



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVE

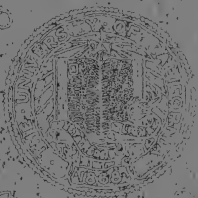


SITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

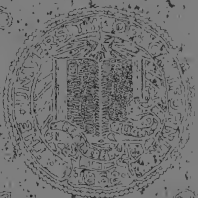


SITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

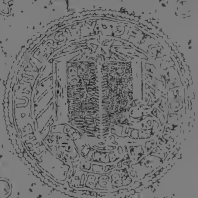


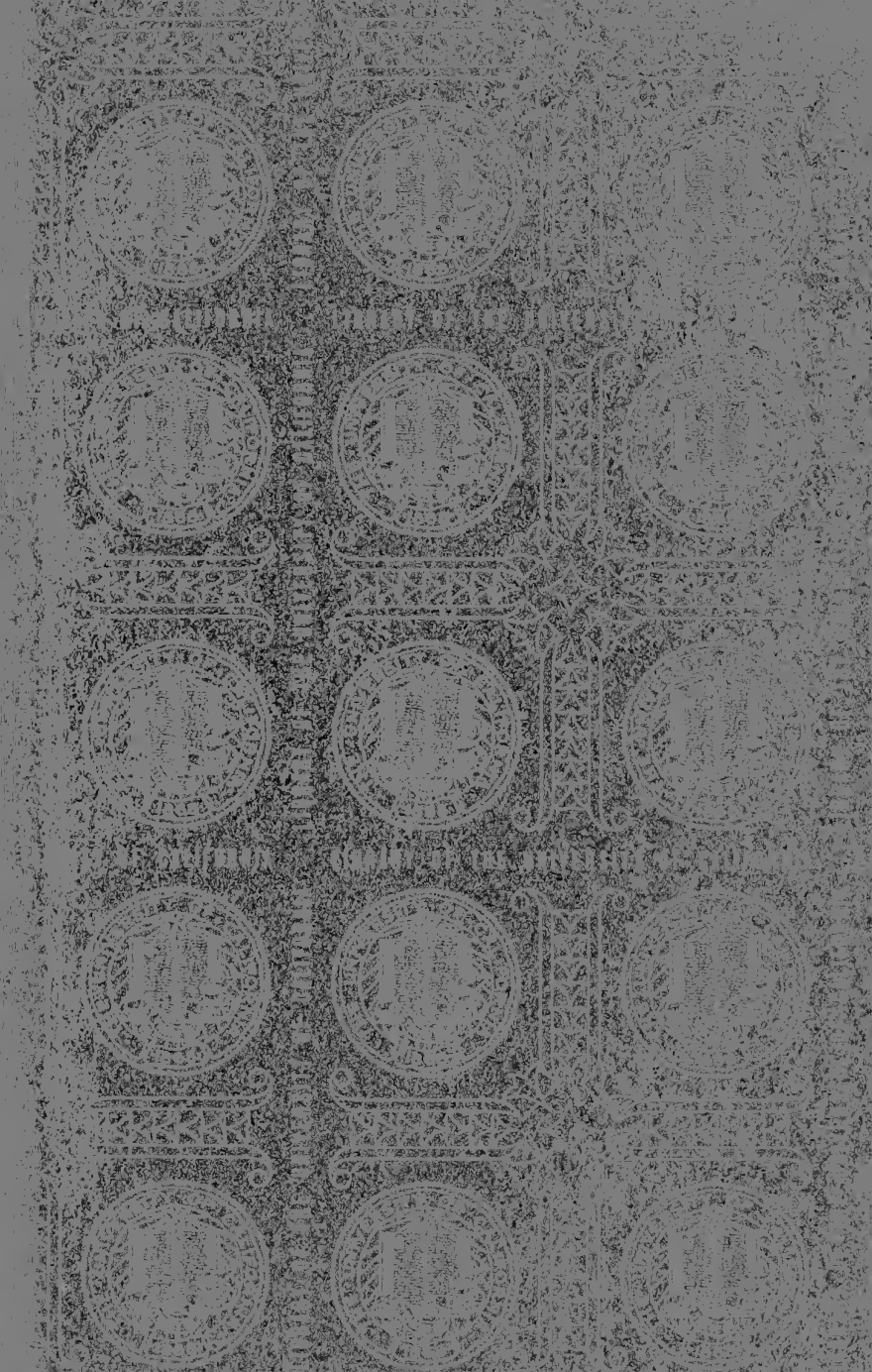
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

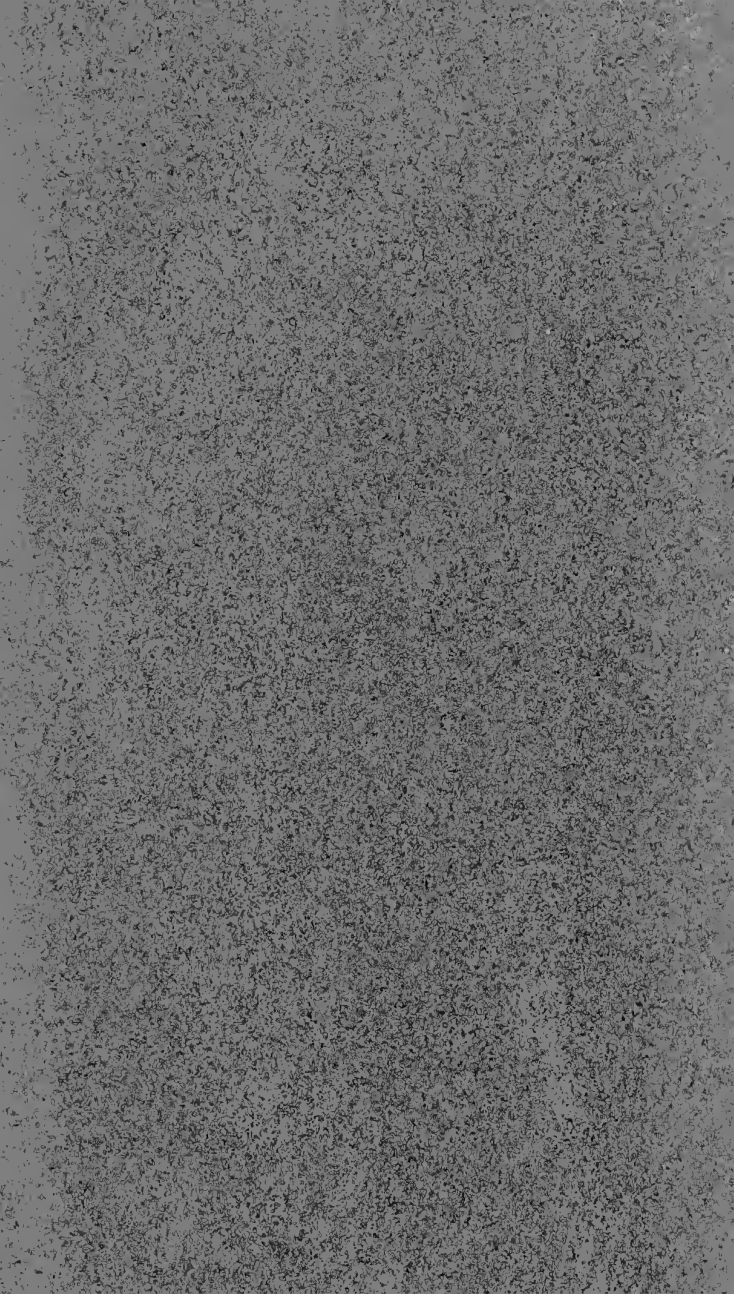


SITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

An American Garland

London

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., LTD.

New York

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

FOURTH AVENUE AND 30TH STREET

An
American Garland

being a Collection of

Ballads Relating to America

1563-1759

Edited

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

C. H. FIRTH, M.A.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD



Oxford

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

1915

NO. 1110
ANNOUNCED

PR
 1187
 F52
 1915
 main

Contents

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	vii
THE ADVENTERUS VIAGE OF M. THOMAS STUTELY	I
HAVE OVER THE WATER TO FLORIDA - -	7
NEWES FROM VIRGINIA - - - - -	9
LONDON'S LOTTERIE - - - - -	17
THE SECOND PART OF LONDON'S LOTTERIE	21
THE ZEALOUS PURITAN - - - - -	25
THE SUMMONS TO NEWE ENGLAND - - -	27
A SONG - - - - -	31
A WEST-COUNTRY MAN'S VOYAGE - - -	32
THE MAYDENS OF LONDON - - - - -	35
THE MAYDENS OF LONDON, SECOND PART -	37
THE YOUNG MEN'S RESOLUTION - - -	39
THE QUAKERS' FAREWEL TO ENGLAND -	41
A VOYAGE TO VIRGINIA - - - - -	46
THE TRAPPAN'D MAIDEN - - - - -	51
A NET FOR A NIGHT-RAVEN - - - - -	54
THE FOUR INDIAN KINGS, PART I - - -	60
THE FOUR INDIAN KINGS, PART II - - -	64
THE BETRAY'D MAIDEN - - - - -	69
THE LADS OF VIRGINIA - - - - -	72
THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC - - - - -	74
WOLFE AND SAUNDERS - - - - -	77
THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE - - - -	79
BRITAIN IN TEARS - - - - -	81
THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE - - - -	83
NOTES - - - - -	85

Introduction

A COLLECTION of ballads illustrating the discovery and settlement of the English Colonies of America must necessarily be both small and imperfect. Ballads were the most perishable kind of printed literature. Of those which were printed very few survived, partly because such ephemeral productions were regarded as too trivial to be worth preserving, partly because they were peculiarly exposed to destruction. Poorly printed for the most part, and on bad paper, they were not intended for long life, and the more popular they were the more their endurance was tested. They passed from hand to hand, became tattered and grimy, and were thrown away. Their best chance of surviving long was to be pasted on walls or screens, which saved them from rough handling. 'Even the walls of cottages and little ale houses,' says Thomas Holcroft in his autobiography, contributed to his literary education when he was a boy. 'Many of them had old English ballads such as "Death and the Lady" and "Margaret's Ghost," with "Lamentable Tragedies" or "King Charles's Golden Rules" occasionally pasted on them. They were at that

time the learning, and often, no doubt, the delight of the vulgar.'¹

Holcroft wrote of the last years of George the Second's reign: Addison writing some fifty years earlier refers to the same custom. 'My inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, give me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old ballad of the Two Children in the Wood, which is one of the darling Songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.'² It was also the longest lived of English ballads, since, though it was originally printed in 1595, it continued to be reprinted as a broadside for nearly three centuries.³

Pasting on walls gave ballads but a temporary respite from destruction. Their permanent existence was only guaranteed when someone who was

¹ *Memoirs*, I, 135.

² *Spectator*, Number 85, June 7, 1711.

³ The oldest printed copy existing appears to be that in the Roxburghe Collection which Mr. Chappell dates as the latter part of James the First's reign.

interested in the literature of the people collected them, and pasted them in volumes. That practice began in the seventeenth century. In his paper on the Babes in the Wood, Addison mentions two such collectors. 'I have heard,' he says, 'that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit, tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest criticks as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.' Dorset's and Dryden's collections have not reached us, or, if they survived their makers and passed into other hands, their original ownership has been forgotten, and they cannot be identified.

On the other hand we have in the Roxburghe ballads¹ the collection formed by their contemporary, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. From it three ballads contained in this 'Garland' have been derived. Amongst the agents who assisted in the formation of the Earl of Oxford's library was John Bagford, a shoemaker with a turn for literature, and an interest in early printing. Bagford's collection, which contains 355 ballads, is now in the British Museum. It has supplied us with the 'Quakers'

¹ For its history, see Mr. Chappell's introduction to the *Roxburghe Ballads*, I, pp. 1-v.

Farewell to England,' of which no other copy appears to exist.

The Bodleian possesses three considerable collections: that of Anthony Wood, formed in the seventeenth century and containing 279 ballads, that of Richard Rawlinson, formed in the eighteenth century and containing 218 ballads, and that of Francis Douce, which contains 817. Rawlinson's collection is the source of 'A Net for a Night Raven,' while 'The Trappan'd Maiden' comes from Douce.

Cambridge possesses the largest of all collections of black letter ballads, that formed by Samuel Pepys, and left by him to Magdalene College. Pepys, who died in 1703, began collecting earlier than Harley, and brought together over 1,800 ballads, but was indebted for some of them to the most famous seventeenth century scholars. On the title page of his collection he describes it as 'Begun by Mr. Selden: improved by ye addition of many pieces elder thereto in time, and the whole continued down to the year 1700, when the form till then peculiar thereto, vizt. of the black letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of white letter without pictures.'¹ From the Pepys collection, perhaps from the portion of it originally in the possession of John Selden, the ballad on 'London's Lottery' is derived, and Pepys owned also a copy of the 'Voyage to Virginia.'

¹ For its history, see Mr. Chappell's introduction to the *Roxburghe Ballads*, I, pp. 1-v.

Another famous collection is that at Britwell Court. It contains part of the Elizabethan ballads found at Helmingham Hall in Suffolk, which after passing through the hands of George Daniel and Richard Heber came into the possession of Mr. Christie Miller.¹ The 'Commendation of the Adventurous Voyage' of Captain Stukeley is one of these ballads. The other part of the Suffolk collection, which was purchased at Daniel's sale by Mr. Henry Huth, is now in the possession of the British Museum, but does not contain any ballads relating to America. Mr. Huth, however, acquired from another source a copy of 'Newes from Virginia,' of which a second copy is in the possession of an American collector.²

This survey of the sources from which the 'Garland' has been drawn shows that black letter ballads relating to the discovery and colonisation of America are of the greatest rarity. The number of examples of black letter ballads printed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries now in existence can scarcely be less than about ten thousand. Of the more popular there are many copies and several different editions, so that if the duplicates are deducted the total would be reduced to four or five thousand. It is surprising that so few of them deal

¹ This was printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1912: Ballads and Broad-sides, chiefly of the Elizabethan period, most of which were formerly in the Heber Collection and now at Britwell Court, Bucks. Edited with notes and introduction by Herbert L. Collman.

² Alexander Brown, *The Genesis of the United States*, I, 420.

with the new countries which English sailors spent so much pains to explore, and where so many Englishmen found homes and built new states. The entries in the registers of the Stationers' Company reveal the publication of some ballads on these subjects which have completely perished, and from the defectiveness of the registers it may be safely inferred that some others were printed, though no trace of their existence has survived. There were, however, two ways in which the text of ballads was often preserved after the original broadsides had perished. Copies of some survived in manuscript, copies of others were included in printed collections of songs and miscellaneous verses. Three of these manuscripts may be instanced: Bishop Percy's Folio MS. which contained a large number of printed ballads; Lord Macclesfield's MS., published under the title of 'The Sherburn Ballads,' appears to consist entirely of ballads printed during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, of which about fifty of the total are only preserved in this manuscript, while thirty have survived in broadside form: a third example is supplied by Ashmolean MS. No. 48, edited by Thomas Wright, in 1860, under the title of 'Songs and Ballads chiefly of the reign of Philip and Mary.'

The last contains a certain number of printed ballads, including one about Florida, of which a fragment stands second in this 'Garland.'

Turning to the printed collections of miscellaneous verse mentioned above, two in particular may be instanced: the 'Exact Collection of the choicest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times,' published in 1662, and generally known by its short title as 'Rump Songs,' and the series of 'Drolleries,' published during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and edited by Mr. Ebsworth in 1875-6. These collections have contributed four ballads to the 'Garland,' one at least of which was originally published as a broadside ballad, and possibly more than one.

The last eight items in the 'Garland' are eighteenth century ballads from my own collection. With the eighteenth century the decadence of the ballad began. As we have seen, Pepys fixes the year 1700 as marking the date when ballads ceased to be printed in black letter and adorned with illustrations. The change can hardly be fixed so precisely: it commenced rather earlier, and political ballads had already for some time been printed in white letter. The process was now applied to ballads on social topics. At the same time ballads were printed on smaller sheets and on worse paper, and, later in the century, on narrow slips in one column, and in smaller type, instead of in several columns on a square or oblong sheet. Illustrations never entirely disappeared, but became much rarer. In 1722 Defoe¹

¹ Lee, *Newly Discovered Writings of Defoe*, III, 59.

lamented the decay of the trade of ballad making with some exaggeration. A change of ministry, an event like Walpole's Excise Bill, or a hotly contested election, still called forth floods of rough verses, but non-political ballads became fewer in number and poorer in quality.

On account of this inferiority in their character and the less attractive form in which they were produced, collectors of this kind of literature confined their attention as a rule to black letter ballads. There are, it is true, some considerable collections of eighteenth century ballads and slip songs in existence, either in public libraries or in private hands, but generally they have not been arranged or indexed or catalogued as the black letter ballads have been. The introduction to Lord Crawford's 'Catalogue of a Collection of English Ballads,' concludes by saying that it contains only those of earlier date than 1715, adding: 'Of the more modern class I have also a large number (upwards of 2,000) with which I do not deal in this Catalogue.' The largest collection of eighteenth century ballads is probably that made by Sir Frederick Madden, afterwards purchased by Dr. Henry Bradshaw, and now in the Cambridge University Library. There are collections also in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Chetham Library, but the same difficulties beset the student in dealing with them. Some of these collections I have searched, but not all: a more

systematic enquiry might lead to the discovery of some eighteenth century ballads relating to America, but it would not yield many, because it is evident that few were written.

Yet few though the ballads are which I have collected in this 'Garland,' they do serve to show what the English populace, and those who wrote for the popular taste, thought about America at different periods during about two hundred years. First came the period of discovery. England was a late comer in the field of American exploration: the voyages of the Cabots were not followed up; at first English merchants and sea captains in general directed their ventures to the Mediterranean, or the Black Sea, or the coast of Africa, rather than the West. The discoveries of the Spaniards and their conquests awakened some feeling of envy and regret, as the well known lines in the 'Interlude of the Four Elements' testify.

O what a thing had be than
If they that be Englishmen
Might have been first of all
That there should have taken possession
And made first building and habitation.¹

But commerce rather than colonisation was naturally the aim of merchants, and the experience of trading voyages fitted seamen for the more difficult task of exploration. Men who were neither merchants nor seamen might promote or take part in

¹ Printed about 1519.

voyages of discovery, but did not possess the qualities required to make them successful. Master Hore's associates in his unfortunate voyage to Newfoundland in 1536 were mainly 'gentlemen of the Inns of Court and of the Chancery, and divers others of good worship, desirous to see the strange things of the world,'¹ Thomas Stukeley, whose projected voyage to Florida in 1563 is the subject of the ballads in this collection, was an adventurous spirit of the same type. Setting out ostensibly to discover and settle new countries, he ended by turning pirate for his own profit. Many volunteers had joined his expedition allured by dreams of wealth. Florida was painted as a country where the forests were full of cedars and the shores of pearls, where the natives bartered gold for toys. 'Over the water to Florida' relates the hopes of one of Stukeley's followers and his undeceiving: we possess only a few stanzas, but there is evidence that the ballad must have been widely known, for its tune became popular. The ballad in commendation of Stukeley and his enterprise strikes a higher note. It was not the material rewards of the enterprise on which its author dwelt, but on the spirit which he believed to inspire its leader. He praised the 'valiant noble heart' that persevered in its purpose in spite of peril, disappointment, and scorn, as Aeneas or Columbus did. Stukeley himself was but a vulgar swash-buckler, unworthy of such a panegyric, yet the ballad

¹ Hakkluyt, *Voyages*, VIII, 3.

writer correctly described the temper of many of the gentlemen and adventurers of those days. Thomas Churchyard in his 'Commendation of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his associates,' written in 1578, chose a worthier hero, and expressed with greater fulness and equal fidelity the feeling of the Elizabethan age about them.¹

O faithfull friends, farewell, I namd you all aroe;
For world to view, whiles world doth last, what
courage you do shoe.

What charges you are at, what venter you have
made;

And how you seeke to traffike there, where never
yet was trade.

And most of you such men as livings have at home,
So great and good, that sure abrode you neede not
for to rome:

Faire houses, lands, and wives; great friends and of
the best;

Good staves and pillers, whereupon the strongest
heere may rest:

Well knowne, and honord both; in credite every way,
In perfite plighte and state to live, and laugh,
though world say nay.

This strange adiew of youres doth argue noble
harts;

And in your brestes are noble giftes, and many
noble parts.

For, having wealth at will, and world at becke and
call,

Propt up with Prince's favoure still, so sure ye
could not fall:

¹ 'A Matter touching the Journey of Sir Humfrey Gilberte Knight.' Nichols, *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, ed. 1788, II, p. 96.

And yet to leave that hope, to seeke uncertayne
 happe,
 And so committe your goods and lives to every
 stormy clappe
 That suddayne tempest brings: methinke the ven-
 ture great;
 The value of your valiant minds surmountes the fire
 in heate.
 Whereof such hote desires of doing good doth rise;
 The kindled coales and flames thereof do sparckle
 through the skyes.
 Some people happily thinke a greedie hope of gayne,
 And heapes of gold you hope to find, doth make
 you take this payne.
 Oh sure that cannot be, conceyve the case who list,
 For, having that which thousands want alreadie in
 your fist,
 You meane to clime for fame as high as eye may
 looke,
 And search the creekes and privie portes, and every
 secret nooke,
 As farre as shippe may sayle, I trust for countreys
 good :
 And for the common wealthes avayle you offer life
 and bloud.

After thus bidding them God-speed, Churchyard
 enlarged on the perils that lay before them.

Now have they taken leave of worldly pleasures all,
 That yong and lusty were to live; and now to toyle
 they fall
 That finely were brought up; yea now they bid
 adiew
 The glittering court, the gallant towne, the gorgious
 garments new;
 The braverie of this world, the pride and pomp of
 earth,

And looke not backward any way to ritches, race or
birth;
To worthy wife nor friend, to babes nor neerest
kinne;
But only to the Lord above, and journey they are
in.

And all for countreys cause, and to enrich the same,
Now do they hazard all they have; and so for wealth
and fame,

They fare along the seas, they sayle and tide it out;
They hale and stretch the sheates aloft, they toyle
and dread no doubt.

They feede on biskit hard, and drincke but simple
beere,

Salt beefe, and stock-fish drie as kecke, is now their
greatest cheere.

And still a fulsome smell of pitch and tarre they
feele;

And when sea-sicke (God wot) they are, about the
shippe they reele.

But they must needes abide a greater brunt than
this,

And hope that after hellish paynes there commes a
time of blisse.

Yet note the torments strange that toyling saylers
have,

Who live at mercie of the seas: yea, surge and
swelling wave

Would swallow up the shippe, if pylots were not
good,

And some in time of great distresse unto their
tackle stood.

Sometime a flaw of wind blowes maister ore the
hatch,

And boy from toppe comes tumbling downe, and at
a cord doth catch

To save his sillie life, aloofe then cries my mates;
 No[w] neerer shore the ship she tacks, and on the
 sand she grates.

And plying for a boorde, about the vessell goes;
 And through the shroudes and clouted sayles a gale
 of winde there bloes,

That seemes to shake the barke in sunder every
 ribbe;

Then is no time to heave the can; to crie, 'Carous
 and bibbe':

But each man to his worke they fall and flie apace.
 In necke of this a man of warre that seekes to give
 the chace:

They spie in half a kenne: 'Up souldyoures ho in
 hast,'

The captayne calls; yet under hatch a sort of them
 are plast,

To beate the enmie out that should the shippe
 assayle;

At length the cannon-bullet flyes, and shotte as
 thicke as hayle

Goes off to murther men; and such a smoke doth
 rise,

As few may well regard the seas, or scarce behold
 the skyes.

These brawles and bloody broyles to end or quiet
 brought,

Anew beginnes, as yll a storme, that troubles more
 their thought.

The rockes and wretched streights that they must
 safely passe,

The narrow creekes, and doubts they find in com-
 passe of their glasse,

Is daunger wonders great, so that these saylers
 toyle

Rests all on hazards, eare they come to any certayne soyle.

When the 'certayne soyle' was reached at last, and the attempt to settle it was seriously made, a new period in the relations of England and America began. The formation of the Virginia Company in 1606 marks the date of its opening. The change is illustrated by the third and fourth of the ballads in this collection. 'News from Virginia' was apparently published during the latter part of 1610. It narrates the unhappy voyage of Sir George Somers, who set sail from England in the ship *Sea Venture* on June 1st, 1609, was wrecked on one of the Bermudas, and after ten months stay there, reached Virginia in June, 1610.¹ 'London's Lottery' is a ballad of a different nature—in part an exhortation to the work of founding a colony in Virginia, in part an advertisement in verse of a scheme for raising funds for the purpose, which was set on foot in 1612. A prose pamphlet relating to the lottery, published about the same time, has perished, but a broadside relating to a second lottery for the same purpose, published in 1615, is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, and has been reproduced.² An account of the lottery referred to in the ballad, which began on June 29, and ended on July 20, 1612, is given by Howes in his continuation of Stow's 'Chronicle':³

¹ See Brown, *Genesis of the United States*, I, 420, 495; *Purchas His Pilgrims*, XIX, 5 ed., 1900.

² Brown, II, 570, 760. ³ Stow, *Chronicle*, ed. 1631, p. 1002.

The Kings Majestie in speciall favour for the present plantation of English Collonies in Virginia, graunted a liberall Lottery, in which was contained five thousand pounds in prizes certaine, besides rewardes of casualtie, and began to be drawne, in a new built house at the West end of Pauls, the 29 of June 1612. Out of which Lottery for want of filling up the number of lots, there were then taken out and throwne away three score thousand blankes, without abating of any one prize: and by the twentieth of July, all was drawne and finished. This Lottery was so plainly carried and honestly performed, that it gave full satisfaction to all persons, Thomas Sharplisse a Taylor of London, had the chiefe prize, viz foure thousand Crownes in fayre plate, which was sent to his house in very stately manner: during the whole tyme of the drawing of the Lottery there were alwayes present divers worshipfull Knights and Esquires, accompanied with sundry grave discrete Citizens.

In these two, as in the other ballads, the interest and the instruction lie not in the facts recorded, but in the revelation of the ideas of the writer and the audience. The motive appealed to is no longer the love of adventure or the fascination of finding out new lands, and though the desire for gain is incidentally utilised, it is subordinated to a very different aim. That aim is clearly defined in both ballads: it is the same in both.

We hope to plant a nation
Where none before hath stood.

It is to plant a Kingdom sure
Where savage people dwell.

To plant that land in government,
Which never was before.

In short, the 'ancient, primitive, and heroical work' of plantation, as Bacon calls it, is throughout proclaimed. One of the inducements to the settlement of Virginia is an historical parallel often employed in prose and verse—the parallel between England as it was when Cæsar came and the barbarous land which is to be planted.

Who knowes not England once was like
A Wilderness and savage place,
Till government and use of men
That wildness did deface:
And so Virginia may in time,
Be made like England now;
Where long-lov'd peace and plenty both
Sits smiling on her brow.

Thomas Hariot, in his 'Briefe and true Report of the New found land of Virginia,' reinforced the argument by adding pictures representing the ancient Britons after those representing the Indians, and explained: 'The Painter of whom I have had the first of the Inhabitants of Virginia, gave mee also thees 5 Figures following, fownd as he did assure me in a old English cronicle, the which I wold well sett to the ende of thees first Figures, for to showe how that the Inhabitants of the great Brettannie have bin in times past as savage as those of Virginia.'¹ Just as William Pitt, in his speech on the Slave Trade, in

¹ Pp. 12, 17, 19.

1792, based on the barbarism and slavery of the ancient Britons an argument for the freedom and civilisation of the Africans, so the same contrast was employed nearly two centuries earlier, and the ultimate civilisation of the Indians was put forward as an incentive to colonisation. In prose pamphlets their conversion was often spoken of. The savages were to be 'brought from falsehood to truth, from darkness to light, from the highway of death to the path of life, from superstitious idolatry to sincere Christianity, from the devil to Christ.'¹ As we shall see, one of the later ballads in the 'Garland' illustrates this motive.

It was, however, in a different way that religion promoted the colonising of America. As Mr. Doyle observes: 'Of the religious movements which England in the Seventeenth century brought forth, three have left abiding traces in colonial history.'² The Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Quakers each played their part in the task of colonisation, and each in a different portion of the field.

There are five ballads relating to this aspect of colonial history, and all are hostile to the Puritans. Two deal with the great emigration to New England between 1630 and 1640. That entitled 'The Zealous Puritan' is probably wrongly named. On March 20th, 1637-8, Thomas Lambert

¹ Doyle, *The English in America*, I, 17.

² *The English in America, The Middle Colonies*, p. 363.

registered a ballad entitled 'A Friendly Invitation to a New Plantation,' a title which precisely describes the contents and character of the verses referred to above.¹ The title was doubtless altered in 1662 to make the ballad a better introduction to the general collection of satirical verses against the Puritans in which it survives. The 'Summons to New England' belongs to much the same date: after 1638 the troubles in Scotland absorbed public attention, and New England was for a time forgotten. Both ballads emphasise the desire of the emigrants to separate themselves from the wicked and superstitious, and build in a new country a purer Church.

In 1643, when the next ballad was written, the Civil War was going against the Parliamentary cause: during the summer the King's forces conquered most of the west and the north of England: Hull and Gloucester were besieged, and though neither fell, the possibility of the King's victory spread alarm amongst timid Parliamentarians. Some of them, according to the Royalist newspapers, began to think of making their escape from the country and to pack up their portable treasures for flight. On October 8th, 1643, *Mercurius Aulicus* reported that there was a great ship in the Downs, laden with chests and money destined for New England. 'And doubtless 'tis time the Brethren think of some other England.' On November 6th the same newspaper,

¹ Arber, *Stationers' Register*, IV, 387.

noticing the passage of the ordinance for the Government of the Islands and Plantations, explained that the great work the Commissioners named in the ordinance were to take in hand was to provide a secure and convenient place whither the members, when the plot fails, may speedily retreat. These were the reports which inspired the song announcing that New England was preparing to entertain King Pym, and bidding the Roundheads pack their plunder and hoist sail for their voyage.

'The West Country Man's Voyage to New England' is from the 'Merry Drollery,' a song book first printed in 1661¹; as Dorchester was one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts, it may have been written twenty years or more before the date of its publication. The fifth of these Anti-Puritan ballads—'The Quakers' Farewell to England'—was published in 1675, when the settlement of the Jersies was beginning, and the emigration which then commenced continued for several years. The emigrants came largely from Yorkshire and the North Midlands. On July 17th, 1677, Sir John Reresby wrote to Lord Danby saying, 'Many of these Quaquers and other dissenters, inhabitants about Sheffield and the adjoining parts of Nottinghamshire and Darbyshire, have lately gone, and are every day as yet going, by the way of Hull to transport themselves to an Island in America called West Jarsey, and are dayly followed

¹ Reprinted by Mr. J. W. Ebsworth, Lincoln, 1875 (p. 275).

by others upon the same design.' In a second letter, dated November 20th, he added: 'The principall of them are sectaries, but the rest able servants and labourers, engaged many of them by the undertakers without their masters or parents consent.'¹

Another ballad, the 'Valiant Soldier's Farewell to his Love,' or 'The Voyage to Virginia,' although one copy of it is dated 1685, probably refers to a political event which happened nine years earlier. The rebellion in Virginia, headed by Nathaniel Bacon, broke out in 1676. In October, 1767, a regiment was formed for service in Virginia, by drafts from the Guards, the Admiral's and the Holland regiment, and by taking some men from the garrison companies. Captain Herbert Jeffrey, of the Guards, was appointed its Colonel. The regiment, or at least the companies taken from the Guards, returned to England early in 1678.² There is no evidence that English troops were sent to Virginia at any other date before 1685, and there was no reason for sending any in 1685.

The ballad entitled 'The Maydens of London's Brave Adventure' is difficult to date with precision. It probably belongs to the period of the Protectorate. The reference to the possible interception of the maidens by the Spaniards clearly shows that it was

¹ See for the whole letters *American Historical Review*, II, 472.

² Mackinnon, *History of the Coldstream Guards*, I, 156, 159; Dalton, *English Army Lists*, I, 186.

written when England and Spain were at war, that is, between 1655 and 1660. This emigration was probably a forced rather than a voluntary enterprise. The Puritan rulers of London had no hesitation in deporting suspected evil livers, male or female, to the colonies. In September, 1653, a ballad was published entitled 'A total Rout, or a brief Discovery of a Pack of Knaves and Drabs,' which anticipated the arrest of all the thieves and gamblers about London. Their female companions were to share their fate:

✓ The Turnbull whores cry they are undone,
And must to Virginia pack one by one,
And in truth they'll enrich that beggarly nation,
For never such planters came to a plantation.¹

During 1655 and 1659, after the Major-Generals were instituted, activity against these classes of offenders increased,² especially when Jamaica needed servants as well as Virginia.

Two of the ballads illustrate the social and economic history of Virginia, and several other colonies, too. In the seventeenth century emigration in the case of the labouring classes was usually conducted under a system of contract. The emigrant undertook to work for a certain number of years on conditions stated in an indenture. When this was drawn previous to the departure of the servant from England, it named, as the consideration for the right to his labour, payment of the cost of transportation,

¹ Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 31.

² Cf. *Middlesex Records*, III, 247, 292.

a sufficient quantity of drink, food, and clothing during the continuation of the term, together with lodgings and whatever else was thought to be essential to his livelihood. The development of this system of 'indented servants' is carefully traced in Mr. P. A. Bruce's 'Economic History of Virginia during the Seventeenth Century.' He points out the abuses which were incidental to it in spite of all legislative efforts to prevent them. These abuses are the subject of the two ballads. 'The Trappan'd Maiden' complains not so much of the deceit by which she was entrapped, as of the hardships she suffered after she came to Virginia—the insufficient food and clothing, and the severity of the labour exacted from her by her harsh mistress. The laws of the colony provided some redress if the servant was not allowed sufficient food, clothing, and shelter, or was punished with undue harshness. In one case a woman who had proved herself a cruel mistress was forbidden to have servants in her employment in future.¹ Nevertheless, friendless servants must have found it difficult to secure redress, and it is clear that there was some suffering and some oppression.

There was, however, one wrong for which there was no adequate redress provided—the case of the servant who had been kidnapped or 'trepanned,' and was shipped to Virginia against his will. There were

¹ J. C. Ballagh, *White Servitude in the Colony of Virginia* (Johns Hopkins University Studies), 1895, p. 41.

many such, of both sexes, and children were particularly exposed to this form of wrong. The trade was profitable, for 'a servant might be transported at a cost of from £6 to £8 and sold for £40 or £60.' Kidnapping was so frequent that on May 9th, 1645, the Long Parliament passed an ordinance against it, stating 'that divers lewd persons do go up and down the city of London and elsewhere, and in a most barbarous manner steal away many little children,' and ordering that all such persons should be punished, and that ships should be officially searched to release the victims. The kidnappers were known as 'spirits,' and the phrase to 'spirit away' a person came into the English language to describe their work. For a generation after the ordinance of 1645 to accuse a person of being 'a spirit' was a certain way to raise a riot in the poorer quarters of London. As the practice was not effectively suppressed by the ordinance referred to, a registry office was established in 1665, where all persons transported as servants were to be registered under heavy fines, and in 1670 death without benefit of clergy was made the penalty for kidnappers. Probably these measures put a stop to the practice of kidnapping on any considerable scale, but there were certainly a number of cases later,¹ and the memory of the practice lingered in the minds of the people, inspired ballads such as those printed here, and furnished incidents for popu-

¹ See *Middlesex Records*, III, ix, and IV, xli-xlvi.

lar romances. In Defoe's 'Colonel Jack,' published in 1722, the hero and four other young men, deserters from a regiment in Scotland, are inveigled on board a vessel at Newcastle and shipped to serve in Virginia. In 'The Voyages of Captain Robert Boyle,' published in 1728, and usually attributed to W. R. Chetwood, the hero is sent by his wicked uncle with a message to a ship captain at Gravesend and finds himself on his way to Charleston as a slave. James Annesley, whose case created so much popular excitement in 1743, asserted that he had been kidnapped in this way by his uncle, in order that the uncle might enjoy his title and estates, and after a trial lasting seventeen days, obtained a verdict in favour of his claim. His story was made into a romance called 'Memoirs of an unfortunate young Nobleman returned from a thirteen Years Slavery in America.'¹ The case of Peter Williamson is still more remarkable; after being kidnapped at Aberdeen about 1740, he returned to England and published in 1758 an autobiography entitled 'French and Indian Cruelty exemplified in the Life and Various Vicissitudes of Peter Williamson . . . with a curious Discourse on Kidnapping.' Charged with libelling the Corporation of Aberdeen, whom he accused of being concerned in the trade, he obtained one verdict against the Corporation, and another against the kidnapers.²

¹ 12mo, London, 1743. The scene of the young nobleman's slavery is in this case Pennsylvania, not Virginia, pp. 56-139.

² Williamson's narrative suggested R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*.

A much larger class of involuntary emigrants consisted of persons transported by order of the English Government. Some of them were captives or political offenders. A number of the Scottish prisoners captured by Cromwell at Dunbar were transported to New England, others, then and later, to the West Indian Islands; Royalist prisoners, to the number of seventy or eighty, taken after the rising in the West of England in 1655, were sent to Barbados. In 1685 about eight hundred of Monmouth's followers were sentenced to servitude for a term of ten years, some like John Coad in Jamaica, others like Henry Pitman in Barbados. Six or seven hundred of the Scots taken prisoners at Preston in the Jacobite rising of 1715 were transported to the colonies, many, according to Defoe's 'Colonel Jack,' to Virginia.¹ But it is difficult to ascertain the numbers sent to any particular colony, first because the sentence condemning a person to transportation frequently omits to define the place, and secondly because Virginia was loosely used to signify the American or West Indian colonies in general.² Another class of persons transported

¹ See *English Historical Review*, 1889, p. 335; and Bruce, I, 608-12.

² 'The word "Virginia," used in the English records of this age as representing the point of destination for shipments of various kinds from England, was often intended to cover the West Indies also'—Bruce, I, 610, referring to the period of the Protectorate. 'Maryland is Virginia, speaking of them at a distance,' says Defoe, *Colonel Jack*, p. 193. Phrases such as 'Versus Virginiae insulam' occur in records, *Middlesex Records*, III, 337.

were religious offenders. By the Conventicle Act of 1664 a person arrested for attending a conventicle might on the third offence be transported to any of the King's colonies (Virginia and New England excepted) for a term of seven years, and numbers of men and women too poor to escape by paying a fine were during the reign of Charles II sent to Jamaica or Barbados.¹ Still more numerous were the ordinary criminals whose sentences were commuted to transportation, and the vagrants of whom magistrates sought to relieve the community at the expense of the colonies. The Government of Virginia protested against being made a receptacle for such 'base and lewd' persons, passed an Act in 1670 against their introduction, and succeeded in enforcing their exclusion for nearly fifty years. But in 1717 the Government of George I passed an Act for the transportation of criminals which over-rode the colonial law, and between that date and the beginning of the American Revolution² some thousands of felons must have been transported.

The novelists and the dramatists of the eighteenth century occasionally treat of the adventures of a criminal transported to the colonies—for instance, Defoe in 'Moll Flanders' (1721) and Gay in 'Polly' (1729). Another story of the same kind is told in 'The Fortunate Transport; or the Secret History of

¹ *Middlesex Records*, III, xxiii, 341; IV, lviii.

² Bruce, I, 605; Ballogh, p. 37.

the Life and Adventures of the celebrated Polly Haycock.' This was also the subject of a caricature, published about 1741, representing in various stages the life of the heroine mentioned.¹ On the other hand, the ballad writers, so far as it is possible to generalise from the surviving examples of their productions, took less interest in the fate of sufferers of this kind than they had done in the seventeenth century when the system of transportation began. It had lost its novelty. Sometimes, however, a situation arising from it might be utilised for the sake of the sentimental value it possessed. 'The Betray'd Maiden,' for instance, which was printed early in the nineteenth century, is an eighteenth century ballad, modelled perhaps on some seventeenth century one. 'The Lads of Virginia' is another eighteenth century ballad, though, as in the previous case, a corrupt nineteenth century reprint seems to be the only version in existence. The American Revolution put an end to transporting criminals to America. Botany Bay and Van Dieman's Land filled their place, and English ballads and street songs of the early nineteenth century are full of lamentations over the sufferings of the country poacher or the London prentices condemned by the law to transportation for some comparatively trifling misdemeanour or felony.

¹ *British Museum Catalogue of Satirical Prints*, Vol. III, Number 2511.

Come all you gallant poachers that ramble void of
care,
That walk out on a moonlight night with dog and
gun and snare,
The hare and lofty pheasant you have at your com-
mand,
Not thinking of your last career upon Van Die-
man's Land.

The first day that we landed upon that fatal shore,
The planters they came round us, there might be
twenty score,
They ranked us up like horses and sold us out of
hand,
They yoked us to their ploughs, my boys, to plough
Van Dieman's Land.¹

There are many others of the same kind which illustrate the persistency of subject and form which is one of the characteristics of ballad literature.

To return to the eighteenth century ballads reprinted in this 'Garland.' There is one which illustrates incidentally both the political and religious history of the American colonies, namely, 'The Four Indian Kings.' It is connected with the conflict between France and England in America. In that conflict the Five Nations of the Iroquois were allies whom English colonial governors were anxious to gain, and eventually secured. Of these tribes, the Mohawks were the nearest neighbours of the English and their best friends. In Queen Anne's reign five

¹ *Van Dieman's Land.* Printed and sold by John Gilbert, Royal Arcade, Newcastle.

Mohawk chiefs were brought to England by Colonel Schuyler of New York, 'in order,' says Parkman, 'to impress them with the might and majesty of the Queen and so dispose them to hold fast to the British cause.' One died on the way; the rest, on April 19th, 1710, were presented to Queen Anne. A narrative of their audience is given in a pamphlet entitled 'The Four Kings of Canada, being a succinct account of the four Indian Princes lately arrived from America.'¹ 'They were introduced,' says the pamphlet, 'with the usual ceremonies due to sovereign heads and their ambassadors,' and prayed the Queen to protect them against the French and to drive them out of Canada. According to Parkman, 'Their presence, and the speech made in their name before the court, seem to have had no small effect in drawing attention towards the war in America, and inclining the Government towards the proposals' for an attack on the French dominions which were then before it.² The conquest of Port Royal and the permanent addition of Acadia to the British possessions were thus in a way the result of their visit.

It left its traces in English literature, too. Steele devoted part of a number of the *Tatler* to them,³

¹ Printed by John Baker, 1710; reprinted by J. E. Garratt and Co., London, 1891.

² Parkman, *Half a Century of Conflict*, I, 142, ed. 1892.

³ No. 171, May 13th, 1710.

Addison a whole number of the *Spectator*,¹ and the suggestion for both papers came from Swift. 'The *Spectator*,' Swift informed Stella, 'is written by Steele with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too.'²

Addison—for it was not Steele who was the author of the number of the *Spectator* referred to—professed to have found a little bundle of papers left by one of the Indian Kings in his lodgings in Covent Garden containing 'abundance of very odd observations' made by the four during their stay in Great Britain. Under this mask he gently satirised English politics and manners. Addison's Indian Kings admired the English ladies from a distance: they were dazzled by their beauty, amazed by their hair dressing, and puzzled by their patches. 'As for the Women of the Country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the Hair of their Heads grow to a great Length: but as the Men make a great Show with Heads of Hair that are none of their own, the Women, who they say have very fine Heads of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being

¹ No. 50, April 27th, 1711. ² *Journal to Stella*, 28th April, 1711.

seen. The Women look like Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots that are apt to break out in their Faces, and sometimes rise in very odd Figures. I have observed that those little Blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one Part of the Face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a Spot upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was upon the Chin in the Morning.'

In the ballad the youngest of the Kings is smitten with love for an English lady, and finds no difficulty in expressing his passion to her, with the assistance of an interpreter. It is hinted that his suit would have been favourably received but for a single obstacle. The Kings, according to the contemporary pamphlet, were not uncomely, and were magnificently dressed. 'As to the Persons of these Princes, they are well form'd, being of a Stature neither too high nor too low, but all within an Inch or two of Six Foot: their Habits are robust, and their Limbs muscular and well shap'd; they are of brown Complexions, their Hair black and long, their Visages are very awful and majestick, and their Features regular enough, though something of the austere and sullen; and the Marks with which they disfigure their Faces, do not seem to carry so much Terror as Regard with them. The Garments they wear, are black Wastcoats, Breeches, and Stockings, with yellow Slippers, and a loose scarlet mantle cast

over them, bound with a Gold Galloon; their hair ty'd short up, and a Cap something of the Nature of a Turbant upon their heads.'

The four Kings also showed a marked inclination to adopt English manners. 'They are generally affable to all that come to see them, and will not refuse a Glass of Brandy or strong Liquors from any hands that offer it . . . They feed heartily, and love our English Beef before all other Victuals that are provided for 'em; of which they have Variety at the Charge of the Publick, with the best of Wines; but they seem to relish our fine pale Ales before the best French Wines from Burgundy or Champagne.'

The one obstacle was their religion, but even on that point they were compliant, and held out hopes of being converted. In their address to Queen Anne they said: 'Since we have been in Alliance with our Great Queen's Children, we have had some knowledge of the Saviour of the World, and have often been importun'd by the French, both by the Insinuations of their Priests, and by Presents, to come over to their Interest; but have always esteem'd them Men of Falsehood. But if our Great Queen will be pleas'd to send over some Persons to instruct us, they shall find a most hearty Welcome.'¹

For the young lady in the ballad, who after all was asked to contract a more intimate alliance than the English Government, these vague promises were not

¹ *The Four Kings of Canada.*

sufficient. Nothing short of the instantaneous conversion of the youngest King would secure her consent. Here the fictitious story told by the writer of the ballad again illustrates actual facts. When the ballad was written an attempt to convert the Iroquois to Christianity was in progress, and the writer meant to secure popular support for it. About 1698 Lord Bellamont, then Governor of New York and Massachusetts, applied to the English Government and the New England Company to provide ministers to instruct the Iroquois, and two missionaries were sent to them by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1705, but their operations appear to have been confined to the Indians settled within the English borders. Those outside were left untouched. Cotton Mather in 1710 pressed their needs upon Sir William Ashurst. 'Let the gentlemen of the New Society (*i.e.* the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel founded in 1701) be prevailed withal, to send a missionary or two, for the Christianising of the Iroquois Indians, whose princes (as they were fabulously called) appearing among you, made so much noise the other day, on your side the water.' 'The objects,' he added, 'are without the bounds of New England,' and therefore beyond the sphere of the older corporation for propagating the Gospel among the Indians in New England.¹

¹ See *Some Correspondence between the Governors and Treasurers of the New England Company in London and the Commis-*

Last of all in this 'Garland' are five ballads dealing with the final episodes in the conflict between England and France for America, namely, the conquest of Canada. As it is very unusual to get so many ballads on one theme, and as a comparison between them is of some interest, it seemed desirable to include them all rather than to select the best. There are two ballads of the ordinary narrative type: 'The Siege of Quebec' and 'Wolfe and Saunders.' I think there is little doubt that the first was written at the time and written by someone who took part in the fighting. It resembles, and it was perhaps inspired by, the contemporary ballad on the battle of La Hogue, which Macaulay pronounced 'one of the best specimens of English street poetry.'¹ 'Wolfe and Saunders' is a more commonplace and less vivid rendering of the same subject, probably written in England a few months later by someone who described the battle from hearsay. There are next two laments for Wolfe: 'Britain in Tears' and 'Death of General Wolfe.' The first is a genuine street song, expressing with simplicity the feeling of the people at the news of Wolfe's death, and concluding in the spirit of 'Chevy Chase' with the confident hope that others 'good as he' survive 'to curb Great

sioners of the United Colonies in America, &c. London, 1899, pp. xiii, 91.

¹ *History of England*, p. 2190; cf. *Naval Songs and Ballads*, ed. C. H. Firth.

Britain's enemies.' The second is a purely literary production, forming with its mythological machinery and artificial rhetoric a complete contrast to the simple verses and natural dictum of the street poet. It is attributed to the pen of Tom Paine, and is represented in his works,¹ but it was also very popular as a broadside. The fifth ballad, 'Bold General Wolfe,' is also sometimes entitled 'The Death of General Wolfe.' It is the most interesting of them all, for it is still to be heard in many parts of the country. 'This is a very popular song throughout England,' says a recent collector of folk-songs. 'The words vary somewhat in different singers' mouths, but the melody hardly varies at all.'² There are many broadside versions, all printed by nineteenth century printers, varying slightly in the words, but less than the traditional versions do. The ballad was probably composed a generation or so after Wolfe's death, when he had become a legendary hero amongst the British people.

It will be observed that all the ballads included in this collection were printed in England. The question which naturally suggests itself is whether similar ballads were not produced in the American colonies themselves, and printed there. There is evidence

¹ Conway, *Works of Tom Paine*.

² *A Garland of Country Song*, collected and arranged by S. Baring Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, 1895, p. 15. See also *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 107.

that ballads were popular amongst the colonists in the eighteenth century.

On September 27th, 1713, Cotton Mather made the following entry in his diary: 'I am informed that the Minds and Manners of many People about the Country are much corrupted by foolish Songs and Ballads, which the Hawkers and Pedlars carry into all parts of the Countrey. By way of Antidote, I would procure poetical Composures full of Piety, and such as may have a Tendency to advance Truth and Goodness, to be published and scattered into all Corners of the Land. There may be an Extract of some, from the excellent Watts's Hymns.'¹

What were the ballads to which Cotton Mather refers? Unluckily he mentions no names. A certain number of old legendary and romantic ballads were handed down by tradition amongst the country people of North Carolina and New England. Some examples of them may be found in the monumental collection of Professor Child.² They include versions of 'Sir Andrew Barton,' 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' 'Lamkin,' and others. However, it is not likely that Mather referred to ballads of this nature. The 'foolish songs' were no doubt convivial and amatory ditties once popular in England, which the

¹ *Diary of Cotton Mather*, Massachusetts Historical Society, 1912, II, 242. Dr. Watts had sent Mather in 1711 a new edition of his Hymns, *ib.* II, 142.

² F. J. Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, III, 494; IV, 72; V, 293-6, 302.

fathers or grandfathers of those who sang them in 1707 had brought with them from home, or newer songs of the same nature which sailors brought over, or returned travellers introduced. Tunes popular in England were not long in finding their way into the colonies, at all events during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Some of the ballads, too, must have been imported in the same way, but others were certainly native products. The oldest American historical ballad is that on John Lovewell's fight with the Indians in 1725,¹ which Parkman describes as 'written when the event was fresh' and 'long popular in New England.' There must have been others of a similar kind about earlier incidents which attained some local popularity, but have not survived because they were not written down. Professor Tyler, in his 'History of American Literature,'² refers to several.

During the entire colonial age, Americans lived under some menace of harm, either from the Indians, or from the French, or from both. Hence they lived in a state of constant war, or of constant readiness for war. As might be expected, the vehement martial spirit engendered by such conditions, found voice and stimulation in numerous war songs that made up at least in ferocity for what they lacked in poetical merit; while the most memorable incidents in all these military campaigns were enacted over again in

¹ Parkman, *Half a Century of Conflict*, I, 260, ed. 1892.

² *History of American Literature during the Colonial Time*, II, 51, ed. 1897. Apparently only the titles of these ballads are known (with the exception of 'Lovewell's Fight').

rough popular ballads, such as 'The Gallant Church,' 'Smith's Affairs at Sidelong Hill,' 'The Godless French Soldier,' and especially 'Lovewell's Fight.'

No one seems to have collected these earlier eighteenth century productions; with the struggle for the independence of the colonies we reach firmer ground. Frank Moore's 'Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution,' published in 1856, is a selection from the verse published by both parties during the struggle, well chosen, well annotated, and arranged in chronological order. 'Many of them,' says the editor, 'are taken from the newspapers or periodical issues of the times; others from original ballad-sheets and broadsides; while some have been recovered from the recollections of a few surviving soldiers, who heard and sang them amid the trials of the camp and field.' Sometimes their writers took older ballads as their model. The author of the 'New Song' on the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbour in 1773 imitated 'Hosier's Ghost' and adopted its tune. Major André, in 'The Cow Chace,' was obviously inspired by 'Chevy Chase.' Two songs which the naval victories of the Seven Years' War had made popular, Garrick's 'Hearts of Oak,' written in 1759, and 'Neptune's Resignation,' which celebrated the victory of Hawke over Conflans at Quiberon in the same year, were also imitated. Five of the songs in Moore's collection are based on 'Hearts of Oak'; John Dickinson's 'Liberty Song,'

and the Spy,' which describes the arrest and execution of Major André, and the 'Descent on Middlesex,' which relates the sufferings of a prisoner taken in a raid, are all three excellent examples of historical ballads. I hope that some American student of ballads will re-edit Mr. Moore's collection, for it requires re-editing, and will supplement it by collecting earlier ballads and songs of historical interest.

C. H. FIRTH.

OXFORD,

September, 1915.

A Commendation of The Adventerous Viage of
The Worthy Captain,
M. Thomas Stutely Esquier
and others
towards the Land called Terra Florida.

If Fortunes force procure
The valiant noble hart
In travail, pain and daungers great,
In warres to have his part;

If losse of goods insue,
Through valiant enterprise,
Or for slaknes, or the foresight,
Of diligent advise;

Yet of his worthy praise
I can not speak tomiche,
Who ventreth bothe his goods and life
His contrey to enriche.

The worldly wise doo muse,
And also doo invay
At noble harts, when that their welths
Doo fall unto decay.

As now of late I knew,
And saw the evidence,
Of one whose part it was to shew
The like experience.

A noble hart in deed,
And wurthy great renowne,
Whose fortune was not to remain
In Cittie nor in Towne.

A yong Eneas bolde,
With hart and courage stout,
Whose enterprise was only pight
Straunge things to bring about.

And though that all men seemd
His dooings to deride,
Yet this his fact he would not leve,
Nor throwe it so a side.

But stil he dooth procure
With boldned hart and minde
That thing whiche erst he had assayd
By travail now to finde.

Into a land unknowne
To win hym wurthy fame,
As exequies and memory
Of his moste noble name;

Whiche if it fall to his lot
With fortunes helping hand,
He may wel make a lawhing stock
Of them whiche him withstand.

Sume terme it Stolida,
And Sordida it name;
And to be plain, they doo it mock
As at a foolishe game.

If reasons sence be cause
Of this forespoken talke,
Or fayned folly be the ground
Why mennes tungs thus doo walke,

Then might it seem to me
The Frenches labour lost,
Their careful pain and travail eke
That they therein have cost,

The cronicles also,
Whiche only seem as trew,
And writ by them that of that place
Before did take the vew.

The Spaniards eke doo shew,
And verify the same,
To be described as a thing
Deserving suche a name.

The Portingales doo say
The crownacles be just,
And all that travaild have that coste
The same confes it must.

If that in times before
Through talkes men have refraind,
Whiche for the love of travail sore
Their harts have long been paind.

Columbus, as I reed,
The space of many yeeres,
Was counted as unwise also,
As in writers appeeres.

His earnest sute denied,
Yet in the finall ende
His wurd and deeds did seem at length
On reason to depend.

The like assay in hand
He did at last procure,
Whose life and lucky viages
Good fortune did assure.

At thend in savety home
At length he did retourn,
And quenched all their mocking harts,
Whiche erst did seem to burn.

For fire of force must needs
Declare his burning heat,
Though for a time in smothering smoke
It seemes itself to beat.

So talk of tungs may not
By smothering through be tame,
But bursting out at length wil turn
Into a firy flame.

And then, the mallice gon,
The fire falleth down
And quenched quite, as by this man,
Which was of great renowne.

Now, Stuetly, hoice thy sail,
Thy wisshed land to finde,
And never doo regard vain talke,
For wurds they are but winde.

And in reproof of all,
I wil not once refrain
With prayer for to wish that thou
Maist safely come again.

And that sum frute at length
By travail thou maist finde,
With riches for to satisfy
Thy manly modest minde.

Qd. Robert Seall.

Finis.

Imprinted at London at the long Shop adjoining unto
Saint Mildred's Church in the Poultry of John Alde.

Have over the Water to Florida.

Have over the water to Floryda,
 Farewell, gay Lundon, now;e;
 Throwe long delés by land and sese
 I am brawght, I cannot tell howe,
 To Plymwoorthe towne, in a thredbare gowne,
 And mony never (a) dele.

With hy! wunnot a wallet do well?

* * * * *

And as I walked towards poles,
 I met a frend of myne
 Who toke me by the hand and sayde
 'Cum drynk a pynt of wyne;
 Wher yow shall here suche news, I fere,
 As yow abrode wyll compell.'

With hy!

'Have yow not hard of Floryda,
 A coontré far be west?
 Wher savage pepell planted are
 By nature and by hest,
 Who in the mold fynd glysterynge gold,
 And yt for tryfels sell,

With hy!

Ye, all alonge the water syde,
Where yt doth eb and flowe,
Are turkeyse found, and where also
Do perles in oysters growe;
And on the land do cedars stand,
Whose bewty do excell.
With hy! tryksy trym, go tryksy, wunnot a
[wallet do well?

Newes from Virginia

on the happy arrival of That Famous and Worthby
Knight, Sir Thomas Gates, and well reputed
and Valiante Captain Newport, into England.

It is no idle fabulous tale,
Nor is it fayned newes,
For Truth herself is heere arriv'd,
Because you should not muse.
With her both Gates and Newport come,
To tell Report doth lye,
Which did divulge into the World,
That they at sea did dye.

'Tis true that eleaven months and more,
These gallant worthy wights
Was in the shipp *Sea-Venture* nam'd,
Deprived Virginia's sight:
And bravely did they glyde the maine
Till Neptune 'gan to frowne,
As if a courser proudly backt
Would Throw his ryder downe.

The Seas did rage, the windes did blowe,
Distressed were they then;
Their shippe did leake, her tacklings breake,
In daunger were her men,
But heaven was pylott in this storme,
And to an Iland nere,
Bermoothawes called, conducted them,
Which did abate their feare.

But yet these worthies forced were
Opprest with weather againe,
To runne their ship between two rockes,
Where she doth still remaine;
And then on shoare the iland came
Inhabited by hogges,
Some Foule, and tortoyse there were,
They onley had one dogge

To kill these swyne to yield them foode
That little had to eate,
Their store was spent, and all things scant,
Alas! they wanted meate.
A thousand hogges that dogge did kill,
Their hunger to sustaine,
And with such foode, did in that Ile
Two and forty weekes remaine,

And there two gallant pynases
Did build of Seader-tree
The brave *Deliverance* one was call'd
Of seaventy tonne was shee,
The other, *Patience* had to name
Her burthen thirty tonne;
Two only of their men which there,
Pale death did overcome.

And for the losse of these two soules,
Which were accounted deere,
A sonne and daughter then was borne,
And were baptized there.
The two and forty weekes being past,
They hoyst sayle and away;
Their ships with hogs well freighted were,
Their harts with mickle joy.

And so to Virginia came,
Where these brave soldiers finde
The English-men opprest with griefs
And discontent in minde;
They seemed distracted and forlorne
For those two worthies' losse,
Yet at their home returne they joye'd,
Amongst them some were crosse,

And in the midst of discontent
Came noble De la Ware;
And heard the griefes on either part,
And sett them free from care:
He comforts them, and cheeres their hearts,
That they abound with joy;
He feedes them full, and feedes their soules,
With God's word every day.

A discreet counsell he creates
Of men of worthy fame,
That noble Gates, leiftenant was,
The admiral had to name;
The worthy Sir George Somers, Knight,
And others of command,
Maister George Percy, which is brother
Unto Northumberland,

Sir Fardinando Wayneman, Knight,
And others of good fame,
That noble Lord his company
Which to Virginia came,
And landed there his number was
One hundred seaventy; then
Ad to the rest, and they make full
Foure hundred able men.

Where they unto their labour fall,
As men that mean to thrive;
Let's pray that heaven may blesse them all
And keep them long alive;
Those men that vagrants liv'd with us,
Have there deserved well,
Their governour writes in their praise
As divers letters tel.

And to the adventurers thus he writes,
Be not dismayed at all,
For scandall cannot doe us wrong,
God will not let us fall.
Let England knowe our willingnesse,
For that our worke is good,
Wee hope to plant a nation,
Where none before hath stood.

To glorifie the Lord 'tis done,
And to no other end;
He that would crosse so good a worke,
To God can be no friend;
There is no feare of hunger here
For corne much store here growes,
Much fish the gallant rivers yield,
'Tis truth, without suppose.

Great store of fowle, of venison,
Of Grapes and Mulberries,
Of chestnuts, walnuts and such like
Of fruits and strawberries,
There is indeed no want at all
But some, condicion'd ill,
That wish the worke should not goe on,
With words doe seeme to kill.

And for an instance of their store,
The noble De le Ware
Hath for a present hither sent,
To testifie his care
In managing so good a worke
Two gallant ships, by name
The *Blessing* and the *Hercules*
Well fraught, and in the same

Two ships, are these commodities
Furres, sturgeon, caviare,
Black walnut-tree, and some deale boards,
With such they laden are;
Some pearle, some wainscot and clap bords,
With some sasafras wood,
And iron promis't for 'tis true
Their mynes are very good.

Then maugre scandall, false report
Or any opposition,
Th' adventurers doe thus devulge
To men of good condition,
That he that wants shall have reliefe
Be he of honeste minde,
Apparel, coyne, or anything,
To such they will be kinde,

To such as to Virginia
Do purpose to reparaire;
And when that they shall hither come
Each man shall have his share,
Day wages for the laborer,
And for his more content,
A house and garden plot shall have
Besides 'tis further ment

That every man shall have a part
And not thereof denied
Of general profit, as if that he
Twelve pounds, ten shillings paid;
And he that in Virginia
Shall copper coyne receive,
For hyer, or commodities,
And will the country leave

Upon delivery of such coyne
Unto the Governour,
Shall by exchange, at his returne,
Be by their Treasurer
Paid him in London, at first sight,
No man shall cause to grieve
For 'tis their general will and wish
That every man shall live.

The number of adventurers,
That are for this plantation,
Are full eight hundred worthy men,
Some noble, all of fashion;
Good, discrete, their work is good,
May heaven assist them in their worke,
And thus our newes is done.

London's Lotterie.

With an encouragement to the furtherance thereof,
for the good of Virginia, and the benefite of this
our native Countrie; wishing good fortune to all
that venture in the same.

TO THE TUNE OF *Lusty Gallant*.

- ' London, live thou famous long,
thou bearest a gallant minde:
Plenty, peace, and pleasures store,
in thee we dayly finde.
The Merchants of Virginia now,
hath nobly tooke in hand,
The bravest golden Lottery,
that ere was in this Land.
- ' A gallant House well furnisht foorth,
with Gold and Silver Plate,
There standes prepared with Prizes now,
set foorth in greatest state.
To London, worthy Gentlemen,
goe venture there your chauce:
Good lucke standes now in readinesse,
your fortunes to advance.

- ‘ It is to plant a kingdome sure,
where savadge people dwell :
God will favour Christians still,
and like the purpose well.
Take courage then, with willingnesse,
let hands and heartes agree :
A braver enterprise then this,
I thinke can never bee.
- ‘ Our most royall King and Queene,
in princely forwardnesse,
Hath granted grace and favours both,
as thousands can expresse.
Sweete natures Jem, Prince Henry he,
in love is not behinde :
The Nobles of the Land likewise,
we all doe forward finde.
- ‘ Well may this famous Lottery,
have good successe and speede,
When as the States of England thus,
doe such good liking breed.
Come Gallants, come; come noble mindes,
come venture now for Gold,
For smiling hope heere bids you all,
take currage, and be bold.

' Come Knights, and gallant Gentlemen,
put in your ventures all :
Let nothing daunt your willing mindes,
good fortune may befall :
Mee thinks I see great numbers flocke,
and bring in fast their Coyne :
And Tradesmen how in loving sort,
their Monyes all doe ioyne.

' Heere Pryzes are of great account,
not simple, plaine, and poore ;
But unto Thousands doe surmount,
whereof there be some store ;
And happely some men there be,
in gayning of the same,
May spend their dayes like Gentlemen,
in credite and good name.

' As lately heere in London was,
some unto Riches brought ;
Where many mended their estates,
when they full little thought :
Yet heere are greater Pryzes farre,
as easily to be gaind,
And valued to more thousand poundes,
then hath the first containd.

' You London Merchants sending foorth
your fortunes to the Sea,
Heere may you purchase Golden worth,
and Countries love this way.
It pleaseth God, contentes the King,
in venturing thus your Store :
To plant that Land in government,
which never was before.

' Full many a man that lives full bare,
and knowes no joyes of Gold,
For one small Crowne may get a share,
of twice two Thousand told :
Then what is hee that feares to try
his fortunes in this kind,
When lucke and chaunce may make a man,
and thus great Riches find.

' You Maydes that have but portions small
to gaine your Mariage friend,
Cast in your Lottes with willing hand,
God may good fortune send.
You Widowes, and you wedded Wives,
one little substaunce try :
You may advance both you and yours,
with wealth that comes thereby.'

The Second Part of London's Lotterie.

TO THE TUNE OF *Lusty Gallant*.

' You Farmers and you Country men,
whom God hath blest with store,
To this good worke set helping hand,
and God will send you more :
What comes in love, will prosper well,
and be redoubled backe :
And they that thus for Countrie doth
can never live in lacke.

' The King, the Queene, and noble Prince,
gives courage to perswade :
The Peeres and Barrons of the Land,
hath not their loves denyde :
Court and Citie doth the like,
where willingly each man,
To build up fast Virginia's state,
performes the best he can.

‘ The Merchants of the Easterne partes,
heere shewes both love and care;
And ventures Gold with joyfull heartes,
and thereof makes no spare.
Our gallant London Companies,
and Halles of high renowne,
Into Virginia’s Lottery,
sendes freely many a Crowne.

‘ For good intent all this is done,
and no man wrongd therein:
Then happy fortune be his dole,
the greatest Prize can win:
And happy fortune be their guides,
that nobly thus maintaines
The planting of this New-found Land,
with cares, with cost, and paines.

‘ Let no man thinke that he shall loose,
though he no Prize poscesse:
His substaunce to Virginia goes,
which God, no doubt will blesse:
And in short time send from that land,
much rich commoditie;
So shall we thinke all well bestowd,
upon this Lotterie.

- ‘ Heere profite doth with pleasure joyne,
and bids each chearefull heart,
To this high praysed enterprise,
performe a Christian part :
Good Countrymen be forward then,
and with your Tallents small,
Adventure heere for good luckes sake,
and graunt your loves withall.
- ‘ We ought not live heere for ourselves,
but for our Countries good :
And Countries good, it is well knowne,
long hath this purpose stood :
For first, when Queen Elizabeth
heere livd, so much renownd,
This Land now call’d Virginia
by English-men was found.
- ‘ Sir Gilbert, Drake, and others more,
gave us thereof first sight ;
But followed now by noble mindes,
with carefull course aright :
Desiring nothing for their paines,
but Countries love and favour :
Then reason calles our liberall aydes,
to this renowned labour.

‘ Who knowes not England once was like
 a Wildnesse and savage place,
 Till government and use of men,
 that wildnesse did deface :
 And so Virginia may in time,
 be made like England now ;
 Where long-lovd peace and plenty both,
 sits smiling on her brow.

‘ Our King, the Lord full long preserve,
 the cause of all this pleasure :
 The Queene, the Prince, and all his seed,
 with dayes of longest measure :
 And that Virginia well may proove
 a Land of rich increase :
 And England’s government thereof,
 good God let never cease.

‘ Finis

‘ Imprinted at London by W. W. for Henry
 Robards; and are to be sold at his shop
 neere to S. Botulphes Church
 without Aldgate 1612.’

The Zealous Puritan.

1639.

My Brethren all attend,
And list to my relation :
This is the day, mark what I say,
Tends to your renovation ;
Stay not among the Wicked,
Lest that with them you perish,
But let us to New-England go,
And the Pagan People cherish ;

*Then for the truths sake come along, come
Leave this place of Superstition: [along,
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,
You would sink into Perdition.*

There you may teach our hymns,
Without the Laws controulment :
We need not fear, the Bishops there,
Nor Spiritual-Courts inroulment ;
Nay, the Surplice shall not fright us,
Nor superstitious blindness ;
Nor scandals rise, when we disguise,
And our Sisters kiss in kindness ;

Then for the truths sake, &c.

For Company I fear not,
There goes my Cosin Hannah,
And Ruben, so perswades to go
My Cosin Joyce, Susanna.
With Abigal and Faith,
And Ruth, no doubt, comes after;
And Sarah kind, will not stay behind;
My Cosin Constance Daughter;
Then for the truth, &c.

Tom Tyler is prepared,
And th' Smith as black as a coal;
Ralph Cobler too with us will go,
For he regards his soul;
The Weaver, honest Simon,
With Prudence, Jacobs Daughter,
And Sarah, she, and Barbary,
Professeth to come after;
Then for the truth, &c.

When we, that are elected,
Arrive in that fair Country,
Even by our faith, as the Brethren saith,
We will not fear our entry;
The Psalms shall be our Musick,
Our time spent in expounding,
Which in our zeal we will reveal
To the Brethren joy abounding;
Then for the truths sake, &c.

A proper newe Ballett called
The Summons to Newe England.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Townsmens Cappe.*

Lett all that putrifidean secte,
I mean the counterfeit Elect :
All zealous bankrupps, puncks devout,
Preachers suspended, rabble rout,
Let them sell all, and out of hand
Prepare to go for New England,
 To build new Babel strong and sure,
 Now call'd a Church unspotted pure.

There Milk from Springs, like Rivers, flows,
And Honey upon hawthorn grows ;
Hemp, Wool, and Flax, there grows on trees,
The mould is fat, and cutts like cheese ;
All fruits and herbs growes in the fields,
Tobacco it good plenty yields ;
 And there shall be a Church most pure,
 Where you may find salvation sure.

There's Venison of all sorts great store,
Both Stag, and buck, wild Goat, and Boar,
And all so tame, that you with ease
May eate your fill, take what you please;
There's Beavers plenty, yea, so many,
That you may buy two skins a penny,
 Above all this a Church most pure,
 That to be saved you may be sure.

There flights of Fowl do cloud the light,
Great Turkeys of sixty pound in weight,
As big as Estriges; there Geese,
Are sold with thanks for pence a piece;
Of Duck and Mallard, Widgeon, Teale,
Twenty for two-pence make a meale;
 Yea, and a Church unspotted pure,
 Within whose bosome all are sure.

Loe, there in shoals all sorts of fish,
Of the salt sea, and waters fresh:
Ling, Cod, Poor-John and haberdine
Are taken with the hooks and line;
A painful fisher on the shore
May take of each twenty an houre;
 But above all a Church most pure,
 Where you may live and dye secure.

There twice a year all sorts of Grain
Doth down from heaven like hailstones rain;
You never need to sow nor plough,
There's plenty of all things enough;
Wine sweet and wholesome drops from trees,
As clear as chrystal, without lees;
 Yea, and a Church unspotted, pure,
 From dregs of Papistry secure.

No Feasts nor festival set daies
Are here observed; the Lord we praise,
Though not in Churches rich and strong,
Yet where no Mass was ever sung,
The Bulls of Bashan roare not heare
Surplice and cope durst not appear;
 Old Orders all they will abjure,
 This Church hath all things new and pure.

No discipline shall there be used,
The Law of Nature they have chused;
All that the spirit seems to move
Each man may take and so approve,
There's Government without command,
There's unity without a band;
 A Synagogue unspotted pure,
 Where lustes and pleasures dwell secure.

Loe in this Church all shall be free
 To Enjoy their Christian liberty ;
 All things made common, t'avoide strife,
 Each man may take another's wife,
 And keep a handmaid too, if need,
 To multiply, increase, and breed.

Then is not this Foundation sure,
 To build a Church unspotted, pure?

The native People, though yet wild,
 Are altogether kind and mild,
 And apt already, by report,
 To live in this religious sort ;
 Soon to conversion they'l be brought
 When Warchams miracles are wrought,
 Who being sanctified and pure,
 May by the Spirit them allure.

LENVOY.

Let Amsterdam send forth her Brats,
 Her Fugitives and Runnagates :
 Let Bedlam, Newgate, and the Clink
 Disgorge themselves unto this sink ;
 Let Bridewell and the stews be swept,
 And all sent hither to be kept ;
 So may our Church be cleans'd and pure,
 Keep both it self and state secure.

A Song.

New-England is preparing a-pace,
To entertain King Pym, with his Grace,
And Isaak before shall carry the Mace,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

No surprisse nor no Organs there,
Shall ever offend the Eye, or the Ear,
But a Spiritual Preach, with a three hours Prayer,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

All things in Zeal shall there be carried,
Without any Porredge read over the buried,
Nor Crossing of Infants, nor Rings for the Married,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

The Swearer there shall punisht be still,
But Drunkenness private be counted no ill,
Yet both kinds of lying as much as you will,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

Blow Winds, Hoise sailes, and let us be gone,
But be sure we take all our Plunder along,
That Charles may find little when as he doth come,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

A West-Country Man's Voyage to New England.

My Masters give audience, and listen to me,
And streight che will tell you where che have be :
Che have been in New-England, but now cham come o'er,
Itch do think they shal catch me go thither no more.

Before che went o'er Lord how Voke did tell
How vishes did grow, and how birds did dwell
All one among t'other, in the wood and the water,
Che thought had been true, but che find no such matter.

When first che did land che mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all daies on a Satterday night,
Che wondred to see the strong buildings were there,
'Twas all like the standing at Bartholmew Fair.

Well, that night che slept till near Prayer time,
Next morning che wondred to hear no Bells chime,
And when che had ask'd the reason, che found
'Twas because they had never a Bell in the Town.

At last being warned to Church to repair,
Where che did think certain che'd sho'd hear some prayer,
But the Parson there no such matter did teach,
They scorn'd to pray, they were all able to preach.

The virst thing they did, a Zalm they did sing,
I pluckt out my Zalm book, which with me did bring,
Che was troubled to seek him, 'cause they call him by name,
But they had got a new Song to the tune of the same.

When Sermon was done was a child to baptize
About sixteen years old, as volk did surmise,
And no Godfather nor Godmother, yet 'twas quiet and still,
The Priest durst not cross him for fear of his ill will.

A Sirra, quoth I, and to dinner che went,
And gave the Lord thanks for what he had sent;
Next day was a wedding, the brideman my friend,
He kindly invites me, so thither I wend.

But this, above all, to me wonder did bring,
To see a Magistrate marry, and had ne'r a ring;
Che thought they would call me the woman to give,
But che think he stole her, for he askt no man leave.

Now this was new Dorchester as they told me,
A Town very famous in all that Country;
They said 'twas new building, I grant it was true,
Yet methinks old Dorchester as fine as the new.

Che staid there among them till che was weary at heart,
At length there came shipping, che got leave to depart:
But when all was ended che was coming away,
Che had threescore shillings for swearing to pay.

But when che saw that, an oath more che swore,
Che would stay no more longer to swear on the score:
Che bid farewell to those Fowlers and Fishers,
So God bless old England and all his well wishers.

The Maydens of London's Brave Adventures,

Or, A Boon Voyage intended for the Sea.

Some gone before and some to follow, [all conducted by Apollo:]
Their Sweet-hearts are resolv'd also this noble Voyage for to go;
Because they hold their Love so dear, as in this Ditty you shall hear

TUNE IS, *A Taylor is a man; OR, Wet and Weary.*

Come all you very merry London Girls, that are disposed
to travel,

There is a Voyage now at hand, will save your feet from
gravel.

If you have shooes, you need not fear for wearing out the
Leather;

For why, you shall on shipboard go, like loving Rogues
together.

*Some are already gone before, the rest must after follow,
Then come away, and do not stay, your guide shall be
Apollo.*

Peg, Nell, and Sisse, Kate, Doll, and Besse, Sue, Rachel,
and sweet Sara,

Jone, Prudence, and Grace have took their place, with
Debora, Jane and Mary,

Fair Winifright, and Bridget bright, sweet Rose and
pretty Nany,

With Ursely neat, and Alice compleat, that had the love
of many.

*All these brave Girls, and others more, conducted by
Apollo,*

*Have ta'ne their leaves, and are gone before, and their
Loves will after follow.*

Then why should those that are behind slink back, and
dare not venture?

For you shall prove the Sea-men kind, if once the ships
you enter.

You shall be fed with good strong fare, according to the
season,

Bisket, salt-Beef, and English Beer, and Pork well boyled
with Peason.

*And since that some are gone before, the rest with joy
may follow,*

To bear each other company, conducted by Apollo.

When you come to the appointed place, your minds you
need not trouble,

For every groat that you got here, you shall have three
time double.

For there are Gold and Silver Mines, and Treasures much
abounding,

As plenty as New-Castle coales, at some parts may be
founding.

*Then come away, make no delay, all you that mean to
follow;*

The Ships are ready bound to go, conducted by Apollo.

The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

For victuals, when as you come there, you shall have
choice and plenty;

Pigs, Turkies, Geese, Cocks, Hens, and Ducks, and other
fare most dainty.

Also be sure that you shall have enough sold for your
money,

A good fat Capon for a groat, and eighteen eggs a penny.

*Then come, brave Lasses, come away, if you desire to
follow*

Your sisters that are gone before, conducted by Apollo.

Thinne cloathing then may serve your turn, when as you
do come thither,

For there the Sun is hot enough, and very warm the
weather:

All that you'le have to care for there is very little or
nothing,

For there is all things at cheap rates, both meat and drink
and cloathing.

*Then come, brave Lasses, come away, you need not fear
to follow*

Those that are newly gone, I say, conducted by Apollo.

If any of you have Sweet-hearts, let not that greatly
grieve you;

'Tis very like they shall be sent, soon after, to relieve you:
And when they come where as you are, and sees your
lovely faces,

You will rejoyce to meet them there, with kisses and
imbraces.

*Make haste away, use no delay, conducted by Apollo;
If that the Maidens go before, the Young-men they
will follow.*

The Reason, as I understand, why you go to that Nation,
Is to inhabit that far Land, and make a new plantation;
Where you shall have good ground enough, for Planting
and for Tilling,

Which never shall be taken away, so long as you are
[will]ing.

*Then come, brave Lasses, come away, conducted by
Apollo,*

*Although that you do go before, your sweet-hearts they
will follow.*

The Young Men's Resolution

to follow their Sweethearts, and seek till they find them.

Seeing our sweet-hearts are gone before, great cause we have to mind them;

And we are firmly now resolved to seek until we find them.

Wee'le crosse the cursed Ocean main, our minds shall no way waver,

Til we have found our Loves again, and got into their favour.

For since that they are gone before, with speed we will them follow;

For fear their foes should do them wrong, if they should misse Apollo.

Sweet Neptune be our safe convoy, and Jove, we pray, befriend us;

That we our true-loves may injoy, great Mars such fortune send us,

That no false Spaniard may betray our loves to keep them from us;

Then we shall meet with them once more, according to our promise.

For since that they are passed away, we cannot chuse but follow,

Through fire or water, heat or cold, conducted by Apollo.

Take courage now, my noble hearts, let no Jack Spaniard
jeer us;

If we but take each other's parts, the Infidels will fear us.
'Tis neither Pagan, Turk not Jew, nor any proud
Philistians,

That can our English men subdue, nor wrong us that are
Christians.

*Our Sweet-hearts they are gone before, and we'le make
haste to follow,*

*For it is supposed they are bound to sea, conducted by
Apollo.*

So now, dear hearts, we come, we come, ther's nothing
will dismay us,

I hope there is no friend of ours, that will desire to stay us.
Our forraign foes we do not fear, God and good Angels
guide us,

For you we'le venture far and hear, what chance so over
betyde us.

Through old America or Spain, conducted by Apollo,
*We'le search to find you out again, so closely will we
follow.*

L(aurence) P(rice.)

London, Printed for Fran(cis) Grove, on Snow-hill.

The Quakers Farewel to England,

Or, their Voyage to New Jersey, scituate on the
Continent of Virginia and bordering upon New
England.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Independents Voyage to New
England.*

Come Friends, let's away,
Since our Yea and Nay
In England is now slighted,
To the Indians wee'll goe,
And our Lights to them show,
That they be no longer benighted.

We'll teach them to Quake,
And wry Mouthes to make,
And pretend [to feel] Inspiration;
That the Priests that are there
Shall readily swear
We worship the Gods of their Nation.

For each Fritazier
Is inspired there,
When the Spirit into him does enter,
And turns up his Eyes,
And trembles likewise :
A Spark without peradventure.

Yet the World's People,
That worships at the Steeple,
Will confidently aver it,
(Though it be a thing uncivil)
That it is the Devil,
That both of us call the Spirit.

Yet be it what it will,
So we get our fill
Of Riches, and good possessions :
When occasion shall be,
We can change, you shall see,
Both [our] Habits and our Professions.

The Country is good,
There's no want of Food ;
'Tis fit for the Righteous to live in.
Nor need Sisters fear,
But this Country Cheere
Will make them plump and thriving.

For 'tis very meete
That such should well eate,
And further Propagation,
Or else Israel's Race
Will decay apace,
And leave us a Mock to the Nation.

There shall we be free,
And enjoy Libertie,
No power our Will controules;
Then what greater Bliss
Could any of us wish,
Or desire from our very Soules?

With the Pope and the Turk
We before made no work;
But if either now comes near us,
We'll let them both know,
That power we have now
Shall make them to Quake and fear us.

Neither Ives nor Hicks,
With all their Tricks,
Shall baffle our Inspiration:
We'll make them to bend
If they dare here contend,
And come to a Recantation.

These Baptists, Alas!
Had a very bad Case,
To prove no Christianity
In Quakers is found,
Since we have good ground
For what we pretend to be.

Then why do we stay,
And make such delay,
When we to a Canaan are going?
For who staves behind,
May afterwards find,
That it may cause their undoing.

They have proved already
Our Faith is not steady;
Therefore we no Christians can be,
Then next they will prove,
(If we do not remove)
Us guilty of Heresie.

Then will they perplex,
And the Outward Man vex,
We shall have no peace in our Quarters:
But if we get away,
The Informers may
Go hang themselves in their own Garters.

In this Land we can live,
Get Money and thrive,
And follow our own Inventions,
In spite of all those
That seek to oppose
Our Zeal, or its pretentions.

To New Jersey, with speed,
Come all Friends that need
Wealth, or large Possessions;
The Indians we'll make
To serve us and Quake,
And be Slaves to our Professions.

What they have is our own,
As plainly shall be shown;
For before us, Israels Race
The Canaanites did spoyle,
And make them turmoyle,
For them in their own place.

London, Printed for F. G[rove]. 1675.

A Voyage to Virginia: Or, The Valiant Souldier's Farewell to his Love.

Unto Virginia he's resolved to go,
She begs of him that he would not do so;
But her intreaties they are all in vain,
For he must plow the curled Ocean Main:
At length (with sorrow) he doth take his leave,
And leaves his dearest Love at home to grieve

TO THE TUNE OF, *She's gone and left me here alone.*

' My pritty Betty, I now must leave thee,
The drums doth summon me away;
I must confess it sore doth grieve me,
I can with thee no longer stay:
When we are parted, be thou true hearted,
Thou wilt not change thy mind I know,
From thee my favour shall never waver,
Though I must to Virginia go.

' When first I did behold thy feature,
My senses all were set on fire.
Thy beauty bright, and comely Stature,
Which caused me for to admire:
But fates prevent me for to content thee,
Which fills my heart so full of woe;
I cannot tarry, with thee to marry,
For I must to Virginia go.

' Long time I have been true and constant,
As thou thyself did'st always find,
I never proved false one instant,
Nor never was to thee unkind :
My dear, believe me, and do not grieve me,
Since thou dost see it must be so.
My fortune I will now go try,
For I must to Virginia go.

' Had I a thousand pounds to leave thee,
Although it were in good red gold,
Not half so much it now would grieve me,
To speak the truth I may be bold :
What ever thou required'st of me,
Thou never heard'st me answer no ;
Therefore content thee, do not prevent me,
For I must to Virginia go.

' 'Tis for Promotion and for Honour,
That I must sail upon the Flood.
I'le venture under England's Banner ;
Although I lose my dearest Blood :
For unto danger I am no stranger
When stormy winds aloud do blow,
I'le not forget thee, my dearest Betty,
Though I must to Virginia go.'

When Betty heard his Resolution,
And that he was so fully bent,
Her senses all were in Confusion,
And thus with sorrow she did lament :
' O stay ! ' quoth she, ' and do not venture,
Least that thou break my heart with woe ;
Leave not this City, but take some pity,
And do not to Virginia go.

' I prethee, dearest, do not forsake me,
Thou knowest I love thee more than life.
According to thy promise take me,
And let me be thy Wedded wife.
Leave bloody wars, and wounds and scars,
To them who love did never know :
Whilst I will ease thee and strive to please thee,
Then do not to Virginia go.

' But if thou be resolv'd to wander,
And nothing can thy fancy turn,
I'll march under the same Commander,
And never stay at home to mourn :
'Tis my desire, in Man's attire,
Thy Comrade to appear in show ;
And day and night yield you delight,
As you unto Virginia go.'

' O no,' quoth he, ' my dearest Jewel,
That may not be in any wise.
Upon the Seas are dangers cruel,
And many storms [do oft] arise :
To stay at home be then contented,
Whilst I do fight against my Foe,
And cease thy mourning, till my returning,
For I must to Virginia go.

' Take here this Ring, which I do give thee,
My dearest, and do not complain,
For with the same my heart I leave thee,
Until that I return again :
I hope hereafter for to embrace thee,
Then suffer not those Tears to flow :
For when I am absent I will be constant,
Although I do to Virginia go.

' And so farewell, my dearest Betty,
A thousand times farewell, my sweet ;
I now afford thee kisses plenty,
For to remember til we meet :
If cruel Death of Life deprive us,
I'll meet thee in the Shades below,
Where we together shall be for ever,
Although I do to Virginia go.'

When Betty saw her Lover parted,
She senseless for a time remain'd,
Being so kind and tender-hearted,
At length her Spirits she regain'd.
And then a thousand happy wishes,
She after sent her Love to show;
Then home returned, and there she mourned,
Whilst he did to Virginia go.

(Printed for J. Clarke, William Thackeray, and T.
Passinger, 1685.)

The Trappan'd Maiden :

Or, The Distressed Damsel.

This Girl was cunningly Trappan'd, sent to Virginy from England,
 Where she doth Hardship undergo, there is no Cure it must be so :
 But if she lives to cross the Main, she vows she'll ne'r go there again.

TUNE OF *Virginy*, OR, *When that I was weary, weary, O.*

Give ear unto a Maid, that lately was betray'd,
 And sent into Virginy, O :
 In brief I shall declare, what I have suffer'd there,
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

[Since] that first I came to this Land of Fame,
 Which is called Virginy, O,
 The Axe and the Hoe have wrought my overthrow,
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O.

Five years served I, under Master Guy,
 In the land of Virginy, O,
 Which made me for to know sorrow, grief and woe,
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O.

When my Dame says 'Go' then I must do so,
 In the land of Virginy, O ;
 When she sits at Meat, then I have none to eat,
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

The Cloath[e]s that I brought in, they are worn very thin,
In the land of Virginnny, O,
Which makes me for to say, 'Alas, and Well-a-day!'
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

Instead of Beds of Ease, to lye down when I please,
In the Land of Virginnny, O;
Upon a bed of straw, I lye down full of woe,
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

Then the Spider, she, daily waits on me,
In the Land of Virginnny, O;
Round about my bed, she spins her web [of thread],
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

So soon as it is day, to work I must away,
In the Land of Virginnny, O;
Then my Dame she knocks, with her tinder-box,
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

I have play'd my part both at Plow and Cart,
In the Land of Virginnny, O;
Billets from the Wood upon my back they load,
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

Instead of drinking Beer, I drink the water clear,
In the Land of Virginnny, O;
Which makes me pale and wan, do all that e'er I can,
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

If my Dame says ' Go! ' I dare not say no,
 In the Land of Virginny, O;
The Water from the Spring, upon my head I bring,
 When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

When the Mill doth stand, I'm ready at command,
 In the Land of Virginny, O;
The Morter for to make, which makes my heart to ake,
 When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

When the Child doth cry, I must sing ' By-a-by! '
 In the Land of Virginny, O;
No rest that I can have, whilst I am here a Slave,
 When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

A thousand woes beside, that I do here abide,
 In the Land of Virginny, O;
In misery I spend my time that hath no end,
 When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

Then let Maids beware, all by my ill-fare,
 In the Land of Virginny, O;
Be sure to stay at home, for if you do here come,
 You all will be weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

But if it be my chance, Homewards to advance,
 From the Land of Virginny, O;
If that I, once more, land on English Shore,
 I'll no more be weary, weary, weary, weary, O.

Printed by and for W.O., and for A.M., and sold by C.
Bates, in Pye-Corner.

A Net for a Night-Raven ;

Or, A Trap for a Scold.

My honest friends, if you the way would know,
 How to be quiet from a Scolding Shrow ;
 And to get money now in these hard times
 Then pray give ear, and listen to these lines.

THE TUNE IS, *Let us to Virginny go.*

Here is a merry Song,
 if that you please to buy it,
 'Twill shew how you may money get,
 and lead your lives in quiet :
 I'll teach you the Receipt,
 shall cost you but a penny,
 I think there's few that hath not heard
 of famous brave Virginny.

Where Capons are so cheap,
 and Eggs are in such plenty,
 Also such Fowl and Fish,
 and other things most dainty .
 As Pigs, Veal, Lamb, and Venison,
 if Travellers speak truly,
 Which is the cause so many go,
 and travels to Virginny.

Not far from hence there dwelled
an honest man a Weaver,
Whose wife was witty, fair, and proud,
and yet her wit deceived her:
She was a grain too light,
she call'd him fool and Ninny,
Which made her husband oft to say
he'd go unto Virginny.

Although he hard did work,
he ne'er could live at quiet,
She said her cloaths they were too base,
so was her homely dyet:
Though nothing she did lack
that could be bought for money,
You Rogue (quoth she) when do you pack,
and go unto Virginny?

She had a lusty Lad,
and vow'd she'd leave him never,
At last her Husband found a trick,
those loving mates to sever:
Quoth he, your note I'll change,
although now so sweetly sing ye:
Unto a Ship-master he went,
that sailed to Virginny.

Saying (good Sir) I know
of women you are lacking,
I now have one that I can spare,
and her I can send packing :
The times are very hard,
I'le sell my wife for money,
She is a proper handsom lass,
and fitting for Virginny.

If she be young and fair,
Sir I will entertain her,
Then tell me your lowest price,
for I must be some gainer :
Ten pounds he answered,
I cannot bate a penny,
She is good merchandize you know,
when you come to Virginny.

Bring her aboard my ship,
and then you shall be paid,
For suddenly we must be gone,
time must not be delay'd :
He went home to his wife,
saying, I am now ready,
Sweet-heart I must leave England now,
and go unto Virginny.

One thing of thee I beg,
that you'll see me take Shipping,
This joyful news reviv'd her mind,
and set her heart a leaping :
Unto her self she said,
now farewell goodman Ninny,
My love with me shall merry be,
when thou art at Virginny.

To Gravesend I will go,
whereas I now must leave thee,
A Bottle of Strong-water good,
I will bestow upon thee :
'Twill comfort thy poor heart,
my dearest love and honey,
For I do fear you will be Sea-sick,
in Sailing to Virginny.

They coming to the Ship,
the Master bid them welcome,
Into his Cabin they were brought,
whereas his guest comes seldom :
He steps forth to her Husband,
and paid him down his money,
Who straight took boat and row'd away
and sent her to Virginny.

She seeing him go thence
and that she there was staid,
Then she did cry most bitterly,
and said she was betray'd:
Dear husband take me with you,
I'le never more offend thee;
Send you good Shipping (he did say)
and well unto Virginny.

Then strait they set up sail,
and had good wind and weather,
Full seven long weeks they were at sea,
before that they came thither:
He for a Maiden sold her,
for fifty pounds in money,
And she another husband got,
when she came to Virginny.

Her Lover ne'er could tell
what became of his sweeting,
Which divers times both night and day,
had many a merry meeting:
The good man now lives quiet,
and with his friends is merry,
Now divers do entitle him,
a Merchant of Virginny.

Thus I conclude my song,
hoping there's none offended,
And where that things are done amiss,
I wish they may be mended:
Beware you scolding wives,
if no fair means will win ye,
Lest that your Husbands you entrap,
and send you to Virginny.

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

The Four Indian Kings.

Part the First.

How a beautiful Lady conquered one of the
Indian Kings.

Attend unto a true relation,
Of four Indian kings of late,
Who came to this christian nation,
To report their sorrows great;
Which by France they had sustained,
To the overthrow of trade,
That the seas might be regained,
Who are come to beg our aid.

Having told their sad condition,
To our good and gracious queen,
With a humble low submission,
Mixed with a courteous mein.
Nobly then they were received,
In bold Britain's royal court,
Many lords and ladies grieved,
At these Indian kings report.

Now their message being ended,
To the queen's great majesty,
They were further still befriended,
By the noble standers by.
With a glance of Britain's glory,
Buildings, troops, and many things,
But now comes a pressing story,
Love seiz'd one of these four kings.

Thus as it was then related,
Walking forth to take the air,
In St. James's park there waited,
Troops of handsome ladies fair,
Rich and gaudily attir'd,
Rubies, jewels, diamonds, rings,
One fair lady was admir'd,
By the youngest of those kings.

While he did his pain discover,
Often sighing to the rest,
Like a broken-hearted lover,
Oft he smote upon his breast,
Breaking forth in lamentation,
Oh! the pains which I endure,
The young ladies of this nation,
They are more than mortals sure.

In his language he related,
How her angel beauty bright,
His great heart had captivated,
E'er since she appear'd in sight.
Tho' there are some fair and pretty,
Youthful, proper, strait, and tall,
In this christian land and city,
Yet she far excels them all.

Were I worthy of her favour,
Which is better far than gold,
Then I might enjoy for ever,
Charming blessings manifold,
But I fear she cannot love me,
I must hope for no such thing,
That sweet saint is far above me,
Altho' I am an Indian king.

Let me sign but my petition,
To that lady fair and clear,
Let her know my sad condition,
How for her I languish here.
If on me, after this trial,
She will no eye of pity cast,
But returns a flat denial,
Friends I can but die at last.

If I fall by this distraction,
Thro' a lady's cruelty,
It is sure some satisfaction,
That I do a martyr die.
To the goddess of great beauty,
Brighter than the morning day,
Sure no greater piece of duty,
No poor captive love can pay.

O this fatal burning fever,
Gives me little hopes of life,
If so that I cannot have her,
For my love and lawful wife,
Bear to her this royal token,
Tell her 'tis my diamond ring,
Pray her that it mayn't be spoken,
She'll destroy an Indian king,

Who is able to advance her,
In our fine America.
Let me soon receive an answer,
From her hands without delay,
Every minute seems an hour,
Every hour six I'm sure,
Tell her it is in her power,
At this time to kill or cure.

Tell her that you see me ready,
To expire for her sake,
And as she's a Christian lady,
Sure she will some pity take.
I shall long for your returning,
From that pure unspotted dove;
All the while I do lie burning,
Wrapt in scorching flames of love.



Part II.

The Lady's Answer.

I will fly with your petition,
To that lady fair and clear,
For to tell your sad condition,
I will to her parents bear,
Shew her how you do adore her,
And lie bleeding for her sake,
Having laid the cause before her,
She perhaps may pity take.

Ladies they are apt to glory,
In their youthful birth and state,
So here I'll rehearse the story,
Of their being truly great.
So farewell, sir, for a season,
I will soon return again,
If she's but endow'd with reason,
Labour is not spent in vain.

Having found her habitation,
Which with diligence he sought,
Tho' renowned in her station,
She was to his presence brought,
Where he labour'd to discover,
How his lord and master lay,
Like a pensive wounded lover,
By her charms the other day.

As a token of his honour,
He has sent this ring of gold,
Set with diamonds. Save the owner,
For his griefs are manifold.
Life and death are both depending,
On what answer you can give,
Here he lies your charms commending,
Grant him love that he may live.

You may tell your lord and master,
Said the charming lady fair,
Tho' I pity his disaster,
Being caught in Cupid's snare,
'Tis against all true discretion,
To comply with what I scorn;
He's a heathen by profession,
I a christian bred and born.

Was he king of many nations,
Crowns, and royal dignity,
And I born of mean relations,
You may tell him that from me,
As long as I have life and breathing,
My true God I will adore,
Nor will I ever wed a heathen,
For the richest Indian store.

I have had my education,
From my infant blooming youth,
In this christian land and nation,
Where the blessed word and truth,
Is to be enjoy'd with pleasure,
Amongst christians kind and mild,
Which is more than all the treasure,
Can be had with heathens wild.

Madam, let me be admitted,
Once to speak in his defence,
If he here then may be pity'd,
Breathe not forth such violence.
He and all the rest were telling,
How well they lik'd this place,
And declar'd themselves right willing,
To receive the light of grace.

So then, lady, be not cruel,
His unhappy state condole,
Quench the flame, abate the fuel,
Spare his life, and save his soul.
Since it lies within your power,
Either to destroy or save,
Send him word this happy hour,
That you'll heal the wound you gave.

While the messenger he pleaded,
With this noble virtuous maid,
All the words then she regarded,
Which his master he had said.
Then she spoke like one concerned,
Tell your master this from me,
Let him—let him first be turned,
From his gross idolatry.

Altho' he was pleas'd to send me,
His fine ring and diamond stone,
With this answer pray commend me,
To your master, yet unknown.

(Turner, Printer, Coventry.)

The Betrayed Maiden.

Pitts, Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse,
6 Great St. Andrew Street, 7 Dials.

Of a Brazier's daughter who lived near,
A pretty story you shall hear,
And she would up to London go,
To seek a service you shall know.

Her master had one only son,
Sweet Betsy's heart was fairly won,
For Betsy being so very fair
She drew his heart in a fatal snare.

One Sunday night he took his time,
Unto sweet Betsy he told his mind.
Swearing by all the powers above,
'Tis you, sweet Betsy, 'tis you I love.

His mother happening for to hear,
Which threw her in a fatal snare,
For soon she contrived sweet Betsy away
For a slave in the province of Virginia.

Betsy, Betsy, pack up your cloaths,
For I must see what the country shews,
You must go with me a day or two
Some of our relations there for to view.

They rode till they came to a sea town
Where ships were sailing in the Down,
Quickly a captain there was found,
Unto Virginia they were bound.

Both hired a boat along side they went,
Sweet Betsy rode in sad discontent,
For now sweet Betsy's upon the salt wave,
Sweet Betsy's gone for an arrant slave.

A few days after she returned again,
You are welcome mother, says the son,
But where is Betsy, tell me I pray,
That she behind so long doth stay?

O son, O son, I plainly see,
How great your love is for pretty Betsy,
Of all such thoughts you must refrain,
Since Betsy's sailing over the watery main.

We would rather see our son lie dead,
Than with a servant girl to wed,
His father spoke most scornfully,
It will bring disgrace to our family.

Four days after the son fell bad,
No kind of music could make him glad,
He sighed and slumbered, and often cried,
'Tis for you, sweet Betsy, for you I died.

A few days after the son was dead,
They wrung their hands and shook each head,
Saying would our son but rise again,
We would send for Betsy over the main.

The Lads of Virginia.

London: H. Such, Machine Printer and Publisher,
177 Union Street, Boro., S.E.

Come all you young fellows wherever you be,
Come listen awhile and I will tell thee,
Concerning the hardships that we undergo,
When we get lagg'd to Virginia.

Such clever young fellows myself I have seen,
That is more fitting to serve George our king,
Those hard-hearted judges so cruel have been,
To lag us poor lads to Virginia.

When I was apprentice in fair London town,
Many hours I served duly and truly,
Till buxom young lasses they led me astray,
My work I neglected more and more every day,
And to maintain them went on the highway,
By that I got lagg'd to Virginia.

When we came to Virginia that old ancient town,
The place that is so much admired,
Where the Captain he stands with a cane in his hand,
And our aching hearts before him doth stand,
With tears in our eyes in a foreign land,
Was sold for a slave in Virginia.

When I was in England I could live at my ease,
Rest my bones down on soft feathers,
With a jug in my hand and a lass on my knee,
I thought myself fit for all weathers.

But now in Virginia I lay like a hog,
Our pillow at night is a brick or a log,
We dress and undress like some other sea hog,
How hard is my fate in Virginia.

Old England, Old England, I shall never see you more,
If I do it's ten thousand to twenty;
My bones are quite rotten, my feet are quite sore,
I'm parched with fever, and am at death's door,
But if ever I live to see seven years more,
Then I'll bid adieu to Virginia.

The Siege of Quebec.

[No printer's name.]

Sound your silver trumpets now, brave boys,
The siege is just begun at the city of Quebec,
Let all your noble courage now rejoice,
For Wolfe he has given them a hearty smack :
 He has such wonders wrought
 With an army that he brought,
 Against the proud and haughty French,
 All with their shot burning hot,
 He gave them such a fiery [d]rench.

Much like a volunteer, both brave and bold,
Bold Wolfe then prest on with naked sword in hand,
As the siege grew hot, the French hearts grew cold,
Their haughty spirits fail'd, they could not stand ;
 Bomb shells and showers of ball,
 We sent amongst them all,
 Our cannon loud did roar,
 All in amaze the French did gaze,
 For they never saw the like before.

Still they cry'd, brigades see how they come,
With volleys of fire before them clear the way,
It is enough to strike them deaf and dumb,
We'll kill, we'll cut them, if they any longer stay :

Those proud and haughty French,
We drove them from their [t]rench,
And bomb shells we gave them smack,
Come follow me, you soon shall see
We will take the city of Quebec.

Sure such a siege there ne'er was seen,
For when it first began it was a bloody fray,
The forces of Monsieur, their hearts quak'd for fear,
And glad it was their nimble feet to run away :

We laid them in their gore,
Till they call'd out no more,
At length they cry'd marblieu!
You run us down with a frown,
As you know you did in ninety-two.

Such a siege as this sure ne'er was known,
Their foot and horse were taken, likewise their warlike
train,
Our pomp and pride is overthrown,
What shall we say when we to France return again?

Monsieur will sadly rage,
No pleasures shall we have,
He will say that English lads prove true,
Brave Wolfe for game 'tis you I mean,
We shall have a care of meeting you.

When brave Wolfe receiv'd his death wound,
Bold Monkton commanded until that he was shot.
Brave General Townsend he with sword in hand,
Cry's follow them, my countrymen, regard them not.
Much like a hero bold,
He said my hearts of gold,
Come follow me, and never fret,
Come follow me, you soon shall see,
We will take the city of Quebec.

Wolfe and Saunders.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, No. 14 Great St. Andrew-street,
Seven Dials.

We'll gang abroad in a King's ship, and lead a soldier's
life,
And to Quebec we'll take a trip, with the merry drum and
fife;
And against Quebec we'll go my boys, where cannon balls
do fly,
And along with Wolfe and Saunders we'll fight until we
die.

The 13th of September, the weather being clear,
All on the plains of Abram brave Wolfe he did appear,
At the head of his fine army, so boldly he did cry,
Come follow me, my country lads, we'll fight until we die.

Both armies they did meet the battle for to try,
With drums and trumpets sounding, to drown the dreadful
cry;
Some of the French they run away, and some we overtook,
And brought them to old Lewis, present to the court.

Malcolen and his army, came triping o'er the plain
Thinking brave Wolfe for to have kill'd and his army to
have ta'en;

But they was much mistaken, as plainly doth appear,
And for Malcolen's rashness he paid his life so dear.

Brave General Wolfe at Quebec his death wound he
received,

His men they hearing of the same it made them sorely
grieve

They being men of courage bold, not daunted in the least,
They scorn'd to turn their backs, my boys, brave Wolfe
for to disgrace.

Now here's a health to Saunders, wheresoever he may be
We've beat the French by land, my boys, and beat the
French by sea;

And as for General Wolfe, my boys, his praises we will
sing,

He's a credit to his country, boys, and an honour to his
King.

The Death of General Wolfe.

Pitts, Printer and Toy Warehouse,
Great St. Andrew Street, 7 Dials.

Bold General Wolfe to his men did say,
Come, come, my lads and follow me,
To yonder mountains that are so high
All for the honour, all for the honour,
Of your king and country.

The French they are on the mountains high,
While we poor lads in the vallies laid,
I see them falling like moths in the sun,
Thro' smoke and fire, thro' smoke and fire
All from our British guns.

The very first volley they gave to us,
Wounded our General in his left breast,
Yonder he sits for he cannot stand,
Fight on so boldly, fight on so boldly,
For whilst I've life I'll have command.

Here is my treasure lies all in gold,
Take it and part it, for my blood runs cold,
Take it and part it, General Wolfe did say,
You lads of honour, you lads of honour,
Who made such gallant play.

When to Old England you do return,
Pray tell my parents I'm dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear,
Not to weep for me, not to weep for me,
It is a death I wish to share.

At sixteen years when I first begun,
All for the honour of George our King.
So let all commanders do as I have done before
Be a soldier's friend, be a soldier's friend
My boys they'll fight for evermore.

Britain in Tears for the Loss of the brave General Wolfe.

Printed and sold by Jennings,
13 Water-lane, Fleet-street, London.

If ancient Romans did lament,
When heroes' deaths caus'd discontent,
Then well may England make her moan,
That her best hero, Wolfe, is gone.
Mourn, England, mourn in duller strain!
Your chiefest glory, Wolfe, is slain!

Adorn'd with every manly grace,
In heart and body, mind and face;
His virtues far and near were fam'd.
A better man no age has nam'd.
Then, England, etc.

This matchless hero's valour great
Led him abroad—which prov'd his fate:
Quebec he conquer'd;—there did die.
Thus rose to immortality.
Then, England, etc.

What tongue his praise enough can tell?
Or pen express the griefs we feel?
This hero's death for ever will
Each Briton's heart with sorrow fill.
 Then, England, etc.

His virtuous mother thus is left,
Of her beloved son bereft;
But this her sorrow over-awes,
He boldly died in honour's cause.
 Yet, England, etc.

Yet pass not time in grief alone,
But hope, as George sits on the throne,
As good as Wolfe, another'l rise,
To curb Great Britain's enemies.
 Yet, England, etc.

Death of General Wolfe.

Printed and sold by Jennings,
No. 13, Water-lane, Fleet Street, London.

In a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat
 Britannia sat wasted with care,
She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaimed against
 fate,
 And she gave herself up to despair;
The walls of her cell were all sculptur'd around
 With the deeds of her favourite son,
Nay, even the dust as it lay on the ground
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The sire of the gods from his chrystaline throne,
 Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And mov'd with her tears sent Mercury down,
 And these were the tidings that came;
'Britannia forbear, not a sigh or a tear,
 For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd,
Thy grief shall be chang'd into transports of joy,
 For thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.'

Then a council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree,
That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
And the care be entrusted to he;
The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
They fled from the darksome abode,
And such was the news that in heaven were told,
Wolfe was marching to war with the gods.

To the plains of Quebec with their orders they flew,
But he begg'd for a moment's delay,
He cry'd O forbear, let me victory hear,
And then your commands I'll obey;
With a darkening film they encompass'd his eyes,
And they bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
Should tempt him again to return.

Notes

Page 1.—‘Thomas Stutely.’ The original broadside is in the Christie Miller collection. It is reprinted in ‘Old Ballads from early printed Copies,’ edited by J. P. Collier for the Percy Society in 1840, p. 73; and in ‘Ballads and Broad-sides now at Britwell Court, Bucks,’ edited by H. L. Collman for the Roxburghe Club in 1912.

Page 7.—‘Have over the Water to Florida.’ The original is in Ashmolean MS., No. 48, p. 141, in the Bodleian Library. It is printed by Thomas Wright in ‘Songs and Ballads chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary,’ Roxburghe Club, 1860, p. 213. The four verses reprinted on pp. 7-8 are extracted from a ballad of seven verses beginning ‘The prymerose in the greene forest,’ and the three verses omitted have no connection with the rest of the ballad. In the *Stationers’ Register* ‘a ballet intituled the preme Rose in the greene forest’ is entered by Thomas Colwell about June or July, 1564 (Arber, *Stationers’ Register*, 1, 237). Possibly part of another ballad written earlier was incorporated by the author of ‘The Primrose’ in his own production, or perhaps the addition was made by the transcriber of the Ashmolean MS. A version of the first verse of ‘Have over the Water to Florida’ was preserved in Westcote’s ‘View of Devonshire,’ a work written

about 1630. He held it to refer to 'Stutely,' and described it as 'a ditty made by him or of him.' See Richard Simpson's 'School of Shakespeare,' I, 151. J. P. Collier quotes a song from a drama called 'A New Enterlude of Vice, concerning the Historie of Horestes,' printed in 1567, which was to be sung to the tune of 'Over the Water to Florida' ('English Dramatic Poetry,' II, 416, ed. 1879).

Page 9.—'Newes from Virginia.' This ballad, of which there are two copies known to exist, is reprinted in Mr. Alexander Brown's 'Genesis of the United States,' 1890, I, 422. Mr. Brown's reprint has been followed with a few changes in the punctuation. The landing of the shipwrecked travellers at the Bermudas took place on July 28th, 1609; Gates and Newport sailed for Virginia on May 10th, 1610, and arrived there on May 21st. Lord De la Warr reached Virginia on June 6th. Gates and Newport arrived in England again in September, 1610. The ballad was probably published in the autumn of 1610, and does not appear to be entered in the *Stationers' Register*. That entitled 'The Last News from Virginia,' entered under August 16th, 1611, was, I think, a different ballad (Arber, *Stationers' Register*, III, 463).

Page 17.—'London's Lotterie.' The original broadside is in the Pepys Collection, Vol. I, 190. It was entered by Henry Roberts on July 30th, 1612 (Arber, *Stationers' Register*, III, 492).

Page 25.—'The Zealous Puritan.' The original broadside has not survived. The ballad is reprinted in 'Rump Songs,' 1622, p. 1, and in 'Merry Drollery,' ed. Ebsworth, p. 95. I think that it is probably the ballad entered on March 20th, 1638, as 'A Friendly

Invitation to a New Plantation' (Arber, *Stationers' Register*, IV, 387).

Page 27.—'The Summons to New England.' The original broadside has not survived. A manuscript version is to be found in the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Vol. 306, f. 286. It is reprinted in 'Merry Drollery,' ed. 1661 (p. 243 of Mr. Ebsworth's edition) under the title of 'New England Described.' There are many differences between the text of the MS. and the reprint. I have usually followed the MS., but in some few cases the readings of the reprint have been adopted. The first line contains the only variation of much interest: the 'Merry Drollery' gives 'purifidian' instead of 'putrifidean.'

Page 31.—'A Song.' This is to be found in 'Rump Songs,' p. 95.

Page 32.—'A West-Country Man's Voyage to New England.' This is to be found in 'Merry Drollery,' complete—the Second Part, p. 275, ed. Ebsworth.

Page 35.—'The Maydens of London's Brave Adventures.' The original broadside is in the Roxburghe Collection in the British Museum (III, 224). It is reprinted in Vol. VII, p. 491, of Mr. Ebsworth's edition of the 'Roxburghe Ballads.' It was probably written during the Protectorate. A life of Laurence Price, to whom it is attributed by Mr. Ebsworth, will be found in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

Page 41.—'The Quakers Farewel to England.' The original broadside is in the Bagford Collection in the British Museum, (III, 56). It is reprinted in Vol. II, p. 729, of Mr. Ebsworth's edition of the 'Bagford Ballads.' The word 'Fritazier' in verse three is

explained by Mr. Ebsworth as meaning an Indian medicine-man, and this explanation is doubtless correct, though I have not been able to find an example of its use. In verse ten two divines are referred to, Jeremiah Ives and Thomas Hicks: both wrote treatises against the Quakers.

Page 46.—‘A Voyage to Virginia.’ The original broadside is in the Roxburghe Collection in the British Museum (II, 580). It is reprinted in Vol. VII, p. 508, of Mr. Ebsworth’s edition of the Roxburghe Ballads. He mentions there three other copies to be found in the Pepys Collection, IV, 159; the Douce Collection, II, 235, *verso*; and Lord Crawford’s collection, No. 850. Lord Crawford’s copy and that in the Roxburghe Collection have both lost their imprints: the Peyps copy is dated 1685. For the reasons stated in the preface I believe it to have been originally published about 1676.

Page 51.—‘The Trappan’d Maiden.’ The original broadside is in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian Library (II, 219). It is reprinted by Mr. Ebsworth, Vol. VII, p. 511, of his edition of the Roxburghe Ballads, but without any indication of its source. There are copies of it in the Pepys Collection, IV, 286, and in Lord Crawford’s collection, No. 422. In Henley and Henderson’s edition of Burns (Vol. III, pp. 132, 392) it is pointed out that the song entitled ‘The Slave’s Lament,’ which Burns contributed to Johnson’s ‘Musical Museum,’ was inspired by this ballad.

Page 54.—‘A Net for a Night Raven.’ The original broadside is in the Rawlinson Collection in the Bodleian Library (quarto 566, f. 165). Another version of the ballad entitled ‘The Woman Outwitted’ is to be found

in the Roxburghe Collection (II, 535) in the Ewing Collection in the library of the University of Glasgow, No. 396, and in Lord Crawford's collection, No. 881. This second version is reprinted by Mr. Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 190.

Page 60.—'The Four Indian Kings.' In my own collection. There is a copy in Lord Crawford's collection, No. 151.

Page 69.—'The Betrayed Maiden.' In my own collection.

Page 72.—'The Lads of Virginia.' In my own collection.

Page 74.—'The Siege of Quebec.' In my own collection.

Page 77.—'Wolfe and Saunders.' In my own collection. 'Malcolen,' in the fourth verse, is a misprint for 'Montcalm.'

Page 79.—'The Death of General Wolfe.' In my own collection. A copy printed by H. Disley, 57 High Street, St. Giles, supplies some corrections: Stanza two, line two, instead of 'laid,' 'lie.' The last verse in Disley's version runs:

It's sixteen years since I first begun
 To fight for the honour of George our King;
 Let our Commanders do as I've done before,
 Be a soldiers friend, be a soldiers friend, and boys
 they'll fight for evermore.

In stanza two, line three, 'moths' is no doubt a misprint for 'motes,' but the mistake occurs in all the versions known to me.

Page 81.—‘ Britain in Tears.’ In my own collection.

Page 83.—‘ Death of General Wolfe.’ In my own collection. This is said to have been written by Thomas Paine. It is reprinted by Mr. M. D. Conway, Vol. IV, p. 477, of his edition of Paine’s Works. He says that the song first appeared in Paine’s ‘ *Pennsylvania Magazine*,’ March, 1775, with the music. The broadside versions of the song are very numerous and very corrupt. It is therefore of interest to give the original readings in order to illustrate the sort of alterations which popular ballads suffered at the hands of the printers. The original, as printed by Mr. Conway, supplies the following variants :

Stanza 1, l. 5. ‘ She had sculptured around.’

„ 1. 6. ‘ Feats ’ instead of ‘ deeds.’

„ 1. 8. ‘ The ’ for ‘ some.’

Stanza 2, l. 7. ‘ Your tears shall be changed into triumphs of joy.’

Stanza 3 is entirely different :

The sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
 Have crept from their darksome abodes,
 And this is the news as in Heaven it was told,
 They were marching to war with the Gods ;
 A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
 And this was their final decree,
 That Wolfe should be called to the armies above,
 And the charge was entrusted to me

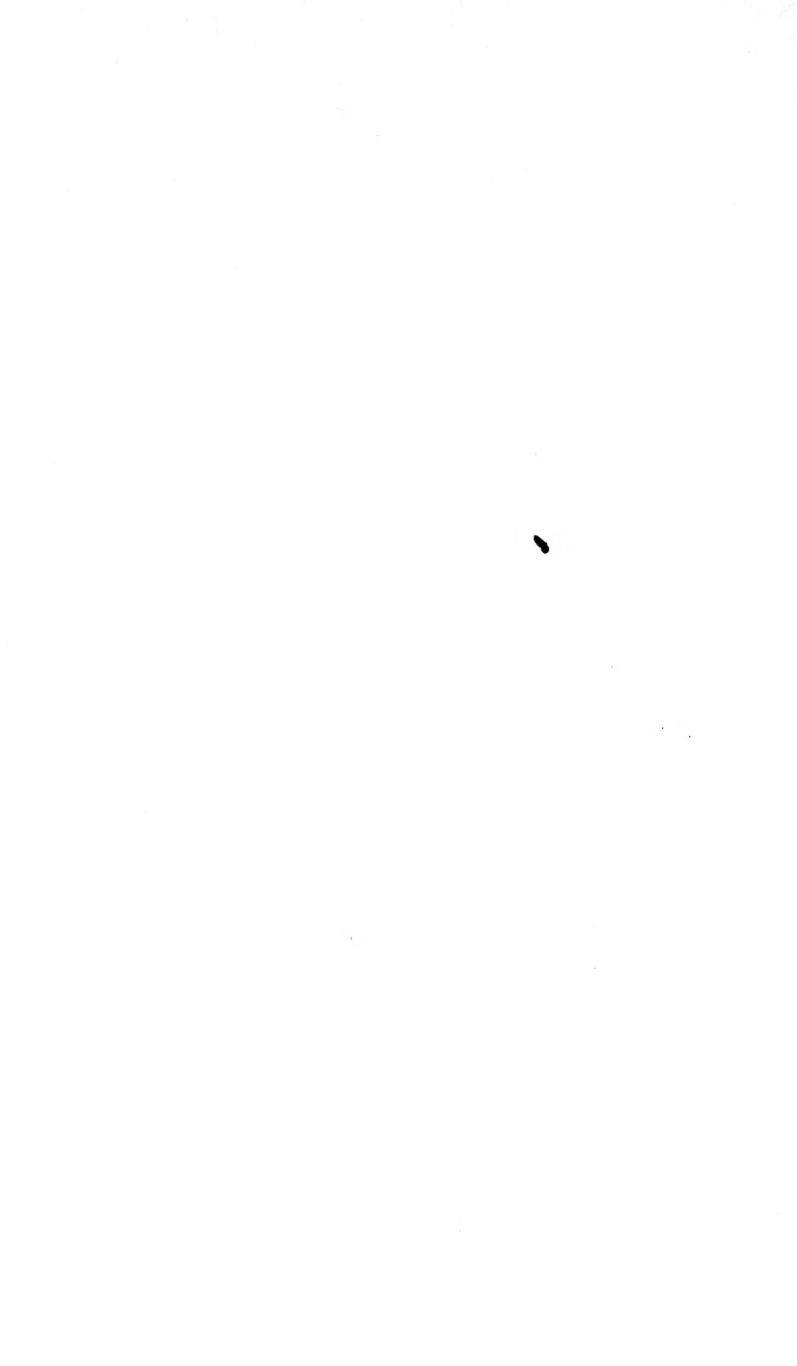
Stanza 4, l. 1. ‘ I flew ’ for ‘ they flew.’

- Stanza 4, l. 5. 'With a darksome thick film I encompassed his eyes.'
- „ 1. 6. Omit 'they.'
- „ 1. 8. 'Induce' for 'tempt.'

In the third stanza 'Sons of the earth' is obviously more correct than 'Sons of the East,' and it is possible that the song was circulated as a broadside before it was printed in the Magazine.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PRINTED AT
THE HOLYWELL PRESS
OXFORD





**HOME USE
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
MAIN LIBRARY**

This book is due on the last date stamped below.
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405.
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books
to Circulation Desk.

Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior
to due date.

**ALL BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO RECALL 7 DAYS
AFTER DATE CHECKED OUT.**

REC. CIR. MAR 17 '75

AUG 4 1983 1

REC CIR AUG 7 '83

LD21—A-40m-12,'74
(S2700L)

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

RY

DW.

Oct '54 B M

8 1954 L

Nov '54 B K

25 1954

3 Dec 54 K
8 1954

Jan 55 S

7 1955

Apr '55 DW

4 1955

5 1

