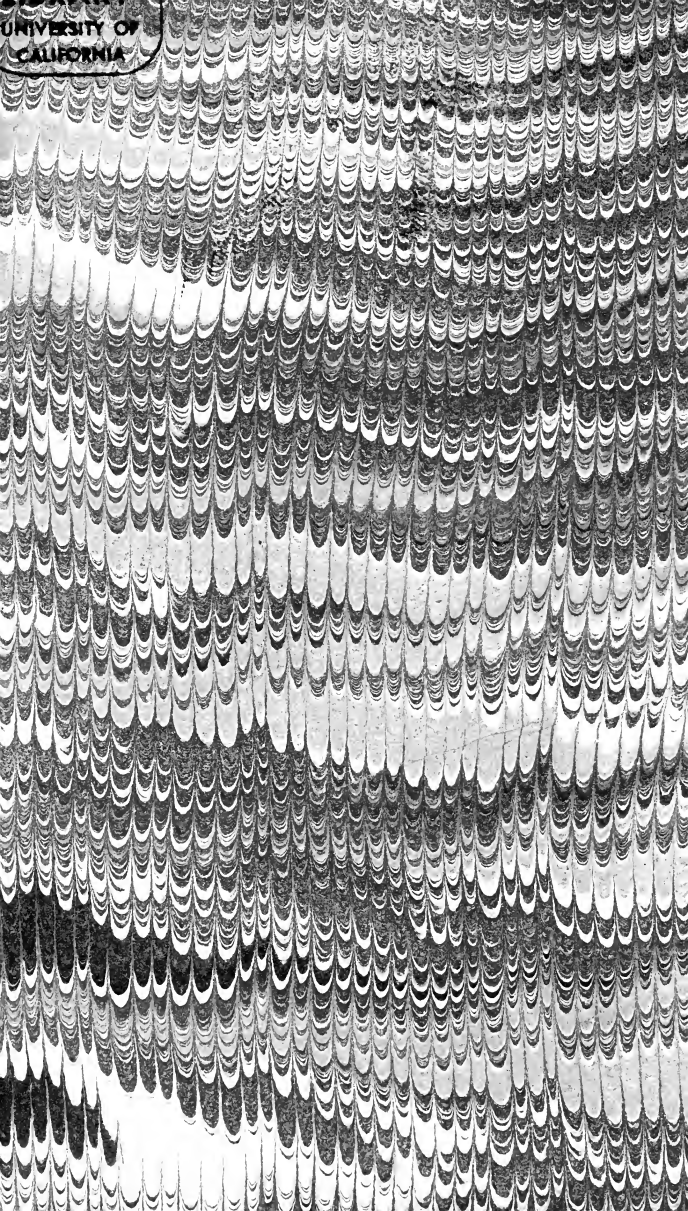


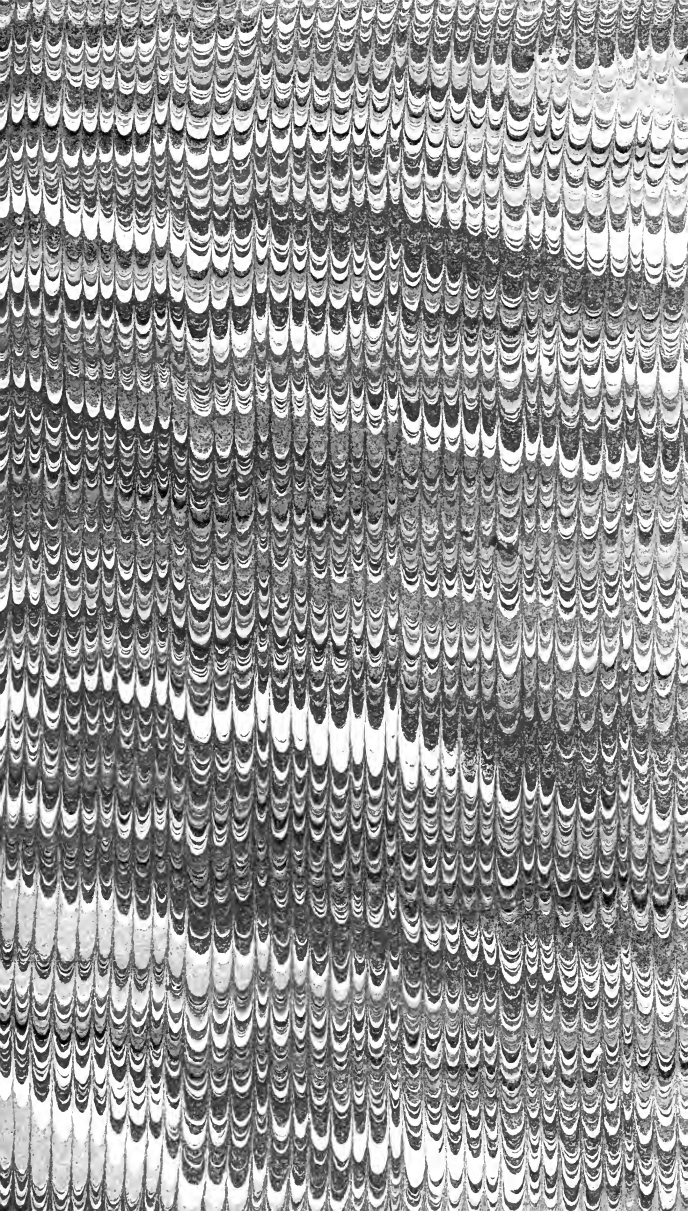
UC-NRLF



5B 161 117

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Card ~~34~~ 781

4/4 ✓

Aug L F Boyd

1893

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

# DRUNKEN BARNABY'S

## FOUR JOURNEYS

TO

## THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

In Latin and English Metre.

WITTILY AND MERRILY (THO' AN HUNDRED YEARS AGO)  
COMPOSED;

FOUND AMONG SOME OLD MUSTY BOOKS THAT HAD LAIN A LONG TIME  
BY IN A CORNER, AND NOW AT LAST MADE PUBLIC.

Together with

## BESSY BELL.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED, (NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,)

THE

## ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE,

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE.

---

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,

Toto notus in orbe—Britannus.

MART.

BARNABAS Ebrius.

---

## A NEW EDITION,

PRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1778,

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR NEW DESIGNS.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. AND J. ALLMAN, PRINCES STREET,  
HANOVER SQUARE.

---

1822.

## LOAN STACK

---

J. G. Barnard, Skinner Street, London.

---



936  
B824  
&  
1822

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE .....	5
Loyal Pheander to his Royal Alexander ..	9
On the Errata.....	13
To the Traveller and Translator .....	15
Index of this Work.....	17
BARNABY'S JOURNAL, Part I. ....	19
Upon Bacchus' Bush and Barnaby's Nose..	45
BARNABY'S JOURNAL, Part II. ....	47
On the Errata .....	77
BARNABY'S JOURNAL, Part III. ....	79
————— IV. ....	133
To Philoxenus.....	165
BESSY BELL .....	169
CHEVY CHASE.....	177

*Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates.*

---

	PAGE
The Puritan hanging his Cat .....	21
Barnaby fighting with the Blacksmith....	39
Barnaby led to the Stocks .....	103
Barnaby enjoying a Country Life.....	163

---

The Plates are designed and executed in Lithography, by Mr. D. Dighton.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

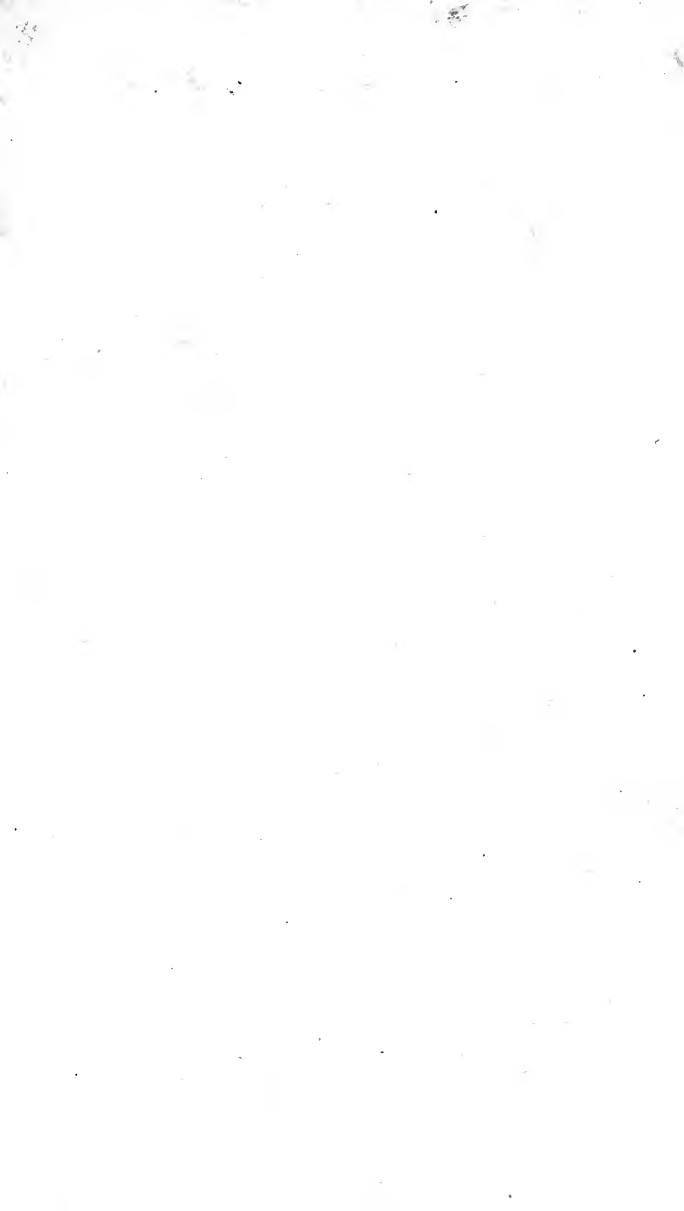
IN presenting this Edition of "*Drunken Barnaby's four Journeys to the North of England,*" to the Public, the Editor has merely to state that it has been done in obedience to their demand for one, at a moderate price.

He flatters himself, that the Edition which he has chosen to print the

present one from (containing the ballad of Chevy Chase in addition) will meet with their approval; and that it will bear a comparison, both in point of Typographical Execution as well as in the Designs for the New Plates, with any of the former Editions of this valuable little book.

*London,*

*January, 1822.*



Richard Braithwaite was the 2nd son of Thomas Braithwaite of Ubarcop, near Appleby, in Westmorland in the year 1604, he was matriculated at Oxford as a gentleman, and a native of Northumberland, & at the age of 16 became a commoner of Oriel college "While he continued in that use says Wood which was at least 3 years he avoided as much as he could the rough paths of logic & philosophy & traced those smooth ones of poetry & Roman History which at length he did excel". He afterwards moved to Cambridge & on returning to the North he became "a Captain of a foot company in the trained bands deputy Lieutenant in the County of Westmorland a justice of peace, and a noted wit & poet." His publications in prose & verse were numerous the titles are enumerated by Anthony à Wood. Braithwaite is now proved by incontestible evidence to be author of "Drunken Barnaby" & that original & very unique production will long rescue his memory from oblivion. His mother was Frances Lamsom a descendant of James Lamsom whom Henry 8th in the year 1540 had made a grant of 7000 sheepskins of Nesham nunnery (see page 121) about the year 1644 he became possessed by the death of his wives nephew of half the family estate at Nesham. he seems to have lost his first wife, & the property along with her & is said to have removed in the latter part of his life to Appleton near Catterick in Yorkshire, upon what his biographer calls "an employment or rather a second marriage" he lived to an advanced age & dying there May 4. 1677 was buried at Catterick, leaving behind him the character of a well bred gentleman and a good neighbor.

— Guide to Dunsdale —

The author of that curious production "Drunken Barnaby" is now fully ascertained to be Richard Braithwaite of Burncliffe Westmorland, esq. author of various other works not anonymous. He is here at least relating a piece of his own history for he was married at Hunsforth 4 May 1617 to Frances daughter of James Lamsom of Nesham Abbey, Esq. by Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Longers. He outlived his wife & wrote her epitaph —  
"Near Darlington was my dear darling borne,  
"Of noble house, which yet bears honor's forme,  
"Teesse, seated Lockrum, where by long descent

THE

**PREFACE TO THE READER.**

**I**T will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desired by a gentlewoman to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanced upon *Drunken Barnaby*, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleased as well as myself. What I can gather of the author is chiefly from himself; for he says, coming to a place called *Harrington*, he was well pleased with the omen, and spent some money there for namesake, so that I conclude his name was *Barnaby Harrington*. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and some-

*See page 119*

*Reck? Bracthway to*

times three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at last arrived at Appleby, in Westmoreland, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turned farmer, and frequented the horse fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the reader pleased, as I was.



## EDITOR LECTORI.

---

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum legendo gaudebam, quod et tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absq; æra, absq; nominè vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante, ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; lucem emisi. De Authore quod certum est subjiciam: ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel socium, vel artium magistrum, aut saltem membrum Collegii Reginensis apud Oxonienses, quod innuit etiam authore sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter

septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning,  
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, et perlecto judicabis. De versu, de metro, de erroribus neq; est quod addam, ipse enim autor satis ludicre in errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede?  
Quid si carmen claudio pede?  
Quid si noctem sensi diem?  
Quid si veprem esse viam?  
Sat est, verbum declinavi,  
“ Titubo, titubas, titubavi.”

Vale et ride affatim, lector.

LOYAL PHEANDER

TO HIS

ROYAL ALEXANDER.

THE title, noble friend, of *Ale-xander*,  
Were it nought else, implies a great *com-*  
*mander*:

And so you shall be still of me and mine,  
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling rhyme:  
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,  
Whose *head* makes such iambics with his  
*heel*.

**BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM,**

**MIRTILI ET FAUSTULI**

**NOMINIBUS INSIGNITUM:**

**VIATORIS SOLATIO NUPERRIME EDITUM, APTISSIMIS NUME-  
RIS REDACTUM, VETERIQUE TONO BARNABÆ  
PUBLICÈ DECANTATUM.**

---

**AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.**

---

**LONDINI:**

**IMPENSIS AB ANNO 1774.**

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL,

UNDER THE NAMES OF

## MIRTIUS AND FAUSTULUS

SHADOW'D:

FOR THE TRAVELLER'S SOLACE LATELY PUBLISHED, TO  
MOST APT NUMBERS REDUCED, AND TO THE OLD  
TUNE OF BARNABY COMMONLY CHANTED.

---

BY CORYMBÆUS.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774.

## IN ERRATA.

---

LECTOR, ne mireris illa,  
Villam si mutavi villa,  
Si regressum feci metro,  
Retro ante, ante retro  
Inserendo, ut præpono  
*Godmanchester Harringtono.*  
Quid si *breves* fiant *longi*?  
Si *vocales* sint *diphthongi*?  
Quid si *graves* sint *acuti*?  
Si *accentus* fiant *muti*?  
Quid si placide, plene, plane,  
Fregi frontem *Prisciani*?  
Quid si sedem muto sede?  
Quid si carmen claudo pede?  
Quid si noctem sensi diem?  
Quid si veprem esse viam?  
Sat est, verbum declinavi,  
“*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*”

## UPON THE ERRATA'S.

---

READER, think no wonder by it,  
If with town I've town supplied;  
If my metre's backward nature  
Set before what should be later:  
As for instance is exprest there,  
*Harrington* after *Godmanchester*.  
What tho' *breve's* be made *longo's*,  
What tho' *vowels* be *diphthongo's*?  
What tho' *graves* become *acute* too?  
What tho' *accents* become *mute* too?  
What tho' *freely*, *fully*, *plainly*,  
I've broke *Priscian's* forehead mainly?  
What tho' seat with seat I've strained?  
What tho' my limp verse be maimed?  
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too?  
What tho' I've made briers my way too?  
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,  
" *Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*"

AD VIATOREM.

---

OPPIDA dum peragras, peragrando Poemata  
spectes,  
Spectando titubes, *Barnabe*, nomen habes.

---

---

AD TRANSLATOREM.

---

P<sup>ESSIMUS</sup> est Cerdo, qui transtulit ordine  
calvo,  
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,  
Ast hic *Translator* corii peramabilis Actor,  
Quirythmo pollens fit ratione satur.



## TO THE TRAVELLER.

---

**T**OWNS while thou walk'st  
And see'st this poetry,  
And seeing, stumblest,  
Thou art Barnaby.

---

---

## TO THE TRANSLATOR.

---

**T**HAT paltry patcher is a bald Translator,  
Whose awl bores at the words but not the  
matter :  
But this Translator makes good use of leather,  
By stitching rhyme and reason both together.

## INDEX OPERIS.

---

**M**ULCIBER, *Uva, Venus*, redolens *Ampulla*,  
*Silenus*,  
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.

Sic me *Parnassi* deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor——

THE  
INDEX OF THIS WORK

---

**V**ULCAN, *Grape, Venus,*  
*Bottle, Silen's hook,*  
Have all explained  
The title of this book.

Thus through vast deserts,  
Promontories wild,  
*Parnassus*-love draws  
*Bacchus'* only child.

# BARNABÆ HARRINGTONI

ET NUNC ET DUDUM DECANTATI

## ITINERARIUM BOREAM

QUATER RETROVERSUS.

---

PARS PRIMA.

---

MIRTILLUS ET FAUSTULUS

*INTERLOCUTORES.*

*Mirtil.* O FAUSTULE! tende palmam,  
Accipe calicem vitibus alman;  
Tunc vinctus es dolore?  
Uvæ tinctus sis colore.  
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,  
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

THE FAMOUS

BARNABY HARRINGTON'S

TRAVELS TO THE NORTH,

FOUR TIMES BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

---

PART THE FIRST.

---

MIRTILLUS AND FAUSTULUS,

A DIALOGUE.

*Mirtil.* O LITTLE *Faustus!* stretch thy hand  
out,

Take thy liquor, do not stand out;  
Art thou 'prest with griping dolour?  
Let rich wine advance thy colour,  
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,  
Drink down care, and thou'lt be wiser.

O *Faustule*, dic amico  
 Quo in loco, quo in vico,  
 Sive campo, sive tecto,  
 Sine linteo, sine lecto,  
 Propinasti, queis tabernis,  
 An in terris, an Avernis?

*Faustul.* O *Mirtille!* baculum fixi  
 Mille locis ubi vixi,  
 In pistrinis, in popinis,  
 In coquinis, in culinis,  
 Huc, et illuc, istic, ibi,  
 Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu boreali,  
 Ut processi ab australi,  
 Veni *Banbury*, O profanum!  
 Ubi vidi Puritanum,  
 Felem facientem furem,  
 Quod Sabbatho stravit murem.

Veni *Oxon*, cui comes  
 Est *Minerva*, fons *Platonis*;







Little *Faustus*, tell thy true heart,  
In what region, coast, or new part ;  
Field or fold thou hast been bousing,  
Without linen, bedding, housing ;  
In what tavern, pray thee shew us,  
Here on earth, or else below us ?

*Faustus.* O *Mirtillus* ! I will shew thee  
Thousand places since I saw thee.  
In the bake-house I had switching,  
In the tap-house, cook-shop, kitchen ;  
This way, that way, each way shrank I,  
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my progress travelling northward,  
Taking farewell of the southward,  
To *Banbury* came I, O profane one !  
Where I saw a puritane one  
Hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

To *Oxford* came I, whose companion  
Is *Minerva*, well *Platonian* :

Unde scatent peramœne  
*Aganippe, Hippocrenè;*  
Totum fit *Atheniense,*  
Imo cornu *Reginense.*

Inde *Godstow,* cum amicis,  
Vidi tumbam meretricis;  
*Rosamundam* tegit humus,  
Pulvis et umbra corpore sumus;  
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,  
Ordine certo sepelietur.

Inde *Woodstock,* quo spectandum  
Labyrinthum memorandum  
Ferunt; sed spectare nollem,  
Reperi vivam hospitem mollem;  
Gratior sociis est jocundis,  
Mille mortuis *Rosamundis.*

Veni *Barkley,* ubi natus  
Stirpe vili magistratus,  
Quem conspexi residentem,  
Stramine tectum contegentem,

From whose seat do stream most seemly,  
*Aganippe, Hippocrene* ;  
Each thing there's the muse's minion,  
The horn at Queen's speaks pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godstow*, with my lovers,  
Where a tomb a strumpet covers ;  
*Rosamond* lies there interr'd,  
Flesh to dust and shades compar'd ;  
Lie he above, or lie she under,  
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,  
Where a labyrinth's reported ;  
No more of that, it is above me,  
I found a tender housewife that did love me ;  
And her guests more sweetly eyeing,  
Than thousand *Rosamonds* a-dying.

From thence to *Barkley*, as did beseem one,  
The may'r I saw, a wond'rous mean one,  
Sitting, thatching, and bestowing  
On a wind-blown house a strawing ;

Et me vocans, "Male agis,  
"Bibe minus, ede magis."

Veni *Daintree* cum puella,  
*Procerum* celebre *duello*.  
Ibi bibi in caupona,  
Nota muliere bona,  
Cum qua vixi semper idem,  
Donec *creta* fregit fidem.

Veni *Leicester* ad *Campanam*,  
Ubi mentem læsi sanam ;  
Prima nocte mille modis  
Flagellarunt me custodes,  
Pelle sparsi sunt livores  
Meos castigare mores.

Veni *Gotham*, ubi multos  
Si non omnes vidi stultos,  
Nam scrutando reperi unam  
Salientem contra lunam,  
Alteram nitidum puellam  
Offerentem porco sellam.

On me call'd he, and did charm me,  
" Drink less, eat more, I do warn thee."

Thence to *Daintree* with my jewel,  
Famous for a *noble duel*,  
Where I drank and took my common  
In a taphouse with my woman:  
While I had it, there I paid it,  
Till long *chalking* broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell at Leicester*,  
Where strong ale my brains did pester ;  
First night besure I was admitted  
By the watchmen I was whipped,  
Black and blue like any tetter,  
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, sure am I,  
Though not all fools, I saw many ;  
Here a she-bull found I prancing,  
And in moon-shine nimbly dancing :  
There another wanton mad one,  
Who her hog was set astride on.

Veni *Nottingham*\*, tyrones  
*Sherwoodenses* sunt latrones,  
 Instar *Robin Hood* et servi  
*Scarlet* et *Joannis Parvi*;  
 Passim, sparsim peculantur,  
 Cellis, sylvis deprædantur.

Veni *Mansfield*, ubi noram  
 Mulierculam decoram,  
 Cum qua nudum feci pactum.  
 Dedi ictum, egi actum,  
 Sed pregnantem timens illam,  
 Sprevi villam et ancillam.

\* *Mortimeriados* morti dos, gloria pulvis,  
 Atria sunt frondes, nobilis aula seges,  
 Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,  
 Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.

Clamat tempus edo, vocemque repercutit echo,  
 Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit ego.

O vos heroes! attendite fata sepulchris,  
 Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris!  
 Non estis luti melioris in orbe superbis,  
 Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

Thence to *Nottingham* \*, where rovers,  
Highway riders, *Sherwood* drovers,  
Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,  
Or like *Little John* his varlet ;  
Here and there they shew them doughty,  
In cells and woods to get their booty.

Thence to *Mansfield*, where I knew one,  
That was a comely and a true one,  
With her a naked compact made I,  
Her long loved I, with her laid I ;  
Town and her I left both, doubtful  
Lest my love had made her fruitful,

\* *Brave Mortimer's* now dead, his glory dust,  
His courts are clad with grass, his hall with rust,  
His stairs steep steps, his horse-troughs cisterns are,  
Worms his embraces, kisses ashes share.

Time cries, *I eat*, and echo answers it :  
But gone, e'er to return, is held unfit.

O heroes ! of these heroes take a view ;  
They're to their fathers gone, and so must you !  
Of better clay you are not than these men,  
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

Veni *Overbowles* \*, ubi *Dani* †  
 Habitarunt tempore *Jani* ;  
 Pater oppidanus callis  
 Circumcirca clausus vallis,  
 Castris, claustris, & speluncis  
 Tectus cœcis, tectus juncis.  
 Sacra die eò veni,  
 Ædes sanctæ erant plenæ,  
 Quorum percitus exemplo,  
 Quia hospes erat templo,  
 Intrans vidi sacerdotem,  
*igne fatuo* poculis notum.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,  
 Iste clamat, dormiunt illi ;  
 Ipse tamen vixit ita,  
 Si non corde, veste trita ;  
 Fortem præ se ferens gestum,  
 Fregit pedibus ‡ suggestum.

\* Temporibus *Jani* sedes fuit ultima † *Dani*,  
 Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

‡ *Fragmina* suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.

*Lucret.*



Thence to *Overbowles* \*, where *Danus* †  
 Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus* ;  
 Way to th' town is well disposed,  
 All about with trenches closed ;  
 Pallisadoes hid with bushes,  
 Rampires overgrown with rushes.  
 On a feast-day I came thither,  
 When good people flock'd together,  
 Where (induc'd by host's example)  
 I repair'd unto the temple,  
 Where I heard the preacher gravely,  
 With his red nose tipt most bravely.

Dormice-like the people seem'd,  
 Though he cry'd, they sleeping dream'd ;  
 For his life, tho' there was harm in't,  
 Heart was less rent than his garment :  
 With his feet he did so thunder,  
 That the pulpit ‡ fell asunder.

\* In *Janus* time was † *Danus* seated here,  
 As by their pales and trenches may appear.

‡ The fragments of which pulpit they were pleas'd  
 To sacrifice to th' ashes of their feast. *Lucret.*

Qua occasione nacta  
 Tota grex \* expurgefacta,  
 Sacerdote derelicto,  
 Tabulis fractis graviter icto,  
 Pransum redeunt, unus horum,  
 Plebem sequor non pastorem.

Veni *Clozæ*, ubi vellem  
 Pro liquore dare pellem,  
 Ibi cerebro inani  
 Vidi conjugem *Vulcani*,  
 Quæ me hospitem tractat bene  
 Donec restat nil crumenæ.

Veni *Rothram* usque *Taurum*,  
 Et reliqui ibi Aurum,  
 Diu steti, sed in pontem  
 Titubando fregi frontem,  
 Quo pudore pulsus, docte  
 Clam putabam ire nocte.

\* O cives, cives, sacris attendite rivis,  
 Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Which occasion having gotten  
All awake\*, the pulpit broken,  
While the preacher lay sore wounded,  
With more boards than beards surrounded;  
All to dinner, who might faster,  
So among them I left pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,  
Where I'd given my skin for liquor:  
None was there to entertain us,  
But a nogging of *Vulcanus*;  
Who afford't me welcome plenty,  
Till my seam-rent purse was empty.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,  
Where my gold, if I had any,  
Left I; long I stoutly roared,  
Till on bridge I broke my forehead,  
Whence asham'd, while forehead smarted,  
I by night-time thence departed.

\* Pray you, good townsmen, sacred springs affect,  
Let not your preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.

Veni *Doncaster*, ubi sitam  
 Vidi levem et *Levitam*,  
 Quæ vieta et vetusta,  
 Parum pulchra aut venusta,  
 Cupit tamen penetrari,  
 Pingi, pungi, osculari.

Veni *Aberford*\*, ubi notum  
 Quod aciculis emunt potum,  
 Pauperes sunt et indigentes,  
 Multum tamen sitientes;  
 Parum habent, nec habentur  
 Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

\* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore vico hœspitium suscepimus quidam acicularius, è grege præ cæteris, fama egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus interiit; in cujus memoriam hoc inscriptum comperimus epitaphium:

——— O Mors crudelis!  
 Quæ tuis telis  
 Artificem stravisti  
 Qui meliorem  
 Erasit pulverem  
 Quam tu de eo fecisti.

Thence to *Donc'ster*, who'll believe it?  
Both a *light-one* and a *Levite*,  
There I viewed; too, too aged,  
Yet to love so far engaged,  
That on earth she only wished  
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to *Aberford\**, whose beginning  
Came from buying drink with pinning:  
Poor they are, and very needy,  
Yet of liquor very greedy:  
Had they never so much plenty,  
Belly'd make their purses empty.

\* At such time as we sojourned in this poor village, it chanced that a certain pinner, and of the choicest of all his flock, being choaked with pin-dust, died; to whose memory we find this epitaph recorded:

——— O cruel Death!  
To rob this man of breath,  
Who, while he liv'd, in scraping of a pin,  
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

Veni *Wetherb*\*, ubi visam  
Clari ducis meretricem,  
Amplexurus, porta strepit,  
Et strependo dux me cepit;  
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,  
Et præcipitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverso cursu, sero  
Quod audissem de *Pindero*  
*Wakefeeldensi*, gloria mundi,  
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,  
Mecum statui peragrare  
*Georgii* fustem visitare.

Veni *Wakefeeld* peramænum,  
Ubi quærens *Georgium Grenum*,  
Non inveni, sed in lignum  
Fixum reperi *Georgii* signum,

\* In Corneolo Angiportu,  
Subamœniore Hortu  
Speciosa manet scorta,  
Meretricia Procans sporta.

Thence to *Wetherb*\*, where an apt one  
 To be *punk* unto a captain.  
 I embrac'd, as I had got it,  
 But door creak'd, and captain smook'd it:  
 Took me by th' ears, and so drew me,  
 Till head-long down stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder,  
 To salute the *Wakefield Pindar*;  
 Who indeed is the world's glory,  
 With his *comrades* never sorry,  
 This was the cause, lest you should miss it,  
*George's club* I meant to visit.

Strait at *Wakefield* I was seen a,  
 Where I sought for *George à Green* a;  
 But cou'd find not such a creature,  
 Yet on a sign I saw his feature;

\* Near *Horn-Alley*, in a garden,  
 A wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*,  
 Sojourns, one that scorns a wast-coat,  
 Wooing clients with her basket.

Ubi allam bibi feram,  
Donec *Georgio* fortior eram.

Veni *Bradford*, cessi foris  
In *familiam amoris*,  
Amant istæ et amantur,  
Crescunt et multiplicantur,  
Spiritus instructi armis,  
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni *Kighley*, ubi montes  
Mintantes, vivi fontes,  
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,  
Læti tamen sunt sodales,  
Festivantes et jucundi,  
Ac si domini essent mundi.

Veni *Giggleswick*, parum frugis  
Profert tellus clausa jugis;  
Ibi\* vena prope viæ  
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,

\* E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,  
Quæ fluit et refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.



Where strength of ale had so much stirr'd me,  
That I grew stouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,  
In family where love oft center'd :  
They love, are lov'd, and make no shew,  
Yet still grow, and do increase too :  
Furnish'd with their sprightly weapons ;  
She-flesh feels priests are no capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are mountains,  
Steepy-threatening, lively fountains ;  
Rising hills, and barren vallies,  
Yet *bon-socio's* and good fellows ;  
Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,  
As they were the world's controulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most steril,  
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of peril :  
Near to th' way as a traveller goes,  
A fresh spring \* both ebbs and flows :

\* Near th' bottom of this hill, close by the way,  
A fresh spring ebbs and flows all hours o' th' day.

Neque nôrunt unde vena,  
An à sale vel arena.

Veni *Clapham*, unus horum  
Qui accivit voce forum,  
Prima hora ut me visit,  
Mihi Halecem promisit;  
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,  
Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni *Ingleton*\*, ubi degi  
Donec fabri caput fregi,  
Quo peracto, in me ruunt  
Mulieres, saxa pluunt,  
Queis percussus, timens lædi,  
His posteriora dedi.

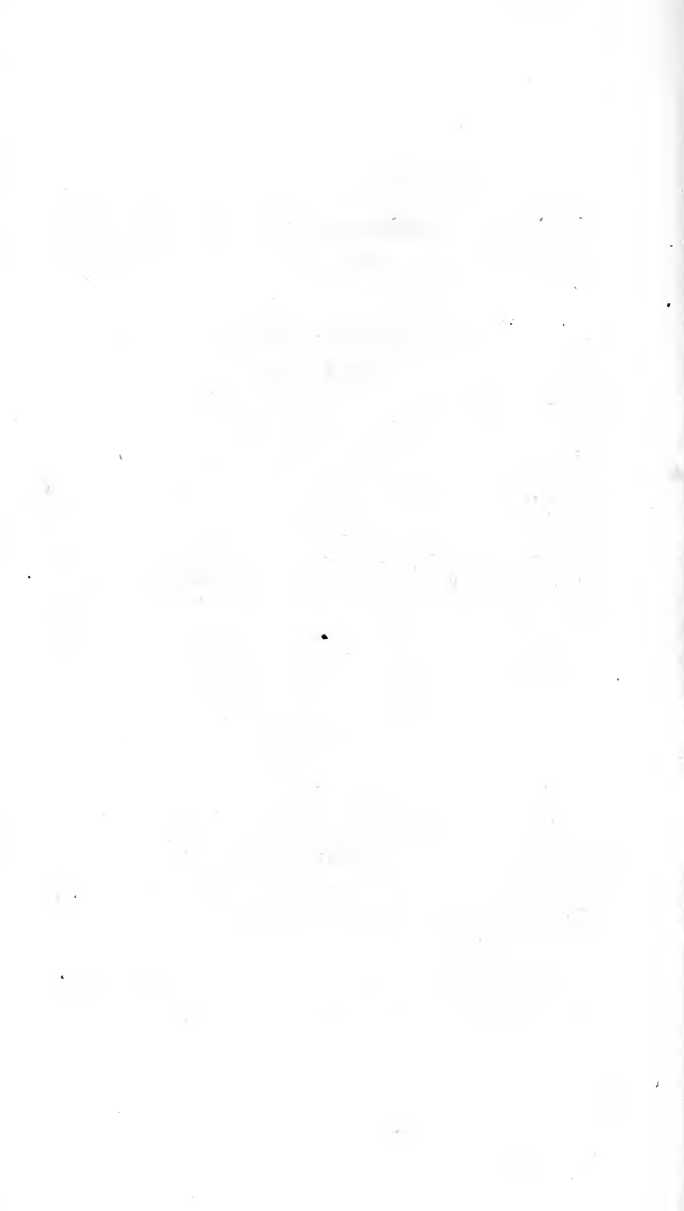
Veni *Lonesdale*, ubi cernam  
Aulam factam in tabernam;  
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,  
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;

\* Pirus inest fano, fanum sub acumine collis,  
Collis ab elatis actus et actus auctus aquis.



*D. Dighton Lithog.*

*Printed by Rowney & Fajfer.*



Neither know the learn'd that travel,  
 What procures it, *salt* or *gravel*.

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nigher,  
 He that was the common cryer,  
 ☞ To a breakfast of one herring  
 Did invite me first appearing:  
 Herring he, I drink bestow'd,  
 Pledges of the love we ow'd.

Thence to *Ingleton* \*, where I liv'd  
 Till I brake a blacksmith's head,  
 Which done, women rush'd in on me,  
 Stones like hail shower'd down upon me:  
 Whence astonish'd, fearing harming,  
 Leave I took, but gave no warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where I view'd  
 An hall, which like a tavern shew'd;  
 Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,  
 Pots brimfull, no thought of caring:

\* The poor man's box is in the temple set,  
 Church under hill, the hill by waters bet.

Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,  
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni *Cowbrow*, vaccæ collem,  
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,  
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,  
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,  
Uti bibula titubat vates,  
Donec cecidit supra nates.

Veni *Natland*, eo ventus,  
*Eboraci* qui contemptus  
Colligit, hospitium dedit,  
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,  
Semipotus, sicut usi,  
Circa *May-pole* plebe lusi.

Veni *Kirkland*, veni *Kendall*,  
Omnia hausi, vulgo *Spend-all*,  
Nocte, die, peramicè  
Bibi potum mistum pice.  
“ Tege caput, tende manum,  
“ Manu caput fit insanum.”

They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,  
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, truth I'll tell ye,  
Mine hostess had a supple belly,  
Body plump, and count'nance cheerful,  
Reeling pace (a welcome fearful),  
Like a drunken hag she stumbled,  
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, b'ing come thither,  
He who *York's* contempts did gather,  
Gave me harbour light as feather,  
We both drank and eat together,  
Till half tipsy, as it chanced,  
We about the *May-pole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,  
I did that which men call *Spend-all* :  
Night and day with sociates many,  
I drank ale both thick and clamny.  
“ Shroud thy head, boy, stretch thy hand too,  
“ Hand has done what head can't stand to.”

His relictis, *Staveley* vidi,  
Ubi tota nocte bibi,  
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,  
Inter hilares vixi cœtus,  
Queis jurando sum mansurus,  
Donec *Barnabæ* rediturus.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.



Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,  
 Where now all night drinking am I,  
 Always frolick, free from yellows,  
 With a consort of good fellows;  
 Where I'll stay, and end my journey,  
 Till brave *Barnaby* return a.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

IN  
BACCHI THYRSUM ET  
BARNABÆ NASUM;

EPIGRAMMA :

ALIAS,

NASUTUM DILEMMA.

---

HÆDERA læta bono non est suspensa falerno,  
Thyrus enim *Bacchi*, *Barnabæ* nasus erit.  
Non opus est thyrsu, non frondi virent cu-  
pressi,  
Si non thyrus erit, *Barnabæ* nasus olet.

COROLLARIUM.

Non thyrus, thyasus; cyathus tibi thyrus  
et ursus,  
Thyrus quo refoles ursus ut intus oles.

UPON  
BACCHUS'S BUSH AND  
BARNABY'S NOSE;

AN EPIGRAM:

OR, THE

LONG-SNOUDED DILEMMA.

---

GOOD wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,  
Let *Bacchus'* bush be *Barnaby's* rich nose.  
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green,  
*Barnaby's* nose may for a bush be seen.

COROLLARY.

No bush, no garland; pot's thy *bush* and *bear*:  
Of *bear* and *bush* thou smellest all the year.

# BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

---

## PARS II.

---

*Mirtil.* FAUSTE (*Fastule*) rediisti,  
Narra (precor) quo venisti,  
Villos, vicos visitasti,  
Coetus, situs peragrasti,  
Certe scis ab Aquilone,  
Multum mali, parvum boni.

*Faustul.* Ille ego sum qui quondam,  
Crines, mores, vestes nondum  
Sunt mutatae, nam recessi,  
Calceamentis queis discessi,  
Neque pectine usus fui,  
Sic me *meis* juvat frui.

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

---

## PART II.

---

*Mirtil.* **YOUNG Fauste**, happily returned ;  
Tell me, prithee, where'st sojourned ;  
What towns, villages thou'st viewed,  
What seats, sights, or states, were shewed :  
Sure thou know'st the *North's* uncivil,  
Small good comes thence, but much evil.

*Faustul.* What I was once, same I am now,  
Hair, conditions, garments too ;  
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,  
These the same shoes I went out with ;  
And for comb I ne'er us'd any,  
Lest I lost some of my money.

Sed arrectis auribus audi,  
 Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,  
 Pontes\*, fontes, montes, valles,  
 Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,  
 Vias, villas, vicos, vices,  
 Castas, cautas, meretrices.  
 Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,  
 Non pauperior sum quam eram,  
 Uno nec quadrante ditior,  
 Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,  
 Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,  
 Minus sanus, magis æger.  
 Ego enim mundum totum  
 Tanti esse quanti potum  
 Semper duxi : mori malle  
 Nobilem quam vitare allam :  
 " Sobrius similis apparet agno,  
 " Ebrius *Alexandro Magno.*"  
 Leviore nam mæandro  
 Capite capto, sum *Lysandro* :  
 Multo fortior, et illæsum  
 Puto me capturum *Rhesum* :

\* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

But attend me, and partake it,  
What I loved, what I hated,  
Bridges\*, fountains, mountains, vallies,  
Huts, cells, hillocks, highways, shallows,  
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,  
Chaste, choice, chary, merry wenches.  
Truth I'll tell thee, nothing surer,  
Richer am not, nor yet poorer;  
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,  
Blither, brisker, more in season;  
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,  
Neither healthier nor sicker.  
For the world, I so far prize it,  
But for liquor I'd despise it:  
Thousand deaths I'd rather die too,  
Than old ale mine enemy too:  
"Sober, lamb-like do I wander,  
"Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*."  
When my head feels its meander,  
I am stronger than *Lysander*:  
Th' isle of *Rhe*, I little fear it,  
Without wound to win and wear it:

\* *England*, amongst all nations, is most full  
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wool.

Sed ne tibi gravior essem,  
Nunc descendam ad progressum.

Primò occurrit peregranti  
Oppidum\* *Joannis Ganti*,  
Sedes nota et vetusta,  
Mendicantibus onusta,  
*Janitorem* habens qualem  
Mundus vix ostendet talem.

Veni *Ashton*, ubi vinum,  
Militem, et heroinam,  
Clarum, charum, et formosam,  
Damam, domum speciosam  
Vidi, mersi mero musam,  
Donec pes amisit usum.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi malè  
Intrans forum bestiale,  
Forte vacillando vico  
Huc et illuc cum amico,

\* Scinditur à clivo turris, bitumine murus;  
Mœnia sic propriis sunt redditura rogis.



But lest tedious I express me,  
To my *progress* I'll address me.

First place where I first was known-a,  
Was brave *John à Gant's* old town-a\* :  
A seat antiently renowned,  
But with store of beggars crowned ;  
For a *gaoler* ripe and mellow,  
The world has not such a fellow.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be  
Was the wine, brave knight, bright lady ;  
All I saw was comely, specious,  
Seemly gracious, neatly precious ;  
My muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,  
When I walk'd, my legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garstang*, pray you hark it,  
Ent'ring there a great beast-market ;  
As I jogged on the street,  
'Twas my fortune for to meet

\* An antient arch doth threaten a decline,  
And so must strongest piles give way to time.

In juvencæ dorsum rui  
Cujus cornu læsus fui.

Veni *Preston*, ductus eram  
Ad bacchantem *Banisterum*,  
Ac si una stirpe nati,  
Fratres fuimus jurati ;  
Septem dies ibi mansi,  
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.

Veni *Euston*, ubi hospes.  
Succi plena, corpore sospes,  
Crine sparso, vultu blando,  
At halitu (proh) nefando,  
Qua relicta cum ancillis,  
Me ad lectum duxit *Phillis*.

Veni *Wigan* prope cœnam,  
Ad hospitulam obscœnam ;  
Votis meis fit secunda,  
Ebria fuit et jocunda ;  
Sparsit *anus* intellectum,  
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

A young heifer, who before her  
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,  
To brave *Banister's* to bed-a ;  
As two born and bred together,  
We were presently sworn brether :  
Seven days were there assigned,  
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euston*, where mine hostess  
Feels as soft as any toast is :  
Juicy, lusty, count'nance toothsome ;  
Braided hair, but breath most loathsome ;  
Her I left with locks of amber ;  
*Phyllis* light me to my chamber.

Thence to *Wigan* about supper,  
To an hostess, none more slutter :  
Buxom was she, yet to see to,  
She'd be drunk for company too ;  
Wit this beldame soon did scatter,  
And in bed distill'd her water.

Veni *Newton in Salictis*,  
 Ubi ludens chartis pictis  
 Cum puella speciosa,  
 Cujus nomen erat *Rosa* \*,  
 Centi-pede provocavi  
 Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni *Warrington*, profluentes  
 Rivos ripas transeuntes  
 Spectans, multo satius ratus  
 Mergi terris quam in aquis,  
 Vixi laute, bibi læte,  
 Donec aquas signant metæ.

Veni *Budworth* usque *Gallum*,  
 Ubi bibi fortem allam,  
 Sed ebrietate captus,  
 Ire lectum sum coactus ;  
 Mihi mirus affuit status,  
 A duobus sum portatus.

\* Quam *Rosa* spiravit ! sed odoribus *aquilo* flavit,  
 Et ugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,  
 Where being bolster'd up with pillows,  
 I at cards play'd with a girl,  
*Rose* \* by name, a dainty pearl:  
 At centy-foot I often moved  
 Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, banks o'erflowed,  
 Travellers to th' town were rowed;  
 Where supposing it much better  
 To be drown'd on land than water,  
 Sweetly, neatly I sojourned  
 Till that deluge thence returned.

Thence to th' *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I  
 Drank strong ale as brown as berry:  
 Till at last with deep healths felled,  
 To my bed I was compelled:  
 I for state was bravely sorted,  
 By two porters well supported.

\* Fresh was my *Rose*, till by a north wind toss'd,  
 She sap, scent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Sed amore captus grandi  
 Visitandi *Thomam Gandi*,  
*Holmi* petii *Sacellum*,  
 Ubi conjugem et puellam  
 Vidi pulchras, licet sero:  
 Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Hinc ad *Tauk-a-Hill* perventum,  
 Collem valde lutulentum,  
 Faber mihi bene notus  
 Mecum bibit donec potus,  
 Quo relicto, *Cythera* sponte  
 Cornua fixit *Lemnia* fronte.

*Novo-Castro Subter-linum*,  
 Mulsum propinavi vinum;  
 Nullus ibi fit scelestus,  
 Vox clamantis in suggestis;  
 Portas castitatis frangunt,  
 Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni *Stone* ad *Campanam*,  
 Vidi *Deliam*\* non *Dianam*;

\* O mellea mea *Delia*!

Where no sooner understand I  
Of mine honest host *Tom Gandi*,  
To *Holm-chapel* forthwith set I,  
Maid and hostess both were pretty,  
But to drink took I affection,  
I forgot soon their complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* resort I,  
An hill steepy, slippery, dirty :  
Smith with me being well acquainted,  
Drank with me till's brains were tainted.  
Having left me, *Venus* swore it,  
She'd shoe-horn her *Vulcan's* forehead.

At *Newcastle-under-Line-a*,  
There I trounc'd it in burnt wine-a :  
None o'th' *wicked* there remained,  
Weekly lectures were proclaimed :  
Chastity they roughly handle,  
While blind zeal snuffs out the candle.

Thence to th' *Bell at Stone*, straight drew I,  
*Delia* \*, no *Diana* saw I :

\* O my honeysuckle *Delia*!

Hic suspectam habens vitam  
 Pastor gregis, jesuitam  
 Me censebat, sed incertas  
 Nil invenit præter chartas.

*Haywood* properans malignam,  
 Nocte præparat aprugnam  
 Mihi hospes; sed quid restat?  
 Calices haurire præstat:  
 Nullum Baccho gratius libum,  
 Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni *Ridgelay*, ubi faber,  
 Cui liquor summus labor,  
 Mecum bibit; nocte data  
 Mihi matula perforata,  
 Vasis crimine detecto,  
 Fit oceanus in lecto.

Veni *Bruarton*, *Claudi* domum,  
 Ubi querulum audiens sonum,  
 Conjugem virum verberantem,  
 Et vicinum equitantem;



By the parson I was cited,  
Who held me for jesuited ;  
In his search, the door fast locked,  
Nought but cards were in my pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,  
Mine hostess gave me brawn at night-a :  
But, what's that unto the matter ?  
Whiskins sorted with my nature :  
To brave *Bacchus* no gift quicker  
Than meat changed to strong liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a blacksmith  
(Liquor being all he'd take with)  
Bouzed with me ; midnight waking,  
And a looking-glass there taking,  
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,  
Which made me lie wet till morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*  
Did approve us and applaud us ;  
Where I heard a woful bleating,  
A curst wife her husband beating :

Quo peracto, frontem lini  
Spuma bynes instar vini.

Inde *Litchfield*\* properabam,  
Ubi quendam invitabam  
Perobscænum opibus plenum,  
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam;  
Hausto vino, acta cœna,  
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni *Coleshill*, ad macellum,  
Ubi in cervisiam cellam  
Forte ruens, cella sordet,  
Uxor mulcet, ursæ mordet;  
Sed ut lanius fecit focum  
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni *Meredin*, meri-die,  
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,  
Hospitem in genu cepi,  
Et ulterius furtim repi;

\* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,  
Crevit in ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

Neighbour rode for his default-a,  
While I dy'd my front with malt-a.

Thence to *Litchfield*\* went I right on,  
Where I chanced to invite one,  
A curmudgeon rich, but nasty,  
To a supper on a pasty :  
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,  
What I spent the miser lended.

Thence to *Coleshill*, to a shamble,  
Like an old fox, did I ramble  
Down nasty cellar, wife inviting,  
All while cursed bear was biting :  
But the butcher having made  
The fire his bed, no more I staid.

Thence to *Meredin* did steer I,  
Where grown foot-sore, and sore weary,  
I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan-a*,  
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a :

\* Enclos'd with cliffs, trees, grass, and artichokes,  
The fruitful vale up to the temple looks.

Cum qua propinando mansi,  
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.

Veni *Coventry*, ubi dicunt  
Quod *Cæruleum-filum* texunt,  
Ego autem hoc ignoro,  
Nullum enim emi foro,  
Nec discrevi juxta morem,  
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni *Dunchurch* per latrones  
Ad lurcones et lenones,  
Nullum tamen timui horum,  
Nec latronem, nec liquorem;  
Etsi dives metu satur,  
Cantet vacuus viator.

Mane *Daintry* ut venissem,  
Corculum quod reliquissem,  
Avide quærens per musæam,  
Desponsatam esse eam  
Intellexi, qua audita,  
“Vale (dixi) *Proselyta*.”

There we drank, and no guest cross'd us,  
Till I took host for th' hostess.

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis said-a  
*Coventry-blue* is only made-a;  
This I know not, for sure am I,  
In no market bought I any:  
*Bacchus* made me such a scholar,  
Black or blue, I knew no colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where report is  
Of pimps and punks a great resort is;  
But to me none such appeared,  
Thief nor bung-hole I ne'er feared:  
Tho' curmudgeons have fears plenty,  
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,  
But not the wench I left behind me:  
Near the school-house where I boused,  
Her I sought, but she was 'spoused;  
Which I having heard that night-a,  
"Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta*."

Veni *Wedon*, ubi varii  
 Omnis gentis tabellarii  
 Convenissent, donec mundus  
 Currit cerebro rotundus :  
 “ Solvite sodales læti,  
 “ Plus \* reliqui quam accepi.”

Veni *Tosseter* die *Martis*,  
 Ubi bacculaureum artis  
 Bacchanalia celebrantem,  
 Ut inveni tam constantem  
 Feci me consortem festi  
 Tota nocte perhonesti.

Veni *Stratford*, ubi *Grenum*  
 Procis proçam, Veneris venam,  
 Nulla tamen forma jugis,  
 Verdor † oris perit rugis ;  
 Flos ut viret semel aret,  
 Forma spreta procis caret.

\* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.

† Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo !  
 Nomine si vireo, vere tamen pero.

Thence to *Wedon*, where I tarry'd  
 In a waggon to be carried;  
 Carriers there are to be found-a,  
 Who will drink till th' world turns round-a:  
 "Pay, good fellows, I'll pay nought here,  
 "I have left \* more than I brought here."

Thence to *Tosseter* on *Tuesday*,  
 Where an artful batchelor choos'd I  
 To consort with; we ne'er budged,  
 But to *Bacchus'* revels trudged:  
 All the night-long sate we at it,  
 Till we both grew heavy-pated.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank Green*†-a,  
 Daintiest doe that e'er was seen-a,  
*Venus'* varnish, me saluted,  
 But no beauty long can suit it;  
 Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,  
 Beauty lost, her wooer 'vadeth.

\* My queasy stomach making bold  
 To give them that it could not hold.

† *Green* is my name, from him whom I obey,  
 But tho' my name be green, my head is grey.

Tenens cursum et decorum,  
*Brickhill*, ubi *Juniorem*  
 Veni, vidi, propter mentem  
 Unum octo sapientum;  
 Sonat vox ut *Philomela*,  
 Ardet nasus ut candela.

*Hocklahole* ut accessissem,  
 Cellam *Scyllam* incidissem,  
 Antro similem *Inferni*,  
 Aut latibulo *Lavernæ*;  
 Ibi diu propinando,  
 Sævior eram quam *Orlando*.

Veni *Dunstable*, ubi mures  
 Intus reptant, extus fures,  
 Sed vacandum omni metu  
 Furum temulento cœtu,  
 Pars ingenii mansit nulla  
 Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni *Redbourn*, ubi *Mimi*  
 Neq; medii, neq; primi:



Holding on my journey longer,  
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*  
I arriv'd; one, by this cheese-a,  
Stil'd the eighth wise-man of *Greece-a*,  
Voice more sweet than *Progne's* sister,  
Like a torch his nose doth glister.

    To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,  
*Scylla's* barmy cell I broached,  
Dark as th' cave of *Pluto's* station,  
Or *Laverna's* habitation:  
Quaffing there while I could stand-o,  
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

    Thence to *Dunstable*, all about me,  
Mice within, and thieves without me:  
But no fear affrights deep drinkers,  
There I toss'd it with my skinkers:  
Not a drop of wit remained  
Which the bottle had not drained.

    Thence to *Redbourn*, where were Players,  
None of *Roscius'* active heirs:

Prologus hedera redimitus  
 Simiano gestu fitus,  
 Convivalem\* cecinit odem,  
 Heus tu corrige diploidem.

Illinc stomacho inani  
 Petii oppidum *Albani* †,  
 Ubi tantum fecit vinum,  
 Dirigentem ad *Londinum*  
*Manum* manu cepi mea,  
 Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni *Barnet* signo *Bursæ*,  
 Ubi convenissent ursi,

*Actor.*

\* Dapes convivio, sapore vario.

*Auctor.*

Diplois spatio lataque medio,  
 Corrige diploidem ægregie nebulo.

† Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;  
*Albion Albanum* vix parit alma parem.

Prologue crown'd with wreath of ivy,  
 Jetted like an ape most lively :  
 I told them sitting at the banquet \*,  
 They should be canvass'd in a blanket.

From thence with a stomach empty,  
 To the town of *Albane* † went I,  
 Where with wine I was so undone,  
 As the *hand*, which guides to *London*,  
 In my blind hand I received,  
 And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,  
 There the bears were come to town-a :

*Actor.*

\* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es  
 of sun-dry ta-ast,

*Author.*

Even so is thy dou-blet too long  
 i'th' wa-ast ;  
 Go mend it, thou knave, go mend it.

† Here *Alban* was ; his tomb, his title too ;  
 " All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now."

Propinquanti duo horum  
 Parum studiosi morum,  
 Subligacula dente petunt,  
 Quo posteriora fœtent.

Veni *Highgate*, quo prospexi  
 Urbem \* perditæ quam dilexi,  
 Hic tyronibus exosum  
 Hausi *Cornu tortuosum*,  
 Ejus memorans salutem  
 Cujus caput fit cornutum.

Veni *Holloway*, *Pileum Rubrum*,  
 In cohortem muliebrem,  
 Me *Adonidem* vocant omnes  
 Meretrices *Babylonis* ;  
 Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,  
 At egentem, foris pulsant.

\* Tot colles *Romæ*, quot sunt spectacula *Trojæ*,  
 Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo  
 Ista manet *Trojæ* spectacula : 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes,  
 3. Histrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Ursa,  
 7. Leones.

Two rude hunks, 'tis truth I tell ye,  
 Drawing near them, they did smell me :  
 And like two mishapen wretches,  
 Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed  
 City\* I so dearly loved,  
 And the *Horn of matriculation*  
 Drank to th' freshmen of our nation ;  
 To his memory saluted  
 Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway*, *Mother Red-cap*,  
 In a troop of trulls I did hap ;  
 Whores of *Babylon* me impalled,  
 And me their *Adonis* called ;  
 With me toyed they, buss'd me, cull'd me,  
 But being needy, out they pull'd me.

\* Seven hills there were in *Rome*, and so there be  
 Seven sights in *New-Troy* crave our memory :

1. Tombs, 2. *Guild-hall* giants, 3. Stage-plays
4. *Bethl'hem* poor,
5. Ostrich, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons i'th' Tow'r.

Veni *Islington* ad *Leonem*,  
 Ubi spectans histrionem  
 Sociatum cum choraulis,  
 Dolis immiscentem sales,  
 Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,  
 Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægre jam relicto rure,  
 Securem *Aldermanni-bury*  
 Primo petii, qua exosa  
 Sentina, *Holburni Rosa*  
 Me exceptit, ordine tali  
 Appuli *Gryphem Veteris Baily* ;  
 Ubi experrectus lecto,  
 Tres *Ciconias* indies specto,  
 Quo victurus, donec æstas  
 Rure curas tollet mœstas ;  
 Festus *Faustulus* & festivus,  
 Calice vividus, corpore vivus.  
 Ego etiam & sodales  
 Nunc *Galerum Cardinalis*  
 Visitantes, vi *Minervæ*  
 Bibimus ad *Cornua Cervi*,

Thence to *Islington* at *Lyon*,  
Where a juggling I did 'spy one  
Nimble with his mates consorting,  
Mixing cheating with his sporting:  
Creeping into th' case of's viol,  
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left I in a fury,  
To the *Axe* in *Alderm'n-bury*  
First arriv'd, that place slighted,  
I at the *Rose* in *Holbourn* lighted:  
From the *Rose* in flaggons sail I  
To the *Griffin* i' th' *Old-Baily*:  
Where no sooner do I 'waken  
Than to *Three Cranes* I am taken;  
Where I lodge, and am no starter  
Till I see the summer quarter.  
Pert is *Faustulus*, and pleasing,  
Cup brim-full, and corpse in season:  
Yea, my merry mates and I too  
Oft the *Card'nal's Hat* do fly to,  
Where at *Harts-horns* we carouse it,  
As *Minerva* doth infuse it.

Sed Actæon anxius horum,  
Luce separat uxorem.

Sub sigillo *Tubi* fumantis  
Et *Thyrsi* flammantis,  
Motu *Mulciberi* naso-flagrantis.

Officina juncta Baccho  
Juvenilem fere tobacco,  
*Uti libet*, tunc signata,  
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,  
*Uti fiet*, nota certa  
Quæ delineatur charta.

Τέλος, sine *telis* non *typis*.

FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.



But *Actæon*, sick o'th' yellows,  
Mews his wife up from good-fellows.

Under th' sign of *Pipe* still fuming,  
And the *Bush* for ever flaming;  
*Mulciber* the motion moving,  
With nose-burning master shaming.

A shop neighbouring near *Iacco*,  
Where *Young* vends his *old tobacco* :  
*As you like it* ; sometimes sealed,  
Which impression's since repealed :  
*As you make it* ; he will have it,  
And in chart and front engrave it :

Harmless, but no artless end  
Close I here unto my friend.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

## IN ERRATA.

---

INTER *Accipitrem & Buteonem*,  
Juxta phrasem percommunem,  
Spectans ista typis data,  
Hæc comperui *Errata* ;  
Quæ si corrigas (candide lector)  
Plena coronet pocula nectar.

A vertice ad calcem  
Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, disco.

---

JAM *Venus vinis* reditura *venis*,  
Jam *Venus venis* peritura *plenis*,  
Nam *Venus venis* patitur *serenis*,  
*Nectare plenis*.

## UPON THE ERRATA'S.

---

BETWIXT *hawk* and *buzzard*, O man,  
After the phrase of speech so common,  
Having seen this *journal* at print,  
I found these *errata's* in't;  
Which if you correct, kind reader,  
*Nectar* be thy muse's feeder.

From the head unto the foot,  
Nought but *error*, look unto't.

This observation have I found most true;  
Erring, I learn my errors to subdue.

---

Now *Venus'* pure *veins* are with *wines'* inflamed,  
Now *Venus'* full *veins* are by *wines* restrained:  
For *Venus'* swoln *veins* are by *Morpheus*  
chained,  
From folly wained.

# BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

---

## PARS III.

---

*Mirtil.* **Io Faustule!** gratulantur  
Quid te amant & amantur,  
Te incolumem rediturum!  
Spreta curia, pone curam,  
Narra vias, quas calcasti,  
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.  
Ne *Ephesios Diana*  
Fit celebriore fama;  
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,  
Statuam pictores pingunt;  
Tolle metum, mitte moram,  
Fac te clarum viatorem.

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

---

## PART III.

---

*Mirtil.* **W**HOU P *Faustulus!* all draw nigh thee,  
That do love thee, or lov'd by thee,  
Joying in thy safe returning!  
Leave court care, and fruitless mourning :  
Way th'ast walked, prithe shew it,  
Where th'ast lived, what hast viewed.  
Not th' *Ephesian Diana*  
Is of more renowned fame-a ;  
Acting wonders, all invent thee,  
Painters in their statues paint thee :  
Banish fear, remove delay, man,  
Shew thyself a famous way-man.

*Faustul. Mitte moram, tolle metum!*

Quies me unquam minus lætum?

Cum *adversis* agitatum,

Aut *secundis* tam inflatum

Vidit, ut mutando morem

Reddant me superbiorem.

Aspernarer ego mundum,

Nisi mundus me jucundum

Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ

Sociali tinctis siti

Celebraret; adi, audi,

Et progressu meo gaude.

Primo die satur vino

Veni *Islington* à *Lond*:

Iter arduum et grave,

Sero tamen superavi,

Acta vespertina scena

Siccior eram quam arena.

Veni *Kingsland*, terram regis,

Speciosam cœtu gregis,

Equum ubi fatigantem,

Vix ulterius spatiantem,

*Faustul. Leave delay, and be not fearful!*

Why! who e'er saw me less chearful?  
When I was by fortune cuffed,  
Or by fortune's smiles so puffed,  
That I shew'd myself far prouder  
Than when she more scornful shew'd her.  
For the world, I would not prize her,  
Yea, in time I should despise her,  
Had she in her no good fellow,  
That would drink till he grew mellow:  
Draw near and hear, thou shalt have all,  
Hearing, joy in this my travel.

First day, having draught with many,  
To *Islington* from *London* came I,  
Journey long, and grievous weather,  
Yet the evening brought me thither;  
Having ta'en my pots by th' fire,  
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland*, where were feeding  
Cattle, sheep, and mares for breeding;  
As I found it, there I feared  
That my *Roxinant* was wear'ed:

Nec verberibus nec verbis.  
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni *Totnam-altam-crucem*,  
Quo discessi ante lucem;  
Hospes sociis parum caret,  
Nemo *Faustulum* spectaret;  
Pratum stratum, & cubile  
O piaculum! fit fœnile.

Ut reliqui *Crucem altam*,  
Lento cursu petii *Waltham*,  
In hospitium *Oswaldi*,  
Qui mi regiam *Theobaldi*,\*  
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,  
Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni *Hoddesden*, stabant foris  
Chartis pictis *Impostores*,

\* *De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

O domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!  
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori?  
Regio quo sponsi pietas dedit oscula sponsæ,  
Et spirare sabæ vota suprema suæ!



When he would jog on no faster,  
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-cross* turning,  
I departed 'fore next morning:  
Hostess on her guests so doated,  
*Fáustulus* was little noted:  
To an hay-loft I was led in,  
Boards my bed, and straw my bedding.

Having thus left *High-cross* early,  
I to *Waltham* travell'd fairly,  
To the hospital of *Oswald*,  
And that princely seat of *The'bald*\*;  
There all night I drank old sack-a,  
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to *Hoddesden*, where stood watching  
Cheats who liv'd by coney-catching :

\* *On the king's house at Tibbals.*

This seat, this royal object of the sight,  
Shall it for ever bid the world good night?  
Where our preceding kings enjoy'd such bliss,  
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kiss!

Queis deceptis, notis causis,  
 Ante *Eirenarcham pacis*  
 Eos duxi, ut me videt,  
 Laudat eos, me deridet.

Veni *Ware*, ubi belli  
 Saltus, situs, et *Amwelli*  
 Amnes lenem dantes sonum,  
 Qui ditarunt *Middletonum* :  
 Sunt spectati more miti,  
 " O si essent *aqua vitæ*."

Veni *Wademill*, ubi ritè  
 Pleno cyatho dempta siti,  
 Quidam clamitant jocosè,  
 Me spectantes otiose,  
 Co-ementem hæc flagella,  
 Ubi equus ? ubi sella ?

Veni *Puckeridge*, eo ventum  
 Mendicantes fere centum  
 Me præcingunt, dixi verum,  
 " Quod pauperior illis eram;"

False cards brought me, with them play'd I,  
Dear for their acquaintance paid I.  
'Fore a justice they appeared,  
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Thence to *Ware*, where mazy *Amwell*  
Mildly cuts the southern channel;  
Rivers streaming, banks resounding,  
*Middleton* with wealth abounding:  
Mightily did these delight me;  
"O, I wish'd them *aqua vitæ*."

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me  
For a pot, for I was thirsty;  
On me cry'd they, and did hoot me,  
And like beetles flock'd about me:  
"Buy a whip, Sir! No, a ladle:"  
Where's your horse, Sir? where your saddle?

Thence at *Puckeridge* I reposed,  
Hundred beggars me enclosed:  
"Beggars," quoth I, "you are many,  
"But the poorest of you am I;"

Quo responso, mente una  
 Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni *Buntingford*, ad senilem  
 Hospitem et juvenilem  
 Conjugem, quæ scit affari  
 Placide, lepide osculari;  
 Area florida, frutice suavis,  
 Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni *Royston*, ibi seges,  
 Prata, sata, niveæ greges,  
 Ubi pedes pii regis;  
 Hinc evolvens *Fati*\* deges,  
 Mihi dixi: *Quid te pejus,*  
*Ista legens, male deges?*

Veni *Caxton*, paupere tecto,  
 Sed pauperiore lecto:  
 Quidam habent me suspectum,  
 Esse maculis infectum

\* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,  
 Otia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

They no more did me importune,  
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,  
Bed-rid host, but hostess lusty;  
That can chat and chirp it neatly,  
And in secret kiss you sweetly;  
Here are arbours decked gaily,  
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royston*, there grass groweth,  
Meads, flocks, fields, the ploughman soweth;  
Where a pious prince frequented,  
Which observing, this I vented:  
“ Since all flesh to fate’s\* a debtor,  
“ Restless wretch, why liv’st no better?”

Thence to *Caxton*, I was led in  
To a poor house, poorer bedding:  
Some there were had me suspected,  
That with plague I was infected;

\* Fields, floods, wastes, woods, deer, dogs with  
well-tun’d cry,  
Are sports for kings, yet kings with these must die.

Pestis, unde exui vestem,  
Vocans hospitem in testem.

Veni *Cambridge*, prope *Vitem*,  
Ubi *Musæ* satiant sitim;  
Sicut *muscæ* circa *fimum*,  
Aut *scintillæ* in *caminum*,  
Me clausurunt juxta *murum*,  
Denegantes *rediturum*.  
Media-nocte *siccior* essem  
Ac si nunquam *ebibissem*,  
Sed pudore *parum* motus,  
Hinc *discessi* *semi-potus* :  
*Luci*, *loci* *paludosi*,  
Sed *Scholares* *speciosi*.

Veni *Godmanchester*\*, ubi  
Ut *Ixion* captus *nube*,  
Sic elusus à *puella*,  
Cujus *labra* erant *mella*,

\* *Quercus* *anilis* erat, tamen *eminus* *oppida* *spectat*,  
*Stirpe* *viam* *monstrat*, *plumea* *fronde* *tegit*.

So as I stark-naked drew me,  
 Calling th' hostess strait to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*  
 Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as their use is,  
 Like sparks up a chimney warming,  
 Or flies near a dunghill swarming,  
 In a ring they did enclose me,  
 Vowing they would never lose me.  
 'Bout midnight for drink I call, Sir,  
 As I had drank nothing at all, Sir:  
 But all this did little shame me,  
 Topsy went I, tipsy came I:  
 Grounds, greens, groves, are wet and homely,  
 But the scholars wond'rous comely.

Thence to *Godmanchester\**, by one  
 With a cloud, as was *Ixion*,  
 Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,  
 Her soft lips were moist and mellow;

\* An aged oak takes of this town survey  
 Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.

Lectum se adire vellet,  
Spondet, sponsum sed fefellit.

Veni *Huntington*, ubi cella  
Facto pacto cum puella,  
Hospes me suspectum habens,  
Et in cellam tacite labens ;  
Quo audito, vertens rotam,  
Pinxi memet per ægrotum.

Veni *Harrington*, bonum omen!  
Vere amans illud nomen,  
*Harringtoni* dedi nummum,  
Et fortunæ penè summum,  
Indigenti postulanti,  
Benedictionem danti.

Veni *Stonegatehole* nefandum.  
Ubi contigit memorandum.  
Quidam servus attornati  
Vultu pellicis delicatæ  
Captus, intrat nemus mere,  
Ut coiret muliere.



All night vow'd she to lie by me,  
But the giglet came not nigh me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a cellar,  
With a wench was there a dweller,  
I did bargain, but suspected  
By the host, who her affected;  
Down the stairs he hurried quickly,  
While I made me too too sickly.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it spoken!  
For name-sake I gave a token  
To a beggar that did crave it,  
And as cheerfully receive it;  
More he need not me importune,  
For 'twas th' utmost of my fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here  
Of a story that befel there;  
One who served an attorney,  
Ta'en with beauty in his journey,  
Seeing a coppice, hastens thither,  
Purposely to wanton with her.

Mox è dumo latro repit,  
 Improvisum eum cepit,  
 Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,  
 Et post herum nudum misit :  
 Manibus vinctis sellæ locat,  
 Hinnit equus, servus vocat.  
 Cogitemus attornatum  
 Suspiciantem hunc armatum,  
 Properantem deprædari,  
 Uti strenuè calcari :  
 Currit herus, metu teste,  
 Currit servus sine veste.

Psallens *Sautry* \*, tumulum veni,  
 Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,  
 Ubi *Ransford* jus fecisset,  
 Et *pastorem* condidisset ;  
 Vidi, ridi, et avari  
 Rogo rogos sic tractari.

\* Urna sacellani viventis imago sepulti,  
 Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud *Sautry* sacrarium sacerdotis a-  
 vari retinuit memoriam.

As these privately conferred,  
 A rover took him unprepared,  
 Search'd his portmantua, bound him faster,  
 And sent him naked to his master :  
 Set on's saddle with hands ty'd,  
 Th' horse he neighed, man he cry'd.  
 Th' attorney, when he had discerned  
 One, he thought, behind him armed  
 In *white armour*, stoutly stirr'd him,  
 For his jade, he keenly spurr'd him,  
 Both run one course to catch a gudgeon,  
 This nak'd that frighted to his lodging.

Singing along down *Sautry* \* laning,  
 I saw a tomb one had been lain in ;  
 And enquiring, one did tell it,  
 'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' *prelate* :  
 I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,  
 Greedy priests might so be fitted.

\* Here of the whip a covetous priest did lick ;  
 Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that chapel of  
*Sautry*, retaining still with her that covetous priest's  
 memory.

Veni ad *Collegium purum*,  
 Cujus habent multi curam ;  
 Perhumanos narrant mores  
 Patres, fratres et sorores :  
 Unum tenent, una tendunt,  
 Omnes omnia *sacris* vendunt.  
 An sint isti corde *puro*,  
 Parum scie, minus curo ;  
 Si sint, non sunt hypocritæ,  
 Orbe melioris vitæ :  
 Cellam, scholam et sacellum  
 Pulchra vidi supra stellam.

Veni *Stilton*, lento more,  
 Sine fronde, sine flore,  
 Sine prunis, sine pomis,  
 Uti senex sine comis,  
 Calva tellus, sed benignum  
 Monstrat viatori signum.

Veni *Wansforth-brigs*, immanem  
 Vidi amnem, alnum, anum ;  
 Annem latum, anum lautam,  
 Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam ;

To th' *Newfounded college* came I,  
Commended to the care of many :  
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,  
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving :  
These hold and walk together wholly,  
And stake their lands on uses holy.  
Whether pure these are, or are not,  
As I know not, so I care not ;  
But if they be dissembling brothers,  
Their life surpasseth many others :  
See but their cell, school, and their temple,  
You'll say the stars were their example.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,  
With no bloom nor blossom graced ;  
With no plumbs nor apples stored,  
But bald, like an old man's forehead ;  
Yet with inns so well provided,  
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a river  
And a wife will live for ever :  
River broad, an old wife jolly,  
Comely, seemly, free from folly :

Portas, hortos speciosos,  
 Portus, saltus spatiosos.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei  
 Spectans MISERERE MEI,  
 Atriis, angulis, confestim  
 Evitandi cura pestem,  
 Fugi, mori licet natus,  
 Nondum mori sum paratus.

Inde prato peramœni  
 Dormiens temulenter fœni,  
 Rivus surgit et me capit,  
 Et in flumen alte rapit ;  
 Quorsum ? clamant ; *Nuper erro*  
*A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.*

Veni *Burleigh* \*, licet bruma,  
 Sunt fornaces sine fumo,  
 Promptuaria sine promo,  
 Clara porta, clausa domo ;

\* *Ista domus fit Dasypodis dumus.*  
*Staius.*

Gates and gardens neatly gracious,  
Ports, and parks, and pastures spacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,  
Written, **LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,**  
On the portals, I departed,  
Lest I should have sorer smarted :  
Tho' from death none may be spared,  
I to die was scarce prepared.

On a hay-cock sleeping soundly,  
'Th' river rose and took me roundly  
Down the current : people cry'd,  
Sleeping down the stream I hy'd :  
*Where away, quoth they, from Greenland ?*  
*No ; from Wansforth-brigs in England.*

'Thence to *Burleigh* \*, though 'twas winter,  
No fire did the chimney enter,  
Buttries without butlers guarded,  
Stately gates were double-warded ;

\* This house is the Levaret's Bush.

O camini\* sine foco,  
 Et culinæ sine coquo!  
 Clamans, domum ô inanem!  
 Resonabat *Echo* †, *famem*;  
 Quinam habitant intra muros?  
 Respirabat *Echo*, *mures*;  
 Ditis omen, nomen habe;  
 Echo respondebat, *Abi*.

Veni *Stamford* ‡, ubi bene  
 Omnis generis crumenæ  
 Sunt venales, sed in summo  
 Sunt crumenæ sine nummo;  
 Plures non in me reptantes,  
 Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.

Licet curæ premant charæ,  
 Veni in *Foramen Saræ* §;

\* — Hederæque trophæa camini.

† — Custos domus *Echo* relictæ.

‡ Quo schola? quo præses? comites? academica sedes  
 In loculos literas transposuere suas.

§ *Sileni* antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.



Hoary chimneys \* without smoke too,  
Hungry kitchens without cook too.

Hallooing aloud, O empty wonder!

*Echo* † straight resounded, *Hunger*.

Who inhabits this vast brick-house ?

*Echo* made reply, *The titmouse* :

Ominous cell ! No drudge at home, sir ?

*Echo* answer made, *Be gone, sir*.

Thence to ancient *Stamford* ‡ came I,  
Where are penceless purses many ;  
Neatly wrought as doth become them,  
Less gold in them than is on them :  
Clawbacks more do not assail me  
Than are beggars swarming daily.

Tho' my cares were great and many,  
To the *Hole of Sarah* § came I,

\* Ivy the chimney's trophy.

† *Echo*'s the keeper of a forlorn house.

‡ Where be thy masters ? fellows ? scholars ? bursers ?  
O *Stamford* ! to thy shame, they're all turn'd pursers.

§ The drunkard's cave, for so it must be call'd,  
Where many malt-worms have been soundly maul'd.

Proca semel succi plena,  
 Lautâ, læta, et serena,  
 At venusta fit vetusta,  
 Mundo gravis et onusta.  
*Saræ antrum* ut intrassem,  
 Et ampullas gurgitassem \*,  
 In amore *Sara* certo,  
 Ore basia dat aperto ;  
 Sæpe sedet, quando surgit  
 Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni *Witham*, audiens illam  
 Propter lubricam anguillam  
 Vere claram nixus ramo  
 Cæpi expiscari hamo ;  
 Et ingentem capians unam,  
 Præceps trahor in lacunam †.

Veni *Grantham* ‡ mihi gratam,  
 Inclytè pyramidatam,

\* Exiccassem.

† Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,  
 Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

‡ Hinc canimus mirum ! non protulit insula spiram,  
 Talem nec notam vidimus orbe cotem.

Once a *bona-roba*, trust me,  
 Tho' now buttock-shrank and rusty;  
 But tho' nervy-oil, and fat-a,  
 Her I caught by you know what-a,  
 Having boldly thus adventur'd,  
 And my *Sara's* socket enter'd,  
 Her I sued, suited, sorted,  
 Bussed, bouzed, sneezed, snorted:  
 Often sate she, when she got up,  
 All her phrase was, "Drink the pot up."

Thence to *Witham*, having read there,  
 That the fattest eel was bred there;  
 Purposing some to entangle,  
 Forth I went and took an angle;  
 Where an huge one having hooked,  
 By her headlong was I dooked\*.

Thence to *Grantham* † I retiring,  
 Famous for a spire aspiring,

\* *Mæander's* shores to *Lethe's* shadows tend,  
 Where waves, sound cares, and banks imply our  
 end.

† I may compare this town, and be no liar,  
 With any shire, for whetstones and a spire.

Ibi pastor cum uxore  
 Coeundi utens more,  
 De cubiculo descendit,  
 Quia *papa* ibi pendet.  
 Oppidani timent clari  
*Paulo* spiram asportari,  
 Scissitantes (valde mirum)  
 Ubi præparent papyrum,  
 Qua maturius\* implicetur,  
 Ne portando læderetur †.

Veni *Newark* ‡, ubi vivos  
 Sperans mersos esse rivis,  
 Irrui cellam subamænam,  
 Generosis vinis plenam.  
 Donec *lictor* intrans cellam,  
 Me conduxit ad flagellum.

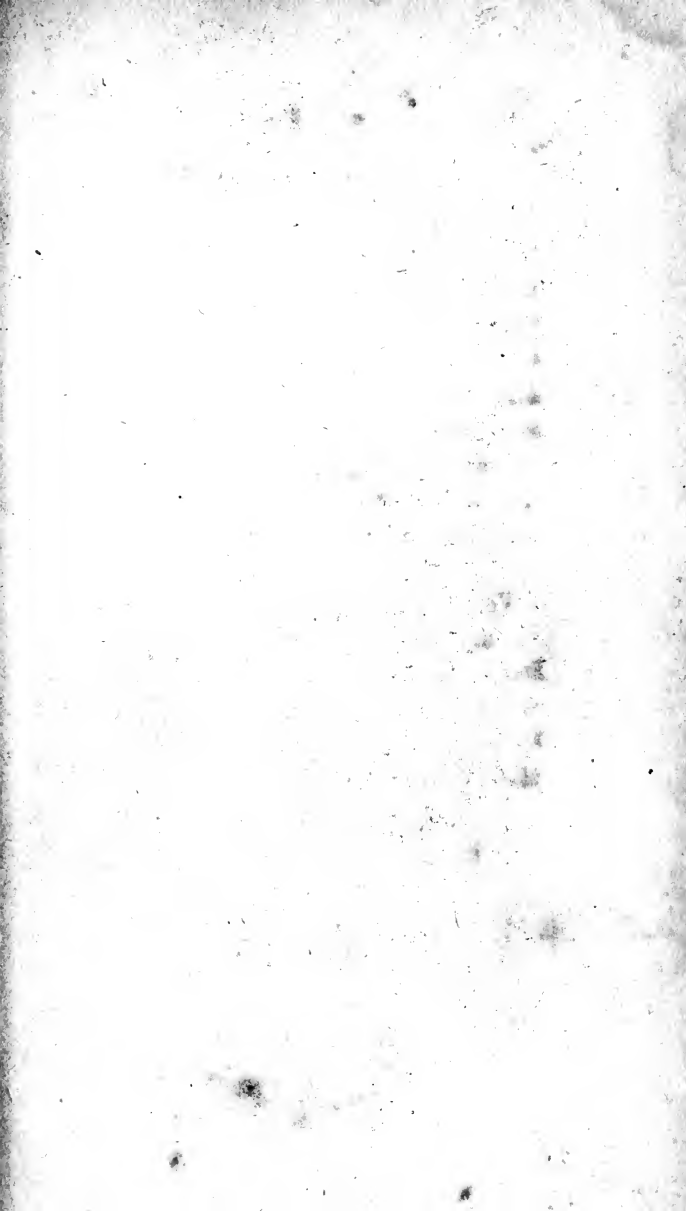
\* Structura. † Penetretur.

‡ Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,  
 Arces effusis vestit amæna comis.

Hic campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis  
 Fæcundare solent, ubera veris habent.

Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.

Valles trinæ et opimæ  
 Dapes insulæ divinæ.





There a pastor with his sweeting  
In a chamber closely meeting,  
In great fury out he flung there,  
'Cause a Popish picture hung there :  
Here the townsmen are amated,  
That their spire should be translated  
Unto *Paul's* ; and great's their labour,  
How to purchase so much paper  
To enwrap it, as is fitting,  
To secure their spire from splitting.

Thence to *Newark* \*, flood-surrounded,  
Where I hoping most were drowned ;  
Hand to hand I straitways shored  
To a cellar richly stored :  
Till suspected for a pick-lock,  
Th' beadle led me to the whip-stock.

\* A sandy plat a shady elm receives,  
Which cloaths those turrets with her shaken leaves,  
Here all-along lies *Bever's* spacious vale,  
Near which the streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.  
Valleys there so fruitful be  
They're the wealth of *Britainy*.

Veni *Tuxworth* fitam luto,  
Ubi viatores (puto)  
Viam viscum esse credunt,  
Sedes Syrtes ubi sedent ;  
Thyrus pendet, diu pendit,  
Bonum vinum raro vendit.

Veni *Retford*, pisces edi,  
Et adagio locum dedi,  
Cœpi statim propinare,  
Ut pisciculi natate  
Discant meo corpore vivo,  
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni *Scrubie*, Deus bone !  
Cum *pastore* et *latrone*  
Egi diem, fregi noctem,  
Latro me fecisset doctum :  
Ei nollem assidere,  
Ne propinquior esses peræ.

Veni *Bautree*, angiportam,  
In dumetis vidi scortam,



Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the clay there,  
 Where poor travellers find such way there,  
 Ways like bird-lime seem to shew them,  
 Seats are Syrts to such as know them ;  
 The ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,  
 Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, fish I fed on,  
 And to th' adage I had read on ;  
 With carouses I did trim me,  
 That my fish might swim within me,  
 As they had done being living,  
 And i'th' river nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, O my Maker !  
 With a *pastor* and a *taker*  
 Day I spent, I night divided,  
 Thief did make me well provided :  
 My poor scrip caus'd me to fear him,  
 All night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there,  
 From the bushes near the lane, there

Gestu levem, lumine vivam,  
 Vultu lætam, et lascivam ;  
 Sed infixi carni pœnam,  
 Timens misere crumenam.

Veni *Doncaster*\* sed *Levitam*  
 Audiens finiisse vitam,  
 Sprevi *Venerem*, sprevi vinum,  
 Perdite quæ dilexi primum :  
 Nam cum *Venus* insenescit,  
 In me carnis vim compescit.  
 Nescit sitis artem modi,  
 Puteum *Roberti Hoodi*  
 Veni, et liquente vena  
 Vincito catino † catena,

\* Major causidico quo gratior esset amico,  
 In comitem lento tramite jungit equo :  
 Causidicus renuit, renuente, patibula, dixit,  
 Commonstrabo tibi ; *Caus.* Tuque moreris ibi.

† *Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,*  
 Sunt *Robin Hoodi* nota trophæa fui,

Rush'd a tweak in gesture flanting,  
 With a leering eye, and wanton :  
 But my flesh I did subdue it,  
 Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Thence to *Doncaster*\*, where reported  
 Lively *Levite* was departed :  
 Love I loath'd and spritely wine too,  
 Which I dearly lov'd some time too ;  
 For when youthful *Venus* rageth,  
 She my fleshly force assuageth.  
 Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,  
*Robin Hood's* well was my treasure ;  
 In a common dish † enchained,  
 I my furious thirst restrained :

\* That courtesie might a courtesie enforce,  
 The may'r would bring the lawyer to his horse :  
*You shall not*, quoth the lawyer.—M. *Now I swear*  
*I'll to the gallows go.*—L. *I'll leave you there.*  
 Might not this may'r (for wit a second Pale As)  
 Have nam'd the *town-end* full as well as *gallows* ?

† A well, thorn, dish, hung in an iron chain  
 For monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

Tollens sitim, parcum odi,  
Solvens obolum custodi.

Veni *Wentbridge*\*, ubi plagæ  
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,  
Vultu torto & anili,  
Et conditione vili:  
His infernæ manent sedes,  
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

Veni *Ferrybrig*, vietus,  
Pede lassus, mente lætus,  
Ut gustassem uvam vini,  
Fructum salubrem acini:  
Sævior factus sum quam aper,  
Licet vini lenis sapor.

Veni *Pomfret*†, ubi miram  
Arcem, *Anglis*‡ regibus diram;

- \* Rupæ cavedia struxit inedia,  
Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.
- † Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera regum,  
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.
- ‡ Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,  
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S. : : : . tuum.

And because I drank the deeper,  
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to *Wentbridge*\*, where vile wretches,  
Hideous hags and odious witches,  
Writhen count'nance, and mis-shapen,  
Are by some foul *bugbear* taken:  
These infernal seats inherit,  
Who contract with such a spirit.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,  
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered:  
I no sooner the grape tasted  
But my melancholy wasted:  
Never was wild boar more fellish,  
Tho' the wine did smally relish.

Thence to *Pomfret*†, as long since is,  
Fatal to our *English*‡ princes;

- \* In a rock Want built her booth,  
Where no creature dwells but Sloth.
- † The tragic state of *English* kings stood here,  
Which to their urns pays tribute with a tear.
- ‡ Here stood that fatal theatre of kings,  
Which for revenge mounts up with airy wings.

*Laseris* \* ortu celebrandam,  
 Variis gestis memorandam :  
 Nec in *Pomfret* repens certior,  
 Quam pauperculus inertior:

Veni *Sherburn* ad amandum,  
 Et aciculis spectandum ;  
 Pastor decimas cerasorum  
 Quærit plus quam animorum :  
 Certe nescio utrum mores,  
 An fortunæ meliores.

Veni *Bramham*, eo ventus,  
 Vidi pedites currentes ;  
 Quidam auribus susurrat,  
 “ Crede *Faustule*, hic præcurret,  
 “ Nam probantur:” qui narratur  
 Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni *Tadcaster*, ubi pontem  
 Sine flumine, prælucentem,

\* Latius in rupem laser est sita dulcis arentem,  
 Veste nova veris floribus aucta novis.

For the choicest *liquorice* \* crowned,  
And for sundry acts renowned :  
A louse in *Pomfret* is not surer  
Than the poor thro' sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,  
And for pinner well approved :  
Cherry-tenths the pastor aimeth,  
More than th' souls which he reclaimeth :  
In an equipage consorting,  
Are their manners and their fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,  
I saw two footmen stript for running :  
One said, " the match was made to cheat 'em ;  
" Trust me, *Faustulus*, *this* will beat 'em ;  
" For we've try'd 'em ;" but that courser  
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared  
A fair bridge ; no flood appeared :

\* Here *liquorice* grows upon their mellow'd banks,  
Decking the spring with her delicious plants.

Plateas fractas, et astantes  
Omni loco mendicantes  
Spectans, illinc divagarer,  
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni *Eboracum*, flore  
Juventutis cum *textore*  
Fruens, conjux statim venit,  
Lupum vero auribus tenet;  
Ille clamat aperire,  
Ille negat exaudire.

Sic ingressus mihi datur,  
Cum *textori* denegatur;  
Qui dum voce importunè  
Strepit, matulam urinæ  
Sentit; sapienter tacet,  
Dum *Betricia* mecum jacet.

Ibi tibicen apprehensus,  
Judicatus et suspensus,  
Plaustro cöaptato furi,  
*Ubi tibia*, clamant pueri?



Broken pavements, beggars waiting,  
Nothing more than labour hating ;  
But with speed I hasten'd from them,  
Lest I should be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, fresh youth enjoying,  
With a wanton *weaver* toying :  
Husband suddenly appears too,  
Catching the *wolf* by th' ears too :  
He cries, *Open, something fears him* :  
But th' deaf *adder* never hears him.

Thus my entrance was descried,  
While the *weaver* was denied ;  
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,  
With a chamber-pot was crowned :  
Wisely silent, he ne'er grudged  
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A piper being here committed,  
Guilty found, condemn'd, and titted,  
As he was to *Knavesmyre* going,  
*This day*, quoth boys, *will spoil thy blowing ;*

*Nunquam ludes amplius Billie ;*  
*At nescitis, inquit ille.*

Quod contigerit memet teste,  
 Nam abscissa jugulo reste,  
 Ut in fossam furcifer vexit,  
 Semi-mortuus resurrexit :  
 Arce reducem occludit,  
 Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni *Towlerton*, stadiodromi  
 Retinentes spem coronæ,  
 Ducunt equos ea die  
 Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;  
 Sequens autem solitam venam,  
 Sprevi *primum et postremum*.

Veni *Helperby* desolatum,  
 Igne nuper concrematum,  
 Ne taberna fit intacta,  
 Non in cinerés redacta ;  
 Quo discessi ocyor euro,  
 Restinguendi sitim cura.

*From thy pipe th' art now departing;*  
*Wags, quoth th' piper, you're not certain.*  
All which happen'd to our wonder,  
For the halter cut asunder,  
As one of all life deprived,  
Being bury'd, he revived :  
And there lives, and plays his measure,  
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those stagers,  
Or horse-coursers run for wagers :  
Near to the highway the course is,  
Where they ride and run their horses :  
But still on our journey went we,  
*First or last* did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned,  
Desolate and lately burned :  
Not a taphouse there but mourned,  
Being all to ashes turned ;  
Whence I swiftly did remove me,  
For thirst-sake, as did behove me.

Veni *Topcliff* \*, musicam vocans,  
 Et decoro ordine locans,  
 Ut expectant hi mercedem,  
 Tacitè subtraxi pedem ;  
 Parum habui quod expendam,  
 Linquens eos ad solvendum.

Veni *Thyrske* †, *Thyrsis* hortum,  
 Ubi *Phyllis* floribus sportam  
 Instruit, at nihil horum  
 Nec pastorem, neque florem  
 Ego curo, *Bacchum* specto  
 Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

\* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,  
 Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.

*Alias,*

Infra situm rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,  
 Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

† *Thyrsis* oves pascens per apricæ pascua vallis,  
 Prima dedit *Thyrsco* nomina nota suo.  
 Sycamori gelidis *Tityrus* umbris  
 Discumbens, *Phyllidi* sarta paravit,  
 Et niveas greges gramine pavit,

Thence to *Topcliff*\*, music call'd I,  
 In no comely posture fail'd I;  
 But when these expected wages,  
 To themselves I left my pages;  
 Small being th' court'sy I could shew them,  
 Th' reck'ning I commended to them.

Thence to *Thyrsket*, rich *Thyrsis*' casket,  
 Where fair *Phyllis* fills her basket  
 With choice flowers, but these be vain things,  
 I esteem no flowers, nor swainlings;  
 In *Bacchus*' yard, field, booth, or cottage,  
 I love nought like his cold pottage.

\* *Topcliff* from tops of cliffs first took her name,  
 And her cliff-mounted seat confirms the same:  
 Where streams with curled windings overflown,  
 Bestow a native beauty on the town.

† Here *Thyrsis* fed his lambkins on the plain;  
 So *Thyrske* from *Thyrsis* took her ancient name.  
 Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them bowers,  
 Of tender osiers, sweet-breath'd sycamours.

Veni *Alerton*, ubi oves,  
 Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,  
 Aliaque campi pecora  
 Oppidana erant decora :  
 Forum fuit jumentorum,  
 Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni *Smeton*, perexosum  
*Collem* quem *pediculosum*  
 Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè  
 Mœchæ solent lascivire,  
 Ad alendum debilem statum,  
 Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni *Nesham*\*, *Dei donum*,  
 In cœnobiarchæ domum ;  
 Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,  
 Cursu fluminis amœnam,  
 Lætam sylvis et frondosam,  
*Heræ* vultu speciosam.

\* Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,  
 Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in battel,  
 Sheep, kine, oxen, other cattel,  
 As I fortun'd to pass by there,  
 Were the town's best beautifier:  
 Fair for beasts at that time fell there,  
 But I made my fare the cellar.

Thence to *Smeton* I assailed,  
*Lousy Hill*, for so they call it;  
 Where were dainty ducks, and jant ones,  
 Wenches that could play the wantons;  
 Which they practise, truth I'll tell ye,  
 For relief of back and belly.

Thence to *Nesham* \*, now translated,  
 Once a *nunnery* dedicated:  
 Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,  
 Streaming rivers never ceasing;  
 Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,  
 Graced by a lovely lady. X

\* Where shores yield lentisks, branches pearled  
 gems,

There lamprel's shells, their rocks soft mossy  
 stems.

<sup>3</sup>  
 This lovely lady was Miss Frances Lawson  
 descendant of James Lawson, to whom  
 Henry 8th. in the year 1540 had made a grant of  
 the land of *Nesham* nunnery.

Veni *Darlington*, prope vicum  
 Conjugem duxi peramicam ;  
 Nuptiis celebrantur festa,  
 Nulla admittuntur mœsta ;  
 Pocula noctis dant progressum,  
 Ac si nondum nuptus essem.

Veni *Richmond*\*, sed amicos  
 Generosos et antiquos,  
 Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,  
 Cum nequissem invenire,  
 Sepelire curas ibi,  
 Tota nocte mecum bibi.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,  
 Veni *Redmeere* ad *subulcum*,  
 Ilia mensæ fert porcina,  
 Prisca nimis intestina,  
 Quæ ni calices abluissent,  
 Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.

\* Nomen habes mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundi,  
 Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.



Thence to *Darlington*, where I boused  
Till at last I was espoused:  
Marriage feast and all prepared,  
Not a fig for th' world I cared ;  
All night long by th' pot I tarry'd,  
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to *Richmond* \*, heavy sentence !  
There were none of my acquaintance :  
All my noble comrades gone were,  
Of them all I found not one there ;  
But lest care should make me sicker,  
I did bury care in liquor.

Penance chac'd that crime of mine hard,  
Thence to *Redmeere*, to a swine-herd  
Came I, where they nothing plac'd me  
But a swine's gut that was nasty ;  
Had I not then wash'd my liver,  
In my guts't had stuck for ever.

\* From a *Rich Mound* thy appellation came,  
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Veni *Carperbie* peravarum,  
 Cœtu frequens, victu carum;  
 Septem solidorum cœna  
 Reddit levior crumena:  
 Nummo citius haurieris,  
 Quam liquore ebrieris.

Veni *Wenchly*, valle situm,  
 Prisca vetustate tritum,  
 Amat tamen propinare  
 Pastor cum agnellis charè,  
 Quo effascinati more,  
 Dormiunt agni cum pastore.

Veni *Middlam*, ubi arcem  
 Vidi, et bibentes sparsim  
 Bonos socios, quibus junxi,  
 Et liquorem libere sumpsi;  
*Æneis* licet tincti *nasis*,  
 Fuimus custodes pacis.

Veni *Ayscarth* \*, vertice montis,  
 Valles, et amœnos fontes,

\* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti  
 Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Thence to *Carperby*, very greedy,  
 Consorts frequent, victuals needy :  
 After supper they so toss'd me,  
 As seven shillings there it cost me :  
 Soon may one of coin be soaked,  
 Yet for want of liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*,<sup>x</sup> valley-seated, *x Wensley*  
 For antiquity repeated :  
 Sheep and shepherd, as one brother,  
 Kindly drink to one another ;  
 Till pot-hardy, light as feather,  
 Sheep and shepherd sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed  
 Th' castle, which so stately shewed :  
 Down the stairs, 'tis truth I tell ye,  
 To a knot of brave boys fell I :  
 All *red noses*, no dye deeper,  
 Yet none but a peace-keeper.

Thence to *Ayscarth*\*, from a mountain,  
 Fruitful valleys, pleasant fountain,

\* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,  
 Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,  
 Campos, scirpos, et paludes  
 Vidi, locum vocant *Templum*,  
 Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni *Worton*, sericis cincta,  
 Sponsa ducis, ore tincta,  
 Me ad cœnam blande movet,  
 Licet me non unquam novit;  
 Veni, vidi, visi, lusi,  
 Cornu-copiam optans duci.

Veni *Bainbrig*, ubi palam  
 Flumen doderit canalem,  
 Spectans, uti properarem  
 Ad *Joannem Ancillarem*,  
 Hospitem habui (verè mirum)  
 Neque fœminam, neque virum.

Veni *Askrig* \*, notum forum,  
 Valde tamen indecorum,

\* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,  
 Alluit et villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,  
 Fields, fenns, sedgy rushes saw I;  
 Which high mount is call'd the *Temple*,  
 For all prospects an example.

Thence to *Worton*: being lighted,  
 I was solemnly invited  
 By a captain's wife most yewly,  
 Though, I think, she never knew me:  
 I came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed,  
 Captain cornu-cap'd I wished.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the river  
 From its channel seems to sever:  
 To *Maidently John* I forthwith hasted,  
 And his best provision tasted:  
 Th' host I had (a thing not common)  
 Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence to *Ask<sup>xx</sup>brig*\*, market noted,  
 But no handsomeness about it;

\* A channel strait confines a crystal spring,  
 Washing the walls o' th' village neighbouring.

Nullum habet magistratum,  
 Oppidanum ferre statum :  
 Hic pauperrimi textores,  
 Peragrestes tenent mores.

Veni *Hardraw* \*, ubi fames,  
 Cautes frugis perinanes ;  
 Nunquam vixit hîc *Adonis*,  
 Ni sub thalamo *Carbonis* :  
 Diversoria sunt obscœna,  
 Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Veni *Gastile*, ubi cellam,  
 Cellam sitam ad sacellum.  
 Intrans, bibi *stingo* fortem,  
 Habens lanium in consortem,  
 Et pastorem † parvæ gregis,  
 Rudem moris, artis, legis.

\* Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,  
 Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

† Quota est hora, refert ! Solem specularando respon-  
 dit,

Ecce sacerdotes quos tua terra parit !

Neither magistrate nor mayor  
 Ever were elected there :  
 Here poor people live by knitting,  
 To their trading, breeding fitting.

Thence to *Hardraw* \* where', hard hunger,  
 Barren *cliffs* and *clints* of wonder ;  
 Never here *Adonis* lived,  
 Unless in *Cole's* harbour hived :  
 Inns are nasty, dusty, fusty,  
 With both smoke and rubbish musty.

Thence to *Gastile*, I was drawn in  
 To an alehouse near adjoining  
 To a *chapel* ; I drank *stingo*  
 With a *butcher* and *Domingo*  
 Th' *curate* †, who to my discerning,  
 Was not guilty of much learning.

\* A shallow rill, whose streams their current keep,  
 With murmur'ing voice and pace procure sweet  
 sleep.

† I ask'd him, what's a clock? he look'd at th' sun,  
 But want of learning made him answer—Mum.

Veni *Sedbergh* \*, sedem quondam  
 Lautam, lætam, et jucundam,  
 Sed mutatur mundus totus,  
 Vix in anno unus potus :  
 Ibi propriæ prope lari  
 Non audebam vulpinari.

Veni *Killington* †, editum collem,  
 Fronde lætiore mollem,  
 Ibi tamen parum hærens,  
 Semper altiora sperans,  
 Hisce dixi longum vale,  
 Solum repetens natale.

Veni *Kendall*, ubi status  
 Præstans, prudens ‡ magistratus,

\* Prospicies thyrsum sinuosius arte rotundum,  
 Organa quo cerebri mersa fuere mei.

† Arboribus gelidam texens coriarius umbram,  
 Æstatem atque hyemem fronde repelle gravem,

‡ Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,  
 Major fiet aldermannus.



Thence to *Sedbergh* \*, sometimes joy-all,  
 Gamesome, gladsome, richly royal ;  
 But those jolly boys are sunken,  
 Now scarce once a year one drunken :  
 There I durst not well be merry,  
 Far from home old foxes werry.

Thence to *Killington* † I passed,  
 Where an hill is freely grassed ;  
 There I staid not, tho' half-tired,  
 Higher still my thoughts aspired :  
 Taking leave of mountains many,  
 To my native country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her state is,  
 Prudent too her magistrate ‡ is ;

\* Here grows a bush in artful mazes round,  
 Where the active organs of my brain were drown'd.

† Here the retir'd tanner builds him bowers,  
 Shrouds him from summer's heat, and winter's  
 showers.

‡ Now *Saturn's* year has drench'd down care,  
 And made an alderman a may'r.

Publicis festis purpuratus,  
Ab *Elizabetha* datus ;  
Hic me juvat habitare,  
Propinare et amare.

---

Inter *Barnabæ* errores,  
Hi mutârunt preli mores,  
“ Delirans iste sapiens *Gottam*  
“ Reddit *cætum* propter *cotem.*”

Vide *Grantham.*

FINIS PARTIS TERTIÆ.

In whose charter to them granted,  
Nothing but a mayor wanted :  
Here it likes me to be dwelling,  
Bousing, loving ; stories telling.

---

Amongst other faults in print,  
You shall find this error in't :  
“ Did not the sage of *Gottam* strangely fail,  
“ Who for a *whetstone* render'd him a *whale* ?”

See *Grantham*.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

## BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

### PARS IV.

*Mirtil.* O FAUSTULE! dic quo jure  
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?  
Quo tot lepidos consortes,  
Genio faustos gurgite fortes,  
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,  
Gravi laborantes siti?  
Vale dices tot amicis,  
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,  
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,  
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?  
Quid te movet, dic sodali,  
Urbi longum dicere vale?

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

---

## PART IV.

---

*Mirtil.* O FAUSTULUS! take'st no pity  
For the field to leave the city?  
Nor thy consorts, lively skinkers,  
Witty wags, and lusty drinkers;  
Lads of life, who wash their liver,  
And are dry and thirsty ever?  
Wilt thou here no longer tarry  
With these boys that love *Canary*?  
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,  
Dainty doxies, merry wenchers?  
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,  
Thus to take farewell o'th' city?

*Faustul. Quid me movet ! Nonne cernis*  
Me tamdiu in tabernis  
Propinasse, donec mille  
Clamant, *Ecce Faustulus ille,*  
*Qui per orbem ducens iter,*  
*Titulo Ebrii insignitur !*  
*Qui natali bibit more*  
*Ortu roseæ ab Auroræ*  
*Usque vesperam, et pudorem*  
*Vultus, quesus et odorem*  
*Sprevit ! audi culpæ pœnam,*  
*Scenam Faustuli extremam.*

*Faustul.* *What is't makes me! dost' not  
note it,*

How I have i'th' tavern floated,  
Till a thousand seek to shame me,  
*There goes Faustulus, so they name me,  
Who thro' all the world has traced,  
And with stile of Maltworm graced!  
Who carouseth to his breeding,  
From Aurora's beamlins spreading  
To th' evening, and despiseth  
Favour-thrift, which each man prizeth!*  
Now hear *Faustulus's* melancholy,  
Th' closing scene of all his folly.

Vale *Banbury*, vale *Brackley*,  
 Vale *Hollow-well*, vale *Hockley*,  
 Vale *Daintry*, vale *Leister*,  
 Vale *Chichester*, vale *Chester*,  
 Vale *Nottingham*, vale *Mansfield*,  
 Vale *Wetherby*, vale *Tanfield*.

Vale *Aberford*, vale *Bradford*,  
 Vale *Toceter*, vale *Stratford*,  
 Vale *Preston*, vale *Euxston*,  
 Vale *Wigan*, vale *Newton*,  
 Vale *Warrington*, vale *Budworth*,  
 Vale *Kighley*, vale *Cudworth*.

Vale *Hoddesden*, vale *Totnam*,  
 Vale *Giggleswick*, vale *Gottam*,  
 Vale *Harrington*, vale *Stilton*,  
 Vale *Huntington*, vale *Milton*,  
 Vale *Royston*, vale *Puckeridge*,  
 Vale *Caxston*, vale *Cambridge*.



FAREWEL *Banbury*, farewel *Brackley*,  
Farewel *Hollow-well*, farewel *Hockley*,  
Farewel *Daintry*, farewel *Leister*,  
Farewel *Chichester*, farewel *Chester*,  
Farewel *Nottingham*, farewel *Mansfield*,  
Farewel *Wetherby*, farewel *Tanfield*.

Farewel *Aberford*, farewel *Bradford*,  
Farewel *Toceter*, farewel *Stratford*,  
Farewel *Preston*, farewel *Euxston*,  
Farewel *Wigan*, farewel *Newton*,  
Farewel *Warrington*, farewel *Budworth*,  
Farewel *Kighley*, farewel *Cudworth*.

Farewel *Hoddesden*, farewel *Totnam*,  
Farewel *Giggleswick*, farewel *Gottam*,  
Farewel *Harrington*, farewel *Stilton*,  
Farewel *Huntington*, farewel *Milton*,  
Farewel *Royston*, farewel *Puckeridge*,  
Farewel *Caxston*, farewel *Cambridge*.

Vale *Ware*, vale *Wademill*,  
 Vale *Highgate*, vale *Gadshill*,  
 Vale *Stamford*, vale *Sautry*,  
 Vale *Scrubie*, vale *Bautry*,  
 Vale *Castrum Subterlinum*,  
 Ubi *vates*, *Venus*, *vinum*.

Vale *Tauk-hill*, quem *conspexi*,  
*Lemnia Lydia*, quam *dilexi*,  
 Arduæ viæ quas *transivi*,  
 Et *amiculæ* queis *cöivi*,  
*Faber*, *taber*, *sociæ lætæ*,  
 Et *convivæ* vos *valet*.

Nunc *longinquos* locos *odi*,  
 Vale fons *Roberti Hoodi*,  
 Vale *Rosington*, vale *Retford*,  
 Et *antiqua* sedes *Bedford*;  
 Vale *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,  
*Alban*, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Vale *Waltham*, et *Oswaldi*,  
 Sedes, situs *Theobaldi*,

Farewel *Ware*, farewel *Wademill*,  
 Farewel *Highgate*, farewel *Gudshill*,  
 Farewel *Stamford*, farewel *Sautry*,  
 Farewel *Scrubie*, farewel *Bautry*,  
 Farewel *Castle Underline* too,  
 Where are poets, wenches, wine too.

Farewel *Tauk-hill*, where I viewed  
*Lemnian Lydia*, whom I sued;  
 Steepy ways by which I waded,  
 And those truggs with which I traded;  
 Faber, taber, pensive never,  
 Farewel, merry mates, for ever.

Now I hate all foreign places,  
*Robin Hood's* well, and his chases:  
 Farewell *Rosington*, farewel *Retford*,  
 And thou antient seat of *Bedford*;  
 Farewel *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,  
*Alban*, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Farewel *Waltham*, seat of *Oswald*,  
 That bright princely star of *The'bald*:

Vale *Godmanchester*, ubi  
 Mens elusa fuit nube;  
 Vale *Kingsland, Islington, London*\*,  
 Quam amavi perditæ quondam.

Vale *Buntingford*, ubi suaves  
 Vepres, vites, flores, aves,  
 Hospes grata et benigna,  
 Et amoris præbens signa;  
 Alio juvat spatiari,  
 Pasci, pati, recreari.

Vale *Stone*, et *Sacellum*,  
 Quod splendentem habet *Stellam*:

\* — Ista novæ mea mœnia Trojæ.

Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,  
 Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,  
 Vina, picturæ, Veneris facetæ,  
 Cuncta valete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, sorores,  
 Liberi, suaves laribus lepores  
 Confluant, mulcent varios labores:  
 Cuncta venite.

Farewel *Godmanchester*, where I  
 Was deluded by a fairy:  
 Farewel *Kingsland, Islington, London\**,  
 Which I lov'd, and by it undone.

Farewel *Buntingford*, where are thrushes,  
 Sweet briars, shred vines, private bushes;  
 Hostess cheerful, mildly moving,  
 Giving tokens of her loving;  
 I must in another nation  
 Take my fill of recreation.

Farewel precious *Stone and Chapel*,  
 Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th' apple:

\* — These be my *New Troy's* dying elegies.

Now to that *New Troy* bid adieu for ever,  
 Wine, Venus, pictures, can allure me never,  
 These are youth's darlings, age's hoary griever,  
 Fare ye well ever.

Farewel for ever, see you will I never,  
 Yet if wife, children, money hurry thither,  
 Where we may plant and solace us together,  
 Welcome for ever.

Vale *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,*  
*Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edglay,*  
*Meredin, Wakefield, et amœni*  
*Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.*

Vale *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,*  
*Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothrum,*  
*Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,*  
*Uxbridge, Beconsfield, et Oxforth,*  
*Geniis et ingeniis bonis*  
*Satur, opibus Platonis.*

Sprevi nunc *Textoris* acum,  
 Vale, vale *Eboracum,*  
 Alio nunc victurus more,  
 Mutans mores cum colore\* ;

\* *Incessit hyems niveis capillis,*  
*Incessit hyems gelidis lacertis,*  
*Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,*  
*Urbe relecta rustica vertes.*

*Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æstus,*  
*Spreta canunt lepidis, ut fenuere, procis.*

Farewel *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,*  
*Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edglay,*  
*Meredin, Wakefield,* farewell clean-a  
 Medes and mares of *George à Green-a.*

Farewel *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,*  
*Clapham, Ingleton, Waldron, Clothram,*  
*Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,*  
*Uxbridge, Beconsfield, and Oxforth,*  
 Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)  
 With wit, wealth, worth, well of *Plato.*

Farewel *York,* I must forsake thee,  
*Weaver's* shuttle shall not take me :  
 Hoary hairs \* are come upon me,  
 Youthful pranks will not become me ;

\* Winter has now behoar'd my hairs,  
 Benumb'd my joints and sinews too ;  
*Phyllis* for verses little cares,  
 Leave city then, to th' country go.

Poets, when they have writ of Love their fill,  
 Grown old, are scorn'd, tho' Fancy crown their quill.

Horreo, proprium colens nidum,  
Sacram violare fidem.

Vale *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*  
*Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn :*  
Vale *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*  
*Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton :*  
Vale *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,*  
*Gastile, Killington, et Sedbergh.*

Armentarius jam sum factus,  
Rure manens incoactus,  
Suavis odor lucri tenet,  
Parum curo unde venit,  
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,  
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

## EQUESTRIA FORA.

Veni *Malton*, artem laudo,  
Vendens equum sine cauda,



Th' bed to which I'm reconciled  
 Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

Farewel *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*  
*Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn;*  
 Farewel *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*  
*Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton;*  
 Farewel *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeer,*  
*Gastile, Killington, and Sedbergh.*

I am now become a drover,  
 Country liver, country lover;  
 Smell of gain my sense benumbeth,  
 Little care I whence it cometh;  
 Be't from camp, choir, cottage, carpet,  
 Field, fold, cellar, forest, market.

## HORSE FAIRS.

To *Malton* come I, praising th' sale, Sir,  
 Of an horse without a tail, Sir;

Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,  
 Forte si maneret mecum,  
 Probo, vendo, pretium datur,  
 Quid si statim moriatur.

Ad forensem *Rippon*, tendo,  
 Equi si sint cari, vendo,  
 Si minore pretio dempti,  
 Equi à me erunt empti,  
 “ Ut alacrior fiat ille,  
 “ *Ilia mordicant anguillæ.*”

## SEPTENTRIONALIA FORA.

Veni *Pomfret*, uberem venam,  
 Virgis \* laserpitiis plenam.

\* Virgulta laseris florent amœnula.  
 In hac angelica latius insula.

Vide lib. 3, stanz. 48.

Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,  
 If I sell him, I'm well pleased ;  
 Should this kephal die next morrow,  
 I partake not in the sorrow.

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there  
 To sell horses, if they're dear there ;  
 If they're cheap, I use to buy them,  
 And i' th' country profit by them ;  
 " Where to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,  
 " I put quick eels into their belly."

## NORTHERN FAIRS.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freshly flowered,  
 And with rods \* of liquorice stored.

\* Rods of liquorice sweetly smile  
 In that rich angelic isle.

See book 3, stanza 48.

Veni *Topcliff* cum sodali,  
Non ad vinum sed venale.

Veni *Thyrsk* ubi boves  
Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni *Alerton* lætam, latam,  
Mercatori perquam gratam,  
In utiliorem actum,  
Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni *Darlington*, servans leges  
In custodiendo greges.

Inde *Middlam* cursum flecto,  
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,  
Nullum renuo laborem,  
Quæstus sapiens odorem ;  
“ Nulla via modo vera,  
“ Est ad bonos mores sera.”

Thence to *Topcliff* with my fellow,  
Not to bouse wine, but to sell low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where bullocks grazed  
Are for sale i' th' market placed.

Thence to *Alerton*, cheerful, fruitful,  
To the seller very grateful;  
There to chuse a place, I'm chariest,  
Where my beasts may shew the fairest.

Thence to *Darlington*, never swerving  
From our drove, laws worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming  
In a direct course of gaining;  
I refuse no kind of labour,  
Where I smell some gainful savour:  
"No way, be it ne'er the homeliest,  
"Is rejected, being honest."

## TRA-MONTANA FORA.

Hisce foris nullum bonum  
Capiens, *Septentrionem*  
Ocyore peto pede,  
Ditiore frui sede :  
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,  
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

Veni *Appleby*, ubi natus,  
Primam sedem comitatus.

Illinc *Penrith* speciosam,  
Omni merce copiosam.

Illinc *Roslay*, ubi tota  
Grege à gente venit *Scota*.

Hinc per limitem obliquam  
Veni *Ravinglass* antiquam ;

## TRA-MONTANE FAIRS.

In these fairs, if I find nothing  
Worth the staying, I'm no slow thing;  
To the *North* frame I my passage,  
Wing'd with hope of more advantage:  
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows,  
Are by gain more soft than pillows.

Thence to native *Appleby* mount I,  
Th' ancient seat of all that county.

Thence to peerless *Penrith* went I,  
Which of merchandise hath plenty.

Thence to *Roslay*, where our lot is  
To commerce wth people *Scottish*.

By a passage crook'dly tending,  
Thence to *Ravinglass* I'm bending :

Illinc *Dalton* peramœnum;  
 Hinc *Oustonum* fruge plenum :  
 Donec *Hauxide* specto sensim;  
 Illinc sedem *Lancastrensem*.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi nata  
 Sunt armenta fronte latâ.

Hinc ad *Ingleforth* ut descendi,  
 Pulchri vituli sunt emendi.

Illinc *Burton* limina peto,  
 Grege lautâ, fronde læta.

Veni *Horneby*, sedem claram,  
 “ Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;”

Cœca-sacra famēs auri

Me consortem fecit tauri :

Sprevi *Veneris* amorem

“ Lucrum summum dat odorem.”

Veni *Lonesdale*, venientem  
 Laticem socii præpotentem



Thence to *Dalton*, most delightful;  
Thence to oaten *Ouston* fruitful;  
Thence to *Hauxide's* marish pasture;  
Thence to th' seat of old *Lancaster*.

Thence to *Garstang*, where are feeding  
Herds with large fronts, freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,  
Where choice bull-calves will be vended.

Thence to *Burton's* bounders pass I,  
Fair in flocks, in pastures grassy.

Thence to *Horneby*, seat renowned,  
" Thus with gain are worldlings drowned ;"  
Secret-sacred thirst of treasure  
Makes my bullocks my best pleasure :  
Should *love* woo me, I'd not have her,  
" It is gain yields sweetest savour."

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it  
Boys that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,

Haurientes, hæsitantes,  
 Fluctuantes, titubantes,  
 Allicerent, (narro verum)  
 Sed non sumi qui semel eram.  
 Me ad limen trahunt orci,  
 Uti lutum petunt porci,  
 Aut ad vomitum fertur canis,  
 Sed intentio fit inanis:  
 Oculis clausis hos consortes  
 Præterire didici mortis.

*Mirtil.* Miror (*Faustule*) miror verè,  
 Bacchi te clientem heri,  
 Spreto genio jucundo,  
 Mentem immersisse mundo:  
 Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,  
 Semper eris mundo civis?

Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,  
 Railed, reeled, rouled, tumbled;  
 Musing I should be so 'stranged,  
 I resolv'd them I was changed.  
 To the sink of sin they drew me,  
 Where like hogs in mire they threw me,  
 Or like dogs unto their vomit,  
 But their purpose I o'ercom'd;  
 With shut eyes I flung in anger  
 From those mates of death and danger.

---

*Mirtil.* Surely (*Faustus*) I do wonder  
 How thou, who so long liv'd under  
*Bacchus*, where choice wits resounded,  
 Should'st be thus i' th' world drowned.  
 What do'st? where liv'st? in brief deliver.  
 Wilt thou be a worldling ever?

*Faustul.* Errâs (*Mirtille*) si me credas  
 Nunquam *Bacchi* petere sedes;  
*Thyrus* vinctus erit collo,  
 "Semel in anno ridet *Apollo*;"  
 Pellens animi dolores,  
 Mutem crines, nunquam mores.  
 Socios habeo verè gratos,  
 Oppidanus propè natos,  
 Intra, extra, circa muros,  
 Qui mordaces tollunt curas:  
 Hisce juvat sociari,  
 Et apricis\* spatari.

Nunc ad *Richmond*, primo flore,  
 Nunc ad *Nesham* cum uxore,  
 Læto cursu properamus,  
 Et amamur et amamus:  
 Pollent floribus ambulacra,  
 Vera *Veris* simulachra.

\* Si per apricos spatari locos  
 Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam  
 Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

*Faustul.* Thou err'st (*Mirtillus*) so do mo  
too,

If thou think'st I never go to  
*Bacchus'* temple, which I follow ;  
" Once a year laughs wise *Apollo* ;"  
Where I drench grief's slight physicians,  
Hair I change, but no conditions.  
Cheerful comrades have I by me,  
Townsmen that do neighbour nigh me ;  
Within, without, where'er I rest me,  
Carking cares do ne'er molest me :  
With these I please to consort me,  
And in open\* fields to sport me.

Now to *Richmond*, when spring's come on,  
Now to *Nesham* with my woman ;  
With free course we both approve it,  
Where we love, and are beloved ;  
Here fields flower with freshest creatures,  
Representing *Flora's* features.

\* Thus thro' the fair fields, when I have best  
leisure,  
Diaper'd richly, do I take my pleasure,  
To cheer my studies with a pleasing measure.

Nunc ad *Ashton* invitato  
 Ab amico et cognato,  
 Dant hospitium abditiæ cellæ,  
 Radiantes orbis stellæ.  
 Mensa, mera, omnia plena,  
 Grata fronte et serena.

Nunc ad *Cowbrow*, ubi lætus,  
 Una mente confluit cœtus,  
 Nescit locus lachrymare,  
 Nescit hospes osculari,  
 Facit in amoris testem  
 Anser vel gallina festum.

Nunc ad *Natland*, ubi *florem*  
 Convivalem et *pastorem*  
 Specto, spiro ora rosea,  
 A queis *Nectar* et *Ambrosia*:  
 Castitatis autem curæ  
 Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad *Kirkland*, et de eo,  
 " *Prope Templo, procul Deo,*"

Now to *Ashton*, I'm invited  
By my friend and kinsman cited ;  
Secret cellars entertain me,  
Beauteous-beaming stars inflame me ;  
Meat, mirth, music, wines, are there full,  
With a count'nance blithe and cheerful.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither  
Jovial boys do flock together ;  
In which place all sorrow lost is,  
Guests know how to kiss their hostess ;  
Nought but love doth border near it,  
Goose and hen will witness bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice beauty  
And a shepherd do salute me ;  
Lips I relish richly roseack,  
Purely *nectar* and *ambrosiac* ;  
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,  
For the country's eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it  
May that say' be verified,

Dici potest, spectent **Templum**,  
 Sacerdotis et exemplum,  
 Audiant tamen citius sonum  
 Tibiæ tamen concionem.

Nunc ad *Kendal*, propter pannum\*,  
 Cœtum, situm, *Aldermannum* †,  
 Virgines pulchras, pias matres,  
 Et viginti quatuor fratres,  
 Verè clarum et beatum,  
 Mihi nactum, notum, natum.  
 Ubi dicam (pace vestra)  
 Tectum mittitur è fenestra,  
 Cura lucri, cura fori,  
 Saltant cum *Johanne Dori*:  
 Sancti fratres cum poeta,  
 Læta canunt et faceta.

\* Lanificii gloria, et industri ita præcellens, ut eo  
 nomine sit celeberrimum. *Camd. Brit.*

Pannus mihi panis. *Mot.*

† Nomine *Major* eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,  
 Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.



“ *Far from GOD, but near the Temple,*”  
 Tho’ their pastor gave example :  
 They are such a kind of vermin,  
 Pipe they’d rather hear than sermon.

Now to *Kendal*, for cloth-making \*,  
 Sight, site, Alderman † awaking ;  
 Beauteous damsels, modest mothers,  
 And her four and twenty brothers ;  
 Ever in her honour spreading,  
 Where I had my native breeding.  
 Where, (I’ll tell you, while none mind us)  
 We threw the house quite out at windows ;  
 Nought maketh them or me ought sorry,  
 They dance lively with *John Dory* :  
 Holy brethren with their poet  
 Sing, nor care they much who know it.

\* A town so highly renowned for her commodious  
 clothing, and industrious trading, as her name is be-  
 come famous in that kind. *Camb. Brit.*

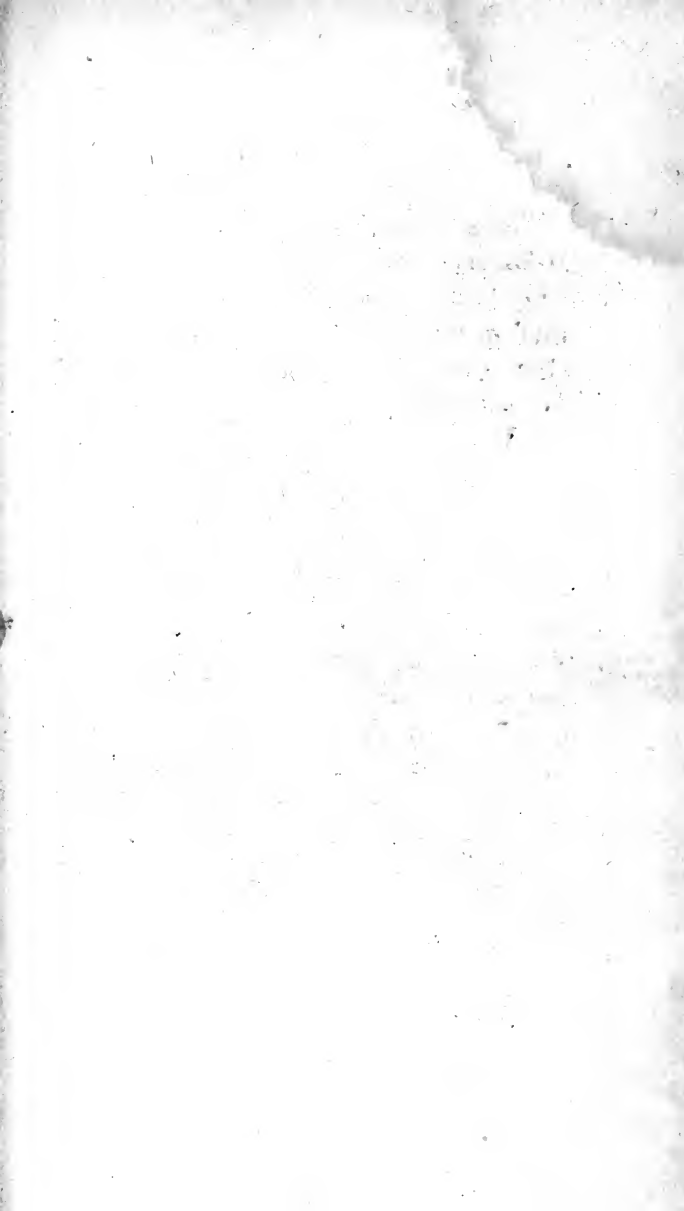
Cloth is my bread. *Motto.*

† Now hast thou chang’d thy title unto May’r,  
 Let life, state, style, improve thy charter there.

Nunc ad *Staveley*, ubi aves  
 Melos, modos cantant suaves,  
 Sub arbustis et virgultis  
 Molliore masco fultis :  
 Cellis, sylvis, et tabernis,  
 An fœliciozem cernis ?

---

*Mirtil.* ESTO *Faustule!* recumbe,  
 Rure tuo carmina funde ;  
 Vive, vale, profice, cresce,  
*Arethusa* alma messe ;  
 Tibi *Zephyrus* sub fago  
 Dulciter afflet. *Faust.]* Gratias ago.





Now to *Staveley* strait repair I,  
Where sweet birds do hatch, their airy  
Arbours, oziers freshly showing,  
With soft mossy rind o'ergrowing :  
For woods, air, ALE, all excelling :  
Wouldst thou have a neater dwelling ?

---

*Mirtil.* BE'T so, *Faustulus!* there repose  
thee,  
Cheer thy country with thy poesy ;  
Live, fare well, as thou deservest,  
Rich in *Arethusa's* harvest :  
Under the beach while shepherds rank thee,  
*Zephyrus* bless thee. *Faust.*] I do thank thee.

AD

## PHILOXENUM.

**TE** viatores lepidi patronum,  
**TE** tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,  
**VATIS** et vitis roseæ corymbum,  
**ARTIS** alumum.

**TE** tuus vates lyricis salutatur  
**QUI** fidem nulla novitate mutat,  
**NEC** nova venti levitate nutat,  
**FIDUS** ad aras.

TO

**PHILOXENUS.**

**T**HEE pleasing waymates tited have their  
patron,  
Their country's glory, which they build their  
state on,  
The poet's wine-bush, which they use to prate  
on,  
Art's merry minion.

In lyric measures doth thy bard salute thee,  
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,  
Nor can ought move me to remove me from  
thee,  
But my religion.

**Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.**

**Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?**

**Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, iaccho.**

**Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula  
laudes.**

**FINIS,**



The oil of malt, and juice of spritely nectar  
Have made my muse more valiant than *Hector*.

O'erflowing cups, whom have they not made  
learned?

Full-blown my veins are, and so well they may,  
With brimming healths of wine drunk yesterday.

If thou dost love thy flock, leave off to pot.

THE END.

## BESSIE BELL:

*Cantio Latinè Versa, alternis Vicibus et modernis  
Vocibus decantanda.*

---

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

---

*Damætas.*

*Eliza-Bella.*

I.

*Dam.* BELLULA BELLA, mi puella,  
Tu me corde tenes,  
O si clausa simus cella  
*Mars et Lemnia Venus!*  
Tanto mî es, quanti tua res,  
Ne spectes *Bellula* mundum,  
Non locus est cui crimen abest  
In amoribus ad cœeundum.

## BESSY BELL:

*To be sung in altern Courses and modern Voices.*

---

BY CORYMBÆUS.

---

*Damætas.*

*Eliza-Bella.*

I.

*Dam.* MY bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,  
 I would thou wad scund along hither,  
 That we might here in a cellar dwell,  
 And blend our bows together!  
 Dear art' to me as thy geer's to thee,  
 The world will never suspect us,  
 This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,  
 Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

## II.

*Bel.* Crede *Damætas*, non finit ætas  
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,  
Vir verè lætus intende pecus  
Cura et carmine dignum.  
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,  
Nam jugo premitur gravi,  
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,  
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

## III.

*Dam.* Virginis vita fit inimica  
Principi, patriæ, proli,  
In orbe sita ne sis invita  
Sponsa nitidula coli.  
Aspice vultum numine cultum,  
Flore, colore jucundum,  
Hic locus est, nam lucus abest  
In amoribus ad cœeundum.

## II.

*Bell.* Trust me, *Dametas*, youth will not  
let us

Yet to be singed with Love's taper,  
Bonny blithe swainlin, intend thy lambkin,  
To requite both thy laws and thy labour.  
¶ I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?  
The yoke I cannot approve it,  
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,  
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

## III.

*Dam.* To lead apes in hell, it will not do  
well,

'Tis an enemy to procreation,  
In the world to tarry, and never to marry,  
Would bring it soon to desolation.  
See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as cherry,  
This cover will never suspect us,  
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,  
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

## IV.

*Bel.* Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,  
 Volo, sed nolo fateri,  
 Expedit mari lenocinari,  
 At libet ista tacere.  
 Non amo te, quid tu amas me ?  
 Nam jugo premitur gravi  
 Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,  
 Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

## V.

*Dam.* Candida *Bella*, splendida stella,  
 Languida lumina cerne,  
 Emitte mella *Eliz-Bella*,  
 Lentula tædia sperne.  
 Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ  
 Jungamus ora per undam,  
 Nam locus est cui crimen abest  
 In amoribus ad cœeundum.

## IV.

*Bell.* 'Las maidens must feign it, I love tho'  
 I lain it,  
 I would, but I will not confess it,  
 My years are consorting, and fain would be  
 sporting,  
 But bashfulness shames to express it.  
 I love not thee, why shouldst thou love me?  
 That yoke I cannot approve it,  
 Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,  
 Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

## V.

*Dam.* My beauteous *Bell*, who stars do excel,  
 See mine eyes never drys, but do wet me,  
 Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,  
 Come away, do not stay, I entreat thee.  
 Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,  
 This river will never suspect us,  
 This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,  
 Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

## VI.

*Bel.* Perge *Dametas*, nunc pruriit ætas,  
Me nudam accipe solam,  
Demitte pecus si *Bellam* petas,  
Exue virginis stolam.  
Sic amo te, si tu ames me;  
Nam jugo premitur suavi,  
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,  
Et amo, et amor, et amavi.



## VI.

*Bell.* Come on, *Damætas*, ripe age doth fit  
us,

Take aside thy nak'd bride, and enjoy her,  
So thou cull thy sweeting, let flocks fall a  
bleating,

My maid's weed on thy mede I'll bestow there.

Thus I love thee, so do thou love me,

The yoke is so sweet, I approve it,

To lie still with one, is better than none,

I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

## LUCUS CHEVINUS.

---

### CANT.

VIVAT Rex noster nobilis,  
 Omnis in tuto sit ;  
 Venatus olim flebilis  
*Chevino Luco fit.*

Cane foras ut abigat  
*Percæus* abiit ;  
 Vel embrio elugeat  
 Quod hodie accidit.

Comes ille *Northumbriæ*  
 Votum vovit Deo,  
 Ludos in sylvis *Scotiæ*  
 Habere triduo.

## CHEVY CHASE.

---

CANT.

**God** prosper long our noble **King**,  
 Our lives and safeties all :  
**A** woeful hunting once there did  
 In *Chevy-Chase* befall.

**To** drive the deer with hound and horn,  
**Earl** *Piercy* took his way,  
**The** child may rue that is unborn  
**The** hunting of that day.

**The** stout **Earl** of *Northumberland*  
**A** vow to **God** did make,  
**His** pleasure in the *Scottish* woods  
**Three** summer's days to take ;

È primis *Cervis Cheviæ*  
Cæsos abripere :  
*Duglasium* hæ notitiæ  
Adibant properè.

Qui ore tenus delegat  
Se ludum perdere :  
At *Percæus* non hesitat  
Ad sylvas tendere,

Quingentis ter teliferis  
Virtutis belicæ  
Qui norunt, rebus arduis,  
Sagittas mittere.

Curritur à venatico  
Damas propellare ;  
Die Lunæ diluculo  
Ad rem accingunt se ;

Centumque cervi sunt cæsi  
Ante meridiem ;  
Tunc redeunt, libis impleti,  
Ad venationem.

The chiefest harts in *Chevy-Chase*  
To kill and bear away.

The tydings to Earl *Douglas* came  
In *Scotland*, where he lay;

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,  
He would prevent his sport.

The *English* Earl, not fearing this,  
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhound swiftly run  
To chase the fallow deer,  
On *Monday* they began to hun,  
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat bucks slain;  
Then, having din'd, the drovers went  
To rouse them up again.

De monte sagittarii,  
 Apti militiæ,  
 Prodierunt armarii  
 Hodie a tergore.

Per sylvas celerant canes,  
 Ut cervos capiant;  
 Ac simul montes et valles  
 Latratu resonant.

Fodinam comes adiit,  
 Ferinam visere,  
*Duglas* minatus est, inquit,  
 Hic mecum affore.

Congressum autem desperans,  
 Mora non dabitur,  
 Quo dicto, tyro elegans  
 Illum alloquitur;

En! En! *Duglasius* emminus,  
 Armis cum splendidis,  
 Bis mille cum militibus  
 Visui <sup>o</sup>bviis;

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,  
Well able to endure.  
Their backsides all with special care,  
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods  
The nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the quarry went,  
To view the tender deer,  
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised  
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay;  
Then stept a brave young gentleman,  
Thus to the earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,  
His men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,  
All marching in our sight;

Cunctis de valle *Tivoiæ*

Ad ripas *Tuædis*;

Ludos, ait, intermitte

Arcubus habitis :

Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates

Tollatur animus,

Haud præsto fuit athletes

*Gallus* vel *Scotius*,

Mihi equestris obvius

Quin postulante re,

Evocat vellèm comminus

Vi, hastis ludere.

Equisessor *Duglasius*,

Audax ille baro,

Præfuit aliis omnibus

Aurato clypeo.

Cujates, ait, ostendite

Hic ausi pellere

Ac, me invito, impete

Feras occidere.



All men of pleasant *Tiviotdale*,  
Fast by the river *Tweed*,  
Then cease your sport, Earl *Piercy* said,  
And take your bows with speed ;

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man  
With him to break a spear.

Earl *Douglas*, on a milk-white steed,  
Much like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

Shew me, said he, whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here ;  
That without my consent dare chase  
And kill my fallow deer.

Qui primus verbum edidit  
*Perceus* nomine,  
 Qui sumus (ait) non libuit  
 Vobis ostendere;

At sanguinem absumemus  
 Cervos destruere;  
 Juravit tunc *Duglasius*,  
 Dixitque temerè;

E nobis periet unus  
 Antequam devincar,  
 Tu comes es bene notus  
 Egoque tui par.

At (siqua fides) est scelus  
 Miserum deperdere  
 Ullos de his insontibus,  
 Immunes scelere.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,  
 Viris absentibus.  
 Disperat, inquit *Perceus*,  
 Huic adversarius.

The first that did the answer make  
Was noble *Percy* he,  
Who said, We list not to declare,  
Or shew whose men we be;

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
The chiefest harts to slay.  
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say:

Before I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die:  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me, *Piercy*, I think it were  
A great offence to kill:  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill;

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,  
By whom this is deny'd.

Tunc armiger exiluit  
*Witherington* nomine,  
 Regem, ait, scire noluit  
 Hoc præ dedecore;

Quod dux pugnaverat, pedes,  
 Me stante obiter,  
 Vos duo estis comites,  
 Ast ego armiger;

Obnixè omne faciam,  
 Dum stare dabitur,  
 Ac dum vibrare machæram  
 A me pugnabitur.

Anglicani tendunt arcus,  
 Quam cordatissimè;  
 Decies sex à missilibus  
 Cæduntur Scotici.

Adversus feras sectantes  
 Missit *Duglasius*  
 Torvum ducem dimicantes,  
 Fractis hostilibus.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
    *Witherington* was his name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
    To *Henry* our King for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
    And I stood looking on :  
You are two earls, said *Witherington*,  
    And I a squire alone ;

I'll do the best, that do I may,  
    Whilst I have power to stand ;  
Whilst I have power to wield my sword  
    I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our *English* archers bent their bows,  
    Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
    Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
    Earl *Douglas* had the bent.  
The captains, mov'd with muckle pride,  
    Their spears to shivers sent.

Incincti sunt celeriter  
Parum pigritiæ,  
Multusque jacet belliger  
Inanis animæ.

Pol! Dolor erat visere  
Ac etiam audire,  
Viros plangentes undique  
Perfusus sanguine.

Comites tandem cohibent  
Multo magnanimè;  
Instar leones feribant  
Truci certamine.

Pugnârunt vel intundere  
Districtis ensibus,  
Ac maduerunt cruore  
Æquè ac imbribus.

Ut dedas, ait *Duglasius*,  
Te ducam subitò,  
Ubi eris præpositus  
A rege *Jacobo*.

They clos'd full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found,  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

Oh, Christ! it was a grief to see,  
And likewise for to hear,  
The groans of men lying in their gore,  
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two great earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might,  
Like lions wood, they laid on loads,  
And made a cruel fight ;

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Earl *Piercy*, *Douglas* said,  
In faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By *James* our *Scottish* king :

Pro gratis redimam captum.

Et celebrabo te.

Equitem quam magnificum.

Et sine compare.

Cui *Percæus* ait, minime,

Quod offers respuo;

Nollem unquam me dedere.

Viventi *Scotico*:

Tunc est emissus calamus

Ab arcu *Anglico*,

Quo fixus est *Duglasius*,

Heu, tenus cerculo.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat,

Viri contendite;

Quid ni mors mea propinquat

Spectante comite.

Tum *Percæus* exanimi,

Manum ut prenderet

Dicit, causâ *Duglasii*.

Se terras perdere.



Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And thus report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,  
Thy proffer I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any *Scot*  
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,  
Out of an *English* bow,  
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart,  
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on, my merry men all;  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall!

Then, leaving life, Earl *Piercy* took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land:

Vel cor, ait, fundit sanguinem  
 Præ tui gratiâ,  
 Nam nunquam talem equitem  
 Removit noxia.

Miles decernens *Scoticus*  
*Duglasium* emori,  
 In *Percæum* mortem ejus  
 Devovit ulcisci,

*Hugo* de *Monte Gomerè*  
 Hastâ cum splendidâ,  
 Movit decursu celeri  
 Ferox per agmina;

Præteriens sagittarios  
*Anglos* impavidè  
*Perçaios* ventriculos  
 Foravit cuspide;

Tantâ cum violentiâ  
 Fodit corpuscula  
 Plus tres pedes per illia  
 Transivit hastulâ.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the *Scots* there was,  
Who saw Earl *Douglas* die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord *Piercy*;

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,  
Who with a spear most bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Rode fiercely thro' the fight,

And pass'd the *English* archers all,  
Without all dread or fear;  
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then  
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The spear went thro' the other side  
A full cloth-yard and more:

Sic ceciderunt comites,  
 Quam invictissimè,  
 Quum sagittario subit res  
*Percæum* occidi.

Arcum intentum dexterâ  
 Factum insignitè  
 Tres pedes longâ spiculâ  
 Implevit fortiter ;

*Hugonem Gomeri* versus  
 Sic telum statuit,  
 Vel anserinus calamus  
 In corde maduit.

Ad vesperam ab aurorâ  
 Duravit prælium ;  
 Octavâ scilicet horâ  
 Vix est præteritum.

Cum *Percæio* est peremptus  
 Dominus de *Egerton*,  
*Joannes Ratcliffe*, *Robertus*  
 Et *Jacobus* baron,

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain ;  
An *English* archer then perceiv'd  
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he ;

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*  
So right the shaft he set :  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

With brave Earl *Piercy* there were slain,  
Sir *John* of *Egerton*,  
Sir *Robert Ratcliff* and Sir *John*,  
Sir *James*, that bold baron ;

*Jacobus et Georgius,*  
 Equestris ordinis,  
*Radulphus Raby* dominus  
 Perit magnanimis.

Pro *Witherington* sit gemitus  
 Ac si in tristibus,  
 Qui pugnavit de genibus  
 Truncatis cruribus.

Perierunt cum *Duglasio*  
*Hugo Gomicus,*  
*Carolus Currel* à campo  
 Nunquam dicessurus ;

De *Ratcliffe Murrel Carolus*  
 Nepos à sorore ;  
*David Lamb* bene habitus  
 Exanguis corpore.

Ac etiam *Maxwell* dominus  
 Deditus est neci ;  
 Vix è duobus millibus  
 Fugerunt sex deni.

And with Sir *George* and stout Sir *James*,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir *Ralph Rabbin* there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,  
 As one in doleful dumps :  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there were slain,  
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,  
 Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the field  
 One foot would never flee ;

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,  
 His sister's son was he ;  
 Sir *David Lamb*, so esteem'd,  
 They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise  
 Did with Earl *Douglas* die.  
 Of twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,  
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

È ter quingenis *Anglicis*  
 Non sex deni abiere ;  
 In *Luco* cæsis cæteris  
 Sub fagi tegmine.

A plurimis cràs viduis  
 Lugetur miserè ;  
 Vulnera Iota lachrymis  
 Nec prevaluere.

Cruentata corpuscula  
 Secum abstulere ;  
 Millies dederunt oscula  
 Defunctis funere.

Fertur apud *Edinburgham*,  
 Regnante *Jacobo*,  
*Duglasium* subito cæsum  
 Fuisse jaculo :

O lamentabile, dixit,  
*Scotia* sit testis,  
 Haud alius dux superfuit  
 Æqualis ordinis.



Of fifteen hundred *Englishmen*  
Went home but fifty-three:  
The rest were slain in *Chevy Chase*,  
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail:  
They wash'd their wounds in briny tears,  
Yet all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple gore,  
With them they bore away,  
And kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to *Edinburgh*,  
Where *Scotland's* king did reign,  
The brave *Earl Douglas* suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.

Oh, heavy news! King *James* did say,  
*Scotland* can witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.

*Henrico tradibat fama,*  
Pari intervallo,  
*Percæium de Northumbricâ*  
Occisum in *Luco* :

Quum Rex edixit, valeat ;  
Rebus sic stantibus,  
Spero quod regnum abundat  
Quingenis talibus.

Ast sentient me ulciscentem  
*Scoti et Scotia,*  
At vindictam inferentem  
*Percæi gratiâ.*

Quod est a Rege præstitum  
Cæsis in montibus  
Quinquies denis militum  
Nec non baronibus.

Ac de plebe perierunt  
Centum per plurimi  
Venatum sic finierunt  
*Percæi domini.*

Like tidings to King *Henry* came,  
Within as little space,  
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*  
Was slain in *Chevy Chase*.

Now God be with him, said our King,  
Sith 'twill no better be ;  
I trust I have, within my realm,  
Five hundred good as he ;

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say  
But I will vengeance take,  
I'll be revenged on them all,  
For brave Earl *Piercy's* sake.

This vow the King full well perform'd,  
After at *Humble-Down*,  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many thousands die ;  
Thus endeth the hunting of *Chevy Chase*,  
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

Sit Rex et grex beatulus  
 Pace et copiâ ;  
 Ac absit à magnatibus  
 Malevolentia.

FINIS.

God save the King, and bless this land,  
In plenty, joy, and peace;  
And grant henceforth, that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE END.

AN INDEX  
OF THE  
MEN, PLACES, SIGNS, &c.

---

	PAGE
ABERFORD .....	33
Aldermanbury, <i>at the Axe</i> .....	73
Alerton.....119,	149
Appleby .....	151
Ashton .....	159
Askrig .....	125
<i>Author marries, and turns Farmer</i> .....	145
<i>Address to Philoxenus</i> .....	165
Aysgarth .....	123
Bainbrig .....	125
Banbury .....	21
Banister, <i>a noted Innkeeper at Preston</i> ....	53
Barnet, <i>at the Purse, the Bears made him bewray himself</i> .....	69
Bautree .....	105
Bessy Bell, <i>a Song</i> .....	169
Bradford .....	37
Bramham .....	111
Brickhill .....	67
Bruarton, <i>a merry Story</i> .....	59
Budworth, <i>at the Cock</i> .....	54
Buntingford .....	87
Burleigh .....	97
Burton .....	153
Brackley .....	23

INDEX.

	PAGE
Cambridge .....	89
Cardinal's Hat .....	73
Carperby .....	123
Caxton .....	87
Chevy Chase, <i>a Ballad</i> .....	177
Clapham .....	39
Clowne .....	31
Coleshill, <i>the Butcher's Wife there</i> .....	66
Coventry, <i>for Blue</i> .....	63
Cowbrow .....	41, 159
Cranes (Three) .....	73
Daventree .....	25, 63
Dalton .....	153
Darlington, .....	121, 149
Doncaster .....	33, 107
Dunchurch .....	63
Dunstable .....	67
Dory (John) <i>danced with</i> .....	161
Euston .....	53
Ferrybrig .....	109
Gandy (Tom) .....	55
Garstang .....	51, 153
Gastile .....	127
Giggleswick .....	37
Godmanchester .....	89
Godstow .....	21
Gottham .....	25
Green (Franc.) <i>of Stratford, and his handsome Wife</i> .....	65
Griffin, <i>in the Old Bailey</i> .....	73
Grantham .....	101

INDEX.

	PAGE
Hardraw .....	127
Harrington .....	91
Harts-horns .....	73
Hauxide .....	153
Haywood .....	59
Helperby .....	115
Highgate, <i>the Horn there</i> .....	71
Hockley-hole .....	67
Hoddesden .....	83
Holbourn-bridge, <i>at the Rose</i> .....	73
Holloway .....	71
Holm-chapel, <i>for Ale</i> .....	57
Horneby .....	153
Horse Fairs .....	145
Huntington .....	91
Ingleforth .....	153
Ingleton .....	39
John (Little) .....	27
John à Gaunt .....	51
Islington, <i>at the Lyon</i> .....	73, 81
Kendal .....	41, 129, 161
Kighley .....	37
Killington .....	129
Kingsland .....	81
Kirkland .....	41, 159
Knaves-acre, <i>near York, where the Piper was hanged, and played afterwards</i> .....	118 <sup>d</sup>
Leicester, <i>at the Bell</i> .....	25
<i>Leave taken of all the Places he drank at, from 137 to 145</i>	



INDEX.

	PAGE
Litchfield, <i>he borrowed Money of an old</i>	
<i>Usurer</i> .....	61
London .....	81
Lonesdale .....	39, 153
Lousy-Hill .....	119
Maidenly John .....	125
Malton .....	145
Mansfield .....	27
Meredin, <i>merry with his Landlady Joan</i> ..	61
Middlam .....	123, 149
Mother Red Cap's <i>at Holloway</i> .....	71
Natland .....	41, 159
Nesham, <i>for its Nunnery famous</i> .....	119, 157
Newcastle-under-Line .....	57
Newfound College .....	95
Newton <i>in the Willows</i> .....	50
Newark .....	103
Nottingham .....	27
Northern Fairs .....	147
Overbowles .....	29
Ouston .....	153
Oxford .....	21
Penrith .....	151
Pomfret, <i>for Liquorice</i> .....	109, 147
Preston .....	53
Puckeridge .....	85
Rainesford, <i>the Prelate there</i> .....	93
Ravinglass .....	151
Redbourn .....	67
Redmeer .....	121

INDEX.

	PAGE
Retford .....	105
Richmond .....	121, 157
Ridgelay .....	59
Rippon .....	147
Robin Hood, 27. <i>His Well</i> .....	107
Rosamond's <i>Bower</i> .....	21
Rose, a <i>pretty Girl</i> , at Newton, in Lancashire .....	55
Roslay .....	151
Rothram, <i>at the Bull</i> .....	31
Royston .....	87
Sarah's Hole .....	99
Sautry .....	93
Scarlet, Robin Hood's <i>Man</i> .....	27
Scrubie .....	105
Sedburgh .....	129
Sherburn .....	111
Sherwood .....	27, 127
Smeton .....	119
St. Alban's .....	69
Stamford .....	99
Staverley .....	43, 163
Stilton .....	95
Stone, <i>at the Bell</i> .....	57
Stonegate-hole .....	91
Stratford .....	65
Tadcaster .....	111
Tauk-a-Hill .....	57
Theobalds .....	83
Thyrsk .....	117, 149
Topcliff .....	117, 149
Tocester, <i>where he sate up all Night</i> ....	65
Totnam Highcross .....	93

INDEX.

	PAGE
Towlerton .....	115
Tramontane Fairs .....	151
Tuxworth .....	105
Wademill .....	85
Wakefield <i>Pindar</i> .....	35
Waltham-Abbey .....	83
Wansforth-brigs .....	95
Ware .....	85
Warrington .....	55
Wedon, <i>where he vomited</i> .....	65
Wentbridge .....	109
Wenchly .....	123
Wetherby .....	35
Wigan .....	53
Witham .....	101
Woodstock .....	21
Worton .....	125
York, <i>where he lay with the Weaver's Wife</i> .....	113
Young, <i>the Tobacconist</i> .....	75
Younger (Tom) of Brickhill .....	67

THE END.

# BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED,

WENT

BY

T. & J. ALLMAN,

PRINCE'S STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

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

**STORIES AFTER NATURE**, elegantly printed in foolscap 8vo. Price 6s.

**ANECDOTES and CHARACTERS** of the **HOUSE of BRUNSWICK**; illustrative of the Courts of Hanover and London, from the Act of Settlement to the Youth of George III.; including an Original Memoir of the Electress Sophia, and a Journal supposed to have been written by the unfortunate Consort of George the First, the Princess Sophia Dorothea, during her Captivity. By JOHN BROWN; Author of *Memoirs of George III.* &c. &c. &c. in 8vo. Price 9s. boards.

The **PERSONAL NARRATIVE** of a **PRIVATE SOLDIER**, who served in the 42d Highlanders for twelve Years, during the late War. Neatly printed in foolscap octavo. Price 6s. in bds.

**LOST VALENTINES FOUND**, with Verses, by the Editor, added. Elegantly printed in foolscap octavo. Price 4s. 6d.

**PRACTICAL CHESS GRAMMAR**; (a Work on an entirely new Principle), illustrated with Ten Copper-plate Engravings, highly finished; the whole designed to amuse and instruct the Learner, remove the Difficulties of this elegant and scientific Game, and render it attainable by the lowest Capa-

*Books just published by T. and J. Allman.*

city. By W. S. KENNY. Fourth Edition, handsomely printed in quarto. Price 7s.

Texuntque fugus et prælia ludo.—VIRG. ÆN.

**CHESS EXERCISES**; intended as a Companion and Sequel to the **PRACTICAL CHESS GRAMMAR**. By W. S. KENNY. Second Edition. Elegantly printed in foolscap octavo, embellished with numerous plates. Price 7s. boards.

**STRATAGEMS of CHESS**; or a Collection of critical and remarkable Situations, selected from the Works of eminent Masters, illustrated on 120 Plates, describing the ingenious Moves by which the Game is either won, drawn, or Stalemate obtained. Taken from the celebrated French Work, entitled "Stratagèmes des Echecs." Carefully revised and improved. To which is prefixed an Introduction to the Game of Chess. Handsomely printed in one Volume Foolscap 8vo. Price 7s. bds. The Fourth Edition.

\* \* \* One Hundred Copies are printed on large Paper, price 12s. a Companion to Philidor and Sarratt.

The **ELEMENTS of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY**, illustrated throughout by Experiments which may be performed without regular Apparatus. By JAMES MITCHELL, M. A. Elegantly printed in 12mo. with one Copper and five Wood Engravings. Price 8s. boards.

The **ELEMENTS of ASTRONOMY**, illustrated by Observations, which the Student may make on the Heavens, and by the Celestial Globe; to which is added, an Essay on the Plurality of Worlds. By JAMES MITCHELL, M. A. Uniform with the above. Price 6s. boards.

*Books just published by T. and J. Allman.*

An **EASY SYSTEM** of **SHORT-HAND**, upon an entirely New Plan, founded on long Practical Experience; from its simplicity and facility of acquirement, peculiarly calculated for persons who study by themselves, by which Short-Hand may be learned in half the time it could by any other Publication. Illustrated with four Copper-plates. By **JAMES MITCHELL, M. A.** Very neatly printed in 12mo. Price 4s. boards. The Third Edition.

**SCRAPIANA**, or Elegant Extracts of Wit; being a complete Collection of Humorous Pieces, in Prose and Verse, on an entire New Arrangement, and containing many Original Pieces, by Eminent Men, now first published. Fourth Edition, enlarged, and handsomely printed in one thick Volume 18mo., embellished with an elegant engraved Title. Price 6s. boards.

**ANTIQUITATES CURIOSÆ**; or the Etymology of many remarkable Old Sayings, Proverbs, and Singular Customs, explained. By **JOSEPH TAYLOR.** Second Edition, one Volume, foolscap 8vo. Price 5s. boards.

**NATURALES CURIOSÆ**; Curiosities in Natural History. By **JOSEPH TAYLOR.** Foolscap 8vo. Price 5s. boards.

A complete Collection of **ENGLISH PROVERBS**; also the most celebrated Proverbs of the Scotch, Italian, French, Spanish, and other Languages. Reprinted verbatim from the best edition of 1768. In one thick volume 12mo. Price 7s. boards.







48V ✓

62 ✓

"

63

"

64

"

65

"

66

14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED  
**LOAN DEPT.**

RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

MAY 30 1969 13

RECEIVED

JUN 18 '69 - 3 PM

LOAN DEPT.

FEB 06 2002

LD 21A-40m-2,'69  
(J6057s10)476—A-32

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley



YC154104

