





Brandside Black-Tetter Ballads.

BROADSIDE

Black-letter Ballads,

PRINTED IN THE

SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES;

CHIEFLY IN THE POSSESSION OF

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Original Woodcuts.



PRINTED (FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION)

BY THOMAS RICHARDS.

1868.

TO VIAU AMAGELAO

•

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FREDERIC OUVRY, ESQ.,

TREASURER OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, LONDON,

THIS TRIFLING TRIBUTE OF HIGH RESPECT AND SINCERE AFFECTION

IS DEDICATED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Maidenhead, 11 Jan. 1868.



all the prems, so to earle them, are of my composition. Saidenless 11 Jan 1870 My dear Sir I thank you for accepting my titling book. Then are a few good thing. in it _ I am bound to say. Thank you also for the P. B. Coder. your name is on my lest for my Blue Series. your very faithfully I. Payare follier Johns Samles Eng.

With the prosons, so to soull them, and of my comparations Acidelas 11 Jan 1870 My dear for " HARN OF Ithen kyn for acuples my littly book. Then are in four good thing. in the stress for it. Thank open who is The & O. C. Les. your ser. is an end fortherman is for 1. 27 for olf is I layer Coll. I Symmetic and in the

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 possess fome features of interest, while only a few, it must be owned, are worthy of prefervation for their own separate and poetical merits. Most of them are unique, but two may be looked upon as unknown second editions of popular productions, which had just previously appeared. Others establish the fact that our old stationers, now and then, resorted for attractive broadsides to works of a more permanent description.

Twenty years fince, in the introduction to a volume called "A Book of Roxburghe Ballads," the prefent editor entered tolerably fully into the origin and progrefs of what may be called ftreet-ballad-literature in this country. He has now little to add to that effay, which showed that public ballad finging was well received and understood about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII; but the following woodcut, derived from Caxton's "Mirror of the World," which obviously represents two street-performers, male and female, one singing and the other playing, may carry us back at least to the year 1481.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



PREFACE.

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

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

Here the editor had intended to conclude his preface, but accidentally finding, among his forgotten papers, a few curious memoranda regarding balladwriters, bookfellers, and printers, derived from the Registers 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 miscellaneous, and is scattered through the volumes without much connexion or any regularity. There feems a long interval between 1580 and 1594, regarding which we poffefs little or no information; but it was, neverthelefs, a period during which the production, purchase, and performance of street-ballads were continued with unabated diligence and eagerness.

15 Junij 1578.

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

2 Die Augusti 1578.

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

20 Sept. 1578.

Ric. Jones. He is fined to pay 5s. for printinge a booke and a ballat of A flraunge Dream of a Shepherd, a ballat of Theating of the hare, and another, Maydenly Counfell; 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 *Four-boyfers Voiage* without lycence, is fyned to paie 5s. pd.

3 Augusti 1579.

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

9 Aug. 1579.

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

10 Augusti 1579.

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

6 Dec. 1585.

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

7 Augusti 1592.

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

5° Febr. 1593.

Upon the letters of Mr. Wilbraham, yt is ordered that Toby Cooke (and none other) shall have the printinge of the Truthe of the murther of Robert Hayton, as yt shall be found and deliuered to the said Toby by the said Mr. Wilbraham. And that yf any shall presume to meddle therewith he shalbe staied.

12 May 1594.

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

iijº die Februarij 1594.

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

ADAM ISLIP.

Ed. Allde.

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

Primo Marcij 1595.

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

10 Die Aprilis 1597.

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

2 April 1598.

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

25 Junij 1600.

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

4 Marcij 1600.

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

23 Oct. 1600.

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

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

1 Marcij 1601.

Ballads. Yt is ordered that all that betwene this and the next Court day bringe not in their *Ballads*, to be entred accordinge to order, fhall lofe the fame. And that the faid *Ballads* fhalbe difposed accordinge to the discretion of the Wardens and Assistantes.

5 Dec. 1603.

- Jo. Smithick, Jo. Brown. Fined 10s. each for printinge a booke called *The wonderfull Yere*, without authoritie or entrance, and to bring in all copies in their hands into the Hall.
- Val. Syms. An order made against him for *The Welch Bate*, and the ballades of *The Traitors arrayned at Winchester*.

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

J. P. C.

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Two propernue Balletes.



HATH my herte in holde, So fure I can not ftarte, 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 must 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 she haue 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 fubstaunce, Nor goodes that I her defyre, But onelye for the gouernaunce, And the honesty in her doth apere.

For yf I myght obtayne To fall vnto 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 cause her haue some rueth, 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 recomende, Defyrynge you not to be offended, For yf any thynge be amyffe That here in is, Vnto my power it shalbe amended.

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

> > FINIS.

The Letter of a Louer.



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

Your 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 have loved truely I dare make boft, And doth yet ftyll, fo god me faue: Alas, let not my love be loft, But yours agayne that I may have.

The time past I do repente, Yf euer ye thought I was vnkinde: To you this letter haue I sent, Because in loue I am so 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 countenauce and your comely cheare, As oft as I loke it vpon, My hert in peces it doth teare, When that I am my felfe alone.

The paynes of loue do me fo pyne, And perce my hert on euery fyde, That wherefoeuer I fuppe or dyne, My hert with you shall 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 closed your body within, The fame to me nowe do you fay: It is trewe loue that I am in.

A thousande 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 cast 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 shal repent
For lokyng aboue my pore degre.
Be trewe to me in this dystres,
And leue me not here comfortles.

FINIS.



The prayer of the Prophet Daniel,

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

Oratio Danielis, Cap. ix.



LORD, that art our God, ryght fearefull and eke myghtie,

which euermore doft kepe ful fure thy couenaunt & thy mercie

With the that love the & kepe thy commaundemetes,

but we have all departed from thy preceptes & judgemētes.

Ah, we have finned, lord, and the offended fore: we have bene disobedient, and gone backe evermore. We had yet never 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 vnderftand
belongth vnto thy name
is due but open fhame
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 moste gloriouse, in hast vpon thy fanctuarye shyne, whiche nowe lieth voyd and wast.

O lord my God, I faye, fome pitie on vs take, inclyne thyne eare, difclose thyne eye, at least for thyne owne fake.

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

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

The new guyse nowe a Dayes.



E Englishmen, that holde
Our auncient customes olde
More precious then golde,
Be cleane cast away;
And other new be fand,

Which, ye may vnderstand, Causeth all our land So greatly to decay.

Meruell it is to heare Of noble men, that were Among vs many a yeare In the times paft; The which toke in hand Prouifion shold be fand For to inhabit this land, And this was all their cast.

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 should obay;
And while this people pure,
Their goodnes did endure,
So long, I you ensure,
This land might not decay.

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

Than was he held in honor:
The king liued in great pleafure,
And among his people great treafure,

For no thing wold they care.

Than were men both freshe and bolde,
And kept a noble householde:

The people had what they wolde;

Few of them were bare.

Mery hartes were then to ryde Thorough townes and cyties wide, Replenished on euery fyde

With castels and towers hie;
But now are the captaynes gone,
There is not lefte the xth at home:
The goodly towers of lime and stone,
A long on the ground they lye.

Caftels now be not fet by, The cause is well knowne why: Sithe they be downe, let them lye,

They ftop not my way.

They ftood my fathers time before:

If they doe mine, I aske no more,

And so of them men kepe no store,

For with cause they do decaye.

The people liue in variaunce For lacke of perfeueraunce: Simple is their gouernaunce, And worfe is their entent. Euery man is now fayne On other to complaine: If this long remaine, Wee shall all repent.

The fpiritualty their mifliuing, To the temporalty enfample giuing, And thus eithers worke reprouing,

They lyue in bate and ftrife.

The lay men fay that prieftes jet,
All fishe that commeth to net:

They spare nought they can get,
Whether maide or wife.

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

The Church hath the name.

They are not content with their possession,
But add thereto by oppression,
Still gaping for promotion,

Vnto our landes great shame.

And in like 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: Householdes keepe they fewe or none, Which caufeth many a poore man For to begge his bread. If he steale for his necessity,

There is none other remedy, But the law will very fhortly

Hang him all faue the head.

And fome people, with great crueltie, Vie the law with extremitie, The world is all without pitie:

Of God they have 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 shall have 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 punished are, And quickly brought behind.

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

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

Now is made 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 shall not skill,
So that I may my bagges fill,
And heyers to promote:
An other day then shall he
Be a ruler after me,
And so the poore comminaltie
Be troden under sote.

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 sheepe cote of the church.

The places that we rightfully call Places of Christian buryall, Of them they make an oxes stall:

These men be wonders wise.

Commons to close and them to keepe,
While poore folke cry for bread & weepe:
Towns pulled downe to pasture sheepe,
This is the new guyse.

Alyents also have their way, And Englishmen still cleane decay: The other halse must needes play,

This is the common wealth.

Other landes aduaunced bee,
And by and fell among us free,
And thus our owne commoditee

Doth cleane vndoo our felfe.

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

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.





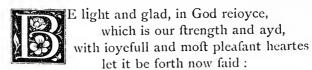
A prayer and also a thankesgiving

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

Made by I. PIT, minister.

I exhort that fupplications, prayers and intercessions, 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 godlynes and honestie. I Tim. 2, chap. I, 2 verses.

Sing this as the foure fcore and one Pfalme.



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
most high thanks, laud and prayse
for thy good giftes, which wee receive
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 maiestie to be the only stay through Christ our Lord & Sauiour, our light, our trueth, our way.

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

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

And giue vnto her councell grace,
through working of this fprite,
in gospels lore and common wealthe
to haue a great delight;
The same to bring in persite state,
and so the same to stay
against all wicked perverse 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 most ioyfully with hearts tryumph and say, thy name be blessed now, O Lord! for this most ioyfull day.

Wee magnifie thee euery one,
and wil do while wee lyue,
for thy great mercy 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 most iust.

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

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

Amen.

I Thessalonians the v Chap. 16, 17 and 18 verses.

Reioyce eucr. Praye continually. In all things give thankes for this is the will of God in Christ Iesus towards you.

FINIS.

Imprinted by Christopher Barkar.

Alowed by authoritie.



Englands Lamentation

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

To the tune of Weepe, weepe.



ITH brinisshe teares, with fobbing fighes,
I, Englande, plunge in paine,
To see and heare such secret sectes
amongst my people raine.

Now being in my golden prime where nectar sweete doth flowe, And where Gods facred worde is taught, eche Christians ioye to showe. Pray, pray, and praise 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 storde with knowledge great, That flying Fame through all the world her praises doth repeate.

Pray, pray, &c.

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

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

Haue I not fed you dayntily with milke and hony both?

Pray, pray, &c.

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

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

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

For when hir highnes doth not fee what dangers are at hande,
Then doth he shewe by secret meanes, those perils to withstande;
And will not let his chosen slocke to perishe on the earth,
And doth her secret foes consounde, by doome of shamefull 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 still defende, her Grace he did preserue,
And wrought a shame vnto them all, as they did best deserue.

Pray, pray, &c.

Throgmorton lately did confpire
to overthrowe the State:

That ftrangers might invade the realme
vpon an evening 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 must neede,
Our Queene thereby for to displace:
this was a treacherous deede.
Pray, pray, &c.

He fought to dispossesse my Queene of dignitie and crowne,
And place a stranger on her throne, to tread her people downe.

Ireland and Scotland by aduise, the enemie should inuade;
Then into England bring a power, as he the plot had laide.

Pray, pray, &c.

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

Pray, pray, &c.

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

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

And though he florisht for a time, in seeking his intent,
When to the pits brinke that he came,
God did his worke preuent:
And did preserve in spight of him,
his chosen vessell pure,
That she might florish still 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 those which stood to worke their woe,
 the blases did destroye.
 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 waves like walles flood 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 shamefull ende.
Pray, pray, &c.

And though fuch impes do worke her fpight ten thousande kinde of waies;
Yea, though the deuill him felse do fight to spoyle her golden daies;
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong, their courage soone shall quaile:
So long as God stands on her side, what power can preuaile?

Pray, pray, &c.

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

Obey your Prince, maintaine her cause, and Englands wealth encrease.

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.





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

F euer Realme had caufe to rue
The death and loffe of any one,
Then hath this realme just cause and true
This worthy dead man to bemone,

By whom fuche treasure theyr is lofte, As fcant the lyke in Englandes coste.

A heade where learned Pallas fate,
And fettled wyfdome dwelte lykewife,
And grounded fkyll for comon ftate
That with forecaste coulde well deuyse:
Where learnynge syttes, with skyll & wit,
Suche one to rule who thynkes not syt.

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

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

A man moste redy to desende A ryght, and here a poore mans cause; No threatnynge soe, no fawnynge frende, Coulde make hym do agaynste the lawe.

As lawes defende a trueth and ryght, So lawyers shulde, withall theyr might.

Thus then the poore his helpe doth mys,
And Pallas lackes her learned knyght;
The lawe doth lacke a lyght of his,
The realme hath 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 nearest waye Is vertue then; there is no naye.

FINIS.

R. M.



The Cobler of Colchester.

A merry new Song, wherein is shewed the forowfull cudgelling of the Cobler of Colchester by his Wise, 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 shall be flaine.
The proudest scab in place, quoth she,
May do it if he dare;
And he shall beare a broken pate
From hence, by Gis I sweare.
With that again she goes amaine
to worke on him her will,
And euer she cryeth, as on him she slyeth,
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 esteemed deare,

And I will not forgiue the fame, No, not this twenty yeare.

You need not blame, though I should lame
The old knaue for this ill.

Then banging about with courage flout, 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 despight she takes delight To plague me at her will,

And euer she cryeth, as on me she flyeth, Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

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

I'll teache you take the browne rye loafe, and chaw the Effex cheefe,

As fitter for your rotten teeth Then any one of these.

Then she began her owne good man to course him at her will;

And euer she cryeth, as on him she flyeth, Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

And though, quoth fhe, indifferent well Thy carcas I did bumme,

Yet from thy carion greedy guts I'le fetch out euery crumme.

With that she did a feather take, And in his throate it thrust.

Till vp he cast the apple pye,
The fruite as well as crust.

The dogs, quoth flee, fhall eate it free, Ere it thy guts shall fill:

And euer she cryeth as on him she flyeth, Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

Lo! here the 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,

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

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





A proper new Ballad,

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

To the tune of Weep, weep.

EIOYCE in hart, good people all,
fing praife to God on hye
Which hath preferued vs by his power
from traitors tiranny;

Which now have had their due defarts, in London lately feen;
And Ballard was the first that died for treason to our Oueene.

O praise the Lord with hart and minde, fing praise with voices cleere, Sith traiterous crue haue had their due, to quaile their parteners cheere. 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 Popish plants;
Beholde and see their wicked woorks, which all good meaning wants;
For Sauage also did receaue like death for his desert;
Which in that wicked enterprise should then haue doon his part.

O praise, &c.

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

Confounding shame fall to their share, and hellish torments sting,

That to the Lords annointed shall deuise so vile a thing!

O Techburne! what bewitched thee, to have such hate in store,

Against our good and gratious Queene,

Against our good and gratious Queene, that thou must dye therefore?

O praise, &c.

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

O praise, &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 these feuen did suffer death the twentith of September.

Opraise, &c.

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

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

O praise, &c.

Then Charnock was the next in place to tafte 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, &c.

Then Gage was stripped in his shirt, who vp the lather went,
And sought for to excuse him selse of treasons salce intent.
And Bellamie the last of all did suffer death that daye;
Vnto which end God bring all such as wish our Queenes decay!

Opraise, &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.

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

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

The names of the 7 Traitors
who were executed on
Tuesday being the
xx of September. 1586.

Iohn Ballard Preeft.
Anthony Babington.

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 Example

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



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

Through fwearing by his bleffed name, and that most vsually.

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 course, to write do thou not linne,

For I the truth to prosecute hereof will now beginne.

There is a towne in Lincolnshire, which Boothbie hath to name,

Just three miles distant from Grantham, a towne of ancient same.

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

Which fayd young man inclyned was vnto a thing not good,

As for to fweare by Christ his slesh, and by his precious blood:

It was his usuall kinde of oath (O Satanist most vile)

Wherewith he did his liuing God pollute and eke defyle.

Meaning in iustice for to make this viper variet he,

A terrour vnto all the world of fwearing for to be.

Our Lord commaunded Death at him to shoote 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 fustaine,
Then he began, as you haue heard,

Then he began, as you have heard, Gods name for to blaspheme;

And neuer ceased for to sweare by Iesus Christ his blood,

Vntill his foule at the last gaspe foorth of his body yood.

And in this cruell extafie
he passionate did lie
The space of three or source whole weekes,

ftill fwearing bitterly.

Now when that he had languished the space that I have sayde, The people they perceiving that of sorce he must 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 these words which I have shewd to you,
But that a pace his heart blood did foorth of his body slowe;
For why out of his singers endes his blood did streame full fast,
So did it foorth at his toes endes, which made them all agaste.

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

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

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

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

For fure I am we neuer ought at any time to fweare, Except the Christian magistrate by lawe doo it require; And if before him we doo fweare in truth and holinesse, The Lord himselse acknowledgeth he thereby honourd is.

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

FINIS.

Philip Stubbes.

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



The Northern Lord.

IN FOUR PARTS.

To a pleasant new Tune.



NOBLE lord of high renowne Two daughters had, the eldeft browne; The youngest 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 shall 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 miss'd his day, So many ounces he should pay Of his owne flesh, instead of gold. All was agreed; the sum was told.

So he return'd immediately
Vnto the lord, where he did buy
His daughter deare, of 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 askt 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 purchase you.

But now the day of payment's come, I know not how to raife the fumme; He'll haue my flesh, 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 request he yeelded ftrait.

PART II.

Then having past the raging seas, They trauail'd on, till by degrees Vnto the German court they came; The knight, his sonne, 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 respect Vnto his guests, because they came From Britain, that blest land of same.

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 base intent; So to her chambermaid he went,

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

In hopes of fuch a great reward The ring she stole; and the Dutch lord Did take it to the English knight, Who almost swounded at the sight.

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

Soone afterward, in armour greene, She like a warlike wight was feene; And in most gallant 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 English knight.

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

PART III.

She to the emperor did ride, And faid, Now let the cause be tryde Once more; for Iue resolu'd to saue This noble gallant from the graue. It was decreed, the court should fet. The Dutch lord came, seeming to fret About the ring; as if in seare
The truth would make his shame appeare.

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

The court declared it to be 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 having done with shame and griefe, The English lord had some 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 understand,

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 flesh Ile haue instead 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 last he said: I find in deede Nothing but slesh you are to haue. Answerd 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 flesh from euery limb.

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

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

PART IV.

No fooner were these troubles past But the wises father came in hast, Determin'd for to haue his life For drowning his beloued wise.

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

They brought her lord from prison then, Guarded by many armed men, Vnto the place where he must dye; And the greene knight was standing 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 cast, And brought to suffer death at last, Because your daughter deare he slue; 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 showne, Do what him pleafed with his owne.

Then, having 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.

FINIS.



A warning to all false Traitors

BY EXAMPLE OF 14.

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

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

OU traitors all that doo deuise
To hurt our Queene in trecherous wise,
And in your hartes doo still surmize
which way to hurt our England,

Confider what the ende will be Of traitors all in their degree, Hanging is still their destenye, that trouble the peace of England. Will not examples make you true,
But you will ftill the fteppes enfue
Of the vngodly Romish crue
that trouble the peace of England?
Remember Felton, long agoe,
And Campion that was hang'd also,
With a number great of traitors moe,
that troubled the peace of England.

Then Parrie, and Throckmorton eke,
Of traiterous drifts were not to feeke,
And divers other have 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 still made knowne
Their wicked meaninges euery one,
And death hath made their harts to grone,
that troubled the peace of England:
Yet will not these examples good
Once stay these traitors madding mood,
But still they seeke to suck the blood,
of our 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 first a preest, 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 preest that was a traitor tryed,
His name was Gunter, who denied
to helpe the good Queene of England:
But he would, for the Spaniards sake,
Prouide inuasion for to make,
And gainst our Queene their partes to take
to trouble the peace of England.

There died in Lincolnes feelde also
Moorton, a cruell traitor, too,
He being a preeft, with other 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 preest, 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 disdaine,
with all that loue her in England.

Then Felton yong, who did upholde
The Pope, as did his father olde:
His false hart he to treason solde,
to trouble the peace of England.
To Braintford he was had to dye,
Whereas he stoutly did deny
To helpe our Queene and her cuntrye,
but sought 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 she did conuay
A traiterous preest with ropes away,
that sought to trouble our England:

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

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

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

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

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 August.

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 Prieste out of Bridewell.

FINIS.

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



The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife

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

The Tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.



NHAPPY she whom Fortune hath forlorne, Despis'd of grace that profferd grace did scorne,

My lawleffe loue hath luckleffe wrought my woe,

My discontent content did ouerthrowe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

My closen eies could not his fight abide; My tender youth did lothe his aged fide: Scant could I taste the meate whereon he fed; My legges did lothe to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should dispise him so, That such disdaine within my hart should growe, Saue onely this, that sancie did me moue, And told me still, 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 discontented wife, Contented was he should be rid of life.

Methinkes the heauens crie uengeance for my fact, Methinkes the world condemns my monstrous act, Methinkes within my conscience 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 still I crye: Saue thou my foule, and let my bodie dye.

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

O woe is me! that had no greater grace To ftay till he had runne out Natures race. My deedes I rue, but more I doe 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 judges bee, And give your doome twixt parents love and mee.

I was their childe, and bound for to obey, Yet not to loue where I no loue could laye. I married was to muck and endlesse string ife; 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 haplesse I, whom parents did force so To end my dayes in forrow, shame, and wo.

You Denshire dames, and courteous Cornwall knights, That here are come to visit 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 must dye, Be not affraide the sting 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 shall euer dwell. Sweet Sauiour Christ! do thou my foule receiue: The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And parents now, whose greedy mindes doe show Your harts desire, and inward heavie woe,

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

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

And now, fweete Lord! forgiue me my misdeedes. Repentance cryes for soule that inward bleedes: My soule 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 wisedome to foresee, The match is marrde where mindes doe not agree.

T. D.

London. Printed by Thomas Scarlet. 1591.

The Lamentation of George Strangwidge,

Who for the confenting to the death of Mr. Page of Plymouth, fuffered death at Barnstable.

To the tune of Fortune.



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

I would to God thy wifedome had beene more, Or that I had not entred at thy doore, Or that thou hadft a kinder father beene Unto thy child, whose 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 cause that source of vs must dye.

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

The deede late done in hart I doe repent, But that I lou'de I cannot it relent: Thy 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 worthlesse loue hath brought thy life in scorne. Now, wo is me that euer I was borne!

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

1

Farewell, my loue, the pride of Plymouth towne; Farewell the flowre, whose 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 cause of matching them unfit? And yet my guilt I can not so excuse, We gaue consent his life for to abuse.

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

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

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by E. Allde.



The Complaint of Mallia,

For causing 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 Against my will, where fancie was not fed:
I was content his pleasure to obay,
Although my hart was linckt another way.

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

Methought his fight was lothfome to mine eie; My hart did grudge against him inwardly. This discontent did cause my deadlie strife, And with this wealth did cause a grieuous 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 vnto 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 so bad an end. But wanting grace, I fought my owne decay, And was the cause to make my friend away; And he on whom my earthlie ioyes did lie, Through my amis a shamefull death must dye.

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

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

Farewell, false world, and friends that fickle be; All wives farewell; example take by mee:
Let not the Deuill to murder you inspire,
Seeke to escape such soule 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 wash thou away my crimes.

FINIS.

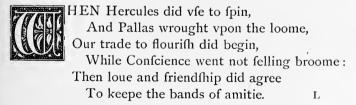
Printed by I. R. for Edward White.



The Weauers Song

IN THE PRAISE OF LOUE AND FRIENDSHIP.

To the tune of Apelles.



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

But when the gyants huge and hie
Did fight with fpeares like weauers beames,
Then they in yron beds did lie,
And brought poore men to hard extreames:

Yet loue and friendship did agree, &c.

Then 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 friendship did agree, &c.

The whiles the Greekes besieged Troy
Penelope apace did spin,
And weavers wrought with mickle ioy,
Though gains were slow in comming in.
For love and friendship did agree, &c.

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

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

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

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

London, Printed for E. White.

Agincourt,

OR THE ENGLISH BOWMANS GLORY.

To a pleasant new Tune.



GINCOURT, Agincourt!

Know ye not Agincourt,

Where English slue and hurt

All their French foemen?

With their pikes and bills brown,

How the French were beat downe, Shot by our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Neuer to be forgot,
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killd the French, like tame sparrows,
Slaine by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where we won field and fort,
French fled like wo-men?
By land, and eke by water,
Neuer was feene fuch flaughter,
Made by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt! Know ye not Agincourt? English of euery fort,

High men and low men,

Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories tell us,

Thankes to our Bowmen!

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

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

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where our fift Harry taught
Frenchmen to know men;
And when the day was done
Thousands there fell to one
Good English 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 best hopes were nought,
Tenfold our foemen,
Harry led his men to battle,
Slue the French like sheep and cattle,
Huzza! our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
O, it was noble 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.



A ioyfull new Ballad,

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



NOBLE England!

fall downe vpon thy knee,

And prayfe thy God with thankfull hart
which still 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 shippes vpon the sea,
And their prouision wonderfull,
but, Lord! thou art our stay:
Their armed souldiers
are many by account,
Their aiders eke in this attempt
doe fundrie wayes surmount.

The Pope of Rome,
with many 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 difery,
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 prosper 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 she stuft
with cannon great and small,
And other instruments of warre,
which we obtained all:

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

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

Which when our men
perceiued 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 Spanish 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 cast 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 crueltie and wrong.
To fet our houses
a fire ore our heads,
And curfedly to cut our throates,
as we lie in our beds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Giue to the reft
of Commons more or leffe,
Louing harts, obedient mindes,
and perfect 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.



The Cood Shepeheard.



LONG the verdant fields all richly dide
With Natures paintments, and with Floras
pride;

Whose goodly bounds are liuely chrystall ftreames,

Begirt with bowres to keepe backe Phœbus beames:

Euen when the quenchlesse torch, the Worlds great eie, Aduanc't his rayes athwartly from the skie, And by his power and heauenly influence Reuiude the seeds of Springs decaied essence:

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

These flockes a shepheard had of power & skill, To fold and seede and saue them from all ill; By whose aduise they liude, whose whossome voyce They heard, and feard with love, 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 rauishment,

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

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

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

Whereat heaven grieving 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 breath.

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

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

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

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

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 brought 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 speare.

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

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

FINIS.

T. B.

Printed at London by A. Islip. 1597.



Salomons Pousewife,

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,
Whose life puts vertue chiefe in ure,
One of the right good houswife kinde,
That man may well him selfe assure,
And boasting say that he hath sound
The richest treasure on the ground:

Whoso enioyeth fuch a loue,

Let him resolue with harts content,
She euer constantly will proue

A carefull nurse and want prevent;
With diligence and carefull heede,
Preuenting tast of beggers neede.

And while she liues she will procure,
By true and faithfull industrie,
Tencrease his wealth, and to insure
His state in all securitie:
To seeke his quiet, worke his ease,
And for a word no way displease.

Her houshold folke from floth to keepe
She will indeuour with good heede;
At worke more wakefull then asleepe,
With place and stuffe which houswifes neede
To be employed: her hands also
The way to worke will others show.

Her wit a common wealth maintaines
Of needments for her houshold store,
And, like a ship, herselfe containes
The riches brought from forraine shore
Arriving, with a bounteous hand,
Dispearing treasure 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 thall want To purchase vines, fet, fow and plant.

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

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

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

Her spinning shall her store increase;
The finest cloath shall yeeld her gaine,
And daily profit shall not cease,
Which her vnidle hands maintaine.
Her cloathing shall her worth expresse,
And honours yeares her end possesse.

Her mouth shall neuer opened bee,
But wisedome will proceede from it;
And such milde gratious wordes yeelds she,
Sweetnesse vpon her tong doth sit.
In age she will her care addresse
To eate no bread of idlenesse.

Her children shall their duty show
Most reuerent to her all her life,
Her husband blesse that he did know
The time to meete with such a wise;
And vttering foorth his happinesse,
Her vertues in this wise expresse.

I know tis true that more then one
Good houswife there is to be found,
But I may boast that thou alone
Aboue all women dost abound:
Yea, I protest in all my dayes
Thou art the first, and this thy praise.

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 these shall end their date of dayes,

She that seares God shall liue with prayse.

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.

T. D.

FINIS.

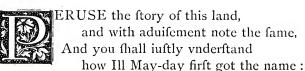
Printed for the Affignes of T. Simcocke.



The Story of Ill May-day

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

To the tune of Effex good night.



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 English men, to fee them here in London dwell. Wherefore, God wot, on May-day eue, as prentices on maying went, They made the magistrates believe 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 thousands came with Bilbo blade, as with an army they should meete, And such a bloudy flaughter made of straungers as fillde all the streete,

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 thousand prentices at least, Were all before the king presented, as Maior and magistrates thought best.

And two and two together tyde,
through Temple Bar and Strand they goe
To Westminster there to be tryde,
with ropes about their neckes also:
But such a crye in enery streete
till then was neuer heard nor knowne,
By mothers for their children sweete
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 Spanish blood
haue Londons stately streetes beene wet,
Yet will I feeke faire Englands good,
and pardon for these young men get.

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

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

In faying fo the pearly teares
fell trickling from her princely eies;
Whereat his gentle Queene he cheares,
and fays, Stand vp! 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 stood in neede of trusty fouldiers at command,

These prentices prou'de men indeede, and feard no force of warlike band.

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

Thus Ill May-day, and ill May games,
performde in young and tender dayes,
Can be no let to all their fames,
or flaines 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.





The desperate Damsells Tragedy,

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 tune
Harmonioufly falutes the time,

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

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 hast thou no fhare?
no, thou hast none,
tis to well knowne,
For me, poore wretch, now in despaire.

How oftentimes haft thou protefted That thou loueft me well indeed? And I performed what was requested: Too much trust 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 dearest iewell thou hast taken, Which should stand me in great stead, And now thou haft me quite forfaken,
And art, like false Æneas, fled
from Dido true:
what can insue
This faithles deed? but end my care:
like her, a knife
must end my life,
For I, like her, am in despaire.

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 despaire.

When she these bitter words had spoken From her minde so fraught with woe, Her heart was in her bosome broken. Teares aboundantly did flow from her faire eyes; then to the skies She did direct her hands with prayer, and seem'd to moue the pow'rs aboue To scourge the cause of her despaire.

THE SECOND PART. To the fame tune.

You Gods (quoth fhe) I inuocate,
That as your iudgements still are iust,
My wrongs, I pray you, vindicate.
Oh, may no mayds that young man trust!
henceforth may he
fo wretched be,

That none for him at all fhall care, but that he may for his foule play Be brought, like me, to grim despaire.

Hauing made an end of praying, Suddenly she drew a knife, And I, that neere vnseene was staying, Ran in hast to faue her life;

but ere that I
to her could cry,
That her owne life she might forbeare,
shee, Dido like,
her heart did strike:
Thus dyde the damfell in despaire.

With fuch force her felfe she stabbed, Blood ranne out abundantly:
My heart within my bosome throbbed To behold this tragedy.

Yet though she bled, she was fearce dead,

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

Sir (quoth she) muse not to see me Desperatly my selfe to slay, For this fatall stroake doth free me From disgrace another way.

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

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

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,
cause life did faile:
Her life she ended in despaire.

When this was told to her falfe louer,
He was of his wits bestraught,
And wildly ran the country ouer;
Home hee'd by no meanes be brought.
Let this tale then
warne all young men
Vnconstancy still to forbeare,
for he betraide
this harmelesse mayde
Vnto her death through grim despaire.

FINIS.

M. P.

London. Printed for H. G. 1627.



Mans Creation, Adams Fall, and Christs Redemption.

In this Table is fet forth three principall things:

First, mans Creation: fecondly, Adams Fall:

and, lastly, the happy restoring againe

of all the faithfull by Christ to the

vnchangeable loue of God.

A Table fit for all Christians to know.



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 should not be bold.

3

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

4

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

5.

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

6.

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

7

And Death likewise the time shall rue, For Christ alone shall it subdue: This truth is knowne to Satans woe, Since Christ hath broke his head also; For God did promise make to fend A godly seede, all strife 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 shall twice one debt demand? Therefore, it now remaines with vs That we believe Christ hath done thus. IC

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

II.

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

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.

FINIS.

I. D.

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



The Ponor of the Juns of Court Bentlemen,

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

To the tune of our noble King in his Progresse.

Y noble Muse, assist mee, that I may with credit vndergoe the taske. A humor hath possest mee To write a new ditty

of the triumphant Mafke,
Which lately was performed
in high magnifique fort,
To the honor of those gentry
that liue at the Inns of Court.

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

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

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

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

A hundred fweet yong gentlemen,
that all vpon great horses
were mounted gallantly,
Clad in white cloath of tiffue then,
And red and white feathers,
most glorious to the eye;
In equipage most sumptuous
they past in solemne sort:
These 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 fleeds: Search all the lands in Europe ore, No men, both in perfon and face these men exceeds.

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

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

THE SECOND PART. To the fame tune.

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 most fit:
The glory of this action
exceedeth all report,
To the honour of those gentry

And fixe there were in number: in those the maskers

that line at the Innes of Court.

themselues did sit in state. Which made the people wonder, And rauished the senses of all that there did waite. The oldest man aliue cannot the like report, To the honour of those gentry that liue at the Innes of Court.

Two charets had foure horses each, that went by two and two: the rest did goe by foure a breast, In order without any breach: A thing which of all things becomes a triumph best; No one did breake aray, but went in fober fort. To the honour of those gentry that line 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 loval loue that their fubiects to them owe. Vnto their long liu'd credit they shewd their princely sport, To the honour of those gentry that live at the Innes of Court.

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

No prince throughout al Chriftendom can like to our King of fo ftrange a triumph boaft:

Those ftrangers that doe hither come Wil spread our Ilands glory abroad in many a coast;

For al their quaint deuises to this must come farre short,

To the honour of those gentry that live at the Innes of Court.

FINIS.

M. P.

London. Printed for Thomas Lambert.



An Excellent Medley

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

The tune is Tarleton's Medley.



N fummer time when folks make hay,
All is not true that people fay;
The fool's the wifeft in the play,
tush! take away your hand.

The fidlers boy hath broke his base, Sirs, is not this a pitious case? Most gallants loath to smell the mace of Wood-street.

The City follows courtly pride;
Jone fwears fhe 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 base rascal out o' the door,
peace, peace, you brawling curs!
A cuckolds band wears out behind,
Tis easie to beguile the blind,
All people are not of one mind,
hold, carman!

Our women cut their hair like men,
The cock's ore-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 shall we do in these sad days?
Will not the wicked mend their waies?
Some lose their liues in drunken frays;
the pudding burns to th' pot.
The cooper says the tubs [hold grift,]
The cobler preaches what he list,
Their knauery now is manifest;
hold, halter!

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

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

Now hides are cheap the tanner thriues: Hang those base knaues that beat their wives, He needs must go that the Deuil driues, God bless 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 schools, Some for strong liquor pawn their tools, For one wife man there's twenty fools:

oh! when shall we be married?

In time of youth when I was wild,

Who toucheth pitch shall be defil'd,

Mol is afraid she is with child:

peace, Peter!

The poor ftill hope for better days,
I do not loue these 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 say a scald head is soon broke,
poor trading!

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

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

The Dutchmen thriue by fea and land, Women are ships and must be man'd, Lets brauely to our colours stand, Courage, my hearts of gold!

I read in modern hiftories The King of Sweden's victories: At Islington 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 have 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 these scabbed coots!
The cheapest meat is reddish roots,
come all for a penny.
Light my tobacco quickly here.
There lies a pretty woman near:
This boy will come to naught, I fear,
proud coxcombe!

The world is full of odious fins,
'Tis ten to one but this horfe wins:
Fools fet ftools to break wife mens shins;
this man's more knaue then fool.
Jane oft in private 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 honest as we can: When Arthur first in court began,
his men wore hanging sleeues.
In May when grass and flowers are green,
The strangest sight that ere was seen.
God send our gracious King and Queen
to London!

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London for H. G.



NOTES.

- PAGE 1. Two propernue Ballettes. Neither date nor printer's name are appended to the broadfide containing these two first Ballads; but the typography is obviously early, and they may be assigned to some year between 1530 and 1540—older, we apprehend, than the most ancient printed ballad the date of which has been ascertained.
- P. 6. Hugh Syngelton, the printer of this broadfide, was carrying on his trade about the year 1550; his first known work bears date 1553. Our specimen once formed the fly-leaf of a book, and part of the text is destroyed.
- P. 8. This ballad was communicated to the editor by the late Dr. Maitland, at the time he was librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Under the imprint is placed the figure of Robert Copeland, as it appears on the titlepages of some of the other productions of his press. Dr. Maitland, at the same time, stated to the editor that there existed, in one of the Lambeth MSS., another copy with some variations: although it resembles the style of Skelton's "Now a dayes," (Works, i, p. 148), it has no name, nor initials, either to the printed or to the written copy.
- P. 16. Respecting John Pit, or Pitts, see "Bibliographical Account," etc. ii, 172.
- P. 21. Throgmorton was hanged, not beheaded as might be fupposed from the wood-cut. The same wood-cut was used in 1641 on the title-page to a prose narrative of the death of Strafford, and for other similar productions, in prose and verse: at the earliest date, at which we have met with it, it had been much battered.

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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 F. Twyne's "News from the North", 1579 and 1582. There were two editions of this ballad in the fame year, differing only verbally, though fome of the changes are curious. One edition, probably the first, was reprinted in "Roxburghe Ballads", 1847, and the other is here given.

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

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

P. 36. The place given to this head, on the broadfide to which it belongs, feems to flew that it was intended for a likenefs of Young Babbington, who was fo dangeroufly energetic 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 first reprinted,

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

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

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

ballad by Stubbes.

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

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

end of the ballad.

Notes.

- P. 63. Mr. Page of Plymouth was murdered by his wife, her paramour, and their accomplices, in February 1591, and they were executed at Barnstaple very soon afterwards; about which date this and the two ensuing ballads must have been printed. The whole story may be read in Vol. II of the "Shakespeare Society's Papers", p. 79; and the remembrance of it continued so fresh in 1599, that Ben Jonson and Dekkerwere then employed upon a tragedy containing the incidents. See Henslowe's Diary, p. 155, etc.
- P. 73. "The Weaver's Song" was probably first printed in Deloney's "Jack of Newbury", of which the earliest notice seems to have been in 1595. From "Jack of Newbury" it was transplanted into a broadside, no doubt on account of its popularity.
- P. 76. Henry Harper, whose name is found at the end of this broadside, was a publisher of ballads and chapbooks as late as 1640 or 1650; but this animated historical effusion must have been very current before 1600, because it is quoted in Heywood's play of "The first part of Edward IV", of that date, A& II, sc. 2.
- P. 79. There is a copy of this ballad in the British Museum, but of an edition different from the present, and with different ornamentation: we suspect that R. I. [Richard Jones], whose initials, as printer, are at the end of the copy we have used, pirated it with some variations from Edward White's first edition, which has T. D. at the termination, as the initials of Deloney, the author. R. I. did not venture to repeat T. D., and indeed did not avow his own name at length in connexion with the broadside, which he headed by a ship-of-war in sull sail. The copy in the B. M. has no ship of war above the title.
 - P. 87. The letters T. B. at the end of this moral and

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

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

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

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

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

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

P. 112. The 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 effusions; and it was unknown to the Rev. Mr. Dyce when he completed Gifford's edition of Shirley's Works: it has not been included in any lift of M. P.'s publications.

P. 118. We have never met with a specimen of a "Medley" in any ancient or modern collection of ballads; yet, from the time of Tarleton downwards, they were extremely popular, and the tune to which "Tarleton's Medley" (now loft) was fung was generally, as here, adopted by his imitators. One of the most successful was by the writer of this ballad, which contains the prominent lines of many popular performances, not a few of which will 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 first in court began," etc., etc. The fac-fimile of a street-musician at the head of this reprint, gives an exact and contemporaneous representation of the cumbrous "Lincolnshire bagpipe", the "melancholy drone" of which is celebrated by Shakespeare, Henry IV, Part I, Act I, sc. 2.







