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## BROADSIDE

## 3ilack=letter 〕iallads,

PRINTED IN THE

SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES;

CHIEFLY IN THE POSSESSION OF
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

ILLUSTRATED BY
Brigual datoodruts.


PRINTED (FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION)
BY THOMAS RICHARDS.
I 868.
$\because \because \quad \because \quad \because \vdots \vdots \vdots$
$\therefore$ 品：
F R E D ERIC O U V R Y, E S Q.,treasurer of the society of antiquaries,London,
this trifling tribute of high respectand Sincere affectionis dedicated by
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Maidenhead, if $\mathfrak{F a n}$. 1868.
auth peane, so te callethen, are of con Matitend "il for 1870
Meyduarfor
Ittank you for
acuptis m, tifilis book.
Ben an afow sond thing.
int Jam boun toray.
Thank que atio for
the B. B. Arer. Your name
rion my lutformy Bhae Serici.

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## PREFACE.



HE greater number of Ballads in the enfuing fmall affemblage is from the editor's collection : one or two have been derived from other private fources, and perhaps, as many from manufcript copies made forty, or even fifty, years ago. It will be found that they all poffefs fome features of intereft, while only a few, it muft be owned, are worthy of prefervation for their own feparate and poetical merits. Moft of them are unique, but two may be looked upon as unknown fecond editions of popular productions, which had juft previoufly appeared. Others eftablifh the fact that our old ftationers, now and then, reforted for attractive broadfides to works of a more permanent defcription.

Twenty years fince, in the introduction to a volume called " A Book of Roxburghe Ballads," the prefent editor entered tolerably fully into the origin and pro-
grefs of what may be called ftreet-ballad-literature in this country. He has now little to add to that effay, which fhowed that public ballad-finging was well received and underftood about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII ; but the following woodcut, derived from Caxton's " Mirror of the World," which obvioufly reprefents two ftreet-performers, male and female, one finging and the other playing, may carry us back at least to the year 148 r .


It would not, we think, be difficult to eftablifh that
fuch performances commenced with the commencement of our popular lyrical poetry. Upon this point it is not our purpofe here to enlarge ; but, coming down to the reign of Philip and Mary, we may note that our flatute-book contains evidence that the public authorities of that day took vigorous meafures to reftrain or fupprefs ballad-printing and ballad-finging, as objectionable upon both religious and political confiderations.

Our feries, if fuch it can be called, begins at about this period, although it comprifes no fpecimen of precifely that kind: our firft and fecond pieces are merely love-poems, our third is purely religious, and our fourth focial, political and religious : if we miftake not, it is one of the moft fingular early lyrical fatires in our language ; and being found only at Lambeth, it is not unlikely that it was forbidden by the archbifhop and other perfons connected with the government, although fill preferved in the library The figure of $R$. Copland, the printer, which we have placed at the end of it, was his own reprefentation of his perfonal appearance, prefixed to one of the works iffued from his prefs. It is not, however, our intention here to notice other peculiarities belonging
to productions in the hands of the reader, becaufe in our brief notes, at the clofe, we have, we hope, given all neceffary information. It would have been eafy to have drawn out this part of our fmall volume to any undefirable extent; but our intention was to render the notes as fhort, and yet as fatisfactory, as poffible. We have no room, and our readers, we apprehend, as little patience, for what is merely fpeculative and conjectural.

Our imitative woodcuts, we at once admit, have this defect-that although there is not one that is not derived from fome old ballad in our poffeffion, they are not fo ftrictly adapted to the places where they are found as we at firft intended. Our early printers of this ephemeral fpecies of literature may be faid to have been themfelves regardlefs of the applicability of their engravings: all they ufually wanted was fome attractive reprefentation or ornament ; and for this purpofe publifhers, like Lacy, Aldee, Symcocke, Trundle and the Goffons, were in the habit of buying up coarfe worn-out, and wormeaten woodcuts, and putting them at the head of any broadfide they would fit. The comparatively fmall fize of our page has fometimes unwillingly pre-
vented us from following, in this refpect, the example of our predeceffors, so as to give exact repetitions; but wherever it could be accomplifhed we have not neglected this point ; and it now and then feems to have happened, as regards the portraits of traitors and malefactors, that the original printers of broadfides went to the expenfe of engraving a likenefs of the party executed. In thefe cafes we have fcrupuloufly adhered to their method, and, as to all the reft, we have inferted nothing that is not warranted by fome fimilar publication of the time, and which had been repeatedly employed for the purpofe: thus, the fhip, on the forefront of the ballad celebrating the capture of "the great Galeazzo," p. 79 , is found at the head of other broadfides, as well as on the title-pages of fome pamphlets, fuch, for inftance, 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 ftriking proof of the inattention by old printers to relationfhip between letter-prefs and woodcuts, we may flate that the fubfequent excellent and characteriftic defign, about the year i650, 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 fong upon, or againft, drinking, it would not have feemed fo outragioufly inappropriate ; and
in s 635 Raworth very properly made it the centre of the title-page of T. Heywood's " Philocothonifta, or the Drunkard opened, diffected and anatomifed."

The excellent and liberal manner in which Mr. Huth has recently made his vaft ftore of ballads acceffible to the Philobiblon Society, unqueftionably inftigated the prefent editor to purfue a fomewhat fimilar method with his very infignificant, yet fomewhat peculiar, acquifitions of the like kind. He had originally intended to extend his feries from 1550 to 1660 ; but the expenfe of his undertaking has exceeded his calculation, and he is thereby induced to poftpone the completion of his purpofe 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 balladwriters, bookfellers, and printers, derived from the Regifters of the Stationers' Company (which he carefully examined more than twenty years ago) he could not refift the temptation of appending them. It will be feen that the information, though fcanty, (and never till now noticed) is entirely mifcellaneous, and is fcattered through the volumes without much
connexion or any regularity. There feems a long interval between 1580 and I594, regarding which we poffefs little or no information ; but it was, neverthelefs, a period during which the production, purchafe, and performance of ftreet-ballads were continued with unabated diligence and eagernefs.

$$
\text { I5 Junij } 1578 .
$$

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

## 2 Die Augufti 1578.

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

20 Sept. 1578.
Ric. Jones. He is fined to pay $5 s$. for printinge a booke and a ballat of A Araunge Dream of a Shepherd, a ballat of Theating of the hare, and another, Maydenly Counfcll; the which four thinges he printed without lycence.

Primo Die Decembr. 1578.
Jhon Charlwood. At a Court holden this day the faid Jhon Charlwood, for printinge a booke of Fourboyfors Voiage without lycence, is fyned to paie 5s. pd .

3 Augufti 1579.
Edward White. Received of him for printinge a ballat of Halfpenny and Silucr, contrary to order of this Cumpanie, 5 s.

9 Aug. 1579.
Yarrath James. Roger Ward. The Court ordered Ward to pay to James ios., to put an end to a controverfy touchinge a ballad of Thenterteinment of the Frenchmen.

Io Augufti 1579.
Edw. White. Receyvinge of him for printing a ballad of Tho. Appletree without licence xiid. Pd.

6 Dec. 1585.
Mr. $\mathrm{Da}[w]$ 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 affigned to Denham, on condition that he pay $£$ io for the printinge of the bookes, and $40 s$. for his intereft in them.

## 7 Augufti 1592.

Whereas John Danter is appointed to print the Instruction of a Xtian woman and Ozid's Metamorphofes for the company, yt is agreed that, uppon the finifhing of thefe bookes, he fhall pay vjd. in the $l i$. to thufe of the poore, according to order.

$$
5^{\circ} \text { Febr. I } 593
$$

Upon the letters of Mr . Wilbraham, yt is ordered that Toby Cooke (and none other) fhall haue the
printinge of the Truthe of the murther of Robert Hayton, as yt fhall be found and deliuered to the faid Toby by the faid Mr. Wilbraham. And that yf any fhall prefume to meddle therewith he fhalbe ftaied.

## 12 May 1594.

Edw. White. At a Court holden this day it is ordered that Edward White fhall 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 promifed to deliver to Mr. Warden.

## iij ${ }^{\circ}$ die Februarij 1594.

Gaul Amadis de. At a full court holden this daie, uppon the hearinge of the Controverfie betwene Adam Inlipp and Edward Aldee concerninge the firf foure Bookes of Amadis de Gaule, yt is ordered by this Court that the faid Adam Inlip fhall printe the Sccond parte of Amadis de Gaule. And likewife that the faid Edward Aldee fhall print firfl, third and fourtlue Bookes of Amades de Gaulc. And the faid Adam to print all the reft, to the Twelfthe parte or Booke. Adam Islip. Ed. Alldf.

Tobie Cooke, Robt. Rofwell. The matter in controuerfie betwene the faid parties ys, by their confentes, referred to the hearinge and determination of Mr . John Harrifon thelder, and Mr. Watkins. And the faid parties haue agreed to ftand to their order. Memorand. that the Controuerfie is about an Ariofo in Englifhe in Coulours.

Primo Marcij 1595.
Abell Jeffes. To haue $2 s$. gyuen him who, here this day, made petition for reliefe, beinge in prifon.

Io Die Aprilis 1597.
Blackwell. William Blackwell is fyned to pay $2 s$. $6 d$. for fellinge of ballades called Lufie Larrance.

$$
2 \text { April I } 598 .
$$

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

$$
25 \text { Junij } 1600 .
$$

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 fhalbe brought in and burnt, and that either of the Printers, for their diforders in printinge yt, fhall pay 5 s. a pece for a fine. And that Mr: White, for his offence and diforder in felling, fhall pay ios. for a fine. And their imprifonment is refpited.

4 Marcij 1600.
Humours Blood. Twenty-nine Stationers are fyned $6 d$. 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 roiage, and bring all the copies into the hall.

I Marcij 160 I.
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, fhall lofe the fame. And that the faid Ballads fhalbe difpofed accordinge to the difcretion of the Wardens and Affiftantes.

$$
5 \text { Dec. } 1603
$$

Jo. Smithick, Jo. Brown. Fined ios. 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. Syms. An order made againft him for The Welch Bate, and the ballades of The Traitors arrayned at Winchefter.

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 fuch ballad has been difcovered, and probably the order to Valentine Simmes againft its publication was effectual : that there ever exifted fuch a production has not, we believe, been noticed by the biographers of the difcoverer of Guiana, and the patron of Spenfer.
J. P. C.

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## $\mathfrak{C w o}$ propernue Lsalleteg.


. HATH my herte in holde, So fure I can not farte,
Whiche caufeth me to be bolde With louers for to take parte.
B. hath me bounde fo fure

Thorowe Venus ordynaunce, That in paynes I muft endure There for to take my chaunce.

The paynes they be fo ftronge
And paynefull vnto me, That I thynke I haue great wronge Yf on me fhe have no petie.

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 fubftaunce, 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 vinto my loote, Then wolde I be moft fayne To knyt an endles knotte.

And yf I get no grace Of her whom I loue beft, My herte is in a wofull cafe, Neuer lyke for to lyue in reft.

Therfore, Venus, I the requyre, The gods of this arte, That foone thou wylte appere To ftryke her with thy darte.

For to caufe her haue fome ructh, And graunt to me her loue, That meanes nothynge but trueth, By God that is aboue.

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

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

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

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

FINIS.

## ©lje Letter of a mourr.



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

Your luftye loke and fmerkyng 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 lufty 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 fyyll, fo god me faue: Alas, let not my loue be loft, But yours agayne that I may hatue.

The time paft 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 countenaīce 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 wherefocuer I fuppe or dyne, My hert with you thall 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 fmart.

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 toung can tel : Gentyll louer, do not caft me awaye.

My herte is locked within your breft, And clofly clofed your body within : There would I fayneft take my refte 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 fhal repent For lokyng aboue my pore degre.
Be trewe to me in this dyftres, And leue me not here comfortles.


## Clye praxer of tye proplyet Fante,

wrytten in the ix chapter of his Prophecie, no leffe Godly then neceffary for all men at this prefent.

Oratio Daniclis, Cap. ix.
$\qquad$
LORD, that art our God, ryght fearefull and cke myghtic,
which euermore doft kepe ful fure thy couenaunt \& thy mercie
With the that loue the $\&$ kepe thy commaundemētes, but we hauc all departed from thypreceptes \& judgemētes.

Ah, we haue finned, lord, and the offended fore : we haue bene difobedient, and gone backe euermore. We had yet neuer wyll our felfes to trade and frame to here thy fervauntes the Prophets, whiche truly in thy name
Dyd fpeake vnto our kynges and princes through the land, that they fhould viderftand belongtl vito thy name is due but open flame owe at thiffame daye well perceyue we maye falem do dwell all Ifraell.
I meane, O lord, Jerufalem, which is thyne holy hyll, And whye? even for our fynnes and for the wickedneffe of oure forefathers, nowe is all this citie in diftreffe, And we thy people all abhorred be throughout all nacions and peoples eke, that dwell vs round about: Nowe, therfore, O thou God of our faluacion, heare this the prayr of thy feruaunt and fupplicacion, And let thy face, O lord mofte glorioufe, in haft vpon thy fanctuarye fhyne, whiche nowe lieth voyd and waft.
O lord my God, I faye, fome pitie on vs take, inclyne thyne eare, difclofe thyne eye, at leaft for thyne owne fake.
Beholde, O lorde, howe we, confunded be with fhame, yea, and the citie whiche alfo is called after thy name. We do not caft our prayers, O lord, before thyne eyes, trustyng in our owne ryghtuoufnefs, but in thy great mercies.

O God, bowe down thyne eare; O lord, forgeue our wrong ;
confidre, lord, our miferies, and tary not to long.
My God, for thyne owne fake, make haft to do the fame, for thy citie and people both be called by thyne owne name.

- Finis orationis Danielis.

ब Imprinted at London in Temeftretc by Hughe Syngelton, at the fygne of the dobbell hood, ouer agaynft the Stylyard.

## © $\mathfrak{C l e}$ new guyge nome a 边aves.



E Englifhmen, that holde Our auncient cuftomes olde More precious then golde, Be cleane caft away; And other new be fand, Which, ye may vnderftand, Caufeth all our land So greatly to decay.

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

The which toke in hand
Prouifion fhold be fand
For to inhabit this land, And this was all their caft.

To bylde churches ftrong.
With folemne belles rong,
Deuine fervice fong,
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 fuch ordynance,
That euerie man with reuerence
Vnder the law and obedience
Their prince fhould obay ;
And while this people pure, Their goodnes did endure, So long, I you enfure, This land might not decay.

Than the king fet good price By noble men and wyfe, And after their deuife

He did gouerne him felfe :
He wold not forfake
Their counfell to take:
They wold no fatute make
But for the common welth.

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

Mery hartes were then to ryde
Thorough townes and cyties wide,
Replenifhed on euery fyde
With caftels and towers hie;
But now are the captaynes gone, There is not lefte the $\mathrm{x}^{\text {th }}$ at home :
The goodly towers of lime and ftone,
A long on the ground they lye.
Caftels now be not fet by,
The caufe is well knowne why :
Sithe they be downe, let them lye,
They ftop not my way.
They food my fathers time before :
If they doe mine, I anke no more,
And fo of them men kepe no ftore,
For with caufe they do decaye.
The people liue in variaunce
For lacke of perfeueraunce :
Simple is their gouernaunce,
And worfe is their entent.

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

The fpiritualty their minliuing, To the temporalty enfample giuing, And thus eithers worke reprouing, They lyue in bate and ftrife. The lay men fay that prieftes jet, All filhe that commeth to net: They fpare nought they can get, Whether maide or wife.

Men fay priors and abbotts bee Great ingroffers in this countrie : They vfe bying and felling openlye:

The Church hath the name.
They are not content with their poffeffion, But add thereto by oppreffion, * Still gaping for promotion, Vnto our landes great fhame.

And in like wife the commynaltie Apply them felues right conftantlie To learne crafte and fubtiltie, Their neighbours to begyle : The fifter will begyle the brother, The childe will begyle the mother, And thus none will truft an other, If this world laft a whyle.

Temporall lords be well nie gone:
Houfeholdes keepe they fewe or none,
Which caufeth many a poore man
For to begge his bread.
If he fteale for his neceffity,
There is none other remedy,
But the law will very fhortly
Hang him all faue the head.
And fome people, with great crueltie, Vfe the law with extremitie, The world is all without pitie :

Of God they haue no drede. In fuch pryde the world is brought, By able men they fet right naught, Which ere long wilbe forthought If of them they fhall haue nede.

The miforder of euerie cytie
Cawfeth great dearth and pouertie.
And alas! it is great pitie
That rich men bee fo blynd:
Which for their pride and fulfome fare, Will plucke their neighbours bare,
And thus the people punifhed are,
And quickly brought behind.
A rich man without wifedom,
A wife man without difcretion,
A foole naturall for his promotion
A ruler thall become:

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

Now is made marchandife
Bying and felling benefice :
A lay man will therein enterprife
That knoweth not the charge.
Craftes men now doe keepe a cure, That with fuch things were neuer in vre: So he haue the tythe, ye may be fure

The paryfhe goeth at large.
Great men now take no heede How ill fo euer the commons fpeede, A poore man dare not fpeake for drede, For nought can they recouer.
Some gratious man fet to his hand, That good prouifion may be fand, Or els farewell the welth of the land, Cleane vndone for euer!

Leaue the law, and vfe will :
To be perjured it fhall not kill, So that I may my bagges fill,

And heyers to promote:
An other day then fhall he
Be a ruler after me,
And fo the poore comminaltie
Be troden vnder fote.

Enuy wayith wondrous ftrong, 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 theepe cote of the church.
The places that we rightfully call Places of Chriftian buryall, Of them they make an oxes fall :

Thefe men be wonders wife. Commons to clofe and them to keepe, While poore folke cry for bread \& weepe: Towns pulled downe to pafture fheepe, This is the new guyfe.

Alyents alfo have 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 commoditec

Doth cleane vndoo our felfe.

Marchants all vfe fubtilty :
The Church liueth vicioufly, The commons are in pouerty :

This land gocth to waft.

Marchaunt men trauell the countree, Ploughmen dwell in the citie, Which will deftroy us all fhortlie, As will be feene in haft.

To gather good great men be wyfe, But yet they can no thing deuife, That of their owne witt fhall arife

For a common weale.
Their wittes on that they will not breake, But if a man againft them fpeake, Other remedy fhall he none feeke, But be carried ftraight to iaile.

Imprinted by me R. Copland.



## a praver 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 Chrift Iefus: to be fung the xvii day of November 1577.
Made by I. Pit, minifter.
I exhort that fupplications, prayers and interieffons, and gining of thankes be made for Kings and for all that bee in authoritie, that wee may lead a quiet and peaceable lyfe in all sodlynes and honeftie. I Tim. 2, chap. I, 2 verfes.

Sing this as the foure fcore and one Pfalme.


E light and glad, in God reioyce,
which is our ftrength and ayd, with ioyefull and moft pleafant heartes let it be forth now faid:

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

Wee praife thee, God, wee knowledge thee the only Lord to bee
for thy great mercy on vs fhewde, as this day wee may fee.
To thee wee cry, and alfo gyue moft high thanks, laud and prayfe
for thy good giftes, which wee receiue both now and all our daies.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!
fhalbe our dayly fong
for thy good giftes beftowed on vs this ninetene yeres now long ;
And for our Queen Elizabeth, which fo long time hath been, through thy good prouidence, O Lord! our good \& gracious Queen.

The company of hygh and lowe doe prayfe thy holy name,
both yong and olde, both riche \& poore with heart do euen the fame,
Acknowledging thy maieftie to be the only ftay through Chrift our Lord \& Sauiour, our light, our trueth, our way.

The holy ghoft our comforter doth teach vs all in deed
how we fhould walke in thy true feare, and call on thee in need,
For that our finnes moft 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 gofpell to maineteine :
In true obedience of the fame together we may lyue, with long lyfe and moft perfitte ioye, O Lord! vnto her giue.

And giue vnto her councell grace, through working of this fprite, in gofpels lore and common wealthe to haue a great delight ;
The fame to bring in perfite ftate, and fo the fame to ftay againft all wicked perverfe men, good Lord! graunt this we pray.

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

And let vs all moft ioyfully with hearts tryumph and fay,
thy name be bleffed now, O Lord! for this moft ioyfull day.

Wee magnifie thee euery one, and wil do while wee lyue, for thy great mercy fhewde on vs for this gift thou didft 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 fhee whole truft :
faue and keepe her, O Lord, therefore for thy mercies moft iuft.

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

Then fhall wee fing with ioyfull hearts All glory be to thee
the Father, Sonne, and holy Ghoft which be in perfons three!
As it hath bene in all the time that hath bene heretofore, as it is now, and fo fhalbe hence forth for euermore.

Amen.

I Theffalonians the v Chap. 16,17 and 18 verfes.
Reioyce eucr. Praye continually. In ail things giue thankes, for this is the will of God in Chrift Iefus tozeards you.
FINIS.

Imprinted by Chriftopher Barkar.
Alowed by authoritie.


## שuglands Lamentation

For the late Treafons confpired againft the Queenes Maieftie by Frances Throgmorton: who was executed at Tyborne, on the ro day of July, Anno 1584.
To the tune of Weepe, zueepe.
ITH brinisfhe teares, with fobbing fighes, I, Englande, plunge in paine,
To fee and heare fuch fecret fectes amongft my people raine.

Now being in my golden prime where nectar fweete doth flowe, And where Gods facred worde is taught, eche Chriftians ioye to fhowe. Pray, pray, and praife the Lord, \&c.

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

Pray, pray, \&c.
Who to the facred worde doth ftande with zeale and godly minde, Maintaining truth, embracing faith, and to eche fubject kinde.
Alas! why then, my people deare, what is the caufe you fwerue
Againft the Lords annoynted, fo your owne felfe willes to ferue ? Pray, pray, \&c.

Haue you not peace and plentie ftore, which other realmes do want?
Haue you not worldly pleafures more, whereof there is no fkant?
Haue I not foftered 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 ftay,
Which loueth me, which cares for you, and prayes for vs eche day?
What is the caufe fuch mifchiefes then, among you doe remaine ?
Truely the fulnes of the flefh, which you fo much obtaine.

Pray, pray, \&c.

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

Pray, pray, \&c.
How many mifcheefes are deuifed! how many wayes are wrought!
How many vilde confpiracies againft her Grace are brought !
Yet God that rules in heauens aboue, lookes downe on earth below,
And dauntes them in their wickedneffe, and his great power doth fhowe.

For when hir highnes doth not fee what dangers are at hande,
Then doth he fhewe by fecret meanes,
thofe perils to withftande;
And will not let his chofen flocke
to perifhe on the earth,
And doth her fecret foes confounde, by doome of fhamefull death. Pray, pray, \&c.

As late was feene by Arden he, and Sommeruile alfo,
Who did pretende to kill my Queene, and worke her fubjects woe :
But God, who doth her ftill defende, her Grace he did preferue,
And wrought a fhame vnto them all, as they did beft deferue.

Pray, pray, \&c.

Throgmorton lately did confpire to ouerthrowe the State :
That ftrangers might inuade the realme vpon an euening late,
And lande in places where he knewe the realme was fomething weake ;
The fecret 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 ftates of all that he did knowe :
What frends in England they thould find, what power they muft neede,
Our Queene thereby for to difplace : this was a treacherous deede. Pray, pray, \&c.

He fought to difpoffeffe my Queene of dignitie and crowne,
And place a ftranger on her throne, to tread her people downe.
Ireland and Scotland by aduife, the enemie fhould inuade;
Then into England bring a power, as he the plot had laide. Pray, pray, \&c.

Thefe were the treafons which he wrought my good Queene to difplace;
To fpoyle the ftate of all this realme, fuch was his want of grace :
But God, who doth protect me fill, offended at the fame,
Euen in his yong and tender yeeres, did cut him off with fhame. Pray, pray, \&c.

O thou, Throgmorton, wicked youth! why didft thou this defpight ?
Why did the feare of God and prince, depart fo from thy fight?

No rebelles power fhall her difplace ; God will defende her ftill :
Her fubiectes all will lofe their liues, ere traytors haue their will. Pray, pray, \&c.

And though he florifht for a time, in feeking his intent,
When to the pits brinke that he came, God did his worke preuent :
And did preferue in fpight of him, his chofen veffell pure,
That the might florifh fill in peace my comfort to procure.

Pray, pray, \&c.
When as the fervants of the Lorde, I meane the Children three,
Were put into the fierie ouen, deftroyed for to bee,
Then fierie flames did them no harme, they fung and prayed with ioye;
And thofe which ftood to worke their woe, the blafes did deftroye.

Pray, pray, \&c.
And when the children of the Lord King Pharao did purfue,
To drowne them in the foming floods, God was a captaine true:
The waues like walles ftood on eche fide, and they free paffage founde,

Whilft Pharao with his mightie hofte came after, and were drounde. Pray, pray, \&c.

Euen fo 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 fhamefull ende. Pray, pray, \&c.

And though fuch impes do worke her fpight ten thoufande kinde of waies;
Yea, though the deuill him felfe do fight to fpoyle her golden daies ;
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong, their courage foone fhall quaile :
So long as God ftands on her fide, what power can preuaile? Pray, pray, \&c.

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

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

And with new warning take new hearts, olde venomed minds deteft ;
Efchue all finne, encreafe good workes, that you in peace may reft.
From all olde cuftomes that are euill, put on the new man Chrift :
And newly change your former liues, and learne to pleafe the higheft.

Pray, pray, \&c.

> FINIS.
W. M.

At London, imprinted by T H.



##  



F euer Realme had caufe to rue The death and loffe of any one, Then hath this realme juft caufe and true This worthy dead man to bemone, By whom fuche treafure theyr is lofte, As fcant the lyke in Englandes cofte.

A heade where learned Pallas fate, And fettled wyfdome dwelte lykewife, And grounded fkyll for cōmon ftate That with forecafte coulde well deuyfe:

Where learnynge fyttes, with kkyll \& 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 ftoppe nor ftaye
To gyue aduife in tyme of nede:
A fytter matche there coulde not be Then tonge and wyll, thus to agree.

A hearte mofte earneft to mayntayne Goddes trueth, and his vnfpotted lawe :
No hope of mede, no feare of payne, From care of that coulde hym withdrawe.

O bleffed realme, whofe rulers be So zelous in that thinge as he !

A man mofte redy to defende
A ryght, and here a poore mans caufe;
No threatnynge foe, no fawnynge frende,
Coulde make hym do agaynfte the lawe.
As lawes defende a trueth and ryght, So lawyers fhulde, 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 lofte a worthy wyght ;
And that whiche is the greateft gryefe, Goddes worde hath loft a membre chiefe.

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

To heauen, we fe, the neareft waye
Is vertue then ; there is no naye.

> FINIS. R. M.


## $\mathfrak{C h e} \mathfrak{C o b l e r}$ of $\mathfrak{C o l c h e s t e r}$.

A merry new Song, wherein is fhewed the forowfull cudgelling of the Cobler of Colchefter by his Wife, for the eating of her Apple Pye.
To a pleafant new Tune called Trill lill.


ALKING abroad, not long agoe, It was my chance to fpye A Coblers wife, with crabbed looke, How fhee her ftrength did trie: A cudgell great fhe had in hand, Both ftrong and tough withall,

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

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

Now, Cobler, quoth this cruell queane, Tell mee, and do not lye,
How thou doft like the eating of My owne fweete apple pye ?
O wife! quoth hee, the worft to mee That euer I did taft :
I will be ware, if thou me fpare, How I do make fuch wafte.
To faue his life then fome come in, For feare fhe would him kill, Where banging about with courage ftout, She cryde, My hartes, trill lill!

Now, fye for fhame! you are to blame
Your husband thus to bang.
Tis better beare fome blowes, fhe faid, Than he hereafter hang:
A jewell he did breake and fpoile, Which I efteemed deare,
And I will not forgiue the fame,

- No, not this twenty yeare.

You need not blame, though I fhould lame The old knaue for this ill.
Then banging about with courage ftout, 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 tafting of a cuftard fmall, She for her felfe did keepe, She hath mifus'd me, as you fee, And made me bleede \& weepe.
Thus in defpight fhe takes delight To plague me at her will,
And euer fhe cryeth, as on me fhe flyeth, Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

Gip with a murrain, knaue! fhe cryes, Muft your old chaps be fed
With cuftards and with apple pyes ?
A rope fhall ftretch 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 fhe began her owne good man to courfe him at her will ;
And euer fhe cryeth, as on him fhe flyeth, Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

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

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

Leaft with that wife he fell at ftrife, 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 fhop in Paules Church-yard.



## $\mathfrak{A}$ proper $\mathfrak{n e w}$ Lballad,

breefely declaring the Death and Execution of 14 moft wicked Traitors, who fuffered death in

Lincolnes Inne feelde neere London:
the 20 and 21 of September, 1586.
To the tune of Weep, weep.


EIOYCF in hart, good people all, fing 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 firft that died for treafon to our Queene.

O praife the Lord with hart and minde, fing praife with voices cleere,
Sith traitcrous crue haue had their due, to quaile their partencrs checre.

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

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 praife, \& 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 praife, $\mathcal{F} c$.

Confounding fhame fall to their fhare, and hellifh torments fting,
That to the Lords annointed fhall deuife fo vile a thing!
O Techburne! what bewitched thee, to haue fuch hate in ftore,
Againft our good and gratious Queene, that thou muft dye therefore?

O praife, \& $c$.

What gaine for traitors can returne, if they their wish did win ;
Or what preferment should they get by this their trecherous finne?
Though forraine power loue treafon well, the traitors they difpife,
And they the firft that should fuftaine the fmart of their deuife.
$O$ praife, $\& c$.

What caufe had Tilney, traitor ftout, or Abbington likewife,
Againft the Lords annointed thus fuch mifcheef to deuife;
But that the Deuill inticed them fuch wicked woorks to render;
For which thefe feuen did fuffer death the twentith of September.

O praife, $\mathcal{E} c$.

Seauen more the next day following were drawen from the Tower,
Which were of their confederates, to dye that inftant hower :
The firft of them was Salsburie, and next to him was Dun,
Who did complaine moft earneftly of proud yong Babington. O praife, \& $c$.

Both Lords and Knights of hye renowne he ment for to difplace ;
And likewife all our towers and townes, and cities for to race.
So likewife Iones did much complaine of his detefted pride,
And shewed how lewdly he did liue before the time he died. O praife, $\mathcal{E} c$.

Then Charnock was the next in place to talte of bitter death,
And praying vnto holy Saints, he left his vitall breath.
And in like maner Travers then did fuffer in that place,
And fearfully he left his life with croffing breaft and face. $O$ praife, $\mathcal{E} c$.

Then Gage was ftripped in his fhirt, who vp the lather went,
And fought for to excufe him felfe of treafons falce intent.
And Bellamie the laft of all did fuffer death that daye;
Vnto which end God bring all fuch as wifh our Queenes decay! O praife, \&c.

O faulce and foule difloyall men! what perfon would fuppofe, That clothes of veluet and of filke fhould hide fuch mortall foes?
Or who would think fuch hidden hate in men fo faire in fight,
But that the Deuill can turne him felfe into an angell bright ? O praife, \&c.

But, Soueraigne Queene, haue thou no care, for God which knoweth all,
Will ftill maintaine thy royall ftate, and giue thy foes a fall:
And for thy Grace thy fubiects all will make their praiers ftill,
That neuer traitor in the land may haue his wicked will.

Opraife, \&́c.

Whofe glorious daies in England heere the mighty God maintaine,
That long vnto thy fubiects ioye
thy Grace may rule and raigne.
And, Lord! we pray for Chriftes fake, that all thy fecret foes
May come to naught which feeke thy life, and Englands lafting woes.

O praife the Lord with hart and minde, \&c.

The names of the 7 Traitors who were executed on

Tuesday being the xx of September. 1586.
Iohn Ballard Preeft.
Anthony Babington. Iohn 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 Pultrie by
> Edward Allde.


## a fearefull and terrible $\mathbb{E x a m p l e}$

of Gods iufte iudgement executed vpon a lewde Fellow, who vfually accuftomed to fweare by

Gods Blood: which may be a caueat to all the world
That they blafpheme not the name of their God by Szearing.
$\qquad$


MORTALL men! which in this world for time haue your repaft, Approch the fearefulleft thing to heare, and which hath happened laft: Yea, fuch a thing as doth import the Lord our God on hye,

Through fwearing by his bleffed name, and that moft vfually.

Which ftraunge event whilft 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 breft, my eyes diftill a pace,
The faulte and brinifh 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 pleafed 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 fweare by Chrift his flefh, and by his precious blood :
It was his ufuall kinde of oath (O Satanift moft vile)
Wherewith he did his liuing God pollute and eke defyle.

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

Now when that he the panges of death did feele and eke fuftaine,
Then he began, as you haue heard, Gods name for to blafpheme ;
And neuer ceafed for to fweare by Iefus Chrift his blood,
Vntill his foule at the laft gafpe foorth of his body yood.

And in this cruell extafie he paffionate did lie
The fpace of three or foure whole weekes, ftill fwearing bitterly.

Now when that he had languifhed the fpace that I haue fayde, The people they perceiuing that of force he muft be dead,

Caufed the bell for to be tollde, that all for him might pray ;
Befeeching God his foule to keepe againft the dreadfull day.
But when that he had heard the bell
knolling moft drerilie,
He rufhing vp faid, by Gods blood this bell it tolles for me.

He had no fooner fpoke thefe words which I haue fhewd 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 ftreame full faft,
So did it foorth at his toes endes, which made them all agafte.

And yet the Lord proceeded foorth this trayterous wight to fcourge.
The blood gufht out, yea, at his wrifts much like the foming furge ;
So did it alfo at his nofe
runne foorth aboundantlie,
With other filthie excrements
which man doth loathe to fee.

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

Whofe hart is now fo obdurate, that hearing of this thing
Will not permit out of the fame great flouds of teares to fpring ;
Or whofe minde is fo fafcinate, or eke fo lullde on fleepe,
That for to heare hereof will not conftrained be to weepe ?

And that for feare he fhould his God through fwearing thus offend,
And thereby purchafe to him felfe like dyre and rufull end.
O you! that fweare at euerie word, repleate with diuelrie, For to abftaine from fwearing vile let this a caueat be.

For fure I am we neuer ought at any time to fweare,
Except the Chriftian magiftrate by lawe doo it require ;

And if before him we doo fweare in truth and holineffe,
The Lord himfelfe acknowledgeth he thereby honourd is,

And thus I end, befeeching God of his efpeciall grace,
That we all finfull fwearing may abandon in each place.
Elizabeth, our noble Queene, good Lord, preferue and fheeld,
That the thy chaft \& faithfull fpowfe

- may ftill maintaine and build.

FINIS.

Philip Stubbes.

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


## Che Rortljern Loro.

## IN FOUR PARTS.

To a pleafant nezu Tune.


NOBLE lord of high renowne
Two daughters had, the eldeft browne;
The youngeft beautifull and faire.
By chance a noble knight came there.
The father faid, Kind fir, I haue
Two daughters, \& which do you craue ?
One that is beautifull, he cryed,
The noble knight he then replyed.

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

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

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

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

That if he failde, or mifs'd his day, So many ounces he fhould pay Of his owne flefh, inftead of gold. All was agreed; the fum was told.

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

He bought her fo: it was well knowne Vnto all men fhe was his owne. By her a fon he did enioy, A noble fweete 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 afkt him why he griev'd ? He faid, My jewell, I receiv'd Such a huge fum, and of a Jew, And with it I did purchafe you.

But now the day of payment's come, I know not how to raife the fumme; He'll haue my flefh, yea, weight for weight, Which makes my griefe and forrow great.

Tush! neuer feare, the dame reply'd: We'll crofs the raging ocean wide, And fo fecure you from the fate. To her requeft he yeelded ftrait.

## PART II.

Then hauing paft the raging feas, They trauail'd on, till by degrees Vnto the German court they came ; The knight, his fonne, and comely dame.

Vnto the emperor he told His ftory of the fumme 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 refpect
Vnto his guefts, becaufe they came From Britain, that bleft 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 enioy his lady gay.

This Lord from her, then, was to bring A rich and coftly 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 bafe intent ; So to her chambermaid he went,

And told her, if fhe would but fteale Her lady's ring, and fo conceale The fame, and bring it to him ftrait, She fhould enioy his whole eftate.

In hopes of fuch a great reward The ring fhe ftole; and the Dutch lord

Did take it to the Englifh knight, Who almoft fwounded 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 moft gallant feemely fort She rode vnto the emperors court.

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

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

## PART III.

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

It was decreed, the court fhould fet.
The Dutch lord came, feeming to fret
About the ring; as if in feare
The truth would make his thame appeare.
And fo it chanc'd; for foone they call
The maid, who on her knees did fall Before the iudge, and did defcry The Dutch lord's fhamefull treachery.

The court declared it to be fo : The lady too, for ought we know, May be aliue ; therefore we ftay The fentence till another day.

Now the Dutch lord gaue him the ton Of gold, that he had iuftly wonne ; Which hauing done with fhame and griefe, The Englifh lord had fome reliefe.

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

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

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

Your hand and feale I haue; behold!
Your flefh Ile haue inftead of gold.
Then faid the noble knight in greene:
Sir, may not the deed be feene ?
Behold it here! replyed the Jew, But I refolue to haue my due.

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

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

The knight in greene faid to the Iew.
Theres nothing els but flefh your due:
Then, fee no drop of blood you fhed, For if you do, you lofe your head.

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

## PART IV.

No fooner were thefe troubles paft 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 the 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 pleafe with it. So then to her he did fubmit.

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

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

Then, hauing chang'd her armour greene, And dreft her felfe like to a queene, Her father and her husband ftrait 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 fee This lady's life and libertie.


## $\mathfrak{A}$ marning to all false ©raitorg

BY EXAMPLE OF 14 .

Wherof vi. were executed in diuers places neere about London, and 2 neere Braintford, the 28. day of Auguft, 1588.
Alfo at Tyborne were executed the 30 day $i j$. namely 5 Mcn and one Woman. To the tune of Greenflenes.
$\qquad$
Cos \% OU traitors all that doo deuife
To hurt our Queene in trecherous wife, And in your hartes doo ftill furmize which way to hurt our England, Confider what the ende will be Of traitors all in their degree, Hanging is ftill their deftenye, that trouble the peace of England.

Will not examples make you true, But you will ftill the fteppes enfue Of the vngodly Romifh crue that trouble the peace of England ? Remember Felton, long agoe, And Campion that was hang'd alfo, With a number great of traitors moe, that troubled the peace of England.

Then Parrie, and Throckmorton eke, Of traiterous drifts were not to feeke, 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 fee, hath ftill made knowne Their wicked meaninges euery one, And death hath made their harts to grone, that troubled the peace of England: Yet will not thefe examples good Once ftay thefe traitors madding mood, But ftill they feeke to fuck the blood, of our gratious Queene of England.

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

The firft 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 inuafion for to make, And gainft 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 moe, 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 Clarkenwell
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 gratious Queene difdaine, with all that loue her in England.

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

And in like manner Clarkfon, 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 fubtilly 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 fay, And Leigh, a preeft, who did denay to aide the good Queene of England :
Martin and Rooche, that prefent died At Tyborne, being traitors tryed; For, like the reft, they had denide to aide the good Queene of England.

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

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

When law had paffed upon them fo, They fhould be hang'd and quartered too, Our Queene tooke mercy on them tho, which fought her decay in England, And pardoned them their greateft paine ; Yet all her pitie was in vaine, For to afke mercy they did difdaine of the gratious Queene of England.

But God, we fee, dooth fill defend Our gratious Queene unto the end, Gainft traitors that doe ill pretend to her and her realme of England. God graunt that we may thankfull be Vnto his glorious Maieftie, That fo defendes the foueraignty of the vertuous Queene of England.

The names of the 8 . Traytors executed on the eight and twentith of Auguft.

William Deane and Henry Webley, executed at Myleend.

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 Clarkfon, executed neere Braintford.

## The names of them that were executed the 30 of Auguft.

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

Alfo at the fame time one Margaret Ward for letting a Seminarye Priefte out of Bridewell.

## FINIS.

> Imprinted at London by Edward Allde at the long fhop near vnto S. Mildreds
> Church.


## ©he Lamentation of nitr Fages $\mathbb{C X i f e}$

Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, confented to his Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge : for
which they fuffered at Barnftable in Devonfhire.
The Tune is Fortune my Foe, \&c.


NHAPPY fhe whom Fortune hath forlorne,
Defpis'd of grace that profferd grace did fcorne,
My lawleffe loue hath luckleffe wrought my woe,
My difcontent 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 preparde to dye.

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

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

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

But all in vaine my fpeeches ftill I fpent: My mothers will my wifhes did preuent. Though wealthy Page poffeft the outward part, George Strangwidge ftill was lodged in my hart.

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

My clofen eies could not his fight abide ;
My tender youth did lothe his aged fide :

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

Caufe knew I none I fhould difpife him fo, That fuch difdaine within my hart fhould growe, Saue onely this, that fancie did me moue, And told me ftill, George Strangwidge was my loue.

Lo! heere began my downfall and decay. In minde I mufde to make him ftrait away : I that became his difcontented wife, Contented was he fhould be rid of life.

Methinkes the heauens crie uengeance for my fact, Methinkes the world condemns my monftrous act, Methinkes within my confcience tells me true, That for that deede hell fier is my due.

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

Well could I wifh that Page enioyde his life, So that he had fome other to his wife: But neuer could I wifh, of low or hie, A longer life then fee fweete Strangwidge die.

O woe is me! that had no greater grace To ftay till he had rumne out Natures race. My deedes I rue, but more I doc repent That to the fame my Strangwidge gaue confent.

You parents fond, that greedy-minded bee, And feeke to graffe vpon the golden tree, Confider 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 endleffe ftrife ; But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

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

You Denfhire dames, and courteous Cornwall knights, That here are come to vifit wofull wights, Regard my griefe, 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 fting 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, Whofe foule with thee in heauen fhall euer dwell. Sweet Sauiour Chrift! do thou my foule receiue : The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And parents now, whofe greedy mindes doe fhow Your harts defire, and inward heauie woe,

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

And Plimouth proude, I bid thee now farewell. Take heede, you wines, let not your hands rebel ; And farewell, life, wherein fuch forrow fhowes, And welcome, death, that doth my corps inclofe.

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

Lord! bleffe our Queene with long and happy life, And fend true peace betwixt eche man and wife; And giue all parents wifedome to forefee, The match is marrde where mindes doe not agrec.
T. D.

London. Printed by Thomas Scarlet. I59r.

## 

Who for the confenting to the death of Mr. Page of Plymouth, fuffered death at Barnftable. To the tune of Fortune.
$\qquad$
HE man that fighs and forowes for his fin, The corps which care and wo hath wrapped in, In dolefull fort records his fwan-like fong, That waits for death, and loths to liue fo long.

O Glanfield! caufe of my committed crime, So wed to wealth as birds in bufh of lime, What caufe hadft thou to beare fuch wicked fpight Againft 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 hadft a kinder father beene Unto thy child, whofe yeares are yet but greene.

The match vnmeete which thou alone didft make, When aged Page thy daughter home did take, Well maift thou rue with teares that cannot drie, Which is the caufe that foure of vs muft dye.

Ulalia, more bright then fummers funne, Whofe beauty had my loue for euer wonne, My foule more fobs to thinke of thy difgrace, 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 feemly fight was euer fweete to me. Would God my death could thy excufer be!

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

Farewell, my loue, whofe loyall hart was feene : Would God thou hadft not halfe fo conftant beene!

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

For twentie yeares great was the coft, I knowe, Thine vnkind father did on thee beftow ; Yet afterward fo fowre did fortune lowre, He loft his ioy, his childe, within an howre.

My wrong and wo to God I doe commit. Who was the caufe of matching them unfit ? And yet my guilt I can not fo excufe, We gaue confent his life for to abufe.

Wretch that I am, that my confent did giue ! Had I denyde, Ulalia ftill fhould liue. Blind fancy faide, this fute doe not deny ; Liue thou in bliffe, or els in forow dye.

O Lord! forgiue this cruell deede of mine : Vpon my foule let beames of mercy fhine. In iuftice, Lord, doe thou not uengeance take: Forgiue us both for Jefus Chrift his fake.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by E. Allde.


## Clye Complaint of alallia,

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

To the tune of Fortune my foe.


F ever wo did touch a womans hart, Or griefe did gaul for fin the outward part, My confcience, then, and heauy hart within Can witnes well the forrow for my finne.

When yeares were young, my father forft me wed Againft my will, where fancie was not fed : I was content his pleafure 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 againft him inwardly. This difcontent did caufe my deadlie ftrife, And with this wealth did caufe a grienous life.

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

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

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

But wanting grace, I fought my owne decay,
And was the caufe to make my friend away ;
And he on whom my earthlie ioyes did lie, Through my amifs a fhamefull death muft dye.

Farewell, fweete George, always my louing frend, Needs muft I laud and loue thee to the end; And albeit that Page poffeft thy due, In fight of God thou waft my husband true.

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

Farewell, falfe world, and friends that fickle be ; All wiues farewell ; example take by mee : Let not the Deuill to murder you infpire, Seeke to efcape fuch foule and filthie mire.

And now, O Chrift! 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 bloud wafh thou away my crimes.

FINIS.

Printed by I. R. for Edward White.


## Che てdeauers song

IN THE PRAISF OF LOUE AND FRIENDSHIP.

To the tune of Apelles.
HEN Hercules did vfe to fpin, And Pallas wrought vpon the loome, Our trade to flourifh did begin,

While Confcience went not felling broome:
Then loue and friendfhip did agree
To keepe the bands of amitie.

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 friendfhip did agree, \&c.

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

Then Dauid tooke his fling 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 friendfhip 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 friendfhip did agree, \&c.

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

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

The cedar trees indure more formes
Then little fhrubs that fprout not hie :
The weauer liues more voide of harmes
Then princes of great dignitie.
While loue and friendfhip doe agree, \&c.

The fhepheard fitting in the field Doth tune his pipe with hearts delight: When princes watch with fpeare and fhield, The poore man foundly fleeps at night.
While loue and friendfhip doe agree, \&c.

Yet this by proofe is dayly tride, For Gods good gifts we are ingrate, And no man through the world fo wide

Liues well contented with his ftate.
No loue or friendfhip we can fee
To hold the bands of amitie.

London, Printed for E. White.

## Agincourt,

OR THE ENGLISH BOWMANS GLORI.

## To a pleafant new Tune.

$\qquad$


GINCOURT, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt, Where Finglifh 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 Englifh cloth-yard arrows
Killd the French, like tame fparrows, 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 feene fuch flaughter, Made by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?

Englifh of euery fort,
High men and low men, Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old fories tell us, Thankes to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Either tale or report
Quickly will fhow men
What can be done by courage;
Men without food or forage,
Still lufty Bowmen.
Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where fuch a fight was fought,
As, when they grow men,
Our boys fhall 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 Englifh 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
Praife we our Bowmen.
Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
When our beft hopes were nought,
Tenfold our foemen,
Harry led his men to battle,
Slue the French like theep and cattle, Huzza! our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt ?
O , it was noble fport!
Then did we owe men :
Men who a victory won us
Gainft any odds among us:
Such were our Bowmen.
Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Deare was the victory bought
By fifty yeomen.
Afk any English wench,
They were worth all the French :
Rare English Women!
FINIS.
Printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield.


## $\mathfrak{A}$ toxfull 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 fpeciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodneffe towards
vs: to the great encouragement of all thofe that willingly fight in defence of his Gofpell, and our good Queene of England.


NOBLE England!
fall downe vpon thy knee,
And prayfe thy God with thankfull hart which ftill maintaineth thee.

The forraine forces that feeke thy vtter fpoyle
Shall then through his efpeciall grace be brought to fhamefull foyle.

With mighty power they came vpon our coaft :
To ouer runne our countrie quite, they made their brag and boaft.
In ftrength of men they fet their onely ftay,
But we vpon the Lord our God will put our truft alway.

Great is their number of fhippes vpon the fea,
And their prouifion wonderfull, but, Lord! thou art our ftay :
Their armed fouldiers are many by account,
Their aiders eke in this attempt doe fundrie wayes furmount.

The Pope of Rome, with many bleffed graines,
To fanctify their bad pretence beftowde both coft and paines :
But, little Ifland, be not difmayde at all;
The Lord, no doubt, is on our fide, which foone will worke their fall.

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

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

This great Galeazzo
which was fo huge and high,
That like a bulwarke on the fea
did feeme 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 fhe ftuft
with cannon great and fmall,
And other inftruments of warre,
which we obtained all:

A certaine figne of good fucceffe, we truft,
That God will ouer throw the reft, as he hath done the firft.

Then did our nauie purfue the reft amaine, With roaring noife of cannons great till they neere Callis came.
With manly courage they followed them fo faft,
An other mighty Galleon they made to yeeld at laft.

And in diftreffe, for fafegard of their liues,
A flag of truce they did hang out with many mournfull cries.
Which when our men did perfectly efpye,
Some little barkes they fent to her to board her prefently.

But thefe falfe Spanyards, efteeming them but weake,
When they within their danger came, their mallice foorth did breake.
With charged cannons they layde about them then,
For to deftroy thofe proper barkes, and all their valiant men.

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

The chiefeft captaine of this Galleon fo 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 ftrong did beat.

And many more by fword did lofe their breath,
And many more within the fea did fwimme and tooke their death.
There might you fee the falt and foming floud
Dyed and ftaind like fkarlet red, with ftore of Spanifh bloud.

This mightie veffell
was three fcore yards in length,
Moft wonderfull to each mans eie
for making and for ftrength :

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 fcore foote and twelue in length well meafured to be feene :
And yet fubdued with many other more,
And not a fhip 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 likewife,
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 crowne.

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

Our childrens braines
to dafh againft the ground,
And from the earth our memorie
for euer to confound :
To change our ioy
to griefe and mourning fad,
And neuer more to fee the dayes
of pleafure we have had.
But God almightie be bleffed euer more,
Who doth encourage Englifhmen
to driue them from our fhore ;
With roaring cannons
their haftie fteps to ftay,
And with the force of thundring fhot
to make them flie away.
Who made account
before this time of daye,
Againft the walls of faire London
their banners to difplay:

But their intent
the Lord will bring to nought,
If faithfully we call and pray
for fuccour, as we ought.
And you, deare brethren, which beareth armes this day
For fafeguard of your natiue foyle, marke well what I fhall fay:
Regarde well your duties, thinke on your countries good,
And feare not in defence thereof to fpend your deareft blood.

Our gratious Queene doth greete you euery our,
And faith fhe will amongft you be in every bitter ftoure;
Defiring you true Englifh harts to beare
To God and her, and to the land wherein you nurfed were.

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

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

Imprinted at London by R. I.


## $\mathbb{C h e} \mathbb{C} 000 \mathfrak{E l y c p l y e a r o .}$



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

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

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

Thefe flockes a fhepheard had of power \& fkill, To fold and feede and faue them from all ill; By whofe aduife they liude, whofe wholfome voyce They heard, and feard with lone, and did reioyce

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

Well knowing that whom he takes care to feede, He will preferue and faue in time of neede. Thus liude this holy flocke at harts content, Till cruell beafts, all fet on rauifhment,

Broke off their peace, and ran vpon with rage Themfelues, their yong, and all their heritage, Slitting their throates, dewouring lambes and all, And diffipating them that fcapt the thrall.

Then did this iolly feaft to faft transforme, (So afkt the fury of that ragefull forme)

Their ioyfull fong was turnd to mournfull cries, And all their gladneffe 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 fheepehooke of their guide, Or that he lies vpon a beacons fide,

With watchfull eies to circumfcribe their traine, And hath no more regard vnto the paine, To faue them from the daunger imminent, Say fome, as are fo often incident?

Tis not for that his arme wants ftrength 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 breat's.

Nor mult we thinke that though they dye they perifl : Death dyes in them, and they in death reflourifh, And this lifes loffe a better life renues Which after death eternally enfues.

Though then their paffions neuer feeme fo great, Yet neuer comfort wants to fwage their heate : Though ftrength of torments be extreame in durance, Yet are they quencht by hope and faithes affurance.

For thankfull hope, if God be grounded in it, Affures the heart and pacifies the fpirit :

To them that loue and reuerence his name Profperity betides, and want of thame.

Thus can no tyrant pull them from the hands Of mighty God, that for their fafety ftands, 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 deftruction foweth ; And as they ftriue with God in pollicie, So are they fooner brcught to miferie.

Like as the fauage boar, diflodge from den And hotely chafed by purfuit of men, Runnes furioufly on them that come him neare, And goares him felfe vpon the hunters fpeare.

The gentle puiffant 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 miferie.

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

$$
\text { FINIS. } \quad \text { T. B. }
$$

Printed at London by A. Iflip. 1597.


## Salomons looustwife,

## or the praise of a good wife, as set forth in HIS PROVERBS.

Who can finde a vertuous woman, her price is aboue rubies.-Prov.


E that a gratious wife doth finde,
Whofe life puts vertue chiefe in ure, One of the right good houfwife kinde,

That man may well him felfe affure, And boafting fay that he hath found The richeft treafure on the ground:

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

And while fhe liues fhe will procure,
By true and faithfull induftrie,
Tencreafe his wealth, and to infure
His ftate in all fecuritie :
To feeke his quict, 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 hip, herfelfe containes
The riches brought from forraine fhore
Arriuing, with a bounteous hand, Difpearfing treafure through the land.

Before the day fhe will arife
To order things, and to prouide What may her family fuffife, That they at labour may abide. If the haue land, no paines fhall want To purchafe vines, fet, fow and plant.

No honeft labour fhele omit
In aught fhe can attaine vnto, But will effay with ftrength and wit,

Adding the utmoft fhe can doe ;
And if the profit comes about, By night her candle goeth not out.

A willing hand to the diftreft
She lends, and is a cheerfull giuer:
Come winters cold and froftie gueft,
When idle houfwifes quake and quiucr,
She and her houfhold cloathed well, The weathers hardneffe do expell.

Her fkill doth worke faire tapeftry, With linnen furnifht of the beft :
Her needle workes doe beautifie,
And the in coftly fkarlet dreft :
When fenators affembled bee Her husbands honour there fhele fee.

Her fpinning fhall her fore increafe; The fineft cloath fhall yeeld her gaine, And daily profit fhall not ceafe, Which her vnidle hands maintainc. Her cloathing thall her worth expreffe, And honours yeares her end poffeffe.

Her mouth fhall neuer opened bee, But wifedome will proceede from it ; And fuch milde gratious wordes yeelds fhe,

Sweetneffe vpon her tong doth fit.
In age the will her care addreffe
To eate no bread of idleneffe.

Her children fhall their duty fhow
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 expreffe.

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 firf, and this thy praife.

What thing is fauour but a fhade ?
It hath no certaine lafting hower ;
Whereof is wanton beautic 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 foorth

What vertues shees adornd withall: Her lifes renowme 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 ftrife:
Beauty is not a braue outfide; Beauty within is beauty's pride.

$$
\text { T. } 1 \text { ). }
$$

> FINIS.

Printed for the Affignes of T. Simcocke.


## Cly Story of §ll atay=day

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

To the tume of Effex good might.


ERUSE the ftory of this land, and with aduifement note the fame, And you fhall iuftly vnderftand how Ill May-day firft 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 ftories tell, fometime had beene his brothers wife,
By which vnlawfull marriage fell an endleffe trouble during life:
But fuch kinde loue he ftill 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 fuffered within our noble realme to ftay; Which multitude made victual deare, and all things els from day to day:
For ftrangers 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 griefe 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 beleeue
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 thoufands came with Bilbo blade, as with an army they should meete,
And fuch a bloudy flaughter made of ftraungers as fillde all the ftrecte,

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

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

Hundreds were hangd by martial law on fign pofts at their mafters doores,
By which the reft were kept in awe, and frighted from fuch lewd vproars.
Some others who their fact repented, two thoufand prentices at leaft,
Were all before the king prefented, as Maior and magiftrates thought beft.

And two and two together tyde, through Temple Bar and Strand they goc
To Weftminfter there to be tryde, with ropes about their neckes alfo :
But fuch a crye in euery ftreete till then was neuer heard nor knowne, By mothers for their children fweete vnhappily thus ouerthrowne.

Their bitter moanes and fad laments did reach the Court and places neare, Whereat the Queene her felfe relents, though it concernd her countrey deare.
What if, quoth fhee, by Spanifh blood haue Londons ftately ftreetes beene wet, Yet will I feeke faire Englands good, and pardon for thefe young men get.

Or els the world will fpeake of mee, and fay Queene Katherine was vnkind,
And iudge me ftill the caufe to bee thefe young men did misfortune finde
And fo, difrobde of rich attires, with haire hangd downe, fhe fadly hies,
And of her gracious Lord requires a boone, which hardly he denyes.

The liues, quoth fhe, of all the bloomes yet budding greene, thefe youths, I crauc :
O ! let them not haue timeleffe 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! fweete 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 thunderd 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 trufty 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 Englifh 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 dome.

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 fee, on May-day Eue at night, To keepe vnruly 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 mifhap as they did bring,
But peace and order euerie where, and loyal harts vnto our King.

London. Printed for Thomas Goffon.


## Cye desperate qmantells ©rage y,

OR THE FAITHLESSE YOUNG MAN.
To the tune of Dulcina.


N the gallant month of June, When fweet rofes are in prime, And each bird with feuerall tunc Harmoniouly falutes the time,
then to delight
my appetite
I walkt into a meddow faire,
and in the flade
I fpyed a maide,
Whofe loue had brought her to difpaire.
Shee her hands fate fadly wringing,
Making piteous exclamation,
Vpon a falfe young man for bringing Her into this great vexation. Quoth fhe, falfe youth, Is there no truth
In thee, of faith haft thou no fhare ? no, thou haft none, tis to well knowne,
For me, poore wretch, now in defpaire.
How oftentimes haft thou protefted That thou loueft me well indeed ? And I performed what was requefted:
Too much truft my woe doth breed.
I let thee haue
what thou didft craue,
Seduced by thy fpeeches faire ; and hauing had thy will, falfe lad, At laft thou leau'ft me in defpaire.

My deareft iewell thou haft taken, Which fhould ftand me in great ftead,

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 inftant time and howre:
let thy keene dart fuch force impart
That I may die, oh! do not fpare:
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 aboundantly 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 fcourge the caufe of her defpaire.

The Seconid Part. To the fame tunc.
You Gods (quoth fhe) I inuocate, That as your iudgements ftill are iuft, My wrongs, I pray you, vindicate. Oh, may no mayds that young man trult !
henceforth may he fo wretched be,
That none for him at all fhall care, but that he may for his foule play Be brought, like me, to grim defpaire.

Hauing made an end of praying, Suddenly fhe drew a knife, And I, that neere vnfeene was ftaying, Ran in haft to faue her life ; but ere that I to her could cry,
That her owne life fhe might forbeare, fhee, Dido like, her heart did ftrike :
Thus dyde the damfell in defpaire.
With fuch force her felfe fhe ftabbed, Blood ranne out abundantly :
My heart within my bofome throbbed To behold this tragedy.

Yet, though fhe bled, fhe was fcarce dead,

But gafping lay with her laft ayre, and vnto me fhee fpake words three, Which fhewed the caufe of her defpaire.

Sir (quoth she) mufe not to fee me Defperatly my felfe to flay, For this fatall ftroake doth free me From difgrace another way.

My honours dead, my credits fledd, Why therefore fhould I liue in care ? this being fpoke, her heart ftrings broke : Thus dyed the damfell in defpaire.

When death had done his worft vnto her, I did wifhtly on her looke, And by her fauour I did know her : Therefore I my journey tooke vnto the towne where fhee was knowne, And to her friends I did declare what difmall fate had hapt of late Vnto this damfell in defpaire.

With brinish teares her friends lamented To heare of her timeleffe end, And euery one in griefe confented, 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 fhe ended in defpaire.
When this was told to her falfe louer, He was of his wits beftraught, And wildly ran the country ouer ; Home hee'd by no meanes be brought.

Let this tale then
warne all young men
Vnconftancy ftill to forbeare,
for he betraide
this harmeleffe mayde
Vnto her death through grim defpaire.

$$
\text { FINIS: } \quad \text { M. P. }
$$

London. Printed for H. G.
1627.


## fand $\mathfrak{C r e a t i o n , ~ G d a m s ~ f a l l , ~ a n d ~}$ $\mathfrak{C l y n i s t g}$ 民edemption.

In this Table is fet forth three principall things: Firft, mans Creation : fecondly, Adams Fall : and, laftly, the happy reftoring againe of all the faithfull by Chrift to the vnchangeable loue of God.
A Table fit for all Chrifians to know. .


LMIGHTIE 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 darkneffe Night, and fo they ftay.
2.

And God faw all, and it was good, From man to beaft 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 fhould 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 Thofe finners hid themfelues away; But God did call them here below, To tell him how they came to know.

## 4.

Thus then begins the Man to fay, She whom thou gau'ft did I obay ; And Eue likewife excus'de the fact, Imputing it to Serpents act.
And thus doe moft, in Adams line, Shame not to fay, The fault's not mine.
5.

But let all thofe thinke thus withall ; That God is free from Adams fall, Elfe how could he in truth proceede Againft our Parents, as we reade ? He hates iniuftice here below, And this his righteoufneffe doth show.
6.

Now, when our Parents tale was done, Then iuftly God proceedes vpon: The Serpent firft he curft in place, And made Eue fubiect with difgrace ; And man in forrow labour muft All dayes of life, then turne to duft.

## 7.

And Death likewife the time shall rue, For Chrift alone shall it fubdue :
This truth is knowne to Satans woe,
Since Chrift hath broke his head alfo;
For God did promife make to fend A godly feede, all ftrife to end.
8.

This Seede is Chrift, free from all finne: What Adam loft, that Hee did winne By keeping that without all blame, Which neuer man could doe the fame; And in our ftead he paid our debt, To fet vs free from Satans net.

## 9.

God will not now, nor e'er hereafter, Condemne vs for our finnes by nature ; For how can that with iuftice ftand, When God fhall twice one debt demand ? Therefore, it now remaines with vs That we belecue Chrift hath done thus.

10
And thus beleeuing faithfully, Chrifts righteoufneffe we muft apply; For when we haue done all we may, On his obedience muft wee ftay, And thofe whofe faith is found and true Doe practife ftill Gods lawes to doe.
II.

Of fuch as thefe doth God with fpeede Accept their will as for their deede, And though they finne, for fo doe all, Yet finally they fhall not fall; For by beleife in Chrift aboue None can remoue thefe from his loue.

## 12.

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

$$
\text { FINIS. } \quad \text { I. D. }
$$

Printed at London for Thomas Ellis, at the figne of the Chriftopher in Pauls Church yard. 1629.


## Che fonor of the $\mathfrak{F n n s}$ of $\mathbb{C o u r t}$ Gentlemen,

Or a bricfe recitall of the Magnificent and Matchleffe Show, that paffed from Hatton and Ely houfe in Holborne to Whitehall, on Monday night being the third of February, and the next day after Candlemas. To the tune of our noble King in his Progreffc.


Y noble Mufe, affift mee, that I may with credit vndergoe the tafke.
A humor hath poffeft mee To write a new ditty of the triumphant Mafke, Which lately was performed in high magnifique fort, To the honor of thofe gentry that liue at the Inns of Court.

Thefe noble minded gallants, to fhew their true loue to our Royall King and Queene, Did largely fpend their talents
To make a faire fhew, that the like was neuer feene.
To fet downe all exactly my fkil comes far too fhort,
To the honor of thofe gentry that liue at the Inns of Court.

The next day after Candlemas, betwixt the houres of feuen and nine at night,
This ftately company did paffe
From Hatton-houfe in Holborne vnto White-hall in fight:
Of fuch a peereleffe obiect no age can make report,

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

A various crew of anticks all, which feuerall humors in fhape did reprefent, The number of them was not fmall, Which to the fpectators gaue wonderful content : Each one in his due pofture did thew exceeding fport, To the honor of thofe gentry that liue at the Inns of Court.

A hundred fweet yong gentlemen, that all vpon great horfes were mounted gallantly, Clad in white cloath of tiffue then, And red and white feathers, moft glorious to the eye ;
In equipage moft fumptuous they paft in folemne fort :
Thefe were the braue young gentry that liue at the Inns of Court.

By two and two, and foure by foure, they flowly did ride on their proud and haughty fteeds:
Search all the lands in Europe ore,
No men, both in perfon and face thefe men cxcecds.

Their time was long in paffing, yet people thought 'twas ihort,
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 horfes danced as proudly, As fenfible of this high folemnity.
Their fortune did attend them in braue and folemne fort, To the honour of thofe gentry that liue at the Inns of Court.

The Second Part. To the fame tume.
But that which admiration exacts from all men which faw or heard of it
Was the charets
Which in fathion for mighty princes and conquerors moft fit :
The glory of this action exceedeth all report,
To the honour of thofe gentry that liue at the Innes of Court.

And fixe there were in number: in thofe the mankers
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 thoufand pounds of gold, tis thought, hath not the charge of this matchleffe mafke defrayd ;
Yet let no critick deeme that naught Which hath on a fudden employ'd fo many a trade.
Young people may hereafter vnto their young report
The honour of thofe gentry that liue at the Innes of Court.

No prince throughout al Chriftendom
can like to our King of fo ftrange a triumph boaft :
Thofe ftrangers that doe hither come Wil fpread our Ilands glory abroad in many a coaft ;
For al their quaint deuifes to this muft ceme farre fhort,
To the honour of thofe gentry that liue at the Innes of Court.
FINIS.
M. P.

London. Printed for Thomas Lambert.


## an excellent fledey

Which you may admire at (without offence) For euery line fpeaks a contrary fenfe.

The tune is Tarleton's Medley.
$\qquad$
N fummer time when folks make hay,
All is not true that people fay;
The fool's the wifert in the play,
tufh! take away your hand.

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

The City follows courtly pride ; Jone fwears the cannot John abide, Dick wears a dagger by his fide : come, tell us what's to pay. The lawyers thriue by others fall, The weakeft always goes to the wall, The fhoo-maker commandeth all at's pleafure.

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

Our women cut their hair like men, The cock's ore-mafter'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 fpendeth all [and fomething more] The fouldier longeth to go o're, braue knocking!

What fhall we do in there fad days?
Will not the wicked mend their waies?
Some lofe their liues in drunken frays ; the pudding burns to th' pot.
The cooper fays the tubs [hold grift,]
The cobler preaches what he lift, Their knauery now is manifeft ; hold, halter !

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

The faylor counts the fhip his houfe, I'le fay no more but Dun's the moufe, He is no man that fcorns a loufe; vain pride vndoes the land.
Hard-hearted men make corn fo dear, Few Frenchmen loue well Englifh bear ; I hope e're long good news to hear, hey luftick!

Now hides are cheap the tanner thriues:
Hang thofe bafe knaues that beat their wiues,
He needs muft go that the Deuil driues, Gou blefs us from a gun!

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

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

The poor ftill hope for better days, I do not loue thefe long delays;
All loue and charity decaies, in the daies of old. Im very loath to pawn my cloak, Meer pouerty doth me prouoke; They fay a fcald head is foon broke, poor trading!

Hark, mother, hark, there's news in town.
What tell you me of half a crown ?
Now the Excife is going down, thou prateft like an afs.
I fcorn the coyn, give 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 fea and land, Women are fhips and muft be man'd, Lets brauely to our colours ftand, Courage, my hearts of gold!
I read in modern hiftories The King of Sweden's victories : At Inlington there's pudding pies, hot cuftards.

The tapfter 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 fmall 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 ftrong 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-ftile boots, O, fie vpon thefe fcabbed coots! The cheapeft 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 horfe wins: Fools fet ftools 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 fome, 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 honeft as we can :

# When Arthur firft in court began, his men wore hanging fleeues. <br> In May when grafs and flowers are green, The ftrangeft fight that ere was feen. God fend our gracious King and Queen to London! 

FINIS.
M. P.

Printed at London for H. G.


## N OTES.

Page f. Two propernue Ballettes. Neither date nor printer's name are appended to the broadfide containing thefe two firf Ballads; but the typography is obvioufly 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 afcertained.
P. 6. Hugh Syngelton, the printer of this broadfide, was carrying on his trade about the year 1550 ; his firft known work bears date 1553. Our fpecimen once formed the fly-leaf of a book, and part of the text is deftroyed.
P. 8. This ballad was communicated to the editor by the late Dr. Maitland, at the time he was librarian to the Archbifhop of Canterbury. Under the imprint is placed the figure of Robert Copeland, as it appears on the titlepages of fome of the other productions of his prefs. Dr. Maitland, at the fame time, ftated to the editor that there exifted, in one of the Lambeth MSS., another copy with fome variations: although it refembles the ftyle 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. Refpecting John Pit, or Pitts, fee " Bibliographical Account," etc. ii, 172.
P. 21. Throgmorton was hanged, not beheaded as might be fuppofed from the wood-cut. The fame wood-cut was ufed in 1641 on the title-page to a profe narrative of the death of Strafford, and for other fimilar productions, in profe and verfe : at the earlieft date, at which we have met with it, it had been much battered.
P. 28. We have no means of affigning to their real owner the initials W. M. at the end of this broadfide, but the fame letters follow fome commendatory lines prefixed to $1 \cdot$. There were two editions of this ballad in the fame year, differing only verbally, though fome of the changes are curions. One edition, probably the firft, was reprinted in "Roxburghe Ballads". 1847, and the other is here given.
P. 29. The initials at the end of this elegiac poem are thofe of Richard Muleafter ; and he may have compofed What is by no means a difereditable piece of verfification.

I'. 31. The late Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, gave the editor a copy of this droll and not ill-written ballad. It feems that the Society of Antiquaries has a proof of it, which contains a flanza more than the examplar we have employed. The editor has alfo 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 fo old as the typography: yet the knight on horfeback has the 'ludor rofe very obvioully embroidered on the houfings of his fleed. We have feen it prefixed to old ballads of "Patient Griffell," published as late as 1640 or 1650.
I. 36. The place given to this head, on the broadfide to which it belongs, feems to flew that it was intended for a likenefs of Young Babbington, who was fo dangeroully conergetic in the aid he attempted to give to the Queen of Scots: if fo, it is, we apprehend, the only exifting reprefentation of his features. It was not given in 1840, when this ballad was firft reprinted.

I'. f1. The intials T. D. shew that this broadride was by Thomas Deloney, "the ballading silk-weaver", who froncrally availed himfolf of public excentions in order to
profit by the oceafon. We may notice here that the regiters of St. Giles Cripplegate thew that he refided in that parih, where his fon Kicharl was chriftened on 16th October, 1586 , the year of our ballad, and about a month after the execution therein commemorated.
P. 42. From Thomas Nafh, we learn that Philip Stubbes. the author of this ballad (taken by Wright from an undated that), was one of "the common pamphleters of London": and, apparently by way of derifion, Nath couples him with Deloney and Ammin. Unqueftionably, the verfification of the piece before us has very humble pretentions to be called poetry: it is fubferibed $P . S$. in the broadfode, and not at length as in the trach, which contains another ballad by Stubbes.
P. 48. The moft remarkable ciremmanee about thin ballad is that it is in part founded upon the main incident in Shakefpeare's "Merchant of Venice" : while "Cymbeline" (unlefs the ballad be older, which harily feems probable) is laid under contribution for another important circumftance. The conclufion, as regards the Green Ǩnight, was probably derived from romance: Green K゙nights are mentioned both by Gascoigne and Warner, the original B. L., without printer's name, formerly paffed through the hands of Thorpe, the bookfeller; and the editor has a much corrupted copy of it, "Printed and fold in Aldermary Church-yard, Bow Lane, London," II. d.
P. 57. The two heads feem intended for likenefies of the man (a difguifed Jefuit) who efeaped from Bridewell, and of the woman who affifted him; they are in a feparate frame, as if to diftinguifh them, efpecially, 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 1 591, and they were executed at Barnftaple very foon afterwards; about which date this and the two ensuing ballads muft have been printed. The whole ftory may be read in Vol. II of the "Shakefpeare Society's Papers", p. 79; and the remembrance of it continued fo fresh in 1599, that Ben Jonfon and Dekker were then employed upon a tragedy containing the incidents. See Henslowe's Diary, p. I55, etc.
P. 73. "The Weaver's Song" was probably firft printed in Deloney's "Jack of Newbury", of which the earlieft notice feems to have been in 1595 . From "Jack of Newbury" it was tranfplanted into a broadfide, no doubt on account of its popularity.
P. 76. Henry Harper, whofe name is found at the end of this broadfide, was a publifher of ballads and chapbooks as late as 1640 or 1650 ; but this animated hiftorical effufion muft have been very current before 1600 , becaufe it is quoted in Heywood's play of "The firft part of Edward IV", of that date, Act II, fc. 2.
P. 79. There is a copy of this ballad in the British Mufeum, but of an edition different from the prefent, and with different ornamentation: we fufpect that R. I. [Richard Jones], whofe initials, as printer, are at the end of the copy we have ufed, pirated it with fome variations from Edward White's firft 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 broadfide, which he headed by a fhip-of-war in full fail. The copy in the B. M. has no hip of war above the title.
P. 87. The letters T. B. at the end of this moral and
religious broadfide are thofe of Thomas Beard, author of the "Theatre of God's Judgments", 4to., I 597. 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 fhort time ago in the firft edition of Beard's work.
P. 91. By Deloney ; originally publifhed as a broadfide, and afterwards included in a volume called "Strange Hiftories" in 1607 . The differences between the two copies are not of much importance, excepting that the concluding ftanza, one of the beft, 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 Hiftories", 1607 , but without the concluding quatrain, fo that it is there imperfect, the laft ftanza having only four inftead of eight lines. No doubt, when the broadfide firft came out, Queen Elizabeth was reigning, and was celebrated at the clofe: this portion was omitted in 1607 , becaufe King James was then on the throne ; but when Goffon reprinted the ballad, about I630 or 1640 , he made the conclufion complimentary to Charles I. No copy is known which contains the original tribute to Elizabeth, and which muft have appeared about r 597 or 1598.
P. IO2. The initials at the end prove that this production was by Martin Parker, and the date shews that it must have been his earlieft effort. It has nowhere been affigned to him, or even noticed, that we are aware of.
P. Io8. By John Davies of Hereford, as we gather from his initials at the clofe. His earlieft effusion was a fonnet 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 confequence of the order againft it at Stationers' Hall (fee Pref. p. xii), that it has not been recorded by fome modern bibliographers: it was reprinted by the prefent editor a few years fince. The fonnet by Davies occupies the laft leaf.
P. II2. The proceffion 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 effufions; 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 lift of M. P.'s publications.
P. in8. We have never met with a fpecimen 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 loft) was fung was generally, as here, adopted by his imitators. One of the moft succefsful was by the writer of this ballad, which contains the prominent lines of many popular performances, not a few of which will inftantly occur to memory; fuch as "In fummer time", "A pretty woman was Jane Shore," "Dick Tarleton was a merry wag," " When our fifth Harry fail'd for France," "John Dory fold his ambling nag," "When Arthur firft in court began," etc., etc. The fac-fimile of a ftreet-mufician at the head of this reprint, gives an exact and contemporaneous reprefentation of the cumbrous "Lincolnfhire bagpipe", the " melancholy drone" of which is celebrated by Shakefpeare, Henry IV, Part I, Act I, fc. 2.



