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BROADSIDE

**Black-letter Ballads,**

PRINTED IN THE

SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES;

CHIEFLY IN THE POSSESSION OF

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

**Original Woodcuts.**



PRINTED (FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION)

BY THOMAS RICHARDS.

1868.

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TO

FREDERIC OUVRY, ESQ.,

TREASURER OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES,  
LONDON,

THIS TRIFLING TRIBUTE OF HIGH RESPECT  
AND SINCERE AFFECTION

IS DEDICATED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

*Maidenhead,*

11 Jan. 1868.

747387



All the poems, so to call them,  
are of my composition.

Acid-ended

11 Jan 1870

My dear Sir

I thank you for  
accepting my trifling book.

There are a few good things  
in it - I am bound to say.

Thank you also for  
the P. O. Order. Your name  
is on my list for my Blue  
Series.

Yours very faithfully

J. Payne Collier

J. Symes Saunders Esq.

Dear Mr. [Name], as I have the  
pleasure of [Name]

Thank you for  
the \$100

I have the  
pleasure of [Name]

accepting my little book.  
There are a few good things  
in it - I am sure you will


find them very interesting  
and I am sure you will  
be very glad to see them

Yours very faithfully,  
J. Edgar Hoover

Special Agent in Charge  
U. S. Department of Justice

## P R E F A C E.

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HE greater number of Ballads in the ensuing small assemblage is from the editor's collection : one or two have been derived from other private sources, and perhaps, as many from manuscript copies made forty, or even fifty, years ago. It will be found that they all possess some features of interest, while only a few, it must be owned, are worthy of preservation for their own separate and poetical merits. Most of them are unique, but two may be looked upon as unknown second editions of popular productions, which had just previously appeared. Others establish the fact that our old stationers, now and then, resorted for attractive broadsides to works of a more permanent description.

Twenty years since, in the introduction to a volume called "A Book of Roxburghe Ballads," the present editor entered tolerably fully into the origin and pro-

gress of what may be called street-ballad-literature in this country. He has now little to add to that essay, which showed that public ballad-singing was well received and understood about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII; but the following woodcut, derived from Caxton's "Mirror of the World," which obviously represents two street-performers, male and female, one singing and the other playing, may carry us back at least to the year 1481.



It would not, we think, be difficult to establish that



such performances commenced with the commencement of our popular lyrical poetry. Upon this point it is not our purpose here to enlarge ; but, coming down to the reign of Philip and Mary, we may note that our statute-book contains evidence that the public authorities of that day took vigorous measures to restrain or suppress ballad-printing and ballad-singing, as objectionable upon both religious and political considerations.

Our series, if such it can be called, begins at about this period, although it comprises no specimen of precisely that kind : our first and second pieces are merely love-poems, our third is purely religious, and our fourth social, political and religious : if we mistake not, it is one of the most singular early lyrical satires in our language ; and being found only at Lambeth, it is not unlikely that it was forbidden by the archbishop and other persons connected with the government, although still preserved in the library. The figure of R. Copland, the printer, which we have placed at the end of it, was his own representation of his personal appearance, prefixed to one of the works issued from his press. It is not, however, our intention here to notice other peculiarities belonging

to productions in the hands of the reader, because in our brief notes, at the close, we have, we hope, given all necessary information. It would have been easy to have drawn out this part of our small volume to any undesirable extent; but our intention was to render the notes as short, and yet as satisfactory, as possible. We have no room, and our readers, we apprehend, as little patience, for what is merely speculative and conjectural.

Our imitative woodcuts, we at once admit, have this defect—that although there is not one that is not derived from some old ballad in our possession, they are not so strictly adapted to the places where they are found as we at first intended. Our early printers of this ephemeral species of literature may be said to have been themselves regardless of the applicability of their engravings: all they usually wanted was some attractive representation or ornament; and for this purpose publishers, like Lacy, Aldee, Symcocke, Trundle and the Goffsons, were in the habit of buying up coarse worn-out, and worm-eaten woodcuts, and putting them at the head of any broadside they would fit. The comparatively small size of our page has sometimes unwillingly pre-

vented us from following, in this respect, the example of our predecessors, so as to give exact repetitions; but wherever it could be accomplished we have not neglected this point; and it now and then seems to have happened, as regards the portraits of traitors and malefactors, that the original printers of broadsides went to the expense of engraving a likeness of the party executed. In these cases we have scrupulously adhered to their method, and, as to all the rest, we have inserted nothing that is not warranted by some similar publication of the time, and which had been repeatedly employed for the purpose: thus, the ship, on the forefront of the ballad celebrating the capture of "the great Galeazzo," p. 79, is found at the head of other broadsides, as well as on the title-pages of some pamphlets, such, for instance, as Smith's "True Relation of Virginia," 4to. 1608. The woodcut on p. 63 belonged originally to Fox's "Martyrs," but was afterwards made applicable to executions by fire.

As a striking proof of the inattention by old printers to relationship between letter-press and woodcuts, we may state that the subsequent excellent and characteristic design, about the year 1650, was



made by Harper to introduce a tender Dialogue on the parting of two Lovers.

If the above engraving had been placed at the head of any song upon, or against, drinking, it would not have seemed so outrageously inappropriate; and

in 1635 Raworth very properly made it the centre of the title-page of T. Heywood's "Philocothonista, or the Drunkard opened, dissected and anatomised."

The excellent and liberal manner in which Mr. Huth has recently made his vast store of ballads accessible to the Philobiblon Society, unquestionably instigated the present editor to pursue a somewhat similar method with his very insignificant, yet somewhat peculiar, acquisitions of the like kind. He had originally intended to extend his series from 1550 to 1660; but the expense of his undertaking has exceeded his calculation, and he is thereby induced to postpone the completion of his purpose to a future opportunity.

Here the editor had intended to conclude his preface, but accidentally finding, among his forgotten papers, a few curious memoranda regarding ballad-writers, booksellers, and printers, derived from the Registers of the Stationers' Company (which he carefully examined more than twenty years ago) he could not resist the temptation of appending them. It will be seen that the information, though scanty, (and never till now noticed) is entirely miscellaneous, and is scattered through the volumes without much



connexion or any regularity. There seems a long interval between 1580 and 1594, regarding which we possess little or no information; but it was, nevertheless, a period during which the production, purchase, and performance of street-ballads were continued with unabated diligence and eagerness.

15 Junij 1578.

Ric. Jones. Received of him for printing two ballades, viz. *Faythe, ye lie*, and *In unwritten bookes*. 2s.  
Received of him for *Certen newes of the Prynce of Parma*, 6d.

2 Die Augusti 1578.

John Aldee. He is fined, at a Court holden the daye afore-said, to paye 5s. for printing 3 ballads for Edward White, and *Mundaics Dreame* for himselfe, without a lycence.

20 Sept. 1578.

Ric. Jones. He is fined to pay 5s. for printinge a booke and a ballat of *A straunge Dream of a Shepherd*, a ballat of *Theating of the hare*, and another, *Maydenly Counsell*; the which four thinges he printed without lycence.

Primo Die Decembr. 1578.

Jhon Charlwood. At a Court holden this day the said Jhon Charlwood, for printinge a booke of *Four-boysers Voiage* without lycence, is fyned to paie 5s. pd.

3 Augufti 1579.

Edward White. Received of him for printinge a ballat of *Halfpenny and Siluer*, contrary to order of this Cumpanie, 5s.

9 Aug. 1579.

Yarrath James. Roger Ward. The Court ordered Ward to pay to James 10s., to put an end to a controverfy touchinge a ballad of *The terteinment of the Frenchmen*.

10 Augufti 1579.

Edw. White. Receyvinge of him for printing a ballad of *Tho. Appletree* without licence xiid. Pd.

6 Dec. 1585.

Mr. Da[w]fon. A new order made, and entred in this booke, whereby *The Seven Sobs*, *The Handfull of Honey Suckles*, and *The Widows Mite*, [by W. Hunnis] are assigned to Denham, on condition that he pay £10 for the printinge of the bookes, and 40s. for his interest in them.

7 Augufti 1592.

Whereas John Danter is appointed to print *the Instruction of a Xtian woman* and *Ovid's Metamorphoses* for the company, yt is agreed that, uppon the finishing of these bookes, he shall pay vjd. in the li. to thuse of the poore, according to order.

5<sup>o</sup> Febr. 1593.

Upon the letters of Mr. Wilbraham, yt is ordered that Toby Cooke (and none other) shall haue the

printinge of *the Truthe of the murther of Robert Hayton*, as yt shall be found and deliuered to the said Toby by the said Mr. Wilbraham. And that yf any shall presume to meddle therewith he shall be staied.

12 May 1594.

Edw. White. At a Court holden this day it is ordered that Edward White shall pay 5*s.* for a fine for printinge of a ballad of *Eating of a Sheepe* without licence, contrary to thordonances. The which he hath promised to deliver to Mr. Warden.

iiij<sup>o</sup> die Februarij 1594.

Gaul Amadis de. At a full court holden this daie, uppon the hearinge of the Controverfie betwene Adam Islipp and Edward Aldee concerninge *the first foure Bookes of Amadis de Gaule*, yt is ordered by this Court that the said Adam Islip shall printe *the Second parte of Amadis de Gaule*. And likewise that the said Edward Aldee shall print *first, third and fourthe Bookes of Amades de Gaule*. And the said Adam to print all the rest, to the Twelfththe parte or Booke.

ADAM ISLIP.

ED. ALLDE.

Tobie Cooke, Robt. Roswell. The matter in controuersie betwene the said parties ys, by their consentes, referred to the hearinge and determination of Mr. John Harrison thelder, and Mr. Watkins. And the said parties haue agreed to stand to their order. Memorand. that the Controuersie is about an *Ariosto in Englishe in Coulours*.



Primo Marcij 1595.

Abell Jeffes. To haue 2s. gyuen him who, here this day, made petition for reliefe, beinge in prifon.

10 Die Aprilis 1597.

Blackwell. William Blackwell is fyned to pay 2s. 6d. for felling of ballades called *Lustie Larrance*.

2 April 1598.

Adam Iflip. Received of him for printinge *The Fountaine of Fictions* without entrance.

25 Junij 1600.

Edward White, William White, Edward Aldee. Yt is ordered, touching a difordered ballad of *The Wife of Bathe*, (Percy's Reliques, edits. 1765 and 1767, vol. iii, pp. 146 and 145) printed by Edw. Aldee and William White, and fold by Edward White, that all the fame ballates fhall be brought in and burnt, and that either of the Printers, for their diforders in printinge yt, fhall pay 5s. a pece for a fine. And that Mr. White, for his offence and diforder in felling, fhall pay 10s. for a fine. And their imprifonment is respited.

4 Marcij 1600.

Humours Blood. Twenty-nine Stationers are fyned 6d. each for their diforders in buyinge of the bookes of *Humours letting Blood in the vayne*, being newe printed after it was firft forbydden and burnt.

23 Oct. 1600.

Ra. Blore, Wm. Jagger. They are fined vjs. viijd. for printinge, without licence and contrary to order, a

little booke of *Sr. Anthony Sherleies voiage*, and bring all the copies into the hall.

1 Marcij 1601.

Ballads. Yt is ordered that all that betwene this and the next Court day bringe not in their *Ballads*, to be entred accordinge to order, shall lose the fame. And that the said *Ballads* shalbe disposed accordinge to the discretion of the Wardens and Assistentes.

5 Dec. 1603.

Jo. Smithick, Jo. Brown. Fined 10s. each for printinge a booke called *The wonderfull Yere*, without authoritie or entrance, and to bring in all copies in their hands into the Hall.

Val. Symes. An order made against him for *The Welch Bate*, and the ballades of *The Traitors arrayned at Winchester*.

Meaning, of course, Lord Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, for which the latter was executed fifteen years afterwards. We have no intelligence that in modern times any such ballad has been discovered, and probably the order to Valentine Simmes against its publication was effectual: that there ever existed such a production has not, we believe, been noticed by the biographers of the discoverer of Guiana, and the patron of Spenser.

J. P. C.

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## Two properne Balletes.

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HATH my herte in holde,  
So fure I can not starte,  
Whiche caufeth me to be bolde  
With louers for to take parte.

B. hath me bounde so fure  
Thorowe Venus ordynaunce,  
That in paynes I must endure  
There for to take my chaunce.

The paynes they be so stronge  
And paynefull vnto me,  
That I thynke I haue great wronge  
Yf on me she haue no petie.

*Two properne Balletes.*

Nowe, petie, I the crave,  
 Her mynde for to remoue,  
 That I may ones haue  
 Her fauour whom I loue.

It is for no great substaunce,  
 Nor goodes that I her defyre,  
 But onelye for the gouernaunce,  
 And the honefty in her doth apere.

For yf I myght obtayne  
 To fall vnto my loote,  
 Then wolde I be most fayne  
 To knyt an endles knotte.

And yf I get no grace  
 Of her whom I loue best,  
 My herte is in a wofull case,  
 Neuer lyke for to lyue in rest.

Therefore, Venus, I the requyre,  
 The gods of this arte,  
 That soone thou wylte appere  
 To stryke her with thy darte.

For to cause her haue some rueth,  
 And graunt to me her loue,  
 That meanes nothyng but trueth,  
 By God that is aboue.

Thus E., and B., I byd fare well,  
 Defyryng them not to be vnkynde ;

For of letters all, both great and small,  
They are depyft in mynde.

Hertely vnto you I me recōmende,  
Defyrynge you not to be offended,  
For yf any thyng be amyffe  
That here in is,  
Vnto my power it fhallbe amended.

My herte is yours  
Vnto the death,  
Whyle in my body  
Remaynes the breath.

*FINIS.*

## The Letter of a Louer.

—o—



THOUSAND times I me recomende  
To you that is my louer deare,  
And here a letter haue I fend,  
To speke with you yet had I leuer.

Your lustye loke and smerkyng chere  
My hert doth moue both nyght and day :

In all thys world ye haue no pere,  
Therefore to my hert I do you lay.

O lufy fmyrker, to me be true :  
Ye haue my hert for euer and aye.  
I praye you chaunge me for no newe,  
Thys fame to you do I fay.

I haue loued truely I dare make boft,  
And doth yet ftyll, fo god me faue :  
Alas, let not my loue be loft,  
But yours agayne that I may haue.

The time pafte I do repente,  
Yf euer ye thought I was vnkinde :  
To you this letter haue I fent,  
Becaufe in loue I am fo blynd.

The lynes of loue do me imbrafe,  
And bytterly beyte my body with in :  
All is for your louely face  
And gentyll hert, yf I myght it win.

Your countenaūce and your comely cheare,  
As oft as I loke it vpon,  
My hert in peces it doth teare,  
When that I am my felfe alone.

The paynes of loue do me fo pyne,  
And perce my hert on euery fyde,  
That wherefoeuer I fuppe or dyne,  
My hert with you fhall euer a byde.



Alas now be a louer true,  
And take neuer from me your hert,  
For yf ye do I muft it rew,  
And euer lyue in payne and smart.

Nowe ftedfaft to be I do you praye,  
My herte is clofed your body within,  
The fame to me nowe do you fay :  
It is trewe loue that I am in.

A thoufande tymes nowe fare you well,  
Ye haue my herte both nowe and aye,  
The forowe I byde no tounge can tel :  
Gentyll louer, do not caft me awaye.

My herte is locked within your brest,  
And clofly clofed your body within :  
There would I fayneft take my reſte  
In pure wedlocke with outten fynne.

Nowe you knowe my hole intent.  
It doth me good when I you fe :  
Yf I get no grace I ſhal repent  
For loking aboue my pore degre.  
Be trewe to me in this dyftres,  
And leue me not here comfortles.

*FINIS.*



## The prayer of the Prophet Daniel,

wrytten in the ix chapter of his Prophecie, no lesse  
Godly then necessary for all men at this  
present.

*Oratio Danielis, Cap. ix.*

—o—



LORD, that art our God, ryght fearefull  
and eke myghtie,  
which euermore dost kepe ful sure thy coue-  
nant & thy mercie  
With thē that loue the & kepe thy com-  
mandemētes,

but we haue all departed from thy preceptes & judgemētes.

Ah, we haue sinned, lord, and the offended fore :  
we haue bene disobedient, and gone backe euermore.  
We had yet neuer wyll our selves to trade and frame  
to here thy seruautes the Prophets, whiche truly in thy  
name

Dyd speake vnto our kynges and princes through the land,  
that they should vnderstand  
belongth vnto thy name  
is due but open shame  
owe at thiffame daye  
well perceyue we maye  
salem do dwell  
all Israell.

I meane, O lord, Jerufalem, which is thyne holy hyll,  
And whye? even for our synnes and for the wickednesse  
of oure forefathers, nowe is all this citie in distresse,  
And we thy people all abhorred be throughout  
all nacions and peoples eke, that dwell vs round about :  
Nowe, therefore, O thou God of our saluacion,  
heare this the prayr of thy seruaunt and supplicacion,  
And let thy face, O lord moste gloriouse, in haft  
vpon thy sanctuarye shyne, whiche nowe lieth voyd and  
waft.

O lord my God, I faye, some pitie on vs take,  
inclyne thyne eare, disclose thyne eye, at least for thyne  
owne sake.

Beholde, O lorde, howe we, confunded be with shame,  
yea, and the citie whiche also is called after thy name.  
We do not cast our prayers, O lord, before thyne eyes,  
trustyng in our owne ryghtuoufness, but in thy great  
mercies.

O God, bowe down thyne eare ; O lord, forgeue our  
 wrong ;  
 confide, lord, our miseries, and tary not to long.  
 My God, for thyne owne sake, make hast to do the same,  
 for thy citie and people both be called by thyne owne  
 name.

• *Finis orationis Danielis.*

¶ Imprinted at London in Temestrete by Hughe  
 Syngelton, at the fygne of the dobbell hood,  
 ouer agaynst the Stylyard.

## The new guyse nowe a Dayes.

—o—



W E Englishmen, that holde  
 Our auncient customes olde  
 More precious then golde,  
 Be cleane cast away ;  
 And other new be sand,  
 Which, ye may vnderstand,  
 Caufeth all our land  
 So greatly to decay.

Meruell it is to heare  
 Of noble men, that were  
 Among vs many a yeare  
 In the times past ;

The which toke in hand  
Prouision shold be fand  
For to inhabit this land,  
    And this was all their cast.

To bylde churches strong,  
With solemne belles rong,  
Deuine service song,  
    Mans life to amend :  
Than was dubbed many a knight,  
With all their powre and might  
Holy Church and right  
    Sworne to defende.

Than made they such ordynance,  
That euerie man with reuerence  
Vnder the law and obedience  
    Their prince should obay ;  
And while this people pure,  
Their goodnes did endure,  
So long, I you ensure,  
    This land might not decay.

Than the king set good price  
By noble men and wyfe,  
And after their deuise  
    He did gouerne him selfe :  
He wold not forsake  
Their counsell to take :  
They wold no statute make  
    But for the common welth.

Than was he held in honor :  
 The king liued in great pleasure,  
 And among his people great treasure,  
     For no thing wold they care.  
 Than were men both freshe and bolde,  
 And kept a noble householde :  
 The people had what they wolde ;  
     Few of them were bare.

Mery hartes were then to ryde  
 Thorough townes and cyties wide,  
 Replenished on euey fyde  
     With castels and towers hie ;  
 But now are the captaynes gone,  
 There is not lefte the x<sup>th</sup> at home :  
 The goodly towers of lime and stone,  
     A long on the ground they lye.

Castels now be not fet by,  
 The cause is well knowne why :  
 Sithe they be downe, let them lye,  
     They stop not my way.  
 They stood my fathers time before :  
 If they doe mine, I aske no more,  
 And so of them men kepe no store,  
     For with cause they do decaye.

The people liue in variaunce  
 For lacke of perseueraunce :  
 Simple is their gouernaunce,  
     And worfe is their entent.

Euery man is now fayne  
On other to complaine :  
If this long remaine,  
    Wee shall all repent.

The spirituality their misliuing,  
To the temporalty enfample giuing,  
And thus eithers worke reprocuing,  
    They lyue in bate and strife.  
The lay men say that priestes jet,  
All fishe that commeth to net :  
They spare nought they can get,  
    Whether maide or wife.

Men say priors and abbotts bee  
Great ingrossers in this countrie :  
They vse bying and selling openlye :  
    The Church hath the name.  
They are not content with their possession,  
But add thereto by oppression, ✱  
Still gaping for promotion,  
    Vnto our landes great shame.

And in like wise the commynaltie  
Apply them selues right constantlie  
To learne crafte and subtiltie,  
    Their neighbours to begyle :  
The sifter will begyle the brother,  
The childe will begyle the mother,  
And thus none will trust an other,  
    If this world last a wyle.



Temporall lords be well nie gone :  
 Houfeholdes keepe they fewe or none,  
 Which causeth many a poore man  
     For to begge his bread.  
 If he steale for his necessity,  
 There is none other remedy,  
 But the law will very shortly  
     Hang him all faue the head.

And some people, with great crueltie,  
 Vse the law with extremitie,  
 The world is all without pitie :  
     Of God they haue no drede.  
 In such pryde the world is brought,  
 By able men they set right naught,  
 Which ere long wilbe forthought  
     If of them they shall haue nede.

The misorder of euerie cytie  
 Cawfeth great dearth and pouertie.  
 And alas! it is great pitie  
     That rich men bee so blynd :  
 Which for their pride and fulsome fare,  
 Will plucke their neighbours bare,  
 And thus the people punished are,  
     And quickly brought behind.

A rich man without wifedom,  
 A wise man without discretion,  
 A foole naturall for his promotion  
     A ruler shall become :



Then shall he maruelous statutes try  
Made by his great pollicy :  
The rich be aduaunced thereby,  
    And the poore be cleane vndone.

Now is made marchandise  
Bying and selling benefice :  
A lay man will therein enterprife  
    That knoweth not the charge.  
Craftes men now doe keepe a cure,  
That with such things were neuer in vre :  
So he haue the tythe, ye may be sure  
    The paryshe goeth at large.

Great men now take no heede  
How ill fo euer the commons speede,  
A poore man dare not speake for drede,  
    For nought can they recouer.  
Some gracious man fet to his hand,  
That good prouision may be fand,  
Or els farewell the welth of the land,  
    Cleane vndone for euer !

Leaue the law, and vse will :  
To be perjured it shall not skill,  
So that I may my bagges fill,  
    And heyers to promote :  
An other day then shall he  
Be a ruler after me,  
And fo the poore comminaltie  
    Be troden vnder fote.

Enuy wayith wondrous strong,  
 The rich doth the poore wrong :  
 God of his mercy fuffreth long  
     The Deuill his workes to worke.  
 The townes go downe, the land decayes,  
 Of corn fields they make playne layes :  
 Great men maketh now a dayes  
     A sheepe cote of the church.

The places that we rightfully call  
 Places of Christian buryall,  
 Of them they make an oxes stall :  
     Thefe men be wonders wife.  
 Commons to clofe and them to keepe,  
 While poore folke cry for bread & weepe :  
 Towns pulled downe to pasture sheepe,  
     This is the new guyfe.

Alyents alfo haue their way,  
 And Englifhmen ftill cleane decay :  
 The other halfe muft needes play,  
     This is the common wealth.  
 Other landes aduaunced bee,  
 And by and fell among us free,  
 And thus our owne commoditee  
     Doth cleane vndoo our felfe.

Marchants all vfe fubtilty :  
 The Church liueth viciously,  
 The commons are in pouerty :  
     This land goeth to waft.

Marchaunt men trauell the countree,  
Ploughmen dwell in the citie,  
Which will destroy us all shortlic,  
As will be seene in haft.

To gather good great men be wyse,  
But yet they can no thing deuise,  
That of their owne witt shall arise  
For a common weale.

Their wittes on that they will not breake,  
But if a man against them speake,  
Other remedy shall he none seeke,  
But be carried straight to iaile.

Imprinted by me R. Copland.





## A prayer and also a thankesgiuing

vnto God, for his great mercy in giuing and preferuing our Noble Queene Elizabeth to liue and reigne ouer vs, to his honour and glory and our comfort in Christ Iesus : to be sung the xvii day of November 1577.

Made by I. PIT, minister.

*I exhort that supplications, prayers and intercessions, and giuing of thanks be made for Kings and for all that bee in authoritie, that wee may lead a quiet and peaceable lyfe in all godlynes and honestie. 1 Tim. 2, chap. 1, 2 verses.*

Sing this as the foure score and one Pfalme.



**B**E light and glad, in God reioyce,  
which is our strength and ayd,  
with ioyfull and most pleasant heartes  
let it be forth now said :

Thou art our Lord, thou art our King,  
thou art our only stay,  
to thee will wee giue laud and praise,  
and further let vs fay,

Wee praise thee, God, wee knowledge thee  
the only Lord to bee  
for thy great mercy on vs shewde,  
as this day wee may see.  
To thee wee cry, and also gyue  
most high thanks, laud and prayse  
for thy good giftes, which wee receiue  
both now and all our daies.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!  
shalbe our dayly song  
for thy good giftes bestowed on vs  
this ninetene yeres now long;  
And for our Queen Elizabeth,  
which so long time hath been,  
through thy good prouidence, O Lord!  
our good & gracious Queen.

The company of hygh and lowe  
doe prayse thy holy name,  
both yong and olde, both riche & poore  
with heart do euen the same,  
Acknowledging thy maiestie  
to be the only stay  
through Chrifit our Lord & Sauour,  
our light, our trueth, our way.

The holy ghoſt our comforter  
 doth teach vs all in deed  
 how we ſhould walke in thy true feare,  
 and call on thee in need,  
 For that our finnes moſt grieuous are,  
 and do deferue thine yre :  
 wee pray thee pardon vs ech one ;  
 thy mercy wee require.

And graunt our Queene Elizabeth  
 with vs long tyme to reigne,  
 this land to keepe ful long in peace,  
 and goſpell to maineteine :  
 In true obedience of the ſame  
 together we may lyue,  
 with long lyfe and moſt perfitte ioye,  
 O Lord ! vnto her giue.

And giue vnto her counsell grace,  
 through working of this ſprite,  
 in goſpels lore and common wealthe  
 to haue a great delight ;  
 The ſame to bring in perfitte ſtate,  
 and ſo the ſame to ſtay  
 againſt all wicked perverſe men,  
 good Lord ! graunt this we pray.

Lord ! helpe thy ſeruants which do crye  
 and cal to thee for ayd,  
 that enmies thence be put to flight,  
 and wicked men difmayd :

And let vs all most ioyfully  
with hearts triumph and say,  
thy name be blessed now, O Lord !  
for this most ioyfull day.

Wee magnifie thee euery one,  
and wil do while wee lyue,  
for thy great mercy shewde on vs  
for this gift thou didst giue ;  
Elizabeth our noble Queene,  
which as this day tooke place  
in royall feat this Realme to guide,  
Lord, bleffe and keepe her grace !

From foreine foes, O Lord ! her keepe,  
and enemies at home,  
from fained friends and trayterous hearts  
preferue her, Lord, alone ;  
For thou only art her defence,  
in thee doth shee whole trust :  
faue and keepe her, O Lord, therefore  
for thy mercies most iust.

O Lord ! our trust and confidence  
wee do repose in thee,  
for thou doest neuer fayle them, Lord,  
that do put trust in thee :  
With faithfull hearts we do now pray  
that thou wilt so maintaine  
our gracious Queen Elizabeth  
long ouer vs to raigne.

Then shall wee sing with ioyfull hearts  
 All glory be to thee  
 the Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost  
 which be in persons three !  
 As it hath bene in all the time  
 that hath bene heretofore,  
 as it is now, and so shalbe  
 hence forth for euermore.

Amen.

1 Theffalonians the v Chap. 16, 17 and 18 verses.

*Reioyce euer. Praye continually. In ail things giue thankes,  
 for this is the will of God in Christ Iesus towards you.*

*FINIS.*

Imprinted by Christopher Barkar.

*Alowed by authoritie.*





## Englands Lamentation

For the late Treasons conspired against the Queenes  
Maiestie by Frances Throgmorton : who was exe-  
cuted at Tyborne, on the 10 day of July,  
Anno 1584.

*To the tune of Weepe, weepe.*



WITH brinishe teares, with sobbing sighes,  
I, Englande, plunge in paine,  
To see and heare such secret sectes  
amongst my people raine.

Now being in my golden prime  
 where nectar sweete doth flowe,  
 And where Gods sacred worde is taught,  
 eche Christians ioye to showe.  
 Pray, pray, and praise the Lord, &c.

And where the Lord of Lords hath set,  
 his handmaide pure and cleene,  
 Annoynting her my rightfull Prince,  
 to raigne a royall Queene :  
 Indued with wifedome from above,  
 and storde with knowledge great,  
 That flying Fame through all the world  
 her praises doth repeate.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

Who to the sacred worde doth stande  
 with zeale and godly minde,  
 Maintaining truth, embracing faith,  
 and to eche subject kinde.  
 Alas! why then, my people deare,  
 what is the cause you swerue  
 Against the Lords annoynted, so  
 your owne selfe willes to serue ?  
 Pray, pray, &c.

Haue you not peace and plentie store,  
 which other realmes do want ?  
 Haue you not worldly pleasures more,  
 whereof there is no skant ?  
 Haue I not fostered you with foode,  
 which Nature yeelds not loth ?

Haue I not fed you dayntily  
with milke and hony both ?  
Pray, pray, &c.

And haue not I a carefull Prince,  
the prop of all our stay,  
Which loueth me, which cares for you,  
and prayes for vs eche day ?  
What is the cause such mischiefes then,  
among you doe remaine ?  
Truely the fulnes of the flesh,  
which you so much obtaine.  
Pray, pray, &c.

It makes me weepe with trickling teares,  
and wring my hands full colde,  
To heare, to see, and thinke vpon  
the dangers manyfolde  
My louing Prince and Queene is in,  
by meanes of Satans crew :  
Which often doth conspire the death  
of her, my louer true.  
Pray, pray, &c.

How many mischeefes are deuifed !  
how many wayes are wrought !  
How many vilde conspiracies  
against her Grace are brought !  
Yet God that rules in heauens aboue,  
lookes downe on earth below,  
And dauntes them in their wickednesse,  
and his great power doth shoue.

For when hir highnes doth not see  
 what dangers are at hande,  
 Then doth he shewe by secret meanes,  
 those perils to withstande ;  
 And will not let his chosē flocke  
 to perishe on the earth,  
 And doth her secret foes confounde,  
 by doome of shamefull death.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

As late was seene by Arden he,  
 and Sommeruile also,  
 Who did pretende to kill my Queene,  
 and worke her subjects woe :  
 But God, who doth her still defende,  
 her Grace he did preferue,  
 And wrought a shame vnto them all,  
 as they did best deserue.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

Throgmorton lately did conspire  
 to ouerthrowe the State :  
 That strangers might inuade the realme  
 vpon an euening late,  
 And lande in places where he knewe  
 the realme was something weake ;  
 The secret of which thing he did  
 to forraigne Princes breake.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

His dealing with the Queene of Scottes  
 by letters too and fro,

Informed her and other states  
of all that he did knowe :  
What frends in England they should find,  
what power they must neede,  
Our Queene thereby for to displace :  
this was a treacherous deede.  
Pray, pray, &c.

He fought to dispossesse my Queene  
of dignitie and crowne,  
And place a stranger on her throne,  
to tread her people downe.  
Ireland and Scotland by aduise,  
the enemye should inuade ;  
Then into England bring a power,  
as he the plot had laide.  
Pray, pray, &c.

These were the treasons which he wrought  
my good Queene to displace ;  
To spoyle the state of all this realme,  
such was his want of grace :  
But God, who doth protect me still,  
offended at the same,  
Euen in his yong and tender yeeres,  
did cut him off with shame.  
Pray, pray, &c.

O thou, Throgmorton, wicked youth !  
why didst thou this despight ?  
Why did the feare of God and prince,  
depart so from thy sight ?

No rebelles power shall her displace ;  
 God will defende her still :  
 Her subiectes all will lose their liues,  
 ere traytors haue their will.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

And though he florisht for a time,  
 in seeking his intent,  
 When to the pits brinke that he came,  
 God did his worke preuent :  
 And did preferue in spight of him,  
 his chofen vessell pure,  
 That she might flourish still in peace  
 my comfort to procure.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

When as the servants of the Lorde,  
 I meane the Children three,  
 Were put into the fierie ouen,  
 destroyed for to bee,  
 Then fierie flames did them no harme,  
 they sung and prayed with ioye ;  
 And those which stood to worke their woe,  
 the blasfes did destroye.  
 Pray, pray, &c.

And when the children of the Lord  
 King Pharao did pursue,  
 To drowne them in the foming floods,  
 God was a captaine true :  
 The waues like walles stood on eche side,  
 and they free passage founde,

Whilst Pharao with his mightie hoste  
came after, and were drounde.  
Pray, pray, &c.

Euen so the Lord, by his great might,  
my comfort doth maintaine,  
In keeping and preferuing right  
my Prince from traitors traine :  
And did preferue her from the harmes  
Throgmorton did pretende ;  
Who euen at Tyborne for his crimes  
did make a shamefull ende.  
Pray, pray, &c.

And though such impes do worke her spight  
ten thousande kinde of waies ;  
Yea, though the deuill him selfe do fight  
to spoyle her golden daies ;  
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong,  
their courage soone shall quaille :  
So long as God stands on her side,  
what power can preuaile ?  
Pray, pray, &c.

Therefore, my louing people, heare,  
graunt England her request :  
Pray to the Lord, him serue with feare,  
and traitors hearts detest.  
Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith,  
walke in the path of peace ;

Obey your Prince, maintaine her caufe,  
and Englands wealth encrease.  
Pray, pray, &c.

And with new warning take new hearts,  
olde venomed minds detest ;  
Eschue all sinne, encrease good workes,  
that you in peace may rest.  
From all olde customes that are euill,  
put on the new man Christ :  
And newly change your former liues,  
and learne to please the highest.  
Pray, pray, &c.

*FINIS.*

*W. M.*

At London, imprinted by T H.







■ An Epytaphe upon the Death of  
M. Rycharde Goodricke, Esquier.

---

**Y**F euer Realme had caufe to rue  
The death and losse of any one,  
Then hath this realme just cause and true  
This worthy dead man to bemone,  
By whom fuche treasure theyr is lofte,  
As scant the lyke in Englandes cofte.

A heade where learned Pallas fate,  
And fettled wyfdome dwelte lykewife,  
And grounded skyll for cōmon ftate  
That with forecafte coulde well deuyfe :  
Where learnynge fytttes, with skyll & wit,  
Suche one to rule who thynkes not fyt.

A tonge that prudently coulde faye  
What myght be fayde, and that with fpede ;

A wyt that knewe no stoppe nor staye  
To gyue aduise in tyme of nede :

A fyttter matche there coulde not be  
Then tonge and wyll, thus to agree.

A hearte moste earnest to mayntayne  
Goddess trueth, and his vnspotted lawe :  
No hope of mede, no feare of payne,  
From care of that coulde hym withdrawe.

O blessed realme, whose rulers be  
So zelous in that thinge as he !

A man moste redy to defende  
A ryght, and here a poore mans cause ;  
No threatnyng foe, no fawnyng frende,  
Coulde make hym do agaynst the lawe.  
As lawes defende a trueth and ryght,  
So lawyers shulde, withall theyr might.

Thus then the poore his helpe doth mys,  
And Pallas lackes her learned knyght ;  
The lawe doth lacke a lyght of his,  
The realme hath loste a worthy wyght ;  
And that whiche is the greatest gryefe,  
Goddess worde hath lost a membre chiefe.

And yet not lost, whom Christ hath founde  
And placed in heauen, I doubt it not.  
Thus he that lackte his legges on grounde  
Before vs all to heauen is got.

To heauen, we se, the nearest waye  
Is vertue then ; there is no naye.

*FINIS.*

*R. M.*



## The Cobler of Colchester.

A merry new Song, wherein is shewed the frowfull  
cudgelling of the Cobler of Colchester by his Wife, for  
the eating of her Apple Pye.

*To a pleasant new Tune called Trill lill.*



WALKING abroad, not long agoe,  
It was my chance to spye  
A Coblers wife, with crabbed looke,  
How shee her strength did trie:  
A cudgell great she had in hand,  
Both strong and tough withall,

The which about her husbands pate  
 She broke in peeces ſmall ;  
 So that the man to crye began,  
 With voice both loud and ſhrill ;  
 But banging about with courage ſtout,  
 She cryed, Haue with you, trill lill !

Good people, quoth the Cbler then,  
 I pray you take the paine  
 To ſauc me from my angry wife,  
 Or els I ſhall be flaine.  
 The proudeſt ſcab in place, quoth ſhe,  
 May do it if he dare ;  
 And he ſhall beare a broken pate  
 From hence, by Giſ I ſweare.  
 With that again ſhe goes amaine  
 to worke on him her will,  
 And euer ſhe cryeth, as on him ſhe flyeth,  
 Haue with you, my hartes, trill lill !

Now, Cbler, quoth this cruell queane,  
 Tell mee, and do not lye,  
 How thou doſt like the eating of  
 My owne ſweete apple pye ?  
 O wife ! quoth hee, the worſt to mee  
 That euer I did taſt :  
 I will be ware, if thou me ſpare,  
 How I do make ſuch waſte.  
 To ſauc his life then ſome come in,  
 For feare ſhe would him kill,  
 Where banging about with courage ſtout,  
 She cryde, My hartes, trill lill !

Now, fye for shame ! you are to blame  
Your husband thus to bang.  
Tis better beare some blowes, she said,  
Than he hereafter hang :  
A jewell he did breake and spoile,  
Which I esteemed deare,  
And I will not forgiue the fame,  
No, not this twenty yeare.  
You need not blame, though I should lame  
The old knaue for this ill.  
Then banging about with courage stout,  
She cryed, My harts, trill lill !

Beleeue me, quoth the Cobler then,  
This thing is nothing fo :  
For eating of her apple pye  
She hath wrought me this wo ;  
And tasting of a custard small,  
She for her selfe did keepe,  
She hath misus'd me, as you see,  
And made me bleede & weepe.  
Thus in despight she takes delight  
To plague me at her will,  
And euer she cryeth, as on me she flyeth,  
Haue with you, my harts, trill lill !

Gip with a murrain, knaue ! she cries,  
Must your old chaps be fed  
With custards and with apple pyes ?  
A rope shall stretch your head.

I'll teache you take the browne rye loafe,  
 and chaw the Effex cheefe,  
 As fitter for your rotten teeth  
 Then any one of thefe.  
 Then ſhe began her owne good man  
 to courſe him at her will ;  
 And euer ſhe cryeth, as on him ſhe flyeth,  
 Haue with you, my harts, trill lill !

And though, quoth ſhe, indifferent well  
 Thy carcas I did bumme,  
 Yet from thy carion greedy guts  
 I'le fetch out euery crumme.  
 With that ſhe did a feather take,  
 And in his throate it thruſt,  
 Till vp he caſt the apple pye,  
 The fruite as well as cruſt.  
 The dogs, quoth ſhee, ſhall eate it free,  
 Ere it thy guts ſhall fill :  
 And euer ſhe cryeth as on him ſhe flyeth,  
 Haue with you, my harts, trill lill !

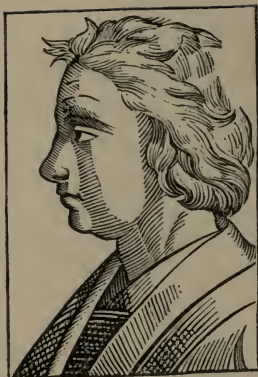
Lo ! here the ſpitefull nature plaine  
 Wherewith ſhe was poſſeſt,  
 For neuer was there any man  
 Like this poore cobler dreſt :  
 Who made an oath, while he did liue,  
 Such wiſedome to apply,  
 He would take heede how he did eate  
 His wife's owne apple pye,



Leaft with that wife he fell at strife,  
And felt her froward will,  
Who euer cryeth, as on him she flyeth,  
Haue with you, my hartes, trill lill !

Imprinted at London by Andrew Wife, and are to be  
fold at his shop in Paules Church-yard.





### A proper new Ballad,

breefely declaring the Death and Execution of 14  
moft wicked Traitors, who suffered death in  
Lincolnes Inne feelde neere London:  
the 20 and 21 of September, 1586.

*To the tune of Weep, weep.*



R EIOYCE, in hart, good people all,  
sing praife to God on hye  
Which hath preferued vs by his power  
from traitors tiranny ;  
Which now haue had their due defarts,  
in London lately feen ;  
And Ballard was the first that died  
for treason to our Queene.

*O praise the Lord with hart and minde,  
sing praise with voices cleere,  
Sith traitorous crue haue had their due,  
to quaile their parteners cheere.*



Next Babington, that caitife vilde,  
was hanged for his hier :  
His carcaffe likewise quartered,  
and hart caft in the fier.  
Was euer feene fuch wicked troopes  
of traytors in this land,  
Against the pretious woord of truthe,  
and their good Queene to ftand ?  
*O praise, &c.*

But heer beholde the rage of Rome,  
the fruits of Popifh plants ;  
Beholde and fee their wicked woorks,  
which all good meaning wants ;  
For Sauage alfo did receaue  
like death for his defert ;  
Which in that wicked enterprife  
fhould then haue doon his part.  
*O praise, &c.*

O curfed catifes, void of grace !  
will nothing ferue your turne,  
But to beholde your cuntries wrack,  
in malice while you burne ?  
And Barnwell thou which went to view  
her grace in each degree,  
And how her life might be difpatcht,  
thy death we all did fee.  
*O praise, &c.*

Confounding shame fall to their share,  
 and hellish torments sting,  
 That to the Lords annointed shall  
 deuise so vile a thing!  
 O Techburne! what bewitched thee,  
 to haue such hate in store,  
 Against our good and gracious Queene,  
 that thou must dye therefore?  
*O praise, &c.*

What gaine for traitors can returne,  
 if they their wish did win;  
 Or what preferment should they get  
 by this their trecherous sinne?  
 Though forraine power loue treason well,  
 the traitors they dispise,  
 And they the first that should sustaine  
 the smart of their deuise.  
*O praise, &c.*

What cause had Tilney, traitor stout,  
 or Abbington likewise,  
 Against the Lords annointed thus  
 such mischeef to deuise;  
 But that the Deuill inticed them  
 such wicked woorks to render;  
 For which these seuen did suffer death  
 the twentieth of September.  
*O praise, &c.*

Seauen more the next day following  
were drawn from the Tower,  
Which were of their confederates,  
to dye that instant hower :  
The first of them was Salsburie,  
and next to him was Dun,  
Who did complaine most earnestly  
of proud yong Babington.

*O praise, &c.*

Both Lords and Knights of hye renowne  
he ment for to displace ;  
And likewise all our towers and townes,  
and cities for to race.  
So likewise Iones did much complaine  
of his detested pride,  
And shewed how lewdly he did liue  
before the time he died.

*O praise, &c.*

Then Charnock was the next in place  
to taste of bitter death,  
And praying vnto holy Saints,  
he left his vitall breath.  
And in like maner Travers then  
did suffer in that place,  
And fearfully he left his life  
with crossing breaft and face.

*O praise, &c.*

Then Gage was stripped in his shirt,  
 who vp the lather went,  
 And fought for to excuse him selfe  
 of treafons falce intent.  
 And Bellamie the last of all  
 did suffer death that daye;  
 Vnto which end God bring all such  
 as with our Queenes decay!  
*O praise, &c.*

O faulce and foule disloyall men!  
 what person would suppose,  
 That clothes of veluet and of filke  
 should hide such mortall foes?  
 Or who would think such hidden hate  
 in men so faire in fight,  
 But that the Deuill can turne him selfe  
 into an angell bright?  
*O praise, &c.*

But, Soueraigne Queene, haue thou no care,  
 for God which knoweth all,  
 Will still maintaine thy royall state,  
 and giue thy foes a fall:  
 And for thy Grace thy subiects all  
 will make their praiers still,  
 That neuer traitor in the land  
 may haue his wicked will.  
*O praise, &c.*

Whose glorious daies in England heere  
the mighty God maintaine,  
That long vnto thy subiects ioye  
thy Grace may rule and raigne.  
And, Lord! we pray for Christes sake,  
that all thy secreet foes  
May come to naught which feeke thy life,  
and Englands lasting woes.

*O praise the Lord with hart and minde, &c.*

The names of the 7 Traitors  
who were executed on  
Tuesday being the  
xx of Septem-  
ber. 1586.

John Ballard Preeft.  
Anthony Babington.  
John Sauage.  
Robert Barnwell.  
Chodicus Techburne.  
Charles Tilney.  
Edward Abbington.

The names of the other vij  
which were executed  
on the next day  
after.

Thomas Salsbury.  
Henry Dun.  
Edward Ihones.  
Iohn Trauers.  
Iohn Charnock.  
Robert Gage.  
Harman Bellamy.

*FINIS.*

*T. D.*

Imprinted at London at the Long Shop  
adioyning vnto Saint Mildreds  
Churche in the Pultric by  
Edward Alde.



## A fearefull and terrible Example

of Gods iuste iudgement executed vpon a lewde Fellow,  
 who vsually accustomed to sweare by  
 Gods Blood : which may be  
 A CAUEAT TO ALL THE WORLD  
*That they blaspheme not the name of their God  
 by Swearing.*

—o—



MORTALL men! which in this world  
 for time haue your repast,  
 Approch the fearefullest thing to heare,  
 and which hath happened last :  
 Yea, such a thing as doth import  
 the Lord our God on hye,

Through swearing by his blessed name,  
and that most vsually.

Which ftraunge event whilst that I do  
perpend and to minde call,  
My penne, in troth, is readie preft  
out of my hand to fall :  
My hart alfo doth quaile in brest,  
my eyes diftill a pace,  
The faulte and brinish teares alfo  
do trickle downe my face.

But yet, good pen, hold on thy courfe,  
to write do thou not linne,  
For I the truth to profecute  
hereof will now beginne.  
There is a towne in Lincolnfhire,  
which Boothbie hath to name,  
Juft three miles diftant from Grantham,  
a towne of ancient fame.

Wherein there dwells a gentleman,  
the truth for to decyde,  
Who Frauncis Pennell called is :  
this may not be denyde.  
It pleased God this gentleman  
into his houfe to hire  
A feruingman to attend on him,  
and borne in Worcefterfhire.

Which fayd young man inclyned was  
 vnto a thing not good,  
 As for to sweare by Christ his flesh,  
 and by his precious blood :  
 It was his usuall kinde of oath  
 (O Satanist most vile)  
 Wherewith he did his liuing God  
 pollute and eke defyle.

Meaning in iustice for to make  
 this viper varlet he,  
 A terrour vnto all the world  
 of swearing for to be.  
 Our Lord commaunded Death at him  
 to shoote his fatall dart,  
 Who straight, without protract of time,  
 gorde him vnto the hart.

Now when that he the panges of death  
 did feele and eke sustaine,  
 Then he began, as you haue heard,  
 Gods name for to blaspheme ;  
 And neuer ceased for to sweare  
 by Iesus Christ his blood,  
 Vntill his soule at the last gaspe  
 forth of his body yood.

And in this cruell extasie  
 he passionate did lie  
 The space of three or foure whole weekes,  
 still swearing bitterly.



Now when that he had languished  
the space that I haue sayde,  
The people they perceiuing that  
of force he must be dead,

Caused the bell for to be tolde,  
that all for him might pray ;  
Befeeching God his soule to keepe  
against the dreadfull day.  
But when that he had heard the bell  
knolling most drerilie,  
He rushing vp said, by Gods blood  
this bell it tolles for me.

He had no fooner spoke these words  
which I haue shewd to you,  
But that a pace his heart blood did  
foorth of his body flowe ;  
For why out of his fingers endes  
his blood did streame full fast,  
So did it foorth at his toes endes,  
which made them all agaste.

And yet the Lord proceeded foorth  
this trayterous wight to scourge.  
The blood gusht out, yea, at his wrists  
much like the foming furge ;  
So did it also at his nose  
runne foorth aboundantlie,  
With other filthie excrements  
which man doth loathe to see.

Thus died he, committing  
 his foule to Furies fell,  
 Which doe possesse th' infernall gulfe  
 and laberinth of hell.  
 Than was his body straight interde,  
 although in truth forlorne,  
 For whome it had beene better farre  
 if he had not beene borne.

Whose hart is now so obdurate,  
 that hearing of this thing  
 Will not permit out of the same  
 great fouds of teares to spring ;  
 Or whose minde is so fascinate,  
 or eke so lulde on sleepe,  
 That for to heare hereof will not  
 constrained be to weepe ?

And that for feare he should his God  
 through swearing thus offend,  
 And thereby purchase to him selfe  
 like dyre and rufull end.  
 O you ! that sweare at euerie word,  
 replete with diuelrie,  
 For to abstaine from swearing vile  
 let this a caueat be.

For sure I am we neuer ought  
 at any time to sweare,  
 Except the Christian magistrate  
 by lawe doo it require ;

And if before him we doo sweare  
in truth and holinesse,  
The Lord himfelfe acknowledged  
he thereby honourd is.

And thus I end, befeeching God  
of his especiall grace,  
That we all sinfull swearing may  
abandon in each place.  
Elizabeth, our noble Queene,  
good Lord, preferue and sheeld,  
That she thy chaff & faithfull spowfe  
may still maintaine and build.

*FINIS.*

*Philip Stubbes.*

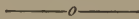
Imprinted at London for W. Wright, and  
are to be fold at his shop  
in the Poultrie.



## The Northern Lord.

IN FOUR PARTS.

*To a pleasant new Tune.*



NOBLE lord of high renowne  
Two daughters had, the eldest browne ;  
The youngest beautifull and faire.  
By chance a noble knight came there.

The father said, Kind sir, I haue  
Two daughters, & which do you craue ?  
One that is beautifull, he cryed,  
The noble knight he then replied.

She's young, she's beautifull and gay,  
And is not to be giuen away ;  
But, as jewels are bought and sold,  
She shall bring me her weight in gold.

The price, methinkes, you neede not grutch,  
Since I will freely giue as much  
With her owne sifter ; if I can  
Finde out some other nobleman.

With that bespake the noble knight :  
More welcome is the beauty bright  
At that high rate, renowned lord,  
Then the other with a vast reward.

So then the bargain it was made ;  
But ere the money could be paide  
He borrow'd it of a wealthy Iew,  
The sum so large. The writings drew,

That if he failde, or mis'd his day,  
So many ounces he should pay  
Of his owne flesh, instead of gold.  
All was agreed ; the sum was told.

So he return'd immediately  
Vnto the lord, where he did buy  
His daughter deare, of beautie rare,  
And paide him downe the money there.

He bought her so: it was well knowne  
 Vnto all men she was his owne.  
 By her a son he did enioy,  
 A noble sweete and comely boy.

At length the time of pay drew neare,  
 Whenas the knight began to feare:  
 He dreaded much the cruell Jew,  
 Because the money then was dew.

His lady askt him why he griev'd?  
 He said, My jewell, I receiv'd  
 Such a huge sum, and of a Jew,  
 And with it I did purchase you.

But now the day of payment's come,  
 I know not how to raise the summe;  
 He'll haue my flesh, yea, weight for weight,  
 Which makes my grieffe and forrow great.

Tush! neuer feare, the dame reply'd:  
 We'll crosse the raging ocean wide,  
 And so secure you from the fate.  
 To her request he yeelded strait.

## PART II.

Then hauing past the raging seas,  
 They traueil'd on, till by degrees  
 Vnto the German court they came;  
 The knight, his sonne, and comely dame.

Vnto the emperor he told  
His story of the summe of gold  
That he had borrowd of a Iew,  
And that for feare of death he flew.

The emperor he did erect  
A court for them ; and shewd respect  
Vnto his guests, because they came  
From Britain, that blest land of fame.

As here he liued in delight,  
A Dutch lord told our English knight,  
That he a ton of gold would lay  
He could enjoy his lady gay.

This Lord from her, then, was to bring  
A rich and costly diamond ring,  
That was to proue and teftifie  
How he did with his lady lye.

He tried, but neuer could obtaine  
Her fauour, but with high difdaine  
She did abhor his base intent ;  
So to her chambermaid he went,

And told her, if she would but steale  
Her lady's ring, and so conceale  
The same, and bring it to him strait,  
She should enjoy his whole estate.

In hopes of such a great reward  
The ring she stole ; and the Dutch lord



Did take it to the English knight,  
Who almost fswounded at the fight.

Home goeth he to his lady ftrait :  
Meeting her at the pallace gate,  
He flung her headlong in the moate,  
And left her there to finke or floate.

Soone afterward, in armour greene,  
She like a warlike wight was feene ;  
And in most gallant seemely fort  
She rode vnto the emperors court.

Now, when the emperor behild  
Her graue department, he was fill'd  
With admiration at the fight,  
Who call'd her felfe an English knight.

The emperor did then reply :  
An English knight's condemn'd to dye  
For drowning his false lady gay.  
Quoth she, I'le free him, if I may.

### PART III.

She to the emperor did ride,  
And said, Now let the cause be tryde  
Once more ; for Iue resolu'd to faue  
This noble gallant from the graue.



It was decreed, the court should fet.  
The Dutch lord came, seeming to fret  
About the ring; as if in feare  
The truth would make his shame appeare.

And so it chanc'd; for foone they call  
The maid, who on her knees did fall  
Before the iudge, and did descry  
The Dutch lord's shamefull treachery.

The court declared it to be so:  
The lady too, for ought we know,  
May be aliue; therefore we stay  
The sentence till another day.

Now the Dutch lord gaue him the ton  
Of gold, that he had iustly wonne;  
Which hauing done with shame and grieffe,  
The English lord had some reliefe.

The Dutch lord, to reuenge the spight  
Upon our noble English knight,  
Did fend a letter out of hand,  
And gaue the Jew to understand,

How he was in the German court:  
Therefore, vpon this good report,  
The Jew he crost the ocean wide,  
Intent on being satisfied.

Soone as he fixt his greedy eies  
Vpon the knight, in wrath he cries,

Your hand and seale I haue ; behold !  
Your flesh Ile haue instead of gold.

Then said the noble knight in greene :  
Sir, may not the deed be seene ?  
Behold it here ! replied the Jew,  
But I refulue to haue my due.

Lo ! then the knight began to reade.  
At laft he said : I find in deede  
Nothing but flesh you are to haue.  
Answerd the Jew, That's all I craue.

The poore distreffed knight was broght :  
The bloody-minded Jew he thought  
That day to be reuengde on him,  
And cut his flesh from euery limb.

The knight in greene said to the Iew.  
Theres nothing els but flesh your due :  
Then, see no drop of blood you shed,  
For if you do, you lose your head.

Now take your due with all my hart ;  
But with his blood we will not part.  
With that the Iew soone went his way,  
Nor had another word to say.

PART IV.

No fooner were thefe troubles paff  
But the wifes father came in haft,  
Determin'd for to haue his life  
For drowning his beloued wife.

Ouer the feas her father brought  
Many braue horfes : one was bought  
By the difguifed knight in greene,  
Which was the beft that ere was feene.

They brought her lord from prifon then,  
Guarded by many armed men,  
Vnto the place where he muft dye ;  
And the greene knight was ftanding by.

Then from her fide her fword ſhe drew,  
And ran her gelding through and through.  
Her father afkt, Why doft thou fo ?  
I may ; it is mine owne, you know.

You fold your gelding, 'tis well knowne ;  
I bought it, making it mine owne,  
And may doe what I please with it.  
So then to her he did fubmit.

Here is a man arraign'd and caft,  
And brought to fuffer death at laft,  
Because your daughter deare he flue ;  
But if he did, concerns it you ?

You had your money, when you sold  
Your daughter for her weight in gold :  
Wherefore he might, as I haue showne,  
Do what him pleased with his owne.

Then, hauing chang'd her armour greene,  
And drest her selfe like to a queene,  
Her father and her husband strait  
Both knew her ; and their ioy was great.

Soone did they carry this report  
Vnto the famous German court,  
How the renowned English knight  
Had found at length his lady bright.

The emperor and his lords of fame  
With cheerfull harts did then proclaim  
An vniuerfall ioy, to see  
This lady's life and libertie.

*FINIS.*



## A warning to all false Traitors

BY EXAMPLE OF 14.

Wherof vi. were executed in diuers places neere about  
London, and 2 neere Braintford, the 28. day  
of August, 1588.

*Also at Tyborne were executed the 30 day vij. namely 5 Men  
and one Woman. To the tune of Greensleeues.*

— o —

**Y**OU traitors all that doo deuise  
To hurt our Queene in trecherous wife,  
And in your hartes doo still surmize  
which way to hurt our England,  
Consider what the ende will be  
Of traitors all in their degree,  
Hanging is still their destenye,  
that trouble the peace of England.

Will not examples make you true,  
 But you will still the steppes ensue  
 Of the vngodly Romish crue  
     that trouble the peace of England ?  
 Remember Felton, long agoe,  
 And Campion that was hang'd also,  
 With a number great of traitors moe,  
     that troubled the peace of England.

Then Parrie, and Throckmorton eke,  
 Of traiterous drifts were not to seeke,  
 And diuers other haue doone the like  
     to trouble the peace of England :  
 And Babbington, with his wicked traine,  
 Continually did beate their braine  
 Which way and how they might obtaine,  
     to trouble the peace of England.

But God, we see, hath still made knowne  
 Their wicked meanings euery one,  
 And death hath made their harts to grone,  
     that troubled the peace of England :  
 Yet will not these examples good  
 Once stay these traitors madding mood,  
 But still they seeke to suck the blood,  
     of our gracious Queene of England.

As late neer London there was seene  
 Two traitors hang'd on Myle-end greene,  
 Which did take part against our Queene,  
     to trouble her realme of England :

The first a preeft, his name was Deane,  
The next was Weblin, who did meane  
To helpe the Spaniards for to gleane  
the fruites of the realme of England.

The next in Finsberrie feeld their died  
A preeft that was a traitor tryed,  
His name was Gunter, who denied  
to helpe the good Queene of England :  
But he would, for the Spaniards fake,  
Prouide inuasion for to make,  
And gainst our Queene their partes to take  
to trouble the peace of England.

There died in Lincolnes feelde also  
Moorton, a cruell traitor, too,  
He being a preeft, with other moc,  
did come to trouble our England :  
And in that place there died with him  
One Moore, that was a traitor grim,  
Who would haue ventured life and lim  
to hurt the good Queene of England.

There died eke at Clarckenwell  
A preeft, that was a traitor fell,  
His name was Acton, trueth to tell,  
that troubled the peace of England ;  
For why, he fought for to maintaine  
The Pope, and eke the Spanish traine,  
And did our gracious Queene difdaine,  
with all that loue her in England.

Then Felton yong, who did upholde  
 The Pope, as did his father olde :  
 His false hart he to treason folde,  
     to trouble the peace of England.  
 To Braintford he was had to dye,  
 Whereas he stoutly did deny  
 To helpe our Queene and her cuntrye,  
     but fought the decay of England.

And in like manner Clarkson, he  
 To Braintford went for company,  
 Where both were hanged vpon a tree  
     as enemies to our England :  
 Both preests they were, of Romish rout,  
 Who subtilly did goe about  
 But yet for them it was no boot,  
     to hurt the good realme of England.

At Tyborne dyed, the thirteth day,  
 Flewett and Shelley, trueth to say,  
 And Leigh, a preest, who did deny  
     to aide the good Queene of England :  
 Martin and Rooche, that present died  
 At Tyborne, being traitors tryed ;  
 For, like the rest, they had denide  
     to aide the good Queene of England.

One Margeret Ward there died that daye,  
 For from Bridewell she did conuay  
 A traiterous preest with ropes away,  
     that fought to trouble our England :



This wicked woman, voide of grace,  
Would not repent in any case,  
But desperatly even at that place,  
she died as a foe to England.

When law had passed upon them so,  
They should be hang'd and quartered too,  
Our Queene tooke mercy on them tho,  
which fought her decay in England,  
And pardoned them their greatest paine ;  
Yet all her pitie was in vaine,  
For to aske mercy they did disdaine  
of the gracious Queene of England.

But God, we see, dooth still defend  
Our gracious Queene unto the end,  
Gainst traitors that doe ill pretend  
to her and her realme of England.  
God graunt that we may thankfull be  
Vnto his glorious Maiestie,  
That so defendes the soueraignty  
of the vertuous Queene of England.

The names of the 8. Traytors executed on the  
eight and twentieth of August.

William Deane and Henry Webley, executed at Myle-  
end.

William Gunter, executed at Fins-burye.

Robert Moorton and Hugh Moore, executed in Lincolns  
Inne feelde.

Thomas Acton, executed at Clarkenwell.

Thomas Felton and Iames Clarkson, executed neere  
Braintford.

The names of them that were executed the  
30 of August.

Richard Flewett, Edward Shelley, Richard Leigh, Ri-  
chard Martin and Iohn Rooche, executed at Tyborne.

Also at the same time one Margaret Ward for letting a  
Seminarye Priefte out of Bridewell.

*FINIS.*

Imprinted at London by Edward Alldc  
at the long shop near  
vnto S. Mildreds  
Church.



## The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife

Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, consented to his  
Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge : for  
which they suffered at Barnstable  
in Devonshire.

*The Tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.*

— o —



UNHAPPY she whom Fortune hath forlorne,  
Despis'd of grace that profferd grace did  
scorne,  
My lawlesse loue hath lucklesse wrought my  
woe,  
My discontent content did ouerthrowe.

My lothed life to late I doe lament,  
 My wofull deedes in heart I doe repent :  
 A wife I was that wilfull went awry,  
 And for that fault am here preperde to dye.

In blooming yeares my Father's greedy minde,  
 Against my will, a match for me did finde :  
 Great wealth there was, yea, gold and siluer store,  
 But yet my heart had chosen one before.

Mine eies dislikte my fathers liking quite,  
 My hart did loth my parents fond delight :  
 My childish minde and fancie told to mee,  
 That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I prayde they would not me constraîne ;  
 With teares I cryde their purpose to refraine ;  
 With sighes and fobbes I did them often moue,  
 I might not wed whereas I could not loue.

But all in vaine my speeches still I spent :  
 My mothers will my wishes did preuent.  
 Though wealthy Page possesst the outward part,  
 George Strangewidge still was lodged in my hart.

I wedded was, and wrapped all in woe ;  
 Great discontent within my hart did growe :  
 I loathd to liue, yet liude in deadly strife,  
 Because perforce I was made Pages wife.

My closen eies could not his sight abide ;  
 My tender youth did lothe his aged side :

Scant could I taste the meate whereon he fed ;  
My legges did lothe to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should dispise him so,  
That such disdain within my hart should growe,  
Saue onely this, that fancie did me moue,  
And told me still, George Strangwidge was my loue.

Lo! heere began my downfall and decay.  
In minde I musde to make him strait away :  
I that became his discontented wife,  
Contented was he should be rid of life.

Methinkes the heauens crie uengeance for my fact,  
Methinkes the world condenins my monstrous act,  
Methinkes within my conscience tells me true,  
That for that deede hell fier is my due.

My pensue foule doth forrow for my sinne,  
For which offence my foule doth bleed within ;  
But mercy, Lord! for mercy still I crye :  
Saue thou my foule, and let my bodie dye.

Well could I wish that Page enioyde his life,  
So that he had some other to his wife :  
But neuer could I wish, of low or hie,  
A longer life then see sweete Strangwidge die.

O woe is me! that had no greater grace  
To stay till he had runne out Natures race.  
My deedes I rue, but more I doe repent  
That to the same my Strangwidge gaue consent.

You parents fond, that greedy-minded bee,  
 And seeke to graffe vpon the golden tree,  
 Consider well and rightfull iudges bee,  
 And giue your doome twixt parents loue and mee.

I was their childe, and bound for to obey,  
 Yet not to loue where I no loue could laye.  
 I married was to muck and endlesse strife ;  
 But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

O wretched world ! who cankerd rust doth blind,  
 And curfed men who beare a greedy minde ;  
 And haplesse I, whom parents did force fo  
 To end my dayes in forrow, fhame. and wo.

You Denfbire dames, and courteous Cornwall knights,  
 That here are come to vifit wofull wights,  
 Regard my grieffe, and marke my wofull end,  
 But to your children be a better frend.

And thou, my dear, that for my fault muft dye,  
 Be not affraide the ftting of death to trye :  
 Like as we liude and loude together true,  
 So both at once we'le bid the world adue.

Ulalia, thy friend, doth take her laft farewell,  
 Whose foule with thee in heauen shall euer dwell.  
 Sweet Sauour Chrif! do thou my foule receiue :  
 The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And parents now, whose greedy mindes doe fhew  
 Your harts defire, and inward heauie woe,

Mourn you no more, for now my heart doth tell,  
Ere day be done my foule shalbe full well.

And Plimouth proude, I bid thee now farewell.  
Take heede, you wiues, let not your hands rebel ;  
And farewell, life, wherein such forrow showes,  
And welcome, death, that doth my corps inclose.

And now, sweete Lord ! forgiue me my misdeedes.  
Repentance cryes for foule that inward bleedes :  
My foule and bodie I commend to thee,  
That with thy blood from death redeemed mee.

Lord ! bleffe our Queene with long and happy life,  
And send true peace betwixt eche man and wife ;  
And giue all parents wisdome to foresee,  
The match is marrde where mindes doe not agree.

*T. D.*

London. Printed by Thomas Scarlet. 1591.

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## The Lamentation of George Strangwidge,

Who for the consenting to the death of Mr. Page of  
Plymouth, suffered death at Barnstable.

*To the tune of Fortune.*



HE man that sighs and forowes for his sin,  
The corps which care and wo hath wrapped in,  
In dolefull fort records his swan-like song,  
That waits for death, and loths to liue so long.



O Glanfield! cause of my committed crime,  
 So wed to wealth as birds in bush of lime,  
 What cause hadst thou to beare such wicked spight  
 Against my loue, and eke my harts delight.

I would to God thy wifedome had beene more,  
 Or that I had not entred at thy doore,  
 Or that thou hadst a kinder father beene  
 Unto thy child, whose yeares are yet but greene.

The match vnmeete which thou alone didst make,  
 When aged Page thy daughter home did take,  
 Well maist thou rue with teares that cannot drie,  
 Which is the cause that foure of vs must dye.

Ulalia, more bright then summers funne,  
 Whose beauty had my loue for euer wonne,  
 My soule more fobs to thinke of thy disgrace,  
 Then to behold my owne vntimely race.

The deede late done in hart I doe repent,  
 But that I lou'de I cannot it relent :  
 Thy seemly fight was euer sweete to me.  
 Would God my death could thy excuser be!

It was for me, alas! thou didst the fame,  
 On me by right they ought to laye the blame :  
 My worthlesse loue hath brought thy life in scorne.  
 Now, wo is me that euer I was borne!

Farewell, my loue, whose loyall hart was feene :  
 Would God thou hadst not halfe so constant beene!



Farewell, my loue, the pride of Plymouth towne ;  
Farewell the flowre, whose beauty is cut downe.

For twentie yeares great was the cost, I knowe,  
Thine vnkind father did on thee bestow ;  
Yet afterward so fowre did fortune lowre,  
He lost his ioy, his childe, within an howre.

My wrong and wo to God I doe commit.  
Who was the cause of matching them unfit ?  
And yet my guilt I can not so excuse,  
We gaue consent his life for to abuse.

Wretch that I am, that my consent did giue !  
Had I denyde, Ulalia still should liue.  
Blind fancy faide, this fute doe not deny ;  
Liue thou in blisse, or els in sorow dye.

O Lord ! forgiue this cruell deede of mine :  
Vpon my soule let beames of mercy shine.  
In iustice, Lord, doe thou not uengeance take :  
Forgiue us both for Iesus Christ his sake.

*FINIS.*

Imprinted at London by E. Allde.



## The Complaint of Alallia,

For causing of her Husband to be murdered for the love  
of Strangwidge, who were executed together.

*To the tune of Fortune my foe.*



Ever we did touch a womans hart,  
Or griefe did gaul for sin the outward part,  
My conscience, then, and heavy hart within  
Can witnes well the sorrow for my sinne.

When yeares were young, my father forst me wed  
Against my will, where fancie was not fed :  
I was content his pleasure to obay,  
Although my hart was linckt another way.

Great were the guifts they profferd in my fight,  
With wealth they thought to win me to delight ;  
But gold nor guifts could not my minde remoue,  
And I was linckt whereas I could not loue.

Methought his fight was lothfome to mine eie ;  
My hart did grudge against him inwardly.  
This difcontent did cause my deadlie strife,  
And with this wealth did cause a grieuous life.

My constant loue was on yong Strangwidge fet,  
And wo to him that did our welfare let :  
His loue so deepe a hold in me did take,  
I would haue gone a begging for his sake.

Wronged he was through fond desire of gaine,  
Wronged he was ene through my parents plaine.  
If faith and troth a perfect pledge might bee,  
I had beene wife vnto no man but hee.

Eternall God ! forgiue my fathers deede,  
And graunt all maidens may take better heede.  
If I had beene but constant to my friend,  
I had not matcht to make so bad an end.

But wanting grace, I fought my owne decay,  
 And was the cause to make my friend away ;  
 And he on whom my earthlie ioyes did lie,  
 Through my amis a shamefull death must dye.

Farewell, sweete George, always my louing frend,  
 Needs must I laud and loue thee to the end ;  
 And albeit that Page possfest thy due,  
 In fight of God thou wast my husband true.

My watery eyes vnto the heauens I bend,  
 Crauing of Christ his mercie to extend.  
 My bloody deede to me, O Lord ! forgiue,  
 And let my foule within thy kingdome liue.

Farewell, false world, and friends that fickle be ;  
 All wiues farewell ; example take by mee :  
 Let not the Deuill to murder you inspire,  
 Seeke to escape such foule and filthie mire.

And now, O Christ ! to thee I yeeld my breath,  
 Strengthen my faith in bitter pangues of death ;  
 Forgiue my faults and folly of my times,  
 And with thy blood wash thou away my crimes.

*FINIS.*

Printed by I. R. for Edward White.



## The Weauers Song

IN THE PRAISE OF LOUE AND FRIENDSHIP.

*To the tune of Apelles.*



WHEN Hercules did vse to spin,  
And Pallas wrought vpon the loome,  
Our trade to flourish did begin,  
While Conscience went not selling broome:  
Then loue and friendship did agree  
To keepe the bands of amitie.

L

When princes fons kept fheepe in field,  
 And queenes made cates of wheaten flowre,  
 Then men to lucre did not yeeld,  
 Which brought good cheere in euery bowre.  
 Then loue and friendship did agree, &c.

But when the gyants huge and hie  
 Did fight with speares like weauers beames,  
 Then they in yron beds did lie,  
 And brought poore men to hard extreames :  
 Yet loue and friendship did agree, &c.

Then Daud tooke his sling and ftone,  
 Not fearing great Goliaths ftrength ;  
 He pearc't his braine and broke the bone,  
 Though he was fifty foote in length.  
 For loue and friendship did agree, &c.

The whiles the Greekes befieged Troy  
 Penelope apace did fpin,  
 And weauers wrought with mickle ioy,  
 Though gains were flow in comming in.  
 For loue and friendship did agree, &c.

Had Helen then fat carding wooll,  
 Whose beauteous face did breede the strife,  
 Shee had not been Sir Paris trull,  
 Nor caus'd fo many lofe their life ;  
 Yet we by loue did ftill agree, &c.

Or had King Pryams wanton fonne  
    Been making quills with sweete content,  
He had not all his friends vndone,  
    When he to Greece a gadding went.  
For loue and friendship did agree, &c.

The cedar trees indure more stormes  
    Then little shrubs that sprout not hie :  
The weauer liues more voide of harmes  
    Then princes of great dignitie.  
While loue and friendship doe agree, &c.

The shepheard fitting in the field  
    Doth tūne his pipe with hearts delight :  
When princes watch with speare and shield,  
    The poore man foundly sleeps at night.  
While loue and friendship doe agree, &c.

Yet this by prooffe is dayly tride,  
    For Gods good gifts we are ingrate,  
And no man through the world so wide  
    Liues well contented with his state.  
No loue or friendship we can see  
    To hold the bands of amitie.



## Agincourt,

OR THE ENGLISH BOWMANS GLORY.

*To a pleasant new Tune.*

— o —



GINCOURT, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt,  
Where English flue and hurt  
All their French foemen ?

With their pikes and bills brown,

How the French were beat downe,

Shot by our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt,

Neuer to be forgot,

Or known to no men ?

Where English cloth-yard arrows

Killd the French, like tame sparrows,

Slaine by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt,

Where we won field and fort,

French fled like wo-men ?

By land, and eke by water,

Neuer was seene such slaughter,

Made by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt ?



Englilh of euery fort,  
High men and low men,  
Fought that day wondrous well, as  
All our old stories tell us,  
Thanks to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Either tale or report  
Quickly will show men  
What can be done by courage ;  
Men without food or forage,  
Still lusty Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Where such a fight was fought,  
As, when they grow men,  
Our boys shall imitate,  
Nor neede we long to waite ;  
They'll be good Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Where our fift Harry taught  
Frenchmen to know men ;  
And when the day was done  
Thoufands there fell to one  
Good Englilh Bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Huzza for Agincourt !

When that day is forgot  
 There will be no men :  
 It was a day of glory,  
 And till our heads are hoary  
 Praise we our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 When our best hopes were nought,  
 Tenfold our foemen,  
 Harry led his men to battle,  
 Slue the French like sheep and cattle,  
 Huzza ! our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 O, it was noble sport !  
 Then did we owe men :  
 Men who a victory won us  
 Gainst any odds among us :  
 Such were our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 Deare was the victory bought  
 By fifty yeomen.  
 Ask any English wench,  
 They were worth all the French :  
 Rare English Women !

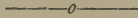
*FINIS.*

Printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield.



## A ioyfull new Ballad,

Declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galeazzo,  
 wherein Don Pedro de Valdez was the Chiefe, through the  
 mightie Power and Prouidence of God ; being a speciall  
 token of his gracious and fatherly goodnesse towards  
 vs: to the great encouragement of all those that  
 willingly fight in defence of his Gospell, and  
 our good Queene of England.



NOBLE England!

fall downe vpon thy knee,  
 And prayse thy God with thankfull hart  
 which still maintaineth thee.

The forraine forces  
 that seeke thy vtter spoyle  
 Shall then through his especiall grace  
 be brought to shamefull foyle.

With mighty power  
 they came vpon our coast :  
 To ouer runne our countrie quite,  
 they made their brag and boast.  
 In strength of men  
 they fet their onely stay,  
 But we vpon the Lord our God  
 will put our trust alway.

Great is their number  
 of shippes vpon the sea,  
 And their prouision wonderfull,  
 but, Lord ! thou art our stay :  
 Their armed souldiers  
 are many by account,  
 Their aiders eke in this attempt  
 doe fundrie wayes surmount.

The Pope of Rome,  
 with many blessed graines,  
 To sanctify their bad pretence  
 bestowde both cost and paines :  
 But, little Island,  
 be not dismayde at all ;  
 The Lord, no doubt, is on our side,  
 which soone will worke their fall.

In happie hower  
our foes we did discry,  
All vnder faile with gallant winde  
as they came passing by.  
Which fodaine tidings  
to Plymouth being brought,  
Full foone our Lord high Admirall  
for to pursue them fought.

And to his men  
courageously he faide,  
Now for the Lord, and our good Queene  
to fight be not afraide.  
Regard our cause,  
and play your partes like men.  
The Lord, no doubt, will prosper vs  
in all our actions then.

This great Galeazzo  
which was so huge and high,  
That like a bulwarke on the sea  
did seeme to each mans eie :  
There was it taken  
vnto our great reliefe,  
And diuers nobles, in which traine  
Don Pedro was the chiefe.

Strong was the stuft  
with cannon great and small,  
And other instruments of warre,  
which we obtained all :

A certaine signe  
of good successe, we trust,  
That God will ouer throw the rest,  
as he hath done the first.

Then did our nauie  
pursue the rest amaine,  
With roaring noise of cannons great  
till they neere Callis came.  
With manly courage  
they followed them so fast,  
An other mighty Galleon  
they made to yeeld at last.

And in distresse,  
for safegard of their liues,  
A flag of truce they did hang out  
with many mournfull cries.  
Which when our men  
did perfectly espye,  
Some little barkes they sent to her  
to board her presently.

But these false Spanyards,  
esteeming them but weake,  
When they within their danger came,  
their mallice foorth did breake.  
With charged cannons  
they layde about them then,  
For to destroy those proper barkes,  
and all their valiant men.

Which when our men  
perceiued so to bee,  
Like lions fierce they forward went  
to quite this iniurie ;  
And boarding them  
with strong and mightie hand,  
They killd the men vntill the arke  
did sinke in Callice sand.

The chieftest captaine  
of this Galleon so hye,  
Don Hugo de Moncaldo he  
in this fame fight did dye :  
Who was the generall  
of all the Galleons great,  
But through his braines with powders force  
a bullet strong did beat.

And many more  
by sword did lose their breath,  
And many more within the sea  
did swimme and tooke their death.  
There might you see  
the salt and foming floud  
Dyed and staine like skarlet red,  
with store of Spanish blood.

This mightie vessell  
was three score yards in length,  
Most wonderfull to each mans eie  
for making and for strength :

In her was placed  
    an hundred cannons great,  
And mightily prouided eke  
    with bread, corne, wine and meat.

There was of oares  
    two hundered, I weene,  
Three score foote and twelue in length  
    well meafured to be feene :  
And yet subdued  
    with many other more,  
And not a ship of ours loft :  
    the Lord be thankt therefore !

Our pleafant countrie,  
    fo fruitfull and fo faire,  
They doe intend by deadly warre  
    to make both poore and bare :  
Our townes and citties  
    to racke and facke likewise,  
To kill and murther man and wife  
    as malice doth auise.

And to deflower  
    our virgins in our fight,  
And in the cradle cruelly  
    the tender babe to fmite :  
Gods holy truth  
    they meane for to caft downe,  
And to depriue our noble Queene  
    both of her life and crownc.



Our wealth and riches,  
    which we enjoyed long,  
They doe appoint their pray and spoyle  
    by crueltie and wrong.  
To fet our houfes  
    a fire ore our heads,  
And cursedly to cut our throates,  
    as we lie in our beds.

Our childrens braines  
    to dash against the ground,  
And from the earth our memorie  
    for euer to confound :  
To change our ioy  
    to grieffe and mourning sad,  
And neuer more to see the dayes  
    of pleasure we have had.

But God almightie  
    be blessed euer more,  
Who doth encourage Englishmen  
    to driue them from our shore ;  
With roaring cannons  
    their hastie steps to stay,  
And with the force of thundring shot  
    to make them flie away.

Who made account  
    before this time of daye,  
Against the walls of faire London  
    their banners to display :

But their intent  
     the Lord will bring to nought,  
 If faithfully we call and pray  
     for succour, as we ought.

And you, deare brethren,  
     which beareth armes this day  
 For safeguard of your natiue foyle,  
     marke well what I shall say :  
 Regarde well your duties,  
     thinke on your countries good,  
 And feare not in defence thereof  
     to spend your dearest blood.

Our gracious Queene  
     doth greete you euery our,  
 And faith she will amongst you be  
     in every bitter stoure ;  
 Desiring you  
     true English harts to beare  
 To God and her, and to the land  
     wherein you nursed were.

Lord God almightie  
     which hath the harts in hand  
 Of every person to dispose,  
     defend this English land !  
 Bleffe thou our Soueraigne  
     with long and happie life,  
 Indue her Councell with thy grace,  
     and end this mortall strife.

Giue to the reft  
of Commons more or leffe,  
Louing harts, obedient mindes,  
and perfect faithfulnesse,  
That they and we,  
and all with one accord,  
On Sion Hill may fing the prayse  
Of our all mightie Lord.

Imprinted at London by R. I.



### The Good Shepeheard.



LONG the verdant fields all richly dide  
With Natures paintments, and with Floras  
pride ;  
Whose goodly bounds are liuely chryftall  
ftreames,  
Begirt with bowres to keepe backe Phœbus beames :

Euen when the quenchleffe torch, the Worlds great eie,  
 Aduanc't his rayes athwartly from the skie,  
 And by his power and heauenly influence  
 Reuiude the feeds of Springs decayed effence :

Then manie flockes vnite in peace and loue,  
 Not feeking ought but naturall behoue,  
 Past quietly, vnchargde with other care,  
 Saue of the feede within that pasture faire.

These flockes a shepheard had of power & skill,  
 To fold and feede and saue them from all ill ;  
 By whose aduise they liude, whose wholsome voyce  
 They heard, and feard with loue, and did reioyce

Therein with melodie of song, and praise,  
 And daunce to magnifie his name alwaies.  
 He is their guide, they are his flocke and fold,  
 Nor will they bee by anie else controlld ;

Well knowing that whom he takes care to feede,  
 He will preferue and saue in time of neede.  
 Thus liude this holy flocke at harts content,  
 Till cruell beasts, all set on rauishment,

Broke off their peace, and ran vpon with rage  
 Themselues, their yong, and all their heritage,  
 Slitting their throates, deuouring lambes and all,  
 And dissipating them that scapt the thrall.

Then did this iolly feast to fast transforme,  
 (So askt the fury of that ragefull storme)

Their ioyfull fong was turnd to mournfull cries,  
And all their gladnesse chang'd to welladaies.

Whereat heauen grieuing clad it felfe in blacke,  
And earth in vproare triumph'd at their wracke.  
What profits then the sheepehooke of their guide,  
Or that he lies vpon a beacons fide,

With watchfull eies to circumscribe their traine,  
And hath no more regard vnto the paine,  
To saue them from the daunger imminent,  
Say some, as are so often incident ?

Tis not for that his arme wants strength to breake  
All proud attempts that men of might doe make ;  
Or that he will abandon vnto death  
His owne, deare bought with the exchange of breath.

Nor must we thinke that though they dye they perish :  
Death dyes in them, and they in death reflourish,  
And this lifes losse a better life renues  
Which after death eternally enfues.

Though then their passions neuer sceme so great,  
Yet neuer comfort wants to swage their heate :  
Though strength of torments be extreame in durance,  
Yet are they quencht by hope and faithes assurance.

For thankfull hope, if God be grounded in it,  
Assures the heart and pacifies the spirit :

To them that loue and reuerence his name  
Prosperity betides, and want of flame.

Thus can no tyrant pull them from the hands  
Of mighty God, that for their safety stands,  
Who euer fees, and euer can defend :  
Them whom he loues he loues vnto the end.

So that the more their furie ouerfloweth,  
The more eche on his owne destruction soweth ;  
And as they striue with God in pollicie,  
So are they fooner brought to miserie.

Like as the sauage boar, dislodge from den  
And hotely chafed by purfuit of men,  
Runnes furiously on them that come him neare,  
And goares him selfe vpon the hunters speare.

The gentle puissant Lamb, their champion bold,  
So helps to conquer all that hurt his fold,  
That quickly they and all their progenie  
Confounded are, and brought to miserie.

This is of Juda the couragious Lion,  
The conquering Captaine, and the Rocke of Sion,  
Whose fauour is as great to Jacobs line,  
As is his fearfull frowne to Philistine.

*FINIS.*

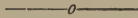
*T. B.*



## Salomons Housewife,

OR THE PRAISE OF A GOOD WIFE, AS SET FORTH IN  
HIS PROVERBS.

*Who can finde a vertuous woman, her price is  
about rubies.—Prov.*



**H**E that a gracious wife doth finde,  
Whose life puts vertue chiefe in ure,  
One of the right good houfwife kinde,  
That man may well him selfe assure,  
And boasting say that he hath found  
The richest treasure on the ground :



Whofo enioyeth fuch a loue,  
 Let him refolue with harts content,  
 She euer constantly will proue  
 A carefull nurfe and want prevent ;  
 With diligence and carefull heede,  
 Preuenting taft of beggers neede.

And while fhe liues fhe will procure,  
 By true and faithfull induftric,  
 Tencreafe his wealth, and to infure  
 His ftate in all fecuritie :  
 To feeke his quiet, worke his eafe,  
 And for a word no way difpleafe.

Her houfhold folke from floth to keepe  
 She will indeuour with good heede ;  
 At worke more wakefull then afleepe,  
 With place and ftuffe which houfwifes neede  
 To be employde : her hands alfo  
 The way to worke will others fhow.

Her wit a common wealth maintaines  
 Of needments for her houfhold ftore,  
 And, like a fhip, herfelfe containes  
 The riches brought from forraine fhore  
 Arriuing, with a bounteous hand,  
 Difpearfing treasure through the land.



Before the day ſhe will ariſe  
    To order things, and to prouide  
What may her family ſuffiſe,  
    That they at labour may abide.  
If ſhe haue land, no paines ſhall want  
To purchaſe vines, fet, fow and plant.

No honeſt labour ſhele omit  
    In aught ſhe can attaine vnto,  
But will eſſay with ſtrength and wit,  
    Adding the utmoſt ſhe can doe ;  
And if the profit comes about,  
By night her candle goeth not out.

A willing hand to the diſtreſt  
    She lends, and is a cheerfull giuer :  
Come winters cold and froſtie gueſt,  
    When idle houſwives quake and quiuer,  
She and her houſhold cloathed well,  
The weathers hardneſſe do expell.

Her ſkill doth worke faire tapeſtry,  
    With linnen furniſht of the beſt :  
Her needle workes doe beautifie,  
    And ſhe in coſtly ſkarlet dreſt :  
When ſenators aſſembled bee  
Her husbands honour there ſhele ſee.

Her fpinning fhall her ftore increafe ;  
     The fineft cloath fhall yeeld her gaine,  
 And daily profit fhall not ceafe,  
     Which her vnidle hands maintaine.  
 Her cloathing fhall her worth exprefse,  
 And honours yeares her end poffeffe.

Her mouth fhall neuer opened bee,  
     But wifedome will proceede from it ;  
 And fuch milde gracious wordes yeelds fhe,  
     Sweetneffe vpon her tong doth fit.  
 In age fhe will her care addrefse  
 To eate no bread of idleneffe.

Her children fhall their duty fhew  
     Moft reuerent to her all her life,  
 Her husband bleffe that he did know  
     The time to meete with fuch a wife ;  
 And vttering foorth his happineffe,  
 Her vertues in this wife exprefse.

I know tis true that more then one  
     Good houfwife there is to be found,  
 But I may boaft that thou alone  
     Aboue all women doft abound :  
 Yea, I proteft in all my dayes  
 Thou art the firft, and this thy praife.

What thing is fauour but a fhade ?  
It hath no certaine lafting hower ;  
Whereof is wanton beautie made,  
That withereth like a fommers flower ?  
When thefe shall end their date of dayes,  
She that feares God shall liue with prayfe.

And fuch a wife of worthie woorth,  
Due glories lot will to her fall,  
And great affemblies will giue forth  
What vertues shees adordnd withall :  
Her lifes renowne to fame shall reach,  
Her good example others teach.

May batchelors of each degree,  
In choofing of a beauteous wife,  
Remember, what is ioy to fee  
May lead to wofulneffe and strife :  
Beauty is not a braue outside ;  
Beauty within is beauty's pride.

*T. D.*

*FINIS.*

Printed for the Affignes of T. Simcocke.



## The Story of Ill May-day

In the time of King Henry viij, and why it was so called :  
and how Queene Katherine begged the Liues of  
two thousand London Prentices.

*To the tune of Essex good night.*

— o —

**D**ERUSE the story of this land,  
and with aduiscment note the same,  
And you shall iustly vnderstand  
how Ill May-day first got the name :  
For when King Henry th'eight did raigne,  
and rulde our famous kingdome here,  
His royall Queene he had from Spaine,  
with whome he liude full many a yere.

Queene Katherine, as our stories tell,  
fometime had beene his brothers wife,  
By which vnlawfull marriage fell  
an endlesse trouble during life :  
But fuch kinde loue he still conceiude  
of his good Queene and all her friends,  
It was in Spaine and France perceiude,  
and hither all their journey tends.

They with good leaue were suffered  
within our noble realme to stay ;  
Which multitude made victual deare,  
and all things els from day to day :  
For fstrangers then did fo increafe,  
by reafon of King Henries Queene,  
And all were priuiledgde in peace  
to dwell in London, as was feene.

Our tradefmen had fmall dealing then,  
and who but ftrangers bore the bell ;  
Which was a grieffe to Englifh men,  
to fee them here in London dwell.  
Wherefore, God wot, on May-day eue,  
as prentices on maying went,  
They made the magiftrates beleeeue  
they had no other bad intent.

But fuch a may-game it was knowne,  
the like in London neuer were ;  
For by the fame full many a one  
with loffe of life did pay full deere :

Then thousandes came with Bilbo blade,  
as with an army they should meete,  
And such a bloody slaughter made  
of straungers as fillde all the streete,

And made the channels run with blood  
in euery streete where they remainde ;  
Yea, euery one in danger stood  
that any of their part maintainde.  
The rich, the poore, the olde, the yong,  
beyond the seas if born and bred,  
By prentices there suffred wrong  
when armed thus they gatherd head.

Such multitudes together went,  
no warlike troopes could them withstand,  
Nor yet by pollicy preuent  
what they by force thus tooke in hand ;  
Till at the last King Henries power  
this multitude had compast round,  
And with the strength of Londons Tower  
they were by force supprest and bound.

Hundreds were hangd by martial law  
on sign posts at their masters doores,  
By which the rest were kept in awe,  
and frighted from such lewd vproars.  
Some others who their fact repented,  
two thousand prentices at least,  
Were all before the king presented,  
as Maior and magistrates thought best.

And two and two together tyde,  
    through Temple Bar and Strand they goe  
To Westminster there to be tryde,  
    with ropes about their neckes also :  
But such a crye in euery streete  
    till then was neuer heard nor knowne,  
By mothers for their children sweete  
    vnhappily thus ouerthrowne.

Their bitter moanes and sad laments  
    did reach the Court and places neare,  
Whereat the Queene her selfe relents,  
    though it concernd her countrey deare.  
What if, quoth shee, by Spanish blood  
    haue Londons stately streetes beene wet,  
Yet will I seeke faire Englands good,  
    and pardon for these young men get.

Or els the world will speake of mee,  
    and say Queene Katherine was vnkind,  
And iudge me still the cause to bee  
    these young men did misfortune finde  
And so, disrobde of rich attires,  
    with haire hangd downe, she sadly hies,  
And of her gracious Lord requires  
    a boone, which hardly he denyes.

The liues, quoth she, of all the bloomes  
    yet budding greene, these youths, I craue :  
O! let them not haue timelesse tombes,  
    for Nature longer limit gaue.



In faying fo the pearly teares  
 fell trickling from her princely eies ;  
 Whereat his gentle Queene he cheares,  
 and fays, Stand vp ! sweete Lady, rife.

The liues of them I freelie giue,  
 no man this kindneffe fhall debar :  
 Thou haft thy boone, and they may liue  
 to ferue me in my Bullein warre.  
 No fooner was this pardon giuen,  
 but peales of ioy rung through the hall,  
 As though it thundered downe from heauen  
 the Queenes renowne amongft them all.

For which, kinde Queene, with ioyfull hart,  
 fhee gaue to them both thankes & praife ;  
 And fo from them did gently part,  
 and liude beloued all her dayes.  
 And when King Henry ftood in neede  
 of trusty fouldiers at command,  
 Thefe prentices prou'de men indeede,  
 and feard no force of warlike band.

For at the fiedge of Tours in France  
 they fhewd them felues braue English men ;  
 At Bullein alfo did aduance  
 S. Georges glorious Standard then.  
 Let Turwen, Turney, and thofe townes  
 that good King Henry nobly wonne,  
 Tell London prentices renownes,  
 and all the deedes by them there donne.



Thus Ill May-day, and ill May games,  
    performde in young and tender dayes,  
Can be no let to all their fames,  
    or ftaines of manhood any wayes :  
But now it is ordained by law,  
    we see, on May-day Eue at night,  
To keepe vnruely youths in awe,  
    our Londons Watch in armour bright :

Still to preuent the like mifdeed  
    which once by head-ftrong young men came ;  
And thats the caufe, as I doe reade,  
    May-day hath got fo ill a name.  
So now hencefoorth we need to feare  
    no fuch mishap as they did bring,  
But peace and order euerie where,  
    and loyal harts vnto our King.



The desperate Damsells Tragedy,

OR THE FAITHLESSE YOUNG MAN.

*To the tune of Dulcina.*



IN the gallant month of June,  
 When sweet roses are in prime,  
 And each bird with severall tune  
 Harmoniously salutes the time,

then to delight  
my appetite  
I walkt into a meddow faire,  
and in the shade  
I spyed a maide,  
Whose loue had brought her to dispaire.

Shee her hands fate fadly wringing,  
Making piteous exclamation,  
Vpon a false young man for bringing  
Her into this great vexation.

Quoth she, false youth,  
Is there no truth  
In thee, of faith hast thou no share?  
no, thou hast none,  
tis to well knowne,  
For me, poore wretch, now in despaire.

How oftentimes hast thou protested  
That thou louest me well indeed?  
And I performed what was requested:  
Too much trust my woe doth breed.

I let thee haue  
what thou didst craue,  
Seduced by thy speeches faire;  
and hauing had  
thy will, false lad,  
At last thou leau'ft me in despaire.

My dearest iewell thou hast taken,  
Which should stand me in great stead,

And now thou haft me quite forfaken,  
 And art, like falfe Æneas, fled  
     from Dido true :  
     what can infue  
 This faithles deed ? but end my care :  
     like her, a knife  
     muft end my life,  
 For I, like her, am in defpaire.

Then, fith tis fo, come, gentle death,  
 I yeeld my felfe vnto thy power,  
 Moft willing to refigne my breath  
 I am this instant time and howre :  
     let thy keene dart  
     fuch force impart  
 That I may die, oh ! do not spare :  
     from earth I came,  
     and willing am  
 Hence to returne with grim defpaire.

When fhe thefe bitter words had fpoken  
 From her minde fo fraught with woe,  
 Her heart was in her bofome broken.  
 Teares abundantly did flow  
     from her faire eyes ;  
     then to the fkies  
 She did direct her hands with prayer,  
     and feem'd to moue  
     the pow'rs aboue  
 To fcouge the caufe of her defpaire.

THE SECOND PART. *To the same tunc.*

You Gods (quoth she) I inuocate,  
That as your iudgements still are iust,  
My wrongs, I pray you, vindicate.  
Oh, may no mayds that young man trust !  
                  henceforth may he  
                  fo wretched be,  
That none for him at all shall care,  
                  but that he may  
                  for his foule play  
Be brought, like me, to grim despaire.

Hauing made an end of praying,  
Suddenly she drew a knife,  
And I, that neere vnseene was staying,  
Ran in haft to saue her life ;  
                  but ere that I  
                  to her could cry,  
That her owne life she might forbear,  
                  shee, Dido like,  
                  her heart did strike :  
Thus dyde the damfell in despaire.

With such force her selfe she stabbed,  
Blood ranne out abundantly :  
My heart within my bosome throbbed  
To behold this tragedy.  
                  Yet though she bled,  
                  she was scarce dead,

But gasping lay with her last ayre,  
 and vnto me  
 shee spake words three,  
 Which shewed the cause of her despaire.

Sir (quoth she) muse not to see me  
 Desperatly my selfe to slay,  
 For this fatall stroake doth free me  
 From disgrace another way.  
 My honours dead,  
 my credits fledd,  
 Why therefore should I liue in care ?  
 this being spoke,  
 her heart strings broke :  
 Thus dyed the damfell in despaire.

When death had done his worst vnto her,  
 I did wishtly on her looke,  
 And by her fauour I did know her :  
 Therefore I my journey tooke  
 vnto the towne  
 where shee was knowne,  
 And to her friends I did declare  
 what dismall fate  
 had hapt of late  
 Vnto this damfell in despaire.

With brinish teares her friends lamented  
 To heare of her timelesse end,  
 And euery one in grieffe consented,  
 And with me along did wend

vnto the place  
where lay that face  
That late aliue was fresh and faire,  
now wanne and pale,  
caufe life did faile :  
Her life she ended in despaire.

When this was told to her false loue,  
He was of his wits befraught,  
And wildly ran the country ouer ;  
Home hee'd by no meanes be brought.

Let this tale then  
warne all young men  
Vnconstancy still to forbear,  
for he betraide  
this harmelesse mayde  
Vnto her death through grim despaire.

*FINIS.*

*M. P.*

London. Printed for H. G.

1627.





## Mans Creation, Adams Fall, and Christs Redemption.

In this Table is set forth three principall things:

First, mans Creation : secondly, Adams Fall :  
and, lastly, the happy restoring againe  
of all the faithfull by Christ to the  
vnchangeable loue of God.

*A Table fit for all Christians to know. .*



ALMIGHTIE God made by his Word  
All creatures that the earth afford :  
The dark and light was then divided,  
And thus by God it was decided.  
The light by him was called Day,  
The darknesse Night, and so they stay.



2.

And God saw all, and it was good,  
From man to beast and fruitfull bud :  
But Enuie then did Eue beguile,  
And Eue brought Adam to exile  
By eating that which was fore-told,  
That they with it should not be bold.

3.

Soone after this God did appeare,  
Then Eue and Adam did him feare ;  
And as He walk'd in coole of day  
Those sinners hid themselues away ;  
But God did call them here below,  
To tell him how they came to know.

4.

Thus then begins the Man to say,  
She whom thou gau'ft did I obay ;  
And Eue likewise excus'de the fact,  
Imputing it to Serpents act.  
And thus doe most, in Adams line,  
Shame not to say, *The fault's not mine.*

5.

But let all those thinke thus withall ;  
That God is free from Adams fall,  
Else how could he in truth proceede  
Against our Parents, as we reade ?  
He hates iniustice here below,  
And this his righteoufnesse doth show.

6.

Now, when our Parents tale was done,  
 Then iustly God procedes vpon :  
 The Serpent first he curst in place,  
 And made Eue subiect with disgrace ;  
 And man in sorrow labour must  
 All dayes of life, then turne to dust.

7.

And Death likewise the time shall rue,  
 For Christ alone shall it subdue :  
 This truth is knowne to Satans woe,  
 Since Christ hath broke his head also ;  
 For God did promise make to send  
 A godly feede, all strife to end.

8.

This Seede is Christ, free from all sinne :  
 What Adam lost, that Hee did winne  
 By keeping that without all blame,  
 Which neuer man could doe the same ;  
 And in our stead he paid our debt,  
 To set vs free from Satans net.

9.

God will not now, nor e'er hereafter,  
 Condemne vs for our sinnes by nature ;  
 For how can that with iustice stand,  
 When God shall twice one debt demand ?  
 Therefore, it now remaines with vs  
 That we belecue Christ hath done thus.

10

And thus beleeuing faithfully,  
Christs righteoufnesse we must apply ;  
For when we haue done all we may,  
On his obedience must wee stay,  
And those whose faith is found and true  
Doe practife still Gods lawes to doe.

11.

Of such as these doth God with speede  
Accept their will as for their deede,  
And though they sinne, for so doe all,  
Yet finally they shall not fall ;  
For by beleife in Christ aboute  
None can remoue these from his loue.

12.

O ! loue vs then of thy free grace,  
Whereby in heauen we may haue place,  
To praise thee still for thy free loue,  
And loue thy praise for e'er aboute.  
And now, good Lord, we craue no more,  
But loue vs for thy loue therefore.

*FINIS.*

*I. D.*



The Honor of the Inns of Court  
Gentlemen,

Or a briefe recitall of the Magnificent and Matchlesse Show,  
that passed from Hatton and Ely house in Holborne  
to Whitehall, on Monday night being the third of  
February, and the next day after Candlemas.

*To the tunc of our noble King in his Progressse.*



MY noble Muse, assist mee,  
that I may with credit  
vndergoe the taske.  
A humor hath possesst mee  
To write a new ditty  
of the triumphant Maske,  
Which lately was performed  
in high magnifiquie sort,  
To the honor of those gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

These noble minded gallants,  
to shew their true loue  
to our Royall King and Queene,  
Did largely spend their talents  
To make a faire shew,  
that the like was neuer seene.  
To set downe all exactly  
my skil comes far too short,  
To the honor of those gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

The next day after Candlemas,  
betwixt the houres  
of seuen and nine at night,  
This stately company did passe  
From Hatton-house in Holborne  
vnto White-hall in sight:  
Of such a peerelesse obiect  
no age can make report,

To the honour of those gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

A various crew of anticks all,  
which feuerall humors  
in shape did repretent,  
The number of them was not small,  
Which to the spectators  
gaue wonderful content :  
Each one in his due posture  
did shew exceeding sport,  
To the honor of those gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

A hundred sweet yong gentlemen,  
that all vpon great horses  
were mounted gallantly,  
Clad in white cloath of tiffue then,  
And red and white feathers,  
most glorious to the eye ;  
In equipage most sumptuous  
they past in solemne fort :  
These were the braue young gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

By two and two, and foure by foure,  
they slowly did ride  
on their proud and haughty steeds :  
Search all the lands in Europe ore,  
No men, both in person  
and face these men exceeds.

Their time was long in passing,  
yet people thought 'twas short,  
So much they prays'd the gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

The drums and trumpets loudly  
did found before  
this heroick company :  
The horses danced as proudly,  
As sensible  
of this high solemnity.  
Their fortune did attend them  
in braue and solemne fort,  
To the honour of those gentry  
that liue at the Inns of Court.

THE SECOND PART. *To the same tune.*

But that which admiration  
exact's from all men  
which saw or heard of it  
Was the charrets  
Which in fashion  
for mighty princes and conquerors most fit :  
The glory of this action  
exceedeth all report,  
To the honour of those gentry  
that liue at the Innes of Court.

And fixe there were in number :  
in those the maskers



themfelues did fit in ftate,  
 Which made the people wonder,  
 And rauifhed the fenfes  
     of all that there did waite.  
 The oldeft man aliue  
     cannot the like report,  
 To the honour of thofe gentry  
     that liue at the Innes of Court.

Two charets had foure horfes each,  
     that went by two and two :  
     the reft did goe by foure a breaft,  
 In order without any breach :  
 A thing which of all things  
     becomes a triumph beft ;  
 No one did breake aray,  
     but went in fober fort,  
 To the honour of thofe gentry  
     that liue at the Innes of Court.

Our gracious King, with his deare Queene,  
     did fit to behold  
     this fo beautiful fhow :  
 It ioy'd their hearts when they had feene  
 The true and loyal loue  
     that their fubiects to them owe.  
 Vnto their long liu'd credit  
     they fhewd their princely fport,  
 To the honour of thofe gentry  
     that liue at the Innes of Court.



Many thousand pounds of gold, tis thought,  
hath not the charge  
of this matchlesse maske defrayd ;  
Yet let no critick deeme that naught  
Which hath on a suddē  
employ'd so many a trade.  
Young people may hereafter  
vnto their young report  
The honour of those gentry  
that liue at the Innes of Court.

No prince throughout al Christendom  
can like to our King  
of so strange a triumph boast :  
Those strangers that doe hither come  
Wil spread our Ilands glory  
abroad in many a coast ;  
For al their quaint deuises  
to this must come farre short,  
To the honour of those gentry  
that liue at the Innes of Court.

*FINIS.*

*M. P.*



## An Excellent Medley

Which you may admire at (without offence)  
For every line speaks a contrary sense.

*The tune is Tarleton's Medley.*

—o—



IN summer time when folks make hay,  
All is not true that people say;  
The fool's the wisest in the play,  
tush! take away your hand.

The fdlers boy hath broke his bafe,  
Sirs, is not this a pitious cafe ?  
Moſt gallants loath to ſmell the mace  
of Wood-ftreet.

The City follows courtly pride ;  
Jone ſwears ſhe cannot John abide,  
Dick wears a dagger by his ſide :  
come, tell us what's to pay.  
The lawyers thriue by others fall,  
The weakeſt always goes to the wall,  
The ſhoo-maker commandeth all  
at's pleaſure.

The weauer prays for hufwiues ſtore,  
A pretty woman was Jane Shore,  
Kick the baſe rafcal out o' the door,  
peace, peace, you brawling curs !  
A cuckolds band wears out behind,  
Tis eaſie to beguile the blind,  
All people are not of one mind,  
hold, carman !

Our women cut their hair like men,  
The cock's ore-maſter'd by the hen ;  
Theres hardly one good friend in ten :  
turn there on the right hand.  
But few regard the cries o' th' poor,  
Will ſpendeth all [and ſomething more]  
The ſouldier longeth to go o're,  
braue knocking !

*An Excellent Medley.*

What shall we do in these sad days?  
 Will not the wicked mend their waies?  
 Some lose their lives in drunken frays;  
     the pudding burns to th' pot.  
 The cooper says the tubs [hold grist,]  
 The cobbler preaches what he lists,  
 Their knavery now is manifest;  
     hold, halter!

When the fifth Harry fail'd to France:  
 Let me alone for a country dance,  
 Nell will bewail her luckless chance,  
     fie on false-hearted men!  
 Dick Tarleton was a merry wag:  
 Hark how that prating ass doth brag,  
 John Dory fold his ambling nag  
     for kick-shaws.

The faylor counts the ship his house,  
 I'll say no more but Dun's the mouse,  
 He is no man that scorns a louse;  
     vain pride vndoes the land.  
 Hard-hearted men make corn so dear,  
 Few Frenchmen love well English bear;  
 I hope e're long good news to hear,  
     hey lustick!

Now hides are cheap the tanner thrives:  
 Hang those base knaves that beat their wives,  
 He needs must go that the Devil drives,  
     God bless us from a gun!

The beadles make the lame to run,  
Vaunt not before the battel's won,  
A cloud sometimes may hide the sun :  
    chance medley.

The surgeon thrives by fencing schools,  
Some for strong liquor pawn their tools,  
For one wife man there's twenty fools :  
    oh! when shall we be married ?  
In time of youth when I was wild,  
Who toucheth pitch shall be defil'd,  
Mol is afraid she is with child :  
    peace, Peter !

The poor still hope for better days,  
I do not love these long delays ;  
All love and charity decays,  
    in the daies of old.  
- Im very loath to pawn my cloak,  
Meer poverty doth me prouoke ;  
They say a scald head is soon broke,  
    poor trading !

Hark, mother, hark, there's news in town.  
What tell you me of half a crown ?  
Now the Excise is going down,  
    thou pratest like an afs.  
I scorn the coyn, giue me the man :

Pray pledge the health, fir ; I began :  
 I loue King Charles, fay what you can,  
 God faue him !

The Dutchmen thriue by sea and land,  
 Women are ships and must be man'd,  
 Lets brauely to our colours stand,  
     Courage, my hearts of gold !  
 I read in modern histories  
 The King of Sweden's victories :  
 At Iflington there's pudding pies,  
     hot custards.

The tapster is vndone by chalk.  
 Tush ! tis in vain to prate and talk,  
 The parrot prattles ; walk, knaues, walk.  
     Duke Humfrey lies in Pauls.  
 The fouldier hath but small regard,  
 There's weekly news in Pauls Church Yard :  
 The poor man crys the world goes hard,  
     cold winter !

Heigh for New England, hoyfe vp fail !  
 The truth is strong and will preuail,  
 Fill me a cup of nappy ale,  
     hang care ! the kings a comming.  
 This egg hath long a hatching been :  
 When you haue done, then wee'l begin,  
 Oh, what an age do we liue in !  
     hang pinching.

From Long-lane cloath and Turn-stile boots,  
O, fie vpon these scabbed coots !  
The cheapest meat is reddish roots,  
    come all for a penny.  
Light my tobacco quickly here.  
There lies a pretty woman near :  
This boy will come to naught, I fear,  
    proud coxcombe !

The world is full of odious fins,  
'Tis ten to one but this horse wins :  
Fools set stools to break wife mens shins ;  
    this man's more knaue then fool.  
Jane oft in priuate meets with Tom.  
Husband, thouart kindly welcome home,  
Haft any money ? lend me some,  
    I'me broken.

In antient times all things were cheap,  
'Tis good to look before you leap,  
When corn is ripe 'tis time to reap :  
    once walking by the way.  
A jealous man the cuckow loaths,  
The gallant compliments with oaths,  
A wench will make you fell your cloaths ;  
    run, broker.

The courtier and the country man ;  
Let's liue as honest as we can :

When Arthur first in court began,  
his men wore hanging fleues.  
In May when grafs and flowers are green,  
The strangest fight that ere was seen.  
God fend our gracious King and Queen  
to London !

*FINIS.**M. P.*

Printed at London for H. G.





## NOTES.

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PAGE 1. Two properne Ballettes. Neither date nor printer's name are appended to the broadside containing these two first Ballads; but the typography is obviously early, and they may be assigned to some year between 1530 and 1540—older, we apprehend, than the most ancient printed ballad the date of which has been ascertained.

P. 6. Hugh Syngelton, the printer of this broadside, was carrying on his trade about the year 1550; his first known work bears date 1553. Our specimen once formed the fly-leaf of a book, and part of the text is destroyed.

P. 8. This ballad was communicated to the editor by the late Dr. Maitland, at the time he was librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Under the imprint is placed the figure of Robert Copeland, as it appears on the title-pages of some of the other productions of his press. Dr. Maitland, at the same time, stated to the editor that there existed, in one of the Lambeth MSS., another copy with some variations: although it resembles the style of Skelton's "Now a dayes," (Works, i, p. 148), it has no name, nor initials, either to the printed or to the written copy.

P. 16. Respecting John Pit, or Pitts, see "Bibliographical Account," etc. ii, 172.

P. 21. Throgmorton was hanged, not beheaded as might be supposed from the wood-cut. The same wood-cut was used in 1641 on the title-page to a prose narrative of the death of Strafford, and for other similar productions, in prose and verse: at the earliest date, at which we have met with it, it had been much battered.

P. 28. We have no means of assigning to their real owner the initials W. M. at the end of this broadside, but the same letters follow some commendatory lines prefixed to F. Twyne's "News from the North", 1579 and 1582. There were two editions of this ballad in the same year, differing only verbally, though some of the changes are curious. One edition, probably the first, was reprinted in "Roxburghe Ballads", 1847, and the other is here given.

P. 29. The initials at the end of this elegiac poem are those of Richard Mulcaster; and he may have composed what is by no means a discreditable piece of versification.

P. 31. The late Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, gave the editor a copy of this droll and not ill-written ballad. It seems that the Society of Antiquaries has a proof of it, which contains a stanza more than the exemplar we have employed. The editor has also an old MS. of it, differing materially from both. It has no date, and the wood-cuts, both at the beginning and end, are not so old as the typography: yet the knight on horseback has the Tudor rose very obviously embroidered on the housings of his steed. We have seen it prefixed to old ballads of "Patient Griffell," published as late as 1640 or 1650.

P. 36. The place given to this head, on the broadside to which it belongs, seems to shew that it was intended for a likeness of Young Babbington, who was so dangerously energetic in the aid he attempted to give to the Queen of Scots: if so, it is, we apprehend, the only existing representation of his features. It was not given in 1840, when this ballad was first reprinted.

P. 41. The initials T. D. shew that this broadside was by Thomas Deloney, "the ballading silk-weaver", who generally availed himself of public executions in order to

profit by the occasion. We may notice here, that the registers of St. Giles Cripplegate shew that he resided in that parish, where his son Richard was christened on 16th October, 1586, the year of our ballad, and about a month after the execution therein commemorated.

P. 42. From Thomas Nash, we learn that Philip Stubbes, the author of this ballad (taken by Wright from an undated tract), was one of "the common pamphleters of London"; and, apparently by way of derision, Nash couples him with Deloney and Armin. Unquestionably, the verification of the piece before us has very humble pretensions to be called poetry: it is subscribed P. S. in the broadside, and not at length as in the tract, which contains another ballad by Stubbes.

P. 48. The most remarkable circumstance about this ballad is that it is in part founded upon the main incident in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"; while "Cymbeline" (unless the ballad be older, which hardly seems probable) is laid under contribution for another important circumstance. The conclusion, as regards the Green Knight, was probably derived from romance; Green Knights are mentioned both by Gascoigne and Warner. The original B. L., without printer's name, formerly passed through the hands of Thorpe, the bookseller; and the editor has a much corrupted copy of it, "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church-yard, Bow Lane, London," n. d.

P. 57. The two heads seem intended for likenesses of the man (a disguised Jesuit) who escaped from Bridewell, and of the woman who assisted him; they are in a separate frame, as if to distinguish them, especially, from the other twelve culprits. There is no name and no initials at the end of the ballad.

P. 63. Mr. Page of Plymouth was murdered by his wife, her paramour, and their accomplices, in February 1591, and they were executed at Barnstaple very soon afterwards; about which date this and the two ensuing ballads must have been printed. The whole story may be read in Vol. II of the "Shakespeare Society's Papers", p. 79; and the remembrance of it continued so fresh in 1599, that Ben Jonson and Dekker were then employed upon a tragedy containing the incidents. See Henslowe's Diary, p. 155, etc.

P. 73. "The Weaver's Song" was probably first printed in Deloney's "Jack of Newbury", of which the earliest notice seems to have been in 1595. From "Jack of Newbury" it was transplanted into a broadside, no doubt on account of its popularity.

P. 76. Henry Harper, whose name is found at the end of this broadside, was a publisher of ballads and chap-books as late as 1640 or 1650; but this animated historical effusion must have been very current before 1600, because it is quoted in Heywood's play of "The first part of Edward IV", of that date, Act II, sc. 2.

P. 79. There is a copy of this ballad in the British Museum, but of an edition different from the present, and with different ornamentation: we suspect that R. I. [Richard Jones], whose initials, as printer, are at the end of the copy we have used, pirated it with some variations from Edward White's first edition, which has T. D. at the termination, as the initials of Deloney, the author. R. I. did not venture to repeat T. D., and indeed did not avow his own name at length in connexion with the broadside, which he headed by a ship-of-war in full sail. The copy in the B. M. has no ship of war above the title.

P. 87. The letters T. B. at the end of this moral and



religious broadside are those of Thomas Beard, author of the "Theatre of God's Judgments", 4to., 1597. We had a MS. copy of the performance in our hands for many years, not knowing from whence it was derived, until we met with it a short time ago in the first edition of Beard's work.

P. 91. By Deloney; originally published as a broadside, and afterwards included in a volume called "Strange Histories" in 1607. The differences between the two copies are not of much importance, excepting that the concluding stanza, one of the best, was omitted in 1607. Simcocke, no doubt, reprinted from an earlier copy, which had the whole ballad as it came from the pen of its author.

P. 96. Also in "Strange Histories", 1607, but without the concluding quatrain, so that it is there imperfect, the last stanza having only four instead of eight lines. No doubt, when the broadside first came out, Queen Elizabeth was reigning, and was celebrated at the close: this portion was omitted in 1607, because King James was then on the throne; but when Goffson reprinted the ballad, about 1630 or 1640, he made the conclusion complimentary to Charles I. No copy is known which contains the original tribute to Elizabeth, and which must have appeared about 1597 or 1598.

P. 102. The initials at the end prove that this production was by Martin Parker, and the date shews that it must have been his earliest effort. It has nowhere been assigned to him, or even noticed, that we are aware of.

P. 108. By John Davies of Hereford, as we gather from his initials at the close. His earliest effusion was a sonnet to W. Parry, printed on the last page of his account (4to., 1600) of the voyage of the Shirleys: Parry's tract is fo

rare, in consequence of the order against it at Stationers' Hall (see Pref. p. xii), that it has not been recorded by some modern bibliographers: it was reprinted by the present editor a few years since. The sonnet by Davies occupies the last leaf.

P. 112. The procession which this ballad celebrates was for Shirley's Masque "The Triumph of Peace," performed at Whitehall on 3rd February, 1633. The ballad was one of Martin Parker's temporary effusions; and it was unknown to the Rev. Mr. Dyce when he completed Gifford's edition of Shirley's Works: it has not been included in any list of M. P.'s publications.

P. 118. We have never met with a specimen of a "Medley" in any ancient or modern collection of ballads; yet, from the time of Tarleton downwards, they were extremely popular, and the tune to which "Tarleton's Medley" (now lost) was sung was generally, as here, adopted by his imitators. One of the most successful was by the writer of this ballad, which contains the prominent lines of many popular performances, not a few of which will instantly occur to memory; such as "In summer time", "A pretty woman was Jane Shore," "Dick Tarleton was a merry wag," "When our fifth Harry sail'd for France," "John Dory sold his ambling nag," "When Arthur first in court began," etc., etc. The fac-simile of a street-musician at the head of this reprint, gives an exact and contemporaneous representation of the cumbrous "Lincolnshire bagpipe", the "melancholy drone" of which is celebrated by Shakespeare, Henry IV, Part I, Act I, sc. 2.













