!*" one mentioned in the *Complaynte of Scotlande*, 1549. Although it has perished, some faint echo of it may linger in the sanctified imitation or pious parody preserved in '*Ane Compendius Buik of Godly and Spirituall Sangis*,' attributed to John and James Wedderburn, an early edition of which is 'exactly correcit and newlye Prented at Edinbrugh be Robert Smyth, dwelling at the nether-bow, 1600': Another, 1621, was printed by Andro Hart. It may fitly precede our Group of Religious Ballads.

Alace, that samyn sweit Face.

ALace, that same sweit face, that deit vpon ane tree
To purchas mankynde peace, from sinne to mak vs free,
Allonie to bee our remedie

To graith our place full meit, Hee is ascended hie, [*graith* = prepare.
And left with vs his sperit, to worship spiritually,
Onelie to bee our remedie.

He bad, when he was gone, applie vs haillelie,
To serue our God, allone, in spirit and veritie,
Allone to bee our remedie.

No kynde of outward deid, how hally that euer it bee,
May saif vs at our neid, nor yet vs iustifie,
Nor yet can make remedie.

Bot Christ wee neid nothing, where throw saued we suld be. [*Bot* = except.
Hee is ane potent King, and will allanerlie: [*Allanerlie* = solely.
Onelie hee our remedie.

His Testament maist perfyte, plainely does testifie,
Whilke his Apostles did wryte, that none may saif but hee,
Nor yet can make remedie.

Bot now sen hee is gone, to [reign] Eternallie, [*text*, 'ring.'
Wee worship stocke and stone, can nouther heare nor see,
Nor yet can make vs remedie.

We haue dwelt all too lang in false hypocrisie;
Trew fayth, Lord, make vs sang wirkand be charitie:
Onely to bee our remedie. Finis.

James Thomson ('Bysshe Vanolis') knew not this Wedderburn parody, but from the suggestion of the title constructed his own three stanzas, beginning thus:—

"'Allace! that samyn sweit face!'
Bitter tears have drowned the shine
Wont to laugh in azure eyne;
Fear hath blanched the laughing lips,
And they tremble trying to speak;
Pain hath cast a wan eclipse
On the round and rosy cheek;
Grief hath greyed the locks; and how
Care hath wrinkled that smooth brow!
'Allace! that samyn sweit face!'
Sweet then, yet sweeter now!"

Roxburghe Ballads.

FRONTISPIECE TO PART XXIV.



"Good Hospitalitie was cherish'd then of many,
Now poore men starve and die, and are not help'd of any:
For Charitie waxeth cold, and love is found in few:
This was not in Time of Old, *when this old cap was new.*

——MARTIN PARKER, *c.* 1629: *Roxb. Ballads*, ii, 582.

The Roxburghe Ballads.

Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

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

WITH HIS COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VIII. Part II.

Group of Sempill Ballads, Scotland, 1567 to 1574;
Nautical Ballads; Anglo-Scotch Ballads; and Merry Tales;
Robin Hood Ballads, and Kentish.

"Here, with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And th' Wilderness were Paradise enow.

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane?
How oft hereafter, rising, look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!"

—*Rubaiat of* OMAR KHAYYÁM.

HERTFORD

Printed for the Ballad Society,

BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1896.

This *Hart* had stood
In the merry Green-wood,
Till at *Ware*, or elsewhere, he met *Robin Hood*;
Then he sought *Hart-Ford*,
And couch'd on the sward:
But of all that ensued *St. A.* gives no word.



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No. 35.

Editorial Preface to Part XXIV.

(*ROXBURGHE BALLADS*, VOL. VIII.)

"I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I will be with you again."
——*Twelfth Night*, iv, 2.

AN advance of two hundred and twenty-four pages, holding sixty-eight complete *Roxburghe Ballads* in the present penultimate Part XXIV, now issued to the surviving subscribers, brings the work near to completion. A few months of printing and the one final payment (*in advance*, if possible, counting for January 1st, 1897) should ensure the end. There remain to be printed less than three dozen *Roxburghe Ballads*; the Supplementary Notes to early volumes occupy few pages, but certify dates, furnish valuable additions, and recover some losses; the BALLAD-INDEX to Vol. VIII is absolutely indispensable for reference, and ready for type; even the GENERAL INDEX to all the historical names and chief events mentioned throughout the Eight Volumes of 5,950 pages, is more than half prepared in MS., and can be completed during the present winter. Consequently the entire series, ending in Part XXV, ought to be ready in the Autumn of 1896. *Subscribers alone keep it back.*

The interest cannot be said to have slackened in the present issue. It contains the last Historical Group of Ballads, but the earliest in date of all in the Roxburghe Collection, viz. 'The Sempill Ballates,' printed by Robert Lekpreuik, in Black-letter, at St. Andrews and at Edinburgh, during his enforced migrations, in the troubled days of the Regent Murray, 1567 to 1570, and a few years later, to 1574–1583, while Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in England. Although these rare ballads of unusual length are embittered by the spirit of rebellious pride and sectarian intolerance against the ill-fated Queen and all her loyal adherents, they are priceless records of the unquiet time. They reveal the bigotry and irreconcileable hatred animating the most active of the rebellious plotters, the so-called 'Scottish Reformers,' guided by John Knox, by Morton, and by the still more dangerous intriguer, insidious and hypocritical, the Regent Murray. His own violent death

at Linlithgow forms the central point of this object-lesson, and is fully detailed by an eye-witness. Two religious ballads of 1574, on pp. 405, 408, are interesting and curious: landmarks, historical and social, worthy of study.

Another important Group here given completes the 'Robin Hood Ballads,' of which nearly all the best belong to the Roxburghe Collection, now gathered together. If, as may be conceded, they appear somewhat monotonous when read consecutively, instead of being disunited and scattered as they were of old, they are certainly more convenient for study and comparison under the present arrangement.

A small Group of 'Merry Ballads and Humourous Tales' is wedged betwixt the Sempill and the Robin Hood Groups, or following after them, to lend variety of subject. It includes the final portion of the 'Nautical Ballads' (of which the earlier and historical examples were given in vols. vi and vii); the burlesque on chivalric achievements performed by such champions as Syr Bevis, Guy Earl of Warwick, and St. George, in 'The most Dreadful Combate fought between Moore of Moore Hall and the Dragon of Wantley'; also the sparkling and unstinted mock-laudation of Jane Shore, that was asserted to have been written by the author of *Hudibras*, and published along with other poems, certainly not his, in the apocryphal *Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler*, but not in the *Genuine Remains* preserved by Thyer. Some of the 'Merry Tales' can be traced back to a remote antiquity, among the *Fabliaux*, the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, the *Facetiæ*, the *Contes*, and the *Heptameron*, with *Les Nuits* of Straparola, etc. Not so descended are the 'Anglo-Scottish Ditties,' which have closer connection with Tom D'Urfey and his cockney imitators; or the 'Kentish Ballads,' which were favourites among the loose company of 'pickers' (etc.: *vide* the Church-catechism) "in the Hop-Gardens of Kent." The county has long blown its own trumpet of *Invicta* laudation, whether unduly or justly this deponent sayeth not, he being a Surrey man born, and standing up for his lovelier locality.

On p. 555 is mentioned a Hertfordshire ballad on a Female Highwayman, or "Padder." It was sung to the tune of *The Rant, dal darra*: made famous by the *Bagford Ballad* (reprinted in 1877, p. 205). She proved herself more daring than the other 'Female Ramblers' whose adventures are soon to be chronicled, and the narrative suits the lively melody. Formerly in Jersey Coll., I, 287.

The Female Highway Hector;

Or,

An Account of a Woman, who was lately arraign'd for robbing on the Highway in Man's Apparel: Containing a Relation of several noted Exploits which she perform'd in that bold Undertaking.

To an Excellent Tune, called *The Rant.*

YOu Gallants of every station, give ear to a Frollicksome Song,
The like was ne'er seen in the nation, 'twas done by a Female so young.

She bought her a Mare and a bridle, a saddle, and pistols also;
She resolved she would not be idle, for upon *the Pad* she did go.

She cloathed her self in great splendour, for breeches and sword she had on;
Her body appear'd very slender: she showed like a pretty young man.

And then like a Padder so witty, she mounted with speed on her Mare;
She left all her friends in the City, and steer'd her course towards *Ware.*

The first that she met was a Grocer, was walking with cane in his hand;
She soon to the Spark came up closer, and boldly she bid him to stand.

She took from him but a Guinea, and then met a Taylor with shears,
And because the poor Rogue had no money, she genteely clipt off his ears.

The next that she met was a Tanner, for loss of his money he cry'd;
And because he baul'd in this manner, she handsomely tann'd his hide.

She rode about seven miles farther, and then a Stage Coach she did rob;
The passengers all cry'd out 'Murther!': but this was a Fifty-pound Jobb.

And then she robb'd a *Welsh* Miller; she fac'd him and gave him the Word:
Hur splutter'd and swore hur would kill hur, if that hur had got but hur sword.

And then she came up with a Quaker, she told him she must have his coin;
Quoth he: "Thou silly wise-acre, thou shalt have no money of mine."

She show'd him a pistol, to prove him; he told her, by Yea and by Nay,
That since the good Spirit did move him, she might take his money away.

An Excise-man she then next accosted, and did him deliver with speed;
He often of valour had boasted, but he was a Coward indeed.

She rifled him then of his money; oh! this was a very rich prize:
She took from him four-score Guineys, which he had receiv'd for Excise.

The next that she met was a Padder, well mounted upon a Bay Nag;
Oh! this made her so much the gladder: she told him she wanted a bag.

He thought she would certainly fight him, prepar'd himself out of hand;
And she was resolved to fright him: she damn'd him and bid him to stand.

He presently drew out his Rapier, and bid her stand on her guard;
But quickly away she did caper, the High-way-man follow'd her hard.

He follow'd, and soon overtook her, and search'd her [pockets] with speed,
And, as he did well overlook her, he found her a Woman indeed!

The High-way-man stood all amazed, but she had no cause to complain;
Tho' with her he did what he pleased, he gave her the Money again.

Printed for *C. Bates*, at the *White Hart* in *West Smithfield.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the grim lady, vi, 203; 2nd, a bare-headed young man leading a horse by the bridle over hilly ground: it is also used in the ballad of C. 22, e, 2, 91, 'Call to the Races'; 3rd, the frieze of woodwork carving, vii, p. 209. Duplicate in Huth Coll., I, 107. Date, *c.* 1690.]

Another edition (Pepys Coll., III, 246), also printed for *C. Bates*, but 'next the *Crown Tavern* in *West Smithfield*,' and differs slightly in the title, viz. 'The Female Frollick; or, An Account of a Young Gentlewoman who went upon the Road to rob in Man's cloath[e]s, well mounted on a Mare, etc.' 'Padder' was the usual name for a highway plunderer, supposed to be on horseback, in contradistinction to a foot-pad. There was also the phrase 'to pad the hoof,' to make one's self scarce, as though the Hue and Cry were out.

We now complete the interrupted story of 'The False-hearted Young Man; or, The Injured Maiden.' The sequel is on p. 414.

[Pepys Collection, V, 287. Apparently unique.]

An Excellent New Song, called

The False-hearted Young Man; or, The Injured Maiden.

To a pleasant new Tune, or, *The Languishing Swain* [p. 413]. Licensed according to Order.

WHy should not I complain on thee, thus cruelly for using me?
When unto thee it is well known, in wronging me, *in wronging me*,
Thou wrong'st thine own.

Hard is thy heart, harder than steel, colder than ice which frost[s] congeal;
To the Gods above it is well known, *my heart's more thine, my heart's more thine*,
Than 'tis my own.

When first the youthful Lad I see, oh! then he did appear to me
An Angel, that does shine so bright; but now I 've lost, *but now I've lost*,
My heart's delight.

It 's too much for a Maid to trust a young man's mercy and his lust, [*Cf.* p. 560
For I myself, who sing this song, can safely say, *can safely say*,
He 's done me wrong.

Curs'd be the time I did him see! curs'd be those eyes that look'd on me!
Curs'd be that flatt'ring tongue, I say, which falsely stole, *which falsely stole*,
My heart away.

How often he did swear and own his love was true to me alone!
With tender kisses bound the vow; yet he proves false, *yet he proves false*,
And is untrue.

You Virgins beautiful and young, take care of man's deluding tongue:
They 'll kiss and swear they love you too, then court the next, *then court the next*,
Not minding you.

He 'm I did love did often cry, "*Give one kind look or else I die!*"
Then hug and kiss me in his arms: I thought he had, *I thought he had*,
A thousand charms.

My tongue at first did give the lie, but yet I lov'd him tenderly,
Which I to him at last did own, and gold we broak, *and gold we broak*,
When it was known.

Not gold nor vows could bind his love, the same he quickly did remove;
He 's gone and wed another Maid, his perjur'd vows, *his perjur'd vows*,
My heart betray'd.

Unto some lonely place I 'll go, and live where I may never know
What 'tis to be deceiv'd again, by any false, *by any false*,
And perjur'd man.

Adieu! base one, for e'er adieu! I 'll ne'er believe a man for you;
And were all Maidens of my mind, "*since men prove false, since men prove false,*
We 'll prove unkind!"

London: Printed by and for *A*[*ndrew*] *M*[*ilbourne*]. 1697.

[In White-letter. Followed by 'The Distracted Young Man's Answer to the Injured Maiden: shewing the Cruelty of his Parents in forcing him to marry another, because she had a better Fortune, which proved the Ruine of the Young Man and his former Mistresse.' To the same, or, *The Languishing Swain*. It begins, "It 's true thou justly may'st complain"; and is reprinted on p. 414 of this vol. viii and Part XXIV.]

In contrast to 'The Injured Maiden' is another unique Pepysian ballad, beginning similarly, "Why should I complain, since my sighs are in vain?" (Pepys Coll., III, 111). It is entitled 'The Unbelieving Shepherdess and the True-hearted Young Man." Motto,

Vertue and Beauty both in one, where they are known to be.
Makes any mortal woman [known] seem like to a Deity.

Licensed by R. Pocock, 1685–88. Printed for *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.

The true original of the entire Group of Enquiring Complainers appears to have been William Blunden's 'Faithful Lovers of the West,' printed by Brooksby; sung to the tune of *True Love rewarded with Loyalty* (see vi, 260), and beginning thus:—

"Why 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."

——Reprinted in vol. vi. p. 257 of these *Roxb. Ballads*.

If our excellent printers at Hertford, the Messrs. S. Austin and Sons, and the members of our Ballad-Society be wise in their generation, they will press on speedily with the few remaining ballads, the manuscripts whereof are now waiting to be used. Thus alone can we guard against mischance. Warnings have been given repeatedly, and were disregarded; but a few weeks ought to suffice to make all safe.

On the opening p. 561, of the *Final Part*, the 'Merry Tales' are resumed with 'The New-made Gentlewoman' (already in type); 'The Subtle Damosel'; 'The Skilful Doctor of Gloucestershire; or, A New Way to take Physic'; and 'The Father's Good Counsel to his Son,' wherein the tables are turned against the insincere Moralist. 'The Rogueries of Millers' furnish a short but amusing Group.

They are followed by a more numerous band of 'Female Ramblers' — including 'Three Buxom Lasses of Northamptonshire'; 'Three Buxom Maids of Yoel' (=Yeovil); 'Four Wanton Wenches of Wiltshire'; 'A Mournful Maid of Berkshire'; and an 'Unhappy Lady of Hackney.' This round dozen of amatory damosels wander promiscuously through the bye-ways of England.

Lastly, two semi-religious and delayed ballads are given, each being unique—'The Dream of Judas's Mother Fulfilled' and 'Christ's Love to Penitent Sinners.' We have traced a duplicate of Martin Parker's 'Two Inseparable Brothers' (reprinted on p. 26, from the mutilated broadside), and on p. xvi* give the regained lost stanza, with corrigenda.

Surely enough is here said to warrant our demand on the subscribers to relieve us, *for the last time*, from any hurtful procrastination of the *absolutely final pages*. The historical and social importance of this voluminous work has been acknowledged by competent judges.

Thus, at this present Christmas, Dr. Fritz Kühner, of Baden-Baden, has generously devoted an interesting and philosophical volume, 148 pp. 8vo., his *Inaugural-Dissertation*, to the *Literarische Charakteristik der Roxburghe-und-Bagford-Balladen:* Freiburg, 1895; and honoured their grateful Editor by inscribing his learned disquisition, "To J. W. Ebsworth, the real father of these pages; from the thankful Author."

Hereafter its value may be more generally recognized, and when completed, some now grudging purchasers will come forward to secure it for London public libraries. The Editor is harrassed by a fear of leaving the work incomplete, in case *Pallida Mors* refuses to renew the bill, already perhaps over-due. Do the Subscribers duly remember that he has given cheerfully twenty-one years of gratuitous toil to the Ballad Society, including his own woodcuts, solely for its benefit, and to enable *the entire funds to be devoted* (as they ought to be) *to the Printers: payments to whom remain unsettled while members delay sending in their money?* It is unfair to Messrs. Austin, and also to

J. Woodfall Ebsworth.

Twelfth Night, 1896,
Ashford, Kent.

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(Being the Second portion of Final Volume Eight.)



"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'"

——*Merchant of Venice*, act i, sc. 1.

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CORRIGENDA.

On p. 26 the reprint of Martin Parker's 'Two Inseparable Brothers' suffered from the mutilation of the Roxb. broadside (supposed to be unique): one stanza and the end of several lines having been torn away. Another exemplar has been discovered, the lost lines are regained, and are given here.

TO *England* lately newes is come, etc. [1*st sta.*, p. 26, vol. viii.]
. . . . . .
I many Prodigies have seene, etc. [2*nd ditto.*
. . . . . .

A Gentleman, well qualifide, doth beare his brother at his side,
Inseparably knit, [*True text, restored.*
As in this figure you may see. and both together liuing be:
The world admires at it.

In *Italy* this youth was borne, whom nature freely did adorne
With shape and Pulchritude,
Like other men in each respect, and not with common intellect
He 's inwardly indued.

This yo[u]ng man doth compleatly walke, etc. [*to end of First Part.*
. . . . . .
Within his brother's body, yet, Nature hath us'd him so to it,
[He scarcely doth feel] pain'd.

[*In the duplicate exemplar the bottom line had been cut off by a binder: the Roxb. retains the final word,* 'pain'd.']

On p. 274 of the present vol. viii, an obscure passage in an extra (quoted) scrap of ballad was left for further enlightenment. It related to a political squabble and scandal concerning Sir Robert Walpole's own brother Horace, Lord Walpole of Wolterton, and Horace's brother-in-law Le Heup, who resided at Hanover, immersed in Court intrigues. The scrap of verse, therefore, should read thus:—

"Let *P*[*ultene*]*y* speak, or *Caleb* write, invincible platoon!
Or exiled *Harry* call in spite both *H.* and *L.* 'buffoon':
I 'll honour *H*[*orace*], praise *L*[*e Heup*],
In hopes to hear from Mr. *Scroop. With a ful, la,*" etc.

Here, in the second line, the '*H.* and *L.*' are anticipative of *Horace* and *Le Heup. Cancel the erroneous guess* (13th line of next par.) *mentioning Harry Vane and Lord Lyttelton.* A single sheet broadside is extant, A new Song: '*Le H . . .* at *Hanover*,' 1730. It can be given in the *Appendix,*

*** *To be followed, in the* FINAL PART XXV, *by two dozen ballads.*

The New-made Gentlewoman.
The Skilful Doctor of Gloucestershire.
The Father's Good Counsel to his Son.
The Dream of Judas' Mother Fulfilled.
Christ's Love to Penitent Sinners.
Small Group of Ballads on *The Rogueries of Millers.*
Group of Ballads on *The Female Ramblers,* of Northamptonshire, etc.
Love lies a Bleeding.

Appendix Notes; BALLAD INDEX of Vol. VIII; GENERAL INDEX to the Eight Volumes; and GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Group of Romantic Ballads,

and of Religious Ballads.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND JOHN C. FRANCIS.

Roman Charity.

" Perchance she died in Youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

" Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome. But whither would conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know: Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife. Behold his love or pride."

—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV. st. 102, 103.

IF another Roman Matron, loved and honoured deservedly no less than she had been whose virtue is celebrated in the following old ballad, but whose very name has perished, and no authentic history is ascertainable beyond the legendary tradition here preserved, the words of Lord Byron may fitly grace our opening page of the final volume which reprints the *Roxburghe Ballads*. It is the evil fashion of the paltriest small critics in our frivolous day to disparage the genius of Lord Byron; and to plume themselves, poor fools! by imagining themselves to be superior to him, of whom the loving tribute was

written by Sir Walter Scott in 1824, that "he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string of the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones: there is scarcely a passion or a situation that has escaped his pen."

As to the history of the ballad, '*Roman Charity*,' it is this:—

'Ultimo die Aprilis,' 1596, to Thomas Myllington, on payment of sixpence each, along with three other ballads, was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, '*A most excellent example of a vertuous wife, that fed her father with her owne milk, [he] being condemned to be famished to deathe.*'

On the 14th of December, 1624, there was a large transfer of ballads registered, nearly all of which we have identified, no less than a hundred and twenty eight in number, they becoming the property of Master Thomas Pavier, John Wright, Cuthbert Wright, Edward Wright (his name is on Roxb. Coll. III, 48), John Grismond, and Henry Gosson. Among them the twentieth was "In *Rome* I read a nobleman."

The tune properly bears title 'When flying Fame' (vol. vi. p. 183).

Thus far we are on safe ground, but when we attempt to ascertain the name and date of the said "Noble man" or "Nobleman" difficulties arise. Let it suffice that it was avowedly before the fall of the Empire. Ambrose Phillips, the denounced as 'Namby Pamby,' commented on the ballad with more critical industry than he usually displayed:—

"I cannot imagine by what means the common notion was first received, or how it spread, to wit, that the Nobleman here mention'd was one *Petrus*, a Roman, and first minister to *Tiberius Cæsar*, whose Empress [Julia, not Vipsania, the first wife] having a mind to ruin him, feign'd herself in love with him; and so artfully play'd her part, that he really was enamour'd, and an appointment made which she betray'd to *Tiberius*, who immediately cast his Minister into prison, there to be starved. And indeed this notion had so far prevail'd, that the Pictures of this fact are generally known by the name of *Roman Charity*. But how they could imagine that *Valerius Maximus*, who lived in that Emperor's time, and dedicated his works to him, should touch upon so tender a point is something strange.

"There are others who have just got the name, and tell us it was *Cimon* the *Athenian*, the son of *Miltiades*, who when his father's creditors would not suffer him to be bury'd, the Son piously offer'd himself up to them, and was conducted to Prison, whilst the father's corse was carried to the funeral pile; but being soon enabled to pay off the debts he became Chief of the *Athenians*. To this they add, That in process of time he was by the State sentenced to be starved to death; but that Heaven, who would not leave his filial piety unrewarded, had given him a Daughter endued with the same generous and divine qualities, and who ventured her life to

save her father. Where they met with this latter part of the story I cannot tell. *Valerius Maximus* is the only author by whom I find the History of *Cimon* related, and he has taken care to let us know that this man and *Cimon* the *Athenian* General were two different persons. The minute particulars of this story he has not entered into; he only tells us that *Cimon* was a *Grecian* very much stricken in years, who, being condemn'd, was not immediately put to Death, the Jaylor keeping him in prison without giving him any victuals, or suffering any to be carried to him, rather chusing to let him end his days in that manner than imbrue his hands in the blood of so old a man; upon which his Daughter went daily to give him suck, and by that means preserved his life. By telling us that the rest of the story is of a piece with that he had just before related, we may conclude that his Judges, moved with the Piety of the Daughter, pardon'd the Father."

—*A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 137-139, 1723.

*** On the same story as '*Roman Charity*' was founded a tragedy by Arthur Murphy, acted at Drury Lane, 1772, entitled '*The Grecian Daughter*,' in which successively Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Merry, Miss O'Neil, and Fanny Kemble took the part of Euphrasia. Murphy avowed a small obligation to the 'Zelmire' of Mons. du Belloi. The chief incident, borrowed from Valerius Maximus, lib. v. cap. 4, *Pietate in Parentes*, was often depicted in Italian galleries. This passage is from Murphy's Second Act:—

Philotas.—"O! I can hold no more; at such a sight
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness. *Arcas*, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love!
Behold that unexampled goodness;
See th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view
A child like her.

Arcas.— "Ha! say what mystery
Wakes these emotions?

Philotas.—"Wonder-working virtue!
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!
O, filial piety!—the milk design'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever . . . . . .
On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid powers
Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
Euphrasia views him with the tenderest glance,
Ev'n as a mother doting on her child."

The tyrant is Dionysius of Syracuse, who has usurped the throne of Evander. Strengthened by his daughter Euphrasia, wife of Phocion, Evander is enabled to escape from prison. The story, after having been called '*Roman Charity*,' returns to its original locality, Greece, as '*The Grecian Daughter*.'

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 45, 48, 518; Pepys, I. 492; Euing, 403; Jersey, II. 297 = Lindes., 672; Douce, II. 258; vo. III. 108 vo.; Wood, 401, f. 111.]

A worthy example of a Vertuous Wife, who fed her Father with her own milk, [he] being condemned to be famished to death: and afterwards pardoned by the Emperor.[1]

To the Tune of, [*When*] *Flying Fame.*

IN *Rome*, I read, a Noble-man the Emperor did offend,
And for that fault he was adjudg'd unto a cruel end; ['fact.'
That he should be in prison cast, with irons many a one,
And there be famisht unto death, and brought to skin and bone.

And more: if any one were known, by night or yet by day,
To bring him any kind of food, his hunger to allay:
The Emperor swore a mighty oath, without remorse (*quoth he*)
'Thou shalt sustaine the cruellest death that may devised be.'

This cruel sentence once pronounc'd the Noble-man was cast
Into a Dungeon darke and deepe, with irons fettered fast:
Where when he had with hunger great remained ten daies' space,
And neither tasted bread nor drink in this most awful case;

The teares, along his aged face, most plentiously did fall,
And grievously he did begin for to complaine withall.
"O Lord," *quoth he*, "what shall I doe? so hungry, Lord, am I,
For want of bread, one bit of bread, I famish, starve and die. [*a.l.* perish.

"How precious were one corne of wheat unto my hungry soule,
One crust, one crumb, one little piece, my hunger to controule!
Had I this dungeon heap'd with gold, I would forgoe it all,
To buy and purchase one browne loafe, yea, were it ne're so small.

"O that I had but every day, one bit of bread to eat,
Though ne're so mouldy, black or browne, my comfort would be great;
Yea, albeit I took it up, trod downe in dirt and mire,
It would be pleasing to my taste, and sweet to my desire.

---

[1] Variations in the other exemplars (we follow R. C. III. 48), Euing's reading "starved to death, but afterwards pardoned by the Emperor." Line 2, 'that fact.'

*** Entered in Stationers' Registers, April 30, 1596. No. 49 of *William Thackeray's* List. (See *Introduction to Bagford Ballads*, p. lxii. 1878.)

"Good Lord, how happy is the Hind, that labours all the day,
The drudging slave, the peasant poor, which at commandement stay:
These have their ordinary meals, they take no heed at all
Of those sweet crumbs and crusts that they so carelessly let fall.

"How happy is the little chick, that without feare may goe,
And pick up those most precious crumbs, which they away did throw.
O that some pretty little mouse so much my friend would be,
To bring some old forsaken crust into this place to me.

"But oh, my heart, I wish in vaine, no succour I can have;
No meat, no drink, no water eke, my loathed life to save.
O bring some bread for Christ his sake, some bread, some bread to me,
I die, I die for lack of bread, nought but stone-walls I see."

Thus day and night he cryed out, in most outrageous sort,
That all the country, far and near, were griev'd at his report:
And though that many friends he had, and daughters in the towne,
Yet none durst come to succour him, fearing the Emperour's frown.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

YEt now, behold, one daughter dear, he had, as I doe find, [mind:
Which liv'd in his displeasure great, for matching 'gainst his
Although she liv'd in mean estate, she was a vertuous wife,
And for to help her father dear, she ventured thus her life.

She quickly to her sisters ran, and did of them intreat,
That by some secret means they would convey their Father meat.
"Our father dear doth starve," she said, "the Emperor's wrath is such;
He dies, alas! for want of food, whereof we have too much.

"Sweet sisters, therefore, use some means, his life for to preserve,
And suffer not our father dear in prison for to starve!"
"Alas!" quoth they, "what shall we doe, his hunger to sustain?
You know 'tis death to anyone that would his life maintain.

"And though we wish him well," quoth they, "we never will agree
To spoil ourselves; we had as leefe that he should die as we.
And sister, if you love your self, let this attempt alone;
Though you doe ne're so secret worke, at length it will be known."

"O hath our Father brought us up, and nourisht us," quoth she,
And shall we now forsake him quite, in his extremity?
No, I will venture life and limb, to doe my father good;
The worst that is I can but *die*, to fit a tyrant's mood."

With that away she hies in haste, and to the Jayle she goes,
But with her wofull father dear she might not speak, God knows;
Except the Emperor would grant his favour in that case,
The Keeper would admit no wight to enter in that place.

Then she unto the Emperor hies, and falling on her knee,
With wringing hands and bitter teares, these words pronounced she:
"My hopeless Father, gracious Lord, offending of your Grace,
Is judg'd unto a pining death, within a wofull place.

"Which, I confesse, he hath deserv'd, yet mighty Prince," quoth she,
"Vouchsafe in gracious sort to grant one simple boon to me:
It chanced so I matcht my self against my father's mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath, as fortune false assign'd. [*a.l.* 'hath.'

"And seeing now the time is come, he must resigne his breath,
Vouchsafe that I may speak with him, before his hour of death;
And reconcile my self to him, his favour to attain,
That when he dies I may not then under his curse remain."

The Emperor granted her request, conditionally that she,
Each time she to her father came, should thoroughly searched be.
No bread, no meat with her she brought, to help him there distrest,
But every day she nourished him with her most tender breast.[1]

Thus by her milk he was preserv'd, a twelve month and a day,
And was most fair and fat to see, yet no man knew which way.
The Emperor, musing much thereat, at length did understand
How he was fed, and yet his law not broke at any hand.

And much admiring at the same, and her great vertue shown,
He pardon'd him, and honour'd her with great preferments known.
Her Father ever after that did love her as his life,
And blest the time that she was made a loving wedded wife.

Finis.

London: Printed for *E*[*dward*] *W*[*right*].

[To whom, with *John* and *Cuthbert Wright*, and other associated publishers, it was assigned on 14th December, 1624, as recorded on p. 2: this is Roxb. Coll. III. 48; but the readings followed, with difference of spelling, are in the broadside printed by *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke* (Roxburghe, Vol. III. p. 45). Roxb. Coll. III. 518 is modern, 'sold in *Aldermary Church-Yard, London;*' Lindesiana, 672, printed by *W. Onley* for *A. Milbourne*. It is No. 49 in *W. Thackeray's* List, and the Pepys copy is printed for him and *Thomas Passenger*. Euing's and Wood's for *Coles*, *Vere*, and *Gilbertson*. Original date, as registered to *Thomas Millington*, 30th April, 1596.]

[1] Another reading is, "with milk from her own breast." R. C., III. 46.

The Widow of Watling-Street.

Widow.—"Dost thou stand there, and see us all weep, and not once shed a tear for thy father's death? Oh, thou ungracious son and heir, thou!"

Edmond.—"Truth, mother, I should not weep, I'm sure. I am past a child, I hope, to make all my old school-fellows laugh at me; I should be mocked, so I should. Pray, let one of my sisters weep for me. I'll laugh as much for her another time."

—*The Puritan; or, The Widow of Watling-Street*, i. 1, 1607.

NOT until so late a date as August 6th, 1607, was there entered in the Stationers' Company Registers to George Elde, under the hands of Sir George Bucke and the Wardens, 'a book called the comedie of *The Puritan Widowe.*' It was published in the same year, entitled, '*The Puritan; or, the Widowe of Watling-Street;* acted by the children of Paul's. Written by W. S.'; who is supposed by Malone to have been W[entworth] Smith, the author of *Chloris; or, the Complaint of the Passionate despised Shephearde*, a collection of sonnets that had appeared previously in 1596. Misguided by the initials, as if representing William Shakespeare, the publishers of the later folios of his dramatic works, in 1664 and 1684, who swelled the bulk of the volume by including many worse than 'doubtful' dramas, such as '*Fair Em*,' '*Mucedorus*,' '*Merlin*,' and '*Thomas Lord Cromwell*,' laid hands on *The Puritan* also. It has no connection with the Black-letter ballad of 'The Widow of Watling-Street' beyond the coincidence in title, and the ground-plan of a rich man's widow, with three daughters and a prodigal son. Watling-Street is properly in the City of London, near Cannon Street, but was also the ancient name of the high road from Dover to Cheshire, stretching north-westerly across London. The registration of the ballad to Richard Jones was made on 15th August, 1597. 'Entred for his Copie by warrant from Master Warden *Man*, two ballades, being *the First and Second partes of the Wydowe of Watling street* . . [fee,] xijd. Provided that noe Draper's name be set to them.' (C. fol. 22 verso, = *Transcript*, iii. 88.) The earliest known exemplar, unique, belonged to George Daniel (probably from Helmington Hall, Suffolk), and had been 'imprinted at London for *Thomas Pavier*,' (to whom, with John Grismond, Henry Gosson, and three Wrights, John, Cuthbert, and Edward, it was transferred in 1624). The Roxburghe Collection, III. 168, is printed for *Fr. Coules*. Another is Pepys, I. 140. We have access also to an early manuscript copy, *circâ* 1607 (Shirburn MS., fol. 98). Of the tune named *Bragandary* (cited in Registers, 1588), and with the name of *The Wanton Wife* given to it in Second Part, see Note on p. 14, following after the ballad.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 168; Pepys, I. 140; Huth, 232.]

The First Part of the [Faire] Widdow of Watling Street

and her three Daughters; and how her wicked Son accused her to be an harlot, and his sisters Bastards [only to deceive them of their portions].

To the Tune of, *Bragandary* [*see* p. 14].

OF the kinde Widdow of *Watling street* I will the story tell,
Who by her husband deere was left in substance [rich &] well:
A prodigall sonne likewise had she, [Roxb. 'very.'
And faire young daughters louely three:
Great misery, sorrow and misery,
Commeth for want of grace.

For by his daily practises, which were both lewd and ill,
His father's heart from him was drawne, his loue and his good will.
But yet what chance so ere befell,
His mother lou'd him dearely well.
[*Great misery*, etc. Burden implied for repetition, *passim*.]

When [he] in prison lay full poore, for debt which he did owe,
His father would not stirre out of doores, for to release his woe;
But when his mother his griefe did see,
Shee found the meanes to set him free.

And when her husband fell full sicke, and went to make his will,
"O husband, remember your sonne!" she sayd, "although he hath [beene ill;
But yet no doubt he may returne,
Repenting the evil he hath done."

"Remember, wife, what sorrow and care through him I daily found,
Who through his lewd vngracious deedes hath spent me many a [pound;
And therefore, let him sink or swim,
I meane not for to deale with him.

"And, therefor, sole Executor heere, I doe thee onely make;
To pay my debts and legacies: the rest unto thee take."
"Not so, my husband deare" (quoth she),
"But let your sonne be ioynd with me.

Note.—The final seven words of ballad-title [here square-bracketted] are not in Roxb. Coll., but are regained from the earlier edition printed for *Thomas Pavier*. So are the other square-bracketted words. See Note at end, on p. 13.

"For why! he is our child" (she sayd); "we can it not denie;
The first that ever graced you with father's dignitie;
Oh, [if] that euer you did me loue,
Grant this request for his behoue."

"Thy loue, deare wife, was evermore most precious vnto me;
And therefore for thy sweet loue's sake I grant thy suit to thee;
But ere one yeare be fully spent,
I know thou wilt the same repent."

Now was his sonne receiued home, and with his mother deare
Was ioynd Executor of the Will, which did his courage cheere.
The old man dying, buried was;
But now behold what came to passe.

The funerall being ended quite, it fell vpon a day
Some friend did fetch the Widdow forth, to driue conceits away,
While she was forth and thought no ill,
Her wicked sonne doth work his will.

Possession of the house he took, in most despitefull wise,
Throwing his sisters out of doors, with sad lamenting cryes. [*a.l.* 'eyes.'
When this they did his mother show,
She would not beleeue he would doe so.

But when she came vnto her house, and found it [true] indeede, [*a.l.* 'so.'
Shee cald vnto her son and said, although her heart did bleede,
"Come downe, my sonne, come downe!" said she,
Let in thy mother and sisters three."

"I will not let in my mother," he said, "nor sisters any one;
The house is mine, I will it keepe; therefore away, be gone!"
"O sonne, how can'st thou endure to see't,
Thy mother and sisters to lye i'th street.

"Did not thy father, by his will, for tearm of this my life,
Giue me this house, for to enioy, without all further strife?
And more, of all his goods," said shee,
"I am Executor ioynd with thee."

"My father left you the house," he said, "but this was his intent:
That you therefore during your life should pay me yearely rent;
An hundred pounds a yeare, therefore,
You shall giue me, or else giue it o're.

"And sith the Citie's custome is, that you [the] thirds must have
Of all my father's moueables, I grant what law doth craue;
But not a penny more will I
Discharge of any Legacie."

"O wicked sonne," quoth she, "that seekes thy mother thus to fleece.
Thy father to his daughters gaue three hundred pounds a peece:
Tell me, who shall their portions pay,
Appointed at their marriage day?"

Then with a scornefull smile he said: "What talke you of so much?
Ten pounds a peece I will them give, my charitie is such."
"Now fie vpon thee, beast!" quoth she,
"That thus dost deale with them and me.

"But ere that they and I will take this iniurie at thy hand,
The chiefest Peeres of *England* shall the matter vnderstand."
"Nay, if you goe to that," quothe he,
"Marke well what I shall tell to thee.

"Thou hast a secret harlot beene, and this I'le proue full plaine,
That in my Father's life-time didst lewd Ruffians entertaine,
The which did then beget of thee,
In wicked sort, these bastards three.

"No daughters to my father then were they in any wise,
As he supposed them to be, thou blinding so his eyes;
Therefore no right at all haue they
To any penny giuen this day."

When shee did heare her shamelesse sonne, for to defame her so,
Shee with her louely daughters three with griefe away did goe.
But how this matter out did fall,
The second part will shew you all.
[*Great misery, sorrow and misery,*
Cometh from want of grace.] Imprinted at *London*, for *T. P.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 169, etc., as of First Part.]

The Second Part of the
Widdow of Watling-street
and her three Daughters.

To the Tune of, *The Wanton Wife* [*vide* p. 7, *ante*, and p. 14].

THe beautifull Widdow of *Watling street*,
Being thus falsely accused by her sonne,
With her three daughters of fauour so sweet,
Whose beauty the loue of [so] many had wonne,
With her daughters three for succour went she,
Vnto the King's Counsell of Noble degree.
[*Now fie vpon falsehood and forgerie fraile,*
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.]

Her sonne by a Writ now summoned is
At the Star-chamber with speed to appeare,
To answer the vile abuses of his: ['there the a.'
The Lords of the Counsell the matter will heare,
This newes being brought, his wits he sought, [*a.l.* 'was.'
Which way his villany best might be wrought.

Then vp and downe the Citie so faire,
He seeketh companions to serue his turne:
A sort of Vagabonds, naked and bare,
The which to work murders for money are won:
These wretches behold, for money and gold,
He hired for witnesse his lies to vphold. [*Now fie,*] &c. [*sic.*

"My masters," quoth he, "my mother by name
To be a lewd strumpet accused I haue;
And having no witnesse to proue the same,
Your ayde and assistance herein I do craue:
Therefore, without feare, before the Lords there,
That this thing is certaine, you sixe shall it sweare.

"The first two," quoth he, "shall sweare on a Booke,
That sixteene yeares past they plainely did see,
As they through the Garden-hedge sadly did looke,
That she in one houre was abused by three;
And vow it befell, they two markt it well,
That iust nine moneths after she had her first Girle.

"The second couple shall sweare in this sort:
That at *Bristow* [Faire], about thirteene yeares past, [*Id est, Bristol.*
She with her own 'prentise did fall in such sport,
That her second daughter was got at the last."
"Now trust vs," quoth they, "wee'le sweare what you say,
Or anything else for money this day." [*Now fie,*] &c.

"And thus the third couple their oath now shall take,
That as at the *Bath* she stayd on a day, [*a.l.* 'at *Bath.*'
For ach in the bones (an excuse she did make),
How shee with a Courtier the wanton did play:
And how well you wot in that pleasant plot,
Her dearest young daughter for certaine was got.

"But now, my masters, your names let me know,
That I may prouide your apparell with speed,
Like sixe graue Citizens so must you goe,
The better your speeches the Nobles will heed; [*al. lect.* 'Lords.'
So shall I with scorne, ere Saturday morne,
Proue her a harlot, my Sisters base-borne."

"My name is *Make-shift*," the first man did say;
And "*Francis Light-finger*," the second likewise;
"*Cuthbert Creepe-window*," the third to display;
And "*Rowland Rob-man*," with foule staring eyes;
"*Jacke Shamelesse*" came then, with "*Harry Steale-hen.*"
"You are," quoth the Widow, "some right honest men!"

Before the Lords, most prudent and graue,
This wretch doth with his witnesses come,
The Mother complains, and Justice doth craue,
Of all the offences that he hath her done.
"My Lords," then quoth [he], "I pray you heare me,
The Law for my deeds, my warrant shall be."

Her sonne sayd also, "Shee's a harlot most vilde,
And those be her bastards that stand here in place,
And that she hath often her body defilde,
By very good witnesse I'le proue to her face."
"This thing of thy Mother thou oughtest to smother,
'Tis shame for a child to speak ill of his Mother."

"But if this matter be proued vntrue,
And thou a false Lyar be found to thy face,
Worse than an Infidell, Pagan, or Jew,
Thou ought'st to be punish't and plagu'd in this case;
And therefore draw neere, and [now] let vs heare
What sayes the witnesse that here doth appeare."

When the first couple did come for to sweare,
They quiuered and quaked in most wondrous sort,
The Lords' very countenance did put them in feare,
And now they knew not what to report.
The second likewise so star'd with their eyes,
They stammered and knew not what to deuise. [*Now fie,*] &c.

The Lords, perceiuing the case how it went,
Did aske the last couple what they had to say,
Who fell on their knees incontinent,
Saying they were hired for money that day:
Quoth they, "It is so, the truth for to show,
Against the good Widdow no harme we doe know."

Thus was the Widdow deliuered from blame,
With her three Daughters of beauty most bright,
Her sonne reproached with sorrow and shame,
Having his Judgement appointed him right,
To forfeit euen all the goods he possest,
To loose both his eares, and banisht to rest, &c.

[*i.e.* suddenly.

[*See* Note.

When he heard his Judgement pronounced to be,
The tears full bitterly fell downe from his face;
To Mother and Sisters he kneeled on his knee,
Confessing that lucre had brought this disgrace,
"That for mine owne gaine, I sought to detaine
My Sisters' three portions, this lie I did faine.

"Therefore, deare Mother, forgiueness I craue
Of you and my Sisters offended so sore,
My body from perill if you will but saue,
I sweare I will grieue and offend you no more."
The Lords then replide, "The Law iustly tride,
The punishment now thou art like to abide:

Therefore to prison now thou shalt goe,
Whereas thou shalt the King's pleasure abide;
From thence to be brought, with shame and with woe,
To suffer the punishment due for thy pride;
Then, out of hand, thou shalt vnderstand,
That presently thou shalt be banish'd the Land."

Now, while in prison this prisoner did rest,
Himselfe he hanged in desperate wise,
Such horrour of conscience possessed his brest:
And being cast forth, the Rauens pickt out his eyes.
All Children, behold what [here] hath beene told;
Accuse no man falsely for Lucre of Gold.
Now fie vpon falsehood and forgerie fraile,
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

Finis.

Printed for *Fr*[*ancis*] *Cowles.*

[In Black-letter. No woodcut. Original date, 15th August, 1597, *vide ante.*]

*** Corrections are here given from the edition 'Printed for T.P.,' i.e. *Thomas Pavier* (whom Arthur H. Bullen in 1887 designated as "the most rascally publisher of his time"). The Roxb. exemplar reads, in first couplet, "substance very well." In eleventh stanza Pavier reads "lamenting *eyes*;" but F. Coules has '*cryes*.' In twelfth stanza Pavier has '*true* indeed,' but Roxb. Coules reads '*so* indeed.'

In the Second Part the burden is changed, but it seems to be implied throughout as having been sung, though not printed after the opening. Moreover, Pavier's edition alone repeats the first burden at the end of Part First, and reads, in second burden, '*it shall prevail*,' not '*it will prevail*.' as in Roxb. Other variations follow, but most of them inferior to the Roxb. Line 145, T.P. has 'to answere there the abuses of his.' Pavier in sixth stanza misprints 'about xvij yeares past;' instead of the correct Roxb. text '*thirteene* yeares.' T. P.'s eleventh stanza begins, "I say she is a harlot most vilde;" without our Roxb. redundant "Her sonne sayd also." In fourteenth stanza T. P. reads, weakly, "To loose, at the least, the goods he possest, To loose both his eares, and banisht to rest." Consult Shirburn MS. for *differentia.*

Wanton Women and their Costly Attire.

Hamlet.—"Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too. God hath given you one face, and you make your selues another. You jig, and you amble, . . . making your wantonness [proclaim] your ignorance."

—*Hamlet*, iii. 1, 1603.

OF the tune named *Bragandary* (on pp. 7, 8,) we have already written in Vol. VII, giving several examples of ballads written to it. We see no convincing reason for believing that any *change of tune* is indicated, for Part Second on p. 8 of 'The Widow of Watling-Street' (15th August, 1597), although, instead of *Bragandary*, the *Wanton Wife* is named. This could not possibly mean 'The Wanton Wife of Bath' (Vol. VII. p. 213), of which the tune was *When flying Fame;* but it might indicate 'The Wanton Wife of Westminster,' a ballad registered a few weeks earlier to Tho. Millington (3rd July), but now lost. Or it was possibly the '*Description of Wanton Women*' (which seems to have preceded 'Will Bagnell's Ballet') they closely resembling one another in purpose and detail of expression), although no earlier exemplar survives than the unique broadside, *circâ* 1674 (itself evidently a reprint), here transcribed from Wood's Coll. It has the right tune, *Bragandary*, and was mentioned in Vol. VII. p. 826.

A Description of Wanton Women.

Wherein I briefly shall declare, what habit and what dress they wear,
This daintie new composed Ditty is to be sung in Town or City,
Where young men and maids are merry bent:
I hope 'twill give you all content.

To the Tune of *Bragandary*, or, *Southampton*. With Allowance.

YOu that in Verses do delight, I here have some to read.
He that hath wit, let him shew it, for never was there more need:
And I that never made Verse before, I'le make one now if I never make more.
O Women, wanton Women! What do they mean to do?

The subject of my whole discourse concerneth Women-kind;
It came in my head as I went by my self, and I cannot put it out of my mind;
To see how these women make such a shew, in city, town, and country too.
O Women, wanton Women! What do they mean to do?

You have Doublets much like unto Men, although you seem to flout us,
And deckt with Ribbons every where, 'tis time to look about us:
But seeing the doublets so well did fit 'em, they would have the breeches too, if they could get them. *O Women!* etc. [*passim.*]

You paint your face, you curl your Locks, you let your Breasts go bare,
So that a man may almost see what underneath you wear:
And in the Church you make such a shew, we cannot serve God for looking at you.

If women were alive that dyed in old time, and of you could take a view,
They surely would say, what I dare swear, "Old *England* is grown New!"
Such tricking and trimming was never before, since *Noah* he landed on the shore.

You cannot be content to go as did the women of old,
But all for Pride and outward show, and not the thing you should;
For let men go as neat as they can, yet women will 'pass them ten to one.

But if that I was to marry a Wife, I'd choose one of the old fashion;
That is, one that would prove as good as she seems, and not one of the new translations;
For some wear fore-sleeves, I dare to swear, that scarce on their backs have a smock to wear.

[See picture, '*Arden of Faversham.*'

But one thing more I had like to [have] forgot, which now comes in my mind,
When men about their business go, some women are so [much too] kind,
Or when they to a market are gone, some are made cuckolds before they come home.

And when we have met with what we desire, my meaning you will understand,
It is no more than what is required by most men that [are] in the Land:
But as for my part, I do not care for meddling with such kind of ware.

So honest young men that wives do want, I wish you to beware,
That in your choice you do not repent: a Good Wife's a jewel most rare;
Nay, she far exceeds both silver and gold, but his fortune is bad that lights of a Scold.

So, Wanton Women, I bid you now Farewell, of my verses I here make an end,
For now a conclusion I mean for to make, of what in this Ditty is pen'd;
So wishing you health and happiness all, both young and old, both great and small,
O these Women, wanton Women! what do you mean to do?

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

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts: 1st, the open-bosomed fashionable Lady of Vol. VIII. p. 61; the other three woodcuts are in Vol. VII. the 2nd being the female portrait bordered by Carnations, p. 42, Right; 3rd, *Winter*, p. 239; 4th, *Summer* with grapes, p. 283, Right. Date of reprint, *circâ* 1674, but the original issue was earlier: not improbably, 1596.]

*** The close resemblance to what is styled '*Bagnall's Ballet*' (see Vol. VII. p. 259, and *Appendix*, pp. 824, 826) cannot be accidental. The tune is the same, the burdens almost identical. Compare our third stanza with Bagnall's tenth, and our fourth stanza with Bagnall's fifth:—

"Your faces trick'd and painted bee, your breasts all open bare, [*5th stanza.*
So farr that a man may almost see unto your Lady-ware;
And in the Church, to tell you true, men cannot serve God for looking at you.
O Women, monstrous Women! what do you mean to do?"

"Doublets like to men they weare, as if they meant to flout us. [*10th stanza.*
Truss'd round with poynts and ribbons fayre, but I pray let's look about us,
For since the doublett so well doth fitt 'um, they will have the breeches, an' if they can get 'um. *O Women!* etc."

But the conclusion is altogether different:—

"And women, all whom this concerns—though you offended be,
And now in foule and rayling tearms do swagger and scold at mee,
I tell you, if you mend not your waies, the Devil will fetch you one of these days.
O Women, monstrous Women! what do you mean to do?"

Preliminary to the ballad which announces 'Pride's Fall' (p. 20) we give one that has long been owing, against *Top-Knots and Powdered Hair.* But surely nothing of their old-time luxury could exceed the heartlessness and vanity of the present day, as shown in the wanton destruction, and almost total extinction, of many species of beautiful birds, in order that giddy women may adorn themselves with the blood-stained plumage. No remonstrances affect them, no consideration of mercy or decency touches them. (See *The Times* newspaper of 17th October, 1893.) Trifling in comparison were the rebukes administered to London Ladies, *circâ* 1685, concerning their inordinate love of laces and ribbons for '*Top-Knots, with powdered Hair.*' (The Pepysian ballad was mentioned in Vol. VII. p. 829, and is given here, on p. 16.) See 'Advice,' *Bagford Ballads*, p. 933.

[Pepys Collection, IV. 363; Jersey, I. 65 = Lindes., 1484; C. 22, e. 2, 141]

The London Ladie's Vindication of
Top-Knots:

With the many Reasons that She shows for the Continuation of the Same. As also proving Men to be as Proud as themselves.

To the Tune of, *Here I love, There I love;* or, *The two English Travellers* [see Vol. VII. pp. 199, 200]. Licensed according to Order.

YOung Women and Damsels that love to go fine,
Come listen a while to this Ditty of mine,
In spight of all Poets, brave Girls, we will wear
Our Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair.

I am a young Woman, 'tis very well known,
And I am resolv'd to make use of my own;
In spight of all Poets, brave Girls, we will wear
A Tower and Top-Knot and Powdered-Hair.

They talk of a Calf which was seen in our dress,
But let us take courage, Girls, nevertheless;
In spight of these Rumours, we'll constantly wear
A Tower and Top-Knot and Powdered-Hair.

We are not such Fools to believe what they say,
'Tis fit that young Women should go fine and gay;
In spight of their Bugbears, brave Girls, let us wear
Rich Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair.

Were we to be Ruled by some sort of Men,
We should go like Women of Fourscore and Ten;
In spight of these Coxcombs, brave Girls, we will wear
Rich Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair.

Like Beautiful Angels we strive to appear,
The Hearts of our Husbands in order to cheer;
Then what is the Reason that we may not wear
Rich Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair?

If we are the Pleasure and Joy of their Life,
Pray when can they take more delight in a Wife
Than at the same time when rich Garments they wear,
With Towers and Top-Knots and Powdered-Hair?

We see the young Misses and Jilts of the Town
Have six Stories high as they walk up and down;
Then pray tell me why should not honest Wives wear
Rich Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair?

If we a'n't as Fine and as Gaudy as they, [*Note*, p. 17.
Who knows but our Husbands might soon run astray?
Consider this, Women, and still let us wear
Our Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered Hair.

It is but a Folly to tell us of Pride,
While we have these Arguments still on our side;
As long as we live we will flourishing wear
Rich Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair.

Nay, further, I'le tell ye. the Case it is thus,
That all is not sav'd which is put in the Purse;
A Shopkeeper's Lady she utters much ware
When drest in her Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair.

What Man would not have his Wife richly Array'd?
When as he well knows it enlarges his Trade;
Come, come, I must tell ye, 'tis fit we should wear
Rich Towers and Top-Knots, with Powdered-Hair. 48

Sometimes when our Husbands are out of the way,
Pray tell me what huffing young Gallants will stay,
If that a fine Delicate Wife were not there?
Then Hey for the Top-Knots and Powdered-Hair!

Some young men may flout us, yet mark what I say,
There's no Woman living now Prowder than they;
Observe but the many knick-knacks which they wear,
More costly than Top-Knots or Powdered-Hair. 56

Their Wigg, Watch, and Rapiers we daily behold,
And Embroidered Waistcoats of silver and gold;
Likewise, Turn-up stockings they constantly wear:
More costly than Top-Knots or Powdered-Hair.

If Pride be a sin and a folly, why then
Han't we a far better example from Men?
If Gaudy apparel those Gallants do wear,
We will have our Top-Knots and Powdered-Hair. 64

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare,* and *J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, the Patched Lady (a debased copy from the miniature of Queen Maria Beatrix in a wreath, of iv. 297, Left), and the Prim Lady of vi. 224, Right. Date, *circâ* 1690; certainly after 1689. Another "Answer to the Advice to Ladies of London to forsake their Top-Knots" (="Now, you Young Females," etc., *Bagford Ballads*, p. 933) is a Pepysian ballad, beginning, "What is the matter, you make such ado?"]

*** One's trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound. Admitting the Charge of Pride, she defends her position and holds the fort with flying colours. It had always been thus. We have many ballads denouncing their pride and extravagance. But it never mattered one jot, or worked any reformation of manners. Preachers howled from their pulpits, and roused up fanatics against the male fops by denouncing "the unloveliness of love-locks," while pamphleteers sent out a "reprehension against naked breasts" and the wasteful costliness of attire, as though they had a right to meddle with women's petticoats and corsets. But, except at odd seasons, when some popular Savanarola was inflated and triumphant (to come to a befitting end in smoke and ashes, one way or another), nobody took heed. We see in the ballad how "honest women" followed the lead of fashion set by the "Young Misses and Jilts of the Town" (compare the extracts from John Evelyn, in our Vol. V. pp. 126, etc. on the costliness of their furniture, and of the objectionable word "Miss"). Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton denounced in the *Saturday Review* (1868) the same habit of our modern "Girl of the Period":—

"The Girl of the Period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face, as the first articles of her personal religion—a creature whose sole idea of life is fun; whose sole aim is unbounded luxury; and whose dress is the chief object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavour is to outvie her neighbours in the extravagance of fashion. She envies the queens of the *Demi-monde* far more than she abhors them." *The Girl of the Period, and other Social Essays*, i. 2, 5, 1883. (*Sat. Rev.*, No. 646, 14th March, 1868.)

Pride's Fall, and the growth of Monsters.

REBUKES of Pride, and of outrageous costliness or indecency in attire, were perpetually recurring. One unique ballad (which was printed on the verso of 'The Wanton Maiden's Choice,' beginning, "I am a Maid now in my prime, and fain I would be wed,") is entitled '*England's* Pride; or, A Friendly Exhortation to forsake that sin so much in request.' It was sung to the tune of *Sefaution's Farewell* (see vol. iii. p. 414). Licensed according to order, printed for Jonah Deacon, 1689–95, holding a motto-verse,

> 'The Proud are God Almighty's Foes, yet that sin is too rife,
> But why should Sinners thus oppose that God that gave them life?'

The ballad denounces the '*Top-knots and Towers*' of Orange-Mary's time (or 'Toppings,' compare vol. vii. p. 828), beginning thus:—

England's Pride.

"PRIDE'S a reigning sin of this Nation,
And too much practis'd amongst us by Youth;
What can be a more high provocation
Than when we sin against Knowledge and Truth?
Powder'd Hair young wantons they wear,
Their Shoulders and Bosoms are likewise laid bare,
All to delude Men to be Rude,
Nay, happy are they if they get 'em in the mood.

"Every Blowze must have her fine feather,
In her apparel most richly array'd,
So that, when they are walking together,
The Mistress cannot be known from the Maid.
Gillian with *Nan* they must have a Fan,
And twenty fine knick-knacks they have to put on;
New Modes are found, all *London* round,
Sure Pride in young women did never more abound.

"Ev'ry *Joan* in silks now will rustle,
With flaunting Hoods, Laces, and Top-knots beside,
Till their heads are as big as a bushel,
O, is not this a new Monster of Pride? [*Cf.* p. 19.
Women, for shame! now strive to reclaim,
Or else I must tell you, you're highly to blame:
Pride in excess makes your fame less,
Nothing speaks your praise like a Modest civil Dress.

"These rich Robes with sweets must be scented,
And this they make all their study and care,
Now new fashions must still be invented,
Because they do not know what they shall wear.
Pride they adore, spent thousands and more,
But never a penny will give to the Poor,
For this we know, where e'er they go,
Their heads are so high that they cannot look so low."

The remaining half of the ballad resembles the teaching in 'Death and the Lady' (see reprint in *Preface* to vol. vii. p. ix.).

A still heavier denunciation of Pride, and a description of the punishment that attended its display by a Merchant's Wife in Germany, meets us in the Roxburghe Collection, II. pp. 64, 805, '*Pride's Fall.*' In addition to many printed exemplars, from different publishers, it is preserved in the Shirburn MS. (North Lib. 119 D. 44, fol. 161 *verso*); where the tune is marked *All you that fathers be* (for which ballad see 'The Old Man's Complaint,' vol. ii. 194) agreeing with *Dainty, come thou to me*, of *Popular Music*, p. 517. Elsewhere the tune is named *All you that* love *good fellows*: words of which are still to seek, it not being identical with *All you that* are *good fellows*, which is in our vol. vii. The Roxburghe reading "at *Geneva*" is evidently wrong, 2nd Roxb., R.C., III. 806, reads '*Vienna* in Germany'); *Jena* seems to be the proper word, uncorrupted.



The date of the event was the 28th of February, 160⅞. There was entered in Stat. Registers, on the 15th of August, 1608, 'to Henry Gosson for his copye, vnder the handes of Master John Wilson and the Wardens, a book entituled *a most strange, true, and newe reporte of* God's *Judgement shewed vpon the wyfe of* ANDREWE RINGESFEILD, *a rich citizen of* Jena *in* high Germany, *which happened the* 28*th of February last past* . . vjd.' (Stat. Registers, iii. 172 *verso.*) Confirmation of the date is in contemporary Shirburn MS. where it is given, '1607,' *i.e.* 160⅞, with the true tune-name, *All you that fathers be*, and a better text,

> "*England's* fayre daintye Dames, see here the fall of Pride;
> Wantonnes, leave lust in tyme, that God may be your guide.
> I was a *Dutch-land* Froe [=*Frau*], shining with beauty bright,
> And a brave Marchant's wife, in whom he took delight." Etc. (M.S.)

At no time were the Puritans unwilling to display their own credulity in acceptance of Portents, Warnings, and horrible births or unnatural deaths. Yet they rebuked the superstitious legends of the more honourable people whom they stigmatized as "Papists."

[Roxburghe Collection, Vol. III. pp. 64, 806; Bagford, II. 40; Pepys, II. 66; Euing, 269; Wood, 401, 157; Jersey, II. 299 = Lind., 366.]

Pride's Fall;

Or, a Warning for all English Women: By the Example of a strange Monster, born of late in *Germany*, by a Merchant's proud Wife in *Geneva*. [Properly, in *Jena*.]

THE TUNE IS, *All you that love good fellows* [see vol. vii, pp. 587, 588]

ENGLAND'S fair dainty Dames, see here the fall of Pride;
Wantonness leave in time, that God may be your guide.
I was a *Dutch-land* Vrow, shining in beauty bright, [= *Frau*.
And a brave Merchant's Wife, in whom he took delight.

All things I had, at will, my heart could wish or crave,
My dyet dainty fare, my garments rich and brave;
No wife in *Germany*, where I in pleasure dwel'd,
For golden bravery my person so excel'd.

My Coaches richly wrought, and deckt with pearl and gold,
Carried me up and down, whereas my pleasure would;
The earth I deem'd too base my feet to tread upon,
My blooming crimson cheeks felt neither wind nor sun. [*Note*, p. 22.

My beauty made me think myself an angel bright,
Framed of heavenly mold, and not an earthly wight;
For my soul's happinesse, God's Holy Bible Book,
I had my Looking-Glasse, where I most pleasure took.

There was no fashion found that might advance my pride;
But in my Looking-glasse my fancy soon espy'd.
Every vain, foolish toy changeth my wanton mind,
And they best pleased me that could new fashions find.

Yet all these earthly joys yielded me small content,
In that dame Nature had ne'r a Child to me sent,
That makes my heart to bleed, for which offence to God,
He therefore grievously scourged me with his rod.

And in my tender womb, of so pure flesh and blood,
Created He, strange to see, a most deformed brood;
That women of wanton pride may take example by,
How they in fashions fond offend the Lord on high.

When the Babe came to light, and I brought to my bed,
No cost was spar'd that night to stand me in my stead;
My nurses young and fair, fit for a Royal Queen,
Gave all attendance there, as it was daily seen.

Never had Merchant's Wife of ladies such a train,
That came in gentle sort at the hour of my pain;
But when my swelling womb yielded up Nature's due,
Such a strange monster then, never man hardly knew.

For it affrighted so all the whole company,
That ev'r one said in heart, "Vengeance now draweth nigh."
It had two faces strange, and two heads painted fair,
On the brows curled locks, such as our wantons weare.

One hand held right the shape of a fair Looking-glasse,
In which I took delight how my vain beauty was;
Right, the shape of a Rod, scourging me for my sin,
The other seem'd to have perfectly seen therein.

These women's wantonesse, and their vain foolish minds,
Never contented are with that thing God assigns;
Look to it, *London* Dames, God keepeth plagues in store,
And now the second part of this song sheweth more.

The Second Part. To the Same Tune.

GRief and care kills my heart where God offended is,
As the poor Merchant's wife did worldly comforts misse.
Strange were the miseries that she so long endur'd,
No ease by women's help could be as then procur'd.

Hereupon speaks the Child, with a voice fearfully,
"*Mother, your wanton Pride brings this your misery.*
Let your life soon amend, or else the mighty God
Will scourge your wantonness with a more sharper Rod."

About [its] neck a flaunting Ruff, it had now gallantly, [*t.* 'his.'
Starched with white and blew, seemly unto the eye,
With laces long and broad, as now are Women's bands:
Thus heavy wanton Pride first in God's anger stands.

The brest was plated o're, as still the merchant's be, [pleated?
Now as lewd women wear, to hide adultery;
Every part, every limb, had not true nature's frame,
But to shew to the world this my great sin and shame.

From the head to the foot, monster-like was it born,
Every part had the shape of fashions daily worn.
On the feet pinked shooes, insteps had Roses red,
Which in silk now is us'd, so vainly are we fed.

Thus hath my flesh and blood, nourisht now near my heart,
Puts me in mind of sin, and bids me now convert.
O let all women then, take heed of wanton pride:
Angels have fallen from heaven and for that sin have dy'd.

No sooner brought to light was this fruit of my youth,
But to the Councel house it was brought for a truth;
Where to the Magistrates, in a most fearful sort,
Began aloud to speak, and these words did report:

"*I am a Messenger, now sent from God on high,*
To bid you all repent; Christ's coming draweth nigh.
Repent you all with speed, this is a Message sure,
The world seems at an end, and cannot long endure.

Pride is the Prince of sin, which is our chief delight.
Mankind, repent with speed, before the Lord doth smite.
This is my last adieu, repentance soon provide:"
These were his latest words, and so the Monster dy'd.

Great was the fear of those that these same speeches heard,
God grant all Christians may have their minds well prepar'd,
With repentant [mind], God's mercy to implore,
That never woman-kind may bring such fruit forth more. 88

And you, fair *English* Dames, that in pride do excel,
This woful misery in your hearts print full well.
Let not Pride be your guide, for pride will have a fall:
Maid and Wife, let my Life, be warning to you all. **Finis.**

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *I. Wright*.

[In Black-Letter. With one woodcut of the Monstrous Bicephalous Child. See p. 19. Date 1608. Roxb. Coll. III. 806 is a white-letter reprint, the title reading: "A Merchant's Proud Wife at *Vienna* in *Germany*."]

NOTES TO 'PRIDE'S FALL.'

In Vol. III. p. 334 of these *Roxburghe Ballads*, Mr. Wm. Chappell reprinted the unique broadside of the 'Coache's Overthrow; or, A joviall Exaltation [*query*, Exhortation?] of divers Tradesmen and others for the suppression of troublesome Hackney Coaches.' It was printed for Francis Groves, and (although this was not known to W. C.) registered to him on 19th February, 163$\frac{5}{6}$. The ballad was first reprinted by the late John Payne Collier, F.S.A., in his '*Book of Roxburghe Ballads*,' p. 291, 1847, where appeared his introduction, on the use and abuse of Hackney-Coaches in 1630–1636, which is specially quoted in full in Vol. III. p. 333 of the present work. Fred. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., in 1849, also quoted from J. P. C., but, like many other persons, without acknowledgment. Fairholt adds, that "the use of coaches, in the early part of the seventeenth century, met with so much reprobation that they were popularly termed 'hell-carts,' and were most violently hated by the populace; they were declared to obstruct the streets of London, hinder business, and endanger the lives and limbs of passengers." (*Percy Society*, vol. xxvii. No. 81, *Costume*, p. 108, March, 1849.)

Our ballad text mentions not *yellow starch*, which appears to have gone out of fashion with Mistress Anne Turner, concerning whom see our Vol. VII. p. 420, and whose Ruff is said to have been stiffened with yellow starch when she went to execution, on 14th November, 1615, for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. Even so, black satin dresses suffered obscuration on 13th November, 1849, because Mrs. Maria Manning was hanged thus attired. The extract of 1588 shows that Mrs Turner was not the inventress of the stigmatised yellow starch.

From Fairholt (who alone reprinted this ballad, *ubi supra*) we borrow *four Notes* on *Pride's Fall*, our stanzas 15th *bis*, and 17th; lines 57, 59, and 67.

Starched with white and blue.—"Yellow starch was that most used in England; and it greatly excited the wrath of the Satirists. Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1588, is particularly indignant at 'the liquor which they call *starch*, wherein the devil hath willed them to dye their Ruffles; and this starch they make of divers colours and hues: white, red, blue, purple, and the like.'"—*Fairholt*.

Women's Bands.—"The band is the broad flat collar of linen, or cambrick, edged with lace, and worn by the monster [in the woodcut] at the head of this ballad, on the right side of its neck; the pleated ruff, on the left side, will sufficiently mark its distinctive appearance."—*Fairholt*. [By a misprint in the broadside for 'hir,' line 57 reads 'his;' but the woodcut portrait is feminine.]

The Shoes, pinked, and with roses on the instep.—"The edges of the upper leather cut into ornamental forms."—*Fairholt*. "The ties of the shoes, which were of silk, edged with rich lace, were spread out like a rose, until they nearly covered the foot. This expensive fashion is alluded to by [John] Taylor, the Water Poet, when speaking of those who 'Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold.'"—*Ibid*.

The Two Inseparable Brothers, 1617.

MARTIN PARKER'S ballad, describing the united and inseparable twin-brothers, John Baptist and Lazarus Colloretti, is preserved, with its curious and trustworthy woodcut portraiture, in a unique exemplar, unfortunately mutilated and lacking the third stanza. To the best of our knowledge, it has not been hitherto reprinted, and its history traced. It was appointed to be sung to the tune of *The Wandering Jew's Chronicle*: a ballad registered by the Stationers' Company in London, 11th August, 1634, and not improbably written by the same author, Martin Parker. It was issued by his usual publisher, *Thomas Lambert*, and was reprinted in our Vol. VI. p. 695.

The subject of such monstrous births, and their physiological causes, or the superstitious fears aroused among the ignorant and credulous populace, as punishment of national or individual sins, or as Portents and Warnings of impending calamities, could not be fully discussed without incurring an expenditure of space far greater than can be fitly afforded here. There are people whose shallow minds cannot receive news of affliction without an impatient desire to attribute responsibility to some one, and inflict chastisement. Sometimes arises the cry for a special 'Day of Mortification' to be set apart as a national or social humiliation, and it goes hard with any Jews, ethnics, or heterodox wassailers, who are reckoned as enemies. There have seldom been lacking engines of priestcraft, such as could be employed against suspected culprits. Innocent victims have perished under accusations of witchcraft and unlawful intercourse with the spirit-world, as familiars, succubi, and other horrible misbeliefs. Past errors survive, but with changed nomenclature.

In the curiously illustrated quarto volume entitled *Fortunius Licetus de Monstris*: ex recensione Gerardi Blasii, M.D. et P.P., printed at Amsterdam, 1665, a picture on p. 274 represents the same monstrous brothers, who are described by Martin Parker in our unique but mutilated broadside. On p. 114 is this letter:—

'Perill. et Excellentiss. D. Observandiss. D. *Fortunio Liceto Patavium. Augustinus Pincetus*, Medicus *Genuensis*. S. D.

Occasione novi cujusdam monstri novissimè hic apud nos *Genuae* nati, ad te pauca scribere placuit de illius historia, Vir Excellentissime, tuum de ipso judicium expectans. *Pellegrina* uxor *Baptistae Colloreti* die duodecima Martij anni millesimi sexcentesimi decimi septimi, in Paroecia Sancti *Bartholomaei de Costa* in ditione *Genuensi*, duos filios peperit simul invicem junctos in ventre inferiori, alijs partibus ab invicem disjunctis: ambo sunt masculi; unus est altero duplo major: et minor mancus est uno crure, in aliis partibus est benè conformatus, nisi quod oculos non habet apertos. Baptizati fuerunt ut duo corpora; unus appelatus est *Joannes Baptista* et alter *Lazarus*: Parentes eorum sunt optimè sani, et ante hos genuerunt alios filios benè formatos: Quod autem mirabile reddit hoc monstrum illud est, quod unus solus lac sugit, et ambo nutriuntur ac vivunt, et dum major sugil lac, observatur minori lac pervenire usque ad labia, quibus ipsum lambere

pergit: quam rem ego vidi, et observavi. Dicunt hos duos filios eodem tempore foras emittere excrementum urinae. Cupio te mihi aliquid hac de re scribere. Vale. *Genuae*, die xix. Martij. 1617.'

Although in most cases limited to a single exemplar, the large number of broadsides devoted to recording monstrosities, whether human or of the inferior animals, especially swine, shows not only the prevalence of such abnormal births during the reign of Elizabeth, but also the avidity with which they were accepted by the populace as furnishing cheap texts for puritanical ravings against the wickedness of the land. "The year 1562, the fourth of Elizabeth's reign, is recorded by the English chroniclers, such as Hollinshed and Stowe, as especially fertile in monsters." (Henry Huth, in Philobiblon Society's *Ancient Ballads*, Intro., p. xxx, 1867.) Autolycus profitted by the native credulity. (*The Winter's Tale*, act iv, sc. 4.)

Autolycus.—"Here's one [ballad] to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen [=birth], and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed . . . Very true, and but a month old . . . Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?"

One writer, John Mellys, of Norwich, was reasonable enough to remember our Lord's warning in regard to the common delusion, that "neither had this man sinned, nor his parents," as the cause of his having been born blind (*S. John*, ix, 3). It is in 'The true description of two monsterous children, lawfully begotten betwene *George Steuens* and *Margerie* his wife, and borne in the parish of *Swanburne* in *Buckynghamshyre*, the iiij of *Aprill*, Anno Domini 1566 . . . . baptized and named the one *John* and the other *Joan*.'

"I Read how *Affrique* land was fraught, for their most filthy life,
With monstrous shapes confuzedly, that therein wer full rife;
But *England* now pursues their vyle and detestable path,
Embracyng eke all mischeefes great, that moues God's mightie wrath:
As these vnnaturall shapes and formes, thus brought forth in our dayes,
Are tokens true and manifest how God by diuers wayes
Doth s'ryve vs to amendment of our vyle and caukred lyfe," etc.

. . . . . .

"¶ But some proude boasting Pharisie the parents will detect,
And iudge with heapes of vglie vice their liues to be infect.
No, no; but lessons for vs all, which dayly doe offend;
Yea, more, perhaps, than hath the freends whom God this birth did lend.

"For yf you wyll, with single eye, note well and view the text,
And marke our Sauiour's aunswer eke that thereto is annext,
Where His disciples asked Him, to know therein His mynd,
'Yf greater were the parents' sinnes, or his that was borne blynd?'

"To whom Christ answered in a breef, that 'neither hee nor they
Deserued had that crooked fate, although they sin each day;
But to the end God's glorie great, and miracles diuine,
Might on the earth apparaunt be, His workes for to define.'"

'The true report of the forme and shape of a monstrous Childe, borne at *Much Horkesleye*, a village three myles from *Colchester*, in the countye of *Essex*, the xxi daye of Apryll, this yeare 1562,' tells,

"This monstrous world that monsters bredes as rife
As men tofore it bred by native kinde,
By birthes that shewe corrupted nature's strife,
Declares what sinnes beset the secret minde.
I meane not this, as though deformed shape
Were always link'd with minde fraughted with vice,
But that in nature God such draughtes doth scape, [*text rep.* 'shape.'
Resemblyng sinnes that so bin had in price." Etc.

Monstrous children were born respectively at Chichester, 1562; Freshwater, Isle of Wight, 1564; and at Maidstone in Kent, Oct. xxiv, 1568, as 'A Warning to England:'

"This monstrous shape to thee, *England*, playn shewes thy monstrous vice,
If thou ech part wylt vnderstand, and take thereby aduice."



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 216. Apparently Unique, but sorely defective.]

The Two Inseparable Brothers;

Or,

A true and strange description of a Gentleman (an *Italian* by birth), about seventeene yeeres of age, who hath an imperfect (yet living) Brother growing out of his side, having a head, two armes, and one leg, all perfectly to be seen. They were both baptized together; the imperfect is called *John Baptist*, and the other *Lazarus*. Admire the Creator in his Creatures.

To the Tune of, *The Wandring Jewe's Chronicle* [see Vol. VI. p. 695].

TO *England* lately newes is come which many parts of Christendome
Have by experience found
To be the strangest and most rare that fame did to the world declare
Since man first walkt o'th ground.

I many Prodigies haue seene, Creatures that have preposterous beene
To nature in their birth,
But such a thing as this my theame makes all the rest seeme but a dreame,
The like was nere on earth.

A Gentleman well qualifide [do]th beare his brother at his side,
[Inexo]rably knit,
Him in this pictur]e you may see, [there can no strange]r liuing be, [*Mutilated.*
[I pray you look]at it.
[*The whole of the next verse is lost.*] 12

This yong-man doth compleatly walke, he can both read, write, sing, or talke,
Without paine or detraction,
And when he speakes the other head doth moue the lips both Ruby red,
Not speaking but in action.

This head and face is rightly fram'd with every part that can be nam'd,
Eares, eyes, lips, nose, and chin,
His vpper lip hath some beard on't, which he who beares him yet doth want,
This may much wonder win.

One arme's about his brother cast, that doth embrace his body fast,
The other hangeth by,
These armes haue hands with fingers all, yet as a child's they are but small:
Pinch any part hee'l cry. 24

Onely one legge with foot and toes is to be seene, and some suppose
The other is contain'd
[Wi]thin his brother's body, yet, [custom has] vs'd him so to it,
[He scarcely doth feel] pain'd. [*mutilated.*

The Second Part. To the Same Tune.

YEt nothing doth the lesser eate; he's onely nourish'd with the meate
Wherewith the other feeds,
By which it seemes, though outward parts they have for two, yet not two hearts:
This admiration breeds.

For sicknesse and infirmities, I mean Quotidian maladies,
Which man by nature hath,
Sometimes one's sicke, the other well. This is a story strange to tell,
But he himselfe thus saith.

Th' imperfect once the small poxe had, which made the perfect brother sad,
But he had neuer any,
And if you nip it by the arme, or do it any little harme
(This hath been tride by many),

It like an ifant (with voyce weake) will cry out, though it cannot speake,
As sensible of paine,
Which yet the other feeleth not; but if the one be cold or hot,
That's common to both twaine.

Some seauenteene yeares of age they be; a perfect proper youth is he
To which the lesse doth cleaue.
They were baptized being young, few then did think they'd liue so long,
As few would now beleeue.

But that to ratifie this truth, now in the *Strand* this wondrous youth
Is present to be seene,
And he with his strange burden hath bin shewne (with maruaile) as he saith
To our good King and Queene.

John Baptist is th' imperfect nam'd, who through the Christian world is fam'd;
His Brother which him beares
Was called *Lazarus* at the Font, and if we well consider on't
A mystery in't appeares.

From *Italy*, their native place, they haue some certaine late yeares space
Gone one still with another,
Indeed they cannot otherwise doe; he that sees one must needs see two,
The brother beares the brother.

Through *Germany*, through *Spain* and *France* (deuoyd of danger or mischance)
And other Christian Lands,
They trauell'd haue, nay rather one for both, so many miles hath gone,
To shew th' work of God's hands.

And now in *England* they have beene about a moneth, although vnseene,
Till now obtaining leaue.
In seeing this or such strange things, let us admire the King of Kings,
And of his power conceaue

That just opinion which is due to Him who is all good, all true,
Whose works we can't find out,
Let admiration then suffice, sith there's no man that is so wise
But of's owne wit may doubt.
And so doe I.

Finis. **Martin [Parker].**

Printed at London for *Thomas Lamb*[*ert*, at] the signe of the *Horse-Shooe*, in *Smithfield*.

[In Black-Letter, with three woodcuts. 1st, is on p. 25, the Monster described in the ballad, *John* and *Baptist Lazarus;* probably of Jewish descent. Date, *circâ* 1634, closely following "*The Wandering Jew's Chronicle*," and to the same tune as that ballad. (Martin Parker's own: registered by the Stationers' Company on 11th August, 1634, and reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. VI. p. 695.) 2nd cut, Vol. I. p. 75 R.; 3rd, II. 320 L. (Capt. Vaux?)]

The Long-Nosed Lass.

" Shee's loving, courteous, and effeminate,
And ne'er as yet could find a loving mate."
—L. P.'s *A Monstrous Shape*, 1639.

OUR *Roxburghe Ballad* is entitled 'The Long-Nosed Lass,' to the tune of '*The Country Farmer*' (which has been already given in Vol. III, p. 363, and sequels on p. 17 of Vol. IV, and p. 366 of Vol. III). It was licensed, like the 'Country Farmer,' by Richard Pocock; consequently the date is 1685–88. There had been another and similar 'Sow-ship's Beauty' celebrated so early as 1639, to the tune of *The Spanish Pavin*. Laurence Price wrote the ballad, entitled 'A Monstrous Shape; or, a Shapeless Monster,' born in Holland, printed by M.F. for *Thomas Lambert*, and sold at the signe of the *Horse-Shoe* in *Smithfield*. It belongs to our forthcoming Civil-War Ballads. Here is the first stanza:—

" OF horned *Vulcan* I have heard,
His teeth were longer than his beard,
Whose monstrous looks made all afeard
Which did that night behold him;
And of transformed *Acteon*,
Which like a Hart in forest ran:
And how fair *Lidia* like a swan [i.e. *Leda*.
Transformed was." Etc. (*Trowbesh Coll., MSS.*).

Other writers took the subject in hand. In December, 1639, there had been registered to Francis Grove, to Francis Coles and to Richard Harper, respectively, ballads entitled '*The Woman Monster;*' '*A Maiden Monster;*' '*A Pleasant New Song,*' etc.; and '*A Strange Relation of a Female Monster.*' Also to John Okes of the same date, '*A Booke of the Hog-faced Gentlewoman.*' Her name is given as Tanakin Skinker, born at Werkham-on-the-Rhine, 1618. Thomas Lambert had at least two ballads, if not three, entered on 11th December, '*A Wonder of these Times*' and '*A New Ballad of the Swine faced Gentlewoman.*' But the attractiveness of 'The Pig-faced Lady' was renewed, *circâ* 1805, by a Pitts Press Slip-Song, beginning "Your Zarvant, all round, and you see I be here." (Douce Coll. III, 132).

Henry Wilson's revival of James Caulfield's *Book of Wonderful Characters* was published by John Camden Hotten (November 9, 1869), with a preliminary account of Pig-faced Ladies, and a frontispiece, after design by George Morland (who died in 1803), showing "the Wonderful Miss Atkinson: born in Ireland, has £20,000 fortune; and fed out of a silver trough." Her picture had been earlier circulated by Fairbairn and another. Much later in date came 'Julia Pastorana,' or Pastrana, who was exhibited in London while alive; and again, after death, in 1883.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 279; Jersey, I. 74 = Lindesiana, 915.]

The Long-Nos'd Lass;

Or,

The Taylors, Millers, Tinkers, Tanners, and Glovers, with a great number of other Trades-Men, dash't out of Countenance by a Sow-ship's Beauty, to their great Discontent and her perpetual trouble.

TUNE OF, *The Country Farmer* [p. 28].

This may be printed, **R. P.**

O Did you not hear of a Rumor of late,
Concerning a person whose Fortune was great?
Her Portion was Seventeen thousand good pound,
But yet a good Husband was not to be found:
The reason of this I will tell to you now,
Her visage was perfectly just like a Sow,
And many to court her came flocking each day,
But seeing her, straight they run frighted away.

Amongst all the rest a fine *Taylor* also,
Resolv'd to this person a Suitor to go;
Quoth he: "At the present, alas! I am poor,
Of Silver and Gold I shall then have good store:
'Tis *Cowcomber*-time, and I now have no Trade, [*Note*, p. 30.
But if I do get her I then shall be made,
Therefore I will put on the best of my cloaths,
My Hat, with my Band, and my *Holy-day* Hose."

The hopes of this Fortune his fancy did feed,
And therefore to her he did hasten with speed,
When coming he straight for this person did ask,
She came her own self in a fine Visor-Mask;
And said, "I am she, Sir, pray what would you have?"
"I'm come," quoth the *Taylor*, "your Love for to crave."
She open'd the door, and bid him welcome in,
And then to his Courting he straight did begin.

The *Taylor* went on with a noble good grace,
Like one of much courage his Love to Embrace;
Thought he, "With a Fortune I now shall be blest!"
But listen, I pray, to the Cream of the Jest:
She pull'd off her Vizor, and turn'd her about,
And straightway the *Taylor* beheld her long Snout;
Ah! how he was frighted, and run out of door,
And vow'd he would never come near her no more.

The next was a *Miller*, who to her did Ride,
Resolved he was for to make her his Bride;
Quoth he: "As I now am a right honest Man,
I'le Wed her, and Love her as well as I can:
For Beauty, O let it be now as it will,
As long as she brings me good Grist to the Mill;
Both Silver and Gold I shall have at command,
With which I will purchase me Houses and Land.

"I now in conceit am as great as a Lord;
What pleasure soever the world can afford,
I'le have it, and likewise in Silver will shine,
Then *Gillian* will wonder to see me so fine:
To *Robin* my Servant I'le give my great Bowl,
With which I was formerly us'd to take Toll,
And likewise the Mill, if I Marry this Maid,
For never no more will I follow the Trade."

As he was a riding to her on his Mare,
He thus was a building Castles in the air;
But when he beheld her most amiable Face,
Alas! he was soon in a sorrowful case:
His hopes were confounded, away he did run,
Saying, "Should I have her, a thousand to one
But I shall be frighted when her I behold,
Therefore I'le not have her for Silver or Gold."

Both *Tinkers*, and *Tanners*, and *Glovers* also,
Came to her, the Money encouraged them so;
Nay, thousands came to her then every day,
Each striving to carry this Beauty away.
But when they beheld this most ordinary stuff,
The sight of her Visage did give them enuff;
Yet if she be Marry'd while here she does live,
A perfect account of the Wedding I'le give.

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

[In Black-letter. With three cuts: 1st, the Pig-faced Lady, delayed to a later page; 2nd, the smirking man of vii. 425; 3rd, the black-hatted man of vii. 472 R. Date, as licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685–1688.]

*** *Note.*—Line 13, "'Tis *Cucumber*-time, and I now have no trade,' is the tailor's complaint; his customers, the town-gallants, having by that season laid in their stock of summer attire and leaving him idle. Moreover, the greediness of tailors for eating cucumbers was proverbial; in later days they were flouted for 'cabbage,' *i.e.* purloining of cloth. Compare vol. v. pp. 252, 254, for mention of the tune named, *It was in the prime* of Cucumber-time;" the identification of the ballad, vol. vi. p. 300; and 'The Trappan'd Tailor,' given in vol. vii. p. 467.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 526; Jersey, I. 100 = Lindes., 1092.]

The World's Wonder.

Giving an Account of Two Old Men, Lately known and seen in the City of *Tholouze*, in *France*, who declare themselves to be above a Thousand Years old a peice, and Preach Repentance to the World; telling what shall happen for these Nine Years following, and when the World shall end.[1]

TUNE OF, *My Bleeding Heart* [*with grief and care:* see vol. iii. p. 23].

STrange News to *England* lately came,
The like I think was never known;
And if it proves a certain truth,
'Twill terror strike to hearts of Stone.

A City great there is in *France*,
And *Tholouze* is it call'd by name;
Two Prophets there was lately found,
Invisibly they thither came.

No Man nor Child could ever tell
Which way these Prophets they came in.
They say that they were sent from God
To reprehend the World for Sin.

A Thousand years of Age, and more,
Each of them do declare to be;
Methuselah ne'r liv'd so long,
As by the Scriptures you may see.

God's Holy Spirit, they declare,
Into their breasts inspired is;
In this our Age a thing so rare,
I think there's none more strange than this.

Strange kinds of habit they do wear,
The like ne'r seen by mortal Eye;
And their deportment is as strange,
Although they Preach continually.

Note.—The date must have been 1680: see p. 33. To give a list of the mountebanks and false prophets who have indulged their self-conceit and passion for lying, finding credulous dupes in all ages among the so-called religious revivalists, would be a work entailing much labour, and wholly destitute of profit. People will be fools, obstinately. We have here one of the ultra-Protestant fabrications. This lying narrative is no worse than others. Compare the '*Prophecy*,' p. 81.

Good admonition they do give,
Advising all Men to Repent;
They say this is the only cause
That they into the World were sent.

God's wrath against the *Romans* they
Do now declare is kindled hot;
And if with speed they don't Repent,
Their crimes shall never be forgot.

The City of *Tholouze*, they say,
To *Sodom* may compared be,
And in three Months shall be consum'd,
By Flames of Fire undoubtedly;

Except they do their lives amend,
And quite forsake Iniquity:
Which do the people much amaze,
For this is their continual cry.

The Magistrates offended were
At the strange Doctrine they did Preach;
But they reply'd they came from God,
The sinful People for to teach.

At length there was an Order made
That they should close confined be;
With Jesuits they did discourse,
In several Tongues, most perfectly.

Their Dyet also was most strange,
On Delicates they never fed;
Their Drink was only Water clear,
Their greatest Banquet was dry Bread.

And then the Magistrates did ask
These Prophets strange, from whence they came?
Their answer was, from *Gallilee*,
Galladium was their Citie's name.

The Jesuits did then persuade
The Magistrates that they should go
To *Rome* to see his Holiness,
That he the truth of all might know.

At this they nothing daunted were,
For they declar'd they knew their doom;
And seemed to be mighty free
For to go see the *Pope* at *Rome*.

But being Fetter'd then with chains,
At which they seem'd to make a scoff,
They much amaz'd the People all,
For with great ease they shook them off.

They Prophesie, in Eighty-one
There shall be Troubles over all;
In Eighty-two, they do declare,
The *Pope* at *Rome* shall have a fall.

In Eighty-three, throughout the World,
They do declare that Preach they shall;
In Eighty-four, that Jesus Christ
Shall without doubt be known to all.

In Eighty-five there shall arise
One that shall mighty be with men;
In Eighty-six an Earthquake shall
Much terrifie the World agen.

In Eighty-seven, *Africa*
Shall quite consumed be by fire;
In Eighty-eight, the World amaz'd:
In Eighty-nine, the World expire.

Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. Six woodcuts: 1st, the man, vol. iii. p. 492, Left; 2nd, man with hitched-up cloak, *reverse* of vii. 138, Left; 3rd, S. Matthew; 4th, another man; 5th, the Oval, '*Cantabriqia*,' vii. 408, Centre; 6th, man, p. 55, Right, vii. 362, Centre. Date, probably, end of 1679, or 1680. It was the time of Sham '*Popish-Plot*' terrors.]

*** We can ascertain the true date of this ballad. It could not have been issued later than July, 1681. The broadside bears the name of *Thomas Vere*, who died shortly after the 29th of June, 1681, when he was Master of the Stationers' Company, and before the 5th of September, 1681, when his property was assigned to John Clarke; afterwards assigned to Jonah Deacon, 7th August, 1682 (Register F. 1633). Since the reputed prophecies begin with one for 1681, we can scarcely be wrong in assigning the date of the ballad to the previous year, remembering that 1680 extended to March 24, 1681. Oddly enough the Prophecy for 1685 coincides with the abortive insurrection of James, Duke of Monmouth; and the world's amazement announced for 1688 strangely anticipates the downfall of the Stuarts, with the uprise of the Orange Whigs after persistent intrigues and treachery. As to the general annihilation in 1689, it seems to have "hung fire," like the collapses announced by Richard Brothers, Apocalyptic Cumming, et Cie. A totally different ballad, identically entitled 'The World's Wonder; or, A Strange and Miraculous Work, etc., is in Euing Coll., No. 401; printed for *H. Grove, Snow-Hill*, a variation-issue of '*The Kentish Miracle*,' beginning "Take comfort, Christians all!" For it see p. 39, and compare p. 34.

The Kentish Wonder, and Kentish Miracle.

Albany.—"Seest thou this object, *Kent?*"
—*King Lear*, act v. sc. 3.

NO less than four distinct ballad-versions of this Kentish marvel were circulated during the seventeenth century, exemplars of three being still known. They are reprinted in Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, pp. 206 to 218, etc., 1881–82 (Hertford, printed by S. Austin & Sons). She writes thus, concerning the two contained in the Roxburghe Collection:—"*The Kentish Wonder* and *The Kentish Miracle* belong to a class of ballads which appear to have been very popular amongst our ancestors, inculcating the moral that all would sooner or later be well for those who did their duty, with a simple trust in God's providential care."

Two centuries after, we know no more comforting doctrine, for humble believers in God, than the assurance that He is perfect in wisdom, and in power, and in love. It is alike our duty and our privilege to entrust ourselves to Him alone.

The earliest record known to the present Editor is of the date 31st October, 1594, and it gives us the precise locality. In the Registers of the Stationers' Company, vol. B, p. 314 (=ii. 664 of Arber's *Transcript*), to Thomas Myllington, was "entred for his copie vnder the warden's hande a ballad intituled, *The poore Widowe of* Copthall *in* Kent, *and her Seaven children, how wonderfullie the LORD fed them in their wante.*" The usual fee of sixpence paid. This original has perished. Later, on the 12 Novembris, 1608, there was entered to Henry Gosson a ballad on *The poor Widowe of Canterburye:* which perhaps was a variation of the self-same Kentish story. But it, also, has perished. Our '*Kentish Miracle*' and '*Kentish Wonder*,' reproductions of nearly a century later date, state more loosely that it happened 'in the Wild of Kent;' meaning the Weald, the valley of the Stour, which was densely wooded in early times.

Probably confined to the single exemplar, Euing, No. 401 is the B.-L. ballad formerly in the possession of the late James Orchard Halliwell, the Shakespearean commentator Halliwell-Phillipps, who catalogued his *Black-letter Ballads* for John Russell Smith in 1856, before they were bought by Mr. William Euing, of Glasgow, who at his death left them to Glasgow University Library. It is entitled, '*The World's Wonder; or, A Strange and Miraculous Work of God's Providence shewed to a poor distressed widdow and her seven small fatherless children, who lived by a burnt sixpenny loaf of bread and a little water for above seven weeks in the Wilde of Kent.* To the tune of *Chevy-Chase. London*, printed for *Hy. Grove*, on *Snow-hill.*' With two cuts. It begins, "Take comfort, Christians all," as does identically the 'Kentish Miracle' of p. 39, which was licensed and entered 27th March, 1684.

Another is of later date, and with more of supernatural machinery added: an angel in white attire appearing to the widow named '*Mary Blake*, in the parish

of *Sutton*, in the County of *Kent*,' and the persecuting Churchwarden, who refused to give her parish-relief, is found dead in his bed, his head dashed to pieces. It is entitled, 'Comfort to the Afflicted; or, The Wondrous works of God shewn to the Widow and the Fatherless.' *York;* Printed and sold by *J. Kendrew, Collier-Gate.* Another impression, printed at Edinburgh in 1744, describes the said Mary Blake as 'in Newport, Isle of Wight.' It begins, "Come, all you poor distressed souls, who rove the world up and down, In bitter want and poverty, to hear this ditty, pray draw nigh. In *Sutton* parish did this widow dwell, and she in her time had lived well," etc. Given complete in the *Kentish Garland*, pp. 236–241; and in vol. ii. pp. 621–627 is 'The Mournful Widow's Garland.' printed for J. Blare, on London-bridge, 1684–1695, which localizes the fraudulent reproduction to *Chatham*, in *Kent*, makes the woman the widow of *Charles Cox*, a seaman, left with five children, and after petitioning Queen Mary receiving a pension of 20*l.* per annum, at that date of higher value than at present. It begins, "Good people now, both young and old, draw near, and with attentive heed, I pray, give ear," etc. Sung to the same tune as our '*Kentish Wonder*,' viz. '*Aim not too high at things beyond thy reach*,' etc. (See the ballad reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, vol. i. p. 326.) The full title is,

'*The Mournful Widow's Garland.* In Three Parts. 1. How a Corker's Wife in *Chatham* was left a Widdow, with five children to maintain, and knew not how to do it. 2. How her eldest Child, a Son of Fifteen Years of Age, took upon him to maintain his Mother and four Sisters by Hard Labour, the which he did for a small time; showing how this Woman was deprived of her Son by Death, by loss of whom she was forced to sell her goods by degrees, and last of all her bed, to keep herself and Children from starving. 3. Her Petition to the Queen, who, seeing her poor and miserable Condition, gave her Twenty Pieces of Gold, and allowed her twenty pounds a year for her lifetime.'

*** These three woodcuts belong to '*The Kentish Wonder.*' A fourth cut is the little man in a round hat, vol. vii. p. 206, Right.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 247; Jersey, II. 15 = Lind., 1392.]

The Kentish Wonder:

Being

A true Relation how a poor distressed Widow, in the Wild of *Kent*, was, by the Providence of the Almighty, miraculously preserved in her Necessity, so that she and seven small Children lived seven Weeks upon a burnt six-penny Loaf of Bread, and yet it never decreased; to the great Wonder of all that hear it, and the Praise of the Almighty, who never forsakes them who put their trust in Him.

To the Tune of, *Aim not too high.* [See p. 35.]

YOu faithful Christians, whereso'er you be,
Trust still in God and you shall surely see
In faithful service He doth take delight,
And you shall never be forsaken quite.

And you that do desire the truth to hear,
Mind well my ditty, and to me give ear;
A woeful story I'll to you relate,
Of a poor widow's sad and dismal fate.

Her husband dead, she in great want did fall,
And little had to keep herself withal;
Seven Babes, poor Soul, she had to keep beside,
And knew not how she should for them provide.

She diligently labour'd night and day,
Her charge to keep, and some small debts to pay;
And oftentimes for bread her goods did pawn,
Till at the last, poor Creature, all was gone.

Her children dear to her did cry for bread,
Who nothing had to put into her head;
And as her children for relief did cry,
She sent up prayers unto the God on high.

"O God," quoth she, "most righteous, good and just,
Regard my cry, that in Thee put my trust,
Look down on me with a most gracious eye
That now with want am ready for to die.

" Thou to *Elias* gracious wert indeed, [1 *Kings*, xvii.
And in his want sent ravens him to feed;
Take pitty then upon my children small,
And send me food to feed them therewithal.

" We in the Scriptures oftentimes do read [*S. Matt.*, xiv.
How with five loaves thou did'st five thousand feed,
And when of hunger they were quite bereft,
Of scraps and fragments were twelve baskets left.

" I know," quoth she, " Thy power is still the same,
And still will call upon Thy mighty Name,
In hopes that thou at last will prove my Friend :"
And so, poor Soul, she did her prayers end.

" Oh Mother dear," her children then did say,
" Give us some bread, we have had none to day;"
" I am half starv'd," says one, " and I," said t'other:
Thus did they cry unto their careful Mother.

She, hearing this, unto her Children said:
" At night, my Babes, you shall be fill'd with bread;"
And with these words she did her Babes content,
So she, poor wretch, unto the market went.

Her very coat she from her back did sell
For five poor shillings, as is known full well.
But mark how this poor soul was strangely crost:
Her purse was cut, and all her money lost;

Which being mist, she cry'd and made great moan,
And to the passengers she made it known,
Who little minded her so fill'd with grief,
And nothing would allow to her relief.

Unto her Husband's Brother then she went,
And her condition there did much lament,
Desiring him to trust her, and did say
That she would pay him the next market-day.

Of this her expectation she did fail,
For prayers nor tears with him would then prevail.
He said that he had but small store of grain,
Which would not serve till corn did come again.

This dogged answer cut her to the heart,
And mournfully from him she did depart;
The thoughts of her poor Babes did pierce her soul,
And her condition she did mueh condole.

These pretty Babes did keep a might[y stir,
Which of them all should have most b[orne for her;
But she fell short of butter, bread an[d cheese,
And none could get their hungers to a[ppease.

But mar[k] how Providence did still provide,
And by meer chance her wants they w[ere supplied:
A Baker's Boy, as homeward she re[turn'd,
Gave her a loaf which was a little b[urn'd.

And joyfully she did the same receive;
The Baker's Boy she many thanks di[d give;
And homewards then she went imme[diately,
Who did rejoyce their mother for to [see.

She kist them all, and with a chearf[ul look
Did bid her children for to read their [Book;
" And when, my children dear, you ha[ve done so,
Most lovingly we will to supper go."

Some apples then she laid unto the fir[e]
Which she, poor Soul, long time had s[aved by her;
Of which they from the biggest to the [least
With their dear Mother then did make [a feast.

Poor Souls, they then instead of ale [or beer,
Were all contented with some water c[lear;
And were rejoyced at this feast so great,
For they before had little for to eat.

Behold how God these thankful Souls [did bless:
When they had supp'd the loaf was n'er[the less;
For seven weeks space upon this loaf th[ey fed,
And yet perceiv'd no lessening of their [bread.

And e're the Cut-purse had her money sp[ent,
This thieving Rogue did break his nec[k in *Kent;*
Her Husband's Brother, that refus'd to [trust,
Was punished by Heavenly power most [just:

For, in one night, as several People say,
His Corn was by the floods all wash'd away;
And Gentlemen, that did this wonder se[e,
Reliev'd this Widow's wants most plen[teously.

Good People all, do now behold and see,
Who trust in God they shall relieved be,
Tho' they but little have to live upon,
He'll send them more, when their [small store is gone.

[*London*, Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Sign of the *Golden-ball*, in *Pye-corner*.]

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: A tree; woman carrying twins; girl and youth with arms uplifted; and man, vol. vii. p. 206. Date, 1670-1684. The Roxb. is slightly mutilated by the binder, but it is not unique; the Jersey exemplar giving Brooksby's imprint. Date, 1672-80. But see *Introduction*, and next p. 39, a different version of the story, printed for Jonah Deacon.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 242; Pepys, II. 54; Euing, 401; Jersey, I. 12 = Lind., 1105.]

The Kentish Miracle;

Or,

A Strange and Miraculous Work of God's Providence, showed to a poor distressed Widdow and her seven small Fatherless Children; who lived by a burnt six-penny Loaf of Bread and a little Water for above Seven Weeks, in the Wild of Kent, to the Praise and Glory of Almighty God.

To the Tune of, *A Rich Merchant Man* [see vol. i. p. 320].

Entered according to Order [27th March, 1684].



J. W. E.

TAke comfort, Christians all, for never shall you see
The faithful forsaken quite, and left in misery.
Who lives and love to hear the truth in each degree,
The story of the Widdow's plaint, let them give ear to me.

Who by this Widdow here sufficient have been try'd,
The which was left both poor and bare, when as her Husband dy'd.
And seven young children small upon her hands likewise,
And knew not how to buy them bread, their hunger to suffice. 8

She labours night and day, she spins and takes great pain,
And many a thing to buy them bread God knows she lays in pawn.
But when the appointed time, as time consumeth all,
O then she knew not how to keep her hungry children small.

"Most merciful God," said she, "cast down a tender eye,
And suffer not thy servant here, with a famishing death to dye.
Thou that the Ravens didst send, *Elias* for to feed,
When that he was in Wilderness, in extream want and need;

"And Rained Bread from Heaven, old *Israel* to preserve;
And would'st not in the lyons' den let *Daniel* pine and starve.
I know, my Lord," she said, "Thou didst five thousand feed
With five small Barley Loaves, as we in Scripture read;

"And each one had enough their hunger to sustain;
And afterwards twelve baskets full of scraps did still remain.
"I knowing, Lord," she said, "Thou art so mighty still;
And therefore every thing be done according to thy will."

Her Prayers ended thus, her children cry'd straight way:
"O Mother dear, give us some bread, we have eat none to-day."
"Give me some bread," said one, "give me some bread," said another:
And thus the silly infants flock about their careful Mother.

The good Soul hearing this, perswades them to be still: [fill.
"O soon at night, my lambs," said she, "you shall have bread your
I will to Market go let Corn be cheap or dear,
I'll sell my coat to buy some corn, if you'l be quiet here."

The children smil'd at this, content they did remain,
"Good Mother," every one could say, "Come quickly home again."
Three miles this woman went, unto the Market Town,
And for five shillings she did sell her coat and russet gown.

Who being glad in heart, to Market straight she hies:
But there, alas! her purse was cut, e're any Corn she buys.
She cryeth out, God knows, she weeps and makes great moan;
To every one that passeth by her grief she makes it known.

But yet, behold and see, here in her woful case:
Her Husband's brother he was one that sold Corn in that place.
This woeful woman then did him desire and pray,
To trust her with one sack of corn till the next Market day.

But he denies her Flat, and thus he tells her plain:
"I shall not have to serve my turn till Corn do come again.
More heed you might have took unto your purse," said he,
"And not to loose your money here so fond and foolishly."

This dogged answer cut this poor soul to the heart,
Especially when she did think upon her infant's smart.
Who sits and strives at home, poor Souls, but all in vain,
Which of them should the biggest piece of bread and butter gain.

But far, alas! they were from butter, bread, or cheese,
Or any thing to comfort them, that their poor Mother sees.
But now behold God's work, as homeward she return'd:
A Baker's Boy gave her a Loaf, which was in Baking burn'd.

She gave God thanks for that, and joyful in her hand
She bears the bread home to her babes, which waiting for her stand.
She kisses them each one, and with a chearful look:
And said, "We will to supper go when you have said your Book."

Meantime she makes a Fire, and apples therein throws;
The Widdow and her seven children to supper sweetly goes.
The Apples roasted well, and she doth cut them bread;
On every piece most lovingly she doth the apple spread.

Instead of Drink, she had a cup of water clear,
And every child rejoyced much, and said, Here is good chear.
Behold, when they had supt, for God their food did bless,
When they had sup'd and were suffic'd their Loaf was never the less.

For seven weeks' space together, as story's plainly spread,
The widdow and her seven children by this one Loaf was fed.
The Cut-purse man, I say, he broke his neck in *Kent*,
E're he of this poor widdow's money one single-penny had spent.

And yet, behold and see, her husband's churlish brother,
That would not trust a peck of corn her children for to succour;
And straight-way after this his Corn was washt away,
All by a mighty flood that came before the break of day.

The Gentlemen, and such that did this wonder see,
Unto this widow gave such gifts that ne're more wanted she.
And now, good people all, you here may plainly see,
God's servants are not forsaken quite, God's mercie is to them free.

Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-Spur* Street Without, *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, on p. 39. Date, as registered, 27th March, 1684.]

The Suffolk Miracle.

FOR a real, warranted, indisputably thorough-going and stick-at-nothing Ghost-story, this 'Suffolk Miracle' is eminently satisfactory. There have been days, two centuries ago, when it made the flesh creep, and the hair stand on end, of nervous persons, who admired the sensation and had no Chamber of Horrors or Crematorium to fall back upon. The exhumation of the buried lover (without mention of an order from the Home Secretary or his Ante-type), having the handkerchief wrapt around his head, made an impressive climax.

Vampire stories refuse to be subjected to scientific analysis. We find no difficulty in imagining any number of buried people slipping out from their graves, and in again, *da capo*, whenever the whim seized them. Being airy nothings their passage through the clay is a mere trifle. But we remain incredulous when asked to believe the transmissibility of pocket-handkerchiefs or other material articles of clothing without their being soiled or obstructed. Bürger's Lenore, with whom the dead travels fast, could be accepted unhesitatingly. But when unfortunate Miss Bailey's Ghost carries off the five-pound note, to bribe the sexton, and also the regimental small-clothes of "bless you wicked Captain Smith," in George Colman's ballad, we find the same difficulty as the one in our 'Suffolk Miracle,' caused by the incongruous admixture of tangible and ponderable pocket-napkins used for nightcaps, borne away fraudulently by an apparition, and recovered after certain hey-cockolorum presto-digitation from below the surface of a duly consecrated place of sepulture.

Our *Fin de Siècle* has grown sceptical, and we lose many vivid enjoyments that were open to our ingenuous ancestors. Society-Journals nowadays would insinuate a different solution, and hint that some genuine flesh and blood *tertium quid* of a second lover became the companion of the young lady on her chilly night-journey; the consequences whereof brought her speedily to death, and to burial in the same grave as her ill-starred first sweetheart (into whose uncoffined shroud she had long ago dropt her handkerchief, unseen and unsuspected by the mourners). For there are always two ways of looking at events, and two ways of telling a story.

*** There is also in Roxb. Coll. III. 326, one of *John White's Newcastle-on-Tyne* reprints, slightly varying in the first line, "A Wonder strange as e'er was known;" and (with Roxb. Coll. IV. 71) "A young man there was living by," instead of (Roxb. Coll., II. 440), "There was a young man living by;" which we follow, viz. *Milbourne's* version, similar to Jersey. Pepys agrees with Roxb. Coll., IV. 71; Wood's printed for *W. Thackeray*, etc., 1689. It is No. 184 of W. Thackeray's List: *vide Bagford Ballads*, Introd., p. LXX.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 440; III. 891; IV. 71; Pepys, III. 332; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 83; Jersey, II. 182 = Lind., 1363; Douce, II. 207 *verso*.]

The Suffolk Miracle;

Or,

A Relation of a young Man, who, a month after his Death appeared to his Sweet-heart, and carried her behind him Forty Miles in two hours' time, and was never seen after but in the Grave.

To the Tune of, *My bleeding heart*, etc. [See p. 31.]



A Wonder stranger ne'r was known
Than what I now shall treat upon:
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell
A Farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright,
On whom he plac'd his chief delight;
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by
Who was so charmed with her eye
That he could never be at rest,
He was with love so much possest.

He made Address to her, and she
Did grant him Love immediately;
But when her Father came to hear,
He parted her and her poor Dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto his brother's, with intent [*a.l.* 'her uncle's.'
That she should there so long remain
Till she had chang'd her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly griev'd,
But knew not how to be reliev'd;
He sigh'd and sob'd continually
That his true love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send,
Who was her heart's espoused friend:
He sigh'd, she griev'd, but all in vain,
For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that Doctor's art
Could give no ease unto his heart;
Who was so strangely terrified
That in short time for love he dyed.

SHe that from him was sent away
Knew nothing of his dying day;
But constant still she did remain.
To love the dead was then in vain.

After he had in grave been laid,
A month or more, unto this maid
He comes about middle of the night,
Who joy'd to see her heart's-delight.

Her Father's Horse, which well she knew,
Her mother's hood and safeguard too,
He brought with him to testifie
Her parents' order he came by.

Which when her Unckle understood,
He hoped it would be for her good;
And gave consent to her straight-way,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any wind;
That in two hours, or little more,
He brought her to her Father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ake;
Her Handkerchief she then took out,
And tyed the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say,
" Thou art as cold as any clay;
When we come home a fire we'll have,"
But little dream'd he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's door,
And after she ne'r see him more;
" I'le set the Horse up," then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knock'd, and strait a man he cryed,
" Who's there?" " 'Tis I," she then replyed;
Who wond'red much her voice to hear,
And was possest with dread and fear.

Her Father he did tell; and then,
He stared like an affrighted man;
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cry'd out, " My Child, how cam'st thou here?"

" Pray, Sir, did you not send for me,
By such a messenger?" said she;
Which made his hair stand on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

" Where is he then?" to her he said;
" He's in the stable," quoth the maid;
" Go in," said he, " and go to bed,
I'le see the horse well littered."

He stared about, and there could he
No shape of any mankind see,
But found his horse all on a sweat,
Which made him in a deadly fret. [*a.l.* 'fright.'

His Daughter he said nothing to,
(Nor no one else, though well they knew
That he was dead a month before,)
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to his Father went
Who was deceas'd, with this intent
To tell him what his daughter said;
So both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say
" 'Twas he that then brought her away;"
Which when they heard they were amaz'd,
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief she said she tyed
About his head; and that they tryed;
The Sexton they did speak unto,
That he the grave would then undoe.

Affrighted then they did behold
His body turning into mould;
And, though he had a month been dead,
This Kerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold;
She was thereat so terrified,
And griev'd, she quickly after dyed.

Part not true Love, you Rich men, then,
But, if they be right honest men
Your daughters love, give them their way,
For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

[Roxb. Coll., IV. 71.] *London*, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackery* [sic], and *T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the Gravesend Girl, vi. 392; 2nd, bandy-legged man, iv. 62 B.; 3rd, weeping Magdalen, p. 43. Date, before 1680.]

Arden of Faversham.

Arden.—"No, *Francklin*, no. If fears or stormy threats,
If love of me, or care of womanhood,
If fear of God or common speech of men,
Who mangle credit with their wounding words
And couch dishonour as dishonour buds,
Might join repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No question then but she would turn the leaf
And sorrow for her dissolution;
But she is rooted in her wickedness,
Perverse and stubborn, not to be reclaim'd;
Good counsel is to her as rain to weeds,
And reprehension makes her vice to grow
As *Hydra's* head that flourish'd by decay.
Her faults methinks, are painted in my face,
For every searching eye to over-read;
And *Mosbie's* name, a scandal unto mine,
Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow."
—*Tragedy of Arden of Feversham*, 1592, iii. 1.

OF this Black-letter ballad the publication was registered to Cuthbert Wright on 8th July, 1633. It records the murder of a husband, committed by the wife's paramour and his accomplices, in Kent, on Sunday evening, 15th February, 155$\frac{9}{1}$, according to the Faversham Wardmote Book. It is apparently unique, no duplicate being known of the 1633 edition, printed for Cuthbert Wright, preserved in Roxburghe Coll., III. 156. R. H. Evans reprinted it in

Old Ballads, ii. 165, in 1777, re-issued in 1784; and again in iii. 217, of the 1810 edition. Later it has been reproduced in the *Monthly Journal of the Faversham Institute*, No. 147, p. 22, 1874 (as an addendum to a paper read before the Kent Archæological Society, in July, 1872); also in Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, vol. ii. p. 519, Hertford, 1882. This ballad is closely connected with the drama, an anonymous tragedy, registered so early as the 8th April, 1592. We here copy the title-page of the first edition. With differences in the title, there are later editions of the tragedy, printed respectively by J. Roberts, and by Eliz. Allde, in 1599 and 1633:

THE LAMENTABLE AND TRUE TRAGEDIE
OF
M. *ARDEN*, OF *FEVERSHAM* IN *KENT*.
Who was most wickedlye Murdered,
by the meanes of his disloyall and wanton wyfe,
who for the loue she bare to one *Mosbie*,
hyred two desperat ruffians,
Black-Will and *Shakebag*,
to kill him.
Wherein is shewed the great malice and discimulation
of a wicked woman, the vnsatiable desire of filthie lust,
and the shamefull end of all murderers.

Imprinted at *London* for *Edward White*, dwellynge at the lyttle North dore of *Paules* Church at the signe of the Gun, 1592.

A full account of the circumstances of the murder was given by Holinshed in his *Chronicle* (pp. 1703–1708, edition, 1577), and the entire narrative is reprinted from Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes's transcript, in Arthur H. Bullen's handsome quarto, published in 1887. We need not enter into the question of the authorship of the play, assigned to W. Shakespeare, in a 1770 reprint by Edward Jacob, of Faversham, author of a *History of Faversham*, 1774. Algernon Charles Swinburne, in his clever *Study of Shakespeare* does not reject the theory. But no one has written on it so admirably and critically as Mr. A. H. Bullen, and he differs in opinion. Among some MS. notes by a Mr. Burton, found many years ago in a lumber-room at the Dolphin Inn, Faversham, is the statement that—"*Arden* was a gentleman bred near *Wye*, in *Kent* [about twelve miles distant south from *Feversham*], and was importuned to buy the Abbey-lands by Lord *Cheyne*, and was not aware when he bought them that several tenants had leases of different portions. He was 56 when he came to *Faversham*. His wife was 28, and had had familiarities with *Mosbie* before she was married, which made her friends desirous of marrying her with *Arden*."—*Monthly Journal of the Faversham Institute*, August, 1881.

The City of Canterbury holds among its archives the following 'hideous entry:' "For the charges of brenning [*i.e.* burning] Mistres *Arden* and execution of *George Bradshaw* . . . . . xliiis. (*Historical MSS. Comm., App. to Ninth Report*, p. 154).

The dramatist, followed by the ballad-writer, does not adopt the statement of the *Chronicle* that Arden was aware of the guilty intimacy uniting his own wife Alice to Mosbie, who was a tailor by occupation, a black, swart man, servant to the Lord North; and, moreover, that Arden connived at this familiarity, "as it was said," because he feared to offend her, "and so lose the benefit which he hoped to gain at some of his friend's hands in bearing of her lewdness." Alice was "a step-daughter of Sir Edward North, father of the famous translator of Plutarch. The house in which Arden was murdered is still standing, and on the glass of the parlour window were once to be seen the arms of the family of the Norths." (A. H. Bullen's *Arden of Feversham*, p. v.). This house is in Abbey Street, on the land of the old Abbey, part of the walls of which remain. "Thomas Arden (or Ardern, as the name is more correctly written), was chief comptroller of his Majesty's customs at Faversham [in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth]. He was a jurat in 1544, and was Mayor of the town in 1548." (*Ibid.* p. iv.). In the tragedy his character is pourtrayed with dignity, and any weakness that he shows is due to his excess of fondness for his young and treacherous wife. The real man had been a land-grabber. The early name of Feversham is said to have been, in Anglo-Saxon, *Fauresfield*.

The woodcut of the ballad (reproduced by the present editor), to illustrate Miss De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, ii. 519, 1882), appeared in the third 4to. edition of the tragedy, 1633, same date as the ballad-broadside. (See *Note*, p. 53, *post*.)

George Lillo, who dramatized the ballad-history of *George Barnwell*, attempted in 1636 to reconstruct the tragedy of *Arden of Feversham*, but left it imperfect. When completed by Dr. John Hoadly, it was acted at Drury Lane on the 12th July, 1759. It is doubly prosaic, Hoadly *cum* Lillo, and far inferior to the original anonymous drama of 1592, which ends thus:—

"Thus have you seen the truth of *Arden's* death.
As for the ruffians *Shakebag* and *Black Will*,
The one took sanctuary, and, being sent for out,
Was murthered in *Southwark* as he pass'd
To *Greenwich*, where the Lord Protector lay.
Black Will was burnt in *Flushing*, on a stage;
Greene was hang'd at *Osbridge* in *Kent*; [= *Ospringe*.
The Painter fled, and how he died we know not.
But this above the rest is to be noted:
Arden lay murth'red in that plot of ground [*i.e.* Abbey-lands.
Which he by force and violence held from *Rede*;
And in the grass his body's print was seen
Two years and more after the deed was done."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 156. Apparently Unique.]

[The] complaint and lamentation of Mistresse *Arden* of [*Feue*]*rsham* in *Kent*, who, for the loue of one *Mosbie*, hired certaine Ruffians and Villaines most cruelly to murder her Husband; with the fatall end of her and her Associats.

To the Tune of, *Fortune, my Foe* [see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 961].

AY me, vile wretch, that euer I was borne! [="Ah."
Making my selfe vnto the world a scorne;
And to my friends and kindred all a shame,
Blotting their blood by my vnhappy name.

Vnto a Gentleman of wealth and fame
(One Master *Arden*, he was called by name) [*Tho. Ardern*
I wedded was, with ioy and great content,
Liuing at *Feuersham* in famous *Kent*.

In loue we liu'd, and great tranquility,
Until I came in *Mosbie's* company,
Whose sugred tongue, good shape, and louely looke,
Soone won my heart, and *Arden's* loue forsooke,

And liuing thus in foule adultery,
Bred in my husband cause of iealousie;
And lest the world our actions should bewray,
Wee did consent to take his life away.

To *London* faire my Husband was to ride,
But ere he went I poyson did prouide,
Got of a Painter, which I promised [i.e. *Clarke*.
That *Mosbie's* sister *Susan* he should wed.

Into his Broth I then did put the same:
He lik't it not, when to the board it came,
Saying, "There's something in it is not sound,"
At which, inrag'd, I flung it on the ground.

Yet ere he went, his man I did coniure, [i.e. *Michael*.
Ere they came home, to make his Master sure,
And murder him, and for his faith and paine
Susan and store of gold that he should gaine.

Yet I, misdoubting *Michael's* constancy,
Knowing a Neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which to my husband bore no great good will,
Sought to incense him his deare blood to spill.

His name was *Greene*: "O Master *Greene* (quoth I),
My husband to you hath done injury,
For which I sorry am with all my heart;
And how he wrongeth me I will impart:

" He keeps abroad most wicked company,
With whores and queanes, and bad society;
When he comes home he beats me, sides and head,
That I doe wish that one of vs were dead.

" And now to *London* he is rid to roare,
I would that I might neuer see him more!"
Greene then, incenst, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he soone would make an end.

" O Master *Greene*," said I, " the danger's great;
You must be circumspect to doe this feat;
To act the deed your selfe there is no need,
But hire some villaines; they will doe the deed.

" Ten pounds I'le giue them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more when certaine newes they bring
That he is dead; besides I'le be your friend,
In honest courtesie, till life doth end."

Greene vow'd to doe it; then away he went,
And met two Villaines, that did vse in *Kent*
To rob and murder vpon *Shooters-hill:*
The one call'd *Shakebag*, t'other named *Black-Will.*

Two such like Villaines Hell did neuer hatch,
For twenty Angels they made vp the match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them sweare they'd do it with al speed.

Then vp to *London* presently they hye,
Where Master *Arden* in *Paul's* Church they spy;
And, waiting for his comming forth that night,
By a strange chance of him they then lost sight;

For where these Villaines stood and made their stop,
A Prentice he was shutting vp his shop;
The window falling, light on *Black-Will's* head,
And broke it soundly, that apace it bled.

Where straight he made a brabble and a coyle,
And my sweet *Arden* he past by the while;
They missing him, another plot did lay,
And meeting *Michael* thus to him they say:

" Thou know'st that we must packe thy Master hence,
Therefore consent, and further our pretence;
At night, when as your Master goes to bed,
Leaue ope the doores: he shall be murthered."

And so he did, yet *Arden* could not sleepe;
Strange dreames and visions in his senses creepe:
He dreamt the doores were ope, and Villaines came
To murder him: and 'twas the very same.

The Second Part. To the Same Tune.

HE rose and shut the doore, his man he blames,
Which cunningly he straight this answer frames;
" I was so sleepy that I did forget
To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it."

Next day these Ruffians met this man againe,
Who the whole story to them did explaine:
" My Master will in town no longer stay,
To-morrow you may meet him on the way."

Next day, his businesse being finished,
He did take horse, and homeward then he rid;
And as he rid it was his hap, as then,
To ouertake Lord *Cheiney* and his men.

With salutations they each other greet:
" I am full glad your Honour for to meet,"
Arden did say; then did the Lord reply,
" Sir, I am glad of your good company.

" And being that we to homeward are to ride,
I haue a suite that must not be denide,
That at my house you'le sup, and lodge also,
To *Feuersham* this night you must not goe."

Then *Arden* answered, with this courteous speech,
" Your Honour's pardon now I doe beseech,
I made a vow, if God did giue me life,
To sup and lodge with *Alice* my louing wife."

" Well," said my Lord, " your oath hath got the day,
To-morrow come and dine with me, I pray;"
" I'le wait vpon your Honour then," (said he):
And safe he went amongst this company.

On *Raymon-Downe*, as they did passe this way, [= *Rainham.*
Black-Will and *Shakebag* they in ambush lay,
But durst not touch him, 'cause of the great traine
That my Lord had: thus were they crost againe.

With horrid oathes the Ruffians 'gan to sweare,
They stampt and curst, and tore their locks of haire,
Saying, "Some Angell surely him did keepe;"
Yet vow'd to murther him ere they did sleepe.

Now all this while my husband was awaye,
Mosby and I did reuell night and day;
And *Susan*, which my waiting-maiden was,
My Loue's owne sister, knew how all did passe.

But when I saw my *Arden* was not dead,
I welcom'd him, but with a heauy head:
To bed he went, and slept secure from harmes,
But I did wish my *Mosby* in my armes.

Yet ere he slept, he told me he must goe
To dinner to my Lord's, hee'd haue it so;
And that same night *Blacke-Will* did send me word,
What lucke bad fortune did to them afford.

I sent him word, that he next day would dine
At the Lord *Cheinie's*, and would rise betime;
And on the way their purpose might fulfill,
"Well, I'le reward you, when that you him kill."

Next morne betimes, before the breake of day,
To take him napping then they tooke their way;
But such a mist and fog there did arise,
They could not see, although they had foure eyes.

Thus *Arden* scap'd these villaines where [they lay,]
And yet they heard his horse goe by that way;
"I think" (said *Will*) "some Spirit is his friend;
Come life or death, I vow to see his end."

Then to my house they strait did take their way,
Telling me how they missed of their prey;
Then presently, we did together 'gree,
At night at home that he should murdered be.

Mosby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
That he at Tables should with *Arden* play, [=Backgammon.
Black-Will and *Shakebag* they themselves should hide,
Untill that *Mosby* he a watch-word cride.

The word was this, whereon we did agree,
"Now (Master *Arden*) *I haue taken ye!*"
Woe to that word, and woe vnto vs all,
Which bred confusion and our sudden fall.

When he came home, most welcome him I made,
And *Judas*-like I kist whom I betraide.
Mosby and he together went to play,
For I on purpose did the Tables lay.

And as they plaid, the word was straightway spoke,
Blacke-Will and *Shakebag* out the corner broke,
And with a Towell backwards pull'd him downe,
Which made me think they now my ioyes did crowne.

With swords and kniues they stab'd him to the heart;
Mosby and I did likewise act our part,
And then his body straight we did conuey
Behind the Abbey, in the field he lay.

And then by Justice we were straight condemn'd,
Each of us came unto a shameless end,
For God our secret dealings soone did spy,
And brought to light our shamefull villany."

Thus have you heard of *Arden's* tragedy,
It rests to shew you how the rest did die:
His wife at *Canterbury* she was burnt,
And all her flesh and bones to ashes turn'd.

Mosby and his faire Sister, they were brought [*i.e. Susan.*
To *London* for the trespasse they had wrought,
In *Smithfield* on a gibbet they did die,
A iust reward for all their villanie.

Michael and *Bradshaw*, which a Goldsmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did passe,
At *Feuersham* were hanged both in chaines,
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled, none knowes how he did speed, [= *Clarke.*
Shakebag in *Southwarke* he to death did bleed,
For as he thought to 'scape and run away,
He suddenly was murdered in a fray.

In *Kent* at *Osbridge*, *Greene* did suffer death, [= *Ospringe.*
Hang'd on a gibbet he did lose his breath:
Blacke-Will at *Flushing* on a stage did burne,
Thus each man came vnto his end by turne.

And thus my story I conclude and end,
Praying the Lord that He His grace will send
Vpon vs all, and keep vs all from ill.
Amen say all, if't be Thy blessed will.

Finis.

Printed at *London* for *C. W.* [= *Cuthbert Wright*, 1633.]

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, *delayed*. Entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, *as a transfer*, 8th July, 1633: no doubt printed earlier. Slightly mutilated. Date of the murder, 7 p.m. on Sunday, 15th Feb., 155$\frac{9}{0}$.]

*** Unfortunately, the *Arden of Feversham* block was lent to A. H. B. for the reprint, published by Messrs. Jarvis, *and never restored*. It must be re-engraved.

Luke Hutton's Lamentation, 1598.

TO John Danter was entered in Stationers' Company Registers on 22nd Decembris, 1595, this ballad of '*Luke Hutton's* Lamentacon' (*sic*); and on the following 9th of February, to Gabriel Simpson, was entered 'The Black Dog of *Newgate's* Lamentacon for all his knaverye, vilany, bribery, and coney-catching: to the tune of *Hutton's Deldul.*'

The ballad appears to have been very popular, and many editions of it were issued. Of the earliest now extant, printed at London for Thomas Millington and dated 1598, a single exemplar remains. It belonged formerly to George Daniel, of Canonbury-square, and was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1848, among the '*Old Ballads, from the Early Printed Copies of the Utmost Rarity, now for the first time collected.*' Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. It is the twenty-fourth article, and is thus introduced by him:—

"*The Execution of Luke Hutton.*—A Tract by Luke Hutton, of which there were two editions, the first without date, and the last in 1638, is very well known, and an account of it may be found in the *Bridgewater Catalogue*, privately printed for Lord Francis Egerton, p. 149 [virtually reproduced in *Bibliog. Account*]. Hence it appears also that Hutton was the author of an earlier production, called his 'Repentance.' He seems to have been a highwayman and housebreaker, who, being condemned and pardoned, dedicated an affected piece of contrition to Lord Chief Justice Popham; and on subsequent liberation, returned to his old courses, and was hanged at York in 1598. Whether what follows, or indeed anything that goes under his name, were really written by him is very questionable."—*Percy Society, Early English Poetry, Ballads*, etc. Vol. i, Part 1. 1840. The ballad was reprinted therefrom in Hindley's *Curiosities of Street Literature*, p. 165.

The '*Repentance*' mentioned by L. H. in an Epistle to the Reader, as having been printed and "well received," was entered for publication to Gabriel Simpson and William White, on 3rd November, 1595: but remains in MS. (C. H. Cooper, vide *Athenae Cantab.*, II. 540, 1861.) Cooper says that there is good reason for believing Luke Hutton to have been a younger son of Matthew Hutton, D.D., in 1595 Archbishop of York. Luke matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1582, but took no degree, and turned to evil courses. After some highway robberies, he was imprisoned, and wrote *The Black Dogge of Newgate*: both pithie and profitable for all Readers. *Vide, Lege, Cave.* Time shall trie the Trueth. Imprinted at London by *G. Simson* and *W. White.* 4to. Black-letter. 21 leaves. The dedication to the L. C. J. Popham, and the Epistle to the Reader, are both signed Luke Hutton. See J. P. Collier's *Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books*, etc., vol. i. pp. 386–388, 1865, which gives the opening stanzas of the poem; here transferred to our p. 59, following the ballad.

It was not so late as 1596 or 1597, as guessed by J. P. Collier, for this undated tract was written in 1595, if not earlier (Brit. Mus. Press-Mark, C. 30, d. 15). See *Add. Notes*, p. 59.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 318; Bagford, II. 72; Pepys, II. 147; Euing, 189; Wood, 401, fol. 85; Huth, II. 14; Jersey, II. 289 = Lindes, 554.]

Luke Hutton's Lamentation;

Which he wrote the day before his Death, being condemned to be hang'd at *York*, for his Robberies and Trespasses committed thereabouts.

To the Tune of, *Wandering and Wavering.*





I Am a poor Prisoner condemned to die,
Ah, wo is me! wo is me! for my great folly!
Fast fettered in Irons in place where I lye,
Be warned, young wantons, hemp passeth green holly.]
My Parents were of good degree,
By whom I would not ruled be.
Lord Jesus [*forgive*] *me, with mercy relieve me,*
Receive, O sweet Saviour, my Spirit unto thee. 8

My name is *Hutton*, yea, *Luke* of bad life;
Ah, wo is me [*woe is me, for my great folly!*]
Which on the High-way did rob Man and Wife;
Be warned [*young wantons, &c., passim.*]
Inticed by many a graceless mate,
Whose Counsel I repent too late.
Lord Jesus, forgive me, &c. [*Passim.*] 16

Not twenty years old (alas!) was I, *Ah, wo is me*, etc.
When I began this Fellony,
With me went still twelve yeoman tall,
Which I did my Twelve Apostles call. 20

There was no Squire nor Baron bold
That rode by the way, with silver and gold,
But I and my [twelve] Apostles gay
Would lighten their load 'ere they went away.

This news procured my Kinsfolks grief,
That hearing I was a famous Thief
They wept, they wailed, they wrung their hands,
That thus I should hazzard life and lands.

They made me a Jaylor a little before,
To keep in Prison offendors sore;
But such a Jaylor was never known, [See *Note*, p. 59.
I went and let them out every one.

I wiz this sorrow sore grieved me,
Such proper men should hang'd be;
My Office then I did defie,
And ran away for company.

Three years I lived upon the spoil,
Giving many an Earl the foyle; [*al. lect.* 'a carle.'
Yet did I never kill man nor wife,
Though lewdly long I led my life.

But all too bad my deeds have been,
Offending my Country, and my good Queen;
All men in *York-shire* talk of me,
A stronger Thief there could not be.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive, O Sweet Saviour, my Spirit unto thee.

VPon Saint *Luke's* day was I born, [*Oct.* 18.
Ah wo is me, ah wo is me, for my folly!
Who[m] want of Grace hath made me scorn;
Be warned, young wantons, hemp [*passeth green holly*].
In honour of my Birth-day then
I rob'd in bravery nineteen men.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive, O sweet Saviour, my Spirit unto thee.

The country, were to hear this wrong,
With Hues and Cryes persued me long;
Though long I scap'd, yet loe! at the last,
At *London* I was in *Newgate* cast.

Where I did lye with grieved mind,
Although my Keeper was gentle and kind;
Yet was he not so kind as I,
To let me go at liberty. *Lord Jesus forgive*, etc.

At last the Sheriff of *York-shire* came,
And in a Warrant he had my name:
Quoth he, "At *York* thou must be try'd;
With me therefore hence must thou ride."

Like pangs of Death his words did sound,
My hands and arms full fast he bound;
" Good Sir," quoth I, " I had rather stay,
I have no heart to ride that way."

When no intreaty would prevail,
I call'd for Wine, [for] Beer, and Ale;
And when my heart was in woful case,
I drank to my friends with a smiling face.

With clubs and staves I was guarded then,
I never before had such waiting men!
If they had ridden before me amain,
Be-shrew me if I had call'd them again,

And when unto *York* that I was come,
Each one on me did cast his doom;
And whilst you live, this sentence note,
" Evil men can never have good report."

Before the Judges then I was brought,
But sure I had a careful thought!
Ninescore Indictments, and seventeen,
Against me there were read and seen.

And each of those were fellony found,
Which did my heart with sorrow wound;
What should I herein longer stay,
For this I was condemned that day.

My Death each hour I do attend, [*Roxb. t.* "I did."
In prayers and tears my time I spend,
And all my loving friends this Day [*a l.* "that d."
I do intreat for me to pray.

I have deserved long since to die;
A viler sinner lived not than I,
On Friends I hoped [my] life to save,
But I am fitted for the grave.

Adieu! my loving friends each one,
Ah wo is me [*woe is me, for my great folly!*]
Think on my words when I am gone!
Be warned [*young wantons, hemp passeth green holly:*]

When on the ladder you do me view,
Think I am nearer Heaven than you.
Lord Jesus, forgive me, [with mercy relieve me;
Receive, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.] 106

Finis. **L. Hutton.**

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the Old Cavalier, p. 56; 2nd, the young man, p. 56, same Roxburghe; 3rd, a man hanging in chains. Colophon lost, but the Bagford, and Jersey, for *Wright, Clarke, Thackeray*, and *Passenger*. Euing's was '*London*, printed for *H. Gosson*.' The Britwell exemplar, in Christie-Miller's Library, is earliest, and belonged formerly to that three-fold collection, the other parts of which went to form the nucleus of the Heber and the Huth. It bears the signature '*Hutton*,' with the colophon 'Printed at *London*, for *Thomas Millington*, 1598.' The title agrees with the Roxb. except in reading "condemned to be hanged at *Yorke* this last assizes for his robberies and trespasses committed."]

*** Here are the opening stanzas of the poem, ment. on p. 55:—

"Layd in my bed, I gan for to recount
A thousand things which had been in my time;
My birth, my youth, my woes which all surmount
My life, my losse, my libertie, my crime:
Then, where I was unto my minde recalling
Methought Earth gap'd, and I to Hell was falling.

"Amidst these feares, that all my senses cumber,
Care clos'd mine eies, and sorrow wrung my hart;
Opprest with griefe mine eyelids gan to slumber,
But, borne to woes, must of more woes have part.
A thousand Furies in my heart appearing,
That did affright my soule with ugly fearing."

The tract was reprinted by G. Elde in 1612; by M.P. in 1638, with modification of the title, '*The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Blacke Dogge of Newgate* . . . . certaine fearful visions appearing to the author of this Booke.' A Dialogue, betwixt him and one '*Zawny*' (i.e. *Zany*), on the art of coney-catching, or cheating at cards, was added to swell the bulk. Wherein is reference made to Robert Greene, the libellous assailant of Shakespeare, in *A Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*. W. C. Hazlitt believed that "*The Repentance of George Greene*" had been written by Luke Hutton. James Radcliffe ('Daddy Ratton') was afterwards in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, similarly made a gaoler, on the principle of 'set a thief to catch a thief.' This was probably a concession of Lord Chief Justice Popham to the Bishop's son, Luke Hutton, in mitigation of early punishment.

The tune, *Wandering and Wavering*, is not identified elsewhere.

George Barnwell.

"This Play affects the middle or mercantile part of life as it once was, but the application of it now must be among the lowest occupations of society. The snares of *Millwood* would now be nearly ineffectual to the London Merchant's seduction; general dissipation has taken away our constancy, even in our vices."—Notice prefixed by John Bell to the *British Library* edition of *George Barnwell*, 1792.

THE time is past when our respectable middle-class Philistines accepted the story of George Barnwell unreservedly as a moral lesson, especially designed to warn young apprentices against the lures and wiles of objectionable young women of the Sarah Millwood type (a class that flourishes perennially, and does not seem likely to become extinct as civilization progresses in its survival of the unfittest). For a social Warning George Lillo (1633–1739) wrote his homely drama of *George Barnwell*, and it was first performed at Drury Lane theatre, in 1731, also at Covent Garden. Jack Palmer was famous in it, near the end of the century. It formed the regular entertainment on Boxing-night, the holiday following next to Christmas-day, for the apprentices of London. Their masters and friends had furnished the entrance-money, and the noisy crew enjoyed what was nearly a dumb-show in the tragedy (ending with a sight of the gallows, from which neither George nor his temptress were to be rescued by any sickly sentiment in those more robust days), and this was considered the orthodox antecedent to the delights of the Christmas pantomime.

The dramatist had followed closely the incidents of the early ballad, one that most certainly was of more distant date than 1624, since it is mentioned as a transfer-property in that year. But nobody now weeps over it, the play is no longer acted, and the story was turned into broad burlesque by James Smith in the *Rejected Addresses* in 1812; and again (in ungenerous ridicule of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, against whom he was continually sneering, spitefully), by Wm. Makepeace Thackeray, in his 'George de Barnwell,' the first of *Punch's Prize Novelists*, April, 1847 (*Punch*, vol. xii, Nos. 299 to 301); and the old woodcuts of the ballad were farther caricatured in that delightful 4to., Joseph Crawhall's *Chap-Book Chaplets*, 1883 (Field and Tuer), with hand-coloured imitations of old woodcut mock-heroics.

People who know not Joseph Crawhall, Joseph Grego, and Joseph Knight, F.S.A., are to be pitied; they must be in "a parlous state," and beyond hope of happiness. Even Camberwell Grove (the locality south of London, mistakenly associated with the murder of George Barnwell's uncle) could not please them. It is mentioned in one of Mrs. Maxwell's recent books.

"It's a beautiful romantic place, *Camberwell-Grove*. There is not a prettier neighbourhood near London. Twenty years ago [*circa* 1863], they used still to show you the garden where *George Barnwell* murdered his uncle; but I daresay that has been done away with by now." . . . "The Grove itself, after that bustling seething road, seemed a place in which nightingales might have warbled, and laughing girls hidden from their lovers in the summer dusk. The very atmosphere of decay from a better state was soothing. There were trees still, and gardens, and here and there pretty, old-fashioned houses; and in a long narrow garden between two larger houses he found Myrtle Cottage."—*The Day will Come*, by Mary Elizabeth Braddon, chap. xxi. 1889.

Ghosts of innumerable Millwoods are said to walk, but "Westward their tide of empire bears its sway," and St. John's Wood is populous. The ballad says that George's uncle lived at Ludlow, not at Camberwell; T. Maurice, in his poem, '*Grove Hill*,' 1799, claims admittance to roam with contemplation in the Grove, and rejects the apocryphal profanation of the spot (Fountain Cottage),

"No savage murderer with a gleaming blade,—
No *Barnwell* to pollute your sacred shade."

James Smith in *Rejected Addresses* did his worst to degrade the Barnwell legend. Here are four stanzas of the ditty, beginning,

"*GEORGE BARNWELL* stood at the shop-door, a customer hoping to find, Sir;
His apron was hanging before, but the tail of his coat was behind, Sir.
A lady, so painted and smart, cried, 'Sir, I've exhausted my stock o' late;
I've nothing left but a groat—Could you give me four pennorth of chocolate?'
Rum ti, etc.

"Her face was rouged up to the eyes, which made her look prouder and prouder;
His hair stood on end with surprise, and hers with pomatum and powder.
The business was soon understood. The lady who wish'd to be more rich,
Cried, 'Sweet Sir, my name is *Milwood*, and I lodge at the Gunner's, in *Shoreditch*.'

. . . . . .

"A pistol he got from his love, 'twas loaded with powder and bullet;
He trudged off to *Camberwell-Grove*, but wanted the courage to pull it.
'There's Nunky, as fat as a hog, while I am as lean as a lizzard;
Here's at you, you stingy old dog!' and he whips a long knife in his gizzard.

"All you who attend to my song, a terrible end of the farce shall see,
If you join the inquisitive throng that follow'd poor *George* to the *Marshalsea*,
'If *Millwood* were here, dash my wigs!' quoth he, 'I would pummel and lam her well,
Had I stuck to my prunes and figs, I ne'er had stuck Nunky at *Camberwell*.'"

But George did not die (as Lillo makes him, and Millwood too) at the Marshalsea, since the ballad tells that he died abroad, 'at *Polonia*.' All the localities are of modern fradulent fabrication, except her residence at Shoreditch. The pretended history by a Barnwell descendant is of no authority. 'Barnwell nymphs' was a suggestive nickname at Cambridge, used by 'Bulldogs and Proctors' for the Dollymops, when any undergrad. 'Went wrong for Sarah.'

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 26; Bagford, I. 42, II. 109; Pepys, II. 158; Euing, 81; Jersey, II. 331 = Lindes, 66.]

An Excellent Ballad of *George Barnwel*,

An Apprentice of *London*, who was undone by a Strumpet; who having thrice robbed his Master, and murdered his Uncle in *Ludlow*, was hanged in chains in *Polonia*, and by the means of a Letter sent by his own hand to the Mayor of *London*, she was hang'd at *Ludlow*.

The Tune is, *The Rich Merchant-Man* [see p. 39].



All youths of fair *England*, that dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell, and to my song give ear:
A *London* Lad I was, a Merchant's Prentice bound,
My name *George Barnwel*, who did spend my master many a pound.
Take heed of Harlots then, and their inticing trains,
For by that means I have been brought, to hang alive in chains. 6

As I upon a day was walking through the street,
About my master's business, I did a wanton meet:
A dainty gallant Dame, and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling looks she greeted me and did my name require.
Which when I had declar'd, she gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her, I should have more than this.

" In faith, my boy," quoth she, " such news I can thee tell,
As shall rejoice thy very heart, then come where I do dwell."
" Fair Mistriss," then said I, " If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you, for I abroad must go,
To gather money in, that is my master's due,
And e're that I do home return, I'le come and visit you."

" Good *Barnwel* then," quoth she, " do thou to *Shoreditch* come,
And ask for *Mrs. Milwood* there, next door unto the Gun.
And trust me, on my truth, if thou keep troth with me,
For thy friends' sake, as my own heart, thou shalt right welcome be."
Thus parted we in peace, and home I passed right,
Then went abroad and gathered in by five o'clock at night,

A hundred pounds and one: with bag under mine arm,
I went to *Mrs. Milwood's* house and thought on little harm:
And knocking at the door, straightway herself came down,
Ruffling in most brave attire, her Hoods and silken gown:
Who through her beauty bright, so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes, she seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand, and with a modest grace,
" Welcome, sweet *Barnwel*," then quoth she, " unto this homely place:
Welcome, ten thousand times, more welcome than my brother,
And better welcome I protest, than any one or other:
And seeing I have thee found as good as thy word to be,
A homely supper e'er thou part, thou shalt here take with me."

" O pardon me," quoth I, " Fair Mistress I you pray,
For why, out of my Master's house, so long I dare not stay."
" Alas, good sir," she said, " art thou so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friends one hour or two abide?
Faith, then, the case is hard, if it be so," quoth she;
" I would I were a 'Prentice bound to live in house with thee.

" Therefore, my sweetest *George*, list well what I do say,
And do not blame a woman much, her fancy to bewray:
Let not affection's force be counted lewd desire,
Nor think it not immodesty, I would thy love require."
With that she turn'd aside, and with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewrayed, by holding down her head.

A handkerchief she had, all wrought with silk and gold,
Which she to stop her trickling tears against her eyes did hold.
This thing unto my sight, was wondrous rare and strange;
And in my mind and inward thoughts, it wrought a sudden change:
That I so hardy was, to take her by the hand,
Saying, "Sweet Mistress, why do you so sad and heavy stand?"

"Call me not Mistriss now, but *Sara* thy true friend,
Thy servant *Sara*, honouring thee, until her life doth end.
If thou would'st here alledge thou art in years a Boy,
So was *Adonis*, yet was he fair *Venus*' love and joy."

Thus I, that ne'r before of Woman found such grace,
And seeing now so fair a Dame, give me a kind imbrace:
I supt with her that night, with joys that did abound,
And for the same paid presently, in money twice three pound.
A hundred kisses then for my farewell she gave,
Saying, "Sweet *Barnwel*, when shall I again thy company have?

"O stay not too long, my dear, sweet *George* have me in mind!"
Her words bewitcht my childishness, she uttered them so kind;
So that I made a vow, next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet *Sara* once again, to tell some pleasant tale.
When she heard me say 'tale,' the tears fell from her eye, [*a.l.* 'so.'
"O *George!*" quoth she, "If thou dost fail thy *Sara* sure will dye."

Though long, yet loe at last, the 'pointed time was come,
That I must with my *Sara* meet: having a mighty sum
Of money in my hand, unto her house went I,
Whereas my love, upon her bed, in saddest sort did lye.
"What ails my heart's delight, my *Sara* dear?" quoth I; [*text*, 'he.'
"Let not my love lament and grieve, nor sighing pine and dye.

"But tell to me, my dearest friend, what may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help, though forty pound I spend."
With that she turn'd her head, and sickly thus did say,
"O my sweet *George*, my grief is great, ten pounds I have to pay,
Unto a cruel wretch, and God he knows," quoth she,
"I have it not." "Tush, rise," quoth I, "and take it here of me:

[*The narrative here is interrupted from autobiographic directness.*]

"Ten pounds, nor ten times ten, shall make my love decay."
Then from his bag into her lap, he cast ten pounds straight way.
All blith and pleasant then, to banqueting they go,
She proffered him to lye with her, and said it should be so.
And after that same time, I gave her store of coyn, [*Autob. résumed.*
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once, all which I did purloyn:

And thus I did pass on, untill my master then,
Did call to have his reckoning in, cast up amongst his men.
The which when as I heard, I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out, two hundred pounds that day.
Then from my master streight, I run in secret sort,
And unto *Sara Milwood* then my state I did report.

But how she us'd this Youth, in this his extream need,
The which did her necessity so oft with money feed:
The second part, behold, shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a Strumpet's wily ways with all her tricks discharge.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

HEre comes young *Barnwel* unto thee, sweet *Sara*, my delight,
"I am undone, except thou stand my faithful friend this night.
Our Master to command accounts, hath just occasion found,
And I am found behind the hand, almost two hundred pound:
And therefore, knowing not at all what answer for to make,
And his displeasure to escape, my way to thee I take:

"Hoping in this extreamity thou wilt my succour be,
That for a time I may remain in secret here with thee."
With that she knit and bent her brows and looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, "What should I have to do, with any Prentice-boy?
And seeing you have purloyn'd and got your Master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here I mean thou shalt not stay."

"Why sweetheart, thou know'st," I said, "that all which I did get,
I gave it, and did spend it all, upon thee every whit.
Thou know'st I loved thee so well, thou could'st not ask the thing,
But that I did incontinent the same unto thee bring."
Quo' she, "Thou art a paltry Jack, to charge me in this sort,
Being a Woman of credit good, and known of good report;

"And therefore this I tell thee flat, be packing with good speed,
I do defie thee from my heart, and scorn thy filthy deed."
"Is this the love and friendship which thou did'st to me protest?
Is this the great affection which you seemed to express?
Now fie on all deceitful shews! the best is I may speed,
To get a lodging anywhere, for money in my need:

"Therefore false woman, now farewell, while twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other Haven I will with wisdom cast."
When she perceived by his words that he had money store,
That she had gaul'd him in such sort, it grieved her heart full sore:
Therefore to call him back again, she did suppose it best,
"Stay, *George*," quo' she, "thou art too quick, why man I do but jest.

"Think'st thou for all my passed speech, that I would let thee go?
Faith no," quoth she, "my love to thee, I wis is more then so."
"You will not deal with 'prentice boys, I heard you even now swear;
Therefore I will not trouble you." "My *George*, herk in thine ear,
Thou shalt not go this night," quoth she, "What chance so e'r befall,
But, man, we'l have a bed for thee, or else the Devil take all." 134

Thus I that was with Wiles bewitch'd, and snar'd with fancy still,
Had not the power to put away, or to withstand her will.
Then wine and wine I called in, and cheer upon good cheer,
And nothing in the world I thought for *Sarah's* love too dear:
Whilst I was in her company, in joy and merriment,
And all too little I did think, that I upon her spent.

"A fig for care or careful thought, when all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more, whoever it light upon:
My father's rich, why then," quoth I, "should I want any gold?"
"With a [rich] father indeed" (quoth she), "A Son may well be bold."
"I have a Sister, richly wed, that I'le rob e're I'le want;"
"Why then," quo' *Sara*, "They may well consider of your scant."

"Nay more than this, an Uncle I have, at *Ludlow* he doth dwell,
He is a Grazier, which in wealth, doth all the rest excell.
E're I will live in lack" (quoth he) "And have no coyn for thee,
I'le rob the churl and murder him!" "Why should you not?" (quoth
"E're I would want, were I a man, or live in poor estate, [she).
On father, friends, and all my kin, I would my talents grate. 152

"For without money, *George*," quo' she, "A man is but a beast;
And bringing money thou shalt be always my chiefest guest:
For say thou should'st pursued be, with twenty hues and cries,
And with a warrant searched for with *Argus'* hundred eyes: [t. *Argos.*
Yet in my house thou shalt be safe, such privy ways there be,
That if they sought an 100 years, they could not find out thee."

And so carousing in their cups, their pleasure to content,
George Barnwel had in little space his money wholly spent.
Which being done to *Ludlow* then, he did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy Uncle then, his Minion would it so:
And once or twice he thought to take his Father by the way,
But that he thought his Master there took order for his stay.

Directly to his Uncle then, he rode with might and main,
Where with good welcome, and good cheer, he did him entertain:
A Se'nnight's space he stayed there, until it chanced so,
His Uncle with fat Cattel did unto a Market go.
His Kinsman needs must ride with him, and when he saw right plain
Great store of money he had took, in coming home again, 170

Most suddenly within a Wood, he struck his Uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head, so sore he crackt his crown:
And fourscore pound in ready coyn, out of his Purse he took,
And coming unto *London* strait, the country quite forsook.
To *Sara Milwood* then he came, shewing his store of gold,
And how he had his Uncle slain, to her he plainly told.

"Tush, 'tis no matter, *George*," quo' she, "So we the money have,
To have good cheer in jolly sort, and deck us fine and brave."
And thus they liv'd in filthy sort, till all his store was gone,
And means to get them any more, I wis poor *George* had none.
And therefore now in railing sort she thrust him out of door,
Which is the just reward they get that spend upon a Whore. 182

"O do me not this vile disgrace, in this my need" (quoth he).
She call'd him thief and murderer with all the spight might be.
And to the Constable she went, to have him apprehended,
And shew'd in each degree how far, he had the law offended,
When *Barnwel* saw her drift, [on wing] to sea he got straightway,
Where fear and dread, and conscience sting, upon him still doth stay.

Unto the Mayor of *London* then, he did a Letter write,
Wherein his own and *Sara's* faults he did at large recite.
Whereby she apprehended was, and then to *Ludlow* sent,
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd for murder incont'ent;
And there this gallant quean did die, this was her greatest gains.
For murder in *Polonia* was *Barnwel* hang'd in chains.
Lo, here's the end of wilful youth, that after Harlots haunt,
Who, in the spoyl of other men, about the streets do flaunt. 196

Finis.

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

[In Black-letter. No woodcut, but we add one on p. 61 from another *Roxb. Ballad*, for our p. 15. Euing's exemplar bears the imprint of *Coles, Vere,* and *Gilbertson*; Jersey, Printed by and for *W. Onley* and *A. Milbourne, circâ* 1670–90. No original issue before 1624 extant, but the text is scarcely corrupt. Even the alternation of direct and indirect relation may have been thus marked from the broadside of 1624. Similarly the narrative varies, from *personal to indirect*, in the ballad of *Arden of Feversham*, p. 54, *ante*. The tune is borrowed from Thomas Deloney's "A rich Merchant Man there was."]

The Downfall of *William Grismond*, 1651.

Hesperus.—"Dead art thou, *Floribel?* . . . All cold and still.
Her very tresses stiffen in the air.
Look, what a face: had our first mother worn
But half such beauty, when the Serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
No hand but this, which I do think was once
Cain the arch-murderer's, could have acted it.
And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom,
In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp;
Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first—oh, villain! Which way lies the grave?"
—*The Bride's Tragedy*, act iii. sc. 3.

HISTORY repeats itself, we are told. It is not strange that this narrative of a murder done by a heartless seducer on the humble victim of his sensual passion, when he had become weary of her and was tempted towards a richer marriage with the consent of his parents, should so closely resemble the modern repetition of it, in real life, which afforded subject-matter for the beautiful poetic drama entitled '*The Bride's Tragedy*,' wherewith Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a minor, and undergraduate of Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1822, made a reputation for himself, securing without effort a just laudation in vol. xxxviii. of the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 75, in February, 1823, the critique written by Bryan Waller Proctor, better known to the outside world as 'Barry Cornwall' the songster). Beddoes wrote '*Death's Jest-Book; or, The Fool's Tragedy*,' before 1850. He relates the foundation of his earlier drama (not intended for the stage) in the Dedication, signed:—Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

"The following scenes were founded upon facts which occurred at Oxford, and are well detailed and illustrated by an interesting ballad in a little volume of Poems, lately published at Oxford, entitled *The Midland Minstrel*, by Mr. Gillet, and may thus be succinctly narrated: [*Thomas Gillet, Oxford*, 1822]

"The Manciple of one of the Colleges early in the last century had a very beautiful daughter, who was privately married to a student without the knowledge of the parents on either side.

"During the Long Vacation subsequent to this union the husband was introduced to a young lady, who was at the same time proposed as his bride: absence, the fear of his father's displeasure, the presence of a lovely object, and, most likely, a natural fickleness of disposition, overcame any regard he may have cherished for his ill-fated wife, and finally he became deeply enamoured of her unconscious rival. In the contest of duties and desires, which was the consequence of this passion, the worst part of man prevailed, and he formed and executed a design almost unparalleled in the annals of crime.

"His second nuptials were at hand when he returned to Oxford, and to her who was now an obstacle to his happiness. Late at night he prevailed upon his victim to accompany him to a lone spot in the *Divinity Walk*, and there murdered and buried her. The wretch escaped detection, and the horrid deed remained unknown till he confessed it on his death-bed. The remains of the unfortunate girl were dug up in the place described, and the Divinity Walk was deserted and demolished as haunted ground. Such are the outlines of a *Minor's Tragedy*."

Of the haunting beauty of this poem, rich in the charm of the earlier drama which held unchallenged the highest place in our English literature during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., we may not linger. A glowing promise of excellence was given by this youth, Beddoes; one never fully redeemed, the failure being caused by no degeneracy or lack of power, but by some untoward events having early saddened his life and thwarted his best hopes, so that in an erratic pursuit of science in Continental travel he well-nigh forsook the more imaginative studies he had loved, and only by fragmentary or scattered verses, at long intervals, revealed to a few friends of what his genius was still capable. It was almost as though in him his own Hesperus had survived, full of remorse and sorrow, a blighted life, too quickly ending, 1849, not without suspicion of death having been hastened by his own impatience.

"And where poor *Lucy's* corse was laid,
'Tis said a ghost is known to stalk;
Till College beau and city maid
Have flown their wonted favourite walk."
—*Lucy*, in Thomas Gillet's *Midland Minstrel*, 1822.

*** Probably suggested by the same event is the long narrative entitled '*The Oxfordshire Tragedy; or, the Virgin's Advice*,' an Aldermary Church-yard Garland (Roxburghe Collection, III. 750), in Two Parts. It begins thus:—

"Young Virgins fair, of beauty bright, and you that are of *Cupid's* fold,
Unto my tragedy give ear, for 'tis as true as e'er was told:
In *Oxfordshire* a lady fair, the daughter of a worthy Knight,
A gentleman that lived near was enamour'd of this beauty bright.
Rosanna was this maiden's name, the flower of fair *Oxfordshire*;
This gentleman a-courting came, begging of her to be his dear.
Her kind heart to love inclin'd, young *Cupid* bending of his bow,
And left a fatal dart behind, that prov'd her fatal overthrow.
Within a pleasant grove they walk'd, and valleys where the lambs did play;
Sweet pleasant tales of love they talk'd, for to pass the long Summer's day."

Finding her unwilling to yield, he draws his sword and threatens to kill himself. She is terrified and swoons at his feet.

"This Innocent he did betray to shame, full sore against her chaste desire;
True love is a celestial flame, but flames of lust a raging fire.
But when her senses did revive, he many vows and oaths did make,
That he'd for ever true remain, and her company not forsake."

He betrays her doubly, for he speedily deserts her, and insults her when she claims his help to shelter her from coming exposure. He fears that punishment may come on him, when her parents learn the truth. He watches her until he finds that she habitually retires to a private bower; he there digs her grave, waiting near the place in hiding until she comes and sees it. She reads her doom, and is willing to be slain, but denounces his cruelty and foretells that "the heavens bring to light this crime." He murders her, and buries the body. She is believed to have been stolen away, but as time wears on a rose-bush grows from her grave, and excites curiosity and wonder. He, too, comes to view the marvel, and is betrayed by his own incautious words (like the murderers in Schiller's 'Cranes of Ibycus,' and Richard Houseman in the true story of Eugene Aram).

"The leaves faded from off the bush, the rose within his hand did die;
He said, '*Rosanna's* blood, [it is!] which springs up from her fair body.'
Many people that were there took notice of what he did say,
And said he had a murder done; and the truth he told without delay.
They dug, and found the body there, the first of *June*, it is well known;
Before a Magistrate he went, and in a prison he doth moan,
'Till he punishment receives: no doubt but he will have his due.
Young men, by this a warning take: keep your vows whate'er you do.
For God doth find out many ways such heinous crimes to bring to light;
For murder it is a crying sin, and hateful in His blessed sight." *Finis.*

Printed in *Aldermary* Church-yard, *London.*

There is another '*Oxfordshire* Tragedy,' with sub-title of, 'The Death of Four Lovers.' Printed and sold in *Bow* Church-yard, *London.* To the tune of, *As our King lay musing on his bed* (given in Willm. Chappell's *National English Airs*, p. 123, music in vol. ii. p. 78); in Lindesiana Collection, No. 865, and elsewhere. It begins, "Near *Woodstock* town in *Oxfordshire*, As I walked forth to take the air, To view the fields and meadows round, Methought I heard a mournful sound." In Four Parts, being more of Garland verse than ballad proper. See *Popular Music*, p. 191, where two Parts are given. It is quite distinct in subject from our Roxburghe 'Oxfordshire Tragedy.' Similar, in the chief incident is the 'Story of a Criminal: Martin Faber.' We read it, fifty-four years ago, in '*The Romancist and Novelists' Library*, No. 26, 1839. It was written by the author of 'The Yamassee' and of 'Palaye the Goth,' and displayed considerable power and skill. It resembled the story of the Oxford student, which had been already revived by Thomas Lovell Beddoes in 1822; but it made the murderer betray himself by an excess of cunning, after being goaded to half reveal his secret to a friend, and ultimately perish miserably in prison. There were elements of poetry in this 'Story of a Criminal,' as also in Gerard Griffin's Irish tale of 'The Collegians,' said to be a true tale, dramatized later by Dion Boucicault as 'The Colleen Bawn.' But the Roxb. ballad of the Downfall of William Grismond shows nothing of poetry or pathos, beyond the darkness of brutal sin, as in the ordinary depravity of "The Newgate Calendar" of crime and retribution. It was a fit record of an incident, the outcome of the first year after the murder and 'martyrdom' of King Charles I. Grismond had been a Cromwellian.

His futile attempt to escape by sea, and his arousing suspicion that a murderer is on the board ship (stanzas 12, 13, p. 72), find re-embodiment in '*The Gosport Tragedy*' of our final Nautical Group. (Roxb. Coll., III. 510.)

Another lover, "Sir *William*, a knight of six thousand a year," betrays "fair *Susan* of *Somersetshire*," without directly murdering her afterwards, although he no less causes her death. The ballad of this wronged Lady belongs to 1676, and is given a little later in the same Group.

Additional Note on this ballad of William Grismond, belonging to p. 71.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the murder of a little Girl in a Wood; 2nd, a man, hanging; 3rd, the Ship, vol. vii. p. 524. The second exemplar, Roxb. Coll., III. 606, is a modern reprint, bearing the colophon '*Newcastle*, Printed and sold by *John White*, at his House at the Head of the Painter, Heugh.' Euing's bears the name of *W. Gilbertson* before that of *Wright*; after those of *Coles* and *Vere*. Bagford, p. for *W. Onley*. Original date, 165$\frac{9}{2}$.]

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 33, and 606; Bagford, II. 47, 70; Rawlinson, 180; Euing, 61; Wood, 401; Douce, I. 57 vo.; Jersey, II. 186 = Lindes., 914.]

The Downfal of *William Grismond;*

Or,

A Lamentable Murther by him committed at *Lainterdine*, in the County of *Hereford*, the 12*th* of *March*, 1650, with his woful Lamentation.

THE TUNE IS, *Where is my Love?* etc.

O Come, you wilful young men, and hear what I shall tell;
My name is *William Grismond*, at *Lainterdine* did dwell:
O there I did a Murther, as it is known full well,
And for mine offence must I dye.

There was a Neighbour's daughter that lived there hard by,
Whom I had promis'd marriage, and with her I did lye.
I did dissemble with her, my lust to satisfie,
And for [*mine offence I must dye.* *sic, passim.*] 8

I had my pleasure on her, I had my lewd desire,
The using of her body was that I did require;
I was ore-come and snared, by him that was a Lyar. *And for*, etc.

She claimed of me marriage, and said she was with child,
Saying, "Marry me, sweet *William*, now you have me defil'd:
If you do now forsake me, I utterly am spoyl'd." 16

When she had us'd these speeches, my anger did arise,
And then to work her overthrow I quickly did devise;
What though her words were honest, yet I did them despise.

O mark how it did happen, this H[o]uswife being poor,
And I who was my Father's heir, her words did urge me sore:
For I could have another, with gold and silver store. 24

My Father and my Mother I knew would not consent;
If I had married with her I knew I should be shent: [*shamed.*
Then unto wicked Murther my heart was fully bent.

In flattering sort I brought her into a field of Broom;
And when we both together into the field was come,
I had my pleasure with her, and then I was her doom:
And for mine offence I must dye. 32

THEn in the Broom I kill'd her, with my accursed knife;
There hatefully I kill'd her, who lov'd me as her life:
I cut her throat, I kill'd her, who should have been my wife:
And for [*mine offence I must die*].

Three days she lay there, murdered, before that she was found;
But when the neighbours searching, within that broomy ground,
[They] did find her there, uncovered, and with a bloody wound.

The neighbours having found her, where I did do this deed,
There in the Broom they found her, where I her blood did shed;
But when I did perceive that, I ran away with speed.

No sooner had they found her, but away I did go;
And thought to go to *Ireland*, the very truth is so:
But God He would not suffer me to run my Country through:

Yet I was got on Ship-board, as you may understand; [*Note.*
But when the Ship was troubled, I must go back to Land;
I could not pass away so, with guilty heart and hand.

" There is some wicked person," the Shipmen they did say,
" Within the Ship, we know it, that cannot pass away:
We must return to Land here, and make no more delay."

Then near unto *Westchester*, I taken was at last,
And then in *Chester* Prison, I suddenly was cast:
From thence brought unto *Hereford*, to answer what is past,
And [for mine offence I must die].

But then my loving Father his gold he did not spare,
To save me from the Gallows; he had of me great care:
But it would not be granted, the Gallows was my share.

My fault it was so hanious, it would not granted be; [=heinous.
I must for an example hang on the Gallows tree:
God grant that I a warning for all young men may be.

O my dear loving Father, he was to me most kind;
He brought me up most costly, so was his tender mind;
But I indeed to lewdness was too too much inclin'd.

He brought me up in learning, his love was to me still;
He thought it all too little he did bestow on *Will;*
But when he lookt for comfort, his heart I then did kill.

I might have had a Marriage, my Father to content,
And that my loving mother would give her heart's consent;
But I have took such courses, doth make us all repent.

Now young men, take warning, you see my fault is great;
O call to God for mercy, God's grace do you intreat:
I might have lived bravely and had a gallant seat.

O Lord, I now crave pardon, with a relenting heart,
I know my sins are hanious, I'm very sorry for't:
Alas! I have deserved a very hard report,
And for mine offence must I dye. Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere,* and *J. Wright.* [B.-L. See *Note,* p. 69.]

Roxb. Coll., III. 28 and 31; Pepys, II. 197; Euing, 320; Wood, 401, fol. 143.]

[The Confession and Repentance of *George Sanders*, Gentleman, late of *Sugh*, in the County of *Hertford*.]

Save a thief from the Gallows, and he'l hang thee if he can; or, The merciful Father and the merciless Son.

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe.* [See p. 75.]

YOu disobedient Children, mark my fall,
And by my timeless end take warning all.
Against my own dear father I have done
A deed the like did never graceless son.

In blooming years I was intic'd to sin,
E're I perceiv'd what danger lay therein:
And so from day to day, until this hour,
To leave the same, as yet I have no power.

My mother dead, my father cockered me,
As men will do when motherless we be,
And nothing for me then he thought too dear,
Which brought me thus into a graceless fear.

And when as I to elder years did grow,
By wicked courses got I timely woe;
Each vain delight belonging to young men
Deceived me, and wrought my ruine then.

The deadly sins that are in number seven
Without more grace have lost my joys in heaven;
From first to last of these most cursed crimes
Have made me now a wonder of these times.

For wanting means to nourish my delight,
I went the wrong, and left the ways of right:
Which to maintain, my father growing poor,
Forgetting God, I daily rob'd for more.

Three times he sav'd me from the Gallows-tree,
Three times he cast himself in debt for me,
Three times he set me up in good estate,
In hope to keep me from untimely fate.

By me the Proverb is fulfilled here,
'*Who saves a thief from Gallows finds it dear;*'
For saving me I sought his dear life's woe,
My gentle father's timeless overthrow.

For wanting means still to relieve my need,
Put me in mind to do a woful deed,
And seek his blood, the high way unto sin,
Wh[ich], wanting grace, I soon grew perfect in. [*t.* 'who.'

My father's brother of good living known,
Being dead as next of kin they were mine own;
The which I wrought with these accursed hands,
To be the heir of all my Uncle's Lands.

With mind prepar'd for Murder thus I went
Unto the field where he did much frequent;
Where, meeting him, with mine own father's knife,
Which I had stolen, I took away his life;

And laid it down all bloody by his side,
That all might see my Uncle therewith dy'd:
And challenged it my father's knife to be,
When people came the murdered corps to see.

O homicide! Oh cursed viprous brood,
Like *Cain* to seek my father's dearest blood:
My own dear Father being thus betray'd,
I, his own child, the evidence was made.

So judg'd to death for that he never did,
The Lord in mercy did the same forbid:
For, as he was to execution led,
A world of torments in my bosom bred.

To see him stand upon the Gallow-tree,
From which before, poor man, he saved me,
I could not chuse but tell what I have done,
And so confess my self a wicked son.

The Confession and Repentance of *George Sanders*, Gent., late of *Sugh*, in the County of *Hertford*, who killed his own Uncle, and accused his own Father for the Murther, but by *God's* providence being discovered, dyed for the same, where he wrote this Song with his own hand.

[The Tune is, *Fortune my Foe.*]

"GOd's judgments now are rightly seen," said I.
"Dear father, I have slain him, let me dye!
O let me dye, and set my father free,
Or else like *Judas* damned shall I be."

Whereat the people, in that very place,
They praised God that gave me so much grace,
To quit my father from that crying sin,
Which I with blood-red streams am drowned in.

My father's sav'd, and I to prison sent,
Where I remain'd with many a sad lament;
Which when you see, you cannot chuse but say,
Repentance comes before my dying day.

His Repentance in Prison.

To the same Tune.

'Mongst Lyons fell in *Daniel's* Den am I, [*Daniel*, vi.
In lowest prison cast with *Jeremy*, [*Jerem.* xxxviii. 6.
Fed with *Elias* by the Ravens fell, [1 *Kings*, xvii. 6.
And plac'd with *Judas* in the maw of hell. [*Acts*, i. 25.

Naked with *Esau* fearful do I walk, [*qu. Jacob? Gen.* xxviii.
Dumb with old *Zachary* silent do I talk, [*Luke*, i. 63.
Affliction's bread with *Micha* is my food, [*Micah*, i. 8.
And with the Prophet drink I sorrow's flood.

As poor as *Job*, even now so poor am I, [*Job*, i.
Despis'd with *Lazarus* in great misery, [*Luke*, xvi.
Banish'd with *David* from my native land, [1 *Sam.* xxi.
Cast up with *Jonas* on the *Ninivites* sand. [*Jonah*, ii. 10.

Made blind with *Toby* by the swallow's dung, [Vol. ii. p. 621.
And with poor *Joseph* cast in prison strong, [*Gen.* xl. 3.
I weep with *Mary*, who had lost her Master, [*John*, xx. 16.
And run with *Peter* who should run the faster.

I sinned have, for sin God curst the ground, [*Gen.* iii. 17.
I sinned have, for sin the world was drown'd, [*Ib.* vi. 7.
I sinned have, sin *Sodom* set on fire, [*Ib.* xix. 13.
Also for sin did *Ægypt* feel God's ire. [*Exodus*, iii. 20.

I sinned have, for sin did *Adam* dye, [*Genesis*, iii. 19.
I sinned have, sin caused *David's* cry, [2 *Sam.* xii. 13.
I sinned have, and for sin *Satan* fell, [*Jude*, 6.
From an high Angel to a devil in hell.

Did *David* weep, and shall not I then cry?
Did *Mary* weep, and shall mine eyes be dry? [*Note** *v.* p. 75.
Did *Esau* weep, and shall not I weep more? [*Gen.* xxvii. 38.
Did *Peter* weep? such tears let me have store, [*Matth.* xxvi. 75.

Did *Mary* weep for loss of Master dear? [*John*, xx.
Did *Martha* weep, with sorrow touch her neer? [*John*, xi. 16.
Spring eyes with tears to wash His sacred feet,
That for my sin did shed His blood so sweet. 44

Lark-like I flye unto the living Spring,
Desiring pardon of my Heavenly King,
Past worldly hope, now like the thief on tree, [*Luke*, xxiii. 42.
I onely fix my faith and hope in Thee.

Look back on me, as Thou did'st unto *Peter*, [*Luke*, xxii. 61.
Speak to my soul, as to the thief most sweeter, [*v. sup.*
O spy me out with *Zache* on the tree, [*Luke*, xix. 5.
And with sweet *Bartholomew* call me, Lord, to Thee. [*John*, i. 47. 52

O let me now with holy *Abraham* spy [*Gen.* xxii. 13.
A saving Ram that *Isaac* may not die;
O let me live for to sound forth Thy praise,
That I may shew Thy mercy in my days.

Make me a Swallow in Thy house, O King,
That Swallow-like I may sit there and sing;
O let me in Thy Temple keep a door, [*Ps.* xxxiv. 10.
That I may praise Thy Name for ever more. 60

Finis.

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

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, old man praying on a ladder; 2nd, man saying, "Lord, bring my soul out of prison;" see vol. iii. p. 624. The original date was probably *circâ* 1590-1594, and it was entered for transfer on 14th December, 1624, as, "*George Sanders.*" Euing's exemplar, in Glasgow Univ. Library, was Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson.*]

* *Note.*—Probably an erroneous confounding of Mary of Magdala with the unnamed 'woman who was a sinner' of *S. Luke*, vii. 38. Mrs. Jameson, Lady Eastlake, and others, have fallen into this mistake; some have even gone so far wrong as to confuse her loving service with (*S. John*, xii. 3) the similar but distinct anointment of the Lord's feet, by Mary, of Bethany.

*** We know less concerning this curious ballad, with its double heading (one in each half-sheet, to be read straight across, apparently) than we could wish. It was already old, and entered as a transfer to Pavier, the Wrights, etc., on 14th December, 1624, and may have been of thirty years earlier date. The tune, *Fortune my Foe*, belongs to 15th April, 1590, and is often mentioned by Shakespeare and other dramatists. The words were reprinted by us in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 961, and earlier by Mr. Chappell in his *English Airs*, 1843.

At Lambeth Library (press-mark, 29, 9, 28) is '*A briefe Discourse of the late murther of Mr. George Saunders, a worshipful citizen of London*,' etc., 1573. On this murder at Shooter's-hill was founded the tragedy entitled '*A Warning for Faire Women.*' The Registers of that date are lost. It is a distinct incident from our George Saunders. *Discourse* and *Warning* are reprinted in R. Simpson's *School of Shakspere* (*sic*), vol. ii. 1878.

[Roxburghe Collection, Vol. III. p. 38. Apparently unique.]

A Warning for Swearers.

By the Example of God's Judgments shewed upon a man Born near the Town of *Wolverhampton*, in *Stafford-shire*, who had stolen a Bible; and being examined before a *Justice*, deny'd the fact, and falsely forswore it; wishing he might Rot, if he were Guilty of the Theft; which (according to his desire) immediately fell upon him; and is at this time a sad Spectacle to Hundreds that have beheld him:

Also, a Relation of God's Judgments shewed upon a Woman, who lived in *Worcester-shire*; who falsely forswore herself, and died in a short time after, being immediately struck Dumb.

[Written by] J. C. [John Cart].

Tune, *Aim not too high.* [See p. 35.]

All you that do desire to hear and know
Of wonders strange, the which the Lord doth shew,
Give good attention to what I shall declare,
The strangest thing that ever man did hear.

My heart doth tremble, and my hand doth shake,
To think what I at present undertake,
For to declare what here I have begun,
Enough to melt a heart as hard as stone.

To see how people take delight in Sin,
And for to mend their lives will not begin,
Until God's Judgment do them overtake,
They never strive their sins for to forsake.

We rather seek to run in Sin the more,
While Satan seekes our Souls for to devour;
Let's strive in time to break his subtil snare,
And of our souls and bodies have a care.

To see how many they do swear and curse;
Surely they think not of a God so just,
That hears or sees their actions that are done;
Yes, at the last, be sure He will strike home.

As for example now in *Stafford*-shire,
There's a sad Judgement, as it doth appear,
On forsworn wretches: there a man doth lye
In woful state and grievous misery.

Note.—This ballad was entered in Stat. Reg. 8th Nov., 1633, and has been already mentioned in Vol. VII. p. 813. *J. C.* is there identified as *John Cart*.

He stole a Bible, as it is well known,
And being *taxt*, the same he did disown;
He prayed unto God his hands might rot,
And so a Judgment on himself he brought.

In a small time he had his full desire,
And what he of the Lord did then require:
His hand-wrists rot away most wofully;
His hands are dead, and black as black may be.

The joynts of his knees do rot in the same sort,
As several hundred people can report,
That daily goes to see and take a view,
And witness can, the same for to be true.

Upon the ground he stinks, as he doth lie;
None can endure [now] for to stand him nigh:
Lord, grant that each good Christian may take care,
How they themselves so falsely do forswear.

He doth declare, and also doth confess,
It's God's just Judgment for his wickedness,
For stealing of this Holy Bible book,
And following Sin, and so God's laws forsook.

But now, alas! within this world there's few,
They'l ask and question if this same be true;
But God is witness of his misery.
Let us poor Sinners warning take hereby.

You men that hear these lines, I pray forbear,
Take heed how wilfully you Curse and Swear;
Too many use it now in every place,
More is the pity, 'tis for want of grace.

And now, you maids and wives, take notice all,
See that you serve the Lord, and on Him call;
Take heed of worldly pride and vanity,
For oftentimes no good doth come thereby.

ANd at a certain place, in *Worcester*-shire,
Of late there liv'd a woman, as I hear,
In prime of youth she liv'd in height of pride,
Which in this world doth now too many abide.

And what of her, I here have to declare,
I do desire all women to give eare,
And not to scorn at what I shall unfold,
For why? Good counsel's better far than gold.

She being married, as it doth appear,
Perhaps for want, she chanced to sell her hair. [*N.B.*
A friend did tax her with it presently,
And she the same most stoutly did deny.

But flesh is frail! Her faith it being weak,
She pray'd to God that she might never speak;
But in so doing she did not do well:
Then see your smallest hair you do not sell. 72

These words being spoke, she went home presently,
Where, as 'tis said, she no long time did lie,
But dy'd, and never after spake one word:
Oh, these are Judgments sent down from the Lord!

So let us Sinners rightly understand,
'Tis He that with one word can us command
To live or perish to Eternity;
Let all poor Christians warning take hereby.

And now my Song, for to conclude, and end,
Abroad into the world I do it send,
That all poor Sinners may in time amend,
And have a care how they the Lord offend. 84

London: Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, a man lying on his back, gasping; 2nd, a book spread open, Old and New Testaments. Date, 8th Nov., 1633.]

Strange and true News from Westmoreland.

WE find here a genuine reversion to Supernaturalism. Satan is presented in a thoroughly submissive and orderly aspect, as an executioner who acts up to his warrant, unwilling or unable to indulge in any eccentric vagaries to the injury of other persons than *Gabriel Harding*, the perjured murderer. We are told that respectable witnesses subscribed their names to the document.

Had it not been already reprinted (in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 104), from T. Millington's early edition, date *circâ* 1594, we might here give another doleful warning, 'A Wonderful Example of God's Justice,' shewed upon one *Jasper Coninghame*, a gentleman born in *Scotland*, who was of opinion that there was neither God nor Devil. To the tune of, '*O Neighbour Robert.*' [*N.B.* This tune is named in our *Preface* to vol. vii. p. xiv.; the Shirburn MS. proves it to be identical with *The Carman's Whistle.*] *Jasper Coningham* became transfer property, on the 14th December, 1624, to Thomas Pavier, John Grismond, Henry Gosson, and three Wrights. It begins,

> "It was a *Scotch*-man, a *Scotch*-man lewd of life,
> That long had lived unlawfull from his wife;
> His name was *Jasper Coningham*, as I do understand,
> Whose dwelling was neer *Aberdine*, a town in faire *Scotland*," etc.

It was always of advantage to assign a distant locality to marvels, whether Aberdeen or Tredenton. Sometimes Jena, or Tholouse (pp. 20 and 31).

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 432; Bagford, II. 54; Pepys, II. 155; Euing, 341, 342.]

Strange and true News from *Westmoreland.*

Being a true relation of one *Gabriel Harding*, who, coming home drunk, struck his Wife a blow on the breast, and killed her outright, and then denyed the same. Likewise how a Stranger did come to the House clothed in green; the people that were eye witnesses said it was an Angel; and how the Stranger or Angel did give Sentence on the man for killing of his Wife. Also how *Satan* did break the man's neck that did forswear himself, and the Stranger or Angel did command *Satan* to hurt none else, and to banish; then did the Stranger cloathed in green take his leave of the people: Whereof the chiefest in the Parish desired it might be put into Print, and have hereunto set their hands.

Tune is, *In Summer Time.* [See p. 81, and *Robin Hood Group.*]

ATtend, good Christian people all! mark what I say, both old and young:
Unto the general Judgment day, I think it is not very long.
A wonder strange I shall relate, I think the like was never shown,
In *Westmoreland*, in *Tredenton*, of such a thing was never known:

One *Gabriel Harding* liv'd of late, as may to all men just appear,
Whose yearly Rent, by just account, came to five hundred pound a year.
This man he had a Virtuous Wife, [to] Godly ways her mind did give; [*t.* 'in.'
Yet he as rude a wicked wretch as in this sinful Land did live.

Much news of him I will relate, the like no mortal man did hear:
'Tis very new, and also true, therefore, good Christians, all give ear.
One time this man he came home drunk, as he us'd, which made his wife to weep.
Who straightway took him by the hand, saying, "Dear Husband, lye down & sleep!"

She lovingly took him by the arms, thinking in safety him to guide.
A blow he struck her on the breast, the woman straight sunk down and dy'd.
The Children, with mournful cries, they run into the open street,
They wept, they wail'd, they wrung their hands, to all good Christians they did meet.

The people then they all ran forth, saying, "Children, why make you such moan?"
"O make you haste unto our house, our dear Mother is dead and gone.
Our Father hath our Mother kill'd," the children they cryed then;
The people then they all made haste, and laid their hands upon the man.

He presently denied the same; said, "From guilty Murder I am free;
If I did that wicked deed," he said, "some example I wish [may] be seen by me."
Thus he forswore the wicked deed, of his dear wife's untimely end.
Quoth the people, "Let's conclude with speed, that for the Coroner we may send."

Mark what I say: The doors fast shut, the people the children did deplore;
But straight they heard a man to speak, and one stood knocking at the door.
One in the house to the door made haste, hearing a man to knock and call;
The door was opened presently, and in he came amongst them all.

"By your leave, good people!" then he said, "May a stranger with you have some
A dead woman I am come to see." "Into the room, I pray, Sir, walk!" [talk.
His eyes like to the Stars did shine, he was clothed in a bright Grass-green,
His cheeks was of a crimson red; for such a man was seldom seen. 32

Unto the people then he spoke, "Mark well these words which I shall say;
For no Coroner you shall send, I'm Judge and Jury here this day.
Bring hither the man that did the deed, and firmly hath denied the same!"
They brought him into the room with speed, to answer to this deed with shame.

"Now come, O wretched man!" quoth he, "With shame before thy neighbours all,
Thy body thou hast brought to misery, thy soul into a deeper thrall.
Thy chiefest delight was drunkenness, and lewd women, O cursed sin!
Blasphemous Oaths and Curses vile, a long time thou hast wallowed in. 40

"Thy neighbours thou would'st set at strife, and alwayes griping of the poor;
Besides thou hast murdered thy wife: a fearful death thou dy'st therefore.
Fear nothing, good people, then," he said, "A sight presently will appear;
Let all your trust be in the Lord; no harm shall be while I am here."

Then in the room the Devil appear'd, like a brave Gentleman did stand.
"*Satan*" (quoth he that was the Judge), "Do no more than thou hast command."
The Devil then he straight laid hold on him that had murdered his wife;
His neck in sunder then he broke, and thus did end his wretched life. 48

The Devil then he vanished quite from the people in the Hall;
Which made the people much afraid, yet no one had no hurt at all.
Then straight a pleasant melody of Musick straight was heard to sound,
It ravisht the hearts of those stood by, so sweet the Musick did abound.

"Now" (quoth this gallant man in green) "With you I can no longer stay;
My love I leave, my leave I take; the time is come, I must away.
Be sure to love each other well, keep in your breast what I do say;
It is the way to go to Heaven when you shall rise at Judgment-day."

The people to their homes did go, which had this mighty wonder seen,
And said, "It was an Angel sure, that thus was cloathed all in green."
And thus the News from *Westmoreland* I have related to you o're:
I think it is as strange a thing as ever man did hear *before*. 60

Here are some of the names of the chiefest men that live in the Parish:—*Christopher Rawly*, Esq., *James Fish*, Gent.; *William Lisse*, Gent.; *Simon Pierce*; *Ambrose White*; *Oliver Craft*; *Robert Bord*; *Thomas Clifford*, Yeomen; *George Crawly*; *Peter Vaux*; *Philip Cook*; *Francis Martin*; *George Horton*, Husbandmen.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-corner*. [Same as Euing, 341.]

[In Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, a devil, like a black shrimp, standing on end; 2nd, mutilated, a man holding a jug, striking a woman, house behind. Euing, 342, Printed for *E. Andrews*, at the *White Lion*, near *Pye Corner*. Pepys and Bagford, Printed for *J. Clarke*, *Thackeray*, and *Passenger*, 1682.]

*** Similarly, to the next ballad, 'Christian James,' is appended a list of certifying witnesses; but the practice was too common to afford proof that both ballads came from Laurence Price. They show the religious teaching popular in those days. The moral drift of it was not so objectionable as the barefaced imposture with which the lies were used to enwrap the dogmas. '*Christian James*' was a Protestant substitute for a canonized saint of the earlier church.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 664; Pepys, II. 55; Euing, 400; Jersey, I. 224; =Lindes, 801; C. 22, e, 2, fol. 25.]

A Wonderful Prophecy.

Declared by *Christian James*, a maid of twenty years of age (late daughter to *Daniel James*), who was born and bred near the town which is called *Padstow*, in the County of *Cornwal*, who departed this life upon the 8th of *March*. With a true relation of her behaviour, both in her life-time and at the hour of her death; worthy to be had in perpetual memory.

To the Tune of, *In Summer Time, &c.* [See p. 85.]

THe mighty Lord that rules in Heaven
Strange Wonders doth in *England* send,
And many Warnings hath us given,
'Cause we our Lives should soon amend.
But like the misbelieving *Jew*, [text, '*Jews*.' [*a.l.* 'some p.'
So hard of heart our people be,
They think that nothing can be true
But that which their own eyes do see.

Therefore, good People, mark it well,
I'le here lay open to your view
A Song most wonderful and strange,
And can approve it to be true:
A Damsel did near *Padstow* dwell,
Within the County of *Cornwal* fair,
Whose parents had no child but her;
She was her father's only Heir.

To whom came many a brave Young-man,
Intending to make her a Wife,
But never tempting tongue could make
This Maid to change her Maiden Life;
And though her parents riches had,
And costly garments her allow'd,
In homely habit she would go,
And always hated to be proud.

She ne'er was heard to curse or swear,
Nor any word of anger give,
But courteous was in everything
To them that did about her live;
If she heard any one to swear,
Or take God's sacred name in vain,
She told them that they crucify'd
Our Saviour Jesus Christ again.

She often did frequent the Church,
And also did relieve the Poor;
The Widow and the Fatherless
She every day fed at the door.
Upon a time this Damsel she
Fell sick, and in a deadly sound [=swoon.
She lay, for twenty hours' space;
No life in her could then be found.

Her aged Father did lament,
Her Mother she shed many a tear;
She wept, she wail'd, she wrung her hands,
For loss of this her Daughter dear:
"Alas! alas! my Child," she said,
"How dearly have I tender'd thee;
And wilt thou now forsake the world,
And leave me in this misery?

"I would thy birth had been my death,
Then never had I seen this day!"
This grievous moan the Mother made
By her dear daughter as she lay.
At last she did Strong-Waters fetch,
And rub'd her temples and each vein,
Till at the last the Damsel had
Recover'd life and sense again.

And being come unto her speech,
With voice most shrill aloud she cry'd:
"O Mother, you have done me wrong!
This cannot be by you deny'd;
For I was in the way to Heaven,
Two glorious Angels did me guide, [See cut, p. 90.
Who gently took me by the hand,
[And held me up on every side,] [Roxb. *mutilated.*

"Singing of Psalms and Spiritual Songs,
So long as we pass'd on the way;
Till He, which had a Golden Crown,
Met us, and caus'd us to stay:
'Return,' said he, 'from whence thou cam'st,
Thy Mother for thee makes great moan;
And tell those things which I declare
Unto thy neighbours every one.

"'Speak this,' quoth he, 'unto them all:
How that the Lord e'er long will send
A grievous punishment to them
That do Him wilfully offend. [*a.l.* 'his Will.'

This is the last Age of the World,
Even to the very Sink of Sin,
The Puddle of Iniquity,
Which th[ey] long time have wallowed in.

" ' The men and wives live in discord;
The father envies his own Son;
The rich and poor, the old and young,
Do hourly into mischief run;
Extortion and Idolatry
And hateful Pride is now in use;
Blasphemous oaths and curses vile
The people count as no abuse.

" ' God's Ministers are set at nought,
The Sabbath is prophan'd also;
The Poor lies starving in the street,
Opprest with sorrow, grief and woe;
The loathsome sin of drunkenness
And whoredom doth too much exceed;
He that can do his neighbour wrong
Doth think he doth a Godly Deed.

" ' Now ponder well what I do say:
Doom's dreadful Day is nigh at hand;
Fire and brimstone shall destroy
The Heaven, the Earth, the sea and land;
And every Soul before the Lord
A just Account he then shall give,
His Conscience shall a witness be
In what condition he did live.

" ' Then he that had done well shall pass
Forthwith to everlasting Rest,
And live amongst those glorious Saints,
Which Jesus Christ our Lord hath blest;
Where martyrs, prophets, patriarchs,
Do Hallelujahs ever sing,
Glory and Honour be to God,
And unto Christ our heavenly King!

" ' Then woe to them that have done ill,
When they shall hear the Sentence past,
" *Depart, ye cursed, into Hell,*
Whose Fire for evermore shall last!" '
The sorrows which are here foretold
Will come on you, e'er it be long,
Except Repentance truly dwell
In hearts of all, both old and young.

" Repentance, and true watery eyes,
Will help to quench the burning flame
Which He hath kindled to consume
The wicked World's most rotten frame.
Let not your buildings all, so brave,
Be burnt and wasted with God's ire;
Nor let your souls, for whom CHRIST dy'd,
Be burnt in Hell's eternal fire!"

Here endeth the Prophecy.

THese Speeches spoke, the Maiden dy'd,
And came no more to life again;
Her Soul, no doubt, is gone to Heaven,
With glorious Angels to remain.
At her decease, an Harmony
Of Musick there was heard to sound,
Which ravish'd all the standers-by,
It did with sweetness so abound.

It pierced the Earth and Air also,
Yet no man knew from whence it came;
But each one said it came from Heaven.
And presently, upon the same,
The Magistrates of that same parish,
Which heard and saw this Wonder strange,
Desired to have it put in print,
'Cause wicked men their ways may change.

The names of the Masters of the Parish that saw the Maid on her Death-bed, and heard the words of the Prophecy which she delivered, were as followeth: *W. Wates*, Curate; *T. Davies*, Head-Constable; *R. Wilkins* and *C. Tanner*, Church-wardens: Who, by consent of divers others in the same parish, which were in the presence at the damsel's decease, caused a letter to be written, and sent it from thence to *London*, on purpose to have it printed, whereby to avoid Scandal.

Contrived in Metre, by **L[awrence] P[rice]**.

[Roxburghe Exemplar is in White-Letter, an 18th century reprint, the colophon being '*Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, Printed and Sold by *John White*,' with woodcut of a funeral. C. 22, e, 2, has the man in bed receiving a sacramental cup, 'The Young Man's Repentance,' p. 100. An appropriate woodcut is on p. 90. The List of Witnesses and the words 'Contrived in Metre by L. P.' are found only in the broadsides. Pepys' exemplar was 'Printed for *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.' Euing's for *J. Wright* at the *Globe* in *Little Brittain*. Jersey and Case 22 for *George Conyers* at the *Golden Ring*, in *Little Britain*, who transferred the ballad into his re-issue of '*The Garland of Good-Will*,' written by Thomas Deloney. An edition of this *Garland* printed for *John Wright*, at the sign of the *Crown*, on *Ludgate-Hill*, 1678 (Bodleian), was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1851, edited by James Henry Dixon.]

The Godly Maid of Leicester.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I may not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."
——*Colin and Lucy*, by Thomas Tickell.

NOT hitherto reprinted, this ballad evidently enjoyed a large share of popularity, having been frequently issued, from divers publishers, at least five other copies being still extant, (*viz.* Bagford Collection, II. 67, 68 ; Euing, No. 129 ; Pepys, II. 40 ; and Rawlinson, 566, fol. 161). It was sung to the favourite Robin Hood tune of '*In Summer-time, when leaves grow green*,' which is given in *Popular Music*, p. 393. The 'Godly Maid of Leicester' is less objectionable than many others of the ballads dealing with supernatural visions and ecstatic enthusiasts, as " The Pious Virgin of Rochester, or, The Religious Maid" (Sarah Shrimpton : see Miss De Vaynes's '*Kentish Garland*,' 1882, pp. 789 to 793).

A belief in these personal conflicts with Satan was apt to be cherished by persons who held little sympathy with episcopacy or moderate views of Church-government. Rebels against authority imagined themselves of sufficient importance to be subjected to special and individual persecutions, from 'The Enemy of Mankind,' like John Balfour of Burley, in *Old Mortality*. They boasted that their fight with Apollyon ended more triumphantly than the temptation of St. Anthony ; chiefly because no seductive temptress had bewitched them ; such " beautiful women with laughing eyes" as troubled the good anchorite. In the Roxburghe Collection are several of these ghostly exhortations to a holy life, and although it is certain that they were in general written to supply the market, by hack-versifiers of poor abilities, they are not without interest, even when at their worst, because they show the diseased appetite of the multitude, whom credulity and fanaticism swayed, at the time when they most violently decried the superstitions of Romanism. The horrors of eternal punishment always formed a subject of ghastly fascination. Not Purgatory, which they refused to believe, " going farther to fare worse," but Hell-fire and eternal reprobation exercised a spell over the mind; of Cameronian and Covenanter, hiding in misty glens, from the pursuit of Claverhouse's dragoons, or of the irreconcilable sectaries, who had in England raised an outcry against altars and cathedral music.

It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether there ever existed such a person as Elizabeth Stretton, of Leicester, or Sarah Shrimpton, of Rochester. To give to some hungry fabulist's ballad-creation of an " airy nothing a local habitation and a name" was always found the best way to ensure a profitable sale.

[Roxburghe Coll. II. 186; Bagford, II. 67, 68; Rawlinson, 161; Euing, 129; Pepys, I. 40.]

The Godly Maid of *Leicester.*

Being a true Relation of *Elizabeth Stretton*, who, lying upon her Death-bed, was wonderfully delivered from the Temptations of Satan; worthy the noting of all that would live and dye in the fear of God.

The Tune is, *In Summer Time.* [See p. 85.]

AMongst the wonders God hath shown,
Within this Island and elsewhere,
A Wonder strange I will make known,
As ever any man did hear:
A Vertuous Maid in *Leicester* dwelt,
Who came of honest parentage,
Temptations and afflictions felt,
Although she was of tender age.

Elizabeth Stretton was her name,
Of conversation Godly given;
God's holy Word was all her aim,
Whose Soul no doubt is now in Heaven:
Sore sick she was, and sick to death,
And in a Trance for half-an-hour,
That people thought her vital breath
Extinguish'd was by death's strong power.

He that rais'd *Lazarus* from the dead
Did raise this Maid to life again,
When as they thought her life was fled,
And that by death she had been slain.
At last with smiling countenance,
She on the company did look,
And said she had been in a Trance,
[But Christ her Soul had not forsook.] [*Restored from Bagford.*]

" I have been in a combat great,
Even with the Black Prince of the Ayr,
By craft, and by his strong deceit,
Did seek to bring me to despair.
But Christ doth ne'r forsake His flock,
Who evermore on Him depend;
He was my Fortress and my Rock,
And brought my troubles to an end.

Satan. " ' *O Silly Soul,*' the Devil said,
' *In Christ why dost thou put thy trust?*
In Hell with me thou must be laid,
And thy frail Body turn to dust.'
Maid. " ' I know my corps to dust must fall,
But my sweet Christ redeem'd my soul;
I am His Child, on Him I call,
Although my sins are very foul.'
Satan. " ' *No sinful Soul in Heaven may dwell;*
Alas! poor wretch, thou art deceiv'd;
Thy sins will weigh thee down to Hell,
When Death of Life hath thee bereav'd.'
Maid. " ' God's mercy is above my sin,
Who did protect me from my birth;
My Father knows where I have been,
[Amongst His Sinners here on Earth,'] [=*Bagford.*
" ' Whose bad example did me cause
To walk beside the path of grace;
I have broke all His Sacred Laws,
Yet He my soul doth [now] embrace.'
When he perceiv'd my faith so strong,
Satan began to hide his head;
I did by him receive no wrong,
So presently he vanished.

The Second Part. To the Same Tune.

" HE was no sooner vanished,
But my sweet Saviour appear'd to me;
When as you thought I had been dead,
My Soul our Saviour then did see:
' Poor wretch,' said He, ' loe I will be
Thy Father, Husband, and delight;
Thy sinful Soul from death is free,
And overcame the Devil's might.
" ' I hid my face a little space,
To try how patient thou would'st be;
I gave thee Faith and means of Grace,
And that sufficient was for thee
To overcome the Devil's power,
The Gates of Hell could not prevail:
I helpt thee in a blessed hour,
And thy poor Soul I will not fail.
" ' Go, tell thy friends where thou hast been,
And how My children I protect,
How I have pardoned thy sin,
And all the sins of My Elect.'

With oyl He did annoint my soul,
My head, and all my body o're;
He did forgive my sins most foul,
I praise His Holy Name therefore.

" Now I my Saviour's love have again,
I nothing in the world do crave,
But that I once were free from pain,
And fairly laid within my grave.
All you that stand about my bed,
See that the Lord above you fear,
And think on this when I am dead,
That you your course so well may steer.

" For I have fought a happy fight,
And overcome, by God's good Grace,
The Devil in his power and might,
And run with comfort now my race.
From henceforth is laid up for me
A Crown of immortality;
Where I shall very shortly be,
With Heavenly Saints that never dye.

" Unto God's Ordinance let's go,
In the week days with due respect;
Think not the time ill spent, all you,
That count your selves as God's Elect,
As well as on the Sabbath-day;
As I have done, as you do know,
For I to you may truly say,
I find the comfort of it now.

" Let none God's Ordinance condemn,
The means of their Salvation;
Let not the Devil prevail with them,
To bring them to Damnation.
I praise my God in all my grief
I never left my hold of Grace;
When other folks are bent to strife,
I held the Church the chiefest place.

" And therefore mind me what I say,
Before your glass [of sand] be run,
Though other people go astray,
Go forward as you have begun;
And meddle not with them that are
Contentious any kind of way,
But ever let it be your care
God's Holy Ordinance to obey.

" For those that will not serve Him here,
In Heaven [they] shall never dwell;
Therefore, my friends, now have a care,
That you may escape the pains of Hell.
So farewel, friends, farewel to all,
I'm going to a better place;
Let not the devil bring you to thrall,
Nor fondly lose your hold of Grace.

" Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul!
I do bequeath the same to Thee;
O Lord, forgive my sins most foul!"
And so to Heaven passed she:
And so departed she in peace,
To Heaven with Angels to remain;
The Lord above gave her release
From her afflictions, grief and pain.

Let people mind her dying words,
If in Heaven they would live;
Her Life and Death so much affords,
And heavenly comfort now doth give.
O Lord, give us all grace, that one
May live to Him, and dye to sin;
Our life and death shall happy be,
Though in a wicked world we've been.

[In Black-letter: Roxburghe exemplar colophon mutilated, having lost lines 24, 48; it probably had been printed by *W. Onley* for *Alex. Milbourne.* The Bagford and Pepys copies were printed for *J. Clark*, *W. Thackeray*, and *Thomas Passenger*; Euing's, No. 129, by *E. C.*, for *F. Coles*, *Thomas Vere*, and *J. Wright.* Of the third and sixth stanzas the bottom lines have been shorn off by the binder; but are here restored from the Bagford exemplar. The woodcut is the same as in '*The Kentish Miracle,*' on p. 39. One more appropriate for the subject is in the first Bagford exemplar, Bagford Collection, II. 67, *viz.*, a sick man receiving a Cup, printed for *W. Onley* and *A. Milbourne.* Bagford Collection, II. 68, has a grotesque woodcut of a large-headed couple in bed, surrounded by seven figures, two women and five men. Date of issue, certainly before 1681; probably earlier.]

The woodcut of *the Sick Man receiving the Cup*, needed here, also on p. 84, is given along with 'The Young Man's Repentance,' to which it belongs, on p. 100.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 438; Huth, II. 92; Jersey, II. 159 = Lind., 305.]

The Sorrowful Mother;

Or,

The Pious Daughter's Last Farewel.

She patiently did run her Race, believ'd the Word of Truth;
And Death did willingly embrace, tho' in her blooming Youth.

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

To the Tune of, [*When*] *Troy Town.* [See Vol. VI. p. 548.]



"DEar Mother, I, alas! must leave
The pleasures of this life, and you,
Yet never seem to sigh or grieve,
Although I bid the world adieu;
Tho' Death now my life destroy,
Yet we shall meet again in joy."

[*Mother.*] "My Daughter dear, and is it so,
That I indeed must part with thee?
This fills my heart with grief and woe,
From sorrow I shall ne'r be free;
But languish here in deep despair,
My grief is more than I can bear."

[*Maid.*] "Dear Mother, do not thus lament!
My joys abundantly encrease;
To leave this world I am content,
For I shall now lye down in peace.
Such moan for me you need not make;
Sure He that gives may freely take."

[*Mother.*] " To His good will I ought t' agree,
But as thou art my Daughter dear,
I weep and do lament to see
That Heaven's hand is so severe,
To send thee to the silent grave;
No greater sorrow can I have."

[*Maid.*] " O that I could but you enjoyn
To exercise your patience still,
And never murmur nor repine
Against the Lord's most gracious will;
For if He say, it shall be so,
Why should I not be free to go?

" My feeble carcase now is weak,
Therefore I say, my dearest friends,
Unto the Lord alone I seek,
To gain a pardon for my Sins;
That so my conscience may be clear,
Death's cruel dart I'de never fear.

" For it will me from grief release,
As soon as He the stroke shall give;
I having made my perfect peace,
I now had rather dye than live.
Alas! What is this present Life,
But sorrow, trouble, care and strife?"

Her Friends were fill'd with grief and woe,
So that they could not well refrain
From tears, which did in sorrow flow;
They wrung their hands and wept amain.
With fainting voice, " O then," said she,
" Weep for your Sins, and not for me.

" For I am going where I shall
Be happy to Eternity;
Therefore to God for mercy call,
As knowing you must follow me;
No Mortal in the world is free
From Death's usurping Tyranny.

" Tho' some you see in Pride appears,
Adorn'd in silk and sweet perfume,
Altho' they flourish many years,
Yet Death at last will be their Doom;
They then must change their garments sw[eet]
For a poor Shroud or Winding-sheet.

" Consider well what I have said,
For I must leave you now," said she,
" For here, behold, all round my bed,
Sweet Messengers that wait for me,
Who on their wings will me convey
Where peace and joys will ne'r decay.

" This does much comfort now afford,
As knowing they my Soul will bring
Into the presence of the Lord,
Where blessed Saints and Angels sing."
Then with a dying sigh, said she,
" Sweet Saviour, now I come to thee !" 72

When she out of this world did go,
Her Mother's sorrow was not small;
Each Friend did manifest her woe
By tears, which did like showers fall :
No tongue is able to express
Their sorrow, grief, and heaviness.

A tender mother did express
Those words unto her friends, and said :
" My grief and sorrow is the less,
To see the happy end she made :
A worthy pattern may she be
To Damsels now of each degree." 84

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-Street*.

[In Black-letter. Four cuts : 1st. the pious mother, p. 92 ; 2nd, dying girl, p. 90 ; 3rd, kneeling man, p. 100 ; 4th, shroud, pick-axes. Date, *c.* 1686.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 40; Huth, I. 75; Jersey, II. 247 = Lind., 555.]

The Distressed Pilgrim:

Who, being in much misery,
He serves the Lord most faithfully,
And repenteth for the things are past,
And prayes for a Heavenly place at last.

THE TUNE IS, *Who can blame my Woe?* or, *I am a Jovial Batchelor.* [*Note*, p.94.]

I Am a Pilgrim poor and bare, in trouble I am crost,
And many a hard hap falls my share, my substance is all lost;
My misery there's no man knows, so numberless they be,
Yet in the midst of all my woes, *let Patience work for me.*

Pray understand, I once had Land, with corn and cattle store,
But now 'tis gone out of my hand, I'm grown exceeding poor,
So poor indeed, there's few that will relieve my misery;
But as I said before, so I say still, *let Patience work for me.*

My flattering friends and kinsfolks all, whom I did dayly feed,
Will not so much as turn aside, to help my extream need;
They'd rather seek to scoff and scorn, and jeer my poverty;
Although I am as one forlorn, *let Patience work for me.*

Patience is an Herb of Grace: if a man doth use it well,
'Twill lay a stomach in short space, that doth with poyson swell;
'Twill cure a mad-man of his evil, 'twill cause the blind to see;
It will expel and vanquish the devil: *let Patience work for me.*

Now in the midst of all my woes, what shall I do or say?
Shall I despair in any case, or make myself away?
No, no, not while this vital breath, which the *Lord God* lended me;
Come woe or wealth, come life or death, *for a Patient man I'le be.*

As I do wander up and down, in sorrow, I am crost;
From place to place, from town to town, my substance is all lost;
But yet I think within my self, as I shall tell to ye,
Though *God* hath taken all my wealth, *yet Patience works for me.*

Give not your friends and kinsfolks e'er your means while you do live,
For that hath brought me to this care, which makes my heart to grieve:
I gave them goods and cattle too, as all my neighbours see;
But now they don't regard my woe, *yet Patience works for me.*

The devil he is busie still, to bring me to his bow,
But [since] it is *God's* blessed will, patience doth with me go.
And keeps me in the fear of *God*, for a second *Job* to be;
Although I taste of's Holy Rod, *yet Patience works for me.*

For to despair, it's a foolishness, 'tis *God* that is my stay,
Who gave me life, and when He please can take again away.
The Lord He suffer'd for my sins, as th' Scripture sheweth me;
God give me grace to think on it, *and Patience* [*works for me*].

Though I'm in want and misery, I hope *God* will be pleas'd
To release [me from] this slavery, in Heaven for to be eas'd;
'Tis the bravest thing i'th world to suffer then, I see,
And though I'm poor and in distress, *yet Patience works for me.* 40

I hope my steadfast faith is so, I'le not forsake my *God*;
Though poverty hath brought me low, I'le not forsake His Word.
It is for sins, I do confess, He suffer'd on the tree,
To release poor sinners from [dis]tress, *and eke from misery.*

And now adieu unto the world, with all my sorrows that are past,
And give every one grace in the end to enjoy a Heavenly rest;
Because all things do fade away and vanish, we do see,
God give us all His Grace, I say, *to be Patient in misery.* 48

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the Spanish-hatted man, vii. 249; 2nd, an ornamental frieze. Date, *circâ* 1676, or earlier.]

Note.—Compare with the above the distinct ballad, 'Contented Pilgrim,' p. 98.

*** The second tune-name, *Who can blame my Woe?* has not yet been traced. The first, *I am a Jovial Batchelor*, belongs to this ballad, outside of the Roxburghe Coll., viz. Rawlinson, 68; Douce, II. 147; and Euing, No. 205.

The Maiden's Delight; or, A Dainty New Dialogue.

"A vapouring Gallant came this Maid to woo,
But she denied, and said she would not do.
He proffer'd ribbons, gloves, and gay gold rings,
But she refused all manner of such things.
She said the greatest comfort of her life
Was to be made some honest Trades-man's wife."

TUNE OF, *Behold the man with a glass in his hand;* or, *The Mountebank of York.*

By **L[awrence] P[rice].**

MAN. "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.

"'Tis known to all my neighbours, I am one-and-twenty years old,
And I have store and plenty of white silver and red gold;
I have both goods and cattle, *I have both House and Land*, [vol. vii. 291.
I have my horse, my hawk, my hound, and all things at command. 8

" My hat is made of Beaver brave, my band of *Flanders* lace;
My golden Belt about my neck, my person for to grace;
My silver-haunched Rapier doth make a gallant show,
And I am well accounted of by all that do me know.

" I have my knots of Ribbons brave, along my Codpiece tied; [vii. 825.
I have my golden fancies, meet round on every side,
So high as to my pocket holes; deny it he who can:
Let all that sees me judge if I am not a proper man!

" And now, sweet *Betty*, I am come a-wooing unto thee;
I prithee tell me out of hand if thou can'st fancy me?
If thou can'st truly love me, I'll take thee to my wife,
And thou shalt surely always live a sweet contented life.

" I'll furnish thee with rare delights, as Ribbons and gold Rings,
Perfumes, Gloves, and Bracelets fine, and such like costly things;
With a Beaver Hat and a taffety Scarf, and a new fashion'd silken [Gown,
So thou shalt be as brave a Girl as any in the Town."

MAID. " Good Sir, I thank you kindly for your proffered courtesy,
But this I tell you plainly here, in truth and verity,
That I shall never love you, whilst I on earth remain,
Therefore forbear, and say no more; spend not your breath in vain.

" 'Tis not your cunning speeches that shall tempt me unto sin,
For all your wealth and riches I value you not a pin;
I will not wed a Prodigal, tho' he be never so brave,
But, if ever I marry whilst I live, some Trades-man I will have.

" A Prodigal will domineer, and soon consume his store,
Which being gone, he knows not how nor which way to get more;
But the brave resolved Tradesman is free from such like sorrow,
If he wants money over night, he'll work for more next morrow.

" A Spendthrift that consumeth, and sells his Land for gold,
Is very like to live in want, or beg when he is old;
But the noble-minded Tradesman, his work goes forward still.
For he hath meat and drink enough, and all things else at will.

" So now, you honest Batchelors, you partly know my mind;
If I can with a Tradesman meet, that will to me prove kind,
If that he takes me to his Wife I will him dearly love,
And I'll be as faithful unto him as is the Turtle Dove.

" I do confess gay Ribbons become the breeches fine,
And that the golden Fancies will make the Codpiece shine;
But before I will be married to such a Prodigal,
I'll live a Maid and die a Maid, and that's a word for all."

MAN. " Farewell, you scornful Minion! I bid you now adieu;
I never do intend to come again to trouble you.
I'll rest my self contented, until that I can find
A Wife that is more fitting, and agreeable to my mind."

MAID. " 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."

FINIS. Printed for *Francis Grove*, on *Snow Hill*. [B.-L. Date, *c.* 1660.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 488; Huth, II. 137; Jersey, I. 230, II. 274 = Lind., 1199, 1200]

A Warning-piece for all Wicked Livers:

Or,

A Caveat for all People to remember their Latter End.

Being very good Instructions for Old and Young, Rich and Poor, to amend their Lives, and repent before it be too late.

To the Tune of, *The Rich Merchant Man.* [See p. 66.]

TO you, both old and young, these lines I do indite,
Desiring you them to observe, and not good counsel slight;
Take notice well, I pray, what's here pen'd in this song,
Unto the General Judgement-Day I think the time's not long.
Then fear God and repent, spend not your time in waste,
For old and young, both rich and poor, must yield to death at last.

How many wicked sins are reigning in our land,
Which are by men and women us'd against the Lord's command:
Hateful pride is in use, and also blasphemy;
Many run on in wickedness, and think they ne'r shall dye.
Then fear [*God and repent*], etc. [*passim.* 12

O would men did but think upon their latter end,
Then they would flye all vanity and strive their lives to mend;
O wretched mortal man! keep still, and bear in mind,
Though thou tak'st pleasure in this life, yet thou'lt leave them behind.

Mind not this worldly wealth, on it set not thy heart, [must part.
For when that death doth stop thy breath, thy gold and thee
Man's life is like a flower, that groweth fresh and brave;
We are here to-day, to-morrow we may be laid within our grave. 24

Abhor and also shun from drunkenness alway,
'Twill bring thy soul and body both to ruine and decay;
Abomination it is [found,] before the sight of God,
Then use it not lest that He scourge thee with His heavy Rod.

Swear thou not by the Lord, take not His Name in vain;
In *Moses'* Law it is forbid, as Scripture shews it plain;
Some men now in these days will upon their sins boast,
He is counted the bravest blade that can curse and swear most.
Then fear God and repent, spend not your time in waste,
For old and young, both rich and poor, must yield to death at last. 36

LEt not thy mind be bent to do thy Neighbour wrong,
But see thou give all men their due, which doth to them belong.
Pray love the Fatherless, to the Widdow be a friend,
Relieve those that are in distress, then God will thee defend.
Then fear God and repent, spend not your time in waste,
For old and young, both rich and poor, must yield to death at last.

A Covetous mind don't bear, if thou art blest with store,
But spare some part of what thou hast for the help of the poor;
Although that wealth thou hast, yet it is but lent to thee,
Then comfort and give alms to those that are in misery. 48

Now to young people likewise, good counsel I will give; [live:
If thou'lt it take, 'twill do thee good, so long as thou dost
Neglect not God's Holy Word, but keep His laws truly,
Mind not the pleasure of this world, for it is but vanity.

Forget not you this rule, bear it in mind alway,
Unto your parents reverence give, and duely them obey;
For those children that do their father and mother scorn,
The curse of God hangs on their head, better they'd ne'r been born.

Idleness and sloth shun, labour as God allows,
Strive always for to get your bread by the sweat of your brows;
Endeavour and get in youth to keep you when you are old,
For if poverty doth come you'l find that charity will be cold. 66

Refuse no good counsel that's given unto thee,
But shew respect unto all men, and not high-minded be;
Remember that thou keep the Sabbath of the Lord,
For that's a day ordained for us, to meditate on His Word.

Every one that doth these Verses hear or see,
Example take, and learn by them, for to live righteously;
Enter not into Sin, repent without delay;
For time and tide doth slip along, it will for no man stay:
Then fear God and repent, spend not your time in waste,
For old and young, both rich and poor, must yield to death at last. 78

Finis.

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. T*[*hackeray*], and *T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. Seven woodcuts: 1st, Top-half of man, *Bagford Ballads*, p. 401, Left; 2nd, Woman in Pinners, vii. 162 R.; 3rd, unreprinted, a man; 4th and 5th, the couple, vii. 362; 6th, mutilated cut from Jack in the Box, vii. 541; 7th, caricature of priest, given in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 657. Date, 1670-1675. The Author of this 'Warning-piece' was certainly THOMAS LANFIERE, of Watchet, Somersetshire, for he has initialled the stanzas to form his own name as an *Acrostic*. Compare his 'Looking-Glass,' on p. 109.]

[Pepys Coll., II. 45; Huth, I. 36; Jersey, II. 127 = Lind., 553; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 95.]

The Contented Pilgrim; Or,
The Pilgrim's troublesome Journey to his long Home.

He awaits with patience and is well content,
And desires all Christian people to repent;
For the blessed soul that intends to Heaven to go,
Must work with patience, whether he will or no.

TUNE IS [ITS OWN], *Let Patience work for me.* [See pp. 94, 102.]

This may be printed, **R[oger] L[e] S[trange]**.

I Am a poor Pilgrim in this life, and tost with misery;
There's nothing here but care and strife, with the poorer sort we see;
Let who will strive for to be great, it's all but vanity;
To save our Souls, let's strive for that; *and let Patience work for me.*

In sickness and in poverty, patience is the best;
Let's keep the Lord's Commandments, our Souls then will be blest;
And forgo all wicked sinfulness, which much is us'd we see;
We must not think an evil thought; *and let Patience work for me.*

Let's not despair in our good God, what misery we do abide,
But with patience take His blessed Rod, then God will be our guide,
To bring us on in our Pilgrimage; our blessed Saviour He
Did dye for us, to save our Souls; *and let Patience work for me.*

The glory of this sinful world comes to nothing at the last;
We are uncertain of our life; all is Vanity that is past;
Who would be proud of this same world? all is nothing, we do see,
When in the Grave that we are hurl'd; *and let Patience work for me.*

What are we when the stroke of death calls for our life away?
It's nothing but a puff of breath that makes us here to stay;
Therefore we need to have a care, and do no wrong, you see,
But keep God's laws, and love him dear; *and let Patience work for me.*

When he doth ring his alarum-bell, and it soundeth in our ears,
Happy's that Soul that lived well, then well it shall appear
Before that blessed Judge of Heaven; when Sentence there will be:
"Come, blessed Soul, thou art forgiven; thou art *welcome* unto Me!"

Then happy is that blessed Soul that lives in a penitent way;
And patient be in all our wants, in this life, I do say;
When Death he comes, he takes no bribe; away from hence go we:
The blessed God be on our side; *and let Patience work for me.*

If we be cold or hungry, and maintenance be scarce,
The Lord He will our wants supply, and will help us at the last;
We need not fear of any want, our gracious God is free
To those that love Him, to be sure; *and let Patience work for me.*

Now let us keep a watchful eye, and prepare our Souls for death,
Before that we do come to dye, that death doth stop our breath;
That Soul that dies that's unprepar'd, is in great misery:
God bless us all from the Devil's snare; *and let Patience work for me.*

Lord, give us grace, both rich and poor, that we may be content;
For Patience is a goodly store, if we our sins repent;
God's servants cannot want, be sure, though poor and bare some be;
Our blessed Lord is sufficient store; and let *Patience* work for me.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Py-corner*. Where any English or Irish Chapman may be furnished with all sorts of New Books and Ballads.
[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. Date, 1665-1672.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 37; Pepysian, II. 13.]

The Sorrowful Lamentation of a Penitent Sinner.

To the Tune of, *The Lamentation of a Sinner.* [See p. 102.]

O Lord, my God, I come to Thee, in all my grief and pain,
Now turn to me in my distress, and comfort me again;
And enter not to judgement, Lord, with sinful dust and clay,
Nor with Thy servant be [Thou] wrath, nor turn Thy face away.

And lay not, Lord, Thy hand on me, too heavy in Thy fume,
For I am weak, and in Thy wrath I quickly shall consume;
I am afraid of Thee, O Lord, because Thou did'st me beat,
But yet I know that Jesus Christ will for my soul intreat.

I am a sinful wretch, O Lord, for mercy I do cry;
Now help me, Lord, in my distress, and extream misery,
For unto thee, Lord, do I cry, by night and eke by day,
Now help me for Thy mercy sake, and that without delay.

But do not beat me overmuch, my loving Father sweet,
Lest that this frail and wicked flesh should from sweet Jesus fleet.
I come again unto Thee, Lord, I do Thee now embrace,
And turn to me Thy countenance, Thy favour and Thy face.

And bring me home unto Thy fold, for I am gone astray,
And wand'red in an unknown path, which brought me to decay.
But now to Thee, my loving Lord, for mercy I do cry;
And hear my plaint, sweet Jesus Christ, and ease my misery.

And when it is Thy gracious will, that I this life should leave,
Sweet Jesus Christ, into Thy hands I do my Soul bequeath.
And here I do entreat Thee, Lord, from the bottom of my heart,
That from my Faith in Jesus Christ I never do depart.

But in the very pangs of death, to Thee, Lord, may I cry;
Receive my Soul into Thy hands, for now to Thee I flie.
And be a Father, loving Lord, unto my children small,
Which I shall leave here in this world, when Thou dost for me call.

Also I pray Thee, loving Lord, to give their Mother grace,
To train my children in Thy fear, that they may Thee embrace.
And from th' enticements of this world, the flesh, and filthy fiend,
Lord, aid them with Thy mighty hand, and guide them to the end:

That at the last and dreadful day Thou maist receive us all;
Under the cover of Thy wings, we may be free from thrall.
And once again, my loving Lord, I do Thee hearty pray,
Even for Thy Son, Christ Jesus' sake, to wash our sins away.

Finis. Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere,* and *J. Wright.*

[Black-letter. Woodcut, *reverse* of one in vol. vii. p. 791. Date, before 1624.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 562; Pepys, II. 37; Jersey, II. 75=Lind., 1431.]

The Young-Man's Repentance;

Or,

The Sorrowful Sinner's Lamentation.

Being the last Expressions of a Young-man, who, having spent all his time in Pleasure and Jollity, was seriously sorrowful when he came to lye upon his Death-bed, mourning for his mis-spent time, and advising all Young-men to be mindful of their latter end.

THE TUNE IS, *Aim not too high.* [See p. 35.]

This may be printed.—**R.P.**



YOu that have spent your time in wickedness,
Now mind the dying words I shall express;
Do not, like me, abuse your precious time,
Nor waste one moment when you're in your prime.

And do not promise to repent to-morrow,
Least e're it comes you're overtook with sorrow;
Some are struck dead, you very well do know;
How can you tell but your case may be so? 8

See how I languish on my dying bed,
To think upon what I have done or said;
But let me now to you a Warning be,
Sin to forsake, and shun iniquity.

Frequent the Church, to which I once was strange,
But do repent it since I now must change
This wicked world, and for my Grave prepare,
To be where blest or cursed People are.

The sins that once were pleasant unto me,
To my poor Soul sad Torments now they be;
But He that did His Blood for sinners spill,
I hope He will have Mercy on me still.

His Mercies see by no means you abuse,
For Conscience at the last will you accuse,
For your misdeeds, and in your face will flye,
And sting your Souls when you shall come to dye.

To others do, as you would be done by,
This Reason is and Justice certainly,
And pleasant is to our Creator's sight,
For He in Justice always takes delight.

Bad company see you avoid and shun;
Thousands thereby have surely been undone,
And brought themselves to their untimely ends,
To the great grief and sorrow of their Friends.

Lewd women by no means do you come near,
Least for your pleasure you do pay full dear;
That is the Fountain of all Mischief, and
Brings shame and sorrow to our native Land.

But God's commands obey in everything;
Amongst the Saints then shall you praises sing,
Your souls be happy when your bodies dye,
And you shall live with CHRIST eternally.

But now I'm almost ready to depart,
The guilt of Sin doth pierce my tender heart;
I tremble when I think upon the bar,
Where God and his dear Son the Judges are.

And if my Saviour do not stand my friend,
On whom my faith and hopes do both depend,
My case will prove but bad, and I shall be
Banisht His presence to Eternity.

Amongst the wicked ones I shall remain,
In Flames to burn and feel immortal pain.
Blessed [of] God, forgive my sins, that I
Be freed from pains that last Eternally!

O let Thy sufferings for my sins suffice,
And pardon all my gross iniquities,
That after Death my Soul may flye to Thee,
And with thy Saints for ever blessed be. 56

Thy Mercies do in number far exceed
The sins which make my dying heart to bleed;
And therein lies the very bounds and scope,
That Thou wilt grant me that for which I hope.

My fainting spirits now I recommend
Into Thy hands, for now my life must end;
And having gained pardon for my sin,
When life doth end my joys will then begin.

All you that read these lines, when I am dead,
Pray ponder well the words that I have said,
For without doubt you'll find them to be true;
And so I bid this sinful World adieu. 68

Finis.

[Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black-Boy*, on *London Bridge.*]

[Roxb. colophon lost; restored from Pepys and Jersey. Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, young man, vii. 441; 2nd, the administration of the cup to a sick man; 3rd, kneeling man: both are on p. 100. Date as licensed, 1685-88.]

There are two distinct versions of the chief woodcut, p. 100; one of them clearly indicates the sick person in bed to be a man, and the administrator of the Sacramental Cup a priest, clothed in a hood or tippet. It has the bed-posts curtained (Bagford Coll., II. 48 and 67); but in C. 22, fol. 158, the bed-posts are elaborately carved. The cut was needed for pp. 84, 89. The kneeling man was needed also for vol. vii. pp. 474, 693; and for p. 92, *ante*.

*** In Vol. IV. p. 365 was prematurely reprinted 'The Sorrowful Lamentation of a Penitent Sinner' (Roxburghe Coll., III. 37; Pepys, II. 13), beginning, "O Lord, my God, I come to Thee." It was so early of date as to be transfer property, 14th December, 1624. It was marked to be sung to the tune of *The Lamentation of a Sinner;* meaning *its own tune*, the title shortened. It was *not* the same tune as *Fortune my Foe = Aim not too high*, the tune belonging to our present much-later ballad, 1685-88 (mentioned in vol. vii. pp. 694, 773, 830), of which the sub-title is misleadingly similar, viz. 'The Sorrowful Sinner's Lamentation.' Three lines at bottom of vol. iv. p. 365 are cancelled.

The earlier ballad reappears on p. 99, for the advantage of comparison. The Pepysian reprint (Pepysian Coll., II. 13) was issued by *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*, *circâ* 1676.

Note, on 'The Contented Pilgrim' (belonging to p. 98).

'The Contented Pilgrim' of p. 98 is distinct from 'The Distressed Pilgrim,' p. 93, probably by Laurence Price, since he was the author of "*I am a Jovial Batchelor*," on p. 94, and possibly also of the unidentified "*Who can blame my Woe?*" tune-names cited by him, to advertise former productions. We bring these two Pilgrims in juxtaposition. They are worthy of being preserved.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 266; III. 396; Pepys, II. 86; Jersey, II. 139 = Lindes., 241.]

The Poor Man's Counsellor;

Or,

The Married-man's Guide.

If God have blest thee with a careful wife,
Take my Directions how to lead thy life;
Tho' Riches thou dost want, yet thou shalt find
Far greater wealth in a contented Mind:
Thy honest Labour shall thy charge maintain,
Being truly got, not by unlawful gain.

TUNE OF, *The Poor Man's Comfort.* [See *Note*, p. 105.]

COme, Friend, if thy leisure permit thee to stay,
I'le teach thee some precepts, the same to obey,
Now thou hast betaken thyself to a Wife,
How thou may'st live happy all days of thy life;
Then take my directions, tho' thou art but poor,
I'le learn thee to keep the Wolf from the Door.

'Tis not all men's fortune great Riches to have,
And they that have little have most need to save,
For Riches have wings, and away they will fly,
And leave them forsaken that once were so high;
A little is better with peace and content,
Than wealth in abundance in misery spent.

The Wealth of the World doth too many bewitch,
And they are to blame that make haste to be rich;
For goods ill-gotten like snow-balls will waste,
And he that was rich shall be poor at the last;
Therefore be content with a lowly degree,
And God will provide in due time, you shall see.

If thou hast a Wife that is loving and kind,
Great comfort in her at all times thou wilt find;
Whatever betide thee, she will bear a share,
And help to advize thee, in woe or welfare;
Then strive not her patience at all to provoke,
But freely submit to draw both in a yoak.

A wife that is froward I do not commend;
What thou dost take pains for she'l lavishly spend;
And do what thou canst for to humour her still,
She'll hold thee in scorn if she want of her will;
Make much of thy Wife that is loving and chaste,
For she will be saving and fearful to waste.

Each morning, when thou dost thy labour begin,
Have God in thy mind; 'twill keep thee from sin.
A Penny hard-earned, since it is thy lot,
Will do thee more good than a pound that's ill-got;
Then labour to thrive by the sweat of thy brows,
For that's the best way all honest men knows.

If God give a blessing that children you have,
The more you must labour in time for to save;
And do not you murmur and count them a charge,
The better you'l thrive and your stock will enlarge;
'Twill be a great comfort thy children to see,
If that they obedient and dutiful be.

Let no man intice thee thy money to waste,
Be careful to spare and lay up what thou hast;
Whoever shall ask thee he is not thy friend,
To go to the Alehouse thy money to spend;
Avoid such bad courses as bring men to want,
And thou shalt have plenty when others have scant.

Lewd Houses, and Gaming, be sure that you shun,
There's many frequent them, and so are undone;
By such bad companions a man that's misled
May quickly be brought to a morsel of bread;
A cup of good liquor at home with thy wife,
Will chear up your hearts and prevent further strife.

Be courteous and kind to thy neighbours abou[t,
And then they will love thee, thou need not [doubt;
Avoid all contention, with strife and debate,
For that would procure thee all honest men's ha[te;
Be civil to all men as they are to thee,
Then kindly respected thou surely shalt be.

If times do prove hard and money be scant,
Then labour for little before you do want,
And thankfully take whatsoever God sends,
As times do grow better it will make amends;
A dinner of herbs, with content, serves as w[ell
As all the rich dainties which far doth excel.

When thou for thy labour some money hast g[ot,
Be sure do not spend it in tossing the pot;
Make haste to thy wife and children small,
And that will supply when for bread they do call.
'Twould be a great grief to thee, whilst thou d[ost live,
To hear thy Babes cry, and have nothing to give.

Whatever affliction befall thee or thine,
Yet do not thou murmur or seem to repine;
For God, that hath given thee means to subsist,
Can take it away whensoever He list;
Therefore be contented whatever betide,
Submit with all patience, and God will provide. 78

Take care to remember what here I have told,
And value it dearer than silver or gold;
When thou art inclined to wander astray,
Perhaps it may bring thee into the right way;
And by thy Example all others may see,
'Tis good to be careful and live honestly. 84

[Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball, Pye-Corner*.]

[In Black-letter; with four woodcuts in II. 266, three in III. 396: 1st, the oval portrait of a king, ii. 539; 2nd, little man, vii. 206; 3rd, Oliver Cromwell's wife, vi. 173. Date, *circâ* 1672-1685. This ballad is No. 118 of Thackeray's List. Roxb. Coll., III. 396, is in White-letter, '*Newcastle-on-Tyne*: Printed and sold by *John White*.' From it we regain words shorn off R.C. II. 266.

*** The Tune is named, *The Poor Man's Comfort*, which is the title of a ballad beginning "My heart is oppress'd with sorrow, dear wife," to the tune of *Fair Angel of England* (and '*Bonny sweet Robin*,' see vol. i. p. 181). The full title is, 'The Poor Man's Comfort. Being an Excellent new[ly] composed Dialogue between a Man and his Wife, drawn up in a Coppy of Verses according to the Time. In which Ditty is contained four special matters to be taken notice of, which is as followeth: A despairing Husband, a comfortable Wife, the Deadness of Trading, and a Way to thrive in hardness of Trading, and a Way to thrive in hard Times.' (Pepys Coll., IV. 92; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 39.) Printed for *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.

Two delayed remainders are not included here, viz., 1st, 'The Father's Good Counsel to his Lascivious Son; or, A Caveat against Wenching,' beginning, "Come, Son, you are young, yet I oft have been told," etc. (Roxb. Coll. II. 166); the Son brings against him a counter-charge. Tune, *The Delights of the Bottle* (see vol. iv. p. 44). 2nd. 'The Dream of *Judas's* Mother Fulfilled': beginning, "Who that antique story reads, and ancient tales of old" (Roxb. Coll. III. 737). Tune of, *Christ is my Love, He loved me = The bonny broome*. (Pepys Coll., I. 41, 'Complaint of a Sinner.') See vol. vi. p. 688.

'A Godly Guide of Directions.'

Robert Tipping, who wrote these common-place verses, needs not a formal introduction. Some weakness in our national character commends for general acceptance, among the stupidest and least educated of the populace, the dreary platitudes of Puritanical hypocrisy. Ever since Lollardism encouraged irreverence, and exalted the right of private judgment into a dispensing power for total relinquishment of Christian Charity or 'good works,' the class represented by Robert Tipping kept the game in its own hands, and found it profitable. Some seek cheap martyrdom. Pilgrimages to shrines had been paid of old; but the long-eared rout worship no buried saints, apocryphal or real, preferring to exalt themselves for their own adoration as the accredited favourites of Heaven.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 189; Jersey, II. 43 = Lindesiana, 443.]

A Godly Guide of Directions,

For true Penitent Sinners in these troubled Times.

That we call to God to be our friend,
To think upon our latter end.
Man's Life is short, and at no stay,
We all must have a dying day. [*text*, 'almost'
That God may guide us along [we come.]
To bring us to our heavenly home,
Where our Souls may live, and ever rest
With heavenly Angels that are blest.

TUNE IS, *Aim not too high.* [See p. 35.] By **Robert Tipping.**

GOod people all, I pray you understand
These Verses now which I do take in hand,
And take good notice, I pray you, to the end;
It will put you in mind that God will be your friend.

There's little Love in this World to be seen,
Our Hearts doth swell with malice evermore;
It is a great wonder, for our grievous sin,
God does not strike us with some grievous sore.

There never was so much swearing in this land,
And taking of God's sacred name in vain;
It hurts our peace and does destroy our Land,
And sore offends our gracious God of Heaven.

It is a gracious thing, if people would but mind,
To think how sinful in this land we be;
God give us grace that we may mend in time,
And beg for pardon on our bended knee.

What innocent blood by villains has been shed,
[What wicked blasphemies and lies are told], *Line cut off.*]
In use to bring God's Judgment on our head;
But still His mercies they are manifold.

Good Lord! that people would but live more civil,
And serve the Lord in a most loving way,
And forsake the Sin of Pride that is so evil.
That God may be our friend both night and day.

'Tis not the pride of clothes, but the pride of heart,
That hurts a man and woman, I do say;
The Lord takes notice of the inner part;
Therefore, good people, we had need to pray.

And let Love and Charity be more in use,
And serve the Lord and keep the Sabbath-day;
O! then there would not be so much abuse,
But mend our lives, I say, then every way :

The Holy Bible shows us every way.
It was for sin the world before was drown'd.
If we understand but what the Scripture saith,
[Surely our faith and prayers will more abound.] *Line lost.*]

Our Saviour bids us, if we be releast,
With penitent heart our souls shall make a show,
And come to Him and He will give us rest ; [as snow.
If they were as red as scarlet, Hee'l make them as white

There's many never thinks of serving God,
For many sudden death there is truly,
But runs on in sin till they be struckned dead,
And as the tree doth fall so it will lye.

You see what warning-pieces God hath sent,
By fire and sword, and sickness for our sins,
To turn our hearts that we may all repent;
Yet to [a]mend we're loth for to begin.

Let's leave our sins and pray for spiritual Grace,
To trim our lamps, to fill them up with oyl;
Our dying day is coming on a pace,
Then God will give a blessing to our souls.

God's mercy it is great, we may be sure,
If we with penitent hearts can but repent;
If we with patience can our Cross endure,
In health or sickness truly be content.

And let's be careful how our time we spend,
And love our neighbour and relieve the poor ;
Whatever we do that God may be our Friend,
God's mercies they will bless us and our store.

Now, all good people, I say no more but this:
Let's live in love while this life doth endure,
Let every one mend what is amiss,
God's love is to those people to be sure.

Our time is short, we have not long to stay,
But yet let's strongly stand upon our guard ;
God give us grace to mind our latter day,
That our souls in Heaven may have a good reward.

Concluding of these verses now in print,
God bless us all, and ever, to our death,
That all may understand what here is in't,
When he is pleas'd that we shall loose our Breath.

The oldest man that ever liv'd o'th earth
Had but his time, he at the last did dye;
We must stoop to death and leave this life at last.
Let us work for Heaven and Heavenly Eternity. 76

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

[In Black-letter. One woodcut of *Death and the Lady*, given in vol. vii. p. 766. Date, 1672-95. Two lost lines, cut off by unskilful mounter of the broadside.]

Some 'Looking-Glass' Ballads.

DURING more than half a century, in the reigns of the Stuarts, there continued to be a succession of popular ballads bearing the part-title of 'A Looking-Glass.' Of these we here give two, viz. 'A Looking-Glass for a Christian Family,' beginning, "All you that fear the Lord that rules the sky," etc. (p. 110); 2nd, 'A Looking-Glass for Maids,' beginning, "Unhappy I, who in my pride of Youth," etc. (p. 113): both of them belong to the Roxburghe Collection (II. 283, and III. 154); 3rd, here quoted, Thomas Lanfiere's Looking-Glass for a Bad Husband = "You that are Bad Husbands, I pray you draw near." Mentioned in Vol. vii. p. 813,

Two others, already reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, are: 4th, 'A Looking-Glass for Ladies,' being the History of Penelope, beginning, "When *Greeks* and *Trojans* fell at strife" (reprinted in Vol. vi. p. 553); and 5th, bearing the same words as a sub-title to the 'Court Miss Converted'; or, A Looking-Glass for Ladies = "When *Phœbus* with his beams" (Vol. iii. p. 638).

There are also to be mentioned, 6th, 'A Looking-Glass for Murtherers,' registered in 1634; 7th, 'A Looking-Glass for Swearers and Blasphemers,' of date 168⅔; and, registered, 8th, 'A Looking-Glass for the People of this Age'; 9th, 'A Looking-Glass for all True Christians,' begins, "O heark! O heark! me thinks I hear a voice" (Pepys Coll., II. 47); and 10th, Pepysian, 'A Looking-Glass for a Covetous Miser; or, Comfort to a Contented Mind,' by T. J., perhaps Thomas Jordan or Thomas Jones, beginning, "Come listen, kind neighbours, with heart and good will" (Pepys Coll., II. 19), to the tune of *Fair Angel of England*, or, *Now the Tyrant* (ballads reprinted in Vols. i. 181 and vi. 67, respectively); 11th, Thomas Lanfiere also wrote 'The Wicked Man's Warning-piece; or, A Looking-Glass for a lewd Liver' (Pepys Coll., II. 23), sung to the tune of *Jaspar Coningham* (= "It was a *Scotchman*," etc.; see p. 78, and the reprint in Vol. iii. p. 104). It begins

identically with John Vicar's 'Letter to a Christian Family,' in Vol. vii. p. 814, viz., "Both young and old, both rich and poor," thereafter differing, and having for burden,

> "*Then cast off sinful pleasure, which is but vanity,*
> *And, above all earthly treasure, remember thou must die.*"

There are also these: 12th, 'A Looking-Glass for all Confident Ladies,' which is the sub-title of 'The Description of a Town-Miss,' beginning, "You limber Ladies that appear in divers kind of dresses." To the tune of *Amarillis*, of date *circâ* 1674 (Bib. Lindes., 1402); 13th, 'A Recollection of the Times; or *England's* Looking-Glass,' beginning, "O Sinful World! rouse up thy sleepy head" (Rawlinson, 69); 14th, 'A Looking-Glass for Corn-hoarders,' 163½, "Of wonders strange that ever was." (Pepys Coll., I. 148.)

There were at least two editions of Thomas Lanfiere's 'Looking-Glass for a Bad-Husband (meaning generally *improvident*); issued by *Thackeray*, *Passenger*, and *Whitwood*, 1670–77; eleven eight-line stanzas, of which we give the first and the last.

[Brit. Mus. C. 22 e, 2, fol. 6; Huth, I. 157; Jersey, I. 154 = Lind., 1422.]

A Looking-Glass for a Bad-Husband;
Or,
A Caveat for a Spendthrift.

You that are guilty of that sinful crime
Of Drunkenness, strive for to leave it off in time.
Lay up your Money, do not it vainly spend;
For in your greatest need it will be your best Friend.
Endeavour in your Youth, lest in Old Age you want,
For when that Poverty doth come, Friends will be scant.

To the Tune of, *The Poor Man's Comfort* [p. 105]; or, *Digby*. [See vol. vi. p. 39.]

YOu that are Bad-Husbands, I pray you draw near,
Good counsel here's for you, if you will give ear:
Then observe it rightly, and bear it in mind,
A great deal of Benefit in it you'l find.
Here you may learn how to live gallant and brave,
If you will endeavour for to get and save.
Then take care how in idle [*waste*] *your money you spend,*
For in time of need it will be your best Friend.

. . . . . .

To conclude, I advise all Good-Fellows that are,
In time of the main chance for to have a care;
Take heed, and be saving of that which thou hast,
It is not good in plenty for to make waste.
Remember this Proverb, and bear it in mind,
'When Poverty comes, Friendship is hard to find.'
Then take care how in waste thou dost thy money spend,
For in time of need it will be thy best Friend.

*** Tho. Lanfiere also wrote 'A Caveat for a Bad-Husband; or, The Good-Fellow's Warning-Piece,' beginning, "Come, all you Good-Fellows, wherever you dwell." (Rawlinson Coll. 566, fol. 155). His acrostic 'Warning-Piece to all Wicked Livers' is on p. 96, *ante*.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 283; Pepys, II. 234; Huth, I. 156; Rawlinson, 31; Jersey, II. 262 = Lind., 5.]

A Looking-Glass for a Christian Family;

Or,

A Warning for all people to serve God.

Good people, in this Glass you may behold the joy and comfort [you] are in, the wicked being accursed for evermore: Likewise the great cause the Lord sends such sore judgments among us for our Sins and Wickedness, and worser He will send if we repent not in time.

THE TUNE IS, *Aim not too high.* [See p. 35.]

ALl you that fear the Lord that rules the sky,
And fear His Holy Name that sits on high,
Do but observe these lines which I have pen'd;
I hope 'twill be a means your lives to amend.

You see that Charity is fled and gone, [*Cf.* vol. vii. 805-808.
And Love and Unity is left alone;
Whereas plain-dealing us'd to bear the sway,
Deceit and Cozening it hath got the day.

Oh! is it not a grievous sight to see,
The Son against the Father for to be;
The Daughter curse and ban her Mother dear,
To bring her up she always took great care.

This is the cause this Land is punisht sore,
And still I doubt it will be more and more;
The Lord His judgments He doth on us send,
Because we don't our wicked lives amend.

Do you not see in Town, and City too,
How men and women's hearts are full of woe?
"Sore sick, dear friends!" O! this is all their cry,
Praying to God to ease their misery.

The burning Fever and pain i'th head is chief,
And griping in the belly is all their grief;
No easement can be had for it, nor cure,
But still, poor souls, the same they must endure.

Therefore, good people all, both night and day,
Unto the Lord on our knees let us pray;
That He would be pleased to ease their pain,
And grant them to their former health again.

O *England, England!* whither wilt thou hie?
Thy sins to God for vengeance they do cry;
Thy Pride and Whoredom thou seek'st to maintain,
And the true Word of God dost still refrain.

Oh silly Soul! where will thy pride be come,
When as grim death appears to strike thee home?
Then thy rich jewels and thy brave attire
Will be but fuel for Eternal Fire.

Then thou wilt curse the Pride that did thee wrong,
And wish thou'st dyed when thou had'st been young;
But all too late, and vain be sure 'twill be,
To call for help to ease thy misery.

When thou dost on thy bed of languish lye,
Against thee then thy Conscience it will cry,
And witness all the sins thou hast commit,
Make thee appear for Heaven much unfit.

Then from thy gold and silver thou must part,
Though thou dost leave it with a heavy heart;
But when Death comes, thou must not put him by;
Nothing so sure, that one day thou must dye.

Children, see [you] your Parents do obey,
So Heaven will protect you night and day.
Servants, be just to those your masters be,
Then God will surely bless you, you shall see.

It grieves my Heart and [grieves my] Soul to see,
How young children to cursing given be;
Those that can scarcely yet speak one word plain,
Yet they can take the name of God in vain.

But all you that are Mothers meek and mild,
Do not you spare the Rod to spoile the child;
Apply the twigs before they stubborn stand,
Lest at [the] last you can't bend them with your hand.

Uphold not children neighbours for to wrong,
But look unto their ways in hand and tongue;
Let him be first a Lyer, he'l turn Thief,
Then thou'lt repent when there is no relief.

Then silly Soul, why wilt thou not amend,
Knowing that all things once will have an end?
All worldly pleasures are but vanity;
None knows but that to morrow we must dye.

The Glutton shall with hunger pine away;
Drunkards, the more they thirst the more they may;
Swearers, and those that do delight therein,
Be sure in Heaven shall never favour win.

The Usurer, and those that grind the poor,
Are like to have a judgment very sore;
He that doth seek the widdow's overthrow,
Will one day repent that ever he did do so.

But he that relieves the widdow and fatherless,
At the year's end will never have the less;
What thou dost give unto the blind or lame,
The Lord He will restore to thee [the same]. [*t.* 'again.'

Suppose that thou had'st thousands lying by,
And thou wast sick and full of misery;
Wouldest thou not give it all some ease to have?
But mind, O man! 'tis not Gold thy life can save.

And some so proud and lofty they are grown,
That a poor man in heart they scorn to own;
Because [of] their Riches, that will fade away,
And both their beds must be a clod of clay.

These things, my Friends, see that you do observe,
And from the Word of God be sure don't swerve;
For fear you should repent when 'tis too late,
When you shall ask God mercy at His gate.

Thus Christian Friends, you hear in all I sing, [*t.* 'everything.'
The difference between a wicked and good thing.
He that fears the Lord, a blessed man is he;
But for the wicked, Damned shall he be.

[*London*, Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.]

[In Black-letter. Colophon lost from Roxb., supplied from Jersey, etc. Five woodcuts: 1st, a devil; 2nd, man in cloak, hurrying, vii. 425, with the words, "*My Gold is my God;*" 'I kill you all' group, *Bagford Bds.*, 227. Rawlinson's 566, fol. 31, earlier, printed for *R. Burton*, 1641–74. It is No. 236 of Thackeray's List. Date, *circâ* 1650.]

*** With this 'Looking-Glass for a Christian Family' we end the '*Religious Ballads*' of the Group, and revert to the '*Romantic Ballads*,' associated with them, in the following 'Looking-Glass for Maids,' on p. 113. Anne Scarborough therein reproaches herself, for having caused the death of her two Lovers. It is followed on p. 117 by the 'Somersetshire Tragedy,' mentioned on p. 69.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 154; Euing, 163; Rawlinson, 28; Jersey, I. 84 = Lindes., 1226; Douce, I. 120; Case 22, e. 2, fol. 8.]

A Looking-Glass for Maids;

Or,

The Downfall of two most Desperate Lovers,

Henry Hartlove and *William Martin*, both late living in the Isle of *Wight*: who, for the love of *Ann Scarborow*, a beautiful Virgin, she having made herself sure to one of them, and afterwards fell off to the other, they challenged the field, where, after a cruel fight, they were mortally wounded, and found dead on the same place by the forementioned Maiden, who bestowed many tears on their bodies, and buried them in one Grave.

And now she lives in grief and sad distress,
Wishing all Lovers true more happiness.

TUNE IS, *Aim not too High.* [See p. 35.]



"UNhappy I, who in the prime of youth,
Unkind to him with whom I broke my truth!
Mark well my words, you that are maids and wives,
I was the cause that two men lost their lives.

"I' th Isle of *Wight*, *Ann Scarborow* was my name,
There did I live in credit, wealth, and fame;
My Parents rich, I nothing then did lack,
But grace and truth, the which did go to wrack.

"A Gentleman a Suitor to me came,
With whom I might have liv'd a gallant dame;
But wantonness and pride did seize my heart,
Was sure to him, and yet from him did part. ['sure' = betrothed.

"He broke a piece of gold, and gave it me,
Then did I seemingly to him agree;
But, O, my heart was never rightly plac'd!
Another man I afterward embrac'd.

"Which when he knew, he fell into despair,
He beat his breast, and tore his curled hair.
'O! who would trust a woman?' then said he,
'That seldome are what they do seem to be.

"'Now I do find that all a man can do,
His best endeavours, makes not women true;
Yet he that hath an interest in your heart,
Shall buy you dearly 'fore that we do part.'

"Then came the other, whom I lov'd so well,
But now, behold, a heavy hap befel;
When first my Love his Rival had beheld,
He cast his glove, and challenged him the field.

"To answer him the other thought it fit;
He said he ne'r was known a Coward yet.
He for my favour then so much did strive,
He said he'd fight with any man alive.

"Next morning then these Gentlemen did meet,
And manfully they did each other greet;
Each other wounded in most piteous sort,
E're any man unto them did resort.

"At last they made a strong and desperate close;
Both fell to th' ground, and never after rose.
Curst be the place, where these brave men did fall,
And curst be I, who was the curse of all!

"WHen word was brought to me, I quickly went,
But e're I came, their lives, alas! w[ere] spent;
Then did I tear the hair from off my head,
And wisht a thousand times that I were dead.



" When I came [t]here these gallants then I found,
Both of them lifeless, bleeding on the ground;
My conscience told me I was cause of this:
Sweet JESUS, now forgive me my amiss!

" I buried them, and laid them in one grave;
God grant their souls a resting-place may have!
More rest than I, whose restless conscience now
Accuses me for breaking of my vow.

" If I walk near the place where now they lye,
It troubleth [then] my mind exceedingly;
If to the place where they did fight I go,
It fills my guilty conscience full of woe.

" If I to bed do go, I cannot sleep;
And if I do, my dreams do make me weep;
Methinks I see them bleeding in my sight:
My thoughts by day, and eke my dreams by night.

" My rich apparel I have laid aside,
My cloth of gold, and other things of Pride;
In sable will I mourn while I have breath,
And every day expect and look for death.

" A dead man's skull my silver cup shall be,
In which I'le drink, too good a cup for me;
Instead of meat, on root and herbs I'le feed,
To put me still in mind of my foul deed.

" You woody Nymphs, that welcome in the Spring,
Come, hear a discontented Virgin sing!
O! that I might my time now with you spend,
In silent groves, until my life doth end.

" You Country Maids, in country and in city,
That now have heard my discontented ditty,
Be constant, ever true to one alone,
For if you prove false it will soon be known.

" If you will know where sorrow doth abide,
Repair to me, no other place beside;
Grief and despair doth daily now attend me,
And there is nought but death that can befriend me."

This discontented Damsel now she keeps
Her Chamber, where she sits and dayly weeps,
And suffers none to come to her, 'tis said,
But onely one, and that's her father's Maid.

The meat and drink her father to her sends,
She sends the poor, the which she calls her friends;
She feeds on roots, and herbs, and such like things,
Sometimes on bread, which she counts 'food for Kings.'

See here the fruits of wantonness and pride!
O let us pray that God may be our guide!
There's few of us but have our time ill spent,
So well brought up, that do so well repent.

You Damsels all, now have a special care,
Forget not her, that did these things declare;
" Be to your Sweet-hearts ever just and true;
And so, fair Maids, she bids you all adieu."

London, Printed for *Tho. Vere*, at the *Angel*, without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the sword and dagger duel, of p. 115; 2nd, the man and woman in a forest, p. 113. This ballad is No. 124 of William Thackeray's List, reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*. Later editions bear his name, along with those of *Coles*, *Vere*, *Wright*, *Clarke*, and *Passenger*. This Roxburghe exemplar, with *Vere's* name alone, is earliest, *circâ* 1648-52.]

The Somersetshire Tragedy.

THis ballad has been mentioned on p. 69. The tune to which it was sung, *No more, cruel Nymph*, 1676, is identified in the *Note* on p. 119, where Tom D'Urfey's song is reprinted.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 648. No other broadside exemplar noted.]

The Somersetshire Tragedy; Or,

The Wronged Lady's Lamentation, and Untimely Death.

[To the Tune of, *In vain, Cruel Nymph.* See *Note*, p. 119.]

SIR *William*, a Knight of six thousand a year,
He courted fair *Susan*, of *Somersetshire*;
The beautifullest creature that ever was seen,
A Lady by birth, tho' her fortune was mean:
What passed between them I'll tell you in brief,
Who hear it may sigh with a heart full of grief.

To her he pretended the greatest of Love,
And held her in hand three months and above;
Inviting her often to feast at his Hall,
At length he to wanton embraces would fall;
Which when she perceived, she sighing would say,
"Don't ruin an innocent Lady, I pray!"

"O talk not of ruin, thou Joy of my heart;
So long as we live, Love, we never will part,
So sure as I give thee this amorous kiss;
Then let me arrive at this rapture of Bliss:
If ever I'm false, or disloyal to thee,
May God's divine Vengeance then fall upon me."

The innocent Lady, then struck with surprise,
Besought him with sorrowful tears in her eyes,
That he would not tempt her to any such thing,
The which without question her Ruin would bring;
Yet still with new arguments her he assail'd,
Tho' long she resisted, at length he prevail'd.

He having obtain'd his earnest request,
She proved with child, then, with sorrows opprest;
He left her, whom once he did seem to adore,
And all his rash Vows he regarded no more:
No creature so false and deceitful as he,
That swears to be true, and yet perjur'd will be.

The innocent Lady, with sorrows opprest,
With tears in her eyes, with sobs from her breast;
She cry'd, "There's no sorrow, no sorrow like mine;
O why had Sir *William* so base a design?
Before I consented, O that I had dy'd!
I'm ruin'd! I'm ruin'd! I'm ruin'd!" she cry'd.

" Against you, Sir *William*, I needs must exclaim,
You courted for lust, and have cloath'd me with shame,
A sorrow which I am unable to bear.
My honour is gone; I will die in despair,
And haunt you by night with my wandering Ghost,
That you may not have any reason to boast.

" You shall have no pleasure, but constantly find,
The cries of your Conscience, the trouble of mind;
Both sleeping and waking, wherever you go,
For seeking my ruin and sad overthrow;
And breaking the Vows that you solemnly made,
Before you my innocent Virtue betray'd."

Retir'd from friends, her close chamber she kept,
Where for her misfortunes she bitterly wept;
And finding her folly she no ways could hide,
With grief she miscarry'd, in sorrow she dy'd;
Whose wandering Ghost then did often affright
Her false-hearted lover and treacherous Knight.

Sometimes to his chamber at midnight she came, [*Woodcut.*
The room being fill'd with a terrible flame;
Her trembling Ghost near the curtains would stand,
With either a dagger or sword in her hand;
As if she would stab this false Knight, where he lay;
And then with a shriek she would vanish away.

But once, above all, a strange groaning he heard,
And strait with a Child in her arms she appear'd,
Which then in his bed she laid close on his side;
This frighted him so, that he sicken'd and dy'd,
Within a week after the same he beheld;
To all that he told it, with wonder were fill'd.

Now as in a frightful condition he lay,
To all his dear friends he was pleas'd to say:
" I wronged a Lady, I needs must confess,
And brought her to sorrow, to shame, and distress;
And now since the glass of my life is near run,
I'm going to answer for what I have done.

" I was false to my Love, and my Oath I have broke,
And Death now stands ready, at one fatal stroke,
To send me away, but I cannot tell where:
I have done amiss, and must die in despair:
Let me be a Warning to all that shall hear
Of my death, for being so false to my Dear."

Printed and Sold in *Aldermary* Church-Yard, *London*. [*Note*, p. 119.

[Originally in Black-letter, of date 1676, but no early broadside known to be extant. Roxburghe in White-letter, 18th century reprint, with woodcut of Ghost, see vol. vi. p. 641. It was reprinted in J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, iii. 215, 1725, there entitled, 'The Lovers' Tragedy'; also in Thomas Evans's *Old Ballads*, iv. 278; and in R. H. Evans's, *ibid.* iii. 258; later entitled, 'Fair *Susan* of *Somersetshire*, or, The Wronged Lady's Lamentation and untimely Death.']

The tune is not named in Aldermary reprint, but is marked in 1725, *Old Ballads*, as '*No more, cruel Nymph.*' This should read properly, '*In vain, cruel Nymph! you my passion despise,*' it being 'The Resolved Lover,' a song by Tom D'Urfey, in act i. of his comedy '*The Fond Husband and Plotting Sisters*,' 1676, as reprinted in *Wit and Drollery*, p. 309, 1682. We give it here.

The Resolved Lover.

"IN vain, cruel Nymph, you my passion despise,
And slight a poor Lover that languishing dies;
Though Fortune my name with no titles endowed,
Yet fierce is my passion, and warm is my blood.
Delay in affections exalts an Amour,
For he that loves often will soonest give o'er.

"But vigorous and young, I'le flee to thy arms,
Infusing my soul in Elysium of charms;
A monarch I'le be, when I lie by thy side,
And thy pretty hand my sceptre shall guide;
Till cloy'd with delight, you confess with a joy,
No Monarch so happy, so pleasant as I."

A ballad on a similar subject to our 'Tragedy' (Pepys Coll., v. 328; not in the Roxburghe) is entitled 'The Wronged Lady; or, The Lord's Daughter of *Leicestershire*, who dyed for the love of a young Nobleman, who left her after many solemn protestations.' It begins, "O pity a Lover, who lyes, I declare," etc. To it follows an Answer, beginning thus, "Was ever young Noble so tortured as I?" (Pepys Coll., v. 291). It is 'The Young Nobleman's Dying Lamentation for the Lord's Daughter of *Leicestershire*.' The tune of both is, *If Love's a sweet passion*: see vol. vi. p. 31.

Of later date is 'The Broken Contract; or, The Betrayed Virgin's Complaint.' Printed in White-letter, and sold in *Stone-Cutter Street*, Fleet-Market, in the eighteenth century. No tune named. Twenty-six five-line stanzas. In two Parts, with 'The Mournful Answer of the Betrayed Virgin.' It begins thus (Roxburghe Coll., III. 780, no other exemplar noted):—

"YOu Maidens all, I pray give ear,
Unto my sad downfall, which I declare:
Of Parentage I am
Nigh to a gentleman,
As some now witness can the date of year," etc.

It is mentioned in our *List of unreprinted 'Single-slip Songs,'* belonging to the Roxburghe Collection. See later p., near the end of this Group.'

The Pining Maid.

THIS is a lament of another girl, Mary, for the fatal consequences of her capricious rejection of John, the young man whom she loved, and whom she had engaged to marry. Her scornfulness was assumed merely to test him; "I thought he did dissemble, but he did mean true love." Taking her cruelty to heart, he goes away and drowns himself, leaving her to endure remorse for her guilty folly, haunted by his Ghost. She warns other maidens to avoid her disastrous caprices, and resolves to remain unwedded.

The influence of such a ballad as this 'Pattern for Lovers' (its own sub-title), could not fail to be wholesome, so far as example and precept avail to conquer fickleness or perversity. The heart of some maiden might be touched by the tale of sorrow and wrong-doing, ending in despairing suicide on the part of the insulted Lover, 'John,' a shop-keeper of Coventry, and in Mary's bitter anguish of repentance. Both lives are wrecked. Amid the garrulousness of the ballad, true pathos, true affection, and true regret are revealed. The Roxburghe Collection holds the sole exemplar, and it has not been reprinted hitherto. The tragedy is told impressively, without any heightened exordium.

The tune named, '*Alack, for my Love I must die!*' belonged to 'An excellent Ballad, intituled, The Unfortunate Love of a *Lancashire* Gentleman, and the Hard Fortune of a fair young Bride' (wherein the earlier tune-name is quoted as '*Come, follow my Love!*'). It begins, "Look, you faithful Lovers, on my unhappy state"; in which a young man's remorse is displayed, for both the girls are made his victims. It is in the Pepys and the Wood Collections; and was reprinted in J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 236, 1723; but does not come into our Roxburghe series. Two stanzas were quoted in vol. vi. p. 204; and on the page following we reprinted 'The Secret Lover,' or 'The Jealous Father Beguiled'; which was sung to the same tune of *Alack, for my Love I must die.* Burden, '*And sing, Go from my window, love, go!*' Beginning, "A dainty spruce young Gallant, that lived in the West."

An earlier ballad, entitled 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland,' held a burden answering to the proper tune-name, '*Come, follow my Love!*' This is preserved in T. Deloney's '*Jack of Newberry*,' 1597.

> "It was a Knight in *Scotland* born,
> *Come follow, my Love, come over the strand!*
> Was taken prisoner, and left forlorn,
> Even by the good Earl of *Northumberland*," etc.

The Roxb. woodcut of the Pining Maid's funeral is *not* identical with the one which is reproduced on p. 121, from the 'Bride's Burial.'

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 118. Apparently unique.]

The Pining Maid;

Or,

A Pattern for Lovers.

Giving a brief account of the unfortunate death of a young man living in Coventry, a Shopkeeper, who drowned himself for the Love of a Maid, daughter to a Captain of the said City, because she denyed her promise, and would not yeild to be his wife, and now she lives in a most sad condition, and is very much troubled in her mind. The Poet, having a hint of some of her grief, composed these lines into meeter, according to her directions, and so caused it to be Printed, for all young men and maids to take example by the same.

The Tune is, *Alack, for my Love I must die.* [*Note*, p. 120.]



COme, all young men and maidens, and listen unto me;
I briefly will declare how I'm plunged in misery,
And all through my own seeking, I well may say truly,
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn.

There was a gallant young Man, in *Coventry* did dwell,
He was a brave Shop-keeper, as it is known full well;
He loved me so dearly, the truth of it to tell:
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn. [*sic passim.*

Three years in Love together was this young man and I;
Our hearts in one were linked fast, I cannot it deny;
But I was the first breaker of the bands of amity. *And 'tis*, etc.

He was as well beloved as any man could be;
He was civil in his carriage to th' high and low degree;
Yet for all this, poor soul! he could find no Love in me
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn. 16

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

MY Parents they consented that I should be his Wife;
Also I was contented with him to lead my life;
But my Pride and Ambition did seek this deadly strife:
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn.

His heart was ne're at quiet, or could rest but in my sight;
He sought all means to please me, and feed my fond delight;
At last, for to reward him, I paid him with despight. *And*, etc. 24

For when that Marriage it grew nigh, then I did him forsake,
And gave him a flat answer; then he these words did speak:
"Oh, *Mary!* don't deceive me, and cause my heart to break."

He wept and wail'd, he wrung his hands, and thus to me did say,
"Sweet *Mary*, if thou lovest me, oh, cast me not away!"
But still, [I] with a scornful look his words would not obey. 32

He, seeing no perswasions my stony heart would move,
He sighing sadly went away: I did it him to prove.
I thought he did dissemble, but he did mean true Love.

He laid himself upon the bed, but there no rest could be;
In 's mind he was perplexed, as plainly you may see:
That very night he drown'd himself all for the love of me. 40

But when tidings it was brought me, the truth of it was so,
My conscience was tormented, I knew not what to do;
Yet all things I kept secret, and made no outward show.

Within a short time after, appeares in my sight
His ghastly Ghost, that loved me, and did me sore affright; [*t.* 'gashly.'
And groaning cry'd, "Now I do come for my own heart's delight."

Into such a damp it struck me, and wounded so my heart,
If a thousand swords had pierc'd me, I could not ha' felt more smart;
Nor can all the Physitians yet cure me with their art.

My Friends they much do blame me, and all the Town beside;
Those that I kept company with, now cannot me abide;
Because I would not yield [my self] to be his bride. 56

Now have I made a solemn Oath, and mean to keep it truly,
Because he loved me so well, for his sake a Maid to dye;
My self I will refrain from all bad company.

I'le live on bread and water, good dyet I'le forsake;
In the world I live in misery; sweet CHRIST, me ready make!
Oh! *John*, I come, I come, all this is for your sake.

At first I [had] made light of it, yet now it doth grieve me sore,
That I should cast a man away, that loved me long before;
I was the causer of his death, which was worthy worlds and more.

I hope I soon shall follow him, whom I do love so dear,
Though then I made light of him, and for him did not take care;
I thought Love but an idle toy, but now I find it rare. [*i.* 'dear.'

Young Maidens all, both great and small, to you these lines I send;
Be faithfull in your promise, and true unto your friend;
Least at the last you're forced to cry out in the end:
" *And 'tis for my Love that I mourn.*"

Trust not Love [of change is profit], I speak it flat and plain;
Run not the hazard of it, but constant still remain;
For fear it be too late to call yesterday again.

For through [my] foolish fancy, as many well do know,
I wrought my Love's destruction, I sought his overthrow;
Now in *Coventry*, fair City, my Love doth lye full low.

So adieu, you faithful Lovers! where ever you may be;
Be sure to keep your promise, in every degree;
Though I remain upon the earth, yet still my heart's with thee,
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn.

Printed for *Phillip Brooksby*, near the *Hospital*-gate, in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-Letter. Woodcut, 'The Bride's Burial," p. 121. Date, *circâ* 1673.]

*** In our vol. vi. p. 207, we reprinted a single-slip-song, *circâ* 1745, to the same tune of *Alack, for my Love I must die*, viz., 'A Favourite Love Song,' beginning, " One night, while I lay on my bed, the thoughts of love came in my head." Unfortunately, *it there lacks these final stanzas* (which had escaped notice, over-leaf, in transcription); they should follow after the words " *No mortal man shall know, for I'll love the girl while I've got breath to draw.*"

Hearing what he said, she stood like one amaz'd,
Wiping the tears from off her beautiful eyes;
Said she, " My dearest Jewel, how could you be so cruel?
'Tis doubtful I had died, if I'd never seen you more."

Now this happy Couple they are joined together;
The Bells they did ring, and the music did play.
Now they live together, like two loyal lovers:
Bless'd be this couple until their dying day.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 178; Pepysian, I. 356.]

The Two Nottinghamshire Lovers;

Or,

The Maid of *Standon* in *Nottinghamshire* and the *Leicestershire* man;

Which were linked together contrary to their friends' minds, but she was so inflamed in love [for him, of late,]
That she requested him from thence to goe;
And he resolved her so to doe,
Appointing the place where they should meet;
But it proved a heavie meeting as e're was knowne;
As in this Ditty shall be showne.

To the Tune of, *I feare I shall stay too long.* [See Burden, *passim.*]

IN *Nottinghamshire*, as late I did heare,
There lived two Lovers true,
Whose hearts were linked fast, whilst life did last;
But mark what did ensue.
O! this was all her song, "My Love, I suffer wrong,
And I feare thou wilt stay too long."

In *Standon* she was born, that lived thus forlorne,
And her name was called *Anne Hall;*
But her own friends did seeke her mind for to breake,
Which caused her great downfall.
And this was all her song, "My Love, I suffer wrong," etc. 12

This young man in *Leicestershire* was born, as I do heare,
And his name was called *John Browne;*
But in his love he was not so constant as his Lasse,
As hereby shall be plainely found.
But this was all her song, etc. [*Sic passim.*]

When friends would not agree that she should married be
To him that she best did love,
Though she did them intreat, they her misused and beat,
In hope that her mind would move. *O! this,* etc. 24

Her friends to her would say, "If you will him denay,
And marry some other man,
Then you shall want for nought, that for money can be bought;
Take you him that hath House and Land." *But this. . .*

But she was thus resolved, till death her dissolved,
Not to change like the wavering wind.
Like to the Turtle-Dove, so true she did prove,
And she was steadfast in her mind. [*t.* 'love.' 36

But when that she did see her friends would not agree,
She moane made unto her Love;
Saying she would goe with him, in weal or woe,
And would prove like the Turtle-Dove. *O! this*, etc.

Thus he reply'd againe, "My mind I will explaine,
And will tell thee what I will doe:
Meet me in your Father's Land, and here's my heart and hand;
To-morrow with thee I'le goe." 48

To the same she did agree, and appointed presently
The place where she should him meet;
Then home she went againe, for money, to maintaine
Her self and her Lover sweet.

And when the houre came, then she return'd againe,
To the place where he did appoint;
But when that she came there, she saw him not appeare,
And then she began to faint. 60

Then downe she sate her straight, and thus began to write,
Complaining most pittiously,
Of her crosses [all that] she had endured patiently;
And then she was resolved to die.

[She cried] "False-hearted one, that breedest my moan,
And do-t cause me thus to complaine;
Oh! I will never trust to one [grown] so unjust,
For I find that it is in vaine."
But this was all her song, "My Love, I suffer wrong,
And I feare thou wilt stay too long." 72

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

"HE so swore to me that true he would be,
As the Turtle to his mate;
Oh! but him I find much like to the wind,
That blowes in uncertaine state.
But this is still my song, 'My Love, I suffer wrong,
And I feare thou wilt stay too long.'

"His [were the] urging eyes, like to the pleasant skies,
That in *April* oft do show;
Yet ere that you're aware, they changed are
To stormy wind, and blow. *Therefore*, etc. 84

"Seeing that thee I find to be so unkind,
To me which so deare loved thee,
I'm resolv'd in heart from the world to depart;
Thou again shalt me never see.

" To father and mother, I speak above all other,
Who are the causers of my woe;
You would not give consent, therefore you may repent,
You have wrought my overthrow.

" When I did you intreat, then was I sorely beat,
And you said him I should not marry;
You stood for worldly gaine, which breedeth now my paine;
For my Love I do now miscarry.

" To you, my Love, likewise, who, I did once surmise,
Would have proved more true to me;
But you I false doe find, and to me so unkind,
Therefore I here must die.

" This letter, of my woe, with me shall be to show
In the place where you shall me find,
For to declare aright the causes of my 'spight,
And the truth of a troubled mind." *Therefore*, etc.

Then with her [keen] knife, she ended her life,
In the place that appointed was;
Where her Love, to see, came thither presently,
And found her dead on the grasse.

Therefore with his Rapier he, him self immediately,
Did kill, hard by his Love.
Straight after they were found, bleeding upon the ground,
Neare to a pleasant Grove.

Her friends when they did heare, sore grieved they were,
Yet unto the place [they] did come;
And from her pocket they there pulled out straight-way
This letter of grief and mone.

When this they read and heare, they stricken were with feare,
And cryed most pitteously;
Confessing of it true; but marke what did ensue,
O! they did after quickly die.

Let other Parents now not seek to break a vow,
That is made betweene Lovers True;
Lest all too late, I say, they work their lives' decay,
As by this storie plainly [comes to view]. ['doth appear.'
And now to end my song [of her who suffer'd wrong;
Oh! she feared, she feared he would stay too long.] Finis.

London, Printed for *H*[*enry*] *G*[*osson*].

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the Old Cavalier, p. 55, Left; 2nd, the couple seated on the ground, vol. ii. p. 516; 3rd, Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 295, Left; 4th, the man, vol. ii. p. 590, Left. Date between 1607 and 1625.]

[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 *Note** below.]

MY Fairest, my Dearest, I've heard what thou'st told;
I value thy words more than silver or gold;
Matter not for Riches, for thou shalt have those [and more],
If thou wilt go with thy Love, all the world o're.

As thou dost forsake Father and Mother beside,
I'le 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're.

Though we travel to *Rome*, Love, to *France*, or to *Spain*,
Yet do not you fear but we shall turn again;
I'le secure thee from the tiger, the wolf, and the boar.
Then come and go with thy Love, etc. [*passim.*

As thou art so constant and steadfast in mind,
As faithful a friend thou ever shalt find;
Then assure thy self I'le wrong thee on no score.
Then come and go with thy Love, all the world o're.

And if thou goest with me, I'le promise thee fair,
Instead of one boy, Love, I'le get thee a pair;
I'le hug thee and kiss thee, thy joys to restore.
Then come and go with thy Love, all the world o're.

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* *Note.*—This is the *sequel* of a unique Black-letter ballad (Euing Collection, No. 149), entitled 'The Kind-Hearted Maiden's Resolution, wherein she doth show her real affection and true Love unto her dearest friend.' It has for motto,

"Her father and mother they still do say 'No,'
Yet she is resolved with her Love still to go."

To the tune of, *Jenny, Jenny.* Two cuts. Printed for *J. Clarke*, at the *Harp and Bible*, in *West Smithfield.* It begins, "Now farewell, dear Father, and Mother also." The original '*Scotch tune*' belongs to a ballad entitled 'Jenny, Jenny; or, The False-hearted Knight.' It begins, "There was a Lass in our town, and she was wondrous fair." Reprinted, in vol. vii. p. 350.

Though Sir *Guy* and St. *George* did venture their lives,
I'le do as much for thee as they did for their wives;
I'le be thy Champion against thousands and more.
Then come and go with thy Love, all the world o're.

He that seeks to wrong thee, I'le venture my Life,
And you'l 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, etc.

Hang him, from his dearest wilt 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, go with thy Love, all the world o're.

I'le show thee what fashions *Europe* can desire;
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're.

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 [in] store.
Then come, go with thy Love, all the world o're.

Love, never be daunted, nor yet do not fear,
But I will be faithful unto thee, my Dear;
No tongue nor yet beauty [but] shall thy fame adore.
Then come and go with thy Love, all the world o're.

He that would wrong thee, is worse than a Jew,
And he is a Knave that will not prove true;
Such doings I hate, and shall love thee the more.
Then come, go with thy Love, all the world o're.

Though I don't praise thy feature as thou hast done mine,
Yet I'le stick as close to thee as the bark to the vine;
Therefore, do not tarry, but bar up the door.
Then come, go with thy Love, all the world o're.

And thus, my own dearest, I've told thee my mind,
And nothing but truth thou by me shalt find;
Then take this Kiss, for I'le now say no more;
But come, and go with thy Love, all the world o're.

Printed for *J. Clarke*, at the *Bible and Harp*, in *West Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, p. 34 of vol. iv. Date, 1650–1682.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 162. Not found elsewhere.]

The Merchant of Scotland,
And the Unfortunate Damosel.

A Damosel fair, in *Scotland* born,
Being full of grief, and left forlorn;
'Twas an *English*-man that she did love,
Who left her, and unkind did prove:
In private she did make great moan,
Because her *English*-man was gone.
An *Edinborough* merchant there, [*text*, Edenborough.
Her sighs and groans did chance to hear,
And married her; but in short time
Was forc'd to leave his Native clime,
And sail unto some forraign shore,
Leaving her sadder than before.

To a Pleasant Country Tune.

ABroad as I was walking, all by the Park-side,
Abroad as I was walking, so merry, merrily;
Oh! I heard a fair maid make great moan, and [she said],
Still she did weep for good company,
And still she did weep for good company.

"Oh! what do you weep for? my well-favour'd Maid,
What do you weep for, so sore and bitterly?"
Quoth she, "I weep for an *English*-man,
That is quite banisht out of this country," etc.

"Come, I am the burgess of *Edenborough* town,
And I pray thee, Sweet-heart, lay thy love to me."
Oh! then this Merchant-man draws forth a bag of gold,
And he laid it on this fair maid's knee,
Saying, "Sweet-heart, take thou this,
And afterwards lay thy love to me," etc.

"I pray you take up your money, your money,
I pray you take up your gold and all your fee,
For if that I prove false to *Kester a Wait*,
O how should I prove true to thee?" [Repeat *passim*.

At length [when] this fair maid did behold
The merchant's great baggs, and his comely face,
She also did cast an eye upon his Gold,
And willing she was the same for to embrace.

"Kind Sir," quoth she, "since my first love is gone,
And if that you will make much of me,
I'le cheer up my heart, and I'le live with you alone,
And to-morrow your married wife I will be."

"AGreed, agreed!" the Merchant-man did say,
"I do love thee with all my heart;
I could wish that we might have been married to-day,
For I from my dearest will never depart."

The next day being come, they were married both,
Being clothed in [garments of] rich array,
And being at the Church they both plighted their troth,
And kept a most jovial wedding-day, etc.

But they had not been a month married,
Not a [whole] month married were they,
But there came News from *Edenborough*-town,
That all Merchant-men must go to sea, etc.

This grieved the Merchant piteously,
That he must so soon bid adieu to his dear;
But alas! the poor Bride, how grieved was she!
And at every word fell many a tear, etc.

He bid her adieu, for to Sea he must go,
But she held him fast in her arms:
"You must not, you shall not, my dearest now;
I will keep you at home without harms," etc.

"Oh! I must go to sea, my honey, my honey,
Oh! I must go to sea, my dearest honey;
But when I am gone to sea, and to sea,
I prithee look after my little Conney," etc.

Then giving her many kisses so sweet,
He bid her farewell with a sorrowful heart,
Saying, "Be of good cheer, till again we do meet,
And then from my Love I will never depart," etc.

When thus he had said, then away he did go,
And now he is sailing over the Main.
He leaves her behind full of sorrow and woe;
But more you shall know when he comes back again,
But more you shall know when he comes back again.

Finis. With Allowance, **Ro. L'Estrange.**

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

[We have no record of the sequel having appeared, and this broadside is unique. In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the Old Ship in full sail, vol. vii. p. 524; 2nd, the Lady and Cavalier, *ibid.* p. 540; 3rd, caricature of Gabriel Harvey bewraying himself, *Bagford Ballads*, p. 401, Right; 4th, a coat of arms, with motto of the Petty family, *Deo ducente, nil nocet*, "God guiding, nothing hurts." Date of ballad, before August, 1685.]

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 686; Euing, 42; Douce, *bis*; Jersey, 119; L. 1148.]

The Covetous Old Mother;

Or, The Terrible Overthrow of two Loyal Lovers.

To the Tune of, *O, so Ungrateful a Creature!* [*Note*, p. 132.]

You that these woful tidings hear, can you forbear to shed a tear?
Surely your tender hearts must bleed, when you these moving lines do read.

THere was a wealthy young Squire, who a fair Damsel did love,
Nay, and it was so intire, nothing his fancy could move:
She was of ordinary Parents, which, when his friends they did know,
They strove to set them at variance, proving their sad Overthrow.

"Son," said his indulgent Mother, "Pray, now, listen unto me:
I have consider'd another, suitable to your degree,
That you may rise to promotion; she is both virtuous and fair,
Two thousand pounds to her portion; therefore your folly forbear."

"Mother, those charms do inflame me which in my dear I behold;
Therefore, I pray, do not blame me, True Love is better than Gold;
Might I have wealth out of measure, nothing my mind can remove;
I'll never marry for treasure; give me the Creature I love.

"I can maintain like a Lady she whom I do adore;
Have I not riches already? What need I covet for more?
If you give me not one penny, I have a hundred a year;
Now if I marry with any, it shall be *Nancy* my dear."

"Son, if your Love be so rooted that from her you cannot part,
By me it shan't be disputed; take her, then, with all my heart."
But she in this was deceitful, as by this ditty you'll find;
Never was action more hateful, malice remain'd in her mind.

Straight she repair'd to this Creature, vowing to send her away;
Yet with a smile she did meet her, saying, "Dear daughter, this day
We will go to buy your Attire, every thing I will provide;
'Tis my unfeigned desire that you shall be my son's Bride."

Thus was the matter contriv'd, just as his Mother would have;
Then to the Captain, in private, she sold her to be a Slaue; [*Note*.
She from *Old England* did send her, fill'd with much sorrow and woe;
There was no soul to defend her, but [she] was compelled to go.

When her Invention was over, the [Mother] return'd to her Son,
Freely to him did discover presently what she had done. [forth;
When he heard what she had acted, his Rapier straight he pull'd
Raving like one quite distracted, crying, "You've ruined us both."

Then on the point of his Rapier he did immediately fall,
His life did go like a vapour, this was the ruin of all.
His Mother, more than uncivil, was of a covetous mind;
Money's the root of all evil, caus'd this confusion we find. 36

Now does his Mother with weeping weary out many a day,
While her dear son lies a sleeping low in a cold bed of clay:
This is a dismal relation; she whom he did much adore,
Now is sent far from the Nation, where she'll never see him more.

Newcastle: Printed and sold by JOHN WHITE.

[In White-letter. Two cuts: 1st, the lady in big black hat, vol. iii. p. 585, Right; 2nd, a young man about to throw himself on the point of his rapier, the hilt being on the ground. Madden's, i. 154, printed for *T. Norris*, at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London Bridge*, before 1712. Euing and Lind., 42, in Black-letter. Licensed by *R. Pocock*. Five cuts: printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Gilt-Spur Street*, without *Newgate*. Date, *circâ* 1686.]

Note.—John White preserved many broadside ballads, by reprinting them at Newcastle. He died in 1769. Line 26, and final: compare vol. vii. p. 511, where another maiden is sold into slavery.

*** The tune named is, *Oh! so ungrateful a Creature.* A full account of the three-fold ballad broadsides, issued by James Bissel, will be found on p. 453 of our preceding vol. vii.; one of his sequels being the *Roxb. Ballad*, vii. 455, '*Love in a Bush*,' licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-88. The present ballad of 'The Covetous Mother' was mentioned and promised, vii. p. 457. It is quite distinct from one similarly beginning, 'The Faithful Squire; or, The Fortunate Farmer's Daughter,' which probably suggested the story of '*Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*,' 1740, to Samuel Richardson. This identification of it was first made in the present Editor's *Bagford Ballads*, p. 453, 1877, and the ballad reprinted, pp. 454 to 456, beginning, "There was, I'll tell you, a wealthy young Squire, who took his journey to *Glostershire*." It also was licensed by R. Pocock, 1685-88.

The Mistaken Bride; or, The Faithful Friend.

FRIENDSHIP is here the victorious rival of Love. 'The Faithful Friend,' George, yields to Gerardo the possession of his own lady, 'The Mistaken Bride,' deceiving her by a substituted husband. Such a wedding was doomed to disaster. The intended suicide and suspected murder are clumsily told. The thirteenth stanza held a misprint of '*Gerardo*,' which is here corrected to *George*. Also 'He' in 17th stanza refers to *George*.

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* *Note.*—This ballad of 'The Mistaken Bride' was mentioned in vol. iv. p. 361. The song of "*Celia*, that I once was blest," belonged to Dryden's *Amphitryon*, 1691, and was reprinted in vol. vi. p. 152. The ballad version of it (Pepys Coll., vi. 301) was printed on a broadside for *Charles Bates*, bearing the title of 'Coy *Celia's* Cruelty; or, The Languishing Lover's Lamentation.' Music in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. iv. p. 258, 1719 edition.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 350; Euing, 217; Jersey, I. 291 = Lind., 651.]

The Mistaken Bride;

Or,

The Faithful Friend.

To an Excellent New Tune, called, *Celia, that I once was blest.* [**Note*, p. 132.]

IN fair *London* late did dwell a man whose fame did most excel;
He possessing a rich blessing, of his hopeful son we'll tell:
Fair *Gerardo* he was named, mild and of sweet temper framed.

When that he was come to age, in Vertue's school fit to engage,
His wise father, he chose rather *Oxford*, that fair Learned Stage,
Than the Court, which most admire, and which youth do so desire.

Thither he was sent to get fair learning and accomplish'd wit; [fit,
There a Knight, with great delight, took charge of this companion
For his son *George*, such a creature, just so tall and of such a feature.

In their stature and their face they were of equal height and grace,
In their favour and behaviour so alike in every place;
One was not known from the other, as if twins and of one mother.

And as they in face were found, alike in vertue did abound;
Kind and pritty, both like witty, not their equals the world round;
Not like other that are roving, but most constant in their loving.

George he lov'd a lady fair, with whom no virgin could compare,
All admiring and desiring such a Beauty bright and rare,
Like the sunbeams in the morning, all the meads & fields adorning.

On a time it chanced so, that to this Beauty he would go,
For his pleasure, to this treasure, and he asked *Gerardo* too
If he would not see this beauty? He reply'd, it was his duty.

And along with him he went, but Beauty bred his discontent;
Her bright eyes did so surprize the faithful youth, and did torment;
She with graces so abounded, and his gentle heart so wounded.

After this, perplex'd in mind, his Friend him in despair did find;
And requested and protested that the cause thereof he'd find:
He then told in mournful fashion that the lady caus'd his passion.

"Courage then, dear friend," quoth he, "this Beauty I'll resign to
She divine, shall be all thine, for we will never disagree; [thee;
Go and put on my apparel, and of her I'll take my farewel.

"Go to church, and in my stead you shall the lovely lady wed;
Do not languish, ease your anguish, since we both alike are free'd.
None can know us from each other, not so much as our own Mother."

Then next day, as they decree'd, *Gerardo* wedded her indeed;
After feasting, mirth, and jesting, to the Nuptial Bed they speed;
She, supposing 'twas her Lover, gave him joys none may discover.

All the night in her soft arms he lay, possest of all her charms;
But next day a post that way did give these lovers loud alarms,
For *Ge*[*orge*] comes from *London*, and now all the Plot is undone.

All the matter's plainly prov'd, that 'twas his friend the Lady lov'd,
Though she wedded and was bedded to *Gerardo* in mistake;
Now their kindred [un]deceive them, all enraged, railing leave them.

Banish'd thus from *London* quite, and depriv'd of wealth and right,
Fortune froward and untoward made him sigh both day and night;
(Saith he), "In this fortune cruel I'll go seek my friend and jewel."

When that he to *Oxford* came, and found his friend by mighty fame,
He possessing Fortune's blessing, wealth, and a renowned name;
Quoth he, "Now I am ashamed, that *Gerardo* should be named.

"Wherefore I within the street will stay till I my friend do meet."
[*George*] ran by, him did espy, but knew not 'twas his friend so nigh,
Which did cause *Gerardo's* anguish, made him sigh and made him languish.

Then in grief he drew his knife, thereby to end his wretched life,
Sighing, moaning, sadly groaning, till he there fell fast asleep,
Where, while he lay soundly sleeping, there a murdering Thief came [cr]eeping.

With this knife he ran amain, and thrust it in the man he had slain;
After peeping, he still sleeping, put it in his hand again;
Then away fled from the sleeper, that had Heaven for his safe Keeper.

When that search in this was made, *Gerardo* was for Murther staid;
He confest, and did protest, that he the murder'd man had slain;
But his friend that knew him pittied, and *Gerardo* soon acquitted.

Quoth he then, "'Twas only I that kill'd this man, then let me dye."
While they pleaded and proceeded, the Thief there himself came by,
To the Judges did discover every thing, the fact all over.

In brave, rich array he straight was suited, as became his [st]ate,
And his Land at his command, and former servants on him wait;
The Thief pardon'd, here lamented his foul fact, and so repented.

Printed for *J*[*oshua*] *Conyers*, at the *Black Raven*, near *St. Andrew's* Church, in *Holborn*.

[In Black-Letter. With two woodcuts: 1st, the man and woman, p. 138; 2nd, young man with castle behind, vii. 203, Right. Date of issue, 1691.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 614. The only exemplar noted.]

Leaping of the Lords.

OF all the Lords in merry *England*,
And Gallants both blith and gay,
Here's a *Lancashire* Lord amongst them all
Must still have the praise of me:
Brave *William*, of *Derby*, a man of renown,[1]
And he is related to *England's* Crown.[2]
And sing, O brave Gallants and brave,
For the Honour of England's *Crown.*

Once three *Scotch* Lords a proud challenge did make,
And upon the *English* ground,
For to leap with any stout *English* Lord,
For seven good thousand pounds.
"A boon!" cry'd *Southampton*,[3] and fell upon his knee;
"My Liege, I desire you will grant it to me:
And sing, O brave Gallants and brave,
For the Honour of England's *Crown.*" 16

"O no! O no!" then said our King, [*James* I.
"*Southampton*, that may not be;
There is far better Lords in merry *England*
Liker to take up this challenge than thee."
"It is not a boon, my Liege, it is but a fee,
And I'll go the wager myself every penny." *And*, etc.

Brave *Derby*, hearing him say so,
Was present upon the ground;
"*Southampton*, this boon shall be given to thee,
If it were for ten thousand pound."
Our Majesty said, "If it goes by degree,
Well then, cousin *Derby*, I'll give it to thee." 32

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[1] The Earl of Derby here mentioned, as William, must be William, sixth Earl, K.G., born before 1593, who died in 1642. The contest takes place in presence of King James I. of England, and of his son Prince Charles (without mention of Prince Henry, who died in 1614); therefore before 1625.

[2] This claim arose from Henry, the 4th Earl, having married Margaret, granddaughter of Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, sister of Henry VIII. It is supposed that Ferdinando, the 5th Earl, was poisoned, because he hoped to become King.

[3] Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of *Southampton*, who died in 1624. For his participation with Essex, in 1600, he had been "tried, condemned, and attainted, but his life was spared; and upon the accession of James I. he was released from prison, restored in blood," etc., 21 July, 1603. See Sir Bernard Burke's *Extinct Peerages of the British Empire*, p. 594, edit. 1866.

Then came forth our young Prince *Charles*, [*Charles* I.
A glittering Prince to be seen,
With silver hasps and golden lace,
His scarf was black and green;
But amongst them all he made such a reproof
That all the whole country did him belove.

" Stout *Southampton*," he said, " I have ten thousand pound
To venture on thee this day;
And before thou shalt out-braved be [*t.* 'out-brayed.'
A thousand more I will lay."
" I thank you, my Prince," *Southampton* he said,
" Seven thousand of my own I will leap for to-day." 48

Southampton he lighted from off his horse,
And he jumpt upon the ground;
He bid his men bring forth bags of gold,
Of seven good thousand pound.
The bags they were brought, and set on the ground;
The brave Earl of *Derby* caused Trumpet to sound.

O! then came forth our Sir *Lawrence*, [*text*, 'Saint.'
And he leap'd with his might and main;
He leapt four yards and full two inch,
And he jumpt off the ground again.
" Well leapt, Sir *Lawrence*!" said our King,
" Methinks thou dost leap with muckle good spring,
And I fain would have thee the wager to win,
For the Honour of England's *Crown*." 64

Then came forth our *Southampton*,
And he leapt with a bigger might;
He leapt six yards and full two foot
Before that ever he did light.
" Well, *Southampton*, thou has 't in thy power;
Thou leapt a far greater leap,
When thou leapt from the Tower."

" And so did your self, and like your Grace,"
Said *Derby*, that stood on the ground;
" You leapt a greater leap over *Scotland* gates,
To wear our *English* Crown;
But e'er before we go hence
We will prove ourselves right good;
Or else on the ground we'll lose our heart's blood. 80

" There's never a proud *Scot* in all *Scotland*,
If he were never of such a high renown,
If he be but a *Scotchman* bred and born,
I think I can pull him down."
But then bespoke K[ing] *James* so free,
And said, " I am *Scot*, and thou pulls not down me."

Brave *Derby*, hearing him say so,
This answer he made to him again:
" My Liege," he said, " we needs must own
You are a Prince of worthy Fame;
But if in *Scotland* you had been bred and born,
Our *English* Crown you should never have worn.

" But I've a proud offer," said *Derby's* Earl,
" To make all the *Scots* around;
Half a yard for *England* given shall be,
For seven good thousand pound."
" And I'll take thy part," said young *Charles* so free,
" And a whole yard for *England* given shall be."

There was *Essex* Earl, and *Brooke's* my Lord,
And my brave Lord *Willoughby*;* [See *Note*.
There was *Southampton*, and *Piercy's* Earl,
And the Earl of *Shrewsbury*;
But of all the Lords that in *England* does dwell
Brave *William*, of *Derby*, now bears the Bell.
And sing, O brave Gallants and brave,
For the Honour of England's *Crown.*

[This White-letter curiosity bears no colophon, and is not identified elsewhere. It appears to have been written contemporaneously with the event, at latest in 1616-17; but this broadside was not reprinted until long afterwards.]

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* *Note.*—Probably William, 3rd Lord Willoughby of Barham, who married Lady Frances Manners, daughter of John, 4th Earl of Rutland. William died in 1617, and the two next heirs were young children.—Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex.—Is this Henry Brooke, who died 24th January, 1618?—Henry Percy, 9th Earl of Northumberland, who survived imprisonment and trouble until 1632.—Edward Talbot, 8th Earl of Shrewsbury, died in February, 1617.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 198. Apparently unique.]

The Lover's Fancy;

Or,

True Love requited with Constancy:

Being a Civil Discourse between *John* and *Anne*.

The young man he was constant unto the end,
The Maid at least she prov'd his loving friend:
Young Men and Maids that stand to hear this song,
Then mind it well, do not each other wrong:
Young men, prove constant, faithful, true, and just,
And then the Maids may better to you trust.

To the Tune of, *Love's Fancy*. [Probably its own.]



[*This cut belongs also to* pp. 134, 140.]

AS lately abroad I was walking, it was in the prime of the Spring,
I spied two Lovers were talking, the birds they did sweetly sing;
I list'ned a while unto them, to hear what these Lovers did say:
The young man he kindly woo'd her, and call'd her his Love and his joy;
And often he said, "*Sweet* Nancy, *I love thee as dear as my life,*
And constant I'le prove unto thee, if thou wilt but be my wife." 6

Note.— Compare with this ballad '*Tobias' Observation*' (vol. vii. p. 155), perhaps by the same author, Tobias Bowne; accounting for similarity in expression. People who resented long sermons had a full right to complain of ballads which were as tediously dull as any pulpit oratory. The uniqueness of this broadside may indicate the cold reception it encountered, forbidding any second edition.

The young man was handsome and pretty, the maid she was wondrous fair;
There is not two more in the City, I think, that can with them compare.
Then listen a while, you Lovers, to what in my Ditty is pen'd,
And see that you prove as constant and faithful unto the end.
And he began to woo her, to tell her some part of his mind;
And often he said unto her, " I prethee, sweet *Nancy*, be kind!

" Come hither, my amorous Girl, I prethee, come sit down by me;
I love thee far better than pearl, if that we two can but agree.
Long time I have truly lov'd thee, but never till now could I find
A place that was more convenient to tell thee some part of my mind:
Then prithee, sit down, sweet Nancy, *I love thee as dear as my life,*
And constant I'le prove unto thee, if thou wilt but be my wife." 18

MAID.

" O sir! you have been a stranger, I have not seen you a great while;
What fortune had I for to meet thee? thou makest my worship to smile.
Surely you do come for to wooe me, your tongue it so nimbly doth run;
But if that you should dissemble, then surely I were undone.
For young men will cog and dissemble, also they will flatter and lie,
And speak much in praise of maids' beauty, only their humors to try."

MAN.

" To speak, Love, in praise of thy Beauty it is but a needlesse thing,
For it is for pure Love that I woo thee, and Love it will conquer a King;
Brave Lords they submit unto it, and Ladies are forc'd to obey;
Then prethee, Love, prove not cruel, nor cast not a man away.
Then prethee, sit down, sweet Nancy, *I love thee as dear as my life,*
And constant I'le prove unto thee, if thou wilt but be my wife." 30

MAID.

" To tell me of Love is but folly, for which I do plainly see,
When as a young couple are married and fall into poverty,
Then Love it is quickly fading, nay, true Love it falls to decay;
Then prethee, do not dissemble, nor seek a maid to betray.
For my mother doth often [chide] me, and sometimes hath beaten me,
And swears she will never abide me, if that I should marry with thee."

MAN.

" I fear not thy friends' displeasure, nor yet if thy mother do frown,
For thou art my chiefest treasure of all the maids in the town;
I prize thee far better than rubies, or pearl that is placed in gold;
Thy sight it doth so rejoyce me when as I thy person behold.
Then prithee, sit down, sweet Nancy, *I love thee as dear as my life,*
And constant I will prove to thee, if thou wilt but be my wife." 42

MAID.

" You say you will prove constant, and love me as dear as your life,
Also you do vow to be faithful, if that I will but be thy wife;
But what hast thou for to maintain me? that's a thing to be considered on;
Come, tell me, and do not dissemble, or else prethee let me be gon[e].
For young men will proffer great matters, when as they a wooing go,
But when that they once are married, maids find it is nothing so." 48

MAN.

" To tell thee of Lands or livings, I need not the same to repeat,
For truly, Love, I have none for thee but what with my hands I must get.
Yet labour I will to maintain thee, and work till my fingers are sore;
Then prethee, Love, do not disdain me, why can'st thou desire more?
Then turn to me, Nancy, *and kisse me, and grant me a loving reply,*
For if that thou prove cruel, surely for love I shall die.

" I scorn for to cog or to flatter, or promise thee more than I have,
Yet truly I'le do my endeavour, Love, all that I can get for to save;
I'le give it to thee, my Honey, to buy thee what e're thou dost lack,
Provision to nourish thy body, and cloaths to put on thy back.
Then turn to me, Nancy, *and kisse me, and grant me a loving reply,*
For if that thou provest cruel, surely for love [*I shall die*]." 60

MAID.

" You speak very honest and civil, but yet I am loath for to yield:
But many a stout-hearted Souldier is forc't for to give up the field;
And if I should yield unto thee, to marry thee and be thy wife,
And that I should not live in quiet and peace all the days of my life,
Then sure my heart would be broken, nay, maidens would laugh & w'd say,
That there goes as harmless a girl as ever young man did betray!" 66

MAN.

" No woman that lives in the City shall live a more peaceable life;
I'le do my endeavour to please thee, too, if thou wilt but be my wife;
Thou ne're shalt have cause to be angry with anything that I do say;
Then prethee, Love, prove not cruel, nor cast not a man away.
Then turn to me, Nancy, *and kiss me, I love thee as dear as my life,*
And constant I will prove to thee, if thou wilt but be my wife." 72

MAID.

" Well, seeing thou wilt prove constant, as faithful I'le prove unto thee,
Let's 'point a day then for certain when as our Wedding shall be;
Then prithee, Love, cast away sorrow, to-morrow shall be the day.
On *Thursday* we mean to be married, on *Fryday* we mean for to play,
On *Saturday* go to the market, and on *Sunday* we'l go to the Church,
On *Monday* we'l fall to our labour, to put the young children to nurse."

[*Ballad-Selling*] MAN.

And these two Lovers departed, and homeward they went with all speed;
Whereafter I hear, of their neighbours, this couple they lovingly agreed;
I wish them much joy together, a long and a peaceful life,
That he prove a careful Husband, and she prove a loving Wife.
Then all you that hear my Ditty, come buy it, and bear it away;
The price of it is but a penny, then take it home with you, I pray. 84

[Perhaps by **Tobias Bowne.**]

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

[In Black-letter. Woodcut, as on p. 138. Date before 1681.]

Note.—At end of Maid's last stanza, text reads "And on *Monday* we'l fall to our labour, to put the young children to nurse." This is foresight indeed: she is making preparation for coming events betimes.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 688; James Maidment's Coll.]

An Excellent New Song, entitled, Captain Glen.

THere was a ship, and a ship of fame,
Launch'd off the stocks, bound to the main,
With a hundred and fifty brisk young men,
Was picked and chosen every one.
William Glen was our Captain's name:
He was a tall and brisk young man;
As good a sailor as went to sea,
For he was bound to *New Barbary*.

The first of *April* when we set sail,
Blest with a sweet and pleasant gale,
For we were bound to *New Barbary*
With all our whole ship's company.
We had not sailed one day but two,
Till all our whole ship's jovial crew
All fell sick but sixty-three,
As we went to *New Barbary*. 16

One night the Captain he did dream
There came a voice and said to him:
" Prepare you and your company;
To-morrow night you must be with me."
This wak'd the Captain in a fright,
It being the third watch of the night;
Then for his boatswain he did call,
And told to him the secret all:

" When I in *England* did remain,
The holy Sabbaths I did prophane,
In drunkenness I took delight,
Which doth my trembling soul affright.
There's one thing more I've to rehearse,
Which I shall mention in this verse:
A Knight I slew in *Stafford-shire*
All for the love of a Lady fair. 32

Note.— On p. 56 in the ballad of William Grismond is shown the superstitious fear of Sailors to sail with a murderer on board; and in 'The Gosport Tragedy' (among the Roxb. Garlands) is another striking example. The present ballad enforces the same moral—" Never sail with a murderer." It is a fair specimen of a Ghost Story. See *Additional Note* on pp. 144, 145.

" Now it's his ghost, I am afraid,
That hath to me these tidings bred;
Altho' the King has pardon'd me,
He's daily in my company."
" O! worthy Captain, since it's so,
No mortal of it e'er shall know;
So keep the secret in your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest."

They had not sailed a league but three,
Till raging grew the roaring sea;
There rose a tempest in the skies
Which fill'd our hearts with great surprize.
Our main-mast sprang by the break of day,
Which made our rigging all give way;
This did our seamen sore affright,
The terrors of the fatal night.

Up then bespake our foremast man,
As he did by the fore-yard stand,
He cry'd, " The Lord receive my soul ":
So to the bottom he did fall.
The sea did wash both fore and aft,
Till scarce one soul on board was left;
Our yards w[ere] split, and our rigging tore:
The like you never see'd before.

The Boatswain then he did declare
The Captain was a murderer,
Which did enrage the whole ship's crew,
Our Captain overboard we threw.
Our treacherous Captain being gone,
Immediately there was a calm,
The winds did cease and the raging sea,
As we went to *New Barbary.*

Now when we came to the *Spanish* shore,
Our goodly ship for to repair,
The people all [were] amazed to see
Our dismal case and misery.
But when our ship was in repair
To fair *England* our course did steer,
And when we came to *London* town
Our dismal case was there made known.

Now many wives their husbands lost,
Which they lamented to their cost,
And caused them to weep bitterly
Their tidings from *New Barbary.*

A hundred and sixty brisk young men
Did to our goodly ship belong [then];
Of all our whole ship's company,
Our number was but seventy-three.

Now, seamen all, where e'er you be,
I pray a warning take by me:
As you love your lives, still have a care
You never sail with a murderer.
'Tis never more I do intend [again]
For to cross o'er the raging main,
But live in peace in my own country;
And so I end my tragedy. Finis. 88

[In White-letter. Three small woodcuts. Date probably 1770. A later broadside copy mentioned by W. H. Logan, in his *Pedlar's Pack*, is dated 1794.]

*** On pp. 69, 141, was mentioned 'The Gosport Tragedy,' a genuine Garland (see List, on p. 181), although marked to be sung to the tune of *Peggy has gone o'er the sea with a Soldier*. A shortened Scottish variation, known as 'Glasgow Peggie,' is preserved in C. K. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 40, edition 1880: "As I came in by *Glasgow* town." The Gosport Tragedy was revived about the year 1859, by the late comedian and popular vocalist Sam Cowell (who died in 1864), as 'Molly the Betrayed.' The Garland begins thus:

IN *Gosport* of late there a damsel did dwell,
For wit and for beauty did many excel;
A young man did court her to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a Ship-Carpenter.

He said, "Oh, dear *Molly!* if you will agree,
And will [now] consent [for] to marry me,
My love, you will ease me of sorrow and care,
If you will but wed a Ship-Carpenter."

She is coy, but believes him to be sincere, and at last yields her consent. "With his cunning he did her betray." The Ship-Carpenter, when he has been urged to redeem his promise by marrying her before going to sea, resolves to escape. He digs her grave in a lonely spot and murders her. The Garland tells,

He covered her body, then home he did run,
Leaving nothing but birds her death to mourn;
On board the *Bedford* he entered straitway,
Which lay at *Portsmouth* out-bound for the sea.

For Carpenter's-mate he was entered, we hear,
Fitted for his voyage away he did steer;
But as in his cabin one night he did lie,
The voice of his sweetheart he heard to cry: 84

"O perjured villain! awake now, and hear
The voice of your love, that lov'd you so dear;
This ship out of *Portsmouth* never shall go,
Till I am revenged for this overthrow."

Flashes of lightning did dart from her eyes;
She afterwards vanish'd with shrieks and cries; [*Transposed.*
Which put the ship's crew into great fear
None saw the Ghost, but the voice they did hear.

Charles Stuart, a man of courage so bold,
One night was going into the Hold;
A beautiful creature to him did appear,
And she in her arms had a daughter most fair.

The charms of this so glorious a face,
Being merry in drink, he goes to embrace;
But to his surprise it vanish'd away;
So he went to the Captain without more delay,

And told him the story, which when he did hear
The Captain said, "Some of my men, I do fear,
Have done some murder, and if it be so
Our ship in great danger to the sea must go."

One at a time then his merry men all
Into his cabin he strait did call,
And said, "My lads, the news I do hear
Doth much surprise me with sorrow and fear.

"This Ghost which appeared in the dead of the night,
Which all my seamen so sadly did fright,
I fear has been wrong'd by some of my crew,
And therefore the person I fain would know."

(In '*Molly the Betrayed*' this line runs, "And I think in my heart, young *William*, 'tis *you*!") William swears that he "nothing at all of the matter did know," but when he attempts to move he is terrified at beholding the spectre, and falls on his knees, crying for help. "Now he the murder confessed out of hand, and said, 'Before me my *Molly* doth stand.'" No one but William sees her, and he dies distracted before the night is ended. The girl's body is found by her parents, in the secret grave near Southampton, and she is finally removed to consecrated ground. "In *Gosport* Church they buried her there." With a warning to young men to be constant and true, the Garland finishes thus, in the 136th line:

I hope that this may be a warning to all
Young men, how innocent maids they enthrall:
Young men, be constant and true to your love,
Then a blessing indeed will attend you above.

Printed and Sold at the Printing Office in *Bow* Church-Yard, *London*.

Additional Note to '*The Downfall of William Grismond*' (pp. 69-71). It may here be noted that the late George R. Kinloch (1796–1877) in the Appendix to his volume of *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, gave the music of 'William Guiseman,' which is a corrupt traditional version of our Hereford ballad, 'The Downfall of William Grismond.' Evidently Kinloch knew nothing of the original, and its early date, March 165⅘. It is a good example of wilful and indisputable *Scottification*. The imitator used iteration redundantly.

"They that go down to the Sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." Sailors have true faith, but they are credulous of omens and warnings: compare *Notes* on pp. 141 and 145. The remainder of *Gosport Tragedy* is on pp. 172, 173.

"WILLIAM GUISEMAN.

"MY name is *William Guiseman*, in *London* I do dwell,
I have committed murder, and that is known right well;
I have committed murder, and that is known right well;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"I lov'd a neighbour's dochter, and with her I did lie;
I did dissemble with her, myself to satisfy;
I did dissemble with her, myself to satisfy;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"Sae cunningly's I kept her, until the fields were toom, [*i.e.* empty.
Sae cunningly's I trysted her unto yon shade o'broom; [= fixed to meet.
And syne I took my wills o' her, and then I flang her doun;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"Sae cunningly's I kill'd her, who should have been my wife;
Sae cunningly's I kill'd her, and with my cursed knife;
Sae cursedly's I kill'd her, who should have been my wife;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"Six days she lay in murder before that she was found;
Six days she lay in murder upon the cursed ground;
Six days she lay in murder, before that, etc.
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"O! all the neighbours round about they said it had been I:
I put my foot on gude ship-board the country to defy;
The ship she wadna sail again, but hoisted [low] and [high];
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"O! up bespak the skipper boy, I wat he spak too high:
'There's sinful men amongst us, the seas will not obey;'
O! up bespak the skipper boy, etc.
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"O! we cuist cavels us amang, the cavel fell on me; [= cast lots.
O! we cuist cavels us amang, the cavel fell on me;
O! we cuist cavels us among, the cavel fell on me;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"I had a loving mother, who of me took great care;
She wad hae gi'en the gold sae red t' have bought me from that snare,
But the gold could not be granted—the gallows pays a share—
And it's for mine offence I must die."

In another Scottish ballad given by Kinloch in the same volume, pp. 123 *et seq.*, entitled 'Bonnie Annie,' occurs a similar casting of lots to discover the Jonas on board, whom the seas refuse to bear ('*Fey folk*' are demented people, *fée*, or *fie*, forewarned of death: such as Kennedy, in *Guy Mannering*, cap. ix.):—

"There's *fey folk* in our ship, she winna sail for me; [*Repeat.*
They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,
And aye the black bullet fell on bonnie *Annie.*"

"There is a prevalent belief among sea-faring people, that, if a person who has committed any heinous crime be on ship-board, the vessel as if conscious of its guilty burden, becomes unmanageable, and will not sail till the offender be removed: to discover them they usually resort to the trial of those on board by *casting lots;* and the individual upon whom the lot falls is declared [to be] the criminal, it being believed that Divine Providence interposes in this manner to point out the guilty person."—Geo. Ritchie Kinloch, *Ancient Scott. Ballads, recovered from Tradition, and never before published*, p. 126, 1827. Compare 'Brown Robyn's Confession,' in Peter Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, i. 110.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 272; Douce, III. 6.]

The Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter.

To the Tune of, *Fare well, my Love.* [See *Note*, below.]

[By **Laurence Price.**]

YOu loyal Lovers far and near, a true relation you shall hear,
Of a young couple who proved to be a pattern of true loyalty.
A Merchant do's in *Bristol* dwell, as many people know full well;
He has a daughter, a beauty bright, in whom he plac'd his heart's delight.

He had no child, but only she, her father lov'd her tenderly;
Many to court her thither came, gallants of worthy birth and fame.
Yet notwithstanding all their love, a young Ship-Carpenter did prove
To be the Master of her Heart; she often said, "We'll never part.

"As long as life and breath remain, thy company I'll not refrain;
No cursed gold and silver bright shall make me wrong my heart's delight."
Now when her father came to know his daughter lov'd this young man so,
He caus'd him to be prest to sea to keep her from his company.

Which when this damsel came to hear, without the thoughts of dread or fear,
She drest herself in Seaman's hue, and after him she did persue.
Unto the Captain she did go, and said, "Right Worthy Sir, 'tis so,
You do want men, I understand; I'm free to fight with heart and hand."

The Captain straitway did reply, "Young man, you're welcome heartily."
A guinea in her hand he gave; she passed for a Seaman brave.
Soon after this the ship set sail, and with a fair and pleasant gale,
But this Ship-Carpenter (her dear) did little think his love so near.
She then appeared for to be a person of no mean degree,
With pretty fingers long and strait; she soon became the surgeon's mate.

[Part II. of *Bristol Bridegroom.*]

IT happened so that this same ship, at storming of the town of *Diep*[*p*]*e*,
She lay at anchor something nigh where cannon-bullets they did fly;
When the first man that wounded were was this young bold Ship-Carpenter;
When drums did beat and trumpets sound, he in his breast received a wound.

Then to the surgeon's care was he brought down with speed immediately;
Whereas the pretty surgeon's mate did courteously upon him wait.
She drest the woful wounded part, altho' the sight did pierce her heart;
She then did use her utmost skill to cure him with a right good will.

Note.—"Farewell, my Love! Farewell, my Dear!" is the first line of a ballad entitled, "The Jealous Lover; or, The Damosel's Complaint of the Seaman's Unkindness; together with his cheerful Answer." To a new Tune much in request. London, printed for *C. Bates*, at the *Sun and Bible.* (Pepys Coll., v. 367.)

She cur'd him in a little space; he often gaz'd upon her face:
"Surgeon," said he, "Such eyes as thine did formerly my heart confine.
I e're I live to go on shore, and she be dead whom I adore,
I will thy true companion be, and ne'er forsake thy company.
If she be dead, thus will I do, all female sex I'll bid adieu.
And ne're will marry for her sake, but to the seas my self betake."

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts, all in vol. vii.: 1st, Lady, vol. vii. p. 203 Left; 2nd, in Oval, Charles II. in youth, or Captain Hind, vii. 628; 3rd, woman in frame, vii. 333; 4th, man in ditto, vii. 378 Left, but *reversed*. No printer's name on this Roxburghe late issue; but the earlier Black-letter broadsides were probably *circâ* 1656, it being assigned to **Laurence Price**.]

*** For the continuation, which is not given in the present version, we must turn to the Garland copy, "The Bristol Bridegroom: or, the Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter," [Roxb. Coll., III. 859; C. 20, c. 41, p. 11; and Lindesiana, 1405], beginning, "You Loyal Lovers, all draw near, a true relation you shall hear." We give it here, to complete the story.

Part III.

The Merchant's Daughter of *Bristol*, who
[Un]to her love prov'd just and true,
When many storms were overblown,
She to her Love herself made known.

THe season of the year being past, the ship was homeward bound at last;
When into harbour she did get, the Seamen all on shore were set:
But yet of all the whole Ship's crew there's not a soul among them knew
That they a woman had so near, until she told it to her Dear.

To whom these words she did unfold, "Not long ago," cried she, "You told
Me plainly that such eyes as mine did formerly your heart entwine."
Then without any more ado into his arms she straightway flew,
And cried: "My Love, thou art my own; this have I done for thee alone."

His heart was touch'd with joy likewise, when as the tears stood in her eyes;
He said, "Thou hast a valiant heart, and hast perform'd a true-love's part."
Therefore without any more delay he drest her like a Lady gay,
So then they marry'd were with speed, as formerly they had agreed.

Part IV.

THen to her Father's house he went, and found him in much discontent;
He asked for his daughter dear, which pierced her father's heart to hear.
He with a mournful sigh reply'd, "I wish she had in her cradle dy'd;
Then I should have seen my darling's death, when she had yielded up her breath.

"But now I shall never see her more, my jewel, whom I still adore;
O, most unhappy man was I, to part her from your company!
Had I a kingdom now in store, nay, had I that and ten times more,
I'd part with all her face to see: daughter, would I had dy'd for thee!"

The young man, hearing what he said, reply'd: "Your daughter is not dead;
For you, within an hour's space, shall surely see your daughter's face."
He rode as fast as he could hie, and fetch'd her home immediately;
He set her in her father's hall, where on her knees she strait did fall.

The old man was with joy possest; his daughter then he kist and blest:
" Thrice welcome home thou art to me, once more, my jewel, from the sea."
To him the truth she did relate, and how she had been the surgeon's mate;
Then did he smile, and was most glad, and gave them all that e'er he had.

She that was seaman and surgeon's mate, reserved by the hand of Fate,
She now is made a lawful wife, and liveth free from care and strife.
Young Lovers all, a pattern take, when you a solemn contract make;
Stand to the same whate'er betide, as did this faithful loving Bride.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in *Bow Church yard, London.* [Roxb.]

Jersey Coll. =Lindesiana, 1405, was printed for *L. How*, in *Petticoat Lane.*

These ballads, beyond the localization, have no connection with 'The Bristol Garland' (Roxb. Coll. III. 304]. There is a slight resemblance to be found in Laurence Price's ballad to the much earlier 'Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristol,' 159$\frac{3}{4}$, beginning, " Behold the touchstone of true love." It was reprinted in vol. ii. p. 87, of these *Roxb. Ballads.* '*The Bristol Garland*,' in Four Parts, 184 lines, begins thus,

" A Merchant's son of worthy fame, from the town of *Bristol* came,
Unto a sweet and pleasant green, where little girls are to be seen,
Who usher'd in the month of *May* with flowery garlands fresh and gay,
With music for to entertain the youthful charming rural swain," etc.

A ballad commencing similarly to ours, " You loyal Lovers far and near, that live and reign in *Cupid's* Court" (Pepys Coll., iv. 224), is quite distinct, being 'The Young Seaman's Misfortune; or, the False-hearted Lass of *Lymus*,' that is, *Limehouse.* Reprinted in Percy Society's *Naval Ballads*, ii. 73; Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 213, 1810. Tune of, '*The Spinning Wheel*'; *Bagford Ballads*, p. 19.

Supplementary Note on the tune, '*I fear I shall stay too long*' (p. 120).

A ballad entitled '*Daphne's* Complaint for the Absence of her Lover: To a pleasant new tune,' was printed for Philip Brooksby, and sold by F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, *circâ* 1675. It begins, " When I heard a Trumpet sound" (Pepys Coll., III. 122). Here is the motto verse, or argument:

" The absence of her love she moans,
With bitter sighs and grievous groans,
And still the burden of her song
Is, '*O my Love, thou stay'st too long!*' "

The burden of the ballad repeats this in a suggestive and haunting complaint:—
" Mournfully she sung this song,
'*O my love, O my love, O my love, thou stay'st too long!*' "

There is also preserved in Euing Coll., No. 268, tune of '*Daphne's Complaint*,' or, '*O my love*,' etc., a ballad, '*Phillis* Forsaken, in pursuit of *Coridon*'; beginning, "As I went abroad to play, on a morning fresh and gay." Printed for *W. Whitwood*, at the *Golden Lion, in Duck-lane.* Argument motto, " Behold fair *Phillis* by her love forsaken, in search of him that will not be o'retaken."

The Gipsy Laddy: Johnny Faa.

" The Gipsy said—
' And so at last we find my tribe,
And so I set thee in the midst,
And to one and all of them describe
What thou said'st, and what thou dids't,
Our long and terrible journey through ;
And all thou art ready to see and do
In the trials that remain ;
I trace them the vein and the other vein
That meet on the brow and part again,
Making our rapid mystic mark.' "
——*The Flight of the Duchess.*

THe present English version of the ballad elsewhere known as 'Johny Faa' is probably of earlier date than any printed copy of the Scottish version, which appeared in the fourth volume of Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1740, the first edition, pp. 175–177. (All, or nearly all, of the songs in the final vol. iv. are of English origin, indisputably; many of them by Tom D'Urfey, and were not home-grown). It was adopted by David Herd in 1769 for his single vol. of *Scottish Songs*, p. 88; and in vol. ii. p. 54 of the better known edition, 1776: with trifling alterations. It again re-appeared in James Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, No. 181, vol. ii. p. 189, 1788; probably at the suggestion of Robert Burns. We give it here from the text published by Allan Ramsay.

[*Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. iv. p. 175, 1740.]

Johny Faa, the Gypsie Laddie.

I.

THe Gypsies came to our good Lord's gate, [*al. lect.* 'yett.'
And wow but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.

II.

And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her well-fa'r'd face, [=favour'd.
They coost the glamour o'er her. [=cast, p. 151.

III.

" Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the Gypsie laddie.

IV.

" Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good Lord beside me ;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

V.

" Come to your bed," says *Johny Faa,*
" Oh come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your Lord shall nae mair come near ye."

VI.

" I'll go to bed to my *Johny Faa,* [*S. M. Mus.* omits.
I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

VII.

" I'll mak a hap to my *Johny Faa,* [Morison *omits* vii.
And I'll mak a hap to my deary;
And he s[hall] get a' the coat goes round, [*Cf.* Waller's *Girdle.*
And my Lord shall nae mair come near me."

VIII.

And when our Lord came home at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair Lady, [*Scotice*, asked.
The tane she cried, and the other reply'd,
" She's awa' with the gypsie laddie."

IX.

" Gae, saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae, saddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair Lady."

X.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Although we were na bonny;
And we were a' put down for ane, [Herd reads, 'but an e.'
A fair young wanton Lady.

Finis.

In 1788, sixty-four years later, in the similar version furnished to James Johnson, *The Scots' Musical Museum* reads in final line '*The Earl of Cassilis*' lady.' Burns annotated it, "The people of Ayrshire begin this song 'The Gypsies cam' to my Lord Cassillis' yett.' They have many more stanzas in this song than I ever saw in any printed copy."—*Reliques of R. Burns*, p. 255, 1813.

Alterations and injurious interpolations were made by Motherwell, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and other editors (see p. 154 *post*).

The dance tune, '*Ladie Cassilles's Lilt*,' suitable to the *T.-T. Misc.* version, is in the *Skene MS.*, the date of which was at first assumed to be earlier than 1635.

This interesting ballad is fairly supported by tradition; but there are discrepancies in minor details. Some who have claimed precise knowledge of places and date, scarcely proved their case. We venture to assign the event to 1632 or 1633: the present two-fold ballad is nearly a century later.

The heroine, Lady Jean Hamilton (afterwards Countess of Cassillis), was born on the 8th of February, 1607. She was daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Hamilton, and believed to have responded to the love of John Faw or Faa. She kept company with him in the woods of Tyningham, near Dunbar; but was forced, by

command of her parents and the importunities of the wealthier man, to marry the 'grave and solemn' John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, "a most rigid and austere Presbyterian." He resided at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire.

There was a legendary attribution of knighthood to the lover, naming him Sir John Faa. He was sent abroad at the time of Lady Jean's marriage. He probably was connected with the gipsies named Faa, who became celebrated long afterwards. So early as 15th February, 1540-41, under the Privy Seal of James V., one '*Johnnie Faa, Lord and Erle of Littel Eyipt*,' was furnished with a writ, establishing his authority, 'conform to the lawis of Egipt,' over his tribe of so-called Egyptians; and calling on all sheriffs and persons in authority in Scotland to 'assist him in executions of justice vpon his company and folkis.'

This ancestral connection with the gipsy tribe must have given to the lover of Lady Jean Cassillis a claim on any lingering members of the race; proscribed, banished, and almost exterminated though they were by reactionary judgments at the hands of a persecuting and bigotted municipality, on pretence of punishment, for contumaciously abiding in Scotland after an Act of Parliament had been passed in 1609 or 1693, ordaining that all gipsies were to be expelled from the realm. An intermediate 'Capitaine Johnne Faa,' husband of Ellen Faa, with seven of his tribe, were summarily put to death in January, 1624. Here begins the embroilment caused by identity of name. Three John Faas are distinct; and there is conclusive evidence of several Faas of good repute in the neighbourhood at the time of the wedding. (See James Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*; also Joseph Ritson's note on the Faa gipsies in 1677, *Scottish Songs* Class Fourth, 1794, with reference to McLaurin's *Remarkable Cases*, p. 774, and Alex. Pennecuik's *Description of Tweed-dale*, p. 14, 1715.)

The main facts appear to be these: The former lover returned from abroad and, taking advantage of the husband's absence, came to Culzean Castle, disguised as a gipsy or wandering pedlar. (Compare the ballads of 'The Jovial Pedlar' and 'Jovial Tinker' in previous vol. vii. pp. 49 and 79.) He came bringing merchandize or trinkets, fit for his assumed character, and accompanied by faithful friends, who were not necessarily gipsies any more than himself, but bearing the outward marks in stained skins and foreign garments. A rigid watch was kept by hireling servants, perhaps as bitterly puritanical as their master. But, by bribes and pertinacity gaining admittance, John Faa won the ear of the lady, his renewed avowals of love being seconded by the promptings of her own heart. She had endured unwillingly the abhorred caresses of her Calvinistic spouse. She eloped with the man whom she loved, abandoning her home and her two infant daughters, fleeing into poverty and ultimate ruin. There had been 'a glamour' cast on her; but such bedazzlement has formed the excuse, whenever a wife or daughter sacrificed her honour for the lure of sensual passion.

In her lonely vigil she had dreamed of this, having prepared to yield before the temptation came. Remembrance of her early lover by contrast awoke detestation of her tyrannic master, whose love for her was worse than hate. It needed no magic spell, no gipsy enchantment, no hypnotizing or mesmeric passes, no charlatanrie of electro-biology in modern babble; no rhythmic chaunt of the

'most aged crone alive,' or anything beyond the eloquence of her constant lover to rouse her from lethargy. Love was conqueror, and Love is best; 'Love is the only good in the world.'

"So, trial after trial past,
Wilt thou fall at the very last
Breathless, half in trance
With the thrill of the great deliverance
Into our arms for evermore;
And thou shalt know, those arms once curled
About thee, what we knew before,
How Love is the only good in the world:
Henceforth be loved as hearts can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve."—(*Cf.* motto, p. 149.)

Their flight lay in the darkness, crossing the Doon-water by the 'Gipsies' Steps' (still so called), distant a half mile from the Castle (according to William Paterson). The husband came home unexpectedly, perhaps from Edinburgh; (certainly not from his certified attendance at the Westminster assembly of Divines, for that journey was much later, in 1642). He followed and recaptured the lady. With summary vengeance he hanged John Faa and his companions on the *Dule Tree*, on a little knoll near the house, compelling her to witness the tragedy from a window. "There were seven gipsies in the gang!" (the same number, it was reported, at the execution of the former John Faa in 1624).

She was committed to a virtual imprisonment for life, in a tower at Maybole. The sculptured heads thereon are traditionally reputed to represent the slaughtered gipsies.

"Eight heads carved in stone below one of the turrets are said to be the effigies of so many of the gipsies." . . . . "The head of Johnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper flat of Cassillis Castle are similarly adorned."—*Picture of Scotland*, by Robert Chambers, 1826. Compare the *New Statistical Account of Scotland.*

A portrait of Lady Cassillis is preserved at Culzean, engraved in Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, being a new series of *The Scots' Magazine*, vol. lxxx. of the entire work, November, 1817. It shows her with some claim to beauty, of the Sir Peter Lely's order, but certainly with weakness and irresolution of character, fair, graceful, and ringletted.

C. K. Sharpe attached no importance of corroboration to the tapestry at Culzean, misrepresenting such an elopement as that with the gipsies, "wrought with her needle by way of penance"; a man and a woman on a white horse surrounded by attendants.

A specious objection to the story of the abduction is this: The sanctimonious spouse, Henry, Earl of Cassillis, wrote two letters after his wife's death, describing her praisefully. One of them is addressed to Robert Douglas, minister at Edinburgh: "Right Reverend, I finde it so harde to digest the want of a dear friend, such as my beloved yoke-fellow was." (*Wodrow MSS.*) In the Eglinton letter she is mentioned as his "dear bed-fellow." Such men bewail the "dear departed shade" after they have treated her body harshly during lifetime. Hypocrisy is engrained deeply. Cruelty to a wife does not disqualify the survivor from displaying mock affection and mock-piety.

"Eh! gai, gai, gai, *de profundis!* Ma femme a rendu l'âme.
Eh! gai, gai, gai, *de profundis!* Qu'elle aille en Paradis.

"A cette âme si chère, le Paradis convient;
Car, suivant ma grand'-mère, de l'enfer on revient. . . . .

"Dieu! faut-il lui survivre? Me faut-il la pleurer?
Non, non; je veux la suivre—pour la voir enterrer."—Béranger.

The Lady Jean died at peace, and her husband had avowedly been to see her:—

"She has made a glorious and happie change, manifesting in her speeches bothe a full submission to the onelie absolute Soveraine, and a sweet sense of his presence in mercie, applying to her selfe manie comfortable passages of God's worde, and closing with those last words, when I asked what she was doing, her answer was, shee was '*longing to goe home*.'—CASSILLIS, 14 December, 1642."

The next day he wrote the other letter, to Lord Eglinton, inviting him to the funeral of the lady, from Cassillis, to "our burial-place at *Mayboille*," or Maybole. It begins: "My noble Lord. It hath pleaseit the Almightie to tak my deir bed-fellow frome this valley of teares to hir home (as hir Best, in hir last wordis called it)."—Wm. Paterson's *Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, p. 13, 1847. This was the sixth Earl of Eglinton, Alex. Seton, who died in 1661.

Mystery clings to '*Johny Faa*.' According to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe there was a separation of the Lady Jean Cassillis from her husband, *a mensa et thoro*, tantamount to a divorce. They never cohabited again; her two daughters, Margaret and Catherine, had been born before the abduction or flight. She died in December, 1642, and the widower married again, his second wife bearing him a son. This son was mistakenly assigned by Professor Aytoun to the first wife, Lady Jean. Aytoun yields no faith to the identification of the Faa legend with the Cassillis family, saying that "the story has no real foundation; but that it was a malignant fiction, possibly trumped up to annoy [Gilbert] Burnet, who had many enemies" (Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 182, 1858). This is the conjecture of John Finlay (see his *Scottish Ballads*, ii. 38, 1800). It is preposterous, and has been refuted by James Maidment, thus: "There was no occasion on the part of Gilbert Burnet's enemies to resort to underhand defamation of this kind. They boldly attacked him; and the pasquils and lampoons were circulated without the slightest scruple. Neither was he a person of such nervous sensibility as to be at all put about by any scandal concerning his wife's mother" (Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, ii. 184, 1868); Burnet having married Lady Jean's elder daughter Margaret. She was born before 1630. "She bestowed her hand, and what was better her purse, upon the busy, intriguing inmate of Hamilton Palace." Thus she, in 1671 or 1672, when "in the last stage of antiquated virginity" (according to C. K. Sharpe), was married clandestinely to Gilbert Burnet, the first of his three wives. Two servants of the officiating minister, the Rev. Patrick Graham, were the sole witnesses of the wedding, at Glasgow. Bishop Burnet, in his *Own Times*, declared that on the previous day he had delivered to her a paper, relinquishing claim on her wealth; he being thirteen years her junior, born in 1643. This was meant to avoid the charge of being mercenary, but it was not efficacious. Not until three years later was the marriage revealed. "Upon the publishing of it, she retired to Edinburgh, condoling her own case and her present misfortunes" (Law's *Memorials*). She bore no children, lived separately from her ubiquitous husband, and died before 1686, when the future Bishop of Sarum married in Holland a second wife, Mary Scott, a wealthy Dutch lady of Scotch extraction, who died of small-pox in 1698; to be succeeded, a few months later, by a third wife, Elizabeth Berkeley, a widow, *née* Blake (1661-1709), whom he survived until 1715. Like Margaret, Elizabeth was childless, but Burnet had ten children by Mary.

Lady Jean Cassillis's second daughter, Lady Catherine Kennedy (born *circâ* 1630-31), was married to William Lord Cochrane, who in 1679 predeceased his

father, Baron Cochrane of Dundonald (earlier known as Sir William Cochrane, Knt., of Cowdon; elevated to the peerage 26 December, 1647, and advanced to the dignity of first Earl of Dundonald, and Lord Cochrane of Paisley 12th May, 1669: he died in 1686, and was succeeded by Catherine's son, John, the second Earl, who died in 1690).

Lady Jean's husband, the all-potent 'John of the Kennedie clan,' held power over life and limb, over soul and spirit of his retainers. Short shrift to any who stood in his way, whether gipsies or henchmen. Andrew Sympson in his *Description of Galloway*, 1684 (published in 1828), tells that—

> "'Twixt *Wigton* and the town of *Ayr*,
> *Port-Patrick* and the *Craives* of *Cree*,
> No man need think for to byde there,
> Unless he court with *Kennedie*."

Untenable is the late Harvard claim advanced for Allan Ramsay as author of 'Johny Faa.' Peter Cunningham (in *Songs of England and Scotland*, ii. 346, 1835) misrepresented it as having been printed in the first vol. of *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724; instead of it being in the supplementary vol. iv. of English gatherings, 1740. Little or nothing, or worse than nothing, has been gained from the crowd of interpolaters since the time of Burns. William Motherwell (his 'Gipsy Davy'), R. H. Cromek, John Mac Taggart, John Martin, the painter, etc., were more or less utterers of base coin. C. K. Sharpe's version was "taken down from the recitation of a peasant in Galloway" (*Edinburgh Magazine*, p. 309, 1817). It is better than the others, but no less evidently a modern fabrication. Utterly vulgarised is Motherwell's MS. version, from the recitation of Agnes Lyle (Kilbarchan, 27 July, 1827), Lady Jean complaining,

> "But this night I maun lye in some cauld tenant's barn,
> A wheen blackguards waiting on me."

After having been long sought, she is found "in bonnie Abbey-dale, drinking with Gipsy Davy." In Martin's version he is called "Georgie." With indistinct remembrance of a stall copy, the garrulous reciters lengthened the ballad, introducing the 'wan water' from old songs for 'bonny Doon,' and travestying the story until all romance died out of it Such is the system of latter-day 'traditional recitation.' Incredibly idiotic are the perversions of 'Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1885; of Margaret Reburn; of Newton Pepoun, Massachusetts; and Mrs. Helena Titus Brown, of New York (in 1790). R. Morison printed, "*Of courage stout and steady*," to rhyme with "Wanton Lady."

Direct transcripts of two series of MSS. formerly belonging to George Kinloch (chiefly in his handwriting) were in the possession of the present Editor. 'The Egyptian Laddy,' *alias* John Faa, is in John Hill Burton's handwriting, 13½ stanzas, with two breaks. The other version agrees with our text of pp. 149, 150, except this rationalized variation:—

> "And we were fifteen weel-made men,
> Although we were *sae mony*,
> Yet we were a' put down *but ane*
> For a fair young wanton Lady."

(This "but ane" accords with David Herd's reading, to make it identify the narrator as a survivor.) George Kinloch's MS. Note refers to "Sir John Faa, as I think, of Dunbar, who had been previously betrothed to the lady, who was afterwards forced by her relations to marry Lord Cassillis." Kinloch also relates this anecdote, concerning the Earl of Glencairn's taunt to Lord Cassillis:—

"The late Earl of Glencairn married the daughter of a Hugh McWhanle, an itinerant Piper in the neighbourhood of Ayr, and had by some lucky chance

succeeded to an immense fortune; and at an election dinner in Ayr, where Lord Cassillis and Lord Glencairn were present, Lord Cassillis, with an appearance of friendship, asked Glencairn, 'How is your father-in-law, honest man? Is he still as fond of playing the pipes as formerly?' Lord Glencairn instantly answered, 'O! still as fond as ever; when I came off this morning I left him playing *Johnie Faa*' This Lord Cassillis took so high that it required the interposition of friends to prevent serious consequences."—*Kinloch MS.*

'The Egyptian Laddy' version (John Hill Burton's) attempted to localize the abduction to the 'Corse,' the ancient seat of the Forbeses of Craigevar; from the close vicinity of which the reciter of this ballad came. (*Such was the common trick among 'traditional reciters,'* and it accounts for many discrepancies or variations.) The Lady repulses Johny Faa's endearments, after the flight across the 'wan water.' He promises to abstain from touching her; she keeping herself unstained while awaiting the expected rescue. Evidently modernized, it begins, "There came *Egyptians* to *Corsefield* yetts" (*anglicè* 'gates'). It follows the four early stanzas of *T.-T. Misc.*, and then continues (with a hiatus, the lost words, being here suppplied in brackets):—

"When they came to the wan water, I wite it was na bonny;"
[She maun set down her feet, and wade, her feet mair white than any].

"'Yestreen I this wan water rade, and my good lord rade by me;
The night I maun cast off my shoon and wade; the Black bands wading wi' me.

"'Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed, and my good lord lay wi' me;
The night I maun lie in a tenant's barn, and the Black bands lying by me.'

"'Come to your bed,' says *Johnie Faa*, come to yer bed, my dearie!
And I shall swear, by the coat that I wear, my hand shall ne'er gae near thee.'

"'I will never come to yer bed, I will never come near ye;
For I think I hear his horse's foot that was once call'd my dearie.'"

[He renews his invitation and promise. She repeats her refusal, and declares that 'I think I hear his bridle ring, that was once called my dearie.' Next follows, as on p. 150, st. viii. "When our Good Lord," etc., ending thus:—]

"Yestreen we were fifteen good armed men; tho' black we were, nae bonny;
Yet the night we a' ly slain for ane: It's the Lord o' *Corsefield's Lady.*"

The most unblushing fabrication is that by John MacTaggart, twenty-two stanzas, in his *Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, p. 284, 1824; wherein everybody is forgiven, after much vulgarity, all end merrily with a dancing bout.

Robert Burns supplied the annotation on p. vi. of the Index to vol. ii. of *The Scots' Musical Museum*, viz. "The gypsies cam' to our gude lord's yett.—Neighbouring tradition strongly vouches for the truth of the story." Burns had special ways of learning these traditions, being an Ayrshire man, and closely connected with *Maybole;* where Lady Jean Cassillis may have been imprisoned. (See pp. 152, 153).

The tune of *Johnny Faa* now bears the name of *Wae's me for Prince Charlie!* from it having been used in 1815 by William Glen, to suit the words of his Lament, "A wee bird cam' to our hall door." (The music is in John Muir Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, Balmoral edition, 1887, p. 28.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 685.]

The Gypsie Laddy.

THere was seven Gypsies all in a gang,
They were brisk and bonny, O!
They rode till they came to the Earl of *Castle's* house,
And there they sung most sweetly, O!

The Earl of *Castle's* lady came down, [= *Cassillis.*
With the waiting-maid be[fore] her, O! [*text*, 'beside.'
As soon as her fair face they saw,
They [cast] their [glamour o'er her, O!] [See *Note*, p. 157.

They gave to her a nutmeg brown,
And a race of the best ginger, O!
She gave to them a far better thing,
'Twas the ring from off her finger, O! [*Cf.* Finlay's.

She pull'd off her high-heel'd shoes,
They was made of *Spanish* leather, O!
She put on her Highland brooges,
To follow the Gypsey Laddy, O! [*text*, 'Loddy,' *passim.*

['*O! come with me,' says Johnnie Faw,** [See *Note*, below.
O! come with me, my dearie, O!
For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
Your lord shall no more come near ye, O!

['*Here, take from me this gay mantle,*
And bring to me a plaidie, O!
Tho' kith and kin and all had sworn,
I'll follow the Gypsie Laddie, O!'

['*Yestere'en I lay in a well-made bed,*
And my good lord beside me, O!
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me, O!' [C. K. Sharpe's *doubtful* version.

['Oh! hold your tongue, my hinny, my heart,
Oh! hold your tongue, my dearie;
For I vow and swear, by the moon and the stars,
That thy lord shall nae mair come near ye.']

[*Note.**—*Here might come in three stanzas, of the Northern version, recovered by John Martin;* agreeing with the version of 1740, reprinted on p. 149-150, stanzas v, iii, and iv.; here added; perhaps also stanzas vi, and vii, although they are eminently Scottish. The original of the whole must have been sung in the North Countrie. Had the London printers grown shame-faced, and afraid of naughtiness? For how long were they so punctilious? Otherwise, why did they omit the genuine stanzas, equivalent to those we here *italicize* within brackets?]

At night when my good Lord came home,
Enquiring for his Lady, O!
The waiting-maid made this reply,
"She's following the Gypsey Laddy, O!"

"Come, saddle me my milk-white steed,
Come, saddle it so bonny, O!
As I may go seek my own wedded wife,
That's following the Gypsey Laddy, O!"

"Have you been East, have you been West,
Or have you been brisk and bonny, O!
Or have you seen a gay lady,
A-following the Gypsey Laddy, O!"

He rode all that summer's night,
And part of the next morning [early], O!
At length he spy'd his own wedded wife;
She was cold, wet, and weary, O!

"Why did you leave your houses and land,
Or why did you leave your money, O!
Or why did you leave your good wedded Lord,
To follow the Gypsie Laddy, O?"

"O! what care I for houses and land,
Or what care I for money, O!
So as I have brew'd, so will I [ha' drank]; [*t.* 'return.'
So fare you well, my honey, O!"

There was seven Gypsies in a gang,
And they was brisk and bonny, O!
And they're to be hanged all on a row,
For the Earl of *Castle's* Lady, O! [*i.e.* Cassillis.

[In White-letter, a single narrow slip, set up by Southerners, probably as a page of some Chap-book '*Garland of Songs*' for circulation in the northern counties. Date *circâ* 1720, not earlier. No printer's name or woodcut. Gross are the blunders made through misunderstanding the Scotch words. Thus 'Laddy' became '*Loddy*'; 'yett' in third line is rendered '*house*' instead of *gate*. In the eighth line by a stupendous misprint we find "*They called their Grandmother over, O!*" instead of the true line, "They cast their glamour o'er her, O!" This casting *glamour*, or exercising a spell to bewilder her and control her will, is the chief ingredient in the Gipsy's witch-cauldron. But the lover's genuine eloquence is the white-magic: pleadings of passion would be sufficient to mislead an impressionable and beautiful woman, whose brief married life had been lonely and unhappy As in the 'Flight of the Duchess' (compare p. 149), the spectator knew that the gipsy was "bewitching my Lady." The Roxburghe stanzas 8th and 10th are not found elsewhere. The abruptness of the finale, the sacrifice of all the band "for ane, a fair wanton lady," is genuine.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 504. See *Note*, at foot of the page.]

Lord *Henry* and fair *Katherine*;
Or,
The Secret Discovered too Late.

[*No tune named. Music in 'The Vocal Magazine,' Edinburgh,* 1798.]

IN antient times, in *Britain's* Isle, Lord *Henry* was well known:
No knight in all the land more fam'd, or more deserv'd renown.
His thoughts on honour always run; he ne'er could bow to love;
No nymph in all the land had charms his frozen heart to move.

Among the nymphs where *Kath'rine* came, the fairest face she shews;
She was as bright as morning Sun and sweeter than the Rose.
Although she was of mean degree, she daily conquests gains;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld escap'd her powerful chains.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost, her cheeks grew pale and wan;
A pining seiz'd her lovely form, and cures were all in vain.
The sickness was to all unknown that did the fair one waste;
Her time in sighs, and floods of tears, and broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud, "O *Henry!* I'm undone!
O cruel fate! O wretched maid! thy love must ne'er be known.
Such is the fate of woman-kind, they must the truth conceal;
I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths 'ere I my love reveal."

A tender friend, that watch'd the fair, to *Henry* hie'd away;
"My Lord," says she, "we've found the cause of *Kath'rine's* quick decay:
She in a dream the secret told (till now no mortal knew):
Alas! she now expiring lies, and dies for love of you."

The gen'rous *Henry's* soul was touched, his heart began to flame:
"Ah! poor unhappy maid," he cry'd, "yet I am not to blame.
Ah! *Kath'rine*, too, too modest maid! Thy love I never knew;
I'll ease your pain"—and swift as wind to her bed-side he flew.

"Awake! awake!" he fondly said, "awake! awake! my dear;
If I had only guess'd your love, you had not shed a tear.
'Tis *Henry* calls, complain no more, renew thy wonted charms;
I come to save thee from despair and take thee to my arms."

His words revived the dying fair, she rais'd her drooping head,
And, gazing on the long-lov'd youth, she started from her bed;
Around his neck her arm she flung in extacy, and cry'd,
"Will you be kind? Will you, indeed? my love!" and so she dy'd.

[In White-letter, with two small woodcuts. Date *circâ* 1735.]

*** This ballad was reprinted in Allan Ramsay's vol. iv. of *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1740 (p. 409, collective edition); also in *Edin. Vocal Magazine*, ii. song 9, 1798; *Charms of Melody*, Dublin, 1805, p. 116. No earlier broadside known than the Roxburghe exemplar. It appears to have become popular, late in the eighteenth century, but evidently was not of antique origin.

Sir Robert Bewick and Laird Graham.

A BRIEF introduction must suffice for this *Border Minstrelsy* narrative, which has no tune assigned to it, and resembles the eighteenth century GARLAND, instead of the genuine ballads that were sung. We here preserve the true text, for comparison with Sir Walter Scott's semi-traditional version.

Our Roxburghe Collection broadside, a White-letter slip, had been printed several years before the ballad was, in 1803, included by Walter Scott in his memorable *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii. pp. 93-104. Its date and the subject appeared uncertain, he admitted; but from internal evidence he felt inclined to place it late in the sixteenth century. Of the Græmes he had written when introducing 'Hughie the Græme' (a ballad reprinted in our vol. vi. p. 598).

Of the present ballad Scott wrote,

"It is not impossible that such a clan [the *Græmes*], as they are described, may have retained the rude ignorance of ancient border manners to a later period than their more inland neighbours; and hence the taunt of old *Bewick* to *Græme*. *Bewick* is an ancient name in Cumberland and Northumberland.

"The ballad itself is given from the recitation of a gentleman, who professes to have forgotten some verses. The places where they should be introduced, are marked by asterisks. [*An amended version was given in 3rd edition*, 1806.]

"The ballad is remarkable as containing, probably, the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the *Scythian* ancestors of *Odin*. Many of the old romances turn entirely upon the sanctity of the engagement, contracted by the *frères d'armes*. In that of *Amis and Amelion*, the hero slays his two infant children in order that he may compound a potent salve with their blood, to cure the leprosy of his brother in arms. The romance of *Gyron le Courtois* has a similar subject. I think the hero, like *Græme* in the ballad, kills himself out of some high point of honour towards his friend.

"The quarrel of the two old chieftains, over their wine, is highly in character. Two generations have not elapsed since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical events on the border; to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little."

——*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii. pp. 93, 94, 1803.

With such a quarrel the beautiful '*Dowie Dens of Yarrow*' begins, "Late at e'en, drinking the wine," and the 'Great Unknown' was himself (in *Waverley*, 1814) to introduce a similar quarrel and combat, between the hot-headed Laird of Balmawhapple and the chivalrous Baron of Bradwardine. Sir Walter knew nothing in 1802 of the printed text of this ballad, when he trusted to that broken reed, a half-forgotten traditionary recitation. His version adopts the formula of "Gude lord *Græme* is to *Carlisle* gone," following the example of "Gude lord *Scroop's* to the hunting gone" (his iii. 88). The vigour and martial bearing in his Scottish version surpass the tame English stall-copy.

The interest is concentrated on the two young men, faithful comrades or 'billies' (in the English version ill-represented by the word 'bully,' *passim*); Christie Graham and the scholar, 'bonny Bewick.' Their death reconciles the two fathers.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 624; Douce, III. 85.]

A Remarkable and Memorable Song of Sir *Robert Bewick* and the Laird *Graham*,

Giving an Account of Laird *Graham's* meeting with Sir *Robert Bewick* in the town of *Carlisle*; and, they going to a Tavern, a dispute happened betwixt them, which of their Sons was the best man. How *Graham* rode home in a passion, and caused his son to fight young *Bewick*, which proved their Deaths.

OLD *Graham* he is to *Carlisle* gone,
Where Sir *Robert Bewick* there met he:
In arms to the wine they are [w]one, [*text*, 'gone.'
And drink till they were both merry.

Old *Graham* he took up the cup,
And said, "Brother *Bewick*, here's to thee!
And here's to our two sons at home,
For they live best in our country." [*a.l.* 'like us best.'

"Nay! were thy son as good as mine, [*Bewick* speaks.
And of some books he could but read,
With sword and buckler by his side;
To see how he can save his head;

"They might have been call'd two bold Brethren,
Wherever they do go or ride;
They might have been call'd two bold Brethren,
They might have cracked the Border side;

"[But] thy son is bad, he is but a lad,
And bully to my son [he] cannot be:
[For my son *Bewick* can write and read, [*caret*, Roxb.
And sure I am that cannot he."]

"I put him to school, but he would not learn; [*Graham*.
I bought him books, but he would not read;
But," [says *Graham*,] "my blessing he's never have,
Till I see how he can save his head."

Old *Graham* he call'd for an account [*a.l.* 'a reckoning.'
And he asked what there was to pay;
There he paid a crown, so it went round,
Which was all for wine and hay.

Old *Graham* is to the stable gone,
Where stood thirty good steeds and three.
He's taken his own steed by the head,
And home rode he right wantonly.

When he came there he did espy
A loving sight to 'spy or see:
There did he espy his own three sons;
Young *Christy Graham* the foremost was he.

[There did he espy . . . foremost was he:] *Repeat.*
"Where have you been all day, Father?
That no counsel you'll take by me." [=no notice of.

"Nay, I have been at *Carlisle* town,
Where Sir *Robert Bewick* there met me:
He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a lad,
And [a] baffled man by thee I be.

"He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a lad,
And bully to his son [thou] cannot be, [=comrade.
For his son *Bewick* can both write and read,
And sure that cannot be [said of thee] [*t.* 'sure I am.'

"I put thee to school, but thou would'st not learn;
I bought thee books, but thou would'st not read;
But my blessing thou s' never have
Till I see with *Bewick* thou can'st save thy head."

"Oh! pray forbear, my Father dear,
That ever such a thing should be!
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?"

"What's that thou sayest, thou Limmer Loon?
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrell soon,
Here is my glove; thou shalt fight me."

Christy stoop'd low unto the ground,
Unto the ground as you'll understand;
"O Father, put on your glove again,
The wind hath blown it from your hand." 60

"What's that thou sayest, thou Limmer Loon?
Or how dare you stand to speak to me?
If you do not end this quarrel soon,
Here is my hand, thou shalt fight me."

Christy Graham is to his chamber gone,
And for to study, as well might be,
Whether to fight with his father dear,
Or with his bully *Bewick* [should] he.

"If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
As you shall boldly understand,
In every town that I ride through
They'll say, 'There rides a brotherless man!'

" Nay, for to kill my brother dear,
I think it were a deadly sin;
And for to kill my father dear,
The blessing of Heaven I ne'er shall win.

" O! give me your blessing, Father," he said,
" And pray well for me then to thrive;
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I sw[e]are I shall never come home alive."

He put on his back a good old jacket,
And on his head a cap of steel;
With sword and buckler by his side,
O 'gin he did not become them weel!

" [O fare the]e well, my Father dear!
[O fa]re thee well, thou *Carlisle* town!
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll never eat bread again." [*text*, 'I'll swear.'

Now we'll leave off talking of *Christy Graham*,
And talk of him again belive;
But we will talk of bonny *Bewick*,
Where he was teaching his Scholars five.

Now when he had learned them to fence,
To handle their swords without any doubt,
He's taken his sword under his arm,
And walk'd his Father's Close about.

He look'd between them and the sun,
To see what farlies he could see; [*ferlies* = wonders.
There he espy'd a man with armour on,
As he came riding o'er the Lee.

" I wonder much what man yon be,
That so boldly this way doth come?
I think it is my nighest friend,
I think it is my bully *Graham*.

" O welcome! O welcome! my bully *Graham*,
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
For I love thee best in Christendom."

" Away, away, O bully *Bewick!*
And of thy bullyship let me be;
The day is come that I ne'er thought on;
Bully, I'm come hither to fight with thee."

" O no, not so, O bully *Graham*, ['O God forbid!'
That e'er such a word should spoken be;
I was thy Master, and thou wast my Scholar,
So well [it went when] I learned thee."

" My father he was in *Carlisle* town,
Where thy father, *Bewick*, there met he:
He said I was 'bad,' and call'd me a 'lad,'
And 'a baffled man by thou I be.' " [*a.l.* 'I trow I be.'

[" He sent me to schools, and I would not learn; [*Not in Roxb.*
He gave me books, and I would not read;
So my father's blessing I'll never earn
Till he sees how my arm can guard my head."] 124

" Away, away, O Bully *Graham*,
And off that talk, man, let us be;
We'll take three men on either side,
To see if we can make our fathers agree."

" Away, away, O bully *Bewick*,
And of thy bullyship let me be;
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art, [*misp.* 'true.'
Come over this Ditch and fight with me."

" O no, not so, my bully *Graham*,
That e'er such a word should spoken be;
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and truth to me?"

" Away, away, thou bully *Bewick*,
And of [f all that] care, man, let us be;
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art, [*t.* 'true.'
Come over this Ditch and fight with me."

" Nay, if it be my fortune thee, *Graham*, to kill,
As God's will, ma[u]n it almost be, [*t.* 'man.'
But if it be my fortune thee, *Graham*, to kill,
'Tis home again I'll never gae." 144

" Thou art then of my mind, bully *Bewick*,
And sworn Brethren will we be;
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this Ditch and fight with me."

He flung his cloak from his shoulder,
His Psalm Book from his pouch flang he, [*a.l.* 'Psalter.'
He clapp'd his hand upon the hedge,
And o'er lap he right wantonly.

When *Graham* did see his bully come,
The salt tears stood long in his eye: [*a.l.* 'ee.'
" Now needs must I say thou art a man,
That dare venture thy body to fight with me. 156

" Nay, I have a harness on my back;
I know that thou hast none on thine; [*text*, 'hath.'
But as little as thou hast on thy back,
Sure as little shall there be on mine."

He flang his jacket from off his back,
His steel cap from off his head flang he,
He's taken his spear into his hand, [*qu.* sword.
He's ty'd his horse unto a tree.

Now they fell to it with two broad swords;
For two long hours fought *Bewick* and he;
Much sweat was to be seen on them both,
But never a drop of blood to see. 168

Now *Graham* gave *Bewick* an auckward stroke,
An auckward stroke surely struck he; [*i.e.* 'backward.'
He struck him now under the left breast,
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.

"Arise, arise, O Bully *Bewick*,
Arise, and speak these words to me, [*a.l.* 'three.'
Whether this be thy deadly wound,
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee?"

"To horse, to horse, O Bully *Graham*, [*text*, 'O horse!'
And pray do get thee far from me;
Thy sword it is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,
And so no farther can I gae.

"To horse, to horse, O bully *Graham*, [*text*, 'O h.!'
And get thee far from me with speed;
And get thee out o' this country quite,
That not one may know who has done the deed."

"Oh! if this be true, my bully dear,
The words that thou doth tell to me,
The vow I made and the vow I'll keep,
I sware I'll be the first that die."

Then he struck his sword in a mould[wort]-hill,
Then he leap'd thirty good feet and three;
First he bequeath'd his soul to God,
And upon his own Sword leap'd he.

Now *Graham* he was the first that died;
And then *Robert Bewick* came to see:
"Arise, arise, O son!" he said,
"For I see thou's won the Victory.

"Arise, arise, O son," he said,
"For I see thou's won the Victory."
"Father, could you not drink your wine at home,
And letten me and my bully be?

"Nay, dig a Grave both low and wide,
And in it us two pray bury.
But bury my bully *Graham* on the sun-side,
For I'm sure he's won the Victory." 204

Now we'll leave off talking of these bold brethren,
In *Carlisle* town where they were slain;
And talk of those two good old men,
Where they were making a pitiful moan.

With that bespoke now *Robert Bewick*:
" O man, was I not much to blame;
I have lost one of the liveliest lads
That ever was bred unto my name."

With that bespoke my good Lord *Graham*:
" O man, I have lost the better block;
I have lost my comfort and my joy,
I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.

" Had I gone through all *Lauderdale*, 216
And forty horse had set on me,
Had *Christy Graham* been at my back,
So well he would have guarded me."

I have no more of my Song to sing,
But two or three words [to you] I'll name:
But it will be talked in *Carlisle* town,
That these two old men were all the blame. 224

[Four columns of white-letter Roman brevier. One woodcut of a Sword Duel in the fields; the men stript to their shirt, breeches, and hose. No colophon. Date, originally *circâ* 1698; but the reprinted issue belongs to 1778.]

Note.—From Sir Walter's Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* our final stanza is lacking; his early edition, 1803, ends " I durst hae ridden the world round, Had *Christy Græme* been at my back." Doubtful line 163, " He's taken his *spear* into his hand"; we either substitute *sword*, or read, " He's strucken his spear into the ground." 'Farlies' (line 98) are 'strange sights.'

The Wandering Young Gentlewoman:
Catskin's Garland.

THE earliest known exemplar of 'Catskin' assigns to it the tune of *The Wandering Jew* (which was registered 21 August, 1612, and reprinted in vol. vi. p. 693, of these *Roxburghe Ballads*); one printed for *T. Norris, circâ* 1702, and in Black-Letter. It is thus established as a ballad that was sung, instead of ranking among the rhymed stories called 'Garlands,' which were intended to be recited, or read. Of such are forty-three, printed on broadsides, in white-letter, contained in the Roxburghe Collection, Vol. III., not needing to be here reprinted among these ballads and songs. They would have required an extra volume, each being a long extended narrative; often circulated in chap-book form. A List of them, with first lines and brief comment, follows on p. 179.

One broadside, printed by *T. Cheney, Banbury*, gives the title and analysis, or summary, as follows: "CATSKIN'S GARLAND; or, THE WANDERING YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN. In Five Parts. 1.—Of a rich Squire's Daughter, near *London*, who was forced from home by her cruel Father; how she made herself a garment of *Catskins*, and wandered up and down. 2. How she came one morning to a Knight's Door, and begged to lie in the stables, which was soon granted, and how she was entertained after. 3. How he discovered *Catskin* in rich attire, that she had brought from home. How he fell in love with her, and married her. 4. How her Mother and Sister died, and her Father came disguised like a beggar to her gate. 5. How he gave her ten thousand pounds." A Chap-book version was printed at Glasgow by T. and M. Robertson, 1805.

'*Catskin*' is closely related to the popular story of 'Cinderella.' A bibliography of these "Three hundred and forty-five Variants" has been edited by Miss Mary Roalfe Cox, and printed for the Folk-Lore Society, and for David Nutt, London, 1893, with an Introduction by Andrew Lang. To this all readers who desire to pursue the subject can turn: a bulky volume, full of matter.

One of the best so-called Variants is the 'Ass's Skin, 'Peau d'Ane,' first told metrically by Charles Perrault, in Moetjen's *Recueil*, 1694. Compare Basile's Neapolitan *Pentamerone*, 1672, 'La Gatta Cenerentola,' ii. 6; Straparola, 'Notti piacevoli,' i. 4; and Grimm, 1812 (*Gammer Grethel;* or, *German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories*, etc.: London, 1830). A collation of three editions of *Catskin*, the various readings noted, is in J. S. Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ballads, Traditional and Romantic*, published at New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, by Henry Washbourne, 1849. 'Finette Cendron,' of the Countess d'Aulnoy is virtually the same as 'Cinderella,' the 'Cendrillon' of Perrault. (See G. Routledge's *Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Aulnoy*, translated by T. R. Planché, 1791–93, 1888. Perrault's 'Cendrillon; ou, La Petite Pantoufle de Verre,' not *vair*, from his *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*, 1697, is given in the companion volume of '*Fairy Tales by Perrault, De Villeneuvre, De Caylus*, etc.,' also translated by Planché, p. 22, a re-issue of the 1858 edition.) A dramatic version of 'Ass's Skin,' written by Mrs. Mary Emma Ebsworth (*née* Fairbrother), was successfully performed at London theatres, about 1822 (*Dict. of Nat. Biography*, vol. vi. p. 347). *Peau d'âne* is epitomized in *Cinderella Variants*, p. 343. La Fontaine, who died in 1697, had written thus in 1678:

—"Et moi même
Au moment que je fais cette moralité,
Si *Peau d'Ane* m'etait conté
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême."
—*Fables*, VIII. iv, *Le Pouvoir des Fables.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 770; Douce, *bis*; Trowbesh, *bis*.]

The Wandering Young Gentlewoman; or, Catskin.

[Tune of, *The Wandering Jew*. See p. 165, and Vol. VI. p. 693.]

YOu fathers and mothers, and children also,
Draw near unto me, and soon you shall know
The sense of my ditty; and, I dare to say,
The like ha' n't been printed this many a day. [*a.l.* 'heard of.'

The subject, which to you I am to relate,
It is of a Squire of a vast estate:
The first dear infant his wife did him bear,
It was a young daughter of beauty most fair. [*a.l.* 'rare.'

He said to his wife: "Had this child been a boy,
'Twould have pleased me better, and increased my joy;
If the next be the same sort, I do declare,
Of what I am possessed she shall have no share."

In twelve months' time after this woman, we hear,
Had another daughter of beauty most clear;
And when that he knew it was a female [as well],
In a bitter passion he presently fell—

Saying, "Since this is of the same sort as the first,
In my habitation she shall not be nurs'd;
Pray let her be sent into the Country,
For where I am truly this child shall not be."

With tears his dear wife unto him did say,
"Husband, be contented, I'll send her away."
Then to the Country with speed she was sent,
For to be brought up by one who was her friend. [*a.l.* 'by an intimate fr.'

Altho' that her father he hated her so,
He good education on her did bestow;
And with a gold locket and robes of the best,
This slighted young female was commonly drest.

And when unto stature this damsel was grown,
And found from [her father] she had no love shewn, [*t.* 'him.'
She cry'd: "Before I will lie under his frown,
I am fully resolved to range the world round."

The Second Part.

But now mark, good people, the cream of the jest,
In what sort of manner this creature was drest:
With *Catskins* she made her a robe, I declare,
The which for her covering she daily did wear.

Her own rich attire, and jewels beside,
Them up in a bundle by her they were ty'd;
Then to seek her fortune she wander'd away,
And when she had travell'd a cold winter's day,

In the evening-tide she came to a town,
When at a Knight's door she then sat her down,
For to rest herself, who was tired, besure;
This noble Knight's Lady then came to the door.

Then seeing this creature in such sort of dress,
This Lady unto her these words did express:
" Whence camest thou, girl, and what would'st thou have?"
She said, " A night's rest in your stable I crave."

The Lady said to her, " I'll grant thy desire;
Come into the kitchen, and stand by the fire."
Then she thanked the lady, and went in with haste;
There she was gazed on, from the biggest to the least.

And being well warmed, her hunger being great,
They gave her a piece of good Food for to eat;
Then to an out-house this creature was led, [*text*, 'had.'
Where she with fresh straw then made her a bed.

And when in the morning the daylight she saw,
Her riches and jewels she hid in the straw;
And being very cold, she then did retire,
To go to the kitchen and stand by the fire.

The Cook said, " My Lady hath promis'd that thee
Shalt be as a Scullion to wait upon me;
And what say'st thou, girl, art willing to bide?"
" With all my heart truly," to him she reply'd.

To work with her needle she could very well,
And for raising of paste few could her excel;
She being so handy, the Cook's heart did win;
And there she was called by the name of '*Catskin*.'

The Third Part.

The Lady had a Son, both comely and tall,
Who oftentimes used for to be at a Ball:
A mile out of town, one evening-tide,
To dance at this Ball away he did ride.

Catskin said to his mother, " Pray, Madam, let me
Go after your son, now, this ball to see?"
With that in a passion this lady she grew,
And struck her with the ladle, and broke it in two.

And being thus served, she then got away,
And with her rich garment herself did array;
Then to this Ball she with speed did retire,
Where she danced so bravely that all did admire.

The sport being done, this young Squire did say,
"Young Lady, where do you live? tell me, I pray."
Her answer to him was, "Sir, that will I tell:
At the sign of the *Broken Ladle* I dwell."

She, being very nimble, got home first, 'tis said,
And with her *Catskin* robes she soon was array'd;
And into the kitchen again she did go,
But where she had been then none of them did know.

Next night this young Squire, himself to content,
To dance at this Ball away again went.
She said, "Pray let me go this Ball for to view";
Then she struck her with a skimmer, and broke it in two.

Then out of doors she ran, full of heaviness,
And with her rich garment herself did soon dress;
And [again] to that Ball she ran away with speed,
Where to see her dancing all wonder'd indeed.

The Ball being ended, this young Squire then
Said, "Where is it you live?" She answer'd again,
"Sir, because you ask me, account I will give;
At the sign of the *Broken Skimmer* I live."

Being dark, then she left him, and homeward did hie,
And with her *Catskin* robe was drest presently;
And into the kitchen amongst them she went,
But where she had been they were all innocent.

When the Squire came home, and found *Catskin* there,
He was in amaze, and began for to swear:
"For two nights at this ball has been a lady,
The sweetest of beauties that ever I [see]. [Roxb. *text*, 'saw,'

"She was the best dancer in all the whole place,
And very much like our *Catskin* in the face;
Had she not been drest in that costly degree,
I should have sworn it had been *Catskin* boldly." [*qu.* 'bodily.'

Next night to this Ball he did go once more,
And she asked his mother to go as before;
Who, having a bason of water in her hand,
She threw it on *Catskin*, as I understand.

Shaking her wet ears, out of doors she did run,
And dressed herself; when this thing she had done,
To the Ball once more she then went her ways:
To see her fine dancing all gave her the praise.

And having concluded, this young Squire he
Said, "From whence do you come, pray, Lady, tell me?"
Her answer was, "Sir, you shall soon know the same;
From the sign of the *Bason of Water* I came."

Then homeward she hurried as fast as could be.
This young Squire then was resolved to see
Whereto she belonged; then following *Catskin*
Unto an old straw-house, he saw her creep in.

He said, "O brave *Catskin*, I find it is thee!
These three nights together has so charmed me;
Thou art the sweetest creature my eyes e'er beheld;
With joy and content my heart is now fill'd.

"Thou art our cook's scullion, but as I shall have life,
Grant me but thy love, and I will make thee my wife;
And you shall have maids to be at your call."
"Sir, that cannot be, I have no portion at all."

"Thy beauty is a portion, my joy and my dear;
I prize it far better than a thousand a year;
And, to have my friends' consent, I have got a trick:
I'll go to my bed, and I will feign myself sick.

"There's no one shall tend me but thee, I profess;
So, one day or another, in thy rich dress
Thou shalt be clad, and if my parents come nigh,
I'll tell them 'tis for thee that sick I do lie."

The Fourth Part.

Having thus consulted, this couple parted.
Next day this young Squire he took to his bed;
And when his dear parents this thing both perceived,
For fear of his death they were heartily grieved.

To tend him they sent for a nurse speedily:
He said, "None but *Catskin* my nurse then shall be."
His parents said, "No, son." He said, "But she shall;
Or else I'll have none to nurse me at all."

His parents both wondered to hear him say thus,
That no one but *Catskin* must then be his nurse;
So then his dear parents, their son to content,
Up into the chamber poor *Catskin* they sent.

Sweet cordials and other rich things were prepar'd,
Which between this couple were equally shar'd;
And when all alone, they in each other's arms
Enjoy'd one another, in love's pleasant charms.

And at length, on a time, poor *Catskin*, 'tis said,
In her rich attire she then was array'd;
And when that his mother the chamber drew near,
Then much like a goddess did *Catskin* appear;

Which caus'd her to start, and thus for to say,
" What young lady is this, son? tell me, I pray."
He said, " Why, 'tis *Catskin*, for whom sick I lie;
And except I have her, with speed I shall die."

His mother then hasted to call up the Knight,
Who ran up to see this amazing great sight:
He said, " Is this *Catskin*, we held in such scorn?
I ne'er saw a finer dame since I was born."

The old knight said to her, " I pray thee tell me
From whence thou didst come, and of what family?"
Then who were her parents she gave them to know,
And what was the cause of her wandering so.

The young Squire cry'd, " If you will save my life,
Pray grant this young creature she may be my wife."
His father reply'd, " Thy life for to save,
If you are agreed, my consent you shall have."

Next day, with great triumph and joy, as we hear,
There were many coaches that came far and near;
Then much like a goddess, drest in rich array,
Catskin was marry'd to the Squire that day.

For several days this great wedding did last,
Where was many a topping and gallant rich guest; [*cf.* p. 16.
And for joy the bells rung all over the town,
And bottles of canary roll'd merrily round ['troll'd,' Glasgow ed.

When *Catskin* was marry'd, her fame for to raise,
Who saw her modest carriage all gave her the praise.
Thus her charming beauty the Squire did win;
And who lives so great now as he and *Catskin*?

The Fifth Part.

Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to show
How things with her parents and sister did go.
Her mother and sister of life are bereft,
And now all alone the old Squire is left;

Who, hearing his daughter was marry'd so brave,
He said, " In my noddle a fancy I have:
Drest like a poor man now a journey I'll make,
And see if she on me some pity will take."

Then drest like a beggar he went to her gate,
Where stood his daughter, who appear'd very great.
He cry'd, " Noble lady, a poor man I be,
And am now forced to crave your charity."

With a blush she asked, from whence that he came?
With that he then told her, and gave her his name.
She cry'd, " I am your daughter, whom you slighted so;
Yet ne'ertheless to you some kindness I'll shew:

" Through mercy the Lord hath provided for me;
Pray, father, come in, and sit down," then said she.
Then the best provision the house could afford,
For to make him welcome, was set on the board.

She said, " You are welcome; feed hearty, I pray;
And, if you are willing, with me you shall stay
So long as you live." Then he made this reply:
" I only am come now thy love for to try. 216

" Through mercy, my child, I am rich and not poor;
I have gold and silver enough now in store;
And for this love which at thy hands I have found,
For thy portion I'll give thee ten thousand good pounds."

So in few days after, as we understand,
This man he went home, and sold off his land,
And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give;
And now altogether in love they do live. Finis.

[An early exemplar, in Black-letter, was printed for *T. Norris*, before 1712. The Roxb. Coll. exemplar is in White-letter, without any colophon, like Douce, III. 105. Two Trowbesh broadsides, in W.-L., 1st, ' Printed at *Pitts*' Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse. 6, *Great St. Andrew-Street, Seven Dials*' ; 2nd, and Douce, IV. 24, ' Printed and Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by *J. Evans, No.* 4, *Long Lane, West Smithfield, London.*' No woodcuts. Modern issue. Others are in Brit. Mus. 1876, i. l. pp. 31, 33.]

*** An inferior but condensed traditional version, of fifty-three short four-line stanzas, was taken from the recitation of an Old Nurse, by the late James Orchard Halliwell (J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps), and printed for the Percy Society, 1849; it is also in his reprint, '*Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*,' p. 10, F. Warne & Co., n.d., and in J. S. Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ballads* (both versions), 1849, vol. ii. pp. 392 and 145. The traditional ' Story of Catskin ' is of small value, vulgarly colloquial, and begins thus:—

" There once was a Gentleman grand, who lived at his country seat,
He wanted an heir to his land, for he'd nothing but daughters yet.

" His Lady's again in the way, so she said to her husband with joy,
' I hope some or other fine day to present you, my dear, with a Boy.'

" The Gentleman answered gruff, ' if it turn out a Maid or a mouse—
For of both we have more than enough—she sha'n't stay to live in my house.'" Etc.

On the next two pages we give the remaining twenty-two stanzas of The Gosport Tragedy (repeating the final, thirty-fourth. The 1st, 2nd, and 20th to 28th were reprinted on pp. 143, 144).

[Roxb. Coll., III. 510; Madden, II. 368 to 372; Lindes., 655, 656.]

Remainder of
The Gosport Tragedy; or, The Perjured Ship-Carpenter.

[We now add the remaining twenty-two stanzas, and repeat the final thirty-fourth, to make it complete.] After the words on our p. 143, "marry a Ship-Carpenter," the third stanza begins,

With blushes more charming than roses in *June*,
She answer'd, "Sweet *William*, to wed I'm too young;
Young men are so fickle, I see very plain,
If a maid is not coy they will her disdain.

"They flatter and swear [her] charms they adore;
When gain'd [her] consent, they care for her no more;
The handsomest creature that ever was born,
When man has enjoy'd, he will hold in scorn."

"My charming *Molly*, what makes you say so?
Thy beauty's the haven to which I would go.
So [if] into that country I chance for to steer,
There will [I] cast anchor, and stay with my dear.

"I ne'er shall be cloy'd with the charms of my Love;
My love is as true as the turtle-dove;
And all [that] I crave is to wed with my dear;
And when thou art mine no danger I fear."

"The life of a Virgin, sweet *William*, I prize;
For marriage brings sorrows and troubles likewise:
I am loath to venture, and therefore forbear!
For I will not wed a Ship-carpenter.

"For in the time of War to sea you must go,
And leave wife and children in sorrow and woe!
The seas they are perilous, therefore forbear;
For I will not wed with a Ship-carpenter."

But yet, all in vain she his suit did deny,
Though he still did press her to make her comply;
At length, with his cunning, he did her betray,
And to lewd desire he led her away.

But when [that] with child this young woman were,
The tydings she instantly sent to her dear;
And by the good Heaven he swore to be true,
Saying, "I will wed no other but you."

They passed on [their time], till at length [he] hears,
"The King wants sailors!" to the sea he repairs;
Which grieved the damsel unto the heart,
To think she so soon with [her] lover mu-t part.

She said, "My dear *William*, e're thou go'st to sea,
Remember the vows that thou madest to me;
But if you forsake me, I never shall rest:
Oh! why do'st thou leave me with sorrow opprest?"

Then with kind embraces to her he did say,
"I'll wed thee, dear *Molly*, e're I go away;
And if to-morrow to me thou dost come,
A licence I'll buy, and it shall be done."

[*text*, 'their.' *bis.*

[Omitted from *Gleanings*.

[*text*, 'we.'

[*text*, 'a.'

So, with kind embraces, he parted that night;
She went to meet him in the morning light:
He said, "Dear Charmer, thou must go with me,
Before we are wedded, a friend to see."

He led her through valleys and groves so deep;
At length this maiden began for to weep;
Saying, "*William*, I fancy thou lead'st me astray,
On purpose my innocent life to betray."

He said, "That is true, and none you can save,
For I all this night have been digging a grave."
Poor innocent soul! when she heard him say so,
Her eyes like a fountain began for to flow.

"O perjur'd creature! the worst of all men! [*Cf. Note*, p. 176.
Heavens reward thee when I'm dead and gone.
O pity the infant, and spare my [own] life;
Let me go distress'd, if I'm not thy wife."

Her hands white as lillies in sorrow she wrung,
Beseeching for mercy, saying, "What have I done
To you, my dear *William*, what makes you severe?
For to murder one that loves you so dear."

[He] said, "Here's no time disputing to stand." [*text*, 'And.'
And instantly taking the knife in his hand,
He pierced her body, till the blood it did flow;
Then into the grave her body did throw. [*Continued on* pp. 143, 144.

["He cover'd her body," etc. Nine stanzas; ending "I fain would know."]

Then *William*, affrighted, did tremble with fear,
And began by the powers above to swear
He nothing at all of the matter did know.
But as from the Captain he went to go,

Unto his surprise [he] his true-love did see:
With that he immediately fell on his knee,
And said, "Here's my true-love! where shall I run?
O save me, or else I am surely undone."

Now he the murder confessed out of hand,
And said, "Before me my *Molly* doth stand.
Sweet injur'd ghost! thy pardon I crave,
And soon I will seek thee in the silent grave."

No one but this wretch did see this sad sight:
Then raving distracted he dy'd in the night.
As soon as her parents the tydings did hear,
They sought for the body of their daughter dear.

Near a place call'd *Southampton*, in a valley deep,
The body was found, while many did weep
At the fall of the damsel and her daughter dear:
In *Gosport* Church they bury'd her there.

I hope that this may be a warning to all
Young men, how innocent maids they enthrall:
Young men, be constant and true to your love,
Then a blessing indeed will attend you above.

Finis.

Printed and Sold at the Printing Office in *Bow* Church-yard, *London*.
[White-letter. One woodcut: the Waterman in boat. Date *circâ* 1750.]

The Oxfordshire Tragedy.

'*Rosanna's Overthrow*' is a variation of 'The Oxfordshire Tragedy,' quoted on our pp. 68, 69, beginning, "Young Virgins fair of beauty bright." We here complete Roxb. Coll., III. 750 (200 lines in all). After line 20, "Summer's-day"—

"My charming sweet *Rose*," said he, "see how the pleasant flowers spring!
The pretty birds on every tree, with melody the groves do'ring. [*t.* 'did.'
I nothing have to please or [cheer] my Soul, but those charms of thine. [delight.
Our hearts are fixed: therefore, my dear, like turtles let us both combine.
Let me embrace my heart's delight, within this pleasant bower here,
This bank of violets for my bed, shaded with those roses fair."

Said she, "What do you mean, I pray? I am a noble Lady born.
What signifies my beauty bright, when my honour it is gone?
My parents they will me disdain, and [all] young virgins me deride:
O do not prove my overthrow! if you love, stay, till I'm your Bride."

"Sweet angel dear," [he swore,] "I do vow, by all the powers so divine,
You are she whom I adore, and in love my heart confine.
And if thou dost me [now] refuse, this sword must soon end my woe:"
Then from her arms he straitway flew, and in his passion his sword he drew.

Her hands, as white as lilies fair, most dreadfully she did wring;
She said, "My death's approaching near; should I relieve and succour him,
It brings on [to me] my sad fall; 'tis I [who] must receive the wound."
The crimson dye forsook her cheeks, at his feet she dropp'd on the ground.

This innocent he did betray [to shame], full sore against her chaste desire:
True Love is a celestial flame, but flames of Lust [are] a raging fire;
But when her senses did revive, he many vows and oaths did make,
That he'd for ever true remain, and her company not forsake.

Part II. of The Oxfordshire Tragedy.

NOW, Virgins, to the *Second Part*, observe [you] this sweet creature's end!
When once your virtue it is gone, you've nothing you to recommend.
After our traitor had his will, he never did come near her more;
Then from her eyes both night and day the crystal tears did pour.

In the silent grove she then did [use to] wander quite alone;
And for the [treas]ure she had lost, in the said bower, thus would moan:
"O that I was some little bird, that I might fly to hide this shame!
O foolish maid, thus to believe the base delusion of a man!
The harmless lamb could sport and play, the turtle constant to his mate;
Nothing more wretched is than I, to buy the man that doth me hate.
I will to him a letter send, remembering of the vows he made
Within that shady bower, where my tender heart he first betray'd."

Her trembling hands a letter wrote: "My dearest dear, what must I do?
Alas! what mischief have I done, that I am slighted so by you?
I have slighted many Lords of fame, who little know my misery;
I did forsake a worthy knight; and ['twas] all for the sake of thee.
And now my little Infant dear will quickly spread abroad my shame;
One word of comfort send to me, e're by thy cruelty I am slain."

This answer to her he did send: "Your insolence amazes me,
To think that I should marry one with whom before I had been free!
Indeed, I'll not the father be unto the bastard that you bear;
So take no farther thoughts of me: no more from you, pray, let me hear."
When she this letter did receive, she wrung her hands, and wept full sore,
Yet every day she still would range to lament within that bower.

This faithless wretch began to think, how noble were her parents dear;
He said: "I sure shall punish'd be, when they my story come to hear."
So then the Devil did begin to enter in his wretched mind;
Her precious life he then must have; then how to act the thing did find.
He many times did watch her out unto the pleasant bower, where
One day he did in private go, when he [well] knew she was not there,
And privately he dug her grave, underneath an Oaken tree,
Then in the branches he did hide, to act this bloody tragedy.

Poor harmless soul! she nothing knew, but as usual she went [to moan],
And on a bank of violets she, in a mournful manner, did sit down;
Of his unkindness [she] did complain: "You gentle gods, so kind," said she,
"Did you this grave for me prepare?" He then descended from the tree.

As she the grave [anear] did 'spy (she little thought her lover there),
She then arose to view ['t more nigh]; he said, "Strumpet, thy death is near."
"O welcome! welcome!" she reply'd, "as long as by that hand I die.
This is a pleasant marriage-bed! I am ready. Use your cruelty!
But may the heavens bring to light this crime, and let it thus appear:
Winter or Summer on this grave may this rose be the same [to rear];
Never to wither, tho' it's cropt; but when thy hand doth touch the same
Then may the bloom that moment cease, to bring thy crime to [open] shame."

More she ['d have] said, but with his sword he pierced her body thro';
Then throw'd her in the silent grave, saying, "Now there's an end of you."
He filled up the grave again; with weeds the same did overspread;
Then unconcern'd he strait went home, and instantly he went to bed.
Her parents [they] were grieved sore, for the loss of their daughter dear,
Thinking that she was stole away, who was [un]to their riches heir.

Twelve months ago this [deed] was done, there's thousands for a truth do know;
Accordingly as she did desire, on her the Damask Rose did grow,
And many wondered at the same, for all the winter it did spring;
If any one did crop the rose, in a moment it would grow again.

The thing was told the country o'er, and many came this sight to see;
This miracle from heaven shewn: among the rest he must curious be,
To go and see if it was true; and when unto the place he came,
The beauteous Rose he saw in bloom, and eagerly he cropt the same.
The leaves faded from off the bush, the rose within his hand did die:
He said, "It is *Rosanna's* blood! which springs up from her fair body"

[*The conclusion is already reprinted*, on our p. 69 ante, from the Roxb. Coll. exemplar; Printed in *Aldermary* Church-Yard, *London;* in *Italic*-Letter, no woodcut, of date uncertain, *circâ* 1700.] Peter Buchan, of Aberdeenshire, reprinted it, with variations, as *Rosanna's Overthrow*, in his '*Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish Scarce OLD BALLADS . . . to be found in no other collection extant.*' *Peterhead*, 1825, pp. 46–51. It followed *The Gosport Tragedy*:—

A grave and a spade standing by she did see, [*Buchan's variation.* Compare p. 174.
And said, "Must that be a bride-bed to me?
O perjured creature! the worst of all men,
Heaven will reward you when I'm dead and gone."

Robin Hood Ballads, in Roxburghe Collection.

THe 'Robin Hood' ballads contained in the Roxburghe Collection might fairly be accounted to belong to the 'Group of Romantic Ballads,' although their inclusion therein would enlarge its bulk inconveniently. Twelve are postponed. Unless by misadventure diverted or arrested, the Robin Hood series can better be treated independently, later, after the Groups devoted to the reigns of Queen Anne and the early Georges of the Hanoverian line. Of the twelve delayed ballads (three in Roxb. Coll. Vol. II., and nine in Vol. III.), their titles, first lines, and tunes here follow.

In vol. ii. of these *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1874, under the able editorship of the late William Chappell, F.S.A., five others of the Robin Hood ballads had already been reprinted, all belonging to Roxb. Coll., Vol. I. They fill pp. 418 to 453 of vol. ii., *Roxb. Bds.*

1.—Renowned Robin Hood; beginning, "Gold ta'ne from the King's Harbengers," Reprinted, *Roxb. Bds.* ii. 419.

2.—Robin Hood newly reviv'd; [or, Robin Hood and the Stranger], beginning, "Come, listen a while, you gentlemen all." (This was transposed from Roxb. Coll. III. 18, 408, to make it rightly precede the next ballad, which is its Second part.) Reprinted, ii. 426.

3.—Robin Hood, William Scadlock, and Little John; beginning, "Now *Robin Hood*, *Will Scadlock*, and *Little John* are walking over the plain." Reprinted, ii. 432.

4.—A new ballad of bold Robin Hood, shewing his Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage, etc., beginning, "Kind Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?" Reprinted, ii. 441.

5.—Robin Hood and the Bishop. This begins, "Come, gentlemen all, and listen a while, *With a hey down, down, an a down.*" Reprinted, ii. 449.

*** The twelve remaining ballads are these, a second series (they are all found in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795; in both editions of Professor F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 1861, 1888. Some are also in other *Collections of Old Ballads*)—

6.—The Noble Fisherman (Roxb. Coll. II. 370). "In Summer time, when leaves grow green; when they do grow," etc. 28 four-line stanzas. Reprinted in T. Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 171, 1784; Prof. Child's *English and Scotch Popular Ballads*, vol. v. p. 329; v. 211, 1888.

7.—Robin Hood and the Shepherd (Roxb. Coll. II. 393). "All Gentlemen and yeomen good, *down a down*," etc.; same length, *plus* two lines. Reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 131, 1784; Child's, vol. v. p. 238; v. 165, 1888.

8.—Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale (Roxb. Coll. II. 394). "Come, listen to me, you Gallants so free." Twenty-seven four-line stanzas. Tune of, *When Robin Hood in the Green Wood lived.* Reprinted in *Old Ballads*, ii. 44, 1723; Evans's, i. 126, 1784; Child's, v. 278, 1861; v. 173, 1888.

9.—Robin Hood's Golden Prize (Roxb. Coll. III. 12). "I have heard talk of bold *Robin Hood, derry, derry down*," etc. 24 stanzas. Reprinted in Evans's *Old Bds.*, i. 160, 1784; Child's, v. 303, 1861; v. 209, 1888.

10.—Robin Hood's Chase (Roxb. Coll. III. 14, and 418). "Come, you Gallants all, to you I do call." 24 stanzas. Reprinted, T. Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 156, 1784; Child's, v. 320; v. 206, 1888. A sequel to Robin Hood and Queen Katherine. (No. 1).

11.—Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar (Roxb. Coll. III. 16). "In Summer time when leaves grow green, and flowers," etc. 41 stanzas. Rep., Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 136, 1784; Ritson's *R.H.*, ii. 59; Child's, v. 271; v. 124, 1888.

12.—Robin Hood and the Beggar (Roxb. Coll. III. 20). "Come light and listen, you Gentlemen all." 92 stanzas (29+63), iii. Reprinted, Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 180, 1784; Child's, v. 188; v. 156, 1888.

13.—Robin Hood and the Jovial Tinker (Roxb. Coll. III. 22). "In Summer time, when leaves grow green, *down a down a down*, and birds sing on every tree," etc. 43 stanzas. Rep., Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 118, 1784; Child's, v. 230; v. 141, 1888.

14.—Robin Hood and the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield (Roxb. Coll. III. 24). "In *Wakefield* there lives a jolly Pinder." 13 stanzas. Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 97, 1784; Ritson, ii. 16; Child's, v. 204; v. 131, 1888.

15.—Robin Hood and the Butcher (Roxb. Coll. III. 259). "Come, all you brave Gallants, and listen a while." 30 stanzas. In Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 106, 1784; Child's, v. 93; v. 118, 1888.

16.—Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham (Roxb. Coll. III. 270). "*Robin Hood* hee was and a tall young man." 18 stanzas. Reprinted in T. Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 96, 1784; Child's, v. 290; v. 176, 1888.

17.—Robin Hood and Little John (Roxb. Coll. III. 728). "When *Robin Hood* was about twenty years old." 39 stanzas. Tune, *Arthur a Bland*, which is *R.H. and the Tanner*. Reprinted in Roberts's *Old Ballads*, i. 76, 1723; Child's, v. 216; v. 134, 1888.

A few of these ballads (Nos. 11, 14, and 15) are in the Percy Folio MS. For the tunes, see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855, pp. 392, 393 to 400, and 542, which is *Caper and firk it = Under the Greenwood Tree*.

A *Robin Hood Freeman Song* is Roxb. Coll., III. 268 (corrupt reprint from *Deuteromelia*, 1609). First half-line of each stanza "to be sung thrice."

BY the merry *Landes-dale*, ah! there dwelt a jolly Miller,
And a good old man was he, was he, was he: *hay hoe!*
He had, he had an a son, ah! men call'd him Jollie *Raynold;*
A mi[ckl]e man of might was he, was he, *hay hoe!*
And from his father he would, ah! his fortune for to seeke;
From [the] merry *Landes-dale*, would he, would he, *hay hoe!* [green.
His father would him seek! & found him fast asleep, [among the leaves
Underneath the Ha'thorn Tree, was he, was he, *hay hoe!*
He took, he took him up, ah! all by the lilly white [hand],
And set him on his feet, and b[ade] him stand, *hay hoe!*
He gave to him and a bent bow, made of a trustie tree;
And arrowes in his hand, and bid him let them flee.
And shoot with yt he did, ah! some say he shot a mile;
[Some] but half a mile. Nay, more, was yt he shot, *hay hoe!*
And at the half-mile's end, ah! there stood an armed man;
This child he shot him through, and through, and through, *hay hoe!*
His beard was all on a white, ah! as white as [whale's bone];
His [eyes] they were as cleer as cristall s[tone], *hay hoe!* [*t.* **snow.**'
And there of him they made, ah! good yeoman, *Robin Hood*,
Scarlet, and *Little John;* and *Little John, hay hoe!* [Finis.]

List of the Roxburghe Collection Garlands.

IN the abnormally bulky and swollen Third Volume of the Roxburghe Collection (the thin Vol. IV., Supplementary, never having belonged to the original Harleian, Pearsonian, and ultimately Roxb. Collection; it was added by Benjamin Ham Bright during the time when he was possessor of the Roxburghe), there is a distinct division of the materials, betwixt p. 272 and 275. Here commences a new arrangement, not by titles alphabetically as in Vol. I., or haphazard as in the most valuable early portion of Vol. III., but according to *a rude alphabetical system*, of the *first lines*: beginning with "A certain great king once did rule over this land"—which is 'The Tragical History of King *Leir* and his Three Daughters,' already reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. vi. p. 717. This arrangement by first lines is maintained to p. 805, near the end. In it are included all the least valuable slips or white-letter broadsides, among them being a large number of narrative poems known as 'Garlands.' With few exceptions these have no tune named, and are not reprinted here.

Sir Hugh, the first of the Roxb. Garlands (Roxb. Coll, III. 269), appears to be fraudulent, a modern forgery, in debased Black-letter.

With it was printed 'A Freeman's Song,' "By the Merry Landesdale, ah;" which is itself a corrupt copy from *Deuteromelia*, 1609. It was probably set in type at the same time as 'Sir Hugh' to lend plausibility of credit to the 'printer's output'; assuredly both these are together in the Editor's Trowbesh Collection, Blue Folio, as well as in the Roxburghe). It is entitled 'Sir Hugh and the Maiden.' It is full of pseudo-archaic expressions. We are reminded of James Maidment's ingenuous avowal of how he and a companion had conspired in the fabrication of B.-L. ballads, issued at Webster's, in Bristo Street, Edinburgh, to deceive a rival enthusiast who collected ballads. One of their bamboozlements was 'Robin Hood's Courtship of Jack Cade's Daughter,' another being the 'Frieris Tragedy,' imprinted at Aberdeen. The confession was made in 1859 (*Scotish Ballads and Songs*, p. xix.). 'Sir Hugh and the Maiden' must have been of earlier date than these pranks of Maidment, to have obtained admittance into the Roxb. Collection; but it is at the end of the second division of Vol. III., before the alphabetical arrangement by first lines.

The Freeman's Song, "By the Merry *Landesdale*, ah," is reprinted on p. 178.

Note.—Among the 'Garlands' in the Roxb. Collection, the following (preserved in the Douce Coll. at the Bodleian) hold no place:—The Berkshire Lady; Bite upon the Miser; Chatham Tragedy; Four Indian Kings, in Four Parts; Kentish Suffolk Comedy. Nor these:—The Chester Garland, elsewhere called the Chester Merchant; Crafty Squire's G.; Cumberland G.; Doating Mother's; Dorsetshire; Goudhurst; Loyal Lovers' Garland; The Mistaken Lady's; The Rakish Husband's; and The Royal Courtly Garland. Nor are there found in Roxb. or Douce's Collections, The Golden Bull; The Golden Glove; The Ulster Tragedy; The Tinker and the Staffordshire Maid; and some other popular histories of the same character, all of which are in the Editor's private collection (Trowbesh).

'Sir Hugh and the Maiden' begins thus, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Nere to *Carleile* there dwells a knight
Of gode and comlye meine,
If I this storie tell aright
And folkes take what I meane.

"His Castle is as faire a one
As any in the Lande,
And round about bedight with Towers,
Nere Englishe wood did stand.

"Sir *Hugh* this Knight was called,
A bold Knight's son was he,
That ever faut with shynand brande,
Or ever bent on a knee," etc. (46 stanzas in all.)

Nothing clumsier could be found. Very different from the Rev. Robt. Lamb's forgeries at Norham, 'The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh,' or the clever and pathetic fabrication of "Bartram's Dirge" (="They shot him dead at the Nine-stane rig, beside the ruined cross"), which was accepted by Walter Scott and admitted into the *Minstrelsy*, with others of Surtees's modern antiques.

Roxb. Coll., III. 282.—The verse-narrative, entitled '*Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained*," beginning with an account of the Creation: "All Christian people, pray attend! A worthy poem I have penn'd." 2.—Man Created: "Then man was made upright and fair," etc. 3.—The Fall: "Before the world created was, Satan rebell'd against God's Laws." 4.—Cain: "Two sons had *Adam* by his wife," etc. 5.—The Deluge: "Man's wickedness did great annoy," etc. 6.—The Ark: "In the sixth month, to give account," etc. 7.—The World Redeemed by our Saviour's Crucifixion: "Some holy righteous men there were, Who glorified the Lord by prayer," etc. Printed for John White, Newcastle.

Roxb. Coll., III. 304 and 863.—The Bristol Garland. Four Parts. (Also in the Madden Collection, I. 91; afterwards Henry Bradshaw's; now at the University Library, Cambridge). It begins, "A Merchant's Son of Worthy fame, From the town of *Bristol* came." Madden's printed for D. Wrighton, Birmingham. (Quoted on p. 148, *ante*.)

R.C., III. 306.—'*The Northern Lord and Cruel Jew*.' (Reprinted by the late John Payne Collier, F.S.A., p. 48 of his *Broadside Black-Letter Ballads*, 1868; also in Buchan's *Gleanings*.) To a pleasant new tune, beginning thus, "A Noble Lord, of high renowne, two daughters had, the oldest browne; The youngest beautiful and faire: By chance a noble Knight came there." Forty-eight stanzas in all. Variation of the *Merchant of Venice* 'pound of flesh' story. Aldermary. Also B.M. 1876.

R.C., III. 320.—'The Lady's Garland; or, The Blood-Stained Mantle; (Also Lindes., 1238, and in Douce Coll., III. 60 *verso*; Madden Coll., I. 70; and *Lady's Garland*, W. Eyres, Warrington.) Begins, "A Virtuous Young Lady, ingenious and fair, a nobleman's daughter, whose name I forbear." Bow Church-yard.

R.C., III. 328.—'The Durham Garland.' Four Parts. (Also in Douce, III. 22.) Reprinted by Joseph Ritson, in his *Bishoprick Garland*, p. i. 1784. Begins, "A Worthy Lord of great estate, who did in *Durham* dwell of late." Bow Church-yard, *c.* 1750.

R.C., III. 332.—Sweet William of Plymouth. (Also Ouvry Coll., II. 45, now Lindesiana, 1040; H. A. Bright's, No. 5.) Begins, "A Seaman of *Dover*, Sweet *William* by name, A-wooing to beautiful *Susan* he came." Bow Church-yard. Reprinted by Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes, in her *Kentish Garland*, vol. ii. p. 669. 1882.

R.C., III. 374.—The Plymouth Tragedy; or, Fair Susan's Overthrow. This is another version of the same story. (Also in Ouvry, II. 50, now Lindes., 170.) Begins, "Beautiful Virgins of birth and breeding, Now to my ditty pray lend an ear." Bow Church-yard print.

R.C., III. 382.—The Gloucestershire Tragedy; or, the Unnatural Mother. Five Parts. (Also in Madden Coll., II. 346, 347.) Begins, "Both young and old, I pray draw near, And tender parents that have children dear." 316 lines. Distinct from R.C. III. 857, Gloucestershire Tragedy.

R.C., III. 388.—The Staffordshire Maid. (Also in Douce Coll., III. 87; Ouvry, II. 26 = Lind, 219.) Begins, "Come, all ye young gallants, and listen a while, I'll tell you a story will make you to smile." Aldermary.

R.C., III. 392.—The Bloody Gardener's Cruelty; or, The Shepherd's Daughter Betrayed. (Also in Ebsworth Coll.; Lindes., 222 to 224.) Begins, "Come, all you Constant Lovers, and to me lend an ear, And mind this sad relation which I do give you here." Aldermary.

R.C., III. 454.—The Leeds Tragedy; or, The Bloody Brother. (Also in Douce Coll., III. 57.) Begins, "Good Christian people all, I pray, a while to me draw near." No p.n. Reprinted in *Yorkshire Anthology*, p. 336.

R.C., III. 458.—The Kentish Garland. (Also in Douce Coll., III. 48.) Reprinted in Miss De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, I. 227, 1881. Begins, "Good people now, I pray, give ear, and also true attention." Aldermary Church-yard.

R.C., III. 474.—A Choice Pennyworth of Wit; or, A Clear Distinction between a Virtuous Wife and a Wanton Harlot. (Also in Douce Coll., II. 73; Ebsworth, Red folio; Ouvry, II. 43, 54 = Lindesiana, 498 to 501.) Begins, "Here is a Pennyworth of Wit, for those that ever went astray." Halliwell's, 1707. Printed at Grub Street. Reprinted in *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*. (The antique original of Auchinlech MS. was printed by Abbotsford Club, 1857.)

R.C., III. 490.—Ralph and Nell's Ramble to Oxford. (Also in *Philomel* p. 176, 1744; Trowbesh Coll., *ter*, Pitts' Press, etc.; Douce, III. 79 verso; Ouvry, II. 27 = Lindes., 583.) Begins, "I heard much talk of *Oxford* town and fain I would go thither." Aldermary Church-yard.

R.C., III. 508.—The Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter. Four Parts. (Also in Douce, IV. 25; Madden, I. 206; Trowbesh, Red folio; Ouvry, II. 52 = Lindes., 652 to 654.) Begins, "In famous *York* City a farmer did dwell, who was belov'd by his neighbours well." London, Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market.

R.C., III. 510.—The Gosport Tragedy. Reprinted pp. 134, 173.

R.C., III. 550.—The Humours of Rag Fair; or, The Countryman's Description of their several Trades and Callings. (Also in Douce, III. 41, and IV. 40; Ouvry, II. 56 = Lindes., 747.) Begins, "Last week in Lent I came to town, and having a leisure hour." Stonecutter Street.

R.C., III. 558.—The Yarmouth Tragedy; or, The Constant Lovers. (Also in Douce, III. 111.; Ebsworth, *ter*, Evans, and Pitts, Red Folio; Lindes., 783.) Begins, "Lovers, I beg, lend an ear to this story; See an example in this constant pair." Bow Church-yard.

R.C., III. 590.—The Cruel Cooper of Ratcliff. Three Parts. (Also in Douce, III. 9; Ebsworth, Red Folio; Ouvry, II. 74 = Lindes., 862.) Begins, "Near *Ratcliff* Cross lived a Cooper there, who had a virtuous wife, comely and fair." Stonecutter Street: others, Pitts' Press.

R.C., III., 598.—The Princely Lovers' Garland. In Four Parts. (Also in Douce, III. 75, and Lindes., 975.) Begins, "Once I read a noble volume, or a History-book, some call 'em." Date, *circâ* 1750. No p.n.

R.C., III. 605.—The Loyal Martyrs; or, Bloody Inquisitor. Being a just account of the mercenary and inhuman barbarities transacted in the Inquisition of Spain, etc. Begins, "Of all the Nations in the Universe, there's none sure can compare." Of stupendous length. No p.n.

R.C., III. 661.—The Parent's Pious Gift; or, A Choice Present for Children. Set forth in a dialogue between a Religious Father and an Extravagant Son. Containing a Dispute about bad company or evil communication, Pride, Drunkenness, etc. Begins, "Tell me, sweet son, what you intend to do?" No p.n. A later edition in Brit. Museum; 1078, i. 247, 5.

R.C., III. 692.—The Garland of Trials. (Also in Douce, III. 38; Trowbesh broads., Red Folio.) Begins, "This noble relation which I am to write, Behold, 'tis concerning a great Baronet; Five years he was married, as I do protest, This noble Baron with a child was not blest." No p.n.

R.C., III. 700.—The Mournful Lady's Garland. Three Parts. (Also in Douce, III. 65.) Begins, "True Lovers all, both far and near, Behold these lines which I have penn'd." Stonecutter Street.

R.C., III. 706.—Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto First by King James V. of Scotland. (Reprinted in James Watson's *Scots Poems*, 1711; Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, 1724, etc.) Begins, "Was ne'er in Scotland heard nor seen." With Canto Second by Allan Ramsay, "But there had been mair blood and scaith," etc. It lacks his Third Canto.

R.C., III. 722.--The Breath of Life. Being an Account of a Young Man that went to Sea, thinking it a Pleasant Life; but soon found out his mistake. Prettily expressed in Sea Terms. (Trowbesh Coll., broadsides, Red Folio, Pitts; also British Museum, 4to., 20.) Begins, "When first I drew the Breath of Life, 'twas in the merry month of June." Aldermary Church-yard, Bow Lane.

R.C., III. 750. The Oxfordshire Tragedy; or, The Virgin's Advice. Two Parts. Begins, "Young Virgins Fair, of beauty bright, and you that are of *Cupid's* fold." Aldermary Church-yard. (Reprinted, pp. 68, 175.)

R.C., III. 769.—The Children's Example. Showing how one Mr. *Johnson's* child of *Barnet* was tempted by the Devil to forsake God and follow the ways of other wicked Children, who used to swear, tell lies, and disobey their parents: How this pretty innocent Child, resisting Satan, was comforted by an Angel from Heaven, who warned her of her approaching death: Together with her dying words, desiring young Children not to forsake God, lest Satan would gain power over them. Tune of, *The Bleeding Heart*. Forty-seven four-line stanzas, 188 lines. No p.n. Begins, "Ye Parents that love Children dear, To what I shall relate give ear."

R.C., III. 772.—The Cook-Maid's Garland; or, The Out-of-the-Way Devil. Showing how Four Highwaymen were bit by an ingenious Cook-maid. "You Gallants all in London, if you will but draw near." No p.n.

R.C., III. 778.—The Northamptonshire Tragedy. Three Parts. (Also in Douce, III. 69; and Lindesiana, 1451. Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials.) Begins, "Young Lovers, lend an ear, I'm sure you'll shed a tear, When you the same shall hear which I unfold." Roxb., Bow Church-yard.

R.C., III. 780.—The Broken Contract; or, The Betrayed Virgin's Complaint. In Three Parts, including her Answer. Begins, "You Maidens all, I pray give ear Unto my sad downfall which I declare." Sold in Stonecutter Street; also by Evans. (Quoted on p. 119 *ante*.)

R.C., III. 782.—The Guernsey Garland. Three Parts. (Also in Douce Coll, III. 34 verso.) Begins, "You Mortals all that deal unjust, who use yourselves to filthy lust." Aldermary Church-yard.

R.C., III. 788.—The Disobedient Son and Cruel Husband. Being a full and true Account of one Mr. *John Jones*, a Gentleman's son in *Wiltshire*, whose father left him an estate of twelve hundred pounds a year, and married a lady of great fortune in the same place, etc. Begins, "You Parents all, that now these lines do read, Observe them all, I'm sure you'll shed a tear." The motto is a quotation from *Proverbs*, xxx. 17, "The eye that mocketh," etc. No colophon.

R.C., III. 797.—The Barnard Castle Tragedy. Showing how one *John Atkinson* of *Murton* near *Appleby*, servant to *Thomas Howson*, Miller, at *Barnard Castle*, Bridge End, courted the said *Howson's* sister, etc. To the Tune of, *Constant Anthony*: i.e. *Constance and Anthony*. This may be called a ballad. Fifteen stanzas and a final couplet. Begins, "Young men and maidens all, I pray you now attend, Mark well this Tragedy, which you will find here pen'd." Printed for the Author, in the year 1718. Reprinted by Ritson in his *Bishoprick Garland*, 1784.

R.C., III. 798.—The Strand Garland. In Four Parts. (In Douce Coll., III. 90). Begins, "You young men and maidens that to love belong, Come, draw near and listen awhile to my song." No p. n.

R.C., III. 800.—The Unhappy Lady of Hackney. To an excellent new Tune. (Also in Douce, IV. 34.) This also might be reckoned a ballad. Begins, "You youthful charming ladies fair, I pray now give attention." Printed at Sympson's, in Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market.

R.C., III. 802.—The Berkshire Tragedy; or, The Wittam Miller. With an Account of his murdering his Sweetheart. Begins, "Young men and maidens all, give ear unto what I shall now relate." Sold at Sympson's.

R.C., III. 857.—The Gloucestershire Tragedy; or, The Lover's Downfall. Showing how an old Miser, of a vast estate, would have married his Daughter to a covetous rich Knight, whom she could not love, etc. Tune of the *Palatine Lovers*: '*Alack! for my Love I must die*'; see p. 120. Almost a ballad, but of inordinate length, 336 lines. It begins, "Near *Guilford* town, we hear of late, in *Gloucestershire*, there lived a lady fair of beauty bright." No p.n. A third Gloucestershire Tragedy begins, "This pattern here I will unfold." Madden, ii. 345, Unnat. Mother.

R.C., III. 859.—The Bristol Bridegroom. "You Loyal Lovers." See p. 147.

R.C., III. 865.—The Countryman's Garland. Two Parts. To a Merry New Tune. Part 1, County John's Unfortunate Ramble to London; or, The Tricks of a Town Jilt. Part 2, The Jilt paid in her own Coin; or, Country *John's* Revenge for the trick she had played him. (Also in Douce, III. 17.) Begins, "You young men that down in the Country do dwell, Come listen a while to my song, sirs. No p. n.

R.C., III. 867.—The Politic Wife; or, The Devil Outwitted by a Woman. (Also in Douce, III. 175 vo., and IV. 76 vo.) Begins, "Of all the plagues upon the earth that e'er poor man befal, It's hunger and a scolding wife; these are the worst of all." Sold at 41, Long lane, West Smithfield (Evans's). Same colophon to the next.

R.C., III. 869.—The Turkey Factor. (Douce, IV. 28; Ebsworth's Blue Folio; H. A. Bright's, etc.) Begins, "Behold, here's a ditty, 'tis true and no jest, Concerning a young gentleman in the East." Reprinted in J. Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, iii, 221, 1725, there entitled 'The Factor's Garland,' so named as a Chapbook, Liverpool, 1794.

R.C., III. 871.—Queen *Elizabeth's* Opinion concerning Transubstantiation, or The Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, with some Prayers and Thanksgivings composed by Her in imminent dangers. This includes a long poem, beginning, "And if men's fingers cannot make the wheat, which makes the Sacramental Bread we eat, What Art of Transubstantiation can Make God of wafers, who of dust made man?" etc. At beginning are the well-known lines attributed to Elizabeth:—

> "'Twas God the Word that spake it,
> He took the Bread and brake it;
> And what that Word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

"Licensed, Aug. 27th, 1688. London: Printed for F. E."

This Ends the List of Roxburghe Garlands.

Some Roxburghe Slip-Songs.

BY Slip-songs we are to understand those narrow single-column printed songs which used to flutter on a string at many a humble stall of ballad-mongers, in town and country. They had displaced from popularity the more unwieldy broadsides, and were convenient to be carried in the pocket, although found to be more perishable than the penny song-books called 'A Garland of New Songs.'

The Roxb. Coll. Vol. III. entered on *alphabetical arrangement by the first lines*, at its p. 275, as already mentioned; it at once introduced the Slip-songs, beginning with a Dialogue between an Englishman and a Spaniard (R.C., III. 276), which is reprinted in vol. vi. p. 657. It begins, "A *Cheshire* man sail'd into *Spain*."

R.C., III. 277.—To go over Bogie or 'Cross Bogie' was an understood expression, signifying to "go on the loose," sexually. This Scotch song, "I'll o'er Bogie wi' him,' is thirteen stanzas in length, double columns, white letter. No printer's name. To its own proper tune. The only thing proper about it!

> "All batchelors and lasses, I pray you now draw near,
> And do you hold your passion, a story you shall hear.
> Of a young wanton Lassie, that would not counsel'd be,
> But she would over Gaudie, her fortune for to see.
> *I'll o'er Bogie wi' my Love, I'll o'er Bogie wi' him;*
> *An' all my kin had sworn and said, I'll o'er Bogie wi' him.*"

R.C., III. 313, and 875.—The Vicar and Moses. "At the sign of the Horse, old Spintext, of course, each night took his pipe and his pot; O'er a joram of nappy, contented and happy, would sit this canonical sot" Reprinted in *Universal Songster*, i. 353. Written by John Allbutt, *circâ* 1777; but Geo. A. Stevens wrote the version beginning, "There was once, it is said, but it's out of my head."

316.—A Sorrowful Lamentation of all the prisoners to be executed . . . Wm. Macdonald, etc. Begins, "Attend a while, good people, I pray, to what," etc. Printed for J. Sharp, in Holborn, double column, broadside, with sculls for ornament.

352.—The Collier's Rant. "As me and my marrow was ganning to wark." Reprinted in Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*, p. 88; also in *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*, p. 35, 1812, and Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's *Bishoprick Garland*, 1837.

366.—Thro' the Wood, Laddy. "As *Phillis* and *Thisbe* did walk hand in hand." Not found elsewhere.

368.—The Lass of the Hill. "At the brow of the hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt." Music by Howard. Reprinted in *Gentleman's Mag.*, Feb. 1741; *The Wreath; Apollo's Cabinet*, ii. 166.

369.—The Coaly Tyne. A New Song. "All you who peace and plenty love."

373.—The Cruisers: a new Song adopted to the Times. "Behold upon the Swelling Wave." Burden: *And a Cruising we will go.* Written by Fred. Pilon. Reprinted in *St. Cecilia*, p. 113, 1779.

385.—1: The Loving Girl's Invitation to a Young Sailor in his Trousers. "Come ashore, you jolly Tar, with your trousers on." Compare W. H. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 53, "When Jack had pull'd," etc.

Ibid. 2.—The Durham Lovers. "Nigh *Durham* town, as I was walking."

386.—Two excellent New Songs. 1: The Rakes of Stony-Batter, an Irish Ditty "Come, all you roving blades, that ramble in the city." Chorus is, *Hey for* Bobbin-Joan, *hey for* Stoney-Batter; *Keep your wife at home, or I will have at her.*

Ibid. 2.—The Jolly Sailor: "You jolly young Sailors, that loves to delight."

407.—The Storm. "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer! List, ye landsmen, all to me." Written by Geo. Alex. Stevens, and printed in *Apollo's Cabinet*, 1754. Reprinted in *Universal Songster*, 1824, vol. i. p. 97, etc.

412.—A New Song called The Farmer's Son. The Distracted Maiden's love to the Farmer's Son. "Come, maidens all, come pity me." Tune of, *Attend, you Boatmen, and give ear.* (Reprinted in *The Georges.*)

Ibid.—Alice Marley, a new Song. "*Alice Marly* is grown so fine, she cannot get up to feed the swine." Reprinted by Ritson, in his *Bishoprick Garland.* "Elsie Marley" is also in Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's, i. 48; J. O. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes.* She was an Ale-wife; her husband Ralph kept the Swan, at Picktree, in the '45. Her maiden name was Harrison. 15 stanzas.

413.—Rutland's Bounty; or, Baslow Bells. (On John Manners, 3rd Duke of Rutland.) "Come now, let us sing to the honour and fame of our excellent friend." Chorus: '*Let's ever remember great Rutland.*'

420.—A Song in Praise of Captain *Batty*: (imperfect, 32 lines): "Come, my lads, fill up your glasses, and never be discouraged."

421.—A New Love Song: "Down in yon meadow fresh and gay, Picking of flowers [lilies] the other day." *Circâ* 1782. Reprinted in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 336, 1869.

Ibid.—Newcastle Ale: "Fair *Venus*, the Goddess of Beauty and Love." Tune of *Lilliburlero.* Written by John Cunningham; reprinted in Cooke's edition, 1795, p. 106, 'Newcastle Beer'; and in Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*, 1793.

424.—A New and Old Medley: "Doff with your Clogs and Cockers." Reprinted among Newcastle songs, in Chap-Books.

425.—A New Song: [on Dr. Dodd, before his execution, 1777.] "Dear Reverend Sirs, If I on you may call." With a three-faced Divine, at top, and a Gaol at foot. See *The Georges Group.*

428.—*John Brays's* Ballad, continued: "Do ye appear in any page." See p. 265.

429.—The Bootmaker: "*Gavin Wilson* humbly as before." Signed by him.

434.—Song [The Grinders]: "Go, search the world round and about." Tune of, *Tally high ho.* Reprinted in *The Myrtle and Vine*, i. 110, 1800. Sung at Astley's Amphitheatre.

435.—The Tar's Frolic; or, British Sailor. "Give ear, brother Seamen, and listen a while." Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long Lane. In Trowbesh Coll.

446.—Lord Birkin's Lamentation. Tune, *Fy, gar rub her o'er with straw.* "Fy C . . . r, Robber, Robber." With promise of Lady Birkin's Answer, tune of *Hey ho, Robin, quo she.*

453.—A True and Tragical Song concerning Captain John Bolton, of Bulmer, near Castle Howard, 1775. "Good Christian people all, both old and young." Double columns. Tune of, *Fair Lady, lay your costly robes aside.*" Mentioned in Vol. VII. preface, p. viii. Reprinted by Joseph Ritson in his *Yorkshire Garland*, 1788; and by J. O. Halliwell, in his *Yorkshire Anthology*, p. 329, 1851.

465.—The Beau's Receipt for a Lady's Dress, 1753. "Hang a small bugle cap, as big as a Crown." (Reprinted in Percy Society *Ballads on Costume*, vol. xxvii. p. 230.) With The Lady's Receipt for Beau's Dress: "Dear Sir, you have made it your study to vex." Broadside.

468.—The Pearl of the Irish Nation. "Hard was my lot, for to be shot."

477.—John Davidson: "Here's lint and tow, both white and blue." Show-bill.

484.—The Swaggering Man. "I am a blade that hath no trade, Most people do adore me."

489.—The St. Giles's Frolic; or, Smith's Ramble for New Adventures. "I the other night was drunk."

492.—The Fair Maid of the West, who sold her maidenhead for a High Crowned Hat. "I pray attend unto this jest, a Youthful Maiden in the West." Also in Douce, iii. 28; and Madden, ii. 286.

499.—A Dialogue between Jack and his Mother. Tune of, *Old Woman poor and blind.* "Jack met his mother all alone."

536.—A New Song, called The Churlish Husband. "It is of an ancient farmer you hear without delay."

560.—The Complaining Maid. "Long time I've been married." Reprinted, p. 199.

561.—Elegy on Rev. J. Thomson, 1753. "Lord! what is man?"

569.—A New Song in praise of the *Durham* Militia, 1784. "Militia Boys, for my theme I now choose." Tune, *The Lilies of France.* Reprinted by Ritson, in his *Bishoprick Garland*, Song xv. 1784: and by John Bell.

Ibid.—A New Song on the brave General *Blakeney* and Admiral *Bing*, 1756. "Come, all you jolly Soldiers of courage stout and bold." (*Georges.*)

572.—To the King . . . from . . . Company of his Majesty's ship Orford. "Most gracious sovereign Lord, may't please," etc. Rep. p. 269.

577.—An excellent New Song, entituled Bonny *Jean* of *Aberdeen*. "My bonny *Jean*, long have I been a seeking Thee from morn to e'en."

578.—I would I were where *Helen* lies. "My sweetest sweet and fairest fair, Of birth and worth beyond compare." 24 stanzas. A better version is reprinted in *Minstrelsy of Scottish Border*, i. 94; Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, etc., 'Helen of Kirkconnell' = "I wish I were where Helen lies."

593.—Lord *Belhaven's* Unhappy Voyage (17 Nov., 1721). "Oh! the sad and dismal story, brought from off the Lizard rock." Tune of, *Woman's work is never done.* Reprinted on p. 260 of '*The Georges.*'

597.—The Fantastical Prodigal. "On a time I was great, now little I'm grown." This is one of the *Multum in Parvo* ditties. It is in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, 1869, p. 304, entitled 'The Spendthrift clapt into Limbo,' from a Chapbook of Five Songs, *circâ* 1782, beginning thus, "I once was great, full little am grown, a mimic of *Multum in Parvo.*" Our Roxb. agrees with *The Merry Musician*, iii. p. 57, 1727.

> "On a time I was great, now little I'm grown,
> A mimick of *Multum in Parvo.*
> I'm buried alive in a cloister of stone,
> Some say it is what I deserve, O!
> In what they say there is something of truth;
> I have been a wild and extravagant youth,
> Some hundreds I have spent on *Rachel* and *Ruth*,
> *But now I have got into Limbo.*"

Seven other stanzas. Compare the ballad and picture of 'The Extravagant Youth' given in our vol. iv. p. 443, "Come, listen a while, and I shall relate My sad and most dismal deplorable state." An imitation of 'Limbo' was written by one George Knight, Shoemaker, Durham, and printed by Ritson in his *Bishoprick Garland*, 1784. It begins, "I'll tell you a story, if you'll please to attend."

602.—Jack Tar's Return. "One night at ten o'clock, as I a reading sat, Letters of old I had received from my dear sailor *Jack.*" No p.n.

603.—The Wife's Resolution to find her husband full Employment. "O now, dear wife, I am marry'd, Pray what must I do now?" With woodcut of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

604.—Three Excellent New Songs. 1. Had awa frae me, Donald. "O will you hae ta tartan plaid?" 2. The Surprise. "I had a horse, and I had nae mair." Reprinted by David Herd in *Scots* Songs, p. 323, 1769. 3. Whistle o'er the lave o't. "My Mither sent me to the Well." (Reprinted by Mr. Wm. Chappell in vol. iii. p. 346.)

612.—A New Touch of the Times. "O drink, drink, and never give o'er." Woodcut of a sword-duel. No p. n. 1715: see '*The Georges*.'

613.—*Paul Jones*, a New Song. "Of heroes and Statesmen, I'll just mention four, That cannot be match'd if we trace the world o'er; For none of such fame ever step'd o'er the stones, As *G——n*, *Jemmy Twitcher*, Lord *North*, and *Paul Jones*." Given later in '*The Georges*.'

622.—The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife. "Oh! I went into the stable, and there for to see," Douce, iv. 11. A vile imitation, made threefold, of "Hame came our gude man at e'en." Aldermary. See vii. 434.

628.—Will the Weaver: "O Mother, Mother, I am married." No p.n.

642.—The Contented Lovers; or, A Pleasant Dialogue. "[The] Shepherd *Adonis*, being weary of Sport." Reprinted in *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725; Scots' Mus. Museum, etc. Attributed to Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto. Broadside. Two cuts. Given from Hamilton MS., in Maidment's *New Book of Old Ballads*, p. 16, 1864, "The Shepherd of Dona."

667.—The Cock-Lane Humbug, 1762. "The town it long has been in pain, about the phantom in Cock-Lane." Given later, in '*The Georges*.'

668.—The Caping Trade. "Come, all brave boys o' the Caping trade, This stately vessel we'll invade."

669.—A Wedding Song: *John Brown*, Merchant in *Holland*, and *Margaret Hepburn*, daughter of the Laird of *Bairfoot*, 28 July, 1714. "The Beauty now of *Edinburgh* Town." Rep. in '*The Georges*,' p. 244.

672.—Good-night and God be with you all; or, The Neighbour's Farewell. "Now come is my departing time, and here," etc. See *The Georges*.

Ibid.—The Friend's Reply: "Most loving Friend, God be thy guide."

684.—A New Song: "There was a man in *Oxford*, he was a Squire's son."

Ibid.—A New Song of *Paul Jones*, the Cumberland Militia, 1779.

> "Come, each Loyal Briton, of courage so bold;
> As annals can shew, you would ne'er be controul'd;
> It vexes my patience, I'm sure, night and day,
> To think how that traitor *Paul Jones* got away.
> *Derry down*," etc. [12 stanzas in all.]

See also, *supra*, R.C., III. 613; where the 'Jemmy Twitcher' mentioned is Lord Sandwich, and compare R.C., III. 768, on his friend Miss Wray, or Reay. All three follow in '*The Georges*' group.

689.—The Newcastle Beauties; designed to be sung to the Harpsichord or Spinet. "Tho' lofty bards sublimer sing, and boldly tune their lays." Reprinted by John Bell in *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*, p. 91, 1812.

711.—A Song on the Constituting and Revival of the Lodge 296 at Wakefield. "What joy fills our hearts, what transports we share." Tune and burden, *Derry down*, 1745. Broadside. Reprinted, mutilatedly, in Halliwell's *Yorkshire Anthology*, 1852, p. 391.

734.—Jockey's Escape from Bonny Dundee. "Where got thou the Havermeal bannock?" By Tom D'Urfey, in *Pills to p. Mel.*, V. 17. Reprinted in J. Roberts's *Coll. of Old Ballads*, 1723, vol. i. p. 275; also in Pepys, Huth, and Douce Collections. Broadside, three cuts.

736.—A Ballad by *J*[*ohn*] *B*[*ray*]*s*. "When *Watson* cants and *L*[*ogan*] bawls." P. 265.

741.—An excellent New Song upon the House and Gardens of *Drumlenrig*. (Two columns: rhymed poem.) "Upon the pleasant water of *Nith*, there pleasantly doth stand, A royal Palace beautiful," etc.

749.—The Distracted Maid's Lamentation. "Young maidens all, pray pity me, and think of my extremity." With the Answer, "Young *Billy*, coming home from sea, Thinking his own true love to see." She is a Maid in Bedlam, and dies there. Reprinted in '*The Georges*.'

752.—*Roger* of the Vale. "Young *Roger* of the Vale, one morning very soon." Reprinted in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 343, 1869.

764.—A New Song. "Ye lovers of Physick, come lend me your ear." Broadside. Tune and burden, *Derry down*.

765.—A New Song called Hark to Winchester. "Ye *Stockton* lads, and lasses too, come listen to my story." By Herbert Stockhore, a private. Reprinted in Bell's *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*, p. 267, 1812. Tune, *Push about the Jorum*. Sub-title is, The Yorkshire Volunteers' Farewell to the good folks of Stockton.

768.—A Serious Copy of verses on the late Miss Wray [Martha Reay, who was shot by a clergyman, the Rev. James Hackman, through jealousy of Lord Sandwich, 'Jemmy Twitcher,' 7th April, 1779].

"Ye tender fair, come hear a ditty, tragical my tale does run,
Of a murder, more's the pity, was at *Covent Garden* done,
On a kind and pretty woman, by a Minister we're told;
For her constancy he kill'd her, not to rob her of her gold."

He was hanged at Tyburn, 19 April, 1779. Reprinted in '*The Georges*.'

776.—A New Song called, Curling of the Hair. "You ladies all, who are in fashion, both here and every where."

777.—The Languishing Husband. "You married men and batchelors, give ear to my ditty." Broadside, with three songs.

Ibid.—*Cupid's* Recruiting Sergeant. [A Cantata sung by Vernon at Vauxhall.] "From *Paphos* isle, so famed of old, I come." Introducing "Ye nymphs and ye swains, who are youthful and gay."

Ibid.—The Wandering Blackbird. "I am weary." Reprinted in '*The Georges*.'

793.—My Dog and I. "You that are of the merry throng." White's, Newc.

809.—A New Song: "*Cupid*, as you shall understand." See p. 198.

813.—Account of a Wedding near Falkirk. "Bright *Stirling's* power divinely great." To the tune of, *I fixed my fancy on her*. With the Bride's Song, tune of *Kirk would let me be*: "'Tis I have seven braw gowns." The bridegroom was a *non est* man. A broadside.

877.—A New Song, sung in the Play of 'The King and the Miller of *Mansfield*,' 1737. By Richard Dodsley or by Charles Highmore. "How happy a state does the Miller possess." Reprinted in *Univ. Songster*, iii. 300.

879.—Ileen Oge. "The moments were sad, when my love and I parted: *Savourneen deelish, Ileen Oge*." Printed and sold by J. Davenport, 6, George's Court, Clerkenwell. Reprinted in *Universal Songster*, i. 110, 1824. Written by Geo. Colman, the younger.

881.—A Hymn upon Thanksgiving Day. "Come, Britons, rejoice, indulge holy mirth." Tune, *Brunswick*. Also "In lofty strains, ye grateful Britons, sing." Tune, *Hanover*. Broadside: printed at Bristol, for W. Bonny. Probable date 1714. Other Slip-songs, here unmentioned, are reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*. Twelve more, of this List, follow later in the present volume, in the group entitled '*Troubles of the Georges*.' Three others are on our pp. 196, 199, and 200.

End of Romantic Ballads' Group.

Roxburghe Ballads on Unhallowed Marriages.

The Forced Marriage; or, Unfortunate Celia.

"Since *Celia's* my foe, to a desart I'll go,
Where some river for ever shall echo my woe!
The trees shall appear more relenting than her,
In the morning adorning each leaf with a tear.

"When I make my sad moan to the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow will follow some pitiful groan;
But with silent disdain she requites all my pain,
To my mourning returning no answer again." Etc.
——*Thomas Duffet's 'New Poems,'* 1676.

IN the *Roxburghe Ballad* on p. 194, 'The Old Miser Slighted,' a young girl complains of her parents, who compel her to marry an old man solely on account of his wealth. The evil consequences of such unnatural unions, outrages against love and the moral law, are seen in "The Forced Marriage." It appears to be the SECOND of the many SEQUELS to the original song of "Since Celia's my Foe." The broadside of the original 'Celia' is extant not only in Roxb. Coll., but also in Bagford Coll., II. 132; Rawlinson, 4to. 566, fol. 13; Wood's E. 25, fol. 1; Douce, II. 268; and Jersey, III. 82=Lindesiana, 1061. '*Amintor's* Lamentation for *Celia's* Unkindness' was reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. pp. 383-390; and was followed by the FIRST SEQUEL, entitled '*Celia's* Answer to *Amintor's* Lamentation,' beginning, "'Tis better then so, though you force me to go; You abuse me, t' accuse me of being your foe." (Two other exemplars of this ballad are in Douce Coll., I. 22, and I. 25 *verso*.) The original song, written by Thomas Duffet, printed with the music in 1676, was at first sung to an *Irish* tune; changed in 1690 to *King James's March to Dublin*, being given on p. 384 of Vol. III. *Roxb. Ballads*. 'The Forced Marriage' (Roxb. Coll., II. 158) counts properly as the THIRD BALLAD, in avowed *Answer*; 'The Old Man's Vindication,' p. 192, being the FOURTH in order.

The author of the ensuing 'Forced Marriage,' which is signed W.P., was probably the same Dr. Walter Pope who wrote the original 'Old Man's Wish,' and 'The Catholic Ballad,' and possibly its continuation, entitled, "Room for a Ballad; or, A Ballad for Rome," all of which were reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, respectively in vol. vi. p. 507; vol. i. p. 89; and vol. iv. p. 105.

These unnatural marriages were too frequent in every age and country, marking clearly a corrupt state of society. They offer a simple explanation of the ensuing misconduct and ruin of the wife.

[Roxburghe Coll. II., 158; Euing, 119; Douce, I. 81; Wood, E. 25, f. 143; Jersey, I. 83 = Lind., 1198.]

The Forc'd Marriage;

Or, Unfortunate *Celia*.

When Old Fools do a wooing go to those
Who are Young-Girls, they court their cruel foes;
The Old Man sees he can't prevail with tongue,
But finds that young ones love to sport with young:
He to the virgin's Parents makes [ad]dress,
And doth the number of his Bags express;
Which takes away her Father's heart by stealth;
He weds her not to him, but to his Wealth.
Which being done, she loaths his weak embraces;
And throws her self on Ruinous Disgraces.

TUNE, *Since Celia's my Foe.* [See preceding page.]

"TO what great distress, without hopes of redress,
I am brought, without thought of a better success.
Poor *Celia's* undone, and all joys from her gone,
By her Mate came ill fate, which poor she could not shun.

" My Parents unkind, and with wealth too much blind,
Made me marry, and miscarry, against my own mind.
I lov'd one before, but they thought him too poor;
They forc'd me, and divorc'd me from seeing him more.

" I have now got a man I must love—if I can;
But, I fear, my first Dear I must love now and than:
If I chance to transgress, as I shall (you may guess),
You may shame me, not blame me, for not loving him less.

" My Husband's a Sot, deform'd, and what not;
All day he's at play, with his nose o're a pot;
While I sit at home, like a poor silly Mome,
Still crying, and dying, till my Dearest doth come.

" When my fumbler's in bed, and has laid down his head,
He lies with closed eyes, just [as] though he was dead.
Why should he repine if I spend store of coyn,
To assist whom I list, in my pleasures to joyn?

" My friends are all mad, if at this they grow sad;
Why did they forbid him that I would have had?
'Tis a dangerous disease, a young Woman to displease;
Ill-matching is catching, and is seldom at ease.

" I care not who knows, be they friends or false foes;
I'le delight day and night, in spight of their nose!
My first Love has my heart, and from him I'le ne'r start,
Though I'm wed, yet in[stead] he shall have the best part.

" If my father do chide, and his kindnesses hide,
No anger, nor danger, my love shall divide.
My mother does know (I have oft told her so)
The old Sot I lov'd not, when he first came to wooe.

" 'Tis a thousand to one, that, before I have done,
I'le deceive him, and leave him, to himself all alone.
I'le venture the [bl]ame of a scandalous name, [*text* 'fame.'
Before I'le give o're, to love one of the game.

" I'le be happy and poor, with the man I adore,
Since fate makes me hate the old Fop that hath store.
'Twas the ignorant curse of 'for better, for worse'
Did me tye, till I die, to be true to his purse.

" I'le venture my lot, and get free from my Sot;
Young blood does me good, now my spirits are hot.
Let Parents conclude, I behave my self rude,
Their [own] will to fulfil, did my reason delude.

" Let each pritty Maid, who hath heard what I've said,
Take care, and beware, lest by force she's betraid.
Let Parents provide [a true groom] for each Bride,
That nothing of loathing their loves may divide." Finis.

With Allowance, **R. L'Estrange.** By **W[alter P[ope].**

Printed for *E. Oliver*, at the *Golden-Key*, on *Snow-hill*, near the *Saracen's-head.*

[In Black-letter. Five cuts: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, small figures, as in vol. iii. p. 628; 4th, the woman seated, p. 96 *ante*; 5th, the long-haired youth, vii. 203. Date, *circâ* 1677. In the final stanza, text reads corruptly "provide for each daughter a Bride." The same publisher, *E. Oliver*, sent out another Sequel, which is preserved and here reprinted. (Text reads "Since Celia's a w . . . ")]

*** The Celia of Duffet's song, 1676, and of the 'Forced Marriage,' beloved by Amintor, must not be confounded with her namesake of later date, 'Cruel *Celia;* or, The Lover's Complaint,' which is an amplification of Dryden's song in *Cleomenes*, 1692, beginning identically, "No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour.' Also distinct is the girl of 'Coy *Celia's* Cruelty,' beginning "*Celia*, that I once was blest;" this also is an extension of a song by Dryden, one in *Amphytrion*, 1690: see p. 132 *ante*. Answered by 'The Forsaken Nymph's Complaint for the Unkindness of *Strephon*,' sung to the same tune of *Celia, that I once was blest*, and beginning "*Strephon* vow'd and swore to be." Moreover, '*Celia's* Answer to the Lover's Complaint' applies to Strephon, and begins "What is this I hear still by all I do meet, 'a Complaint against *Celia*' is sung in the street?" These are all in Trowbesh Collection of MSS. Earlier than any of these were the Celia and Strephon of 'The Enchanted Lover' and 'The True Lover's Paradise,' 1672, both reprinted in vol. iv. pp. 448, 451.

[Rawlinson Collection, 4to. 566, fol. 8 ; Jersey, I. 190, now Lind., 1060.]

An Answer to the Forced Marriage;
Or,
The Old Man's Vindication.

I read a Song a day or two ago, which says that Celia's *now grown wh . . ish too ;*
And makes a fine pretence, because she's wed, to one that's old, she needs must wrong his bed.
I, of her wantonness having suspicion, have search'd and found out the old man's condition ;
And now, I plainly see, she wrongs him much : she onely had a mind to take a touch
With some fond foolish youngster, not for need, for her old man as well can do, etc.
As most men can ; and this may satisfie, that Celia *doth her husband much belye.*

THE TUNE IS, [*Since*] *Celia's my foe.* [See p. 190.]

SInce *Celia's* a[t] w[ar]re, I'le abide her no more;
Let her go! since I know a far better in store.
The ill-luck was my own, that a slut I have known,
Who scorns me, and horns me, and swears she'll be gone.

" Her Parents took care that my wealth she should share,
Crying, ' Daughter, hereafter be wise, and forbear!
Though your Husband be old, prethee be not too bold ;
If unkind, you will find that his love will grow cold.'

" Methinks their advice might have made her more wise,
Till death stop'd my breath, and had clos'd up my eyes.
I'd have left her much coyn, and her freedom to joyn
With that youth ; who, in truth, now enjoys what is mine.

" She swears I'm ' a Sot, deform'd, and what not ! ' [*Cf.* p. 190.
But I swear, by the beer that I have in this pot,
I will cherish my blood with the best of all food :
Brisk wine shall be mine, and all things that are good.

" I care not a pin, but let them laugh as win,
I'le delight, day and night, and ne'er count it a sin.
Pretty *Phillis*, I know, so much love doth me owe,
She'd be willing to be billing, and bend to my bow.

" Though she says I'm in age, yet I'm free to engage [*i.e.* ' C. says.'
With a Beauty, where duty all hate doth assuage.
Since *Celia's* unkind, I'le be of the same mind ;
Let her go ! since I know where a better to find.

" She has taught me the way for to sport and to play,
She may leave me, not grieve me, nor my reason betray.
Being freed from a Wife, I shall live without strife ;
Enjoying, and toying, all [the] days of my life.

" Then think it not strange, if like *Celia* I range;
If she love not me, why may not I change?
I'le get free from the charms of those treacherous arms;
And I'le yield up the field to Love's private alarms.

" 'Be happy and poor!' like a wanton young wh . . .!
We'll part with free heart, and [I'le] ne'r see thee more.
The younger, at last, whom thou now hold'st so fast,
Will leave thee, and deceive thee: then to *Bridewell* at last.

" Then, when 'tis too late, thou wilt praise thy old Mate,
And curse thy self worse, that his love thou did'st hate;
But without all redress, for no love I'le express
To a woman that's common, as her self doth confess.

" I'le not make my moan to the trees, nor to stone;
Be it known, when you're gone, I will not ly[v]e alone.
To *Phillis* I'le shew what my courage can do;
She'll raise me, and praise me. Thus *Celia* [may go!"] [*mutilated at end.*

With Per[mission, **Ro. L'Estrange.**]

[Printed for *E. Oliver*, at the *Gol*]*den Key*, on [*Snow-hill*, near the] *Sarazen's-head*, [where Chap]men may be fu[rnished with all] sorts of Books and Ballads.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts, the 3rd has been cut out from Rawlinson's exemplar: 1st, resembling vii. 148; 2nd, bowing man, vii. 175, Left; 4th, stout woman, vii. 311, Right. Date, before 1679. Probably by Thomas Duffet.]

In many *Roxburghe Ballads* we find a 'Mother and Daughter' holding evil relation towards each other, suggesting discomfort: the mother, worldly-minded and selfish, driving the girl into mischief. Octogenarian husbands wed young brides in their teens, *circâ* 1679. 'Nan' (p. 203) confesses errors, "I think that twenty times before I have been on the very same score," etc. The mother pursues her advantage too far, and lays herself open to a counter-attack. 'Nelly of Taunton Dean' (p. 205) is as bad as unlocalized Nan. During Monmouth's Insurrection (see vol. v.), Taunton-Dean Maidens went astray, as their mothers had gone.

> "Quoi! mon amant me demande que je ne l'oublie pas? (*bis.*)
> J'en ai oublié tant d'autres, d'oublierai bien celui-là.
> *La violette double, double, la violette doublera.*"
>
> —*La Violette: chanson de la Touraine.*

Of 'The Old Miser Slighted' the burden was mentioned in vol. vii. p. 162. The girl complains that her mother tries to force her into a sordid marriage. She resolves to marry one whom she loves.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 387; Pepys, IV. 8; Jersey, II. 3 = *Lindes*, 842.]

The Old Miser Slighted;

Or,

The Young Lasse's Resolution to marry the Young Man that she Loves, and not be troubled with the groans of a gouty fornicator, for the benefit of his Riches.

To the Tune of, *I often for my Jenny strove.* [See vol. vi. p. 148.]

Licensed according to Order.



MY Mother duns me every day to marry with a Miser then,
Whose bloud is cold and locks are grey, for age, above threescore and ten;
He hath coffers cramm'd with treasure, yet I'll not be bought or sold:
A brisk young Gallant has a talent, which is better worth than gold.

He proffer'd me a diamond ring, a watch, with ribbons, gloves, and fan;
To house and home he would me bring, but ah! he was an Aged Man:
Therefore I could never love him, for he look'd like winter cold;
A brisk young gallant has a talent, which is better worth than gold.

With all he had he'd me endue, which was both lands and cattel store;
As likewise pigs, geese, turkies too, all feeding at his own barn-door:
Yet I valu'd not his treasure, his arms ne'er should me enfold;
A brisk young gallant has a talent, which is better worth than gold.

The old man gets me on his knee, and will sometimes soft kisses take,
The which do's much discomfort me, to see his aged noddle shake;
And his hands with palsie tremble, while he do's my waiste enfold.
A brisk young gallant has a talent, which is better worth than gold.

With gout and stone he lyes in bed, to groan out the long tedious night,
While my true fancy should be fed with that which is my chief delight:
What can be a greater torment? to be in choice thus controul'd?
A brisk young gallant has a talent, which is better worth than gold.

Pray, what can be a greater crime, than such like matches to contrive?
I will not loose my teeming-time, for ne'er a doating fool alive.
I am buxome, brisk, and airy, therefore will not be controul'd;
A brisk young gallant has a talent, which is better worth than gold.

We find the aged snowy head is often filled with jealousie;
Therefore with no such one I'll wed, although I might a Lady be:
The young man that's brisk and airy, I in him can charms behold;
The choicest blessing still possessing, True Love is better worth than gold.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[In Black-lettter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the lady with a dog, vol. vi. p. 204, L.; 2nd, young man, vi. p. 347, R.; 3rd, man of vol. vi. p. 510; 4th, girl, on p. 194. Date, 1689-92.]

*** The *original* of two good Scotch Songs, 1714 and 1792, "What can a Young Lassie do with an Old Man?" is English. (Compare p. 245, *post*.) A probably unique broadside of it is entitled, 'The Young Woman's Complaint; or, A Caveat to all Maids to have a care how they be Married to Old Men.' The tune is, *What should a young woman do with an Old Man?* or, *The Tyrant*. (See vol. vi. p. 67.) Ten stanzas: we give the first, second, and the last.

COme, all you young damsels both beauteous and free,
I'le summon you all to listen to me:
A song of misguiding concerning my marriage,
Sorrow's the cause of this my ill carriage.
A maiden of fifteen, as it may appear,
She married an Old Man of seventy-two year;
And by her misfortune well prove it I can,
That she is sore troubled with an Old Man. 8

"When he sits down by me, he'll presently blame me;
He often doth chide me, and threatens to lame me;
And fain would I hide me, but cannot tell where.
He calls me 'Young Giglet' and sometimes [will swear].
But hold thy tongue, man, for I am none such;
I dare not call 'cuckold!" though I think as much."
She throws by her bracelet, her Hat, and her Fan,
Singing, "*Cursed be the time that I saw this Old Man.*" 16

"His chests I'le set open, his money let fly,
For I'll lead a merry life until I dye.
What should a young woman do with this Old Man
But make him a cuckold, as soon as she can?" 72

"My advice is to you, all Maids that are young,
That you get you Husbands that will not you wrong;
For sure Youth with Age will never agree,
As by this Ditty you plainly may see.
Therefore take you warning all, by my miscarriage,
Be sure to be wise in your choice of marriage.
For I'll assure you [that], do what you can,
You never can love such an old doting man." 80

London, Printed for *William Gilbertson*, dwelling at the *Bible*, in *Guiltspur Street*, without *Newgate*. [Black-letter. Four cuts. Date, before 1664.]

The Old Man's Complaint.

" The Bridegroom grat when the Sun gaed down,
And ' Och ! ' quo' he, ' it's come ower soon.'
The Bride bang'd up wi' a sigh and a grane,
' I thocht I had a man, but I'm sairly mista'en.'
' To ony man I'll gie a hunder marks sae free,
This night that will tak' awa' my Bride frae me ! ' "

Lady Anne Barnard, born Lindsay, wrote her beautiful song of 'Auld Robin Gray' to show the sorrow of a marriage legally conjoining a young girl to a rich old man, when her heart was already given to a worthy lover of her own age, unacceptable to her parents because he is poor. She wrote it to be sung, originally, to the tune of '*The Bridegroom grat* [=wept] *when the sun gaed down*'; the entire suggestion of *Auld Robin Gray* arose from the words lingering in her mind along with the tune.

Another song was preserved from oblivion by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe (on whom see pp. 370, 383 of vol. vii.):—Wherein the newly-made husband at an ill time demanded 'gruel.' ('Parritch' was what he needed; but, alas! it would not rhyme!)

THere was a man into the West, and O ! but he was cruel ;
Upon his waddin' nicht, at e'en, he sat up and grat for gruel.
They brought to him a good sheep's head, a napkin, and a towel.
" Gae', tak' your whim-whams a' frae me, and bring me fast my gruel."
" But there's nae meal into the house, what shall I do, my jewel?"
" Gae to the pock [meal-bag] and shake a lock, for I canna want my gruel."
[In vain the Bride attempts to dissuade him:]
" There's nae milk into the house, my hinnie and my jewel."
" Gae to the midden and milk the Soo ; for I *wunna* want my gruel."

Allowing for a small degree of difference in taste, and discretion of language, there is really not much to choose between our two ballads, severally entitled 'The Old Man's Complaint,' printed early for Richard Burton, *circâ* 1659, and 'The Forced Marriage,' with other sequels (pp. 190 to 193), printed for E. Oliver, in continuation of Thomas Duffet's popular song, to an Irish tune, in 1676, beginning, "Since *Celia's* my foe." (See p. 189.)

Parsondom indulges in vague generalities, denouncing the besetting sins of other parishes, or congregations, and sects; but, while busy with "the benighted heathen" of dusky skin and remote localities, Parsondom accepts the special licenses and wedding fees for solemnizing at any church altar such unhallowed wedlock as these ballads exemplify. Let us listen to the more courageous and outspoken songster, who tells what are the results of this legal-prostitution, although his language be somewhat uncouth, since he duly holds up to ridicule the people who dare to be coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, because "*they are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful.*"

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 196. No other exemplar noted.]

The Old Man's Complaint;

Or, The Unequal-Matcht Couple.

She pines and grieves, because he cannot ease her,
He's old and feeble, therefore cannot please her;
She's young, and wanton, and would have it fain:
And that is the cause why he doth thus complain.

To the Tune of, *I prethee, Love, turn to me.* [See vol. vi. p. 121.]

O What a pittiful passion it is to be sick for love!
I now have a Girle in the fashion, but I fear she will wanton prove;
For ever she cryes, 'O turn, turn, and I will turn to thee;
She would have the thing that I [*can*]*not* [*learn*], *for the cramp lies in my knee.*

My Wife is a neat young woman, and I am an aged man;
I cannot tell how to please her, [though] do I the best I can:
For ever she cryes, 'O turn, turn, and I will turn to thee;
She looks for the thing that I [*can*]*not* [*learn*], *for the cramp lies in my knee.*

What hap had I for to wooe her? I being so old and tough;
All that I can [fetch] unto her, she thinks it not half enough. *For ever*, etc.

She sits all the day a-knitting, earning of a penny;
Whilst I abroad am getting four groats of ready money.

When I come home full weary, and fain would go to rest,
My wife she makes me tarry, to do what she thinks best.

By four o'clock in the morning, when I my rest would take,
My wife she keeps a-turning, and causes me to wake. *For still she cryes*, etc.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

WHen I seem to be sleepy, she calls me 'drowsie Ass!'
And then for sorrow weep I, to think of my hard task.

But now, alas! I am weary, of this my wretched life;
Before I lived full merry, when I had never a Wife:
For still she cryes, 'O turn, turn!' . . . and alas! what remedy? [*Cf.* p. 124.

I, simple old Fool! must be doting upon a young dainty bit;
But now, alas! I have nothing that can her humour fit.

I bought her a Petticoat [wrap], to keep her from the cold;
And she bought [for] me a Night-cap, because that I was old!

For certain I was bewitched, to marry a Girle so young;
She hoped for to be enriched, but now [says] I 'have done her wrong!'

But now I must be contented, and bear it all patiently;
Though I am enough tormented, yet must I not angry be.

If that I may live at quiet, and have what ever I lack,
Indifferent good diet, and cloathing to my back; *O then let her cry*, etc.

Then would I not care greatly, if horning were my lot;
So that she would carry it neatly, [if] my neighbours knew it not.
Then let her cry, 'O turn, turn, and I will turn to she!'
She shall have all that I can [*earn,*] *the rest who will for me.* Finis.

London, Printed for *Richard Burton*, at the *Horshooe*, in *Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, man, vi. 163; 2nd, girl, vi. 82; 3rd and 4th, vii. 138. Date, *circâ* 1650.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 84; Jersey, II. 144 = Lindes., 1337.]

The Jealous Old Dotard; or, The Discovery of Cuckoldry:

A Pleasant New Song. To a Pleasant new Tune.

Old men beware, when you young Wenches wed, etc. [*Six-line motto.*

"WHither art thou going, my old man? [*text*, 'whether.'
My old man, I will call him my Lamb!
And whither art thou going, my sweet old man?
My sweetest man alive."

"*To the Ale-house, you w . . . .!*"

[She questions him, and gets crooked answers. 'When will he come home?' ("At night, you slut!"). What will he have for supper? and, since the reply is "Eggs," where are they to be boiled or baked? ("In the furnace, you slut!") He will eat a thousand eggs; have a surfeit; die; and be buried in the chimney, to hear the pot boil. Being Jealous of a nimble weaver, he declares himself to be Horn-mad. She replies,]

"Yes, I can't help it, my sweet old man;
My old man, I will call him my Lamb!
Yes, I can't help it, my sweet old man,
My sweetest old man alive."

"*Then all the Town shall know it, you Slut!*" Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *West-Smithfield*. [Black-letter. Three cuts. *Circâ* 1674.]

The 'New Song' is a century later; white-letter, no colophon.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 809.]

A New Song.

CUPID, as you shall understand, has acted a knavish part,
His bow was bent, an arrow sent quite thro' an Old Man's heart.
His age was fourscore and sixteen, he had a great mind to wed
A plump Young Jade. For why? It is said, 'He long'd for a maiden's head.'

Resolv'd he was to court a Lass with [her] black and rolling eyes,
With milk-white skin, and double-chin, which caus'd his courage to rise.
Then this Old Man brush'd up his beard; by fancies he was led
To court a Maid; for why, 'tis said, 'He long'd [a Maiden to wed].'

[The aged suitor goes for wool, and comes home shorn. The damsel will not accept his wooing, but tells him that he had better think on his grave than on winning her. He takes this to heart, poor elf: "In discontent, and troubled very sore; and like an Ape he hang'd himself: an hundred wanting four." He leaves his crutches; having been on his last legs. She writes his epitaph, 'Here lies one, and beneath this stone, who died for a maiden's head.']

In such historiettes the lyrists of *La Belle France* have a lighter touch. One example is the Auvergnese *chanson*, 'La Première Nuit des Noces,' beginning,

"Le premier soir de ma nocette, quand vint me retrouver soulette,
Taussa bien fort, et puis me dit, '*Jeannette*, me voudrais-tu voir dans ton lit petit?'
" 'Monsieur,' dit *Jeannette* confuse, 'Couchez-vous, si ça vous amuse;
Car, m'ont bien dit mes deux mamans, *Refuse!*—
Et puis àpres petits moments, *Consens!*'"

The old man begins an interminable genealogy of his ancestors. The cock crows, the lark awakes, but he chatters on. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 560; Brit. Mus. p.m. 1875, e. 1, fol. 44.]

The Complaining Maid.

LOng time I've been marry'd, the most of my grief;
Long time I've been marry'd, and find no relief;
Long time I've been marry'd, and still, [cries the maid]:
"I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd!" she said.

THE OLD HUSBAND SINGS:—]

I gave her fine sugar-plums every night,
And told her there could be no greater delight—
No greater delight can be for a Bride:
"I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd!" [*the young Maiden*] *cry'd.*

I gave her fine ribbons all gilded with gold;
And many a story unto her I told;
But still she flew on me, like a bird on a tree:
"I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd!" said she.

THE MARRIED MAID COMPLAINS:—]

"My Father gave me five acres of land; [*qu.* ground?
My Mother gave me five hundred pound;
And I kept it all, for the sake of a man!
I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd, do all that I can!

"My Husband lies by me, like one that's bewitch'd;
For the hem of my garment he [n]ever [has] touch'd; [*text*, 'will t.'
And I do lie by him, like a distress'd wife:
I am weary, I am weary, I am weary of my life!

"I wish'd that [I'd wed] as my neighbours have done;
To get [joy from] a delicate daughter or son;
For I long to enjoy the sweet gossiping crew:
I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd! and what shall I do?" Finis.

[In White-Letter, with two small cuts. N.p.n. to Roxb. The other exemplar came from the *Pitts Press*, later in the 18th century. This 'Complaining Maid' repeats the tale of incongruous and unhappy marriage, with an Old Man.] Compare 'La Petite Rosette,' a song admired by Desaugiers, beginning thus,

"Voici le jour venu où *Rosette* s'y marie (*bis*):
A prend un homme de quatre-vingt-dix ans;
La petite *Rosette* n'a sorment pas tiinze ans." [? "quinze ans."

"Oh! mother, *Roger* with his kisses," a song mentioned often, is given on p. 200.

To a different tune, *Cavalilly Man* (for which see *Popular Music*, p. 441), is the unreprinted ballad of *Roger* the West-Country Lad set forth in his proper shapes; or, The West-Country Lasse's Sweet-heart described,' etc. It begins, "Hie ho! pray what shall I do? my sweet-heart is gone, I cannot tell how." Burden: *And this is my love*, etc. (Pepys Coll, v. 218; Lindes., 570.) It is the Answer to 'The Well-shaped Country Lass, set forth in her proper shapes and qualities'; beginning, "Hay hoe! my heart is light; I ha'n't seen my love since Saturday night." It holds the burden, *And this is my love: do you like him? hoe!* The argument-verse is "She is so fair in her degree that most she doth surpass," etc. (Pepys Coll., III. 281.)

But these are all distinctly differentiated Rogers from the "Dorsetshire Damosel's" loyal swain. There were numerous Rogers and Nannies.

Roger with his Kisses.

THE music to 'The Young Maiden's Request' (commonly known as '*O Mother!* Roger *with his kisses*') was printed in Henry Playford's *Theater of Musick*, 1686, Part Third, p. 25; in the 9th edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1695, p. 166; and in *Pills*, iii. p. 203.

The popular playhouse song had three stanzas. The first of these reappears in the ballad; the third is modified; the second is valueless (about Roger's Kiss; as Peggy describes Horner's to have been in Wycherley's '*Country Wife*,' 1675).

The original and better version appeared in *The Loyal Garland*, 1686, and earlier. J. O. Halliwell omitted it, from the Percy Society reprint, in 1850.

The Young Maiden's Request to her Mother.

A New Song. (*Loyal Garland* version, Song VII. 1686.)

O Mother! *Roger* with his kisses almost stops my breath, I vow:
Why does he gripe my hand in pieces? yet he swears he loves me too.
Tell me, mother, pray now do! pray now do! etc. (*Repeat*, as on p. 201.)
What Roger *means when he does so; for n'er stir, I long to know.*

He calls me dearest; sets me by him; tells me I must be his Joy;
And what he wants must not deny him, least I all his peace destroy. *Tell*, etc.

My cheeks he claps, and hand he squeezes; smiling hugs me o're and o're;
And still his fancy strangely pleases, with what he would fain do more. *Tell*, etc.

He tells me Maids were made a treasure, for increase and deeds of love;
And vows I lose a deal of pleasure, which he fain would have me prove. *Tell*, etc.

The Mother's Answer.

(From *The Loyal Garland*, Song VIII. 1686.)

"PRay now, leave your early longing! Daughter, it is not yet your time;
But stay, and Lovers will be thronging, when that you are in your prime.
You the meaning then shall know, you shall know, you shall know,
What Roger *means when he does so, when you up to Twenty grow.*

"For Love's embrace you are too tender, and young men are often rough;
What *Roger* would have you surrender, five years hence is time enough.
You the meaning then shall know, etc. [*Repeat twice.*]
What Roger *means when he does so, when you up to Twenty grow.*"

To the same tune, *O Mother!* Roger *with his kisses*, was sung 'The Faithful Farmer,' licensed by R. Pocock, beginning "My Pretty Youthful *Nancy*, prithee sit down by my side." (Reprinted in our vol. iv. p. 372.) Also, 'Dick the Plow-man turn'd Doctor,' beginning "You maidens all of *London* City." (Reprinted in vol. iv. p. 418, *minus* the finale: compare iv. 337.)

Warning lurks in 'Roger's Repentance' (by Tom D'Urfey, 1694, beginning, "'Twas early one morning, the cock had just crow'd"): the bridegroom sings,

"Next morning her head ran of mending her gown;
And mine was plagued how to pay Piper a crown:
And so we rose up, the same fools we lay down,
With a hey ding, hoe ding! shall I come to woo thee?"

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 338; Pepys. IV. 23; Euing, 218; Huth, II. 31; Jersey, II. 44 = Lindes., 934.]

Modesty Amazed;

Or,

The *Dorsetshire* Damosel importunate with her Mother, to know *Roger's* meaning in Wooing. In which she is fully satisfied by her Mother; together with *Roger's* love and loyalty.

To an Excellent New Tune, much in request. [See *Note*, p. 200.]

This may be Printed.—R. P[ocock].

"OH, Mother! *Roger* with his kisses
Almost stops my breath, I vow;
Why does he gripe my hand to pieces?
And yet he says he loves me too:
Tell me, Mother, pray now do, pray now do, pray now do!
Tell me, Mother, pray now do, pray now, pray now do!
What Roger *means when he does so,*
For ne'r stir, I long to know.

"Nor yet, besides, he will not let me
Settle to my wheel and spin;
But upon his knee will set me,
Mother, when you a'n't within. *Tell me, Mother*, etc.

"Although, I vow, he does provoke me,
Yet he will not once forbear,
But most tenderly d[oes] stroak me,
Till he makes me blush, I swear. *Tell me*, etc.

"Thus, whilst he talks of pure affection,
Roger on my breast he leans;
Mother, give me your direction,
For I know not what he means.

"And what he said concerning wooing
Now I clearly have forgot,
Yet he fain would have been doing
Something, but I know not what.

"Although I am both coy and fickle,
Yet he calls me his delight;
And my sides he does so tickle,
That he makes me laugh out-right.
Tell me, Mother, pray now do, etc.
What Roger *means when he does so,*
For ne'r stir, I long to know."

[See p. 200, for earlier *Answer*.

The Mother's direction to her Daughter; together with *Roger's* Loyalty.

"DEar Daughter, that you mayn't miscarry,
Roger's courage never cool;
Till you marry, make him tarry,
Pray now take your mother's rule:
My dear Daughter, pray now then, pray now then; etc.
Maids are too much slighted when, they ha' yielded to young men;
For they can flatter, cog, and lye,
And all their promises deny.

"But if his love be so intire,
When the Nuptial Bands are ty'd,
You may yield to his desire,
Being made his lawful Bride:
If you cannot this obtain, this obtain, this obtain,
Then his company refrain, with your scorn and high disdain;
For should you grant him his delight,
Then, daughter, you are ruin'd quite." 64

But *Roger* he was something near them,
In a corner, mighty mute;
Where he chanc'd to over-hear them,
While they were in this dispute:
Notwithstanding what he heard, what he heard, what he heard,
For a while he ne'r appear'd, but at last the case he clear'd;
And told them that he did suppose
They did not think him one of those. 72

Now when her Mother found him loyal,
By his honest fair intent,
Then there needed no denyal,
Soon she gave her free consent,
That her Daughter should be wed, should be wed, should be wed,
To his lawful bridal bed; all her fear was fully fled.
Then many Damsels fair and gay
Did come to celebrate the day. Finis.

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

☞ **You are desired to beware of a false Counterfeit Song in imitation of this true Copy, which is only Printed for** *J. Deacon*, **at the** *Angel* **in** *Guiltspur-street.*

[This Roxb. exemplar agrees with Euing, 218. etc., which holds the Warning against fraudulent impressions. In Black-letter. Five cuts: of these the 1st is the man, p. 175 of vol. vii.; 2nd, old woman, p. 96 of present vol.; 3rd, a woman, vol. iii. p. 539 R.; 4th, woman holding a rose, vol. vi. p. 124 R.; 5th is in vol. vii. p. 316. Date, as licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-86.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 340; Bagford, II. 126; Douce Coll.; Huth, II. 35; Jersey, II. 56 = Lind., 1344.]

The Mother and Daughter;

Or,

A Dialogue betwixt them composed in verse, If you will attend I will rehearse.

How the Mother did chide the daughter for folly.
The Daughter with her mother did not dally;
To silence her mother her self she did fix,
And proved her mother to be a *meretrix*.
She still'd her mother's tongue, that so loud did sound,
Nuncl'd her *Mam*, and got twice fifty pound. =[cozened.
Those two Fadillaes, as chaste as *Jane Shore*,
Live quiet, that never did so before.

THE TUNE IS, *Come, Sweet-heart, and embrace thine own;* or, *The Dancing of Primrose-hill.* [See *Note*, p. 204.]

MOTHER.

"WHy how, *Nan!* what is the reason, that you look so pale and wan?"
NAN.—"Alass! Mother, all this *Lent* season I am scarce able to go or to stand.
Hot broth it doth me cherish, warm flesh it doth me nourish;
This cruel hard *Lent*, the time I repent, *Pease-pottage hath poysoned me!*'

MOTHER.

"It is a thing was never heard, that Pease in *Lent* they should be poyson;
Some other thing is to be fear'd, but thou wilt not tell me the reason.
Thy face it looks so pale & yellow, thy nose is sharp, & thy eyes are hollow;
Some thing's the matter: good *Nan*, do not flatter; tell me the truth, whatever betide."

NAN.

"O Mother! I will speak the truth, and not a lye to you will tell.
You know that *George* is a han'some youth, and other young men doth excell:
He loves me beyond all measure; I am his joy, his delight and his treasure;
Fine things he doth give me, if you'll believe me; O Mother! I love his company."

MOTHER.

"How come you to love him now, when formerly you did him hate?"
NAN.—"Mother, I do protest and vow, I value him at a mighty rate.
I love him as I love my life; he said that I should be his wife;
If I was willing with him to be billing, he vow'd that I should be his Bride.

"I walkt with him into the field, and there I cropt a dainty flower;
He embrac'd me, and we bill'd, and in the space of half an hour, [tell ye.
[Since] lying [words like *Lent*-pease swell me], what sport we had I will not
He did embrace me, kiss me, and face me. O Mother! he made me merry."

MOTHER.

"O fie upon thee, for thy pains! now to be sure thou art [froward], child!
And honest people will thee disdain, and I cannot be reconcil'd. [tell ye?
Lent-Peas hath poysoned up [to swell ye!] 'twas something else, did I not
And for this feat, I will thee beat." NAN.—"O Mother! pray hold your hand."

MOTHER.

" Come, brazen-face, let me see [the truth !] that I may know what will ensue."
And looking on't, she did mis[doubt the youth] that her daughter was with[drawing to].
NAN.—" I think, that twenty times before I have been on the very same score ;
Yet never beguil'd, to prove [defiled] ; " O Mother, pray pardon me !"

MOTHER.—" To pardon thee it is not best, neither will I put up this wrong."
NAN.—" Sure, Mother, you do but jest ; I you desire to hold your tongue.
If I should speak that which is true, and that which I have seen by you,
You would not be willing to hear of your billing : *O Mother, I've mump'd you now !*" [*mump'd* = silenced.

MOTHER.—"You dirty slut ! why, did you ever see me in action of disgrace ?"
NAN.—" Remember the Weaver and you together ; you said his beard did prick your face.
You did say he was [at his loom] too slack ; and that same time [you came slowly] back,
And being too kind you [changed] your [mind] : *O Mother, I've mump'd you now !*

" Further, I do put into your head, and remember as well as I can,
The Tinker laid [charges, and true, they] said, he was a metal-man ;
He peeping in your face likewise, some of the smoot fell in your eyes,
And in that place he collied your face : *Oh Mother, I've mumpt you now !*

" And going to a Fair, on a day, you said that it was for your pleasure,
And there you must buy new array, and have the Taylor to take measure ;
And coming home you did [this] own, the [journey cost] you a green gown,
Being in the corn you catch a thorn : *O Mother, I've mumpt you now !*"

MOTHER.

" O good sweet *Nan*, come hold thy tongue ! thou art too hard for me, I find.
I will never do thee wrong, for ' every Cat will after kind.'
Thou art my dear Daughter, I'le give thee right ready hereafter, [*no more.*"
If thou will be quiet, and will not repeat, *and never to mump thy mother*

NAN.

'Upon condition [that] you will give [to] me all the bonds of your Use-money,
To maintain me bravely while I live, that I may be both blith and bonny."
MOTHER.—" Yes, daughter, that I am willing, and excuse thee another time for billing ;
Two fifty-pound bonds I'le give into thy hands : sweet *Nan*, it is all thy own.'

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

[Black-letter. Four cuts, in vol. vii. : 1st, woman, p. 362 ; 2nd, man, p. 285 ; 3rd, upper half of woman, p. 222 ; 4th, ditto, p. 323. Date, before 1676.]

In the Argument-verse (p. 203) the word '*Fadillaes*' occurs. It is uncommon, not mentioned by Archdeacon Nares, etc. It signifies '*Faddists*,' frivolous persons who give way to *fads* or whims, and fidgetty fandangoes. Also we meet "Nunckled" ; Mumped. Docking and trimming were necessary in a few places. The first tune name is, '*Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own.*' See ballad with this burden in vol. vi. p. 244 : it begins, " O my dearest, do not grieve ! " and is entitled 'A way to woo a witty Wench.' The other tune-name, '*The Dancing of Primrose Hill*, is lost ; unless it be the same as 'The sweet Salutation of Primrose Hill,' " In the pleasant month of May " (Pepys Coll.).

The Taunton-Dean Damosel.

TAUNTON-DEAN, Somersetshire, figured in amatory ballads, one being 'The *Taunton* Maid's Delight; or, Hey for an Honest Wool Comber.' It begins, "You pretty Maids, where'er you be"; and was written by Thomas Lanfiere (on whom see p. 97). Appointed to be sung to the tune of *I have a good old mother at home* (vol. vi. p. 246), it bears the burden of '*Then hey for the worsted-comber brave,*' etc. Printed for *P. Brooksby*. We give, on p. 206, half of Tom D'Urfey's '*Somersetshire* Clown.'

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 260. Apparently Unique.]

The Taunton-Dean Damosel;

Or, A Pleasant Discourse between *Nelly* and her Mother, as they were sitting in a Meadow, on a *May*-morning.

To the Tune of, *The Scotch Haymakers.* Licensed according to Order.

NEar the Town of *Taunton* there lives a bonny Lass,
Who with her loving Mother sat chatting on the grass;
'Twas about the month of *May*, to her mother she did say,
"There's lusty *Robin* would be bobbing and the wanton play,
Under [the hawthorn], when we are alone,
And tells me with a smile that I am a woman grown,
As being in my teens; then on my breast he leans:
Now tell me, mother, loving mother, tell me what he means?

"Mother, he will kiss me, a dozen times or more,
And solemnly declare [what wealth] he has for me in store.
A delightful pretty toy, [he] would fill my heart with joy,
And charming pleasure, out of measure, if I'd not be coy.
Like a rich [Bridal it will be], he cry'd;
Adorn'd with [wedding-]bells, and I cannot tell what beside.
Then on my breast he leans, and tells me, etc.

"When I came from dancing, last Holy-day at night,
He met me in the meadow, and call'd me his delight;
Then with that, [saucy grown,] for to give me a green-gown,
There did he hug me, tease and tug me; I at first did frown.
But, ere we parted, he pleas'd me so,
That, as I am a Maid, I was loath to let him go.
Sure such a gown of green before I had ne'er seen;
O loving mother, tell me, mother, what did Robin *mean?*

"Then we went together, along my father's field,
He told me [news of] something that must not be conceal'd;
Then he catch'd me, by the [tr]ees, and farther by degrees,
He likewise ventured, as we enter'd in a plat of peas.
Where he [bade me listen to his song],
Declaring of a truth he would do me little wrong.
Quoth he, 'We are not seen, we're hidden by the green';
O loving mother, tell me, mother, what did Robin *mean?*

" In the morning early he to my chamber [window] came,
And told me that my Beauty had put him in a flame;
Yet I thought he did but flout, for I look'd me round about,
And see no fire. He drew nigher. I'd have thrust him out,
But to my [window] he so close did creep
That [with his cunning talk] he did spoil my morning sleep.
He [said his love was keen and he would be unseen]:
Pray, loving mother, tell me, mother, what did Robin *mean?*"

The Mother's Reply.

"OH, you silly Baggage!" her loving Mother said,
"When he came to your chamber, you should have call'd for aid.
Would you let him [there be led], before that you was wed?
By Cock and Bacon he has taken [hand-fast troth, instead.]
I am distracted, this day to see!"
But *Nelly* she reply'd, "It is all a case to me!
I would have call'd I'll vow, but faith! I knew not how.
Then cease your passion and vexation; who can help it now?

" If you will be quiet, and cease your mournful tale,
I'll go to honest *Robin*, I know I may prevail;
If he's in merry vein, he'll give [back my troth] again:
But all your whining, and your pining, Mother, is in vain."
With that her Mother she call'd her [roundly] o're.
But *Nelly* she reply'd. "You was so, your self, before!
I would have call'd, I'll vow, but faith! I knew not how.
It was allotted. He has got it. Who can help it now?"

London: Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the girl with peacock, vii. 120; 2nd, girl as in iii. 537. Date, before 1796. The tune named *The Scotch Haymakers* is in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i. p. 327. Tom D'Urfey's "'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh Town" soon became "'Twas within a mile of *Edinburgh* Town," and, being thus improved, it is still popular.]

*** We add, as a sequel, a song by D'Urfey, not in the *Pills*, but before 1713.

The Somersetshire Clown.

GO, vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*,
And he'll tell you the Banns were asked;
A good vat capon he had, vor's pains,
And I zent it home in a basket.
And a Friday night I was, by right,
to 've prov'd she wor a ma'den,
But now she's run with a soldier to town:
Heydledom deydledom cudden.

I'll take a hatchet and hang my zell,
afore I'll endure these losses;
Or else a rope in a dolesome well,
for I never can bear these crosses;
Or I'll go to some beacon high,
for i'faith, I'm well n'y woden, [=*mad.*
And throw myzelf down, her kindness to try:
Heydledom deydledom cudden.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 540. Apparently Unique.]

The Young Farmer's Answer
To his Sweetheart Nanny:

Who much complained of her undergoing the weary burthen of a troublesome [spinster] Maiden-hood.

To the Tune of, *The Scotch Hay-Makers.* [See *Note*, and p. 206.]

"WHat's this, my dearest *Nanny*, that fain would be a Bride?
And *Frank* is pitcht upon, to lye by *Nanny's* side.
In truth, my Love, with thee I do presently agree,
That thou art known, in years full-grown, a bed-fellow to be:
Wherefore then should thy Mother deny
That thou art old enough with a B[ridegroom n]ow to lye?
Come, Nanny, *never fear, I'll rid thee of that care,*
For the burden of thy maiden-hood no longer thou shalt bear.

"Ne're mind thy mother's prating against a Married life,
For she her self, when single, was mad to be a wife;
Because that she was barred, till nineteen, ere she married,
Yet e'ry day, I dare to say, she thought a year she tarried;
Though now my *Nanny* she does advise
To live a single life, if she means for to be wise:
Yet, Nanny, *never fear, I'll rid thee of that care,*
For the burden of thy maiden-hood no longer thou shalt bear.

"But now, thy only mother does give her free consent
That you at length should marry unto your heart's content;
Then, *Nanny*, take the minute, while thy mother's humour's in it,
Least, like the wind, she change her mind, and then she be agen it.
Come then, dear *Nanny* [we'll to Church], and go to bed;
I burn, like coal of fire, for want of being wed.
Therefore you need not fear, I'll rid thee of that care,
For the burden of thy maidenhood no longer thou shalt bear."

Note.—The music, probably by Tom Farmer, is in *Dancing Master*, 1696; and *Pills*, i. 327. The Complaint of Nanny, here answered, was the unique Pepysian ballad entitled 'The Maulster's Daughter of *Marlborough*'; it was sung to the same tune of D'Urfey's *Scotch Haymakers*, viz. (*'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town*). Its burden was, *My maidenhead I'le swear, does fill my heart with care;* begins, "Mother, let me marry; I long to be a Bride, and have a lusty young man to dally by my side." Another Pepysian ballad is 'The Young Damsels' Lamentation; or, Their dreadful Outcry against the late Punching,'etc. It begins, "Here's a Lamentation, that's spread abroad of late" (Pepys Coll., III. 70 and 287). Many more to the same tune. See pp. 205, 206.

NANNY'S REPLY.

"BUt, *Francis*, what if troubles should fall upon our head,
When we come to House-keeping, after that we are wed?
Let it be well or ill, I'm resolv'd to have my will,
And to morrow, my *Frank*, I'll be thine;
For we will go to Church, and be wedded all betime.
So, Maiden-hood, adieu! no more I'll think of you,
But other pleasure, out of measure, which I have to do.

"But, my dearest *Francis*, one question I must crave;
The first night I am married my maiden [blush] to save.
'Tis a vow I'd lately ta'ne; yet I value not the same;
I'll leave 't to you, what e're you do, for you are not to blame.
Come, then, let's to the Parson away,
For this I do design shall be our wedding-day.
So, Maiden-hood, adieu! no more I'll think of you,
But in the night much more delight there is I have to do."

FRANK.

"Then, *Nanny*, here's my hand, and to Church I'll straight with thee,
And *William* and brisk *Johnny* they shall your bride-men be;
There's *Katherine* and sweet *Betty*, who both are likewise pritty,
Will dance and sing; at night we'll fling the stocking for to hit ye:
But why do I talk of such sport as this?
When I shall wish them farther, that *Nanny* I may kiss;
Oh, then, my dear delight! I'll hug thee all the night,
And the burden of thy maidenhood, girl, soon shall take its flight."

With that, brisk *Nanny* smiled, and turn'd her head aside;
For blushes, like to roses, appeared in the Bride;
But the morning drawing on, then to Church went e'ery one,
Since 'twas a fancy that dear *Nancy* should not lye alone.
And when the Parson had done the [wedding] trick,
The Bride-men were for Garters, and likewise for a lick;
And wisht her joy, good store, that she might never more
Complain o'th burden, heavy burden, as she did before."

VVhen Dinner it was over, and wine it went about, [*sic.*
VVith musick and with dancing there was a heavy rout;
But when the day was spent to each Guest's heart's content,
About ten at night, with much delight, to bed the couple went.
VVhere they were left, for to ease the pain
Of a burden, which young *Nanny* did oftentimes complain,
But in the dead o'th night, to Nanny's *heart's delight,*
This burden of a maiden [fear] from Nanny *took its flight.*

London: Printed by and for *A[lexander] M[ilbourne]*, 1696.

[Black-letter. Two cuts: see vol. vi. p. 143. Date, as recorded above, 1696.]

Group of Historical Ballads:

on the Reign of Queen Anne, and the Troubles of the Georges.

" *The Year of Wonders* is arriv'd,
Truth makes a brave advance;
The Church from danger is retriev'd
Without the help of *France*.

" Nature's grown wise, a wise Queen rules,
The Court's turn'd upside down;
Good men put in to keep the peace,
Church men to guard the Crown.

" In all the Ages of the World,
Where wonders have been seen,
Good Men were of the 'stablish'd church,
True Church Men for the Queen.

" The Pulpit speaks 'gainst Civil War,
And tells a factious nation
Schismaticks may to [ruin] run,
Spite of the Tolleration.

" The true Church Clergy, mounted high,
With great discretion drive;
And in the gap of danger stand
To keep the Church alive.

" The brave sons of the *English Church*
Come foremost like the wind;
And 'Moderation' out of hope,
Comes limping on behind."

——*Wonders upon Wonders*, 1710 (see p. 228.)

This

Final Group of Historical Ballads;

(A.D. 1702-1779.)

The Reign of Queen Anne,

The Last Reigning Stuart,

AND

The Troubles of the Georges:

IS

DEDICATED,

WITH AFFECTIONATE RESPECT, IN THE FRIENDSHIP OF MANY YEARS,

TO

ADOLPHUS CONI, ESQ.

Of Claughton, West Norwood;

By the Editor,

Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth.

1894.

The Reign of Queen Anne.

"God bless our gracious sovereign *Anne*, for so I shall her call,
Who ruleth in our *English* land, an *English* heart withall.
The Prince, her Turtle true, I trow, I also pray God bless;
And eke the Duke of *Marlborough*, both his and her good Grace."
—*History of the Conformity Bill.*

THESE few political ditties of Queen Anne's time held a special interest for the original possessor of the broadsides, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. They tell of Scotland's yearnings for her ancient independence, and her loyalty to the 'Stewarts.'

Epitaph on King *James* VII. [=*James* II.

KING *JAMES* the Seventh, alas! is dead,
And gone to good St. *Paul;*
These thirteen years I wanting bread:
King *James* the Seventh, alas! is dead. [*Obiit* 16 Sept. 1701.
Good Lord, turn *Willie* heels-o'er-head,
And send him to King *Saul!* [*Sorrel* did it, 1702.
King *James* the Seventh, alas! is dead,
And gone to good St. *Paul.*
—By Mr. [Robert] Calder. (Robt. Mylne's MS.)

The 'Age of Wonders' belongs to the Summer of 1710, when an unexpected dismissal of the Whig politicians startled many, who had counted neither the strength of the 'High-Church party' nor the popular enthusiasm in favour of Dr. Sacheverell. Church and Crown were assumed to be in danger; hence at the hustings there was no lack of the *odium theologicum*. Whig or Tory felt no scruples in using disreputable agents or uncleanly weapons. The ballad is not devoid of humour.

'An End to our Sorrows' forms a sequel. The ballad-mongers "Sing praise of our gracious Queen Anne." An unpleasant page of England's history is filled by the sorry trickeries of her reign, when every public man acted with duplicity, taking bribes from both sides, like the country voter in Hogarth's picture of 'The Election' at Sir John Soane's Museum. So far as the "Good Queen Anne" had any conscience at all, it was ever and anon pricked with remorse. She had felt no less willing than her unscrupulous sister Mary to insult their father, James II., and to despoil her brother; so long as she could personally enjoy both plunder and position. It was the general expectation that she would at last, when dying, restore to the rightful heir the throne of which he had been fraudulently deprived by his sisters and their abettors, the Revolutionists and rebel Parliament. Had there not been fatal blundering, with a considerable spice of roguery, the end might have been attained. Disunion brought ruin; and the Elector of Hanover came over instead, "The wee wee German Lairdie."

The Alleged Murder of Drummond by Captain Green.

1705.

THIS is an interesting document, vile though it be in diction, and still more vile in the spirit of brutal hatred, national spite, and sanctimonious cant pervading it. Rightly to see its historical bearings one must remember the widely-spread ruin in Scotland that followed the failure of the Darien Expedition, 1699; ruin supposed to have been caused by the selfish refusal of English merchants to subscribe for the support of the adventure. They deemed it an infringement of the privileges and monopoly enjoyed by the East India Company, and since Scotland was impoverished by the disasters which defeated all the hopes of fortune-hunters, the rancour against the richer southern country was extreme. The conduct of the London merchants was intentionally provocative of indignation in the North, when they made seizure of the 'Annandale,' bound for the East Indies, but by stress of weather forced into the Thames to refit. This act was unjustified by any plea except the possession of strength to injure. It was easy to find plausible excuses and corroborative proofs of intended wrong to their vested interests, when once they had resolved to arrest the vessel, and hold her in forfeiture.

At the very time when the Scottish nation felt the bitterness of the insult thus wantonly passed upon it by the English merchants, coupled with serious pecuniary losses, soon after the heavier embarrassments caused by the collapse of the Darien Expedition (1695-1700), some malign power gave the Scots an opportunity of reprisal in kind. This was welcome to them; forgiveness of injuries and meek endurance of insult or impoverishment being seldom reckoned among their distinguishing virtues. We need not severely blame the exercise of straightforward and retributive vengeance, against an original wrong-doer. It is not a Christian frame of mind, even in such a case as this; but there is really so much hypocritical assumption of holiness—such canting masquerade of utter savagery and depravity of heart, under the pretence of 'righteous zeal'—that a genuine exhibition of the natural man, 'the unrighteous Adam,' yielding himself to demand the exaction of Judaical *lex talionis*, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," might pass unchallenged as being comparatively wholesome. But to wreak one's spite murderously on a few poor weather-beaten English sailors, such as Captain Thomas Green, Captain John Madder, and James Sympson, the gunner of the 'Worcester,' in impotent revenge against the whole of England, and the shipping interest of London in particular, was an act of paltry malignity.

It was believed, or pretended to be believed, that Captain Robt. Drummond, commander of the 'Speedy Return,' a Scotch merchant-vessel, had been cast away on his voyage to the Indies, and murdered; for no news of his safe arrival anywhere had reached his own land. When the English ship, the 'Worcester,' was driven by tempest into the Frith of Forth, it was at once seized, this presumption of piracy being advanced by way of taunting England, and thus replying with insult for the previous condemnation of 'the Annandale.' Soon came fresh mischief.

It began to be rumoured that some of the sailors of the 'Worcester' had been talking wildly, either like George Hinds intriguing with a light wench, a decoy, or while under the influence of liquor, and during their enforced idleness. Led on by those who sought their ruin, and who prompted them with suggestions, the 'Worcester' men were said to have boasted of crimes committed at sea; of piracy and murder. With predisposition to believe the worst, so that any legal condemnation and slaughter could be secured, a case was got up against Captain Thomas Green, with fourteen of his officers and crew, under the accusation of piracy, robbery, and murder. Two negroes were admitted as chief witnesses, and after a mockery of prejudiced trial nearly all of the accused, one alone excepted, were found guilty and sentenced to death. There was not only the absence of distinct proof that any of the prisoners had murdered Captain Drummond, but there was no proof that he had been murdered at all. He was actually alive at the time, with his rescued men, at Madagascar*—not that so small a matter as this survival would have been deemed sufficient to save the fore-doomed men. Hanged they were to be, and if they did not deserve death for one thing, such as murder, or piracy, or robbery, still they incurred it for the crime of being Englishmen, and in the power of the Scots' nation when its blood was up and it needed a scapegoat. Remonstrances from the South availed not, not even the respite from Queen Anne, save to gain a few days' delay. James Ogilvie, Lord Seafield, the last Scottish Chancellor, abjectly acknowledged that the Council were terrified at the public clamour for vengeance, and therefore, to avoid damage to themselves by a riot, they determined to let the cry for blood prevail.

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* Tuesday, 24th April, 1705.—"At the Council . . the case of Captain *Green*, with the two others, hanged in Scotland for the murder (as pretended) of Captain *Drummond*, etc., was warmly debated, but came to no resolution: it appears, by the oaths of two of Captain *Drummond's* crew, taken before our Lord Mayor, that the captain with some of his men, going ashore at *Madagascar*, the ship was surprised by those pyrates [none of *Green's* crew] and carried off. Some time after the said persons escaped to *Mauritius*, where the *Rapeer* galley arriving, they came for *England*, and affirm, that Captain *Drummond* and his men, when they left them, were in health."—Narcissus Luttrell's *Brief Narration*, vol. v. p. 543. Affidavits sworn, Israel Phipeny, of Salem, and Peter Freeland, 22 April, 1705.

The 11th of April, 1705, was the day appointed for the execution of the fourteen men. There was an enormous crowd flocking threateningly towards the place of sacrifice, and the magistrates had lost courage. Seafield wrote to Godolphin, apologetically, that

"after we were some time in Council, we came to be convinced that there was no possibility of preserving the public peace, without allowing some that were thought most guilty to be executed; and therefore Captain *Green*, Captain *Madder*, and *Simpsone*, the gunner, were condescended upon; and we reprieved the rest to the 19th instant, and appointed a full Council to meet on Tuesday preceding." (The execution took place on the sands at Leith.)

Seafield and the rest of the "men in authority" made no effort whatever to save the lives of those whom they knew to be innocent of the crimes laid to their charge. It is a black mark, a ghastly blood-stain on the 'scutcheon of the Scottish kingdom before the Union, of March, 1707.

The mob, satiated for once by this triumph, accepted the instalment of butchery, and seem to have little heeded the subsequent discharge from prison of the other men who had been condemned. The malignant spirit and national insubordination displayed in Green's execution advanced the Union.

Probably, if the terror-stricken magistrates had not yielded to the clamour of the populace, the prison would have been stormed and the respited men hanged by anticipation of "Lynch Law," as was done afterwards in Queen Caroline's time, by the Porteous mob, in 1736. The English Court resented the fatal riot at the Tolbooth 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' The Queen's prerogative of mercy, exercised as Regent during the absence of George II., had been contemptuously frustrated, and the ringleaders left unpunished, owing to the supineness of the Edinburgh magistrates. These were accounted additional insults to the Royal mandate. Even at so late a date there existed bitterness regarding Scottish local business being controulled under English dictation. It helped to maintain the Jacobite fervour, by disgust at what was considered to be alien Hanoverian interference. Similarly, in 1705, resentment shown in London against the Leith merchants, and the Edinburgh perversions of judgment, had grown into an international quarrel.

Additional Note.—Anna Seaton was the 'Lass' at Burntisland, in Fife, who betrayed George Hynds, or Haines, the steward, to John Henderson, an Edinburgh 'Writer.' Charles May, the surgeon, gave hearsay evidence, as did also Antonio Ferdinando, the negro; Daniel Stringman was the cook; Thomas Linstead, supercargo's assistant; John Reynolds, second mate; James Burn, boatswain; and George Kitchen, seaman. The three who were hanged were Captain Thomas Green, Capt. John Madder, chief mate, and James Sympson, the gunner. John Reynolds was acquitted. John Brucklie, a seaman, is mentioned on p. 215; Andrew Robertson was gunner's mate; Henry Keigle, carpenter. The second negro witness was Antonio Francisco. The crime was reported to have been committed in 1703, between March and May, on the coast of Malabar.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 398.]

The horrid Murther Committed by Captain *Green* and his Crue, on Captain *Drummond* and his whole men, under design of Friendship, by cutting off their heads, and tying them back to back, and throwing them into the sea, and sold their Ship unto the *Indians*.

COme, hearken now unto my song, and I will now relate [State,
The terriblest Act that ever was known, either in Church or
By *Captain Green*, that murthering man, but and his wicked crue;
For if that man takes no reveange, from Heaven he'l have his Due.

For murther it will not be hid, neither by sea nor land;
For Heaven will it reveange, we know, even with a heavy hand:
Therefore repent, ye Murtherers, of your most bloody crime!
Confess your sins before the Lord, and pardon seek of Him.

This murther it was first found out, by courting of a lass, [p. 214.
By *George Hynds*, one of their crue, which after he denyes,
And turns his tongue even from the same, till that he was condemn'd;
Which he repenteth now, and sayes, that *Green* was not his friend.

And *Lindseed* too, one of their crue, declareth now in plain,
With the Doctor and *Bruckly* also, how many there was slain;
Madder he cannot it deny, although his heart is stout;
Desiring *Green* would not confess, that it might not come out.

He to the Super-cargo spake, desiring for to know [them fro?
What came of Captain *Drummond's* ship, and when they went
Who telling him it was not long since they from them depart;
But when he *Drummond's* cloaths did see, he had a heavy heart.

The Doctor he declares the same, that he was then on shoar,
And when he saw blood on the deck he did it much abhoar.
He asking "What that blood did mean?" of murdering Captain *Green*,
He bade him look to his plaister-box; that need not trouble him.

This deed was done, for ought we know, upon the *Indian* shoar;
More barbarous deed was never done, even by the Blackamoor:
To cut men's throats in barbarous sorts, when they did them invite
To drink a glass of wine with them, oh! [it was] a cruel Treat!

And tying some men back to back, and flung them in the sea;
Such terrible Act was never done since Christianity.* [See *Note*.
One Christian brother another kill, being neighbour-nation men!
No heathen, Turk, did ne're the like, nor yet barbarian.

Now here I end my dreadfull song, too terribly to relate,
And wishes *Scots*-men may take care of cruel neighbours' hate;
Who spitefully us treats, we see, by Murdering Policie:
Lord, keep us from the like, we wish *Scots*-men of each degree.

Finis.

[*Edinburgh:* Printed and Sold by the Booksellers, 1705.]

[In White-letter, without woodcut or printer's name, probably issued in Edinburgh, shortly before the middle of April, in 1705. Compare the next ballad on same subject (Roxb. Coll., III. 609) and introduction, pp. 212 to 214.]

Note.—This tying men back to back was no new thing: it being one of the charges brought against Captain Thomas Ward, of Feversham, and his crew. See our vol vi. pp. 422 to 427; 784, 785, and 797:—

"Men of [*Ward's*] 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."

Martin Parker, in his original of *When stormie winds do blow*, entitled 'Saylors for my Money' (reprinted in our vol. vi. pp. 797, 798), shows the British sailor *circâ* 1633, treating his national enemies *after a sea-fight* in the same fashion as these Pirates used:—

"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,
To sinke, or swimme, *How e're the wind doth blow.*"

An advance in humanity, among sailors, is shown to us, by the prince of song-writers, Charles Dibdin, at the close of the eighteenth century: witness his 'True Courage,' beginning "Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping?":—

"Says the Captain, says he, (I shall never forget it,)
'If of courage you'd know, boys, the true from the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a lamb.'"

In 1701 ballads appeared on Captain William Kyd, who, after having been commissioned as a privateer, became a Pirate, and was executed with three others, 23 May, 1701. One popular ditty begins, "My name is Captain *Kid* who has sail'd," etc. To the tune of, *Coming down*. The full title of it is, 'Captain Kid's Farewell to the Seas; or, The Famous Pirate's Lament.' Earlier, in 1696 (on the *verso* of our 'Three Merry Butchers,' vol. vii. p. 62), with a burden of *Let Pirates then take care*, etc., was printed for Charles Barnet, 'Villany Rewarded; or, the Pirate's Last Farewell to the World; who was exec. at Execution-Dock, Wedn. 25 Nov., 1696, Being of *Avery's* crew': "Well may the world against us cry, for these our deeds most base." Tune of *Russell's Farewell*. John Avery's own fate is unknown. The song of 'Bold Captain Avery,' beginning, "Come, all ye young Sailors, of courage so bold," says that he dated his commission in 1692. It is in Trowbesh Collection.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 609.]

The Merites of Piracie;

Or,

A new Song on Captain *Green* and his bloody Crue.

To the Tune of, *My Virgin's Treasure.*

OF all the Pirates I've heard or seen,
The basest and bloodiest is Captain *Green*;
To treat our Merchant-ships at such a rate,
After robbery his crime to aggravate,
Under pretence of setting them a-shoar,
Our Merchant-men them to devore: [sic, *verb. et lit.*
Which clearly is proven to be very true;
He deserves to be hang'd and all his Crue.

How great was God's providence in discovering
This odious Murther, and it to light bring!
By a Villian [who] pretended to marry a lass, [i.e. *Geo. Hynds.*
That lives in *Burntisland*; if it had come to pass
That he had obtained her to be his Bride,
We should never have known what did *Drummond* betide;
As he was from *Indies* returning home,
Whom *Green* basely murthered, when to *Malăbra* come. [*sic.*

This villian *John Hynds*, who at first did discover,
Deserves to be hanged, for example to other;
Such villians hereafter to deny what they say,
Once out of reveange, then with both hands to play.
And as for *John Madder*, who ought to have rather
Preserved his country, he deserves a Tadder; [*i.e.* tether, noose.
And that is too too little if he get his due:
He's the bloodiest villian of all the Crue.

No Murther and Robbery was ever more clear
Made evident than this, as doth now appear
By their own declaration after sentence given,
Fearing to be debarred from Heaven
If they die so hard-hearted as not to confess,
Or if by confessing they may have redress;
Which if they obtain, they'l fall to a-new,
To rob, to murther: then hang all the base Crue,

[*Note.*—We retain the wretched spelling of the Edinburgh print, 1705. It was worthy of the occasion. But see the Counter-blast *Elegy* on p. 218. The tune named, *My Virgin's Treasure*, has not been identified.]

Except the *Chirurgion*, the *Cook*, and the *Black*, [p. 214.
That yet remains of that bloody pack;
Because ingenious they were in their *Narrations*,
And constant were to their first declarations.
But for all the rest of so cruel a Crue
Hanging is too little, if they get their due;
And more especially *Madder* and *Hynds*
Should be hang'd, drawn, quarter'd, hung in chains.

Let this to all hellish villians hereafter prove
A warning, from falling into such crimes; least *Jove*
Pursue them with vengeance, as he hath done *Green*
And his bloody Crue, whose practice has been
Of a long time to live by Piracie
And Murther, which we sufficiently see
To be most clear and evidently proven:
Let *Green* and his Crue to the gallows be driven. Finis.

[White-letter. No colophon. One cut: a man in armour, belonging to group in vol. vi. p. 110. Date, April, 1705.]

*** The literature of this vexed question concerning the guilt or innocence of Captain Thomas Green is large, but need not be detailed, although there is much to reward research among the law-papers and diplomatic interchange of views, where plain-speaking of truth was carefully avoided. As usual, human nature resorted to ugly subterfuges. And, since Green and his crew had been already slaughtered by a sort of illegal 'Jeddart Justice' the after discussions were little beyond academic trifling. "What was to be done? It was perfectly plain, *That they could not well hang the man over again!*"

In the British Museum Collection of *Poetical Broadsides*, p. 225, is 'An Elegy on the Much Lamented Death of Captain *Thomas Green*, who was executed with others of his crew, under the pretence of being a Pirate, in *Scotland*, April the 11th, 1705.' Begins, 'Presumptuous arrogance! inhuman rage!' and ends thus:

Elegy.

"Reader, within this silent vault an *English* Captain lies,
By whose sad exit we are taught, that men of wealth who trusts a *Scot*
Henceforth most surely dies,
A ship well freighted is a crime, here punished at a high rate,
And store of pelf at any time, at anchor near this hungry clime,
Will make a saint a Pirate."

We admit that 'Vault,' 'taught,' and '*Scot*' are not happily conjoined as rhymes, but when the sentiment is so satisfactory it would be invidious to cavil. As to nom. plural governing a singular verb, this of old formed the rule, not the exception in popular verse. As Sheridan's Sir Lucius said, "When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style?" Why be so nastily particular? Was not Elkanah Settle, *circâ* 1680, made London's Civic Laureate? (although he ultimately became a green-leather Dragon at Bartholomew fair). There are always similar claimants of higher honours.

The *Elegy* was 'printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1705.'

The True Scotsman's Lament for the Union.

(March, 1707.)

Thursday, 6, 1707.—"This day the Queen gave the royal assent to the *Union Bill*, at which time the Tower guns, etc., were discharged, and [she] made a speech to this effect: That it was with the greatest satisfaction that she had given her assent thereto, being a matter of the greatest importance to the wealth and safety of the whole island, and a work of so much difficulty that till now all attempts that had been made for above a hundred years past had proved ineffectual, and [she] doubted not that 'twould be spoken of hereafter to the honour of those who were instrumental in bringing it [to such a happy conclusion; she] desired of all her subjects of both nations that they act with all kindnesses to one another, that it may appear [to all the world] they have hearts disposed to become one people," etc.—Narcissus Luttrell's *Brief Relation of State Affairs*, vi. 146; collated with Tindal's *Continuation* of Rapin, Book xxvi. p. 789.

WHATEVER benefits were ultimately to result to Scotland by the enrichment of her industrious people, drawn closer into mercantile and social relations with England, there were at the time, and especially among the most patriotic of the Scotch in their own land, both disappointment and indignation, felt keenly and expressed energetically. Voluminous are the records; miserable were the charges and counter-charges, the satires, pasquils, lampoons, and calumniatory private letters or annotations, such as Robert Mylne delighted to transcribe into his MSS. Personal rancour played a part in the controversy, at least equal to any real love for the country and desire for its continued independence. But when had Scotland really been independent? Had it not been torn by factions and rebellious insubordination, long before or after being subjected to the interference of the first Edward? Had one of the Stewarts, or Stuarts, been able to boast of a prosperous reign? (Compare the *Sempill Ballads*.) Had not the intestinal divisions, the warfare of clans and factions amongst themselves, hindered the growth of national prosperity, even before the devolution of the Crown to William of Orange? An abundance of material exists, well worthy of study, to show the furiousness of anger and antagonism excited against the "thirty-one rogues that put the bryde to her bed," the said bride being Scotland at the Union. Scots sang, on April 16, 1706, to the tune of *Fy, let us all to the wedding*, a list of the thirty-one, beginning,

> "Fy, let us all to the treaty, for there will be wonders there,
> For *Scotland's* to be a Bryde, and married by the Earl of *Stair*."

Other Anti-Union ballads began, respectively,

> "Our Senate has had many a fiery debate,
> About settling the Kirk and securing the State,
> But if its decrees will determine their fate
> *They're wiser than I can tell*," etc.

Again, 'Upon the Rogues in Parliament,' 1704,' a ballad told,

"Our Parliament is met on a hellish design;
'Gainst God and *the true Heir* knaves doe combine [i.e. *James* VIII. Chev. *St. George*.
To play the game over of old 'forty-nine:
But unless they repent they'll be damn'd."

In 1706 came 'Verses on the *Scots* Peers,' beginning "Our Duiks wer' deills, our Marquesses were mad"; and, later, 1707, 'A Litanie anent the Union,' beginning "From forced and divided Union . . . . *Libera nos, Domine!*" which mentions De Foe and William Paterson, of Darien and the Bank of Scotland, as "From Pilloried Poets and Scots Pedlars." The 17th stanza, omitted by J. Maidment, we restore from transcript of Mylne's MS.:—

"From arbitrary government
Of Court, Kirk, Councell, Parliament,
And Messengers for Treaty sent,
Libera nos, Domine!"

Our Roxburghe Collection holds two of these Anti-Union manifestoes, both of them sung to the already popular tune of *Old Long Syne* [sic], which a century later became fixed and consolidated by Robert Burns with his world-famed lines, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?" [The earliest known version (attributed doubtfully to Francis Sempill, or to Sir Robert Aytoun) is in James Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*, Part 3, p. 71, 1711, "Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never thought upon? The flames of Love extinguished, and freely past and gone?" The second version failed to keep place abidingly, written by Allan Ramsay (A. R.'s *Poems*, i. 72, 1721); beginning, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, though they return with scars? these are the noble hero's lot, obtain'd in glorious wars." A third attempt followed, viz. the Rev. Joseph Skinner's 'Auld Minister's Song,'—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, or friendship e'er grow cauld?" This prepared the triumph of Burns in 1788. See the *Scots' Musical Museum*, vol. v. p. 426, 1796.]

We believe that neither 'The True Scots-Man's Lament' nor the 'Excellent new Song, O Caledon! O Caledon!' are elsewhere attainable in print. These exemplars were preserved by Robert Harley. "O Caledon!" was circulated to help the cause of the Chevalier St. George, while he waited in Scotland, under the convoy of the Count de Fourbin, in the expedition from Dunkirk, March, 170⅞: the success of the expedition was frustrated by the activity of Sir George Byng, and also by adverse winds preventing the voyage farther north. (Byng became in 1721 Baron Southill, Viscount Torrington. A Roxb. ballad, disparaging his son John Byng, the ill-starred Admiral, who, for alleged neglect of duty, was shot on board the *Monarque*, at Portsmouth, March 14, 1757, belongs to the '*Troubles of the Georges.*' *Cf.* p. 186.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 641. No other exemplar noted.]

The true *Scots*-Man's Lament,

for the Loss of the Rights of their Ancient Kingdom.

[To the Tune of, *Old Long-Syne*: "Should old Acquaintance be forgot?" See p. 220.]

SHall Monarchy be quite forgot, and of it no more heard;
Antiquity be razed out, and Slav'ry put in stead?
Is *Scots*-men's blood now grown so cold, the valour of their mind,
That they can never once reflect, *on old long sine*, etc. [*sic.*

What shall become now of our Crown, we have so long possest?
Is it no more Fashionable, that we should have it drest?
Shall we it for Tobacco sell, and never once repine?
Ah! then it's late for to reflect *on old long sine*, etc.

How oft have our fore-fathers spent their blood in it's defence;
Shall we then have it stol'n away, by *English* influence?
We'll curse the actors of the deed, when under yoke we pine;
Why will ye not again reflect *on old long sine*, etc.

Old *Albion*, what will come of thee, when *England* sits thy Judge?
May thou not only then expect oppression, but refuge?
It's their design to ruin thee, as clearly may be seen;
Why wilt thou not again reflect *on old long sine*, etc.

How shall our crazy shoulders bear the burden of their Tax?
Tho' they be rich, and we but poor, they will not us relax,
Unless some skilful one ov'rturn the ground of the design;
But then it's late for to reflect *on old long sine*, etc.

The name of *Britain* shortly will thy body hence possess;
England, thy head will flourish great, thy body will decrease:
The *Union* will thy ruin be, thou'lt know in future time;
[Yet] will you scorn for to forget *good old long sine*, etc.

Was not our nation sometime brave, invincible, and stout?
Conquering *Cæsar*, that great king, could not put it to rout;
Nor not so much as tribute get, for all his great design:
These men, I think, thought to maintain *good old long sine*, etc.

Did not *Romish* Ambassadors before our King kneel down?
I mean *Corbredus*, *Claudius* great, most valiant of renown;
And the proposals of a peace unto him did resign? [21st Kg.
These actions may make us reflect *on old long sine*, etc.

The Royal *Bruce*, if now alive, he surely would regret,
And blame our Grandees irefully of *Scotland's* wretched state;
And tell them he priz'd Monarchy while he was in his prime,
And bid them look right speedily *to old long sine.*

May not experience teach thee well, in *Edward Longshank's* reign,
How they pretended good to thee, yet since meant no such thing;
But meerly stole from us the Chair we did so high esteem: [From *Scone.*
It's strange to me ye should forget *good old long sine.*

Yet it was not by their own strength that they gain'd such a prize;
But by our own base *Malecontents*, who did them well advise;
I mean the *Cuming*, *Kirkpatrick*, *Vallange* of treach'rous mind:
Such men, I fear, have [been] the cause that we must now so pine.

Do not you mind the barns of *Air*, where eighteen score were killed?
Under the colour of a truce our worthies' blood was spill'd;
And what by force they could not win, by fraud they did obtain:
Me wonders you should so forget *good old long sine.*

Remember *William Wallace* wight, and his accomplices;
Scotland they undertook to free when it was in distress.
Likewise Sir *James*, the Black *Douglas*, under the *Bruce's* reign:
These men spar'd not their blood to spill *for old long sine.*

Why did thou then thy Union break thou had of late with *France*,
Where Honours were conferr'd on thee? but now not so's thy chance:
Thou must subject thy neck unto an high proud nation;
And more and more strive to forget *good old long sine.*

Was it their seeming riches that induced thee to sell
Thy Honours, which as never yet no Monarch ev'r could quell;
Nor our integrities once break, in all the bygone time?
Yet now you seem for to forget *good old long sine.*

The elder brother* let him read the neighbour Margin Line;
The second let him but look back to ruin'd *Darien*: [1698–1700.
I'm hopeful then you will remorse on former ill that's done;
And strive in time for to maintain *good old long sine*, etc.

Now mark and see what is the cause of this so great a fall:
Contempt of faith, falshood, deceit, and villany withall;
But rouse your selves, like *Scotish* lads, and quit your selves as men;
And more and more strive to maintain *good old long sine*, etc.

Finis.

[In White-letter. No woodcut or p. name. Date, March 6, 1707.]

* Perhaps an understood allusion to Prince James Fred. Edward Stuart, the young half-brother of Queen Anne. But more probably 'elder brother' may have referred to William III. as husband of Mary; and thence the title went to Anne's consort, George of Denmark, who did not die until 28 Nov., 1708.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 608. No other exemplar noted.]

An Excellent New Song.

To the Tune of, *Old Long Syne.* [See p. 220.]

O *CALEDON!* O *CALEDON!* how wretched is thy fate!
I, thy St. *ANDREW*, do lament thy poor abandon'd state;
O *Caledon!* O *Caledon!* how griev'd am I to think
That thy sad story written is, with blood, instead of ink.

In days of yore you was renowned, conspicuous was your fame;
All nations did your valour praise, and loyalty proclaim;
You did your ancient rights maintain, and liberties defend,
And scorn'd to have it thought that you on *England* did depend.

Unto your Kings you did adhere; stood by the Royal race;
With them you honour great did gain, and paths of glory trace;
With royal *STEWART* at your head, all enemies oppose,
And like our brave couragious *Clans*, in pieces cut your foes.

Your Kings did justice then dispense, and led you on to fight;
And your heroick valour was, like their example, bright.
An happy people then you were, in plenty did abound,
And your untainted loyalty with blessings great was crown'd.

But oh! alas! the case is chang'd, you'r wretched and forlorn;
The hardships now imposed on you by slaves are only born[e];
Your antient rights, which you so long did with your blood maintain,
Are meanly sold and given up, and you dare scarce complain.

Justice now hath fled away, with Taxes you'r opprest,
And every little pratling wretch may freely you molest.
The choicest of your noblest blood are banish'd far away,
And such as do remain at home must truckle and obey.

Your martial spirit's quite decay'd, you're poor contented slaves;
You're kick'd and cuff'd, oppress'd, harrass'd, by scoundrels, fools,
and knaves;
You did against your King rebel, abjur'd the Royal race:
For which just Heaven did punish you with woes, contempt, disgrace.

This Prince alone the Crown should wear, and Royal scepter sway;
To him alone you should submit, and your allegiance pay—
A Prince indu'd with virtues rare, so warlike, just, and great,
That were it not to punish you, he'd have a better fate.

O *Caledon!* O *Caledon!* look back from whence you fell,
And from your sufferings learn your guilt, and never more rebel;
Regain your antient liberties, redeem your Rights and Laws,
Restore your injur'd lawful King, or perish in the cause.

Your reputation thus you may, thus only can, retrieve;
And till you justice do to him, you need not think to thrive.
O may the Almighty, King of Kings, His Sov'rain Power extend,
And His Anointed's precious life from perils all defend.

O may just Heaven assert his right, him to his own restore,
And may the *Scottish* Nation shine illustrious as before.
O *Caledon!* O *Caledon!* how joyful would I be
To see your King upon the Throne, and you from chains set free.

Finis.

[White-letter. No cut or publisher's name. Date, March, 1707, when the French landing with the Chevalier St. George, from Dunkirk, was expected.]

The Chevalier de St. George.

WE bring certain evidence that so early as the year 1709, if not before, there had been an affectionate recognition as "*The Princely Laddie*" of Prince James, the Chevalier de St. George, otherwise 'the old Pretender,' James VIII. of Scotland, James III. of England. The tune had been previously named the *Highland Laddie*.

Lynes on King *James* the *VIIIth*;
Or, The Princelie Laddie.

To the Tune of, *The Highland Lad*[*d*]*ie*. (Written by young *Niddrie*, 1709.)

WHat sad misfortunes us surround,
As they have oftymes done already;
I'me sure no peace can e're be found
Till we get home our Princely Laddie.
O my bonny, bonny Princely Laddie, [*Passim.*
O my bonny, bonny, Princely Laddie,
If vast Empyres were at my command,
To serve you they should all be ready.

They banish'd you in your infancy,
And so did they your Royall father, [James VII.
But yet I hope we'll live to see,
You enjoy your ancient crown and scepter.

You did once come oure, your own to view, [*March*, 1708.
Thinking your Subjects would receive you,
But alas! you was forced to bid adieu,
For some you trusted did deceive you.

All Loyal Subjects lend your ear
Unto your Prince's great misfortune,
And venture all that's to you dear,
That once againe ye may support him.

God bless your Loyall subjects all,
That wish your happy Restoration;
And send them soon a sudden fall
That stops your right of true Succession.

O gallant Prince! once more returne,
I hope your Subjects will prove loyall,
That they may not have cause to mourne,
That holds you for their King most Royall.

O if that happy day were come,
That we enjoy'd so great a treasure,
With trumpets and with tuck of drum
We should proclame our princely *Cæsar.*—*Robt. Mylnes' MS.* i. 182.

A Birthday Ode came from 'Young Niddrie' at the same date:—

Although his back be at the wa',
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.

A Song on the Birth-day of King *James the VIII*, 10 *June*, 1709.

(By young *Niddrie*, to the Tune of, *Over the Hills and far away.*)

COME, all fast friends, let's joyntly pay
Our vows on this great solemn day:
Of no man we will stand in awe,
To drink his health that's far awa'.
He's over the seas and far awa'; he's over the seas and far awa';
Of no man we will stand in awe, to drink his health that's far awa'.

We'll drink no healths but honest ones;
We'll rax their necks, and break their bones,
That dare not venture lyfe and a'
To drink his health that's far awa.' *He's over, etc.* [*Passim.*

Though he be banisht from his own,
By paracides that now are gone
To view the Shades that are below,
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.

All Loyal Subjects rouse your hearts,
And of this health take each your parts;
Altho' his back be at the wa',
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.

Disloyal *Whigs*, gang ye your way,
And keep the nowt, the sheep, the quey, [*t.* 'Kay' = cow-calves.
For that is proper for your fa',
While we drink his health that's far awa'.

All honest men, come ye to me,
That has a spark of Loyalty,
And drink your banisht King's good health,
And for him venture lyfe and wealth.

But yet I hope he will come home,
And safelie brook what is his own;
Untill that happy day does daw'
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.

Then *Whigrie* s' be turn'd upside down,
And Bishops shall put on the gown;
We'll drive the rebels [frae the ha',] [*text*, 'all awa'.]
When he comes home that's far awa'.

All that the Abjuration take,
Or did the hellish Union make,
They shall be hang'd bot dome or law, [*bot* = *sans*.
When he comes home that's far awa'.

Hanover's tytle shall be gone,
When the Right Heir's upon the Throne;
We'll all be blyth, we s' a' be bra',
When he comes home that's far awa'. *He's over the seas, etc.*

By Niddrie, the Younger (*Robt. Mylnes' MS.* i. 246; ii. 14).

A year later, viz. in 1710, another 'Loyal Health' included the amiable Princess Louisa (born 1692, died 1712), the Chevalier's young sister. Also their mother, the Queen Dowager, Maria of Modena, who, after thirty years of exile, died on the 17th May, 1718, having survived her husband seventeen years.

A Loyal Health, 1710.

COme, here's a health to our noble King,
For its King *James* that I mean,
And Princess *Louisa*, and her mother the Queen. [*L.* nat. 1692, ob. 1712.
Set the glass to your lips, and your knee to the ground:
It's a merry, merry health, boys, let it go round!
——*Ibid.* ii. 15.

In the Birthday Health, 1712, such petty titles as Carrick, Renfrew, and the Kyles of Bute, provoke a smile.

The Royall Titles;
Or,
The Healths of the Day: being 10 *June*, 1712.

GOD bless, preserve, and home in safety bring,
JAMES Third, Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland's* King;
Head of the Church, the Christian Faith's Defender,
Although by traytors falsely term'd '*Pretender*.'
Of *Scotland* Prince, and *Stewart's* Royall pearl,
Duke *Rothsay*, *Carrick*, *Cunningham*, *Kyles'* Earl;
Lord of the Isles, and Baron of *Renfrew*,
Heir of *Interdinning*, and Provost of *Craile*, too.
Goodman o' *Ballingeich*; in *England*, Prince of *Wales*,
The Duke of *Cornwall*, Earl of *Chester* Halls.
In *Ireland*, great and mighty Prince of *Ulster*,
And also, most illustrious Prince of *Munster*.
Chiefe of the Knights of Thistle and the Garter;
Heir and successor to the royall Martyr.
You loyalist[s] of this who take a view,
Mind to give God and *Cæsar* both their due.
——*Robt. Mylnes' MS.* ii. 95.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 673; *A TORY Pill to Purge WHIG Melancholy*, iv. 7, 1715. *A Pill to purge State Melancholy*, i. 51; *Political Merriment, or, Truths told to some Tune*, Part 2, p. 103, 1714.]

The Age of Wonders.

To the Tune of, *Chevy Chase*. [See vol. vi. p. 740.]

THE Year of Wonders is arrived! the Devil has learnt to dance;
The Church from danger just retriev'd, by help brought in from *France*.

Nature's run mad, and madmen rule; the World's turn'd upside down;
Tumult puts in to keep the peace, and Popery the Crown.

In all the ages of the world, such wonders ne're were seen;
Papists cry out for th' *English* Church, and Rabbles for the Queen.

The Pulpit thunders death and war, to heal the bleeding Nation;
And sends Dissenters to the D—l, to keep the Toleration.

The High-Church clergy, mounted high, like sons of *Jehu* drive;
And over true Religion ride, to keep the Church alive.

The *Furiosos* of the Church come foremost, like the wind;
And Moderation, out of breath, comes trotting on behind. [Bp. *Hoadley*.

The realm from danger to secure, to foreign aid we cry;
With Papists and Nonjurors join, to keep out Popery.

King *William* on our knees we curse, and damn the Revolution;
And to preserve the Nation's Peace we study its confusion.

With treacherous heart and double tongue, both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the side we swear against, and curse the side we swear to.

To Heaven we for our Sovereign pray, & take the Abjuration; [Ab. Oath.
But take it *Hocus Pocus* way, with juggling Reservation.

Sachev'rel-like, with double-face, we pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile grimace, but drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite, and Protestant Succession;
But if the D—l came for both, we'd give him free possession.

Our scheme of politicks is wise, good L—d! that you'd but read it;
'T pulls *Marlbro'* down, to beat the *French*, and the Bank to keep our credit.

Because our Treasurer was just, & House of Commons hearty, [*Godolphin*.
And neither wou'd betray their trust, or sell us to a Party,

Our business is, that neither may their places long abide in,
But get such chosen in their room, as no man can confide in;

Who shall deserve your mighty praise, for Fund, and eke for Loan,
And may the Nation's credit raise, but never can their own.

Because declaring Rights to reign, our Parliaments have part in,
We'll have the Queen that Claim disown, for one's that more uncertain.

The Restoration to make plain, that *Perkin* may'nt miscarry,* [See *Note.*
We've wisely wheedl'd up the Queen to Right Hereditary.

The dignity of Parliaments, the stronger to imprint in 's,
We hug the Priest whom they condemn, and ridicule their sentence. [*i.e. Sacheverell.*

In order to discourage Mobs, and keep the people quiet, [*Note.*
The Rabblers we condemn for form, but not a rogue shall die yet.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite, for retrieving *English* honour,
His *D*[*uch*]*ess* shall have all the spite that fools can put upon her—

For battles fought, and towns reduc'd, and Popish armies broken;
And that our *English* gratitude may to future times be spoken;

While fighting for the Nation he looks danger in the face,
We strive t' insult his family, and load him with disgrace.

Because he's crowned with victory, and all the people love him,
We hate the man for the Success, and therefore will remove him. [= his s.

And now we're stirring up the mob against a new Election,
That High-Church members may be chose by our most wise direction.

That Queens may Parliaments dissolve, no doubt 'tis right and just;
But we have found it out that now, because she may, she must.

The Bankrupt Nation to restore, and pay the millions lent,
We'll at one dash wipe out the score, with spunge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the War, with neither fund nor debit;
And Banks shall eat us up no more, upon pretence of credit.

If not, we'll close with terms of Peace prescrib'd by *France* and *Rome*,
That war, being huddl'd up abroad, may then break out at home.

London Printed, and *Edinburgh* Reprinted by *John Reid, junior*, MDCCX.

[White-letter. No cut. Date, Aug., 1710. Parliament dissolved, 28 Sept.]

Note.—Perkin was a nick-name (derived originally from *Perkin Warbeck*, who claimed to be Richard, Duke of York, younger son of Edward IV., the rightful heir to the Crown in Henry VII's time), transferable to every Pretender. It had been borne by Monmouth in 1685; it was used in 1710 for the Chevalier St. George, and would in 1745-46 be hurled at "the Young Pretender," Prince Charles Edward. See later ballads in '*Troubles of the Georges*.' Next stanza (19th) mentions Dr. *Sacheverell*, sentenced to three years' deprivation from preaching, and to have his sermons burnt by the Hangman. Sermon on '*Church in Danger*,' at St. Paul's, 5 Nov., 1709. 20th stanza alludes to the mob having attacked *Daniel Burgess's* Meeting-house, and burnt his pulpit, 1st March, 1710, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; during the time of Sacheverell's trial. 21st stanza in favour of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough; by an adherent. Entitled '*Wonders upon Wonders*,' in Answer to the *Age of Wonders*, to the same tune, a Tory version of the ballad begins, "The Year of Wonders is arrived, *Truth makes a brave advance*." etc.: quoted on p. 209; the other 23 stanzas are in the *Catalogue of Prints*, Brit. Museum, ii. 337, 1873.

The last five stanzas of Roxburghe broadside '*Age of Wonders*' are omitted from the reprint of it in the so-called '*Tory Pill to Purge Whig Melancholy*.'

An End to our Sorrows.

IT was no longer left to illiterate hirelings of West Smithfield or London-bridge publishers to write the political ballads in 1711. Dean Swift and other leading men lent their aid, and were unsparing in their gibes, in sarcasm, and calumnies. The ironical banter of this 'Excellent New Song' did not impose on a Tory adversary. Harley knew that "praise undeserved is satire in disguise.'

*** In vol. iv. p. 384, we had reprinted another ditty of 1711, the one entitled 'Queen *Elizabeth's* Day; or, The Downfall of the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender,' to the tune of *Bonny Dundee* (Roxb. Coll., III. 557), beginning, "Let us sing to the memory of glorious Queen *Bess*." It was revived in *A Pill to Purge State Melancholy*, p. 88, 1716. The party-demonstrations were suddenly arrested, and the riotous show interrupted.

We also (in vol. iv. p. 329) reprinted another ballad of this same year, viz, 'The Thanksgiving' of November, 1711, beginning, "Let us sing the New Ministry's Praise"; and several others of Queen Anne's reign, on Marlborough's victories, the battle of *Audenard*, etc., are in our *Bagford Ballads*. We reserved a few, such as 'The Raree Show,' relating to the Peace of Utrecht, 1713, "there be de var pretty show, just come from *Parie*"; and 'The Honest Jury; or, *Caleb* Triumphant,' 1732, beginning, "Rejoice, ye good writers, your pens are set free." (Both of these belong to the Roxburghe Coll., III. 817, III. 637.) It is idle of shallow critics to complain against the virulence of Tory satirists, either in the seventeenth or the later centuries, for the Whiggish scribes equalled them in malignity and unscrupulousness. Abigail Hill, Mrs. Masham, was lampooned, because she was believed to advocate the just claims of Queen Anne's half-brother, and was the successful rival who had ousted Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Abigail became a proverbial nick-name for an intriguing Lady's-maid. One Whig ballad, to the tune of *Fair Rosamond* (see our vol. vi. p. 667), begins thus:—

> "When as Queen *Anne*, of great renown, *Great Britain's* sceptre sway'd,
> Besides the Church, she dearly lov'd a Dirty Chambermaid.
>
> "O! *Abigail*, that was her name, she starch'd and stitch'd full well;
> But how she pierced this royal heart, no mortal man can tell.
>
> "However, for sweet service done, and causes of great weight,
> Her royal Mistress made her, oh! a Minister of State.
>
> "Her Secretary she was not, because she could not write;
> But had the conduct and the care of some dark deeds at night.
>
> "Th' important pass of the *back-stairs* was put into her hand,
> And up she brought the greatest Rogue grew in this fruitful land."

Meaning no less than Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford (1711). In *The Raree Show* ballad he is nicknamed *Harlequin*, from his contortions; and thence, *Hermodactyl*. To him we owe the preservation of the chief part of this (afterwards Roxburghe) Collection. A few of these political ballads mention him: *e.g.* those on pp. 230, 235, and 236. He was created Earl of Oxford, 24 May, 1711; impeached in the Lords, under George 1st, 10 June, 1715 (the Chevalier's birthday!), but acquitted, 1st July, 1717. He died on 21 May, 1724. Another song, High Church Loyalty, begins thus, to the tune of *Windsor Terrace*:

> "*Dona*, in qualms, sent *Abb.* her drab, for ease; [Qn. A.
> And *Hermodactyl* knew the knack well, patient how to please, etc."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 646. *A Pill to Purge State Melancholy*, i. p. 45.]

An Excellent New Song,

Called,

An End to our Sorrows.

To the Tune of, *I laugh at the Pope's Devices.*

SIng praise to our grac'ous Queen *Anne*, who quietly sits on her Throne,
Having well got rid of a *clan* that too saucily wise were grown. [*Junto.*

For their *Councils* (as well it is seen) and *Schemes* were so *very correct*,
They left no pow'r in the Queen, or Amendments to make or reject.

Which was a *just cause* to discard 'm, and lodge the whole power in *One:*
Heaven, doubtless, will justly reward him, if he finishes as he has begun.

His act'ons so *wise* are and *just*, without any *sinister* ends; [*R. Harley.*
Although he should do, what his trust will not warrant, we will be his friends.

His capacity's greater by far than any Statesman that e'er went before him;
Having paid a *vast Debt* to a farthing *without money*, for which we adore him.

He'll *silver* in *plenty* bring home, by the *Trade* fixt in the *South Sea;*
Which, if it to *any thing* come, no doubt it will *something be.* [*vide post.*

Our *Credit* was once at a stand, but now 'tis *restor'd* again;
Since *nine* or *ten* does command what with *six* was endeavour'd in vain.

And *fifty per cent.* has such savour, 'twill always our Navy supply;
And who, for trusting his *favour*, can give better reasons why?

But this is but part of the sum, that to his great wisdom we owe;
A *Peace* he has under his thumb, that does all his great act'ons out-go.

By which, of the *Ballance* of *Power*, we need have no farther care;
Since *Philip* of *Spain* shall restore *ev'ry inch* that *Old Lewis* can spare.

The *Act of Succession* shall be confirm'd to the joy of the nation;
Of which, we all must agree, that *Perkin* has no expectation. [C. St. *G.*

Of our *Trade*, too, is taken great care, which cannot be reckon'd in vain;
For now we have nothing to fear, if *France* does her *promise maintain.*

For th' *Allies* the quest'on is, whether (such *care* of our selves being *taken*)
'Tis mater'al to keep 'm together, to save one another's bacon.

'Tis a work so hard to be done, each separate State to please;
'Tis better to let it alone, than thereby to obstruct such a Peace. [*Utrecht.*

While the *Church*, as Established by law, is fenc'd with such *zealous defenders;*
As soon we may dread any clause that may favour the *Pope*, as *Dissenters.*

All this being gain'd by the Peace, will sure drive away all our fears;
Espec'ally since a *long lease* is secur'd of at least *three years.*

Then sing to the praise and glory of Her who sits on the Throne;
Let every *Whig* and *Tory* be thankful for this when done.

Till when, for better or worse, we impat'ently wait the success;
Which a *blessing* will be, or a *curse*: pray God it may be for the best.

Printed in the year MDCCXI.

[White-letter. No cut. Reprinted in "*A Pill to Purge State Melancholy*," 1716, page 457: it had belonged, as shown on the broadside, to 1711.]

Ballad on Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton.

DUELS are numerous in these *Roxburghe Ballads*. For Sir George Wharton's with Stewart, 1609, and Armstrong's with Musgrave, see vol. vii. pp. 595, 606; for Hartlove's with Martin, also Christy Graham's with young Bewick, see pp. 113, 160, in this vol. viii. Here follows the fatal duel of James Douglas, Earl of Arran, fourth Duke of Hamilton, and Charles, Lord Mohun, fifth Baron, fought on Sunday morning, 15th November, 1712, near the Ring in Hyde Park, Kensington. Both were killed, Mohun being left dead on the field, and the Duke mortally wounded.

Lord Mohun's vicious life was well known, and he was virtually the assassin of the play-writer and actor, William Mountford, on account of the beautiful actress, Anne Bracegirdle. The death-stab was administered by a confederate, Captain Richard Hill, Dec. 9th, 1692. In January, 169$\frac{2}{3}$, Lord Mohun petitioned the House of Lords, to obtain bail and be brought to trial for the murder of Mr. Mountford. On the 13th he was arrested, in the ante-chamber, and sent to the Tower. He was left to be tried at Westminster Hall. It was proved that he had changed clothes with Captain Hill, and that they laid wait for their victim above an hour with drawn swords. When Mountford came, Mohun embraced him, while Hill came up and gave him a box on the ear. Hill then ran him through, before Mountford's own sword was drawn. Mohun was acquitted by a majority of 55 (69 for not guilty, 14 for guilty). Mountford's widow married Verbruggen.

In the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. v. p. 244, is a burlesque Elegy on Mountfort, to the tune of *Packington's Pound*, beginning,

> "Poor *Mountford* is gone, and the Ladies do all
> Break their hearts for this beau, as they did for *Duvall*."

The doubly fatal duel of Lord Mohun and James Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, took place on the 15th November, 1712. Dean Swift gave an account of it, in his *Journal to Stella*. He hastened to the Duchess, on learning the news, to comfort her. A contemporary picture shows Mohun lying on the ground, and Macartney stabbing the Duke of Hamilton. But it is not trustworthy.

General George Macartney, Mohun's second, had severely wounded the Duke's second, Colonel Andrew Hamilton, and fled abroad; when the Whigs were in power he came home, and stood his trial at Court of King's-Bench, 18th June, 1716. Convicted of manslaughter, but acquitted of murder, he remained virtually unpunished: 'branded' with a cold iron. (The *Raree-Show* ballad mentions him.) A burlesque song on 'the Fight,' collated with G. R. Kinloch's MS., follows the Roxburghe ballad.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 390 ; Douce, III. 55.]

An Excellent Ballad of the Lord *Mohun* and Duke *Hamilton*.

With an Exact Account of their Melancholy Deaths.

[Tune of *Chevy Chase*. See vol. vi. p. 740.]

COme, all ye people far and near, of high and low degree ;
Sad tidings I have brought you here, and therefore mourn with me.
It was a sad unhappy chance, it was, I need must say ;
Two Nobles great, in passion bent, cast both their lives away.

The one Duke *Hamilton* by name, the other brave Lord *Mohun*,
Renowned men of birth and fame, but oh ! they perished soon.
Great men have got great daring souls, and vicious hearts likewise ;
For from the glass and swimming bowls great quarrels do arise,

Which often end with blood and death, ne'er to return again :
Life is but one short blast of breath ; here's two great Nobles slain.
If men of honour did but know that death would part their fray,
And lay their lofty heads full low, 'till the great Judgment-day,

They would their passions bridle sure, and not admit such strife ;
But each one thinks himself secure, 'till he's bereav'd of life.
It was a sad and sudden fate, from grandeur unto death, [*i.* 'fall.'
That these two Nobles here did fall, and lost their mortal breath.

It was a sad and sudden fate ; that did the Queen surprize :
She has lost two brave subjects great, and they have lost their lives,
Which might have serv'd the Government in many weighty things ;
Which made them all with tears lament that wrath such ruin brings.

Alas ! alas ! I little thought, upon the other day,
That blooming honour should be brought so soon to beds of clay.
Instead of trumpets' loud alarms, in courtly form likewise ;
In death's cold joys, and frozen arms, this man of honour lies.

Great men will not submissive take a quarrel from a friend,
But strait they will a challenge make and mortally attend.
For satisfaction, all in vain, they prize no less than life,
And these two Nobles who were slain invade a mortal strife.

Lord *Mohun* wounded Duke *Hamilton*, & would have then give' o'er ;
The Duke reply'd he had not done, and pass'd at him once more.
The sword quite thro' his body past, immediately he fell ;
And in *Hyde Park* he breath'd his last, and bid the world farewell.

The Duke was carry'd off, and dy'd within a little while :
All former feuds were laid aside, and death did end the broil.

It was a great and sad surprize, when to his lady he was brought,
All bath'd in blood; aloud she cries, "Who has this fatal mischief
wrought? [See *Note*.

"What bloody hand has done this deed? speak, if you can, my
noble Lord;
Against his life I will proceed, he shall not miss of his reward."
"It was Lord *Mohun*, Lady," he cry'd, "that first gave me this fatal
wound;
Yet with my sword I'm satisfy'd, I left him breathless on the ground.

"It was a rash attempt I own, but who can help what's done
and past?"
Then with a sigh and dying groan, he in her presence breath'd his last.
"My little son of blooming youth, thy father being dead and slain,
I bathe his corpse with dying tears, altho' I know them shed in vain.

"Dear son, now for thy father's sake, if thou livest to maturity,
Such a rash challenge never make, but in sweet friendship live and die.
Thou seest my eyelids overflow, thy father's death afflicts me still;
Unto my private room alone I'll go, and of weeping take my fill."

Printed and Sold in *Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[White-letter reprint, with one woodcut, representing a double duel.
Date of original issue, soon after the duel, 13th November, 1712.]

Note.—In the final stanzas the Duchess of Hamilton is mentioned: Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Digby, Lord Gerard. She was the Duke's second wife (his first had been Anne, daughter of Robert, 2nd Earl of Sunderland). Elizabeth's son, James, succeeded to the titles, as 5th Duke of Hamilton and 2nd Duke of Brandon: obiit 1742–43.

In the novel of '*Esmond*,' 1852, the haughty Duke is misrepresented as still unmarried, at the time of the duel, and about to wed Beatrix. Thackeray sheltered himself behind the pseudo Colonel Esmond, to indulge ungenerously his personal dislike of Dean Swift, Marlborough, and the Chevalier de St. George.

*** This Epigram was published by the Whigs, on Hamilton's French embassy:

On the Duel between Duke Hamilton and Lord Mohun.

Lord *Mohun*, the Glory of the Age, has like a Hero left the stage,
If in good humour or in rage, *is doubtful surely.*
But *Hamilton*, we know full well, instead of *France* is tript to *Hell*,
Where he his Embassy will tell, *most purely.*
——*Political Merriment*, iii. 48, 1715.

On receiving Hamilton in 'another place,' Pluto says:—

"Be not dismay'd, nor dread this Hot-land,
You'll find it not so bad as *Scotland.*"—*Ibid.* p. 50.

Duke Hamilton and Lord Mohun's Fight.

DUKE *Hamilton* was as brave a Lord as ever *Scotland* could afford,
With a Fal, la, la, la. [*passim.*
No other *Scotish* noble there could with his Grace the Duke compare;
And how he was murder'd you shall hear; *With a Fal, la,* etc.

Lord *Mohun* and he fell out of late, about some trifle of the State;
So high these words were between those, that very soon it turn'd to blows;
And how it will end there's nobody knows. *With a fal, la,* etc.

Lord *Mohun* and he fell out of late, about some trifle of the State.
Mohun, who never a man could face, unless in some dark or secret place,
He sent a challenge to his Grace. *With a fal, la, la.*

Betimes in the morning his Grace arose, & straight to Colonel *Hamilton* goes:
"Your company, Sir, I importune, by times in the morning and very soon,
To meet *McKartney* and my Lord *Mohun*." *With a fa, la, la.*

The Colonel replies, "I am your slave, to follow your Grace unto the grave."
They both took coach and rode away, and to *Hide-Park* by break of day,
Now you shall hear of a bloody fray. *With a fa, la, la.*

They rode to *Hide-Park* by break of day, and there began a bloody fray;
No sooner out of coach they did light, but *Mohun* & *McKartney* came in sight,
And there began a bloody fight. *With a fa, la, la.*

Then bespoke the [Lord] *Mohun*, "I think your Grace is here full soon;
I wish your Grace would pass it by, since blood for blood doth vengeance cry,
And loth I am this day to die." *With a fal, la, la.* [*passim.*

Then bespoke the Duke, his Grace, "Go, find for me some proper place.
My Lord, a challenge to me you sent; to see it out is my intent,
Till my last drop of blood is spent."

Then these heroes' swords were drawn, and manfully they both laid on;
Duke *Hamilton* thrust with all his might, at Lord *Mohun* thro' his body quite,
And sent him to eternal night.

Lord *Mohun*, receiving a deadly wound, then on the grass as he fell down;
"O! turn me on my face," said he, "that I may die more easily:
So farewell now, *McKartney!*" *With a fa, la, la.*

By this time his Grace had receiv'd a wound, then on the grass he sat down;
Base *McKartney*, as we find, cowardly as he was inclin'd,
Stab'd his Grace the Duke behind.

This done, the traitor ran away; was not heard of for many a day.
'Tis hoped that vengeance would him take, for his Grace Duke *Hamilton's* sake,
And his last end on *Tyburn* make. *With a fa, la, la.*

[White-letter Slip-song. Probable date, 1713, before Macartney's surrender. He survived until 1730, and died Governor of Portsmouth. His antagonist, Colonel Andrew Hamilton, was of the Scots' Guards.]

A New Protestant Litany begins thus (*cf. Raree-Show*, half-stanza 14): —

> "From a Dozen of Peers, made all at a start,
> To save *Harley* from scaffold, and *St. John* from cart,"
> *Libera nos, Domine.*—(*Political Merriment*, iii. 53, 1715.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 817; Luttrell Coll, II. 155.]

The Rare[e]-Show.

HERE be de var Pretty Show just come from *Parrie*,
Mee show you, Shentlemans, to make you merry!
O rare Show! O var pretty Show! who see my fine dainty Show!
Here be de great spring dat dance de Mashien,
On which de Lo[uis]-dores be most plainly seen: *O rare Show*, etc.

Here first me present you with a dismal disaster, [*William Grega*, exec. 28 Apr. 1708.
De Servant be hanged for saving his master;
Here be de great *Marlbro'*, who all de world knows,
Was baniste for saucily beating his foes: *O rare Show*, [*passim.*

Here be de great *Or[mon]d*, made Gen[era]l in season,
Prohibited fighting, to bring *F[ran]ce* to reason;
Here *B[ritai]n*, with sacred regard to Alliance,
Breaks treaties to strengthen de bond of affiance;

Here be de var fine politicians dispatch'd
To *Paris*, to treat of a P[ea]ce da dar hatchad;
Here be de Congrase at *Utrick*, var noting is brouded,
De Plenipo's meet to do vat is concluded; [Treaty signed 12 Nov., 1712; ratified 5th May, 1713.

Here be de nodar more pretty transaction,
To give *Lewis* all, gives Allies satisfaction, [*Louis* XIV.
Here be de politique Harliquine, mind him, [*Robt. Harley.*
You never shall twice in de same posture find him;

Here be de addressers to de Trone of Great *B[ri]t[ai]n*,
Say 'Here-da-tory Right will make *Hanover* sit on';
Here be de good Prodestante dat loves no Priest jerkin,
To save his religion looks to *Lewis* or *Perkin*; [*i.e.* The 'Pretender.'

Here be de wise Polititians dat sed it,
Dat sinking of debts was restoring of credit;
Here to preserve the constitution of *B[ri]t[ai]n*, ['Consultation,' 30 Dec., 1711.
A whole dozein of Lords was made at one sittin;

Here be de Cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A hatching a Plot dat no soul ever thought on;
Here be de fifty pounds for one of *Paul's* screws,[1] [See *Notes*.
Which had da been all gone, had nere hurt de pews;

Here be de Five hundred pounds for taking *MacCartney*,[2]
Dis must be anodar plot, de rewards bid so hearty;
Here be de Bandbox and inkhorns, since de good man surviv'd it,
Tis not wort one brass fardin to know who contriv'd it;

Here be de Duc *d'A[umo]nt's*[3] whole cellar of Clarett,
Burnt by de plot laid as high as de garrett;
He[re] be de five hundred pounds for de letter dat told it,
Do his st aw garretteers can most likely unfold it; [=Tho'

Here be de *Skelton*,[4] do no more dan his license intended,
By advertisements and swearing is nobly defended;
Here be also de good folk dat on no plot did tink,
Until *Skelton* and *Lewis* thus stirr'd up a stink;

Now give a Laarjon, & when we have got 'em, [*largess* or jordan?
Me show you de Shevaler *de St. George* at de bottom;
O rare Show! O var pretty Show! who see my fine dainty Show?
Dare is all, Shentlemans; what say you now? [torn off.
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Shentlemans, I tank you: God bless you all, from de Pope, *de* Devil, *and de* Pretender, *and all de great* Rogues *in Engaland.*

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, December, 1712, or January, 1712-13.]

The Second Part of the Rare Show. [Not in Roxb. Coll.

SINCE, Shentlemans, my *Rare Show* hit so pat,
Me brought you anoder more pretty den dat.
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who see my fine dainty Show?
Here be de great Spring dat dance de Mashien,
Is vorc'd by de Spirit inclosed vithin. *O rare Show*, etc. [*Passim.*
Here first me present you *Peace-Makers* vor hire,
Who made de Peace set all de Nashon on vire.
Here *Hermodactyl* looks vid visage uncoute, [*Harley, Oxford.*
A cause he laughs, but on von side of his moute.
Here be de Gold Goblet sent to de old Vox,
Vat more plagues containing dan *Pandora's* Box,
Here *Codicil* sets down his hand vor de K[ing], [=Ld. Keeper *Harcourt.*
Ven von Week before he taught on no such Ting.
Here he vid Convulsions does matter impart,
And speaks vid his moute, ven he damns at his heart.
Here *Gambol* shows a very strange Revormation, [*Bolingbroke.*
Vid papers at door, when he's bully'd de Nashion.
Here *Wildfire* and he all dere fury retrench, [Sir *William Wyndham.*
Cool'd more den at *Greenwich* before by dear Vench.
Here *Plenipo Rummer*, who dash'd Wine of late, [*Mat Prior.*
Is arriv'd at de art of dashing de State.
And here (having run round de ring) *Atty Brogue* [Bp. *Atterbury.*
Returns to his primitive essence a R[ogue].
"Siere," says de Grand Monarch to de Son of de Wh—,
"Since me can no more help you, me'll help you no more."
Here *Perkin*, since no von his Title espouses, [Chev. de S. *Geo.*
Ascends from de Trone to de Tiling of Houses.
Here de Bishop vor *Bungey* contrives a new Speech, [*Sacheverell.*
To vard off what t'oder prepar'd for his breech.
Here *Bungey* does *Britain* vor her choice commend her, [*Ibid.*
In da very Sermon made for de *Pretender.*
Here Tories to *France* gives de Trade, and to *Spain*,
And vill grow very rich vhen dey giv't back again.
And here dey all join, vid von heart and von voice,
Vor vat, had it miss'd, dey vou'd var more rejoice.
See here dere old Friend de *Diable* appears,
And bids dem (do faintly) dismiss all dere fears.
But dat de *Poltrone* may have no more to brag on,
Here be brave St. *George a slaying de Dragon.*
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who see my fine dainty Show?
Dare is all, Shentlemans, vat say you now? Is not dis de var vine Varce of Fools?
Huzza: Huzza: Huzza.
Shentlemans, me tank you: Godt bless your recover'd Senses, from de Power of de Quacks, de Tumblers, and all de ugly old Vaces new varnish'd o'er.

Printed for *A. Boulter* without *Temple Bar*, and sold by *S. Keimer* at the Printing-Press in *Paternoster-Row*, in the Glorious Year of our *Preservation*, 1714.

NOTES ON 'THE RAREE-SHOW.'

On pp. 235–236, in the guise of a Peep-Show, or '*Raree Show*,' wherein at the pulling of a string the successive pictures reveal the rancorous dissensions and partizan spite which filled the so-called 'Augustan Age' of 'Good Queen Anne,' we see "The Chevalier de St. George at the bottom" of all the intrigues; and the French "Louis d'Ors most plainly seen," to be the controlling bribes. The Plots of the day seem to have lacked dignity and earnestness; some of them were evidently sham-discoveries of non-existent conspiracies, got up by Government trickery to win a brief reputation. Such was the 'Bandbox and Inkhorns Plot.'

Notes.—[1] Supposed to be a plot, the removal of screws from timbers in St Paul's. Workmen's blunder. The Band-Box plot is alluded to two stanzas later. Swift saved Harley, by hindering him from opening the box, which held explosives and three triggers fastened under cover. (*Journal to Stella*, 15 Nov., 1712.)

[2] General Macartney, second of Lord Mohun in the duel with the Duke of Hamilton, p. 233. The reward was offered after his flight, Nov. 12, 1712.

[3] Duc d'Aumont, ambassador extraordinary from France. His Powis house, Great Ormond Street, was burnt by an incendiary, Jan. 24, 1712–13.

[4] Richard Skelton, and a Jew named Lewis, to whom he went by mistake instead of visiting Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Earl of Dartmouth, "to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France." Thus came exposure of a Jacobite plot. See Swift's *Journal to Stella*, under date January 27, 1713.

Another *Raree Show* ("All loyal men, come zee my vine raree show") is in *Pill to p. State Mel.*, ii. p. 151, 1718. A third *Raree Show* is "Good people all." *Ibid.*

The French Prophet.

THIS lively street-ballad has not been reprinted hitherto. In London it appeared opportunely early in January, 1713. News from Dover was eagerly expected, telling of the warlike preparations made in France, to help the cause of James III. (James Francis Edward Stuart, the 'Chevalier de St. George'), whom the Whigs stigmatized as '*Perkin*, the Pretender.'

Some partizans hoped for an invasion; others dreaded it, uncertain of the result. They bought the penny ballad, but found no definite prophecy therein, beyond a whimsical list of premonitory and unlikely events, heralding the '*golden times*.' It revived an old jest, about Never-come-Day. Its sub-title, 'A new Touch of the Times,' was mentioned in vol. vii. p. 706. If the 'French Prophet' had foretold that Queen Anne could not survive the following year! . . . "But, they didn't know everything down in Judee."

Two lines being deficient from the fifth stanza, they are supplied here conjecturally, within square brackets, on p. 239, instead of being left blank.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 481. No other broadside noted.]

The French Prophet;
Or, A New Touch of the Times.

[TUNE, *When Popery out of this Nation shall run.* See p. 239.]

I Am an old Prophet, and newly come over,
To tell you the truth I was born in *France*,
Last *Monday* was se'nnight I landed at *Dover*,
The truth is the truth, and is no romance;
Then chear up your hearts, your spirits raise,
And remember the Nation is now in its prime;
Then let us be jolly, and drown melancholly,
I warrant, brave boys, we['ll] have golden times.

When the name of cuckold is quite forgot,
And wheat shall be sold for a groat the coomb;
When drunkards forget to handle their pot,
And the City of *London* is joined to *Rome*;
When vintners neglect to use their chalk,
And poets forget to make their rhimes;
When pimps are all rotten, and w[ench]ing forgotten,
I'll warrant, brave boys, [we have golden times].

When Conscience is prized more than gold,
And the Tower of *London* runs upon wheels;
When fractious old women forget to scold,
And the Monument has a fine ring of bells;
When *Norwich* Castle goes to *Christ-Church*,
And all for to hear St. *Peter's* chimes;
When lovers leave lying, and birds leave off flying,
I'll warrant, [brave boys, we have golden times].

When cucumbers grow upon sycamore trees,
And knavery is turn'd out of door;
When a Miss of the town refuses a crown,
And swearing and lying are used no more;
When a quack doth [not] come to visit a whore,
And the kingdom of *England* is all of one mind;
When pigs forget grunting, and cats ride a hunting,
I'll warrant, [brave boys, we have golden times].

When landlords they refuse their rents,
And taylors make their bills too short;
When bakers make their bread too large,
And are made to stand in the Pillory for't;

When a *Welshman* eats no toasted cheese,
[Or splutters, hur nails! no more in rhymes; [*caret.*
When lobsters are prized much less than fleas,]
I'll warrant, [*brave boys, we have golden times*].

When malice and envy are quite laid aside,
And honesty lov'd by rich and poor;
When charity's lov'd more than pride,
And millers forget to take toll any more;
When sailors refuse to [draw] their pay, [*text,* 'take.'
And the rich to the poor grow loving and kind;
When women leave wishing, and cows go a fishing,
I'll warrant, [*brave boys, we have golden times*].

When Maids [for themselves] chuse a single life,
And will not be married at twenty years;
When eels have got legs like shoemaker's pegs,
And willow trees bear Warden Pears;
When sugar and salt are both of a taste,
And misers become both free and kind;
And *Candlemas* falls on the Eleventh of *May*,
I'll warrant, [*brave boys, we have golden times*].

When houses are with pancakes til'd,
And vinegar runs like water springs;
When mankind are all of a mind [grown mild,]
And *England* is blest with a King or a Queen;
When cocks ride out in boots and spurs,
And mackerel are catch'd without net or line;
When the Cheats of the nation are quite out of fashion,
I'll warrant, [*brave boys, we have golden times*].

When *Paul's* Church goes for a Man of War,
Mann'd with old women to fight for the nation;
When bakers forget to gripe the poor,
And w[ench]ing is clearly out of fashion;
When Beaus they do a hunting ride,
And winter is past without frost or rhime:
These things they may be, but few will them see,
Until the Devil is grown lame and blind.

[White-letter. Woodcut, a Pilgrim. Date, January, 1713.]

*** This unique ballad forms a spirited *finale* to the *Queen Anne Group*, and is not known to have been reprinted. It connects itself with a succession of earlier ballads, telling of unlikely or impossible contingencies, with an unvarying tune, but varying burdens: *When covetousness out of this nation shall run;* or, *When Popery out of this nation shall run*: See vol. iv. pp. 290, 313; vi. 5; and *Bagford Ballads*, p. 439. It also recalls an old burden, '*When the Devil is blind*,' which belongs to 'Poor Robin's Prophecy' (Rawlinson Coll., 94: "All you that delight for to hear a new song:" it is No. 183 of Thackeray's list).

End of the Queen Anne Group.

The End of Queen Anne.

(*August* 1, 1714.)

THE fall of the curtain on the last reigning Stuart was not without pathetic sadness. But few tears were shed at Anne's death. Speedily came noisy rejoicings of triumphant intriguers, to banish grief. Her character was not heroic. Selfish apathy had kept her back from every sacrifice demanded by high principle. She reflected other minds and motives than her own, through a distorting medium, a warped and clouded mirror. From first to last, as daughter and as sister, her inborn faithlessness was perverse. She avoided blame as wife and mother. With such a husband as Prince George, of Denmark, she was 'content to dwell in decencies for ever.' Then childlessness and widowhood fell on her. She knew so little of passion or emotion that no tempter could have led her far astray. This was her virtue: she showed more of the woman than of the queen. Caprice of temper and failure of constancy forfeited her claims on those who had been accredited her friends. They humoured her, but never could respect her. After professions of unchangeable devotion, between herself, 'Mrs. Morley' and 'Mrs. Freeman,' Anne displayed heartless ingratitude against her discarded favourite, the imperious and exacting Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. To have displaced her for an intriguing 'Abigail,' was beyond forgiveness. Neither Sidney Godolphin nor Robert Harley could safely trust their royal mistress. She wavered betwixt the counter-plotters, Whig and Tory, false to both. Incapable of active judgment, unless guided by stronger minds, she entangled their meshes, and revealed their secrets, to escape subjection. Her soul was fitted for the lower level of domestic grievances and petty gossip. In Statecraft she was not happy, but felt at home among social flatterers round the tea-table, listening to Tom D'Urfey's mockery of Sophia, Dowager Electress of Hanover:

> "The Crown's far too weighty, for shoulders of Eighty,
> She could not sustain such a trophy;
> Her hand too, already, has grown so unsteady
> She can't hold a sceptre: so Providence kept her
> Away: poor old Dowager Sophy!" [*Ob.* 8 *June*, 1714.

Six weeks later, Queen Anne lay on her own death-bed. Almost at the last hour she entrusted the white wand to Shrewsbury, with authority to summon George from Hanover as the future King, and displace the direct heir of her dead father James II. Thus she defeated the hopes that she had secretly encouraged: a betrayer to the end. Utter loneliness was her due. So had it been, of old, to a far greater Queen, of more grievous faults and sins. Elizabeth no less unwillingly consigned the sovereignty to a distrusted and alien successor, son of an insulted kinswoman. They passed into the deepening darkness, weary and sick at heart.

Group of Roxburghe Ballads on the Troubles under the Three Georges.

1.—GEORGE I, 1714–1727.

THESE Political Ballads from the Roxburghe Collection Vol. III. include several on the unsuccessful attempts to restore the Stuarts in 1715 and 1718. Of George I. it was written in 1845 that

> "HE preferred *Hanover* to *England!*
> He preferred two hideous Mistresses
> To a beautiful and innocent wife. [*Sophia Dorathea.*
> He hated arts and despised literature,
> But he liked train-oil in his salads,
> And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
> And he had *Walpole* as a Minister:
> Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption."

Some are revelations of Scottish discontent, similar to the antecedent 'Laments' for the legislative 'Union' in Queen Anne's reign (see pp. 220 to 225). The Puritans had always been the bane. Their paltry sentiments and spiteful language are shown in the song of exultation on the 'Downfall of Cockburn's Meeting House' at Glasgow, 1714 (p. 243); still more virulently in 'The Church of Scotland's Lamentation, concerning the setting up of Plays and Comedies at Edinburgh,' 1715 (p. 247). Laertes would call it "a document in madness, thoughts, and remembrance fitted."

Roxburghe ditties on the Chevalier de St. George, and "Prince Charlie," are not outbursts of Jacobite loyalty, but are wholly devoted to 'the man in possession.' Better written and better sung were others, *Loyal Songs*, in behalf of the exiled Stuarts and their faithful adherents; foredoomed to disaster, almost to extermination. Here is one indignant protest (from Robert Mylne's MSS.):

A Curse against those who were for the Revolution and Union.

> *SCOTLAND* and *ENGLAND* now must be United in one Nation!
> So we again perjured must be, and take the Abjuration.
> The *Stuarts'* antient true-born race we must now all give over;
> We must receive into their place the mongrels of *Hanover*.
> Curst be the Papists, who first drew our King by their persuasion,
> Curst be that Covenanting crew, who gave the first occasion
> To a stranger to ascend the Throne, by a *Stuart's* abdication.
> Curst be the wretch who seized his throne, and marred our Constitution;
> Curst also be all those helped on that cursed Revolution!
> Curst be those treacherous traitors who, by their perfidious knavery,
> Have brought this Nation now into an everlasting Slaverie.
> Curst be the Parliament, that day they gave the Confirmation,
> And curst for ever be all they [who] shall swear the Abjuration!"

This was a substantial mouth-filling Curse (a corrupt modern variation of the final line is, "And curst be every whining Whig, for they have damned the nation"). It is comprehensive as that of Bishop Ernulphus, or, as Bon Gaultier's summary, "Cursed be the whole concern!" Scotland with Caliban declared, "You taught me your language; and my profit on 't is, I know how to curse."

Downfall of Cockburn's Meeting-House.

(Glasgow, August, 1714.)

THIS is a song of triumph by the Presbyterians on the destruction of the Episcopal chapel of the Rev. 'Curate Cockburn,' of Glasgow, here styled 'Cobburn.' He had been zealous, perhaps somewhat obtrusive, popular among a few, but scarcely received by the moderate men of his own persuasion; moreover, he denied the validity of Presbyterian baptism. Thus, Robert Wodrow writes of him in November, 1712, "*Cockburn*, curate, set up his meeting-house at *Glasgow*; those of the old Episcopal way refuse to join with him."—*Wodrow Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 341.

"*Cockburn*, the tolerated incumbent at *Glasgow*, has been lately at *Dumbarton*, spreading his senseless notions of our reformers not being in orders, and consequently our Presbyterian ordination and sacraments are void and null, and we are all in a heathen state."—*Ibid. Letter to Mr. J. Erskine*, January 11, 1714.

Later, after a serious riot, wherein the intolerant Glasgow populace wrecked the chapel, and assaulted persons who were known there as worshippers, Wodrow writes, August 26, 1714:—

"You will probably expect an account of the rabble who pulled down Mr. *Cockburn's* meeting-house at *Glasgow*, upon the 6th or 7th of this month [August]. It's but a very lame one that I can give. You will have heard four [persons] are appointed to take a precognition in that affair, my Lord *Pollock*, *Rosshaugh*, *Blytheswood*, and *Raplock*. I scarce think they will be in case to find out who did it. They were certainly strangers, and not inhabitants of the town, and I suspect *Mr. McMillan's* followers. Mr. *Cockburn* tempted people to attack his meeting-house," etc.—*Ibid.*, i. p. 363, printed in 1842.

This Rev. John McMillan, mentioned by Wodrow, having been deposed by the presbytery of Kirkcudbright, joined the Cameronians, and declined to recognize the authority of the Established Church.

A similar raid to the one in Glasgow at Cockburn's Episcopal Chapel, had been already made in London, on 1st of March, 1709-10, on a dissenting minister, during the Sacheverell fever; the Rev. Daniel Burgess's meeting-house in Carey-street was sacked by the mob; the woodwork, pulpit, and pews burnt in a bonfire at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (see *Note*, p. 228). Fifteen of the rioters were fined, in May, 1710, and Government paid for restoring the chapel.

"INvidious *Whigs*, since you have made your boast,
That you a Church of *England* priest would roast, [*Hy. Sacheverell.*
Blame not the mob for having a desire
With *Presbyterian* Tubs to light the fire.
A Mob's abhorr'd by all, and justly too,
Tho' rais'd against such miscreants as you,
Whose threatening tongues began the fray, and rue.
And now you curse and damn the silly elves,
For mischiefs you brought only on yourselves;
And ought to swing too, if the Law can reach 'em,
For practising Doctrines your *Canters* teach 'em.
You give 'em all the Power, and then would hang 'em,
For pulling down your houses: that's a Trangum.
——*A Tory Pill to Purge Whig Melancholy*, 1715.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 705; another in Advocates' Lib., Edinb.]

The Downfall of Cockburn's Meeting-House.

To the Tune of, *Come, sit thee down, my Phillis.*

I.

WE have not yet forgot, Sir, how *Cobburn's* Kirk was broke, Sir,
The Pulpit-Gown was pulled down, and turned into [a joak], Sir!

II. [*text*, 'into nought.'

The Pulpit-Cloth was rent, Sir, unto the Cross ['t] was sent, Sir;
The Boys that did convoy it were into prison [pent], Sir. [*t. misp.* 'put.'

III.

The Chess-windows they were broke, Sir, out o're the window cast, Sir: [See *Note.* = manure.
With a convoy of *holo hoi*, unto the streets were sent, Sir.

IV.

The *French* are disappointed, their wicked Plot's disjointed;
Poor *Cobburn* he's affronted: but the Whiggs they're advanced.

V.

Long-neck'd *Peggie H*——, Sir, did weep and stay at home, Sir, [qu. *Hepburn*, see p. 244.
'Cause poor *Cobburn* and his Wife were forc'd to flee the Town, Sir.

VI.

And after they were gone, Sir, they went to *Stirling* Town, Sir;
They thought with their heart and mind to get poor *Jamie* home, Sir. [*James* VIII.

VII.

But they were disappointed, and their wicked Plots disjointed;
We'll make them all [to] run and cry, 'Oh! we're disappointed!'

VIII.

Their *Highland* King, for fear, Sir, was put in such a stier, Sir; [= stir.
We made his Breecks have such stink, that none cou'd him come near, Sir.

IX.

Macdonald is his name, Sir; of him you may think shame, Sir: [*Macd.* of *Glengarry.*
A *Highlander* whose name stinks! You *Popish* Rogue, go h[a]me, Sir!

X.

The Chess-windows did reel, Sir, like to a Spinning-wheel, Sir;
For *Dagon* he is fall'n now; I hope he'll never [speel], Sir. [=*t.* 'rise.'

Finis.

[Broadside, double columns. White-letter, no cut or publisher's name. Date, 1715. 2nd line, *text*, 'nought.' 'Chess-windows' are sash-windows, of diamonded panes and stained glass. Wodrow mentions the Hepburns. "Long-necked *Peggie H.*—" was the same Margaret Hepburn who was married on July 28 of the same year, 1714. Her 'Wedding Song' is given on next page.]

Note.—The stanzas mentioning Cockburn's flight to Stirling establish the date, viz. 1715, the time of Mar's Rising (*vide* vol. vi. pp. 620, 622). The excellent and lamented antiquary James Maidment, (born in London *circâ* 1795; died at Edinburgh, 1879), in his *New Book of Old Ballads*, 1844, gave a final stanza from Wodrow's copy, but a better version is in Trowbesh MS., reading thus,

"Some say th[ese] verses were composed by boys in Grammar-school, Sir;
In what they've said, they are abus'd, Amen, so it be by a Fool, Sir."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 669.]

A Wedding Song.

On the Marriage of *John Brown*, Merchant in *Holland*, and *Margaret Hepburn*, Daughter to the Laird of *Bairfoot*. Solemnized 28 *of July*, 1714.

THe Beauty now of *Edinburgh* town,
She's chang'd her collour into *Brown*;
After its so long preservation,
She's like to pass out of this nation;
That she may learn the *Holland* fashion,
To eat her butter with garleik,
And so become a Lazie Freik. [=Simpleton.
By mixing Bear with Brandy-wine [=Barley-meal.
Makes young Pigs grow ill-favoured swine,
And eat their own flesh when they dine,
On sheives of bread with Poudred Porck,
Untill they swim above like cork.
So that a *Bairfoot* must be best
To equalize all of that nest,
Where *de Ru*[*y*]*ters* and *de Veits*
Came to be cut [up] into bits.

Mag[*g*]*ie* had better kept at Home,
Than thither gone, and *Bairfoot* come
Again, when she's not worth a plack,
And her *Brown* turned is to Black:
Like those who Suitors were to her,
Who are grown mad and knows not where,
To find their Fancie, till return
They see their old jo, *Mag*[*g*]*ie Hepburne*,
Come home again, and change her hew
Of red and white from *Brown* to Blew!

[White-letter. No colophon. Date, as above, July, 1714.

At the identical date of "long-necked" Maggie Hepburn's marriage, 1714, a song had been written by Miss Jean Allardyce, of Pittenweem (compare the English ballad, *circâ* 1663, 'The Young Woman's Complaint,' quoted on p. 195). After he had rejected Dr. Blacklock's words, adapted to the tune, without mentioning Jean Allardyce, Burns wrote in a letter to James Johnson—

"What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an old man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her puir *Jenny* for siller an' lan'. . . .

"He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows:
O dool on the day I met wi' an old man!" etc.

She resolves to follow her old aunty Katie's advice: "cross him and wrack him, until I heart-break him, and then *his auld brass will buy me a new pan*:" (an expression borrowed from the earlier song of "There's Auld Rob Morris"). Jean Allardyce's 'Young Lassie and Auld Man' is said by C. K. Sharpe to have been written to her friend Miss Katherine Gordon, of Wardass, in 1714.

"O *Kitty*, dear *Kitty!* I'll tell you what grieves me,
And for to advise me do all that you can;
If you could relieve me, a present I'll give you:
What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld man?
I canna get sleeping for sighing and weeping,
What shall I do, *Kitty?* oh! here take my fan; [! !
My mind is sae crazy, I'm dull and uneasy,
I am sae perplex'd wi' a crazy auld man.

"My mither she teazes me, morning and evening,
My aunty she vexes me a' the day lang
To marry the carle because o' his siller—
But what can a young Lassie do wi' an auld man?
His heart it is cauld, within dull and hollow,
The hale o' his carcase is a' skin an' bane;
For him an' his money I carena a penny—
What can a young Lassie do wi' an old man?

"My titty, the gypsey, wha wudna misca' her? [*i.e.* sister.
On me takes nae pity, but joins wi' the clan,
And says I may never get sic a gude offer—
But what can a Lassie do wi' an auld man?
Sweethearts I've got mony, but she hasn'a ony,
Sae well's I can dive in the heart o' her plan,
Because she's negleckit, my peace she has wreckit,
And plagues me to marry a doited auld man.

"They keep me at hame frae the dance and the market,
Because I am some years younger than *Anne*,
The tawpie! than 'Dawtie!' an' they, for to please her,
Would sell a young Lassie unto an auld man.
The rose in its splendour shall blaw in *December*,
The corbie an' crow turn white as the swan, [*corbie* = raven.
The owlet shall sing like the linnet in spring,
Before that I marry a crazy auld man."

These trackings home of Burns's originals have almost invariably enhanced our admiration for his skill. What he found to be of brick, he left as marble.

An old Scotch song begins thus: "In the land of *Fife* there liv'd a wicked wife," impatient for her old husband to die. She disregards her cousin Kate's prescription of "wheaten bread and wine, and a kinnen [rabbit] new slain, that's guid for an auld man," and starves him on barley-meal and water until he dies. She speedily marries a young man, "who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer, and spent mair gear than he wan." She is angry, impoverished, and at last declares, "I wish I had my silly auld man!"

The Church of Scotland's Lamentation.

(*Concerning the Setting up of Plays and Comedies*, 1715.)

JAMES VI. of Scotland had encouraged theatrical performances. In 1592 he introduced into Edinburgh a company of actors from England (not improbably Shakespeare was once among them), and continued to support them until he removed to the south, after Elizabeth's death in 1602. But the Scottish Church, having been irritated, made dire protests and threatenings against what it termed the heathen profanity of Stage Plays. Fresh troubles arose against theatres, during the Civil War, in 1637, when they were suppressed. Improvement followed at the Restoration, but the looseness of morals in the new comedies did not smooth the path. A dramatic entertainment in 1681 marked the celebration of the Duke of York and Albany's birthday, when he resided in Scotland (see Fountainhall's *Diary*). Evil days followed at the Revolution, for the successful Whigs were enemies of the drama. Dryden's *Spanish Friar* was acted in 1705, and patronised by Argyle. With difficulty and danger the Cavaliers or Jacobites retained occasional performances. In this broadside of 1711 bitter intolerance and foul-mouthed ignorance were shown by the fanatics. Their evil imaginations displayed themselves, with superabundance of capital letters and bad spelling (we abate *some* redundant caps, but leave enough as specimens). Shortly before it appeared, in 1714, at the Tennis Court, or *Catchpel* in Edinburgh, *Macbeth* was acted in presence of the nobility and gentry, the place having been furnished as a theatre, temporarily. But some Jacobite, in the house, over-zealously shouting "May the King enjoy his ain again!" caused a riot, and this helped to darken the prospect of the Thespians. Our broadside evidently refers to the performance of William Wycherley's clever but licentious '*Country Wife*,' with Horner, Pinchwife, and Peggy. It was a revival after forty years, having been first acted in 1675.

In *The Humorous Chap-Books of Scotland* (Part I. p. 88, New York, 744, Broadway, 1873), John Frazer told anew the history of persecution endured by those who attempted to maintain public dramatic performances in Edinburgh, early in the eighteenth century. Our Roxb. ballad was unknown to him:—

"In 1715 a company of players performed nightly at the Tennis Court, near Holyrood Palace; to the great grief of all sober good people, and especially of certain pious clergymen, who excited considerable commotion by their resolution to refuse the usual sacramental tokens to such of their congregation as were known to attend these plays. The Tennis Court Company did not hold their ground long, and no theatricals of any importance were presented again until 1725-26, when Anthony Aston established a theatre in the same city, Edinburgh, for the production of light comedy. [Allan Ramsay wrote a prologue for him.] In 1728 Aston's troupe visited Glasgow, where they performed the *Beggar's Opera*, but received so little support that the receipts did not suffice to pay the music." See *Note* 3, on p. 248, for brief summary of later events.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 553. No other exemplar noted.]

The Church of *Scotland's* Lamentation, Concerning the Setting up of Plays and Commedies.

March, 1715.

LET not the news in *Gath* be told, nor streets of *Ashkelon*,
Lest vile Idolaters triumph, and mock our *Caledon;*
Where Gospel light has been display'd, in truth and purity,
And strict engagements made to serve the Sovereign Lord most High;
That *Satan's* Synagog and School, should in her coasts be found,
And wickedness, with open face, should in her streets [abound].
These very nests of sin and vice, which *Satan* antiently [*t.* 'be found.'
Appointed for his special use, as Marts for Venery;
These Chapels consecrat' unto the Dung-hill Idol-gods,
Where they declair themselves well pleas'd with plays and interludes,
Promiscuous meetings of both sex, in Revalings by Night,
In which these Dung-hill deities did mightily delight.
How art thou, then, poor *Scotland*, fallen from thine Excellency!
Thy Horn debas'd into the dust, and sunk in misery!
Insteed of solemn Holy Days, of Gospel Sacrifice,
In thee are solemn pompous shows, of Pagan Vanities;
Concurse of people meet by night, in *Venus'* School to play,
While *Satan's* Actors on the Stage, his Bennar there display,
By Commadies and Interludes, prophane and untrue Jests;
Spectators wantonly, all round, h[e]ave up their Naked Breasts,
That lustful eyes may feed thereon, whilst they with wanton glance
Give secret signals by their looks, and am'rous countenance.
Mean while the male spectators all, with bussy eyes, do spy
The jalts and neighbours' wives, for whom they like fed-horses bray:
To blow the coal of rampant lust, the Actors act their part,
By wanton and lascivious jestes, set off with all their art,
At once they batter ear and eye, with Hell's Artillary,
Reciet some wanton Love intrigue, or act of Venery;
Shew how some witty am'rous Miss trapan'd a Country Squair;
Or how some well accomplish'd Rakes, deflower'd a Female Fair;
Or how some surrly Userar, who kept his wife too near, [*Note* 1.
Was bravely tricked of hisbags, and got the Horns to wear.
Lo, these, and many such like things, by gesture and by speech,
With many mimick antique arts, they to their Scholars teach.
The Scene to satisfaction ends, all partys fully pleas'd;
Then *Venus'* School in shade of night is of her Scholars eas'd.
Good breading doth excite the Boaus to wait the Ladys home;
Each picks his darling at the door, then through the street they roam,
Till they come near some propor House: the Squair then makes
Unto his Miss, and courtiously invites her to a Glass. [Address

With some sham shyness she at first doth seem a little coy;
But with his Rethroick and his Art doth her at last ducoy. [*sic.*
When set, they all the play repeat, and highly do commend
The Actors and the Actresses, who did the Stage attend.
Their pleasant air and pretty speech, and lively acts likewise,
The subject of the Scene, also, they mightily do praise, [Lust,
Their Pasions rais'd with wanton thoughts, and hearts inflam'd to
We leave them in a private room, and guess what follows nixt.[2]
Poor *Scotish* Church, what wilt thou do? can'st thou no ways restrain
Such rampant Heaven-daring Vice, and practices profane?
Has Church Dis[c]iplain lost its force? Alas! it has, but may
Thou not fall on some happy course, this Raging Devil to slay?
Wilt thou, like *Lot* in *Sodom*, sit, still wholy impotent?
Or, like the Men of *Gebea*, will not the wrong Resent?
Bestir thy self, and still protest, if thou can do no more,
That thou doth hate such wicked ways; and do thou Heaven implore
T' avenge it self, and *Scotland* free of such a *wicked* Race:
Call Heaven and Earth both to Record, and Pray for sparing Grace.

Finis.

[Broadside, two-columns, White-letter. No colophon. Date, *March*, 1715.]

Note 1.—The character named *Pinchwife*, the churlish husband of Peggy, in William Wycherley's lively comedy of 'The Country Wife,' is evidently alluded to, in these animadversions. Wycherley had been attacked rancorously by the controversialist, Jeremy Collier, in *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage*, 1698; three editions published in the same year. Dean Swift said that "a nice man is a man of nasty ideas," yet we scarcely account such creatures to be men at all. Jeremy Collier must have greedily searched for profaneness and impurity, pretending to abhor them, but he was humouring his own tastes meanwhile. As he was a nonjuror better things might have been expected from him than such scavenger work.

Note 2.—To make this line rhyme with 'hearts inflam'd to Lust,' we ought to read "What follow must!" The prurient and long-winded scribe preferred to write "nixt." The dullard "Reformers of the stage and age!"—they cannot even spell or rhyme. Such an evil-minded censor greedily seeks after impurity, making an excuse of denouncing it. The Muck-raker would have chanted foully of a 'living picture' such as The Taunton-Dean Damosel (p. 205).

Note 3.—To later days belong a theatre in Carrubber's Close, 1726, managed by an Italian *danseuse*, Signora Violante; the performance of Allan Ramsay's Pastoral, '*The Gentle Shepherd*,' acted at the Tailors' Hall, 1729; the establishment in 1747 of a regular theatre in what is still called 'The Playhouse Close,' opposite the head of New Street in the Canongate; the production of John Home's *Douglas* in 1756, and the storm of persecution which that very moral tragedy called forth against him: all belong to later days, as also the building of the Theatre Royal, 1768, in what had been called 'The Orphan's Field,' where the Post-Office now stands, the laying the foundation-stone thereof having been the last public act of the Prince Consort, 1861, at which he received his fatal chill, standing bareheaded during an interminable prayer.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 400. No other exemplar found.]

A New Song, concerning Two Games at Cards, play'd betwixt the King of *England*, King of *France*, and Queen of *Spain*; shewing the true Honour and honesty of Old *England* against the Pretender.

To a Good Tune.

COME, jolly *Brittons*, and play your game at Whist,
Keeping of *France* and *Spain* in a mist,
And play your Cards before they speak;
I know this Game their hearts will break,
And ne'er Pretender undertake
To rule *England*.

The King of *France* joined with the Queen of *Spain*,
Against the King of *England*, who plays the Dead Man, ['Dummy.'
Knowing that neither King nor Queen
Can bang his Ace [of] Trumps unseen,
With twelve of suite, which makes thirteen;
Brave old *England*.

"Old *England's* the game," cries *Lewis* unto *Spain*, [*Louis* XIV.
Not thinking that Clubs would be Trumps on the main;
But finding the King of *England's* hand
All of a Suit, and at command,
"I'm beggar'd quite" (cry's *Lewis* [*le*] *Grand*)
"By old *England!*"

The next game was Putt, Grand *Lewis* would play,
To put in a king of his own by the way;
But tho' he's all Legerdemain,
He cannot get his King to reign;
Nor dare he come, for being ta'en, By old *England*.

He thought to get the first Trick by playing a Knave,
And play'd him on *Scotland*, King *George* to deceive;
But having neither D[e]uce nor Tray,
He's thrown his Knave and gold away;
And lost his game, what e're he play, With old *England*.

Then, *Britons*, rejoice, and let this be your song,
We'll curb the proud *French*, yes, and likewise their Dons;
For if we fight, or if we play, I hope we still shall win the day;
And so, God bless King *George*, I say, And Old *England*.

[White-letter. Woodcut, George I. *Compare Sequel*, on p. 288. Date, March, 171$\frac{8}{9}$, at the time of the Spanish expedition in support of the 'Pretender.' It was expected that the Spanish fleet would leave Cadiz about February 24th, to assail England. But at Cape Finisterre a storm dispersed the vessels.]

Note on the abortive Jacobite Insurrection of 1718–19.

AFTER the Chevalier's flight from Scotland, in February, 1716, he returned to France, landed at Gravelines, and hastened to St. Germains to meet his widowed mother, Maria Beatrix. He next dismissed Bolingbroke, Henry St. John. This was a fatal blunder. Despite a tendency to irritate the exiles by levity, Bolingbroke was acknowledged to be the only Englishman whom the Chevalier possessed as a councillor "able to manage his affairs"; as the Duke of Berwick bore witness. The true cause of the dismissal lay in the Chevalier's pique and indignation at the slights put on him by Louis XV., and the removal from the neighbourhood of Paris to his former asylum at Lorraine. He resented Bolingbroke's indifference, cashiered him, and all his official papers were transferred to James Butler, second Duke of Ormonde.

To Ormonde, in 1718, as Captain-General, was entrusted the management of Cardinal Alberoni's famous 'Spanish Expedition,' which was prepared at Cadiz, to support the cause of 'The Pretender': five men-of-war, some twenty transports, and five thousand men, including Irish and Spaniards, with ammunition beyond their own special need. But the twelve days' tempest off Finisterre shattered the fleet, compelling them to return home dismasted. Two frigates alone were able to continue the voyage and reach the appointed place of meeting, the island of Lewis in the Hebrides. They had on board the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl Marischal, and the Earl of Seaforth, with about three hundred Spaniards, ammunition, and money. Seaforth's own clan, the Mackenzies, and some others, having joined them, they passed to Kintail, and were seeking reinforcements, when General Wightman came against them, with troops from Inverness, aided by the Monroes, the Rosses, and other clansmen.

"On approaching the insurgent force, Wightman found them masters of the Pass of *Strachells*, near the great valley of *Glenshiel*. An indecisive and desultory action took place, in which—as far, at least as regards the number of killed and wounded—*the insurgents had unquestionably the advantage.* Avoiding an encounter with their assailants on the open ground, they continued to fire on them from the rocks till night set in, when it was found that *they had lost only one man, while the Government troops had twenty killed, and one hundred and twenty wounded.* The success, however, obtained by the insurgents was so trifling, and the advantage to be obtained by their continuing in arms appeared to be so extremely problematical, that, before morning, it was decided that they should disperse and return to their several homes. Such was the result of the mountain skirmish, which has been dignified with the name of the *Battle of Glenshiel.* The next day the three hundred Spaniards surrendered themselves at discretion, and were carried prisoners to Edinburgh."—*The Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 23, tell that "the great straits of the officers appeared even in their looks, though their Spanish pride would not allow them to complain."

They were not unkindly treated or neglected, when in Edinburgh. Seaforth had been badly wounded at Glenshiel, but he with Tullibardine and the Earl Marischal escaped to the Western Isles, and lay hidden there, before they embarked in disguise, and safely reached the Spanish coast.

The Roxburghe 'New Song,' on p. 249, and the 'Hymn on the Victory' at Glenshiel, belong to this brief campaign of 1718–19. It lacked the personal presence of the Chevalier, which had effected so little in 1716. Six-and-twenty years were to pass before a renewed attempt was made in his behalf, by his son Prince Charles Edward Stuart, in 1745.

Hymn on the Victory in Scotland.

" 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 *Sheriff-muir*
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!"
——*Sheriff-muir:* by Murdoch McLennan, of Crathie.*

THE 'Victory' here recorded is doubtful in every way: the very date and subject-matter being open guess-work for identification. It was evidently a burlesque, written and printed to be sold in the London Market. The pointed allusion to "*The Spaniards*" fixes it to the *Battle of Glenshiel*, 1719.

Earlier and livelier ditties had ridiculed the inconclusive action known as '*The Bob*' [or Dance] *of Dunblane*, near Stirling, on November 12, 1715, in the valley of Sheriffmuir, fought by the Earl of Mar with his Highlanders for the Chevalier against the Government troops. These soldiers were under command of John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle; of John Hamilton (Lord Belhaven, whose disastrous voyage is recorded on p. 260, a ballad of date 1721, when he was drowned off the *Lizard*); Major-General Joseph Wightman, and others. There was plenty of bluster on both sides, each claiming as a 'victory' this inconclusive engagement, 'The Battle of Sheriffmuir.' Official reports of it were issued to mislead the Londoners. More trustworthy accounts had already arrived of total collapse of the insurrection simultaneously attempted at Preston in Lancashire (Generals George Carpenter and Geo. Willes, or Wills, are mentioned in line 30 of the Hymn). Seventeen of the Jacobites had been killed in the abortive defence of Preston, on the same 12th of November, and a few prisoners were taken in the Highlands, but many 'rebels' were executed afterwards on the scaffold at Tower Hill, such as, on 16 Feb., 1716, the Earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure. Nithsdale escaped from the Tower, by the aid of his wife; the Lords Nairn, Carnwath, and Widdrington obtained pardon.

Terror had for awhile shaken the Hanoverians, as it did again in the later insurrection of 1745. The reaction followed after both alarms; some ridiculed the Highland loyalty. By others a ruthless extermination of the defeated Jacobites, with forfeiture of their estates, were demanded. This unique broadside, rightly understood, becomes an historical document. It describes *the Skirmish at Glenshiel*, in 1719.

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* McLennan's ditty was sung to the tune of *John Patterson's mare rides foremost*. It was printed on a broadside with a 'Dialogue,' written by the Rev. John Barclay, on the same battle, beginning, "Pray came you here the fight to shun, or keep the sheep with me, man?" Another is "From *Bogie* side to *Bogie* gight."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 498. No other exemplar found.]

A Hymn, to the Victory in *Scotland*.

I Sing the Praise of Heroes brave,
Whose *warlike merit* conquest gave,
And scorn'd to trample on a foe,
But beat them first, then let them go!
After a Battle, sharp and bloody,
Beyond the reach of humane study,
Obtain'd between strong *rocks* and *trenches*,
By dint of sword, and vast expenses,
'Gainst sturdy *Scots* and *Spaniards* proud,
A Victory most men allow'd;
Where all their foes were quite confounded,
While cannons roar'd and trumpets sounded.
Beat here and there, and God knows *whither*,
Lost in a fog, in sun-shine weather:
Confusion every where proclaim'd,
Such wonders which can ne'er be named:
Abundance slain, which some call dead,
Who in the fright rose up and fled.
More stranger yet, if News be right, [*t. misp.* 'stronger.'
The fray did last from five till night;
And those who brought the tidings hither,
Say dead and living fled together.
Nay, perfect miracles abounded,
The dead men rose and kill'd the wounded; [*text*, 'rise.'
Yet when the Battle it was done,
There was not found so much as one,
Nor none can tell which way they'r gone.
No antient History can declare,
Such actions in feats of war:
Great *Wills* and *Carpenter* at *Preston*, [*Nov.* 13, 1715.
Might here have learnt a milder lesson;
For, tho' the Victory was compleat,
Both dead and living safe retreat.
Here was no tricking feigned pardon,
With consequences seldom heard on;
Deluding men, and when that's done,
Hang, gaol, and banish every one.
When in this fierce and bloody fray,
Our foes had leave to march away,
Without the loss of man or gun:
Such generous favour's seldom done.
Such mercy in this fight was shown,
We sav'd men's lives, and lost our own.

A Victory which no age can show,
To let both dead and living go:
Yet, notwithstanding, *Highland* Clans
These mighty favours still withstands,
Reflecting, with their bold bravadoes,
Our men shot only at their shadows;
And gave us reasons very pat,
Because they sav'd their lives by that.
Yet if reports has not bely'd 'em,
As bullets came they skip'd beside 'em;
Which is a riddle hard and dark,
When not one gunner hits a mark;
I doubt they've learn'd the Magic Art,
And value not our guns a f——t,
Or else the skins of *Highland Scots*
Are proof against both swords and shots.
Tho' this is strange, it seems too true,
Because none of their men were slew;
And, which our reason most has shaken,
Not one poor single Rebel taken.
Three hours beaten and none die,
Yet no man knows the reason why:
'Tis very strange, 'tween you and I.

London: Printed by *R. Thomas*, behind the *Royal Exchange.*

[Broadside, double-columned, in White-letter. No Woodcut. Date, probably March, 1718–19. See Introduction, *and its continuation* on p. 253.]

Note.—We have already reprinted (in vol. vi. pp. 617 to 622) two ballads on the abortive Insurrection of 1715, *viz.*, 'A Dialogue between *Argyle* and *Mar*,' and '*Mar's* Lament for his Rebellion.'

*** Here is the original *Bob of Dunblane* (*i.e.* Dance of Dunb.), *circâ* 1710, before Allan Ramsay's silly recast of it for his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, i. 64, 1724. Burns recovered the two stanzas from an inkeeper's wife 'on the spot':—

"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp-heckle, and I'll lend you my thrippling-kame."
"My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten, and we'll gae dance the *Bob of Dunblane.*"
"Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood; twa ga'ed to the wood: three came hame,
An it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

Burns, in 1787, related an anecdote heard by him, well authenticated: "In the evening of the battle of *Dunblane* (*Sheriff-Muir*), when the action was over, a *Scots* officer in *Argyle's* army observed to his Grace that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that they had gotten the victory. 'Weel, weel,' returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, 'If they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.'"—Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, ii. 193, 1810. (Omitted from the reprint in Paterson's *Burns*, 1879.)

John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle (1678-1743), the leader at Sherriffmuir, 1715, reappears in the 'Advice to Sir Robert Walpole,' p. 286.

The South-Sea Bubble.

(1720.)

"Ye wise Philosophers, explain what magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern Main? or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

"'Put in your money, fairly told; Presto, be gone!—'Tis here again:
Ladies and Gentlemen, behold, here's every piece as big as ten!'

"Thus in a basin drop a shilling, then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling, the pond'rous metal seems to swim:

"It rises both in bulk and height, behold it swelling like a sop!
The liquid medium cheats your sight: behold it mounted to the top!

"'*In Stock three hundred thousand pounds: I have in view a Lord's estate;*
My manors all contiguous round; a coach and six; and serv'd in plate!'

"Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves, puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves, dipt over head and ears—in debt."

—Swift: *The South-Sea Project*, 1721.

THE Roxburghe Collection 'South-Sea Ballad, set to music by a Lady,' begins thus: "*Change-Alley's* so thin that a man may now walk, and if he'll but listen may hear himself talk." Its date of publication appears to have been in July, 1720, thus earlier than Dean Swift's 'South-Sea Project,' quoted above. A more popular ballad (see p. 258), written by the author of 'The Cavalcade,' sung to a new tune called *The Grand Elixir; or, The Philosopher's Stone Discovered*, and beginning, "In *London* stands a spacious pile [viz., the Exchange], and near that pile an alley," was alluded to in '*The Political State of Great Britain*,' September, 1720, p. 179: "The [South-Sea] Ballad, which was publicly sold and cry'd about 'Change-Alley, could not but be grating to the ears of the nobility, officers of the Army, and other persons." In the National Gallery is preserved E. M. Ward's excellent picture, exhibited in 1847, 'The South-Sea Bubble: a scene in Change Alley, 1720.' An engraving of it, by J. Carter, is in '*The Life and Works of Edward Matthew Ward, R.A.*,' by James Dufforne, London, 1879, after it had been in the *Art Journal*.

One who profited by the South-Sea mania, while it ruined so many, was that clear-sighted Sir Robert Walpole, who had been four years earlier cast out of power by Sunderland and Stanhope. He was not responsible personally for the passing of the South-Sea Act; he had opposed it and other measures, and he rebuked the indulgence in speculation. Macaulay declared that "Walpole's calm good sense preserved him from the general infatuation. He condemned the prevailing madness in public, and turned a considerable sum by taking advantage of it in private. When the crash came, when ten thousand families were reduced to beggary in a day . . . . Walpole was the man on whom all parties turned

their eyes." For many generations he has been abused beyond his demerits, but his high qualities deserve more ample recognition than they found in contemporary ballads or caricatures, nearly all of them having been the libellous outcome of the Opposition.

On pp. 229, 230, were allusions to Robert Harley, newly created Earl of Oxford in 1711, ridiculing his pretentious schemes as a financier (May 2, 1711) for restoring public credit and liquidating the national debt; with the discharge of Army and Navy debentures, and other parts of the floating debt, amounting to nearly ten millions sterling. This debt became at the time an intolerable burden; for originating which William III. had been responsible. Political spite influenced the objections. If, instead of Harley the Tory, such of the Whigs as Godolphin and Somers had advocated these specious leagues, the sneers might not have been less bitter, but they must have come from the opposite camp. Not measures but men, were weighed in the scale. This is a truism, but at that time it was specially applauded as sound judgment. Ironical praise was bestowed on Harley's discreditable State jugglery:—

"Having paid a *vast Debt* to a farthing, without money, for which we adore him,
He'll silver in plenty bring home, by the *Trade* fixt in the *South Sea;*
Which, if it to *any thing* come, no doubt it will *something* be:
Our *Credit* was once at a stand, but now 'tis restor'd again," etc.

We need not trace the origin and progress of this enormous national fraud, the *South-Sea* Bubble, with innumerable other schemes, which brought ruin on multitudes after infecting all classes with its poisonous excitement, the covetousness of rapidly acquiring wealth, and the corruption of all honourable ambition dependent on industrial labour. This summary may suffice:—

"A Company of merchants, at that time [1711] without a name, took this debt upon themselves, and the Government agreed to secure them for a certain period the interest of six per cent. To provide for this interest, amounting to £600,000 per annum, the duties upon wines, vinegar, India goods, wrought silks, tobacco, whale-fins, and some other articles were rendered permanent. The monopoly of the trade to the South Seas was granted, and the Company, being incorporated by Act of Parliament, assumed the title by which it has ever since been known. The minister [Harley] took credit to himself for his share in this transaction, and the scheme was always called by his flatterers 'the Earl of Oxford's masterpiece.'"—*Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, by Charles Mackay, 1844; and 1852, i. 46.

Bitter was the lesson taught in 1720 by the bursting of this South-Sea Bubble, and not unneeded by the nation, affrighted, as France had been by failure of Law's Mississippi scheme. Since then, in 1825, 1835, and 1845, England has suffered, and may suffer again, from similar epidemics of gambling. Warnings are disregarded. Experience of long ago counts for little. Ever and anon a nation must 'dree its weird' and accept humiliation as a punishment, no less than each individual victim of villany or folly, whether self-incurred or inflicted by others.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 402.]

The South-Sea Ballad.

Set [to Music] by a Lady [1720].

Change Alley's so thin that a man may now walk,
And if he'll but listen may hear himself talk;
For since the suppression of Bubbles in *June*,
Those clamorous catches are quite out of tune.
No more of the Hubbles and Bubbles we see,
But all the whole Nation attends the *South-Sea*.

The *Salts* and the *Fisherys* likewise are gone;
All the Stock of the Bubbles is swallow'd in one,
Which (barring the ruin of all other trade)
Is the cleverest project that ever was made:
For now the contrivers are tipt with a fee,
If they souse the subscribers into the *South-Sea*.

What numbers have got that insatiable itch,
And endless ambition of still growing rich?
The man that was formerly worth but a *Plumb*,
Till he makes it a million, keeps gnawing his thumb:
For that is the least, as the wise men agree,
Can content an Adventurer in the *South-Sea*.

All the town is so eager their fortune to try,
That no body can the temptation deny;
So carefully laid is the scheme of the gin,
That some of the Parsons themselves are drawn in:
Which of these would choose an Archbishop to be,
To refuse a Directorship in the *South-Sea*.

What numbers of upstart figures we meet,
Set up by stock-jobbing in every street!
They're so fond of their '*Arms*,' when they come to approach,
They can hardly for staring get into their coach:
But when we examine their true pedigree,
We trace their original from the *South-Sea*.

This Gold-sanded ocean is not like the rest,
But is quite of a different nature possest;
It is such as no other sea yet ever had:
Instead of preventing 'twill make people mad,
Distracting their reason, to such a degree,
That head-long they throw themselves in the *South-Sea*.

'Tis a comical sight to behold the deceit
Of all ranks of men met each other to cheat;
To see my *L[or]d Duke* make a rout and ado,
In a coffee-house crowd, with a politick Jew:
The most orthodox now-a-days reckoned is he
Whose Stock is all Capital in the *South-Sea*.

This mystery some would pretend to explain,
While those that get money but laugh at the pain;
The wisest of all, with their racket and rout,
Find it just like a tub with the bottom knockt out: [*t.* 'Finding.'
The cream of the jest is with those that make free
With the general scramble amidst the *South-Sea*.

Like *Pharaoh's* lean kine that devoured the fat,
It has knock'd down the puny contrivances flat;
But if I mistake not, I've read that his host
And himself in the *Red-Sea* were utterly lost:
He thought to get riches, and why should not we
Remember the *Red* when we cross the *South-Sea?*

Finis.

[White-letter. No colophon or woodcut. Date, July or August, 1720.]

*** *Note.*—It troubles not the ballad-writer that the Pharaoh who dreamed of the lean kine in the time of Joseph (*Genesis* XLI.) was more than four centuries antecedent to the Pharaoh of the Red Sea (*Exodus* XIV.). But Macedon and Monmouth were very much alike, in having rivers: "and there is salmons in both."

Dean Swift's 'South-Sea Project,' quoted on p. 254, has a similar allusion:—

"Like *Pharaoh*, by Directors led (they with their spoils went safe before),
His chariots, tumbling out the dead, lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

"As fishes on each other prey, the great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the *Southern Sea:* the Whale Directors eat up all."

The second stanza of our Roxb. Ballad, p. 256, mentions "the Salts and the Fisheries." Among the multitudinous minor speculations or bubbles of 1720 were some named respectively 'The Salt Trade'; 'Rock Salt'; and 'For Salt Works on Holy Island' (Lindisfarne): a Satirical Bubble-Card relates,

"Here by mixt elements of earth and water
They make a mud, that turns to *Salt* herea'ter;
To help the project on among 'Change dealers,
May all bad wives, like *Lot's*, become salt pillars:
Since crowds of fools delight to be salt-sellers."

Other bubble companies were the 'Orkney Island Fishery'; the 'Great Fishery' (Herrings imported from Holland); the 'Small Fishery'; the 'Greenland Whale Fishery'; the 'Coral Fishery'; the 'Grand American Fishery' (chiefly Cod); and 'The Fish Pool,' for keeping fish alive, to supply the London markets.

This other ballad-broadside, probably unique, was mentioned on p. 254.

A South-Sea Ballad, 1720.

By the Author of 'The Cavalcade.'

To a New Tune called, *The Grand Elixir; or, The Philosopher's Stone Discovered.*

IN *London* stands a famous Pile, and near that pile an Alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil, and Wisdom stoops to folly.
Here sad and joytul, high and low, court Fortune for her graces,
And as she smiles or frowns, they shew their gestures and grimaces.

Here Stars and Garters do appear, among our Lords the Rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear, the Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crafty Courtiers are too wise for those who trust to fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes, who peep behind the curtain.

Our greatest Ladies hither come, and ply in chariots daily;
Oft pawn their jewels for a sum, to venture 't in the Alley.
Young Harlots, too, from *Drury-Lane*, approach the 'Change in coaches,
To fool away the gold they gain by their obscene debauches.

Long-heads may thrive by sober rules, because they think and drink not;
But Head-longs are our thriving fools, who only drink and think not.
The lucky rogues, like *Spaniel*-dogs, leap into *South-Sea* water,
And there they fish for golden frogs, not caring what comes after.

'Tis said that Alchemists of old could turn a brazen kettle,
Or leaden cistern, into gold—that noble tempting metal!
But if it here may be allowed to bring in great with small things,
Our cunning *South-Sea*, like a God, turns Nothing into All-things.

What need have we of *Indian* wealth, or commerce with our neighbours?
Our Constitution is in health, and riches crown our labours;
And *South-Sea* ships have golden shrouds; they bring us wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their treasure in the clouds, to hide it till it's wanted.

O *Britain!* bless thy present state, thou only happy Nation;
So oddly rich, so madly great, since Bubbles came in fashion.
Successful Rakes exert their pride, and count their airy millions;
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride, brought up to Town on pillions.

Few men, who follow Reason's rules, grow fat with *South-Sea* diet;
Young Rattles and unthinking Fools are those that flourish by it.
Old musty Jades, and pushing Blades, who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace; whilst wiser heads are struck with admiration. [= wonder.

A race of men who, t'other day, lay crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by *Stock* brought into play, and made our Lords and Masters;
But should our *South-Sea Babel* fall, what numbers would be frowning?
The losers then must ease their gall, by hanging or by drowning.

Five hundred Millions, notes and bonds, our *Stocks* are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods or lands, or money—let me tell you.
Yet tho' our Foreign Trade is lost, of mighty Wealth we vapour;
When all the riches that we boast consist in scraps of paper!

The Unhappy Voyage of Lord Belhaven.

(*Shipwrecked near the Lizard Rocks*, 10 *Nov.*, 1721.)

THIS Lord Belhaven was appointed Governor of Barbadoes. Voyaging thither in the 'Royal Anne' Galley, he was shipwrecked and drowned, off the coast of Cornwall, on the 10th of November, 1721. He, John Hamilton, third Baron Belhaven, in 1715 had been one of the sixteen representative Scottish peers. He commanded the East Lothian troop of horse at the battle of Sheriffmuir, the 'Bob of Dumblane' (see p. 251, *ante*). Both of his sons succeeded to the Barony, John and James; James being the fifth baron, and dying unmarried in 1777. The estate in East Lothian passed to the Nisbets of Dirleton. Lady Belhaven had not accompanied her husband, and survived him, but she went distracted on receiving news of his death. She is mentioned in the ballad. Her name was Anne, daughter of Andrew Bruce, a merchant in Edinburgh. The previous John Hamilton, of Beil, second Baron Belhaven, had been in 1704 a Lord of the Treasury, a vigorous opponent of the coming Union. Some said that he was moved by avarice and ambition to desert his party (*Lockhart Papers*, vol. i. p. 115); and he was thus libelled in a pasquinade, 'Upon the Rogues in Parliament' (it begins, "Our Parliament is met, a hellish design," the Scottish Parliament being meant: we transcribe R. K. Kinloch's copy), the same year, 1704:

> "Thou apostate *Hamilton*, *John Belhaven*,
> Who to thy countrie's interest hes bid good even,
> And entred the league with the damned factious seven,
> Thy last year's speeches will damn thee."

Accused of advocating the claims of the Stuarts, he was committed to the Tower, in 1708. Soon after his release, in June, he died, from inflammation of the brain. He was described as "a rough, fat, bold, and noisy man, more like a butcher than a lord." He drew attention to the study of agriculture, in a tract entitled '*The Country-Man's Rudiments.*' It was his son who was shipwrecked, and whom we find mentioned in the ballad.

Note.—The tune appointed is *Women's Work is never done* (Lindesiana, 939, and *Popular Music*, p 558); the words beginning, "O that I had never married, since I lead a care-full life": the full title is 'Woman's Work is never done; or The Crown Garland of Princely Pastime and Mirth: The Woman has done the worst of it, or her work is never done.' The tune agrees with *The Doubting Virgin* (see *Roxb. Ballads*, iv. 344, beginning, "O my dearest, do not slight me, for my love to thee is true"). The same tune was named *Shall I, shall I? No, no, no!* and *The Soldier's Departure*; probably also *The Bed's-making*. In Roxb. Coll. I. 534 is the antecedent and original ballad (reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. p. 302), similarly entitled, 'A Woman's Work is never done.' beginning, "As I was wand'ring on my way, I heard a married woman say, that she had lived a sorry life, ever since the time she was made a wife," etc. The tune assigned is marked, *A Woman's Work is never done*, or, *The Bed's-Making.*

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 593. Another exemplar had belonged to C. K. Sharpe.]

The Unhappy Voyage:

Giving an Account of the *Royal Anne* Galley, Captain *Willis* Commander, which was split to pieces on the *Stag*-Rocks on the *Lizzard*, the 10th of *November*, 1721, having on board the Lord *Belhaven*, who was going as Governor to *Barbadoes*, with several other Persons of Distinction, the whole number on board being two hundred and ten, out of which there were only three saved; whose names are *George Hain*, *William Godfrey*, and *Thomas Laurence*, a Boy.

To the Tune of, *Women's Work is never done.* [See *Note*, p. 259.]

OH! the sad and dismal story, brought from off the *Lizzard*-rocks:
The *Royal Anne*, in all her glory, there receiv'd a fatal shock,
The winds and waves did both conspire for to ruin all therein:
Oh *Belhaven!* brave *Belhaven!* most unhappy hast thou been.

Governor unto *Barbadoes*, he was sailing, bold and brave,
Little dreaming it was his fortune for to have a wat'ry grave;
With many more brave noble persons, which were put in place of trust;
But oh! their sands were just expiring, their time was come, and die they must.

Above two hundred souls were perish'd, in an instant all were lost,
By furious winds and waves were driven, on the *Stag*-rocks they were cast; [of stone,
Oh! the dismal cries and screikings, 'twould have pierc'd a heart
When the Galley split to pieces, for to hear their pitious moan.

Of all that were on board the vessel, only three could reach the shore,
Who on a wreck by the winds were carried, thro' the waves and billows' roar:
Then praise the Lord for His great mercy, you that thus [He did] preserve;
Adore and magnifie His goodness, willingly your Maker serve.

Captain *Willis* was Commander, at this most unhappy time;
Savage to be Attorney-General, with many more just in their prime,
Were going over for to settle at *Barbadoes*, we do hear;
But by the ocean they were [swa]llow'd, as they did their courses steer.

What a scene of dismal horror, there was seen when this was o're!
Bodies floating on the ocean, by the waves were drove on shore;
And the country people running, striving who should get the most,
Stripping all, without distinction—'tis the Custom of the Coast.

One gentleman was drove on shore, 'bout whom they found a
thousand pound,
Whose name's supposed to be *Crosier*, by writings in his pocket found;
Likewise, they say, the Lord *Belhaven*, having on a diamond ring,
His shirt mark'd B., the floating ocean did to shore his body bring.

Oh! the grief and sad distraction, which this accident hath brought
On the wives and near relations of the persons that are lost;
Some for husbands, others fathers, brothers, kinsmen, do lament,
With aking hearts and weeping eyes, to think how from them
they are rent.

But now observe the dismal story, given by these three that's sav'd,
George Hain, likewise *William Godfrey*, and *Thomas Laurence*,
a boy 'tis said:
"As to *Barbadoes* we were sailing, Lord *Belhaven* he did say,
'*Come, noble boys and jovial sailors, happy may our voyage be!*'

"But drawing near unto the *Lizzard*, there the storm began to rise,
Nothing then but desolation did appear before our eyes.
Such a dreadful scene of sorrow, sure before was never seen:
O *Belhaven!* brave *Belhaven!* most unhappy hast thou been.

"Captain *Willis* cry'd, 'Brave sailors, do your best, or die we must:
Lord, have mercy! now relieve us! in Thy Providence we trust;
Save us in the time of danger, for death before our eyes appear!'
And when they found all hopes were over, in tears they all fell
down to Prayer.

"Then against the fatal rocks the Royal Galley split in twain,
Two hundred souls aloud were crying, 'Lord, save us from the
wat'ry main!'
To see each for his life a-shifting, as the waves tost mountains high,
The Galley in the deep a-sinking, while dying groans did pierce
the sky.

"I see the noble Lord *Belhaven* climbing to the top-mast high,
With many more of birth and breeding, who likewise in the
waves did die:
At length the Galley split in pieces, death put an end to all their woe.
We three poor souls upon a wreck with waves was tossed to and fro;

"At length unto the shore was driven, where the people took us in:
We prais'd the Lord for His great mercy, since we thus preserv'd
have been;
[He] sav'd us in the fatal hour, when the waves did us surround,
And a many souls did perish, and before our eyes were drown'd."

Oh! the dreadful grief and sorrow that their wives and children
bear;
Wives a weeping for their husbands, the children for their father dear.
Let each tender heart [de]plore them, and pity the sorrow they are in,
And think upon the Lord *Belhaven*, how unhappy he has been.

A noble Lady in the city, hearing of her husband's death, [*Edinburgh*.
'Twould have mov'd a heart of pity to hear the words she did express,
Crying, "O, my tender jewel! is a wat'ry wave thy tomb?
I'll search the deep to find my dear: O cruel death, come seize me soon."

Thus she raves in sad distraction, in her bed with cords she's bound,
Crying night and day, "My jewel! he is in the ocean drown'd."
Thus many a mournful widow, and babies fatherless, are made:
Consider then the many dangers which poor sailors thro' do wade.

Many more that night did perish, in the Storm as we do hear;
As in the *Downs* the fleet was riding, some Lord *Belhaven's* fate
did share.
Lord, keep us from all such disaster, deliver us from sudden death,
And give us Grace that we may serve the mighty God while we
have breath.

[White-letter broadside. Woodcut of shipwreck; no colophon. Date, 1721.]

Additional Note.—There are numerous variations in the text reprinted by James Maidment, 1868, "from a copy supposed to be unique in the Editor's collection"; probably the one held previously by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose library was dispersed after his death in 1868. If genuine, these differences would indicate a totally distinct *and later* issue, not in itself improbable, for local circulation in Edinburgh. But the modernizations—certainly of later date than the event and our exemplar—are either fraudulent or mere adaptations. Some few are blunders and perversions; *e.g.* "Alas! their *souls*," in place of correct reading, "Alas! their sands," in second stanza; "*whilst*" for "thro'," fourth stanza; "*Savage* the," instead of "*Savage* to be," in 5th stanza; omission of "the deep" and interpolation of "now, and" before "seize me soon," in 16th stanza. In 17th, Maidment reads "Many women lost their husbands," instead of our text, "Thus many a mournful widow." Similarly, in 13th stanza, he had read "were with the waves tossed," in place of our "With waves was tossed."

Stanza 6.—'*The Custom of the Coast.*' Wreckers in Cornwall habitually allured ships to destruction, for the sake of plundering them. Any of the crew who survived, and reached the shore with money, seldom found safety there.

Stanza 9.—One of the three survivors of the shipwrecked "Royal Anne" galley was named '*George Hain.*' He may have been the very same *George Hains*, or *Hinds* (formerly belonging to Captain Green's crew in the *Worcester*, mentioned on pp. 214, 215, 217), who was sentenced to death on Leith Sands in 1705. But he was neither hanged nor drowned, though his comrades were.

In 1708 Lord Wigton had divorced his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Colin, Lord Balcarres, for an amour with Lord Belhaven (the second baron died the same year). She had previously eloped with the Duke of Montrose, but for this earlier offence she had been forgiven by her husband.—*Carstair's Letters.*

A Ballad by *John B[raye]s.*

THIS satire rebukes the bigotry and intolerance of the predominant faction in the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, *circâ* 1724–1725, when men of 'light and leading' were assailed as 'Pagans'; and classical learning was decried as being subversive of sound doctrine. Pasquils deserve careful study, for they show the unrest and quarrelsome internecine warfare of those days. We re-unite and reprint the scattered halves of this ballad, which is probably unique. We tentatively eke out, within square brackets, the imperfect names, initialled in the broadside. The author of the ballad, J[ohn] B[raye]s, apparently belonged to the grammar school, and had some connection with the Cameronians; judging by some fragmentary calligraphic endorsement on the broadside, mutilated by the binder.

The *Watson* in stanza ix. mentioned, but disguisedly, by initials like the others, as '*W——n*,' is almost certainly the Edinburgh bookseller and publisher, *James Watson*, whose shop was in 1706–11 'next door to the Red Lion, opposite the Luckenbooth's,' a low range of dwellings near St. Giles's Church in the High Street. He published the valuable three-fold '*Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems*,' in 1706, 1709, and 1711, for which he deserves our gratitude. James Watson was, like Robt. Mylne and Rawlinson, a devoted Cavalier Jacobite, as his choice of poems by Montrose and Charles 1st amply proves. He was not a man to "cant." We look farther afield, to identify the first '*W——on*': probably the Rev. *Gabriel Wilson*, of Maxton, who died in Feb. 172⅝.

We suppose the '*C—r—gie*' of stanza xiii. refers to *John Carnegie*, to whom certain 'Lynes' extant in Mylne's MS. were addressed by an admirer (perhaps Mylne himself). See the *Note* on p. 266. It is playfully affectionate in tone, unlike the generality of Epigrams belonging to those days of sectarian controversy and bitter political antagonisms.

David Sympson, an intimate ally of Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, wrote this following acrostic on their common friend Robert Mylne:—

ACROSTIC.

RISE up, my Muse, and mount *Parnassus* Hill,
On labour think, and describe Master *Mylne*.
Born to support depressed Loyalty,
Even when knaves acted highest villany.
Return to duty is thy common theme;
Turn to your King; escape eternal shame.
My thoughts of thee deserves a better Poet,
Your true friend then, *Pitcairn*, will surely doe it.
Let praise and palms alwayes crown your head,
Next to these signs you live when you are dead,
Even take this from him in whom is no seed.

Robert Mylne died on the 21st December, 1747. *The British Magazine, or, London and Edinburgh Intelligencer*, records it, thus: "*Robert Mylne*, writer, aged 103. He enjoyed his sight and the exercise of his understanding till a little before his death, and was buried on his birthday." *The Scots' Magazine* gives his age as 105. Mylne's Collection of MSS. and printed books was dispersed.

The ballad names the learned and laconic *Allan Logan*, the bright *Gillespie, Ralph Erskine* with his riddles, the famous *John Maclaren*, and also the 'ill h—'d '*M—gy D—son*.' We at once identify her undoubtingly as the woman who had been publicly executed at the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, in 1724, and was resuscitated, to live unmolested many years afterwards, and be talked of for more than a century, as the "half-hanged *Maggie Dickson*." The ballad indicates that James Watson printed an account of her, and that the "Unco guid and rigidly righteous" had exalted her fame after her penitence and 'conversion,' but deserted and reviled her for coming to life again: which is exactly what might be expected of them. Also, that some one person made money by exhibiting her, after escape from strangulation, which is likewise fairly credible. Madge Wildfire named her, when bantering the condemned and reprieved gaoler, Jemmy Radcliffe: "Gude e'en to ye, Daddy Ratton—they tauld me ye were hanged, man; or did ye get out o' Jock Dalgeish's hands *like half-hangit Maggie Dickson?*" (*Heart of Mid-Lothian*, chapter xvi.) See *Note* on p. 266.

> "Ere she was *strung*, the wicked Wife was Sainted by the Flamen,
> But now, since she's return'd to life, some say she's the old samen."

(Stanza xi.) That is, she continued unchanged, unregenerate. *Samen*, or *samin*, is a good Scottish word, not invented merely for the rhyme. It occurs in the *Complaynt of Scotlande*, 1549, *e.g.* "The Poiet confermis this *samyn* purpose." Again, in the list of 'sueit sangis,' No. 84 (reprinted by the E.E.T. Soc., Extra Series, 1872; *cf. Captain Cox*, Bd. Soc., p. clx., 1871), "Allace, that *samyn* sueit face!" On fruitful soil fell the seed of this "most pathetic title." The late James Thomson ('B.V.,' author of '*The City of Dreadful Night*') constructed in 1865 a ballad tenderly beautiful, reprinted in his *Vane's Story*, 1881, "Allace! that samyn sweit face!" The original is imitated in *Ane Compendius Buik of Godly and Spirituall Sangis*, 1600:—

> "Alace, that same sweit face, that died vpon ane tree,
> To purchas mankynd peace, from sinne to mak vs free,
> Allone to bee our remedie," etc. (See p. xvi., *ante*.)

J. B.'s Ballad tells of dissensions in the General Assembly of the Scottish kirk, 1725–1727, concerning alleged heretical teaching, charged against the Glasgow professor of theology, John Simson. Before 1707 an English book entitled, *The Marrow of Modern Divinity*, written by Edward Fisher, 1645, had been read and admired by Thomas Boston (afterwards renowned for his *Fourfold State* and *Crook in the Lot*). *The Marrow* when republished in 1718, by the Rev. James Hog, of Carnock, aroused controversy, and was condemned by the General Assembly, May 20, 1720. The two Erskines held a meeting. Boston with eleven others (known as '*Marrow*-men, The Twelve Apostles'), petitioned against the condemnatory act, and were 'rebuked' by the moderator. Afterwards, in 1732, Ebenezer Erskine, headed a secession, which in 1747 became divided into 'Burgher' and 'Anti-Burgher,' but these sectaries rejoined together in 1820, and by taking in 'the Relief' in 1847 became the U.P.C., or United Presbyterian Church.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 736, and 428.]

A Ballad by *J[oh]n B[raye]s.*

I.

WHEN *W[ils]on* cants, and *L[o]g[an]* bauls, out oh! our Kirk is shogan;
Then *Simson's* sense and reason falls, before great *A[lla]n L[oga]n.*

II.

This learned *L[oga]n*, orthodox, 'midst heavy hums and haughing,
Speaks short and pithy, raps his box, and keeps th' Assembly laughing.

III.

Long may *Laconick L[oga]n* live, and rise in fame and riches;
To sift *Simsonians* in the sieve of Creeds—and prick the Witches.

IV.

This second-sighted Sëer sees far'er by Inspiration
Than he who, by black Nature, flees for light to Education.

V.

Ah! would th' Assembly make an Act, to put down Pagan fooling,
With College-lear, not worth a plack, to Saints, who need no schooling.

VI.

In length'ned speech then each might blaze, a Star, like bright *G[ille]spy;*
While learned Reason but betrays, like Willy-with-the-Wispy. [= *Ignis Fatuus.*

VII.

Ah! Learning false, and Reason weak, how ill you tune your fiddles;
Could you teach *Simson* e'er to make ought like *R[al]ph E[rski]ne's* riddles.

VIII.

Could ye, with all your boasted Light, foundations lay to rear on;
A fame that towers to such a height as that of *J[oh]n Mac[lare]n?*

IX. [*J—n B—s's.* Bd. *Continued.*

DO ye appear in any page, that *W[at]son* has printed?
This active Author of the Age ne'er by your rules was stinted.

X.

No priest more powerfully can preach, without all contradiction;
To prove this, please peruse the speech of ill-h——'d *M[ag]gy D[ick]son.*

XI.

Ere she was strung, the wicked Wife was sainted by the Flamen;
But now, since she's return'd to life, some say she's the old samen.

XII.

He led her by the hand a-show, by which she made some gilders,
Which he might borrow; wherefore no? as he does from his *E[lde]rs.*

XIII.

But above all who speak or write, *C[a]r[ne]gie* claims my praises,
Who out of colours red and white, the deepest Doctrine raises.

XIV.

O lovely Laird! eke pious Priest! a text thou tightly stretches,
Thy sermons are no more a jest than thy Assembly speeches.

XV.

When thou into hid Myst'ry keeks, how dearly does thou charm one;
Fair fa' the wife that cuff'd his cheeks, who left thy good lang sermon.

XVI.

Go on, great men! and never irk, when now's the solemn season,
While leagu'd in votes, to free the Kirk from learning, sense, and reason.

(*More a-coming yet.*)

[Broadside. White-letter. No colophon. Divided and misplaced by binder: thus, stanzas ix. to xvi. count as R.C. III. 248, while the beginning, i.-viii., is R.C. III. p. 736. The concluding threat, was it a *brutum fulmen*? Or if a promise, did it remain unfulfilled? These local pasquils admit light into dark places. Line 1, *Shogan* = jolted. Date, almost certainly 1725-1727.]

Additional Notes.—The name '*W——n*' occurs twice, but probably refers to two different persons, viz. in the first line to the Rev. *Gabriel Wilson*, of Maxton, who was proceeded against, before the General Assembly in Scotland, on account of the doctrine advocated in *The Marrow of Divinity*. But in the ninth stanza it is probably *James Watson*, the publisher, 'next door to the Red Lion, opposite the Luckenbooths,' who is indicated (if still alive in 1724-27). A broadside account of *Maggie Dickson's* execution told how the hangman had clutched at her limbs, to hasten the strangulation: this is extant, and may have been issued by Watson. Perhaps the 'Flamen' was the Rev. *John Willison*, of Dundee, who survived till May, 1750.

The Rev. *Allan Logan*, settled first at Torryburn and afterwards at Culross, was active against the '*Marrow*,' and the Simsonians, the upholders of *John Simson*, Professor of Divinity at the Univ. of Glasgow, accused of heresy, suspended in 1727, and farther persecuted in 1729. See the *Correspondence of Robert Wodrow*, i. 251; ii. 1, 31, 296, 320, and 415 to 445; and his *Analecta*.

Stanza vi., probably the Rev. *George Gillespie*, of Edinburgh.

Stanza vii., *Ralph Erskine;* brother of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, head of the early secession.

Stanza viii., the Rev. *John Maclaren* or *Maclaurin*, of the Tolbooth, Glasgow, who spoke in Simson's second process for heresy, 1727.

Stanzas x. to xii., Mrs. *Margaret Dickson*, who, having given birth to a dead child, while separated from her husband, was condemned for concealment of pregnancy, under a law of 1690, and hanged in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, on 2nd December, 1724. Her body was given to her friends, from the gallows, and carted to Musselburgh, but the coffin having been broken by some medical students, the jolting restored her to animation before half the journey was accomplished. Her husband took her back to his care; she bore him several children. They kept a public-house; she sold salt in the streets of 'Auld Reekie.'

The *Carnegie* of stanza xiii. was evidently a member of the Assembly, and may have been the '*John Carnagie*, of Dunlappie,' apostrophised in Mylne's MS.

Lynes on John Carnagie.

OH! *John Carnagie* in *Dunlappie*,
Thou hes a wyfe both blythe and sappie,
A bottle that is both whyte and nappie;
Thou sits, and with thy little cappie,
Thou drinks, and never leaves a drappie,
Until thou sleepest lyke a tappie:
Oh! were I *John*, I would be happie.

GEORGE II., 1727–1760.

ON the 11th of June, 1727, died George the First. He survived by eight months his repudiated wife, the Princess Sophia Dorothea of Zell, mother of George II. She had been kept close prisoner in the castle of Ahlen, Brunswick, and was never crowned or recognized as Queen of England, a fact conveniently forgotten by his admirers. We attach no weight to the accusations of unfaithfulness brought against her, but unsubstantiated with proof, in relation to the murdered Count Philip Christopher Konigsmark (see vol. v. p. 100). She was born in 1666, and married in 1682. The accession of her son, George Augustus, took place in 1727.

GEORGE II.

" In most things I did as my father had done—
I was false to my wife, and I hated my son; ['Prince *Fd.*'
My spending was small, and my avarice much,
My kingdom was *English*, my heart was *High Dutch*.
At *Dettingen* fight I was not known to blench,
I butcher'd the *Scotch*, and I bearded the *French*.
I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I was'nt much missed when I died in a fit.
Here set up my statue, and make it complete,
With *Pitt* on his knees at my dirty old feet." [A foul slander.

W.M.T.'s estimate, 1845; harshly put. "False to my wife" is indisputable; and "I hated my son"—Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, 'Prince Feckie or Fed.' This repulsion against her son was shared by the Queen, Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach, whom George had married in 1705. She made herself indispensable to her husband, and he gave her all the admiration and love he was capable of feeling. Conjugal fidelity was not in his bond. We learn much from Lord John Hervey (Pope's 'Lord Fanny,' and 'that thing of silk, Sporus—that mere white curd of asses' milk,' who in 1720 became the husband of beautiful Mary Lepel). He tells anecdotes of Caroline's self-sacrifices of her matronly pride, of health, and of life itself; of her death-bed request that the king might avoid loneliness in bereavement by marrying again; and of his agonised refusal, "Non! j'aurai des maîtresses!" with which assurance she died content, "*Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.*" No rival would displace her from remembrance. She had studied his taste for more than thirty years, and had tolerated 'Mrs. Howard,' who in 1735 left him captive to the Hanoverian niece of George I.'s mistress (Erengard Melosine Schulenberg, Duchess of Kendal), viz. Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, who became in April, 1740, Countess of Yarmouth. He had met Madam Walmoden at a ball in 1735, a young married woman 'of the first fashion in Hanover.'

"It is certain that from the very beginning of this new engagement the king acquainted the queen by letter of every step he took in it; of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word, as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person that had the queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles' distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her."—*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*, i. 450, 1848, edited by John Wilson Croker. The first payment to her was a thousand ducats.

Although 'The Humble Address of the Company of H.M.S. *Orford*' is of no literary or historical importance, and is of doubtful date and unknown authorship, it is reprinted here because it belongs to the Roxb. Coll. III. 572, and forms perhaps the earliest tribute of loyalty from the Navy offered to George II. on his accession, in 1727. Philip V. was reigning in Spain. Gibraltar was continually menaced, but still held in the firm grasp of England (formally ceded to her at the Peace of Utrecht, 1713). The mention of "We mourn your royal father dead," in the ninth line, seems to point to the recent demise of George I. in 1727, taken in connection with the allusion to Philip. "*Huffing Phil*" probably applies to Philip, Duke of Wharton. After his second marriage, to Maria O'Byrne, maid of honour to the Queen of Spain, he volunteered into the Spanish Camp, and served in the trenches against the English garrison of Gibraltar at the unsuccessful siege, February, 1727. He died in a monastery, near Tarragona, 1731.

Note.—It is barely possible, however, that reference may have been made instead to Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales who died on the 20th March, 1751; in which case we would have to attribute the Address to so late a date as 1760, on the accession of George III., whose father never reigned at all. Charles III. was at this later time reigning king of Spain, since 1759.

England lost nothing of value by the death of 'Prince Feckie' or 'Fed,' nine years before the death of George II. Respect was not deserved by Frederick or his wife Augusta, the Princess of Wales, whose later favouritism of the unpopular Scotch minister Bute amounted to a scandal. Prematurely, in derisive anticipation fourteen years before Frederick's death, the impromptu epitaph had been spoken by a Jacobite lady, summing up his mental and political value, while Queen Caroline was alive (she died in 1737, see p. 277):—

HERE lies Prince *Fed!* gone down among the dead!!
Had it been his Father, we had much rather!!!
Had it been his Mother, better than any other!!!
Had it been his Sister, no one would have miss'd her!!!
Had it been the whole generation,
All the better for the nation!!!
But since 'tis only *Fed*, gone down among the dead,
Why—there's no more to be said!

Were the later date adopted for the 'Address,' '*Huffing Phil*' might indicate Philip. V., with his son Charles, in 1759-60 Charles III., King of the Two Sicilies. But the *true date* must be 1727: no '*Royal Consort*' could be hailed in 1760, or before Sept., 1761; and Edward Harley, 2nd Earl of Oxford, had died on June 16, 1741.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 572. No other Exemplar accessible.]

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. The humble Address of the Company of his Majesty's Ship ORFORD.

MOST gracious sovereign Lord, may't please
To accept the homage of the Seas?
Neptune, who, under you, commands,
Craves leave to come, and kiss your hands;
And we, your servants, sons to *Him*,
Give you three chears from stern to stem,
And pray, whilst we can splice a rope,
You'll live, the Anchor of our Hope.

We mourn your *Royal Father* dead,
But joy takes place that you succeed.
Your Royal Consort, next, we hail;
May she long ride in gentle gale!
And may your offspring never fail!

Receive these tributes as they run,
Rough as the elements we're on,
For they're sincere, though not for show,
Nor do they from mean custom flow,
But from the sense of what we owe.
Our duty does not bounce and boil,
Our pen's not dipt in *Oxford* oil;
We use no tinsel art to prove
The force and ardour of our love;
But come, like open-minded folk,
To tell you, we're your *Hearts of Oak*,
And true—as ever struck a stroke.

Nor shall we make our paper sound
With twenty shillings in the pound,
As lying *Totness* did before;
Tho', if we cou'd, we wou'd give more:
But we will give you what we can,
And all stand by you to a man.
Do tempests rage, and billows toss?
Do combinations make a fuss?
We'll steer you safe, Sir, thus, Boys, thus.

Note.—The Earl of *Orford* was a title borne by Adm. Edward Russell, after the battle of La Hogue, 1697. Sir Robt. Walpole became Earl of *Orford*, 1742.

Line 9.—See pp. 268, and 270. Line 20.—"*Oxford* oil" cannot be a sneer at Robt. Harley, Earl of Oxford, for he had died in 1724, and his acquittal was seven years earlier. It refers to his literary son, Edward, 2nd Earl.

Speak, and we'll let your thunder fly,
And make the world dance *Barnaby*; [See *Note.*
Bring all Invaders to the geers,
And cut off all your en'mies' ears;
Annex *Gibraltar* to your Crown,
And all your foreign foes pull down;
Make huffing *Phil* and *Charles* obey [See p. 268 and *Note.*
Your sceptre—*keep us but in pay.*

If the King asks, "*Who are you then?*"
We humbly answer, "*Orford's men*";
Who else dare ask, we answer bluff,
"*We're Orford's men,*" and that's enough.

[White-letter. No woodcut or colophon. Date, almost certainly, 1727. Mention of "your royal father dead" could not be reasonably made in an address to George III., whose own father (Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, 1707–1751) had predeceased George II. by nine years.]

Notes.—The "lying Totness" allusion is somewhat vague; but suggestive of commercial trickery: it was disfranchised for corruption in 1867. Gibraltar had fallen into the power of England, under Rooke, George Byng, and Leake, so long before as 1704, and was ceded to her by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. Often besieged (as by the Spaniards at this date, when Wharton joined them: "huffing Philip," Duke of Wharton, who died May 31, 1731), but gallantly defended, 'Gib' was not lost to us, though weaklings would have yielded it.

But for the niggardliness of the Commons in 1682–83, begrudging the necessary expense of maintaining the fortifications and garrison of Tangier, which came to Charles II. as part of his Queen Catharine of Braganza's dowry (see vol. v. p. 471), England might to this day have continued to hold it. She now sees its value. To have yielded any stronghold, either in the Mediterranean or elsewhere, is unwise, tending to the dismemberment of the Empire.

'*To dance Barnaby*,' proverbially, meant *Randal a Barnaby*. A modern version, of last century, begins, "I am Randal a Barnaby's youngest son,' of the *Arthur o' Bradley* character: see Ritson's *North Country Chorister*, 1802. In Charles Cotton's '*Scarronides; or, Virgil Travestie*," 1660, this occurs:

"Bounce! cries the port-hole; out they fly,
And make the world dance *Barnaby*." (Lines 188, 189)

It may originally have meant a dance at Midsummer, the time of 'Barnaby Bright,' the festival of S. Barnabas, June 11.

"Bring all Invaders to the *geers*,
And cut off all your enemies' ears."

Geers being the nautical term for blocks and cordage, the meaning is, to hang at the yard-arm. The Spaniards cut off one ear of brave Captain Jenkins; Parliament complained of this in 1738. Earlier cases of such aural mutilation may have called for reprisal.

Caleb Triumphant.

(1729–1732.)

NEITHER affection nor respect clings to the memory of him who was reputed to have written the following ballad, viz., William Pulteney, afterwards, in July 1742, created Earl of Bath. He, in the December following, married Anna Maria Gumley, who had been notoriously his mistress, and popularity deserted him when he "made his fall upstairs" into a title. He was essentially an opposer and overthrower. To such men satires and lampoons come welcome; but they neither build nor conserve as Statesmen. His quarrels were bitter, and held more personal spite than either patriotism or partizan zeal. Like a querulous cynic of modern times, an extinct volcano, he was "gey hard to live with." After 1724 he waged war against Walpole, and triumphed at last; he fought a duel with Lord Hervey in 1731, and wounded him; he availed himself for many years of the services of Nicholas Amhurst, and yet left him at the last to penury and ruin.

The pseudonym of Caleb d'Anvers, used for *The Craftsman* (commenced on 5th December, 1726), is usually identified with Amhurst, its editor, who was born at Malden, Kent, 16th Oct., 1691, and died at Twickenham, 12th April, 1742. But, not only the libellous *Craftsman*, but the individuality designated 'Caleb,' were shared by three persons, Pulteney, Amhurst, and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, after his return from exile. Distinct ballads recognize each of these persons as the genuine Caleb d'Anvers; he was, to borrow Mrs. Malaprop's definition, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once." In 1733 'Aye and No' identifies d'Anvers with Bolingbroke: "When from the axe good *d'Anvers* flew."

'The Honest Jury; or, Caleb Triumphant' celebrates the acquittal of '*The Craftsman*' on the charge of a malicious libel. The publication had been eminently successful; ten thousand copies are said to have been sold in one day. On 2nd January, 1731, a letter from the Hague appeared in No. 235 written by Bolingbroke. It was declared to be a libel, and prosecution of Richard Francklin followed, 2 Dec., 1731. In 1737, Amhurst surrendered for another libel, to screen his printer, sued out his *habeas corpus*, and was released. Falling into poverty, and neglected by old associates, he died, 12 April, 1742.

Amhurst had so early as 1721, January to June, been the writer of *Terræ Filius*, assailing the magnates of Oxford University, by whom he had been expelled in 1719. *The Craftsman* was so fierce in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole ('Sir *Blue-String*') that the attempts to suppress its pamphleteers were frequent. The ballad refers to the defeated and ridiculed Attorney-General, Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Chancellor in 1737, and Earl of Hardwicke in 1754. Also to a 'deaf and dumb' astrologer, 'honest Duncan.' It must belong to 1732, or later; the allusion to prophecy indicates the date of 1729.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 637; B. Mus. Coll., 11621, i. 1. fol. 60.]

The Honest Jury; or,

CALEB Triumphant.

To the Tune of, *Packingtoun Pond.* [*Sic. Popular Music*, p. 124.

I.

REJOYCE, ye good Writers, your pens are set free,
Your thoughts and the Press are at full Liberty;
For your King and your Country you safely may write,
You may say *Black is Black*, and prove *White is White.*
Let no Pamphleteers be concerned for their *Ears*,
For every man now shall be try'd by his peers;
Twelve good honest men shall decide in each cause,
And be Judges by *Facts*, tho' not Judges of *Laws.*

II.

'Tis said Master *Caleb* a paper did print, ['*Caleb d'Anvers.*'
Which sometimes at *some Folks* look'd slyly a-squint.
He weekly held forth of no *Peace*, and no War; ['*The Craftsman.*'
So was forc'd from his trade to appear at the *Bar:*
Thus for talking too free, Master *Att*[*orne*]*y*[1]
Strain'd his lungs for to set him in the Pillory!
But Pillories now shall be rais'd for the shame
Of some Rogues [whom] as yet 'tis not proper to name.

III.

You may call the man *Fool*, who [in] treaties do's blunder,
And style him a Knave who his country doth plunder;
If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a crime
To wish it were better, in prose or in rhime.
For Sir *Philip* well knows, that *In-nuen-does* [Ib. *Yorke.*
Will serve him no longer in verse or in prose,
For *twelve honest men* have decided the cause,
And were Judges of *Facts*, tho' not Judges of *Laws.*[2]

Note [1]—Sir *Philip Yorke*, Attorney-General; made Lord Chancellor in 1737. He was created Earl of Hardwicke in 1754. See Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, *2nd Series*, v. pp. 24, 25, and Howell's *State Trials*, xvii.

[2] Two phrases that are here mentioned lingered long in popular talk: one was the legal insistence on "In-nuendoes"; and the other a declaration that jurymen are appointed solely as "judges of facts," as to whether certain allegations have been proved by evidence to their satisfaction, but that they are not themselves judges of what is the law on the subject, since that important decision rests with 'the Court,' and will be declared. Campbell and Howell misquote the ballad, and falsely charge Lord Mansfield with 'misrepresenting' it! Juries make sad blunders, whenever personal bias comes into play; but what can be expected from their average intelligence when bemuddled by clever opposing counsel?

IV.

Twelve Judges there are, and *twice twelve Aldermen*,
Many Lords, many Members, and Bishops . . . what then?
Although you shou'd travel all *England* around,
Amongst them twelve *honester* cannot be found
Than this same Jury, which set *Caleb* free,
And brought in their verdict, '*He was Not Guiltie.*'
Then let those honest men, who do pay scot and lot,
While Ballads are Ballads, be never forgot.

V.

This *Jury* so trusty, and proof against RHINO,
I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino;*
But 'tis true in this nation (oh! why is it so?)
Men the *honester* are as the lower you go!
So a fish when 'tis dead, I have often heard said,
May be sweet at the tail, tho' it stinks at the head.
Oh! may *Honesty* rise, and confound the base tribe
[Who] will be corrupted by Pension or Bribe.

VI.

A Jury there was, when the Pope was in power, [1683.
That brought our seven Bishops alive from the Tower;
They sav'd our religion from *Jacobite* fury—
Both that, and King GEORGE, we owe to a Jury;
So those that brought out the Bishops, no doubt,
Brought in our King *George*, who's so gallant and stout;
Then sure 'tis the interest of Country and King
That Juries should never be led in a String.[1]

VII.

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophesy'd right,
And prov'd himself bless'd with true *Second Sight*,
Who, tho' deaf and dumb, in astrology famous,
As *Partridge*, *Poor Robin*, or old *Nostradamus*,
Did lately divine that *Caleb* should shine,
And prevail o'er his foes, in the year *Twenty-nine;*
For twelve honest men have determin'd his cause,
And rescued from Quibbles our old *English* Laws.

Note [1].—The '*string*' was a well-understood allusion to Sir Robert Walpole, who from his obtrusively worn *Garter* sash was known as Sir 'Blue-String.' He was nicknamed Robins, Sir Robert Brass, Sir Robert *Lynn*, '*Robin*,' and '*Bob Booty*.' See lampoons on "Sir Blue-String" and "Bot Booty," on pp. 283, 286–288.

VIII.

But one thing remains, his predictions to crown,
And that is to see the *LEVIATHAN* down : [i.e. *Walpole.*
Nor let us despair, the year is not out,
And a *month or two more* may bring it about. [Not till 1741.
Then in *chorus* let's sing, and say, GOD *bless the King ;*
And grant that all those who deserve it may swing!
If twelve honest men were to judge in this cause,
One good verdict more might secure all our Laws. Finis.

[White-letter. No cut or p.n. Date, soon after 1731. Attributed to **W. Pulteney**.]

A New Session of the Poets for the year 1730, reads,

"*Nick Am*[*hur*]*st* came next, but Sir *R*[*obert*] appear'd,
And soon got him expell'd, so well was *he* heard:
He swore to his ruin the rebel to follow,
For secret intelligence held with *Apollo!*"——*Gent. Mag.*, i. 72, 1731.

A broadside of later date, supposed to be 1742, ventured to suggest the execution of Walpole. It is entitled 'The Knave of Trumps fell into the Dumps: Caleb turn'd Physician; or, A new Receipt for the Gripes.' It begins, "Tho' *Homer* in Heroic sings of twice two dozen *Grecian* Kings" (Brit. Museum Coll., 11621, i, 1, art. 56). Another is entitled 'The Ladies' Skreen, a new Ballad,' to the tune of [the Earl of Dorset's] *To you, fair Ladies now at Land* (*ibid.*, art. 68). It begins,

"Let *P*[*ultene*]*y* speak, or *Caleb* write, invincible platoon!
Or exiled *Harry* call in spite both *H.* and *L.* 'buffoon';
I'll honour *H*[*orace*], praise *L . . . p*,
In hopes to hear from Mr. *Scroop*. *With a fal, la*, etc.

In other words he hopes to receive a Government payment from Scroop, the Treasury Secretary, as reward or bribe for belauding Sir Robert Walpole's brother, Horatio, Lord Walpole of Woolterton; who was known by the nickname of 'Balance-Master of Europe,' from his own declaration that "the great object of his diplomacy was to preserve the balance of power in Europe." He is here meant, not his nephew Horace Walpole, afterwards author of '*The Mysterious Mother*,' '*The Castle of Otranto*,' '*Reminiscences of the Court of George II*,' 1788, the '*Letters to Mann*,' etc. 'Exiled Harry' appears to be the disappointed, and formerly exiled, 'Harry Gambol,' Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke. It is not clear whom we are to understand by "both *H.* and *L.*" or by "*L . . .p*," whose name rhymes with that of Scroop, the able accountant and financier destined to retain his post amid changes of leadership. H. may be Harry Vane, afterwards Lord Darlington, 'Pulteney's toad-eater.' L. is possibly Lyttelton. Nicknames played an important part in the squabbles. It was Sacheverell's use of the word 'Volpone' (from Ben Jonson's comedy), applying it to Lord Godolphin in the notorious sermon, 5 Nov., 1709, "the crafty insidiousness of such wily *Volpones*," that caused the silly prosecution which ended so disastrously. Horace Walpole himself, M.P. for Callington, Cornwall, in 1741, was known as "Volpone Junior." His father, Sir Robert, was not nicknamed 'the Projector' until after his Excise scheme in 1733.

*** *The Life and Death of the Duke of Berwick* (p. 275) is less distinguished by literary merit or political importance. But it has an historical value of its own, being a popular account of a brave soldier, true-hearted and single-minded, whose services were alienated from England.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 334; Douce, III. 59 *verso*.]

The Life and Death of the Duke of *BERWICK*.

ASSIST me, ye Muses, I pray, lend your aid,
To undergo a task, for I am afraid,
Without that you help me, I shall fall too low,
In speaking of him whom some thousands do know:
The brave Duke of *Berwick*, 'tis him I do mean,
And of his exploits some of them I will name;
But first let me tell you, e'er farther I run,
He was late King *James's* own natural son; ['James Fitz-James.'

In *England* born, which caus'd him to be [21 *Aug.*, 1670, at Moulins.
The bravest stout soldier that e'er you did see;
The best of all foes that e'er did advance.
Witness the battle that was fought at *Almanze*, [25 *April*, 1707.
Where he to his soldiers most bravely did say,
"Brave boys, if it happen that we get the day,
Be courageous and bold, and commit no slaughter;
But pray give my *English* countrymen quarter."

What braver than this could an enemy say?
O curse on grim Death that snatch'd him away!
Then curs'd be the gunner that fired the shot,
And curs'd be the bullet that fell to his lot,
That soon depriv'd poor *Berwick* of life;
Robb'd children of father, parted man and wife;
A sad separation: who can now express
The grief of the Widow and the Fatherless?

But stop not assistance, but farther let's go,
For more of brave *Berwick's* valour I'd know: [Marshall of *France*, 1706; Duke, 1710.
Fame now reporteth, and says very plain,
He at *Syracusa* saw some thousands slain:
Then why did not grim Death take him quite away?
His corpse would long since have moulder'd to clay.
No, no! his summons he deny'd to serve, [Gov. of Strasburg, 1730.
Until noble *Berwick* more honours deserv'd.

Note.—The date of this ballad is 1734; on the Death of the half-brother of Mary and Anne, a dauntless and stainless soldier-hero, James Fitz-James, son of James II. while Duke of York, by Arabella Churchill, sister of Marlborough. These verses are rugged, inartistic, but sincere and affectionate.

Then from *Syracusa* he strait to *Blackwood*,
There he waded up to his knees in blood;
But still to his soldiers aloud he would cry,
" Fight on, my brave boys, let us every man die ;
For my own Countrymen are courageous and bold,
And will by no means at all be controul'd;
But if we get the better, and they should surrender,
Pray be kind unto them, nay, loving and tender."

Then *Malplaquet* next was where he did run, [11 *Sept.* 1709.
But yet he escaped the firing of guns;
Altho' from the same he ne'r did retire,
But still he was riding thro' all smoak and fire.
There's nothing could daunt him, but oh! cruel Fate
Hath put an end to his longer date;
At *Phillipsburgh*, *France* there got her loss, [12 *June*, 1734.
There he was shot dead, when mounting his horse.

In many other places great feats he hath done,
But his noble actions are now with him gone.
All those that in the service of Queen *Anne* have been
Unto cruel death they do bear a spleen,
For taking brave *Berwick*, their merciful foe :
Tho' some were his pris'ners, they never want did know,
For to support them no cost he would spare,
And still would call them his Countrymen dear.

Alas! noble *Berwick*, could you not return,
When the King, your master, did send for you home?
He, knowing your old age and infirmity;
In the Field of Honour you was resolv'd to die:
" Call me not home, good master, now I pray,
For in the field I am resolv'd to stay";
But said, " Good Master, since I have begun,
Let me proceed until my glass is run."

Altho' sixty-six, see what courage was there!
This good antient man, yet a stout heart did bear:
So all pity'd him that day when he did die,
Because he could not stay to gain victory.
Much more might be said, but I must have done:
He dy'd both a prince, a Peer, and a King's Son;
His Soul into Heaven, I hope, it is gone, [*misprinted* 'good.'
The which puts an end to my tragical song.

Newcastle: Printed and Sold by *John White.*

[White-letter. Two cuts: 1st, Capt. Hind, with horse, but labelled 'Duke of Berwick'; 2nd, similar figure with another in armour. Date of original issue, 1734.]

*** James Fitz-James was *not* "in England born." but in the Bourbonnaise. His first wife was Honora, widow of the heroic P. Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. An excellent memoir of him was written by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Townshend Wilson, entitled, '*James the Second and the Duke of Berwick*,' 1876; and the same author's sequel, telling of the military life of '*Marshall Berwick*,' 1890.

In this group of ballads we see nothing of the personality of 'the Georges' themselves, although we obtain glimpses of some Ministers and Statesmen—Robert Harley, Sir Robert Walpole, William Pulteney, and the Duke of Argyll. In connection with Walpole, whom Queen Caroline disliked, but was forced to tolerate, her 'Epitaph,' written by the Earl of Chesterfield, deserves a place here. It marks the year 1737, and is preserved in the Towneley Manuscript.

Epitaph on Queen Caroline.

(Consort of George II. Died November 20th, 1737.)

HERE lies unpityed, both by Church and State,
The subject of their flattery and hate;
Flatter'd by those on whom her favours flow'd,
Hated for favours impiously bestow'd.
She ever aim'd the Church-men to betray,
In hopes to share the arbitrary sway;
In *Tindall's* and in *Hoadley's* paths she trod,
A hypocrite in all, but disbelief in God;
Promoted Luxury, encouraged Vice,
Herself a slave to sordid Avarice.
True friendship's tender love ne'er touch'd her heart,
Falsehood appear'd, in vain disguised by art.
Fawning and haughty; when familiar, rude;
And never gracious seem'd, but to delude;
Inquisitive in trifling mean affairs,
Heedless of publick good, and Orphan's tears;
To her own offspring mercy she deny'd:
And, unforgiving, unforgiven died.

[Written by Lord Chesterfield.

Strikingly in contrast with the untutored panegyric of the Roxburghe broadside on James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, are these words of studied malignity by Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, heartless, unrelenting, and slanderous. To one so bitter and malevolent no fairest life could appeal for judgment, or find the mercy of which he presumes to speak. Defamation would follow speedily. *De mortuis nil nisi malum.* Queen Caroline deserved a nobler recognition than he could bring himself to yield. Love sees farther than hatred, and inscribes a more enduring monument. Katharine of Arragon was moved to say,

> "After my death I wish no other herald,
> No other speaker of my living actions,
> To keep mine honour from corruption,
> Than such a chronicler."—*Henry VIII.*, Act iv. 2.

Queen Caroline and her Maids of Honour.

Queen Caroline could laugh at such a petty pellet as this:—

"You may strut, dapper *George*, but 't will all be in vain;
You govern no more than *Don Philip* of *Spain!*
Then if you will have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your Dad did before you."

'Dapper George' knew the worth of Caroline too well to repeat his father's brutal cruelty, though he followed him in sensuality. Unlike Charles II. and the Louises, George trusted none of his mistresses with political secrets. He held for them no sentiment of love, such as he cherished for his own wife. To rule him, for his own welfare, she "stooped to conquer." Betraying no jealousy, no sufferings, she controlled him by devoted affection. Pope had sang, in 1735,

"Oh! bless'd with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys."

Her Maids of Honour were well chosen, a delightful bevy, whom John Gay praised in his 'Congratulatory Poem' to Alexander Pope on the conclusion of his Homer, 1720. He mentions Lady Mary, "Wortley's eyes"; the "Sweet-tongued Murray" (Lady Grisel Baillie, songstress of "There was once a may"); "the glance of Howard" (Henrietta, Lady Suffolk, the King's Mistress); and "Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel" (Mary, who became Lady Hervey). Also, "two loving sisters, hand in hand," Pope's friends, the Blounts, "the fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown." The daughters of John, second Lord Bellenden, come next: "Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the band, and smiling Mary, soft and fair as down"; Mary, who in 1720 married John Campbell, Colonel of the Scots Greys, but did not survive to become Duchess of Argle, when he succeeded in 1770 as fourth Duke. The widow of Mohun's victim, James Hamilton (whose fatal duel was told in ballads on pp. 231 to 234), is "the cheerful Duchess," "for friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known." Happily described are two others, the Countess Anne, wife of Daniel Finch, fourth Earl of Winchelsea (described by Sir C. H. Williams as "the black funereal Finches"), a lady whose poems ranked high, and with whom comes the ill-starred, giddy 'Monimia' of Lord John Hervey, a girl haplessly seduced and forsaken, dying repentant:—

"See next the decent Scudamore advance, [*Frances*, Lady *S.*
With Winchelsea, still meditating song;
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow, famed for dance,
And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young: [Mrs. *Younger.*
With other names, by me not to be named,
Much loved in private, not in public famed."

The last three were actresses: Hester Santlow had been mistress of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. They are oddly associated with the Queen's Maids of Honour. Caroline was, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,

"Superior to her Waiting-nymphs
As lobster to attendant shrimps."

Two Songs on Admiral Vernon.

"For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy *Vernon*,
Hast achieved with six alone.

"After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for *England*—shamed in me."
——*Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, 1739.

TWO Roxburghe ballads, here reprinted, tell of the Carthagena engagement, April 1st, 1741, which was so speedily followed by difficulties and loss that the date was suggestive of *un poisson d'Avril*. Tobias Smollett chanced to have been in the fleet at the time, as surgeon's mate, and he afterwards described the battle in his novel of '*Roderick Random*,' chapters 32 and 33; he also drew on his personal remembrances for his historical summaries—*Compendium* and the *History of England* (see *Note* on p. 282). The ballad entitled Admiral Hosier's Ghost, written by Richard Glover, author of 'Leonidas,' had increased the popular excitement against the Government for having restrained and humiliated Admiral Hosier in 1726. And now Edward Vernon filled the public mind, as the predestined avenger. He was hailed on shore as the best of heroes. At sea he was playfully nicknamed 'Old Grog,' from his wearing a grogram cloak; and when, instead of the raw rum which had been served as rations, he introduced the liquor into the Navy which now bears the name of grog (*i.e.* two parts water and one of spirit), it was christened thus, either in disparagement or in compliment.

(The story is of the *ben trovato* class, but is told by Dr. Trotter, 'The Origin of Grog,' in the *Log Book*, p. 464, of 'The Old Sailor,' M. H. Barker, *circâ* 1824.)

A Life of Admiral Vernon, by an Impartial Hand, was published in 1758. For a description of the medals issued in celebration of Carthagena, Porto Bello, and Chagres, or in honour of Vernon, see the admirable works issued by the Trustees of the British Museum, where the medals are preserved: *the Medallic Illustrations of the History of England*, vol. ii. 1885, and the *Catalogue of Political Prints in the B.M.*, vol. iii. p. 296, 1877.

"The Ministry of the day were charged with having long allowed the Spaniards to insult and plunder our merchants and interrupt our trade without any effectual attempt at resistance. Sir *Robert Walpole* was the object of general unpopularity; but the Duke of *Argyle* was popular, because, having joined the Opposition, he was deprived of all his employments. *Vernon* was exalted into a hero: the freedom of London and other cities was presented to him; his birthday was celebrated [12th November], his portrait adorned tavern-signs, drinking-cups, and buttons; he was elected representative for Rochester and Ipswich, and this large series of medals was struck to testify the enthusiasm of the people."—*Medallic Illustrations*, etc. Printed by Order of the Trustees of the British Museum; compiled by the late Edw. Hawkins, and edited by Aug. W. Franks and Herbert A. Grueber, vol. ii. p. 531, 1885.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 873; B.M. 1876. f. I. art. 123; mutilated in Ouvry Coll., II. 21 = Lind., 978.]

Vernon's Glory; or, The Spaniards' Defeat:

Being an Account of the taking of *Carthagena* by Vice-Admiral *Vernon*, Rear-Admiral *Ogle*, and Commodore *Lestock*, on the First of *April* last. Written by a Sailor on board the *Shrewsbury*, and brought over by the *Spence* Sloop.

TUNE OF, *Brave Vernon's Triumph.* [See *Note*, p. 282.]

ONCE more, brave boys, let us proclaim
Brave noble Admiral *Vernon's* fame,
With Sir *Chaloner Ogle* too:
They now have made the *Spaniards* rue;
For *Carthageen* they now have ta'en,
And laid it level with the ground;
Seven Castles so brave their town could not save,
For *Vernon* and *Ogle* have beat them down.

Last March we did from *Jamaica* sail,
With a fair and gentle gale;
Vice-Admiral *Vernon* of the Blue,
Sir *Chaloner Ogle* Rear-Admiral too,
With *Lestock* Commodore, we made our cannons roar,
And two-and-twenty frigates besides,
Thirty ships of the Line, a sight very fine,
Before *Carthageen* at anchor to ride.

Bocachica Castle first we took,
Which made the *Spaniards* blue to look;
That being of the largest force,
The other six did fall of course:
With our cannons and bombs we dismounted *their* guns,
And our colours did on their Castles raise:
Then toss off a glass, and about let it pass,
To Admiral *Vernon's* and *Ogle's* praise.

For twelve hours' space we bombarded the town,
Before we brought their proud spirits down;
We fir'd so smart that they thought we were mad,
At length to surrender they were glad.
We did so cannonade, and such breaches we made;
And many of their houses set in a flame:
They did submit to fate, and the town surrender[ed]
To Admiral *Vernon*, the Scourge of *Spain*.

The *Shrewsbury* she did suffer most,
And many of her sailors [were] lost;
Her cable broke, on the Castles she drove,
And there expected she would have stove;
But kind Providence stood in her defence:
Much shatter'd, at last she clear'd her way;
Her jolly sailors bold, those noble hearts of gold,
All the time shew'd the *Spaniards* gallant play.

Don *Blass* with six ships in the Harbour lay, [*D. Blas de Leso.*
And soon we shew'd him *British* play;
We made that proud and hectoring Don
Coward-like from his ship to run;
Tho' his ship he forsook, two captains we took,
And unto *England* brought them home;
Let th' insulting foe, and proud Don know,
Vernon can conquer wherever he comes.

Six Galleons did there remain,
Which by our Fleet were burnt or ta'en,
And tho' their Treasure was on shore,
Yet we found a sufficient store;
For Plunder, my boys, did crown our joys,
After that strong place we had won:
We did revel and roar, and booze it on shore,
And forgot all the dangers we had run.

In the King's Store-houses we found
The value of several thousand pounds,
Which with great joy we brought away,
And did on board our ships convey:
Our success was crown'd with plunder, we found,
While the cowardly *Spaniards* from us fled,
So great was their fear, they would not us *come near*,
For *Vernon* had fill'd them all with dread.

When we had all their Treasure seiz'd,
And freely plunder'd where we pleas'd,
And none but rubbish did remain,
Their Store-houses we set on flames:
Thus we burnt them down, quite unto the ground,
A Heap of Ashes for to view;
Let the cowards know, tho' they did insult us so,
What noble Admiral *Vernon* can do.

Our jolly Tars, brave, noble hearts,
And the brave Marines did play their parts;
The officers their orders gave,
Which the men performed as brave;

They never did flinch, nor gave back an inch,
But sweet 'Revenge' was all their cry:
They scorn'd for to run from the mouth of a gun,
But with *Vernon* and *Ogle* would conquer or die.

For the proud Queen of *Spain* we care not a [qu]art!
For *Carthageen* she may break her heart;
Of Don *Blass*, that cowardly tool,
Brave *Vernon* did make an *April* fool;
For 'twas upon that day we made him run away,
Unto our noble Admiral's fame:
Then fill a brimming glass, and round let it pass,
To Admiral *Vernon* and *Ogle's* name.

Come, brave boys, a Health begin,
And fill your glasses to the brim:
A health to Admiral *Vernon* brave;
To Sir *Chaloner Ogle* another we'll have;
To each jolly Tar and Marine that was there,
Whose courage the[n] was bravely seen;
To *Lestock* Commodore, and many thousands more,
Who assisted at taking of *Cart*[*h*]*ageen.*

[No colophon. In White-letter. Two cuts: 1st, the *Daily Post's* view of Porto Bello harbour, 1740, reprinted in Mason Jackson's *Pictorial Press*, 1885, p. 195; 2nd, a ship. Date, April, 1741.]

*** General Wentworth is not here mentioned: there had been the usual jealousy and recriminations between the two services, naval and military. This is well shown by Tobias Smollett (already mentioned on p. 279). In 1757, in a *Compendium of Voyages*, he gave an account of Vernon's expedition to Carthagena, and also more briefly in his *Hist. of England*. Hence we have his own experience to guide us in the right estimate of the horrors of the service, the cruelty and mismanagement of which he was the eye-witness and recorder, totally removed from any supposed necessity for exaggeration to heighten effects as a novelist. He had been impressed deeply. "The misconduct, the insolent, heartless cruelty of Vernon; the stupid professional pedantry and ignorance of General Wentworth; the lamentable delays, the wrangling, the dishonest make-believes of too many officers of both services fed fat his inborn scorn for human stupidity and dishonesty. Smollett was by nature a hater of fools, and after seeing those fatal persons at work at Carthagena, he was not likely to be softer in his judgment than before." (David Hannay's *Smollett*, 1887.) "There is an honest ring of indignation in his awful picture of the misery which the quarrels and incompetence of the leaders brought on the brave men entrusted to their care. . . . Without Tobias Smollett the Carthagena expedition . . . . would have been an ordinary defeat. Thanks to him it became a warning, and so helped to prevent the recurrence of anything quite so disgraceful in after times. Admirals and Generals quarrelled and bungled, but at least they took some pains to avoid being as Vernon and Wentworth." (*Ibid.*, pp. 85, 89.)

Horace Walpole called Vernon "a silly, noisy Admiral, so popular that he was chosen into Parliament for several places, had his head painted on every sign, and his birthday kept twice a year."

The tune of our ballad, 'Vernon's Glory,' is cited as '*Brave Vernon's Triumph.*

This ballad gave title to a contemporary collection, 'Vernon's Glory: containing *fourteen New Songs, occasioned by the taking of Porto Bello and Fort Chagre*,' 1740. One of the songs against Sir Robert Walpole is entitled 'Sir Blue-String's Expostulation.'

Sir *Blue-String's* Expostulation with Admiral *Vernon*, for taking *Porto-Bello*.

TUNE, *Ye Commons and Peers*. [See *Bagford Ballads*, p. 385.]

WHAT a racket is here about six Men of War!
About Honour and Nonsense retrieved!
About Glory and Guns brought away from the *Dons*,
And our Factor from prison relieved!

To attack *Port-Bell*, be so good as to tell,
Pray did I your mad valour importune?
To desert your poor Wife, risk your limbs and your life,
Zounds! was this for a Man of your Fortune?

Then the Town left unplunder'd, and the dollars all squander'd,
What romantic, ridiculous farce!
You're a puppy, a *Spartan*, whom a wiseman would [p]art on,
But 'twas virtue, you say! [*Let it pass!*]*

You seek nought but the good of your country—Ods blood!
How I laugh at these Rhodomantades!
There's not one, but whose price I could name in a trice,
Among all these fine Patriot Blades.

Then, again, we are told that *Trelawney* the bold
Would equip you, if Soldiers he had,
To attempt *Carthagene;* why, e'en conquer all *Spain:*
By the Lord, you are both raving mad!

'Twas mere malice to me, made you venture to Sea,
To confound all my measures outright;
'Twas to prove me a lyar, that you made your d——d fire;
And you storm'd *Porto-Bell* out of spight.

How did *Spain's* gracious Queen doat on me and *Don Keen!*
I was priz'd by the Cardinal too:
At *Versailles* and th' *Escurial!* They are now in a fury all;
And for this I'm beholden to you.

You have now gain'd your point, my whole scheme's out of joint;
No Convention reprieve can obtain:
And my wise brother *H*[*orace*] will now pass for a poor Ass,
Over *England, France, Holland*, and *Spain*. Finis.

Printed by *W. Webb*, near *St. Paul's*, 1740.

* [*Original Note*, on 'Kiss,' etc.] "*A favourite expression of the Knight's on the bare mention of public Virtue or National interest.*"

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 629. Apparently unique.]

A Genuine Copy of two Excellent Court Ballads, Dedicated to the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole*.

Admiral Vernon's Resolution.

Tune, *Pritty Polly, say*. [See *Note*, p. 285.]

PRithy *Robin*, say (make no more delay),
Why you seek this *N*[*ation's*] decay,
By giving *P*[*orto*] *B*[*ello*]? [*Note*, p. 285.
It is our right, for it we'll fight; and you are b[i]te.
They shall find we will be master. [wrong.
Perhaps you think your head so long, yet we see you do us

Robin, tell us, why, it is thus you deny
To give Account of the Supply
You had from *P*[*orto*] *B*[*ello*]?
It is said, came o'er thousands store; and still we are poor:
I doubt you gave it your w—: *Ch*[*agr*]*e* and *P*[*orto*] *B*[*ello*],
If so we are all undone.

Pray make it plain appear, from £500 a year,
I think you ought to show most clear,
How you got this Treasure.
It is thought that you have not been true with your Crew;
You have trick'd us out of measure;
We daily [call] to see you fall; we hate you one and all.

How can we then commend [one] that is not *England's* friend?
Indeed you slily may pretend,
And wheedle your great Master;
But the Parliament is fully bent, by consent,
To defend with hand and heart, sir, [*Spaniards* fly.
And great *George* he will stand by; we will make the

We will make them know that he shall be master of the Sea,
Nor all their *Spanish* tyranny
Shall make *England* knock under.
We have men will fight for the Nation's right, tho' you are a bite;
Perhaps you would sell your country?
England has tormenting foes: I fear you are one of those.

So *Robin*, I declare, as there is war, I rule you shall be there,
Plac'd in the Line of Battle,
To fight or die; the reason why, you cannot fly,
Where thundering cannons rattle;
There is no room of biteing Gold, etc.
P[*or*]*to B*[*ello*] and *Ch*[*agr*]*e* shan't be sold.

[White-letter. No colophon or cut. Date, 1741.]

Note.—Porto Bello had been taken by Admiral Vernon on 22nd November, 1739. He complained that he was thwarted by Ministerial neglect: see p. 279. Richard Glover's song, 'Hosier's Ghost,' beginning, "As near Portobello lying, on the gently swelling flood" (in reference to 1726), and 'Admiral Vernon's Answer to Admiral Hosier's Ghost' = "*Hosier*, with indignant sorrow," etc. (written by John Price, a land-waiter, in the port of Poole), are contained in the *Aviary*, p. 615, and the Percy Society *Early Naval Ballads of England*, 1841, edited by J. O. Halliwell, afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps. They were both sung to the tune, *Come and listen to my ditty* (*Aviary*, p. 115), known after 1754 as *Cease, rude Boreas!* (see p. 185, for mention of it, Roxb. Coll., III. 407): the new words by G. A. Stevens displaced those of the 'Sailor's Complaint.'

* In the second stanza is a taunt against *Maria Skerret*, Walpole's mistress, afterwards his second wife: "You gave it your w—." His first wife, Catharine Shorter, died 20 Aug. 1737: mother of the Hon. Horace Walpole, fourth Lord Orford. The second marriage followed speedily. Similarly, in 1742, Pulteney espoused Bolingbroke's "writing-desk," afterwards his own mistress, Anna Maria Gumley: this 'wife of Bath' was a vixen, and hen-pecked him.

The ballad, p. 284, 'Admiral Vernon's Resolution,' names for tune (from *Gay's Beggar's Opera*, 1727, Captain Macheath's song), "*Pretty Polly, say*, when I was away, did your fancy never stray to some newer lover?" = *Pretty Parrot, say!*

Another tune, named on p. 283, '*Ye Commons and Peers*, pray lend me your ears!' belongs to 'Jack Frenchman's Defeat at Audenard,' 1708 (p. 385 of the present Editor's *Bagford Ballads*, 1877). Dick Leveridge wrote special music to the words, but they had been sung to the old tune of '*There was a fair Maid of the North Country, came tripping over the plain.*' On p. 286 *The King and the Miller* is named, meaning 'The Miller of Mansfield'; the song is in Roxb. Coll., III. 877, of date 1737 (see p. 188): "How happy a state doth the miller possess!"

*** Two other songs on Edward Vernon, the Admiral, were sung to the tune of *Come, jolly Bacchus, god of Wine* (for which see *Popular Music*, p. 658). 1st, On the taking of *Portobello* in November, 1739, entitled, 'English Courage display'd; or, Brave news from Admiral Vernon.' To the tune of '*Charles of Sweden.*' Eleven stanzas, beginning,

> "Come, loyal *Britons*, all rejoice, with joyful acclamation,
> And join with one united voice upon this just occasion.
> To Admiral *Vernon* drink a health, likewise to each brave fellow
> Who with that noble Admiral was at the taking of *Porto Bello*."
> ——*The Careless Batchelor's Garland* [Brit. Mus.].

Fort Chagre was taken by Vernon on 24th March, 1741; Carthagena, 1st April. "Vernon took Portobello with six ships, having pledged himself the year before in the House of Commons to do it or forfeit his life. Sir Charles Wager had said that he knew it could not be taken by any twelve ships in the Navy. See Benjamin Victor's *Letters*, 8vo, 1776, p. 52."—*Wm. Chappell's MS. Note.*

The Second Song, to the tune of, *Come, jolly Bacchus, god of Wine.*

> "Come, gallant *Vernon*, come and prove how firm your friends are here, Sir;
> Supported by the Public Love, you will have nought to fear, Sir;
> Soon shall mistaken boasters know that we can still some virtue shew,
> Resolv'd to ward corruption's blow, and check its swift career, Sir."

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 629, 2nd column. Probably unique.]

Argyle's Advice to Sir *R[obert] W[al]p[ol]e.*

[A Court Ballad.] Tune, *The King and the Miller.*

IN days of yore, when Statesmen wore
Clean hands and honest faces,
No feuds were then amongst great men,
Nor striving for [high] places. [*text* 'great.'

Their only aim was lasting fame,
Their virtues made them great, Sir;
But now, friend *BOB*, 'tis 'who shall rob
The *British* Church and State?' Sir.

Of that good fare thou had'st thy share,
And feather'd well thy nest, Sir;
Then don't provoke the *G[erma]n* folk
To sacrifice the rest, Sir.

Remember this, the rod's in p[lace];
Its lashes thou shalt feel,
Although thy [b]a[ck were], like thy face, [*t.* 'A. was.'
Case-harden'd well with steel.

If *POULTNEY* fail, what will prevail,
He hath not low to fall, Sir;
If thou art beat, thou'st no retreat,
Thy neck must pay for all, [Sir].

Now since, alas! thus stands thy case,
Robin, look sharp about thee;
Stow thick thy gold, but purse fast hold,
Or the P[arliamen]t will rout thee.

If thou art wise, thou'lt rub thy eyes,
To make thy sight most clear, Sir,
That thou may'st see what's like to be
Abroad, as well as here, Sir.

Consider well, the Road to Hell
Is wide, and free for all, Sir;
But Heaven's [straits] hath narrow gates,
Where few can pass at all, Sir.

Note.—Probably the allusion is to the speech made by Argyle in the House of Lords, 15th November, 1740. He had previously resigned all his appointments, April 30th. A second speech in the Lords was delivered, 18th Nov., 1740. His popularity and courage are shown in Scott's 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Compare Pope's lines: "Argyle! the State's whole thunder born to wield, and shake alike the Senate and the Field." He died 4 Oct., 1773, leaving no son, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, by vote of Parliament.

Therefore take care, and still beware
That thou art not misled, Sir;
If thou should'st miss the way to bliss,
Thou art d—n'd when thou art dead, Sir.

See, *Robin*, pray now while you may,
Save your neck as well as soul, Sir;
For you are pray'd for, night and day,
To see your Head on Pole, Sir. Finis.

[In White-letter. No p.n. Two ballads on the same sheet. Of both the date was probably 1741. Sir Robert Walpole resigned in 1742, and the Whig Ministry was formed, with William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, at its head. See the ballad attributed to him, 'The Honest Jury,' 1732, on p. 272.]

*** The hand of every disappointed placeman was raised against Walpole. Among the ribald songs and epigrams of a libellous Press none surpassed this lampoon by Dean Swift, sent in a letter to Mrs. Howard, *circâ* 1728:—

"WITH favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest;
Of favour and fortune, unmerited, vain;
A Sharper in trifles, a Dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks, by retailing false news; [*Cf.* p. 254.
A prater at Court in the style of the stews;
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber:
Though I name not the Wretch, you all know who[m] I mean—
'Tis the cur-dog of *Britain*, and spaniel of *Spain*."

The scurrilous malignity of these verses is redeemed by their indisputable wit. Nevertheless, the more we learn of 'Sir Blue-String' the better he appears. Faults were on the surface, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable" as those of Falstaff; shown boldly, without disguise or fear of meaner men, whom he despised and controlled. His courage and good temper secured many a victory. He knew his danger. He had been overbearing, jealous of rivals, reckless in offending those who would combine to crush him. He was defiant to the last, outnumbered, overthrown, but not subdued.

Walpole's health failed, not his valour. He had kept his saddle, while fording deep waters; laughing at the stings of hornets or midges. They were not worth powder and shot. Prosecution alone made them formidable, since juries could not be trusted. In '*A New Session of the Poets for the year* 1730,' his foe of *The Craftsman* (*cf.* pp. 271 to 274) had been mentioned thus—

"*Nick Am*[*hurst*] came next, but Sir *R*[*obert*] appear'd,
And soon got him expell'd, so well was *he* heard:
He swore to his ruin the rebel to follow,
For secret intelligence held with *Apollo!*"

Libellers wrote for scanty wages, their diffusion of calumny being held as chief repayment. Sometimes they were 'bought up' by bribes, to praise the Government. They speedily fell away from Carteret and Pulteney, who proved incompetent to rule or to reward.

On p. 249 was reprinted from the Roxb. Coll., III. 409, 'A New Song concerning Two Games at Cards,' of date March, 1719. Twenty-three years later a sequel to it, entitled 'Bob Booty's Lost Deal,' was sung to a different tune, probably that of the '*New Game of Cards*," in vol. vii. pp. 615, 685. It is on the defeat of Sir Robert Walpole, under a fresh *alias*.

[Brit. Museum Coll., p.m. 1876, fol. art. 126.]

Bob Booty's Lost Deal; or,
The Cards Shuffled Fair at Last.

YOU honest hearts, that wish fair play at Cards, see who has won the day—
All you who once did sadly sing, '*The Knave of Clubs deceiv'd the King*.'
But now more happy times we have, the Commons overcame the Knave.

Near *twenty years* a game's been play'd, against our Nation and our Trade;
Old *England* had no cause to boast, for *Spaniards* won what merchants lost;
And what was worst of all beside, our hands from fighting long was ty'd.

Bob Booty was the Knave of Clubs, and gave our merchants horrid rubs;
He found three other knaves beside, for to support him in his pride:
And thus they play'd with half a pack, throwing out all cards but Black.

Spain and *France* the Game did set, which put the Loyal in a fret;
This made the Foreign Nations wonder, to see what Gallants we liv'd under;
A people once so free and brave, to deal so long with such a knave.

At length *Argyle* and *Poultney* brave, by playing fair, did beat the Knave;
Said they, "Here is some cards we lack, we will not play with half a pack":
With that the standers by did say, they never yet saw fairer play.

After some time this Game was past, and for a second Knaves was cast;
All new cards, not stain'd with spots, nor daub'd with foul and filthy blots:
Here good Gamesters play'd their parts, and turn'd up the King of Hearts.

This fair play put the Knave at stand, he did resign to them his hand;
Since he no longer could conceal, he fairly own'd he had lost deal;
Since honest *Hearts* was turn'd up Trumps, it put him sadly in the dumps.

After this Game was done, I think, the standers by had cause to drink,
And loyal subjects for to sing, "Farewell, Knave! and Welcome, King!
For till we saw the game was turn'd, we wish'd the cards had all been burn'd."

Printed by *John Jones*, in the *Strand*, *London*.

[White-letter. Broadside. Woodcut of Walpole, and playing cards. Date, 174½.]

In 1742 the triumph of Walpole's enemies at his downfall was an illusion. While in Opposition they had been mischievously powerful, but they lacked Statesmanship and failed in government. Walpole out-flanked a threatened impeachment, and retained the confidence of King George, who made him Earl of Orford. Pultney lost popularity, married the notorious Anna Maria Gumley, longtime his mistress, and "Shrunk into insignificance and an Earldom" (as Chesterfield declared in his *Characters*). As Earl of Bath he was received at the Upper House ("Earl Percy sees my fall!") by Walpole with good humour —"Here we are, my Lord, the two most insignificant fellows in England." He had "dissembled his love" and literally "kicked him up-stairs."

"The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man [Sir Robert Walpole], joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the Crown to this royal family, and, with it, their laws and liberties to this country."—*Edmund Burke*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 384. No other exemplar recorded.]

Admiral *Matthews'* Engagement against the Combined Fleets of *France* and *Spain*.

BRave Admiral *Matthews* has been on the main,
With a true *British* heart, against *France* and *Spain*,
Resolving to fight for Old *England* once more,
And make them knock under before he gives o'er;
For there never was such a bold Fleet, as they say,
Sent out by Old *England* this many a day.

He had not been long on the Sea, it is true,
Before [that] in sight there appear'd in his view
Twenty-eight sail of the *French* and proud *Spain*,
Who swiftly w[ere] sailing along the salt main.
Then he cry'd, "My brave Boys, look, see how *they ride!*
I hope in small time we shall soon cool their pride."

We hoisted our sails, and away then we went,
With our guns all ready, and hearts likewise bent,
Until that we come to the view of them all;
Then strait our brave Admiral unto us did call,
At the word of command to make ready *with speed*,
" For I think the proud *Donns* will fight us indeed."

But the Wind prov'd contrary, we could not pursue,
Altho' that we had them so full in our view;
And for to deceive us they did lay in wait,
Thinking we should follow them up to the *Straits*;
Though our good God *was pleas'd to alter the wind*,
Yet Fortune unto us it proved unkind.

There is an old *Proverb* I've lately thought on,
'*When you think of a friend you're sure to find none*';
For when that I thought to see *Lestock* come by, [*Cf.* p. 290.
He was five miles a distance, and would not come nigh;
But for all that misfortune, we never could start,
We pursued after them with a true *British* heart.

A mile's distance next day, they at us did fire,
But in half-an-hour we to them drew nigher,
Until that we came within pistol-shot,
Then we did let fly; and why should we not?
As we sent 'em one Broadside, another did come,
Which made our cannons [to] play, *Bomb! bomb!*

Our Admiral took then his glass in his hand,
To espy what he could, as you shall understand;
A double Shot came unto him, so nigh,
That it took off the place where his arm did lye.
But for that misfortune, and all that foul play,
He held 'em six hours in hot battle that day.

The night being come, *they straightway gave o'er*,
And went off with their *Cri*[*p*]*ples*; we see 'em no more.
But now that the war is proclaim'd against *France*,
When we see them again we'll make 'em to prance;
And if ever they into our presence do come,
We'll make our cannons play '*Britain*, strike home.' [*Purcell*, 1695.

Then straightway we left them in grief to complain,
Whilst we are carousing along the salt main;
Pray God bless our Fleet, and his Majesty too, [*George* II.
And grant them success wherever they go:
Concluding, as this and my song to end,
In *Matthews'* brave Ship these Verses were penn'd.

[White-letter. Woodcut, a ship. Date, soon after 11 February, 174$\frac{3}{4}$.]

Note.—Thomas Matthews was of Llandaff Court. The Battle of Toulon was fought on 11th February, 174$\frac{3}{4}$, when he was ill-supported by Vice-Admiral Richard Lestock, so that the victory remained incomplete. Matthews was recalled home, and became M.P. for his native county, Glamorgan. He soon proved such a thorn in the side of the Government that, out of spite, in October, 1745, a Court-Martial was instituted, raking up the old grievances. It was, prolonged to June, 1747, 'Commodore Lestock,' who had been always an enemy, calumniating him. Matthews was then dismissed from the service. He passed the rest of his life in retirement, and died in Bloomsbury Square, 2nd October, 1751. It is remarkable that in every one of the naval battles of the eighteenth century which are included in *Roxburghe Ballads*, we find the commanders quarrelling with each other, and being defamed; struggling against restrictions and jealousies from superiors, and accused of incompetence by inferiors.

"Shall *British* Glory rise again,
And wipe off the degenerate stain,
Which one black day too deep had thrown [11 Feb., 1744.
On Naval Honour, near *Toulon?*
Matthews was rash, but, say the wise,
He fought; whilst *Lestock*, over nice,
Lay far aloof, and with a sneer
Beheld the fray in easy chair.
But now the Nation leads them on,
To where stern Justice mounts her Throne."
——*All Hands to a Court-Martial*, April, 1745.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 710. No other broadside exemplar noted.]

A Song,[1]

[On *Louis* XIV., Marshal *Belle-Isle*, and Prince *Charles Edward Stuart*.]

To the Tune of, *The Abbot of Canterbury*, etc. [Vol. vi. p. 747.]

WHAT child has not heard of a conquering Tour,
Carried on in a Trench, by full thousands fourscore?
And how the Grand Monarch is flown home again, [*Louis XV.*
In triumph to reap the reward of his pain?
Derry down.

But he found, when arriv'd on the frontiers of *France*,
Instead of a triumph, a cold complaisance:
For who could enjoy such an idle parade,
When Cape *Breton* was lost,[2] and an Emperor made! [*Sept.*, 1745.
Derry down.

This observ'd, he complains to his trusty *Bellisle*,[3]
"Must we ever be plagu'd with yon insolent Isle? [i.e. *Britain.*
To Monarchy's height, 'tis in vain to aspire,
While so little a spark can create such a fire?"
Derry down.

"Great Sir," says the Marshal, "play off the *Pretender!*
'Tis not in your arms to make *Britain* surrender:
Their freedom so spirits those obstinate elves,
They ne'er can be conquer'd, unless by themselves."
Derry down.

Thus alarm'd, he enjoins his Mock-Sovereign at *Rome*, [*James III.*
To send o'er his Son, if himself durst not come: [Prince *Ch. Edward.*
"For sure 'tis enough a fond youth to convince,
That if you be a King, he of course is a Prince.
Derry down.

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[1] This song records the "pretensions" of Prince Charles Edward before his arrival in Scotland, on 18th and 25th of July, 1745.

[2] Louisburg, on Cape Breton, Canada, was taken by Sir Peter Warren, on 17th June, 1745. Recovered by France, 1748, under cover of the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle. The 'Emperor' of Germany=Francis I., 13 Sept., 1745.

[3] On Oct. 4th, 1744, Marshall Belle-Isle, grandson of Floquet, "while passing through Hanover in the character of a negotiator, had been arrested by order of George II. and carried to England a prisoner of war, in defiance of the law of nations and the protests of France. The moment was not propitious for obtaining the release of a Marshal of France and an able general."—*Guizot.* He and his brother resided at Windsor, until released by cartel.

" By the POPE, let the stripling in private be blest, oh!
And equipp'd with a time-serving, smooth *manifesto:*
In terms howe'er solemn and strong it is made,
Your faith will instruct you such lies to evade.
Derry down.

" And with him such Nobles, as farther endearment,
Who, not being hang'd, merit other preferment;
Then if they can once get the cry on their side,
Our *Armadas* shall follow, and help to divide."
Derry down.

Thus *France* with her vassals afresh has begun [1745.
To annoy what she envies most under the sun;
And a Kingdom so fair, so diffusive a Trade,
Are motives enow to make Villains invade.
Derry down.

But these motives, to them such base efforts to try,
Shou'd make *Us* something better than meer standers-by:
Tho' in politick wranglings at times we delight,
Yet against such oppressors we'll ever unite.
Derry down.

Our religion, our government, freedom, and all,
Together must stand, and together must fall:
Still happy, if in their defence we succeed,
And in that defence 'tis most glorious to bleed.
Derry down.

For if *Papal* tyranny once mount the Throne,
Like a dream are the days of our happiness gone:
With slavery curs'd, shall be each future birth,
And *Britain* no longer the joy of the Earth.
Derry down.

[White-letter broadside. No cut or p.n. Date, probably, Sept., 1745.]

*** *Over the hills and far away* (pp. 225, 300) dates from 1698. P. A. Motteux wrote a song for Tom D'Urfey's comedy, *The Campaigners:* " *Jockey* met with *Jenny* fair"; with chorus, '*Tis o'er the hills and far away; the wind has blown my plaid away.* Before 1705 it was imitated in a song, 'The Recruiting Officer; or, The Merry Volunteers,' for Marlborough's Campaign, " Hark! now the drums beat up again, for all true soldiers, gentlemen; Then let us list, and march, I say: *Over the hills and far away.*" The tenth stanza, " The prentice *Tom* he may refuse to wipe his angry master's shoes," was quoted by Geo. Farquhar, 8 April, 1706, in his *Recruiting Officer*, ii. 3.

Last Struggle for a Stuart Restoration.

(1745–1746.)

"Though the sceptre had departed from the House of Stuart, it was reserved for one of its last descendants to prove to the world, by his personal gallantry and noble spirit of enterprise, that he at least had not degenerated from his royal line of ancestors . . . . If at last he yielded to frailties which inevitably ensure degradation, it must be remembered that his lot had been one to which few men have been exposed, and the magnitude of his sufferings may fairly be admitted as some palliation for his weakness."

——*Wm. E. Aytoun, on Prince Charles Edward.*

IN reprinting from the Roxburghe Collection these ballads and songs, composed and circulated during the Jacobite insurrection of "the Forty-Five," and preserved in unique exemplars, few hitherto reprinted, it is to be regretted that they are limited to one side of the contest, and denouncing 'the Young Chevalier.'

Assuredly many of the Jacobites fought, sang, and suffered valiantly. But their cause, having been discouraged by the failures made in 1715 and 1719, was fatally prejudged and condemned. Mischances came from the divided counsels of their own leaders, and hurried them to ruin. As it had been in the old Civil War of a century earlier, so it happened again: the best and bravest men, the most loving and devoted women, imperilled their lives and sacrificed their fortunes without a murmur. Unselfishly they died, firm in faith, heroes and martyrs, loyal to their chosen king, against whom Destiny appeared to be relentless.

Almost confirming the heathen fables of a doomed family, that of Atreus and Thyestes, were the unavailing struggles in behalf of the Stuarts. Disasters broke on them, wave after wave, until they were finally engulfed. Few of them lived happily, or died at peace with friends around their bed. James I. of Scotland was basely murdered at Perth, in 1437; James II. was killed while besieging Roxburgh Castle, in 1460; James III. was slain near Bannockburn, in 1488; James IV., who married Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., and thus prepared the way for later claims to an inheritance of the English throne, was himself killed at Flodden-Field, where the 'flower of the Forest' fell around him, in 1513; James V. died in sorrow and despair, with second-sighted prevision of coming evils at the birth of Mary, the future 'Queen of Scots,' in 1542, foretelling ominously that "the Crown came with a Lass, and would go with a Lass." Her own life was calamitous. A few tranquil years in the sunnier land of France were followed by her hapless marriages, by persecutions and insults, endured from treacherous and rebellious subjects, who paid no reverence to her as queen or woman; by her defeats in battle and flights from pursuers; by humiliating imprisonments, and nineteen years of embittered exile, ended on the scaffold at

Fotheringay, Feb. 8, 158$\frac{6}{7}$; a shameful sacrifice, not an expiation, enforced to appease the jealous hatred of her kinswoman, Elizabeth, on whose soul would rest the stain of murder, such as no sophistry can cleanse, for ever. With a knowledge of this bygone cruelty, and remembrance of his own early troubles, the unsolved mystery of the Gowrie conspiracy, the half-hearted deceptive patronage he had accepted from his mother's enemy, to James VI. the double crown of Scotland and of England could yield neither security nor content. Few gleams of sunshine came to Charles I., entangled in a labyrinth of which he had lost the clue; linked with a wife of different faith and nationality, who betrayed his secrets, and felt no gratitude for his love or for self-sacrifice. Despoiled of power, even of the privilege to save his friends and faithful servants from being slaughtered, nothing was left to him but the serene dignity of martyrdom; a triumphant close to his career, the impressiveness of which had been unforeseen by those who insulted him in his last hours.

Of his sons, Charles II. and James II., our previous volumes of these *Roxburghe Ballads* gathered many records that had nearly perished, displaying the plots and misadventures of their unquiet times; also revealing those better qualities in their personal character that are too often forgotten. Hereafter this may be conceded. One more memorial of the so-called 'Merry Monarch' is given here, a tender little poem, on his birth in 1630; lacking title and signature, but genuine; not known to have been recorded hitherto in print. (We found it lurking among Historical and Family Manuscripts.) Internal evidence proves it to have been originally addressed to him, the infant son of Queen Henrietta Maria, born at St. James's Palace on the twenty-ninth of May, in the year 1630; thirty years afterwards to be welcomed on the anniversary of that day as our restored King Charles the Second.

Prefatory Note to Poem, 'In a Royal Cradle.'

The allusion in this MS. poem, line 14, to the premature birth and speedy death of an earlier child than our Prince Charles is confirmed by Salvetti's *News-letter* of May $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{9}$, 1629; Contarini to Zorzi, same date; Venetian MSS. It was after Queen Henrietta Maria's fatiguing journey from Greenwich, to take part in the thanksgiving at Somerset House, on announcement of the Treaty of Susa ensuring peace with France. "On the morning of the 13th *she gave birth prematurely to an infant, which lived only for two hours.* For some time she was herself in great peril. The King was constantly at her bedside, waiting upon her with the tenderest affection during the time of her trial. If God pleased, he said to the physicians, *he* might have other children. But let them do all they could to save his wife."—Dr. S. R. Gardiner's *Personal Government of Charles I.*, i. 127, 1877. Our contemporary poem shows that the infant was a boy. Had he lived longer he might have borne the name of Charles; but he died (we suppose) unbaptised. Twelve months afterwards the name and position fell to the future Charles II. The prophecy was partly true: he 'tarried long' for the Crown, thirty years to a day. But in the estimate of loyal subjects his reign began at the moment of his father's death: 'Le Roi est mort: vive le Roi!'"

[In a Royal Cradle, 1630.]

WELCOME, sweet Babe; more welcome than the rose,
With which thou bloomest at the end of *May*,
When Nature did proclaim an Holy-day,
And did the bosome of the earth disclose,
And out of it the rarest jewels chose,
To deck the cradle where thy sweetness lay.

Bee iustly proude of thy high Parentage,
The noblest paire the Christian world can yeild;
He weares the Rose, shee Lillies in her sheilde,
And both of them in vigour of their age:
She faire and gentle, hee both stout and sage,
To rule at home and to command at feild.

Thou shalt not need to feare vntimely fate;
Thy infant brother did for thee miscarrie,
So for thy Father did his brother *Harry*: [*ob.* 1614.
Arthur, for him that was surnamed the Eight:
But thou shalt live to see thy nephews late,
And weare a Crowne, but for it long, long tarry.

Yet hast[e] to grow, that thou maist only try
When God disposes so, and thou art bolder—
What burden 'tis to beare vpon thy shoulder
A massie robe of three-pil'd majestie,
And to sustaine a State three Kingdomes high:
But these are works for thee when thou art older.

Meane time, Dame Nurse, bee carefull of your charg[e];
Put Nectar in his cup, and in his pap
Ambrosia; sing him then into a nap;
And when hee goes abroad in coach or barg[e],
Wrap him in purple close, but yet at larg[e]: [*sic.*
So may our Prince have heal'h, and you good hap.

On previous pp. 223–226, 249–253, and in vol vi. were reprinted ballads marking the abortive attempts made during the reign of George I. for the Chevalier de St. George. Of his son, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, 'the Young Chevalier,' the romance of life centred in the final struggle. After the defeat in 1746, a sullen melancholy weighed him down. He yielded weakly to base enjoyments, to sensual and selfish indolence, forfeiting love and reverence. He outlived his heroism and glory; he utterly outraged his true self. It was total ruin, worse than death. Had he fallen on Drummossie Moor, though vanquished, with sword in hand and his face to the foe, dying among his clansmen who gave their lives for him and to redeem the dear Scottish land, an abiding remembrance of "bonny Prince Charlie" would have been left in history unprofaned. The bitterness came from his later degeneracy. It was not the way of the Stuart race—as in after time it became of the Bourbon—to have forgotten nothing, and to have learnt nothing.

"Bitter tears and sobs of anguish, unavailing though they be:
Oh! the brave—the brave and noble, that have died in vain for me!"

Idle it is to talk of fate or destiny destroying those who were in themselves sufficiently responsible, and became their own worst enemies; whose headstrong passions or unwillingness to receive the lessons taught by failure, no less than by success, brought their overthrow. Easy it is to dogmatise, with boast of 'science falsely so-called,' about the burden of Heredity, the fulfilment of transmitted punishment, children suffering for crimes and follies of their ancestors, to the third and fourth generation, and beyond; by enduring disease, poverty, madness, and entailed deformity or prostration of will, as the penalty of wickedness committed before their birth; an 'original sin' that is demonstrable by what it has bequeathed: this without heed of theologians—partly true, no doubt, and tending to the pessimism of decadents. Many are born thus overweighted by calamity, unseaworthy vessels, launched untimely, foredoomed to shipwreck, incapable of conquering misfortune. Yet the great truth remains for us, and had been seen by Charles Edward also: that it matters less what special sorrow we are called to bear, than the spirit with which we endeavour to bear it.

"First I thought, almost despairing, this must crush my spirit now;
Yet I bore it, and am bearing: only—do not ask me, *how?*"

This acquiescence in the inevitable and irreversible, this acceptance of allotted good or evil, without murmur of despair and loss of trust, is the test of an heroic nature. After his baffled efforts and hair-breadth escapes, despite the unbroken fidelity of his personal adherents, not one betraying him, he saw no prospect of a brighter day to cheer him in his resumed exile. With such a past to be remembered, with such a contrast in the present, none need wonder that he lost heart, and sank to hopeless misery, dying, in 1788, a few hours after the anniversary of the doubly-fatal thirtieth of January.

"Ah! my Prince, it were well—had'st thou to the Gods been dear,
To have fallen where *Keppoch* fell, with the war-pipe loud in thine ear!
To have died with never a stain on the fair White Rose of renown;
To have fallen, fighting in vain, for thy father, thy faith, and thy crown.

"More than thy marble pile, with its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle to the endless dirge of the sea.
But the Fates deemed otherwise: far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the Northern skies, in the secular dust of *Rome*."

The Old Chevalier's Birthday.

(*An Additional Note.*)

THE Birthday of the Chevalier de St. George, 'James III.' or 'James VIII.,' had continued to be celebrated on June 10th (the day of his birth at St. James's Palace, 1688). David Morgan wrote two 'Loyal Songs on the Tenth of June.' One of those was sung to the tune of *Old Derby*, and began thus:—

"Let the Loyal their trumpets be sounding;
Let peals usher in the bright morn."

The other, of four stanzas, to the tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again*, began thus, "Let every honest British soul with chearful loyalty be gay." It is in *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii. p. 38. A different writer sang thus, probably in 1744:

ON THE TENTH OF JUNE.

"SHall *Britons* still at feeble wishes stay,
And hail with nothing else this happy day,
Now more than half a century render'd vain, [1688-1744.
By vile submission to a foreign reign? . . . . etc.

"Give him his Rights, and in return receive
Such happiness as he alone can give:
For slavery, freedom, and for sufferings ease;
Trade, wealth, and fame, to make these blessings please."

Yet another, by a different hand, on the same theme, deserves renewal.

THE TENTH OF JUNE.

(*The Chevalier's Birthday.*)

Sung to the tune of, *Packington's Pound.* (See p. 272.)

LET *Whigs* remember the fifth of *November*,
And singe the Pope and the Devil that day;
While we burn our bonnets, and sing loyal sonnets,
In praise of the twenty-ninth of *May*:
And wish, ere many more days are run,
The same may bring in the Tenth of *June*,
That *Jamie*, now Loyalists all are grown,
May safely come over, in spite of *Hanover*,
And sit on his Royal Father's throne.

'Tis absolute folly to talk of our holy
Religion, till once we give *Cæsar* his due;
To injure true Princes, and gloss o'er offences,
Is serving God worse than a Turk or a Jew:
Then what we so foully have taken away,
O let us return on our reckoning day;
Or else we as wicked as demons are grown;
And though to the skies we turn up our eyes,
Dishonour the Church, and the Land we own.

The slander invented in 1688, to discredit the birth of '*the Chevalier*,' forms the subject of the 'Warming-Pan Ballad' on p. 299. (Others, sung to various tunes, were mentioned in vol. iv. p. 304.)

Ballad of the Warming Pan.

1745.

"At St. James's Palace, on the morning of Sunday the 10th of June, 1688, a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick. Posterity has fully acquitted the king of the fraud which his people imputed to him."

——*Macaulay, Hist. of England*, cap. viii.

IN contemporary Whig-ballads, from 1689 to so late as 1745–46, allusions were made to the false and infamous story of '*a brass warming-pan*' having been used on June 10th, 1688, to introduce surreptitiously into St. James's Palace a baby (son of a tyler or bricklayer), on pretence of his being the Prince of Wales. It was a foul slander, invented by the Revolution plotters to invalidate the succession, and was degradingly fostered by William and Mary, whose self-interest prompted them to countenance the calumny.

In a ballad entitled 'The Vagabond Tories,' 20th August, 1715, beginning "What a racket is here!" we read—

"The impudent *P[hi]pps* must come in for snips,
Who at *Oxford* so lately was dubb'd;
Tho' instead of degree, such a bawler as he
Deserv'd to be heartily drubb'd.

"Young *Perkin*, poor elf! may promise himself
Two things from the face of that man:
There's brass within reach, to furnish a speech,
And *the lid of a Warming-pan!*"

(This Sir Constantine Phipps had been the Jacobite Chancellor of Ireland, and was advocate for Sacheverell at the trial. Oxford lavished on him the degree of LL.D., as a rebuke to the Whigs on King George the First's coronation day, October 20, 1714). John Gay's excellent song, "'Twas when the seas were roaring," sung in '*The what d'ye call it*,' 1715, was parodied, and repeated the gibe—

"'Twas when the seas were roaring, with blasts of northern wind,
Poor *Perkin* lay deploring, on *Warming-pan* reclin'd;
Wide o'er the foaming billows he cast a dismal look,
And shiver'd like the willows that tremble o'er the brook," etc.

——*Perkin's Lament.*

The 'New Song' on our p. 299 belongs to 1745, not 1715; for in the fifth stanza it specially alludes to the coming of Prince Charlie as "The Son of the Son of *the brass Warming-Pan.*" Compare the allusion to his father on p. 236—

"Here *Perkin*, since no one his title espouses,
Ascends from de Trone to the *tileing of houses.*"

——2nd Part of *The Raree Show.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 724. No other broadside exemplar noted.]

A New Song, entituled, The Warming-Pan.

[To the Tune of, *The Abbot of Canterbury.* See p. 291.]

WHEN *Jemmy* the Second, not *Jemmy* the First,
With vexation and poxes, and impotence curs'd,
Saw the good cause must end, which so well he began,
Swore the Church, since he cou'd not, should get him a son,
Derry down, down, etc.

To work went the Church on her Majesty's w—b,
By her true representati[ve] fryers from *Rome;*
But [tho'] they well warm'd her true Catholic mettle,
They never could make the meat boil in the kettle. *Derry down.*

But since 't was determin'd an Heir must be got,
No matter from kettle, from pan, or from pot,
In [such] mettles fertile, the old JESUITS' clan
Produc'd a brave Boy, from a *Brass Warming-Pan.* *Derry down.*

But *Old England,* quite harass'd with Papists before,
The brat being spurious, would sure bear no more;
But with little *Will's* help, kick'd the spawn of a *Fryer* [*Wm. III.*
From out of the *Warming-Pan* into the fire. *Derry down.*

Full many a year has the Bastard been nurs'd
By *Paris* and *Rome,* who engender'd him first;
And now they have sent, to promote their old plan,
The Son of the Son of the *Brass Warming-Pan.* *Derry down.*

Oh! *Britains,* reflect, why you drove out the *One,*
And dread the same evils, or worse, from the Son;
Quick, to *Paris* or *Rome,* make your *Perkin* retire, [*cf.* p. 228.
Or we're out of the *Warming-Pan* into the Fire. *Derry down.*

Sure *Scotland* remembers the direful fate,
When they succour'd the *Warming-Pan's* Father of late; [1689.
How many to *Tower* and *Newgate* were sent,
Some heads were cut off, and too late did repent. *Derry down.*

May all be serv'd so, that takes up the cause;
For *Rome,* or the D——l, make daily applause;
Let's firmly unite in the Protestant case,
Drive *Pretender* to the D—l, keep K. *George* in his place. *Derry down.*

[White-letter. No woodcut, or publisher's name. Date, August, 1745.]

The Laddie; in 1745.

" From *Caledonia's* loyal lands, when Justice uncontroul'd demands,
The loyal Clans in Honour's cause, guarded by Truth, great Honour's guide,
Came to retrieve our ancient laws, with royal *Charles*, *Minerva's* pride:
They came with Freedom, hand in hand, and *over the hills and far away.*"
——*Jacobite Song of the* '15 *and* '45.

WE know for certainty that one version of the Jacobite song, *Over the hills and far away*, had been in favour at so early a date as 1709: by the tenth of June that year 'Young Niddrie' composed the Song on the Chevalier's Birthday (printed on p. 225, from manuscript), adopting the tune and burden, *He's over the seas and far away*. Of our motto-song Whig parodies followed, in 1745:

" From barren *Caledonian* lands, where Famine uncontroul'd commands,
The Rebel Clans, in search of prey, came o'er the hills and far away.
O'er the hills and far away, o'er the hills and far away,
The rebel clans, in search of prey, came o'er the hills and far away."

(See p. 292 for account of the original song, '*O'er the hills and far away*,' 1698: given in *Pills to p. Mel.*, v. 316):—

" *Jockey* met with *Jenny* fair, betwixt the dawning and the day,
And *Jockey* now is full of care, for *Jenny* stole his heart away," etc.

The Anti-Jacobite lampoons and satires, of dull scurrility, were written by hired Government hacks, purchased by secret-service money, and issued in prodigal abundance on cheap printed 'slips' or sheets, to influence public opinion by ridiculing the pretensions of the Stuarts. They were also reprinted in penny '*Garlands of New Songs*,' and in costlier volumes, such as the *Mug-House Diversions*, of 1715, and the various political imitations of Playford's and D'Urfey's *Pills*, entitled '*Pills to purge State Melancholy*," both series, 1715 and 1718, *A Tory Pill to purge Whig Melancholy*, four parts, and *Political Merriment*, two parts and a *continuation:* books mentioned in previous pages. The quality of these ditties was often bad, but their quantity was enormous. Their circulation was not only tolerated; it was encouraged and subsidized. One of them was a parody of 'Polly Oliver's Ramble,' beginning, "As pretty Polly Oliver lay musing in her bed" (see vol. vii. p. 739), and was in ridicule of 'The Pretender's Army,' 1715:—

" As *Perkin* one morning lay musing in bed,
The thoughts of three kingdoms ran much in his head;
A friend came from *Britain* up to his bedside,
'Great news I've to tell you, dread sovereign!' he cried.

" 'I've brought you a List, 'tis most certainly true,
Of many brave heroes that there are for you;
First, butchers and porters, who bravely will thwack it,
And bold *Bridewell* boys, who fight in blue jacket'" Etc.
——*Mug-House Diversions*, p. 13, 1716; *P. to p. State Mel.*, ii. 144.

On the Stuart side, the songs or ballads and political poems composed by the Jacobites were always superior in tone; but, as they passed secretly from hand to hand, they endangered the receiver no less than the transmitter. Few of them secured permanence in print, and the manuscripts must have been worn into tatters. Many perished, but more survive than is usually supposed. The best of the Jacobite songs can scarcely have been written before the time of mourning over defeat in 1746. So true is it that "Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong; they learn in suffering what they teach in song."

We could not place the following songs on 'The Laddie' at so early a date as 1715; although, as we have shown, on p. 224, the name of 'Princely Laddie' was applied so early as 1709 to the Chevalier de St. George. When he again landed in Scotland, however, in 1715, he was in his twenty-eighth year, and could therefore be no longer styled a 'laddie.' Prince Charles Edward was not advanced beyond his twenty-fifth, in 1745, and was of youthful appearance.

There may have been an earlier song, beginning, "The widow can bake, and the widow can brew," than the one claimed by Allan Ramsay as his own, printed in 1721, and reprinted in the second vol. of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725; we find a difficulty in assigning the present "Laddie" songs—which are marked to be sung to that tune—to so early a date as 1715-16. Here is the first stanza; *it may have been written in imitation of some earlier praise of* the 'Laddie': —

> "The widow can bake, and the widow can brew;
> The widow can shape, and the widow can sew;
> And mony braw things the widow can do:
> *Then have at the widow, my Laddie!*"

That the Roxburghe "Your Laddy can't fight" was intended as a burlesque of the Jacobite 'Loyal Song,' beginning, "Let *Sol* curb his coursers," is indisputable, and this song had been avowedly intended for the birthday of 'The Laddie.' Charles Edward was born in Rome, on the 20th of December, 1720. This is the birthday anniversary intended; not that of his father James, which we have found to be celebrated as of June the 10th, from the year 1688. (See pp. 225, 226, and *Additional Note*, p. 297.)

Despite the difficulty concerning the doubtful date of the tune-name, it is by no means certain that the earlier 'Laddie' song, which begins, "To all loyal Subjects glad tidings I bring," may not have belonged to so early a date as 1715-16, and in reference to the Chevalier. The enthusiastic praise of the Macdonalds strengthens this; for in 1745 both the Macdonalds and Macleods hung back from Prince Charles Edward, and unexpectedly took service with the Government against him. The indication of bygone disasters and failures, in the seventh stanza, might as justly refer to the struggle of 1707–1709 as to that of 1715-16, or of 1718-19. And the tune-name, '*The widow can bake*,' etc., may not improbably have been added long after the original circulation orally of the 'loyal song' itself. The words, "Who now has arrived on our Scottish shore, demanding his own, and asking no more," would apply better to the Chevalier, than to the 'Young Chevalier.' But the words "son of our King" tend to fix it definitely to Charles Edward, his landing in Scotland, and therefore after 25th July, 1745. (His father had landed at Peterhead, 25th December, 1715; but *his* father, "our King" James II., had died in 1701.)

A Loyal Song.

TO all loyal Subjects glad tidings I bring!
Come, let us be merry, and joyfully sing.
And drink a health round to the son of our King,
The Royal and charming bright Laddie; [See p. 301.

Who now is arrived on our *Scotish* Shore,
Demanding his own, and asking no more,
But to banish the usurping son of a w—e,
Who possesses the right of our Laddy;

Who plunders our nation of money and store,
And to his poor Dutchy sends our *English* ore;
Yet tho' we are poor, we'll never grieve more
When we have got home our bright Laddy.

Our money is thievishly sent o'er the main,
Our trade is decaying, our brave men are slain,
Our land with high taxes is groaning in pain,
And longs for the Royal bright Laddy.

Oh, *Britons!* 'tis time you should open your eyes,
Lest your present folly the world should surprise,
For favouring a Stranger, a Wolf in disguise,
Who worries the friends of our Laddy.

Oppression and cruelty, tyranny all,
With Usurping *G*[*eorg*]*e* together shall fall,
When *Britons* shall give an unanimous call
To the Royal and charming bright Laddy.

And then we shall have a firm lasting peace,
With the Downfall of that *Han*[*over*]*an* race,
By whose means we came to a wofull disgrace, [1707 or 1715.
Which shall be repair'd by our Laddy.

The loyal *Macdonalds* shall then have their due,
And ev'ry Clan round them who ever stood true;
May all that's propitious befall that blest crew,
Who favour'd the cause of our Laddy.

May he be assisted from Heaven above,
Courageous and loyal may all his friends prove,
And may the best fortune attend them that love
And favour the royal bright Laddy.

Let JEHOVAH have Glory, the King have the Crown:
O Heaven, assist him! (he wants but his own)
To pull usurpation and tyranny down,
And prosper the cause of our Laddy. [*Probable date*, July, 1745.

This song is an early popularization of the Jacobite 'Laddie.' The second is, "Let Sol curb his coursers and stretch out the day!" It is the direct antecedent of the Roxburghe *Mock-Song* on p. 304, "Your Laddie can't fight, but your Laddie can sing."

A Loyal Song, on the Laddie.

[TUNE OF, *The Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew*: p. 301.]

LEt *Sol* curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,
That time may not hinder carousing and play,
That we may be chearful, and all Nature gay,
Upon the Birthday of our Laddie.
With the down of a thistle we'll make him a bed,
With roses and lillies we'll pillow his head;
And with a tun'd Harp we will gently aid
To ease in soft slumbers our Laddie.

Our Laddie can fight, and our Laddie can sing; [*N.B.*
He's fierce as the North Wind, and blythe as the Spring,
And his soul was design'd for no less than a King:
Such virtues appear in our Laddie. *With the down*, etc. [*Passim.*

Let thunderbolts rattle o'er mountains of snow,
And hurricanes over cold *Caucasus* blow;
Let care be confin'd to the regions below,
When we have got home our bright Laddie.

Then through the fair Forest he'll chase the wild Bull,
And tear the Horns off from his *G*[*erma*]*n* thick skull;
For he wou'd destroy, had he but his will,
Our friends, and their bonny bright Laddie.

Then open our cellars, and deal out the wine,
And let us carouse it, 'till our noses shine;
And curse on the Wretch that wou'd seem to decline
The drinking success to our Laddie.
With the down of a thistle we'll make him a bed, etc.
To ease in soft slumbers our Laddie.

*** The music of '*My Laddie*' is given in James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* (1819, and Alex. Gardner's Paisley reprint, 1874, vol i. p. 115). The Ettrick Shepherd was an untrustworthy editor, and few of his statements can be accepted without suspicion. He says, "I got it among Mr. [Walter] Scott's manuscripts, and collated it with one in young Dalguise's collection; I likewise got several copies of it from other quarters."—*Ibid.* p. 289. He had known nothing of the parody in the Roxb. Coll., which we now reprint; or of the earlier ballad on the Scottish landing, "To all loyal Subjects" (our p. 302); or that this "Let Sol curb his coursers" had been printed in 1750. He transposed the stanzas in this fashion, 2, 3, 1, 4, 5; and turned everywhere "my" and "I" into "our" and "we." For imaginary prettiness he misread it, also—

> "He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
> And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear;
> That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
> That bloom'd on the hills of my Laddie."

The Roxb. Coll. pasquinade, entitled 'The Royal Britain; or, George for ever!' appears to be unique; Answering the second stanza of "Let Sol curb his coursers." *Id est*, "Our Laddie can fight, and our Laddie can sing."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 753. No other exemplar found.]

The Loyal Britain; or,
George for Ever.

[Tune of, *The Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew*: p. 301.]

YOur Laddy can't fight, but your Laddy may sing,
The scheme[s] that he lays are in vain to be King;
Such Hellish contrivances never shall bring,
A Crown on the head of your Laddy.

In the midst of the rebels in *Dunkirk* he stands,
While King *George's* forces do join hand in hand, [Feb. 24, 1745.
We'll keep all such rebels quite out of the land,
Both them and their bastardly Laddy.

His plots are in vain about *England's* Crown,
Whilst God has blest us with a King of our own,
All Popish Pretenders we'll ever disown,
So lightly we set by your 'Laddy.'

Our Laws and Religion we'll ever maintain,
Both Pope and Pretender we'll ever disdain;
Whilst Glorious King *George* doth over us reign,
We'll never have a bastardly Laddy.

Tho' *France* does threaten to invade our land,
And furnish him with men and arms out of hand,
Thinking thereby to put us to a stand,
By threatening us with 'their Laddy.'

There plots and conspiracies all are in vain,
No Popish Pretender shall over us Reign,
The House of *Hanover* we'll ever maintain,
And a Fig for their Cowardly Laddy.

They tell us he's bred up a Protestant true,
And fain would perswade us the Crown is his due;
But who will regard such a damnable crew?
Why, none but the friends of 'the Laddy.'

For each loyal *Britain* will join hand in hand,
To fight for King *George* and obey his Command.
Who up for our liberty firmly does stand,
Against all attempts of the Laddy.

So God bless King *George*, and long may he reign,
For to be a terror to proud *France* and *Spain*,
And prosper his Fleet on the watery main,
To give a home stroke to their 'Laddy.'

I hope no offence is in what is here penn'd,
To displease a true *Britain*, I did not intend,
With success to old *England*, my song I shall end,
And a Rope for the Friends of 'the Laddy.'

[White-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, a dove in a cage; 2nd, a man. On the *verso* is the anti-Jacobite 'New Song of the Warrs,' beginning, "Come, all loyal *Britains*, come listen to me!" preceded by a fragmentary final stanza.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 753, *verso* of the 'Loyal Briton.']

[FRAGMENT: *Title and Earlier Stanzas missing.*]

WE'll have no Popish Pretender,
But King GEORGE, our Faith's defender,
Him we'll] have over us to Rule and Reign,
For no one Po]pish shall Reign here,
We'll ke]ep him floating on the Sea.
George our Crown and Sceptre in peace shall sway,
All] our wrongs we'll proclaim, with rattling drums.

New Song of the Warrs.

COme, all loyal *Britains*, come listen to me,
Unto these new Verses I sing unto ye.
It is] of these Warrs and rumours of Warrs,
The] *French* is for landing, but do if they darr, [*sic.*
Th]ey say that the *French* is for landing indeed,
Whi]ch puts all our country in great fear and dread,
Con]cerning these Warrs and rumour of Warrs. *The French*, etc.

T]he River of *London* is made ver[y] strong,
And] with fine brass Cannon is planted along,
Erec[ted for these Warrs and rumour of Warrs.
The French, etc. [*Passim.*

When t]hat blazing Starr in *England* was seen,
The] Lord above knows best what it doth mean,
We fear it is Warrs and rumours of Warrs.

T]hey said that the *French* in our Channel *was seen*.
But] they were obliged to turn back again,
For] fear of these Warrs and rumour of Warrs.

D]id you not remember of old what was done,
Wh]en we burnt their Shipping and their *Rising Sun?* [1692.
It w]as in the old Warrs and rumour of Warrs.

We] hear the Malitia raised must be, [*sic.*
To] stand in our defence to set us free,
Fro]m slaughter of Warrs and rumour of Warrs.

Let] all loyal *Britains* prove constant and true,
And] I'll warrant you, brave boys, we'll give 'em their due,
For] we fear not their Wars and their rumour of Wars,

And so, to conclude, pray God stand our friend,
When we are in distress to strengthen our hands,
From slaughter of Wars and rumour of Wars. Finis.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 612. No other exemplar noted.]

A New Touch of the Times. A Song.

O Drink, drink, and never give o'er!
Drink, my brave boys, as I said before,
The *French* they have sent us a fresh supply,
And swear they will drink old England *dry.*

But now they are landed, the Truth you may think,
The Devil shall have them before they shall drink.
Our Cannons shall thunder, our Bullets shall fly,
Before they shall drink old England *dry.*

We care not a fig for the best of them all,
We will supply our Army with powder and ball;
We will soon make them and their Forces to fly,
Before they shall drink old England *dry.*

Come, all you brave Soldiers and Sailors so bold,
That will venture your lives for silver and gold;
For now is the time your valour to try,
That they never may drink old England *dry.*

It is but a folly to hector and boast,
For we hope that old *England* will still Rule the Roast,
And make them be glad away for to fly:
They never shall drink old England *dry.*

There's the valiant Duke of fame and renown, [*Cumberland.*
He will stand true to the Church and the Crown,
And make all its enemies away for to fly,
Before they can drink old England *dry.*

Old *England* is loyal, we do understand,
They have rais'd the Militia and all the Train-bands,
With a full resolution our King to stand by;
They never can drink old England *dry.*

And if we should meet with their fleet on the seas,
They well may expect they shall have little ease,
We will take, burn, and sink them, and make 'em to fly,
They never shall drink old England *dry.*

When first that he landed unto them he said, [Prince *C.E.S.*
"If *Scotland* would receive him no tax should be paid,"
But we will not believe him, for fear he should lie:
They never can drink old England *dry.*

Let us drink a Health to the Church and the Crown,
And send us much strength to pull Popery down,
For our Church and our King we'll fight till we die,
They never shall drink old England *dry.*

[White-letter. No p.n. One woodcut. Date, 1745.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 403. No other exemplar noted.]

A Song in Praise of our Forces.

CHear up your hearts, bold *Britons*, our troops are now advancing,
The rebels must retreat, or quickly die a-dancing;
Brave Marshal *Wade* is at the head, to give us his command, Sir,
The *Chevalier* you need not fear, we'll put him to a stand, Sir,

The *Clans* they have begun it, to pillage and to plunder,
I hope to see them run yet, when e'er our Cannons thunder;
Then horse and foot, let's quickly to't, the country now doth call, Sir,
To mend some brogues for *Highland* rogues, with powder and with ball, Sir.

The time has been their own, for [our] want of good Commanders,
And that will soon be known, by those that's come from *Flanders:*
Our *British* foot are hard put to't, to march through mud and mire!
But all agreed they'll not be rid, by Capucheens and Friars.

Although the nights are cold, not very fit for camping,
The troops will march up bold, being always us'd to tramping;
The Blues and Buffs are old and tough, the Greens they ne'er will start, Sir,
The Yellow boys don't fear no noise, [with] their Colours ne'er will part, Sir.

Therefore let us prepare, and be ready for a Battle,
We'll see their [backs] bare, when once our Cannons rattle;
The *Yorkshire* Blue are bold and true, brave gentlemen, no doubt, Sir,
When e'er 'tis o'er, you'll hear more, what they have been about, Sir.

[White-letter. No colophon or woodcuts. Date, not before November, 1745.]

In our previous vol. vi. pp. 626, 624, have been already reprinted two ballads on William, Duke of Cumberland, and the battle of 'Culloden' or Drummossie Moor, fought 16 April, 1746; beginning, "Britons, all your voices raise" (title, '*England's* Glory; or, Duke *William's* Triumph over the Rebels in *Scotland*': Roxb. Coll. III. 789); and "You Subjects of *Britain*, now may you rejoice" (title, 'The Duke of *Cumberland's* Victory over the Rebels in *Scotland*': *Ibid.* to the tune of *The Earl of Essex*). Both on one broadside: *Sheffield.* Printed by *Francis Lister*, near the *Shambles*, 1746. It was an appropriate locality for laudation of the "Butcher of Culloden." The Scots lost 2,500 men, killed on the field or slaughtered in pursuit; but the English lost no more than 200, and were without excuse for the massacre of the fugitives.

Of the next ballad, 'Captain Barnard's Grenadier,' the precise date is doubtful, but almost certainly later than June, 1746 (see p. 313). It was reprinted in *The Maid of the Mill's Garland*, which reads, "We march'd *from* Gloucester."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 596, *verso.*]

Captain Barnard's Grenadier.

WE marched out of *Gloucester* the 19th of *June*,
Colours being flying, and soldiers in full bloom;
Little did I think that my true love was so near,
My heart was stole away by Capt[*ain*] Barnard's *Grenadier.*

My father and my mother confin'd me in a room,
I jump'd out of the window, and I went into the town;
It was my good fortune to meet with my dearest dear,
My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's *Grenadier.*

My love goes to the Captain, so valiant and so bold,
He is clothed all in scarlet, and laced round with gold;
I wash'd my love his linen, to please my dearest dear,
My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's *Grenadier.*

The lads love the music our Capt[ain] does command,
They play such pleasant tunes all on our royal Band;
They play'd the sweetest marches that ever I did hear,
When I was in the grove with Captain Barnard's *Grenadier.*

'Tis in came *Timothy Clayton*, with his all-wooing drum,
He swore he'd kiss the bonniest girl that was in all the room,
With his shoes as black as jet, he's powder'd from ear to ear,
Yet she swore she'd go along with Captain Barnard's *Grenadier.*

Finis.

[White-letter. No p.n. Woodcut, *a Grenadier.* Date, *circâ* 1746. See p. 313.]

*** On the same sheet, preceding this ballad, is 'A favourite *Love Song*,' beginning, "One night as I lay on my bed," already reprinted in vol. vi. p. 207, *but without the final stanzas:* given on p. 123 of the present vol. viii.

Lamentation of the Ladies Kilmarnock and Balmerino.

THESE probably unique exemplars are not in the Roxburghe Collection, but deserve reproduction here.

William Boyd was the fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, and last: the title and estates being forfeited. He was born in 1704, and married Lady Anne Livingstone, a Roman Catholic (she died 18 Sept., 1747), daughter of James, fifth Earl of Linlithgow and Calendar, who had been attainted for high treason in 1715. James Boyd, son of Earl William, adhered to George II., fought at Culloden in 1746 against his own father and brother Charles; hence in 1752 he recovered the lands of Kilmarnock, but not the title. His father's pension (mentioned in the ballad), had been granted by Walpole; after whose death payment was stopped by Lord Wilmington. The life of George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromarty, having been spared, the ballad complaint of Lady Kilmarnock is selfish; as though his death would have gratified her. She survived thirteen months.

Arthur Elphinstone, sixth and last Lord Balmerinoch (*sic*), born in 1688, married Margaret, daughter of Captain Chalmers, and died *sine proles*, 1746.

[Miss Lucy Margaret Campbell Barnard's Transcript.]

The Lady *Kilmarnock* and Lady *Balmerino's* Sorrowful Lamentation for the Deaths of their Lords, who were beheaded for High Treason on *Tower Hill*, on *Monday*, *August* 18*th*, 1746.

[Tune, *Fortune my Foe.* See p. 75.]

Lady *Kilmarnock's* Lamentation.

YOU Ladies fair, in pity with me join,
In kind compassion think your case was mine ;
Altho' my Lord for Treason lost his Life,
And left in tears his Babes and helpless Wife.

'Twas base Rebellion has left me forlorn,
I now may rue the time I e'er was born ;
From splendid greatness I am brought full low,
My Husband's death doth fill my soul with woe.

I married him against my friends' consent,
For which I have great cause now to repent ;
His sprightly person and his graceful air
Possess'd my youthful mind, I must declare.

For succour to my friends I cannot fly,
Lest they add to my grief, and should deny ;
Because I disobliged them so far,
To wed the man they did so much abhor.

But what most adds unto my bitter grief,
And for my troubled mind can't get relief,
I did persuade my husband for to go
In that rebellion which caused all his woe.

At *Edinburgh* when the Pretender came,
His kindness to me set my heart on flame ;
His kind addresses were so handsom' made,
That I for truth believed all that he said.

My Husband said, "'Twould be a heinous crime,
As he'd a pension from great *George* our King" ; [*Note*, p. 308.
Beside, he said, "What can you more require ?
We enjoy all that heart can well desire."

My folly now, too late, alas ! I see ;
My husband's dead, and I in misery :
Pity my weakness, let reflections cease,
Since my own Conscience does disturb my peace.

Lady *Cromarty* favour did obtain ;
Tho' I strove hard, no favour could I gain :
As they involved were all in one fault,
I think alike they should have suffered for 't.

Tho' my dear Lord in shame is from me gone,
And left me and my helpless Babes forlorn,
God will our comfort be, whate'er betide,
Our only Stay, our Succour, and our Guide.

Lady *Balmerino's* Lamentation.

[To the same Tune, *Fortune my Foe.*]

PIty my mournful case, you Ladies fair,
My Lord's sad death has drove me to despair;
Rebellion is a heinous crying sin,
To fight against our Country and our King.

My Lord against such things I did persuade,
And the sad consequence before him laid:
Yet he was obstinate, resolv'd to go,
His cruel fate, alas! would have it so.

I did persuade, I kindly did entreat,
I would have laid myself down at his feet;
"My dearest Lord," I cry'd, "Pray do not go!
It will involve us both in grief and woe."

He in a passion flung out of the room,
And said, he wonder'd how I d[ur]st presume [text, '*dost.*'
Thus his will and pleasure to controul;
Which did with bitter anguish fill my soul.

With Resolution fixed he from me went,
I griev'd to see his mind so badly bent;
'Twas his own pleasure, plainly it appears,
He went, regardless of my prayers and tears.

When he was took, and in the Tower confin'd,
What grief and horror did afflict my mind!
"Grieve not for me!" he often sent me word,
"For this vain world no comfort will afford."

With Resolution he would boldly die;
His Soul will mount to God in Heaven high:
Altho' his crimes they have been manifold,
I hope God will have mercy on his Soul.

Here am I left disconsolate, forlorn;
My grief is great, scarce able to be born[e]:
His courage at his death yields no relief,
But rather helps for to augment my grief.

Hard is my lot, and very hard my fate;
My Husband's dead, and lost is my Estate:
What must I do myself for to support?—
All my dependence must be on the Court.

God is the Widow's Comfort in distress,
Also a Father to the Fatherless;
On Thee, O Lord! I wholly do depend.
For my support, untill my life doth end.

[White-letter. No cut, tune, or colophon. London. Date, 1746. The original printed sheet, of extreme rarity, was shown at the Stuart Exhibition, 1889.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 777. No other broadside noted.]

The Wandering Black-bird.

I Am weary, weary wandering, all day and all night,
Since my black-bird has left me, and has taken his flight;
He flies where he pleases, and proves cruel still,
And leaves me in the desart, for wild birds to kill.

He wanders all day, and he comes home at night,
And when I am sleeping he stands in my sight:
He often does chide me, whom I do adore,
And he tells "'tis a folly," and that grieves me more.

Young *Johnny* is my true love, if you know his name,
He often times told me my labour was in vain,
But had he so told me before he'd me drew,
I had never done the thing which has caus'd me to rue.

My Love's gone a sailing unto the Isle of *Man*,
And I fear he ne'er will prosper for wronging poor *Nan*:
God send him safe, and a fair wind to blow,
And I hope he will marry me before he does go.

My Love's gone a wandering and I cannot tell where,
In the grove and the deserts, and leaves me in despair.
I hope you'll be with me, before it be long,
For I'm weary with wandering, since my true love is gone.

[White-letter slip-song, printed along with two others (which are mentioned on p. 188), viz., 'The Languishing Husband,' beginning, "You married men and batchelors, give ear to my ditty"; and the Vauxhall Cantata entitled *Cupid's* Recruiting Sergeant, "From *Paphos* Isle, so famed of old, I come." It introduces the song, "Ye nymphs and ye swains that are youthful and gay," sung by Vernon. Date, *circâ* 1746.]

Note.—This 'Wandering Blackbird' belongs to Sept. 1746; with a covert allusion to Prince Charlie, well understood at the time. *The Blackbird* was a name lovingly applied to the Young Chevalier, to conceal his identity. Flora Macdonald is misnamed '*Nan*.' A superior ditty to our Roxburghe rarity is found in James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii. p. 68, 1628, bearing the title '*The Blackbird*,' and beginning, "Once on a morning of sweet recreation, I heard a fair Lady a making her moan; With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation, Aye singing, 'My Blackbird for ever is flown!'"

*** It scarcely needs a comment, except to indicate the difficulty with which vulgar minds can be brought to understand the stainless purity of such devotion as Flora Macdonald showed for Prince Charlie in his wanderings and sufferings, that the complaint of the supposititious '*Nan*' in this ditty is entirely a fabrication. There was nothing of illicit love, or selfish passion, or bewailing of desertion, to sully the relations between them. Scandal never touched her name. She lived and died honoured, even by his political enemies. *This ends the ballads of* 1746.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 672.]

Good Night, and God be with you all;
Or, The Neighbour's Farewell to his Friends.

NOw come is my departing time,
And here I may no longer stay,
There is no kind comrade of mine
But will desire I were away,
But if that time will me permit,
Which from your Company doth call,
And me inforceth for to flit,
Good Night, and GOD be with you all.

For here I grant some time I spent
In loving kind good Company;
For all offences I repent,
And wishe th[em] now forgiven to be; [*text*, 'wisheth now.'
What I have done, for want of wit,
To Memory I'le not recall:
I hope ye are my Friends as yet,
Good Night, and GOD be with you all.

Complementing I never lov'd,
Nor talkative much for to be,
And of speeches a multitude
Becomes no man of quality;
From Faith, Love, Peace, and Unity,
I wish none of us ever fall;
God grant us all prosperity:
Good Night, and GOD be with you all.

I wish that I might longer stay,
To enjoy your Society;
The Lord to bless you night and day,
And still be in your Company.
To vice, nor [to] iniquity,
God grant none of you ever fall,
God's Blessing keep both you and me!
Good Night, and GOD be with you all.

The Friend's Reply.

MOst loving friend, God be thy guide,
And never leave thy Company,
And all things needful thee provide,
And give thee all prosperity;
We rather [would] had thy Company,
If thou would'st have stayed us among;
We wish thee much felicity:
GOD grant that nothing do thee wrong.

[White-letter. No colophon. See p. 313. Date of this version, *circâ* 1750.]

Note on "Good Night."

In the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (printed at Kelso, 1801, first edition, i. 183), the opening stanza of this Roxb. ballad appears, with another stanza, as "*Armstrong's Good Night*"; and a brief note by Walter Scott states that "the following verses are said to have been composed by one [*Thomas*] of the *Armstrongs*, executed for the murder of Sir *John Carmichael*, of *Edrom*, Warden of the Middle Marches." Cross reference is given to 'The Raid of the Reidswire.' The date of the murder was 16 June, 1600; Thomas Armstrong, *alias* Ringan's Tam, and Adam Scott, *alias* the *Pecket*, were tried and condemned at Edinburgh; their right hands were struck off, and they were hanged, on 14th November, 1601. Four years later, Sandy Armstrong and others of the tribe were executed for the same "excesses." The *Minstrelsy* version is this:—

"THIS night is my departing night, for here nae longer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine but wishes me away.
What I have done thro' lack of wit, I never, never can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet, Good Night, and joy be with you all!"

We gladly preserve the Roxburghe version, and leave the question open. Lady Carolina Nairne (born Oliphant, at Gask, Perthshire, 1766; died there in October, 1845) wrote one of the later imitations, 'Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!' It begins, "The best of joys maun hae an end; The best of friends maun part, I trow."

Prefatory Note on the Distracted Maid.

IT is difficult to certify the precise date of fugitive 'Slip-Songs.' Some were old favourites, that may have been reprinted, often with variations, to adapt them for republication to suit new-fangled purchasers. Occasionally they entered into a '*Garland of New Songs*.' In these penny *Garlands* the opening song was usually the latest novelty, and it furnished a title to the collection.

1st.—'Captain Barnard's Grenadier' (p. 308) was reprinted in '*The Maid of the Mill's Garland*' (so named from its leading song, 'The Maid of the Mill' = "I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids, and changed them as oft, d'ye see": written by Mrs. Francis Brooke, in *Rosina*, in 1783; the music by Wm. Shield).

2nd.—'The Distracted Maiden's Love to the Farmer's Son' (p. 315) was reprinted, as fifth song, at end of '*The Pink-Shoes Garland*.' There it was preceded by songs on the 'Taking of *Fort Palais* in *Belle-Isle*' (June, 1761), and 'In Praise of Captain *Death*, commander of the *Terrible* Privateer' (28 Dec., 1757: "The Muse and the Hero together were fired"). Both the 'Distracted Maids' were of earlier date than the *Garlands*, viz. 1756.

The story of both is virtually identical. The *Garland* variations are few, and unimportant, except, in 5th stanza, "O come, great *George!*" and "reprieve" instead of "relieve." The wish to "clear the seas of *French* and *Spaniards* too" (final stanza) indicates the date of the expedition to save Minorca, 1756; and thus connects them with the 'Blakeney and Byng' ballad on p. 316.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 749. No other exemplar noted.]

The Distracted Maid's Lamentation.

"YOUNG Maidens all, pray pity me, and think of my extremity;
My Love is prest, and gone to sea, whilst I am confined in misery.

I am confined in *Bedlam* [long], with iron fetters that are strong,
And till my Love returns from Sea: my Parents they have done me wrong.

My chains they rattle day and night; my Parents sent me out of spight,
Because my Love was forced to sea, to fight against his Enemy.

O, could I but my love espy, swiftly into his arms I'd fly,
And tell him of my grief and woe, the sorrows that I undergo.

But if he chance [now] to be slain, or by his Enemies be ta'en,
O then my heart would burst in twain; I ne'er should see my Love again.

O then my Parents [this] would please, to think he's buried in the seas;
Perhaps he may return again, and bring me riches out of *Spain*.

O pity me, ye Powers above! grant that once more I see my Love!
To heal me of my grief and woe, the sorrow which I undergo.

But if I no relief can take, quickly my tender heart will break!"
She had [these words] no sooner cried, than so she laid her down, and died.

The Answer [to the Distracted Maid].

YOUNG *Billy*, coming home from sea, thinking [with] his own Love to be,
Unto her Father's house he goes, inquiring for his lovely *Rose*.

Her Father answering with a frown, he said, "My daughter's out of town.
I pray unto your ship repair, for sure you have no business here."

A Neighbour happen'd to stand by, immediately made this reply,
"In *Bedlam* [her with chains they bind], and for your sake alone confined."

"O then," he said, "Reveng'd I'll be upon her Father's cruelty!"
Then from his pocket drew a knife, and soon did end her father's life.

Then strait he run unto the grave, wherein his own true love was laid,
And with the same sharp bloody knife, he soon did end his precious life.

Unto you, Parents all, I write: Ne'er strive your children for to spite;
Ne'er cross them in their love, I pray, for fear you rue another day.

The Bedlam Keeper being there, hearing of all they did declare,
With Pen and Ink he took it down, and sent it to her friends in Town.

Finis.

[White-letter. No colophon or cut. Date, *circâ* 1756.]

A few words are necessarily transposed, the text having been ill printed. The '*Answer*' is apparently by an inferior hand, added to the original '*Lamentation*.' Misreadings (unless considered as assonant rhymes), "O! then my parents would be *pleas'd*"; "But if I have not some *relief*, quickly my tender heart will break": yet again, "In *Bedlam* there she was *confin'd*, and for your sake alone *confin'd*." Twice the word *see* is made to rhyme with *sea*. We might read, "Then strait he run unto the grave, where lay his true-love none could save." Mentioned on p. 188. Compare the other ballad on a similar or identical story, "The Distracted Maiden's Love to the Farmer's Son," p. 315, and *Note*, p. 313.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 412; Brit. Mus., 11621, c. 5, art. 36.]

The Distracted Maid's Love to the Farmer's Son.

To the Tune of, *Attend, you* [*Lovers*], *and give ear.* [text, '*Boatmen.*' *Note.*

COme, Maidens all, and pity me, and now my grief condole;
Who am perplexed in my mind, and vexed to the soul.
'Tis Love has caus'd my overthrow, and my ruin now began,
For I fixed my heart, and it never shall part, from a Farmer's only Son.

He vow'd for ever to be true, and I did him believe;
But a Press-Gang hauled him away, so my joy they did deceive.
For which my senses fled away, and I distracted run,
And now in *Bedlam* lie confined, for a Farmer's only Son.

Had I the Golden *Indies*' store, I'd freely with it part,
To see him whom I love so dear, that has got my tender heart.
So maids that hear my sad complaint, come mourn as I have done,
For sad is my grief without relief, for a Farmer's only Son.

So I'll a Garland make of straw, and to the walls complain,
For nothing e'er shall ease my grief, till *John* comes home again.
The boards shall my bedfellow be, since all comforts from me spring,
And the chains my true-love e'er shall be, till returns my Farmer's Son.

Come, great [King] *George*, to *Bedlam*, and me a Commission give,
I'll kill the *French* and *Spaniards* all, my true-love to relieve. [*reprieve.*
Their forts and castles I will storm, and their towns I will burn [down];
And the Crown I'll bring to *George*, my King, to set free my Farmer's Son.

No fire nor balls shall me surprize, no danger will I fear;
I will fill the world with great outcries, when my valour they do hear.
Eliza's name shall be forgot, for the great things I have done;
For the Globe I will turn up-side down, to revenge my Farmer's Son.

So Maids, that true-love ever bore, advance and go with me;
I'll make all foes I e'er do meet tremble by land and sea.
I will to no one Quarter give, but only sword and gun;
For I'll down with all, both great and small, to preserve my Farmer's Son.

As soon as my Commission's sign'd, to *Bedlam* I'll bid adieu;
My sword and gun shall clear the seas of *French* and *Spaniards* too.
All *England's* foes my rage shall feel, and when all this I've done,
In triumph I'll return again, and be wed to my Farmer's Son.

[No colophon. The couple of Slip-songs in White-letter with no woodcut, bear a general title at top: 'A New Song call'd the Farmer's Son; to which is added Alice Marley.' See our p. 185. This is an extended version of 'Elsie Marley,' no less than 15 stanzas, but loose and silly. It ends thus:—

" So to conclude, these lines I've pen'd,
Hopeing there's none I do offend,
And thus my merry joke doth end,
Concerning *Alice Marley*, Honey.
And do you ken Alice Marley, *honey ?*" etc.

Date of the sheet probably 1756, the time of the attack on Minorca. See p. 313.]

Note.—The tune is known as *The Bride's Burial*, and the text ought to read, 'Attend, you Lovers,' etc., but it was misprinted "*Attend, you Boatmen.*" (See vol. ii. p. 644, '*John True* and *Susan Mease*, of *Coventry*.')

William Blakeney and John Byng, 1756.

"We have lately been told of two Admirals bold,
Who engaged in a terrible fight:
They met after noon, which I think was too soon,
And they both ran away before night."

SUCH was the epigram which told the popular contempt for the inconclusive action, or inaction, of Admiral Byng and Rear-Admiral West, against the French Admiral De la Galissonnière, on 21st May, 1756. It left 'brave General Blakeney' to his fate of capitulation, and sacrificed Minorca to the besiegers. Great was the outcry in England. Ministers found themselves in danger, and John Byng (1704–1757), the foppish son of George Byng, Queen Anne's Lord Torrington, was brought to trial by court-martial for the loss of Port Mahon, on accusation of having failed to do his utmost, etc.; condemned, while acquitted of cowardice, and was shot to death on board his prison-ship, the *Monarque*, off Portsmouth harbour, on 14th March, 1757. It was pretended that bribery had occasioned the disaster, and medals were circulated (see copy in *Medallic Illustrations*, 1885, vol. ii. p. 679) bearing the inscription, "Was Minorca sold by B. for French Gold?" On the reverse were the words, "Brave *Blakeney* reward; but to *B*[*yng*] give a cord." Voltaire in his *Candide*, chapter 23, uttered the memorable jest, that England was reduced to execute one of her Admirals to inspirit the rest —"*pour encourager les autres.*"

"'Tis *Britannia's* decree, 'Here's a halter for *B . . g*:
As he fought like a Sheep, like a Dog let him swing.'"
—*The Contrast; or, Britain's Distributive Justice*, July 10, 1756.

Among the squibs which amused the populace and encouraged the demand for Byng's punishment was 'The Letter of a certain Admiral,' beginning, "Mr. Cleveland, I pray, to their Lordships you'll say we are glad and rejoice beyond measure."

William Blakeney (1672–1761, afterwards Lord Blakeney, of Mount Blakeney, Limerick, his birthplace) served in Marlborough's campaigns, but was neglected during the long peace after the treaty of Utrecht, before attaining promotion as Colonel in 1737. He was in the expedition to Carthagena, 1741 (see p. 282), was made Major-General in 1744, and Lieutenant-Governor of Stirling Castle, which he defended bravely, defeating the Highlanders in the '45. In 1747 he was rewarded with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Minorca, and remained in sole command for ten years. After Byng had sailed away, Blakeney defended the fortress for seventy days, never going to bed during the time, although his age was eighty-four. He finally capitulated on honourable terms, the garrison not accounted as prisoners, but taken to Gibraltar. On his landing at Portsmouth he was made an Irish peer. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, Sept., 1761, loved and honoured to the last, "a soldier of the soldiers."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 569.]

A New Song on the brave General *Blakeney* and Admiral *Bing*.

COme, all you jolly Sailors, of courage stout and bold,
There is most of us young men, and but few of us old.
We are going to *Minorca*, to fight for the King,
And when that we return, in Claret we will swim. *Fal, lal*, etc.

Bold *Blakeney* was valiant, his men were very true:
If *Bing* had been the same, boys, we had made the *French* to rue;
But he refused to fight, all for a little gold,
So he turn'd his back upon the *French*, and thus *Minorca* was sold.

Then adieu to *Minorca*, as I do suppose,
The sweet smelling pink and the fine blooming rose;
The flowers they were sweet, and the meadow fresh and gay,
But now we're left all alone, with the *French* dogs to play.

Now if any such news should come into this land,
That we poor soldiers were lost in the sand,
It would cause many a fair maiden's heart for to ache,
And to sigh and lament for their true lover's sake.

The young women cry, "We are all undone!"
And the old women [reply], for the loss of their sons; [*t.* 'cry.'
The widows they do cry, "We are all in distress,
We are all left alone, and our children fatherless."

If that our children for bread they do cry,
There is none that will relieve them, that is here standing by;
There's none that will relieve them from hunger, thirst, and cold:
While we do cross the ocean, like jolly Sailors bold. *Fal, lal*, etc.

Finis.

[In White-letter. No colophon or woodcut. Date, August, 1756.]

On an engraving of 'The Council of War in 1756,' are these lines—

> "That *B . . g* is an Admiral all the world knows,
> Of great taste in building, but bashful of blows;
> Polite in behaviour, and fond to excess,
> Can boast much, can swear much, can fighting profess:
> But when placed in the Van, to the Rear can retreat,
> And without shame or reason can write his Defeat." etc.

This refers to the letter, after the Council of War, dated 'On board the Ramillies, off Minorca, May 25, 1756,' addressed by Byng to Mr. Cleveland, Secretary to the Admiralty. (See Brit. Mus. *Print Catalogue*, Vol. III. p. 987, 1877.) It was parodied in a squib, entitled, "The Letter of a certain Admiral," beginning, "Mr. *Cleveland*, I pray": see p. 316.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 569.]

A New Song in Praise of the Durham Militia.

To the Tune of, *The Lillies of France.* [See *Note*, p. 320.]

Militia Boys, for my theme I now chuse
(Your aid I implore to assist me, my Muse),
Whilst here I relate of the *Durham* Youths' fame,
Who chearful appear'd, when these new tidings came,
That to *Barnard-Castle* they must march away,
Embody'd to be, without stop or delay.
What tho' some cowards have betook them to flight,
And for their King and Country scorn for to fight; [*Byng*?
Yet we *Durham* Boys, who jovial appear,
Right honest we'll be, and we'll banish all fear:
When Head of the Front, how martial we see,
Our *Colonel* so brave, so gallant and free,
Whose generous heart, by experience we know:
Why need we then dread along with him to go?
Then farewell, dear Wives, and each kind Sweetheart,
Pray do not repine that from you we must part;
But hark! the Drums beat, and the Fifes sweetly play,
We're order'd to march now to *Richmond* straight-way.
Where cloathed in red and in purple attire,
Our Exercise then shall be all our desire;
Which having acquir'd then we'll merrily sing,
Success to great *GEORGE* and the *Prussian* King;
Likewise loyal Pitt, a Statesman so bold, [*Chatham.*
Who scorns to be false for interest or gold.
If then the *Monsieurs* should, with their crafty guile,
E'er dare to molest us on *Britain's* fair isle,
We'll laugh at their fury and malice so strong;
To *Charon* below, how we'll hurl them headlong.
Do they think that our muskets useless shall be,
When them in numbers great advancing we see?
If they do, they're mista'en, we'll boldly proceed,
And conquer or die, e'er ignobly we'll yield.
Then crowned with Laurel (for vent'ring our lives),
Home then we'll return to our Sweethearts and Wives.
What joy will be greater? our fame will abound,
The Bells then shall ring, and the Trumpets shall sound.
Let each loyal *Briton* then fill up his glass,
For to drive care away, so round let it pass;
Drink a health to King *George*, who sits on his Throne
(Whose power the *French* to their sorrow have known):
May the Heavens above preserve him from harms,
And ever defend him from foreign alarms.

[White-letter, with the 'New Song on *Blakeney* and *Byng*.']

The Cock-Lane Ghost, 1762.

[King George the Third began his long reign on 25th October, 1760.]

"Give me a royal niche, it is my due,
[As] the [most] virtuous King the realm e'er knew:
I through a decent, reputable life
Was constant to plain food, and a plain wife.
Ireland I risk'd, and lost *America*,
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part,
But yet, I think, I had an *English* heart.
When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against *NAPOLEON;*
Nor ever could the ruthless *Frenchman* forge
A fetter for Old *England* and Old *GEORGE.*

I let loose flaming *Nelson* on his fleets;
I met his troops with *Wellesley's* bayonets;
Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in *Europe* like to me?
Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that kings found refuge at my knee?
I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though *Napoleon* bow'd.
The rescued Kings came kiss my garment's hem,
The rescued kings, I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard;
All *England* thrill'd with joy, I never stirr'd:
What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power,
A crazy old blind man in *Windsor* Tower?"

——*The Georges, Henup*, ix. 159.

FEW are the semi-political ballads belonging to the reign of George III. in the Roxburghe Collection, and these are of 1779, on Admiral Keppel and on Paul Jones. Three other ballads, on social subjects, are respectively connected with Boswell's *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

The first is on the ridiculous imposture known as 'The Cock-Lane Ghost,' of 1762. The second is in derision of Dr. William Dodd, when about to be hanged for forgery, in 1777. The third is on the murder of Miss Martha Reay, or Wray, who was slain by the Rev. James Hackman, her unsuccessful suitor, on April 7, 1779. By one link (the Earl of Sandwich, who had been her 'protector' and father of her children), this is connected with the Paul Jones ballads of the same year, wherein Montagu is mentioned as 'Jemmy Twitcher.' These are virtually the latest in date of the Roxb. Coll. Slip-Songs, unless we count the song (on p. 336) 'In Praise of Captain Batty.'

'THE COCK-LANE HUMBUG' is on p. 321. At No. 33, Cock-Lane, West Smithfield, early in 1760, lived a stockbroker named Kent, lodging in the house of one William Parsons, parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's, the church noted for tolling its death-bell whenever executions were about to take place at Newgate, closely adjacent. Mrs. Kent had recently died, and the 'deceased wife's sister' (that irrepressible torment of modern times, whom cabmen always wish to marry), whose name was Fanny, came from Norfolk to reside with her brother-in-law, Mr. Kent. Each of them made a will in the other's favour. Parsons borrowed money from Kent, but failed to repay it, and they quarrelled. Kent left the house, and began law proceedings on the debt. Miss Fanny died of small-pox, and was buried in a vault under St. John's Church, Clerkenwell. Parsons hinted at foul play, and that her death had been secured because Kent had interest in it, being in haste to win her bequest. Two years passed. Early in 1762 it became a town-talk that the ghost of 'Miss Fanny' haunted Parsons' house, and had appeared to his daughter, aged twelve, telling her that Fanny's death had been caused by poison, given by the brother-in-law, Kent. Knockings and scratchings on the walls were the manifestations, audible to others, but to the girl alone was the ghost said to be visible. Strangers came, the parish clergyman, Moore, and sometimes twenty people at once, generally paying 'gate-money.' They listened to the rappings. The vault at Clerkenwell was searched, the coffin opened, and Fanny's body was seen. Then Kent brought an action for conspiracy against his accusers! It was tried at the Court of King's Bench, July, 1762, and sentences were given by Chief Justice Mansfield against the guilty. Parsons had to stand thrice in the pillory, and be imprisoned two years; his wife for one year, the maid-servant for six months in Bridewell. Others were reprimanded, and bidden to pay money in compensation. No more was heard of "*scratching Fanny*."

Pie Corner, a noted place for publication of ballads, was to the north-east of Cock-lane. There ended the great fire of September 2nd, 1666, which had begun in *Pudding-Lane*.

Delayed NOTE *on* 'THE DURHAM MILITIA.'

With the New Song on Byng is one 'In Praise of the Durham Militia' (p. 318), probably of the same date, 1756, needing less comment. It mentions Barnard Castle and Richmond, in Yorkshire, whereunto the troops had received orders to march. But some had been cowardly and deserted. The name of William Pitt, 'the great commoner,' not yet Earl of Chatham, occurs. At this time Pitt was forty-eight years old. Sir Robert Walpole could say of him that "*Billy's* too young to drive us." (It was his son, 'the bottomless Pitt,' against whom the same objection was urged, later, when the song in 1784 was written by Captain Morris, 'If Life's a rough journey, as moralists tell, Englishmen sure make the best on't.')

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 667.]

Cock-Lane Humbug.

THE town it long has been in pain
About the phantom in *Cock-Lane ;*
To find it out they strove in vain,
Not one thing they neglected:
They searched the bed and room compleat,
To see if there was any cheat,
While little Miss that looks so sweet
Was not the least suspected.

Then soon the knocking it begun,
And then the scratching it would come;
'Twas pleased to answer any one,
And that was done by knocking:
"If you was poison'd tell us true—
For yes, one knock; for no, knock two!"
Then she knock'd, I tell to you,
Which needs must make it shocking.

On Friday night, as many know,
A noble Lord did thither go;
The Ghost its knocking wou'd not show,
Which made the Guests to mutter:
They being gone then, one was there,
Who always called it "my dear":
Fanny was pleas'd, 'tis very clear,
And then began to flutter.

The Ghost some gentlemen did tell,
If they would go to *Clerkenwell,*
Into the vault where she did dwell,
That they three knocks should hear, sir.
On Monday night away they went,
The man accus'd he was present,
But all as death it was silent:
The de'il a knock was there, sir.

The gentlemen return'd again,
And told young Missy, flat and plain,
She was the Agent of *Cock-Lane,*
Who knock'd and scratch'd for *Fanny.*
'Twas false, each person did agree.
Miss begg'd to go with her daddy;
And then went into the country,
To knock and scratch for *Fanny.*

[Broadside, in White-letter. Two cuts: a 'Ghost,' and a ship. Date, 1762.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 425.]

A New Song.

[On Dr. William Dodd, 1777. See *Note*, at end.]

DEar Reverend sirs, if I on you may call,
The advice that you give us is nothing at all;
Tho' to you these few lines may appear somewhat odd,
Only think of the case now of good Doctor *Dodd*.

Who'd think that the Shepherd should lead us astray,
When thumping the cushion [he] loudly would pray, [*t.* 'and.'
And tell us so gravely we all must fear God?
But the devil, I fear, will have good Doctor *Dodd*.

The Lambs at the *Magdalen* good he would teach,
And turn up his eyes, and against sin would preach;
If he see'd you but smile, why he'd give you a nod,
The sanctified reverend good Doctor *Dodd*.

For money, poor soul, led the Doctor astray,
Four thousand two hundred! good Lord, let us pray
That the Doctor himself may receive his reward,
And *Jack Ketch*, poor soul, tuck him up in a cord.

When before my Lord Mayor his defence he did make,
The tears flow'd so fast, he hardly could speak:
"Let mercy rule justice, in that you'll serve God":
So great was the prayers of the good Doctor *Dodd*.

Robinson the Broker here made his defence:
"Do me justice, good Doctor, prove my innocence!"
"I do, I do, I do," then heaving a sob,
So penitent truly is good Doctor *Dodd*.

But for trial, alas! the good Doctor is sent;
For forgery, a halter must be the event;
For a time there we'll leave him, to feast on salt cod:
May all rogues have their due, so I wish Doctor *Dodd*.

[White-letter: woodcut at top, a triple-faced Divine in full canonicals, and a jail, at bottom of the sheet. Date, 27 June, 1777.]

*** In contrast to the unfeeling brutality of this street ditty, written and circulated while Dr. William Dodd lay in Newgate (one petition to save his life was signed by 23,000 persons), may be read James Boswell's letter written from Edinburgh to Dr. Samuel Johnson, 9 July, 1777, before learning that the execution had taken place in London on 27 June: "I am very desirous that the royal prerogative of remission of punishment should be employed, to exhibit an illustrious instance of the regard which God's Vicegerent will ever show to piety and virtue. If for ten virtuous men the Almighty would have spared Sodom, shall not a thousand acts of goodness done by Dr. Dodd counterbalance one crime? Such an instance would do more to encourage goodness than his execution would do to deter from vice. I am not afraid of bad consequences to society; for who will persevere for a long course of years in discharge of religious duties, with a view to commit a forgery with impunity?"—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. iii. p. 79, *Nat. Illust. Lib.*, 1853–55. George III. alleged that after having let D. and R. Perreau be hanged for forgery, in 1776, he could not spare Dr. Dodd.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 373; Brit. Mus. Coll., G. 306.]

[The Cruisers.]

A New Song, adapted to the Times.

[Tune of, *A Hunting we will go!*="The Dusky Night!"]

Behold upon the swelling wave, with streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant Ship invites the brave, while Glory leads the way.
And a cruising we will go, Oho, oho, oho! (Repeat.)
A cruising we will go, Oho! and a cruising we will go!

Ye beauteous Maids, your smiles bestow! for if you prove unkind,
How can we hope to beat the foe? we leave our hearts behind.
When a cruising we shall go, Oho, oho, oho! etc.

See [*Keppel's*] flag once more display'd, upon the deck he stands;
Old *England's* glory ne'er can fade, or tarnish in his hands.
So a cruising we will go, etc.

Be *England* to herself but true, to *France* defiance hurl'd,
Give peace, *America*, with you, and War with all the world.
And a cruising we will go, etc.

[Written by Frederick Pilon, sung in *The Liverpool Prize.*]

[White-letter Slip-song. No p.n. or woodcut. Date, 1778. Reprinted at Edinburgh by W. Darling, in *C. Wilson's 'Musical Miscellany: St. Cecilia*, p. 113; preceded by Henry Fielding's Hunting Song, of 1735, 'The dusky night rides down the sky, and ushers in the morn; the hounds all join in jovial cry, the huntsman winds his horn: *And a hunting we will go!*" Same tune. Date, 1778. The Boston tea-riot was in December, 1773; in the following March the seaport was closed by order of Parliament until repayment should be made to the Hon. E. I. Company, for the tea, which had been destroyed. In April. 1775, came the action at Lexington; the victory at Bunker's Hill was in June, 1775; but the royal troops left Boston in April, 1776, and 'Independence' was declared on 4 July. The States were recognized by France, 16 Dec., 1777, and an alliance proclaimed between them, 6 Feb., 1778. The precise date of this ballad must have been shortly after.]

The music sheet is in Dr. Burney's Coll., vol. i. fol. 196 (Brit. Mus. G. 306), "A Cruising we will go: A Song sung at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in *The Liverpool Prize*: printed by A. Portal, opposite the New Church in the Strand, by permission of the Author," viz., Frederick Pilon. It gives the true text "*Keppel's* flag," which we adopt here; not the Roxb. Coll. slip, wherein it is "*Geary's* flag," 1780. Roxb. misreads "invite the waves," instead of the original text, "invites the brave." The '*St. Cecilia*' version of 1779 has "*Hardy's* flag" (agreeing with a version in '*The Complaining Lady's Garland*'). Sir Francis Geary, Admiral, took command of the Channel Fleet in May, 1780, and hoisted his flag on the *Victory*. On that very ship, in 1805, at Trafalgar, Nelson lay mortally wounded, and said "kiss me, Hardy!" This was Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy (1769–1839). The change of names marks each successive issue of the popular song, 'The Cruisers'—*Keppel*, in 1778; *Hardy*, in 1779; and *Geary*, in 1780.

Admiral Keppel.

Augustus Keppel was born April 2, 1725. He was the second son of William, Earl of Albemarle, and took to sea at an early age. He accompanied Anson round the world. In June, 1778, during the troubles with America, and on the understanding that France was about to help the revolted colonists, the English Government sent out a channel fleet, under the command of Keppel, to watch the French coasts. Having discovered that at Brest a large fleet was preparing for sea, Keppel returned to Portsmouth for reinforcements, but his forces remained inferior numerically to those under the Count d'Orvilliers. Both fleets put to sea on July 9th, and sighted each other on the 23rd. Owing to French unwillingness, and to Keppel having disadvantage of the wind, they did not engage until the 27th, when, in squally weather, they were close off Ushant. For two hours cannonading went on, doing mutual damage, the division under Sir Hugh Palliser suffering severely. When Keppel signalled to Sir Robert Harland for the van, he was obeyed; but not so by Palliser, for the rear. He was unwilling to renew the combat, or perhaps unable, and disregarded Keppel's signal. Time having been lost, the French fleet escaped. Commotion followed in England. Keppel tried to screen Palliser, but was accused by him; stood a trial by court-martial at Portsmouth in January, 1779: where he was acquitted.

'The triumphant acquittal of Admiral Keppel' was on the 11th February, 1779; the trial had lasted thirty-two days, at Portsmouth. It was late in the evening before the news reached London, where it had been eagerly expected. By eleven o'clock every house was illuminated, many quiet citizens being terrified into compliance with the popular demand. The enthusiasm of the mob soon culminated into riot. Attacks on houses began. 'Boreas' Lord North and Lord George Germaine had their windows broken; likewise all at the Admiralty. Effigies of Sir Hugh Palliser were hanged and burnt. Next day the City granted its freedom upon Keppel, and thanks were voted to him in both the Houses, Lords and Commons. Palliser resigned his seat in Parliament and his lucrative places; he had been a favourite of the Court, but Keppel was popular in the City, being habitually in opposition. He was raised to the peerage as Viscount Keppel, of Elveden, in the county of Suffolk, 22nd April, 1782, and became Lord of the Admiralty in that year. He died unmarried 2nd October, 1786, and the title became extinct. It was written of him, "He was a thorough seaman, and of great integrity and humanity."

The song on p. 326 (a music sheet formerly Dr. Burney's) belongs also to the British Museum, and tells the same tale as the 'Keppel for Ever!' in Roxb. Collection.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 660.]

Keppel for Ever!

SMile, smile, *Britannia*, smile, on Admiral *Keppel* smile,
Thy darling son;
With laurels crown his head; go, Fame, his glory spread;
His name Monsieurs do dread, from him they run.

Goree, th' *Havannah* too, where shot in showers flew, [*Note* 1.
Keppel so bold,
In the midst of the fray, he to his men did say,
"We'll shew them *British* play, and share their gold."

Tho' he's been false-accused, his character abus'd,
Still he's the thing:
Keppel, these forty years, has serv'd in the wars,
Fear'd neither wounds nor scars, for *George* his king.

But *Twitcher*,[2] and his crew (I mean his dupe, Sir *You*),[3]
Wicked their scheme!
To try *Keppel* did call, thro' malice, that was all;
Lucifer's pride must fall, like Admiral *Byng*. [*Note* 4.

Bonfires, bells did ring, *Keppel* was all the ding,
Music did play;
Windows with candles in, all for to honour him;
People aloud did sing, "*Keppel!* huzza!"

May he draw his sword again, in defence of *George* his king,
And country's right:
On board the *Victory*, again his flag does fly.
Monsieurs will feel, by and by, if he will fight.

Go, go, thou base Sir *You*, Vice-Admiral of the Blue,
Pr'ythee be still!
O! what a wicked dog, to splice the very log!
Give him, instead of grog, a leaden pill![5]

[White-letter. No woodcut or printer's name. Date, soon after Feb. 11, 1779.]

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[1] *Goree*, in Cuba, was taken by Keppel, 29 Dec., 1758. *Havannah* had been threatened by Vernon, July, 1741; taken in 1762, restored to Spain in 1763.

[2] '*Jemmy Twitcher*' (see pp. 188, 327, 333), the well-known sobriquet of the first Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, paramour of Miss Reay.

[3] 'Sir *You*' is Sir Hugh Palliser (pp. 324, 326), governor of Greenwich Hospital.

[4] *George Byng*, Admiral, whose incompetence caused the loss of Minorca, and who was judicially murdered in 1757; mentioned on p. 316.

[5] *Grog*.—On the supposed origin of the name from Admiral Vernon, see p. 279.

[Brit. Mus. Coll., Dr. Burney's English Songs, ix. 110.]

Admiral Keppel Triumphant.

YE brave *British* tars, come attend to my Muse,
Be jovial and hearty, in Wine let's carouse; *Ye brave*, etc.
For *Keppel* from the accusation is clear, [*Repeat.*
That was brought against him by Sir *Hugh Palliser*.

One morning, last *July*, at break of the day, [1778.
The *French* was descry'd in battle array:
Brave *Keppel*, impatient to fight proud *Monsieur*,
Directed his course, and unto them drew near.

The *French* fleet to windward first gave a broad-side,
Augustus undaunted their great guns defy'd;
His fleet, being mann'd with compleat *British* tars,
Appal'd the *Monsieur* with the thunder of *Mars*.

Aghast the pale *French* in dismay bore away;
Our ships being crippl'd, oblig'd us to stay; [27th July.
Main-sails, gallant royals, stay-sails to repair,
That we might again re-attack the *Monsieur*.

This done, our Commander the signal did make
For the ships to the lee to come to his wake.
Regardless of order, Sir *Hugh Palliser*
Refus'd to obey, and kept back in the rear.

This gave the *French* time to retreat into *Brest*:
But observe the sequel, which is a meer jest,
As guilt is always [the] companion of fear,
So mind the dark plan of Sir *Hugh Palliser*.

Assisted by *Beelzebub*, Prince of Old *Styx*, [text, '*Stykes*.'
His infernal Sire, the weapon he strikes;
Himself to exculpate, the shaft he lets fly,
Intending a sacrifice *Keppel* should die.

The plan was laid down, then the charge it was made, [Dec. 1778.
Augustus accused of being afraid
To fight the *Monsieurs*, and of running away,
And leaving the *French* fleet triumphant at sea.

But Justice and *Montague* there did preside: [*Sandwich*, p. 327.
They found out the falsehood, his errors descry'd;
The Jury withdrew, for they all saw the cheat,
Acquitted *Augustus*, because he was great.

This true son of *Neptune*, couragious and bold,
Will fight for his King, and by him be controul'd;
To minions in power he'll not be a slave, [*North & Germaine.*
The *French* he'll chastize with a heart free and brave.

So now, brother Sailors, let us re-unite,
To serve under *Keppel*, the *French* for to fight;
His name, like the gold from the furnace, shall shine
In Old *England's* annals, to Time's latest line.

Then fill up your glasses, and let them not stand;
A health to the Hero that doth us command:
May each *British* heart and voice say, without fear,
"A fig for the *French* and Sir *Hugh Palliser*!"

[Words and Music by **J. Timms** of Dartford, after the acquittal 11 Feb., 1779.]

Serious Verses on the late Miss Reay.

(*April*, 1779.)

THE murder of Miss Martha Reay (Ray, or Wray) was a sudden act of her rejected suitor, a clergyman of Wiverton, Norfolk, one James Hackman, who had been formerly an officer in the Army, and infatuatedly in love with her. He became crazed by disappointment or jealousy when she refused to marry him, and abandon her vicious life of concubinage as the kept-mistress of the Secretary of State and first Lord of the Admiralty, John Montague, fourth Earl of Sandwich, son of Viscount Hinchinbroke. Montague was already married to Judith Fane, 174⅘, before he took Miss Reay under his 'protection.' Martha bore him five or six children. Four of these were living when Hackman first saw her at Hinchinbroke, where she presided, and he became the invited guest of her keeper. Hackman understood her position, and desired to change it, when he became infatuated with love and implored her to marry him. She seems to have returned his affection. He quitted the Army, took holy orders under the advice of the Bishop of London, and began a new life for her sake as curate of Wiverton, Norfolk. She could not summon courage to quit her paramour. Hackman in a phrensy of disappointment went to meet her, coming from Covent Garden Theatre on the night of April 7th, 1779, and shot her dead with a pistol, using the other ineffectually against himself. (James Boswell, in his *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, J. W. Croker's, iv. 254, gives Beauclerc's story about the two pistols. See *Notes.*)

Notes.—"On Friday, *April* 16 [1779], I had been present at the trial of the unfortunate Mr. *Hackman*, who in a fit of frantic jealous love had shot Miss *Ray* [sic], the favourite of a nobleman. *Johnson*, in whose company I had dined to-day with some other friends, was much interested by my account of what had passed, and particularly with his [*Hackman's*] prayer for the mercy of heaven. He said in a solemn fervid tone, 'I hope he *shall* find mercy.'

"This day a violent altercation arose between *Johnson* and *Beauclerk* [at the Club]. In talking of *Hackman*, *Johnson* argued, as Judge *Blackstone* had done, that his being furnished with two pistols was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons. Mr. *Beauclerk* said, 'No; for that every wise man who intended to shoot himself took two pistols that he might be sure of doing it at once. Lord ——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr. ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion. *He* had two charged pistols: one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other.' 'Well,' said *Johnson*, with an air of triumph, 'you see here one pistol was sufficient.' *Beauclerk* replied smartly, 'Because it happened to kill him.'"—Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, iii. 258, Nat. iii. Libr. edition.

[This suicide of the muffin-eater is strikingly anticipative of Sam Weller's story of the man who ate *three*-shillings worth of crumpets and then shot himself, to prove that they did not hurt him.—*Pickwick Papers*, chapter 44, 1837.]

The 'Serious Verses' were published during the brief interval between Hackman's crime and his condemnation: for he "Now in *Newgate* is confin'd, till his trial does come on." He was hanged at Tyburn, on April 19, 1779, within twelve days after her death. She was buried in Elstree churchyard.

Hackman had not been harshly treated. Lord Sandwich offered his services to intercede for a remission of sentence on behalf of Hackman, after condemnation, addressing him in Newgate, on 17 April—"If the murderer of Miss Reay wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life." The reply was sent from the condemned cell, Newgate, on the same day—"The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves: his wishes are for death, not life. One wish he has—Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured? Oh! my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both; that you will be a father to her dear infants.—J. H." Two days later he died at Tyburn. Lord Sandwich continued to protect, support, and educate the children. Her fourth son, bearing his name, was Basil Montague, who became a Q.C. and biographer of Bacon, 1825–34; his laborious work was criticised in Macaulay's Essay on Bacon (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxv. July, 1837).

Lord Sandwich is known (pp. 325, 333) as 'Jemmy Twitcher'; his nickname, borrowed from a character in Gay's '*Beggar's Opera*,' 1727, and representing one who 'peaches' on his own comrades, forgetful of the rule 'honour amongst thieves.' It was applied ignominiously to Lord Sandwich, because in 1763 he had deserted his former friend John Wilkes; if he did not actually betray him to the persecutors who were attempting to ruin him for having written 'an obscene libel' called "*Woman*," a loose parody on Alexander Pope's *Moral Essay on Man*. The temporary success of the partizan prosecution, leading to the expulsion of Wilkes from the Commons, not only increased his popularity with electors, but was hurtful to Lord Sandwich; the immorality of whose private life was shown to the public, by the tragic end of his mistress Martha Reay. They said, "This is the man who, sixteen years ago, pretended to have been shocked at the surreptitiously obtained loose verses of his convivial friend!"

Miss Reay's portrait appeared, with that of her paramour, Lord Sandwich, in *The Town and Country Magazine*, so early as November, 1769, vol. i. facing p. 561, as a tete-à-tete, "Jemmy Twitcher and Miss R——y." The same work, ten years later, gave a memoir of her (p. 179). Letters that passed between her and Hackman (few of them genuine) are in a book edited by the Rev. Herbert Croft, *Love and Madness*, 1780. See F. G. Stephens's excellent *Catalogue of Prints in the British Museum Satires*, 1883, vol. iv. pp. 300, 595, and J. H. Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, 1843, ii. 380.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 768. No other exemplar noted.]

A Serious Copy of Verses on the late Miss *Wray*.

YE tender fair, come hear a ditty! tragical my tale does run;
Of a murder, more's the pity, was at *Covent Garden* done,
On a kind and pretty woman, by a Minister we're told;
For he[r] constancy he kill'd her, not to rob her of her gold.

It seems he had his education at the University,
And first of all bore a commission, but no promotion like to be;
Four years ago the gownd assumed, perswaded by his friends they say,
Then cast his eyes, as we're informed, on the beauty of Miss *Wray*.

To her he oft paid his addresses, but never could obtain his end:
She told the Earl, her noble keeper, who was to him a worthy friend:
But this was nothing, all he wanted was Miss *Wray* for whore or wife
But as neither could be granted, was resolv'd to have her life.

He with two loaded pistols met her, just as she came from the play,
Rush'd up, and not a word did utter: with one he took her life away;
The other for himself designed, but his life is spair'd, you see,
Not worthy of a death so sudden, but a public sight to be.

Now in *Newgate* is confined, till his trial does come on:
It's hoped to death he'll be resigned: alas! alas! unhappy man,
Who did not look a little ferther, solid happiness to see,
But must go to do a murder, his own murderer for to be.

See a mother, none more kinder, from five children robb'd of life:
The character she's left behind her may be copy'd by each wife.
Friendly, courteous, and obliging, unto all came in her way,
Is the character, ye fair ones, of the late worthy Miss *Wray*.

[In White-letter, with two woodcuts. Date early in April, 1779. The declaration that "the character she's left behind her may be copy'd by each wife," was less of an outrage on public decency in 1779 than the obtrusive sub-title of 'History of a pure woman' appended to a "Tess" elated novel.]

*** Not from this Roxb. Collection exemplar, which appears to have been unknown to him, but from a similar ballad of the same date, Sir Walter Scott quoted two stanzas, saying: "The melancholy fate of Miss *Ray* [*sic*], who fell by the hands of a frantic lover, could only inspire the Grub Street Muse with such verses as these—that is, if I remember them correctly:—

"A *Sandwich* favourite was this fair, and her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear; this story fatal proved.
A clergyman, O wicked one! in *Covent-Garden* shot her;
No time to cry upon her God, it's hoped He's not forgot her."

(*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*) *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, April, 1830. We have not been able to trace any more stanzas of this 'Grub-street' ballad. Sir Walter Scott had probably seen it in his friend C. K. Sharpe's collection, and not in his own at Abbotsford. It would be worth recovery as a curiosity, and may be extant, unrecognized.

Paul Jones.

" Little do we see, but muckle do we hear:
The *French* and *Americans* are a' coming here;
An' we'll a' be murdered [*ter.*
Before the New Year."
——*Paul Jones:* in *North Countrie Garland.* [See p. 335.]

AMONG the latest of the Slip-songs in the Roxburghe Collection, 1779, are two on Paul Jones. His real name was John Paul, born at Kirkcudbright in 1747. He early gained employment under his father, who was head-gardener to Lord Selkirk (Dunbar Hamilton Douglas, 4th Earl of Selkirk), but was dismissed from service and went to sea, became mate and master, enlisted under the Revolutionary flag of America at Piscatawney, in New England, and assumed the name of Paul Jones, which soon became notorious, if not renowned. Before the end of 1777, as commander, he had fitted the Ranger privateer with eighteen guns and a hundred and fifty men. After a few successes, sending his prizes to a French port, he, in April, 1778, reverted to Cumberland, and attempted to set on fire the town and shipping of Whitehaven. One of his crew deserted, and gave the alarm in time to arrest the incendiarism. Paul went across the Solway and entered the river Dee, the Kirkcudbright harbour; anchored near the castle of Earl Selkirk, whom he designed to capture as a hostage, but found him absent. The crew extorted from Lady Helen, Countess of Selkirk, the family plate (which Paul afterwards returned to her, from France, when he had purchased it from his men). No violence was used. He captured the Drake sloop of war, commanded by Captain Burdon, who was killed. Having retreated to Brest, he sailed from Port L'Orient in July, 1779, made captures and exacted tribute off the coast of Fife, threatened to burn the shipping in Leith harbour, and anchored under Inchkeith in the Frith of Forth, but was driven back from approaching Leith by westerly winds, which forced him out to sea.

On the 23rd of September in the same year, while cruising off Flamborough Head, he encountered the Baltic ships under convoy of the *Serapis* (Capt. Richard Pearson commander) and the *Countess of Scarborough* (Capt. Thomas Peircy: both were afterwards rewarded for gallantry). It was a fierce contest, Jones having 'The *Bon Homme Richard*,' the *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, and the *Vengeance*—respectively of 40, 40, 32, and twelve guns; with a total of 1020 men. Fighting for several hours, on a calm sea until midnight, the *Serapis* was captured after having been on fire a dozen times, and raked by the guns of the frigates afterwards. Paul had with his own hands fastened to it his ricketty *Old Richard*, which was abandoned and sank next day. To the *Pallas* the *Cumberland* surrendered. Paul Jones sailed to the Texel in the *Serapis*.

His after career was adventurous, and on the whole prosperous, including the service for Russia in the Euxine against Turkey, in 1788, etc., and an estate. He died at Paris in 1792 (not 1801). W. H. Logan concedes that he "was one of the ablest naval commanders who have borne the American flag: the founder of the United States navy, and their first sea-captain, who compelled the British flag to strike to the star and stripes."

L. H. Sherburne, Registrar of the U.S. Navy, wrote *Life and Character of the Chevalier Paul Jones*, 1825; and *Memoirs of Paul P. Jones, late Rear-Admiral in the Russian Service*, etc., appeared in 1843, 2 vols.

A Chap-Book of '*Three Excellent New Songs*,' n.d. but earlier than 1782, contains one on 'A French Fleet that appeared in the Frith of Forth,' Friday, Sept. 17, 1779. To the tune of *Sheriffmuir* (*vide ante*, p. 251), or *Donald McCraw*.

The French Squadron.

THe *French* in this War, design'd for *Dunbar*,
To plunder the great Provost *Fua*, man;
The town was in steer [commotion], they trembled with fear,
Old wives they were greeting an' a', man. [*i.e.* weeping.
So he ran and she ran, and she ran and he ran,
They frightened both great and sma', man:
If the French *they come o'er, to our unguarded shore,*
They'll burn and plunder us a', man!

Upon *Berwick* sand were thousands to land,
To plunder both great and sma', man;
The people, for fear, having pack'd up their gear,
Cry'd, 'The *French* dogs will worry us a', man.' *So he ran*, etc.

To *Haddington* bent, for Dragoons they sent,
They mounted their horse and awa', man;
And when they came there, they loudly did swear
They'd slaughter the French with their paw, man. *So he ran*, etc.

But, in spite of their teeth, they came to *Inchkeith*,
As the folk in *Edinburgh* saw, man;
They bred such a steer, round about the *Leith* pier,
They thought they would burn them a', man.

Some swore, by their saul, 'twas plundering *Jack Paul!* [*Paul Jones.*
The greatest rogue ever you saw, man;
And on the *Fife* shore they heard the guns roar;
They were near to *Wemys* Castle and a', man.

Sir *John* sent to see what ships they could be, [*Halkett*, of *Gosford*.
With a boat, a pilot, and a', man; [*East Lothian.*
But instead of tea, they some powder did gi'e,
And the pilot did take awa', man.

Oh! such preparation was ne'er seen in our nation;
The men they got broadswords, and a', man.
I laugh'd at the fun, with their auld rusty guns,
They look'd as they were to shoot craws, man.

Then from *Edinburgh* town the cannon came down,
They placed them a' in a raw, man!
Such battering before, placed on a shore,
In my life be sure I ne er saw, man.

They'd great packs of woo', their cannon were few,
But were to slaughter down a' man.
The *French* took a fright, got off in the night;
They hoisted their sails and awa', man.

Some say they were '*Dens*,' other folk say '*Frenchmen*,' [i.e. *Danes*.
While many say 'smugglers' and a', man:
But if I tell aright, for a' our great fright,
Ne'er a Frenchman *was e'er there at a', man*!

Of the five songs here reprinted, 'Paul Jones the Pirate' takes the American side; the 'Scarborough Volunteers' (p. 334) vilifies him from the English standpoint; (on p. 333) the fourth is by a more skilful hand, accustomed to political hard-hitting, directed against *G——n*, Jemmy Twitcher, Lord North, and Paul Jones. '*G——n*' means *Grafton* (not Lord George Gordon, the 'No Popery!' agitator); or, probably, Lord George *Germaine* (Sackville), Secretary for America and the Colonies, after 1775.

Paul Jones, the Pirate.

A Noble fine Frigate, call'd *Percy* by name,
Mounted guns forty-four, out of *L'Orient* they came,
For to cruise in the channel of Old *England's* fame,
With their brave Commodore, *Paul Jones* was his name.

We had not [so] cruised above days two or three,
Than a man from a mast-head a sail he did see;
A sail he did see, being a large forty-four: [The *Serapis*.
Her convoy stood in for the old *Yorkshire* shore.

At length the proud *Richards* came up along side,
With a long-speaking trumpet—"From whence come?" he cried.
"Come, answer me quickly, I have hailed you before,
Or else a broadside I will into you pour."

We received the broadside from the proud *Englishmen*,
But soon our brave *Yankees* return'd it again,
Broadside for broadside—five glasses we run,
When the undaunted flag of the *Richards* came down.

Our gunner being frightened, to *Paul Jones* he came,
Saying, "Our ship's taking water, and is likewise in flame."
Paul Jones, with a smile, to the gunner replied,
"If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside." [sank next day.

Now, my brave boys, we have taken a prize,
A large forty-four, with a twenty likewise;
With twenty-five merchant men laden with store,
So we'll alter our course to the *American* shore.

John Fenimore Cooper, in his popular novel, '*The Pilot: a Tale of the Sea*,' 1823, reproduced Paul Jones as the title-rôle. But the true interest and sympathy are concentrated in Long Tom Coffin, a character ably personated by the unequalled actor, T. P. Cooke, when, with splendid audacity, Edward Fitzball in 1825 dramatised the novel for the Adelphi theatre, transforming all the good Americans into loyal Englishmen, and all the hateful or ridiculous persons into Yankees, such as Lieutenant Borrowcliffe. This made the originally anti-British '*Pilot*' an acceptable play in Edinburgh, 1827 and later, where Paul Jones had paid his terrifying visit. It was literally seething the kid in its mother's milk.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 613.]

Paul Jones. A New Song. [1779.]

OF Heroes and Statesmen I'll just mention four,
That cannot be match'd, if we trace the world o'er,
For none of such fame ever stept o'er the stones
As *G——n, Jemmy Twitcher,* Lord *N*[*or*]*th,* & *Paul Jones.* [? *Grafton.*

Thro' a mad-headed war, which old *Eng*[*land*] will rue,
At *London,* at *Dublin,* and *Edinburgh* too, [*American War.*
The tradesmen stand still, and the merchant bemoans
The losses he meets with, from such as *Paul Jones.*

Contractors about this bold rebel harangue,
And swear if they catch him the traitor they'll hang;
But 'mongst these, devourers of ten per cent. loans,
Are full as great robbers as any *Paul Jones.*

How happy for *England,* would Fortune but sweep
At once all her treacherous foes to the deep!
For the land under burthens most bitterly groans,
To get rid of some that are worse than *Paul Jones.*

To each honest heart that is *Britain's* True Friend,
In bumpers I'll freely this toast recommend:
May *Paul* be converted, the Ministry purg'd,
Old *England* be free, and her enemies scourg'd!

If success to our fleets be not quickly restor'd,
The leaders in office to shove from the board,
May they all fare alike, and the De'il pick the bones
Of *G——n, Jemmy Twitcher,* L[or]d *N*[*or*]*th,* & *Paul Jones.* [? *Germaine.*

Finis.

[White-letter Slip-song, no colophon: two woodcuts at end. Date, 1779.]

*** "*G——n*" indicates '*Grafton,*' or Lord George *Germaine. Junius* had written ten years earlier: "The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it impossible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage. . . . Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like *Charles* the Second, without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr."—*Junius to His Grace the Duke of Grafton* (Augustus Henry Fitzroy, 1735–1811, 3rd Duke), 30 May, 1769. '*Jemmy Twitcher*' is Lord Sandwich (see p. 32), whose connection with Miss Wray caused her death, 7 April, 1779. Frederick Lord North was probably more despised and detested than any other Prime Minister of the century, except Bute.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 684.]

A New Song of *Paul Jones*, the *Cumberland* Militia and *Scarbrough* Volunteers.

To the Tune of, *The Abbot of Canterbury.* [See p. 291.]

COme, each loyal *Briton* of courage so bold,
As annals can shew, you would ne'er be controul'd;
It vexes my patience, I'm sure, night and day,
To think how that traitor *Paul Jones* got away. *Derry-down*, etc.

As soon as this rebel near our shore did come,
From all parts of the town the inhabitants run:
They all stood amazed, his fire to see,
But this never daunted our brave Militia.

Our two noble Colonels they straight gave command,
Brave *Lowther* and *Fleming*, two Parliament men; [1774.
They marched thro' the ranks, and to the men did say,
"Brave boys, have your arms in good order, we pray."

Our brave officers all, of every degree,
Took care every man provided should be
With powder and ball; then each took command,
Said, "Boys, for the honour of *Cumberland!*"

Then strait we on guard to the Spaws sent with speed,
To prevent *Paul's* landing, in case there was need:
They call him *Paul Jones*, but his name is *John Paul*,
And if ever we catch him he shall pay for all.

The *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarbrough* brave,
Five hours and a half they did bravely behave; [*Sept.* 1779.
Only two against six the whole time in the fight,
And so with reluctance was forced to strike.

In *Whitehaven* this brat serv'd his time to the sea;
He was born and bred in the shire of *Galloway:*
He liv'd with Lord *Selkirk* a servant some time,
But committing murder, to gaol was confined. [*Cf.* p. 335.

He was try'd for the same, and condemned to die,
He broke his confinement by means cunningly;
A traitor he stands for th' American cause,
And join'd with the *French*, for to pull down our laws.

The inhabitants of *Scarbrough* to work strait did fall,
In order to protect them from all such as *Paul*,
And rais'd up a volunteer company with speed,
To defend the town in case there was need.

So now they are provided with every thing new,
Their hearts they are good, and their cloathing is blue;
They'll join our Militia without dread or fear,
For to flog *Jackey Paul* should he chance to come here.

I wish every city and town would with speed
Raise a volunteer company in time of such need,
To assist our Militia round the *British* land,
And imitate *Scarbrough* who has laid them a plan.

So here is a health for to drink, great and small,
Success to our Militia and Volunteers all:
May they all prove loyal and true to their King,
And all such as *Paul* in a halter soon swing.

[Slip-song, in White-letter. No colophon. Date, near the end of 1779.]

Pitcairn's MS. collection of ballads has one doubtfully named 'Paul Jones,' beginning, "O, dear *Marg'et*, are ye within?" It is in James Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 48. 1824. It does not mention Paul Jones.

Another song on him (Trowbesh Collection of MSS., Southsea vol.) is now added. Sung to the tune known later as, "Ye *Jacobites* by name, give an ear, give an ear!" See the *Scots' Musical Museum*, No. 371, 1792, for music: words by Burns.

Another Song on *Paul Jones*.

[TUNE KNOWN LATER AS, *Ye Jacobites by name.*]

YOu've all heard of *Paul Jones*, have you not, have you not?
You've all heard of *Paul Jones*, have you not?
You've all heard of *Paul Jones*, who in *Galloway* was born;
A roving vagabond, is he not, is he not?
A rogue and vagabond, is he not?

You've all heard of *Paul Jones*, have you not? etc.
How he came up to *Leith* Pier, and he fill'd the folks with fear,
And he fill'd the folks with fear, did he not?

He is a bold outlaw, is he not, is he not? [*Repeat, passim.*
He is a bold outlaw, he has join'd *America*,
To destroy his country a', has he not? [*bis.*

The *French* King does him uphold, does he not, does he not?
The *French* King does him uphold, he robs for *British* gold;
He is a Pirate bold, is he not? [*bis.*

He took the *Serapis*, did he not, did he not?
He took the *Serapis*, tho' the battle it was hot;
But a rogue and vagabond, is he not? [*bis.*

He went to Lord *Selkirk's* hall, did he not, did he not?
He went to Lord *Selkirk's* hall, robb'd plate and jewels all,
Which did his conscience gall, did it not? [*bis.*

[He is a Murderer, for he killed his Carpenter;
He kill'd his Carpenter, did he not?] [*Desunt Cetera.*

[By Hackston, a schoolmaster of Borgue, Galloway, candidate-laureate.]

[Copied direct from two unprinted MSS. formerly belonging to George Ritchie Kinloch, who died in Edinburgh, 1877: see p. 119. The second and seventh stanzas are from the *A* version, the other five follow the better version *B*.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 420.]

A New Song in Praise of Captain *Batty*.

" COme, my lads, fill up your glass,
And never be discourag'd!
Drink about, and let it pass,
We will put them to a hurry:
We will make the rascals for to know,
We will give them many a sudden blow,
And we will work their overthrow"—
Says noble Captain *Batty*.

" Prince *William* having crost the line, [See *Note*.
I wish that he may prosper;
Captain *Batty* and all his men
Is resolv'd to follow after:
We will give the *French* many a bump;
Likewise the *Spaniards*, thump for thump,
We will make them cry 'Down with a Rump!'"—
Says noble Captain *Batty*.

" When we send forth our cannon-balls,
W[e] will make them roar like thunder;
We will beat down their castle-walls,
And then we will to plunder;
We will pull all their Popery down,
Likewise their King upon his Throne,
All for the glory of *England's* Crown"—
Says noble Captain *Batty*.

" So drink a health to *George* our King,
Upon this just occasion,
That we may good tidings bring,
All from this foreign nation,
They are of mischief fully bent,
They think to make us to lament;
But we will make them to repent!"—
Says noble Captain *Batty*.

[White-letter. No woodcut or printer's name. Date, after June, 1779. When Lord George Gordon was stirring London to fanatical excitement of "No Popery!" culminating in the riots of 1780. 'Prince William' must be the Duke of Clarence, born 1765. This ballad would coincide with the date of his "crossing the line." G. N. Wright's '*Life and Reign of William IV*,' 1837, does not mention this. It cannot have been earlier than "the Eighties." He entered the Navy as a midshipman, on board the Prince George, under Rear-Admiral Robert Digby, at Spithead, 15 June, 1779.]

Here Ends the Group of Ballads, historical and political, 'The Troubles of the Georges.'

A

Group of Sempill Ballads;

Chiefly concerning

The Murder of the Regent Murray:

1570.

DEDICATED, WITH SINCERE RESPECT AND WARM ESTEEM,

To JOSEPH GREGO, Esq.,

By the Editor, J. W. E.,

1895.

" These papers hung against our walls by night
Are tongues that prophesy but truth. Ye saw
That likeness of a Hare enringed with swords,
And of a Mermaid crowned with burning eyes,
Who drove the hounds off with a two-thonged scourge,
That coursed him trembling ; and her hand indeed
Is found not slow to smite : a law now lives
Denouncing on his head no less than death
Who shall set up, or seeing shall not pluck down,
Such placards writ : the first soe'er who finds
And leaves the writing that defames her friend
To pass among the people, at her will
Shall lie in bonds ; but if this brand herself,
Then must the man that spared it, or that set,
Die : so the fire-eyed queen of shipwreck sings
Death in their ears who sail this dangerous sea."

——Swinburne, *Bothwell*, act iii, sc. 6.

The Libellous and Seditious Broadsides of 1567–1570.

(*A Prefatory Note.*)

IN Scotland on 19 April, 1567, an Act was passed, "Anent the Makaris and Vpsettaris of Plackardis and Billes: For samekle as be ane licentious abuse enterit laitlie and cum in practize within this Realme, Thair hes bene placardis and billis and ticquettis of defamatioun sett vp vnder silence of nycht in diuerse publict places alswiell within Burgh as vtherwyse in the Realme. To the sclander reproche and infamye of the Quenis Maiestie and diuerse of the Nobilitie. Quhilk disordour gif it be suffereit langer to remaine vnpunist may redound nocht onlie to the gret hurt and detriment of all nobillemen in thair gud fame, privat calumpniatoris having be this means libertie to bakbyte thame. Bot als the commone may be inquietit and occasioun of quarrell takin vpounis fals and vntrew sclander, ffor remeid quhairof the Quenis Maiestie and thre estaitis of parliament statutis and ordainis that in tyme cuming quhair ony sic Bill or placard of Defamatioun beis fundin affixt or tint, the persounis first seand or findand the samin sall tak it and incontinent distroy it, sua that no forder knawlege nor copy pas of the samin. *And gif he failzeis thairin*, and that thair throw owther the writting beis copyit or proceidis to forder knawlege amang the pepille. *The first sear and finder thairof salbe punist in the samin maner as the first Inventar, urittar, tynar, and vpsettar of the samin gif he wer apprehendit.* That is to say, the defamearis of the Quene vnder the pane of Deid, and to extend vpounn all vtheris to Imprisonment, at the Quenis grace plesour, and forder to be punist at hir hienes plesour according to the qualitie of the persoun is sua defamit."

With this agrees an entry of the same date, quoted in the *Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents that have passed within Scotland*, 1513–1575. "Our souerayne ladie com with the nobilitie to the parliament, and come to the tolbuith; . . . and certane Actis wes maid thairefter. . . . The third was twitching certane tickettis and wreittingis, put vp efter the slauchter of the King, defaming diuerse personis without assurance thairof, that nane suld set thame vp, write nor dyte thame, or gif thaj saw thame, thaj suld distroy thame, and na copyse to be tane thairof; with certificatioun gif thaj be fund in doand the samin, thaj suld be pvneist as principall doaris thairof."—*The Bannatyne Club*, 1833. Compare Queen *Elizabeth's Proclamation against Seditious Writings*, dated 1 July, 1570, in Arber's *Stat. Reg.* i, 452, 453.

The ensuing 'Sempill Ballates' were among the inhibited documents. The extreme difficulty of preserving them at all, with such pains and penalties attached, must be remembered. During the rebellion against Queen Mary, waged by the confederate Lords, the danger of punishment became lessened, and the ballad-writer Robert Sempill was emboldened to sign his name to some of the libellous prints, knowing himself to be protected. In others he assumed the disguise-name of a plebeian wench, '*Maddie*, Prioress of the Kale-market.'

The selfish interest felt by Elizabeth's councillors, intriguing against Mary and encouraging disaffection, secured the transmission to England of these broadsides, and their preservation by Cecil, as 'State Papers.'

James Melvill, minister of Kilrenny, in Fife, records at Montrose, in 1570, "Ther was also ther a post [a carrier or messenger, John Finheavin], that frequented *Edinbruche*, and brought ham Psalme Buikes and Ballates; namlie, of *Robert Semple's* making, wherin I tuik pleasour, and lernit sum thing bathe of the esteat of the countrey and of the missours and cullors of Scottes ryme."—*Autobiography and Diary of Mr. James Melvill, Minister of Kilrenny in Fife*, 1556–1610: Wodrow Society, 1842.

The Sempill Ballads.

The Murder of Darnley.

(10 February, 1566–67.)

" A traitorous deathe by traine of pouder laied,
Whilste he in bed his healthles bones did rest,
Was set on fyre, by suche as it convaied
In dead of nighte, a tyme for treasons best,
When he and his with slepe weare now opprest,
Then was his life bereft by cruell hande,
By fyre or otherwyse fewe vnderstande."
——T. WENMAN'S *Legend of Mary Queene of Scots*, cviii.

NO complete list can be framed of the numerous libels and satires that were circulated among the populace of Edinburgh in the troubled days of Mary Queen of Scots, before her flight to England. They came from hireling pens and disloyal conspirators. Their character and aim are shown by the specimens that remain, chiefly of later date, with references to the past, and also by the proclamations of 19 April, 1567 (see p. 338), which had been issued for their suppression. Foul and unscrupulous the "plackardes and billes and tiquettis of defamatioun" had been in 1565; with depraved suggestions, obscene language, and falsehoods against Queen Mary. The gossip of the antechambers at Holyrood dribbled down the back-stairs into the kennels and slaughter-houses of the Canongate and Netherbow. All that malice and licentiousness could invent, in furtherance of sectarian fanaticism, had found expression, concerning the indiscreet intimacy of Mary with her swarthy Italian secretary and musician, David Rizzio. His was a secretly accredited mission, a political intrigue, and not such amatory infatuation as that of Chastelard in 1563. The low state of morals among the untamed nobility, and the open debaucheries of her husband Darnley, might have sufficed to keep the courtiers indifferent to any real unfaithfulness on her part, even had it existed. But jealous suspicion of plots contrived by the wily Italian influenced them more strongly, as a serious danger. Hence followed the brutal murder of Rizzio (9th March, 156⅞), with unparalleled atrocity, by Ruthven, Morton, Lindsay, and the others, Darnley's accomplices, in the very presence of the Queen, and perhaps with the hope of ensuring her death by a premature confinement after witnessing such a ghastly outrage. Her unborn child was doomed to suffer the evil consequences, in a lifelong timidity: James VI being born in Edinburgh Castle 19 June, 1566, the victim of hereditary terror caused by that fatal night.

Mary's loathing of Darnley was justly due to his connivance in the murder of Rizzio. It deprived him of the last remnant of affection. This abhorrence was shared by those men who, to further their own ends, had joined in the plot with him, and whom he speedily betrayed in his cowardice. His own death, by whomsoever it was compassed, was no accident, but a well-deserved retribution, an example of the *lex talionis*. He had merited the punishment of being murdered, in requital of the murder he delighted in. The whirligig of Time brought about its revenges. To suit the claims of faction, it was found possible to improvise panegyrics of him, the man whom they had despised. Laments were sung, as though he had been a saintly martyr, or a brave and stainless hero. After the Kirk of Field explosion, Darnley's apotheosis formed the theme of subsidized rhymesters. The extant black-letter broadsides on Darnley are unsigned.

Joseph Ritson supposed that Henry Chettle wrote 'A Doleful Ditty, or Sorrowfull Sonet of the Lord *Darly*, some time King of *Scots*, [grand-]Nevew to the Noble and worthy King *Henry* the Eight: and is to be sung to the tune of *Black and Yellow*.' (Compare *Roxb. Bds.*, i, 548.) It begins thus:—

" My hand and pen procede to write, a wofull tale to tell;
My pen it cannot half indite, alas! how it befell.
Wo worth the men that Treason first this thing did take in hande:
Of all men's mouths they may be curst throughout this *English* land.
Wo worth (ter) *them all, wo worth to them I say;*
Wo worth (ter) *them all, wo worth to them avvay.*" Etc.

Imprinted at *London* by *Thomas Gosson*, dwelling in *Paternoster Rowe*, etc.

Ritson erroneously believed that the subject of the ballad "Adew all glaidness, sport, and play," entitled 'Complaint of Scotland,' was the "murder of Henry Stewart, commonly called Lord Darnley, second husband to Mary Queen of Scots, which was perpetrated that year," viz. 1567.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1791, vol. lxi (?), p. 1045. This supposed Monody of widowed Scotland, for the "cruell murther of my deir," is undated, and was reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii, p. 501; but it refers to an event three years later, viz. the death of the Regent Murray, 1570, not of Henry Lord Darnley in 1567.

Queen Mary had probably a shrewd suspicion of her husband Darnley being in danger, when she bade him farewell a few hours before the murder, and she reminded him ominously of it being the anniversary of "*this time last year*" *when Rizzio was slain*. That she had given consent to the murder beforehand was never proved. Her enemies declared it; but they deemed it expedient to use any fraud or falsehood against her; as in the case of the atrocious fabrications called '*The Casket Letters*,' where the vilest and most incredible forgeries had been constructed on the basis of a few genuine but unimportant originals, and then the documents were made to disappear, so that Murray's duplicity might remain undetected.

That Mary could not possibly lament the removal of Darnley is admittedly beyond dispute; and she may be considered justified

in her resentment. Her later infatuation in favour of Bothwell weighs heavily against her. It was a vile entanglement, at best; but her accusers and foes were unscrupulous in duplicity, cruelty, and crime. She was grossly maligned. From the first her every action had been misrepresented, and her words were perverted. Knox and the extreme Calvinists had abhorred her, because she was a sincere Catholic. Hence bigotry allied itself, in furtherance of the bastard Murray's personal ambition, to ensure her ruin, on pretence of the danger of Scotland relapsing unto Popery. Her worst enemy was the 'dear cousin' Elizabeth, to whom she weakly entrusted her person, after the defeat at Langside, and who became her gaoler and her murderess.

'Earle *Bodwell*,' an English ballad on the murder of Darnley, 'King of Scots,' is in the Percy Folio MS. (vol. ii, p. 261), seventeen stanzas, beginning—

> "Woe worth, woe worth thee, false *Scotlande !*
> For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
> The worthyest Prince that ever was borne
> You hanged under a cloud by night."

After describing the murder of Darnley, with such embellishments as were deemed appropriate, and making Lord Bothwell declare that it was in requital of the previous murder of "the Queene's Chamberlaine," David Rizzio, the ballad ends thus:—

> "When the Governor of *Scotland* heard [*i.e.* 'Regent' *Murray*.
> How that the worthye king he was slaine,
> He persued the queen so bitterlye [*MS.* hath banished.
> That in *Scotlande* shee dare not remaine.
>
> "But she is fledd into merry *England*,
> And [*Scotland* to aside hath lai]ne; [*Percy F. MS.*
> And through the Queene of *England's* grace
> In *England* now she doth remain." [*i.e.* 156$\frac{8}{9}$.

The irony of the final stanza is unintentional. We know enough about Elizabeth's 'grace,' and what comfort merry England gave to the illegally-imprisoned Queen Mary during eighteen years. In modern time the worshipper of the blood-stained Henry VIII exulted over her downfall and brutal execution; which was almost a martyrdom.

With the 'Tragedy of Fotheringay' the Sempill ballads have no connection. They stop at 1583, and Mary was slain in 1587.

Argyle, Morton, Maitland, and the Regent Murray had known beforehand the intended murder of Darnley, whom they despised and hated after he had betrayed them to the queen, in his alternate hot and cold fits of amatory excitement. He was true to no one.

The Darnley Ballad is preserved in the Bannatyne MS., fol. 244. It is an early fabrication, not a genuine complaint of Darnley.

Darnley's Ballad.

GIfe langour makis men licht, or dolour thame decoir,
In erth thair is no wicht may me compair in gloir.
Gif cairfull thoftis restoir my havy hairt frome sorrow,
I am for evirmoir in ioy, both evin and morrow.

Gif plessour be to pance, I playnt me nocht opprest,
Or absence micht awance, my hairt is haill possest.
Gif want of quiet rest, from cairis micht me convoy,
My mynd is nocht mollest, bot evirmoir in joy.

Thocht that I pance in pane, in passing to and fro,
I laubor all in vane, for so hes mony mo,
That hes nocht scheruice so, in suting of thair sueit : [*sic* = service.
The nar the fyre I go, the grittar is my heit.

The turtour, for hir maik, mair dule may nocht indure,
Nor I do for hir saik, even hir quha hes in cure
My hart, quhilk salbe sure, and scheruice to the deid,
Vnto that lady pure, the well of womanheid.

Schaw schedull to that sueit my pairt so permanent,
That no mirth quhill we meit, sall cause me be content:
Bot still my hairt lament, in sorrowfull siching soir,
Till tyme scho be present. Fairweill, I say no moir.

Finis quod King Harg Stewart.

A more important poem is preserved in the State Paper Office (Scottish Series, vol. xiii, May ? 1567, No. 47, Calendar, vol. i, p. 246), belauding the exemplary virtues of the slaughtered boy, Darnley, and detailing the circumstances of his death. It is one of the *Sempill Ballates*, beginning, "To Edinburgh about six houres at morne"; but it has two hundred and thirty-two long lines, and need not be given entire. It is devoid of signature.

Heir followis ane Ballat declaring the Nobill and Gude inclinatioun of our King.

TO *Edinburgh* about vj houris at morne,
As I was passand, pansand out the way, [*pansand* = musing.
Ane bony boy was soir makand his mone:
His sory sang was, 'Oche and wallaway,
That euer I sould byde to se that day ! [*qu.* lyue.
Ane King at euin, with sceptur, sword, and crown,
At morne bot ane deformit lumpe of clay,
With tratouris strang sa cruellie put downe.'

Than drew I neir sum tythingis for to speir, [= tidings to ask.
And said, 'My freind, quhat makis the sa way ?' [= so wae, so sad.
'Bludie *Bothwell* hes brocht our King to beir,
And flatter and fraude with dowbill *Dalyday*.' [= double *Delilah*.
I studeit still, and nathing could I say,
My minde was full of admiratioun.
'My bony boy, tell me without delay,
The Kingis maneris, forme, and fassioun.'

Then follows a rhapsodical eulogium on the dead man. Praise is lavished fulsomely, to such excess that it could never have impressed the most credulous of parasites. It has a promiscuous sprinkling of names. Darnley is compared in beauty to Paris, in horsemanship to "fair Ascanius, Æneas' sone," Deiphœbus, Theseus, or "gentill Julius." The Bible and heathen mythology are ransacked and commingled copiously: Joshua, Achan, Minos, Semiramis, Hero and Leander, Dido and Æneas, are pressed into service. The writer does 'not feign to flatter Clytemnestra,' *i.e.* Queen Mary, whom he hates and longs to slay—

> "Fy, fie fra *Clitemnestra* fell, for scho was neuer lyke *Penelopie;*
> With *Clitemnestra* I do not fane to fletche,
> Quhilk slew hir spous the greit *Agamemnon;*
> Or with ony that *Mynos'* wyfe dois matche,
> *Semiramus*, quha brocht hir gude Lorde downe."

In general she figures as Delilah. Her final visit to Darnley and her gaiety at the ball in Holyrood in honour of her servant Sebastian's marriage, on the night of the murder at Kirk of Field (10 Feb., 1566–67), is thus described:—

> ☞ In pulchritude to *Paris* perigall, [*perigal* = equal.
> With browis brent and twinkland Cristell eine;
> Off face formois and vult heroycall,
> He mycht haue bene ane marrow to ane Quene.
> At ten houris on Sonday lait at euin,
> Quhen *Dalila* and *Bothwell* bad gudnycht:
> Off hir finger fals she threw ane ring,
> And said, 'My Lord, aue taikin I zow plycht.' [= token I plight.
>
> ¶ Scho did depairt than with ane vntrew traine,
> And than in haist ane Culuering they leit crak;
> To teiche thair feiris to knaw the appoint tyme, [*feiris* = comrades.
> About the Kingis lugeing for to clap.
> To dance that nycht they said sho sould not slak,
> With leggis lycht to hald the wedow walkane, [= Widow's wake.
> And baid fra bed vntill sho hard the crak,
> Quhilk was ane signe that hir gude Lord was slane.
>
> And *Maddie* meinis sho did in *Setoun* sing, [Lord Geo. Seton's house
> Full weill was hir that day that sho was fre; [near *Prestonpans*.
> And into joy and out of tray and tene,
> So frely fred from all aduersitie.

Note.—'*Maddie meinis*'=harlot's shrieks and moans: spitefully said against the Queen. 'Maddie' was a vulgar equivalent, like Mause, for Magdalen; used for any common wench, such as 'Maddie, prioress of the Kale Market,' and the two Sempill ballates of 1570, '*Maddie's* Lamentation' and '*Maddie's* Proclamatioun.' The signature was used by Robert Semple. *Cf.* p. 384.

The Black-letter broadside of another ballad on the same subject is among the Cotton MSS. (Caligula, C. 1, fol. 17), at the British Museum. It is in the solemn and ponderous style of the *Myrour for Magistrates*, and similarly dull as poetry.

Heir followis the Testament and Tragedie of vmquhile King Henrie Stewart, of gude memorie.

I *Henrie Stewart*, vmquhile of *Scotland* King,
Sumtyme in houpe, with reuerence to Ring [=reign.
Within this Realme in dew obedience,
Traisting with ane attoure all eirdlie thing, [*Lennox.*
Quha was the ruite quhairof I did spring,
In honour to liue, be kyndelie allyance:
Putand in hir sic faith and confidence, [Qn. *Mary.*
Ingland I left, seducit be Ignorance;
Scotland I socht, in houpe for to get hir:
Quhilk I may rew, as now is cum the chance,
And vthers learne by me experience:
In tyme be war, fra ainis the work misset her.

He tells how she favoured him at first, then denounces her 'licherous' love, "cauld hes it child and sylit me with dissait." He accuses her of making him deny his God by avoidance of Protestantism! Her beguiling him with smiles and promises is described thus forcibly (compare p. 365):—

Into the tyme of this my extasie,
Quhen I was in this fearfull fantasie,
With feinzeit fair and [*wylie*] wordis discreit, [*half-erased.*
Scho come to me with greit humilitie,
Lamentand sair my greit calamitie,
My langsum lyfe, and sair tormentit Spirite,
Promittand, with ane faithful hart contreit,
In tyme to cum, with reuerence me treit
To my degre, in honoure, luife, and peace.
Traistand into hir wylie wordis sweit,
My hairt and lyfe into hir handis compleit
I put, and past vnto the Sacrifice.

Quhat sall I wryte, how I was troublit thair,
I wat it wald mak ony haill hairt sair:
For to reuolue my tristsum tragidie,
How that thay boucheouris blew me in the air,
And stranglit me, I shame for to declair:
Nouther to God, nor honoure hauand Ee. Etc.

The people have lost in him a king, and gained a hangman in Bothwell, his successor. Darnley thus inveighs against women:—

Sair it was to se zoure Prince with murther prest,
Sairar, I say, him, in his place possest,
The deid that did, than Burrio, now Brydegrome. [=*bourreau*, slaughterer.

O wickit *wemen*, vennomus of natuire, [*half-erased.*
Serpentis of kynde, thocht cumlie seme zour statuire,
Vnstabill ioy, full of aduersitie!
In mynde malicious attoure all creatuire!
Quhais malice taine, for euir dois induire: [=when taken.
Teichit be experience, sa may I testifie,

Zoure craftie consaitis cloakit with flatterie,
And mylde meiknes sylit with subtilitie,
Ar *Medeais* helters to bring vs in zour net;
Gude deidis of auld gois furth of memorie,
The ruite of euill remaines but remedie; [= *bot* = without.
Ay in zoure mynde sum veng[e]ance quhill ze get.

For *Dawyis* deid in *Maryis* mynde sa prentit [= *David Rizzio's* death.
Consauit haitrent, dailie mair augmentit;
Meik war hir wordis, thocht greit was hir greuance:
Oft at command, to mak hir weill contentit,
In pouertie and paine my self fra court absentit:
Paine could not pleis hir, nor zit obedience.
Persaue of lust the malice and mischance.

Soon we come again to Scylla and Minos, Hercules and Nessus, Clytemnestra, Egisthus, and Agamemnon; with Delilah; not forgetting Atropos and Lachesis, but Clotho *caret*.

Like the preceding 'ballat' the colophon marks it, 'Imprentit at *Edinburgh*, be *Robert Lekpreuik*, Anno Do. 1567.' It is of the same length, sixteen twelve-line stanzas, a total of 192 lines.

Note, on peculiar Spelling in the 'Sempill Ballads.'

Throughout these ancient Scottish Ballads the archaic spelling is reproduced. Three peculiarities may be specially noted. A remembrance of them will clear up obscure meanings.

First.—The habitual employment or misemployment of the letter *z*, instead of the letter *y*, in such words as *zou* and *zow*, for 'you'; or *zoung* and *zour*, for 'young' and 'your,' or *zit* for 'yet.'

The archæological and linguistic value of a precise mechanical reproduction atones for the disturbance of an ordinary reader's comfort. It is virtually certain that the pronunciation was not affected by the interchange of letters. The Scottish language to the present day modifies the sound of *z* into *y* in a multitude of proper names, of persons or places, such as Menzies and Dalziel, which are sounded as though printed or written Menyies or Mingies, and Dalyell or Dey-ell. Consequently, on and after our p. 361 (The Regent's Tragedy) the more intelligible forms of *you, your,* and *yet* can be resumed, instead of maintaining the awkward letter *z*.

Second.—The bewildering termination '*—and,*' instead of our English '*—ing,*' in the participles of verbs, obscures the meaning, while conjoined with other obsolete forms. But we cannot afford to dispense with retention of this usage. Thus may be found on p. 350, *ex. grat.*, 'gaipand, rydand, and pleinzand'; instead of 'gaping, riding, and complaining.'

Third.—The profuse sprinkling of *Quh.* Hence come '*quhais, quhat, quhen, quhence, quhyle, quhome*'; representing respectively 'whose, what, when, whence, while, and whom'—not forgetting *quhilk* for 'which,' and *quhyte* for 'white.'

There is also the hideous abortion (excluded from these pages) '*yat,*' which is common to both countries in old printing, but it was a blundering attempt to represent the writing sign which abbreviated the letters *th.* It looks bad enough in y^{e} and y^{m}, but y^{at} is inadmissible.

A Declaration of the Lords' just Quarrel,
1567.

Poet.—"For shame, you Generals! what do you mean?
Love and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye."
Cassius.—"Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!"
Brutus.—"Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence! . . .
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?"
——*Julius Cæsar*, act iv, sc. 3.

THE 'Lords of the Congregation' here vindicated, as having been opposed to Queen Mary, after her abduction by Bothwell and enforced marriage, were the Earls of Mar, Morton, Athol, (5th) Argyle, and others. They had assembled at Stirling, in May, 1567, and early resolved on deposing her and crowning Prince James. In "The King's Complaint" the child James is made to murmur against the delay of his Coronation, after his mother had been at Lochleven compelled with violence to sign her abdication in his favour.

In connection with this 'Declaration,' and probably preceding it in order of publication, may be considered two other black-letter broadsides of the series, each being an 'Exhortation,' not represented in the Roxburghe Collection (but contained among the State Papers at the Record Office, Scottish Series, vols. xiii and xiv, Nos. 62, 74: June and August of the same year, 1567). The first is headed, 'Heir followis ane Exhortatioun to the Lordis.'

MY Lordis now, gif ze be wyse, [*z* = *y*, *passim.*
Knaw weil the grace yᵗ God hes send zow,
Gif to that leuing Lord all pryse,
Pray that from dainger he defend zow.
And na way lat zoure fais offend zow,
But gif zow counsell and curage,
Bauldlie togidder all to bend zow
That ze do nouther swerue nor swage.

Think it is nouther strenth nor fors
That hes set zow a fuite befoir,
Think weill that nouther men nor hors
Off sic ane act sould get the gloir:
Bot he that ringis euer more [r. = reigns.
Hes luikit on zoure quarrell rycht;
Gif him all thankis now thairfoir,
And pryse his name with all zour micht.

It defends the contest against the Queen, because she resisted the will of the Lords and protected Bothwell, whom they had foredoomed, although he had been acquitted: admitting that, were it not for her defence of him, "his wicked quarrell to sustene," they had done wrong to imprison her at Lochleven.

Ze had done wrang, as sum men mene,
Hir to withald agane her will,
Bot now, quhill trew tryell be sene,
Sho moste be keipit, or all will spill.

Pas fordwart in zour interpryse,
Reuenge in haist the cruell act; [*Darnley's* death.
Spair not to gif thame all ane syse, [=trial, assize.
Quhome ze beleif the King did sact. [s. =destroy.
Be bauld and na way turne abak,
Spair nouther midling, greit, nor small;
With wysdome syne gude tryall tak
And cause sum ane confes thame all.

Proclaime that all quha ocht dois knaw
To mak probatioun euident,
With diligence thay cum and shaw
In oppin and in place patent,
That sinners shortlie may be shent [=shamed.
And gude men fred from all defame;
Sen God hes to zow power lent,
Gif ye be lashe ye ar to blame. [*lashe* = remiss.

The heid traytoure, quhair euer he be, [*Bothwell.*
Gif ye haue fors se ye persew,
Thocht ye fra hoill to hoill do fle,
At last he can not weill eschew.
Lat him be slaine, your King that slew,
Bring ainis his fylthie lyfe till end,
Quha wickitlie this beir did brew:
Wa worth the tyme that scho him kend! [19 stanzas in all.

They are warned to be watchful and guard their own safety; to flee from filthy avarice, which is the very root of every vice, as the Scriptures teach; to purge the land of hypocrisy, and reform Justice.* Lastly, to guard the infant James and train him to virtue. It ends with a wish, "God blis zow and your interpryse."

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* *Note.*—There is a coincidence, as on p. 385, in this '*Exhortation to the Lords*,' June, 1567, with the sixth stanza of the 'Complaint of Scotland' for the slaughter of the Regent, 1570, *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii, p. 501, where we read—

"This cureles wound dois grief me soir;
The lyke I neuer felt befoir,
Sen *Fergus* first of me tuke steir."

That is, Fergus took the controul. (Fergus I, reputed to have arrived from Ireland *circâ* 330 B.C. with an army of Scots, and to have ruled for 25 years. See Bond's Buchanan, i, p. 136, 1722.)

"Prouyde als for the Ministerie, [*Exhortation*, etc.
Reforme the Justice gif ye can;
Than sall tryumph your memorie
Aboue all sen this Realm began. 105

Sen *Fergus* first came in this land,
Sic gude beginning neuer was sene,
That gentilnes at thair awin hand
Sa just a quarrell did sustene.
Reuoltis hes bene ma nor fyftene, [=more than 15.
And Princes in strang presoun set:
Quhair all from bluid was keipit clene,
Skantlie can I exampill get." 113

The second is entitled, 'Ane Exhortatioun, derect to my Lord Regent, and to the rest of the Lordis accomplisis.' The opening stanzas of the eighteen are mutilated in the unique exemplar (State Paper Office, Scot. Series, vol. xiv, August, 1567, No. 72).

DIAN[A], with hir Court of Poyetis cleir, [*torn out.*
Qu[a in th]is land now plesandly dois sing,
In si[ngand san]gis that plesoure is to beir,
For io [in t]hes our fair zoung tender King,
Quho[m God] hes set aboue vs for to Ring: [=reign.
Will [. . . .]l quhat I am, hes tane on hand,
Sa b[auldly s]ure, rashely in thair Court to thring,
By th . . . comission, like *Johne Vpaland.* [=country lout.

Copiously interwoven with scriptural allusions to texts from the Old Testament, selected to enforce severity of doctrine and justify a stern repression of idolatry, the 'Exhortatioun' is addressed to the Regent Murray, who was proclaimed as such on 22nd August, 1567. It assumes to be written by a patriot far superior to himself; but perhaps neither Robert Sempill, the balladist, nor Lord Robert Sempill *vel* Semple. It is scarcely probable that the exordium was welcome to Murray, the bastard brother of the queen, her intriguing rebellious subject, her persistent foe, who betrayed her to Elizabeth. He was now triumphantly 'Regent,' but drawing near the end of his career. Born *circâ* 1533, one of the illegitimate sons of Margaret, daughter of John Erskine, fifth Earl of Mar.

The Roxburghe Ballad entitled 'Ane Declaratioun of the Lordis' just Quarrell' continues the subject with more vigour, in the dramatic form of dialogue. All these polemical broadsides were published to poison the minds of the Scottish people against their Queen, and to justify the rebellion against her which was subjecting them to English intrigues and ruining the prosperity of their own country. Not only is the Declaration the *Apologia* of the conspiring nobility (in this case urged with all the force of a rhetorician against Bothwell and the Queen), but arguments and assertions are lavishly employed in favour of rebellion in general, against any conceivable sovereign whom the Commons or their misguiders might choose to denounce as a tyrant or sensualist. Such was their lesson. Unruly Scotsmen of seventy years later were taught by this earlier rebellion against a reigning Stuart how to better their instruction in 1637.

"Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."

Disobedience, libels, civil warfare, and at last a regicide scaffold. *Facilis descensus Averno!*

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 569 ; Brit. Mus. Cotton MSS., Caligula C. 1, f. 10 ; State Paper Office, Scottish Series, Vol. XIV, August, No. 73.]

Ane Declaratioun of the Lordis just Quarrell.*

NOt lang ago, as I allone did walk,
Intill ane place was plesand to behauld,
Twa leirnit men in priuie I hard talk,
And eich of thame his taill in ordoure tauld.
I vnderstuid thair sentence quhat thay wald,
And thocht it guid to put in memorie
Thair Names, als, as efter ze sall se.

The taine him self *Philandrius* did call,
Quha in vertew and manheid tuik delyte;
The tother feirfull semt to be at all,
Erideilus he did his Name indyte.
Off mony thingis thay did togidder flyte, [=wrangle.
Bot I tuik tent aboue all vther thing [=took heed.
Quhen they spak of this Realme and gouerning.

Erideilus sayis: "It dois merwell me, [=puzzle.
Quhat causit hes the Lordis of *Scotland*
Tak on ane enterpryse of sic folie,
Againe the Quene and againis hir husband:
Mycht thay not weill ilk ane in his awin land
In quyetnes leifit in peace and rest,
Guyding his awin as him had lykit best?"

To quhome *Philandrius* did answer mak,
And said that "men war not deuyst onlie,
Without all cair thair awin plesure to tak,
But to foirse the weill of that countrie, [=foresee the weal.
Reularis of quhilk the Lord will that thay be.
Quhilk charge [he sayis] thay can not weill refuse,
Les schamefullie thair office thay abuse.

"Behalding than the actis execrabill,
That in this countrie hes committit bene,
The schame, the lack, the bruit abhominabill,
That saikles men with sorrow did sustene, [=innocent.
Ane priuat hart it mycht prik vp with tene,
To seik redres and mend that cairfull caice,
Far mair the nobillis of the Royall raice.

---

* By 'the Lords' we are to understand 'the Lords of the Congregation,' anti-Romanists with whom Murray was allied.

" To see the King fyrst lychtlit schamefully, [*Darnley.*
And not chereist in chalmer nor in hall;
Syne murdreist downe, causeles and crewelly,
Off that tresoun na tryall taine at all:
Thay quhome the bruit did trewlie traytouris call,
Greitest in Court and chereist all thair best:
Quhat Lordis hart culd luik on this, and lest?

" To se ane monstuire full of fylthynes, [*Bothwell.*
Aboue the rest heich mountit vp in gloir,
Baith Prince and Realme and all power posses:
Ane gled ay gaipand guid men to deuoir: [*gled* = kite.
Quhat hart sa hard bot this sycht sould mak soir,
Quha rychtly than dar thir men reprehend,
Sic greit mischeif quha menis till amend?

" To se the Quene furth rydand on the plaine,
Reft lyke ane huire with ruffians shamefullie;
And thocht that sum think that was bot ane traine, [=trick.
Hir awin wryting dois contrar testifie,
In *France*, *Ingland*, and mony strange cuntrie,
Pleinzeand that sho was rauyssit by hir will:
Quhat Nobill hart mycht see this and sit still?

" To reif, to murther, and wyle licherie,
The fourt forfault is eikit euin fra hand;
To testifie that Law and honestie
With sic ribaldis can not ring in ane land. [=reign.
The Quene is cuplit with ane wyffis husband,
And farther zit, he, quha the King did sack,
But Law, the Quene dar into mariage tak. [=Against law.

" Besyde all this, thair durst na vertuous wycht
In presence of that proude tyran appeir;
Bludy boucheouris and throtcutters on nycht,
War only hard, and only had the steir.
The Nobill men durst not the Court cum neir:
The royall hous refuge to honest men
Was maid ane bordell and ane theifis den. [=brothel.

" Our prettie Prince, the peirle of all this land,
With duilfull deid thay socht for to deuoir;
That riche relick and thresour of *Scotland*
Destroy, as thay his father did befoir.
Quhat duilfull mynde mycht dewlie this deploir?
In sic dainger to se that innocent,
For our releif quhome God had till vs sent.

" Quhat Nobill hart could langer this induire?
Quhat commoun breist did not for sorrow burst?
Quhat godly man of him self could be suire?
Quhat stranger thocht bot this cuntrie was curst?
Quhat preachour this repreif, I pray zow, durst?
Quhat chaist woman wyssit not to be deid,
To se sic vice set up in vertewis steid?

" Gif it was sa, than quha can worthylie
Exalt and prais, and magnifie the Name
Off thir Nobillis, quha durst couragiouslie
Hazaird thame self to saif vs all fra shame?
Thair laude, thair honour, and tryumphand fame,
Salbe disperst in dispyte of Inuy,
Quhen faceless fuillis sall not be settin by."

Eridcilus than answer maid againe:
" Thy talk," he sayis " is treuth and veritie;
Bot zit sum douts thar is, of quhilk rycht faine,
Gif laser lat, I wald resoluit be. [=leisure let.
And fyrst, tuiching the Queneis libertie:
For mony thinkis thir Barronis ar to bauld,
In strait keping a Princes for to hauld."

Philandrius to answer than him sped,
And this he said *Eridcilus* vntill:
" Gif that a freind with fayis away war led, [=foes.
Be wickit craft syne tystit war till ill. [=enticed.
Thocht he couet in that stait to byde still,
Zit in that caice his freindis of dewtie
Sould wis his weill and seik his libertie.

" And gif his fantasie war so far infectit,
That to the treuth he could not bent his eir;
He sould not be in foly zit neglectit,
Bot fairnes than sould mixit be with feir.
And gif all this could him na wysedome leir
Than acht he be of all puissance denude,
To do na euill gif he could do na gude.

" Than sen that bowdin bludy beist *Bothwell* [bowdin = swollen.
Hes trayterously in myrk put downe our King:
His wyfe the Quene syne rauyssit to him sell,
In fylthie lust, throw cullour of wedding:
Thocht sho, be witcheit, wald in ruttery ring, [=reign.
The Nobillis sould nether of thir enduire,
That lowne to leif, nor hir to be his huire.

" And gif the poysone in hir hart be sonkin,
That sho will not consent he puneist be;
Gif with his fylthie lust sho be sa dronkin,
That sho forzet office and honestie,
Than man hir Nobillis of necessitie [*maun*=must.
Cut of hir force, quhill tresoun be reuengeit,
And this confusioun in ane ordour changeit."

" In priuat persounis," sayis *Erideilus*,
" I vnderstand thy taill is trew in deid:
Bot in Princes it is mair perrillous,
And few examplis thairof can I reid.
And in sic caice the subjectis all had neid
Haill to concur with ane authoritie:
Sic concurrence in *Scotland* nane I se."

Philandrius sayis: " Brother, than considder
How fyrst began all dominatiounis:
Quhen ruid pepil assemblit thame togidder,
And maid thair Kingis be creatiounis,
In votis than war variatiounis,
I trow rycht few was chosin be the haill,
Bot he was King quhais pairtie did preuaill.

" Rycht sa gif Princes sa thame self abuse,
That of force subjectis man put to thair hand:
Guid men sould not than to reforme refuse,
Thocht all at ainis concur not on thair band.
Naimly, gif Justice on thair partie stand,
And maist consent gif quha wald rackin rycht,
Sen God hes gein to thame baith strenth and mycht.

" Zea, thocht it war ane King for to depose,
For certaine crymis, I think, the subjectis may,
Or fylthie faultouris fast in prisone close,
Rather than lat ane haill countrie decay.
Thay sould not sturre, thocht sum men wald say nay:
To ane purpose the haill will neuer conclude,
They haue aneuch, hes force and quarrell gude.

" May thay not put ane ordoure to the heid,
Quha in beginning did the heid vp mak?
May thay not set ane better in the steid,
Gif it fra vice can not be callit bak?
'Les this be done, Realmes will ga to wrak,
Namely, quhen that the cryme is sa patent,
That nouther misters Juge nor argument. [m.=needs.

" As gif ane King his pepill wald betray,
And him and thame baith bring to seruitude:
He sould in this reformit be, I say:
Naimly, be Nobillis and be men of gude.
The *Baliol's* cause, considdir how it stude,
Quhat rycht had *Robert Bruice* him to expell?
Because to *Ingland* he subject him sell. 168

" And now, gif I durst speik, without respect,
To huirmaisters, to murderers of Kingis,
To throt-cutters our Realme was maid subject,
Quha in their malice proudely zit malingis.
Lat Nobill hartis considder all thir thingis,
They sall weill find that this puire natioun,
Greit mister had of reformatioun. [*mister*=need.

" Sic fylthie luste in *Sardanapalus*,
Sic crueltie in *Nero*, did not ring; [=reign.
Sic brutishe lyfe in *Heliogabalus*,
Sic traytour mynde to slay his Lord and King
In feinzeit *Phocas* breist did neuer spring; [=feigned.
Sic beistley bowgrie *Sodome* hes not sene,
As rang in him quha rewlit Realme and Quene. [=reign'd.

" And sould the Nobill Barronis of this land
In hoilis lurk, and this mischeif behauld?
Quhair is the wittis wont to reule *Scotland?* [Buchanan's *Hist. Scot.*
Go reid the buik, repeit the storyis auld,
King *Euenus* was keipit in strang hauld, [*Evenus* III.
And deit thair; *Conarus* was inclosit, [*Con.*, 24th king.
First being dewlie for his fault deposit.

" For wickit lyfe imprisont was *Ferquhaird*, [*Ferchard* II.
Quha slew him self of proude melancolie;
Donald the fyft he gat the same reuaird; [*D.*, 70th king.
And *Ethus* did in prisone priuate die. [*E.*, 72nd king.
And gif ze list to go fra this countrie,
In euerie land examplis dois abound,
Gif thay be socht thay may be eithlie found. [=easily.

" For sic misordour proude *Tarquinius*
Was the last King that euer did ring in *Rome;*
For lyke crymes the tyran *Claudius*
Losit his stait, and gat deid for his dome; [death for doom.
To speik of *Nero* now I haue na tome: [*qu.* come.
Off *Commodus*, *Caius*, and *Caracall*,
It war to[o] lang for to discriue the fall.

" Quhat sorrow into *Naples* than was sene,
Quha knawis the story cleirly thair may reid,
Quhen *Charlis* dochter *Jeane*, that catiue Quene, [=*Joan*.
Baith honestie forzet and womanheid;
Hir husband and hir cousing put to deid,
Syne with his Burrio band ane new mariage, [=butcher.
Allace! this sample seruis ouer weill our age.

" And zit the Lord he leit hir not eschaip,
Bot of her tuik ane punishement conding;
Quha fyrst hir husband hangit in ane raip,
The murtherer syne in his bed did bring.
God maid hir paine aggre with hir guyding.
As bedfoly to sic mischeif hir led,
Euin so sho endit, smorit with a bed. [=smother'd.

" Than to conclude, thir Nobillis dois bot rycht,
Gif thay the Quene keip still in sicker gaird,
Untill that coward Kingslayer on nycht
For his demeritis get ane iust rewaird.
Than let thame all concur, baith Lord and Laird,
Thair Realme and Quene with guid consall to guyde,
Settand all priuate profit far a syde.

" Gif thay do this, than dar I say ane thing,
Thair laude and fame sall mont aboue the skyis,
Thair heich renoune sall in all Regioun ring;
Thair name sall gang quhair euer the Sone do ryse,
Thay salbe repuite hardy, wycht, and wyse;
In all storyis thay salbe cleirly kend:
The Leuing Lord bring thame to this gude end."

As this *Philandrius* did frely talk,
The tother pairt, *Erideilus* be name,
Rais vp and quyetlie away did stalk,
And as me thocht he waxit reid for schame:
Quhilk quhen I saw, I rais vp and come hame,
And put in wryt thair disputatioun,
As ze haue hard be this narratioun. Finis.

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1567.

[Black-letter, broadsheet, *verso* blank. 3 columns. Probably by Robert Sempill.]

*** Intemperate rant being the usual substitute for argument among fiery zealots, the hurling of javelins need not surprise us in what is called 'Ane Answer maid to the Sklanderaris that Blasphemis the Regent and the rest of the Lordis' (Aug. 1567, vol. xiv, State Paper Office, Scottish Series, No. 74). It begins by addressing, as 'Renegade Gallows-bird,' *Tom Trouth* himself, who called Murray "this sinfull seed of lothsome life, *this bastard past all grace*":—

"REINGAT rapfow[l] thocht yow raif,
Skorner of Poitis, and sklanderus knaif,
Quhat sayis thow bot we knaw owr sell?
In spyte of the[e] and all the laif,
The bastard bairne sall beir the bell."

[This defence of the Regent's bastardy (an indisputable fact, but not often mentioned boastfully to rebellious ears) discommended the ballad to Murray.]

"Finis, quod *Maddie*, gar mak ye boun
To all ye Papistis of yis toun."

Sir William Drury, the English marshal of Berwick, wrote on it, "Robert Symple ys the dooer hereoff." (Twelve five-line stanzas.)

It is evident, although so few specimens survive, that the loyal adherents of the coerced and expatriated Queen Mary did not refrain from writing ballads in her cause, but these were strenuously suppressed to the utmost of their power by Morton (see p. 401), after the Regent was slain. Thus we have (in State Papers, vol. 13, and in Cotton MS. at British Museum: Caligula, C. 1, fol. 274), 'A Ryme in defence of the Q. of *Scotts* against the Earle of *Murray*': entitled, 'Tom Troath to the Envious' (real date 1567). Signed 'Tom Trowth,' it begins thus:—

TOM TROATH TO THE ENUIOUS.

"If *Momus*' children seke to knowe my name and where I dwell,
I am *Tom Troath*, and my aboade I list not it to tell;
For wise men loue not to enquyre, who, where, but what is sayd,
And holde them selues therewith content, till further proufe be made."

THE DOUBLE DEALINGE OF THE REBELLS IN *SCOTLAND*.

"IF tongue could tell, or pen could write, the craftie cloaked case,
Or yet the treasons to recyte of this newe Regent's grace,
Then *Tullie's* stile or *Vergill's* vearse of God sure would I crave,
His shameles acts here to rehearse, as he deserues to have:
But that were farre aboue my reach and more then well could be,
Sith he all others doeth excell in craft and crueltye."

It is too long to give entire (being an extra, not a Roxburghe Collection ballad: a total of one hundred and eighty-eight lines), but it is a useful corrective of the rebellious harangues, and clearly denounces the false Regent's connivance with Morton, Lindsay, Mar, and Argyle, in the murder of Darnley:—

"Yet haue they not so slilye wrought, though *Sathan* was their guide,
But that their treason euery deale at last is well espied;
For they to some were innocent of this most haynous deed,
Did catch 4 of the murderers and put to death with speed.
Whereby they hope to make men think herein that they were clere,
Sith Justice they did execute on some that guilty were,
As *Hepburne*, *Daglace*, *Penory* too, *John Hey* made vp the messe,
Wch 4 when they were put to death the treason did confesse,
And said that *Murray*, *Morton* too, with others of their rowte,
Were guylty of the murder vile, though nowe they loke full stowte.
Yet some perchaunce do think that I speake for affection here,
Though I would, so 3000 can, herein true witnes beare,
Who present were as well as I at the execution tyme,
And hard how these in conscience prickt confessed who did the cryme."

The Regent's Tragedy.

(23 January, 1569–70.)

" 'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud *Murray's* plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised visor's shade his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured *Bothwellhaugh*!'"

——Sir Walter Scott, *Cadyow Castle.*

THE death of the Regent Murray is the central event around which nearly all of Robert Sempill's ballads in the Roxburghe Collection circulate, and others also by him which are found elsewhere. Sir Walter Scott discoursed on the same theme in the poem entitled 'Cadyow Castle,' appended to *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, and beginning, "When Princely *Hamilton's* abode ennobled *Cadyow's* Gothic towers." It is in Lanarkshire, near the park and town of Hamilton. From *Cadyow* the Hamiltons were called "*Kedyockis* curst clan" (see pp. 360, 362, 386).

Beside the seven *Roxburghe Ballads* on this subject, here following (exclusive of the two signed by 'W. S., Veritatis Amator'), there are sundry others devoted to it, by Robert Sempill. In fact, he was possessed by a blind fury, and wearisomely lashed the Muse to utter shrieks of vengeance against Bothwell and the hapless Queen.

1st.—Ane Tragedie, in forme of ane Diallog betwix Honour, Gude Fame, and the Authour heirof in a Trance. (The unique exemplar is in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, H. 29, f. 39. Reprinted in '*Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*,' collected by John Graham Dalyell, 1801; again reprinted in T. G. Stevenson's '*Sempill Ballates*,' inaccurately, 1872; and by *The Scottish Historical Text Society*, 1890, edited by James Cranstoun, LL.D.) It begins:

" IN *Januar* the thre and twentie day,
Befoir midnycht, in *Lythquo* as I lay,
Tumbling sum tyme on bed abon the clais,
Now heir, now thair, quhylis doun, quhylis up I rais,
Till at the last, at tuinkling of ane ee,
Schir *Morpheus* the Mair assailzit me," etc. [See p. 370.

This rhymed poem consists of one hundred and ninety-eight couplets, or 396 lines, with an addition of the 'Epitaphe,' three stanzas, each of eight lines, therefore 420 lines in all. After a long detailed history of the belauded Murray, as the child of Honour and Good Fame (irrespective of the bend-sinister, conveniently ignored), uniting in himself all the varied excellences of scriptural and pagan heroes (wisdom of Solomon, force of strong Samson, justice of Jethro, chastity of Scipio, benignity of David, liberality of Titus, and "to tell of all his vertus, for commonwelthis he did excell Camillus"), it thus ends, with news of the Regent's death, brought to confirm his dream :—

"Brother" (quod I), "how dois my Lord, I pray zow?"
"Departit, oh!" (quod he) "and deid, I say zow."
"Allace!" (quod I), "I find my dreme ouer trew,
And that, full sair, all *Scotland* sone will rew."
Than to the palice went I, and zeid in;
Thair weiping vo[i]ces hard I making din.
Within the Chalmer I went quhair he departit,
Quhilk sycht to se, God wait, maid me sair hartit.
Than come I furth agane, and saw my Lady, [*i.e.* Lady *Agn. Murray.*
Quhais horsis at the foir zet wer alreddy:
To *Edinburgh* scho went with hart full soir:
Reuenge his deith, ze Lords! I say na moir. 396

EPITAPHE.

"Heir lyis the corps (gude pepill) of a Prince,
Quhais Saule in heuin with God is glorifeit:
James Regent was murdreist without offence,
Be ane false tratour, sa knowin and notifeit,
Quha wes anis bound to haif bene Justifeit. [=executed.
He gaif him grace, allace! aganis all ressoun.
O *Hammiltoun*, it schawis weill thou wes feit [=hired.
Be all that Clan for to commit this tressoun.

"Quhat mouit the to do this insolence,
And mak that Clan sa to be falsifeit,
To quhōe, God knawis, he schew his greit clemence,
Thocht thou with tressoun hes him gratifeit?
With all gude vertewis he wes amplifeit;
With all foull vice thou hes defylde thair Maisoun.
Resetting the, now haif thay varefeit
That thay bene weill contentit of this trasoun.

"Indeid, I grant that his greit patience
Aganis him self this deid hes testifeit;
For had he put zow doun with diligence,
Zour tressoun had not this bene ratifeit.
Ze wer anis all in his will signifeit
At the *Langsyde*, sensyne in euerie sessioun;
Now with greit honour is he magnifeit,
And with greit schame ze sall thoil for this tressoun." 420

OBIIT XXIII JANUARII, ANNO DO. M.D.LXIX.

[Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1570. Black-letter.]

2nd.—The Deploratioun of the Cruell Murther of *James* Erle of *Murray*, vmquhile Regent of *Scotland*, togidder with ane admonitioun to the *Hammiltounis* committaris thairof, and to all thair Fortifearis, Mantenaris, or assistance; with ane Exhortatioun to the Lordis and Nobilitie, keiparis and defendaris of our Kingis Grace Maiestie.

[Two exemplars of this are preserved in London: one at the State Paper Office, Scottish Series, vol. xvii, February $15\frac{69}{70}$, No. 17; the other in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, Broadsides in Black-letter.] It is in twenty-eight eight-line stanzas, a total of 224 lines, but broken into sections, 'The Probatioun heirof' beginning after the early seven stanzas, and taking four; then the 'Admonitioun to all the Hammiltounis,' holding seven; next, 'Ane Admonitioun to the assistaris and rejoysaris in this maist detestabil murther,' three stanzas; 'The Exhortatioune to the Lordis,' six stanzas; lastly, one stanza of 'Exhortatioun to all men in generall,' ending with an ill-omened word to "Pray for the Nobill Quene of *Ingland*, Quha in our neid still sendis vs supportatioun: Hir grace, lang space, may in gude weilfair stand." Same printer, at Edinburgh, Robert Lekpreuik, 1570, in February. It begins thus:—

> "Quhile as with flesche and blude we go about,
> The wondrous warkis of God for to descriue," etc.

3rd.—The Exhortatioun to all pleasand thingis quhairin man can haif delyte to withdraw thair plesure from mankynde, and to deploir the Cruell Murther of vmquhile my Lord Regentis Grace. [Of this, also, the duplicated exemplars remain, respectively in the Lib. of Society of Antiquaries, London, and State Paper Office, Scottish Series, vol. xvii (February), No. 18.] It is in a livelier measure, as though meant to be sung, a rhapsodical lament, nineteen eight-line stanzas.

> "Ze montaines murne, ze valayis vepe,
> Ze clouds and Firmament,
> Ze fluids dry vp, ze seyis so depe
> Deploir our lait Regent.
> Ze greinis grow gray, ze gowanis dune,
> Ze hard rocks ryue for sorrow;
> Ze Mariguildis forbid the sune
> To oppen zow euerie morrow." Etc.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik. Anno Do. 1570 (Black-letter).

4th.—The Spur to the Lordis. [In Library of Society of Antiquaries, London: unique.] Fourteen eight-line stanzas. It is a remonstrance against the proposal to bring back the deposed Queen Mary, and begins thus:—

> "Quhat menis thir mischant murtherars?
> In muising mair mischeif,
> Thir Ruggars, Reifars, *Rome*raikars, [*i.e.* bringers of relics.
> Waitting of na releif.
> The mark that God gaif in his grief
> To *Cain's* cursit kin,
> Sall brod thir Burriois in the beif, [brod = prod.
> For thair maist schamefull Sin." Etc.

It neither bears Lekpreuik's name, nor Edinburgh. Black-letter, "Imprentit, Anno Do. 1570." It clearly indicates Robt. Sempill.

> "This Rakles *Robert* did report, in raggit Ruffyis ryme, [*l.* 105.
> Sen *Sempill* solace to this sort auaillis maist in this tyme,
> With hardy hart, '*Reuenge this cryme, I say na mair.*' *Amen*,
> Ga speik of *Eger and Schir Gryme*, and let the Lordis alaine."

In other words: 'Stick to romantic ballads and legends, but give place to others who better understand politics and can wrangle over State embroilment.' He knew well that if the Queen were to return she would exact vengeance, "Na dout scho will zow hang." The romance of "Syr *Eger*, Syr *Graeme*, and Syr *Graysteil*" was mentioned in *Complaint of Scotland*, 1549. It is in Percy Folio MS. (Compare David Laing's *Early Metrical Tales*, 1826, and G. Ellis's.)

In London a license was granted (July 1569—July 1570) to John Sampson for prynting of a ballett intituled *The Tragedy of the Death of the Regent of Skotland* (Stationers' Registers, vol. i, fol. 190, transcript, i, 411). Also to him, another 'ballett intituled *The Deploration of the Cruell murther of the lorde* JAMES *erle of* MURRY, *Regente of* Skottlande.' Probably an English reprint of No. 2.

No opportunity arises for comparing with our Edinburgh impression of the *Tragedie* (preserved in three exemplars) the later edition, issued and probably Anglified for the London market by *John Audely*. We venture to suppose the two versions to be virtually identical, both bearing a similar title and both being signed by Robert Sempill. Audely's English broadside passed into possession of Richard Heber, of Hodnet Hall, Shrewsbury, from George Daniel, of Canonbury Square, the collector, through the hands of Thomas Thorpe, bookseller, in April, 1832. Forty years later, having come into the late W. Christie-Miller's Britwell Library, it was catalogued there in October, 1872. The one in question is recorded thus: "Sempill, Robert. The Tragical end and death of the Lord James, Regent of Scotland, lately set forth in Scottish, and printed at Edinburgh, 1570. And now partly turned into English, *with The Tragedie's Lenuoy*. Finis, Rob. Sempill. Imprinted at Lōdon by John Audely, dwelling in litle Britaine strete, without Aldersgate, 1570."

Seldom has an assassination been prepared in all its details with more skill and deliberate resolve than this bold act of vengeance by James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh. The empty house at Linlithgow with its projecting balcony was left untenanted, at his service, for concealment until the moment arrived for action. A fleet horse stood ready saddled in the back lane, which was said to be guarded by accomplices. When he had taken deliberate aim at the Regent, and fired the fatal shot, he fled, before an entrance could be forced, and outran all pursuit, to find shelter, if not welcome, from the Hamiltons, who helped him to escape to France. Their connivance was due to sympathy with his personal wrongs, more than to political fanaticism. It is doubtful whether any public benefit can ever follow such an act of criminal perversity as the private slaughter of a public oppressor. The atrocity becomes doubly disastrous: both to the victim immolated and to the national cause. The perpetrator was half-crazed. The death of Murray, her worst foe, came too late to restore the wronged Queen to her throne and liberty; yet she wept on learning that he was slain.

Notes to 'The Regent's Tragedy.'

Notes. 1.—'Hary' = 'Harry,' thrice mentioned (pp. 361, 365, 373), is Henry, the late King-consort, Darnley. Bothwell had been compulsorily dismissed by Mary after the deceptive surrender at Carberry Hill, in June, 1567. He escaped to Orkney, and for some time supported himself and a few followers by acts of piracy, until Maitland was sent to subdue him (compare line 22 of the ballad, where the Regent's attempts to repress pirates is mentioned). When Bothwell attempted to attack vessels near Denmark, in his two remaining small 'pinks,' he was captured, in rough seaman's garb, but asserted his name and position. His papers were sent to England, and he was cast into prison at Malmoe, Sweden, then belonging to Denmark. He lingered miserably for ten years, dying in 1577. His ambition had been fatal alike to Mary and to himself.

It is merely a rhetorical flourish of the balladist to indicate Bothwell as having been not only "hangman to Harry," Darnley, but also three years later "Burrio to her brother," meaning a slaughterer of Murray, the Queen's half-brother, illegitimate and usurper, whose own mother had been Mary's gaolor at Lochleven Castle, and formerly the concubine of King James V. By a strange coincidence Murray met his fate in Linlithgow, where his supplanted sister was born, 7 December, 1542, and where their father, James V, died.

2.—Argyle (Archibald Campbell, 5th Earl), obiit 1575. Huntley (George Seton, 5th Earl), a former friend and ally of Bothwell, ob. 1576.

3.—'Cankered Kedzock,' or Kedvock. Compare "Kedzock's curst clan," p. 388. It means the Hamilton family, of Cadzow = Cadvow : p. 356.

4.—The 'Bishop' here cursed conjointly with Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh had been owner of the destroyed house at Kirk of Field, south of Edinburgh (where the College now stands, and where Darnley was slain), and of the vacant house at Linlithgow, that harboured Bothwellhaugh while awaiting the Regent: convenient for ambuscade and subsequent escape. He was the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, John Hamilton, who afterwards, in 1571, was taken prisoner at Dumbarton Castle, subjected to an illegal mock-trial, and publicly hanged.

5.—To the Hepburn family belonged the Queen's third husband, Bothwell (James Hepburn), and his kinsman, Patrick Hepburn, the Bishop of Moray. The Hamiltons, her devoted adherents, suffered disastrously for their loyalty. Their lands were ravaged by the English troops under Sir William Drury, sent by Elizabeth in requital of Murray's death. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was no common assassin, and refused to slay Coligny.

6.—'Patlis' are the pattles or sticks in use to clear away the earth from off the ploughshare.

7.—John Knox had from the first return of the young queen to Scotland, after ten years absence in France, thundered rebukes against her and her religion. Her beauty could not soften his animosity and fanaticism.

8 — Boyd (Robert, 4th Lord Boyd) was trusted by Mary; died in 1590.

9.—Sir Ralph Sadler, Queen Elizabeth's Commissioner at the York trial.

10.—Lennox (Matthew Stuart, 4th Earl), the father of Darnley, and accuser of Queen Mary at Westminster in 1569. He became Regent of Scotland for a year, after the death of Murray, and was himself mortally wounded, 4 Sept., 1571, by the Hamiltons, whom he had oppressed. Succeeded as Regent by Mar.

After making allowance for the bitterest prejudices of an indignant partizan, wholly unscrupulous in his language, and full of rancorous spite against all persons who still held loyal faith in their exiled Queen Mary, the value is to be admitted of the two descriptive ballads which follow on pp. 361 and 366, 'The Regent's Tragedy' and 'The Poisoned Shot.' Both were written by Robert Sempill, who may have been an eye-witness of the murder; as Lord Robert Semple (see p. 379) certainly was.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 2; Society of Antiquaries; State Paper Office, Scottish Series, Vol. XVII. No. 16, February, 1570.]

The Regentis Tragedie, ending with ane Exhortation.

JAMES, Erle of *Murray*, Regent of Renoun,
Now lyis deid, and dulefullie put doun,
Murdreist but mercy, murnand for remeid,
Quha lost his lyfe in *Lythquo* with ane loun,
Giltles, God wait, betraist in to that toun, [=wot.
Slane with ane schot, and saikles put to deid:
Feit be our fais, throw fellonie and feid: [=Hired . . . feud.
Hangman to *Hary*, now Burrio to hir brother: [*H.*=*Darnley*.
Weill may this murther manifest the tother.

Quhat leid on lyfe wald nocht lament his lose? [*leid*=person.
'Wais me, to want him!' is the commoun vo[i]ce;
For sic ane Prince sall neuer pure man haif,
Tint be ane Tratour, steilling vp ane close, [*Tint*=Lost through.
Possest in purpois, lyfe for lyfe to cose; [=to wager.
Bot na compair, ane King's Sone to ane knaif.
Sen he is gone agane my will to graif,
Throw all this Realme I dar weill mak this ruse, [=boast.
Rang nocht his maik, sen buryit was the *Bruse*.

To keip gude reule, he raid and tuke na rest,
Baith South and North, and sumtyme eist and west,
All to decoir our commoun-weill, ye knaw, [=adorn.
Be quhome lat se wes Pirats sa opprest? [See *Note* 1.
Or yit the theiffis sa dantonit, dung, and drest?
Argyle and *Huntlie* hid thame baith for aw, [*Note* 2.
And quhen he mycht, he myst nocht in the Law
Twyse on the day, and sleipit nocht in sleuth,
To se na buddis suld beir thame by the treuth.

Of this foule fact suppois our fais be fane, [=foes.
Yit efter *Moyses*, *Josua* come agane,
To gyde the pepill, geuand the gloir to God:
Suld thay succeid that hes him saikles slane?
Be war with that, I wald ye war not vane,
To haif your waik anis wirryit with the tod. [=fox.
Think ye with ressoun thay suld reule the rod,
With double murther maid vs all ado?
And with our King wald play Cowsauly to? [? cowardly, evilly.

Pray, gif ye pleis, I warne yow ye haif neid,
To keep our King fra cankrit *Kedzochis* seid, [*Note* 3, *Cadyow's*.
That daylie wayis Inuentis to put him doun,
His Grandschir slane at *Lythquo*, gif I reid; [*James* V.
His Gudschir thryse hes left this land in deid, [*Lennox*.
Hary at midnycht murdreist in this toun; [*Darnley*.
His Couzing last, and yit thay clame the Crown.
Blynd *Jok* may g[u]es, gif thir be godly deidis;
Brunt be yone Bischop, in quhome this barret breidis. [ba.=trouble.

Cut of[f] that Papist, Prothogall of partis, [=prodigal.
That with hes lesingis all the laif peruertis [lies . . . rest p.
Syne joyne your forces to the feildis but feir,
Because ye tak your stoutnes all in startis:
To *Hammiltoun* in haist, quhill ye haif hartis;
Deuyse sum way to pay your men of weir, [=War.
Fra he be gane ye neid nocht gather geir;
Fecht weill, and war thame, and wyn the riches thair,
And gif ye de, in deid ye neid na mair.

Curst be ye baith, bischop and *Bochwell-hauch*, [*Note* 4.
For this foule deid, your seid man rak ane sauch,
Gif ye twa want the widdie, now thay wrang yow; [w.=gallows.
Lythquo lament, your burges may luke bauch, [=abash'd.
In beir seid tyme your burrow rudis ly fauch, [=fallow.
Cause of this murther laitly maid amang yow.
Or, gif I trowit, it helpit ocht to hang yow,
Sa suld ye die: and syne your towne in fyre,
Sum part for sythment to asswage our Ire. [s.=payment.

Ouer thir twa housis, for thair deids inding, [*Note* 4.
The hand of God dois ouer thair heidis hing,
Thame to distroy, I dout not in our dayis,
Hepburnis will wraik, for wyrrying of the King, [*Note* 5.
Bot *Hammiltounis*, fy! this was ane foular thing:
Is this your ferme Religioun? Yais! yais!
Sic tyme sall cum, I trow, as *Thomas* sayis: [*T.* the Rhymer.
Hirdmen sall hunt yow up throw *Garranis* gyll,
Castand thair Patlis, and lat the pleuch stand still. [*Note* 6.

Apperandly thir plaigis are powrit out,
To wraik this warld, and wait ye quhair about?
Because we want na vice vnder the heuin:
Sen double murther markis to reule the rout.
With *Niniueitis* lat vs ga cry and schout,
For to retreit yone sentence justly geuin,
Yit thow, gude Lord, that Judgis all thingis euin,
Seand the perrell that over the pepill standis,
Lat nocht thair blude be socht at saikles handis.

Now Lordis and Lairdis, assemblit in this place,
Ouer lang we talk of Tragedeis, allace!
Away with cair, with confort now conclude:
As gude in paper as speik it in your face,
Gif murtherars for geir git ony grace, [=by bribes.
Ye will be schent: think on, I say, for gude,
Sen art and part ar gyltie of his blude: [=abettors.
Quhy suld ye feir or fauour them for fleiching?
Ye hard your self quhat *Knox* spak at the preiching. [*Note* 7.

First on the feildis mak schortly to lat se,
We want but ane, and quhat the wa[u]r ar we?
Sen God wes pleist to pas him out of pyne;
All men on mold ar markit for to de,
With tyme and place appointit; sa wes he;
Lat nocht in cair your curages declyne,
For want of ane, I wuld nocht all suld tyne.
Gar reid at *Roxburgh* quhen the King wes slane, [*James* IV.
And yit ane woman wan the hous agane.

Sen than, be wemen douchtie deidis wer done,
Barronis be blyith, and hald your hartis abone,
And lat vs heir quhairfoir ye hapnit hidder:
Thay are na partit, and ye speid yow sone,
Albeit that *Boyd* be daylie in *Denone*, [=Lord *B. Note* 8.
Lang or *Argyle* be gadderit in togidder; [*Dunoon?*
Quhen all is done, the counsall may considder,
Quhat is the maist yone murtheraris may do,
Suppois that *Huntlie* wald cum help thame to. [*Note* 2.

Had we ane heid wald stoutly vndertakit,
The Barronis sayis, thay suld be bauldly bakit;
Mycht thay for tyritnes trauell of thir tounis:
Quhy stand ye aw of Tratouriris twyse detractit?
Think ye not schame to heir your Lordschipis lakit?
Sum feiris thair flesche, sum greuis to gadder crounis,
Sum happis thair heids, sum belttis thame vp in gounis.
Luke gif your partie prydis thame in thair spurring,
Keipand the feildis, and fryis not in thair furring. [=freeze.

Wa worth the wyfis that fostred yow and fed,
Ye dow not ly vnles ye haif ane bed,
Keip yow fra cauld, haif claith within your scho.
I think greit ferly how ye can be red, [fe.=wonder.
Or fray at thame, that last befoir yow fled, [=Or fear.
Wantand thair Quene, syne God agane thame to,
Quhy ly ye heir with lytill thing ado?
The Barronis biddis yow schortly byde or gang:
Curage decayis, fra *Scottis* men tarie lang.

Haue Lyounnis lukis, and than mak me ane lear!
Be *Hanniballis*, and heis your hartis sum hear.
Bot keip not *Capua*, quhil yone Knaifis incluse yow.
He neidis not work, that hes ane gude ouersear,
Nane neid ye fetch, swa that your hartis war frear.
Bot, be my saule, my self culd never ruse yow: [r.=praise.
I knaw weill for this cryme, Christ sall accuse yow.
For spairing *Agag*, *Saull* wes puneist sair;
Swa sall he yow, I dar nocht say na mair.

The Lord of Hostes, that heuin and eirth commandis,
To keip our King from all vnhappy handis,
The Quene of *Ingland* and hir counsall to:
Ye feir the *Frenchemen* suld ouerlay thir landis,
Bot I heir say, be sum that understandis,
The Doctouris doutis bot thay haif mair ado:
Our Quene is keipit straitly, thair standis scho:
Ingland will help yow, and ye help your sellis,
And be the contrair, craif thame na thing ellis.

This fair ye weill, I flait not to offend yow, [=flyte, scold.
In sempill veirs this Schedull that I send yow, [*Cf.* pp. 359, 388.
Beseikand yow to schort it gif ye may.
Steill ye away, the wyfis will vilepend yow,
And gif ye byde, the burrowis will commend yow.
Best wer, I think, mycht we preuene yone day,
Thair 'Semblis beis on Sonday, I heir say,
In *Glasgow* towne, thinkand to fecht or fle.
It lukis weill: thair, ye get na mair of me. Finis.

The Tragedei's L'envoy. [*text*, 'Lenuoy.'

AS men recordis, in deid, my Lordis,
I schrink not for to schaw;
Suppois ye crak, ye ly abak,
And lybellis be the Law.
Ye mak not to, as men suld do,
I trow ye stand sum aw;
Suppois ye hecht, to se yow fecht,
That day will neuer daw.

Is na remeid, fra he be deid,
Na man to seik ane mendis? [=amends.
Or quha is heir, dar brek ane speir,
Upon yone lymmeris lendis? [*lendis*=loins.
Ye dar not mum, quhill *Saidlar* cum, [Sir *Ralph Sadler*.
To se quhat *Ingland* sendis,
Thinkand to say it, and ay delayit,
And swa the mater endis.

With sychis and sobbis, and beltit robbis,
Ye counterfite the dule:
Quhat douchtie deidis, to weir sic weidis,
Except it wer ane fule.
Mak of the towne, and cow thame downe,
Now, or your curage cule:
For *Maddie* sayis, "Byde ye aucht dayis,
Ye be not thair quhill *Yule*." [Compare p. 384.

Is this the thing, "quha gydis the King?"
Ye can not all aggre?
Now fy for schame, feche *Lennox* hame,
Ye haif nane narer nor he. [Afterw. Regent.
Gif he want grace, to gyde that place,
Cheis outher twa or thre!
Than war I fane, bot all in vane;
To wis, and will nocht be. 176

And sum thair bene waittis on the Quene,
Bot gaip ay quhill thay get hir;
And war scho heir, I tak no feir,
The Feynd aby we set hir! [=devil may care!
For we ar, now, als stark, I trow,
As farnyer quhen we met hir; [f.=last year.
Quhen all is done, thay start ouer sone,
To boist, and not the better. [=to brag.

I think it best ye tak na rest,
Gif ye durst vndertak it;
And we be trew, we ar anew,
Ye salbe bauldly bakit.
Bot, sen I se it will not be
That meter will not mak it,
The Feynd mak cair, I say na mair,
I rew that euer I spak it. Finis.

Quod **Robert Sempill.**

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1570.

[In Black-letter, without woodcut, as are all of the series. 'The Poisoned Shot' is on the same event, with moralization. No exemplar of it is at the State Paper Office, London. The plain speech about the two Queens must have made it dangerous to let Burleigh see it. He dared not show it to the irritable Elizabeth. Of the other Sempill Ballates many words were elaborately cancelled by ink-erasures, in the Cotton Manuscripts and elsewhere, but not in the Roxburghe exemplars. Evidently Sir William Drury and the rebellious Morton, who sent the broadsides to England, had been afraid of leaving compromising words unexpurgated, such as 'licherous luife,' 'wylie,' '*Maryis* mynde,' her 'lust,' 'my wratchid wyfe,' and 'wicked women!' in the '*Testament and Tragedie*': see pp. 344, 345. They can still be deciphered.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 1; Society of Antiquaries' broadsides.]

The Poysonit Schot.

GIf wicked vice first sen the world began,
Had, age be age, but punishment increst!
In eirth lang syne thair had bene nothing than,
Saif only vice and malice manifest.
Bot to thir dayis sic meanis God ay drest
Aganis vice that vertew ay hes streuin:
Thocht ãther vther be tyme hes [oft] opprest,
Last Justice Judge bure ay the ballance euin.

Sa of hes plesure it plesit him prouyde,
Us to exerce, as ship vnder the saill: [*Cf.* p. 368.
Sum tyme in storme, sum tyme in temperate tyde,
To let vs knaw this warld is but fraill.
Betuix gude and euill markand our trauaill,
In euill's flude not menand our nawfrage: [=shipwreck.
Princes be Justice he ordanit in this vaill,
Us to conduct as Pilats dois their Barge.

And sa we se in Stories, as we reid,
Ay to thir dayis sum Magistrates did ring: [=reign.
Sum gude, sum euill, be tyme as did succeid,
At quhais plesure vertew did fade or spring;
The gude did vertew, the wicked vice vpbring,
Quhat plesis them the same the pepill suittis;
And sa we se the mañers of the King
Is ay the mark quhairat hes subjectis shuittis.

This part to preif, be thair particular liues,
It war to[o] lang in vulgare veirs expres it;
At lenth, the same, sen Cronickles discriues,
And als experience, will cause vs to confes it;
And last of all, how wicked vice incresit,
Among our selves, throw *Marei's* negligence:
And how the same began to be suppressit,
Be *Murrayi's* meane, we haif experience.

Quhat vice rais up, reuolue into your minds,
Quhat sin, quhat schame, in hir last dayis did reil!
That prudent Prince, gif that he tuik sum pynis
That mys to mend, I hope ye haif ane feill. [f. = belief.
Gif ocht he socht, except ane commoun weill,
The gloir of God, and Kingis obedience;
And in that cause maid Justice ay his sheild:
I seik na Judge, bot your awin conscience. 40

His awin estate he cairit ay to knaw,
For pompe nor pryde can na man say he preist; [=strove.
Societie he socht, and keipit curage law,
Thinkand alwayis that mesure was ane feist:
His peple luifit, and cairit for the leist,
For profite panst not, nor his commoditie: [p.=cared.
In trouble trauellit: his cũmer neuer ceist
Ay to his wraik, and our utilitie.

Thus be his prudence vertew was erectit:
In him the pure oppresed had releif;
Throw him Idolatrie and vice was ejectit,
Throw him God's Kirk and peple fand releif;
Throw him wes vinqueist the veildars of this greif; [=causers.
Throw him this realme fand su[re] stabilitie;
Throw him was baneist thift, murther, and reif,
Piracie puneist, and deuillische sorcerie. [*Cf.* p. 360.

Sa vertew sprang, and vice began to faide,
Oppressioun fled, and Justice tuik the place;
His godly lyfe all godly men may aide,
Be his exemple vertew to imbrace.
And als his lyfe may, in ane other cace,
All Princes warne heirefter to succeid;
Thair foes to flatter, that hes ane double face,
And to be war to clap ane tratour's heid.

Euen as the man, the quhilk be musik playis,
Mistonit stringis castis not away, we se,
But peice and peice be sundrie wrestis and layis
Ilk ane with vther, be tyme causis agre;
Even so that Prince thocht be humilitie
His peple wyn, and concord to contrake;
But as sum stringis will rather brek nor be,
Euen so the wickit be mercy will not make.

His mercy wan; but mair his mercy tint; [*tint* =lost.
Not he, bot we, his mercy now may rew.
His mercy loist, we wan, the swordis dint,
His mercy saifit, be murther that him slew.
Suppose his mercy this bergane to vs brew,
Yit mene I not bot men suld mercy vse
To penitents, quha myndis not vice renew:
Bot nane to sic continewis in abuse. 80

His mercy saifit, quha mercy not deseruit,
His mercy did preserue the arrogant:
His mercy sum amangis vs hes preseruit,
Thocht thay seme holy, in deid thay are na sanct.

His mercy saifit, we wer the better want,
Thair Serpents seid to tyranis wald vs thral.
Because sic peple in tyme he did not dant, [d.=conquer
But warldly mercy, Christ sufferit him to fall.

For mortall malice and curst couetice,
With wickit Inuy commouit all in Ire;
And prydefull arrogance, the mother of all vice,
Aganis that Prince did cruelly conspire.
His fais' hartis inflamit all in fyre,
His blude to seik, Invyfull of his gloir;
Saikles to shuit him, ane harlet feit for hyre, [= rascal.
Hangman to *Hary*, that tratouris wes befoir. [*Cf.* p. 360.

O bludy bouchour, bastard of *Balial's* blude,
Quha to this Realme had nother lufe nor zeill!
O tressonable tratour, be tresson that thocht gude,
Murdreis the Prince, preseruer of this weill!
O sorrowfull shot, thy poysoun did doun steill,
Not only him, quhom wofully thow woundit,
Bot pure and riche, thy vennoume hes gart feill,
Of his deir deith the stoundis him confoundit.

That shot, allace! this realme hes shot in tway;
That shot to vice the portis hes oppinit plane;
That shot hes Justice and vertew shot away;
That shot Idolatrie is shuitand vp agane.
Sic shottis vnpuneist, gif la[n]g tyme thai remane,
Vice sall be vertew, and vertew sall be vice;
Wrang sall be richt, and richt salbe thocht vane;
Ilk ane vnpuneist sall pleis thair awin deuice.

That shot hes sinderit quhilk was togidder knit;
That shot hes cuillit our curage as the leid;
That shot hes feiblit our manly force and wit;
That shot our sichts hes blindit all in deid.
We se, and spyis not our sorrowis to succeid;
We meint, and meinis not, this wickitnes correck;
We wald, and will not, hank thame be the heid
Quha hes preparit the swordis for our nek. 120

Vagabounds we wander in miserie and wo,
As ship but Ruther, sa ga we now, but gyde; [=without rudder.
We skail, we scatter, we wait not quhair we go,
Spyis not the rock quhairo[n] we rashe our syde.
We haif na grace nor power to prouyde
Aganis this rage and crueltie remeid;
Bot willingly, allace! throw arrogance and pryde,
Offers this Realme as Sacrifice to deid. [*i.e.* to death.

In place of peace now murther Weir vprasis,
  In place of lufe Invy amangis vs springis,
In place of faith his freind Falset betrasis, [=Falsehood.
  In place of rest Rebellioun with us ringis. [=reigns.
  In place of ane, we haue so mony Kingis,
The Crownit King gettis na obedience;
  Sum *France* for aide, and sum *Ingland* inbringis,
The ane for wrak, the tother for defence.

And so this Realme, quhilk enemies oft sayit
  With cruell weir and sturdie stormis fell,
Quhilk feirfull force of *England* neuer frayit,
  Of *France* the feir, nor *Spaine* in iust quarrel;
  Quhilk to thir days unuenqueist buir the bell,
Sall now, allace! be fatell destinie,
  As *Aiax* wes, be vanquer of the sell,
On proper knyfe constraynit for to die.

Quhat wald, allace! our Kingis and elders say,
  Gif in thir dayis from heuin thai now descendit,
To se this Realme so dulefully decay,
  In quhais defence thair lusty lyues thay endit?
  Thay wald, I trust, repent thair time sa spendit,
They wald, I wait, thair labouris loist forthink,
  To se thair Babes, the blude, quhilk thai defendit,
Aganis nature sa cruelly vpdrink.

Justlie this plague, I dout not, we deseruit,
  Seikand the menis of our awin mischeif;
Bakwart from God because we haif sueruit,
  Thairfoir we taist his punischment in greif.
  Yit in his mercy haifand ay beleif,
Still sall I pray his deuine Maiestie,
  Aganis this rage to send vs releif,
Our King to saif, and his Nobilitie. 160

Lenbove.

Go, bony bill, deploir
  Of deith the dolent stound,
Quhilk did our Prince devoir,
  James, Regent of Renoun.
I pray the[e] go, declair the wo
  Sen syne that dois abound;
I gif command, throw burgh and land,
  The same yow gar resound.

Our cair may moue the stonis,
And hauie rockis to rair:
Swa mony stormes at onis,
Struke neuer land sa sair. [=sore.
The cause of that, the heuins wat, [=Heaven knows.
Not I, I yow declair,
Except it be, to let vs se
How Kingdomes ar bot cair. 176

Yit, lat vs not dispair;
Into thir walis of wo,
God may conuert our cair
In plesure and in jo. [=joy.
He may discord turne in accord,
And mak him freind was so;
He may, I trest, set vs at rest,
Thocht all the warld say no.

It sulde releue our greif,
To se our King bening;
In him I hope releif,
Of yeiris thocht he be ying. [=young.
His future age, sum great presage
Presentis vs in his Ring; [=reign.
Quha our defence, in his nascence,
Tuik haill in gouerning. Finis.

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1570.

*** Since 'Ane Tragedie, in forme of ane Diallog betwix Honour, Gude Fame, and the Authour heirof in ane Trance' is not reprinted here (see p. 356), we give the lines (333 to 352) descriptive of the death of Murray at Linlithgow:

"On Sonday than, the quhilk wes zisterday,
Vnto this towne he come, soupit and lay,
Dynit this day, and at aleuin houris,
Thair wes ane knaif of his conspiratouris,
Ane *Hammiltoun*, within the bischoppis stair, [*Cf.* p. 360.
Quhilk schot him, as thow seis, withouttin mair;
Syne at the bak zet suddanlie he fled;
Sum saw him weill, and followit his hors tred;
Quhilk hors was knawin belanging to Lord *Johne*, [Bp. St. *And.*
Quha with the rest this act maid to be done.
Bot to our sone we keipit cumpanie,
Quhilk in our armes within this hour did die.

"Than deid with him all vertus cardinall,
Than deid with him justice imperiall:
For in his tyme God's word was trewly preichit,
And in his tyme collegis rychtlie teichit.
Not only lufit he vprychteousnes,
Bot als he hatit vice and vitiousnes;
Not only did he lufe God, and him ken,
Bot als he hatit all vngodly men." [Line 352.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 3. Probably unique.]

The Kingis Complaint.

WIth hauie hart on *Snadoun* hill,* [=*Stirling.*
Ane young King I hard schout and schill;
With reuthfull rair he did record,
Prayand, as I haif writ this bill:
"Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord."

He sayis: "This causles I not craif,
For is he now gone to his graif, [*text*, 'Hor.'
My commoun weill that maist decorde;
Na mervell albeit my hart claif
For sorrow of his deith, O Lord.

"Hard is my chance, all tyme and houris,
And harder to my Gouernouris,
The hardest (bot wo am I forde)
To him hes felt of deith the schouris,
And only for thy cause, O Lord.

"Quhen I was not yit ane yeir auld,
Bothwell, that bludy Bouchour bauld,
My Father cruelly devorde, [*Darnley*, 1566-7.
Be him betrayit, and his blude sauld:
Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

"Than Father slaine, Mother was schent, [*schent*=shamed.
My Gudschir flemit Incontinent, [Grandsire *Lennox* banished.
My self to poyson it was schorde, [=threatened.
Me to betray was summis Intent:
Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

"Than up thow rasit to reule my Ring, [=Reign.
In to my tender yeiris zing, [z.=young.
My Faithfull freind that maid him forde,
James Regent, my Uncle ding: [*ding*=worthy.
Judge and Reuenge my cause, O Lord.

"He was my Buckler and my beild,
He was my Targe, my speir, and sheild,
My stait maist hie for to restorde,
He futtit euer mair the feild:
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

---

* *Note.*—Stirling. The Bischoppis lyfe and testament, 2nd stanza, reads,

"Endlang ane Park I past without repair,
Be *Snawdoun* syde, the seuint day of *Apryle*," etc.

James Stuart, the "young king," was now in his fourth year, April, 1570.

" For me he left Kyn, Freind, and wyfe,
For me he sufferit daylie stryfe,
For me he was haill Indeuorde,
For me now he hes loist his lyfe:
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" For me that Nobill of Renoun,
With ane Tyke Tratour *Hammiltoun*,
Was schot, and throw the body borde,
For the mantening of my Crowne:
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" Peloure, thow peirst him gaif ye peace, [P.=thief.
Tratoure to him that gaif the grace;
Behind his bak thy Gunne him gorde,
Quhome thow, nor none of thyne, durst face:
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord. 50

" Lord, sen my gratious gyde is gone,
And I am left as Byrd allone,
This thing maist eirnistly I implorde:
That Instantly thow steir vp one
For to Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" Sen for my saik now he is slane,
Lord, for thy grace, grant me agane,
That deith my lyfe neuer deuorde [=devour.
Quhill that fals tressonabill trane [=Until.
Be with my hand Reuengd, O Lord.

" O *Scotland*, thy *Josias* trew,
That first Idolatrie ouerthrew,
He was, and Christs trew Kirk restorde;
Throw him in my Realme grace ay grew:
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" He *Abrahamis* Faith but feir profest,
He *Dauidis* mercy manifest,
With *Salomonis* wit he was decorde, [=adorned.
Sampsonis strenth to him accrest: [=gathered.
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" Theif and Reuer he did dant,
Justice and vertew he did plant;
Quhair thair was mys he gart remorde: [=fault . . remorse.
My Faithfull seruant and thy Sanct,
Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" As his Renoun is all ouerblawin,
And now his deith plainly furthschawin,
Sa sall all blyithnes he abhorde,
Quhill his Reuenge be alswa knawin, [=also.
Throw thy help and support, O Lord.

" All ye, my trew Nobilitie,
That fauourit him, and seruit me,
Lat not his duilfull deith be smorde, [=stifled.
Bot it Reuenge maist cruellie:
For it is the will of the Lord.

" And quha his deith dois sair regaird,
And it to puneis will not spaird,
I wow to the[e] in quhome he glorde,
Thay sall not mys ane riche rewaird,
For to Reuenge his cause, O Lord.

" Now sall appeir, in wark and nature,
Quha is the trew man, quha is the trature,
Quha fittis the feild, quha cuiris not forde; [=cowers not for it.
The trew liege be the Rubiature, [*contra* the robber.
In this cause salbe kend, O Lord.

" And think that thay that did this deid,
With lyke effect dois seik my heid,
For to be beatin downe and smorde; [=smother'd.
All faithfull hartis quyte thair meid,
And thow Reuenge my cause, O Lord. 100

" For surely thair will and intent,
That seikis of me the Gouernment,
Be fraudfull factiounis, I stand forde, [=for it.
Wald me forfault in Parliament, [=forfeit.
Gif thow withstude thame not, O Lord.

" My Coronatioun thay deny,
And dois maist spytefully defy
All thame that faithfully restorde
Me to my Crowne and Seignorie:
Thy michtie hand requyte thame, Lord.

" Last, Lord, now him of me hes cvre, [*Lennox.*
And in quhais handis I think me sure,
Thy puissant power I Implorde,
That he with me lang dayis Indure, [*L.* died next year.
For to Reuenge his cause, O Lord."

With this the Babe he gifis ane rair,
Quhilk maid my hart to sich sa sair,
That farther I culd not recorde,
Bot with him sall cry euer mair,
"Judge and Reuenge his cause, O Lord." Finis.

[No colophon; probably 'Imprentit at *Edinburgh*, by *Robert Lekpreuik*, 1570,' soon after the death of the Regent Murray, when the young Prince James, nominally king since July, 1567, but kept closely guarded at Stirling, was in his fourth year.]

The True Character of the Regent Murray.

AGAINST the adulation of Murray by the systematic defamer of Mary, James Anthony Froude, let the sober words of the temperate and accurate historian Patrick Fraser Tytler be outweighingly laid to heart.

"There are some facts, especially such as occurred during the latter part of his career, which throw suspicion upon his motives, and weigh heavily against him. He [*Murray*] consented to the murder of *Riccio* [*sic*]; to compass his own return to power, he unscrupulously leagued himself with men whom he knew to be the murderers of the king; used their evidence to convict his sovereign, and refused to turn against them till they began to threaten his power and declined to act as the tools of his ambition. If we regard private faith and honour, how can we defend his betrayal of *Norfolk*, and his consent to deliver up *Northumberland*? If we look to love of country—a principle now, perhaps, too lightly esteemed, but inseparable from all true greatness—what are we to think of his last ignominious offers to Elizabeth? If we go higher still, and seek for that love which is the only test of religious truth, how difficult is it to think that it could have a place in his heart, whose last transaction went to aggravate the imprisonment, if not to recommend the death, of a miserable princess, his own sister and his sovereign! The actions of Murray disprove all his hypocritical words of righteousness and piety."

——Tytler's *Hist. of Scotland*, vol. iii, p. 58, ed. 1875.

By an unintended coincidence Shakespeare recorded the verdict—

"O Scotland, Scotland!
If such a one be fit to govern? speak!
I am as I have spoken."

"Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?"

The tragedy at Linlithgow raised hope anew of 'wholesome days.' Had not Elizabeth sent English troops into Scotland from Hunsdon at Berwick, Queen Mary's cause might have revived. But her life in any event was foredoomed to be sacrificed to her bitter enemy. She would never have suffered Mary to escape alive from imprisonment; proffers were made to cause her to be privately murdered, before resorting to the public 'Execution.' With allied cowardice and cunning, Elizabeth prevaricated about the signature to the death-warrant; she unjustly punished William Davison, her secretary, doubling her own disgrace.

The Crooked leads the Blind.

" And be a gyde to blind men in a rank,
Yit for sic seruice seruis bot lytill thank."
——*The Bird in the Cage.*

STANDING apart from the monotonous declamation and dreary verbosity of other political diatribes, historically interesting but pulpitously afflicting, such a saucy satire as 'The Cruikit leidis the Blinde' comes to refresh the wayfarer. Once more he finds himself living in a world of meat and drink, in contact with men who can laugh heartily, and trip up the heels of their oppressors at the right moment. From the sanctified hypocrites, the pilferers and sturdy beggars, the blood-stained and perjured tyrants, who leagued themselves together, ready to forswear one another for any higher bidder; in short, from the whole of the confederate and repulsive Lordlings of the Congregation in the rebellious Northern land, we are glad to turn away for a moment of respite, and catch a glimpse of the shrewd rural labourer (the '*landward Jock*' of pp. 348, 378, the proverbial *Jok Up-a-land* of Walter Kennedy) and the women (such as "Maddie, prioress of the Kale-market"). They lived industriously and, occasionally, died quietly, without having been hanged or quartered.

Among them the Scottish poets, the 'Makars,' found an auditory from early date. Echoes of their music, plaintive and humorous, their passionate love, their blithesome merriment, have never ceased to wander in their native land, while the English were forgetting their own choice songsters in a frivolous pursuit of novelty. Much has perished, even in the North. Tantalizing fragments of lost lyrics, limited to suggestive single lines, or mutilated "traditionary versions," remain to tell of the olden wealth, beside the ampler but inferior store of the Bannatyne and Maitland MSS. We catch glimpses of the honest country folk, the toilers and spinners, the true wealth of Scotland, untrammelled by the factions who warred mutually in paltry ambition; unsoiled by the brutal passions of the misleaders who assumed the name of patriots.

The person specially aimed at, as being "The Crooked," was Sir William Maitland, the younger, of Lethington, known as '*Liddington*,' the Scottish Machiavell, cleverest schemer of his day, and far more honourable than the men who reviled him. At this date, April, 1570, and after the death of Murray, he was "interned" at Edinburgh, in the Castle governed by Sir William Kirkcaldy, of the Grange, who held him in captivity neither irksome nor degrading. Connected with "The Crooked" is another Sempill ballad of the same date, where Maitland was designated the 'Bird in the Cage.' It affects to be sung by '*Maddie*, Prioress of the Caill-mercat.' (See pp. 343, 384.) It is in the State Paper Office, Scot. Series, vol. xvii, No. 72, April, 1570. Begins—

" A Bailfull bird that wantis wingis to fle,
Nureist in a nest richt craftie wylis to hatche."

It mentions him as "In craftiness to *Sinon* worthy match"; as "a gyde to blind men in a rank" (confirming the title of this present ballad); and as

" A scurvie Schollar of *Machiauellus* lair, [=learning.
Inuenting wylis anoyntit Kingis to thrall," etc.

In the 'L'Envoy' Maitland is addressed as "Jack in the Box."

[Roxb. Coll., III, 4; State Paper Office, Scot. Series, XVII, No. 71, April, 1570.]

The Cruikit leidis the Blinde.

THis warld it waggis I wot not how,
And na man may ane vther trow,
And euerie man dois pluke and pow, [=pluck and pull.
And that the pure may finde; [=poor.
Our Court it is decayit now
The cruikit leidis the blinde.

Althocht the warldlie wise be cruikit,
This commoun weill he hes miscuikit,
Our Lords ar blinde, and dois ouerluikit,
He gydis thame as he list,
Tak thay not tent he will not huikit
To gyde thame in the mist.

He halds our Lords at variance,
He garris the tane put esperance
They will get daylie help of *France*,
This he garris thame confide, [=forces.
Sayis *Ingland* will bring mony [a] Lance
Unto the vther side.

Our Lords ar now delt in twa sydis,
And euerie faction in him confydis;
Ye will heir tell how he thame gydis,
And ye leif yeiris few.
Sen he hes maid sa mony slydis
Trow ye he can be trew?

Fra he in Court in credite grew,
He did ay change the Court anew;
The Quene his doingis sair did rew,
And richt sa did hir Mother;
The counsall kennis gif he was trew,
To him that was hir Brother. [The base-born *Murray*.

In *Edinburgh*, quhen they convene,
Our Lords to him they gang bedene;
As he war outher King or Quene,
He hes thame at his bidding.
His craftie counsall will be sene,
Quhen Doggs barkis on the midding. [=dust-heap.

Albeit he haif the Feuer quartane,
He suld be made Knycht of the Gartane;
He rewlis *Edinburgh* and *Dunbartane*,
As *Maddie* dois me tell; [*Cf.* pp. 343, 384.
Gif he war Pape, I am richt certane,
He wald reule heuin and hell.

Gif he gar *Atholl* do sic schame,
As to consent to bring hir hame, [*Mary.*
And gif the gyding to Madame;
They will put downe the King.
The Crowne will alter fra that Name,
Than Murderars may sing.

He hes gart *Hume* begin to tyre, [*Note*, p. 380.
Althocht that he gat his desyre;
Bot he will leid him in the myre,
Thocht he hecht to defend him,
And *Ingland* set his lands in fyre:
I wat not quha will mend him.

Als he gat *Setoun* out of hands, [*Note*, p. 380.
From forfalting he sauit his lands;
Thocht he be lyand under bands,
He will not knaw the King:
Sen ye ken how the mater stands,
Suld he haif leif to fling?

Our richt Regent, quha was our targe, [*Cf.* p. 371.
Laid sindrie things vnto his charge,
The quhilk in deid war verray large,
As is kend with anew;
Ye haif geuin him ane plane discharge,
And sayis it was not trew.

I wat ye saw neuer ane styme, [=glimpse.
And wantit baith ressoun and ryme,
Quhen ye forgaif him all his cryme,
And maid his oddis evin;
Thocht he be fristit at this tyme, [=stayed.
He will not be forgeuin.

I pray yow, Lordis on ather syde,
That ye his sawis do not confyde; [= protests.
For I will sweir yow be Sanct *Bryde*,
He suffeis not thre strais [=scruples not.
Quha suld be rewlar nor our gyde;
May he bruke that he hais.

All thir maters he dois bot mock,
He hes deuysit mony sic block;
He can begyle ane Landwart *Jock*, [=country loon.
Except he ken him weill:
Thay say he can baith quhissill and cloik, [=whistle & cluck.
And his mouth full of meill.

My Lordis, quhat is this that ye mene?
I thinke the holkis ouergangis your ene. [=cataract?
I wald sum man wald scheir yow clene, [=couch.
That ye micht se thir faultis;
And be not blinde, as ye haif bene,
Nor led with thame that haultis. **Finis.**

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1570.

*** Absent from the Roxburghe Collection, but preserved in the State Paper Office, Scottish Series, vol. xvii, April, 1570, No. 73, is another unique Black-letter ballad, entitled 'The Hailsome Admonitioun.' It begins with an address to 'gudely *Grange*,' Sir William Kirkcaldy, "O Lamp of licht, and peirles Peirll of pryse!" Lekpreuik's name is given as printer, but not Sempill's as author. It warns the laird of Grange, lest he fall away, by holding the Castle for Mary: "to that intent that *Jezabell* suld ring" [reign]. See later, pp. 380, 396.

" The word of God for euer sall preuaill,
And als his kirk sall haue the ouer hand ....
And als the Kingis Authoritie sall stand,
As *Dauid's* did, thocht *Saull* did him molest.
So sall our King at lenth posses this land,
As vtheris hes, in quyetnes and rest. 96

" This godly caus did euer prosper still,
Sen he was King, our Gouvernor and gyde;
Baith at *Carbarry* and the *Langsyde* hill [1567.
The michtie God was euer on his syde." Etc.

" Thocht, at this tyme, thow haif that warlyke craig, [*Edinb.* Castle.
And is in hart curagious and bald,
God will nocht mys to scurge the[e] with a plaig
Gif in his caus thow lat thy curage cald.
As thou may se thick scurgis monyfald
Licht vpon thame that provdly dois disdane;
Except the Lord be watche-man of the hald,
Quha walkis the same, thair laubour is in vane. 136

" Thow hes bene ane, sen first this caus began,
And als hes sene, how God gart it proceid,
Heirfoir, I pray, zit do the thing thow can
Into God's caus, and to Reuenge his deid. [=death.
And gif thow swerue, richt sair in hart I dreid
That sindrie sall thy doingis discommend.
Auise heiron, sen now is tyme of neid;
Mark weill, I pray, this Schedull that I send."

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. M.D.LXX.

The Admonition to the Lords.

" His speech was worse than any commination:
He curs'd the City, and he curs'd the Church;
He cursed the houses, and he cursed their stones;
He curs'd, in short, in such miraculous wise,
That nothing was exempted from his ban:
Then, sir, indeed, the people's wrath was roused."
——FIRMILIAN, *Student of Badajoz*, sc. xi.

NO man in the year 1570 more insatiably hungered and thirsted after uncleanness (certainly not the outcast Bothwell, in his Danish prison at Malmoe) than did Robert Sempill, coarse enditer of ferocious diatribes, raven after vengeance and slaughter. He was the Scottish Thersites. In comparison with him John Knox was a meek temporiser. To hew Agag in pieces before the Lord was his ideal of the priestly function. He imagined himself called perpetually to avenge the blood of the saints. He canonized Darnley and Murray for their supposititious martyrdom. Any personal friend might be accounted Abel, but every personal foe would be represented as Achan or Cain. Even in his own day, when blood was heated and sane judgment became as rare as generosity, the readers of the Sempill broadsides must have grown weary of his intemperate zeal, his bloodthirsty outcries, his unrelenting intolerance.

He need not be confounded with his namesake, Robert Lord Sempill, whose name is incidentally mentioned in several ballads, this 'Admonition' (p. 381) being included. *Lord* Robert Sempill was a devout Catholic, although a friend of Murray, and in company with him at Linlithgow when the Regent was slain. Robert Sempill the ballad-writer belonged to the same clan as his chief, and had been formerly a friend of Alexander Montgomery, who wrote 'The Cherry and the Slae,' a better poet than himself. He remained a Protestant Calvinist of most extreme views to the end, which is said to be of the date 1595. He would thus be able to exult over the butchery of Queen Mary in 1587, but not survive long enough to witness the death of Lord Seton and the simultaneous departure of the King, to take his seat on the English throne as James the First, after ruling in Scotland as James the Sixth.

Notes.—The 'Admonition' again demands revenge for the slaying of the Regent Murray. It mentions Douglas, meaning either Archibald or William. Archibald Douglas, eighth Earl of Angus, nephew of James Douglas, fourth Earl of Morton, and ultimately his heir: *ob.* 1588. It may more probably refer to Sir William Douglas, of Lochleven, one of the murderers of Rizzio, in 1565;

in 1567 he was a confederate sworn to avenge Darnley. When she had surrendered at Carberry-hill, he was chosen to be the gaoler of Queen Mary, at Lochleven; after Langside, he joined Murray as her accuser at York. Later, in 1572, he became the infamous betrayer of Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, selling his life to Elizabeth, delivering him at Edinburgh for £2,000, "money paid down." In 1588 he himself became an Earl of Morton, 6th or 7th. *Obiit* 27 Sept. 1606.

Alexander, 5th Lord Home (=Hume), took coronation oath to James. Had been wounded at Langside. In 1572 he was with Kirkcaldy of Grange, Sir Robert Melville, and the two Maitlands, holding the Castle of Edinburgh against Regent Morton and the English under Drury. *Ob.* 1575.

The 5th Earl of Atholl (John Stewart), Lord Chancellor of Scotland, one of the Marian leaders against Morton. Died in 1579, probably poisoned.

John, Lord Erskine, Earl of Mar, chosen Regent of Scotland, 6th Sept., 1571, after the death of Lennox; equally short was his Regency, for he died at Stirling, 23 October, 1572. Probably poisoned by Morton.

Another Stewart, Henry, 2nd Lord Methven, was killed at Broughton, Edinburgh, by a cannon shot from the besieged castle, 3 March, 1571–72.

One of the Grahams is named, but without distinct specialization: perhaps William Graham, 5th Earl of Menteith; died 1587.

Patrick Lindsay, 5th Lord Lindsay of the Byres, the Reformer, a bitter and brutal enemy of the Queen, foremost in the violent enforcement of her abdication at Lochleven, as he had been in the slaughter of Rizzio.

David Lindsay, 10th Earl of Crawford, husband of Cardinal Beatoun's daughter, was a faithful adherent of the Queen.

Grange, that is Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, was, with his brother James, foully executed after his surrender of Edinburgh Castle, in August, 1573 (see pp. 375, 378, 396). Another valiant defender of a stronghold for Queen Mary was John, 5th Lord Fleming of Dumbarton Castle, who was wounded in July, 1572, and died on 6 Sept. at Biggar.

Alexander Cunningham, 5th Earl of Glencairn, boasted of having purged Holyrood Chapel of 'papistical' ornaments. He died in 1574.

Sempill, associated here with Glencairn, is of course Lord Robert Sempill, and evidently not the writer of the ballad. It is incredible that they were one and the same person, and moreover the author of *Philotus* in 1568. As well might we be asked to believe in the identity of William Seres and William Shakespeare, each writer signing himself W. S.; as does the writer of 'The Lamb's Feast' on pp. 400, 410.

Robert, 6th Lord Seton (pp. 343, 377, 379), stood faithful to Queen Mary, with fifty servants ready on the shores of Lochleven when she made her escape. He survived till 1603, and his funeral ominously crossed James VI on the day when he was quitting Scotland to assume the English crown, the price of his cold-blooded, unfilial apathy, and his flattery of his own mother's murderess.

In the sixth stanza (p. 382) the widow of Regent Murray is called "Lady *An*, his maik" or spouse. In 1561, when created Earl of Mar, he had married the Lady Agnes or Anne Keith, with so much ostentatious splendour that John Knox publicly admonished him, and a coolness ensued. She was the eldest daughter of the Earl of March, Wm. Keith, 4th Earl Marischal. Her second husband, *circâ* 1573–74, was Colin Campbell, 6th Earl of Argyle.

In the eighth stanza are coupled as 'Tygers' James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh (p. 359) and James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell (pp. 360, 393).

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 5; Society of Antiquaries, London.]

The Admonitioun to the Lordis.

FOr lois, thow, *Lythquo*, may miserably lament [=loss.
Thy fait Infortunat and duilfull destanie;
That precious peirle, *James*, our Regent,
In the[e] was slane, dissauit duilfullie.
O cursit hour! O deid of fellonie!
O waryit hand! O wappin violent! [=cursed h.
That spairit not his greit Nobilitie
Sa vndeseruit suddandly to be schent. [=confounded.

In wickit hour he saift the from the Gallous, [=*Ham.* of *B.*
Or schew his grace to sic ane graceles grume;
Had thow bene hangit, Tratour, and thy fallowis,
This commoun weill had borne the Laurell blume.
Better Justice was not from hence to *Rome;*
Mair quyet peace befoir neuer King heir held:
Allace! that sic ane Tratour suld consume
His dayis befoir our King had bene of eild.

Dowglas and *Hume*, addres you now anone, [See pp. 379, 380.
His tressonabill dolent deith for to Reuenge;
With *Atholl*, *Erskyn*, and *Stewartis*, euerie one,
Grame and *Lyndsay*, remember on this change.
Schaw now he lufit the manly Laird of *Grange;*
Glenkarne and *Sempil*, conuene with ane accorde: [*N.B.*
Throw out this Realme lyke Ratches se ye range, [=seizers.
And seik thair blude that hes his body borde.

All other Erlis and Barrounis of renown,
Conuene your selfis, with hart and haill Intent,
All partakeris to put to confusioun;
With him that slew that *Abell* Innocent.
And in your harts perfytlie do it prent,
Gif one of yow siclyke had loist his breith,
How day and nycht he wald be diligent:
Your cause and quarrell Reuenge unto the deith.

Edinburgh, *Dundie*, and other Burrowtownis,
Remember how the Regent lufit yow weill;
Heill nor conceill, reset nane of thay lownis, [=shelter.
Nother art nor part, that did his body keill.
Sen he was keiper of your commoun weill,
Cleik on his quarrell, and schortly you dispone. [=testify.
Lat neuer that Ruffians within your roumis reill, [=roll.
Bot kyith no[r] kyndenes, quhen that his grace is gone.

You[r] tender King, now behind dois abyde, [*text*, Young.
Thy seruand schot was only for thy saik;
Had he not tane thy Gouernance and gyde,
Lang mycht he leuit with Lady *An*, his maik. [*Agnes*, p. 380.
Na tratour *Hammiltoun* had geuin that mortal straik,
War not in hope to make thy Grace forlorne;
Thay thocht his deith wald mak thy power waik,
And than obtene thay socht sa lang beforne. 48

Bot God, that hes thy Maiestie in cure,
Will fruster all thair fulische Interprysis,
As war thay Bouchers thy Father did combure, [*comb.*=burn.
Quha flemit ar for thair deuillische deuysis. [=banished.
Thair fact and act, all *Scotland* now disprysis,
Thair awin misdeidis hes sa ondone thair weill;
Thay dar neuer enter in Ju[d]gement nor assysis,
Nor clame thair lands, that did thy Father keill.

Quhat trow ye, Tygers, that God omnipotent
Will wynk vnsene sic wickitnes and wrang?
Ye may be sure his bow is reddy bent,
Yow to ruit out: luke ford, and think not lang. [=for it.
Hammiltoun and *Hepburne*, ye will sing baith ane sang.
Shrewit is that seruice, ye haif schawin to your King:
Wald poysonit him self, his Father wyrreit strang,
Now slane his Regent, to mak your selfis to ring.

Wo worth! vnlefull meinis manifest, [=unlawful.
That ye haif socht to bruik Authoritie,
Yet vnobtenit, quhill that our King may lest:
Quhome Christ conserve in his Minoritie.
That tender plant our Superioritie
Suld haif, quha is our kindly King of nature,
The King of Kingis of his Maioritie,
Mak neuer ane King ouer *Scotland* of a Tratoure.

Wo to the scheddars of his saikles blude!
Wo, cause of wo, sa mony did commend!
Wo to thay Gysouris, of godlynes denude! [=maskers.
Wo to thay Pelouris, sic Interprysis pretend! [=thieves.
Wo thame Inuolue, now quhen his wo hes end!
Wo, and eik wrak, mot fall that bludy band!
Wo will thay cry, and rew that thay him kend,
For wo quhen that thay lois bath lyfe and land!

Schamt is that sort, with schame thai wilbe schent;
Schamt, schameles, schame hes schawin vnto this natioun.
Schamt ar thai tratouris, sic tressoun did inuent;
Schame, sorrowles will be thair Castigatioun.

For schame, thay dar neuer clame now dominatioun,
To purches place did sa his deith preuent;
Place haif thay loist, and fund thair desolatioun,
That socht sic place, till God had bene content.

And God thair pryde will puneis presentlie,
That dois pretend be murther manifest,
To Royall roume, and heich Authoritie,
Huiking na harme sa thay may be possest
In warldlie welth, quhilk wisdome suld detest:
Quhen it proceidis of falset and Inuy,
Vaine gloir, dissait, or ocht that may molest
Gude governance throw teinfull Tratory. 96

Wyse Nobill Lords, my Schedull now considder,
And gif the wysest Lord the Gouernance,
Sinder not now that ar assemblit togidder,
Quhill ane be chosin the commoun weill to auance:
Sic as will puneis this last vnhappy chance,
And feiris God, now sen the roume dois waik, [=place is void.
Chosin lyke the tother, ye myster not to pans, [=need not err.
For in all *Scotland* he hes not left his maik. [=equal.

Now is he weill, and ye in wo, God wait,
Your wickitnes and warkis hes the wyte, [=blame.
Your Inobedience hes purchesit Goddis hait:
Your gredynes to eik your Rentis greit.
In vaine ye reid the Scripture as ane ryte,
And of the pure hes na Compassioun, [=poor.
Thir ar the causis, that ye of him ar quyte
That rewlit you, and wald maid Reformatioun.

Finis.

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpruik*. Anno Do. [MD.]LXX.

Note.—A later edition of this Black-letter ballad, preserved by the Society of Antiquaries, London, was, with other valuable exemplars of *Sempill Ballates*, incomprehensibly left unmentioned in Robert Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, 1866, belonging to the Society, among their chief treasures (Press-mark, 3 K). It corrects date of 'LXX' (*sic*) to '1570'; reads '*that*,' '*thai*,' and '*schent*' instead of Roxb. Coll. '*yat*,' '*yai*,' and '*schẽt*.' Also, in 6th stanza it gives the better reading "Zour tender King," where the Roxb. has "Zoung tender King." It is probable, therefore, that the Soc. of Antiq. was the earlier issued.

Maddie's Lamentation and Proclamation.

"Tydingis are as yit buried in the breastis of two within this realme, butt *Maddye* telleht ws many newes: 'The Mess shall vp, the Bischope of *Glaskier* and Abbot of *Dunfermling* come as Ambassadouris from the General Counçall, my lord *Bothwell* shall follow, with power to putt in execution whatsoeuer is demanded, and our Soueraine will haue done; and then shall *Knox* and his preaching be pulled by the earis, etc.' Thus with ws ravis *Maddye* euery day."

——*John Knox's Letter to Thomas Randolph*, 3 May, 1564.

ROBERT SEMPILL used the pseudonym *Maddie*, here and elsewhere, to suit his purpose of giving a colloquial catchpenny. In the indisputably genuine 'Regent's Tragedie,' signed by Robert Sempill (in both the original and reprint), there is a distinct reference (p. 365) to 'Maddie,' the representative of the common crowd, a noisy but shrewd observer and chatterer, a market woman or a light wench, as occasion might serve in the market.

"For *Maddie* sayis, 'Byde ye aucht dayis,
Ye be not thair quhill *Yule*,'" etc.—

meaning, "If ye make not better haste than you are now doing, to revenge the murder and punish the household of assassins—if you let a week pass in sluggish delay, it may as well be left for next Christmastide. Even the market-drudge cries shame on you!"

Again, in the biting satire against the divided counsels of the Scotch Lords, 'The Cruikit leads the Blind,' is another reference:

"He rewlis *Edinburgh* and *Dunbartane*,
As *Maddie* dois me tell." (*Vide* p. 377.)

The motto on this page shows John Knox, so early as May, 1564, using the proverbial title to signify public rumour or gossip: "*Maddye* telleht ws many newes . . . Thus with ws ravis *Maddye* euery day; but heirupon I greatlie pans [=think] not."

Sempill, on p. 343, was found mocking the Queen's lamentations for Darnley, and describing them as 'Maddie meinis.'

Whether it were that he was totally devoid of all sense of humour (though he struggled in 1568 to unbend a little by describing certain women of the Sandilands and Fleming barge type, who fell into trouble: p. 397), or whether he had become reckless and maddened after the sudden disappointment at Linlithgow, Sempill fails in dramatic embodiment of the conventional '*Maddie*.' His masquerade as Esau deceives no one. Both voice and hand reveal the unchangeable Jacob, Sempill. He "skirls and squhawks, he scarts and wirries," as a wild cat may; but like the Peggie Dickson of two centuries later (*vide* p. 265), "some say it 's the old samyn." He is no more changed than was Thomas Aird's devil awakening from his dream on Mount Aksbeck—

"'Twas God that gave the Fiend a space, to prove him still the same,
Then bade wide Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred its prey to claim."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 6. Apparently unique.]

Maddei's Lamentation.

WHen bludy *Mars*, with his vndantit rage,
With *Saturne* maid this cruel conspiratioun,
And curst *Juno*, with burnand feirs curage,
Amangis Planettis had greitest dominatioun;
I hard ane voice, with drerie lamentatioun,
Sayand: "O Lord, help now with thy rycht hand;
Gone is the Joy, and gyde of this natioun!
I mene, be *James*, Regent of *Scotland*."

When *Lachesis* hir threid had drawin to lenth,
Prolonging furth this Prince's lyfe in gloir,
Than *Atropus* extending furth hir strenth,
This fatell threid, allace! for to deuoir.
Now Justice (oh!) quha sal thy sword decoir?
This commoun weil, quhat wicht sal now warrand?
Sen he is gone, that gouernd vs befoir:
That vpricht Prince, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

His gude beginning, quha that culd richt report,
When this Regioun of reule was destitude?
In plane Parliament our Nobillis did exhort
That Innocent to tak the fortitude
Of this fals Ile, of Justice than denude,
And with thair aithis promysit with him to stand:
Justice to keip in mynde, he did conclude
Sa lang as he was Regent in *Scotland*.

Sen *Fergus* dayis his lyke was neuer none, [*Cf.* p. 347.
In equall Justice and deidis Martiall;
Thir Realmes twa he knat vp baith in one,
Quhilk neuer Prince befoir culd do at all.
The souage daillis he dantonit and maid thrall; [savage dales.
To serue thair King, he gart thame gif thair band;
With fyre and sword, for grace he gart thame call,
That prudent Prince, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

His commoun weill he lufit ouer all thing;
In trew Religioun na Prince mycht be his peir;
Idolatrie but reuth he did down thring, [=ruthlessly.
All Sorsarars he puneist far and neir;
Na Homiceid, nor theif, that durst appeir [*Scil.* then.
Within his sycht, for dreid of dynt of brand;
Just men he maid his fallow and his feir, [=comrade.
This humane Prince, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

The Deuill, seand this godly Prince sa bent,
Throw auld malice he gaif to rage throw feid, [=feud.
His Spreit Inferne he send Incontinent,
Amangis tratours for to conspyre his deid. [=death.
And cruelly, but mercy or remeid,
With schot of gunne thai murdreist him fra hand,
Schort ouer twa yeiris quhen he had rung indeid, [rung=reigned.
This Innocent Prince, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

Ye vertuous men, lament his cairfull chance,
Sen he is gone that suld yow fortifie;
All ye that wald the trew Gospell auance,
Beuaill, beuaill, for that sweit *Josue*,
Your secund *Moyses*, that led yow throw the se[a];
Had he indurit, your *Canane* land had stand.
Dispair not yit, Christ will your Capitane be,
Sen he is gone, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

Ye pure commounis, that lang hes bene opprest,
And ye Burrowis, murne and regrait his fall!
Gif he had leifit, na man durst yow molest,
For quhy, he was ane watcheman on your wall.
Now, sen na Prince may leif uprycht at all
In this fals Realme, onslane, in Burgh and land,
Adew now, Mirrour of Justice Principall,
Maist godly Prince, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

This commoun weill he luffit sa tenderlie,
Quhilk to mantene na thing maid him agast,
His lufe to it he schew maist faithfullie,
And with his blude he seillet it vp at last.
Had he mantenit all Tratours that trespast, [=confined all.
His godly lyfe in Joyis yit had stand:
That wald be not, and sa this Prince is past,
That Innocent, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

Now ye, his followeris of his Interpryse,
Think on the murther of that Innocent:
Extend your strenthis, and all togidder ryse,
Pasendlang *Clyde*, but reuth incontinent [=Pass along.
*Meg Lochis** get, that did the mys inuent, [pp. 360, 393.
That Apostat, that Feyndis awin Seriand, [=serjeant.
Seis not quhill he, and his curst kin, repent
The slauchter of our Regent of *Scotland*.

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* *Note.*—'*Meg Lochis*,' whom they are bidden to take ruthlessly, is the Archbishop of St. Andrew's at Dumbarton Castle (p. 393), on the Clyde: viz., John Hamilton, of the 'curst *Kedyockis* race' (p. 356). He is accredited as the 'apostate' who planned the crime wrought at Linlithgow by James Hamilton.

That Infant Babe, that ye haif taine in cure, [*James* VI.
Saif him from scaith, and stif togidder byde;
Remember quhat ye haif in hand, be sure
Your fais will lauch quhen thay se yow diuyde.
Lat na vaine gloir, couetice, nor pryde,
Expell freindschip, to wrak yow and this land;
Keip the last wordis of our Just Joy and gyde,
Quhen he deceissit, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

Hudge is your fais, within this fals Regioun, [= Huge are.
With Ithand trystis contractand vp new bandis, [Ithand = busy.
To bring yow to schame and confusioun;
Gaird yow yow[r] lufe, sen ye wait how it standis;
Your Prince and strenth keip weil in faithfull handis,
For gif your fais tryumphis ouer yow to stand,
Schaip yow for deid, or dwell in vther landis,
Sen he is gone, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

Your cause is just, gif ye wald all persew,
Bot quhair deuisioun lurkis, it is ane pyne;
Christ hes it said, and doutles it is trew,
That Kingdome sall cum to greit ruyne
Quhen that deuisioun hes his sait and tryne. [=train.
Thairfoir bewar, counsall is na command;
For gif ye perische, your cause and freindis sall tyne,
For now thay want *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

Greit is the danger ye stand in now, but dout:
And ye haif schame fra your purpois to fle.
Spair not for geir, bot with bauld hartis be stout,
Mantene God's cause, to commoun weill haif Ee; [=eye.
And he that is of maist Magnificie,
Your baner sall display with his awin hand,
To the confusioun of your Enemie,
Sen he is gone, *James*, Regent of *Scotland*.

O thow, that art Omnipotent conding,
Thre personnis Ringand in ane Trinitie,
Help this pure Realme, and preserue our young King
Fra schame and deid, and feid of Enemie. [=feud.
Amangis our Nobillis plant peace and vnitie,
Fra mercyles strangers saif vs with thy richt hand.
Our sinnis is greit, yit mercy restis with the[e].
Adew for ay! *James*, Regent of *Scotland*. Finis.

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1570.

[Black-letter, on the same sheet as 'Maddeis Proclamatioun'; see p. 392.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 7. Apparently unique.]

Maddei's Proclamatioun.

IN loftie *veirs* I did reheirs
My drerie Lamentatioun,
And now, allace! maist cairful cace,
I mak my Proclamatioun,
Desyring all, baith greit and small,
That heiris me be Narratioun,
Not for to wyte my rude Indyte, [=to blame.
Sen maid is Intimatioun.

I do intend nane to offend
That feiris God arycht,
Thocht murtherars and blud-scheddars
Wald haif me out of sycht.
Thair malice vayne I do disdane,
And curse thair subtell flycht;
My name is knawin, thair bruit is blawin
Abrode baith day and nycht.

☞ For I a wife, with sempill lyfe, [*Sempill's* Equivoque: *cf.* pp. 359, 364, 392.
Dois wyn my meit ilk day,
For small auaill, ay selling caill,
The best fassoun I may.
Besyde the Throne, I wait vpone
My mercat, but delay: [=unceasingly.
Gif men thair walk, I heir thair talk,
And beiris it weill away.

In felloun feir, at me thay speir, [=cruelty.
" Quhat tythands in this land?"
Quhy sit I dum? " and dare not mum"? [=mutter.
Oft tymes thay do demand.
To thame agane I answer plane,
Quhair thay besyde me stand:
" Na thing is heir, bot mortall weir, [=warfare.
Wrocht be ane bailfull hand.

" A wickit race of grumis, but grace,
Of *Kedzochis* curst clan; [=*Cadzow's*: p. 360.
Be tressoun vile, quha dois defyle
Thame self, baith wyfe and man.
As lait is sene, with weiping ene, [*ene*=eyes.
Thairfoir I sall thame ban:
'Caus our Regent, maist Innocent,
That cursit seid ouer ran.

" Quhat cruelteis thay Enemeis
Hes wrocht be tymes past,
I lat ouer slyde: I may not byde,
Sa sair I am agast.
Thair anterous actis, thair furious factis, [*ant.*=adventurous.
Auld bukis quha will ouer cast,
And men on liue, can yit discriue
Thair doings, first and last.

" Thairfoir, my Lords, as best accords,
Sen ye are hapnit hidder,
This I will say, tuix sport and play,
My wordis weill considder,
And ponder thame, for your awin schame;
To mark thame be not lidder: [*lidder*=slothful.
Lat na man's feid, throw feirfull dreid, [feid=bribe.
Your hartis mak to swidder. [=tremble in panic.

" For I heir say, thay will display
Thair banners on the feild:
Thinkand, but dout, to ruit yow out,
Or cause yow seik sum b[eild.] [uninked in orig.
At thame, rycht fane, or [dout ye n]ane, [*Ibid.*
That ganzell will thay yeild; [*ganzell*=payment.
Stand not abak, (oh) febill pak,
Bot swordis leir to weild. [=learn.

" Defend your richt, in Goddis sicht!
Quhom of do ye stand [in] aw?
Rycht few, I trow, will yow allow,
Gif ye your selfis misknaw.
Stand to, thairfoir, fyle not the scoir, [defile not the score.
But all togidder draw,
Not in Cat harrowis, lyke cankrit marrowis, [*cat h.*=recriminations.
For feir of efter flaw.

" Do ye not se that mad menez, [=rabble.
How thay ar waxin crous? [*c.*=jocund.
To wirk yow tene, thai mak the Quene
Their strenth and strang blokhous.
The murther, fy! thay do deny,
And countis yow not ane sous;
Thair proude pretence, throw negligence,
Will be maist dangerous.

" To *Lythquo* toun thay are all boun,
Quhair thay the murthur wrocht,
And thinkis to de, or fortifie,
Thair fellony forethocht.

And trewlie I can not espy
Quhat vther thing they socht,
Bot King put doun, and clame the Crown,
Be bludy murther bocht."

I pans, and muse, how thay excuse [*pans*=think.
This murther perpetrate ;
Or with quhat grace haldis vp thair face,
Quhair it is nominate.
Gif (as I trow) thay it allow,
Lyke Wolfis Insatiate,
Quha can repent, that thay be schent,
With blude commaculate ?

Fall to, thairfoir, I yow imploir,
My Lords, with ane assent,
And think it lang, ay, quhill ye fang [*fang*=grasp.
The feiris that did Inuent
This crueltie, be tyrannie,
To sla[y] our rycht Regent :
For thay, maist sure, dois still Indure
With hartis Impenitent.

That man in deid is worth su[m] meid,
His fault that dois confes ;
Bot quhat rewarde suld be preparde
For him that dois transgres,
And will not graunt, bot rather vaunt,
In his vnhappynes ?
Maist sure the gallous, with all his fallous,
For thair vnthankfulnes.

For gif self lufe was from abvfe,
Deiectit out of heuin,
Quhen *Lucifer* wald be ane bar
To God, and think him euin,
What sall we wene of tratours kene
That Ithandly hes streuin [*Ith.*=busily.
For to deface the Nobill race
Of *Stewarts*, od and euin. [*i.e.* base or legitimate.

Considder weill, thair cankrit zeill
Hes thristit mony day [*thr.*=thirsted.
For to posses, but godlynes, [=ungodlily.
The Crowne withouttin stay.
As now of lait, thair curst consait
With murther thay display :
Quhen thay thocht gude, to drink this blude
Be that vngodly way.

☞ Bot *Sathan*, sure, dois thame allure
With wordis fals and vane:
Ay promysing thame to be King,
Quhairof thay ar full fane.
In *Paradice* he did intice,
Be subtell craft and trane,
The man first maid, sa God hes said
In Sacrede Scripture plane.

He said that he suld equall be [*Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*
To God Omnipotent,
The Appill sweit gif he wald eit,
Quhairof was maid restraint:
With small defence he gaif credence:
Bot did he not repent?
Quhen efterwart he felt the smart,
And God againis him bent?

Sa sall all thay, that dois this day,
With mischant mynde maling,
Aganis the treuth, but ony reuth,
And Crowning of our King;
And this thay mufe for thair behufe,
To place thair awin offspring:
But they repent, thay will be schent, [*But*=unless.
And hell at thair ending.

¶ "Authoritie, gif just he be, [=*Lennox*, Reg.
Quhy do thay this Ill will him?
His graitfull gide, throw peuische pride,
Allace! quhy did thay kill him? [i.e. *Murray*.
Thair heid supreme in to this Realme
Admit gif thay not will him,
Than ye, my Lords, cut of[f] with cords
Thame will be troublous till him.

"Reuenge this wrang, lat tratourz hang;
God's Lawis dois sa requyre.
Lat *Caleb* eik, and *Josue*, seik
The promysit Impyre.
Thocht murmurars and murtherars
Wald all your deith conspyre:
In wyldernes, with cursitnes,
At lenth thay will all tyre.

"That Campion of *Babilon*, [=Champion.
That bludy beildar vp,
With Mytrid heid, ane homyceid,
That saikles blude dois sup: [Bp. *Hamilton*, p. 360.

Gar cow his Crowne, or put him doun,
That he may taist the Cup [*i.e.* of Grief.
Quhairwith, oft tymes, for saikles crymes,
Mennis lyues he Interrup.

" And se that neuer ye do disseuer
From first contractit band,
Quhen ye our King, of yeiris ying, [=years young.
Maid Rewlar of this land.
Lat not Inuy caus sum ly by,
Bot all togidder stand:
Than God the Lord, misericord,
Will be your sure warrand."

¶ From Cail mercat, quhair as I sat
Thir wordis I did Indyte,
The wyfis amang, that thocht greit lang
To se my awin hand wryte.
Gif ony be, that will judge me
To speak bot in dispyte,
Gar mend the mis committit is,
And I na mair sall flyte.

Finis. Quod **Maddie.**

[Black-letter. Formerly on the same sheet as 'Maddei's Lamentatioun,' with the colophon, p. 386, which served for both, viz.

'Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno Do. 1570.']

*** Robert Sempill in the foregoing 'Proclamatioun,' and in the 'Admonitioun' (pp. 359, 364, 388), quibbles on his own name 'Simple,' *alias* Sempill. It was a feeble jest of this irascible Reformer; not equal to one spoken thirty years later in the forest of Arden: "a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, but mine own!" Sempill was not a gentle-man, in any sense of the word; "his worst enemies could not call him meek." To him scarcely applies the description that 'gentle dulness ever loves a joke.' The dulness is admitted *nem. con.* His adoption in 1567 of Sir David Lindsay's witticism, promulgated in 1540 (see p. 399), is the only other instance found of his joking, with difficulty. Yet at that early date, like Justice Shallow, he "knew where the *bona robas* were," and "had heard the chimes at midnight." When he gave up 'slicht wemen and tauernaris,' he hearkened to John Knox defaming Queen Mary, and became a rebellious fanatic. Sic transit gloria Sempillii.

Other Political Ballads of the same time.

Verses vnderneath an Answere to a Challenge maid by the Earl of Bothwell (anent the murther of the King).

"IT is not aneuch the pure King is deid, [=poor.
Bot the mischant murtheraris occupand his steid,
And dowbell addulltre hes all this land schamit,
But all the sillie Lordis man be defamit,
And willfullie thai man thame selues mensuir; [=forswear.
[Giue place to ane a coystril, and ane huir.] [*qu.* a lost line?
God put sum end vnto this soroufull tyme,
And haue the saikles L[or]ds not trublit of this cryme."

This epigrammatic prayer, against Bothwell and the Queen, was written on 13 April, 1567, underneath Murray of Tullibardine's cartel. It was before Bothwell at her bidding declined the mortal combat with Lord Lindsay, and thereby lost credit for personal valour. Mary, on her own part, was ever ready to give battle to her foes. When her nerves were shattered by outrage, indeed, on her third marriage-day, then alone she despaired, and threatened to kill herself. Had she not trusted the plighted word of Maitland she could not have surrendered at Carberry-hill. To the end she had the courage of a man.

The following seventeen ballads, although not contained in the Roxburghe Collection like those here reprinted, deserve mention.

1.—The Tressoun of *Dunbartane* (State Paper, Scot. Series, xviii two copies, Nos. 23, 24, May, 1570; Thorpe's *Calendar*, p. 288, 1858)

"IN *Mayis* moneth, mening na dispyte,
Quhen luiffaris dois thair daylie obseruance
To *Venus* Quene, the Goddes of delyte,
The fyftene day befell the samin chance; [*Cf.* p. 264.
The General raid, with mony Demylance, [Sir *Wm. Drury.*
Down to *Dunbartaine*, doand no man Ill,
Quhair furious *Fleming* schot his Ordinance, [Lord *John F.*,
Willing to wraik him, wantit na gude will." [governor, p. 380.

Imprentit at *Edinburgh* be *Robt. Lekpreuik*, Anno Do. 1570. Black-letter. 13 sta. Reprinted, B.-L., by Joseph Irving, Dumbarton, 1860, *Lennox Garland.*

2.—Ane Ballate of the Captane of the Castel. (Two MSS. of *Richard Bannatyne's Memorials*; but the original broadside is lost.)

"AT the castle of *Edinburch*,
Vpoun the bank baith greine and rouch,
As myne alone I lay,
With paper, pen, and inke in hand,
Musing, as I could vnderstand,
Off the suddan decay
That vnto this puir natioune
Apeirandly dois come:
I fand our Congregatione [=I found.
Was caus of all and some,
Whois aucthoris, instructoris,
Hes blinded thame so long,
That, blameles and schameles,
Both riche and poure they wrong," Etc. [Nine stanzas follow.

This ballad has more rhythmical strength than any by Sempill that are signed with his own initials. It protests against dependence on foreign aid or aggression, from either England or France.

3.—The Exhortatioun to the Lordis, 1571. (Soc. of Antiquaries, London. Twenty-two 8-line stanzas.)

"O Lusty Lords and Barrounis, that bene bauld,
That for gude caus ar now assemblit heir,
Pluk up your harts, lat not your curage cauld,
And prize the lord your capitaine in weir." Etc.

Imprinted at *Striuiling* be *Robert Lekpreuik*, Anno Do. 1571. B.L.

4.—Ane Admonitioun to my Lord Regentis Grace (*i.e.* Matthew Lennox, father of Darnley. State Paper Office, Scot. Ser., xxi., No. 100. November, 1571. Also in Maitland MS., authorship doubtful—"supposit be Lord *Thirlestane*," probably by Sempill: 'A ballad against bringing in of English forces into Scotland'). Sixteen 8-line stanzas. *Poems of Richard Maitland, knight*, 1830, etc.

"MAist loyall lord, ay for thi lawtie lowitt, [=loyalty beloved.
Now be not lakkit for de[s]loyaltie." [*lakkit*=blamed.

Lennox, whom Lords have chosen in chief "oure tossit galay to gouern," is warned that all the blasts of Boreas are not yet blown; there are tempests, sunken rocks, and quicksands, boding misfortunes.

"All *Boreas*' bitter blastis ar nocht blawne;
I feir sum boide and bobbis be behinde: [=billows & gales.
Be tyde and tempest thow may be ouerthrawne,
And mony ferlie Fortouns thow may find: [f.=wondrous.
As channellis, cragis, beddis, and bankis blind;
Lekand wanluks, quhairby thow may be loist. [w.=woes.
Bewar, thairfoir, with weddir, waw, and wynd,
With vncouth coursis, and vnknawin coist." Etc.

5.—The Bishoppis lyfe and testament. (Society of Antiquaries.)

"CAlling to mynde the mutabiliteis
Of this Inconstant world sa variabill,
Lyke to ane Schip that saillis on the seis,
Tos[si]t with winds and wauis Innauigabill," etc. [*Cf.* pp. 366, 368, and No. 4.

Finis. Quod **Sempill**. Imprinted at *Striuiling* be *Robert Lekpreuik*, 1571. B.L.

6.—A Lewd Ballet, 1571. Taken w^t^ y^e^ Lord *Seton's* Writings (State Paper Office, Scot. Series, vol. xxi, No. 107, Dec.).

"FIrst quhen the newes begonthe to ryse,
Gretly thai maid me wondre." Etc. (Nine stanzas.)

7.—My Lord Methwenis Tragedie. (24 nine-line stanzas: Soc. Antiq.) Henry Stewart, 2nd Lord Methven, killed March 3, 1572.

"THow emptie pen pas but experience
With dull indyte, and do thy diligence,
This pure complaint with pietie to deploir," etc.

Quod *Sempill.* Imprentit at *Sanctandrois* be *Robert Lekpreuik*, A.D. 1572. B.-L.

8.—Ane Premonitioun to the barnis of *Leith.* (Soc. of Antiq.)

"ANe cunning Clerk, Experience,
And maister of Intelligence
New landit in *Inchekeith*, [Island in Frith of *Forth.*
This lytill S[ch]edull schortly sends
To all that the gude caus defends,
That is, the barnis of *Leith.*" [*Edinb.* seaport.

[Thirty-eight 6-line stanzas. The same colophon as No. 7.]

9.—Lamentatioun of the Commounis of *Scotland.* (Soc. of Antiq.)

"QUhat thift, quhat reif, quhat murther, and oppressioun!
Quhat saikless slauchter, quhat mortal meserie,
Quhat pouertie, quhat derth and Tribulatioun,
Dois ring be *Grange*! all leidis on lyfe may se." Etc.

(Sixteen 8-line stanzas. B.L. Same colophon as Nos. 7, 8, 10, and 11.)

10.—The Lamentatioun of Lady *Scotland*, compylit be hir self, speiking in maner of ane Epistle, in the Moneth of *Marche*, the yeir of God, 1572. (Formerly in Lib. of the Fac. of Advocates, Edinb.)

"TO quhome suld I my Rural veires direct,
Bot vnto him that can thame weill correct?
Befoir quhome suld this mater ga to licht,
Bot to ane faithfull Godly Christin Knicht?" etc. [428 lines in all.

Addressed to *John Erskine*, Laird of *Dune*, minister, in *Angus*, *Mearns*, "P. R. his humbill seruant, S.," meaning Sempill? Same colophon and date. 426 lines.

11.—Ane new Ballet set out be ane fugitiue *Scottisman* that fled out of *Paris* at this lait Murther.

(A valuable record of contemporary opinion on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 24 August, 1572: reprinted in the Philobiblon Soc. vol. of *Anc. Ballads and Broadsides*, p. 54, 1867. Eighteen six-line stanzas. The third line maliciously alludes to the festival at Holyrood, at the marriage of Queen Mary's servant Sebastian Auvernac, on the night of Darnley's murder, 10 Feb.: compare p. 343.)

"NOw *Katherine de Medicis* hes maid sic a gyis,
To tary in *Paris* the papistes ar tykit:
At *Bastiane's* brydell, howbeit scho denyis,
Giue *Mary* slew *Hary*, it was not vnlykit:
Yit a man is nane respectand this number;
I dar not say wemen hes wyte of this cummer." [= blame of trouble.

"Finis, quod *Simpell*" [sic]. Imp. at *Sanctandrois* be *Robert Lekpriuik*, 1572. Whether Sempill was himself the fugitive, or merely assumes to have been, is uncertain. He is not one whom we can trust for veracity; and he wrote avowedly to strengthen the alliance with Elizabeth against France and Spain.

12.—The Sege of the Castel of *Edinburgh*. (B.M. press-m., C. 21, c.) The author of the 'Siege' says, "I wes not thair my sell"; and again, "I wes not thair to se." Nevertheless, some portions appear to indicate the attention to details of an eye-witness. But there is nothing to indicate the valour of a brave soldier.

"BUschment of *Beruik*, mak yow for the gait, [=Ambuscade.
To ring your drummis, and rank your men of Weir;
Addres your armour, bound you for debait,
With sound of trumpet mak your steids to steir,
Sen ye are freikes that weil dar fecht but feir." Etc. (386 lines.)

Finis, quod *Sempill*. Imp. at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekpreuik*. Anno 1573.

It mocks Kirkcaldy, and is eager for him and Maitland to be slaughtered—"Spare neuer *Agag* for na brybe of geir."

"Then *Grange* grew sleyit and wald na mair defend it,
For want of watter with ane poisonit well."

Sir William Maitland, Laird of Lethington (='Liddington'), is mentioned on p. 375 and elsewhere as the Scottish Machiavelli, son of Sir John Maitland, who survived until 3rd October, 1595. He stood in marked contrast to the confederate rebel Lords, his intellectual and moral inferiors. With Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange (see pp. 375, 375, 380) he held gallantly the Castle of Edinburgh against the besiegers, despite his own fatal sickness and the scarcity of water (Morton having poisoned the well), until the end of May, having daily hoped for the promised succour from France to repel the English forces under Sir William Drury, sent by Elizabeth to assist Morton. After the surrender Maitland's death followed, supposed to have been hastened by poison: he thereby escaped the scaffold. Melville wrote "supponing he tok a drink, and died as the old Romans were wont to do" (Sir James M.'s *Memoirs*, 256). Maitland had advocated the restoration of Queen Mary. With his death, and the ruthless execution of his comrade the able soldier Kirkcaldy of Grange, by Morton, 3rd August, 1572, her last hope in Scotland perished.

13.—Ane Complaint vpon Fortoun, 1581. (Huth Collection, formerly Geo. Daniel's, of Canonbury.)

"INconstant warld, fragill and friuolus,
With feinzeit Fortoun, quha confides in the[e]
Sall find his lyfe cairfull and cruellus,
Led in this vale of wofull miserie.
Quhat potent princes in prosperitie
Hes sho deposd from their imperiall places!
Hir craft quotidian we may cleirly se,
As men in mirrouris may behauld their faces." (26 other stanzas.)

Finis, quod *Sempill*. Imprintit at *Edinburgh* be *Robert Lekprewicke*, dwelling at the *Netherbow*.

This is a ballad on the downfall of the Regent Morton, James Douglas, with fulsome praise of him by his adherent Sempill (27 eight-line stanzas). It was reprinted (also No. 11. the 'Paris Massacre'), in Hv. Huth's Philobiblon volume of *Ancient Ballads*, 1867, p. 72; and in Joseph Lilly's popular edition entitled *Seventy-nine Black-letter Ballads*, 1868. There remain to be named four other B.L. ballads by Sempill, all of them libellous: one initialled only, of date 1583. Others bear his surname in full, but are of uncertain date, not later than 1568.

14.—The Legend of the Bischop of St. Androis' Lyfe, called Mr. Patrick Adamsone, advocate, *alias* Cousteane, or Constean. Signed R. S. It is unnecessary to reprint it here. (Not Roxb. Coll.)

"All faythful brether[en] that on the Lord dependis,
Mark weill this schedule that I haue send you heir—
Pestiferus prelatis, that Papistrie pretendis,
Sic deuils but dout sall in our dayis appeir;" etc. (1252 lines total.)

The 'Legend,' printed from a MS. copy, is one of the most calumniatory and unmitigatedly virulent libels on a Churchman and a scholar that ever was written by his bitterest enemy. To call it fiend-like is no exaggeration. Even the late James Maidment, whose memory deserves honour, and who was not affrighted by ordinary 'flyting' or defamation or 'skulduddery,' deemed it "a most scandalous production" (vide *Scotish Pasquils*, p. 7, 1868). Adamson died in 1591.

Joseph Ritson praised it as "of much merit, and it would have been admissible in any collection of a different description." He detested and rebuked the other Sempill ballates (in John Graham Dalyell's reprint, *The Scotish Poems of the 16th Century*, 1801), which defamed Queen Mary: "To rake up the false, scandalous, and despicable libels against the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished princess that ever existed; whose injurious treatment, misfortunes, persecution, imprisonment, and barbarous murder, will be a lasting blot on the national character to the end of time."

Three Final Sempill Ballates.

*** The following three SEMPILL BALLATES are of an earlier date than those of the political and historical class already detailed. They are all preserved in the invaluable Bannatyne Manuscript at Edinburgh, in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. The ballads are of loose or 'facetious' character, describing certain 'lycht limmers,' with whom Sempill appears to have been intimately connected; as indeed all such 'Sanctimonyous shynand Lychts' invariably were, *sub rosa*. Sometimes in later life they "turned a corner, jinkin" to escape the clutch of the Adversary, but more frequently they retained their viciousness, and cloaked it with hypocrisy. Thus men, as was declared in *Hudibras*,

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

All the *Bannatyne Manuscript* is printed by the Hunterian Club, Glasgow.

15.—The Ballat maid vpoun *Margret Fleming*, callit the *Flemyng Bark* in *Edinburcht*. (Bannatyne Manuscript, fol. 123 vo.) 8 stanzas.

"I Haif a littil *Fleming* berge,
Off clenkett wark, bot scho is wicht;
Quhat pylet takis my schip in chairge,
Mon hald hir clynlie, trym and ticht.
Se that hir hatches be handlit richt,
With steirburd, baburd, luf and lie, [=larboard, windw. & lee.
Scho will sale all the winternight
And neuir tak a telzevie." Etc. [=a wrong tack.

Eight 8-line stanzas. *Finis*, q[uod] *Sempill*. *Circâ* 1568. In 1724 it was printed by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, i, 67; and in 1801 by James Sibbald in his *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, iii, 444; later, by T. G. Stevenson, in *The Sempill Ballates*, p. 230, 1872 (the most grossly inaccurately printed book known to us, abounding in stupendous misreadings and misprints; typographical errors are sown broadcast in it, without a glimpse of editorial supervision). Later, but carefully revised, in the Scottish Text Society's volume, 1890-91, edited by James Cranstoun, LL.D., *Satirical Poems of the time of the Reformation*, vol. i, p. 391.

16.—The defence of *Crissell Sandelandis*, | For vsing hir self contrair the Ten Commandis, | Being in ward for playing of the loun, | with euery ane list geif hir half a croun, etc. (B. MS., f. 125.)

"PErnitious peple, partial in despyte,
Susannis judges, saweris of seditioun,
Your cankert counsale is the causs and wyte,
Bowstert with pryd and blindit with ambitioun,
Fyndand na cryme, nor hauand na commissioun,
To hurt Dame *Venus*' Virgenis as ye do:
Gif ye sa rashlie rin vpoun suspitioun
Ye may put vthiris on the pannell to."

Fourteen stanzas (*cf.* p. 399). '*Finis*, q[uod] *Semple*' [*sic*]. Printed in *The Evergreen*, i, 71; *Sempill Ballates*, p. 232; Scot. Text Soc., rep. i, p. 394. Sibbald deemed it "indecorus," but quoted it in his *Chronicle*, vol. iii, p. 447.

17.—The Ballat maid be *Robert Semple*, of *Jonet Reid*, (*Ane*) *Violet*, and *Ane Quhyt*. Being slicht wemen of lyf and conuersatioun, and tauernaris. (Bannatyne MS., leaf 166.)

"OFf cullouris cleir, quha lykis to weir,
Ar sindry sortis in to this toun,
Grene, yellow, blew, and mony hew,
Bayth *Pareis* black and *Inglis* brown;
Lundoun sky quha likis to b[u]y,
Bit *Cullour de Roy* is clene laid down:
Dundy gray this mony a day [= *Dundee*.
Is lychleit bayth with laid and loun." [*lyc.* = despised.

Thirteen stanzas. Printed as 'The Claith Merchant' in *The Evergreen*, i, 176, where it reads *Jean Violet*; in James Sibbald's *Chronicle*, iii, 441; in *The Sempill Ballates*, p. 236; Scot. Text Soc., i, 398. It ends thus:—

"The first wes *Ane Quhyte*, a lass of delyte,
The *Violett* bayth gud and fair;
Keip the *Reid* fra skaith, scho is worth tham baith,
Sa, to be schort, I say na mair.—*Finis*, q. *R. Semple*."

To students of life and manners, no less than to antiquarian lovers of Scottish literature, these three ballads, *circâ* 1567, show intimate acquaintance with the wiles and vagaries of such light limmers and lemans. It could scarcely have been acquired by mere hearsay, and they may fairly be deemed the best of Robert Sempill's writings. It is no new thing, to find one who had lived loosely in his nonage becoming a "sair sanct for the croun," after having

'scattered his wild oats.' Here alone he had shown observant humour and satirical skill, not even at this earlier day devoid of malice and opinionative bluster. He became "aye the langer the waur—like sour ale in simmer time." At first a mocking profligate, but at last a garrulous windbag of disloyalty, raving clamorously for the slaughter of Maitland and the Laird of Grange, defenders of the 'Maiden Castle' at Edinburgh. Such was he till the end came.

> "Indeed, this Counsellor
> Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
> Who was in life a foolish prating knave."

In the subjoined quatrain, of earlier date than Sempill's *Defence*, the name of 'Sandylands' gleams balefully among the Mistresses of the twice-married King James V, who left no legitimate offspring except Mary, 'Queen of Scots.' Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon, was the reputed author, *circâ* 1540.

In addition to the notorious Margaret Erskine (p. 348) James V had held a leish of similar "thrawn jades," amid whom figured Sandylands, Weir, and Oliphant. Numerous were his rustic amours, as "The Gude-man of Ballanguich," and "The Jolly Beggar," or "Gaberlunzie Man." The Scottish nobility were equally wanton and immoral: either illegitimate themselves or the parents of base-born children. Thus George Buchanan declared: "Such an universal licentiousness had over-run all, that public discipline could not be retrieved, but with a great deal of strictness and severity."—*Hist. of Scotland*, Book XIV.

King James V, his three Mistresses.

> SOw not thy seid on *Sandy-lands;*
> Spend not thy strength on *Weir;* [*weir* = war.
> And ryde not on the *Elephant,* [*scilicet* = Oliphant.
> For hurting of thy gear.

This identity of name shows that Crissell or Grissell Sandelands had a family-failing, and was an example of the now popular bogus bogie called '*Heredity.*' The minister *Beatoun* was the man whom the magistrates captured in the house with her, "a clerk of godly conversatioun." Sempill thus continues his 'Defence of Crissell Sandelandis,' with a repetition of Lindsay's jest;—

> "Gif ye beleif nocht *Betoun* be his word,
> In hir defenss, it can nocht be reffussit,
> Latt him that fallowis fecht it with the sword: [*i.e.* the 'pursuer.'
> Ane ancient law quhen ladeis are accusit.
> Is ministeris sic men to be abusit,
> That knawis the Scripteur and the ten commandis?
> Albeit he and scho wor in ane houss inclusit,
> He sew na seid in to hir Sandelandis."

Beatoun was neither David, the Cardinal, who was murdered at St. Andrews in May, 1546, nor his nephew, James, archbishop of Glasgow, who survived until 1603, "leaving behind him an unblemished reputation; for even his enemies could rake up no scandal either in his private or public life to bring against him."

A New Balade of the Lambe's Feast.

"Love: that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controuls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date:
The life of nature that restores,
As fast as time and death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe,
Not only earth but heaven too."

——*Hudibras*, part iii, C. 3, *H. Epi.*

CLOSELY following the Seven 'Sempill Balates' which begin Vol. III of the Roxburghe Collection (separated from 'Ane Declaration of the Lordis Just Quarrel,' belonging to Roxburghe Collection, Vol. II, p. 569; here reprinted on our p. 348), are two other antique 'Balades,' formerly conjoined on one sheet and by one author. They are distinct in character and aim from those written by Robert Sempill or Semple, printed by Robert Lekpreuik, of Edinburgh and St. Andrews: these 'Sempill Ballates' we have brought to an end, and cease to annotate their references to persons or events of contemporary Scottish history, dated respectively 1567, 1569, 1570 to 1573, with one on Morton's Downfall, 1581.

The solitary couple of broadside black-letter balates, Roxb. Coll., III, 9 and 8 (wrongly transposed by the clumsy binder, whose offences of mutilation elsewhere are multitudinous), have a religious character, and are signed "W. S., Veritatis Amatorem," dated 1574: 'A new Balade or Songe of the Lambe's Feast,' and 'Another [Balade], out of Good Will.'

Not only the grammatical sense of the second title, but the typography and religious aim of the divided sheets, clearly indicate their former union. Both are distinguished from the Sempill Ballads by having in the margins of double-columns an outside commentary of Scriptural references in small type; also by the black-letter being, instead of the usual heavy and large English B.-L., a singularly clear and elegant old German B.-L. type, which appears to have been set up and worked for press either in London or at Amsterdam. To the best of our knowledge nobody in modern days had penetrated the secret of these two broadsides, or recognized their supreme importance, although they were seen by E. V. Utterson, Rev. Thomas Corser, Jas. Crossley, and Henry Huth.

As to the author, it is by no means improbable that the 'Lover of Truth' whose initials meet us, "W.S.," may have been William Seres. He in 1562 had written and printed at London 'A Prayer in verse, translated by W.S,' Black-letter: this was in sequence to 'A Dialogue agaynst the Tyrannye of the Papistes:

translated out of Latin into Englishe, by E. C., 17 Sept., 1562. (Brit. Museum Lib., press-mark 3932, aa, 11.) The Prayer begins,

> " O God, arise, with thy right hand
> Lift vp thy falling flocke:
> The wicked F[i]ende, wh wrathfull moode,
> Doth threatē sore this stock." Etc.

Also, seven years later, he wrote and published 'An Aunswere to the Proclamation of the Rebels in the North, 1569. Imprinted at London by *William Seres*. Cum Privilegio.' (B. M. Lib., press-mark C. 39, a, 36.) B.-L.; in verse; signed "q. W.S." It begins,

> " O Lorde, stretch out thy mighty hande
> Against this raging route,
> And saue our Prince, our State, and land,
> Which they doe goe aboute
> For to subuert and ouerthrowe,
> And make this Realme a pray" [*sic*], etc.

The said 'Rebels in the North' were Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and C. Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, with their companions. The disgraceful manner in which the Regent Murray, or Moray, acted against them, as in his betrayal of the Duke of Norfolk, need not detain us here; but it is a link in the chain. Of the same date is 'A Godly ditty or prayer to be song vnto God for the preseruation of his Church, our Queene and Realme, against all Traytours, Rebels, and papisticall enemies.' Written and printed at London by *John Awdely*: who was mentioned on p. 359 as reprinting there, Englished by himself, the Scotch Sempill ballad of 'The Regent's Tragedy,' 1569-70. This ditty begins, "Our liuyng God, to thee we cry"; but it has also a motto of two stanzas, beginning, "Preserue thy seruaunt, Lord": to be sung "after the tune of the 137th Psalme, *When as we sat in Babilon*, or such lyke." Compare *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, sc. 1: Sir Hugh Evans sings it. This 'godly ditty' is in the Philobiblon vol. of 1867: see also Percy's *Reliques* and *Percy Folio MS.* for ballads on the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland.

In August, 1579, two poets of Edinburgh (William Turnbull, schoolmaster, and William Scott, notar) were hanged for writing or singing 'satirical ballads'; according to Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, i, 125 and 131, cited in the late W. Chappell's Introduction to these *Roxb. Ballads*, p. iv of Vol. I, 1871. It is scarcely to be imagined that the 'Veritatis Amator' could have been the notary, William Scott, who, during the tyrannical regency of Morton, had indulged himself in writing satirical ballads, *i.e.* political and scurrilous, although the initials agree, and the date of death is only five years later than the pious 'balades' of 1574.

Of greater importance than any attempts to thus trace the identity of W. S., the penman of these two religious ballads, is the discovery of the person mentioned in both as the inspirer of his pious exhortations. W. S. writes—

> The Scriptures all perfourmed shall bee, in this my Call,
> Voyced out by H. N., than: [*sic*=then.
> " *I am God's Loue*, com from aboue, all men to moue,
> To the Supper of the Lamb." (See p. 405.)

In the 'Balade out of Good Will,' he brings the same initials—

> "Younge-men in your littlenes, remember what is sayde, a :
> Let all our Elders in the Loue wyth reuerence be obayde, a ;
> Exercyse amonge the wyse that holye seruyce, then, a,
> Which God hath wrought, and also tought
> By hys Mynister H. N., a." (p. 408.)

The identification of H. N. has no uncertainty. He was no less a person than *Hendrik Niclaes*, otherwise Henry Nicolas, the founder of the religious sect known as *Familia Caritatis*, the 'Family of Loue.' He was born at Munster, in Westphalia, on January 10, 150½; early got into trouble for a supposed connection with the insurgent Anabaptists, but emerged from it after a brief imprisonment. When he was nearly forty years old he declared that he had received a divine summons to become a prophet, or 'elect minister,' and practical founder of a new and pure religion, 'Huis der Liefde,' the 'Family of Love. To aid him three other Elders were appointed, zealous men, known thence as Daniel, Elidad (=Chris. Vitell), and Tobias (p. 410). Some people interpreted his signature of H. N. as 'Homo Novus.' His books were censured and prohibited by the Council of Trent, 1570. He had been in England in the years 1552, 1553, and his *Mirabilia opera Dei* was published in London, *circâ* 1550. His doctrines were rapidly taken to heart by many pious converts, who had felt disgusted at the worldly polemics of rival teachers, dogmatizing and hurling threats of damnation against those who dared to believe in a guidance of pure love. He found men both able and willing to translate and popularize his writings. The first translation of Niclaes's works out of Dutch into English is attributed to Christopher Vitell, or Vitells, of Colchester, a joiner, afterwards resident in London at Southwark.

As might be expected of that stormy time, and for fully a century afterwards, there were bitter disputants and gainsayers of H. N. He is believed to have died calmly in 1581. His teaching is defined (by Miss C. Fell Smith) as "an Anabaptist mysticism, entirely without dogma, yet of exalted ideals," in many respects following after David Joris, or George, who died in 1556. "Love of humanity was clearly the Familists' essential rule of life." All that is valuable in the modern tenets of Unitarian moralists and latter-day Agnostics seems to have presented itself to his mind. Although there were Antinomian claims advanced, or misrepresentingly said to have been advanced, by the elders of the new 'Family of Love,' lifted by superior illumination or sanctity above ordinary rules of law, their assumed claims were either a malicious perversion or an ignorant misunderstanding by worldly-minded enemies who resented whatever was unconventional.

So upright and clear-sighted a man as Henry More, the Platonist, wrote of Niclaes as "the begodded man of Amsterdam," and answered his books in the '*Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness*' (see Dr. A. B. Grosart's invaluable 'Chertsey Worthies' edition of Henry More, 1878). John Rogers attacked his tenets as "the drowsie dreams of a doting Dutchman." John Knewstub and William Wilkinson assailed the doctrines in 1579.

A Manuscript Note prefixed to *Epistolae H. N.*, formerly belonging to T. Jolley, F.S.A., and previously to W. White, 1764, summarizes the bibliography of a most interesting B.-L. volume, viz., "*The Principall Epistles of* H. N., *which he hath set foorth through the holy Spirit of Loue, and written and sent them most cheefly vnto the Louers of ye Trueth and his Acquaintance. And are by him newly perused, and more playnly declared. Translated out of Base almaine*" (Amsterdam, 1574?). The manuscript note is this:—

"Henry Nicholas. Twenty Epistles which he wrote for the instruction of his Family of Love. These Epistles wrote by H. N., author of a sect called the Family of Love. His name was Henry Nicholas, a mercer in Amsterdam. This book was printed in Holland, as well as many others of his writings about 1574 or 1575. And sent into several parts of the world to spread his lovely Doctrine. His '*Comedy or Interlude of Minds*,' as he calls it, is very scarce. But his '*Glass of Righteousness*' I have not yet seen. Most, if not all, his books w[ere] again printed and set forth by one Christopher Vittel, a joiner in Southwark, London, in Oliver Cromwell's time. His Doctrine was wrote against in Queen Elizabeth's reign by Knewstub, Wilkins[on], and J[ohn] Rogers. And some of his disciples suffered; others recanted at Paul's Cross in the said Queen['s] reign." [B. M., p. m. 697, b. 31.]

Among the opponents of his doctrine were these men:—

1.—John Knewstub, who preached at Paul's Cross so early as Good Friday, 1575, a sermon on Titus ii, 11-15, which was printed in B.-L., and published by T. Dawson for R. Sergier, London, the same year—'*A confutation of monstrous and horrible heresies taught by* H. N., *and embraced of a number who call themselves the Familie of Loue*,' etc., in 4to, 1579.

2nd.—Wm. Wilkinson, M.A., '*A Confutation of certaine articles deliuered* [by H.N.] *vnto the Familye of Loue, with the exposition of* Theophilus, *a supposed Elder in the sayd Familye.*' B.-L. J. Daye, London, 1579.

3rd.—John Rogers, author of '*The Summe of Christianity*,' circâ 1579, who wrote '*An Answere vnto a wicked . . . libel, made by* C. Vitel, *one of the chief English Elders of the pretended Family of Loue, maintaining their doctrine, and carpingly answering to certaine pointes of a boke called the displaying of the Family of Loue.* B.-L. J. Daye, London, 1579, 8vo. [B. M., p.-m. 3932 b, art. 1.]

(In Brit. Mus., press-mark 697, a. 26, arts. 1-8) 1.—'*The Prophetie* [sic] *of the Spirit of Loue.* Set fourth by H. N., and by him perused a-new, and more distinctlie declared. Translated out of Base-Almayne into English.' Anno. 1574. 2.—'*A Publishing of the Peace vpon Earth, and of the gratious tyme*,' etc., 1574. 3.—'*Evangelium Regni. A Joyfull Message of the Kingdom*, published by the Holie Spirit of the Loue of Iesu Christ,' etc. No date, but probably *c.* 1574. 4.—'*Proverbia* H. N. *The Prouerbes of* H. N., which hee in the dayes of his Olde-age hath set-fourth as Similitudes and mysticall Sayinges.' n.d. 5.—'*Dicta* H. N. *Documentall Sentences*, eauven as those same were spoken-fourth by H. N.,' etc. German B.-L. (Amsterdam, 1574?).

MS. Note follows—"Chris. Vitil [Vitall], a joiner in Southwark, who had been an Arian in Q. Mary's days, translated Henry Nicholas's Books out of Dutch into English, particularly *Evangelium Regni*, *The Prophecy of the Spirit of Love*, *The Glass of Righteousness*.—Ephraim Pagitt's *Heresiography*, 4th edit., 1647, 1648, 4to." Pencil note added—"Christopher Vittall absolv[d] his doctrine at Paul's Cross. Vide *The Displaying of The Family of Loue*." (By Rogers.)

6.—'*Epistola XI* H. N.' '*Correctiõ and Exhortation out of heartie Loue* . . . Set fourth by H. N.' 7.—'*A good and fruitfull Exhortation vnto the Familie of Loue*, set forth by *Elidad*, a fellow Elder with the Elder H. N.'

Later, a survival or revival of the doctrines taught by H. N. excited new commotion while sects were wrangling at the time of the Civil War. Among the King's Pamphlets (B.M., p.m. E. 277, 4to) is '*A Brief Discovery of the Blasphemous Doctrine of Familisme, first conceiued and brought forth into the world by one* Henry Nicolas *of the Low Countries of* Germany *about an hundred years ago; and now very boldly taught by one Mr.* Randall *and sundrie others in* London, 1645.' In this are given (by a biassed enemy, one John Etherington) "The Summe or Maine Points of the Doctrine of H. N," viz.—

"1. That Christ is already come in His glory from the right hand of God to judge the quick and the dead.

"2. That the great and last Trumpet now soundeth, and they that sleep in Christ are raised from the dead; the sting of death, which is sin, taken away, and death swallowed up in victory.

"3. That holiness, or the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and the Sabbath, is Christ; and that sin, which they call the contrary anointing, and child of the Devill, is the Antichrist.

"4. That all the promises of God, and whatsoever is written and foretold in the Scriptures, concerning the everlasting Kingdome of Christ, and His Saints, becometh now in this present day of H. N. and his Family, fulfilled.

"5. That the seat or Throne of judgement whereon Christ sitteth, is the communialty of the Family of Love, whereof H. N. is the oldest Father. And that he and they are Godded with God; and God manned with them.

"6. That the way and manner of judging is by the new Evangelic of H. N. The parabolicall sayings and mysticall sentences which he hath written and published, and the Elders, or perfect holy ones of the Family, hold forth to the world.

"You shall have the own sayings of H. N. word for word with his own quotations of Scriptures (to read and consider) in the following Discovery: whereupon you may the better discern and judge of things."—*A Brief Discovery of Familism.*

It is not requisite at this place to trace the history of the movement in its wide extensions and revivals, its manifold fresh developments; its connection with the Quietists, through Madame Guyon, and with the Society of Friends, through George Fox. Let it suffice to show that the documents here given are of importance. When the records of Enthusiasm are written impartially and honestly Hendrik Niclaes cannot be overlooked or undervalued.

A mystic of unstained life, zealous as Emmanuel Swedenborg a century later, he had learnt the secret of self-surrender to spiritual ecstasy, ἐκτὸς τοῦ σώματος, until his rapturous fancies became to him more real than the surrounding world. He taught the divinity of Love, because he felt it, and knew its saving power. His ideal 'Family of Love' was no less beautiful a vision than any that dazzled the Neo-Platonists. Surely it was more than a Dream.

[Roxburghe Coll., III, 9; Heber's Coll., Britwell; Utterson's, Chetham Libr.]

A New Balade or Songe, of the Lambe's Feast.

I Hearde one saye,
[a] " Com [a] now awaye,
Make no delaye:
Alack! why stande yee than?
All is, doubtlesse,
In [b] redynnesse.
There wantes [c] but Gesse [=Guests.
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For hee is now blest, in verye deede,
That's found a [d] *Gest in ye Mariage-weede.*"

The Scriptures all
Perfourmed [e] shall
Bee, in this my call;
Voyced out by H. N. (than): [*Nota bene, p.* 408.
" I am God's Loue, [f]
Com from aboue,
All men to moue [g]
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For hee is now blest, etc. [*Sic passim.*

" Make haste and speede:
I am indeede
That [h] Maryage-weede
That those must putt on, than;
Which shall bee fitt,
Or els permitt,
Downe for to [i] sitt
At the Supper of the Lamb.

" Do [k] not dispyse
Thys myne advyse,
Yee that be wyse;
And lust for to eate than
Of the [l] lyvinge Wood,
Or heavenly Food,
So pure and good,
In the Supper of the Lamb.

" That seede [m] of *Seth* [iv. 25.
Which passe thorowe [n] Death
(In *Abraham's* [o] Fayth)
To Lyfe: they onlye than,

[a] *Matt.* 22. a. *Luke* 14. b.
[b] *Esa.* 25. a.
[c] *Matt.* 22. a. [4.]
[d] *Apoc.* 19. a.
[e] *Acts* 3. c. [20.]
[f] 1 *John* 4, a.
[g] *Matt.* 22. a. *Luke* 14. b. *Apoc.* 19. b.
[h] *Matt.* 22. a. [11.]
[i] *Luke* 22. c. *Apoc.* 3. c.
[k] *Pro.* 1. 2. *Eccl.* 6. c.
[l] *Apoc.* 2. a, b.
[m] *Gen.* 4. d.
[n] *John* 3. a. b. *Rom.* 6.
[o] *Gen.* 15, 17. a. *Rom.* 4. b.

[p] *Luke* 22. c. *Apoc.* 3. c. Shall be [p] sett-downe
With great Renowne,
[q] 2 *Tim.* 4. a. And weare the [q] Crowne,
1 *Pet.* 5. a. *Jam.* 1. b. In the Supper of the Lamb.

" All Scripture-wyse,
That now surmyse
How to dispyse
[r] 1 *Cor.* 1. c. Mee, in their [r] Wysedom, than
They shall, no dout
(Among all Stout),
[s] *Matt.* 22. a. [13.] Bee shutt [s] wyth-out
Luke 14. b. The Supper of the Lamb.

" For none, I saye,
Saue onlye thaye
[t] *Matt.* 22. a. That shall [t] obaye
Luke 14. b. Myne holye Seruyce, than
(Which doth brynge in
[u] *Rom.* 6. *Col.* 2. b. The Death [u] of Sin),
Maye enter-in
To the Supper of the Lamb.

" Then all that nowe
[x] 2 *Cor.* 12. c. *Gal.* 5. c. In [x] stryfe do growe,
[y] *Pro.* 1. c. And wyll not [y] bowe
2 *Thess.* 1. a, 2. b. To my louelye warnynges, than, [t. '*Tess.*,' *passim.*
Must nowe at last
Cleene out bee cast,
[z] *Matt.* 22. a. [12.] And [z] never tast[e]
Luke 14. The Supper of the Lamb.

" Then runne apace,
[a] 2 *Cor.* 6. a. Whylst there is Grace, [a]
Gal. 6. a. [9.] Or Tyme and space,
So fast as euer yee can,
[b] *Esa.* 2. a, 25. b. To *Syon's* [b] Hill;
Wheare All that wyll
May eate their fyll
In the Supper of the Lamb.

" Neglect Mee not,
[c] *Gen.* 19. b. As they did [c] *Lot*, [xix. 7; ii. 8.
2 *Peter*, 2. a. Longe past, yee wot,
And peryshed all than:
My Love pervse,
[d] *Matt.* 22. a. [5.] Make no [d] excuse,
Luke 14. b. Lest yee refuse
The Supper of the Lamb.

" When All were sett
And furnysht nett
(Both small and great),
So was it foreseene than,
Of the brydegroome,
[e] That ther was [e] roome
For more to come
In the Supper of the Lamb.

" Then must I go
[f] To the [f] hye-ways, lo!
And Hedges, tho,
And seeke them-vp all than:
All those, by name,
That's Blynde or Lame.
And compell the same
To the Supper of the Lamb.

" The Lorde hath swore,
Longe-tyme before,
[g] That [g] neuermore
Such as excused them than
Should tast or eate
Of the heauenlye Meate,
Or Porcion geat,
In the Supper of the Lamb.

" For that all Kynges,
Under Loue's Wynges
(Without grudgynges),
[h] In Peace mought [h] gouerne, than,
Praye all: that trust
Amonge the Just,
Or have a Lust
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For hee is now blest, in verye deede,
That's found a Gest in the Mariage-weede."

[e] *Matt.* 22. a.

[f] *Matt.* 22. a. [9.]

[g] *Matt.* 22. a. [8] *Luke* 14. b.

[h] *Sap.* 6. a.

Finis.

[Black-letter. Colophon on 'Good-will' sheet, p. 410.]

[*Note.*—In these Biblical references, the numerals indicate chapters only: *a* means first quarter; *b* means second quarter, etc. Division into numbered verses was a modern innovation, *e.g.* at Geneva, 1557–60. Alphabetic lettering of sections was a convenient approximation, in the meantime, changes being gradual. Square-bracketed numbers, of verses, are interpolated.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 8; Heber Coll. at Britwell, Bucks.]

Another [Balade] out of Goodwill.

THe Grace from God the Father[a] hye,
Which is of Mightes most a,
The Mercye eake from Christ our Lorde,
And Peace from the holye G[h]ost a,
Come to all that now shall
In[b] Loue with vs agree a,
And [that] consent with whole Intent
To the Loue's Societee a.

Loue the[c] Lorde aboue all-thinge,
Is the first precept by name a;
Love thy Neyghbour as thy-selfe,
The second's lyke the same a.
Thus wee see Love to bee
Written with[d] Gods-his owne Hande a,
To[e] geeue vs Light and guyde vs right,
Eauen[f] out of that dark Lande a.

Younge-men in your[g] Littlenes,
Remember what is sayde a;
Let all our Elders in the Loue
Wyth reuerence bee[h] obayde a.
Exercyse[i] amonge the[k] Wyse
That holye seruyce then a,
Which God hath wrought and also tought
By hys Mynister H. N., a. [*Nota bene*, p. 402.

In Loue's[l] Precepts let vs proceede,
And coupple arme-in-arme a;
The Serpente's Broode, that wolde destroye,
Shall then doo vs[m] no harme a.
Love shee sowndes all[n] our woundes [=cures.
Wyth her most pleasant Wine a,
As wee[o] obaye and lyue alwaye
In her Seruice diuine a.

Against the Sinne, lett vs putt-on
Such[p] Armour as is best a,
Which in the Seruice of the Loue
Is perfectly exprest a;
And let vs[q] praye to God alwaye,
Eauen lyke as we are taught a,
So shall we fynde within our mynde
How Sinne shall[r] go to naught a.

[a] *Rom.* 1. a. 1 *Cor.* 1. a. 2 *Cor.* 13. c. *Eph.* 1. a.
[b] *John* 17. c. *Rom.* 12. b, 15. a. 1 *Cor.* 1. a. *Phil.* 2 a, 3. b.
[c] *Deut.* 10, 30. *b.* *Matt.* 22. c.
[d] *Ex.* 24, 34. c. *Deut.* 10. a.
[e] *John* 1. a.
[f] *Job* 10. c. *Esa.* 5. c, 60.
[g] *Matt.* 11. d, 18.
[h] *Heb.* 12. b.
[i] 1 *Tim.* 4. 1 *John* 3. a, 4. b.
[k] *Eccl.* 6. d, 8. a, 9. c.
[l] 1 *Cor.* 13. b. 1 *John* 3, 4.
[m] *Gen.* 3. a. *Mark* 16. d.
[n] *Sap.* 16. c.
[o] 1 *Pet.* 1. b. 1 *John* 3. a, 4. b.
[p] *Eph.* 6. b.
[q] *Matt.* 6. b.
[r] *Mich.* 6. b.

[s] 2 *Cor.* 7. a. *Phil.* 3. b. Thus [s] ga-wee fourth, good willinglie,
[t] *Deut.* 20 a. *Esa.* 41. a. *Matt.* 10. b. And haue no [t] doubt in mynde a,
[u] *Psalm* 3. a, 27. a. Although so [u] manye our Enemyes were,
As heares on head we fynde a : [=hairs.
Loue shall make them all to quake,
The Tyme is com-about a ;
[x] *Esa.* 11. a, 57. b. 2 *Thess.* 2. a. For with her [x] Breath if wee haue faith,
So shall shee cast them out a.

[y] 1 *Thess.* 4. a. 1 *Peter* 3, 4. a. An vpright [y] Lyfe, in lowlynes,
Let vs expresse alwaye a,
Amonge such as wee deale-with-all,
In all Affayres I saye a :
[z] *Psalm* 134, 136, 140. *Col.* 3. b. So to [z] prayse God alwayse,
Eauen as is sayde aboue a,
That's indeede as we reede,
The Seruice of the Loue a.

No God-seruice els do we knowe,
Nor none maye wee frequent a,
[a] 1 *Cor.* 13. 1 *John* 3, 4. Without this most holye Seruice, [a]
With her godlie Intent a.
Hee is blest that's now prest,
To serue vnder Loue's Bande a :
[b] 1 *Cor.* 13. c. Shee shall hyde [b] and neuer slyde,
But euer more shall stande a.

Although that wycked Seede of *Cain*
[c] *Gen.* 4. *Judae* 1. b. To [c] rebellious-stryfe aryse a,
[d] *Psalm* 34. c. 1 *Peter* 3. b. Yet shall those seeke the [d] Peace and Rest,
So many as be wyse a.
For all must tast now at the last
[e] *Jer.* 25. b, 49. b. [e] Such Drincke as they do brue a,
[f] *Matt.* 10. d, 16. And what they [f] seeke that shall them meete :
Thys thynge is verye true a.

[g] *Gen.* 4. c. [19.] That wanton-lust of [g] *Lamech* Lyne
Expell out of your mynde a,
[h] *Eph.* 5. a. *Judae* 1. b. And [h] vnto her Lightmindednes,
Bee you in no-wise kynde a;
For with all findes or wycked mindes [=friends.
(Wheare Darknes doth remayne a),
[i] *Matt.* 25. Eauen in the [i] Hell theare shall shee dwell,
With all that to her pertayne a.

Then louinglye let us stande fast,
[k] *Rom.* 12. b. 1 *Thess.* 3. b. 1 *Peter* 2. b, 3. b. In [k] brotherlye accorde a,
Lyke-as the Seruice of the Loue,
Requyreth in hys worde a :

[l] *Rom.* 8. d. So Loue will blesse [l] vs still,
And woorke all for the best a;
[m] *Rom.* 12. *Heb.* 12. b. If so bee wee agree, [m]
And mynde the Peace and Rest a.

[n] *Rom.* 13. *1 Peter* 2. b. Let vs obeye the [n] Gouernours,
And lyue vnder their lawes a;
And eake to them all tribute paye,
Eauen for the Peace's cause a.
[o] *Matt.* 17. c. Yet loue is [o] free though shee agree,
That they shall haue such thynge a;
And what is right to God Almight,
[p] *Matt.* 22. c. That [p] must wee to hym brynge a.

[q] *Psalm* 37. a. *Esa.* 30. b. In [q] stilnes thus let vs go-fourth
[r] *Eph.* 5. c. *1 Thess.* 5. b. (With [r] Thankfulnes amonge a),
Wyth fewe Wordes, as wee are taught;
And thus I end my Songe a.
[s] *Col.* 3. b. In Loue's [s] Bande, Hande-in-hande,
Let vs proceede on still a:
O *Israel*, take this well,
As out of my Goodwill a.

Finis.

PER W. S., VERITATIS AMATOREM.

ANNO 1574.

[These two religious ballads had been printed on one sheet, in small clear German Black-letter, differing from Lekprevik's. See Editorial Introduction, pp. 400.]

'*Tobias*' (mentioned on p. 402) wrote an account of H.N., *Mirabilia opera Dei:* Certaine wonderfull Works of God, which hapned to H.N., euen from his youth: and how the God of Heauen hath vnited himself with him, and raised vp his gracious Word in him, and how he hath chosen and sent him to be a Minister of his gracious Word. Published by *Tobias*, a fellow Elder with *H.N.*, in the *Household of Loue*. Translated out of *Base Almain* [by *C. Vitell = Elidad?* n.d., *circâ* 1550].

'A good and fruitfull Exhortation unto the Famelie of Love . . . Testified and set fourth by *Elidad*, a Fellow-Elder, with the Elder H. N. [1574 ?].

'*A Svpplication of the Family of Loue* (said to be presented into the King's royall hands [*James* VI.], knowen to be dispersed among his loyall subiectes), for grace and fauovr. Examined, and found to be derogatorie unto the glorie of God, the honovr of our King, and the Religion in this Realme, etc.' Camb., 1606 (852, g. 1, art. 2).

Here ends the 'Group of Sempill Ballads.'

Celia's Answer to the Lover's Complaint.

" Oh, tell me whence Love cometh?"
'*Love comes uncall'd, unsent.*'
" Oh, tell me where Love goeth?"
'*That was not Love that went.*'
——*Burden of a Woman.*

UNCONNECTED with the Celia of Duffet's song, "Since *Celia's* my Foe," except by her identity of name, is the Celia of a Strephon, mentioned on our p. 191; whence, to avoid interrupting the onward course of sequels to the other 'Unfortunate Celia' and her enforced marriage, the present ditty was necessarily postponed.

A broadside exemplar was at Osterley Park, fol. 32; Lindes., 1270.

To the antecedent ballad Robert King composed the music. It is known by various titles, one being 'The Despairing Lover's Complaint for *Celia's* Unkindness.' To an excellent new Tune [with three lines of music]. Licensed according to Order. Printed for *C. Bates*, at the sign of the *Sun and Bible*, in *Pye-corner*. It begins, "Forgive me if your looks I thought." (Pepys, v, 336.) Beginning identically the same, 'Forgive,' etc., are two broadsides, entitled 'The Esquire's Tragedy' and 'The Knight's Tragedy' (differing from each other in title only), printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-glass*, etc.; to the tune of, *I love you more and more each day*. We gave another version in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 54, the original song, there entitled "The Jealous Lover."

Celia's Answer to the Lover's Complaint.

TO THE SAME TUNE [OF, *Forgive me if your looks I thought did once some change discover*].

WHat is this I hear still, by all I do meet?
A Complaint against Celia is sung in the street;
Where she scornful is made, and cruel does prove,
To *Strephon*, who is with *Celia* in love;
Nay, likewise they say, for love he will dye,
Unless that his *Celia* to love does comply.
He farther complains that my heart's made of stone,
And yet he'll have *Celia*, or else he'll have none;
And since I must give him an Answer indeed,
I'le speak from my heart, as I am a true Maid:
He courted me long, and I slighted him still,
Tho' 'twas not perhaps for any ill will.

But caution did make me to use him like one
That came as a visit, and so to be gone;
Tho' he often would sigh, then his eyes they would dart,
Which many a time I felt at my heart.
But men are deceitful, which made me still shy:
What their tongue often speaks yet their heart gives the lye;
And few there are found of Men to be true,
Which makes me always [to] be scornful of you;
For daily I see that young Maidens [meet] wrong,
By Batchellors with fine flattering tongue:
They swear they do love, till they 've gain'd their desire,
Which when once possest, then soon they retire.

Thus Men being false causes me to beware,
Least I by such Men should be drawn in a snare,
As thousands there be, by young men undone,
In believing what's said by a lying Tongue.
But if that I thought [you] young *Strephon* w[ere] true,
And would love in earnest, I would do so too;
I mean not for time, but for ever and ay[e]—
I am not for love that holds but a day.
Therefore if you come, with intent for to wed,
Ne're fear but a loving, kind Wife may be had:
I love you, 'tis true, I declare on my life,
And happy should be if I once were your Wife.

O what is it I say? I have here told my mind:
Oh now I am ruin'd if *Strephon's* unkind.
My love I can't hide, but must let the world know
'Tis *Strephon* I love, tho' I tortur'd him so.
If he now should leave me for what I have done,
Then for love of him I distracted shall run.
O why did I use him so cruel before,
When at the same time I did him adore?
Now come, lovely *Strephon*, my heart is thy own:
With grief I have heard all thy sorrow and moan;
And if you will wed, then this I will say,
Since *Strephon* consents, then To-morrow's the day!

Printed for *Charles Barnet*. [White-letter. No cut. Date *circâ* 1694.]

The antecedent ballad was probably (as indicated by the tune-name in Pepys Coll., iii, 379, and v, 299) "I love thee more and more each day, fairest of earthly creatures"; of which the song-title had been 'The Passionate Lover.' We reprinted the original in Part XXI, being the second portion of Vol. VII, *Addenda*, p. xii**. It was in *New Academy of Comp.*, 1705, p. 135.

It was used for the Third Part of '*The Oxfordshire Tragedy*; or, The Death of Four Lovers' (reprinted entirely by the late William Chappell in his *National English Airs*, 1838, vol. ii. pp. 123 to 125, from a Bow Church-yard Garland, to which 'The Lover's Farewell' and 'The Ladies' Lamentation' had been added to swell the bulk, without any connecting link to the real *Oxfordshire Tragedy*). It is quite distinct as a story from the other garland similarly named, which we reprinted on pp. 68 and 179 in the present volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*. In fact, it can scarcely be termed a story at all, for it is no more than a clumsy bundle of independent poems, to swell the bulk; while the other *Oxfordshire Tragedy* is a continuous narrative.

The opening stanzas had probably been adopted from the original song, "Forgive me, if your looks," etc.; successive variations were founded on them, including 'The Jealous Lover' (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 54); 'The Esquire's Tragedy'; 'The Knight's Tragedy'; and Part Three of 'The Oxfordshire Tragedy.' It had no connection with Thomas Deloney's earlier 'Lover's Complaint for the Loss of his Love,' *circâ* 1581, beginning, "I wander up and down" (reprinted in vol. ii. p. 309).

The False-hearted Young Man.

IN this final volume of *Roxburghe Ballads* it is expedient to re-unite the long-severed links of each broken and entangled chain. 'The False-hearted Young Man' was sung to the tune of *The Languishing Swain*. This we identified, beginning, "Down by the side of a fair christial fountain" (*sic*), and reprinted it in vol. vi, p. 29, 1886. It was not unique, for at a later date we found another exemplar (Jersey, II, 89=Lindes., 321), which supplied the lost colophon, viz. 'Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*'; consequently the date was 1684, or soon after.

First.—The original 'False-hearted Young Man; or, The Injured Maiden,' to the tune of *The Languishing Swain*, begins "Why should I not complain on thee?" It was printed by and for A[lex.] *M*[*ilbourne*], and dated 1697. We give it on a later page. It has been hitherto unattainable.

Second.—Its direct sequel, here first reprinted, from one of the two editions of the same A. M. and P. Pelcomb's broadsides, viz. 'The Distracted Young Man's Answer to the Injur'd Maiden.' To the same tune. *Probably this ended the Story* (A). See p. 114. So far all was clear, but confusion now arose through the rivalries of ballad-publishers.

Third.—Either a continuation, or a distinct story, our *Roxburghe Ballad* of 'The Faithful Mariner,' on board the *Britannia* in the Straits (Reprinted in vol. vi, p. 793, with variations noted), beginning, "Fair *Isabel*, of beauty bright, to thee in love these lines I write." To the tune of *The False-hearted Young Man*, or, *The Languishing Swain*. Scarcely could the antecedent and original 'False-hearted Young Man' be identical with the Seaman-lover of Isabel, unless in her he is addressing the rich wife whom he has married before he went to sea. *More probably it is a self-complete Story* (B.).

Fourth.—(Whether a distinct third story as a fresh continuation) we reach 'Nelly's Constancy to her Unkind Lover,' who, after contract of marriage, leaves his first mistress for 'the sake of a better fortune.' It begins, "I lov'd you dearly, I lov'd you well" (reprinted from the unique original in vol. vi, p. 791). To the same tune of *The Languishing Swain*. Is it a sequel to 'The Faithful Mariner,' and Isabel the same as Nelly? Surely not. Or is this forsaken Nelly the same as the 'Injured Maiden' of the first ballad, where in obedience to his covetous father the "False-hearted Young Man" has married a richer bride than the girl to whom he had been plighted, and who still loves him? It is possible. Charles Barnet published it.

Confusion grows apace, for T. Staples comes forward with an unmistakable sequel to 'Nelly's Constancy' in 'The Seaman's Answer to the Unkind Lover.' (This, also, we reprinted, in vol. vi, p. 792, beginning, 'Fair Maid, you say you lov'd me well, and I believe it, honest *Nell*!' It retains the tune-name of *The Languishing Swain*, but gives antecedently the newly alternative tune-name of *I lov'd you dearly*, etc.

Fifth and *Sixth.*—With this isolated tune-name, *I lov'd you dearly*, now displacing the other tune-name, *Languishing Swain*. In 'The Seaman's Complaint for his Unkind Mistress at Wapping,' and its sequel, 'The Young Woman's Answer to her Former Sweet-heart,' we have 'a new departure.' It is the woman who has been prevailed on by parents to be false to her true-love, and has married a rich spouse, with similar unhappiness to the Celia of the 'Forced Marriage' series on pp. 189 to 193. *A distinct Story*, but enforcing the same moral against wedding for lucre, given complete on pp. 433-4.

The Distracted Young Man's Answer to the Injured Maiden:

Shewing the Cruelty of his Parents in forcing him to marry another, because she had a better Fortune, which proved the Ruine of the Young Man and his former Mistresse.

To the Same Tune [as *The Injur'd Maiden*]; or, *The Languishing Swain.*

IT 's true thou justly may'st complain, on thy unfaithful perjur'd Swain,
But yet at first I did design *to marry you, to marry you in little time.*

I found you beautiful and fair, delighted with a pleasing air,
Endow'd with all the charms of love, *and I believed* (*bis*) *you'd constant prove.*

My father told me, o're and o're, of one who riches had great store;
He said, If I did not agree to *court that Lass* (*bis*), he'd not own me.

I went as he did give command, although you had my heart and hand;
The [Gods] above do know it's true, *I always meant* (*bis*) to marry you.

Our Parents straitways did agree, and said, *That I must married be*
To her they lately wish'd me to. Then I reply'd, "What shall I do?"

My Father said, "To Church now go: a thousand pound this has, I know;
For her you courted just before *she has not half* so much in store."

I answer'd, "Yea, she has my heart, beside we vow'd never to part,
Therefore, dear Father, do not make me *break this vow* which I did take."

He said, if I a thousand took, I should no more upon her look;
But straight he made me for to go *to Church and wed,* I know not who.

Although I have a rich young wife, I have no comfort of my life;
For she that had my heart before, *will keep the same,* for evermore.

I do implore the Gods above, to look upon my Injur'd Love,
Who justly does complain on me, *and help her* in her misery!

Then young men all, a warning take, ne'er break those vows in love you make,
If she you love does prove but kind, *be not like me,* to change your mind!

Since I have proved thus untrue, I bid unto the world adieu!
For I no comfort now can have, *then death come send* (ter) *me to my grave!*

London, Printed for *P. Pelcomb,* in *Fleet Street.*

[In White-letter. Two woodcuts: Date, 1686–1689 or 1697. Pepysian exemplar (Pepys Coll., V, 288) printed by and for A. M. 1697.]

*** A few pp. later (see p. 433, etc., but "that's another story," as Rudyard Kipling says in the '*Plain Tales from the Hills*' and elsewhere), we come to the Wapping Young Woman and the Seaman's Complaint against her, with her Vindication: to the same tune of, '*I loved you dearly, I love you well.*' Also another Wapping damosel, whose mind is directed towards matrimony and a gallant sailor. She had also, like the King of Hearts and Count Fosco in later days, a pardonable weakness for Apple-Pie.

Two Offshoots from 'St. George and the Dragon.'

I.—The Dragon of Wantley.

"Come not between the Dragon and his wrath!"—*King Lear*, i, 1.

THERE are two ways of looking at the spirited and humorous ballad of the 'Combat fought between *More* of *More* Hall and the Dragon of *Wantley*.' One is to accept the mirthful ditty as a burlesque of the mediæval romances of Chivalric adventure, more especially 'Syr Bevis of Hampton,' 'Sir Eglamore and the Dragon,' 'Guy, Earl of Warwick,' not forgetting Richard Johnson's 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' and such reflected lights or adornments as Spenser did not disdain to include in his '*Faërie Queene*.' There are few passages, if any, in the 'Dragon of Wantley' that had not been anticipated in '*Syr Bevis*': the hiding in the well and its invigorating effect, the details of the armour as well as of the Dragon's leathery hide, huge claws, and pestilential powers of stench. These might be illustrated by such quotations as Bishop Percy gave in the third volume of his *Reliques*. What was done by Cervantes with exhaustive completeness in '*Don Quixote*,' to ridicule the extravagance of the books relating Chivalric adventures, and of which books he himself had been an assiduous student—no parodist being better than one who had worshipped at the shrine itself, and who still loves the theme he caricatures good-humouredly—is here done in brief by the unknown author of this 'Excellent Ballad of a most Dreadful Combate.'

To Henry Carey, who, in 1718, had written the charming song of "Sally in our Alley," this 'Combat of Moore and the Dragon' must have been from early childhood a delight; and in 1737 it formed the subject of his popular burlesque opera, 'The Dragon of Wantley,' acted at Covent Garden Theatre, in rivalry of the Italian opera-singers who were in vogue. Words and music were his own, *Italianesque* by intention, but with so much vivacity and melody that London was enchanted by it. George Bickham, in his *Musical Entertainer*, 1737–38, has shown how the scenes were arranged, and how the *dramatis personæ* were garbed in accordance with the prevailing operatic fashion. This is the better way to regard the ballad, which has amused successive generations for two centuries. The Pepysian exemplar bears the printed date 1685.

Another way of looking at it has a plausible excuse, but considerable doubt ought to attend it, for, despite the gravity and local authority in which the identification has been attempted, it bears too many signs of having been constructed *ex post facto*, solely to aggrandize a few provincial magnates (Bosvilles and

Wortleys, swaggerers from 1602 downwards) It rationalizes into dull commonplace, *in re* petty lawsuits and *scandalum magnatum*, the brilliantly coarse sham-chivalry of the ballad.

The foundation had been, indisputably, the legend of St. George and the Dragon. (Compare the ballads beginning respectively, "Of *Hector's* deeds did *Homer* sing" and "Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?" *Roxb. Bds.*, vols. i, 380; vi, 727: but the tune was said to be *When flying Fame.*)

In the second edition of the *Reliques*, 1767, '*Matthew*' is Mr. Wortley's keeper. Later, Dr. Percy received and circulated the account sent to him by Godfrey Bosville, of Thorpe, near Malton, Yorks, concerning Warncliffe (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), the disputed rectory of Penniston, "the late Wortley Montague's seat," the village of Wortley and Warncliffe Lodge. It is in late editions of the *Reliques*. Those who care for the supposititious identification, in all its verbosity, can turn to vol. iii of the 1794 issue. Ambrose Phillips had contented himself, in 1723, with an anticipatory mention of the theory—"There are some people who will tell you, That in days of old a certain gentleman, a member of the Law, and here represented by the *Dragon*, being left Guardian to Three Orphans, and finding some little flaw in their Titles, put in his claim, deprived them of their Estate, took possession of it himself, and turned them over to the Parish. Upon which another (here called *Moore* of *Moore* Hall) took up their cause, sued the unjust Guardian, cast him, and recovered the estate for the Children. I shall not pretend to decide anything in a dispute of this importance. *The hypotheses are both probable*; but which may be the justest I shall leave the Learned to determine." (J. Roberts's *Coll. of Old Ballads*, i, 38, 1723.) Court left sitting!

*** "*Warncliffe* Lodge and *Warncliffe* Wood (vulgarly pronounced *Wantley*) are in the parish of *Penniston*, Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster, and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family, who therewith endowed a hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great Tythes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it and wanted to get still more; for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tythes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the *Modus* in 37th Elizabeth. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq., from Queen Elizabeth in the second year of her reign; and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother, Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, third son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lionel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

"The ballad apparently relates to the lawsuit concerning this claim of tythes made by the Wortley family. 'Houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys'; tytheable things the Dragon chose to live on. The parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their *Modus;* and at the head of the agreement was *Lyonel Rowlestone*, who is supposed to be one of 'the Stones, which the Dragon could not crack.'"—*Reliques.*

The authorship of the ballad was not revealed. Yet it was probably no secret among friendly neighbours at Rotherham, where some local humourist must have written it. He was 'a hard nut to crack,' "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," who feared not the legal penalties incurred by lampooning the Wortley family (if the tithe-lawsuit, 1594, were the *casus belli*). He was probably by name a ROWLESTONE, and gathered no moss except on his headstone, where he "rests his head upon the lap of earth" in the churchyard.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 626; Pepys, V, 391; Douce, IV, 37, 38.]

An Excellent Ballad, of a most Dreadful Combate Fought between *Moore* of *Moore*-hall and the Dragon of *Wantley*.

[For early title, see p. 420; for music, *Pills to purge Melancholy*, iii, 10, 1719.]



OLd Stories tell, how *Hercules* a Dragon slew at *Lerna*, [t. *Lurna*.
With seven heads and fourteen eyes, to see and well discern a:
But he had a club this Dragon to drub, or he'd ne'er have done it,
I'll warrant ye;
But *Moore* of *Moore*-hall, with nothing at all, he slew the Dragon
of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had two furious wings, each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail, which made him bolder
and bolder;
He had long claws, and in his jaws four-and-forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tuff as any buff, which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the *Trojan* horse, with seventy men in his belly?
This Dragon was not quite so big, but very near, I'll tell ye;
Devoured he poor children three, that could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up, as a man would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon would eat; some say he eat up trees,
And that the forest sure he would devour by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies, he eat all
and left none behind,
But some nuts, dear *Jack*, which he could not crack, which on the
hills you will find. [=boulders=*Rowlestone*!

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotherham*—the place I know it well,
Some two or three miles or thereabouts, I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill-[l]edge, and *Matthew's* house
hard by it: [but spy it.
Oh! there and then was this Dragon's den, you could not chuse

Some say this Dragon was a witch, some say he was a devil,
For from his nose a smoke arose, and with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off when he did cough into a well that [doth] stand by,
Which made it look just like a brook running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt, of whom all towns did ring;
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,
call son of a w——, do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the mane, with his hands twain, he swung a horse
till he was dead;
And what is stranger, he, for anger, eat him all up, but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat, men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging and made a hideous noise:
"Oh, save us all! *Moore* of *Moore*-hall, thou peerless Knight of
these woods!
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a rag on: we'll give
thee all our goods."

"Tut, tut!" quoth he, "no goods I want, but I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and clean, and smiles about
the mouth;
Hair black as a sloe, both above and below, with blushes her cheeks
adorning;
To 'noint me o'ernight, e'er I go to fight, and to dress me in the
morning."

This being done, he did engage to hew this Dragon down;
But first he w[ould seek] strong armour to bespeak, [and this] at
Sheffield town; [and strong,
With spikes all about, not within but without, of steel so sharp
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er, some five or
six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress, how fierce he look'd and
how big,
You would have thought him to have been some *Egyptian* porcupig!
He frighten'd [with]al cats, don[kies], and all, each cow, each horse,
and each dog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be some strange
outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then got upon trees and houses;
On churches some, and chimnies too, but they put on their
trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he arose, to make him strong
and mighty,
He drank by the tale six pots of ale and a quart of aqua vitae.

It is not strength that always wins, for wit does strength excel;
Which made our cunning Champion creep down into a well,
Where he did think this Dragon would drink, and so he did
in truth;
And, as he stoop'd low [*Moore*] rose up and cry'd, "Boh!" and
hit him on the mouth.

"Oh!" quoth the Dragon," pox take you! come out, thou that
disturb'st me in my drink."
With that he turn'd, and sh[oute]t at him—good lack, how he
did stink!—
"Beshrew thy soul! thy body is foul, thy [ichor] smells not like
balsam;
Thou son of a w——, thou stink'st so sore, sure thy diet is
unwholesome."

Our politick Knight, on the other side, crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon such a dowse, he knew not what to think:
"By cock!" quoth he, "say you so; do you see?" and then at
him he let fly,
With hand and foot, and so they went to't; and the word it was,
"*Hey, boys, hey!*"

"Your words," quoth the Dragon, "I don't understand!" then to
it they fell, all at all;
Like two wild boars so fierce (I may compare great things
with small).
Two days and a night with this Dragon did fight our Champion
on the ground;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat, they never
had one wound.

At length the hard earth began for to quake, the Dragon gave him such a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straight he thought to lift him as high as a rock,
And then let him fall: but *Moore* of *Moore*-hall, like a valiant son of *Mars*,
As he came like a lout so he turn'd him about, and hit him a kick on the [c]ar[ca]se.

"Oh!" quoth the Dragon, with a deep sigh, and turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing, out of his throat of leather:
"*Moore* of *Moore*-hall, O thou rascal! would I had seen thee never:
With the thing at thy foot thou hast prick'd my a . . . gut, and I am undone for ever."

"Murder! murder!" the Dragon cry'd, "Alack! alack! for grief;
Had you but miss'd that place you could have done me no mischief."
Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd, and down he lay'd and cry'd;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he, so groan'd, kick'd, sh[udder'd], and dy'd.

Sheffield: Printed and sold by *John Garnet*.

[White-letter. No cut. An earlier edition, dated 1685, is in Pepys Coll., V, 391; the full title is, 'A True Relation of the Dreadful Combate between *More* of *More*-Hall and the Dragon of *Wantley*.' *London*, Printed for *Randal Taylor*, near Stationers' Hall, 1685.' With two lines of Music. The late Llewellyn Jewitt, in the *Reliquary*, edited by him, had reproduced a large woodcut, illustrating the ballad, adding to this an Introduction. Music from *Pills to p. Mel.*, iii, 10, 1719, but with a bass subjoined, was given by Dr. E. F. Rimbault in his *Musical Illustrations of Bp. Percy's Reliques*, 1850.]

Note.—Indisputably the appropriate woodcut given on p. 417, showing the well, must have belonged to an early edition of this ballad, 'A True Relation of the Dreadful Combate fought between *More* of *More*-Hall and the Dragon of *Wantley*'; unless, indeed, it had been earlier designed to illustrate '*Syr Bevis of Hampton*,' on which the ballad was primarily founded (see p. 415). In the Sheffield broadside of the Roxb. Coll. is no picture; but the Editor possesses the large woodcut given to him by Llewellyn Jewitt shortly before his lamented death: a kind-hearted man. It represents the Dragon on all fours, like a huge water-dog, but winged, and covered with scales. Gripping one shaveling monk or friar in its teeth, it has trodden another under foot, while two more flee away terrified in front, and a coronetted nobleman in an ermined robe gazes at them from a distance. Compare *The Reliquary*, vol. xviii, 1878.

Another Offshoot of St. George and the Dragon.

King Edward IV and Jane Shore.

"Dictes-moy, où n'en quel pays,
Est *Flora*, la belle *Romaine;*
Archipiada, ne *Thaïs*, [*Archippa*,
Qui fut sa cousine-germaine; [aimée de *Sophocle?*
Echo, parlant quand bruyt on maine
Dessus rivière ou sus estan,
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'humaine?
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"——VILLON.

THIS ballad has but slight connection with 'The Woful Lamentation of Mistress *Jane Shore*, a goldsmith's wife of *London*, sometime King *Edward* the Fourth's concubine, who for her wanton life came to a miserable end.' (Entered to William White in the Registers of the Stationers Company, 11 June, 1603.) It begins, "If *Rosamond* that was so fair had cause her sorrows to declare, Then let *Jane Shore* with sorrow sing, that was beloved of a King: *Then wanton Wives, in time amend, for Love and Beauty will have end.*" The 278 lines were reprinted in vol. i, pp. 479 to 492 of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, under the editorship of the late William Chappell, F.S.A., who gave a full account of her, from Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. But our present ballad, mentioning her at the close of every stanza and taking her as the subject of its burlesque laudation, has closer connection with the boastful popular ditty 'St. George for England and the King's Daughter of Ægypt' (published before 1612; reprinted in vol. vi, p. 725). It was to the tune and in the same metre as this parody, 'King Edward IV and Jane Shore,' which was printed in 1671, thus dated on the only broadside exemplar known.

The ballad was included in what fraudulently claimed to be *Samuel Butler's Posthumous Works* (3rd edition, 1719, iii, p. 72). It also appeared, without any signature, in *Wit and Mirth, Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. ii, 1700; again in the 1719 edition, iv, 273. Thomas Evans reprinted it among his *Old Ballads*, vol. i, p. 324, 1777; as J. Roberts had done in *his*, 1723, vol. i, p. 153.

As to the authorship, it could scarcely be Samuel Butler's. We accept as probably correct the declaration that it was "written by D. D——." In spite of numerous misprints in spelling of proper names, due to ignorant transcribers or clumsy sham-editors, there are indications of scholarship and of genuine humour. We believe the writer to have been Dr. John Donne the younger. He was the son of the satirist, Dean of St. Paul's; but his taste inclined in the direction of *Drolleries*. He had vivacity and versification enough for better work. He died in 1662, nine years before the dated broadside was printed. If not Donne, perhaps Tom Duffet? but it appears far above his limited capacity.

The tune is cited as the one used for "Why should we boast of Arthur and his Knights?" This could scarcely have been the same as *When flying Fame*, although it is declared to be so. The true music of the tune is in *Pills to p. Melancholy*, vol. iii, p. 116, and was thence copied into Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, 1850. When Ambrose Phillips in 1723 edited a reprint of 'King Edward and Jane Shore' he made a statement which may serve anew, *bis cocta*: "There are some little Expressions in it which had almost induced me to lay the song aside, but I considered that it was really old, and therefore ought to be preserved, and that I might have Readers of several Humours, so that this ballad might hit the taste of those who probably would not relish one more grave and solid. [Otherwise they could turn to the 'Woful Lamentation.'] This little introduction I have thrown in *for the service of the Ladies, that they may not unwarily go to read or sing this song*, unless by themselves."—*Coll. of Old Ballads*, i, 153, 1723. 'Namby Pamby' knew "Fanny's pretty ways."



Note.—The Lady represents JANE SHORE; from her 'Woful Lamentation.' The astounded man belongs to p. 426, 'A Marvellous Medicine.' Also used for 'Michaelmas Term' (the true date was 1632–33, Stat. Registers, iv, 273, entered to John Wright); reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 401, 1877.

The two Aspasias are confounded: *Aspasia of Phocæa* (not the Aspasia born at Miletus, and afterwards of Athens, the beloved *hetaira* of Pericles) was concubine to the sons of *Darius Nothus*, i.e. *Artaxerxes Mnemon* and *Cyrus*.

Similarly there were two distinct *Phrynes*: it was the other one who was vindicated by her display of beauty before the Areopagus. Also two *Floras*; perhaps two *Lamiæ*.

For *Celestina*, the *Spanish Bawd*, see *Calisto and Melibea*, 21 acts, translated, 1631.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 258. Apparently unique as a broadside.]

A New Ballad of King *Edward* and *Jane Shore.*

To the Tune of, *St. George for England and the Dragon.* [See vol. vi, p. 725.]

WHy should we boast of *Lais* and h[er] Knights, [*al. lect. Laius* and his.
Knowing such Champions entrapt by whorish lights?
Or why should we speak of *Thais'* curled locks?
Or *R*[*h*]*odophe*, that gave so many men the p.x? [*cf. Ælian.*
Read [in] 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* Frederick *for* France: [*Frédégonde.*
[Sing] *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

To speak of the *Amazons*, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Thracian* girls, how far they did excel;
Those [who] with *Scythian* lads engag'd in several fights,
And in the brave Venerean wars did foil adventurous Knights. [t. *Venetian.*
M[*es*]*saline* and *Julia* were vessels wond'rous brittle, [misp. *Mirsaline.*
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* took down King *Edward's* mettle.
Jane Shore *she was* [*for* England, *Queen* Fridegond], etc. [*sic, passim.*

Thalestris of *Thermodon*, she was a dou[gh]ty wight; [misp. *Thormydon.*
She conquered *P*[*c*]*lla's* King, in the exercise of night; [=*Alexander* the Great.
Hercules slew the Dragon, whose teeth were all of brass,
Yet he himself became a slave unto the *Lydian* lass. [=*Omphale.*
The *Theban Semele* lay with *Jove*, not dreading all his thunder;
But *Jane Shore* o'ercame King *Edward*, altho' he had her under. *Jane Shore*, etc.

Hellen of *Greece*, she came of *Spartan* blood;
[*Ægiale*] and *Cressida*, they were w[ench]es brave and good; [*text, Agricola.*
Queen *Clytemnestra* boldly slew old [*Atreus'*] mighty son, [misp. *Arthur's.*
And fair *H*[*esione*] pull'd down the strength of *T*[*e*]*lamon*: [misp. *Harcyon.*
These were the ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* sack:
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she spoil'd King *Edward's* back.

For this the Ancient Fathers did great *Venus* deifie, [*a.l.* writers.
Because with [cloud-compeller] *Jove* she feared not to lye;
Hence *Cupid* came, who afterward reveng'd his loving mother,
And made kind *Byblis* do the like with *Caunus* [or an]other; [*text, Cornus.*
And afterwards the goddess kept *Adonis* for reserve: [*Metam.*, b. ix, 10.
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she stretcht King *Edward's* nerve.

The *Colchian* dame *Medea* her father did betray,
And taught her lover *Jason* how the vigilant Bull to slay;
And after [having] thence convey'd her father's Golden Fleece,
She with her lover sail'd away in *Argo's* ship to *Greece;*
But finding *Jason* false, she burnt his Wife and Court: [*Creusa=Glauce.*
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she shew'd King *Edward* sport.

Romix of *Saxony* the *Welsh* State overthrew; [=*Rowena.*
Igræyn of *Cornwal*[*l*], *Pendragon* did subdue; [*al. lect. Igerne.*
Queen *Quiniver* with *Arthur* fought singly hand to hand, [*Guinivere, Vanora.*
In bed, though afterward she made horns on his head to stand,
And to Sir *Mordred, Pictish* Prince, a paramour became:
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward* tame.

Maresia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes [*Marissa?* a.l. *Marozia.*
With *Jesuits*, *Priests*, *Cardinals*, and triple-crowned *Popes!*
And, with King *Henry*, *Rosamund* spent many a dallying hour,
Till lastly poysoned by the Queen in *Woodstock* fatal Bower; [vi, 673.
And *Joan* of *Ark* plaid in the dark with Knights of *Languedock:*
But *Jane Shore* met King *Edward* and gave him knock for knock.

Pasiphae, we know, plaid feats with the *Cretan Bull;*
And *Proserpine*, though so divine, became black *Plutoe's* trull;
The *Spanish* bawd her strumpets taught to lay their legs astride: [*Celestina.*
But these, and all the courtezans, *Jane Shore* did them deride.
Pope Joan was right, although she did the *Papal* scepter wield; [*text*, pabal.
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward* yield.

Agathoclea and *Eanthe* did govern *Ægypt's* King; [i.e. *Ptolemy.*
The witty wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty thing:
She freely took her Ladie's place, and with great *Edgar* dallyed, [*Elfleda.* **Note.*
And with main force she foyl'd him quite, altho' he often rally'd,
For which brave act, he that her rackt gave her his Ladie's land:
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did command.

Of *Phryne* and of *Lamia*, historians have related, [*Ptolemy Soter* and
How their illustrious beauties two Generals captivated; [*Demetrius Poliorcetes.*
And they, that in the days of yore kil'd men and sackt their cities,
In honour of their Mistresses composed amorous ditties:
Let *Flora* gay with *Romans* play, and be a goddess call'd; [Not *Pompey's F.*
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* she enthral'd.

The jolly Tanner's daughter, *Harlot* of *Normandy*, [*Arlotta* of *Falaise*,
She onely had the happiness to please Duke *Robert's* eye; [mother of Kg. *Wm.* I.
And *Roxolani*, although a slave and born a *Grecian*,
Could with a nod command and rule grand Seignior *Solyman*;
And *Naples Joan* would make them groan that ardently did love her: [*Joanna*,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* he did shov' 'er. [*cf.* p. 354.

[*Phocœan*] *Aspasia* doth of the *Persian* brothers boast; [*Cyrus* & *Artaxerxes M.*
Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Latmian* boy, *Jane Shore* shall rule the roast; [*Endymion.*
Cleopatra lov'd *Mark Anthony*, and *Br*[*unehault*] she did feats, [misp. *Brownall.*
But compared to our *Virago* they were but meerly cheats;
Brave Carpet-Knights, in *Cupid's* fights, their milk-white rapiers drew;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did subdue.

Hamlet's incestuous mother was *Gartherrud*, *Denmark's* Queen, [=*Gertrude.*
And *Circe*, that inchanting witch, the like was scarcely seen;
Warlike *Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian* whore
To *Hector* and young *Troyalus*, both which did her adore: [=*Troilus.*
But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd nine victories,
Was like a bond-slave fettered with *Jane Shore's* all-conquering [eyes].
Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Queen* Fred[egond] *was for* France:
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

London, printed 1671. ["Written by **D. D**——." See p. 421. B.-L. Four cuts.]

**Note.*—King *Edgar*, resting in a lord's house at *Andover*, fell in love with the daughter, whom he demanded to be brought to him, against her consent. She was saved by her mother substituting her own waiting-maid, *Elfleda*. She pleased him so well that on discovery he kept her 'handfasted' as his mistress, until he married Elfrida, the beautiful daughter of Ordgar (A.D. 964), after the murder of Athelwold. (Wm. of Malmesbury's *Chronicle*, lib. ii, c. 8; Hume's *Hist.*, c. 2; *per contra*, E. A. Freeman's *Hist. Ess.*, i, 15, *cum grano salis* for pedantic spelling of Ædgar; Æthelflæd, the White Duck; Ælfthryth, wife of Æthelwold and daughter of Ordgar, 'ealdorman of western-shires.')

[Roxburghe Coll., IV, 79; Huth, II, 103; Jersey, I, 258=Lindes, 585.]

Tom Tell-Truth.

All you that will not me believe, disprove it if you can;
You by my story may perceive I am an Honest Man.

To the Tune of, *Tanta ra ra ra, Tantivee.* [Vol. vi, p. 496, and *Pop. Music*, 326.]



I killed a man, and he was dead, *fa la la, la la la*; (Repeat, *passim.*)
I killed a man, and he was dead, and run to *St. Alban's* without a head:
With a fa la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la. [*Passim.*

I asked him why he run so wild? He told me he got a maid [beguil'd].
And in his head there was a spring: a thousand great salmons about there did swim.

I saddled a [ma]re and rid to *Whitehall*, and under the Gate-house she gave me a fall.
I lay in a swound three-and-twenty long year, and when I awak'd I was fill'd with fear.

The thing that did fright me I cannot express: I saw a man big as the Tower, no less.
This man with the Monument would run away, but at *Aldgate* Watch they did him stay.

I got up again and rid to *Hyde Park*, and made the old [ma]re to sneeze [until dark].
Atop of *Paul's* steeple there did I see a delicate, dainty, fine Apple-Tree.

The Apples were ripe, and ready to fall, and kill'd seven hundred men on a stall.
The blood did run both to and fro, which caused seven water-mills for to go.

I see *Paul's* steeple run upon wheels, *fa la*, etc.
I see *Paul's* steeple run upon wheels and in the middle of all *Moor-fields*,
With a fa la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la. [Finis.]

Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, Cavalier standing at table, sword in his hand; 2nd, mutilated, a man (headless) in a cloak; 3rd, 'the Friar and the Boy,' given here (words of the poem are in *Percy Folio MS.*, p. 9 of *Supplem. Loose Songs*: anticipatory of the 'Pied Piper' and Tom Hood's story of 'Tony's Whim'); 4th, fragmentary, two figures. Date, *circâ* 1676.]

The four cuts of p. 424 were, 1st, the Knight on horseback, vii, 635; 2nd and 4th, Striding man, vi, 163; 3rd, Lady, with growing rose, also on vi, 163.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 200; Pepys, I, 337; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 196.]

A Marvelous Medicine to cure a great pain: If a Maidenhood be lost to get it again.

ONce busie in study, betwixt night and day,
With choyce of inventions I had in my mind;
And many od[d] matters my mind did assay,
But any to please me I could not well find.
Then suddenly casting my nose in the wind,
I smelt out a Medicine both precious and plain,
How to help silly maidens that have bin somewhat kind,
To get by good order their Maidenhood again.

First, the Maid must be brought into a sleep
For seven dayes together before she awake;
And seven dayes after this dyet must keep,
With these kind of compounds the which she must take:
She must eat neither rost-meat, [nor] sod[den, nor] bake,
But [from] all kind of daintyes she must refrain,
Save only the Medicine, which, if she take,
Then it will restore [*her lost virtue again*]. [*t.* etc.

The First day, give [to] her the slime of an eale,
Blown through a bag-pipe with the wind of a bladder,
With two or three turnings of a spinning-wheele,
Boyl'd in an eg[g·]shell and strain'd through a ladder;
The tongue of an urchin, the sting of an adder, [u.=hedgehog.
Boyld in a blanket in a shower of rain,
With seven notes of musick to make her the gladder:
And it will [*restore her to virtue again*].

The Second day, give her the peeping of a mouse,
With the drops of thunder that fall from the sky, [*text*, falls.
And temper it with three leaps of a lowse,
And put thereon [also] three skips of a fly;
With a gallon of water from a widow's eye,
That weeps for her husband when death hath him slain:
Let her take this Medicine, and drink by and by,
And it will [*soon make her a Virgin again*].

The Third day, give her the chattering of a sparrow,
Ro[a]sted in a mitten of untan'd leather;
Give it her with the rumbling of a wheelbarrow,
And bast[e] it with three yards of Black Swan's feather. [*rara avis.*
The ju[i]ce of a whetstone therein put together,
With a fatt of a Fryer, brought hither from *Spain:*
Let her lay all this in an ell of lowse leather,
And lay warm to her b[*od*]*y, to cure her great pain.*

The Fourth day, give her the song of a swallow,
Well tempered with marrow wrung out of a log;
With three pound and better of stock-fish tallow,
Hard tyed in the left horn of a blew butcher's dog,
With the gagling of a goose, and three frisks of a frog,
The hill of a shovell, and an humble-bee's brain: [*qu.* hilt, heel.
Give her this, fasting, with the grunting of a hog,
And it will [*soon make her a Maiden again*].

The Fift[h] day, give her, 'twixt eight and nine,
Some gruel of *Grantham*, boyl'd for the nonce; [why *Grantham?*
The brains of a bird-bolt, powdred very fine,
And beat in a morter of Jenny-[w]ren's bones;
Boyld in a nutshel, betwixt two millstones,
With the guts of a gudg[eo]n before she be slain:
Let her be sure to take all this at once,
And it will [*restore her, if aught will, again*].

Now mark well the Sixt[h] day, what must be her trade:
She must have a woodcock, a snip[e], or a quail,
Bakt fine in an oven before it be made;
And mingle it with [the] blood of a sna[i]le,
With four or five inches of a Jack-a-napes tail:
What though, for a while, it put her to pain?
Yet let her take this, without any fail,
And it will [*bring back her lost virtue again*].

The Seventh day, give her a pound of maid's-mocks,
Bray'd in a basket of danger and blame,
With conserves of collworts bound in a box,
To comfort her stomack, with sirrop of shame;
Although she be past all hope of good name,
And to her honesty a very great stain:
Let her take this [Medicine] to remedy the same,
And it will, [*without fail, make her Maiden again*].

So these are our Medicines for Maidens each one,
Which in their virginity amisse somewhat fell:
Pray, if ever you hear them [to] make [any] moan,
And [they] gladly would know the place where I dwell,
[Let them search] at the sign of the Whip and Egg shell,
Neer *Pancake-alley*, on *Salisbury-plain:*
There shall they find remedy, using this well,
Or else ne'r recover their Maidenhood again.

[Colophon lost. Woodcut, man, p. 422. White-letter. Pepys Coll., I, 337, B.-L., printed for *Henry Gosson*. Rawlinson's Black-letter, three woodcuts: 1st, man, p. 422; 2nd, Saracen, reverse of our vol. vi, p. 685; 3rd, stout woman, vi, 685. Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*, before 1674. We read *hood* instead of *head, passim*. But what does *Grantham* in this 'galley'?]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 406. No other copy noted.]

Simple Simon's Misfortunes, and his Wife Margery's Cruelty; who Poisoned him with a Bottle of Sack.

Tune, [*The*] *Delights of the Bottle.* [See vol. iv, p. 44.]

COme listen a while, and here I will relate
A ditty of *Simon's* poor sorrowful fate.
His wife was to anger most cruelly bent,
That seldom, poor man, he could give her content;
But she for her own part so loved Sack,
That often she tippl'd behind *Simon's* back.
A bottle she got, which held two quarts or more,
Well fill'd with canary, hung behind the door:
Then telling of *Simon* it was poison strong,
And said, if he touch'd it, it would do him wrong:
" Therefore I'd have you be rul'd by your wife:
One drop is enough to cost you your life."
The wife of poor *Simon* had a sow and pigs,
Besides hens and turkeys, that had store of eggs;
With ewes and weathers, nay, innocent lambs,
Who in the forest did sport with their dams.
To *Simon* she gave the charge of them all;
But see what hard fortune to him did befal!
He did his endeavour to live free from strife,
Yet still thro' misfortunes he angers his wife:
As by this new ditty I will make appear,
If you will be pleased to lend me an ear.
His losses and crosses they came on so fast,
That he of his wife was weary at last.
One morning she sent him to tend the sheep,
And bid him be careful he did not sleep;
Some victuals she gave him in his hand,
That he might the better obey her command:
But he fell asleep by his sheep on the plain,
While six of his lambs by the foxes were slain.
This caused distraction 'twixt them for a time,
Till *Simon* begg'd pardon for his cruel crime.
Next morning she sent him the goslins to tend,
And said, " On my favour, see you don't offend."
But mark the misfortune that happen'd 'ere night:
Five of the best goslins were seiz'd by a kite.
Poor *Simon* was ne'er so dismay'd in his life;
He knew not what answer to make to his wife.
Next morning she sent him to milk the cow,
And then a disaster was done by the sow;
For while he was driving the young pigs away,
The sow in the dairy was swigging the whey.
The cheese from the vat she did tear and haul,
And threw down the cream, destroying it all:
[When he saw all the mischief that she had done] [*Lost line?*
Poor *Simon* he wept and made piteous moan.
The sow burst her belly and so lost her life:
This was the renewal of sorrow and strife.

Now [soon] as she happened to see this sad sight,
To *Simon* she straightway flew like a spright;
Then lugging his ears and wringing his nose,
She beat him till tears run out at his hose;
At every blow she to *Simon* did say,
"Remember the goslins the kite stole away!"
Now seeing what life he was like to lead,
He unto the chamber did hasten with speed,
To seize on the bottle I mention'd before,
Which he thought was poison behind the door;
And vow'd he would drink it to finish his life,
Rather than live with so cruel a wife.
He open'd the window that stood to the south,
And setting the bottle of Sack to his mouth,
Said he, "I this poison drink with all my heart!"
And at the first draught he drank down a quart;
Then setting the bottle once more to his snout,
He never left swigging till it was all out.
Then he fell down like one bereft of life:
"I'm poisoned!" says he, "by the means of my wife;
I now feel it flowing in every vein,
The strength is [so] great, it tickles my brain,
My stomach, my belly, and every part,
And tho' I am poison'd I feel no great smart."
His wife by the window did happen to walk,
And hearing *Simon* how he did talk,
In search of her bottle she upstairs did run,
To see in the chamber what *Simon* had done.
He lay by the bottle as if of life bereft,
But never a drop of Sack had he left.
"I'm poison'd!" said he, "by the means of my wife:
Let me be at quiet now I've lost my life."
"Cotso! if you're poison'd then I will contrive
A medicine straitway to fetch you alive."
A powder she presently blew up his nose,
Then like one frantic he straitway arose.
Downstairs he run in the open street,
All people were frighted that *Simon* did meet.
His wife ran after, thro' thick and thin,
And with a cudgel belabour'd his skin.
The weight of her cudgel made *Simon* to roar;
At length a kind neighbour let him in [at] a door.
They sent for his wife, who came without fail;
Their peace was made over a jug of good ale.
Now *Simon* was freed from all care and dread,
The neighbours in merriment got them to bed.
That night, no doubt, he pleased his wife,
For now [*Simple Simon*] leads a happy life.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-office, *Bow Church-yard, London.*

[White-letter reprint, with two cuts, of the 18th century. Compare the earlier Black-letter Ballad 'Dead and Alive' in the 'Group of Merry Adventures,' vol. vii, p. 387: "There was a Shaving Royster." *Simon* is a chap-book version.]

Duplicated, as this had been, another 'Merry Adventure' follows, being a Suffolk frolic, '*Kate* of *Colchester*,' otherwise *Nelly*: the same story, twice told.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 794; Lind., 1432; Douce, III, 15; Madden, I, 177.]

Crafty *Kate* of *Colchester*; Or, The False-hearted Clothier frighted into Good Manners.

TUNE OF, *The Jealous Lover; or, The Languishing Swain.* [See pp. 411, 434.]

YOU that in merriment delight, pray listen now to what I write;
Then will you satisfaction find, to cure a melancholy mind.

A Damsel lived in *Colchester*, and there a Clothier courted her,
For two months' space both night and day, and yet the Damsel said him nay.

The Clothier he then [thus] reply'd, "If you refuse to be my bride,
It soon will prove my overthrow; then, dearest, do not answer 'No.'"

Said she, "Were I to love inclin'd, perhaps you soon wou'd change your mind,
And court some other damsel fair, for men are false, I do declare."

"By all that 's good, my dearest Love, I never will unfaithful prove;
Then grant me what I do request, so shall we both be ever blest."

He many protestations made, and like a loyal lover said,
"There 's none but thee shall be my wife, the joy and comfort of my life."

This said, at length she gave consent to marry him; likewise they went
Unto her friends and parents, who, did grant her love and liking too.

But see the fruits of cursed gold! He left his loyal Love, behold,
With grief and sorrow compass'd round, when he a better fortune found.

A Lawyer's Daughter, fair and bright, her parents' joy and heart's delight,
He was resolv'd to make his spouse, denying all his former vows.

Now when the Damsel came to hear, that she must lose her only dear, [make."
And for the Lawyer's Daughter's sake, thought she, "some sport with him I 'll

She knew that every night he came from his new love, *Nancy* by name,
Sometimes at ten o'clock or more: *Kate* to a Tanner went therefore.

She borrowed there an old cow-hide, with crooked horns both large and wide,
And having wrapt herself therein, she did her new intreague begin.

She in a lonesome field did stay, the Clothier came at length that way,
Where he was sorely scared by her, she look'd so like old *Lucifer*.

A hairy hide, horns on her head, which full three foot asunder spread,
Besides he [saw] a long black tail: he strove to run, but his feet did fail.

She quickly seiz'd him by the coat, then with a grim and dreadful note
She cry'd, "You leave poor *Kate*, I hear, and wooe the Lawyer's Daughter dear.

"Since you have been so false to her, you perjured knave of *Colchester!*
You shall, whether you will or no, unto my gloomy region go."

This voice did so affrighten him, that there he trembled every limb:
"Sweet Master Devil, spare me now, and I'll perform my former vow.

"I'll make young *Kate* my lawful bride." "Well, see you do," the devil cry'd,
"Or you shall hear from me again, if *Kate* against you do complain."

Then home he went, tho' very late: he ne'er imagin'd this was *Kate:*
That put him into such a fright, therefore next day by morning light

He went to *Kate* and marry'd her, for fear of this old *Lucifer*.
Her friends and parents thought it strange there should be such a sudden change.

Kate did not let her parents know, nor any other friend or foe,
Till she a year had marry'd been ; then told it at her Gossiping.

It pleas'd the women to the heart, who said she bravely play'd her part ;
Her husband laugh'd as well as they : this was a jovial merry day.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Printed and sold by *John White*.

[This is *White's* white-letter reprint of an earlier broadside, such as the Jersey, 'Licensed according to Order,' but colophon lost, of date *circâ* 1689-90. Roxb. and Madden have two woodcuts : 1st, the long-haired youth, with Castle behind, vol. vi, p. 13 ; 2nd, the maid, disguised with horns as a hobgoblin.]

*** There is far more than an accidental resemblance in a ballad entitled 'The Politick Maid of Suffolk ; or, The Lawyer Outwitted,' to the Tune of *Alas ! poor thing* (see later p.). (Madden Collection, III, 638, *Worcester, J. Butler ;* Ebsworth Coll., *J. Pitts, Seven Dials ;* Douce, II, 180.) It begins,

"COME, young men and maidens, both of high and low degree,
Or you that love a merry jest, give ear a while to me ;
I'd have you give attention to what I have to tell ;
Then hear it out, I do not doubt, 'twill please you wonderous well.

"'Tis of a wealthy Lawyer, that did in *Suffolk* dwell,
He kept a handsome housekeeper, her name was called *Nell :*
He kist and prest her o'er and o'er, as I to you may tell,
Till her apron grew too short before : alas ! poor *Nell*."

She entreats him to fulfil his promise and marry her, and he wishes that "Old Nick may fetch me straight !" if ever he proves false to her. But erelong he turns her off, because he wooes a rich lady.

Nell manages to outwit him and bring him to repentance, although he is a lawyer ! She bargains with a little chimney-sweeper, giving him a guinea for a suit of his sooty clothes, in which she dresses herself, with a pair of ram's horns on her head. The boy, furnished with squibs and crackers, is posted up in a tree, in a lonesome wood, through which the lawyer must travel by night.

"It was just about the hour of one, as for a truth we hear,
The Lawyer he came trudging home from the courtship of his dear ;
And stepping o'er to shun the dirt, as I to you may tell,
She quickly caught him by the skirt (sing, O brave *Nell !*).

Then with a doleful, hollow voice, she unto him did say,
"According to your wish I come, to fetch you hence away."

He is terrified and promises to marry the girl next day. He goes to her in the morning, gets a license, and weds her in church. The final stanza, 18th, is almost identical with that of the (probably earlier) 'Kate of Colchester' ditty :—

"She never told to friend or foe the trick which she had play'd,
Till eight or nine weeks after, when she was brought to bed ;
She told it at her Gossipping, which pleas'd the women well ;
Her husband laugh'd, and thus reply'd, 'Twas well done, *Nell !*'"

Worcester, Printed by *J. Butler*, near the Pack-Horse, Garden Market. The Rev. James Ford reprinted it from a different version in *The Suffolk Garland*, Ipswich, 1818, p. 194 ; and John Glyde in his *New Suffolk Garland*, p. 224, Ipswich, 1866. But the Suffolk version is tediously long, 154 lines, against the 88 half-lines of 'Kate of Colchester,' which has more vivacity. She carries on her campaign single-handedly, by native wit, needing no sweep or fireworks.

THE POLITIC YOUNG MEN NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

"At Lovers' perjuries, they say, *Jove* laughs!"

JULIET unwisely declared this rumour in the hearing of Romeo, who was too generous a lover to take a mean advantage of it. Nevertheless, the Friar, being distrustful and a prudent counsellor, speedily makes "short work" by the secret wedding—

"For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one!"

Not every girl could succeed so cleverly as the 'Politic Maid of Suffolk,' on p. 431, in bringing to contrition and amendment her inconstant lover, more especially difficult as she had to outwit a sharp practitioner in the Law-courts, one of 'The Devil's Own'; nevertheless unwilling to offend his putative father. Cunning or cleverness being no monopoly of the vitriol-throwing and irresponsible sex, we find, in another ballad, a 'Politic Young Man' requiring restraint.

Two copies are extant of 'The Politick Young Man; or, The Nimble-pated Youngster's Forgeries' (Jersey Coll., I, 252=Lindes; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 164): to a pleasant new Tune, *Come away to my chamber, and bar up the door.* Printed for *Charles Tyus*, at the *Three Bibles*, on *London Bridge*, *circâ* 1659–1663. Of the tune and burden, mention was made in vol. vi, p. 212. The ballad gives a specimen of astrological jargon, worthy of Butler's 'Sidrophel,' William Lilly, Edward Kelly, and Dr. John Dee.

ALl hail, thou *Venus* bright! or darling of that Queen,
For thou art the goddesse 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 coniunction together may ioyn:
Whilst *Mars* is with *Luna* and *Venus* in Trine,
Let us devoutly our [meeting]s combine:
Come away to my chamber, and bar up the door.

Mars, which doth scorn to yield unto the proudest foe,
Resigns it to *Venus* at one comely smile;
Casting his lance away, his armour off did throw:
For why? this bright Goddess did him soon beguile.
They both did encounter, not meaning to kill:
Be thou such a Goddess and yield to my will,
And I in all kindness will show my best skill:
Come away to my chamber, and bar up the door.

I summon now thy Fort, let me p[osses]sion take: [*text*, persuasion.
Resist not a Souldier, thou fair Paragon!
Least *Cupid* strike thy heart, after I thee forsake:
O what will betide you? his dart you can't shun.
Consider, fair Maiden, and be not so stout,
To keep a brave Souldier so wilfully out;
Thy quarters, fair Lady, let mee range about,
Come away to my chamber, and bar up the door. [Other five stanzas.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st and 2nd are single figures, marked 'R. J.,' the man and stout woman, vol. vi, p. 685; 3rd and 4th are blotted repetitions of these same figures, but lack the initials of a former ballad-publisher whose property the blocks had been, perhaps *R*[*ichard*] *J*[*ones*]. Date, *circâ* 1659–63.]

[Pepys Coll., V, 368; Brit. Museum, C. 22, e. 2, art. 175; Jersey, I, 17; =Lind., 1311; and 1312, dated 1694.]

The Seaman's Complaint for his Unkind Mistress, of Wapping.

Together with the Young Woman's Answer in her own Vindication.

To the Tune of, *I love you dearly, I love you well*, etc. [See p. 413.]

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order, etc.

WHen I went early in the Spring on board a Ship to serve the King,
I left my dearest Love behind, who said her heart for e're was mine.

Her love appear'd most true to be, and she on board would go with me;
She went as far as the *B[u]oy i' th' Nore*, and then return'd back to the shore.

Oft-times I hug'd her in my arms, I thought she had a thousand charms;
Our vows were bound with kisses sweet, to marry next time we did meet.

A golden chain I did present, she seemed very well content,
She sigh'd and said, "It breaks my heart, to think my Love and I must part."

While I was sailing on the Sea, I took all opportunity
To send letters unto my Dear, but yet from her I ne'r could hear.

When we were booming of a town, where cannon balls flew up and down,
I'th worst of all those dangers there, my thoughts w[ere] still upon my Dear.

But since we are returned home, my Love I went to wait upon;
Who did in *Wapping* dwell of late, and now has made me unfortunate.

For when I to her Father came, and ask'd for my Love by her name,
Her Father churlishly did cry, "Sir, all your love she does defie!"

Said I, "What mean you, sir, by this?"—"To tell you true, she wedded is
To a rich old Man for all her life, and you may look for another Wife."

Curse on all false love, where'er it be! a curse on all such perjury!
A curse on those who e'er do make or break a vow, for riches sake!

A curse on gold and silver too! a curse upon that Miser who [wind.
Has made his Daughter change her mind! Oh! women's tongues are like the

Adieu all comfort of my life! Adieu the pleasures of a wife!
Adieu all false hearts here on shore! for I will ne'r see *England* more.

I'le go where bombs and cannons play, where they ne'r cease both night and day;
I'le range the seas until I die, where waves are tossing mountains high.

Since I have lost my heart's delight, I bid unto the world good night!
I'd rather be where bullets fly, than in a woman's company.

[*London*, Printed for *Charles Baker*. One exemplar, dated 1694; others earlier.]

[*Note.*—She went with him to the *Nore*, but no farther. The heroine of 'The Female's Frolick; or, The Distressed Young Maiden' entered herself on board the *Marlborough*, to go to some foreign land, for the sake of her sweetheart. Tune of, *Young Essex*, 1680-90, "Come listen (*ter*) a while." (Lind., 258.)]

The Young Woman's Answer to her Former Sweet-Heart on board one of His Majesty's Ships, who complains of her Unkindness.

TUNE OF, *I lov'd you dearly*[, *I lov'd you well*]. [See vol. vi, p. 791.]

IN e[ve]ry street I hear 'em sing my Love's *Complaint*, who serv'd the King;
I went with him to the *B*[*u*]*oy i' th' Nore*, and could have gone all the world o're.

He says, my love appeared true: I do declare it was so too;
And let his love be ne'r so great, mine was as much, tho' unfortunate.

A *Golden Chain* I had of him, which I will freely return again;
As for my sighing when we did part, 'twas from the bottom of my heart.

Then both of us did straight agree, at his return Married to be;
As for his *Letters* he sent to Town, I do declare I ne'r had one.

But now I find it (tho' too late), my Love complains of his hard fate;
But 'tis my Father's fault indeed: he often said that you were dead.

Those Letters that you sent to me, my father would not let me see; [June, 1694.
But always said, "Child, be at rest, for thy Sweet-heart was slain at *Brest*."

Then he persuaded me to wed, to a Rich old Man that 's almost dead;
It 's true I 'm married, and am a wife: I wish I 'd liv'd single all my life.

I always lov'd a Seaman brave, and once I was in hopes to have
Him whom I now ne'r expect to see. You maidens all, then pity me!

While we are young and once in love, it looks like blessings from above;
Yet our friends oftentimes will make us break those vows, for riches' sake.

And as for *Gold* and *Silver* too, I freely curse it as well as you;
For if that had not caus'd this strife, then you and I had been Man and Wife.

Altho' we both are crost in love, your Resolution I 'd have ye move;
Since now you see the fault 's not mine, think not so hard on women-kind!

Where one Woman is false in love, a hundred Men they false do prove;
Tho' I lay not this charge to you, nor I hope you don't think me untrue.

Return! return! I beg, my Dear! for here are thousand women here,
That are more beautiful than I, therefore ne'r go where bullets fly.

'Twould be the comfort of my life, to see you have a happy Wife;
Tho' I am crost, 'twill ease my pain to see you once return'd again.

[Finis.] *London*, Printed for *Charles Baker*, [1694].

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the young lovers, on p. 103 of vol. vii; 2nd, the Ship, vii, 524, worm-holed. Date of publication, 1694 on some copies; but the first part, the 'Complaint' was issued by C. Baker separately. The present Answer was also issued separately, *circâ* 1688–90, before being conjoined. Of the double-ballad sheets, one exemplar (Charles Baker pub.) remains in Brit. Mus. C. 22. The mention of *Brest* marks the date as 1694.]

To the same tune of, *I lov'd you dearly*, etc., was sung another unique nautical ballad, entitled, 'The Perjur'd Sayler; or, The Forsaken Damsel': giving an Account of a young Maid at *Greenwich*, who died for love of a seaman, who after many vows and solemn promises left her, so that she broke her heart. To the Tune of, *The Languishing Swain*. It begins, "Come listen while I do relate." Lic. acc. to Order. Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-glass* on *London-Bridge*, 1693. Another ballad on 'The *Greenwich* Lovers' is in vol. vii, p. 549.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 295; Jersey, II, 85=Lindes., 1429.]

The Love-sick Maid of Wapping:

Her Complaint for want of Apple-Pye.

This Maid was in such sore distress, wanting a gamesome Lad,
She cry'd for want of Happiness that other Lovers had.

TUNE OF, *Jenny gin; Fair one, let me in; Busie Fame; Hey boys, up go we!*

YOu that enjoy your hearts' delight, take pitty now on me!
Whom Fortune seeketh to despite, and bring to misery.
But yet I will a Husband have, no Fate shall me deny;
For I sigh my self into my grave, and for want of Apple-pye.

Now I am seventeen years of age, methinks it is high time
Love's fiery passion to assuage, now I am in my prime.
I must, I must a Husband have; no fate shall me deny, etc.

Oh! that I play'd so much the fool, as in times past I did;
I might have gone to *Venus'* School, but Fortune did forbid. *And now*, etc.

When *George* the *Goldsmith* came to me, my beauty he admir'd;
And like a fool I did deny what of me he desir'd. *But now*, etc.

[T]hen *Valentine* the *Vintener* came, that handsome bonny Lad,
And to deny his fiery flame I think I was quite mad. *But now*, etc.

Could I but now a Husband have, how happy should I be!
O then should I be brisk and brave, and live in jollity.
But the pangs of Love doth me oppress, tho' fate doth me deny,
And it is the only happiness to taste of Apple-pye.

Then *John* the *Joyner* came to me, whose charms were half divine;
He told me he could gamesome be, and understood to joyn.
But alas! I must a Husband have, that will both hug and kiss,
Else I shall pine into my grave for want of [*that or th*]*is.*

At last a *Taylor*, neat and fine, with Bodkin and his Needle,
He came to gain the love of mine, but him I thought too feeble.
For I must have a thundering lad, my passion to allay,
Or else I surely shall go mad: brisk youngsters, come away!

A brisk young *Cobler* to me came, who worked in a stall;
He said he burnt with amorous flame; but I did not like hi[m at] all:
No, no! 'tis not a cobbling fool must be a match for me,
For I full well must like hi[*m rule*] *that must my Husband be.*

And after they were come and gone, to me there came a *Glover;*
He looked like a feeble one, not fit to be a Lover.
At my denyal he look'd pale, [scarce could with] passion [stand]:
I bid him hold his babbling tale, for he should not [glove my hand].

But then the *Blacksmith* to me came, whose sight I did despise;
He lov'd, but I abhor'd the same, tho' he for pitty crys:
"Ah! let me not these pains endure, but grant to me some ease!
Except I can some help procure, I die of Love's disease."

At last the *Sailor*, gent and neat, to me a wooing came;
And he, I thought, was most compleat, to ease my fiery flame.
He gave to me such sweet discourse, I could not him deny;
My stubborn heart then felt remorse, and he['*ll give*] *me Apple-pye.*

[Printed for *J. Conyers* in *Duck Lane.* B.-L. Four cuts: 1st, the girl, iii, 537; 2nd, the group, iv, p. 53; 3rd, on p. 485; 4th, sun, iv, 348. Date, *c.* 1683.]

Jack Tar's Return.

" When *Jack* had pull'd the oar, and the boat was gone,
And the lassie on the shore with her head hanging down,
The tears stood in her eyes, and her bosom heaving sighs,
' Farewell, my dear !' she cries, ' with your trousers on.'
' Farewell !' said he, ' I go to sea, and you must stay behind ;
But do not grieve, for while I live I ever will be kind ;
And when I come to land, you will meet me on the strand,
And welcome *Jacky Tar* with his trousers on.' "

— *Jacky Tar : Tune of The Sailor's Hornpipe*, 1779.

HAVING given two large Groups of Nautical Ballads in vols. vi and vii, it would not be fitting to omit the slip-songs devoted to '*Jacky Tar with his trousers on*': mentioned on pp. 184, 186.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 385.]

The Loving Girl's Invitation to a Young Sailor in his Trowsers.

[Tune of, *The Sailor's Hornpipe ;* or, *Jack Robinson*, vol. vii, p. 513.]

COme a-shore, you jolly Tar, with your Trowsers on !
Come a-shore, you jolly Tar, with your Trowsers on !
Come a-shore, you jolly Tar, from on board a Man-of-War,
And kiss the bonny Lasses with your Trowsers on.

We will walk by the shore, while the tide it comes in ; [*Repeat.*
If we meet with a bonny Lass, walking on the sand,
We will kiss her sweetly, with our Trowsers on.

" Will you stand to your bargain, young man" (she said) " or no ? [*Repeat.*
You promis'd for to marry me a twelvemonth ago :
Will you stand to your bargain ? so now say aye or no !"

" A bargain is a bargain !" (the young man did cry) : [*Repeat.*
" If I promis'd for to marry, it was but you to try :
We 'll call up our witnesses, and hear them by and by."

" There 's a flower in the North" (she says) " for you, young man, to glean ;
There 's a flower in the North you had better try to win !
If it had not been for shame, and to forfeit my good name,
I might have prov'd as false as you have been, young man."

Here's a health to the Lad with his Trowsers on ! [*Repeat.*
And another to the Maid, " that never was afraid
To kiss a bonny Lad, with the Trowsers on." [No colophon.]

The genial W. H. Logan, in his *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 53, furnished our motto, " When *Jack* had pull'd the oar," etc., from a printed copy dated 1780. It is a totally distinct ' Jack Tar,' with a chorus studiously declaring that he was enrobed " *with his Trowsers on* !" This was in contrast to the Naval officers and civilians, who wore knee-breeches. (Robert Browning's illicit lovers of ' *Pippa Passes*,' Sebald and Ottima, own they sinned, at Asolo, " in our pants.")

' Tarry Trowsers ' demand another word. The rough work up aloft, amid wet sails and pitched ropes, suited neither with decent hosiery nor with the bare legs of our mariners ; an adoption of rough canvas trousers became customary, in advance of the changes of fashion for land-lubbers. Jack, in full rig, as described in the second stanza, was ready to " kiss the bonny lasses with his trousers on."

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 602.]

Jack Tar's Return.

ONe night, at ten o'clock, I sat reading, looking back,
Letters—of old—receiv'd from my dear Sailor *Jack*;
Somebody came to the door, like a *Jack-Tar* did roar!
Which drove my poor senses I cannot tell where.

I arose with the shock, and did the door unlock; [*Cf.* vii, 488.
Such a fine sight surely my eyes did ne'er behold!
Trowsers as white as snow, buckles down to the toe,
With a flashy curl'd gee, and his hat lac'd with gold! [*gee* = wig?

Then I did stand and view! strait in my arms he flew,
Giving me a kiss, far sweeter than [musk or] rue:
He smelt of tar, and [yet he] look'd so smart,
There was nothing, no nothing, my mind to bring to do.

Then to delight me more, strait in my apron, behold!
Then he began to throw handfulls of gold,
Saying, "Sure I will you deck with a gold chain 'bout your neck:
For I have sail'd with *Rodney*, with courage so bold." [1780–82.

Then come, each lad and lass, drink off a flowing glass,
And drink a health to the Lads that are at Sea!
God send them back again unto their native home!
O what a comfort and joy that will be when they come.

[No colophon or woodcut. Compare p. 186. The mention of Admiral RODNEY, in fourth stanza, marks the date as 1780 (when in January he had defeated Don Langara, off Cape St. Vincent), or 1782 (but no other in Roxb. Coll. is so late in date, except the 'Praise of Capt. Batty,' on p. 336). Rodney's victory over the French fleet, and capture of five ships, also of their Admiral —Count de Grasse, was in April, 1782.]

[Roxb. Coll., III, 435, and Trowbesh: compare p. 185. Slip-song, *circa* 1779.]

The Tar's Frolic; or, British Sailor.

GIve ear, brother Seamen, and listen awhile,
I'll sing you a ditty that will make you smile;
It's concerning a frolic [that] I'll to you tell;
As fortune would have it, it was very well.

My discharge I have got, and have had gold in store,
And soon I will tell how I added to it more:
I, being drunk, to an ale-house went in,
To dance and to caper I then did begin.

He is soon taken in tow by a light pinnace, "well rigged in a fine long silk gown," and they sit drinking together until a score of fifteen shillings and sixpence is run up, which he pays. She tries to rob him, while he "shamm'd fast asleep"; he catches her in the attempt, drubs her so that she runs away and leaves part of her clothes behind "with ten guineas in them and two five-pound notes." He keeps the plunder, as being a fair reprisal.

So we'll laugh at the frolic, and drink the health round,
And wish each brother seaman the same in town.

A different 'Sailor's Frolic,' *alias* 'Tit for Tat,' twenty-seven stanzas, is in the Trowbesh Coll., not in the Roxburghe. *Cf.* vii, p. 531.

Tit for Tat; or, The Merry Wives of Wapping.

(*A Sailor's Frolic.*)

ALL you that delight in a frolicksome song,
Come listen a while, I 'll not keep you long: [*a.l.* "I will tell you a story," etc.
It is of a Sea-Captain, a frolicksome spark,
Who courted a Sailor's fair wife [after] dark.

The Sailor *John Hanson* was called by name,
Whose wife was a fair and a beautiful dame;
[When] she came on board, her husband to see,
The Captain said, "Girl, you 're a supper for me!" . . .

She said: "Noble Captain, your suit is in vain,
My husband 's a sailor that ploughs on the main;
And you are his captain, then be not so base.
He would make us rue, should he know the case."

The Captain tempts her with a gift of fifty guineas, and her scruples give way. Suspicions are aroused by his frequent absences from ship and home. The deluded Jack-Tar, becoming jealous, makes trial of her faith by pretending to quit her one evening; but hides, and soon finds the Captain with her, paying indiscreet attentions to her, although possessing a beautiful wife of his own on shore. Jack resolves on vengeance, making reprisal, by the *lex talionis*; and secures his rival's laced coat, knee-breeches, sword, and cocked hat. Having dressed himself in them, he starts off to carry the war into the enemy's country, by laying siege to the Captain's own wife, visiting her in her house; a maid unsuspectingly admitting him in the darkness, he being clad in her master's gold-laced uniform, and assuming to be farther 'disguised' in liquor. When the lady discovers the trick played on her, she is at first alarmed and indignant; but he justifies himself, by explaining how, at his own home, he had gained possession of her husband's garments. To avenge his own wrongs and hers, it had been '*Tit for Tat.*' She admits the plea, and her humour changes.

She laugh'd, till her sides she held, at the joke,
To think how her spouse did fret for his coat;
She cries, "I will go in a coach, I protest,
To see how he looks in his Tarpaulin dress."

They all meet face to face in the sailor's room. The song ends with the punishment of the detected Captain, exposed to ridicule in presence of the two wives. Since both husbands are forced to appear contented, however angry they were, he bribes the avenged sailor to keep silence on shipboard, and to let bygones be bygones.

"Come, give me my coat, here is fifty pound;
And beware lest the joak don't the world go round!
As many can't match us, we very well know,
And we, boys, are cuckolds all on a row!"

Wapping had an unsavoury reputation, no less than Deptford (p. 442), in these nautical ditties. Nevertheless one of the best eighteenth-century songs belongs to it, beginning, "Your *Molly* has never been false, she declares, Since last time we parted at *Wapping Old Stairs*" (music by Jn. Percy, words probably by Arley). Charles Dibdin in 1796 sang of the seven successive husbands wedded to Meg of Wapping: "'Twas Landlady *Meg*, that made such rare flip: *pull away, pull away, hearties*! At *Wapping* she liv'd at the sign of the Ship, where tars meet in such jolly parties."

We need not reprint the excellent song of 'The Storm,' by Geo. Alex. Stevens, the author of innumerable ditties and of the humorous 'Lecture on Heads'; for "Cease, rude *Boreas*, blustering railer" is accessible elsewhere. See p. 185. It appeared in *The Muses' Delight;* or, *Apollo's Cabinet*, 1754, p. 291; *The Masque*, p. 338; *Myrtle and Vine*, 1801, ii, 67; *Universal Songster*, i, 97; *Vocal Encyclopædia*, 118; *English National Airs*, 1838, p. 35.

A second 'Seaman's Complaint,' beginning, "If every woman were served in her kind" (sung originally during the Cromwellian usurpation), shows a discontented mind under marital trials.

*** An earlier version of this, entitled simply '*A Song*,' appeared in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, Part 1st, p. 80. It was reprinted in Part I, on p. 85, of *Merry Drollery, Compleat*, 1670, 1691; and once again in 1875 (edited by J. W. E. in *Drolleries of the Restoration*, vol. ii, at Boston, Lincolnshire). The same four lines began it, with the same burden to the five eight-line stanzas. The *Drollery* text is virtually unchanged in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1700 and 1719, iv, 110, where it is given, *with the music*. Philip Brooksby's broadside version is lengthened to a total of sixty-four lines, instead of forty; but the stanzas are of only half length. His second stanza injudiciously alters the original, "*For seventeen months* I crost the Seas," into "*Full seven long years* have I cross'd the Seas," which destroys all sympathy with the sailor, by unduly prolonging his absence. Lord Byron wrote '*Beppo*' as an example of the expatriated husband; and in his later masterpiece, at Venice, stated the philosophy of marital desertions, to warn any wanderer who is *not*, like Tennyson's, "matched with an aged wife."

> "An honest gentleman at his return
> May not have the good fortune of *Ulysses;*
> Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
> Or shew the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
> The odds are, that he finds a handsome urn
> To his memory—and two or three young misses
> Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches;
> And that *his Argus* bites him by the breeches." [Ὁμήρου Ὀδυσσέια.
>
> ——*Don Juan*, canto iii, st. 23.

The mutilated Roxburghe eleventh half-stanza is not part of the original, which in brevity holds advantage over the broadside, and had originated every line of value. We lose the beginning of the *Drollery* third stanza—

> "Let every Father take care for his child, and seek to provide for the Mother and that;
> Although I am a Buck, I am not so wild to naile up my horns for another man's hat."

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 225 ; Douce Coll., I, 77.]

I Father a Child that's none of my own:

Being The Seaman's Complaint; who took a W[anton] instead of a Saint:

Shewing, That whilst he was Trading Seven Years from Port to Port at Sea, and brought home great wealth, his Wife, in the meantime, by Trading in the Low Countries, got a mischance, fell down and broke her —— Elbow; above all praising the Innocence of a Country Life.

To the Tune of, *Cook Laurel* (vii, 219); or, *Give me the Lass* (iv, 402).

IF every woman was serv'd in her kind,
And every man had his just desert,
The rooms in *Bridewel* would be so well lin'd,
That a coach could not pass in the street for a cart.

Full seven long years have I cross'd the Seas, [See p. 439.
Mean time I've been crost as much on the Land:
My wife still at home did live at her eaze:
I'm sure she had all things at her command.

She needed not her fingers to wet,
Yet she keeps her Gallant, she was so high flown;
But sure I must lose by the stake, or the bett,
If I father a child that is none of my own.

I that have 'scaped the rocks and the sand,
And clim[b]ed the billows when storms they have blown,
At last am come to be ship-wrack'd on land,
To father a child that is none of my own.

I have traded abroad, to bring home some wealth,
From port unto port, in far countries unknown;
Mean while my wife has been trading by stealth,
And got me a child, though 'tis none of my own.

My neighbours all they do laugh me to scorn,
And point their fingers at me and my *Joan;*
Saying, that I must drink out of a horn,
And father a child that is none of my own.

Though I cannot pocket my horns (as some can,
By good women's tattles), they are so o're-grown,
Yet 'tis the hard case of many a man:
All you that hear me, look home to your own!

For Gallants are dainty, and seek in the throng,
And love for to pick on another man's bone:
So many an honest good fellow had wrong,
To father a child that is none of his own.

In cities and towns of greatest request,
This slye sort of pilfering trade is much known:
If a man has a beautiful wife, he can't rest,
For fear to keep children that's none of his own.

But well fare the Country! they live at their ease;
Their innocence all their actions does crown;
They may go, they may stay, they may do what they please,
And fear not to keep any more than their own.

The Plow-man that works far a field [without joy,
And Shepherd that keepeth his sheep [all alone,
At night when at home with their wives [may toy, [Roxb. mutilated.
And fear not to father what's none [of their own.

Now I must rock the cradle, beside
Dry [its] clouts on my horns by the fire at [home;
When I look abroad my neighbours deride,
'Cause I father a child that is none of my own.

And is not this most d[etest]able strange,
To be led by every strumpet's moan?
I may sit and sell horns at the Royal Exchange,
When I father a child that is none of my own.

A man may be made a cuckold by chance,
And put another man's child to nurse;
And hood-wink his horns through Ignorance:
But he that's a wittol is ten times worse.

But I'le never grieve, but let it all pass;
By woman there's many a man over-thrown:
Although I'm an ox, I'le ne'er be an ass,
To father a child that is none of my own.

Neither did I spring out of that race,
To call that my seed which another had [sown;
Then ne'r let me look King *Charles* in [the face,
If I father a child that is none of my own.

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

[Black-letter. Mutilated in the outside margin. Four woodcuts: 1st, young man holding a cane, vol. vii, p. 279; 2nd, unused new picture of a ship; 3rd, Salutation of the B. V. M., properly belonging to the 'Religious Group'; 4th, half length of a *Cornuto*, see vol. vii, p. 162. Date of this re-cast, 1672.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 360; Douce, II, 149 *verso*.]

A Mad Marriage;

Or, The Female Fancy of Debtford:

Being an Account of one *Margaret*, a Carpenter's Wife, who (to salve up the Credit of a servant named *Mary*, who had been dabling with *Ch*—— *Parsons*, a Seaman, who soon after left her and went to Sea), dressed her self in Man's Cloaths and was Married to the said *Mary*, to prevent the shame of a crackt Maiden-head.

To the Tune of, *Moggie's Jealousie*. [See vol. vi, p. 171.]

YOu Lasses of *London*, attend me, whilst I a true project shall tell,
Which lately was acted in *Debtford*, and known by the neighbourhood well:
Such things were ne'r heard of before, as will by my ditty be shown,
Nor Women's inventions no more like to this will for ever be known.

A Maiden whose name it was *Mary*, at the sign of the *King's-Head* did dwell,
Who lately we hear [could not tarry,] for her [credit was crack'd like the b]ell.
Her Mistress smelt out the matter, and took her to task for the same;
When after some sullen denyals, she freely confessed her shame,

And said that *Ch*[*arles*] *Parsons*, a Seaman, had been with her something too bold,
Who courted and promis'd her Marriage, and by consent her [did enf]old;
And how he had left her dejected, and unto the *Indies* was gone.
She [was] by her Mistris neglected, who gave her no ease to her moan.

She therefore repair'd to the mother of him that had her [led to sin];
And pray'd her to look up some linnen, to swaddle the bantling in:
Her Son she protested was Father, and married they were in the church,
"But since he is gone to the *Indies*, and leaveth me here in the lurch."

The old woman, hereat amazed to find a new Daughter-in-law,
Desir'd to know *when* they marry'd, whereby her affections to draw;
And also the [wedding] Certificate, she then did desire to see,
"For if that you tell a false story, you lodge not your Ba[ntling] with me!"

These words did so nettle our *Mary*, she could not tell what to devise;
She saw the old woman was careful, and would not be put off with lyes:
She on the rack stretch'd her invention, and unto a neighbour did go,
And opened all her intention, and pray'd her some favour to show.

Says she: "Neighbour *Marg'et*, assist me, and hear this my pittiful case!
I know that you may much befriend me, and smother my woful disgrace:
If you in Man's habit will dress ye, and take up *Ch*—— *Parsons* his name,
We then in the church will be married, and neither of us shall have blame."

The Carpenter's Wife soon consented; a suit of her husband's she got;
The Wedding-day also appointed, when she was to act in the plot.
To Saint *George's* Church they repaired, and thereof the clerk did inform,
Who soon had procured the Parson, that they might be married that morn.

So soon as these females were wedded, the clerk he was called aside;
Then *Margaret* whisper'd unto him, and said she had wronged the bride,
"By dabling with her beforehand, and therefore the Certificate,
Abundance of kindness you 'l do me, if that you will it *antedate!*"

What is it that money won't do? Soon answered was the request;
Then homeward they straightway did go, a great deal of joy they exprest:
The mother of *Parsons* was joyed, a Daughter-in-law for to find;
The Certificate being produced, the Mother was loving and kind;

Providing all things that were needful, her grand-child when 't came to receive,
And thought her self blest in her Daughter, and did all her stories believe:
Till on a time *Marg'et* and *Mary*, with some other neighbours did meet,
Carrousing full bumpers of Brandy, themselves did discover the cheat:

The which being noised through *Debtford*, the Parson soon of it did hear,
Who straightway acquainted the Justice, and caused them both to appear;
Who having examin'd the matter, and found in 'um nothing but lies,
He unto the *Round-House* did send 'um, to remain there till the next Assize.

Printed for *I. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Four cuts: 1st, woman, vi, 76; 2nd, a ship, sails furled; 3rd, bed-scene, vii, 358; 4th, revellers in tent, vii, 432. Date, 1684.]

Another version of the same story, and to the same tune of '*Moggie's Jealousy*,' is entitled 'The *Deptford* Wedding; or, The Mad Marriage between *Peg* and *Moll*.' It begins, "At *Deptford* there was such a wedding" (Douce Coll., I, 54). Printed for *J. Clark*, 1650–82. A still earlier 'Mad Marriage' was entered to Thomas Lambert, 7 Feb., 163⅞.

These fraudulent unions of two girls may have been frequent in London, 1638 to 1685, or the popularity of the subject tempted publishers to rival each other with broadsides of similar purport. John Blare issued one (to be given on a subsequent page), entitled, 'Cheat upon Cheat; or, The Debauch't Hypocrite.' To the tune of, *Tender hearts of London-City* (date 168⅔, see vol. vi, p. 80). It has an argument, or motto, and begins thus:—

"Come and hear the strangest story euer Fortune laid before ye,
Of a Wedding strange but true;
For such a one was neuer known, as I will now declare to you.

"There was two maids in *London-City*, one was wanton, t'other witty,
Sue and *Sarah* was their names;
It doth appear they married were, and *Sarah* tasted *Cupid's* flames." Etc.

¶ Another ballad is entitled 'The Male and Female Husband,' printed earlier for Philip Brooksby, *circâ* 1672. It is a totally distinct story from this reprinted 'Mad Marriage at Deptford,' to save Mary of the King's-Head Inn, by personation of the sailor, one Charles Parsons. Without any allusion to seamen, it tells the history of Mother Midnight's offspring, who bore the name of *Mary Jewitt*, at *St. Albans, Herts.* Ultimately the ambi-dextrous and ambi-sexual Mary (a Hertfordshire *Chevalier D'Éon*) is persuaded by the Justice to marry another girl who had fallen into trouble—"Sie ist die erste nicht!"; and the wedded couple travel to London, where they dwell together, with sinister forebodings.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 356; Ellis; Jersey, I, 177 = Lindes., 257.]

The Male and Female Husband;

Or, A strange and wonderful Relation, how a Midwife living at *St. Alban's*, being brought to bed of a [doubtful Child], brought it up in woman's apparel, and carry'd it with her as her Deputy to be assisting at the labours of several women, [it] going under the name of *Mary Jewit*; and how at last a discovery of it was made, etc. With a particular account of the Trades and Employments it was put to, during its minority. With several pleasant passages that happened.

To the Tune, *What shall I do, shall I dye for Love?* etc. [See vol. vi, p. 246.]

COme listen all unto my story, for why, it is most true;
The like whereof you seldom heard, or yet but rarely knew:
A Midwife in *St. Alban's* lives, whose name I shall not cite,
For, some years past, she [wa]s brought to bed of [the child whereof I write];

Which she in female habit drest, that it might not be known,
And so for many years none knew but it that sex did own;
For why? as it grew up in years, it with her oft would go
To women's labours, that her skill she might unto it show. . . .

A female's name indeed it had, and *Mary Jewitt* call'd,
And so for many years was thought, 'ere it could be inthrall'd;
But at the last, being lusty grown, when as the mother went
To lay a woman, this her son with the maid some [frollick] spent. . . .

The feigned female, sempstress call'd, [shame on this maid did fling;] . . .
For which some folks [the girl] before a Justice then did bring:
And there she set the story forth, which made some women smile;
While others blush'd to think how [young] Dame *Midnight* [di]d beguile . . .

When on their words the Justice then did bid them both agree,
For since the wench was got [to blame] they both must married be,
To which our [Mother *Midnight's* son] did give his free consent,
And, changing habit for a man, he to the Church straight went.

Having since learn'd the 'Gentle Craft'—though craft he had in store,
[He cures their soles and heels, who once their bodies heal'd before];
But now to *London* they are come, as many do suspect,
There to set up a [cobbling] trade, and [both to be hen-peckt]. **Finis.**

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Four cuts: 1st, the bed-scene, vii, 358; 2nd, the old woman, p. 92; 3rd, Maria Beatrix, vi, 155; 4th, ditto, vii, 503. Date, *c.* 1682.]

Similar in subject, and not of distant locality, appeared a broadside ballad entitled 'Comical News from *Bloomsbury*.' Date, between 1686 and 1698. 'Licensed according to Order.' Sung to the tune of *Ladies of London* (see vol. iii, p. 369). It begins, "Come, all you frollicksome Jilts of the Town."

The title summarizes the story: 'Comical News from *Bloomsbury*. The Female Captain; or, The Counterfeit Bridegroom: giving a full and true relation how one Madam *Mary Plunket*, alias *Williams*, a young woman of eighteen years of

age, who put on Man's Apparel, assum'd the name of Captain *Charles Fairfax*, set up for a young Heir, courted a young Gentlewoman of *Bloomsbury*, and by the consent of her friends (in hopes of gain) was married to her by a *Jacobite* Parson: they being at the charge of the wedding-cloath[e]s, ring, dinner, etc. Of her living with the young woman a whole month undiscovered, . . . with the strange manner of the Discovery, by an old woman of the pretended Captain's acquaintance: how, being taken up for a cheat, [she was] committed to the New Prison at *Clerkenwell*, where she now remains.' Printed for *T. Butcher*, at the sign of the *Hartichoak*, near *Lude-gate* [*sic*].

Ballads frequently narrated the warlike adventures of women, who either through desire to follow a lover, or from courage and daring, assumed male attire, joined the army on active service (see 'Mary Ambree' in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 11, 322–329; and examples in *Roxb. Ballads*, vii, pp. 727 to 739), or went to sea, like the 'Marlborough' girl, p. 433, or the sweetheart of Billy Taylor, and so became "the first lieutenant of the gallant Thunderbomb."

Except the 'Male and Female Husband' (Ἑρμαφρόδιτος), it is difficult to recall any ballad narrating the contrary experience to theirs, viz. the adventures of a man who, for years, went attired as a woman, affecting, as Tiresias of old, to have learnt the secrets of both sexes: no doubt to his double dissatisfaction. It is heavy enough to know and to "bear the whips and scorns of time," the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," and the 'fardels' of a man that tempt him to "his quietus make with a bare bodkin." If it were also his lot to carry '*The Burden of a Woman*,' shown so vividly by Richard Pryce, he would need be more than mortal in endurance. It was said in *Many Inventions*—

> "Oh! do not despise the advice of the wise!
> Learn wisdom from those that are older;
> 'And don't try for things that are out of your reach!'—
> An' that 's what the Girl told the Soldier!
> Soldier, soldier,
> Oh, that 's what the Girl told the Soldier!"

The Mermaid.

IN Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Oberon pays the beautiful but ill-earned tribute to "the Imperial votaress" in her "maiden meditation, fancy free," the shrewish Elizabeth; at the same time declaring that he had sat upon a promontory,

> "And heard a Mermaid on a dolphin's back
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the Sea-maid's music."

(Although not printed until 1600, the comedy must have been written earlier.) Rightly or wrongly, the symbol of the sea-nymph, or Siren, would be interpreted to signify Elizabeth's murdered rival, Mary Queen of Scots. She had been thus libelled as "a mermaid crown'd with burning eyes" in the infamous placards

of 1567 (see p. 338); when Shakespeare was a child of three years old. She died in 1587. Ten years later, he could allude thus gently to the martyred queen; although, until the death of his friend Essex, he might be willing to flatter the vanity of the "fair vestal throned by the West."

Less ambiguously is the 'Sea-witch' identified with Queen Mary by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chastelard asks Mary Beaton,

> "Have you read never in French books the song
> Call'd the *Duke's Song*, some boy made ages back,
> A song of drag-nets haul'd across thwart seas
> And pluck'd up with rent sides, and caught therein
> A strange-hair'd woman with sad singing lips,
> Cold in the cheek like any stray of sea,
> And sweet to touch? so that men seeing her face,
> And how she sighed out little 'Ahs!' of pain,
> And soft cries sobbing sideways from her mouth,
> Fell in hot love, and having lain with her
> Died soon? one time I could have told it through:
> Now I have kiss'd the Sea-witch on her eyes,
> And my lips ache with it: but I shall sleep
> Full soon, and a good space of sleep."—— *Chastelard*, act iii.

This capture of a Mermaiden, startled and lurid in her unclad beauty, was painted by Herbert J. Draper for the Royal Academy (see *The Graphic*, No. 1342, 1895). Here is a true text of 'The Mermaid.'

[Trowbesh Collection: several printed copies and two old MSS.]

A New Song, call'd The Mermaid.

To the Tune of, *The Stormy Winds do Blow.* [Not Martin Parker's.]

ON a Friday morning we set sail! and it was not far from land
When we espy'd a fair pretty maid, with the comb and glass in her hand.
O, the raging seas they did roar, the stormy winds did blow,
While we poor Sailors go up to the top, and the Land-lubbers lie below.

Up starts the Captain of our gallant Ship, a brave Captain was he:
"Oh! I have a wife in *Bristol* town, and a widow I fear she will be.
For the raging seas do roar, and the stormy winds do blow,
And we poor Sea-men are up to the top, while Land-lubbers lie below."

Then up spoke the Mate of our gallant Ship, a good old man was he:
"Oh! I have two sons in *Bristol* town, and orphans I fear they will be."

Then up spoke the Pilot of our gallant Ship, a well spoken man was he:
"Oh! I married a wife in fair *London* town, and this night she a widow will be."
While the vivid lightnings flash, etc. [*al. lect. Plymouth* town.

Then up and spoke the little Cabin-Boy, a pretty little boy was he:
"Oh! I care more for my daddy and my mammy than you for your wives all three.

"When the moon shone bright, and stars gave light, my mother was looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, before she can sleep, she may look to the bottom of the sea."

Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant Ship, and a valiant man was he:
"For want of a Long-boat we shall all be drown'd, and sunk to the bottom of the sea."

Then out spoke again that little Cabin-Boy, he spoke out bold and brave:
"There is One, if he pleases, can bring us to shore, and save us from a watery grave.
"Our hearts should be light, our ship is water-tight, with sea-room we need not fear;
The Mermaid we see, she beckons you and me, her song above the winds we hear."

Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant Ship, tho' the land lay close on our lee:
"I have sixty brave Sailors aboard of my ship, but there's no one so brave as he."

The Captain went home to *Bristol* to his wife, the Mate to his sons did start;
And the little Cabin-Boy was the happiest of all, when his mammy took him close to her heart.

Tho' the raging seas they did roar, and the stormy winds did blow,
While we poor Sailors must go up a-top, and Land-lubbers lie below.

The 6th, the 8th, and 9th stanzas are doubtful. Some printed copies bear the imprint of J. Catnach, Seven Dials. The late Charles Sloman, 'the English Improvisatore,' in 1840 gave to Mr. William Chappell the tune and also a fragmentary variation of the first stanza; printed in *Popular Music*, p. 743, fifteen years later. The present Editor often met and heard Sloman, but had long before that date learnt the song from his own father, Joseph Ebsworth, born 10 October, 1788 (see *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xv, pp. 345 to 347), whose knowledge of sea-songs was unequalled, and memory tenacious: he had learnt it when a child, a century ago, and wrote the words in a manuscript version headed 'The Cabin Boy,' but lacking the opening stanza. There are variations, showing that the song was popular in Rodney's days and Nelson's, so that Plymouth and Portsmouth are mentioned instead of London; but Bristol holds its place in all, for the Captain and Mate. Some read Cook, not Pilot. In one, the end is more in accordance with the nautical superstitions of incurring bad luck, by either sailing on a Friday, as Captain Bligh did in the *Bounty*, 1789 ("Do you want mutiny?"), or of hearing and seeing a mermaid (*cf. Odyssey*, xii). Instead of our final stanza, Mr. Chappell read—

Then three times round went our gallant Ship, and three times round went she;
For the want of a life-boat they all went down, and she sank to the bottom of the sea.—*For the raging*, etc.

This is only a modern adaptation of the Captain's words about "the want of a Long-boat." The invaluable invention of the *Life-Boat*, irreversible and unswampable, was first patented to Mr. Lukin in 1785; and when a committee at South Shields offered a reward, one Henry Greathead gained the prize in 1788; but not until the memorable 30th of January, 1790, was it put to sea. Thirty-one life-boats were launched, and 300 lives saved before 1804. No worthier charity exists, supported by voluntary contributions, than the *National Life-Boat Institution*, which was founded in 1824. It annually saves a multitude of lives, and deserves general support from all who love the sea.

Bristol figures prominently in the old nautical ditties and love tales, as we have shown. A great actor spoke his mind there, at the theatre. According to one highest authority, Joseph Knight, it was 'at Liverpool,' but we always heard it to have been at Bristol. The story is told in vol. iv, p. 168, fourth note.

The horrors of the notorious 'middle passage' were caused chiefly by the Abolitionists, who compelled the 'Slaver' to evade pursuit by 'lightening the cargo.' He had no wish to damage his freight of human mahogany, unless it became necessary: *sauve qui peut.*

The following ditty of 'the Ebony Trade' was promised (in vol. vii, p. 833) to be given in this group of Nautical Ballads, as its *Finale*.

It had been shown there, by quotation, that '*Time for us to go*' was the catch-word of warning to embark, used by Slavers and Pirates. '*Ware* Hawks!' similarly among the Buccaneers; and '*Avella Gorgio!*' by the Gipsies. '*Tiempo es, el Caballero; Tiempo es andar de aqui.*' The song was "picked up at Philadelphia," by C. G. Leland, who avouches its genuineness. It had been sung by the Slavers, before Commodore Bruce destroyed Lagos in December, 1851.

Time for us to Go.

WITH sails let fall and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we,
We pass'd the bank, stood round the Light, and sail'd away to sea;
The wind was fair, the coast was clear, the brig was noways slow,
For she was built in *Baltimore*, and '*twas time for us to go.*
Time for us to go; time for us to go!
For she was built in Baltimore, *and 'twas time for us to go!*

A quick run to the West we had, and when we made the *Bight* [*i.e.* of *Benin.*
We kept the offing all day long, and cross'd the Bar at night:
Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy we did stow;
And when we'd clapp'd the hatches on, '*twas time for us to go!*

We hadn't been three days at sea before we saw a sail,
So we clapp'd on every stitch she'd stand, altho' it blew a gale;
And we walk'd along full fourteen knots, for the Barkie she did know,
As well as ever a soul on board, '*twas time for us to go!*

We carry'd away the royal yards, and the stun's'l boom was gone;
Says the Skipper: "They may go or stand; I'm darn'd if I don't crook on.
So the weather braces we'll round in, and the try-s'l set also,
And we 'll keep the brig three p'ints away: *for it's time for us to go!*"

Oh, yard-arm under did she plunge, in the trough of the deep seas,
And her masts they thrashed about like whips, as she bowl'd before the breeze;
And every yard did buckle up, like to a bending bow,
But her spars were tough as whalebone, *and 'twas time for us to go!*

We dropp'd the Cruiser in the night, and our cargo landed we,
And ashore we went, with our pockets full of dollars, on the spree:
And when the liquor it is out, and the locker it is low,
Then to sea again, in the Ebony Trade, 'twill be time for us to go!
Time for us to go; time for us to go!
Then to sea again, in the Ebony Trade, 'twill be time for us to go!

'The *Bight of Benin*: one goes out, where ten came in,' was a happy hunting-ground when fishing for slaves on the Guinea coast beyond Lagos. Despite its danger, in the 'Ebony Trade' profits were large and scruples *nil*. The deep water of the Bight suited every tonnage. An ugly bar had to be crossed in going back. But to few was there any shadow of coming back from the Bight.

Here end the last of the Roxburghe 'Nautical Ballads.'

Final Group

OF

Anglo-Scotch Ballads

(ROXBURGHE COLLECTION).

Near the close of the Seventeenth Century.



Woodcut belonging to '*Jenny's Reply to Johnny's Cravat*,' pp. 468, 470.

" Fy, let us a' to the Briddel, for there will be lilting there,
For *Jockie's* to be marry'd to *Maggie*, the Lass with the gauden hair,
And there will be lang-kail and pottage, and bannocks of barley-meal,
And there will be good salt herring, to relish a kog of good ale."

——*The Blythsome Wedding*: WATSON'S *Coll. of Scots Poems*, 1706.

NOTE ON THE CONTRASTED SCOTTISH AND ANGLO-SCOTCH BALLADS.

The following Ballads are far removed in date and in character from those by Robert Sempill or his contemporaries, more than a century earlier, reprinted in previous pages. Except as tokens of a temporary fancy, and also in connection with better and more enduring Scottish lyrics that survive to the present day, the Anglo-Scotch ditties by Tom D'Urfey and his London rivals advance no claim as literature. Sympathy held together two diverse song-writers: the lively D'Urfey —"the cur, half French, half English breed!" dramatic jester of London theatres—and Allan Ramsay, the Edinburgh wig-maker, true poet of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' cunning craftsman with razor, pen, and brush. Thus fostered, the saucy ditties found welcome on either side of Tweed and Cheviot.

Scotland improved all that she borrowed. England degraded the poetry of Northern legend and romance into the dullest commonplace. What could she make of such melodies as 'The Clerk's Twa Sons of Owsenford' and 'The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow'? They were 'not understanded of the people' who dwelt south of Trent.

The previous group of 'Sempill Ballates' on pp. 337 to 410 are more important historically, as revealing the bitterness of ultra-Protestant zeal and partizan misrepresentations, than they appear to be when judged on their literary or poetical merits, by anyone who is deeply committed by personal bias to accept the ballads in evidence against Queen Mary. Such a man was James Anthony Froude, whose achievements and limitations have been recognized elsewhere. In justice to him it is but fair to quote his private letter to the deservedly esteemed John Skelton (author of '*Maitland of Lethington*,' etc.), on the original documents, the Sempill broadsides, so far as known to Froude, on June 6, 1864:—

"Just now my chief interest is in a number of ballads in the Record Office on the death of *Darnley*, and again on that of the Regent *Murray*. The whole tragedy is told in that wild musical Scotch, which is like a voice out of another world. There are ten or twelve of them, some written or nominally written by Robert Semple, but there is more than one hand. Will you ask any of your antiquarian friends if they know anything about them? They are printed on loose sheets at the time—1565 and 1570. There is no doubt of their being the genuine expression of the emotions of the time, and although strongly Puritan they are equally beautiful. I am having them copied, and shall print them in a volume if you or [David] Laing, or some one, will help me with the Scotch.—Most truly yours, J. A. FROUDE." (*Maga*, No. DCCCCL, vol. clvi, 762.)

It may be mentioned here that he reprinted in a footnote to chapter xliii of his *Hist. of England, in the Reign of Elizabeth*, half of the 'Exhortatioun to all pleasand thingis,' etc. ="Ye Mountaines murne," which was quoted on our p. 358 (not belonging to Roxb. Coll.), the first ten of the nineteen stanzas, as "written probably by *Robert* Lord *Sempell*, on whose arm he [*Murray*] leant after he was wounded." Also, in his chapter xlviii, Froude quoted eighty-eight of the two hundred and thirty-two lines belonging to the 'ballat' beginning "To *Edinburgh* about six houris at morn" (*vide ante*, p. 342).

Either David Laing or John Skelton may have told him afterwards that there were other '*Sempill Ballates*' in London, elsewhere than at the Record Office: viz., those in our Roxburghe Collection, at the British Museum (here reprinted), and some in the Society of Antiquaries' Library; beside the goodly store belonging to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. Unfortunately few are of earlier date than 1570; and all are on the side of prosperous treason. How says Harrington?—

> "*Treason doth never prosper!* Where's the reason?
> 'Cause, if it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Final Group of Anglo-Scotch Ballads.

"Coming thro' the craigs o' *Kyle*, amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie, keeping a' her ewes thegither. [*a.l.* yowes.
O'er the moor amang the heather, o'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie, keeping a' her ewes thegither."

——JEAN GLOVER (*Scots' Musical Museum*, iv, 338, 1792).



AS the others were spread through preceding volumes, our eight ballads are the last of a large family. Although popular in both countries, they had been written in London after what was supposed to be the Scottish style. When James I. came to govern England, in 1603, there was less of friendship than of political interest to sway the distinct nationalities towards union. The fault was chiefly in England. Her jealousy displayed itself against the unconciliating and aggressive Northern-men, when fresh occasion for dispute arose. Mutual antagonism was frequent, if not continuous. Theological differences and irreconcilable prejudices kept the races apart. The unwelcome Scots were frugal and industrious, sharp at bargains, unrelenting in pursuit of gain. This accounted for the rancour and distrust. Three centuries have not secured a perfect union.

But from the first, while grudging the success and disparaging the character or motives of Scottish men, there had been homage paid to the charms and loveliness of Scottish lasses. "Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid." The beauty and the grandeur of Caledonia were not rightly valued by any Southron traveller, who was repelled instead of being attracted by what he heard or saw of the wild and sterile fastnesses in the Highlands, so that he failed to prize the contrast offered to his own land. Yet it had grown musical with praise of each bonnie Jenny and winsome Maggie, beloved by bashful Jockey or red-haired Sandy. In the Anglo-Scotch ballads they were always wooing or wedding; while the English matrons were as invariably quarrelling and behaving badly. The cockney dialect was made more hideous, a work of supererogation, by being distorted into what Tom D'Urfey and his imitators chose to class as veritable '*Scots' sangs.*' Theirs was a woful travesty of the 'genuine Doric.' Strangest of all, the hybrid monstrosities were carried into the north-country, and not thrust back as being insolent aliens. Many were adopted and naturalized. They, "now no longer proud, claim'd kindred there, and had their claims allow'd."

Jockey's Escape from Bonny Dundee.

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas *Claver'se* who spoke:
'Ere the King's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny *Dund-e!*
Come fill up my cup, and fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonny Dundee!'"

——WALTER SCOTT'S *The Doom of Devorgoil.*

WE reject, as untenable by friend or foe, the suggestion or theory that 'Jockey's Escape from Bonny Dundee' had been written with direct reference to James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Lucy Walters and Charles II, and that it relates one of his adventures in Scotland, when subduing the insurgent Covenanters before or after Bothwell-Brig. It was in 1679 that he showed his best qualities of generalship and also of clemency, in repressing the cruelties of Dalyell of Binns. He may have been willing to indulge in loose amours for 'pleasure and relaxation' after the toils of stifling a civil war. (His note-books, found on him after Sedgemoor fight, showed the delight he had felt in amatory ditties and intrigues of six years earlier. Extracts, in proof of this, were given from the original manuscripts in our vol. v, pp. 390 to 396.) Admitting his inherited licentiousness, we refuse to identify him as the 'Jockey' hero of this Anglo-Scotch ditty.

To all of us who love the true-hearted Sir Walter Scott, his genius and his stainless integrity, this ballad of 'Bonny Dundee' acquired interest beyond any merit of its own by having inspired him to imitate and excel it, avoiding its coarseness, when, in 1830, writing his tragedy called '*The Doom of Devorgoil.*' His lines, sung to the same tune, have supplanted the original, but as a literary curiosity it deserves renewal here. The tune-name *Bonny Dundee* was certainly already famous before the date when John Graham of Claverhouse became generally known as 'Dundee.' By King James II he was made 'Provost of Dundee,' on 15th March, 1688, and had been previously its Constable. Always a brave and loyal Cavalier, until his death in the hour of victory at Killiecrankie, "let it never be forgotten, in the true history of his life and actions, that at the very commencement of his rule over that tumultuous town, he abolished the punishment of death for petty thefts" (Mark Napier's '*John Graham of Claverhouse,*' 1862, iii, 472). This was in the year 1685. During his lifetime, and since, he has been undeservedly calumniated.

"Sleep in peace, with kindred ashes of the noble and the true,
Hands that never fail'd their country, hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own *Dundee!*"

[Roxb. Collection, III, 734; Pepys, V, 262; Douce, III, 44; Lindes., 1334.]

Jockey's Escape from Bonny Dundee.

[Bonny Dundee; or, Jockey's Deliverance: being his Valiant Escape from Dundee, and the Parson's Daughter, whom he had mislob'd.]

To its own proper Tune [called *Bonny Dundee*: Licensed according to Order].



"WHere got['st] thou the haver-meal Bannock?"
"Blind Booby, can'st thou not see?
I got them out of a *Scotch*-man's wallet,
As he lay easing [him] under a tree.
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can; come saddle my horse, and call up my man;
Come open the Gates, and let me go free, and show me the way to Bonny Dundee!

"For I have neither rob'd nor stolen,
Nor have I done any injury;
But I have got a fair Maid with bairn,
The Minister's daughter of Bonny *Dundee.*
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can, etc.
Come open the Gates, and let me go free, and I'se gang na mair to Bonny Dundee.

"Altho' I've gotten her maidenhead,
Good sooth! I've given her mine in lieu;
For when at her Daddie's I'se gang to bed,
I'se kiss her without any more ado.
I'se cuddle her close, and give her a kiss: pray tell me now, where is the harm in this?
Then open the Gates, and let me go free, and I'se gang no more to Bonny Dundee.

"All *Scotland* never had such a Lass,
So bonny and blyth as *Jenny* my Dear!
I gave her a Gown of Green on the grass,
But now I no longer must tarry here.
Then saddle my Nagg, that's bonny and gay, for now it is time to go hence away;
Then open the Gates, and let me go free! she's ken me no more in Bonny Dundee.

"In Liberty still I reckon to reign!
For why? I have done no honest man wrong.
The Parson may take his daughter again,
And she 'll be a mammy before it's too long,
And have a young Lad or Lass of my breed, for I have done her a generous deed:
Then open the Gates, and let me go free, for I'se gang no more to Bonny Dundee.

"Since *Jenny* the Fair was willing and kind,
And came to my arms with right good will,
A Token of Love I've left her behind:
Thus have I requited [her] kindness still.
Tho' Jenny *the Fair I often had [mow]'d, another may reap the harvest I sow'd:* [*text*, kiss'd.
Then open the Gates, and let me go free, and I'll never come more to Bonny Dundee.

"Her Dadd would have [had] me to make her my Bride,
But '*to have and to hold*' I could never endure:
From Bonny *Dundee* this day I will ride,
It being a place not safe and secure.
Then, Jenny, *farewell! my joy and my dear! with sword in my hand the passage I'se clear;*
Then open the Gates, and let me go free, for I'se gang no more to Bonny Dundee.

"My Father, he is a muckle good Laird;
My mother, a Lady, bonny and gay:
Then while I have strength to handle a sword,
The Parson's request I 'le never obey.

Then, Sandy, *my man, be thou of my mind; in Bonny* Dundee *we 's ne'er be confin'd;*
The Gates we will force, to set our selves free, and never come more to Bonny Dundee!"

Then *Sandy* reply'd: "I 'll never refuse
To fight for a Laird so valiant and bold,
While I have a drop of blood for to loose,
E're any fickle lown shall keep me in Hold.
With sword in my hand I'll valiantly stand, and fight by your side to kill or be kill'd;
For forcing the Gates and set our selves free, and so bid adieu to Bonny Dundee."

With sword ready drawn they rode to the Gate,
Where, being deny'd an entrance through,
The Master and Man, they fought at that rate
That some ran away, and others they slew.
Thus Jockey *the Laird and* Sandy *the Man, they valiantly fought as* Highlanders *can;*
In spite of the lowns they set themselves free, and so bid adieu to Bonny Dundee.

Finis. [Possibly written by **Tom D'Urfey,** 1684. No colophon.]

[Three cuts: 1st, man; 2nd, on p. 453; 3rd, haymaking lass. Full title on 453.]

¶ It would narrow the question of date if we could ascertain the priority of the Pepys exemplar, when Charles Bates dwelt 'at the White Hart by West Smithfield'; which we believe to have been earlier than his residing 'at the Sun and Bible' (Lindes., 1334). Both editions are marked 'Licensed according to Order,' which would indicate 1689 or later, unless an earlier issue had been duly licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-88, or still earlier by Roger L'Estrange. Roxb. is later and corrupt, misreading '*got*' for '*gottest*,' and '*Bubby*' for '*Booby*,' but correcting their '*Haver-mill Bonack*' into '*Haver-meal Bannock.*'

¶ The final stanza of Wm. E. Aytoun's noble monody on Claverhouse, '*The Burial March of Dundee,*' is given at end of the *Introduction*, p. 452. A less poetic tribute, locally characteristic, was written by a few Tory friends in the Whiggish town, when news of the death reached them, in July, 1689. Three of the town baillies met to arrange a memorial of respect to their late Provost. The task being a serious one, they divided the labour, and each man contributed a single line, over a succession of cups that cheer without necessarily inebriating. The first secured a triumphant success, but it almost precluded the call for a second, which became simply repetitive; the third soared into religious ecstasy. The whole was declared to be perfection, and reads thus:—

"Here lies *John* the grim, Provost of *Dundee!*
Here lies *Him!*—Here lies *He!*
Halle-lu-jah!—Halle-lu-jee!"

Sic prosit, in the 'Auntient Kronikles' (tom. xvii) of the town that riots in the shadow of its own Law, near Broughty Ferry-on-Tay. Long may it flourish! —for the sake of Keiller, and of 'Jockey's Escape from the Minister's Daughter.

"*Il ne fait pas ce tour qui veult.*"

The Scotch Wedding.

"The myrryest man that leivis on lyfe he sailis on the Sie;
For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe, bot blyth and mirry be:
Bot he that hes ane evill Wyfe hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe;
And that man quhilk leivis ay in stryfe, how can he mirry be?"

——FLEMYNG'S *Of Evill Wyffis*: before 1567.

BOTH parts of this avowedly 'Short and pretty way of Wooing' belong to the Roxburghe Collection, but the first only had been in Major Pearson's. The original song gave three names to the tune, of which music Tom Farmer was the composer: 1st, *'In January last'* (from opening words); 2nd, *The Glenting of her Apron* (a mistake from "yean glenting in her apron"); 3rd, *The Bonny Brow*, which comes from the same passage—"Yean glenting in an apron with a bonny brent brow," meaning one glancing, or flashing a saucy look, from under her *bon-grace* or sun-shade, or skreen of twilled cloth, usually pink or buff in colour to suit the complexion and preserve it from freckles. It is doubtful whether any other 'apron' was meant, but its fluttering in the wind and sunshine might be indicated. The Anglo-Scotch of Smithfield broadsides, like the Canterbury Pilgrim Prioress's French, resembles the Board School type of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

Tom D'Urfey, the putative father of many such ditties, virtually claimed the authorship of this song (four stanzas only, the ballad being an extended version), by reprinting it in vol. i of the *Pills to p. Mel.*, collective edition, 1719, the two early vols. being restricted to his own songs. But in 1676, in the preface to his comedy of 'The Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters,' he had limited his own share of the ditty, by saying, "the Scotch song excepted, *a part of which was not mine*, nor do I desire any reputation from it." (Bubb's wife's maid, Betty, sings it, in act i. She also sings, "In vain, cruel nymph, you my passion despise," etc., "which is by Mr. John Blunderall"; given on our pp. 117, 119, *ante*, but wrongly credited to D'Urfey.)

Allan Ramsay, in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol ii, song 17, 1725, adopted it unhesitatingly: all being fish that came to his net, especially if supposed to come from D'Urfey, 'half French' though he was, according to the libeller Tom Brown. David Herd and George Paton in 1769 followed suit. Music of the tune is in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1679, ii, 46; *Pills to purge Melancholy*, i, 306, 1719 edition; and *Popular Music*, p. 576. An alteration of the tune appears as a 'New Tune to a Northern Song, from Thomas Greeting's *Pleasant Companion; or, New Lessons*, etc., *for the Flageolet*, published by J. Playford, No. 69, 1680.'

A different ballad, brusquely entitled 'What's that to you?' beginning, "My *Jeany* and I have toil'd the live-long Simmer-day," was sung to this tune, cited as *The Glancing of her Apron* (*Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii, 1725 edition).

The broadside adapter spun out Betty's song from the first four stanzas (omitting the 5th and 6th), by adding eight more, which we reprint in smaller type. Two additions are absolutely incongruous, and thus change the character of the original song, unless a few words are interpolated within square brackets. We had been told of the consistent repulse of the wooer's libertinism by the Scotch lass, who pleaded a pre-contract or betrothal with another lad, one whom she liked better than her new admirer. Here are the two omitted stanzas: they follow after "I hope ye hae mair breeding than to dight a woman's claiths."

" For I've a better chosen [Lad] than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss my bonny brow." [*dight* = wipe.

" Nay, if ye be Contracted, I have nae mair to say;
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the play:
And I will choose yen o' my ain, that shall not on me rue, [*yen* = one.
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow."

" Sir, I see ye are proud-hearted, and leath to be said Nay; [*leath* = loth,
You need no 't all t' ha' started, for aught that I did say: unwilling.
You know Women, for modestie, ne'r at the first time boo; [*boo* = bow.
But gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you!"

She is not going to be inexorably obdurate, in any case. On this hint of her "coming-on disposition" the ballad-elongator founded his perversion, but retained the original final couplet as a trophy. By foreshowing the reconciliation and the wedding, he paved the way for the '*Second Part*,' wherein she reappears as *Jenny Crack*.

We give credit to that 'honest-made woman,' Jenny, in attributing to her '*Crack*' name one of the less objectionable meanings, viz. that of a chatter-box or boaster, which the present sequel justifies, and not its ordinary significance of 'one who is cracked in the ring,' a crazy person, a 'light of love,' or meretrix. In vol. v, p. 32, was given a Note on the application of the term, *circâ* 1679, to a *fille de joie*, with four examples. On p. 295 of the same volume, account was taken of a Pepysian ballad (Pepys Coll., III, 177, printed for P. Brooksby, entitled '*Jenny Crack*; or, A brisk encounter between two Lovers.' To a new tune, its own, "*I told young Jenny I lov'd her well.*" But the tune and rhythm differ from those of the unique Roxb. ballad. As farther examples of the opprobrious term, we mention the ballad of 'Whipping *Tom* turn'd Citizen; or, The Cracks' Terror' (Douce Coll., II, 251), beginning, "Again the female plague is come," meaning plague to women; itself a sequel to the Pepysian 'Whipping *Tom*' (Pepys, IV, 288), which began, "Give ear to my ditty." There is a Dialogue of *Cracks*, already mentioned in Roxb. Bds.: *vide supra*. See also 'The Plough-man's Praise, in a Dialogue between a Mother and a Daughter,' etc., to the tune of *The Evening Ramble*, beginning, "Dear mother, I reckon to marry; I hope you will give your consent; For, as I am told, full eighteen years old I was in the midst of last *Lent*": the mother urges the claims of a wealthy young Squire, as a rival to the girl's favourite, who is a ploughman; but she refuses to exchange her honest lover for the wealthy libertine, giving this defence:

" A fig for the bully young Squire! a *Crack* he do's constantly keep;
He'll revel and sport with Ladies at Court, while I in my chamber may weep,
To think of my sad overthrow. But *Roger* will never do so:
He 's honest, I know it, and cannot forgoe it; and, mother, he loves me, I know:
And, therefore, if ever I marry, I vow,
It shall be with *Roger* that follows the Plough."

" Dear Daughter, if this be the reason, thy wisdom I needs must commend:
A right honest man will get what he can, but others will wastefully spend,
And ruine their families quite: I think thou art much in the right.
I will not deny thee: let *Roger* lye by thee, since he is thy joy and delight.
And when thou art marry'd my love shall be shown,
I'll give him a Farm and two ploughs of his own." **Finis.**

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner* [*circâ* 1677].

[Roxb. Coll., II, 414; Euing, 322; Douce, II, 193; Jersey, I, 206 = Lind., 658.]

The Scotch Wedding;

Or, A Short and Pretty Way of Wooing.

When as complexions do agree,
And all things they are fitting,
Why should the time prolonged be:
Be quick and mind your knitting.

To a New Northern Tune, much used at the Theatres [*The Bonny Brow;* or, *The Glenting of her Apron*: see p. 456, and vii, 326]. With Allowance.



IN *January* last, upon a Munday in the morn, [*text*, on the.
As along the fields I past, to view the winter corn,
I ligged me behind the Brae, and I saw come o'er the knowe
Yean glenting in an Apron, *with a bonny bent brow*. [*Tune-names.*

I bad' "Good-morrow, fair maid!" and she right courteously
"By fe' and tro,' geud sir!" she said, "geud day agen to ye!"
I said to her, "Fair maid," quo' I, "how far intend you now?"
Quo' she, "Geud sir, a mile or twa, *to yonder bonny brow*."

"Fair maid, I 'm weel contented to have sike company;
For I am ganging on the gate where you intend to be."
When we had walk'd a mile or twa, I said to her, "My dow,
May I not lift your Apron, *and kiss your bonny brow?*"

"Nay, geud sir, you'r mistaken, for I am nane of theise;
I wot you ha' mare breeding than to lift a woman's cleathes:
Ye knaw we mun, for modesty, nea at the first time bow;
But if we like your company, we are as kind as you!" [*Cf.* p. 457.



I teuk her by the hand sae sma', and I led her o're the Lawn ; [*Interpolation.*
I gave her many a glancing leuk, so did she me again ;
I led her in amang the Bent, where nean of awe cu'd see,
And then quo' I, " My bonny Lass, now will thou m[ate] with me ? " [ow.

" I dare not dea that, 'deed ! " quo' she, " for fear I prove with bearn,
And then may I sing ' Lullabee ! ' and live in mickle scorn."
" Tush ! fye ! " quo' I, " tak thou nae care, fear not with bearn to be ;
For weel I wot next Holliday that I will wed with thee."

I laid her down upon the Green, and said, " Prove kind, my dear !
We now are safe from being seen, thou needs nea danger fear."
She blush'd and smiled in my face : " My bonny Lad," quo' she,
" Since we are in this uncouth place, deal kindly now with me ! "

I used all my skill and art her humour for to please ;
I p[ray'd] her, but she felt no smart, but still lay at her ease ;
At length I [spier'd gin I might speak, the] bonny [Lass to claim ?]
Quo' she, " My heart with joy will break, pray let me now gang heam ! "

When we had ta'ne of Love our fill, sae weel she pleas'd my mind,
I vow'd I wad be constant still, since that she was so kind.
Quo' I, " My onely Duck and Dear, now let us twa agree
How to provide our Bridal cheer, against we wedded be."

" The warst on't is, my love," quo' she, " we want a Ring, I trow."
" Ne'r rack ! " quo' I, " leave that to me, I 'le sell my dodded yow :
Mess John the Vicar is my friend, who will be rul'd by me,
An hour or twa with us to spend, *when we shall wedded be.*"

" We 'll ha' beath bak'd and boil'd and roast, upon our Wedding-day ;
And *Will* the Weaver, at my cost, shall on the Bag-pipes play. [*Cf.* vii, 318.
The Lads and Lasses in the Town shall at our nuptials be ;
And thou shalt have a Tawny Gown, sae weel thou pleases me ! "

Now when the Wedding-day was come, as they did beath conclude,
The dinner was in readiness, the liquor it was brew'd ;
And so they went unto the Kirk, weel wedded for to be ;
And made a mickle merry feast, and now lives lovingly.

[Original four stanzas, partly by **Tom D'Urfey**, 1676.]

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *West-Smith-field.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st, oval miniature of a woman in a bonnegrace or hood, p. 458 ; 2nd, the Scotsman half-length, p. 468 right ; 3rd, the Birds' scroll-ornament, given above, which serves to divide the genuine original stanzas from the later continuation. Date, 1676, soon after ' *The Plotting Sisters.*' In tenth stanza, ' *Mess John* the *Vicar* ' betrays the cockney-hand.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 116. Apparently unique.]

The New-Married Scotch Couple;

Or,

The Second Part of the Scotch Wedding.

They now begin in time for to consider
How they must live, now they are joyn'd together,
And so they set their Grath in as geud order [*grath* = furniture.
As any twa upon the *Scotch* Border:
Then buy it, since the price is but a penny:
'Tis love between a *Scotch*-man and his honey.

To a New Northern Tune; or, *In January last*, etc. With Allowance.





AS *Jenny Crack* and I together ligg'd in bed, [See *Note*, p. 457.
"My *Jenny* then," quo' I, "how lik'st thou to be wed?
We now may tack of love our fill, there's nean can troubled be:
Then let me kiss thy Bonny Brow, and cuddle close to me."

Then *Jenny* smiling said, "My jo, I find it true,
That I too long did live a Maid, which now full sore I rue.
Had I but ken'd that it had been so sweet for to be wed,
I would not then 'a been so leath to loose my maiden-[snood]."

"But *Jenny*, that 's not all! now we are come together
We must, what e're befall, provide against cold weather.
'There 's mair belongs,' my Granny said, 'unto a wedded life
Than four-bare-legs in a bed, to keep us free frae strife.'"

Note.—The present ballad is a sequel to 'In January last,' of p. 458. The '*maiden-snood*' mentioned in the second stanza, an alternative reading, was the ribbon used, crossing the brow and round the head, to keep the curls from straying; none but married women being privileged to wear a cap or '*mutch*.' To have lost her snood was as bad for a girl as for an antique warrior to have left his shield behind him, or for a modern soldier to fling away his Brown-Bess or Martini-Henry. The snood worn by fair-haired lasses was usually blue. *Al. lect.* 'head.'

"Ne'er rack for that!" quo' she, "my jo, we never shall be poor
Sae lang as we have leave to do as others did before;
We something have for to begin the warld, though 'tis but small:
Then if it is thy mind, my jo, our gear we'll reckon all."

"Why then," quo' he, "I have in stock three Yows aw' big wi' lamb;
Twa Grices to make up the flock, that never suckt the damm;
Besides a dainty Filly-fole, which thou shalt ha,' my *Jenny:*
If yean would ligg it in my hand, I would nea tak' a Guinny."

Quo' she: "My jo, now well I wot that I do like it weel;
And for my own part, I ha' got my Grannam's Spinning-wheel,
Besides a Case-pot and a Chirne, beath spick and spankin new,
[Ay,] and skeel to fetch in Barme, and vessels for to brew."

"My *Jenny*, thou hast won my heart, to tell me sike a tale,
For weel I do perceive by that, that we mun sell good Ale;
If that the Malt-man stand my friend, we 'll have it brisk and brown,
There shall nea sike a Coague of Ale be brew'd in aw' the Town."

"Let me alone," quo' *Jenny* then, "geud custome to invite,
For I ken many a Gentleman, and many a Leard and Knight,
That often leukt me in the face, and said that I was fair:
Then let us e'ene provide apace, we need not to dispair."

"Nay, hold!" quo' he, "for by nea means I can of that allow,
That thou to any Gentleman, or Leard or Knight, sh'u'd bow;
I wad nea for the warld it self so quickly horned be:
Then prithee, *Jenny*, have a care, for to prove kind to me."

"Ne'r rack," quo' she, "I'le keep a Lass, shall blith and bonny be,
And I'le git her a Leuking-glass, her beauty for to see.
Each morn shee 'l don a Kerchief clean, and sleek her Bonny Brow:
By that you know what I do mean: what think you on it now?"

"O brave!" quo' he, "my *Jenny* dear, thou makes me for to laugh;
For, when these merry days appear, I'le sit and smeuk and quaff;
And steel my noe from morn to night, until the ground leuk blew,
And swear and swagger, drink and fight, amang the jovial crew.

"Then let us gang about it streight, for since that we are married
We mun nea ligg too long in bed: this pace will never carry't.
When we are up about our wark, mare ways we may devise:
Then, *Jenny*, let us don our cleaths, for it is time to rise."

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passinger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, Sawney and the Muckle Scots' Lass, of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 466; 2nd and 3rd, man and woman of p. 460. Date, *circâ* 1677.]

Johnny's Cravat.

"*Jockey* and *Jenny* sat in the cool shade;
Jockey was happy, no less was the maid.
He often did sigh, and cry'd, '*Jenny*, with thee
My life, tho' in bondage, would seem to be free.'
Jenny, who greatly for *Jockey* did burn,
Would sigh to his sigh, and kind language return:
There 's no pair so happy, so much of one mind;
As *Jockey* to *Jenny*, so as *Jenny's* inclin'd."
——*Jockey and Jenny.* Music by Gouge, 1729.

NOT far need we travel to reach the solution of the problem "What caused the ballads on the 'Tying of Johnny's Cravat' to become so popular, and the use of the tune so frequent?" Nor need we specify the result of our enquiries beyond the Sibylline utterance that there was a good deal of nature in human nature. One of the two versions (not our Roxb. 'Second Part' or its Pepysian antecedent, but the unique self-complete 'Scotch Currant') bears the signature of John Wade, who could always command an auditory. Whether this had been anticipatory of the two parts, or was a recasting of them in combination, may appear open to conjecture, and need not be oracularly pre-judicated. In any case, it would be an evil to omit bringing them all together, for once, as we do here: from Oxford, from Cambridge, and from London.

There is a bare possibility that an earlier edition (now lost) had been printed of what is so markedly declared to be "composed in metre by me, J. Wade"; and that in self-defence he re-issued the 'Scotch Currant,' now reprinted, from the Bodleian unique exemplar, on p. 463.

The dance-name 'Currant' is vulgo for the Spanish *Coranto.* Of the tunes named in Douce exemplar, the first was the same as that of the Pepysian 'New Scotch Jig,' and the alternative tune was *Give me the Lass* [that is true Country-bred], the words of which were reprinted in vol. iv, p. 402.

Among the ballads that cite this same tune of *Johnny's Cravat*, compare pp. 6, 7, 138, 140 of vol. vii; the 'Clothier's Delight' and 'A Match at a Venture' both taking it. Also these others in the Douce Collection (I, 91 *verso*; I, 11; and I, 31)—

1st.—A Good Wife is worth Gold="All young men, come hearken a while, if you please." Printed for J. Deacon.

2nd.—The Baked Bully; or, Love in an Oven="You blades of the North." Printed for P. Brooksby.

3rd.—The Constant Couple; or, The Glory of True Love="Of late I did walk, in a pleasant fair day." Printed for J. Conyers.

[Douce Collection, II, 192 *verso*. Apparently unique.]

The Scotch Currant;

Or, The Tying of Johnny's Cravant.

TUNE OF, *Jenny, come tye my bonny Cravat; or, Give me the Lass*, etc.

AS *Johnny* met *Jenny* on a Summer's dav, *Johnny* with *Jenny* began for to play:
Said *Johnny* to *Jenny*, "Come, sit thee down here, for we'll be merry with wine and good cheer;
Jenny, *come tie my*, Jenny, *come tie my*, Jenny, *come tie my bonny Cravat.*"

JENNY.

"I have ti'd it behind, and I've ti'd it before;
I have ti'd it so often, I'le tie it no more."

JOHN.

"This grieves my heart and troubles my mind, for to see my *Jenny* be so unkind;
To see my *Jenny* my company scorn: woe's me, poor *Johnny*! that e'er I was born.
Thou knowest, my *Jenny*, that down by the Lea, there thou wast loving and kind unto me.
Tell me the reason why thou art on score, that thou wilt not tie it behind nor before?"

THE MAID'S ANSWER.

"You told me when we was down by the Lea, that you would always a good husband be:
I find that you are still a drunken Sot, and nothing you mind but the pipe and the pot.
You said you had both House and Land, but you have got none, I do well understand;
Therefore you young men will flatter and lye, only a maid's freedom for to destroy.

"You promis'd me Gloves, you promis'd me Rings, you promis'd me bodkins, with other fine things;
You promis'd me a Gown with a Bever Hat, if I would let you have a bit for your Cat.
You promis'd me Marriage last *Whitsontide*, and said faithfully I should be your Bride;
But you did forsake me, I plainly do see: therefore you shall have no *Jenny* of me.

"Moreover, that now I call to mind, you told me you'd always be loving and kind,
You'd be loving and kind unto none but me; but now you are false, I plainly do see.
For you no sooner from me was gone, but you fell to wooing of bonny black *Jone;*
You kiss her and hug her all night in your arms, and told her with you she should take no harms.

"Now fare thee well, *Johnny*, I have told thee my mind; go seek a Lass that to you will be kind;
That to you will be kind, and upon the old score, for I will not tie it behind nor before."

JOHN'S ANSWER.

"*Jenny*, come tie my, *Jenny*, come tie my, *Jenny*, come tie my bonny Cravat;
The rib[b]on is blue, the rib[b]on is blue, and I unto thee will be faithful and true.
My *Jenny*, I 'le tell thee, the reason why so long I kept from thee was thy person to try;
But to my *Jenny* I 'le ever be kind: nothing in this world but death shall change my mind.

"What I promis'd thee down by the Lea, I will perform it both frank and free;
Thou shalt have al[l]-things at thy command: then prithee, sweet *Jenny*, come give me thy hand.
Come give me thy hand, come give me thy heart, I vow from my *Jenny* to never depart; [*text*, never to.
I 'le be thy servant always to command: then with this Kiss take my heart and my hand.

"And as for the Ring, Bodkins, and Gloves, as I promist thee, thou shalt have them, my love;
And as for the Bever and the Silk Gown, they shall be as good as any Girl's in the town.
And as for the Marriage, that I promis'd thee, that shall be done, if thou wilt, speedily:
Then we will cuddle, we 'l tick, and we 'l toy, and bravely I 'le get thee, my *Jenny*, a Boy.

"And when we are married, O then you shall see that I to my *Jenny* a good Husband will be;
All the week I will work, and take [my] pains, and a' Saturday night my *Jenny* shall have the gains."

JENNY'S ANSWER.

"Your words and your speeches they are so poor, I know that [for] long they [wil]l not endure;
But I of your flattering tongue will beware, for fear you should bring me to sorrow and care.

"For he that will be false once, will be false twice; therefore young Maids had need to be nice:
That is the reason I will be nice and coy; for *in my freedom there lies all my joy*. [*Cf.* vi, p. 274.

"Many a Maid hath been spoke fair to her face, and afterwards brought to shame and disgrace:
For men by their speeches hath them beguil'd, then ran away when they have got them with child."

THE MAN'S ANSWER.

"My dearest *Jenny*, why art thou so cruel, for thou art my joy and my [only] jewel?
I am none of those that you take me to be, for I 'le be right honest unto my *Jenny*.
My love is so true that I cannot it smother; I 'le love thee as true as did Father and Mother.
A vow to my *Jenny* here will I make: in Wealth or [in] Woe thy part I 'le take.

"And now, my sweet *Jenny*, you 've heard what I 've told: thy love I esteem more than silver or gold;
Nothing for thee I shall think too dear: then one word of comfort my heart for to chear!"

THE MAID'S ANSWER.

"If I thought that your heart and tongue did agree, perhaps I could set my love upon thee;
For old love can't be forgot, you must know, so throughout the world with my *Jo[h]nny* to go.
Then wed me, and bed me, and take me away, for I am resolved no more to say thee nay;
Thou shalt be my husband, I'le be thy wife: let's kiss and be friends, and end all our strife."

Then Johnny *took* Jenny *to the Church away, where they were married without delay.*
To see them married young men and maids repair: and you are welcome to MICHAELMAS FAIR.

Finis. Composed in Miter by me, **J[ohn] Wade.**

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

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the astonished Lady of vol. vi, p. 205; 2nd, the man with cloak huddled round him, *the reverse* of one in vol. vii, p. 138. Misprinted "Cravant" throughout. Date, *circâ* 1674–79.]

*** This Dialogue version is self-complete. It must have preceded the 'Second Part of the New Scotch Jig' (which specially quotes from its fourth stanza, on p. 468, a proverbial phrase, not given in 'The Bonny Cravat,' p. 466). The elaborate declaration that it was "composed in metre by me, John Wade," favours the theory that he re-cast such materials as 'The New Scotch Jig; or, Bonny Cravat': which is the same story, with its bantering equivocation.

The writer of this ballad loved mirth and Good-Fellowship, but warned his hearers against wasteful prodigality or intemperance. To him we owe many of the choicest ditties that enrich these Roxb. volumes and our companion work, *The Bagford Ballads.* They prove him to have been constantly in demand and worth hearing. He was honestly Wade; but never found wanting!



[*This woodcut belongs to* pp. 466, 467.]

[Pepys Collection, III, 18; Douce, II, 164; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 155.]

The New Scotch Jigg; Or, The Bonny Crabat.

Johnny wooed *Jenny* to tye his Cravat;
But *Jenny*, perceiving what he would be at,
With delayes put him off, till she found out his mind,
And then afterwards she proved to be kind:
At length both parties were well agreed,
And went to the Kirk to be wed with all speed.

[To its own] Tune of, Jenny, *come tye my*, etc. [See p. 462.]

AS *Johnny* met *Jenny* a going to play,
Quoth *Johnny* to *Jenny*, "I prithee, love, stay:
Since you are my honey, my joy and delight,
I 'le love thee all day, and I 'le please thee at night.
Jenny, *come tye my*, Jenny, come tye my,
Jenny, *come tye my bonny Cravat.*"
"*I have tyed it behind, and I've tyed it before;*
I've tyed it so often, I'le tye it no more."

"O say not so, *Jenny*, nor do me not scorn,
For better poor *Johnny* had never been born.
O kill not my heart with being unkind:
I 'le ever endeavour to pleasure thy mind.
Jenny, *come tye my* [*bonny Cravat*]," etc.

"But, *Johnny*, I ken it, altho' to my grief,
When you stole my heart away like a sly thief;
You promis'd me Marriage, with many things more,
Which yet is not wiped out off the old score."
"Jenny, *come tye* [*my bonny Cravat*]," etc.

"O *Jenny*, let none of this trouble thy mind,
For now thou shalt see, I 'le be loving and kind:
A little forgetful I was, I confess,
But all shall be mended that now is amiss. Jenny, *come tye my*, etc.

"I 'le buy thee a Gown and a Scarf and a Hood;
If thou wilt believe me, I 'le ever be good:
For Rings and for Ribbons, ne'r matter for that,
If thou art but willing to tye my Cravat. Jenny, *come tye my*," etc.

"All this you did promise me often before,
If I would but tye it one time or two more;
But yet you were never as good as your word,
Therefore for to tye it I cannot afford." "Jenny, *come tye my*," etc.

"My *Jenny*, if thou wilt be ruled by me,
It shall not be long ere we wedded will be:
For I have got Money, and House, and good Land,
Which all shall be ready at *Jenny's* command.
Jenny, *come tye my bonny Cravat*," etc.

"Besides, on the Common I have got a Cow,
To give us some milk, and [a] bonny black Yow; [=Ewe.
I likewise at Heam [=home] have a Dog and a Cat:
Then prithee, good *Jenny*, come tye my Cravat! Jenny, *come tye*," etc.

"Your House, I believe, is not often repair'd,
And as for your Land, it lies in the Church-yard;
Your Money, if any such thing you may have,
With it keep you honest and prove not a knave." "Jenny, *come*," etc.

"Your Cow on the Common that grazes, you say,
May wheadle another your will to obey;
Then prithee make much of your Dog and your Cat,
For I am not willing to tye your Cravat." "Jenny, *come tye my*," etc.

"O *Jenny*, why art thou so hard of belief?
I fear thou art minded to kill me with grief:
Before thee I 'le open my heart to the life—
I tell thee I mean for to make thee my wife. Jenny, *come tye my*," etc.

"Then do not thou flout me, but freely comply;
Nothing shall be wanting for *Jenny* and I:
Then give me, my *Jenny*, thy heart and thy hand,
For I will be ever at *Jenny's* command. Jenny, *come tye my*," etc.

"O *Johnny*, I fear thou dost flatter me now,
Or else I could love thee, I swear and I vow;
But with fair delusions I may be undone:
Therefore from thy *Jenny*, good *Johnny*, begone!" "Jenny, *come*," etc.

"A Maid by her choice she may soon be destroy'd,
And left in the lurch when she hath been enjoy'd;
But if you be honest, declare it in brief,
And let me not languish in sorrow and grief." "Jenny, *come tye*," etc.

"My *Jenny*, then prithee take one word for all—
I never will leave thee, what ever befall:
In Sickness and Health I will for thee provide,
And at the next Kirk I will make thee my Bride. Jenny, *come tye*," etc.

"Then, *Johnny*, I love thee as dear as my Life,
And I am contented for to be thy Wife;
And we will be marryed to both our content:
I hope we shall neuer have cause to repent."
"Jenny, *come tye my*, Jenny, *come tye my*,
Jenny, *come tye my bonny Cravat.*"
"*I have ty'd it behind, and I've ty'd it before,*
And now I will tye it a hundred times more."

London: Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[In Black-letter. With three woodcuts: 1st and 2nd, the Lady and Young Man of vol. vi, p. 288, but without the Cantabrigian emblem there separating them; 3rd, is on p. 465—two open-bosomed women being entertained at a tavern, a brace of 'chaste Susannahs' for two Elders, as in 'The Excellent Parable of the Prodigal Child' of vol. ii, p. 393. Date, *circâ* 1670-77.]

*** 'The Second Part of the New Scotch Jigg' is a distinct ballad, sung to the same tune. It belongs to the Roxburghe Collection: see p. 468.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 420; Pepys, IV, 37; Euing, 329; Huth, II, 40; Douce, II, 200; Lindes., 124.]

The Second Part of the New Scotch Jigg;

Or, *Jenny's* Reply to '*Johnny's* Cravat.'

The Case is alter'd now: *Jenny* wooes *Johnny*
To tye her Kirtle, and shee 'l be his Honey;
Which *Johnny* took so kindly, sitting by her,
That for his heart he could not well deny her:
At length they did agree, so plain and pat,
That he her Kirtle ty'd; she his Cravat.

TUNE OF, Jenny, *come tye my* [*bonny Cravat*]. [See vol. vii, pp. 6, 140.]



AS *Jenny* sate under a Siccomore tree,
She spi'd her love *Johnny* come over the Lee:
"O welcome, my *Johnny*! now welcome, my dear!
I prithy, my honey, come sit thee down here.
Johnny, *come tye my*, Johnny, *come tye my*,
Johnny, *come tye my Kirtle so gay.*"
"*I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;*
Yet if thou wilt love me I'le tye it again."

"I prithy, my *Johnny*, ne're doubt of my love,
For I am constrained by *Cupid* above,
To love thee as dear as the blood in my heart;
Then do not thou fear that we ever will part.
Johnny, *come tye my*, Johnny, *come tye my*,
Johnny, *come tye my Kirtle so gay.*" [Given *in full* to each succeeding stanza.

"O *Jenny*, my honey, thou know'st it is true,
How scornful thou was[t] when I did thee first wooe;
And when I begg'd of thee to tye my Cravat,
You said that I wanted a bit for my cat." [*Cf.* p. 463, l. 14.

"My *Johnny*, I love thee as dear as my life,
And could be contented for to be thy wife,
Although I was fickle, and seem'd to be coy,
Yet now I'le be constant, my love and my joy!"

"But, *Jenny*, if that I thy Kirtle should tye,
Come tell me, my honey, and tell me no lye;
If thou wilt be willing my love to requite?"
"O *Johnny*, I'le please thee by day and by night.

"I'le buy for my love a Cravat that is new,
If thou wilt be constant, and ever be true,
And ty't with a ribbon of Popinjay green;
The like in the parish there shall not be seen.

"But, *Johnny*, now tell me, if that I consent,
Shall I never have any cause to repent?
To gain a bad bargain may make me to rue;
Then prithee resolve to be faithful and true.

"As true as the steel I'me resolued to be;
And all that I have is, my *Johnny*, for thee:
Thou kens that my portion I have for to take,
And how I have kept it so long for thy sake."

"My *Jenny*, I joy for to see thee so kind;
To tell thee my love, it rejoyces my mind;
Thy looks are so bonny and blith for to see:
Of all the brave lasses, my *Jenny* for me."

"O *Johnny*! I sware by the lace of my gown,
I love thee above the lads in the town;
And for to gang with thee, what ever befall,
I'le leave both my Daddy, and Mammy, and all."

"My *Jenny*, I'me willing thy kirtle to tye;
Since thou art so loving, I cannot deny:
And ever hereafter my own thou shalt be;
Then prithee, my honey, be loving to me."
"Johnny, *come tye my*, Johnny, *come tye my*,
Johnny, *come tye my Kirtle so gay.*"
"*I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;*
But since thou dost love me, I'le tye it again."

"Now, *Johnny*, since I ken what you would be at,
I likewise am willing to tye thy Cravat:
And by this same kiss, I will ever be true;
M[y] *Johnny* shall never have cause for to rue.
Johnny, *come tye my*, Johnny, *come tye my*,
Johnny, *come tye my Kirtle so gay.*"
"*I've ty'd it so often, and ty'd it in vain;*
But now I will tye it again and again."

London: Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st is on p. 449, and was needed for 'The German Princess,' vol. vii, p. 66; 2nd, the melancholy couple, hand in hand, p. 493. The Scot on p. 468 is of p. 459. Date, 1670-7. No. 251 of *Thackeray's List*.]

The other bridegroom (p. 459) had promised that, on his 'Scotch Wedding' day,

"*Will* the Weaver, at my cost, shall on the Bag-pipes play."

But accidents happen at the best regulated weddings; especially with the Irish.

"Then the Piper, a dacent gossoon, began to play *Eileen Aroon;*
Until an arch wag cut a hole in his bag,
Which, alas! put an end to the tune,
Too soon!
The music blew up to the moon!"

*** Another '*Cravat*' is the unique broadside, from B. H. Bright's private collection, 'Wavering *Nat* and Kind *Susan*.' Of this Supplementary Vol. IV, Roxb. Coll., all the eighty-four ballads have now been reproduced here.

The tune cited for 'Wavering *Nat*' is *The Protestant's Prophesie*; so named from a ballad already reprinted by us: see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 438, 1877. Of date probably 1676-88. Thirteen stanzas; the beginning is this:—

"Come, hearken to me, whilst the truth I do write,
For in telling of lies I take no delight;
Now fain would I tell you, since I have begun,
When Popery out of this Nation will run." Etc.

Although itself giving a new name to the tune, the previously known name was adopted from the burden of a former ballad, *When Covetousness out of* England *shall run*. This tune agrees with *The Rambling Clerk, or Michaelmas Terme* (registered in July, 1632-33); but cited as '*Cook Laurel*' (our vii, p. 219), or, '*The Country Miss.*' The title of the ballad, licensed by Roger L'Estrange before 1685, is 'The Ploughman's Prophecie; or, The Country-man's Calculation.' Printed for J. Hose, it was preserved by Ant. à Wood, and begins thus:—

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

To the same tune was sung another anti-papal ballad, likewise unique but preserved elsewhere, entitled, 'The Country-man's Prophecy: plainly setting forth when Popery will return into England again.' Printed for G. J. It begins, "All you that strange prophecies love for to hear" (Pepys Coll., II, 280): with burden "*Then Popery 'll return into* England *again.*" Those Protestant ballad-mongers deemed such an event impossible; yet they foresaw not the coming growth of black Atheism—Religion's worst enemy—in the perpetual struggle between credulous superstition and sheer faithlessness.

Parlons d'autres choses, messieurs. "Voilà la piece finie: allons souper!"

[Roxburghe Collection, Supp., Vol. IV, 84. Apparently unique.]

Wavering Nat and Kind Susan.

"*Nat*, it is unkind," quoth *Susan*, "that so strangely you do use one:
You did kindness once pretend, and then I thought you were my Friend;
But now too late I plainly find, you have had your will and prove unkind."

To the Tune of, *The Protestant's Prophesie.* [*Note*, p. 470.]

COme, all you brave Sawyers, and listen a while,
I 'le tell you a Story will make you to smile,
Of a lusty young fellow, whose name is call'd *Nat*,
Who woo'd bonny *Susan* for *a new Laced Cravat.*

Come, Round-headed Sawyers, I find you are wise,
And deceive pretty maids like *Satan* disguis'd;
You flatter the Damosels for this and for that,
And all you desire is *a new Lac'd Cravat.*

"But hold, my dear *Nat*! if I should make haste
And you would not have me, my labour is waste:
I 'de make it so neatly (if I knew but that),
That you should be proud of your new Lac'd Cravat."

But now *Susan* sighs, he has got the Cravat,
And makes her his gossip; she is troubled at that:
He left the poor girl in a fretting estate,
Whilst he, like a Cheater, did wear the Cravat.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

ALas! now I find he's like *Oliver's* breed
(For he was far better to hang than to feed):
The Fool askt for money, and knew not for what,
And cheated the Maid of a new Lac'd Cravat.

And thus you may see, you wanton young Maids,
How Young-men dissemble and Lasses invades:
You sneak like a mouse that 's afraid of a cat,
And let Cheating Sawyers to wear your Cravat.

But now, for the future, be sure you be wise,
And let not false Young-men of you make a prize:
Ne'er any thing give, except you know for what,
Nor promise to make them a new Lac'd Cravat.

For many to maidens most largely pretends,
And nothing do aim at but just their own ends;
They 'l promise you largely, and say this and that,
But still they conclude with a new Lac'd Cravat.

How many poor Maidens such Young-men deceive,
And afterwards slight them, which makes them to grieve!
They 'l get up their [fo]llys, and such things as that,
And then they 'l march off with their new Lac'd Cravat.

And when these poor Damosels, that thus are beguil'd,
Have lost their great [credit] and brought forth a child,
To work then again they must go for the brat;
If a Boy, *'t must be drest in a bonny Cravat.*

Then take my advice, and be ruled by me,
All you pretty Maidens, where ever you be;
Let no man prevail for a bit for his cat, [*Cf.* p. 469.
Lest he marches off with your new Lac'd Cravat.

It grieves us poor Females when men prove unkind,
And miss of the things which they thought for to find;
Their hearts are cast down, and their spirits are flat,
To lose a Sweet-heart and a new Lac'd Cravat. Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Rainbow*, near *David's Inn*, in *Holborn*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: the 2nd being the girl with a lute, of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 554, and the 1st her male companion, a Gallant in full dress, not copied in these volumes. Date, 1680. Deacon went to the *Angel* in 1683.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 418; Huth, II, 83; Jersey, I, 72 =Lindes., 1039.]

The Scotch Souldiers' Kindness:

It being the Sorrowful Ditty of Fifty Young Damsels of *Southwark*, who lately lost their Maiden-heads with those Valiant Souldiers lately Quartered in that place.

Stout Souldiers, then, are valiant men,
Their Fame will ever Ring;
We may admit that they should get
Brave Souldiers for the King:
In Warlike Fights, both Lords and Knights,
And valiant Souldiers dye:
Then well may they with Damsels play,
To get a New Supply.

To the Tune of, *The Crafty Miss* [="There was an Exciseman of late"].
This may be Printed. **R. L. S[trange]**, June 25 [1684].

SCotch *Jemmy*, and *Jockey*, and *Sawny*,
With many brisk Lads of that Land,
Stout hearted, couragious, and brawny,
Brave Boys that were under command;

Near *Southwark* a while they remained, [1684.
Where Damsels they daily did court:
Their favour they quickly obtained,
And then there was sport upon sport.

Those Lads were both Jovial and Jolly,
As Blith as the Birds in the Spring;
With *Jenny*, and *Maudlin*, and *Dolly*,
They boldly did run at the Ring:
Those girls, when the bargain was making,
They vow'd they should play in the dark;
But yet, if I am not mistaken,
There 's none could come nearer the mark.

It seems there is forty or fifty
Young Girls that for Gaming did strive,
But yet they were wondrous thrifty,
For now they do happily thrive;
And also respect without measure
Those Souldiers they then did adore,
Since they were endu'd with that treasure
They never enjoyed before.

But while they were courting and toying
They thought it would never be day;
But now comes the woful annoying
When thence they were marching away:
Then *Margery*, *Winny*, and *Mary*,
With *Jude*, and *Gillian*, and *Kate*,
Young *Nelly*, and *Susan*, and *Sarah*,
A pittiful Tale did relate.

Ah! this is their sorrowful ditty,
To see they are utterly left;
Their friends will afford them no pitty,
Now they of all joys are bereft.
Quoth *Doll*, "Let us draw a Petition
To send to the Captain with speed,
Wherein we 'l declare our condition."
Quoth *Jude*, "Let this be agreed!"

They sent for a *Scrivener* to write it,
A neighbour that lived hard by;
He had a cute wit to indite it,
And knew how the matter did lye.
"O this is our hearty desire,
To marry and make us their Bride;
Our love shall be always intire,
We 'l follow the Camp by their side!"

Their Writeing they thought to deliver,
And Husbands they thought to obtain;
Poor girls! they did use their endeavour,
But still it did prove but in vain:
They are in a woeful condition;
Alas! they look pittiful wan;
For when they came with their Petit[ion,
The Captain and Souldiers were [gone.

O then what a woeful Narration
These fifty young Damsels did ma[ke!
Being crossed in their expectation,
They knew not what course for to t[ake.
Then *Maudlin*, with *Jude* and *Betty*,
Together with all the whole train,
Did sound forth their sorrowful Dit[ty,
And, weeping, they sigh and compla[in.

" But seeing it hath been our folly,
No remedy now can be made;
Come, let us be ruled by *Dolly*,
[W]ho thus in discretion hath said:
' My Sisters, why should we be daunt[ed?'
And *Jude* was just of that mind,
' We will not with sorrows be haunted
For once being loving and kind.'

" We 'l leave it, Girls, when we grow o[lder!
Now since it is gone, let it go;
I am glad that upon a brave Sould[ier
My Maiden-head I did bestow.
Then follow my kind exhortation,
And on it we 'l set a good face;
We 'll fear not the World's exclamati[on:
A Fig for the thoughts of disgrace!"

Entered according to Order.

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

[Black-letter. Six woodcuts: 1st, the woman holding twins, p. 35; 2nd, two soldiers, vol. v, 368; 3rd, three arquebusiers, iv, 7; 4th, Maria Beatrix, vi, 355; 5th, a queer couple, vii, 316; 6th, Du. James, vii, 503. Date, June 1684.]

End of the Anglo-Scotch Ballads.

The Double Substitution.

" Dame Fortune aime souvent à rire,
Et, nous jouant un tour de son métier,
Au lieu des biens où notre cœur aspire,
D'un *quiproquo* se plait à nous payer.
Ce sont ses jeux ; j'en parle à juste cause :
Il m'en souvient ainsi qu'au premier jour." Etc.
——La Fontaine, *Contes : Les Quiproquo.*

THAT we have a twice-told tale in two ballads (Roxb. Coll., II, 494 and 543), respectively named 'The Wanton Vintner and The Subtle Damosel' and 'The Westminster Frolic,' is by no means surprising; seeing that it was one of the old *Fabliaux*, welcomed at foreign courts and colleges; a stock-jest among *raconteurs*, a favourite *morceau* in many a gay volume, such as *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (1453; No. ix: 'Le Mari Maquereau de sa Femme'). They gave delight to Louis XI. The story is also in the *Heptameron* (Premier Jour, Nouv. viii) of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, viz. the Fabliau of 'Le Meunier d'Aleus.'

Margaret of Angoulème, Duchesse d'Alençon, Queen of Navarre, the beloved sister of Francis I, died in 1549, nine years before the publication of her *Histoire des Amans Fortunes*, 1558, better known as the *Heptameron*, which emulates the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. Her tale is laid in the county of Allez.

The unlucky cornuto is named Bornet, married to a virtuous wife, and possessing a friendly neighbour, a tailor named Sandras. Bornet's servant-maid tells her mistress of sinful proposals having been made to her by her own master, and receives directions how to bring about his detection, if he should keep the appointment. He believes that he is to meet the maid, not knowing that his wife intends to be secretly the substitute. He slinks away to tell his friend, who had counted on filling Bornet's place, and does so taking away with him a ring, removed from her finger; whereby the double treachery is discovered. The husband dares not reproach his wife, or reveal his own misconduct, but restores to her the ring. Nevertheless, as four persons know portions of the tale, it soon becomes known, and he is deservedly ridiculed, as the author of his own dishonour.

The brief summary of 'Le Mari Maquereau de sa Femme,' in the quaint old French diction, will suffice to establish the identity.

" La nefviesme nouvelle racompte et parle d'ung chevalier de *Bourgoigne*, lequel estoit tant amoureux d'une des chamberières de sa femme que c'estoit merveille ; et cuidant couchier avec la dicte chamberière, coucha avec sa femme, la quelle s'estoit couchée ou lit de sa dicte chamberière. Et aussi comment il fist ung autre chevalier son voisin par son ordonnance, couchier avec sa dicte femme, cuidant véritablement que ce fut la chamberière, de laquelle chose il fut depuis bien mal content, jà soit que la dame n'en scéust oncques riens, et ne cuidoit avoir éu que son mary, comme je croy."—*La Table des Cent Nouv. Nouvelles.*

In Poggio's *Facetiæ* the same story appears, the *Quinque Ova*, as '*Vir sibi cornua promovens.*' It was the 78th tale of Jerome Morlini; and No. 206 of Francho Sacchetti (Naples, 1520). Compare Le Grand d'Aussi; also Melandri, *Joco seria*, i, 243. We have already reprinted (in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 530, 1877) a better version of the original story, entitled 'The Unfortunate Miller.' It was licensed by Richard Pocock in 1685–88.

Dunlop has noted of this popular story that it "suggested the plot of [James] Shirley's comedy of 'The Gamester' (afterwards printed under the title of 'The Gamesters'); wherein Mrs. Wilding substitutes herself for Penelope, with whom her husband had an assignation, and he, to discharge a game debt, gives up the adventure to his friend Hazard."—*History of Fiction*, by John Colin Dunlop, p. 281, 3rd edition, 1845. Wilding says, to Penelope,

> "What need you be so coy now?"
>
> She replies—"Pray collect
> Yourself: remember what you are, and whose!
> You have a virtuous gentlewoman; think
> Upon your faith to her!"—*The Gamesters*, act i, sc. 1.

Precisely the duty such a husband fails to observe. Dunlop had seen neither the two ensuing ballads nor 'The Unfortunate Miller.'

Of Sacchetti's Tale (No. 206) Dunlop had written: "A miller's wife substitutes herself for a woman with whom she discovered her husband had an assignation, and her spouse had previously agreed to share with a friend the favours he was to receive. This tale is taken, with little variation, from 'Le Meunier d'Aleus' (Le Grand, 3, 292). The leading circumstances, however, have been told oftener than once in the *Fabliaux*, and have escaped the notice of few of the French or Italian novelists."—*Ibid.*, p. 246.

We need to trace exhaustively the inter-relations and literary genealogies of all the interesting novelettes and romances: no one has done this so well as Dunlop in his *History*, 1814 and 1816. Elsewhere, pedantry has overwhelmed solid learning with a dust-heap of irrelevant matter, until the abomination of dulness became unendurable; or the shallowness of a professional trifler made superficial and garbled hack-work unfit for the perusal of any genuine student. We know of no one editor competent for the task, except the author of '*Helen of Greece*,' '*Custom and Myth*,' '*Castle Perilous*,' and '*In the Wrong Paradise*': Andrew Lang,

Considering the literary importance and antiquity of the story, these two English ballads deserve to be reprinted. They were not more outspoken than the sermons of the time, or than 'The Husband his own Cuckold,' a comedy by John Dryden's son, acted in 1696. None who are squeamish are bidden to read it. Let them turn to 'The Profligate,' or 'Dodo.' Some idiotic eunuchs are easily affrighted. They are 'warned off' this territory: *No Thoroughfare:*

☞ *Cave canem! Trespassers, 'ware the dawg! He bites.*

[Roxburghe Coll., II, 543; Pepys, IV, 131; Huth, I, 152; C. 22, e. 2, 205; Jersey, II, 200, 209 = Lind., 401, 402.]

The Westminster Frolick;

Or,

The Cuckold of his own Procuring:

Being a true Relation of a Vintener, who for a considerable quantity of Guinnies undertook to perswade his Servant-maid to prostitute her self to a young Spark, pretending to her that it was no other but himself; whereupon she, seemingly complying, discovered it to her Mistriss, who, supplying her place, grafted her Husband's Head.

Thus may we see how scurvy Ill-star'd Fate
Does cross some men; nay, how they do create
Their own misfortunes: yet, for to be bold.
The Vintener got his Horns well tipt with Gold.

TUNE OF, *Hey, boys, up go we!* [See vol. iv, p. 260.]

A Frolick strange I'le to you tell, the like you ne'r did hear:
A Vintener at *Westminster* (as it will plain appear)
A handsome Servant-maid did keep, which makes him now to rue,
For by mistake his head was horn'd: *this story it is true.*

This beautious Maid inflam'd a Spark, both comely, rich, and gay,
Who her in vain solicited with him to go astray,
And offer'd her great store of Gold; but all that would not do;
She would not yield to lawless Love: [*this story it is true.*]

Which he perceiving, was the more desirous of his will,
And many waies he cast about, his purpose to fulfill;
At length he thought her Master might oblige her to come to:
(Tho' by it he did horn his head: *this story it is true*).

To him he then reveal'd his mind, with promises of wealth,
If that he could his Maid perswade to yield him love by stealth.
After some pause, and Gold in hand, he undertook to do
The thing that after horn'd his pate: [*this story it is true.*]

Then kindly to his Maid he spoke, and often on her smil'd,
That she the better by such means might quickly be beguil'd;
Watching his time, he undertakes then for himself to wooe:
By which design he horn'd his pate: *this story it is true.*

At first she mighty strange did seem, as coy as coy could be;
But, after many tempting words, she seemed to agree:
But what he did it was resolv'd in darkness he should do;
And there, alas! he horned was: *the story it is true.*

For whilst he to the Gallant went, to tell him how he sped,
The Crafty Lass her Mistriss told what proffers he had made;
Who highly did commend her for 't, and undertook to do
The thing (which horn'd her husband's head): *the story it is true.*

The Room appointed private was, and made exceeding dark,
When at the hour appointed came the over-joyful Spark,
His long-wisht joys for to possess and pleasure to pursue;
But by mistake the Vintener horn'd: *the story it is true.*

For why? The Mistriss was conveyed upon the bed there placed;
And feigned the virgin's voice so well, that kindly he embrac'd
His suppos'd lovely Charmer fast, and sport did oft renew;
He bravely horned the Vintener's head; *the story it is true.*

Whilst in one corner of the Room the virgin she did stand,
And heard what past; the Vintener, eke, was ready there at hand
To keep the door, but little thought what after he did rue,
Which was the horning of his pate: *the story it is true.*

For why? With oft embraces tired, at last, they taking rest,
The Lady, who had sported long, her self in words exprest:
"I plainly see," said she aloud, "you if you list can do
The feats of love, though not with me!" (*The story it is true.*)

"I find you can, ungrateful man! see how you are deceiv'd:
You thought your Maid was in your arms, when you so closely cleav'd;
But you 'r mistaken, it is plain!" At this the Gallant knew
That he the Vintener horned had: *the story it is true.*

When, between pleas'd and vex'd, he call'd him straitway in, to see
How he had finely fool'd himself, in such a high degree;
At which, horn-mad, he curst and swore, and much distracted grew,
Because he by mistake was horn'd: *the story it is true.*

But seeing that his horns were tipt, he rested satisfied,
And pocketed them instantly, his infamy to hide;
And vowed he 'd never more procure, what ever he did do,
Since by his own procurement Horns upon his forehead grew.

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

[Roxb. colophon lost, but here supplied from an exemplar formerly belonging to the late Francis Ouvry, the loved and honoured President of the Society of Antiquaries; vol. i, 62 of his Catalogue. Black-letter. Five woodcuts: 1st, the pompous little man of vii, 296, R.; 2nd, the spotted Jezebel with exposed bosom, vii, 70; 3rd, 4th, 5th, Winter and Summer, etc, from an Ephemeris. Lindes. was printed on the *verso* of 'Neptune's raging Fury,' for A. M., M. O., and T. Thackeray. Date *circâ* 1680.]

*** The same title is borne by another ballad (Jersey, I, 176; C. e. 2, fol. 204) —'The *Westminster* Frolick; or, A Cuckold is a good man's Fellow.' Tune of, *Hey, boys, slap goes shed* or, *Alas, poor thing!* It begins, "In *Westminster* there is a wife, a very noble Dame." With burden, '*That spoiles all*,' etc., four woodcuts, and this Argument-verse:—

A wanton wife, that loved a relishing Bit,
In *Westminster* the same then she did get;
And it is now concluded so together
Her Husband must be fain to wear Bull's-feather. [*Cf.* iii, 682.
But yet the youngster he did not do well;
Ah, silly Fool! that he must kiss and tell.
She may thank herself the business is so bad:
Play with a man, ne'r trust a tell-tale lad.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Py-corner* [1672-95].

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 494 ; Douce, II, 242 ; Jersey, I, 78 = Lind., 1424.]

The Wanton Vintner and the Subtile Damosel:

Being an Account of a Young Blade who needs would be dabbling with his Maid-servant, to which she seemed to agree, but went directly and informed her Mistriss, who resolved to prove the truth of this matter her own self; so away she went to the place appointed, being the Vault; but her Husband in the mean time sent another to toy with his Maid, so by his own contrivance he Hornified his own pate, his wife in the dark supposing it to be her own Husband.

To the Tune of, *The Doubting Virgin.* [See vol. iv, 344.]

You that are with Jests delighted, come give ear a while to me;
You shall hear of one requited according to his letchery:
A Vintner gallant, brisk and valiant, had a fair and comely Maid;
He did indeavor to deceive her, so on a time to her he said:

"Come, my Damsel, fair and pretty, thou art beauteous in my eye,
And thou art exceeding witty; I do long with thee to lye."
But she deny'd, and him defi'd, and seem'd loath to him to yield;
But in the end did Love pretend, by which he thought he 'd won the field.

The Maid was honest, just, and civil, and abhor'd his base intent;
He was deluded by the Devil: but she unto her Mistriss went,
And told her all was to befall, at which she seem'd to be inrag'd;
But her passion was a rash one, and could not quickly be asswag'd.

The house[hold cellar], the Maid told her, was the place where they should meet;
The good Wife then did grow m[uch] bolder, and resolved for to see 't:
In discontent she thither went, her husband's folly to find out;
Where, it is said, he with his maid had bargained to have a bout.

This maiden's beauty was bewitching: but mark the bravest jest of all!
Some were drinking in his kitchen, and did for a Reckoning call.
Away went he immediately, and, like an inconsiderate blade,
Did there relate, and simply prate, how he had bargain'd with his maid;

And to the company declared, if any of them did desire
His maid, to him she should be spared; which set one youngster's heart on fire:
Away went he, most hastily, and there he found the Vintner's Wife,
The maid, he thought, for whom he sought: which bred much discontent and strife.

But yet he verily believed it was the Maid, and none but she;
But this the Vintner sorely grieved when he knew it certainly:
Near to the fire, he did admire his honest servant there to see, [*i.e.* wonder.
But little thought that he had wrought his future shame and infamy.

"Where is your Mistriss?" quoth the master, and began to be afraid,
Half mistrusting the disaster of which himself the ground had laid:
But them he watched, and so he catched them both together coming out;
The Gallant he, undoubtedly, with his dear Wife had had a bout.

But oh! how simply he did look then, when this sight he chanc'd to see;
"The other man she [for me] mistook!" which did vex him heartily:
O he did fret! b[ecause] the net which he had for his Servant laid,
His forehead crown'd, at which he frown'd: but was not this a subtile Maid?

Thus you may see, who digs a hole, thinking to cause another's fall,
In [his] own net sometimes do[es] get: let this be warning to you all!
Your honest wives love as your lives, and by them set a mighty store:
It brings but shame unto your name, ever to meddle with a[ny m]ore.

Finis.

Printed for *Josiah Blare*, Bookseller, at the *Looking-Glass*, in the New Buildings, on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the lady with smoking chimney, iii, 418; 2nd, the bowing man, vi, 478; 3rd, half-length Cornuto, vii, 162; 4th, half-length lady, probably Queen Anne of Denmark, vii, 639. Date, *circâ* 1684.]

James Shirley's comedy of 'The Gamester,' already mentioned, was acted at Drury-lane, and printed in 4to, 1637. Charles Johnson adapted it, won favour for it at the same theatre, and printed it in 1712, as 'The Wife's Relief; or, The Husband's Cure.' It was again revived there, by David Garrick, in 1758, under the title of 'The Gamesters,' with fresh alterations. Later it was acted at Covent Garden, with King and Farren as Wilding and Hazard, Mrs. Pope taking the character of Mrs. Wilding, and Mrs. Merry impersonating Penelope, who is a cousin and rich ward. A happy ending is secured, without any vicious intrigue, except the intention of Wilding, but he is skilfully made to endure the torture of believing the worst has happened. The women had confronted and abashed Hazard at the rendezvous; he then leagued himself with them to bring his knavish friend to confusion; ultimately marrying Penelope, of whom he was enamoured, and obtaining restitution of her dowry from her base guardian as hush-money solatium. Hazard's explanation, in face of them all, is this:—

Hazard.—"Your wife expected you; but when I came
She had prepar'd a light, and her cousin here,
To have made you blush, and chide you into honesty:
Seeing their chaste simplicity, I was won
To silence, which brought on my better fortune."

. . . . . .

"Thou hast a treasure in thy wife: make much of her.
For any act of mine she is as chaste
As when she was new-born."

Wilding.—"I am asham'd. Pray give me all forgiveness."

——*The Gamesters*, act v, sc. 2. (*British Theatre*, 1792, xii, p. 102.)

¶ We come now to the 'Final Group of Robin Hood Ballads.' They carry us back to the merry greenwood, breathing of summer and Barnesdale. Such memories lingered with our Shakespeare, who recalls them in '*As You Like It*'—

Oliver.—Where will the old duke live?

Charles.—They say he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.





